Emily Dickinson wrote poems about summer. She wrote many poems about summer. Shakespeare wrote about summer, too. And so did William Blake and Carl Sandburg and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Summer inspires expression and lyricism. It's where the lazy days can be found. And it's a respite, of sorts. From long winters and tax returns and too much homework. Summer, in so many ways, is the season we all count down to. It's the time of year when we load up the station wagon and hit the road. Usually to someplace cool and detached.

In New York, the road trip is to the Hamptons. In Boston, the Berkshires. For those of us who live in the Sonoran Desert, it's a scenic drive to the White Mountains. It's where we go to chill out, wind down and decompress. It's not the only place in Arizona, but when it comes to that therapeutic combination of lakes, rivers, mountains, meadows and trees, there's no place better than the White Mountains. We've been preaching that since our second issue.

"The White Mountains are now open and accessible to the public," Editor Vincent J. Keating wrote in May 1925. "The Rice-Springerville highway is in such condition that a trip by automobile through the heart of the mountains may be made without the least difficulty. All who visit this section this summer will be delighted with the beauties of the mountains, the magnificent forests, the enticing trout streams and the invigorating air."

That was the beginning, but hardly the end. We've published hundreds of stories about the White Mountains in the decades since, including a beautiful piece in our July 1945 issue titled *White Mountain Country*. It was written by Joyce Rockwood Muench, who was the wife of longtime contributor Josef Muench and the mother of world-renowned photographer David Muench. Although the men made "Muench" a household name in this magazine, Mrs. Muench was every bit as talented. They used f-stops and long exposures. She used vowels and consonants.

"Hills roll up in a never ending succession," she wrote, "as full of motion as the ocean itself. But these waves are carpeted with the green of leaves and ferns and trees. Trees and trees and more trees. Big old alligator-barked junipers that may remember Coronado, and lithe aspens with their graceful, everlasting dance, aspens that follow where a fire has been, springing up to cover the naked wounds of the earth and make her forget the loss of her darker children, the pines and firs."

It's been more than seven decades since she wrote those lovely words, but the allure of the White Mountains — a place where "the world is hushed and beauty lies in every hollow and on every hill" — remains the same. And so do the points of interest she described: fishermen fishing on Big Lake, pastoral scenes along the Coronado Trail, the trickling water of the Little Colorado River. In fact, if we didn't point out the original date at the top of the story, you might think we'd found a present-day Emily Dickinson to write an epic poem about the sublime nature of summer in the White Mountains. Instead, we rummaged through our archives and found a classic. And when we wanted more, we called Jo Baeza.

If you're a longtime reader of *Arizona Highways*, you know Jo Baeza. She's been writing for us since she threw "some warm clothes" and her "cow dog" into a Ford Galaxie and moved to the White Mountains. She was looking for "a simple life among good people in a beautiful place." And she found it at a cabin on Hawley Lake. "I could look out the window in the morning and see a herd of 30 or more elk grazing in the meadow below," she writes in *At Home in the Woods*. "Ospreys circled the lake, a wintering bald eagle perched on a snag, coyotes sang their night song, my dog was drunk on wild scents, and I was all alone with the sound of silence."

In her newest essay, she writes about the allure of the White Mountains. Why she moved there. Why she stayed. Why it's cool and detached. It's a wonderful collection of words that makes her the longest-tenured writer in the history of this magazine. Thank you, Jo. For all of the characters and settings and plots over the years. We're grateful. And indebted.

Like Jo Baeza and Joyce Rockwood Muench, Kelly Vaughn writes about the White Mountains, too. Her theme this month is Escudilla Mountain, a place that helped inspire Aldo Leopold's theories on conservation. Grizzly bears, Mexican wolves, endless groves of quaking aspens ... it was an ecological wonderland. Today, though, it's not the same. In the aftermath of the Wallow Fire, not even Emily Dickinson could bring the scorched earth of the mountain back to life. Kelly, however, through her own powerful words, tempts us with hope.

"A year after the fire, maybe longer," she writes in *Like a Mountain*, "I drove one of the scenic roads that cut across Escudilla. It was late summer or early fall, and although there was so much char from the burn, thin tufts of grass sprung from the earth like hope."

Hope. Right now, that's all we have. But someday, maybe, our grandchildren's children will get to rediscover Escudilla. Maybe. Meantime, there are many other ways to chill out, wind down and decompress in the White Mountains. All you need is a good station wagon.

