

Edmund "Ed" Hedemann, Kaneohe Ranch & Kualoa Ranch, O`ahu, Bar None Ranch, Hawai`i



Ed Hedemann's career as a cowboy started at age 12 when his uncle, Kaneohe Ranch owner Harold Castle, invited him to tag along on a cattle drive. In his early years, Ed would spend summers working at McCandless Ranch and Kahua Ranch, helping catch wild cattle. He remembers long chases through the forest, following a pack of barking dogs on the heels of a massive wild bull, and hair-raising moments when the bull was cornered.

Leading the bull back to the corral was also tricky. The animal was left tied to a tree overnight, then one cowboy on horseback had to drop a rope on its horns while another set it loose. "As soon as the bull was free he would be coming after us," Ed writes in his book, *Training Horses and Stories of Long Ago in Hawaii*. "He is mad, hungry, and he wants anybody that doesn't look like a cow." The trick the cowboys used was to get the bull to chase them down the path that led to the corral.

Ed writes that the forest was often so thick; the cowboys couldn't ride any faster than a trot. The ground could be treacherous as well.

Once when he was following a young cow she abruptly disappeared in front of him. "She dropped into a large lava hole, about ten feet in diameter," he says. The cowboys had to rope her by the horns and legs and pull her up to solid ground.

Paniolo Hall of Fame

Oral History Interview

With Edmund Hedemann

By Ilima Loomis

June 1, 2003

Honolulu, Kona

H: My name's Edmund Hedemann, no middle name.

I: Is this your ranch? Is this Bar None Ranch?

H: Naw, not anymore. They call this little place, everybody nicknamed it Cow Town. Not Bar None Ranch anymore, I'm retired. I no longer have cattle. A few horses I have, but no cattle.

I: What was the date of your birth?

H: November 20, 1920, in Honolulu.

I: What were your mother's and father's names?

H: My mother was Geraldine Berg, my father was Erling Hedemann. My mother was a housewife, and my father was in a trust company, Hawaiian Trust Company. They were a kamaaina family, my grandfather came here from Denmark, and my mother was born on Maui. My grandfather came from Denmark. He was the consular general for Denmark. When he first came, he went to Maui, they brought him over as an engineer on the plantation at Hana, Maui. He was a photographer for a hobby and he took a lot of pictures. In fact, they published a book about him, and his photography and his life on Maui. I think Bishop Museum's got it -- I don't know who's got it, but we all got copies. He moved to Honolulu and the Honolulu Iron Works, and he had all his children in Honolulu except for one. My uncles of course all branched out in different walks of life, and my aunt married Harold Castle, who was the owner of Kaneohe Ranch, which at one time it involved a lot of property. You could look down into Kaneohe Bay, going all the way over to Kailua, Oahu, and that was most of his land down through there. Kaneohe Ranch, that's kind of how I got my start as a young guy. I'd go an hang around the cowboys working for Kaneohe Ranch.

I: What was Kaneohe Ranch like in those days?

H: It involved all of Mokapu, which is now the Marine Corps Air Station, and it involved lands all the way to Kokokahi, Kapaa, all the way going up to the Pali, on over to Maunawili. His biggest breeding herd was in Mokapu back in those days, and Aikahi, we had that in pasture too. And then we had a pasture called Oneawa, and that was next to Kalama out to the ocean. He kept his prize bulls and his polo horses there. Now it's all subdivision. At one time you could ride a horse from Mokapu, in the shallow water where the fishponds were, you could ride all the way around to Kaneohe -- in the water. That was kind of before my time. We could still do it when I was there as a young guy, but we didn't do it, there was no reason to. Before the ranch headquarters was in Kaneohe, and a lot of the cowboys lived in that area, so they would go over there on horseback. That was kind of like a shortcut, the ocean side. Now it's all dredged out into boat harbors or whatever.

I: How were the pastures divided up in those days?

H: I just go by names. There was Kapaa, which was where the quarry is, all the way up to where Kaneohe Ranch Office is, at Castle Junction. Then they had the Maunawili pasture; then they had the Kawainui pasture, which was the swamp area, where they fattened steers; then you had the Oneawa stables, we used to have a race track there, that was where the main stables were, where the big corrals were, and all the branding, all the ranch work. They had stalls for horses and bulls there, and some of the cowboy homes were around in that area. Then of course Mokapu, which was their big breeding area -- cows raised their calves there and every year that was the big drive, from Makapu to Oneawa stables.

I: How did that work?

H: Well, you start out real early in the morning and get the job done, that's how it works. We would all leave the Oneawa stables to work cattle; round them up and start the drive to the ranch headquarter. We had to use the government road for about 3 miles until we reached the private roadway to the stables. When we moved the cattle on the road we took up the whole road for quite a distance and no cars could move until we passed. Anyway those days not many cars on the road for there was no housing or developments, just pasture on both sides of the road and some farmers.

That's just how it was. I was a young guy on my first drive, about 12 years old, and the cowboys wouldn't give me a good horse and saddle. I had to ride bareback. They never gave me a good horse until I got to be pretty good myself.

I: Could you tell me about the cattle drives?

H: Well, we went all the way into Mokapu and almost into the Marine Air Base side. I think Arthur Rice owned some land in that area too, way back, and where the airfield now runs into the ocean, Castle had a beach home down in Mokapu. We'd all spread out and drive those cattle and we'd get them all coming down the highway. We'd come down the roadway, the dirt roads and the sand roads, into the Oneawa holding pen. Next morning we'd come down there and separate all the calves. Separate, brand, do what we had to do, and the third day finish up, do whatever had to be done, some weaning of cows, taking the bulls out, whatever ranch chores we had to do. But the main body of guys that helped us on the cattle drive, they didn't stay on for the third day, the cowboys amongst ourselves did it. I guess there must have been four or five cowboys that did the work. They're all dead now.

I: What was the farthest that you had to drive the cattle?

H: I don't know, not too far I guess. How far would it be from inside the air base down to Oneawa Street? I don't know how many miles, not too many. The biggest job that took the most time was gathering them all. Once we got them on the road then of course they lined up, and there was a whole bunch and it was slow. We had to slowly go down through the road. Split them up. Some cowboys would ride in between, move the herd along. You had to go slow because it got hot. Then once you got down to the headwaters, you rested overnight. Then the next day we started separating and getting ready for branding.

I: What other kind of work did you have to do for the ranch?

