

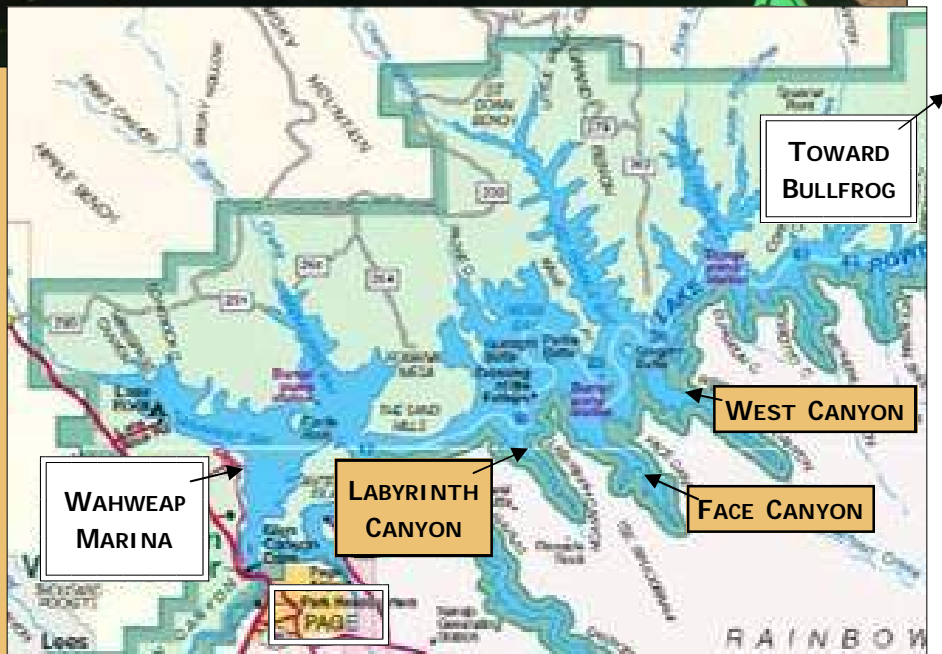


# Lake Powell Houseboat III

September 22–28, 2013

2013 was Rocky Mountain Sea Kayak Club's third wonderful houseboat trip on Lake Powell. Bernie Dahlen, George and Jen Ottenhoff, Dick Dieckman, Marcia Dougherty, Brian Hunter, David and Lou Ann Hustvedt, Clark Strickland, Anna Troth and trip leader Jud Hurd spent seven fun days enjoying the sun, paddling, good friends and great food.

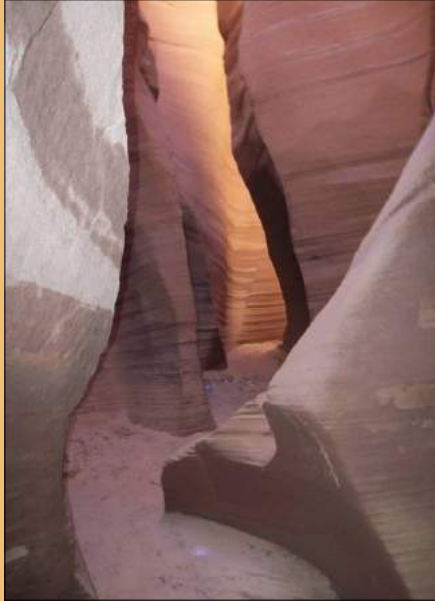
Because the previous trips had been from Bull Frog in Utah, this year the group launched at the south end out of the Wahweap Marina near Page, Arizona.



They explored Face Canyon, West Canyon and Labyrinth Canyon, including a couple of very cool hikes into slot canyons at the back of Face and Labyrinth. They did have high winds running 15-20 mph and gusting to 29 mph a couple of days which limited their paddling somewhat, but everybody still got to do lots of kayaking and had a great time. On the next pages are some of their comments and favorite pictures:

## THE SLOT CANYONS IN LABYRINTH CANYON

Photos by Brian, Anna, Bernie and Jud



ANNA TROTH: I know everyone enjoyed the slot canyons, but I also had fun with Jen mixing (and drinking) margaritas. There was a blender on the boat and Lake Powell glasses you could put your initials on and keep. Here's the recipe; you'll also need limes, salt and ice:

- 1 oz. Triple Sec (Hiram Walker)
- 2 oz. Tequila (we used Lunazul)
- 8 oz. Freshies Margarita Mix

JEN OTTENHOFF: Anna was the queen of the margaritas. I was only the tester and helper. She was awesome with the drinks but she was a hoss in the water, too. We had some windy days and paddled in whitecaps on the last Friday. I was scared to death but that Anna paddled steady as she goes.



