



I grew up 47 miles from Taliesin — Frank Lloyd Wright’s summer home in Spring Green, Wisconsin. Now, I’m 12 miles from Taliesin West, his winter compound in North Scottsdale. My link to the legendary architect, however, has nothing to do with the proximity of our front doors. The nexus, if there is one, is Raymond Carlson.

Although both of our names have appeared in the same place on this magazine’s masthead, many decades of continental drift have made my world very different from his. I suppose some things are better in the 21st century, most of them because of Steve Jobs, but the stature of the position has changed. In the 1950s, being the editor of *Arizona Highways* carried the respect of a nobleman. And the queue of visitors was impressive. Like the line outside Sinatra’s dressing room.

“Raymond and his wife, Helen, were one of the most beautiful and charming couples in Phoenix,” said Gary Avey, a former editor. “They knew how to party, and their circle of friends included the best-known and most talented people in the country.”

If you happened to see our June issue, you know about Raymond Carlson’s friendship with Ted DeGrazia, the famous artist from Tucson. Ansel Adams was another good friend. And so was Frank Lloyd Wright. Their friendship is my connection. Sitting in Mr. Carlson’s chair, and rifling through old papers, I get to see another side of the architect. Glimpses of benevolence that contradict the persona of arrogance. Like the time he designed a home for one of his closest friends.

“He’d heard that my wife and I had just bought a plot of land,” Mr. Carlson said. “He asked if there was anything he could do to help, and I told him that I couldn’t afford his fee. He sat there tapping his cane, and then he smiled. ‘I have two prices,’ he said. ‘I either charge a hell of a lot. Or I charge nothing.’”

The benefits of being a nobleman.
By the time it was finished, “the Carlson House cost \$15,000,” Frank Lloyd Wright wrote in 1950, “including the architect’s fee of 10 percent. It is so finely built I am giving half my fee to the builder as a reward of merit. The rest of the fee goes to Raymond himself to help furnish his aristocratic little gem of a house.”

And so he did.
Among the most interesting features of what’s now known as the “Raymond Carlson House” is the dumbwaiter the Carlsons used to move their parrots up and down the home’s three stories. “As a kid, I spent an entire summer entrusted to teach their parrots (Polly and Gonzalez) to talk,” Gary Avey said. “By September, I had a few good bite scars and developed a fondness for crackers. The birds, however, remained mute.”

Or so he thought.
Mixed in with the old papers is a story by Ben Raeburn, who published the complete works of Frank Lloyd Wright. As the story goes, Mr. Wright asked Gene Masselink, his longtime secretary, to drive him into Phoenix for a late appointment. After dinner, Mr. Wright said, “Let’s drop in on the Carlsons.” When they got to the house, it was dark inside, except for a night

light upstairs in the bedroom.
The front door was unlocked, so the two men walked in and went to the living room. “Let’s not disturb them,” the architect whispered. And then he started looking around. “This room doesn’t look right,” he said, as he took off his coat. First he moved a chair. Then a table and some lamps. He wasn’t done, though. He even moved the piano. About the only thing he didn’t touch was the birdcage, because the parrots seemed to be asleep.

“Mrs. Carlson told me that upon hearing strange noises down in the living room, she woke Raymond, who promptly turned over and went back to sleep,” Mr. Raeburn said. “She then stole quietly to the top of the stairs. Because her hair was in curlers, she didn’t want to be seen, even by burglars. As she peered down, she noticed, to her great delight, that Frank Lloyd Wright was



A perspective of the Raymond Carlson House, designed in 1950. Pencil and colored pencil on tracing paper, 32 x 36 inches. Copyright © 2019 Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, Scottsdale, AZ. All rights reserved. The Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation Archives (The Museum of Modern Art | Avery Architectural & Fine Arts Library, Columbia University, New York)

in her living room, rearranging the furniture.”
When he was finished, Mr. Wright took a look at his handiwork and said: “I guess we’ve done it, Gene. Let’s go home.” As they were headed to the door, they heard a voice say, “Good night.” In response, Mr. Wright took off his hat, bowed gallantly and said, “Good night, Mrs. Carlson.” Later he learned that the voice wasn’t hers — it came from one of the parrots.

The next day, a delivery truck pulled up in front of the Carlsons’ home. Turns out, Mr. Wright wasn’t quite finished. In the truck was a “magnificently beautiful rug” for the Carlsons’ living room.