ROBERT STIEVE, *EDITOR*

Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

PHOTOGRAPH BY **PAUL MARKOW**

In 1965, we were blacklisted in the Soviet Union. We got the news from Walter Schroeder, a subscriber in Rosamond, California. A day or two later, there was a story in *The New York Times*. According to the paper, the censors at the Kremlin considered our magazine "provocative literature clearly intended to conduct hostile propaganda among the Soviet people."

Nyet, no place could be so beautiful, they sneered.

Ironically, Joseph Stalin's daughter was a paying subscriber at the time, and her father was once the recipient of a gift subscription — a collection of magazines he may have held in his iron fist. Nevertheless, the Soviets shut us out.

In response, Raymond Carlson, our editor emeritus, wrote a stinging editorial. In addition, politicians and business leaders came to our defense. And so did nationally syndicated columnist Inez Robb, who wrote: "Let's not be beastly to the Russians in the matter of *Arizona Highways*. Let's face the fact that to the uninitiated this monthly publication exudes a faint tincture of snake oil. If all Americans unfamiliar with the Southwest find it difficult to credit the publication's magnificent color photographs, how can we expect the comrades and the commissars to be of firmer faith? And, in truth, it is subversive. Once you are hooked on *Arizona Highways*, it is habit forming — you begin to believe, and then you want to go, go, go. Yes, the Russians would do well to keep it out of their country."

With hindsight, the ban was ridiculous. Or cockamamie, as Barry Goldwater might have said. But that was then. Today, more than 50 years later, we're viewed far more favorably in that part of the world. In fact, one of our most loyal readers lives in Zlatoust, a city in the Chelyabinsk region of Russia. His name is Vladimir Anisimov, and on February 27, 2017, he sent me an email. *In Russian*.

After running his words through Google Translate, I figured out that he'd seen a promo ad for our new diner mugs, and he was hoping to get his hands on a "Tombstone." Up to that point, I don't think we'd ever sent any heavy pieces of porcelain to the former Soviet Union. Well, now we have, and I've since gotten a second email from Mr. Anisimov: "Dear friend Robert! On July 17, I will celebrate the day of my 65th birthday. Your mug, which I received today, will be considered a gift for my birthday. Thank you!!! With all my heart I wish you all the best, creative successes, let your magazine always be as colorful and interesting as it is now. Sincerely, Vladimir."

His email came on a day when the temperature hit 108 degrees at the world headquarters of *Arizona Highways*. There wasn't a lot to smile about that day, but Mr. Anisimov's sincerity and gratitude made me smile. I think it would have made George Avey smile, too.

Mr. Avey was our longtime art director — he served in that role from 1938 to 1972 — and he created the "Tombstone" artwork for a map that we published in 1940. It was one of at least a hundred kitschy illustrations on the map. Last year, three of them, including "Tombstone," ended up on diner mugs. And later this year, we'll be introducing three more. One of which will feature the Chiricahua Mountains, a place Natt Dodge described in March 1943 as "a panorama of deep canyons and sharp ridges lined and studded with a spectacular array of immense perpendicular rock figures."

Although it's been nearly 75 years since he wrote those words for us, they're as useful as ever in depicting one of the most spectacular landscapes in Arizona. You'll see some of that landscape in this month's portfolio. That's what most photographers shoot down there — the broad panoramas. But not Eirini Pajak. She prefers a macro lens, and she likes to point it at flowers. Violets, irises, pinesaps … those are some of the wildflowers featured in *She Has Amazing Focus*. In all, there are more than a thousand plant species in the park. There's a lot of wildlife, too. "Occasionally, the tracks of a bear, cougar or wild turkey are found," Mr. Dodge wrote. He goes on to list several other mammal species, including skunks, badgers and foxes, but there's no mention of jaguarundis.

Huh? Jaguarundis?

You're right to be curious. The name conjures a pack of fictional predators in a Stephen King novel, but jaguarundis are real. They can be found throughout Central and South America, they've been "documented historically" in the Chiricahua Mountains, and there's a steady stream of sightings around the state. However, as Matt Jaffe writes in *A Little Cat Goes a Long Way*, no one has ever photographed a jaguarundi in the wild in Arizona. In the minds of the skeptics, that's proof that the cats don't live here.

Nyet, they sneer.

Nevertheless, we remain hopeful. And if there is a jaguarundi out there, and we get a quality photograph, we'll be putting it on our front cover. We might put it on a diner mug, too.

