

COMING EVENTS

OCTOBER

- 5 — Regular Meeting
- 7-9 — Training
- 26 — Board Meeting

NOVEMBER

- 9 — Regular Meeting
- 11-13 — Training
- 23 — Board Meeting

DECEMBER

- 7 — Regular Meeting
- 10 — Training
- 28 — Board Meeting



10-11 Sept., Sat.-Sun. San Jacinto Mountains

By Hal Fulkman

"Saturday morning, 0800 hours (8:00 a.m.) at Humber Park ready to hike", were the orders given to all those members who were going to attend the weekend training. John Dew and I had previously arranged to ride together in John's car. One reason among many I enjoy riding with John, is his acute punctuality. This is a strong influence in aiding a plus or minus 10 minute person like myself to arrive on time.

Saturday's training was to be map and compass orientation. Upon getting the troops together, we all set out up the Devil's Slide Trail enroute to Saddle Junction where we were to receive further instructions. Ahead of us by several hours was our notor-

ious training chairman, Larry Roland and sidekick, Jim Fairchild. Larry and Jim were responsible for the compass and map course that we were to follow that day. When we arrived at the Saddle, we found strips of trail tape which had compass courses for three different teams. Dividing into three teams, we all took a course and started out.

Bernie McIlvoy and I, with course in hand, started out cross-country in search of the elusive "trail tape" which would bring us to the first check point and new compass bearing. After a short time, Bernie and I stopped to check our bearing and reference points, when both of us got that uneasy feeling of an unseen presence - that beady little eyes on the back of your neck feeling. Continuing on our way, we kept hearing strange noises and the sound of foot steps following us. Focusing on a large tree, we saw a bearded head slowly peek from the other side. It was none other than Larry Roland, checking up on us to see if we were fudging. Sauntering on over to us, he congratulated us on our honesty and said we were right on course and would get there in fifteen minutes. One and a half hours later, we arrived at the tape!

While we were accomplishing this unbelievable feat, there were other teams going other directions attempting to follow the course that had been set out for them. There were five check points for each team to find, thus demonstrating their prowess with compass and finally we were all to meet at the Ranger Station in Little Tahquitz Valley.

The weather all weekend was incredible. Blue skies with giant fluffy clouds at first, turning to black ominous clouds, which later brought light to heavy rain and even hail. The showers would come in short bursts and one would simply take shelter until it passed. Saturday night brought a spectacular light show, as

the thunder storm passed us to the north through Whitewater Pass.

Saturday evening was special in more ways than just the weather. The U.S. Forestry Service had invited us to dinner and some good old campfire socializing. The state park rangers were also welcome, invited guests. It was a great opportunity for me and I'm sure everyone to meet one another. The opportunity for our three organizations to meet has been rare and this time of socializing went a long way in strengthening our common bond in serving our fellow man and protecting the wilderness.

Upon awakening Sunday morning, we made the grim discovery that Larry Roland had once again swung into action. He had struck out at the crack of dawn, simulating an ill-fated hiker marching off into oblivion. The co-partner in this ploy was again sidekick Jim Fairchild. Jim played a nervous and bewildered partner of the lost subject and gave us a true-to-life portrayal of his experience with informants.

The first thing that was decided was that I should be operations leader. This decision seemed to be unanimous except for one loud dissenting vote! After my vote had been overruled and totally thrown out, I settled into one of the most agonizing and frustrating positions one can receive in search and rescue. The situation that Larry had for us was nothing less than challenging to both mind and body. The exercise was primarily tracking and searching likely areas. The course was about 95 percent cross country, some familiar and some new for me. All through the day, we were in hot pursuit of "Lightening Larry", chasing him through heavy brush, up steep hills, over peaks, and everything else that looked nasty!

When the training was finally concluded, we all rendezvoused in Humber Park for a critique and, with all kidding aside, I would like to thank

Larry for another meaningful training. • RMRU

Search and Rescue

SEARCH

Mission No. 7723M

4 Sept., Sun.

**Fern Basin Campground
San Jacinto Mountains**

By Jim Fairchild

A group of families was camped at Fern Basin Campground, at about 6000' el. on the west side of the San Jacinto Mountains. At about 0900 Sandy Durbin, 3 years, was seen playing with other children near a camp/picnic table about 100' below the families' camp. An hour later the parents realized she was gone. A hasty search was conducted, the Sheriff's Office called, Deputy McWilliams rolled to the scene, a close search of the various campsites conducted, then RMRU was called.

