

By Lois Taylor Star-Bulletin Writer

**I**f a native chief on an unspecified island in the Pacific hadn't had a broken musket that he couldn't repair, there would be no James Campbell Estate with its estimated worth of more than \$300 million. Campbell more likely would have been a cannibal's lunch.

According to the family history, the 15-year-old Campbell was a carpenter aboard a whaler from Bedford, Mass., that wrecked on a reef. Clinging to a spar, he floated ashore to a nearby island. He and two shipmates were seized by the natives and bound to a tree while it was debated what to do with them.

Realizing that they were in deep trouble, and seeing a broken musket in the sand, Campbell indicated that he could repair it. This he did, to the vast relief and possibly surprise of all three captives, and the chief released them.

Adventure followed adventure, a kind of 1840s version of "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Then Campbell arrived in the whaling capital of Lahaina in 1850, determined to settle down. With the few hundred dollars he had saved, and with remarkable foresight, he started a sugar plantation.

Because he was one of the first men here to recognize the possibility of irrigating dry land by drilling artesian wells, he brought water to the arid plains of Ewa.

The money flowed in almost as fast as the water. He later bought large tracts of land on Maui and Hawaii and much of what is now downtown Honolulu. He invested in cattle ranches and office buildings and built a fortune that has multiplied many times in the following 85 years.

When Campbell died in 1900, he left his estate to his wife and his four surviving daughters. Under the terms of his will, the estate will be distributed among their descendants 20 years after the death of the last surviving daughter.

His widow died in 1908, followed by their daughters Princess Abigail Kawananakoa in 1945, Muriel Shingle Amalu in 1951 and Alice Kamokila Campbell in 1971. The only surviving daughter, Beatrice Campbell Wrigley, now lives in the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada mountains. This month she made her annual visit to Hawaii and celebrated her 90th birthday with family members here.

They met for lunch at the Outrigger Canoe Club—her son, one of her two daughters, two granddaughters, four great-grandchildren and an assortment of spouses including her own. She and her husband, Francis Wrigley, whom she calls "French," celebrated their 50th anniversary earlier this year. Her three children were born during her previous marriage to George Beckley.



## The Last in the Line of Campbells



According to public records of 1982, Mrs. Wrigley received \$2 million in annual income from her father's estate. Because the estate has increased in value since then, her income has, too. *Forbes* magazine, in its current issue on the wealthiest Americans, surmises that the estate is "worth well in excess of \$300 million today."

An additional \$6 million in annual income is split among James Campbell's grandchildren. The great-grandchildren and succeeding generations receive no income now, but will eventually divide the assets of the estate.

Beatrice Campbell Wrigley grew up in luxury, the youngest of the Campbells' eight children, four of whom died before their fourth birthdays. Their mother was the former Abigail Maipinepine of Maui

who married James Campbell in 1877.

"I think I had the most wonderful childhood," Wrigley recalled. "We lived on Emma Street, where the Pacific Club is now. I was known as 'Baby' Campbell, and if I ever got lost, everyone knew who I was." Her godmother was Queen Liliuokalani, and as a small child Beatrice would ride her pony down to Washington Place to visit.

"Papa owned the St. James Hotel in San Jose (Calif.), and he would take the whole family there to visit. Such a procession. There were nursemaids and such piles of luggage," she recalled. "I was just 5 when Papa passed away, and after that, Mama moved us all to Waikiki."

"We had a house at the beach. Waikiki was lovely in those days. We owned the area

where Diamond Head Road meets Kalakaua. That's where papa kept his horses. All that property was later cut into four pieces, one for each of us girls. I bought two of the pieces from my sisters and built a very large, palatial home," she recalled.

"I lived in that house for 10 years, and then moved away from Hawaii. I've lived away from here ever since, but I come back every year. Each time I get home, so many of my old friends have died. Now we're getting down to the end of that trip." She was silent for a few moments, but she cheered up when a great-granddaughter, Kristin Crabb, brought her a basket of summer flowers.

Straight and slim, Wrigley was dressed in a bright silk print and her strawberry blonde hair was set in curls. "I go every week to the hairdresser," she said. "I don't want any gray hairs. I don't feel 90, it doesn't seem to affect me, I have no pains, no aches, lots of good company, good health. I've lived a good long time."

Above, Beatrice Campbell Wrigley talks of life on her 90th birthday. At left, she is surrounded by her descendants. Left to right, seated: Lani Marty, Beatrice Keller, Kaione Crabb, Kristin Crabb, Wendy Crabb and Cynthia Foster. Standing, left to right: George Beckley, Ryan Foster and Hugh Foster.—Star-Bulletin photos by Ken Sakamoto.

