

Volume XIV, Issue 1, January 1978 — John Dew, Editor — Walt Walker, Publisher — Dona Towell, Artist

Coming Events-

APRIL

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

\$USTAINING MEMBERS —

BY MIKE DAUGHERTY

The news has reached even the heart of Orangest Orange County (home of the S/M Chairman) - RMRU is having a busy winter. I (sigh) have been tightly tethered to my treadmill and have missed **everything**. So, read elsewhere herein of intrepidity and congratulate yourselves. It's your rescue unit too, and it couldn't have happened without you.

New—

*Ruth M. Kuykendall
Mrs. S. Fairberg
Margo Cooper
Joseph Slivik

Renewing—

*Dave Crimi
Robert Dewees
Paul and Joyce Matthews
*Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gillen
C. Corbin and Helen Devalon
Riverside County Pomona
Grange No. 31
Weston and Joanne Robinson
Milo and Alice Hefferlin
Emmanuel and Marie Fischer
Jack and Grace Mihaylo

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

TRAINING



TRAINING

14-15 Jan., Sat.-Sun.
Tramway
Round Valley

By Larry Roland

It was another typical training: the welcome sight of old friends, the bustle of packing and of course, the hopeless probationers arriving at the last minute and joining in. We were riding up the tram to the Long Valley station and it was important to be on time. I signed everyone in, 16 all together, and we were on our way. The stars were shining brightly, the wind was calm and it was a very promising inauguration of another winter shakedown.

Arriving at the upper station we made preparations for the long hike that evening. Approximately 200 yards from the tram station we found our spot and immediately began pitching tents! After getting things organized, the tents set and the necessary arrangements made for the morning session, I made my way down to the Ranger station and caught up on recent events. We shared stories and I explained our training plan. We intended to hike up the ridge rather than the trail to Round Valley, then descend into Willow Creek Crossing area by way of Willow Creek. We intended to camp there Saturday evening and scout a-

round for familiarization, then hike out via the Hidden Lake trail to the Long Valley station again Sunday afternoon. We made arrangements to keep in radio contact at specified times in case an emergency rescue was needed. We said good night and I went back to camp.

Arriving back at the tent I was quite delighted to discover a rather boisterous and joyous party in full swing. The necessary popcorn, candy bars, cake and of course appropriate spirits were in abundance. We were quite enjoying ourselves but eventually had to call it a night as the low guttural tones from neighboring camps began to increase. It was obvious however that we were in for another great adventure in RMRU training history.

Morning found us gingerly testing our eyes against the light. The sound of stoves soon notified us that others in the camps nearby were preparing their breakfast for the day. We wasted no time in devouring our meager rations of cheese omelets with sauted mushrooms spiced with a few bell peppers and onions. Things were going quite smoothly until Steve Zappe unveiled his worm-infested pilot biscuits. Needless to say we hastily terminated breakfast and packed up to begin the days hike.

Everyone was enthusiastic and anxious to get started. It wasn't long until we were off, dashing pell-mell for the notorious snowshoe route to Round Valley. Of course this couldn't last long since it is contrary to RMRU's slogan, "100 yards at a time." Fortunately, Randy Beatty saved the day and interrupted this headlong rush by breaking his snowshoe which had to be repaired or replaced. We were lucky that we could borrow some webs from the rangers and be on our way with Jim Fairchild in the lead.

We were climbing now and gaining

the ridge which would eventually lead us to our drop off point into Willow Creek. Surprisingly, however, the sun had already given way to clouds. We weren't expecting them until late afternoon. The weather forecast indicated a slight chance of storms for Saturday night which would be mild and short-lived. Consequently, the snowflakes which swirled around us gave us little concern. Moments later we received a radio message from Bud White giving a weather update stating this was a major storm and could be serious. We held a brief conference and decided we would be flexible and perhaps camp on the ridge rather than descend into the drainage and limit our mobility should we receive a callout.