H: Oh, fix fences and learn how to shoe horses. All kinds of stuff. Doctoring horses, doctoring cattle, and the bulls, they always had problems, and we had to keep them locked up and doctor them. But mostly fence work and cattle work.

I: Can you describe your average day on the ranch?

H: See, I was young, so my time was summertime. And then I started going out. After a while I went to Kahua, for two summers, working for Ronald von Holt. Then I work a couple summers in McCandless Ranch, roping wild cattle. Then of course along came my schooling, and then the war, so I didn't have a set time. When I did work, we'd generally get up around five, and get down to the ranch around six, start catching horses and doing stuff like that. There's a road down there now, you go from Kokokahi over to Kapaa. There's a road that goes over the hill and comes down into Kaneohe Bay side? Well, at one time that ridge up there -- we used to drive cattle -- some of the guys with whips would go on top the ridge, crack whips. That was another drive. But the cowboys would go on the ridges and crack whips, in the early morning, about six o'clock, at daybreak, because once it gets hot, the cattle go in the brush and they don't come out. And we didn't use dogs to chase cattle.

I: Why not?

H: I don't know, because my uncle, Harold Castle, raised dogs, but he had all shepherds and great danes, they weren't cattle dogs. I think in many cases a dog's a nuisance, because the cattle will fight the dogs, especially if you're driving cow and calf. But they may have used a couple of dogs. Some of the boys had pretty good dogs. They get them out of the brush. But not cow and calf, that was bad.

I: What kind of special tricks did the cowboys teach you in driving cattle.

H: Well, they don't teach you. You turn around and you do it yourself, you follow them, you learn the hard way. You fall off and you try it again, you know. But this guy David Kuloloio, he taught me how to use a whip, and he taught me how to shoe, he taught me how to make the horsehair girths for saddles and how to rope.

I: Can you tell me a little about how they used to do that?

H: Make horse hair girths? Well, they used to take all the manes and tails and they'd bundle them up.

I: How did they get the hair?

H: Cut it off, or dead animals, or whatever. We'd get a lot of horse hair, and you'd put all the horse hair in a box, mix all that horse hair up. Then there's a stick, like a paddle. It must be six inches wide, I guess, and maybe 10 inches, with a little handle on it, and a knob. And one guy would sit on a box and feed that hair out, so you get the right thickness. You wrap it around that knob. And then the other guy spins it. Then the guy spins it so you get a long line, like from here to your car (about 50 feet). Then you cut it off there. With that twisting, it'll stay in there. But the guy that's feeding the hair, that's the important man. He's got to feed that hair so it's even, so your girth has an even strand. Of course, then when you make it, you tie and you come around and you tie. You don't cut individual strands.

He taught me how to make that. He taught me how to braid whips. He made all his own rawhide ropes. He was quite a cowboy. He made me keep on getting on horses that were mean and bucked, so I would learn how to stay on. Teach me the rhythm. There was one guy -- I didn't meet him until later years -- who I thought would have been a great hall-of-famer. Nobody knows much about him. I just knew him for two or three years. He was an ex-jockey. His name was Tommy Yutaka. I have never heard anybody know much about him. He was originally, I think, from Parker Ranch, but somebody said ol' man Carter didn't want him there because he drank a lot. He was a small, Japanese jockey. He was one of the greatest bronc riders Hawaii ever had. And those kind of guys should belong in the Hall of Fame. Him and a guy like David Kuloloio.

I watched him ride these new horses there for Manuel Freitas, thoroughbred race horses. He'd sit on those things on a little English saddle. They wouldn't buck that hard, but they'd buck straight. He was so good, that in 1932 -- I'm told this, I didn't see the show -- he rode the famous bucking horses of the world at that time. Their names were Honest John and White Lightning. They brought them in from the Mainland. They brought these horses to Honolulu and they had a big show. Tommy Yutaka was one of the local contestants, and so was David Kuloloio. Tommy Yutaka rode those horses, he was never bucked off. And this Mainland haole cowboy was so impressed with Tommy Yutaka, they took him with them. They traveled to Japan with their bucking show. And I understand the Japanese couldn't believe that a Japanese could ride broncs. And they gave him the key to the city and everything, he was quite a hero.

He was a great bronc rider. He didn't ride broncs as a living, but if there was a contest he would enter it and win. But he didn't care about it, he was more of a jockey, he rode on the Mainland a lot. He knew a lot of tricks as far as a jockey goes. He told me a lot of things a jockey could do that they couldn't do these days. Today they got cameras. Those days they used to dump the riders. He told me some of those jockeys are cocky, and all the jockeys would say, "Well we'll fix him." So when they'd come on the track, this jockey on a good horse,

he'd come alongside, they'd take his feet out of the stirrups and lift him, topple him off the horse. There was no cameras, so nobody knew how he fell off. He'd object of course -- if he lived, or if he could talk -- and everybody would deny it. This was all on the Mainland.

I: Can you describe some of the other people you worked with on the ranch? Some of the other old-timers?

H: I worked with a guy by the name of David Smith. He was the head cowboy for Platte Cooke and Alan Davis. They owned the Koko Head ranch. And their ranch went all the way around to what's now the big shopping area down there. He was the head cowboy and we used to go over there and help them when they branded. And here I got to know a number of good cowboys, some in Kahua. Then the wild cattle cowboys -- old man Fred Medeiros, Alfred Medeiros. He was a tremendous roper for wild cattle. And so was Willie Thompson. He came from Maui many years ago, and he was also a supervisor. He ran McCandless Ranch, not when I was there, but I had the opportunity to be in his company, and he was a great wild cattle roper too. Good man, he could make saddles, good all-around cowboy. And of course, Joe Gans. There were many good cowboys in those days.

I: What was the most tremendous thing you ever saw him do?

H: Well, David Kuloloio was the man that I was totally impressed with.

I: Tell me about him.

H: Well, one time we were going up to Kapaa. A farmer had a big banana patch up there. The cattle got in there, these big black angus steers, and the farmer wanted us to get them out. Well, it was all fenced, so how they got in I don't know, but to get them out, we can't drive them because of all this banana, so we have to get in there and try to rope them. Because every time we try to get in there to drive them -- it was just the two of us, David and I -- the steer would run off. So David took his rope off, coiled it up in a bundle. He took the loop and held it in one hand with the coils, and when the steer came across in front of him, he threw it like a baseball. Had it tied to his pommel so he didn't have to follow it. He threw the whole rope like a baseball, and the loop went right over that animal's head. Caught the animal. We knocked down quite a few banana trees, but we got them out of there. I was very impressed. I'd never seen that done before. Anyway, he could do that nine times out of ten. He was that good. He was a tremendous cowboy.

