

owed money in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles. He owed money everywhere."

Pickrell: "He believed in borrowing money. What interest rate did they pay for that money they borrowed?"

Harry: "One percent a week to ten percent a month."

Pickrell: "You mean ten percent a year?"

Harry: "Ten percent a year rather. One percent a week to ten percent a year."

Pickrell: "You mean one percent a month."

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "Ten percent a year?"

Harry: "Yes, that was about the rate."

Pickrell: "What security did they have other than a title to the brand and a deed to the patented land."

Harry: "That's all there was to put up for security. Oftimes it was nothing but the character of the man you were loaning on. Just moral."

Pickrell: "It took lots of courage, didn't it?"

Harry: "On the standpoint of bankers as well as the borrowers. They had faith in each other though. Mr. Vail had a buyer of his cattle, a fellow by the name of Matthews, buying for Simon Meyers who was a big butcher in Los Angeles at that time. He appeared regularly every year. He'd simply tell Walter Vail when he left in the fall after he'd taken the fat dry cows and steers that he wanted, 'Well, I'll be back next year. Will that be alright with you?'"

"Walt would say, 'Yes, if you pay me the market price.'"

"That was the only contract those guys ever had for the ten years ~~he~~ bought cattle there. Not even a letter but he was there and Vail knew he would come."

Pickrell: "They didn't have any quarrel in cutting the cattle or anything?"

Harry: "Nothing at all."

Pickrell: "Back there, say in the 1890's what would you get for fat cows?"

Harry: "Weighed at the ranch they'd run about three cents."

Pickrell: "Then you'd drive them to Pantano and load them?"

Harry: "Yes, to Pantano. The buyer would take the shrinkage; about three cents after standing overnight. That was about the average price."

Pickrell: "Steers would bring what?"

Harry: "They'd bring four, four and a half. They had to be in good killeable condition."

Pickrell: "You didn't sell any veal in those days?"

Harry: "No. Nobody ever thought of eating veal anymore than people forty years ago thought of eating lamb. You ate mutton. You didn't eat lamb. When I was in Los Angeles in 1884 as a boy, my father would send me down to the butcher shop. You never thought of buying lamb. It was mutton you bought. I never knew what veal was at all. I never heard the name. We called them calves. We didn't call them veal. Veal's pretty common name nowadays. Honestly, I wouldn't have known if somebody told me to go

down and get a veal steak what he was talking about. Things have changed that way. We got along pretty well at those prices. Of course cattlemen had their off years, bad years."

Pickrell: "Those droughts hurt more people than prices, didn't they?"

Harry: "Draughts? Yes."

Pickrell: "That's been my impression."

Harry: "Droughts hurt more than prices because you had to borrow money to move your cattle. You had to borrow money to get new grass and new water somewhere. The usual practice was to rustle around and do the best you could. Lose a few that's all. Just lose a few."

Pickrell: "Of course they didn't have much of a system for controlling grazing in those days."

Harry: "Only through the water locations."

Pickrell: "If you reduced your neighbors increased."

Harry: "The best practice was not to have too many neighbors. This way you controlled the range yourself. Take your lose if you didn't have the money to pay the freight and move the cattle. Just take your lose. Skin the cattle that died. Keep your cowboys on. They were all good skinners. Jerk the hides off."

Pickrell: "You didn't get much for hides in those days. You didn't bother about selling them, did you?"

Harry: "No. We'd stack them up there and then sell them out when we had three or four hundred if we had that much of a lose."

Pickrell: "Take a load to town."

Harry: "Yes. We'd salt them you know. Get them salted down."

Pickrell: "You did all your blacksmithing there at the ranch?"

Harry: "Everything."

Pickrell: "Set tires and all?"

Harry: "Everything. We had a blacksmith. Take out one from Tucson regularly. All the boys did their own shoeing. You had to. If you didn't they'd put you to work chopping wood or something. If you didn't know how to shoe a horse they didn't keep you around very long. That was part of the game. Always put me in mind of a story Mr. Vail often told about a teamster he was going to hire to drive the supply wagon into Tucson and back again. The fellow was a newcomer to Arizona and looking for a job. He was a white man. Struck Vail for a job here in Tucson when the team was in town loading up at the Zeckendorf Store."

"Mr. Vail said, 'You got a bedroll?'

"The fellow said, 'Yes, I've got a bedroll. How far is it?'"

"Mr. Vail told him."

"He said, 'Well, I'll be three or four days on the road. Where do I sleep?'"

"Mr. Vail said, 'God dam it there's 1,000,000 acres to sleep on. Sleep anywhere you like.'"

