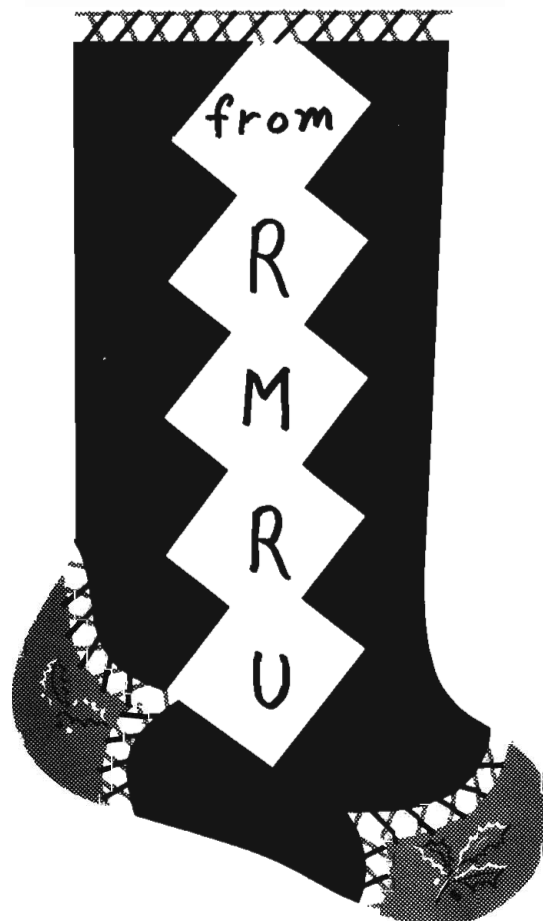


# RMRU NEWSLETTER

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

Volume X, Issue 12, December 1974  
Walt Walker, Editor

Merry Christmas



## Coming Events - - -

4 December, Regular Meeting  
7 December, Training  
25 December, Merry Christmas  
12 January, Board Meeting  
18 January, CR-MRA Meeting  
22 January, Regular Meeting  
25-26 January, Training

## Search and Rescue

### 8 NOV., FRI. — SEARCH — No. 7447A San Jacinto Mountains.

RMRU received a call (just after dinner) from the Riverside County Sheriff's Department that two young men were overdue from a hike. It was also explained that the two had carried no equipment or jackets and the temperature at Idyllwild was 35 degrees.

We began our callout procedure and in the midst of it we were advised that the two had hiked out.

### 13 NOV., WED. — SEARCH — No. 7448A Outskirts of Hemet

The Hemet station of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department called us for help in locating a young man who had possibly taken rat poison. As RMRU members began arriving at the station, the sheriff's department was advised that the man had been located. All of the members gathered adjourned to Walt Walker's residence for a previously planned board meeting.

## TRAINING



### 22-24 NOV., FRI.-SUN. — TRACKING Martinez Mountain by Pete Frickland

At about 2230 Friday night, Ken Wyatt (a new member) and I arrived at Sonny Lawrence's house. Sonny was waiting with Chuck Laird, a member of a San Bernardino SAR team, who was going to come along on the training. Jim Garvey then stopped by to pick us up, and we were off. By the time we got to Palm Desert, it was obvious that a hamburger was in order, so we indulged. Back on the road again, the plan was to drive along the Palms-to-Pines highway to the Cactus Spring trailhead near Pinyon Flat Campground. We knew that Jim Fairchild, John Dew and Rich Quackenbush were to arrive earlier and hike in to the Horsethief Creek crossing, so we looked for their car. No luck, but no matter, we'll just look around and find the trailhead. Recalling a search in the area last spring, we all had a different idea where to find the trail. Consequently we spent an hour or so checking out all of the dirt roads leading off in the general direction we wanted to go. Mustering our accumulated tracking skill we finally found and followed a clean set of tracks, going down a small dirt road — it was John's stationwagon! At last we found the elusive trailhead. Seeing that it was too late to start hiking (not that we had any intention of doing so) we quickly broke out the sleeping gear.

The morning came quickly and we were off by 0800. Bernie McIlvoy and Pete Carlson had spent the night at the Pinyon Flat Campground, and they were right behind us. As could be expected we missed the trail on the first try, but a little cross-country walking put us back on course. We found Jim F., Quack, and John near Horsethief Creek and continued on toward Little Pinyon Flat. Along the way we stopped once or twice for tracking practice and some local history. Jim F. related stories of "the old days" when grass was under the trees and Cactus Spring ran wet. Going on down the trail we veered left, up a dry wash. Then came the decision: was it to be Martinez Mountain by the South Ridge or by the West Lump, Direct. A devil-may-care attitude led us to choose the latter. The route was well marked by the numerous sliding rocks and entangling scrub oak found continually underfoot. This was surely IT! Manzanita Mountaineering at its finest!! Bernie spearheaded an attack on a flanking buttress while Jim F. led the rest of the troops up the standard route. By the time we peaked out, Bernie's group was already on the summit pile.