Meanwhile Fairchild was wandering around in the lead trying to force a route through the snow-covered boulders, logs and moderately steep terrain! We continued on, making our way through a panorama of white on the forest floor. At times like these the beauty of the forest is almost overwhelming and one feels engulfed by its vastness. The virgin snow, the stately pines and the continually swirling snowflakes whipped by the breeze, creates the feeling of being alone in a broad expanse. One may sense a mingling of both confidence and humility. Only the squeaking, squishing sounds of snowshoes served to remind that there are others and that this is RMRU training.

It was time for lunch and we temporarily called a halt to this lark. We had come approximately a mile in the past two hours and we were now on the ridge nearing our campsite. We huddled here and there in groups of 3-4 and munched on crackers and cheese, bargaining with each other for various goodies. It was still snowing moderately and the temperature was warm, holding at about 32°F. We began to notice that in spite of the snow we were getting wet as was our equipment. We wouldn't stay long, but continue on, set up an early camp site and perhaps hike on over to Round Valley and talk with the ranger.

Lunch was short and sweet and we were on our way again. We soon found the campsite and assembled the tents. Each group stomped out a platform, staked the tents and tied the rain fly in place for added warmth

and protection. Supplies were stowed inside and carefully arranged for convenience when we returned from Round Valley.

Those who were either dry or more energetic than the others gathered together for the little jaunt to the ranger cabin. Ten in all made it in good time and reconnoitered the area. We dropped in on Keith Molet, the ranger, and chatted a bit before returning to camp. Meanwhile the snow was continuing to fall at a moderate to heavy rate and piling up.

It was obvious that the storm had broken. Snow was piling up quickly and deeply around the tents. It was definitely going to be an interesting night. Although the temperature was not particularly cold, holding at 32°, the snow was very wet making it more difficult to stay dry. In conditions like this it is imperative to avoid getting wet since the body loses heat 240 times faster when wet than dry. But we weren't worried about hypothermia or the snow as we were happily ensconced in our tents providing a thin membrane between us and the elements outside. We settled down to a comfortable meal with good times and lots of friends. Training is often enjoyable in conditions like this even though it may be a little tough.

Nevertheless life can be quite entertaining in a tent in the midst of a blizzard. In fact with a few pieces of gadgetry one can only slightly miss the conveniences of home. With a stove and lantern one has all the necessities of life and is quite content to settle down to a modest meal of salad, crackers and cheese for appetizers, English muffins for toast to go with our favorite cup of soup, a spinach vegetable casserole with cheese sauce, dessert, and hot chocolate or tea. We were into winter training and thoroughly enjoying it.

It was with some apprehension that we talked to the rangers, however, who told us there were two parties of hikers who had not yet reached Round Valley. They had no report of distress and since it would be difficult to get lost in this area and help was less than a mile away, we decided to stand by. Fortunately the two parties camped early as we had and were in no trouble.

Sunday morning found us engulfed in snow. More than 3 feet had fallen in less than 24 hours and our tents

were covered. All night we had wakened to slap the walls and knock the snow off to keep the tent from collapsing. Even though we had dug out three times during the night we were still covered and it was my turn to do the digging! I have to admit it took some harrassment and persuasion to pry me out of my bag before breakfast but they got the job done. Once outside it wasn't too bad after all even though it was still snowing. After about 45 minutes and only half done they invited me back in for hot chocolate and breakfast.

We took our time eating, packing and breaking camp. Others too were busy digging out their half-covered or half-collapsed tents and packing up. The snow was letting up and the sun was trying to peek through. We eventually got everything together and hiked out helping others along the icy trail wherever we could.

Thanks to the storm our winter shakedown training was better than ever. It had been sometime since we had weathered a storm, in fact since Thanksgiving of '76 I believe on the 9 boys search and that epic weekend when we rescued 27 people. It was good to experience it again and have several new members along who enjoyed it, survived it well, and learned a great deal about winter camping, survival, and equipment. That's what winter shakedown is all about.

