



CF Item = Barcode Top - Note at Bottom =
CF_Item_One_BC5-Top-Sign

Page 25
Date 1/9/2004
Time 3:00:20 PM
Login jrm



CF/RAI/USAA/DB01/HS/1995-0037

Full Item Register Number [auto] **CF/RAI/USAA/DB01/HS/1995-0037**

ExRef: Document Series/Year/Number **CF/NYH/SEB/HST/1995-0037 ; ER-BIO/BAL B0069**

Record Item Title

Memoirs: HQ Public Information Division; Monroe Stearns; 1965 Nobel Peace Prize; Gordon Carter; Foreign Aid; Brian Jones; Eastern Africa;

Date Created / on Item 7/19/1984 Date Registered 11/10/1995 Date Closed/Superceded

Primary Contact
Owner Location Strategic Information Section = 6090
Home Location Strategic Information Section = 6090
Current Location History Related Records =60909132

Fd1: Type: IN, OUT, INTERNAL?
Fd2: Lang ?Sender Ref or Cross Ref ER-BIO/BAL B0069
F3: Format ER-BIO/BAL B0069

Container Record
Container Record (Title)

N1: Numb of pages 0 N2: Doc Year 1995 N3: Doc Number 37

Full GCG Code Plan Number

Da1:Date Published Da2:Date Received 10/30/1989 Date 3 10/30/1989 Priority

If Doc Series?:

Record Type A02a Item Hist Corr - CF/RAI/USAA/DB01/HS

Electronic Details

No Document

DOS File Name

Alt Bar code = RAMP-TRIM Record Numb : **CF/RAI/USAA/DB01/HS/1995-0037**

Notes

Archive Code Valid Date: 10/30/1989
Hal Kuloy; Nutrition ProgrammeProblems; Reflections ondeparture
WU_Staff:
Correspondent:

Print Name of Person Submit Images

Signature of Person Submit

Number of images without cover

DOUBLE SIDED

JOHN MANFREDI

John Manfredi

28

Blank Page

Back of

Cover Sheet

Memoires of John Balcomb
 UNICEF Public Information, 1960-81
 written November 1983

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | <u>Page</u> |
|--|-------------|
| HQ-based Information Work, 1960-67 | 1 |
| From consultancies to a job | 1 |
| HQ informality and focus | 3 |
| Public Information Division | 5 |
| Problems of getting material from the field | 5 |
| Monroe Stearns | 6 |
| Bangkok Board Meeting, 1964 | 7 |
| Nobel Peace Prize, 1965 | 7 |
| PI expands with field posts | 8 |
| India, 1967-73 | 9 |
| Establishing area offices | 9 |
| Gordon Carter | 10 |
| Integration of Information and Programmes: Early PSC | 10 |
| Jack-of-all-trades in a foreign land | 12 |
| Foreign aid | 13 |
| Attitude more important than imported equipment | 13 |
| Nepal Primary Science Teaching Project | 14 |
| International cooperation and socializing | 16 |
| Ignorance of host culture a problem | 18 |
| Hal Kuloy | 18 |
| Ironies of emergencies | 19 |
| Applied Nutrition Programme | 19 |
| Reflections on departure | 21 |
| Eastern Africa, 1973-81 | |
| Brian Jones | 23 |
| Workshops replace films as PSC tool | 24 |
| Kenya | 25 |

Blank Page

HQ-BASED INFORMATION WORK, 1960-67

From Consultancies to a Job

If it had not been for meeting Lowell Bair when I was studying in the school of philosophy at Columbia University in 1948 I would never have gone to work for UNICEF. Lowell eventually went to Paris, and so did I, in 1953, where he introduced me to Martin Fler, publisher, editor, everything else of the Paris-American Kiosk, a sort of sub New Yorker thing that he hoped would make a bundle with the tourist trade. Kiosk eventually went broke -- I was the final proprietor -- and I returned to the USA to get involved with Marty in the purchase and operation of a weekly newspaper, the Ft. Lee Sentinel, in Fort Lee, New Jersey, just across the George Washington Bridge. This also collapsed -- we espoused the reform party and lost -- but Marty put me on to a guy named Moshe Sachs who hung out at the UN. I use the word "hungout" advisedly, since Moshe, who had no official connection with the UN of any kind, still

received job interviewees in the North Delegates Lounge. Moshe did not misrepresent himself; it was clear when he hired me (at \$3.00 an hour) that I was working for Workmark Publications, his company, and not the UN. I started out putting together a newsletter called "International Energy Reports based on United Nations Documentation". This was a publication that was before its time. We could probably have cleaned up in the late '70's. At any rate, after the publication of the only scholarly monograph that I have ever gotten in print, "Liquefied Natural Gas and World Energy Markets", the whole thing folded. I must say, from a personal point of view, my situation was strictly Grubstreet. I was living in a dilapidated tenement at 81 2nd Avenue and churning my copy out on a 1935 LC Smith, reclaimed from a hock shop.

