

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY: Richard King Kimball, 75, retired hotel owner

"Well, it was a grove of coconuts. Kept the grass mowed in between them. A little driveway came in, looped around the front, and went out. . . . the grounds were nice. . . . there was a traveller's palm there that was lovely. And some hibiscus and a nice big lau hala tree right by the main building that looked pretty against it. . . . Well, I guess there were probably eight rooms in the main building and about eight cottages, fair-sized, would take up to three, four, five people. Probably you could have a capacity of about forty people, the hotel could have."

Richard "Kingie" Kimball, the younger of two children, was born in Hale'iwa, O'ahu in 1911. His parents, Clifford and Juliet Kimball, were married in 1902 soon after Clifford's arrival from Newton, Massachusetts. In 1908, they took over ownership of the Hale'iwa Hotel, running the hotel until 1917, when they moved to Waikiki to be the new owners and operators of the Hau Tree. The Kimballs later changed the name to Halekūlani. The hotel soon became one of the most exclusive in Waikiki.

Growing up around the hotel, "Kingie" Kimball helped in the day-to-day operation of Halekūlani. He attended Punahou School and Menlo High School in California. After a year of college in California, Kimball returned in the early 1930s to help his father in the business.

Following the death of his father, Kimball took over as manager of Halekūlani in 1941. Under Kimball, Halekūlani expanded, acquiring adjoining land and building additional rooms.

Besides managing his family business, Kimball was active in the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau, Waikiki Improvement Association, Waikiki Businessmen's Association, and the Waikiki Rotary Club. He also served in the Territorial House of Representatives in the 1930s and once served as Parks Board chairman under the late Mayor John Wilson.

The Kimball family sold Halekūlani in 1962 to Norton Clapp of Tacoma, Washington. Kimball, now retired, lives with his wife Mary in Black Point. They have a daughter living on the Mainland.

Tape No. 13-63-1-86 and 13-64-1-86

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Richard "Kingie" Kimball (RK)

February 12, 1986

Black Point, O'ahu

BY: Michi Kodama-Nishimoto (MK) and Warren Nishimoto (WN)

MK: This is an interview with Mr. Richard "Kingie" Kimball at his home in Black Point, Honolulu, Hawai'i, on February 12, 1986. The interviewers are Michi Kodama-Nishimoto and Warren Nishimoto.

[Interview in progress.] Especially her father's generation because he was the first one to come here, right, of that family--of the King family.

RK: Of the King family, right. He came from New Brunswick, Canada.

MK: So, we're going to start off with your mother's father's family. Get some background on the family. And then your mother, and then her youth in the Islands, and then her marriage to your father. Then we'll switch over to your father and get his background in Massachusetts, the circumstances surrounding his coming to Hawai'i, and his early life here when he worked for the Wilder Steamship lumberyard. And then, we'll go up to the Hale'iwa Hotel period, talk a little bit about that. And then, your childhood in Hale'iwa, whatever you remember about that time.

RK: Mm hmm [Yes], I sure remember plenty.

MK: Then as a comparison, we'll go to Waikiki and get into that period when you spent your youth in Waikiki up to the time you left for California. Then after that, we're going to go into the history of Halekulani Hotel from 1917 from your father's period through your managership, and then finally to 1962 when it sold to Norton . . .

RK: Clapp (of Tacoma, Washington).

MK: One question before we start, though, we were wondering, when did you actually take over the managership of Halekulani?

RK: My dad's health was failing in 1940. I was acting manager from then. It was never official. But he died in September of '41 just before the war. So I had become manager. In fact, I had been

taking more and more responsibility for the past year. So it was around 1940 just before the war.

MK: Okay. About 1940.

WN: Why don't we begin then. I guess, Mich, you can start.

MK: I didn't tape the intro on that yet.

WN: It's okay. We've been taping.

MK: Oh, okay. So, I guess, as I said before, we can start off by having you give us some background information about your mother[']s, Juliet King's, father.

RK: Well, Thomas J. King was born in New Brunswick--St. John's in New Brunswick. When he was a twelve-year-old boy, his father (Richard King) decided that he was going to move the family out to California. So he arranged to take his son, my grandfather, with him down to St. Louis where they started out. They bought a couple of horses and they started out with a wagon train riding along. Threw their suitcases in one of the wagons and then they rode along with the wagon train. And they got out to California that way. Those days, that was how people would go if they were lucky enough. They'd pay for the right to do it, you know. Put their stuff on and go along with them. Food and everything. So Grandfather got to San Francisco. (His father) had to go get the rest of the family who'd gone down by ship to Panama. So he got on a sailing vessel that was going down to Panama. There was a lot of exchange across the isthmus in those days, instead of going all the way around South America. So, brought them back up to California. So that's how the rest of the family got to San Francisco. But he had to go first and organize it, you see, and have something all lined up for them to move into, I suppose, when they got there or something.

MK: What was your grandfather doing in California?

RK: Well, just a kid. He was twelve years old when he got there. But they lived over in Oakland as a matter of fact. He got into the hay and grain business as a very young man. Buying hay from the farmers in the summertime when the nice green stuff got dry enough to cut and bale. That's when people in the business would buy it and put it in warehouses then sell it. He was a grain trader. Hay and grain business, he was in. Eventually, the best customers he found who'd buy big quantities were the people in the Hawaiian Islands. They'd buy shiploads at a time. He got to know different ones. So his best customers were right in Hawai'i 'cause the big customers up there, they could go deal direct with the farmers. They didn't have to go through a middleman to buy. So when my grandmother went up there as a young lady to join her mother and father who'd gone from Kaua'i . . .

(Taping stops, then resumes.)

RK: Grandma King, she was an exceptionally fine person and a real community leader. Started out as a young girl in Hanalei where she was born. Her name was Josephine Wundenberg. Her father, Wundenberg, came out from Germany as a young man. He'd gone to college in England and he met Mr. [Robert C.] Wyllie, the British representative in Hawai'i, in his college days. So when he came to Hawai'i, they hit it off and he ended up over on Kaua'i managing his properties at Hanalei--Wyllie's properties. And started out in the coffee business and they got other things. Hanalei's gone through various transitions. There was a big rice community there at one time. Taro, coffee. But anyway, he managed this plantation. Grandma was born there.

Wundenberg married my great-grandmother who was the daughter of William Henry who came out as a London Missionary Society representative to Tahiti in 1797. She was born on the island of Moorea and came up as a young lady with her half-sister. Came to Kaua'i and was there kind of like a governess for the children. She was a very good schoolteacher and had come along. She'd been educated in Australia instead of Tahiti. When she came up to Kaua'i, why, she was an available young woman. Wundenberg married her, and they raised five kids. One of them was my grandmother. She had an interesting childhood there.

You may never have heard of the Franklin expedition. The British government and Lady Franklin helped to finance it. Came out to try and find her husband who'd been in an earlier expedition into the Northwest Passage route. They went up trying to get a way through around Canada and around North America that way. The whole expedition was lost up there. She wouldn't accept that they're all dead. She came out here and she organized some ships from here to go. Anyway, she was a very cultured and fine woman, being very close with the king and queen. See, Wyllie being the British representative and all, he used to have the queen and king go and stay at his plantation on Kaua'i at Hanalei with the Wundenberg family. It was just a close relationship that's very unusual. Not many people were in that close association with King Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma. Anyway, Queen Emma said, "You know, Lady Franklin, you should go over to Kaua'i and visit that plantation. It's so interesting. Hanalei's such a lovely place."

Lady Franklin was a very cultured woman and (of) high caliber. She stayed there for months and was there with the family for a long time, so that Grandma as a young girl had the experience of having a woman of that culture talk to her and explain things about the British Empire and the world and everything else, I guess. So it opened her eyes to what people of the upper levels think. Not just talking about the daily mundane things, but talking about world affairs and all. So as a young girl, Grandma had a very mind-opening experience with Lady Franklin which is an unusual thing not often children get. She was very much influenced by

that. We've got in her notes that she was very excited about Halley's Comet, too, when it came over. That was just the year before I was born. But my mother told me that her mother was very interested in it and read all the stuff she could get. She had all this material on Halley's Comet. That was the sort of thing that intrigued her, you see.

When she was a young girl, her family moved to California and left her here in Honolulu. Her father had left Kaua'i, come over here and worked for the monarchy. He was the treasurer of the monarchy for some years. He got so fed up with the way that the sugar barons, as (chuckles) they call the people that were the big sugar people, would buy their influence to get land leases and water rights and different things from the monarchy. Lend them personal money and then have to put pressure on them and all that. Get into poker games and whatever. He was so disillusioned by the whole stress and the king and queen and whoever that he decided he's going to move to California. He took the family. But Grandma was a young girl, eighteen years old. She said, "I don't want to go. I love Kaua'i. I want to go back to Kaua'i." So she arranged to have a job as a schoolteacher at Hanalei. Spoke fluent Hawaiian and English, of course. She went back to Hanalei and she taught school there.

And then her family wrote her from California. They were all established up there, had gotten a nice home, and they'd arranged for her to have a job teaching school in Northern California in Lake County. If she would come up there, she could teach school there and have a chance to go to the West Coast and the states and all. So she decided, okay. End of the school term, she went up to California, and then stayed in Oakland for a while with her family, and then she had to go across the bay. To go up to Lake County, you had to go across to Sausalito, that's on the bay, and take a train up as far as you could go. And then, from there, you take a stagecoach and go up to Lake County where she had a job as schoolteacher. She got on the stagecoach with other people. The stagecoach would have periodic stops. The driver would get off and go and drink in the bar at these places. He became a drunken driver. Four horses and a big coach, you know. She told the others with her on this thing, she said, "You just hold him down below when he comes back aboard. Don't let him up on the seat on the top up there. I'll drive the horses." There's one road. You can't miss it. She said, "I'll be able to. The horses know where they're going." So she gets up. When she arrived in Lake County for a new job, here she was (chuckles) a nineteen-year-old girl, this schoolteacher, driving these four horses, and the drunk was. . . . But so typical of her and so typical of my daughter. She's so much like her great-grandmother. It's the darndest thing. She's a very fearless kind of girl and competent and all. You can see it in the strain, the blood. I just can feel it in my daughter. Boy, she gets things done and she's fearless as can be.

WN: What about your mother? Do you see those kinds of . . .

RK: Well, yes, a lot. Mother was a civic leader as her mother was. Her mother was one of those that started the Outdoor Circle, for instance. When I was a little boy, I stayed with Grandmother. In '15, Mother and Dad went to New England to visit Dad's family. But I was a little squirt. I was four years old in 1915, so they left me with my grandmother and my little Japanese nurse girl from Hale'iwa, Tsuneyo Okamoto. So Tsuneyo and I stayed there. I remember Grandma being so fed up with the people on Kewalo Street which is up from where she was on the corner of Pi'ikoi and Kīna'u. She had a big place there with pasture and all for the milk cow and the carriage horse they had. She was going to walk up and talk to everybody on Kewalo Street who had these shower trees in their front yards. Some weren't watering them and weren't taking care of them. So I went along with her. She said, "Come on, Richard. Let's go for a walk." And I can remember her talking to people, and she really laid it on the line with them. You know, "This is a community thing, and you agreed to it. We put these trees in." The Outdoor Circle, see. "And years from now, this'll be a lovely street, and your house will have a blank. There won't be any there." She just took the initiative, you know, really. So I watched. When I was older, I used to go up there, watch them. Boy, all those trees came along beautifully. But she was that kind of a person.

Another thing that she was very strong for was the women getting the vote. Of course, people who were active in that, they call them suffragettes. But she wanted women's suffrage. They finally got it. But she was very keen on that. Well, years later, my mother got into politics because her brother--the son of T.J. King--Thomas Victor King, was on the tax commission, the governor's tax commission, to study our tax setup here in Hawai'i. He was working on it. He got so agitated and all, he wanted to run for the legislature to see if he couldn't push this to get it put through. So he got elected to the House. And Mother worked like the dickens for him. No sooner got elected then he had a heart attack and died. So he never did serve. That's the first time I ever saw Mother take such an interest in politics. So a few years after that, I ran for the first time for the House. She told me a lot what to do, but she wouldn't go do anything with me. She steered me in the right direction.

Did I tell you about Mr. Wright, the mayor of Honolulu? She said, "Now, you be sure and go to talk to my old classmate, Mayor Wright, Fred Wright, because he can help you get elected, I'm sure." So I went to see him.

He said, "Richie, I can't help you but I can tell you something. Every time you give a talk, you just be sure and explain that you're for strong county government. End your talk that I'm for strong county government."

Well, sure, I was for strong county government. He didn't tell me the details. So after the primary election, I was nominated, one

of thirteen to get nominated as a Republican. In those days, if you were nominated as a Republican in the Fourth District, that's this (eastern) half of the island, it was good as being elected. Just a cinch. So I was number six. I just squeaked in. I went down to the (county's) corporation yard, they call it, down there by the incinerator. They had assembled there in the morning. All these guys were going to go out on the rubbish trucks and all that. Would be 150, 200 men down there (very early) in the morning and they'd (let) the candidates come down, get up and introduce themselves. So I'd done it. I knew the head guy, Raplee Cummins. Had told me, sure, come and do it certain time of the morning. So I went to thank him. He said, "Don't thank me. You thank the mayor."

I said, "Oh, fine, thank you. I'll talk to him."

(Rap) said, "You're lucky. He gave you the password. Nobody else had the password." He said, "He told you (to say) that you were for strong county government and to stress it. Always (say) it when you're on the radio or big rallies or the yard, wherever you talk, 'I'm for strong county government.'" He said, "That's what the mayor's been after for years to get a four-year term, but they kept him on a two-year term. So they had him dangling. They always could have the mayor under their thumb, the Big Five people. You go see the mayor and thank him."

(Laughs) Now, isn't that interesting? See, that way, they had the mayor as a--poor guy, his hands are tied behind his back. He told me. He said, "Richie"--he always called me Richie--"if they knew I was helping you, they'd cut my throat." That's how politics were in those days.

MK: You mentioned that your mother was a classmate of Mayor Wright.

RK: Mayor Fred Wright. Fort Street School in Honolulu.

MK: Can you go on and talk about your mother's background? I know she was born in California, but. . . .

RK: Well, see, her family had moved up there, but then (Grandmother wanted) to come back to Hawai'i. She [grandmother] sold her husband T.J. King on the idea of, "Your best customers are in Hawai'i, the plantations, hauling and draying business and all that, the big customers. You keep trying to sell to people down there, but if you're there on the scene you could do better getting them to buy the grain that you buy up here. You could come up with Captain Matson and buy a year's supply, a couple of boatloads of it, and have a warehouse there and sell out of your warehouse. We could move the family back there and have a home established there, and you'd have a business." So he called it the California Feed Company. She moved back with Mother and the other two, little brother and sister. So, when Mother was six years old, they moved back here from California. That's why Mother never considered

herself anything but from Hawai'i, even though she was born in Oakland.

WN: Where did they move to in Hawai'i, back to Hanalei?

RK: No, they didn't. They came right to Honolulu because his office, the California Feed Company, was right Downtown. They lived originally a part of what's now the State Capitol. The Diamond Head side of the entrance as you come up from (King Street). You come up on the Punchbowl Street--they had a big lot right there. And right behind the house was the old 'Iolani Barracks which (has been) moved across onto the Palace grounds. But it was right adjacent to their property. And as a little girl, she said, she used to stand up on an orange crate and look over the wall, watch them drilling in there. From her house right in view, so it was right against the barracks and drill ground. So that's where they lived when she was little.

But then, later they moved out to Kīna'u Street. Kīna'u and Pi'ikoi. They had the whole big (half) of that block, Kīna'u and Pi'ikoi and across to (Lunalilo Street). As I say, they had couple of milk cows and a horse that would pull a carriage (when) my grandfather would go to work in the morning. The yardman would drive him down and then come back, and then go get him in the afternoon again. When I was there, four years old, I stayed as a visitor there with Tsuneyo. We stayed there for a number of months. I used to love to jump on the wagon, ride down (chuckles). They call it a "wagon." It was a carriage, really.

So it [i.e., the property] faced on three streets. I'll never forget. One time, it was early, early morning, I guess, all dark. Clang, clang, clang. I could hear the fire engine coming from the station--Makiki Fire Station up there at Wilder. I went running out, and here came this fire engine. The guy's driving these three horses. Golly, wide open on the dirt road, you see, and they could fly. Boy, I was excited. Here this thing going full (chuckles) speed to the fire way down on King Street somewhere, I didn't see it end up. But I'll never forget the sight of those horses going by. So that would have been 1915 that that happened.

MK: I know that your mother married your father in 1902. So prior to their marriage, what was she doing?

RK: She was teaching school in Honolulu. She'd gone to the Normal School and was teaching school in the regular school system here. My father came in 1901 to visit Walter Dillingham, and then he stayed on, got a job with the Wilder Steamship Company working in their lumberyard. Planing, all that. And then, Mother was---as Uncle George Lycurgus, you know the old gentleman who lived to be 100 years old up at the Volcano House? George Lycurgus. We were up there one time. He used to manage the Sans Souci Hotel. Sans Souci Beach (at Waikiki). There was a little hotel there and he managed that. It had a dance pavilion, and on Saturday nights,

that's where the young crowd went. They'd get in their carriages and they'd drive out there. That was where the dances were on Saturday night. That was the excitement in Honolulu. He said, "Juliet King was the belle of Honolulu. Oh, that girl, she was the popular one and beautiful." He said, "Oh, the young navy officers and local people, she was the. . . ." So, she was quite a lovely young lady. I should show you a picture of her. You can see how beautiful she was.

But Walter Dillingham had been one of her very good friends and they played tennis together a great deal. After work at the railroad, he'd come by along Beretania Street or King, one of those. Beretania, I guess, just near where she lived. Pick her up and they'd go along to the Beretania tennis courts which [was] back near where the art academy [i.e., Honolulu Academy of Arts] is. And they'd stop off and play a few sets with some other young people, and then go by her place down on Kīna'u Street and drop her off, and he'd go home. Same thing in the morning coming by. He'd pick her up. Beretania was a dirt road. And he had a very snappy pair of horses. He drove them one in front of the other. They called it a "phaeton." Oh, she said it was so snappy. He'd drive this thing. That's Lowell's father, Mr. Walter Dillingham. Very nice gentleman. He and my dad had become big pals when he went back to go to high school in Newtonville just out of Boston. When he had to come home to take over the operation of the railroad 'cause his father had a nervous breakdown, he told Dad, "You ever get a chance, come out to Hawai'i, Clifford, you come and visit." He said, "I'll love to have you."

That's when Dad came. His (company) was merged with another leather company and he lost his job. But he told his mother, "I think I'll go out and visit Walter. I've got a little money saved up." Came out here. He said, "I'll send for you if we can ever afford it." Well, he did. Good to his word, he got his mother and sister out here. But he wasn't there long with the Dillinghams in their home. He moved into the Virtue Villa, they call it, and all the young guys were there. Then he married Mother the following year, 1902.

WN: You know how they met?

RK: Well, (of) all the young crowd, she was one of the most popular of the bunch. Dad was immediately taken up as Walter Dillingham's house guest, you know, the young crowd. You ought to see the pictures. I can show 'em to you. The house parties at Mokulēi'a. They go out on the train and stuff. Oh, that was a jazzy young crowd. They had beautiful parties and had fun. And her scrapbook, I'll never forget. So many clippings in there, the party in town here, given for Juliet and Clifford Kimball when they were engaged. They were the popular young couple, you know. Small community, you see, and social events were important to everybody. They all want to read about who's doing what. (Chuckles) So luckily, I have all that stuff.

MK: Soon after your mother and father got married, how did your father support the family?

RK: Well, he had that little job at Wilder Company. They had a Japanese girl who worked for them. I think they paid her five dollars a month and she lived there at the house. She was a pretty darn good cook. She could babysit my brother when he was born. They lived there. I don't know what Mother did when they were first married, but I know it wasn't long before they had my brother. And then, she had to stay home, housewife, you know. They had this very---I don't remember what the girl's name was, but oh, they just loved her. She was so nice. And she had a job. Better than no job at all. She worked for them. The thing about that was, being with a nice family like that, she was getting her education partly, too. Her English was improved. Mother would explain to her, and all this and that. So, Mother never told me that, but I can just visualize what a help it was for that girl to have someone like Mother and Dad to talk to her about stuff. You don't get all your education in the classroom. A lot of it is by association with people, people that are teachers anyway, natural teachers, it's like private tutoring. So I never thought of her working for five dollars a month as menial. She was just lucky to have a situation like that where she was getting her continued education. She may not have had much at all to begin with. But she was just a wonderful person. Oh, Mother and Dad just thought the world of her. My brother was lucky he had a good babysitter. That's the way things were.

MK: We know that your parents took over the managership of Hale'iwa Hotel. How did that . . .

RK: Well, it was a funny thing. The manager there proved to be--I don't like to say dishonest, but the thing wasn't being managed properly. And the Dillinghams were very upset about it. Mr. Dillingham, thinking who the heck is there? Well, Clifford and Juliet might go out there and just take over and run the place as best they could. At least they'd be honest, wouldn't steal the money, and this and that. So he approached Mother and Dad, Mr. Walter did. Dad said, "Oh, Walter, I don't know anything about running a hotel."

"Well, you and Juliet run a nice home and you're good with people, and you're very popular. The young crowd would all love to come out there to parties and things on weekends and stuff. You'd be a good one for there."

"Well, we'll give it a try."

So they had a free cottage across to live in and meals at the hotel, a little bit of salary, back and forth on the train with a pass, so that it had advantages for a young couple that didn't have (chuckles) very much income, very small. So they got along quite well. Dad loved Hale'iwa, just loved it out there. Found that the

Bishop Estate had a nice piece of land down toward Waialua along the coast there. Enough room for a nine-hole golf course. They had to make it in two pieces because of where the Japanese[-language] school is and the old plantation (club). They put four holes on one side and five on the other, had a nine-hole golf course. Dad laid it out and did that, got it put in. And then, people would come out and play golf on the weekends. So that became a well-known little resort golf course.