• RMRU

Search and Rescue

RESCUE

Mission No. 7801M

2 Jan., Mon.

Tahquitz Rock
San Jacinto Mountains

By John Dew

The year was less than two days old, the Superbowl had just finished

being played by an hour when the phone rang and the pagers were activated telling us that there was a problem on Tahquitz Rock. The unit, each one where ever he was spending that New Year's Day, assembled gear and rolled to Idyllwild as quickly as possible. Upon arriving at the road head and talking with the Deputy Sheriff, we were informed that two men, Robert Szarowski and David Albriton, were climbing on the Rock, darkness was coming, they were trying to hurry, and one of them had fallen breaking a leg.

Rescue after dark on a vertical rock face is difficult at best, but with the prospect of a broken leg on the side of the rock in the middle of the night, we knew our work was cut out for us.

Immediately the first ones to arrive started hiking with all first aid gear and as much technical climbing gear as they could carry. The others when they arrived were to bring the litter, the hardware for handling the litter on the face of the rock and other gear that might be necessary. The night was calm, it was cold until we had been hiking a few moments, and then it didn't seem nearly so cold. Only did we notice the cold when we walked around the South corner and ran square into the wind, then we could tell just how cold it was.

The first three, after they had been hiking about 30 minutes, and were in the vicinity of Lunch Rock made voice contact with the subjects who were stranded. The subjects could hear the team members well, but the direction the wind was blowing kept their voices from being received by the unit members, therefore, we could not determine the exact nature of the injuries nor their exact location. We continued to climb. Another group of unit members came in some time later and as the forward team would make voice contact with the climbers, though they could not hear the climber returning the call, the lower team could. They relayed, via radio, to the upper team what the climbers had said. At that point we learned it was not a broken leg at all, it was a broken wrist. We felt some better having learned this because a person who still has use of both feet can be tied in and assisted up the rock much easier than having to put a totally immobile person into a litter and raise him.

We knew then our work would not

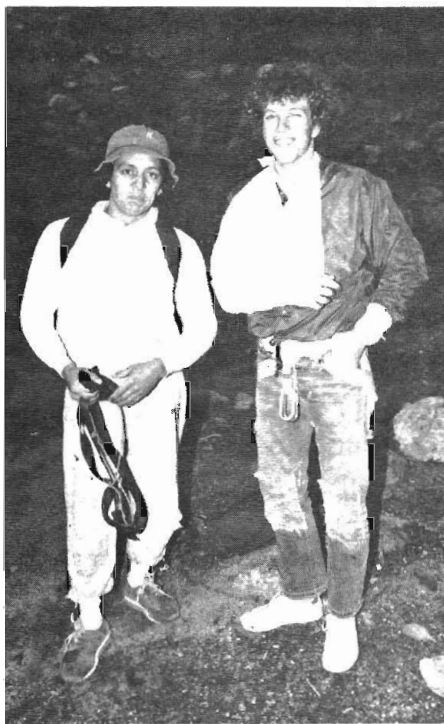
take us long. We were confident, however, with the late start that we got it would be an all night job.

Having reached the top hiking, we determined approximately where the climbers were below us. We sent one man over the side. Walt Walker was that man. He went down to the climbers and did first aid on the injured man. By that time Bernie McIlvoy, who had arrived in the second group immediately went over the side to assist Walt.

After the rigging had been set up for raising these men, the really hard work began, that of lifting the injured subject and Walt, who was climbing with him. Then, again, lifting the other individual who had been stranded. Bernie climbed back to the top by use of his jumars.

We packed all the gear and put a belay on the injured man to assist him to climb back to the road head, and we all started down.

These men were both good climbers. They had climbed routes on the rock numerous times but when darkness started to overtake them, they started trying to hurry. Climbing after dark and trying to hurry caused



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

Happy to be off the rock and back at Humber Park, David Albriton and Robert Szarowski posed for the photographer, before heading for the emergency room.

them to miss the route and they climbed straight up to an overhang rather than going a bit to the right where they would have easily been able to climb out. In trying to negotiate the overhang after dark and in a hurry, one of them slipped, an accident that can happen to anyone.

