

MALCOLM MACNAUGHTON

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Malcolm MacNaughton

(1910 -)

Malcolm MacNaughton has been the president of Castle & Cooke, Ltd. since 1959, a director since 1957, and an employee of the firm in San Francisco and Honolulu since 1942.

He traces the career of his father, Ernest Boyd MacNaughton, first as a draftsman for the famous contractor, Frank Gilbreth, in Massachusetts; then as a partner in the architectural firm of MacNaughton, Raymond and Lawrence in Portland, Oregon; and later as a partner in the first real property management operation in the Pacific Northwest, Strong and MacNaughton Trust Company; and finally as president of the First National Bank in Portland.

There are historical anecdotes about Gilbreth, the Ladd and Tilton Bank where E. B. MacNaughton presided for a time, the noted Pratt family of New York City, and the Corbetts, an affluent banking family in Portland.

A sketch of his own career and his personal life concludes the interview conducted on November 10, 1971 in his office at Castle & Cooke, Ltd.

Lynda Mair, Interviewer

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INTERVIEW WITH MALCOLM MacNAUGHTON

In his Castle & Cooke office, Honolulu, 96813

November 10, 1971

M: Malcolm MacNaughton

I: Lynda Mair, Interviewer

The first minute consists of personal conversation between Lynda and Mr. MacNaughton. The interview is initiated by Mr. MacNaughton when counter reaches 13.

M: Okay, start, huh.

I: Yeh. Maybe we could start with your father and you could just. . . . All the--what would you say?--birthdates and all that stuff, I have . . .

M: Oh, okay.

I: . . . or can fill in later, so maybe you could start with telling me something about your father's experiences here in Hawaii or how he came. . .

M: He didn't come here.

I: But his connection with Hawaii?

M: My father's?

I: Uh huh.

M: He didn't have any.

I: Really? None at all?

M: I was born in Portland.

I: Yeh.

M: My father was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Went to

public school there and his father died when he was very young. He had peritonitis. I think my father was about six years old when he lost his own father. And his mother took her two young children, my father and a daughter, who was about two or three years my dad's junior, and moved back to live with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd. And. . .

I: This was in Oregon?

M: No, this was in Cambridge, Massachusetts. My father was only six years old at the time. He went to public school and then he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He graduated from there and he worked for a contractor there, who was becoming well-known and was later very well-known from the fact that he applied really method studies to the execution of his business in building buildings. Ahhh, it was a very constructive period for my father. This man's name was Gilbreth and his daughter-- he had a large family, twelve children, he and his wife.

I: Not the famous Frank [Bunker] Gilbreth?

M: That's right. Frank Gilbreth [1868-1924; became a consulting engineer in Boston, 1895-1904; and in New York, 1904-1911.] And his daughter made him really famous by writing Cheaper by the Dozen.

I: Yeh. For heaven's sake.

M: Mrs. Gilbreth was widowed after the children were fairly well-grown but she was curious and informed on her husband's imaginative techniques, et cetera, and in her later years was one of the better known practicing, consulting, industrial engineers in the country. Dad felt that he'd like to go West, so after two or three years of working for Gilbreth, which was a training experience in itself, he got on a train with little or no money and went to Chicago and from Chicago, up across the--it was on the Great Northern Railroad. You're familiar with that.

I: Um hmm.

M: And landed in Seattle. And Seattle was a booming, bustling town at the West Coast seaport town, really.

I: About what year would that have been?

M: This was about 1904 and--or '05. 1904. And, anyway, you could check back on the date, because it was the year of the Klondike gold rush in the Yukon. [A region in NW

Canada: gold rush, 1897-98]

I: Oh.

M: And Seattle was the staging point for all these prospectors who were going out on this wild gold fever. Coming from New England, so forth, with a conservative, frugal background which had been required, 'cause they had no money in this family, he didn't like this wild Chautauqua circus atmosphere, et cetera, in Seattle, and decided he'd try Portland, Oregon.