My wife and I were spending the weekend at Mellors' Sky Yacht, and got word of the mission and got over to the campground. Manpower was critically low, most of our members were off climbing. By 1400 two teams, John Dew and Hal Fulkman and Kevin and Walt Walker were deployed to cut for tracks in a large perimeter around the campground.

Earlier I had been made aware of a United States Forest Service "Hot Shot" fire fighting crew of 17 men who were available for search. They are stationed at the Vista Grande area. By radio from campground to station I asked Kirby More, the foreman, to deploy his men in two groups, one to proceed southerly from the Dark Canyon C.G. toward Fern Basin C.G., the other from a point about 2000' east and uphill from Fern Basin northerly. This would take them over steep, rugged terrain where the child

could have gotten stranded or fallen. Within a few minutes the uphill crew found Sandy. She was sitting in a nice "sand pile" sort of place tossing sand in the air.

Soon she was re-united with family amid great elation from all concerned. Walt and Kevin Walker, Hal Fulkman and John Dew returned from their assignments, and we all went down to the Alandale Ranger Station to meet RMRU's late arrivals, thence back to whatever remained of our holiday plans. • RMRU

SEARCH

Mission No. 7724A

5 Sept., Mon.

**Camp Lackey,
San Jacinto Mountains**

Labor Day was a beautiful day for working around the house and most of the team members were busy doing the little things they'd been putting off until just such a time.

Right at noon, the pagers went off calling us from our beloved yard work, house repair, automobile tinkering and other things that had captivated our thoughts during the day. We were informed that a nine year old boy was lost out of Camp Lackey (the YMCA Camp east of Black Mountain). To arrive at Camp Lackey, one must drive the Banning/Idyllwild Road to the Black Mountain turnoff and proceed approximately nine miles on narrow, rough roads covered in approximately three inches of dust!

Walt Walker, his son, Kevin, and Jim Fairchild arrived first, just ahead of Hal Fulkman and John Dew. As the second car back was one mile from Camp Lackey (covered with dust) the pagers were activated again and all team members were told to 10-22 (cancel the call). The boy had been found. Of course, the cars which were already so close, drove on over to the camp and just as they arrived, Don Landell's helicopter was setting down on the road.

The Sheriff's Captain had called Don and had been flying while we were rolling to the road head. The little boy had been seen and picked up and was just being deposited when we arrived. We were told that the

place where he was seen and picked up was the only place within miles that a helicopter could have landed. The boy told those of us who talked to him that he had slid down one dry waterfall to a puddle at the bottom. We feel that he is truly a lucky boy!

• RMRU

RESCUE

Mission No. 7725M

19 Sept., Mon.

**Upper Tahquitz Canyon,
San Jacinto Mountains**

By John Dew

Just at 5 o'clock, the phone rang and the message from Hal Fulkman was, "John, we've got a rescue at Caramba and Walt will pick us up at your house very shortly." When Walt arrived, complete with the new van Riverside Two, to pick up Hal and me, we learned that our total knowledge was: there's a man, 29 years old, with a broken leg at Caramba Camp.

Upon arriving in Idyllwild and contacting the sheriff, we were informed the injured subject, Darrell Diesel, was not at Caramba which is approximately eight miles from Idyllwild, but rather down into the upper parts of Tahquitz Canyon.

Walt informed us a helicopter had been called and would be in Idyllwild as quickly as possible. The three of us arrived at Marantha (a camp area in Idyllwild large enough for a helicopter to land) and within a minute or a minute and a half, the helicopter was heard in the distance. The chopper landed, we discussed the situation with pilot Don Landells, boarded immediately with our packs and were off toward Caramba.

Our search of the canyon was quickly rewarded as we saw a man waving a blanket to attract our attention about a quarter mile down this rugged canyon from Caramba Camp. We then started looking for a spot level enough and clear enough in this heavily wooded area where we could get out of the helicopter as close to the injured subject as possible. Once again Don found a new helispot and we climbed out.

We quickly hiked down to him and discovered that he had a compound fracture of the left tibia. The man

who had been waving the blanket to attract our attention and his girlfriend had remained with Darrell while another girl who was in the party had gone for help. The leg had been injured at approximately noon, but by the time the person going for help had climbed up out of the canyon, hiked approximately four miles across the top of the mountain and was starting down the trail towards Idyllwild when she met a forest ranger, approximately four and a half hours had passed. The forest ranger had a radio and upon learning of the situation, radioed out for help and our team was activated immediately.

