

PIONEERING IN SOUTHWESTERN ARCHEOLOGY

NEIL M. JUDD*

During the summers of 1907, 8, and 9, I was one of Dr. Byron Cummings' student assistants on archeological exploring expeditions to southeastern Utah and northeastern Arizona. Three glorious summers, crowded with adventure! The country was wild and untamed; the trails we traveled were mostly Indian trails. There were no maps. In 1909, returning from the discovery of Rainbow Bridge, I saw Navaho in their middle twenties who had never before seen a white man. During those three summers Doctor Cummings blazed a trail for others to follow. Indeed, his first half dozen expeditions were all pioneer undertakings. He was a pioneer archeologist.

Doctor Cummings had been teaching Greek and Latin at the University of Utah for thirteen years before he added archeology to an already full schedule. Hardest working member of the faculty, he was friend to all the students and their Gibraltar in time of storm. He was never too occupied to hear a student's troubles. If studies lagged, he was there to help; if funds were running low, he found a part-time job or made a personal loan. As an instructor back in 1893 he introduced athletics in a modest way and personally bought the necessary equipment. Off the campus, church and civic interests commanded much of his time. In 1906, in addition to his teaching, he was appointed Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. Nine years later he was one of seventeen faculty members to resign in protest against administrative myopia. But today, separated from them by time and distance, former students still think of him affectionately as "the Dean" or "the Professor."

*Curator of Archeology, U.S. National Museum, retired 1949. University of Utah—B.A., 1911 (M.A., Geo. Wash. Univ., 1918).

Utah's fertile valleys had sheltered a widespread and diversified population in prehistoric times. Tangible evidence was constantly turning up yet no one did anything about it. From under the streets of Salt Lake City trench diggers time and again exposed potsherds and fragments of bone and stone implements. Low mounds covered house floors on the northeastern shore of Great Salt Lake; adobe walls identified aboriginal farming communities near Payson, Nephi, and Paragonah; irrigation ditches in Santa Clara Canyon, west of St. George, had washed out burials accompanied by black-on-white pottery; the Deseret Museum, across the street from Temple Square, displayed a number of exceptionally well-preserved baskets from caves in San Juan County. One either accepted the Book of Mormon explanation of these occurrences or, if independently minded, sought to account for them through one's own reasoning ability.

The Professor's initial venture in Utah archeology was a brief horse-and-buggy trip in the summer of 1906 through Nine Mile Canyon, on the northern border of Carbon County. That particular holiday may have been prompted by student descriptions of cliff dwellings and petroglyphs or by Dr. Henry Montgomery's paper, "Prehistoric Man in Utah," reprinted at Toronto the previous January. In either case the chance visit to Nine Mile Canyon won a champion for Utah prehistory. And thereafter, as long as he remained on the University faculty, Professor Cummings dedicated to archeological field work each summer except the two spent in Europe.

For vacation time, 1907, a visit was planned to the White Canyon natural bridges, in San Juan County, first brought to public notice only two or three years before. Two newspaper men and four university students constituted the Dean's party, plus a guide added at Bluff City. I was taken

along either because I had failed in Latin the previous semester or because I could pack a mule and wash dishes.

Overnight by train from Salt Lake City to Thompson's Spring, a water stop on the D. and R. G.; thence by four-horse freight wagon a day and a half to the cable ferry at Moab; thence two more days to Monticello—the mere approach to our summer's work was an experience in itself.

At Monticello horses and mules were saddled for the trip down Montezuma Creek and thence to Bluff City. En route we thrilled at sight of cliff dwellings and promontory ruins I was to learn several years later had been visited and described in 1875 by W. H. Jackson and W. H. Holmes, of the Hayden Surveys. The playful young Utes that stampeded Jackson's pack train were still present albeit somewhat sobered. In 1907 they were content merely with ordering the Cummings party out of the valley. But the tone of that demand roused the Dean's Irish blood. He told them quite positively he would leave early next morning and not before; invited the deputation to share our supper and, at least outwardly, dismissed the subject. The Dean's Dutch-oven biscuits always have had a way of melting opposition!

It was in the canyon next on the west, Recapture, that Holmes in 1875 recovered his horses and mules after the Utes had run off the entire herd and thus left him and his men afoot 150 miles from their base camp in Colorado.