He kinda always thought he might be interested in going to the Orient, but he was--he ran out of money in Seattle. He didn't have any money left, but he had a nice gold watch, and he went to the pawn shop and sold the--they wouldn't give him anything for the works in the watch, so he kept those, but they gave him some money for the case, the gold case. And he bought a one-way ticket to Portland and by then he was out of money and that's where he had to stay. So he got his suitcases--I think he had a couple of 'em--and he wandered up the street from the station and he found a boarding house that looked as though it might be all right and he made arrangements to live in this boarding house--single man's boarding house. And then he had to find a job.

Well, Portland was growing at that time also, not with the same atmosphere--raucous--as the--as Seattle was experienced, so he found a job in an engineer and an architect's office as a draftsman. He couldn't be choosy. He didn't have enough money. He had to get started to pay those boarding house bills right away.

A funny story about that is that after he'd been there for about a week--he had only two suits of clothes and one hat, which was a derby hat--he was going to work. One evening when he came home, the landlady came to him and asked him what his business was. What his profession was. "Why," he said, "I'm a draftsman." And she said, "Well, I'm relieved." He said, "Why?" She said, "I notice your derby hat." And she said, "Only gamblers and undertakers in Portland wear derby hats and I will not have any--either one of those in my house. So I'm glad. . . ." (laughter) So he spent some money and got a different kind of headpiece.

After a few years, working this way--he had a brother-in-law. His sister, Ruth, had stayed in the East and had married a man named Raymond. Herbert Raymond. And his family was the Raymond of the old Raymond-Whitcomb Tours, which at that time were--was the preëminent travel-tour arrangement company in the United States. And they had working relationships in Europe with Thomas Cook [& Son, English travel agency which launched the first travel project in 1841.] You've heard that name.

I: Um hmm.

M: Subsequently, in the United States, American Express, of course, has far exceeded Raymond-Whitcomb. I'm not even sure that Raym. . .I think Raymond-Whitcomb is still in business. But Mr. Raymond, Uncle Herbert, had some funds and he came to Portland to look up his brother-in-law and he thought he liked it, so he sent for his wife. They had a small family at that time. My father, by this time--no, excuse me. Go back a little bit. Well, this was about the same time. My father either was married or about to be married--a Who's Who'll show you that, I guess, or an old one. . .and--he must have been married, because I was born in 1910 and my brother is a year and a half older than I am.

What I was going to say is the--Raymond came out and he and my father and another man named Lawrence, who was born in Portland and an architect--Raymond also graduated from MIT in engineering and design--they formed an architectural firm. Nobody had any money except Uncle Herbert Raymond and he kinda did some of the early financing in the thing and they called it MacNaughton, Raymond and Lawrence and hung out their shingle.

About that time, the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 occurred and Gilbreth went out there from Boston--contractor, Dad's old employer. And Dad says, "I remember, I got a telegram from him: 'MacNaughton, come down here! Meet me at such-and-such. This place is a shambles.'" God's opportunity for a contractor, see. (laughter) So Dad said he got on the train--Southern Pacific--and went down to San Francisco and met Gilbreth. And he said Gilbreth's estimate--there was no question about how accurate it was --but he said, "I just formed this partnership with my brother-in-law and good friend, Lawrence. They were counting on me as a partner." And recognizing Gilbreth's great engineering and construction capabilities and everything, Dad said, "He had a personality that I didn't care for and I didn't--that I wasn't going to go back to work for him and that any arrangement that he might create I would be substantially the junior and I just figured I'd better cast my lot with my friends back home." And so he said, "I thanked him and got on the train and went back to Portland." Then they started their business and--and did fairly well.

Dad always said that Lawrence was the real architect. He had the conception and designs and so forth. And he said, "Your Uncle Herbert and I were more the engineers and we were always trying to build somebody a building for the lowest cost and stay cast in concrete forever," you see. He said, "Most of it looked like hell but they were less expensive than Lawrence's would have been."

Uncle Herbert's family had an interest in a paper mill

up in Vermont and a family member who'd been running that--this was a considerable interest--had passed away and the family went him a wire to come back to Vermont and run the family paper business. He was badly needed. So he did. He never returned West again, never, I don't think. And Dad and Lawrence decided that they really were good friends and they stayed good friends--Lawrence predeceased my dad by some years but they stayed good friends--but that they would be best off if they went different directions. Lawrence wanted to be a pure architect and he continued to do that and was a well-recognized architect. The State House in Oregon was his design.

