

## **PIC-TOUR GUIDE MAPS**

**SNOW LAKE REFLECTION**

**RMK**



**Exploring the Roads and Trails  
of the  
Cascades and Olympics  
of Washington State  
from age 17 to 75+**

**by Robert M. Kinzebach**

## Preface

This Preface pertains to development of Pic-Tour Guide Maps by the independent, restless, always curious owner Robert M. Kinzebach who fortunately also possesses a rare sense of humor.

Pic-Tour Guide Maps was a by-product of forming the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. Robert M. Kinzebach (along with others) provided color photos and other information directly to Congressmen that hopefully had a positive effect leading to approval of the Wilderness.

Mr. Kinzebach became "hooked" on backcountry hiking during high school in Wenatchee. This lifelong interest has been enhanced by the formation of a map business in the '70s that is still successful in 1994, especially with the recent introduction of color photos by mail order only. Expansion has been by "word of mouth" mainly, also with exposure through *Pack & Paddle* and *Signpost* magazines, and the *Wenatchee World*.

It is well known by now that owner Robert M. Kinzebach personally drove the backcountry roads and hiked the trails (and cross-country routes) to gain the greatest map accuracy by continual updating. He also included scenic and aerial photos in the maps.

He drove up to 3000 miles a month. Now ten notebook tablets have been filled with miles recorded between road and trail intersections, and other points that include also elevation

and other details. Feedback has been mainly from highway outlets. Big city outlets have been discouraged by choice after early trials.

Getting the correct information has always been the main element; money and profit have been secondary.

This book is basically about the map business and hiking; it includes also sample articles printed in *Signpost*, *Pack & Paddle*, and *Wenatchee World* along with others that not only help with trip planning from descriptions but also give an insight about trips in the 1980s and early 1990s that perhaps cannot be matched today by a person who made thirteen trips to the Enchantments, most of them day trips for exploration and fish from Lake Earle.

Also included in the Introduction are events in his early life, education and WWII that helped form the background and persistent nature for such a dedicated venture by an individual on mostly (95%) solo trips. Not forgotten was the joy of starting a trip down an unknown trail or cross-country route with a cool morning breeze where usually no one else was encountered.

They say the way to success is to get around better persons than yourself, or get around *you* better persons than yourself. Since I have always believed in honesty and not personal politics the latter must apply to me.—RMK, 9/94.



## Introduction

This booklet is essentially a story of my life to 78+. I was born in Waterville, Washington, on September 30, 1915, a premature baby of 2½ pounds. I didn't walk till after two years mainly because (they say) I didn't see any need since I scooted so well across the floor.

My brother and I (one year older) rode a broken-down horse about 2 miles to grade school from our wheat ranch looking down over the breaks to the town of Chelan and Chelan Butte. The old horse, Prince, knew to make a right turn at the cemetery to take us to school. He ate hay all day and brought us home in the afternoon.

When I was seven, my parents moved to Wenatchee down the back road via Chelan Falls. My father eventually became head miller at the Wenatchee Flour Mill, fortunately through the Depression.

We offspring went to Lincoln and Stevens grade schools followed by junior and senior high where I was graduated as one of 200 of the Depression class of 1933. I had taken one or two fishing trips with my father beginning at age 15. That is where I was bitten by the bug of lake fishing.

After graduation from high school and knocking around picking apples and cherries and hiking and skiing during the winter months, I could see I was getting nowhere. I started to Washington State College (now WSU) enrolled as a forestry major.

I spent the summers of 1939 and '40 on an Oregon fire lookout. I always wanted to learn to fly, so signed up for a Civilian Pilot Training Course and received my private license in 1940 (first to solo—counting also

the University of Idaho). I did well in school, made the honor roll several times, and was graduated in 1941 with a BS degree majoring in Forestry.

I was selected to attend UCLA for weather training. I was there on December 7th (Pearl Harbor) and soon found myself with a 2nd Lieutenant direct commission and on my way to staging (not known then) for North Africa (Casablanca) with my own mobile weather unit; then to Sicily and Salerno, Italy, on D+3; and the Isle of Capri and Naples.

At the end of hostilities I was flown back to the US in a B-24, scheduled for the Pacific, but while I was on a fishing trip to Square Lake in August, Japan threw in the towel. I stayed in the active Air Force reserves finally retiring in 1975 with the rank of full Colonel. I began Civil Service retirement shortly also, where I spent about 22 years as a civilian forecaster, part of the time as chief.

I also did weather research in my spare time, and was allowed by the USAF to do weather research on training periods. One that was completed in 1955 on the advection of maritime stratus clouds is still in active use today and broadcast hourly on 24-hour weather radio. I gave a seminar at a Meteorological Society meeting on the above study. On occasion, I received commendations for other studies.

Earlier I took a several month transfer to Anchorage, Alaska, but decided not to move my family up and retired from the USWB and drove back down the Alaskan Highway. This was followed by working for a private meteorologist, Dr Irving P. Krick, on cloud seeding operation for a year in Denver, Colo-



rado, prior to accepting employment at McChord Air Force Base.

I became married in Italy to Olga Maria Pica (now legally separated). We have four children—Catherine, James, Marcia and Wayne—and four grandchildren—Scott, Roger, Anna and Tessa.

I feel I should digress here because my WWII effort was long enough (3½ years) to qualify as a significant part of my life put into preservation of democracy.

In those days, when they said “Go” you went as cheerfully as possible without complaining. I am including, therefore, an excerpt from my weather Squadron newspaper *SNOJOB* printed back in 1945 called “Hitchhikers on D-Day” in which my mobile weather Detachment 13 was attached verbally with Captain Ludlum’s unit for landing on D+3 at Salerno, Italy, September 1943, the only time during the war that the Germans almost pushed us into the sea, and probably could have if they really wanted to. (Captain Ludlum later founded *Weatherwise* magazine, still in publication today.)

Skip this part if it doesn’t interest you, but remember we endured this so you can

now sit peacefully on a mountain peak without interference. “Hitchhikers on D-Day” comes from our detachment historian S/Sgt MacKechnie (incidentally, a brother-in-law to Frederick March, the actor) from day-to-day accounts.

Earlier I mentioned getting hooked on fishing. Later I won a fly rod and automatic reel in a Wenatchee contest. This began my attachment to fly fishing that changed to just wanting to see new country.

I had already become interested in photography such that I had even smuggled a camera overseas in WWII. In the early ’50s color 3-D photography became the rage, and I began taking photos of all the lakes and peaks I could on long day trips and an occasional over-nighter.

By now I have nearly 20,000 3-D photos. I use one of the two transparencies for maps adding color. In 1993 the maps totalled 18 areas with an average of 8 pages per set in 8½”x14” size pages.

I have ten books filled with data compiled every night upon my return—mileage, landmarks, and other details at all road/trail intersections and permanent points.—RMK, 9/94.



## HITCHHIKERS ON D-DAY

**A dozen weathermen, tried and true  
... and they swung their psychrometers on Salerno!**

by S/Sgt. Charles MacKechnie  
from the April 1945 *SNOJOB*, the magazine of the 12th Weather Region

On the 31st of August, 1943, we were at Ponte Olivo Airfield, Sicily. Ponte Olivo is not a recommended place in MU #13's private Baedeker, a fact explained by the chow, the dust and the wind. The chow was something that even the Arabs couldn't have dreamed up, and the prevailing wind scooped up all the loose dust in Southern Sicily and funneled it into the weather station.

The station itself, which doubled as combination office and living quarters, had been established in a frame shack the size of a barn. The shack had been deserted in the first few days of the campaign by the Eyeties—hurriedly.

There still were a few amusing cartoons and caricatures on the walls, and odds and ends of Eyetie equipment scattered around the place. But the mice or something had carried off all the desirable items—including the beds that weren't actually tenanted by weathermen—so the place wasn't too much like home.

But we did have a roof over our heads, a blacked-out dayroom, and an air-raid shelter that was even closer than the outhouse just across the road. It looked like a comfortable

war ... but the air-raid shelter was full of hungry fleas which had survived every assault. Even after being sprayed with gasoline and touched off, the fleas had counter-attacked. We have often wondered if they were still there when the outfit that followed us set up (we were told) a small-scale bordello.

As for the privy, at that time no one had anything against its modest comforts, but some weeks later we learned that it had blown up. Mines, they say.

Happily, our tenancy of Ponte Olivo didn't last much longer. On the morning of September 1st, Major Wetterer and Captain Simpson arrived in two C-47s. Within a couple of hours the station equipment was torn down and loaded on the planes, along with all personnel except Burns, Willett and Wasserlein.

We were due to go to Captain Ludlum's station, and as we loaded, Captain Kinzebach and Jacobs helped dig out the C-47, which had sunk one wheel into the soft dirt at the end of the short runway, refreshing themselves with grapes from the vineyard which the runway had recently been. Grape eating was the greatest dissipation that was to be af-



forded them for a considerable time.

Captain Ludlum's station was on the beach. It was about a mile from Milazzo, a port on which our planes had done a remarkable job. The railroad yards and waterfront areas were well shellacked, and the harbor itself spotted with sunken boats and wrecked Axis aircraft.

On the beach, where the station was operating, other evidence of the war was plentiful—abandoned pillboxes, our own gun emplacements, a fighter strip back on the beach and Jerry wire entanglements that extended the entire length of the bay a few hundred feet from the water's edge. The wired area was well mined, but a few paths had been cleared.

The thought of bare-skinned swimming in the warm Mediterranean attracted most of the GIs in the area who were off duty. Certain of one's natural functions were performed on the beach too, and with so many live mines around one sunk his shovel gingerly.

Here on the beach we were presented with a rather unique distinction. We had become hitchhikers on the invasion!

The reason was that we were without written orders, and so the station was split up. Most of us were temporarily assigned to Captain Ludlum's station, while Burns and Jacobs were to travel with the station commanded by Captain Dively. Both stations were to travel with the organizations to which they were attached for weather service.

On September 3rd, Captain Ludlum's station wrapped up and moved to an assembly area miles inland, there to sit and wait. Our assigned big day was D+1.

The days in bivouac passed only slowly for most of us. We didn't even have the unwelcome distraction of a visit from Jerry, even though the Italian coast was almost in

sight. Happily, the weather was generally good.

We had a reasonable amount of liberty, so we were able to get back to the beach for an occasional swim and to visit such places as Milazzo Castile—a building constructed before the time of Christ, and still in use (as the local clink).

We enjoyed the hilly orchard and vineyard country around us, and there were poker and bridge games. Also, once we had shaken loose of the British general mess (whose specialty was cracker porridge) and were on US rations, there was eating to be done. In all, it was a dull but not unpleasant loaf.

In the evening of September 8th came the big news—Italy had surrendered!

There was a lot of hollering, whooping and general exuberance. The invasion—we thought—would be a pushover now. There was even some disappointment when something went snafu and our boats didn't show up, making us miss our D+1 invasion date. Too bad, was our reaction—we were missing out on the chance to buy cut-rate Berettas!

On September 11th the station, along with several other outfits, finally loaded up on a British-commanded LST. That took all afternoon. The sun was about to set as we left Milazzo harbor, escorted by two PT boats. Our chow was served on a regular GI mess line below, and space for sleeping was strictly a catch-as-catch-can deal. Many men slept in the vehicles on deck.

About eleven that night we passed close inshore to Stromboli, the volcano whose red eruptions had been a beacon for us in the dark. Most of us were awake and lined up along the rails when dawn came. We were among boats of all sizes and kinds that were hove to or moving slowly on their separate courses offshore.

There were warships among them, and



occasionally their guns would flash, then make a loud "boom" as they fired toward land. The coast was a shallow plain with brown hills coming down to the shore at its southerly end.

We were sure that this was our beachhead. Then, when we picked our way through the other ships and went on with our escorts, we were puzzled. The latrine rumors had fixed our destination as Naples. Were we going to sail right into the port itself?

In about an hour we came to a glassy-calm roadstead in which we saw a greater concentration of ships—bigger ships, more ships—than we had ever seen before.

Destroyers, cruisers, PT boats, naval transports, tankers, freighters, LSTs, LCTs, LCIs, launches, ducks and hospital ships were all visible, with one ship lying on its side close to the beach. The warships were firing at five minute intervals and over the coastal plains, deeper and wider here, we could see a couple of little "Piperschmitts" skimming and darting.

Ashore there was the almost continuous flash of our batteries and an occasional dust puff caused by a return shell from Jerry. A British voice came over the ship's PA system, ordering us to take cover from air attack under the vehicles.

This was the Salerno beachhead on the morning of D+4.

For most of the morning we lay hove to among the other ships, awaiting our turn to beach. Often we were ordered to take cover from air attacks that never materialized. The naval guns continued to pound and the shore batteries never stopped flashing. Over the beachhead the dust grew thicker. About the only buildings we could see were a large, modern factory about half a mile from the shore and, right on the beach, a couple of structures shaped like large Dutch windmills without the sails.

Shortly after noon we made our first run for the beach, but didn't get in close enough before the ship grounded. We backed off to wait for our turn at a short pontoon pier that had been laid out from the shoreline. Even with it, the long, slow-moving ramp that rumbled out of the open jaws of the ship barely spanned the distance. However, we were soon off.

As the vehicles came ashore, they raced for the de-waterproof area in the shelter of a couple of buildings, a hundred yards from the beach. The protective coverings were stripped off—the heavy asbestos-filled grease that covered the ignition system, the long breathers for the carburetors and exhausts. The soft sand had been overlaid with heavy hog-wire fencing. It made a fair road.

From the de-waterproof area we went about half a mile over surfaced roads. The country was flat farmland, criss-crossed with cement irrigation ditches. We dispersed in a sugar-beet field along a hedgerow of poplars and blackberry bushes that lined one of the ditches. This was our first night's camp.

Just as we pulled in, a ten- or twelve-plane dogfight began upstairs. Unfortunately it was so high, in the eye of the sun, that it was almost impossible to follow. The noise from the diving ships and the sound of their guns were much more real than the glimpses we could get of them twisting and turning. The show was soon over, as the Jerries were driven off.

Captain Ludlum checked with the area control tent while we were making camp. He brought back the news that we were alerted. We were to post guards, and every man was to be up, armed and ready at dawn. From an outfit that had been in a couple of days we heard that Jerry tanks had broken through in the previous night and the beachhead was alerted for possible evacuation.

By now no one needed to tell us that we



were in a hot spot. About one o'clock that morning shells started to fall in our general vicinity.

By then we had become somewhat accustomed to the heavy firing of the batteries around us and the wobbly whoosh of out-bound shells. But the whistling and sharp crack of the shells headed our way was a brand-new sound and very different.

It was comforting to be able to pop down into the ditch, and we appreciated it twice as much when Jerry came over to bomb the harbor and the beach. With the ships and shore throwing up everything they had in the way of flak, and shells whistling in and an occasional big bomb screaming down, it was all very noisy for a bit.

Evidently Jerry was moving up some of his infamous 88s for the night and withdrawing at daylight, for at about dawn the shelling stopped. The closest he had come to us was to shower dirt on Captains Kinzebach's and Ludlum's bed rolls with a hit in the tomato field across the road.

Before noon we moved up to the headquarters of the \*\*\* Fighter Wing, the outfit Captain Ludlum was to service. We dispersed at the side of a blind road, close to a row of fine Italian cypress. The captain's station went into operation that day, with the hitchhiker contingent helping out.

Since we didn't know anything about the geography of the beachhead, we hoped it would be more placid there. It wasn't. For one thing, Jerry was trying to split the beachhead in two with a wedge to the sea, and we were right at the apex of his wedge.

We had a herd of white bullocks sweating out the shells with us in the same field. They were not very good company. In fact, it was one of the outsized Elsie's that caused our one and only casualty. All the commotion had made them a bit temperamental despite their emasculated condition. Martinson, has-

tening to his favorite ditch on our second night there, ran into one and was gored under the arm for his carelessness. As gores go, it didn't amount to much, but for over a week he had an egg-sized lump of a strange indigo hue in his armpit.

Our first night there was quiet, as far as Jerry was concerned. But Allied ships and shore batteries laid down a two-hour barrage around the town of Battipaglia. The town was in front of us—everything the beachhead could fire off was behind—and the concentrated effects of the barrage were enough to flutter the canvas on one's sack.

The next night was worse. It was Jerry's turn, and he put on a brief but exciting show in the form of an attempt at a breakthrough with unsupported tanks—right down the street from us, as it were.

We were awakened in the smallest hours of the morning by machine-gun and rapid-fire cannon firing, and watched a pretty hot scrap develop about a mile away.

Most of us did our observing from fox-holes or the ditches, wondering what the hell a weatherman did if an enemy tank sailed up. The ground sloped gently away from us toward the battle. We could see the night being criss-crossed by streams of tracers. Our artillery had started a lively little counterfire, and we could hear, indistinctly, a battery commander bawling ranges to his men.

It was the most personalized fighting any of us had seen. It made for uncomfortable moments as we considered our meager combat training, and perhaps all of us felt relieved when the whole brawl died down as suddenly as it had begun. The air raid that came an hour later was dull by comparison, even when a gas dump on the beach was hit and burned with spectacular brilliance.

The next morning we had a report on the night's battle from the crew of a British anti-tank gun near us. They said the attempt at a



breakthrough had been a raid, and Jerry had withdrawn after losing a couple of tanks and a personnel carrier.

No doubt Jerry lost more than a couple of tanks that day. In mid-morning our bombing forces appeared for their support of the beachhead. Battipaglia, which was still Jerry's stronghold, was given a terrific pasting from the air—first by Forts, then by mediums and finally by dive-bombing A-36s. It was the first bombing most of us had ever seen, and we had a perfect view of it. Battipaglia couldn't have been more than five miles away.

We couldn't see the bombs fall, but we could hear the multiple crunch of stick after stick of them, and see the distant earth blossom in great flowers of smoke and dust until at last the whole target area was obscured. And in between attacks the artillery observation's little kite circled almost over the target, like a buzzard appraising the pickings.

That afternoon we moved to the area of the \*\*\* Fighter Control Squadron, the outfit we were supposed to service. We pulled in too late to set up the tent that was our station, so just went right into bivouac with the mosquitoes. It was a quiet night. Even the customary bombing of the beach was light, and seemed far away. We were sure that the bombing of Battipaglia had rid us of those nasty 88s. Actually, they were quiet for about 24 hours.

Next day we picked a spot as close in as we could get to some small trees that afforded partial screening. Of course, we were next to one of the ubiquitous ditches. Great things, ditches! We had come to appreciate them. Some of us almost grew to know this particular one as home.

It didn't take us long to get our pyramidal tent up and vaguely camouflaged. By noon See and Willett had our radio equipment set up and test-hopped, and we had be-

gun to send out hourly observations. Of course, this was in the nature of a dry run. We were very close to the other station and not servicing anything—the Squadron was still inoperative. But it was better to be working than just sweating.

In the afternoon the shelling started up again, but not uncomfortably close. They seemed to be feeling for the main north-south road, a couple of hundred yards behind us.

Some of the \*\*\* Armored Division's General Sherman tanks took up positions just across the road from us the next day. It was a joy to see the smoothness with which these veterans of the North African campaign went into bivouac—within ten minutes they had the tanks dispersed and camouflaged—and a pot of tea brewing.

That day, too, a Bofors gun crew (also British) pulled into our field and dug their position a hundred yards away.

These were comforting neighbors, but we have always blamed them for making our section a more interesting target. Possibly Photo Freddy (who had been coming over regularly—we blamed every contrail on him) had spotted the tanks. At any rate, the shelling by the 88s was now more often coming close, and we spent more time in the brushed-out ditch.

A couple of days later our neighbors of the Bofors gun got strafed.

In the afternoon a Jerry plane came hunting out of the sun, and down the main road. He turned off toward his own lines through our field, throwing a few at the gun as he went by. They returned the compliment, of course, with neither side scoring.

This piece of excitement, however, played second to the big news of the day. The Squadron was sending an observing group to the Isle of Capri and we were going with it!

Major Wetterer, Captain Ludlum, and Lt.



Moncada had conferred with Captain Kinzebach (in the ditch) and the deal was set. By night we knew that we were to go the following morning, and the station was knocked down and stowed on the jeep trailer.

The next day we played the old familiar Army game—"Hurry up and wait." We were up at first light for a quick breakfast, then drove in convoy to the Squadron headquarters, where we stood by for an hour.

We ourselves had pulled in next to Captain Ludlum's station to return some equipment. The other vans, with their trailers, stayed on the road, and were half-heartedly strafed by a high-flying Jerry fighter-bomber. Again, no hits.

Just before noon we all moved to the beach. We dispersed the vehicles in a field next to the tobacco shed where we had de-waterproofed them on arriving. Here we

waited again—close enough to the bay to get in a little swimming—and in the afternoon most of the Squadron's vans loaded on an LCT and pulled away. Weather was left behind for the next trip, except for an advance party of one—Martinson.

Our personal things had been dumped on the beach itself. Most of us slept there, keeping in constant touch with the control tent in case our boat should return in the night. But it wasn't back until the following morning, September 18th.

We were a short load and got aboard quickly. For an hour or so we lay out alongside of the control ship. Then, feeling lonely with one little PT boat as an escort, we moved slowly through the harbor traffic and up the rugged Italian coastline in the sun.

We had been on the beachhead one week to the day.





RMK & MOTHER



G R BELL

DAD

BIG BEND WHEAT RANCH

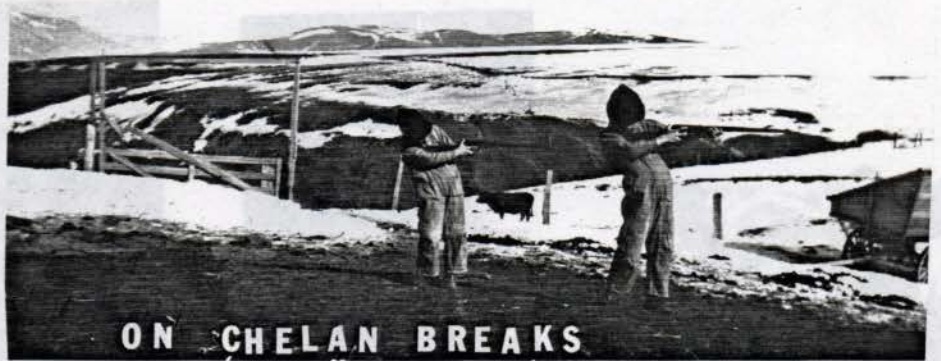
## Oscar W. Kinzebach, Owner of Big Bend's First Flour Mill, Dies

Oscar Wellington Kinzebach, 81, 417 Malaga street died Friday afternoon at a local rest home after an illness of six months. He was born March 31, 1861 at Barnes City, Iowa, married to Anna Rynerson in 1884 and moved to Gaylord, Kansas, where he resided until 1889.

He came to Waterville that year, where he operated the first flour mill in Douglas county. Later he moved to Bridgeport and Chelan Falls. In 1907 he moved to Wenatchee and for several years operated the Wenatchee Milling Co., later working for the Beal Milling and Grain Co., and operated several orchards.

He was a member of the Calvary Independent church. He is survived by two sons, George Kinzebach of Waterville and Albert Kinzebach; one daughter, Mrs. Mary Duckett; two brothers, Will and John Kinzebach of Barnes City, Iowa; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Shiner and Mrs. Angie Snodgrass also of Barnes City, Iowa; ten grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from the Jones and Jones chapel at 2 p. m. Monday. Rev. F. E. Beatty will officiate and pallbearers will be Frank Casler, Jack Kyle, Wm. Baker, Frank Hajder, Charles Graham and Claude Watkins. Interment will be in Memorial Park cemetery.



ON CHELAN BREAKS



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MY FATHER U R

AWK



# EARLY HIKES 1920'S & 1930'S

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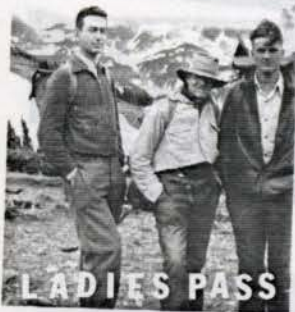


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MY FATHER & VIC. FISH



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American Legion Junior Rifle Club, Wenatchee, March 31, 1935

1930's



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1930's

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# Allen Alexander Leads N.C.W. Junior Riflemen

WSU 1930'S

E

## Has Perfect Score— Tourney at Show Ends Tonight

Allen Alexander of Wenatchee was leading North Central Washington junior small bore riflemen this evening as the youths of both sexes squared off for the last day of shooting in the district tourney.

The meet is being held in the basement of the Auditorium in conjunction with the Wenatchee Sportsmen's show.

Young Alexander had a perfect score of 100, the only "possible" to be fired so far in the tourney. Elma Kinzebach was high girl shooter with 97, while Bob Long led the tyros with 95.

The deadline was moved up to tonight when there were more shooters on hand last night than could fire. Any other marksmen under 19 years of age can still enter. All firing will cease at 8 o'clock, after which there will be exhibition firing.

Crowds have been gasping as Bob Kinzebach, who recently graduated from the local junior ranks, shoots cigarettes out of the mouth of Walter W. Belt, director of the local junior legion riflemen. Saturday night Kinzebach showed a new trick. A pint beer bottle was placed on its side, and the young sharpshooter put a bullet through the neck without touching and blew out the bottom.

Belt this morning explained that there is no need for anxiety about his health as he stands by the targets waiting for the ashes to be flicked from the cigarette by a bullet. "Kinzebach is never known to vary his shot more than a half inch," he said. "There is not the slightest danger."

A keen disappointment was suffered last week when Virginia Teague, crack girl shot of Cashmere, shot a 95 in competition. She has been averaging over 98 in all matches to date and just happened to have an off day when firing for record.



*Al Alexander  
Nov. 1942*



*WSU - 1940*







RMK

FERRY HALL



RMK

YO SEMITE

## Gets Scholarship



ROBERT KINZEBACH

A scholarship in meteorological training with all expenses paid at the University of California at Los Angeles has been granted to Robert Kinzebach, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kinzebach, of Wenatchee.

The grant was under joint sponsorship of the weather bureau and civil aeronautics administration training program. He will start school about July 1 and the course leads to a master degree in meteorology after one year. After completion he will be given a job with the Army or Navy, or Weather Bureau.

Bob graduated from Wenatchee high school and Washington State college where he got a B. S. degree this June. In addition to earning all his school expenses, he became a member of Alpha Zeta, national agricultural honorary, and was vice-president of the Forestry and Flying clubs. He was the first to complete the C. A. A. flying course last year, and now holds private pilot license.

May 1942

1940'S

## Taking to the Air



Two Wenatchee students at the State College of Washington are among the first to solo under the new civilian pilot training courses. They are Bob Kinzebach, in the cockpit of the plane and John Canutt, kneeling in front.

Jan, 1940

Bride-to-Be Is



## Air Corps Major



**ROBERT M. KINZEBACH**

Robert M. Kinzebach, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kinzebach, 734 Kittitas, recently received word from the war department of his promotion as of December, 1945, to the rank of major in the army of the United States.

Kinzebach was discharged from the army air corps in February this year after serving as a weather officer for three and one half years, thirty-one months of which were spent in Africa and Italy. He will retain his commission as major in the air corps reserve.

Kinzebach is a graduate of Wenatchee High school and Washington State college and has completed a post-graduate course in meteorology at the University of California at Los Angeles. He is now employed as meteorologist for Pan American Airways, Alaska, division, Seattle.

**To March Field**—Second Lieut. Maurice R. Kinzebach, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Kinzebach of 734 Kittitas St., has reported for duty at March field according to an announcement from base headquarters.

He attended the Wenatchee high school and Washington State college, class of '41, receiving his B. S. degree.



## R. M. Kinzebach In Italy Receives Apples From Home

Of the five apples Mrs. A. W. Kinzebach of 734 Kittitas street sent to her son, Capt. R. M. Kinzebach in Italy on September 3, four of them arrived in perfect condition after three months en route, according to a letter received by Mrs. Kinzebach.

In response to a "hint" in one of her son's letters that an apple from Wenatchee would be the next thing to a furlough home, Mrs. Kinzebach wrapped two Golden Delicious, two Red Delicious and one Jonathan in wax paper and packed them firmly with cotton batting in a box.

Capt. Kinzebach wrote his mother that he received the apples December 10 and four of them were perfect. He did not mention which one broke down.

A graduate of the Wenatchee high school and Washington State college, Kinzebach, in the army air corps, has been overseas a year. He participated in the African and Sicilian campaigns and is now in Italy.

## Truck Owners Rush to Get New Coupons



**ROBERT M. KINZEBACH**

## WHS Graduate Honored For Weather Work

Robert M. Kinzebach, chief forecaster at McChord Air Force Base, near Tacoma, was recently presented a certificate of service by Lt. Col. Jack H. Pelander, commander, 35th Weather Squadron. The certificate of service was presented in recognition of 10 years faithful federal service.

Kinzebach began his career in meteorology at the University of California in 1942, and has since practiced his profession exclusively in the Pacific Northwest, except during World War II when he served as a weather officer in Africa and Italy. Prior to his tenure at McChord, he served with the United States Weather Bureau at Seattle-Tacoma Airport.

Kinzebach is a graduate of the Wenatchee High School and the Washington State University, and holds a commission of lieutenant colonel in the active Air Force Reserves at McChord.

(Now Full Colonel)



# Spokane Daily Chronic

3 PAGES

SPOKANE, WASH., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1940.

PHONE 3

## HEARING REFUSED

*Group of Student Pilots at W. S. C. Have Already Learned to Solo*



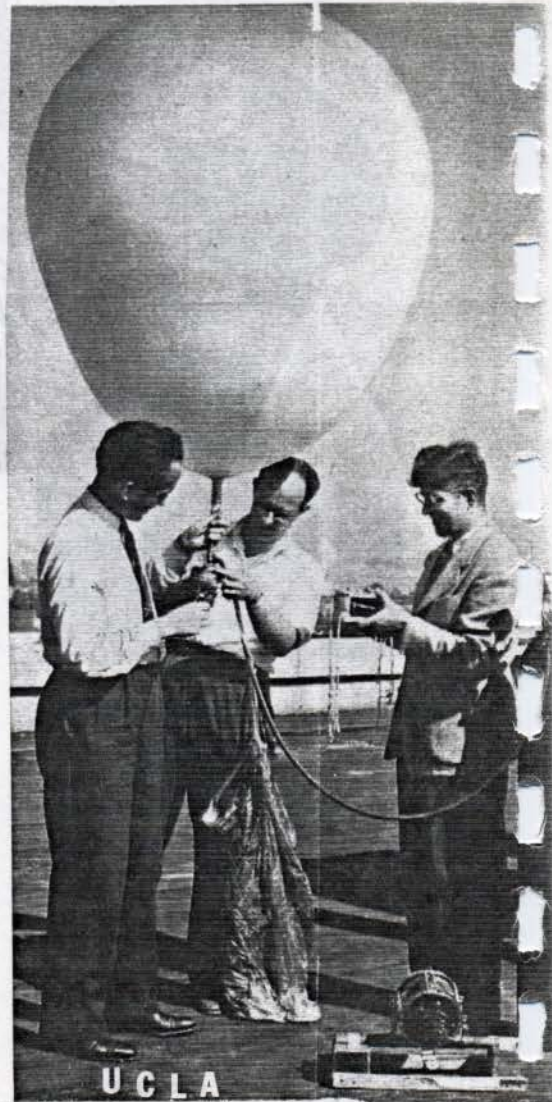
Who knows? Maybe there's another Lindbergh or Corrigan in this group. Anyway, if there is a Corrigan, he hasn't done any "backward" flying yet. To the contrary, these students have been going "forward" very rapidly, because they represent the first to solo in the government's student pilot training program at Washington State college. In the cockpit,

left to right, are Bob Kinzebach of Wenatchee and Bob Barton of Spokane, the No. 1 and 2 men to solo. In the foreground, left to right, are Dale Williams of Wapato, John Canutt of Wenatchee, Harry Cole Jr. of Pullman, Leonard Todd of Pullman, Ray O'Day Jr. of Birmingham, Ala., and Harry Yake of Spokane. Howard and Dan Smith, brothers from Kent, also soloed, but are not in the picture.

**BIRTH CONTROL  
CLINICS FAVORED**

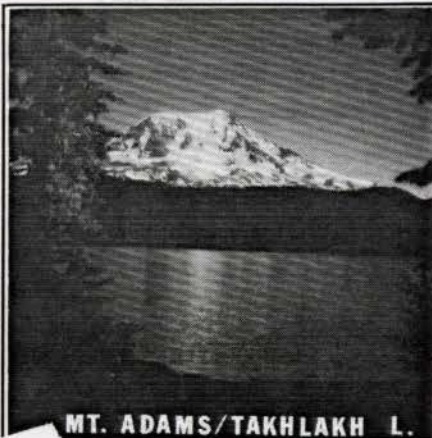
**New Russian Drive  
Repulsed by Finns**

**TURKS WILL SIGN  
GERMAN TREATY**

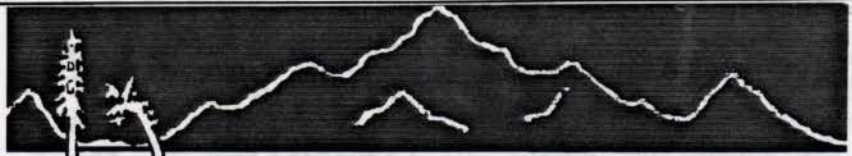


**SIXTY STUDENTS** are being trained as meteorologists for the Army, Navy and United States Weather Bureau by a staff of physicists at U.C.L.A. Here are Dr. Jakob Bjerk, Robert Fletcher and Dr. Joseph Kaplan sending up apparatus to test upper air. Aviation and mechanized war have increased use of meteorology ten-fold over World War I.

ROTOGRAV



**MT. ADAMS/TAKHLAKH L.**



*Be Sure  
WITH*

**Pic-TOUR  
GUIDE MAPS**

Pic-TOUR GUIDE MAPS, 29118 23rd Ave. S., Federal Way, WA 98003, PH: (206) 839-2564

Published by Mountaineering Publications, Federal Way, WA 98003



# OUTDOORS

The Wenatchee World, Sunday, October 22, 1989

## Pic-Tour of Enchantments has map, 144 photographs

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Just off the presses is an all new map, showing great detail and containing lots of photographs, of the Enchantment Lakes area.

Kinzebach calls his fold-out publications Pic-Tour Guide Maps. And for good reason. This latest pic-tour, with the map of the Enchantments, has 114 photographs of lakes and scenes in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area, most or all taken by Kinzebach, who spends a lot of time in the mountains.

Kinzebach is constantly updating his maps by taking as many as 100 trips into the mountains or back roads annually. Kinzebach was born in Waterville in Sept. 1915 and is a 1933 graduate of Wenatchee High School.

## ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS

PHOTO FROM MAP



ENCHANTMENT PEAK FR L. EARLE\* [See footnote]

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Pic-TOUR GUIDE MAPS, 29118 23rd Ave. South, Federal Way, WA 98003 (206) 839-2564

28. Alpine Lakes Wilderness featuring Enchantments Lakes & Vicinity--1-5/8 inch/mile Topographic map of Enchantments/Eightmile Lake Area, 6 Aerial/107 senic photos, Road Approach map-WX--1989.

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83. COLCHUCK LAKE FR UPPER ENCHANTMENTS



86. LAKE EARLE/ENCHANTMENT PK (SPRING)



89. SNOW LAKES/WEDGE MTN FR ENCHANT'S



92. UPPER SNOW LAKE/McCLELLAN PK



## My First Trip to the Enchantments

by Robert M. Kinzebach (owner Pic-Tour Guide Maps)

Now that the Enchantments near Leavenworth, WA are being overrun by the multitudes, making the area famous, it seems necessary to scribble a few facts about early history before historians make up their own story that may be mostly imagination.

The person or persons discovering this magnificent plateau of jewel-like lakes and grand peaks, said to be overlooked by early surveyors, may never be known; however acknowledgment of a few names and events of earlier times might be in order to head off probable fictional remarks.

A few climbers frequented the area (also known as the Cashmere Crags) in the late 1940's. One of my fishing partners, H.M. Stellingwerf of Wenatchee told me of his trip from Mountaineer Cr. over Cannon Mtn. about 1949. From this I decided to take a solo trip via Snow Cr. in 1950 but made the mistake of going up the cliffs on the right side of upper Snow Lake and had to give up about midpoint. I returned on August 15, 1951 and found it relatively easy to proceed along the left side and through the lower Enchantments over a pass to Rat Lakes (Shield, Earle & Mesa). I returned via Nada Lake Falls using a frayed fixed rope at the falls that two climbers I met on the lower trail told me about (on later trips the rope was gone, but a narrow ledge was located on the left side of the falls that was passable). Most later trips (11) were via the shorter Nada Lake Falls route, once with Bill Branin of Wenatchee, now in his 90's. One or two persons have died in this area, hence it should be considered only as an alternate route. The trail was rejoined at Nada Lake and the car was reached at 6:00 p.m. — total 10 trail miles, about 5 cross country.

Later a few trips were taken via Toketie Lake about 1-1/2 miles cross country from just below the upper (2nd) switchbacks. As a side note, once coming out via Toketie I had no food left and felt weak. I found a half full bottle of syrup left by campers that reminded me of a Popeye cartoon. My arms and legs gained immediate strength as I downed a few swigs. I made it over the edge to the trail without further difficulty thanks to someone. That may have been the same day that I had to alternately back down the trail to rest my wobbly legs.

On October 4th, 1952, while getting fall photos, shadows were lengthening at the Enchantments. I wondered if I would make it to the car before dark but luck was with me again. Upper Snow Lake had been partly drained and I dropped down to the north side (where I was stranded in 1950) and walked in the loose ground along the shoreline. I stopped once to field strip my flashlight that didn't want to work, but luckily did, as it was dark at about Nada Lake.

I camped at Colchuck Lake with H.M. Stellingwerf on Aug. 7, 1952. We climbed the pass to the Upper Enchantments and as far as Crystal Lake before being driven out by a quick-forming thunderstorm that lasted past midnight after returning to camp at Colchuck. We left early that morning. The route to the pass was later dubbed the Death Route to the Enchantments. We thought it was a piece of cake. The Nada Falls route is more potentially dangerous, but is easy if one is careful.