There was no auto road from Blanding to the White Canyon natural bridges in 1907. Indeed, there was no Blanding. When we camped there on our way back to Monticello in early September, a lone sheep herder's wagon parked beside a juniper proclaimed the town's beginning. Next year a brick house was up and the new settlement was called Grayson for several years until a passing postal inspector, so gossip has it, persuaded the local authorities to substitute his

family name in exchange for a selection of Government reports.

Our journey to the bridges really began at Bluff City. We followed the old Navaho trail across Comb Ridge and rode our horses into spacious Snow Flat Cave to camp for the night. Then, as now, distances and colors proved enchanting. The view at sunrise across endless miles of juniper and pinyon to Elk Ridge and the Bear's Ears, to the Henry Mountains 75 miles away, was indelibly impressed on my memory.

A cave ruin in Coyote Canyon, at the upper end of Grand Gulch, included two adjoining kivas, one of which was still intact. Juniper appeared dominant among its roofing timbers and the hatchway, raised several inches above the timbers, was surrounded by an adobe rim perhaps 5 inches high. Under the slight overhang of what I recall as a detached butte west of Grand Gulch and a short distance north of our trail was a two-story house of more than passing interest. There were four or five ground floor rooms, each with outside door, while the upper story seemed a single room with loopholes in the outer wall.

The White Canyon natural bridges had been known to local cattle men a quarter century but first attracted statewide attention in 1903 and 1905 following visits publicised in the national press. Our purpose, as Professor Cummings stated in his first University bulletin, was to map the immediate surroundings and locate any other points of interest deemed worthy of reservation in the public interest. Maps and all related data were transmitted to the General Land Office in Washington and formed the basis of President Theodore Roosevelt's proclamation of April 16, 1908, creating Natural Bridges National Monument. Subsequently W. B. Douglass, U. S. Examiner of Surveys, resurveyed the area and recommended the enlargements incorporated in a

second presidential proclamation, that of September 25, 1909.

Mr. Douglass thought the family names by which the three bridges were locally known entirely inappropriate and so proposed substitution of Indian designations. Since none was known, Indian names had to be invented. At this point Mr. Douglass enlisted the aid of one of my former colleagues here at the National Museum, a life-long student of the Hopi. Photographs of the three bridges were placed before him and features peculiar to each were indicated.

Thus it came about that the Edwin or Little Bridge was renamed "Owachomo" because a squat cone of weathered sandstone is conspicuous atop the right buttress when viewed from above. The Caroline became "the Kachina, Bridge of the Sacred Dancers," from a nearby petroglyph representing "the Lightning Snake, a symbol—painted on the bodies of the Kachina . . ." Because orthodox Hopi believe all who enter this life from the Underworld come and return through the Sipapu and because all who walk far enough up White Canyon necessarily pass beneath its spreading arch, Augusta Bridge was renamed "the Sipapu, Gateway of Life." Mr. Douglass submitted his report; in due course, the United States Geographic Board found the new designations acceptable and they have since become fixed on Federal maps and in all Government literature.

In 1907, while our surveyors were at work, another student and I were assigned the agreeable task of locating ruins. Memory is no substitute for fieldnotes but certain of those ruins stand out pretty clearly even after 40 years.

Upstream and around the bend from Edwin Bridge, in Armstrong Canyon, and on a narrow shelf reached by a splintery oak log wedged in a crevice, we found a small house, one room of which was walled with juniper and pinyon logs

held one upon another by vertical withes. A short distance below the bridge, and on the right hand side, was a six-pilaster kiva with cribbed ceiling. Storerooms were to be seen everywhere, some in cramped quarters and others larger and more accessible. Those overlooking Caroline Bridge were especially picturesque.

About 15 minutes walk up White Canyon from the Caroline, and on our left, is a rock-floored cave with a dozen or more rooms 25 or 30 feet above stream level. Out in front at the south end, a row of sandstone blocks clearly had been placed with defense in mind. A more prominent feature, however, is a pair of round rooms, perhaps 5 feet in diameter and 6 feet deep, side by side with a roofed masonry bin between and in front. The bin has a square opening in its roof but the round rooms boasted oval doors, framed by protruding collars of adobe and opening at either side of the bin. Both rooms were built largely of mud on bases of upright slabs and I recall no evidence of beam seatings on the convex tops of their walls.

Through the hatchway of a kiva at this site a pair of ladder poles rose, slanting toward the cliff. A companion kiva may have been stripped of its ceiling timbers for a single pine log crossed the middle while quantities of cedar shakes lay upon the shallow fill.

