

RMRU NEWSLETTER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RIVERSIDE MOUNTAIN RESCUE UNIT, INC.
A VOLUNTEER NON-PROFIT CORPORATION
P. O. BOX 5444, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA 92507
MEMBER OF THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE ASSOCIATION

Coming Events ---

- 12 July, Board Meeting, at Bryant's, 1900.
- 26 July, Regular Meeting at County Hall of Records, 1930.
- 29 July, Training, Suicide Rock Technical and Pot-Luck at Sky Yacht, 0800 & 1800.
- 9 August, Board Meeting.
- 23 August, Regular Meeting.
- 26-27 August, Training, Sealed Instructions.



The Road

Runner sez-

We have often said that real missions are the best training available, and, that our training should be at least as difficult as the real thing, perhaps a bit more so. Dan MacIntosh managed to participate in and give opportunity for both aspects in the account you've read about his accident. That's our second serious mishap during regular training, Bob MacPherson having broken his leg on Mt. Sill in the High Sierra some years ago. Dan checked out of the hospital just as I called him yesterday (28 June) saying he feels pretty good and is looking forward to the next training. That's our spirit!

Recent months have seen a spectacular decline in contributions, hence, we are paying regular bills from funds received nearly a year ago. Month-to-month receipts since last fall have not nearly met expenses. Just this week, however, our Sustaining Members gave us a good boost. Our sincere appreciation to you.

We are aware of at least ten groups throughout the area we normally serve who fancy themselves as Search and Rescue units. This situation has already caused victims real and potential problems, as well as annoyances and delays for RMRU. Next month we'll touch upon the reasons why a trained and experienced unit should handle missions that involve remote, difficult terrain and serious, near terminal injuries. -- Pres. Jim

Sustaining Members

We are very happy to see the Paper Fund get off to such a good start. This could only happen with the support of our sustaining members, both new and renewing. Speaking of new members, we want to welcome to RMRU the following people:

Mr. Gerald F. O'Connel
Riverside County Peace Officers Assoc.
Mr. & Mrs. C. Corbin Devalon
Camp Maranatha

We are also very pleased to have so many past members renew their memberships. Thank you again:

Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Daugherty
Mr. Philip C. Moedt
*Mr. & Mrs. Milton M. Levy
Dr. & Mrs. John A. Murphy
Mr. & Mrs. Theodore C. Pruess
Mrs. Esther R. Briggs
Mr. & Mrs. Wynlow L. Swick
Mrs. Isabel Revie
*Mr. & Mrs. Bud White
Mr. & Mrs. Melvin L. Parker
Mr. & Mrs. M. A. Hefferlin
*Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth L. Andrews
Mr. & Mrs. Herwil M. Bryant

*Century Club Members: donation of \$100 or more.

Thanks again!

Search and Rescue

20 JUNE, TUE. — SEARCH — No. 7235A
San Jacinto Mountains

Along about 10:45 p.m. we received a call from the Banning Office of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department that three boys were overdue from a day hike. Arriving at Humber Park in pouring down rain, I thought about the difficulty in searching. Shortly, Sgt. Bill Herring arrived and Joe Bell was right behind him. While we discussed the situation, word was received that the boys had walked out safely.

—Walt Walker

23 JUNE — RESCUE No. 7236M
Skunk Cabbage Meadow

We left Humber Park at about 1500 on our way up to the Caramba helispot, which was to be our bivouac spot on our way to Tahquitz Canyon (week-end training). We had just finished the upward trail climb and were anticipating some level ground and an easy walk. Well the best laid plans . . . we had just reached the top when we heard a voice call out: "just who I wanted to see." It was a ranger with a two way radio. He said he had just finished radioing our team and that he couldn't believe our response time.

It seemed that there were two Boy Scouts who had tried eating what the ranger described as a known poisonous plant at Skunk Cabbage Meadow. There went that leisurely hike. Dan MacIntosh and I set a double-time pace as we were not sure what the present condition of the boys was.

We found the boys without too much trouble but somehow there were five boys instead of two. So we set up a type of production line first aid system and remained with the group for some time to make sure the boys would be all right.

In the meantime, the ranger requested more RMRU support with the thought that we might have had to carry some people out. Well, it was really only just a little early for the planned trip up the mountain anyway. — Dave Nehan

24-25 JUNE, SAT. & SUN. — RESCUE — No. 7237 M
Tahquitz Canyon

The plan, as outlined by the training chairman for the June training session, was to meet Friday evening at the Caramba helispot, then descend Tah-

quitz Canyon Saturday and Sunday. This plan was altered considerably Saturday at noon.

