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## P R O F I L E S

## AT THE HEART OF UNICEF

TONIGHT, whatever the United Nations is debating, perhaps half of the world's children will go to bed hungry. There are estimated to be a billion or more children on earth, and about six hundred million of them live in areas where the average individual income is less than a hundred dollars a year, where most babies in the vulnerable period after weaning receive only protein-deficient, starchy foods, and where malaria, tuberculosis, yaws, trachoma, and leprosy—any of them or all of them—are widespread. Next year, a hundred million babies will be born, and in the economically underdeveloped countries three out of ten will die before they reach the age of six. Some of the rest—no one knows exactly how many—will be disabled for life by disease and malnutrition. Although the whole problem is a very old one—as old as mankind, in fact—only during the past fifteen years has something been done about it on a world-wide scale, and what has been done is largely the work of UNICEF, an organization originally known as the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, which was established by the United Nations General Assembly on December 11, 1946. The word "Emergency" was dropped from the name eight years ago, when UNICEF was put on a permanent footing, and the word "International" was dropped at the same time, because it was unnecessary, but the acronym remains the same.

Today UNICEF is possibly the best-known, probably the most successful, and certainly the least controversial operation carried on by the U.N. "Of all the United Nations agencies the one that appeals most to most people is UNICEF," Eleanor Roosevelt has written. Even the Russians do not say *nyet* to UNICEF, which does its work on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Last year, ninety-eight countries and self-governing territories contributed money voluntarily to UNICEF—it is financed primarily by these donations and to a lesser extent by private donations in one form or another, often from national committees or associations organized specifically to support UNICEF—and UNICEF contributed help to more than fifty-six million children and mothers in



Maurice Pate

a hundred and four countries and territories. UNICEF has been praised by the Belgians and the Congolese, by the Algerians and the French, by Ben Gurion and Nasser, by Franco and Tito, by African Negroes and Apartheid Afrikaners, and even by Democrats and Republicans.

Practically the only general criticism that has been brought against UNICEF is that, by the nature of its work, it intensifies the problem of the world's expanding population. "The more children UNICEF saves—and it has saved millions—the more adults will eventually be exposed to hunger and sickness," one demographer said a while back. In a generation, he went on, the world's population will double, and UNICEF is busiest in the poorest countries, where the birth rate is highest. As a non-controversial agency, UNICEF neither promotes nor opposes birth control or planned parenthood, but some of its officials are troubled by the demographer's criticism. Among them is an American, a Republican, and a former investment banker named Maurice Pate, who is the executive director of UNICEF. "One of our answers," he said recently, "has been to encourage developing countries on all continents to set up twenty-five thousand maternal and child-welfare centers, for which UNICEF furnishes the necessary imported equipment, medicines, and milk. Locally trained personnel in these centers teach the value of human life. The hope is that when that

value is fully understood, fewer children will be brought irresponsibly into the world."

A tall, dapper man of sixty-seven, with silver-white hair, gentle manners, and a soft Midwestern voice, Pate looks more like the banker he once was than the saint he is now often considered to be. Not only around the headquarters of UNICEF, on the twenty-fourth floor of the U.N. Secretariat Building in New York, but in the offices of Presidents and Prime Ministers, dictators and kings, Red Cross directors and welfare officials, it is generally agreed that Pate's mixture of dedication and perseverance is what has turned a humanitarian idea that started on a shoestring into a huge crusade. Some months ago, talking of the U.N. as a whole, the late Dag Hammarskjöld said, "The work of UNICEF is at the heart of the matter—and at the heart of UNICEF is Maurice Pate." Herbert Hoover, who has known Pate for more than forty years, describes him as "the most efficient human angel I have ever met." Last year, the Norwegian National Committee for UNICEF suggested that Pate be nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. Pate, however, informed the Norwegians that he would not accept an honor for himself, and suggested that UNICEF itself be nominated. "What keeps UNICEF going is the idea itself," he says.

Pate's passion for self-effacement is matched by his capacity for optimism, and both are ingredients of a personality that even close friends of his profess to find puzzling; "complex," "unfathomable," and "difficult to understand" are some of the terms they use in speaking of him. Benevolent, patient, calm, and casual as his associates in UNICEF know him to be, he is also, they have learned, firm, conservative, and tough in his own way. "If Maurice comes up against a stone wall, he'll come back next day and climb over it," one of them has said, and another notes that "Maurice is quite impetuous in his thoughts but slow in his actions," adding, "The hardest thing is to make Maurice say yes." Pate speaks slowly and haltingly, and even stammers slightly when he is tired, but that hasn't prevented him from winning some notoriously stubborn people to the UNICEF cause, among them the late Ernest Bevin. In 1950, Bevin,

as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, decided not to increase Britain's modest contribution to UNICEF; it took Pate just fifteen minutes to change the Secretary's mind. One of Pate's admirers claims that in his dealings with recalcitrant people he is aided by "specialized hearing;" while it is true that the director has only one good ear, this man's point is that Pate doesn't hear anything he doesn't want to hear—a gift that enables him to accomplish a lot. A more widely held theory about his success in putting across his ideas has it that while he often appears conciliatory and easy to deal with during complicated

negotiations, he will inevitably display a typical Yankee stubbornness and acumen at the crucial point, thereby first bewildering and then persuading other people around the desk or conference table.

Some of the contradictions in Pate's character extend to his personal life. A childless man, he has devoted almost half of his career to helping children. Some of his friends say that he likes children more in the abstract than in the flesh, but those same friends admit that he has a markedly effective way with individual boys and girls, whether in Kansas or in Kashmir. He is both openhanded

and economical. For much of his life, he has lived alone. He and his first wife were divorced almost twenty-five years ago, and he married again only this past October. (His wife, the former Martha B. Lucas, is an educator, whom he met a year ago at a Connecticut luncheon, and who works for the Institute of International Education.) Between the two marriages, he lived at the Union League Club, on Park Avenue at Thirty-seventh Street, but his room there was the smallest on the premises. It contained a bed, an armchair, a writing desk, a radio on a small separate table, a small closet, and a tiny bathroom,

and while it might have been luxurious for a Trappist monk, it was modest by Park Avenue standards. He and his wife have just taken a four-room apartment in the East Forties, near the U.N., and his friends are willing to bet that, when furnished, it will be austere, too. Pate likes to walk in whatever city he finds himself, though sometimes he takes a taxi and makes it a point to tip the driver heavily, and on his walks he is likely to stop in at a Catholic church for a few minutes of meditation, though he is not a Catholic but a member of the Protestant interdenominational Riverside Church. He reads the *Times* from beginning to end every morning, and, by his own admission, almost nothing else. "Maurice is intelligent and well-informed, but he is not an intellectual or a reader," a friend says. For about twenty years, Pate owned a house at Centerville, on Cape Cod, but he spent so little time there that two years ago he sold it and built himself a much smaller cottage on the beach nearby, where he keeps a twelve-foot sailboat. He tries to spend a few weeks on the Cape each September, possibly in the company of some old friends. He



has been called a man with few acquaintances but a million friends, scattered all over the world, and in recent years, it seems, all these friends show up in New York sooner or later and have dinner with Pate or spend a weekend in the cottage on the beach.