The three team members who flew in first performed first aid on the subject, prepared some warm liquids for the injured person in order to warm him up as his long, unattended injury had put him in some degree of shock. Other team members were beginning to arrive and were flown in with the extra gear that would be needed for evacuating this man. They hiked with the necessary equipment down canyon to be of any assistance they could. The injured person was loaded into the litter and the long, hard, tedious task of hand carrying the litter up the creek, over the boulders, through the brush was begun. After about a quarter mile of this, the litter arrived at the spot where the large wheel which is often used, could be attached. With a rope and pulley system attached to the front and men pulling on it, three team members on each side of the litter pulling on it and two men out in front in the darkness scouting the best route the next half mile of steep terrain was covered and we had arrived at the largest fairly level clearing in the area. The plan was to call the helicopter back in that night, evacuate the injured subject and then lift the team members off the mountain as they all had to go to work the next day.

The time was 2330 (11:30 p.m.) when the helicopter cautiously lowered into the clearing with just feet to spare on each side of the rotor blades between the 150 foot trees in the area. The night was total blackness. The helicopter had his light and the team members formed a circle with their flashlights indicating the outer part of safety for the pilot. Yet, as he has done so many times, our pilot, Don Landells, made a remarkably accurate

approach. The injured subject was loaded on the outside runners, tucked snugly into the sleeping bags to keep him from the extreme cold of flight conditions. Walt Walker and John Dew were the attendants going out with the subject to the hospital.

The other team members were to be picked up after this initial flight and because of this plan had been told to come light, which means no sleeping bags which are extra weight. The strange twist in this rescue came soon after the helicopter lifted off with the injured subject and the two team members aboard when the pilot said, "Hey, guys, with no moon and total darkness, it's too risky to go back in there tonight. We have gotten the emergency over - do you think we could lift the other fellows out in the morning?" Realizing the seriousness of the situation and trusting Don Landells' judgement implicitly, we had no choice but to agree with him.

We learned the next day that four of the team members, Hal Fulkman, Bernie McIlvoy, Ed Hill and John Muratet hiked out because of the necessity to go to work the next day. The others, Jim Fairchild, Steve Jensen, Larry Roland and his brother, David, chose to remain with the injured man's gear and were flown out the next morning.

Thus ended another successful evacuation of an injured person and RMRU again had the opportunity of demonstrating the professionalism and ability to be of service to those in need in the back country! • RMRU

RESCUE

Mission No. 7726M

24 Sept., Sat. Tahquitz Rock, San Jacinto Mountains

By Tom Aldrich

What do you do on a Saturday night when you've had a hard day at work and you're just too tired to party? I got the answer to the question when Jerry Muratet called at 8:00 p.m. and told me there were three climbers stuck on Tahquitz Rock presumably caught by darkness on a climb. None, fortunately, were injured.

Bernie McIlvoy dropped by my place shortly thereafter and we headed towards Idyllwild. Little was said about the rescue. No apprehension was felt. It was a simple one, no one injured. The only serious factor would be safety, but this factor was pre-programmed in everything we would do. Our major concern was time. With a nearly full moon, the rescue would go much easier and as we glanced now and then at the orange orb just rising over the San Jacintos, we thought and talked of the areas of the rock that would be lit.

Tahquitz Rock sits just south of Humber Park in the Strawberry Valley. The only side without significant exposure (the amount of air between one's feet and the ground in this case) to interest a climber is the east/east-west side.

If you were to hike from here clockwise around the rock, the height of the rock wall would increase to 300 ft. on the south face to 500 ft. on the northwest fact to around 800 ft. on the north and northeast side. The climbing on all sides is varied, ranging from easy to very in British parlance, moderate (just 5th class) to exceptionally severe. Only on one side is all of the climbing as hard or harder than very severe (5.7), the northeast recess. This area is bordered by the Sahara Terror on the left and the Long Climb on the right. This is generally the darkest area of the rock on a moonlit night, remaining at all times pitch black. The northeast and south and southwest faces, on the other hand, receive abundant moonlight. The last technical on Tahquitz had been on the south face, on the Ski Tracks route.

Bernie and I talked about where the climbers might be. We hoped they would be in a well-lighted area. We decided near the top or bottom of Ski Tracks would be the easiest area. If the three climbers were here, we could lower them to the ground or raise them to the top with one of our 300 ft. ropes and be off the rock in a few hours. After a moment of silence, I asked Bernie, "What do you think the worst place would be?" After a short pause, he answered naming the same climb that was in my mind, "Halfway up the Long Climb."

We both chuckled. If they were there, we'd be up all night. But, with 100 routes on the rock, the probabil-

ity of their even being in that area was small. Perhaps on the butress to the right, the White Maiden, which catches the moon well and is a popular climb for beginners (and these three had to be relatively new at climbing to get stuck like this). Certainly no beginner would go up on the Long Climb.!

