THAO: EXPANDING THE HORIZONS OF THE FOOD JUSTICE MOVEMENT THROUGH STORYTELLING

by

ASHLEY KIM

A THESIS

Presented to the Environmental Studies Program
and the Robert D. Clark Honors College
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Science

June 2020

An Abstract of the Thesis of

Ashley Kim for the degree of Bachelor of Science
in the Environmental Studies Program to be taken June 2020

Title: Thao: Expanding the Horizons of the Food Justice Movement Through Storytelling

Approved: _____*Professor Daniel Buck*_____
Primary Thesis Advisor

Food justice is an emerging movement that works to combat food insecurity via sustainable, affordable, and culturally appropriate means. However, most initiatives within the movement emphasize sustainability and affordability above cultural appropriateness, limiting the movement's accessibility and relevance. This thesis explores the idea that storytelling can be used as a powerful tool in order to better advocate for a more culturally appropriate food justice movement. This thesis highlights the role of food by following the narrative of a Vietnamese refugee's journey from Vietnam to the United States, exploring how food can serve as a community-building tool and how it can help to maintain traditions within unfamiliar environments. The thesis also includes a "cookbook" of recipes, providing its audience with a more immersive way to connect with the narrative while promoting awareness and further cultural understanding of a refugee's experiences, particularly as those experiences intersect with the food justice movement.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Professor Daniel Buck for serving as my Primary Advisor on my Thesis Committee. His expertise, along with his enthusiasm and support, helped shape this thesis throughout each stage, and in particular when I was still trying to narrow down the scope of this project. I am very grateful for his kindness and support.

I would also like to thank Professor Harper Keeler, my second reader, who has been extremely encouraging towards this project from the very beginning. His passion for food has also been very inspiring through the entire process.

I like to express my gratitude for Dr. Barbara Mossberg, my CHC representative and mentor, as well. Throughout my college career, she has been instrumental in helping me pursue my true passions and interests. Before I even knew how I should begin to craft my thesis, she told me that it was necessary for my project to incorporate the thing that I cared the most about – food. Dr. B has been exceedingly supportive of each and every one of my endeavors throughout all of college, and this project would have never taken form at all without her guidance.

Most importantly, I would like to thank my family, especially my mother, grandmother and uncle. Without their sacrifices, I would not exist, never mind be able to share the stories included in this thesis. I am forever grateful for everything that they endured in order to give me the opportunity to attend college and ultimately write this

thesis in honor of their journey. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for everything they have done to provide me with opportunities and a future.

Finally, I would like to acknowledge the many people who directly and indirectly helped this project come to fruition: Zane Mowery, Arin Wallenius, Laurie Notaro, Shelise Zumwalt, Amelia Carroll, Vince Huynh-Watkins, Shreya Nathan, Josie Ruff, Oriana Galasso, and Jordan Harden. Thank you for your support throughout this project and beyond.

Table of Contents

List of Figures

Introduction

Saigon fell and the Vietnam War ended on April 30th, 1975. Over two million civilian casualties across two decades, spread from Vietnam into Laos and Cambodia, were the result[i]. It was a painful defeat for the South Vietnamese and United States military forces, and Saigon's fall prompted many South Vietnamese to attempt to escape from the communist regime that took hold in the weeks following the final battle. During the last days of the war, United States military forces evacuated 130,000 South Vietnamese via Operation Frequent Wind[ii], but those thousands represented only a lucky few compared to the two million people who risked their lives to escape without direct aid[iii].

The outcome of the war put many South Vietnamese in a difficult situation: they had to decide whether or not to leave everything and everyone they knew behind for a chance at a life both free from the fear of retaliation and in the hope of experiencing true democracy. Half of the approximately two million people who escaped did so on small boats with limited resources, which led to escapees being generally termed "boat people"[iv]. It is nearly impossible to know how many people died during these attempts to escape Vietnam, but some estimates have put the death toll at almost 100,000[v]. Those who did survive the perilous journey typically found themselves living in the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees camps of nearby countries for years, countries including Malaysia, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Japan[vi]. Exhausted and scared, yet eagerly awaiting the possibility of being granted asylum, many Vietnamese refugees only possessed the dream of starting a new life.

From 1975 to 1995, over 750,000 Vietnamese refugees resettled across the globe, but primarily in the United States, Australia, and Canada[vii]. While Vietnamese refugees brought very few possessions with them on the journey, they carried the weight of their experiences, including their memories, trauma, language, and traditions, with them to their new homes. Today, there are nearly 1.4 million people of Vietnamese heritage or descent residing in the United States[viii].The shared experiences of Vietnamese refugees created tight-knit communities and social networks that helped them process the trauma that they had endured[ix]. Elements of Vietnamese culture endured and even flourished in the United States and elsewhere as the refugees adapted to drastic changes accompanying resettlement, including new languages and unfamiliar environments[x].

As an important aspect of the vast majority of cultures, food habits, tastes, and trends necessarily accompany human migration. Food can serve as a valuable social unifier and an integral part of how different cultures express themselves and their values[xi]. Food can also connect individuals to a certain moment in time or a certain place and can even help individuals cultivate a renewed relationship with their own culture and history. Maintaining dietary traditions helps to satisfy the very human desire to maintain cultural values and traditions within new environments, a desire often served by individuals bringing food along with them to new places as they migrate.

Refugees often have to figure out how to best navigate entirely new cultures and lifestyles with little preparation or warning, but they still make food traditions a priority. As Erica Peters, director of the Culinary Historians of Northern California, has explained:

> the immigrant story is that you miss the foods from your home country when they're not available and you talk to each other a lot about, "Well, how can we make do? How can we recreate some of the flavors of what we had there?" And you encourage someone in your community to start building the networks that allow them to set up stores and provide ingredients that you miss from your home country….It pricks you constantly to try to come together and find the resources you need to create your foodways.[xii]

This conceptualization of how immigrants view food meshes nicely with the results of a study from Buffalo, New York that found that refugees put significant energy into acquiring, cooking, and consuming foods that reflect their own cultural traditions, even when faced with obstacles like language barriers, limited modes of transportation, and financial setbacks[xiii]. Even in the face of significant challenges, maintaining traditions surrounding food remains a high priority for immigrants and refugees.

This is particularly true for Vietnamese immigrants. Vietnamese cuisine has been heavily shaped by its history of colonization and interactions with various cultures. The early Vietnamese were sustained by traditional hunting and gathering practices; their diets included seafood, meat, and tropical fruits. While the Vietnamese cultivated rice paddies to some extent, rice did not become a primary food source until later. Popular Vietnamese foods today have elements rooted in Chinese imperialism that lasted from 257 BCE to 938 CE. This era consisted of the popularization of rice and noodles, wheat, roast and dried meat, and soy products including tofu. The Chinese even brought the use of utensils, like the "Chinese frying pan" (wok) and chopsticks to Vietnam.

During this time, trade via the Silk Road brought explorers and merchants from the Indian subcontinent and Europe. With them, arrived food products, particularly spices, previously unused in Vietnamese cuisine[xiv]. After China's reign, Vietnam was

situated next to the Khmer Empire and Champa. As a result of civil war during the mid-sixteenth century, the Vietnamese were pressured to move further south into Khmer and Cham land. This relocation introduced new spices and fermentation processes into the traditional Vietnamese diet[xv]. Portuguese and French Catholic missionaries began arriving in Vietnam during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries but were met with resistance from the Nguyen dynasty[xvi]. The tension between European missionaries and the local populations increased over time, ending with the French colonization of Vietnam in 1859. This period had a significant influence on Vietnamese cuisine, due to a quickly implemented a strategy of importing European food and wine. These foreign foods included dairy products, coffee, pastries, charcuterie, and even beef, all of which eventually became incorporated into the Vietnamese diet. While all of these periods helped develop modern Vietnamese cuisine into what it is today, North, Central, and South Vietnam each have unique cuisines[xvii]. The northern region has been most heavily influenced by the Chinese, while food in the central and southern regions have primarily incorporated culinary elements from the Khmer Empire and Champa.

Figure 1

Map of Vietnam (Dai Viet), Champa, and the Khmer Empire in 1200 CE, prior to Vietnamese civil war during the mid-sixteenth century[xviii].

After the war, it was initially difficult for Vietnamese refugees to form communities and gain access to culturally relevant foods. The initial resettlement process within the United States, which consisted of the 130,000 Vietnamese evacuated by the military in 1975, made use of a diaspora system in order to prevent the formation of ethnic enclaves and to curtail the supposed negative effects of concentrated refugee resettlement within a particular area[xix]. This created difficulties for refugees who arrived after 1975, as no specific region in the United States had an established Vietnamese community consisting of people with shared wartime experiences. Consequently, many refugees moved again to areas that offered more job opportunities. These refugees

developed new Vietnamese-heavy communities that exist today, including San Jose, California, which is now home to over 100,000 Vietnamese people[xx]. Despite the federal government's initial attempts to prevent ethnic enclaves, these communities were able to use their newfound regional networks to start businesses and provide culturally appropriate food to other Vietnamese people in the area. This allowed refugees to meet with increased economic success while also maintaining traditions that they could have otherwise lost through resettlement.

The arrival of Vietnamese refugees in the United States facilitated cultural exchange as newly settled refugees attempted to find ways to propagate old culinary comforts from Vietnam within their new environments. Such attempts prompted the establishment of thousands of Asian food markets and restaurants that played a profound role in strengthening immigrant communities. As of 2014, there were 8,900 Vietnamese restaurants in the United States alone[xxi], and this number only continues to grow.

Although Vietnamese refugees were able to overcome systemic barriers and establish strong Vietnamese communities, their struggle to maintain their cultural practices could arguably be viewed as an affront to ideologies underlying the food justice movement. The Portland/Multnomah Food Policy Council defines food justice as:

> [a] food system that is inclusive, community-led and participatory, without the exploitation of people, land, or the environment. It identifies and acts to remove the significant structural inequities that exist within our food and economic systems. Food Justice activists seek to establish healthy, resilient communities with equitable access to nourishing and culturally appropriate food.[xxii]

This definition of food justice, which relies on fairly standard principles incorporated with years of qualitative data gathered from food-insecure Oregon residents, is careful to include the cultural significance and cultural relevance of food as key features of the food justice movement[xxiii]. Reliance upon such principles promotes increased inclusivity within existing food systems as long as the appropriate tools are used to advance those principles.

Most current strategies centered around promoting food justice primarily focus on sustainability and access to healthy and affordable foods. Many organizations and initiatives that focus on these principles do in fact have very positive impacts on the individual communities they serve. These organizations include entities like Nuestras Raíces, a food justice organization in Massachusetts that offers agricultural training, farm supply loans, and even microloans in order to promote increased sustainability and self-sufficiency. In Pennsylvania, the Fresh Food Financing Initiative provides funding for retailers geared towards helping them create increased access to more affordable and healthy dietary options within their communities[xxiv]. While initiatives like these are an important part of the food justice movement, they fail to address an essential but often-ignored element of food justice: accessibility to culturally appropriate food. Even in combination, existing approaches do not completely satisfy the criteria necessary for food justice, as they too often fall short when it comes to considering the cultural appropriateness of their initiatives. This lack of consideration for cultural elements of food justice is not easy to address, however, as it speaks to deep-seeded inequities regarding the people who are most easily able to participate in the food justice movement. The only obvious way to incorporate more consideration for cultural

elements of the food justice movement is to give a greater diversity of voices a role within the movement. Activists therefore should be willing to look to new voices and creative methods geared towards addressing cultural relevance must be considered to fulfill the gap that remains within the movement.

Storytelling is a practice that has shaped human experience and sustained traditions and cultures for generations. Storytelling allows communities to develop their own narratives that pay respect to their unique personal histories. Despite the inherent power of storytelling, storytelling techniques have not been used to their full potential effect within many social justice and activism movements. In fact, research shows that storytelling and anecdotal evidence are far more compelling to general audiences than statistical facts, as people's sympathetic responses heighten significantly in situations where people are better able to connect to another's personal hardships and journey, particularly via some sort of compelling narrative[xxv]. Thus, storytelling can be a powerful tool if it is used in more productive ways within social justice movements.

While individuals have told, recited, and published stories about the Vietnam War, boat people, and refugees for decades, the food justice movement has not yet used storytelling methods to advance ideals of accessibility and inclusion within the existing food system. Adopting the stories of Vietnamese refugees to strengthen and expand the parameters of the food justice movement could serve as an important tactic in the fight against food insecurity. Such accounts would enable audiences to connect to truly vital and compelling issues surrounding food insecurity much more strongly, particularly in the context of war and violence, forced migration, and shifting cultural and natural environments.

