

## Coming Events-

### JUNE

- 7 — Regular Meeting
- 9-11 — Training
- 21 — Board Meeting

### JULY

- 5 — Regular Meeting
- 8 — Training
- 26 — Board Meeting

## Search and Rescue

## SEARCH

**Mission No. 7813M**

**2 April, Sun.  
Cucamonga Peak,  
San Bernardino County**

*By Ed Hill*

On March 29th Mark Forwalter and John Wytso decided to climb Cucamonga Peak by the south east ridge. They planned to stay on the summit and hike down via Ice House Canyon the next day.

A storm moved in Wednesday evening and dropped three to four feet of snow, and reduced visibility to only a few feet.

On Sunday, April 2, RMRU was invited by the boys' parents to join the search. We were to concentrate on

the steep, loose, south face of Cucamonga Peak. The San Bernardino Sheriff's teams would cover Ice House Canyon and the northern slopes. We decided to send a strong team of six men up the route the climbers had planned to take.

Just as our men started up the ridge the Sheriff reported that the climbers had walked out of Ice House Canyon. They were in good shape considering that they were two days overdue.

Talking to the climbers later I learned that they had made the summit Wednesday evening and had camped on it. Thursday they were in a "white-out" condition and had dropped down the upper reaches of Lytle Creek by mistake.

Saturday morning it had cleared enough for them to recognize where they were and they climbed up to Ice House saddle from the east. Sunday they had simply hiked down the floor of Ice House Canyon, by-passing the Sheriff's teams who were on the trail on the north wall. • RMRU

## SEARCH

**Mission No. 7814M •**

**6-7 April, Thur.-Fri.  
San Jacinto Mountains**

*By John Dew*

At exactly 2100 hrs. (9:00 p.m.) Thursday night the pagers came alive with their familiar piercing whistle. We were informed of the number to call in order to respond to a search in Idyllwild. Eight children (4-6th graders) led by one adult male teacher were in the mountains and should have been back to Humber Park some hours earlier.

A group of students who were camping at Maranatha for the week from a school in Irvine had hiked toward Saddle Junction, which is at the

8000' level. They had started from Humber Park in the morning.

The group had arrived at Saddle Junction in time for lunch. They had eaten lunch and then divided into two groups. One group of children and their leader, a lady teacher from the school, departed the Saddle headed for Humber. The other group with the man teacher started hiking downhill towards Skunk Cabbage Meadow. They told the first group that they were going to make a circle down around Skunk Cabbage Meadow and return, arriving at Humber about five o'clock. When they had not arrived by six the Sheriff was notified. He knew that people are often later than they expect to be and decided to wait a little longer, giving them an opportunity to get back if they had just been detained for some reason, without alerting a whole rescue team if there was no need to do so. Also, two adults from the group hiked almost to the Saddle looking for them.

When they had not returned by 8:30 p.m. the decision was made to call the team. By the time we arrived at the road head in Humber Park the weather from the beautiful day had departed and was replaced by angry looking clouds which were covering the sky. The wind was coming up and it looked like a miserable night was ahead of us.

The first six men to arrive, Walt and Kevin Walker, Hal Fulkman and Jim Fairchild, Don Chambers and I had donned our packs and were on the trail.

We knew it would be a simple mission, just going to the Saddle, meeting the group and leading them out. **HOW WRONG WE WERE!!!**

As the team was approaching Saddle Junction the wind picked up, the clouds began losing their moisture in the form of snow, and there was no response to our shouts. We left Hal and Don at the Saddle as relay and proceeded toward the meadows further into the mountain. The more we

hiked, the more severe the weather became and soon our concerns were for the children we had thought would be so easy to find.

Soon we were following tracks. From the number and various sizes of the tracks we felt sure they would lead us to the subjects. The pace for us was fast. There were two reasons. The snow was soft, so deep tracks were made. It was snowing very hard and these tracks would soon be harder to follow. These children would be in very serious trouble if they were not found soon, especially if they had no fire and warm, dry clothes. (We hurried even faster at that thought).

Soon the snow was so heavy it was almost impossible to see where we were going. It was a heavy, wet snow and our clothes became soaked. At about 0300 hrs. (3:00 a.m.) our hearts sank and we became alarmed as we watched the tracks disappear before our eyes, being filled and covered by the intense snow storm. We had no place to look. The tracks had wandered around in every direction. We were well below Reed's Meadow, and any move or change of direction would only be a wild guess on our part.

We were very cold and wet and had not taken time to properly care for ourselves, (food, water, warmth) in our eagerness to find these kids. However, when we lost the tracks in the deep snow we decided that we must stop for awhile and try to dry, warm, and rest until daylight. We also hoped the lost group might see the light from our fire and make themselves known.

At daylight, just an hour from where we had stopped, we regrouped, met some other team members who had hiked in later, and started to Caramba Camp, the farthest camp on the mountain, just in case they had gone that way. They were not there. Other team members had been sent to other possible places where they might be. The CR-MRA teams were called. Sierra Madre and San Diego teams responded with many people. Helicopters were called in as the clouds were breaking up. One was Don Landells' Jet Ranger and the other was a big twin rotor military bird from the Marines.

We who were at the north Caramba helispot were picked up at 11:15 a.m. Friday, just twelve hours and fif-

teen minutes after starting up the trail the night before. We were being air lifted to Base Camp for rest and food. Our replacements would be brought back in. Don Landells and Walt were in the front seats and Randy Beaty and I were in the back seat. We were all looking as we headed towards base. Just below Reeds Meadow I spotted some fresh tracks and told the others. As we turned to circle back we all saw the word "HELP" clearly stomped out in the snow that covered the meadow. Along with the word we could see a man and three

children. Don landed in the meadow and we climbed out and went over to the people. It was the missing teacher and three of the students. He told us he left the other five (some of whom were not in good condition) around a campfire and was hiking out for help. We loaded the four into Don's helicopter and he took them to base. Shortly the big twin rotored Marine chopper landed and picked up Randy and I; Walt waited for Don to return. Don came back and picked up Walt and they headed for the area where the other five children were at.



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

This picture actually tells the story quite well. John Dew, Kevin Walker, Walt Walker and Jim Fairchild (who was shooting the photo), were cold, wet and tired. They were attempting to dry out and warm up around the fire after searching most of the night for the missing teacher and his students.



Circling the area, Don and Walt looked for a helispot. Don finally headed for an open area on a rather steep hillside. He was able to put the front of each runner down in the snow and Walt jumped out and headed towards the children. Don was going to pick up Jim and Kevin at Caramba and bring them back to help Walt. As he flew away the children were already hiking through the snow towards Walt.

Walt descended the hill and met the children. He quickly asked them how they were. They responded that they could hike up the hill, but mentioned that one of the girls did not have any boots. So while Walt carried her up the hill, Don circled overhead. When they all got to the impromptu helispot Don came in and once again put the runners into the snow. Walt loaded all five children into the machine and they were flown to base.

While Don returned to pick up Walt, Jim and Kevin, other rescue team members were picked up by the Marine bird. Another mission completed and a happy team returned home rejoicing that the kids had been found in time. • RMRU



## RESCUE

**Mission No. 7815M**

**8 April, Sat.  
Millard Canyon,  
San Bernardino Mountains**

*By Jim Fairchild*

Alex John Alexander, age 52, was a member of the Basic Mountaineering Class (BMC) conducted annually by the San Geronio Chapter of the Sierra Club. The class was starting its overnight campout weekend, hiking up the trail toward 'The Sink', an unusual sunken valley north of the ridge running to Kitching Peak. Hiking along at about the 5000' elevation there were about two groups, one somewhat ahead of the other. Alex was in the rear group, going slowly. He dropped unconscious. Cardio-pulmonary resuscitation was begun because both his heart and lungs were not functioning. The group got back together, certain member went out for help. The Banning station of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department was contacted by the informant. Capt. Ray Canova called Don Landells Aviation and the California Division of Forestry (CDF) station at Cabazon. (Don was returning from a Los Angeles charter and was contacted via radio.) He landed at Cabazon and picked up Capt. Canova, the informant, two CDF firemen and their

resuscitator. They attempted to fly in to the downed man. The combination of the informant not being able to direct them there, and dense clouds prevented this. They landed at the roadhead area, the CDF men then hiking in, upon arrival they found that Alex appeared to have vital signs going for him, but was still unconscious. RMRU was contacted when it was found that they weren't able to fly directly to the victim.

When RMRU arrived Don tried to fly Walt Walker and myself in to a ridge above to "Bomb" down to Alex's location, but clouds prevented even coming close. We landed below the roadhead, put on packs, mine was the RMRU oxygen system, and began to hike. In about 35 minutes we were there. It sure looked bad, the CDF oxygen had been consumed. I set up the regulator and Elder valve of our oxygen system and Walt started the oxygen. He gave 10 inflations while CPR continued, then checked the pupils--dilated and fixed. Walt said, "You can stop." Alex had been gone for some time. Everyone there who had tried so hard for so long to sustain life was disappointed, even a bit stunned that we quit so soon. Well, we don't blame them, but in the event that a massive heart failure (heart muscle or valve damage) knocks a person down in the wilderness, unconscious for more than a few minutes, his chances are slim. Besides, we would have had to wait for an ambu-



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

With the Elder valve still in hand and moments after stopping the CPR, Walt Walker told the group that tried to keep Alex Alexander alive, that they had done everything possible. The white area in the upper left is part of a tarp that was stretched over the stricken hiker.

lance crew to hike in with a portable chest-compression machine so we could transport in the litter and keep up CPR. Anyway, be assured that Alex was truly dead some time before our arrival.

Shortly the rest of our crew arrived with the wheeled litter. We asked everyone to pack up and then began the sad return trip of about two miles with the body. • RMRU

## RESCUE

**Mission No. 7816M**

**10 April, Mon.**

**North Mountain**

**Near City of San Jacinto**

*By Kevin Walker*

Monday April 10th, started off like any other Monday, HECTIC... but little did I know it would be a day to long to remember.

At noon while eating lunch at home, fellow former Explorer (from Scouting), Greg Bronson stopped by and had a concerned look on his face. He told me that his dog "Frank" was

all tuckered out from hiking in the foothills Northeast of San Jacinto, and couldn't even move a paw. Greg asked if he could borrow a rope of ours to aid in getting Frank out of the spot he was in. Being a dog lover myself I said yes. I inquired if Greg would be needing any help. He said no, and that he could probably get some friends together. I wished him well, and went on about my daily routine. At about 1500 hours Greg called back saying that he couldn't get any help other than his girlfriend and one other friend. My dad (Walt - former Explorer Post leader) and I decided that we would break away from work and help Greg out. I managed to get another former Explorer, Brian Hixson to lend a hand too.

We all met at the Gilman Bridge at 1600 hours. Enroute up the extremely steep hillside, Greg told us the long story of how Frank got stuck. To make the long story short, Greg and his brother were hiking with Frank on Sunday. On their way out in the late afternoon, Frank became extremely tired and just stopped in his tracks. Greg, doing the smart thing for his brother and himself, left Frank and got off the mountain be-

fore total darkness could overtake them. Returning the next morning (Monday) they found Frank had descended down into the canyon and was stuck above a 50' water fall. Well, Frank being the smart dog that he is, knew better than to go back up hill... so there he was, and there to stay. Upon reaching the point where we would have to haul Frank up to, we set up an anchor and I preceded on down the **steep** and **loose** hillside to the canyon floor where Frank lay. I was greeted by Greg's brother who had stayed with Frank all day long. What a sight, Frank wouldn't even move his head to see who I was. Evening was coming rather quickly, so I placed a harness we had from tracking days on Frank, and then the rope. With Greg now in the bottom and all secure, we yelled back up the 300 feet of rope that was stretched down to us that we were ready. Well, after about two pulls on the rope from above, Frank just went limp, and literally slipped out of the dog harness. It was now time to call the professionals... for the second time in the teams history, RMRU would be asked to help a **WOOFER**.

Being prepared for just such an emergency, Walt had brought in his two watt RMRU radio. With my mother monitoring the teams five watt at home, Walt radioed down asking her to activate RMRU. Since this was not a true emergency, the pagers were not activated, and members were only asked to help if they were not doing anything else important. Our biggest concern was to get the wheeled litter and technical gear in to make the operation as easy as possible.

