

20 years of helping others-

Well, the long awaited day arrived. The celebration of RMRU's 20th anniversary. RMRU members arrived bright and early at Raincross Square. The two rescue vans were moved into Ben Lewis Hall, and then all the equipment was removed from the vans, and placed on tables. Associate member Hank Schmel even climbed around in the rafters to suspend a rope so that a litter could be displayed in a horizontal mode. Once the team equipment was all out, members started bringing their own personal equipment in. One entire wall with tables was used for personal gear dating from 1961 to 1981. A tent city was also set up. By the late afternoon, all was ready.

The first part of evening was spent socializing with old and new friends. Besides members, guests and our faithful sustaining members, we were honored with the presence of some of the people RMRU has rescued over the years. One of the most recent being Eric Nelson who fell down the ice chutes below Tahquitz Peak last February, now doing quite well.

After a super dinner, founding member Walt Walker briefly talked about the past 20 years. He was interrupted by a 20th anniversary pager test though, courtesy of the planning of Joe Erickson and Craig Beasley. Next Mike Daugherty talked about that special group that RMRU calls family, the Sustaining Members. Rick Pohlers and Kevin Walker jumped in with some real wacky awards which included the Golden Moose Berry



RMRU PHOTO BY BILL SPECK

CAPTAIN WHO? — RMRU member Al Andrews (center) explains what it takes to receive the Geritol/Captain Marvel award. Of course only one man on the team met all the requirements. A slightly embarrassed Walt Walker adjusts his lightning bolts, as award designers Kevin Walker and Rich Pohlers look (laugh) on.

ribbons, and a special award to "Mr. Bad" Walt Walker. On a serious note Honorary memberships were presented to Dave Chandler for donating his time and supplies to keep the rescue vans' engines in top condition. Roy Walker for his help in the very beginning and all his contributions of printing. And one to Don Landells for all that he has done for RMRU with his helicopters. And lastly to our Sheriff, Ben Clark, a special thanks for supporting RMRU over the years. John Dew followed next with a talk about our Sheriffs Department. Al Andrews followed with a special thanks to those lovely ladies who back up the members,

the RMRU Sweethearts. Walt then made a special presentation to a man who needed no introduction. Our friend and pilot extraordinary, Don Landells. Sheriff Ben Clark followed with certificates of years of service to RMRU for each member from just joining to the 20 year veterans.

The evening drew to a close with a slide presentation of RMRU's new and old exploits. Instead of a long thank you, we just want you to know that we of RMRU look forward to the next.....

**20 years of
helping others-**



RMRU PHOTO BY BILL SPECK

RMRU'S FAMILY — If a photograph is worth a thousand words, the faces seen here explain how RMRU's 20th anniversary went.



E.L.T. Familiarization

**11 Oct., Sun.
Pinyon Flats,
Santa Rosa Mountains**

By Bob Attride

What is an E.L.T.? This month's training answered that question for those of us who have never seen one. In long hand

ELT means Emergency Locator Transmitter.

We met at the Lake Hemet Store at 7:30 a.m., as the plan was to practice using our ELT locating equipment in the Garner Valley. For those of you who may not have heard of one, an Emergency Locator Transmitter is a small pre-programmed to the emergency frequency 121.5 and mounted in the fuselage of aircraft. If a plane lands too hard or crashes, the transmitter is activated. Then if a plane is reported overdue or is seen going down by someone, search crews are activated to locate the craft as quickly as possible. This is why we must become as proficient as possible. The practice area was changed to Pinyon Flats though. At the store it was raining moderately, accompanied by strong winds, so to keep the ELT locators out of the rain, we moved on to Pinyon Flats.

We made base camp at the Pinyon Flats campground. Dick Sale, fellow MRA member from the Sierra Madre Search and Rescue Team had trekked down to our neck of the woods with four of their locators to help us become more proficient in searching for downed aircraft.