When we arrived at Humber Park, I got out and began pulling gear out of the trunk. Walt Walker came up to Bernie and started talking in hushed tones. I did not take this as a good sign. A few seconds later, Bernie laughed and said, "Hey, Tom, guess where they are?" The answer was obvious from Bernie's laugh and I had to laugh as well.

As someone nearby hollered up to those on the rock, "Turn on your flashlight", we looked up and saw a light a little above halfway up the Long Climb.

After deciding what gear would go up on the rock and who would take it, we began the slow, hard climb up the trail. Larry Roland and Bernie were in front with Rick Pohlers and Walt. John Dew, his son Richard, and I followed. Hal Fulkman and John Muratet followed us. Jim Fairchild stayed in base to coordinate and in his spare time he listened to dumb questions and local climbers telling us how we should pull the rescue off.

Our number was just right, just enough people to carry the gear up and not too many to get in the way on top. On top, we set up anchors for belaying and lowering and lowered Bernie down the face. With 20 ft. left in our 300 ft. rope, Bernie radioed up that he had reached the climbers.

The first climber was light and with his assistance as we raised, we were able to get him to the top without resorting to a mechanical advantage. The other climbers were considerably heavier and we resorted to the mechanical advantage which is on the order of a block and tackle arrangement. This makes raising a heavy person easier, but for every 10 ft. of rope pulled through, the climber on the end is only raised about 3 ft. With two climbers to help this way, each 280 ft. down, you can imagine the job we had!

Quite a few hours and a couple of thousand feet of rope later, the three climbers were on top. Bernie jumared back up and we headed off the rock.

We arrived back at Humber Park at dawn and drove down to meet the sun as well as breakfast in Hemet.

\$USTAINING MEMBERS —

BY MIKE DAUGHERTY

A quick glance down this column will reveal a substantial list of both new and renewing sustaining members. It seems to me that the length of the list is just about right - for the month of September. Alas, the list represents the accumulation of more months that I'd care to confess to. No matter; we're up with it now, never to fall behind again (please mask those skeptical expressions and muffle those cynical guffaws).

As you will read and see elsewhere in this issue, we have obtained and completed a new heavy duty rescue van. This van was purchased at the expense (the total expense) of the revered "van fund" to which you have all been contributing faithfully for - lo - these many, many months. The old van will be specially equipped and located so that it can get the most urgently needed rescue gear into our prime operational area in record time. The new van is really a superb piece of equipment and represents a major accomplishment of the **sustaining members** and of a handful of unit members who devoted vast amounts of time to the construction and installation of the special interior equipment which fill the van. It has a vastly improved carrying capacity and can safely carry a large load of specialized rescue gear. As well, it will provide us the capacity to answer two calls for help simultaneously. Our thanks to you all. That was the good news. Now for the other shoe. As I mentioned above we will need to refit the old van. It will be re-assigned duty as a mobile command and communications center for use in large or extended operations. That is, it will be reassigned as soon as it can be reconfigured (don't you love that word) to its new purpose. As usual this will require some money, as well as more long hours of labor. So that's it then, there will be a **new** van fund for the **old** van. Henceforth, donations received in excess of the unit's operating expenses will be applied to the new van fund to retrofit the old van to its new purpose. Of course this is likely to require that

the rate of donations **exceed** the rate of expenditures on operating expenses. That's where we (the sustaining members) come in. I could go on, but I think you know the rest.

We welcome the following **New Sustaining Members**.

Bertha Adams
Dan McIntyre
Betty Jones
Kiwanis Club of West End
Beverly Laing
Gordon and Barbara MacLeod
*Panoptic Corp.
Robert and Lana Peterson
*Michael Shea
*Sheriff of Riverside County
Simons Jr. High Wilderness Class
Gary Smith
Temecula Union School District

Renewing —

*M/M Kenneth Andrews
Barbara Brickman
Stan Eisman
Hyatt Elementary School
Jurupa Unified School District
*Milton M. Levy
M/M Gerald Miller
M/M W. A. Neuhoff
Marydoris Powers
M/M R. O. Ridenour
Nelson Signs
M/M R. W. Stack

