

To the Antipodes with the Guernseys

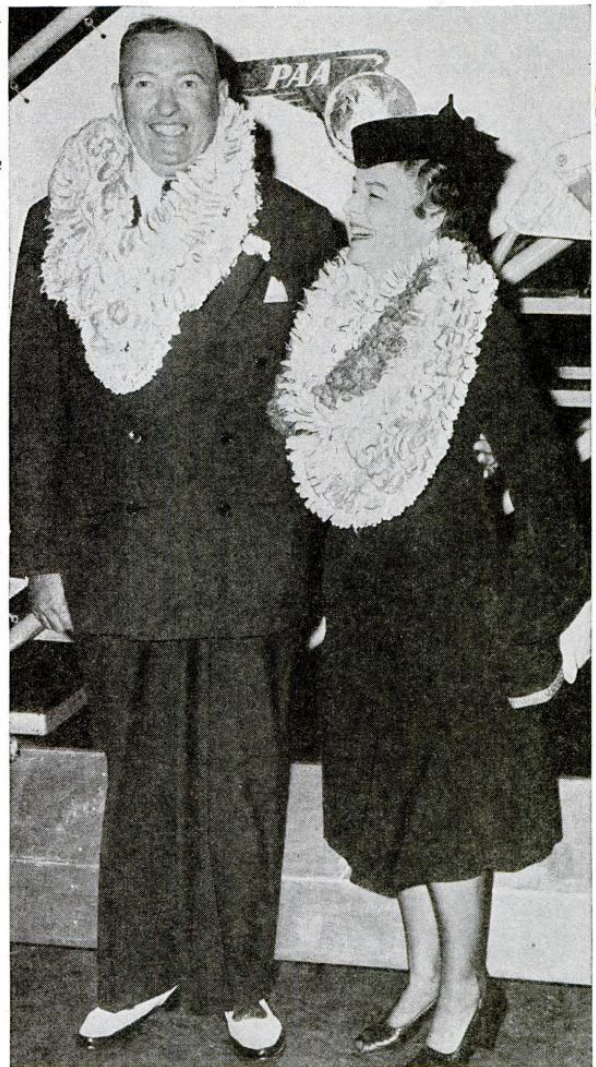
A PHOTO-REPORT ON THE PRESIDENT'S 40,000-MILE ROTARY TOUR.

UP IN THE north of New Zealand, where geysers spout and mud springs boil, a band of Maoris gathered one day a few weeks ago. True natives of this "long bright land," they had met to welcome two strangers from far shores—the President of Rotary International and his lady.

"Observe, Mr. President!" said the Maori spokesman as "Ken" and Edythe Guernsey came up. "I place these twigs upon the ground. Now I challenge you to bend your back and pick them up. Doing so will be a sign to us that you come in peace and not as a raiding party."

With an easy gesture, born perhaps of picking golf balls out of cups in his native Florida, President Ken swept the twigs up from the ground and handed them to the smiling Maoris. So—the strangers would be welcome. They had come in peace. They would not raid these beautiful islands.

But wouldn't they? In the mounting pile of letters, reports, clippings, and photos about the First Couple's 40,000-mile flying visit to the Antipodes and Asia there is evidence



First stop is, that's right, Hawaii, where Ken and Edythe meet 300 Rotary folk, go surf boating, peer into Kilauea's crater.



In his chain of office and heartiest mood His Worship the Lord Mayor of Auckland (Rotarian John Allum) welcomes the Guernseys to his New Zealand city—an honor paid them everywhere.



Next—a visit to a Maori village whose people term President Ken a Rangatira (Chief). With him, G. T. McDowell, Rotorua Club head.



While guests gather in Dunedin, New Zealand, Governor Dr. Chas. Greenslade and Hotelman Barling chat with Mrs. Guernsey.



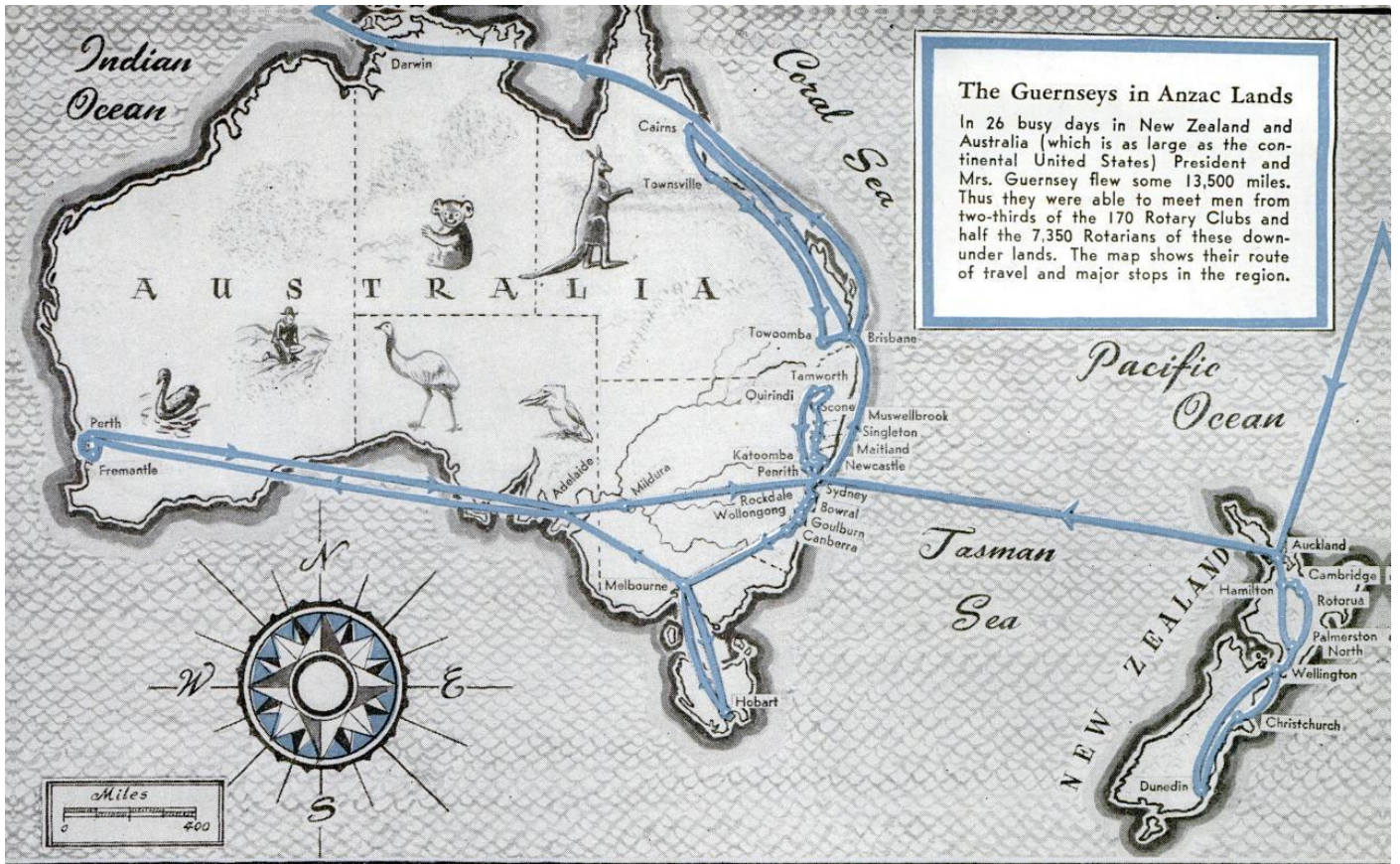
Welcome's the word at Hobart, Tasmania, airport.

aplenty that time and again they violated the nonraiding clause of the ancient Maori pledge. Wherever they went, say the letters, they *captured* new friends, *fired* imaginations, and *stole* affections. "Everyone quite lost his heart to them," notes one correspondent from down-underland. "After the meeting," writes another, "one of our members telephoned our Club President and said: 'I realize as never before the scope of our possibilities. I must justify my membership in this wonderful organization.'"

But of all this, Ken and Edythe Guernsey know little. What they remember is that for eight weeks they rode a veritable tidal wave of Rotary hospitality and enthusiasm. What they remember are little things such as that on shell-scarred Guam a dozen Rotarians turned out at 1 o'clock in the morning to meet their plane, serve refreshments, and hold a Rotary meeting . . . and such as what happened in Townsville, Australia. A sea-food lover, Ken had heard on flying through that town of its famous mud crabs. Next day, when he and Edythe returned for a visit, a bountiful meal of them awaited. What the guests did not learn until later was that local mud crabs were out of season. Townsville Rotarians had gone 60 miles down the coast during the night and gathered a mess.

What this couple can never forget is how, at every one of the 45 major stops they made on their great loop around the Pacific, Rotarians and their ladies were there to greet them, to ply them with flowers, to speed them to hotels, to take them to teas and dinners and civic receptions, to show them their giant ant hills and temple bells, their Rotary youth buildings and crippled-children projects, and to talk of Rotary so long as there was breath left in any man. All this the Presidential Couple took to mean but one thing: that Rotarians on this wide arc of the earth cherish Rotary deeply and took this way of saying so.

It had been years since a President of Rotary International had passed this way. In the early '30s President Sydney W. Pascall, of Britain, and later Founder Paul Harris had visited Australia and New Zealand. Everywhere Ken



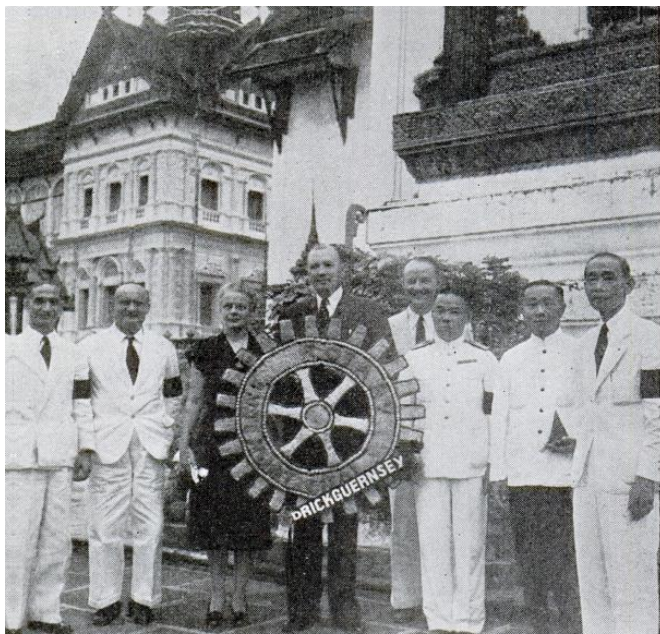
In Canberra, Australia's new and parklike capital city, Rotarians welcome the Presidential Couple on their way into the local Club's luncheon. . . . At Rockhampton, Australia, there's time for only a quick airport greeting.

Rockhampton Morning Bulletin



Gains; maps by Ben Albert Benson





In Bangkok, President Ken prepares to place a wreath at the Royal Uyn. A memorial day for Siam's King Chulalongkorn was currently being marked.



In the Portuguese colony of Macao on the South China coast there is a new Rotary Club. The Guernseys found time to visit it—and, betimes, to take a ricksha ride.



In Hong Kong, Rotary's First Lady tries her hand at chop sticks while Governor Li Shu-Fan (at her left) and others urge her on.



Shirts and gowns made of filmy piña cloth are "official evening dress" in The Philippines, where Rotarians gave the visitors this handsome set of it.



In Manila, war-battered Pearl of the Orient, Manuel Roxas, Philippines President, honors Rotary by his presence at a State dinner given the Guernseys. President Ken is at his left, speaking.

found reminders of these earlier visits. Friendship trees Founder Paul had planted flourish in Tasmania, Christchurch, Sydney, and many other places. Ken took off his hat before each one. He planted a half dozen more. Auckland, New Zealand, Rotarians, fined Ken a half dollar on a mirthful pretext and then set the coin in their Sergeant-at-Arms' *mere* or mace alongside half crowns contributed by Paul and Sydney.

It was the President's mission to observe Rotary in the ten lands he would reach . . . and he found it thriving everywhere. It was also his mission to discuss Rotary. This he did in happy reunions with such builders of Rotary as Past International Directors Angus S. Mitchell and G. Fred Birks, of Australia, and J. M. A. Ilott, of New Zealand . . . in meetings with such present leaders as his own First Vice-President, Gil J. Puyat, of The Philippines, and the current District Governors throughout the region. With heads of State, too, did he talk over Rotary and found such leaders as President Manuel A. Roxas, of The Philippines, and Prime Minister Peter Fraser, of New Zealand, well informed and enthusiastic. The latter declared himself a regular reader of THE ROTARIAN.

Speaking at least three times a day, and often five or six times, President Ken made some 135 talks during the eight weeks and so met with representatives of perhaps 150 Clubs. Always he impressed upon these Clubs their part in Rotary International and concluded with the assurance that "Your Board and President are aware of Rotary's great opportunities in this world which needs so badly the things for which Rotary stands. We are doing about it what we feel you, the average Rotarian, would want us to do if you could but tell us."

While the letters pour in saying, "Rotary here has gained the greatest inspiration and encouragement from their visit," Ken and Edythe catch up on their rest in their Jacksonville, Florida, home. Soon, however, they will discover that people like Governor Ted Stone, of Singapore, have been saying the only reason for letting them go was that "a longer stay would have meant a harder parting."

Favorite Stories of Your Directors

with Sketches by Derso

S. Kendrick Guernsey

PRESIDENT Ken's favorite story falls in the anecdote-with-a-point category. Here it is:

Back in the early 1900s, an elderly, penniless couple drove a rawboned mule hitched to a rickety old cart down the main street of Ken's home town in Florida. Rounding a corner, the cart overturned and collapsed. The old man and woman, weeping but unhurt, picked themselves up and inspected the damage. It was obvious the cart would need some extensive repairs.

A small crowd immediately collected around the cart. Most of the spectators knew of the couple's financial condition and offered plenty of free sympathy and advice. One man, however, went a step further. Removing his hat, he placed a dollar bill in it. Then he turned to those standing nearest him, and said:

"I'm sorry \$1. How sorry are you?"

Enough money went into the hat to get the cart repaired.

Ken says the story has prodded him into action several times when he might have gone no further than



merely to express his sympathy.

This philosophy is typical of the tall bronzed Floridian who heads Rotary International this year. He finds time to help out everywhere. Executive vice-president of the Gulf Life Insurance Company in Jacksonville, he is head of Florida's Citizens Committee on Education, member of the Highway Commission, and director of the State Chamber of Commerce, a children's home society, Boy Scouts, and YMCA. He somehow finds time for golf and deep-sea fishing. Three pairs of feminine hands—wife Edythe's and daughters Helen's and Edythe's—assist when he prepares superhamburgers at home.

Arthur Lagueux

PRESIDENT of an investment corporation in Quebec, Quebec, Canada, "Director Art" is an ex-officio member of the Canadian Advisory Committee, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Quebec, a Past District Governor, and a former international Committee Chairman.

Despite his many business interests, which include the presidency of power, realty, and banking firms, he finds time for yachting, fishing, badminton, and squash; is commodore of the Quebec Yacht Club and a director of the Quebec Winter Club. The story his wife and three children like best goes this way:

A timid-looking fellow bobbed up in the office of a harassed theatrical agent one afternoon and announced he had an unusual act featuring a piano-playing frog and a singing fish. The agent lifted a skeptical eyebrow.

"That," he murmured, "is something I would like to see."

So the visitor drew a tiny piano from a bag and produced a frog from his pocket. At a signal the frog seated itself at the keyboard and skillfully played a touching version of the old favorite "My Old Kentucky Home."



"All right," snapped the agent, "but where's the fish?"

Once again the visitor reached into his bag and this time pulled out a goldfish bowl which he set down beside the tiny piano. Shoving its head above the water, the fish sang a beautiful solo with the frog playing an accompaniment.

"Sign here!" cried the agent. "\$1,000 a week!"

The visitor looked humble. "Make it \$500 a week," he said. "To be honest with you the act's a phoney."

"How so?" exclaimed the agent. "I saw it myself. The frog plays, the fish sings."

"Not exactly," explained the stranger. "To tell you the truth, the frog's a ventriloquist."