I: Oh really?

M: Yeh. Ah, ah. . .Dad was more interested in the construction aspects, so he went into the contracting business and he did pretty well. He had a good business and doing well, raising his family, by the time he had my brother and me and my sister, who's a year and a half younger. That's the extent of the children in our generation.

He had one particularly tricky job. The old contractors around there--the better known ones, the older ones, most of them bigger--were really, Dad said, not, in his opinion, playing square with their customers or their clients. They were taking too much money on the job. And Dad said, "I was getting quite a few jobs on a bid-basis because I was under-bidding them. One job I took was to elevate a five-story office building and redo all the underpinnings on the office building; put in a whole new first floor."

I: You mean of a building that was already built?

M: Already built. So he had to jack this thing up and then rebuild the first floor--it was a new foundation--and put the building back down on top of that. He said, "It was one of the biggest jobs I'd had up to that time and it was obviously kinda tricky but I got it and I was glad I got it." He says, "I got a telephone call in the middle of the night: I'd better get down there. The damn building was--looked like it was going to fall over." Some of the jacks had sunk, you see. "Boy," he said, "I never spent such a night like that in my life and all the next day." And he said, "Some of my old--older, senior competitors were saying to themselves, 'Well, MacNaughton finally got what he deserved. This'll bust him.' you see, 'when the damn building falls down.' Well," he said, "it never did fall down and others in the community gave me a lot of credit for staying with it and finishing the job and with-in my price."

So, in the cour--I don't know just when he made the

change, but in the course of--oh, I guess he was doing that work for ten or fifteen years and construction work because he always had a love for it. But he said that he found that--he'd build these buildings, you see--a warehouse or a small office building or a mercantile establishment or something, but, well, the merchant, he wants to occupy the store but he doesn't want to be bothered with the upkeep of the building, except for its management. Or if you build a series of stores--like a shopping center now, but they weren't called that in those days--for an investor, who's going to manage it for the investor? Who's going to get the tenants? Who's going to collect the rent? Who's going to see that the building is maintained in good shape, et cetera? So his clients began to put this task more and more to him.

So finally, he and another fellow named Strong formed a company--and I think this was about--right around the time of World War, or just before World War I, maybe 19 . . . the United States' participation--maybe 1916, '17, '18, something like that.

Strong and Dad made a very good combination, because Strong wasn't that much of a businessman, but Strong was about a--he and Dad were contemporaries--he was about a--gosh, I guess a third generation Oregonian, you see, and, boy, he knew all the silk-stocking trade and the blue bloods. So he and Dad did make a good combination, because Dad didn't know half of these people, he'd never met them, and he was a stranger and "Who are you to just. . .?". But Strong could provide the entree and then he and Dad'd go in together and Dad'd handle the business, you see. But you could be a helluva businessman and handle a lot of business but if you can't get any to handle, why, it doesn't do you any good either. So they had a high regard for one another and they had a lasting friendship, although they broke up.

And this business prospered. It was called Strong and MacNaughton Trust Company and it was the first real property management operation of its kind in the Pacific Northwest. They were doing a very substantial business and they represented the Lincoln Mutual Life Insurance company and all of their mortgage loans. And they represented the New York Life Insurance Company and all of their mortgage loans. And--well, your husband can tell you about this kind of business, but in some ways the trust company downstairs has some of these aspects also.

I: Um hmm.

M: But they didn't do any security business or any handling of--management of investment accounts or anything like that. They confined themselves to real estate and its management

and they were big--if they had an--some account that had a big tract of land, why they might develop the whole thing in homesites or something like this, you see.

