

of."

Pickrell: "They didn't like to get too much land on the tax roll either, did they?"

Harry: "No. My, no. That was the last thing they wanted was land on the tax roll or cattle either as far as that goes. Horse-shoes were the big investment. Every man had to shoe his own horses. Every man had to break his own string or they'd put him to work digging post holes or something of that kind - or chopping wood."

Pickrell: "Which cowboys all loved to do. I was surprised the number of men you said that worked all the year around. Then you hired extra men for the roundup."

Harry: "Well, it was on account of these scattered camps and then on account of the prevalent practice there of range branding. You know you had to keep your calves branded."

Pickrell: "It was highly competitive, wasn't it?"

Harry: "Very much so."

Pickrell: "Sometimes you hear these old cowboys tell it was pretty tough going between roundups. Jobs weren't too plentiful. There were lots more cowboys than jobs in those days, weren't there?"

Harry: "We never had many applying there for work. First place Tom was a pretty hard boss and they all knew it. Foreman's reputation extends out pretty well over the country, you know. His hours were rather early and rather late which didn't satisfy a good many. That word passes around. Tom was a hard worker. They knew where the easy bosses were. All the cowboys know that."

Pickrell: "That's kinda interesting Old Tom being converted from a Texan into a center fire man."

Harry: "I never saw him with anything on but a center fire. Villascuso made all the saddles right here in Tucson. He was the leading saddle maker."

Pickrell: "Nobody used breast straps in those days?"

Harry: "Oh, God no!"

Pickrell: "That came later?"

Harry: "That wasn't thought of at all. Not anymore than you'd think of putting a crouper on the saddle."

Pickrell: "What kind of saddle blankets did they use in those days? Navajos?"

Harry: "They used Army blankets. They didn't use Navajos."

Pickrell: "Did you have many sore back horses? Have saddles that hurt?"

Harry: "Well, yes. But having a string of eight or ten or twelve horses, a horse wasn't ridden very many times a week. Once a week, probably. Not over twice anyhow. Except on certain occasions."

Pickrell: "About how many broke horses did the Empire have do you think?"

Harry: "I think we must have had at least 250 to 300. We turned them out and changed strings of horses often."

Pickrell: "Each time you'd get a fresh string?"

Harry: "Yes, get a fresh string all the time. Every man had to know his own horse when they came in off the range."

Pickrell: "You didn't let everybody rope them in the morning."

Harry: "That was either Tom's job or Blas Lopez or some of his better ropers."

Pickrell: "He'd rope whatever horse the fellow called out for?"

Harry: "You'd call out for the horse you wanted and he'd rope them."

Pickrell: "It was very interesting to me how you'd hold those horses in the ropes that way."

Harry: "Yes. Well, they're broke to it. They got used to being held in the ropes. Those boys that roped out the saddle horses were experts."

Pickrell: "That range branding was a problem, wasn't it?"

Harry: "It was really. It was pretty difficult."

Pickrell: "That's when the fellow worked on you the worst of course."

Harry: "Yes. It was really a problem."

Pickrell: "You couldn't get all your calves in the round-up. Some would come afterwards."

Harry: "Then occasionally in the fall when you gathered beef why you'd run across a big maverick. The question is 'Where's Mama?'"

Pickrell: "The Sanitary Board was supposed to get those, weren't they?"

Harry: "Yes. They were suppose to but they didn't."

Pickrell: "They didn't?"

Harry: "They didn't get them. Somebody got that maverick."

Pickrell: "It was easier to convict a cow thief then though than it is now, wasn't it?"

Harry: "Well, I don't know. I think probably it was because it was easier to trail them. Today with your pickups and high speed trucks they get away."

Pickrell: "They always made tracks."

Harry: "It was easier to track them. Word of mouth passed pretty rapidly in those days. How, I don't know. The underground telegraph seemed to be working all the time. We seemed to get the news pretty fast in spite of the fact that we didn't have telegraph wires or telephones. The news got around. It was passed from mouth-to-mouth at the camp fires. You knew pretty well where the supposedly bad men were. Mr. Vail's policy always was - if you had a neighbor that was under suspicion, hire him. He said it was safer to watch him at home then it would be letting him run loose. He'd hire him. He had some scalawags working for him at times."