We all hiked back to the road head together very grateful that this young man was not injured more seriously than he was. Another mission brought to an end, another sleepless night for RMRU, and yet a grateful group of men, that they had been able to help someone else. After going to breakfast in Idyllwild we departed for our homes and back to the work we had planned for the day. • RMRU

RESCUE

Mission No. 7802M

**7 Jan., Sat.
Near Tahquitz Peak,
San Jacinto Mountains**

By Walt Walker

It was late afternoon when RMRU was contacted by the Riverside County Sheriff's Department, Banning Station, that a young man had fallen near Tahquitz Peak.

My son Kevin and I loaded our gear into the Wagoneer and headed for Idyllwild, arriving at the substation at 1700. We were quickly followed by John Dew and Hal Fulkman. While we were interviewing the informant, Peter Cooper, Bernie McIlvoy, Rick Pohlers, John Muratet and Jim Hansen drove up only minutes apart. In about another 15 minutes, Pete Carlson, Steve Jensen and Don Chambers also arrived.

Peter Cooper told us that he and a friend George Foster, both of Idyllwild, had hiked to Tahquitz Peak and were returning towards Saddle Junction. George slipped on the snow covered trail and slid out of sight. Peter called down to his friend. he responded by saying he could hardly see and that he was stuck on a steep ice covered slope. Peter told George to stay put and that he would go for help.

While on the way for help, Peter met Joe and Shirley Keoughan, he told them about the problem. They said they would see what they could

do to help. They in turn met Jim Vavrina and Ann Marie Brennan of the San Diego Mountain Rescue Team. These four could only shout encouragement, as they did not have any ropes, crampons or ice axes.

After interviewing the informant and considering the late hour, we requested the sheriff's department to order a helicopter. They contacted Don Landells and he said he would arrive in Idyllwild in about 30 minutes. While waiting for the helicopter we all went through our packs and got ready for a snow and ice type of mission.

When Don arrived in his Bell Jet Ranger, we installed a RMRU radio, and discussed the problem with him. He wanted to take only one man on the first flight. So I loaded my pack and ice axe into the back seat of the bird and climbed aboard. Don put power to the bird and we lifted up and were on our way towards Tahquitz.

We spotted George sitting on a rock, deep in an ice covered chute about 350 feet below the trail. We discussed the problem and decided Don would get as close to the slope as possible and I would jump with my ice axe in the arrest position. As Don maneuvered the bird in close, I hand signaled George to stay put. With a nod from Don I slipped out onto the step and jumped towards the slope four feet below. Luckily I punched through the snow with my heavy double boots.

Carefully I got myself up out of the holes and chopped steps in the ice with my ice axe. Slowly I worked my way over to George. After getting to him, I asked him about his injuries. He only complained about his arm and shoulder. I quickly examined his arm and shoulder and decided it was not fractured.

Getting George up, I turned around and started chopping steps uphill. When we got to a flat spot a little higher up, I radioed to Don to come pick us up. (He had been circling the area while we moved up the slope.) Don inched his bird in towards the steep slope and began to let it come down towards us. As he was doing this a very loud **cracking** noise occurred and Don instantly lifted the Bird up. The powerful machine's main rotor blades had cut the top off of a frozen Pine tree. Don motioned for me to move to another area across

the slope away from the trees.

Once again I chopped steps into the steep slope and George and I moved across. I then had to chop a small flat area for us to stand on. When this was completed I radioed Don again. He brought the bird straight in towards us. With the bird blowing snow up from the slope and into our faces, I helped George climb up onto the step and into the cabin. Don lifted up and moved away as he had the young man move to the other side.

It was now my turn to be picked up as Don worked his way into position above me. With the runner at chest level, I grabbed ahold and soon realized my arms were very tired from all the chopping. With an extra effort I worked my way up onto the stop as Don moved away from the slope. We were on our way back to base by the time I was completely inside the bird and had my seat belt buckled.