Well, about 1929, Dad was sitting at his desk--they didn't have any private offices; they had a big open office --and a little fella in a derby hat walked in--and a black coat--and he was about five-feet six and he wanted to meet Mr. MacNaughton. So he met Mr. MacNaughton and he said, "You don't know me but I know you. I'm Mr. So-and-So Pratt of New York City. [Possibly Harold Irving Pratt, 1877-1939, capitalist and financial advisor for the estate of Charles Pratt; residence New York and Long Island.] My family was part of John D. Rockefeller's original partnership." [Charles Millard Pratt, 1855-1935, industrialist, secretary-director Standard Oil Company 1899-1911; treasurer, 1908-11.] And he said, "There's a young man, who came here and went to medical school at Harvard. His name is Something-or-Other Ladd--L-A-DD. And he stayed and practiced in New York City. He's done well. He's a fine doctor. He married one of my sisters." [Maynard Ladd, M.D., married Anna Coleman, Sculptor-author, daughter of John S. and Mary (Peace) Watts on June 26, 1905.] And Dad said, "Yes, I know him. I know who he is. I know his brothers out here, William Ladd and [Anthony] Tony Ladd."

"Well," he said, "through the family connections--my family, the Pratts--I've invested a substantial amount of money out here in the Ladd and Tilton Bank [Founded by William Sargent Ladd, 1826-93; in Portland in 1859 and replaced by a new structure in 1955]. We finally have decided that we've got to take an interest in the affairs of that bank and not just be passive stockholders, because in our opinion the management doesn't know what the hell they're doing. And what we want to do--and this is my mission--is to ask you to take a leave of absence from your firm here and go down and become the president of that bank and see what kind of a workout and so forth you can make."

Dad talked it over with Strong, his partner, and a couple of the other young fellows at Strong and MacNaughton that were coming up and they decided, well, this was a challenging opportunity. So Dad continued to draw his salary from the partnership and any earnings as president of the bank or any fees for services he was going to get out of the Pratt family would belong to Strong and MacNaughton partnership, you see. He was a real bastard. So he went down there and he found the thing was really in a mess. Really in a mess.

I: This was the Ladd and Tilton?

M: Ladd and Tilton Bank. There used to be an old bank in Salem, [Oregon] called the Ladd and Bush [a branch of the

U.S. National Bank, built in 1869 and expanded in 1969]. This was part of the same family, the Ladd family. The Ladd family was a prominent family. Do you remember those areas called the Ladd Estate over there?

I: Um hmm.

M: Well, that's from them. They own that. East Moreland. West Moreland. They owned all that. That was the Ladd farm. Farms.

I: Oh my gosh.

M: This fellow's father used to be old Senator Ladd, the United States senator from Oregon. [William Mead Ladd, Member of the Oregon legislature, 1890.] So Dad worked on this thing. He tried to--they'd loan money to--and of course they made very shaky loans in the heyday of 1927, '28, and '29 and 1929 had already gone kaput, so these loans weren't any good and Dad liquidated the ones he could and this and that and everything else. And finally he decided the best thing for them to do to minimize the loss--there was going to be a loss--was to try and sell the remains of the bank to either the First National of Portland, it was called then, or the United States National Bank.

And the First National of Portland was largely owned, and certainly controlled, by the Corbett Family. [Henry Winslow Corbett, banker; born in Massachusetts February 18, 1827; went to Oregon in 1851 and was a merchant, 1851-67, then a banker; U.S. Senator, Oregon, 1867-73; Republican senatorial candidate, 1898; president of Security Savings and Trust Company and First National Bank, Portland. Married Emma L. Ruggles. Died in 1903.] And he went to see the First National first--it was the larger of the two--and they told him they weren't particularly interested. So he went to see the U. S. National and after a lot of haranguing and dickering around and making them think that the First National was going to snap it up if they didn't, why, he got a pretty good deal out of them.

So he got on the train and went back to see the Ladds in New York and told them what he proposed, what his recommendations were. So he said, "I learned a thing from that." He said, "I went out there and Mr. Pratt invited me out to meet his family at the estate on Long Island." He said, "Boy, when I tell you that was an estate, that was an estate." (laughter) He said, "I was kinda embarrassed because I just had my little bag there and a couple of suits of underwear and so forth in it and when I went up to go to bed, I was--found that the butler had unpacked everything and laid it out, only it must have taken him about thirty seconds to unpack my bag." (laughter)

So...but he said, "The next day we got down to business with the Pratts and they wanted to know what kind of a fee I thought would be appropriate." And he said, "This was what I'd been sweating out. Because," he said, "they had paid me a salary of "--gee, I think it was \$15,000 a year as president of the bank to do the job; and in 1930 that was a pretty good salary, \$15,000 bucks a year. "But they were willing to pay a fee in addition, so what should I charge? So," he said, "I finally screwed up my courage and I told them the job was worth \$50,000."

