STANLEY CARMICHAEL KENNEDY, JR.

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

STANLEY CARMICHAEL KENNEDY, JR.

(1921 -)

Stanley Kennedy, Jr., son and grandson of transportation pioneers of the Hawaiian Islands, tells of his grandfather's and father's roles in the development of Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co., Ltd. and Hawaiian Airlines, respectively. The personal and professional backgrounds of his parents and grandparents are described.

Mr. Kennedy's early education and life in Honolulu, college years on the mainland and naval duties of World War II are related. His subsequent apprenticeship and career at Hawaiian and Continental Airlines, along with changes in the aviation industry and the marketing of tourism, are recounted.

His ongoing interest in the field of aviation, best demonstrated by his efforts on behalf of the Aerospace Museum, is noted. Mr. Kennedy also shares his views on the future of tourism and Hawaii.

INTERVIEW WITH STANLEY CARMICHAEL KENNEDY, JR.

At his home, 1010 Wilder Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii

March 11, 1986

K: Stanley C. Kennedy

S: Alice Sinesky, Interviewer

S: If you would like to start. Do we go back beyond your grandfather here in Hawaii? How did it all start?

K: My grandfather was the first in our Kennedy family to arrive here. He was born in Scotland, Kirriemuir, Scotland in 1852. His family had all been accountants and actuaries with garters on their sleeves and little visors on the forehead, traditionally plodding day in and day out with their numbers--good accountants and so forth as I gather. And that seemed a little humdrum apparently to Grandpa Kennedy--he was Grandpa Kennedy to me--James A. Kennedy and he apparently, at a relatively young age, asked his parents if he couldn't go off to see the world. And there are two stories about that.

The one that I like the best, which I suspect is not as true as the other, goes something like this; that as a youngster in his midteens he got a job as a cabin boy on an around-the-world sailing vessel and off he went. Some year and a half later or thereabouts it was time for the stop in Honolulu. I don't know that he saw the land of opportunity, but he sure saw the blue water and the coconut trees and the flowers and the beautiful traditions and all those things--probably he saw the land of opportunity--and he just got off and jumped ship. That was the beginning of our family here in Honolulu and Hawaii.

S: Do you have any idea of what year that was?

K: Well, I don't think that's a true story, that's one of the tales. I think what really happened was that he got as far as California. He wasn't a teenager--he was a little older than that and he got as far as California and that's where he got off the ship, and while he was there he was offered a job and got some good experience. He was doing some accounting (apparently it was for a steamship firm) and he got interested in steamships and that business. I think he perhaps had a little apprenticeship of some sort in Scotland before he left which indicates maybe he was

apprenticed there and didn't leave until his twenties or his late teens. Several things I've seen indicate that he had some business experience in Scotland and California before coming to Hawaii. That seems to be truer than not although the other story is a little more glamorous. Anyway he was in San Francisco from 1874 to 1880.

S: Oh, it is--it's more romantic.

K: Nevertheless, the real story, I believe, is the one I've related secondly. The job he got when he arrived in Honolulu was with Honolulu Iron Works and he was about fifteen years with Honolulu Iron Works before he moved specifically into the steamship business. They did all sorts of shipwork and performed repairs on ships and that kind of thing. And before that it's been recorded that he had about ten years of previous business experience. So adding that on top of maybe a fifteen year old boy when he first worked in Edinburgh, Scotland, you can figure he was twenty-five years old when he arrived in Honolulu.

That's when he went to work at the Iron Works. He was here just before all of the changes from the monarchy and so forth, although I never discussed that with him. I wish I had, but I've never seen anything too much in the family history about that.

He had such a liking for the steamship business and for surface transportation, which was the only form of major transporation other than rail, that he went from the experience in the Iron Works into the steamship business and that's a very interesting story. Because steamships weren't new to the Islands; they'd been going for many, many years since the early 1800s, and there was slow progress because technological changes didn't come as rapidly as we see them today. But in any event, there were changes and he was always interested in them. He was always proving that he was interested in ships by being down there when they did new things, and he handled the books for a couple of the companies.

And there were apparently three steamship companies; there was the Wilder Steamship Company--the Wilder family which is an old kamaaina family owned control of that; and then there was the Hawaiian Steamship Company, which was relatively new at that time--around the turn of the century; and then there was the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company. His goal was--he was hired by businessmen who sought him out --to take over Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company and to see if there might be any way of putting the three firms together.

And that's exactly what he did, while Hawaiian Steamship Company, set up on it's own, was having a very difficult time

and soon faded out of the picture. Wilder Steamship Company --old man Wilder passed away--and none of the sons were interested. One was an artist and traveller and another had his own special interests. So he did buy that firm for the Inter-Island Steam Company, and in fact merged the two companies together. Inter-Island was the surviving company with an opportunity to be a profitable operation.

He worked for that steamship company and was its senior officer until it faded out of the picture, which was shortly after World War II if you can believe it. And in the interim, my father had stepped in--he succeeded my grandfather as head of the steamship company, and at the same time he was starting an airline for them. But the steamship company was where it all started and where the relationship with transportation started.

S: Well, did your grandfather, in effect, end up owning this company then?

K: No, he really didn't. He owned shares in the company, but he was never a wealthy man. He was just a young man out on his own and he did develop and acquire an interest and shares in the company as well as in other projects throughout the state. But in the sense of owning a majority control in either a percentage control of the corporation or owning a majority of the stock, no. He was very successful and so the board on a continuing basis kept him well remunerated. Many considered that he did own it, however.

S: He was the company as far as they were concerned. Did he leave family behind--brothers and sisters--in Scotland?

K: I don't really know. There was family, but the extent of it, I don't know. I probably should have reviewed some of that--but it was never discussed. He died when I was a youngster so I wasn't old enough to get interested in who was who and where everyone ended up, although we have a family tree that's been done in some detail. I haven't refamiliarized myself lately, but we could probably determine that if need be.

S: Did he marry when he came over here?

K: He found his wife-to-be in Oakland, California during his stopover there. He married her in Honolulu in 1881. Minnie C. Kirkland was her name. She was a fabulous lady. I was the only grandson so obviously I was a little spoiled. Because my grandfather died well before her passing, I was a lot closer to her because I grew up knowing mostly Grandma Kennedy. She lived right near where we live now--right on Spencer and Victoria Streets--one of those big houses with a widow's walk way up on the roof where you could put a telescope. She used to tell me that Grandpa'd be out there

checking on those ships to see if they were on time, coming or going. I thought that sounded like Cape Cod or England or wherever all of that started. But that's how it was in those days. There weren't the trees and there weren't the high buildings and you had a perfect view of Honolulu Harbor. And the little SS Kinau or whatever looked very prominent "sailing" out there.

My dad was one of three children. He had a sister Jessie and a brother Derwent. Derwent went back and lived on the mainland and Jessie lived here, married a fellow named Bob Menary and part way through their marital life they along with their children--they had two daughters--moved to Colorado. They lived in Colorado Springs for the rest of their lives. My dad was the remaining member of the family here. So there's that part of the family.

S: So then did your father just inherit this interest?

K: Partially, but mostly by association with his dad. He grew up as a young boy and I imagine--I can only remember the stories that I heard--and I followed in the footsteps of the same program, I guess--of being with his dad just as I was with my dad down at the dry docks when they were launching a ship or down when they were repairing it or going to the Neighbor Islands to see a volcano or watch how they were loading the cattle at Kona by lifting them out of the water by bellybands and all of these fascinating ways they handled trade in those days. I think he really just became extremely interested and inherited the interest, by both inheritance and exposure, as I've said.

S: Osmosis. (laughs)

K: Yes, sort of an osmosis.

S: So it was just second nature to him.

K: It was second nature to him. As a matter of fact, he had a number of different jobs with the company. I think probably the one that he liked best--until he got into senior management--the one that he liked best was being purser on one of the larger passenger ships. These ships were the culmination of all the development of the equipment that Inter-Island used--the SS Waialeale, the SS Hualalai--in those days they were named after mountains in Hawaii--and the SS Haleakala--the SS being steamship.

And I don't remember exactly--they were in the neighborhood of two hundred passenger vessels and they had first class, and cabin class and they always had steerage where all the local gang would get on with cheap steerage tickets and lay their lauhala mats down and bring their own food because it was just an overnight trip and play music all

night long on the fantail. Everybody in cabin class would go down and join in and sing songs and it was a very exciting time. You could only do that if it was a relatively quiet sea, because the channels out there could get awfully rough for those little ships so sometimes it was a pretty rough deal. But generally that was the pattern--the music on the fantail and good fun.

Anway the purser on the Waialeale or the Hualalai or the Haleakala was a pretty grand person because they had the white uniform and it looked like Flash Gordon of yesteryear, you know. In fact, that's how he met my mother because here she came and she was with a couple of friends and a chaperone, because that's the way it had to be in those days and she was lucky enough that the family could send her on this post graduation or post debutante trip or whatever it was to Hawaii.