I also camped twice at Nada Lake on July 21, 22 & June 22, 23, 1953, the latter to Earle Lake where there was plenty of snow but no problem. Another time, Sept. 4 & 5, 1954, climbing the falls route with two companions (H.M. Stellingwerf and Henry Garke of Wenatchee) we caught up with some East Wenatchee folks. We joined up and camped between Earle and

Mesa Lakes with a large bonfire; and after exploring Cannon Mtn. had great fun fishing Toketie Lake on the way out next day, passing my private swimming pond on the ridge above Mesa Lake. I had seen several mountain goats while exploring and a coyote running across a side hill snowfield — also, fresh deer tracks in the white sand at Shield Lake. On all trips from 1951 to 1954 no other persons were encountered on the Enchantment Plateau. Contrast that with today's crowd and permit system. It is not likely that anyone else will ever have it as good as I did because the permit system of alternate years would make it necessary for any one person to go twenty-five years or more to accomplish what was done in just four years.

Besides great memories, I have garnered several hundred 3-D color slides (some shown in this write up and on Pic-Tour Guide maps in black & white). Articles about my Enchantment adventures were printed in the *Wenatchee World* in 1975 and *Signpost* in 1979 in which I predicted the hordes that would likely follow.

It has been fun. Sorry you may not find it the same today. Pic-Tour has maps out for the area, one that covers it so well you don't really have to go.

Following is my description of the lower lakes written in 1951. (August, 1951).

*"Enchantment Lakes are oriented in a west-to-east direction and are situated in a small, glacier-filled basin. The lakes, except for the most easterly, which is located on a small shelf apart from the others, are located one slightly above the other with the inter-connecting streams cascading between them, tunneling through snow and pouring down rocky gorges. The outlet of the lower lake spills out over the cliff in the direction of Snow Lakes.*

*"Two are quite deep, as indicated by the dark blue color of the water; the one on the bench is shallow, and the others are shallow but deep in places. One, on its shallow end, has the beginning of a small meadow protected on its remaining side by rolling rock slopes. The upper lake is almost completely surrounded by glaciers, but the two just below are bounded only on their upper sides. All have open shorelines with a scattering of alpine flowers and patches of heather and alpine larch strategically located so as to impart a warming and spring-like atmosphere upon what otherwise might have been nothing but a barren combination of rock, snow and water. There is no question but what the lakes were aptly named."*

Summary of trips (from map photo)

\*Historical note - Timed self-photo (RMK), Sept. 3, 1952, solo one day trip via Nada Cr. falls (limit of CT Lake Earle, visited Coney - only person in entire area.) First trip Aug. 15, 1951, solo via Snow Lake, return Nada Cr. falls route same day (article *Wenatchee World*, May 21, 1975.) Others (all but one via Nada falls or Toketie Lake): 1952-July 7, July 21, 22, Aug. 6, 7 (via Colchuck Lake), Oct. 4 (fall color); 1953-June 22, 23 (lakes mostly frozen over), Sept. 8; 1954-July 18, Aug. 8, Sept. 4, 5. Robert M. Kinzebach Pic-Tour Guide Maps, January 6, 1993. 29118 23rd Ave. S., Federal Way WA 98003, 206-839-2564.



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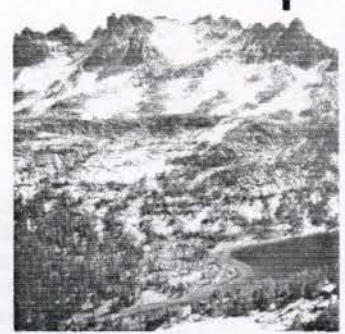
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92. UPPER SNOW LAKE/McCLELLAN PK



K



WW 2 / 1940'S





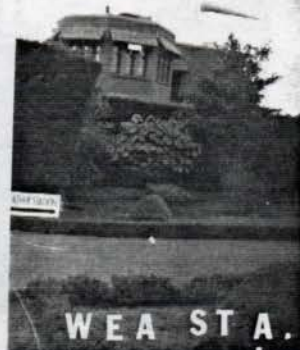


WW 2

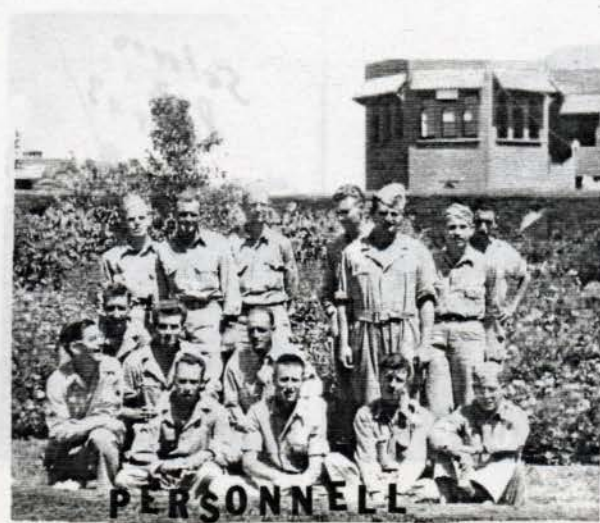




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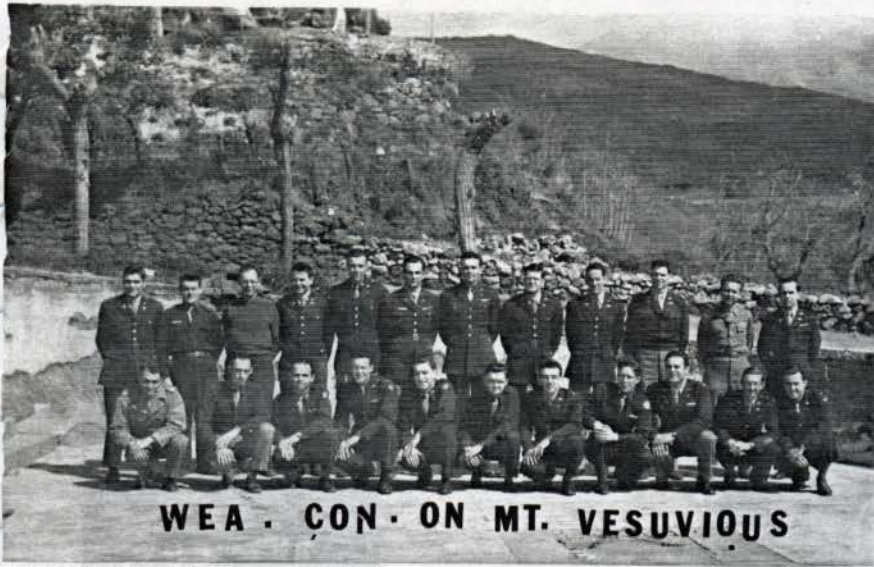
WW 2 / 1940'S





WW 2

M



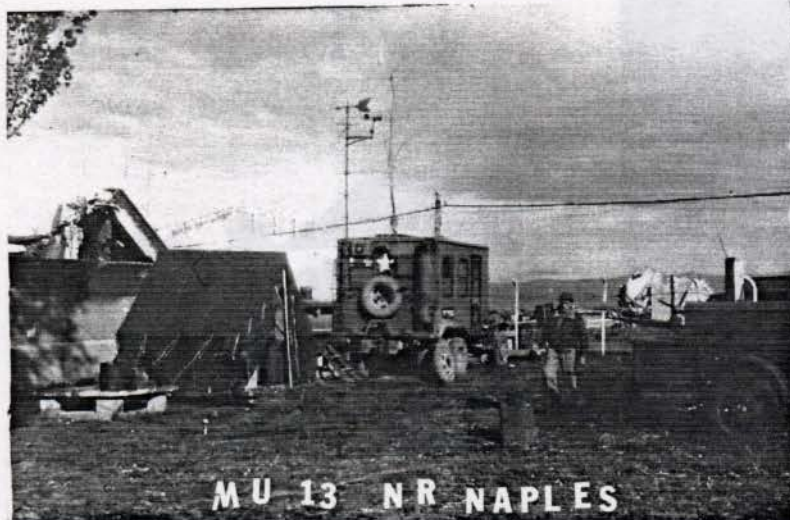
# **ROBERT M. KINZEBACH (50 YR REUNION WSU)**

29118 23rd Avenue South, Federal Way, WA 98003; 206-839-2564; BS Forestry; Ferry Hall.

Robert is retired/self employed (hiking map business since 1976 and also mountaineering publications). Last occupation: Civilian weather forecaster (GS 11 & 1 at McChord AFB, WA for 18 years, several as Chief Forecaster. He also published Pacific NW local weather studies. After graduating in 1941, due to participation in the WSU Civilian Pilot Training Program (first to solo in program - 1940), was provided with meteorological training at UCLA, then given a direct commission as 2nd Lt. Weather Officer at March Field, CA, and soon went overseas on convoy to Casablanca in charge of a USAF weather detachment (Mobile and Base) in North Africa and Italy for over three years. At the end of all hostilities WWII, took up again as weather forecaster PAA Airlines and NWS (Weather Bureau): then resigned after transfer to Anchorage, AK, soon followed by a total of 18 years at McChord AFB, WA. He stayed in the USAF active reserves until 1975, beginning with a rank of Major and reaching the rank of full Colonel at retirement. When in the service, he was awarded 14 Battle Stars and a couple of USAF Unit Citations, and at McChord AFB, a civil service length of service award. Robert has numerous hobbies - hiking, flying, photography, skiing, showshoeing -- seeing the sights in North Africa and Italy (Vatican, etc.) on a paid tour, but not without its drawbacks. Robert and his wife, Olga Maria (now legally separated) have four children: Catherine, 45; James 44; Marcia, 43; and Wayne 34; and four grandchildren: Scott, 25; Anna Marie, 23; Roger, 22, and Tessa, 13. "I REMEMBER on a Sunday morning, at the Pullman/Moscow







MU 13 NR NAPLES

WW 2



THE BOYS

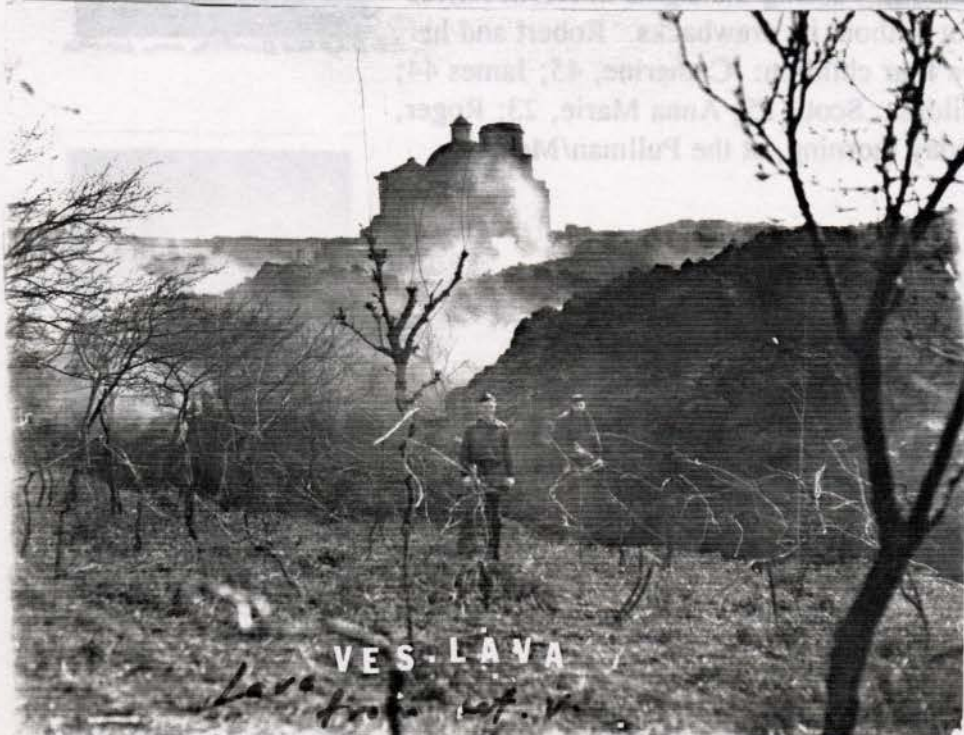


VESUVIUS

*Mt Vesuvius, Italy approx Sept, 1944*



VES.



VES. LAVA

*Lava flow Sept. 44*



NEWLYWEDS

*on 10/2/44*



*At Castelluccio, prob 1941.  
Mobile Unit #14*



RK

LT E

CREW AT CASTELLUCCIO



226

Leaving for U.S.

END W W 2



BACK HOME  
RK



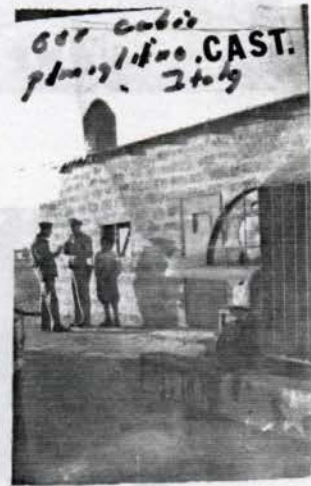
SQUARE L. CABIN



WIB

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SO L CAB.



COL K

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DR J. BJERKNES

WEA RES TNG  
UCLA



RMK





HOME



1ST BORN KAY



SWAP MEET

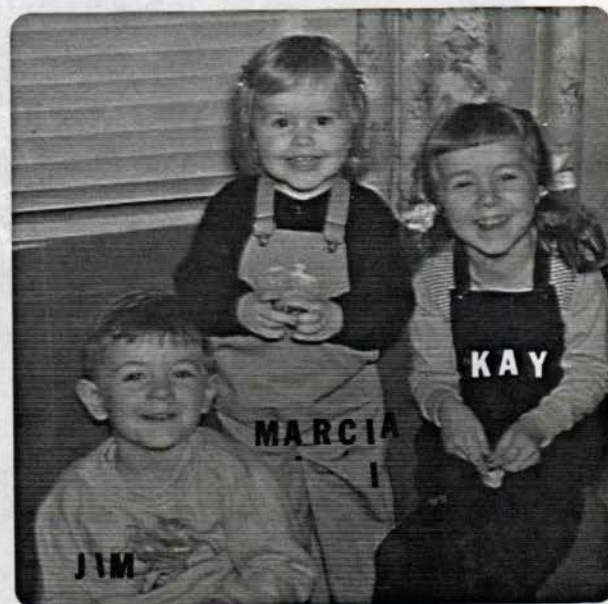


KAY

HOME  
1940 TO  
1990's



SEA TAC



MARCIA

KAY

JIM





CIVILIAN



RK



BIG SNOW 1950



SADDLE ROCK



WEV 1933

RNK-S PY SADDLE P



BRUCE K W7BAO



BOB K.



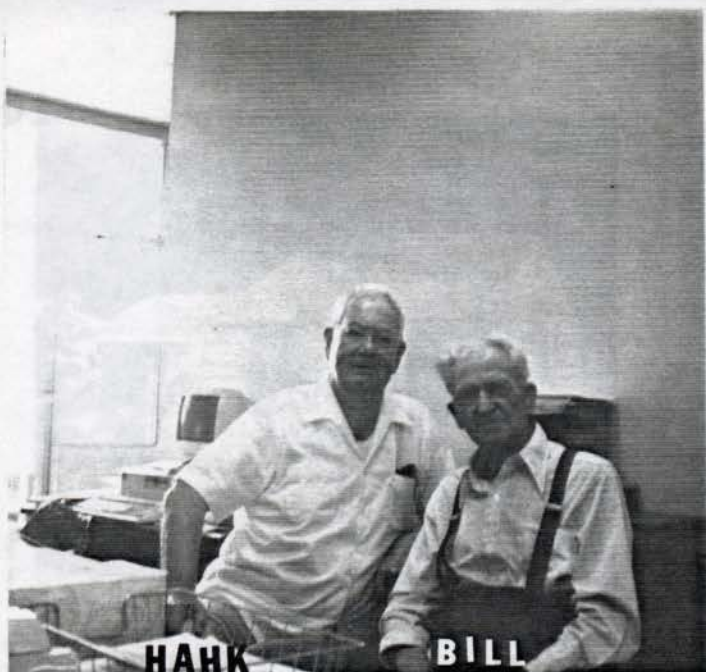
LYDIA BILL



RK

SWAP MEET





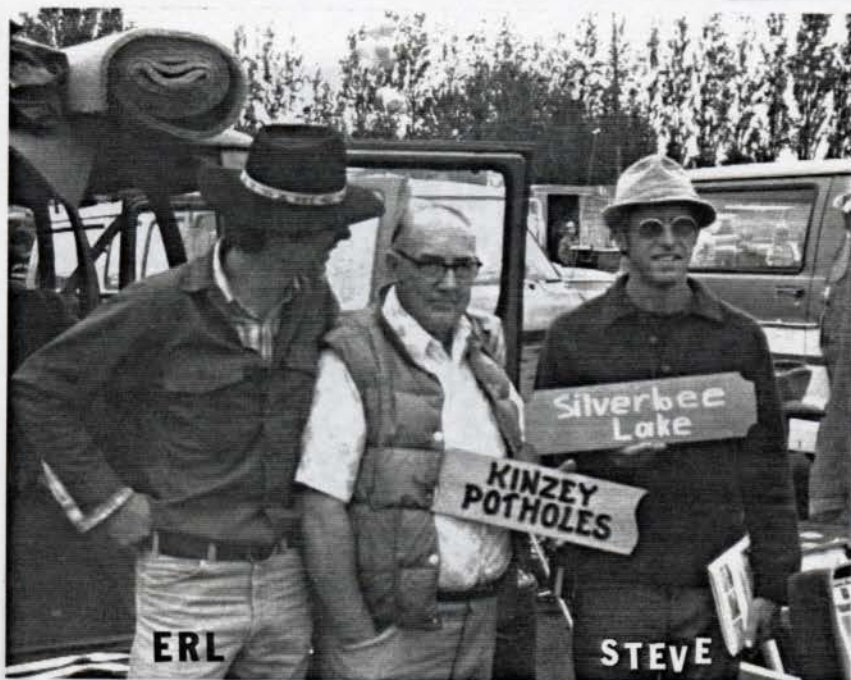
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BILL



WEN.

OLD FLOUR MILL



ERL

STEVE



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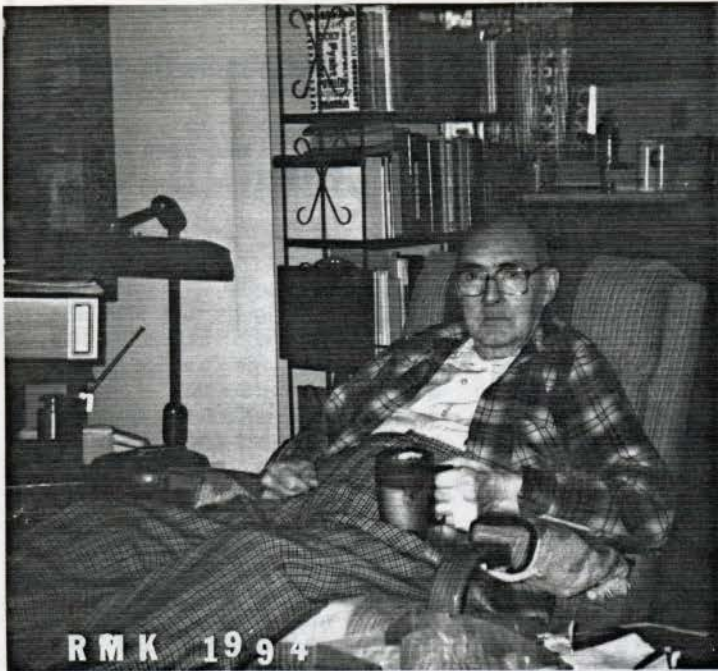


PIC-TOUR

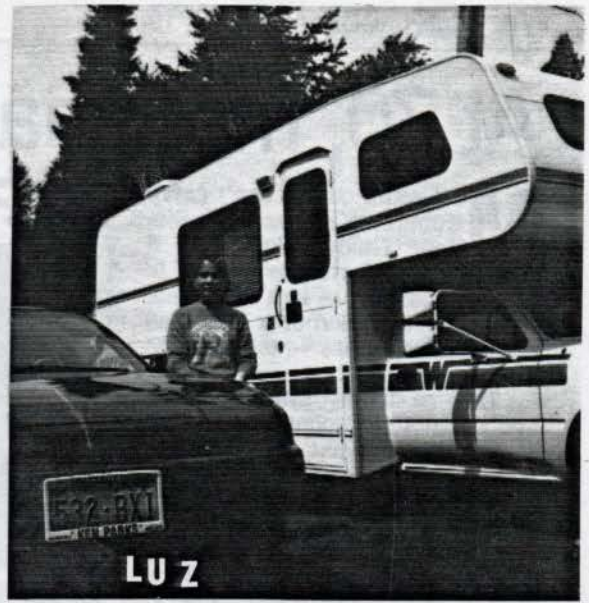


FAMILY

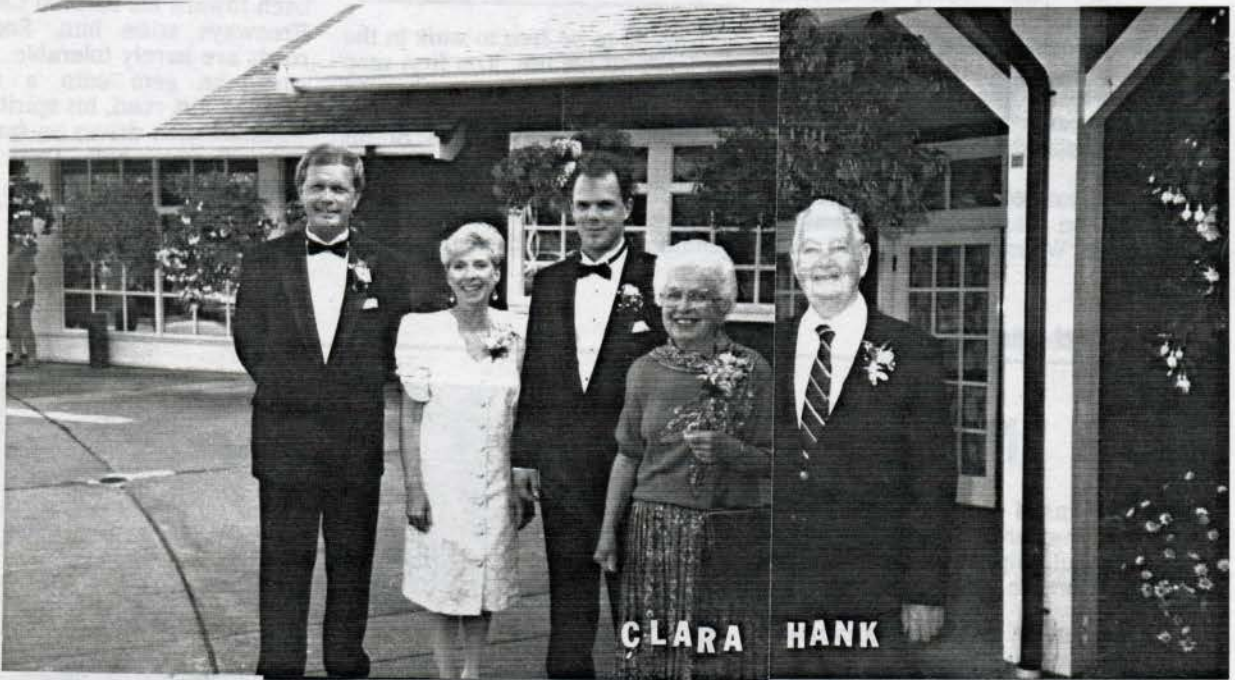




RMK 1994



LUZ

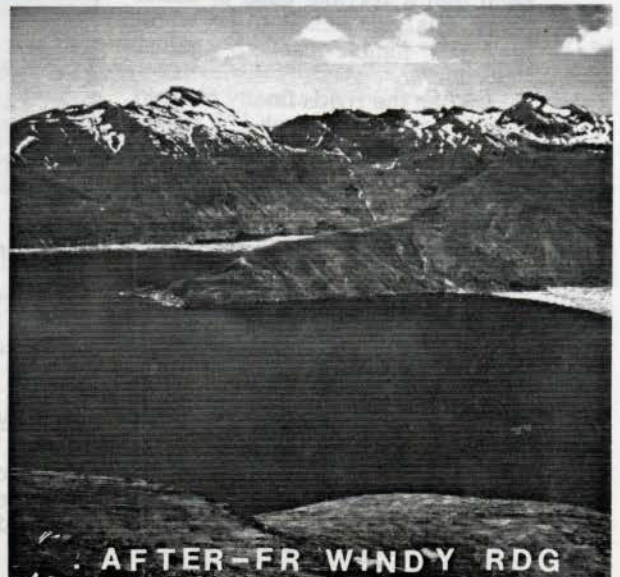


CLARA HANK



AFTER ST. HEL--SPIRIT L.

BEFORE - MAY 18 1980



AFTER-FR WINDY RDG



# At 70, map-maker is still charting t

**M**ost retail outlets don't carry Robert Kinzebach's Pic-Tour Guide Maps. But if you should be fortunate enough to come across one — in a mountain-pass service station or a backroad mom-and-pop store — take a good look.

They're distinguished by aerial and mountaintop photographs that show exactly what you will see from a specific spot marked on the map. They also are remarkably up to date on logging-road numbers.

You can trust the elevations, too, because Kinzebach — altimeter in hand — personally checks them.

This past year, Kinzebach drove more than 20,000 miles and hiked more than 630 miles to add to a his map inventory (already up to 19). He did it at an age — 70 — when most men talk about the outdoors in the past tense.

**Kinzebach says he realized,** when he was delivering newspapers in Wenatchee as a boy, that

## DUNC'S PEOPLE



**DON DUNCAN**

Times Sunday columnist

he wanted to be free to walk in the outdoors all his life. The first map came a few years later when he drew — in pencil, on butcher paper — a topographical sketch of his favorite hiking area near Leavenworth.

Even when he was trapped behind a desk, as chief meteorolo-

gist at McChord Air Force Base, Colonel Kinzebach still felt a sense of freedom, "because I was dealing with the clouds, the rain, the snow and the sun that make this such a wonderful area for people who love the outdoors."

Kinzebach wears hiking boots, heavy plaid shirts and all-weather pants when he's tramping around the cluttered Federal Way home in which he lays out his maps.

That, he says, is so he can be ready to throw together a sack lunch, fill his briefcase with maps to sell and be off, within 15 minutes, "to wherever the spirit moves me."

The spirit usually moves Kinzebach toward his beloved Cascades. Freeways stifle him. Secondary roads are barely tolerable. Ah, but when he gets onto a narrow, winding dirt road, his spirit soars.

Kinzebach drives as far as the car will carry him. Then he gets out and hikes — wide-eyed, excited as a boy — hoping he'll eventually come over the brow of a hill and

## Little Post-Intelligencer

# he trails

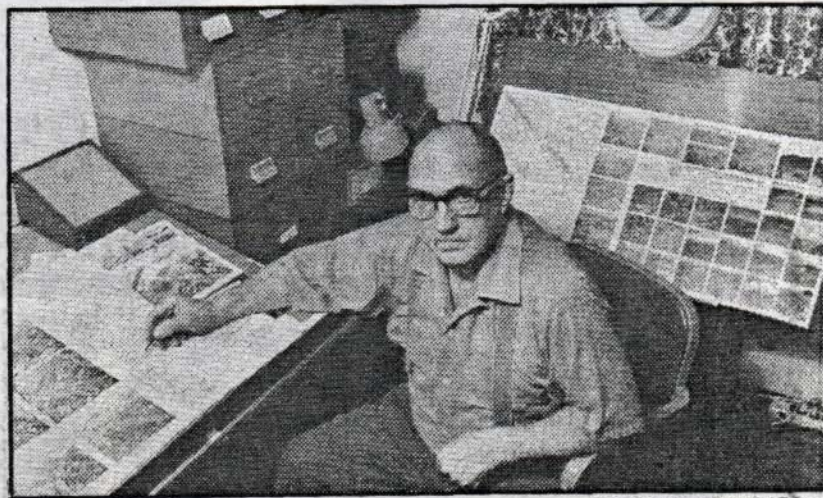
find himself looking down on the most wonderful surprise of all, "a beautiful alpine lake, that not many people know about."

**During the unseasonably** heavy November snows, Kinzebach had a terrible case of cabin fever. His legs ached to be walking. His lungs rebelled against "city air."

"When the roads finally cleared a bit," says Kinzebach, "I called my friend, Ken (Glanzer) and said, 'Hey, you want to go out walking with me?' He did. So we took off."

"But if he hadn't wanted to go, that would have been all right. I never feel lonely when I'm on the trail. There's too much to see and do. At 70, my legs are as good as hey were 30 years ago. On real steep hills, I may puff a little, though."

The trip Kinzebach took with his friend, Ken, is in the journal as 'Trip No. 131, from Radar Dome to West Twin Creek, near the greenwater. 88.9 miles of driv-



Roy Scully / Seattle Times

**Robert Kinzebach, a former meteorologist, is surrounded by the maps and files he uses in his work.**

ing... 4 miles of hiking. Altitude 2,350." There are lots of other notes, too, that only he can translate for mapping purposes.

For all his free-spiritedness, Kinzebach is an orderly man, always on time. When he heard that some logging roads were being renumbered in an area he had mapped, he immediately got the

list of new numbers to update his maps.

Only one problem. He was so fast, the maps were published before some of the new signs had been put up.

Nothing, he says, can beat a Kinzebach map (\$2.50 to \$3) for timeliness.



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## An Objective Method of Forecasting the Occurrence of Low Clouds in the McChord-Seattle Area During the Summer Months

MAJOR R. M. KINZEBACH, USAFR \*

*McChord AFB, Tacoma, Washington*

### ABSTRACT

This paper presents an objective method of forecasting advective stratus and other low clouds during the summer months in the McChord-Seattle area. A relationship is shown between the 1630P pressure at North Bend, Oregon and Seattle, Washington, and the inland movement of stratus and the occurrence of other low clouds. Higher 1630P pressure at North Bend, beginning at a critical positive difference, favors the occurrence of low clouds the following day; higher 1630P pressure at Seattle, at a critical negative difference, favors clear skies or fog formation, with higher values reaching 100% verification.

### INTRODUCTION

**D**URING the summer months, with the Pacific high-cell forcing a majority of frontal systems into more northerly latitudes, forecasting along the west coasts of Oregon and Washington becomes more of a local problem, and predicting the onshore movement or advection of coastal stratus assumes a major role.

Aircraft operations, military and commercial, are influenced by these low clouds, both from the standpoint of maintaining definite schedules and safety of operation. Activities of private pilots are curtailed since ceilings associated with the stratus are, in most cases, below visual-flight-rule minimums until mid-day or later.

The average person is affected directly by the great change of temperature from day to day. A day at the beach planned when the temperature is 90° may have to be changed because the temperature that day doesn't climb to over 65° [1] perhaps with clouds remaining the whole day.

On the other hand, the stratus does have some beneficial aspects. During the summer months forest-protection agencies are concerned mainly with the prevention and suppression of forest fires. A rise in humidity to a height sometimes of 3000 to 4000 feet by the inland movement of coastal stratus has an immediate effect on the condition of the forests. This rise in humidity indirectly causes a lowering of the fire-danger rating, and directly assists in the suppression of fires already in progress. A timely forecast of humidity conditions makes possible more effective planning and better utilization of personnel.

Most stratus studies of coastal Washington are

in agreement [2] [3] [4]. Those concerned with forecasting the occurrence of stratus during the summer months agree that its movement into the interior valleys of western Washington is related to the northward progress of the California thermal Low into the interiors of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia.

On or about the third day of warm weather in western Washington, the thermal Low has perhaps pushed through southern British Columbia to join a Pacific Low system. This leaves a ridge of high pressure off the Washington coast in a position to force stratus inland. Pressures begin rising over western Oregon and falling over British Columbia, and stratus begins its onshore movement.

This so-called southwest stratus is observed first in coastal California from where it gradually works northward along the Oregon-Washington coasts.

The stratus, when conditions are favorable for movement inland, follows a course up the Columbia River and Chehalis River valleys, showing first at Hoquiam or Astoria and later reaching the McChord-Seattle area. Stratus often persists all of the first day of occurrence, but tends to diminish each day thereafter. On other days the inland movement of stratus is halted at Hoquiam and Astoria.

On some occasions stratus [3] moves into the McChord-Seattle area through the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Lake Washington stratus [5] is more local, affecting only the Seattle area. This stratus is formed under conditions of northeast flow when the air flow over Lake Washington reaches a critical temperature.

\* Present address: 1400 South Josephine Ave., Denver 10, Col.

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# Here's how to forecc

By HILL WILLIAMS  
Science Editor

The dramatic change in weather last Saturday night, which caught many boaters and campers by surprise, was a wet reminder that the season is approaching for the Kinzebach method of do-it-yourself weather forecasting.

Actually, there was no great reason for surprise at the weather change. The National Weather Service was predicting one, although not such a quick one as actually occurred. But many people, probably lulled by the long string of warm days, ignored the warning.

**AS YOU RECALL**, a rapid surge of marine air brought clouds, turbulent winds, rain and even scattered thunderstorms Saturday night

It was precisely the kind of an on-shore push of ocean air that the Kinzebach method is designed to predict, and that often ends summer hot spells in Seattle.

The method is based on comparing barometric pressure at North Bend, Ore., with that at Seattle-Tacoma Airport. If coastal (North Bend) pressure is higher, cool moist air can be expected to push inland. If pressure at Sea-Tac is higher, the flow can be expected to be the other way, from land to ocean, tending toward clear weather and a continuation of warm temperatures.

The Kinzebach method, and others similar to it, have been used by Weather Service and commercial forecasters for years as a quick

way of forecasting the end of summer hot spells in Seattle, exactly what happened last weekend.

**THE METHOD WORKS** best in the summer season, perhaps from mid-May through September, when the major storms that scramble on-shore-offshore air flow are infrequent.

Robert M. Kinzebach of Federal Way, the retired weather forecaster who devised the method some 20 years ago, was keeping track of the North Bend-Sea-Tac pressure differential last week. Pressure at Sea-Tac had been a little higher for several days, causing the flow of air from land to ocean.

But Saturday, even though Seattle was still sunny and warm, the dif-

## st weather yourself

ferential changed, with North Bend registering 5 millibars higher pressure than Sea-Tac.

Sure enough, about 7 or 8 p.m., clouds, rain and winds arrived over much of the Puget Sound area, ending 1976's first touch of summer.

The pressures can be obtained from the 24-hour Weather Service broadcast on Radio Weather KHB-60, 162.55 megahertz on the public-service band.

Kinzebach uses the 2 p.m. pressure readings from both North Bend and Sea-Tac which are repeated on the program until about 5:30 p.m. when it is updated.

**PRESSURE IS GIVEN** on the program in millibars. If North Bend's pressure is four or five mil-

libars higher than Sea-Tac's, clouds are almost inevitable at Seattle, persisting until late afternoon or sometimes all night. If there has been a warm spell, it's pretty sure to end.

If the pressure at the two stations is nearly equal, say within 1 millibar of each other, Kinzebach figures there's about a 50 per. cent chance of morning clouds which usually will clear by noon.

But when Sea-Tac's pressure climbs to two or more millibars above the North Bend pressure, you can generally expect clear weather, north or northeast winds and drying conditions. If the weather has been warm and sunny, it will likely continue.

Kinzebach can't explain why the

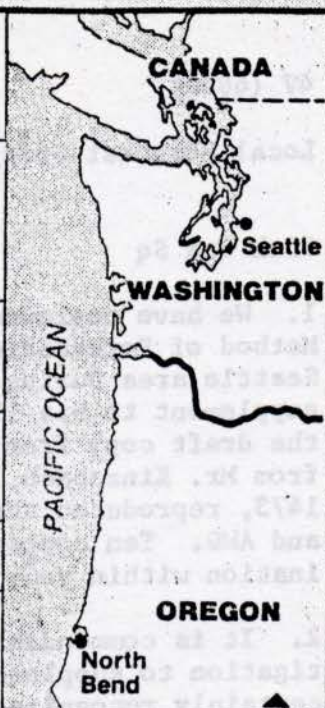
system works with those two stations.

Years ago, when he was looking for such a combination, he combed the records comparing past pressures at various stations with what weather actually resulted. Pressure differences between North Bend, on Coos Bay, and Seattle-Tacoma, turned out to be best correlated with movement of air masses on or off shore.

A chart showing how to use the pressure differential, along with more detailed information, is included in a new photograph-map series of the Alpine Lakes region, produced by Kinzebach. The four maps include aerial and ground photographs of the area. They are available in some bookstores.



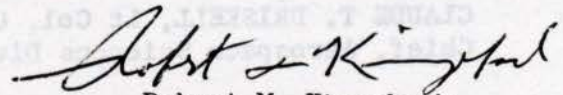
**Do-it-yourself forecast**

The 2 p.m. North Bend, Ore., pressure reading minus the 2 p.m. reading for Sea-Tac, both in millibars.	Probability of low clouds and/or a break in a hot spell in the next 24 hours.	Expected weather	
+4 or over	83% to 92%	Clouds could occur by late afternoon and wouldn't break up at least until the next afternoon. Temperatures cool. Southerly winds. Occasionally showers.	
+2 to +4	67% to 82%	Clouds occurring near midnight should break up by midday. Cool. Southerly winds. Little chance of rain.	
+1 to +2	52% to 66%	If clouds occur at all, they should break up by late morning. Light winds. No rain likely.	
+1 to -1	29% to 51%	Mostly clear skies. Occasionally fog.	
-1 and below	10% to 28%	Clear skies. Temperatures warm to hot and sometimes dry due to north-northeast winds. Rarely, fog or low clouds from Sound.	

Hill Williams, Science Editor--

Now the the NWS has forecast several days of hot weather, there is a 90% probability that someone will become complacent and miss forecasting advection of maritime clouds--if with a strong gradient, it may come in with a bang.

8/7/86



Robert M. Kinzebach  
29118 23rd Ave. South  
Federal Way, WA 98003  
OH: 839-2564

Bob:

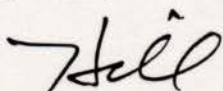
You were right, as per the enclosed. I also enclose my Monday story in case you didn't see it.

I had hoped that a story I wrote about ~~xxx~~ the do-it-yourself Kinzebach system would run with this story, but it didn't. I will continue trying to get it in before the summer season ends. And if I don't, there is always next summer.

One of my friends here tells me that Chuck Weise (spelling?) of Channel 5 was correctly predicting the marine push at about 5 p.m. Saturday. But the Weather Service forecast in the Sunday paper, which was put together by the NWS Saturday night, was still calling for temps in the 80s.

