ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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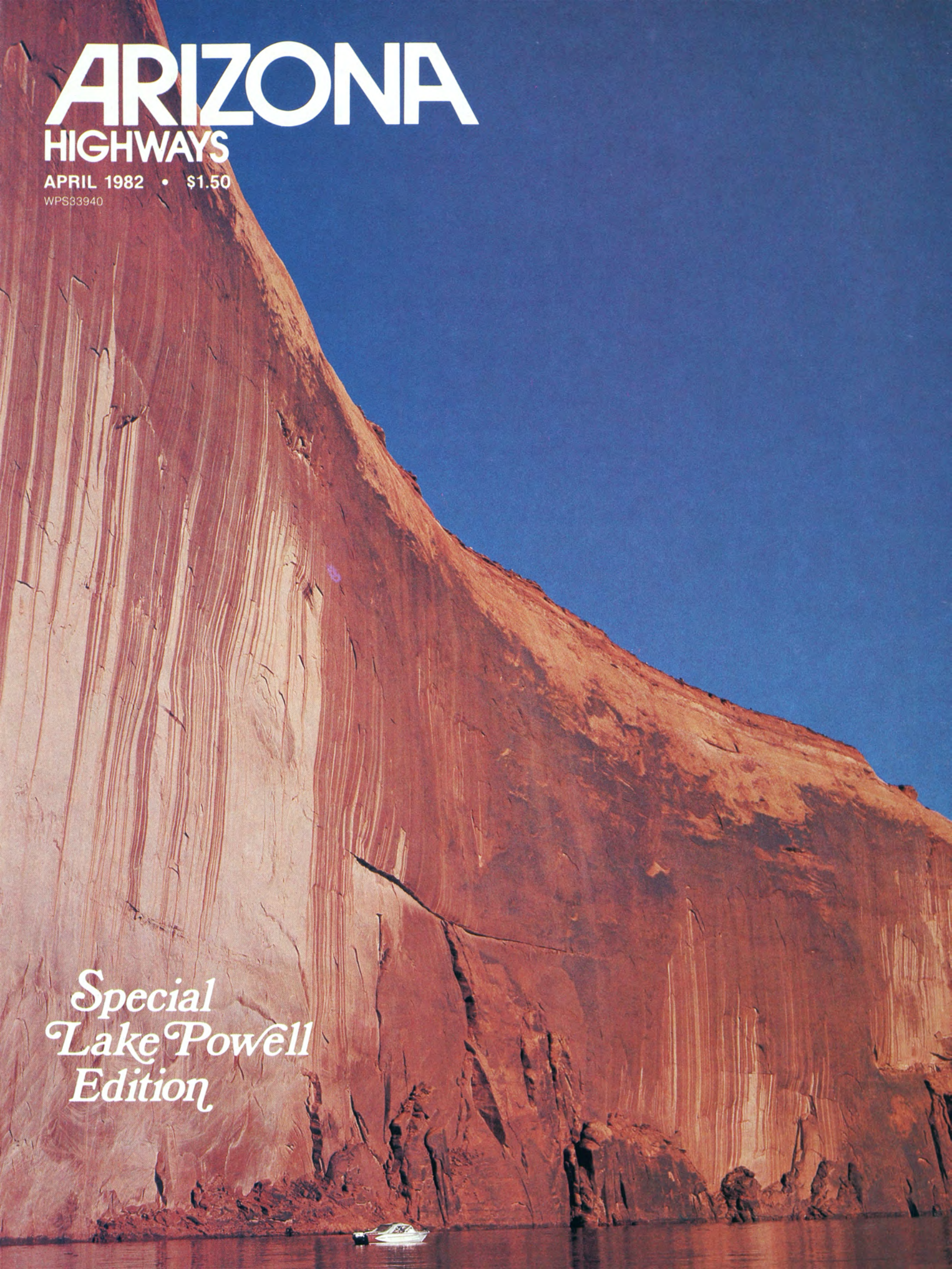

Special Lake Powell Edition

Lake Powell

A history-rich saga of high adventure

by Bill Waters

(Left) Some call it "a Grand Canyon with water," and the remarkable thing about it is that the comparison is very true. Lake Powell's mid-lake peaks and multi-colored canyons, made up of six different kinds of sandstone, have the distinct flavor of Arizona's down-river stellar attraction. The first written record of Glen Canyon is found in a missionary journal dated 1776. **Jerry Jacka**

It's simply spectacular — yet this is anything but simple land.

Glen Canyon, where natural statuary in a million subtle shades of earthen tones tower above the clear waters of Lake Powell, offers even more than what meets the eye — and that's plenty.

Its windswept stones in their rugged settings, its infinity of vistas, and its position along a river that begins with snowmelt in Wyoming and ends in the salt of the Sea of Cortez all come together to put this place into a long line of space — and time: a line of land, of water running through it, of men who've met the challenge of that water and the course it runs.

Today, the canyon is readily reached by way of Highway 89. Once there, the accommodations and traffic control at the marinas make it easy getting into the 180 miles of water awaiting boaters, fishermen, water-skiers, boat-borne campers, and wanderers.

From wide-open beaches to canyons only boat-wide with walls stretching halfway to heaven; from the last-minute handiness of gas and groceries at mid-lake marinas to the primeval majesty of natural bridges nearby, the glories of Lake Powell greet weekending Southwesterners and long vacationers alike.

Today, Glen Canyon is praised by people who have taken its measure and found the place delightful — it's a place you want to visit again and again.

In other times, though, this land was horrid, desolate, worthless, and worse. But even those who've cursed this country have found it at least fleetingly beautiful.

Today, there's beauty without the discomfort and downright danger faced by so many — and not so long ago.

Those rusty cliffs, those wind-worn spires, those gritty arabesques and dead-end canyons call to mind the times now flown — the souls now gone: the noble, the sinister, the stouthearted spirits who were here before...

First there were the Ancient Ones, the Anasazi, who made their way from the flatlands to the twisted cliffs of the Colorado a couple of thousand years ago. For them, the canyon country — to be dreaded by legions of later people anxious to be across — afforded protection and, aside from tough climbs to their mud-walled caves, a certain amount of primitive comfort compared with the life-style of the open lands on either side of the river.

In their petroglyphs lie mysteries yet unsolved by modern man: stylized animals, intriguing symbols, rough-drawn men — and devils? In the gulches and the grottoes now accessible to vessels, the painted code of the Anasazi calls out — and perplexes men of today.

On the riverbanks below their homes, the people of the Anasazi pueblos roughed out irrigation systems, tapping the streams for enough water to grow corn, beans, and squash.

From river reeds and willows, they wove fine baskets. From clay came pottery for storing and cooking their food. Precious wood was worked into handles for farm tools. Then there were trappings of vanity: shells and feather adornments, and even turquoise was turning heads then as it does today.

About a thousand years ago, the Anasazi edged into the deeper, darker gorges. For three centuries, they applied their vertical-living talents to ever-tougher terrain.

Then they left. By 1300, the cliff-dwelling Anasazi gave up their perches for a tougher life on the open lands to the south. Drought? Disease? Enemies? Something forced them far from home. If that something is part of their petroglyphs, no one's figured it out yet.

Did the beauties of the varicolored vastness strike the Ancient Ones as they do today's visitor, or was it just a ho-hum homeland to the people of the cliffs?

To those architecturally ingenious people, structures must have had their appeal — and what more astounding structures than the natural bridges of the canyonlands?

A hint as to how the bridges came about may be seen in the "goosenecks" of the San Juan River and other sharp bends of this part of the Colorado Basin. When a bend gets so sharp that water running one way almost meets itself going the other way, the rock between is going to give way. Once that's happened, the scouring forces of gravel-laden floodwaters go a long way toward carving out a "bridge." After that, it's up to the sandstorms of the eons to polish masterworks such as Rainbow Bridge, reached easily by boat, about a third of the way up the lake from Wahweap Marina.

With the Anasazi era gone, the canyons still would be seen — but more as barriers to wanderlust, obstacles between one nice region and another.

That's the way the place struck the first white men to come across it.

A pair of Spanish priests, Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Velez de Escalante, struck forth from Santa Fe in the summer of 1776, bound for Monterey.

The people that composed the Dominguez-Escalante party were a far cry from the tough, hell-bent-for-leather Spaniards of centuries past. The *padres* were 35 and 24 respectively, and the half-dozen Santa Fe traders traipsing along with them were all middle-aged at best. They took a handful of animal-handlers, but they had no guides — only an inkling that if they went north, then bent west, they'd wind up in California.

By the time they got to northern Utah, it was getting cold. The merchants still itched for California; after all, they wanted something to show for their travels.

"Everything was extremely vexatious to them, and everything frightfully troublesome," said Escalante, whose wandering about such wild country in cassock and sandals must have made him homesick for the comforts of his Zuni mission.

Dominguez cajoled some of the party, then called for a vote. The party agreed to

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Plus short features on etiquette for boaters and campers, the little town that grew with Lake Powell, marvelous packaged tours of the Glen Canyon area, and a visual and textual tour of Glen Canyon Dam.

Barry Goldwater

Getting there...physically and mentally

For most of its existence, this place... Glen Canyon, has been a barrier for man, a mandated stop on the way to somewhere else. Steep canyon walls and riverlet breaches choked with vegetation bordered the unpredictable tumbling waters of the Colorado. The Canyon's seemingly endless length overruled a flanking, so this obstacle was faced head on by migrating Indians, Jesuit Fathers, and Mormon settlers alike. Yet the beauty of this canyon must have glimmered through their receding exhaustion as they paused at the river's edge to slake their thirst in the muddy water.

The sheer majesty of Glen Canyon greeted John Wesley Powell's surveying party in 1869, previewing for him the incredible domain he would document on his Colorado River voyage. Many others would follow this water course including young Barry Goldwater, whose photography and prose from Neville's second expedition displayed this natural wonder first to *Arizona Highways* readers back in December of 1941. Barry returned often, sharing this land with others, including a 1951 trip with 26 kids from the Phoenix Y.M.C.A.

These kids have grown and so have the waters of Glen Canyon. In 1964, completion of the dam above Lees Ferry signaled the filling of the lake named in honor of the river's first explorer—Lake Powell was born within Glen Canyon. Now an enormous body of water with a 1900-mile shoreline, the lake attracts today's explorers in vast numbers. Driving up through Flagstaff, down through Salt Lake, or arriving at Page by air from Phoenix, the previous isolation is diminished... until you get out on the water. Then the rest of the world is left outside, crowded from your senses by the vastness of this spectacle. Five-hundred-foot amber cliffs double in rippling reflection within the azure waters, serpentine canyons unravel in every direction, immense grottos, hidden coves, sandy red beaches... it's another world.

Gary

(Front cover) Majestic Tapestry Wall near Warm Spring Canyon dwarfs a pleasure boat in magnificent Lake Powell, Arizona's own "Great Lake." With five well-stocked marinas and plenty of gas, the 250-square-mile watercourse is a paradise for vacationers and weekenders all year long. **Stan Jones**

(Inside cover and page 1) Feeling wild and free in Face Canyon, on 186-mile-long Lake Powell. Twisted and branched into the ancient shape of Glen Canyon, today's Lake Powell now mirrors sparkling blue sky 78 per cent of the year. The fjord-like canyons like Face are the big attractions here for all kinds of boaters. **Jerry Jacka**

turn back. "We all accepted this decision, happily and willingly, thanks to the Lord," wrote diarist Escalante, ever the blithe spirit, and they worked their way southeast, trekking along the Vermilion Cliffs until they found themselves at the Colorado where it picks up the Paria River.

A century later, this spot would become milepost zero on the Colorado River—a ferry-crossed point from which distances upriver and down still are measured today.

In October of 1776, though, it was anything *but* a crossing—as a couple of the porters found out the hard way when they tried swimming the cold, fast-flowing stream.

Now the traders were really disgusted. If only they'd struck west for California, they'd be there by now—not lost in a labyrinth with a couple of clerics who figured some kind of "Benign Punishment" was the reason they were cold, tired, hungry—foraging on cacti and killing off their packhorses—and scared.

When they couldn't get a raft across the river, the Fathers and their grouchy *companeros* took the tough way out of the canyon they'd eased their way into. They went straight up, clambering through broken shale, loose rocks, and patches of sand, searching desperately for a break in the sheer sandstone walls. Once onto the Paria Plateau, the footsore party crossed open land before dropping down to the Colorado again.

Finally they found a ford. By now it was November, and the water was low enough to cross without swimming. Hallelujah!

"We praised the Lord our God," said Escalante, "and fired off some shots as a sign of the great happiness which we all felt at having overcome such an enormous difficulty which had cost us so much trouble and delay."

La Purisima Concepcion de la Virgen Santisima, they called their crossing in an outburst of religious fervor: the Most Pure Conception of the Holiest Virgin. But to later travelers it quickly became *el Vado de los Padres*—the Crossing of the Fathers. Today it lies beneath the waters of Lake Powell's Padre Bay, and the crossing itself is crossed by most everyone heading upstream from Wahweap. The camp from which they journeyed now is part of Antelope Island, near Glen Canyon Dam.

