

RMRU NEWSLETTER

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MEMBER OF THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE ASSOCIATION

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Editor, Jim Fairchild
Photographer, Bill Speck
Publisher, Walt Walker

COMING EVENTS ---

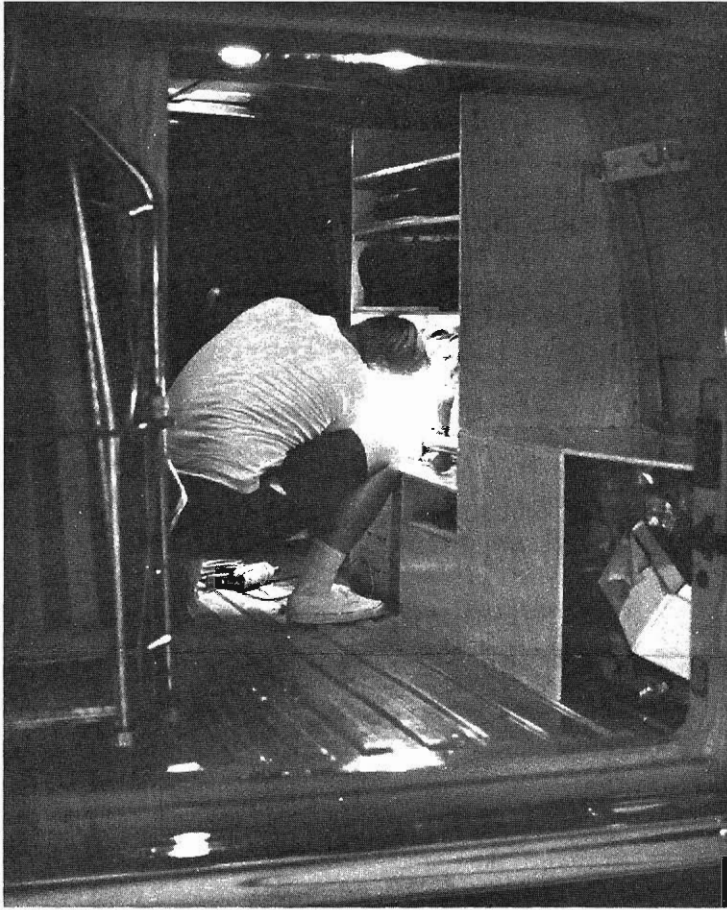
- 12 August, Board Meeting, 1900. At Ron Harris' home.
- 16 August, Benefit Breakfast, Idyllwild.
- 19 August, Rubidoux on the Rocks Practice.
- 26 August, Regular Meeting, 1930, at the Riverside County Hall of Records, 4080 Lime St., park at the south side of building and enter doors nearest southeast portion of building. Doors will be open between 1900 and 2100, thereafter we can exit only. The room is on the basement level, labelled "Conference Room," it is an exceptionally fine facility. Mr. Robert J. Horrigan of the County Office of Disaster Preparedness has made the arrangements for us.
- 29 August, Training Session. The subject will be tracking, details will be given at the meeting.
- 9 September, Board Meeting.
- 15 September, first class of the First Aid Course. Details were in the July Newsletter, and a sheet with full information is available.



That long awaited day finally arrived in last June. (Too late for the last newsletter.) Pictured at left is the brand spanking new Ford SuperVan purchased from Warren-Anderson Ford in Riverside. (L to R) RMRU Quartermaster Don Ricker received the keys from truck sales mgr. Bob Hemborg while RMRU President Walt Walker presents a

check for the full amount to Bob. The purchase of this fine new vehicle was made possible by all of RMRU's Sustaining Members. On behalf of all the regular members and those unfortunate victims who will become lost or injured in the future, THANK YOU!!! As you will see by the following photographs we have all ready transformed the insides of the new van into a vehicle that will hold the equipment needed on our lifesaving missions.

Team members Al Andrews and Don Ricker have all ready spent many long hours working on the radio installation and building the bins and shelves that now line the insides of the van. The work is not completely finished but that has not stopped the 'Big Orange' van from all ready rolling on one mission. Mike Daughtery, who drove it to Idyllwild on that mission reports that he will drive anytime from now on.



Al Andrews garage and drive way are where most of the work has been done and will no doubt be many more nights and Sundays the same. Al, besides working full time, starting a new corporation, a new father, landscaping a new home, RMRU Secretary and communications chairman is also truck chairman. He and Don have made almost all of the plans and have done most of the building with only occasional help from other members. As can be seen by Bill Specks fine photography, Al is guilty of burning a little midnight oil.

Getting somewhat off the subject, but before I forget it, RMRU is looking for somewhere to park our new van. The only problem is that we need a number of things besides just a parking space. We need a spot that is accessible 24 hours a day but it also has security. Besides the van, there is a considerable amount of expensive radio gear and numerous other items of equipment that did

not grow on trees. It is not a must but we would also like to have it parked either inside or under shade. This last item is not just to protect the van, it is actually to try and prevent the radio batteries from becoming too hot and shortening their useable life. If any of our readers have any suggestions please contact Al Andrews, evenings at 682-7207.