**P**ATE's ancestry is Welsh and Irish; three of his grandparents, including the one named Pate, were born in Wales and the other one in Ireland. He himself was born, on October 14, 1894, in Pender, a small town in Nebraska, where his father, Richard Ellsworth Pate, was president of the only bank. When Maurice was three years old, the family moved to Denver, Colorado; there his father bought a large furniture store and also represented several Eastern steel companies. **Maurice was the eldest of seven children, three of whom died in infancy—one of polio, one of diphtheria, and the third of an intestinal infection brought on by drinking unpasteurized milk.** ("To think that they could all have lived if we'd known then what we know today!" Pate remarked sadly to a friend the other day.) Pate went to public schools in Denver. His family remembers that when he entered the fourth grade, the class was too large for the room assigned to it, and that in response to a request for volunteers to skip a grade and move into the fifth, Pate's small hand was up first. That brought him to Princeton in the fall of 1911, before his seventeenth birthday. There, by his own account, he was a plodding, rather than a brilliant, student, yet during his first year and a half he maintained a straight-A record in every subject. Then, in the second half of his sophomore year, he got a less than perfect grade in his favorite subject, physics, and one of his classmates recalls that while this was a bitter blow to him, it meant a change for the better in his college life. "Maurice decided there were other things than studies," the friend says. "He had been so absorbed in studies that he had not even joined an eating club in his sophomore year, in accordance with the almost universal custom at Princeton, but instead had drifted into a group of non-club members—largely intellectuals, who also turned out well in later years—who called themselves the 'Gargoyles.' Now, with his perfect scholastic record smashed, Maurice began taking an interest in all kinds of college activities. He ran the coaching launch for the varsity crew, and eventually, since he proved to have business acumen, he went into partnership with various

students of modest means in a vast assortment of enterprises, from selling slickers to pressing pants. Maurice's father had given him an unlimited checking account, and always grumbled because his son spent too little on 'amusement.' It's true Maurice never went to a Princeton prom, but he did use to go to New York, where he would stay in a cubicle at the Mills Hotel for twenty-five cents a night, and pay fifty cents for the highest gallery seat at the Metropolitan, where he liked to hear Caruso, Chaliapin, and Scotti. Maurice was assistant business manager of *Bric-a-Brac*, the university annual, and then became business manager of *Nassau*, the literary monthly, which was thicker with advertising during his tenure than it had ever been before. The class of 1915 voted Maurice, after James Forrestal, the student 'most likely to succeed.' To this day, Pate is ardently pro-Princeton, frequently travelling great distances to attend class reunions, and Princeton is ardently pro-Pate; in 1958 the university gave him an honorary Ph.D., and the citation referred to him as "samaritan to the suffering, inveterate foe to all famine."

After graduation, Pate went to the small town of Hartley, Iowa, to work for an uncle of his, who was president of the local bank. Pate's duties, which he now describes as "valuable experience," included starting the fires in the stoves and cleaning up the place. He liked the work, he says, but after a few months his imagination was captured by something bigger than brooms and coal scuttles. "As the First World War went on," he told an acquaintance recently, "I became very restless. I decided to take off quietly for Canada and join the Canadian Army, but when I'd drawn money from the bank and was all ready to leave, I felt that I should confide in my father, who had always trusted me and given me full freedom, so I left for Denver instead. Father took the news calmly, but not Mother. 'Whose war is this?' she demanded tearfully. Then Father asked me to read an article in the current *Saturday Evening Post* about Herbert Hoover's relief organization in Belgium. It was called the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and was supported by subsidies from the United States, Britain, France, and other countries. I decided to try to get a job with the organization—a job in Belgium, that is—and my father agreed that this was a good idea. So in April, 1916, I took a train east, got myself a letter of recommendation from John Grier Hibben, the president of Princeton, and headed

for the New York headquarters of the Commission." The people at the Commission's headquarters tried their best, in a kindly way, to get rid of Pate. For one thing, though he was almost twenty-two, he looked only about seventeen. For another, his French was meagre, and he would have to be interviewed in French by the Belgian consul-general before there could be any question of his going to Belgium. Pate said he would be back in a month for his interview. He turned up on schedule, and though his French was still perhaps not exactly fluent, he showed a seriousness and determination that impressed the consul-general favorably. Soon he was sent to the Commission's office in Rotterdam, the port where the foodstuffs for Belgium were landed. The top officials there—who, he later learned, cabled New York not to send over any more boys—passed him on to the Brussels office. When he had been there only a few days, the field representative who was supervising food distribution in the county of Tournai had an automobile accident, and the Brussels office sent Pate out as a replacement.

The Tournai assignment proved to be Pate's big break. His job entailed overseeing the distribution of food—the Belgians did all the actual handling of the food themselves—and making sure that none of it fell into the hands of the Germans. Within a month, he had visited every one of the hundred-odd villages in the county, and word had drifted back to Brussels that the boy was working out all right. After a few months in the field, Pate was summoned to Brussels to take part in a conference presided over by Mr. Hoover himself. Pate has a vivid memory of that first meeting with "the chief," as he still calls Hoover. At the time, Pate was seriously bothered by the fact that the Germans were sending off able-bodied Belgians to work in undisclosed places, among them many men employed by the relief operation, and he told Hoover that this put the whole Tournai operation in jeopardy. Hoover said little, but when Pate went back to the office early the next morning to pick up his mail before returning to Tournai, he found a scribbled note from his boss: "My dear Pate, I envy your opportunity to work so closely with the people in the field. I know that you are doing a wonderful job. Remember that whatever you do I am one hundred per cent behind you. H. H."

"That little note added a figurative six inches to my size and ten years to my stature," Pate says. "I was now fully

accepted in the Hoover family. Any man working for Mr. Hoover immediately became three men, because of the confidence the chief inspired. I went back to Tournai, had myself announced to the German general in command of the area, whom I'd never approached until then, and said that I must see him *at once*. The general's aide-de-camp escorted me straight in. I told the general that our food-distribution system was seriously disrupted by the German arrests of our Belgian employees, and that Mr. Hoover thought that this was *most unfair* and should stop. The general stared at me openmouthed. Perhaps no one had talked to him like that for a long time. However, the Germans had a healthy respect for Mr. Hoover. The next day, special orders were issued exempting from any German requisition of manpower all men working for our organization in the Tournai region. It was an encouraging victory."