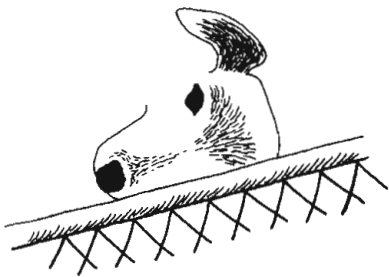
As darkness began to set in, my dad hiked back down to the road and then drove to a telephone. He called Gary Fritzinger, of the Hemet Valley Search and Rescue Team, and requested additional manpower from them. Arriving from RMRU was Jim Fairchild with the rescue van, John Dew and son Richard, Hal Fulkman, Bernie McIlvoy with son Eugene, and Walt and I included. Those able to come from Hemet were Mike Kincaid, Mike Giovani, Bob Elliot, Bill Woodie, John Foster and Steve Vaughn.

It was well after dark when the teams reached us on the ridge. Once there, all work was completed in an orderly fashion, with anchors being



placed as if we had an injured hiker, instead of a dog. After all was in readiness, final checks were made and working assignments were given. Those going over the side would be Greg to make sure that Frank would be as comfortable as possible, Bill Woodie, Jim, Bernie and myself.

With the go ahead from Ops. Leader Walt, we began the slow descent to the canyon floor. Since there was a light cloud cover and no moon, it was safer to be lowered down hanging on to the wheeled litter. Upon reaching the bottom Greg gave good 'ol Frank' a pep talk, and told him that he was in good hands. Frank's only reply was a



large "sigh." Frank was very cooperative while we loaded him into the litter. After Bernie completed tying Frank in, we radioed back up that we were ready for the trip up.

We decided that it would be best for only two people to go back up with the litter. Everyone but Bernie and I went back up a hand line that was secured earlier. The trip up went quite smoothly, and Frank seemed to actually enjoy his free ride.

Once at the top, gear was placed back into the packs and all ropes were coiled and thrown over shoulders. After a final check for gear and people, we made our way back down the steep hillside. Once back at base, Greg promised that he would only take Frank on walks in the river bed from now on.

Even though it may seem a little odd to you that RMRU would go out into the hills for a dog, it did two things. We helped a friend in need, and this mission served as a great training session for the two teams. Thanks Frank, for a most unusual evening. • RMRU

## SEARCH

**Mission No. 7817M**

**15-16 April, Sat.-Sun.  
Cactus Springs,  
near Martinez Peak**

*By Hal Fulkman*

RMRU as you know, is supported entirely by contributions. The majority of these contributions come from faithful individuals and organizations who, year after year, donate time and money, enabling Riverside county to have one of the top ranked rescue teams in the nation. The only thing these unselfish people receive in return is a slight consideration from the IRS and the knowledge that at the most their gift will save someone's life, and at the least it will retrieve a hiker who's compass has a North at each end.

Normally, RMRU can do little more than offer a sincere thank you except on those occasions when we can offer our services to our faithful friends. The Issac Walton League of Idyllwild is one of those organizations that support RMRU by sponsoring the annual pancake breakfast which over the years has contributed to the purchase of much valuable equipment. Saturday, April 15 RMRU was summoned by a member of the Issac Walton League and given the opportunity to reciprocate.

Saturday started with light showers and gave all indications of getting worse. By late afternoon, with the arrival of more rain, I thrilled my family by the statement that there would probably be a rescue by Sunday. No mystical premonition, just a fact of life that when a storm hits Friday night through Sunday after a week of clear weather, hikers have a tendency of getting caught ill equipped.

At about seven, my pager went off and by seven-thirty John Dew, Richard Dew, and myself were riding together, well on our way to the road head which was the Pinyon fire station near the Alpine Village on Hwy. 74. We were met there by a deputy sheriff from the Indio station who informed us that a female hiker, Claire Hughes, had become separated from the rest of her group while hiking in the Cactus Springs area.

After a search of the area produced

no sign of Claire, her hiking companions decided to return to the road head and summon help. The sheriff went on to say the group was now across the street having dinner, so while other team members were arriving, John Dew, Walt and Kevin Walker, and myself went over to talk with the group. It was raining moderately now and the wind was blowing hard enough to make me wish I had put my rain gear on before leaving the fire station. The leader of the group turned out to be Ernie Maxwell, a long time member of the Issac Walton League. Ernie told us the group was on a day hike looking for Indian artifacts, with Cactus Springs as the turn around point.

