



I was 13 in the summer of '77.

Star Wars was all the rage back then — like it is now. So was disco, but I wasn't into it. Instead, I was wearing out my *Hotel California* album, trying to figure out the lyrics. When I wasn't listening to music, I was playing Frisbee,

watching *Charlie's Angels* and mowing the lawn. I also spent a lot of time building makeshift rafts with my brother Jeff. The Wisconsin River was our backyard, and that's where we spent most of our time, either waterskiing, swimming or exploring what we imagined were desert islands that harbored hidden treasures. It was a boyhood script written by Mark Twain, and we were Tom and Huck.

Although reality never caught up with our fantasies, we did find an old boat one time. It was a wooden relic that washed downstream when the river was up in the spring. You would have thought we'd found a portal to the lost city of Atlantis, but it was just an old boat. Nothing like the treasure that came our way in the summer of '77.

For four months that year, *Treasures of Tutankhamun*, which had been touring the United States, made a stop at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, about 200 miles from my hometown. To a 13-year-old boy, the story of Howard Carter and King Tut's tomb was almost otherworldly. It was the dream of George Bailey. And the imagination of Jules Verne. I desperately wanted to see the exhibition. And I wanted to be Howard Carter in the moment of discovery. Forty years later, I'd feel the same way about Richard Wetherill.

It happened when I was hiking to Keet Seel for this month's cover story. I was about 8 miles in — beyond the threat of rattlesnakes, quicksand and West Nile virus — when I rounded a bend, looked up and thought to myself, *Well I'll be damned*. I'm sure Richard Wetherill, the explorer who discovered the Anasazi ruins in 1894, thought the same thing, but he had the thrill of seeing it first. The only thing Jeff and I ever discovered was an old boat.

In *Remains to Be Seen*, you'll learn more about Keet Seel, as well as the ancient ruins in Agua Fria Canyon and Wupatki National Monument. Kelly Vaughn wrote our piece about Wupatki, which is based on her overnight hike to an old pueblo known as Crack in Rock. Among other things, the site is "one of Northern Arizona's most prized, protected rock-art destinations." There are other remnants of history there, too, including pottery shards, petrified wood and scraps of flint. Archaeologists have even found the skeletons of thick-billed parrots, which were used at Wupatki for ceremonial purposes.

As unlikely as it seems, thick-billed parrots have a long history in Arizona. The first documented sighting occurred in 1583, and the last took place in 1938. Today, the brilliant-green birds are limited to the old-growth forests of the Sierra Madre. However, organizations such as Defenders of Wildlife support the idea of re-establishing the parrots in Arizona. "It may be more a romantic notion than an environmental reality," Matt Jaffe writes in *Thick & Thin*, "but some way, somehow, I'd love to one day hike in the Chiricahuas


and suddenly see a flock of thick-billed parrots swoop into the pines."

Me, too, Matt. Meantime, we're lucky to have California condors up north. They're rare, but if you spend as much time at the Grand Canyon as Adam Schallau does, you're bound to see them. For him, it's about 70 days a year, which is one reason he's become one of the Canyon's premier photographers. That and a lot of talent. In *Something Old, Something New*, you'll see some of his exceptional images, including a lightning shot from Lipan Point. "What you don't see," he says, "is the lightning that was all around me. While the camera was making 30-second exposures, I was taking shelter under an overhanging boulder ... it was one of the most incredible experiences I've had at the Canyon."

The Canyon has a way of creating experiences. I hear it all the time from photographers, backpackers and people like Bonnie Fetzek, who wrote a beautiful letter to the editor — you'll see it on the next spread — about a trip she made to the Grand Canyon 30 years ago. "We hiked half-way down to Indian Garden," she says. "Then back up. It was the most wonderful experience of my life."

In the long history of the Canyon, the only person who wasn't impressed was García López de Cárdenas. That's ironic, because he's credited with being the first European to see it. It was back in 1540, and he was standing somewhere on the South Rim. Although he wrote about the river down below, and his failed effort to reach it, there was nothing in his notes about the spectacular vista. No nouns. No adjectives. Nothing. Still, it seems unlikely that he wasn't astounded. Like all explorers who get to be the first — Howard Carter, Richard Wetherill, Captain Nemo — there had to be a moment when he thought to himself: *Well I'll be damned*.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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COMING IN FEBRUARY ...

Next month we add five more places to the *Arizona Highways* register of historic places, including the Painted Desert Inn and Copper Queen Hotel (pictured).





It took us 40 years to make

this month's cover. And it would have taken even longer, had we gotten the "Kopta photos" in time. We didn't, as you may have gathered, but right up to the last minute, everything was

on schedule. In fact, I was already working on a headline when Barb said to Jeff: "Just tell him. Now!"

Barb is our creative director. She's unflappable. Usually, Jeff is our photo editor. He's an old newspaper guy who thinks deadlines are just a suggestion. This time, however, both of them were getting nervous. Especially Barb, who was trying to design a cover and a cover story without any images. Even for Barb, that's hard to do. Thus, her commandment to Jeff.

"We've located the Kopta photos," he explained. "They're in a vault at the Museum of Northern Arizona. Unfortunately, there's a problem. The images haven't been digitized. And that could take a few weeks."

Hmmm ... I thought.

"I guess we need a new cover story."

There should have been some panic in the room, but there wasn't. That's because we have a vault of our own. And Jeff had been digging through it.

"I have an idea," he said. "Remember the Jerry Jacka portfolio I was telling you about? It's in our vault. And the box is still sealed. I have no idea what's inside. Should we take a look?"

Five minutes later, our staff was gathered around an art table while Jeff, wearing a pair of white cotton museum gloves, broke the seal and carefully revealed the rare prints inside. It's impossible to know how many photographs have passed through the hallowed halls of *Arizona Highways*, but there haven't been many moments of discovery like the one we experienced with Mr. Jacka's photos. Just like that, we had our cover story.

"Ironically, it started out as a project for *Arizona Highways*," the legendary photographer told us the next day. "Wes Holden [a former associate editor] and I made a trek up to Canyon de Chelly in November 1976. We had a wonderful Navajo guide. He allowed us to photograph areas that you just can't visit on your own. In the past, I'd made the rim drives with my family, but this was the first time I'd ever been down below to experience the intimacy of the canyon. *Arizona Highways* was going to do something with the images the next year, but at that point, it was more or less a futile assignment."

Turns out, the magazine never got around to doing anything, and for the past 40 years, the spectacular photographs have been kept under wraps.

Until now.

In all, there are 10 images, including the cover photo, which was shot with a Hasselblad 500C/M and a 50 mm lens. Mr. Jacka used the "Hassy" on a few of the other shots, too. The rest were made with a Linhof Technika 4x5 and a 210 mm Sinaron S lens. It's not unusual for photographers to use a variety of equipment. They all do it, but very few end up with a collection of images

like this. And even fewer can remember every detail of every photo after 40 years. In our conversation, Mr. Jacka talked about the experience as if it happened yesterday.

"It's Navajo art, not Anasazi," he said of the photograph titled *Gallery Wall*. "It depicts the cavalcade of Lieutenant Antonio Narbona, who was responsible for the massacre of Navajos up in Canyon del Muerto. I chose to not just show the pictograph, but to put it in the perspective of the canyon walls."

It's one of the most important photographs in the portfolio, he says. The most alarming, at least to those unfamiliar with Native American symbolism, is the image titled *Antelope House Design*.

At the top of the image is what you'll think is a swastika. But it's not a swastika. It's an ancient symbol that existed long before the Nazis ever used it. To the Hopis, for example, it represented the migration of their ancestors. The Navajos used it, too. And the Apaches. However, shortly after the beginning of World War II, several tribes in the Southwest got together and published a decree stating they'd no longer use the symbol.


"Because the ornament, which has been a symbol of friendship among our forefathers for many centuries, has been desecrated recently by another nation of peoples ... it is resolved that henceforth from this date on and forever more our tribes renounce the use of the emblem commonly known today as the swastika."

Mr. Jacka was more direct: "If readers react negatively to the photo, they should know that the symbol existed long before Adolf screwed it up."

Even now, a few weeks after he said that, I'm still smiling. There's never a dull moment in a conversation with Jerry Jacka. One minute he'll be telling you about his honky tonk days as a squeezebox player, and then he'll segue into a story about his road trip through Monument Valley with Jackie Onassis. And if you talk to him long enough, he'll eventually circle back to photography, which he picked up in high school because he thought it would be "an easy credit and a great way to meet girls."

