This is to certify that the

thesis entitled

A MAN AND A PLACE:
PARK RANGER JOHN RIFFEY AT TUWEEP, ARIZONA

presented by

ELINOR LIN MRACHEK

has been accepted towards fulfillment
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Colby Lewis
Major professor

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A MAN AND A PLACE:

PARK RANGER JOHN RIFFEY AT TUWEEP, ARIZONA

By

Elinor Lin Mrachek

A THESIS

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ABSTRACT

A MAN AND A PLACE:
PARK RANGER JOHN RIFFEY AT TUWEEP, ARIZONA

By

Elinor Lin Mrachek

A Man and a Place: Park Ranger John Riffey at Tuweep, Arizona, was the basis for producing a human interest documentary. This production features Mr. John Riffey who has lived more than thirty years at the Grand Canyon National Monument, located in one of the most isolated areas in the United States. Tuweep, once a post office at an old homestead, is now a deserted community.

The documentary portrays Ranger Riffey's activities, interests, and philosophy of life against a backdrop of the geological and historical characteristics of the area. Filmed on location in the colorful canyonlands of the Colorado River, the documentary was written and produced by Elinor Lin Mrachek assisted by a production crew from WKAR-TV, Michigan State University.

The thesis includes a discussion of the production stages, extensive original research on Tuweep, and the script for the documentary.

Accepted by the faculty of the Department of Telecommunication, College of Communication Arts and Sciences, Michigan State University, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree.

Colby Lewis

Director of Thesis

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A special recognition is given to my mother, Ellin Mrachek, for her knowledge of Tuweep, Arizona, and to my father, Colonel Harry Mrachek, for the still photos of John Riffey and Tuweep.

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INTRODUCTION

Rural America has been described as a country inhabited by vigorous mice and vigorous men, but in the remote area of Tuweep, Arizona, there are plenty of vigorous mice but only one vigorous man. The last permanent resident of Tuweep is John Riffey, Park Ranger at the Grand Canyon National Monument (since 1975 a part of the Grand Canyon National Park).

To portray Ranger John Riffey, who lives most of the time alone in this isolated outpost, and to have him recount the history and the geological features of the area resulted in the production of a human interest documentary. This documentary is called "A Man and A Place." As an accompaniment to this documentary, this volume presents the script, research conducted prior to script writing, and a discussion of the production stages, including filming on location in the colorful canyonlands of the Colorado River.

The idea to produce "A Man and A Place" originated during my undergraduate years while working at WMSB-TV.[1] Although most of the documentaries were on issues, I

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[1]WMSB-TV on September 10, 1972, became WKAR-TV, a full-time public television station at Michigan State University.

believed that there was an unmet need to portray remarkable people living in uncommon places. I realized that I had the components for that type of documentary.

The Man and the Place

The man was Park Ranger John Hauret Riffey who has lived for more than thirty years at Tuweep, Arizona, on the Arizona Strip. Throughout the Park Service John Riffey has become a legend, exemplifying the last of the "old type" of Rangers--those who were willing to go to the remote, undeveloped recreational areas and because of their self-sufficiency were able to care for the lands so that future generations could enjoy them. Since 1942, when he and his wife Laura, who died in 1962, went to Tuweep, John Riffey has resisted all transfers to more civilized National Park areas. Although he remarried, most of the time he has lived alone, since his wife Meri-beth, a professor of biology, spends only a few months each year in Tuweep.

Mr. Riffey is the recipient of the National Park Service Distinguished Service Award for his contribution to the Park Service and his humanitarian deeds. He has searched for and rescued many lost tourists from the depths of the Grand Canyon. During the early years of the development of the boat and float trips down the Colorado River, he was among the first to ride the rapids. Later

he monitored the boat trips from the rim of the canyon at night by standing on the canyon ledge at Toroweap Point signaling with a lantern. For many years this was the only communication point for the boat crews and their passengers in the long stretch of river between Phantom Ranch and Lake Mead. He was chosen to accompany the Walt Disney production crew when they filmed "Ten Who Dared," the story of the first boat trip down the Colorado River by Major Wesley Powell in 1869.

Having learned to be a pilot at the age of forty-two, John Riffey flies over the Kaibab National Forest and the forested areas on the north rim of the Canyon, spotting forest fires. Using his own fire fighting equipment, he has extinguished many lightning strikes before the fire could spread into a major disaster. For the Tuweep residents he has used his plane to drop supplies when they were snowbound and to take them to the doctor or hospital when they were ill; his short wave radio linked them to the outside world.

John Riffey is a recognized authority on the history, geology, flora and fauna of the area, and is frequently quoted by authors writing about the Grand Canyon. Numerous feature articles have been written about his life in Tuweep. These were published in the following newspapers and magazines: New York Times, Los Angeles Times,

Salt Lake Tribune, Arizona Republic, Friends, Scientific American and "Empire," a magazine section published by the Denver Post. He has been interviewed for national radio broadcasts, and recently Kearns TV Associates wanted to feature him as an example of "youthful old age" for distribution nationally as an advertisement by the American Association of Retired Persons.

John Riffey's personal qualities are many: an expressive face with its pleasant smile, a Jimmy Stewart drawl, and a Mark Twain humor. His diverse activities and interests, his philosophy of life and perspective on living in isolation, and his desire to keep the wilderness forever, make him a vivid character.

While John Riffey is an excellent subject for a documentary, the fact that he lives in Tuweep adds another dimension. Tuweep is, and was, not the usual rural town or community for it had no main street, no stores, no filling station not even a school. Its identity was a post office located at a homestead, now deserted, which served the few local residents as a communication center and a geographical location--"a place to be from." It had its beginning after the homesteaders moved into this isolated area in the late 1920s, bringing their dreams and aspirations to till the soil and reap from the earth its wealth. For them hardship and death were all the land had to offer, and Tuweep ebbed away during the 1960s.

John Riffey is the last man in Tuweep, a man without a post office, telephone, television, or neighbors. His nearest grocery store is seventy miles away reached by traveling an unimproved road not much better than a dusty trail.

I know John Riffey well--he is my uncle. I know Tuweep for many of my childhood memories are inextricably caught between the canyon walls of Tuweep Valley. It was there that I spent my summers when Tuweep was still a post office and the homesteaders gathered on mail day to spin tales of by-gone days.

Numerous articles have been written about John Riffey and I was increasingly aware that it would not be long before someone would be featuring him in a TV program. Yet, that person would not have the sensitivity or insight into the personality of John Riffey or appreciation of Tuweep as an abandoned frontier community.

To produce the documentary "A Man and A Place" and to film it in the scenic canyonlands of the Colorado River became my goal.

Gaining the Skills and Knowledge

I had never produced a documentary so I had to gain the skills and knowledge. As an associate producer in the Public Affairs Department of WKAR-TV, I began to produce five-minute, ten-minute and then three-part

segments. Later as a producer, I began to write and produce half-hour and hour documentaries. These included: "Where Do I Go From Here?" a program on non-traditional jobs for women; "Our Vanishing Resources," an hour documentary produced for the Michigan Natural Resources Council; "Call Them Night People," a film essay about people who work at night; "Web of Marriage," "Divorce," "The Golden Years," a documentary concerned with the problems of aging; "Female Crook," filmed at the Detroit House of Corrections; "Teenage Pregnancy," covering the social, educational, and medical problems of pregnant teenage girls, and four, half-hour productions called "Crossroads." This series was promoted as feature stories focusing on "interesting people, unusual places, and things you've never seen before." Included were: a visit to the "Flint Art Institute," "Michigan Artrain," "The Deepest Hole Ever Dug in the Mid-Continent," "Computer Games," "Making Ice Cream and Cheese," "Hidden Lake Gardens," "Nostalgic Look at Railroads: Durand," and "Goats."

A number of the documentaries were distributed through the Central Educational Network (CEN) to other public television stations and have been used by college journalism departments as teaching aids. "Teenage Pregnancy" received the only TV School Bell Award given by the Michigan Education Association in 1977; "Female Crook"

received the 1977 Michigan Corrections Association Award for outstanding journalism.

At the same time these documentaries were improving my writing and technical skills, research on Tuweep was being conducted. No complete research on Tuweep had ever been done. The geology had been extensively studied, the flora and fauna catalogued, but there was no sociological documentation on the life and death of the frontier community of Tuweep.

To secure information, I interviewed John Riffey three times during the five year period. Data from the monthly reports which he submitted to the Park Service from 1942 through 1968 provided continuity to the sequence of events in the lives of some of the residents. The diaries of his daily work schedule, although primarily concerned with travel mileage, yielded a few important facts. Because the rangelands around Tuweep were used for cattle grazing by the Mormons of Southern Utah in the 1860s, books on early Mormon history were researched, without much success, in order to find information related to Tuweep. The most interesting source of information was found in the copies of the "Cinders," mimeographed letters written by Laura Riffey during her early years in Tuweep. Mr. Riffey supplied a number of the letters but the majority were obtained by writing her friends and relatives who had preserved them because of their humorous and earthy

qualities. In the "Cinders" were sketches of the history of the Arizona Strip and Tuweep, descriptions of the animals and vegetation, but most importantly, detailed accounts of the people and how they lived. The material has been used as background information and is frequently quoted in the research sections of the thesis. The data that was compiled from the various sources, combined with my personal knowledge of John Riffey and Tuweep, provided the basis for the development of the script.

It was the death of my father in 1975 after a short illness that spurred me into production. I realized that life is fragile and if I were to film John Riffey in Tuweep, I must do so immediately.

This volume presents the script, description of the region and its inhabitants to provide an appreciation of the production site, and the production process. On the assumption that the reader is familiar with the equipment and methods used in videotape and film production, technical terms are used without definition. As will be further explained in Chapter V, "Producing the Documentary," the film has not reached its polished form. Upon completion, a copy of the documentary will be placed in the Michigan State University Library. That film will be the final realization of the script which is found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER I

THE SCRIPT

"A Man and A Place"

FADE IN

ESTABLISH MUSIC, MIX W/MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Pan of Tuweep Valley

It's a lonely land.

At night the coyotes come out from their lairs, their sharp barking echoing and re-echoing across Tuweep Valley. And in the rustling pinon trees, the desert owls mournfully hoot their night song. The days are hot, the sun scorching the dry grass, the cows mooing as they search for food.

Take to long shot of cows

Dissolve to "Dust Devils"

The wind twists the sand into spiralling dust devils that rise like smoke signals from ancient Indian ruins.

Dissolve to corn planter

Those who came to the area bringing their dreams and aspirations to till the soil and to reap from the earth its wealth are gone. For them

White's barn zoom out

death and hardship were all the land had to offer. Now, the highway maps no longer list Tuweep, Arizona. It was never the usual town for there was no main street, no stores, no filling

Water trough zoom out

station, not even a school. Its identity was the post office which for a group of widely scattered residents served as a geographic location . . .

Long shot of truck coming up valley

"a place to be from." Today the last permanent resident of Tuweep is John

Close-up Riffey

Riffey, Park Ranger at the Grand Canyon National Monument which is now part of the Grand Canyon National Park. Presiding over 200,000 acres of wilderness land, he lives in one of the most remote

Over-his-shoulder shot of bumpy road

areas in the nation and, depending upon which road is chosen, 65 or 90 miles from the nearest town.

JOHN RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Truck goes over cattle guard and camera zooms to sign of monument

Well, when I first came here it was 1942 in August--about this time of year actually--drier than it is now. We hadn't had any storms as I recall. All I saw was these big old high-wheeled cows, long legs, little bitty

body and I thought over night is just plenty long enough. Been quite a long night--31 years of it.

Truck disappears behind a cloud of dust, super "A Man and A Place"

MUSIC UP, SUPER TITLE AND OUT

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Close-up Riffey on camera

It has been described as the wettest, coldest, hottest, driest place on earth--it sometimes seemed that way too. But on the other hand it's pretty much the center of civilization. There aren't many people around here and to use a cliche--it's pretty much the center of serendipity. You got a chance to think about things--what for I don't know. Maybe it's to talk to the lizards and have them talk back to you--it happens you know after you're here a while.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Wide shot towards canyon

Tuweep is located on the Arizona Strip where Northern Arizona borders onto Utah.

Only the more daring traveler is willing to pass by the crossroads sign

Shot of sign

which reads "Unimproved Roads, No Gas, No Oil, No Water, No Lodgings. Grand Canyon National Monument . . . 57 Miles."

Aerial shot of road

Appearing infrequently traveled, the dirt road meanders across the plateau and eventually dead ends at the rim of the Grand Canyon.

It is here in Tuweep Valley where John Riffey has become something of a legend.

Dissolve to:

2-shot, Riffey and tourist

Close-up Riffey with hand on hat

2-shot, Riffey as he walks away, towards the camera

Tourists are Ranger Riffey's major responsibility. In the winter, months may go by without a visitor but in the spring and summer, dusty tourists arrive. Most pass by the ranger station without stopping. Others, overwhelmed by the fear of isolation and imaginary dangers, seek out Mr. Riffey for assurance that they are safe and on the right road to the rim of the Grand Canyon.

Close-up rim sign

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Wide shot of valley, with zoom to Grand Canyon

Actually I go down to the rim quite frequently, generally to see if people are in trouble or need information or anything needs taking care of in the campgrounds or somebody needs pulling out of the mud--we have mud

occasionally even though it doesn't rain too often but it can do it--and to check the register.

Dissolve to Riffey at register

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

How many people did we have today? Three cars, nine people. There's some comments. Edward, Lucille, Matt, Laurie, Karen and Steve.

We had second thoughts about three-fourths of the way here, but do not regret it now. It is beautiful. No other soul around.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Dissolve to pan of Grand Canyon

I think most people come here to get a little more intimate with the canyon than they can in places where it's wider and maybe even deeper but not so narrow and steep as this is.

I think they get an idea that maybe man doesn't really amount to so much after all when you contemplate the time that it took for the canyon to form and the time that man has actually been on this earth.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Close-up Riffey at edge of canyon

It's an awesome thing to contemplate that man has been here only a couple of million years at the most and the canyon fifty million years. It sort of puts him in his place actually --I think most of us like that. We find out that we're not quite the big shots that we think we are and we can get off our ego trips and get back to fundamentals.

Riffey turns and camera zooms back to wide shot of man and canyon with Colorado River

(PAUSE)

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

In recent years, a different type of tourist has come to Tuweep. They have journeyed by boat or raft to see the Grand Canyon. After running the rapids at Lava Falls, some are lifted out of the canyon by helicopter, then dropped off here to wait for a plane to take them back to Las Vegas.

Dissolve to helicopter landing

Pan shot of big plane

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Tourists leaving helicopter

I was in the second hundred that went down. Now all the time between

1869 and 1955 there had been just a few more than 100 people go down the river. And I was in the second group--pretty close to the top--that is in numbers--I don't know where, but say 120 to 130 somewhere along in there. Second hundred. And that's quite amazing considering now that you get 12,000 a year going down on these rubber rafts.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Tourists leave in jet

Flying over the rough terrain and sagebrush covered valley, they have no idea that they have arrived in Tuweep until they see a ranger station in the

Pan of sign

distance and a sign which reads "Tuweep International Airport." Below the sign is the only plane around, a small Piper Cub housed in a shabby hangar, property of John Riffey.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Long shot of Riffey with plane with zoom in to medium shot

Pogo taught me to fly, oh some 20 years ago when I wore out four instructors first. I used to try to go to St. George to learn and only could get a lesson once a week and sometimes not that so finally I kidnapped the last

of the four instructors and brought him out here and we flew as long as we could and he could stand me. Finally--the very next week when I went in he soloed me out and from then on I was pretty much on my own until I took the final test.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Riffey moves plane out

And he's been flying me ever since. (PAUSE)

Pogo's name came by just the Pogo stick. A long time ago kids had Pogo sticks. I never could ride one of them actually, but he's the next thing to it. He just jumps around from here to there. So he's Pogo and has been ever since.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Riffey with propellers

We're checking out the cylinders on this thing. Of course most people think that they do run on cylinders, but actually they don't. They just got rubber bands and what you do is line up the rubber bands and let it go from that. All of them are clicking so I guess they're there.

Well you know what the propellers are on there for, don't you? It's to keep the pilot cool. Because you watch him sweat when it stops. (PAUSE)

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Plane takes off

Actually when starting to fly I had really no intentions because I used to get air sick, but I figured I'd do it anyway because I had ridden the country as much as I could horseback. I had walked over as much of it as I

Aerial shot of ground

could and I actually drove the pickup over it as much as I could, so I figured if I was really ever going to see much of it that I'd have to get a different means of transportation which

Cockpit shot--head on

was flying. And, of course, I don't know who was smart. I'll go out here and in a half an hour I'll cover an area that used to take me two days to

Over-the-shoulder shot

cover and come back and go to work. But I use it to spot forest fires, to look to see if people are in the mud, to see how many cows are in the cattle guard, or even cows stuck in the mud, and for any number of things. Actually,

I've used it a number of times for

Aerial footage

rescue or to take people in when they were pretty seriously ill.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Aerial footage
Mount Trumbull

Forest fires occur on pine-covered Mount Trumbull where Al Craig, one of Riffey's neighbors, was Fire Guard.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

I'd find a fire by air. And I'd fly over him and circle him and he'd know that there was a fire somewhere and I was to drop him a note. And at first when I first started to fly--my notes were dropped fairly high. And sometimes he'd receive those a couple of years later out in the woods somewheres when he was picking up wood--he'd find the note alright.

(PAUSE) Now that was prior to getting a radio. We finally got the radio communication. I would have a forest service radio in my plane and he had one on the ground. And I was fly boy and he was ground hog--so it was ground hog to fly boy. And vice versa. And then I would tell where the

fire was and we would likely meet at Nixon because that was the logical spot to start to anyplace for a fire in the mountains here.

Of course when we'd have a fire that was anywhere manageable so that we could go to it without much of a problem and we used to get some like that--close to the road, then we'd all take our coffee pots and if we had some wieners or something like that we'd have a wiener roast and a little old picnic before we put the fire out.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Close-up
Craig wind sock

Today Riffey still fights forest fires but without Al Craig, who passed away. Craigs were early homesteaders who farmed and raised cattle on one hundred and eighty acres of juniper land on Mount Trumbull.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Close-up
no trespassing sign

You notice the "No Hunting" sign. Al always had "No Hunting" signs all over his place here. He didn't mind hunters being outside, or even going through, but he had "No Hunting" signs

Riffey on camera at gate

and to make it stick a little bit better on one of the gates he had a mound--a cap and on the other end a couple of old shoes coming out and a sign that said "Here lies the last s.o.b. that didn't close the gate." So the hunters that would come through the place would come up to the house here and they'd say, "I closed the gate."

Riffey closes gate

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Riffey greets Mrs. Craig

His widow Mary returns to the ranch every summer. (PAUSE) There was a deep bond of friendship between the ranger and the Craigs. Mrs. Craig recalls when she first met John Riffey.

Shot of hummingbirds

MRS. CRAIG ON CAMERA:

Medium shot of Mrs. Craig

Well, the first time I met him was in 1940 when he had just been appointed to this station in Tuweep Valley--Grand Canyon National Monument. And Mr. Bill Bowen who was the ranger at that time brought him down and introduced him. Only he didn't look like most of our rangers--who were all spit and polish with all their uniforms and everything. He had on faded denim overalls and

blue work shirt and I don't believe he had a hat on if I remember right. Anyhow he just looked like the cowboys around home. (PAUSE) Well, he's our very best friend and our real neighbor --22 miles away. But he's always there when you need him and that's a real friend and neighbor.

Hummingbirds cut away

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Tuweep is I think it's a little different area in that it's a frontier area. We had very few people around--about 4 or 5 actual families around in this whole area--20 miles square perhaps and our closest neighbors being 20 miles away. We were all dependent upon each other. We all helped each other as much as we could. I helped them and, of course, if I needed help they were right here to help me just as much as I helped them.

Shots of old equipment, exteriors of ranches

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

The early residents of Tuweep homesteaded in the late 1920s. Today the Schmutz family still runs cattle

Mail box with ranch in distance

in the valley but the other families have died or moved out of the area.

Shots of Sullivan's ranch

One of the early day homesteaders was Bob Sullivan. He raised pigs on Mount Trumbull where they ran wild, ate the acorns from scrub oak and in the fall were rounded up on horseback. But, after the mountain lions ate all his pigs, he went into the sheep business. The ranch is now deserted.

Shot of Senior Kent's ranch with sunflowers

There were also the Senior Kents whose pastureland raised more wild sunflowers than cowfeed.

