

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 10, October 1974
Walt Walker, Editor

Dear Rescuers
Thank you very much. I was
glad to see you. I thought
you were very kind to us
I was glad you had coats
to keep us warm
IF we were lost again
I wish you would like to
have you rescue us I'm
Sorry we kept you up looking
for us

Thank you all again

Steve Ogilvie

Age 9

Sustaining Members

by Mike Daugherty

To Ms or not to Ms, that is going to have to be decided . . . somehow." Lordivico Sforza.

I know that there are many of you out there in newsletter land who imagine that the lot of a sustaining membership chairman must be an uninterrupted sequence of indescribable delights. And it is *almost* the case. Alas, there are occasional rough spots, and by remarkable coincidence, one of these rare difficult areas just happens to be the topic of this month's column.

A candid account of our administrative procedures must begin with the frank admission that there are times when the information reaching me concerning a new sustaining member falls somewhat short of an IRS audit. In fact, since the printers of checks have an inexplicable penchant for the use of given names, I am sometimes restricted to knowledge of the first and last names and address of our benefactor(s). So, it often comes to pass that I find myself writing a thank you letter to:

Phyllis Philanthropist
555 Charity Way
Hemet, CA. etc.

At first, I handled this in the direct and forthright manner you'd expect of a mountain rescue type; I just put the name "Phyllis Philanthropist" in the newsletter and began the thank you letter with "Dear Phyllis," . . . But, when I saw the name Phyllis Philanthropist in the newsletter right next to the names "Dr. and Mrs. Sydney Status" it seemed that, somehow — without really meaning to, — I had slighted Phyllis. It was as if we had two classes of sustaining members, one class addressed by a formal title, or at least Mr. and Mrs., and the other class addressed in the familiar.

So, I decided that it had better be Mrs. Phyllis Philanthropist. But, is it Mrs. Philanthropist or Miss Philanthropist? A phone call to the unit's treasurer may reveal that the check is also imprinted with the name Fred Philanthropist. Fine, it must be Mrs. Fred Philanthropist — or is it possible that Fred and Phyllis are brother and sister with a joint account? Not likely, one in a thousand, it's Mrs. Fred Philanthropist. But, suppose there is no other name on the check? Well lets see, Phyllis could be single, divorced or widowed — oh brother!

A digression.

At the tender age of nine my family moved from the North to Dallas, Texas. However you feel about Texas you've got to admit that Texans, and people from the South in general, have a way of finessing awkward social situations which any of us would do well to emulate. I could appreciate, even at nine, the fact that the Texans had already solved this problem. They addressed every woman as Mizzzz. It was beautiful, exactly halfway between the sound of Mrs. and the sound of Miss. It defied categorization and rendered social blunder impossible. Clearly, they were a generation ahead of their time.

The same advantages accrue to the title of Ms. now gaining widespread usage. Besides solving my problem, this title has the distinct advantage that, like the title Mr., it does not imply that marital status is necessarily a defining property of a person. That seems reasonable to me and so it would seem to solve my problem. Accordingly, we have used the title Ms. in the past few newsletters.

However the problem doesn't end here. It is now becoming clear to me that there are reasonable people who might be offended by this form of address. First there are people who are not sympathetic with the social/political movement associated with the advent of the title. Understandably they don't want it foisted on them. Then too, I suppose that someone might be concerned that a friend might interpret the appearance of their name following the letters Ms. as a backhanded divorce announcement.

As of this writing I sit at my desk trembling, awaiting the next decision and fearing that I may find myself unable to act next month. The Sustaining members can help me out in any of three ways:

1. be patient with us, we mean well
2. the next time you renew your sustaining membership, send me a nice chatty note so I'll know to whom I'm writing. At any rate let us know how you would prefer to be addressed.