After reaching Cactus Spring they ate lunch and while everybody was resting, Claire went for a walk by herself. When she did not return the group began searching the area, calling her name and blowing a whistle.

At about 3 p.m., the group gave up their search and started the 5 mile hike back to the highway. Ernie described Claire as a good hiker in good physical condition. She also smoked which meant she was probably carrying matches. That was the positive side. The things working against Claire were staggering. The wind, rain, and cold conditions couldn't be worse, coupled with fact that she had no extra food, wearing light cotton clothing, and unfamiliar with the terrain.

Enough members had arrived at this point to put two teams into the field. Bernie McIlvoy, Jim Hanson, Kevin Walker, and myself made up one team, while Tom Aldrich, Steve Zappe, Steve Jensen, and Darrel Hand made up the second. A mile down the highway and a few hundred yards up a dirt road brought us to the trail head to Horsethief Creek. The wind had increased by this time and was causing quite a problem with the poncho I was wearing. After tying it down with a piece of nylon webbing, we continued on the well used trail to Horsethief Creek.

Upon reaching the creek, the two teams split and checked both up and down stream, waking up campers in hopes Claire might have been with one of them. Meeting back on the trail, we proceeded on towards Cactus Springs. The trail at this point climbs to a plateau type valley con-



sisting of many roller-coaster type knolls. At this elevation our protection from the wind was gone completely, and made shouting for Claire almost futile.

Soon we reached a sandy wash that crosses the trail in such a way that it is notorious for drawing people off in the wrong direction. We immediately found tracks that looked about the right size. They looked good enough that the second team began following them while we continued on to Cactus Springs.

The weather did some strange things that night including wind driven rain coming down almost horizontally. At one point the sky was clear except for clouds miles away, and yet rain continued to fall on us, carried all that distance by the gusting wind. Finding Cactus Springs proved to be a bit tricky due to the way the terrain changed during the heavy winter we had. After a couple of wrong turns, we got in the right streambed and continued our assignment.

At this point we were to follow Cactus Creek to the confluence of upper Horsethief Creek and work our way back down to the point where the stream crosses the trail where the teams first separated. After reaching the confluence of the two streams, we continued on for about another mile, and found nothing encouraging in the way of tracks. The stream at this point cut deeper and deeper into a canyon with steep

walls. Fatigue and the terrain made traveling down the canyon too dangerous in the darkness so at 3:30 a.m. we found a relatively flat spot and turned in for the rest of the night.

By 5:30 a.m. the sun was up and except for some fluffy clouds, the sky was clear. The wind had subsided some but was still blowing at 10-15 m.p.h. The temperature was 38° and made it difficult to leave my sleeping bag. After a wonderful breakfast of split pea soup and a candy bar we returned to the streambed and continued down-stream.

Ops. Leader Walt Walker had decided to ask for additional manpower, because of details and the weather, from the Hemet Valley Search and Rescue Team and the U.S.A.F. Reserve 303rd Air Rescue Group. Bob Elliot and Bill Woodie (Hemet SAR) remained in base to assist Walt and John. Hemet SAR members Jan Caldwell, Don Oates, and Steve Vaughn teamed up with veteran RMRU member Jim Garvey. Their assignment was to hike to Cactus Springs and then toward Sheep Mountain.

At approximately 6:30 a.m. Don Landells arrived in his Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. Because of Claire's light clothing and the nights adverse weather, we were becoming deeply concerned about her well being. Jim Fairchild and Walt rode with Don, searching the entire drainage that runs into Horsethief Creek. The air search turned up an arrow (drawn in the

sand) and a single set of footprints, but no Claire.

As they were returning to base to pick up members of the 303rd group (who were going to search the ridge westward from Martinez Peak) everyone in the field received a radio communication. We had been searching for about two hours, down Horsethief Creek, when we learned that Claire had walked out of the mountains to the desert community of La Quinta. She had hiked to a much lower altitude to where conditions were much milder and spent the night. Within minutes Don Landells located our position and airlifted us back to the road head. After a good breakfast and some round table discussion, RMRU dissolved into individuals and once again the wilderness returned to the way it was before we came.