I: I remember reading in your book that he was quite a charmer, too.

H: He was, David, yeah (chuckles). He could sing a lot of these old-time Hawaiian cowboy songs. Women were always after him. He was a handsome guy. I'd try to sneak out at night sometimes to go with him. I'd go with him to these different parties. They'd always drink but I was a young guy and I'd just watch. I must have

been 15 or 16. He'd get up there and dance. He played slack key, and he'd dance. He always had his chaps on and his silk neckerchief. And a lot of times he went from work! I don't know how they could stand him -- he must have smelled like a wild cow, mixed with a little sweat. But anyway they liked him, and sometimes he used to get all dressed up, and he'd get on his horse and get his guitar, and he'd go down Oneawa street. He had these big rowell spurs and they'd jingle.

He'd go down the street and go in the Kailua Tavern. And his son, his name was Kaina. What Kaina used to do, when his father was in the Kailua Tavern drinkin' -- this was during the day, like Sunday, you know -- his son would go down, he couldn't have been more than seven, eight, nine, ten years old maybe, he'd offer the sailors that were around there 10 cents a ride. He'd take his dad's horse -- his dad never knew, his dad was drinking. You go down so many telephone poles and you come back, 10 cents. And the next sailor get on, he go down, come back. Ten cents. He'd pick up himself a dollar or more a day, you know? His father never knew that was going on.

I: When were you working down at Kaneohe Ranch?

H: I started about 1932. I was a kid, doing whatever they told me to do. No matter what it was, I did it because it was something to do with cattle. They had another old-timer -- I won't mention his name -- from Hilo, and Harold Castle picked him up. He was on parole. Evidently he murdered some guy that was with his wife or something, I don't know what the story is. He was Portuguese, good cowboy. When I got to know him, he was still helping out cowboy. He talked pure Hawaiian. He told me, "Castle don't know, but I know where all the hides are where the cowboys steal the cattle."

I: So you used to go down to Kaneohe Ranch to help out as a kid, but then you came back and worked for the ranch later, right?

H: Well that's after the war. I kind of ran it a little bit. It wasn't that hard to do. I came back after World War II. 1945, was it? That's when I came down.

I: Can you briefly tell me about what you did in World War II?

H: I married my first wife and I was in San Francisco. In those days you couldn't volunteer in the service. They made you go through draft. I had a job as a riveter at Bethlehem Steel, and the evenings Hunters Point. And I was the youngest ship riveter in the whole shipyard. I was just a young guy. Most of the riveters were old-time Russian guys. Anyway, I wanted to get into the service and my job was frozen, they wouldn't let me get out. I felt really bad -- here I am riding on these streetcars going home, all these old-timers, and I'm the only young guy. I didn't want this. I couldn't get in, so I went down to the draft board and said why aren't I drafted, because here I am, a riveter's helper. They looked me up, and anyway, I got drafted. I could have got out of it, all I'd have to do is tell those guys I was a riveter. But I didn't want to be riveting for the rest of my days and I wanted to be in the service. Anyway, I volunteered then for the Marine Corps. I got in the Marine Corps. I was training

in San Diego, and they had a group of Marines that were supposed to go in on Bougainville. They were trying to build up the third division and a bunch of us were slated for it. I was at that time taking special training as a machine gunner. One day they came down. We had a little break in the training and they said certain guys could go out on liberty, and I was one of the guys. So I dressed up and shaved -- when we were training we didn't shave -- and the lieutenants came over from the Marine Corps and they were all dressed up, and they said, "How many of you want to volunteer for sea duty?" And nobody volunteered. They said, "Well, we're going to pick up 33 guys for sea duty. If you don't want to volunteer we're picking you up." So the sergeant went down with a stick and hit each one of us on the head. Bonk! So we went into sea training, and then I got assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington. We got into 13 major engagements, big engagements in the Pacific. In the Mariana Turkey Shoot, that was a big one. I didn't have too long a stay and the war was over. In fact, when the war was over they didn't have guys to occupy Japan. They took the marines off the ships and had us go in and occupy. Life magazine showed a whole bunch of landing craft and the Marines walking off. I was told that I was the third enlisted man to set foot on Japan. Some of the officers had come in, but I was the third enlisted man. When we landed we didn't know what was going to happen, but they let us come in. We were hit by a suicide plane and lost a lot of guys.

I: Tell me about what you did when you came back.

H: I wanted to come back to Hawaii, and my wife wanted to come too. She had a few bucks, so I borrowed some money from her father and came down to Hawaii. I was job hunting until I asked about going to work for Kaneohe Ranch, and they hired me and that's how I started back into the ranching again. I started as cowboy - well, everything. We butchered horses for dog meat, kept the fences up. In those days, Mokapu was no longer because the government had taken it over. A lot of the pastures were no longer. Kapaa was our big pasture. We didn't have much.

I: You knew Harold Castle. Can you tell me a little about what he was like?

H: Well, sort of a domineering -- he was a great guy -- in my eyes, pretty much self-centered. He was probably one of the richest guys in the islands at that time, and everything had to revolve around him. He was very selfish in his demands of his children and his life, but he was always a gentleman and always very straightforward, he didn't sneak or say anything behind your back. He was a very straightforward man -- told you what a spade was. But if you didn't fit in his program then you were just somebody he knew.

I: How old was he when you knew him?

H: He married my father's sister, so I must have known him when he was in his 30's.

I: What did he look like?

H: Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't say he was a handsome man. Very straight back. Sort of a little bit of a hawk nose. Powerful, strong-minded -- physically strong also -- polo player. He got hurt in polo, so he got hip replacement. He didn't let me hang around with him -- I was just a kid, and he had his own kids.

I: How long did you stay at Kaneohe Ranch?

H: I left there about 1938, then I went up the Big Island and worked summertime on ranches. And then when I came back from the service, I stayed with him -- I don't know -- about two years. I stayed with him until late 1940s, then I went to Kualoa Ranch.

I: You were just a cowboy at Kaneohe Ranch?