Their son Bud Kent and his wife Mattie lived on this ranch. Today the tumbleweeds are piled high against the fence and the logs around the corral have fallen down. There are no chickens hunting grasshoppers, no soft mooing of the milk cows nor the sound of galloping horses in the pasture. All is quiet except the banging of the tin roof like a pendulum ticking away the time.

Riffey moving tumbleweeds from gate, and shots of corral, tin roof, Mattie's clothesline

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Riffey inside house

This was the last location of the Tuweep Post Office actually. Mattie Kent was the postmistress and this was where her desk sat and the mail would come in every Tuesday and all of us would gather around. There were probably 7 or 8 of us that actually got mail here--families that is--and everybody would gather for a social time on the Tuesday. Some of us couldn't get inside because they had furniture in here and there just wasn't that much room so we would all set outside while Mattie

Riffey exits

delivered the mail.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Exterior of church, interior shots of pulpit, windows, benches and Riffey in doorway

This was Mattie's church. Years ago, Mattie Kent built a church along the road about a mile from her house. She secured lumber from the old saw mill on Mount Trumbull and the church was completed with a pulpit and a row of benches. It even had stained-glass windows.

Each Sunday morning, Mattie dressed in her church clothes and walked

down to the church to hold solitary services. She was the minister. She sang hymns, prayed, and delivered a sermon. About noon she would emerge, latch the door and walk back to her house. Mattie's religious faith grew into an obsession. One time she prayed and fasted for 36 days. However, church services ended abruptly.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Well, one day she went up to go to church and the flies met her right there. Well this mule had got inside the church and the door blew shut and he couldn't get out and so as a result he just simply died in there. But, on the other hand, he'd gone to heaven because there he sit with his feet crossed on the altar.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Shot of church

Tourists on their way to the rim pass by the empty church unaware that it stands as a grim reminder of a woman who in her loneliness thirsted for God.

Shots of valley

Neither are they aware that two famous explorers travelled through this

area in 1776. They were Franciscan Padres Escalante and Dominguez--the first white men to explore north of the Colorado River. Some have speculated that they camped here at the Witches Pocket, a secluded watering hole in the black lava rocks at the head of Toroweap Valley.

Cross at Witches Pocket

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Riffey at Witches Pocket

Supposition is that Padres Escalante and three men that left the party about 20 miles to the north of here came south to a big mountain and camped in this area. We are quite sure from the journal that they did do that--whether they put the cross on the wall or whether they didn't, we have no way of actually knowing. The journal doesn't say they did or doesn't say they didn't. But the cross is here and no one knows how it got here.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Tuweep history goes even further back to prehistoric times. Tuweep was once Indian land.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Riffey on porch

As far as original inhabitants in this country--Indians--we have lots of evidence of them. We have arrowheads, parts of spearheads, we have pottery, pot shards, with no real good pots of course, pretty old, but our archaeological dating, the only datings that we have in the whole area, go from 100 A.D. to 1200 A.D.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Shots of Billy Goat Canyon, rocks with pictures

In addition to the pottery and the arrowheads that we find, there are pictographs on various localities here. In the Billy Goat Canyon--what we call Billy Goat Canyon area up here which is pretty well covered where the smooth lava rocks are--the Indians have taken another stone and scratched and pecked into the lava rocks--figures such as sheep and maybe lizards, maybe people. We don't know what the Indians were thinking about but that's what they convey to us, and so far as we know there is no way of determining that it is an actual written language. It's

just something that they were pecking on the wall there, doodling perhaps.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

The pictographs and petroglyphs on the rock walls do not explain how and why the Anasazi Indians came to this area and why they left . . . still unanswerable questions.

Shots of valley, vegetation, cliffs

Tuweep residents had their own speculations about the disappearance of the Indians. Some even believed that these Indians were responsible for an underground Tuweep River being dammed up in the cliffs.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

The story was that there was quite a tribe of Indians that lived here in the valley. A good-sized tribe and they irrigated the whole valley with this big stream of water that came right down through the valley--had it diked off and irrigated, grew crops, everything. But they were attacked by another tribe, which is characteristic of all aborigines. Anyway, these Indians were able to beat off the

attacking people and they were even able to do it a second time but they had lost so many of their numbers they knew they couldn't do it a third time, so they concluded the only thing they could do would be to leave, and they were not going to leave this nice irrigated valley for anybody to come in and loot so they sealed the river off in the cliff back here and that took care of the river and they left. (PAUSE)

Storm sequence: dark clouds, thunder, lightning, rain dripping from rocks, pine trees, off cliffs

Probably the most important thing, the single most important thing in this whole area is water, either too much of it, too little of it, or just right and it's seldom just right. (PAUSE)

SOUNDS OF RAIN, AND THUNDER ONLY

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Shot of catchment with rain dripping in it

We have a catchment up here on the side of the hill that produces all the water that we have for this house. You don't irrigate lawns and you don't use it periodically a lot like you do in the city. You could go turn the tap on but you better watch that tap because pretty soon there won't be any

water there and you've got to haul it. And so that makes you pretty cautious.

Water puddles left after storm

So, if we don't have rain we don't have anything. And, of course, we're not the only ones. The original Indians that were in this country some back in 1200 when the last of them left proba-

Rainbow out of Grand Canyon

bly found it the same way, when they didn't have rain they starved.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Shots of White's ranch

In Tuweep, only a few springs supply water for household or cattle usage but these often were the source of controversy, contested court cases and even violence. A dispute over the use of a spring on Mount Trumbull led to the death of Old Man White.

The days of violence have passed because two nonresidents have bought up all the water rights. Although there

Shots of land

is plenty of land for the young and the eager, without water the area will remain a wilderness. And in addition, few people today possess the self sufficiency that would make it possible for them to live in an isolated environment.

Tuweep makes no exceptions, not even for John Riffey.

Riffey grading roads

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Of course, here in the winter that's when I do road work. I haul cinders and fix the roads down here because that's about the only time you can and it's the only time I can get equipment to do it. I'm doing that in the winter and of course you're trying to keep warm. You're hauling wood in and coal and ashes out and that takes some time. So, as a result, you're busy.

As far as work is concerned, I didn't ever think I had worked here, it's all been play. I make play out of everything. And if you don't like today what you're doing you can hang your shovel in the air and go about your job and find another one. That's one of the nice things about the place.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

If something breaks down, Riffey fixes it. He has to, he's too far from town to get a repairman. So he

Riffey welding, repairing his truck

wears many hats. He's a welder, a plumber, an electrician, a carpenter, an auto mechanic.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Well, I'm really not any of those things per se. I'm a jack-of-all-trades but a master of none. Well, I have a working knowledge in a sort of way it's true but it's not like being the real article because a mechanic does mechanic work, he's not going to come out here and do plumbing work, he's not going to run the grader, he's not going to get off the grader and run the cat. (PAUSE)

Well, as far as this area is concerned, it isn't a uniform area. Never has been. You don't run tractor or grease a truck or fight a fire in a hundred-dollar coat and a fifty-dollar pair of pants and a shirt that costs way up there too. So I have my first coat, my first pair of pants and some of my first uniform shirts and the ties . . . they are outdated a little but I can still get into them.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Shots of Riffey repairing Sparky

And daily he has to maintain his light plant which he calls Sparky.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Well, Sparky is our light plant. He's the guy that makes the juice to run the lights, to run the refrigerator, to run everything. We're completely modernized here but Sparky is the guy that does it. But, like light plants or other pieces of equipment, he will have his moments and he'll break down and you've got to go fix him.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Riffey traveling in a truck sequence through the valley

Not only did the remoteness make Tuweep residents their own repairmen but doctors as well. Because of the distance, trips to town for medical care were difficult.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Nobody had any doctor bills 'cause you just didn't get sick and if you did get sick, before you got to town you were either dead or didn't need a doctor.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Because of the isolation of the ranches and no telephones, there was limited communication among the residents of Tuweep. Just as primitive man read smoke signals and foot prints, Tuweep residents gained information about each other from automobile tracks and dust trails. These were the signs of their comings and goings. When a short wave radio was installed at the ranger station, for the first time there was two-way communication with the outside world.

Riffey using radio

Today messages are sent by telegram, telephone or letter to the headquarters of the Grand Canyon National Park on the South Rim and then relayed by radio to Mr. Riffey. He responds with a daily report concerning weather conditions, lost tourists, and stranded river runners.

Pan of night/ silhouette shots of Mount Trumbull

Riffey's life of isolation hasn't bothered him. Does he get lonely?

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

I think anyone would. But then all you got to do is go get busy at something and you quit feeling sorry for yourself and go to work. That's the answer. It wouldn't make any difference where you were. It's not a place, it's a condition.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Interior -- Riffey reading in silhouette near window

In the late afternoon or evening, when the day's activities are over, he reads everything from news magazines to archaeology to novels. But his favorite author is William Shakespeare.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Now for Shakespeare and his Tempest--I like these comedies much better than I do the tragedies. I always wanted in the tragedies to get up and help the hero and clobber the villain but they don't let you do that. But one of my favorite characters Caliban in the Tempest and he was always--his passage says "Bam Bam Caliban--scrape no more trenches, catch no more fishes, wash no more dishes--Bam Caliban get a new man." Now that

isn't exactly the way he said it but that's the way I remember it and then you go over here to old Ariel--he's the little spirit that everybody should have one like to help him out. When he's free he says "where the bee sips there sip I, in the cow slip's bell I lie when the storm strikes away I'll fly to hide me safely under the blossom on the bow." And so ends the Tempest all happy.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Exterior-Ranger station birdbath with shots of squirrels eating pancakes

No man knows this land and its wildlife better than John Riffey. Quail, chipmunks and squirrels stealthily come up to the birdbath near the house to eagerly devour the table scraps. Lurking in the rocks are lizards and rattlesnakes, while overhead soaring hawks and eagles prey on the small birds and mice. At night, skunks taking nocturnal walks around the yard are occasionally frightened by a treacherous bobcat.

Once there were wild horses in the valley; now there are only the old

mules, retired from the Park Service, no longer able to carry people and equipment in and out of the Grand Canyon.

RIFFEY VOICE OVER:

Riffey feeding mule

He probably won't make it through the winter. His teeth are going bad and they get so old it doesn't matter how much you feed them they can't chew it. Therefore their stomach can't handle it and they just die. They go off and die somewhere. Seldom do we find them. The other one is the wild one. While I know he's in his 30s he still acts like a young mule, so I don't know how long he'll last, but I think this is the last of our mules.

Years ago we were trying to get cattle guards all through this area. We had 13 gates built between here and Fredonia and everybody was mad about having to get out and open the gate--of course we had the time, but we didn't think we had the time--and yet so I thought if I was going to start talking about cattle guards I'd better build one, so I did. I made it

out of 2 x 6s and Yuma stood right there at the gate the whole time watching me make this cattle guard. I hadn't any more than pounded the last nail and stood back and Yuma walked the cattle guard--just walked right across it and turned around and looked at me. And not only that but he tried to get all of the other horses and mules to go ahead and decide to walk across too.

RIFFEY ON CAMERA:

Riffey on porch

And when Yuma crossed the cattle guard for the last time and went down the fence and found that he couldn't get the other horses and mules to follow him across it he came back up the fence just as hard as he could go kicking and squealing and wringing his tail. He come back across the cattle guard and joined the other herd and mad yet and they all went on down to the water tank to get a drink. And Yuma never crossed the cattle guard again.

MRACHEK VOICE OVER:

Shots of Tuweep

The old mules will spend the rest of their days placidly nibbling the waving grass. Here the eons of time pass in review . . . from the ancient sea which left its marine life encrusted on the hillsides to the carving of the valley and the coming and going of the homesteaders.

Shots of Riffey standing at the rim of the Grand Canyon

Here on the rim of the Grand Canyon, John Riffey has viewed the everflowing river finding serenity and happiness that few will ever experience.

MUSIC UP/CREDITS/FADE TO BLACK

CHAPTER II

THE PLACE

Tuweep is on the Arizona Strip, an area of lonely land with few people where Northern Arizona borders on Utah. It's a colorful country. The Vermillion Cliffs extend along the southern border of Utah, their talus slopes tinted in pastel hues of red and purple. Below the cliffs and stretching to the Colorado River are the Kanab, Kaibab, Uinkaret, and Shivwits Plateaus, each cut by a myriad of canyons that end abruptly at the Colorado River. This is the Arizona Strip, 8,500 square miles of land cut off from the rest of Arizona by the Colorado River which has carved its way deep into the earth and created the magnificent canyonland. Not more than 1,000 people live on the Strip and those who claimed Tuweep as their home were only a variable dozen.[1]

The Roads

Three roads lead out across the Arizona Strip to Tuweep, all emerging at various locations into one

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[1]Estimate by the Arizona State Highway Department, 1975.

unimproved dirt road that passes by Tuweep, through the Grand Canyon National Monument, which is now a part of the Grand Canyon National Park, and dead-ends at the rim of the canyon of the Colorado River.

The eastern access route begins at Fredonia, Arizona, an early day Mormon settlement just inside the Arizona state line. Highway 398, a paved road to Pipe Springs National Monument and Moccasin on the Shivwits Indian Reservation, extends westward across the Uinkaret Plateau to a crossroad sign which reads:

UNIMPROVED ROADS
NO GAS, OIL, WATER, LODGING
GRAND CANYON NATIONAL MOMUMENT
57 MILES

On a smaller sign is printed TUWEEP.

Appearing infrequently traveled, the dirt road meanders across the plateau with its stubby grass, tumbleweeds and sunflowers; dips suddenly into Tamarix-lined arroyos, and, depending upon the weather, crosses stretches of silty dust or deep puddles of impassable mud. Ahead the green mantle of pine-covered Mount Trumbull, 8,028 feet above sea level, with its associated volcanic peaks and cinder cones can be seen in the distance.

After thirty miles and at another crossroad, the second route to Tuweep from Colorado City, Arizona, joins the Fredonia road. Colorado City, better known by its old

name of Short Creek, was a small "co-hab" or polygamist settlement of the Fundamentalist Order of the Mormons. It is now on Highway 389 which skirts Zion National Park and gives access to Cedar City and St. George, Utah, which are the major trade centers of Southern Utah.

From Colorado City the flat plateau gradually changes from open grazing land to juniper and pinyon-covered hills where lava flows show recent volcanic eruptions. The head of Toroweap Valley begins as a gentle depression, but the walls soon rise on either side. On the west is Mount Trumbull, massive and bold, while on the east a canyon wall capped with white, tan and cream-colored rocky ledges, their talus slopes occasionally splotched with the red ocher of Hermit shale, are carved into furrowed pleats from 700 to 1,000 feet high.

The third route to Tuweep, a rough, rocky, twisting road over the top of Mount Trumbull from St. George, Utah, joins the Tuweep road at the base of the mountain. From here the road continues down the valley with its sagebrush, yucca, and tumbleweed vegetation to a narrow side road leading to a small, deserted farm house with its collection of barns and cattle pens. This is and was Tuweep. Ahead about two miles is the entrance to the Grand Canyon National Monument, and adjacent to the preserve is the Tuweep International Airport--a dirt airstrip,

a wind sock, and an open shed housing a small airplane that belongs to Mr. John Riffey at the Grand Canyon National Monument.

Along the three routes to Tuweep no telephone wires, electric light poles or gas pipeline markers mar the landscape. There is more of nature than man. The deer on Mount Trumbull dart across the road, startled by the sound of a churning motor in low gear; jack rabbits and cottontails race ahead at thirty miles an hour until exhausted they seek refuge in the brush. Occasionally a bob cat comes to drink at a stock tank or a coyote lurks stealthily in the brush, his howl will herald the darkness of evening or the rising sun. Cows and sheep graze placidly, skittishly loping off or stubbornly defying the honk of an automobile. Overhead the hawks and ravens soar in the sky where contrails of jet airplanes appear like white ribbons as they fly their courses to Las Vegas or Southern California. Only the barbed wire fences, the rattling cattleguards, the dredged-out stock tanks, and a few forsaken farmhouses are evidences of man's attempt to live in harmony with the environment. In the vastness of the region, man's intrusion seems insignificant.

The lack of improved roads has had an impact on the area. For those who lived in Tuweep, ninety miles to St. George, Utah, or seventy miles to Fredonia, Arizona,

were the miles to be traversed to obtain supplies or farm equipment, to have a doctor's appointment, or to even get a haircut. In the early years, it was an all-day trip; in the 1960s a five hour drive, and even now at least three hours in good weather. Although there have been some road improvements, only a few tourists are willing to travel the lonely roads out across the Arizona Strip to Tuweep.

Geological Features

The residents of Toroweap Valley and those who lived on the eastern side of Mount Trumbull comprised the community of Tuweep. The size of the community and many of its characteristics were determined primarily by the geological formations of the area.

The geologic history and the origin of the region is similar to the Grand Canyon National Park but the volcanic action is unique.[2] After the main topographic features had been developed and the side canyons cut to their present level, large quantities of molten lava poured from the sixty or more volcanic craters called the Tuweep fault. The Pine Mountain Range, thirty miles long, was formed with Mount Trumbull, 8,028 feet high, one of the major peaks. Then approximately 1.2 million years ago the lava flowed down Mount Trumbull into Toroweap Canyon,

[2]United States Department of Interior, Grand Canyon National Monument (Department of Interior, 1972), p. 1.

temporarily damming the Colorado River, sealing off the mouth of the canyon and forming Vulcan's Throne, a large cinder cone at the end of the valley.

During the intervening years, water-borne sediments and volcanic ash from the surrounding hills were deposited in Toroweap Canyon to a depth of 1,400 feet. This created Toroweap Valley which extends in a north-south direction, terminating at the red sandstone ledge, called the Esplanade, in a near vertical cliff 3,200 feet above the Colorado River. The valley has provided agricultural land for crops and grazing.

Between the "outer rim," the place where the plateau ends in its first drop into the canyon, and the rim of the "inner gorge" is the Esplanade of red sandstone. While appearing from a distance as a flat platform, the Esplanade varies from a few feet to six miles in width and has a rough, rocky surface with numerous shallow potholes and depressions. Cactus, yucca, agave, and ocotillo grow abundantly on the Esplanade; native grass provides limited forage for wildlife and some grazing.

On the east side of the valley rises the Kanab Plateau with its massive mesa of Tuck-Up or Tucket, edged by a folded escarpment that rises more than 1,000 feet above the floor of Toroweap Valley. The plateau used in winter for sheep grazing is accessible from the head of

the valley by car or by a footpath down the side of the cliffs to the Tuweep Ranger Station. Occasionally in winter a sheepherder would walk into Tuweep to send or receive mail.

The western side of the valley is flanked by the Uinkaret Plateau with its peaks and cinder cones--Mount Logan, Mount Emma, Mount Ellen, and Mount Trumbull. Only the eastern side of Mount Trumbull is aligned with Tuweep. The volcanic characteristics of Mount Trumbull limited its use mainly for grazing. While the mountain is covered with juniper, pinyon, scrub oak, and sagebrush and at the higher elevations by Ponderosa pine and aspen, the numerous lava flows, dikes, and heavy deposits of cinders affords only a few sections of land that could be cleared and used for farm crops.

The geological features of the Tuweep area not only defined the geographic size of the community but also limited the agricultural development. In addition, because of the spectacular volcanic action and the fact that Toroweap Point is one of the few accessible places where a stretch of the Colorado River can be viewed from the rim, the United States Department of the Interior established the Grand Canyon National Monument on December 22, 1932.

Place Names

One of the unusual features of the area is the mosaic of place names identifying the geological formations. These can be attributed mainly to Major Wesley Powell (famed for his boat ride down the Colorado River in 1869) and his Geological Survey party of 1870-72 which included Fred Dellenbaugh, Stephen Vandiver Jones, A. H. Thompson, and geologist Clarence Dutton.[3] The highest peak of the Pine Mountains was named for Senator Lyman Trumbull of Connecticut; Mount Dellenbaugh for Fred Dellenbaugh of the Survey party; Mount Emma for Emma Dean, wife of Major Powell; Mount Ellen for A. H. Thompson's wife, and Mount Logan for Senator John Logan of Illinois.

Local Indian names were used but Clarence Dutton thought the Indian names ugly so applied Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Oriental mythological terms to the physical features. A cinder cone at the edge of the rim of the canyon in lower Toroweap Valley was called Vulcan's Throne and a black, round promontory in the center of the Colorado River, the results of the erosion of a lava flow, was named Vulcan's Forge. Commonly called the "Nigger's Head," it has only been in recent years that the official name has been used. Fred Dellenbaugh vehemently objected to

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[3] Journal of Stephen Vandiver Jones: Explorations of the Colorado River 1871-72 (Utah Historical Quarterly, Vol. 16-17. Salt Lake City, Utah: Historical Society, 1952), pp. 107-109.

the use of the foreign names; until 1921 and 1923 when the original names were recorded on United States Geological Maps and made official, there were numerous protests and many efforts made to rename the formations.

The Indian names in the area are Pah-Ute.[4] Powell called the presently named Pine Mountains, the Uinkarets --Pah-Ute for "Region of the Pines." Pine Mountains became the official name, and Uinkaret used to identify one of the plateaus.

The name Toroweap was Pah-Ute but none of the authorities agree on the spelling of the prefix nor the meaning of suffix "weap." Fred Dellenbaugh recorded that the Pah-Utes called the valley Totoweap; Joe Lee, grandson of John D. Lee, (an early Mormon scout who spoke Pah-Ute fluently) stated that the valley's name was Tono-weap, meaning "greasewood." Regardless of the spelling, it is generally accepted that the prefix means greasewood, Sarcobutus vermiculatus of the Goosefoot family, a common shrub growing in the moist saline soils or on the dry flats.[5] The leaves of the plant are fleshy, the stems rigid, spine-tipped, and white-barked. When the fresh

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[4]Will C. Barnes, Arizona Place Names (University of Arizona Bulletin #2, Vol. VI, No. 1. University of Arizona Press, Jan. 1, 1935), p. 449.

[5]Burton Longyear, Trees and Shrubs of the Rocky Mountain Region (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1927), p. 105.

bark is bruised, it can be easily slipped or peeled off the stem.

The suffix "weap" occurs in many place names in the Pah-Ute territory and can designate a gully, wash, arroyo, canyon, or valley.

The United States Geological Survey Maps of 1921 and 1923 recorded the valley as Toroweap thus eliminating the name Toronada which had appeared on early maps. However, with the establishment of a post office at Tuweep, the valley is frequently referred to as Tuweep Valley although the high promontory at the rim of the Grand Canyon is called Toroweap Point.

Tuweep was created on June 9, 1929, when the United States Postal Service opened a post office at the upper Kent place in Toroweap Valley.[6] The first postmistress was Mabel Kent Hoffpanir, a member of the Kent family who had homesteaded in the valley in 1927. The name requested for the post office was Toroweap but for some unknown reason this was denied, and the name Tuweep was assigned. The spelling was changed from "weap" to "weep" through an error on the Arizona road maps. The post office was moved (exact date unknown but believed to be in 1932) to the Billy Cunningham ranch a few miles from

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[6]Statement by John H. Riffey, Park Ranger, Grand Canyon National Park (Monument). Personal interview.

its original location. Subsequently, it was moved down the valley to the Bud Kent ranch where Mattie Kent served as the last postmistress. However, throughout the thirty years of the existence of the post office, Tuweep was placed on the road maps at the upper Kent Ranch, ten miles from its actual location.

When the settlers moved in, their ranches became identifiable places, acquiring the family surname, a cattle brand or as in the case of the Red Blanket Ranch, a description of the spring flowering of the Scarlet Globe-mallow which carpeted the grazing land in red. Side canyons also acquired descriptive names--S.B. (Son-of-a-Bitch) Canyon and Billy Goat Canyon. The few springs were named for their owners or for the amount of water produced --Big Spring, Little Spring, and Dove Spring, a tiny trickle of water considered adequate for only one bird! Stock tanks marked the watering holes, the cattle gathering pens, or a seldom traveled road that trailed off across the range.

Local place names, while important to those who lived there, were generally unknown beyond the community. In fact, it was not until the Tuweep post office was established that the local residents had an identity. Previously, when asked where they lived, they had replied, "Out on the Strip"--a vague description of what Captain

Dutton of the Powell Expedition had said was an area as lifeless and endless as the sea. So it appears on the road maps even today.

Early History

It was the creation of the Arizona Strip through a sequence of historical events which has influenced the economic, political, and sociological life of the Tuweep area.

Historically, the first white men to explore north of the Colorado River were the two Franciscan Padres, Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Francisco Dominguez. In July 1776, the Spanish party set out from New Mexico in search of an overland route between Monterey, Mexico, and the Pacific Coast. Traveling north and west, the Spaniards crossed the Green River, a tributary of the Colorado River in Utah, and were in Western Utah by September. With winter approaching, the explorers journeyed southward and finding no trail to California turned east toward Santa Fe. In early October the explorers were in Southern Utah in the region of the Virgin Mountains. For the next three weeks, from October 14th to November 7th, the expedition plodded tediously and circuitously toward the Colorado River trying to locate the ford which the Indians

had assured them was the only place the river could be crossed.[7]

The region, known today as the Arizona Strip, was rough desert and canyonland with few water pockets and difficult to traverse. On November 7th the explorers forded the Colorado River at the old Indian crossing forty miles above what is now known as Lee's Ferry and the site of the Glen Canyon Dam. The historic spot called the "Crossing of the Fathers" has been inundated by Lake Powell, the impounded waters behind the Glen Canyon Dam.

Whether Escalante viewed the canyon of the Colorado River from the end of Toroweap Valley is not known. However, at the Witches Pockets, a watering hole in the black lava rocks at the head of Toroweap Valley, a cross has been scratched on the side of one wall. There has been speculation that Escalante camped there and made the cross but nothing in the records of scribe Escalante or Dominquez verifies the facts. Neither is there any mention of the cross in the reports of Major Wesley Powell and his party who in 1869-72 were the first to make a topographic and geological survey of the area. Since the Powell reports accurately describe in detail the water pocket, the failure to mention the cross gives credence

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[7]Angus M. Woodbury, A History of Southern Utah (Salt Lake: Utah State Historical Society, July-October, 1944), p. 123.

to the fact that the cross was inscribed at a later date by unknown persons.

Historians have credited Major Powell with the first descriptions of the Tuweep region, but the Mormons as early as 1850 had moved into Southern Utah and had become familiar with the land north to the Colorado River. In December 1849, at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Provincial State of the Desert in Salt Lake, a company under Parley P. Pratt was commissioned to explore the southern area and to determine if colonization was feasible. The reports of the scouts, Jacob Hamblin and John D. Lee, were favorable and the settlers began moving into Southern Utah. While the early settlements paved the way for pushing southward to the Colorado River, it was the entry of the Federal troops into Utah in 1858 which led to more knowledge about the Strip.

When Brigham Young and his followers arrived in Salt Lake on July 24, 1847, the region was under Mexican sovereignty. In 1848 as a result of the Treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo which gave the United States its western territory, the settlers petitioned for admission to the Union as a state. This was denied but in 1850 the Territory of Utah was established with Brigham Young as the Governor. In 1857 Alfred Cumming was appointed as Governor to succeed Brigham Young, and President James

Buchanan authorized a military expedition under Albert Sydney Johnston to suppress a so-called "Mormon Rebellion."[8]

Brigham Young, fearful of the army and the fate of his followers, ordered Jacob Hamblin to explore the possibility of crossing the Colorado River and relocating the Mormons south of the river in the Moquis Indian lands. Hamblin explored the river for places where it could be forded and became the most knowledgeable man about the region.

Although Brigham Young did not have to relocate his people, the explorations and the southern movement of the Mormons opened the way for extensive cattle and sheep raising on the Arizona Strip. Twice-told-tales state that the grass was as high as the belly of a cow--a hard to believe fact one hundred years later.

Prior to 1860, William Maxwell, a Mormon, took up land at Moccasin Spring, a place where Escalante had camped in 1776. Named by an unknown Mormon scout who found a print of an Indian moccasin in the mud, Maxwell was forced to abandon his holdings when the Pah-Ute Indians became belligerent when their hunting grounds were taken over by the white settlers.

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[8]Ibid., p. 132.

Three miles south of Moccasin was Pipe Springs, the most important source of water along the entire length of the Vermillion Cliffs that edge the Arizona-Utah state line. Pipe Springs, used as a meeting place for the clans of the Pah-Utes, was discovered by Mormon scouts (Hamblin or Lee) in 1856. The Indians called the spring by an Indian name meaning "yellow rock" because of the color of the soil. It acquired the name Pipe Springs when cowboys A. W. Irvin, William Hamblin, and Dudley Leavitt camped there. Hamblin bet Leavitt that he could shoot out the bottom of Leavitt's clay pipe at 25 yards. Hamblin won the bet and the spring became known as Pipe Springs.[9]

Dr. James Whitmore squatted on the land in 1863, building a dug-out and bringing in a herd of cattle. When Whitmore and his son-in-law, Robert McIntyre, were killed by a band of Navajo and Pah-Ute Indians when the two men tried to recapture their herd which the Indians had stolen, the Mormon Church took over the site. (Conflicting stories state that the property was seized by the Church, others that Brigham Young bought out the heirs.) Because of its strategic location, Pipe Springs became the supply center for the emigrants moving into Arizona and Southern Utah and served as a fort to protect the Mormon settlers from raids by the Indians.

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[9]Barnes, op. cit., p. 281.

In 1868 Bishop Anson P. Winsor, who took over the property for the Mormons, was instructed by the church officials to build a fort. The large stone house completed in 1871 became known as Winsor's Castle. A "church herd" of cattle was brought in and the cattle company known as the Winsor Castle Stock Growing Company had Brigham Young as a director and holding the controlling interest. With plenty of water and extensive grazing lands south into the Tuweep area, the cattle flourished and Pipe Springs became the center of the cattle growing industry.

The church sold its holdings in 1875 and the "United Order," a Utopian communal Mormon group that had its headquarters at Oderville, Utah, gained control of both Moccasin and Pipe Springs. The "United Order" was organized in 1874 and in its hey-day had around six hundred followers who shared the work and the wealth. In 1885 as a result of the polygamist problems and the fear that the federal government would confiscate the Order's property, most of the holdings were sold to the individual members. The Heaton family acquired Pipe Springs and Moccasin. Pipe Springs continued as a ranch until 1923 when the springs and a few surrounding acres of land were purchased by the federal government from the Heaton family and designated as the Pipe Springs National Monument. By that time the importance of Pipe Springs had

declined as Kanab and St. George, Utah, became the trade center for those who lived on the Strip.[10]

While Pipe Springs was being developed during the sixties, at St. George, Utah, another settlement was growing. In 1861, Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church, made his first trip to Southern Utah or "Dixie" as it had been called since the growing of cotton had been established in 1855. Stopping in the center of the valley where St. George is located, Young envisioned himself as in a square, surrounded by two black volcanic ridges, a red sandstone bluff, and on the fourth side the Virgin River. Seeing this omen, Brigham Young prophesied: "There will yet be built between those volcanic ridges a city with spires, towers and steeples; with homes containing inhabitants."[11]

Brigham Young in October 1862, wrote Erastus Snow, president of the Cotton Mission, to construct a meeting place or tabernacle large enough to seat at least a thousand persons. The Mormon Tabernacle was to be financed by tithing, each faithful Mormon contributing one-tenth of his income or produce to the building fund. The church cattle herd at Pipe Springs provided the additional

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[10]Woodbury, op. cit., p. 184.

[11]Arthur Bruhn, Southern Utah's Land of Color (Salt Lake: Wheelwright Lithographing Company, 1952), p. 29.

resources. In 1871 while the Tabernacle was under construction, Brigham Young called upon all Mormons of Southern Utah to build a Mormon Temple, the first in the Mormon Deseret. Red sandstone rocks placed on black lava rocks were the local building stones; Mount Trumbull, ninety miles from St. George, was to be logged for the building. The mountain had already provided most of the timber for the settlers' homes. Lorenzo Brown and Eli Whipple owned the first saw mills which were "up and down" types; these were replaced when a steam mill built by Robert Gardner was sold to Ebenezer Brice and Sam Burgess who moved it onto Mount Trumbull to cut the lumber for the Mormon Temple.[12]

Oxen were used to bring the timbers down the mountain side, along the rocky ledges of the arroyos, and across the brush-covered flats where after a rain storm the wagons were mired hub-deep in the mud. The remains of the rutted road are still visible and on Mount Trumbull a historic plaque commemorates the Temple Trail.

One of the mill-wrights was "Grandpa" Marc Schmutz, a Swiss immigrant, who had settled near St. George, Utah. As a result of working on Mount Trumbull he became familiar with Toroweap Valley and when the area was opened for homesteading, he and his two sons, Marcel and John,

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[12]Laura Riffey, "Cinder," Letter, October 27, 1952.

filed on adjoining land. Although no longer living on the old homestead, Howard Schmutz and Ray Schmutz, grandsons of "Grandpa" Marc, now control most of the grazing land in Toroweap Valley and on Mount Trumbull.

Other descendents of pioneer Mormon families are there, too--the Heatons from the Pipe Springs era still graze sheep on Tucket; the Jollys and Roundys have continued for almost a century to run cattle on the stubby grasslands of the Arizona Strip. The Mormon influence, however, had come to an end by the late 1920s when most of the good arable land had been taken up by homesteaders from other states. The area, though, remained aligned with Utah because of the location of the state line.[13]

From the Rocky Mountains west, many of the political, social, and economic problems have been the result of the designation of state boundary lines irrespective of the natural topographic barriers. The Arizona Strip represents the epitome of illogical state boundaries, the result of the formation of the states at different times, and the criteria of latitude and longitude as the deciding factors.

In 1850 President Millard Fillmore signed the bill establishing the southern boundary of Utah at the 37° parallel. This was an extension of the Colorado and New

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[13]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

Mexico boundaries which were drawn at the same time. Thus when the Arizona Territory was carved out of New Mexico in 1863, the northern boundary of Arizona had already been determined.

When the county lines were created within Arizona, the political entities were further complicated. Four counties were established in 1864. In 1865 Pah-Ute County was carved from northern Mohave County, but the next year Congress attached the northwestern corner of Arizona and all north and west of the Colorado River to longitude 114° to Nevada. The Arizona legislature protested, and six years later in 1871, the action was repealed. Pah-Ute County was restored to Mohave County which then extended east to the Kanab Wash where it enters the Colorado River. Utah was also involved in the Arizona-Nevada dispute and tried to get a slice of Mohave County in 1865 but without success.[14]

When the final boundary lines were made, the Strip was divided into two counties with the county seats many miles away. Half of the Strip was assigned to Coconino County with its county seat at Flagstaff, south of the Colorado River; the only access over the river before the bridge was built in 1929 was by ferry at Lee's Crossing. The western half of the Strip including

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[14]Arnold Makin, Northern Arizona (Tuscon: Sun-light Press, 1964), pp. 16-21.

Tuweep was in Mohave County, county seat at Kingman, 250 miles away.

The early history of the Arizona Strip is woven into the journey of the Spanish Padres, the Mormon colonization and political maneuverings of Congress. The Indians are also a part of the history.

In the prehistoric era Tuweep was Indian country inhabited by the western Kayentas or more commonly designated as the Virgin Branch of the Kayenta Anasazi of northeastern Arizona. The occupation lasted four hundred or five hundred years, apparently beginning around 600-700 A.D. and ending around 1150 A.D. The early Indians were Pueblo farmers and it is estimated that the population never exceeded two hundred people at one time living in the five ecological zones which characterize the area.[15]

The earliest inhabitants settled in the small valley known as the Cove at the southern edge of the Pine Mountains. Archeological remains indicate that they built semi-subterranean circular pit houses, ten to eighteen feet in diameter with smaller pits of four to five feet used as storage for grain crops. The settlement was located in the pigmy forests of pinyon and juniper where building stones of basalt rock were readily available. Nearby were the shallow swales where summer rains impounded water for

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[15]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

growing grain crops. Around 1050 A.D. the population declined and the few families who remained built pueblo structures with contiguous surface rooms used for both storage and living quarters.

Around 1000 A.D. settlers moved into the second ecological zone, the Kanab Plateau area with an elevation of around 6,000 feet. While the plateau was heavily forested, the arroyos opened onto flatlands (now covered with brush) which provided arable farm lands. The circular pit houses dating to around 1100 A.D. point to the speculation that the settlers from the Cove or the first site moved onto the plateau.

The rock terrace or the Esplanade above the inner gorge constitutes the third ecological zone. Although the rim area had a favorable winter climate, the lack of arable land and a supply of wood prohibited permanent settlements. However, the Esplanade was used extensively in the spring as the Indians moved down to the rim to live in the natural rock shelters and to supplement their food supply. Because of the lower altitude and the barren rock covering, the temperature is five to ten degrees warmer than the forested areas. The early spring grass attracted the wild life, mainly rabbits, deer, antelope, and mountain sheep. The Indians' declining winter food supply was also augmented by the Agave or "yant" which was roasted in pits, the roots being rich in starch.

The fourth area used by the Indians was Tuweep Valley with few trees and extensive areas of natural grass. Here three-unit pueblos have been found although there was a lack of building stones.

In the fifth ecological zone, the region of the inner canyon gorge, Agave roasts and rock shelters abound but no permanent buildings are in evidence. One striking characteristic not found on the Esplanade is the number of pictographs and petroglyphs on the rock walls.

How and why the Anasazi came to the area and why they left are unanswerable questions. A study of the prehistoric era in Tuweep has only recently been undertaken by Southern Utah State College under the direction of Dr. Richard R. Thompson. A number of sites have been located and excavations are being made in the Cove area.

Father Escalante found the Pah-Ute Indians there in 1776. No other information about them was recorded until Major Powell returned to the area to determine the fate of his two boat crewmen who had walked out of the Grand Canyon during the 1869 boat trip down the Colorado River. According to the Powell records, the men had been murdered by the Pah-Utes who were ragged, ill-fed, half-starved, and existed off the land.[16]

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[16]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

In the winter the Pah-Utes lived along the rim on the Esplanade under the same conditions as their prehistoric ancestors. Mount Trumbull was the summer habitat where deer were plentiful for supplying food and hides for clothing. The Indians frequented the areas around the springs, and still scattered on the cinders which cover most of the land are an abundance of flint chippings, broken awls, potsherds, and arrowheads. There are no remains of permanent dwellings as the Pah-Utes used temporary shelters constructed out of logs, pine branches or brush, or tepees covered with deer hides.

When the Mormons moved into Northern Arizona, the Pah-Utes resisted their coming. Numerous skirmishes took place in which both whites and Indians were killed. The murder of Powell's boatmen was the result of the early antagonisms between the Mormons and the Indians. Eventually, the Indians were outnumbered by the white settlers and were confined to the Shivwits Indians Reservation at Moccasin.

Chief Toab, Pah-Ute, had a direct influence on the Schmutzes. He told Grandpa Schmutz if he wanted a good horse pasture to go up on Tucket. Schmutz later filed a homestead on the Tucket land.

As late as the 1930s, the Indians were still going to Mount Trumbull to hunt deer. Occasionally they cut

posts for the fences and corrals on the Reservation but seldom worked on the ranches. With the development of the movie industry in Kanab, Utah, the Indians replayed their nomadic days before the camera, but for a price. As one Indian buck said, "No go back to old days. Then no eat. Now eat and have pick up."[17]

The early history of the Arizona Strip is as colorful as the terrain. Here, in this lonely land, Tuweep, one of the last of the frontier communities came into existence in 1929. For the people, life was harsh--the environment was never obedient to the commands of those who settled there.

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[17]Laura Riffey, op. cit., July 14, 1952.

CHAPTER III

THE PEOPLE

To compile a chronological listing of the Tuweep residents from the early development of the area to the present time has proven impossible. No historical data has ever been developed on the Tuweep community. Filings on the springs, mining claims, tax records, and information on the homesteads are located at two county court houses--at Kanab, Utah, and Kingman, Arizona--the result of the changing of the state's boundary lines in 1883 and the official residence of those filing the claims.