WN: What was the relationship between Walter Dillingham and the Hale'iwa Hotel?

RK: Well, the Dillinghams operated Hale'iwa Hotel, the railroad company [i.e., O'ahu Railway & Land Co.]. The land was Bishop Estate land. They operated on a lease there. They built the hotel. Old B.F. Dillingham, Mr. Walter Dillingham's father, was quite an entrepreneur. He, in planning the railroad, figured we're not only going to haul freight, sugar and stuff, but we're going to haul people. In order to haul people, you had to have a destination out there for people from town to go out to go to, stay, and so forth. So he, knowing that resorts are successful sometimes if you run them properly, had the Hale'iwa Hotel with the main building with about ten rooms in it, and about six or eight cottages scattered around. I was born in the family's cottage right there in Hale'iwa. (Chuckles)

MK: What was the clientele like at that Hale'iwa Hotel?

RK: Well, it was people from town who could go out on the train or go out by (car). Cars had started by the time I was a little boy, but (it was) such an arduous trip to go out on an automobile. They just (went) on the train. And they'd come out for vacations, spend their long vacation there. I remember one family, remember very well, was the Farrington family. Governor [W.R.] Farrington, Mrs. Farrington, and Ruth, Joe Farrington and his sister. "Panini," we used to call her. The three Farrington kids, when they were kids. Joe Farrington would come out. I was a little blonde kid running around. One of them used to tell me, "Oh, you're the cutest little guy."

(Laughter)

RK: We used to go out on the glass-bottomed boat. I'd go along. They said, "You're always so friendly. You like people?"

I said, "Sure, I enjoy people."

But that was an example. The Halsteads. Mr. Halstead, funny old white-haired guy with white mustache. He had a sugar plantation property out there, part of Waialua Plantation for many years. But they'd come out and stay at the hotel a week at a time. Oh, any number of people. Dick Lyman who's now a trustee at the Bishop Estate. When his family came over to Honolulu from Hilo, they all

want to go to Hale'iwa on the train. So they all went out and stayed a while at Hale'iwa Hotel. Went on the train around Ka'ena Point, and stayed there. That was, coming from Hilo, to visit us there. Mainland people, certain number would go out there, and some would stay longer than others. I remember little Mr. Perry used to come from New England. He'd come out, early winter, come all the way out to Hale'iwa on the train, bring his little trunk with him, and he'd stay at Hale'iwa for the whole winter. Dad got to know him. We called him "Uncle Perry." I know I (chuckles) called him "Uncle Perry." That was an early tourist of the type we got a lot of at Halekūlani in later years who'd come and spend the winter with us at Halekūlani. They'd bring their stuff, stay at a cottage, and get away from their winter on the Mainland, come over there. So we had all kinds of different people.

Of course, the military were a big part of the business. They'd come down from Schofield Saturday afternoon, stay there for dinner, dance and all that, then go home that night. Some would stay overnight; most of them go back again. Then they had two places for drinking. One was for the officers in the main building, and then they had a beer garden out in back where the enlisted men could be. Beer and booze and all out there. I remember, oh, there'd be a crowd of guys there. Well, there (was) no other place to go. They'd come down. Either they'd walk down or hitch a ride or something. Come down from Schofield. So they did a big liquor business over the weekend there, I remember.

MK: Besides serving liquor, what kinds of activities or services did your parents give the clients?

RK: Well, the glass-bottomed boat was one of the nice attractions. On the river they would go out. Fellow named Jimmy Martin had the glass-bottomed boat and he had some rowboats in the river. They'd rent the rowboats out and they could row out on the little stream, I remember. And things for people to do on the water there. Another thing, they could take a picnic, and get on the train. You see, the passenger train would come and take people that had to go to Kahuku. The engine would get off the side track, spin around, and get on the other end of the train and pull it back again. So it would go to Kahuku. So on the way along by Sunset Beach there, Uncle Perry would get off the train at some point. They'd say, "We'll pick you up here again. But you try this beach. You'll find there (are) plenty of shells there." So he'd have a picnic lunch put up for himself at Hale'iwa, and then he'd get off the train, have his picnic down at the beach, and he'd come back with the most beautiful shells. Oh, little delicate ones. He had them all on cotton. I'll never forget his collection. On what we call Sunset Beach now, that big long beach along in there, or Waimea. He tried different ones there.

MK: And then, for your mom and dad, what were their roles in the hotel?

RK: Well, they kind of divided it. Dad worked with the office and the kitchen crew mostly. Mother did the grounds and the housekeeping, as she did later at Halekūlani when he was there. They just fell into their own natural places. They both were active in community affairs, but Mother more so than Dad. Dad would go to town once a week. When he first went there, there wasn't even a bank. They'd have to take the money into the bank in town. He'd drive into town. He had a car that the company supplied. So he'd drive into town to deposit the collection of the weekend, the week's money. (Chuckles) Used to worry Mother always that he was going to get held up by bandits.

(Laughter)

MK: How many employees did Hale'iwa Hotel have back then?

RK: Oh, I guess they had a dozen or so. There'd be five in the kitchen at least, and three or four room help, and two in the office, and a yardman or two. Maybe fifteen employees.

WN: What kinds of things did you do as a child growing up in that area?

RK: Well, my favorite thing to do, of course, was to go on the glass-bottomed boat. Any time I wanted to go out, Mr. Martin said, "Any time, Richard, you just come down here, and we'll go out." It's a one-hour ride. So Tsuneyo would take me down and put me on the glass-bottomed boat. And she'd be back there waiting for me about an hour later. Then she'd go do something else. Mother'd have her ironing the clothes or doing something, (chuckles) you know, which she couldn't very well do when she was toting me around, a little three- or four-year-old kid. So they were glad to get rid of me and I loved to go. It was no punishment to be put on the glass-bottomed boat. I loved to go out and watch the fish. That was a favorite thing.

The other, of course, when I'd hear the cowboys coming with cattle from Kawailoa side. You could hear the whips crack: Bang! Crack! You know, they'd chase the cattle along, keep 'em going along the road, not deviate off (or) go into people's property. The cattle would moo. Cows calling for their calves. So I could hear them coming way in the distance. Boy, I'd run and get the yardman to saddle my horse for me. (Chuckles) I couldn't saddle, I was too small. Then I'd hang behind with Lapaku, foreman, a Hawaiian. Ride along with him and we'd kind of whoosh the cattle from behind. The smart--the good cowboys want to be in front to steer them, make sure they didn't turn off on side roads and all. I used to love to (chuckles) chase cattle with Lapaku. You read the book [i.e., an earlier oral history of RK], it's all in there. I put it in there 'cause that was good to tell a little about how life was in those days. You know, very simple but things that were, to me, very important.

WN: What about school? Where did you . . .

RK: Well, my brother was going to Honolulu Military Academy over here, little guy, nine, ten years old. Used to cry when he'd have to leave the hotel and come into town on the train in his brown uniform. Other boys from Waialua, there'd be six or eight of them come on in a group. They'd get to the end of the car line at Kaimukī. I'm trying to think what street it is. It's Koko Head Avenue, I guess, comes right across there. Anyway, it would stop right there. Then they had to walk to where the school was, right by the cemetery over here, you know, [near] the Kaimukī Intermediate School? Right over here. That was where the Honolulu Military Academy was. That was boys from the country districts on this island. A few (were) from Honolulu but largely boys from the other islands who were all boarders there. I was going to have to start the first grade in the public school out at Waialua there. Mother just couldn't see it. She could visualize me as soon as I was able to wear a brown uniform and go to military academy, I was going to be off to military--she hated that, you know, to see that.

When Mr. [Robert] Lewers ran that ad in the paper saying that Halekūlani was going to be for lease on a ten-year lease, Mother said to Dad, "This is our chance. If we could get Mr. Lewers to lease it to us, we (can) run a hotel. It'd be no bigger than Hale'iwa Hotel. We'd do it on our account." So that's how they got Halekūlani because Dad went and saw Mr. Lewers. And you know the story there. He talked to Mr. Lewers, and Mr. Lewers asked him, "Clifford, do you have any money saved up?"

And Dad said, "Well, I've got \$1,000."

He said, "Well, you'll need that for your working capital when you start up. But you're going to have to buy the furniture. That's customary when someone takes over a lease on the hotel. All your kitchen equipment and everything else. I want \$1,500 for all that and you own it. Your bedding, the linens, everything else. You'd be equipped fully with the \$1,500."

Dad said, "I don't have any more than the \$1,000."

He said, "No, you need it. You go to the bank and talk. See if you can't get a \$1,500 loan."

So Dad left Mr. Lewers, went over to see Mr. Sam Damon who was managing Mr. Bishop's bank which was down on Merchant Street [i.e., Bishop Bank]. And he had a talk with Mr. Damon.

Mr. Damon said, "Clifford, I'm terribly sorry, but it wouldn't be a good loan for the bank to make. You don't have the collateral, you don't have anything else besides the little money you have, the working capital. You could use that up in no time at all. Much as we like you, and Juliet's a dear friend of my daughter May, and May's Richard's godmother, I know of all that, but business is business. I've got to do what's best for Mr. Bishop's bank. I just have to turn you down unless you get someone to

endorse your note."

(Dad) blinked and he said, "Okay." He said he started back to Hale'iwa thinking that the whole thing was out of luck. Stopped by the old railroad station which was an old, old wooden building at that time right where the present one is. Railroad terminal there. Went in to see Walter Dillingham, talked to him, told him what Mother and (he) wanted to do. He said, "But I'm going to have to get an endorsement."

Mr. Dillingham said, "Gee, Clifford, you know, I've had bad luck. Anytime I've endorsed a note, I ended up paying the damn thing myself."

Dad said, "Oh, I know it. And I'm so embarrassed to even mention it, but you've asked me."

He said, "In your case, Clifford, with you and Juliet, I have faith in you. I'll endorse your note for \$1,500. You go back and tell Mr. Damon that I will endorse your note."

So, Mr. Dillingham lost his people running the hotel. (Chuckles) (But) he was very happy to see us be a success at Halekūlani, I'm sure.

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

RK: So that was the summer of 1917. We moved to town in August. I started the first grade in September at Punahou.

MK: I was wondering, why did Mr. Lewers put in that ad in the first place?

RK: Because he'd had some people running Halekūlani for ten years, and it was an unhappy situation. They were very kapulu as the Hawaiians say. They didn't do a good job. The housekeeping was awful. The place stunk around the back. As a little kid I said, "Oh, this place smells." Not like Hale'iwa, nice and clean.

Mother said, "We'll get it cleaned up, Richard. Just be patient. We have a yardman who will clean the yard up."

But I said, "The cesspool is so awful." The old redwood planking on the top of the cesspool had caved in and it was just crunched in back there. It had these vines that grow so fast--the woodrose vine had grown all over that area. It was just a mass of stuff. But I'd crawled around to see where the smell was. And the thing had just caved in. The woodroses were hiding it, but there it was.

So Dad had to get Mr. Lewers to pay for having the cesspool fixed. But I said, "It smells so awful around here."

"We can get things done. Just be patient."

But that's the sort of thing, you see, that the previous people running it hadn't taken the trouble to get done. Mr. Lewers would have fixed it for them, but they weren't the kind of people that gave a damn.

WN: What did the Halekūlani---well, at the time, it was called Hau Tree . . .

RK: The Hau Tree. The family that had it was Arnold, A-R-N-O-L-D. He was later the mayor of Honolulu, Mayor [Charles N.] Arnold. That's the Arnold family. Part-Hawaiian. They called it Hau Tree 'cause hau trees (were) prominent out there in front, in those days. Big hau trees. See, this was before Fort DeRussy. Before the dredging was done there. There was a good beach all along there at that time. The Lewers family were very gracious. They used to let the people who lived in back, the Hawaiian families, have their canoes pulled in under the hau trees there, and keep 'em in the shade. 'Cause those big koa canoes (were) solid, you know. When they get dry, it's hard to keep 'em from splitting in the hot sun. So they just loved being able to pull up in there and use that. And the Lewers family were so nice with the Hawaiians. The property between Mr. Damon's property and theirs, on the Reef Hotel side, in the boundary, Mr. Damon gave five feet, Mr. Lewers gave five feet. Ten-foot right-of-way down there so the people in the back could come down through there. There was a right-of-way right next to Halekūlani, ten-foot right-of-way. Well, that sort of thing. They didn't have to be told. The city didn't condemn it. They just did it because it was proper that the Hawaiians should have their own way to get down there.

So they said, "Oh, you're such lovely people." The Lewerses, I guess, used to have Hawaiian food and stuff once in a while. Maybe they'd come and help them prepare a little special Hawaiian dinner or something like that. They knew the neighbors very well. They said, "You should call this place 'Halekūlani.'" Home befitting heaven, heavenly home, or whatever, the Hawaiian idea. Halekūlani, lani is "heaven," hale is "house" of heaven. Mother as a little girl would often go out to the Lewers' beach house with other young people at a party or something like that. "Oh, we're going to Halekūlani for the Friday night, Saturday night party." So when she and Dad first got there, she said, "You know, Clifford, we should call this place Halekūlani. Hau Tree, what's that mean? Doesn't have any [meaning]."

He said, "Okay, we'll change the name to Halekūlani." That's the old family name for it. So that's how it got to be Halekūlani again rather than Hau Tree. I'm so glad they did that. That was

very smart. But it shows Mother had a heart, you see. Really, she felt that people would like something that means something.

WN: What did the grounds of the Hau Tree consist of at the time that your parents took over?

RK: Well, it was a grove of coconuts. Kept the grass mowed in between them. A little driveway came in, looped around the front, and went out. Never forget the morning milk delivery. Dairymen's had a little pair of mules, fast little trotting mules. They'd come and they'd swing right in, just not too far in the grounds. Dad had a box out there. They'd swing in and they'd put all the milk bottles in the box and take off. He didn't want them to come way around by the kitchen to wake everybody up. Would come about three or four o'clock in the morning and deliver the milk. Then when the employees would come to work, everybody had to stop and pick up a couple quarts of milk and bring 'em and take 'em to the kitchen.

(Laughter)

RK: But the grounds were nice. Had coconut trees, and there was a traveller's palm there that was lovely. And some hibiscus and a nice big lau hala tree right by the main building that (looked) pretty against it. There was kind of a lot of stuff there and lots of coconut trees.

WN: Was the main building Mr. Lewers' former home?

RK: Oh, yes. That was their beach house, a big old building. And then, it had been added to on the ocean side. Big lanai and a dining room, an all-screened dining room. And then, much bigger kitchen. They added onto the kitchen so that's where the dining was. And then, in the front part of it, there was a little office and several guest rooms in that building. Then the cottages.

MK: How many rooms did the Hau Tree have back then?

RK: Well, I guess there were probably eight rooms in the main building and about eight cottages, fair-sized, would take up to three, four, or five people. Probably you could have a capacity of about forty people, the hotel could have.

MK: You know, those cottages, did they have little kitchens in them?

RK: No. No, no. Everybody ate in the main dining room. It was the American Plan. The kitchen provided food for everybody. They called it American Plan. No, the only thing that seemed like a kitchen in the little (cottage) was everyone had a gas heater for the hot water. You had to light it before you got the water for your tub. And there was no shower in the tub. You took a bath in the tub. Out in back there was a little cold-water shower. You (could) have a little cold-water shower outside, but if you wanted hot water, you got in the tub. You (took) a hot bath. (Chuckles)

That's what we found when we got there. Years later, my dad fixed up the outdoor, the back shower, fixed it up with the hot water connected to it. Then we put a hot-water circulating system throughout the whole grounds. That was a hell of a big job. So then they got rid of all the little gas heaters in every bathroom.

MK: And when your family took over the Hau Tree that became the Halekūlani, where did the employees come from? Were they already there?

RK: There were some there, some followed Dad from Hale'iwa. Others came from the Moana. I remember a couple of them came over and went to work. Not right away but shortly after.

MK: Would you remember the names of some of the employees?

RK: Well, sure. Our headwaiter, Mr. Ukishima. He had several sons. I don't know what's become of that whole family. But he was Mr. Ukishima. He was one of the captains at the Moana. He came over and applied to Dad for a job. This wasn't early. This is about when we built that new main building, 1930. Another one who came over from the Moana was Mr. Kosaki, Richard Kosaki's father. And then, "Nishi." I guess it was Nishimoto [Takeo Nishimura]. Wonderful guy. One of the waiters. He came. It was much like that. They had been working in the hotels along the beach there. And then, they kind of liked the way we did things at Halekūlani. What they really liked was the caliber of people who would come and stay there for the winter. They'd have good guests and they'd treat them well. And the guests treated them well. Nice big fat tips when they left. You know, they were generous. Sure, they'd always--I remember [when] the guests were leaving, (chuckles) the waiter, and the room boy, whoever else, all gave them leis. The guests would leave all with leis on. (Laughs)

WN: I know that your mother was very much interested in landscaping and gardening and so forth. And I know that she had a yardman named [Tokumatsu] Asuka who helped her out? What had to be done on the grounds?

RK: Shimoda was the one that she worked the most with on the grounds. [Tokumatsu] Asuka was a room boy. Asuka, A-S-U-K-A. And we had another one. Oh, forgotten the other. I'm thinking of the early, early ones when we first went there. But Shimoda was a wonderful guy. Had a Chinese fellow in the office, Hoy Chong. And Chang Chong came from Hale'iwa. He was kind of a roustabout for the kitchen, and he'd do any damn thing. He was a hard worker. Hale'iwa, he used to have to get up, and early morning, he'd mop the big lanai decks down out there after a dance. Because huge big decks, dancing out on the deck, they'd shake this powder wax around so they could slide for dancing on a slippery floor. And it was a mess on Sunday mornings. I remember every Sunday morning, he was out there with a bucket and a wet mop and (laughs) mopping the

whole darn deck down. Scrawny little guy, working like anything. He followed Dad to Halekulani. He said, "I want to work with you, Mr. Kimball." The other one was Lum Tung, T-U-N-G. Lum Tung. He was kind of a pantry man. Wonderful guy. He would prepare the pineapple and stuff, get the ready-to-serve salads and things. He was in that section of the kitchen always. But he came from Hale'iwa with us. When we left there, he said, "I want to go to town. I want to live in town." So he worked with Dad.

Then, Charley Wong was our second cook. He didn't want responsibility, but he was a hell of a good cook and great guy. Charley Wong. He stayed with us for many years. Then he died on the job there, I guess. I often wondered how in the world he could keep so much going. On his mind he had all this stuff. (Laughs) He was a fantastic guy. He was the heavy worker in the kitchen. We had a good chef after we built the new main building. The Royal had been built, see, in 1926 [1927]. So we built in 1930. Kam Kui came over and applied for the job as chief cook. Dad said, "Where did you get your training?"

He said, "Oh, I worked at the Royal Hawaiian for many years." He had told them at the Royal Hawaiian that he wanted to become a chef and "teach me everything you can," so that they transferred him from one department to another. At the Royal they had all these expensive cooks and chefs, sauce chefs and sous chefs, they call them. So when he came to work for us, he was a well-qualified all-around guy and he was a good worker. But he knew his business, so he worked over Charley Wong. That's who our kitchen top people were.

Then we had guys who washed the dishes. Finally had a little dishwashing machine. Before that, they used to wash 'em out in a big sink over there, early days. (Chuckles) Waiters were all Japanese waiters for some reason. And the cook gang was all Chinese. Boy, when the war broke out, just before the war, I'll never forget. Kam Kui, the head guy, he was so damn mad at the Japanese for what they were doing in Manchuria, you see, bombing. One of the waiters ("Fuji") came in. I was in the kitchen when it happened. To Kam Kui, this guy wasn't the nice little Japanese waiter that he'd always worked with. He saw him coming and he just thought, "Here's a damn Japanese devil." And he started cursing him. (Laughs) Poor little guy, he said, "What'd I do? I no do nothing." (Laughs).

"Ah, what you Japanese do! What you do! You pom, pom, pom!" Bomb, you see. "Pom, pom, pom!" He was so stirred up, you see. His family was probably being bombed in China, whatever. He just resented it. And he had to finally take it out on (chuckles) the poor Japanese waiter. (Laughs) Oh, we used to have funny things like that happen, you know.

MK: So you had a staff of about, say, ten people then. . . .

RK: Oh, at least. Yeah, at least ten. The best things they had (were) the room boys. We always had Japanese room boys to take care of the rooms. They all had their bicycle with the rack in the front and they could take the guests' laundry home to their home laundry, and then their wife would do all the laundry at home, and then bring it back again. (Chuckles) I knew one of the tricks they had. They always saved the soap from the rooms, take it home for their laundry. They used the guest soap.

(Laughter)

RK: I knew it was going on. I never said anything about it, but some of them got pretty generous in the amount they'd take because the used pieces (weren't) enough. They wanted some extra. They'd have a little package. (Laughs) Probably a lot. But that was their little extra perquisite, you see. They do laundry at home and get paid for it.

MK: What were their salaries like back then?

RK: Oh, I don't know. Maybe twenty-five dollars a month or something, if that. I don't know. They all had a good lunch at the hotel. They got a good lunch every day. I guess they got breakfast, too. Lot of them came so darn early, you know. They'd start before daylight (to) get there.

A lot of them would like to be able to prepare their own. . . . Like the papayas. They'd select the good papaya, and then clean it, and all that. For their guests, they'd give 'em the best pieces they could find. The waiter would make their own relationship with the (guest). (Chuckles) And some of them used to get little bit generous with some of the things that they would give to get better tips. (Laughs) I remember Dad had to bawl one guy out one time. "God," he says, "you're giving double proportions. You're not supposed to give that much." They used to have to get their cooks to hold back. "Don't let them take too much." You let them help themselves and stuff, they'll load that plate up. (Chuckles)

But we had good food. It was well known that Halekūlani was a place of good food. You read the book. You saw about the fish from Hale'iwa that Dad learned about out there. At the Halekūlani, we were using bottom fish all the time because that was what Dad was familiar with. Mr. Nagano tell him, "Why you don't try mahimahi, Mr. Kimball? Mahimahi is good fish, but nobody buys it." (Chuckles) How about that, eh? That was the junk fish. The boat would come in, the tuna boats. The mahimahi was left over. They'd always catch quite a bit of mahimahi. They'd give it to the guy who'd take care of the boat while they were ashore sleeping up and resting for the next trip out to go get tuna. Those guys would have the mahimahi, take it down to Mr. Nagano down at the market there, sell it to him for five cents a pound or whatever. Mr. Nagano would buy it, clean it, and freeze it. One time freeze is

all right with mahimahi. You can freeze, but you can't refreeze. You don't take the fillets and freeze them or anything else, 'cause then it dries out. So we learned to stack in this big freezer there these mahimahi that were just gutted and cleaned. Put 'em in there. You see a whole stack. He always used to get Dad to buy in the summertime. Buy up ahead a lot of mahimahi. Store it in there so when the off season for mahimahi came, we were able to draw on that. Take 'em out, thaw it, and just like fresh mahimahi.

WN: So Halekūlani was one of the first . . .

RK: The Outrigger [Canoe] Club and Halekūlani were the first two that I know of [that served mahimahi]. See, there was so much uluā in those days and ono. They're damn good fish, too, you know. Ono's a hell of a good fish grilled. Uluā, the same way. And that's what people were used to. Those are shore fish, in close, you see, the uluā and ono both, that the small boats could catch. But the mahimahi, they're out faster trolling, way out. The big aku boats would be out there when the aku was biting, and then they got some mahimahi. They throw that in and just give it to the guy who cleans the boat up after when they're pau. Junk fish. (Chuckles) Mahimahi is the best fish of all for cutting, you see, 'cause you slice that long fillet right down and you cut them, oh, boy. Much more usable meat per pound from a mahimahi than any other fish. Easy to prepare. It's like a fillet of beef. It's just right there, all meat, and you just (RK makes slicing sounds). (Chuckles)

WN: So your father's main job was managing the hotel as well as the kitchen aspect of it?

RK: At Halekūlani? Both at Hale'iwa and Halekūlani, yeah. He planned the meals with the chef. He'd talk to him about what they're going to have. Mother worked with the housekeeping, and with the grounds, and with the guests a lot. Sunday mornings, she'd go down to St. Andrew's Cathedral, her car full of guests. Some of the oldtimers were women and they'd want to go to church with her Sunday mornings. She'd start out with a whole carload of people. Mother and Dad would take people--Dad was the one who'd do that more--over to the polo game on Sunday afternoons if they're having polo. Ask some of the guests to go to a polo game with him. Walter Dillingham always said, "Clifford, bring your guests on up to La Pietra. Come up after the game. The players are going to come up." So the guests got in on something at La Pietra. Mr. Dillingham drank his 'okolehao, (chuckles) whatever. So it was a pretty nice relationship to be able to be on that level in the community socially. I know Mr. [Conrad] Von Hamm said to somebody one time, "Why is it that the Kimballs are so popular socially? They seem to be into everything." Well, it had been from the time Mother was a kid with Walter Dillingham and the gang playing tennis and all. She was of that group from the time she was a beautiful young girl. So it made it easy for them to be gracious with people of that caliber from the Mainland who came out there because they'd

have friends back and forth, and friends from the East who'd come out and visit Walter. And Dad would be with all that gang, you know, and friends back and forth. It wasn't that they were socially climbing. They were in that crowd. They were always accepted so that there was no stigma being hotel people. Sort of in a different category. Mr. Von Hamm never could quite see it and couldn't understand how the Kimballs could be so popular socially. (Chuckles) I could see why it was. It was obvious.

MK: So your parents and the clientele of Halekūlani were of a certain social caliber?

RK: A lot of that type 'cause their friends would tell, word of mouth. Dad says it's the word of mouth. You can advertise, forget it. He said, "Just give 'em a good time. Be nice to your guests. They'll tell their friends, and their friends will tell friends." The old story, birds of a feather flock together. (Chuckles) It's true. Dad always said that. "Just don't worry about advertising. Just be really nice to the guests. Give 'em a good time, treat 'em well. Feed them well."

(Dad's sister Helen had a lovely beach cottage at Kahana Bay. She would often invite guests whom she had known in the East to come out for the day to swim and have a picnic lunch. They loved it. Sometimes Dad would drive them out himself.)

(Chuckles) I'll never forget how often Mother and Dad would have a cocktail party right in the cottage. Dad used to make up a little 'ōkolehao cocktail. He'd shake it up with a little grenadine stuff in there and ice and a little fruit juice and then whatever liquor he could get. Sometimes 'ōkolehao or something or other and make up these cocktails. Then he'd pour these things out, all little glasses, and pass them. There'd be six, eight, ten people over there at the cottage having a cocktail before dinner. Well, they liked that, you know. They got to meet each other, the different guests. They don't go introducing each other out on the terrace, but sitting with the cocktails there (before) dinner at the Kimballs' cottage. Then they're friends. They might say, the next day, "Well, let's go do something together." And then, they start out and there's two couples that go ahead and agree that they're going to go on a picnic, they're going to the Bishop Museum, or do stuff. People like to have someone to do something with. Not just husband and wife going around all alone everywhere. Mother and Dad knew about that. It was nothing scheming or planned about it. It was just the way of life that they did things. Hale'iwa was a natural and more so at Halekūlani.

(After Mary and I were married we frequently had small groups of guests up to our apartment above my parents' cottage for cocktails. The guests liked to meet each other that way. We tried to ask ones that we felt might enjoy each other.)

MK: When these early tourists used to come into Halekūlani, how would they know what to do socially or for fun in the Islands?

RK: Well, there was a Hawai'i Tourist Bureau in those days and it tried to do stuff. We had wonderful drivers who were tour drivers, operated on their own. Brickwood Lyman, the guy from Hilo, he had a taxi down in the lot across from the old [Alexander] Young Hotel. But we had different drivers in Waikīkī that did the same thing. But Brick Lyman had gotten to know Dad and Mother very well because when they were at Hale'iwa, he'd bring people around the island, and they'd stop in for lunch at Hale'iwa. Dad always gave Brick his lunch free, of course. He was part of that Lyman family in Hilo. Dad liked him, a part-Hawaiian fellow. So sometimes when we'd have guests at the hotel who wanted to get a good driver to take them around the island, do stuff, Dad would call Brick and say, "I've got a couple here that want to drive around the island. I know that you have a good spiel for telling them all about the stuff. Why don't you come and get them. They'll get you to take them around the island." So Brick Lyman would come out. I'd see him there. He would come, pick up the people, and off they'd go. Sometimes two couples or something like that. But Dad thought of things, what would appeal to the guests.

Football games, Dad loved football. The old [Honolulu] Stadium there. He always had couple of extra tickets. He'd frequently take the guests along to the football games. Some of those games were damn good football games. Neal Blaisdell was playing at the University [of Hawai'i] in those days. They had some darn good football players here. And army and navy had teams. Once in a while, they bring over a Mainland team on the boat, and they'd (chuckles) stay long enough to play a game or two. So that sort of thing.

Polo was a very interesting social thing that Dad didn't do with any scheming or anything else. It just was a natural. He was going to the polo game Sunday afternoons. He always was the guy who sat out with the bell and timed it. When seven and a half minutes were up, he'd ring the bell and stop the chukker. Guests would sit in the back in the seating area in the little pavilion there. Dad would sit out in front. And Mr. Walter Dillingham would come over to Dad and talk to him. Dad would introduce him to the guests. It's the most casual thing in the world. There's people from back in Boston. "Oh, Boston, do you ever see our friend So-and-so?"

"Sure."

You know, it's just natural. Then he'd say, "Well, Clifford, why don't you bring 'em on up to the house to La Pietra afterwards? I think they'd enjoy seeing the place."

Good. Dad would never ask, "May I bring them?" at all, ever. Mr. Dillingham would come and casually. . . . But he'd always go and

speak to Dad, you know. Didn't treat him as if he was a hired guy out there keeping the time. Dad was doing it 'cause Walter asked him if he'd do it. So he'd always go and thank him after the game for doing it. He took the trouble. He was a very gracious man. That's how a big man knows how to do that sort of thing. Get people to work for him for nothing because they feel privileged to be wanted, you know. I can remember Mr. Walter always going to speak to Dad after the game. He could have ignored him, but no. He always made a point to go and have a little chat with him. By then, the guests would have---the game was over and they gathered around. Dad would always introduce him. Well, people were tickled to death to meet Walter Dillingham, you can be sure of that. They always knew him, heard of him. Then to have him say, "Why don't you, Clifford, bring them on up to La Pietra after the game?" So old Von Hamm, he couldn't understand how in the world Clifford Kimball could take his guests up to La Pietra after the polo game. It was the most natural thing in the world. Dad and Walter had been high school pals back there in Boston. When Dad was the established guy there, Walter came as a greenhorn kid from Hawai'i. And Dad knew all the gang and was always very popular and was very great with Walter and introduced him to all the bunch. Walter was, oh, boy, he was a smash hit with the young people there. You can be sure the girls thought he was wonderful. He was a handsome man.

But you know, it was slow speed. Waikīkī was very slow in those days. There were some taxis over on--Seaside Taxi, they call 'em--on Seaside [Hotel] property. You know where Woolworth's is at Waikīkī? Just on the ma kai side, facing ma uka was, in the grove there of coconut trees in the back of the Seaside property, they decided to put a little bunch of taxi stands along there. Funny little crude things there and all that, but there were probably six or eight tour taxis parked along there. Those guys had to depend on getting tour people that want to take a car around the. . . . But then they worked with the hotel desks. So that when the desk needed a car, they'd call 'em up, "Come on over. We've got a lady wants [you] to take her around the island." That was the beginning of Grayline. This was in 1926 [1927] when Matson built the Royal. They built that thing there, and then they had these cars. They call them Grayline tour cars now. They were available for anybody who wanted to hire them, but also lot of times they'd come with a coupon from the travel agent. Coupon for the tour of the island. All set on that Grayline tours. And then, call one of the guys and off they'd go.

(One evening at supper my dad said to me, "Richard, we are having a little moonlight dance tonight." It was summertime, 1927, and there were a lot of families staying with us. Dad said, "I am afraid we are going to have too many girls for the few boys we have staying here. What would you think about asking Buster and Eddie Crabbe to come over?" They lived near the old Niualu Hotel. I called to ask them and said Dad told me I could drive over in his car and pick them up at about eight o'clock. Both boys had already gone to bed but said to come and get them. They would be glad to

come. Of course, they were a great hit. Buster was about nineteen and Eddie eighteen. I never would have thought of them, but Dad had the right idea. They were good-looking and already getting famous as swimmers.

(Prior to the war in the 1930s there were very few restaurants in Waikīkī, certainly not of the quality that would appeal to Halekūlani guests. We did have Barbecue Inn and the Waikīkī Tavern, but they catered to the local people. Dad used to say, "I wish there was at least one good restaurant here so our guests could go out for dinner once in a while, for a change." Finally, in about 1938, Ernie Fickindy, a former Matson steward, opened the Green Lantern. It was an immediate success. He featured fine Italian dishes and a very delicious "Butterfly Steak." I asked him for the secret of those steaks, and he told me he bought frozen New Zealand cow tenderloins by the case. He'd cut one about 1-1/2 inches thick, then split it, leaving just enough to hold it together, thus the "butterfly." He broiled them with a good sauce with plenty of garlic and served them with a salad and rolls. He had a great reputation for good food. All those pasta dishes were popular, too. The word got around and our guests started going there for dinner once in a while. Finally my dad had his wish, a good restaurant in Waikīkī at last. During the war years "Me P.Y. Chong" operated a steak house at Ala Moana Road about where Kaiser Hospital was built. He had great steaks--nobody could figure out how he did it, but we didn't complain.)

After the war when we started getting our literature out again, we had an information sheet for travel agents. All the things that we did and the hotel had, the rates, and describing things. Well, the bottom line down at the bottom: "The patronage of Hebrews is not desired." Imagine, right on the bottom line. My brother who's a lawyer took one look at that and he said, "Holy smoke! You better take this out." This was from an old one from before the war, the same thing, you know. He said, "This new sheet coming out, you better not put that in there. Jiminey Christmas, we can't do that."

"Oh, that's the way Dad felt."

He said, "Never mind. I'm the lawyer for the family. We just don't have that in there. You'll get sued." (Chuckles)

But that's how Dad felt, very strongly. Gary Uchida, who was my dad's secretary for years and handled reservations and all that, he just couldn't understand my dad being so prejudiced and all that.

WN: Besides the race, were there other factors that led to not accepting a certain guest? In the early days.

RK: No. Well, oh, very rarely, you'd have a guy who could drink too damn much and become loud and boisterous, and noisy and all. I remember my mother'd get so fed up she'd tell Dad, "Don't ever let

that man come back into this hotel again." It just upsets everybody. It upsets the guests, the employees. He'd curse the employees. Better not to have them than to have them disrupting everybody. It's better not to have 'em on the property.

Classic example of that was during the war. We had a little Japanese fellow, Okinawan guy, running the bar. Boy, we did a busy bar in those days. During the war they'd come out there to the hau tree. Masa was his name. And Masa was having a hell of a time with this guy drinking too much and demanding more. Masa'd tell him, "No, stop. I can't serve you any more because you've had enough."

"Who are you telling me, you goddamn Jap! You going to give me. . . ."

Masa was there alone. Nobody was around to help him. He was serving, you know. Lucky I came along and I heard this guy cursing him. (Chuckles) I didn't say a word. I just grabbed the guy by the back of the neck and the belt behind here, and I just lifted him off the ground, and I marched him right through the building out the front steps. And I kicked his ass. I said, "You get out of here and don't you ever come back."

He was a navy officer or some kind of an officer, whatever it was. But he was so objectionable. Ho, when I came back, Masa said, "Oh, Mr. Kimball, thank you so much. Boy, that guy, he came here before and I just had trouble controlling him."

I said, "Why didn't you call me?"

"Oh," he said, "I hate to call and bother you."

I said, "It's not bothering me."

"Oh, boy," he said, "you did just the right thing."

Well, the word got around, you see. (Chuckles) If you misbehave there, boy, you get the bum's rush. (Laughs)

WN: When you first moved in 1917, you were six years old. What do you remember about what you did when you were a kid at that time? How different was it compared to Hale'iwa?

RK: Well, as I said, it stunk around there. It was not as pleasant a place as Hale'iwa. Hale'iwa was beautifully manicured. Everything perfect. Well maintained, just classy. The only place I didn't like was the servicemen's bar, the little beer garden out in back. Lot of beer smelling all around there, you see. That was the only unpleasant odor there that I can remember that I didn't like. Otherwise, everything was great.

Oh, and the other thing was, we had a little farm up the river a little ways. The road went up, up Anahulu Stream. We raised vegetables, papayas, bananas. Vegetables--sweet potatoes and cabbage and stuff. But there was a piggery there. And that pig smell, ho, I just didn't like it. Couldn't help it. They had stone walls to keep them in and stuff. It was a nice piggery. I used to go out looking and listen to them squeal, little pigs and all that. I just never liked the pig smell. (Laughs) But it was the only thing at Hale'iwa I can think of that I didn't just love. (Laughs)

Well, at Halekūlani, a lot of deliveries were by horse and carriage, you see, or wagon. But the man who picked up the swill at Halekūlani, late afternoon, he'd come. Mr. Martin, Jim Martin. Martin lived in Kapahulu down here not far from--you know where Mac's Market used to be, and then it's now Diamond Head Market? Well, just behind over there, about two blocks away, there's Mākini Street. "Mākini" is Martin in Hawaiian. Martin had a piggery over in there. He used to come to Halekūlani in the late afternoon with his big old four-wheel wagon. I remember it had a low deck so it wasn't hard for him to get these big swill cans up on the deck of the thing. And he had a boy who'd ride along with him. They'd come and get the swill in the afternoon. Drive right in, pass the front, then go right around back in there, and get in the kitchen, take it out, and haul it out. But that's how they did things. Lot of deliveries would come by horse and wagon.

See, 1917, World War I was on and Ingram Stainback was a bachelor then. He stayed at Halekūlani. He used to, on weekends, go over to Fort DeRussy and ride horseback 'cause they had a stable there and horses and all, and he liked his riding. So, I remember he'd march out of there with his boots and the whole thing on Saturday morning, and he'd go and have his nice long horseback ride, and come back. Fort DeRussy stables were right on the far side of the property, opposite where the Niūmalu Hotel is, you know. It was over in there.

I had my own little horse, little Brownie. I had her come, brought her into town. My brother rode her from Hale'iwa in one day, all-day ride come in from Hale'iwa. We had a little pasture there, part of the Royal Hawaiian grounds, where we kept her. Didn't stay over there too long. But she'd be there for a while, then she'd chew down what little grass there was there. And I'd take her out to my grandmother's place and [the horse would] chew down what grass she had. And my grandmother said, "You know, when we put the horse here, I didn't mean for you to have it live here. You can have it on the weekend or something like that, but not too long." I wasn't aware of the fact that if you clean up the grass, then what's it going to be?

But I used to ride my horse up to La Pietra. Go over there and see Lowell Dillingham. He and I are the same age. I'd ride my bike over or ride horseback. We'd meet at the polo club. We'd play

polo Saturday morning. Lot of us had one little horse apiece. We'd go out and play for a while. Then everybody'd take a rest. They had a guy named Peter Hannan who's in charge of the stables and all that. He'd be the referee. He'd make us line up and throw the ball in, and we'd play. So that's what we did Saturday morning, go practice polo and go up to La Pietra. Go up on our bikes. Mrs. Dillingham would have a tennis pro there for the gang. All the kids would get tennis instruction from the pro. Nice of her to do it, but she wanted her kids to learn tennis, too. The kids liked to have friends around to do it with. Swimming instruction, the same way, in the pool there. I remember she had a swimming instructor.

So we had a lot of advantages in Waikīkī that not every part of Honolulu had. Lot of the kids just loved the surfing. I never was much good at surfing. When I was a little fellow, I took a board out one day--long wooden board, you know, the redwood board? And damn fool, I didn't learn first. I started to catch a small wave and I could see--I don't know why I slid off the back end of it, but it pearl dived, hit bottom, and caught me and knocked my wind out. And I was floundering around, all gasping. Huh, I (chuckles) didn't want any part of surfing after that. So, it ruined my chance to learn how to surf properly. But anyway, that's that. Today's little boards (have) a little dish front. They don't pearl dive. You see, those flat smooth boards, zoom, and just go down, hit the bottom. I remember that board had teeth out in the front, (chuckles) the jagged place. For years after, you see it around there, that damn board would hit bottom.

WN: Those boards are heavy, too.

RK: Yeah, they can be darn heavy.

MK: You know, in those days, were there beach boys associated with Halekūlani?

RK: Well, not till later. No. The beach boys were at the Outrigger [Canoe] Club. And the Royal and the Moana had a set of beach boys. Niumalu--no, not Niumalu. Anyway, it was a group that operated under the Moana. There's a little pavilion down in there, and they were the beach boys for that. Then the Outrigger Club had theirs, and the Royal had a few there for the guests. Years later we had a couple of our boys take up surfing. Ken Tosaki, Mickey Nakahara and his kid brother Raymond, and Bill Nozawa, Walter Uchida, Gary [Uchida]. There must have been a dozen of the Halekūlani employees who learned to surf. And they began taking guests out or the kids of guests, taking them surfing. Summertime, that used to be a good thing. They loved it. They'd make some extra money and get to know the kids and all. Surf with them, and then play paddle tennis with them. We always had a good paddle tennis league going there, employees and guests. Young people or young couples playing with the kids and all. Not only youngsters but lots of the young married couples would play paddle tennis. Couple of our better

(players)--Howard Suetsugu was a damn good tennis player and he surfed.

MK: You were saying that when you were a youth, you'd go from Halekulani out to La Pietra. I was wondering, from your memory, what did the area around Halekulani look like when you were a kid?

RK: Well, it was lot of open space. The Royal [Hawaiian Hotel] grounds (were) wide open. There were cow pastures over there, and Mr. [Arthur Morgan] Brown leased a lot of that. Then there was the big thing right directly opposite Halekulani, right out in front there. Whole half of that block, Helumoa [Road], Lewers [Road] and Kālia [Road], was just open, manienie grass, and that's where we used to play touch football on Saturday mornings. The sheriff of Honolulu, A.M. Brown, he'd get so damn mad at us playing on his field there that he put a barbed wire fence across it. Three strands of barbed wire right across the middle of that thing. I never forgave him for that. To me, here's the sheriff of Honolulu, and he didn't want the kids to play on his lot so he put a damn barbed wire fence. Boy, I'll never forget it.

MK: What other families lived near your family?

RK: Well, do you remember a man named John Gardner who was a great pal of JFK? He appointed him to be secretary of education and something or other. He was secretary of two or three different things for that Kennedy administration. A real brain. John Gardner and his brother Louis lived on Saratoga Road. John and I got to be great friends, and I used to see him years later in California. But the Gardners were there. Reg Faithfull, the head of Dairymen's ice cream business and all lived on Beachwalk, and he had a daughter named Meredith who later married Lorrin Thurston, the Advertiser publisher. Beautiful girl, blonde, never forget her. They lived over on Beachwalk. Oh, the Nieman family. They leased that piece of open ground from Sheriff Brown later, and they built a bunch of cottages. They called 'em Nieman Cottages. They had a son Richard Nieman who was a classmate of mine at Punahou. Niemans were there. This was years later. Joe Andrade--Andrade's clothing business. They had some apartments little further up between Helumoa and just above.