The volcano was in action on the Big Island and you couldn't take a flight then, of course, so you went on the next ship to Hilo. She was on the ship and my dad was on the ship and they met and the romance started. He took a day off and drove them up to the Volcano House to see Madam Pele in action at Halemaumau and romance bloomed and it ended up that Martha Davenport of Chattanooga, Tennesee, married Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu, Hawaii. That's how my mother and dad met. I can't tell you exactly how my grandmother met my grandfather. It wasn't quite that glamorous, but somehow it pertained to the sea and I bet on some kind of a boat in San Francisco Bay.

S: On the way to Sausalito or whatever.

K: Yes, yes. The ferry boats were charging back and forth in those days...there's where it could have happened. But to get back to my grandfather who set the tone for everybody. He was a very serious man, a very capable man so I read in retrospect. And he was very good with numbers so he knew that the bottom line was the name of the game. He didn't care how many boats and ships you had out there, you had to make a profit for the shareholders. He was good at that; he was willing to reorganize and he got along with all the local men because he had worked at the Iron Works. I'm sure he knew pidgin--I never heard him talk it--he still had a little bit of a brogue as I remember. But he got along well with everybody. He was very tough with the unions. On the other hand, they liked him so he was able to make arrangements that were fair to both sides. The line was successful and he got a lot of credit for being a tough guy but also an understanding one and a farsighted one.

S: I don't think I realized that they were unionized at that point.

K: Oh, they had several unions. Now they weren't sophisticated I'm sure. They were just organizations: "Hey, brah, we get together and...." You know. They did have organizations because some of the writings and readings show that he had a tough time with a particular group. It might have been the navigators, maybe the engineers. It might not have been the deckhands, but shortly thereafter, I can remember as a little boy having one of those ships up in dry dock and my dad taking me down to Honolulu Harbor which was a pretty different design than it is today and there was the Haleakala--one of the big ones up there in the dry dock and they couldn't launch it because all of the dock workers were on strike.

I can remember going up to the fence and they all loved my dad--I could tell that--I never had any fear. "Hey, Stanley, hey Stanley. Howzit? You know, you're the big white rat to us," and so forth. And he'd say, "Aren't you going to let me in?" "Sure, we'll let you in." And we went in and, "Oh, so you brought white rat, junior." And that was me because I was Stanley, Junior. So for a while a lot of people joked that I was called "white rat, junior." The story went around and it always interested me that they could joke that much about serious situations. There were small differences and they were relatively easily settled.

But I can remember, on that particular occasion, my dad, and I was along with him, and some management people launched that big boat out into the harbor and got one of the company's tugs to tow it over to a dock. And all these guys --they didn't boo or throw rocks or anything--just clapped and yelled. They thought it was great that the boss had to go out there and do something like that. (laughs) So I guess--there was a lot of trauma in that--it was a big responsibility and a very expensive ship--but it kind of had a lot of adventure and fun to it at the same time. You didn't expect any serious danger to anybody unless they brought it on themselves.

S: They were nonviolent.

K: Nonviolent, yes, tough, tough, but nonviolent. Now that may not always have been the case, I don't know, but I'm just giving you my recollections. At this point, I think I should go back and talk about my grandfather.

It so happened that as a young man, my grandmother and grandfather always took me over to a place they had at Malaekahana Bay which is near Kahuku Point. It's between Kahuku and Laie and it's the great big bay there. There were only about five little funny old country houses there at that time. They had one there. They had a lease from Campbell Estate--the same Campbell Estate we have today--leasehold

land--which the family gave up some time ago. Nobody could find the time to go over there any more.

But it was a wonderful place to go in those days. Glass balls were on the beach every morning in the winter, and shells, and lobsters were just practically offshore and you could take several of your young buddies over and Grandma and Grandpa were always very wonderful about letting the young folks do what they wanted to do and we had a lot of fun.

S: You had just one sister, right? What was the age difference there? Did she join in on this?

K: Once I was twice as old as her, but really I'm only five years older. When I was ten, she was five. No, she didn't necessarily--these are boy things I'm talking about, and my recollection is that I was the one who spent the most time with my grandmother. I'd always go and spend the night at her house there in town and so forth. This was boy-kind-of-stuff when Grandpa was still alive, and even later on after both my grandmother and grandfather died, my mother and father used that beach place for entertaining people from the mainland who were visiting or friends. We would take friends for the weekend. That was the beauty of a great big unencumbered beach, there were a lot of fun things to do.

I used to go for a walk early in the morning with my grandfather. And I can remember because the beach, particularly when it was low tide--it was a big, hard beach at low tide--he always wore the same shoes--just an older pair than he wore to work--the big black hightop shoes that you went back and forth and zigzagged and didn't go through shoe holes with laces--he went through those little things that you laced around and then he would wear a--Moana Hotel type bathing suit is what we call it today--the one piece wool bathing suit with a skirt, and I had a little one of these bathing suits, I remember. But I remember that sometimes he wore his regular clothes--just a white shirt with long sleeves (of course, there was no such thing as short sleeves) and black pants.

We were down at the north end of the beach and the beach is probably almost two miles and we were way down at one end and he was popping the Portuguese man-of-war with his shoes --that's why he liked to wear them. I was barefooted--I was popping them barefooted because kids never put shoes on until they were well into high school and he popped a Portugese man-of-war and I heard a bang--and he was behind me and I looked down and he was lying on the beach and he'd had a very severe heart attack and he couldn't talk--he was just lying there. And he ultimately passed away.

And I ran all the way--I didn't know I could run that far--all the way back to the house to tell Grandma and then

they came all the way back--the roads were awful in those days--they weren't paved, some were coral--and the little Kahuku plantation hospital didn't offer much. They sent for the ambulance, but they had to go in the car to Kahuku and they had to call Kaneohe to get the ambulance and later that day it rained. I just remember it was a long day for a kid. After my report of the problem, there were two cars--friends had come although it was early in the morning, and one car came up the beach and they took him and I walked back because there was no room in the cars. I just sort of remember that it was one or two days he was there very ill in my grandma and grandpa's room.

You know, you always remember a house like that, every tiny thing about it. The big room was Grandma and Grandpa's. And you had to push up the storm blinds because screens would rust out in a week. They didn't have the plastic. I can remember that there was a lot of sadness around there because it was about two days that he was barely alive. They didn't take him anywhere. They decided to keep him there and try to do what they can. So that's how I lost my grandpa.

I wasn't really that close to him although we were pals and I appreciated him and I loved him. Then my grandmother and I became closer together in those following times and she was just a wonderful lady and was always interested in everything that young people were doing. She was just a lovely, gentle woman, you know, and she liked nice things. It didn't matter who the person was or what their station in life was or how much they had materially, she always had a big smile for them. She was just a wonderful person. I remember her with great affection.

S: Did she go back and forth to California--keep in touch with the California part of the family?

K: No, not really at all. They came out to the Islands once in a while. I guess I don't really remember that much about her out-of-town trips. She must have gone on occasion, but I don't remember any frequency at all.

S: Well, I imagine that even though you weren't all that close to your grandfather, the fact that you were there when he had the heart attack had some effect on you.

K: Oh, it had a definite effect. I could remember that for a long, long time in great detail and I also felt therefore that much closer not just to him and my grandmother--not just as grandparents--but in everything that was associated. It draws you a little closer. I, too, like my dad had the advantage of going on the ships and fishing off the fantail. In fact, I worked on the Humuula two differerent summers, when the cattle boats went between the Islands and I didn't have a very pleasant job. If you can imagine a cattle boat

and one of the more unpleasant jobs, that's the one I had. (laughs) But we did get--with another good friend of mine--our reward, in addition to the salary for that job, which was pretty meager, but it was a great experience. We were at sea and we got to troll with a heavy cotton line. It was a strong cotton line and you put an inner tube on it as a shock absorber. You could troll off the stern of the ship--the ship was going a little too fast to troll, but if you had a strong enough line and a big enough shock absorber you could catch the ono. You could catch a thirty or forty pound ono. That was the main thing we caught. You'd catch a mahi mahi once in a while when you were slowing down coming into the harbors. That was a lot of fun for youngsters, and other crew members, too, I might add.

And the Kona Inn was built by my dad as the head of the company because there had to be a place--if you were going to get into tourism as opposed to just the business people going between the Islands--you had to have a place for them to stay and it had to be some place that was attractive. The Kona Inn was built in Kailua-Kona just exactly for that purpose. The original Kona Inn was with a big swimming pool set down in the rocks and fed with fresh ocean salt water. They also had a hotel in Kauai. Those were the first hotels that Inter-Island Steam built and owned there in order to have a place so they could generate some kind of tourism. So the first early vestiges of tourism as such--the numbers were small, but they were certainly wonderful facilities.

The Kona Inn was more tourism than business; and the Kauai Inn was more business than tourism, but they could accommodate both. I remember the wonderful French toast in the dining room and banana fritters. Isn't it funny how you can remember things like that? And when we went up there as teenagers, we had two weeks free at the Kona Inn because there were always empty rooms. Whatever the least expensive empty room was, this other friend and I had. He was Bill Budge and his father was the head of Castle and Cooke. We had two weeks there after working all summer on the cattle boats. A sort of incentive-reward plan.

