

invitation because I had been selected then as a candidate for the Shrine. We left there to go to Florence on our way up."

Pickrell: "In an automobile?"

Harry: "No. By team. Not an automobile. Goodness, this was in 1903. When we got to Florence the Gila River there was about a mile wide. The darn bridge was all washed out. We hunted up Tom Wills. He got a boat from some place up or down the river. He poled us across that Gila River. We landed about five miles below Florence. Tom rustled a team and from there we drove on into Phoenix. Of course that took several days and they had to postpone the initiation until we got there - which they did. I have never seen that river as high as it was then. This was in February."

Pickrell: "Why didn't you take the railroad? How did you happen to drive by Florence?"

Harry: "The bridge at Maricopa was washed out. That's the reason. Phoenix was isolated. That wasn't the first time."

Pickrell: "Was that in 1904 or 1903?"

Harry: "1903."

Pickrell: "There was a terrible flood in the winter of 1904 and 1905, too."

Harry: "Yes. That was common practice over there at Phoenix. All the dams would wash out along the Salt River. Farmers would put them all back again. They didn't seem to think anything of it. They'd repair the bridges; put in the dams and go to work again."

Pickrell: "You shipped your cattle mostly in the spring in those days, didn't you?"

Harry: "Spring and sometimes late in the fall."

Pickrell: "The cattle that were good for beef in the fall?"

Harry: "Yes. Beef in the fall."

Pickrell: "If your cattle were to go on pasture, they always went in the spring?"

Harry: "Always went in the spring."

Pickrell: "If I remember correctly the cattle that went to California were shipped in the fall, weren't they?"

Harry: "Sure. Get them up there and start with the grass."

Pickrell: "How many head do you think the Empire ran at the most?"

Harry: "I think that the Empire had about 30,000 head of cattle of all kinds." That's everything."

Pickrell: "All in the Heart brand?"

Harry: "All in the Heart brand."

Pickrell: "That was just the one outfit."

Harry: "That was just the one outfit. Vale & Gates."

Pickrell: "Would they keep a wagon running the year round?"

Harry: "No. We had spring and fall roundup time. The wagon was tied up three or four months of the year, but they had to make trips out to these various camps."

Pickrell: "A lot of range branding?"

Harry: "Yes a lot of range branding."

Pickrell: "The neighbors did too?"

Harry: "They did. We had Leon Conyer out from the Whetstone Gap. We had the Baca Springs camp. We had the Happy Valley Camp. We had the Sanford camp -that's down below the ranch about ten miles.

We had one at the Gardner ranch."

Pickrell: "That's a beautiful spot, isn't it?"

Harry: "Yes. About six outlying camps."

Pickrell: "Was where Louie Sands is now a part of the Empire country once?"

Harry: "Where is Louie?"

Pickrell: "He's at the end of the Whetstones."

Harry: "Which end? North or South?"

Pickrell: "The South."

Harry: "The south end? Louie Sands?"

Pickrell: "Yes. East of Elgin there."

Harry: "East of Elgin. Louie Sands."

Pickrell: "He calls it the Manistee Ranch. He came after you were there. I don't know who he got it from. I was wondering if that wasn't originally Empire country, probably."

Harry: "It was Empire range but Tom Turner after he left the Empire, acquired a leasehold on the upper end. That may have been the same place."

Pickrell: "You knew Will Roath, I guess."

Harry: "Very well."

Pickrell: "He just passed away, you know."

Harry: "He did! I didn't know that. I had a letter from him not long ago."

Pickrell: "He sold his outfit and then bought a place at Canelo. I guess it's the place that Jim Finley's mother, Mrs. Johnson owned."

Harry: "Yes. What became of the old Aguierre place on the point of the Huachucas? Did you ever hear of that?"

Pickrell: "No. I know the Aguierras, but I don't remember that place. I knew some of the Aguierras at Red Rock."

Harry: "Well, Doc Goodwin had a place right alongside of him."

Pickrell: "He was the famous steer tier. He was Jim Finley's stepfather. I have some pictures taken when Ed Horreu beat him roping in 1899 at Phoenix."