I appreciate your keeping me in mind with your ideas.

best regards,





X

4V (6868)

5 Jul 1967

Local Forecast Study for McChord AFB, Washington

35th Wea Sq

1. We have reviewed Mr. Kinzebach's forecast study, "An Objective Method of Forecasting the Occurrence of Low Clouds in the McChord-Seattle area During the Summer Months" and consider it an excellent supplement to his 1953 study on summertime stratus. Since receiving the draft copy from Maj Long, we obtained masters for the diagrams from Mr. Kinzebach, retyped the complete study, completed a DD Form 1473, reproduced the study, and sent the necessary copies to ETAC and AWS. Ten copies are attached for your files and further dissemination within your squadron.

2. It is commendable that Mr. Kinzebach initiated such a fine investigation to supplement his previous study on summertime stratus. We certainly recognize the technical efforts expended on this forecast study and we want to thank Mr. Kinzebach for his valuable contributions to the detachment forecast study program.

FOR THE COMMANDER

Signed

CLAUDE T. DRISKELL, Lt Col, USAF  
Chief, Aerospace Sciences Division

~~1 Atch~~

~~McChord Fest Study (10 cys) (w/c appd  
Det.)~~

Cy to: Det 4, 35 Wea Sq

March 19, 1981

Dear Mr. Kinzebach:

Thank you for taking time to write to me about my broadcast of March 12. I always <sup>appreciate</sup> your comments, both positive and negative, about meteorology and how it is presented.

With your special background in onshore flow, I can understand your wanting to be sure the concept is always properly explained in the media.

KIRO Television

Broadcast House  
Third Avenue & Broad Street  
Seattle, Washington 98121  
(206) 624-7077

Yours truly,

*Harry Wappler*  
Harry Wappler



# Weathering

Y

## TELLTALE PRESSURES

There are many differences between Seattle and the small coastal city in Oregon, North Bend.

During the summer months, the most important difference — to weather forecasters, at least — is the difference in barometric air pressure between the two locations at 1 pm each day.

Robert M. Kinzebach, a retired Air Force and National Weather Service meteorologist, will go so far as to say that up to 60% of low-level cloudiness in the Puget Sound region during summer months can be

predicted by checking the pressure difference, as measured in millibars.

He believes that boaters and hikers — if they have FM radios with VHF capacities for picking up National Weather Service broadcasts — can learn to make their own reasonably accurate weather forecasts. (The millibar pressure readings at both locations, and at other sites in the Northwest, are broadcast continuously at 162.55 Mhz from stations in Seattle and Portland.)

Kinzebach first noted the importance of comparing barometric pressures at Seattle

and at North Bend, near Coos Bay, back in the early 1950s. Since then, he said, the comparison has become basic for summer forecasting in the Northwest.

The North Bend-Seattle comparison works best during the summer, Kinzebach said, because the readings are less frequently influenced by the succession of weather fronts moving in from the Pacific throughout the rest of the year. In summer, only one to three frontal systems per month will influence the readings. Generally, higher pressure recorded at North Bend than recorded 300 miles northeast at Seattle means that an onshore flow of marine air will bring afternoon and evening cloudiness to the Puget Sound area. Lower pressure at North Bend, however, means that an offshore flow will produce generally cloud-free days.

If the millibar pressure at Seattle is 1015, for example, and 1019 at North Bend, the plus-4 millibar difference will mean cool temperatures, cloudiness, winds from the west or south, and possible showers for Puget Sound.

If the pressure at Seattle is 1018 millibars, and at North Bend only 1015, the minus-3 millibar difference will probably mean higher temperatures, clear skies, and winds from the north to northeast.

If the barometric pressures at Seattle and North Bend are equal, or less than one millibar apart, there is "about 50% chance of cloudiness" from sunrise to midmorning, with high temperatures for the day between 75 and 90 degrees.

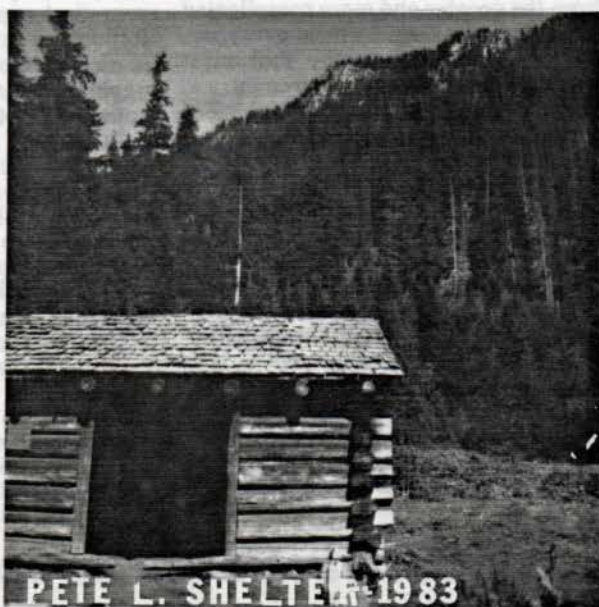
Kinzebach has produced a "Do-It-Yourself Weather Log and Forecast Chart" that would be of interest to anyone who tunes in the weather broadcasts on a regular basis.

He has also developed a photomap guide, "with summer weather hints," covering the Alpine Lakes area of the Cascades.

The radio log (\$2.50) and the photomap guide (\$2.95) can be purchased at Recreational Equipment Inc., the University of Washington bookstore, and Walden bookstores in the Seattle area, or directly from Kinzebach at 29118 23rd Ave. S., Federal Way, WA 98003.

FRANK J. ZORETICH

*Pacific Search*





# Safety Valve

## Let's reforest Federal Way

To the author of "Icicle editorials make me see red" — (Wenatchee World, Sept. 14) — Robert M. Kinzebach.

Congratulations. After due consideration, the area YOU work in has been selected by our group for a "let's bring the forest back to Federal Way project."

We hope that the average person and businessman realizes the potential impact of this; why the people on the west side of the mountains can have forest recreation at their fingertips. It will save the fuel it takes them to get to the Icicle. They can save Chelan County the cost of searching for them and rescuing them while they are enjoying the area. And, who knows — they may even help prevent crime — with the absence of cars at the Snow Lakes Trail take-off point, vandalism in the area can be curtailed. Also, with the travel time saved they can read The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, The 1967 Wilderness Act, The National Environmental Policy Act, The Multiple-Use Sustained Yield Act, and Forest Service Environmental Impact Statements and General Management Plans (to name a few) because they all affect national forests. They'll also appreciate the extra time to keep current with different proposals being submitted to Congress which threaten their livelihood and/or private property.

I don't know how much money you make, although I do know the management where you are employed makes more — I'm sure all you can afford are the essentials and the usual

old liquid refreshment. The recreationalist with vacation money, although he doesn't buy groceries year round, pay property taxes to support schools, bank in Leavenworth, support churches year round, etc., buys a variety of things so you can easily dispense with.

Mr. Kinzebach: YOU (to quote your article) YOU "change over to some sort of recreational job at a resort or as a packer for jobs that would soon become available." Would they? It would merely be a matter of changing occupations as a different occurs.

# The Wenatchee World

Established July 3, 1905

Wilfred R. Woods, Editor and Publisher  
Robert W. Woods, Editorial Page Editor

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1975

PAGE FOUR

## Recreation first in the Icicle

In response to Mr. Walter R. Water's letter titled "Let's Reforest Federal Way," The Wenatchee World, Sept. 17, 1975, I can only respond that it is only natural for a man to become alarmed when his security is threatened, and also not to want to be over-ridden by outsiders when he has a good thing going. Also, some persons have been known to throw up a smokescreen of self-righteousness in order to cover up the main issue involved.

In the case of the Icicle, the issue is not a personal one. Rather, it is a matter of determining the best use of property that is, by the forestry services own creed, a matter of multiple use of common natural forest resources, and the issue is, to repeat, whether a permanent recreational operation is to take second place to the short-range destruction of the Icicle by logging. Granted that some people will become casualties on either side, depending upon future events. Loggers may even become obsolete in some areas.

In reality, it boils down to which way will produce the greater number of casualties. I believe that more people will be hurt if the area is logged off, because choice forest recreational areas are of great necessity today, in addition to the monetary reasons previously described (Sept. 14), as an escape from the greater and more complicated life style being lived by most everyone.

I have found personally that when traveling the trails and cross-country in the mountains, it is difficult to think of anything other than what is immediately ahead. Consequently, there is no time available to think of past troubles. Though this may be of only temporary relief, it may possibly prevent or beat going to a "shrink" any day. Furthermore, almost all doctors agree that adequate exercise is essential to good health, and the trend today, especially among younger people, is to heed that advice. There is generally no air pollution and the air is cooler in the mountains, furnishing an escape from the former in Western Washington, and the latter in Eastern Washington. Out-

of-state tourists have increased every year, as reported by national park records, and this is because the Washington State mountains are one of the last refuges for the outdoor-minded citizen. Expensive gasoline and the rise in the general cost of living, has helped to promote local tourism to the extent that advance permission is required to enter some forest areas. Families tend to remain more intact due to joint outdoor family activities, and in spite of efforts to destroy it, is still considered the basic unit of civilization.

Personal interests are not as important when the national interest and future generations are affected half fully. I, along with millions had to take time out of our lives when WW II came along (in my case three years overseas), which required an adjustment in family life, unappreciated by many today, as is generally the case in all such activities.

Many of us are living on the coast because our occupation demands it, though we may prefer to live in our home town east of the Cascades. So, cheer up Mr. Waters, and take it easy on the cold, liquid refreshments. They won't solve the problem, only make it worse. And if you want to reforest Federal Way, it needs it and will be appreciated because loggers have been here, and, by doing so, it may prove your first experience at reforestation. Remember, the outdoor recreationist is also, in most cases, an honest, tax-paying citizen, even though he does come from the coastal regions. He helps bolster the economy of areas in eastern Washington like our Bavarian Village of Leavenworth and the Leavenworth-Chelan area, both enviable and beautiful places to live, adjacent to open Ponderosa pine forests, countless open-shored lakes, and almost daily sunshine, marred in the summertime only by an occasional thunderstorm.

Of course, you do have the final veto power, so to speak. If you and your associates do cut down all the trees, there is nothing that can be done about it for generations, if at all.

ROBERT M. KINZEBACH  
Federal Way

## Alpine Lakes Outdoors

Editor, The Times:

After reading several of the recent Times articles on

## McCormack's bill no compromise

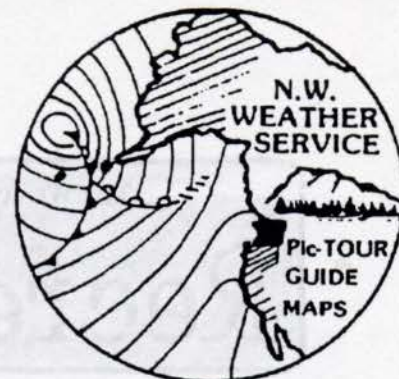
Last week Congressman Mike McCormack proposed what was amazingly called a "compromise" bill for

the Bavarian scenery? This bill includes construction of a road up to Creek. The Forest Service has already



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**Pic-TOUR MAPS 29118 23rd Avenue South Federal Way WA 98003 206-839-2564**

1. **Alpine Lakes—Enchantments.** Pg 1, aerial of Enchantments, 2 scenic. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Enchantment Plateau, Icicle Crk. Pg 4, aeriels of Mt Stuart & vicinity. Enchantment Lks, Snow Lks overlook. Pgs 5-7, 42 scenic photos. Pg 8, large color photo.
2. **Alpine Lakes—Snoqualmie Pass area.** Pg 1, aeriels of Snoqualmie Pass north, Rachel Lk area. Pg 2, area maps with road & trail updates. Pg 3, aeriels of Snoqualmie Pass south, Snow Lk area. Pg 4, aeriels of Pratt Lk area, Kaleetan Lk. Pgs 5-7, 46 scenic photos. Pg 8, photo.
3. **Greenwater, Naches Pass, Crystal Mtn.** Pg 1, area maps. Pg 2, aerial of Crystal Mtn area. Pg 3, aeriels of Crystal Mtn, PCT south. Pgs 4-6, 45 scenic photos.
4. **Alpine Lakes—Stevens Pass area.** Pg 1, aeriels of Stevens Pass. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Eagle Lk area, Foss River including Maloney & Evans Lks. Pg 4, aeriels of Foss River, Surprise Crk. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos. Pg 7-8, Ragged Ridge/ Spada Reservoir, May Cr/falls.
5. **White Pass, Goat Rocks, Rimrock Lake.** Pg 1, area maps. Pg 2, aeriels of Cowlitz Pass, N & S Forks Tieton, McCall Basin. Pg 3, aeriels of White Pass, PCT: Cougar Lks to Chinook Pass. Pg 4, aeriels of Sand Ridge, Tumac Mtn areas. Pgs 5-7, 45 scenic photos.
6. **Ross Lake, Pasayten—Winthrop, Okanogan.** Pg 1, area maps—Slate Pk to Canadian Border. Pg 2, area maps—Rainy Lk to Slate Peak. Pgs 3-6, 60 scenic photos. Pgs 7-8, large photos.
7. **Mountain Loop Highway, Monte Cristo.** Pg 1, aerial of Monte Cristo area. Pg 2, area maps. Pg 3, aeriels of Twin & Blanca Lks areas. Pg 4, aeriels of southern Monte Cristo. Pgs 5-7, 49 scenic photos.
8. **Mt. Baker, Shuksan, North Cascades Natl Park.** Pg 1, area map—Mt. Baker, Shuksan. Pg 2, area maps—The Pickets. Pg 3, aeriels of Ptarmigan Traverse, Snowking Mtn. Pg 4, aeriels of Mt Baker (Kulshan Cabin & Schriebers Meadow areas). Pg 5, more aeriels of Ptarmigan Traverse. Pg 6, 15 scenic photos. Pgs 7-8, photos (1 large).
9. **North Bend Area, Middle Fork Snoqualmie.** Pg 1, area maps—Middle Fork. Pg 2, area maps—Snoqualmie Lk area. Pg 3, aeriels of Derneck Lk & Preacher Mtn areas. Pg 4, aeriels of Nordrum Lk area. Pg 5, aeriels of Snoqualmie Lk & Gold Lk areas. Pgs 6-7, 30 scenic photos. Pg 8, large photo.
10. **Wenatchee Mountain, Columbia Basin.** Pg 1, Liberty area road update, 1 scenic photo. Pg 2, area maps—Mission Peak. Pg 3, area maps—Colockum Pass. Pg 4, aeriels of Mission Ridge ski area, Table Mtn area. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos. Pg 7, large photo.
11. **Easton, Cle Elum, Teanaway River.** Pg 1, area maps—N Fk Teanaway River. Pg 2, aeriels of Easton & Kachess Lks, Goat Peak. Pg 3, aeriels of Buck Mdws, Miller Peak, Mt Stuart area. Pg 4, Liberty area road update. Pgs 5-6, 30 scenic photos.
12. **Mt Rainier Natl Park.** Pg 1, 7 scenic photos, 2 aeriels of West Side. Pg 2, area maps—West Side road, Mt Wow. Pg 3, area maps—Golden Lks area. Pgs 4-6, 46 scenic photos. Pg 7, large photo.
13. **Icicle Creek, Chiwaukum Mtns, Nason Ridge.** Pg 1, area maps—Icicle Crk, Chiwaukum Mtns. Pg 2, area maps—Nason Ridge, aerial of Icicle Crk. Pg 3, aeriels of Chiwaukum Mtns. Pg 4, aeriels of Hatchery & Icicle Crks. Pgs 5-7, 45 scenic photos.
14. **Olympic Mtns West (Mt Olympus, Seven Lks Basin, Bailey Range Traverse).** Pg 1, area map & aerial—Seven Lks Basin, 1 scenic. Pg 2, approach routes Olympic Peninsula, 1 scenic. Pg 3, aeriels of Mt Olympus. Pg 4, aeriels of Bailey Range. Pg 5, aeriels of Bailey Range. Pg 6, area map—Mt Olympus & Bailey Range. Pg 7, 15 scenic photos. Pg 8, aeriels of Mt Seattle, Lk Constance, Grand Lk, Mt Anderson, Mt Olympus. Pg 9, large photo.
15. **Olympic Mountains East.**
16. **Glacier Pk/Entiat River/Lk Chelan.** Pg 1, USGS topo Lyman Lk, Lucerne, Ice Lks. Pg 2, b&w aerial Glacier Pk/Napeequa valley; 3 color photos of Glacier Pk. Pg 3, aeriels Lime Ridge/Sitkum climbing area. Pg 4, photos Lower Ice Lk/Schaefer Lk. Pg 5, photos Bonanza Pk/Lk Chelan. Pg 6, 15 photos. Pg 7, 10 photos, incl. Stehekin valley.
17. **Mt St Helens/Mt Adams (Indian Heaven Wilderness)/ Columbia Gorge/Mt Hood.** Pg 1: map, south half Mt St Helens; aerial photo north half. Pg 2, photos Mt St Helens before & after. Pg 3, aeriels Spirit Lk before & after. Pg 4, map south half Mt Adams/Indian Heaven Wilderness, aeriels Mt Adams/Indian Heaven. Pg 5, composite aerial both halves Mt Hood; photo Mt Adams. Pg 6, 10 scenic photos. Pg 7, photo.
18. **Heart of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, "West Side Enchantments"** (see individual page). Pg 1, index map, photo Chimney Rk. Pg 2, aeriels Chikamin Ridge to Chimney Rk. Pg 3, aerial Chimney Rk to Necklace Valley. Pg 4, Otter Lk to Lk Dorothy/Gold Lks. Pg 5, Necklace Valley to Deep Lk. Pg 6, Deep Lk to Jewel Lks. Pg 7, 3 aeriels, east/northeast slope Cascades. Pg 8, Mt Daniel, Mt Hinman, aerial/oblique. Pg 9, Necklace Valley to Foss Lks to Dorothy/Gold Lks. Pg 10, road & trail update, 1994. 37 scenic photos interspersed on aeriels.

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THE WENATCHEE WORLD

# Recreation 'Lost world'

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert M. Kinzebach is a retired meteorologist who lives in Federal Way. A native of Wenatchee, he graduated from Wenatchee High School in 1933 and from Washington State University in 1941.)

By ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

Everyone has visions of a Shangrila of one kind or another.

At one time it was thought that such a place existed in the Olympic Mountains in the form of a high, luxurious, sun-bey Valley, but the Seattle *Times* Press Expedition of 1890, taking several months, dispelled that dream.

But now, for the outdoorsman, there is a paradise on earth. A few years back, I visited such a location in the high Cascades, a place now called the Lost World Plateau. The plateau, about two to three miles square, at an elevation of 7,000 ft., contains several lakes, and is adjacent, thru a low pass, to another string of lakes called, appropriately, Enchantment Lakes. This complete area of a total of eighteen or more named lakes and ponds, was not even discovered by the first government survey party in the 1890's, the main reason perhaps being that all approaches are easily overlooked. The whole area is now known as Cashmere Craigs, including also the mountain peaks east of Snow Creek, although in earlier years, the upper area was called the Rat Lakes Area.

I have photographed most of the lakes in the Cascades, and have traveled some in the Olympics, but this region

stands out above all others. I know of no similar locality where there is a named mesa (Edward Mesa) at that elevation, that would look more at home in the desert.

The Lost World Plateau lies near the entrance to Icicle Creek near Leavenworth, and is bounded on the south side by Ingalls Creek, the west side by Mountaineer Creek, the north side by Icicle Creek, and the east side by Snow Creek, the easiest means of access. It has something for the geologist, the botanist, the hiker, the fisherman, and the mountain climber.

Most of the lakes were stocked at one time. Lake Earl always produced a limit of trout, sometimes taken from one spot. This may not be possible today. For mountain climbers, there are numerous peaks to climb, most of them named and classified according to degree of difficulty. Mountain goats and coyotes have been seen and photographed, and deer sign was in evidence.

During the summer the climate is dry and warm since the plateau is protected by the Cascades and resulting downslope drying action. I have been there when the clouds could be seen topping the surrounding mountains but had dissipated short of the plateau. Once in a while a thunderstorm may occur.

The plateau has such an unusual geologic formation that it appears possible there may be a rich ore deposit waiting for discovery. There is a story circulating around that in 1872 a man named Capt. Ingalls (note Ingalls Creek on south boundary) became separated from a scouting party while in the Mount Stuart area, and discovered, along with two

lakes nearby, a crescent-shaped lake loaded with gold. He made a sketch of the surrounding area, took some samples, and returned home, but died before he could return. In the meantime, in the same year, an earthquake occurred, the one that briefly blocked the Columbia River at Ribbon Cliff above Wenatchee, that probably changed the terrain.

I first visited the Enchantment Lakes area alone on August 15, 1951, a one day trip. I had been told that more than one day was required; and even today, the latest guide book concurs. However, since I was photographing mountain lakes and averaging about three trips a week, this was no problem. As a matter of fact, of the six or eight times I have been there, only once did I stay overnight. Here is a portion of an article written after the trip showing that, even then, the area was impressive: "On August 15, 1951, leaving the Icicle River at daybreak, the same route was followed, (up Snow Creek to upper Snow Lake) except for going around to the left side of Snow Lake, which, though difficult traveling, was not bounded by steep cliffs.

Finally, about noon, after circling the head of Snow Lake, the crest was reached, and the granite basin holding Enchantment Lakes came into view. Another small ridge remained between Enchantment Lakes and the chain of lakes consisting of Shield, Earle and Mesa Lakes. As the ridge was climbed, gradually all five Enchantment Lakes came into view, one by one, with Snow Lakes showing far below in the background.

Enchantment Lakes are

oriented in a West to East direction and situated in a small-glacier-filled granite basin. The lakes, except for the most easterly, which is located on a small shelf apart from the others, are located one slightly above the other with the inter-connecting streams cascading between them, tunneling thru snow and pouring down rocky gorges. The outlet of the lower lake spills out over the cliff in the direction of Snow Lakes. Two are quite deep, as indicated by the dark blue color of the water; the one on the bench is shallow, and the others are shallow but deep in places. One, on its shallow end, has the beginning of a small meadow protected on its remaining side by rolling rock slopes. The upper lake is almost completely surrounded by glaciers, but the two just below are bounded only on their upper sides. All have open shorelines with a scattering of alpine flowers and patches of heather and Alpine Larch strategically located as to impact a warming and spring-like atmosphere upon what otherwise might have been nothing but a barren combination of rock, snow and water. There is no question but what the lakes were aptly named.

At the summit of the ridge, all the Enchantment Lakes and Snow Lakes could be seen, and, in looking the opposite direction, Shield and Earle Lakes were in view in a broad open valley (now called the Lost World Plateau). From this focal point (later known to be near Prusik Pass), the location of Colchuck Lake could be seen about one half mile to the



# in NCW

west thru a saddle between two majestic granite peaks. The map indicated a third lake in the chain below Shield and Earle, and in proceeding around Shield Lake, this lake (Mesa) came into view. The map also showed Coney Lake to lie over a small ridge to the west of Mesa, and Toketie Lake to lie about one mile to the east-northeast of Mesa, but time would not allow further exploration.

Remembering what had been said previously regarding access to the upper lakes via the cliffs and fixed ropes above Hart-Nada Lake, it was decided to return that way, thereby making a complete circuit. Had the information been incorrect, it may have been necessary to spend the night out without sleeping gear, since it was then too late to retrace the route before dark. The information was of benefit, however, as the descent to the lake was made without difficulty, and the car was reached about six o'clock. As an indication of the ruggedness of the terrain, the thirteen miles covered by trail during the day occupied only five hours, whereas, approximately five miles cross country consumed the remaining eight hours of travel." (Note: On later trips the ropes were gone; it was necessary only to make an easy climb passing within a few feet of the left side of the falls above Nada Lake).

The upper plateau is most easily reached, as described, via the left side of the falls above Nada Lake following a fisherman's trail thru a small pass at the head of the canyon and on down an easy slope to

Lake Earle. Mesa Lake lies a short distance to the north and Shield Lake a short distance above the inlet to Lake Earle. Over a shallow pass (Prusik Pass) at the head of Shield Lake lies Lower Enchantment Lakes, a string of five lakes, and two pothole lakes, one at the outlet of number four, (counting from the east), and another by itself closer to Prusik Pass near Prusik Peak. From the lower lakes proceed to the Upper Enchantment Lakes passing Crystal Lake on the way. The only significant lake of this group is the largest, named Brynild, bounded by Snow Creek Glacier on the south. The others are small, numerous pothole lakes with only about four or five large enough to be classified as lakes or ponds. Here near the upper lake, a pass allows an excellent view and descent into Colchuck Lake, another route to the upper lakes. Coney Lake can be located by climbing the ridge west of Mesa Lake and climbing south to a pocket just north of Cannon Mountain. The remaining lake, Toketie Lake, is easily reached by going over a small ridge east of Mesa Lake and proceeding down the valley about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile to the lake.

Two other entrances via Crystal Creek and Rat Creek are not recommended, not because of the danger involved, but because the way is steep and uninteresting. Entry via Toketie Lake is steep but passable, leaving the Snow Lakes trail cross country about 3 miles up at a rocky area just prior to some switchbacks. As described earlier, the area can be reached by going around the

14 Wednesday, May 21, 1975

WENATCHEE (Wa.) WORLD

## Mark Trail's OUTDOOR TIPS

USE SWEAT SUITS FOR PAJAMAS ON EXTREMELY COLD NIGHTS IN CAMP...



WHEN YOU ARISE IN THE MORNING, INSULATED SLIPPERS AND A WARM HEAVY JACKET WILL KEEP YOU COMFORTABLE UNTIL THE DAY WARMS AND YOU CAN CHANGE TO LIGHTER CLOTHING

DON'T SPEND HOURS CASTING OR TROLLING AT THE SAME DEPTH IF YOU AREN'T CATCHING FISH... BIG BASS DON'T LIKE TO MOVE AROUND A LOT SO YOU'VE GOT TO LOCATE THEM...



FISH ALL LEVELS UNTIL YOU LATCH ON TO ONE, THEN CONCENTRATE YOUR EFFORTS AT THAT DEPTH

left side of upper Snow Lake. Some may prefer this route, but the Nada Creek route is faster and just as safe.

This Alpine plateau will always remain in its primitive state, unless, as in Europe, some promoter decides to build a cable car to the top from Icicle Creek. Also, this area will always be a place of refuge from motorized vehi-

cles. Fortunately, there is no timber of commercial value growing there. On the one occasion when camping overnight, a roaring campfire was enjoyed at Lake Earle, but now because of wood scarcity and regulations, it is necessary to carry a small cooking stove. Times have changed a little, but not much. Compared to the rest of the world.



# Pic-TOUR GUIDE MAPS - 1993 (Effective Now)

## General Text and Prices

Pic-TOUR GUIDE MAPS—Topographic (Topo), Planimetric (Plan), or both with added features—Aerial/Scenic Photos (A/S), Weather (WX), Date of Publication (or latest update), and Price. Maps are 18" X 25", printed both sides, elevations in feet. Other formats available. Updating is accomplished by owner Robert M. Kinzbach, former NW government meteorologist (hiker from 1932). Scenic photos by RMK, except as noted. Aerial photos are USFS/DNR as noted (text by RMK).

MAP PRICES—17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25—\$3.00, 1, 1A, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12A, 12B, 13, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28—\$4.00, 11 (All three maps—\$6.00), 16 - \$15.00 — postpaid/add 10%, WSST/Handling.

1. Ross Lake, Western Pasayten, Upper Lake Chelan, Winthrop Rec. Area-Plan, 26 Scenic photos, WX—1986

1A. Eastern Pasayten (Horseshoe Basin), Loomis, Conconully, Okanogan, Loup Loup, Twisp, Winthrop Rec. Area-Plan, 1 Aerial/17 Scenic photos, WX—1986

2. Lake Chelan Basin Rec. Area-Chelan to Rainy Pass, Twisp/Cascade Passes, Stehekin-Plan, 2 Aerial/50 Scenic photos, WX—1986

3. Alpine Lakes Wilderness-East-Enchantments, Lake Wenatchee, Chiwawa, Entiat-Plan, 48 Scenic photos—1986

4. Alpine Lakes Wilderness-West-Pacific Crest Trail (Stampede Pass-Snoqualmie Pass to Stevens Pass), Foss River, Salmon La Sac, Kachelus, Kachess, Cle Elum Lakes, Middle Fork Snoqualmie River, Pratt River-Plan, 20 Scenic photos WX—UPDATE—1988

5. Greenwater/Naches Pass Rec. Area-Nm Mt. Rainier, White & Greenwater Rivers, Crystal Mtn Resort Area-Plan, 17 Aerial/15 Scenic photos, WX—UPDATE—1988

6. Chinook/Naches Rec. Area-Naches/Little Naches, American, Bumping Rivers, Crystal Mtn Resort/Ski Area, Manastash, Taneum, Wenas, Rattlesnake Creeks-Plan, 8 Aerial/8 Scenic photos—1985—UPDATE—1989 20 Scenic Photos, WX

7. White Pass/Goat Rocks Rec. Area-Upper Rattlesnake Creek, Bethel Ridge, Conrad Meadows, Tieton River, Twin Sister Lakes, Indian Creek, Rimrock Lake, Klickitat River-Plan, 2 Aerial/1 Scenic photo—1985—UPDATE (Side 1)—1989 3 Aerial, 13 Scenic Photos—SIDE-2 Yakima Indian Reservation, Ahtanum Creek, Glenwood, 2 Scenic photos WX—1988

8. Packwood/Randle Rec. Area-Glacier View, Tatoosh, Goat Rocks Wildernesses, Cowlitz, Cispus Rivers-Plan, 1 Aerial/4 Scenic photos—1985. Side 2-Mt. Rainier NP, Wash., Crystal Mtn-Topo, 14 Scenic Photos, WX—1989

9. Wenatchee Mtns-Wenatchee to Ellensburg, Mission Ridge, Colockum, Liberty, Enchantments, Teanaway River, Mt. Stuart, Ingalls Creek-Plan, 4 Aerial/16 Scenic photos—1985, except UPDATE Teanaway side—1987 — Both sides Updated 1990 (July) - expanded area & new features added.

10. Cascade Mtn Foothills-1—North Bend to Gold Bar, Lower Snoqualmie River (all three forks), Tiger Mtn-Plan, 9 Scenic photos—1984 (Reprinted 1988 - no changes) - UPDATE - 1991 - expanded area to include Spada Res., East to Skykomish & S. to Maple Valley.

11. Olympic Peninsula-General Road Approach-Plan, 7 Scenic photos: Olympic Mtns-West-Topo/Plan, 22 Aerial/12 Scenic photos; Olympic Mtns-East-Topo/Plan, 26 Aerial/5 Scenic photos—All three 1982.

12A. Cascade Mtn Foothills-3A(Northern Puget Sound)—Near Sedro Woolley/Lake Cavanaugh/Darrington/Marblemount to Cascade Pass, includes topographic map and aerials of the Ptarmigan Traverse, Glacier Peak Wilderness—Plan/Topo, 10 Aerial, 7 Scenic photos, Winter/Summer WX, 1990.

12B. Cascade Mtn Foothills-3B (Northern Puget Sound)—Granite Falls/Lake Roesiger, Mt. Pilchuck, Spada Res., Monte Cristo, Mtn Loop Hwy, Boulder River, Henry M. Jackson, Glacier Peak Wilderness, Glacier Peak, Image Lake area to Holden, Wa near Lake Chelan (shows approach roads/trails for both East and West of the Cascades)—Plan/Topo, 5 Aerial/17 Scenic photos, WX, 1990

13. SUP. to Cascade Mtn Foothills-3 (Nm Puget Sound)—Stevens Pass Highway Startup to Smith Brook/Milli Creek, Lake Isabel, Ragged Ridge, North Fork Tolt River, Mt. Fernow, Foss/Deception Creeks-Plan, 4 Aerial/2 Scenic photos, WX, 1988 Side-2—Everett, Marysville, Arlington, Lake Stevens, Granite Falls, Snohomish, Monroe, Woodinville Rec. Area, Plan, 3 Aerial/4 Scenic Photos, WX—1989.

14. Glacier Peak Wilderness Photomap with Plan Index-Skagit, Cascade, Stehekin Rivers—40 Pages, 26 Aerial/32 Scenic photos—1978 UPDATE—1990, 4 additional pages detailing the Granite/Jordan Lakes area and Cascade Pass South (Ptarmigan Traverse). Corrections and latest road/trail numbers have been added.

15. Mt. Baker, North Cascades NP (N. Unit) Photomap with Planimetric Index, Topo/Plan 32 Pages, 21 Aerial/14 Scenic photos (Includes Mt. Challenger Area)—1979.

16. Alpine Lakes Packet of 20 USGS 7½ minute Topographic Maps with 119 cross referenced Aerial/41 Scenic photos, plus 1985 Appendix update of roads/Trails and 78 Scenic/2 Aerial photos—WX-Misc. 1980.

17. Mt. St. Helens (Before/After May 18, 1980)—Pictorial Maps, 5 Aerial/7 Scenic photos—1980.

18. Cascade Mtn Foothills-2 (S. Puget Sound)—Near Yelm to Mt. Rainier, Morton, Eatonville, Elbe, Auburn, Orting, Puyallup River/Kapowsin Area, Golden Lakes-Plan, 8 Scenic photos WX—1987

19. Easton/Cle Elum/Liberty/Greenwater/Cliffdell, near Ellensburg (map area unbroken over Cascades)—3 Aerial photos, WX,—1987. Update - 9/91, Add 5 Scenic photos.

20. Mt. Adams/Mt. St Helens Rec Area, Lewis, Cispus, White Salmon Rivers, Mt. Adams/Indian Heaven Wildernesses-Plan, 4 Scenic photos—1988

21. Monte Cristo & Vicinity-Lake Isabel, Whitehorse Mtn, Mt. Index-Plan, 19 Aerial/9 Scenic photos, WX—1979.

22. Snoqualmie Pass-Plan, 38 local trips-3 Scenic photos—1983.

23. Naches Pass (Historical Wagon Road)-Plan, 1 Aerial/4 Scenic photos—1983.

24. Mt. Rainier/Adjoining Cascades, Mt. Rainier NP, Wash., Cougar Lakes, Twin Sister Lakes-Topo, 11 Aerial/3 Scenic photos—1982.

25. Mt. Rainier Touring/Hiking Guide (in Color)—8 Pages, Pictorial Maps, 35 Scenic photos WX—1976.

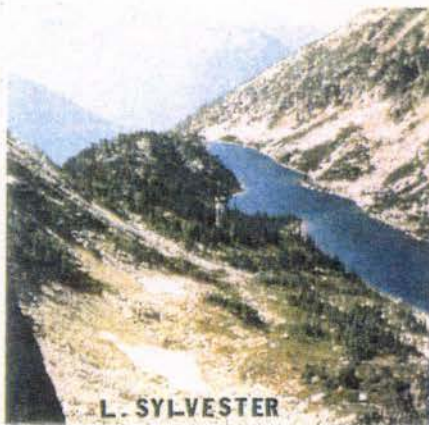
26. Mt. Baker, Twin Sisters Mtn, Lake Cavanaugh, Roesiger Lake, Bellingham, Sedro Woolley, Mt. Vernon, Stanwood, La Conner Rec. Area-Chuckanut Mtn. Samish Lake, Lake Whatcom, Middle & South Forks Nooksack River, Mt. Baker Wilderness, Deer Creek/Big and Little Deer Peaks-Plan, 6 Aerial/12 Scenic photos, WX,—1988.

27. Bellingham, Sumas, Mt. Baker, Mt. Shuksan, Mt. Challenger, Baker Lake, Newhalem Rec. Area-Incl. Nooksack (North, South, Middle Forks), Chilliwick, Little Chilliwick, Baker Rivers, Noisy-Diobsud, Mt. Baker Wildernesses, Western Portion N. Cascades NP, Twin Sisters Mtn-Plan./Topo, 5 Aerial/8 Scenic Photos, WX—1989.

28. Alpine Lakes Wilderness featuring Enchantments Lakes & Vicinity—1-5/8 inch/mile Topographic map of Enchantments/Eightmile Lake Area, 6 Aerial/107 scenic photos, Road Approach map-WX—1989.



# ALPINE LAKES



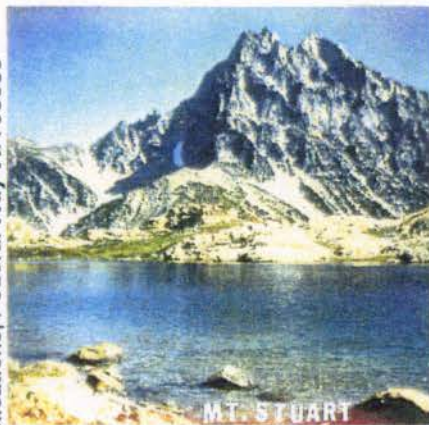
94. LAKE SYLVESTER



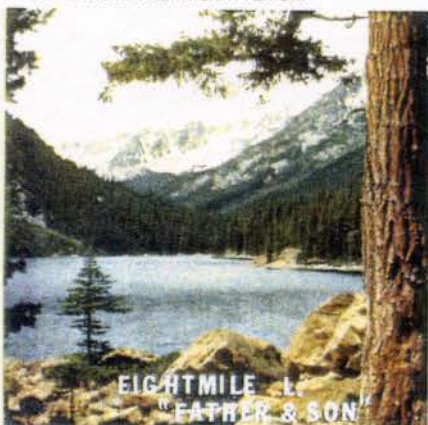
95. LAKE IDA-NEAR CHATTER CR.