While many of the old ranches carry the names of the early owners and the springs are named for those who first filed, details about the lives of those individuals are unknown. In some instances the last names of the residents have been forgotton. First names were commonly used or titles such as "old man," "grandma," or the "senior" were made in reference to the first generation. Where some of the residents came from and where they went is as elusive as the dates of their coming and going. John Riffey in response to questions about early Tuweep residents responded:

> Tuweep is just sort of a blank--it's a blank about most everything. Most of the research has been done in geology because of the lava flows; there's some in botany and the birds and the animals. In recent years Dr. Thompson at Cedar City has been digging out the Indian ruins. The history around Pipe Springs on the Strip has been compiled but Tuweep is a blank. Most of the people who knew the early cattlemen are dead and those who knew the homesteaders of the 1920s are either dead or moved away. Stories were told by the old timers that some of the early cowboys were a part of the Butch Cassidy gang and came in here from Moab, Utah. Changing your name was popular out here; in fact, from time to time some of the cowboys even forgot who they were. A lot of people just drifted in and out. There were those who lived in Kanab or St. George, Utah, and just ran cattle and sheep on the range. Economically, they were a part of Tuweep but did not have the ties like the Kents, Schmutzes, Sullivans, Marshalls, and Craigs. They all belonged to Tuweep.[1]

Kents

The "Senior" Kents came into Tuweep with their four grown children from California and filed on five adjoining homesteads in 1927. Vaughn dropped his homestead; Helen, after proving up on hers moved back to California around 1935. Mabel Hoffpanir had two children, Ruth and Francis, both with a form of muscular dystrophy. Francis died in his late twenties but Ruth married Pat Bundy, one of the King Bundy family who lived on the far side of Mount Trumbull. They were divorced, and she is now in a nursing home in St. George, Utah. Mabel, the first postmistress of Tuweep, later married Robert Sullivan, an early

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[1]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

homesteader. They were divorced because he could not tolerate her religious beliefs. Mabel then taught school at some of the small communities, later moving to California where she died. Bud Kent and his wife Mattie filed on a homestead in the lower Tuweep Valley and were the last of the Kents to leave. The Flying Diamond never made any money although he tried farming all the other Kent homesteads, raised cattle, horses, and kept a herd of milk cows. Bud's ranch was mortgaged and when the bank foreclosed, the Bud Kents moved to California. Bud is now deceased. Mattie, the last postmistress of Tuweep, is in a nursing home. While living in Tuweep, she gave birth to nine children, only two survived, Hugh (deceased) and Amos.

Sullivans

Robert Sullivan, better known as Bob, as a young man was a "hill-billy" farmer in Arkansas but when a fire destroyed his ranch home and killed his wife and children he left Arkansas to wander around the west cowboying. He came into Tuweep in the twenties when he heard the homesteaders needed cowboys, later filing on a section of land on the eastern side of Mount Trumbull. A diversified farmer, he dry-farmed wheat, corn, and rye; acquired a small herd of cattle, some horses, pigs, and sheep. The pigs ran wild eating acorns from the scrub oak, were herded like cattle, rounded up on horseback, and shipped

to Salt Lake. The pigs never brought top price since the fat was yellow and acrid and the meat stringy from a lifetime of robust living among the lava rocks. He was forced out of the pig business into raising sheep when the mountain lions ate all his pigs.

Bob married Mabel Kent Hoffpanir; they were divorced, but Bob looked after Mabel's daughter, Ruth, for many years. Bob is deceased, and the old homestead is used by some of the cattlemen as a cow camp. The ranch dates back to 1925.

Craigs

"Grandma" Craig, her son Albert, and his wife, Mary, homesteaded on Mount Trumbull in 1927. "Grandma" had been living in Barstow, California, where she ran a boarding house and Al was in the garage business in Redondo Beach, California. "Grandma," who lived until age eighty-six, stayed at the homestead all year and kept house for Al while Mary lived in St. George so their three children, Ronald, Jean, and Margaret, could go to school. Al was a World War I disabled veteran and with his ranching and pension the Craigs were able to keep their homestead in operation until Al became ill and died in 1970. Mary, now seventy-six, returns each summer to Mount Trumbull for a few days.

Marshalls

Robert Marshall and his wife Floy homesteaded in 1925. He was a disabled World War I veteran and before coming to Tuweep lived in Prescott, Arizona. The Marshalls did not have an extensive farming or ranching business but remained on the homestead until Bob became ill (he is now deceased). In the early 1960s Floy's sister and brother, Trudy and Cliff, moved to the homestead and stayed for about five years until their health made it necessary for them to move to Prescott.

Schmutzes

Grandpa and Grandma Schmutz, Marc and Annie, were the earliest homesteaders, 1914. They had come to the St. George, Utah, area in the late 1880s from Switzerland, and he knew about the Tuweep Valley while working on Mount Trumbull cutting timbers for the Mormon Temple in St. George. At the same time the "Senior" Schmutzes filed, their two sons, John and Marcel, took up adjoining homesteads. When Marc died in a wagon on the way to see a doctor, Annie moved into St. George. Neither John nor Marcel lived permanently in Tuweep but their sons still run cattle in the area. Marcel is deceased and John is ninety-nine.

Riffeys

John and Laura Riffey were late-comers to Tuweep, in 1942. Riffey as a Park Ranger for the Grand Canyon National Monument had been preceded by William White (1939-40) and William and Gertrude Bowen (1940-42). When the Riffeys arrived, Bud and Mattie Kent, Bob Sullivan and Mabel and her two children Ruth and Francis, Grandma Craig, Al and Mary Craig, Robert and Floy Marshall, and five or six itinerant cowboys and ranch hands all were living in Tuweep.

John Riffey was born at the Mayday Mine high up in La Plata Mountains near Mancos, Colorado, on August 28, 1911. When he was very young the family moved to Mancos where his father owned a plumbing, heating, and carpentry business. Going to school, helping his father, caring for an elderly lady, camping, fishing, and roaming the forests are the activities that he recalls. He graduated in 1929 from Mancos High School where he played basketball and participated in other sports activities. Riffey enrolled at Fort Lewis College, a two year college administered by Colorado State University, and after graduation went to Long Beach, California, to study accounting and banking. The Long Beach earthquake and the realization that he didn't want to spend his life behind a cage brought him back to Colorado. He enrolled at Colorado State University and received his B.S. in forestry in 1936. There

were few job openings for forestry majors but he did find temporary employment cruising the Ponderosa forests along the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, marking trees to be destroyed because of pine beetle infestation. He married Laura Smith, whom he had met while in college. When the beetle project was completed, he went to work as a management trainee for Montgomery Ward. "I was a glorified stock clerk on roller skates," he recalls.[2] Deciding that retail store life was not satisfying, he and Laura returned to Colorado State University, where he completed his requirements for certification as a vocational agriculture teacher. His first teaching job in 1939 was at Gilcrist, Colorado, and after two years he was moving to Brush, Colorado, when he was notified by the Park Service of a Park Ranger job at Grand Canyon National Monument. The Riffeys had bought a trailer house while in college and decided to move it to Tuweep, not realizing that the roads would be so rough that they would have to dig out each arroyo along the way. "All I saw along the way were these big, old, high wheeled cows, long legs, little bitty body and I thought over night is just plenty long enough,"[3] Riffey said. But they stayed, even returning after Mr. Riffey's two year military service during World War II

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[2]Ibid.

[3]Ibid.

as a medic on Victory ships carrying troops between Brooklyn, New York, and Naples, Italy. Although he has been frequently asked if he wanted to transfer, he has successfully resisted all moves.

Tuweep was just the right place for Laura, who liked the canyonlands and found her health improved. The Riffeys had no children, "so it was just the right place for my brother and me to spend all our childhood summers as Tuweep residents." This ended in 1962 when Laura died of cancer. Riffey remarried in 1965. Meribeth Mitchell, a professor of biology at Eastern Washington State College at Bellingham, had come out to the University of Utah to do a post-doctorate research project in ornithology. She made a trip to Tuweep. "Meribeth was fifteen years younger than I was and I thought I should be looking ahead so I'd have someone to push my wheelchair."[4] At the present time she spends only her vacations in Tuweep. "When an article was written in the New York Times about being alone in Tuweep, I received a hundred proposals." When asked if he ever was lonely, he replied, "Sometimes, but it's not a place, it's a condition."[5]

Since going to Tuweep Riffey has been a Buck Ranger, Supervising Park Ranger, Superintendent, Area

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[4]Ibid.

[5]Ibid.

Manager, and Park Ranger, all dependent upon the organizational changes in the administration of the Park Service. "Once I had a pretty gold pin, round like a Superintendent's, but before I could put it on, they changed the title to Area Manager."[6]

The job is the same regardless of the title. Riffey is road man, fire fighter, fence fixer, plumber, electrician, mechanic, cook, dishwasher, cowboy, mule tender, welder, deputy sheriff, trash man, carpenter, painter, nurse, veterinarian, ambulance driver, rescuer, guide, photographer, weatherman, radio technician, airport agent, and pilot. He is a man of many hats and he has one each for many of his jobs. When working in the shop, he wears an engineer's cap; when flying, a cap with ear flaps; in summer a sweat-stained cowboy straw hat for working outside, and a good straw hat to wear to town; in winter an old felt cowboy hat or a cap for working outside, and a good cowboy hat for town. Up on the shelf in a closet Riffey keeps his broad brimmed Ranger's hat. After inspections he was always getting reprimands for not wearing his uniform. "At least wear your hat," was on one memo. To which Riffey replied, "There isn't any way for a man to get down under a truck and fix the brakes with a Park Service hat on."[7]

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[6]Ibid.

[7]Ibid.

His Park Service uniform, the only one he has ever owned and which he admits is getting a little out of date, also hangs in the closet. Except for rare occasions when he goes to the Grand Canyon headquarters at the South Rim for some special event, such as when he received the Distinguished Service Award, he wears western cowboy clothes.

As to the future, he looks forward to retiring at age seventy. He hopes that the Tuweep area will remain a wilderness. "We should have areas where people can have a primitive experience. A place that they can be alone in the silence of a wilderness land."[8]

The Others

While the six families constituted the main population of Tuweep, there are those early homesteaders or residents who are now remembered only by name or because of some special event that took place in Tuweep.

These include:

Ross Cunningham
Billy Cunningham
George Jordon
"Old Man" White
Bill Channelly
? McBride
Johnny Hobbs
Henry Covington
Windy Jim Inglestad

Grazing sheep or cattle but not living in Tuweep:

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[8]Ibid.

Tom Jensen
Jense McCormick
Melvin McCormick
William Swapp
Harold Jackson
Cleo Woods
The Heaton family

A community is made up of people whether only a few residents or many. In the isolation of Tuweep, there developed between the families a bond of friendship and inter-dependency which is seldom found in a community today. There is more in the life of each Tuweep resident than can be given in a biographical sketch. Thus, it is necessary to consider how the residents lived in relationship to the sociological institutions.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN TUWEEP

The story of Tuweep can best be told through depicting the life-style of the residents. The economic problems, communication, education, religion, political beliefs, and personal qualities form the background for understanding the people. This assessment has been based primarily on John Riffey's knowledge and ability to recall incidents, and the observations by Laura Riffey as recorded in the "Cinders."

Economics

Underlying the economic structure of the Tuweep community was the availability of water resources. There have been years of prolonged drouth and in contrast a few heavy snowfalls which required airlifts of food and feed. During the winter are a few days of rain mixed with snow but most of the moisture falls during the thunderstorms in the summer. There has never been any assurance of sufficient moisture to grow annual grain crops. The average yearly rainfall over a thirty year period at the Tuweep Ranger Station was ten to eleven inches.[1]

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[1]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

The lack of moisture can be attributed to Tuweep's geographical location and geological characteristics. It is a part of the Great Basin Desert that stretches between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade Ranges. The Pacific Ocean moisture carried by the winds falls on the western side of the Sierras leaving the lee or eastern side dry.

Geologically, Tuweep is of recent volcanic origin. Rains and snow-melt on Mount Trumbull trickle down through the volcanic rocks, emerging in a few springs. The valley, once a canyon, is filled with sediment to about 1,400 feet. It is doubtful if a stream of water ever flowed down from the drainage basin. However, Bud Kent firmly believed there was an underground Tuweep River dammed up in the cliffs:

> The whole valley was at one time heavily populated with Indians. They irrigated out of a river that came out of the cliffs. Sometime during their existence they were challenged by another Indian tribe. During the first battle, although they lost many of their tribe, they defeated the enemy. They staged a second battle and again won but lost most of their warriors. Knowing that they could not sustain a third attack, they sealed off the water in the cliff and left.[2]

Although two geologists in 1963 after extensive study believed that water could be found near the Tuweep Ranger Station, most of the geologists have concluded that neither is there an underground stream nor is the drilling

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[2]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

of wells feasible anywhere in the region. The ranchers, though, always seeking a miracle, were victimized by "water witchers."

A water witcher cuts a forked branch from a native bush or tree and then, grasping the ends firmly in each hand, he holds the branch out in front with the Y pointing away from him. Walking slowly back and forth where the rancher hopes to sink a well, the witcher suddenly stops and the stick points downward, indicating where a well should be dug. While some believe that the witcher possesses divine power, the most logical explanation has been that after the witcher has held the stick for a prolonged period, he is forced to relax and the reflex action points the stick downward.

Bob Sullivan's experience with a witcher proved to himself (but not others) that witching in Tuweep was a fraud. When a witcher arrived at his ranch and told Bob that for $200 he could locate water, Bob took the man near an underground pipeline which carried water from a spring. He led the witcher back and forth across the pipe. The witcher's stick never moved.

Laura Riffey recorded the exploitation of the ranchers in a witching event that occurred in 1956:

> As usual the Strip has had its quota of water witchers and several of the natives have been relieved of funds and drilled dry holes. This fall a Mexican unable to speak English was brought

> in by Harold Jackson of Fredonia, known locally as Windy Harold. The Mexican charged $300 on the spot for a well location. The wells drilled at the Mexican's location were dry. Earl Jackson, out by June's Tank, went down 400 feet, the bit fell about 100 feet and they still haven't gotten it out. The Mexican witched a well beside Jim Bundy's back porch. They went down over 400 feet. The well caved into an underground hole and they haven't found the bit nor the water. Harold Jackson had said that the Mexican never missed and if there was no water the $300 would be refunded. Since dry holes have been hit, neither the Mexican nor Jackson can be located so apparently the money left with either one or both.[3]

During the 1950s weather modification experiments were being carried out in many sections of the west. One of the companies was founded by Dr. Walter Krick, of Water Resources Development. The process involved setting up burning cauldrons of charcoal impregnated with silver iodide, letting the smoke penetrate the clouds to effect condensation which would result in increased rain or snowfall.

Mr. Riffey's monthly report to the Park Service tells of one rain-making meeting:

> November 28, 1951. A rain-making meeting was attended at Kanab. Dr. Krick was not present but one of his representatives was sufficiently persuasive to remove from circulation $1500 to continue operations. Nothing was said about placing a generator at the Monument as the stockman wanted but they were told that subject to approval by the Park Service a generator would be run.[4]

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[3]Laura Riffey, op. cit., April 18, 1956.

[4]John Riffey, Monthly Reports (November 28, 1951).

Subsequently, Mr. Riffey built a stove and at various times placed it on Mount Trumbull or in the Cove on the Monument.

> I'd see the clouds and go out and start the stove. I'd stay until I got froze out. After one big snowfall everybody in Fredonia gave me credit. But it didn't really work. Unless a cloud contains an inch or more of moisture, no rain will fall. Rain-making isn't much of a success. Even the Hopi Indians when they have their rain dance on the southside every August seldom get enough rain to wet their rattlesnakes. It's just too dry here.[5]

Along the drainage basins, gulches, and arroyos, dams have been constructed and the areas dredged out to catch the run-off from the storms. In recent years the tanks have been lined with Bentonite to prevent seepage and the surface covered with a film of oil to hold down evaporation. All the tanks were issued under permits from the Bureau of Land Management or filed as water rights. However, stealing the "other guy's" water is a common occurrence. This is accomplished by digging a bigger tank than the permit allows or building a dam upstream to collect the water which legally belongs to another rancher. The method of stealing water usually works for a period of time since the complaints have to be settled by the government! The tanks are all named and are used as location points. They include June's Tank, Big Tank, Bob Cat, Jenson's Tank (the first constructed), and the two identical tanks called the Twins.

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[5]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

Only a few springs supply water for household or cattle use. According to Arizona State Law, culinary or "kitchen" water rights precede cattle rights, but the controversy over who owns the springs and how they can be used is a story of court cases and even violence.

Big Spring on the south side of the Pine Mountains is the largest spring on Mount Trumbull. It was used by the Indians in prehistoric times, and Chief Toab was born there in 1859. The first filing in 1916 was by Nutter, one of the largest and earliest cattlemen on the Strip. This was followed by Jack Findley and after years of dispute was owned by Cleo Woods of Cedar City who grazed cattle on the mountain. Later the ownership was transferred to the Bundy family on the western side of Mount Trumbull. The spring, although yielding very hard water, provides the most reliable source and in dry seasons the water is hauled to other ranches as well as the Ranger Station, a distance of seventeen miles over rough, mountainous terrain.[6]

One of the most hotly contested water sources was Little Spring, four miles from Big Spring and on the east side of the Pine Mountains. Little Spring was first filed on in 1910; the ownership had changed a number of times but had been used jointly by all the ranchers who needed

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[6] Ibid.

it. In the 1950s one of the ranchers acquired all the rights, shutting out those who previously used the spring. Bob Sullivan, who needed Little Spring for his cattle and household use, claimed that President Wilson in 1916 had set aside the spring as public water. Arguments and litigations took place, the Arizona Water Commissioner finally referring the case to the State Attorney General for a ruling. It was proven that the water had been set aside for public usage but the original owners had never been paid by the government. Howard Schmutz eventually received the water rights and the spring was piped off the mountain for use in the valley.

On the Sullivan Ranch on Mount Trumbull, Bob dug out a seep which he called the Sullivan Spring. It could not be classified as a permanent water source because the seep only produced during the spring snow melt or after a rainy period.

Nixon Spring, the best water in the area, was filed on at the same time as Little Spring, in 1910, by Foster, Blake, and Morris. While there is no proof, it is believed that Nixon, an early cattleman, was the original owner. Like Big Spring, Nixon was used by the Indians as an abundance of arrowheads, broken pot sherds, flint chippings, and grinding rocks have been found in a radius of five miles around the spring. The spring, which originates on the side of Mount Trumbull, was piped down to a

cement watering tank which overflowed into a pond. The cement tank served as a watering trough, a place to siphon out "kitchen water," and as a bath tub for the cowboys. In recent years the Arizona Fish and Game Department piped the spring into guzzlers for watering the deer; the pond is now dry. Ranchers trapped their cows at the spring and it was a favorite meeting place for the local residents.

At White's Spring on Mount Trumbull a dispute over the use of the spring led to the death of "Old Man" White. White did not own the spring as it had been set aside as public water, but White maintained that since he lived by it, he had the right to determine who could use it. This attitude was prevalent among all the ranchers and since water was the most precious commodity in the area, strong words were enforced with violent acts.

> White was a burly, cantankerous, dirty, and mean old man. Nearby lived the George Jordon family who had to rely on the spring for water. One day Jordon sent his daughter to the spring to water the cows. White objected and called her a lot of dirty names and ran her off. She returned home and told her father. Jordon got real mad, loaded his 30-30 shotgun, saddled up a horse and rode over to White's cabin. White met him outside. Jordon said, "You are going to apologize." White said, "Hell! No! I don't apologize to no one." Jordon and White exchanged a lot of dirty words and Al Craig who was at the spring tried to stop the argument. White said, "Shoot me if you dast, but you don't dast." Then White who had a sore under his arm reached across his chest to scratch it. Jordon thought White was reaching for his gun. Jordon pulled the trigger and shot White dead. Jordon then asked Al Craig what he should do. Al said he'd stay at the spring while Jordon went for the sheriff. That was

> to keep the pigs and goats from eating old man White. The trial was over at Kingman and although it's about 250 miles away, everyone around here went over there to testify that White was a dirty S.O.B. Jordon was acquitted and it wasn't long until the family had moved off the mountain.[7]

The White Spring had many owners including: Bud Kent, Tom Jensen, Ken Kenworthy, Charley McCormick, and Ray Schmutz. (The water was piped down the mountain to be used in the valley.) White's Spring was surrounded by tall, Ponderosa pine trees and in spite of its infamous history was the site of the annual Fourth of July picnic attended by all who lived in Tuweep. The attraction was the ice caves deep down in the center of the volcanic crater of Mount Trumbull. Al Craig, who found the caves shortly after he homesteaded, took some old tires, tied them together with a rope and made a ladder which would fit the crevices and crannies. On the Fourth a precarious trip was always made into the caves to bring out ice for homemade ice cream--a rare treat in Tuweep.

Water resources in Tuweep Valley are also limited. In the fifties Mattie Kent and Mabel Sullivan tried to develop a spring at a seep located in Brady Canyon, one of the small side canyons which drains into the valley on the eastern side. The women were influenced by their belief in Bud Kent's theory of an ancient dammed-off river. Over a period of two months the valley echoed from the

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[7]Ibid.

dynamite blasts as the two attempted to find a water source. None was found--only enough for a turtle-dove to drink. The seep became known as Dove Spring.

At the Witches Pockets in the upper end of the valley near the Kent upper place, run-off water and a seep drains into a basalt rock formation. The Pockets furnish water for cattle during a part of the year.