Pickrell: "He figured that was the safest?"

Harry: "Yes. Hire him because you could watch him."

Pickrell: "He'd build up on the other fellows cattle?"

Harry: "We didn't worry about that."

Pickrell: "I guess there was some philosophy in that policy, wasn't there?"

Harry: "There must have been because the Old Man sure made a success of it."

Pickrell: "When did he get bitten by that Gila Monster?"

Harry: "That was before I came. I think that was in the late 1880's. He was over in Happy Valley at the time with Tom Turner."

Gone over there to look that darn outfit over. To see if it was any good, I guess. They'd thrown a rock at this Gila Monster. Mr. Vail picked him up thinking it was dead but it was only dormant. He tied the Gila Monster on the back of his saddle with strings. Riding along he heard a flop. He put his hand back there right down in the mouth of this doggone Gila Monster. It clapped down on him. Tom had a hell of a time getting its jaws pried loose from Walter Vail's hand. By the time he got Mr. Vail to Pantano the poison had commenced to take effect."

Pickrell: "It is supposed to be deadly, isn't it?"

Harry: "Yes. Ephs Randolph sent a special engine out to Pantano to pick up Mr. Vail. They took him into town. Dr. Goodfellow who was the leading surgeon for the Southern Pacific at that time went to work on him. Saved his life, I guess."

Pickrell: "That's the only person I ever heard of that lived."

Harry: "Walter Vail was a pretty tough man."

Pickrell: "Vail was quite a rider himself, was he not?"

Harry: "He could ride anything. He was a good horseman. Good cowman. He was a man that never told you to go out to do something." He'd say, 'Come on. Let's do it.'

Pickrell: "He came from the East, didn't he?"

Harry: "Nova Scotia."

Pickrell: "He got all his cowboy experience here in Arizona?"

Harry: "All of it. Every bit of it. Right here in Arizona. He was a good one."

Pickrell: "His residence was always out at the ranch?"

Harry: "Right at the Empire Ranch. He built that house where Banning lived and where young Frank Boice resides now."

Harry: "Bob's up around Globe, isn't he?"

Pickrell: "Yes. He's up at Dripping Springs."

Harry: "Oh, Dripping Springs. He built that Empire house for his bride. Prior to that why he just had that great big adobe place on the north end. He had an adobe corral to the east which was surrounded by buildings."

Pickrell: "The Mexicans lived down in the lower country, near the cottonwoods?"

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "That's a beautiful site for a ranch, isn't it?"

Harry: "Yes, it is. Wonderful location. Boy that is a most beautiful ranch. I put in thirteen years there from the time I was nineteen until I was thirty-three. That's fourteen years, isn't it? Fourteen years of my life there."

Pickrell: "You've seen lots of changes in the cattle business, haven't you?"

Harry: "Yes, I have both here and in California. I was telling some realtors in Los Angeles about fifteen years ago (they were having a meeting) about the time we fed the first beet pulp in 1896 in Chino."

"They said, 'Where did you get your cattle?'"

"I said, 'At that time Vail engaged and leased the entire San Fernando Valley. The south end from J. B. Lankersheim and I. N. Van Nuys. The north end, including the Old Mission, from

the Porter Brothers'".

"They said, 'The Old Mission!'"

"I said, 'Yes. That was our stable and our Headquarters for handling these cattle on the stubble. In the fall of 1896 after we fed off the stubble we drove those cattle (some 800 head of steers) through East Los Angeles out the Old Valley Boulevard to Chino and put them on feed.'"

"You couldn't drive a single cow out there now to save your soul."

Pickrell: "Oh no. Hard enough to drive a car there now."

Harry: "Martin LaGeary was sheriff and came out and helped Mr. Vail. Captain Banning was with him and Nick Corruvais. They were all Los Angeles friends."

Pickrell: "Banning, California was named for that family, I guess."

