

■ How do you classify yourself when you go abroad?

## THE TRAVELER AND THE TOURIST

There are travelers and tourists. Tourists see the sights and miss the country. Travelers see the country and the sights, too. Travelers are received with hospitality because they come with a special interest, tourists with condescension because they come only with curiosity.

One of the wisest travelers I know is a soup taster. He goes all over the world dipping his beak into the peculiar *potage* of each country, tasting, comparing, collecting recipes. Since he travels with an objective his wanderings take him off the beaten tracks.

Do you like gardens? Passionate gardeners in every city in the world will take you to see their gardens. En route you will see the temples, palaces and shrines. You can't miss them. But if you go out only to see the sights you'll miss the

gardens — and the delightful people who live in them.

Are you a collector? I have a friend who goes everywhere looking for playing cards — the smallest, the largest, cards made from wood, bone or alligator hide. In every port you'll find a fellow collector, whether it's stamps or coins, old books or old bottles. If he doesn't speak English, he has friends who do and are anxious to practice on you. Through him you'll see and hear more than the most indefatigable tourist.

A friend of mine collects missionaries. "They are mighty glad to see me," he says. "I bring news from the outside world and they give me a real insight into the country. Then they pass me on to the next group with letters that insure me warm hospitality. Living in out-of-the-way places, know.

ing the language, running schools and hospitals, they have intimate everyday knowledge of amazing variety, a fund of stories and experiences that would thrill a tourist — but tourists never see them."

On the other hand, a priest I know never visits a fellow clergyman. He calls on — of all people — jail wardens. I met him in the largest jail in the world, in Shanghai, and he told me his interest in penology had made it possible for him to travel everywhere with pleasure and profit.

Are you a Rotarian? There are clubs everywhere. The members will gladly show you the town, their wives will acquaint your wife with the best shops, the proper prices, the best hairdresser, the place to buy an ice cream soda. In Egypt are the Pyramids. And behind the Pyramids lives Dr. George A. Reisner, the great Egyptologists whose post office address is just that — Pyramids, Egypt. But where did I find Dr. Reisner? At the Rotary Club in Cairo, which he attends every week.

People often say to me, "It's all right for you to talk; you're a writer and all you have to do is to look up some newspaper man when you go into a strange city." Often the speaker is a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, or teacher, and I remind him that he will find doctors, lawyers, bankers and teachers everywhere. "You don't have to be a tourist wandering around aimlessly, or being herded here and there," I tell them. "A doctor I know visits hospitals and clinics, exchanging experiences and getting new knowledge. He winds up by being taken to a lot of places his fellow tourists never hear about."

Are you a lawyer? I know one who visits courts in every place he goes. Are you a musician or a music lover? You will find music makers everywhere. Are you interested in art? Don't limit your interest to art galleries. Dig out a few artists and you will unearth the most interesting parts of the country, the best food at the cheapest prices, and a treasury of information. Artists

find the picturesque places — because they are artists — and they stay because it is cheap.

Don't be a tourist. Throw away your guidebook and follow an interest. Whether your passion is architecture or orchids, child welfare or rock gardens, fishing or folk-dancing, butterflies or bridge, you will find devotees everywhere.

On one trip to Japan I concentrated on the theater — the popular Kabuki, the classical No, the girl opera, vaudeville, where a tourist is as much of an attraction to the audience as any of the stage numbers. I went to Japanese movies and to the studios where they are made, to the Puppet Theater in Kyoto, the only show of its kind in the world, and the Takarazka school near Kobe where hundreds of Japanese girls are taught to sing, dance and act. I learned a lot about the theater but I learned even more about Japan.

The next time I concentrated on schools — the Imperial University, nursery schools, country schools, the traditional school of the

Peers, schools for wrestlers, schools for geishas and even a brides' school. I saw no tourists in any of these places, but I did meet some interesting travelers.

The best-informed person I met in Bali ran a children's clinic as a hobby. To her house every morning at eleven a stream of children with stubbed toes, cuts, bruises and bellyaches come for free treatment. Treating the children, she has made friends with the parents, who invite her to all their family feasts and religious ceremonies, and even send their prettiest village dancer over to entertain when she has company.

Once, while in the greeting card business, I made a trip to Europe looking for hand made paper and special ribbon. I found villages in France where they made nothing but ribbon, and every household a different kind. I found one family that had been making the same exquisite paper for generations — since before Columbus discovered America. I have toured France many times — one year collecting Gothic cathedrals, another concen-

trating on the wines of the country — but I saw more of France, the out-of-the-way, the picturesque, when I was on a crass commercial chase for ribbon and paper.

Do you sell? Do you buy? Do you manufacture or ship? Your rivals and allies are everywhere. Whether you make bricks or lay them or throw them, the sun never sets on your co-workers, collaborators or conspirators.

Don't travel to "get away from it all." Have you an interest? A hobby? A pro-

fession? A skill? Take it with you. The Cubans have a word for tourists — "ducks" — in derisive tribute to the way tourists follow each other around, quacking to themselves, and waddling home again blissfully happy — though, while they have looked at everything, they have seen nothing. Travel with design and you broaden your knowledge; tour with idle curiosity and you flatten your arches. Don't be a "duck." — *J. P. McEvoy, from the Rotarian.*

## YOUTH AND MATURITY

I know of no greater fallacy or one more widely believed than the statement that youth is the happiest time of life. As we advance in years we really grow happier, if we live intelligently. The universe is spectacular, and it is a free show. Increase of difficulties and responsibilities strengthens and enriches the mind, and adds to the variety of life. To live abundantly is like climbing a mountain or a tower. To say that youth is happier than maturity is like saying that the view from the bottom of the tower is better than the view from the top. As we ascend, the range of our view widens immensely; the horizon is pushed farther away. Finally as we reach the summit it is as if we had the world at our feet.