At the Tuweep Ranger Station rain water is caught on a galvanized tin catchment area and then flows into cisterns. This provides enough water for modern plumbing; however, there have been years when water had to be hauled from Nixon or Big Spring. The catchment system could have been developed by other ranchers to solve their household water problems.

Tuweep Lake, constructed by the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1940, was built to catch the run-off from rain and snow melt. The dam, built on top of the volcanic rock, washed out after the first rainstorm. The Park Service has made a number of plans to rebuild, but at present the lake is shallow, a low flatland seldom filled with water except during the wet season. The road maps, though, have shown a small lake and many tourists have arrived with fishing poles to try their luck in this isolated lake!

Saddle Horse Spring is under the rim of the Canyon and is the only available water supply along the rim

except for that which collects during rainstorms in the shallow depressions and potholes in the sandstone rocks on the Esplanade. The original Saddle Horse Spring was across the small canyon called Saddle Horse Canyon, in a seep near a large pothole called the Devil's Bathtub. An early resident, Charles McCormick, grazed horses on the rim, watered them at the Devil's Bathtub but had to construct a wire net fence around one side of the Tub to keep the horses from falling into the Canyon. McCormick developed the second Saddle Horse Spring under the rim and although he dug out steps in the sandstone rocks, no one has ever been able to get a horse or mule down the steep incline to the spring.

When the Park Service placed their old mules and horses (pensioners) in the Monument, a lift pump was installed at the spring to bring the water seventy feet up the Canyon wall to a small stock tank. The water is pumped for the animals when they are grazed on the rim or when the dredged-out stock tank near the Station and Tuweep Lake are dry. Ed Laws, a ranger who took Mr. Riffey's place while he was in the army, further developed the spring. Saddle Horse was filed on by the Park Service in 1940.

Down in S. B. Canyon where Al Craig had a grazing permit are a few seeps and a small spring, unfiled, called the Buckhorn. The water problem was so acute that Al could

graze only a few months each year. Once when the water supply was exhausted, the cows went out on a ledge in search of water, and as they "choked" fell into the Canyon.

On Tucket are located two springs which belong to the Schmutzes. Neither spring produces a supply of year-round water.

While the water supply limited the extent of cattle ranching, it also prevented the development of the tourist business. The Kents built a few cabins for overnight guests but few people ever stopped, preferring to camp on the rim. The Craigs made plans to set up a concession stand outside the Monument gate and while most tourists would have paid a dollar for a can of cold beer, there were days and months (and still are) when no tourist crosses the Strip to Tuweep to view the Colorado River.

Facilities on the Monument are primitive. During the fifties engineers came in to determine the feasibility of a modern campground and a motel. The plan included a series of gas powered pumps which would lift the water up the Canyon wall 3,200 feet. When Mr. Riffey said they told him he would have to service the pumps by lowering himself by rope, he objected. Mrs. Riffey proposed that they extend the toilets over the rim and establish an airborne sewage system! All plans to modernize have been dropped.

> Without water the area will always remain a wilderness. The potential for cattle ranching will always be minimal and for farming is doomed to failure. The Kents tried to raise rye and then beans but all they harvested was sunflowers and tumbleweeds. When they planted corn in the swales that run through the upper Kent place, before the seeds could sprout the birds gleaned the field. In the spring the tourists exclaim, "Oh! look at the green valley" but what they see are weeds--loco, mallow, tumbleweeds and snakeweeds. Only those people who had some means of support like a pension could ever make a living out here. That was true thirty years ago and is just as true to-day.[8]

The economic quality of life was more negative than positive. Material wants were few and money gained from marginal farming was used to buy more land, more cows and farm machinery for crops which could never be harvested. While poor management was apparent as the Kents lost their ranch through a series of mortgages which could not be repaid, the economic failure of Tuweep residents could be attributed to the lack of water which limited grazing and diversified farming.

While the soil in Tuweep yielded no bountiful harvest, neither did the earth's crust produce a wealth of mineral resources. Spurred by tales of lost mines, Spanish treasures, and nuggets of gold in the sands of the Colorado River, miners came into Tuweep hoping to strike it rich. There was a legend that a treasure of silver ingots was buried along the Grand Canyon; another that Father Escalante during his trek across the Strip in

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[8]Ibid.

search of a crossing of the Colorado River hid a wealth of Spanish gold somewhere in the canyonlands. The miners' dreams were intensified by the volcanic characteristics of the area and the streaks of color on the cliffs which might indicate the mother-lode.

The earliest records of mining date to the panning of gold in 1871 at the "Crossing of the Fathers." However, it was not until George Riley (member of the Major Powell party) found gold in Kanab Creek and the news went out by telegram to the newspapers that the gold rush was on. Panning took place all along the river but the yield was so low that the gold rush soon faded.[9]

Henry Covington, a sheepherder and plasterer, prospected along the rim and the inner gorge around 1917. Near Toroweap Point, 1,500 feet below the rim and on the second ledge, Henry found a deposit of copper, zinc, and silver. He named the mine the "Little Chicken" when he observed a baby quail at the site. The trail to the mine was steep; in some sections steps were carved out of the sandstone rocks in order to get down between the narrow boulders. The ore had to be lifted by buckets and hauled out over a rough rim road to the Valley road.

One of Covington's acquaintances was Jim Brady Inglestad, better known as Windy Jim, who before coming

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[9]Laura Riffey, op. cit., May 15, 1949.

into Southern Utah had been a sourdough miner in Alaska. Covington told Windy Jim of his mine and the two joined together in developing the "Little Chicken." In order to have a legal claim, the assessment work under the United States Mining Laws had to be completed and the claim filed at the courthouse in Kingman, county seat of Mohave County. Covington said he would finish the assessment if Windy Jim would take care of the filing. At the courthouse Windy Jim forgot to declare Covington as his partner!

Through the usual methods of obtaining capital for a mining venture, Covington and Windy Jim located an "angel" who would advance the money to build a road and pay the wages for the miners. A carload of ore was lifted out and shipped to the smelter at Pueblo, Colorado, a distance of about 1,000 miles. Depending upon who tells the story, the ore brought $20,000 or $40,000.

After the first sale, the "angel" continued to put money into the mine and a number of residents on the Strip were employed. (Black of Short Creek, Button from Kanab, and Wilford Brooksby of Fredonia.) Sometime later the "angel" came in and paid the miners, stating that he was through. While Covington stayed at the mine, Windy Jim and the "angel" went to Los Angeles where the sheriff was waiting to arrest the "angel" for some shady mining deals in Texas. It is not known whether the "angel" used the

"Little Chicken" as bait or whether the Texas fraud financed the operation at Tuweep.

Windy Jim Brady did not return to Tuweep. Covington found that his name had not been included in the filing and after a five year waiting period jumped the claim and refiled under the name of the "Ram" for the Bighorn sheep that live on the rim. Windy Jim's involvement in the "Little Chicken" did not end, however, until 1962 when two men came in from California inquiring about the location of the mine. They said that when Windy Jim became ill they looked after him, and, as a repayment upon his death, they were to become owners of the mine. Since Covington had refiled, their claim was void.

Covington continued to work the "Ram" until the tunnel with its many branches was about one hundred feet back into the cliff. More prospecting netted him eighteen more claims including "Shepherd's Folly," the "Golden Streak" which he filed on at the same time as the "Ram," and an asbestos claim. However, any claim filed after the National Monument was created in 1923 was null and void. Covington, though, continued to "battle" the Park Service for what he considered his rights, particularly as they related to the "Ram."

In an attempt to bypass the Park Service, Covington joined with Melvin McCormick who held an early grazing permit along the rim that had not been pre-empted by

the Park Service. The two men brought in a bulldozer and constructed three miles of road parallel to the "Little Chicken" road before the Park Service could enforce an injunction. The Complaint for the injunction had been sent to Mr. Riffey. When the document had not arrived in two weeks, it was traced to the Kanab, Utah, post office where it had been held because no one knew how to send the mail to Tuweep!

Covington and McCormick brought in geologists at various times to look over the mine. One geologist stated if there were any valuable mineral deposits they were not visible from the surface. Covington was always optimistic and even brought in a core drill and set up a small smelting plant. The smelter was a primitive construction and consisted of a large chimney of native rock with a fireplace containing a long grate upon which the ore was placed and smelted.

At one time Covington stated that he planned to build a nine room house and move in his family. They did come out periodically and camped at the mine but the house did not materialize. (In the early days of the "Ram," Covington kept one of his wives in a rock cave down by the mine. When his wife #1 found out about wife #2, she left Covington and wife #2 had to move back into town to look after his children.)

Through the many years of litigation, Covington tried to sell, trade, or settle his mining ventures. Mr. Riffey's Park Service Reports indicate that for over twenty years numerous court cases and hearings over the Covington claims were held. After Covington and McCormick severed their partnership, Covington attempted to trade "Shepherd's Folly" for land back on the rim. When he was told by the Park Service that a legal survey and examination of the claim were required, Covington dropped the proposal.

Covington died in Salt Lake in 1971, realizing nothing from his mining operations. Now, the road to the mine can only be traveled with a four-wheel-drive vehicle, the mine shaft has caved-in, and the rope ladder which was used to get into the shaft has been removed to keep out the inquisitive tourists. The only visible remains of Covington's years on the rim are the cave house and the smelter.

A second mining venture was on Tucket, the mesa and canyon adjoining Tuweep on the east. Here a Claude Morris, Ross and Billy Cunningham, and a Mr. Blake, who was a relative of the Schmutz family, filed on a mine. A few wheelbarrows of ore were mined. Since the date of the filing was 1935, the claim was declared illegal by the Park Service.

In 1951 four men arrived at the Ranger Station inquiring about the Tucket mine and its location.

> DuWayne Hunting who had worked for the Schmutz cattle outfit (date unknown) claimed that he owned the mine and had filings from the Mohave County Court dated January 26, 1951. Mr. Hunting had sold the mine to the four men from Needles, California, who were unaware that filings on Park Service land after 1923 were null and void. The four men after finding out the facts, left promptly with the desire to locate Mr. Hunting and get their money back.[10]

The Tucket mine was again used in a "get-rich" scheme in 1955. This time Burl Hunting from St. George, Utah, the son of DuWayne Hunting, claimed he had found uranium in Tucket Canyon. Hunting said that he had received the mine from an old prospector whom he had aided on the Tucket trail; the prospector has been so grateful that he had given Hunting a map and some assay papers showing that gold and silver were in the mine. Hunting claimed that he had also discovered a deposit of uranium ore. The mine proved to be the same one that his father had sold in 1951 to the four men from Needles, California.

The uranium boom of 1954-55 reached into the Tuweep area but like all other mining ventures ended in a "bust." In the early fifties low grade uranium ore was discovered in Hack's Canyon about forty miles from Tuweep and midway between Tuweep and Fredonia. The Atomic Energy Commission made a road to the site, the first graveled and graded all-weather road extending out towards Tuweep. The mine proved unprofitable and was soon abandoned.

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[10]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

The lure of uranium brought in geologists and prospectors by car and plane, their expectations heightened by the red coloring of the Hermit shale along the cliffs and the yellow staining on the earth. Many thought they had struck it rich when their Geiger counters clicked, but it was only "fool's gold." Atomic clouds from the nuclear explosions in Nevada drifted over the Tuweep area depositing a radiation fall-out. If the dirt was brushed away, no clicks; after a rain, no clicks. Some of the prospectors were stranded and had to work on the ranches or cut fence posts to get enough money to move out and try their luck at another location. "The prospectors were just as determined and optimistic as the old timers, except they smelled better," was Mr. Riffey's comment.

In Tuweep, man has been humbled by what he cannot produce or find. The future augurs an economic existence as bleak as in the past.

Housing

Houses in Tuweep were created, not designed. During the late 1870s into the early 1920s when the Mormons ran their cattle in the Tuweep area, they built cow camps. These were small windowless shacks of rough wood just large enough to hold a stove, table, a bench or two, and in one corner an elevated platform for a bed roll. Some of the shacks were built near the springs or dug-out

watering holes while others were located at strategic points such as a day's ride from town or a mid-point between "here and yon."

When the land was opened for homesteading in the 1920s, the first permanent settlers were the cattle families who filed on as many sections of land as they had relatives. These were followed by the land-hungry adventuresome until all of the tillable land in the valley and on Mount Trumbull had been taken.

For housing some built additions onto the cow camps; others constructed new and larger houses for their families. There were plenty of raw materials: sandstone, limestone, and cull lumber (boards slightly warped or filled with knotholes) at the old sawmills on Mount Trumbull. Pine logs were cut from the Ponderosa forest and hauled to the farming area; pinyon and juniper trees supplied the fence posts or studs for the low barns and sheds. Neither adobe nor sod were used as the Tuweep clay disintegrates into slimy particles in the rainy season and the grass roots in the sod are too shallow to be water resistant. Dugouts were built for cellars and living quarters, reinforced with wooden beams and chinking.

Only three rock houses were built in the area. The one at June's Tank was actually a permanent cow camp rather than a settler's house. The architect and builder

was Tom Jensen, an early day Mormon cattleman. The house was not more than ten feet wide by twelve feet in length. The furniture consisted of a table and benches; the fireplace in one end of the room was equipped with hooks for hanging the Dutch ovens.

At the head of Toroweap Valley, McBride built a rock house near the cliffs. Using the sandstone rocks which had fallen from the rimrock, McBride shaped them into stones small enough for one man to handle. These were cemented together and the inside of the house plastered with mud.

> The west wall was unfinished so a canvas was tacked up over the hole. The floor was dirt, hardened by an accumulation of grease and swept-down to the hard pan. The cupboards were handmade as were the hinges for the doors. These were whittled out of wood, a sort of a dowl-peg contraption. The two room cabin had a monkey stove to cook on and a larger range in the room with the three finished walls. McBride had a good water supply by using a shed covered with galvanized roofing to catch the run-off which then flowed into a cement cistern. The place was a bachelor abode since McBride's wife had left him.[11]

During Prohibition days, McBride built a dugout where he and some of his cowboy acquaintances manufactured bootleg whiskey, which they peddled across the state line to the Mormons in Utah. Although the smell of the brewings was camouflaged by burning sagebrush, word got out that the rock house in Tuweep was the source of the supply.

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[11]Laura Riffey, op. cit., May 19, 1947.

McBride heard of the impending raid and left for the rough canyon country, later appearing in Kanab claiming that unknown squatters had been the culprits. McBride returned periodically to his ranch, raising a few crops, and during his spare time building a rock fence around his land, the only rock fence in the area. The ranch is now abandoned, but the yard is frequently used by the cowboys as a camp. The house and barns are in shambles and inquisitive tourists have found the place well fortified with rattlesnakes.

The only modern house is the rock Ranger Station built by the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1940. Located a mile within the Monument boundary, the house is at the bottom of a 1,000 foot cliff, with talus slopes stained red by the Hermit shale and capped with rim rock. The erosion of the cap rock and an occasional earthquake has sent huge boulders tumbling into the washes which surround the house. The windows of narrow-paned glass look out across the valley toward three cinder cones, Mount Emma, and Mount Trumbull.

The large five-room structure is a combination office and living quarters. A rain catchment area on an upper terrace collects the run-off, which flows into cement cisterns and by gravity into the house for the modern kitchen and bathroom. The house was originally equipped with a gas lighting system; this was replaced with

numerous electric generating plants. The Station is now air conditioned, although Butane gas is used for cooking; wood and coal heat the house in winter.

Adjacent to the Station is a combination garage, shop and horse stall. A shed houses the light plant, called "Sparky"; the road equipment is kept as the "graveyard" along the road to the rim. There is also an emergency outhouse, horse corral, and a small weather station.

Two unique habitats, fashioned primarily from rock, are located in the Canyon. Henry Covington, miner and polygamist, kept one of his wives in an old Indian cave near his mine. The cave, about ten feet deep, carved by wind and water erosion out of the red sandstone rock of the Esplanade, was large enough to hold a bed, stove, a small plank table, and a bench. The floor was soft red silt and the front of the cave was covered with a wooden wall (now tumbled down). Covington, who was also a plasterer, had put up a chicken wire along one side of the cave and plastered one wall. Because of the inaccessibility of the cave house to tourists, there is still evidence of a woman--some rotted flowered dresses and an old ironing board!

The other inner gorge dwelling was the Son-of-a-Bitch Hotel belonging to Al Craig and situated on his winter grazing land in S. B. Canyon, a place where few

have ever spent the night or would have the courage to ever return. The Hotel is two caves, 3,000 feet down the canyon wall at the bottom of S. B. Point. The grade is 65 percent and so steep that it is impossible to ride a horse or mule all the way down the trail. Since Al's death, the Craigs no longer run cattle and the Hotel has been abandoned.

The Bud Kent ranch house was the most liveable of all Tuweep homesteads. It started as a one room frame structure in 1927 but in subsequent years additions were gradually added. A lean-to porch built on the northeast side was enclosed and became a bedroom. When the kitchen was added, the small one room section became the living room and Mattie's postoffice (a drop-leaf desk in the corner of the room). A back porch was added which contained the wash-up bench, milk pails, and storage pantry. Out of the porch a narrow hallway connected the main house to another building which housed the cowhands and later the tourists. Kerosene lamps and gas lanterns furnished the lighting; a range and pot-bellied stove were fired with wood. The house had a cozy atmosphere for the ceilings were low; the walls painted a light beige; the sloping floors covered with gray linoleum, and the small glass paned windows edged with white curtains.

In the yard the collection of barns, stock corrals, bunk houses, and farm machinery dwarfed the house. A

stock tank provided water for the cattle and milk cows but was also used for the house until Kent's built a cistern to catch the run-off or filled it with water from Nixon Spring, fifteen miles away. The cistern was covered with loose boards and the water lifted with buckets until a horse fell through the boards and Mattie installed a lift pump--the only one in Tuweep. (During the construction Johnny Hobbs, a relative of the Kents, lost his false teeth in the cistern. These were finally retrieved after many teeth fishing expeditions.)

While there was a touch of the feminine in the house, it was also in evidence outside. The road coming into the ranch was lined with Tamarix trees, their pink plumes in bloom all summer. Along the edge of the path by the front door were petunias, marigolds, and cosmos. The garden and straggling peach trees were carefully nurtured with every drop of waste water. Mrs. Kent loved her home and she expended many hours in making it attractive.

When the bank foreclosed on the Kents and they left for California, Pat and Ruth Sullivan Bundy became the winter residents until they liquidated their cattle in 1965. The place was vacant until Dr. Richard Thompson, an archeologist from Cedar City, Utah, began his diggings on the Monument. He started to recondition the house but decided that a mobile home at the archeological site would be more practical.

In the summer of 1975 the door to the Kent house stood open and the kitchen range invited a brewing of coffee and a baking of bread. Outside the tumbleweeds were piled high against the fence and the logs around the corrals had fallen down. There were no chickens hunting grasshoppers, no soft mooing of the milk cows or the sound of galloping horses in the pasture. All was still except for the creaking of the gate, swaying slowly back and forth like a pendulum ticking away the time.

The original homestead house is still used at the Craigs and until 1965, Al's mother (known to all as Grandma Craig) called this her home. Al came up periodically from St. George to look after his cattle, but Mary, Al's wife, and their three children spent the winter months in St. George and summered on the mountain.

The house was a two story weather-beaten shack. One large downstairs room served as a dining and living room. A lean-to addition contained the cook stove and a sink (no running water) which drained out into the yard. The bedroom was upstairs and the steps leading to the second floor were narrow, steep, and without a hand rail.

The inside walls were covered with cartons that had been opened, tacked to the walls, and then wallpapered. The front and back doors were solid wood planks and there were no screens. On the front porch sandstone

rocks had been laid in the ground, and overhead rough boards formed a lean-to roof. Benches, an old canvas covered couch, and a few flower boxes comprised the porch decor. On the open back porch was a bench for "washing-up;" a big, cracked, sun-checked mirror on the cabin wall reflected not only one's image but the pinyon pines that edged the clearing. There was no well and water was dipped from barrels or poured from a ten-gallon milk can.

In addition to the house was an old, white, house trailer, a sheep wagon, and Al's dugout. The dugout was a circular room, about six feet below the surface of the ground. A large fireplace covered one wall and the entire room was lined with rough hewn, cedar logs, each about eight inches in diameter. Deer antlers served as clothes trees; bunk beds and a table completed the furnishings. When the Craigs were living on the mountain year-round, three large deer hides covered the floor.

