

SWAZILAND MISSION'S "HORROR MOVIE" NIGHT

By Paul M. Riley MD;FACS

Mission life could be boring for Swaziland Missionary Children. They had so many restraints imposed on them by some missionaries, and the local as well as the National Church. No trousers or Jeans for the girls (LONG SKIRTS ONLY), no Movies, no wine, no cooking sherry, no rum flavoring, no mixed swimming, and definitely no PDA (PUBLIC DISPLAY OF AFFECTION) EVEN BETWEEN MARRIED PEOPLE. One well meaning Church in America donated money for a Swimming pool for the Missionaries. But not long after it was completed, there was such an uproar from older Missionaries, that it was closed and used as a garbage dump!. Pilots flying high over the pool might be inadvertently sinning because they did not know they were looking down on partially clad women. Later the pool was cleaned out and reopened. A few fish were introduced so it could officially be called a fish pond, rather than a swimming pool. But at least one doctor had refreshing swims every day. By then, enough high vegetation had been planted around the pool so that it could not be seen from the road. This kept it out of sight of the "morality police". The Mission Director had told us that we must set a spiritual example by always staying "well to the right of center"!

Some Missionaries even advised against showing students educational movies because that might set a bad example. Swazi students, caught writing love letters, were whipped and immediately expelled. Some younger missionary couples went to eat at the Portuguese Club in town. Some broke the Mission rules by secretly using that swimming pool. That place was famous for its Chicken Piri-Piri. But some other Missionaries thought that was wrong because wine was also available at that place. Grateful Portuguese patients would bring me large bottles of expensive wine. If I refused the wine, it would be worse than me slapping them in the face. So I sometimes had bottles of wine well hidden in the closet. The wine was used to tenderize the wild guinea fowl and the venison that I had shot. After a successful hunt, one Saturday I invited everyone on our Mission Station to an outdoor barbeque. The venison had been soaking in the wine for several days. All the local Missionaries had no objection to me using the wine to tenderize the meat. But near the end of the meal, an older couple from another Mission drove up and joined the crowd. I knew they would not eat the meat if they knew about the wine. So, when they asked what I used to tenderize that delicious meat, I said; "Fresh Vinegar."

But everyone approved of retired Dr. David Hynd, who had started the Medical Mission, showing "Home Movies" about the "good old days" at the Mission. He had retired to a home in Mbabane, 26 miles away. When all the kids were on vacation, a Movie Night was scheduled. It would be in the Auditorium of the Teachers' Training College. The Missionary ladies decided to make it a real Movie Experience for the kids. There were flyers, movie tickets, a concession stand and ushers with flashlights. The women toiled over hot stoves popping bags of popcorn. Everyone was having a blast when the movie started. Two people shouting "POPCORN, PEANUTS, gave out the bags of popcorn.

Too late, they found out the movie was about one of Dr. David Hynd's more unusual experiences. At the time of the movie, he was not only Mission Director, Medical Superintendent, School Grantee, School disciplinarian, and head of the Red Cross, but also District Surgeon for the Swaziland Government. He

had chosen to show a Movie about him traveling by Land Rover, then walking a long distance with several prisoner carrying picks and shovels, guarded by policemen. Then they had to dig up a body of a "Ritual Murder" victim so the doctor could do an autopsy. On the screen, while Dr. Hynd started doing an autopsy on a ghastly, bloated, mutilated, decomposing corpse, big fat maggots were seen crawling all over the dead body. Unfortunately these creatures looked just like the pieces of popcorn everyone had started eating. The fast flickering light of the projector made the pieces of popcorn in the bags look like they were also crawling around, just like the maggots. Almost everyone started gagging and getting sick. The poor Ladies felt like they had been complete failures. Seeing the uneaten and abandoned popcorn made them feel even worse. But, what an unusual story to pass on to the next generations! Finally, the bored MKs had some real excitement. They could now brag to their classmates down town, and in boarding school, that they had seen a real true "Horror Movie".

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