Moshe Sachs eventually rounded up some capital and came up with "The Worldmark Encyclopedia of the Nations". This is still in print, and is one of the best reference tools going around. Anyway, "The Encyclopedia of the Nations" was to include a volume on the UN and its work. A celebrated UN-ologist named John Fried was hired to produce this volume and I was engaged, still at \$3.00 an hour, to translate Dr. Fried's prose into English. I also got the assignment of writing up certain agencies that Fried had not gotten around to. One of these was UNICEF.

Voila! This was around 1959, 1960. I was referred, not to

the information section, but to Jack Charnow, in reports. Jack gave me the information I needed -- I wrote the section up, and so was called back by UNICEF, not on the grounds that I was particularly brilliant, but that I'd been able to get the facts right. This led to a couple of consultancies and then a job. I gladly took it. One talks about "idealism", but I don't think this is what motivated me most to work for the UN. It was the international angle. I'd been raised in small-town America -- a lot of small towns, since my dad was a construction engineer -- and I'd spent a couple of years in France, and I didn't want to get stuck living in the same country for the rest of my life. So it was the international angle, with a chance to travel, plus the fact that out of all the agencies I'd written up or edited for the Worldmark Encyclopedia, UNICEF seemed to be the most active, in concrete terms. This is what made me so happy to sign my first contract.

HQ Informality and Focus

At that time, late 1960/early 1961, UNICEF was a fairly small outfit, located on the 24th floor and part of the 18th floor of the UN building proper. The US Committee was lodged with us; also TARO, the Americas Regional Office. Maurice Pate, the Executive Director, liked to talk about the "UNICEF family". There was that feeling about it. There was even sibling rivalry, of course. But everybody was very nice to me. There was the feeling that the infor-

ation department, then headed by Patricia Hartwell, was a bit weak on substance in its products. I was expected to help "get the story straight", particularly in nutrition, in which UNICEF was then making a big play in connection with the Freedom From Hunger Campaign. Gradually I became the information guy considered competent to deal with "serious" matters in general. This was not a pigeon-holing I was altogether comfortable with -- were there not other sides to my character? -- but it gave me the status I needed to acquire a rather remarkable education. I could never understand in later years why other information officers thought I had done something so exceptional in gaining the confidence of our technical advisors and programme staff, since I found they all liked to talk about their work and welcomed the opportunity to enlighten me.

And enlighten me they did. My tutors in nutrition were Max Milner and Les Tepley; my tutor in tropical medicine was Don Thompson, our WHO advisor; my tutor in development economics was Dick Heyward. I chatted with them in their offices; we had lunch together; they gave me things to read and checked out my own drafts of articles with me. I remember once, when I was still a relatively new boy, getting a note from Don Thompson: "Will Mr. Balcomb join the WHO advisor for a dry martini in the South Delegates Lounge at 5:30 this evening?" I was invited to sit in on programme meetings and regional previews, which were then, as I recall, held at HQ. I was even invited to sit in as an observer at a meeting of the blue-ribbon WHO/FAO/UNICEF

Protein Advisory Group. To pursue the education analogy, I suppose my "dissertation", carried out with the help of all these people, was the book "Children of the Developing World" which I put together (1962, I believe) which gave a complete rundown on all fields of assistance UNICEF was then involved in.