Harry: "We made good jerky out of the wild steers on top of the Rincon Mountains."

Pickrell: "I'd like to have a piece of jerky off one of them right now, wouldn't you? How much beef does it take to make one pound of jerky?"

Harry: "Five pounds."

Pickrell: "Five pounds to make one pound of jerky? You could pack a big steer home in a sack. Did they use salt and pepper?"

Harry: "Some pepper was all we used."

Pickrell: "Everybody used riatas in those days?"

Harry: "Yes. No grass ropes."

Pickrell: "You had to make your own riatas?"

Harry: "Sure. Everybody made their own riatas."

Pickrell: "About how long were the riatas in those days?"

Harry: "They ran about 45 or 50 feet. Of course Tom Wills, you know, was noted for having a sixty-five foot rope. Some said it was 100 feet, but sixty-five feet it was."

Pickrell: "That was quite a lot of rope to throw."

Harry: "That's a lot of rope to handle."

Pickrell: "They all used spade bits?"

Harry: "Everybody used spade bits. Even Tom Turner. He was a converted Texan - that's what he was."

Pickrell: "I've seen some that came here in the early days as kids and got converted but only a few."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "They used to say that the San Pedro was the dividing line between the California and the Texas style. Is that true?"

Harry: "I think so."

Pickrell: "Ed Echols said when he came to Willcox, they told him to leave his double rigged saddle at the San Pedro. If he went west of there with a rimmy saddle he would never get a job."

Harry: "This fellow Clay McGonagal and Ace Gardner (Joe Gardner, Ace Gardner was his nickname) were the first invasion of tied rope men here in the Tucson rodeo in about 1905 - 1906. First two Texans who ever appeared here with tied ropes. They just broke all records. Pretty near broke Tom Wills' heart."

Pickrell: "A dally man - he couldn't make the time."

Harry: "He can't compete with that kind of stuff, you know, especially throwing those big steers. After all when they drop that thing over the horns and then throw the loop over the tail end, a horse bust out through there that steer'd go up in the air ten deet. When he fell he stayed there."

Pickrell: "The dally man had to put on a couple of half-hitches."

Harry: "Yes. Fool around with them. Handle them gently. But when a Texan threw his steer, his steer just laid there. He was numb."

Pickrell: "You roped calves by the heels. Brought them in to the fire that way?"

Harry: "No. We roped by the neck. The boys around the branding fire flanked the calves and put them down. It always took two men."

Pickrell: "Some outfits used to rope by the heels."

Harry: "Not ours. All by the neck. The larger ones of course were roped by the head and heels and if there were any mavericks in the yearlings they were handled the same way."

Pickrell: "You didn't pay much attention to predatory animals in those days? They bother you much?"

Harry: "No, not too much. We didn't poison much except when we found lions."

Pickrell: "Didn't they get the colts?"

Harry: "Yes. They'd get the colts. Then we'd poison. As far as wolves were concerned we didn't do any poisoning. Lions we did go after and there were a lot of lions in Happy Valley. We suffered some losses over there."

Harry: "I was looking up Walt Vale's record in the Arizona Historical Society Records' yesterday. It mentioned there he paid, what was it, \$10,000 I think for the whole Happy Valley range and cat cattle. He bought it, I think, about 1882 or 1883."

Pickrell: "Who from?"

Harry: "I don't know. Just a little scant record there."

Pickrell: "I notice that you're not much of a drinking man, Harry. Wasn't such a person unusual in those days when you first came to Arizona?"

Harry: "I don't know. Mr. Vail wasn't a heavy drinker. He had a creed that I think was the best temperance sermon I ever heard in my life."

"He said, 'he always made whiskey a servant of his and never let whiskey make a servant of him'".

"And he'd buy whiskey just so long as anybody wanted to drink it. It wasn't just a matter of economy at all, he just didn't believe in letting whiskey get the upper hand. I never saw that man drunk. Never."

Pickrell: "We see a lot now in the TV and the movies representing the cattle business of so long ago. The cowboys didn't carry many guns when you were on the range, did they?"