This project aims to address the current cultural inclusivity gap in solutions to food injustice by utilizing personal narrative (alongside recipes) as a way of addressing and including the cultural elements that the food justice movement requires in order to guide the movement into more positive and productive directions. By telling the history of the Vietnam War and refugee resettlement alongside food-related memories and facts about food security issues associated with those traumatic events, I hope to produce a narrative that will promote awareness of the position those issues should occupy within the food justice movement. As I utilize my family's history and speak from my own experiences, this project will not only become more personal and (hopefully) engrossing, but will also explore the intersections between food, food insecurity, and culture via the traditional "storytelling" techniques of personal narrative and cooking/recipes in order to more compellingly advocate for food justice.

Methodology

In order to construct this project's narrative, I collected qualitative data using oral history methods. Before doing so, I conducted preliminary research and literature review about the Vietnam War and other forms of personal narratives, including the memoirs of other Vietnamese migrants who moved to the United States after the war, in order to determine how to best discuss my interviewee's experiences through the lens of food justice. I then conducted a series of interviews with my mother, uncle, and grandmother, developing an account of the hardships experienced during migration and resettlement through their experiences while focusing on cultural practices and food security. The primary goal of the interviews I conducted was to explore the role of food throughout my family's emotional and physical journey from Vietnam to refugee camps in Pulau Bidong and Bataan and then to the United States. During the interviews, I sought to understand how food accessibility changed in each environment, strove to evaluate some of the motivations and risks underlying migration, and attempted to delve into how my family's relationship with food and culture shifted during each of their moves. To explore these concepts and ideas, basic interview questions that I used during this process included:

1. Where were you born? Where did you live?
2. How is the food different in North versus South Vietnam?
3. What are food-related memories you have *in* Vietnam?
4. What was your childhood like?
5. What was the community like?
6. What was the environment like?

7. Why did you leave Vietnam?
8. How old were you when you left Vietnam?
9. What do you remember from Vietnam?
10. What did you eat while in jail? OR What foods did you bring your family in jail?
11. Describe these experiences.
12. What was the journey like (both emotionally and physically)?
13. What did you eat on the journey?
14. What are some of your food-related memories you have from while you were living in refugee camps?
15. What are foods that are special to you?
16. What dishes do you still make and eat today?
17. What dishes do you *not* make anymore? Why?
18. What foods do you tend to order when you go out to eat?
19. What kinds of ingredients that you used to use are not available in the US?
20. What kinds of ingredients are different from cooking Vietnamese food in the US?
21. How is Vietnamese food in America different than in Vietnam?
22. What did the move from Vietnam to the US do to you and has it changed your relationship with food?
23. What other factors have changed your relationship with food?
24. What are some of the food practices in the US that remind you of home?

This initial questionnaire is not a comprehensive list of what I discussed with the interviewees, but it did guide the interviews to some extent as I focused on food-related issues and how they intersected with each interviewee's experiences. I also collected recipes for my interviewees' favorite (or particularly memorable) meals to include in this project, although I do not specifically state this in the questions outlined above. After concluding the interviews, I decided that I could craft the most compelling narrative by centering the story around a single individual's experiences, as the story told from the perspective of a single person felt more engaging. I decided to focus on my mother for several reasons. Her story included elements of Korean culture as well as Vietnamese and American culture, adding an extra dimension to the narrative. Furthermore, it was more difficult to speak to my uncle and grandmother because their English is not as good, and I had to use my mother as a translator for much of what they said; additionally, contacting my mother for further comments regarding clarity or follow-up questions was much easier than trying to reach my uncle and grandmother. I also felt that the mother-daughter dimension would make crafting the story more emotional and captivating in a way that the reader would ultimately recognize. Thus, my final narrative focuses on my mother's experience and perspective while still incorporating many details from the interviews I conducted with my uncle and grandmother.

In Vietnam

Just three years before the end of the Vietnam War, Thu Huong "Thao" Nguyen Pham was born in Saigon. She grew up in the *Bình Thạnh* district, an area populated with primarily Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) families. The Phams were well respected since her father was a naval Captain in the ARVN and paperwork had already been submitted for his promotion to Commander when Saigon fell. No one was prepared to lose the war against the North; no one was prepared when the Việt Cộng came and took away the men who had fought for the South.

While the war was in progress, her father used to come home with treats for her and her older brother, who was born in 1971. The gifts were small, a single mint chocolate wrapped in glimmering silver foil or canned lychee and nuts. They were luxuries — anything sweet or that came in a can was often reserved for the rich. The gifts stopped when her father was taken to be "reeducated," a much nicer term for prison and forced labor. Thao was only three years old at the time, but she knew that something had changed. Suddenly, her father and uncles were gone, her mother began a new job, and new people began moving into their neighborhood.

On a typical morning, her mother would feed her a steaming bowl of rice topped with *tép mỡ*[1] and *nước chấm*[2], then drop her off at school by the river. As soon as her mother left, Thao would stand by the gate of the school, screaming and crying because she missed her mother. Maybe if she was lucky, her mom would walk by while she bawled and take her out of school early. Maybe they would even go to the open market

[1] Fried pork fat; recipe on page 67
[2] Fish sauce, a fermented dipping sauce condiment made from salted fish and krill commonly eaten with rice dishes or used as an ingredient in various recipes

and she could help pick out the food they would eat later that day. This strategy never worked, and her mom never came to get her during school, but she kept trying. Her teacher would scold her for crying and threaten to throw her into the river unless she stopped.

The open market was an exciting place, especially for a young child. It was crowded with vendors who sold goods from basic fruits and vegetables, both fresh and dried, to specialty soups and desserts. The scents of ginger and garlic simmering in some of the food stalls would waft through the air, which was enough to make anyone in the vicinity hungry for the fried tofu or fish cakes or anything else that was cooking. Refrigerators were a rare commodity in Vietnam, so it was common to visit the market each day, sometimes even more to acquire ingredients, which meant that the market was always bustling with people. Thursdays and Sundays were special days for Thao because on these days, she would visit her grandma. Thao thought her grandma was a *great* cook, much better than her own mother. Her grandma always used ingredients that were often too expensive for her immediate family to buy, like meat and fruit. On the days Thao and the other grandchildren visited, her grandma would take one of the grandchildren (it was often Thao, as she was one of the favorites) with her to shop and carry the groceries home for lunch. If her grandma was feeling particularly generous, she would buy some *bánh bò*[3] as a treat for her little helper. They would sometimes even take a cycle rickshaw home if the groceries were too much for the two of them to handle.

[3] Sweet, spongy rice cakes; recipe on page 68

Figure 2

Thao and her mother's family in Vietnam. Thao is pictured in the first row, second from the right; her grandmother is in the first row, center; her mother is in the second row, directly behind her grandmother; and her brother is in the first row, far right.

Once they were home, her grandma would start cooking. On special occasions, lunch would consist of a single chicken and a *very* large pot of *cháo*[4] that would somehow feed the seventeen mouths that would inevitably stop by if there was a family gathering. Thao's job, both at her grandma's and in her own home, was to scour the neighborhood for random vegetables that grew on the side of the road and wood chips

[4] Chicken congee; recipe on page 71

that could be useful. Her brother was entrusted with similar tasks and would sometimes even sneakily climb trees to steal their neighbors' guava. Although they had a limited food-related background, Thao and her brother were confident that they could cook (although their mother thought they were much too young to do so). Once, Thao and her brother decided to utilize their combined knowledge and cook while their mother was out. The garlic had just started sizzling when they heard their mother approach, and in a state of panic, they threw the burning wood from the stove into the corner of the room. Hoping that they could minimize the smoke that billowed from the log, they began to fan the fire, making their failed attempts to both cook and hide the fact that they tried to cook painfully obvious.

Days at her grandma's were a pleasant break from Thao's normal schedule. Life was certainly different without her father. Since her mother had to start working as a preschool teacher, Thao had to take on duties around the home at an early age. She would attend school in the mornings, then come home to start her chores: cleaning the floor, washing the laundry by hand and hanging it in the front yard to dry, scrubbing the floor again (Vietnam was very dusty back then), and on particularly rainy days, clean up the sewage water that flooded into their house. After her chores, she would take a *ngủ trưa*[5], go to math tutoring, attend daily mass, and then eat cold leftovers from lunch with her family. Each night before bed, she would pray. She always asked God for three things: to one day go to United States to see the red double decker buses (her grandpa had given her a picture book with images of these buses, but she did not realize that the

[5] Short afternoon naps; a common practice in Vietnamese culture after lunchtime because the weather is often too hot to work during the early afternoon; similar to a Spanish *siesta*

book was about the United Kingdom), to be able to taste Coca Cola (the buses in the book had memorable ads for the soda), and to have her father back.

Figure 3

Thao and her brother after receiving their First Communion in Vietnam.

About twice a year, her mother would wake Thao and her brother at an early hour. This would happen if they had gotten a permit to visit her dad in the reeducation camp. While her mother visited about every three months, Thao and her brother would only get to accompany their mother half the time[6] because of the long journey that was

[6] The family would be allowed visitation to the camp every three months, but the journey was long and hard, so Thao's mother only brought her children every other visit

required to visit the camp. In preparation, they would have made a hard candy-like substance consisting of squeezed lime juice over sugar that had been dried in the sun (this could be mixed with water to make *nước chanh*[7]), peanuts mixed with salt, sesame seeds, and sugar, and jars of seasoned salt with fresh hot peppers and lemongrass. In a bag or two, they would hide small amounts of money beneath the food that they had made. They would then make their way to the bus that took them out of the city, then get into a horse-drawn carriage that would take them down some small roads, and finally, arrive at the camp. There was a limit to how much food any family was able to bring into the prison. If the guards at the entrance were checking bags, Thao would stealthily move any extra food her family had brought and pretend to be a member of another family that had already had their bags checked.

As they walked into the visiting area, it was an easy task to pick her father out of the crowd. He stood at an astounding 5'9", about five inches taller than the average Vietnamese man[xxvi]. He always looked tired and skinny, evidence of the poor treatment and forced labor he had to endure. Thao would proudly present her father with the bag of food that she had snuck in, a nice distraction from the meals that the men ate in reeducation camps. Between the small portions and the exhausting labor in the fields, the men often supplemented their meals with rats they caught scurrying across the prison floor, or a few peanuts stolen from the fields where they worked, hidden in fabric linings they had sewn on the underside of their *nón lá*[8]. Thus, he considered the food his family brought extravagant comforts that he cherished greatly and tried to make last as long as possible. He would never pull out everything from the bags, only the food

[7] Vietnamese limeade; recipe on page 72

[8] Asian conical hat; also known as a "leaf hat," traditionally used as protection against the harsh sun while working in the fields

products. The money concealed at the bottom of the bags was for him to hide and save, just in case someone in the camp was allowed to visit town to get supplies or to make his way home to his family if he somehow escaped. The family would do everything in their power to raise his spirits during their visits and in the letters that they frequently wrote to him. They would hide any inkling of sadness or fear, as they feared any bad news would harm his already fragile mental state. This was such a concern for the family that they waited until his release to tell him that his grandmother had passed away while he was imprisoned. In spite of the terrible conditions and treatment, he always held on to the hope that he would one day be permanently reunited with his family.

The family went on like this for six years before her father was released. Sentences in reeducation camps were often uncertain, based on rank in the ARVN or other unspecified criteria[9]. Thao had only faint memories of having a man in her home, so when her father returned home, she felt pangs of jealousy as her mother doted on her father. Her parents would often have conversations behind closed doors and Thao knew something was coming.

[9] The time that South Vietnamese prisoners spent in reeducation camps was often longer than initially prescribed, as guards would extend prisoners' sentences without any apparent reason for doing so.

Escaping Vietnam

A successful escape from Vietnam was dependent on secrecy, resources like money and access to a boat, and even the weather. Any indicators of a storm could drastically derail months and months of careful planning. As more families attempted escape, both successfully and unsuccessfully, their abandoned houses were quickly filled by families aligned with the Communist Party. This infiltration heightened tension within the community, as even a whisper about escaping Vietnam could be seen as an insult to the current government and result in imprisonment or worse. The desperation of South Vietnamese families was often preyed upon, as scammers and spies would take advantage of their fear and profit by providing false opportunities to escape or sharing their plans with the government.

