DECEMBER 1957

10¢

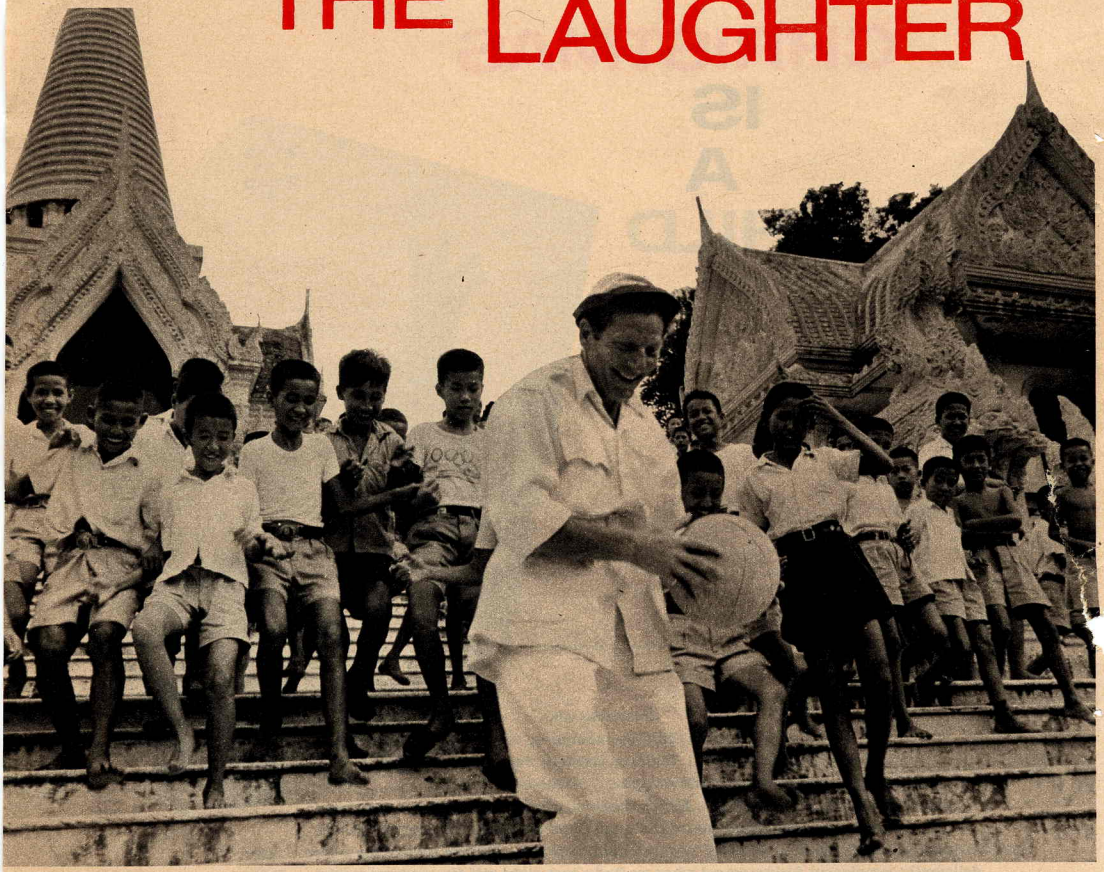
Everywoman's

THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN BY **DANNY KAYE**

ALSO:
FESTIVE FOODS FOR CHRISTMAS

GIFTS, GIFTS, GIFTS TO MAKE

THE LAUGHTER



CHILDREN OF BY DANNY KAYE

I don't suppose anyone in his right mind would try to pick a date, an event, a circumstance, and say "This is when I *started* caring about kids." I'm sure I started caring about kids when I *was* a kid.

After that you begin to grow up, and you try to deny the childishness in yourself: The whole object is to be adult, to grasp the adult world and fight your way into it, playing by the rules of adults. "I'm not a kid any more," you say, as though a kid was a bad thing to be.

Then you get old enough to vote, and to be married, and to have a child born into your house—an event that I still think is done by magic, whatever the experts say.

So now you have your own, another you, in your own image. You look at her (I suppose it could be a he, but *why?*) all fresh and innocent and helpless, and you move back again into the child world that you've come out of, and you start to grow again as your own child grows.