They did get as far north as Spain would go in the New World, but the Spanish crown—and its colonists who soon would gain their independence—mostly ignored the canyonlands.

The Colorado and its tributaries did serve as a conduit for trappers and traders, though, and the canyons sheltered slavers dealing in Indian children.

For legitimate traders, there were easier ways of getting from Santa Fe to the settlements of California.

Where there's a way there's a will, though, and hardly anybody had a stronger will than James Ohio Pattie, a trapper who became kind of a darling of Established America when an Eastern preacher published his tales of derring-do during the 1820s.

Barry Goldwater

A monumental contrast. Lake Powell's Gunsight Butte in Padre Bay as it stood for millenniums under stark desert conditions, above, has become a reflective marvel of monolithic art mirrored in the sky-blue waters of the new lake.

Jerry Jacka

Pattie killed bears: "All now fled from the furious animal, as he seemed intent on destroying them. In the general flight one of the men was caught. As he screamed out in his agony, I, happening to have reloaded my gun, ran up to relieve him. Reaching the spot in an instant, I placed the muzzle of my gun against the bear and discharging it, killed him. Our companion was literally torn in pieces."

He fought with Indians: "At about 11 o'clock this night, they poured upon us a shower of arrows, by which they killed two men, and wounded two more; and what was most provoking, fled so rapidly that we could not even give them a round. One of the slain was in bed with me. My own hunting shirt had two arrows in it, and my blanket was pinned fast to the ground by arrows. There were sixteen arrows discharged into my bed. We extinguished our fires, and it may easily be imagined, slept no more that night."

He even found time for romance with the Spanish maiden he saved from a tribe on his way west to Santa Fe, but mostly Pattie was out adventuring. He was one of the truly Great American Wanderers, finding his way well into Mexico before trapping down the Gila River and up the Colorado—*all the way* up the Colorado to the Green River and the Great Divide.

His tales of the Colorado are mostly Indian-fighting stories, though, and when it comes to his trip through—or along—the canyonlands, he leaves little to guide later travelers.

In fact, geography, now worked out to such details as marker-buoys and marinas on Lake Powell, for years was left blank on maps. The broad-ranging survey parties of John C. Fremont kissed off the canyonlands as "unexplored"—stay away if you know what's good for you.

The east-west railroads would run north and south of the Colorado once the dreams of using its canyons came out as nightmares in the real-life adventures of railroad-survey teams.

Hard as it may be for even today's canyonlands visitors to believe, there were those who pegged grandiose development plans to the possibility of using the Colorado as a highway. A New Yorker named James White

claimed to have made it from the upper San Juan River all the way to the Virgin River by log raft in 1867. Self-promoter Sam Adams said he had run the Colorado about the same time — but somehow didn't mention such landmarks as the Grand Canyon.

Adams conned Congress into a resolution recognizing his hyped-up role in "opening up the navigation of the Colorado River, the great natural thoroughfare of Arizona and Utah Territories."

Right. The rugged canyons of the Colorado made it anything but a thoroughfare — but they didn't keep the adventurers away, even though railroads were soon to take people quickly from coast to coast.

No sooner was the Golden Spike driven than a driven man set out to chart the canyonlands — to treat them as land worth knowing and, of course, to be the first one to really make it down that vicious river.

He was Major John Wesley Powell, a Civil War veteran whose missing right forearm testified to his valor at Shiloh.

Powell had spent 1867 and '68 exploring the Colorado Rockies, where he picked up on tales of the river-runners. He decided to take on the toughest parts of the Green and Colorado, and packed in for a close look before launching an expedition.

He shipped four boats west from Chicago. Then, with his brother and a mixed bag of bullwhackers and adventure-seeking mountain men, the 35-year-old Powell headed downstream from Green River, Wyoming, in May of 1869.

His pilot boat, the *Emma Dean*, was 16 feet long, built of pine to allow a bit of maneuvering. The other three were stout, heavy oaken craft, 21-footers with watertight compartments for stowing a couple of tons of food and equipment.

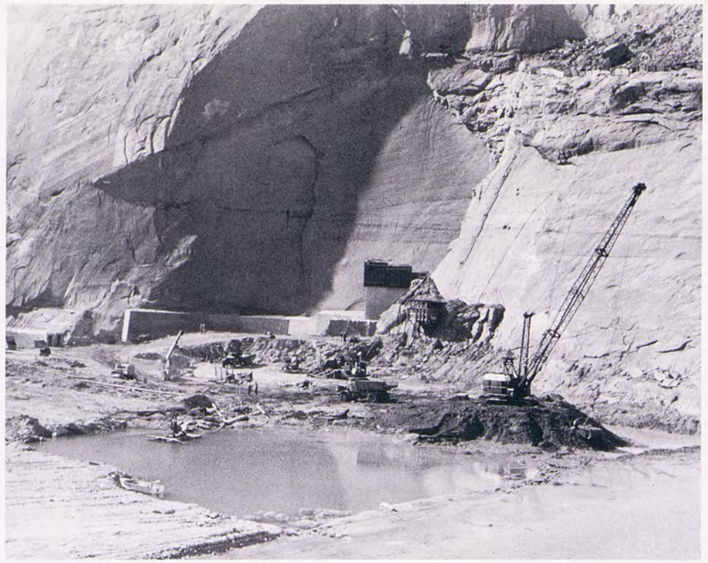
Powell's gear included the latest in scientific measuring devices, bought by Illinois scientific groups. This was a private venture; all that came from the federal government were rations from Army posts along the way.

To make its way down the fearful rapids, the Powell Expedition was long on ropes — and nerve.

Powell was professorial — to the point of boring some of his men silly. He was slight of build. But he was imaginative — and utterly fearless.

During a gut-wrenching run through rapids on his second voyage, Powell was asked, "Major, what would you have done in the first trip if just beyond that bend you had come upon a fall like Niagara?" Powell gave the guy a penetrating gaze, then finally answered: "I don't know."

While a fascinated public Back East followed newspaper reports of their daring — and even their death, Powell and Company followed the Green through boring



Glen Canyon...

A Dam Wonder

by Allen C. Reed

On October 15, 1956, the sheer walls of Glen Canyon reverberated with a thunderous explosion when President Dwight D. Eisenhower pushed a button on his desk in the White House 2100 miles away to set off the first blast of a major Bureau of Reclamation project. The construction of Glen Canyon Dam was underway.

The first bucket of concrete was poured June 17, 1960. The last, 4,901,000 cubic yards later, was poured September 13, 1963. The final result, a graceful 583-foot-high wall-to-wall arc that backs up the second largest man-made lake in North America.

At the visitor center, displays, photographs, paintings, and exhibits feature highlights of the dam and general area. This is also the starting point of an informative, free, self-guided tour of the interior and exterior of Glen Canyon Dam.

Glen Canyon Dam was constructed at a cost of $260 million. It is estimated at today's prices the cost would be more than $800 million.

The maximum eight turbine energy output is 1,100,000 kilowatts a day. Electrical sales of more than $350 million have been produced since its start-up in 1964.

Except for operation and maintenance costs, all income from produced electricity is returned to the U.S. Treasury.

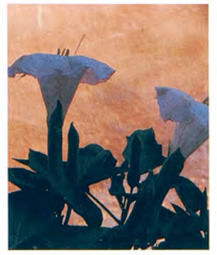
By controlling the irregular seasonal runoff of an unruly, unpredictable river, Glen Canyon Dam has proven to be a great help to a million acres of Southwest farmland. It conserves water from a 246,000-square-mile watershed and provides electrical energy for the Pacific Southwest and Rocky Mountain areas. And it has made possible one of America's greatest recreation sites.

But perhaps the most impressive element of all is Glen Canyon Dam is one federal project that has all but paid for itself. □

(Above) Glen Canyon Dam under construction. It took eight years to complete and used over 5 million cubic yards of concrete in the doing. **James Tallon** *(Right) Glen Canyon Dam, which stands 783 feet above the original river channel, is the modern construction marvel holding back the waters of Lake Powell. The hydroelectric power produced by its generators is enough to meet all the energy needs of a city of 1.5 million people.* **Ed Cooper**

Journey into a water-washed world where the canyons are measureless to man, where nature's brilliant colors and wondrous architecture alone dominate the senses. Lake Powell offers all this and more. Awesome in its dimensions and complexity, it is an experience never to be forgotten.

Photos by Gary Ladd



calm and frightening rapids; through breathtaking beauty and drab desolation.

Early on, the rapids gave one man his fill of the river. He left for Salt Lake City. He'd been aboard the *No-Name*, one of the oak boats. It broke apart at what Powell would call Disaster Falls, after nearly drowning its two-man crew. With that vessel went lots of valuable equipment.

Powell was crushed. "No sleep comes to me in all these dark hours," he told his journal.

Two gallant souls, Jack Sumner and Bill Dunn, took a great interest in salvaging the *No-Name*. Battling the whitewater, they reached her in the *Emma Dean*.

A cry of joy went up from Powell's team. Dedicated men, thought Powell — until he saw that, with the equipment, Sumner and Dunn had also rescued a keg of whiskey they'd smuggled along, to Powell's teetotaling distress.

Thus fortified, the nine men made their way south and west, soaked, bruised, tattered, and mosquito-bitten — but lucky to be alive. They were all washed overboard at one time or another, pitched down the rapids like so many pieces of wood, and recovered, sometimes more dead than alive.

As if that danger weren't enough, Powell would climb cliff after crumbly cliff to survey the wild country.

At one point, high above the river, Powell was caught — unable to go up or down from a tiny shelf. George Bradley, climbing with him, couldn't reach him. Powell's single hand held him tip-toe'd from a rock above. He was tiring fast.

Then Bradley, an ex-Army sergeant, did some fast thinking. He pulled off his pants — and his long undies, too, and strung them down to the Major. Powell let go of the rock with his only hand, stabbed at the drawers — and grabbed 'em. Safe again.

With boosts from his companions, Powell eventually scrambled all over the rocks rising from the canyon country, helping put it on the map.

They also kept him free of danger in the water.

"I was a maimed man," Powell would say in his journal, "my right arm was gone; and these brave men, these good men, never forgot it. In every danger my safety was their first care, and in every waking hour some kind of service was rendered me, and they transfigured my misfortune into a boon."

Boon companions? Hardly. The men wanted adventure. They wanted gold. They wanted to be on their way. Powell had other ideas — namely scientific study of the canyons.

The men sang lusty ballads. Powell was given to bursts of Shakespeare and other poetry. The men complained about spoiled food and shortness of supplies. Powell took deprivation in the same stride that outpaced danger.

Past the perils of Cataract Canyon and across the mouth of a river Powell called the Dirty Devil, they zipped and bounced in their fragile craft, rowing the way they'd row on a lake — facing astern. Frightening — but it hadn't occurred to them that they could've dodged some perils by seeing them first.

Some water was a bit calmer — like that along some delightful glens below the Dirty Devil. This was Glen Canyon.

Below lay Marble Canyon, then the Grand Canyon, where the ferocious Sockdolager and other rapids lay waiting to fling their fragile craft every which way. Finally Powell brought his expedition to a halt in the lowlands where the Virgin River joins the Colorado.

It was a small band that got that far. Three men had made it through the most harrowing part of the trip, then gave up. Too dangerous, they decided. No sooner had they climbed out of the canyons than they came across a band of Shivwit Paiutes. The three were killed.

With his heroic river-running and his careful measurements, Powell filled in America's maps of the Colorado. To do it, he had taken his brittle boats through rapids which even today are dangerous for men in sophisticated, super-flexible inflatable boats.

An old Indian warrior had warned Powell of what he'd find: "Rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh; water-pony h-e-a-p buck; water catch 'em; no see 'em squaw any more! No see 'em papoose any more!"

Well, he did, and — buoyed by his success — Powell did it again in 1871.

The second Powell expedition put the Major face to face with another legend of this land, Jacob Hamblin — and one of its most mysterious, John D. Lee.

These were the main men of the Mormon Frontier, which Brigham Young sought to push southward toward territory trekked by the Mormon Battalion during the Mexican War.

Hamblin was here as a chosen leader. Lee landed in the canyonlands as a kind of refugee/fugitive in the wake of the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Hamblin led the Latter-Day Saints from the Virgin Valley of Utah's Dixie, downriver near today's Lake Mead, to the Arizona Strip and, eventually, to the Little Colorado River. Big, tough, and talented, Hamblin learned Hopi and other Indian languages.

(Left) Tsé' naa Na'ní'áhí *the Navajo call Rainbow Bridge. A sacred site which, before Glen Canyon Dam, required extremes of energy on full-scale desert treks to reach. Today, your boat docks within several hundred yards of the monument, and the harshest experience you might have in reaching it is hot sand in your shoes.* **Ed Cooper**
(Right) Hole in the Rock Crossing. Here, on January 26, 1880, Mormon pioneers struggled to cut their way through the living rock to get their animals and 26 wagons off the high plateau and down to the Colorado River, where they could safely make a crossing. **Jerry Jacka**

It was Hamblin who saw the possibility of running a ferry across the Colorado at the Paria, where the Spanish Fathers found no way across a century before.