The gate to the Craig ranch was topped with a cross-beam decorated with antlers and skulls of dead cows. The road into the ranch meandered through the yard, past a miscellaneous collection of old trucks, worn-out machinery, by a number of barns where Al kept his stock or stored his automobile parts, skirted a low shed for chickens, and ended in a cleared-out area covered with fine, black volcanic dust. From the tallest pine tree in the

yard hung a tire swing; a merry-go-round contraption which Al invented formed the playground for his grandchildren.

In the summer of 1974 an event occurred which marked the end of the last remnants of Al Craig's cattle ranching. The old stock barn with its roof bowed and the doors hanging askew from their hinges was set afire. The smoke curled up through the pine trees, drifted around the porch where Al had sat so often with his dog "Poochie," swirled across the stock tank now filled with tumbleweeds, and over the flats where the stock was grazed, now overgrown with sagebrush. Soon the blackened remains will be covered with weeds.

The two Schmutz homestead houses are used only as cow camps. One is located just below the talus slope of the cliffs on the eastern side of the valley and the other in Deer Valley, one of the side canyons which drain into Toroweap Valley. Both of the houses are only two rooms. In the fifties Howard Schmutz built an airstrip beside one of the cabins and also brought in a trailer house which he moves up on Mount Trumbull in the summer. From the main road the ranch always appears to be occupied for a large, white, cattle truck, tireless and without an engine, has been parked near the house for more than fifteen years.

A shack with a different look was built by a homesteader and is now used as a cow camp. Constructed of

short juniper and pinyon logs, the roof is so low one cannot stand upright. The outside logs were chinked with cow manure and the inside plastered with mud.

The house at the Senior Kent Place, called the Upper Kent place, had a high pitched roof, making the building appear like a barn. The windows were small panes of glass and looked out on the pasture and farm land which raised more sunflowers than cow feed. After the Senior Kents left, the house has been intermittently occupied by Kent's relatives and cowhands who were employed by Bud Kent. The ranch is now deserted.

The Marshall house on Mount Trumbull was a small, frame building with a built-on sleeping porch. When the Marshall's moved, Cliff and Trudy (Marshall's brother and sister) moved to the place. They reconditioned the house and added a fiber glass patio, an unusual architectural feature in Tuweep!

The Bob Sullivan house is of special interest. A large farm building, it was two storied with a high pitched roof. Laura Riffey described its interior:

> When Bob Sullivan invited us into his house via the front door, imagine my surprise to see over half the front room piled with corn still in husks. There was a trail to the next room where a piano was loaded with dirt, magazines, newspapers, and a big box of Bull Durham tobacco. Nearby a sewing machine was covered with old bottles; there was a couple of chairs with bed pillows on them, the pattern of the ticking no longer visible and in its place a rich brown covering of dirt; a rocking chair was well-oiled on the arm rests and the back. The heating

> stove was made from a fifty gallon oil drum and piled around logs and crumpled newspapers. The room was hung with calendars dating back to 1932. Buzzing flies were thick in the room; there were no screens and the windows so dirty you couldn't see out. The floor was littered with cigarette stubs (hand rolled), tobacco and just plain dirt and filth. Over the double door into the front room, Bob had hung an old fashioned heavy, red, couch cover. There was only a pathway into the kitchen. Old tin cans, dirty dishes, farm tools, and junk littered the cabinets and shelves. The dishwater which Bob said he saved from day to day was as black as crank case oil and just as thick. Outside the debris is just as bad. Bob throws his tin cans out the door and wherever they land, they stay. 'There is no step from the back door leading to the outhouse but from the smell, Bob doesn't go that far! The yard is strewn with tools, old rags, machinery, and anything that has been discarded during the last thirty years. Chickens run loose, horses wander around, and pigs root in the garbage. (Bob's pigs are wild and graze on the acorns of the scrub oak; he rounds them up on horseback.) He has a few barns with horse stalls but they are littered with old machinery and piled high with manure. Bob's house leaks but since it hasn't rained for three months, he hasn't gotten around to fixing it.[12]

Tuweep houses were, for the most part, simply shelters, crudely constructed and seldom repaired. The winters were mild so there was no need to insulate the walls nor build warmer buildings. Since most of the ranchers had range stock, barns were also poorly constructed and used primarily to store feed or equipment. Living with uncleanliness and debris was a way of life. The Ranger Station could in no way serve as a model for the government had money but the ranchers had very little.

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[12]Laura Riffey, op. cit., August 17, 1947.

Education

From reading Aristotle and Shakespeare to looking at pictures in the Montgomery Ward catalog; from a post-doctoral research project on birds to a misspelled word scrawled on a piece of wrapping paper--this was the range of educational attainment of those who lived in Tuweep.

As a group the itinerant cowboys were the least educated. Many were drifters who were propositioned on the streets of St. George, Utah, Kanab or Salt Lake City, or as far away as Los Angeles by Bud Kent or the Schmutzes to come to Tuweep and ride the range or help farm. A few arrived in dilapidated trucks with their saddles and bed rolls but no horses; some hitched a ride with the mail man. In some instances they came to escape the law, changing their names and carefully concealing their identities. Others returned to Tuweep when nostalgic memories of cowboying lured them back. The only ability the cowboys shared in common was how to punch cows, a skill not taught in textbooks. Most of them had dropped out of school around the fourth grade so they spent their spare time talking--spinning yarns about themselves or people they knew. If they read, it was comic books, westerns, or love stories.

There is no evidence that Tuweep ever had a school. The Craigs and Schmutzes sent their children into St. George and the young Kents went to Los Angeles to live

with relatives. All these children finished high school and some went on to college. The Marshalls, Riffeys, and Bob Sullivan had no children.

John and Laura Riffey were both graduates of Colorado State University (Colorado Agricultural College). She majored in home economics and he in forestry. Meribeth, John's second wife, holds a Ph.D. in biology, and even after her marriage continues her teaching career as a professor in the science department at Western Washington State College at Bellingham. All the Riffeys were avid readers; John Riffey particularly enjoys books on history and poetry, but his favorite author is Shakespeare. Each year he goes to Cedar City, Utah, (200 miles) to the Shakespearian Festival. He recalls with fluency the famous passages of the male and female characters and recites them with appropriate voices.

At the Kents, Mattie had taught school on the Strip; her education was a high school diploma and some classes at a Normal School or Teachers' College. Bud had attended high school. He was considered by the Tuweepers as a "slinger of a lot of bull" for he possessed a keen imagination and the ability to amplify truths and untruths into fantastic tales, which he believed without question. Bud was also always "cooking" up big deals for Tuweep development which would result in a profit to him

of at least a million dollars. Since Mattie lived by the Bible that she read each day, she practiced Christian charity and overlooked all of Bud's shortcomings.

Information is vague about the educational background of Grandpa and Grandma Schmutz. They had two sons, Marcel and John, who had homesteaded in Tuweep but lived most of the time in St. George. Each had a son who was educated in St. George, graduated from college, and later returned as absentee cattlemen to carry out their fathers' ranching activities.

Up at the Craigs, Grandma Craig read everything. In spite of her advancing years and isolation, she was aware of the latest national and international news and had strong opinions on all issues. Al, her son, had unusual mechanical skill and it was his ability to invent spare parts that helped the other ranchers keep their equpment and cars in operation. Mary, Al's wife, spent her spare time painting, mainly in oils. (Her specialty was painting on fabrics pictures of native birds.)

Bob Sullivan had no formal education but he was a self-educated man. He subscribed to the National Geographic, preserving all copies on a warped bookshelf in his parlor which also served as a storage room, pen for newly born animals, granary, and catch-all. Bob had the only set of Encyclopedia and although they were more than

twenty years out of date, they had served Bob well. Unlike other Tuweepers, Bob possessed a keen ability to observe nature. He was familiar with the living habits of all wild life and knew the names of the birds and their migrating patterns. He maintained, long before the ornithologists recognized the fact, that the Road Runner, an awkward, fast-traveling bird of the Cuckoo family, does not winter in the south but hibernates.

A diversified farmer, his skills had been acquired through trial and error although he always based his success on planting his crops in the right phase of the moon. Bob also developed some veterinarian skills, dosing his horses with kerosene if they became bloated, or sewing up torn animal hides as adeptly as a doctor. Bob also used his homemade horse ointments to treat his own wounds, asthma, and arthritis--sometimes with negative results.

Mabel Sullivan, Bob's wife and her second husband, taught school at Mount Trumbull, a Mormon settlement on the other side of the mountain from Tuweep. Her two children from a previous marriage were physically handicapped. Francis, who died in his early twenties, had difficulty with any motor skill. His education was minimal. Ruth with less disability was able to read and her interests were in Western stories and romances. Neither she nor Pat Bundy, her husband, were able to cope with grazing

permits nor government paper work so it was usually Mr. Riffey who assisted them with their problems.

At the Marshalls, Bob and Floy only occasionally associated with the rest of the Tuweepers. Cliff and Trudy, brother and sister of Mr. Marshall, took over the ranch after Bob became ill. Both were retired--she a secretary and he a business man. They were intelligent, gregarious people and during the few years they were permanent residents, they brought a new dimension to the intellectual life of Tuweep.

"Figurin'" was also a problem for some Tuweepers. For example, Pat Bundy couldn't use a yardstick or a tape measure so everything he built was "approximate." Some of the cowboys had difficulty accurately counting in their cows onto the grazing allotments although this was interpreted as more dishonesty and "getting the best of Uncle Sam" than the inability to count. Bud Kent had his own inflated multiplication table by which all his possessions were doubled in value. Machinery was twice its costs; land value twice its worth and then redoubled, and if he grazed ten horses they were multiplied into one hundred.

One of the most frequent questions asked when anyone was stopped along the road by a cowboy was, "What day is it?" Time passes in a monotonous fashion when riding the range as one day slips into another in a blur of sunlight and darkness. Some of the ranchers meticulously

marked off the days but others were forgetful. With no daily newspaper and a reliance on the radio news which gives the time and temperature but seldom the day, calendars were subjected to frequent up-dating.

If the itinerant cowboys had trouble with reading and arithmetic, they also had limitations with writing and spelling. Mr. Riffey received this letter from Johnny Hobbs who was taking care of the Ranger Station in the Riffeys' absence:

> Dear Frend
> Will gallop you a fuew lines to let you know that everything is gowent to Hell went down durn the cold spell and broke the ice for your stock and that gray mule looked at me with a twinkel in his eye. Just the same as to dam you giv me some oates and all the sawes is dullr than H--- I tryed to sharpen one and runt it so you bettr get back on the job or I will have to look up more eaffishent help if some of these words you cannot make out just look them up in the dictneary--stuck on a nother Well I am post master ranger cowboy farmer and the old dam thing for Tuweep valley now Mattie left last friday for yuma,arz her father had a stroke ahven't hurde whether he went over the divide or not how is the squaw give her my regards old bill had a hell of atime getten ovr his cold. Al and me went up and killed his hoges for him and brought a ham and side down and cured for you so hurey home As ever John Hobbs[13]

Tuweep language had a characteristic brogue--western and without grammatical structure. Conversations were punctuated with cuss words which were also used as adjectives to describe people, places, and things. There were more ain'ts than isn'ts; more ya's than yesses and

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[13]Laura Riffey, op. cit., August 10, 1943.

more nopes than no's. Bub Sullivan, originally from Arkansas, called his horses "hearses." Mr. Riffey, after spending thirty years in the area, acquired much of the slang and twang of Tuweep talk, as he said, "subconsciously by absorption."

What impact did education have on the area? For the Tuweepers the most widely read books were the Montgomery Ward and Sears catalogs since spare parts, tires, clothing, and household supplies were usually ordered by mail. With the arrival of the new catalogs, the old ones were consigned to the outhouses (the Riffeys being the only ones who used store bought toilet paper). There is no evidence that formal education made the individual a better farmer. He who could buy out his neighbor's ranch or water rights survived. He who could withstand the climate, the isolation, or maintain his health stayed in the area. But eventually they all left, leaving behind Mr. Riffey, the only one who needed a college education for his job.

Communication

The isolation of the ranches and the lack of telephones limited communication, but no one could be called a hermit for each rancher seemed to have an insatiable curiosity about his neighbors.

Just as primitive man read smoke signals and footprints in the paths, Tuweepers gained information about each other from the "signs." Many of the "comings and goings" were determined by the automobile tracks in the roads; by observing from which side roads the tracks emerged, the local residents speculated that "so and so must've gone to town" or "come home." After a heavy rain the deep, gouged-out ruts could be identified as a heavy truck and the shallower ruts as belonging to a pick-up or car. Since the residents knew when and where to detour around the usual mud holes, a muddy wallow created by a mired-down vehicle generally denoted a tourist. Occasionally a Tuweeper would take a chance and attempt to go through a bog, but how he extricated himself and what he left behind such as straw, hay, or an old shirt that was used to chuck under the wheels, was all the evidence needed to confirm who had been stuck in the mud.

From the Ranger Station a dust trail from an automobile can be detected along the side of the cliffs five miles up Tuweep Valley. Whether the car turned off at the forks to go up on Mount Trumbull, continued down the valley and turned in at the Kents, Schmutzes, or proceeded toward the Monument gate could be observed through field glasses. By the time the visitor arrived at the Ranger Station his identity had been made as a local resident or

a tourist. At night the car lights were visible as far as the head of the Valley and at numerous places where the road makes its many curves up Mount Trumbull. Since few tourists ever attempted the lonely road out to Tuweep at night, there was little doubt that the traffic was a local resident.

The marks of horse hoofs along with signs of churned vegetation made by the cattle moving onto the grazing permits, or trapped around a watering tank, identified who was checking on his cattle, branding, or shipping. The wiggly marks of a sheep wagon marked the movement of either sheepman Heaton or cattleman Craig, the only two ranchers who used the traditional sheepwagon for range housing. The approximate time of the movement of the men and animals on the grazing lands was determined by how much dust had accumulated in the hoof tracks and the dried-up condition of the "cow-pies," or sheep and horse droppings.

"Ducks" or a pile of rocks placed in the middle of the road told the location of a sheep or cow camp. Sometimes a message was placed in a tin can in the rocks to be read by all travelers until the person to whom it was directed came along.

Fresh blocks of rock salt at the watering tanks, a gate or range fence newly repaired, a truck parked

beside one of the old homesteads or cow camps, smoke from a chimney, a faint light of a kerosene lamp, or the bluish tint of a Coleman gas lantern were visual observations which were not ignored.

Mr. Riffey gave some insight into non-verbal communication when he said:

> Out here one develops a keen sense of observation. Since few changes ever take place and the mountains, cliffs, valleys, and canyons always look the same, one is instantly aware of the unusual; in fact is always looking for it. There have never been enough people around to cause much confusion so one can recognize the cowbrands, cars, trucks, horses and know fairly well the living habits of everyone. Then, too, one does a lot of speculating, surmising, wishful thinking, and even uses a little intuition and deduction. By eliminating the improbables and adding together the possibles, there's always a fifty-fifty chance of being right.[14]

The Riffeys were and still are the most mobile residents. Through frequent checks on the grazing allotments, fire patrol on Mount Trumbull, and surveillance of the Monument, Mr. Riffey covered the Tuweep community. Stopping at the ranches and cow camps, he became the key person in the communication network.

When the short wave radio was installed at the Tuweep Ranger Station in 1943, for the first time there was instant communication to the outside world. Initially, a five day a week, eight o'clock in the morning radio schedule tied the Zion National Park, Bryce National Park,

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[14]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

Pipe Springs National Monument, Lee's Ferry where the Bureau of Reclamation monitored the flow of water down the Colorado River, and the various components of the Grand Canyon National Park system into a radio network. Emergency calls from the Tuweep Ranger Station could be made to the headquarters of the National Park on the south rim during the day and on weekends, but there was no continuous communication until the automatic generating plant was installed at Tuweep. The government truck was later equipped with short wave so that calls could be made back to the Ranger Station and to most of the outposts of the Grand Canyon National Park.

Through Mr. Riffey the local residents began to use the short wave radio for receiving messages and to a lesser degree for sending messages. The procedure was unique and complicated. Messages from relatives or friends were first sent by telegram, telephone, or letter to the Chief Ranger (later the Dispatcher) at the Park headquarters on the South Rim. The directions on the message would state: "Please relay to Mr. Riffey at the Grand Canyon National Monument . . . ." When the information was received, Riffey went out by pick-up and tried to locate the recipient of the message. Generally, the system worked although in transmittal messages became garbled so that cousin Marion might have been cousin Mary or Joe proved to be Josie. For the Tuweepers the radio station

alleviated one of their most agonizing problems, that of being reached when sickness or death struck their families.

Mr. Riffey added another dimension to the communication solution when he learned to fly in 1954. He had never been in an airplane but his wife Laura had flown and was enthusiastic about flying. With arthritis in his back and shoulders, Mr. Riffey (as he tells the story) got tired of "beating the roads" and digging out of mud holes. When the Park Service notified him that during the summer fire season he had to drive out to Handcock Knoll and look around for forest fires, that was the last straw.

> It was crazy. The Park Service just looked at the map and picked out the high spot. Even though it looked like only a few miles, it took a half-day to drive there and the other half to drive back. I decided I wasn't going to spend every day commuting to Handcock.[15]

The Federal Aviation Administration had built an emergency air field at Tuweep in 1927. The strip was graded out of the sagebrush, yucca and brush covered flat. It was about 3,400 feet long, a few feet more if the curve and hump were taken into consideration. To the Park Service an airplane is an "exotic" and could not be kept within the Park. The strip was just outside the gate in the Kent pasture so it became the base for the Riffey airplane. He built a hangar out of scrap lumber, later having to fence the area when the Kent cows and horses began

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[15]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

to scratch themselves on the plane's wings. Over the hangar door has been inscribed on a rough board the words, TUWEEP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

Mr. Riffey recalls how he learned to fly:

> I'd seen my nephew flying an airplane during World War II and thought it looked easy. When I decided that maybe I should fly I began asking around at the airports in St. George, Cedar City and Flagstaff if an old guy like me (42 years old) could learn to fly. All said, "sure" and even were more sure when they found out I'd be buying an airplane. My first plane, Pogo #1, was an Aeronca and my first instructor from St. George but I wore out four pilots before I got my license. Finally had to bring one out to spend two weeks in Tuweep. George didn't like the Canyon and one day when we were flying over it, he looked down, said the rocks are too pointed and let's go back to the valley. I've been flying over those rocks for years and have finally got them leveled off a bit. But I have to admit there isn't a smooth place down there.[16]

The Aeronca wasn't too safe for canyon flying and Pogo #2, a Piper Super Cub was purchased. The plane was a benefit not only to the Riffeys, but also to the Tuweepers.

The first year that Mr. Riffey had his license he flew around the area hunting cows and people, but never went to town. It wasn't long until he was ferrying the residents to the doctor, bringing in supplies and groceries, and flying across the Grand Canyon to Flagstaff or to the Park Service headquarters on the south rim. Then

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[16]Ibid.

he signed a contract with the Forest Service to fly Mount Trumbull on fire patrol; he acquired two citizen-band radios, one for the plane and the other he gave to Al Craig. Al operated his radio off a car battery.

> I'd fly over and buzz Al's house and then swing back around. Al would hear the plane, run outside, and operate his radio. I'd deliver him messages such as going to town, or picnic tomorrow or whatever, but most of the time we'd just visit. The code we used was Fly Boy to Ground Hog. I was Fly Boy and he was Ground Hog.[17]

Without the radio communication, Mr. Riffey didn't have much luck in dropping messages whether in a weighted sack or a tin can.

> I sent the Craigs and the mountain folks a lot of messages but most of them landed way out in St. George or over Williams (Arizona). Either my arm wasn't strong enough, the wind wasn't right, or my aim was no good. Once I dropped Al Craig a message telling him to go to a fire on Mount Trumbull. A year later he found the message in a pinyon tree. Once, though, Al was staying up at his place in the winter and got snowed in. Finnicum, the road man, broke down and couldn't get up the mountain. I fixed up some groceries, tobacco, coffee, steaks and some Christmas presents. Pat Bundy was staying at the Bud Kent place herding his cattle so I got him to go with me. We circled Al's place and then came back around. Pat dropped the sack. It landed right in the yard--the only time anything ever hit the right place.[18]

The mail man also served as a source of information as he stopped along his route to pick up or deliver the mail. Until the Tuweep post office was closed and

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[17] Ibid.

[18] Ibid.

during the years the mail truck made its weekly trip to Tuweep, mail day served as a focal point for the gathering of the residents. They sat in the Bud Kent living room which was also the post office or on the fence rails down by the barns exchanging the latest gossip, discussing the weather, price of cows, politics, or telling tales about their early day experiences.