And then, Dorothy True Bell, she had a dress shop out there. There was a hula studio they called Betty Lei Studio. And little shops around. My aunt, Helen Kimball, across the street, had her Oriental shop. Nice little shop. She had Oriental things, Japanese and Chinese, for sale. She'd go to the Orient once in a while and buy stuff and have it there. Very cute little shop. Very Oriental style, the roof and all. Hart Wood, the architect, had done it for her. Hart Wood and his family, when they first moved to Hawai'i, lived at Halekulani for several years, he and his wife and three sons. They all lived at Halekulani. He built that church next to Arcadia. You know that church on Punahou Street, that nice-looking one? There's a Christian Science church. He

built that one and he did a lot of very nice buildings at the time. Hart Wood.

Jack Russell, who became a lawyer with one of the big law firms, lived across Kālia, he and his mother (who was a noted artist). Jack and I were great pals. Then Francis King down the street little bit, part-Hawaiian family. His sister Eva, she was a beauty, I'll tell you. She married a naval officer later. Down there, and the Wilder family, Jimmy and Kīna'u Wilder's mother and dad. Old Mr. Wilder, Uncle Kimo, we called him. Funny old guy. Gee, he was a kick. He was very popular at Harvard. Oh, he was a great guy. And his wife Sarah, scrawny little lady. Boy, she used to get out, late afternoon, she'd walk long walks. I remember seeing her walking briskly, you know, kept herself in shape. Uncle Kimo died and she was. . . . You know, Uncle Kimo was a great friend of my father's and he loved homemade soup that we'd have at Halekulani. So frequently, I'd have to take a little metal pail with a handle on it. Dad'd say, "Now, you take this pail of soup down to Uncle Kimo down Kālia Road and give it to (chuckles) Uncle Kimo."

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 13-64-1-86; SIDE ONE

MK: So you're saying it was like a neighborhood for you.

RK: Yeah, it was. Everybody knew each other. We all were friendly, cooperated. Bertha Young had a place down there. She was the sister of Alexander Young [of] the Alexander Young Hotel. Bertha Young had a place just next to what was the Royal Hawaiian. She had a bunch of fancy little Pomeranian dogs, I remember, that yap, yap, yapped. When you walked along the sea wall, they'd come right out at you.

WN: Was the sea wall pretty much unrestricted? Could you walk . . .

RK: Walk along it, yeah. You had to get out to the beach through one of the rights of way, but once you're on the beach, you could walk along it. And if there was no sand, you could just walk on the sea wall itself, on the top of the sea wall. That's what happened when you came along by Bertha Young's there. There was no beach in front. You had to walk right there and these damn little dogs practically breathing on you. I'll never forget it. Yap, yap, yap!

(Laughter)

MK: What was along Kalākaua [Avenue] in those days?

RK: Well, in the earliest days, there was nothing on the ma uka side. You know where Gump's later put up that nice building with the blue roof on the corner (of Lewers) there? That was the first building ma uka of Kalākaua all the way from way down by King Street somewhere. Come way out to Aoki Store practically, on the ma uka side. I mean, there was nothing. Lots of duck ponds and that's about what it was. Then the [Ala Wai] Canal was dredged through in about 1920, '21--to drain that area, you see. That was Mr. Dillingham's brain scheme to drain the area by putting the canal through (and) draw off all that water that would flood. In the wintertime when the big rains would come, it didn't get all the way through (to the long sandbar of Waikīkī), just flooded back in there. They called it the duck ponds. They used the fill that they dredged to put in on the land. So they built it up with the material they took out of the canal--coral, whatever. And it converted Waikīkī, of course, to a subdivision when they did that.

WN: Was the Halekūlani affected at all by the dredging?

RK: No, it wasn't. I wouldn't say it affected us at all. No difference. Oh, I guess there were less mosquitoes when they dredged (chuckles) that area. They used to be awful at one time. Mosquitoes could be bad anyway, though, you know. People would leave stuff around that hold water. Old tires, bottles, or different things. You get jars that sit there half full of water and stuff. Board of Health would come around. You'd call in and complain, and then the inspector would come around. He'd say, "Look here, you've got this bunch of stuff here that's holding water. No wonder you're getting mosquitoes." But all through Waikīkī area there, people'd be complaining about mosquitoes, and the Board of Health would come around and educate them on why they had mosquitoes--day mosquitoes. Day mosquitoes don't travel more than about 100 feet, you know. They don't travel very far. So, when the inspector comes, he knows darn well he'll find where those things are breeding. He'll tell you, "Here they are. Here's your trouble right here. Clear this up and don't do this anymore." We had a lot of that in those days of people complaining about the darn mosquitoes with the white stripes on their legs, you know, those. Then when the war [World War II] came, they had lot of those mosquitoes, and they were dengue carriers. Dengue fever, that terrible fever you get. Bone break fever, oh, it's just awful. Well, then they began spraying. That's when the Board of Health started to spray with a pressure sprayer all the way through the Waikīkī district. That little vapor sprayer would come in. Boy, when you hear and smell that thing coming, you're delighted. Knock out the mosquitoes for a while.

MK: Back in those days, those really early days, what kind of competition did Halekūlani face?

RK: Well, the very early days, it wasn't much. The Royal hadn't been built. The little Seaside Hotel, they attracted certain types of people, and we attracted some. The tavern up there by the Steiner

property [i.e., Waikīkī Tavern] they had a little hotel in there. There (were) practically no hotels out there. It wasn't competition. People, lot of 'em---we had people that were staying at the hotel, boarding there. It was more like a boarding house. Few tourists, but probably over half were people that just lived there and went to work, either on the streetcar or their automobile.

When we began to feel competition, of course, was when Matson built the Royal Hawaiian. Then they wanted to get the business. They knew that lot of people staying at Halekūlani could well afford to stay at their hotels. So when they tried to make a booking on a ship to come to Hawai'i, they'd say, "Well, we can't take you on the ship unless you're going to be staying at one of our Matson hotels."

And so, some of them wised up and they just said, "Fine, we'll stay at the Royal Hawaiian." Then they'd come over, and then they'd check out a day or two later, come over to Halekūlani. (Chuckles) Many a time people would do that.

WN: I know 1927, around that time was when the Matson first started bringing over . . .

RK: With the white ships.

WN: . . . passengers, right.

RK: The Lurline and (Matsonia).

WN: Did that affect the Halekūlani?

RK: Oh, sure. We began to get more tourists after that, sure. Because they had to support that whole thing, then the [Hawai'i] Tourist Bureau became active. Dad was very active on the Tourist Bureau. He was on the visitors and the greeters committee. They had a little committee, and they'd call on different ones when the ship's coming in. "Clifford, will you be sure to go out with leis 'cause there's going to be a ship coming in, and we want you to go out and be on board to greet some VIPs that are coming or meet your own guests and take some extra leis. We've got some others coming." Worked very close with the Tourist Bureau. Of course (it) closed when World War II started. Closed down. But we kept up "Hawai'i Calls." We had a program that Webley Edwards had, "Hawai'i Calls." We all decided that we should keep that nostalgia--the feeling of Hawaiian music, and Webley Edwards, and Al Kealoha Perry and the Singing Surfriders--all that business going so people would think about Hawai'i, [and] after the war, want to come back again. So we kept it going all through the war every Saturday at the Moana. (They) stood under the banyan tree there at the Moana. That was the only visitor activity we had going, you know, sponsored by the visitor's business group during the war years.

So then, just after the war, Lorrin [P.] Thurston, (who) was chairman of the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau committee of the Chamber of Commerce, called a meeting. I was on that committee, one of four or five on the committee. And he said, "Well, we've been asked by the Chamber of Commerce to reorganize the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau. And of course, we have the same job. The executive director of it was George Armitage, and he was getting \$500 a month when the war shut things down. So, somebody said, "Well, let's offer him the same job back again." Nobody talked about any wages, so we offered George Armitage the job again at \$500 a month. And he laughed, and he says, "Hell, I make more money on my own now. I got into the postcard business during the war years. Gee, I can make much more money on the outside. Five hundred bucks is not going to attract me to come back to that job." So then we put out a sort of general call, let people know that we were going to be hiring someone to be the executive director of the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau. And a lot of young guys who had been here during the war, married local girls or whatever, they came and applied for the job. Different ones had different ideas of what they would like to do. "What do you think? Do you have any special talent to offer that would be helpful to us?"

I'll never forget one guy. He loved taking pictures in the Sierras. He said, "I'll take pictures around the Islands here of this beautiful scenery in Hawai'i. I would feature primarily scenes around Hawai'i and getting them out one way or another." I don't know how you do it without paying for ads, but anyway, he wanted to do it through pictures. I remember him. Then others would talk about it. All after this \$500 a month salary. Every one of them was just a nice young guy, but none of them had any real training in the business, real experience.

So I finally said to Lorrin Thurston who was the chairman, "You know, Lorrin, I think we ought to just forget all this bunch of guys and go back to the Chamber of Commerce and see if they won't agree to a salary of \$1,000 a month rather than \$500. These guys, really, they're just a bunch of shoe clerks. Nice guys, but they don't have the training, the experience. Want to get someone who's really. . . ."

Well, Sewell Turner who was the treasurer of the Inter-Island Steamship Company, Kona Inn and the steamships and all, he was on the committee. They were in the tourist business. Sewell says, "'Kingie,' do you realize that's more than I make?"

(Chuckles) I said, "Sewell, but could you handle this job and do it properly? You're not qualified for this. You're all right for treasurer of the Inter-Island, but you don't know a damn thing about promoting the tourist business."

"Well," he said, "I'll admit, I don't."

[R. Alex] "Andy" Anderson, you know the guy who writes all the beautiful songs and all, has written so (many) songs? He was with Alexander Young (Hotel). His connection with the hotel business was through Young Hotel and all. "Andy" was on the committee, and Sewell Turner, and Lorrin Thurston, and somebody else. I said, "Well, Lorrin, I'm going to move that we ask the Chamber [of Commerce] to increase the salary to \$1,000 a month and see if we can't get someone more appropriate for this job."

One of them spoke up and said, "By golly, I think 'Kingie''s right."

So, Lorrin Thurston did, and the next meeting we had, he said, "Well, I got it approved. If we're going to have a major visitor industry, tourist industry, we're going to have to get into the bigger time."

Then they put out a call for applicants for the job for the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau executive. And in that call, several very capable guys, and the one that impressed us the most was Mark Egan who had been at the Cornell [University] hotel school as an instructor there and with the Cincinnati Visitors Bureau. He'd gotten Cincinnati to change the name from Cincinnati Tourist Bureau to Cincinnati Visitors Bureau. He said, "People like to be called visitors and not tourists." So we hired him, \$1,000 a month, and put him to work. The first meeting we had of the (membership), he said, "Gentlemen, I've been thinking about this thing. We've got to change the image of this Hawai'i tourist activity. Why don't we just change the name from Hawai'i Tourist Bureau? Call it the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau."

And everybody said, "Sure. Why not? That's okay. Let people feel that they're visitors, not tourists." Okay, that was the first thing he suggested and we did it right like that.

Then he said, "You know, Halekūlani is open and running in its normal way, but the Royal is still being (repaired after being the) submariner's rest center that it was during the war and they're just getting the whole thing--they're a long way before they're going to be ready for tourists and visitors. Moana's calming down a little, but we're really not ready to go after the visitors in a big way. I think we ought to coin a phrase, 'Hold them at arm's length, but hold them.' Keep their interest but don't try to get them to come here, then they can't find a decent hotel or they're unhappy. The people come and be disappointed."

"Okay, Mark Egan. Good idea, we'll do that."

He said, "But don't give up 'Hawai'i Calls.' Let's really concentrate that 'Hawai'i Calls' program goes on because that's what people (love)--the nostalgia, the music, and all that. Keep that going. We'll use that as our basic thing, that we build our

promotion program from 'Hawai'i Calls' under the banyan tree there at the Moana Hotel."

So we did. And it wasn't long before we began getting into more detail, advertising and specifics. When the Royal was able to open, and they were available for business, then we began to really hit it.

WN: You left Hawai'i for a while to go to school on the Mainland.

RK: Yeah, when I was in the freshman class, about fourteen, fifteen years old. Went to California.

WN: Why did you go?

RK: Well, it was sort of the thing to do. There were sixteen boys from Hawai'i at that school, Montezuma School. It was not military but you wore a uniform. Oh, I think a lot of us were fooling around too damn much. We weren't taking our studies seriously and the parents had trouble. Like at Halekulani with the hotel and all, Mother and Dad had trouble policing me because they were around the guests and doing stuff and all that. I was sent over to the cottage to go do my studies and I wasn't inclined to study. I didn't give a damn about studying. Very poor student.

I got up to Montezuma and I buckled down. Nice teachers there. All of them good guys. I liked them. I liked even the Latin teacher. I liked the biology teacher, and I liked the history teacher. I began to really get in and study. But I didn't like some of the wahine teachers at Punahou. I just didn't like 'em. They had pets and stuff, you know. I just was unhappy with it. My eighth-grade year at Punahou had been very dismal. My brother had the same thing at Punahou in the eighth grade. He went on to the same school as a freshman up there, and they had student body government. He became the mayor of the school. He was an outstanding student. Did very well in school. I came along, and I was not all that good but at least it was a good thing that I did it, I'm sure.

MK: And then, after your high school years there, what did you do?

RK: I went to one year of junior college at Menlo Junior College. The depression was on, 1931 or '32. Came back, and I was dying to get on a cattle ranch. I wanted to be a cowboy, work cattle. So, I actually developed an ulcer, can you believe it? Twenty-, twenty-one-year-old kid with an ulcer? 'Cause I was not doing what I liked to do. I wanted to be on a ranch. My very dear friend Ronald Von Holt from a little ranch near Hale'iwa at Kawaihoa had bought a ranch on Hawai'i. I knew he was over there. He said, "If you ever get a chance to come and work for me, I'd love to have you come up there and work on the ranch, at least summertime." So when I came back with this damn ulcer, he was in town and he came out to the house, the Halekulani, to see me at the cottage there. He

said, "This ulcer will go away. You get on the ranch and you quit fussing and worrying." He said to Mother, "Just let Richard come. I'll take him back up with me. He'll be okay in no time." So Mother got a hold of Dad and they had a quick conference. I got in the car with Ronald, and I went on over. That same day, went up to Kahua. I got over the ulcer in a big hurry.

(Laughter)

MK: According to the transcript that we looked at, it says that you stayed at Kahua Ranch for about . . .

RK: Two years.

MK: . . . two years, yeah? And then, your father called you back because he needed help. Can you talk about that period?

RK: Yeah. Halekūlani was having a very tough time economically. There was just no travel, no visitors, no tourists. The Royal had something like eight or ten people. We had a few. Dad just felt that I could be helpful to him there at the hotel. He had me work planning meals. There's a little office in back by the kitchen. Dad used to use it when he was working with the chef and all that. He said, "You get in there and talk to the chef. Look at some of the old menus and kind of pick up and use a lot of those items that we used to use. He knows how to make all the stuff." He said, "I'm not going to tell you too much. You just use the old menus and then you use stuff from them. The cook will tell you what he can do. If he doesn't want to do it, he'll tell you. He'll tell you why. He'll say we can't get the ingredients for that or something like that, they're not available. But you just work with him and learn from working with him." So I learned in the kitchen just following the old menus. He said, "Don't try and tell them how to do their job. Just leave 'em alone. Everybody knows what they're doing. Just work with the chef, planning, to get the menu out the following day." So I did that for a long time. Working in there.

Then I got a job selling tires on the side so I'd get a little cash salary. My job with Halekūlani was free room and board. Selling tires I got \$200 a month salary from Melim Service down at (Queen Street), Downtown. Selling General tires. Naturally, I called on the different guys who supplied groceries and stuff for Halekūlani. I'd go around and talk to the boss. I tell him, "Hey, one of your truck's going to need a new tire pretty soon. How about you buy it from me?"

"Okay. I don't give a damn. I'm going to have to buy it from somebody," he said.

I said, "Well, I can give you a discount."

"Okay, okay. I'll buy your tire."

So, my best sales were people (chuckles) who sold to Halekūlani. What the hell. Quite natural.

WN: Where did you stay? Where did your family stay on the Halekūlani grounds?

RK: Right across from the main building, there was a cottage right there that we lived in all the time. In fact, Mother and Dad built on the top of the cottage a little extra second floor up there with two bedrooms and a bath. My brother and I had that. So when I got married in 1940, Mary and I moved in up there. My brother was in the navy, and he moved out. Mary moved into his room. We lived up there right above Mother and Dad's cottage for a number of years, right just opposite the main building there. Good, 'cause you could watch anybody driving in. Right there, you'd see cars come in and all that. We were right kind of on top of the situation.

WN: So when you took over, it was in the heights of the depression . . .

RK: I didn't take over then.

WN: I'm sorry.

RK: I came to work there.

WN: To help. Just a couple years before that, I think you were probably still away, but then they put up the new building in 1930.

RK: Nineteen thirty.

WN: I guess they didn't anticipate any kind of . . .

RK: Oh, we'd had boom years. We had terrific years in 1927, '28, '29. Gee, Dad had had just a full hotel winter after winter, turning away business. Just doing a beautiful business. Had the new building built in 1930 and boy, that '31 winter, nobody came. Just couldn't do it. Business depression on the Mainland. Very few. Some of the old-timers came back, but darn few. Just business went to hell.

MK: How did the family and the business hang on during those years?

RK: Well, we cut prices so that local people could live there. Oh boy, we were just trading dollars. You weren't making very much. But we hung on. Instead of laying off some of the dear old waiters that'd been there with us for a number of years, some of our cottages, the roofs were terribly dry. They needed to be stained, and so work could be done that way. So then, I got Dad to let me figure out the little work crew of some of the waiters to do rehabilitation on some of the cottages and stuff. Because there wasn't enough people for them to wait on, so we had waiters

actually doing that kind of job around the place. Oh boy, things were tough.

You know, it would be nice for you two to meet Gary Uchida. I think that you'd love to meet him and talk to him. Because he really admired my mother and dad, and he understood the business so thoroughly. He really understood it because he worked so close with Dad, and he knew why Dad did certain things. He's pretty articulate. He'll talk to you. But I think getting it from Gary's viewpoint, someone outside the family but who was close enough to the thing. He saw it go from very good to down to nothing, and then come back again. He was with us right through the worst of the depression and then saw it come back again. Then World War II, and then. . . .

WN: Was there any thought of putting the hotel up for sale during this time?

RK: Well, when Dad didn't have enough money to make the payment on the mortgage, he said, "Well, we just can't do it."

The trust company people that he was talking to said, "Well, your wife Juliet has some properties and various things. If she will come in and endorse your note, the hotel note, then we could lend you money for the mortgage payment on the strength of the endorsement that she can put on it. But that'll only be good for a couple of payments, and then if we had to foreclose it would take all of her stuff, too."

So when she was signing the note there, she asked the man she was working with, he was a trust executive officer, "What happens if we can't make a go of it now?"

He said, "Well, your signature's on there. We'd have to seize your property." She had some little property over in Kapahulu that she had gotten from her family or something.

"So you mean, everything I own?"

He said, "That's right. Everything you own would have to be taken over."

Boy. She sat there and she thought a long time before she signed that. But what could she do? We had to have that. So she signed that note. But she told me, "It was the worst thing I ever had to do in my life, was to sign away everything--my little dower that I had from my family."

A lot of people went through that during those years. Luckily things picked up enough so we could start up again in the middle '30s. It began to pick up again.

MK: Shall we end the interview here, and then continue again next time?

RK: Okay.

WN: And then we'll get into the '30s and get into just before the war when you started to take on more responsibility in the business.

RK: All right.

END OF INTERVIEW

Tape No. 13-65-2-86 and 13-66-2-86

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

Richard "Kingie" Kimball (RK)

February 26, 1986

Black Point, O'ahu

BY: Michi Kodama-Nishimoto (MK) and Warren Nishimoto (WN)

MK: This is an interview with Mr. Richard "Kingie" Kimball on February 26, 1986 at his home in Black Point, Honolulu, Hawai'i. The interviewers are Michi Kodama-Nishimoto and Warren S. Nishimoto.

WN: Okay, Mr. Kimball, the last time, we brought you up until early 1930s when you started helping your father out at the Halekūlani. Can you tell me something about what you did in that early years?

RK: Well, I had never worked in the hotel except during summertime. I used to help Dad with the young people. Families who had kids, I'd take the kids out in the station wagon, and some of them had a U-drive car, too. We'd go on a picnic somewhere, for instance. Out to the beach at Ma'ili, near Nanakuli, you know, way out there, or out to, we used to call it the Makapu'u Beach, just across from Sea Life Park. Oh, the kids love that 'cause it was good bodysurfing there lots of times. I felt it was safe for the better swimmers. They liked that sort of thing because I'd do stuff with them that their family would never think of doing with them. They wouldn't know how to do it. But always took steaks along. We'd broil some steaks. Always took a big thing of poi. Of course, they'd say they didn't like poi. And then, they'd have a little strip of flank steak that I'd broil or something like that. I'd cut it with a sharp knife and give everybody a piece of flank steak. Gee, boy, that flank steak, you dip your finger in a little poi. The two went together so beautifully. Every one of those kids go back bragging about how they love poi, having said they didn't like it when they came.

But you know, made 'em get along together as a group. They come back to Halekūlani, and the next day they're all out in the paddle tennis court playing together and all that. It was the greatest thing for the families to be able to bring the kids there, then forget them. They'd get breakfast together. All, a bunch of them would go have breakfast. The family didn't have to sit there at breakfast with them. They'd all eat in the coffee shop by preference or something. So, it was a pleasant life for the guests and the youngsters, and pleasant for me.

(Later we had a junior hostess every summer. A college girl. She would run a very active program with the guests' kids. We were the first Waikiki hotel to do this. A good idea.)

WN: Was that one of the main reasons why your father asked you to help? So that, you know, they needed somebody young to take the young kids out?

