



The Finneys at home on Diamond Head: Life on the fast track.

## The Finneys

By Beverly Creamer  
Advertiser Staff Writer

"You have to be versatile when you're married to John," grins Tiare Richert-Finney. "You have to be mobile. I may get a phone call at noon Friday and he'll say, 'Pack, we're going to L.A. for the weekend.'"

John Finney Jr., who gave Hawaii Burger King, smiles and admits their life has its "frenetic" side. Running a \$20 million business (with partner Robert Pulley) that has involved the development of 15 restaurants on three islands in five years, requires energy, long hours and dedication. And sometimes sudden trips.

But the couple balances that kind of output with large doses of play. To hear them talk about their life, they have perfected their own brand of tight-rope act, mixing work, fun and health in equal parts.

They both run every other day, work out at the Honolulu Club, ski each winter at Sun Valley where they have a condominium, and like to go fishing in Colorado where John's uncle has a cabin. This year's Christmas card showed them in baggy fishing duds yukking it up in front of the cabin.

Tiare paddles canoe and goes dirt-biking on the North Shore and John plays rugby and occasionally pretends he's a cowboy. Sometimes to ill effect. The last bull he was hog-tying in a Big Island rodeo had the temerity to kick him in the knee and break his leg.

And, of course, there are the birthday extravaganzas. Each year for Tiare's birthday they dream up something new: a roller-skating derby, a racquetball tournament, a "whacko" afternoon at Castle Park, a bathing suit-ski trip to the Big Island's Mauna Kea.

"We do seem to beat ourselves around the track a little more than other people," says John, "but you just have to adopt the attitude there's no problem I can't solve."

"You only get out of life what you put into it," enthuses his wife, who has just finished clowning for the photographer at the edge of their pool. John threatens to push her in and she shrieks and clutches him and then laughs a boisterous, throaty laugh. Squeaky clean straight blonde hair flies around her face.

"Exercise is the best cure for anything," she says. "I think that's one of the biggest reasons John is successful — because he takes care of his health."

John came to Hawaii in 1968 as an attorney for Carlsmith, Whitman and Case but decided 10 years later to give up law for business. He grew up in a poor Oklahoma dirt farm town that is now America's most active and valuable gas and oil drilling area. The Finney homestead John's grandfather built is smack in the midst of fabulous potential wealth. "It's like Kuwait," he says.

When the couple met four years ago at the Outrigger Canoe Club, Tiare was a model and artist but in the last few years she has given up her giant macrame sculpture work for puttering in their extravagant garden built around natural rock outcroppings on the slopes of Diamond Head. Tiare says her "job description" these days is the care and feeding of her house and husband.

She laughs and says the only things they argue about are his being late and their old flames. "The only one he approves of is Prince Charles," she teases.

She has also given up modeling — for canoe paddling. She says they don't mix. "Since I've taken up paddling my shoulders are out of control," and she grimaces at lean, tanned arms that would make anyone proud. A nice compensation is being part of the Outrigger Canoe Club's women's team, two-time winners of the Molokai-to-Oahu women's canoe race.

Few would dispute that the Finneys are one of Honolulu's beautiful young couples but they laugh at such characterizations. As if to dispel such nonsense Tiare says she's probably the only chicken farmer on Diamond Head. To prove it she drags the reporter off to the blue tiled sunken tub in their glassed-in bathroom.

"Here, girls," she calls, standing in the tub and calling through the sliding glass window to two mottled chickens pecking in the courtyard beyond.

The Finneys are as comfortable sitting around drinking beer with a crowd of young canoe paddlers as they are aboard friend Pat Bollen's Lear jet heading for an international convention of the Young President's Organization in Singapore. To join you must be president of your own \$5 million company before 40. Finney managed that at 36.

And yet they still marvel at their place in the sun. They'll wake up in their master bedroom suite that looks out on the softly rolling waves beyond Diamond Head and she'll say, "John, isn't this beautiful?"

"I've lived here all my life," she says almost reverently, "and I still am overwhelmed by the sea."