In September RMRU will be nine years old and us oldtimers who have seen the team grow have seen a lot of changes. We can remember stuffing what little team equipment we had into personal automobiles and hurrying off to the roadhead. At least now we can depend on all of the team equipment arriving on time. The old 'Chevy' panel which had served us so well over the years had begun to have a hard time making it up to Idyllwild. The 'donut wagon' as we affectionately called it has already been sold. The evening that Al Andrews picked up the new van a number of us went to take a look at it. The one thing that I heard from everyone that evening was, "it's hard to believe it's here." Yes, it was sort of hard to believe, but there it was, so Al took everybody for a ride around the block, the long way. It was almost as hard to believe the power as we drove along. When we pulled back into the driveway I felt like I needed to pinch myself and see if I was dreaming. However, I didn't have to as we swung into the driveway I bounced up against the wall, the President was stuck in the back with no seat.



Moving Day!

The old and the new were parked in Al Andrews' driveway and the most enjoyable job, transferring the equipment and radios began.

(L to R)

Don Ricker with back to the camera, Jim Fairchild checking a first aid pack & Walt Walker (asleep) carrying a coil of rope.

As I sit here typing I know that once again the RMRU Newsletter will be late in arriving. We have tried to prevent this, but so far, search and rescue missions have been taking up a lot of our time. We hope that things will slow down as we have had 21 missions and 7 aborts so far this year, No doubt about it, more people are using the outdoors more and with less and less knowledge of it. - Pres. Walt

3 July. Perris/Elsinore - Search & Evacuation



At around 5:30 p.m. on July 3rd, a call came in from the Elsinore substation that an automobile belonging to an elderly Sun City resident, who had been missing from his home since the previous afternoon, had been located at the Muse-A-While Ranch, which is midway between Perris and Elsinore on State Highway 74. The missing man, age 83, had last been seen by residents of the ranch on the evening of July 2. Following a brief meeting at the Elsinore substation, RMRU members quickly assembled at the Muse-A-While Ranch and the search was initiated - 6:30 p.m. Steve Stephens and I set out in an easterly direction toward a group

of rather prominent hills from which we hoped to get a good look at the entire area before darkness fell. Ron Harris and Ken Crowder were working towards the west and Al Andrews and Lee Mickleson were all ready a good distance north of base. Jim Fairchild and Pete Carlson were searching the small hills to the south and Walt was at base. About a quarter mile from base, Steve and I came to a small hill. We decided to climb part way up and then traverse around each side meeting on the opposite slope. The hill was small enough so that voice contact would be maintained.



Jim Fairchild examines the victim while new members Steve Stephens, kneeling, and Ray Ross who found the missing man, wait for results.

drainage. The victim, clad in only a blue short sleeved shirt, was holding his head in his hands and weaving very slightly. A quick check revealed that his life signs were very good and after reassuring him that help had arrived, I ran up out of the drainage to a spot where I could call Steve, who was carrying the radio, without alarming the victim. As Steve and I returned to the scene, we notified Walt at base and the other units that we had located the victim. Jim Fairchild and Pete Carlson, who were searching a few hundred yards to the south, arrived at our location almost immediately and Jim carried on with the examination of the victim. He was extremely thirsty, somewhat scratched from a possible encounter with the barbed wire fence but otherwise in good shape. Within ten minutes, the other teams arrived with a litter and advised that an ambulance was on hand at base to evacuate the victim to the hospital. The victim was carried back to base in the litter, a short haul of about a quarter mile. The time was now 7:45, the shadows were lengthening and we departed - thankful that this mission had been short and had terminated favorably. - Ray Ross

About half way around the southern side of the hill, I noticed a clump of trees and bushes in the drainage below so I headed down for a look. It was a very warm evening and as I climbed across the grassy slopes looking carefully for tracks, I realized that I was giving equal attention to rattlesnake danger. Cautiously, I waded through the tall grass and weeds on the west side of the clump of trees and finally caught a glimpse of the small grassy area in their midst. This was a perfect place to escape the heat of the sun and I noticed that the grass appeared matted in several places. There were no other clues in the immediate vicinity so I decided to circle around. I hadn't gone 25 yards toward the other side of the trees when I looked up to see the victim sitting in the tall grass next to a barbed wire fence on the opposite side of a small



Team members Al Andrews and Ron Harris at the front of the litter, lead off thru the tall grass, keeping a eyeball out for the always present 'buzztails'. Ray Ross and Jim Fairchild are helping with the litter carry behind Al. The two team members behind Ron will have to settle with the thought of a job well done. (Photos by RMRU member Lee Mickleson)

5 July. Little Tahquitz Valley - Search

The Riverside County Sheriff's Department requested our assistance in a search for two thirteen year-old youngsters lost from the Caramba area. At 10:35 p.m. team members began crawling out of bed and slipping into their orange shirts and pulling on their heavy lug-soled boots.

Arriving at Humber Park approximately one hour later, we found Sgt. Ben Brandon waiting for us. Very little information was available as to where the teenagers were camped, who they were camping with, who reported them missing, how long they had been lost, or why Caramba was picked as a searching area???

