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Subject: Postcard

Today's hike was down a ramp to the Canyon Odyssey, possibly the oldest boat still afloat on Lake Powell. It's signage is yellowed and faded, the molding and trim need stain and polyurethane, the life jackets that were once red now are the pinkish tone of commode mildew. The captain looks as if she might have grown old on the Canyon Odyssey herself although she swears she's only be piloting it for the last five years.



It would be fair to ask what the heck are you doing hiking down a boat ramp? Weren't you supposed to be hiking the South Coyote Buttes, the access that you had to reserve four months in advance? Well sure. And our answer would be "plantar fasciitis". If you've never had it you ought to try it! It turns butte hikers into boat riders virtually overnight!

So there we were, speeding away from Wahweap Marina with the engines vibrating and the railings shaking and the captain saying undecipherable things over the loudspeaker.



Luckily we were on Lake Powell on a perfect (gee, not another one) October day. We were cruising up and down some side canyons with the sun reflecting off the rocks, the wind blowing through our hair, and with a boatload of strange travel companions.





Even a tiny rainbow (lower left)



This is no rainbow. This is Kyle. He was the captain's first mate and enforcer. Too many on the top deck? Uh, Kyle says get down. Done with your earphones and electronic travelogue? Kyle says hang 'em up. Time to dock? Kyle says all of you sit. And no, he *doesn't* smile.





This is called the Navajo Tapestry. People interpret the lines and shapes to symbolize Native American spiritual manifestations. I see spilled paint. But hey, that's just me.





This is HSW – Howard Stern Wannabe. We thought he was cruising with his daughter. Then they started smooching and grappling. He defiled the Canyon Odyssey. Wait a second, that may not be possible.



This is Frog Rock.

That's it.

D&S

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