H: Yes, well there were just a few of us. The ranch was no longer like it was. There were just a few places where we had cattle, and not any big horse activities. It was sort of a maintenance ranch then, just keeping things going, keeping a few cattle. There was some cattle work. David Kuloloio died during World War II, and he gave his saddle to me, he wanted me to have his saddle. He had a step-son by the name of Manini. His father said he wanted me to have the saddle, so when I came back I had the saddle.

I: How did it affect you when he died?

H: Well, I didn't know until I got back, until the war was over.

I: Did it come as a surprise?

H: Yeah, I guess you could say that. The other cowboys, they were all dead too, Richard Malamalama, Aruda, all those guys had all passed away.

I: Why did you go to Kualoa?

H: Well, I was hired by Francis Morgan, and the foreman there was retiring, by the name of Souza, Antone Souza. Tony was retiring, and they had a guy by the name of Causey, who was quitting the ranch. He was running it, and they hired me to take his place. We fixed it up, fenced, cleaned land. Built up the herd, went into different phases of ranching, and I trained some horses there too.

I: What was the ranch like at that time?

H: Kualoa Ranch? All cattle. All cattle operations. Apua which was our best pasture back then -- now it's all park -- that was our good pasture. There's some very historical sites down there, you know. I hope they preserved them. We used to find all kinds of stuff down there, Ulumaika stones and everything. Some adz. Some of those Hawaiian stones that look like footballs -- they put them in slings for killing. They must have had a lot of war games back then. I regret one thing -- I knew Johnny Alameida, I don't know if you heard of him, he was one of the deans of Hawaiian music, he composed over 120 songs. I knew him. I met him as a musician in Kaneohe when he was playing at Kilohana Gardens. Got to be friends of his, and when I went to the Big Island I used to bring him dried Opelu -- he loved that. But while I was at Kualoa Ranch, he said, "You pick me up, take me down to Kualoa Ranch. I want to feel for limu." He was blind, totally blind. He could feel. He said, "You tell me all about the land, you describe to me Kualoa, all the place." He said, "Kualoa history is all alii. Back in the old days, the commoner couldn't cross over the land. They had to go by the ocean side. It was a playground for alii." But he said, "You describe, and I'll compose a song." And I never did. I wish I had done that. He would have composed a song that would have been popular today. And it would have been for me. But you know, young days, wine, women and song, having a good time, you never mind that kind of stuff. Too bad.

I: So if you were going to describe it to him, what would you have said?

H: Well, I don't know. We'd probably sit down by the beach and I'd talk about the ridges in the mountains back up in there. The greenery and how the land levelled and went back up again. And he would have asked me questions about what it was.

We used to find a lot of glass balls there in Kualoa too. I used to ride horse on the beach -- plenty glass balls. Big ones.

I: Did you ever take your horse in the water?

H: Oh, yeah. In fact, there used to be a TV series, "Texas John Slaughter." You ever heard of that? What was his name now? Tom Tryon was the actor. He wore his white hat up here, cowboy western. He was under Walt Disney's contract when he came to Hawaii. Walt Disney had sent him. And this guy Rex Wills called me up and asked, can we bring Tom Tryon out there and have some fun out in the ocean with the horses? I said yeah, bring him down. So I met him, and another guy, a cameraman, and they had a guy from Sports Illustrated, he snapped a lot of shots that went in Sports Illustrated. We went out in the ocean with the horses. And Carl Bredhoff, Soot, he was there working for me at that time. Soot, Tommy Campos, myself and Tom Tryon, we went out in the ocean bareback. We got a volleyball net, got a ball, and played our own game of water polo. We'd dive off the horses at each other, stand on the horses, jump, knock each other down in the water and get back on again, hang on the tails -- we had a lot of fun, and followed it up with a lot of wine. There was a Tahitian girl there, and she was a friend of Tommy Campos. Rex played drums, and she was a Tahitian

dancer. And the cameraman took a picture of her belly button and baaaaaacked off. Everybody'd been drinking too much already. Tom Tryon, he was having fun. In fact, we corresponded for years. Christmas cards.

(rain)

Did you roll your window up? We haven't had rain for so long, I'm leaving mine down.

Anyway, we had a lot of fun. The cameraman said, "Oh, man, Walt's going to go and review this and say, 'What were you guys **doing** down there?'" We had a lot of fun in the water.

I: Can you tell me about driving cattle at Kualoa?

H: Well that was a lot easier because it was all blocked off in paddocks. So driving was quite simple we'd just go into one paddock and drive them into the corrals. It didn't take long. There was never any long drives. We drove, separated and branded and got all done in the early afternoon. When I first got there they had all the airfield that used to be the Army airfield that wasn't fenced yet. I fenced most of that off. And they had a very poor setup as far as the breeding herd goes, so we had to go in there. I had this friend, a guy by the name of George Ka'eo. Good cowboy from Kauai. And George Ka'eo and I went out, and instead of driving the cattle and separating -- because there was always some young heifer getting in heat and we didn't want the bulls to breed them, because they just had everything all mixed-mashed in there. So we'd go in there and rope the heifers out, separate them by roping them. We didn't mind that because we all liked to rope. It was good fun. Butr driving there wasn't much, it didn't take too long.

I: What was the most challenging work that you had to do down there?

H: Down there? I don't know. Nothing was challenging, it was routine work. I think the most challenging work anybody can have is training horses, and I used to love to train horses. The reason I like horse training is you see something that's nothing develop into something. I trained here at Bar None quite a bit. I'd buy these yearling horses from the mainland, bring them down here and train them, and then sell them as polo ponies. And my son George, who's quite a good polo player himself, he'd bring the horses to the polo games and help bring them along so we could sell them. I think the most challenging thing is you get these horses and work with them, and then nothing happens and they don't respond well, and nothing happens. I had two from the mainland that were off the race track. I'd tie them up to the hitching rack and sit over here and drink my coffee and look at them. "What am I doing wrong?" Because they never, never improved. And then, by golly, all of a sudden they just improved. They started turning right, they started stopping right, they were doing things right. That's quite a challenge, and it's quite an enlightening thing. That's what made me like to do it. You get a few bruises from training horses, but it's very interesting. I like the work. But the most -- I think the most exciting ranch work was when I was with McCandless Ranch, roping wild cattle. That was exciting.

I: I'd like to talk about McCandless after we talk about Kualoa. At the time you were at Kualoa, how many cowboys were working down there?