Arriving at base, Camp Maranatha baseball field, the rest of the team members helped George out of the bird. While we took the radio out of the bird and unloaded my gear, George was on his way to the Hemet Valley Hospital. We all adjourned to dinner in Hemet at the new Dennys'. After dinner, Kevin and I went by the hospital to check on George. We spoke to emergency room nurse, Nina Fisk, and she told us that George did not have any fractures. Considering the fall, he was a most lucky young man. • RMRU

SEARCH

Mission No. 7803M

**16 & 17 Jan., Mon. & Tue.
San Jacinto Mountains**

By Walt Walker

It was late Monday afternoon when the pagers went off; it had been raining most of the weekend. "Who could be out in all that weather?" We had just spent the weekend on training and knew that it had been wet, windy and very cold. When I called our coordinator, the question was quickly answered; four young men from San Diego county.

When my son Kevin and I arrived at the Idyllwild substation, about

1720, it was raining very hard. John Dew had arrived shortly before us and had gathered what information was available at that time. It wasn't much, four young men had left Escondido late Friday evening, stating they planned to climb the peak, and be home Sunday evening.

Tom and Susan Cherry of the Riverside County Amateur Radio Association (the group that provides RMRU with communications back to Riverside) walked in to the sub-station with Jim Fairchild almost right behind them (he had brought the rescue van.)

The next to arrive were Steve Jensen and Don Chambers, then Steve Zappe and Tom Aldrich, followed by Bernie McIlvoy, John Muratet and Darrel Hand. With the rain still coming down in sheets, Jim Garvey walked in solo, and 30 minutes later the part of our southwest group arrived, Carl Miller and Randy Beaty.

The information we had was not enough to know where to start searching. So as unit members began packing for a night out in bad weather, I began to try and obtain the necessary information. First, I called the mother of one of the missing boys girlfriend, she was able to provide good information on clothing and equipment. However, she only knew they had planned to go to the summit shelter. (We had to use snowshoes during training and since they had none, we knew they could not have reached the summit.)

The next call was to Mt. San Jacinto State Park Ranger Larry Ferry to find out if the missing group had obtained a wilderness permit. He said that he had not been in the office and gave me the number of his clerk. Calling Sandy McCormick I found out that there had been no State Park permits issued from Idyllwild for the high country.

To cover all the bases, I phoned Danny Britt, chief ranger at Idyllwild, of the U. S. Forest Service. He said he would check with his employees and have one of them call me. Shortly Kathi Buchwitz called and said she would go to the office and pick up all the permits that were issued for the weekend. While talking to Kathi I found out that two hikers who had come out on Sunday had reported seeing three or four hikers near Caramba Camp, who seemed confused as

to directions and that one of them did not look well.

When Kathi arrived we were able to quickly narrow the field to two permits, both having been issued for the Laws Camp area. Discussing it further we eliminated one permit and began trying to contact the two listed on the final one. There were no telephone numbers listed by the telephone company for the two men listed on the permit.

We then asked the sheriff's department to contact the Pasadena Police Department and ask them to send a patrol car to the address. Everyone did what they were asked, for shortly thereafter I received a telephone call from Jim Posaconey. He described what had happened on Sunday morning.

Just out of Laws Camp, he and his partner A. J. Hill, ran into three and possibly four hikers heading towards Laws Camp. His description of clothing and equipment was the same that we had received earlier. He also said that one of the young men did not look well and was not dressed warmly enough for the weather conditions. One other piece of information really concerned me. He said that he had talked to one of the young men about where they were going and that he seemed to be confused about the correct way to Saddle Junction. The young man insisted that his compass was right and Jim tried to show him the correct way on a topo map. He said that when he last saw the group they were headed toward Caramba Camp. (Once again, it seemed like Tahquitz Canyon was beckoning.)

Before finalizing a plan, I called the Ontario FAA for a weather briefing for Tuesday. It wasn't good, they were predicting more of what we were having, with clearing expected about noon. Since it appeared as if the missing four were in serious trouble (and we had some idea where to start searching) we decided to send a four man team right away, with a relay team right behind them.