After the United States declared war on Germany, on April 6, 1917, six of the Hoover people, including Pate, remained in Belgium for about a month, to wind up their work and turn the operation over to Spanish and Dutch neutrals. Several months later, Pate, who had meanwhile returned to the United States for training, was in France as a master sergeant and, after seeing some action with the 29th Regiment of Engineers, he was commissioned a second lieutenant. As soon as the war ended, he rejoined the Hoover Commission,

which now had expanded its operations to central and eastern Europe. In February of 1919, the American Relief Administration, as the outfit was then called, began operations in Poland, and Hoover put Pate in charge of a program for feeding Polish children. "Mr. Hoover's aim was to provide one million three hundred thousand hungry Polish children with one warm meal a day," Pate says. "I had thought the situation in Belgium was serious, but when I got to Warsaw, I could see that the situation in Poland was much worse. Obviously, it would take fast work to save all those children." Food from America was arriving at the port of Danzig, and Pate's toughest job was to get it moving through Poland. Scaring up locomotives and freight cars in the devastated country was a major problem, and dealing with Polish officialdom—the country had just won its independence, and its officials were touchier than most—was another. And there were special problems as well. For example, in Katowice, a border town in Upper Silesia, the Poles, Germans, and Czechs were disputing their respective frontiers, to an accompaniment of chaotic strife and suffering. Here, instead of proceeding in an orthodox manner—that is, instead of consulting the governments in Warsaw, Prague, and Berlin—Pate simply rode to a point in Poland close to Katowice on the locomotive of a train of twenty freight cars, loaded with rice, tinned meats, sugar, cocoa, and so on, and

went into town to see the mayor. He gave the mayor a day in which to form a committee of Poles, Germans, and Czechs, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews that would assume full responsibility for the foodstuffs and their impartial distribution among all the hungry children in the district. The committee was formed within three hours, the food train rolled into Katowice, and before the day was over the children were having a good warm meal.

In the summer of 1920, Poland and Russia were, of course, at war, and the presence of Russian troops on Polish soil complicated Pate's job, so he and a companion, a young American named Herschel Walker, managed to get to Moscow to negotiate with the Bolsheviks on the matter of the safety of the Hoover organization's personnel and supplies. While in Moscow, Pate and Walker made so deep an impression on the Russian officials that they asked the two young men to make a study of their own food-distribution problems. "We found appalling conditions of starvation in Russia," says Pate. "Walker and I stayed there three weeks, and sent a fourteen-hundred-word telegram describing the Russian situation to Mr. Hoover, who was then in New York. That was the first step in the large American food-relief action in Russia—an action that some Americans and Russians now tend to forget about."

From Moscow, Pate went back to Warsaw, and he continued working for the American Relief Administration until 1922, when its operations came to an end. Then he decided to stay on in Warsaw for a while. He had come to like Poland, he had learned to speak fluent Polish, and he had many Polish friends, among them Ignace Paderewski, whom he knew as a Prime Minister but never got a chance to hear as a pianist in those days. ("There is no time now for music," Paderewski told him.) In 1926, when Poland was split by a military coup engineered by Marshal Józef Piłsudski, Pate became a kind of link between the two sides, and his car—a red Buick—was permitted to go through all military checkpoints. When Pate was not serving in such capacities, he was busy earning his living, first by working for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—he became an assistant to the Warsaw manager of the firm's Polish subsidiary—and then by running a firm of his own, which imported American cars, trucks, and tractors. He was also the Warsaw representative of two American banks and an English bank.



*He negotiated with the...*

In 1927, Pate married Jadwiga Monkowska, the daughter of an old Polish landowning family, and the couple moved into a beautiful apartment in an ancient building that stood on a small street in Warsaw's old town. (The apartment, which had seven rooms, was restored by an architect who spent seven years on the job, doing over one room a year.) There was good opera, good ballet, good food, and good talk in Warsaw in those days, and Pate liked to swim in the Vistula and play tennis in the summer, to skate in the winter, and to walk in all seasons. After ten years, the Pates divorced, but they remained friends. The first Mrs. Pate spent the war and postwar years in Poland, where, to Pate's satisfaction, she worked with needy children. On his trips to Poland for UNICEF, Pate always went to see her. She died in Warsaw in the fall of 1960, and he was with her at the time.

Pate returned to America in 1935, and spent the next four years in New York, working as an investment banker and as director of various machine-tool and natural-gas firms. Then, on September 1, 1939, a few hours after Hitler's invasion of Poland set off the Second World War, he went to Washington and volunteered to do whatever he could for Poland. With the backing of Herbert Hoover, he was named president of the Commission for Polish Relief, a private organization in which Hoover played an extremely active role. Pate began at once to negotiate with both the Germans and the Russians for the shipment of relief supplies to Poland. He made arrangements to buy dried fish and cod-liver oil in Scandinavia and ship them through Germany to Poland; he bought Russian foodstuffs and had them shipped directly; and he bought American medical supplies and got them to Poland by way of Portugal and Germany.

After Pearl Harbor, Polish relief was out of the question—for Americans, at any rate—and Pate joined the American Red Cross as Director of Relief to Prisoners of War, with headquarters in Washington. In the next five years, during which the Red Cross shipped more than a hundred and seventy million dollars' worth of food and other goods to Allied prisoners of war in Europe and the Far East, Pate had to exercise a good deal of ingenuity in seeing that the job got done. One of his Red Cross colleagues, Gilbert Redfern, recalls that while a cramped staff was working seven days a week in a basement room of the Red Cross Building, Pate discovered that the spa-



cious Museum of the Daughters of the American Revolution was next door. Mrs. William H. Pouch, the president of the D.A.R., and her Executive Committee responded immediately to Pate's plea to lend the building to the Red Cross P.O.W. Section for the duration. Though the museum pieces would be stored, the Executive Committee stipulated that, in conformity with an ancient tradition, there be no smoking. Pate, a smoker himself, requested permission to appear before the Committee, and pleaded with the members not to impair the morale of his colleagues, many of whom smoked. Mrs. Pouch then said, "How could I ever ask my dear William to give up his cigar from one day to the next? And besides a number of Mr. Pate's staff are Hoover men." That turned the tide, and very soon the Red Cross P.O.W. Section was working away in the museum, with ashtrays ready to hand. Pate was thereupon able to apply himself once more to the problem of getting supplies through to the prisoners. An arrangement he helped make in 1944 perhaps typifies the way he operated. That year, he decided to open a new supply route "around the North," which involved him in complicated negotiations, first with the British in London, and then with Count Folke Bernadotte, the president of the Swedish Red Cross (who later, as U.N. mediator, was assassinated in Palestine), in Stockholm. As things were worked out, the supplies were shipped across the Atlantic to Göteborg, Sweden, on Swedish and Swiss transatlantic vessels run by the International Red Cross.