Anna, who volunteers on archeology digs, keeping a sharp eye on the ground



Anna, Lou Ann, Brian, Bernie, Dick and Jen also found an abandoned sheep camp with a small shelter and a rock corral

Several of us took a hike behind where we were moored in West Canyon during a windy day. It was fun seeing Anna find artifacts. We all saw rocks but she found a preform, a point that had not been finished. Unbelievable!



George



Clark



Bernie

BRIAN HUNTER: The same, yet very different! That describes the south vs. the north, of Lake Powell that is. I have been on three supported trips to this enchanted and mystical paddling location. Launching from the Bullfrog farther north, my first trip was a special time of epiphany. Paddling back into narrow slot canyons (only a few inches wider than my 23" beam), I realized just how special my kayak was as a vessel to get into otherwise unreachable places. Launching from Wahweap farther south, on this trip the water was 111 feet below full pool. Lower water uncovered beautiful narrow slot canyons, making for dramatic hikes. [Paste 36.99087 - 111.28685 into Maps Google (set to satellite view) to see where we started our last day hike into Labyrinth slot canyon.]

One big takeaway for me is that low water means new opportunities for paddling and hiking that are hidden at higher water levels. I wish we could have gotten google maps when we were there to see stuff just a little ways away. I discovered that the zoom to max level google imagery is a different date than smaller scale imagery, in this case max zoom was very close to current water levels, although I am not sure that will not always be true.

I also benefited from the onshore high winds and waves in West Canyon. The wind blowing toward the shore provided safe conditions to try both self and assisted rescues, and to practice controlling my kayak in the challenging rough water. When are we going again?



Brian, about to start his re-entry



Dick

DICK DIECKMAN: "It was a wonderful trip. I especially liked the way we all pulled together to get the jobs done that were maybe not that much fun. The food was great." By not-so-much-fun jobs did Dick mean loading and unloading the boats or pumping out the black water tank?

Jen wrote, "Dick not only plays the guitar some but also builds them. The one he took along he had just finished and it was beautiful."



Anna, George and Lou Ann unloading Dick's hand-made wooden kayak



Brian working the holding tank pump

MARSHA DOUGHERTY: The interesting bush that we were seeing at the campground and downtown Moab has the common name *Desert Willow*. However it is not a willow. It is *Chilopsis linearis*, which is closer to the catalpa family. Unfortunately, it is not cold hardy in our area.

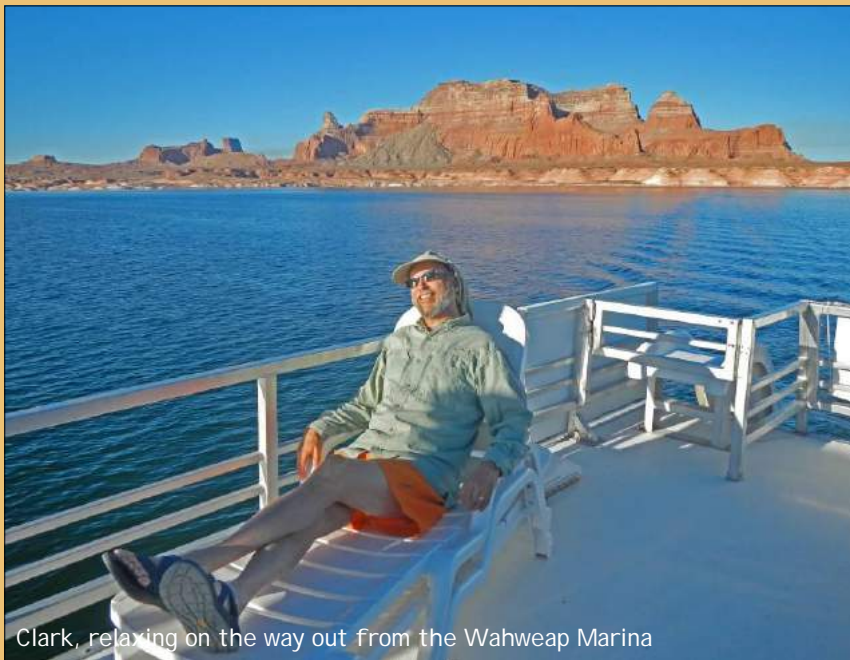


Marsha in Labyrinth Canyon writing in her journal

<http://aggie-horticulture.tamu.edu/ornamentals/natives/chilopsislinearis.htm>

CLARK STRICKLAND: This RMSKC event was my first trip to Lake Powell/Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. What a wonderful introduction to a fantastic publicly-owned site, and it was so lucky to be there in September and not after the October 1 shut-down of our National Parks. Admiral Jud and Captain Dave guided us well and safely. The food was all anyone could wish. Sunsets were spectacular. Fishing was fair (for some). The slot canyons were truly unbelievable. The ship's company was fun, welcoming, sharing and jovial (especially after Anna's margaritas). The only sad aspect

was Sue's last-minute cancellation.



Clark, relaxing on the way out from the Wahweap Marina

I especially liked the appropriately conservative decision-making to return to the houseboat on Thursday afternoon, when the paddling group approached the mouth of Labyrinth Canyon. The winds were lively enough to make for a choppy sea state opposite sheer cliffs with no place to land in case of a problem.

My boat did the most light-footed dance as we returned to a good dinner. I was glad to have launched that day, gratified to paddle with friends and happy to return safely.

When can we go again?



Dave

DAVE HUSTVEDT: What can I say? It was windy. We paddled and then we drank booze, ate, and went to sleep. Then we awoke and did it again.



Dave, Anna and the party table

THE LONE PADDLEBOARD'S COMMENTS: I am a sit-upon kayak and a SUP combined. If you don't know, SUP is for Stand Up Paddleboard, but some people think SUP is silly...like, "Hey, what'S UP?" I have a place for my owner to sit and a place to stand up. My color is red in front and yellow in back. Beautiful. Check out my picture with my owner at Lake Powell.



Lou Ann on her open cockpit kayak

She brought me along so other kayakers on the houseboat could try stand-up paddling. My trip to Lake Powell started with me strapped between my big brother and big sister sea kayaks on my owner's car.

At Lake Powell the eleven other kayaks and I got lifted to the top of a houseboat. It was fun to see the reaction of people near the houseboat when all of us went up, and when we all came down. I got strapped next to Jud's cot. The rest were strapped together on their sides to the railings on both sides. My owner was in charge of the strapping, but forgot to bring a long rug so we could slide up the roof better.

Marsha and George paddled me around. Another kayaker tried for a few seconds but jumped off. Too bad I had to stay on shore while the group went out in really rough waves and wind. I would have been so much more stable. My owner is never afraid of falling off a sit-upon, but thought the sea kayak was scary in the bad weather. Fortunately the weather was mostly very nice and the water was warm. When I got home, I said "Hi" to my twin. We rack together. My owner offers to let anyone who wants try us. We are great for stable paddling.

JUD HURD: Jud [below on the right] was the organizer and accountant for the trip, and wrote the introduction to this article. He sent a quote that seems to sum up the fun-filled week: "People never really grow up, they just learn how to behave in public."



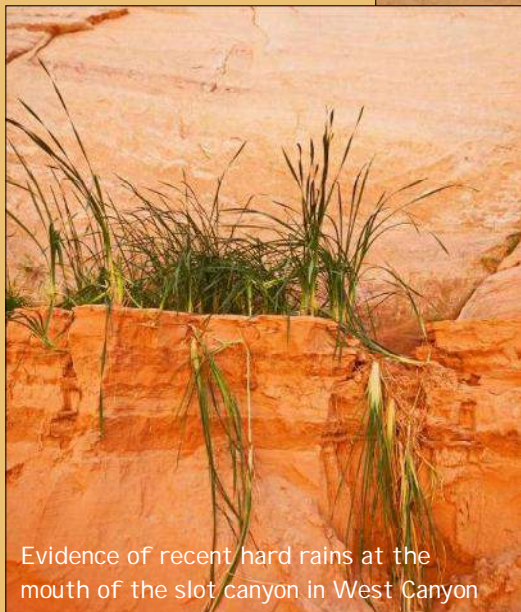
Back: Clark, Bernie  
Front: Dick, Anna, Brian, Marsha, Lou Ann, Wilson, Dave, George, Jen, and Jud

Although they went to a different section of the lake, saw different things and experienced different weather, the logistics of Houseboat III were similar to previous trips. Some people carpoled to the put-in, others didn't. Most but not all camped at the marina the night before.