H: I think three of us. But then we had labor. We had fence gangs. We hired a bunch of guys from Kahana Valley, these Filipino guys, they weren't cowboys, doing labor work, fencing, stuff like that. As far as cowboy goes, there wasn't that much. We did most of it on weekends, when Francis Morgan the owner came down, he always wanted to be in on the cowboying.

I: Where did you live at the time?

H: On the ranch. You know where they have their roping arena there now? There's a house right up on the hill there. That's the house I stayed in. I had the paddock below. I used to keep my polo horses down there when I was playing. And the paddocks all around us were cattle.

I: Were you still single at the time?

H: No, I was married. Second wife. She was a Hawaiian Airline hostess, so a lot of times she wasn't there, she traveled and stayed in Honolulu with her mother.

I: How many cattle was the ranch running at that time?

H: I can't tell you. We had a feedlot, of course, but I don't know how many head of cows. Generally you judge the size of the ranch by their breeding herd. If somebody say how much cattle have you got on the ranch, it's pretty hard to say. You have cattle that you sell, cattle that are born, so you go by the breeding herd. I guess a couple hundred, if we had that many breeding cows. You got steers, you got calves, you got old cows and you got bulls. We were bulldozing a lot of land -- we were opening up land and planting grass. It had to build up.

I: You were there as manager?

H: Yeah. Well, foreman or manager, whatever you want to call it.

I: What do you think were the biggest things you accomplished when you were there.

H: (pause) Getting away with making bootleg booze (chuckles).

We developed a water system. The army had a big tank there and we piped water from way back up in the hills, using all the Army surplus pipe, we brought it all down into a big tank and set up an irrigation system. There was all that free water -- we put in a lot of those pastures down where the park is now, besides the pasture we had fields where we planted alfalfa and corn and stuff like that, and we had to irrigate all that. We used that system to do that. That was quite a challenge. It was hard work, setting it up.

I: Was the ranch making a profit at that time?

H: You know, I don't think so. Because we tried a feedlot -- I think that if we didn't go into the feedlot we probably didn't make a profit. But we went into the feedlot and of course we bought a lot of equipment. And we had all that irrigation system going. All this stuff costs money. We hired one guy to do the feedlot work -- all day long you chop grass, alfalfa or corn. That cost money and I think that didn't make us any money. I think what John Morgan's doing down there now makes a lot of sense. He's diversified. Your taxes have got to be high down through that area there. What John's doing is about the only way a guy could make money.

You know, an old doctor told me one time, Dr. McCoy, "If you want to make money in cattle ranching, get away from Hawaii. The land costs too much money." And it makes sense. You can't go to land that's valued at thousands of dollars an acre and make money. You've got to go to lands valued at a hundred dollars an acre or less, and make money. Or fifty dollars and down. Then, maybe you can make money. He said you have to have diversification, leasing land and stuff like that. But just straight cattle? Very hard in Hawaii. You figure in World War II, the prices (for beef) went high, high, high. And I don't think the prices today are too much different from the World War II prices. How are you going to make money when everything else is high? I'm pretty sure we didn't make much money.

I: What were the major events that happened at the ranch in the time that you were there?

H: Kualoa Ranch? Nothing. The annual branding would be the biggest event.

I: But were there any emergencies or significant events that happened during the time you were there?

H: Not that I can remember. You mean like somebody dying on the ranch? I don't remember anything that was bad or sad that involved the ranch. I don't think there was anything bad.

I: Can you tell me anything about Francis Morgan? What was he like?

H: Very, very nice man. Very humble man. Very nice man. He was spread pretty thin, with the plantation. He had a very challenging job with Davies and Company, I think he did. But he was a super nice man. Couldn't come any better. He was quite an athlete in high school, you know, track star. A good runner, he was fast.

I: Why did you leave Kualoa?

H: Well I got an opportunity to come up here and run my own place, from Cenrick Wodehouse. I came up here and met with him on vacation, and I teamed up with Peter Perkins, who was a polo player at that time. He was probably the top polo player Hawaii ever had, maybe in the United States one of the top ten. I played polo with him, and we got to be pretty good friends. We teamed up, came up here to open up the ranch up here. It was all barren, all brush, and we had to bulldoze and fence and everything. So we borrowed whatever we could and came up here and went to work. Peter and I left finally because the ranch of course wasn't making money. He went and played polo in Pakistan and the United States. We weren't selling enough to make ends meet. But the lease was very good. We just decided we weren't making ends meet. I bought him out, and after buying him out he left and divorced his wife and married one of the Rothchilds, and they had racehorses in Argentina. They also had racehorses in Kentucky.

I: How long were you at this place?

H: I come up here in 1961. Then I couldn't make it either, so I went out odd jobs and let the ranch go.

I: Was it difficult for you or were you ready to quit?

H: Ranching? It was ok with me, I didn't care. Whatever made ends meet. My wife, of course, was in real estate, which helped, and I helped her too. I finally got into real estate and gave up the ranch altogether. Gave it all to my son, and when it came time to renew the lease they wouldn't renew the lease, so we just gave up the ranch. I did continue to train horses, though.

I: Can we go back and talk about your time at McCandless?

H: I worked for McCandless in 1939 or 1940, and the boss over there was named Crosby or Cosby. Anyway, he hired me to train horses. I was just a young punk and thought I knew everything. I came up and they had bought a bunch of horses. I got there early in the morning at Kawaehae. When we got there they had a bunch of cowboys at the ranch office. I stayed there. What I had to do every morning was catch the young horses and train them. I did that for a while until Crosby said "I think you better go mauka with me. I'm going to go mauka with the boys who are working way up there in a mauka camp that is now burned down. This was pretty close to the Greenwell Ranch. When I went there, he said, "You stay here with the cowboys" -- I barely knew them -- "You stay here with the cowboys and learn how to do what they do. They set me up with a horse there and I

lived there in the mountains for two weeks. We'd go out every morning, leave around five o'clock. Go with the dogs until the dogs bark, when they hit the cattle. As soon as they hit the cattle we all jump down and tighten up our girths, make sure our ropes are tied. Because there you don't dally, you have your rope tied all the time. And we'd go off. The dogs would finally corner a wild bull or something, and the bull would be trying to hook the dogs. It would be in an opening we'd call a kipuka -- it would be all trees and forests. You got to go amongst these trees, trot trot trot trot, no galloping until you hit that kipuka, where there'd be an opening, and the dogs would have the bull surrounded and they'd be barking, the bull trying to chase them. Then two guys go inside, rope the bull, take him to a tree, tie him, tip his horns, clamp his nuts, leave him overnight, then we go off with the dogs till they find some more, then we do that again. Then the next day we'd all go out and each guy would lead one back to a big corral they had up there. It was a big pen, maybe 80 acres. We'd take them back there and turn them loose in this paddock until we had so many head of cattle. We'd stay up there working cattle for two weeks and then we'd come down to take a break, drink, swim, do what you want.