Maybe it's here that kids as kids begin to seem real and important to you again. Maybe it's here that you sign on for the second go-round. Now you play kid's rules again.

I make my living as an entertainer. I might add here that I am particularly proud of my profession. I like to call it the largest self-sustaining democracy in the world.

People in show business have always sort of chipped in their talents to lend a hand where a hand was needed. It's kind of a tradition — stemming at least partly from the fact that show-business people often need a leg-up themselves. You do benefits, you sign up as a sponsor for a deserving charity, you do a turn onstage to help somebody who needs help. Sometimes you get deeply involved emotionally; sometimes you don't. Speaking for myself, I must confess that I was never able to get completely wrapped up in a cause — until one day in 1953, when a whole new world opened up for me. This is the wide world, the real world, the world of children. It is full of suffering, and full, too, of laughter. It is a world of suffering into which hope has begun to edge its way.

I was on my way home from a personal appearance in London. I got on the airplane, strapped myself into a seat, and settled down for a long flight. It was a long flight, all right, but not quite in the way *(Continued on page 55)*

I had expected. We get 600 miles out and *whammy*, we got airplane trouble. It's a runaway propeller. I'm not an aircraft mechanic, and I will not try to explain a runaway prop; but the essence of it is that one engine runs amuck, the propeller can't be feathered, so the silly thing spins and screams, striking terror into the hearts of crew, passengers, ships at sea, fishes under the waves, and most of all—me.

Well, a runaway prop is a great conversation piece, like a lamp made out of an old gasoline pump. As we staggered back to Shannon, Ireland, I fell into conversation with the gentleman sitting next to me, who turned out to be a great man named Maurice Pate, the Executive Director of UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. I didn't even know what UNICEF was, but I do now. I don't recommend a sick airplane 600 miles from land as the ideal place to begin a friendship, but I'm eternally grateful that I was aboard it and met Mr. Pate and that I met, through him, the kids I've come to know and all those dedicated adults I've seen engaged in a labor of noble sacrifice.

What is UNICEF? Well, first of all, it's an independent agency of the United Nations. It has nothing to do with politics, wars, treaties, debates. It has only to do with children—*all* the world's children—the sick and the hungry. And two thirds—*two* out of every *three*—of the world's children go to bed sick or hungry every night. In India, two out of every ten children born die within a year. In Nigeria, children make up nearly half the population. Just calculate the death rate from that statistic! These are staggering figures. What hope is there for the world as long as this situation lasts? Not very much.

So what does UNICEF do? It performs services that are truly prodigious. First of all, it attacks disease and malnutrition—it is bringing milk and medicine to 45 million children in 102 countries in this year alone. It has supplied equipment for treating a million and a half children suffering from the eye disease trachoma, which, if it's not treated, can make kids totally blind. It has started treatments that will arrest almost two million cases of leprosy in children. Over 16 million have received penicillin shots for yaws. UNICEF has provided the equipment and vaccine to test over 211 million kids for TB, and vaccinated the 81 million who needed shots. (If you think I carry these figures around in my head, you're crazy. A girl had to spend her whole lunch hour looking them up.)

UNICEF has distributed 879 million pounds of powdered milk to over 28 million children. Nobody even knows how many local doctors and nurses—who don't even think about ever "finishing" their work—are busy distributing the medicines and milk supplied by UNICEF. There's a huge training program, too: Classes all over the world, advised by the World Health Organization and equipped by UNICEF, are teaching everybody from pediatricians to village midwives. It's an enormous, inspiring undertaking.

Where does all the money come from? Eighty nations are making voluntary contributions to cover the $24 million budget for 1957. Private contributions make up about five per cent. (It's interesting to note that when the United States Congress was slashing foreign aid appropriations this fall, the UNICEF appropriation of $11 million was not cut by a penny.)

And the the cost is amazingly little—a real bargain—considering the vastness of the work. Thirty cents buys enough aureomycin to treat a trachoma case for a year. Five cents—a *nickel's* worth of penicillin—will cure yaws in two weeks. Half a penny buys a pint of milk for an undernourished child.

UNICEF is constantly growing. It is now eleven years old. It must never end.