The ships, brightly lighted at night and clearly marked, were never attacked by German submarines. From Göteborg, the cargo was transported to Lübeck, Germany, by several small, white Swedish Red Cross ships, and the Germans coöperated by having minesweepers precede the white ships through the mine-infested North Sea. There remained the problem of transporting the supplies through Germany, where the railroads were then undergoing heavy Allied bombing attacks, to the prisoner-of-war camps. Pate obtained three hundred five-ton trucks from the American government and negotiated with the German government, through the International Red Cross, in Geneva, for safe conduct of the trucks through Germany; it was agreed that they would be driven by American prisoners of war, with German guards sitting next to them. The operation went off without a hitch, and is believed to have saved the lives of many thousands of Allied prisoners during the final months of the war, when food rations in the German prison camps were extremely low.

As for the Far East, Pate, again through Geneva, tried to negotiate an agreement with the Japanese under which two new American Liberty ships, manned by Swedish crews and flying the Swedish flag, would make regular sailings from the West Coast to any port in the Pacific that the Japanese might designate. There, Japanese crews would take over, replace the Swedish flag with that of the Japanese Red Cross, and sail the ships on to ports near the prisoner-of-war camps on Japanese-held islands and in Japan itself. "When we started these negotiations, the Japanese were not concerned about the problem of prisoners of war," Pate says. "But when they realized that we were willing to trust them to the extent of turning over our own ships, their attitude changed. In fact, they were so proud that they declined to accept our offer, and allowed the Swedish crews to deliver the supplies straight to the various ports. Under a similar agreement, the Red Cross later sent P.O.W. relief packages on American Liberty ships manned by Russian crews to Japanese ports across from Vladivostok. There the Japanese would transfer the supplies to relief ships of their own and take them to all American and Allied prison camps. For our part, we agreed that the Japanese relief ships could be used, without Allied military interference, to bring Japanese civilians back to Japan from their island possessions in southeast Asia."

All in all, it was an involved operation, based mainly on good faith, but, except for the fact that the Japanese were very slow about distributing the Red Cross supplies in the prison camps, it worked out moderately well until shortly before the end of the war. Then a ship taking twenty-two hundred Japanese women and children from Indonesia to Japan was caught in a storm and drifted thirty miles off course. Half a day out of Tokyo, the ship was accidentally sunk by an American submarine, and all the women and children, along with the crew members, drowned. "It was very bad," Pate recalls. "Popular resentment was violent in Japan, and the Japanese government wanted to cancel all agreements. Fortunately, the war came to an end a little later."

ON March 1, 1946, President Truman asked Herbert Hoover to take a hand in "the organization of measures to alleviate the postwar famine," and the two men decided that the best way to start was for Hoover to visit some of the stricken areas. Hoover asked Pate to go along. In 1944, Pate had written Hoover that he would stick to his Red Cross P.O.W. work "to the very end of the Far Eastern conflict," and then would probably go back into private business, but he had added, "The only circumstance that could probably make me alter the latter decision would be the opportunity to again serve you in some capacity." When the call came, Pate didn't hesitate for a moment. Along with a team of six men, Hoover and Pate visited twenty-seven countries in fifty-five days. The trip was both harrowing and rewarding. In Warsaw, a woman came up to Hoover and said, "Mr. Hoover, you saved my life in Warsaw after the first war, and now you're saving the lives of my children." Upon his return, Hoover first reported to President Truman, and then, in Ottawa, on June 28, 1946, made a radio speech to the people of North America that turned out to have historic significance, since it led to the establishment of UNICEF:

Disease and mortality among the little ones are ever the sensitive barometers of starvation and poverty. Several nations have done the best they could . . . and the scattered charitable agencies are doing the best they can in limited areas. But in all, they are only touching the fringe of the problem. . . . There are somewhere from twenty to thirty million physically subnormal children on the Continent of Europe. There are other millions in Asia. . . . I would like to suggest that the redemption of these children be organized at once . . . and that all nations be called upon to contribute to its cost.



Pate has called Hoover "the father of UNICEF." Others have called Pate the same thing. In any case, whenever the question of who got UNICEF rolling is brought up, Pate says, with a note of finality, "The idea was supported with equal enthusiasm by people of all nations and all parties." When the General Assembly set up UNICEF, the following December, it made several specifications about how the new agency should operate. First of all, it would concentrate on giving aid in the form of equipment and supplies that were not available within a particular country, as well as aid in support of training programs. Then, it would be governed by a twenty-six-nation (now thirty-nation) executive board, which would meet twice a year to establish policy, study requests for aid, and make allocations. Finally, UNICEF's work would be reviewed annually by the United Nations Economic and Social Council and by the General Assembly itself.

In January, 1947, Maurice Pate was appointed by Secretary-General Trygve Lie, in consultation with the UNICEF executive board, to be the first executive director of UNICEF. For the next few months, UNICEF consisted of Maurice Pate and a borrowed secretary working in a tiny office in Washington. On the day after his appointment, he decided to appeal for funds directly to the United States government, and wrote a letter to General Marshall, then the Secretary of State, asking for a hundred million dollars to provide, among other things, "a glass of milk and some fat to be spread on bread—the bread to be furnished by the aided countries—for six million hungry children in Europe and China."

A few weeks ago, Pate said, "It is always well to make a broad first stroke, and eventually UNICEF did receive more from the American government than I requested in that letter; to be exact, we have received \$180,231,000 up to now. Back in 1947, the government gave UNICEF fifteen million dollars, and that was a fair initial payment."