With this at hand, we made these decisions:

1. Jim would take one man and a radio and, yes, go to Caramba as fast as possible.
2. Ron would take the balance of the team members to Little Tahquitz Valley, Skunk Cabbage meadow or Tahquitz Valley to find somebody who could give us information regarding the lost persons, even if it meant awaking campers from a night's sleep. After an hours hike on the warm clear night we reached Saddle Junction. While consuming some water and a couple of hands-full of gorp, we heard good news from Jim's baritone voice over our radio that he had met Frank Smith (Forest Ranger) and that Frank had related that he and the parents and a Scoutmaster and two Scouts had found both teenagers. Jim and Steve continued down trail toward Caramba to assist in any way possible. After finding them just short of Laws Camp, and in good condition, Jeff and Debbie enjoyed Jim and Steve's call-out-food. The rest of the team enjoyed a cup of Frank Smith's good coffee at the Ranger's tent. After Jim, Steve and the victims arrived back at the cabin we learned the

event happened like this: Jeff Evans 13, and Debbie McGuren 13, both from Canoga Park, were camped at Little Tahquitz Valley, and had taken a day hike to Caramba with Debbie's parents to have lunch and swim. Debbie and Jeff decided to go back to camp ahead of the others. With the direction of her parents, they went on their way. Following the creek up hill toward Tahquitz Valley they became confused when they reached the Willow Creek crossing. They climbed to a ridge to orient themselves only to be convinced that they were indeed lost! Discovering this they hiked back toward Caramba and bivouaced as darkness fell upon them. Debbie's parents had always instructed their children, "If you're ever lost in the back country, stay where you are, don't continue walking further away from where you were last seen." Knowing this, Debbie's parents, with the assistance of a Scoutmaster and two older Scouts from Troop 290, went down trail toward Caramba searching and Frank Smith went down creek assisting in the search.

As chairman of the Education Committee, I wish I could educate every child in the community as the good parents of Debbie had so well done. (SIMPLY STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!!!) Not all searches end up happy as it did for Jeff and Debbie. Too often children are found days later and miles from the area where last seen and have succumbed to dehydration or suffered major injuries! Please help us get this message to the children. - Ron Harris

12 July. Pine Cove - Aborted Search

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday when I returned from a Scouter's training session in the High Sierra. As I got out of the car my son called out that the sheriff's department was on the phone. The call was that there was a six year old boy missing from Pine Cove. After alerting the call captains and phoning my people I rolled for Pine Cove. Leon Barris and I arrived about the same time. We questioned the mother and obtained a scent article. This had no sooner been taken care of and Leon heard over the sheriff's radio that the young lad had been found. So we packed up our gear and waited for the other team members to arrive and tell them the good news and started home. - Walt Walker

14 July. Tahquitz Canyon - Evacuation



At the risk of boring our regular readers, who have heard this all before, we recount the most recent Tahquitz Canyon retrieval. Late on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th, RMRU received the usual call from the sheriff's office indicating that a young man had become ill between the first and second falls in Tahquitz Canyon and needed evacuation. The team assembled at the usual spot at the end of Ramon Road in Palm Springs and the helicopter be-

Walt Walker examines the young lad prior to his evacuation from the canyon.

gan ferrying us in. Because of the intense heat in the canyon bottom, the pilot decided not to attempt landing there and set us out on the top of the ridge to the northeast. From there, about a dozen of us dropped down the canyon wall and joined the "Trail" about 100 yards above where it intersects the canyon bottom. We encountered the victim and a companion on the top of a large rock just at the point where the canyon bends at the foot of the second falls. His signs and symptoms could be described as diffuse. His blood pressure was normal but both his temperature and pulse were slightly elevated and, using the stethoscope, his breathing could be heard to be a little noisy. In addition he complained of dizziness when he attempted to walk.

By this time it was about 7 p.m. and it was beginning to cool off in the canyon so we decided to have a go at a helicopter evacuation as no one relished the idea of a litter carry along the narrow path which traverses the steep canyon wall. Using the sloping rock which we had employed as a helispot in the past, Reed Jarroch of Western Helicopters brought in the supercharged Bell and, after establishing that the spot was safe, made a one runner touchdown while we helped the victim into the passenger's seat. After one more sortie to pick up some of the heavier gear we packed up and started hiking out, being careful not to touch the rocks which were still well over 100 degrees even though it was totally dark.

Once again we were given cause to reflect on how poorly this canyon has been treated by its more recent users. Spray paint on the rocks and large amounts of discarded garbage and junk are everywhere. It's too bad that some of those who profess to enjoy the canyon's beauty aren't a little more interested in maintaining it. - Mike Daugherty

16 July. Caramba - Evacuation

Friday afternoon was just about gone when I received a call from the sheriff's department that a young lady was in the back country with a possible thrombophlebitis in her lower calf. That's the medical term for a potentially fatal blood clot. Once again Western Helicopters, of Rialto, was called for a chopper. Friday quitting time is an especially difficult time to try and reach fellow team members by telephone. Many valuable minutes ticked off as phone calls were completed.