I am still impressed by the number of intact, or nearly intact, roofs among the White Canyon ruins. There was the kiva at the site last mentioned and two others below a lofty cliff dwelling about 20 minutes above Augusta Bridge. These two latter were among a group of dwellings on the canyon floor and close against the cliff. A pair of wattled, lean-to storerooms crowded under the slight overhang are especially remembered because, scratching through the litter between them, I found the doorslab for the right hand one and the wooden wedges that fitted into willow staples on

either side and held the slab in place. These two little granaries, it is gratifying to learn, are still well-preserved.

As for the cliff dwelling 50 to 75 feet above, the feature I recall most vividly is the means of entrance. Two amazingly long fir logs reached up but not quite far enough. Some one before us had nailed on rungs to form a ladder. My impression is the longer log was that by which the ancients had gained access to their cave home and that the other had been provided by the one who made the ladder. At any rate, a 15 foot cottonwood pole had been wired, butt end down, to the tip of the shorter timber as an aid up the final, 60-degree slope to the village gate. With a perversity typical of cottonwood poles, that one held firmly while my companions passed but slipped several inches when my turn came. For reasons unknown to the present writer, Mr. Douglass later named this ruin "Bear Ladder House."

Petroglyphs were numerous throughout the canyon. A very extensive series lies about a quarter mile below Edwin Bridge but, seemingly, every other smooth cliff face proved irresistible to cliff dweller dawdlers. In like vein, every recumbent slab invited the sharpening of stone axes. A great block of sandstone near the Caroline is literally covered with ax-width grooves.

Looking back upon the diverse structures of White Canyon—dwellings and kivas, masonry and wattled granaries, cylindrical chambers with slabstone bases and adobe walls—I presume we would have assigned them all to P. II and P. III had there been such categories at the time. But the cylindrical, bin-like structures of adobe, apparently roofless yet with lateral entrances, scarcely fit in the picture. Structurally, at least, they should be earlier and yet I recall no circumstance to suggest anything but contemporaneity with the others. We did no excavating in 1907.

When our surveys had been completed we turned back toward Bluff City. And what a joy to see once more that green oasis beside the brown San Juan! Its pioneer homes and spreading cottonwoods, its irrigated gardens and lush alfalfa fields were unbelievably welcome to us young fellows after six weeks surrounded by sandstone cliffs. As a change from camp fare the Dean made arrangements with Mrs. Allen for our supper and breakfast. The table in her log-cabin home fairly groaned with good things: roast beef and chicken, fresh vegetables and fruit, homemade jams, jellies, and pickles. Never was there such food! Our appetites certainly complimented Mother Allen's culinary ability although they left her no profit.

The 1908 season opened with a blast of profanity. For the work in prospect, the Dean had purchased four pack burros. One of them, Black Prince, was a husky young brute, fat and sleek but quite unbroken. He protested the rope and rebelled against the saddle. So we packed the gentle animals first and, quite unintentionally, left for Black Prince all the pots and pans and long-handled shovels.

We had the Prince in a short hackamore, nose against the snubbing post and one pannier on the trees, when, in a movement too quick for human eyes to follow and in a way we never fathomed, he caught the Dean under a dangling rope, dragged him across the packsaddle forks, and dumped him head-first on the opposite side. Lightning hoofs twice grazed the prostrate form. The Dean was furious. He sprang to his feet, seized the mule's halter with tense hands, and hissed through clenched teeth a blistering "Damn you." And that is the only time I ever heard Professor Cummings really swear.

After a fortnight's reconnaissance, camp was established at Cave Spring and work begun at a large pueblo on the crest of Alkali Ridge. A half dozen workmen were brought in

from Colorado. Another student and I were volunteers and so was A. V. Kidder, fresh from Harvard. Not until Kidder joined our party at Monticello was it learned that he had been placed in joint charge by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology, under the Archaeological Institute of America. As in 1907, and again in 1909, Professor Cummings had raised expenses for the expedition from members of the Utah branch of the Institute and had filed his annual request for a Government permit through Doctor Hewett. Hence Hewett's nominal supervision.

