

"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.)

VII. ALBERT BURKLAND

Killed by a Surfboard and What Came Of It.

When I revived surfboard riding at Waikiki in 1908 I never dreamed that the first surfboard fatality would come to one very near to me, a boy who "adopted" me when he was a little tot and never left me until he died.

In his memory many, many boys of Pacific races have had a home at the Albert Burkland Memorial home which I established on the grounds of the old Castle Home, in Manoa valley. Some have already died at the front. But of the to an education hundreds I helped



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only one ever thanked me and that was a Japanese, Suzaki, who organized the Americans of Japanese parentage to fight on our side.

I learn he is now wounded in Rome, so once more I am seeking to reestablish an Albert N. Burkland memorial and will if the priorities board does not head me off.

What is more, I am again seeking to revive surfing as the surest sport to give boys guts and prepare them for service in the coming generation.

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It is odd how I met Albert. Once when Vaughan McCaughey, now of California, was superintendent of public instruction here and his youngsters all called me "Pop" I dropped in one day and found a very small chubby legged little chap there who asked if he could also call me "Pop." He insisted he wished to work for me and some day succeed me as head of the Pan Pacific Union. I told him he was too small, but one afternoon I came to my office and there was Albert perched up and waiting.

"I don't want any pay, Pop," said this precocious youngster, "but I am going to work for you." And he did for many years and the Pan Pacific adopted him.

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The proudest day of his life was the day he was 15 and I got him a driver's license and let him drive me around the island. When I gave him his first surfboard I taught him never to get behind the board. Albert was beloved by every member of the Pan Pacific and the Outrigger clubs until the sad day he went out with a crowd in the big surf and a careless beginner ran into him amidships and forced him backward off his board which dived and caught unfortunate Albert amidships and the end came 10 days later at the Queen's hospital.

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Albert's brothers, Dick and Reynolds, are now officers in service, and many other officers and men who were helped in their education in memory of Albert have paid the supreme price and lie in patriots' graves.

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Surfing made of Albert one of the finest specimens of perfect manhood the surgeons at Queen's had ever seen then passed on. But today other boys are learning in the surf to acquire balance and the daring to face any danger in the future.

There have been very few fatalities or even bad accidents in the plunging surf at Waikiki. Sturdy swimmers who know how to surf can take care of themselves.

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(This is one of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Ford. Others will follow.)