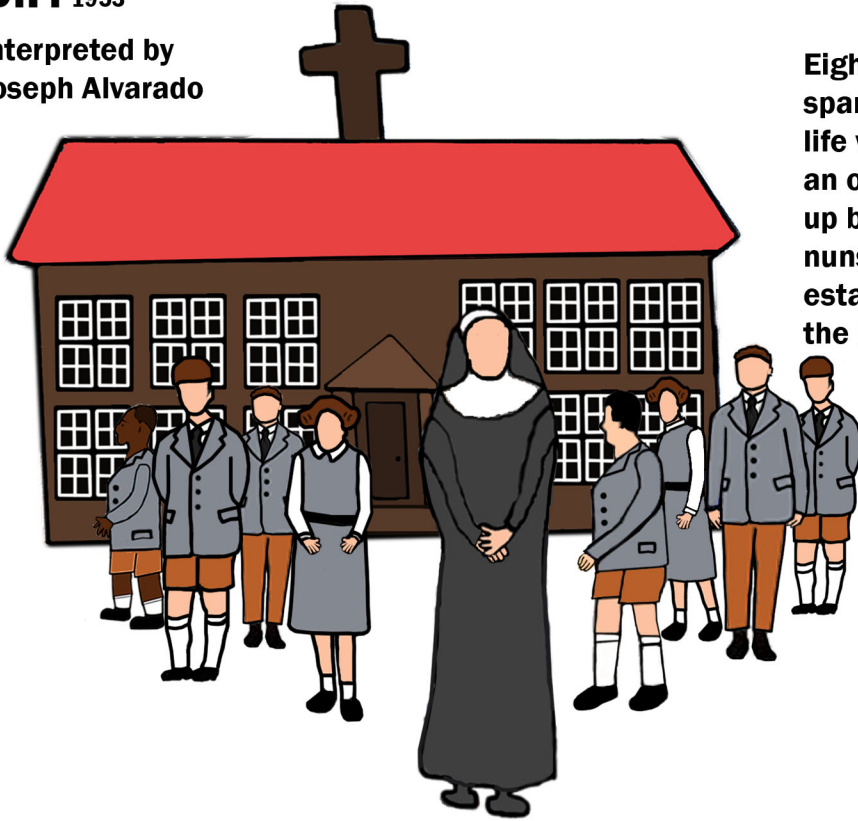


D.P. 1953

Interpreted by
Joseph Alvarado



Eighty-one small sparks of human life were kept in an orphanage set up by Catholic nuns on a large estate overlooking the Rhine.



Every mild afternoon the nuns marched the children through the woods, into the village.

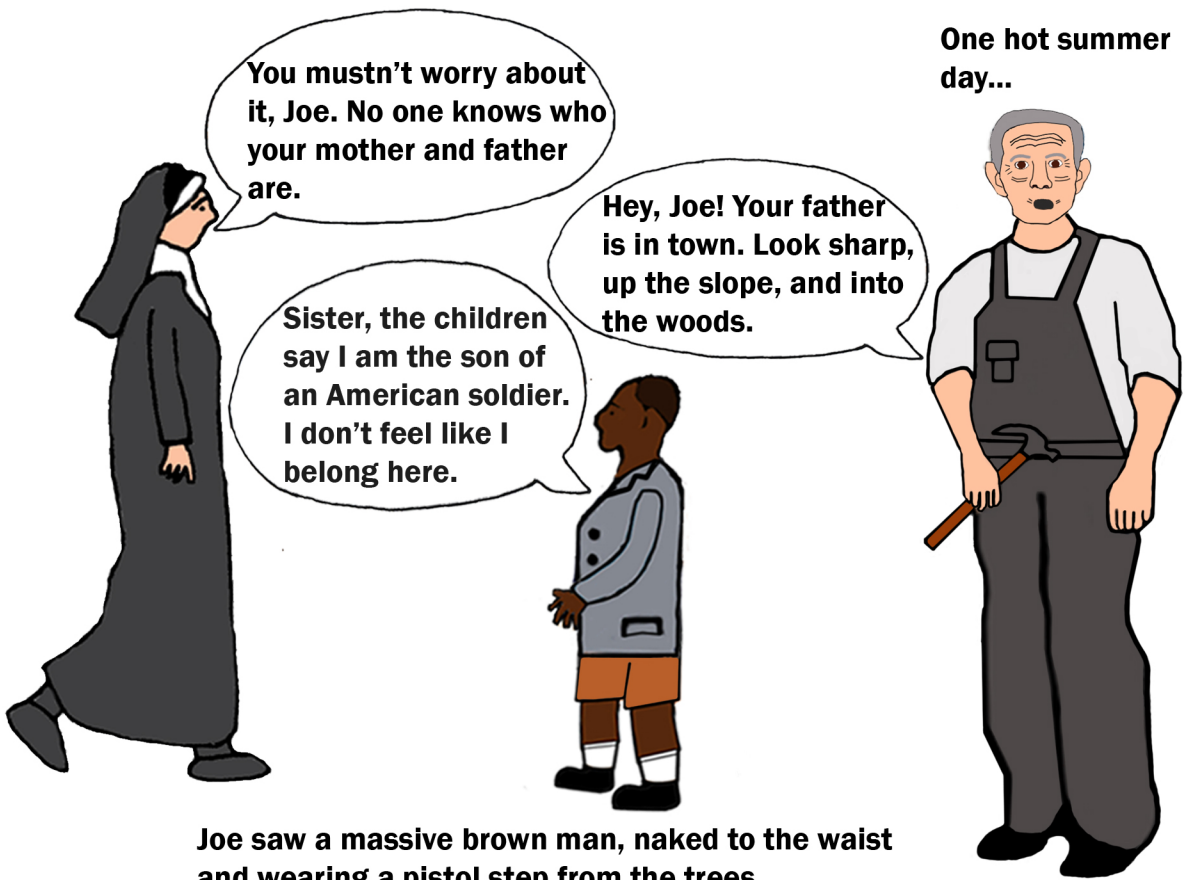


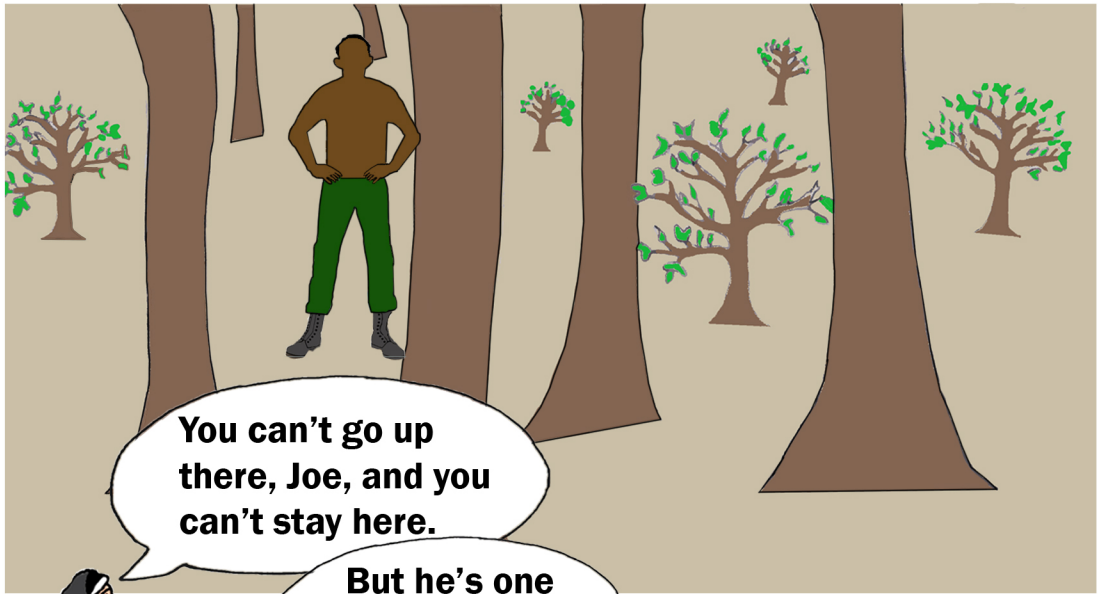
The village carpenter, an old man, always came out of his shop to speculate about the children passing through.

Look-look who's coming now...There we have an American!
Joe! How is the Brown Bomber today?



The carpenter had given the little boy a name that stuck, the name of the only colored man who had ever made an impression on the villagers' minds - the former heavyweight champion of the world, Joe Louis.





You can't go up there, Joe, and you can't stay here.



But he's one of my people, Sister!