When I arrived at the Idyllwild Fire Department I spoke with the man in charge. He said a young man had hiked out to report the problem. The information was that the victim had noticed the problem two days prior and had had the same condition once before about a year ago. While discussing the situation I heard the sound of rotor blades chopping through the thin air. However, the sound was not the usual chop chop of a Supercharged Bell. When I got outside I could tell it was a turbine powered bird. Quickly I drove over to the ballpark and as I arrived the machine landed. A man jumped out and hurried over to me. It was 'Ely' Ellenberg from Western and he said to hurry as the five passenger bird only had 30 minutes of fuel remaining. I grabbed my gear and ran over to the machine and climbed in. Much to my surprise it was our old friend, Pat Patterson, at the controls of the Alleotte. He motioned to a headset after I had fastened the seat belt. As I put the headset on, we started to move. Not the usual, forward movement, but straight up. The turbine powered, 545 horsepower, helicopter sprang straight up for about 300 feet. It was quite a sensation to say the least. As we flew along toward Caramba I briefed Pat on the mission. It only took 5 minutes to fly, what usually takes us 2½ to 3 hours to hike. We circled Caramba many times but could not see anyone.

With fuel dwindling and the sun setting we flew the trail back to Tahquitz Valley and set down. I ran over to the Ranger's tent, but no one was there. Some Scouts were in the meadow and I asked if they had seen the Ranger. They informed me that he had rode off towards Caramba about 45 minutes earlier. As quickly as I could manage, the 7500 plus elevation somewhat slows you down, I got back to the bird and we were off to the famous Caramba helispot. Pat landed and said he would go to Palm Springs for fuel while I hiked the quarter mile over to the camping area. It wasn't long and there was a reply to my calls. When I got across the stream I met the Ranger, the young man who had hiked out for help, the victim's girl friend and a young lady very much in pain.

Before leaving from home I had called team doctor, Norm Mellor, and asked what I should do, if indeed, we did have a problem as described. He had instructed me to bind the young lady's leg with an elastic bandage so that the clot would be restricted if it started to move upward towards the heart and lungs. These instructions were carried out immediately and the young victim was covered with extra clothing. I asked the Ranger to put out my ground to air signal panels so that when Pat returned he would land. The Ranger then rode over to the helispot. When Pat landed the Ranger passed on my message that we needed another man and the folding litter. In a very short time the bird returned with fellow team member Ron Harris. In no time at all Ron was in sight with litter in hand. We quickly loaded the young victim into the litter and secured her with webbing. The Ranger, the young man who went for help, Ron and I began to carry the litter up the hill toward the helispot. This proved to be a very tiring job for only four men and it took its toll on me. My shoulder had not healed completely from the helicopter crash and I had to stop many times when the others could have gone on. Our victim was loaded into the waiting bird along with Ron and myself. The big machine was up and we were on our way to the front lawn of the Palm Springs Hospital. When we landed Ron and I took the young lady into the emergency room while Pat flew back in the ever growing darkness to pick up the victim's companion. Once again through co-operation of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department, Western Helicopters, the Forest Service and RMRU a dangerous situation was taken care of and everything ended well. - Walt Walker

18 July. Boulder Basin Campground - Search

The call came in mid-Saturday evening that three 12 year old boys were missing out of Boulder Basin Campground. Upon arriving at the Black Mountain Road junction, the fathers explained that four adults and five youngsters had started down that morning from the campground intending to meet the Banning-Idyllwild highway via the Cincos Poses trail. After a short distance below the switch backs the party had become separated, with three of the youngsters in front, and the rest of the group behind. The three in front had not been seen since. The fathers indicated that they had spent the rest of the day looking, and that both the Cincos Poses and the Black Mountain trails had been traveled several times. As has happened so many times, nightfall had to come before help was sought, although many hours had been lost.

After consulting the map, it seemed likely that the boys were either in the Azalea Creek drainage which empties out to the northwest toward the Twin Pines Boys Ranch, or possibly had dropped off into Hall Canyon which goes down toward the wouthwest into Lake Fulmor. Accordingly, Bud White, Steve Bryant and I drove up to the Boulder Basin area and started down the trail.

A second team started up Hall Canyon from Lake Fulmor. As we were somewhat short of manpower, the rest of the team scouted the Twin Pines Boys Ranch road which branches off at the Vista Grande Guard Station.

After a short distance we picked up the tracks of the group, and followed them down to the junction of the Black Mountain and Cincos Poses trail. In the proximity of the junction, we could not make out any clear prints, but it seemed probable that the boys could have failed to veer to the left on the Cincos Poses trail, and instead headed straight down the Black Mountain trail. After a few hundred feet in this direction, no tracks of the boys could be found, although we could clearly see the footprints of the adult that had searched down the trail earlier. This being the case, we concluded that they must have headed down the Cincos Poses trail, so we came back to the junction and started down. After a few hundred feet, just to make sure, we started looking for tracks, but couldn't find any.