Then next Monday morning we'd go up and we'd sneak wine up too. We'd all get wine and we'd drink on the way up. Pack all the mules in the morning and then drink and have a good time, sing, go up through Greenwell's pasture and then cut across. They had some good cowboys there, a guy by the name of Joe Gans, old man Fred Medeiros of course, John Medeiros, he came up too, his brother, he was a good cowboy. We'd go up and work on the horses up till Wednesday. Wednesday the boss would come up, all the horses would be shod, and then we'd do the roping on Thursday. Boss would go out with us Thursday and then he'd go back down Friday morning and we'd continue roping. Then when we had a certain amount of cattle in this pen we figured "Enough!" We got to go makai with them, because they had a contract with the slaughterhouse. So many head. We had thirty or forty or so. We'd take the wildest ones, and each guy would lead a wild one down through Greenwell's. The biggest, meanest bulls. Each guy would take one. Joe would always take two. He was good. He was a cook and everything. He always took two. If we didn't have enough cowboys and too many bulls somebody would have to take two.

Anyway, the bulls would chase you all the way down the hill. They'd chase you for probably a mile. Then they get tired and just come trotting behind you. Then they feel good again and *phew* they come behind you and chase you. You got to watch them. Then when you got down to the bottom, what I call the guava line, they had trees there, and you'd tie your bull up to the tree. Then they'd load them in the truck and take them to the slaughterhouse. We'd go back up the mountain, rest a day, then the following day we would drive the cattle down, what was left in the pen. Thirty, forty or whatever was left. As soon as those cattle got out the gate they were going. You got to get guys in the front, with their ropes, because full speed they're going. They're wild. We'd drive them, but they'd drive themselves. They'd come full speed. It's not like driving cattle at some ranch, where everybody's going *hui, hui, hui* and whistling. No, you're in front, they're trying to come and you're hitting them, slowing them down, like a stampede. We let them go as fast as they want in the front, and on the side you kind of watch them. Some would wander off into the Greenwell pasture. You couldn't chase them because you had to concentrate on getting them down. Once we got them quieted down we'd turn them loose into the paddocks below by the City of Refuge. All that pasture down there, there was a lot of kiawe beans. We'd turn them loose down there and then go back up the mountain. We'd go try to catch the ones that broke loose into the Greenwell side and mixed with the Greenwell cattle. Greenwell cattle were tame compared to these. We'd go in there and rope it. Greenwell's didn't like it, though. They didn't like the McCandless cowboys in their part of it, but that's the only way we could get them. But in later years, I heard from Alfred Medeiros that Greenwell wouldn't let the McCandless cowboys through his place anymore. Alfred said it was tough, they had to go down through truck trails in their own lands amongst the trees. He said they had to lead everything down. No drives. Until they could finally get trucks up the mountain.

I: Tell me about some of the wild adventures you had up there.

H: Just chasing those wild cattle was quite an adventure. One time they kind of didn't know my name at first, but they knew my horse's name. The horse that I rode was Dolly. You'd go off in pairs. One time a bull went inside. Fred Medeiros, he wanted me to go in there, so he said, "Go inside, Dolly! Go inside, Dolly!" Meaning me, the name of the horse. Good horse too. So I went inside to the bull, and the bull was facing the other way, and the dogs came around and tried to block him. He turned around and saw me, and he came at me. I didn't have a chance to throw my rope, but I tried to get away. As I turned away the bull caught my horse here, in the stomach. I got my leg out of the way, and the bull's horn went in and cut a hole. And the gut was just starting to pop out. Fred took off his hat and he had little tiny fishhooks in his hat. He pushed the gut back in, hooked the skin, put some tobacco on it. That was towards the end of the day anyway, so we went back to camp. I was lost, but the horse would go back to camp. So we let the horse rest about two weeks, then bang -- back Dolly went again, roping cattle again.

Another one was when that doggone cow we were chasing -- we were trying to call the dogs off the cow, trying to call the dogs off the cow, all of a sudden, gone, the cow was down in the bottom of a hole and two dogs down with the cow. We had to take a lasso rope, lower it down, hook the dog by the neck (makes choking noise), pull him up quick and get the next dog. Then we got the rope on the cow's horns. Those cows are old but they're not very big, all inbred. So we got the rope on the cow's horns, and we made sticks like a teepee, put that over the hole, then four horses pulled, the cow come up, pull him off to the side and let him go. When we let him go the cow wanted to chase us. After saving his life he wants to chase us. (chuckles) So that was kind of an exciting experience too.

I: Tell me about some of the guys you did wild cattle with.

H: They were all good guys. Most of them were married. They were good boys. Old man Fred Medeiros, John Medeiros and Joe Gans were the best ropers. Of course, Willie Thompson wasn't up there with us, but he was as good as they were. Willie Thompson in later years ran the ranch. They were the best ropers. They were all good guys. Our meal was, every morning, coffee was in a big bag. You just dropped it in the hot water and reheated that coffee. The main meal was coffee and cracker. You had that if you want. Joe Gans always made big hot cakes. Sometimes he made biscuits. Then when it's cold we put goat meat or sheep, wrap it around, put it on your saddle, that's what you had for lunch. There's quite a bit of water up there in the forest. You can drink water out of the puddles. You can carry water too. Quite often it rained up there, you'd get wet, you're tired. Coming back on the horse, you're cold, you got your slicker on and it rains inside, your body's wet. "I got to take a leak!" Oh, never mind get off the horse, just wet your pants its nice and **warm!** (laughs) Up there you didn't take a bath because it's cold, even in the summertime! You wash your face, wash your eyes, brush your teeth and that's about it. Then we come down from the mountains, married guys got to go home, but the single guys, we'd always get in this guy's big old touring car, go down to Napoopoo, City of Refuge, we'd float around in the water with our clothes on. Just float around with a gallon of wine, pass it around. The people said, "Ah, those McCandless cowboys. Terrible!" (laughter)

I: How many of you were there up at the camp?