Since the season's subvention did not allow the luxury of a cook, Dean Cummings shouldered this additional chore. He is an exceptionally competent cook but cooking in the open for a dozen men is not a light undertaking. It reduced his time at the ruin by half. Too, the Dean was never one to ask assistance. If his student companions were not sufficiently adult to see when water and wood were needed, he fetched them himself. On top of all this, night and morning he had to suffer the camp jesters.

Old Mac had been trying for 20 years to get back to Chicago but each start ended with a farewell bottle. Hence, he welcomed the prospect of a month out in the open, resting and recuperating on the ample bosom of Mother Nature. He discarded his shirt and, when the mid-day sun raised blisters, substituted a potato sack, the bottom slitted for head and arms. Nature never intended human feet to be incased so Mac discarded his shoes and put on carpet slippers. In spite of anklestrings to hold them in place, the slippers kept slipping off so they, too, were abandoned. Men were born barefoot; they should go through life barefoot!

Carrying lunch and a waterbag the mile and a half to work each morning was repugnant to Old Mac. Therefore, he left camp early and alone. And invariably he got lost al-

though the trail was traveled by a dozen men and seven horses twice daily. Come Sunday Mac marked the path with strips of a red bandanna tied to willows planted at 5-yard intervals. But, despite this excellent and well-considered precaution, he lost the trail again on his way back to camp.

A week later, like manna from heaven, two of Kidder's classmates arrived unheralded. After 35 miles in a saddle the first day, they rejoiced at sight of Ted and *terra firma*. But, as the shorter of the two slid down the front leg of his horse and clung for a moment's support, plans began to ferment about the campfire. After all, life on Alkali Ridge was pretty dull: breakfast in the morning's chill; walk a mile and a half to work; eight hours or so on a shovel; back to supper and to bed under a pinyon. Our new recruits readily accepted the daily routine but news of Harvard dominated camp conversation. After a few days of this, Nick lost patience. He stood up at supper one evening, raised his coffee cup and, without twitching a facial nerve, proposed "Three chee-ahs for Hahvud. Not too loud but clee-ah."

By this time the Indians were getting bad. Our distance from the nearest settlement was repeatedly emphasized. The yapping of a coyote at sundown, an owl hooting through the night shadows, birds twittering at break of day—all were signals from one Ute to another. Mac's discarded carpet slippers, tied backward over the wrangler's boots as he went out at daylight to bring in the horses, left moccasin tracks pointing toward camp when the crew later filed out the same trail to the diggings. A chance but perfectly natural grouping of trees became a rendezvous for scouts and spies; the tracks of grazing horses, even range cattle, were visible evidence Indians had passed that way. And always there were the mysterious noises of the night.

When this diversion approached the end of its second week, the Professor suddenly called a halt. His keen eyes

saw what we missed: warning of a possible crack-up. Our chief victim had lain awake night after night in the snoring camp, fully dressed and with both a Boy Scout hand ax and a Spanish War trenching blade unsheathed beside him.

Notwithstanding all the horseplay, there was something to show for the month at Cave Spring camp. Of the great E-shaped ruin, three kivas and perhaps a tenth of the living rooms were excavated; its two rubbish mounds were explored and representative collections of artifacts and skeletons recovered. Kidder's summary in a 1910 pamphlet from the School of American Archaeology is, unfortunately, the only report ever published on those excavations.

Upon conclusion of the Alkali Ridge program, the party was dispersed. Kidder and his classmates turned east while Professor Cummings and his student assistants proceeded to Bluff City by way of the McElmo. Not until long after was it learned that, in consequence of their Alkali Ridge schooling, the Harvard visitors never batted an eye when two of our workmen were indicted for murder shortly after leaving camp or, in an Espanola tavern a fortnight later, when a Mexican at the next table was killed during an argument.

On the road to Bluff, an over-night stop at the Aneth trading post just below the mouth of the McElmo, was enriched by sight of a gray-haired Negro, blanketed and moccasined in Navaho fashion. When a young man, we were informed, the Negro was attached to a company of U. S. cavalry passing that way and had been sold to one of the local Indians by a couple of waggish soldiers. Come 1908, the victim of this practical joke had not only acquired the dignity of years but two wives in addition and was recognized as the wealthiest Navaho in that part of the reservation.

At Bluff we met John Wetherill, there to escort Professor Cummings across Monument Valley to Oljato. Wetherill's new trading post, but two years old, was the only one

north of Ganado and Tuba City; it was the gateway to a vast, unexplored country immediately south of the San Juan.

