

DAMN--THAT FORD!

By E. S. GOODHUE

Not the four-wheeled motor, subject of jokelet and innuendo, but the other Ford, who gets there even better than his namesake does; seventy-five horsepower, dynamo, speedover, universal transmission shaft—all in working order.

The man who has done and will do what no other man would undertake.

Who is there that started in to criticize, ignore, snub or abuse him, who isn't now on the mercy seat ready to pay tribute to his genius?

The Alexander Hume Ford is a genius.

With nothing but native faith and energy, unparalleled grit, determination and stick-to-itiveness, he started a magazine, and has kept it up for six years without missing a single number.

To those who know about such matters, the feat is almost unbelievable.

Ford did it.

He planned and rustled and hustled, paying no attention to knacks and discouragements.

In his own way, which is FORD'S ONLY, he secured advertisements and contributions for the work in hand.

He interviewed everybody everywhere, from the rajahs in India to the premiers of New Zealand and Australia, including those along the line. He fell upon San Francisco and San Diego.

"All Hands Around the Pacific," he said to them. The work must be done and their help and money must do it!

"When I decide on a thing, I do it," is Ford's laconic explanation.

Surely nothing succeeds like success, and when a man starts out to achieve the impossible (for others), he forces even his enemies not only to sit on the fence and see him go by, but to give him a boost.

What is Ford doing all this for?

What are the motives which wriggle in the cerebral convolutions of his skull?

The advancement of Hawaii and, purely and solely.

And who pays for all his round-the-world trips, his clubs, and pan-Pacific whatnots?

The moneyed men who know that what Ford undertakes he accomplishes, and that what he accomplishes is for the good of Hawaii.

What about Ford himself?

Well, he rarely realizes that he exists. He has forgotten that he was ever born down in South Carolina.

All he knows is that he is here to work, and that the other fellow has to do his part to make that work a success.

"I draw on line at a Scotchman," he remarked dryly, "for I've Scotch in me. They pony up like any one else."

If Ford has an extra, Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit of clothes, and two pairs of shoes to his name, it will surprise his friends.

He lives from hand to mouth, but he goes to Paris and Singapore; he pays for the upkeep of an Hawaiian exhibit at San Diego; educates several lads who love him, and he never rests.

At the Young Hotel he called for me. I was visiting Doctor McDonald at the time, but Ford found me.

He came bounding in.

"Now, Goodhue," he said with a majestic swing of his arm, "I place my Ford car and driver at your disposal. Use them all day or every day while you're here."

"See here, Ford," I remarked, with warmth, "what have you against me that you should obligate me to ride in a Ford every day I'm here? I ride in a Ford at home, and I came here to sport about in Dr. Cooper's car, or Uncle Pink's, as I did this morning. I'm away from home, and I want a little diversion."

"Well, son," answered the irrepressible promoter, (with his characteristic way of ignoring an objection), "I'm coming for you at ten o'clock. Be ready."

At ten he came, and we started on one of the most blood-curdling transportation jaunts it was ever my lot to endure.

Ford in an auto never knows where he is going or what he's coming up against. He doesn't even know the names of the streets he is passing over. He remains wrapped up in a haze of "Around the Pacific" fog, runs off the road here, into some vehicle there, absolutely oblivious to wood, iron, stone or other material obstacles.

To him there is no such thing.

So I held on in sheer terror. I thought of my will not yet made, of a coroner's inquest over a shameless Ford smash-up.

We dashed over Kalakaua avenue with the lightness and irresponsibility of an aeroplane, struck against some dislocated portion of Diamond Head, and finally came to a stop at Waikiki.

"Have you got a contribution from Jack London?" I faltered.

"That's comin'," Ford replied. "And I've got a hydroaerical trans-Pacific float-tilts scheme set on the floor of my brain; all I need is the money to carry it out, the merest bagatelle of an effort. Ten minutes with J. P., P. C., or most any other man who has it, and I'll get it. Changes hands, you see."

"John Watt and even Kennedy fall before my methods."

After luncheon at the Outrigger Club, where Ford dined in his bathing suit, we came back to the car where the owner begins hauling in a tenuous cable much as a sailor hauls in a rope over the ship's side.

Finally something caught, there was a wheeze and a whizze, and we started.

"What is the name of volcanoes and bustles is that," I asked, as the wire shot back into its socket.

"Oh, that's my self-starter," smiled Ford. "It starts once in six times—a pretty fair average, don't you think?"

"Not for you," I answered, "for what you start goes the first time."

When we had escaped the dangers of our aero-terrestrial trip around Diamond Head, we had to come back again to the place of beginning, as Ford had lost a purse containing fifty dollars in gold."

"I don't care a damn thing for the gold," he told me, "but I hate to lose

anything on Sunday. It's a religious principle with me—about the only one I have left."

"Ford," I said with emotion, "if I was worth four million, I'd give you one-fourth of it."

"That's all right," he answered sublimely, "I'm willing to accept the same proportion out of what you happen to be worth—that's more than you pay for the Napoopoo float. Now, son, if with my energy, I had your br—"

"Look here, Ford," I interrupted in time; "none of that back-hand compliment. Flattery never gets me. The reason I like Kona and all that country over there so well is because they never flatter me."