This then gave us something of a mystery to figure out. The tracks went down to the junction, but did not seem to go below it! It was now well past 2 a.m. and we decided to stay with the last track and catch a few winks of sleep until the other team coming up from Lake Fulmor could join up. At 4:30 a.m. as the sky was beginning to lighten up, we resumed the search. Although the second team had not yet reached us, they were on the trail heading down. After consultation it was decided to give the Black Mountain trail another looking at. After approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, the boy's tracks came sidehilling down from the left and joined the trail! They followed the trail for about another $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and then headed off to the right, directly down the Azalea Creek drainage. We followed the disturbances down the canyon amid many yells and blasts from my "Acme Thunderer." Finally at about 6:14 a.m. a yell was answered, and 10 minutes later we were with them. The boys were a little chilled, and quite hungry, but in good shape. They had been sleeping and had awakened only minutes before they heard the yells. While sitting, eating and warming up in our shell parkas, they cleared up the mystery of the junction which had baffled us the night before. Upon arriving at the Junction, they turned left and started down the Cincos Poses trail, but after a short distance had decided that it was the wrong way and had headed off the trail cross country to the right and met the Black Mountain trail again approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ mile below the junction. Apparently, we had resumed tracking on the Cincos Poses trail below their point of departure. We then worked our way up to the ridge to the east of the canyon and proceeded to bush whack our way down for the next hour to the road, where in a few minutes we were picked up and brought back to civilization. - Jim Dodson

18 July. Riverside YMCA - Testing

On Saturday, 18 July, Riverside Mountain Rescue participated in preliminary physical examinations which included electrocardiograms and pulmonary function tests which were a prelude to Dr. Steven Elek's experiment involving man's reactions under stress.

Nineteen members of the team participated in the examinations which were begun at 8 a.m. Saturday morning at the Riverside YMCA and were concluded about noon due to the efficiency of Dr. Mellor with the able assistance of Doctors Wolnity, Coles and Shevick. The doctors were aided by three young ladies (all married, much to the chagrin of this writer) who's assistance was invaluable in operation of instruments and recording of data.

I arrived on the scene about 10 a.m. to give any assistance that might be



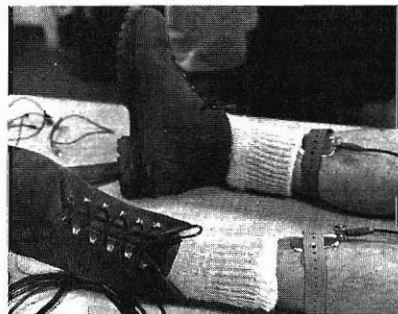
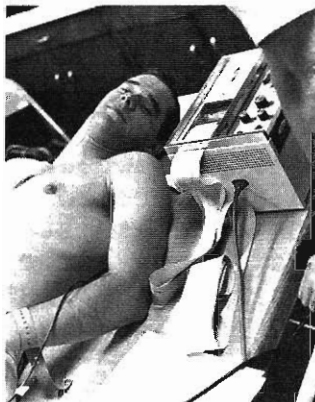
RMRU member John Murdock has a go at the treadmill. He was photographed by fellow team member Lee Mickelson.

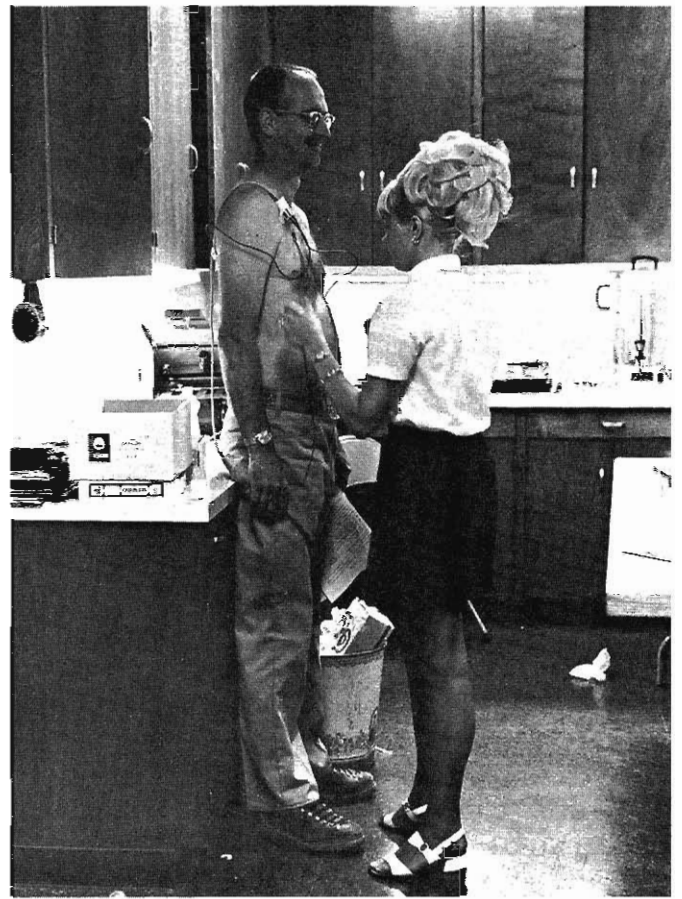
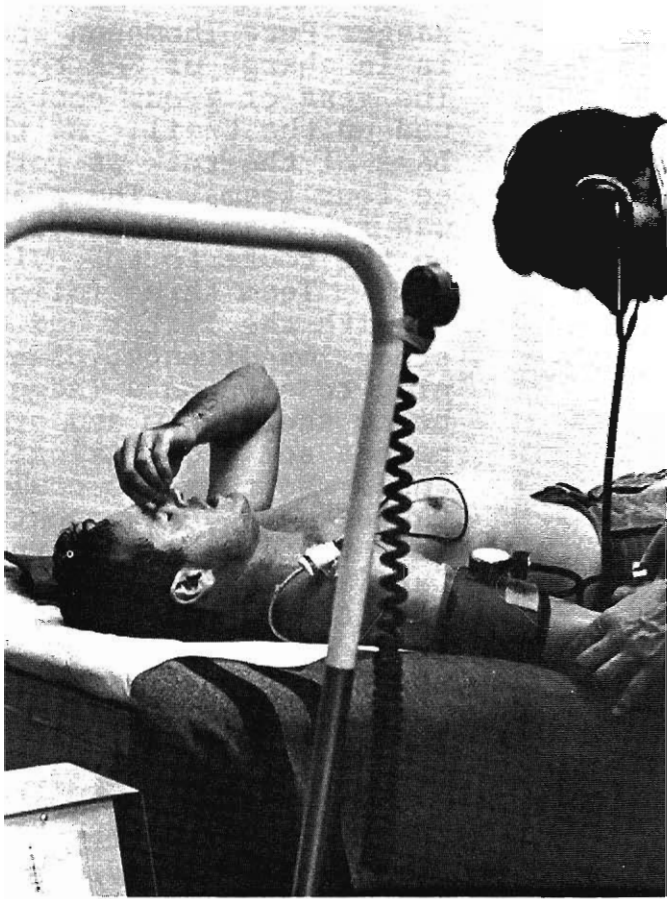
needed prior to my own examination at 11 a.m. and to pick up any addresses or phone numbers that might crop up in conversations with the three young ladies aiding in the testing.