To get back to Mr. Pate for a minute. It was another year before we met again. I was on my way to South Africa for some theater dates, and he asked me—rather casually—whether, since I was going overseas anyway, I'd "look in" on some UNICEF installations along my route of travel. Sure, I said. Would I come home the long way—around the "other" side of the world—and look in on some more? Sure, why not? And that's how it started.

I arrived at New Delhi in India all decked out as an Ambassador-at-Large for UNICEF. No kidding. That's really my title. My job involves various things. First, to see for myself the work that's being done in the field. All the statistics in the world can't make you feel the need and the urgency of the work as vividly as a day spent in a jungle clinic. Second, to beat the drums for UNICEF—to bring the story home to the people of the fortunate countries, the people who aren't sick or hungry but can help those who are. Sometimes I've talked to heads of state, lobbying for the UNICEF program. And the third part of the job, I might say, is to have a wonderful time doing the first two parts. I've traveled with some fine people—camera crews, pilots, liaison people, under some pretty difficult circumstances—and everywhere, even when we were too pooped to think straight—we've gotten an enormous lift from seeing the goodness and humanity with which men and women at their best can help their fellow men when they are in need.

We've made four trips now on the UNICEF circuit. We've been to North Africa, India, Thailand, Burma, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea. We've seen kids in the Middle East, in Italy and England and France, and in the Scandinavian countries. I've seen them, too, in California, where I live, and in Brooklyn, where I was one of them. If I have anything at all to say about them, it's this: They are everywhere the same—the same in the glory of their childhood, the same in their needs and joys, the same in their humanity. What they *don't* all have in common is an equal

(*Continued on page 56*)

Gourmet touch FOR A LOW-COST DISH

VEAL HUNGARIAN—Brown in 2 tbs. fat: 1½ lb. boneless veal shoulder, cubed. Add 2 medium onions, sliced, cook till soft. Add 3 c. Herb-Ox Bouillon, dash salt, pepper, 1 tbs. paprika. Simmer covered 1 hour. Blend 2 tbs. flour, ¼ tsp. baking soda, 1c. sour cream. Add to veal, stir, cook 5 minutes; serve on wide egg noodles. Serves 6.

FREE! Money-Saving Recipe Booklet! Write: The Pure Foods Company, Inc., Dept. E, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Herb-Ox

BOUILLON CUBES

New INSTANT BOUILLON AND SEASONING

GRAVY MASTER

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Could You Be a Jungle Housewife?
EVERYWOMAN'S
January issue — on sale Dec. 26

Tom, Your Wife Bakes the BEST TASTING CAKE!

Thanks to this Quality Baking Powder with the STEADY ACTION!

Another Fine Product of Standard Brands Inc.

(Continued from page 55)

chance for the future, and since they are *our* future, that's where there is a job of work to be done. We'll be making another tour sometime soon. I don't know where and I don't know when. We've moved around an awful lot, but still there's no shortage of places we haven't been.

In Morocco it's desert. The UNICEF team came down on the sand, and the sand is hot. They said it was 115 degrees Fahrenheit by noon, but I would have guessed closer to 200. Here there is trachoma, the virus disease of the eye, transmitted by flies, which flourishes in certain areas that have primitive sewage systems. Trachoma can make you blind, and we saw children who could not see us. This was a village of 2,000 people. All of them—*all* of them—had it. Their eyes were crusted over, or else, in the advanced stages, there was blindness. Aureomycin was the cure—aureomycin salve applied to the eyes—at a cost, as I've said, of thirty cents a year. The price of one tuna fish sandwich in a cheap luncheonette.

In Nigeria it was leprosy that was cutting them down and keeping them down—leprosy that rots away their bodies and their spirits, making a girl of twelve look like a woman of thirty-five.

Yaws is no fun to look at, either. A young body covered with painful, festering sores is painful to see, especially if you come from a country where almost anyone can go to a doctor or a clinic if he so much as sneezes or coughs.

We saw crippled children in Greece, homeless orphans in Rome. Everywhere we went we found children who had every reason to give up hope, to mope, to despair, to crawl into themselves, think of themselves as cripples and orphans for the rest of their short lives. And yet everywhere, in the midst of all their suffering, we found—laughter.