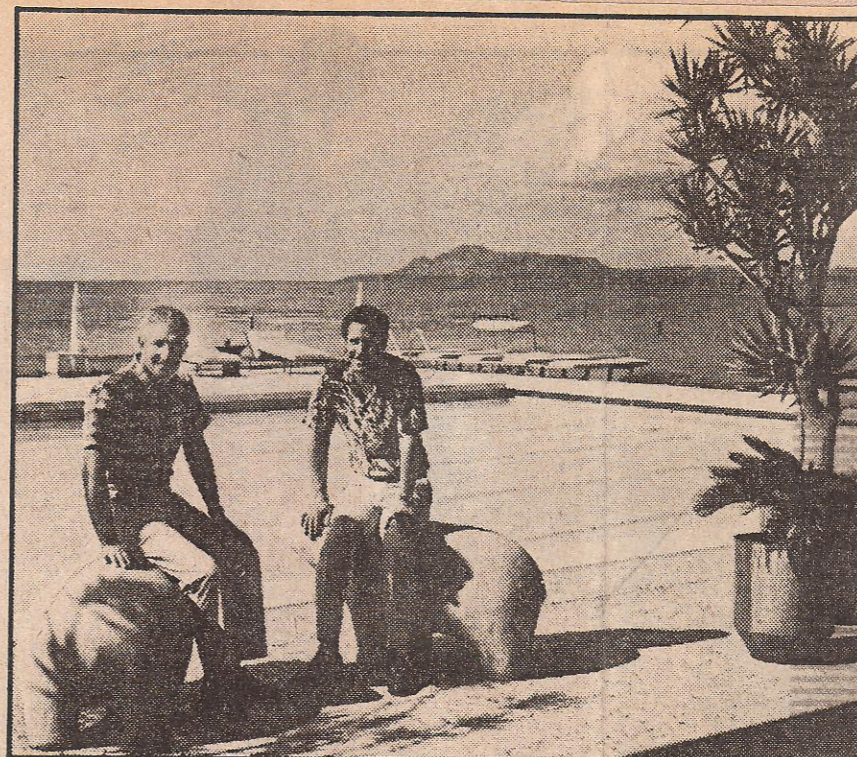
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### And what's more...

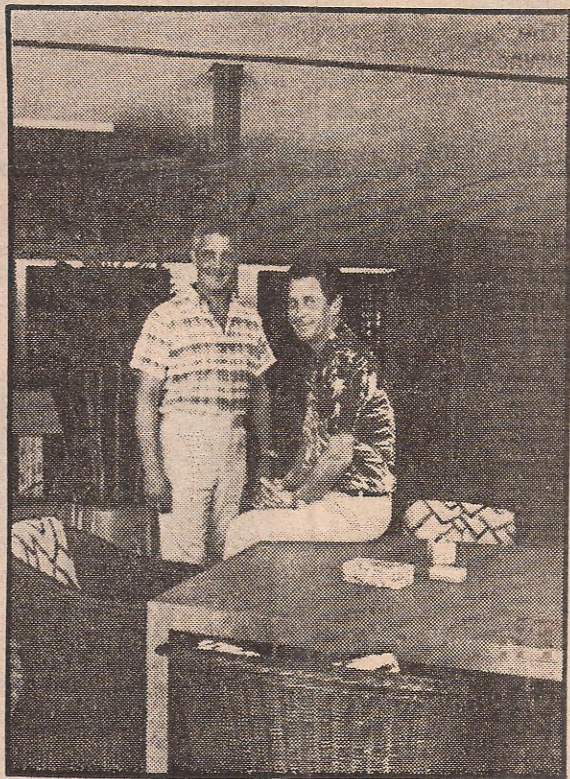
● Mark Cunningham won the Pipeline Pro-Am Bodysurfing Classic at the Banzai Pipeline yesterday. Robert Thomas placed second and was followed by Alex Cooke, Sean Ross and Mike Fox. Rounding out the top 12, in order, were Jim Howe, Samuel Aea, Kenny Rust, Ted Laudermlk, Riley Smith, Herbie Knudson and David Ladd.

● Brigham Young University-Hawaii defeated Kua Aina Volleyball Club, 11-7, 11-9, to win the U.S. Volleyball Association Division A tournament at the Cannon Activities Center on the BYUH campus yesterday. BYUH won five of six matches to finish on top. Outrigger Canoe Club "A" took third and Outrigger Canoe Club Juniors placed fourth.



Monte and Alfred Goldman at home at the old Kaiser estate on the ocean at Portlock.

## The Goldmans of Portlock



If somewhere over the rainbow, dreams come true — the reality at the end of the Portlock rainbow is a pair of adjoining estates owned by Monte and Alfred Goldman.

This plot of Goldman was purchased a decade ago by the two young Oklahoma executives and converted from the rundown Kaiser Estate into one of the most magnificent enclaves on Hawaii's shore.