One of Thao's aunts had firsthand experiences with these risks; her first five attempts to escape had been thwarted by scams, storms, broken sails, and spies. It was not until her aunt's sixth and final attempt that she was able to escape Vietnam with nothing more than a few pieces of gold jewelry and the clothes on her back. Thao overheard these accounts through low murmurs at her grandparents' house. The murmurs, combined with her parents' secret conversations that had increased in frequency, led Thao to suspect that her family was planning an escape. Despite her aunt's failed attempts, Thao's family was set on leaving Vietnam because they knew that escape was their only chance for a successful future. Because of her father's involvement with the ARVN, her family had been blacklisted — Thao and her brother would never be able to attend college, her father would never be able to work, and they would always be considered second-class citizens in the eyes of the government.

There was an unspoken and growing demand for sailors who had been in the navy during the war. Since her father had been a Captain, he was quietly approached by boat owners with little sailing experience to command an escape. His background made him extremely valuable, as boat owners could charge hopeful escapees and trumpet her father's experience as the best possible option for families to escape. This was fortunate for Thao and her family, as the arrangement would enable her family free passage so long as her father captained the boat.

On a clear day near the end of fifth grade, Thao came home from school to see her parents waiting for her and her brother. She saw containers of the dried lime and sugar mixture on the counter next to a small pile of *sắn*[10] and a few cans of condensed milk; she knew what was happening before her parents even opened their mouths. They told their children to quickly go to their grandparents' house to say goodbye, then come home to pack. Thao was only ten years old, so while saying goodbye to her grandparents was a sad affair, she did not realize the full significance of what this goodbye could mean. They might never see one another again. They might not survive.

The next morning, hours before sunrise, Thao followed her parents and brother onto the bus with her small bag packed with only two pairs of pajamas. With them was another young boy, about her brother's age, whom she did not know. She would later find out that the owner of the boat had given her family free passage for five individuals, and since her immediate family only consisted of four, her father decided to bring his friend's son with them on the journey. The boy's family was willing to give their young son the only chance for a new life that their family might ever receive.

[10] Cassava root, a tuber that has a high concentration of water, so it is eaten for hydration

After taking the bus to an unfamiliar location, the family packed themselves into a Volkswagen minivan stuffed with more than twenty people and the few possessions they all deemed worthy to bring to start their new lives. For most, it was a photograph or two, any food they could carry, and jewelry sewn into the lining of their clothes. As if the cramped space and poorly constructed roads did not place enough strain on the journey, the driver was terrible as well. The minivan actually tipped over into a rice field at the edge of the road. Luckily, the van, burdened by the weight, had been moving so slowly that no one was harmed. The passengers of the van walked the rest of the way to the docks, where a boat with around sixty people awaited their arrival. The boat was small, definitely too small for eighty people, but they made do. Personal space was not a consideration during the journey, the stakes were too high to be concerned with something as frivolous as comfort.

The boat had barely made it offshore when they were stopped by Communist forces. They all knew to lie when asked what they were doing on the boat or where they were going, but their conflicting answers raised suspicion. Everyone on the boat was detained and they knew that their plans to escape had been leaked to the government. This was a devastating blow to their morale — some had spent their entire savings on this failed attempt to escape — and they had no idea what would happen next. The women and children were separated from the men, who were immediately tied up. Thao's brother, only eleven at the time, was taken with the rest of the men because the Communists believed him to be an adult since he was unusually tall for his age. The other boy remained with Thao and the women, and her mother begged and pleaded with

the guards to give her son back to her. He was only a child after all, the guards took pity on her and released him back to his mother.

The women and children were put in a large meeting hall-like structure. Thao's mother laid out a blanket in the corner of the room, which she thought would provide a way to designate her family's space while they were jailed. What she had not considered was that the corners of the room would be where others would choose to relieve themselves. For the duration of their detainment, Thao and her family's noses were filled with the stench of urine and sweat.

While the passengers were mostly strangers, there were some familiar faces. Thao's family's space was next to the boat owner's wife. Each night, Thao noticed that the woman would tear apart the map that she had hidden from the guards into small pieces. The map indicated the water route they were supposed to take to escape, and if the guards found it, they would know the true intentions of everyone they had just arrested. The woman had to be extremely careful while doing this — she could not risk getting caught and putting everyone else in an even more perilous situation.

During the day, the women and children were allowed to go outside to an area that contained what seemed to be a few small ponds, connected by narrow streams. In the closest pond, the prisoners would wash their clothes and bathe themselves. In the furthest pond, they would defecate, pleasing the catfish that would swim around their feet. Thao once watched the boat owner's wife drop her concealed gun into the water and could not help but stifle a laugh, despite the harsh conditions they were all enduring. Since the lakes were all connected, it barely mattered that the prisoners chose

different ponds to clean themselves, and the water was filthy when they arrived regardless.

Another woman that caught Thao's attention was her cousin's girlfriend. The woman never dared put the dirty water on her face but continued to slather on a thick lotion each morning and night. The women and children were finally released after ten days in jail, and the woman's face was heavily caked with oil and dirt, exacerbated by her daily application of cream. Thao was happy for the woman because she would finally be able to go home and wash the disgusting paste off her face.

While Thao was only in jail for a week and a half, her father was gone for over a year. Once again, she had to acclimate to a life without her father. She wondered if they would ever try to escape again, but she knew she could not ask her mother or even speak to anyone about this. She wondered how her father was faring in prison. He had already endured six years of forced labor and reeducation, and while the uncertainty of when he would be released weighed on him, it helped strengthen what he already knew: he and his family *needed* to escape Vietnam. This was no longer the home that he remembered from his childhood and this was no longer the country that he loved.

Thao's father was released from prison for the second time in May 1983, and he had already begun planning his family's next escape. There was no room for error, and he was determined to provide a way out for his family no matter what obstacles came their way. Thao did not want to leave her grandmother behind again. She had grown even closer to her in the year while her father was away and had distressing memories from her time in jail. Her father told her that she did not have a choice: if they escaped, they would do it together, and even if they died, at least they would die together. Thao

sobbed when her father woke his family before dawn on the morning of July 9th and ushered them away from their home for the last time.

Her grandfather and aunt arrived at the house to take them to the bus station. It was the hardest goodbye, even harder than the first time, because Thao was well aware of the risks now. They boarded a bus to *Mỹ Tho*, a country village about two hours away by bus. Walking into the open market, their clothes and posture already made them look different than everyone else and the locals were clearly suspicious. They would come up and ask the family what they were doing there, where they were going, and how much their "trip" cost. This line of questioning made her parents uneasy, so they split up. Thao walked around the market with her mother, and her father took her brother. Thao and her mother ate their last meal, *phở gà*[11], before reuniting with the rest of her family at sunset near the docks of the market where the merchants that sold goods from their boats were tied up. There, they were casually taken aboard one of the emptier boats, along with six or seven others, and the men started paddling away from the market.

Thao has no memory of how long she was on board. As the sun set and the darkness crept over the water, the only sounds were of gentle splashing and the crickets on nearby land. They were careful to keep quiet; any sound could wake the locals who might be inclined to inform the Communist forces. They could not move either, or else the boat could tip over and the noise would surely be enough for someone to hear. She had fallen asleep on her mother's shoulder and woke to someone whispering, "The big fish is here."

[11] Vietnamese chicken noodle soup; recipe on page 73

She looked up to see what she thought was a massive boat, much larger than the one she was currently on. She would later realize that the boat was still far too small for the hundred and twenty-two other people that would be soon traveling away from Vietnam with her. As her boat approached the edge of the "big fish," she was suddenly forced upwards and strong arms reached over the edge of the large boat to pull her on deck. She panicked and looked around for her family, suddenly aware of the shadows of a dozen small boats surrounding the ship. She was quickly shuffled to the hull of the boat with everyone else. The men who were bringing people aboard had to move quickly and quietly, and any interference from extra bodies would slow them down.

Inside the hull, she was reunited with her mother and brother. No one seemed to know where her father had gone, but her mother quietly told her that he had to work. They were all packed tightly together, akin to sardines in a can, laying atop one another and huddled close. The quiet was deafening and the fear and uncertainty that everyone was experiencing could not be ignored. Almost immediately, Thao felt a churning in her stomach that would not stop for days. She threw up while her mother rubbed her back and continued to vomit the remnants from her last meal through the night. It had been an exhausting day, so when the chaos came to a halt and everyone had been brought onto the ship, Thao still felt sick, not only from being on the water, but also from the uneasiness she felt trying to anticipate what would happen next.

***

Early the next morning, she heard someone calling for her mother. Thao and her brother followed as her mother was led up to the bridge of the ship. She was surprised to see her father navigating the boat and everyone around him referring to him as

"Captain." It made sense, since he *had* been in the navy, but no one had told her how important her father would be on this trip. The small room would be her family's residence for the remainder of the ride, along with the families of her father's second-in-command, the owner of the boat and a single mother with her ten-day old baby.

Thao had designated the space immediately behind her father as hers for the entire journey. She would constantly peer over his shoulder and examine the sea as he shouted orders to his crew. As they approached other ships, she would watch with disappointment as their requests for help were denied. The passengers had taken to constructing makeshift flags out of the extra clothes they had brought, desperate and hopeful that a passing ship would stop and take them aboard or guide them to safety. More often than not, larger ships would ignore them. Thao's boat was still moving after all, so these ships felt as though they were under no obligation to help. On one occasion, they begged the workers aboard an oil rig to rescue them and instead, the crew gave them some fruit and then quickly sent them on their way. They realized that if they were going to find any support, they were not going to get it from the large ships on the water.

In addition to the rising irritability of the passengers, everyone was quickly becoming hungry and sick. It was inevitable and almost immediately, Thao felt the churning in her stomach return. Between her spells of seasickness and pangs of hunger, her stomach was working hard to keep Thao alive during the journey. At one point, someone gave her a small block of the lime and sugar candy to suck on, hopeful that it would soothe her stomach. She felt a hard object inside her mouth as the sugar dissolved on her tongue. After careful examination, she realized whoever had given her

the candy had also accidentally given her a piece with a solid gold ring they were hiding. She never told anyone and quietly pocketed the treasure, but the feeling of luck slowly spread a smile on her face for the remainder of the boat ride.

Unfortunately, not everyone on board was happy with their living arrangements. One day, while her mother was returning to the bridge of the boat, an angry man, jealous of the "spacious" room that the Pham family resided in, decided to club her over the head in the hopes of getting the space for himself. A woman quickly grabbed his arm and angrily scolded him. *Did he want to die? The woman he had just clubbed was the captain's wife!* He profusely apologized and most importantly Thao's mother made it back to her husband, slightly battered but alive.

The water was a terrible and scary place. Not because of the seasickness, or the hunger they felt, or the lack of camaraderie between ships, the water was a terrible and scary place because of the pirates. Thao had heard stories of pirates throughout her childhood, but she never expected to see a small boat of them pursuing her ship across the sea. Everyone on board saw the pirates as well, and the women quickly worked to mask their faces in charcoal. No one could immediately determine if the pirates were the good or the bad kind, so the women would do everything in their power to make themselves unattractive in case they were the bad kind. The difference between bad and good pirates was surprisingly extensive. The bad pirates came from Thailand and would not hesitate to steal the passengers' gold at gunpoint, abduct or kill them, or commit unspeakable crimes against the women aboard[xxvii].

Thao's father worked quickly to protect his ship when they realized the trailing pirates were the bad kind. They flagged down the only other boat in the vicinity, which

was sailing near the Malaysian shore. In a stroke of luck, they had somehow tracked down good pirates. Thao's family and the other passengers quickly amassed everyone's hidden gold and jewelry into a small fortune to pay the good pirates. In exchange, the good pirates, who hailed from Malaysia, chased the Thai pirates out of their territory.

Once the bad pirates had fled, the Malaysian pirates returned to Thao's ship and bound their boats together. The pirates climbed aboard and cooked the passengers the most substantial meal they had eaten since they left Vietnam. After everyone filled their hungry stomachs with fresh fish and rice, the pirates untied their boat and guided the ship to shore. Since the boat that Thao was on was somewhat large, the shallow water near shore prevented them from docking the ship. The pirates tied a long rope from Thao's boat to a sturdy rock on shore, and helped the passengers disembark safely. Once everyone had been evacuated, the men and the pirates worked quickly to destroy and sink the boat they had just spent eight days on. The passengers silently watched from shore as the boat slowly sunk below the surface — they knew if the boat was not destroyed, the Malaysian government would put them back on the boat and send them back to Vietnam.