After a short discussion, it was decided that the first group would consist of Fairchild, McIlvoy, Muratet and Jensen. The relay group would be Aldrich and Zappe. While they completed packing I briefed the entire group on the plan. The four man team would hike to Saddle Junction and head towards Caramba via Laws

Camp going as far as possible. The two man team would hike to the Saddle, set up a tent, and relay radio communications between base and the four man team. The rest of the members would be a stand-by team. When the four man group was ready, Kevin drove them to Humber Park, in the four wheel drive Wagoneer. After dropping them off, he returned, picked up the relay group and drove them to Humber.

At 2228 hours (10:28 P.M.) the four man team reported they were at Jolly Spring, there was six inches of snow and that there was no wind. Shortly after midnight we received a radio message from the Saddle. Fairchild was not feeling well, so he and Aldrich would be trading teams. It also stated that Zappe and Fairchild were setting up a tent and that the new four man team was on their way to Tahquitz Valley. The next radio message was, "wet snow, wind and poor visibility." At 0145 hours the four man group decided to camp for the night due to extremely poor visibility. The deputy made arrangements for everyone at base to sleep at Camp Maranatha. At two o'clock we climbed into bed, only to get up again at five.

During the night Don Landells had been put on stand-by. At first light he took off from Desert Hot Springs and headed towards the mountain. Relay reported light snow, wind at 25 m.p.h. Just after seven we heard the sound of a chopper. Much to our surprise, Don's bird came into view and then landed on the baseball field. We quickly installed an RMRU radio in the bird and Garvey and I climbed aboard as observers.

As we climbed up towards the Saddle, the hole in the clouds that Don came through, closed. We circled around and Don found another opening and we flew over the Saddle and searched the Tahquitz drainage. Near Laws Camp we spotted tracks and tried to follow them as they went downhill towards Caramba. Losing them in the dense trees, we flew towards Caramba and located more tracks right at Caramba Camp. Don circled and circled, nothing moving below. I radioed out that base should be moved to Palm Springs. So we started searching Tahquitz Canyon. Back and forth, across the canyon, each time a little lower. As we reach-

ed the bottom, Jim Garvey began to feel the effects of riding in the back-seat and all the circling, so we set down at Ann Dolley's house. Don radioed to his wife to have the fuel truck sent over. With Jim feeling better, it was up again very slowly, but with no luck.



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

This photo, shot from the rear seat of Don Landells Jet Ranger helicopter, gives some idea of the snow that was covering the high country. RMRU members were being picked up at Tahquitz meadow and being moved to Caramba for further searching.

Don landed at the Caramba helispot and Jim and I got out. The four man team had been advised to be ready to be picked up and moved to Caramba. After they had all been airlifted to the helispot, Garvey joined up with them, and they started towards Caramba Camp to check out the tracks. I climbed back in and Don and I searched the canyon as we descended back towards Mrs. Dolley's. When we arrived back, the rescue van was there along with all our members who comprised the stand-by team. Members of the San Diego Mountain Rescue Team, who had been called during the night for assistance, began arriving.

As the group was coming around to Palm Springs, word was received that two of the missing young men had walked out and had been picked up by Capt. Ray Canova. He brought them to the new base where I questioned them about the other two. The last they had seen the other two, was Sunday evening, just at dark in the upper part of Tahquitz Canyon.

Don's brother Bill had just finished refueling the Jet Ranger as I told Don of the new information. Don fired up the bird as I climbed in. As soon as the check list was completed we lifted off and headed back up the canyon. The sun was shining into the bottom of the canyon as we cleared the third falls.

Looking ahead, I could see two people sitting on a large rock. I told Don and we headed right towards them. Don circled over them, they were wet and the clothing descriptions were close. Don and I decided that I would get out and check them out. However, we now had an interesting situation. The right rear door was off for easy entry and exiting, but the front doors and the left rear door were on, and I was in the left front.

Don maneuvered the bird into position and set the right runner on a large boulder. As he held the bird in position, I slowly opened the front door, got out onto the cargo step, unlatched the rear door, closed the front door, moved towards the back, opened the rear door and slid inside. Whew, the hard part was over, I slid across, Don nodded and I stepped out onto the boulder. Don lifted up and flew away. I climbed over to them and indeed it was the two remaining missing young men. I helped them over to the boulder and I radioed Don for the pickup. He brought the bird back to the boulder, put the runner down and gave the nod. I yelled to the first man and helped him in, he slid over, another nod and I helped the second man in. I gave Don the thumbs up and he took off back towards base. When the bird went around the corner and I couldn't hear it any longer, there was a pleasant silence, save the rushing water just below.



RMRU PHOTO BY JIM FAIRCHILD

Four tired young men were questioned by Operations Leader Walt Walker (not shown) about their ordeal, while they were waiting to be picked up by relatives.

In that wilderness quiet I briefly thought to myself, these four young men are truly, "Lucky to be alive." The quietness was broken as Don returned for another one runner, I loaded my pack, one of the subjects, grabbed the second pack, climbed in with it in hand and we headed for base.

• RMRU

Editor's Note: Later that morning, after the four had been treated at Desert Hospital and transported to the Banning Station of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department, they were questioned by RMRU Operations Leader Walt Walker. The following are highlights of the information gathered from them:

- No topographic map of the area
- Improper clothing for conditions
- Lack of experience and/or training for winter conditions
- Poor judgement when problems began and continued (related to above)

from Old'en Days

by Walt Walker

JANUARY

Ten years ago—

The usual notices for CR-MRA meetings, Board of Directors meeting, January training, and the Regular meeting were at the top of the page. Next, was a very short report of previous months training to Rabbit Peak.

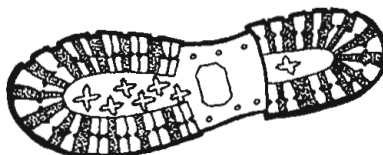
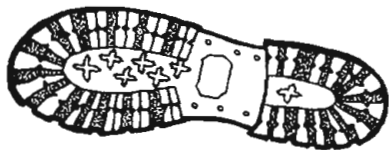
There were two Search and Rescue write-ups. The first one was three children missing from Camp Lawler. Just as we began arriving the children were found and in good condition. The second one is one I will long remember. A 12 year old boy was stranded above a dry water fall in a tributary to Coldwater Canyon behind Glen Ivy Hot Springs. It was a night of exhausting struggle through impenetrable brush on messy 45-90° slopes. An extremely interesting rappel of 80 feet on a 75 foot rope. Rescuing the boy and his dog and before the night was over we had two sprained fingers and three cases of poison oak.

The volunteer hours of RMRU for 1967 were listed, 6428! The next sentence was, "At only \$2.75 per hour that amounts to \$17,677.00."

Five years ago—

The front page had a large photo of a helicopter from Western Helicopters, Inc. Above it were the words, "Thank you!" The photos on page two, plus the front page were taken by then young Kevin Walker, and were all of the Helitac training that was held at Western.

The Search and Rescue column started with a write-up of a girl who had fractured her leg in Tahquitz Canyon on a Wednesday evening about 2200 hours. We were called Thursday morning and started arriving at the Palm Springs roadhead at 1130. We had requested a helicopter and at noon Jerry Leeper of Western Helicopters arrived. I climbed aboard and Jerry flew me into a one runner touch down helispot. As I was setting up a rappel, Dr. Joe Bell, Jim Fairchild, Bernie McIlvay and Pete Carlson were flown in. Joe,



Jim and I rappelled down. We examined the girl and found a fracture of the femur (upper leg bone) and Joe gave her an injection for the pain. Pete then rappelled down with the rescue sleeping bag and our new Hare traction splint. The splint was applied, she was placed into the rescue bag and then secured into the litter. In the mean time Steve Bryant, Dennis Simpson, Bob Claybrook, Rick Pohlers, Dave Nehen, Dan MacIntosh and Dr. Ray Castilonia were flown in and had been setting up a mechanical advantage for the raise. The raising lines were secured to the litter and Pete tied in as the litter tender. I jumared along side on a separate rope to give help whenever needed. When we were safely at the top we radioed out for the bird to return. Jerry held the bird on the interesting one runner helispot and we loaded the injured girl on the bird and secured the litter. She was flown to base and taken to the hospital. We were all then flown back to base and headed for dinner.