And we not only fished, we caught Kona crabs, which are a type of crab that live down in very deep water, several hundred feet deep. Very few people know where those crabs are, but I remember a fabulous old guy, Solomon, a semiblind guy, who also didn't hear very well--with his outrigger canoe with a little outboard on it who would take Bill and me out and lay all these traps down in these places. It was down off Kealakekua and Keauhou about a half or a quarter of a mile offshore. Even before you boiled them they were orange-shelled and they were about oh, six or eight inches across, and very soft and sweet. They're available once in a while today, sometimes you see them in the market.

Another thing we did--right behind the Kona Inn a couple of hundred yards mauka--there was just wild brush and there were a couple of old Portuguese men there with their hunting dogs, their pig dogs, and they'd take us pig hunting. We were just little kids fourteen, fifteen or sixteen years old, and he taught us how--once the dogs had that pig at bay--to go right on in and slit that throat. And boy, did we feel big, brave guys. Those were days that you could do things like that. It was very exciting, not everybody did it. Actually, it was quite dangerous.

But even twenty years ago, you see, my son never had those kinds of opportunities. He and I camped up at the top of the Waianae mountain range and found a small level spot and the pigs routed around us in our little pup tent in the middle of the night.

S: But you never used guns for that type of hunting?

K: We never did. I imagine others did, but we never did. That's the way we did it. And you had to be young or tough to keep up with those old-timers. Anyway, those are just little vignettes of some of our activities. Another thing that was wonderful about Kailua-Kona is that these cattle freighters that took live cattle back to Honolulu also took twelve passengers, that's all they could accommodate. And they drove those cattle all the way from either the Kona ranches or all the way--sometimes if it was too rough at Kawaihae--they'd drive them all the way from the Parker Ranch to Kailua-Kona, which took a couple of days to say the least and then, bright and early, one morning off they'd go into the process which I won't describe to you.

S: Well, I've seen the pictures of the slings.

K: We'd go down there at night and watch them all singing their kanaka songs and they'd tell us to go home because now some of the cowboys are having a few too many beers or whatever. In the morning, all the wives had made fresh flower leis. When they charged the cattle off into the ocean, they all had their leis on--tied the horns to the side of a little whale boat and then they'd tow two or three of the whale boats off to the ship that was half a mile out in the bay, and then they'd put on a bellyband one at a time and load the cattle up and come back chug, chug, chug, and lasso some more. You know, that was pretty exciting, it was a fabulous time. You can see pictures of that in some places, but we were lucky enough to be in that area and at that time.

Coming back to Oahu, my dad liked sailing very much. He must have started sailing competitively when I was, oh I guess, around twelve or fifteen years old. Pearl Harbor Yacht Club was inside Pearl Harbor. There was a wonderful

yacht club there and there were no limits. You could sail around Ford Island and all the way down West Loch, et cetera because the U. S. Navy hadn't set up any restricted areas. Every once in a while there'd be a naval exercise. Wonderful races with several classes of sailboats were what I participated in. My dad raced a star class boat and I had a little moon boat.

I can remember seeing all the great ships of the Navy there, and I'd just be sailing my own little twelve-foot sail boat and be looking at the Lexington and the Saratoga... and George Patton. The great General Patton was a sailor, he was at Schofield, and he was a sailor. He was a very wealthy person. He had a schooner, about a seventy-foot black-hulled gorgeous schooner and he'd sail around Pearl before he'd go out the entrance and here we were just kids taking it all in. George Patton was also a very exciting polo player. A flamboyant guy!

When the first clippers came--the China Clippers and that whole succession of clippers--that's where their base was--inside Pearl Harbor. So we'd be there and watch them land, and watch them take off, and they'd shoo us out of the way some time. I just can't begin to tell you all the kinds of excitement that represented for many of us youngsters.

We'd go shell hunting up in these mountains, not only out in the Waianae Mountains but these mountains right up behind here, way up on top of Tantalus; and we'd come back with a whole sack of land shells, the most beautiful brightly colored shells. The animals lived in shells in the trees and they really sang, you could hear them and they were brilliant colors, bright green and bright yellow stripes. I can remember a red one, zigzagged black lines in it, whole collections of them; you can't believe they all came out of these mountains. They're all gone, I believe. You'd go up at night and listen and you'd know which trees they were in and where.

Then there was the shampoo ginger. We'd go on hikes and there'd be certain ginger, just before it bloomed it had a great big pod and the pod was full of all the juices that made the plant and the flower grow and you'd break that off at the bottom and if you were in a line hiking on a trail, you'd sneak up on the guy in front and "whack" hit him on the head as hard as you can and it was all very gooey. That was another of the fun times we had as kids with shampoo ginger.

S: I can't imagine a better place to grow up in.

K: It was wonderful. And then, of course, we did all the other things we were supposed to at school and played the regular sports. We also had wonderful chances to go deep sea

fishing and spear fishing. When we went spear fishing, we didn't have scuba outfits, et cetera. We couldn't go deep. We just had the goggles that generally we made out of hau wood and glass and we had a piece of bamboo with an inner tube sling to pull the spear back and the spears were all homemade. The barb was just the spear end flattened by a hammer and we'd put a little barb on it and off we'd go and we did just fine, thank you.

Of course, there were a lot more fish then off the reefs. There are a whole bunch of experiences just relating to fishing that would make a wonderful story sometime, but many of them have been told. It was just part of the everyday life of a young man, mostly the men, the gals weren't that much into all that yet.

S: Where did you go to grade school?

K: I went to grade school right here in Honolulu. I went to a little school called Lanai School right down here. It's not a quarter of a mile from where we're sitting, right near the temple, the Shrine Temple on Wilder Avenue. I forget the name of that street, but if you followed that street around you went up to the one competing school--that is, if your family could afford to send you to a private school. The other one was Hanahauoli. Hanahauoli has survived and Lanai has apartments in its place. Just as my grandmother's home has long since been torn down and now there are two great big twenty story high rises. That's where I went to school and I went from there to Punahou. I went to Punahou in sixth grade and stayed in Punahou through tenth grade until I went East to prep school, Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, for two years, and went from there to Yale University.

I was a swimmer but not a great one. A darned good one, but I wanted to be a great one. I wanted to swim on the Olympic team. I really doubt that I would have made it. I might have snuck in possibly on a relay team, but a thing called World War II came along and ended that dream.

S: This is kind of skipping around, too, but I was curious as to how you reacted to life on the East Coast after all of this in Hawaii, the freedom, the outdoors.

K: Well, you know, I didn't want to go East. I thought New York City and big eastern cities would be a cold and formal life and I wanted the informality of what I heard the West Coast was. My dad had gone to Stanford and he didn't think that going East was too bad an idea and I got back there and found out that it was a very, very exciting place to be because it was different. I liked the changes in the weather and I made very good friends. It's more the friends and associates rather than the environment, but the environment

was part of it. I made wonderful friends and had experiences there that were just as good as any I had here.

S: And at that age, you were probably ready for something different.

K: I guess so. I was very homesick in the beginning, but I did some wonderful things. One of the things I did when I was at Yale was go to South America one summer with the glee club, for example, and you can't beat that for an opportunity. And on the swimming team, we travelled around the East Coast to West Point and to Annapolis and Cambridge where Harvard is. I played on the tennis team and we went to Virginia and we went down to Miami for a big spring tournament once. So it was broadening for me in that sense, visiting new places, seeing the Ivy League campuses, et cetera.

We went to Cuba and spent spring vacation one year. We went on the Silver Meteor for $39 to Miami and got on this ship and over we went to Cuba because one of our classmates was a very wealthy Cuban boy and he invited about twelve of us down (laughs) if we could get our way there. We bummed our way and got there one way or another. Of course, that was back around 1940. And it was interesting.

You know, I was about ready to run out on the beach with my shorts on just like in Honolulu and they made me put an undershirt on. I couldn't go out on the beach without a top. It was still very, very formal Cuban style. Oh yeah. Chaperones and no kidding about it. It was the olden days as my children would say.

I should jump back a little bit now, because I think the interesting parts are not just personal things, but also the business-oriented things. We talked about the steamship line earlier and how my dad got involved after my grandfather. He was also successful. He had a good business acumen and he also majored in business administration or whatever it was called in those days at Stanford. He got all involved in the steamship company and in the management and ended up being the president of Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company and it fit him like a good shoe and he was in there doing an excellent job.

When he was in his apprenticeship--I jumped a little bit in the last paragraph--he had the purser's job and had had some of the minor management jobs. World War I came along, in other words, early 1910 or 1911, somewhere around in there. My dad already was interested in airplanes. Airplanes were just barely a thing of the present. The first airplane that flew here was in 1910 in Moanalua Valley and the first hot air balloon went up that same year in Kapiolani Park. In fact, I'm building an Aerospace Museum at the

Honolulu International Airport to tell all those many stories, but that's another project.

My father was interested in air right off the bat, and he went out and did his best to get into naval aviation. In the beginning he couldn't, there were too many other places that they wanted him to be--running the ships for a while--and then he got his commission. I don't remember the exact progression of it but he went to the mainland and finally he did get accepted in the Navy program. He was naval aviator number 302 or something like that and that's pretty low down the line when you think about it. He was Navy commissioned officer flyer number 302, and I think he was something like the third west of the Mississippi River. At Pensacola he got his wings. His hydroplane (seaplane) license was number 179.

