

**A Visit to
Great Britain
and
South Africa
By
Paul P. Harris
1934**



(Issued October, 1934)

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
CHICAGO, U. S. A., 35 East Wacker Drive
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, Börsenstrasse 21
LONDON, WCI, ENG., Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq.

A Visit to Great Britain and South Africa

It must have been a sore disappointment to the South African Rotarians to learn that it was impossible for President John Nelson and lady to attend their district conference at Cape Town, South Africa. The substitution of myself, I am afraid, did not help matters much. The fact that Jean was to accompany me may have helped to assuage their grief.

Getting ready occupied much of our time during the late winter of 1934. February 22nd was the day set for departure from Chicago and we managed to be on hand at the appointed hour and place. On the morning of that day we began the journey, which, in the going and coming, was to include twenty-six thousand miles of travel on land and water.

Our itinerary included on the out trip a stay of six weeks in England and Scotland, during which we were to attend a conference of R.I. and R.I.B.I. officials in London, three district conferences in England, inter-city meetings throughout the Kingdom, and visits with Jean's brother in Ayrshire and sister in Dundee, Scotland. The itinerary of the return trip included twelve days in England and Scotland and a hasty return to Macinac Island for the Assembly and to Detroit for the Convention.

Enroute to New York we stopped off at Elyria, Ohio, to see Edgar Allen, the beloved founder of the International Society for Crippled Children, to hear a word of wisdom from him relative to efforts which we expected to make in order to extend his good work in South Africa.

It is always an inspiration to meet Edgar, who has spent the last twenty-five years of his life without salary, and also a considerable part of his own personal fortune in the promotion of the care, cure and education of physically handicapped children. The writer has for many years been one of Edgar's followers, and Jean was recently made a member of the International Committee of the Society. It seemed almost providential that she was given the opportunity to carry the flag to a part of the world off the customary route of travel.

Under Edgar's leadership, forty-two of the states of the U. S. A. have organized State Societies for the advancement of the work, as have also several provinces of Canada; and two International Conventions have already been held in Europe.

Most Rotarians know that Edgar's movement is an offspring from Rotary, rather than a part of Rotary. To my mind, however, this splendid humanitarian movement constitutes Rotary's most distinguished offspring. Had Rotary done nothing else than foster and support the Crippled Children Movement, it would still have justified its existence. Crippledom, through the instrumentality of Rotary, has gained its bill of rights. Long live Rotarian Edgar Allen, and when his days are spent, future generations will think of him as the emancipator, the great leader of a great cause.

At New York we met our honored president, John and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Manier, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bottsford and the indispensable Ches Perry, who were to go to London with us, and Crawford McCullough, Ray

Knoepple and others who were not going. We had a meeting for the discussion of points to be considered at London, and after a sumptuous dinner given by the New York Rotarians under the leadership of President Bainbridge, set sail on the Majestic for Plymouth where we were to disembark, rather than at Southampton, in order that we might save a few hours.

In this rushing world it is not easy to keep in touch even with our American friends. They come and go like ships that pass in the night—"Hello Bill," then "Good-bye," etc. When one embarks with friends for a foreign port, it is different; intimate contact is assured for a few days at least. John and Clara, Bill and Ruth, Sam and Edith, Ches, Jean and I had a wonderful time in the crossing.

We were not, however, neglectful of the business immediately at hand. Much time day and night was spent in discussing Bill's carefully and capably prepared statement of R.I.'s case. When the history of Rotary is written, it should include a long chapter on the contributions of the devoted and gifted Bill Manier. Time and again his efforts have entitled him to the highest honors within the power of Rotary to bestow. Time and again he has refused such honors. Truly sui generis is Bill. When the weather is fine, Bill less frequently appears; when turbulent storms threaten to engulf Rotary, the tall, commanding figure of big Bill appears, and men who have the cause at heart feel that all will be well; Bill Manier will have the helm in hand and no evil can befall us.

We landed at Plymouth amid salvos of Hellos, took a sleeper for London, assembled at the Mayfair hotel where we were greeted by the officers of the R.I.B.I. and before the day was far spent we were at the task of ironing out the difficulties arising from the R.I., R.I.B.I. relationship. It was a task fraught with danger, as all present recognized. My own part was that of an interested observer—a deeply interested observer to be sure.

The discussion continued several days with unabated zeal and when the finish came, little in the nature of tangible results could be claimed by either party to the controversy. However, it is not always the case that the best things are tangible. The spirit often transcends the letter in importance, and in the case of the London conference of 1934, I venture to say that there could have been no more fortunate outcome than that attained. Suspicions had been dispelled; the atmosphere had been cleared, and future friendly relations assured. What more could have been hoped for? To Ches and to me, the two silent observers, it was very heartening I am sure.

During the period at London we spent a delightful Sunday afternoon with Fred Burley and family in their suburban home. Fred is an Australian and has succeeded in making good in an important way both in Australian and English business circles. He has a fine Rotary record. His home is just the kind of delightful English home one of his fine nature ought to be living in.

Another delightful occasion during our stay in London was a dinner given by Wilfred Andrews, who has made a host of friends during the course of his many trips to America. Mr. Wickham Steed, one of the greatest British

authorities on international affairs attended, and spoke on the European situation.

Jean had intended leaving for Scotland immediately on the termination of the conference, for the purpose of visiting her brother in Ayrshire during the interim between the London meeting and the first of the three district conferences we were scheduled to attend, but she felt the need of rest and eventually concluded to abandon her trip north until the district conferences were over. This meant that eight days were available for recreation and rest. On the advice of London friends we selected the Cotswolds as best adapted to our tastes and needs. We had visited quite a number of other places in rural England on previous occasions and had often thought of visiting the Cotswolds, not only because of their famed loveliness, but also because of the fact that they were said to be as yet unspoiled by the advance of civilization. Geoffrey Fernol's "Broad Highway" had given us a yearning to see some part of England which is very much today as it was through past generations.

We took a side line at Oxford for Fairford, where we expected to spend the night on our way to Bibury, where we had decided to make our first stop. There were few passengers on the train and it made frequent stops. We soon realized that we were off the beaten track and among quaint rural people. At Fairford railway station we disembarked and learned that the little village was two miles distant. We learned later that the reason for locating the station so far from the village was because the village fathers at the time when the building of the line was in prospect had refused to permit it to come nearer, fearing that the trains would frighten their horses and in other respects become a nuisance. The needless noises of modern locomotives in American cities incline one to be sympathetic with the policy of the Fairford fathers.

An automobile which had been telephoned for soon appeared, our wardrobe trunk was strapped behind, our several suitcases placed inside and we drove through country lanes and the village outskirts. When we arrived at the front door of the "Bull" we occasioned considerable excitement. Manifestly the beginning of March was not the time to expect American visitors.

When, however, they realized that we really meant business, we were shown a room on the second floor and located for the night. The hotel seemed to us, accustomed as we were to warm houses, frightfully cold and damp, and the fact that it was eight hundred years old helped not a whit. We would have said good-bye to the Bull had there been any warmer hostelry available, but there was none and there was naught to do except to make the best of it.

A grate fire in the living room, where a table had been set for us, restored our drooping spirits to some extent, and a well prepared dinner did its bit, but after dinner we clung to the fire and made it our business to see that all windows and doors were tightly closed.

We dreaded the thought of undressing in the cold, damp sleeping room, but found some cheer in the thought that the customary hot water bottles would be provided. Eventually we overcame our mental resistance, went to our rooms and after partially undressing plunged into our beds.

Had I the gift of a poet, I would try to describe the grateful warmth of the English hot water bottle and its effect on us in our beds that night in the ancient Bull. I had little time to think of the generations who had preceded me in that very room. I was not long cold; my beloved and beneficent hot water bottle was doing its work and the bed clothes were piled high. Nothing too good can be said of the English hot water bottle; it is a refuge in time of need. Long may the custom continue! It almost pays one to be half frozen in order to be thawed out by the friendly hot water bottle. I was tired, very tired that night at the Bull and I slept the sleep of the just.

The assistant manager of the Bull was Miss Cornish, an elderly lady whose efficiency and resourcefulness soon became manifest. Business at that time of the year was not rushing at the Bull and she did not propose to let two Americans, who were apparently able to pay their way, slip out of her hands needlessly. She had observed our sensitiveness to the cold and in that fact found her cue. She ventured the opinion that while Bibury was undoubtedly a very suitable place to visit in the summer, the lack of heating facilities at the one and only hotel there made it quite impossible in the winter. We were not without our suspicions, but felt that we couldn't afford to take any chances on a hotel which possibly might be even colder than the Bull. Miss Cornish was not slow to recognize the fact that she had us both on the ropes and she quickly followed up with a glowing account of the advantages of a winter sojourn at the Bull. For instance, the proprietor, Mr. Walters, had a lovely new American car and simply doted on driving his guests through the Cotswolds during the off seasons when he had little else to do. A very sociable man was Mr. Walters. Most naturally we fell for it. Miss Cornish left the room with colors flying high. We shall never be able to think of the Bull without thinking of her. She was diplomatic as well as resourceful. We knew that she had us in hand. We recognized our master's voice.

Many of the visitors at Fairford go there primarily for the purpose of seeing the windows in the church. They are said to be the best to be seen in England. They also have the merit of great age. When the villagers were apprised of Cromwell's coming visit, they removed the windows and buried them in a field two miles distant. A monument now marks the spot where they were buried.

