

"Pop" Ford's Reminiscences

By **ALEXANDER HUME FORD**

(Note: This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Ford, founder and for many years director of the Pan-Pacific Union, founder of the Outrigger club, and of other organizations. Mr. Ford recently returned from Maui, where he has lived for the past three years.)

III. JACK MACKENZIE

(ALIAS "TOUSMALOUSE")

In 1908, I found only about 10 boys in Honolulu who could ride the surfboard.

There was one who wrecked more of my canoes than all the others put together. But he did learn to paddle and steer and that was the main thing. His real name was Jack MacKenzie, but I nicknamed him "Tousmalouse," and he was proud of it.

Jack may have been a tough hombre but he had guts, and that is what counted in fighting the surf.



Mr. Ford

That is why I am accumulating canoes in my own name so that I can tell kids of guts to "take them and smash them and learn all about surfing."

The name of the first of this fleet of canoes I am naming "Tousmalouse," a gift of Jack Mackenzie.

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I have long felt it unfair that I get all the credit for the Outrigger Canoe club, as for 25 years G. D. (Dad) Center did the real work of teaching the boys to swim, paddle and ride the surfboard.

That is why I am organizing a "Dad Center Memorial League" of small boys who wish to learn to surf and whose parents will let them go out any time alone and learn the hard way. I told Jack about this; he at once wanted to help. Jack once broke an appointment with me; and my host, Elliott, wished me to overlook it. I said: "No, I can never forgive unless I cuss," so just the other day when Jack came to the club I cussed him out for two minutes, but it was real cursing.

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He went home to his 85 year old father who told him he was everlastingly wrong and he should have phoned "Pop" Ford if he couldn't have kept the appointment, or, at least have written a letter of apology. He ordered him right down to the club to apologize.

Well, Jack was a penitent boy and he liked the idea of the "Dad Center Memorial League." He recalled that once we had a row with "Dad"; I cussed Dad out, told him he was wrong, he told me he knew it, but he was going right ahead that way and what was I going to do about it? I, of course, shook hands and that was the end.

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Dad and I have never had another scrap. My old friend Mark Twain used to say: "When angry, count 10; when very angry, swear." I never get "angry"; I get "very angry," and then it's all over with.

(More about Jack Mackenzie and surfing will follow.)