The group had descended to about the 4000 foot level and was in the process of climbing down a 70 foot waterfall. Bernie McIlvoy was leading and almost at the bottom. Steve Wight was right behind Bernie and Bill Hunt was about in the middle. I had just negotiated the two inch wide ledge and jumped to the chockstone. Dave Nehan was about ten feet behind me. Dan MacIntosh was just about to start. I heard a yell and jerked around to see Dan sliding down the convex, moss covered rock. He slid about forty feet and landed, standing up on a small ledge. However, with all his inertia, he continued on, bouncing off a rock wall, another small ledge and finally coming to rest upside down, wedged into a large crevice. My first thought was, he must be dead after a fall like that.

Bernie yelled loud and clear, "Walt, get down here in a hurry." Bernie, Steve and Bill were working to free Dan as I climbed, slid and bounced my way down. The last ten feet of rock were covered with blood. We all couldn't budge him. He and his pack were tightly caught. We couldn't reach his belly band. With a knife, I cut the pack straps, and with one of those adrenalin bursts of energy, I pulled Dan out with only my left hand. (I was sore for days afterwards.)

We were greeted with a severely lacerated face and with the question, "Where am I?" (For almost forty-five minutes Dan could not tell us where he was or what his name was.) We immediately cleaned and dressed the wounds along with an examination for other injuries and broken bones. A spot in the midst of the boulders was prepared and we moved him over to it. Bernie and Steve emptied their packs and took all but three of the canteens. They were about to descend the canyon, at the hottest part of the day (110 to 125 degrees), and seek help. Bernie stuck the ten watt radio in his pack and he and Steve left for Palm Springs.

As the afternoon wore on, Dan would sleep, awaken and complain of headache and sleep again. About four he awoke and said he thought he was going to vomit. Bill, Dave and I had been taking turns tending him and were ready with a plastic bag. Shortly Dan did vomit, dark red blood. We now had another possibility — internal injuries. Once again he vomited the same thing. I was sure we were not going to receive help until morning and I began to be deeply concerned if Dan could last the night. With time on our hands, Dave and I climbed around looking for a helispot. The nearest was about 200 feet down canyon and on a rocky promontory.

About six o'clock, we were thinking about dinner when we heard the chop chop of an approaching helicopter. Our radio came to life and it was Bernie. Don Landells was flying his supercharged bird once again, only this time to help one of us.

Don's practiced eye spotted the same spot we had selected. He hovered and Bernie jumped out.

Bernie stated that Joe Bell, doctor and team member, was ready to come in along with Jim Fairchild, Dave Hadley and Steve Bryant. Bernie went back out with Don, as he was physically exhausted. As the light continued to fail, Don flew in the four above men. We discussed the situation and decided that we could not move Dan to the helispot before dark and that I would fly out and arrange for more help. Joe Bell began to work on Dan immediately. When I got to our favorite Palm Springs roadhead, Ann Dolly let me use her telephone to call Al Andrews. (Mrs. Dolly had let Bernie use the telephone earlier, and her swimming pool to cool off.) Al and I decided to call San Diego Mountain Rescue Team for help.

At five, Sunday morning, Bernie, Steve, Rich Morris, Dave Cook and I met former team members, Mike Daugherty, Mike Orr and Don Ricker at the roadhead. We unloaded equipment out of the rescue truck and shortly Don Landells arrived. We secured our chopper litter to Don's machine and we started flying men in. We received good news: Dan was improved enough to be able to walk to the helispot with help.

As Dan and equipment were moved to the helispot, members cleared brush around the one runner landing area. In less than four hours we had the mission completed and Dan was on the way to Loma Linda Hospital as we adjourned to breakfast, dinner, lunch, I couldn't remember which. --Walt Walker

Mike's troop was camped. Ultimately Mike was met by the team that had gone to Round Valley and was brought back to Humber Park.

It was a pleasure for me to work with the San Diego Mountain Rescue Team on the mission. It really demonstrates that the various teams can work well together. -- Ed Hill

24 JUNE - SEARCH - No. 7238M San Jacinto Mountains

While the team was evacuating Dan MacIntosh from Tahquitz Canyon, the team received a call that an eleven year old Boy Scout, Mike Koles, was lost. He had been last seen on the top of San Jacinto peak. Walt called San Diego Mountain Rescue Team for assistance and assigned me as their liaison with the sheriff. Consequently, on Saturday night, I drove to Humber Park and waited for San Diego to arrive. By five a.m. we had three teams in the field. I led a team consisting of two San Diego men and a Border Patrolman. We climbed up the steep Marion Mountain trail and found tracks just below Deer Springs campground. Talking with a scout troop camped there, we learned that Mike had hiked down the trail through the camp and had turned around and gone up toward Little Round Valley. We followed his tracks to Little Round Valley where we learned that an alert scoutmaster from Troop 676 had realized that Mike was lost and had persuaded him to camp with them. He had just sent Mike and one of his adults over San Jacinto Peak to Round Valley where