

Pickrell: "Who was Sheriff of Pima County when you came here?"

Harry: "Bob Leatherwood."

Pickrell: "I knew him in later years when he was out at Apache Spring, an old place on the north side of the Catalinas."

Harry: "Sam Hughes was treasurer, I remember."

Pickrell: "Who was Governor of the territory then?"

Harry: "Murphey."

Pickrell: "Oakes Murphey?"

Harry: "Oakes Murphey. He stood right behind the Rangers."

Pickrell: "'Course the governors were appointed from Washington."

Harry: "Sure."

Pickrell: "All the territorial officers were so appointed?"

Harry: "Sure."

Pickrell: "We'd just elect the county."

Harry: "Yeah."

Pickrell: "When you came to Arizona I was just a year old. I was born in 1892 and you came in 1893."

Harry: "I was just thinking about our friend's statement last night that he was on the Empire in 1894. He might have been but I was manager and boss and I don't remember at all. I think he's just mistaken."

Pickrell: "I think he meant 1904."

Harry: "What did I say, 1894?"

Pickrell: "Yes."

Harry: "I mean 1904. But he's fuzzy headed. About 1906. A year after I left. He was only thirteen years old when I came here."

'Cause he's eighty now so just figure it up."

Pickrell: "That's right. I don't think he came here until 1902 or 1903."

Harry: "Where did he come from?"

Pickrell: "Texas."

Harry: "Texas, huh?"

Pickrell: "Uvalde, Texas."

Harry: "Uvalde, Texas. Home of Garner."

Pickrell: "Well, down in that country."

Harry: "That's Garner's home."

Pickrell: "Who did they have in the Legislature from Pima County in those days?"

Harry: "I don't know. Walter Vail was the youngest legislator ever elected to the legislature from Pima County. That's in the historical record of Walter Vail's life that Frank King published."

Pickrell: "You mean, 'Wrangling in the Past?'"

Harry: "No. It was Empire Builders."

Pickrell: "That's quite a book."

Harry: "He wrote the life of Walter Vail."

Pickrell: "Frank King wasn't working on the range any place when you were there?"

Harry: "No."

Pickrell: "He was supposed to have been an old hand."

Harry: "In Texas mostly?"

Pickrell: "In New Mexico too."

Harry: "Frank Proctor was here in town then. He was the local inspector and later Frank King got to be inspector."

Pickrell: "Didn't Frank Proctor raise the last Mrs. Bill Green?"

Harry: "Sure, he did. Her name was Marie Proctor. She was an adopted daughter."

Pickrell: "Yes."

Harry: "She worked in the Citizen when I was here."

Pickrell: "Proctor used to spend the winter out at the turkey stock farm near Tempe."

Harry: "He was the local inspector here. George Schofield was the inspector out at Pantano."

Pickrell: "Proctor had one of those white steamer automobiles about the turn of the century."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "Ran on coal oil."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "Had Bill Green made much money when you were here?"

Harry: "Oh no. He was a very small operator at that time. He hadn't come into the money."

Pickrell: "C. J. Babbit, one of the older Babbits, told me that they used to buy quite a few Mexican cattle from Bill Green. He'd contract them in Mexico and bring them over and sell them to Babbits for their Kansas pastures."

Harry: "Charlie Babbit was quite a fellow. Was he the father of John?"

Pickrell: "Yes. John's father." The last visit I had with him was the last time he was in Flagstaff. He told of his experiences with Bill Green."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "Did you know John Slaughter?"

Harry: "No. I never knew Slaughter."

Pickrell: "You didn't have much connection with Cochise County people, did you?"

Harry: "Very little. We centered here in Tucson. Of course we knew Ed Tovrea and Bert Mossman running that butcher shop over there in Bisbee. Bert Mossman was doing all the gambling and Ed Tovrea was doing all the killing."

Pickrell: "Was that after Mossman was in the Rangers?"

Harry: "No. That was before he was in the **Rangers**." "They ran a butcher shop over there in Bisbee."

Pickrell: "That appeared in the Mossman book."

Harry: "That book isn't too authentic."