• RMRU

## RESCUE

**Mission No. 7818M**

**18 April, Tue.  
Tahquitz Canyon  
San Jacinto Mountains**

*By Jim Garvey*

The pager call came at 2 P.M. Tuesday for a possible broken leg in Tahquitz Canyon. I hurried home, changed, grabbed packs full of equipment and set off. My destination was Ann



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

With his back to the camera, Walt Walker spoke to a Sierra Club backpacking group about the missing hiker RMRU was searching for. The helicopter had landed nearby and Jim and Walt had walked over to the group who was camped near Cactus Springs.



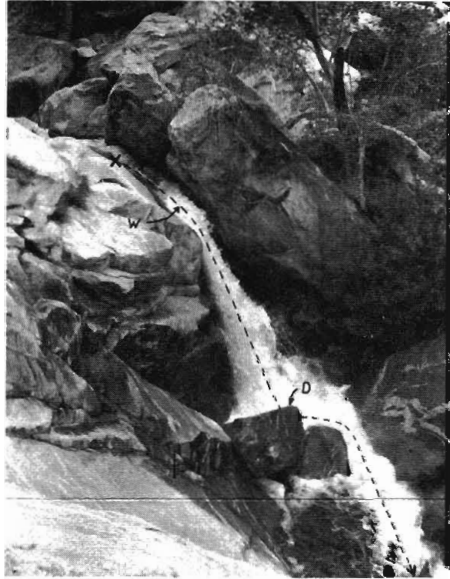
RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

"Chopper One" with Don Landells at the controls had just landed at base with a load of searchers. Steve Vaughn, with pack, Kevin Walker, partially hidden, and Richard Dew, with back to the camera, were all involved in unloading equipment.

Dolly's house at the mouth of Tahquitz Canyon in Palm Springs.

With midweek callouts, there is always the possibility of the team's response being delayed due to the members work and school situations. With this in mind, I wanted to arrive at base as soon as possible to help get the mission underway.

Others had the same concern. There was a photo-finish at base with eight members arriving within min-



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

This photo shows the waterfall that Nick Allegretti slid down. The "X" is where he entered the water. The "W" arrow points to an area where the entire stream passes through a three foot wide spot. The distance from "X" to "D" was approximately 30 feet. He went around the large rocks and floated to the lower end of the pool of water.

utes of Jim Fairchild driving the RMRU van.

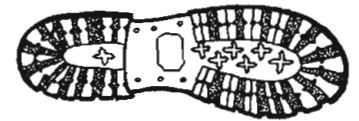
Captain Canova from the Banning Sheriff's station was already on the scene interviewing the informants. According to their report, Nick Allegretti, 33, of Rancho Mirage had slipped over a waterfall in the lower reaches of the canyon. The captain had already called for a helicopter from Landells Aviation.

As base was being set up, team members continued to arrive. Boots were put on and field packs assembled as members scrambled to be ready for the imminent arrival of the helicopter.



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

Walt Walker puts the finishing touches to the dressing covering a 10 inch avulsion that was on Anthony Marino's back.



With the arrival of Don Landells and his powerful Jet Ranger, the mission became what could be called "a textbook example" of a medical evacuation. Jim Fairchild and Walt Walker flew in first with heavy first aid packs to initially treat the subject and assess the situation. Walt quickly radioed for additional equipment and men to help move Nick a short distance to our now standard heliport boulder in this part of the canyon.

After about 45 minutes, Nick's companion, who suffered a nasty laceration on his back from a fall he took while getting water for Nick, was flown to base.

In another 15 minutes, the mission was over. Nick was flown to the Desert Hospital with an inflatable splint on his leg. The team members in the field were transported to base. Everything secured, many of the team members went to dinner in Palm Springs, courtesy of the Sheriff's Office.

Post Script — The use of helicopters and expert pilots like Don Landells make it possible to successfully complete a mission like the one above in a relatively short time. It is often this saving of time that means the saving of lives. • RMRU



After Nick was splinted, he was put into the rescue sleeping bag and the litter. John Dew, Steve Zappe, Ed Hill, Don Chambers and Walt Walker (back to camera) work at securing Nick into the litter.