UNICEF began as an emergency operation and was expected to last only a few years. At the end of the third year, the emergency phase was over, and the organization became a permanent U.N. fixture. By this time, many countries and private individuals and organizations had begun to contribute, and UNICEF's yearly budget was twelve million dollars. Everybody thought this was wonderful except Pate, who wanted fifteen million. In 1955, he got fifteen, whereupon he aimed at twenty. This aim was realized in 1957, and he calmly announced that UNICEF's next goal would be twenty-five million. All the major contributors shuddered, but Pate went right ahead, and now UNICEF's goal is thirty million. This year the United States government is putting in twelve million, and other government and private contributions will amount to about fifteen million. "If the governments would give us one two-hundredths of one per cent of their gross national income, their contributions would amount to fifty million dollars a year," Pate says, gently hinting at what may be in store. An awed staff member said recently, "Only the good Lord and Maurice Pate know where it will end. West Germany has just more than doubled her quota, and the Soviet contribution has gone up from six to nine hundred thousand dollars, and now all the new countries want to contribute something. It means you belong to the family. Membership in UNICEF has become a sort of status symbol in international affairs."

Over the years, UNICEF has found ways of raising money for itself, and at the same time letting people all over the world know about its existence and its purposes. In 1949, the organization took a sketch by a seven-year-old Czechoslovakian girl named Jitka Samkova, turned it into a greeting card, and offered it—at U.N. headquarters and through the United States Committee for UNICEF, whose president, Mrs. Guido Pantaleoni, Jr., has known Pate for more than twenty years, and similar groups abroad—to the public. In the ensuing years, fifty-odd artists, including Picasso, Matisse, Miró, Dufy, Ben Shahn, Saul Steinberg, and five Eskimos from Baffin Island, have contributed



pictures for UNICEF greeting cards, and last year seventeen million cards were sold, at a net profit to UNICEF of a million and a half dollars. They carry messages in the five official languages of the United Nations—English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Mandarin Chinese. “The profit on a box of ten cards will provide enough vaccine to protect fifty children against tuberculosis or enough penicillin to cure sixteen cases of yaws,” says Pate.

Although Pate is by no means averse to tapping sentiment for UNICEF, he initially was reluctant to adopt what has become known among American children as “Trick or Treat for UNICEF.” Eleven years ago, children attending the Presbyterian Church Sunday school in Bridesburg, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, began to collect pennies at Halloween, not for themselves but for poor children everywhere; they raised thirty-six dollars and brought a check for that amount to UNICEF headquarters. Some UNICEF staff members tried to encourage the scheme in other communities, but Pate thought that, as he put it, “it was just one more complication in an already complicated operation.” Gradually, though, he changed his mind, and in 1952 he endorsed the Halloween scheme enthusiastically. Last Halloween, two and a half million children, in more than ten thousand communities in all fifty states, collected about \$1,750,000—thousands more than any government except the American government contributes to UNICEF. The crusade has also spread to Canada, where it is known as “Halloween for UNICEF” (last year Canadian children raised two hundred and sixty thousand dollars), and to American children living in foreign countries (last year a group of American boys and girls in New Delhi sent UNICEF a check for two hundred and seven dollars). What made Pate change his mind about “Trick or Treat” was less its financial contribution than its educational value. Through the millions of children who have found out about UNICEF in churches and schools, millions of parents have learned a lot. Before Dean Rusk became Secretary of State, he told Pate, “I thought I knew something about UNICEF, but I found out more when my youngsters started on their Halloween children’s crusade.”

Seven years ago, Maurice Pate and Danny Kaye, the comedian, were brought together for lunch at the U.N. Building by a friend of both men. Kaye, who had long been interested in UNICEF’s work, was about to travel around Africa and Asia, and he sug-

gested to Pate that he take a camera along and photograph children in remote villages where UNICEF teams had been active. By the end of the lunch, Kaye and Pate had built up the idea into a large-scale enterprise. Instead of a simple camera, Kaye would take along motion-picture equipment and a couple of cameramen, and would make a film in color. Kaye, of course, had offered his services free of charge, and later Barney Balaban, the president of Paramount Pictures, agreed to produce and distribute the movie free of charge. The completed picture—a twenty-minute documentary called “Assignment Children”—was seen by over a hundred million people, and it netted UNICEF over a hundred thousand dollars. Once the film was ready for showing, Danny Kaye went on tour again, to introduce it and, incidentally, to entertain children. C.B.S. television cameramen followed him through the Middle East and Africa on this trip, and ultimately the network turned the results into a ninety-minute show called “The Secret Life of Danny Kaye.” Its producer, Edward R. Murrow, contributed his fee to UNICEF.

**F**OR all its financial progress, UNICEF has a budget only about a tenth as large as that of New York City’s Welfare Department, and since it can never hope to pay for all the projects it launches, it has developed a so-called elastic system, which has, in Pate’s words, “obtained extraordinary results with the limited funds at our disposal.” The system is based on the fact that UNICEF,

though it stands ready to come to the rescue in any emergency, normally provides only materials and personnel sufficient to enable the recipient governments to go ahead on their own. UNICEF will draw up preliminary plans for a project of one sort or another; it will provide essential supplies that are unavailable locally; it will see to it that proper use is made of those supplies. Beyond that it will not go. As things have worked out, UNICEF spends a dollar for every two and a half dollars contributed by the countries being aided. Moreover, UNICEF now stipulates that any projects it starts must be incorporated into the recipient nation’s permanent health or welfare setup and continued after UNICEF assistance ceases.

Back in 1947, with its initial money, UNICEF bought skim-milk powder, lard, margarine, clothing, and medical supplies and shipped them to fourteen war-devastated countries in central and eastern Europe. That was the emergency phase, and when, with the recovery of Europe, it gradually came to an end, the agency began shifting its attention to a much larger and much more sweeping yet almost invisible problem, for which “emergency” was hardly the word, since it had been chronic for centuries—starvation and illness in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. In 1950, the General Assembly extended the life of UNICEF for three years and directed that it switch from short-term emergency aid to long-term benefit programs for children in underdeveloped countries. “It was our hardest test,” one of Pate’s early associates said recently.





"Suddenly we were no longer a pure feeding agency but an operation with a new, wider purpose. We had a wonderful, young, dynamic feeling. We were going to take care of children in a new, long-term way, with the help of the latest technological developments, including new drugs to cure age-old diseases. But the difficulties were enormous. We hadn't enough money for even the most urgent projects. Things didn't look very bright for UNICEF, yet there wasn't a moment when Pate thought we might not succeed. He never had the slightest doubt."