Wetherill was in a hurry and we traveled fast. We forded the river at the mouth of the Chinle; overtook and passed a company of U. S. cavalry just beyond Gypsum Creek (the men had been completely deceived by its clear, running water) and reached Oljato the second day. The place was in a dither with excitement.

Something had disturbed the northern Navaho that year and they were ready for a fight. They had retrieved pawned rifles as far away as Cortez and Durango; their women, children, and flocks had been sent to the high mesas. Troops and a mounted battery had been ordered into their country and were close at hand. Wetherill was needed at Oljato as interpreter and conciliator. But a week later, after threat of hostilities had abated and the troops had turned south, he was free to join in a short archeological reconnaissance. As intent after ruins as a boy hunting birds' eggs, Wetherill had been anticipating the trip as much as we. He guided us to Segihatsosi and then to the Segi. We saw numerous caves and cliff dwellings, visited most of those we saw but did no digging. On the way, we skirted the last of the Laguna Creek lakes, three or four ponds on the flat below Marsh Pass. Cross-sections of other, older lake beds showed in the banks of the new arroyo in Segi Canyon.

It was at Oljato in the late summer of 1908 that Mrs. Wetherill told Dean Cummings of the reported existence of a great stone arch near Navaho Mountain. He requested her to inquire further and to engage as guide anyone who really knew the way. Search for Rainbow Arch was to be one objective of his next expedition.

On our way out a few days later, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill accompanied us as far as Bluff and the overnight stop there provided the occasion by which W. B. Douglass first

learned of the Segi Canyon cliff dwellings Cummings and Wetherill had so recently visited. On September 11, the day before he began his survey of the White Canyon natural bridges, Douglass wrote the Commissioner of the General Land Office repeating what Wetherill had told him and asking authority to investigate. From his camp near Grayson, now Blanding, on October 7 Douglass again wrote the Commissioner to say his Paiute guide, Mike's Boy, had told him of a larger and prettier natural bridge on the San Juan River 80 or 100 miles west of Bluff and recommended that he be authorized to investigate the report in connection with his proposed examination of the ruins previously described.

Snow, plus the inability to get guides and supplies at Oljato, prevented Douglass from reaching either bridge or ruins that fall but he approximated their location from information volunteered by Wetherill. A copy of his map, and a summary of what he had heard, was sent to one of my co-workers at the National Museum on February 27, 1909. Another copy accompanied Douglass' preliminary report to the G.L.O. under date of March 3.

Back at Oljato in the early summer of 1909, attention was first directed to some of the ruins visited the year before. One occupied a low, shallow cave on the trail to Segihatsosi and included perhaps a couple dozen rooms. A twenty-foot "snake" had been painted in white on the cliff above the dwellings. Small but picturesque storerooms perched precariously on narrow footings, plastered like swallows' nests against the sandstone.

In a large cave at the mouth of Segihatsosi, and rather high up under the north cliff as I recall, was another village. Its walls had mostly fallen but, to our surprise, they overlay the remains of older and ruder structures. Artifacts from the lower rubbish piles differed from those found above. Obviously the occupants of these older houses were a different lot

than the later, so-called cliff dwellers; since we knew no name for them, they quickly became "the cave people" in campfire conversations. Additional evidence of these early folk was uncovered in other Segihatsosi caves.

I do not remember like discoveries in nearby Segi Canyon but, after all, we were merely sight-seeing in the Segi that summer. We glanced hurriedly at Swallow's Nest, Keet Seel, and a number of other ruins nameless at the time. I followed Dean Cummings up a tight crevice and into Ladder House, in Dogozshi Bokho, and thrill even now at recollection of the surprise beneath a squared sandstone tablet in the corner of a room. The tablet lay completely exposed upon the floor although blown sand had gathered under its edges. When I moved it, a quantity of kidney beans in the pod and looking as fresh as though picked the week before, stared out from the depths of a magnificent but undecorated red-ware olla. Beans and olla and the ladder from which we named the ruin were still on display in the University of Utah museum when I last saw them, some 25 years ago.

Returning from examination of ruins near the head of the west fork and not far from Bubbling Spring—a boiling, bountiful fountain ten feet across, since destroyed by arroyo cutting—we chanced to meet a Navaho who said there was a large ruin in a cave around that rocky point. He refused to go with us but sat down beside the trail to await our return. And that is how Betatakin came first to be seen by white men!

