

We're not supposed to say goodbye, because goodbye, in the words of J.M. Barrie, means going away, and going away means forgetting. That won't happen with us, though. To forget Barb would be like forgetting the sound of children laughing. Or the smell of fresh-baked bread. Or how to breathe. We'll never forget, but we're not ready to say goodbye yet, either. It came on too soon.

On the masthead, Barbara Glynn Denney is listed as our creative director. And she is — for one more issue. But she's also our den mother, our fulcrum and our favorite subject. She's the atomic nucleus of the editorial department. And we swirl around her like electrons. We even eat lunch outside her office door. At a long, narrow mass of Formica called *la table d'art*. Barb named it. At some point before I showed up. I don't know if she's fluent in French, or if she even speaks the language, but she drops in a few French phrases every now and then. And she definitely knows the difference between a Château Lafite Rothschild and Two-Buck Chuck. I suppose I should have asked her about her love for the language of love. I've had plenty of time. This is our 151st issue together — we've been making music longer than The Beatles. There wouldn't have been any collaboration at all, however, if it weren't for Barb.

When I was being considered for the role of editor, our publisher at the time thought it would be a good idea to get the endorsement of the magazine's creative director. So Barb and I met for breakfast at Park Central Mall in Phoenix, at a place called The Good Egg. It was a blind date. To test our chemistry. I don't remember too much about the conversation. There was small talk, which got even smaller when she told me about her minivan — it was pushing 200,000 miles. We must have talked about editorial philosophy, too, but I can't be sure. More than anything, I remember being drawn to her. And thinking: *She seems so normal. I've never worked with a designer who wasn't a hardened nonconformist. I wonder if she's any good.*

The answer came quickly. Barb is the best. The very best. And *Arizona Highways* has been the beneficiary of her tremendous talent for a long time.

Her rhythmic name first appeared in the magazine as “deputy art director” in June 1996. She says she didn't work on that issue. Or the next one. But in August 1996, she designed the front cover and the cover story, a piece about rafting the Grand Canyon. It's a beautiful layout with a dozen images, clean lines, nice type treatment and just enough white space. Her debut was impressive. Like Eva Marie Saint in *On the Waterfront*.

After making her mark in that August issue, there were hundreds of covers and layouts, several redesigns, and a minivan full of national magazine awards. What's more, her tenure in the art department is second only to that of the legendary George Avey.

As a percentage, I've had the privilege of partnering with Barb on more than half of her 285 issues. And that's what an editor/creative director relationship is. It's a partnership. Or maybe it's more like a marriage, where,



over time, you learn to finish each other's sentences. Barb and I have that. She's masterful at extracting the abstract thoughts from the right side of my brain and turning them into magazines. I've been blessed. And spoiled. I worry about life without her, even though I know we'll be in good hands — *great hands* — when Keith Whitney assumes the throne in March.

Nevertheless, what does a magazine look like without its atomic nucleus? My French forebears used to say that it's the destiny of glass to break. I think it's true of hearts, too. This sad goodbye is evidence. There are broken pieces scattered all around the editorial department. And beyond.

In *The Coral Island*, one of my favorite books as a boy, R.M. Ballantyne wrote: “To part is the lot of all mankind. The world is a scene of constant leave-taking, and the hands that grasp in cordial greeting today, are doomed ere long to unite for the last time, when the quivering lips pronounce the word ‘farewell.’”

It came on too soon, but I guess it's time. *Au revoir, Madame Glynn Denney. Nous t'aimons.*

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR


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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

FEBRUARY 2020 VOL. 96 NO. 2

800-543-5432

arizonahighways.com

GIFT SHOP: 602-712-2200

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Arizona Highways® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$24 a year in the U.S., \$44 outside the U.S. Single copy: \$4.99 U.S. Call 800-543-5432. UPDATED PRIVACY POLICY: Our privacy policy has been updated to reflect the new changes in data protection laws, including the EU's General Data Protection Regulations. To read our updated privacy policy, go to arizonahighways.com/privacy-policy. Subscription correspondence and change of address information: Arizona Highways, P.O. Box 8521, Big Sandy, TX 75755-8521. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ, and at additional mailing office. Canada Post international publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement No. 40732015. Send returns to Quad/Graphics, P.O. Box 456, Niagara Falls ON L2E 6V2. Postmaster: Send address changes to Arizona Highways, P.O. Box 8521, Big Sandy, TX 75755-8521. Copyright © 2020 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials.



LISA SCHNEBLY HEIDINGER

Lisa Schnebly Heidinger's main contribution to this issue is *Remembering Emma* (see page 40), her story about Emma Lee, the 17th of Mormon pioneer John D. Lee's 19 wives. For her, Emma Lee is a quintessential woman for Arizona, a place where, she says, “femininity is measured in strength, not fragility.” But Schnebly Heidinger herself has a connection to Arizona history, too: The city of Sedona is named for her great-grandmother Sedona Schnebly, a pioneer of Red Rock Country. That's why we asked Schnebly Heidinger to tell us a little about the photo on our front cover. “This is the home Sedona's

husband, T.C. Schnebly, built in 1901 after arriving in Oak Creek Canyon,” she says. “It apparently had a basement as big as the home itself, and 10 rooms upstairs ‘to fill with boarders until they're filled with children.’ Room and board was a dollar a day, which was a lot to the average working person, but not to travelers who came west for healing or out of curiosity. Anyone who got off the train in Flagstaff and inquired about getting to Oak Creek was told to wait at Babbitt's store for Mr. Schnebly to come up, since he spearheaded the building of Schnebly Hill Road to take produce to Flagstaff once or twice a week.” The house, she adds, later burned down, and this site is near where the Stone House at Los Abrigados Resort and Spa now stands. Schnebly Heidinger previously wrote about her great-grandmother for *Arizona Highways*, and she's currently working on a history of Arizona land, along with a book that's a collaboration with poet Julie Morrison.



JILL RICHARDS

“I'm embarrassed to say I had not heard of Heritage Hats, and I'm a hat person,” says photographer Jill Richards, who's pictured here with her son, Hank. Her assignment this month (see *The Journal: Local Favorite*, page 12) was her first taste of the Phoenix hat shop. “I think [owner] Rich Glisson might be my soulmate, or at least my new best friend,” she adds. “We share a love of hats, dogs and plants — the trifecta of happiness. Also, I bought two Stetson hats; I couldn't help myself.” Since this monthly feature focuses on locally owned businesses in Arizona, we asked Richards to name a few of her own local favorites. “I live in Phoenix's Coronado neighborhood, which is going through a resurgence,” she says. “Near McDowell Road and 16th Street, I like Galeana 39 for home goods and unique gifts. It shares its space with Mucho Más Art Studio, which sells Mexican-inspired art by three local artists. Ollie Vaughn's is the go-to spot for breakfast and makes a wicked cinnamon roll. And I love that we have a local bike shop, Brass Monkey Bike Shop, just a few blocks from home.” Richards' other recent assignments include a trip into the Navajo Nation's Canyon de Chelly with REI Adventures, along with a *Midwest Living* adventure with six women on motorcycles traveling through Missouri. — NOAH AUSTIN