Harry: "Yes - and Banning Vail was named after Banning too."

Pickrell: "When did you see the first Arizona cattle weighed, Harry?"

Harry: "When did I see them weighed?" We had scales and weighed right there at the Empire. I think I saw some Mexican cattle weighed there. Barnett cattle. I think they ran about 625."

Pickrell: "Three year old steers?"

Harry: "The horns was the most weight they had. Just couldn't get many of them into the scales at one time. Five or six in a draft at one time was enough 'cause their horns wouldn't allow any more in there. I think that was the first cattle I ever saw weighed."

Pickrell: "They didn't sell by the weight to the regular buyers?"

Just for butchers?"

Harry: "The butchers cut the cattle up in Tucson and Los Angeles."

Pickrell: "You generally just sold by the head?"

Harry: "All by the head."

Pickrell: "What were they selling for by the head, those three year old steers, when you came?"

Harry: "Around ten dollars. There is an interesting story about those cattle that went to Catalina. In Arizona 1898 and 1899 were two very dry years. They had starvation cattle on hand. Vail was offered two dollars and fifty cents a head for them at Pantano. The buyer to take them as they come. Everything. Little, big, young and everything. Two dollars and fifty cents head around - all the way through."

"Now Gates had a brilliant idea they should lease Catalina Island. Take them to California and put them on feed there. They did to the extent of 2,500 head and a lot of money. Freight money, steamer money, and boat money to take them over to Catalina. They ran them there for three years and only had 1,500 head left. That's when I went to work to help them gather those and ship them back to Kansas."

"Dry years set in in California those three years they had the Island leased in 1891, 1892 and 1893. They only took off 1,500 head and shipped the dam cattle back to Strong City, Kansas. I went with them, most of them all the way. That was my first job."

"The grasshoppers ate up all the feed around Strong City."

They shipped them out to the Indian territory. The grasshoppers proceeded to get that feed."

"To make a long story short -with the losses; the feed; the freight and the lease on Catalina Island, the cattle stood them about \$49.00 a head. They got \$18.00 a head for them. He could have gotten \$2.50 a head for 2,500 at Pantano in 1890 when they loaded them for Catalina."

Pickrell: "If that fellow had bought them here where would he have taken them, I wonder."

Harry: "I guess he was going to take them East. Once we sold three or four thousand head of wild horses to a fellow by the name of Galligher at \$2.00 a head. Gathered them there when they got to be a menace on the range. That's shortly after I arrived there."

Pickrell: "That's before they started making soap and fertilizer out of surplus horses."

Harry: "Yes. He took them East. This fellow Galligher was a horse buyer."

Pickrell: "He'd sell them to farmers, I guess?"

Harry: "He'd sell them to those negroes and white sharecroppers back there in the South."

Pickrell: "The wave of homesteading hadn't reached to southern Arizona when you were here?"

Harry: "Oh no."

Pickrell: "That came afterwards?"

Harry: "That came with wells, pumps, etc. No homesteaders in there at all."

Pickrell: "When I came here to the University as a student in 1915 there was a dry farming wave down in that country. Dry farming all over that Empire country."

Harry: "There wasn't any dry farming there. There wasn't anybody there. They put that burro line through to Nogales, you know. That's what we used to call it."

Pickrell: "From Benson to Nogales, you mean?"

Harry: "I forget what year that was. That's when we commenced to get Mexican cattle out of Sonora. Over that burro line to Sonoita."

Pickrell: "Wasn't very convenient to get out with cattle before that, was there?"

Harry: "No. Except drive them out."

Pickrell: "The road from Benson to Nogales was built in 1887, wasn't it?"

Harry: "I don't recall, Charlie."

Pickrell: "It was way after you left that we got the railroad from Nogales to Tucson, wasn't it?"

Harry: "Quite a few years after that."

Pickrell: "You had to go via Benson?"

Harry: "Benson and around. That was the only way you could get down there by rail."

Pickrell: "No wonder Daddy Packard and those fellows drove their buggies."

Harry: "Shorter. Better route. Then you'd get free feed on the way."