Who better to run that ferry than John D. Lee? After all, there was a warrant for his arrest in the civilized parts of Mormondom. Of at least 50 men responsible for killing more than twice as many men, women and children from a California-bound wagon train, Lee was the designated villain. That devout supporter of Brigham Young wouldn't easily be turned in by his fellow Mormons, though, and the ragged edge of civilization was a good place for him.

By raft, then by the *Nellie Powell*, ditched as unseaworthy by the second Powell expedition, Lee took folks across the unfordable river, a grim kind of Charon, 1870s-style. He started the ferry service 15 long years after the massacre, in 1872.

For more than half a century, Lees Ferry would be *the* way in and out of Arizona from the north, until Navajo Bridge was built across Marble Canyon in 1929.

Polygamous Lee brought wife Emma to live at the ferry. To her, the place was a "lonely dell," and that's a name the place would be called by many.

Reports of his impending arrest kept Lee on edge. The click of a gun would send him reeling, and some of the Powell party had fun at his expense by sneaking up behind him and doing just that during dull moments at Lonely Dell.

In 1874, Lee was brought in by a zealous sheriff. In 1877 he was taken back to Mountain Meadows, near Cedar City, where he sat on his own coffin awaiting a firing squad. Moments later, Mormondom had closed its books on Mountain Meadows.

Other Mormons, then the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, and finally Coconino County ran the ferry, carrying horses, wagons, people, and supplies across the always-dangerous Colorado.

In 1928, three men and a couple of Model "T" Fords were lost in the swirling waters. It was Lees Ferry's last run.

The canyonlands, in most people's minds, have been places to get into and out of as soon as possible. Still, there were the visionaries: Frank Brown, who looked down the gorges and saw a railway route, was one. He led a surveying party down the Colorado in 1889, and died in a whirlpool in Marble Canyon. The party's engineer, Robert Brewster Stanton, saw the survey through, and it proved helpful as the cry of "Gold!" echoed through Glen Canyon.

Placer mining became the rage of the 1890s, and huge pieces of hardware were hauled over the barren plateaus and down the twisting trails to the muddy river where prospectors hoped to wash away enough dirt to make themselves wealthy on gold dust. As many as a thousand of them tramped along the Colorado from the Dirty Devil to Lees Ferry, panning, pounding together sluice-boxes, dredging, and hosing down hillsides.

"It was at this upper ferry site that most of the early Mormon immigrants from Utah crossed the (Colorado) river, as they heeded the 'call' to settle in Arizona."
Desert River Crossing, *by W.L. Rusho and C. Gregory Crampton, Peregrine Smith, Inc. ©1975.* **James Tallon**

For all the talk about gold enough in Glen Canyon to pay off the national debt, no one came out a millionaire. A few made a few thousand dollars — not bad for those days — and lots made a few hundred by sloshing around the sandspits — Good Hope Bar, Olympia Bar, Klondike Bar, and other spots now at the bottom of Lake Powell.

The prospectors also contributed to some aquatic traffic unmatched until the lake covered their stomping-grounds. Rowboats, sailboats, side-wheelers, and stern-paddle craft crossed paths on Glen Canyon's waterways.

Robert Stanton, the railroad surveyor, formed a company that brought in a gold dredge bigger than a gymnasium. For all its huffing and puffing, the equipment couldn't capture gold dust, and the $100,000 venture produced less than $100 worth of gold.

Years later, says historian Gregory Crampton in his panorama of the canyonlands, *Standing Up Country*, the first president of Stanton's company, made a trip down the river. Stopping at the wreckage of the huge dredge, they pried off lumber for a fire, over which they made coffee. At last Julius Stone got a return on his investment in the Hoskaninni Company. Said Stone, "This cup of coffee cost me $5,000."

Cass Hite, whose early-'80s discovery of gold led so many would-be plutocrats to the canyonlands, wound up as a rancher, and lived out his days there. He died at Ticaboo in 1914 — of natural causes, and not at the hands of the disgruntled prospector who scratched into the sandstone: "One hundred dollars reward for the d---d fool who started the gold boom."

Another man went after gold a bit below Glen Canyon, and remnants of his large-scale quest for the metal still may be seen.

The man was Charlie Spencer, a tough, hard-working fellow whose tales of potential wealth led lots of men into his employ. At Lees Ferry, he built an elaborate boiler-driven system of sluicing and amalgamation that would extract gold dust from shale.

The boiler took coal; lots of it. Spencer found a vein of coal about 28 miles up from the ferry. To carry the coal, he had a steamboat built in San Francisco. With great difficulty, it was carried to the Colorado.

In 1911, the *Charles H. Spencer* began its coal-hauling runs, but the crew soon discovered that it took all the coal the vessel could carry just to make its upriver trip. Down, but not out, Spencer had the *Spencer* haul a barge. Some coal finally reached his machinery, but by then the land which had so tightly gripped its gold during the Glen Canyon boom had made a mess of Spencer's expensive equipment.

A great enterprise died a'borning. The big steamboat lay at Lees Ferry until a flood tipped it over. Today, its boiler and a bit of decking provide a place to sit and fish — and to ponder the people who've been through this land before.

The gold boom went bust, but by no means had industrializing America given up on Glen Canyon.

All that surveying hadn't gone for nothing, and there was continual talk of a dam that would make the wild Colorado yield at least some hydroelectric wealth.

Even before Hoover Dam went up, engineers were convinced there was a better site somewhere in Glen Canyon. A water-gauging station went up in 1921, and crews spent most of the '20s drilling above Lees Ferry in search of the safest site.

It might have been just four miles above Lees Ferry — but by the time a serious Bureau of Reclamation survey was started in 1946, its members discovered that the cliffs on either side of the river had some serious fractures — and something else: the same slippery shale which had frustrated the Glen Canyon gold-seekers lay too close to bedrock to allow for a dam.

For the next two years, engineer Vaud Larson and his crew worked their way upstream — and 15-plus miles from the Paria, not so far from the Crossing of the Fathers, they found their site.

The dam project got Congressional approval in 1956. In 1963, Glen Canyon Dam began backing up water. By 1966, the 700-foot-high dam was dedicated. And Lake Powell became a reality, providing sports and sight-seeing to millions. The land once shunned as desolate became another Arizona visitor attraction.

Today, Del Webb Corporation's five marinas dot the lake, a concession pioneered by veteran riverman Art Greene and his family. (Art's grandson, John Schoppman, carries on the good work today as general manager of Wahweap Lodge and Marina.) Its marinas are all modern. The boats plying the lake are fast, safe, and comfortable. And everywhere along this vast body of water there are people enjoying what modern times have brought to this wide-open, long-remote country.

But even as you sit aboard your boat, a beverage bubbling down the throat, afloat hundreds of feet above the canyon bottom, the timeless beauties of this land can carry you back to-where, with just a little imagination, you can hear the sound of ancient drums, the gunfire of the Fathers' crossing, Powell's poetry recitals — and the clanking of machinery that led this land toward today's accessibility. □

A quarter-century ago, Page, Arizona, was little more than a primitive construction camp. Today, thanks to dollars from tourism and the giant Navajo Generating station, the once "tent city" is rapidly building a reputation as a model place to live and raise a family.
Allen Reed photos

Page, Arizona

Comes of Age
by Allen C. Reed

In 1957, a temporary government construction camp was staked out on an isolated windswept Arizona mesa near the Utah border. The semiarid landscape spread out below was split by the ragged canyon of the Colorado River.

The camp was named Page in honor of the first commissioner of the Reclamation Service established during the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt.

That first year alone, population went from zero to 3000, as surveyors, engineers, and construction workers arrived to create Glen Canyon Dam.

The original Bureau of Reclamation headquarters along with a recently completed building housing city government offices, law enforcement facilities, courtroom, and other city offices make up the Page Civic Center today, in a park-like setting.

Community facilities include a visitor center, museum, library, swimming pool, parks, recreation center, golf course, tennis courts, bowling alley, theatre, and hospital. A local newspaper is published weekly. There is a large one-stop shopping complex in the center of town, and a second major shopping center is currently under construction.

The Page airport, with a wide, paved runway over a mile in length is the most active in Arizona for its size.

Residential life-style ranges from mobile home communities to luxurious custom homes perched on rim drives overlooking the dam, the lake, and the profusion of ever-changing colors and moods of the vast towering rock formation panorama spread out to the distant horizon. Well-kept residential communities on wide, winding streets with an abundance of mature shade trees add to the feeling of community pride.

There are 13 churches in town, 11 of them on one street, side by side in one sweeping arc.

It is doubtful if a finer, better-equipped public school system exists anywhere in the nation. Teachers are among the highest paid in Arizona, and ratio of students to teachers is among the lowest. Two thousand students, half Navajo, half Anglo, enjoy the beautiful experience of working together in an atmosphere of complete teamwork and harmony.

In a little over 20 years, an isolated, rough-shod hard-hat construction camp has become one of Arizona's finest growing cities, rapidly gaining a reputation as a model place to live and raise a family. □

Water Sports

A Playground on the Colorado

by Virginia A. Greene

Disregard the proper, the conservative, the average. Get up the lake. Poke into its 96 canyons. Let the lake take hold. Listen to it. Watch the changes that occur—changes in color, shadow, reflection. Notice the people—their variety, their expressions, their antics.

Remind you of something?

If you think in terms of extravaganza, you're close. If you carry that thought back toward the turn of the century, you're closer, still.

Now, really go for it and put the whole caboodle onto a giant stage, call it vaudeville, and you've got it! All the colors, characters, comedy, and movement of a stupendous vaudeville sketch.

Lean back, close your eyes and listen. Hear that? Really, it's the gurgle and plip of water against the hull of a metal bass boat drifting in some shadowed cove. Or it's the drip of water off a canoe or kayak paddle.

Hear the hollow *swish*? That's Colorado River water pushing the rubber rafts closer to Hite Marina. And the full-bellied burble must be some multi-horsepowered ski boat idling, getting set to sweep up the main channel of Lake Powell.

Put them together with a wild snatch of laughter echoing from red canyon walls, a yelp of momentary agony following the quick splash of a lone diver belly flopping off the topside of some tied-up houseboat, or the silence of inner pleasure derived from watching that big striper come dripping off the end of a heavily bent fiberglass rod.

Call it music of a sort. Background.

Now, sit back and watch, for it's surely an extravaganza, my friend, with myriad water sports occupying stage center, high fliers overhead, and on stages right and left are all the hikers and photographers and painters and nature buffs who come to Powell each year and use the lake as their resource for pleasure. Besides providing a background of some of the world's greatest scenic splendor, it is one of the largest and most popular recreation areas in the country.

The big production begins each morning, no matter what the weather, in that before-dawn time when the most ordinary sounds are thinned and quickly swallowed in the great silence that hangs like a gentle mist over the lake. Fishermen stow their gear and shove off, looking for a new record. Stripers and largemouth bass, rainbow and brown trout, crappie and catfish, pike, shad, bluegill, and sunfish grow to astonishing sizes in the deep waters.

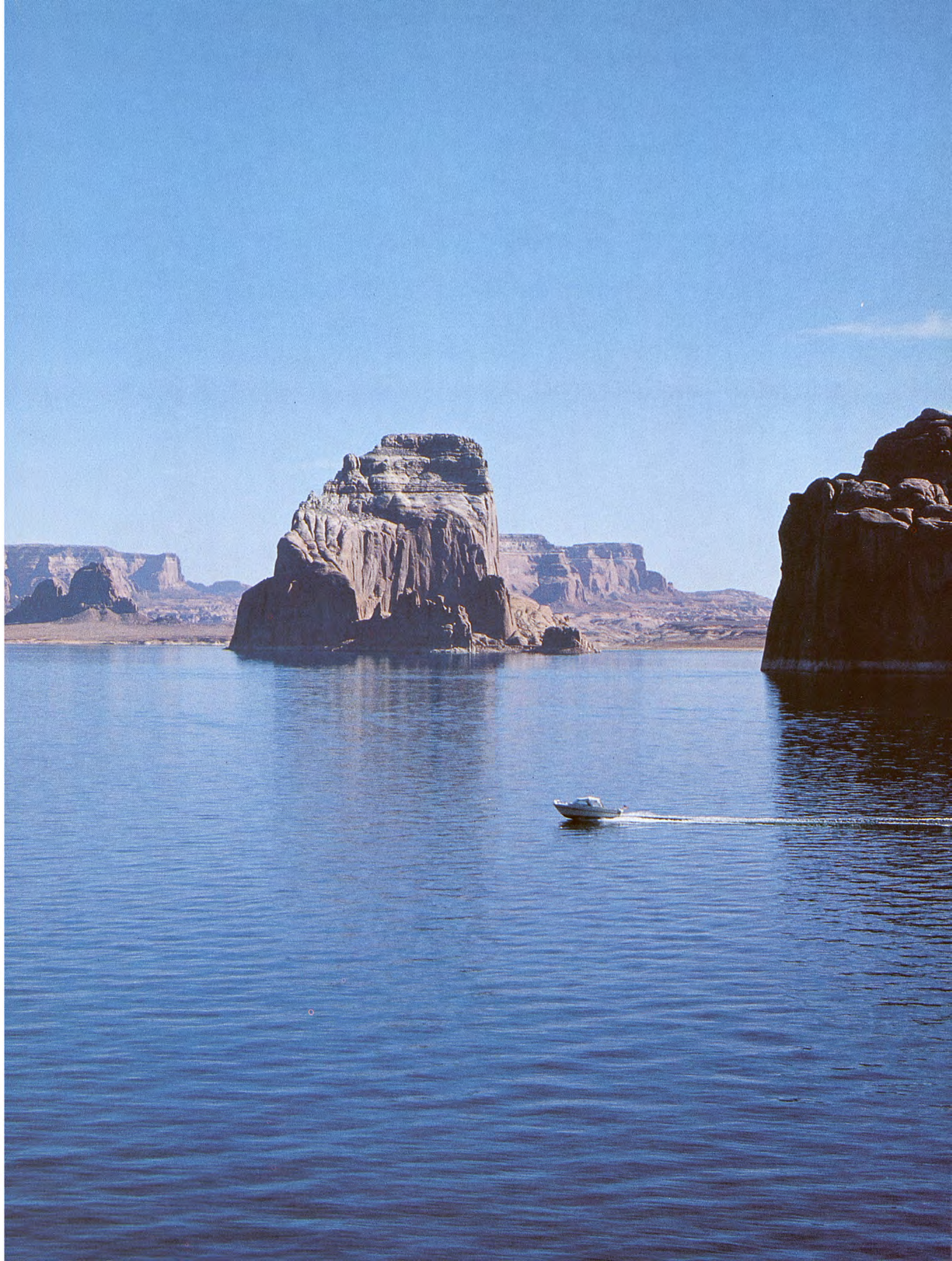
Fishermen come alone or they come in groups: families or clubs or tours. They fish for fun or for prizes, and they come from nearby Page or they travel hundreds of miles to test their luck and their expertise.