ROBERT STIEVE, *EDITOR*

Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

PHOTOGRAPH BY **PAUL MARKOW**

I went on a bender because of this issue. But it's not what you're thinking. It was a literary binge, of sorts, and by the time I was finished, I'd added more than a dozen used books to my stockpile — two came from Amazon, and the rest I found on eBay. They're all books by Ray Manley, and they're all in good shape; however, the best of the bunch is a mint copy of *Ray Manley's Indian Lands*, which was signed by Mr. Manley and Clara Lee Tanner, the book's author.

Both of them were longtime contributors. She was an esteemed anthropologist who specialized in Southwestern Indian arts and crafts, and he was a world-renowned photographer who, as a young man in the 1930s, dreamed of "capturing a few nature photographs worthy of being printed" in a fledgling magazine called *Arizona Highways*.

"In 1939," he told us, "I bought my first 10-sheet box of Kodachrome. I studied my subjects well before exposing that film because a dollar a sheet was a lot of money to pay for film in those days."

Indeed. When you adjust for inflation, that's about $175 for 10 photographs. Nevertheless, the investment paid off. Of those 10 shots — images of an old cedar stump, the San Francisco Peaks and his wife, Ruth — three became covers for us. Not even Ansel Adams had an average like that.

For Mr. Manley, the covers were just the beginning. He would go on to become one of our legendary photographers, as well as a regular contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life* and *National Geographic*. And then there were the many books, some of which I'd hoped to find in the library at our world headquarters. For whatever reason, we had only one. From 1975. I had to keep looking.

I was curious about his books because I'd just finished reading a 7,135-word story that he'd written and photographed for our October 1965 issue. The subject was Canyon de Chelly, and I was thinking about republishing it in this month's issue. It took me awhile to get through the piece. Not because it was a slog. Rather, the words and pictures kept pulling me in, begging for resurrection. In the end, the decision to rerun it was easy. It's a wonderful story — a cornucopia of vowels and consonants and four-color photography — and it left me wanting more. I guess that's how benders get started.

One of the first things you'll notice about the piece is the people. Unlike most photographs of Canyon de Chelly, which focus on the area's spectacular rock formations and ancient ruins, the images in this story are of Navajo men and women herding sheep, weaving rugs, husking corn. The latter was one of Mr. Manley's favorites.

"One November," he wrote in *Photogenic Canyon de Chelly*, "I had the good fortune to find a seventy-year-old blind man sitting among the cobs doing the only thing he could do to contribute to the family of his son and daughter who cared for him. There sat the bronzed old man amid piles of multicolored corn, stacking usable husks on one side and edible ears on another. The Indian's sense of humor had not diminished with the tragedy of his blindness and he could smile at the photographer who asked that he be allowed to take his picture."

Mr. Manley was with a Navajo guide when he got that shot. Although we never learn his name, he may have been a relative of Adam Teller, whose family has lived in the canyon for at least 200 years.

Because of his surname, you might think that Mr. Teller was destined to become a tour guide — that "Teller" was some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. But his career path is rooted in curiosity. As Matt Jaffe writes in *He Knows What He's Talking About*: "He learned at an early age that his interest in the canyon's history could help him earn a living. So, in 1976, he became the area's youngest Navajo guide."

"I'm part of a long line of storytellers," Mr. Teller says.

In our story, you'll learn more about the storyteller and the delicate balance between the traditional world and contemporary life. You'll also learn about the history of the canyon and its string of ancient ruins, including Mummy Cave, a place Matt Jaffe could see only from a distance. Back in the 1970s, however, Jerry Jacka had the privilege of going inside.

"We gained special permission from the National Park Service and had a ranger with us," Mr. Jacka says. "He allowed us to climb up inside the ruin, and it was quite an honor to be able to get up there, as it's off-limits."

One of the photographs from that day is the subject of *Inside Out*. It doesn't show the grandeur of the ruin, but what a shot. "I was attempting to capture a view of what the Anasazi people would have seen as they looked out into Canyon del Muerto," Mr. Jacka says.

Mr. Jacka, like Mr. Manley, is another one of our legendary photographers. Fortunately, I already have all of his books. I can't afford another bender.

ROBERT STIEVE, *EDITOR*

Follow me on Instagram: @arizonahighways

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP **PAUL MARKOW** ABOVE, LEFT **ARIZONA HIGHWAYS ARCHIVES**