The quiet of the village was frequently broken during the days that we spent at the Bull by the chimes in the belfry, and the aged minister walked past several times a day. We attended services at the church twice, once at vespers, and once Sunday morning. Besides ourselves there was but one in attendance at the vesper service, but the minister carried on with unabated zeal and the janitor helped out by making the usual responses. I have no doubt that they had done the same thing many a time before without any congregation whatever. The Sunday service was attended by one hundred or thereabouts, including the numerous members of the choir.

Mr. Walters, the proprietor, was a fine, big Englishman who had spent several years in India. He had rented the fishing privileges of a mile stretch on one of the banks of the river Colne, stocked it with six hundred trout

big enough to take the dry fly and sophisticated enough to discriminate between the artificial and the genuine. Guests of the Bull during the fishing season were afforded accommodations at reasonable rates and given their fishing at eight shillings additional. Many sportsmen visited the Bull during the season, and the mile stretch was often lined with anglers. To me it was a remarkable demonstration of the fact that Englishmen are real lovers of sport and are willing to pay for it. The Bull must be a jolly place during the summer.

Between driving through the beautiful Cotswolds with Mr. and Mrs. Walters and long hikes by ourselves along the river bank and over rural roads, we never once thought again of Bibury. It was an experience that we shall never forget. We soon became accustomed to the cold, our appetites were voracious, digestions good, and under the comforting influence of our hot water bottles we slept like children.

But all of the attractiveness of the Cotswolds is not confined to the scenery. As exquisite as the scenery, with its long, rolling hills and gentle sloping valleys is, there is another even stronger attraction, if such a thing is possible, and that is the primitiveness of the people themselves. If the reader has ever wished that it might be his privilege to visit rural England in ancient baronial days, let him find comfort in the fact that the Cotswolds are within easy reach from London and that there he can still see quaint, unspoiled, delightful old England.

We tramped one day to Quenington, a very small village. We wondered what their community life would be like, and read with deep interest some notices tacked up in conspicuous places, announcing the fact that the ladies of Quenington were about to have a bazaar and lecture which the public was invited to attend. From Quenington we continued to Colne St. Aldwyns; the approach to the latter village seemed the most delightful we had seen. We descended along a winding road beneath stately trees. The sheep were grazing on the hillsides, and a grove of bronze beeches gave a touch of color in the distance. At the bottom of the hill we saw the friendly Colne again meandering through a valley still quite green, and in the distance on the other slope the houses were grouped about a stately church which would have graced any city in any land.

We returned to Quenington and thence by a new route back to Fairford. There were few signs of human habitation. The road might have been one of those so splendidly described by Farnol.

Sitting around the fireside that night at the Bull, we lived over the day's experience. We had become used to the damp chill; in fact we rather gloried in it and prided ourselves that we had been building up a resistance against it. The open doors and windows, customary winter and summer in English houses, no longer disturbed us.

One evening we saw a crowd of excited children gathering in the public square and on reconnoitering soon discovered that an itinerant Punch and Judy show was preparing for presentation. Nothing could have been better suited to our mood. We mingled with the children and a few scattered

grown-ups and witnessed the cavortings of the belligerent Punch and the long suffering Judy. A small dog had been trained to play a stellar role and he went through with his part, though he seemed far more interested in the doings of some others of his kind just beyond the outer fringe of humans.

An auction sale of sheep, calves, cows and bullocks took place on the following day in the public square; it was as if done to order. Nothing could have filled specifications better for the two travellers from Chicago. The Bull would have just suited Charles Dickens. Even the tap room was as he would have had it. Yes, of course, there was a bar maid. Miss Cornish appeared in that role.

I soon learned that the tap room was the rendezvous of the villagers, the place of all to get acquainted with the tradesmen of the town. They welcomed me in their midst. I was something new to them, as they were new to me. We laughed and chatted intimately over our mugs and on the day of leaving I felt quite complimented when Mr. Walters and Miss Cornish told me that the men of the village said that they didn't know how they would be able to get along without me. It was a satisfaction to feel that it was possible to make one's self so perfectly at home in that bit of ancient England. I am convinced that one can find whatever he searches for in this world. If he will have trouble, he can have it in plenty. If, on the other hand, he prefers the good will of his fellowmen, it is readily available.

In a burst of good will, Mr. Walters said, "What a pleasure it would be to run a hotel, Mr. Harris, if all of our guests were like you." The formula is very simple indeed. Be friendly and you will be sure to find friends in plenty.

The Rotarians of Cirencester learned, through the bank where I went to have some travellers' checks cashed, of my presence at the Bull, and they gave me an unexpected call one morning. One of their members, Mr. Leach, a draper, learned of my desire to see Wallingford on Thames, and volunteered to drive us there that afternoon. I was interested in Wallingford because I was brought up in Wallingford, Vermont, a beautiful little village in the Green Mountains: It was a long but interesting drive. On arrival at the quaint little city we went at once to the church which occupied a position in the public square. While walking about we met an English gentleman of about my age. He volunteered some information and being thereby encouraged, I asked him what other places of special interest had best be visited. He answered, "The home of William Blackstone stands on the banks of the Thames. I suppose you know who he was." With high enthusiasm I said that I certainly did; that his commentaries occupied an honored position in all law libraries in America.

Then something happened, the reason of which I could not at the time understand. Like a bolt out of a clear sky he shot out this remark: "That is just like you Americans. We give you the best we have and then you come around with your hands out."

At a loss to find better words, I inquired with considerable asperity, "Have you ever been to America, sir?" and he said "No." I said, "What a pity! If

you will come to Chicago, I will show you a city not one-tenth as old as yours. We have a population of three and one-half million people and we have already built four great universities." My wife's embarrassment was painful, but Leach laughed audibly and ejaculated, "Lovely, lovely!" Our guide looked at me quite seriously and then astounded me again by saying, "Did you say that you wanted to look around? Come along with me. I will show you the interesting sights of the town." He was true to his word. No one, I am convinced could have done the job better.

As Jean, Mr. Leach and I were about to leave him to have a cup of tea, he said, "Come and have tea with me." I said, "No, please come with us." He was not to be denied and he led us out of the business section to a residential district along the Thames embankment, pointing out the Blackstone homestead as we passed.

The rain was coming down copiously and I will admit that I was perplexed at the whole business. What circumstances had been responsible for the sudden change of demeanor of this strange person? I was not quite certain that he was not intending to have us all "pulled" on a charge of lese majesty or something worse.

We eventually halted at the door of a mansion inscribed "Cromwell Lodge." Our leader opened the door unceremoniously and admitted us. We passed through the hallway and out to a garden backing on the river. The view up and down and across into Staffordshire was of itself worth a long journey. A bridge, a part of which was Norman, could be seen in the distance.

Our eccentric host then invited us into a spacious drawing room and ordered tea. At this juncture a lady entered, whom our host introduced as Mrs. Ponking, his wife. If she was annoyed by the unexpected presence of strangers, she had an admirable faculty of concealing her feelings. For all I could see she was as much interested in the adventure as her remarkable husband. Manifestly he had done the same thing before.

Conversation flowed freely in the warmth of the fireside and our host agreed to accept a picture of my own beautiful Wallingford which I promised to send him. I was in fact congratulating myself in the thought that all unpleasantness was past, when suddenly Mr. Ponking ejaculated; "I shall never go to America." It was somewhat startling, but I realized that there was no accounting for folks and that after all it was my host's privilege not to go to America.

After I had delivered myself of this ponderous thought, conversation turned into pleasant channels again. When we left his home Mr. Ponking went with us, somewhat to the surprise of his good lady, but perhaps she would have been even more surprised had he not surprised her. Surprises were manifestly the order of the day in Mr. Ponking's household. He took us to a book store, bought us a book on Wallingford, disappeared, then reappeared only to say, "Remember, I shall never go to America." then he scudded away through the rain and falling darkness into a mammoth department store, the facade of which bore the legend "Ponking and Co." My first impulse, of course, was

to enter in hot pursuit of the fleeing Englishman, seize him by the collar, drag him out of his "sanctum sanctorum," ignore his protests and forcibly take him to America, but on more mature consideration concluded to let him have his own way about it.

The Wallingford incident may seem like a fairy tale, but it is not: it is true as above related. I have spent some weeks trying to find some way to reconcile its various features and have been unsuccessful. I am convinced that Mr. Ponking got a lot of fun out of it, and as for myself, it was worth miles of travel.

Your ability to surprise people, Mr. Ponking, is nothing short of genius. Though I have travelled in many parts, I have never seen one more gifted in the art of blowing both hot and cold. Mr. Ponking, I thought that we had some spoofers in America, but in that respect you are a modern arc light as compared with an old fashioned tallow candle. Long may your "lum reek," Mr. Ponking!

We had to scurry along the winding roads rather rapidly in order to get back to the Bull in time for dinner, but Mr. Leach was equal to the task.

It was a great day and a suitable ending of our visit at the Cotswolds. If we had it to do over again, we would go about it in the same way. We would go to the Bull and we would manage to be there in the off season in order that we might the better enjoy the comfort of hot water bottles, grate fires and the coziness of ingle nooks and the special attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Walters and be taken in hand by the managing Miss Cornish. We shall never forget the Cotswolds.

When one is weary and nerve racked, what a blessing the country is—especially beautiful country with its invitation to hike over hills and down dales and along winding streams, with their waters dashing over celery beds, underneath which discriminating and sophisticated trout half conceal themselves.

The Walters drove us to Worcester, where our first English conference was to convene the following day. We were given a last view of the Cotswolds en route, and it was our privilege to spend a brief period in two of the most beautiful of all the villages, Chipping Camden and Broadway, the ne plus ultra. We hope to visit the Cotswolds again some time. We feel amply justified in recommending the trip to all who love open rolling hills with unobstructed long distance views, lovely pastoral scenes and quaint people who make realistic the stories we read of the dim and distant past.