Pickrell: "It's full of romance."

Harry: "Too much. Bert says it was. He said that dam fellow went crazy writing that thing. No. That wasn't a true story of his life at all. It was a shame."

Pickrell: "You know I notice that in frequently talking with Old Timers."

Harry: "Of course when it took a whole day to come to town, you didn't have an opportunity to go over and visit in another community very much unless you were over there for cattle or horses that had strayed away. It was all business those days."

Pickrell: "Did you know Frank Moore?"

Harry: "Frank Moore?"

Pickrell: "Yes. He had an outfit in the Swiss Helm Mountain on the White Water Draw. He was quite interested in the Cattle Growers Association. I guess he came in after you left."

Harry: "After I left, I think. You see there was only sixty members when I left here. I wrote up the history of the Cattle Growers' Association and delivered it here in Tucson on their fiftieth celebration. You know the paper I wrote. Mrs. Keith has a copy of it. She also has a copy of that story of the first Oldsmobile trip from Helvitiz Mine by Jim Seiger and his associate, Fred Close. They were both from the Columbia School of Mines, New York City. They knew nothing about an internal combustion engine run on dry cells. It took six days to get to Bisbee for the rock drilling contest."

Pickrell: "From the Empire you could get down there in two days on a horse, couldn't you?"

Harry: "Yes. Six days to get that dam thing over there. After we got there it never fired a shot. Bert Mossman, Ed Tovrea and Ezra Bartlett - who ran the Legal Tender here in Tucson years ago - he had a saloon over there in Bisbee also at that time."

Pickrell: "I guess he was quite a guy."

Harry: "He was quite a boy. They were the committee that had charge of the Fourth of July celebration."

Pickrell: "I heard a story about - let's see. Did he introduce the fellow to Steinfeld or did Steinfeld introduce the fellow to him? The fellow sold him some paste diamonds. The fellow that introduced him to the other one had to make good the loss on the diamonds."

Harry: "I never heard that story."

Pickrell: "What were some of the famous saloons when you were here?"

Harry: "Congress Street was one saloon after another. It would be pretty hard to name them all because every other door was a saloon."

"Chris Christenson ran the main livery stable down where the Santa Rita is located now. Close by there - right near the Old Congress Hotel. The hotels in my time were the Railroad Hotel at the Southern Pacific Station ran by Mrs. Heady - Healey - Haley?, and the Orendorf. The San Augustine which was just a chapel restored to operate as a hotel. Fellow name of Scott McKeon was running that. Little chubby, fat-faced fellow. A wonderful hotel man. The Santa Rita Hotel wasn't built then. That was about it. The San Augustine, the Railroad Hotel and the Orendorf. They were the only hotels they had."

Pickrell: "Tucson wasn't very big."

Harry: "About 4,500 people."

Pickrell: "It was the largest town in the State. It was larger than Phoenix then."

Harry: "Phoenix was nothing. I think sixty or sixty-five percent of the population here was Mexican."

Pickrell: "You no doubt had many experiences going through Maricopa enroute from Tucson to Phoenix."

Harry: "Yes. Frank Cox, you know, was the Southern Pacific attorney over there in Phoenix at that time. He was a character

himself. Mark Smith was our Senator. Who the deuce ran that big saloon over there in Phoenix?"

Pickrell: "Jack Gibson?"

Harry: "Jack Gibson. Hoffman Saloon. He was just an old cowboy. Of course Jim Cashion was there and Jerry Sullivan, all old-timers. John Norton was there and Henry's father-in-law."

Pickrell: "Fred Tate?"

Harry: "Fred Tate. George Brown, his partner. Did you ever hear those two fellows curse each other out?"

Pickrell: "Some combination?"

Harry: "They were some combination. Each one swore the other fellow didn't know a dam thing. If you said that you had a battle on your hands. They were a good team."

Pickrell: "You didn't know any University people?"

Harry: "No."

Pickrell: "Didn't have time to get around. Where was Jeff Milton in those days?"

Harry: "He was working for Wells-Fargo."

Pickrell: "On the railroad?"