Arizona Bass-ters, Buckeye Bass Masters, Four Corners Bass Club, Western Bass Fishing—all sponsor tournaments at Powell; all go for the record catch. Or to top it. Largemouth can range as large as 10 and a half pounds, stripers may weigh a couple of ounces over the 22 pound mark, and 30 pound catfish have been taken out at Hite.

Plenty of places have plenty of fish, so why Powell?

Tom Stiles over at Western Bass says their 200 to 300 members go to Powell at least once each year "because fishing is good there most all the year, it's a scenic spot that can't be equaled, and while husbands fish, their families find plenty to do on the lake and at the marinas."

Like a shapely and well proportioned chorus line, boats of every description provide the basic framework for activities on the lake. They sashay about, pulling skiers and para-sails, taking visitors from one place to the next scenic point, and providing a variety of people with a wide variety of services. They range in size from the little rental paddle boats that trundle close to shore, powered by the knee and elbow grease of their passengers, to the 100- by 26-foot *Canyon King*.



Lake Powell is the setting, and the big production number is water sports, from flying along on your own power cruiser to all the varied delights a friendly society of pleasure boaters can imagine. **Stan Jones**

Jerry Jacka

The sporting life at Lake Powell means a variety pack of adventures, from exciting para-sailing, to water skiing, to lakeside camping, to sailing and hiking among the lonely canyons washed by the lake's waters. Whatever your particular water-related sport may be you'll find it—and experience it—at Lake Powell.

Canoes and kayaks, bass boats and sailboats, powerboats, tour boats and private cruisers—a couple as large as the two 70-foot Summerset Cruisers up at Hall's Crossing—provide access to the nooks and holes on canyon-enclosed waterways. Folks with jet skis and wet bikes buzz around, and who knows when a houseboat—a rental or the do-it-yourself-in-your-own-backyard variety—will putt its stately way around a turn of red rocks?

The rule of thumb seems to be, "If it floats or flies, try it on Powell." And they do. Vic VanHorn makes the eight-hour trip from Yuma, driving past other large waterways in order to launch his 19-foot Barron Sprint at Wahweap Marina. He usually goes with "a bunch of friends," rents a large houseboat for a couple of weeks and tows the ski boats behind.

Again, why Powell?

"It's big; you never see the same things twice. As often as we've been going up there, we haven't begun to see everything or every place on the lake. We can ski, fish, or race anywhere on the lake, and it's always the best experience."

Vic's friends, Don and Polly Johnson, talk about those qualities and more. "The lake is vast and really beautiful. No matter how many people go there for a weekend or a vacation, the size of the lake seems to eat 'em up. There's room for everyone to find privacy and to just kick back and relax and enjoy yourself."

In the water, on it, or above it, an explosion of people makes use of the facilities and they bring a great selection of gear to enjoy themselves with.

David Price grew up in Page, watched the lake fill, worked as a tour guide out there, and has become a leading character in the extravaganza that comprises that particular water sports scenerio.

"Collette and I were married out there a couple of years ago—July Fourth, off Antelope Point. About a hundred friends came out in their boats for the ceremony and a giant picnic."

When the ceremony concluded, a friend rounded off the occasion by throwing rice from a para-sail. From that time, David and Collette and their family have spent every spare minute on the 42-foot cruiser they keep at Wahweap, and that cruiser is well fitted with all the extras: skis, wet bikes, and anything else that might provide fun on the water.

"There's so much to do; so many things to see, and there's just not enough time to see and do it all. Every canyon is unique."

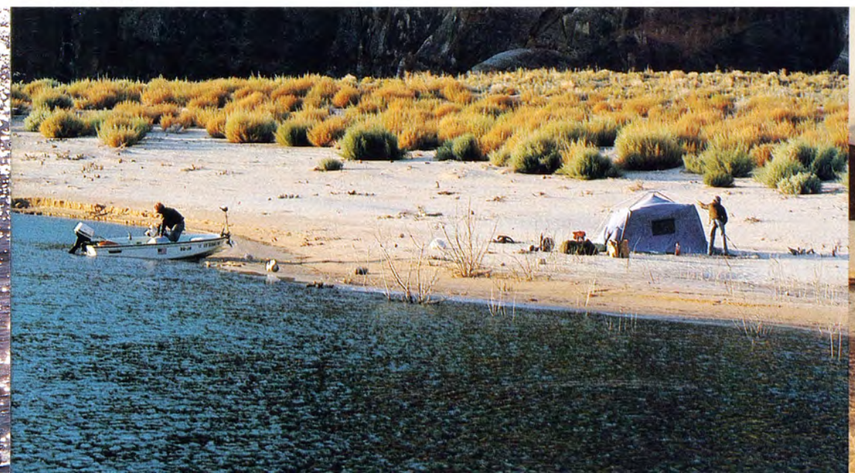
The Prices, like many other sportsmen, go to the lake for more than the spectacular scenics. They have and use their wet bikes and jet skis, pull their hydro slides and ski seats and skim boards behind the powerboats, try the ascending chutes and the neoprene J-tubes, and they talk about the new high fliers—water skis with the hydrofoil that can lift them up to three feet above the lake's surface.

Steve Ward, an avid sportsman and director of purchasing for Del Webb Properties, talked enthusiastically about the wide variety of water sports on the lake.

Gary Ladd

Thomas Ives

Jerry Jacka



Steven F. Ward

Tour boaters enjoy a side canyon on the way to Rainbow Bridge. **Josef Muench**

Packaged Tours

A Really Great Way to See It All
by Allen C. Reed

Whatever your pleasure, whatever you wish to experience or see when in the wild and magnificent Arizona-Utah Canyon Country, its wonders have been carefully wrapped in neat and complete packages called tours.

For starters, no visitor to the Lake Powell area should miss a self-conducted tour through the fascinating inner workings of Glen Canyon Dam. A visit to the John Wesley Powell museum in Page is also a must. Here, friendly Chamber of Commerce officials can be most informative and helpful in getting you started off right to see everything of interest to you.

A one-day smooth-water float trip, between sheer thousand-foot tapestried canyon walls, is a splendid way to experience 15 miles of natural, unchanged Colorado River canyon.

Or, for the more adventuresome, a variety of longer river trips is available, including a never-to-be forgotten canyon-locked minimum-eight-day river expedition from Lees Ferry to Lake Mead, accented with all the thrills of the Colorado's wild and exciting white-water rapids along the way.

Or how about a romantic Lake Powell sunset cruise beneath colorful towering sandstone monuments and buttes on the riverboat replica paddle-wheeler, *Canyon King*. These evening champagne cruises are complete with an excellent buffet dinner, dancing, and a most enjoyable patter from the wheelhouse skipper concerning points of interest along the way.

A wide variety of daytime boat tours is ready to please you, from one informative hour, to half-day, full-day, or two-day cruises to some of Lake Powell's most sensational canyon sights... including a visit to the awesome natural wonder, Rainbow Bridge.

If you are so inclined, you can see it all from the air; the lake and its magnificent formations, or nearby Monument Valley, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, and more.

Even a close-up, bird's-eye view of the Glen Canyon area and Rainbow Bridge is readily available during summer months by helicopter.

There is a lot to see by land, too, but since most visitors explore the area in their own cars, scheduled land tours have, for the time being, been discontinued.

With the development of Glen Canyon Dam, Lake Powell, and the city of Page, this until-very-recently isolated canyon country has become one of the leading and fastest growing recreation wonderlands of America. An estimated 3 million visitors from all over the world in 1980 alone pretty well attests to that. □

"In the next five years, the influx of wet bikes and jet skis will be phenomenal."

Steve is a scuba diver and tells of "the relaxed nature of the dive" at Powell.

Scuba Utah, a dive shop out of Salt Lake City, makes at least one trip to Powell each year, bringing about 15 divers for check-out. They take a houseboat into Warm Creek, Hall's Creek, or Gunsight Canyon and dive from it.

The Page-Lake Powell Boat Club headquarters on Powell for activities for the 315 members and their powerboats and Hobicats. About two dozen sailboats scoot across Wahweap, Padre, and Bullfrog bays where there is room enough to maneuver and where winds are more consistent.

PERA Club (Project Employees Recreation Association of the Salt River Project out of Page) holds its activities on the lake, and groups of students arrive from Arizona schools to camp on the beaches, swim, and ski over long weekends and holiday breaks from classes.

Kayaks and canoes glide silently to the end of almost-inaccessibly narrow canyons. Hikers and rockhounds and nature lovers use the lake as a departure point for other activities.

And like some well coordinated staff of directors, the 30-member flotilla of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, under the command of Tom Owens and Gene Schaefer, stands in the wings, ready to provide any support service or training program that may be needed or requested by folks on the vast stage that is Lake Powell.

Powell abounds with twists and turns, holes and hollows and "favorite places." Water temperatures range from 50 to 75 degrees and the 96 canyons are usually free of winds. The scenery is outstanding. Where else could a sportsman find better conditions?

The Larry Eversull family heard about the lake and "checked it out in 1973."

"We fell in love with the scenery, the terrain, its cleanliness and its beauty. We like the fact that there are not too many people, so we have a sense of privacy up there."

They keep their big 58-foot cruiser, *Ventana*, at Wahweap and manage to use it on the lake several months each year, along with their 22-foot open bow ski/fishing boat, *Ventana Scout*.

Ventana means "Open window; view." Probably there is no name more fitting for a craft on Lake Powell—that big stage so naturally fitted for the colorful extravaganza that is water sports. □

Swimmers at play at the base of Gunsight Butte in Padre Bay. Using a houseboat as a base for your recreation operations and a tag-a-long power boat for canyon adventures makes for an incredible water sport holiday. **Jerry Jacka**

A Song of Silence... Restful, Pure, and Sweet

by Jack Foster

It is after the stars but before the sun.

We are sitting in a small boat sipping hot sugary coffee and the cool night air. Silence. Nothing moves. There is no wind, no water lapping against the boat, no talk. The world is holding its breath, and the silence is restful, pure and soft, endless and deep.

We have been here, alone, for over an hour now without either of us saying a word, and I have the feeling that we are the only people alive, that no city, no harbor, no houseboat, no telephone, no TV, no highway, no airplane exists. Just two people in a small boat, sipping, watching, thinking.

"There are places and moments," wrote Jules Renard, "in which one is so completely alone that one sees the world entire." For both Harold and me, this is one of those places. And this is one of those moments.

Gradually, reluctantly, the sky lightens, engulfing us in a silvery glow—pearl light dusted with blue. Silhouettes fatten into cliffs and mountains and

Antelope Island blessed with nature's own brand of serenity. One of hundreds of stop, look, and enjoy spots on 186-mile-long Lake Powell. **John Lahusea**

canyon walls. The inky hole around
us catches the glow and liquifies into
life. As the sun climbs, the silver melts
into gold, shimmering across the lake
like shaken sheets of foil. Then, so
suddenly I think that time must have
leapfrogged space, a rose-orange
blazes along the horizon, illuminates
the hills, and explodes in the canyons;
and a Bokhara blue ignites the water,
races across the lake, and flows over
us like fire in a forest.