RK: Well, Dad took advantage of the fact that that was a very valuable thing. He knew that I'd helped a lot in the summertime always, and he wanted me to come back and work at Halekulani. He said, "You better come back and help me save this place."

Then I did not only that, but I began working in the kitchen, primarily preparing the menus for the next day. Of course, the chief cook would tell me what he thought we ought to have. I'd take old menus and look at 'em so I'd ask different things. "How about this?"

He'd say, "I don't have that now, but we can try something else which I do have or I can get."

In those days during the depression, why, you could get most anything, but some things were cheaper than others that were perfectly good to use. I always did try and economize. Not just go with the most expensive stuff. We fed those people three meals a day, and they were used to awful good clubs at home, beautiful food and all. They come here (to) a little funny hotel that's trying to hang on from going broke. And you had to feed those people for the whole stay. Lot of them come in December before Christmas and they stay; they'd get home in time to sign their taxes in middle April, many of those wealthy people. That's a long time to have a bunch of house guests. (Chuckles) Not have them get unhappy. They'd say, "Oh, the food's getting a little same," and all.

But Dad, he was a genius at figuring out different types of dishes, things that he'd known up at Hale'iwa and that he'd study and learn about. We used fritters a lot. The fritter with a main course. You'd have a corn fritter or pineapple fritter or something that you dipped in deep fat, or cook it a different way. But some kind of a fritter. People just liked that. It was sort of a filling thing. We didn't offer a big variety. We'd have an entree. The main course would be like roast lamb, or roast beef, or something or other. But we had a fish course first, you see. And soup to begin with. In the old days they talked about soups to nuts. Had lovely soup, homemade soup, of course, made there.

And we'd have fish. Not always broiled. It would often be fish chowder. And nice chowder, not this thick darn stuff you get at a restaurant or someplace, but beautiful chowder with the pieces of fish in it, little bit of onion in it, cooked, and some potato in it. Lovely chowder, full of flavor. We didn't have it too often,

but maybe, oh, every other week we'd have fish chowder. When we had a little fish, cooked fish, from the night before left over, the cook would keep it and we'd have it on the menu for lunch the next day 'cause we had a fish course at lunch, too. That was in a scallop shell. Little scallop shell, you know. It was called Scalloped Kumu. We never served kumu. It was mahimahi or something cooked and left over, but my dad (chuckles) branded it Scalloped Kumu. Breadcrumbs on it. Oh, boy, people loved that. That was a favorite dish, Scalloped Kumu. Some local guys would come, "Hey, since when you been serving kumu around here?"

I said, "Well, you know, we go catch kumu on the reef."

They'd laugh. They'd know damn well. But, you know, you had to be a little ingenious about keeping the guests happy, liking the food. We used Hawaiian dishes a lot, too. We'd have haupia as one of the things. Oh, I don't know, but Dad really was very clever about the food. And so, I learned from him. But lot of it was going back, studying the old menus 'cause we always had kept them, luckily. Then I'd ask the chief cook about it. Well, this or that. He'd make suggestions to me 'cause he'd know he had something or could get something. See, the guys at the market would be Chinese merchants down there. C.Q. Yee Hop or Chun Yong Kee at the Kekaulike Street. There was a big vegetable market there. While we could call in and ask for things, sometimes when they had stuff that they knew was going to be a good buy for us, they'd call and tell the cook. "Hey, you better get such and such 'cause we can give you a good price on that." Then he'd tell me, "Oh, we better use so-and-so." So we worked very close with the cook.

But he did not do the ordering. My little office controlled it. That was something that my dad was very emphatic. Because we'd known of different hotels that let the cook go ahead and do it. Well, the next thing you know, he was in cahoots with the guy at the market down there. Private families did that a lot, too, you know. They'd let the cook in the kitchen--because they don't want to be bothered with it--they just let the cook order and all. Quite a temptation to the guy in the market. You know, give him a little extra. First it would just be a bottle at Christmas time, and then it became even more. He would acknowledge or he'd accept stuff that was less than the amount that they had billed for, you see. They could bill for ten pounds of something, and they'd actually receive about seven and things like that.

That happened with us just once at Chung Yong Kee. I'll never forget it. Those days, oranges were always in crates, and lemons in crates. A crate was about this long and had a partition in it. They were well put together, good strong crates. Came over in refrigerated cargo. Well, I was out in the kitchen one day and they were unloading the stuff, crate of this and crate of that. And here was a crate of lemons. I looked at the crate, and obviously, the crate had been taken apart and put back together again, nailed back. With a sharp eye, you could see that. The

thing had been shaken up. So when we opened it up, the lemons weren't tight, packed in there. Well, what these guys had done is taken out a whole layer of lemons, and put the cover back on, and shook it up, and they sent us a crate of lemons. But we were paying for what was acknowledged as a proper standard full crate. So, boy, they heard from me down there, I'll tell you. (Chuckles) Never that sort of thing happened again.

But you got to be on your toes. The buying end of the hotel business is where, as I say, the back door. The more money goes out the back door with an operation, you got to watch it. Lot of times, like the Royal Hawaiian, they had the arrival place. The guy in charge of that whole business, that's where his office was, right there. He checked it in as it came in, the bills and all that. We weren't that formal. We didn't need to be. We were kind of (a) small informal place.

But we had things happen. Now, we always use butter in--you know, package of butter. Frequently, packages of butter would disappear. I had a hunch that one guy was doing this quite a bit. The little lane between Halekūlani and the next property, there was a gate there. They wouldn't come up through the grounds; they'd come up and down that lane. So, one day, I saw this guy going out with quite a package of stuff into the lane entrance. I didn't chase him from behind. I speeded down to Kālia Road, then I started down the lane just coming through there casually. I saw him with the package. "Hey, what you got in your package there?" Oh, he was all embarrassed. "Well, let's have a look, see what you got in there." Oh, boy. (Chuckles) Well, that was good because I didn't fire him. I just said, "Well, this is not good, is it? It belongs in the kitchen. Here, I'll take it back and put it in the kitchen. Just don't ever do this again." But you have to be on your toes in that kind of business. You got to be willing to call 'em on it, but not make too big a thing of it that embarrasses everybody and the guy has to quit and all this and that. And I'm sure that guy, he (chuckles) never did that (again). He got scared, you know. I used to get a kick out of that sort of thing.

But working in the kitchen there, the cooks, being Chinese, spoke in Chinese a hell of a lot. The [Japanese] waiters would have to learn how to order with Chinese words, you see. But they always ordered that way. The Japanese waiters all learned how to do it, and the cooks wanted it that way, and that's the way it went.

MK: You were telling us earlier how employees were brought into employment at Halekūlani.

RK: Yeah, that didn't come on the tape. We were just chatting then. Well, from traditional days when Dad was at Hale'iwa, he'd always found that when we needed some other cook, we always had Chinese in the kitchen. They'd just bring a fellow that they thought was Could find a cook if he needed one, but for any kind of a job, they'd recommend someone, and then that was someone that

they wanted to help come along. They'd teach him and help him, and all that. And then, the waiters were all Japanese. Didn't have too many, but it was sort of how it fell in line out there. So when he came to Halekulani, the same thing. We had Japanese waiters and [Chinese] cooks. And we didn't tell them to go and find guys, but when they knew someone, they'd always know that there would be a need for another waiter or something like that.

That's how "Nishi" came in with a group that had been working at the Moana. When we opened our new main building at Halekulani in 1930, about four guys who'd worked at the Moana--"Nishi" was one of them, I think, Kosaki, and Mr. Ukishima who was our headwaiter. He brought them with him. It was a group of darn good waiters that he knew. So they all knew it was good to work at Halekulani. It's a little further walk from where they lived, but (chuckles) it was (chuckles). . . . And most of them all rode bicycles in those days.

Now the room boys were all Japanese, and rooms were always made up by the Japanese room boys. We never had girls in the rooms. Boys. And they would take the guests' laundry and their wives would do it at home. It was understood that they could take any of the soap left over to help with their laundry. Put it in the package and take it. And we'd make sure that they didn't take packages of soap that was supposed to be for the guest, that hadn't been unwrapped yet. I used to kid 'em about it sometimes. One guy had quite a bit. "Oh, yeah, yeah, boss, I'm sorry." Well, you have to speak of it, you see. Otherwise, they say, "Oh, the Kimballs don't care. They don't care how much you take." But little things can become fairly big. It's like a leak in a bucket. A little hole, run dry.

WN: What kind of qualifications did they need to become a waiter or cook? Did they need experience?

RK: Well, you couldn't find experienced waiters for the most part. Those four guys who came from the Moana, they were good. Ukishima knew it. When he came to be headwaiter, he brought "Nishi," and Kosaki, and one more guy with him. No, we'd usually get an absolutely green guy come in, and make him put on his white uniform and all that, and start coming. And the Kimballs' family table always got that new waiter and couple of others. We'd try and teach him. Ukishima would explain and teach him little bit at first. We had no proper training system. But you put him on that Kimball family table for two or three months, and he'd be a pretty good waiter. He'd be glad to get away from it, too. (Laughs) But he'd catch hell from different members of the family. If he did it wrong, we'd all. . . . My brother was the worst of all. Boy, he'd jump on him and scare the daylights out of him. Nice, new guy coming in, but he [RK's brother] was awful. He shouldn't have done that, but Mother and Dad, never [did] that. We were much more gentle. And I was that way with them, too.

I never fired anybody at Halekulani. Never fired people. But sometimes a guy should go. And Henry Hu was our personnel man as

well as in charge of all buying. You know, household supplies and everything, he was the purchasing guy. Not just the kitchen foods and all that. I was doing that, and Henry did it later with the cook. Well, I got off on what I was going to say.

WN: Tell us something about that family table. Was that like a training ground?

RK: It was a table about this size. Would seat probably six. We sat there. There was four of us and other friends would come there. We always had somebody there for dinner or something or other. And yeah, that table was where it wouldn't take long for a new waiter working there. He'd learn you don't stack dishes at the table. You take them away carefully, and put them on the side stand, and come back and get more. Boy, if a guy stacked any dishes in front of my father, he'd say, "Stop that. Put those over on the stand and come back and pick them up." They don't do it another time. "And there's something else down there, that empty water glass. Can't you see the water glass is empty?"

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Well, you don't tell them two or three times. One time's enough if the guy's got any sense. Other things, you know. When you're going to put a plate down that's come out of the kitchen, something like that, always wipe at the bottom with a white cloth that you have there on your tray. Always wipe the bottom of the [plate]. Because you don't know, it might have been somewhere. Then [when] it gets up off the table, there's a big dirt mark there. At the Pacific Club, the lovely Pacific Club where we're members, one night, there (was) a great big thing from the bottom of a . . . And I kidded the manager. I said, "Do you ever teach these guys?"

"No, we never thought of it."

I said, "This is what happened. Now, you come and look at it." After dinner I went and I got him. I said, "You come and look what happened here."

"Ah, Mr. Kimball, how terrible."

Well, I'd learned about that and the significance of it. But I'd seen our waiters always wiping under the (plate). I bet my dad learned it at Hale'iwa. Because they always used a white tablecloth in those days. You know that something from the kitchen could have gotten on the bottom of it. You don't know when it's going to happen, but when it does it's pretty awful. (Chuckles)

Those are little things, but they can be very fundamental. The training and experience Mother and Dad got at Hale'iwa (were) self-taught 'cause they had no experience in the hotel business. Mr. Dillingham just said, "Just go out there and run it. It's like having a private home. Well, it's a lot more than just a private

home, but the main thing is you're honest. I know that you won't steal us blind the money from the bar." They were having an awful time. That's why they wanted Mother and Dad to go out there. Mother took care of the garden out there. Dad wasn't interested in keeping the grass right and the plants right, or this and that new thing. The garden didn't interest him at all. But he was very interested in the kitchen, and the bar, and reservations of rooms, and correspondence. So he did that end of it at Hale'iwa. And Mother did the housekeeping, interested in that. See that the rooms are properly made up and new maids trained properly, house boy. And the yard. So, they divided responsibilities there just to begin with from the first day they went, practically. When they came to Halekūlani, they were set. The team went to work. She did her side; he did his. And Halekūlani was very small in those days.

MK: Going back to that family table, even as a youngster did the family always eat in the dining room at Halekūlani?

RK: Oh, yes. Ate together. I could go in early and eat, but we didn't have service in the cottage or anything like that. We had a little icebox in Mother's cottage. Oh, my God, Miss May Damon used to send in these big boxes of beautiful mangoes from Moanalua Gardens. Where the freeway goes through, by those big trees now, they had a big mango orchard there. She was my mother's very dear friend, May Damon. She'd always send her chauffeur in with a big box of lovely mangoes. Put it in the icebox at the cottage. Pirie mangoes, the kind that you cut around, and then just open it this way, and then two halves, and take the seed out, eat 'em with a spoon. Oh, boy. Terrific.

No, we always had the family there. Was never any limit to who I could have come for lunch. I could have a couple of guys come out from school, drive up. Arthur Rice was my best friend. He had a little car and I had a car. So one or the other would take our car. We (often) had two more guys with us. Not always, but most of the time, two more guys. That was another different table in the dining room. That was lunch time when I was at Punahou. This was years later, around 1927, something like that. But Dad never said, "Don't bring guys here." He said, "Come in and have a free lunch." Mahimahi and then the next thing on the table, whatever it was. Big stack of bread there. Big bowl of jam. Poha jam or strawberry jam. "Eat up, boys." They loved to be asked to come out with us. But that's the way things were. Dad was very free and easy with me growing up. And I guess I was spoiled in a way, but he knew where we were. Weekends, I'd go out to the Arthur Rices in (Kailua). I'd stay with them out there. So Arthur and I would always have lunch at Halekūlani, and in exchange, they'd have me on weekends a lot. They were glad to have me get away from Waikīkī and get out to the country. Youngsters should grow up away from Waikīkī, as much as possible, my mother and dad felt.

MK: Why was that? Why did they want you to stay outside of Waikīkī?

RK: Well, not so much Waikīkī. It was around the hotel. Kids horsing around. When youngsters were there in the summertime, that was fine, but with older guests and all, they didn't want me attracting my friends around there, having stuff going on at the hotel with all these guys. We'd just annoy people, riding our bikes around there and stuff. We were better off, I can see now, looking at it. Get 'em out of here. (Chuckles) Let 'em go someplace else. Go cowboy down there. Go fishing and stuff like that. With the Rice family, it was always great.

MK: Going back to the employees of Halekūlani, when I talked with "Nishi," he talked a little bit about his daily routine. What do you remember about the employees' daily routine?

RK: Well, they'd come early in the morning for breakfast. They'd come early, too. The first thing they did was, coming in the driveway, they'd have to stop and get a bottle or two of milk out of the box out there that had been delivered by Dairyman's little mule (team). It would pull a wagon. Little fast-trotting mules, I'll never forget. But they made so much noise that the family didn't want them coming way back (by) the kitchen. That's why Dad put that [box] and told the waiters when they come in the morning, always bring that milk, put it in the icebox. Then the waiters would prepare their own papaya or something for their guests. They'd have special guests and they wanted to choose the best papayas, nice ones, for them. So they took an interest in their guests. The food was right and all that. We always had a big thing of sliced pineapple. Big thick slices with sugar on it and all that. They'd be careful. They'd pick the piece they wanted. They'd select the nice ripe piece, the kind that their guest would like and all that. We always had very happy guests because the waiters were interested directly in that the guests got nice stuff. Of course the salads were made up, and all they got was the salad from the icebox already prepared, lunch time and dinner. The waiters were just a terrific bunch of guys there, I think. They all were very friendly. You never see the Chinese cooks over in the waiters' room when they're playing cards or something like that. It would just be the Japanese boys (chuckles) playing sakura, whatever they did.

Now, Halekūlani was a very The big thing, I think, happened over the years. One reason there wasn't a union. They called it the Halekūlani family. And it started way back. I don't know which year was the first year. I think the employees did it first. They had all the employees and the Kimballs. (Called it the Halekūlani) family party at one of the big teahouses, Mochizuki. Then the next year, we did it. This was Henry Hu and Gary Uchida, my two right-hand and left-hand men. Chinese and Japanese, two head guys. They'd never want us to go to a Chinese chop suey house. Always had to be a Japanese teahouse, sit on the floor. Mochizuki was a favorite. And they'd do entertaining, play music, sing, whatever. Oh, they'd put on the whole thing. And Chinese cooks, some of them wouldn't even come. They were busy cooking at

the kitchen, you know. But the waiters would have to stay and wait. Then they'd get there as quick as they could, after. We'd have little bit late dinner. But the yard boys would all be there. And the different ones. The room boys would all be there from the beginning, stand around having a few drinks before dinner. Then part of the gang grew, grew during the evening until we were sitting down. And that's (chuckles) when the waiters would finally get there. They're late getting there because their tables didn't clear yet. But that annual party, that was just a tradition. Employees did it one year and the family did it the next. Went on for years and years. But it gave a very good esprit de corps.

MK: Was that the annual Christmas party?

RK: No. This was the annual teahouse party. Christmas party (was for their kids). Gary used to be Santa Claus. Now, Gary Uchida is the one I've been telling you (about). He was my dad's secretary and who was wounded in the war, came back, left hand all jammed up. He said, "I won't be able to work as secretary anymore because I won't be able to type."

I said, "The hell you can't. Don't have to type. [RK points to his head]. This is what counts, Gary, (your coconut). You get a secretary and you can dictate to her," which when he came back, we did. We got a secretary. Sue--I forget her name. Boy, she was a wonderful secretary. Gary could move papers around pretty damn fast and he knew what was to be done. Oh, it was just a great pair. But Gary had been Dad's secretary for years. When he was in McKinley, he started part-time at Halekulani. And he never went beyond McKinley in school except for one course he took. I told you about that?

MK: No.

RK: When Dad went off to Europe with Mother just about the time I took over there, kind of come in and carry on with managing the hotel, that would have been about just before the war. Nineteen thirty-nine, he took Mother to Europe. He'd inherited a little money from some relative up in Maine who had left some property. And Dad had a couple of thousand bucks out of that. I forget how many thousand, but Dad figured it would be enough to take Mother and go to Europe. They'd always wanted to go to Europe. Neither had ever been there. So they were gone about three months. He said, "You just take care of the hotel. It's not too busy, and you'll get along all right." So this was in the end of summer. Started in August. They left in August, September. Mrs. [Richard] Kimball arrived to be a guest there just about that time. So she was there when they came back. She and I had gotten engaged already or about to be. We were very happy together. The correspondence, the letters were coming in asking for reservations for the winter and always addressed to "Dear Mr. Kimball." So I just let it pile up.

Gary said one day, "You know, Mr. Richard"--he called me. I told you why I was Mr. Richard and my brother, Mr. George. You had to distinguish which were the three Mr. Kimballs. You couldn't just say "Mr. Kimball." Which one is it? Dad was Mr. Kimball. And there was Mr. George and Mr. Richard. "Mr. Richard, you know, we should be answering these letters."

So, I'd look at them and I said, "Gee, I don't know what the hell to say." So, I said, "Gary, you answer the letters. You and Dad always worked a lot together. And then, I'll sign 'em." First day, he did a whole batch of these for me to sign. Every one of them had grammatical errors in it and I'd correct it, you see. Poor Gary, he was horrified, embarrassed. But it kept happening because I'd have to make him type them over again 'cause you couldn't send them out with a grammatical error in it.

So after a month or so, no more grammatical errors. Very few. And one I corrected, he said, "You know, Mr. Richard, I think you're wrong. I beg to differ with you." And he explained to me. Oh, boy.

"How the hell do you know now?" I said, "You go to University and take the special bonehead English course or something like that, grammar?"

"No," he said, "Mrs. Bergstrom who lives here has been a teacher and she helped me with it. So she has been teaching me grammar." So that's where he learned. I just learned that from him the other day.

I said, "How come, Gary, you suddenly got so good?"

"Oh," he said, "I never told you, but Mrs. Bergstrom had taught me."

(Laughter)

RK: Oh, of course, it made him a much better man, valuable, because he could write good letters after that. Any guy that came in there to be manager of Halekulani in later years, a resident manager--I was general manager but the resident manager would sign the letters 'cause the guy that signs them, the people look up to talk to when they come there. Because they pull the letter out and, "I wanted such and such. This room is not exactly what I had in mind." They come, they ask for the one that signed the letter. So, they'd ask for me. They wouldn't ask for Gary because they'd never heard of Gary. So I began trying to get someone else so I'd have a resident manager. Had many over the years. I was general manager and the resident manager would sign the letters. But I'd tell 'em, "Now when Gary prepares those letters, you just sign the damn thing. Get your name on there. You sign 'em. You don't have to waste a lot of time. Just stack 'em, just sign 'em. Get 'em out. Because you'll never have any trouble. And if a guest comes and asks you

about something like that, just look it up, and then you just call Gary."

"Gary, let's check this out here." Gary would explain, this and that.

(He'd) say, "Well, okay. We can switch. Bring the chart out and make a change."

But the big thing was, you didn't have to waste a lot of time. Gary would do it, Sue would type the letters. We had the best reservations [system] long before computers and all this and that. Because it never went wrong. You never had an unhappy guest. They didn't come there with fire in their eye. They didn't come [and] there wasn't a room for them. Only one time. Did I tell you about the time when Gwynne Austin was resident manager?

MK: No.

RK: Nice guy. He'd been a manager of hotels. His family had a hotel up in Seattle and all. He was a good guy. His wife and my wife became pals. He lived in a cottage at Halekulani. Very nice, professional hotel man. He was brought down first to be a manager at the Young Hotel. But this is just after the war and things were beginning to pick up again. This is a year or two after the war. Gwynne was signing the letters. So everybody knew it. The people in town knew if you want to get a reservation, don't talk to "Kingie." Gwynne Austin's the manager. Those who knew well would say, "Talk to Gary. Don't waste time with Gwynne because Gary's the guy to talk to." But Peter McLean who was the president of Hawaiian Trust Company used to live at Halekulani way back in the '20s, and he knew Gwynne well. "Gwynne, I've got the chairman of the Chemical Bank in New York coming this winter. He's had trouble. He's been trying to get into Halekulani, and his travel agent can't seem to get him in. What is the problem?"