Public Information Division

Problems of Getting Material from the Field. If all this action seems rather HQ oriented, it was. We had only a handful of country offices in those days, and the regional offices dealt with things at a great distance. As I've said, the Americas Regional Office was at HQ itself. The African Regional Office shared premises with the Office for Europe, in Paris. The Regional Office for all of Asia was in Bangkok. The Board still met twice a year, so the Regional Directors spent a good part of their working time in New York. This scheme of things worked as well as it did because UNICEF was then mainly engaged in operations more or less paralleling the post-war emergency operations which it had conducted so successfully. Our big weapon against malaria was DDT; against yaws it was penicillin; against malnutrition it was skimmed milk powder and dairy plant equipment. We were moving into country planning and programming, training of national staff, etc., but our local involvement was still relatively slight. I had the greatest difficulty digging up material for feature stories on what was actually happening as a result of

UNICEF action at field level. We relied almost exclusively on government reports for follow-up reporting, and these weren't very helpful to a feature writer sitting in New York.

Monroe Stearns. Pat Hartwell resigned in ___? and Heyward, who had a disconcerting habit of putting self-consciously junior staff on the spot, asked my advice about a successor. (A few months after I first joined UNICEF, he called me into his office and asked me: "What do you think Mr. Pate should tell the Board?" In this case he eventually told me what he thought Mr. Pate should tell the Board, and I wrote up a draft.) No one immediately came to mind, but on Grace Barbie's suggestion we contacted Monroe Stearns, an experienced writer and editor, and offered him the job. Perhaps I should not have accepted Heyward's gambit. I know that Monroe, before he left in a couple of years, managed to antagonise a lot of people. He had a sardonic manner about him and poorly concealed his contempt for a great variety of things. I confess I rather liked him myself. He had high standards of professionalism. He used to rip my manuscripts apart when I got sloppy in my writing. I remember once, when I was licking my wounds, Monroe brought me something he'd written: "Here," he said, "tear this apart. Every writer needs an editor." Unfortunately Monroe affected a snobbery that could give the impression of racism, among other things -- one could never tell if he really meant it or if it was just part of his act. There was probably no question that he had to go.

Balcomb Memoires, p.7

Bangkok Board Meeting, 1964. For several years I had been angling for a field trip. I got my chance in 1964 when the Board met in Bangkok. I covered the Board meeting for the press and got country visits to the Philippines, Indonesia, India, Pakistan and Iran out of it at the same time. The Board meeting in Bangkok was exciting. There was a clash between the U.S. delegation and the others over reconstruction aid to Cuba in the wake of a hurricane. The U.S. kept protesting that the project hadn't been properly prepared. (It was eventually put off for a mail-poll vote and approved a month or so later.) This was the only case of open cold-war strife I saw in a Board meeting, but there must have been others.

In Indonesia, the Sukharno government was getting ready to kick us out because Mr. Pate had mentioned the word "famine" in connection with an emergency in Central Java. I remember sitting in Mme. Subandrio's office awaiting clearance to take a trip to Central Java. She was the wife of the powerful foreign minister (subsequently either shot or exiled) and was the coordinating point for humanitarian aid. She teased me about my beard and finally said, "All right, you can go," and picked up the phone to make the necessary arrangements only to find out that the phone wouldn't work.

Nobel Peace Prize, 1965. Stearns was succeeded as chief of information by Paul Edwards, whom I'd met on my visit to the Philippines. I guess this was 1964 or 1965. We were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize shortly after Mr. Pate's death from a heart attack and the accession of

Harry Labouisse to the Executive Directorship. It's a shame Maurice Pate didn't live to see UNICEF get the Nobel Prize. Shortly before the prize was announced, I'd been given the assignment of writing up draft letters nominating UNICEF for the prize to be sent out on our behalf by friendly governments and previous prize winners. I was still working on the drafts, describing how wonderfully qualified UNICEF was for the prize, when Bernard Gerin burst into my office to tell me we'd gotten it. I said, "That's the quickest results I ever got," and tore up my drafts.

PI Expands with Field Posts. In 1966 and 1967 I began agitating to get a field job. The problem of providing convincing information materials from the 6th floor of the Alcoa Building, where we were by then lodged, was getting increasingly difficult. Our first international professional information officer, Jack Ling, had been called to New York a few years before. Bernard Gerin had gone out to Beirut as regional information officer -- in 1966, I guess it was -- and I believe we had a couple of national information officers. But precious little was coming in from the field. In 1967 Gordon Carter, who had just been appointed Regional Director in New Delhi, decided he needed an information officer. Paul Edwards recommended me and Gordon, ever cautious, took me on provisionally for a year. At the end of the year, I asked Gordon, "Are you keeping me on?" He looked at me with some surprise. "Of course," he said.

INDIA, 1967-73

On my way to India I stopped over in Paris and chatted with Georges Sicault, then our Director for Europe. European Committees had adopted a lot of projects in India, especially in connection with the Bihar drought, which was just about over then; they were clamouring for information and weren't getting it. Sicault remarked that UNICEF was suffering from macrocephalia and peripheral arteriosclerosis. There certainly seemed to be some justice to his observation. I promised to do what I could. But when I arrived in India I discovered that the New Delhi office, in turn, was almost equally isolated from its own "field", this in India alone comprising a whole sub-continent.

Establishing Area Offices

Gordon Carter's enormous achievement in the years that followed was to grapple with this problem head-on and to establish a network of sub-national area offices manned by international officers, national officers and volunteers so that by the time he left India, in 1973, UNICEF knew as well as any agency operating on such a scale could know, just what was going on in connection with its work in that vast country. We once calculated how many discrete locations were involved in various UNICEF-aided programmes in India. I forget the exact figures, but they went up to the hundreds of thousands in some cases. Setting up the area-office network involved not only considerable lobbying with

HQ to sanction the new posts required but careful and very diplomatic negotiations with the Government of India to sanction such decentralization. The GOI was extremely touchy about any external body trying to deal directly with the states, since it was always on the alert for what the Indian newspapers in their Victorian English described as "fissiparous" tendencies.

Gordon Carter

My first contacts with Gordon were a little chilling, but I came to have the greatest respect and admiration for him. An Englishman raised in France, he had more of the traditional British stiffness about him than people of his generation raised in the UK itself still retain. He conscientiously tried to overcome this, insisting on first names and bush shirts. He insisted on getting things right, and was the only head of a field office I ever encountered who managed to see that all the stencils cut and run off in the office were completely legible. He did not enjoy public speaking, but steeled himself to it and performed well in radio interviews. My initial meetings with Gordon were brief. I outlined what I proposed doing and he said, "Right. See me again in a month." I later learned that when he said "right" he meant that he had approved your plans, and if you ran into unforeseen difficulties along the way, he'd back you up. Needless to say, I found him a wonderful person to work for.

Integration of Information and Programmes: Early PSC

It was in the New Delhi office that I first felt that the work

I was doing was really central to UNICEF. At our first regional meeting, involving dignitaries from HQ as well as our own people, Gordon proclaimed in his opening address that information was at the heart of our work. The term "advocacy" had not yet come into much use at that time, but that was part of it, and the Indian press was to prove an immensely useful partner in this respect. But I think Gordon also included the matter of finding out what was really going on and relaying the information to the people who could use it. And, of course, the whole matter of PSC (Programme Support Communications); seeing to it that every program we were involved in included the necessary information and communications components. At any event, from the time I arrived in New Delhi, I never felt that I was being "left out" of anything. The integration of information and other activities was complete.

Dick Heyward told me before I left for India, "Don't try to do everything yourself." I discovered money in various budget lines to avoid this and was able to get a reasonable show going. S.R. (Raj) Bahl, an experienced Indian journalist, joined our team. He left the section to become area representative for upper India and was replaced by Norma Kankalil. I cannot suggest how greatly Raj and Norma contributed to successes, both for internal and external information, which redounded to my credit. Ken Nelson, a top documentary film maker, came in to help out on the PSC side and immediately, his conscience motivating him, started vetoing requests for films. Every ministry one talked to at that point said "Let's make a film",

when training programmes in much simpler means of communication were the priority. Robert Tyabji, an Indian Tom Edison, joined us to help out on the job of wedding modern audio-visual technology to Indian circumstances. Mona Albuquerque, the widow of the first director of health services UNICEF had dealt with, took over Greeting Cards and ran sales up into the millions. Mona talked Coca-Cola into "donating" billboards to Greeting Cards.

A Jack-of-all-trades in a Foreign Land

If I may be excused for getting personal, but after all this is a memoir, what impressed me most about looking back on my New Delhi years is the tremendous expansion of my own capabilities that my assignment in India provoked. At HQ I had been the "serious" writer who could be counted on to do his homework and get the story told in respectable English. Jean Speiser, our photo editor at the time I left NY, put an old Rolleiflex camera in my hands and said "send back pictures". At that time, I hadn't taken any pictures since high school. I learned how to take pictures, thanks to top-notch photographers like Al Mellett who were going to India on their own and to whom Jean had given some assignments. We travelled together and they showed me how to do it. We'd get a cable from our European office. "Transylvanian cinasta coming to India. Want to do footage on birth of baby in famine area. We have contract including Royal Philharmonic to do sound track." The relevant Indian ministry would demand a script before granting permission to shoot. I'd find myself

doing my first film script.