After Dick finished instructing us in the use of ELT locators, fellow member Ed Hill was sent out from base a short distance with a practice ELT on a test frequency. We then fanned out and started listening. Because of Ed being out only a short distance, everyone pick up strong signals and homed in on the ELT. Well, we at least knew we would not have any trouble finding one close in. Everyone broke for a long lunch inside the warm vans and cars (soft bunch eh?).

After lunch, Ed was told to go out several miles and set the ELT off, hopefully this would make the searching a little more difficult. Once Ed was in place, teams were given search assignments. What we would now do is go out on our various assignments, and when we picked up a signal, we would radio the compass direction into base. The bearings would then be put into Dick's Apple Computer and on a Topo map. Once the bearings are turned in, an area can be marked off where the highest probability of finding the ELT is.

The troops went out in their directions. One problem, no one was getting a signal. We all stood by while the team of Kevin Walker, Joe Erickson and Mard Rhoads scaled the summit of Sugar Loaf, a high point that over looks the Pinyon Flats.



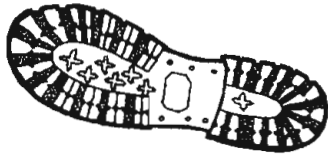
RMRU PHOTO BY KEVIN WALKER

D.F. EQUIPMENT — RMRU member Jim Garvey prepares to take a bearing on the E.L.T. signal with one of the team's locators.

Again, no signal from their team. Base was finally able to contact Ed. It seems that Ed dropped down into a very narrow canyon and placed the ELT against a cliff wall. Ed was instructed to move away from the wall and also get the ELT a little higher. After doing so Kevin's team jumped on their radio and reported a signal bearing, soon after that the rest of us started getting the signal, faint, but still a signal.

Upon locating Ed's position, we all returned to base camp for a critique of the operation. All in all, training went quite well and it was decided to practice regularly with the locators so that we could become more proficient with the locators. • RMRU

Editor's Note: On behalf of the team I would like to thank Dick Sale for coming out to training and helping us with the locators. And to Sierra Madre for letting us use their locators so that we could get more teams into the field for training.



RMRU PHOTO BY KEVIN WALKER

COMPUTERIZED SEARCH — Sierra Madre Search & Rescue Team member Dick Sale (sitting at his mobile Apple Computer) checks compass bearings with Walt Walker before committing information to the computer. The computer helped expedite locating Ed Hill and the ELT (Emergency Locator Transmitter).

Search and Rescue

ABORT

Mission No. 8130A

**8 Oct., Thurs.
Tahquitz Rock,
San Jacinto Mountains**

At 1330 hrs. on Thursday we received a call from the Hemet office of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department that calls for help had been heard up on Tahquitz Rock. The pager system was activated, and soon after RMRU members were rolling towards Idyllwild. Just as members were nearing Humber Park (base camp). The climbers, who had apparently been stranded received help from another climber who probably heard the cries of distress. The unidentified man lowered a rope to three men below and then belayed each one up to the top. With that the mission was called off. • RMRU

CALL

Mission No. 8131C

**11 Oct., Sun.
Mt. San Jacinto,
San Jacinto Mountains**

As RMRU members were returning home from training, we were contacted by Sgt. Dave Weakly of the Riverside County Sheriff's Department that a 16 year old boy had become separated from his group as they were hiking up to Mt. San Jacinto from the tramway. There was only a couple of hours of light left in the day, and weather conditions on the mountain were deteriorating, so speed would be of the essence. Just as the pagers were about to be activated, we received another call from Sgt. Weakly that the boy had walked out to Humber Park in Idyllwild. • RMRU

SEARCH

Mission No. 8132M

**13-14 Oct., Tues.-Wed.
Tahquitz Drainage,
San Jacinto Mountains**

By Craig Britton

Through with work, through with school, do the evening workout, and get ready for bed.

Then the phone rings, it's the right time, late; it's that familiar voice on the other end, Larry Roland, my call captain; informing me that we have another night hike beneath the stars to look forward to.

All he knows is that it is for three boys who are missing from their camp out of Skunk Cabbage Meadow.