The benefits of being a nobleman.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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LAWRENCE W. CHEEK
Lawrence W. Cheek’s three contributions to this issue complete a 35-year circle: His first work for *Arizona Highways* was a 1984 architecture-themed issue. “I wanted to do it again — differently and, hopefully, better — and gather in some of the excellent work Arizona architects have done since I moved away in 1996,” he says. Cheek got his start in writing about architecture in 1976, when he was an education reporter at the now-defunct *Tucson Citizen*. That year, he visited Florence,

southeast of Phoenix, with the Arizona professor who had done a historic-preservation project in Arizona long and had never seen Florence,” Cheek had an immediate reaction of bewilderment: “Why should I care about these dusty, tired old buildings?” Sobin replied, “Let me show you in two hours, I got an intensive course in the architectural history of the West. By the end of the day, I was hooked. To this day, when I’m in Tucson, I’ll take the back road between Tucson and Phoenix so I can see how the 19th century is doing there.” Cheek now lives on a boat and spends most of his time building boats; his latest is a 21-foot boat he learned about architecture through decades of writing about it in this boat,” he says. “Structural errors in boats have dire consequences that crimes dishonor a tradition more than a millennium old.”



KERRICK JAMES
Kerrick James photographed 10 of Arizona’s iconic structures (see *Different by Design*, page 36) for this month’s issue. “They reveal our priorities, our personalities and our heart as a culture, and I find them truly fascinating.” James, an *Arizona Highways* contributor, but this was his first assignment shooting structures. “The biggest challenge, he says, was “to go beyond mere documentation and capture a sense of time and connection to the physical setting” via changing light, and a perspective from an unforeseen angle. At Taliesin West, for example, James had always photographed the house, so this time, he planned a sunrise shoot — and nearly ran out of time to do so. “Fortunately, I’d scouted and knew precisely where I wanted to set the tripod,” he says. “I got the desired image with just a handful of captures and two angles,” he says. Other structures on the list, Wukoki Pueblo and Mission San Xavier del Bac, are among the oldest buildings in Arizona. His other recent work includes writing and shooting about Grand Canyon’s centennial and Colorado’s slice of the Four Corners region.



usually don't talk to my Uber drivers. Not because I'm aloof. Or because I don't think they're interesting — I suppose some are like bartenders, with so many stories of scandal and deceit. But when I get in the back seat, I just want to put on my headphones, turn up the music and check out for a few minutes. I call it "Bobby Time," and it's hard to come by. Like

first editions of Kerouac. Or californium. So, I don't know how I got into a conversation with Gene.

"You flying out for business or pleasure?" he asked. "A river trip," I said, thinking my cutoffs and Grateful Dead T-shirt might have signaled as much.

"Where you headed?" "Wisconsin." "Wisconsin! What's in Wisconsin?" "I'm going kayaking. A place called the Kickapoo River."

The small talk went on for a few miles. And I learned a few things about Gene. He's a retired businessman — he pioneered the Dreyer's and Häagen-Dazs brands in Arizona. He lives in Paradise Valley, a high-end ZIP code in metro Phoenix, and has three grown children. He seemed like a nice guy, but I was ready to put on my headphones. Fortunately, that didn't happen. Gene had more questions.

"So, what do you do for a living?" "I'm in publishing," I said, hoping it wouldn't trigger an attack on the media. "Oh, that sounds interesting. Newspaper?" "No, I'm the editor of a magazine called *Arizona Highways*."

With those 10 words, this issue started taking shape. "I love *Arizona Highways*," he told me. "Are you familiar with a photographer named Allen Reed? His son, Brent, is a good friend of mine."

It wasn't an unusual question, not for someone on the outside, but for someone who wanders the hallowed halls of this magazine's world headquarters, it was like asking Ed Sheeran if he'd ever heard of The Beatles.

Yes. I'd heard of him. "Allen Reed is an editor's dream," Editor Tom Cooper wrote in our May 1977 issue. "He can write, photograph and illustrate. Better yet, he does all of these things with expertise. He's one of those special people you can turn loose with a story idea and he will deliver a complete package."

After attending art school in Los Angeles, and being part-owner of an advertising firm there, Mr. Reed packed up and moved to Arizona. He quickly made a name for himself as a freelancer, and in July 1949, he made his debut in *Arizona Highways*. It was a story titled *Peach Harvest in Supailand*. "The twinkling fires of the Havasupais seem to be reflections of the stars," he wrote. "A timeless moment to hesitate, as though on a cloud enveloped above and below by the heavens."

In the years that followed, he wrote and photographed more than 50 features for us. One of them, *Oklahoma!*, appeared in April 1955. As I was talking

to Gene, he mentioned that Brent had "boxes and boxes" of his father's old photographs and letters. At that point, I forgot all about my headphones. I wanted to meet Brent.

Other than the books and magazines in our archive, there aren't many links to our storied past. There's no exclusive gathering place like The Explorers Club. No vintage diner where old-timers meet to reminisce about the golden era. Most of our legendary contributors have passed, including Mr. Reed. His son, I thought, might be a conduit. Like Doc Brown's DeLorean. In particular, I wanted to know if any of those boxes had outtakes from *Oklahoma!*. The wheels were turning.

Long before I'd gotten into Gene's Buick Enclave, I knew that our August issue would be focused on the grasslands of Southern Arizona, which is where the movie version of *Oklahoma!* was filmed. And I knew that a new production of the play was scheduled to open on Broadway in April — we call that a "news peg," a timely reason for running a story. With fresh images from the father via the son, we'd have the beginnings of something we could put into our August issue. Something to pair with Joel Hazelton's portfolio, which he'd started shooting a few weeks earlier.

On September 27, the DeLorean pulled up: "Hello Robert. My name is Brent Reed, I am the son of Allen Reed, who did a great deal of photography and writing for *Highways* in the 1950s and 1960s. My friend, Gene, who provided you with an Uber ride recently, forwarded your email address to me. I'd be glad to assist in any way regarding my late father's work or background, for any future projects you may undertake. Feel free to reach out if and when I can be of help."

It took us a while, but we finally met at a sandwich shop in Scottsdale. I could have sat there for hours, and maybe we did. By the time I left, I had several new story ideas. I also had access to all of Allen Reed's photographs, many of which have never been seen before, and some of which you'll see inside.

Sadly, I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Reed, but now I know his son. Thank you, Brent. We're grateful for your generosity. And thank you, Gene. Your many questions were well worth the loss of a little Bobby Time.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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JOEL HAZELTON
Joel Hazelton was feeling restless last summer, so he asked our photo editor, Jeff Kida, if *Arizona Highways* needed anything photographed. The answer was more than Hazelton had expected: We needed someone to shoot the Southern Arizona grasslands (see *The Grass Is Always Greener*, page 18). "Although I've hiked the 'sky islands' of Southern Arizona several times, I've always skipped over the grasslands and gone straight for the high country," Hazelton says, "so this assignment was something new and challenging." He made several trips down south, usually stopping first at the eastern foothills of the Santa Rita Mountains. By

the time he'd started shooting, he'd endured washed-out roads, monsoon storms and a limited number of photographic options — especially at Buenos Aires. "The entire refuge gets morning and afternoon light, so I had to choose my options based on light," he says. "And the topography is so varied that there are no major features that can anchor a background. This all eliminated many techniques, and I was left finding images the old-fashioned way: searching for foregrounds." You can see more of Hazelton's work in *Backcountry*, a recently published *Arizona Highways* book.

TIM FULLER
Tim Fuller, a nun of the Santa Rita Mountains, *Arizona Highways*. When we offered her a chance to visit the subject more than 40 years ago, she said, "This Day Our Daily Bread." Fuller is happy to oblige. "Getting to know the nuns — photographing their lives in 1978 was a great experience," he says. "I love to think about what it was that brought the nuns to the abbey and their lives of prayer. I've never driven past the road that leads to the abbey, I've thought of the time I spent with the sisters." Fuller began his latest shoot with the prioress, Sister Victoria — one of the sisters from the work he did in 1978. "We often talk about the joys and demands of the life when I walked into the office, I told her I couldn't remember the proper protocol to shake hands?" I asked. "No," she responded, "we should hug." Much has changed in photography in the past 40 years, and Fuller says his modern equipment made it possible to turn an idea into a beautiful photo — and to do so without disrupting the moment. "This project, Fuller is revisiting another moment from his past: "Fifty years ago, I was at Woodstock, I talked my way into a backstage photo pass. I'm curious about the story of how that happened and a portfolio of the images I shot."



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. 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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SCHNEBLY
HEIDINGER
Schnebly Heidinger's main contribution to this issue is *Remembering Emma Lee* (page 40), her story about Emma Lee, the 17th of Mormon pioneer John C. Schnebly'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 great-grandmother lived in when she arrived in Oak Creek Canyon,” she says. “It was a big as the home itself, and 10 rooms upstairs 'to fill with children.' Room and board was a dollar a day, which was a pretty good price for a working person, but not to travelers who came west for healing purposes. People who got off the train in Flagstaff and inquired about getting to Sedona would wait at Babbitt's store for Mr. Schnebly to come up, since he was the only one who would take them to the home. The home was on the edge of Schnebly Hill Road to take produce to Flagstaff once or twice a week. The home, she adds, later burned down, and this site is near where the Stone Mountain Resort and Spa now stands. Schnebly Heidinger previously wrote a book about her great-grandmother for *Arizona Highways*, and she's currently working on a history book with a book that's a collaboration with poet Julie Morrison.

PHOTOGRAPHY
The photo of the child in the car seat is by Emily Piraino. The photo of Barbara Glynn Denney is by Kelly Mero.

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