Then there was Danny Kaye. But the less said about Danny Kaye the better so far as I'm concerned. On camera, a sweet guy.

I suppose any information officer in the field has to divide his time between the ongoing work he wants to do and the various "alarums and excursions" that show up. I suppose UNICEF as a whole does. But I certainly found myself in the position of being more of a jack of all trades than I'd ever thought I'd be.

New Delhi was a tough post in a way. The climate is abominable; subtropical continental, which means the extremes are great, but on the hot side. On the other hand, it has its charm: elephants walk down the street advertising Brook Bond Tea and guys bring monkeys to dance in front of your house. The Moslem beef wallah would bring undercut to our house wrapped up in a piece of cloth to hide it. It was so hot in June nobody wanted to go outside. The office closed at 2 o'clock in the summer, but none of the local staff wanted to go home. In cooler months we picknicked in the grounds of Safdarjang's tomb and played bad touch football.

Foreign Aid

Attitude More Important Than Imported Equipment. I travelled quite a bit and learned to evaluate projects by the gleam in their eye. A dead give-away to a bad project would be the absence-on-leave of the watchman who had the key to the shed where the UNICEF supplies were stored. If it was a good project, you'd find somebody who was really keen to show you around, who'd say, "Not all the supplies got here,

but we've been able to make do." India furnished examples of everything at local project level, from utter apathy and indifference to selfless dedication. Early on I learned to appreciate the pitfalls of foreign aid. Tom Sennett, a Peace Corps volunteer turned photographer, whom I sent on an assignment to the south to photograph drilling rigs in action, came back with a story of a mammoth piece of road building equipment from Australia he'd seen hidden away in a large shed. It was one of those things that chews up sand and gravel and tar in front as it goes along and lays down a smooth tarmac road in back. It was rusting away like the military equipment left over from the war in the South Pacific. On the other hand there was Dr. Mapushkar, in a village near Poona, who had made his own flip charts and slide sets to teach people nutrition and hygiene: I gave him a few rolls of film from my camera case when we met, and as far as I know this is all the outside aid he got. Or the lady in Delhi, whose name I have forgotten but is in the records somewhere, who organized a chain of on-site "mobile crèches" for the children of the Rajasthani women who worked as labourers on the Delhi building projects. A mobile creche generally was a partially finished room in one of the buildings that was under construction fitted out with a few charpoys (string beds), improvised toys, and, if they were lucky, some pots and pans from UNICEF.

Nepal Primary Science Teaching Project. One of my early trips to Nepal was memorable. I was travelling with my wife; and Indian Airlines, which had been scheduled to take us to Kathmandu, could

get us no further than Patna. I noticed another couple similarly stranded and suggested we share a taxi to Kathmandu, several hundred miles distant over a couple of ranges of mountains. The guy turned out to be David Bailey, the English fashion photographer, and the lady was his model, Sue. We flagged a cab in the airport parking lot and said, "to Kathmandu". The cab was a creaky Indian Ambassador, Mark I, a replica of the 1940-somethingth English Morris, and neither the car nor the driver had ever encountered a hill before. It took us two days to make the trip, but we made it, our progress improving as we persuaded the driver not to tackle the steeper grades in high gear. At the summit before we entered the Kathmandu Valley we encountered snow beside the road. The driver's little boy, who was riding shotgun with him, got out and put some in a tin can to take home with him.

Our star project in Nepal at that time was a UNICEF/UNESCO assisted primary science teaching project. We had a workshop in Kathmandu where the science-teaching equipment we imported was assembled into kits for various schools. Porters from the various valleys would trek in, pick up the kits, and take them back to the schools to which they were assigned. One remote village, about a week's trek from Kathmandu, sent its porters in. They picked up the packages they were given and returned, climbing narrow trails over precipitous passes. When they arrived home, the packages were opened; they were the wrong ones. Back they trekked to return them and get the right ones. Is there a moral to this anecdote?

It makes us look silly, but it's a good answer to people who complain:
"If only they'd help themselves!"