We were camped on the Segi opposite the mouth of Betatakin Bokho in early August, awaiting John Wetherill's return and the start of our planned search for the fabulous stone rainbow. As related in my story of that adventure, published in the *National Parks Bulletin* for November, 1927, we were already well out on the trail to Navaho Mountain when Wetherill arrived with our mail, including a letter

from Kumen Jones, of Bluff City, informing Prof. Cummings G.L.O. Surveyor Douglass was on the way from Bluff with Rainbow Bridge his objective also. In order that the Government man might have the benefit of his guide, the Dean immediately directed our return to Oljato. And there we waited two days for Douglass and his crew before resuming our journey by a second, more hazardous route.

This example of unselfishness is so thoroughly characteristic of Professor Cummings. He had in his employ an Indian who had actually seen the Bridge; he was willing to sacrifice his own interests to help one less fortunate. If he ever learned that Douglass had written and wired the General Land Office from Bluff on August 4 asking authority to stop the work of the Utah party and confiscate its collections, the Dean never so much as hinted the fact in my presence.

With university reopening only weeks away, we did not feel justified in waiting longer, so started on without Douglass after two days. But we had ridden no more than ten or 12 miles when a Navaho messenger overtook the party with word Douglass had arrived at Oljato and would follow. So we made dry camp in the hot, shadeless valley west of Organ Rock and waited. Next morning the Cummings and Douglass parties set forth as one, down the Moonlight to San Juan, thence west across Nokai and Paiute Canyons and around the north side of Navaho Mountain. After a ride that exhausted both men and horses we reached our goal shortly before noon on the fourth day, August 14. Rainbow Bridge, colossus among natural phenomena of its kind, 309 feet high, was seen by white men for the first time.

To continue exploration of upper Navaho Creek while in the vicinity, the Dean and his party left the Bridge early next morning after requesting me to remain and guide Douglass to the great ruins in Segi Canyon. This assignment com-

pleted six days later, I hurried on to rejoin the Dean at Oljato and thence to Bluff and Monticello and, ultimately, the classroom again. And so, in brief, ended our 1909 season.

In retrospect, the three Cummings expeditions I accompanied as a student seem productive and entirely worth while. They were path-finding expeditions although we did not then think of them as such. They fell short of their opportunity in accomplishment only when measured by what has since been learned. I, for one, failed to notice on Alkali Ridge the evidences of early occupation brought to light by the Peabody Museum expeditions of 1931-1933 but comparable manifestations in the Segihatsosi caves were too conspicuous to be overlooked. Our fault was that we lacked the experience to realize fully what we had found.

If scoffers protest that anyone should have seen what everybody now knows, let them be reminded our present interpretation of Anasazi history is the fruit of a formulating process fairly recent in origin. Many hands have gathered the factual data; many minds have joined in winnowing the evidence and explaining its significance. There were no Basket Makers in 1909, except in Pepper's unknown pamphlet of 1902. That designation was not really accepted until Kidder and Guernsey, in 1919, published the first results of field work begun in northeastern Arizona five years before. It remained for the Pecos Conference of 1927 to fix the terminology since employed by most workers in the Southwest.

Although Guernsey and Kidder were first to organize and interpret their findings, actually they discovered in the Segi country very little Professor Cummings had not seen previously. He noted the slab-walled structures beneath cliff dwellings; remarked that artifacts from the lower levels often differed from those in the upper. He associated square-toed sandals and jar-shaped, dug storage pits with the earlier in-

habitants. He called attention to the general absence of pottery in the older rubbish piles and correctly attributed both banded-neck and corrugated-coil cooking pots to the cliff dwellers. He was first to note the puzzling absence of cemeteries in connection with ruins south of the San Juan.

If Doctor Cumming's early writings seem insufficient to present-day students, and they are, the reason is nevertheless clear. He sought to popularize his subject; to explain it in words all could understand. He wished to reach both his university students and their parents; to awaken in both an "increasing respect for honest effort and clean living by creating a larger interest in nature's beauties and the steps by which man has climbed to his present plane of achievement." Furthermore, he believed the cliff dwellers and their predecessors in the caves, and those who built pueblos in the open, were all one people whose physical and material remains evidenced a long-continued development. Only a life too filled with service for others repeatedly postponed the writing of those "more detailed papers on special features" promised in his first pamphlet, "The Great Natural Bridges of Utah."