In Worcester we met John Crabtree, president of R. I. B. I. and W. W. Blair Fish, secretary. It was at Blair's suggestion that we had visited the Cotswolds.

The conference was excellent in its entertainment features and in the character of its program. President Crabtree's address was particularly favorably received. John is an industrialist of importance and his message, which touched upon vocational service, was therefore taken as authoritative. Rotarians are practical men, not theorists, and they welcome speakers who can speak from their own experience.

In the afternoon of a very crowded day the assembly divided into groups and it was my privilege to attend two of the meetings, one on vocational service and one on international service. The arguments were spirited. The proponents of every scheme had their opponents, but good humor prevailed. In the vocational service section, the majority seemed to me to favor activity in the direction of promoting vocational education and finding employment for youth. There did not seem to be much opposition to such activities. One Rotarian quite vigorously presented the view point that vocational service should not include any attempts by inexperienced theorists to impose their views on Rotarians who were industrialists and much better informed in such matters. Possibly the Rotarian in question had taken his cue from something president John had said during the morning. In any event, the service above mentioned did not seem to me to be irreconcilable with the principles laid down by president John earlier in the day.

The international service section was fortunate in the selection of its chairman. If ever a chairman took his task seriously, it was he. Throughout the entire year he had sent to the members of his committee carefully prepared papers on current international problems. As was the case in the proceedings of the vocational service committee, there was no lack of earnest speakers, and the views presented were varied enough to make it manifest that agreement as to the best form of international service could not be expected. This, however, seems to me to be a natural and healthy state of affairs. Possibly the one best form will never be found, but repeated experiments along various lines will doubtless result in the survival of the fittest.

One delegate, who had visited many Rotary clubs in continental countries and who had made special study of exchange of youth, uttered a note of warning and emphasized the importance of care in the selection of young people who were to be entertained in English homes, especially those having young people of their own and he related one unfortunate venture within his own observation.

The members of the committee were manifestly groping for better and more practical methods of making our sixth object effective, and it is by such efforts that Rotary makes progress. There is much that is vague and indefinite as yet about vocational and international service, but where there's a will there's a way and the way will be found.

The Lord Mayor of Worcester, a fine, dignified gentleman, took great interest in the proceedings and we have him to thank for repeated courtesies which made us feel that we were welcome and very much at home.

One of the members of the reception committee who was specially assigned to look out for us, learning of our interest in the Malvern Hills, which Jean had visited many years ago, was kind enough to drive us through them after the business program was completed. The Malverns are more rugged than the Cotswolds and are more patronized by pleasure seekers. Bernard Shaw visits them frequently. I can't recall having read anything from his pen which suggests to my mind that he gets his inspiration from them. Our escort not only knew the Malverns, but he also knew much of the economic and social problems of his country. He is a type of man one loves to meet.

The next event on our program was a journey straight to London. The Watford conference in the London district was to begin on the following day. We took seats in a second-class car for reasons partly economic and partly social I might say. I had told Jean much of the interesting people I had met in second-class cars of English trains, and I hoped that our experience would justify the high opinion I had expressed. I am now prepared to say that it did, amply.

Two of our fellow passengers impressed me from the start. One proved to be the vicar of a London church, and the other a young lady on the staff of one of England's best known papers. The vicar opened conversation on various and sundry topics and eventually launched into a subject which he held very much to heart—disarmament. In his opinion, no country on earth, his own excepted, had manifested the slightest intention to do its part; that England stood quite alone in this respect. I asked him where he obtained his information and he answered, "The newspapers, why?" and I said that American newspapers seem quite unanimous in the opinion that the United States is the only country living up to the faith and that it might be necessary for all of us to make careful investigation of the facts for ourselves. I noted that the young lady above mentioned seemed tremendously interested in the conversation, but she reserved her opinion until the vicar happened to step out of the compartment for a moment; then in what seemed a fury of excitement she said: "How, sir, was it possible for you, an American, to exercise such self-restraint in the face of such preposterous statements as that man has been making?"

I answered as best I could and was happy in the thought that I had favorably impressed the young lady. In course of time the vicar returned and resumed his talk on political questions. He said that he had given them much study and was delivering lectures on them. I listened with interest and without comment until he said: "The world must never forget that Germany was responsible for the war." I told him that I thought that even France had abandoned the position that sole responsibility was on the shoulders of Germany and I asked him if he had read the books of John Maynard Keynes, of Oxford, on the subject, and he said that he had not. At this juncture the excitement of the young lady exceeded the possibility of suppression. She sprang from her seat and with eyes ablaze threw herself into the argument, contending that the sole responsibility theory had been thrown overboard long ago. The vicar had not counted upon such spirited opposition and was glad to withdraw, while the newspaper lady and I exchanged lists of books which we thought might be helpful in increasing our funds of information on the questions raised and on other engrossing political and economic issues.

The one outstanding and to me interesting fact was that the English people, like ourselves, are hopelessly divided on many of the fundamental questions bearing upon the international relationship. If one has deep-seated convictions of his own, he will find that there are many who share his views, as well as many who oppose them. The truth of my statement to Jean, that many interesting people were to be found in second-class English railway carriages, was demonstrated beyond my expectations. She was not the only one surprised; I was surprised beyond measure.

On this occasion our destination was the Russell, the Rotary hotel, where I knew that we would have contact with members of the board of R. I. B. I. and other British Rotarians.

Sunday Jean and I attended services at St. Paul's in the morning and the Temple in the evening, where Dr. Theodore Parker had officiated many years ago. These two experiences brought back to memory the migratory and venturesome days of my boyhood, when London seemed even more incomprehensible than it seems today.

Ted Spicer's conference opened the following day at Watford. Ted's salutation, "Welcome, Paul" warmed the cockles of my heart. American Rotarians love to be accosted by their first names, particularly when visiting abroad.

As at the previous conference, president John Crabtree opened the discussion after a brief message from chairman Ted and a word of welcome by the Mayor. John's address was, as usual with him, very stimulating, and he was followed by Herbert Schofield with a scholarly dissertation on the importance of the work of all of Rotary's four best known forms of service.

During the course of my own remarks, I noted a tall, commanding figure entering the hall. Was it Canon Elliott? Yes, sure enough. I would have been glad had he been able to find a seat at once. Manifestly he did not want to disturb me, but what Rotarian could speak while Canon Elliott remained standing? He eventually became located and I resumed.

At the noon luncheon hour Stanley Leverton spoke on the subject, "Is Rotary cutting any ice?" I had heard much of Stanley's forensic ability, but had never been privileged to hear him before. Stanley looks very much as Frank Mulholland looked a few years ago, and he has much of the same oratorical power which characterized Frank's speaking. Stanley spoke on his experiences with Rotary in Egypt and of the remarkable success of the Cairo club, notwithstanding its almost incredible conglomeration of races, languages and religions.

During a second luncheon period I spoke again briefly to the late comers.

In the afternoon Canon Elliott spoke on the question of whether there should be clubs in the smaller communities—an important question, and it was ably handled, of course, though I am certain it would not have been the Canon's selection. However, there is spiritual significance in almost any question we can imagine if we have eyes to see it. It did not take Canon Elliott long to find the spiritual significance of his question. Quite naturally he contended that Rotary is needed in the smaller communities and when practicable should be placed there.

Tuesday evening the London Rotary players, under the able management of Stanley Leverton, presented a comedy to a packed house in a London theater. Stanley personally took the title role and a most finished actor he proved to be. Whether portraying the part of a quiet country gentleman, or that of a roving and ranting buccaneer, he was triumphant. Salvos of applause followed every act and curtain calls were without number. It may be

well to omit mention of the very delicate compliment which Stanley, the actors and the audience managed to pay me during the course of the evening, other than to say that it was, I am sure, far beyond my deserts.

Having two days at our disposal before the opening of the Newport convention, and Newport happening to be easily accessible to the famed Wye Valley which we had longed to see, we went direct from London to Newport where we were met by a reception committee headed by my old friend, Walter Meacock. Godfrey Phillips, president of the Newport club, volunteered at once to drive us to the Beaufort Arms in the Wye Valley, directly opposite Tintern Abbey. Godfrey left us at the Beaufort Arms which proved to be even more than we had expected.

If the beauty spots along the super highways of the United States could have the advantage of hostelries of the character of the Beaufort Arms, touring by automobile would become America's foremost pastime and would, I am convinced, attract many from foreign parts. I have motored in all makes of cars and in the most advanced countries of the world and I fail to see that we have formidable rivals in either cars or highways, but I must admit that, in my estimation, we fall far behind England, Switzerland and certain other countries in the attractiveness of wayside inns and in the delightful hospitality which they afford. If I had control of the immigration department of the U. S. A., I would throw the doors wide open to all Swiss and English inn keepers who would agree to establish hostelries along our roadsides and to operate them after the fashion of their own. It is nonsense to say that such hostelries are not adapted to the American taste. To be sure they are not adapted to the taste of some of the patrons of our wayside inns. If they were, there would be no virtue in them, but there are hundreds of thousands of the better class of Americans who are not using our facilities at all, who would find happiness in prolonged travel over our highways, if they could be entertained at night in hospitable and delightful inns located in the country, rather than be compelled to seek shelter in hotels in the larger towns. Does the truth of this statement need to be demonstrated? If so, take a look at the registers of the wayside inns in foreign countries during normal times and take account of the number of American names you find there. Take the Beaufort Arms as an illustration. Love of beauty, culture and the refinements of life are as much American characteristics as they are characteristics of other people.