As I entered the front door of the "Y", hiking boots in one hand and a nefarious brown bottle in the other, the gentleman at the front desk guided me down the hall where the examinations were taking place. Testing was well under way and the place was a beehive of activity. A more efficient operation I haven't seen since I was inducted into the Service. But there was no time for recollection of war stories or for girls phone numbers. All I saw was the glare from their diamond rings as I was sucked into the amoeba of activity. I was ordered to strip to the waist and was attacked by a comely young lady in mini-skirt, named Sharon, who proceeded to wire my body like the chassis of a television set. I was laid out on a table and tuned in. I felt as though at any moment I would be asked to come across with top secret information or my relatives in a foreign country would never be heard of again.

After my electrocardiogram and physical examination, I was scheduled for the pulmonary function test. Never having

my pulmonary tested before, I had a deep interest in its function. The test is designed to record the action of the heart and blood pressure during various stages of physical stress or in my case I found this to be exhaustion. To inflict the patient with varying amounts of physical and mental stress, all ladies were attired in mini-skirts and came equipped with a "Bodashious" looking machine called a tread mill. The order-of-the-day was a brisk 11 minute walk up Mount McKinley with a brief rest at the top, after which we were all handed a towel and congratulated for being in such fine health. I want to thank Dr. Mellor and all who gave of their time to assist in making this preliminary phase of Dr. Elek's experiment such a success. - Tom Dadson





THE PAIN AND THE PLEASURE....It would appear that Mike Daugherty has about had the course (Mike claims he was just fine) and that Dick Caffroy isn't feeling any pain at all.

24-25 July. Technical Training and Man Under Stress Experiment.

During our Tahquitz Rock technical training, RMRU participated in an original medical experiment concerning emotion, personality traits, stress, and the heart. The experiment was conducted by Dr. Steven Elek of the University of Southern California.

The session started for Mike Daugherty and myself when we placed the dummy (a large rock-filled duffel bag) two pitches up on the Northeast Rib Route. We underestimated the amount of time required and ended up rappelling off at dusk. At Humber Park we met part of the team that was deciding to come up after us. (Ed. note: it was after 10 p.m.)

We drove down to Dr. Mellor's cabin where we met Dr. Elek and Randy Beam. The latter took the first of three blood samples. He is a most personable and capable medical technician -- he made us almost enjoy the blood taking. Later in the evening Dr. Elek entertained us with spy stories from his days with the O.S.S. during WW II.

The next morning Randy took another blood sample before breakfast. We were beginning to feel like human pincushions. Maggie Mellor, her daughter, Betsy and two of her friends prepared the food. As we were hiking up to the rock (Dr. Mellor's cabin is near Humber Park) a call came from Yosemite asking for volunteers to assist with a search in Snowcreek Canyon near the valley. We discussed this briefly and Walt Walker started back to call