NECKLACE VLY / LA BOHN GAP



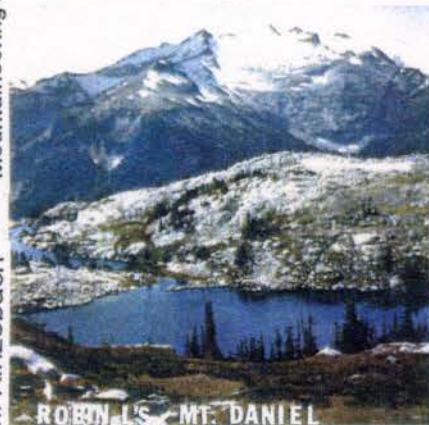
97. MT. STUART/INGALLS LAKE



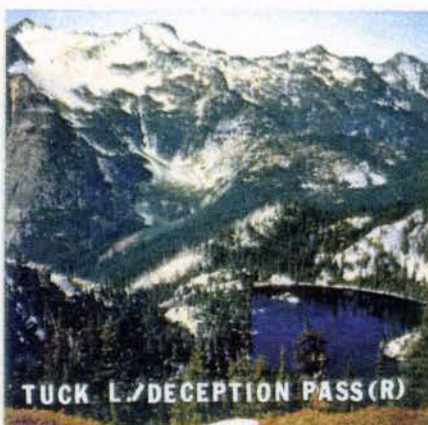
EIGHTMILE L.  
"FATHER & SON"



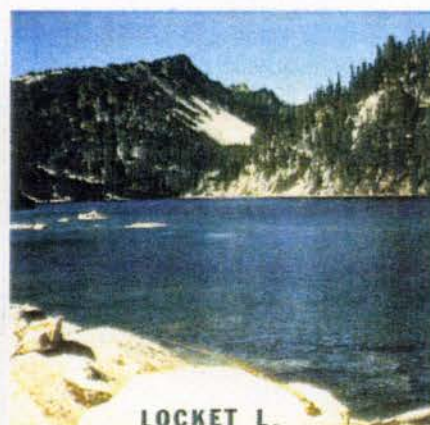
L. EDNA TOWARD L. AUGUSTA



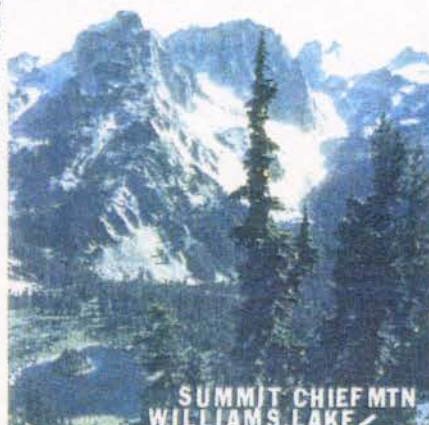
103. ROBIN LAKES/MT. DANIEL



TUCK L. / DECEPTION PASS (R)



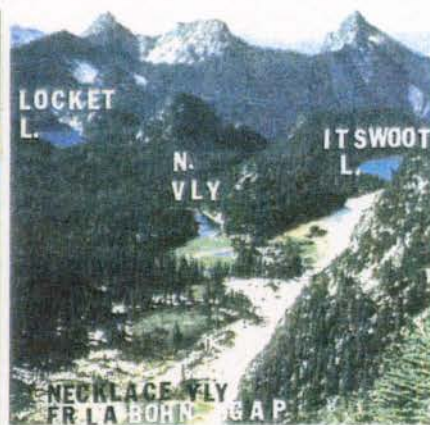
LOCKET L.



SUMMIT CHIEF MTN  
WILLIAMS LAKE



ITSWOOT L.



LOCKET L.  
N. VLY  
ITSWOOT L.  
NECKLACE VLY  
FR LA BOHN GAP

Photos: Robert M. Kinzebach  
Mountaineering Publications, Federal Way WA 98003



The following list of yearly trips and twelve hiking articles by Robert M. Kinzebach, owner Pic-Tour Guide Maps has been compiled from SIGNPOST magazine indexes beginning in 1980. Being done for map purposes (besides enjoyment), they are apt to be more detailed than normal and are, in most cases, still timely. Besides personal subscription SIGNPOST magazines are usually kept on file at libraries and USFS offices. Robert M. Kinzebach, January, 1993; 29118 23rd Ave. So., Federal Way, WA 98003; Phone 1-206-839-2564. (\*denotes article.) (Number denotes page)

1990

Jan. 7 - Granite Lakes, Boulder Cr., East Jordan Rd., Aug. 12 - Sultan Basin/Bald Mtn. TH.

1989

Jan. 10 - Fragrance Lake/Chuckanut Drive, Mud Lake/Lost Lake/Cedar & Pine Lakes, Feb. 12 - Little Mtn./Ten Lake, May 10 - Lily/Lizard Lakes Loop, May 9 - Canyon Lake, Jun. 7 - Cascade Hwy., Jul. 14 - S. Fork Snoqualmie River Falls, Jul. 17 - Blue Slide TR, Jul. 18 - Blue Lake, Jul. 19 - Bootjack Ridge, Sept. 13 - Dome Pk VP Loop, Nov. 13 - Peek-a-boo Lake, Dec. 8 - Granite Lakes/Boulder Cr.

1988

Jan. 11 - Surprise Lake, \*Jan. 13 - Rainy Lake Revisited, Feb. 9 - Greenwater Lakes, Mar. 10 - Pinnacle Pk, \*Mar. 24 - Naneum Cr., My First Ski Camp, Apr. 8 - Spada Res., May 9 - Heybrook Lookout, July 14 - Mt. Saint Helens, Jul. 19 - Easton Ridge, Jul. 21 - Easton Ridge, Aug. 10 - Christoff TR, Aug. 14 - UPR Lewis R./Tahklahk Lake, Sept. 17 - Muddy Mdws TH, Table Mtn., Sept. 23 - Waptus R., Mineral Cr., Sept. 24 - Mt. Margaret/Lk. Lillian/Ltl Salmon La Sac TR, Oct. 23 - French Cabin Cr., Kachess Rdg., Oct. 25 - Easton Ridge/ Domerie Flats, Oct. 26 - Silver Cr. TR, \* Oct. 30 Elusive Fish of Chikamin Lake, Nov. 8, Myrtle L. area, Natson/Anderson L's., Nov. 10 - Granite L., Nov. 11, Greenwood L./Mc Gillicuddy Duck Pond, Dec. 6 - Sauk Mtn., Dec. 7 - Thompson/Granite Lakes.

1987

June 13 - Goose & Duck Lakes, Aug. 18 - Twin, Porcupine, Laura, Lillian Lakes, Aug. 19 - Portage Lake, \*Aug. 31 - The Longest Day - Hike, Nov. 20 - Tinkham/Abiel Tarns.

1986

\*Jan 14 - Early Travels in N. Cas. - Rainy L./Rainbow Cr., \*Feb. 4 - Weather, Feb. 11 - Mud Mtn. Rim TR - Baldy Hill, Mar. 10 - West Twin Cr., Mar. 15/16 - Ice Lakes, April 12 - West Twin Cr., May 14 - Easton Rdg.-Baldry Mtn., May 16 - Easton area, June 9 - N. Cas. Hwy/Snoq. Pass, June 14 - Okanogan, Loop Loop, Winthrop, June 15 - Libby L. TR, July 7, Rowley's Chasm/Canyon Cr., July 11 - Pitcher Mtn. L., July 15 Harts Pass, July 16 - Harts Pass - Slate Pk, Aug. 16 - Newaukum L., Aug. 18 - Harts Pass, Aug. 19 - PCT - Slate PK to Devil's Backbone, Sept. 17 - Chancellor/Baron/Goat PK, Sept. 18, Tiffany L., Lake of Sim./Long Swamp/Iron Gate, Sept. 20 - Silver Cr. Potholes - Mt. Stuart - Ingalls L., Oct. 18 - Summit, Coundly, Lily, Twin Lakes, Oct. 23 - First Butte Lo, Buck Mtn., Palmer L., Sim R., Skull & Crossbones Rdg., Nov. 12 - Surprise L., Nov. 13 - George L., Nov. 15 - Horseshoe Basin, Tiffany Mtn., Windy Pk TR., Dec. 12 - Chewuch R., \*Dec. 19 - Trapper Lake Poker.

1985

Jan. 7 - Ranger/Ipsut Chenuis Falls, Feb. 8, Grass Mtn., Mar. 6 - Grass Mtn. Area, April 9 - Huckleberry Mtn./Slippery Cr., Jun. 14 - Snow Lakes Overlook, July 12 - Sun Top from TR1183, Aug. 17 - Berkley Park/Burroughs Mtn. Garfield Mtn. L's, Skookum Flats, Aug. 18 - Bear Gap Loop/Mt. Fremont, Glacier View Lookout, Aug. 24 - Snow Lakes Overlook, Sept. 13 - Norse Pk./Cement Basin, Lake Christine, Kenworthy Lakes, Goat L, Upper Greenwater, Lake George - Gobblers Knob, Sept. 14 - Goat L., Norse Pk., Big & Little Crow Basins, Hayden Pass, Oct. 13 - Mt. Clifty/North Ridge/Lake Allen, Nov. 12 - Gobblers Knob, Boundary TR, Mt. Beljica, Cedar, Coundly L's, Celery Mdw., Nov. 13 - Johnson L.

1984

Jan. 6 - Drunken Charlie L., Feb. 6 - Fuller Mtn., Feb. 7 - Halycon L./Klaus-Boyle Lks., Feb. 8 - Naches Pass Hist Way Rd - Jagger-Tomtit L's, May 7 - Cascade Range Loop, Nov. 9 - Greenwood L, Nov. 10 - Stafford Cr. TR (Miller PK).

1983

\*Jan. 14 - Return to Swallow Lakes—Almost, Feb. 10 - Silver Cr., Mar. 8 - Enumclaw area, March 9 - Greenwater R., April 7 - Sultan area/Halycon L., April 8 - Carnation to N. Bend, \*May 12 - Lake Sylvester - Then & Now, Sept. 12 - Cougar L's from Chinook Pass, Oct. 7 - Noble Knob, Oct. 9 - Mt. Clifty, Oct. 10 - Mt. Clifty, Oct. 11 - Pear L. Loop, Escondida Tarns, Darland Mtn. Loop, Green/Blue L's, Dec. 8 - Square & Swallow L's, Dec. 11 - Pyramid PK, Dec. 12 - Coyote L, Dec. 14 - Goat L, Hawkeye Pt. - Goat Rocks Three Pks. TR/ Blank Mdw/Twin Sis. L.

1982

Apr. 5 - L. Cushman/Hamma Hamma, Eastside Olympics, Dung. R./Slab Camp, Mt. Jupiter, L. Cush., May 5, Quilcene/Dungeness, June 5 - Hamma Hamma Rd., Jul. 7 - Mildred L. TR, \*July 25 - A LO Looks Back, Aug. 11 - Granite Cr. TH, Oct. 5 - Putvin TR, Oct. 7 - Tonga Rdg., Oct 10 - Lake Sylvester, Nov/Dec. 14 - Blowout Mtn.

1981

Jan. 6, 7 - Echo L./Blue Mtn. Loop 1 & 2, Feb. 6 - Franklin Falls, April 5 - Darrington area, Suiattle R., April 6 - Tupso Cr./Grade Cr., May 7 - Pilchuck R., Jun. 6 - Boulder/Thornton Cr. Rd., Jun. 7 - Mt. Pilchuck Rd. (55), Jun. 7 - Grade Cr. Rd., Jun. 10 - Thetis/ Gale Cr. Rd., Jul. 9 - Deception Pass, Aug. 9 - Twin Cr. TR, Aug. 10 - Hatchery Cr. Rd., Sept. 8 - Mt. Si Loop, Sept. 10 - Snow/ Vada L's, Oct. 6 - L. Ann, Dec. 6 - Morse Cr. Loop/Crystal Mtn Loop, also Bullion Basin - Silver Cr. Basin, Dec. 7 - Lake Eleanor (MRNP)

1980

Jan. 14 - West Side Enchantments, Mar. 6 - Grouse Rdg. Rd., Apr. 8 - N. Fk. Snoq. Rd/M. Fk. Snoq. Rd., \*April 14 - Square L. Mulligan, May 7 - Lennox Cr. Rd. (N. Fk), Jul. 10 - Mt. Margaret TR, Oct. 6- Goat L. (Monte Cristo), Dec. 7 - Mtn. Loop Hwy., Dec. 9 - Another Response (L. Lillian).



# The longest day hike— a switchbacking route to Escondido Ridge Tarns

By ROBERT M. KINZEBACH  
Contributing Writer

About the writer...

Robert M. Kinzebach is an experienced woodsman, hiker and fisherman, as well as an author of

I don't know why I waited until my late 60s to go on the longest day hike of my lifetime, except that it wasn't exactly planned.

long. Once, before the Icicle road was built, I hiked from Chatter Creek to Frosty Pass and return, and took several one-day round trips to the Icicle Creek Enchantments in the early 'fifties.

This longest trip was in the Wenatchee National Forest, on the Cle Elum district, from Cooper Lake to the Escondido Ridge Tarns on the Pacific Crest Trail and return on a September day in 1983—Sept. 13 to be exact.

The trip was jinxed from the start because on the day planned, a beautiful clear day, I was almost to Pete Lake via the short route when I discovered my Realist 3-D camera was not with me. I went back, and it was still there on the hood of my car.

It was now too late for the trip that day. I went back home to Federal Way and returned the next morning on a duplicate sunny day, destination hopefully Escondido Ridge Tarns, 12 miles distant, but "playing it by ear."

This time I left from the longer Cooper Lake trailhead that I hadn't been on for years. I was passed by a well-known Cle Elum forest ranger on horseback at the first trail intersection, and then met him coming back when just short of the Crest Trail. He said it was still five, maybe six, more miles to Escondido Ridge Tarns.

The scenery got better and better as I progressed, which was as expected. I had been beyond Pete Lake several times before the new section of the Crest Trail was built about 1978, and had twice in the 'sixties stayed overnight in the still-existing memorial trail shelter at the lake.

As I stopped momentarily, I couldn't help thinking about cooking my pan-size T-bone steak on an open fire, and how I held my breath when a group came by with a large dog that passed within a foot of my cooking steak. That dog had will power.

That trip, I had walked cross country to just below Lemah Mountain, where now there is a maintained connecting trail to the new section of the Crest Trail. From there, going north, the Crest Trail takes 23 long switchbacks for a 2,200-foot gain to reach Vista Lake.

Vista Lake is nestled in the open, surrounded by heather and boulders with several majestic peaks in view, the most prominent being Chimney Rock. This peak was closely observed eyeball to eyeball at various elevations on the slow climb upwards to that point, such that it had now lost some of its luster.

It was 3 p.m., my estimated turnaround time, and the first tarn was one mile-plus distant. Not wanting to do this again, and wanting desperately to see the area, I kept going. It was now or, perhaps, never.

Glancing over to Vista Lake, a hiker was seen meditating. I yelled, but no answer. He must not have heard me, because when meeting later, he seemed sociable enough and said he was from Chicago.

try and a mapmaker (Pic-Tour Guide Maps). Kinzebach is a regular contributor to the World's Fishing Guide. A native of Wenatchee, he now resides in Federal Way. **F**

Three times he asked me if I had come up those switchbacks. I took a few photos, and proceeded onward, stepping up the pace as much as possible, finally reaching the first tarn at 4 o'clock.

Far below in the distance, six miles airline (12 miles by trail), I could see Cooper Lake—but I had a flashlight, or so I thought.

I considered going onward past the last tarn about a mile, and take a short trail down and back via Waptus Pass, but thought it better not to, that late in the day.

I had noticed that the tarns, being located on a half-mile stretch adjacent to the Crest Trail had been designated as a fragile area, and camping is specified only on the outskirts but within easy walking distance.

Signs have been posted by the Forest Service. Many hikers miss this open, scenic area and travel via Pete Lake, steeply to Waptus Pass and Waptus Lake to avoid climbing the 23 time-consuming switchbacks.

Even though downhill, it took me about two hours to reach the turnoff to Pete Lake. It was dark enough that I stumbled off on part of the old trail halfway to Pete Lake, and wandered around in the semi-darkness, but finally shifted back to the new portion again.

At the trail shelter I tried my flashlight for the first time, and found it wouldn't stay lit. I had to pound it against my body to get it to flicker.

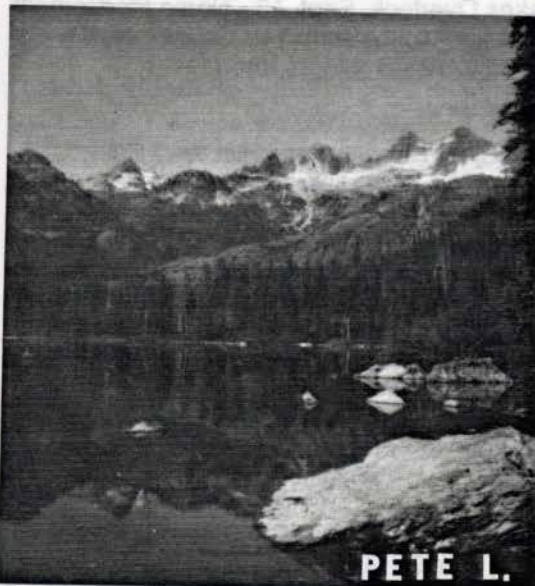
For the whole four miles, the flashlight kept going off, leaving me in complete darkness so that I couldn't even see my feet. Once I heard some kind of animal go crashing off into the brush; and once at a creek crossing spot, it was difficult to find the exact exit from the widened area.

How I located a cached can of soft drink, I'll never know. The trail was muddy in spots, and my feet became wet. I was also soaked from perspiration, and somewhat tired from not taking time to eat.

I crammed a piece of cheese and a couple of cookies into my dry mouth, and plodded on, not knowing how long the batteries would last. I was angry with myself for getting in such a predicament, because I am extra careful when traveling by myself, which I do at least 90 percent of the time. It would have been no different with two people.

This was a time when reaching the car was deserving of a celebration. It was also the kind of trip where panic was delayed until reaching home, where there was time to think about it.

Needless to say, on later trips, I had a late model flashlight protruding from every pocket, and a surplus of new batteries.



PETE L.



# Lake Sylvester: a fitting monument to G'

By ROBERT M. KINZEBACH  
Special Correspondent

It is fitting that this high, rock-bound lake be given the name of Sylvester (after the late A. H. Sylvester, former Wenatchee National Forest supervisor, who named many adjacent lakes and peaks) because it is one of the few that remains about in its natural state — no doubt due to its isolation and inaccessibility, facts that I can personally attest to after a total of four trips.

The first one, in 1953, I have always considered to be my most difficult and frustrating hike.

Since the large collection of Enchantment Lakes were overlooked by early surveyors, imagine only one isolated lake nestled in a series of peaks (aptly named Grindstone Mountain) and canyons, without a trail of any kind out of the valley.

I first became interested about 1951 when hearing rumors that a fairly large lake, not on current maps, was located on the west side of Grindstone Mountain. After one of my fishing partners finally reached it from Lake Alice, I decided to give it a try from the Chatter Creek side. We called it Grindstone Lake.

On Oct. 7, 1953, I left the Chatter Creek Trail at its westernmost switchback, about one mile up, and angled westward up the steep hillside, fighting brush in each canyon crossed.

At every opposite ridge I expected to see a pocket above that might hold a lake, but nothing changed. I lost track of how many canyons and gullies were traversed. Finally, it was early afternoon, and nothing looked promising.

I began to despair, and though this may seem corny today, reflected on the old story of Robert Bruce and the spider, about the spider making one more try. I resolved to go beyond one more canyon. Sure enough, I reached a key ridge that turned abruptly, and I could see a large bench across a

shallow rocky canyon that had to be the location of Grindstone Lake.

I followed the ridge to the top and circled north over a bench just above the lake, and then down to the rocky outlet — thankful I didn't have to give up, but acutely aware it was getting late.

My fishbasket of supplies was not suited for a night out in October.

No way could I, or would I, return the same way. After enjoying the solitude for a few minutes, I began taking the shortest way possible out, by spilling altitude rapidly directly down the outlet, thru rockslides, and finally several tree-covered benches to the Icicle Creek trail — (now a road) tired, but thankful I was on the trail and not concerned with side-hill gouging.

Many times after rugged hikes, I intended never to go back; but the next year, July 30, 1954 to be exact, found me camped with my family at Chatter Creek, and starting out over the same route the next day, leaving my family still asleep.

This time I had time to fish, though the lake was still half frozen. Once again I took the shortest way out, down the outlet to the Icicle trail and back to Chatter Creek. As though this was not enough punishment, I went a third time with two companions from my home town of Wenatchee.

On Sept. 24, 1955, we camped in the high Chatter Creek Basin.

(I could never understand why the upper Chatter Creek basin had been variously described as a no-mans-land. From there, it is an easy hike to Lake Edna, Alice and scenic Ladies Pass and other points; or eastward to Lakes Augusta and Ida — all open, spectacular traveling).

Next day, we climbed out and across Boggy Creek, and through a notch above Lake Sylvester, down to the lake, and back out that day via the Chatter Creek trail.

My interest in Lake Sylvester was renewed in late 1981, after a publication

showed a numbered trail going from the Icicle Creek road up Boggy Creek and over the top about where we came through in 1955. I could find no evidence of this trail, but did find one at the end of the road going up the ridge south of Grindstone Creek, the exact same way I had come out on two occasions.

On Sept. 7, 1982, I persuaded my youngest son, Wayne, to accompany me on a day hike in an attempt to reach the lake. We found the trail to be excellent, but steep, for slightly less than two miles, then somewhat diffuse through and along rock slides the last ¾ mile. This time I was thankful to have made it at all.

Fortunately, I had been conditioned by recent hikes to Mack Peak in the upper Icicle, and the steep Putvin trail in the Olympics.

What I found at the lake was essentially the same as in the early fifties. There was a small, but tidy camp that wasn't there before. Everything else was the same. The only change was time.

I was 30 years older, and had a son with me who was not even born at the time of the

## Here's a glossar

If you take up fishing you must learn not only a new sport, but a new language.

Here is a brief list of fishing terms:

Rod guide — Metal rings, found on all fishing rods, through which the fishing line runs.

Monofilament line — Also called "mono," this is a nylon-based fishing line, usually of clear color, that is most commonly used today.

Natural bait — Any live bait, such as worms, minnows, grasshoppers or frogs.

Artificial bait — Anything manmade used to attract and catch fish. Examples are spoons, plugs and other lures.

a.) WORLD Thursday, April 7, 1983 B5

## a forester

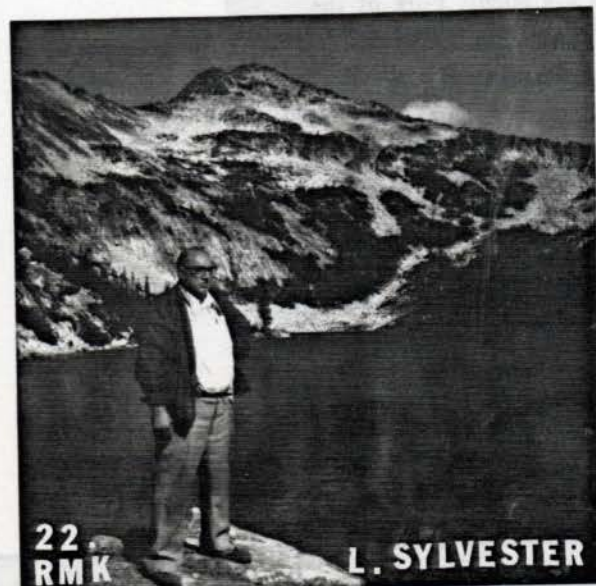
previous trips. The full effect of this did not strike me at the time.

Lake Sylvester will continue on exposed to the elements, unchanged, and always there for a few wanting to enjoy the type of solitude once found at many other places in the Icicle — solitude remembered as especially enhanced as evening closes in, with winds dying off, a small campfire flickering, wildlife beginning to stir, in a background of sound effects coming to life from birds less vocal during daylight.

This, I hope will continue to be the legacy of Lake Sylvester. It could well be a fitting monument to a man who showed great originality naming most of the adjacent lakes, and many other physical features of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

Lake Sylvester also has the ironical distinction of not being named by A. H. Sylvester, but FOR him, after he died from injuries when thrown from a horse on Snowgrass Mountain, just three miles away.

Robert Kinzbach is a free-lance writer and map-maker who grew up in Wenatchee and who now resides in Federal Way.





# The Lost Dynamite of Hardscrabble Creek

Robert M. Kinzebach

There seem to be periods in life when some related events recur coincidentally at intervals. Once, in my Cascade mountain activities, I was on my way to the Rachel Lake trail-head, and accepted a ride offered by some loggers in a small truck.

After climbing in, I found myself watching several new boxes of dynamite bounce around on the floor for the entire distance I travelled with them.

Another time on the way to Honey Lake, I stopped in to see Mr. Prufer (an alleged Death Valley Scotty of the North Fork of the Snoqualmie River) at his cabin just above Sunday Lake. I had come face to face with him earlier on the Sunday Lake Trail, and he had invited me to stop. After settling down for coffee, I discovered I was sitting on a full keg of powder!

But these unsettling incidents don't compare to another similar episode that happened at Hardscrabble Creek on the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie on a trip June 16th and 17th, 1958.

It was early in the year, and I was just becoming interested in finding a short route to Gold Lake, especially since some fish plant records given to me by Ernie Wolcott (*Lakes of Washington*) showed a plant of 15,000 cutthroat in 1954! My oldest boy, then 11, and his friend would accompany me on the scouting trip while my wife and youngest daughter stayed at the small camp at Hardscrabble Creek.

My plan was to hike up the trail (then the Pacific Crest Trail) about 1½ miles to where, earlier, I had seen a rock slide and a steep,

barren ridge, and climb that to the main ridge just east and above Upper Hardscrabble Lake; then hike north and circle west above Crawford Creek to the crest north and in view of Upper Hardscrabble Lake, where perhaps Gold Lake could also be seen in the opposite direction.

The route was steep (we passed an old mine hanging onto the slope), but once on the main ridge, traveling was easy, though residual snow cornices had to be dodged or sometimes walked upon. Finally at the northeast elbow, where all the mountain peaks in every direction stand out in bold relief (Big Snow, Chimney Rock, Overcoat Peak, Lemah and Summit Chief Mountains), further progress appeared somewhat hazardous, especially since fishing poles were our only climbing gear!

I insisted the boys stay behind while I went across a slide and up through a niche to the top where,

as I hoped, within a few feet either way, both Upper and Lower Hardscrabble Lakes could be seen to the south with Mount Rainier in the background, and Gold Lake, Lake Dorothy, and Moira Lake could be seen to the north. Lower Hardscrabble Lake, far below, was completely open that mid-June, but Gold Lake and Upper Hardscrabble were still mostly frozen. This is as far as I went this trip.

(But about three weeks later I made a backpack over about the same route with a companion. Being a hot, sultry day, however, our enthusiasm at reaching Gold Lake by that route was reduced even though we caught numerous eight-inch cutthroat at Gold Lake. In later years many good-sized fish were caught, all on day hikes by another route up Hardscrabble Creek, and once, late in the year, we made camp at Little Myrtle Lake, intersecting the Gold





Lake outlet stream and following it to the lake, bypassing two falls on the way, returning to camp at night. There are a total of four falls between Gold and Dorothy Lakes, the other two discovered on a circuit from Lake Dorothy to Charlie Lakes and return down the inlet to Lake Dorothy.)

Back to the story. When the boys and I arrived back in camp, my wife wanted to do some hiking herself. After exploring, we took a rest and awoke to find two sticks of dynamite lounging beside us. The boys had been exploring also and had found an old, abandoned mine shaft about 200 yards across the creek. Its entrance was festooned with cases of old dynamite—the most dangerous kind, I found out later. My son's friend had even *tasted* his stick, and this explained why he became mysteriously ill on the way home!

We didn't bother to remove the two sticks, and left them in the middle of our camp.

Later at home, this began to bother me, after talking with a few amateur dynamite experts, who said that when dynamite aged, the explosive portion became concentrated, and could be detonated by a slight bump. This all made me decide the next day to retrace the 35-mile-long Middle Fork mountain road and the less than 1 mile by trail to move the sticks back to the old mine shaft across the creek where the boys had found them.

The two sticks were still nestled in the same spot, and I proceeded to the creek with one in each hand, intending to jump from rock to rock to the other side. Since it was early in the year, the creek was high, and at that time there was no suitable log bridge across.

Suddenly my imagination (or good sense) came to life, and I visual-

ized that if I slipped either stick could bump a rock, and I would be "dead in the water," so to speak.

And if I put two in one hand I would probably drop one with the same results, and I didn't want to make *two* risky trips! After debating with myself, I finally put them back on a small table in plain view, and told some nearby loggers where they were. They told me they would take care of the dynamite.

A year or two later, when approaching the camp, I noticed the area all torn up—by logging operations. The two sticks of dynamite were gone. I presume the loggers faithfully restored them to their original location—or did they?

Maybe they passed the buck, and who knows where the dynamite is today, or how many became involved. What would you have done? Or—what did you do? □



Middle Fork Snoqualmie River, La Bohn Gap on left, Dutch Miller Gap on right.

Robert Kinzebach



# *The high route to Ice Lakes provides hiker with grandeur that seems almost unequaled*

By ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

There are some locations in the Cascades of Washington that are one-day focal points for observing extensive scenic areas. One of these is Ice Lakes in the upper Entiat.

From the ridge above Upper Ice Lake, a view of Glacier Peak is unobstructed, towering above the steep canyon walls of Phelps Creek, that terminate to the north overlooking Spider Meadows at Chiwawa Mountain and Spider Glacier. The latter is a fairly easy access route to Lyman Lake and routes down Agnes Creek on the Pacific Crest Trail, Railroad Creek to Lucerne on Lake Chelan or west down the Suiattle River below Glacier Peak.

By moving an easy, open ½-mile to the north above Lower Ice Lake, another 360 degrees viewpoint looks back to Ice Lakes, and in the other direction to an almost level carpet of peaks across the Entiat River headwaters toward upper Lake Chelan.

At close range to the northwest, the Entiat Glacier is backed by Mount Fernow, one of the higher peaks. Down below to the east, in line with more glaciers in the foreground, is Entiat Meadows.

I only imagined this type of grandeur when organizing a spur-of-the-moment day trip to Ice Lakes

from Seattle, going by way of Lake Wenatchee, the Chiwawa River/Phelps and Leroy Creeks. I envisioned this trip while taking a fast day trip to just above Lyman and Hart lakes in October of 1951.

Showing across the way from Spider Glacier through lingering shadows, just south of Mount Maude was a 7,000-foot saddle beyond which Ice Lakes were likely located. I made it that day back to the car at dusk.

Anyway, five of us started out early on August 17, 1952, meeting for breakfast en route. We were soon parked on the Chiwawa River Road near Trinity (road not driveable to present parking).

After a steep beginning on the narrow road, it leveled out, and we made fast time to Leroy Creek where the trail became steep, we thought until encountering the more or less open, rocky cross country going after cutting south across Leroy Creek. We were aiming for a distant ridge past the lower slopes of Seven-Fingered Jack and just right of Mount Maude. It didn't help when one of the party tipped over his cool can of liquid refreshment that rapidly melted into the sand.

The crowd thinned out as some began finding excuses to explore adjacent areas; but two of us made it all the way to the lakes. One other made it to become silhouetted on the skyline while I was catching a couple of nice rainbows, simultaneously watching numerous mountain goats across the lake climbing Mount Maude.

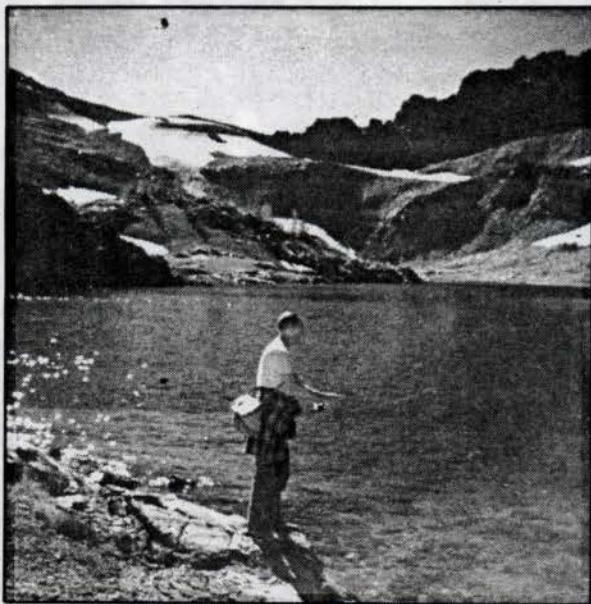
Before leaving, after glancing down to the lower lake and down Ice Creek, I promised myself I would be back.

At the ridge because of the lateness, we debated about cutting straight down the steep hillside to Phelps Creek, but wisely, swayed perhaps by cool drinks cached, followed the same route back to find the rest of them sitting in the car in the darkness.

I kept my promise, and with a companion from Wenatchee backpacked in overnight in September 1953.

The lakes are quite open, and no place to get caught in a thunderstorm. We probably burned the last of the available wood supply, our only partial protection from the hardy Kamikaze horse flies. We didn't notice the faint way trail that goes around the head of Leroy Creek, south to Carne Mountain and down to the present parking area that would make a scenic loop trip.

The longer, normal route is via the Entiat River that has to be forded, sometimes precariously. I prefer the short, high route.



Fisherman at Upper Ice Lake reached his destination by coming up Leroy Creek and through saddle, in background.

## *About the writer (Abv)*

The writer, Robert M. Kinzebach, is a multi-talented outdoorsman— an experienced woodsman, mapmaker (Pic-Tour Guide Maps) and a graduate forester. He has roamed all over the Cascades, the Enchantment Lakes/Mount Stuart country and every corner of the Naneum and Colockum areas. A native of Wenatchee, Kinzebach now resides in Federal Way.



# EARLY TRAVELS in the NORTH CASCADES

Robert M. Kinzebach

My earliest thoughts about mountains may have been when I lived in the flatlands of the Columbia River's Big Bend country, just outside Waterville (my birthplace).

On our wheat ranch by the breaks overlooking the town of Chelan, Chelan Butte was a prominent landmark. After moving to Wenatchee a few years later, I became familiar with names like Stormy Mountain, Baldy Mountain, Myrtle Lake, and others, as I accompanied my father on an occasional trip. So it is not surprising as I grew older that my activities centered around the head of Lake Chelan after I heard names like Rainy Lake, Horseshoe Basin and Stiletto Peak. These places became goals to visit, leading to my making several trips over Twisp Pass to Rainy Lake and Pass and to Stiletto Peak.

I was reflecting upon some of these early trips as I was driving over



*I posed for the camera with a string of fish from Rainy Lake—1934.*

Rainy Pass on Highway 20 in April, 1984. I was making a 447-mile loop trip over the North Cascades Highway, south to Snoqualmie Pass, and back to my home in Federal Way. It was

an earlier-than-usual opening day for the North Cascades Highway—April 5—and about 5 feet of snow remained along the roadside near Rainy Pass. It was snowing lightly.



Before the highway was built, it was a 12 mile hike to nearby Rainy Lake by way of Twisp Pass. Now the trail to the lake from Rainy Pass is only 1 mile and paved—for a good purpose, however: to allow those confined to wheelchairs to easily visit a real high-mountain lake.

My first trip was in 1933 with two Wenatchee companions. We were let off on the upper Twisp River at Gilbert, and spent the night in the old Gilbert Cabin that had seen better days. We planned to return through Stehekin and be picked up in Chelan. We were at the age when even a porcupine gnawing on the side of the cabin in the middle of the night alarmed us.

About the trip, I mostly remember the 4 miles to the pass, and the myriad of fish in Dagger Lake. (About five years later, three of us took a day trip to the lake that was notable because I caught an 18" cutthroat on a fly, about the largest fish I have ever caught.)

I also remember the welcome appearance of Sulphide Cabin just above the bridge on Bridge Creek on the west bank where we spent the night—a restless one, since the disturbed packrats began a counterattack once we were settled down.

The fly fishing in Bridge Creek was terrific, using a grey hackle—about the only one I ever use. The trail into Rainy Lake passed a large cabin situated on a bench just after crossing Bridge Creek again. It was shown on the map as Crocker Cabins.

The muddy trail approaching Rainy Lake was forgotten after we saw the lake and its spectacular long, thin waterfall at the upper end.

But by the time we were back at the cabin, it became apparent that a crisis was at hand. Our food supply had dwindled to a few dried prunes and a few squares of chocolate apiece. Glancing at the map, such as it was in that era, we thought it looked shorter to go up Mc Alister Creek over the pass into Rainbow Creek, and on to Stehekin, rather than continue down Bridge Creek as we had planned.

We either overlooked or ignored the necessary climb to the pass, as

opposed to the downhill-all-the-way of Bridge Creek—or maybe it was the lure of seeing new country.

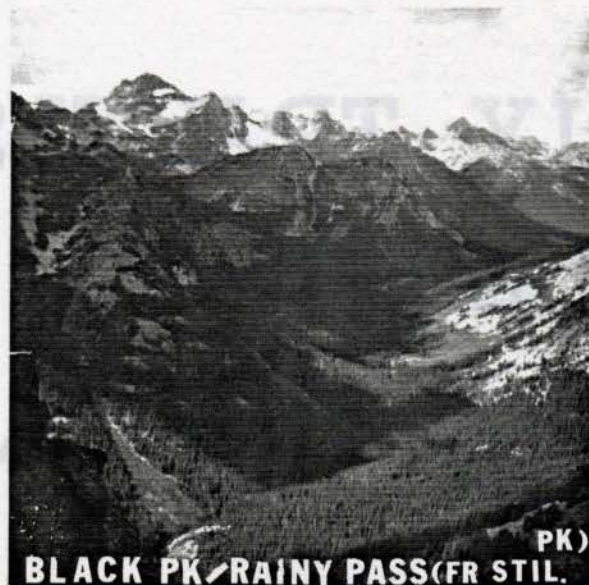
At the pass, at about the time we ate our last prune, the trail became sketchy; but somehow we followed it to timber again. We were slowed down in one or two places where snowslides had completely wiped out the trail.

Nobody ever heard of the Ten Essentials then; I don't believe we even had a flashlight. We'd never heard of hypothermia. When you got cold, you just walked faster!

Rainbow Falls was a welcome sound (the trail crossed above the falls), and shortly we came to the Stehekin Road, where we were picked up by a local road worker, taken to Stehekin, and allowed to sleep in some old building—I don't remember where.

This was the Great Depression, and we carried only loose change. It bought us a small snack; but being more tired than hungry, we slept 'til near boat arrival time.

We made it to Chelan on schedule to meet my father for the trip back to Wenatchee.



Robert M. Kinzebach

BLACK PK/RAINY PASS(FR STIL.

Besides other trips in the upper Stehekin (to Horseshoe Basin, Cascade Pass, Trapper Lake, and Dagger Lake) I took three more trips over Twisp Pass, plus another to Rainy Lake in 1953 by way of Stehekin.

We drove to the Bridge Creek Campground in my father's old Dodge that had been ferried up the lake and used only three times. (Its bones may be scattered around Stehekin, or some of its parts may be spliced onto other vehicles still navigating the Stehekin valley roads.)