"Let me put it the other way," insisted Ford. "If our qualities formed a composite, he'd be governor and own a limousine. He'd scatter Wall & Dougherty's dividends about for children to pick up, and pile up sugar dividends till they looked like a pile of gold horseshoes outside the door of a country blacksmith's shop."

"None of which I banker for," I said firmly. "I believe in the conservation of energy, and I don't believe in working for what you don't want. I am willing to work hard for the what I do want, but it's none of the trifles you mention."

"Well—about that float—" and so we parted.

As I said, Ford is a genius.

And when he makes his last trans-Pacific trip on a St. Peter passport, I would suggest that we place a gilded old Ford car on a pedestal in one of Honolulu's public squares, Ford himself hauling in the self-starter; underneath the inscription—

THEY NEVER FAILED TO GET THERE!

Dr. Brooks Tonight Opera House.

Helpful Hints

Too much grease in the transmission is likely to make the parts almost as noisy as top little. It is a poor practice to fill transmission cases to the brim in an attempt to silence the noisy growl from the gears. The better way is to fill the case about half way, unless the manufacturer recommends some other limit.

Frequent adjustment of the spark plug points will often obviate a disagreeable miss in the motor when driving. If the plug is foul or the points too far apart a miss is bound to result. Very often the carburetor or magnets is blamed when the source of trouble really lies in the plugs.

Very often the trouble with the carburetor can be eliminated by removing the pipe line and cleaning same. Usually there is a strainer at the base of the carburetor or at some point in the pipe line. This strainer or trap frequently becomes clogged to such an extent that the carburetor does not obtain sufficient flow of gasoline. Before changing the adjustment of the carburetor it is advisable to determine whether there are any obstructions and remove same from the line.

When gear cases of different housings are provided with vents to permit escape of air under pressure that results from heating care should be taken to see that the vents are kept free. Not infrequently careless painters cover the screen that generally is fitted to the opening, which makes it as good as no opening at all.

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MARINE INTELLIGENCE

A. F. COATS, schr., from Hilo for Port Angeles, July 12; ar. July 31.
ALICE COOKE, schr., from Port Gamble for Hon., July 13; ar. Aug. 1.
ANNIE JOHNSON, mssr. schr., from San Francisco for Hon., July 28.
ANYO MARU, str., from San Francisco for Hon., July 29.
BILFASST, bk., from Melbourne for Hon., July 19.
BIRLAH, schr., from Port Bragg for Hon., July 18; ar. July 29.
CHINA, str., from San Francisco, for Honolulu, Aug. 1.
DAIKEN MARU, str., from Hon. for San Francisco, July 19; ar. July 30.
ENTERPRISE, str., from Hilo for San Francisco, July 29.
EURYLATHUS, str., (ex Indraghich) from Balboa for Hon., about Aug. 2; due Aug. 29.
FALLS OF CLYDE, ship, from San Francisco for Hon., Aug. 1.
FLAUENCE WARD, schr., from Midway for Hon., July 8; ar. July 31.
FLORIDAN, str., due at Hon. from Newcastle about Sept. 29.
FOREST HOME, schr., from Astoria July 4 for Sydney; to load at Newcastle for Islands.
HELENE, schr., from Port Gamble for Hon., July 25.
HILONIAN, str., from Hon. for Port Allen, Aug. 2.
HYADES, str., from San Francisco for Hon., Aug. 2.
JAMES JOHNSON, bkln., from Newcastle for Makaweli, June 9; ar. Port Allen, Aug. 2.
KENTREL, str., from Panning for Hon., July 9; ar. July 14.
KITNAIP, schr., from Port Townsend for Hon., July 21.
KINO MARU, str., from Yokohama for Hon., July 25.
KONA, schr., from Newcastle for Hon., April 29; ar. Auckland, May 22, loading; from Auckland for Hon., June 20.
KWANTO MARU, str., from San Francisco for Yokohama, May 27; ar. June 22 for Manila and Hongkong; to sail August 20 at Hon.
LUKA, yacht, from Panning for Hon., April 7; ar. April 28.
LURLINE, str., from Hon. for San Francisco, Aug. 1.
MAHI KONA, schr., from Newcastle for Hon., June 9.
MAKAWELI, bkln., from Newcastle for Port Allen, May 18; passed Hon. for Port Allen, July 2; ar. Port Allen, July 24.
MAKURA, str., from Vancouver for Hon., Aug. 2.
MANILA, str., from Port Swettenham (J.) or Hon. (date of sailing unknown); last reported at Port Swettenham, June 1.
MANOA, str., from San Francisco for Hon., Aug. 2.
MARION CHILCOTT, ship, from Hon. for San Francisco, July 29.
MARY E. FOSTER, schr., from Port Ludlow for Hon., June 21; ar. July 18.
MARY WINKLEMAN, bkln., ar. Kahoolawe from Yucema, July 29.
MATSONIA, str., from Hon., for San Francisco, July 26; ar. Aug. 1.