Harry: "Foreman Tom Turner always carried a gun. The rest of us didn't. We didn't carry guns. Even out along this Panhandle Pasture Company range, there in no man's land, these so called bad boys could get in any of the four States adjoining it in one night's ride. They didn't carry guns. They weren't bad men. Some of them would appropriate a horse or a calf somewhere, but they were not essentially bad fellows."

"Many went by names other than their own. There'd be Slim, Fat, Will and Jim. That's all the names they'd have on the payroll. It drove cattlemen crazy trying to keep track of these

guys. You'd ask them what their other name was and they'd say, 'that's all I've got. Isn't one name enough?'"

Pickrell: "Tombstone had quieted down then."

Harry: "Oh, yes."

Pickrell: "It was very quiet when you came?"

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "They'd quit killing people when you came?"

Harry: "Oh, yes. Everything was very quiet in the 1890's.

All this rough stuff happened you know along in the early 1880's."

Pickrell: "They'd put all the Indians away?"

Harry: "Yes. Things were very quiet. We did have rustlers.

That's why we organized the Arizona Cattle Growers Association to

support the Rangers - to try and keep order in this thing. The

local sheriffs couldn't combat that evil successfully because of

too much political pressure all the time. They were good men

those sheriffs. They're alright, but you know after all local

sentiment prevailed."

Pickrell: "That's one of the things that democracy brings us, isn't it?"

Harry: "Yes. Can't get away from it. These rangers were free-lancers. They could go anywhere, anytime, do anything without a warrant or anything else. Just pick you up and take you."

Pickrell: "Rather inconvenient for that lawless element, wasn't it?"

Harry: "They didn't like it. That's why they got rid of them."

Pickrell: "What are some of the old horses you remember?"

Harry: "Cutting horses?"

Pickrell: "Yes. A fellow generally has memories of a few horses around the outfits where he's been."

Harry: "Tom had a horse called Warrior. His famous horse. A fine big bay. Wonderful cutting horse. Another horse that Mr. Vail had was called Sheep. He was a bay."

Pickrell: "How'd he get that name? Kind of unusual?"

Harry: "I can't imagine why the horse was ever named that. This Warrior horse, Tom's horse, was well named."

"And this fellow Smithy, over in Happy Valley, had a horse that he called Baby. He was a white horse. A wonderful cutting horse too and a good rock horse. He could skin down a rocky slope with no trouble at all. Never stumble; never fall. Fast horse, too."

"And Vestrado, one of our horse breakers, had a horse that he called Snake. I think one time this horse jumped on a snake and killed it. He was a famous horse. That's as far as a Mexican broke horse is concerned. They had a man there that reined horses for Tom and reined horses for Mr. Vail."

Pickrell: "He used a hackamore?"

Harry: "Yes. A hackamore. He was a beautiful reinsman. He could do anything with a horse. There's various types of horse breakers. Some could put a rein on them and others can't. Just can't do it. They don't know how. Haven't got the patience in other words. It takes a lot of patience and a lot of time, especially with the spade bit."

"Texans, they just put one of these bits in the mouth and call it a reined horse. He isn't a reined horse at all. He's just a natural cowhorse. Texans have no reined horses."

Pickrell: "They use cutting horses."

Harry: "Those horses do the job themselves. Do it without a bit and rein."

Pickrell: "You used mules on the chuck wagon?"

Harry: "Always."

Pickrell: "Did you do much packing in those days?"

Harry: "No. Not on the Empire. That was all accessible."

Pickrell: "Did you use much salt in those days?"

Harry: "Yes. We put out salt in the upper regions of the Santa Ritas, the Rincons and the Whetstones. If you had salt they'd go there for it which made them easier to handle."

Pickrell: "You weren't there when the Forest Service came in?"

Harry: "No."

Pickrell: "You left before that?"

Harry: "Left before that. No Taylor grazing either."

Pickrell: "The land just belonged to God and you people when you left?"

Harry: "All you had to do to acquire range rights was to develop your water and that was it. If anyone moved in on you, he had to develop water. If you owned the water there wasn't any water to develop because nobody thought of sinking wells then."

Pickrell: "Couldn't afford it probably?"

Harry: "Well, they couldn't afford it. It just wasn't thought