I: Wow! That did take courage.

M: And he said, "They took it." And they took it. And he said, "I realized right then that my mistake had been, I shoulda asked for \$100,000, 'cause they'd have taken that too. (laughter) But I had made my deal and they took it." So he got back on the train and went back to Portland, closed the deal with the U. S. National, and went back as a partner of Strong and MacNaughton.

So then, about a year later, the Corbett family who had turned him down on [the purchase of] the bank--by the bank--came to him and said . . . he knew 'em because--because Strong and MacNaughton was managing all of the Corbetts' downtown properties, which was the Corbett Building, the Pacific Building, and--I don't know, there was four or five others. They said, "Mac, we've got some problems with our bank. We don't think we're showing the growth and we don't think we've got the management muscle in there that we need and we want you to come in and--into the bank--a group in the bank. [Charles] Charlie Adams is there as the president and you be the executive vice-president." And So-and-So, I forgot his name, "who's the chairman, he's to retire in a few--in six months or in a year or so and then Charlie'll be the chairman and you can be the president."

Well, he thought it over. He talked with his partner and so forth. He said, "Okay, I'll do it." So he went there, to the First National, and he and Adams hit it off great. And the Corbetts hit it off great too. There was an Elliot Corbett, who was the oldest; there was a Harry Corbett, who was the next; and there was a Hamilton Corbett, who was the next. Three brothers. Quite a substantial estate. Wealthy men.

I: Um hmm.

M: And they reached vice-presidents. So after Dad had been there about a year and he was the president, he said, "You know, one thing we gotta do is," he said, "we gotta realize that this bank--any bank's gotta be really, basically, a public institution." He says, "You guys have gotta resign. You brothers." (laughter) "Well, what for?"

"Well," he says, "You're used to being so rich for so long," he says, "you sit around in this place and you scare the hell out of any customers that come in." (laughter) Well, they did. They resigned. And they remained good friends all the rest of their lives. All of them. They didn't need the dough anyway. They could go find an office in one of their buildings somewheres and manage their private affairs, which is what they did.

So they owned a control of the bank and they'd given-- the Corbett family, through the First National Bank Corporation, owned the controlling shares in the First National Bank, you see.

I: Um hmm.

M: And when Dad had come in, he'd sold out his interest in Strong and MacNaughton and they had permitted him to buy shares in this holding company at a preferential rate. This was one of the inducements. So he was doing pretty well. The Corbetts were the big shareholders; he was a modest shareholder. But then the Bank of America came up. Transamerica came up to Portland and wanted to buy the bank. They didn't want to buy the--they wanted to buy the holding company, which these few people owned in its entirety, which in turn owned about sixty per cent of the bank, you see.

So they sat down there and--"The only time," Dad said, "I ever had any problem with the Corbetts was on this deal, because [Amadeo Peter] Giannini [1870-1949] was willing to pay us a preferential price for the shares in the bank that we owned through the holding company, over what he was willing to pay the regular common share holders, because if he got our shares, he got the--he got the control anyhow."

I: Hmm.

M: And he said, "The Corbetts, geez," he said, "they were just salivating at this prospect of something special," you see. And Dad said, "I will abort this deal unless you let all the shareholders get the same kind of treatment. Well," he said, "they sweated that out for about twenty-four hours and finally came back and said, "Well, Mac, we're disappointed and we don't like it, but we gotta admit it's fair.'" So they said, "We'll go." So they did. So Transamerica stock in 1929, going like that and then it came down like that and then it went back up again, but never as high as it had been in '29. So when the deal was closed, my dad got all these Transamerica shares, you see. First thing he did was sell 'em. And when Giannini learned about this through the transfer books, why--and the Corbetts

sold all of theirs too, 'cause they thought Transamerica was overpriced. And when Giannini heard about this, he called up and--no, Dad called up Giannini when he sold them and he said, "Well," he said, "I just sold all my Trans-america shares and--and I'm willing to tender my resignation." Giannini said, "What the hell did you do that for?" He said, "We're disappointed we sold the shar. . .you sold the shares, because we'd hoped you'd have more faith in us than that. But we don't accept your resignation because when we bought the bank, we wanted to buy you along with it." "Well," Dad says, "If you're sure of that, why, I'll be happy to stay."

