

days, Phil was an Olympic runner and competed in three separate meets—1928, 1932 and 1936. He still looks the athlete, but it has taken all his stamina to keep going the seven-day week, 'round-the-clock schedule he has set himself since he arrived with the Canadian team. Leprosy is very prevalent: four or five out of every 100 people have it. The patients live in small brick houses, many of them with their families; so that the population of this little village of the sick is about 1 500.

"I suppose I share the common repugnance to leprosy. I had never seen it before, but the biblical descriptions and taboos had done their work. It was only after I had spent an afternoon at Iyonda that I dropped the word 'leper' from my vocabulary. Leprosy is a disease like any disease, and not nearly as contagious as most contagious diseases; it is subject to treatment and (if caught soon enough) to cure. I saw quite a few cases at the dispensary where some patients requiring surgical treatment are sent. To a layman, some are very horrifying. But if, with Phil Edwards, you took the clinical approach, you could see the progress being made, the element of hope that was entering into the patient's thinking, that one day he would be able to lead a normal life in society...."

United Nations specialists came to Coquilhatville to maintain many basic services and train the Congolese people to take over these jobs. J. King Gordon met two sanitation engineers from the World Health Organization—one from Switzerland, the other from Haiti—who were running the city's water purification plant. He also met four cheerful technicians from the International Telecommunications Union [ITU]—three from Morocco and one from Switzerland—who had arrived to help one overworked Belgian maintain this link in the Congo's Public Telecommunications Transmission [PTT] network. He wrote:

"These ITU boys have pals in Coquilhatville. I noticed them this evening at the Canadian signals centre—known familiarly as the Cock and Bull—which has become a gathering place for the UN team, civilian as well as military. They were chewing the fat with the Canadian signallers who maintain teletype connections with Leopoldville. A Canadian sergeant was playing a guitar *à la* Segovia: he was good. A Swedish engineer came in and took over the guitar so that he could give a rendition of a song he [had] written—in Swedish. And at a low table a former crocodile hunter, now a UN interpreter, was beaten at chess by an Indonesian army doctor....

"I spent a good part of today with the Indonesians. Over at their battalion headquarters I watched them at their military training—hard combat training into which they threw themselves with great zeal. Then I went over to the hospital where one platoon was busy cleaning up the grounds and gardens. A few weeks ago, the colonel had asked the Red Cross team if there was anything his men could do to help. A Canadian nurse said, 'Sure, help us clean up the place.' When I was there, the soldiers were busy with sickles and hoes and wheelbarrows. Two religious sisters were watching them and joking with them: the sisters were talking Flemish and the Indonesian soldiers were talking Dutch!"