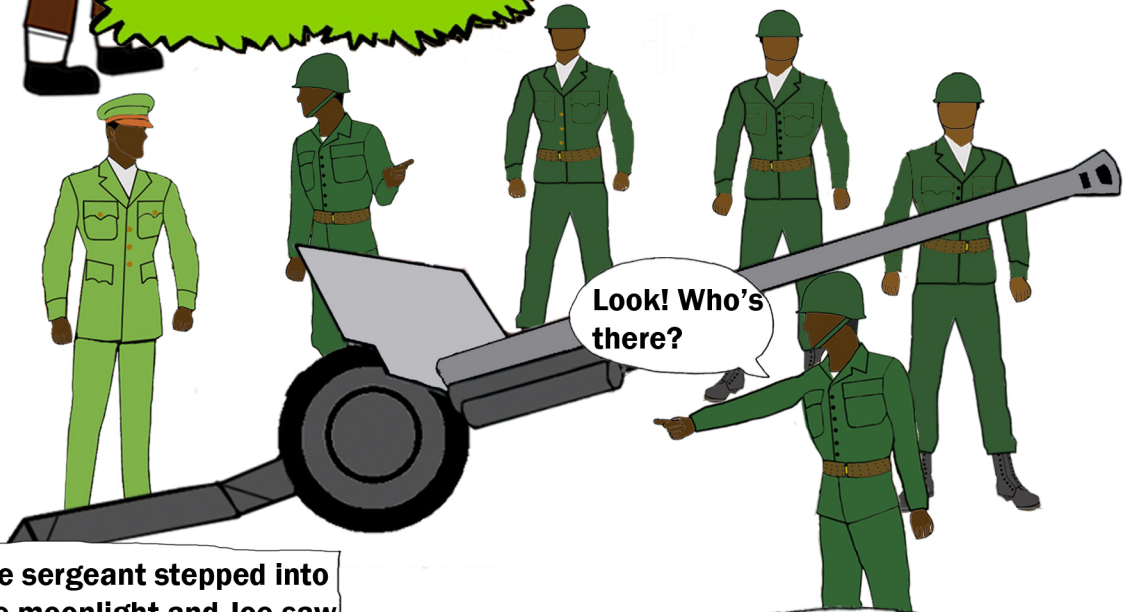
She took him by the arm to make him move. For the remainder of the walk, they took another route home.



At ten o' clock, after all the children were asleep, the young nun found Joe's cot empty.



Joe had snuck out of the orphanage to go where he last saw the man whom he thought to be his father. He saw a large artillery piece with men near. He watched and listened through a thin screen of shrubs as the soldiers, indistinct in the darkness, dug in around their gun.



Look! Who's there?

The sergeant stepped into the moonlight and Joe saw that it was the same man he saw in the woods.