The Tuweepers also developed their own unique methods of communication. Near the Al Craig ranch a heavy piece of cord about two feet long was hung from a dead branch of a juniper tree. On the cord was several snap clothespins and when someone wanted to leave a message for any of the families or cowboys, it was clipped to the cord. Whoever passed by would stop out of curiosity to see for whom the message was intended; if going the right direction, they would deliver it.

Al Craig also arranged an unusual message to insure that his ranch gate was kept fastened. Heaping up a pile of dirt about six feet long, he stuck an old cowboy hat at the head and had the toes of a pair of cowboy boots sticking out at the foot. The meassage read: "Here lies the body of the last S.O.B. who didn't shut the gate."

A tin can with a message inside would be hung from a tree branch, a fluttering rag would attract the passerby. In a treeless area, a stake would be pounded into the ground to hold a message. Mrs. Riffey wrote:

> We were on our way home and came across a pile of rocks in the center of the road. Over to the side and tied to a tree was a three-day old white faced calf. Just above the calf, hanging from a pinyon tree branch was a note on brown wrapping paper fastened with a piece of baling wire. The note read, "Mr. Riffey please put this calf in your pick-up and bring down to Nixon Spring. It got all tuckered out." Undoubtedly one of the cowboys had seen or heard the truck go by and knew we would have to pass by the tree on our way home.[19]

There was considerable travel between the ranches to borrow equipment, gas, or spare parts. Sometimes it was to seek an extra hand to accomplish some ranch chores or to repair a stalled tractor or car. Since trips to town were infrequent, coffee, sugar, tobacco were borrowed or exchanged for a chunk of beef or venison (in or out of season). There were even visits just for the ride, but few Tuweepers would ever admit that they had cabin fever and had to get out to see people.

Visitors into Tuweep now are mainly non-resident ranchers, an occasional cowboy, college students with their instructors studying the geologic characteristics, and tourists. In the early 1940s only fifty visitors were recorded at the register on the rim of the Canyon; in 1974 more than 6,000 made the trip by boat, air, or car. In the summer helicopters ferry out the boat riders from Lava Falls Rapids in the Colorado River to the Tuweep Airport where small airplanes take the tourists on

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[19]Laura Riffey, op. cit., October 6, 1950.

to airports in Las Vegas or Grand Canyon. Last year from January to April there were no visitors in Tuweep but as Mr. Riffey said, "I talk to Rancid Roy (the skunk), the lizards, birds, and cottontail rabbits. I like people fine but I don't seem to miss them."[20]

Religion

Those who first ran their cattle in the Tuweep area were Mormons firmly believing in the tenets of the Church as laid down by Joseph Smith, the founder, and Brigham Young who led the Mormons to Salt Lake. Since the first Mormon Temple was built at St. George, Utah, and the lumber for the building hauled in 1870-71 from Mount Trumbull, most of the St. George Mormons were familiar with the mountain and the valley.

While the church members should have been called "Latter Day Saints," the result of the reorganization of the church and the abolition of polygamy, in Tuweep those of the faith retained the old title of Mormons. Not all were good Mormons since some smoked, drank coffee, and "got liquored-up" when they went to town. These vices were strictly forbidden by the church. The common reference to the backsliders was "Jack Mormons" and in the caste system of the church were rated second, followed

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[20]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

by "whites" (Protestants), Catholics, Mexicans, and Indians.[21]

Religion in the later days did not center around Mormonism as the Sullivans, Kents, Craigs, and Riffeys were non-Mormons. Mr. Riffey, raised a Methodist, and who had a reputation for singing hymns punctuated with cuss words while he worked, gave his opinion about the religion of the area:

> Out here, this is about as close as one can get to God and God is cursed and praised depending upon the circumstances. Tourists coming in call this a "Hell of a place" or a "bit of Heaven" based on whether they got stuck in the mud and their appreciation of the scenery. When you look down into the Canyon or you realize the eons of time that it took to create this land, then you can't help but know that man is an insignificant intruder.[22]

When Mr. Riffey and his first wife Laura came to Tuweep they were already unchurched. Meribeth, his second wife, is a convert to Catholicism. They were married at St. George, Utah, in the Catholic Church with all of Mr. Riffey's Tuweep friends, dressed in their best cowboy clothes and appearing very uncomfortable, in attendance. For most of them it was the first time they had ever been to a Catholic wedding and they muttered their doubts that the incense and holy water would make the marriage any

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[21]Laura Riffey, op. cit., June 1951.

[22]Statement John Riffey, personal interview.

more durable than a ceremony before the local Justice of Peace.

Mr. Riffey expressed his own views about his Catholic marriage:

> When Meribeth wanted me to accept the Catholic faith, I told her I had been in Tuweep too long but if she wanted to be married at the Catholic Church, that was all right. When Father--I can't remember his name so I've always called him Escalante for the old Spanish Padre who went through here in 1776--asked me if I'd let Meribeth go to church each Sunday, I said, "Sure." If she wanted to drive the 180 mile trip alone, it was fine with me. Meribeth, when she is out here, blesses the food and that's O.K.--tastes good either way. When I'm out here which is most of the time alone, I just watch the squirrels, the birds and the lizards. We're all a part of the scheme of things. No one out here has ever been very religious except Howard Schmutz who went on a Mormon mission and came home with a wife, and the Kents, Mattie especially.[23]

The Kents claimed they were Apostolic, following the doctrines of the twelve Apostles of Christ. Bud Kent and Mabel Sullivan (Bud's sister) professed the faith and Mattie Kent was the minister. Mattie nurtured her religion by listening to the radio; each evening she would tune in her battery set and hear the sermons beamed from Phoenix or Los Angeles. She answered the requests for money to keep the programs on the air by sending a dollar or more that she had been able to save out of her egg and cream money. Whether her religious fervor was kindled by the constant adversity of farming, Bud Kent's frequent

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[23]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

desertions, or the critical illness of her nephew Francis, cannot be judged. But as Francis became more debilitated, Mattie increased her offerings and asked for prayers to cure him. She wrote Aime Semple McPherson, head of the Four-Square Gospel in Los Angeles, to ask permission to build a church. Aime sent her blessings, some old hymn books, but no money.

After many weeks of prayer, Mattie decided to build the church along the road to the rim about a mile away from her house. She hoped the church would become a little chapel where the tourists would pause and meditate. Mattie secured "cull" lumber from the saw mill on Mount Trumbull; the church was completed with a pulpit and a row of benches. Some of the irreverent Tuweepers called it an oversized outhouse but it soon became known as Mattie's Church.

Each Sunday morning Mattie dressed in her church clothes and walked down to the church to hold her solitary church services. She sang hymns, prayed, and delivered a sermon. About noon she would emerge, latch the door, and walk back to her house. Mattie's religious faith grew into an obsession which brought about a thirty-six day prayer and fast period. It was suspected that someone slipped her a few biscuits as she came out of her ordeal none the worse for her self-imposed fast.

The church services ended abruptly when an old mule pushed in the door, caught his hind feet in the flooring, and died. (Some Tuweepers say he was found with a well-chewed hymn book in his mouth and his feet crossed as if in prayer.) Since the Kents have left the valley, Mr. Riffey has tried to buy the church to be used as a shed on the Monument but the deal has never been consumated. So the church by the side of the road still stands as a grim reminder of a woman who thirsted for God. Mr. Riffey commented, "If the church gave Mattie solace and made life easier for her out here, then it accomplished its purpose."[24]

There have been various church groups, mainly the Fundamentalists and "off-beat" varieties who have come to Tuweep looking for a location. Bud Kent tried to sell his ranch to the Seventh Day Adventists but the elders of the church found that the evolution of the canyonlands conflicted with their belief in the "creative theory."

Mr. Riffey was asked once by a journalist, "What do you think you have contributed to society?" He replied, "Retired from it, and that's quite a contribution." Yet if religion is brotherly love and compassion for mankind, then Mr. Riffey has lived his religion.

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[24]Ibid.

> Opportunities to help people have been greater out here than anyplace I could have been. It is no sham. Out here you find people needing help, someone to take them to the doctor; to look after their place while they are away; to help them with their ranching when they are short of hands; and sometimes just to talk to. We talk a lot about people being self-sufficient and living alone, but so many times they need other people and I've spent most of my time being "other people."[25]

Politics

Tuweep was conservative Republicanism laced with a dose of bureaucratic skepticism and mistrust of "big brother." The political history was one of hate rather than love for the federal government, an outgrowth of the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 and the absorption of land controls in 1946 by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). As a result of the grazing acts, the range was fenced and allotments for grazing rights made to the sheep and cattle ranchers. Grazing restrictions were placed on the Kaibab National Forest on Mount Trumbull and within the boundaries of the Grand Canyon National Monument. One of the provisions for the Monument was that no one holding a current permit could in the future transfer or sell it. The strict limitations created great hostility.

The hate of the grazing acts was exhibited not only verbally but through actions such as cutting fences or herding (often by moonlight) unauthorized sheep or cattle onto the grazing allotments. In 1939 when the

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[25]Ibid.

Ranger Station was built at the Monument and the boundary fence line cut off lower Tuweep Valley for open grazing, the newly built rock house was splattered inside and outside with "cow pies."

Because of the open hostility a concerted effort was made by the Park Service to carry out what was called a "pie and cake policy." The land use regulations were enforced but at the same time an attempt was made to curry the favor and cooperation of the ranchers. The "cow pies" were counteracted with apple and cherry pies, fresh baked bread, and cookies, graciously supplied to all cowboys by the Ranger's wife. The Ranger offered his services repairing machinery, bringing in supplies from town, and performing services for the ill and aged. Mr. Riffey recounted:

> Ranger Bill Bowen and his wife Gertrude started the project when he was the first permanent ranger in Tuweep. He was very successful because the ranchers all liked him. Since we've been here, we've just carried on.[26]

The "pie and cake policy" paid off and through the years, the concept that the Ranger was the government adversary of the ranchers changed to the acceptance that he was one of them. Mr. Riffey became the ombudsman, the negotiator of the ranchers' grazing rights, water rights, mining claims, and other litigations with the federal

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[26] Ibid.

government. One of Mr. Riffey's major efforts for the Tuweepers was to carry out a successful vendetta against the U. S. Postal Service when it attempted to cut off mail service.

Late in the 1950s Mattie Kent, postmistress at Tuweep, received notice from Washington that the post office would be closed. "It is hoped," the letter read, "that the residents would not be inconvenienced by going to town once a week to get their mail."[27] The closing of the post office was a serious matter because the mail man not only brought the mail, but groceries, farm equipment and repairs, and ranch hands. Bob Sullivan who seldom went to town relied almost entirely on the mail service. Mr. Riffey recounted the event:

> Closing the post office made us pretty mad. All the Tuweepers signed a petition and I wrote nasty letters to the Postmaster General and to Senator Hayden. I said, "Would it inconvenience you to go one hundred and eighty miles once a week to get your mail? What does the government do for the people out here? They have no roads, no schools, they have nothing that the government does for most people. All the government does is collect taxes. Now you want to delete the post office and the mail route as well. Since you have delivery three or four times a day because the mail man sticks it in your door, we ought to have something out here.[28]

In the meantime Mattie Kent tried to build up the post office business. She wrote letters to her friends and had her friends send letters to be mailed. Since

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[27]Ibid.

[28]Ibid.

Tuweep was a fourth class post office, Mattie got a percentage of the sale of the stamps.

> When the postal inspector arrived, he told Mattie that it was illegal to mail out letters for her friends. I told Mattie that as long as a letter had a stamp on it, it could be mailed anyplace, in any post office and to tell the inspector to go to Hell! Of course the inspector wasn't too pleased since he wanted to prove that the Tuweep post office didn't have any business. We got letters of sympathy from Hayden, Goldwater and the Postmaster General. They didn't close the post office, then.[29]

When the Kents left in 1959, the post office was closed but there was still a mail route. In the winter, Mr. Riffey was the only one who got mail, if and when the mail truck got over Mount Trumbull. The route was changed to run only nine months. In the summer some of the cowboys received a letter or two but there were not more than three or four on the route. Mr. Riffey put his mail box, an old cut down oil drum, about three miles away from the Station. The cows kept rubbing around it and knocking it off until he had to finally tie it down with barb wire. Mr. Riffey said:

> I think they only keep the mail route out to me because it was good government propaganda--saying we're meeting the needs of all people, we even have a route in Arizona that serves only one man. In 1974 they stopped the route and I get mail or send it by whomever comes in here or goes out. I've got two post office boxes, one in Fredonia and the other in St. George.[30]

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[29] Ibid.

[30] Ibid.

Although the Tuweepers felt they never had an impact on the government nationally, they never lacked for opinions. Typical responses were "big business runs the government," and the farmers and ranchers always complained they got the "short end of the stick." Taxes were always "too damned high," "Communists were taking over the country," and the "government stole the land from the people." Tuweep biases changed periodically depending upon the effect of the issues on their relatives or friends. Welfare recipients were vigorously attacked until Ruth Sullivan Bundy became ill and needed food stamps and medical care. All were for Goldwater and his stand on bombing Vietnam until Mr. Riffey's nephew was killed and then the clamour for bombing was changed to end the war.

Being neutral in Tuweep on any issue was unacceptable. One had to be either for or against and there was a unanimity in opposition to any outsider who dared to challenge their beliefs. It might be expected that because of the isolation Tuweepers were unconcerned about politics but most of the permanent residents had a battery radio and they tuned in regularly to the news reports. Whenever a group got together, after the gossip about each other, their neighbors, the price of cows, the conversation always turned to politics and national issues.

Local politics were non-existent since Tuweep had no formal government structure. No one in Tuweep had ever run for a public office although some of the residents claimed they had run from a public officer--the sheriff!

There was no identity with county government and since the area was more aligned with Utah, Tuweepers were more aware of politics in St. George and Kanab, Utah, than at their Mohave County seat in Kingman, Arizona. This is understandable since Kingman is south of the Colorado River and two hundred and fifty miles distant. To get there in good weather is an all day trip over the rough roads on Mount Trumbull to St. George, Utah; south to Las Vegas, Nevada, and then east to Kingman. "It was a rare occasion for a Tuweeper to go to Kingman, only then to settle legal disputes over water rights."[31]

Although the sheriffs made a few trips to Tuweep for cattle rustlers, game poachers, or accident victims, the only county employee that meant anything to the area was the man who graded the roads. It wasn't until 1958 that Mohave County even stationed a maintenance man on the Strip. Since there are more than four hundred miles of dirt roads, few bridges, many gulleys and arroyos, rocky ledges, long stretches of corrugated highways churned into double ruts, the evidence of a graded road is seldom seen.

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[31]Ibid.

"If he comes out here a couple of times a year, we're lucky," commented Mr. Riffey.[32]

At the Ranger Station, Mr. Riffey has a road grader of ancient origin which he used on the Monument roads, and when travel became too difficult, he bladed the Valley roads. He and Al Craig invented a "gig-a'long," a grading contraption which was used to smooth out the ruts. In winter, Mr. Riffey often used his tractor to bull-doze the snow clogged on the mountain. As far as the Tuweepers were concerned, the only service they received for their county taxes were a few bridges and infrequently graded roads.

Few politicians ever came out to Tuweep as ten votes, more or less, were never much of an incentive. Three politicians seemed to have made an impression for the events are often recalled. When Barry Goldwater announced his candidacy for President of the United States at Fredonia, Arizona, a few journeyed to town for the occasion--more out of curiosity than for political reasons. Another well-remembered politician was an ex-Navy man who was running for the State Senate. He stopped at all the ranch houses, campaigning, eating, and drinking coffee. "Everyone thought he was a good guy until just before he'd leave, he would ask, 'Do you want to see my mascot?' Then

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[32]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

he'd pull out a well-worn Teddy Bear with its soles retreaded. That labelled him a lullaby boy."[33]

Another politician on the campaign trail flew into the Tuweep airstrip, tearing a wing as he overshot the runway. He decided to stay overnight but discovered the next morning that the Kent horses had dismantled a wing by stripping off the fabric. Bud Kent drove the politician into St. George to get a mechanic who would fly out to Tuweep and repair the plane. "Never heard whether he won or not--Arizona papers aren't too plentiful around here."[34]

While the Tuweepers had no power in determining the election of the politicians at any level of government, they were affected by national and state policy decisions. As a result of the Taylor Grazing Acts and the BLM grazing regulations, the grazing improved through better land usage. In the early years stock had been raised and grazed together without much concern over the ownership. Indiscriminate branding took place--I brand your calf, you brand my calf. The grazing allotments set up physical, legal, and psychological barriers; each rancher jealously guarded his grazing rights, taking out stray stock that would wander onto his permit. Feuds were

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[33]Laura Riffey, op. cit., December 16, 1957.

[34]Statement by John Riffey, personal interview.

common over the water rights since another rancher's cows could be fenced out of the watering tanks and die. As the grazing permits reduced the number of cows (determined by the amount of grazing land needed to support one cow, called the carrying capacity per acre), the ranchers became more bitter; some who left Tuweep claimed the government intervention forced them out of business. It can be argued, though, that without land use controls rampant overgrazing would have made the land unproductive.

The government attempts to improve the grazing land continues to be a controversial issue. When the cows are removed, the grass comes back but it doesn't take long for it to be stomped out when grazing is resumed. Hundreds of acres of juniper and pinyon forests and sagebrush have been chained and railed. The chaining process involves the use of two tractors and between them a chain one hundred to three hundred feet is stretched along the ground. The tractors move between the trees, toppling the shallow-rooted pinyons and junipers. The trees are left to rot and the grass increases, if there is sufficient moisture, through the elimination of competitive vegetation.

The ranchers believe that chaining and railing have been counter-productive. Twenty years ago at Williams, Arizona, was the first chaining; now the area is thickly covered with trees more dense than when railed.

The ranchers have observed that if the soil supports juniper and pinyon, it will not grow much grass. The key is water--and water resources are as elusive for the government as for the Tuweepers.

The recreational policies of the federal government have also affected the Tuweep residents. "Mission 66" was a national program of the Park Service to develop the Park system. Included in the plan was the construction of a paved road along the rim connecting the North Rim of the Grand Canyon National Park with the Lake Mead Recreational area. The project was never started because of the lack of water and the cost of the road construction.

No recent government proposal caused more controversy than Bridge Canyon Dam.[35] The dam, proposed as early as 1942, was downstream from Glen Canyon Dam and above the Lake Mead Area and it would have backed the water into the National Monument, covered Lava Falls Rapids and the black lava formation called the "Nigger's Head." The water behind the dam would furnish the power to generate electricity but could never be used to irrigate the land around Tuweep. The Kents and Craigs supported the dam since it could provide recreational

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[35]Ibid.

opportunities and would assure that their holdings could be developed for tourist accommodations.

The Reader's Digest published an article by Martin Litton in opposition to the dam; Litton, a journalist and photographer, was a frequent visitor to the Tuweep area and had written many articles about preserving the wilderness. The Reclamation Service who supported the dam requested equal coverage. The editors of the Reader's Digest flew in one hundred and twenty-seven reporters to Tuweep and the local residents transported them down to the rim. Litton stressed the importance of the river boat trips while Senator Goldwater stated that the river was not feasible for running boats. Litton knew that Goldwater had gone down the river but had used a helicopter for getting around the rapids. Since a helicopter is considered an "exotic" and not to be used on Park Service land, Litton accused Goldwater of an illegal operation. This deflated Goldwater's credibility. Secretary of Interior Udall scrapped the Dam when it was proven that the river would be damaged and that strip mining of coal in the Four Corners (area where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona adjoin) could produce sufficient power and for less money. However, it took a boat trip down the Colorado River for Udall to become a believer.[36]

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[36]Ibid.

Government restrictions have been imposed to limit the number of boat trips down the river because of the prevalence of dysentery, the result of inadequate sanitary facilities. The drouth in recent years has curtailed the release of water from Glen Canyon Dam, making the rapids more dangerous and portages more frequent.

Throughout the years the Colorado River has changed, harnessed by the dams along its main course and tributaries. Once it flowed like a chocolate ribbon, colored red after a rainstorm when the side canyons gorged forth their red, silty waters. Now it appears like a green snake, bearing a heavy load of minerals that edge the sand bars in white.

In the political arena, Tuweep was powerless but the impact of government decisions affected all their lives.