With the summit gained we dropped our packs and began doing a little practice climbing on the rocks and boulders. All of a sudden we heard John calling for help. A quick look in Fairchild's eyes told that this wasn't an exercise. A quick descent and scramble found

John battered but otherwise OK. The fall occurred when a rock moved out from under him while doing a little boulder hopping. Earlier in the day we had talked about the procedure for evacuating an injured victim from the backcountry. We were lucky we didn't have to use our newly gained knowledge.

Sundown brought a fine supper for all. Food and drink were freely passed, which was lucky for me as I didn't bring too much of either. With national and world problems thoroughly discussed and partially solved we headed to bed for some much enjoyed sleep.

Morning again came quickly, quicker for some than others, as Jim F., John and Quack were up and off when it was still cold out. Mid-morning found the rest of us dancing, running, falling, and thrashing down the mountain, no thicket too dense. With fine forethought we calculated where we would intersect the trail — again we missed it. By this time we didn't even care, we never really expected to find it. A mile or so later we picked the trail up again, and began to spread out, each picking his own speed. Unfortunately Bernie, Pete C., Sonny and Chuck were a little too quick with the feet and a little too slow in observing a switchback in the trail. They ended up on the top side of a dry waterfall and had to contour around to the trail.

Lunch was had at Horsethief, jelly beans being both the main course and the main topic of conversation. By mid-afternoon we were back at our cars, and after a short waterfight, were on our way home.

# EXPEDITION

**JAN. 26—FEB. 21, 1974 — CLIMBING**  
**Argentina — Aconcagua 7021 meters (23,028 ft.)**  
by Pete Carlson

On January 26, 1974 three members of RMRU, Ed Hill, Rick Quackenbush and I, left for Argentina to attempt an ascent of Aconcagua. We were part of a group of 12 from Westridge Mountaineering in Los Angeles, going under the name of Freelance Alpine Research Team. As a group we got lower plane fares, extra baggage weight on the trip down, and help with the red tape involved in climbing Aconcagua.

We flew to Buenos Aires and then on to Mendoza, where we spent two days getting permission to climb. We got interviewed, fingerprinted, mug shots taken, and a blood pressure and electrocardiogram reading. Then on to Puente Del Inca at 9000 feet, where our gear was inspected and we got some bad news. There were no mules available for the 26 mile trip up the Horcones Valley. That meant instead of two days to 14,400 and resting for 3 or 4 days, we would be carrying loads for 4 or 5 days to reach 14,400.

The first day of climbing started out at 1000 hours as we shouldered 85-95 lb packs and slowly moved towards Confluencia (Camp I) 8 miles away. Ten hours later we collapsed at Confluencia so tired we did not even cook dinner. We rested for a day and after that carried half loads up 14 miles to 12,500 ft. (Camp II). On the



Pete Carlson takes a water break in the Horcones Valley. The mountains in the background are 17,000 foot peaks.

fourth day we repeated the carry to Camp II getting the second half of our gear up.

The next day we carried full loads 4 miles in 4 hours to new Plaza de Mules (Camp III) at 13,800 ft. The rest of the day was spent relaxing and planning the days to come. Day 6 was another easy day, only 2 miles to old Plaza de Mules (Camp IV) at 14,400 ft. So we also carried half loads to 16,000 ft., and left them under some rocks before returning to 14,400 ft. for the night.

In the next 4 days we moved to 16,000 ft. (Camp V), took half loads to 18,200 ft., moved to 18,200 ft. (Camp VI), and had a rest day as it snowed 4-6 inches.

On day 10 we took full loads, now 60 lbs., to Camp VII — our high camp at 19,700 ft. This turned out to be our worst day of weather, as it started snowing one hour after we started hiking and when we reached high camp 4 hours later, six to eight inches of snow had fallen. The next day we rested in good weather, 6 degrees F, clear, and a 10 MPH wind, and hoped for the same for tomorrow, summit day.

During the night I became sick and when morning came felt no better, so I stayed in camp. At 0600 ten persons, including Ed and Rich, started for the summit. At 2200 they came back into camp, 6 had reached the top. Ed and Rich got to 22,100 at 1700 and were very weak and not thinking too clearly, so they turned back still at least 3 hours from the top.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



Rich Quackenbush and Ed Hill climb through the "Penatentas," giant six-foot-high sun cups at 15,000 feet.

In the morning we packed up our equipment and with two days of food left started out. In 7 hours we reached 13,700 and made camp where we had 8 days ago. Up early at 0900 we got moving by 1000 on the 26 mile trip down to Puente Del Inca. At 2100 we reached Puente Del Inca where it all started 15 days earlier. Exhausted after carrying 50 lb packs all day, most people went to the nearby hot pools, and after 2 hours of soaking, felt much better.

Working together as a team for one goal and survival under adverse conditions is something RMRU has done for years, and I am glad to be a part of it. I have learned a lot and met the people who made an expedition to a high mountain once a dream, come true. It was a successful trip for us all — We did not reach the top, but there is more to climbing than reaching the top.

(Ed. Note: Pete Carlson wrote this article in March, but this is the first issue since then that it has not been crowded with mission write-ups.)



The Bishop tent at 16,000 foot Camp V with 23,028 Aconcagua just out of view at the top of the picture.

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR