

"A. H.," WELCOME HOME!

Alexander Hume Ford is back.

To the younger and topmost stratum of malihinis, he is only a name, and many a late-comer doesn't even know that name.

But to many thousands of an older generation — men and women and youths of all races — it is a familiar name and one spoken with affection.

A newspaper and magazine writer, a foreign correspondent, a lecturer by early occupation and liking, Mr. Ford strayed into Honolulu on his world-wanderings nearly 30 years ago, and immediately adopted Hawaii as his home.

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The things he did are legendary. He was a born "starter" of civic movements. He helped found the Outrigger club and revive the fast-vanishing sport — and art — of surf-board and surf-canoe riding. He started the Trail and Mountain club. He started and became the perennial director of the Pan-Pacific-Union. And that brief list is only a starter in itself! He put Balboa Day on the calendar as a potent force in starting the long series of international conventions and congresses which have been held in this city.

He had a hawk's eye for some community need, and with surpassing audacity he set out to get that need filled. Nothing fazed him and no one flouted him, for his deep sincerity was as unmistakable as his restless zeal.

His great dream was that of international peace, and his slogan was "The promotion of better understanding between nations."

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Now, back after an absence of six years, spent in roaming largely over the world, he confesses with his characteristic frankness to some disillusionment.

"I'm never again," he says, "going to try to understand other people or other nations. . . . The moment you understand what someone is attempting to do or what he believes, immediately you want to change him. It won't work."

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Mr. Ford may feel that many of his valiant efforts have been in vain. But enough remain to rank him high on the list of public benefactors. The world has not moved toward peace as fast as he hoped. The nations around the Pacific have not, by round-table discussions, achieved a formula for lasting peace. And just now the war-clouds are hanging dark over much of the globe.

But this man, now returned to the land he found and loved, has contributed many a fine thing to it. And his hurrying strides along a difficult, devious pathway have left an imprint which the future will reveal more clearly than the present.

A good deed may not be immediately recognized at its face value, but it shines, somewhere, eternally in this naughty world!

So, "A. H.," welcome home!