Refugee Camps

Officials from the Malaysian government descended upon the new arrivals almost immediately. Even though she was on land, Thao felt her stomach churning, and started throwing up from land sickness. Between the bouts of vomiting that accompanied the passengers' readjustment to land, they were forced to answer questions about who they were, where they came from, who owned the sinking boat, and why they were in Malaysia. Thao's father took on the responsibility of answering most of the questions, as most of the passengers were incapacitated from land sickness and he still felt obliged to take charge because of his role as captain.

Within a few hours, volunteers with World Relief and the Christian & Missionary Alliance arrived with food for the newcomers. This consisted of sliced white bread and cans of Yeo's chrysanthemum tea, which Thao was ecstatic about. She loved the taste of sugar and the drink helped boost her morale. Soon after, the new arrivals were taken to a motorboat, which could carry about twenty people at once, and moved to a transit camp on another island.

As their small boat quickly approached the shore, the eyes of hundreds of Vietnamese refugees were trained on them. They were all eagerly scanning the incoming boats for family members or friends who might have made it safely across the sea, hoping to reunite with familiar faces. At the camp, everyone was given food, new clothes, and health physicals by the medical volunteers. During the day, Thao would stand with the crowds of people on the beach, watching new people arrive, knowing she would probably not recognize anyone.

Her family was only at the camp for two days before being transferred by boat to another island. This was Pulau Bidong, an island about ten miles off the coast of Malaysia that would later be widely recognized as a temporary sanctuary for over two-hundred and fifty thousand Vietnamese refugees from 1978 until it was officially closed in 1991[xxviii]. At any given time during this period, there were up to forty thousand residents on the single square kilometer island[xxix]. The camp was essentially a small village, filled with tiny, windowless houses, communal bathrooms with ocean water pumped in to flush the toilets, and small "shops" individuals ran from the doorstep of their homes.

Figure 4

Houses in Pulau Bidong, Malaysia[xxx].

Each family was allotted a space about ten by ten feet, and Thao's family was no exception. They made use of the items that had been left behind by other refugees, like pots and pans, and unsuccessfully tried to make their new home comfortable. Every morning, Thao and her mother would stand in line with everyone else in the camp,

patiently waiting with buckets for their fresh water supply to be replenished by aid workers from the government. Food rations were distributed to everyone in the camp: two eggs per person, some canned beef or chicken, garlic, cabbage and a few other vegetables, rice, and packets of ramen. This, along with whatever fish they could catch, would have to be enough to sustain them until the next delivery of supplies a week later. Thao would often help her mother make fish cakes, but her favorite meal was the packaged ramen. She was never allowed to eat ramen in Vietnam, it was too expensive and eating it during her time at Pulau Bidong made her feel luxurious and rich, even though she was living in a refugee camp.

During the days, her parents would often be too busy to play with Thao and her brother. Most people in the camp were happy, they all thought their time on Pulau Bidong was temporary and they were excited for what would happen next. Her parents both were hopeful and would spend their days chatting with their neighbors and friends. Her father was exceedingly popular in the camp and would often run into people he had known from the ARVN or had grown close to during his time in reeducation camp. Her mother would spend hours each day writing letters to family and friends that they had left behind in Vietnam, trying to find ways to let them know that the family was safe. Thao and her brother were not used to a life with such little structure, so they found random activities to fill their time. Their home sat at the bottom of a hill and was situated next to the home of an older woman who sold candy to the community. Sometimes, they would chase each other up and down the hill, but that quickly became an uninteresting activity for them. Most days, they would attend mass and the church leaders would try to come up with something interesting for the children to do. On

really exciting days, they would go next door to pluck gray hairs from the woman's head in exchange for a stick or two of gum.

Some days were more important than others, especially the days that the family would be interviewed by officials from the Malaysian government. They had brought some paperwork with them on the boat, including birth certificates and job histories for both parents, which they used as proof to explain why they had left Vietnam. The interviewers would ask a series of questions to determine if the family had any potential for resettlement. *Did they have family members in other countries?* Yes, her mother's sister lived in Paris, France, and her brother lived in Virginia Beach in the United States. *Were they leaving for political reasons?* Yes, her father had been a high-ranking member of the ARVN Navy, and the communist regime in Vietnam did not look kindly on his past involvement in the efforts against them. *Did they ever work for the United States government or an American company?* Surprisingly, yes. During the war, her mother had been a bookkeeper for an American-owned company, Vietnam Regional Exchange.

One day, after about two months on Pulau Bidong, Thao heard her family's name announced over the loudspeakers that rang throughout the entire camp. They were being relocated to another camp in Malaysia, Sungai Besi. The whole family was ecstatic because that meant the interviews had gone well enough for them to qualify for relocation. Some families would find that Pulau Bidong was not a temporary home and would live on the island for years and years, as they did not meet the qualifications required to move forward with their asylum claims and would eventually be returned to Vietnam.

***

The Sungai Besi camp was located in the capital city, Kuala Lumpur, and was reserved for refugees who would later be resettled in another country[xxxi]. Thao's father quickly found work that put his leadership skills to proper use. He helped manage the social workers who distributed aid to fellow refugees, including clothes and food. Thao's mother had learned English during her time working for an American company, so she helped translate between English and Vietnamese at the camp's medical clinic.

This camp consisted of many longhouses divided into stall-like rooms by wooden panels. Each family was given a room, but there was little privacy. If Thao stood on her tiptoes (or if her brother or father just stood upright), she could easily peer over the top of the panels to see everyone else living in the longhouse. Here, they no longer had access to cookware that they had on Pulau Bidong, and everyone was given the same food each day. Each family had a dirty bucket or two that they carried to the communal kitchen, where workers would pour some vegetable soup or meat stew for the family to carry away. Thao hated feeling like she was someone's pig while eating the meals from the kitchen, so her family would try to find ways to eat different food.

Figure 5

Thao (first row, second from left), her brother (first row, far left), her mother (second row, second from left), and her father (second row, far left) with friends in Sungai Besi.

The meat stew was only ever chicken or beef, never pork. Malaysia was a predominately Muslim country, so pork was an illicit commodity that the refugees were never fed. However, around the camp lived Chinese families, who, more often than not, were not Muslim. Thao's mother would send her into the neighborhoods with some money to secretly exchange for pork that the Vietnamese longed for. Thao would tie the money around a rock, then throw the rock onto the roof of the house of a Chinese family she knew would be willing to make the sale. Soon after, a slightly damp newspaper-wrapped package of pork would come flying out the window and into her hands. Thao's mother sent her instead of doing the task herself because if Thao was caught the local officials would shave Thao's head as a punishment, while her mother could keep her precious hair. Thao was quick, though — she never got caught. When she returned home, her family would cook the pork in secret and they would all savor

every bite of *thịt kho tau*[12], knowing it would likely be a while until they could afford to eat that again.

In Sungai Besi, the family went through more interviews, answering the same questions over and over until they felt like they could recite their answers in their sleep. The only new question was where the family *wanted* to go. Thao's father dreamed of starting his family's new life in France; he had even learned French was he was younger, was in love with French cocoa, and had fond memories of a very specific *bơ*[13], Beurre Bretel. This product was introduced to Vietnam during the French colonization and left a lasting impression that still exists today. Its red and gold tin was iconic, instantly recognizable to almost all Vietnamese people, many of whom would go to extraordinary lengths to find the butter after resettlement[xxxii]. He was hopeful that he could shower his family with these luxurious goods one day, once they started their new life.

Soon after the initial interviews, the family learned that their asylum application to be sent to France had been denied. This news would have been a disappointment if they had not found out that the reason for the rejection was that they had been approved to go to the United States. While Thao's father still loved the idea of France, he knew that the United States was the *best*. Everyone secretly wished that they would be resettled in the United States, the land of hope and opportunity, but the United States had the strictest guidelines to determine who could be resettled there. When the family asked why their application to the United States had been approved, they were surprised

[12] Caramelized pork stew; recipe on page 76
[13] Butter

that it was not Thao's father's military background that had gotten them in, it was actually her mother's work with an American company.

***

Once again, the family was being relocated to another camp. This time, it was to the Philippine Refugee Processing Center in Bataan, a training program that housed around twenty thousand refugees and immigrants at any given time who had all been approved resettlement in one of the following countries: West Germany, Norway, or the United States. Each of the countries had provided language and culture teachers to the program so that the temporary residents could learn about their new homes before reaching their final destinations. In addition, Bataan was a much more diverse camp than the previous camps Thao had stayed in, the people in these camps originated from Cambodia, Laos, *and* Vietnam[xxxiii]. As excited as they had been each time they were relocated before, nothing could compare to the feeling of knowing that this was their last stop before going to *America*.

Thao was ecstatic — she was going on an airplane for the first time. Her family was flown from the airport in Kuala Lumpur to the Philippines, and instead of the uncomfortable nausea she had felt during her time travelling on boats, she experienced a novel sense of lightness and joy that she was not accustomed to. When the family was led into the camp for the first time, Thao marveled at all the people who would be starting new lives soon. The atmosphere was different too, everyone was cheerful, a pleasant change from the uncertainty that lingered in the air at the other camps. Here, the family stayed in a private apartment, which was just a single room, and only had to share a bathroom with their immediate neighbors. They were situated in an area of the

camp that housed refugees that would be resettled in the United States. There were no more communal bathroom lines or people peering over the edge of a wall to see into their “homes.” This was certainly a change Thao could get used to.

Figure 6.

Thao in Bataan, Philippines.

Another change that she had to acclimate to was the reintroduction of school. Here, her English lessons built upon the one year of English she had studied during sixth grade in Vietnam. She even learned all the lyrics to the hit song “More Than I Can Say,” which would be the only song in English she ever fully learned or sung. Also, she discovered that a “hamburger,” which a Vietnamese woman had previously told her was a cake, was not, in fact, a cake. Through these lessons, she became obsessed with the word “daisy,” and was confident that she would name herself after the most beautiful flower she could think of once she was finally in the United States.

Figure 7

Thao (second row, center) with her classmates in Bataan, Philippines.

Figure 8

Thao (second from left) with her mother (far left) receiving a certificate of completion for her English course in Bataan, Philippines.

Between school and attending mass, Thao and her brother would help their parents at the store her parents owned in the camp. During the family's time in Sungai Besi, her father had been the recipient of many gifts from contacts around the world in France, the United States and Australia. At least once a week, her father's name was announced over the loudspeakers to inform him that he had gotten mail. Family members, army buddies, and anyone else that he had helped in the past would write to him. They wished his family luck on their journey and would enclose a bit of money, usually somewhere between $20 to $50. Her mother would always write a letter in response and thank them for the gift, and in Bataan, her parents were able to use a portion of the savings to take over the store from a woman who was preparing to leave for the United States.

The little shop was situated beneath a mango tree and sold candy, snacks, and drinks like coffee and cold soda. Her parents were careful to restrict her access to these goods, if *she* ate them, they would not be able to make any money off them. Each evening, Thao and her brother would help their parents by crushing large blocks of ice into pieces small enough to be used for the sodas. When couples stopped by to purchase a drink, she would silently pray that they would be too preoccupied with kissing each other to finish their sodas and if God heard her, she would be able to chug any remnants of the drinks once they left the counter.

During her stay in Bataan, Thao also learned to cook. Since her parents were so busy with the store, she would make her family dinner each night. It was usually a simple meal, like *canh cải*[14], and she also would help her mom prepare *chả giò*[15] to sell

[14] Vegetable soup; recipe on page 77
[15] Fried eggrolls; recipe on page 78

at the store. Following her parents' example, she also developed her entrepreneurial skills during this period as well. Any leftover food from the shop that they had not been able to sell the day before, extra supplies that had been given to the family by the Filipino government and aid workers (like toilet paper), clothes and other random items that had been abandoned by people who had already left the camp became her inventory for her own small shop. In the nearby village, she would set a bucket upside down and arrange a plate of cold *chả giò* on top, lay out her other goods, and sell them to locals who might pass by her simple set up. Her charming smile and warm demeanor attracted customers who were more than happy to purchase random goods from an eleven-year-old.

Months and months passed before the family had finally completed the training program and their resettlement paperwork had been processed. The family packed up their few belongings, said their goodbyes to the friends they had made over the past six months, and sold their shop to another hopeful family, waiting for their turn to start a new life. Thao had been waiting to go America her whole life, so when she stepped aboard the Trans World Airlines plane destined for the United States, she could not stop thinking about the red double decker buses she would see soon.

Figure 9

Thao and her friend standing in front of a boat similar to the one they escaped on in Bataan, Philippines.