With another Wenatchee fishing partner, I returned a second time to Rainy Lake and, on a side trip, we set a possible record up the switchbacks to Stiletto Peak Lookout, and then sought out a small lake nestled in the peaks ½-mile east—now appropriately called Stiletto Lake.

The views were spectacular toward Rainy Pass (remember—no road then) and up Copper Creek. After World War II in 1952, I made a solo day trip cross-country from Twisp Pass to the same lake, and over to the by-now-destroyed lookout, encountering a brown-colored black bear en route. Not far away below, toward the pass, was Dagger Lake.

On my last trip there, in 1953, I had fun with a joke I played on my partner. On some trips in the



fifties, we would occasionally bring "snake-bite" medicine along, and my companion had, as usual, relied upon me to pack the heavy potion in.

To his dismay, none was evident at camp—until he opened his bedroll!

We dedicated Sulphide Cabin that night with a background of thunder and sheet-lightning, and the patter of large raindrops that puffed up dust when they hit the ground.

It was such a warm, muggy night that my partner became disgusted, and left his war surplus down sleeping bag behind the next day.

But this wasn't the end of the trip. While waiting for the boat at Stehekin on a nearby balcony with some amiable friends, we were told about the great fishing up Company Creek. We pitched our tent beside the road not far below Rainbow Falls. Next day, we combed Company Creek without catching a fish, and spent most of our time fighting Devils club back up the steep sidehill out of the gorge to the trail. Our advisors were noticeably absent upon our return to boat-waiting.

As I passed through Winthrop in the spring of 1984, I marveled at how the town had changed from when I headed into the Pasayten on two

occasions over Eightmile Pass to Holden Hidden Lakes—on the first trip in 1937 as far as the Canadian border.

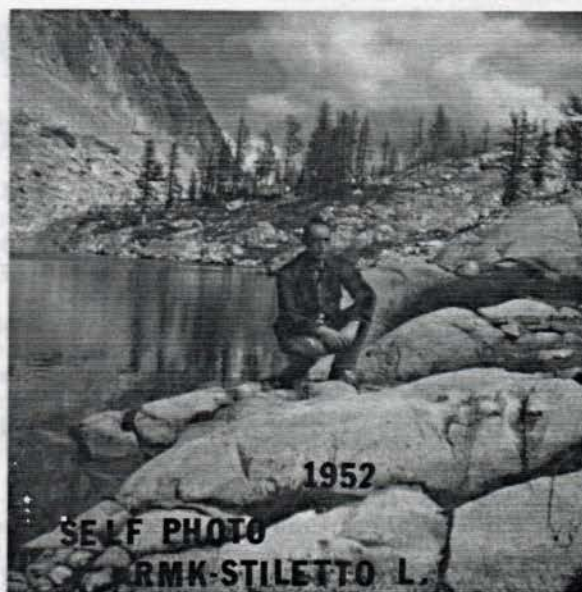
Nearing Chelan in my car, I could see the wheat country across the Columbia River, and soon Chelan Butte loomed into view. In my particular mood, I almost felt as though my life, like this loop trip I was enjoying, had gone full circle.

My grandfather had once owned Chelan's only flour mill, with my father as head miller. I, at about age seven, had often looked down upon the area from our wheat ranch. My brother runs an apple orchard there today.

I didn't dwell long upon past events, however, as reality reminded me there was still a couple of hundred miles yet to drive, with the expectation of enjoying a few more years that might prove to be just as eventful.

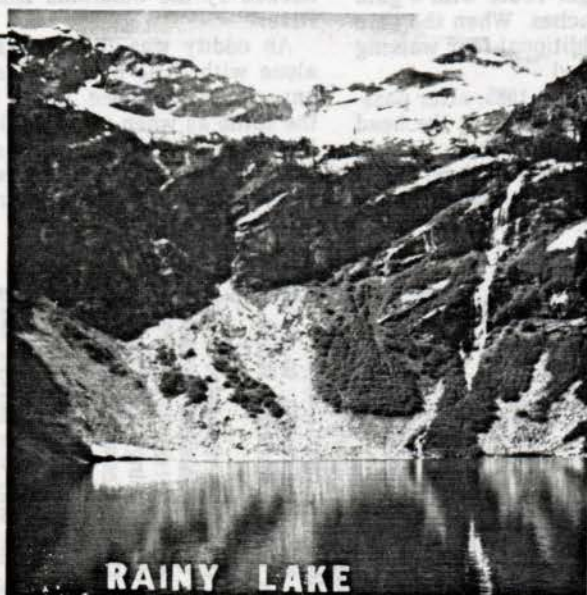


Robert M. Kinzebach, of Federal Way, has been a Signpost contributor for many years. A retired military officer, he produces Pic-Tour Guide Maps.



Robert M. Kinzebach

Using the camera's self-timer, I took this photograph at Stiletto Lake, August, 1952.



Robert M. Kinzebach



# The back-door route to the Enc

By ROBERT M. KINZEBACH \*1985  
Special Correspondent

Are you tired of laboriously trudging up the eight-mile long, steep trail to Snow Lakes and the Enchantments of lower Icicle Creek, that entails eating dust stirred up by the hordes of hikers on the trail that have gone through the ritual of finding parking space at the trailhead, where vandals later prey upon their parked cars?

And wouldn't you rather look down upon the Snow Creek Trail, and across at majestic mountain peaks rather than be restricted to tunnel vision upward to the high peaks?

Then take advantage of the "backdoor" route, that begins at an altitude equivalent to starting from Nada Lake, by driving the Mountain Home Ranch Road from Leavenworth or from Highway 97 to Road 7305 and another five miles to parking at about 4,500 feet.

A scenic trail (a well-used portion of the old Mill-Ingalls creek Trail) begins at this point with views to Leavenworth in one direction, and down to Valley Hi, Cashmere and points eastward toward Waterville and Badger Mountain.

The area can be seen from below near Cashmere as a silver forest of debarked, naked trees in a background of jagged peaks-gnarled trees that enhance the view once among them en route to the ridge viewpoint of Snow Lakes and the Enchantments. From the 4500 ft. trailhead, this ridge, an extension of the Stuart Range to Wedge Mtn., is only two miles by trail. Another 1½

miles of rough going cross country, with an elevation drop of 600 ft., is required to reach Snow Lakes. But the view itself from the ridge is worth the trip.

I was alerted about this route into the Enchantments a few years back while talking with some old-timers at the Trading Post store at Ingalls Creek, and made a half-hearted attempt to find the trail in upper Hansel Creek at the time; then put it on the back burner until this year.

A total of five trips were taken in 1985, three of them solo, beginning when several feet of snow was still on the ground on April 22, and ending on June 24 by exploring the cross-country route down the other side with a companion.

We found the route difficult, but passable by going through a gap in the cliffs and bearing left; across rock slides but also that a one-day trip coming from Seattle was insufficient time-wise to reach Snow Lakes.

Earlier, portions of the Mill-Ingalls Creek Trail were checked in Hansel Creek, where it was possible to drive to 3800 feet near active logging. The road continues to about 4,200 feet, where a way trail leads upward less than one mile to the old non-maintained trail.

This is a longer route with a gate in its lower reaches. When the gate is closed, an additional four walking miles were added.

It was on May 19, 1985, after passing an old miners cabin at the head of Allen Creek that had an expansive downslope meadow in its front yard, and with patchy snow

the last half mile, that I struggled to the ridge overlook.

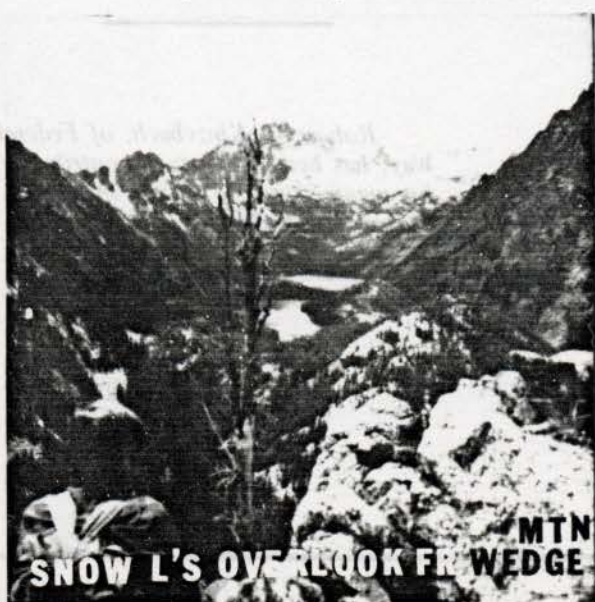
I hesitated before stepping to the top to visualize what the scene might be like, and to savor the moment. Once on top I found the general view was similar to what I imagined, but the magnitude was much greater than anticipated.

The striking focal point was, of course, an in-line view of Snow Lakes, still partly frozen, backed by McClellan Peak, with the Enchantments' Little Annapurna, and Cannon Mountain behind divided by The Temple Mountain in the foreground, all encompassed in an air-line distance of one to three miles.

Downward to the right was Nada Lake, and its falls, along the left side of which, many times in the 'fifties I used as a day trip route to Earle Lake to obtain a limit of cut-throat trout. Glancing more downward and to the right, the Snow Creek Trail came into view; and, in the distance, the snow-clad peaks behind Icicle Ridge loomed up.

Back to the far left, the massive Stuart Range curved to where I was standing, and on to its ending at nearby Wedge Mountain. Looking behind me, the town of Cashmere and other settlements appeared, backed by the Columbia Basin and River.

An oddity was that I was again alone with little or no evidence of anyone having been there before, the same as when traveling into the Enchantments on many occasions 30 years before. How long the solitude at this point will endure is problem-



hantments

atical. The seven-mile back road to reach the trailhead may eliminate a few of the faint-hearted. In any event, from this vantage point the view cannot be destroyed. It is there to be enjoyed.

A few may press on down across the rock slides to Snow Lakes, but I have begun to find it more fulfilling at this state to reminisce at close range about the dozen times I ventured into the Enchantments in the 'fifties, and once again to Snow Lakes in 1981 (Wenatchee World - 8/5/84).

From the ridge viewpoint in one glance I can see almost the entire route of my first trip - a day trip Aug. 15, 1951 - going around the left side of Upper Snow Lake to the Enchantments, and back down fixed ropes adjacent to Nada Falls, and back to my car, in contrast to present days, the only one parked along the Icicle River Road.

One by one, I can recount and relive many pleasant trips into the Enchantments with a minimum of effort. I may be back to this overlooked viewpoint quite often.

Robert M. Kinzbach is a free-lance writer, experienced mountain traveler and



# Trapper Lake Poker

Robert M. Kinzebach

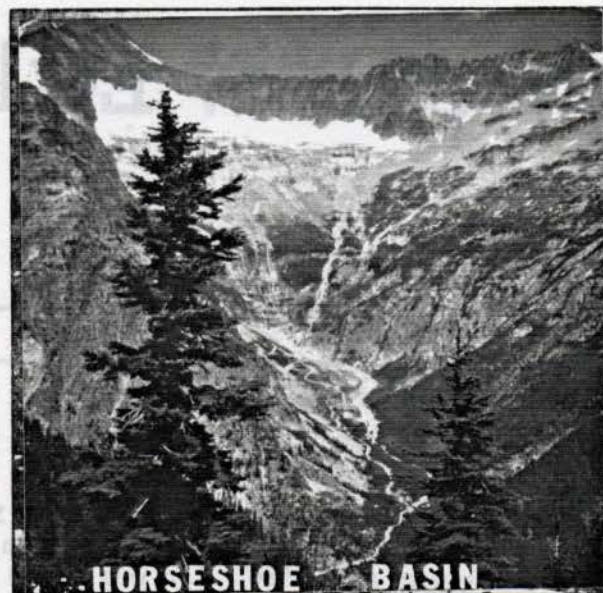
It was August, 1952. I had agreed to play a 7pm game of poker with some fellows from work, but the day was ideal for a long-awaited hiking trip to Trapper Lake.

I had wanted to take the "upper (Cascade Pass) route" to the lake ever since I had gone up the Stehekin valley, struggled across the Stehekin River, fought brush up the steep hillside, and then managed to fall into the outlet stream with my camera. I had even tried flying in, but rough air had made a landing impossible.

There had to be an easier way, and I thought Cascade Pass would be it. I could get an early start, and be back to south Seattle in time for the card game.

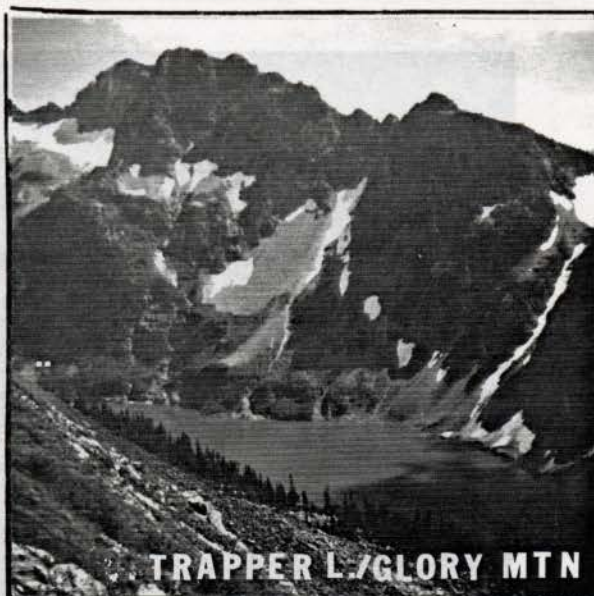
Cascade Pass then—as now—was one of the closest places to civilization with the most concentrated, spectacular views in the Washington Cascades. I arrived there in the morning, and studied the route to where Trapper Lake appeared to be—straight ahead from the pass, down across open Pelton Basin, and around the base of Magic Mountain.

A well-used trail appeared after I crossed the basin, leaving nothing to do except admire the 360-degree scenery as I walked. Looking left, the steep drop into the Stehekin valley was awesome, as was Horseshoe Basin across the



Robert M. Kinzebach

HORSESHOE BASIN



Robert M. Kinzebach

TRAPPER L / GLORY MTN

Trapper Lake, 1952.

narrow valley. The trail wound its way across the open heather hillside, steep enough that it wasn't a good idea to step off the trail!

Soon I was at the crest saddle just above Trapper Lake, backed by Glory Mountain, and Trapper Mountain at the upper end, looking insignificant against the wall of glaciers higher up to the west.

*If there is a heaven*, I thought, *this must be it*. I soaked up the sun, the views, the mountain air, but soon had to leave for the long trip back.

I remember arriving a few minutes late for the game. I figured I was still bright-eyed and bushy-tailed even after the long day, and I wondered why one beer made me feel somewhat flushed.

During the game someone said, "Let's see your hole cards."

Without hesitation, I murmured, "There they are—one Cascade Pass and a pair of Trapper Lakes!"



A native of Wenatchee, Signposter Bob Kinzebach has been hiking the mountains of Washington for more years than he will admit. As a meteorologist, he was Chief Forecaster at Mc Chord Air Force Base; he retired in 1972. Currently, he is the owner and cartographer of Pic-Tour Guide Maps.



# Return to

# Swallow Lakes - Almost

Robert M. Kinzebach

I have thought occasionally about returning to Swallow Lakes in the Upper Icicle after once visiting there in August, 1950 (see Signpost, April, 1980). Last year I made a feeble attempt by taking a late season reconnaissance trip over Deception Pass, where I cached a small stock of food at a camp site just prior to the outlet of Talus Lake (the cache is still there), but I had to cancel the trip at the last minute.

This year I considered a "spur-of-the-moment/play-it-by-ear" solo day trip for late August, but changed it to a twosome by a late call to a friend, who, fortunately, was in just the right mood for a hasty trip. This time the route would be from the end of the Tonga Ridge Road, up Deception Creek and around Mac Peak for a view down on Swallow Lakes in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. No turning back now, even though rain at our 4:30am departure time would have provided us with a good excuse.

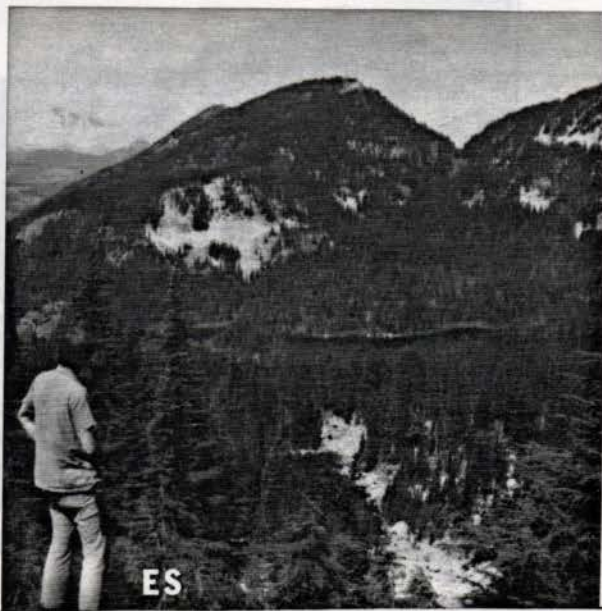
The rain continued long enough to settle the dust on the 22 miles of the Foss River and Tonga Ridge Roads, and the remaining clouds dissipated when we arrived at the trailhead about 8:00am.

Dropping down a half-mile or so through some wet brush to Deception Creek and Trail 1059, we soon had a choice of fording the creek, walking across a log jam, or taking a detour to a log crossing. We used the log and began a slow climb through trees about 2 miles to where the left fork switchbacked up a short mile to the Pacific Crest Trail.

Our plan was to cross the PCT and go cross-country up the ridge past several pothole lakes and a couple larger ones to Mac Peak for a view down on Swallow Lakes. At this point we had now accomplished about one-half the altitude gain at 5000 feet. Mac Peak's elevation is 6859 feet.

Thinking there must be a way trail, we walked north along the PCT to Deception Lakes to try to find it. I also wanted to see if the trail shelter was still standing where a party of us, including my daughter Kay, stayed overnight in 1961 after coming through Surprise Gap. But not even a vestige of the shelter remained.

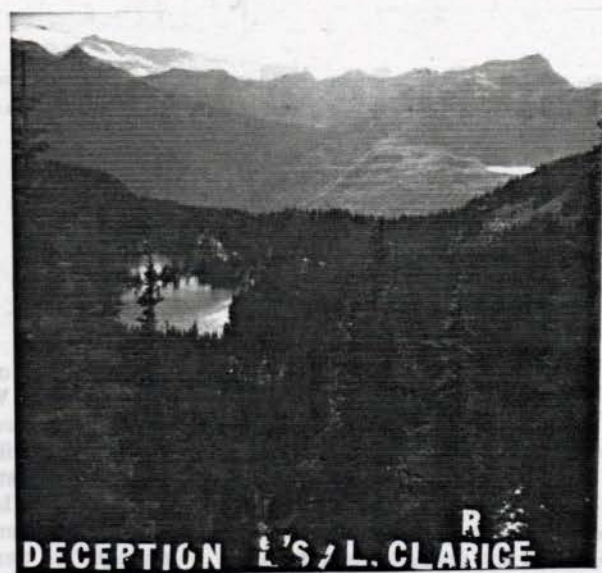
Still searching for a way trail, we crossed the outlet between Deception Lake proper and a smaller lake, and found a path going in the desired direction uphill out the "back door" of several camping spots. Within a half-mile, we reached the first shallow pothole. Bearing left, in another 300 yards we discovered a deeper and larger lake. Here we came across a personal, private camp set-up, including a cache of provisions roped up high in the trees—someone's hide-away from the cruel world.



On the way to Mac Peak with Surprise Gap in the background, August, 1982.

Robert M. Kinzebach





DECEPTION L'S, L. CLARICE R

We deviated from our planned route up a gully that should bring us to a shallow lake and basin, because a fair way trail continued up the ridge for three-quarters of a mile where we had only to drop down less than a hundred feet to the lake, which turned out to be a natural breeding ground for millions of mosquitoes. Here, Marmot and Clarice lakes, across Deception Creek, and their joining trail system began to show up clearly.

A mostly-game trail continued in the open up to a deeper lake in a long half-mile, where my partner took a dip in the lake.

Resuming our travels, in a few hundred yards, just as we were approaching the ridge top in anticipation of a superb view down on Talus Lake, we heard a distant boom of thunder, which considerably changed our plans for the balance of the trip.

After gulping in the awesome view of Talus Lake backed by jagged peaks, and a view almost directly down upon Deception Pass with Mount Daniel looming up beyond, all in a setting of thunder and lightning, we had a decision to make.

I was mostly satisfied by having seen some new country, and by getting even that far, but my companion hadn't seen Swallow Lakes, so we decided he would leave his pack and rapidly head for Mac Peak, about a half-mile away and 400 feet more elevation. I kept one eagle eye watching for his returning figure, and the other askance on the lightning that seemed to begin just past Talus Lake, spreading slowly closer.

I was kept busy swatting clouds of mosquitoes, and a few flies that dared penetrate, a situation that always seems worse under humid and windless conditions. An hour of this was only a taste of the misery I endured on the return, because now we were down to one can of soft drink, and, unlike my compatriot, I was determined not to drink the water.

Each creek we passed became more tempting, and meeting one party festooned with water bottles and delicious-looking grape juice made me move away, so as not to be tempted to break an unwritten law and ask for a drink. Fording the creek was a pleasure by now.

I renewed my pledge not to go on a trip that starts out downhill, because the climb out is many times more difficult when you're tired.

It was now almost 9pm, with just enough light to see Mac Peak in the distance—now looking as unattainable as Mount Everest—and I thought, as I almost always have at the end of the first real hiking trip of the year: if I survive this, maybe I am good for another year or two—perhaps, next time, another more successful try at Swallow Lakes.





# West-Side Enchantments

Robert M. Kinzebach

Looking innocent from below and protected by dense timber, rapidly growing brush, and weather, is a lake-studded plateau very close to high-density population centers and comparable to the Enchantments near Leavenworth, Washington.

Having heard of this hidden area from one or two persons who told me there was no easy way in, I became obsessed with exploring the region, especially after learning there are a total of nine lakes within a 1½-mile-square area, including a large one of more than five acres not even shown on the USGS quadrangle.

As further inducement, many of these lakes were reportedly planted by the Trailblazers, an organization of mountain men who laboriously backpack trout to remote high lakes, then try to keep others from finding out about them (even each other).

I made an occasional scouting trip during the summer and while patrolling the roads and highways on other trips. Careful scrutiny each time showed a snow pack on the ridges and peaks until the hot weather hit—then it was too hot to try it! Finally, I made a first attempt with a companion on August 16, 1979, on a mostly cloudy and showery day, but dampness and overgrown sections of the route were enough to make it impossible to complete the trip that day. It looked difficult; the idea was put on the back burner for the season—and perhaps for all time.

But then another route, though still a steep climb of over 1500 feet through timber, brush and rock slide to reach the open plateau-like area, had not been tested. The desire to see these close/remote lakes was re-

kindled when on September 17 my youngest son, Wayne, made the mistake of saying he would like to take another day hike before school began.

By suggesting an alternate trail if the way in looked too rough, he (and I) was persuaded to make the attempt the next day.

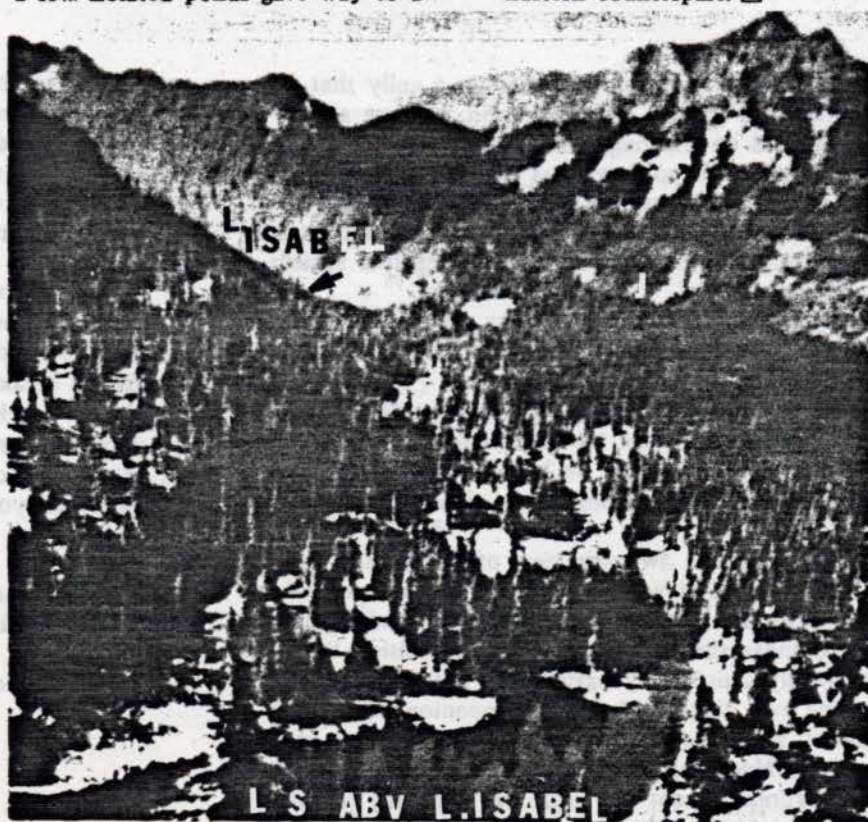
Driving up the highway, we turned off on a side road, driving about eight miles to the end, and then made a couple of attempts to locate a way through the thick brush and downed logs to the steep, timbered hillside.

Once started, we discovered it was easier to go forward than backward. On top at about 4500 feet, trails (mostly game trails) appeared, and a few isolated ponds gave way to a

first small lake, and in another ¼-mile and 100 feet up, a second more shallow lake.

Climbing a nearby ridge got us a view of the afore-mentioned five-acre lake and others including many lower potholes—along with views of many mountain peaks, both close and distant. So primitive was the area that we saw only one other set of footprints, and of several Bald Eagles observed, one was content to sit on a nearby tree top.

Where is this close-in Shangri-La? I cannot comment further because this West-side Enchantment-like rock, timber and weather-bound high-level section of the Cascades would undoubtedly suffer the same fate as its Eastern counterpart. □



View from a nearby ridge.

Robert M. Kinzebach



# A Lookout Looks Back

Robert M. Kinzebach

Admitting to having been a Forest Service Lookout Fireman tends to date me, I know, since fire lookouts are a thing of the past. In spite of this, I did have some interesting experiences in the years 1939 and 1940 as a lookout in the Blue Mountains between La Grande, Oregon, and Walla Walla, Washington.

The ultimate in prestige while attending Washington State University as a forestry major was to obtain a summer forestry position. I wanted one for more than just the money it would provide to continue my education. I had always envied a local home town high school classmate who every summer manned the Stiletto Peak Lookout near Rainy Pass in the North Cascades.

Finally, in my second year I received, in part, these terse words from Headquarters of the Umatilla National Forest in Pendleton, Oregon: "You will be required to furnish a uniform, a car in good running order, and nec-

essary bedding for yourself."

I reported for work in a 1931 Model A Ford that soon broke down, putting me in hock for a 1936 Ford V8. My pay was \$100 per month with \$6 deducted for rent—these were depression years.

Later, from the Meacham Ranger District at La Grande, I received notice to report to Tollgate, Oregon (about 30 miles from Walla Walla) for guard school.

## GUARD SCHOOL ANTICS

Looking back at my guard school days, here are the words I wrote for the monthly Umatilla "Buckaroo" in October 1939:

"Many strange happenings, quite startling to the uninitiated, take place at Guard School. The school could well be said to be used as an excuse for a seasonal reunion for all members of the Service, and it is a question as to whether learning fire protection is as interesting as watching the antics of some of the participants in these happy reunions.

"These meetings assume forms ranging from the common handshake to the immediate settling of age-old feuds. It is not unusual for one zealous

party to produce a pair of scissors or a sharp knife and deftly cut loose his unsuspecting friend's trousers, leaving him helpless. A trusting person will reach for a friendly hand shake only to have his digits clamped in a vise-like grip, forcing him to battle for supremacy. It is not until both realize that his opponent is still as good a man as he used to be that hostilities are ceased, and both go on their way talking of old times. The greater the physical exertion manifested the greater friends they seem to be."

We did learn a few things about the mechanics of fire detection and suppression, and even located and put out a practice fire, taking care that everything was done according to the book, since official eyes were peering from the underbrush.

Later in the summer, the district ranger tested the alertness of his lookouts by touching off spot fires at random. Somehow, I became suspicious when one was located within two miles of my station, and I noticed a half-hidden USFS truck as I was approaching the fire. I made sure my fire suppression techniques were right out of the book. That evening, the ranger showed me how to roast a chunk of

*continued page*





*Meacham Lookout between La Grande and Pendleton, Oregon.*

lamb such that I have not had equaled to this day!

I was assigned to Goodman Ridge, though in my two-summer stay I had temporary residence at Meacham Lookout and 6000-foot Mount Emily that had for access a 75-foot steel ladder straight up. This lookout had to be evacuated at a certain maximum wind speed. My regular station was about fifty feet high with a separate house on the ground.

The work was routine and time passed rapidly. My only visitor would be someone who had taken a wrong turn. Once my family came down from my hometown of Wenatchee for a one-day visit. I watched the dust of

their arrival coming closer, and watched again wistfully the retreating dust as they departed.

Once in a while a shepherd would drop in with a welcome fresh supply of lamb. My being an honorary game warden had nothing to do with this, I'm sure. I was allowed to go to La Grande for supplies once a month, regulated according to the weather, and for water every three days. I saw quite a number of magnificent elk on these trips for water. Grouse almost roosted on my doorstep.

On the weekends, other nearby lookouts would all join in on a phone conference with the latest news; my battery radio was nursed along to keep

up with the alarming world events.

All in all, it was a good intermission from school life—except for the forest fires, usually premiered by thunderstorm activity, and once breaking up a forest guard meeting by setting a tree on fire only a few hundred feet away. It was a long drive through the flashing lightning and booming thunder to our respective stations!

I had wanted a remote pack-in lookout, but I was glad to be assigned to whatever was available. One advantage of a remote station was that someone *else* usually got to put out the fires. But a lookout who had transportation was subject to go, usually alone, to attempt to control the fire.

### FIRES, FOG, AND FLIGHT

My first fire occurred while I was on break at La Grande at the Ranger's home. A motorist reported a lightning strike and fire near the pass from Pendleton, and I was in the right position to be elected to go control it. I found the fire soon enough across a canyon, drivable within about a quarter mile. To put out the fire, I had to pack water up the hill in a pack bucket.

Having been taught not to leave a fire until it was dead out, I stayed for two nights, arriving back at La Grande just before the ranger sent out a missing person report.

I once went on a fire with an old hand. With the fire crackling loudly and spreading before our eyes, he leisurely poured a cup of coffee!

On another occasion, when visiting the Meacham Lookout, I glanced toward my own station and much to my chagrin saw what turned out to be a month-old "sleeper" fire. As a reward, it was assigned to me, and I found it in the dark timber on the opposite side of Black Mountain from my lookout.

I was again embarrassed on the Fourth of July when I spotted some smoke in the bottom of a canyon and spent a long hot day looking for it, only to learn that it was a patch of fog that had dissipated!

Two highlights marked my second season. The first concerned an inspector who dropped in on horseback to



do his inspecting. Next morning, all that could be found was the saddle!

Luckily it was about time for a supply trip to La Grande. Since I had just obtained my pilot's license I volunteered to fly the inspector from there to Pendleton in a low-powered Piper Cub—such that the addition of the saddle made it a rather marginal operation!

We laboriously climbed to the 4200-foot pass after detouring over the nearby USFS dispatch office en route. Once on the other side, I demonstrated a few flying techniques I had just learned, then dropped off the seemingly unruffled inspector at the Pendleton Airport.

On my return trip via Goodman Ridge and Mount Emily, I saw a small fire from the little Piper Cub, and wondered if this might be a better way of spotting them.

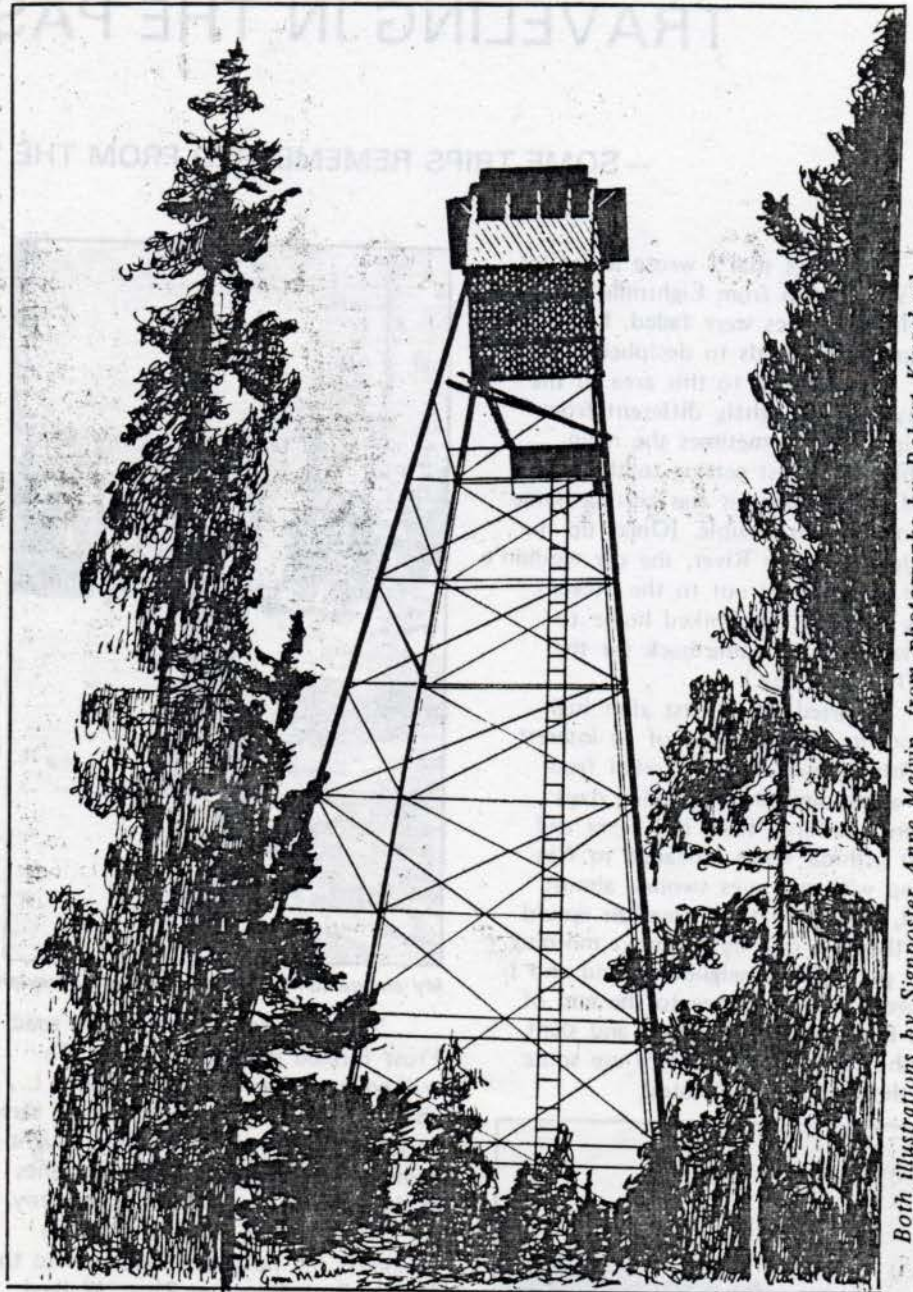
Later at a get-together at WSU, I learned from a visitor that the inspector's flight had turned into quite a conversation piece for him, a story good for all occasions!

### LOOKING FOR ME?

The second incident occurred late in the season when a grandmother wandered away from her family near my station while looking for huckleberries. An all-points bulletin resulted in the whole area being combed way into darkness, ending by the shooting of firearms with anticipation of an answering cry out of the night, at the same time realizing the futility of it. The two sons blamed each other to the extent that armed combat almost took place.

Finally I went back to my cabin. Just after daylight, as I was cooking breakfast, there came a tap on my window, and the words, "Anybody looking for me?" It turned out she hadn't had any real difficulty. Of course this made headlines in the local newspaper.

In June of 1941 I graduated, and wrote to my District Ranger saying I wouldn't be back. I had signed up for meteorology training that soon would lead me to an unbroken thirty-three months as Weather Officer in North Africa and Italy.



Mount Emily Lookout, overlooking La Grande, Oregon.

Perhaps the Ranger best expressed my feelings about my Lookout Fireman experiences when he wrote in longhand at the bottom of his official letter of reply: "When you are working on airplanes, you might think of the old Meacham District sometimes, and drop us a line to let us know how you are making out. Perhaps sometime you will recall the savory odor of mountain lamb roasting, or the visitor you had because he was lost and thought he was going somewhere, or hunting lost

women who walk in fresh as a daisy (or tomato), and these will remind you. Anyhow, our association has been a pleasant one, and I wish you the best of luck for the future."

That last sentence was written *before* he led a pack outfit in to a fire, and ran into a big log across the trail (no chain saws back then) that I was supposed to have removed!

Anyway, he was right. Rewarding experiences like these cannot be forgotten.

Both illustrations by Signposter Anne Melvin, from photographs by Robert Kinzebach





ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

# TRAVELING IN THE PASAYTEN

—SOME TRIPS REMEMBERED FROM THE "OLD DAYS"—

The notes that I wrote just after my second trip from Eightmile Creek to Hidden Lakes were faded. I had to magnify the words to decipher them.

My first trip to this area of the Pasayten was slightly different from a trip today. Sometimes the main problem was just getting to the trailhead. Other times it was getting home again after car trouble. (Once, up the Little Wenatchee River, the car wouldn't start. We walked out to the Stevens Pass Highway, hitchhiked home to Wenatchee, and came back for the car the next day.)

I started hiking just after high school in 1933 because of an interest in fishing, and also as a relief from the apple- and cherry-picking days when I suffered from hay fever and later asthma. Once I headed to Winthrop with my eyes swollen almost shut, hoping that the clear air would fix them—it did, by the next morning.

In 1937, a neighbor friend and I drove from Wenatchee to the end of the Eightmile Creek Road, and slept at the car overnight. Here are some of those deciphered notes:



Lost River valley.