Fill up the water bottles and start rolling, ten miles down the road and the pager goes off just as I am passing two tractor trailers and cannot hear a thing. Hmm, wonder if it's the call out or a cancellation. Better stop and call. It's a real drag driving to Idyllwild and discovering you should be back in bed doing something better. It's not a cancellation. Onward and upward.

The turn out was slim, so Bernie McIlvoy and I would be a team, our assignment was to hike to the saddle and then on to search the valley system down to Caramba. Apparently, I would soon find out what going to Caramba was all about. Team 2 consisted of Kevin Walker and Craig Beasley. Their assignment was to hike in to the group's camp some where near Skunk Cabbage, and gather more information, and then search outward. As we were hiking in, more information was passed up by radio. Our three missing youths did not have jackets, and they were wearing Nike running shoes. Also the three boys 14, 15, and 16 years old were from an Optimists Boys home for youths who are wards of the court.

Sounds like a real fun bunch. Just before reaching the saddle, we met one of the counselors who was hiking out. After asking some questions, we found that one boys had a jacket, other wise, no good news.

We continued on to the saddle, and then to Tahquitz Valley. From there we searched down the drainage. At 3:00 a.m. Kevin and Craig had located the group's camp. There they reported that the group had not heard or seen anything, and that they were going to get a little sleep before continuing on. Bernie and I decided to go on a little further before stopping for a little shut-eye.

We had been calling out while searching but had got no response to our yells. As we reached Laws Camp, we stopped and gave a shout. A response?? We thought so. A second shout, and again an answer. We hiked towards the calls and whistles. Sure enough, at 4:30 we located Carlos Millan, Fred Miranda, and Daniel Kelly. Funny thing about it was they all had jackets, and none were wearing Nike running shoes (good info?). We then started a fire to warm them, and also placed them in sleeping bags. With the fire going, I went for water and Bernie just turned his back to them for a minute, but with his back turned they scooted closer to the fire. When I returned I found my bag burnt in one section and Bernie's ensolite burnt at one end. Nice kids, huh? No apologies, just a lot of cursing and stories of people they had beaten up or stolen from.

Once daylight finally arrived, we packed up, and marched the tough kids (huffing and puffing) back to saddle junction. Soon after, Kevin, Craig and one of the counselors walked up to take control of the lovely kiddies. Then down to Idyllwild and a big breakfast. • RMRU

SEARCH

Mission No. 8133M

**17-18 Oct., Sat.-Sun.
Ortega Mountains**

By Ed Hill

Saturday, four men went quail hunting. They planned to hike down the Morgan Trail into Morrell Canyon, hunt the canyon bottom and return to the Main Divide Truck Trail that runs along the crest of the Elsinore Mountains. That afternoon one of the hunters became separated from his companions. He travelled west into Decker Canyon instead of travelling east into Morrell Canyon. The two canyons are separated by a low very brushy divide at this point.

When his companions could not locate him, they reported to the sheriff that he had fallen down a hillside and had broken his leg. Because of the heavy brush, they were unable to get to him. The sheriff called the team, and we rolled in the early evening. I was late so I missed going in with our first team, the hunters, and the Cleveland National Forest rangers. They carried our wheeled litter and the large first aid pack. Soon it became apparent that the informants really did not know exactly where the missing hunter was. The wheeled litter was left where the Morgan Trail crossed the creek in Morrell Canyon. The first team proceeded to search the brushy hillside just west of Morrell Canyon.

Craig Britton drove up, and he and I were asked to go get the wheeled litter. We asked if we could do a little searching in the upper part of Morrell Canyon and were told to go ahead. We hiked in, located the litter and the Cleveland National Forest people. We talked them into