Breakfast and lunch were left to individuals, but dinners were communal, with two people cooking each night. Expenses for the boat, insurance, gas and the evening meals were shared; this year the costs came to \$390 per person.



Here and on the next page are more pictures that capture other bits of this amazing area.

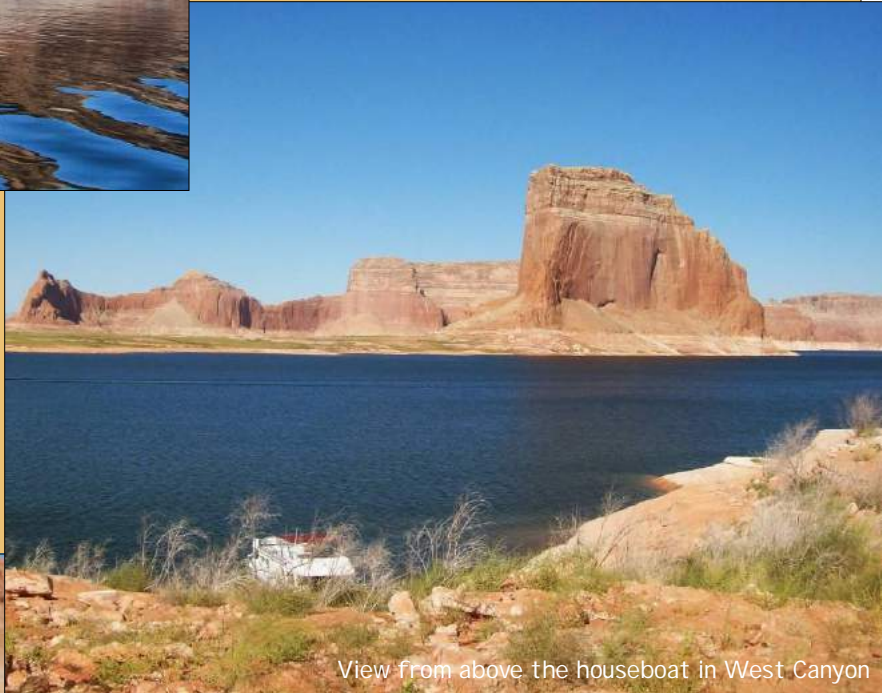
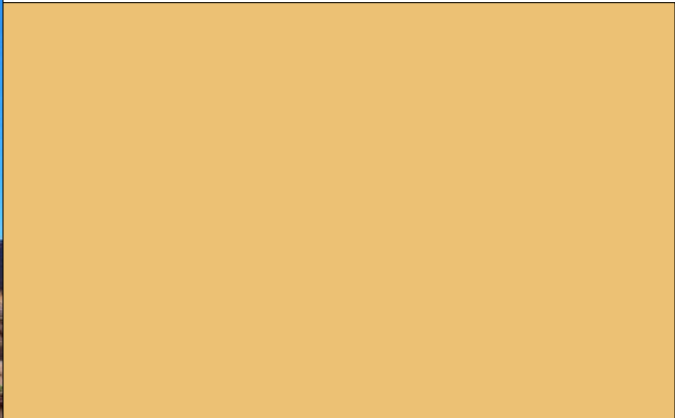


Evidence of recent hard rains at the mouth of the slot canyon in West Canyon





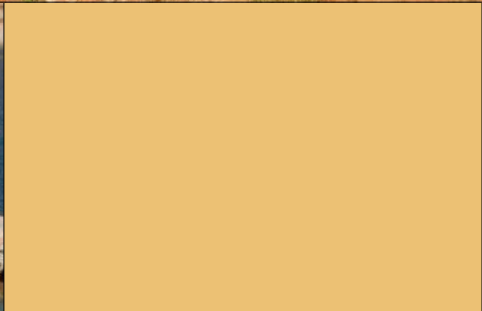
West Canyon reflections



View from above the houseboat in West Canyon



West Canyon



View from West Canyon