END OF SIDE 1/1ST TAPE

- M: . . . that's a banking firm. Then [George G.] Montgomery, [vice president, 1934-53; director until 1974.] offered me a job and I went down to Castle and Cooke. The reason--I was happy enough at the E. F. Hutton company but I wasn't getting paid, that was all. And so, I started in 1942. And then in '45, at the end of the war--about the end of the war--I was not in the service. I asked my wife--we talked it over. I had two children and another one on the way and if I'd have joined the service as a volunteer, I'd a had to call up my family and tell 'em that--take over my wife and three kids and support 'em because her family didn't have any funds and she said she'd rather I didn't do that. She'd rather we didn't ask for that kind of support and that take my chances and if I did get drafted, why, then we'd have a reason to ask for that kind of assistance.
- I: Um hmm.
- M: And she said that's what she'd prefer and so I said, Okay. And fortunately for me, I guess, the trend of defense in the Pacific began to turn in our favor about 1943 and I wasn't drafted. Also, the fact that I was working for Castle and Cooke, which was in the sugar and the pineapple business and shipping, was regarded as some essential employment.
- Well, anyway the Honolulu office of Castle and Cooke said to me, "Now you're in San Francisco. You better come down here and see what this end of the business is like."
- I: What was your position at that time?
- M: Oh, I was just assistant to the office manager. Or something called the assistant secretary or something like that. And so I was making, at the time I left there, in San Francisco, I was making six hundred bucks a month,

I guess, to come down here. Six or seven. And I came down here and was here for a month and a half and finally [Alexander Grow] Budge, who was then the president [1936-50], said, "Come on in here to my office. I want to talk to you." And he closed the door and he said, "Your brother's going to leave Castle & Cooke and go down to the Hawaiian Pineapple Company as assistant treasurer. Henry White's the president and he needs some easing up in his treasury department down there. Your brother's been made an offer by Henry and he's going to accept it and we'd like to have you come down here and assume some of the responsibilities he's been doing down here. But," he said, "you better not give me your answer now. You better go up and talk it over with your wife and see what she thinks about it."

I: This would involve moving to Honolulu.

M: Now, yeah. So I went home and talked to my wife and she said, "Well, what do you want to do?" And I said, "Well," I said, "I like this company and I like working for these people and with them; I like the business and everything." And I said, "We don't have to go, but if we don't go, I better start looking around for something else to do, because, having turned down an opportunity like this, which the management regards as a real opportunity, they'll pass me over." And I said, "Further, this office is just a service office. That's the--that's the main office down there. That's where the action is."

"Well," she said, "We better go, I guess. Tell you, let's go if I could take my horse." She had a horse in Plymouth, you see, and she loved to ride. Beautiful horse. She was quite an accomplished rider. "Going to take my horse and at the increased compensation, your salary"--which was being increased, oh, sixty per cent on the move, from about \$700 to \$1,000--"perhaps we can afford it anyway." We couldn't keep the horse in San Francisco. We couldn't afford it. Okay. So we came on down here. My brother went to Hawaiian Pine and I stayed with Castle & Cooke and I've stayed with it ever since.

My brother left Hawaiian Pine about 1951. C. Brewer & Company was in some financial difficulties and the family--the Cooke family that owned the control of the business--were going to make a change in the management down there and they'd asked Alan [S.] Davis to come in as the president of C. Brewer--head up the new management team--and he said that he would if he could get my brother to go with him as the executive vice-president--as his executive vice-president. And they said, "Well, if you want him, that's all right with us." And they threw the old president out, who'd been married to a Cooke--was married to a Cooke--and

Boyd and Alan went there and Alan wasn't interested in staying there. He stayed there for three or four years, made Boyd the chairman, chief executive officer. And about 1956 or '57, I guess, Boyd was president, Alan was the chairman, and along about ten years ago Alan even resigned as the chairman.