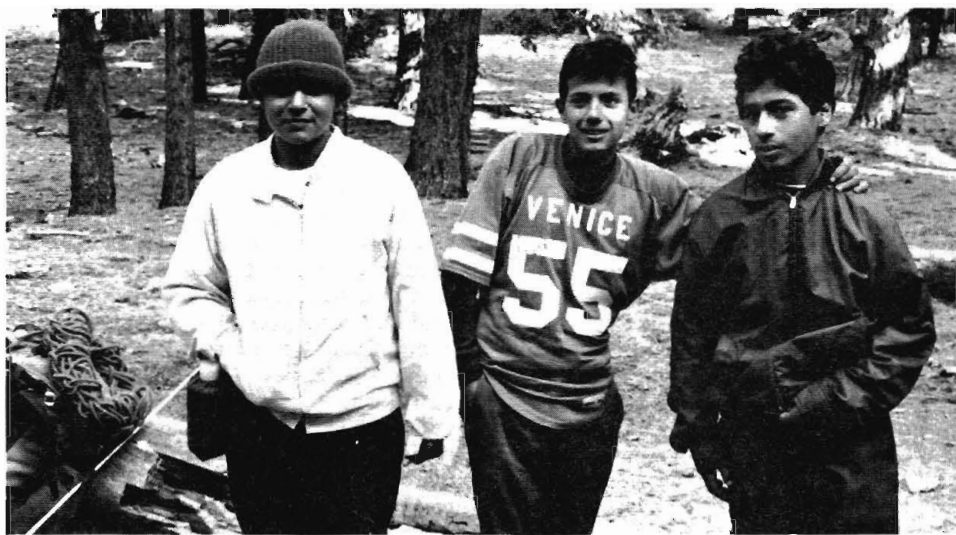
carrying the litter out while we looked around some. Craig and I hiked all the way up the Morgan Trail observing that it had not had a lot of traffic on it. Not nearly as much as had expected to find. At the Main Divide Truck Trail the Morgan Trail split up into several trails so we decided to see if we could find the one that the hunters had used.

At two in the morning, we heard that team one was bedding down for the night, so we decided to do the same. Just as I was crawling into my bivouac bag, Rick Pohlers, the operations leader decided to crank up the siren on the van. As the wail died away, we heard gunshots in the eastern part of Decker Canyon. We radioed the news in and were told to pack up and try to reach the source of the gun fire. On the first try, we stayed on the ridges and were thrown back completely. On the second try, we ended up in a creek bed that went sort of in the right direction and so were able to bash our way down the canyon. At times we were crawling on our hands and knees. At one point, both of us fell over a small waterfall completely hidden in the brush.

About four in the morning, we located our missing hunter. He was huddled in an area of live oak on the side of the hill. He had severe leg cramps and was cold, hungry, tired and thirsty. He was toting a forty four magnum pistol, a large knife and a shotgun. He had no food, no water and no jacket. Fortunately, the night had been mild. We fed him, watered him, and all of us bedded down until dawn, two and a half hours later. The only problem besides the cold, was the horde of very hungry mosquitos.

At first light, Craig and I were up trying to figure out where we were. We could just make out the corner of the Main Divide Truck Trail. We were not sure that the hunter could crawl out the way we had come in. So we asked if we could be lifted out by helicopter. The sheriff reported that he was working on it. Finally we were told that a San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department helicopter would do the job if we built a helispot. Even the hunter helped clear a small knoll.

The helicopter showed up and first flew down to our vans in order to be briefed as to where we were. He then flew back toward us and was talked into our area. We hit him with a signal mirror and the rest was simple. He flew the hunter out first and returned for Craig and myself. It was a very tired and grateful hunter that was returned to his companions and his wife. I would like to thank the San Bernardino County Sheriffs for picking us up out of the brush that morning and sparing us the long bash back to the Truck Trail. • RMRU



RMRU PHOTO BY KEVIN WALKER

TOUGH BUT RELIEVED — Carlos Millan, Fred Miranda and Daniel Kelly posed in a rather tough manner, but were very glad to have been found by RMRU members Bernie McIlvoy and Craig Britton. The three youths are from a boys home in the Los Angeles area.



RMRU PHOTO BY KEVIN WALKER

BIVOUAC SITE — RMRU member Bob Attride prepares to load his pack after his search team had to spend the night in the middle of a brushy slope. Member Joe Erickson looks on in anticipation of a hot breakfast in Elsinore.