The conference opened with the usual entertainment features, and during the afternoon Jean spoke to the ladies on the subject of the organization of clubs composed of the wives, mothers and sisters, etc., of Rotarians in many cities of the U. S. A. and England. She also spoke of the Crippled Children Movement as a suitable activity for the ladies. In the evening the Lady Mayor was given a reception in the absence of the Lord Mayor.

President John Crabtree led again on the opening of the conference the following morning. He was in good spirits and held his audience in close attention. Among other things, John contended that there should be a new approach to the unemployment question. He thought that labor should be budgeted just as other expenditures of less importance are at present budgeted. He ventured the opinion that he could greatly reduce unemployment

throughout the country if given the authority to impose rules making it necessary for all industry to state in advance what could be expected of them in the way of employment.

Following John, I spoke on the necessity of tolerance in international relationship and the duty of Rotarians as ambassadors of good will.

Jean left for Scotland at the close of the morning session, but I remained to the end and throughout the week-end following. The afternoon session was opened by a local speaker, who was of wide experience in vocational education. He was heard with manifest interest and the discussion which followed was spirited and quite general. The feature which especially challenged my attention was the marked tendency to focus thought upon vocational rather than cultural education. The great increase in production, the unprecedented advance of technological education in the United States, the decreasing hours of labor and corresponding increase in hours of leisure have turned American educators more, it seems to me toward cultural education of recent years. Perhaps the difference between the standards in the two countries is not without basis in reason. We, who have stressed business so much, may now well emphasize education for the better and more profitable enjoyment of leisure hours; while England may perhaps in this day of fierce competition stress methods of production more.

Englishmen have a long lead in their efforts to make the most of leisure hours. It is just as much, if not more of a science than the science of productiveness. Prof. L. P. Jacks, of Oxford, the accepted leader of thought in matters of recreation, says that recreation is the only true method of education. What does he mean? Possibly he means that the highest results in the field of education are obtained by those who have a passion for it, even as Raphael, Mozart and Edison had passions to serve their chosen vocations.

The luncheon and the dinner of the last day were gala events. It was good to hear my old friend, the gifted and humorous T. J. Rees of Swansea, during the course of the evening meeting. The informality gladdened the heart of the American visitor. The piece de resistance was Walter Meacock's rendition of "Cockles and Mussels" in a voice which was anything one might call it. If I had one-tenth of Walter's nerve, I also might sing a solo, but Walter is more frequently called upon than any other member of the Newport club and he takes matters very seriously. He is indispensable. Long may you live to drive dull care away with your "Cockles and Mussels," Walter!

Sunday Godfrey took me to church, then to lunch at his home and from there to Walter's home on the hill above the Severn Valley on one side and above a pastoral valley on the other. Six years ago I visited Walter and his family in the same home and made mention of it in a story I wrote for the "Wheel."

Sunday afternoon we drove to Cardiff and Porth Cawl, Wales, where we lunched in a hospitable seaside cottage, returning to Walter's home where I spent another night, and then took train for Glasgow where I was to join Jean again. I did not leave Newport without sadness. It had been delightful

to meet Godfrey and his charming family of little ones who so adore their father; it had been delightful to make many other new friends and also to meet good old Walter again.

Jean and her brother John, a minister in Ayrshire, met me in Glasgow Tuesday just before the noonday meeting scheduled for that day. We were also met by delegates from Edinburgh and Dunfermline, asking for meetings in their cities.

The Glasgow meeting was attended by Rotarians from adjoining cities and was representative both in point of attendance and because of the high class of the membership. The ladies also were present.

During the meeting I received a letter from the great Rotarian George Walker, whom I had been unable to see during my visit to Glasgow six years ago.

George was at one time Honorary Secretary of the Glasgow club, but has now been confined to his bed for fifteen years. His heroic attitude towards his affliction had impressed me so deeply that I have written him occasionally.

I resolved to answer George's letter in person, and the vice president of the club drove Jean and me to his home. He greeted us with hearty good cheer, though blindness had recently been added to his list of afflictions. Night and day he lies on the flat of his back, unable to turn either right or left, and yet his spirit is triumphant. For George, a condition, seemingly far worse than death, had lost its sting. If there ever was a case of spirit conquering flesh, it is George's case. It is difficult to conceive of any further affliction being visited upon him, but if it comes, George will, I am sure, rise to meet it in the same old dauntless way. As I saw him lying there, it seemed to me that no one could have the experience that I was having without being influenced by it. One could hardly be the same man again after having looked upon George Walker. Jean felt quite as deeply moved as I—probably more so.

After leaving George, we took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lindsay at their home, Jean's brother John joining us. Matthew is president of the Glasgow club and is unusually gifted as a presiding officer.

After tea John drove us to Annbank. We arrived at the "Old Manse" Annbank after a pleasant drive. We had spent an enjoyable day and were somewhat tired. Once again we were glad to embrace our old friend, the hot water bottle. With him in our arms, our slumber was sweet indeed and sound.

The next day we attended a meeting at Paisely, about forty miles distant, and Jean was presented with a beautiful Paisely shawl more than one hundred years old. We were dumbfounded by their munificence and shall treasure the splendid gift as a happy reminder of the occasion.

Nearly a week was spent at the home of brother John and various interesting sorties were made to outlying cities, including Ayr, where the Rotary club gave us a Scotch greeting.

While in Ayr we took dinner one evening with that very unusual character, Honorable James Brown, formerly M. P. and Lord High Commissioner to the Assembly at Edinburgh. Mr. Brown, a labor leader, is a man of education and culture and has honorary degrees in number, but he lives in an humble miner's cottage, with those whom he serves.

In course of time we took train to Glasgow and thence to Dundee via Perth. To many, Perth is the most beautiful city in Scotland; it truly is a gem. In fact, the entire route from Glasgow to Dundee is one to be remembered. It is quite different from the Cotswolds and the Wye Valley. It is of an order of its own. The valley is level and green, and the river Monteith wanders hither and yon. In the background are majestic hills. It is well that nature has given us such wonderful variety, both in color and form. If one is only a nature lover, he can revel in outdoor beauty and find relief from care and enjoy infinite repose.

Sister Joey and John Howe, another "reverend," met us at the station in Dundee. Joey is mother of two now and she is what might be described as a bit buxom. She is ten years Jean's junior and is the youngest of a large family; a wonderful girl is Joey.

The afternoon tea in Dundee proved to be an inter-city meeting with representation from several nearby cities. For the second time in six years I was compelled by the brevity of my time allowance to forego the pleasure of a visit to St. Andrews. I was, however, partially compensated by the presence in Dundee of a fine delegation from that city.

On the following day festivities began in the city of Jean's nativity, Edinburgh. The Lord Provost and his lady tendered us a reception at the Municipal Building, and several pictures were taken for the use of the press, and a movie for the archives of Rotary International was staged.

Our visit happened to synchronize with an annual event of great importance, the Assembly in Edinburgh of the Lord Provosts of Scotland for the exchange of ideas and for the consideration of questions arising in all of the municipalities of Scotland. The session lasted for three days and we were honored by an invitation to attend the closing banquet. It was a most inspiring event and revealed to us the immense importance of these annual gatherings. No one knows exactly what year they began, but it is estimated that they have continued uninterruptedly for fully two hundred years. Whether judged as a means of increasing the efficiency of the municipal administrations, or as a means of increasing the sense of patriotism and responsibility, I am sure that they must have been of value far beyond the possibility of appraisal.

What a blessing it would be if the governors of the U. S. A. could gather in annual assembly and the mayors of the cities of different areas do likewise. It seems to me that such gatherings could not fail to develop efficiency and a deeper sense of responsibility than pertains at present.

The banquet at Edinburgh was probably the most impressive occasion of our entire trip abroad. Every municipality in Scotland was represented and

as we looked from our vantage point of the head table over the gathering, we felt certain that there was not one magistrate present who failed to view his office as a post of high honor which he in common decency must never betray. The banquet was held in a municipal hall that did justice to classical Edinburgh. Who can say how much the beautiful municipal building of Edinburgh, with its paintings by great artists, has to do with the development of the general sense of patriotism?

I was somewhat embarrassed upon learning that I was expected to make a brief address, but responded as best I could and most naturally on such an occasion my subject was "Chicago."

The feature of the following day was the noonday luncheon which was attended by Rotarians from many other cities. I was glad to meet William Risk of Glasgow, a member of the board of R. I. B. I., once again. I think that I spoke quite as much about Jean and her love of Edinburgh as I did on Rotary that day.

We were given an enjoyable evening dinner by a few Edinburgh friends of long standing. Tom Stephenson and Mrs. Alex Wilkie were both present.

The next, and for the time being, the last of our visits in Scotland, was to Dunfermline, the native city of Andrew Carnegie. In Dunfermline, we were shown all points of interest to Americans, connected with the life and works of the great Scotch-American. If there is one city in the world in which every possible want of every citizen has been anticipated, it is Dunfermline. There any worthy citizen can enjoy the amenities of life almost without effort. About the only thing a resident of Dunfermline need do for himself is to draw his breath; almost everything else will be done for him if he inclines to avail himself of all that is offered. The wily Scott was not, however, unconscious of the possible defects of his plan through the weakening of human resistance by indulgence, and his trustees were given authority to make changes.

There can be no question as to the great wisdom of most of Mr. Carnegie's contributions for the benefit of mankind, and the least and perhaps the most that can be said of the Dunfermline developments is that they are social experiments which, whether successful or otherwise, will increase the fund of human knowledge. After lunch at Dunfermline, I spoke on the lives of certain outstanding American millionaires, including Mr. Carnegie, and their contributions to civilization.

