

used to it. Starvation is such an individual experience and, somehow, as the flesh recedes and the body is reduced to a skeleton, the individuality of each child asserts itself, making a private appeal.

"We left rice and fish and oil there, and a couple of barrels of dried milk. The next stop was a distribution centre close by a Mission. Then to the headquarters of the commune. At each stop, a consultation with the man in charge of distributing the food, or with the medical assistant. And always the refugees and the thin-limbed children crowding around. And so back to Bakwanga, three or four stops, new distribution points established and existing centres stocked."

Most of Christmas day was spent escorting the representative of the UN Secretary-General (and 20 reporters) and taking food 'round a hospital in a town where the refugees said they had had scarcely any food for two days.

"On Christmas night, we had dinner at the Ghana camp. Nick Raffle stalked in muttering and angry. 'We were just up to the infirmary with the sweets we had had the pilots bring in for the kids. Just before we arrived, two babies had died. The sisters didn't think it was an appropriate time for the Father Christmas act.' We knew how he felt. We had felt the same way for two days as we looked at those kids with their big eyes and starved bodies. We had a drink together and a good Christmas dinner, although not very hilarious. We wished each other Merry Christmas as we parted—something, somehow, we had not had the heart to say to the refugees at Kabeya Kawanga."