And I stayed here. My wife and I had three children at that time. She was a Portland girl, Elizabeth Grelle; graduated from Mills [College]; had been the president of the Student Body at Mills. Had quite a record there. She's the reason I'm a trustee at Mills right now, as a matter of fact. And--but she got leukemia in 1950 and passed away. And in 1952 I married again, a girl that had been brought up here named Winifred [Barclay] Sperry, married first to a fellow named [Joseph R.] Rastatter. She'd had two children and that hadn't worked out and they'd gotten a divorce. She'd been a grass widow for four or five years, I guess, and she and I got married in 1952, about two years after my first wife died.

So we started out with five children, her two and my three, and then we had a pair of twin daughters crack out of the box about eleven months after we were married. Got so unsettled about that great development, we had a son about eleven or twelve months later and finally found out what was causing it, you see. (laughter) And so we had eight children and she adopted my three, who were the oldest, and I adopted her two boys. And then she got cancer, we found out in 1961, and she died--'64, and left me with these eight children, the youngest of whom then was about --'64 is seven years--was ten years old.

I: The youngest.

M: The youngest. Danny. Daniel. And then I found a lady [Sarah Elizabeth Brophy] that I found very attractive and she, glad as to how I was, so we got married in 1965. [January 8, 1965] And this is she over there. And she'd been married twice before. She'd never had any children; hadn't been able to. Her first husband, a second lieutenant, was killed at the tail end of World War I in the invasion of France. He was Herbert B. Truslow, who came from Oahu. It was after that she moved to the Coast with her family and started--got a job and started to work and joined with a young engineer in the company he had formed --Louis Statham: Statham Instruments--a highly scientific operation--and grew up with the corporation, so that she became vice-president of the company. It's been quite a successful company. [Now a part of Gould Inc., according to Mrs. MacNaughton, who edited the last two paragraphs by phone on July 13, 1979.]

And she got married again, a second time for her;

first time for her husband, a man named Charles Gass, who was a--who had never been married. He was a bachelor. And they were married about 1952 or '53, I think, and he contracted cancer and died in 1961 or '62. So I--she was down here for a visit and I met her and we got married shortly after the first of '65. She became an instant mother of eight. (laughter) So that's where we are now. Is that it?

I: That's very good, yeh.

M: Okay.

END OF INTERVIEW/116 ON COUNTER, SIDE 2

Transcribed and edited by Katherine B. Allen, 1979

Parents: Ernest Boyd MacNaughton m. Gertrude Hutchinson

Employment: Malcolm MacNaughton

1933-34 real estate sales; Norris, Beggs & Simpson
 1934-36 statistician; North American Investment Co.
 1936-40 salesman to assistant manager; E. F. Hutton
 & Company
 1940-42 salesman; Kaiser & Company
 1942- Castle & Cooke, San Francisco and Honolulu

Boyd MacNaughton

1935-45 Castle & Cooke, San Francisco and Honolulu
 1945-52 vice president; Hawaiian Pineapple Company
 1952-56 senior vice president; C. Brewer & Company
 1956-70 president; C. Brewer & Company
 1971- chairman; finance committee
 chairman, board of directors; California
 and Hawaiian Sugar Company
 director; Hawaiian Trust Company

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

In May 1971, the Watumull Foundation initiated an Oral History Project.

The project was formally begun on June 24, 1971 when Katherine B. Allen was selected to interview kamaainas and longtime residents of Hawaii in order to preserve their experiences and knowledge. In July, Lynda Mair joined the staff as an interviewer.

During the next seventeen months, eighty-eight persons were interviewed. Most of these taped oral histories were transcribed by November 30, 1972.

Then the project was suspended indefinitely due to the retirement of the foundation's chairman, Ellen Jensen Watumull.

In February 1979, the project was reactivated and Miss Allen was recalled as director and editor.

Three sets of the final transcripts, typed on acid-free Permalife Bond paper, have been deposited respectively in the Archives of Hawaii, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii, and the Cooke Library at Punahou School.