Gwynne said, "I don't know. I'll look into it. I'll go check with Gary and find out. (But I'm sure we can take care of them)."

So this was at a cocktail party. Gwynne didn't have his little black book in his pocket that he always kept when he was around the grounds of the hotel. He'd make notes for himself but didn't think about the damn cocktail party. So he didn't write it in his notebook. Never mentioned to Gary. Peter McLean figured he'd told Gwynne. What he should have done right then and there, which I always did, was say, "Peter, I don't know, but I can't really help you. You call and ask for Gary. Gary will tell you what he can do, what he can't. But whatever Gary says, that's final. No use talking to me because I would never change it, anyway."

This word got around Honolulu that if you want to get a room at Halekulani when things are tight, just call Gary. He'll explain or put you in. He'll say, "I'll try to get you in if I can." But no

resident manager ever tried to go over Gary's head because I just told [them], "Look, if I'm not going to do it, I don't want you to do it." But poor old Gwynne, he said, "Oh, I'll see what we can do about it. I promise you we'll take care of something for him, I'm sure." This is months, way ahead of time, you see. So when Peter McLean drove up with this bigshot and his wife at the front door, he saw 'em coming up and he knew Peter's car, he recognized it. He came to my office. He was white. 'Cause the Lurline had come in, every room at Halekūlani was absolutely booked. Well, the ship stayed in port two days in those days. It came in on a Wednesday and sailed on Friday. So Gwynne came rushing into my office. He told me what had happened. He said, "They're here. I haven't even talked to them yet, but I know darn well now that we didn't make a reservation. I didn't remember to tell Gary. There's no room for them."

I said, "Well, let's see. I grabbed the phone. I called the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and I asked for the resident or assistant manager, whatever it was, reservations person there. I told him who I was and I said, "Is there anything you have?"

He said, "We just happen to have a room, yes. We're awful tight, but we do have it."

I said, "Fine. Reserve it for Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, but send the bill to Halekūlani. That was the American Plan, room and meals. They'll be there until the ship sails. They'll be there two days with you, and we will pay the bill."

(The) color came back in Gwynne's face. (Laughs) Bloodless. He went out and he greeted them. Everything was fine. He said, "Terrible mistake." Explained what had happened, and Peter laughed and all that. He said, "Mr. Kimball's going to have you as our guests at the Royal Hawaiian until you come back two days from now." So, Peter McLean was happy. We did the honorable thing. His friend Gwynne was taken off the hook. The people themselves were happy to stay at the Royal for free for a couple of days and appreciated Halekūlani's integrity--feeling responsible for a reservation, even one made at a cocktail party.

The word got out then. No one who knew the system ever would call the manager of Halekūlani. Always call Gary. The word got out. You want a room at Halekūlani, whatever it is, just call Gary. He makes a note of it, and (if) he can take care of it, (fine). But the transaction is done right there at the proper place. And no going over anybody's heads. That's what people in Honolulu liked, that they couldn't call me or the resident manager and have him tell Gary, "Do such and such." Never, never. You ask Gary. We never ever told him he had to do it. He just fitted where he could. And Gary was so full of integrity and all that. He understood just how Dad worked and all, so that we had a very ethical room reservation department, very efficient. I've said that I think it was the best in the world at that time because,

boy, it was run right.

MK: You just mentioned that in a tight spot you called the Royal Hawaiian. What was your relationship with all the other competitors? You have the Moana, the Royal. . . .

RK: Well, you know, I found in my travels on the Mainland for Halekūlani that the agents up there resented the pressure that Matson put on them to put the guests in at the Matson hotels. A person that was coming in to make a reservation, the travel agent would tell him, "Well, I'm sorry. I won't be able to get you in at Halekūlani." Because the Matson people, if they know they're not going to stay at the Matson hotel, they won't find space on the ship for them. This went on for years. Some of the guests would actually do it. They learned this little trick. If they wanted to get into Halekūlani, they'd book at the Matson hotel first, and then they'd move over after the ship sailed or the same day. They wouldn't even get there; they just didn't show up.

But Matson was ruthless, their salespeople on the road telling travel agents, "Your people wouldn't want to be at the Halekūlani. My God, that place is just for the newly-weds and the nearly-deads," they called it. The older people, you see. "Yeah, send your people to the Royal Hawaiian or Moana. They'll have more fun over there." They used that kind of sales tactics 'cause I'd get it from some of the travel agents. Said, "Boy, these Matson people are really rough on you. They give us all kind of reasons why we shouldn't send our guests to you there."

And that was pretty bad 'cause Dad was such a hell of a nice guy. He worked so hard for the industry and all. For instance, in the very early days in the '20s, they had the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau. Dad, as a member of the tourist bureau, little board of directors whatever they had, he would take his turn going out to meet the ship, whether we had guests coming on it or not. He'd go out with leis to greet the people who were coming in. They'd take a couple of boxes out of leis. He and a couple of others got on a tug, and go outside, and climb up the ladder, and climb aboard. It was a very cooperative effort, that part of it, the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau, long before the HVB [Hawai'i Visitors Bureau]. I'm talking about in the '20s and in the '30s.

When I came back to work in 1930, I used to have to go out and meet the ship every time. We had a lei guy who would supply leis for me. There'd be a couple of big boxes down on the tug there. We'd have a lot of guests arriving sometimes. I didn't even carry the box out. It would go and be put up on the deck. I had to deal with the deck steward. The boxes would be put right where his little office was there. Always understood that I'd have extra leis for him. We'd have so many for my guests. Boy, he'd find the people for me. He knew right where they were. Boy, I'd have mine all with leis on in no time. In the box would be another half a dozen leis left over. He liked that 'cause then he'd put 'em on

his special guests, you see. (Laughs)

WN: How did you know who to give a lei to? I mean, you already had the people . . .

RK: He'd tell me. I'd have my list, but he took my list. He said, "I've got the people I know just who is going to Halekulani." 'Cause he'd ask people where they're going to be staying and all that, so he'd know. "Oh, Mr. and Mrs.--yeah, I've got them. They're standing over there," or "They're in the stateroom, still. We'll find them down there." Sure, I worked like that with the Matson deck steward, who did the deck chairs, and put the blankets on people. He was in charge of the deck games and stuff.

WN: Were people from the Royal Hawaiian and the Moana there, too, giving . . .

RK: Oh, they were out doing it, too, but he and I were always like this because he knew the kind of guests that were going to be staying at Halekulani. Right away he'd ask people, "Where are you going to be staying? You going to be at Halekulani?" He told me he could tell when they were Halekulani types. He knew right away. Oh, some were coming back. He'd known them the previous year. We had a lot of return guests, you see. But it was a very important thing that one of us go out. Dad had done it first, then I did it, and then Gary took over and used to do it a lot, too, or whoever the resident manager was. That was his job. Gary wouldn't go out except on certain occasions. No resident manager available or something like that. Gary did it a few times, so he knew how and what it was like. If you talk to Gary, I don't think he'll say he did very much of it, but he might have done.

WN: Gary told me that Halekulani was the first to give flower leis.

RK: Yeah. I think to begin with, they were giving them paper leis. Yeah, that's right. I'm glad he mentioned that.

(Laughter)

RK: Sure. No, we couldn't see it, they having paper leis. We wouldn't do that. But it forced the others to do it, 'cause there were certain ones getting flower leis, and they were all wearing paper leis. It's kind of sheep and the goats.

WN: I'm wondering how did the rates in those early days differ between Halekulani and the Royal?

RK: Not too different. I know that Halekulani, our minimum rate was six dollars for a single room including three meals or twelve dollars for two people. That was the minimum, and went up to fourteen. Twelve for double, and fourteen, sixteen, eighteen was the top. Our best suite was eighteen dollars for two people with meals. Royal was a little higher but not too much higher. The

Royal would have been twenty-four dollars a day or something like that, I guess, twenty-five at that time. Then it went up into the thirties, and in no time it was way up above that. But we had a wide range, you see. There's the twelve-dollar doubles and eighteen-dollar doubles. So that all our best rooms were in the sixteen-, eighteen-dollar range that we had. Moderate were the fourteen, and then our minimum rooms were the twelve.

WN: So Halekulani was the better alternative in terms of price and rates than the Royal?

RK: Than the Royal. We were about the Moana rates. Yeah, the Royal was pretty elaborate and fancy. People expected to pay more at the Royal. Halekulani, we hadn't gotten the investment in the various things there to make it as elegant as it should be. And the food wasn't that good. When we finally improved our food in the dining room, we got Bill Kelly in there. This is after the war, and the food was pretty deplorable. It wasn't really good. My wife said, "Why in the world don't we get Bill Kelly in here?" He'd started Kelly's [Coffee Shop and Pastry Shop] out there with Spencecliff, you know, Kelly's on the [Kamehameha] Highway. He was managing the Sky Room, Bill Kelly. You know the Sky Room at the [old] airport? Did you ever hear of that?

WN: Right. I remember that.

RK: Then he was between jobs. He had had a big falling-out with Spence Weaver. You know, Spence is such a temperamental, volatile guy. Kelly was in between. He needed a job. So he'd applied for the job as a chef at Halekulani, but no one told me he'd come. I was away on a trip or something when it happened. When we got back, Mary, my wife, heard about this. She said, "Why don't we hire him and put him in charge of our food for the whole operation?" So, I asked my mother, my brother. They said, "Well, fine. Let's do that and see if we can't jack up our food operation." So when we did that, it was no time at all before the food was vastly improved.

Pretty soon, at our weekly luncheon meeting of the staff, Gary and everybody around, we'd have a sheet--everyone would get a copy of it--of the number of guests we'd had during the previous week, what the average price for a room was we were getting. You know, the actual received per price and all that. I looked at my sheet one time. I said, "Holy smoke, Gary, you're getting so much more per day average for these rooms than we were last year. This is way better." I hadn't followed closely. I just let him charge what he thought the traffic would bear. I never asked Gary how much he was charging. He had a free hand with that. But it kept getting better and better, the weekly average.

He said, "Mr. Richard, since we've had Bill Kelly here, it sure made a difference what we can get for our rooms. No resistance if I jack the price up from twenty dollars to twenty-five," or

twenty-four dollars, whatever it was, for the room, two people with meals. Thirty dollars, whatever it was. "No resistance," he said. I never pushed him to push it more, but he knew what he could do, sort of what the traffic would bear, without having people get huhū, you know. But, boy, having that better food made a heck of a difference. Gary put his finger right on it. (Laughs) But we hadn't done it for the more money thing at all. It was that we were ashamed of the food. We were getting kidded about it, you see. But then, sure enough, it paid off.

WN: What were the circumstances behind you taking over as manager in '39?

RK: Well, Dad's health. And he wanted me to come in and learn the business. He wasn't too strong. He said, "You better get in here and learn 'cause someday you're going to have to run this."

WN: Why you and not George?

RK: Oh, George was a lawyer. He went to Harvard Law School. No, he never thought of it. But I had come back to work at Halekūlani in '33 and had worked in the back of the house and all that. And then, I'd done other things. I forget what else. I had been in the legislature and all this and that. But when Dad's health began to fail, he said, "You better come back in and let's save this hotel." That was in 1939.

WN: First, did you do anything significant or drastic when you took over to change . . .

RK: No.

WN: Kept the same . . .

RK: Just the same, yeah. And then, the war hit in '41. Dad had just died. He died in September, and then the war came on December 7. All we'd had was a bunch of cancellations that fall. Ho, boy, letters coming in, cancelling. War clouds in Europe, all this and that. So we had a very poor house count. Gary was in the army. He was drafted. My brother was in the navy. He was a naval intelligence officer down in the Young Hotel building. From the top floor of the Young Hotel, the naval intelligence headquarters were. Captain Hall Mayfield was the head of it. No, I was on my own, really. My brother wasn't there, and Gary wasn't there. Henry was there, luckily. So Henry took on an awful lot of responsibility.

I used Gary's desk which was the key, main desk there. Every day, I had a chart and all, make up a little thing of rooms available. 'Cause we had a lot of permanent people that had moved into the hotel. I gave them monthly rates, you see, but I kept quite a few rooms to play with, as we call it, for last minute rentals. VIPs would come in. I'd get a call from Pan-American. Bob McGregor

who's now a bigshot in the travel business, he was Pan-American's guy out there, VIP handling and all. He'd call me. "'Kingie,' I've got a list of people coming in on the Clipper this afternoon. Can you take Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, So-and-so, So-and-so?" He wouldn't have any word in advance that they were coming at all. He said, "Ernest Hemingway's coming. He's going to be here for five days. Can you take care of him?"

"Sure." Put him down, whatever. Correspondent Ernie Pyle, you name 'em, they stayed with us. Or, the . . .

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

RK: I always had a bunch of rooms that were open that we'd sell at the last minute to guys who wanted just to have a room for overnight. They'd come in, navy fellows, looking for a room to sleep in at night. I'd never rent those earlier in the day to that type of guys. I'd try to get people, more the VIPs. My best source, of course, THE source, was when the Clipper came in. I'd get McGregor's call, then I'd know whether I was going to have some left over. Then we'd start renting the rooms that hadn't gone out to McGregor's VIP list. That was really last minute. He'd call me, whatever time it was, if the Clipper'd gotten there. Sometimes the damn thing didn't arrive, turned back. Those days, the engines were not very reliable or they'd get head winds and turn back. Many a time.

MK: You mentioned that there were permanent residents at the . . .

RK: Oh, lot of people sold their homes. Well, there were families here in Honolulu, older women, widows, and this and that. We must have had thirty of them, at least. They had the best rooms in the hotel. They'd come and rent them for \$175 a month or whatever it was. Then we went on the European Plan at that time because these overnight guys and all that. It had to be just, make 'em pay for their meals. So our regular guests did the same thing. We just rent them a room, and then they could pay for their meals.

MK: How did the war years affect Halekūlani?

RK: We didn't change much. Our character didn't change much. Halekūlani stayed a very family hotel in spite of all the guys in uniform and big movement in and out, you know, overnight stuff and all that. But there were so many steady old-timers there, these little gray-haired women and all, sitting out having cocktails in the evening, Mother would be with. So they all [i.e., military personnel] felt subdued a little because Mrs. Kimball was very strict. We had a night watchman, and he'd go around and quiet 'em down or I would. I was in the police reserves, so a lot of times I

wasn't around. I was on my police duty at night. So when the war broke out, I went right on duty down at police headquarters. Mrs. Kimball was there, my mother, and she took over as acting manager, naturally, when I wasn't on the property. But boy, things were happening around there.

My wife, Mrs. Richard Kimball, was in the hospital, having had a minor little operation to try and see if she couldn't get hapai. Had to blow her tubes out, as they call it. So, I called the hospital, and she'd heard about the attack that morning. I said, "I'll come by for you a little later."

She said, "Well, get here by before noon. They'll let me out."

So I went in my uniform, and got her, and took her home, back to the hotel. She got right to work. She built up in the basement, a nice area we had down there, made it into a Red Cross first-aid station. She was the head of home nursing here for the Red Cross, volunteer. She'd gotten into that 'cause when she came here as a young gal, she was a registered nurse and came with another friend. They'd come here. They were going to go to Europe. Mrs. Kimball's father said, "Look, don't go to Europe, but go to some safe place like Hawai'i." It was just '39. He said, "Hitler's acting up, and no telling what's going to happen."

"Oh, we want to go to Europe."

"No," he said, "you go to Hawai'i, I'll pay for your trip, but not to Europe."

So, she and her friend came and checked into the hotel. I took her to a party at the Von Holt's house one night. Mrs. Von Holt was head of the Red Cross here, the whole thing. This is when we were first married. She said, "Mary, aren't you a registered nurse?"

"Yeah, I went through Cornell Hospital in New York."

She said, "I need someone to take charge of the home nursing program set up on every island. We've got to get a program getting home nursing classes."

So she took over as the Red Cross home nursing chairman of the whole thing. So when the war hit, she was ready to do a home one right at Halekūlani. But then, the next day, they called and said, "Mrs. Kimball, will you be down at Mabel Smythe building down here"--right by Queen's Hospital, Mabel Smythe, right on the corner there--"at daylight because we have a bus there, and we wanted to get as many nurses to volunteer to go out to Pearl Harbor Hospital." Now, this is right down near the drydock, the old Pearl Harbor Hospital, near the entrance to the harbor down there.

"There's so many burn cases and everything there. You come and bring some toothbrushes with you, and lots of washcloths, and different stuff, and try to help with these guys." So, she

volunteered, got down there first thing the next morning at Mabel Smythe, and away this whole busload of 'em went out there--local women, nurses. They only wanted trained nurses, not just any volunteer. Because they wanted people who knew how to be a nurse. Then she continued that for a long time. Just go out every morning. But this is what you do when there's an emergency, you know. I was on police reserve, full time, for a long time. We both had fantastic experiences.

I had gone out the morning of the attack with two admirals from Halekūlani who were there, Admiral Pye and Admiral Leary. Admiral Pye was a short little guy, and Admiral Leary was a big tall fellow, these two. They'd had, as their guest, Admiral [Husband E.] Kimmel the night before at Halekūlani. He wasn't living there. He was living aboard ship. But these fellows had their wives there, you see. They'd come over from Coronado where they had their homes. They were staying at Halekūlani 'cause the fleet was stationed in Pearl Harbor. All these people's families were in Coronado. There was no housing in the navy for them, so whole bunch of bigshots were all staying at Halekūlani. We gave 'em some good prices. This was in '41 just before the war broke out.

And so, the morning of December 7, they had had the night before, December 6, this party for Admiral Kimmel that was at our family table in that corner. We'd have a bigger table right there in that corner of the dining room, and there they all were the night before with all these white uniforms and the whole thing. All the brass, as they call it, all these bigshots. 'Cause the ones that lived at Halekūlani, must have been ten of them living there, or eight. They had all the wives, and then Admiral Kimmel who didn't have a wife with him was guest of honor. His car was parked out in that little circle out there, four stars, I remember. The chauffeur was sitting there in it. Just getting dark, and I went and talked to him. I said, "Boy, the mosquitoes are bad around here."

He said, "Oh, the damn mosquitoes, that's bad everywhere. But I wish the hell the old man would have a radio in this car."

I said, "Oh, why?"

He said, "Well, hell, he's just as apt as not, after dinner, to come out here and say, 'Let's take a drive back to Pearl Harbor via Koko Head. I like that drive.'" And he said, "If we go out that way around, if you had a decent radio in the car, you could pick up the coast stations. He likes good music and all that, but he won't have a radio in the car. He doesn't like radios."

I was in the police reserve. I had a two-way radio in my car with the police setup 'cause they insisted that I have the two-way in there. This was before the war. And I said to myself, "Here's the commander-in-chief, and he doesn't even have a one-way radio to listen to the. . . ."

(Laughter)

RK: I was horrified. Imagine. That was the battleship mentality that was running the navy. See, the navy ran the protection of the sea frontier; the army protected the Islands and the people here, and all that. That was complete division of responsibility. There was no overall head of the whole thing. General [Walter] Short was the chief army guy, and Admiral [C.C.] Bloch was the chief navy man at Pearl Harbor. And Kimmel was the man at sea. But Pearl Harbor, the 14th Naval District, Admiral Bloch was in charge of Pearl Harbor navy yard, and all the facilities around the different--I don't know, whatever it was. I'd been out to see Admiral Bloch before the war. I was chairman of a committee of two. Governor [Joseph B.] Poindexter had appointed me with [H.H. Warner], University agricultural extension service (boss). He and I'd gone to see Governor Poindexter to talk about the urgency of this situation here that we felt that we should begin to get into having some crops planted. Possible emergency, we ought to get crops planted that would be something we could eat. And we ought to get storage of rice and different things, canned milk and things. We ought to have it on hand now.

He said, "Well, fine. I'll appoint you two guys a committee of two. You go and get it done."

(Laughs) So we went back out of his office downstairs. "Holy smokes, now what do we do?" So, we decided to split. I'd do certain things and he would do certain things, see if we couldn't get going. This was, oh, long at about October, I guess. So, we got a lot of stuff going, but, well, I could tell a long story about that.

But anyway, I'd gotten to know Admiral Bloch. Went out to see him. He said, "Richard, you know, we are the navy. General Short's the one you ought to talk to because it's the army who is responsible for the civilian population here. Growing crops and stuff like that, and storage of food, that will be under the army."

I didn't know. Nobody knew, you know. I'd known him, I'd met him because he was a friend of a retired (navy) officer's widow who lived at Halekūlani. She was a dear woman, Bess Rohrbacher, her name was. She'd had him there for dinner one night. So I knew Admiral Bloch. He was the head man, commander of the 14th Naval District. So I just gave him a call and said I wanted to come out and talk to him. He was the first guy I called after the governor appointed me to this thing. He laughed and he said, "No, you're talking to the wrong one. You should be talking to the army. Go see General Short." So, I did. I followed up with the army.

But when war broke out, I got a call from Admiral Bloch. He said, "Richard, we've got a submarine just arrived in here, and all the crew have been at sea now for sixty days. They've had no sunlight, daylight. They've all been submerged. They've just come in and

they want a little beaching on the beach, and swimming, and all that. Can you take them at Halekūlani?"

Well, I rented a lot of rooms on a pretty permanent basis 'cause we'd had no business that fall. Just to keep alive, you know. I said, "We have quite a few rooms. You send them in. How many will it be?"

He said, "There'll be sixty-two crew and officers."

I said, "Yeah, we can take that (many)."

They didn't get in till after dark, and we were blacked out. We didn't have enough proper blackout places to use. It was right after the war [started]. The office was--you couldn't have the lights on practically. Had a little dim light by the desk. So, I had them go down into the Red Cross section that Mrs. Richard [Kimball] had set up down there 'cause that was blacked out. They registered in down there in the laundry section of the basement where the Red Cross room was. Registered them all in. Then I had to have someone take them and show them where their rooms were in the cottages. We did this all after dark.