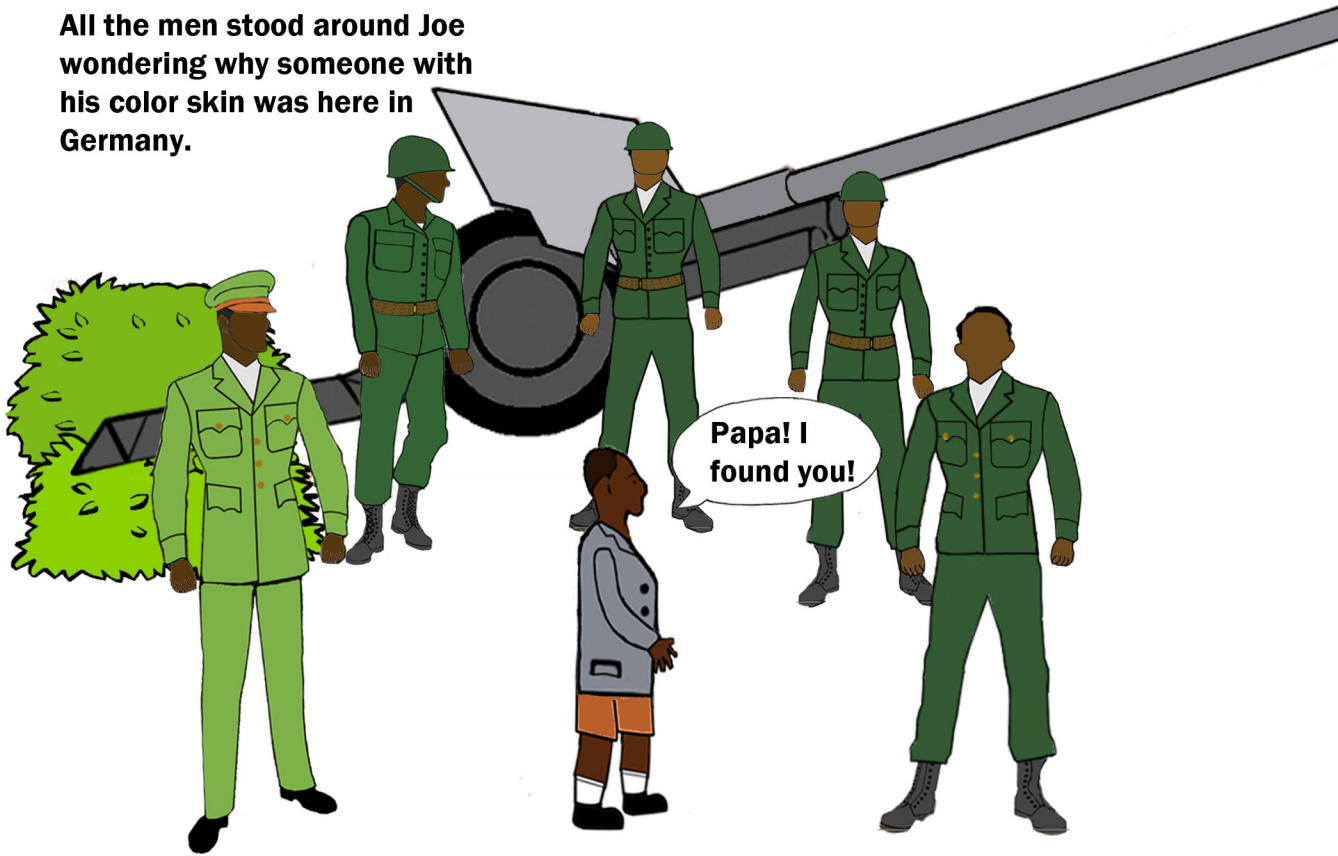


You are my people. I ran away from the orphanage because I belong with you.



My golly, boy, what you doin' here? Go on home! This ain't no place for kids to be playin'.

All the men stood around Joe wondering why someone with his color skin was here in Germany.



**Papa! No-
Papa!
I want to stay**

**Look, sonny. I ain't
your papa.**



**Somebody go get
a case of D-bars
and throw them in
the back for Joe.**

**Ever see a
wristwatch?
Here, Joe, you take it
anyway. It's yours.**

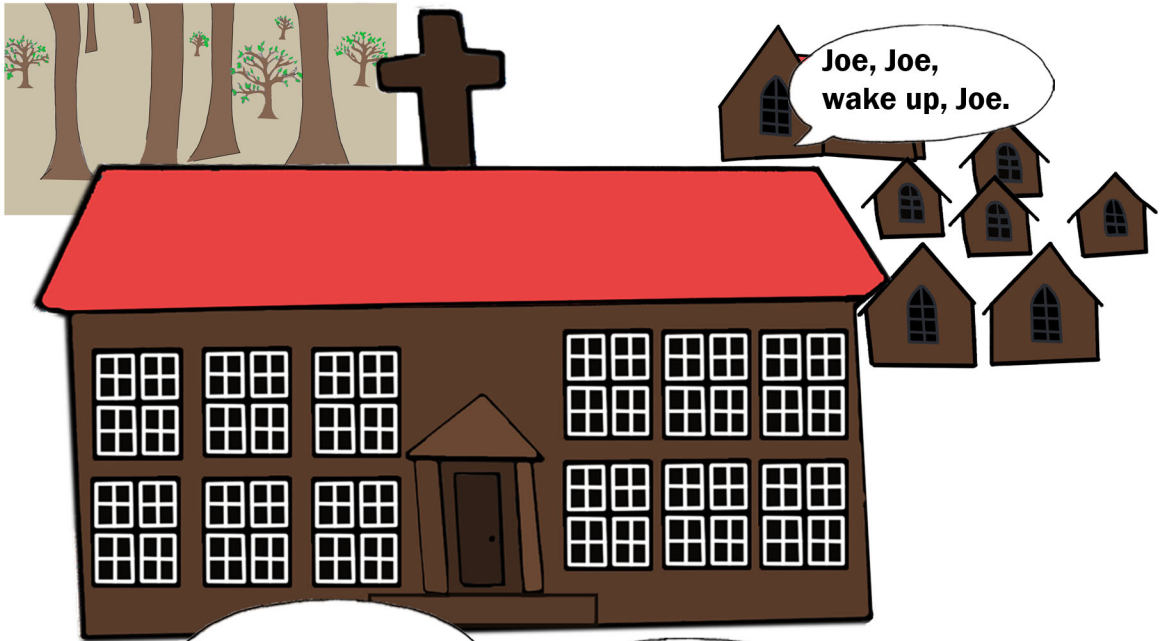




After Joe and the sergeant got into the jeep, the soldiers gravely formed around them.







Joe, Joe,
wake up, Joe.

Where did you get
that watch and box?

Why aren't you with
him? Why did he leave
you here again?

Papa...Papa. I saw
my papa, and he
looked just like me!

He cried when he left
me. And he promised
to take me back.
Then I let him go.