H: Oh, Joe Gans mostly stayed back at camp. He'd hunt meat. Go out and get sheep, shoot sheep or pig. That was your job when you stayed at camp, get the food ready. There was I'd say five of us that would go out. Then the fence gang sometimes was four or five. But they wouldn't go with us. They're all cowboys though. They'd go out and do fence work. It was called Keanapakai Camp. That camp, I understand, has burned down.

I: Can you describe where McCandless Ranch is or was?

H: Do you know where that store is down there? Kealia store? Not too far from there. Next to McCandless was the Magoon ranch.

I: Do you know what district the ranch was in?

H: Kaimolino. You know the road going down when you pass City of Refuge? From that road on it's McCandless. There was an old Hawaiian village there before. It's past Captain Cook. I understand now they divided their land so the two sisters divided the property up.

I: Was it below the highway or above?

H: Both. Mauka and makai. All down to the ocean.

I: How far up was the mauka camp?

H: I don't know. I guess six or seven miles or more. We left in the morning with the mules about 10 o'clock, and by the time we got up there it was in the afternoon. Of course, a certain bunch of us were having a lot of fun on the way, drinking wine. But work started the next day. We worked hard up there.

I: Can you describe the camp for me?

H: Well the camp had two three buildings. One of them had on the side a low shed where we kept all the saddles and stuff. And we kept a lot of shedding up there, to catch as much water as you can. Then they had living quarters off to the side. Down below was the cooking and on top was sleeping. Cooking and a big dining room table where all the cowboys sat around in the kitchen there. Then on top had two or three bedrooms, and

stairs going up. And on the side, where all the guys slept they had a bunk house. Then they had the sheds where they caught the water. They kept the saddles in there.

I: So there was just one bunk house where everyone slept?

H: Well no, I slept in the owners room in the main house, cause he was never there. We kept it vacant. In the bunk house, I think they could get about eight guys in there. And there was a water tank. If you wanted to bathe you had to go out there stand in the water tank and splash yourself. But when you feel that water you're not going to go out there and stand in the water and do it. It's too cold! You smell like "goat", but as long as everybody smells like "goat" you're okay. But we always looked forward to that jaunt to Napoopoo, and floating around in the ocean down there. Sometimes we'd come back, we'd come on our horses. There was a store down there where we used to buy our wine from. We'd come down through Greenwell's, and we'd ride along the road. Those days, no traffic. We'd ride along, the dogs would come out and bark at us. We'd rope the dogs -- just throw the rope on them and they'd run away. Kids would come out, we'd hear the mother, "Come inside here! No go outside!" We were bad guys, us bad McCandless boys, drinking wine, passing the gallon around, and everybody singing. Rope the dogs, having fun on the way home.

Everybody was nice. They were a nice bunch of guys. Real nice. Nobody ever got nasty. It was always fun. Hard work and fun. In the evenings a lot of the time I'd team up with the single guys and stay with them. A lot of fun. Too bad we didn't have recorders in those days. Imagine a video camera, what they could have done in those days? All I've got it is in my own mind now, and when I'm dead it's gone.

I: Why was the McCandless time such a special memory to you?

H: Because it wasn't routine cattle work. It was wild cattle. I always took a liking to working with wild cattle. When we had a few back in the hills at Kaneohe Ranch, I used to love that. Wild cattle's a challenge. They have a chance to get at you. You have to out-think them, and your horse is very important. If you haven't got a good horse you could get into trouble. And those horses -- they weren't horses to take in a rodeo arena, they were just good wild cattle horses. If you take some of those horses that they use in the rodeo arena, those cattle would kill them.

I: Can you tell me about the kind of horses you used?

H: They were just grade horses. Had a little thoroughbred. Some of them had draft in them. They used a lot of the part-draft horses for cattle, because they were big, strong. Most of them were strong, but they weren't the stocky quarter-horse that you see. They had a lot of stamina and could work all day. I used to feel real sorry for those horses. They worked, and their backs were full of sores. Bad saddles and overwork. And no proper rest.

I: Why did they use the thoroughbreds?

H: They didn't have thoroughbreds, just Grades and some had Thoroughbred blood. McCandless didn't breed, they went and bought horses. Back in World War I, the US government released government remount studs, and they were thoroughbreds. The purpose was they wanted the ranches to raise these horses so the army could come and pick it up later on. They wanted a thoroughbred. In World War I, Peter Perkins' father, Arthur, said that his job was to work for the army and choose horses. Take all the breeds of horses and put them through an endurance test. And thoroughbreds and Arabians were the best, and thoroughbreds were bigger so it was more of a preferred horse. They could take the punishment. So they sent out thoroughbreds. Now the ranches had part-thoroughbreds, and when you went out to buy horses from another ranch you got a lot of thoroughbred blood in them. To me it's the best horse on the market. They can do anything. The other breeds can't do what a thoroughbred can do. Quarter horses can't hold up. You take polo or racing, no breed except thoroughbred can go a mile, a mile and three-eighths. If they're not thoroughbred they're not going to do it. Quarter horse goes 750 yards and he's all through. It's what he's bred for. But he's not bred for mountain work. But then they have some of the scrubbiest mountain horses in the world that are raised up in those mountains. They make good horses. I don't know too much about them because they're before my time. I've had the opportunity to be around some of the older horses that were wild in the country. At Kahua they had a bunch of wild horses. I rode one for a while, just a scrubby looking thing. Pretty strong, and you didn't have to shoe him. His hooves were all hard. They were just shorter, smaller horses. They didn't have the conformation people look for. Very similar to some of the wild horses you see pictures of on the Mainland. But now the wild horses they have up in Nevada, some of them have some good breeding because they've released good studs over the years. They're not the little Hawaiian horse, small, tough.

I: Can you tell me about your time at Kahua? How many summers did you spend there?