My companion on the Middle Fork Pasayten.

"Slept at car at end of the road. Frost formed during the night. We walked in to the cabin at Cougar, L., about 14 miles. Passed a party of three about midpoint who said they caught some fish. There were some big ones in the lake, but we couldn't catch any.

"Stayed one day, then before breakfast the next day hiked on to the Middle Fork Pasayten River. Walked down to the Guard Station, but boys did not appear sociable, so we walked up toward the airport and camped for breakfast. Lots of small fish in the river.

"We walked up to the airport, about 35 miles from our trailhead, and past the airport ran into a Forest Service camp. They gave us a complete meal. Met Bill there [was that fall to have him in same ROTC drill platoon at WSC].

"Camped on the Pasayten that night, and returned to the Lost River (it runs occasionally underground) the next night. We camped on a sand bar

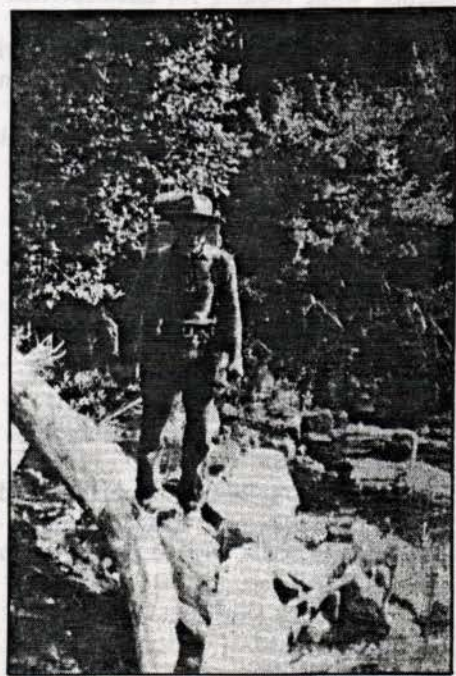
on Lost River with a bright moonlit night. Hiked up to the trail the next morning and back to the car—3 nights out."

I spent World War II as an Army Air Corps weather officer, dreaming about the Pasayten. In August of 1954, "Drove from Wenatchee and hiked in to Cougar Camp by night. Caught no fish. Hiked up to Middle Lake after supper, but no luck. Next day hiked to Hidden (Long) Lake—no luck. Hiked on out to the car, a hard two-day trip."

I'll never forget that moonlit night on the Lost River in 1937. I think Three Fools Pass could have been named for us fishermen.

On that first trip in 1937, my partner complained about having the heaviest pack, so I picked up his and carried it on up to the trail. That solved the problem.

Robert M. Kinzebach is the owner of Pic-Tour Guide Maps. He lives in Federal Way.



Crossing a creek on logs.



ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

W

# FISH TALES ... LOOKING BACK OVER 60 YEARS IN THE CASCADES

No book tells how and where to catch fish in the high Cascades. Most fisherpeople are independent and learn by their own experiences. Most fish, too, are independent.

My fishing adventures began some 60 years ago. I began learning to fish (fly-fish, that is) when I won an automatic reel and fly rod in a contest right after high school in Wenatchee, in 1933.

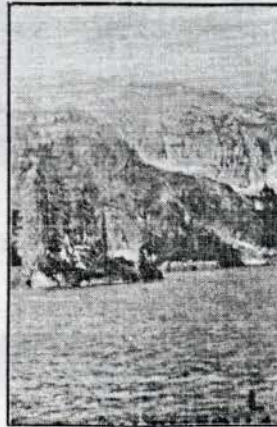
Experience and association with others were my teachers. I am still not an expert, even after all these decades.

I preferred fly fishing in those days (still do) and I most always went to the most remote spots, where I thought the fishing would be better. Catching a fish was almost a sure bet when there was a ripple on the water, especially when I used a grey hackle, my favorite fly.

I also carried a spinning rod later on, which upped my chances of success, especially when there was no ripple.

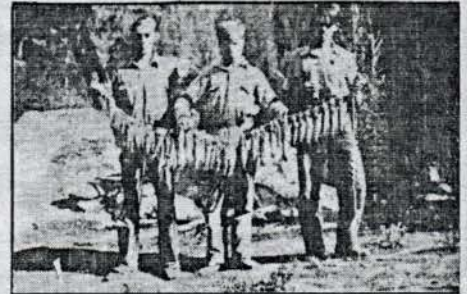
Fishing in streams was less complicated than lakes, requiring only that I dabble a fly into a foamy pool, after approaching noiselessly and invisibly.

using a fly with a spinner at the upper end in deep water. My father couldn't believe their size and how fast I caught them.



Lower Klonauqua Lake.

Klonauqua Lakes are about as far from civilization as you can get in the Icicle. I took three trips here also. On the last trip I went with a companion from Wenatchee and took my 10-year-old son. We camped at French Creek for the night, then went to the lake the next morning and all the way back to the car — with no fish and tired.



A week at Rainbow Creek ... that's me on the left.

In 1935 three of us spent a week camped on Rainbow Creek at Stehekin. On one of the days, we hiked up to Bridge Creek, stopping on the way at High Bridge to fish. We arrived at Bridge Creek after dark, and greatly disturbed other campers as we had no flashlight.

I stopped carrying a fishing pole in later years, when I became more interested in just seeing new country. The fishing will probably never be as good as I enjoyed. About 1950, one of my partners remarked, "We are living at the best time." Let's hope he was wrong.

△

Robert M. Kinzebach is the owner of Pic-Tour Guide Maps. He lives in Federal Way.



My father at Lake Victoria, about 1938.

I have been to Lake Victoria three times. Lake Victoria was cross-country and considered hard to find, but I could find it easily by keeping the sound of water on my right. Only once did I catch fish there, however,



The Square Lake cabin.

I went to Square Lake twice, in 1945 and 1950. In 1950, we camped at Leland Creek, then hiked to Square Lake and made a loop by also visiting Swallow Lakes and Lake Leland.



Bob Kinzebach at Rainy Lake.



# Square Lake Mulligan

Robert M. Kinzebach

Some of the best moments I have had hiking and camping in the Cascades were concerned with simple, basic happenings.

Not long ago one of my hometown Wenatchee hiking partners, now in his active 70's, sent me a note. "My memory goes back lots of times to the old days," he wrote, "when we would go to the high country and mountains. We had lots of fun. This is your writing 30 years ago. See if you can read it."

He had enclosed a recipe of mine titled "How to Make Square Lake Mulligan." I remembered the hike to Square Lake, but had forgotten about writing the recipe.

Let me explain why the conception of this recipe was—still is—a memorable event. Imagine being overseas for an unbroken 33 months—as I was—after having spent several earlier years fishing the many high lakes in the Icicle Creek watershed.

And then imagine hearing off and on from your hiking friends on the home front about how good the fishing had become, especially Square Lake, where an old packrat-infested cabin (aren't they always?) was available to make the stay more pleasant.

Imagine my anticipation when the time came for a 30 day leave from Air Force meteorology duties, with the future a little uncertain as the war was not yet over in the Pacific (little did I know that it would be in a few days—August 15, to be exact).

And finally the big day for me, August 2, 1945, when my thin frame

(I was down to 135 pounds from a bout with malaria) was loaded down with a pack for the 15-mile hike to Square Lake from Chatter Creek, the trailhead at that time.

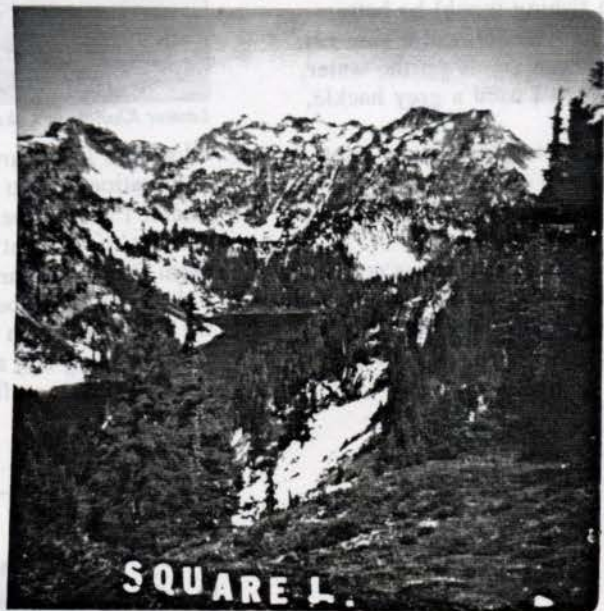
We camped the first night at the old Bark Cabin, where the trail leaves the Icicle River at Leland Creek. Our nerves were tested the next day by walking a slick log on an incline (aren't they all?) across Leland Creek, then uneventfully on in to Square Lake.

It was a snug cabin and, with no one else around, we settled down for a day or two, spending many hours just relaxing and cooking. My frame

began to expand under a barrage of flapjacks each morning. But fishing was the same old story: "They were biting good yesterday. . ."

We made Square Lake Mulligan the day before heading back. Here are the instructions. (You may not want to pack in the ingredients. Dried foods were not in vogue then—they never were for me.)

"First you drink a half quart of Imperial Whiskey [the only kind that one of the members could obtain during wartime], and then go out and fish all morning without catching a thing and have [the third member of



Square Lake and Thunder Mountain—the route to Swallow Lake.

Robert M. Kinzebach



our party] come back with a good mess of rainbow.

"This all puts one in the proper frame of mind for a Square Lake Mulligan. You take all the vegetables left in your pack that you don't want to carry back out over the trail, and start cutting them down to size to fit into a five gallon water bucket. Usually you will need only about a peck or two of carrots and onions with a diced head or two of cabbage to fill in the blank spaces. Since there is a war on, the only seasoning will be an excess of salt.

"After eight to ten hours of cooking the stew is ready. At this point if you can find anything else you don't want, now is the time to add it. With careful rationing there will be enough to serve one army garrison or CCC camp, or those who must eat it for the duration."

After the war, pleasant memories of this area inspired us to a repeat performance, but this time with a business-as-usual attitude of locating Swallow Lakes to the south and visiting Lake Leland if time permitted over a three-day period in August, 1950.

Now, in better condition, we made it all the way to the Square Lake cabin the first day. Next day, one member, who presumably wanted to be obliging, or was conned into it, took the bulk of our equipment and started down to the trail junction at Leland Creek where the remaining two of us were to meet him later that day.

Then with lighter packs, we started south along the left side of Square Lake, passing a small, then-unnamed lake (now called Milk Lake). From there, we circled southeast over a small heather-covered ridge following a game trail through the saddle from where we could see one of the Swallow Lakes below. Soon a small lake was observed off to the right on a bench, and then shortly the large one, our temporary destination, appeared again on our left some distance below—later found to be overflowing with eager cutthroat trout. Another slightly smaller one was situated just below in the same drainage (we were not aware of a

fourth large one farther to the south-east).

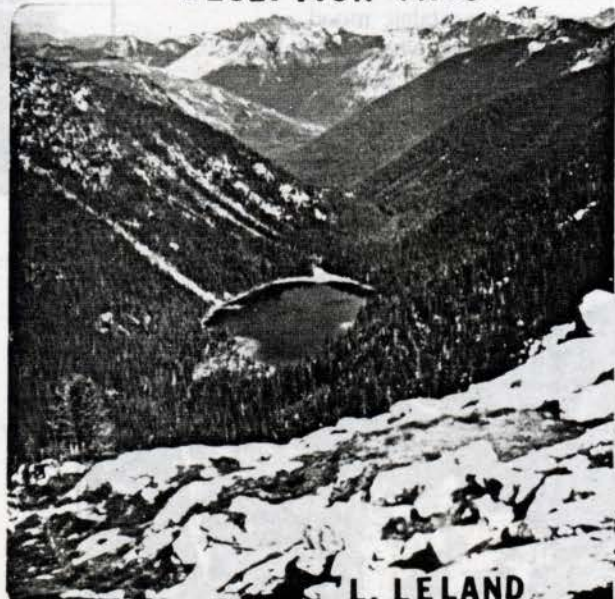
Continuing after having no luck fishing the lower lake, we followed the rocky creek bottom down to Leland Creek. There was still time to detour the two miles to Lake Leland; and while my partner fished, I went up one of the inlet streams, past a small falls, to a couple of the Phoebe Lake Potholes, as I later found out they were named—one called Shoal Lake.

I learned more about this area some three years later when the same two of us backpacked in from Hyas Lake, camping at Lake Phoebe, passing Robin Lakes and jewel-like Granite Mountain Potholes enroute. We explored the Phoebe Potholes, fished Lake Leland again, and returned next day over the ridge past another of the Granite Mountain Potholes, directly down and around the south side of Tuck Lake, and cross-country through timber to Hyas Lake.

Even though I realize that nostalgic situations are rarely the same as before, I have a desire to visit the Square Lake Cabin—or its remnants—again, or fish the fourth Swallow Lake that we overlooked. I now know of a shorter, easier route that follows a way trail east from the old Pacific Crest Trail pass east of Surprise Mountain above Surprise and Glacier Lakes. This route not only provides a spectacular view down toward Square and adjacent lakes, but also in the other direction of Deception, Marmot and Clarice Lakes, plus Mount Daniel. As further encouragement to myself, I did manage to hobble about on 39 trips in 1979, totalling 221 miles.

Hopefully, the only problem will be to pry myself away from going places where I have not been before. □

## DECEPTION PASS



L. LELAND

PHOTO BY M. KINZEBACH



# RAINY LAKE REVISITED

Robert M. Kinzebach

It just happened that on my birthday September 30, 1987, I was on a loop day trip from Federal Way over the North Cascade Highway to Loomis and back by way of Wenatchee.

Approaching Rainy Pass, even though I had considerable driving to do, I thought *why not take time out to hike to Rainy Lake*—a distance of only 1 mile.

My first trip there was at age 17, 54 years earlier, by backpacking over Twisp Pass, a distance of about 12 miles. And I had done it another time in 1953 from the head of Lake Chelan and Bridge Creek—about the same distance.

When the trip became only 1 mile, and the trail paved, I had passed by on the new highway at least thirty times and never considered walking to the lake. But today, on my birthday, I was in a nostalgic mood.

At Rainy Pass, where there was nothing before, is now a park-like atmosphere with parking areas and facilities, special signs and trailhead directions for Pacific Crest Trail users.

and, of course, a super-paved unmarred ribbon of highway that comes up from Ross Lake from the west and proceeds in a short distance to slightly higher Washington Pass, then drops to the Methow Valley.

Two trails, besides the PCT, take off from the parking lot—one to Lake Ann to the right, and a paved one that goes left to Rainy Lake.

The pass elevation is 4855 feet, and the lake 4760, so the trail is now just a leg-stretching stroll for most

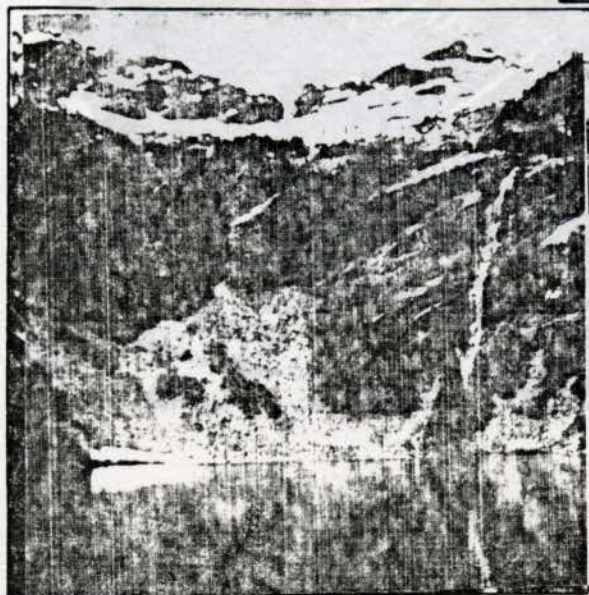
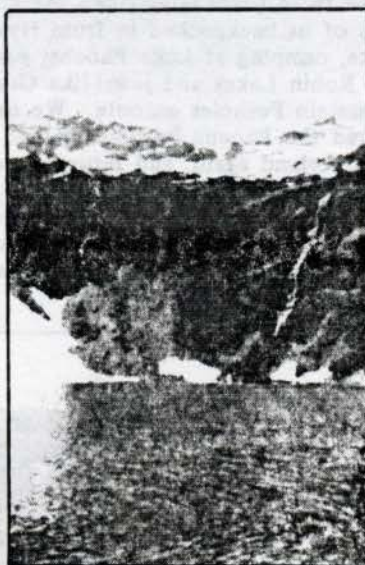
people. I spent 40 minutes for the round trip of 2 miles, including a short photo session.

Whereas the old trail wound up along Bridge Creek to the marshy lower end of the lake, it now contours from the pass to a constructed viewing spot part way up the right side. An immediate, noticeable difference, due no doubt to the exceptionally dry year: the waterfall from an upper small lake was not visible. But the view of the lake, vertical cliffs and skyline peaks were as I remembered them. I recalled hesitating to savor the view as I approached the lake 54 years before.

How does it feel visiting a high mountain lake first seen 54 years earlier under laborious and pristine conditions? I don't have an astute, earth-shaking answer, and rather than babble, I will just say I felt good. Having taken the earlier trips, and many others over the years, was likely the reason for the alacrity with which I made it as a short side-trip at age 72.



Robert M. Kinzebach, of Federal Way, is a retired meteorologist who is also the owner of Pic-Tour Guide Maps.



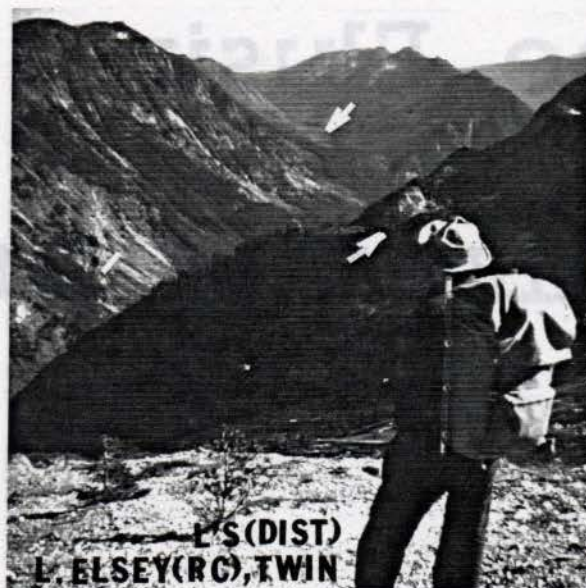
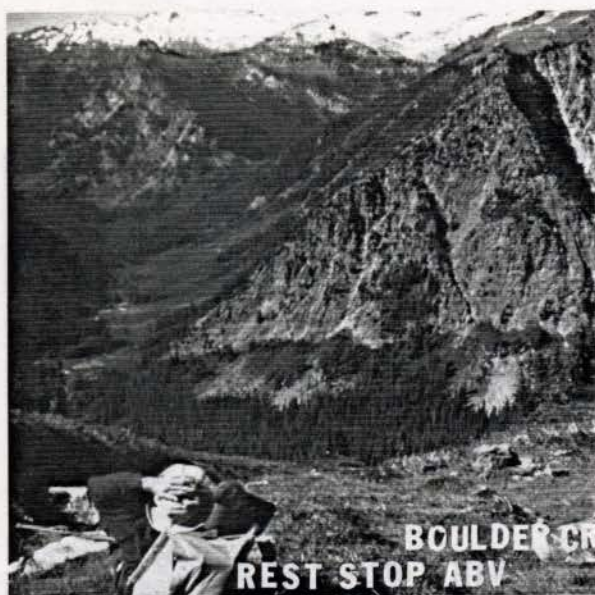
Fifty-four years ago ↑

← Thirty-four years ago

→ Yesterday







## LAKE ELSEY

### USGS MOUNT DAVID

*From the ridiculous to the sublime, or vice versa.*

On Sept. 14, 1955 a trip was planned to Lake Elsey (near Lake Wenatchee). Being an isolated and relatively unknown lake, the three of us decided to rent an airplane at the Wenatchee airport and fly over the lake. At the same time, we would try to find and photograph other familiar and unfamiliar sections of the area which would later become part of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness.

I had a private pilot's license, but I didn't have the experience required for such a mountainous trip. And besides, I wanted to be free to take 3-D slides using my Stereo Realist camera. The trip extended as far north as Stevens Pass, including passes by Glacier Peak, Chain Lakes, and the Enchantments. We managed to locate Lake Elsey—still partly frozen over—by using the isolated Napaqua Valley as a reference. The lake was close to an open basin around Boulder Creek. With this firsthand view of the area in mind, we felt we were amply prepared for a cross-country hike the next day.

Looking at my notes from the Sept. 15, 1955 hike, I'm reminded that the trip began on a somber note as a hiker was killed crossing a snow bridge a day or two earlier on our route. We found his broken pack that day and I found an exposed roll of film in it,

which I mailed to his family at Waterville.

Maurice S. joined me on the hike (Hank had flown over the area with us, but he didn't make the hike). We drove to the end of White River Road to Boulder Creek (now around milepost 16). From there, we followed the trail 3 miles to Boulder Creek, and another 1 mile along the creek. We then angled off to the right through the trees for a quarter mile. This is where the hiker died a few days before. From there we angled up to the top of the ridge and over the side.

A half mile hike down the ridge brought us to Lake Elsey, from which we had good views of Napaqua Valley and Twin Lakes. Moving cross-country as we did, the hike from Boulder Creek was about 2 miles.

We found a good camp near the lake's outlet, but we caught no fish—the lake was still about half frozen over. We spent a cool night at the lake and returned to the car the next morning.

The steep cross-country trip to the lake could be called ridiculous and the aerial trip over it the sublime; or considering the scenery and the night at the lake, and the feeling of accomplishment, the walking trip could qualify as the sublime. In any event, it was a unique situation never again (to my knowledge) accomplished. *Robert Kinzebach, 8/14/55*



# The Elusive Fish of Chikamin Lake




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Robert M. Kinzebach

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Whenever I drive over Snoqualmie Pass and glance toward the headwaters of Gold Creek, where looms impressive Chikamin Ridge and its pointed peak, I am reminded of a solo late-season October day trip inspired by the possibility of catching fish at nearby Chikamin Lake.

After all, my beginning in the hiking business was the lure of fishing remote high Cascade mountain lakes. It started right after high school graduation in my home town of Wenatchee. I had won first prize of a fly rod and automatic reel at one of the local hardware stores, and soon became obsessed with fly fishing, both lake and stream, mainly in Icicle Creek and the North Cascades, including Lake Chelan.

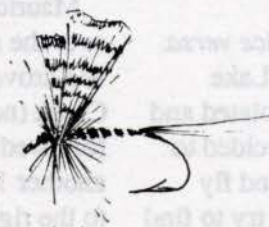
In later years, just finding the lakes became the main interest, with fishing a more subdued sideline.

Chikamin Lake became important after I talked to Ernest Wolcott when he was working for the Washington State Game Department in Seattle and later in Olympia, on the book *Lakes of Washington* (I managed to get an autographed copy).

He told me that a fish-planting flight had run into bad weather, so

they jettisoned the fish into Chikamin Lake. That was all I needed to know.

The next day, October 18, 1957, I was on the trail up Gold Creek, even though snow was on the peaks, and snow flurries were in the air.



This was before the new section of the Pacific Crest Trail was built that now crosses near the midpoint of the upper Gold Creek basin and ridge. My notes were more brief in those days. This one began: "Heard lake other side of Chikamin had been planted, so went via Joe Lake, and up edge of Burnt Boot Creek (saw mountain goat) and worked way to top—steep and a little hazardous—passing fairly close to unnamed lake (now called Iceberg). Reached top, 2 to 3 inches snow, and took pictures of Chikamin Lake. No time to reach, and weather not too good. Returned same route to car—slightly tired. 18 miles."

That day, the whole landscape was cold and frigid, unlike earlier on October 8th of the same year, when I cut up across the basin toward Alta Pass from the Joe Lake Trail.

From the ridge (near where the PCT is now routed) Park Lakes were visible and the view was spectacular looking back toward Alaska and Joe Lakes.

Continuing north on the ridge, Glacier and Spectacle Lakes popped into view, with a foreground showing a scattering of over one dozen mountain goats on a small glacier.

Earlier yet from the Gold Creek Trail, on Labor Day 1957, I branched off to Alaska Lake, and went around the right side through the cliffs to Ridge and Gravel Lakes to find a holiday crowd of only two people.

Ironically, I never went back to see if Chikamin Lake contained fish. It is about 12 miles one-way now on the crowded PCT to the ridge above Burnt Boot Creek, making it a long and difficult day hike. Maybe a fellow hiker/fisherman can let me know.



*Robert M. Kinzebach, of Federal Way, is the owner of Pic-Tour Guide Maps, and a long-time Signposter.*



ROBERT M. KINZEBACH

# ELUSIVE TRAPPER LAKE

—TRIPS FROM THE '50s—

I can't remember exactly when I first heard of Trapper Lake located in the upper Stehekin above the head of Lake Chelan. I believe it may have been from hearing about the great fishing experienced by those transported in by air from Chelan in the early fifties.

It was reported that, though costly and sometimes dangerous because of erratic winds and turbulence, this was the way to go. The land routes were supposed to be difficult, if not almost impossible.

I managed to become acquainted with some of the local seaplane pilots, especially the new owner of the local airways. I was especially interested in getting photos of the route, as well as landing at Trapper Lake, but did not have the money required.

After hanging around the place off and on ("hanger flying") for some months, coming all the way over from Seattle, I was finally promised a reduced rate (maybe free) during a slack period. The day finally came, and we headed uplake on a clear morning. This was the day I had been waiting for.

In the next few minutes, however, I had an experience I hadn't anticipated that set the tenor of the flight. Although alive with expectations, I felt something tickle my right ear. I didn't think much about it, but it happened

again—so I turned and looked ... right into the eyeballs of a dollar-sized spider, struggling for a position on my ear.

Snakes I don't mind, but I never liked spiders. With probably the fastest reflex known to man, I brushed it down into the lattice floorboards. Between photos I anxiously watched for its re-emergence. About thirty minutes later, it made an appearance, and I dispatched it with relief.

By the time we were opposite Trapper Lake, the pilot, sitting up front, indicated the air was too rough for landing. It didn't seem all that bad to me. Maybe he had noticed my gyrations and thought I was going berserk. He didn't know about the spider.

We circled near the higher peaks near Park Creek Pass and McGregor Mountain, and returned to base. That was the only chance I had. These days, aircraft are not allowed to land at Trapper Lake.

But this was not the end of my attempt to reach the lake. On August 11, 1952, two of us decided to find whatever way-trail there might be from the Stehekin River. We drove up in my old 1935 Dodge stored at Stehekin.

We had to pile logs in the proper position for walking across the river. Once across, we had a fair view of

Horseshoe Basin as we crossed rock slides before delving into the brush-infested way-trail the rest of the way up to the lake.

Fortunately, I had just replaced a roll of film that showed three photos of the lake and route before I slipped crossing the outlet and put an end to photo-taking.

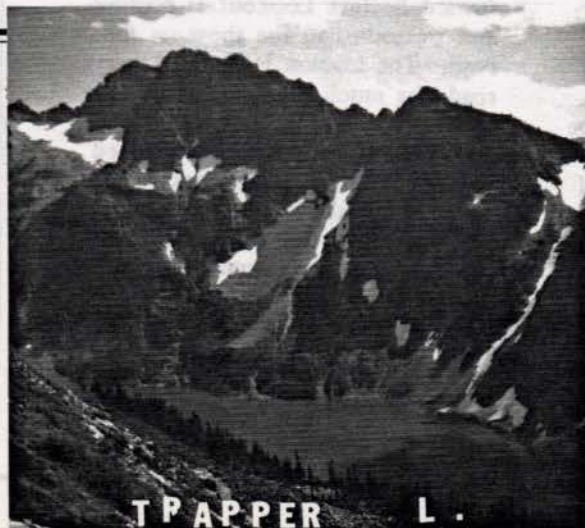
I could see where landing an airplane at the lake could easily become critical. Boats and other fishing equipment had been cached for use when landing was possible.

As an anticlimax, I discovered an easier, and just as spectacular, route. Nine days later, I took a solo one-day trip from Seattle over Cascade Pass, and soon was enjoying an open ridge view just above Trapper Lake. I had to return to Seattle by early evening, so I had no time to go down to the shoreline.

Though reaching Trapper Lake was ultimately accomplished, I had been deprived of the experience of a landing at the lake by aircraft. Maybe it was all for the better. Who knows? It could have become my nemesis.

△

*Robert Kinzebach, of Federal Way, is the owner of Pic-Tour Maps and the author of many high lake and back-country articles.*





# NANEUM CREEK

## —MY FIRST SKI-CAMP—

Robert M. Kinzebach

After graduating from Wenatchee High School in 1933, the lonely winters prompted me to invest in a pair of skis. I wasn't sure whether to save my pennies for snowshoes or skis, but skis were the latest fad, and they appeared more suitable.

So for two or three winters I cruised around the Jump-off and Missions Ridge areas by myself. Then during spring vacation of my first year at Washington State College (now WSU) I planned a skiing backpack trip to Naneum Creek. A grade school companion who hadn't done much skiing was game for the venture that took two nights and covered 35 miles during March, 1937.

My equipment was primitive by today's standards—and his by *any* standards. I, at least, had clamp-type bindings and bamboo poles, but my friend had bindings that consisted of only one leather strap across each ski, and no poles.

Our camping equipment was rather meager also. My packboard was homemade by my Uncle Ray, and noted more for durability than lightness. I don't think we carried over two of today's Ten Essentials—with no compass.



Heading into the backcountry.

My father drove us as far up toward Beehive Lookout as possible, and we soon had the show on the road. The Mission Ridge to Liberty road was much similar to what it is today. I had been over it at least once before, and knew it contained two- to four-mile switchbacks.

We ran across a critical icy spot before reaching the crest above Naneum basin, but managed to get across safely. We soon made a decision to leave the twisting road and we headed cross-country down a wide open canyon where we had never been before, hoping to eventually intersect Naneum Creek.

Darkness fell before we reached the creek. We put our sleeping bags out on the cold snow, and hoped for the best the next day. I still remember how it felt, munching my supper of chocolate. I was tired enough to fall asleep without much trouble.

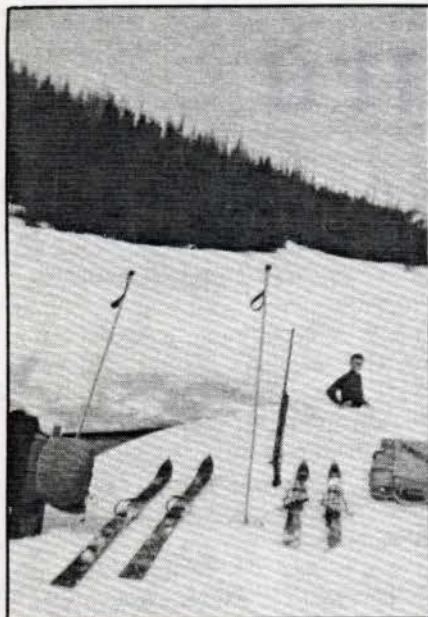
Next day we continued down to where the snow became patchy, and soon began to recognize some landmarks. Before long we were camped under a large ponderosa pine at Naneum Creek, and had some time to explore.



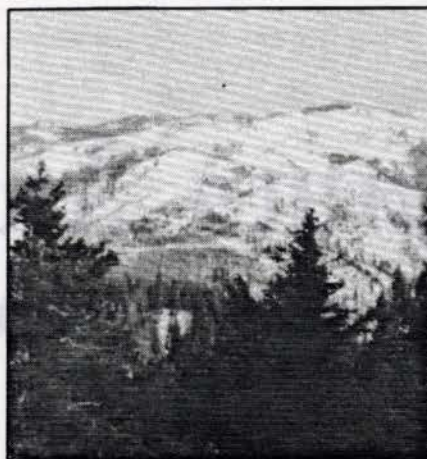
Our camp at Naneum Creek.



We knew it would be safer to return by way of the road—a distance of about 20 miles—to our pick-up spot the next evening. To reach the



My companion at Naneum Creek



Mission Peak from the road.

road, we would have to follow the trail up Naneum Creek until it disappeared in the deep snow, and go cross-country from Naneum Meadows to another meadow near the Old Ellensburg Trail and a cabin. From there we would be home free, except for the distance involved.

Our return the next day was laborious, but uneventful. My friend

deserved a medal for accomplishing the trip with the equipment he had; however, no legs were broken, and I had logged enough exercise to hold me until summer vacation.

In later years I stuck pretty much with cross-country skiing with some snowshoeing. In 1965 my oldest son and I designed and built an A-frame at Snoqualmie Pass that served as a base of operations for about ten years, when it was sold.

My thoughts today, however, are more apt to dwell upon the solitude and feeling of accomplishment of that first cross-country ski backpack that was far ahead of its time.

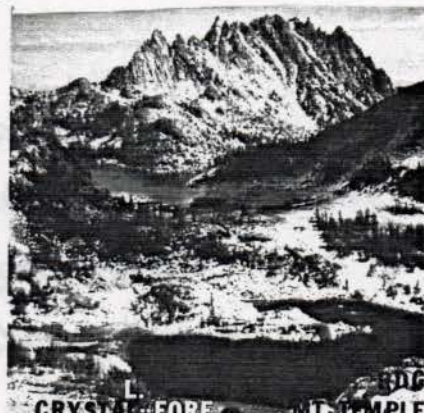


Robert M. Kinzebach, of Federal Way, is a retired meteorologist who now spends his time designing, producing and marketing Pic-Tour Guide Maps.

## ALPINE LAKES WILDERNESS (ENCHANTMENTS)



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# Williams Award

## Air Weather Service



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1961

*which earned the Williams Award  
for outstanding performance in the Air Weather Service  
military weather support program.  
This superior performance of duty contributed greatly  
to the effective accomplishment  
of the Air Weather Service mission.*

N.L. PETERSON, Brigadier General, USAF  
COMMANDER



1/3/85

G11

Dear Mr. Hutcheon:

I appreciate being invited to the weather workshop on January 19, 1985, but will be unable to attend.

In the interests of past research in this area, I am mentioning a couple points. First, enclosure 4 shows that the so-called Puget Sound Convergence Zone was long ago dubbed a Puget Sound Front by most local ~~area~~ forecasters. The enclosed partial study according to Johnson's NWS study has been on file at your office, but was not referred to in a study by Clifford Mass printed in "Weatherwise" a year or two ago. This 1967 study was given wide distribution by the USAF; hence I believe it should be given the proper credit ~~according to AMS specifications~~. I have mentioned this to Professor Mass, and have sent a copy along with "onshore push" data.

The second item, of more importance, is in reference to the "onshore push". Many past forecasters were concerned with this important weather event, and I am one of them. I spent years on and off the job, both at McChord AFB and the NWS at Sea-Tac, working on this beginning with an article printed in the AMS Bulletin in 1955, a further study in 1967, and lately in 1980 in combination with hiking maps (copies enclosed)

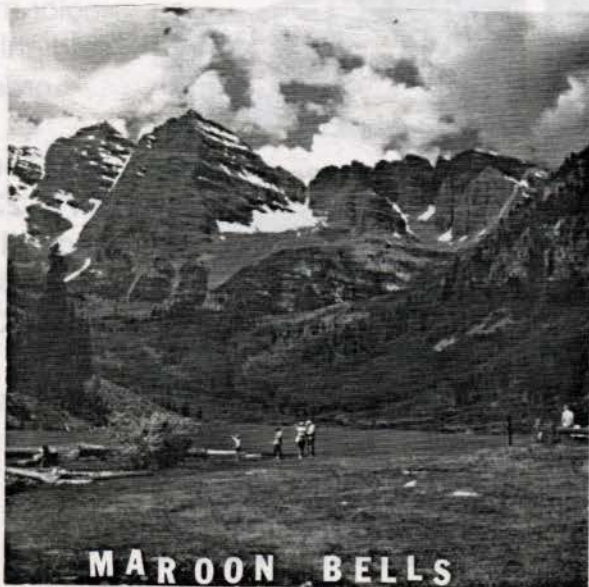
In my opinion, there has not as yet been any better, easier to use, set of parameters found for forecasting the convection of maritime air inland during the summer months; and in general year round for giving a quick appraisal of whether the air flow is onshore or offshore that gives opposite weather results.

I appreciate, and I am certain many others do also, that the pressures North Bend and Sea-Tac are broadcast routinely on the 24-hr weather broadcast; in fact, I wish they came on a couple hours earlier in the morning.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Robert M. Kinzebach





paid advertisement

H<sup>11</sup>

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Shown are suitable photos of Pic-Tour's retail outlets. Some other active ones are listed as follows: Ace Hardware, Naches; White Pass Sports Hut No.2, Naches.

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COLES CORNER MINI

photos by Robert M. Kinzebach



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SPORTSLAND-CLE ELUM



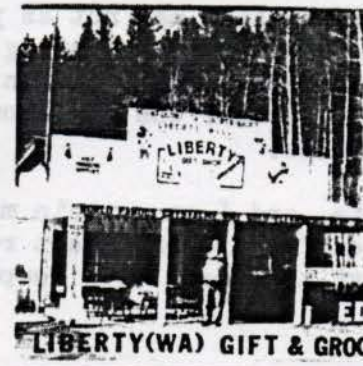
TEAMWORK MEET GAS & GROC.



COUNTRY STORE-EASTON



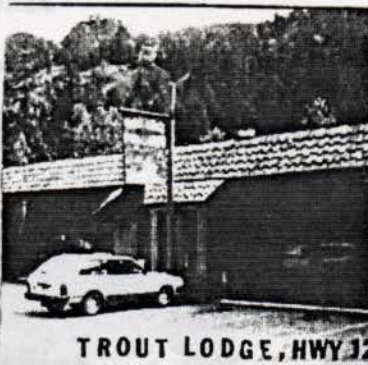
USFS-CLE ELUM, WA



LIBERTY(WA) GIFT & GROC.