A delightful drive to Gleneagles was the next event in order and a large party of us took tea at one of the most beautifully located hotels in the world. No one having once seen Gleneagles can ever forget it. The views of distant hills and mountains were superb. Small wonder that many Americans spend weeks and at times even months at Gleneagles, golfing and feasting their eyes on the scenery. The hotel, which is owned by an important railway system, seemed to have been built with thought to American requirements; it seemed more like a high-class American resort than is ordinarily seen on foreign soil.

As the day drew towards its close, we drove John, Jean and Joey to a railway station via Crief with its famed hydro. I was then driven back to Dunfermline where we had dinner, and I soon took train to Edinburgh, where I

was to spend the night before leaving for New Castle on Tyne, where I was met by my old friends, Hugh Galloway, past president of R. I. B. I., and Deans Forster, past president of the New Castle club.

I met them the following day as per schedule, lunched with them, and Mrs. Forster; drove to Hugh's home immediately thereafter, and Hugh, Mrs. Hugh and I soon began a long motor drive to the Cheviot hills where Hugh's brother had a magnificent country home. It had been remodelled to suit the taste of several successive owners and its present condition leaves little, if anything, for possible future owners to do. The broad, high windows of three living rooms command views of surpassing beauty across a broad valley, with its inevitable winding stream, to the distant Cheviots, with their sheep ranges and occasional bits of woodland. Hugh told me that the spring colorings were gorgeous at times.

After a long drive back to New Castle, we visited with Hugh's hospitable family, and then I and my hot water bottle went to bed.

At nine o'clock next morning, Hugh with a tray of appetizing breakfast dishes in his hands stood at my bedside. It was pleasant to be awakened in that way. I could not recall having a breakfast in bed for many a moon, but I fell for it and it was indeed a luxury.

To those who are not aware of the fact, I will let it be known that my host, genial Hugh, is among other things an amateur photographer. He has made a life study of the art and his pictures reveal that fact. I sat for some pictures and of them I can truly say that they satisfied not only the subject himself, but also his wife and that is saying a good deal. Somehow Hugh's camera caught something which other cameras have failed to discover and it was that something which pleased us.

The next item on the agenda was to take train for Leicester where I was to address a noon day meeting, and then go to Nottingham to speak at a big inter-city meeting, sponsored by Fred Gray, the candidate for the presidency of R. I. B. I.

Twenty miles short of Leicester, I was met by Percy Groves, the president of the Leicester club—one of England's best—and Mrs. Groves who drove us to Leicester by way of Melton Mowbray, famous in two respects, first because the Prince of Wales hunts there, and second because of the fact that it is the home of the Melton Mowbray pork pie. Oh yes, it was something more, a gem of an English village set in charming hills.

I had never seen Percy before, but felt that I knew him, he had written me so many interesting letters. On arrival in Leicester, we drove straight to the Groves home in a suburb which seemed very American in character.

The best place to meet an Englishman and his lady is in their home with one's feet planted under their table. We sat and ate dishes of which I had heard, but never tasted before, while a serious-minded but friendly Scotch terrier looked on approvingly. The evening was all too brief. At an early hour I tucked myself into bed in a comfortable guest room, alongside my friend, the hot water bottle, and had scarcely turned over when the maid

entered my room with a tray full of good things. This made two breakfasts in bed in a row. Was I to become an addict to this alluring habit?

At the noon day gathering it gave me great pleasure to meet at last my friend by correspondence, Mr. Ebenezer Hancock, the author of the booklet entitled, "Keeping Young Past Eighty." I had been his best customer and had given to friends, in need of a boost, many copies. Ebenezer is eighty-four and knows whereof he writes. May your fruitful life continue until you can write authoritatively, "Keeping young past one hundred." Only sixteen years yet to go, Ebenezer—Success to you!

By request, I spoke on "The American Experiment," instead of on tolerance, in its bearing on our sixth object, and reserved the latter for the evening meeting at Nottingham. Personally, I am inclined to believe that Nottingham got the best of it, but quite a party of Leicester Rotarians accompanied me to Nottingham.

Percy and I drove to Nottingham and took quarters at Fred Gray's home, where we soon had the pleasure of meeting Percival Almy, who came to speak at the meeting and to accompany Fred to Budapest for the European conference.

The first familiar face in the banquet room that evening was that of Harry Bennett and the second and third respectively were those of Harry Hodgson and Mrs. Harry. Six years had made no perceptible change in these esteemed friends and it was indeed delightful to meet them.

After the meeting an informal group of us gathered at Fred's home and discussed primarily tariff. It was the old, old story told in the old, old way. Protectionists withstood the onslaught of the free traders; then right about. Everyone talked and no one listened. No one succeeded in convincing anyone of anything. It would be my estimate that they stood about eight to one in favor of tariff, but the one free trader was given the floor most of the time. I said "Given the floor"; perhaps I should have said that he took it.

Mrs. Fred served Percival and me an enjoyable breakfast and I left in company with Harry Bennett and another Rotarian for Rugby where I was to have a look at the time-honored institution made famous by "Tom Brown at Rugby." We were met by Rotarians at Rugby, an impromptu meeting having been called. The Rugby club had been suffering from the depression, and my visit may have proven opportune. Anyhow, I did my best to explain why the movement should not be abandoned, and the president told me privately that he was seeing things in a new light and that my talk had been very helpful.

After the meeting we visited the book store of a member; it was more in fact than a book store, it was a shrine. Not even in the school itself could the tradition of the school have been held more sacred. The visit to Rugby would have been incomplete without our visit to the book store.

The story of Rugby has been frequently written by pens far more facile than mine. At Rugby the tradition is held so sacred that things are left generation after generation very much as they were. Everywhere the spirit of

Dr. Arnold is in evidence. Head masters have come and gone; illustrious names are included in the list, but the one that eclipses them all is that of Dr. Arnold. What he was to Tom Brown, he is also to those who have come since. Perhaps no institution of learning has ever been so dominated by the spirit of any one man. Dr. Arnold lies buried beneath the floor of the ancient chapel and his figure carved in stone lies in plain view as one enters. It was with a strange feeling of sadness that our party broke up that night in Rugby.

The next morning we left Rugby for London, arriving in time for the meeting of the London club at the Russell. Again I found myself in a group of old friends. The meeting was devoted to the consideration of a report by a committee headed by past international president, Sydney Pascall. The report favored a more centralized location for the London club and relinquishment of certain territory at present allocated to the club. The debate was lively and was followed by a submission of the question to vote. The majority were against the report, and the London club will therefore retain its present territorial rights.

I dined with Ted Unwin, wife and friends that evening and Ted accompanied me the following day on a visit to the Streatham club, the first of the small clubs sponsored by Ted in the London district.

A speaker had already been arranged for at Streatham. He was a member of an adjoining club, a capable speaker, and his specialty was invectives which he brought to bear with devastating effect on certain questions which had been propounded by the Rotary club of Rawlins, Wyoming. I had heard before of the interrogatories mentioned, since my arrival in Great Britain. I was not at the time even certain as to what the members of the Rawlins club (or at least the members of it who favored the submission of the interrogatories) had in mind. Of course, when one asks questions the presumption is, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that he is of inquiring mind and really wants to know the answers; but, as is well known to everyone, questions are not always put for that purpose. They are not infrequently put because of what they seem to imply, and in this case the implication which was gathered by the speaker was that the Rawlins club was very much opposed to the American policy on the so-called controversial questions, such as war debts, etc. The speaker expressed deep satisfaction in the fact that Rawlins, "Not even a city on the Eastern coast, but rather a city from an out of the way state" had finally seen the light on such questions as war debts, tariffs, etc., and that it was therefore clear that America would not persist in her irrational, obdurate way much longer.

If the Rawlins club, contrary to the interpretation of the speaker at Streatham, was seeking information as to the average view point of English Rotarians, I would say that the average English Rotarian view point is about the same as that which is expressed in the columns of the average English newspaper. If the Rawlins Rotarians will subscribe for the London Times, Manchester Guardian and the Scotsman, they will be able to get carefully considered presentations of view points which are the generally accepted view points in Great Britain. If they are interested in the view point of English students of international affairs, I would recommend the works of John

Maynard Keynes, of Oxford and Sir Phillip Gibbs; but if they read the works of the English writers, they should also read some of the works of American writers, such as Garret Garet and Professor Lathrop Stoddard of Harvard.

The traditional policy of Rotary has been to keep out of political controversies on the theory that it would be impossible to arrive at a common mind and because it is the easiest thing in the world to engender bad feelings which disturb the progress of other tried and true measures for stimulating international good will. I do not mean to say that Rotarians should refrain from the study of international affairs. On the contrary, I can not imagine anything more important. We must have more knowledge, far more. In fact, I took a small library with me on my long trip to and from South Africa. The books were all on international affairs and all of them have been read and then passed to other friends in Rotary, but the study of international relationship is a real study; it requires time, and it must always be held in mind that one-sided information is worse than no information at all.

The vice president of the Streatham club drove us back to the city. He was a highly intelligent man and a great reader. He expressed considerable embarrassment as to what had been said in my presence by the speaker on the Rawlins interrogatories, but he spent a long time with me that afternoon in a London book store helping me make my selection of books to be read during the course of my coming travels.

As time advances and new ways of promoting our sixth object are discovered, we may find it necessary to modify or even to suspend our traditional policy of avoiding political discussions; but pray let us tread softly because we are treading on dangerous ground.

Stanley Leverton and I met Jean at the railway station that afternoon on Jean's return from Scotland, and Ted Unwin and his wife dined with us that evening at the Russell; then we packed and made ready for sailing on the morrow.

We left the Waterloo station at ten-thirty the following morning after having said good-by to thirty-six Rotarians who had been kind enough to come to see us off. We felt quite overwhelmed at their friendliness. Some of them came from long distances. English Rotarians are wonderful in this respect. Those who saw us off aroused in our hearts a deep sense of gratitude.

I had one more address to make in England before embarking, and that was at Southampton, where an inter-city meeting had been assembled.

After the meeting a goodly party gathered at the pier and sent us off with a rousing, "Good-by, Paul" spoken in unison. We stood on deck waiting and watching until the last waving handkerchief was lost to sight. We then went below; we were on our way on the long voyage way down below the equator. Our boat, the "Armidale Castle," was the oldest of the fleet, but she had a staunch look about her, and we were assured that after crossing the Bay of Biscay all would be serene. Jean was much agitated about the bay, and sure enough it proved to be sloppy enough to send her below where she remained for three days under the firm conviction that she would never be able to rise

from her bunk again until we were securely moored at Cape Town. Her gloomy prognostication was unjustified; within a few days she was pitching quoits on the deck without a care in the world.

Four days from Southampton, we landed for a few hours stay at Madeira, a possession of Portugal, drove furiously up a mountain so steep that it was necessary to dash from side to side in order to get traction on the cobble stones worn glassy smooth by the oxen-drawn stone boats laden with produce of the gardens which dot the mountainside. Our car was an Overland and the heavier car preceding ours was a Studebaker. Power was certainly needed and the American cars seemed to have it.

Madeira is flower-scented and festooned with roses and bougainvillaeas. Wine, lace, fruits and vegetables are the chief articles of commerce. The three hundred thousand inhabitants are well scattered throughout the island.

The following day we passed Teneriff with its small towns, of which Santa Cruz, the largest, clings desperately to the mountainside. From there on nothing was to be seen during the remaining six thousand miles to Cape Town except water.

The daily routine was: breakfast, quoits, writing, reading, lunch, a nap, writing, reading, walking, dinner, walking; then the good old bunk. The course of events was broken, to be sure, now and then by conversation with friendly fellow-passengers. The days slipped by rather agreeably and as we approached within a thousand miles of Cape Town we were delighted to receive a cablegram from Cape Town Rotarians bidding us welcome to South Africa. The crossing of the equator was not particularly exciting.

The charms of Cape Town were told and retold to us many times en route and we were prepared in mind to see a beautiful city, but word can not describe the majesty of its background as it is revealed to one entering the harbor. Table Mountain raises its head three thousand five hundred feet above sea level and at its base lies the gateway city.

To the aboriginies of the Pacific North West, sublimely beautiful Mount Ranier was God. To residents of Tacoma and Seattle, it is still a subject of adoration amounting almost to worship. Small wonder that the good people of Cape Town love Table Mountain; it is the outstanding physical feature, so dominating that one is driven almost to forget all else; but one must not permit Table Mountain to dominate all else; in fact, the residents of Cape Town will not allow you to overlook the fact that there is one thing which looms larger, loftier, more adorable than even Table Mountain and that is the indomitable spirit of Cecil Rhodes. Of course, the Afrikan (Boer) element of Cape Town does not feel that way about it, but that is another and most interesting story.

We eventually arrived mid a hurly-burly of Rotarians, ladies, photographers, newspaper men, etc.; then we were driven to the hotel; then to call on the Mayor, and soon we were in the hands of Cook's representative who was desperately arranging a tour throughout South Africa for us, the entire

journey to be completed in time for the opening of the conference in Cape Town one week later.

During the call at the Mayor's office, his Excellency had insisted, in spite of opinions to the contrary, that it could be done without violence to Jean's prejudices against travelling by air. Cook's representative eventually cleared all doubts by reference to train and boat schedules.

At four o'clock we took train for Johannesburg by way of Kimberley, two nights and a day of constant travel over a narrow-gauge railway, and our compartment directly over the rear wheels. A jolly party saw us off, took the usual number of snap shots, and wished us "bon voyage."

The first part of the journey reminded us of southern California, but the second part, the Karroo, was very much like New Mexico. We spent a few hours in Kimberley the second evening aboard. By the time we arrived in Johannesburg, the golden city of the Transvaal, we were two rather mused up Americans.

There we parted with three fellow-voyagers from Southampton, two mining experts, and one young man from England, who was to represent a London company in Pretoria. The youth was full of misgivings regarding life in South Africa, so different from what he had been used to. The great question with him was, "Could he stick it out for the two years of his engagement?" Tears coursed their way down his cheeks as we parted. Even though we were Americans, we were at least going back to his beloved home land en route to the United States.

We could sympathize with him because, notwithstanding the kindness of legions of friends in England, Scotland and South Africa, we also had a feeling of being far from home. We resolved to extend our influence as far as possible to rid this young Englishman of one of the most grievous afflictions known to mankind, homesickness. On the voyage from Southampton, we had heard one of the ship's officers advising him to suspend judgment of South Africa for at least three months after arrival at Pretoria. If he could get over the first three months, he would probably come out all right. What a world of wisdom was contained in the words of the ship's officer! If nations could and would only suspend judgment of each other, what a happy world this would be! The opportunity to help this young Englishman came sooner than we expected.

No American reception of visitors from abroad, extolled as they are, could have been more spontaneous and friendly than that awarded us by the Johannesburg Rotarians. They had been good enough to arise at an unconscionable hour, meet us at the station and show us about South Africa's metropolis. Johannesburg (Joburg, as it is familiarly called) has a population of six hundred thousand, and an elevation of six thousand feet. In some respects it reminds one of Denver. The gold mines in and about the city were working full blast as a result of the purchases which were being made by the United States government. It's an ill wind that blows no one good. One thing only mars the beauty of Johannesburg, and that is a succession of

ponderous refuse heaps around the mouths of the gold mines. How to convert these heaps into things of beauty is a problem which is engaging the attention of the esthetic minded people of the gold city.

During the forenoon we drove to Pretoria where a meeting of Rotarians had been called. Tea was served and fellowship and brief speeches followed. Among other things I told the gathering, which consisted of both men and women, of the youth who was making his home in their midst. Judging from the enthusiasm manifested, I venture to predict that he will never have occasion to suffer the pangs of homesickness again. South African men and women are warm hearted and they know how to entertain.

A splendid luncheon was given us at Johannesburg and representatives of several clubs were in attendance. A big party went to the railway station with us after the meeting and the Mayor and Mayoress exacted of me a promise to give them as soon as possible full information regarding the activities of Rotary in the Crippled Children Movement, which I had mentioned in my address. Before I left South Africa I experienced the pleasure of learning that a definite movement in the interest of crippled children had been started in Johannesburg under the auspices of the Mayor and Mayoress; not as a result of our visit, of course, but co-incidental with it.

Jean and I received from America five packages of literature concerning the work of the International Society for Crippled Children before we left Cape Town and we distributed them about in the various cities where we thought that they would do the most good. We also interested the wives of Rotarians wherever possible in the establishment of clubs after the manner of the "Inner Wheel" of Great Britain and others in America, and the adoption of the Crippled Children Movement is their major activity.

It ought not to take an American long to make himself at home in Johannesburg. The outward appearance and also the manifest spirit of the people was far more American than English, though it is not necessary for a visitor to dig down very deep in order to discover a stratum that is quite English. We did not meet many Afrikans (Boers), but those we did meet were strong-minded, capable business men.

The Afrikans take Rotary, as they take everything else seriously, and their representation in high offices is proportionately large. This, however, may be partially due to the English spirit of fair play. In any event, it is a wise policy to encourage the Afrikan in every practicable way to enter into the fellowship of Rotary. I was glad to learn that Rotary had done much to bring about better understanding between the British and the Afrikan elements.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to write in any other than a most general way of the racial problem in South Africa. It would, however, seem improper, even in a brief report, to ignore entirely matters of such commanding importance. Racial problems certainly loom large in South Africa, both as respects the British-Afrikan relationship, and also as respects the relationship of the whites, blacks and mixed elements. The Afrikans are prin-

cipally of Dutch forebears and are commonly known to us in America as Boers. The blacks in Natal are mainly Zulus, a strong and unusually intelligent tribe, who have swarmed down from the equatorial belt to participate, as far as is compatible with their lowly state, in the civilization of the white man. The transformation of these war lords of the tropics into law-abiding menials in Durban is fascinating to the observer. The Zulus retain much of that which is colorful in their native life long after they have become domesticated in the temperate zone of South Africa. These aristocrats of the black tribes make ideal household servants; but they are not oblivious to the fact that the white man's civilization has something beyond. They want that something and are willing to pay the price for it. I am told that they have a veritable passion for education, and therein lies the problem. What is to become of a country in which the blacks outnumber the whites in a ratio of ten to one if and when the blacks become educated?

The whites are not at all unconscious of this problem; they see it and face it in commendable spirit. The shortest cut to permanent white control would seem to be to close the doors to further immigration and to deprive the remaining blacks of educational advantages. I found no strong sentiment in favor of either policy. Even conceding the fact that the available supply of cheap and efficient labor presents economic advantages which intelligent South African whites have undoubtedly not overlooked, their sane and dispassionate consideration of the question of granting educational advantages, which may result in converting black household servants and laborers into lawyers, doctors, ministers and legislators, seems to me highly commendable.