The day before yesterday, we had
seen this same orange and this same
blue from 3000 feet above the water.
For three hours, we had flown over
Lake Powell, from Page, Arizona, to
Hite, Utah, and back. ("Hite Interna-
tional Airport," the pilot had called it
—the landing strip, a road of decay-
ing asphalt high atop a rusted mesa,
a single ribbon of black running
through the wind-swirled sand and
stunted chaparral; the airport, a cor-
rugated roof supported by four poies.)

The view from the plane had been
dazzling—1900 miles of jagged coast-
line, of fjords and inlets and scallops
and gulleys and lagoons and chan-
nels and glens and alcoves and
gulches and coves; lightning-shaped
blue tentacles chiseling their way into
the soft orange hills. The contrasts
seemed unnatural, almost surreal—
the earth was liquid and flowing; the
water, lacquered, splintered, and

text continued on page 27

(Left) The view from Navajo Mountain. **David Muench**
(Above) A symphony of sun, shadow, and silence in Padre Bay. **Jerry Jacka**

(Following panel, pgs. 24-25)
Evening song on Lake Powell.
David Muench

SILENCE *continued from page 23*

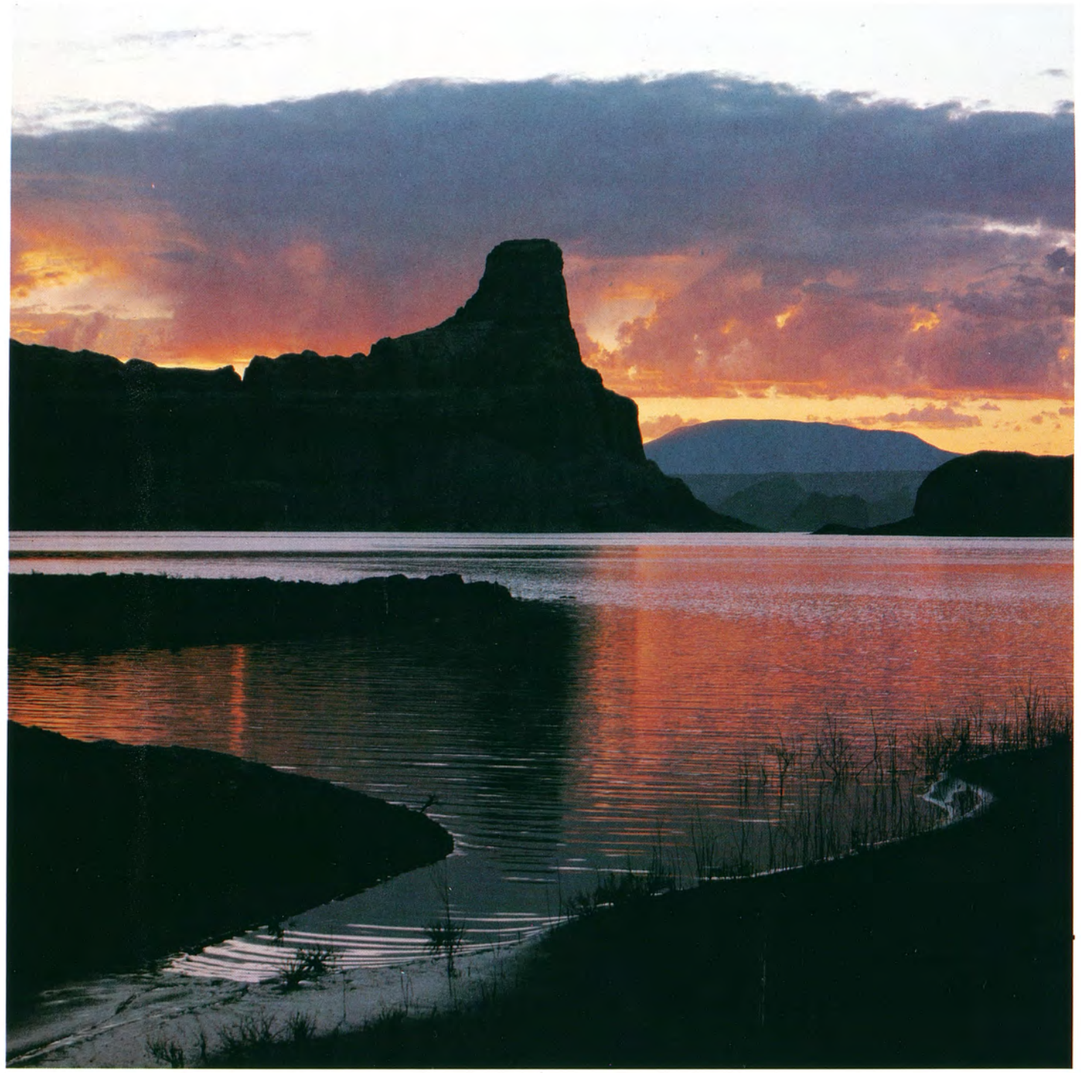
diamond hard; the colors, brilliant,
poster-like, squeezed straight from
the tube.

And then yesterday, we had boated
through the probing canyons and
had been surrounded by the same
oranges and blues once again.

We floated past satin walls draped with
dripping tapestries of tar-like patina;
past wafer-thin sheets of stone stacked
like filo dough and sculpted by the
wind and rain into smooth mounds
that rolled across the hills; past
pagoda-like palisades and mosque-
like mesas; past stands of cotton-
woods aglow with sunlight; past trees
growing out of rocks and grass
growing upside down; past towering
buttes layered in black and chalk and
rose and embedded in smokey-gray
taluses.

We explored the wandering recesses
of the lake and saw how the relent-
less water had discovered the
weaknesses in the rocks and sought
out the softness within them—probing,
planing, rounding, tunneling, hollow-
ing, polishing—turning canyon walls
into smooth mounds of swiss cheese.
We paused beneath immense
cathedral-like concordant fractures
chiseled out of solid rock. We inched
into narrow canyons, pressing
between sheer slabs of stone that
leaped majestically up from the still,
blue water.

Silent, secret, timeless—the canyons of Lake Powell.
Photos by Jerry Jacka



We saw Dali-like landscapes where thin slices of calcite knifed like shark fins through seas of sandstone; hunks of black lava the size of railroad cars scattered on the flanks of orange hills; mounds of stone swirled like cream and shaped like lengths of rope and loaves of bread; balanced rocks and natural bridges; portals and potholes; hills shaped like camels and frogs and cookie jars and trucks and faces and hats.

And, all the while, we watched the blue water change to emerald green and back to blue; and the hills, from orange to rose and saffron and back to orange.

But now, as we sit alone in our small boat, surrounded by the blue and orange, we see more than the gigantic, bewildering beauty of this area, more than the contrasting colors and shapes, more than the bizarre formations and mirrored waters. We see "the world entire." And, without saying it, both of us know that the other sees it, too.

Finally, Harold breaks the silence. He lives in Page and loves its solitude, its uncrowded waters and hills, its crystal skies and clean air. "You know," he says, "I sure hope you don't tell people what this area is really like."

Don't worry, Harold. I'm not that good. Nobody is. □

Colors of the Day. Morning and evening moods on Lake Powell.
Josef Muench / David Muench

House-Boating

14 Tips to make your cruise on Powell a terrific experience

by Pam Hait

We came on board looking like a road company from *H.M.S. Pinafore.* After carrying his 12th bag of groceries onto the houseboat my husband predicted, "At least we will never be hungry."

Defensively, I explained that while Lake Powell's majesty offers much food for the soul, beauty is no substitute for spaghetti when it comes to feeding a floating party of 10.

Four days and three nights later, when we redocked at Wahweap Marina, we had consumed chili, hotdogs, hamburgers, and cold cuts in addition to my mother's famous spaghetti. We hadn't caught any fish—surely a "first" for anyone spending time on Lake Powell. We had gotten lost. Why didn't anyone stress how important it is to "boat by number" before we casually ignored that marked buoy? And we survived a storm. More on that later.

We also had the time of our lives.

With boogie boards in tow and a ski boat tied beside us, we set out that Thursday morning across Padre Bay. Visions of sandy beaches, evening campfires, and secluded coves danced in our heads while rock music blared from the portable dual-speaker Sound Box that teenagers consider standard equipment. I marveled how different my daughter looked without a telephone growing out of the side of her head. While houseboats are known as "homes away from home," there's a wonderful difference: no phones.

My mother took a novel to the front deck, the three boys lined up for the mechanical flipper experience known as

Docked on a sandbar in Oak Canyon or afloat on a gentle swell, the houseboating life is pure relaxation mixed with a touch of high adventure. **Jerry Jacka**

boogie boarding behind a houseboat, and the trip was launched. We looked around the boat and agreed happily that houseboating is to camping what a five-star resort is to a Mom and Pop place by the side of the road. You bring your food and bedding, but then the similarity ends. A Lake Powell houseboating trip is a fully equipped, luxurious experience starring a top-of-the-line camper floating on long pontoons. RV's involve miles of driving; houseboats call for long hours of lazy floating.

Starting our trip in high spirits we glanced at the map and plotted our course. We were aiming across the channel for Padre Bay and beyond. Landmarks are helpful, we knew, noting the tall smokestack in the distance to the right of Wahweap Marina. According to the map, Antelope Island was dead ahead.

We suspected trouble an hour out.

"Is that a different smokestack?" my mother asked innocently, looking up from her prophetically titled novel, *Lost and Found*.

"No," I replied testily, "and I'm not certain why we keep seeing it."

The third hour passed, and we began to feel foolish.

(Left) Leisure exploration of a canyon kingdom—houseboat style. Pontoon floats and two reliable 70-horsepower outboard engines get you almost anywhere on Lake Powell—safely and conveniently. **Jerry Jacka**
(Below) Powell from the Air. Sinewy, intriguing side canyons are the lake's major attractions. They are often cast into deep shadows from high vertical walls and overhangs that defy the imagination. **Josef Muench**

Poring over our maps and Stan Jones' guidebook, we concluded we couldn't find Padre Bay. The map showed landmarks called "Gunsight" and "Gregory Butte," but to us all the rock formations looked alike.

Tip Number 1: Carry a compass. Always read the map carefully before you set off. Better yet, follow a houseboat that's familiar with the lake.

Tip Number 2: Never lose sight of the buoys. They are standard marine markers and each is numbered and color coded: red going one way and black, the other.

Tip Number 3: Relax. Enjoy the scenery even if it's not what you planned to see. The entire lake is gorgeous and first-timers are bound to take some wrong turns.

"With over 1900 miles of shoreline to explore, it is possible to spend a year on the lake and never see the same place twice," I reported in the midst of our navigational crisis.

"In some places the water is 500 feet deep," I continued, anxious to share my knowledge. My mother gripped the arms of her chair more tightly.

"Fifteen miles a day is considered just about right for a houseboat to travel," I offered.

"But we are supposed to see more than Antelope Island," the children chorused.

Safely docked at Gunsight Canyon that evening, we all pulled chairs onto the back deck to watch a Sound and Light show. Thunder rumbled in the distance and arcs of lightning lit the far-off walls in a near-complete circle around us. With Moog Synthesizer music on the tape recorder,

we sat, transfixed, by the beauty.

The teenagers opted to sleep on the top deck, the younger boys chose the speed boat to camp in, and my mother sought an inside bunk. The four parents decided to escape to the beach.

"It will be gorgeous," Judy Barry promised, walking down our gangplank. She carried her sleeping bag and a flashlight. "Tom is already . . ." Her words were carried off by the wind. That should have been a sign.

Twenty minutes later the breeze was a small gale. Our gangplank had been blown away, our sleeping bags were soaked by the storm, and we had managed to get back onto the houseboat with much difficulty. We took stock of the casualties. Missing: one pair of Judy's thongs, one of Tom's sandal's, and my husband's blue zipper bag containing *both* pairs of his contact lenses.

Tip Number 4: Travel with self-reliant, calm friends who don't flinch in the face of the unexpected, and carry extra shoes.

Tip Number 5: Always keep a spare pair of contacts on the houseboat.

Days on Lake Powell are filled with every kind of activity—reading and swimming, water skiing, fishing, hiking . . . time exists only for pleasure. The range of options are surpassed only by the extraordinary scenery.

We planned our three days and nights as a journey to Rainbow Bridge and back, a distance that we had been assured would enable us to relax, hike, and let the lure of the lake soak into our systems. We had been warned that it takes a day just to unwind and that a week's trip was optimum, but our schedules didn't permit it. We chose September to houseboat because while the lake is busy all year long, in the early fall the days are still warm, the water at its most clear, and the evenings cool enough for a campfire.

Tip Number 6: Plan your time and distance ratio wisely. The best speeds for a houseboat are "slow" and "stopped."

By the second day our group was water wise. "How can you let a 10-year-old kid drive this boat?" our son asked cockily, gripping the wheel. He was interrupted by our daughter returning with the speedboat. She had gone out for a ride with her friends.

"We'll go ahead and scout a campsite," Jamie volunteered. "Anyone else want to come?"

The "Captain" quickly jumped ship, and all the children took off. When we reached a cove near Oak Canyon, some 20 minutes later, the speedboat was docked, and they were running all over the sandstone mountains. Judy laughed as she watched them climb the wind-combed slopes, having the time of their lives. "It looks like a scene out of *Lord of the Flies*," she said.