3. If you can think of a solution to my dilemma or want to express your opinion send your vote to:

Sustaining Membership Chairperson (man?)
c/o RMRU
P.O. Box 5444
Riverside, CA. 92507

This month's sustaining members are:

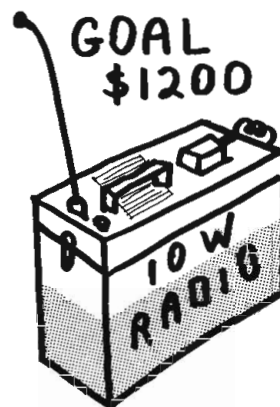
New

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neumann
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ferguson
Mr. Kevin Walker
Ms. Laura M. Hudkins
Ms. Kim Williams
*Mrs. Emily Tompkins
Mrs. George Ogilvie
Mr. Bruce Carlson

Renewing

*Mr. Theodore L. Young
*Desert Press Club at Palm Springs
Mrs. Florence B. Batchelor
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Aschmann
Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Frickland
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heinsius
Ms. Ramona Flinchbaugh
*Mr. and Mrs. Phil L. Peters
Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Ridenour
Keldon Paper Co.
Mr. Bruce R. Dodd
Mr. George Sweet

*Century Club Member, donation of \$100 or more.



Search and Rescue

4 SEPT., WED. — SEARCH — No. 7444C
Yosemite National Park

RMRU received a call to assist in the search for a missing girl. Due to an unfortunate existing problem in the California Region of the Mountain Rescue Association, we had to decline any participation.

20 SEPT., FRI. — RESCUE — No. 7445M Tahquitz Rock, San Jacinto Mountains by Steve Bryant

When Al called at 1930 telling me there were two people stranded near the top of the White Maiden route on Tahquitz Rock, I thought O Boy! this call is so early maybe we won't even see daybreak! As regular readers are aware, pulling people off the Maiden is a task we perform quite frequently, after 2-3 times a year.

After an enjoyable drive to Idyllwild (no slow cars on the mountain road and very little traffic of any kind) I arrived at Humber Park at 2050 to find out from John Dew, our Base Camp Operator, that Jerry Rightnour and Randy Holbert of Phoenix were on vacation and had decided to climb the Maiden, an easy but rather long climb. At 2105 six of us left for the short-hot-steep-dusty hike to Lunch Rock, a boulder at the base of Tahquitz Rock named for its most common use. We arrived at Lunch Rock at 2140 (fairly good time) and after a short break to determine the victims' position and condition, we started up the "trail" to the top of Tahquitz Rock.

While on the trail we heard the familiar "wail of the wounded banshee" and Jim Fairchild joined us. Rich Morris and I had been taking turns carrying the 300' rope, and I seized the opportunity to unload the rope on Jim. At 2230 we arrived at the top of the Maiden where Rich Morris set up an anchor using slings (1" nylon webbing) and a chock (aluminum chockstone to prevent scars on the rock). Bernie McIlvoy rappelled over the side to the victims, one of who was visible from our position. While Rick Pohlers maintained radio contact with Bernie and Base Camp, Jim, Rich, Rich Quackenbush, Doug Brewer and I pulled the two climbers to the top of the rock. There we gave them jackets and some candy, while telling them of past RMRU exploits. The victims were in good spirits, but happy to see us nonetheless. (Although it was a very warm night, a stiff breeze lowered the chill factor to the low 30s).

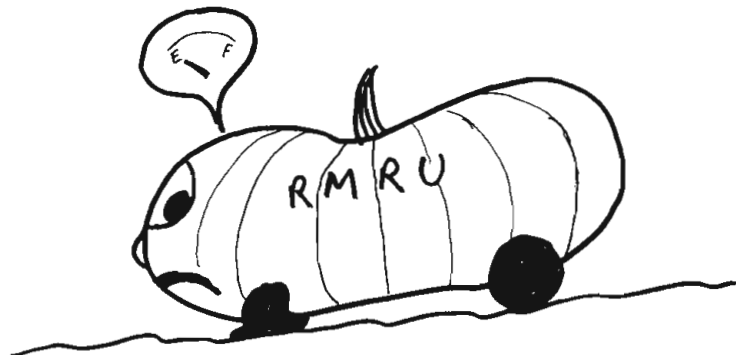
We left the top of the rock at 2330 and after a hot dusty trip down arrived back at the van 40 minutes after midnight. The sheriff's deputies had arranged for us to eat at Sambo's in Banning, so most of us headed down R1, oops I mean State Highway 243 through the ugly smelling and looking burned area.