I write a few lines on the so-called "Afrikan" problem with fear and trembling. My time in South Africa was brief and impressions are frequently misleading. When problems of such great importance to the parties most concerned are being treated by an observer, a slight deviation from the truth may do one or the other party great injustice. I therefore find myself inclined to avoid expression of conclusions in controversial matters and to confine what I say to that which, at least on the face of it, would not seem likely to give offense.

Proceeding in this manner, I may perhaps say that I found myself as most detached observers would be in sympathy with the servient rather than with the dominant element. In other words, with the weak rather than with the strong. The unorganized Afrikan element in South Africa is not impressive when compared with the British Empire.

It would be fair to assume, even if it were not otherwise made apparent, that the Afrikans love their civilization, their culture as it was, and that they had profound ambitions for its development along lines which they considered more noble than any that had ever been conceived by man before. We can only dimly sense what it must mean to the Afrikans to fear that eventually all that they have learned to reverence and to consider sacred must give way to something else which they do not reverence or consider sacred.

This is one side of the picture. On the other hand, the dominant order believe that no more generous peace terms were ever granted a conquered

people than those granted the Boers at the time of the termination of the British-Boer war, and that they had the right to believe that the terms were unequivocally accepted.

Of course, there is no possible determination of the question of rights. At every step a new issue, relevant or irrelevant, will arise. The one outstanding thing in the eyes of an unprejudiced observer is the fact that both British and Afrikans are seriously trying to reconcile their differences. The bilingual plan is adopted in the public schools, even though little Afrikan is ordinarily spoken in the commercial centers of South Africa. In other ways the desire to placate and to remove, as far as possible, the sting of defeat was manifest.

The present national party, a compromise of the extremes, is in power. General Smuts, once an Afrikan, now an Imperialist, and General Herzog, until very recently an irreconcilable Afrikan, are for the time being working in harmony. I had the pleasure of lunching once with General Herzog, now premier, and twice with General Smuts. The fact that General Smuts was educated in an English university undoubtedly made it much easier for him than it was for General Herzog to accept British rule. General Smuts is at present Lord Chancellor of St. Andrews University in Scotland where he spends a few weeks every year.

The great solvent of difficulties between the British and Afrikans in South Africa would seem to an observer to be free inter-communication between the two white races. The children go to school together and friendships spring up, and in thousands of cases sons of British ancestry take unto themselves daughters of Afrikans. I learned of one case where every one of the twelve daughters of an Afrikan father and mother married young men of British stock. Segregation is a poor instrumentality for the promotion of understanding. Inter-communication promotes understanding and eventually heals the wounds of discord, grievous though they may be. Success to South Africa in its Anthropological experiments!

The afternoon of our arrival in Johannesburg we left for Durban by way of Pietermaritzburg where we hoped to meet Hugh Bryan, the governor of Rotary International, district fifty-five, which comprises all of South Africa. The country en route was rolling prairie land, such as might be seen in parts of the West in the United States or Canada. It is spoken of as the Velt.

As we approached Pietermaritzburg the following morning, the character of the country had changed. It had become much more rugged, and though we had been travelling in a southerly direction, the countryside seemed far more exotic. Bananas were growing in the deep chasms which penetrated the mountainsides. The topography of the country and its flora reminded us of Old Mexico. The Indian Ocean has a pronounced effect on the climate on the Eastern coast of South Africa. There are said to be as many as twenty degrees difference between the temperature of the Atlantic Ocean and that of the Indian Ocean near Cape Town. As we approached Pietermaritzburg we saw along the railroad right of way many scantily clad natives shivering before out-door fires, in the chill of the early morning.

We were doomed to disappointment at Pietermaritzburg. Hugh Bryan had already departed for the conference at Cape Town; however, we were sure to meet him soon.

Durban is distinctively English, more so than any other city in South Africa. It is also an important seaside resort, the water front being lined with beautiful hotels and apartment houses which are tenanted by resorters from all parts of South Africa during the season.

Durban is colorful; the gaily caparisoned Zulus with their rickshas make it so. The environs are hilly and scenic. The English type of sportsmanship is manifested by race track and polo grounds. It is undoubtedly an attractive city in which to live, a fact of which the residents are fully conscious. Their loyalty to Durban is deep-seated and impressive.

The new president of the Rotary club having already departed with a fine delegation for Cape Town, the retiring president took us in hand. He is a typical sport-loving Englishman with a confirmed habit of making himself useful to the city of his choice. Though he does not incline to public speaking, he is eloquent in deeds, and after all that is the best kind of eloquence. He either does things himself or gets them done, as was made manifest during the course of Prince George's recent visit to Durban. When his Royal Highness arrived, he did so with resolve not to attend public functions except the unavoidable reception. He reckoned without his host; he did not know Amos. He played polo on Amos' ponies, and when the curtain was finally rung down on his visit to Durban, he realized that he had not only attended a Rotary club meeting, but that he had actually made a speech, and that he had not only made a speech, but that he himself had actually asked permission to do so. Whether Amos carries with him a rabbit's foot or not, I am not advised, but whatever Amos wants folks to do, that is what they do. That is good stuff of which to make a Rotary club president.

We visited the Rotary club home for delinquent boys in the suburbs together with Amos and his good wife, and we also visited some delightful South African homes, including that of Amos, and then "Fare ye well," we were off by boat, not the old Armidale Castle, by which we had come to South Africa, but by the New Winchester Castle, by which we were soon to return to England.

The following day the Winchester Castle put in at East London where we spent several lively hours with the members of the Rotary club, closing proceedings at their luncheon. At the meeting of the East London club, I first came within the ban of Rotarian law. For what, I wot not, but I was fined and I paid. Anyone who thinks that he can escape the rigor of Rotarian law by traveling far is doomed to disappointment. Wherever he goes and whatever he does, he will be fined. The news of the happy thought of the East London president traveled before me. Wherever I went thenceforth I was fined. At East London my half crown was withdrawn from circulation, framed along with my signed photograph, and hung up as a warning to future visitors.

At East London the Rotarians are operating a successful vocational and manual training club for under-privileged boys.

The following day the accommodating Winchester Castle left us several hours at Port Elizabeth where we met first a group of South African Rotarians who were en route to the Cape Town conference on another boat. Among them was Cecil Buchanan, the new governor nominee, who expected to sail with us on the Winchester Castle for Southampton and to proceed from England to the International convention at Detroit, together with the British delegation. We enjoyed a grand sight-seeing day, reception and noon day meeting at Port Elizabeth. Jean also spoke at the noon day meeting, which was attended by many of the ladies. Port Elizabeth is Cecil Buchanan's home town.

On the morning of the following day, we arrived again at Cape Town, after a three thousand mile sprint around South Africa.

We went at once to the beautiful Mount Nelson hotel, conference headquarters, and were soon busily engaged in the business and social affairs of the five-day conference. The South African Rotarians have great distances to travel to attend their conferences and they therefore feel the necessity of making the most of every opportunity. Except for the comparatively limited attendance, the district conferences take on the nature of international conventions. They are the great Rotarian events of the year.

It was at last our privilege to meet Governor Hugh Bryan and his gracious, smiling lady. Hugh is a graduate of Cambridge and has given his life to educational work. He had prepared a long agenda and he held his conference consistently to the work. Not one instant was interest permitted to flag; not once was any speaker permitted to overstep the bounds.

The conference was especially honored in the presence of the governor general, a nobleman representative of the Crown in South Africa, who addressed the assembly one morning. His personality could not fail to impress one favorably, and his address was simple, straightforward, kindly and all that an address from one in high authority ought to be.

The great event of the conference was General Smut's address at a noon day luncheon. The banquet room at the Mount Nelson was crowded to the limit of its capacity; a large percentage were compelled to stand and of standing room there was none too much.

No restrictions were imposed upon the General and he said what he pleased. My presence was the occasion of a few not ill-natured thrusts at the United States in general and Chicago in particular. Naturally I had no opportunity to respond.

The remark which challenged my attention, and judging from what I heard said, other listeners as well, was concerning the British Navy, which he described as the most efficient organization on the face of the earth. My thoughts ran back to the little vicar on the train from Worcester to London.

The General's words would have been sweet music to his ears, but what, oh what would the little newspaper lady have said?

In brief, the General's speech was what might be described as political, but not more so perhaps than other uncensored speeches which have been delivered before larger groups of Rotarians in the United States and elsewhere.

At a later period I did have an opportunity to reply to further unfavorable comments by General Smuts on conditions in the United States. I did so by retaliating good naturedly in kind, and the General quite frankly acknowledged the merits of my contention.

But I wonder how far it is wise for any of us to run the risk of creating offense by speaking disrespectfully of another country to the citizens of that country. I imagine that remarks of that nature are more likely to create offense than to carry conviction; in other words, to fail in their intended purpose and to serve another purpose of a very different nature. On the whole, friendly overtures look to me to be the best. I believe that the representative of the Crown before mentioned would have agreed with me; in any event, he did not speak disparagingly of either my country or my city.

To District Governor Hugh Bryan, most properly went the honor of thanking General Smuts for his able address. He did so in deliberate, measured, well-chosen words. As he finished we all realized that we had been listening to a classic, one that will be long remembered.

After luncheon we went to one of the city parks where I was privileged to plant a tree of remembrance. A native boulder had previously been placed, and on one side of the boulder a silver plate, suitably inscribed, had been riveted securely. Hugh then presented me with a miniature silver spade as a reminder of the occasion.