International Cooperation and Socializing. There is a sense in which people working for an organization like UNICEF in a place like New Delhi tend to form a closed community. This is probably unavoidable. Indian parties would generally see all the ladies huddled together at one side of the room and all the men standing around at the other side. Official receptions were equally stiff. At the same time, among the UNICEF international staff, among whom I was at first the only American, there was a definite feeling of camaraderie, whether we were English, Finns, Germans or what not. My relations with the other Americans in New Delhi, most of whom pertained to the large AID establishment, were distant. My wife and I were permitted associate membership in the American Embassy swimming pool -- which included access to hot dogs and canned beer -- but it did not go much past that. I tried several times to exchange information with the AID-wallahs. They would listen to me describing all I knew about what UNICEF was doing or hoped to do, but when I tried to put the ball in their court, they'd clam up. Maybe they thought I was a commie. We did live in a maidan near the office where a lot of Russian experts lived. But my feeling was that my fellow Americans working for the US Government were even more provincial than we in UNICEF were. The exception was Peace Corps volunteers and ex-Peace Corps volunteers. The PCV's were a mixed lot. The ones I met were either very very good or very very horrid, like Longfellow's little girl with the curl in the middle of her

forehead. The good ones put their whole heart into whatever they were doing: irrigation, cattle husbandry, family planning; learning the local language, mixing with the people, and all that. The lousy ones copped out, which is not hard to do in India, spending their time smoking pot with the cook. Anyway, I got along fine with the good ones. But with the official AID and embassy personnel I couldn't make it.

I am wandering perhaps, but have I hit on an important point? UNICEF's most fruitful collaborative efforts with bilateral agencies have been with the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Germans, and other Europeans. This was certainly the case in South Central Asia and, later, in eastern Africa, where I was in a position to observe things, personally. Our collaboration with AID was generally restricted to emergencies. Considering that UNICEF HQ is in New York and that all three of our Executive Directors have been Americans, this seems a little peculiar. Perhaps it has got something to do with the State Department's vision of the United States as a GREAT POWER. Why should a GREAT POWER fool around with cooperation with UNICEF? I don't know.

To get back to what I was saying, we did, socially, form our own group, and this was probably inevitable. As such we tended to exchange stories about how difficult it was to work with the people we were supposed to be working with. Gordon Carter went out of his way to learn Hindi -- he had a proficiency for foreign languages, or perhaps a will to learn them, that most of us lack -- and boned up on Indian culture to a remarkable degree. He is apparently doing

the same thing in Brittany, where he has retired.

Ignorance of Host Culture a Problem. But -- but. I hesitate to say it. But I must. Project support communications, the communication component in development, implies an understanding of the culture in which one is working. The fact that we socialized together was no excuse for the fact that many of the New Delhi programme staff made no real attempt to understand India. One would repeatedly be told concerning some rational solution to a problem, "They just can't get the idea". We generally recruited staff for their competence in some particular field. Their very competence made them intolerant at times. And, of course, this was reflected in Government circles too, where India's own experts, often foreign trained, could not understand why their advice was not more widely appreciated.

Hal Kuloy. Among the exceptions, in my opinion, was Halvaard Kuloy, who joined us as a Norwegian JPO, started out as head of the office for northern India, graduated to country representative to Nepal, and is now our representative to Burma. At the risk of inflating Hal's ego, which is already highly inflated, I would only say that his attitude toward each new culture he encountered as something to be understood through reading, collection of historical documents, personal contacts, and an overwhelming intellectual curiosity, put him in a special category: the programme officer who knows the culture he's dealing with. An international officer so equipped is perhaps better than a national officer in certain ways, since the national officer understands his culture but may feel a bit apologetic about it and feels he must go along with the UNICEF field manual dogma.

Ironies of Emergencies. Emergencies were usually the occasion of our receiving an inordinate amount of attention from the external world, including HQ and the European Office, by then transferred to Geneva. Actually, an emergency bucked the organization up a bit. We had been used to getting delivery of supplies maybe 18 months to two years from the time they had been called forward. A major emergency stripped the decks for action and engaged the attention of the philosophers at HQ. I did not much like emergencies myself. They were, in a sense, all the same -- the miserable refugee shacks, the dehydrated children, the emergency supplies hopefully being unloaded at the airport. I remember, during the East Pakistan Refugee Emergency in India, when India was harbouring 10 million refugees, Ken Nelson and I went to Assam to film a refugee camp. It was pretty horrible. We wound up visiting the US Air Force Unit that was flying rice in to feed the refugees. We went to interview Col. Turnipseed, USAF, the CO. (Honest to God, that was his name.) The colonel was wearing razor-sharp sun tans and was fussing over whether there was enough beer and turkey for Thanksgiving, which seemed to be coming up. He took a look at us, in our muddy clothes, and said, "Where the Hell have you guys been?" We asked him if we could have a beer, but he said he'd only been able to scrounge up enough for his own men, for Thanksgiving, but that there was a good water cooler nearby.