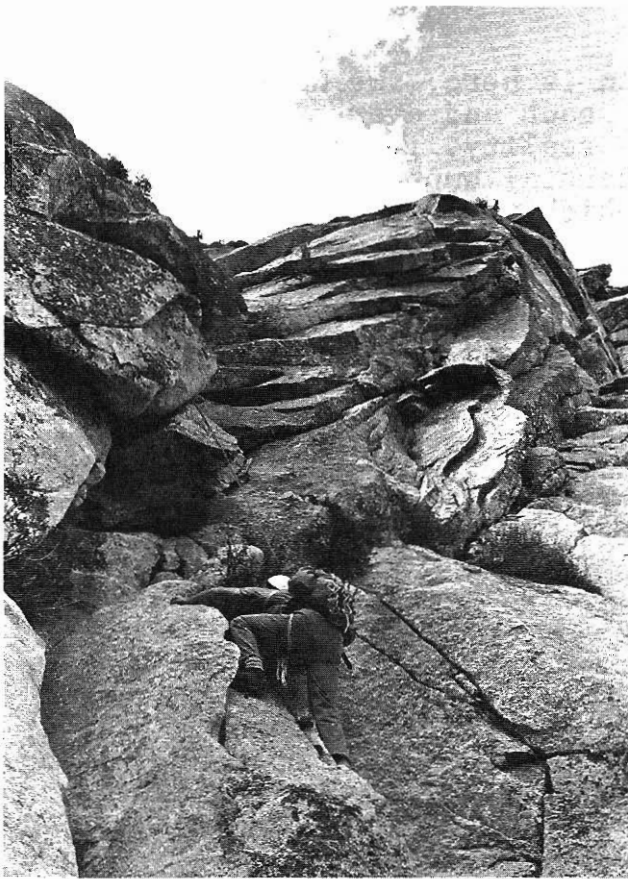
RMRU team members at Humber Park, waiting for all the 'extra gear' to be passed out.

Ranger Pete Thompson who is in charge of SAR there. The rest of group continued up the trail. At the base of the rock we formed four teams. The plan was for team one to climb up the route to the "Victim." Team three followed with the litter and other impedimenta, planning to stop on a ledge below the victim and prepare a self-equalizing anchor so team two could rappel down to a crack. Here team two would prepare another anchor. Then team three could lower the victim from his ledge to the base of the rock.

Team one climbed up to the victim, led by Mike Orr. The first problem arose when the second man tried to climb with a pack. (Ed. note: this was the Roadrunner, attempting to squeeze up a chimney with 47 pounds in a rucksack. He had brains enough to back off the next overhand and haul the pack by rope). We quickly found that a fixed rope was necessary. You can't climb easily or well in a tight chimney with all your gear. Team three followed with the litter and extra ropes. They had quite a time wrestling the litter up the chimney. I still don't see how Art Bridge got up that chimney with the litter. (Ed. note: Art just about didn't make it, the belay rope got down to him just in time). Team three passed the litter to team one who tied the victim in (did they really use all 600 feet of the 7/16 inch Goldline you sent up?). Team two climbed up to team three's ledge (really crowded). They rigged the anchor and team two rappelled down over 150 feet to a ledge. (Pub. note: if you think that was a ledge, you go next time instead of Mike and I).

Steve Stephens was lowered with the litter from the upper ledge where the victim was found, to the fir tree ledge with the anchor. A transfer was made and Art Bridge took the litter down to the ledge (you've got to be kidding) manned by team two which lowered it on down to the base of the rock. Team three then removed their pitons and rappelled down.

Teams one and three cleaned the ledges and rappelled down the climbing route. We climbed down the lower portion class three (without belays). When Lee Mickleson was on a broad ledge above the final twenty feet of cliff, reaching to unfasten a pack lowered by rope, his "trick" knee gave way and he tumbled down somersaulting and banging along to stop on talus below. Great damage to his hard hat indicated severe head injuries would have resulted had it not been worn. Bruises and abrasions gave some pain, and later x-rays revealed a broken rib. Most of the team was safely off the rock and even watched the fall. They came up quickly to give first aid, place Lee in the litter after dumping out the inert victim, and started the carry down. Dr. Mellor had wrapped Lee's chest to ease his breathing.



The 'Roadrunner', alias Jim Fairchild, climbs the easy part. The overhangs can be seen above, with the tough section out of view.

An Ace bandage helped the knee. The short but arduous litter carry back down to Humber Park completed the problem.

(Ed. note: Training Chairman Ed Hill is to be congratulated upon the last bit of realism. Usually the chairman himself has to provide this.) This training and recent missions have given the new members quite a taste of carrying a litter over rough terrain.

Back at the cabin Randy took the third and final blood sample before we ate an excellent dinner prepared by Maggie Mellor, Mary Speck, Linda Harris and most of the other wives of RMRU members. After a long, hot day on the rock, the cold dinner with its emphasis on salads and cold fruit was very welcome. After dinner Dr. Elek interviewed each member that had not been through the questions the evening before.

The next day Steve Stephens, Pete Carlson, Betsy Mellor and I had a very enjoyable time climbing the Fingertip Traverse route on Tahquitz. At the end of the day Dr. Mellor met us at Humber Park with some of the liquid refreshment that was left over from the party. It was an ideal way to end a training weekend. - Ed Hill

RUBIDOUX ON THE ROCKS, 5 and 19 August --

We mailed cards and called personally to inform the unit about the practice 5 August. It will have occurred during the putting together of the Newsletter you are now reading. Anyway, for 19 August we plan to meet at the upper parking lot of Mt. Rubidoux at 1900. Bring your climbing and technical gear and canteen. Lots of individual and small group training. We hope to establish the Rubidoux On The Rocks at least once a month in the future. We work on knots, rigging, anchors, climbing and belaying, litter lore, and first aid. The non-technically inclined men profit from practicing skills not over the side of cliffs.