I shall always cherish the memory of that beautiful afternoon in "Sunny Africa." It is cheering to think of friends in distant lands. Yes, the world is getting smaller and more comprehensible. We are all very much alike, moved by the same hopes, ambitions, likes and dislikes; in short, we are all human.

To my mind, the conference was characterized by the importance attached to community service. To some this may seem a weakness, or rather seem to indicate inadequate appraisal of the importance of Rotary's other forms of service. To me it did not seem so. To begin with the Rotarians in attendance were not of the type given to overlooking the importance of any one of Rotary's activities. They were serious-minded, thoughtful men. Least of all, could one suspect Hugh Bryan of having failed to give deliberate, careful thought to the selection of suitable activities in his district.

Hugh was preceded by a fairly long list of splendid governors. The fact that Rotary in South Africa inclines toward community service is accounted for, it seems to me, by the fact that South Africa is a comparatively new country, and therefore especially in need of community service. South Africa

is a nation of builders, as is the case with all new countries which amount to anything. Schools, colleges, hospitals, recreation centers, etc., must be built and when once built must be maintained. There is urgent work at hand; there is nothing vague or indefinite about the appeal. The co-operative spirit is strong and it is not difficult in new countries to mobilize the forces to do things which need doing.

Seeing that Rotary was functioning whole-heartedly in community service, I had little inclination to attempt to direct the efforts of South African Rotarians into other forms of service, in which they might perhaps function only half-heartedly.

In all countries where there are Rotary clubs, there are distinct channels of thought which must not be overlooked by Rotarian leaders. It is not a question of what men ought to be thinking about; it is a question of what men are thinking about. If the possibilities of future wars constitute ninety per cent of the thinking of men of Rotarian caliber, then manifestly Rotary's opportunity lies in serving the sixth object in some suitable manner. It is a case of devoting Rotary to the form of service required, or else resigning ourselves to being very small and inconsequential factors. Rotary can keep in the tide without drifting in it.

Our work in Cape Town in the company of the best and most earnest thinkers gathered together from all parts of South Africa will never be forgotten.

Rotarian "Farewells" always leave deep impressions, but how shall we describe our emotions as our ship moved out of the harbor of Cape Town so very far from home? Many friends came to the dock to see us off. Photographs in number were taken; handkerchiefs fluttered, and long after the figures of other Rotarians had become indistinguishable, the gigantic figure of one staunch Afrikan, who had gained a vantage point apart from the rest, was still discernible as he waved, waved us out of sight. Our most treasured memento of the visit was an album of pictures taken during the course of our travels. It was chronologically arranged and covered the entire period of our visit. The last pictures, those showing the final scenes, were mailed to us. The first of the remarkable series shows our ship, the *Armidale Castle*, as we were entering the harbor, and the last picture showed our returning ship, the *Winchester Castle*, as it was fading from sight. He who took that picture had the eye of an artist and the heart of a friend. The return trip was uneventful except for the constant companionship of governor nominee, Cecil Buchannan, for which we were very grateful. We also had the pleasure of being frequently with Wilfrid Brown of the *Wolsoll* club in England and a number of Rotarians from South Africa. I contracted a serious cold as we were crossing the equator. The humid heat and the inescapable drafts throughout the ship made a combination hard to overcome.

As I was still suffering when we arrived at London, it seemed advisable to cancel engagements which had been made for me to visit clubs in England and to proceed with Jean to the north of Scotland where I might be able to

visit informally some of the clubs which by reason of their remote location had seldom been visited by the officers of the R.I.B.I. and never visited by officers of R.I.

Excepting a council meeting in Edinburgh, our first visit was in Perth. On account of the uncertainty as to my condition, I made no commitments until the morning of the day of their regular meeting. I was, however, privileged to participate to a limited extent. Our brief sojourn in Perth gave us an opportunity of seeing some of the famed beauty spots, the most outstanding of which were two magnificent recreational parks where every form of athletic activity for young and old was indulged in. If equally accessible fields were opened up in all of the cities of the United States, I am convinced that crime would diminish sixty per cent. If my estimate is correct, or nearly so, who is responsible for the wave of crime which has swept over us, the Capones and the Dillingers, or the supposedly respectable element, whose personal requirements are high and public spirit low?

We proceeded from Perth to Inverness where we were given a fine reception and meeting; thence to Elgin where we enjoyed the same experience, and thence to Aberdeen. From Inverness we took an evening drive to Culloden Moor, where Prince Charlie was defeated by the duke of Cumberland and while at Elgin we were driven to Lossiemouth, where Ramsey MacDonald lives when his official duties do not require his presence elsewhere, in a very unpretentious house among simple fisher folks. While in Inverness I received a telegram from headquarters in London, stating that it was too late to cancel the proposed meetings in Cheltenham, Shrewsbury and Manchester, as inter-city meetings had been arranged. As my condition had improved somewhat, I wired London that I would return in time to keep the engagements.

While in Aberdeen I had an experience which I must not fail to record. We were driving along Dee side in the vicinity of Balmoral in company with Rotarian Webster, the president of the Aberdeen club, and his wife, when our host concluded to take us to call on the vice president, Rotarian Baker, who had a summer home in that locality. Not knowing Vice President Baker's address, President Webster announced his purpose to make inquiry of a group of young people whom we were about to pass. As the group was on my side of the road, I lowered my window and was about to make inquiry, when President Baker in manifest perturbation said, "Don't you speak to them, your American accent will frighten them." As we continued our way after he had obtained the necessary information, I inquired whether he was serious in his remark about my accent. I knew President Webster to be kindly and courteous and was considerably perplexed by what he had said. His unhesitating answer was: "Oh, yes, there is something about the American accent which is extremely irritating. When I go to an American movie, I am so shocked that I find it impossible to get to sleep at all during the night. I don't know what it is, but no other accent so affects me." I felt that if he didn't know what it was, there was little chance of my learning, and yet I resolved to try. As he had spoken of the American pictures, I resolved to see one in hopes that I might be able to find a clue.

Having a few hours available the next day in Edinburgh, I went to a picture show where they were displaying two pictures, one British and the other American. The British picture was a gem; it was subtly educational and possessed a strong patriotic appeal. The plot was artistic and the romance clean and engaging. The hero was not a gangster, inebriate or libertine; he was a great artist who idealized art.

The American picture was a wretched defamation of the character of the American people from first to last. The three American heroes were beastly drunk from the beginning of the play to the end.

In my approach to the problem of the American picture, I had always heretofore thought of it primarily in its effect on our own young people, but now I was thinking of it in a different light. I was thinking of it in its influence on international relationships. There is no use denying the fact that Americans are not held in high esteem abroad; that is expressing it mildly. How can we ever expect to be held in high esteem abroad when we, through the most potential advertising instrumentality on earth, the moving picture, proclaim ourselves indecent? If I come back to America with one belief sunk more deeply than all others, it is the belief that we are the world's worst advertisers.

If an American lecturer had stood before that audience in Edinburgh and stated that we were a drunken, dissolute lot, he would not have begun to carry the conviction that the picture mentioned carried. In the love of decency, he would have been stigmatized on his return to America by his fellow countrymen. In the name of art, the creator of that defamatory picture shown in Edinburgh will get away with it.

But returning to Rotarian Webster's sensitiveness to the American accent, I had found the clue; it was not the accent, but the association of ideas; his sense of decency had been so frequently outraged by the American pictures, that even the inoffensive American accent had become anathema to him. After having seen that picture in Edinburgh, I felt that it was small wonder that he could not sleep nights.

During the remainder of my sojourn in England, I availed myself of the opportunity to inquire as to the standing and influence of American pictures. The verdict seemed to be unanimously unfavorable. To begin with, the most flagrant violators of decency are barred; those less pernicious are shorn, before presentation, of their most objectionable features. God only knows what the picture I saw in Edinburgh was before undergoing the deletion. Those parts which were defamatory to ourselves were not deleted.

As a breeder of disrespect, misunderstanding and dissension, I know of nothing to compare with our own libel of ourselves through the pictures. I make no exception of debts, tariffs or other more featured points of difference.

It was a pleasure to meet Scott Langley again in beautiful Cheltenham; to have another short run through the Cotswolds; to meet Rotarians from many near-by cities at a big luncheon; to meet more intimately a smaller group

of fine, cultured Rotarians in the evening, and finally to enjoy refreshing sleep in a beautiful English home in the country.

The following day in Shrewsbury was also eventful and delightful. I could not have been shown greater courtesy. The splendid lord mayor gave himself to my service throughout the day.

Manchester was the last on the list. Many cities were represented. It was in fact the biggest meeting the club had ever had. I was also privileged to meet old friends at an evening meeting. The next day I visited the offices of the Manchester Guardian and the new public library which is the very last word in libraries; then we were off for Liverpool where a luncheon for officers and past officers was enjoyed, and eventually came the embarkation on the Laurentic for Montreal via Glasgow where Jean was to join me. Jean, her brother John and a friend did meet us at Glasgow, talked a bit, then shore passengers took their launch and the Laurentic moved down the Firth of Clyde toward the Atlantic. Jean stood long on the deck viewing through a mist in her own eyes the receding shore of her beloved Scotland.

A delightful crossing, a dash about Quebec, another about John Nelson's city, Montreal, a few moments with friends in Toronto, a night on train and arrival in Detroit, a day spent there, a night en route to Mackinac Island for the Assembly, a week there, return to Detroit for the Convention; then home to Chicago.

It was a wonderful series of experiences, one we can never, never forget; one the like of which few have been privileged to enjoy. Hardships? Yes, of course, but more than enough to make up for them; friends, no end of friends. God bless them one and all!

PAUL PERCY HARRIS