Then, the next morning, early, these guys all wanted to get out and go for a swim. But we had barbed wire around the beach, just had been put up. That was done immediately, all around that Waikīkī area there. So, we had talked them into leaving a little zig-zag in the barbed wire which you could see in the daytime, but attacking, wouldn't notice it. Little places you could get through. So, I told them all, "You guys go down and look, and you look for little Gray's Beach." I told them where it was. "You go down there, and you'll find it in the morning when there's daylight. You'll see how to get through and go swimming."

Oh, boy, they swam out the channel there. They just loved it, the beach there and all that. They stayed about five days, I guess, maybe a week, whatever. They had a great time. All behaved well. Had no problem at all, that bunch. Officers there and men, you see. It was still under control. They were just there as a unit. So, I got a call from Admiral Bloch the next day after they were pau. He said, "Richard, that worked beautifully. The commanding officer, the captain of the ship, was so happy with it. Everything went so smoothly. What would you think of the navy taking over Halekūlani and we just do this 'cause there's going to be a hell of a lot of submarines and all coming in."

I said, "Oh, Admiral Bloch, my gosh. This is a family hotel, cottages. This isn't the kind of place that you want. You ought to take over the Royal Hawaiian."

"Oh," he said, "my God. Washington would jump down my throat if I started talking about it. They'd think we've gotten elaborate or something."

"No," I said. "Do you realize you can get it a lot cheaper than you (can) get Halekulani and a lot faster?" I said, "It's empty over there."

He said, "How much would we have to pay?"

I said, "Well, Matson's annual lease rental from Bishop Estate for a fifty-year lease"--not a hell of a lot of years to go at that time--"is \$25,000 a year. You offer to take over the hotel, maintain it, maintain the grounds, restore the hotel to the condition that you found it when you're through with it, and pay the \$25,000 a year and whatever territorial taxes have to be paid, you pay them."

"Well," he said, "that sounds preposterous. How could I get away--"

"You just take my word, Admiral." I said, "You tell the guys in Washington, your real estate department, to make that offer, and Matson in San Francisco will accept it."

He called me about three days later. He said, "Richard, we made the deal on your terms."

(Laughter)

RK: So the Royal Hawaiian became the place for the navy, for the submariners, as they called them. And it was full. You know, the number of submarines coming back and forth. It was a great success.

WN: Who was the manager of the Royal at the time? Who did they have to deal with?

RK: They didn't deal with the Royal at all. They dealt with San Francisco Matson. When the deal was made, then they put their own man in charge there, whoever it was. 'Cause the navy took over (from) Matson. The employees worked for the navy. Navy didn't spare a lot of officers to do it. They just put one guy there in charge, and then the rest he managed through the hotel staff.

MK: What happened to the Moana during the war?

RK: Moana managed very well. Matson continued to run it. It was full every night. Guys on the street coming in. They rented some to people that were working at Pearl Harbor, and they'd come back every night. That was our best, steady customers--the Raytheon, General Electric, Western Electric. There'd be eight or ten from each of those big companies working on the battleships that were being revived, restored. Those people that are doing that work, they'd leave in a station wagon, or whatever, before daylight in the morning and they'd come back after dark at night. They were fed out there at Pearl Harbor. But they'd rent hotel rooms, whole

cottages, and that'll give those guys a quiet place to sleep at night. The companies would pay very well. So I got good prices for that. That was one of the ways I was able to keep enough full, you see, [along] with permanents. I had a lot of them where we rented to a group of guys that were stationed, although were in and out a great deal, working at the Young Hotel intelligence office there or different places, worked for the navy. They'd come, and a group of 'em would take over a whole cottage as a hui. And then, different ones would share different rooms. That was their unit, then they were responsible to pay me whatever it was per month for that cottage. We'd make it up, the beds and all, and they could eat there whenever they're around. Well, we just had to make the best of it, however we could.

MK: So, the military never took over Halekūlani?

RK: Never did. The army tried to a few days later when they heard the Royal had been taken over by the navy. The army recreation guy in charge, the real estate man, called me and said, "The army has heard about the deal with the Royal Hawaiian. The army recreation people are very anxious for their officers to have a place to come for an army officer's beach club. We will take over the Halekūlani. We'll do this and we'll do that."

I said, "No, no, no. You don't want Halekūlani. Right across the street here is the Willard Inn, the whole block there, the little hotel, cottages, and all that. You can take that over, rent it, and fix it up. That could be the officer's club. They could walk down the little lane there to go to the beach and all or come into Halekūlani and use the dining room here. You have your dining room already at Willard Inn. You run that dining room and bar and all. That's your officer's club right there. You'll never get this hotel, I tell you. Take you forever. Lawsuit and everything else."

"Well, we could . . ."

"Never mind. You take the Willard Inn. You'd be better off."

"How much would we have to pay for it?"

I said, "Offer a lease rental of \$14,000 a year." No, I forget what it was. Fourteen hundred a month, I think, that was it. "That'll be net income for the \$1,400 a month. You pay everything. You pay the yard maintenance, the water bill, the electric, everything. And the Buscher family, who had a hell of time trying to run it, to net out \$1,400 a month, they'll never make it."

So, they took over the Willard Inn and it became the officer's club during the war. The navy had the Royal Hawaiian for the submariners. And the Moana was full of every Tom, Dick and Harry. You know, army guys who were on a week's, two or three days off, or navy fellows, whoever they were. Oh, boy, it was madhouse over

there. The Moana was a real---oh, the women were over there. That was a real wild place.

WN: I know Fort DeRussy was right down the street. Their facilities were . . .

RK: No facilities there. No, no, no. They had nothing for them. Well, maybe some officers got in there, I don't know. There was a barbed wire fence around Fort DeRussy already in place, had been for years. And the gate, the minute the war hit, they closed that Fort DeRussy gate. That's the first time I ever couldn't go along the [Ala Moana] Beach Road to go down there. I had to go out to Kalākaua [Avenue] and go around. When I went down to report to duty that morning, already they'd closed that gate.

WN: So you couldn't go down . . .

RK: I think when I took the two admirals from Halekūlani. . . . See, I came out to go to breakfast. December 7, that morning, I came out about seven thirty, and the two admirals were standing out there in their seersucker suits, straw hats, standing right by the front entrance. Little short one, Admiral Pye, and Admiral Leary. I said, "Gentlemen, what's up?"

They were all excited, you know. They said, "See those puffs in the sky up there?"

"Yeah."

"That's anti-aircraft. They're firing at the Japanese planes attacking Pearl Harbor."

"Ho, boy," I said, "I guess you want to get back out as soon as you can."

He said, "Well, there's a car supposed to be coming for us, but we don't know if it'll get through."

"Well," I said, "I better take you. My car's right here." So I jumped into my little roadster I had with a convertible. I said, "Get in here." Admiral Pye got in the middle, big old Leary sat on the outside, and we whizzed out. I remember Fort DeRussy gate had not been closed yet. We went through Fort DeRussy, I remember, right down the Beach Road. As we went out, just before the prison on Dillingham Boulevard out there, the stop-and-go lights hadn't been turned off yet. They were stop and go. And hell, the taxis were whizzing through those red lights going seventy, eighty miles per hour as fast as that guy's saying, "Come on! Gotta get back!" The damn police or whoever it was in charge of it hadn't turned 'em off. One poor (chuckles) vegetable wagon guy, he got hit broadside and stuff was scattered down the side of the road for half a block. Later the story came out from some navy wives out there, "And to think, the damn Japanese, they even tried to sabotage the traffic."

(Laughter)

RK: I told those women, those people, "The poor guy was trying to cross the street. He didn't want to sabotage the traffic." But wild rumors were going on like that, silly stuff, you know. Finally they got the lights turned off when I came home from Pearl Harbor.

Well, as we got out to about where Kelly's [Coffee Shop and Pastry Shop] is now, that was Dillingham and then you picked up the Kamehameha Highway right there. From there on was all Honolulu Plantation. All sugar lands alongside there, just ma uka of the railroad track. And coming along that road, I decided to put the top back on the car 'cause you could see all this. Actually, we couldn't see out from under, you know, the puffs in the sky and all that. And no sooner we'd put the top back when this great big plane came up from down by Hickam Field. Came up around and came right along the highway, coming low. He almost landed, then he came around, roaring up (overhead). "U.S. Army" was painted under the wings. They'd been firing at him down there. But Admiral Pye didn't know. He said, "Look at that. Those damn Japs. They even painted 'U.S. Army' on their plane." They had no coordination between the army and the navy or the air force. The air force was a separate unit. The army, the air force, and the navy. Three different powers. Ho, imagine.

Anyway, the next thing we heard was these poor guys had come in. That bunch were going out to Philippines, and as they came in down here, they were all shot up at Hickam because they had no word at Hickam that those planes were coming in. The boys were shooting at him down at Hickam. Poor bastards. Some of 'em even landed at places that were too small to (take off from). They just landed them. You know, anything. Oh, it was pandemonium. But lack of coordination. So, about two days later we heard that Admiral [Chester] Nimitz had been appointed commander-in-chief of the whole show out here, which should have been set up that way long before. It took an outbreak of war to bring it on, but at last it was done. He was a wonderful man, perfect for the job, the right guy. Cool head, a gentleman.

Never forget, one time (chuckles) my mother got teed off. These B-25s were buzzing along Waikiki down there and coming roaring up over between the Moana and the Royal. Came right in through there, and showing off. B-25s are two engine, those high-powered planes, fast. Making a hell of a racket. Mother sat down and wrote Admiral Nimitz a letter. Really, she was teed off. She got the nicest letter back. I wish I had her letter and his. Of course, there was no copy of hers. She just did it longhand. And he wrote her a nice letter. "Dear Mrs. Kimball, I have received your letter, and I assure you that will never happen again." (Chuckles) These were not navy planes; these were air force planes, B-25s. But he as the commander (of all Pacific forces) could stamp right on the thing immediately. It never happened again, boy, I tell you. But he was a wonderful man. Everybody liked him.

I'll never forget. There was a wedding reception at the Harold Dillingham home. His son Walter, young Walter named for his uncle, was married. This was about 1943, I guess. The war was going strong. And huge reception line at this wedding was already in place. Admiral Nimitz had been invited to come. So, people saw him coming, "Oh, we ought to take you to the head of the . . ."

"Well, nothing doing. I'll stay right here in my place in line."

(Chuckles) The people around him, they all chatted with him. About half an hour or so, he worked his way up through the line and finally saw the family. He wouldn't hear of being taken up to the front. But I was right near there and I saw it happen. That really impressed me. But it shows the kind of mind he had, you see. He's the kind of man, it just never occurred to him. "No, certainly not. I'll stay in my place in line." But that was indicative of the kind of man he was. I learned that then, and I heard afterwards from my brother in naval intelligence say, gee, he was a great guy for the naval intelligence people to work with 'cause he was commander of everything. They'd be in discussions about different things and all. He said, "Gee, what a great man." And I knew so many guys in the navy. I'd talked to different ones. They all had the finest things to say. He was a good choice. Just a darn shame they hadn't had him sooner.

See, Kimmel, he'd accepted the command even though he had to keep the fleet in Pearl Harbor. Previous guy that they tried to offer it to, it was either Yates Sterling or Admiral Yarnell, one of the two of them. My Dad told me 'cause he'd heard it from this dear old Bess Rohrbacher. She was the widow of one of these, and she'd blah, blah, blah, lot of talk about all this 'cause they were going to base the fleet in Hawai'i. That admiral, old-timer who'd been with the navy in the Far East out there, wherever, Shanghai or someplace, or Hong Kong. She and her husband had been based out there. She knew all these people very well. This particular one had been out there in that area, and they know how you're based at a place like Hong Kong. You're not in a pocket. You're in an open place. You can take off in any direction. Only their strategy is to not be trapped in. So when he was told that the fleet was going to be in Pearl Harbor, he said, "I won't accept the command on the basis that I put my fleet and battleships inside Pearl Harbor. I'm sorry, but tell the president I will not accept that assignment."

Well, (I think) the president wanted the fleet to be in there as bait to have the Japanese attack, do just what our blue fleet and the red fleet had done in a practice attack in about 1939 or '40, around there. The Japanese had seen our simulated attack. Come in under cover of weather, just about that time of year you get that sort of thing. They did it just the way we showed them how to do it. They weren't stupid. And the problem was, nobody in Washington got the word through, and apparently they didn't want it to come through, so that the navy wasn't properly on the alert, nor was the army. So on the morning of December 7, the army had gone

off the alert 'cause they thought the navy was on the alert, and the navy was off the alert 'cause the army, they thought, was on. So both sides were off the alert. So here's this guy up at Paumalu out there, near Kahuku, up there with a radio, radar detector. He sees on his screen this whole bunch of planes like a swarm of bees coming in. He'd never seen that before. He reported it into Pearl Harbor. This is a navy facility, I guess. He said, "This is unprecedented. This whole bunch of--" This was about, you know, like five o'clock in the morning, he picked it up before. They were flying in from the carriers way out at sea.

They said, "Hell, you must be nuts. Go back to bed." 'Cause he was supposed to be off-duty. "You're not supposed to be on-duty."

He said, "Well, I'm here doing this thing. I catch other ones coming in that to me are obviously these planes coming from the other direction." They found out that those are the ones from California. "'Cause we checked that out," he said. "Those are those big flying fortresses coming in. But we can't explain these (others)."

The guy that he was talking to said, "Oh, hell, there's nothing here. We don't have anything on that."

He said, "Well, I sure got it on my radar screen here."

WN: During the war, what became of the Japanese waiters? Did they continue to work at Halekulani?

RK: Oh, yeah. Stayed right there.

WN: Was there any kind of fear of any kind of backlash or anything?

RK: Only backlash was in the kitchen one morning. I forget what meal it was, but they were under pressure. Probably dinner. The waiters are trying to get people fed and (get) out. And the cook's trying to get it out, the chief cook. Nicest little waiter, "Fuji," dear little guy. He kind of got angry because he hadn't something. He wanted this, he wanted that. "I told you," blah, blah, blah. He couldn't speak the other guy's language and all that, but he's trying to make the. . . . To the chief cook, all he could see was a Japanese devil.

He said, "Goddamn you, Japanee. What you Japanee do? You pom, pom, pom inside my China."

(Laughs) See, he'd been resisting and hateful all this time against the Japanese 'cause these Japanese attacks and all in Manchuria had gone on. But finally, it was too much, the December 7 business. Boy. (Laughs) He had a big knife over there. I was afraid he was going to whack him with it. But that was the only incident between the kitchen and the waiters. But that settled it all right. I gave 'em hell afterwards. I said,

"Look, we've got to have peace around here. You guys are not going to fight. The war is going on somewhere else." And the cook, he calmed down finally, but he had to get it out. He had to blow, you see.

WN: Any incidents between the military men that were staying and the waiters?

RK: Well, they'd be pretty crude sometimes with them. Not bad. Not so bad that the waiters would come and report to me. It may have gotten back to the captain or something like that. But, no. But only one was one afternoon about, oh, mid-afternoon, I got a call. I was in my office working on these reservations of the VIPs coming in and stuff. "Mr. Kimball, you better get out to the bar right away. There's trouble out there." I went out. Poor (chuckles) little bartender, Masa. He had refused this army officer any more liquor. In those days we were serving a kind of rum that was made here, a kind of bourbon, Three Feathers Bourbon. And we had some pineapple gin that was being made. It was a junk kind of liquor, but we were serving it as long as anybody wanted it. But this guy had had too much. Masa refused to give him any more. He threatened to choke him or whatever. "I'll fix you."

(Chuckles) Somebody called me. "You better get to the bar. There's trouble out there. Masa's catching hell from this guy that's obviously had too much." I got in there and the guy was really giving Masa the business. So I didn't waste any time. I grabbed him by the---I'd seen my dad do it with somebody years before. Got him by the belt in the back here and scruff of the neck, the shirt here, you know what it was, and lifted him up a little. I was strong enough to be able to do it at that time. Got him on his tiptoes. And I marched him from the bar, out through the dining room, and out. I'd seen my dad do this exactly in another incident. But not as far as that. Down the front steps and halfway out the driveway. Still tiptoeing, (chuckles) and waving his arms, and trying to get at me. He couldn't. I was behind him, you see. I gave him a hell of a kick in the backside, and I said, "You get out of here and don't you ever come back here again." Well, that made a great impression on all the employees, on all the guests. The word went out to the guys that came there and drank in that place. (Chuckles) "Look out, boy, you get out of hand, and Mr. Kimball will give you the business." I learned that if you just nip something like that conspicuously in the bud, it makes an example of it.

Like Gwynne Austin with his thing (chuckles), you see. That reservation thing, every travel agent in America got the word through the coconut wireless that, boy, when you make a reservation at Halekūlani, it's sacred. You don't worry. Gary will see that the room's there. The word went out, you see. My dad used to say, "Word of mouth is more important than any amount of advertising." Any amount of money we'd spend on advertising couldn't have done what that one incident of Gwynne overbooking. We paid sixty bucks

(a night) for that room for two nights at the Royal for these people. Hundred and twenty dollars, and my God, just think of the advertising value we got out of that. But lot of people can't understand that. They say, "Gee, you sucker, you paid for them. You didn't have to. They'd have paid their own." Well, I saw a chance to make a victory out of it. Poor Gwynne couldn't have done it 'cause he had no authority to do it. He was in a bind. He didn't know what to do.

But that was the sort of thing that, being a family owner manager, you see, I could do it like that and not have to get somebody's permission. I've found so often, I thought all through my experience, I could make the decision, and then go back and talk to the family about it afterwards that I did such and such. Be in a meeting, we were trying to save Aloha Week. There was a big [longshoremen's] strike. That was the one in '48 [1949], I guess. The head of the Chamber of Commerce had called together all the people in the visitor industry to come down. He wanted to have a talk with them because the strike was going on, the '49 strike maybe, I don't remember. He said, "We've got to do something to save Aloha Week."

The story came out that the jaycee old-timers who had had the bright idea with the Hawaiian group that proposed having this sort of a thing, that the jaycee old-timers had taken it on and used it as their project and they'd had it successfully for two or three years. Then after the war, when the strike came, no business. To get Aloha Week started, this bunch of jaycee old-timers had gone down to the bank and arranged to borrow money to keep the Aloha Week staff going and all because they knew that the minute the strike was over, you wanted to have it to build up the interest again. You had staff people working and all that, getting the ribbons out, and all. So they borrowed, I think it was \$15,000. It was about starting to run out. The bank was concerned about it, and they were concerned. A group of the wives went in because they had heard that their husbands had endorsed this note at the bank. The bank was starting to put a little pressure on the husbands, you see. So they went down to talk to the bank, whoever it was there they were dealing with. They said, "What happens if the money runs out and our husbands are on that note?"

"Well, do you have any home? Do you have any equity on your home? 'Cause the bank would look to any assets that you have to take care of that note."

Ho, boy. The guys hadn't told their wives that they'd done this. Boy, as they say, the kukae hit the fan.

(Laughter)

RK: So, this guy at the Chamber of Commerce, John Hamilton, he called me. He said, "'Kingie,' we've got to do something about saving Aloha Week. You're in the business. Would you be good enough to

come out to a meeting this afternoon? I've asked all the different hotel people. Everybody. We've got the big meeting conference room down here. I think we'll probably have 100 people or more here. I want you to be there by all means. He said, "We're going to have to raise \$15,000 to take care of that note so that they can get through and carry on and have some money left over."

RK: So I said, "I'll be there. Have you checked with Matson? Are they prepared to say today that they can give something?"

"Well, we don't know. They're going to come here, anyway."

So I called. I didn't call Matson hotel. I called Matson's San Francisco office. I guess when I called the hotel guy there, the manager, he said a thing like that has to be approved in San Francisco. So I called the head of their passenger division, George Hanson, who I knew very well. I told him about it. He said, "Gee, 'Kingie,' this is last minute. This is right now. I'm just at my office. We're about to go home."

I said, "Well, how much are you authorized that you can, yourself, authorize?"

"Well, I've got a \$500 limit."

"Okay, that's \$500. At least I count on it from Matson."

He said, "You can count on that. I can tell you that, but what more you'll be able to get, I don't know."

So, anyway, at the meeting, here was Steve Royce who was from the big Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. Matson had brought him over to redo the Royal and get it going properly. His father-in-law, Mr. Lenard, who was from Pasadena, too, but had the Green Hotel there, he was staying at the Moana, where "Gus" was manager--Lyle Guslander from Matson. Mr. Lenard had been teaching "Gus" the ins and outs of the hotel business and really learning a lot from him. So at this meeting at the Chamber of Commerce to decide on what we could do about Aloha Week to save it, I was supposed to be co-chairman of the meeting. Bill Mullahey of Pan-American and I were to be the chairmen. Well, I got there and the room was packed by the time they got ready to start the meeting. There was Steve Royce from the Royal and Guslander from the Moana sitting together, and all the others there and all. Bill Mullahey didn't show up, so I was at the chairman's table up in the front. There I was. George Hamilton, the executive secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, said, "Let's call this an emergency meeting to see what we can do about saving Aloha Week. 'Kingie,' will you take over now and start it off?"

Well, I pointed out the importance of Aloha Week. I was on the Aloha Week committee; I was on the visitors bureau committee. Everybody knew that I was vitally concerned not only for

Halekūlani, but for the industry. I gave a speech on what I thought we really should take this thing darn seriously and all. Well, before I got halfway finished, Lyle Guslander jumped up and he said, "Richard, I'll take on the job of raising the money. I guarantee to raise it for you this week." Everybody looked around and the meeting was over. (Chuckles)

Well, what he did, he called me about four or five days later. He said, "I've got the \$15,000 in hand for you. It's going to go down right now to the Chamber of Commerce and they'll take care of the thing."