## Filipino Gets Medal Today for World War II Heroism

By Murry Engle  
Star-Bulletin Writer

Light from the full moon in the cornfield glinted on the long sword that the Japanese soldier was plunging down from over his head to strike American Staff Sgt. Ray Hunt.

"I'll never forget," said Gregorio S. Agaton, a Filipino guerrilla and Hunt's personal bodyguard during World War II, who shot the Japanese soldier before the weapon touched Hunt.

It was January 1945 and the third time that Agaton had saved Hunt's life since Albert S. Hendrickson assigned him to Hunt as part of Robert B. Lapman's guerrilla army in the Philippines.

"The rank of the Japanese, who had been inspecting the field where we were hidden and who had discovered Hunt, was first lieutenant, so Hunt promoted me to the same rank," Agaton said.

"I told Ray to take the saber and take care of it, and he still has it."

THE PAIR didn't meet after the war until 1984, when Hunt finally located Agaton in Honolulu 39 years later. Agaton has been here since Sept. 1981 and works in the utility department for the Outrigger Canoe Club.

Hunt was so grateful for Agaton's heroism that he had invited him to go to the Mainland after the war to live with him and his family and to let him pay his way through college.



Gregorio Agaton  
Medal winner

Agaton, however, had met and married Petrona Ruiz during the war. He chose to stay in the Philippines because her family was afraid that maybe Agaton already was married and had only chosen their daughter as a "wartime convenience."

His heroism as Hunt's bodyguard and his subsequent capture and torture by the Japanese are among the reasons Agaton is receiving the Loyalty Medal today at the Philippine Consulate.

Agaton, in an interview yesterday, recounted his adventures during the war.

WHEN THE Japanese invaded

the Philippines Dec. 9, 1941, Agaton was an ROTC student at Jose Rizal College. He was preparing for a fiesta parade in his hometown of Pasig Rizal when he was conscripted into an Army convoy.

The Japanese overran the convoy, however, and Agaton fled to the mountains and later made his way back home, only to find that his parents had been evacuated.

"Some pro-Japanese neighbors convinced me I'd better surrender so my parents could come home," Agaton said.

"The following morning, we started in a canoe for Fort McKinley, about 1 1/2 miles from my house. I was in the middle. When we passed a bridge that had been blown up over the Pasig River, I decided, 'This is bad.' So I kicked one man, overturning the canoe and I jumped and went back to Pasig."

"I explained to a friend there who had a bakery who got me a pass so I could take a train to Tarlac, 80 kilometers away, where my parents were."

"When I got there, my father told me I'd better surrender, but I refused, because I felt I was going to be killed anyway," Agaton said.

BY NOVEMBER 1943 he was able to join Hendrickson, who was organizing guerrillas, and he became a bodyguard in his unit.

"We heard that there was an American hiding in the Tarlac area and it turned out to be Hunt, who joined us," Agaton said. "Lapman learned that the



BACK IN GUERRILLA DAYS—Gregorio S. Agaton, second from right, back row, a World War II guerrilla in the Philippines, is one of the dozens of men receiving medals today at the Philippine Consulate. Agaton is receiving the Loyalty Medal for his work as the bodyguard of then Staff Sgt. Raymond C. Hunt, second from left, front row.

two Americans were together and had them join forces.

Hunt was then appointed to organize guerrillas in the same area in Pangasinan in December 1943.

"Luckily, he picked me up as his bodyguard," Agaton said.

Lucky for Hunt, certainly. Not long after, the two and some other troops were in a small Filipino house. Agaton was stationed by the door.

"Suddenly, one Filipino man came in front of the door outside," Agaton said. "I knew from his face that something is different, and when he started to put

his hand behind his back, I stepped on his toe, grabbed the gun he was reaching for and pushed him toward Ray. The Americans started to search the man, but I said, 'I got his gun!'"

The second time Agaton saved Hunt's life was in August 1944 in the Balungao Mountains.

"WE WERE staying in a small hut near a brook, in back of which was a bamboo bridge," Agaton said. "Suddenly, I saw Japanese coming and said, 'Ray, jump!'"

There was no time to run, so I pushed Ray into a boat-like vessel people used for pounding

rice and put the cover over him, then hid myself nearby.

"The Japanese went to the door of the hut and asked to buy eggs. The owner was so terrified, he pulled down a whole nest of eggs and gave it to the Japanese. What did the Japanese do, but go sit on the container where Hunt was sequestered and pulled the eggs out one by one."

"When they finally left, I went over, leaned down and knocked on his door and said, 'It's all over' and lifted it. Ray came out, still pointing his gun."