In America

Thao's family originally planned on moving to Virginia Beach, where Thao's mother's youngest brother had been living since 1979. He was the first one in the family to make it to the United States, so it made perfect sense that they would go live with him. However, one of her father's friends from the military, who now lived in Portland, Oregon, wanted to sponsor the family's move to the United States. Oregon was home to many of Thao's father's other companions from the war as well, so he was thrilled to have the opportunity to reunite with them.

Figure 10

Thao (wearing her new red, white, and blue jacket) aboard a bus with other new arrivals to the United States immediately after disembarking from the plane.

On the family's first night in Portland – October 11th, 1984 – their sponsors made *phở gà* for dinner. Thao was floored because that had been her very *last* meal in Vietnam as well, eaten at the open market in *Mỹ Tho*. She wondered if their hosts had

done this intentionally (they had not), and happily slurped up the warm noodles, which reminded her strongly of home. Thao's sponsor family showed them their new living arrangements, a furnished two-bedroom apartment that was more spacious than any other place Thao had seen in over fourteen months. The new accommodations had been arranged for them by Catholic Charities, a nationwide resettlement organization with a branch in Portland that provided essential services to refugees in the aftermath of the Vietnam War[xxxiv].

The Vietnamese community in Portland was small at the time, and most community-building projects centered around the Catholic church, Our Lady of Lavang. The church had an office for Catholic Charities, so the Phams and other refugee families often visited looking for any assistance they might need. Thao and her family attended church at least once a week – and often every day – and her parents quickly made a great number of new friends within the community. The Phams quickly gained a reputation for being humble, honest, polite, and genuine, which helped cement a place for them among the small Vietnamese population.

Adapting to life in the United States was no easy task, however. Many factors of American life were very different than they were anywhere that the family had lived before. Thao was shocked at the cold weather in the Pacific Northwest. She had never lived in a place where the temperature regularly fell below 70°F, so the freezing fall rain was a new and horrible sensation for her. Even the appearance of buildings was drastically different from what she had seen in Vietnam, Malaysia or the Philippines, and carpeted floors were an entirely new concept to her.

The whole family had to take physical examinations in order to ascertain their health, which were critical to pass if they wanted to be able to go to school or begin work. Thao and her brother had to undergo a series of tests in order to determine what level in school they would be able to start at the following week. Luckily, both of them did well and got to start school at the level they had left off at in Vietnam, Thao beginning in seventh grade and her brother in eighth. The children still struggled with speaking English, since they had only received a year of instruction, so they each had to take extra English as a Second Language (ESL) classes throughout middle and high school.

ESL classes were the only place where Thao felt like she could make friends. The children in the ESL course were mostly other immigrants and refugees from Vietnam and Laos. Their conversations in broken English allowed them to bond over their shared experiences of home and their time in different camps, circumstances that their other classmates could not fully relate to. Other students would constantly ask Thao to repeat her name because they could not pronounce it, and they would always ask her where she was from. Thao hated this because it made her feel different than everyone else. It was also hard to communicate with most of the other students, since English was a fairly new language to her, so Thao's teachers and classmates primarily assumed that she was shy and quiet.

In addition to the social struggles that she faced during middle school, Thao was also disgusted by American food. Cow products were a rare and relatively new commodity in Vietnam, as they had only first appeared during French colonization of Vietnamese[xxxv]. To Thao's utter horror, her teachers would pass out milk and cereal to

the students for their breakfast each morning; not only was the taste of plain milk completely unappealing to Thao, but she also could not fathom why anyone would consume something like cold milk in a part of the world that was always so cold anyway. For lunch, the students often ate hamburgers, which came as less of a shock since Thao had found out what a hamburger was by then. However, the texture and flavor of the patty still made her gag, and as a result she would resort to eating plain hamburger buns for her meal. Bread was something that Thao could handle, but she always felt as though she could not wait to go home and eat some real food for dinner, like the delicious *gà roti*[16] that her mother would often make.

During their first week in the United States, Thao's parents attended meetings with a case worker at Immigrant and Refugee Community Organization, who helped them arrange jobs and obtain access to educational resources. Her parents worked as janitors during the day and attended classes at night for their first few months after resettling. Thao's mother went to Portland Community College in order to learn word processing, while her father took classes at ITT Technical Institute in the hope of eventually becoming a technician. Her mother spoke English, and although it always sounded slightly broken, she was still able to learn new information in English quickly and with relative ease. Her father, on the other hand, never stopped struggling with the new language, and as a result he slowly came to the realization that he would be unlikely to ever find work as a technician. After a few months, Thao's mother got a job working in a manufacturing plant for Columbia Sportswear, while her father continued working on his education.

[16] Roast chicken; recipe on page 80

Throughout their first three summers in the United States, the whole family would find work in the berry fields in the area. They picked strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, and once in a while even cucumber. The job did not pay very well – about ten cents per pound of fruit – but Thao was a very fast picker, especially compared to her father. She would often pick nearly twice as many berries as the person working next to her. When she completed a row, she would make her father carry the fruit to the scale for weighing, which really slowed down his own picking capacity. Each day, Thao would walk away with about $30, compared to the $20 that most other pickers made. Thao never got to keep any of the money, however; her parents would add the funds to the family's savings.

Thao's father was disappointed with his progress in school, which had eventually plateaued since his English had barely improved since arriving in the United States. One of his friends owned a small transportation business, traveling each week to California to pick up goods and distribute them to the few Asian grocery stores back in Portland. Sometimes, he would accompany his friend on the long drive and loved the stops they would make in Orange County — many of the items they delivered reminded him of Vietnam. Her father thought this would be a perfect job for him, he had the contacts for supplies and the stamina to drive back and forth each weekend. He decided to start his own business.

Figure 11

Thao and her family.

In March of 1986, Thao's family opened their own Vietnamese grocery store, *Trung Duong.* The store was on the small side – only about 3,000 square feet – and had previously been a boat supply store. Her father realized that he could use the same skills that he would have needed to start a transportation business in order to run a grocery store, and the family also had experience with running a store from maintaining the small shop that they used to run in Bataan. The friends that her father had made on his trips to California were gracious enough to provide him with inventory upfront, knowing that he would repay them for the goods once his business eventually took off. Everyone in the family was an employee of the store. Thao and her brother would come to work after school ended in order to shelve goods and bag groceries; their mother was the resident cashier; and their father would do most of the paperwork and travel to California every other week in order to restock. The family would make an effort to

befriend everyone who walked through the door, and they became widely known within the community due to their friendly demeanors. Thao would often ask customers what they were going to cook with the ingredients they purchased and learned recipes that originated from parts of Vietnam other than the South, like *bún bò huế*[17]. While business was slow in the beginning, and the family would sometimes only sell $70 worth of goods over the course of an entire day, the reputation of the store quickly grew until it became a fixture within the Vietnamese community.

Figure 12

Thao (second from right) and her mother (far right) standing with Thao's aunt and uncle in *Trung Duong* grocery store.

Since the store utilized no employees beyond Thao's immediate family and because Thao's father transported inventory from California on his own, they were able to keep the store's operation costs low. In turn, this allowed them to keep the prices of items lower than other stores in the area, eventually making *Trung Duong* an extremely

[17] Spicy beef noodle soup from Central Vietnam; recipe on page 82

popular destination within the Vietnamese community. Her father's frequent trips to California also meant that they were able to consistently carry a wider range of Vietnamese products that other stores in the area did not stock, providing the community with even more goods that reminded them of home. They also provided other unique services, like money wiring and shipping, that other places in the area did not typically offer. Beyond basic groceries, the store also sold novelty goods like patterned fabric and scented soaps, popular items that people would often send back to their families in Vietnam through the shipping service at the store. In other words, *Trung Duong* became a one-stop shop. Each time Thao's father drove his large van to California for more supplies, he brought along the packages of soap, fabric, and the (surprisingly large) sums of money that people wished to send to Vietnam and shipped the goods via larger companies in Orange County. His van would always be loaded to the point where it was difficult for him to see through the rear window.

Between school, church, and work, Thao would spend all of her free time at her grandparents' house. Since Thao had arrived in Portland, her family from Vietnam had slowly trickled into the community as well. One of her uncles, who had escaped from Vietnam through Indonesia, had been sponsored by a friend in Colorado, and moved to the United States during the winter of 1985. However, he hated being away from his family, and within months had moved to be closer to his older sister, Thao's mother. Her grandparents and another uncle had been able to leave Vietnam in the summer of 1984, before Thao's family had even made it out of the refugee camps. Her uncle in Virginia Beach sponsored her grandparents and uncle's arrival to the United States, which had been a much easier process than the one Thao and her family endured. When

they realized that two of their children were now in Oregon, they left their youngest son behind and moved to Portland in the spring of 1985. Over the years, more relatives on both sides of Thao's family continued to move to Oregon, making the United States feel more and more like home. Thao and her brother were extremely hard workers, both during the time they spent at the store and in school. Both of them graduated high school having become (mostly) fluent in English and went on to attend the University of Portland.

Figure 13

Thao and her brother looking funky at the bowling alley during high school.

When she was 19, Thao met the cutest boy she had ever seen. She had grown up to be very pretty, with wide eyes that did not quite look Vietnamese and was "tall"

compared to the average Vietnamese girl (she was 5'4"), so throughout high school, boys had always vied for her attention. They would leave notes in her locker or call the store's phone to see if she was working; if her parents happened to answer the call, the boys would ask for their permission to take Thao on a date. She would usually say no and laugh with her friends about the outrageous effort these boys put into asking her out. However, when she saw this boy across the room at the ceremony at her one of her best friend's wedding, she knew he was different.

His name was Eric, and he was in his last year of medical school at OHSU, so he was a bit older at 25, and was Korean. This would likely have been more scandalous if he was not about to become a doctor. Her mother was fine with her dating someone who was not Vietnamese, but her father was convinced she needed to be with someone from their own race. Thao joked with her friends that maybe she would date Eric for a while as a practice run before she married a Vietnamese man. On their first date, Eric arrived at her house in a suit and she felt wildly underdressed for his plans for a fancy dinner followed by a peaceful walk in the International Rose Test Garden. After this, he became a fixture in her life. He would come to her house on Friday nights and she would make extravagant meals full of fresh seafood like crab and shrimp that his parents never made. The amazing food won over Eric's heart. She would sometimes go to his house, where he would make her Top Ramen. He also exposed her to some Korean staples, like *miyeokguk*[18], *tteokbokki*[19], and *kimchi*[20], which enthralled her. Once he graduated from medical school, her father warmed up to Eric, and her whole

[18] Korean seaweed soup; often eaten for birthday celebrations
[19] Korean spicy rice cakes; typically sold by street vendors in South Korea
[20] Spicy Korean side dish made of fermented vegetables

extended family began to ask him for medical advice about any ailment they were feeling on any given day.

Figure 14

Thao and Eric with family at their engagement party held at *Phở 54.*

During her final year of college, Thao's parents decided to open a restaurant. There were only a handful of Vietnamese restaurants in Portland at the time, so they rented out the space next to the store, bought a franchise called *Phở 54* with $10,000 of the money they had been saving for years, and started another business. The restaurant was instantly popular, not only could someone shop for groceries, wire their family money, and send them gifts in one trip, but now they could also get lunch or dinner. It was not uncommon for a line to form out the door and around the corner of the store, with hungry Vietnamese customers waiting for a steaming bowl of delicious *phở* or *mì thập cẩm*[21]. The store and restaurant became prominent landmarks for the Vietnamese

[21] Vietnamese dry egg noodles with seafood and pork; one of the dishes that *Phở 54* was widely known for and Thao's favorite food at the time; recipe on page 85

community in Portland, as the two businesses helped fill a void that had been made when the community had left Vietnam. Finally, people were able to find ingredients that no other store carried but were absolutely necessary to make a certain dish or have an authentic Vietnamese meal with their families without having to spend hours in the kitchen. The two businesses provided the comforts of home and a sense of familiarity in a place that was dramatically different than the one that these immigrants had left behind after the war. While the two businesses kept the entire family active, they still somehow managed to balance their lives between church, friends, family, and their education.

Eric was always supportive of Thao, even when he was busy himself. Between his time with his own family and seemingly endless work at the hospital, he would help her study for her citizenship test. She passed on her first try in 1994 and was given the opportunity to change her name. While she had always wanted to call herself "Daisy," she had never met anyone in America with that name, so she thought that there must be something wrong with it. She asked Eric for advice and he suggested "Tiffany" instead, a name that seemed to exude elegance and class because of its association with fine jewelry and a particular Audrey Hepburn movie. From that moment on, she would introduce herself as Tiffany to everyone she met.