S: Probably the first from Hawaii when you stop and think about it.

K: Well, there was another man, Allen Lowrey, who lived in San Francisco, but he was born here. He was the head of Union Oil. He was one of the other two.

The first thing he did when he got his wings was to try to get orders taking him overseas into action. Unfortunately, they sent him off to some logistic support center, and then up to Washington, D. C. behind a desk. Then later they released him for active duty overseas. It wasn't until 1916 when the war was well along that they developed a twin-engine flying boat called an H-16. It was to be used for antisubmarine patrol work and that's the job he got, flying across the English Channel. He was up there actually dropping little dye markers when they spotted submarines. They even had small bombs that they dropped by hand. I mean it's just like seeing old time movies, but the work was rough and probably often boring.

I brought this picture just to show you--there he is in front of his airplane--and you can even see a patch, if you look closely at the life jacket. It's a patch he sewed on himself, a kapok patch. I've got a great big picture of that. [Naval Officer Stanley C. Kennedy, Sr., Naval Aviator 302, standing in front of his Curtiss H-16 flying boat is pictured on the cover of a Douglas Aircraft Company publication <u>The Airlines of Hawaii</u>]

S: Did he have a copilot?

K: Oh yes, he had a crew. There were two of them. As they went back and forth across the English Channel, my dad kept saying, "My God, here I do this day after day..." And once in a while something would come up and shoot at them, but mostly the danger was would the airplane make it or not, that

was the deal. Finally he came to the conclusion that when he got back to Honolulu he was going to start an inter-island airline. Because if I can fly back and forth, maybe I can get a few pilots and start an air service. That's where he got the idea that he was going to start Inter-Island Airways, or an airline, whatever he was going to call it. The distance across the English Channel was about the same as the distance between Oahu and Molokai (thirty miles).

He came back, gung ho, in 1918 and he had his new bride from Chattanooga with him. He had originally met my mother when she and friends visited Honolulu before the war. Then he progressed up the line. His father was still alive. His father was alive until, I think it was 1925 or 1926, and my father was vice president and his father was president. They didn't have a chairman of the board in those days.

My dad couldn't raise the money to start this airline. He just wanted to buy one airplane or whatever and he just couldn't do it. He convinced his father to let him take it to the board of directors of the steamship company to see if they would sponsor it.

S: How did your grandfather, personally, feel about it?

K: Oh, he thought he was crazy. He thought just the way my dad did when I wanted to do certain things. He always used to say, "Son, you're going to get your tail in a crack."

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 1

S: So even though he wasn't enthusiastic about it, he at least gave him the opportunity to present it.

K: Yes, but he couldn't push the board of directors or convince them to okay subsidizing or financing this venture. Then my grandfather died and my dad was elected by the board of directors to be president and that was the first thing he started working on, and within a year he had that board convinced and they financed, as a wholly-owned subsidiary, this little airlines. Because Inter-Island Steam Navigation financed it, it was called Inter-Island Airways. The logo was in red, white and blue, a copy of the steamship company's house flag. In other words, the tail sticking up on the back of this interesting little airplane had the red, white and blue markings.

This was an amphibian (the Sikorsky S-38), the wheels would come down, and they used it off of the airport at John Rogers Airport here. It could land on the water with wheels up, and the reason they had an amphibian was so that they could convince the people that it was safe. What if something happened? You have a boat under you and we'll land on the water. What he didn't tell them was that if it's a

rough day, landing on the water would be like hitting a stone wall.

The red, white and blue with the red dot in the center of the white square was a copy of the house flag of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company. So that's how it all started. They bought three of the little Sikorsky S-38 amphibians, eight passenger. And oh, I can remember a million stories about that, too many to go into other than, there again, as a young boy, this was 1929, the first flight was Armistice Day, November 11, 1929, and I can remember helping to put those things together. At least I thought I was. I mean, I was born in 1921 so I wasn't very old, but boy, I was down there and in the middle of everything.

And off they went, eight passengers. They'd hand you a little cellophane package and in there was some cotton to put in your ears and some little Wrigley's coated gum. You chewed that to pop your ears. You had to because there was no soundproofing as such and there were two big engines right up there above you. You climbed into that aircraft by walking up a little ladder aft. You climbed up and over the top and down in you went. In the beginning it was hard to get a good load. My dad said he used to chase people down the sidewalk and say, "What do you mean you're going on a ship? We've got an airplane going. It only takes an hour and a half to fly to Hilo versus overnight on the ship."

There was a little john back aft, and everybody had to look forward if somebody got desperate or got sick. If they had an extra good load, there was a little seat that came down on top of the john and they'd sit one passenger there with a proper seat belt, the ninth passenger. In the very beginning the radio communication was dit-dit-dot-dit (Morse code) and it took a long time to get it out so they carried homing pigeons for a while.

They actually did. There are stories about how they let them go when they had a problem one time and the pigeons got back home with a red emergency band on their legs before they had cleared the radio message because of static and some other problems. It was fascinating how, when you're determined, you can find a way to get the job done. And they convinced people that safety was the prime thing.

To this day, Hawaiian has the world's all-time safety record as far as longevity. They changed the name in 1938 when the Civil Aeronautics Act came in to give better identification as to where the airlines was located. Inter-Islands? What islands? It asked a question more than telling a story.

S: Did they operate Honolulu to Hilo and where else?

K: They operated between all the Islands. Honolulu to Maui; Honolulu to Hilo; Honolulu to Kauai, Molokai and Lanai and Honolulu to Kona. In Kona they landed in the bay at Kailua-Kona, in the water. They did that only under charter. There are some interesting pictures that you run across if you're looking at this material. There may be one right here; the plane sitting in the water and the little outrigger canoe, and the people getting out of the airplane into the canoe to be paddled in. Here's another picture of the same airplane on the ground. The next version was the amphibian again, made by Sikorsky, but this one had sixteen [passengers] instead of eight. Still had the wheels that came down. It was known as the S-43. Then they went to the DC-3. Here's the first schedule.

Anyway, I have a lot of interesting material on the activities of that era. I can remember in the S-38 days (it was about 1934) when Amelia Earhart was making one of her first famous trips. [On this occasion Amelia Earhart Putnam arrived on the Lurline December 27, 1934.] She was here about to make her first nonstop trip from here to the mainland and my dad was going to take her on a trip on Inter-Island as a courtesy. She was a famous aviatrix and he was a pioneer and she was a pioneer and his informal invitation went something like this: "Come on, Amelia, I want to take you up to Hilo and have you plant a tree where all those trees are planted by famous people. We'll drive up and see the volcano. It may not be active, but at least you can see where it is."

So guess who got to get out of school and got to go along? Here's a picture of me standing in front of this old-fashioned S-38 airplane and there I am in my suit. I don't know where I got the suit, but I'm wearing a suit and I'm holding a little fedora. There's my dad, and Amelia Earhart and there's Captain Sam Elliott who was the chief pilot of the airline. Well, that's priceless you know. I distinctly remember the day. I don't remember many details except for a few little questions and answers of hers, because she and my dad had lots to say to each other. In Hilo a couple of hundred guests were there for the ceremonies. It was a great occasion for me and a notable day all around.

My dad told me the day before, "Son, I've got to get you out of school." And I said, "We've got to call the principal." He said, "This is the chance of a lifetime." Miss Earhart had already attained great status. The Amelia Earhart Society has that picture because they're always looking for unusual pictures. And the tree she planted is up there growing. That's a time I remember. Then she flew off and broke the record. Then it was a couple of years later

that she went off on her ill-fated flight across the South Pacific and was never heard from again.

Again going back to the airline's first days, the first little airplane the airline bought was a little red Bellanca monoplane, a plane that had five seats in it. I did help put it together because I'd bring parts from the crate over to the mechanics and they put that plane together in Honolulu. They bought the plane to do a survey of the routes to make sure the fields were good enough to land on in Hawaii.

Then I can remember on Sundays, for a number of Sundays, they'd take people for a penny a pound on fifteen minute sight-seeing flights. A penny a pound. Isn't that something? Just to break them in to the fact that flying was safe and nothing to be afraid of. It was a nice looking little monoplane, bright orange red, and it had Inter-Island Airways painted on both sides.

S: Original market research.

K: Yes, of a sort, although they didn't know about "marketing" at that time. The Bellanca was specifically used for route research and training, but at the same time building for future confidence and patronage.

S: And the Honolulu runway?

K: That was just crushed coral. The Bellanca had a wheel on the back for taxiing on the ground, and it had two main wheels so it was nice and quiet. But the amphibians, the S-38s, couldn't have a tail wheel because of water landings where the main wheels came up into the hull. It had a big metal skid that was spring operated and as it taxied across those coral runways or the dirt runway at Molokai that thing would scrape all the way and it was just like fingernails on a blackboard, and, boy, you had to hold your ears.

