

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHERE IS FORD?"

"Where is Mr. Ford?"

That is the question which has been asked scores of times during the past week at the Outrigger Canoe Club, but nobody seems to know that Alexander Hume Ford has gone to Maui to climb some heretofore unascended pinnacle of fame or mountain top. Meanwhile old and young at the outrigger club, where they harness surfboards to the waves, are asking the almost unanswerable question, "Where is Ford?"

In fact, this query was accentuated Sunday in a striking manner by so young a future surfrider as a little boy not yet three years old. He was walking with his mother along the beach and asked her the same question so many others were asking: "Nanna, where is Mr. Ford?" But mamma was not particularly interested.

Pretty soon the wondering youngster asked again: "Nanna, where is Mr. Ford?"

Still no answer. She probably did not know. Then for the last time the now aroused boy tugged at his mother's hand vehemently, and with a truly surprising emphasis asked:

"Nanna, for God's sake, where is Ford?"