Summary

Unwritten in the research section are the stories of those life experiences which give depth to understanding the Tuweep people. There was the homesteader's wife who gave birth to her first child alone in a cabin; the death of Grandpa Schmutz on the road to town; the young man who came to Tuweep to commit suicide and the county coroner was two hundred and fifty miles away; the wedding on the rim of a couple who met on a boat trip and returned

to Tuweep in a rainstorm to take their vows--she in a long, white wedding dress; the water feuds and range riding events; the rescue of lost tourists from the bottom of the canyon; John Riffey as a humanitarian. These and a hundred other human interest stories are yet to be written --a future goal so that others might know a man and a place.

CHAPTER V

PRODUCING THE DOCUMENTARY

The production of the documentary "A Man and A Place" involved three stages: pre-production, production, and post-production. With the research completed, the planning phase involved many inter-related factors. These included: whether to shoot the film myself, funding, selection of a crew, obtaining equipment, the scheduling for shooting the project at Tuweep, and the physical arrangements including travel and living accommodations while there.

Pre-Production

I attempted to secure funds from outside sources, but the problem of who would control the content became a major issue. Each funding source contacted had money to cover a specialized area; such as geology, prehistoric Indian culture, history of the Arizona Strip, but this imposed limitations on the focus of my production. After analyzing the alternatives, I decided that the best solution was to be independent, to use my own resources even though it would limit the scope of the production

and limit the lack of assurance that any of the costs would be recovered in the future.

I realized that the expenditure of money was of minor importance when weighed against the opportunity to gain practical experience which would enhance my qualifications as a producer of documentaries. I felt committed to portray John Riffey in Tuweep regardless of the cost.

The decision had to be made whether I or someone else would shoot the film. I recognized that my skills were limited and that with a minimum of camera experience the shooting ratio of usable film footage would be low. I also wanted to interview Mr. Riffey on location and could not be cinematographer, audio operator, and interviewer at the same time. So the logical solution was to use a crew.

The selection of the crew was the next phase in the planning sequence. Those selected were chosen because of their expertise, adventuresome nature, interest in the project, and willingness, if necessary, to take vacation time to go to Tuweep. The crew had to be able to adapt to the living accommodations at Tuweep, cope with the hot, dry, dusty environment, and still be congenial.

Ojars Upatnieks agreed to go as cinematographer, Steve Donahue as audio operator, and Peter Dillingham as the director. The selection of the crew caused staff

discord at WKAR-TV since some who wanted to go were not chosen. It has long been the prerogative of the heads of the departments to designate who goes on a remote. In spite of the opposition, I maintained that I was paying the costs and as a producer had the right to select the crew. However, later when a contract was signed with WKAR-TV for a joint project, my pre-empting the assumed rights of one department head led to further complications and during the technical production affected the ability of the crew to have time to work together to complete the project.

The shooting on location at Tuweep required not only an experienced crew but also dependable equipment. Because of the distance and the cost, I did not have the option to experiment in the technical areas.

The next problem was to secure the equipment. I had to decide whether to use film or videotape. The power at the Tuweep Ranger Station is generated by a Diesel light plant, and the current fluctuates. All the footage would not be shot at the Ranger Station, and at none of the planned locations was power available. At that time the ENG (mini-cam) was coming into use but the results were not exceptional.[1] The decision was to use film.

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[1] I believe now that visually a cleaner product can be made with videotape, especially with a TKP-45 RCA ENG Camera. We also would have benefited by having instant playback and videotape is less expensive than film.

Where to obtain the equipment and especially a camera was the next problem. I first investigated buying a camera but discarded the idea. The cost was high; my future use of the camera after this production was also in doubt since my present position at WKAR-TV is producer of documentaries and host for call-in programs. There was the additional consideration that cameras are constantly being improved, which would make the camera obsolete before it would have any future use.

The alternative was to rent the camera and equipment. I contacted Phoenix and Denver, the two sources nearest to Tuweep; both estimates were $1,000, and that included neither extra travel expenditures nor the cost of the shooting time which would be lost in securing and returning the equipment. There was also no assurance that the equipment would be in good repair or that the crew would be familiar with its operation.

I had heard that WKAR-TV at one time had allowed persons to rent its equipment. Preliminary discussions were held with the station management and were progressing satisfactorily when a new policy was recommended by the film department that no equipment should be released for outside projects.

At that point, rather than dropping the project, I began negotiations with the station manager which

resulted in a contract to produce the documentary jointly with WKAR-TV. Key sections of the agreement were that the station would provide all the equipment and I would pay the travel and film costs. The equipment included an Eclair 16 mm film camera and Nagra sound system.[2] In addition, I was allowed two weeks' work time; Upatnieks and Donahue were given one week's work time. Dillingham, who had been a director but for budgetary reasons was reassigned as a cameraman, could not be given work time because his station job description did not coincide with his responsibilities as the director for the project. He took two weeks' vacation time.

The contract, the first I had ever negotiated, delineated responsibilities, but failed to cover whether the editing was to be performed during or outside working hours. I believe that the agreement to assist with the project was made by WKAR-TV not because of my persuasive arguments or its interest in a man and a place station management had never heard of, but because there was no outlay of station money and the shooting would take place during the summer months when personnel needed to be kept busy.

A decision had to be made about whether or not to go with a script. To go with a script would give a planned order, but some key shots might be overlooked. I decided

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[2]See Appendix B.

to go without a script and shoot everything we could within the allotted time. A list of historical and geological locations was prepared as well as a compilation of the activities, interests, and personal qualities of John Riffey.

The week of August 17-24, 1975, was set for shooting the film. Although correspondence had been exchanged with Mr. Riffey over a period of three months, it was necessary to confirm the final arrangements. There are no motels in Tuweep and the crew would have to stay at the Ranger Station during a week when there were no other house guests or visits from Park Service personnel.

Since there is no telephone service into Tuweep, contact had to be made through the use of short wave radio communication. I called the Dispatcher at the South Rim headquarters of the Grand Canyon National Park and requested that a message be relayed by radio to Mr. Riffey. A second telephone call was made the next day to ascertain if the message had been delivered and to receive the reply that the date was acceptable. Although the messages were relayed, Mr. Riffey had some concern about the accuracy of the information. Subsequently, when he went to St. George, Utah, for supplies, he telephoned me and we discussed the final details.

Airline reservations were made for Upatnieks and Donahue to fly to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they would be

met by a pilot from the Leesburg Flying Service, who would fly them into Tuweep in a small airplane. Because of the limited space for equipment on the Leesburg plane, Dillingham and I were scheduled to leave from Lansing four days earlier, fly to Denver, and then drive to Tuweep, a two day trip. The plans were placed in jeopardy when the camera malfunctioned and had to be flown to Florida for repairs. Fortunately, however, it arrived back in Detroit in time for Upatnieks and Donahue to pick it up and keep their flight schedule.

When the Leesburg plane flew over the Ranger Station, circled Tuweep Valley, and came in for a landing, Dillingham and I were ready to drive the two miles down to the airstrip to pick up Upatnieks, who was looking around at the landscape, and Donahue, who later commented, "I thought I was in nowhere!"

There had been apprehension that the equipment would not function after the trip, but all was in working condition. We were ready to go into production.

Production

An enthusiastic crew carried out the production schedule, which started early each morning and ended late each night. There was never enough time for what we had to accomplish. The days were spent shooting and the nights were devoted to recording audio. When filming, we

shot double system rather than single system sound. Shooting that had been planned at remote places of geological and historical interest sometimes had to be eliminated because of the hours it would take to travel from the Ranger Station to the sites.

Upatnieks encountered a constant problem of dust on the camera lens. Because the equipment was not waterproof, during a thunderstorm (the first time it had rained in Tuweep all summer) he had to crawl under the ledges to take pictures of the red, silty water pouring off the rocks. For other rain shots he was shrouded in canvas. In addition, the intensity of the Arizona sunlight created light exposure problems.

Considerable time was consumed in traveling, carrying equipment, and setting up. There was always the anxiety that we might not be capturing on film the shots we desired and that the amount of the film brought in would not cover all that we wanted to shoot. The nearest locations for equipment service or film supplies were Denver or Phoenix.

One of the characteristics of Tuweep is the absence of sound. Since the Colorado River is 3,200 feet below the rim, the sound of the water rushing over Lava Falls Rapids is lost in the depth of the Canyon. There is, however, always the wind. Wind screens were used,

and by experimenting, Donahue placed a 635 microphone under Mr. Riffey's shirt and eliminated the wind vibrations. Donahue commented that Tuweep is an excellent place to record sound because there is little noise. His major problem was the throbbing noise of the light plant, a noise not natural in the environment, which had to be screened out during the audio sessions.

Mr. Riffey devoted the entire week to the project, using his truck to take us to the sites and helping to carry the equipment. We called him "Star," and he in turn called Dillingham the "Prod," Upatnieks the "Eye," Donahue the "Sound," and me the "Whip." There was excellent rapport between Mr. Riffey and the crew; he enjoyed the activities, and that was crucial to the success of the project. During the first interviews, Mr. Riffey was self-conscious but soon began displaying his humor, knowledge of the geology and history of the area, and conveying his philosophy of life.

The crew went to the rim of the Grand Canyon, shot panoramic scenes of Tuweep Valley, and visited the old ranches where Mr. Riffey recounted stories about the homesteaders. He flew an apprehensive Upatnieks in his single engine plane over Mount Trumbull and across the canyonlands, where if the engine had failed there is no level place to land. There were trips to the Witches Pockets,

of historical significance related to Escalante's exploratory trek across the west in 1776; to Billy Goat Canyon for shots of the Indian pictographs. Mr. Riffey was filmed carrying out his duties as a Park Ranger and then in contrast as a pilot and reader of Shakespeare.

There was much to photograph--the old Tuweep post office, the church by the side of the road, a dust devil spiraling into the sky, the waving grass, the wild flowers, the squirrels eating a breakfast of pancakes at the Ranger Station, and the King Snake that later got loose in the truck. Three unusual events occurred while we were shooting which added interesting film footage. One was a heavy thunderstorm, a rare event in Tuweep, which provided spectacular cloud shots, water dripping from the pine needles and rushing down over the rock ledges into the gullies, and a rainbow arching across the Canyon. A second event was the lift-out by helicopter of a boat party from the Lava Falls Rapids in the Colorado River to the Tuweep Airport. Thirdly, we had driven up to the deserted Al Craig homestead on Mount Trumbull to shoot some footage of the ranch while Mr. Riffey reminisced about the early residents. We found Mary Craig, Al's widow, spending a few days at the ranch. She was interviewed on the porch with the humming birds darting around.

We ended our week's production late Saturday night not knowing how the film would turn out or how well we had

been able to portray Mr. Riffey in his environment. We had shot 7,200 feet of film, which translated into three hours and twenty minutes of video, and used 4,200 feet of audio tape or six and a half hours of recording time. Meribeth Riffey had cooked our meals, although in bringing in supplies we had underestimated our appetites and Donahue's addiction to Coke; she had also patiently tolerated the disruption of her schedule and the rearranging of the furniture in the Ranger Station.

On Sunday the Leesburg plane came in to pick up Upatnieks and Donahue for the short flight to Las Vegas, where they boarded a United Airline flight to Chicago and Lansing. Dillingham and I drove back to Denver with the equipment and then flew on to Lansing.

Post-Production

Packaging the documentary was delayed many times. The production assignments by WKAR-TV limited the time we could allocate to complete the project; in order to use the station equipment we had to compete with other producers and station projects that had higher priorities. There were months when the equipment we were to use was not available or was down (malfunctioning). A contributing factor to the delays was the inter-dependency of the crew on the abilities of each other; we had been to Tuweep together and wanted to complete the project as a team.

The 7,200 feet of film was processed and the audio of 4,200 was transcribed into ninety-three pages of interview material. In viewing the film we found that we had some very beautiful and interesting footage, but there were disappointments. As a producer I should have monitored the camera shots more closely, especially the framing. Some pictures needed for scenes or transitions were either not shot or did not depict what I wanted to portray. Some of the footage shot from Mr. Riffey's airplane was so undulating that it was visually disturbing.

It was difficult to decide whether the documentary was to last a half-hour or an hour. There was more than enough content for a half-hour, but expanding it to a full hour seemed impractical. Dillingham and I were co-editors of the film and each of us had a different perspective on what should be eliminated. With a multiplicity of choices, the visualization was changed many times and the script rewritten. My personal problem was knowing too much about Tuweep and Mr. Riffey and thus not being able to take an objective view of what should be cut.

In the technical phase of the packaging stage, a work print of the entire film was made and transferred to three-quarter inch videotape. This was then edited as my videotape answer tape. This editing stage was a very time consuming process, using nine twenty-minute,

video-only, VTR cassettes; one sync sound interview VTR cassette, and two narration VTR cassettes. Creativity and experimentation went hand in hand as pictures were edited to sound. Presently, the documentary has reached this stage. Next the answer tape will be evaluated as to pacing, content, proper visualization and overall effect. Later when distribution potential is realized and further funding available, the documentary will be packaged through WKAR-TV studios as a TV program and eventually also as a film.

The TV program will be produced in the following manner: With the script and the videotape cassette as a guide, roughly edited scenes will be pulled from the original film and placed in proper sequence. These scenes will be sent to the film laboratory for further processing. They will be timed (over and under exposed shots corrected) and the result will be an answer print. Next, the answer print will be transferred to two-inch videotape. In the videotape room these scenes will be fine edited, audio inserted, and the scenes placed on alternating A and B roll videotapes for dissolve capability. Finally, in a package session through the studio control room, the product will be married to achieve a two-inch videotape program.

If the documentary is later distributed as a film, I shall have several options. I can transfer the two-inch

videotape program directly to film. This is an easier and less time consuming way to produce the film, but it is very expensive. Another choice is to edit the work print, marking it with dissolves and fades, and to conform it to the rough edited original. Then it would be sent to the lab where it would be timed and special effects added. This would be another answer print. If it is acceptable, the lab would be authorized to make release prints. If many film copies are needed, this would be in the long run a more economical option.

Summary

The production of the documentary "A Man and A Place" was an ambitious undertaking, at first a seemingly impossible dream. The time that was involved in the project from the idea to the research and through the production stages far exceeded my expectations. In spite of my experience as a producer, I underestimated the complexity of the project. It has been by far the most difficult production I have ever undertaken.

The cost to date has been $3,300 and that does not include the value of the use of the station equipment nor the technical production time which has been performed outside regular work hours. Additional resources must be found in order to produce a marketable film product.

For the crew members and myself, the production was an exciting adventure and from the beginning to the first edited stage has been a challenge. To meet each challenge was to learn from good and bad decisions, to grow in striving for perfection, and to bring out the best in creativity and abilities.

The production has convinced me that there is a need in the documentary area to focus more on the unusual places of historical and geological interest and on unusual people living unusual lives. By portraying the diversities and similarities of America, television can bring a greater understanding and appreciation of our nation.

There is also the personal satisfaction of knowing that I have fulfilled one of my life's goals. The extensive research which is a part of the project is the result of the desire to capture and preserve the history and folklore of a place where the eagles now soar over deserted homesteads.

It was also my goal to have others know John Riffey. A man who for more than thirty years has stood on the rim of the Grand Canyon and watched the everflowing river, sensing man's insignificance in the eons of time, finding a serenity and happiness that few will ever experience.

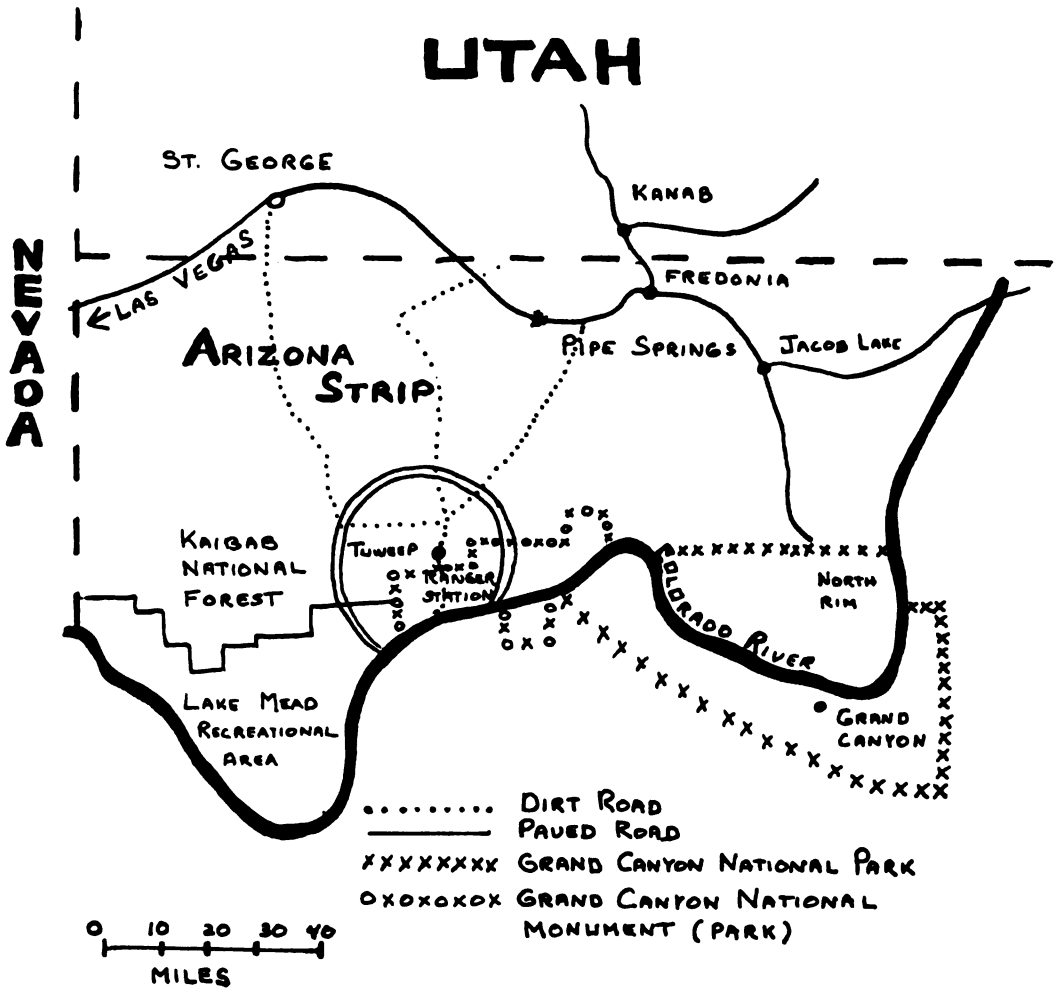
APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

MAP

APPENDIX A

MAP



APPENDIX B

EQUIPMENT

APPENDIX B

EQUIPMENT

16mm camera - Eclair NPR
- Camera body and motor
- Angenieux 12-120 zoom lens
- Two cables
- 85 filter
- Polarizing filter
- Diopter
- Two 400 foot magazines
- Hand grip
- Two aluminum cases with changing bag
- Two battery packs

16mm camera - Bell and Howell 70
- Camera body
- 25mm Angenieux lens
- 10mm Angenieux lens
- 102mm Cine Ektar lens
- 85 filter
- 85N3 filter
- Brown leather case

Camera Tripod
- O'Connor model 50 fluid head
- Spider
- Carrying case

Lights
- Two Colortran multi-6
- One Colortran minilite-10
- One portable sun-gun
- One portable sun-gun battery pack
- Three light stands

Sound
- One shot gun microphone
- One EV RE 15 microphone
- One Shure SM 53 microphone
- Two 635 microphones
- Nagra mixer and tape recorder
- Carrying case

Film stock
Sixteen 400-foot rolls
Eight 100-foot rolls

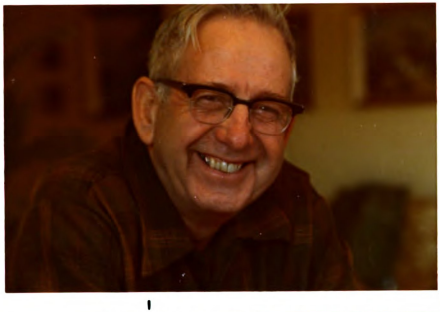
Audio tape
Thirty Scotch 201 tapes

APPENDIX C

PHOTOS

APPENDIX C

PHOTOS
(By Colonel Harry Mrachek)



PARK RANGER JOHN RIFFEY

A LONE TREE IN A LONELY LAND

CROSSROADS SIGN

MAIN ROAD TO TUWEEP

TOROWEAP POINT

THE COLORADO RIVER

MOUNT TRUMBULL

SINYALA BUTTE

TUWEEP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

THE CREW
(l to r) Steve Donahue, Ojars Upatnieks, Lin Mrachek,
Peter Dillingham (photo by John Riffey)

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