Pickrell: "How many mules did you work on that supply wagon?"

Harry: "Supply wagon? Six."

Pickrell: "How much could they pull? About a ton to the mule?"

Harry: "Oh no. Not that much going up that big hill. I don't think we averaged much over a thousand pounds to the mule

going up there. After all 6,000 pounds of provisions you know is quite a few provisions. The bulk of it was flour, beans and coffee. Arbuckle coffee. Twelve cents a pound. Twelve dollars a hundred."Plenty of that. The bulk of it was beans and flour."

Pickrell: "What did you pay for flour in those days? Remember?"

Harry: "I don't Charlie. I do remember the price of coffee distinctly because it was Arbuckle in those pound packages. Twelve dollars per hundred. We bought a lot of that."

Pickrell: "And those signatures on the package. You'd send them in and get prizes."

Harry: "Yes. That was a yellow coated bean you know. They claimed that coating was egg."

Pickrell: "Egg?"

Harry: "Yes. I think it was an egg paste."

Pickrell: "How long has it been since you've seen one of those old ranch coffee mills. They're sure rare now."

Harry: "I don't know. It's been years since I've seen one. We always strapped it right to the rear wheel of the chuck wagon every time we stopped. This made it secure and safe. It ground a lot of coffee."

Pickrell: "Coffee. Cowboys always like it ground fresh, didn't they?"

Harry: "Very fresh."

Pickrell: "It wouldn't have been any good at all without that yellow paint, egg or whatever you call it around the bean, would it?"

Pickrell: "It kept it fresh."

Harry: "Yes. It kept it fresh. I didn't know what it was. They said it was egg. Must have been very old egg."

Pickrell: "Maybe that was paint on there, Harry."

Harry: "I don't doubt it. It never done me any harm. I'm sure I put away a lot of Arbuckle coffee in my time. I would still like to do it. I'm quite a coffee drinker."

Pickrell: "Did those cooks of yours make that famous dish? All the insides of the beef were cooked into a pudding?"

Harry: "This Arcilla Marina that Mexican roundup cook we had was really famous for his Menudo. He called it Menudo. I understand that they still make Menudo here in Tucson."

Pickrell: "Yes. At El Charro's."

Harry: "Of course that was really tripe and hominy."

Pickrell: "Yes. What I'm talking about is called SOB."

Harry: "Oh! The SOB. No, that's more a Texas dish."

Pickrell: "Yes, I guess that is it."

Harry: "These Mexican cooks don't care much for it."

Pickrell: "Lots of chili though."

Harry: "Lots of chili. They're famous for mashed jerky. They're pretty good cooks."

Pickrell: "Makes me hungry to talk about it, doesn't it?"

Harry: "Yes. They were pretty good cooks. This Arcilla Marina that we had there all the years I was there was good. We took him on that drive from Wagonmound, New Mexico over the Tex line when Mr. Vail got sore at Denver, Ft. Worth and the Gulf over the rates they charged from Trinidad down the Tex line for the cattle from

that Panhandle Pasture."

Pickrell: "He was leasing that land up there?"

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "Was the Wagonmound country on the Maxwell Grant?"

Harry: "Right on the edge of it. Wagonmound. That's the railraod station I mentioned when we moved the cattle. We had to join a 220 mile drive. There's where I first got acquainted with Tom Turner's method of handling a herd of cattle."

Pickrell: "Vail had Tom up there too?"

Harry: "Yes. He sent Tom with that herd. And by George he broke the freight rate doing it same as he broke the freight rate from Pantano to Beaumont by that one drive. The Old Man was tough on those things."

Pickrell: "As long as he struck a good season he was alright."

Harry: "He was. We were lucky on that drive from Wagonmound. It took us thirty days to make that 220 miles. We didn't drive as fast as the Saturday Evening Post or the television drives are made."

Pickrell: "What did you make? About ten miles per day."

Harry: "No Charlie. We didn't average over seven or eight miles a day."

Pickrell: "That was just kind of grazing them along."

Harry: "Just grazing them along."

Pickrell: "The water was in pretty good location?"

Harry: "Yes. That had a lot to do with the length of your drive."

This motion picture stuff is all hooey, you know. Nothing to that. That Tom Turner was a cowman."

Pickrell: "You know I wish we could get enough stuff about him. He really ought to be in the Cowboy Hall of Fame."

Harry: "He should be. Yes."

Pickrell: "He was a character. Nobody seems to know much about his life."

Harry: "Tom was never a man for much publicity."

Pickrell: "What part of Texas did he come from?"

Harry: "I think that he came from around Uvelde. As I remember."

Pickrell: "That southern part?"

Harry: "That southern part. He sure was a good converted Texan to the California style."

Pickrell: "That's very unusual."

Harry: "Very unusual."

Pickrell: "Porter McDowell. Was he around in those days? He was later a brand inspector."

Harry: "No. I didn't know him."

Pickrell: "Tell us something about the cowboy outfits of those days."

Harry: "All these fancy trappings that they sell now for these drug-store cowboys, they just weren't in existence at all."

Pickrell: "Mexicans like silver on their bridles if they could get it."

Harry: "That's one ornament that they loved to have. A fancy bridle. A fancy hackamore. As far as their clothing was concerned, Levi Strauss and a \$2.50 pair of boots were okay."

Pickrell: "They made hair ropes then?"

Harry: "Lots of hair ropes. Made all their own hair ropes. I've got hair ropes yet at home that these boys made for me down here. Beautiful hair ropes made out of mane. Soft ropes."

"A lot of these horse breakers in those days, like this fellow, Vestrado, at the Empire, used a soft hackamore to break their horses into the bit. They used a spade bit."

Pickrell: "They let them carry the bit before they began to use it."

Harry: "They let them carry it loose in their mouth for a long time."

Pickrell: "How many saddles would the horse breaker ride a colt before it was turned over to a cowboy?"

Harry: "I'd think probably about fifteen or twenty saddles. He'd turn them loose. They didn't turn them over to the average run of cowboys. They turned them over to the best man. They all had their favorites, you know. The fellows that were better horsemen and treated their horses better."

"Mr. Vail had one creed. The horse- from his withers forward- belonged to Vail. The other part belonged to the cowboy."

Pickrell: "Did they have much trouble keeping the saddle horses located when they weren't using them?"

Harry: "They were turned out loose on the range."

Pickrell: "They wouldn't mix with the range horses too much? Did you have many wild horses in those days?"

Harry: "When we made that one cleanup, I told you about, we sold between 2,500 and 3,000 to this one man."

Pickrell: "Two dollars a head?"

Harry: "Two dollars a head at Pantano delivered. That was everything. Just as they come. Little colts on up. Wild studs. Everything. Two dollars a head. They were wild."

Pickrell: "There were lots of studs in those days?"

Harry: "My goodness yes. We had our regular old horse round-up and castrated everything we could get ahold of. That got to be a nuisance."

Pickrell: "Did you know John Rhodes who worked on the San Pedro when you were here? He worked for Bayless."

Harry: "No, I didn't know him. Bayless and Burklew had the Oracle Ranch out here too. At that time they had the leading butcher shop here in town."

Pickrell: "Pusch and Zalleweiger had a butcher shop, didn't they?"

Harry: "Yes. They also had the Steam Pump ranch out here this side of Oracle. None Bernard, you know, had the Arivaca."

Pickrell: "You hear a lot about the meat we ate then and what we eat now. There was a matured flavor about that meat, don't you think so?"

Harry: "Well, I thought so. My teeth might have been better. Might have digested better. Your appetite was better at that age."

Pickrell: "Maybe that was it."

Harry: "At that age, Charlie, it makes a lot of difference. The meat as far as I know was pretty darn good meat. It was sweet, nutritious. This gramma grass (after all is said and done-I don't care whether you're old or young) does put a flavor in the meat that pen feeding does not."

Pickrell: "You ate it up early. You didn't let it stay too long?"

Harry: "We ate it quite fresh. You know you can eat fresh meat and it is more tender an hour after it is killed than it is a few days after."

Pickrell: "I guess you've eaten lots of meat just after it was killed."

Harry: "By the time you fed a hundred cowboys there was not much left. We never killed our older beeves. We would kill a nice fat two year old heifer as a rule. We usually killed all heifers. These were real fine grain. A nice fat heifer is pretty good eating. I'd like to have one now."

Pickrell: "Yes. It'd be very nice."

Harry: "On that gramma grass. In those days we fed our saddle horses gramma grass hay. It was put up by the Mormons from St. David."

Pickrell: "One dollar and fifty cents a ton?"

Harry: "One dollar and fifty cents a ton. They'd bring their wives. One man used to come year after year to the Empire and cut the hay right on the mesas around here. They would go down and cut the sacaton later. It's all mesquite now."

Pickrell: "You had to cut the sacaton pretty green or it wouldn't be any good, would it?"

Harry: "We cut it quite green. It was thick and heavy. He brought his family over. There'd be eight or ten wives and about forty children."

Pickrell: "He brought them all with him?"