On September 2nd, 1995, Eric and Tiffany were married at the Benson Hotel. Over the course of the day, she would change outfits three times. From her white wedding gown to a Vietnamese *áo dài*[22] to a Korean *hanbok*[23], the wedding celebrated elements from all three of the cultures that had come together for their union to be

[22] Traditional South Vietnamese garment; a split tunic dress worn over flowy pants
[23] Traditional South Korean dress, with vibrant colors, worn for ceremonial purposes

possible. The guests were treated to American food: Caesar salad, steak, and an open bar. Evidence of the open bar could be clearly seen by the bottles of Heineken in the hand of every Vietnamese man at the party, another influence from French colonization[xxxvi]. The countless hardships and fear that she had endured through her life, coupled with the hope that she held onto throughout it all, contributed to the new chapter of her life that she was about to begin.

Figure 15

Tiffany wearing her *hanbok* during the wedding reception, seated next to her father-in-law and Eric.

Figure 16

Eric and Tiffany cutting their wedding cake.

Conclusion

Tiffany did not return to Vietnam until 2001. By then, she had started her own business, had given birth to two children, and had lived in the United States for nearly twenty years. During this time, she had become an active and prominent member of Portland's Vietnamese community. However, her newfound status in America meant nothing to the people that had stayed in Vietnam. Tiffany visited Ho Chi Minh City (previously Saigon) and was able to get a glimpse of how different her life would have been if she had never left. Even though she spoke fluent Vietnamese, could successfully order food, and knew how to make her way around the city, the locals could still tell that she was a tourist; in fact, most of the people she spoke with assumed that she was Taiwanese or Chinese. Tiffany realized that despite the trauma her family experienced and the ways in which they contributed to making the United States feel more like Vietnam for the people in their community, there were aspects of Vietnamese culture that they had lost through the journey that she would never be able to regain. Other Vietnamese would always consider Vietnamese Americans like her — those who had "abandoned" their country — to be outsiders.

While Tiffany would never truly understand what her life would have been like if her family had stayed in Vietnam, she knew that her experiences made her appreciate her culture in new and profound ways. Tiffany recognized that her connections with Vietnamese culture were profoundly shaped by one of the primary ways in which her family was able to connect with other Vietnamese in the United States: through food. Her family's store and restaurant enabled her to meet people who originated from North, Central, and South Vietnam as well as individuals born in the United States

itself. Tiffany would likely never have been able to engage with such a diverse community if her family had been unable to escape. The stories that she heard and the recipes that she learned while working in her family's store also helped Tiffany understand different perspectives on life within the Vietnamese American community. The exchange of ideas and knowledge that food and cooking facilitate helped Tiffany maintain a strong connection to her personal history and culture that she still cherishes to this day.

The ways in which Tiffany's life and career have developed always incorporate a focus on supporting her community and culture. Despite raising her two children in an English-speaking household, Tiffany sent her daughters to a Vietnamese-language school and made sure to expose them to food from her past as they grew up. She fed them dishes that she loved from her own childhood and made many of the same recipes that her grandmother used to make for her, in large part because she believed these foods would help her children understand who they were and would give them insight into the moments in time that brought them into existence (even if she would also cook with ingredients that were difficult to obtain in Vietnam, like meat, so that her children would not experience the same hunger that she had dealt with when she was younger). To Tiffany, it was important that her daughters knew about Vietnamese culture, because without it, Tiffany would never have been able to truly adapt to life in the United States.

Food is an essential aspect of survival, but it is also an essential component of most cultures and communities. Even within new environments, food can act as a catalyst for community-building, one that brings strangers together in a way that

nothing else can. Access to the ingredients and resources necessary for a culture to maintain its sense of self and place is vital in order to ensure that underserved communities, particularly migrants, are able to preserve their traditions. Storytelling can serve as a powerful way to explain how food accessibility can help sustain cultures through hardships and transgenerational trauma. It is vital that such stories find a voice in order to promote new solutions to food justice issues and support communities so that their own unique, vibrant, and vital food cultures can be preserved.

Recipes

I include these recipes as part of this narrative because of how they have fundamentally impacted my life. The food that sustained my family through struggles on the opposite side of the globe have greatly shaped my life here as well. For my mother's family, food was often a luxury that they did not always have access to. However, my life has been much different. My mother would cook for us nearly every night, switching between the Vietnamese dishes that she grew up making and Korean ones that she mastered after marrying my father. We would attend weekly Sunday dinners at my grandmother's house and summer "barbeques" with entire roasted pigs lying on fold-out tables in the backyard, where I would watch my whole family cook together. Little did I know how much those experiences would mean to me today.

The goal of these recipes is to provide an immersive way to connect an audience with the story of my mother and her journey to the United States. These dishes represent the moments that helped shape her own history and who she became through various cultural influences. Each recipe incorporates elements from Vietnamese culture, but also represents the historical impact of the Silk Road and Chinese, French, Khmer, and Champa influences upon Vietnamese traditions.

My mother's cooking gives me a deeper understanding of my cultural background and has sparked a love for food in me that has allowed me to connect more deeply with my own family and heritage. My mother helped me prepare the recipes and contribute to the histories included in this project, and the experience has strengthened my relationship with my family and their stories even more. I am so proud and grateful to be able to share this aspect of my culture with you.

***Tép Mỡ* (Vietnamese Fried Pork Fat)**[24]

Ingredients

- 2-pounds pork fat[25]

Instructions

1. Carefully remove pork skin with a sharp knife. If the skin is left on, it can contribute to oil splattering as the pork fat cooks.
2. Dice pork into 1/4 inch to 1/2 inch cubes, depending on your preference (smaller bits are easier to crisp).
3. Place cubes in a large pot over medium heat (no oil is necessary, since the pork will release oil as it cooks).
4. Stir occasionally, so the cubes do not stick to the bottom of the pan.
5. Cook for 7 to 10 minutes, until the cubes are golden brown.
6. Remove from heat and transfer the pork to a paper-towel lined plate to remove excess oil.
7. Enjoy with rice[26] and a drizzle of *nước chấm!*

[24] Mentioned on page 19
[25] This can be found at an Asian grocery store with a butcher or can be made with trimmings from pork belly
[26] This is often used as a topping for various Vietnamese soups as well

***Bánh Bò* (Vietnamese Steamed Rice Cakes)**[27]

Ingredients

For the yeast mixture:

- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1 teaspoon active dry yeast
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar

For the flour:

- 1 1/2 cup rice flour
- 1/4 cup + 2 teaspoon tapioca starch
- 1 cup water, 1/2 cup water (used separately)
- 1 cup coconut milk
- 3/4 cup sugar
- Food coloring (optional)[28]

For the coconut sauce (optional):

- ½ cup water
- 1 cup coconut milk
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon tapioca starch
- 1 tablespoon water
- Roasted sesame seeds

Instructions

[27] Mentioned on page 20

[28] Traditionally, the final cakes are colored green with pandan extract and pink with red food coloring, but this completely optional and will not impact the final results

1. Dissolve active dry yeast and sugar in warm water. Let sit for 10 minutes.
2. While yeast is activating, combine rice flour, tapioca starch, and 1 cup water. Whisk until smooth.
3. Add activated yeast to the flour mixture and combine well. Cover with plastic wrap and let rest for 2 hours. During this time, prepare coconut mixture for batter (step 4) and coconut sauce (optional step 14).
4. In a small saucepan on medium heat, combine coconut milk, ½ cup water, and sugar. Remove from heat once sugar is dissolved and let cool to room temperature.
5. When the batter has rested for 2 hours and small bubbles have appeared on the top of the batter, pour in the coconut and sugar mixture. Stir well to combine.
6. Strain the batter through a fine mesh colander to remove any clumps.
7. Optional: separate batter into three or four separate bowls and add food coloring, if desired.
8. Let the batter sit for another 30 minutes.
9. Fill a steamer with water, cover, and bring to a boil over high heat.
10. Brush molds (small cupcake tins work well for this) with vegetable oil and steam empty tray for 1 minute.
11. Stir batter and pour into molds until ¾ full.
12. Place into the steamer, cover, and cook for 3 to 5 minutes. During the cook time, remove the lid and wipe off excess moisture from the lid.
13. Remove molds from the steamer and let cool for 5 minutes before removing cakes from the mold.

14. To make the coconut sauce (optional), combine water, coconut milk, sugar, tapioca starch, and water in a saucepan over medium heat. Let simmer until thickened then remove from heat. Sprinkle dip or cakes with toasted sesame seeds.
15. Serve and enjoy!

***Cháo Gà* (Vietnamese Chicken Congee)**[29]

Ingredients

- 6 cups water
- 6 cups chicken stock
- ½ cup uncooked glutinous rice
- 2 cups uncooked jasmine rice
- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1-2 cups cooked chicken, shredded
- 3 tablespoons fish sauce (*nước chấm*)
- Sliced green onions (optional)
- Sliced ginger (optional)

Instructions

1. In a large pot, combine water, chicken stock, glutinous rice, jasmine rice, and bouillon cube over high heat. Stir to make sure the bouillon cube is dissolved.
2. Once the mixture begins to boil, reduce heat to a simmer for 1 hour, or until rice is soft and the mixture has thickened significantly. Stir occasionally (every 10 minutes or so) so the rice does not burn on the bottom of the pot.
3. Add shredded chicken and fish sauce. Stir to combine. Let simmer for 5-10 more minutes.
4. Spoon into individual bowls and serve topped with sliced green onions and ginger (if desired).

[29] Mentioned on page 21

Nước Chanh (Vietnamese Limeade)[30]

Ingredients

- 1/2 lime
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 3/4 cups water (can also be replaced with sparkling water, if desired)
- Ice

Instructions

1. Cut lime into slices.
2. Add water to a 16 oz glass.
3. Add sugar and stir until dissolved.
4. Squeeze lime juice into the glass. Add remaining lime pulp and ice.
5. Serve cold.

[30] Mentioned on page 24

***Phở Gà* (Vietnamese Chicken Noodle Soup)**[31]

Ingredients

For the broth:

- 4-inch piece of ginger, unpeeled
- 5 yellow onions, unpeeled
- 3 pounds of chicken parts, including backs, necks, wings, feet, and drumsticks
- 1 4-pound whole chicken, raw
- 20 cups water
- 2 tablespoons coriander seeds
- 4 whole garlic cloves
- 1 bunch cilantro
- 1/2-ounce crushed rock sugar
- 1 1/2 tablespoons sea salt
- 3 tablespoons fish sauce (*nước chấm*)

To construct the bowls:

- 2 pounds of fresh pho noodles (or 1 ¼ pounds of dried flat rice noodles)
- Cooked chicken from the broth, cut into bite-sized pieces

To garnish:

- Yellow onion, thinly sliced and soaked in water for 10 minutes (optional)
- Green onions, sliced (optional)
- Cilantro, leaves only (optional)
- Bean sprouts (optional)

[31] Mentioned on pages 31 and 49

- Lime wedges (optional)
- Thai basil (optional)

Instructions

1. Char ginger and onion until slightly burned over a fire (this can also be done in the oven set to “broil”). Make sure to rotate so all sides are evenly charred. Once the ginger and onions smell slightly sweet, remove from heat.
2. Let ginger and onion cool. Remove charred skin from ginger and onions. Cut into halves or quarters. Add to a large pot.
3. Separate chicken parts into 1 ½ inch pieces with a large knife that can cut bones. Place parts in a large bowl.
4. From the whole chicken, remove the heart, gizzard, and liver. Discard the liver. Detach wings. Place the wings, the heart, and gizzard in the large bowl with the other chicken parts. Set the rest of the chicken aside.
5. In a large pot, boil and rinse the chicken parts for a few minutes, until impurities have been released from the chicken parts. Drain the dirty water and rinse the chicken parts. Rinse the pot well.
6. In the cleaned pot, add back the chicken parts and whole chicken. Add water to cover the chicken and bring to a boil.
7. Once boiling, reduce to a simmer. Skim the excess substances that may rise to the top.
8. Add ginger, onions, coriander seeds, cloves, cilantro, rock sugar, and salt to the pot. Simmer uncovered.