USFS-NACHES, WA



TROUT LODGE, HWY 12



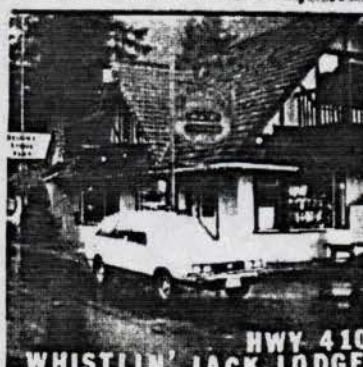
GETAWAY SPORTS, HWY 12



HWY 410  
EAGLE ROCK GROCERY



HWY 410  
SQUAW ROCK RESORT



HWY 410  
WHISTLIN' JACK LODGE



# The Miracle Miles

Robert M. Kinzebach

It was a sunny fall day on October 18, 1977, when I stood at an estimated 5400-foot-high cleft in the Cascade crest between Commonwealth Creek in the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest and Gold Creek in the Wenatchee National Forest on the new skyline section of the Pacific Crest Trail, admiring the superb view, and contemplating the trail ahead.

It was close to 4 o'clock, and at this time of the year (and at my age of 62), it was time to start back over the approximately 9 kilometers to the highway. My spirit wanted to continue, but my body had the excuse that all portions covered by the trail ahead had been seen before during the period of several years the new trail was still in the rumor stage.

Some of these memories began to come back to me as I turned and began to walk slowly down the trail.

\* \* \*

*To digress briefly: this re-routed section of the Pacific Crest Trail, replacing the Snow Lake-Middle Fork Snoqualmie route, was not scheduled for completion until at least another season, but suddenly — except for a short piece paralleling the north side of Waptus Lake — it was all complete between Snoqualmie and Stevens Passes.*

*From where I had been standing, the new trail disappeared from sight toward Ridge Lake, less than 1 mile distant.*

*From there it is routed around Alaska Mountain directly above Alaska, Ed's and Joe Lakes, across the south side of Huckleberry Mountain, around the head of Gold Creek, to where it could be seen again climbing gradually toward a niche on the Chikamin Ridge Skyline where Mount Stuart was poking up in the background to near Park Lakes.*

*It then proceeds around the southeast portion of Spectacle Lake, then north-*

*ward to west and above Escondido Lake before joining the previous trail, a short distance west of Waptus Lake.*

\* \* \*

My reminiscing began with the sunny day of September 9, 1956, when — even though I was scheduled to work the evening shift (employed as a civilian meteorologist at Mc Chord Air Force Base) — I elected to hike to Alaska Lake. This became extended to the top of Alaska Mountain, from where almost simultaneous views were afforded of Ed's, Alaska, and Joe Lakes. My fellow day-shift forecaster was surprisingly noncommittal when relieved two hours late that day.

Then there was the time I fell victim to a story by Ernest E. Wolcott, who compiled the book, *Lakes of Washington*, relative to a Game Department aircraft, used for planting trout, that was diverted by weather to Chikamin Lake

## MIRACLE MILES continued Left

Also, on September 4, 1958, Kendall Peak was climbed by leaving the Commonwealth Trail at about the present 3 km point, and returning near where the new Pacific Crest Trail comes closest to Red Mountain.

I was accompanied by my 10-year (oldest) son on a trip to Ridge and Gravel Lakes on Labor Day, 1957. We scrambled around the north side of Alaska Lake, and up through the cliffs, meeting Ridge Lake head-on at the top. Gravel Lake was discovered over a very small ridge a short distance west. Here we met a Labor Day "crowd" of 2 fishermen before returning to the Gold Creek trailhead the same day via the easy ridge south of Alaska Lake.

One overnight expedition to Joe Lake, with maritime clouds overhanging the crest on August 5 and 6, 1957, netted spectacular views of Avalanche and Iceberg Lakes from Huckleberry Mountain, and almost too-close proximity to 5 bears, including one with 2 cubs. An undetermined number were heard in camp that night.

Other trips afforded sightings of various mountain goats and deer, with some photographed.

After these reflections, the new trail brought on mixed emotions, including some which were closely identified with the feeling that occurs when a road is added or extended into a favorite hiking or fishing area, since it appears almost inevitable that when appropriate publicity is accorded this trail, it will become saturated with sightseers, and justly so. Furthermore, it appears that the new blacktop parking area (officially approved with no fanfare, as I was departing in mid-morning) will likely overflow almost daily. This exigency may have been provided for, however, since a separate connecting trail link begins at the freeway underpass, reasonably close to unlimited parking.



DEER GOLD

and the fish jettisoned, with no later report of their outcome. Consequently, on October 18, 1957 (just 20 years before), with light snow flurries on the peaks, I breezed up Gold Creek, past Joe Lake, and close to Iceberg Lake to Chikamin Ridge, just above Chikamin Lake. Unfortunately, there was insufficient time remaining on that occasion to descend to the lake and return to the car before dark. The existence or condition of the fish is still not known first-hand.

Another time (July 29, 1959), my alarm was set for 2 am in order to have breakfast with a meteorologist friend camped at Rachel Lake. Afterwards, we proceeded past Lila Lake and over Alta Pass to Park Lakes for fishing and exploration that included a view of Spectacle Lake before returning to the Rachel Lake trailhead that day.

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MOUNTAIN GOATS-CHIKAMIN RIDGE



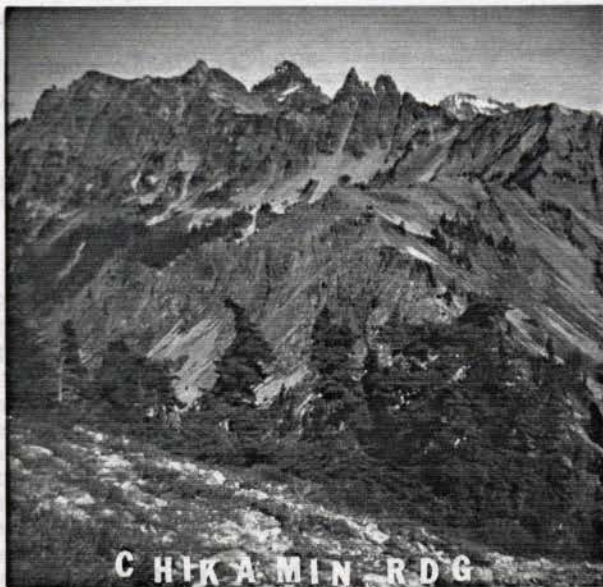
The trail is ideal for all-weather travel since no brush is present to collect rain-water or morning dew. It is suitable for all ages and walks of life, and could even be tried, and perhaps liked, by those on record as saying roads are preferable. The climb is gradual, with a reasonable view at 1.5 km. An open view of the high peaks begins as low as 3 km.

Spectacular views begin just past 7 km, and the pass is reached at about 9 km, where the panoramic view in both directions is breathtaking — a condition that continues on alternately for the next several kilometers. Care should be taken on foggy days at the pass, where the trail has been widened and a warning signposted, because of a 50 to 100 foot cliff on the east that is only slightly improved on the west side, where an object may bounce once or twice, over the same distance, before coming to rest.

Though it would likely be dark at the trailhead by the time I got back (as was the case), the presence of a flashlight in my pack prompted me to stop at an open area, away from the cliffs above, to leisurely eat a late lunch and savor the high, alpine view at my favorite time of year. Several Gray Jays soon appeared like magic, and about half of the lunch was fed to them, mainly because of their persistence, but also because of my feeling that they might need the food with the long winter just beginning, and already felt in the air, and further evidenced by frozen spots in shady places on the trail. The excellent weather on this particular day was an unexpected bonus — as was seeing only *one person* on the trail.

Automobiles, far below, looking like bugs, were an incongruous reminder that the inroads of civilization were stopped none too soon. The

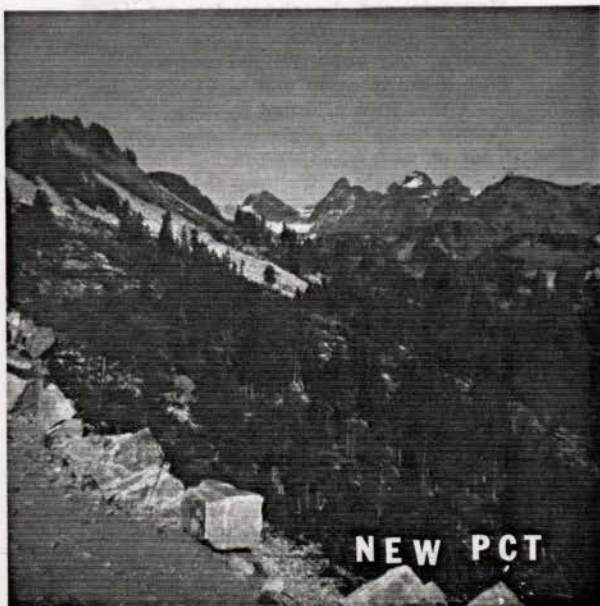
wilderness boundary signs seen on the trail were pleasant reminders that determined people on both sides of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness controversy were able to arrive at one of the greatest wilderness area compromises of all time. Wilderness advocates have gained an area, open to everyone and usable by most, that is popular because of its unsurpassed hiking and scenic areas in close proximity to large population centers, and unique by still having portions which are remote and wild.



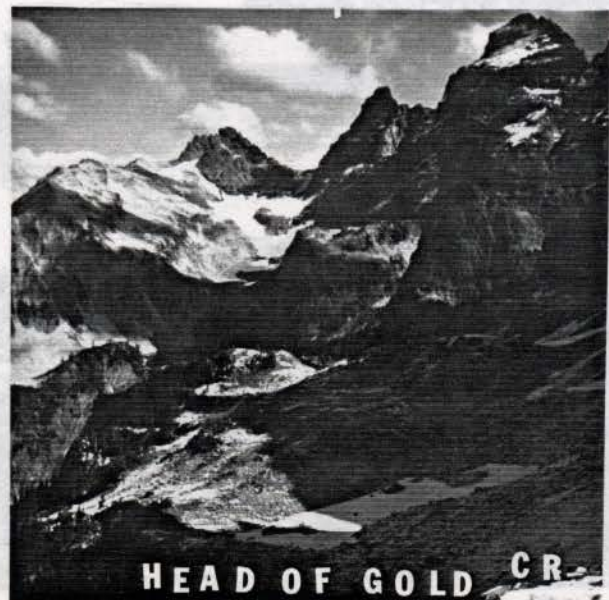
CHIKAMIN RDG



View from the new PCT



NEW PCT



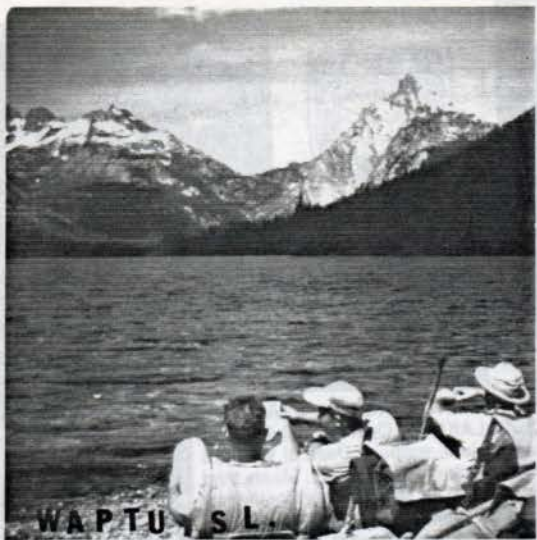
HEAD OF GOLD CR.



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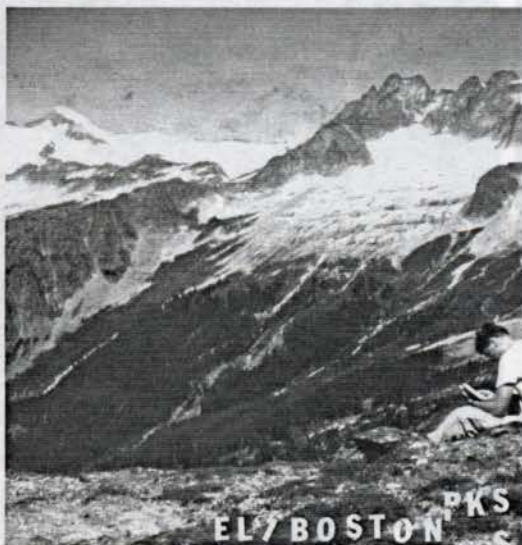
WAPTUS L.



HYAS L.



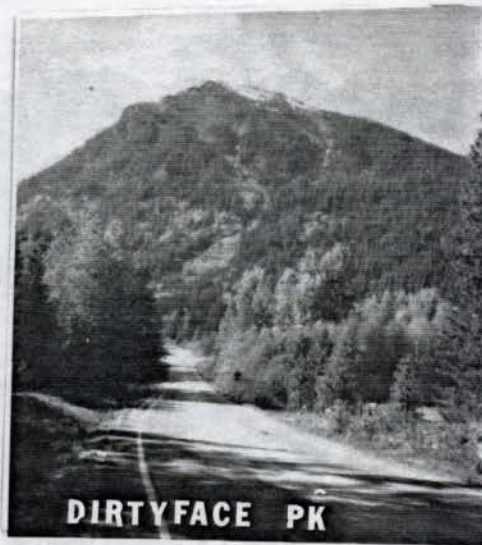
LAKE ISABEL



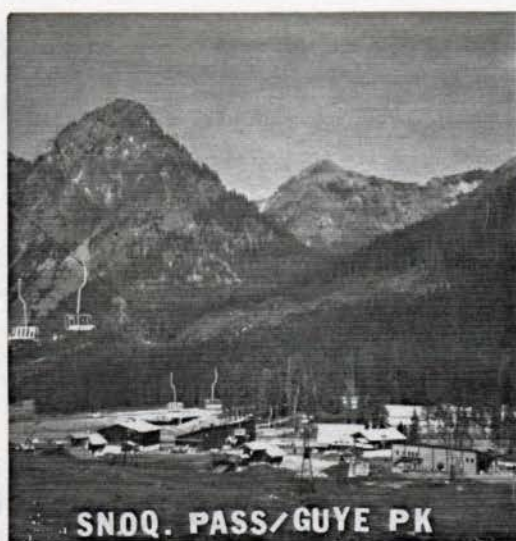
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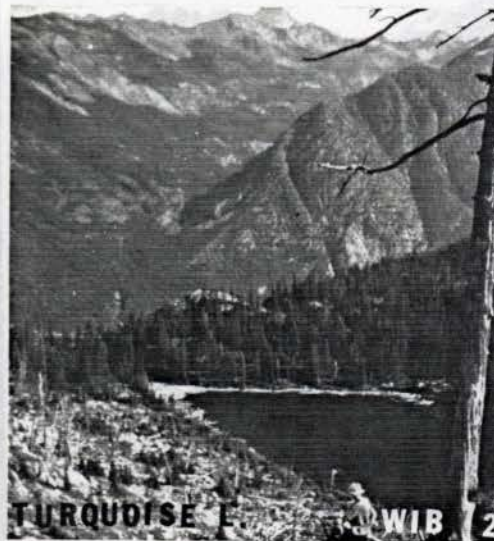
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SNDQ. PASS/GUYE PK



WAPTUS L.



TURQUOISE L.

WIB 2





OLB BIG H L SHEL.



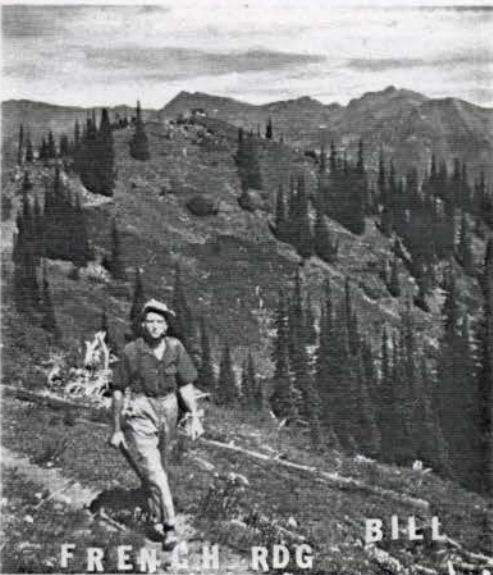
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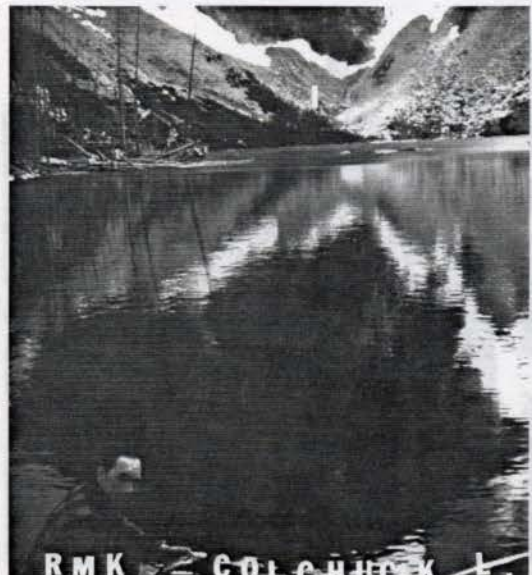
DECEPT. L'S

WASHINGTON STATE HI-LAKERS. Open to all hiking anglers, supports Dept. of Wildlife's Alpine Trout Fishery. Meets third Wed. at Mercer View Community Center, 7:30-10 p.m. For information, call George Bucher, 821-5752.

GB



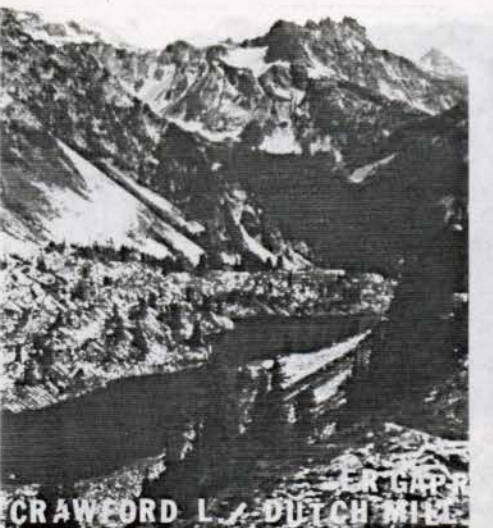
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RMK COLCHUCK L.



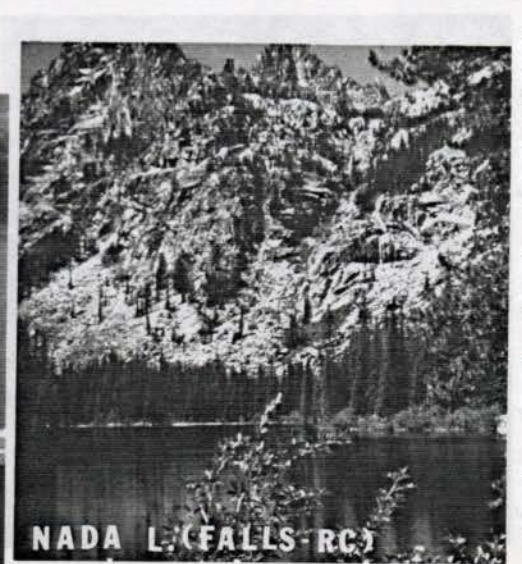
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CRAWFORD L. DUTCH MILE

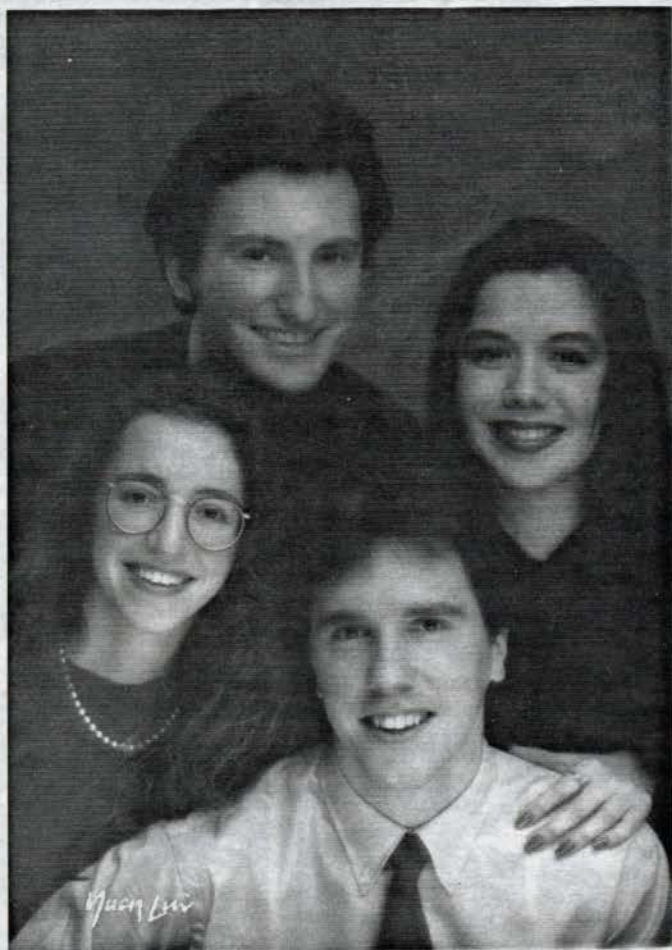


VANTAGE COL R.

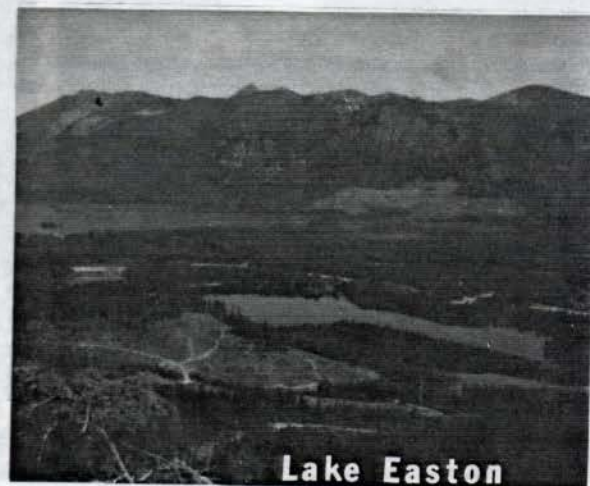
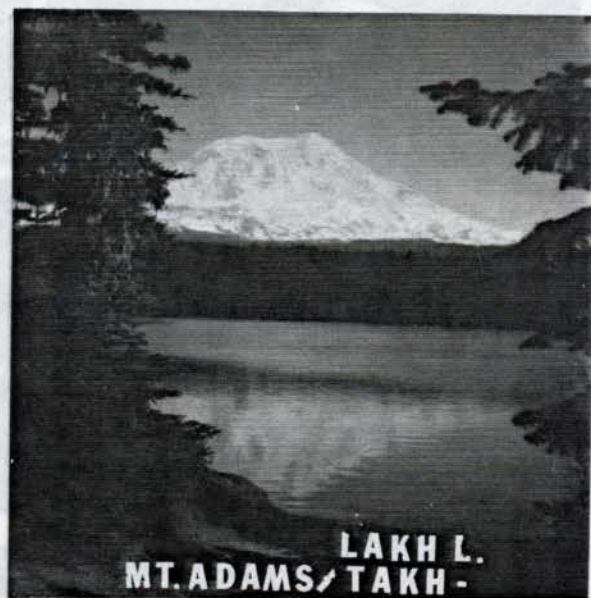


NADA L. (FALLS-RC)





GRANDPA



Happy Holidays

MERRY CHRISTMAS

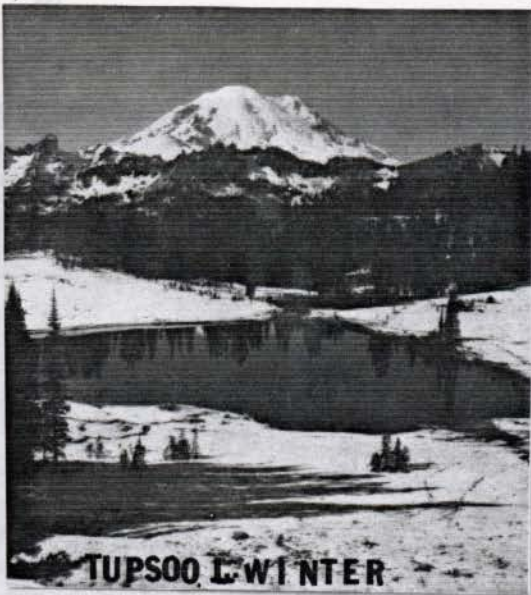
Love Scott, Anna,  
Tessa, and Roger.



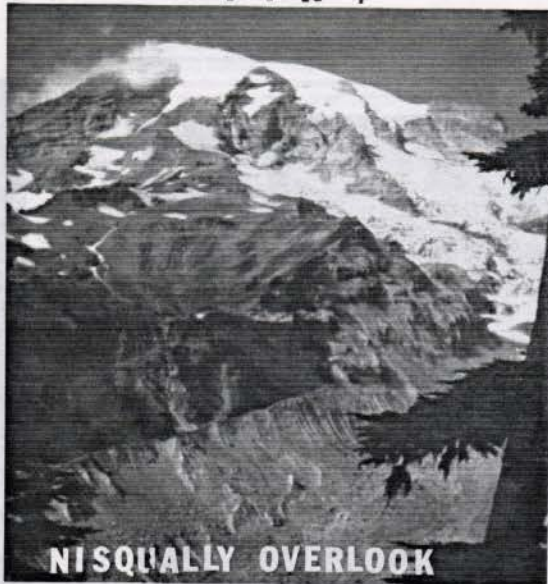


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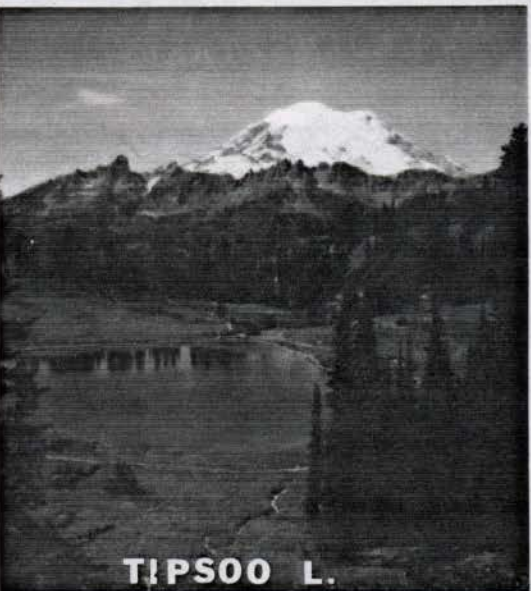
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NISQUALLY OVERLOOK



MT. WOW FR L. ALLEN



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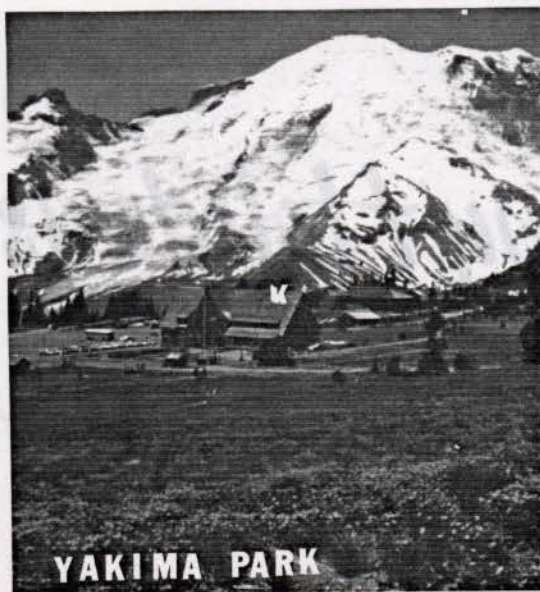
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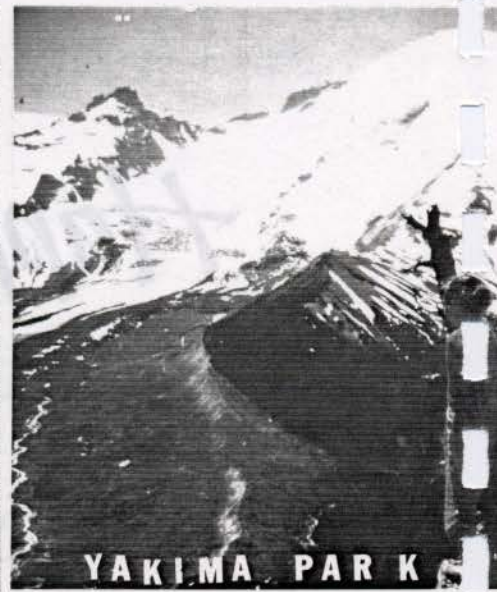
PARADISE VLY



WINTER HWY 410



YAKIMA PARK

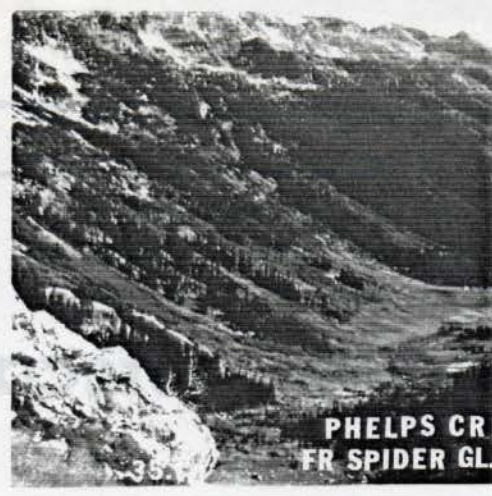


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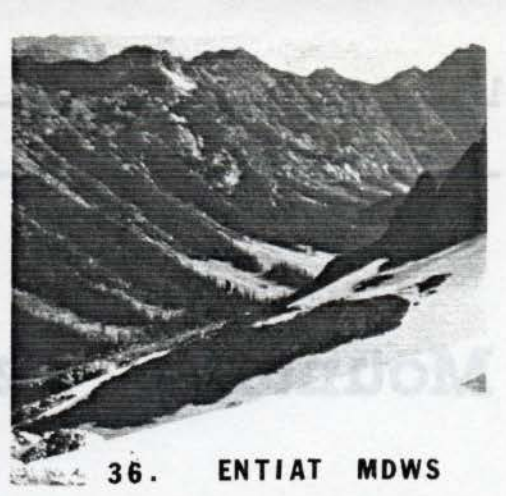




34. CR & PASS(R)  
CLARK MTN/BOULDER



35. PHELPS CR  
FR SPIDER GL



36. ENTIAT MDWS



37. (RR CR)  
BONANZA PK/HART L



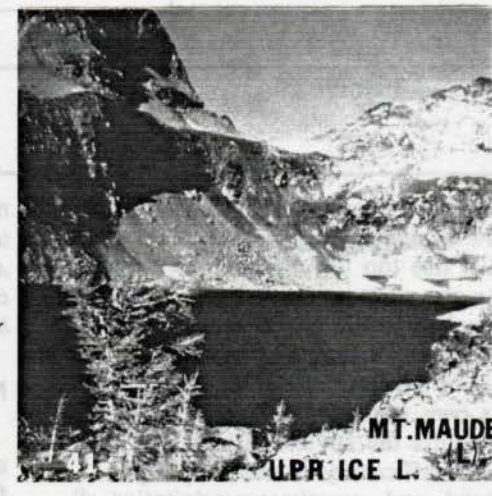
38. NAPEEQUA VLY/  
CHIWAHA RDG(R)



39. L.ELSEY(L) GLACIER PK



40. (SPIDER GL CNTR COL)  
SPIDER MDW/



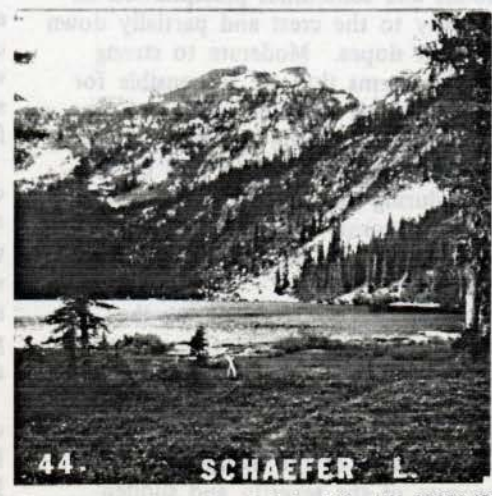
41. MT. MAUDE  
UPR ICE L.



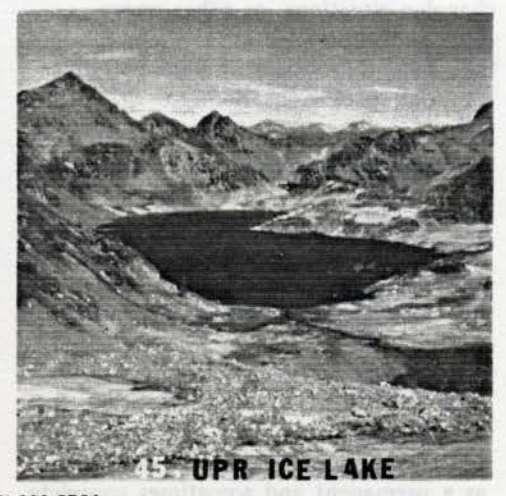
42. LWR ICE L-ENTIAT R.



43. LEROY CR  
7 FINGERED JACK-AT



44. SCHAEFER L.



45. UPR ICE LAKE



# Mountain Weather Forecasting

Robert M. Kinzebach

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Current or expected weather is always consciously or sub-consciously in the minds of those traveling or planning to travel the high country. And rightly so, for inclement weather, especially when unexpected, can abruptly transform a pleasant trip into a nightmare that can even become life-threatening. Hence the following weather hints are presented as a possible aid for improving trips and for better trip planning.

This material can be a useful supplement to existing weather information made available by the National Weather Service to the news media, by KHB-60, the NWS VHF-FM continuous 24-hour weather broadcast (162.55 MHz), and the aviation weather broadcast (362 KHz). Though official public forecasts are continually up-dated by the NWS, time lag under rapidly changing situations, or other unpreventable factors, can cause them to be briefly out-of-date or not applicable for your specific location.

## WEATHER BASICS

Knowing a few basic facts about weather and forecasting can preclude implementation of first aid or wilderness survival procedures; or may affect planning (as in deciding whether to go east or west of the Cascades), or may delay a hiking or backpacking trip.

The north-to-south orientation of the 6000-foot-plus Cascade range serves as a permanent and sometimes complete

North Bend minus Seattle pressure in millibars at 2 pm	Probability of low clouds &/or break in hot spell in next 24 hours	Expected weather
+4 or over	83 to 92%	Clouds could occur late afternoon and won't break up until next afternoon or occasionally not at all. Temperatures cooler or continued cool. Winds southerly. Occasionally showers.
+2 to +4	67 to 82%	Clouds occurring near midnight should break up by midday. Cool temperatures. Winds southerly. Little chance of rain.
+1 to +2	52 to 66%	If clouds occur at all, should break up by late morning. Light winds. No rain likely.
+1 to -1	29 to 51%	Mostly clear skies. Occasionally fog.
-1 and below	10 to 28%	Clear skies. Temperatures warm to hot and sometimes dry due to NNE winds. Rarely, fog or low clouds from the Sound.

barrier to coastal maritime and other low clouds moving in from the west. It is not too uncommon when traveling mountain passes to have west-side cloudy weather break prior to or sharply at the crest.

Frequently the Cascades becomes its own stationary weather "front" and lifts the air circulating from the west sufficiently to cause upslope clouds and sometimes precipitation all the way to the crest and partially down the east slopes. Moderate to strong Pacific storms that are responsible for about 80% of the cloudiness and precipitation during the winter months affect the state less than 10% of the time during the summer months (the stronger storms having about equal effect both east and west of the Cascades).

On rare occasions during the summer, the freezing level may even lower to 4-5000 feet for a day or two with snow flurries likely above that level.

Because of the likelihood, and because of the severity and sudden-

ness of some front-like maritime cloudiness, the following cardinal rule applies: *Always carry the Ten Essentials for trips of even short duration, no matter how high the temperature at the start.*

## MARITIME FRONTS

Pacific storms (fronts), that arrive any time of the day or night, usually from the west, can be recognized by an increase, thickening and lowering of a high cloud shield, concurrent with increasing surface winds from a southerly direction, and usually a falling barometer.

Though they disrupt the local weather pattern and cause variable amounts of discomfort from precipitation, cooler temperatures and strong winds, due to their infrequency summer storms are not the main forecasting problem during the May to September summer period.

Rather, in western Washington, over 50% of the clouds are caused by local but extensive coastal maritime low clouds spreading inland from a



semi-permanent position along the Washington-Oregon coasts. The main considerations for occurrence inland are: *when?* (usually after midnight) and *how much?* (normally the entire interior valleys and Puget Sound to against the Cascades, and vertically to near the 3000-foot level of Snoqualmie Pass). These are *average* conditions.

A weak flow may not extend horizontally as far north as Bellingham, nor vertically much higher than the Cascade foothills; whereas a strong flow will cause clouds varying distances down the east slopes, with gusty down-slope winds providing gradual cooling to eastern Washington, perhaps breaking a prolonged hot spell. The strongest flows act quite similar to a Pacific storm, and are sometimes called Maritime Fronts, the most outstanding difference being no visible advance warning by a lowering cloud shield, but subjectively can be expected after a series of extremely hot days.

Objectively, this usually abrupt change of weather that catches many unawares can be forecast quite accurately by monitoring selected pressure differences between the coast and inland, as will be shown.

## PRESSURE IS THE KEY

Predicting the dissipation of maritime and other low clouds requires a consideration of thickness of the layer, strength of onshore circulation, the ceiling height, and a determination, if possible, of the amount of higher clouds above that would decrease surface heating. Thicker layers (sometimes indicated by light drizzle or rain, or if clouds appear to be other than stratiform), strong circulation (winds of 10 knots or more—can be observed by movement of small branches), and higher ceilings (larger volume of air needed to be heated from the ground upward to the cloud layer) take longer to “burn off.” When any of these situations are not assessed properly, predicted afternoon sunny weather will be a disappointment.

It has been shown by various meteorological studies and tested over the years that coastal maritime clouds begin their movement inland at a critical pressure difference, higher on

the coast than inland.

## HERE'S THE SECRET

This difference is, first of all, caused by variations in the positions of highs and lows and proximity of storm fronts along or approaching the coastline, and/or by greater heating over inland areas, resulting in lower pressure inland. The specific pressures of concern are North Bend, Oregon and Seattle-Tacoma airport (currently reported over NWS frequency 162.55 MHz). The critical pressure difference in millibars is plus 2.0 reached at 1 pm Pacific Standard Time. (Plus indicates higher at North Bend.) At plus 3.0 millibars the probability of occurrence becomes 90%, beginning anytime from late afternoon to the early morning hours, usually sooner and with more effect the higher the gradient. The usual immediate effect in western Washington is a sudden moderate wind increase from south through west, generally with a rapid drop in temperature of 10 to 20 degrees F. Cooling will likely be gradual in eastern Washington, if at all. This is dependent upon the height of the top of the cloud layer that may only allow a trickle through the mountain passes. A strong flow would not only move rapidly into eastern Washington, but may on occasion touch off a north-to-south line of thunderstorms in the mixing zone along the leading edge. As many as 50 to 75 lightning fires have been set in the Cascades in one evening this way.