Applied Nutrition Programme. One of the things one soon learns in the field is how inefficient foreign aid generally is. This is probably inevitable. Our major programme in India during the time

I was in New Delhi was the Applied Nutrition Programme -- a scheme to promote nutrition through community gardens, fish ponds, poultry runs, and nutrition education. Sound enough in theory, ANP was in practice largely a disaster, but for a long time it seemed to be neither UNICEF's nor the Government's inclination to admit this. Dr. Ram Das, our ANP programme officer, took a philosophical approach to the matter: it would take a long time, he pointed out, but something would doubtless come of it all.

To save face, local officials would sometimes resort to the Potemkin Village approach. Gordon Carter and his wife, Janine, once visited a splendid looking school garden. "Those bananas look so good," said Janine, "could I have one?" Before anyone could stop her, she reached up to pick a banana and the whole tree fell over on the ground. Eventually we engaged the Indian Management Institute to do an evaluation of ANP. They could find no difference in the nutritional state of children in so-called "good" ANP blocks as compared with adjacent non-ANP blocks. Of course, there was some increase in production of fish, eggs and vegetables -- but they weren't going to the malnourished groups in sufficient quantities to make any difference.

The India Applied Nutrition Programme cost UNICEF at least six or seven million dollars before it was eventually phased out. Because it had seemed to be the right thing to do and because so much money and work had gone into it, its failure can be counted a real tragedy. In terms of the malnourished children it didn't help, it certainly was. Since the programme had attracted so much support

from various donors, its failure rather put me in a spot as well -- a trivial consideration under the circumstances, but one that illustrates some of the difficulties of UNICEF information work. I couldn't in all honesty tell the Swedes, the Swiss and the Norwegians that the ANP projects they had adopted were going swimmingly. At the same time, I felt I had to give them reports that at least emphasized the brighter side of things. I hedged a bit and brightened up my reports with a lot of photos of poultry and fish.

Fortunately for my own professional self-respect, UNICEF embarked on a very extensive village water supply programme before I left, based on drilling in hard-rock areas. This was, and continues to be, a highly successful programme, and I could send reporters out to see the UNICEF drilling rigs at work without feeling that I was selling them a bill of goods. Even the ill-fated Applied Nutrition Programme probably served some purpose. We learned a lot from its failure, and the present Integrated Child Development Services scheme, which retains some of ANP's features but concentrates on actually getting food into the mouths of the children who need it, is reported to be off to a promising start. (Unless, of course, I am now the recipient of a rose-coloured version of things!)

Reflections on Departure

I enjoyed working in India. I certainly enjoyed travelling throughout India and the other countries of the region. It is good for all of us, I think, so see how people can and do live in a pre-industrialized environment, and most of rural India is still

like this. I remember men raising water to irrigate rice fields by walking back and forth on a moveable beam with a bucket at one end. The close association of the farmer and his draught cattle ... he sings to them. The close association of ritual, religion and custom with daily life. One learns to respect these people. Come the nuclear shoot-out, could my wife, my children and myself feed, clothe and shelter ourselves as well as the poorest of south Asia's poor manage to do? I doubt it.

But, at the end of six years, I was glad to leave India. During an attack of hepatitis, I had a low fever and used to lie awake trying to pull everything together -- all our programme discussions, all the interlocking problems we were concerned with. I couldn't do it, of course, and felt I was going slightly mad. Even when my temperature was normal, the challenge of adding three to six 000's to every problem. India is so vast that one can hardly grapple with the statistics. It certainly does not have the world's highest leprosy rate, but it has the world's greatest number of lepers. One remembers that these are the people who invented large numbers, to reckon gods, incarnations, and primordial eons.

EASTERN AFRICA, 1973-81

In 1973 I was due to leave and was alarmed to learn that I was supposed to return to HQ. I protested -- to no avail, I thought -- I even sold all of my 230v equipment -- and at the last moment was reprieved and told I was to be transferred to Nairobi to succeed Alastair Matheson, who was to go to NY as deputy to Jack Ling, then

Director of Information.