H: I spent a couple summers there with Ronald von Holt. I lived in the bachelors' quarters, what they called the 'bull pen.' We just fit in with whatever we were told to do. Mostly driving cattle. We had some good boys there. We had a boy by the name of William Akau, raised in Kawaihae. And there was a guy by the name of John Torres. He was dark, and they called him Alakoki, because he liked that song. He was a good roper. He roped for McCandless for years. Good cowboy, all around, trained horses. They had quite a crew there -- Henry Relia (sp?) Peter Kainoa, John Iokepa. All dead now, every one are dead. William Akau and John Torres, they were single, a couple times we'd take horses and go down to the beach, quite a long ride, and spear-fish -- William was a good fisherman -- and we'd go back up the mountain. Of course, I wasn't drinking much in those days, but John Torres, he had his bottle of wine. I think he enjoyed the wine and the trip down more than he did the fishing. I enjoyed the fishing, because William was a good fisherman. I'd bag-boy for him. He'd spear a lot of fish, and of course all the families up mauka they liked that.

Sometimes on a Sunday we'd all go up in the mountains, with the wives and kids, we'd go up and make maile leis, put maile leis on the horses and on our hats. We'd eat lunch there, they'd bring poi and dried fish, canned sardines and whatever. The women would sing songs, all Hawaiian. Nice voices. Those voices never get publicized. You only hear what somebody puts out for you. They had some nice voices, those Hawaiian ladies, they'd sing and we'd come down. Everybody had maile leis. Pretty, a lot of fun.

I: Tell me about the driving at Kahua.

H: That would take sometimes a long time. If we were driving the makai side we'd go down about 4 o'clock in the morning, and I remember Henry had a nice voice and it would be quiet, in the moonlight, and he'd sing one of my favorite songs, O'opelu -- he'd sing, oh, **nice**. We'd get down there, and soon as daybreak we'd start to drive. We'd drive only so far, because it gets hot. So we'd come up to the next paddock -- we were just changing paddocks. We would circle around the water trough. Two guys would stay by the water trough so the cattle wouldn't drink water, because they were hot. The rest of us would stay on the outside to keep them from wandering off. William Akau, he was a single, good-looking Hawaiian guy, he was out there every night with his Chock-Ho girl, from the Chock Store. He finally married her, I heard, she was from Kawaihae. Anyway, he'd be out all night long so he'd fall asleep. Ronald von Holt would say, 'let him sleep.' We'd all quietly get on our horses and wander off and here Akau would be sleeping -- you sleep and you hold the reins of your horse. So we let him sleep there. Of course we'd all go and his horse would want to get up and move, so he'd see us. Ronald von Holt was always full of tricks and played games on the guys. He was a beautiful man, a wonderful man, a super man.

He used to have a big pile of guests -- Dillinghams, big party. I ate with the von Holts. Anyway, he had a big party going on there, and here comes Peter Kainoa, drunk, in his cowboy clothes, cigarette holder like FDR. Von Holt would get up from the table, "Peter, let me introduce you to my guest. Cowboy Peter this is Dillingham here, and so on." He said, "Here is Peter Kainoa". That's the kind of guy he was.

I: Where did they drive the cattle on those drives?

H: It depends, we'd just change paddocks. From the makai paddock we'd move them closer to the gate, mauka. And the next drive would be all the way mauka to the corral, where they'd work the cattle. But then I never was there, I was back in school. The mauka drives were the same thing, mostly they were fattening cattle. We'd pick up cattle for butcher. Von Holt and John Iokepa who was a foreman they'd go through and pick the steers. We'd put them all together and then we'd drive them down next week when the *Humuula*, the ship comes in at Kawaihae we'd drive the cattle close to Kawaihae, let them rest overnight, then in the morning we'd move them down to the pens. The ship of course would be anchored out and we'd ship the cattle in by water.

One time the longshoremen had a strike, so all the cowboys -- Parker Ranch, Kahua -- took the place of the stevedores. Well, everybody knew each other, everybody was family. So we took the place of the stevedores. We had to load all the freight on the whale boats. Those guys were striking, and we were all talking in Hawaiian, "Yeah, you strike, while us, we do your jobs and our stomach full of food, a lot of poi, while you guys hungry, marching around with a stick!"

Well, we had a bunch of sheep to ship -- Parker Ranch had brought the sheep down, and we were going to ship the sheep. But our work was pau, Kahua had shipped the cattle, and Parker Ranch was shipping freight and sheep. Son of a gun if one of those crates fell and those sheep all got in the water and sheep was swimming out to nowhere. The boys were out with their horses, trying to rope the head sheep, bring it back. Guys in the water swimming, trying to get the sheep back. And the strikers were laughing at us, because we're not used to that kind of work. We finally got them back into the pen. We had to rope them and put them back in boxes. I think it was three crates that went over, maybe 10 in a crate. What a mess (laughter).

I: So you saw the cattle shipping? Can you describe that to me?

H: Well there's not too much to it. You've got the cattle in the corral. You rope with manila rope -- the rope goes through the loop, and there's a knot (in the rope) so you don't really choke tight. I didn't do the shipping, only certain guys did that, but I did the hazing. Two guys would go behind and haze them out into the ocean. Then those guys that roped them would swim out and throw the rope over an oar, then the guys in the life boat would pull them over and throw a halter on them, then throw a rope back to the cowboys and you come back and catch the next one. Basically that was what it was all about.

I: Was there anything else you wanted to say about your time down at Kahua?

H: When you live on a ranch like Kahua you're away from cities, so people are either married and have families or they got to get some activity. I don't know why it was, but everybody used to bet on doing things, like pulling horses, racing each other down and back, all horse events. We used to always bet by way of little cans of pineapple juice. I don't know why. We had a lot of fun. We always did things in competition, the single guys, and even some of the married guys would get into it, to amuse you, because there's nothing to do. And they had a choir. Ronald von Holt always had singing -- in the evenings, he'd have the cowboys over and they'd sing Hawaiian songs. They had that going all the time. It was kind of unique. Von Holt was a great guy. His wife was an Erdman girl. There's not much more I could say about Kahua.

I: What should people remember about ranching and the paniolo in Hawaii.

H: Pretty hard for me to say. I think a lot of these young guys think they're cowboys -- too bad they can't get in the past and see some real cowboys. That's my feeling. There are no cowboys today that are as good as the cowboys of yesterday. And the reason for that is, today you go from pasture to pasture in trucks, trailers. Those days you went everywhere on horseback. Everybody had to train their own horses. You had to do this, you had to do that, you had to do things yourself, in the old days. Today you have things done for you. Today a lot of them are rodeo cowboys, all they know how to do is rope cattle in an arena -- they're good at it -- but my feeling is, the cowboys of today should remember how great the old cowboys were, the hardships they went through.