Harry: "On the railroad from Nogales to Benson. Colonel Burr was the claim agent, I think. He had great trouble with us. Every time the Southern Pacific killed a cow or bull out at Pantano, they were all purebreds-the top of the herd."

"Oh yes. We had some good times."

Pickrell: "There weren't any sheep in the country when you were here."

Harry: "No. No sheep. They were all gone."

Pickrell: "There had been sheep years before."

Harry: "A good many years before. No, no sheep."

Pickrell: "No goats to bother."

Harry: "No goats and no sheep. It was a pretty nice community. We all knew each other and trusted each other. We had a common enemy, the rustler."

Pickrell: "Mining was going on in Greaterville in those days, wasn't it?"

Harry: "Placer mining. Very little of that."

"A fellow by the name of Barthalomew ran the local store and post office there. Barthalomew, he was half-French and half-Mexican, I think."

Pickrell: "Those Mexican that worked at the Empire had families, didn't they?"

Harry: "No. There were only two Mexican families on the place. Fellow by the name of Choppo Marinda. Finally Vail carried him on a pension. The other family was the Estrada family."

Pickrell: "I had the impression there was quite a colony of Mexicans."

Harry: "No."

Pickrell: "The cowboys were mostly all single."

Harry: "Of course we were all single. Didn't have time to get married. Vail didn't give you time to get married or anything else. I stayed there as a bachelor until I was thirty-three. Then I went to California. I had more time then, so I decided to get married."

Pickrell: "How long would you stay in town when you came in, Harry?"

Harry: "Here in Tucson? Overnight and then get out. Had to get back. All these wild stories about cowboys hanging around town - not

with Walter Vail. You didn't do any hanging around town."

Pickrell: "You spoke about taking a day and a half to go back to the Empire. You stopped at Rosemont going back?"

Harry: "No. At Andradea's. We always had a change of horses and a snap team for the freight wagon there at Andradea's. That was an uphill drag through Davidson Canyon in those days."

Pickrell: "That is quite a nice spring there at Andradea's."

Harry: "Yes. Vail never could buy that place. He did all he could to make the best relationship possible between Andradea and himself."

Pickrell: "Did the Boices get ahold of the Andradea place in some way?"

Harry: "No."

Pickrell: "They never did?"

Harry: "No. Nobody was ever able to buy it. It changed hands four or five times at good prices. It just got beyond reason. Henry wouldn't think of buying it."

Pickrell: "I thought that it became part of the Empire and then they sold it."

Harry: "No, the Empire never got it."

Pickrell: "They sold the range around there."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "The North end of the range?"

Harry: "Yes. They had some patented land around there. Had some school leases, too."

"I was Director in the Chiricachua Cattle Company right after Gates died in 1920 to 1933 but when I went to work for the

San Marguerita there in California to straighten up their affairs, I resigned as Director. A fellow by the name of Rhodes Herby took my place. Vail & Gates had a half interest in the Chiricachua Cattle Company all the time. The firm was known at one time as Boyce, Gates & Johnson."

Pickrell: "Who started the Chiricachuas?"

Harry: "J. V. Vickers. He and his brother. He sold out to the firm of Boyce, Gates & Johnson. Our Carrol Gates was a member of that firm."

Pickrell: "Where did Gates come from?"

Harry: "San Jose. He was raised up there in Monterey by Davey Jacks. He wasn't a cowman. He was more on the financial order. He was a great business man."

Pickrell: "He knew how to make money?"

Harry: "He knew how to borrow money. He borrowed money from everybody. He had just one policy (if you had any money you should let him have it.) He'd pay any rate of interest that you wanted."

Pickrell: "He was the one that said, 'Your creditors will never close in on you if you're insolvent.'"

Harry: "Insolvent, yes. He said the only time he was in danger was the one period in his life when he was solvent. The bank threatened to foreclose him."

Pickrell: "Folks had to have lots of courage, though didn't they?"

Harry: "The bankers had to have a lot of courage to loan them money. They'd switch around these darn fellows. If they couldn't get it from one bank they'd go to another. That guy when he died