By 1953, UNICEF had passed its test with flying colors, and the General Assembly decided to make it a "continuing" agency. Emergencies do come up, of course—floods in Taiwan, hunger in the border villages of Jordan, typhoons in Japan and Korea, an epidemic of food poisoning in Morocco. In cases like these, UNICEF simply delivers the goods. More typical operations are more intricate, though hunger is still the No. 1 problem in the underdeveloped countries—or "developing" countries, as they are sometimes called in UNICEF's official publications, possibly in order to avoid hurt feelings. In these countries, breast feeding of babies is the rule, usually for the first year or, sometimes, the first two years. During the first six months, the infants are likely to do well, provided they escape disease, and provided their mothers remain healthy. When the infant is weaned, he enters the most critical period of his life. At least fifteen per cent of the food given to young children should be protein. In poorer families, mothers often feed their children starchy foods—in many cases nothing but rice, which, at best, is seven per cent protein. Sometimes this diet is the result of necessity, sometimes of

mere ignorance. The result is either undernutrition (children who just don't get enough food, and who have atrophied muscles, wizened, shrivelled faces, and dwarfed bodies) or malnutrition (children who suffer from a deficiency of certain essential food elements—especially proteins—and who don't grow normally and contract serious diseases). Severe cases of protein malnutrition, known first in Ghana and now to experts throughout the world as *kwashiorkor*, are prevalent in the tropics of Asia, South America, and Africa, where protein-rich foods are insufficient. Other widespread forms of malnutrition are vitamin-A deficiency, which leads to eye lesions and possibly to total blindness, and is especially widespread in Southeast Asia, and vitamin-D deficiency, which causes rickets, and occurs frequently in the Eastern Mediterranean regions.

UNICEF's answer to all this is primarily milk and other proteins, and in its early years UNICEF's symbol was a child drinking a cup of milk. (Now the symbol is a mother and child.) For some years now, UNICEF has arranged for the annual shipment of about a hundred million pounds of skim-milk powder from the surplus stocks of the United States Commodity Credit Corporation—and, more recently, from Canada and Switzerland as well—to some seventy countries. Normally, that quantity of powder would cost between fifteen and twenty million dollars. As the program now works, the contributing countries donate the powder free of charge and also deliver it to the various ports of exit, and the recipient countries distribute it to schools and health centers. UNICEF pays only for the ocean freight, which averages two and a half million dollars a year. Since a hundred

million pounds of skim-milk powder will provide five million children and nursing mothers with an adequate daily milk ration for a year, UNICEF is helping those children and mothers at a cost to itself of only half a dollar per person per year.

UNICEF's milk is not always skim milk shipped from abroad. Pate and his staff have helped establish a hundred and thirty-five dairies and twenty-two milk-drying plants, in twenty-six countries, and have stipulated that a certain percentage of the milk so produced must be provided free to children and nursing mothers. Nor has UNICEF stopped with milk; along with the Food and Agriculture Organization and the World Health Organization—two groups that it often works intimately with—it has tried to develop new cheap, protein-rich foods, among them fish flour (made by relatively complicated processes from protein-rich fresh fish, which many poor countries have plenty of), cotton-seed and peanut flours, and various soybean products.

Besides dealing with nutritional problems, UNICEF attacks diseases directly, with emphasis on yaws, leprosy, trachoma, tuberculosis, and malaria. Malaria probably furnishes the best example, for it is the world's greatest single source of disability, and as recently as 1956 it struck two hundred million people and killed two million. Children between the ages of six months and five years are the group most seriously affected by the disease, and about fifteen per cent of the world's deaths during the first year of life are due to malaria. A billion people are regularly exposed to the disease, and so far the projects that have been undertaken to eradicate it will affect three-fourths of this number. The first major breakthrough against malaria

Mild Pls. &

malaria

DECEMBER 2, 1961

*malaria* came in 1939, long before there was any U.N., with the discovery that the disease could be controlled effectively and cheaply by spraying the inside walls of dwellings with DDT or similar insecticides, since these remain lethal for months to the female anopheles mosquito—the insect that carries the malaria parasite, which does its work by destroying the red blood cells. It had long been known that the cycle of transmission of the parasite from mosquito to man to mosquito had to be broken if malaria was to be eradicated, and before 1939 various methods of malaria control had been tried with some success, but for complicated reasons none of them had worked as well as the DDT scheme. This scheme, however, calls for a considerable administrative and financial effort, and it was not until the end of the war that it could be applied widely. Every house in a fairly large area has to be sprayed within a severely limited period of time—sometimes as little as three months—and this can require considerable coordination. To insure success, countries requesting UNICEF aid in a malaria-eradication campaign are required to put up enough money to complete the whole project. In 1955, the member governments of WHO, sitting together in the World Health Assembly, recommended a world campaign to eradicate malaria, and UNICEF has been helping a number of countries in this campaign. Progress has been notable in many areas—particularly Ceylon—but Pate is perhaps proudest of the results in Mexico. Six years ago, there were over two million cases of chronic malaria in the Mexican lowlands. Malaria cost the country more than twenty thousand children and a hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year. In 1955, while Pate was visiting Mexico City, Dr. Ignacio Morones Prieto, who was then Mexico's Secretary of Health and is now its Ambassador in Paris, told him the story and asked his help. Together, the two men went to see Antonio Carrillo Flores, a former banker who was then Mexico's Secretary of the Treasury and is now its Ambassador in Washington, and Pate explained that what was needed was an extensive eradication campaign, lasting perhaps four years. UNICEF would supply the motor equipment, the sprayers, and all the DDT needed, at a cost of ten million dollars, if Mexico would provide funds for all internal expenses, which would amount to twenty-five million dollars.

"You were a banker once yourself, Mr. Pate," the Secretary of the Treasury said. "Do you consider this campaign a good national investment?"

"I consider it so important that I am willing to invest ten million dollars in it," Pate replied.

The Secretary of the Treasury nodded. "If you have so much confidence in our country, we will place our confidence in you," he said.

Today, the incidence of malaria in Mexico has been reduced by more than ninety-five per cent, and within a few years the disease will be as rare there as it is in the United States. Thousands of square miles of valuable agricultural land that was once unusable because of mosquitoes have been gained for the Mexican economy. And at least twenty thousand children are alive who would not be alive otherwise.



AS a graduate banker, Pate runs UNICEF more like a business than like a bureaucracy. He himself deals mostly with over-all plans, general policies, and large-scale fund-raising projects. In the past fifteen years, he has visited ninety-three countries and territories, many of them more than once, his purpose usually being to inspect UNICEF operations and to raise money. He ordinarily works with three deputy directors. The first in rank is E. J. R. Heyward, a shy, self-effacing, hard-working former economist from Tasmania, who handles administrative work, and whom Pate respects as a man of great vision. The second is Mrs. Adelaide Sinclair, of Toronto, a former director of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, who is in charge of UNICEF programming. And the third until recently was Dr. Georges Sicault, a Frenchman from Tunis, who was formerly head of the Direction de la Santé Publique et de la Famille in Morocco, and who is not only a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur but also a Commandeur du Nicham Iftikar—a Moroccan honor—and a specialist in the health problems of tropical countries. Dr. Sicault has just been transferred to Paris to serve as UNICEF's Resident-Director there, and at the moment the third deputyship is vacant.