9. Remove the whole chicken after 25 minutes cooking and place it in a large bowl. Rinse the chicken with cold water, then set aside to cool. Broth should still be simmering during this process.
10. Once the chicken is cool, cut the meat into bite-sized pieces but leave the thighs and drumsticks and set aside.
11. Return the chicken carcass (without the meat) to the simmering pot. Continue cooking for 1 1/2 more hours.
12. After 1 1/2 hours, turn off the heat and let the broth rest for 20 minutes. Skim fat from the top of the broth and remove the chicken parts from the pot. Strain the broth through a mesh colander and discard the solids (save the broth!).
13. Put the broth back into the pot, then add fish sauce and salt to the broth to achieve the desired taste and leave on simmer.
14. Cook noodles according to package instructions, then divide into serving bowls.
15. Pour hot broth over the noodles, then top with chicken, sliced onions, green onions, and cilantro.
16. Serve with access to bean sprouts, lime wedges, and basil to add to soup as desired.

***Thịt Kho Tàu* (Vietnamese Caramelized Pork Stew)**[32]

Ingredients

- 1-pound pork belly, cut into cubes
- 1/5 cup fish sauce (*nước chấm*)
- 2 cloves minced garlic
- 1/2 shallot, minced
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon of caramelized sugar, 1 tablespoon white sugar (separate)
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 clove minced garlic
- 1/2 shallot, minced
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup coconut juice
- 3 boiled eggs, peeled

Instructions

1. Marinate the pork belly in fish sauce, sugar, garlic, shallot, soy sauce, and caramelized sugar for 30 minutes (or longer).
2. In a large pot, add the olive oil, garlic, shallot, water, coconut juice, boiled eggs, and pork (including marinade) together. Bring to a boil.
3. Once boiling, reduce heat to a simmer and let cook for approximately 2 hours.
4. Serve with rice.

[32] Mentioned on page 42

***Canh Cải* (Vegetable Soup)**[33]

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1-inch piece of ginger, peeled and thinly sliced
- 2 large bunches leafy vegetables (like bok choy or mustard greens), roughly chopped
- 1/2-pound minced pork
- 6 cups chicken stock
- ground white pepper
- fish sauce (*nước chấm*)

Instructions

1. In a large pot over medium heat, add oil then sauté garlic and ginger.
2. Add minced pork to the pot and lightly cook until the pork turns light brown.
3. Add chicken stock to the pot and bring to a boil. Once boiling, lower heat to a simmer for 10 minutes.
4. Add the leafy vegetables, simmer for 2-3 more minutes or until vegetables are cooked but still firm.
5. Add ground white pepper and fish sauce (if desired) to taste.
6. Remove from heat.
7. Serve and enjoy! Can also be served with rice.

[33] Mentioned on page 48

***Chả Giò* (Vietnamese Fried Eggrolls)**[34]

Ingredients

- 1 package of egg roll wrappers (25 count)
- 1-pound ground pork
- 2/3 cup onion, diced
- 1/2 cup vermicelli noodles
- 1/8 cup shiitake mushrooms, diced
- 1/4 cup taro, shredded
- 1/2 carrot, shredded
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 egg, whisked with a fork
- Vegetable oil (for frying)

Instructions

1. Soak noodles and mushrooms in hot water until soft (about 30 minutes).
2. Squeeze excess moisture from the diced onions using paper towels.
3. Once noodles are softened, roughly chop the noodles.
4. Combine pork, onion, noodles, mushrooms, taro, carrot, salt, pepper, and sugar in a large mixing bowl to make the filling. If the mixture is dry, add an egg (optional).

[34] Mentioned on page 48

5. Put about 2-3 tablespoons of filling into 1 wrap, and wrap. Use whisked egg to seal the wrap closed.
6. In a large saucepan or deep fryer, heat oil to 325℉.
7. Place wrapped egg rolls into the oil and fry until golden on the outside and fully cooked inside, about 12-15 minutes.
8. Serve with *nước chấm* as a dipping sauce.

***Gà Roti* (Vietnamese Roast Chicken)**[35]

Ingredients

- 4 chicken thighs
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil
- 2 teaspoon five spice powder
- 2 teaspoon soy sauce
- 2 teaspoon fish sauce (*nước chấm*)
- 2 teaspoons honey
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 shallot, minced
- 2 cups coconut juice
- 2 cups water
- 2 teaspoon vegetable oil

Instructions

1. Using a sharp knife, trim off excess fat from the chicken.
2. In a large bowl, mix together brown sugar, salt, pepper, sesame oil, five spice powder, soy sauce, fish sauce, honey, garlic, and shallots to create the marinade.

[35] Mentioned on page 53

3. Place chicken in the marinade and ensure that the chicken is completely coated. Let marinate for at least 1 hour (or longer).
4. After the chicken is marinated, heat oil in a large saucepan or pot and sear chicken for 2 minutes on each side, or until golden brown, with marinade. Allow the marinade and chicken juices to reduce in the pot for 2 more minutes.
5. Add coconut juice and water directly to the pan and bring to a boil. Once boiling, cover and reduce heat to low so the liquid is at a simmer for 20 minutes. Flip the chicken every 5 minutes during this time.
6. After 20 minutes, remove the lid and increase heat to medium-high. Allow to cook for approximately 5 minutes, until the sauce has reduced and thickened.
7. Serve chicken with the sauce spooned over rice.

***Bún Bò Huế* (Vietnamese Spicy Beef Noodle Soup)** [36]

Ingredients

For the broth:

- 1 1/2-pounds beef bones
- 1 1/2-pounds pork hocks, chopped into smaller pieces
- 1-pound beef shank or beef brisket
- 12 cups of water
- 1 yellow onion, peeled and halved
- 4 stalks lemongrass, tips removed, crushed
- 2 whole star anise (optional)
- 1/2-ounce crushed rock sugar
- 2-inch piece of ginger, peeled and sliced
- 4 cloves garlic, peeled
- 5 kaffir lime leaves
- 1 1/2 tablespoons shrimp paste mixed with 1/4 cup warm water
- 4 tablespoons fish sauce (*nước chấm*), divided
- 7 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 1 tablespoon annatto seeds
- 2 tablespoons chili flakes
- 1 tablespoon lemongrass, minced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 3 shallots, minced

[36] Mentioned on page 56

To construct the bowls:

- 1 package thick vermicelli noodles
- 1 package *chả lụa*[37], wrap removed and sliced into bite-sized pieces
- Cooked beef shank or brisket from broth, sliced
- Cooked pork hocks from broth

To garnish:

- Thai basil (optional)
- Mint (optional)
- Green onions, sliced (optional)
- Bean sprouts (optional)
- Lime wedges (optional)
- Yellow onion, thinly sliced and soaked in water for 10 minutes (optional)
- Cilantro leaves, chopped (optional)

Instructions

1. In a large pot, add beef bones, pork hocks, beef shank or brisket, and water (to cover the meat).
2. Boil on medium-high heat for 15-20 minutes, until impurities have been released from the meat. Drain the dirty water and rinse the meat to remove any residue. Rinse the pot well.
3. Add meat back into the pot with crushed lemongrass, onion, whole garlic cloves, ginger slices, rock sugar, kaffir leaves, star anise, and 12 cups of water.
4. Bring to a boil over medium-low heat.

[37] Vietnamese pork sausage wrapped in banana leaves; can be found at any Vietnamese grocery store

5. Once boiling, add shrimp paste and water mixture to pot. Add 2 tablespoons of fish sauce, then taste. Add the rest if the broth is not salty enough.
6. Cover and reduce heat and allow to simmer for 1 1/2 hours.
7. In a separate saucepan over medium heat, add annatto seeds and stir until a bright red oil is released.
8. Remove seeds from pan and discard.
9. Add chili flakes, minced lemongrass, garlic, and shallots and fry for 10 minutes.
10. Remove from heat and allow oil to cool.
11. After broth has been simmering for 1 1/2 hours, remove beef shank or brisket and set aside.
12. Add cooled oil mixture to the broth and allow broth to cook for 1 1/2 hours.
13. After broth has finished cooking, remove kaffir leaves, ginger, garlic, lemongrass, star anise, and onion and discard. Remove pork hocks and set aside. Discard beef bones.
14. Taste broth and add more fish sauce for saltiness (if desired).
15. Prepare noodles according to package instructions. Run cooked noodles under cold water to prevent extra cooking from the heat.
16. Separate cooked noodles into serving bowls.
17. Slice beef shank or brisket, *chả lụa*, and add to bowls.
18. Spoon hot broth over the bowls and serve with garnishes (if desired).

***Mì Thập Cẩm* (Vietnamese Dry Egg Noodles with Seafood and Pork)[38] [39]**

Ingredients

For the broth:

- 1 1/2-pounds pork bones
- 1 1/2-pounds chicken bones
- 13 cups water
- 1/2 cup dried shrimp
- 1 small dried squid
- 1 large yellow onion
- 5 shallots
- 1-ounce crushed rock sugar
- 3 tablespoons salt

To construct the bowls:

- 1-pound fresh or dried egg noodles
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil
- *Thịt xá xíu*[40], sliced
- 15 large shrimp, peeled and deveined, cooked
- 1 bag frozen scored squid, cooked according to package and sliced

Sauce:

- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 1 shallot, minced

[38] Mentioned on page 60
[39] This dish is often served with a small side of broth, which is included in this recipe
[40] Vietnamese/Chinese barbeque pork; can be found at Chinese barbeque and noodle houses

- 2 tablespoons hoisin sauce
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon oyster sauce
- 1 tablespoon white sugar
- 1 teaspoon tapioca starch mixed with 1/2 cup water

To garnish:

- Bean sprouts (optional)
- Chives (optional)
- Green onions, sliced (optional)
- Cilantro (optional)

Instructions

1. Soak dried shrimp and dried squid in bowl of hot water for 5 minutes, then rinse well.
2. Roast onion and shallots on a lined sheet pan in oven at 400℉ for 10-15 minutes.
3. Remove onion and shallots from the oven. Peel onion. Set onion and shallots aside.
4. In a large pot over high heat, add pork bones, chicken bones, and water (to cover the bones).
5. Quickly boil over medium-high heat for 5 minutes. Remove the bones and rinse with cold water. Rinse the pot well.
6. Return bones to cleaned pot, add the 13 cups of water, and bring to a boil.
7. Add soaked shrimp and squid, onion and shallots to the pot with boiling bones.

8. Reduce heat to a simmer and allow to cook for 2 hours. Skim the surface every 30 minutes to remove impurities that rise to the surface.
9. After cooking, remove solids from broth and discard.
10. Add rock sugar and salt to season broth. Taste and adjust seasoning if desired.
11. In a separate saucepan over medium-high, add vegetable oil and allow to heat.
12. Add shallots and cook for 1-2 minutes.
13. Add hoisin sauce, soy sauce, oyster sauce, sugar, and tapioca starch mixed with water.
14. Bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes.
15. Remove from heat and set aside.
16. Prepare noodles according to package instructions. Run cooked noodles under cold water to prevent extra cooking from the heat.
17. Add sesame oil to cooked noodles and mix.
18. Separate cooked noodles into serving bowls.
19. Add sliced *thịt xá xíu*, shrimp, and sliced squid to each bowl with bean sprouts, chives, green onions, and cilantro (if desired).
20. Top with the sauce and serve with a separate bowl of broth.

Bibliography

Alperin, E., & Batalova, J. (2018, September 13). *Vietnamese Immigrants in the United States*. Retrieved from Migration Policy Institute website: https://www.migrationpolicy.org/article/vietnamese-immigrants-united-states-5

Bayer, S., and Hettinger, A. 2019. Storytelling: A Natural Tool to Weave the Threads of Science and Community Together. *Bulletin Ecological Society of America* 100(2):e01542. https://doi.org/10.1002/bes2.1542

Bostock, B. (2019, June 26). *Ranked: The countries with the shortest people in the world*. Retrieved from Insider Inc. website: https://www.insider.com/shortest-people-in-world-by-country-2019-6

Came, B. (1979, July 2). A rocky haven of Pulau Bidong. *Newsweek*, 94, 47.

Cargill, M., & Huỳnh, J. Q. (2000). *Voices of Vietnamese Boat People: Nineteen narratives of escape and survival.* Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Company, Inc.

Cerquone, J. (1984). *Vietnamese Boat People: Pirates' Vulnerable Prey*. Retrieved from https://refugees.org/wp-content/uploads/2019/02/Vietnamese-Boat-People-_Pirates-Vulnerable-Prey_February-1984_Joe-Cerquone.pdf

Chandler, D. P., & Overton, L. C. (2019). The Khmer state (Angkor). In *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Retrieved from https://www.britannica.com/place/Cambodia/The-Khmer-state-Angkor

Coplen, A. K., & Cuneo, M. (2015, January 15). Dissolved: Lessons learned from the Portland Multnomah Food Policy Council. *Journal of Agriculture, Food Systems, and Community Development, 5*(2), 91-107. doi:http://dx.doi.org/10.5304/jafscd.2015.052.002

The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. (2003). Boat people. In *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Retrieved from https://www.britannica.com/topic/boat-people-refugees

Food Justice Workshops. (n.d.). Retrieved from Hunger Intervention Program website: https://hungerintervention.org/food-justice-workshops/

Fu, H., & VanLandingham, M. J. (2012). Mental health consequences of international migration for Vietnamese Americans and the mediating effects of physical health and social networks: Results from a natural experiment approach. (Report). *Demography*, 49(2), 393-424.

