

It is a capacity for living intensely, even dangerously, and that capacity isn't restricted solely to the area in which it has been developed. It is susceptible to other applications. It transfers; there's no doubt of it. But equally there's no doubt that it is an emotional hook-up.

Let me quote in illustration a news item from one of our park gymnasiums:

"An incident occurred in Grand Crossing Park that is worthy of recording," it reads. "It was near the end of the final game in the senior basketball league. The score, which had been see-sawing enough to have the audience hysterical, stood at one point from a tie. A forward, captain of the trailing team, stood under his goal with the ball in hand ready to throw the basket that would put his team in the lead again. Since there were no opposing players near at hand, he was as sure of the points as basketball players ever are. Just then, an opposing player, coming fast, stumbled to crash against a wall nearby, and fell, momentarily stunned. In a fine gesture of sportsmanship, the forward called time instead of shooting for the basket, and ran to the aid of his injured opponent. The crowd, catching the significance of the act, went into a frenzy of approval, and the event is still talked of in these parts."

Wasn't that transfer - from an abstract concept of sportsmanship to its application in a generous act in the heat of battle? It appears even a transfer in the face of resistance. In the intensities of combat, that player's fighting spirit was aroused. Determination to win was stimulating a flow from endocrines into his bloodstream, of elements toxic to calm and dispassionate reason. He was doubtless supercharged with adrenalin. His pulse was above normal; ruthless attitudes were dominant. And yet, at this most unfavorable moment, his sporting conscience broke through both these chemico-physical and counter-emotional barriers to lay an arresting hand upon his actions.