How do you make children laugh if you can't speak the language? The answer is simply that laughter is its own language. Why, anyone can say more with signs than with words, with pantomime and mimicry than with puns and gags. A pratfall is a pratfall, even in Bangkok. To become a clown is to become a child, one among other children. If you don't mind making yourself ridiculous—and who can feel ridiculous in front of a child who cannot walk?—then you can play with children and help them release their need to laugh.

Any parent has played "you-can't-catch-me" with a child. It's one of the first games a baby plays. And what do you do? You switch roles; you become a child and the child is the grownup. You pretend. You roar like a lion and run as fast as you can (which is really as slow as you can) and you flounder and fall down and you can't catch up or can't escape, depending on who's chasing who. If you sprain an ankle in the process of playing, so much the funnier.

You can play games with no more props than a shoe, a silly hat, a stick, a ball, a thumb or a few foolish sounds like "Hi de hi de he" or even just "Ho." You repeat a certain rhythm to the point of absurdity. If you can get one child in a group to laugh—with you or at you, who cares?—then the whole group will laugh, and if the grownups are standing around too, they will laugh with their children. It is not possible to be solemn in the presence of the laughter of children. There is great sense in nonsense—why, I think "Thumbelina" should rank with the other great Italian arias! You don't catch the crowd at La Scala joining in "Vesti la Giubba," even if it is a clown song.

We played games with the kids we met, and took pictures of them. Maybe this made them unpaid television and movie actors—some, Lord knows, were good enough to work steady. We certainly got more fun out of them than they got out of us.

Sometimes they would rehearse little presentation speeches and give us a present to bring home with us—something, as though we could possibly need it, to remember them by. These little speeches are always profoundly touching in their sincerity, their earnestness, and their awkwardness. But the real gift is the gift of their eager laughter, and seeing a well-fed, happy child where before there had been a hungry one, and seeing the cure of a dreadful disease taking place almost before your eyes.

Our first job with children is to feed them and cure them of disease. Only when they are safe from hunger and invalidism can we proceed to the next stage—preventive sanitation and inoculation. And then, of course, education, training, raising the standard of living so that children may grow up knowing they have a constructive place to fill in the world. We observed, everywhere our UNICEF group went, that the simple fact of our presence widened the horizons of the people we met. Some had never seen an airplane; most had never seen a movie, a television show, a city, an electric light. Certainly nobody knew me from Adam. But we came as friends and left as friends, taking their friendship home with us. When they receive milk and penicillin sent by UNICEF they are sometimes astonished to realize that there are strangers in the world who *care*. Without care, there can be no affection in the world, and without affection, no lasting peace. It's as simple as that.

We are coming close to Christmas, a celebration that in a large part of the world is dedicated as a festival for children. There will be bright lights, and toys, and surprises, and laughter—which is as it should be. And I would like to say here that the happiness of children is the same in any place at any season, in any land and under the auspices of any religion, for the white child, the dark child, the red or the yellow. A doll and a bouncing ball are equally important to a well-nourished child in a fortunate nation and a hungry child suffering from trachoma in a primitive one. In every land in the world there should be some Ceremony of Childhood Pleasure at which the grown-up world expresses its love and dedicates an occasion to the gratification of a child's wish to play, to be amused, to be honored in the dignity of his childishness. In the pure mind of a child, there are no white children or dark children, no Christian or Mohammedan or Jewish or Hindu children; and certainly no "savage" children—there are only kids, and they are all the same. Even now I can look at some of the film we brought back and not be able to tell what race of child we were filming, or in what country.

Our special holidays have their religious meanings, but we should make of them an opportunity, an excuse, to dedicate a special day to the play of a child. People ought to celebrate whatever pleasure-event comes along—share someone else's festival or even appropriate somebody else's day of celebration. Fireworks, after all, are fireworks, whether it's the Fourth of July in California, Bastille Day in Paris, or Chinese New Year.

In the adult world there is poverty, and will probably always be. Drought comes, and famine follows, and sickness follows famine. There is always a struggle to live, and there is often malice and violence and oppression. But I think it can be said that, for all the children of the world, every nightfall should bring hope and expectation, and that every daybreak should be—by whatever name you know it—a Christmas morning. THE END

Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin Tablets *today!*

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.*® Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.