These developments evolved under Dad's leadership and I was in there just watching and learning as hard as I could, but I wasn't old enough to get into the business until after World War II. I graduated from Yale in the class of 1942 and was in Naval ROTC there. I graduated from Yale just after the December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor. Because of my commission as an ensign from ROTC, we were graduated several months early. I got my commission in one hand and my diploma in the other, went to another building and got my Navy orders to duty and off I went.

I asked for duty in the Hawaiian Sea Frontier; I wanted to defend our Islands and sure enough I was doing Hawaiian Sea Frontier patrol on my first assignment. Later, the USS North Carolina, which was one of the new, big, fast

battleships, came into port and was in dry dock. You ought to have seen that. You could put a destroyer through the hole where the topedo had hit her.

I went over to visit the ship one day when we were in port and by chance the commanding officer had been the commanding officer of the unit at Yale of the Naval ROTC. "Hello, Kennedy." "Yes, sir." He was a full captain now and he said, "Come aboard. Would you like to ship out with us?" Oh my God, that was the real world. We were looking for submarines and minor trouble up here in the Hawaiian Sea Frontier area, and they were out really fighting the enemy. "You bet," was my answer.

So he said, "You take a tour around the ship." He had some young ensign show me around and I had just made lieutenant junior grade, just one step above that ensign and I can remember being proud of that. Captain Baker came out and said, "We have a vacancy, a transfer in the gunnery department, 40 millimeter division, on the fire action deck, all the antiaircraft batteries, so you'll be up there where it happens. I hope you don't mind that." To make a long story short, my ship was going to be leaving port in two days so he worked it all out and I was transferred off my ship and had temporary shore duty for five days. I then reported aboard the North Carolina and we left for the South Pacific. Went through all those big battles just after Coral Sea, end of the Guadalcanal actions, all those campaigns. We seemed to be in everything!

Just after the United States made its first raid on Truk, which was the great Japanese naval bastion in the Central Pacific, in which we participated, I volunteered into the underwater demolition project of the Navy which was the "Frogmen." By that time I was a senior grade lieutenant. They were looking for commanding officers for the new units. So I went to Fort Pierce, Florida, and came back with my team just in time for Iwo Jima and Okinawa and they led directly to the end of the war. Obviously, it was a very exciting war for me, if any war can be called exciting. I have a scrapbook now and I can't believe it when I go over it ...the many miles our ship covered during the war, I can't believe it. It just happened that I was on a ship that was going all the time and covered the entire Pacific area, an action-oriented experience.

I was married shortly after the war and have two children by my marriage to Barbara Cox from Dayton, Ohio. We were later divorced. My son is in Atlanta, Georgia, with Cox Enterprises. My daughter married a farmer down in Australia and lives out in the countryside and is very happy there with her husband and children.

Several years later I met my present wife as she was visiting Hawaii, just as Dad met Mother. I met Nancy here, that was over thirty years ago. We have two daughters who live and work in San Francisco.

My wife Nancy is very much involved in community affairs here in Honolulu, presently a commission member on the State Foundation for Culture and the Arts, a director of the Red Cross and involved in the new St. Francis Hospice Home, plus many other projects. I am proud of her accomplishments and the respect people have for her.

Meanwhile, as soon as I got out of the war I was going to get right into the airline and learn what was going on and see if it was really my bag or not because I had majored in accounting and business administration, but I needed to learn about maintenance and all those other things. So I told my dad about it and I made an appointment at his office, very formal as a Scot would have it. His answer to my queries about going to work was that I should go to the operations office at the airport and see what was available.

By the end of the war I'd had a field promotion to lieutenant commander and thought I was quite something, I guess. I was only twenty-three years old and had my share of medals as everyone else did. Dad said to go to see Ford Studebaker. Wasn't that a wonderful name? Ford Studebaker was the vice president of operations. I went to see Ford and he said, "Well, we do have two openings right now and they're both in maintenance."

I said, "That's exactly what I want." "Well," he said, "the jobs are both mechanics helper, third class." When I asked about the pay scale, he said scale was thirty-seven cents an hour or about that, and I said, "I'll take it." I figured, boy, there's one way to learn. What I wanted to do was to get my FAA licenses. In those days, they had two kinds of licenses; they had an A and a P. The A was aircraft, all the skin and all the body parts of the airplane; and the P was propulsion, the engine, propellers and that part. Two separate licenses, and I wanted to get both of them. I did that in about two years and was still just an apprentice, but a licensed mechanic, too. Joe Chang was my boss and Arthur Kung and all these pro mechanics were there in that department so the boss's son had to work very hard. Those were great times!

Sometimes we worked twenty-four hours in a row because it was very hard to find help that could get all the way out to the airport right after the war. I enjoyed that apprentice period, but I don't look at it now as apprenticeship. It was just another function in the operations that made an airline work. That job taught me an awful lot. To the day I retired every mechanic whom I worked

with at Hawaiian and at Continental knew that I'd gone through those times, and that I knew what really went on behind the scenes.

Then I was assigned to start the full service cargo department for Hawaiian, a full-fledged separate department. The scale was small compared to a big airline, but we had three cargo planes, DC-3s known as C-47s in the cargo version. Those, too, were exciting times. I had to make my own opportunities by beating out a lot of other good people for those same jobs, but little by little I started to get some seniority and some background where the guy from outside the company couldn't pass me. I was lucky and I was grateful.

I worked for twenty-six years for Hawaiian Airlines and ended up as vice president for marketing. I had that job for about six years at which point Continental Airlines was coming into the Pacific and they were looking for somebody to be their head guy. Continental plus their brand new subsidiary, Air Micronesia. Now we're getting into the bigger airline category.

At first I wasn't interested because I had worked very hard and I was in a senior position. There were three other vice presidents at Hawaiian. But out of the blue they came looking for me. I happened to be the guy they wanted which was very flattering and I was more and more pleased the more I thought about it. I had to really concentrate on making a decision. I thought, "This will be a real challenge, and I've got to accept it." It was sort of scary to think about how big a new dimension that was. I'd be far away from headquarters as opposed to being in a staff job at headquarters. I'd be a field vice president running my own airlines in a sense. I finally decided to do it. It took me nine months. Thank goodness they weren't in a hurry. I remember thinking about the responsibilities for profitability that went with that authority.

Obviously, I joined Continental and that was for fourteen wonderful years. Retirement came as I reached the proper age, and all those years smacked of pioneering to some degree. Whereas Hawaiian had done its pioneering in the most creative sense in the beginning, it was in the development of new markets such as the visitor market, tourism, and special markets that I made my contribution. I got very much involved with that part.

I went to the mainland for eight years with my wife and a new little baby in arms to develop the tourism market for Hawaiian and for Hawaii. We moved into the countryside of southern California, and I got to know every one of the wholesalers in Hawaii travel on a first name basis. I attended all the big American Society of Travel Agents

conferences, and the regional ones and all that. I set up offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles and Dallas and Chicago and, finally, New York and ran them all from southern California. We attained our goals and we were the lead carrier with our foot in the door before the competition.

A wonderful guy named Jack Tobin was my boss during those years and he was a real airline "pro." I learned a great deal.

We coined the phrase, "A ole oe i noho a ike ia Hawaii," which means, "You haven't lived till you've seen all Hawaii," and we spread that phrase all over the marketplace in reservation departments, sales offices, et cetera. We served fresh pineapple and papaya and pineapple juice and put a little flag in a piece of papaya that said, "Fly Hawaiian to the Neighbor Islands," and little gimmicks like this. We invented these new elements out of sheer necessity, and they worked.

Then came Continental, and Continental was still pioneering. Continental and Air Micronesia were developing out through Micronesia. Those were strips that had never seen a jet airplane before. These were actually Japanese fighter strips like at Truk and Palau and Ponape and so forth. I went on that board of directors as well as having part of the responsiblity for developing Air Mike.

My main job was to fill all these planes we had going between Hawaii and the mainland. They were a new dimension for that market then. Now, Continental and Air Mike are big all over the Pacific, but I enjoyed all the administrative responsibility of building and staffing these new bases from scratch and as they came along--Samoa, and Fiji, and Sydney and Melbourne, Australia and Auckland, New Zealand--negotiating with those governments and so forth. Air Mike's big opportunity was with Japan although I did not have the prime responsibility for participating in that work.

I can say that in all those years when the airlines were bucking the onslaught of the beginnings of deregulation, we always turned at least an operating profit in the Pacific. Maybe some of that was that old Scotch inheritance and a lot of financial training. The big plus was the spirit, attitude and professionalism of the people working for the company.

I was given a wonderful opportunity for my life's work by my wonderful father and grandfather. The whole family always seemed to be supportive of one another. It was kind of a tradition. My father never even mentioned that he hoped I would be in the airline business or the steamship business. But I just, on my own I just bent that way. Look at me, I was in the Navy during a major war and loved the sea. To this day, any time I can get out on the sea I love

it, and Lord knows that I've flown over it as many miles as anybody in the state, I'm sure.

We travel a lot, my wife Nancy and I, whenever we can. We have a little place up in Napa, California, and we like that because we like to have a little change. We can light the fire up there and go for long walks on a cool evening or a near frosty morning. We can do that now with my retirement.