After a good meal, I had to put my spare 5 gallons of gas in the car to get home, as Jim had done earlier in Fern Valley. Doug filled his motorcycle in Banning, but Bernie in the "Great Pumpkin" rescue van started toward Riverside with just enough gas to get home.

Almost.

Doug and I met Bernie at the Hwy. 60-395 interchange. Bernie siphoned a gallon of gas from Doug's cycle and we got into town about 0330 — a nice 8 hr. day with a little exercise thrown in.

It's always enjoyable to go hiking in the mountains — the nights are clear (if not cool) and the air is clean! Even at night there is wildlife about — many large ants on the rock and we saw an unusual large hairy spider eating a moth, as well as various mice, voles and woodrats on the highways. We didn't have our usual critique after this mission, probably because we have done this so many times before and this was the easiest Maiden I can remember. As usual we carried too much equipment and had a couple of spare people but we have had so many false reports through the years that we always go loaded for bear — and many times it has made all the difference.



TRAINING



28 SEPT., SAT. — STRAWBERRY VALLEY by Jim Fairchild

The chilly, clear morning had barely begun. We already knew an aircraft with about twenty passengers had crashed near Idyllwild. Then word came that a woman in hysteria had come to a cabin, sobbing out a story about a crash. RMRU was ready to follow the woman as she tried to find her way back. Across the stream another, more badly injured informant was found. The crash was farther up the canyon. As rescuers came within 400' of the wreck they heard screams, moans, impassioned pleas for help. Once at the scene they steeled themselves in an effort to find the passengers who were badly hurt but would live for several hours in the evacuation process. They ignored the obviously dead and soon-to-be-dead, they tried to calm and comfort the lesser hurt. Vital signs were taken, bleeding controlled, fractures immobilized. The toughest part was dealing with the "loud mouths" who were not hurt so bad but thought they were. A mother pleaded for her missing daughter, even tried to crawl away in search on a broken leg. The pilot gurgled and died. The co-pilot still implored "control" to give him their position. One girl periodically yelled, "We're going to crash." Rescuers found the crushed fuselage difficult to move around in.

The primary purpose was to effect "triage," the process of deciding who needs medical help most urgently. But how to get those out of the aircraft past the other, less seriously injured? Couldn't, so the ones blocking exit were evacuated first to a triage center just outside the broken plane.

A check of the passenger list revealed two missing. A tracker quickly found one, the daughter of the woman with the broken leg. She was wandering aimlessly in total amnesia. The other girl was found later by a team that tracked then got a response to calling.

In a fairly reasonable time all passengers had been dressed, bandaged and splinted, with a card filled out with essential data. The toughest procedures had been first, to examine and determine the injuries, second, to comfort and reassure the wounded.

In the detailed critique that followed we reviewed the awful problems met with it trying to work a plane crash, and figured out how to do better next time. We were especially pleased with how well everything went, with how realistic it all was.

The success of this training was based upon the acting ability of twenty girls of middle and late teenage from Troops 77 and 80 of Riverside. Everyone of them was outstandingly convincing! New applicants to RMRU, Larry Allen and Larry Roland, as pilot and co-pilot, were as effective too. Our deepest thanks to the volunteer victims.

The numerous plane crashes we've picked up after in the past have involved total fatalities. We hope that if crashes must come in the future, we'll be able to find and successfully aid live victims.