

Seated crosslegged on the floor, chopsticks in hand, Paul P. Harris, Rotary Founder, enjoys his sukiyaki on a recent Pacific goodwill trip.

A typical Hawaiian Rotary welcome, as given to a Rotarian and his wife, en route the 2nd Pacific Rotary Conference in Tokyo, Japan, in 1928. . . . On opposite page, two Rotarians get acquainted in a carretela at the Pacific Conference of 1935, Manila, Philippine Isles.



Pacific May Mean Patience

By **George T. Armitage**

Rotary Club of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.

islands that are bounded on all sides by the mighty Pacific, we are ordinary humans. But I think we are something more. We are not international, because we are proud of our status as a full part of the United States. But we *are* internationally-minded. And as our acquaintance with fellow Rotarians of many racial antecedents in Hawaii swells our list of friends and makes us more tolerant, so does our acquaintance with fellow Rotarians of other countries around us make us more world-minded.

Some of our non-Rotarian friends in Honolulu occasionally take cracks at Rotary. To forestall them we sometimes poke fun at ourselves. But regardless of how seriously anyone takes our organization, one incontrovertible fact stands out like a shining light on a stormy sea: Rotary had made it possible for more people of the Pacific to get acquainted.

The name "Rotary" might have been "The Wheel" or almost anything that first came to mind. Such organizations as the Pan-Pacific Union have accomplished similar ends. But because Rotary has banded representative business and professional men of various countries into many groups that automatically ease the getting-acquainted problem, it has performed a vital function no other means has afforded in such large numbers over such a wide and divergent area.

The Pacific is booming—traffic is increasing. And just as we who motor in Honolulu sometimes find ourselves in vexing traffic jams, so out here on the Pacific there are bound to be international traffic irritants, as strong progressive ambitious peoples strive to keep in the vanguard.

In New Zealand they drive on the left and my wife once entertained a visiting Rotarian friend from that

THE OTHER day in Honolulu, caught in a line of cars on Queen Street, I was in too much of a hurry. Impatiently I whirled my car out of line, and in second gear tried to race past an intersection.

I was nearly in the clear when suddenly a car from my left swept in front of me. Fortunately both cars had good brakes and we jarred to a stop, wheel to wheel.

On the verge of giving the other driver a glare, I suddenly recognized him. It was Bill, who was always good for a laugh at the Club, when badgered by the chairman.

Bill gave me a wide grin. I waved my hand, backed up a bit, let him pass, and then drove on.

When I had parked I got to analyzing that trivial traffic incident. People who drive cars know how frequently we become upset about courtesies of the road. If we are in the wrong and are "called," we feel more miserable than if we had been in the right. Why had Bill and I laughed it off, and passed on with a pleasant glow?

You have guessed it. Because we belonged to the same Club. Because we were Rotarians. We served together on the fellowship committee. A silly answer, but sound. And Bill and I were acquainted, and acted accordingly. Our professions are quite different and, if it hadn't been for the common medium of Rotary, we probably wouldn't have known each other at all.

Out here in Hawaii, in an archipelago of beautiful

country by motoring him around Honolulu while I finished some letters at the office. When they returned I said:

"Jack, how do you like my wife's driving?"

"It's wonderful," he exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye. "She's the finest driver I ever rode with. Why, she's been on the wrong side of the road all morning and hasn't hit a thing!"

So, the peoples of different countries may often seem to be driving on the wrong side of the road, but as we come to understand their customs, we learn that they in their own way, get along quite as successfully as we do.



Because we know a man, it does not necessarily follow that we like him. The very opposite may be the case. But at least we are more likely to be polite to him. It is rather difficult to be angry with, or to stay angry at, a man we call by his first name. To him we are considerate, and we are patient. And the more people we know, the more people we are likely to be patient with.

Thirteen years ago, the first time I visited a Rotary Club "down under," I found Rotarians in New Zealand rather formal. Rotary was just getting under way, and the American Rotarians' custom of calling each other "Harry" and "Pete" was for them a bit hard to swallow. I well remember that some addressed me "Rotarian Armitage" but as I, unblushing in my boldness, answered with "Jack" and "Charlie," they gradually warmed to "Rotarian George" and then finally shot the works with plain "George." And the more informal they became, the chummier we got.

Residents of Hawaii have been especially favored because through Rotary we have been able to meet more people of other countries than is the lot of most Americans. Hardly a week goes by during which some Rotarian from Japan or China, the Philippines or Canada, Mexico or New Zealand or Australia, doesn't arrive. Sometimes these visiting Rotarians are in town only for the day of a trans-Pacific steamer in port. Sometimes we

WHO'S WHO AMONG
ROTARY GOVERNORS
ROUND THE PACIFIC

James Inglis Robertson, North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia (76th Dist.), physician and surgeon.

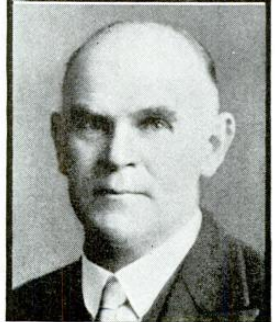
Arthur L. Bolton (reading down), of Bendigo, Victoria, Australia (65th Dist.), printer, stationer, and manufacturer of various paper products.



Baron Shosuke Sato, of Japan (70th Dist.). Now retired to farming, his 80 years have been given largely to the service of his country. He is an alumnus of an American university, Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Chengting T. Wang, Shanghai, China (81st Dist.) is a Yale graduate and has held high offices in his Government. He recently was named Chinese Ambassador to the United States. His successor as Governor will be announced later.

William Thomas, Timaru, New Zealand (53rd Dist.) was in educational work until his retirement. He was born and educated in New Zealand, and has been active in Rotary since 1927. He will be Host Governor to the 6th Pacific Conference of Rotary.



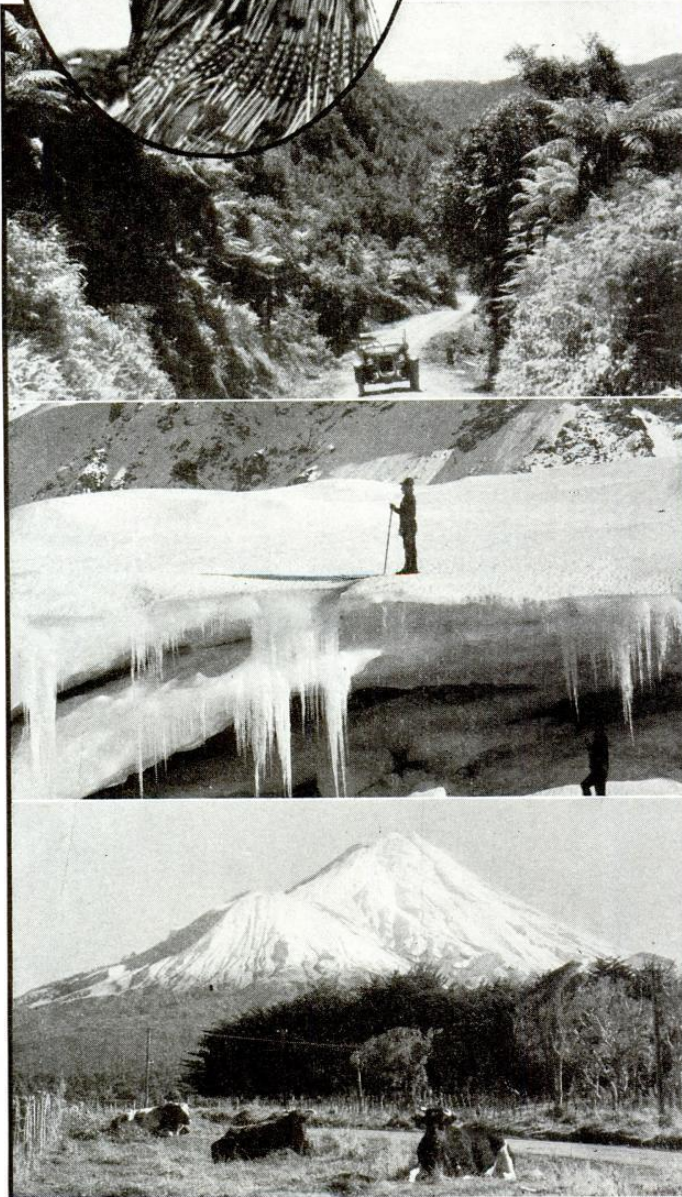
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A friendly (appearances to the contrary notwithstanding) Maori woman performs a native dance.

Below: Scenic beauties of New Zealand: Buller Road, on the west coast of South Island. . . . Skiing on the Tasman Glacier, in the Southern Alps. . . . A peaceful pastoral scene, looking toward majestic snow-topped Mount Egmont from Stratford, North Island.

Photos: New Zealand Government



see these fine Rotary friends from other lands only for a minute at the dock where we go to meet them with a hearty "aloha!" At other times visiting Rotarians stop off for a week or two to attend our meetings, or to take a drive with us, or a "spot" on our "lanai"—that's mixing your English and your Hawaiian—or maybe to shoot a round of golf. But whatever their plans, it is always a refreshing, and a decidedly intellectual treat to us, to exchange national views, a joke or two, and carry on.

Likewise no year goes past that some one of our own Hilo or Honolulu Rotarians doesn't journey out to the Orient or to the Antipodes where he is the recipient of personal favors and business courtesies, as evidenced by the article, *The Hospitable Japanese*, in the September ROTARIAN, by Charles R. Frazier, a Past President of the Honolulu Rotary Club. These favors and courtesies are not only in return for what hospitality Rotarians of Hawaii may have tendered in the past, but also because the Rotary button is a badge of acquaintance which means *open sesame* wherever the wheel of Rotary touches in the Pacific.

At least a dozen members of the Honolulu Rotary Club have made such trips to New Zealand or Australia, or to countries of the Orient. And as a result they have reached a wider sphere of acquaintanceship which gathers momentum as the faster steamers come and go, and now even a swifter and more intimate tempo as the huge transpacific Clippers roar overhead. When I recall the countless courtesies and favors which Rotarians in Japan, China, New Zealand, Australia, and Canada have showered on me, a "foreigner" and a total stranger except for the cogged wheel in my lapel, I almost blush; but at the same time there is a pleasant surge of appreciation in my heart that even blushes won't blot out.

WE of Rotary in Hawaii like our Rotary neighbors, and we believe they like us. We like them because we have met them. And our non-Rotary friends, who have met them through us, like them too. If it hadn't been for Rotary, or some other common medium, bringing us together, it is possible that we would have gone right on glaring, as we do in traffic jams, when misunderstandings crop up, as they always will. It is human to laugh *at* a stranger's hat if it seems peculiar. But if our hat amuses a friend, we laugh *with* him.

There was a time not so long ago when I am afraid we Americans were a bit superior and standoffish to Australians. And there is no doubt that what Australians thought of Americans wasn't too complimentary. But the Rotary seed was planted in the Pacific first at Honolulu in 1915, and spread rapid roots. Because of Rotary, we began to know our *neighbors* better. Then came the first Pacific Rotary Conference in 1926 in Honolulu—just ten years ago. The idea, incidentally, was suggested by Australians. Friendships begun then—international friendships—have literally endured until death, and have left a fine lasting feeling after the grave. After that first meeting and its pleasant memories, we began to talk the

Sixth Object—now the Fourth—with more understanding of what it meant.

Then, in 1928, came the second Pacific Rotary Conference in Japan. Large representative delegations from several countries attended the sessions in Tokyo. Several of the delegates, as individuals, had previously visited Japan, but never before had they really begun to appreciate or to admire the Japanese. Rotarians and non-Rotarians alike opened their homes and their hearts to us, and we all departed reluctantly, exalted by the serious as well as the frivolous business of the Conference.

WE never forgot, and never will, that the Japanese, as a special courtesy to us, conducted all of their sessions in English, and that long before the Conference, they had even organized schools of Western dancing so that their fair—and were they fair!—"Rotary Anns" could help to entertain us in our own way. Picture a beautiful Japanese maiden inherently shy and retiring dancing gracefully backward in a new and strange step when at every beat she might slip out of her sandals!

Two years later, in 1930, the Pacific Conference wheel turned to Australia, and in another two years it came back once more to Hawaii. Another two years and a few months found it rolling to the Orient, in Manila, in 1935. And at each Conference, and in between, old friendships were strengthened, and new friends were made, with the skein of Pacific fellowship all the while crisscrossing and widening and strengthening, for these are small Conferences where all delegates get well acquainted.

