RED TERROR OVER MALAYA

Christmas at Singapore in 1953 was unusual for the missionaries there because Louie was in their midst. Because he was to visit the sultan of Johore, the group gave him a sultan’s outfit, which he promptly donned and became the “sultan of the day.” There was even a snake charmer to entertain everyone that afternoon on the lawn. In the evening Louie gave a Christmas message to the English soldiers.

While waiting in Singapore for a visa, he was among the thousands of people who watched a tremendous bonfire flare and then simmer down. After that, barefooted young Hindu men walked through the red-hot coals and ashes. There was agony of pain on the faces of some of the men, while others seemed to be in a trance. The anguish in Louie’s heart was that they felt this rite would help them in eternity.

And then he saw the human pincushions, Hindu men who had scores of huge pins and spikes stuck into the upper part of their bodies and even their tongues. He longed to tell them that they had only to accept the sacrifice made by the Son of God on a cross to attain what their hearts unknowingly sought. Sleep would not come to him that night.

Places that were impenetrable opened to him whenever he showed his gold-sealed, beribboned letters from the mayor of Los Angeles and from California’s governor and secretary of state.

The sultan of Johore welcomed Louie to the palace and granted all his requests. He was even allowed to enter the enclosure of tigers in the private zoo. Holding a rather narrow plank of wood for protection, Louie joined the tigers from the jungles of Malaya for a little spree.

It was just a few months before the French yielded to the Com-
Human pincushions in Singapore.

munist Vietminh in 1954 that he headed for the war zones. His car zigzagged through military barricades and roadblocks. When the brigadier general saw Louie's golden letters, he granted him permission to go with the army into the guerrilla-infested area of Malaya, but he had to sign this disclaimer of rights:

**Military Headquarters, Kuling**

I hereby agree to the following conditions:

1. If I should be shot and killed,
2. If I should be shot and wounded,
3. If I should meet in any other way with bodily harm, sickness, etc., while journeying with the military forces of the Malaya, neither my relatives, friends or any organization with which I am associated will bring suit for damages or any other method of recourse against the military forces operating in the Malay.

[Signature: Louis T. Tallor]
Both Louie and his Chinese photographer signed, and they were outfitted with jungle green uniforms and guns. Then their tank moved along a rough road to a thick part of the jungle, where they dismounted quickly with the soldiers and crept quietly through thick growth as they searched for terrorist guerrillas. The heavy trousers and thick boots kept out leeches, ants, and other insects.

“At times I was covered with ants,” Louie related later, “and some of them and other creatures did get to my neck where I did battle with them.” While trying to keep his gun ready to shoot on a moment’s notice, Louie slogged through thick jungle and swamps. He often stumbled, but he did his best at the age of sixty-five to keep up with the young soldiers.

There were about “10,000 terrorists operating in the jungles, fighting a ‘hit-and-run’ war in an effort to break the morale of the people, smash the government and pave the way for the whole country to be taken over by Communism,” Louie reported.\(^1\)

He witnessed the horrible tyranny and violence of godless Communism, and his heart cried out that Communism never gain control in America and sweep away personal freedoms and all that is held sacred. He hoped that his picture “Red Terror over Malaya” would open the eyes of multitudes in the United States to the dangers and cause them to pray that what he saw in Malaya would never happen in America.

After he left the war zones, he became the guest of the Gordon Smiths, who took him to see the “loincloth people of the jungles” of Indochina. “These are the most superstitious people in the world,” he wrote. “If one sneezes in a group, no one may leave the room for some time or the spirits would be angry.” They believe turtles bring death to their children, and they will not live in a house if a crow alights on it.

One night Louie witnessed a village sacrifice. About three hundred almost nude people crowded into a two-hundred-foot long-house, where the glow of little fires built on mud floors revealed huge jars filled with rice alcohol and fetishes such as the horn of a buffalo, the foot of a chicken, the tooth of a dog.

The weird sacrifice commenced when the sorceress began incantations with a bowl of pig’s blood, which she smeared on the fetishes to appease the spirits. Gong beaters began their incantations and swayed from side to side with the muffled and syncopated beat.
This lasted all night and ended with people sprawled on the floor in a drunken stupor. “It was the worst orgy that I had ever witnessed,” Louie commented, as his heart cried out in prayer that in their darkness they might know the One who said, “I am the light of the world.”

Before leaving Indochina, Louie wanted to get a tiger skin for Ray Myers. Ensconced on a platform in a tree that had bait tied at its base, Louie waited alone for his tiger in the midst of the jungle.

In the dense darkness of the jungle night, he heard “weird sounds from birds, insects, animals such as the barking deer that barks like a dog, and the big sambur deer that bells out ‘payo,’ birds that hammer and knock and others with voices like a flute.” It could make one feel that the place was haunted. Louie sat quietly waiting. In his hand was his high-powered gun, to which a strong flashlight had been attached.

At about midnight he heard the approach of the tiger. When the tiger started crunching the bones of the bait, Louie turned on the light. “All I could see were two balls of fire looking up at me.” He took aim and shot. “Because of a tense feeling that came over me, I
Louie is outfitted by the army for jungle warfare in the Malay.

missed . . . , and the tiger roared off into the jungle.” He went back the next day for another vigil, but the tiger knew better than to return.

As Louie continued his journey, he had to change planes at Bangkok. Among the young people who had responded to his previous pictures of mission fields were Biola graduates Norman and Florence Allensworth. They had gone to Bangkok to spread the Gospel among people living there on boats. Norman went to the airport when Louie was first scheduled to come, but Louie did not arrive. About ten days later Norm spotted him sitting in a hotel that had windows facing the street.

“I rushed into the hotel,” Norman said, “and after exchanging greetings, I asked him how long he would be staying in Bangkok. He was leaving the same evening.

“We took him to our home, where Florence prepared a meal, and he rested on our divan. He gave us some wise counsel that we sorely needed, and we greatly appreciated everything he told us.”

At the airport Louie took some film out of his suitcase for Norman to mail to Biola. Norm was astonished. “Why, Dr. Talbot,” he said, “you didn’t have your suitcases locked.”
“Well,” he replied, “I’ve lost my keys so many times and had to break the locks, that I find it much better just to leave my suitcase unlocked.”

“As I watched him depart,” said Norman, “I was conscious of a deep love for this great man of God who was the first to tell me of Christ.”

On his way to Africa, Louie made a brief stop in India to get pictures of a stirring service held at the Ramabai Mukti Mission after Christmas. For the service, sacrificial gifts are brought to the altar. A farmer brings his best goat; others carry chickens, while some of the widows and elderly women bring wheat or rice saved by fasting.

Each gift is something a person gives up. The orphan children lay their candy or even a treasured doll on the altar. Lines on wrinkled faces soften, dull eyes light up, and the little ones almost skip with joy as each brings a sacrificial gift to the Saviour, manger born.

Feeling his heart warmed by those hundreds of children who called him their grandfather, Louie flew on to Livingstone’s Africa, and to a hippo hunt.