Tip Number 7: Take along plenty of teenagers and strong children. They are good for loading and unloading gear, diving for lost shoes, and scouting campsites.

By day three we experienced the eerie silence of Forbidding Canyon, stood in awe before Rainbow Bridge, skied and swam and fished and read and talked and sang and roasted marshmallows. Best of all, we did it together—three different generations enjoying the lake, the fun, and each other.

True, we did turn up Navajo Canyon by mistake and took Rock Creek Canyon instead of the main channel. But these sidetrips only made us wish to come again with more time to thoroughly explore them. We had more rain and discovered that the canyon walls framing Lake Powell are more glorious wet than dry. With rain the pastels turn a richer hue; more colors emerge. And of course we did hear a disparaging word—or two. "You've been on the boogie board three times, and I've only been on once!" But Lake Powell is paradise; not Heaven.

Above all, as our last night arrived, we yearned for more time. We had just been introduced, and now it was time to go.

The only real regret we had was the missing blue zipper case. Repeated diving at the sight had turned up nothing. My husband was certain the bag was long gone.

A week later a box arrived at his office. It had a California address. Inside was the blue bag—contacts intact—and this letter.

"Dear Dr. Hait,

I found this packet floating against a rock in one of the coves of Lake Powell. I forget which one. I thought that as long as I wasn't catching any fish, I will have bagged a bag, but with two sets of contacts and your name available I knew that once again a pharmacist has come to the rescue! I hope that you had as great a time on the lake as we did!

Sincerely,
Dick Lachman"

Dear Dick,
We did!

(Left) Sunrise on Padre Bay.
(Below) A quick lunch over a driftwood fire? No problem, says the author, perched on the hurricane deck of her houseboat. Just pull over to a handy sandbar. **Jerry Jacka photos**

7 MORE TIPS . . .

8. *Don't let the excitement of the moment get the best of you. Pay careful attention to the check-out instructions and make sure you know how to work all equipment.*
9. *If you don't want to bring your own sleeping bags, you can rent bedding there. But do bring big beach towels.*
10. *Pack some extra flashlights and batteries. Bring inner tubes, rubber rafts, or small inflatable boats. The more you have with you, the more fun you'll have in the water.*
11. *Carry bug spray. Boats are not air-conditioned and with windows open, spray comes in handy.*
12. *Bring a deodorant wick and/or spray for the bathroom. It will make tight quarters more pleasant.*
13. *Leave your watch at home. Enjoy life on the lake as dictated by the sun.*
14. *Don't overpack. You won't wear or eat as much as you think you will.*

Please, Don't Rock the Boat!

by John Annerino

"A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature."
Henry David Thoreau, 1854

Thoreau was talking about another man-made reservoir, that celebrated pond on the Concord, Walden. In Arizona, where water is the very lifeblood of our existence, there is only one natural lake and myriad man-made lakes. Of these, perhaps no other is as dear to the people who play on it as Lake Powell.

But the Walden of today is not what it was when Thoreau "sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness..." According to a recent *Newsweek* article, "on a nice weekend as many as 10,000 pleasure-seekers now descend on the area...for such passive recreational uses as swimming, boating, fishing, and picnicking. But the crowds also drive their motorcycles through the woods, trample vegetation, and leave litter behind. Thoreau would not come here today."

Nor would John Wesley Powell necessarily come to the Glen Canyon of today. Accessibility is a two-edged sword. And the once isolated canyons, Indian ruins, and fern-decked grottos that weren't inundated by the high waters of Lake Powell have suddenly become accessible to over 2 million people a year. A five-fold increase since the completion of Glen Canyon Dam, and a 200-fold increase since all the years prior to 1950.

And they have clearly left mark of their passing.

To many, easy access is a convenience which provides them the opportunity to enjoy an area they might not have otherwise visited. Unfortunately, to an ever-growing number of people who visit Lake Powell, it means that nature can be viewed as a sort of drive-through postcard, that once used can be easily discarded.

The land surrounding Powell is more than that; while it *is* infinitely larger than the 417 acres which comprise Walden Pond State Park, it is also a far more fragile land. And if we're to keep Glen Canyon's irreplaceable beauty, and the water that mirrors it, from going the way of today's Walden, there are practical guidelines we should follow. And they apply to each and every one of us, whether we visit once—or remain a lifetime.

INDIAN RUINS

To traditional Navajos, the land surrounding Lake Powell, the ancient ruins, pictographs and petroglyphs, and places like Rainbow Bridge are sacred. They "were not something to take out and look at once in awhile, but something to live with as closely as their own heartbeats."

Respect their values and heritage.

Don't deface or carve graffiti into any of these ancient wonders.

Don't climb on ruins, or use them as a privy.

Don't loot arrowheads or potshards; they are part of the natural scheme of things.

CAMPING

Riverbank and lakeshore camping is permitted both on the lake and the Colorado River below Glen Canyon Dam as long as it's one mile from developed areas. Camping is not permitted in Rainbow Bridge National Monument.

Glen Canyon and its many tributary canyons are susceptible to dangerous and unpredictable flash floods. Try to avoid camping at the far ends of narrow canyons.

Try to avoid camping below sheer cliffs and other areas susceptible to deadly rockfall.

Use existing fire rings, and make sure fires are *cold* out.

Dig a 12-inch deep "cathole" for burying human waste.

Try to be considerate of others when selecting a camping area. Don't camp any closer to them than you'd like them to camp next to you.

Leave your camp a little cleaner than when you arrived.

BOATING

Know and follow the navigational rules of the road.

Know your boat, its capabilities, limitations, and how to operate it safely.

Vent your bilge of flammable or explosive gases. If you don't you'll blow yourself out of the water and burn your boat to the water line.

It's extremely dangerous to let anyone ride on the bow unless your boat's equipped with a bow guardrail. It's not a pretty sight when somebody falls beneath your boat.

If you see someone in need of help, be a Good Samaritan and lend a hand. It may be you who needs help next time.

Don't throw your trash or litter in the lake; and don't leave or bury it on shore. "Boat it in, boat it out."

Pumping stations for emptying sewage from holding tanks are located at each of the marinas. Don't drain, dump, or discharge waste or refuse—including human waste—into the blue waters of Lake Powell.

Carry regulation personal flotation devices for every member on board whether they can swim or not.

Watch your wake and those around you.

Avoid skiing in narrow, congested canyons.

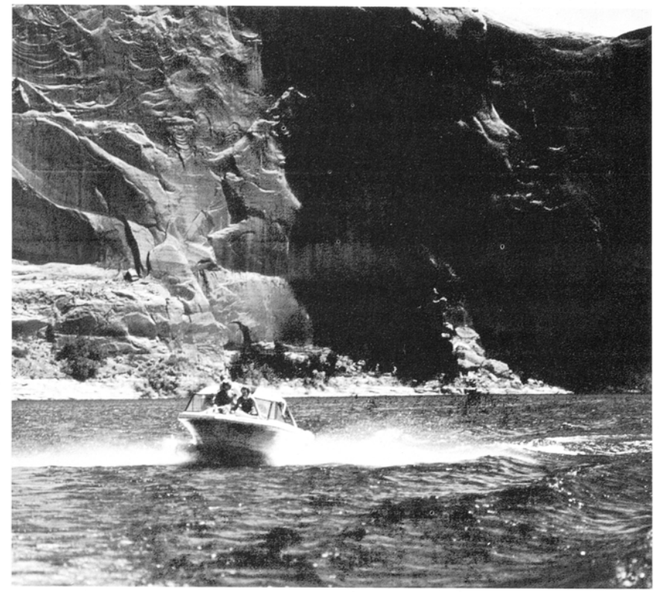
A red flag with a diagonal white slash approximates the center of scuba diving activities. Proceed with caution.

Don't operate your boat while under the influence of alcohol or medication. You're a danger to yourself and to others.

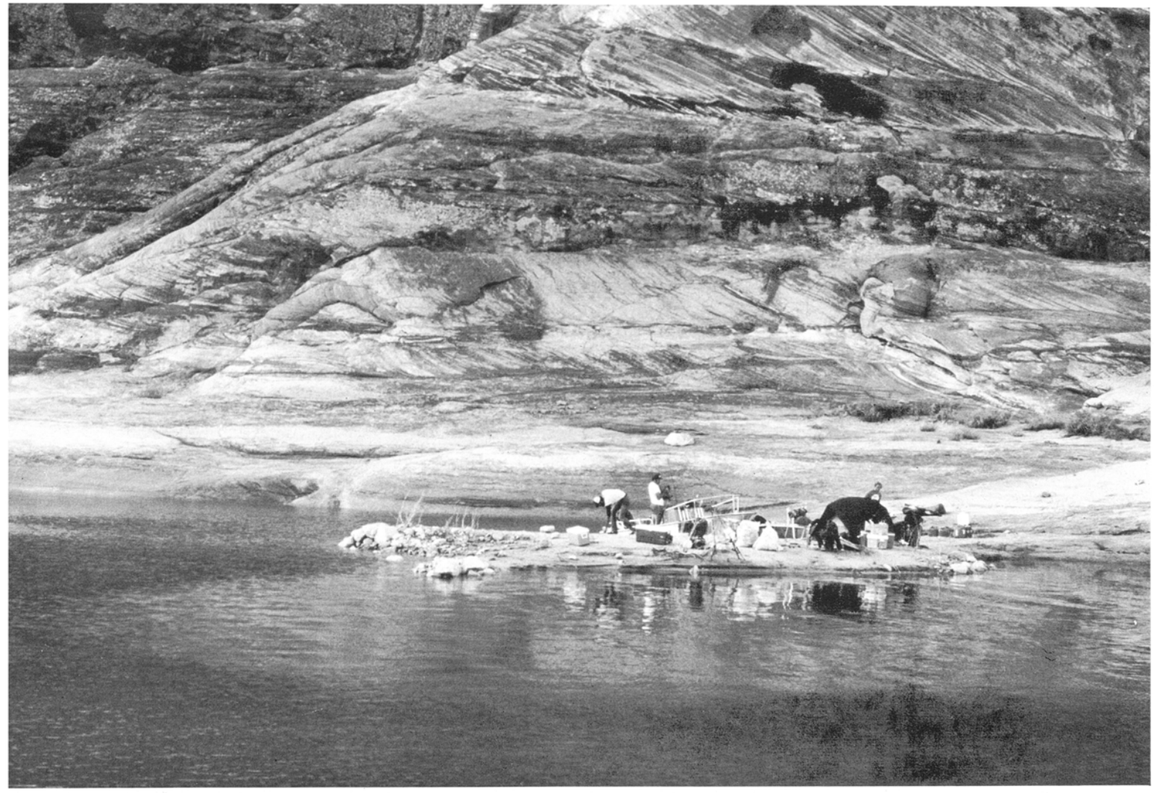
ABOVE ALL, USE COMMON SENSE.

Pleasure and safety go hand in hand on Lake Powell, whether you're gassing up for a canyon tour at one of the five marinas or just running down lake with the kids on the bow and a wake of white water behind. Remembering your marine manners and just a few key safety rules insures your holiday on the water will be the kind of experience you planned it to be.

Camping on the shores of Lake Powell. The rule to remember here is: boat it in, boat it out.



Photographs by Jerry Jacka



Sharing a different vision of beauty

James Cowlin

Merrill Mahaffey

by Kay Mayer

Walk into a room with a Merrill Mahaffey wall-size landscape and a strange thing happens. Your feet stop but the core of you continues into the painting. You are enveloped, carried by impact into a distant place inside yourself, into ancient knowledge of kinship with rock and water and majesty. When you leave, a sense of the grandeur remains with you.

So do questions. Who is Merrill Mahaffey? Did he come full-grown into existence as his gifts seem to have done? After viewing his Lake Powell paintings, the questions grew and demanded a visit to his studio not far from Phoenix College, where he still teaches part-time.

A tall, slim man opened the door, pleasant face, early 40s, a native Westerner, partial to soft-voiced understatements, comfortably dressed in jeans, shirt, and running shoes. As we talked, he fed his Groucho Marx mustache not cigars but a scholarly pipe.

The reason for his running shoes was soon evident. Mahaffey was almost constantly in motion, demonstrating his tools and his technique. His paintings develop in energetic but logical sequence from large stains of color, to coarse brush strokes, to small brush strokes. The result is an impression of fine detail and luminosity and head-turning communication.

He talked about beginnings. "I think I've always felt that I had a different vision of beauty, and I wanted to share that." It took him 15 years to bring it into focus. "I grew up in western Colorado, rich not only in visuals but in gold and silver." Big or small, rocks became important to Mahaffey. As soon as he could backpack into the mountains and into the canyons of the Colorado River, he did.

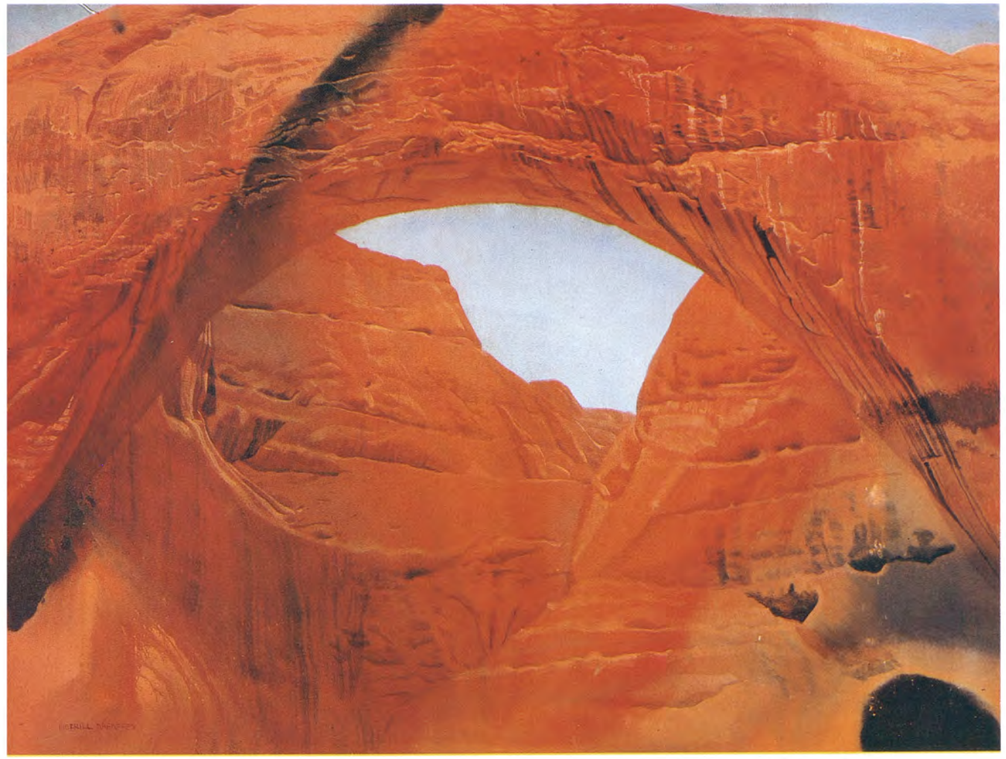
"But at college they were talking only about abstract art. I said, yeah, but how do you paint a mountain? They said, don't worry about that. That's not real art." So he concentrated on abstract landscapes until 1973 when a climbing accident broke both his leg and his ties to the thinking of others. A flash of insight told him, "I was prepared now to do what I wanted to do from the start—paint the country I'd grown up in."

His sketchbook is filled with detailed color notes. He discussed the complex subject of light and color as he showed slides of his monumental paintings, then added, "Sometimes I simply make up a rich red or exaggerate an orange in order to convey the feeling of a place." But not at Lake Powell. "Those sandstone rocks are really that red color."

He had never painted water before. "It's difficult to paint because wave patterns are never still. I had to learn to see movement and then turn it into something conceptual that I could apply to painting."

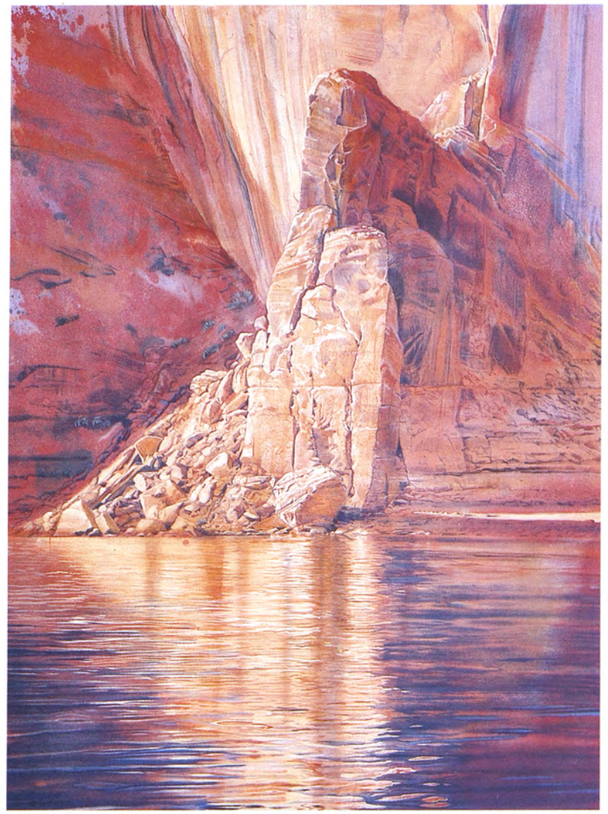
Rocks are still important to Mahaffey. "There's a spiritual quality to big rock formations," he said. "Shaped by the elements, they serve as monuments to the creative force which has brought all this together. For a time I was concerned about ART. Now I just hope when people view my paintings they leave with a new feelng for nature."

Never doubt it, Merrill Mahaffey, never doubt it.



(Above)
Powell Reflections, *acrylic on canvas, 36 by 48 inches. Courtesy of J. McDonald, Ltd.*

(Left)
Eye of the Rainbow, *acrylic on canvas, 36 by 48 inches, courtesy of the Albert Cutler collection. Resource photo by Jim Cowlin.*



Escalante,
acrylic on canvas,
96 by 72 inches, courtesy of
Elaine Horwitch Galleries.

Crossing of the Fathers,
acrylic on canvas,
60 by 80 inches.
Courtesy of the
Callahan Mining
Corporation.

The Last Outposts

Marinas are the staging grounds for great Lake Powell family adventures

by Virginia A. Greene

She was just a little girl. Five, six years old, probably. She scrunched down farther into the bedroll, drew up her legs seeking more warmth, and moved the fat pigtail from beneath her cheek. Her eyes closed tight against night shadows, and she cupped a chubby fist over one ear, partially shutting out unfamiliar sounds.

Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhi. The words repeated themselves, running a musical scale through her mind, just as they had all afternoon.

Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhi. Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhí.

She peeked her eyes open and stared into the darkness beyond the blanket's edge.

The mules snuffled at their tether and suggested that dramatic, long-suffering sigh that still worried her but seemed only to amuse the cowboys who had urged the critters down the trail during the long trip from Rainbow Lodge that afternoon.

Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhí. Sing-song. The way the Navajo had said it.

"Look, honey. There's the moon."

She turned onto her back. It was a great white moon, coming over the wall of stone on the other side of the canyon. The sky above her had been pale and narrow, squeezed between high sandstone walls. But just like that! — she mentally snapped her fingers — it had widened and brightened, and the great stone arch stood in bold relief against the autumn moon.

Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhí. The arch, they had told her. Rainbow Bridge.

Time can be long between the simple impressions of childhood and the complex, sophisticated adventure of later years.

Return to Rainbow Bridge. Recapture, perhaps, the old sense of discovery. But, gone are the patient mules, the soft-voiced Navajo, the dusty, sun-browned cowboys. Even the canyons — steep, rocky, achingly beautiful even to a six year old — are changed.

They're changed, all right. More accessible. Startling. Marvelous. And all the other superlatives.

Glen Canyon, in the later years of a small girl's growing up, became Lake Powell.

It still is a mysterious maze of a place, riddled with remnants of Western lore and such romantic stuff as movies and pulpy novels are made.

It is a place of unabashed sentimentality, where fantasy and history become reality, and every butte or cove or sunrise is as intimate as a small girl's dreams.

But Lake Powell became synonymous with a new variety of adventure.

Now, tour buses, private planes, RVs, and boats bring a few million visitors to literally eat it up, soak it up, drink it up, and whoop it up each year through the 96 canyons branching off 186 miles of lake. Tucked away in its gorges and inlets and along the 1900 miles of shoreline are surprises enough to convert the worldliest savant into a saucer-eyed buff of the beautiful life. And to aid in this quest are five of the busiest, friendliest, most completely equipped marinas you'd hope to find on any body of water.

Superlatives. They abound at Powell, whether they refer to its size, the scenery, the people offering the services, the accommodations, or to the unique location of each marina.

Wahweap, Rainbow, Bullfrog, Hall's Crossing, Hite. They are a real variety, and each marina offers its own specialty and its particular scenic enticement.

They consider themselves outposts. Outposts to adventure. In the best Western tradition, they are the sportsman's last chance, the final link, the unraveled tie to all that is "store bought comfort." From this point on, it's up to him.

Wahweap, located about six miles from Page, on the Arizona end of the lake, claims the distinction of being the granddaddy of them all.

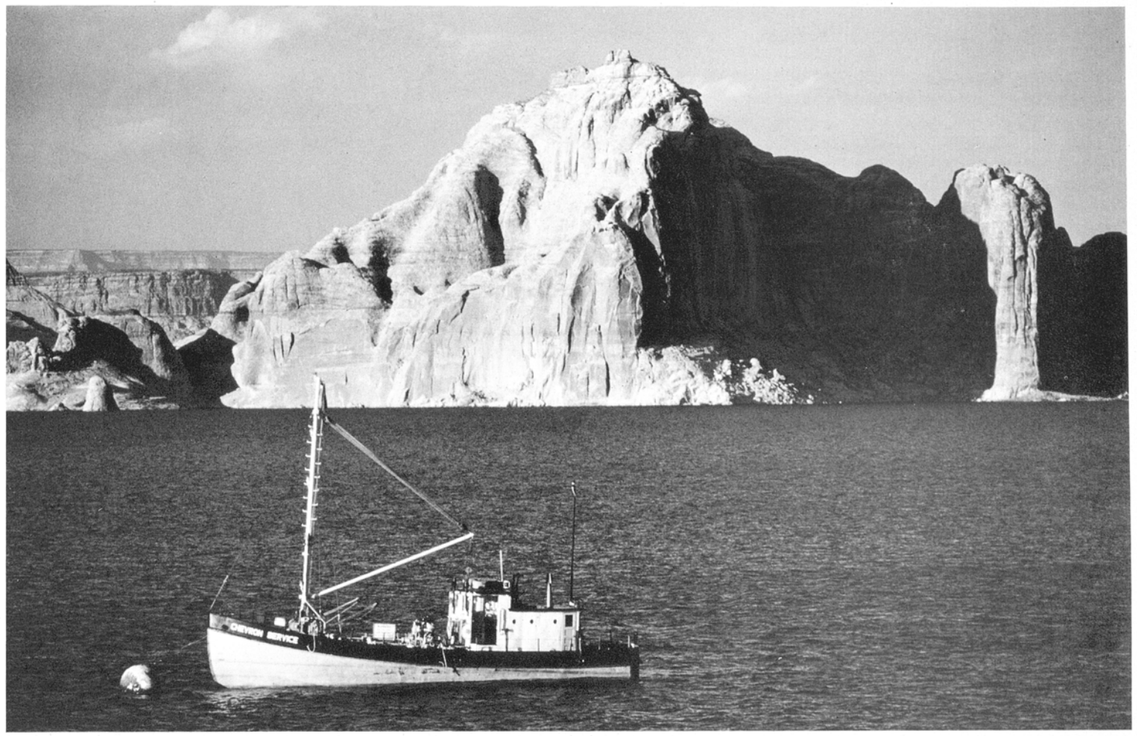
Back in the early '30s, Art Greene took small groups out of Marble Canyon up to Rainbow Bridge. They made the six-hour trip up the unpredictable Colorado River in flat-bottomed boats, hiked the

Rainbow Marina is one of five full-service outposts on Lake Powell where you will find gas, food, and plenty of helpful folk with smiling faces who carry out all the necessary chores that keep the fishermen, power and houseboaters running on the 250-square-mile lake. **Josef Muench**

Jerry Jacka

Jerry Jacka

Lloyd Minard, above, is in charge of Rainbow, the only completely floating marina on the Lake. Pumping fuel here for fishermen like Harold Johnson, left, and thousands of other happy lake wanderers last year amounted to 900,000 gallons. "It's a complete VIP service year-round," says Minard. And all that fuel? It arrives by Powell's own version of a super-tanker, the 42-ton Chevron, *under the watchful eye of Cap'n. Frank Smith*



Thomas Ives

rough trail to the bridge, and counted on their own stout constitutions and Art Greene's enthusiasm and know-how to get them there and back.

Today, Art's grandson, John Schoppmann, sees to the comforts of his visitors at Wahweap Lodge and Marina. And he has more to offer his guests than a hazardous ride in a flat-bottomed boat and his mother's and sisters' good cooking.

At least five tour buses roll into the drive at Wahweap each day to discharge loads of tourists wearied of long stretches of desert scenery and ready to be diverted by a few hours on one of the world's most beautiful lakes. Here they find entirely modern and luxurious lodge and motel rooms, Ron Deeb's dining room and cocktail lounge serving the finest fare, and Kathy Parson's gift shop offering an interesting array of choices — everything from Lake Powell T-shirts and coffee mugs to the finest Indian jewelry and pottery. More than a few wayfarers find the hotel pool and patio a welcomed oasis; others make a beeline for the maze of docks down the hill at the marina.

Wahweap Marina counts itself responsible for the comforts and outfitting of just about two million guests each year, whether they check into the lodge, use the RV park and campground, rent a slip or buoy for their private craft, take one of the 78 rental houseboats, try one of the available ski boats, or merely use the public boat ramp to get their own craft off for a good time. Three hundred and fifty seasonal employees see to the needs of guests in a variety of services, and during the off-season — November through March — 150 permanent folks carry out the special requests of a great number of charter services.

It's out of Wahweap, too, that all the tour boats run. Nine boats, under the managership of Ray Watton, scoot down to the dam and back, sashay up the blue waters of the lake, and forage through side canyons looking for the most incredible changes of scenery for passengers on runs taking anywhere from an hour to a full day to complete.

"The most popular destination, of course, is Rainbow Bridge," said Lee Bellar, piloting the 49-passenger *Ethel G* on the 135-mile all-day cruise. "Most of the tours make it up there at one point during their trip."

He talked about the side canyons — Navajo, Anasazi, Forbidding, Cathedral, Gunsight — telling how each offers a unique aspect of the tour package. He spoke of his own years on the lake and the combination of interests that had brought him permanently to stay six years ago. And he answered a respectful "Yes, ma'am" to the lady from France when, as the boat inched its way to the narrowest end of Anasazi Canyon, she asked, "Do we have to go back the same way we came in?"

He watched his first mate, Larry Justice — sophomore at BYU, master of five languages — talk to eight-year-old Joe from L.A. about starting back to school next week, then explain to the large group from France how the dam was begun in '56 and Lake Powell was in the making, make ready the cold drinks and sack lunches, and offer fishing information to an electrician from Phoenix.

The *Ethel G*, her sleek white hull slicing the morning-blue water and sculpting a high white plume in her wake, approached one of the largest and one of the oddest-looking crafts on the lake.

Chevron, a black and white 42-ton tanker with great grey shark's teeth painted below her bow, hauls 9200 gallons of fuel on alternate days from Wahweap to Rainbow marina, towing empty trash barges on the first half of the 13-hour trip and full ones on the return leg. At her wheel, surrounded by the pounding and grinding noises of the diesels, sits Frank Smith, Texan, clad in well-worn Stetson, Levi's and rodeo shirt, and sporting more silver and turquoise than one usually sees on a fuel tanker.

Frank came to Page with his wife, Mary, in 1960 to work on the dam, and they grew to like it so much they decided to stay.

"I sure like it up here. Watching how the land changes the people. We've had births, deaths, marriages — everything out on this lake."

Frank and his one-man crew, Mike Douglas, make between 85 and 92 trips to Rainbow each year.

A lot of fuel? You bet!

But, Lloyd Minnard, manager of the only completely floating marina on the lake, figures they pumped just about 900,000 gallons of fuel at Rainbow last year, and it's up to Frank Smith and his tanker to get it there.

Speak of Rainbow Marina and reach for another superlative. Up there, they call it "the most unique marina on the lake," for it's 50 miles in any direction from a land base, and logistics is the inherent problem — logistics for both people and commodities. But their services are broad, and the demand for them is great.

The marina store is well stocked with groceries, fishing gear, Rainbow shirts, curios, and ice. Eighteen boats can be refueled at the same time, and the resident National Park Service station furnishes first aid, rest rooms, a pumpout station, electricity, and water — all floating. Rainbow does a year-round business back in the small bay of Forbidding Canyon.

"Fishing charters come in," says Lloyd Minnard, "then fish out of here with or without guides. We feed 'em and give complete service year 'round — complete VIP service."

They can accommodate 30 employees in the floating residences, and Clyde Rogers, fuel attendant and fireman for three years at the marina, can attest to the fact that they pump gas "roughly from sunup to sunset every day."

An average of 60 to 70 houseboats use the pumping station each day, then chug on around the bend to tie up at the small dock at the end of the trail leading to the world's finest natural bridge.

"We're right in the middle of the most fantastic place in the world." Lloyd waves a can of Coke toward the opposite wall of sandstone. "Every canyon is different on this lake, and they change constantly. I take my four-week vacation right here on the lake — every year."

The night sky seems blacker up there in that small, intimate canyon, and the stars are bigger and bloom like a celebration of all that is luminous.

And the moon... ah, when the moon tops the wall of pink stone and you know the massive bridge is just on the other side where that small girl once saw it a long time ago, a warm mystique blankets the evening with the same softness a sego lily uses to cup the sun.

Then morning brings a brilliance to the red canyon walls, the blue waters are startling with an explosion of diamonds, and the edges of last night's mystique fade into memory.

The boat, a Bertram 25, moves into the main channel and roars north toward Bullfrog Marina, some 90 lake miles from its home slip at Wahweap. Rain clouds follow up the lake, black and moving fast, but the sun holds long enough for side

trips to La Gorce Arch, Cathedral Canyon, and a few miles up on the crooked San Juan River.

Red sandstone cliffs give way to a gentler landscape of low, rounded hills. The red earth, fringed with dark green tumbleweed and tamarisk, makes a startling contrast to the precise rows of white mobile homes undulating across the flow of land to the water's edge at Bullfrog Marina.

Outdoorsmen from Colorado, Utah, and California drive or fly to Bullfrog, where fishing and houseboating are the biggest draws, although the marina can furnish just about anything anyone wants to put on the lake.

There's a young crowd up there, geared to using the shoreline for camping—90 percent of which is sandy beach—bringing in their trailers and RVs, and taking advantage of the general store, the service station, the boat and gift shops, the liquor store, the public showers and laundry, and the "finest boat repair shop in Utah," says Ernie Gnauck, marina manager.

"It's the largest one, too." Ron Murri, a quiet fellow from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is quick to ballyhoo the place he's called home for the past six years. He fussed with the rigging of the catamaran, helped his wife, Chris, with a line, and explained why the wind action on Lake Powell makes it not a very popular lake for sails.

Bullfrog handles around 4000 people on an average day, with traffic soaring to 10,000 on Memorial Day weekend and to 15,000 on that last shot before school takes over in the fall: Labor Day. Motel units and bedrooms housed in the neat rows of trailers are available for overnighters, and Tom Jensen manages one of the best restaurants on Lake Powell.

No wonder the Western States Bass Club prefers to angle out of Bullfrog. Fishing is great, supplies are top-notch, rooms are comfortable, and Katie Gnauck serves the best cowboy beans with her barbeque beef—if you can wangle an invitation to Sunday night dinner.

They're friendly and efficient people up there. Jody Muths at the marina, Terry Altland keeping things straight at the store, Jim Culp providing rental boats of all sizes, and his wife, Wanda, who will sell anything from the shelves of the giftshop—providing you have an affinity for bullfrogs. Bullfrogs decorate everything.

People come from everywhere to work on Lake Powell. Take Farina McCarthy, 10 minutes across Bullfrog Bay at Hall's Crossing, for instance. Farina's from New Zealand. She's part of the seasonal staff. Teaches school at Montezuma Creek the rest of the year. She's not only part of the staff; she could be considered a good example of the logo and reputation for the marina, for they like to think of it as "the smiling marina," and Farina has one of the nicest, widest, friendliest smiles on the lake...speaking of more superlatives.

They're building at Hall's Crossing. More RV facilities, the largest store on the lake, both covered and open slips and buoys, seven housekeeping units, showers and laundry, service station and, like the other marinas, an airstrip. They also boast the only floating drive-in boat repair service. Like Wahweap and Bullfrog, Hall's Crossing has houseboat and small boat rentals. *And*, "the newest, most modern, most efficient and elaborate gas pumping facilities on the water," according to Pete Peterson, marina manager.

Stubb Miller runs that big general store and sets up the six bass derbies every year. The Four-Corners Bass Club comes up to Hall's for walleye, striper, and bigmouth tournaments each spring and fall.

Keep moving. Take the Bertram on up to Hite at the extreme north end of Lake Powell, 186 miles from Wahweap, where the landscape becomes rugged and forbidding, the channel of the lake narrows drastically, and contrasts are vivid.

The remnants of cottonwood forests march up the folds of canyon walls, much low greenery tantalizes from atop iron-brown rock, an elusive sailboat flutters in the dying breeze at the entrance to Good Hope Bay, and many houseboats ply the dark waters into the mouth of the Dirty Devil River, or cruise straight ahead into the swifter current of the Colorado.

The land is harder and camping is more primitive at Hite Marina. "But that's the attraction up here," grins Budd Finch, marina manager. "People who come here want to do their camping in the old tradition. They come here to fish, to backpack to the Indian ruins and the old uranium mines and caves. This is the end point for river rafts out of Moab and Green River, and we pick up about five Outward Bound raft trips every week."

Hite Marina is small. They're about a hundred miles from any supply source, and you have the idea it can be a place to "get away from it all." Or, maybe to *find* it all. At least, that's what the guests must believe, for they come in—150,000 a year—from Colorado, New Mexico, California, Arizona, and Utah.

And that's what the five permanent employees must believe, too. Joe and Pat Schwenk came from Nebraska and Phoenix four years ago—Joe to manage the marina and Pat to run the store, the dry storage, the vehicle gas pumps. Patty Brubaker keeps books and Brian Brubaker is the all-around mechanic.

It may be said that "a lake is a lake is a lake." Carry that a step or two farther and toss out the thought that one marina can be likened to any other, and the folks who work thereon are like any other folks who hanker after another life-style—a place away from "city life."

Then, go to Lake Powell.

Stop for gas or beer or vittles, or ask directions, or merely sit down on a milk crate to pass the time of day. It is then, in the presence of so many friendly marina employees and National Park Service people, that the place itself takes on another dimension. Those folks, eager to share what they have found, offer the feeling that they have nothing more important to do than to turn away from the task at hand and visit.

Their general enthusiasm ranges far from "P.R." palaver, for they're eager to talk not only about the stupendous scenery, the great fishing, the full line of services offered, but they'll tell you friendly or funny stories of their own adventures on the lake or in the surrounding country. And it won't stop there. They'll want to know about you. Where you're from. How long you've been on the lake. Details of your stay.

Somewhere along in the conversation, an expression of far-away reflection slips behind their smiles and the direct warmth of friendship in their eyes, and you know what's coming: "It's sure beautiful today, all right, but you really should be here when..." Or, "You ought to see the lake when..."

Then you go away with the distinct impression that you've become special and have been issued a personal invitation to return, to share again the magic they've found for themselves.

It's people like Ouida Ball down at Wahweap, hostessing tour parties on Captain Clint Rupp's paddlewheeler, *Canyon King;* and Ruth Anne Fuller coordinating daily tour activities; and Nan Gamache who "does the chores no one else likes to do" in the office; and Della and Sharon at the trailer village; and folks like Dan Weed who came from Tucson to oversee engineering services, staging a cowboy-and-Indian shoot-out with some of his men, for tourists, and amusing himself on days off by researching the history of the Lake Powell area and exploring the surrounding countryside.

Like Dan Weed, they all tell you the same thing, tourists as well as marina folks, "There's just something in me that kept pulling me back."

And, like that small girl who first became aware of *Tsé'naa Na'ní'áhí* in the serenity of a full moon, they came. □

(Left) Hite Marina at the north end of Lake Powell. "The land is harder and camping is more primitive up here," says Marina Manager Budd Finch. "But that's the attraction." Busy little Hite is home to people who like to fish and backpack the rugged terrain. **Ed Cooper**
(Below) Outdoorsmen from Colorado, Utah, and California drive or fly to Bullfrog Marina, where fishing and houseboating are the big attractions. The marina, run by Ernie Gnauck, prides itself on being able to furnish just about anything anyone wants to put on the lake. **Josef Muench**
(Back cover) Water in a marvelously different form cascades off an eroded sandstone monolith at Lake Powell, following a summer rain shower. **Stan Jones**

DIRTY DEVIL CANYON

COLORADO RIVER

HITE MARINA

BALANCED ROCK

TWO WINDOWS ARCH

TAPESTRY WALL

GOOD HOPE BAY

BULLFROG MARINA

BULLFROG BAY

HALLS CREEK BAY

ESCALANTE RIVER ARM

MOKI CANYON

HALLS CROSSING MARINA

LAGORCE ARCH

SLICK ROCK CANYON

HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK

REFLECTION CANYON

THE RINCON

ICEBERG CANYON

GUNSIGHT BUTTE

ROCK CREEK BAY

SITE OF "CROSSING OF THE FATHERS" IN 1776

LAST CHANCE BAY

CASTLE ROCK

WARM CREEK BAY

U.S. 89

WAHWEAP BAY

PADRE BAY

MUSIC TEMPLE CANYON

RAINBOW MARINA

SAN JUAN RIVER ARM

PARIA RIVER

WAHWEAP MARINA

WETHERILL CANYON

RAINBOW NATURAL BRIDGE

NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION

LEES FERRY

NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

GLEN CANYON DAM, STEEL ARCH BRIDGE AND VISITOR'S CENTER

UTAH

ARIZONA

PAGE

NAVAJO CANYON

AZ. 98

COLORADO RIVER

U.S. 89 TO BITTER SPRINGS JUNCTION, LEES FERRY AND FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

THE CORKSCREW

Lake Powell

Lake Powell Country, with its magnificent red rock landscape filled with scenic wonders and delights, is the heart of the Park Service's 1.2 million acre Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.

10 MILES

LEE WELLS