"We spent so much time with older people when we were grow-

sociated with competent executives and keep in close touch by conference calls a couple of times a week. We prefer voice contact to computer.

"Your international law offices and banks have headquarters in New York or San Francisco. Honolulu's no different. Except our business hours begin earlier. Most days we get together about 7 a.m. and make our Mainland calls, working for a couple of pretty concentrated hours. Our day is over when most of Hawaii is just getting to the office."

The Goldmans are usually on their tennis courts by 10 a.m. Both have Plexipaved courts with night lighting. Al drives a Silver Shadow II Rolls Royce. Monte has Hawaii's only Clenet sports roadster.

The major change in their homes has been the cost of maintaining them. Recently the brothers sold 1.7 acres of the original 7.5 acre property for reportedly not much less than they paid for the entire estate 10 years ago, which was "considerably over \$1 million."

Al's palatial spread includes a marble Olympic-sized pool and a pavilion-style home with half an acre under roof and only one bedroom, albeit a 2,500 square foot bedroom. The designer created many of the James Bond redoubts.

Al admits his lifestyle has changed little "except get better." Ten years ago he gave up racing cars for polo ponies. Now polo has been supplanted by golf.

Monte, on the other hand, has been busy adding bedrooms. His wife, Sally, whom he met on a blind date at the Outrigger Canoe Club, is also from Oklahoma, also descended from original homesteaders. The 12-year difference in our ages accounts for our not meeting sooner.

It was Sally who converted the carport into girls' rooms and the Goldman estate into a haven of hospitality, often on a grand scale. Generous in sharing their homes with charities, the Goldmans have opened their electronic gates to supporters of the Honolulu Symphony, the Academy of Arts, the Hawaii Opera Theatre and Kapiolani Children's Medical Center. "In which we now have a vested interest," jokes Monte.

Most glorious of these galas was a fundraiser for the Bishop Museum planned by Renda Weishaupt, wife of the former manager of the Kahala Hilton. Six major hotels catered a buffet "that rivaled anything on the QE 2," recalled Sally.

"There was such a feeling of aloha, of giving, not getting, of shared enjoyment. The friendly rivalry of the chefs produced fantastic courses. The Hyatt Regency chef outdid himself with a seafood buffet in the shape of a lobster."

But the Goldman brothers strongly feel that living in Hawaii has added much more than a dimension of pleasure to their personal lives. "It has greatly influenced our concern for the natural environment, for maintaining its beauty. In development we don't strive to improve just our business, but to improve the community in which these things happen. Our decisions are predicated on that premise. So actually our Hawaiian dream is now projected into our business philosophy."

"And we're back there five or six times a year," added Al, who's been in business with his brother for 22 years. "We're fortunate to be as-



cobey black

ing up that we feel extremely fortunate in being able to enjoy life to its fullest while still in our prime," said Al at the time.

Both men were then bachelors in their 30s. Sons of the inventive supermarket magnate who designed the shopping cart, S.M. Goldman, the brothers parlayed this good fortune into ones of their own.

Has life in Hawaii fulfilled their dreams?

"Surpassed them," said Al. "Here we've found homes, friends and a lifestyle that's better than anything we possibly imagined," concurred Monte.

Ten years ago Al said, "My basic philosophy is to be able to look back and say NOT 'I wish I'd done that,' but 'I'm glad I did that.'"

"That hasn't changed," grinned Al, still one of Hawaii's most eligible bachelors.

Monte was building his home when he said, "After all, a man's most personal possession is his home. Little else is as much a part of his life."

"That has changed," conceded Monte, now married and with a seraglio of four daughters.

Both Goldmans agree that "we think of Hawaii as our home and Oklahoma and Texas as the destinations of our business trips."

But why not live on the Riviera or the Caribbean?

"We've never had any desire to live outside the United States," continued the descendants of some of Oklahoma's first settlers. "We'd been here as children, staying at the Royal Hawaiian with our parents, and had come back again to renew our love for Hawaii, but we had no idea of moving here until we saw this place."

"It changed everything," said Al. "After seeing this we couldn't live anywhere else in the world."

In the pioneer tradition, the Goldmans are precursors of the 21st-century executive who lives in an ideal location and conducts his business by remote control. "We're into shopping centers, banks, savings and loans, land investment and hotel operations," continued Monte, a graduate of Wharton School of Finance. "Our offices are in Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado, with corporate headquarters in Oklahoma City."

"And we're back there five or six times a year," added Al, who's been in business with his brother for 22 years. "We're fortunate to be as-