When Pate goes off fund-raising, he is gentle but dogged. He is on good terms with the Pope, for one, and with Marshal Tito, for another, and his tactics have worked even in Russia, though UNICEF was almost ten years old before the Kremlin said that it was willing to contribute. The Soviet Union made the provision—not an unusual one among contributing nations—that its share be spent within its borders, and Pate found a way to arrange this. In 1955, with Russia's first donation—five hundred thousand dollars—he bought Russian-made DDT and used it in malaria-eradication campaigns in twenty countries around the world. Since then, the Russians have apparently become convinced that Pate is that strange something, an American idealist with a peculiar knack for getting things done in a big way. "Maurice gave the Russians the feeling that they were full partners in UNICEF," an associate says, adding, "Which they are."

Pate is now *persona gratissima* in the Soviet Union and may go anywhere he wants to go. (He travels on a United Nations diplomatic passport.) When Americans ask him whether he is followed in Russia, he shrugs. "How should I know?" he says. "I don't look behind me." He gets along well with Professor Georgi A. Miterov, who was for ten years Minister of Health of the U.S.S.R. and is now president of the Russian Red Cross and Red Crescent Society—sister institutions that together have about the same number of members as the American Red Cross. Pate makes a trip to Moscow every second year. First, he always sees the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Health, and Professor Miterov, and then he goes out into the field to look at orphanages, nursing homes, and other welfare institutions, along with schools. It takes him only a short time to find out a great deal about child care and about problems of sickness, education, and training. A lifelong optimist, Pate is optimistic even about the Russians. "The time will perhaps come," he tells his Russian friends, "when the Soviet Union, which now contributes nine hundred thousand dollars annually, and which strives to equal the United States in so many ways, will equal the United States in its contribution to UNICEF." His Russian friends smile, perhaps in acknowledgment of the possibility that Pate has a point.

Bonn is another of Pate's regular ports of call. On his most recent visit, he was invited to spend an hour or so at the home of Heinrich Lübke, of the Federal Republic's Food Office.

Frau Lübke is honorary president of West Germany's National Committee for UNICEF, and in no time the Lübkes and Pate were talking about Pate's favorite subject. After a while, Pate handed Herr Lübke a book that happened to open to a page headed "Government Contributions to UNICEF." As Herr Lübke's eye wandered down the page, he came to a figure that made him frown. Was it true, he asked Pate, that the contribution of the Federal Republic was only six hundred thousand dollars? Pate said yes, it was, and added that the Federal Republic was only in eighth place among the contributing nations. "We ought to be in second place, right after the United States," said Herr Lübke. Three weeks later, the Federal Republic increased its contribution from six hundred thousand to a million three hundred and ten thousand dollars, which indeed makes it the second-largest national contributor. (France and the United Kingdom are next.)

Pate and UNICEF's Regional Director for Asia, an American named Spurgeon Keeny, have been warmly regarded by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru since 1950, when UNICEF offered to help India build its first penicillin plant, near Bombay, after WHO had pointed out the need for starting penicillin production everywhere. There was some doubt whether Indian technicians and engineers would be able to operate such a plant successfully, and Nehru asked Pate and Keeny for their opinion. Both men had confidence in Indian technicians. They said they were sure Indian engineers could do it, whereupon Nehru agreed to go ahead with the project. UNICEF bought the necessary equipment in the United States and Europe, and shipped it to India. The United Nations provided technical advisers; the Indians provided the land and put up the buildings. Today the Bombay plant produces four times as much penicillin as was anticipated, and distributes it at controlled prices to India's public-health and medical services. "It was a typical UNICEF operation," says Pate. "Instead of giving them penicillin, we gave them the tools to make their own."

UNICEF has also helped put up penicillin plants in Yugoslavia, Pakistan, and Chile. Before the Chilean enterprise was launched, Chile had spent a million dollars annually to import penicillin; today it produces all the penicillin it needs. "At the time the plant was being considered, Chile's annual contribution to UNICEF was four thousand dollars," Pate recalls. "I'd told the Finance Minister that if the penicillin operation was

successful I hoped he'd add one zero to his country's annual contribution and make it forty thousand dollars. After the plant went into production, Chile voluntarily multiplied its contribution not by ten but by twenty—to eighty thousand dollars a year. They were happy. So were we."

A few days after the Hungarian revolution broke out, at the end of October, 1956, Pate quietly announced to his closer colleagues that he was going to Budapest. He was warned that he wouldn't be able to get there, but he started out anyway. He flew to Vienna, and was met by Willy Meyer, a Swiss staff member of UNICEF who had been lent to the International Red Cross to head its Budapest relief operation, and the two men set out for the Hungarian Embassy. Meyer managed to obtain a visa for Pate on the spot, and at dawn the next day Pate left Vienna with a Red Cross convoy of relief supplies. When he reached Budapest, at noon, the fighting had just ceased, and the city, with its bombed houses and its torn-up streets filled with the wounded and the dead, presented a scene of confused horror. Pate simply went to work as usual, quietly and methodically. Few Westerners had been able to see any member of the Hungarian government since the fighting started, but Pate saw both the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Public Health, telling them calmly that he was going to "walk around town for a couple of days to survey the situation." The children of the city, he found, needed medical supplies, food, and blankets, so, working with the freshly reconstructed Hungarian Red Cross, he and Meyer immediate-

ly prepared plans for the distribution of seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of UNICEF food, clothes, and blankets in Budapest. Then, living up to his reputation for impartiality, Pate ordered blankets from Poland and the Soviet Union, and clothing from Belgium and France. "We think that UNICEF lived up to its obligation," he says now.

At 10 P.M. on Friday, July 15, 1960, a few days after the outbreak of the Congo crisis, Mrs. Sinclair, Pate's second deputy, received a call from the office of the Secretary-General. Mr. Hammarskjöld wanted to see Mr. Pate at once, but he couldn't be found. Did Mrs. Sinclair know where he was? She did indeed. Mr. Pate was at Loew's State seeing "Ben-Hur," and she promised to get hold of him at once. This proved difficult, however, for the theatre manager refused to have Pate paged. Mrs. Sinclair wandered about the dark auditorium, but it was not until the lights went on, thirty minutes after she arrived, that she found Pate.

In the Secretary-General's office, a few minutes later, Hammarskjöld asked Pate whether he could provide a group of relief experts to go to the Congo at once and set up an emergency food-distribution system there.