Conversely, when the air circulation is offshore (winds from north to northeast, easterly through the straits, mountain passes and Columbia Gorge), with the pressure difference minus 2.0 millibars and greater negative, clouds will not normally be present or occur within 24 hours, other than rare local patchy groundfog when winds are light. The stronger the winds, the longer the fair, dry weather will continue. Resulting low humidities may possibly cause forest closures after a day or two when late in the summer season. Winds are stronger where constricted in mountain passes, canyons and gorges, and are

*continued page 14*

## THE MAN BEHIND THE FORECAST

For thirty years, the system relied upon by professional weather forecasters in the Northwest was one that had been discovered and refined by Robert M. Kinzebach, of Federal Way, Washington. A long-time Signposter, Bob has become well-known through his work in promoting the Alpine Lakes Wilderness and in designing and marketing Pic-Tour Guide Maps.

A professional meteorologist, Bob worked for the US Weather Bureau at Sea-Tac Airport in the early 1950s. Starting from scratch, he set out to determine a simple, effective tool for predicting local weather changes that might affect aircraft operations from the airport. By studying past weather records and combining various sets of data, he finally came upon the set of two pressure readings that held the key.

Why those two readings work is a mystery, even to Bob. But the system has proven reliable over the years. Before computers, Bob's pressure-gradient system was one of the few methods local forecasters could rely on for accurate weather predictions.

Even today, when computers can chew up and spit out huge quantities of digested information, the pressure-gradient system is still used by local professionals and outdoor types like boaters and mountaineers.

Quite simply, the pressure-gradient system works by subtracting the Seattle pressure from the North Bend, Oregon, pressure. That's all you need. By looking at the chart that accompanies the article on these pages, you can make a pretty handy stab at guessing what the weather will be tomorrow. (This system works best from May through September, when local weather is not disturbed by winter storms.)

From the mid-50s through 1973 Bob worked as the civilian meteorologist for Mc Chord Air Force Base in Tacoma, and during this period he published several papers on local fog and stratus forecasting.

He retired from the Air Force Reserves with the rank of colonel. —AM



not as representative velocity- or direction-wise.

## OTHER FACTORS

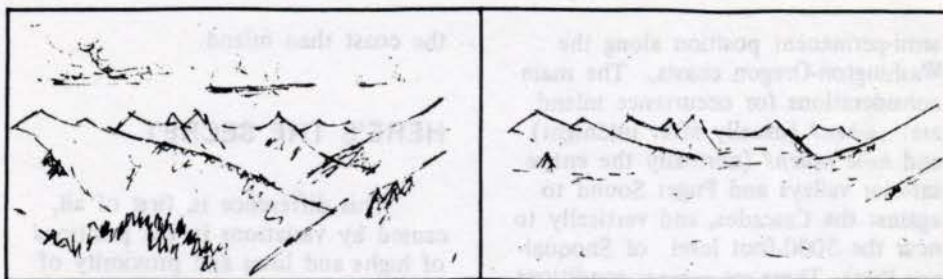
A third main type of cloudiness usually, but not always, associated with an onshore flow forms as a result of daytime heating, reaching a maximum of activity usually in the afternoon and evening, just the opposite of maritime clouds that occur mostly in the morning hours and usually disappear by afternoon.

Meteorologists are able to look at a vertical cross-section of the air and tell which way it will go. The alternative is by visual observation of the clouds that sometimes begin from clear air, to see if they develop into the familiar white-topped cumulus clouds that when building to sufficient heights produce rain showers, or, with tops continuing upward, may produce thunderstorms, normally more prevalent over mountain areas.

These clouds of vertical development can be seen over and east of the Cascades, quite often in the same location several days in a row, most always a result of a stationary low over the Columbia basin, that on occasions may enlarge to encompass western Washington. Thunderstorms that occur about two days per month, less than in the north Cascades but more than in the Olympics, usually give ample audio/visual warning before arriving, sometimes accompanied by small hail and strong, gusty surface winds—not like those associated with fronts and the advection of cool maritime air that usually appear suddenly moving from west to east. The latter last only an hour or two, whereas the former semi-stationary type usually continue periodically through the evening until well past midnight.

In summary, the over-all weather circulation pattern aloft that controls storm movement affects Washington state with a maximum of storms during the winter months, but affects local weather only about 10% of the time during summer months, allowing local weather influences to dominate.

In western Washington, the local influence, prevalent about 50% of the time, is in the form of coastal maritime low clouds that begin to move inland at a critical higher pressure,



Fair-weather cumulus clouds may be replaced by a socked-in "maritime front."

usually in the morning hours. The maritime clouds are quite often, but not always, blocked off from eastern Washington by the Cascades' strong maritime flows, sometimes called Maritime Fronts, and rare Pacific Storms (save 1 to 4 per month), and air mass rainshowers/thunderstorms are the only real threat to the fair

weather that is present over 60% of the time during the summer in eastern Washington, and the only relief from recurring hot spells over the summer.

With a little study, hikers can quite accurately observe weather patterns in the mountains and—what's more—can make reasonably reliable predictions.



## 10 WEATHER RULES-OF-THUMB

1. In the absence of fronts, winds blow UP canyons during the day and DOWN at night, and coastal winds normally blow onshore during the day and offshore at night. Ridges (out of the direct wind) are warmer than valleys at night. Resultant calm, cooler air draining into the valleys may cause temporary fog or frost in early morning hours, especially when a moisture source is present.
2. In western Washington, any kind of wind from the south through west denotes continued or expected cloudy weather; if foggy or clouds extremely low, with little or no wind, clearing can be expected before midday.
3. Precipitation is more likely when the general pressure (use Sea-Tac) is less than 1015 millibars (29.97 inches). For conversion from millibars to inches, divide by 33.864.
4. Unless necessary, avoid open places, exposed high points, and isolated and prominent trees during thunderstorms; if violent with prolonged heavy rain, avoid creek bottoms.
5. Hailstones over 3/8-inch are rare. Hail reaches the ground more often in the spring because of a lower freezing level. Summertime hail is apt to be more damaging, but not as common.
6. Movement and proximity of thunderstorm cells, each lasting approximately one-half hour, can be determined by counting the number of seconds between the flash of lightning and sound of thunder (one second for each one thousand feet—roughly 5 seconds to the mile).
7. In eastern Washington, clouds observed topping the immediate Cascade crest, but not building vertically, with high clouds absent, or not increasing if present, indicates gradual cooling from moderate winds blowing down the east slopes for the next two to three day period, beginning with mid-morning (10 am) until late evening. More rapid cooling will occur if clouds some distance over the crest.
8. The beginning of summer is unofficially after the so-called "June Rains", a period between a usual short period of warm weather in May and the more consistently warm weather beginning in July.
9. Indian Summer is not just any period of clear autumn days, but must be preceded by the first frost of the season.
10. Winds that are variably constricted over mountain areas, especially at or near the crest of the Cascades, may cause locally violent up and down drafts and excessive wind speeds or variable directions called eddies. Pressure reports also become erratic, but are consistently lower on the lee side.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

s<sup>11</sup>

## KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

I made a mistake in my rebuttal to a letter from the Wenatchee National Forest concerning how trail money was spent (*January, page 4*). I said the Boulder Cave Trail was a ½-mile paved nature trail. It is not. It is an .8-mile crushed-gravel nature trail. It cost \$55,000 because of a difficult engineering problem.

The trail is used by 20,000 people a year so the Forest Service was well justified in spending the money as over a 10-year period it amounts to only 27 cents per person.

However, as I said in my rebuttal, a "spade should be called a spade." The \$71,220 spent on the Boulder Cave and Silver Falls Nature Trails should not be held up as an example of what the Forest Service is doing for hikers, just as repairing damage done to trails by horses and motorcycles should not be charged to hikers.

I would like to see the Forest Service make their own estimates of how much trail money is actually spent on each of the three different user groups (hikers, horsemen, and motorcyclists). I think the Forest Service will find, as I did, that hikers, who represent the majority of trail users, receive only a minor part of the trail money. This is not a major problem, it is just a matter of keeping the record straight, so when bridges are needed or a serious hazard to hikers exists, there will be money to correct the problem.

Ira Spring  
Edmonds, Washington

## WEATHER

It would be nice if the weather were as simple to explain as mentioned under the heading "Temperature" in the Keeping Pace section (*January, page 34*).

In paragraph one, the rate at which the temperature decreases with altitude is called the Lapse Rate. There is a different figure if the air is moist or dry—3.6 degrees F if saturated, and 5.5 degrees F if dry.

For example, if a layer of saturated air in the Puget Sound flowed from west to east over the Cascade Crest, with precipitation developing

on the west slopes, the air when dried going down the east slopes would be 10 to 15 degrees warmer upon reaching the Columbia Basin.

The rate of decrease in temperature varies also depending upon whether the air is stable (lifted air particle returns to its original position because the air above is warmer), or unstable (lifted particle keeps going upward until reaching a warmer layer).

An example of each—stratus clouds that usually form in the morning and dissipate around midday are stable; whereas, the other usually forms during the day into white-topped cumulus clouds that may produce showers. In a stable air mass, the temperature can remain the same with increase in altitude (Isothermal), or even increase, called an Inversion, the top of the inversion being a point where the air starts becoming colder. The top of the fog and the top of the inversions were near 1000 feet during our recent widespread fog.

A meteorologist uses a chart, plotting temperature against pressure, and including available moisture to show the different layers possibly present. Visually, much can be told by observing cloud formation and development.

In paragraph two, the only natural source of heat anywhere comes from the sun. A change from a solid to liquid to vapor (clouds) requires heat. It is aptly called Latent Heat. The process has to be reversed to release the heat back into the atmosphere—clouds to liquid to freezing again. The reason cooling is more rapid when the sun goes down is not that "thin air holds less moisture," but, rather, it is because the clouds act like a blanket over the ground that decreases radiational cooling.

Do not be confused with the fact that the warmer the air the more moisture it can hold. Another important consideration is that a general warming of the air comes from first warming the earth. The sun's rays bounce back as long-wave radiation (heat), as opposed to warming from direct exposure by the sun's short-wave radiation. Fog and low clouds, for example, are dissipated from the bottom up, not the top down.

In the third paragraph, this flow of warm air uphill with daytime heating, and downhill at night with nighttime cooling is correct, except the process occurs only when no other outside general wind circulation pattern dominates the area; which, if at all, is generally during the summer months when storms only rarely affect the area; conversely, in the winter, stronger air circulation by storms will not allow local circulations to be exerted.

Robert M. Kinzebach  
Federal Way, Washington

## ORVS AND LOGGING

Plum Creek, which is Burlington Northern's timber division, is rumored to be greatly increasing their cutting in the Cle Elum Ranger District. The region between Lake Kachess and the western boundary of the Teanaway Recreation Area is all in checkerboard ownership.

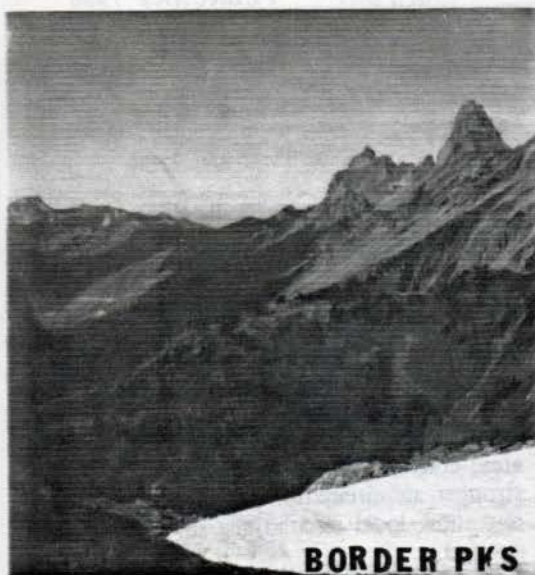
What this means is that every other section is privately owned, most by Burlington Northern. In 1985 roads were extended to the ridgecrest in many places. West of Lake Cle Elum there's a new road starting near Paris Creek that cuts the Salmon La Sac Trail to Jolly Mountain at least three times.

The Jolly Mountain Road 4315 is now up over the ridge into Section 23. Road 2203 (old number) is almost to the ridge. These roads are wiping out trails and are a threat to Hex Sasse Ridge and to the Teanaway Recreation Area.

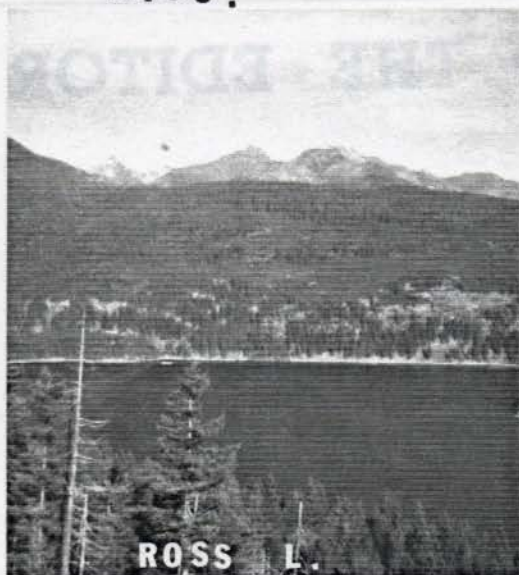
Over east of Lake Cle Elum on Kachess Ridge, the pristine Silver Creek valley is threatened by roads for logging sections owned by Burlington Northern. Sections 15 and 23 are in particular danger.

Letters of protest to Burlington Northern and the Cle Elum Ranger District are needed *right now*. Organizations like the Alpine Lakes Protection Society and Washington Trails Association need help now or we're going to lose more trails. Rumor has it that Burlington Northern (Plum Creek) wants to cut all its old growth and get out. This means more clear cuts like the devastation on Red

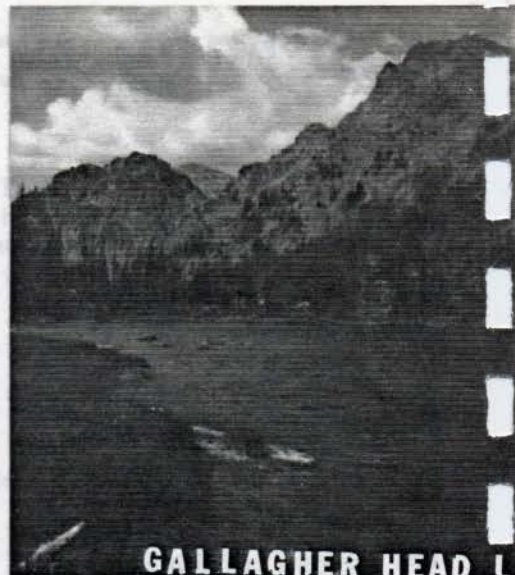




BORDER PKs



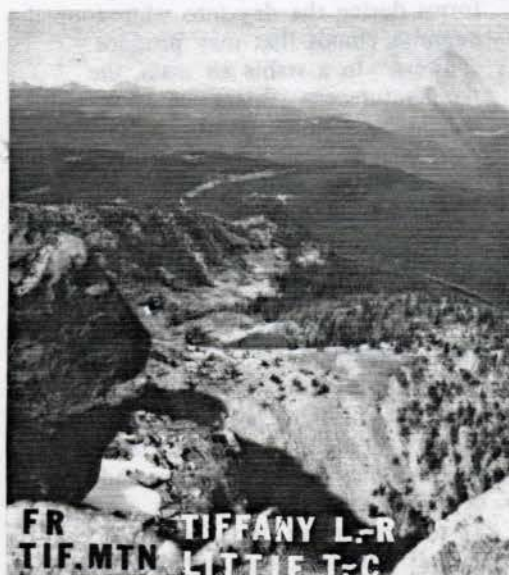
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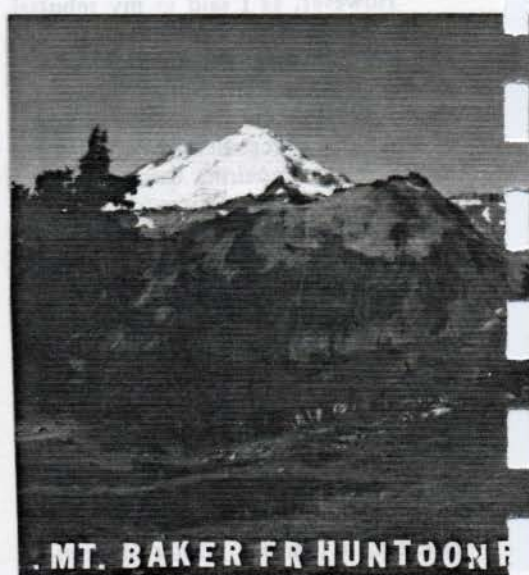
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RIMROCK L.



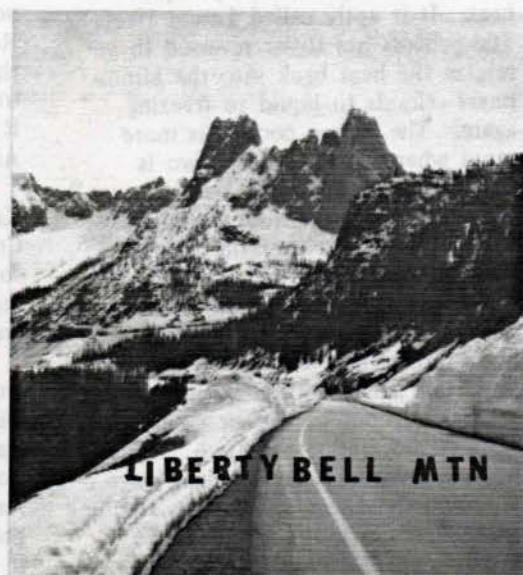
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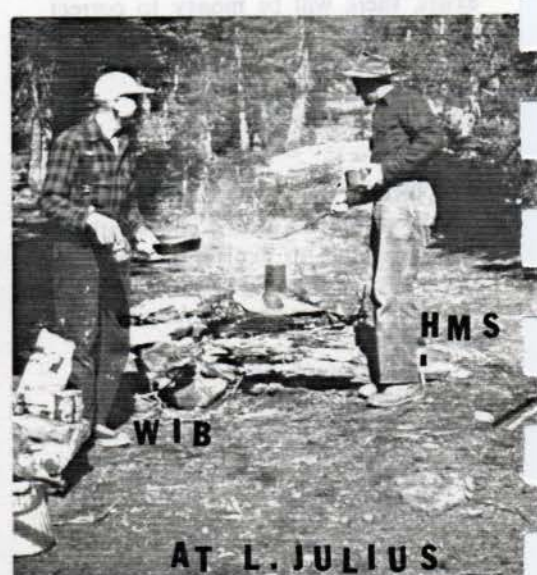
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MID. SWALLOW L.



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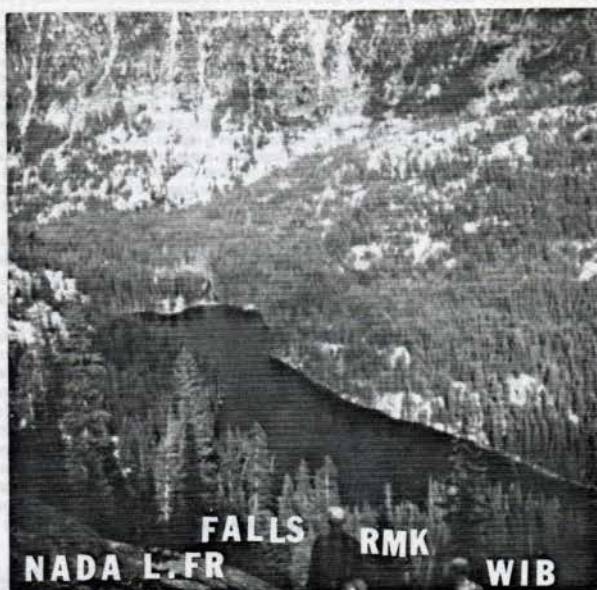
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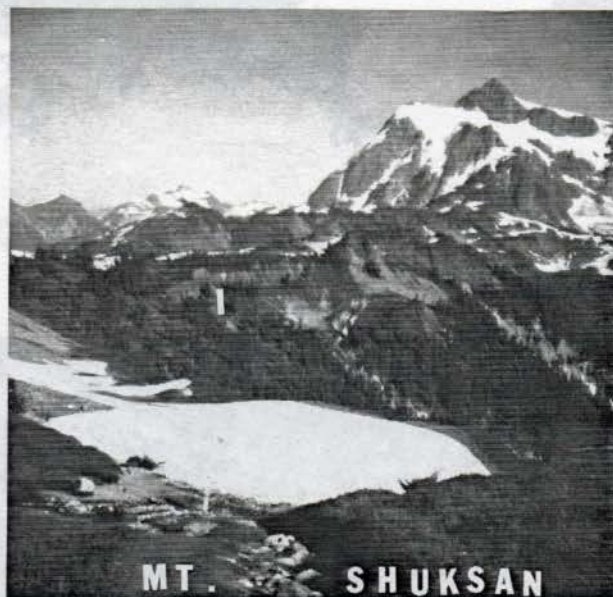




MARY JO MY MOTHER



FALLS RMK WIB  
NADA L FR



MT. SHUKSAN



CAPT. K ISLE OF CAP RI



GLACIER PK FR ICE L'S



# PACIFIC NW WX

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**WINTER WEATHER**—as mentioned, for the summer months, most cloudy weather in Western Washington is caused by maritime clouds moving inland to the Cascades and sometimes beyond, because for various reasons higher pressure develops on the coast. During the winter months, Pacific storms reach a maximum of occurrence with temperature (freezing level) determining the kind of precipitation at a given level. Strong storms cause high winds with resultant drifting snow and "whiteouts", and increase hypothermia possibilities (Wind Chill Factor). Weaker storms may leave pockets of below freezing air in low spots on either side of the Cascades making surface freezing precipitation a reality. Climatologically, snow accumulation (maximum usually in January) on the peaks and higher elevations begins earlier because of a seasonal, gradual lowering of the freezing level, but at mid-elevations may not begin maximum accumulation (sometimes 3 to 4 feet overnight or weekend) until February or early March when upslope west to east (zonal) flow begins. This sometimes causes a simultaneous warming trend in the Columbia Basin area from so-called downslope Chinook winds. Rapid snow accumulation favors avalanche occurrence, as also does a sudden or gradual warming trend, the latter occurring most often in the Spring, but may cause periodic floods as well during Fall & Winter. Groundfog is most likely during periods of clear weather; and, without cloud cover, radiational cooling may allow temperatures to drop to near or below zero Fahrenheit. Fog may also be associated with storms (fronts), esp. warm fronts. All clouds at ground level become fog, and can be with or without rain or drizzle, and can persist for weeks at a time at or below freezing, esp. in the valleys of Eastern Washington, until ultimately broken by a required strong storm. Usually conditions above the low clouds are Spring-like. The Puget Sound and Inland Waters have local land and water features that modify the general weather pattern. One of these local effects is the induction of a short latitudinal front or convergence zone that forms in the Sound by the meeting of usually warmer SW flow with cooler NW flow around the Olympic Mtns. This periodic minor front, usually a narrow band of clouds, may remain stationary or move north or south, depending upon the relative strength of the air flow (also seasonably - S. in Spring, N. in Fall & Winter), quite often with rain or snow, depending upon the temperature. It may come as a surprise to those driving or flying thru the zone since ceilings & visibilities may become briefly critical. Most winters, when and if the pressure builds to near 1050 Millibars at Prince George (Kinney-USA 1960), the Arctic Front (temps in the teens-north winds with usually snow flurries) will reach Puget Sound, evidenced first at Bellingham by strong, gusty winds from the NE (most arctic outbreaks flow toward E. Wash or Rockies). Normally, in a day or two, a low will form in South Puget Sound, and over-running begins with likely considerable snowfall. If the low intensifies the snow will shortly turn to rain with remaining temporary pockets of freezing precipitation. Sometimes temperatures will modify (warm) over a period of days with no immediate precipitation. Another form of snowfall occurs from strictly unstable air circulating around a low center-over Vancouver Island, or over water. Whether snow will be present at a given level (foothills, etc.) is determined by the freezing level, which may lower when and if circulation becomes more over land than water. The Olympic Mtns provide a "Rain Shadow" where rainfall from storm fronts is decreased, and upper clouds on the lee side (NE) thin out, much the same as the Cascades do for Eastern Washington, though low clouds may prevail. In general, the proximity of moisture over water areas and tide flats, and including lakes, makes fog and low clouds more persistent in the Sound, and the winds may become excessive in exposed areas and thru restricted channels. Offshore winds (from the E or NE) usually maintain clear weather, but can become strong in places like Enumclaw and the Columbia Gorge from approaching storms or because of extreme high pressure over the Columbia Basin. Precipitation is more likely when the general pressure (use Sea-Tac) is less than 1015 Millibars (29.97 inches). Robert M. Kinzebach, Meteorologist 3/1/90



Robert M. Kinzebach

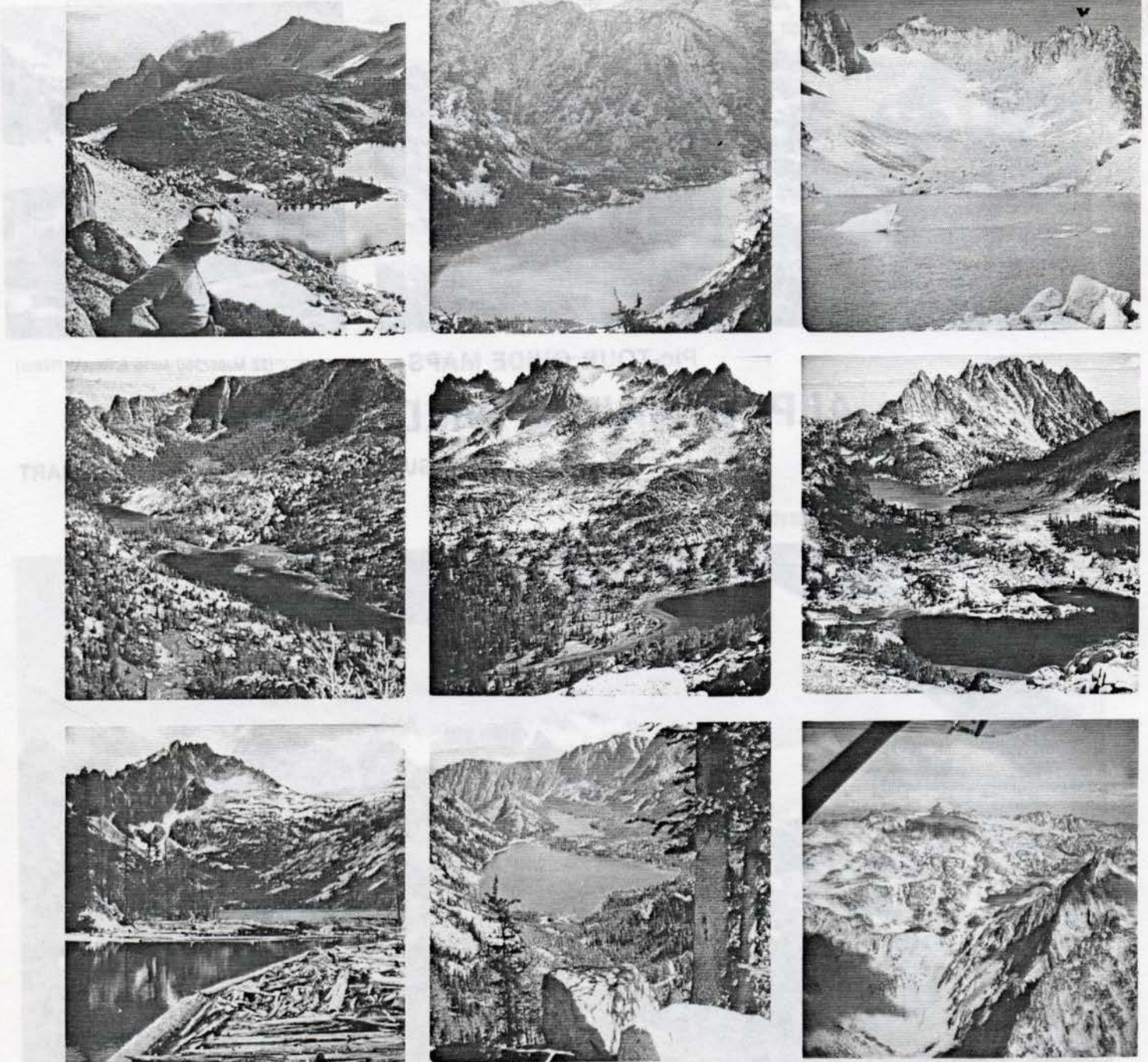
**SUMMER WEATHER**—On the west slopes and the Puget Sound area, the summer season normally begins after the so-called "June" rains, consisting mainly of an average of ten days/month of maritime cloudiness plus two or three days of rain shower activity, and ends in late Sept. or October by a noticeable increase of Pacific storms (Fronts) that average only 1 to 3 per month during summer, but may occur every 12 to 24 hours for days during winter. Fall (Autumn) and Spring are transition periods with much fog between storms in the Fall, and rain or snow showers (depending upon the freezing level), sometimes accompanied by thunderstorms and/or hail in the Spring. The main forecast consideration during the summer is whether the circulation is ONSHORE (Sea to Land-Winds from W to SW). (Kinzebach AMS Bul.-1955) When onshore, the flow may be weak, and mountain tops and passes will likely be above the clouds that would dissipate by midday; or, if strong, the air flow will likely cause a rapid drop in temperature of 10 to 20 degrees that would extend beyond the Cascade crest, sometimes breaking an E. Wash summer hot spell, evidenced by strong winds and blowing dust, and perhaps widespread thunderstorm activity in the mixing zone. This condition gives little or no advance warning, except usually preceded by one or more extremely hot days and occurs late afternoon thru early morning; whereas, a storm front passage is forewarned by increasing winds from the south and a lowering cloud shield. Since the freezing level can drop to around 4000 ft on these cloudy occasions, always carry the Ten Essentials, esp. extra clothing, no matter what the present weather. Another type of cloudiness occurs when clouds are observed building with daytime heating. Rain, rarely thunderstorms, may result by afternoon or evening that usually dissipate by midnight, but may repeat the next day or two. When low morning clouds are present, they are more likely to persist late or all day (because of reduced ground surface heating), when light precipitation is occurring, winds are from the SW quadrant 10 knots or more (tree branches move), cloud bases are high, clouds are present aloft, upslope convergence as mountain valleys gain elevation and narrow, or clouds become "puffy" cumulus (showing instability). An OFFSHORE flow (Land to Sea-Winds from N. to NE) usually maintains clear weather West of the Cascades, but with time may increase fire danger with resultant forest closures, esp. in the Fall season. In northern sections of the state, high lakes usually remain ice-bound longer, esp. north slopes where some do not break at all. Robert M. Kinzebach, Meteorologist-3/1/90











## SUMMER WEATHER FORECAST CHART

FOR 24-HOUR OUTLOOK: Subtract the Sea-Tac (SEA) pressure in millibars from North Bend, Oregon (OTH), and enter results and note forecast in appropriate vertical column below. USE MAY TO SEPT ONLY, primarily at 2PM/1PM PST

PRESSURE DIFF: PLUS 3 OR MORE	PLUS 2, PLUS 1, ZERO, MINUS 1	MINUS 2 OR MORE
<b>ONSHORE FLOW</b>	<b>TRANSITION</b>	<b>OFFSHORE FLOW</b>
90% probability low clouds forming rapidly late afternoon or evening, usually clearing by mid-afternoon. Ocny rain or brief thundershowers.	Low clouds forming after midnight, usually clearing near midday; or clear/patchy morn fog. Rare afternoon/eve rain/thundershrs Cascades.	90% probability fair and hot; rare low morning stratus from the Sound, low humidity.
High 60 to 70	High 70 to 85, ocny over 90	High 80 to 90, ocny over 95
BOATING WINDS: From S to SW 15 to 35 knots, rarely 40 knots, usually gusty.	Variable 5 to 15 knots.	From N to NE 5 to 20 knots, rarely 25 to 40 knots.

### LOCAL CLIMATOLOGICAL DATA-WASHINGTON STATE

[Monthly averages for June, July & August-NWS Climatic Summary, mostly 30 year record]

AREA AND STATION	ELEV (Feet)	PSBL SUN-SHINE (%)	AVER-AGE CLOUD COVER (Tenths)	DAYS CLEAR	DAYS CLDY	PRECIP (IN) / DAYS & LOW	TEMP (AV. HI & LOW)
<b>WESTERN WASHINGTON</b>							
Seattle	14	59	5.0	11	9	0.90/3	72/54
Skykomish	933	-	-	-	-	2.29/5	71/49
<b>CASCADE CREST</b>							
Snoqualmie Pass	3020	-	5.8	10	13	2.56/6	67/44
Stevens Pass	4085	-	-	-	-	1.98/7-	65/43
<b>EASTERN WASHINGTON</b>							
Leavenworth	1128	-	-	-	-	0.49/1	85/49
Cle Elum Lake	2255	-	-	-	-	0.60/2-	74/49
Yakima	1061	82	3.2	18	5	0.43/1	81/51

Pic-TOUR GUIDE MAPS  
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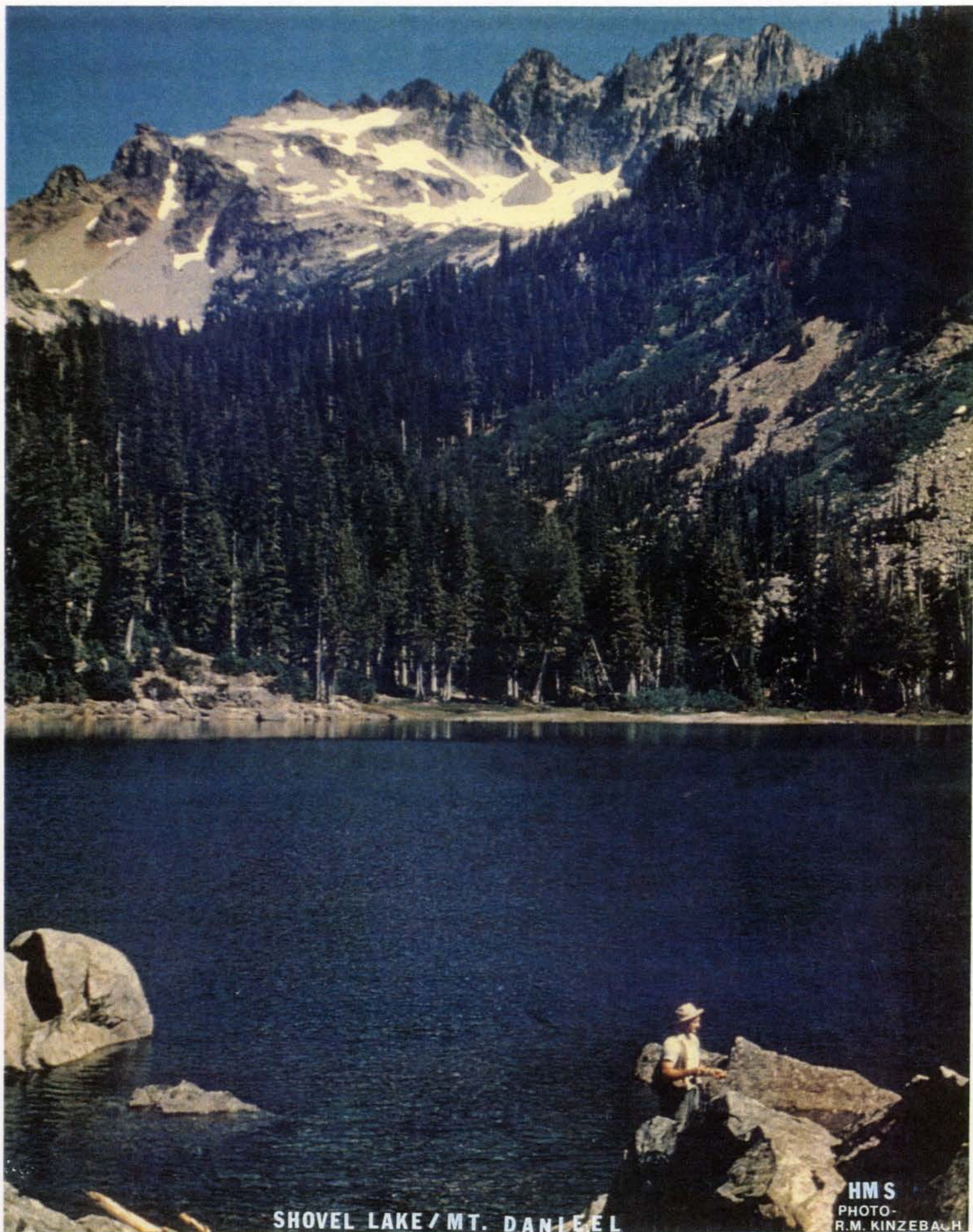


**Map Labels:**

- Peaks:** Pugh Mtn (7835), Sloan Pk (7835), Foggy Pk (6810), Cadet Pk (7186), Monte Cristo (7136), Kyes Pk (7280), N. Fk Sauk R. Quartz L. (4780), Goblin Mtn (5606), Addison Mtn (7172), Columbia Pk (5950), S. GAP (5950), PEAR SALL PASS (5000), N. Pk (6738), S. Pk (6799), IDA P. (6050).
- Glaciers:** COLUMBIA GLACIER.
- Lakes:** Blanca Lake (3972), Virgin L. (4600), Goblin L. (4140), Quartz L. (4780).
- Creeks:** Troublesome Creek, Goblin Creek.
- Other:** MONTE CRISTO (756), 5962, 5319, 5845, 6480, 7025, 2800.
- Boundaries:** USFS 8/14/75, USFS BASE MAP.
- Orientation:** LOOKING NORTH.

# BLANCA LAKE





SHOVEL LAKE / MT. DANIEL

HMS  
PHOTO-  
R.M. KINZBAUGH