RESCUE

Mission No. 8134M

**20 Oct., Tues.
Foothills above Elsinore**

By Kevin Walker

The phone rang at work just as I was finishing lunch (1300 hrs.). The voice at the other end was the dispatcher at the Elsinore Sheriff's office. She informed me that a hang glider had crashed in the foothills above Elsinore, and the pilot was seriously injured. Further more, information was passed out that the pilot was in the bottom of a narrow canyon and would have to be airlifted out on a sling by a helicopter. She said that Don Landells was on his way from Desert Hot Springs and would pick up my dad, Walt Walker, and myself at Arrow Printing (our place of business) in approximately 20 minutes. While Walt went and got the rescue van to pull out the necessary gear, I activated the rest of the team. The 20 minutes went by quickly enough, and within a couple of minutes of the estimated time, Don arrived in 40MC (his black and white Bell Jet Ranger). Soon after we were loaded up and enroute to Elsinore.

As we approached the city, the sheriff radioed requesting that we land at the office and pick up a sergeant. So we did, and then lifted off for Elsinore Mountain. The sergeant guided us to the crash site. Apparently the information had become

somewhat twisted by the time it made it to the outside world. Because as we approached the "E" on the side of the mountain, we could see that the crash site was not in the bottom of a canyon, but was actually 100 feet below the summit of Elsinore Mountain. Also, the crash site was fairly close to a fire truck trail, and the CDF had been summoned to the accident. They had arrived first and had placed the injured man in a litter and was carrying him to the top when we arrived.

Don landed on the top of the ridge. We pulled the doors off and loaded the subject into the back, and then flew him down to the Elsinore hospital. Also the man's injuries were not as serious as they were thought to be. From the hospital, we flew back up to the ridge and picked up our gear and re-hinged the back doors, and then back to San Jacinto and the printing business. By the way, it sure is nice not to have to drive to a mission. All kidding aside, if the unfortunate pilot would have been as seriously injured as reported, that time might have helped to save a life. • RMRU



CALL

Mission No. 8135C

**29 Oct., Thurs.
Hetch Hetchy Reservoir,
near Yosemite National Park**

In the early evening we received a call from the Sierra Madre Search and Rescue Team that a hiker was lost in the vicinity of the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, near Yosemite National Park. We were told that an Air National Guard C-130 would be transporting men to the search area.

After 4 RMRU members were contacted and had agreed to go, we recontacted Sierra Madre, with the man power report. The problem was that the C-130 would be leaving from Van Nuys airport in 30 minutes. Since driving into Van Nuys in 30 minutes was impossible, the 4 RMRU members were put on stand by in the event another flight was sent.

• RMRU

SEARCH

Mission No. 8136M

**30-31 Oct., Fri.-Sat.
Rancho California,
Riverside County**

By Kevin Walker

A child is lost. Even at 11:00 p.m. it stirs something inside. I guess it is knowing that it is cold, and dark out, and that it is for a two year old.

The team was activated, and rolled to the Elsinore Sheriff's office. After a short wait there, a deputy led us to Rancho California, and then out into the maze of dirt roads and citrus groves that make up the rural area of Rancho California. Upon arriving at the mobile home where young Frank (Frankie) Shaffer lived, Walt Walker and Larry Roland spoke with the parents. They learned that Frankie was last seen sitting on the steps eating a burrito, and when his mom stepped back out to see how he was doing, he and his dogs (Lady, Happy and Freckles) were gone. The border patrol was called in, but found nothing in the orange grove that is next to the mobile home. Frankie was only wearing blue jeans, t-shirt and tennis shoes, and it was now quite cool out.