In Memory of Derick Bouma

M/M G. B. Arnold
*John Bouma
Community Congregational
M/M J. Gilliam
Ted Metz
John DeLess
Hugo Baldelli
Raymond Moore
Elenor & Carl Bell
Ron & Stefi LeRoy
Frank & Florence Weber
Bud & Dee Lewis
Marvin & Molly Hartley
Jodie & Steven Hancock
Buddy Lewis
Bill & Thelma Haney
Carl & Carol Parmenter
Trent & Sue Scott
Jess & Vi Hermosillo
Kathy Hermosillo
Colleen Bray
Mr. & Mrs. Walt Harper
Jeffery Lynn Hart
Pete & Guyette Sereg
Bill & Fay Boland
Ruth Loya
Mary Hernandez

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

from Old'en Days

by Walt Walker

SEPTEMBER

Ten year ago—

A dinner board meeting with the newly formed citizen's advisory committee was announced. This new group along with the Board of Directors was going to make plans for a fund raising campaign for RMRU.

The special training session for the first weekend of October was also announced. It was going to be devoted to staging and photographing a new slide program for the unit.

Sunday evening the Riverside County Sheriff's Department called for assistance. A 16 year old boy had left the Marion Mountain Campground at 4:30 p.m., hiking solo, to go to the top of Mt. San Jacinto and back. Three teams of RMRU members were sent into the backcountry. Tracks were located at Deer Springs and other places. Just after daylight the boy was located by the edge of the trail, tired and cold, but ok.

On the following Wednesday afternoon the Mono County Sheriff's Department requested assistance from the Southern California Region. RMRU sent 11 men to the Thousand Island Lake area in the High Sierra. A 24 year old man was missing. He was found dead just below a steep snow slope Friday morning.

The president of the unit reminded everyone to read the by-laws section concerning uniforms. He reminded the members that the section was put there for a very good reason. It is the philosophy of RMRU that the entire team in uniform looks professional and inspires confidence in victims and anyone we come in contact with.

The July training session on the Palisade Glacier and the search in the Thousand Island Lake area reminded us that everyone should have all of his gear and clothing marked to simplify returning gear and clothing after missions.

Five years ago—

The Road Runner sez' column from the September 1972 issue of the RMRU News-

letter is reprinted in part below as this writer feels that the words still ring true.

In our last column, we touched upon the problem posed by the incredible proliferation of "search and rescue" groups. I suppose thoughts about rescue conjure up scenes of glamour and excitement, hence, a lot more people are becoming attracted to the idea of forming a group to perform search and rescue. In the first place, the Sheriff's Office of any county is charged with responsibility along this line. They will call the best "tool" to accomplish the task. Second, mountain, or really wilderness rescue, is quite different from any other. Many more mental and physical skills enter the picture, and the time element becomes prominent. Through the last two decades here in Southern California a number of volunteer units have developed methods of SAR that are dependable and effective. Veteran members of these units lead the operations in the field and train new men. There is a continuity of the many skills required. These people know the wilderness and can operate competently in it.

Now there is a plethora of groups claiming to be capable of SAR, formal and informal, civil and governmental. To those of us familiar with what it takes to find, sustain, and evacuate victims of injury, exposure, and anxiety, it's downright scary. I would personally be terrified if I were injured in a remote location awaiting "rescue" by a group not accredited by the Mountain Rescue Association. But this situation will probably be resolved in time. The glory and glamour really aren't there, it's just too much hard work, there are too many exacting skills to master, there's too much gear to lug up the hills, operations come at entirely too inconvenient moments. One does not become a competent, capable rescue type just by having the desire or being engaged in an indirectly allied occupation. It is sincerely hoped that agencies everywhere will call and employ only those SAR units that are established and proven.

The Search and Rescue column was very short as there were no actual missions. There were two aborts and one call.

The Training column was written by Pete Carlson and he described a very good session of technical training that occurred on Suicide Rock.

The Pager Fund gauge showed enough money had been received for three units. The Sustaining Members column, by Al Andrews, thanked the following new members: Mr. Phil Perry, Mr. & Mrs. Everett Hadley and Mr. S. R. Brown. He also thanked the following for renewing their memberships: John E. Fischbach, M.D., *Izaak Walton League - San Jacinto Mountain Chapter, Miss Ramona Flinchpaugh, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Merrick, Dr. & Mrs. Paul Trotta,

Memsahibs - Women's Committee - Southern California Gas Co. and Mr. John Boyd.

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

• RMRU

Editor's Note

In the second paragraph of the Sustaining Members column Mike wrote that you would read and see elsewhere in this issue that RMRU has obtained and completed a new heavy duty rescue van. The July issue of the newsletter had a photograph of the new van, as it was being purchased, on the first page. The van is not quite completed yet. We hope to have it finished shortly. When it is done, we will have a feature story complete with photographs.