

Tom
28 June 84
10.12

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 20" W

I

A rising
solid

B -

"

I

A rising
change
dropping
solid

B land

S. 2 blue
white
brown
dab grey

"

I

A

M Breaks

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 20" W

18

A regular
flouring
lined.

B water

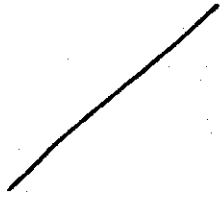
S:2 Blue
grey
green
brown.

rising land and
water.

End.

Tom
28 Jun 84
1012

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 26" W



A rising
solid
B-

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 26" W



A rising to dropping
solid
B land

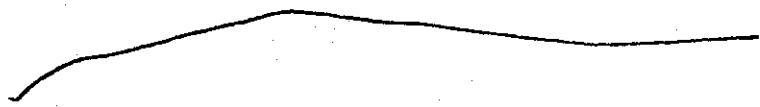
S-Z
blue
white
brown
darkgray

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 26" W



A m beach

37° 4' 24" N
111° 18' 20" W



A irregular fluvial
filled

B water

S-2

blue

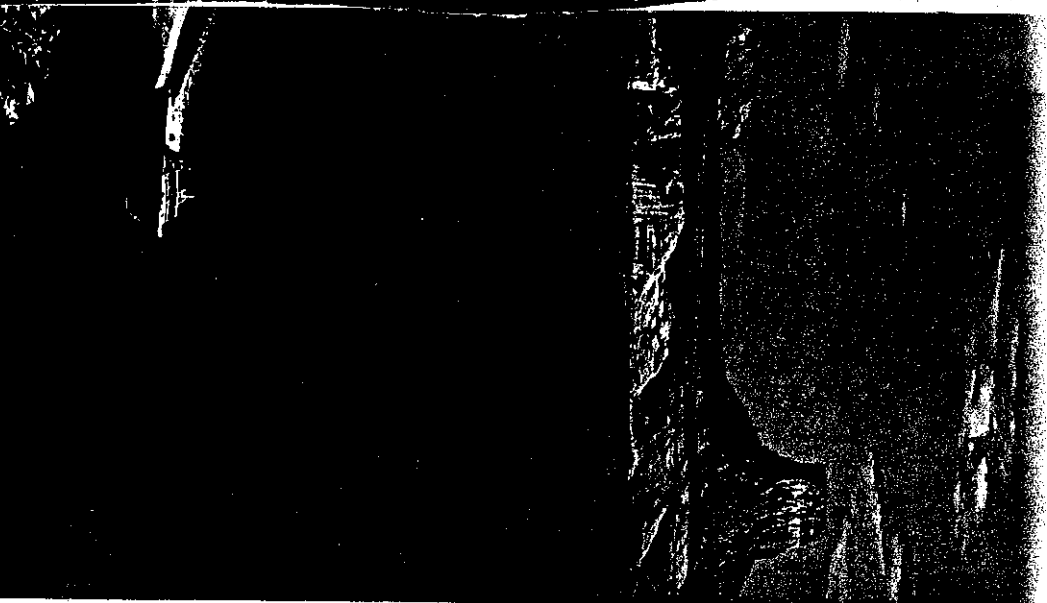
gray

green

brown

rising land and water

End
—



Blankets and bonfire warm boaters drench a squall that almost capsized them on Last Bay. John Evans, here helping remove a wall later joined the climbing team that scaled the area's highest peaks (GEORGEAUNTIC, June,

ng expertise. When Britain's Princess Margaret and her husband Lord Snowdon visited the lake the year before, he had a fondness for the sport. The No-nonsense father was cool, and he had worn a hat at the surface water was 72° F., and he had not relaxed relentlessly.

Un-tossed Family Calls for Help

As the uplake the next afternoon, we were on a long S-curve leading into Last Bay, a broad, straight arm that extends northward, paralleling the multi-mile cake of the Kaiparowits Plateau. It is more than ten miles. Suddenly we were in the middle of Lake Powell's narrow waterway.

with a tiny boat and its occupants, a couple and their five youngsters. The drenched little ones were crying.

"Can you take my children?" shouted the desperate father. The waves seemed about to swamp his homemade plywood craft.

"Too dangerous!" shouted John. "Head for shore! Over there!"

We escorted the little boat to a sheltered beach, and soon the family was drying around a fire, wearing assorted spare clothing from our duffel bags (opposite, upper).

After the storm, we breezed out of Last Chance Bay and headed uplake once more. Between Dungeon Canyon, now lying beneath 250 feet of water, and the mouth of the San Juan River, the water is very narrow.

Southwestern sun copperplates buttes above Padre Bay, where jet boats cut creamy wakes. All but the tip of Padre Point lies within the vast Navajo reservation that borders Lake Powell's eastern shore south of the San Juan River (map, next page). The tribe plans a marina and airstrip here.

Thrilling to their first boat ride, a Navajo skims the lake. A sheepman like many of the Indians, Harold Drake farmed a small island at the mouth of Pinte Canyon before the fish waters engulfed it. Active in tribal affairs as a member of the Navajo Council for a time was Chairman of the council's making Advisory Committee.



KODACHROME