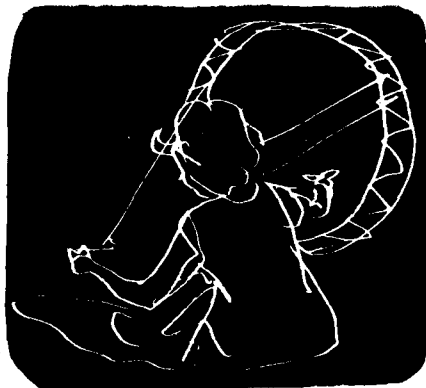
"I can," said Pate. "I'll go along myself, and we'll be able to do the job with a small nucleus of U.N. staff plus people we recruit on the spot."

Hammarskjöld nodded. "How soon can you leave?" he asked.

"I'll be on a plane tomorrow night," Pate said.



He left the following evening, after making several transatlantic phone calls to UNICEF people with special experience in emergency relief work. They arrived in Léopoldville about the same time he did, on the morning of July 18th. "In an emergency operation, speed and flexibility are essential," Pate says. "I learned that early in the game from Mr. Hoover. The first thing you must do is get yourself a place to work and the best possible communications. That means phones, motorcars, trucks, and planes. After the First World War, when Mr. Hoover was organizing vast emergency relief operations in central and eastern Europe, he would always send a team of communications experts ahead of any staff. That meant that when the food and relief missions arrived, they would find direct telegraph lines to Vienna, Paris, London, and other European capitals. Good communications are half the battle. In Léopoldville, we set up our headquarters in a glass-enclosed flower shop in the lobby of the Hotel Stanley, and within twenty-four hours we had our telephone facilities in working order. The second step is always to establish relations with the local government and with the embassies of the food-donating and food-transporting countries. In July of 1960, as a spontaneous gesture, about a dozen countries were sending food-relief supplies to the Congo. The biggest single item was four hundred tons of American flour, which was being airlifted from U.S. Army stocks in Germany. The flour was coming in when I arrived in Léopoldville. We quickly recruited all the local staff people we could. We got together a good group of Congolese, Scandinavians, and Swiss. Some of them were sent to the airport to receive the supplies, and others to the warehouses where the supplies would be stored and guarded. Everything would be sent out from there by cars and trucks and planes. We set up a motor pool and recruited a sufficient number of drivers. We always prefer to rely on regular local channels for the distribution of supplies instead of doling them out to individuals. In this case, the flour was distributed through Congolese flour wholesalers and bakers. On the morning of July 20th, just as the stock of flour in the city was completely exhausted, we were able to start deliveries to the bakers of Léopoldville, and also to the bakers of Stanleyville. A couple of days later, flour was flown to Luluabourg and Coquilhatville. All supplies were sold, and the money was placed, with the approval of the donors, in a special trust fund under the



joint control of the office of the United Nations Coördinator of Relief and the Congolese Ministry of National Economy, which would carry on the work after we left. The money would later be used for charitable purposes. We also received large shipments of skim-milk powder, which was distributed free through the local Red Cross. We had hundreds of eager helpers, most of them Congolese teen-agers. With their assistance, we set up milk-distribution points in Léopoldville and half a dozen other cities, and a few days after the first shipments of skim-milk powder had arrived at the airport, tens of thousands of hungry children all over the Congo were having their first cup of milk. It took just twenty-four days to get the job properly set up, and then I returned to my regular work."

**B**ECAUSE the UNICEF people are successful, they have the reputation at U.N. headquarters of being rather smug. "We are lucky," an old UNICEF hand admits. "We've made fewer mistakes than the rest of the agencies." UNICEF prides itself on being small, flexible, and economy-minded. Its staff consists of just five hundred and fifty people—a third of them working in New York and the rest in the field—and all of them, including Pate, make a point of travelling economy class. Pate is convinced that his subordinates—or most of them—are as dedicated as he is, and he doubtless considers them to be true reformers. "A true reformer," according to a definition that Pate once copied from a book (he doesn't remember its name), "is one who recognizes in human nature a higher quality than its average performance." He carries in his wallet a yellowing slip of paper with that sentence written on it. Pate, however, insists that—within UNICEF, at least—performance must measure up to potentiality. Where basic principles of honesty and integrity are concerned, he is hard as nails. "People sometimes tell

me that in government work you have to make compromises," he says. "In all my years with UNICEF, I have lived completely at ease with my conscience."

The walls of the corridor outside the UNICEF offices are covered with large photographs of children in Asian and African villages. Some children are happily eating a plate of soup or clutching a glass of milk, and others are unhappily submitting to a shot of penicillin. By the time one reaches Pate's office, at the end of the corridor, one is in a sombre mood. His room is a bright, spacious one overlooking the East River. On one wall hangs a photograph, taken in March, 1946, of Herbert Hoover and Maurice Pate in the ruins of Warsaw, and on the other walls are pictures of various relief operations in which Pate has taken part. The conference room next door, too, is lined with photographs, but there are also a small Matisse and a larger Dufy—both done for UNICEF greeting cards.

Only one person at UNICEF's headquarters ever contemplates the possibility of Maurice Pate's resignation, or, for that matter, of UNICEF's ability to go on without him. That person is Pate himself. Recently, he told a visitor to his office that he wished he could spend the last years of his life pleasantly and peacefully on Cape Cod, perhaps as postmaster in Centerville. Last year, on a trip through Wales, he stopped off, he said, for a day at the home of a second cousin, Dr. Iorweth Peate (the Welsh version of Pate), who is curator of the Welsh Folklore Museum in Cardiff, and by the time he left he had become fascinated by Welsh folklore and by folklore in general. "Folklore could be an ideal field of interest when I retire," he added. A moment later, though, Pate was back on the subject of UNICEF, and the visitor got the impression that although he might have other interests, he had one big interest. "I realize that UNICEF has only begun its job," he said. "Today, we are trying to give children a chance to grow up, to get enough to eat, to be healthy. Someday, we'll be able to give them a chance to make a better living for themselves. In some countries, only one child out of ten learns to read and write, and I think our next big job might well be to help educate the children of the world. My biggest hope, though, is that the day will come when so many people everywhere will be gainfully employed that they themselves will be able to feed and protect their children and provide them with education. Then there will be no need for UNICEF."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG



Mr. Joseph Wechsberg is a member of the *New Yorker* staff, the author of a number of best-selling books and recipient of magazine awards. Today he divides his time between the United States and Europe.

The sketches illustrating this reprint did not appear in the magazine. The artist is Bruce Petty, an Australian cartoonist who has contributed to the *New Yorker*, *Punch*, and the *Saturday Review*, and has seen UNICEF at work.