Nick was moved uphill to a regular helispot and John Dew placed a helmet and goggles on him for protection when the helicopter would arrive. Looking on were: Walt Walker, Steve Zappe, (John), Ed Hill and Don Chambers.



RMRU PHOTOS BY JIM FAIRCHILD

Don Landells took off, from the helispot, after Nick had been loaded onto the fixed litter of "Chopper One." Walt Walker rode in the back seat as an attendant.

## SEARCH

**Mission No. 7819C**

**23 April, Sun.  
San Jacinto Mountains**

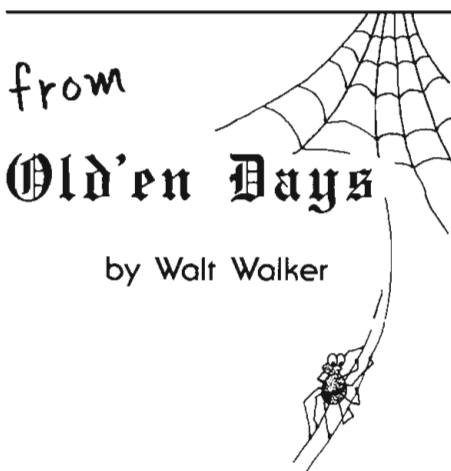
Shortly before midnight we received a call from Capt. Ray Canova of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department that three young men were overdue from a hike. After a lengthy discussion it was decided to meet at Ann Dolley's house at 0630. While we were in the process of telephoning our members Capt. Canova called again advising us the trio had walked out into Palm Springs. • RMRU

## SEARCH

**Mission No. 7820C**

**24 April, Mon.  
Desert canyon,  
San Jacinto Mountains**

The Indio station of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department called RMRU coordinator Jerry Muratet for advice concerning five adults that appeared to be overdue. After discussing the situation with Walt Walker, who commented there was not enough information to start a search, Jerry called Indio back and suggested they try to obtain more information. Later in the evening Jerry was advised, by Indio, that we would not be needed. • RMRU



Due to lack of space, and economics, we decided to dispense with **Olden days** for this issue only.

# \$USTAINING MEMBERS—

**BY MIKE DAUGHERTY**

As I write this column the air is heavy with anticipation. When will the entries in the great RMRU essay contest (announced in the March newsletter) begin to pour in? Why isn't our PO box bursting with mail? Why are we being underwhelmed?

No doubt the less excitable faction of the team will suggest that I ought not to anticipate replies until the March newsletter is actually mailed (as of this writing it appears that this newsletter and the March newsletter will probably be mailed together). After all, they will argue, you can't expect them to know about something if you haven't told them about it yet. Nonsense! Typical drivel from those "linear thinkers," cause and effect and all that. Surely an urgent need such as ours would propagate through the liminiferous aether far ahead of a mere newsletter. Please help me to demonstrate the validity of this view; send us your essay **before** you read this newsletter. Our thanks to those (listed below) who have already done so.

### New—

Richard McHard  
Greg Bronson

### Renewing—

\*M/M Phil Peters  
Jim Larson

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

## TRAINING



With most of the team members participating on mission no. 7814M, Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, the BOD cancelled the regular training.

# RMRU ELECTION RESULTS

for 1978-79 (May 1 to April 30)

Ed Hill,  
President  
Larry Roland,  
Vice-President  
Walt Walker,  
Treasurer  
Tom Aldrich,  
Secretary  
John Dew,  
Director  
Bernie McIlvoy,  
Director  
Rick Pohlers,  
Director

## Committee Chairmen appointed by the president

Al Andrews,  
Communications  
John Dew,  
Blood Bank  
Bernie McIlvoy,  
Equip. Development  
Walt Walker,  
Finance  
Bernie McIlvoy,  
MRA Representative  
Norm Mellor, M.D.,  
Medical  
Walt Walker,  
Membership  
Jim Garvey,  
Newsletter  
John Dew,  
Public Relations  
Don Chambers,  
Rescue  
Mike Daugherty,  
Sustaining Membership  
Larry Roland,  
Training  
Rick Pohlers  
& Kevin Walker (assistant)  
Vehicle & Equipment