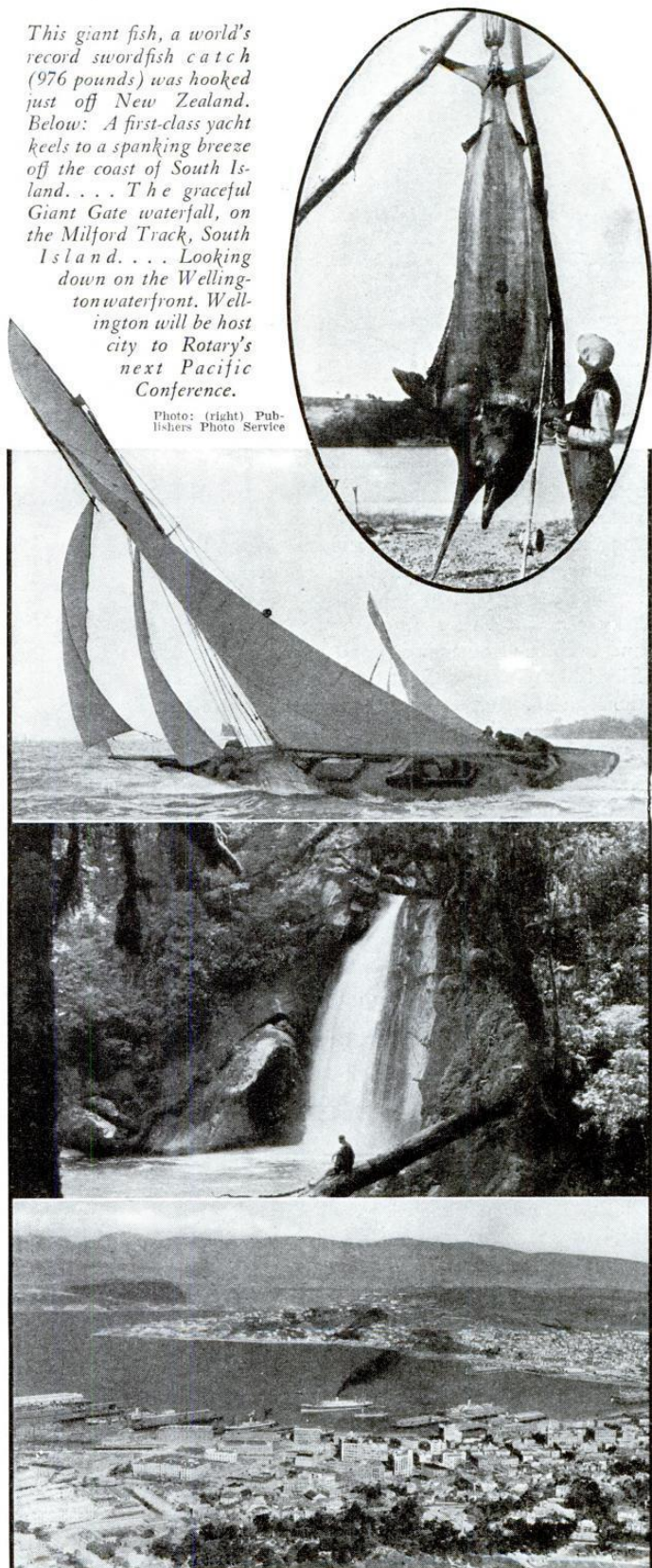
From March 2 to 5, at Wellington, New Zealand, the wheel of Rotary will stop again for what may well be the most successful Rotary Conference yet held in the Pacific. Surely no more sincere or loyal Rotarians live than those in that pair of glorious islands which Tasman found and where hospitable Maoris accentuate hospitality.

Thus every two years, Rotarians of shores washed by the Pacific Ocean gather at a common meeting place. Each biennium new faces join the old—new friends are made. That Rotary International recognizes the importance of these gatherings in this vast crucible is evidenced in many ways, such as delegating an officer, often a President or a Past President of Rotary International, to attend. But some day, in the not-too-distant future, Pacific Rotarians hope that the annual International Convention will be held out here. We of Hawaii hope, of course, that such a Convention will come to the hub at Honolulu, but wherever it may go in the Pacific, we'll gather to exchange "cooec" for "kia ora," "banzai" for "mabuhay," "cheerio" and "aloha."

Perhaps the final stepping stone for a Rotary International Convention out here in the Pacific will be this Sixth Pacific Rotary Conference in New Zealand next year. We want our fellow Rotarians of the world to see for one thing what the Pacific is doing to live up to its name of peace. But we have waited a long time; we can still wait, and grow meanwhile, in Rotary. Pacific may mean Patience.

This giant fish, a world's record swordfish catch (976 pounds) was hooked just off New Zealand. Below: A first-class yacht keels to a spanking breeze off the coast of South Island. . . . The graceful Giant Gate waterfall, on the Milford Track, South Island. . . . Looking down on the Wellington waterfront. Wellington will be host city to Rotary's next Pacific Conference.

Photo: (right) Publishers Photo Service



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