Editor At Large By THE EDITOR Alexander Hume Ford is 75 years old today. We don't old today.

We don't see him around town like we used to, say 20 years ago.

Then he was one of our best known citizens—a restless, fast walking, fast talking, fast thinking. fast doing chap, urge to improve with an et eternal improve

everybody in his vicinity.

He hails from South Carolina but there's nothing of the supposedly languorous south in his make-up.

And in those active bustling

languorous south in his make-up.
And in those active, bustling
years from his young manhood till
long after he'd passed the half century milestone, he made his mark
on the world to no small degree.

In his early years he was a
world traveler and correspondent.
He was one of the pioneer Americans in remote Siberia and the cans in remote Siberia and the hinterland of other Asian countries. He worked on newspapers and magazines in New York and

Chicago. He came to Hawaii nearly 35 years ago. Soon he was starting the Outrigger club, the Trail and Mountain club, the Hands Around the Pan-Pacific Outrigger club, the Hands Around the tain club, the Hands Around the Pacific club (later the Pan-Pacific club) and half a dozen others.

groups to Hawaii. No celebrity was him to tackle. He hobnobbed as familiarly with presidents and premiers and ambassadors with the beach boys at Waikiki. the beach boys at Waikiki.

His thin, s sparse frame, a bit shock of uncombed His thin, sparse frame, a bit stooped, his shock of uncombed and graying hair, his tuft of reddish brown graying beard, his keen and restless gray eyes, his peculiar half loping gait, and his rapid fire speech on any subject from aardworks to symotechnics, were familiar to all Honolulans.

He seemed indestructible by pass-managed a subject to the passent agents in the passent agents and passent agents are passent agents.

ing decades, invincibly optimistic of plans which ranged from volcanic depths to the stratosphe when a few years back. O Time began to slow Hu from his dog trot to a w ohere. And Old Father gan to slow Hume Ford dog trot to a walk, and a walk, and from his dog trot to a wais, and hair and beard turned from spreck-led gray to white, it was as if the statue of Kamehameha had begun to show signs of bowing of the royal head and buckling of the

warrior kne Hume Ford Today lives at the Baldwin Home on Maui, with memories of more active days, many of the things he essayed But have come to pass, and many of the ideas which once he planted before un-believing eyes have sprouted and are being fruit or flower.

So here's a hall and aloha to Alexander Hume Ford, 75 years Alexander Hume Ford, 75 years old, and an acknowledgement of the good that he has done as he passed through life, . . . They used to say of that great pioneer of the magazines, Samuel S. Mc-Clure, that he had 50 ideas a day—49 of them weren't worth a whoop in Hades but the 50th was the best blank-blank idea in any magazine office in jhe land. Alexander Hume Ford has even a better batting average than that: