

Harry: "Why sure."

Pickrell: "For the hay season?"

Harry: "Most orderly camp you ever saw."

Pickrell: "They all worked?"

Harry: "Everybody worked. Never had a fuss nor arguements."

Pickrell: "He came from St. David?"

Harry: "He came over year after year from St. David."

Pickrell: "They were great workers, weren't they? They never developed far in the cattle business, did they?"

Harry: "No. They stayed with the farms. They came over year after year. I asked Mr. Vail -when I came- how long those fellows had been coming. He said about ten years before I came. They were right there until I left."

Pickrell: "That made some cash for them, didn't it?"

Harry: "Sure."

Pickrell: "They didn't bail any hay in those days, did they? Not ever any hay for the camps?"

Harry: "No. We hobbled the horses out. Everywhere you had good grass. Good season. We had some little horse pastures at various outlying camps."

Pickrell: "Did they have that old ribbon barbed wire when you were here?"

Harry: "Oh yes. They even had some on the San Marguerita when I went there to Oceanside."

Pickrell: "Sure would cut a horse up terribly."

Harry: "Yes. Terrible."

Pickrell: "Well, Harry, it's been a very fine visit with you. I can't think of anything else. These old characters we could talk about them forever."

Harry: "Yes. One name brings up another."

Pickrell: "That Daddy Packard though was a character."

Harry: "Character is correct. Remember that story of the poker game between Daddy Packard and Bert Bossman?"

Pickrell: "I never heard that I don't believe."

Harry: "Bert told it. I can't vouch for it. I saw Bert about a week before he died."

Pickrell: "I saw him in Albuquerque several years ago."

Harry: "I went to Roswell. Made a special trip over there to see him at the old home. He has told this story so often I think he believes it himself. He said that he and Pack were inveterate poker players. Pack came up to Bisbee on some business. He got in a poker game there and pretty soon Packard was due to go out on the train. Pretty soon Bert was about \$2,000 in the hole."

"Packard got up and said, 'Well, goodbye boys. I have to catch my train.'"

"He went out and had a drink. Meantime Bert slips out. When Pack got down to the train here's Bert on his way to Kansas City where Pack was going. As Bert tells the story they went on. When they got to El Paso why Bert had Pack about \$2,000 in the hole."

"Bert said, 'Well, goodbye Pack. I've got to go back to Bisbee.'"

"He got off the train. Pack slipped off on the other side and when Bert climbed on his train back to Bisbee, Pack was there. That poker game went on until they quit even. Finally, Pack decided to pull out."

"Bert said, 'Well, I'll let you go now. You don't owe me any money and I don't owe you any.'"

"But they'd had three days of riding on the train back and forth."

Pickrell: "They were great characters, weren't they?"

Harry: "I guess that's a true story."

Pickrell: "Probably was."

Harry: "I don't doubt those fellows would do that."

Pickrell: "I guess Bert did pretty good in later years."

Harry: "Yes. He done pretty well."

Pickrell: "Very interesting man."

Harry: "He was quite an interesting character. He hated that dam book. He was sorry that they ever printed it."

Pickrell: "He was?"

Harry: "Oh, he hated it."

Pickrell: "I said to him one time, 'Captain, I wish you lived closer. I'd like to write a story of your life.'"

"He said, 'That would be alright, but I don't want any romancers to do anything with it.'"

Harry: "That's just what this fellow was."

Pickrell: "The Captain had told me several of the stories in that book before. Do you remember the one about the old lady that called

up and wanted ten cents worth of cat meat?" The butcher wagon had gone to the barn."

"Bert said, 'Lady, we haven't killed any cats for months.'"

Harry: "Bert's a good story teller."

Pickrell: "Harry, what's the most phenominal change in the cattle business? What impresses you most in the change in the past seventy years?"

Harry: "I think the prevention of disease is probably the most important. Today science has advanced to the point where a cowboy has to be a walking encyclopedia or else he's out of luck. He carries his hypodermic syringe in his vest pocket; all sorts of shots same as we humans have and take pills all the time. To my mind that's the most significant change. The breeders of the fine cattle are in a quandary all the time just as to what is going to develop next in the line of diseases in their cattle."

Pickrell: "In your day you didn't know anything about diseases?"

Harry: "We didn't know anything about anthrax. We didn't know much about black leg. We used no shots at all. We used a little sheep dip for infection for worms. That's all we had. Sheep dip was the common remedy."

Pickrell: "They didn't use any squeeze shutes while you were here?"

Harry: "Oh, no."

Pickrell: "You never worked with them?"

Harry: "No. Not until later years."

Pickrell: "Quite a change from dragging those calves to the fire then seeing shutes work now."

Harry: "It's quite a change. This attempt to prevent disease from infiltrating in your herd to me is the most interesting thing because a cowman has to be a student of that stuff or he's out of luck."

Pickrell: "Are we getting our cattle too fat now, do you think?"

Harry: "I think so. I think it's a waste entirely. That roast beef I had at the Pueblo Club last night to my mind was wasty."

Pickrell: "About a third of it was fat, wasn't it?"

Harry: "Just about one third of it was an absolute waste. I call that waste myself. The meat itself is alright - set apart. I only ate a third of it. The rest was fat. It takes fat to make good beef, but I like it where it's distributed through the meat."

Pickrell: "It was quite a few years before you ate any feed beef?"

Harry: "We never had anything but grass finished meat."

Pickrell: "You mentioned about feeding those cattle beet pulp."

Harry: "That was in 1896 in California."

Pickrell: "That was unusual feeding cattle there at that time."

Harry: "The first sugar mill in California was in Chino. In 1896 Vail & Gates took cattle up there to be finished on beet pulp. The beet pulp was supplemented by ground barley."

Pickrell: "The Empire never sent many cattle to the Salt River Valley, did they?"

Harry: "We never sent any cattle up there at all. They all went to Chino or to the Warners in California and Panhandle Pasture

Company in Western Oklahoma. Later they went to the Pauva Ranch in Riverside County, California where I was from 1905 until 1910. The partnership dissolved and I went with Gates. The Vail boys took over.

Pickrell: "They had to get that very cheap to be able to use it, didn't they?"

Harry: "We got it pretty cheap. It was all ground and had to be shoveled into wagons and hauled to the cattle."

Pickrell: "Way back there in 1896?"

Harry: "Yes."

Pickrell: "That's the first account I ever heard of where western cattle were fed."

Harry: "Well, that's it."

Pickrell: "The Salt River Valley farmers used to use hay with the alfalfa barley pasture. That was the nearest to pen feeding."

Harry: "The American Beet Sugar Company bought and built this sugar beet mill in Chino in 1896. Vail & Gates were the first people to use the beet pulp. They were forward in a lot of things - especially this fellow Gates."

Pickrell: "When you left here you went in the cattle business for yourself in California?"

Harry: "No. I continued to operate cattle ranches for fellows that wanted somebody they thought knew how; right up to the period when in 1939, 1940 and 1941, I took over the big Nevada ranches there. The Pacific State Savings & Loan."

Pickrell: "Up in northern Nevada?"

Harry: "Elko County. I looked after one ranch out there with 10,000 head of cattle and 30,000 sheep. First time I ever handled sheep in my life. I got an education in sheep then."

Pickrell: "How'd you like it?"

Harry: "It was a change but I'm not a sheep man. Had a lot of Bascoes out there running the sheep. I was only on that job for four years. Got it straightened out and I turned it loose. That was the last job I had."

"I never went in the cattle business. I had a little ranch out there in California but it was just a pleasure place. These fellows kept wanting to keep me on the payroll. They were anxious to have me work and paid me the right kind of a salary so I just stayed on. Never went in the cattle business.

Pickrell: "We've been here quite a while. Much longer than I thought. My gosh, we've been here three hours. Didn't think we'd talked that long."

Harry: "I didn't either."

Pickrell: "I think we've got a pretty good story."

Harry: "I hope so."

Pickrell: "Good-night. We'll get the next chapter the next time."

Harry: "That's fine."