The next mission started for us, at dinner time, when the call came that a man had slipped off the Devil's Slide trail and was stranded. Jim Fairchild, Dennis Simpson, Bob Claybrook and I strapped on our crampons, swung on our packs and headed up the trail. Just as we made voice contact we smelled woodsmoke. When we came around a bend in the trail, we spotted the campfire. Upon arriving there we found the man we had come to rescue, sitting by the fire. The real heroes, three young men, had been hiking down the trail when they heard the stranded man call out. They used their climbing rope to go down to him and bring him back up to the trail. All we had to do was put a pair of crampons on the man, give him an ice axe, tie a climbing rope to him and two of us and head down. On the way down Jim slipped and cut his hand open and began to bleed profusely. I quickly bandaged his hand and we headed down again. When we got to the Sky Yacht, Dr. Norm Mellor decided some sutures were in order. As Jim was sewn up, Norm's wife Maggie served the rest of us some great hot chocolate.

Arriving home, from the all night mission on the Devil's Slide, I hit the sack at five. Around noon I awoke and lay in bed thinking about the rest of the day, having promised my son that we would fly his model airplane. However, that was quickly shattered when the phone rang. We had been called to evacuate a young man from Little Tahquitz Valley. We requested helicopter and in less than an hour Jerry Leeper arrived from Western Helicopters. I climbed aboard with my first aid belt, air splint and a radio. As we headed for the Saddle we were bounced around some from the strong winds. Nearing the Saddle we received an unexpected lift and soared over the Saddle and sat down in Little Tahquitz Valley. I

climbed out and went over and examined the young man. I decided we did not need the splint, only to fly him out. We loaded the young man into the bird, I climbed aboard and we were off. As we went over the Saddle, on the west side, we literally dropped in a huge downdraft, towards Idyllwild. Landing back at the ballpark, we unloaded the injured young man and helped him into his friends' station wagon and they left for the hospital.

While the unit members were eating dinner after the last mission we received a call that two hikers were 12 hours overdue from attempting to hike from Sugarloaf to Palm Desert via Deep Canyon. Age unknown, experience level unknown, little, if any, equipment carried. Expected temperature for the night was 17° with winds reaching 20 to 25 knots. New Year's Eve plans all went down the drain with that information. Jack Schnurr was writing about this mission, and, he along with other RMRU members began their New Year's by hiking and rappelling their way down Deep Canyon. They tracked until early morning when they were stopped by a 150 foot waterfall and tracks that led everywhere always ending in trackless rocks. They bivouaced for the night. They were up early and on their way. By seven they were down the big waterfall and looking down a mere 80 footer. At around 8 a.m. Roy Cox of Western Helicopters arrived and base announced this to the field crews and they received a shouted response from the two missing men. In 30 minutes of climbing up the canyon wall, the rescuers were with the about to be rescued. With the dangerously building winds, Roy Cox safely flew everyone to base and the two day ordeal for Charles Forteza and Tom Leahy was over.

In the 'Sustaining Members' column, by Al Andrews, he commented that 1972 had seen 99 new members and 65% of last years members renew their memberships. He welcomed Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Mossman and Mr. & Mrs. Dale Rosenkrans as new members. He thanked the following for renewing their memberships: Mr. & Mrs. David Morris, Mr. & Mrs. Fred Camphausen, Mr. Theodore Young, Mr. W. Paul Matthews, Mr. & Mrs. Wynlow Swick, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Earl Cannon, Mr. Howard Loy and Mr. G. W. Gardner.

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