WHO'S STUFF IS THIS?

Can you quickly and positively identify every item of gear you ever take on a mission? Can anyone else do the same? If not, mark your equipment indelibly now. This sure saves time after a mission, not to mention during. Very rarely does a marked piece of gear not get back to its owner (eventually). If you are missing any gear from the Tahquitz training or have any extra bring it to the regular meeting or holler a lot.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP ---

As you have already read, the new rescue van is here. We want everyone to know that if it were not for the support by each and everyone of our sustaining members, the new van would not be a reality. With this in mind we want to thank all of you again for your financial support. RMRU's board is still reviewing a list of needed items which will be purchased with future donations. We must first meet our operating costs which include such things as long-distance telephone calls for callouts, gas, oil, and insurance for the new van, and batteries for the handi-talkie radios. After these expenses are met we will purchase the "needed" items in order of priority.

We thank the following for renewing their memberships: The Keldon Paper Company; Mr. & Mrs. B. E. Harris; Mr. & Mrs. Herwil M. Bryant; The Mensahs Womens' Committee of the Southern California Gas Company. We welcome the following new members: Idyllwild Property Owners' Association; Mr. & Mrs. Lewis R. Wilder; Mr. & Mrs. John A. Moore; Mr. & Mrs. Earle Nelson.

--- Al Andrews

STORY WRITERS NOTE ---

We believe that interest on the part of RMRU NEWSLETTER readers is greatly enhanced because we ask different men of the unit to write up missions and other aspects of our operation. This brings problems as may be deduced from these urgent requests for cooperation when assignments are made:

1. Get your article to the editor by the date agreed upon.
2. Type the copy, no more than 73 characters wide, single spaced.
3. Let yourself go and write as much as you want, remembering our readers were not there and need a full description. Your material will be edited, so don't worry about writing too much.
4. The editor and publisher have spent many extra hours typing and otherwise preparing articles for printing when they were not done right. This is not so bad if the copy gets to the editor before the deadline. The NL is a tremendous asset to the unit, let's give it a better break. --- Jim Fairchild



The Road

Runner sez-

strative and operational angle shortly.

The number of situations and factors that deserve comment increases at a rate far in excess of this column's ability to keep up. This fits in with the observation frequently made that SAR encompasses a myriad things to do and remember. Administrative and operational tasks more than keep us busy, more about the busy

We hope all Sustaining Members will reflect for a moment. You are by now aware of the exceeding great improvement in our operation occasioned by our new van. Before that you heard about how our radio system increased our efficiency and effectiveness. These thousands of dollar's worth of material were bought with money voluntarily given, so that volunteers could do a better job of helping people who have problems in the wilderness. RMRU's gratitude runs very high -- we could not have obtained the money any other way. Now, would you believe we still need more stuff? Not stuff we would just like to have or that would be nice for the well-equipped rescue unit, but items crucial to the operation: chain saw; 10 Watt radio for relays and to use in helicopters; tire chains; fire extinguisher; climbing "hardware." These are a few items on the list. Guess by now you see how important Sustaining Members have been, are now, and will be in the future.

"It takes a busy man to get things done...." Most of the members of RMRU are striking examples of this saying. Specifically, Don Ricker and Al Andrews have worked many nights and some days to ready the new van for operation. Others are helping. The busiest man we know about is Al. He has a very demanding and time consuming occupation; he is forming a new manufacturing corporation; he is developing the indoor and outdoor features of his fine new home; he does a lot with his family; he does a lot for friends; then (and now) he opens his shop at least twice a week to work on the rescue van. How are the hobbies doing, Al?

There is still considerable concern elicited from a number of members of RMRU that they must climb and/or "go over the edge" on technical terrain. We want everyone in the unit to become as familiar with and proficient in skills required for operations on technical terrain as their desire and ability permit. But, and emphatically so, we don't want anyone stepping beyond his tolerance for exposure or potential danger. To do so would violate rules of common sense and safety. Those men who are reticent about operations on cliffs are of tremendous value in many other ways and must not become discouraged or feel insufficient. It's the old teamwork aspect where we all do the best we can and not everyone does everything.

The supper put on by wives of RMRU members and the conviviality of the Saturday evening after our testing/training on July 25th shows that their objections to our participation in SAR is just superficial. Deep down they approve and support our efforts, they realize that we perform a necessary and unique service. Uh, this is true, isn't it? Seriously, we husbands can only point to the "SEARCH AND RESCUE ACTIVITY" section of the newsletter and hope that is sufficient justification for our participation.

Believe it or not, we encounter evidence all too frequently that our members do not carefully read the RMRU NEWSLETTER or the Training Manual. It is a simple matter to thoughtfully read these items. The newsletter keeps you posted on past and future events concerning the unit, the manual contains material that is most pertinent to and necessary for successful SAR operations. Remember, only about half the potential for training is offered during our official training sessions, the rest is up to individual members through their own efforts.

Only scratched the surface on what we wanted to say, but already it looks like the roadrunner has been talking too much and running not enough.