I said, "Good for you. How did you do it?"

Oh, he had promises in hand, whatever it was. He said, "I just called everybody who does any business with the Matson ships, all the Matson hotels. You've already given \$500, Halekūlani, which I figure is about right for you."

'Cause I'd said the minute Matson quoted, I said, "Fine, Halekūlani will give that much." So at the meeting that day, I said, "Halekūlani's will give \$500; Matson's going to give \$500. Wish we should get more, but that's all. But there should be a lot of others."

And at that point, that's when Guslander jumped up and said, "Richard, I'll take over."

So, he said, "We had no trouble. Everybody who does any business with Matson ships or the hotels or anything else was too glad to come through." Well, sure, because if they hadn't, they'd have been blackballed. (Chuckles) So, Gus raised this \$15,000. But that's a whole separate subject.

But that's the sort of thing that I could do. I didn't have to ask my mother or my brother, who was away at the time, whether I could do that for Halekūlani. I just was able to match Matson's \$500. So here's little Halekūlani, \$500, and Matson's at least \$500. But it set a tone, and Guslander jumped up and he carried the ball from there. He was a very smart guy. Mr. Lenard had become a great friend of his. This is the father-in-law of Steve Royce who was then putting the Royal back into shape--and the Moana, too, but the main thing was the Royal. The Royal was a long time getting back into its full condition because it'd been really through the mill a bit.

WN: What had to be done to get people to come back to Hawai'i and stay at the . . .

RK: Well, that wasn't easy, you know. People thought, worse than the hurricane on Kaua'i, same idea. The rooms weren't fit for anything. The Royal was still closed down. Halekūlani, luckily, we were able to keep right on going. But when we got Mark Egan to

come to head the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau, when they had a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, the tourist bureau committee, I was on it. We'd put out a call for new directors of the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau. It was a \$500 a month job. But we called the former director, fellow named George Armitage, and he laughed. He said, "I'm making more money now in my postcard business and all that I got into during the war. I had to survive and I don't want that job again. Get somebody else."

When we had a rundown of all the fellows and interviewed most of them, I said, "These are a nice bunch of guys, but none of them have any experience in the hotel, in the travel business, or promotion business. This is just a nice bunch of guys. Five hundred bucks a month is a big salary to them, but we've got to get someone who's really going to help this. If we're going to have a visitor industry that amounts to anything, it's going to take a driving force. Why don't we ask the chamber directors to let us have \$1,000 salary, and we'll get different kind of guys applying."

One of the members of our committee said, "My gosh, 'Kingie,' that's more than I make at Inter-Island Steamship Company." Kona Inn and that, you know. I knew he was making \$750 a month. I knew about it.

"Oh," I said, "\$1,000 a month, could you handle this job? Would you?"

"Oh, no, no."

"Well, what the hell," I said, "we're trying to get a guy who can do a real job for the industry."

Lorrin P. Thurston who was chairman of it, went to the board of directors and had the next meeting, and came right back. "We're going to put a call of \$1,000. Maybe we'll catch a better fish in the net." Sure enough. Mark Egan applied. Mark Egan had been head of the Cincinnati Visitors Bureau among other things. He'd been active in the Cornell [University] hotel school, had been giving courses there and all that. He made a tremendous impression on us, and we employed him immediately to head up the Hawai'i Tourist Bureau.

He said, "Gentlemen, one thing I'd like to have understood. If we're going to do this, I want to use the name, Hawai'i Visitors Bureau. Change it over. I'll tell you why. People like to be visitors, thought of, and not tourists."

Okay, fine. We changed it right then and there, that first meeting.

END OF SIDE TWO

TAPE NO. 13-66-2-86; SIDE ONE

RK: You want to go further back, way back into more ancient history? Anything you want. You're coming up to. . . .

MK: Okay. We'll just keep on bringing you up to the present. So far we've talked about your taking over as manager, World War II years, the clientele that you had during World War II. Now, I'm curious about the clientele that came in the postwar period. What types of people started coming to the Halekulani?

RK: Well, just before the war, we had gotten a guy who was a newspaper photographer who'd come to me with a proposal. He was living next to Halekulani and he was working in Honolulu. He'd taken pictures of people for the papers and he'd chased around, gotten pictures and all that. He'd done this for other hotels on the Mainland apparently. "You've got some prominent guests here coming. Let me get a picture of them on their arrival when they get to the hotel with their leis on. I'll get Diamond Head in the background, and we'll send the picture back to their hometown paper. I'll take care of it. We'll get the eight-by-ten glossies, and I'll type across the bottom the caption. So when it gets to the society editor back there, they'll use it because it's prominent people."

So I asked him one day, I said, "How did you know who to send it to?"

He said, "All you do is ask the bride. She knew who the society editor was."

(Laughter)

RK: One couple was so prominent that he sent it to three different society pages in New York. New York Herald, the New York Journal American, and the New York Times, I guess it was. Our scrapbook had these beautiful big pictures on the society page of this couple with leis on "at Halekulani Hotel." You didn't have to say it was Diamond Head. The picture was right in the back there. But "at Waikiki." We started doing that, and you'd be surprised the amount--and I only paid him something like five dollars a picture or whatever. He'd take the picture and do this, and he'd only send. . . . But he'd sell pictures to the couple, you see. So, he'd make money that way. But I paid him five bucks with the caption on it. We provided the big envelope and the stamps. He'd get 'em in the mail, bingo, right then and there. But I made him bring it to me and let me see 'em before we put it in the envelope. That was the one thing that he had to do before we'd send them. We'd have the envelopes, and he'd type up the envelope, and then we'd put the stamps on it and send it. So it cost us five bucks a picture, plus the envelope and the stamps. And he'd have the envelope already addressed. So, just like that, those would go out in the mail. Boy, those clippings would come back. Society editors, "We love the pictures you're sending. Send more. The

kind of people you've got there at Halekūlani are just the ones we want for our paper. They're the ones that we feel are important." Those days, they did that sort of thing, see. This was not only in New York. It was all over the country, we were sending these out. "Halekūlani Hotel at Waikīkī Beach." Was a Hawaiian name, Waikīkī Beach. Diamond Head in the background was obvious. So, bingo, we kept. . . .

MK: Great advertising.

RK: Oh, in the newspapers all across the country. We set a budget on that. Told [Alan] "Hump" Campbell he could do it up to as much as \$500 a month, but not run over \$500. It never got up to \$500. But he did plenty because he may have got \$375 out of us, or whatever, for the five dollars per picture, which was a lot of them going out, see. But each couple would maybe take four or five pictures or whatever in addition to that. So he did fine with it. (Chuckles) What a bargain for us and for Hawai'i.

MK: So after the war, you were still attracting the high society types?

RK: At Halekūlani.

MK: How about after the airplanes started coming in regularly?

RK: Well, this was a very long running feud that we had with the airline people because all they were interested in was fannies and seats, as I used to say. They didn't care what class of people or anything else. Bring 'em in, fannies and seats. Fill 'em up, bring 'em over. I was trying to push and so was the advertising agency. Hawai'i Visitors Bureau advertising agency, Milt Holst. Bowman, Doite, Cummings, it was called. Milt was the key man. He was the one who'd come and make their presentation each year to us for the coming year, you know, for the budget and all that. He was always aiming for the better clientele, featuring glamorous moonlight nights at Waikīkī. Dancing at the Royal, or dancing and this and that stuff at Moana, all these things. The airline guys, they wanted to get more of the hoi polloi kind of stuff. Just get more people, that's all they cared about. My position was that if we go for the glamorous and the more attractive type of people, the more conservative and wealthy and all that, the things that'll appeal to them, you're going to get the others anyhow. Will build up.

Well, every year we'd have an argument when we set up the [Hawai'i] Visitors Bureau program for the coming year. The airline group would try to feature more in newspaper display advertising or newspaper advertising, this and that, I forget what the thing was. But I was trying to go for a little bit higher cut of advertising. Better pictures, and little more color.

Mrs. [Alice] Bowen, who was the head of Gump's on the Kalākaua-Lewers corner there, the building with the blue roof, you

know. That was the first building built ma uka of Kalākāua there. That whole distance there. She was a marvelous person and she had the best clientele there. When our winter people, the people who'd come and stay the winter with us, they'd give us a big check on deposit. You know, four or five, ten thousand dollars to pay for their whole stay. The guy'd tell his wife, "Now, you find things you like at Gump's, just send 'em over, and the Halekūlani will give 'em cash." I never realized this at first how it was going, but Mrs. Bowen told me once, "You know, 'Kingie,' you have the finest class. They always have us collect the cash at Halekūlani. You're so generous about it."

I said, "No, not generous." Hell, it's their own money. I said (chuckles), "They put a deposit."

Then she laughed. She said, "Oh, no wonder you're so quick to shell out money." Isn't that a kick? But she said Halekūlani guests purchased more during a course of a winter than all the guests at the Royal Hawaiian. "Your type of guests really spend money on our high art quality stuff at Gump's."

You know, my father--did I tell you about when [Mayor] Johnny Wilson had the meeting at the Seaside Hotel to talk about improvement for Waikīkī?

MK: Was that about the fire department? The placement of it?

RK: Yeah. Where to place the fire station. Well, my dad, he could see that the visitor industry was going to become a very big thing someday. Nobody else here did at all. People used to kid me, "Why do you want to go into the hotel business with your dad? For goodness sakes, that's a dying business. Get into the sugar business or something important."

Well, Dad felt that the visitor industry, the tourist business, would become a very big thing someday once better ships, better planes [started coming]. This was back when we were still having dirigibles flying out before the big explosion of the Hindenburg [on May 6, 1937] and all that. That was what people thought they were going to do, you know. We had a big place out here [where] they could anchor them. Did you know that? There was a mast out here at 'Ewa for dirigibles to come in? Sure, they were supposed to be ready. They came from the West Coast when they had that one at Sunnyvale in California. That was a dirigible base there. They were working with 'em and all that. Well, when the helium [in the Hindenburg] caught fire and blew up, bingo, that was the end of the dirigible business. Too dangerous. Those things could have carried 100 people. But that was just a wild dream of an idea that didn't work. People just said, "That's not the thing for. . . ."

No one ever thought the planes were going to get so big. During the war, I went to the Democratic national convention--did I tell you?--on a Pan-American clipper to represent Ingram Stainback who

had appointed me as his alternate because he couldn't go. He was a delegate to the Democratic national convention that year. He said, "'Kingie,' I can't go. I can't get away from here. But would you go back there? You've raised, as my representative here, \$10,000 for the Democratic treasury. We've never had anything like that raised here in Hawai'i before, ever. You go back and present the certified check. Make sure it's a certified check and present it to Ed Pauley at the Stevens Hotel where the national convention's being held, and tell him that's with our compliments from Hawai'i."

So I did. I went to it. Went up on the clipper. About sixteen in the crew and eighteen passengers full (chuckles). They had to have a complete change of crew because the number of hours was too long. The FAA required that they have one crew to be resting. Eighteen hours, nineteen hours. Those flights were as much as twenty hours sometimes. Well, that was the pioneering days of aviation.

MK: After the war where you have Gary Uchida coming back and tourists were coming back and everything, how was the management of Halekulani? Did it change in any way from the pre-World War II period?

RK: Well, Bill Kelly came in [as manager]. He wanted us to jazz up a little bit more and not be little bit stodgy. Mother and the old guests, they didn't want, "Oh, Richard don't do that. Don't make these changes." We'd had blackout dances during the war in the main dining room first. All blacked out everywhere and all that. Clear a bunch of tables and dance there and all. Have fun on Saturday nights there. We would bring in a lot of guests for the weekend. Come to where the life was. Halekulani was the only place that had any action going on on Saturday nights. My wife suggested this. We had lot of fun with it. Then, began picking up. After the war, we got a group of Hawaiian boys to come out and play music, and Hawaiian girls dance the hula and stuff like that out there. Nice entertainment on the terrace out in front of the House Without A Key. And then we began having such crowds by the kiawe tree out there in front that the chairs were busting up all the grass. Mother would fence it off and plant new grass. Bill Kelly said, "My God, I can't make the cocktail business amount to anything if you're going to have me chased out." (Chuckles) Bill Kelly and my mother were always having a hassle and all that.

Finally, Bill got an architect to come out one day on his own. He just asked him to come out and give us some suggestions. The guy said, "What you need here is some of that nice reddish colored sandstone." Big slabs. Instead of white concrete which would be awful, but these nice Arizona sandstone.

My brother was living in California. He'd married, was living up there. But he was trustee of my dad's estate. He was my boss. As far as the employees were concerned, Mrs. Kimball was the boss because the trustee was away. I was just alternate in case George refused to be trustee. Well, George would still get his check on

the gross every month, so he could live up there. I got my salary and my living there. When it came to this Arizona flagstone thing there, Mother vetoed it. (So did my wife.) All that area where we were going to have the tables and chairs, be able to do a bigger cocktail business. Mother said, "Absolutely no."

Well, poor old Bill Kelly. All the other employees would listen to Mother and all that. Bill says, "Richard, I don't know what we're going to do, but we just got to do this somehow."

So I wrote George quite a strong letter. I said, "Mother and I have had a showdown on this thing. We have to do it. I'm determined we're going to do it. I'm just wondering how long you intend to carry on as a trustee in absentia. I can't run this hotel and make it a business if Mother's going to let the old ladies here tell her how they want to have things done. It's got to be run. And if you're here, you and I can talk to Mother, reason with her. But with you up there in California, I'm at loggerheads."

Well, when he saw that "trustee in absentia," it scared the hell out of him because my dad's will had provided that if he chose not to be trustee, then I was the trustee. I was the alternate. He knew that if I went to a lawyer, I could get him thrown out as trustee 'cause he'd abandoned the job. He married and lived in California. He called me on the phone. He barely opened the letter, he called me on the phone. He said, "Find me a house up in Mānoa that's big enough for my family"--they had three kids, two by her first marriage and one, their little girl, about four or five years old--"within walking distance of Punahou up in Mānoa, not too far up in the valley. Price may be up to as much as \$50,000. And take an advance from the hotel money to get it paid for, or whatever it is, started. I'll be back and I'll make the final financial arrangements. But I'll be back as soon as I can get on a ship." Those days, shipping was very tight. Space on Matson ships.

So I hunted around with a real estate person and I found on Ferdinand Avenue, just up on the left side--as you look up the valley on the left side from Mānoa Road--lovely big old white home up in there on half an acre, twenty-some thousand square feet. Two-story house with a big area down below, like a basement area, too. There were sleeping quarters down there for a maid if you wanted. So virtually three-story--it was on a slope, you see--three-story house. Lots of bedrooms upstairs and big rooms. Living room, and kitchen, and big lanai, and fireplace and all. Excellent house. Garage around in back. So I called my brother. I said, "I've got just the house for you. It's just about \$50,000." I forget, it was close.

He said, "Fine. Go ahead. We'll take it."

So he came back. Mother calmed down, was happy to have them back

here. He said, "Mother, we're going to have to put in this flagstone around the tree here. Bill Kelly's convinced me we're going to have to build up the cocktail business here." Because there weren't many things. You can't add more rooms at funny old Halekūlani with cottages and all. They couldn't do much more meal business. But when you did the cocktail business, you did more meal business. Because people come there for cocktails, and they say, "Let's go on in and have dinner here tonight." Bill Kelly said, "This will work hand in hand, but if we're not going to have 'em here for cocktails, how are you going to get them to come and have dinner? They're going to have cocktails somewhere else and then have dinner there. We don't get that business."

So Bill Kelly had me convinced, but I couldn't even talk to Mother on the subject 'cause these other old ladies around the hotel, still living there, "Juliet, don't let Richard spoil that lovely terrace out there." "Don't change Halekūlani," that was their motto. "Don't change Halekūlani." I had to change. Didn't change much, but a little. I got Gary to agree to letting Robert Warner, Inc. represent us. I told you about that?

MK: Is that an advertising firm?

RK: No, it was a hotel representation firm in New York that I met. Mark Egan introduced me to them when I went back to the American Hotel Association Resort Committee. No, it wasn't. It was the meeting of ASTA--the American Society of Travel Agents of America was meeting in the East. They never bothered to come West. It was all Caribbean, and Europe, and all that was the business that they were thinking about. Mark Egan introduced me to this Bob Warner. He said, "Bob's firm represents hotels in Bermuda, you know, all down through the Caribbean, and all these others. You ought to have him represent Halekūlani there. So when Matson's giving you a bad time, the travel agents can deal direct with Warner. Warner can confirm." As he explained, Bob Warner said, "What you do is give me a list of available rooms every week so that I know what we can sell. They call it 'sell and report.'"

I said to myself, "Oh, boy. Gary won't like this. It's out of his control." Well, Gary accepted it on a trial basis on a very few rooms to begin, and it became better and better as he got used to working with them. But "sell and report" just scared the heck out of Gary because he was afraid we'd oversell, you see. Because Gary had this pride in the fact that Halekūlani never ever oversold in his years, and years, and years there. I used to brag about it to people. I said, "We've got the best reservations setup of any hotel in America or in the world. I'll bet there's no hotel that's had this record of not overbooking ever." Well, anyway, dear old Gary, he accepted the Warner thing. It worked out fine.

Then at one of the meetings of the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau directors, I proposed that we go after the convention business a little bit. 'Cause in those days--did I tell you this?--we had a

triennial convention. Every third year the Pan-Pacific Surgical Conference was held here. Dr. [F.J.] Pinkerton had started it. His secretary in his office had done the correspondence for him with it. They'd set the whole damn thing up, and a big group of people would come. Most of them stayed at the Royal. But doctors from all over the Pacific would come. Some would stay at Halekūlani. A lot of people would come and stay at Halekūlani instead of the Royal at that time because there's such a bunch at the Royal--conventioners, you know. They didn't like that, so they'd stay at Halekūlani the year that they had the surgical conference. So we felt the impact of the convention business.

So I said to the directors of the [Hawai'i] Visitors Bureau, we should get into the convention thing. I knew that Robert Warner had a convention department. He'd shown me about it when I went to New York to set this thing up with him. So, I said, "We should start it and get going on it."

"Well, okay. Why don't we make you chairman of the convention committee? We'll get one going. Who do you want?"

"I don't need anybody on a convention committee with me. Just let me come back and make a recommendation to you." So I called Bob Warner on the phone.

He said, "Boy, we'd love to represent the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau. Why don't we start it out at \$500 a month? And you get all our files, and you get personnel in the convention department out here, and all that. That will be the Hawai'i Visitors Bureau convention arm in New York here to build up conventions. Every one of these groups that come and go to the Bermudas and go to these other places, they have people that'd like to go to Hawai'i some year, maybe. Our people here know them, know the secretary of the convention committee group, and all the convention groups." Whatever group--doctors or whatever. There's all kinds of different convention groups. So, that \$500 in no time sounded like nothing. We began to get big business from it. We began to have a little department of our own working with it. We had the West Coast branch of Warner Fawcett on the West Coast in San Francisco. To begin with, we only used New York. But we got going on it pretty soon, it was off and flying, the visitors bureau. But that first start was \$500 a month. We began to get some conventions immediately.

But the committee was slow to take it up. Matson, the guy said, "Hell, you're never going to get conventions here. They'll come by ship. They'll come over for a post-convention group on the ship instead, or a pre-convention ahead of time. We worked those all the time, but what the hell, you're never going to get people to come to a convention in Hawai'i. It's just too remote, too expensive. You won't get it."

"Well," I said, "let's give it a try." That's when they told me,

"You be committee chairman." And 500 bucks a month, and we got started.

WN: Did Halekūlani have facilities for any type of convention?

RK: No, we didn't have any convention meeting rooms or anything else. The Royal had some, and later on, when they built the nice hotel across from the Moana, what's that? Princess Ka'iulani. They added a whole building on the side with fine big convention rooms there. On the 'Ewa side of that, there's a nice facility. That was the first of any kind of convention facility. Big rooms that you could fold back the doors, so that you could have four rooms open up into one where you could seat six or seven hundred people. To us, that's a hell of a big group at that time.

What had happened prior to that, we'd had a convention of the--that was what brought this thing to a head. Dr. Pinkerton had had his triennial meeting of all these doctors that came to the convention here. None of the hotels had a proper place for them. But they referred him to Spence Weaver, go down to Queen's Surf or Chris Holmes' old place, the Deering home out there, and have your convention kitchens there and dining room and all that. Plenty of dining space, plenty of that cocktail area, but when it came to the meeting rooms, there was no air conditioning. Well, that was all right except when they wanted to show their movies of these different operations and different things. So they'd have to close the curtains, then (chuckles) the poor guys would suffer in there. So one of the fellows representing the group that was teed off about it, went to Dr. Pinkerton and said, "Look, Pinkerton, three years from now if you can't promise us a decent convention facility, place to meet and all that, forget it. We'll go somewhere else."

So he'd asked for a meeting with the directors of the hotel association and the visitors bureau, chamber directors. Joint meeting. He came and he gave us a real piece of his mind. He said, "You're going to bring these fine men, doctors, and you're going to lock 'em up in rooms where they don't have any air to do their movies and things? I'll never handle it again, I'll guarantee you. They'll never come again." That's when they built the Princess Ka'iulani annex alongside that big building there. That became the first convention . . .

WN: About when was this?

RK: Oh, it was in the '50s, I guess. I don't know the date [1958].

WN: I think we should wrap it up. Do you think we can come one more time to cover the '50s and the '60s?

RK: (Laughs) You want more?

WN: We'd like to cover the story about Halekūlani being put up for

sale . . .

RK: Well, do you want to talk about other things, too, about how the Ala Moana Yacht Harbor got built and how the Waikiki Improvement Association, how we--you don't have to put it on your tape now.

END OF INTERVIEW

**WAIKĪKĪ, 1900 - 1985:
ORAL HISTORIES**

Volume I

**ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
Social Science Research Institute
University of Hawai'i-Mānoa**

June 1985