Looking back, he was right. He did meet a girl — he eventually married her. And he surely got an "easy A," because Jerry Jacka is one of the most talented photographers we've ever worked with. As you'll see, even after 40 years, his images stand the test of time.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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We eat lunch together every

day — our editorial team — and we routinely meet at a place called Table d'Art. Although it sounds like a funky downtown bistro, it's not. It's just an old wooden art table in our crowded art department. None of the chairs match, and

empty bottles of Topo Chico mineral water clutter the space, but it's our version of the Algonquin Round Table. We eat whatever, and we talk about everything from *Ray Donovan* and Bulgarian feta to flip phones and *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*. We talk shop, too. The other day, we talked about Ross Santee. His name came up in a conversation about the magazine's all-time greats.

"Who would be on our Mount Rushmore?" I asked the team.

Ansel Adams, Maynard Dixon, Esther Henderson, Charles Bowden, David Muench, Jerry Jacka, Ross Santee ... I think it was Keith Whitney, our art director, who mentioned Mr. Santee. Although we never narrowed the list to four, Ross Santee might have made the final cut. And he'd definitely be one of our 12 apostles. His impressive illustrations, and equally impressive words, added a weighty one-two punch to our pages for many decades.

In his obituary for Mr. Santee, which appeared in our September 1965 issue, Editor Raymond Carlson wrote: "With his passing, the world has lost a great artist and a dedicated writer. We have lost a cherished friend. When he crosses that bright and shining land, he'll be fondly greeted by many of the good ones — men like Charlie Russell, Fredric [sic] Remington and Frank Dobie. Ross was one of the good ones, too."

Coincidentally, his last assignment for us was in that same September 1965 issue — his drawings illustrated a piece on the Little Colorado River. This month, we're bringing the "good one" back. It wasn't what we'd planned, but when our cover story fell through at the last minute, we needed another one-two punch. So, I walked across the hallway to our archives and found a story from October 1956 titled *The West I Remember*. The first words I read were these: "The country dwarfed everything. The little ranch house in the distance could hardly be defined against the great expanse of country and the great dome of the sky."

I was hooked by those 28 words, and kept reading until I'd finished all 4,410. Of course, I'd been well aware of Mr. Santee's artwork, and I even knew that he was a writer, but I had no idea he was a *writer*. As a general rule, photographers can't write, and writers can't shoot. The same is usually true of artists. But not Ross Santee. In addition to the stories he wrote for us, he wrote 13 books, including *Apache Land* and *Lost Pony Tracks*. Mostly, he wrote about cowboys and cattle and the Old West. And that's the subject of *The West I Remember*, which recounts his first trip to Arizona in 1915.

He'd been living in New York, after studying at the Chicago Art Institute, but he wasn't getting anywhere with the big publishers. Frustrated, he burned his art supplies and moved to Globe, Arizona, to live with his mother and work on a ranch. There, in his own words, he "learned to wrangle horses and punch cows." Later, in 1919, the legendary George Bellows convinced his protégé to make another go of it in New York. "This time the Gods were kind," Mr. Santee wrote in a letter to Raymond Carlson. "Frank Casey of *Life*, who bought the first pen an' inks I ever sold in N.Y., bought everything I submitted. Editors even talked me into trying to write."

In the years that followed, the talented Mr. Santee "commuted between Greenwich Village and a cow outfit in Arizona," and he developed a longtime relationship with *Arizona Highways*. He also built a personal friendship with Mr. Carlson.


I've seen many of the letters the two men wrote to each other. In one, Mr. Santee was complimenting our December 1942 issue: "This is Christmas Day, we have just finished breakfast and Eve has just finished reading *This Land I Love* aloud. We're very proud for you, Ray. It comes closer to an interpretation of Arizona than anything I have ever read or seen. It's magnificent, probably because you have felt every damn thing you have put down. It's a new high, we'll have this *Highways* a long time and we'll read it again and again."

Eve was Mr. Santee's wife, and after she died, he moved back to Arizona to study oil painting with his friend Ted DeGrazia, another one of our 12 apostles.

Ross Santee died in Globe on June 28, 1965, after suffering a heart attack. As Mr. Carlson wrote in his obituary: "A small group of friends scattered his ashes over his beloved hills of Gila County, which his drawings so truly and affectionately portray. Those very hills, to which he came to be a horse-wrangler in the early '20s, were inspiration for his pen and brush, and it was there he found much of the material that became the fabric of many of his fine books."

Fifty years later, some of those books are lying on the Table d'Art. Turns out, they're much more interesting than Bulgarian feta and flip phones. Although, you'd be surprised at how interesting Keith Whitney's old flip phone can be.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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