Gottlieb, R., & Joshi, Anupama. (2010). *Food justice* (Food, health, and the environment). Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press.

Guptill, A., Copelton, D. A., & Lucal, B. (2017*). Food & Society: Principles and paradoxes* (Second ed.). Cambridge; Malden, MA: Polity Press.

Immigration & Refugee Services. (n.d.). Retrieved from Catholic Charities USA website: https://www.catholiccharitiesusa.org/our-ministry/immigration-refugee-services/

Judelsohn, A., Orom, H., Kim, I., Na Sa, A. B., Khan, H., Devito, R., ... Raja, S. (2017, September 1). Planning the City of Good (and New) Neighbours: Refugees' Experiences of the Food Environment in Buffalo, New York. *Built Environment, 43*(3), 402-416. doi:https://doi.org/10.2148/benv.43.3.402

Kennedy, L. (1981). *View Over Housing, Refugee Camp, Pulau Bidong, Malaysia* [Photograph]. Retrieved from https://collections.museumvictoria.com.au/items/2103278

Kim, T. (2020, April 15). Interview by A. M. Kim. (5).

Kim, T. (2020, April 8). Interview by A. M. Kim. (4).

Kim, T. (2020, March 22). Interview by A. M. Kim. (3).

Knudsen, J. (1983*). Boat people in transit: Vietnamese in refugee camps in the Philippines, Hongkong, and Japan* (Occasional paper (Universitetet i Bergen. Sosialantropologisk institutt); no. 31). Bergen: Dept. of Social Anthropology, University of Bergen.

Lavalle, A., & United States. Department of the Air Force. (1978). *Last flight from Saigon* (USAF Southeast Asia monograph series; v. 4, monograph 6). Washington, D.C.]: [Dept. of Defense, Dept. of the Air Force].

Leonard, G. (1999*). The Asian Pacific American Heritage: A companion to literature and arts* (Garland reference library of the humanities; vol. 2109). New York: Garland Pub.

Lien, V. H. (2016). *Rice and Baguette: A history of food in Vietnam* (Foods and nations). London: Reaktion Books.

Llewellyn, J., Southey, J., & Thompson, S. (2017, August 6). *Europeans in Vietnam*. Retrieved from Alpha History website: https://alphahistory.com/vietnamwar/vietnam-before-french-colonisation/

Mydans, S. (1996, April 19). Boat People Embark on Sad Voyage Home. *New York Times.* Retrieved from https://link-gale-com.libproxy.uoregon.edu/apps/doc/A150522822/AONE?u=euge94201&sid=AONE&xid=43840acb

Nguyen, A. T. (2011, June 2). *The Vietnamese Population in the United States: 2010*. Retrieved from United States Census Bureau website: https://vacoc.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/05/The-Vietnamese-Population-2010_July-2.2011.pdf

Peters, E. (2012). *Appetites and aspirations in Vietnam: Food and drink in the long nineteenth century.* Lanham, Md.: AltaMira Press.

Pham, H., Nguyen, G., & Kim, T. (2020, February 22). Interview by A. M. Kim. (1).

Pham, H., Nguyen, G., & Kim, T. (2020, March 7). Interview by A. M. Kim. (2).

Pulau Bidong Refugee Camp 1978 - 1991, Malaysia. (n.d.). Retrieved from Refugee Camps website: https://refugeecamps.net/Bidong.html

Randle, J. (2016, May 23). *Could Vietnam's Pho Become Next Pizza Or Sushi in US?* Retrieved from Voice of America website: https://www.voanews.com/east-asia-pacific/could-vietnams-pho-become-next-pizza-or-sushi-us

Saigoneer. (2017, August 6). *A Brief History of Curry in Vietnam*. Retrieved from Saigoneer website: https://saigoneer.com/saigon-food-culture/10866-a-brief-history-of-curry-in-vietnam

Trinh, J. (2017, November 29). *Vietnamese Immigration and Its Culinary Influence on the United States*. Retrieved from Public Media Group of Southern California website: https://www.kcet.org/shows/the-migrant-kitchen/vietnamese-immigration-and-its-culinary-influence-on-the-united-states

UNHCR. (2000). *The State of The World's Refugees*. Retrieved from https://www.unhcr.org/en-us/publications/sowr/3ebf9bad0/state-worlds-refugees-2000-fifty-years-humanitarian-action-chapter-4-flight.html

Vo, N. M. (2006). *The Vietnamese Boat People, 1954 and 1975-1992*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, Inc.

Willbanks, J. H. (Ed.). (2013). *Vietnam War: the essential reference guide*. Santa Barbara, CA: ABC-CLIO, LLC.

Endnotes

[i] Willbanks, J. H. (Ed.). (2013). *Vietnam War: the essential reference guide.* Santa Barbara, CA: ABC-CLIO, LLC.

[ii] Lavalle, A., & United States. Department of the Air Force. (1978). *Last flight from Saigon* (USAF Southeast Asia monograph series; v. 4, monograph 6). Washington, D.C.]: [Dept. of Defense, Dept. of the Air Force].

[iii] Vo, N. M. (2006). *The Vietnamese Boat People, 1954 and 1975-1992*. Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Company, Inc.

[iv] The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. (2003). Boat people. In *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Retrieved from https://www.britannica.com/topic/boat-people-refugees

[v] Vo, N. M. (2006). *The Vietnamese Boat People, 1954 and 1975-1992.* Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Company, Inc.

[vi] Knudsen, J. (1983*). Boat people in transit: Vietnamese in refugee camps in the Philippines, Hongkong, and Japan* (Occasional paper (Universitetet i Bergen. Sosialantropologisk institutt); no. 31). Bergen: Dept. of Social Anthropology, University of Bergen.

[vii] UNHCR. (2000). *The State of The World's Refugees.* Retrieved from https://www.unhcr.org/en-us/publications/sowr/3ebf9bad0/state-worlds-refugees-2000-fifty-years-humanitarian-action-chapter-4-flight.html

[viii] Alperin, E., & Batalova, J. (2018, September 13). *Vietnamese Immigrants in the United States.* Retrieved from Migration Policy Institute website: https://www.migrationpolicy.org/article/vietnamese-immigrants-united-states-5

[ix] Fu, H., & VanLandingham, M. J. (2012). Mental health consequences of international migration for Vietnamese Americans and the mediating effects of physical health and social networks: Results from a natural experiment approach. (Report). *Demography,* 49(2), 393-424.

[x] Cargill, M., & Huỳnh, J. Q. (2000). *Voices of Vietnamese Boat People: Nineteen narratives of escape and survival.* Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Company, Inc.

[xi] Guptill, A., Copelton, D. A., & Lucal, B. (2017*). Food & Society: Principles and paradoxes* (Second ed.). Cambridge; Malden, MA: Polity Press.

[xii] Trinh, J. (2017, November 29). *Vietnamese Immigration and Its Culinary Influence on the United States.* Retrieved from Public Media Group of Southern California website: https://www.kcet.org/shows/the-migrant-kitchen/vietnamese-immigration-and-its-culinary-influence-on-the-united-states

[xiii] Judelsohn, A., Orom, H., Kim, I., Na Sa, A. B., Khan, H., Devito, R., ... Raja, S. (2017, September 1). Planning the City of Good (and New) Neighbours: Refugees' Experiences of the Food Environment in Buffalo, New York. *Built Environment,* 43(3), 402-416. doi: https://doi.org/10.2148/benv.43.3.402

[xiv] Lien, V. H. (2016). *Rice and Baguette: A history of food in Vietnam* (Foods and nations). London: Reaktion Books.

[xv] Saigoneer. (2017, August 6). *A Brief History of Curry in Vietnam.* Retrieved from Saigoneer website: https://saigoneer.com/saigon-food-culture/10866-a-brief-history-of-curry-in-vietnam

[xvi] Llewellyn, J., Southey, J., & Thompson, S. (2017, August 6). *Europeans in Vietnam.* Retrieved from Alpha History website: https://alphahistory.com/vietnamwar/vietnam-before-french-colonisation/

[xvii] Leonard, G. (1999*). The Asian Pacific American Heritage: A companion to literature and arts* (Garland reference library of the humanities; vol. 2109). New York: Garland Pub.

[xviii] Chandler, D. P., & Overton, L. C. (2019). The Khmer state (Angkor). In *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Retrieved from https://www.britannica.com/place/Cambodia/The-Khmer-state-Angkor

[xix] Jackson, Y., & Sage Publications. (2006). *Encyclopedia of multicultural psychology.* Thousand Oaks, Calif.: SAGE Publications.

[xx] Nguyen, A. T. (2011, June 2). *The Vietnamese Population in the United States: 2010.* Retrieved from United States Census Bureau website: https://vacoc.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/05/The-Vietnamese-Population-2010_July-2.2011.pdf

[xxi] Randle, J. (2016, May 23). *Could Vietnam's Pho Become Next Pizza or Sushi in US?* Retrieved from Voice of America website: https://www.voanews.com/east-asia-pacific/could-vietnams-pho-become-next-pizza-or-sushi-us

[xxii] *Food Justice Workshops.* (n.d.). Retrieved from Hunger Intervention Program website: https://hungerintervention.org/food-justice-workshops/

[xxiii] Coplen, A. K., & Cuneo, M. (2015, January 15). Dissolved: Lessons learned from the Portland Multnomah Food Policy Council. *Journal of Agriculture, Food Systems, and Community Development*, 5(2), 91-107. doi:http://dx.doi.org/10.5304/jafscd.2015.052.002

[xxiv] Gottlieb, R., & Joshi, Anupama. (2010). *Food justice* (Food, health, and the environment). Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press.

[xxv] Bayer, S., and Hettinger, A. 2019. Storytelling: A Natural Tool to Weave the Threads of Science and Community Together. *Bulletin Ecological Society of America* 100(2):e01542. https://doi.org/10.1002/bes2.1542

[xxvi] Bostock, B. (2019, June 26*). Ranked: The countries with the shortest people in the world.* Retrieved from Insider Inc. website: https://www.insider.com/shortest-people-in-world-by-country-2019-6

[xxvii] Cerquone, J. (1984). *Vietnamese Boat People: Pirates' Vulnerable Prey.* Retrieved from https://refugees.org/wp-content/uploads/2019/02/Vietnamese-Boat-People-_Pirates-Vulnerable-Prey_February-1984_Joe-Cerquone.pdf

[xxviii] Came, B. (1979, July 2). A rocky haven of Pulau Bidong. *Newsweek*, 94, 47.

[xxix] *Pulau Bidong Refugee Camp 1978 - 1991, Malaysia*. (n.d.). Retrieved from Refugee Camps website: https://refugeecamps.net/Bidong.html

[xxx] Kennedy, L. (1981*). View Over Housing, Refugee Camp, Pulau Bidong, Malaysia* [Photograph]. Retrieved from https://collections.museumvictoria.com.au/items/2103278

[xxxi] Mydans, S. (1996, April 19). Boat People Embark on Sad Voyage Home. *New York Times.* Retrieved from https://link-gale-com.libproxy.uoregon.edu/apps/doc/A150522822/AONE?u=euge94201&sid=AONE&xid=43840acb

[xxxii] Lien, V. H. (2016). *Rice and Baguette: A history of food in Vietnam* (Foods and nations). London: Reaktion Books.

[xxxiii] Knudsen, J. (1983*). Boat people in transit: Vietnamese in refugee camps in the Philippines, Hongkong, and Japan* (Occasional paper (Universitetet i Bergen. Sosialantropologisk institutt); no. 31). Bergen: Dept. of Social Anthropology, University of Bergen.

[xxxiv] *Immigration & Refugee Services.* (n.d.). Retrieved from Catholic Charities USA website: https://www.catholiccharitiesusa.org/our-ministry/immigration-refugee-services/

[xxxv] Peters, E. (2012). *Appetites and aspirations in Vietnam: Food and drink in the long nineteenth century.* Lanham, Md.: AltaMira Press.

[xxxvi] Lien, V. H. (2016). *Rice and Baguette: A history of food in Vietnam* (Foods and nations). London: Reaktion Books.