Brian Jones

I was to work in Nairobi for Brian Jones. Brian had the reputation of being crotchety. This was certainly true, but he was a very remarkable man. I had something to do with recruitment in my various capacities in UNICEF, and Brian would have never made the grade today. He was a Welshman with a face like one of those carved briar pipes. A high school dropout, he had started life as an accountant. The turning point in his life was that he was a Quaker and in World War II volunteered to serve as a noncombatant on the Burma Road. He joined UNICEF in Asia at the end of the war, when field experience counted more than academic credentials, and served as Sam Keany's deputy in Bangkok, later taking over the regional director's job when Sam retired. As I said, if Brian Jones had applied for UNICEF today a committee in New York would have ruled him out at once because he didn't even have an AB much less a Ph.D.

I was a little scared of Brian when I showed up in Nairobi. I needn't have been. I forget how many countries the regional office included in its purview at that time -- it's around 18 now -- but Brian had a clear picture of what we were up to in all of them. He was a bit deaf. He kept a portable typewriter on his desk and wrote notes to you on little routing slips. This was terribly convenient, since I did the same thing. Gordon Carter, as I've suggested, was a bit aloof. But with Brian, I could send in a typed query and get a typed answer in half an hour.

I was vice chairman of the staff association at the time we moved from downtown Nairobi to UNEP HQ outside of town -- a move I, and the chairman Jim McDowell, both protested on the grounds that the staff hadn't been consulted and that it involved hardships in getting to work for the local staff. It was too late to reverse the decision, but Brian formally apologized to the staff association.

Brian Jones was, I think, more open to innovative approaches than anyone else I ever worked for in UNICEF. This may seem curious, since Brian still had an accountant's streak to him (was that really an official phone call?) but if you could make out a case for something new, he'd be with you. He was very strong on PSC, and it's because of his support that the east Africa region became the leader in this field.

Workshops Replace Films as PSC Tool

When I arrived in Nairobi I found I had the help of two British volunteers, Greg Lanning and Phil Vincent, who were largely engaged in making short PSC films. I immediately tried to cut down on the film-making and get into PSC proper -- "Come on, how many people are going to see these films? Let's concentrate on communication -- word of mouth, slide sets, radio, whatever gets across." We ran the first of a series of workshops on communications for social development for the southern countries of the region in Lusaka in early 1974. Out of this evolved a whole series of workshops and training courses in the region which, I hope, are still going on.

Bureaucracy Encumbers Field PI

My years in Nairobi seem to have coincided with more fruitful involvement with things at project level and increasing battling with HQ in New York. In late 1974 my team and I decided that we could make a nice film, for the forthcoming Habitat conference, on the squatter settlement upgrading program in Lusaka, Zambia. We needed about \$10,000 which we didn't have. We managed to get some external sponsor -- done through Andreas Fugelsang of Habitat -- to put up the money, only to be told by HQ that since the Board had not approved the receipt of these funds, we could not use them. This was only the first of a series of confrontations which (with things like the freeze on promotions due to the job classification exercise) were to sour relations between the field and HQ in the coming years. In an event, on New Year's Eve, 1974, Brian Jones got through a call to Heyward in New York and got the receipt of the funds cleared. In retrospect, this use of the "hot line" seems idiotically unnecessary. It illustrates the proposition that, in any large bureaucracy, for anyone hired to do anything there is someone employed to keep him from doing it.

Kenya

Africa -- let me talk about something I like. Nairobi is a colonial town, almost all trade in the hands of Asians (i.e. Indians and Pakistanis), almost all management in the hands of whites, with the more affluent Africans (mostly Kikuyus) taking over government posts.

Kenya as a whole is almost a classic example of neo-colonialism. Firestone, Brook-Bond, the sisal estates. The people are clean, God-feating, and given to self-help projects like building their own schools.

But Kenya is sort of a capitalist enclave. It probably keeps going because its adjacent countries have done so badly -- Uganda, Somalia, Tanzania, Ethiopia, the Sudan. In Kenya, owing to Virginia Hazzard's insistence, UNICEF's programmes were oriented toward women. There was a logic to this, since women do most of the work in Kenya, but murderous rivalry in women's organizations put even Virginia off at the end.