S: And see the family.

K: Yes, both of our grown daughters live and work in San Francisco and we have some wonderful reunions. Also, my sister lives in San Francisco. In fact, she married the son of an admiral, Admiral Norman Scott, who was a great World War II hero who died in the battle of Savo Island. [Rear Admiral Norman Scott died in the battle of Savo Island November 1942] He had a major victory one night and the ship was sunk the next night. My sister has three children. She and her husband were divorced several years ago. My mother, the bride from Chattanooga, is still alive, but unhappy to be totally inactive and elderly.

S: I'd like to talk some more about her.

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 2

August 8, 1986

K: Most of what we've covered is most of what my grandfather and my father accomplished and their relationship to the territory and later the state of Hawaii, in the sense of not only what their accomplishments were but what it meant because it was transportation. We've covered my involvement as the person recounting this, and we're up to date personally. I'm not sure where to go unless you'd like to go back and talk about my mother a little bit.

S: Yes, I'd hoped to hear more about her. I understand she's quite a lady.

K: That's probably an understatement. Martha Kennedy has been known by a number of nicknames and by a number of descriptions. Since she was a little girl, from what I've heard from her mom that I remember and from other friends in Tennesee, she was always vivacious, hypertensious, a go-getter, people-oriented, good fun, lots of gatherings and associations and parties, and also lots of activity in eleemosynary projects, community projects and that kind of thing.

Her home was down in the city of Chattanooga in her younger days and when my Grandfather Davenport died, she

moved up to nearby Lookout Mountain where some of her family lived. Her father was the head of Davenport Hosiery and produced the then famous Hummingbird Hosiery.

S: Did she come from a big family?

K: A relatively big family. She had three sisters and a younger brother. Her brother was a particularly interesting guy. He died at a very young age, just about when he reached his early thirties. He was a young genius. He had gone through Harvard University in something like two and a half years summa cum laude or summa Phi Beta Kappa or whatever. His genius was in inventiveness, determining what a need was and finding a way to solve the need; obviously a basic business requirement for success.

What he did was really start the first major fast-food operation in the United States of America. It was called the Crystal Company and the outlets were called Crystals. They were called Crystals because they were white polished marble or facsimile for the walls and they had a great big crystal ball on the top. They served absolutely outstanding hamburgers, which were relatively new way back then, and hot dogs, which probably started in the baseball park. They served them in such a way that you really got your money's worth. They were a quality kind of operation. They advertised it as "Meat, Bread and Three Vegetables," which was probably the lettuce, tomato and the pickle or something like that. (laughter)

In any event, they spread all over the South, and the family recently sold a piece of the Crystal Company, which still is in existence today and has, in fact, bought Wendy's operations in several of the southern states.

The other sisters were all wonderful ladies but they were just good old southern belles. They lived in the South and they stayed in the South. They did a little travelling and they did their share of "things," but they didn't wander far abroad. Mother, as I think I said earlier on, came to Hawaii before World War I. She came with another friend and a duenna, a consort or a chaperone, and she met my father on one of the Inter-Island ships, but I believe that we already told that story.

After she returned to Chattanooga, obviously they kept in contact and when World War I called and he went back for his naval aviator's pilot training and license at Pensacola, Florida, that wasn't very far from Chattanooga, he may have visited her in Chattanooga. Probably not, because things were pretty hectic during that training period. But I know he at least communicated. When he was first commissioned he was sent for a short period of time to Washington, D. C., where he was unhappy.

He wanted to get to Europe and get into the action. But he did make a side trip as soon as he got his overseas assignment orders. Just before leaving, he went down to visit her and reaffirmed their love for each other...and off he went to England and his H-16 war patrol assignments over the English Channel.

He did very well there and won several medals, but mainly what happened out of that experience in naval aviation was to acquire the germ of the idea to start the airways in Hawaii we described earlier. Before returning to Honolulu he went to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and with all the family's approval he married my mother, Martha Davenport.

Her father had been the man who had founded Hummingbird Hosiery, which you probably wouldn't know about, and most people who would read this would never have heard of that product. It was one of the best silk hosiery lines in the country. I can remember this large factory and I can remember as a little boy when I went back to be taken by my grandfather who was always dressed to the teeth, but always in his "working suits," down into this smoke-covered area where the plant was because the locomotives and the tracks were all going through the plant and by the plant and they belched black smoke and everything outside looked black to me. Those industrial areas were pretty rough. He took me all through the plant. It was very interesting and I was always very proud of what he represented.

I'll go back now to the nicknames. One of my mother's nicknames for years when she first came here, was "Matty, the bird." Matty was an aberration of Martha and the "bird" was because of the Hummingbird. A lot of friends used this nickname, laughed and called her, "Matty the Bird."

In any event, they were married and returned to Honolulu and started their life. She was always very supportive. She loved people. She met people well and, socially, she was very adaptable and active and supportive of the kinds of things that my dad had to get involved in with the government people and people from the mainland. They were always able to communicate and entertain and do whatever they had to do in a way that was productive. It was stimulating to her, I can tell you that. She did it well.

Their first home together was up in Manoa on Judd hillside. It was a big hillside home, I remember. I was able to walk from there down to Punahou after I'd gotten out of Lanai School after the fifth grade. I walked through the cow pasture, went over the fence and somehow got by that one bull that was in the cow pasture. We lived there for a number of years, then rented a house in Waikiki while they were building on Kalanianaole Highway. Eventually, that's

where I grew up during my teenage years and the rest of my life, until I was married and we had our own home. My mother and father still had this as their home when he died at the age of seventy-seven. It was located right on the water and mother loved to entertain there and did a lot of it.

S: How far out?

K: Just past Aina Haina. On the right hand side. On the water. In fact, their property was one of the few pieces that was up on a big coral head there. It was interesting because there was a hole maybe six feet in diameter in that coral. As you looked into it, you saw fresh water flowing from mauka out into the sea. There was a little beach there and if you went down below and you were barefooted, you could feel that ice cold mountain water that was coming through all the strata of the mountains behind and flowing into the sea. If you tasted it, it had a slight salt water taste because it was getting into the salt there and there were some salts in the soil. But it was good water and they say it was the watering spot for Prince Kalanianaole when he had his army there because it was an endless supply of water. I never saw that water stop flowing. I spent many years there through college and through the war and until my dad died.

S: There are probably some anecdotes about your mother. What particular groups was she active in?

K: I can tell you about a few of those. One of the first things in something like this that I remember, and I remember seeing it first as a small boy and being impressed, was in the family scrapbook. There was a full eleven by fourteen picture of this lady who looked very beautiful standing in what looked like a satin gown, properly twirled around her, with this immense bunch of feathers on some kind of a tall hat that she was wearing. Apparently what it was was a Junior League ball and they had some of the ladies in town come as different flowers and she was an orchid. It was a pale lavender and it was a gorgeous thing. I always used to think of my mother for many years whenever I saw a cattleya because of that picture. Over the years, of course, we kidded her unmercifully about that picture.

She was very active in Junior League and she was a director of Junior League. She joined near the beginning of Junior League. She wasn't a founder, but she was very involved for many years. She liked their work and that association. She had many friends and made many friends through that activity.

I know she was involved with the Garden Club and maybe she was an officer. She may have been president and maybe not, but she was very involved. I remember that she always would think that her garden was one that the Garden Club

should show when they were showing people gardens. Mother never realized that things weren't the way they were in her mind's eye. She would look at her garden and say, "It's the most beautiful garden in the whole world," but she would overlook the weeds, et cetera. Working with the soil just wasn't her thing.

Somehow I inherited an interest in the soil, perhaps from a grandfather or a grandmother or something, a great feeling for the soil. I love to get out and dig, plant, weed and hoe, or get a chain saw if the trees need pruning. I enjoy that. It's almost a hobby with me. But she would see her garden as a beautifully manicured garden, and she wouldn't see that in an area here or there, the weeds would be two feet high, almost as if they were a planted border. (laughs) We all used to kid her relentlessly about her beautiful garden. That's not to say that the gardens weren't beautiful and the scene wasn't attractive and all the rest. They just weren't the way she pictured them in her mind.

During World War II she took a very active role in Red Cross. She had been associated at the volunteer level with Red Cross before the war, but she really took on a major task when invited to. That task was to be head of the Red Cross Canteen that handled all the picnics and all of the recreational services that were developed and serviced by the Red Cross for all the armed services as one of their functions here in Hawaii to keep the boys healthy, happy and of good mind when they could get leave. Some were going out to battle, and some were back in Hawaii for rest and recreation.

They had a few places where they'd serve several hundred or several thousand of these people every day and provide fun. She'd recruit the young girls in their uniforms to play fun and games and look attractive and inspire them. There were the different major orchestras that came through as part of the military's program during the war--Artie Shaw, Claude Thornhill, Kay Kyser--to name several. They'd play at these functions. It was a big responsibility.

I think Admiral Nimitz had something to do with getting her appointed. He certainly had taken a very supportive role. She maintained a very friendly relationship with the military leadership both through personal friendship and those relating to my dad's work. They were close friends of Admirals Halsey, Spruance, Lockwood, Radford and others. She was awarded a number of commendations for the work she did. To this day she still feels very strongly about the value of the Red Cross and its potential for being especially helpful during crises of every sort.

I can remember another event that pressed my mother into action, although it might not be of interest to most.

The great Depression came along in 1929 and the early 1930s and everybody felt those effects in their lifestyles and their pocketbooks.

S: But not as badly in Hawaii.

K: Not as badly in Hawaii perhaps, but everybody felt them to some degree. She and another friend, Louie Henderson at that time was one of the Erdman daughters, started a shop and Martha and Louie were the girls' names so they called it Marlou. They prepared gifts for going away presents for people leaving on the ocean liners, mostly the Matson ships. Everybody gave going away presents in those days before air service.

The two partners devised a whole new attractive line of gifts. She had tapa paper boxes that could be filled with poha jam and mango chutney and guava jelly and things that were relatively new even in Hawaii in the packaging sense. They were really attractive gifts. That office was down in the back of the Dillingham Building [177 S. Queen]. There were some other buildings down there where the Grosvenor Center is now, a few little upstairs offices and they worked like dogs down there when the ships were in. Then these gifts were delivered off to the ships before sailing and they often had a roomful for delivery. For a ship of 600 people they might have 100 or 200 of these packages going off.

They did quite well and I guess it helped to pay the bills during a period of trial. That showed a little business sense which the two gals together had in common. They both supported each other and complemented each other in this effort which lasted several years.

Another thing that Mother had always been interested in was the church, the Episcopal church. Living out on Kalanianaole Highway when our home there was first built, I guess there was an apparent need with Aina Haina building up and Niu Valley soon to be built up, for an Episcopal church in the immediate area. She was one of the very first to help put together the Church of the Holy Nativity. It literally rose out of the cow pastures of Hind Clarke Dairy. They were generous and donated the first parcel of land for the church school.

I can remember her having myself and probably my sister, this was after World War II, painting all these boxes and items to be used in the kindergarten. The little school that they created first was actually in the Hind Clarke Dairy building. This was before the shopping center and everything new, you have to realize. The dairy gave them a little space and that's how the church started. A little church school kindergarten, then a couple of classrooms. Even the church services were held there and little by little it expanded and

she was always very interested and very involved. She always felt that she was lucky to be a partial mother to that church in its infancy.

S: Did she make sure that you went to church? Did she stress the religious aspect?

K: Oh, when I was a little boy, you bet. Now I never remember the family as a devout, churchgoing family, which didn't mean they weren't religious in the sense of the values and the morals and the teachings of Christ and the church. But my dad worked very hard and was gone a lot and Sunday was the day to really have some recreation, to go sailing in Pearl Harbor, be at the little Kahuku beach house, et cetera. He had a sailboat in the days when you could sail inside Pearl Harbor. It was a day off. So I don't really remember that much going to church. But when I was a little boy, I went to Sunday School. I was always either dropped off and the family went into church, or I was dropped off and they went elsewhere.

S: Was this St. Andrew's then?

K: Yes, that was down at St. Andrew's Cathedral. I can remember that I was confirmed there and I can remember the Boy Scout troop that was connected with the church. I got involved in scouting through that troop. Many scout troops come out of the church schools. I can't remember an awful lot about those early days down at St. Andrew's except the fact that I went there, and I did enjoy it and many friends would be there also.

Speaking of St. Andrew's, I remember that my wife and I became pretty good churchgoers just because we felt it was important when we had our little kids. We took them and we were there and shared the experience with them.

In fact, I taught Sunday school when we were in Fallbrook, California, for those few years. I taught seniors in high school and if you ever want a challenge, I can assure you that's a challenge unless you're a teacher and you're a real student of the Bible. It took an awful lot of work on Saturday, the day before class, to get one lesson ahead of the students. It was a personal challenge to me and the only reason I got into that was that it was a rough and rowdy group there at that time and two ladies in a row gave up on the class.

They practically left in tears and so they said, "Okay, Kennedy, get in there and tell them some war stories or whatever and at the same time give them some religion." This was the Episcopal church in Fallbrook, California. I never did it again, but it was needed at that time. It was interesting and very gratifying. I controlled them by pure

manpower at the beginning, literally, grabbing them by the collar, the bad boys.

Our daughters grew up in church school and one of them went to Holy Nativity because we lived relatively near the school. It was just the right time and the right place for Lani.

Staying on the subject of churches, my mother and dad inherited a place on Malaekahana Bay from my dad's mother and father. It was a Campbell leasehold, but nobody really looked ahead to the end of the lease. It was a great little old fashioned place "at Kahuku" and right on the beach.

S: This was the place where your grandfather had his heart attack and you were with him.

K: Exactly. They (Grandma and Grandpa) went there almost every weekend. My grandmother went after my grandfather died and I used to go with her and take friends. When my grandmother died, my dad inherited the place. It was a big piece and it just didn't fit their lifestyle to be over there every weekend although they really enjoyed it. They went fairly often, but it was just too big a piece of property to keep. So they sold the old house and its piece of property and built a new little home on a smaller piece that was part of it, about a third of it. They entertained friends and they had a great time over there. Dad just loved that beach. He loved to bodysurf and all that. My mother liked having their friends over for Sundays as I remember.

They felt there was a need for a church over there, a little Episcopal church. In fact, my mother and dad had the leadership role in its establishment. By this time, my dad had a little more time and he was interested. They helped to develop this little church that was halfway between where they lived and Kahuku plantation. It was on the mauka side of the highway in a little spare lot that the plantation gave them. The neighborhood group built this nice little church and they had a visiting minister who drove Sundays from Kaneohe and that's how they started. It was called St. George.

Then when my dad passed away, in memory of my dad my mother gave a small kindergarten building next to the church so that they'd always have a classroom for whatever classes or whatever groups of people wanted to use it. It's almost like a doll house, but big enough to serve the purpose. The interest was always there. As I say, it was the Episcopal church. She apparently had a strong background growing up in the church, although I don't know that it was Episcopal in the South. You get the Methodists and the Baptists and others down there.

S: How was she as a mother? Was she tough on you, was she a strict disciplinarian, did she encourage and support you? What kind of a relationship did she have with you?

K: Well, I hope that not an awful lot of people will be interested in reading about this because you don't always admit these things, but being the only son and having a sister, I was the apple of her eye to say the least. She spoiled me every chance that she got and I'm sure that I took advantage of that every chance I got. You knew what was happening and you didn't think it was bad because that's life. Obviously she also adored my sister Pat and tried to make sure that she gave us equal shares of love, attention, et cetera.

I can remember how she always saw me as the best son in the world in her eyes. I could do no wrong. I was the handsomest guy around. I was magnificent in my sports. The U. S. Navy would never have had its successes if I hadn't been a lieutenant on the USS North Carolina and then running an underwater demolition team. As I said earlier, it was not that she didn't love my sister, but I assume that my dad favored my sister maybe to some degree. However, he was more the disciplinarian in the family for both of us.

He was the sweetest guy in the whole world. Everybody loved Stan Kennedy because he was such a wonderful guy. He knew how to handle people. He had a wonderful way about him. If he knew he had to have his way, he found a way of getting it without tearing people apart.

S: Yet he was a very successful businessman. That's unusual.

K: It's true. It is unusual. In today's world very successful people have to ofttimes be ruthless and step on people willy-nilly to get there.

S: There are very few successful businessmen today that you could use the adjective sweet to describe.

K: You understand I don't mean sweet in a squeaky way. He was a loving person. He had the kind of a personality that everybody gravitated towards. I don't think the man had an enemy although I knew competitors who were very disappointed that he would take a certain position, but they just couldn't come out and call him an s.o.b. He just had a nice way. And he was fair. Always totally fair and thoughtful.

On the other hand, as I say, Mother was always almost oversolicitous, overgenerous, in terms of myself and my sister. It was always a problem for me because as you move on in life, particularly as a son, you want to develop your own personality and your own maturity and your own stature

and your own total freedom without being intimidated in any way. My mother, I think, hated to let go. Those apron strings were stretched out and around me for a long time. Little by little, as I recognized the problem, I had to get rather stern about that. It was only because she loved me so much.

To this day here she is, eighty-nine years old, in poor health in the sense of just aging. She doesn't have a major thing wrong with her, and the only thing she honest to gosh really enjoys is me coming into the room and chatting with her and trying to cheer her up. She enjoys my daily phone calls, I know, for she's forgotten how to entertain herself and the calls represent excitement. My sister's calls from the mainland as well as her friends' calls do the same good things for her. It's only human to want to be remembered when you're down.

She can't have her gathering of friends or her bridge group. More than two people at a time really upsets her. She just can't cope. Her body is very frail. I'll be as solicitious as I have to if this gives her last moments any degree of pleasure. I can make her smile and we even laugh a little bit about some things and that's wonderful for both of us.

She even had a nickname for me during my school and college years which you wouldn't believe, but since it's known well around she called me the "e wee lamb." I tell the story about how she even came to Yale University to visit when I was a freshman. She came to the dormitory area where I was living and we had a guard outside in a little house and she said, "Have you seen my 'e wee lamb'?" He said, "We don't keep any sheep around here, ma'am." It turned out that she was looking for me and, of course, he told everybody that he knew. That established that nickname.

S: That didn't have anything to with the Yale song, "We are poor little sheep who have lost our way..." [Whiffenpoof song]

K: No, it didn't have anything to do with the Whiffs. I'll tell you another thing about Mother. She was a wonderful person to tease. She actually liked to be teased. You know, all of us think we're so perfect, but all of us do things that might seem funny to other people.

Mother did have some quirks about the way she drove a car. The way she would hunch over that wheel and stick her hand out, we didn't have turn signal lights in those days, and then look back and out and almost go off the road then and grab the wheel again. So one of my favorite parlor tricks, and I knew she'd always want to have me do the parlor

trick, was to get a Victrola record and pretend it was a steering wheel and do Mother at the wheel of her car. Oh, she would be very embarrassed and all the while just loving it. She could take a good joke. We had a number of things that we teased her about.

She was a very intelligent gal. She liked the good things in life. By that I mean good art and music, ballet and all those kinds of things that sometimes we forget the value of. I can remember good music, the symphony, the concerts. They were always going and often asking the kids to come along.

I should mention that Mother loved bridge and, I believe, was considered one of the best players in Honolulu for many years. I'm sure she misses her bridge competition with good friends as much as she misses anything. She played until about a year ago (1985).

S: Well, you grew up in a wonderful time in Honolulu.

K: Absolutely! A lot of us talk about that all the time. We can remember when we could park our car across from the old Outrigger Canoe Club and carry our surfboards across Kalakaua Avenue. You could stand out there and shoot a cannon and no one would be too disturbed. And off we'd go and do our thing.

And the music was the old Hawaiian hapa-haole music, "I Want To Go Back To My Little Grass Shack" and "Little Brown Girl," and grass skirts and the plain old hula dancing was a part of life and entertainment. We were all a part of it. We grew up understanding and liking it. We didn't have to be told about the wonderful tradition of Hawaiiana and the Hawaiians that had been here all those years before the missionaries. We knew that. We felt it. They were amongst our best friends, too.

"Sunshine" was the beach boy in charge of the parking lot I've just told you about. He played nonstop on his uke and he was fabulous. No one paid him to do that. It was just part of the scene.

S: This is one of the features that everybody has pointed out. At that time there was no discrimination.

K: Oh, absolutely. In fact, I can tell you that I never knew there was such a thing as discrimination. It hadn't come up yet in the South where my mother came from when I visited there a few times. People who were working in homes seemed to love the people who ran the homes. Of course, there were cases where it wasn't that way. There are always exceptions to every rule.

I can remember the first time in Hawaii that I felt discrimination and, believe it or not, it was discrimination against me. It was very interesting. It was right after the war, immediately after, and I'd just taken my uniform off and gone into civilian life. I can remember going into a little greasy spoon kind of a place and ordering a tuna sandwich and a Coke. There were a lot of other manual laborers at the counter or coming in. This was at a fairly long counter. An unpretentious place. We always ate in those places because that's where the best food was. I can remember that I kept waiting and I commented a few times and they gave me a steely look from behind the counter. There were mostly people of another racial background that were sitting at the counter and, boy, they were not going to serve me until they'd served everybody else. I told everybody that story and said, "What could I have done? I didn't do anything but just go in there and sit down and ask for a sandwich."

It had something to do with the fact that although Japan attacked us at Pearl Harbor, we had just defeated them and there was a generation here that felt the effects of that. So you understood that. That's life. But it takes a while to get used to that. It was hard though, for many of my best friends in school both at Punahou and before were Japanese and Chinese boys and girls and all the rest of the mix. There was no feeling of discrimination.

There was a guy by the name of Ah Pang who was my best friend as far as playing in the yard at my grandmother's house. She had a great big place up there at Pensacola and Victoria and we knew every nook and cranny and where you could hide this and where you could build a toy garage to put our toy trucks in and nobody could find it. Bill Budge, my best friend then, lived two blocks away but Ah Pang was the guy who played with me there. We never thought about it. And it was wonderful. You didn't have to worry. You didn't have to think about it. You just were naturally person to person. You dealt with the individual, not the situation.

S: It wasn't only a lack of racial discrimination, but there was no religious discrimination.

K: The word hadn't been invented yet. That's not to say that you didn't hear some stories because they were beginning to come out about the rough conditions early on in the plantations. That was unfortunate, but that was the way it was. You can't undo history. You can't go back and give a country back to the other guys or bring a person to life or say, "I'm sorry." Those things happen and you have an evolution of people learning how to get along with people. It has its ups and downs.

S: Well, we've talked a lot about what went on during the last fifty years here and the development of the airlines

industry and some of the changes that have come about. What about Hawaii as a whole? We're at a point now where we're strongly reliant on the military and tourism and a few other things come in third, fourth and fifth. What do you think about the future of Hawaii? What do you see coming up besides tourism? Anything in particular?

K: You're asking me a tough question and I'll answer it by starting with, again, a little memory I have of how it used to be. Sugar was number one. There was no question about it. If you want to go up to the archives and into the big safe on Grove Farm on Kauai or whatever, you'll always find that sugar was terribly remunerative. The wealth of Hawaii's economy was based on sugar, then pineapple, then the military. It wasn't until maybe fifteen or twenty years ago when tourism started to grow so fast that the dollars it generated for the state of Hawaii topped the sum of those three in today's world.

I've seen the total evolution from the agricultural economy of sugar and pineapple plus military that was always here dominating the economy. But little by little, due to a lot of factors, everything from the cost of labor to the marketing of the product and all the rest of it, little by little, agriculture diminished in relative importance as tourism grew. Thank goodness, there was something else to take the place of those industries.

We should be grateful, in my opinion, for tourism because it is clean, as opposed to a manufacturing environment. It serves great segments of the economy and it's service-oriented, which means it employs an awful lot of people. I'm not one who says it's bad. I say that I think we should keep careful control of the growth of tourism and that we should watch it as carefully as we can to make sure that we maintain the aloha spirit that we've talked about, that we keep the warmth of the people of Hawaii towards visitors and each other. Try to keep those things in the forefront not only so that we will always be in big demand as a tourist visitor destination, but also for our own good.

To get back to this evolution. As tourism began to grow you began to see certain of these sugar and pineapple lands being put to fallow and that segment of the economy looking for substitute crops or substitute agricultural elements that could be substituted. You see the growth of diversified agriculture, which means everything from potted plants and decorative plants to the further development of macadamia nuts, Kona coffee, other flowers, protea, and now we have the grapes on the side of Haleakala. You have new kinds of uses for guava and passion pulp, and those kinds of diversified products. You see that developing and you see some that have been successful and some that have only a modicum of success and you see others that have failed. We do need this

and you see others that have failed. We do need this diversification.

Tourism has failed, however, in certain areas. Hilo has never turned out to be the second major gateway in the state of Hawaii that was hoped for, and I won't get into those reasons because there are many. Among other things it had been a gateway in the earlier times as Hilo was being developed. It had been because Hilo had a wonderful harbor for ships and had a wonderful airport later on. However, it didn't have destination activities right there such as you have in Waikiki and Oahu and this plagued its development in today's world. Its wet weather also played a part in the scene.

But what Maui has and what Kona and now the whole south and western shore of the Big Island have are destination resort complexes with lots of beautiful beaches and sunshine, and I think that's the way I would like to see tourism develop. Spread the base if you will. Spread it along all the shore lines and up into the mountains and the hills or wherever a complex can be built that will meet the demands of the visitor.

It has to meet the demands of the local people as well as the demands of the visitor. You have to protect the local people's rights to use the shore line and to enjoy what's indigenous for them. At the same time you have to have something that will appeal to the visitor. They want the water and the sun and the sand and they also want the golf courses and the other things that take up a lot of land. There's a delicate balance. I see tourism as Hawaii's major industry for the indefinite future as far as I can see.

END OF TAPE 2/SIDE

Mrs. Martha Kennedy died February 16, 1987, at the age of eighty-eight at her home in Honolulu.

Subject Index

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Watumull Foundation Oral History Project began in June of 1971. During the following seventeen months eighty-eight people were taped. These tapes were transcribed but had not been put in final form when the project was suspended at the end of 1972.

In 1979 the project was reactivated and the long process of proofing, final typing and binding began. On the fortieth anniversary of the Watumull Foundation in 1982 the completed histories were delivered to the three repositories.

As the value of these interviews was realized, it was decided to add to the collection. In November of 1985 Alice Sinesky was engaged to interview and edit thirty-three histories that have been recorded to mark the forty-fifth anniversary of the Foundation.

The subjects for the interviews are chosen from all walks of life and are people who are part of and have contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The final transcripts, on acid-free Permalife bond paper and individually Velo-bound, are deposited and are available to scholars and historians at the Hawaii State Archives, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii and the Cooke Library at Punahou School. The tapes are sealed and are not available.

August 1987