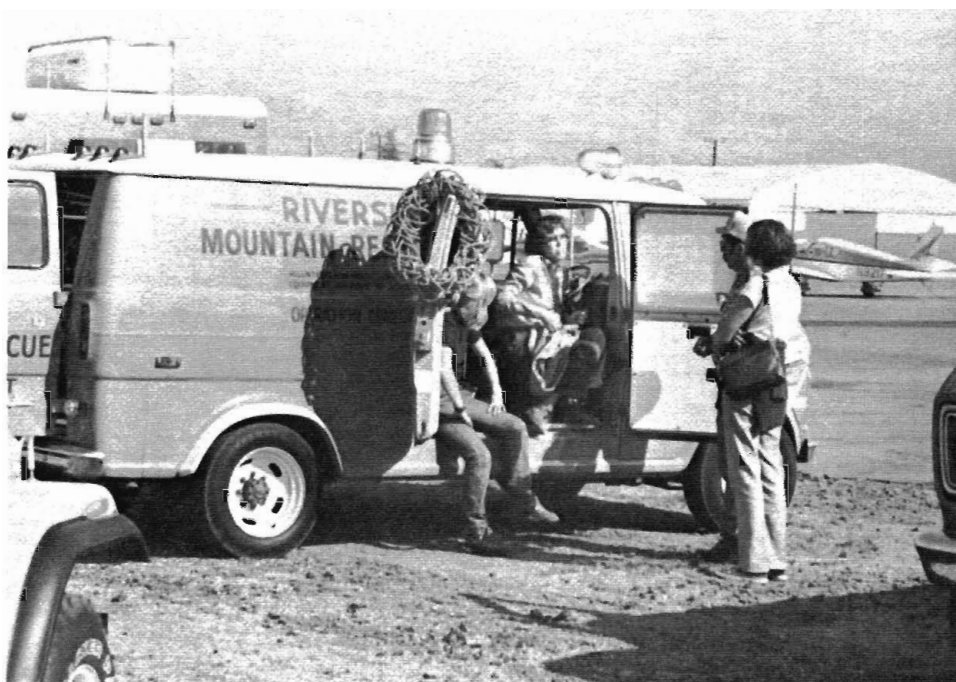
After giving the info to the members, everyone broke up into teams of two and headed off to the North of the home to search while the sheriff's explorers searched the nearby orange grove one more time. My teammate Jim Garvey and I walked out about two miles to where a stream runs the majority of the year. It was the type that erodes the banks severely during heavy rains, just right

for a little one to fall off of. As we slowly searched along the bank we could hear the eiry sound of a coyote pack howling somewhere out in the darkness. One could not help but think about the recent incident in the San Fernando Valley, when a coyote attacked and killed a young child.

Normally teams stop in the early morning hours for a couple hours of sleep. But not in this case. Everyone continued on through to first light. At about 6:00 a.m. the teams returned to report what they had found. Larry Roland and Craig Beasley reported that they saw one print next to a dirt road approximately one mile north of Frankie's home. After eating a quick sandwich that the sheriff brought for the troops, we headed back over to where the print was found. There, we split up and wandered around through the waist high grass and weeds. But nothing was found. It was now about 9:00. Teams were assigned to work the general area where the print was found. Joe Erickson and I jumped in and rode with Craig Beasley in his Baja Bug. We were assigned to go out into the hills and cover as much ground as possible. Having the Bug really helped in this case as we would drive from one area to another and then search on foot and then move on. By 10:00 we were not alone. Friends neighbors and concerned residents had joined in on the search. Sierra Madre, China Lake and San Diego had been activated and were rolling. At 11:15 we were called back to base.

The Hemet team had just arrived, and was going to join us in a line search (tree to tree) of the orange grove, as no clues had been found to the North. Just as we were preparing to start, a local real estate agent drove up with young Frankie. He was in good shape considering he had been out all night. The man spotted Frankie sitting on a little knole overlooking a dirt road. After asking Frankie what happened, it was learned that after wandering off with his dogs, and walking around for some time, he just cuddled up with the dogs and slept through the night.

Including RMRU, Hemet, and Citizen volunteers, 62 people participated in the search for 2 year old Frank Shaffer. It was a really good feeling to see all those people working for a common cause. And it was even a better feeling to see Frankie re-united with his parents. That's just what it is all about. • RMRU



RMRU PHOTO BY KEVIN WALKER

AIRPORT DISPLAY — RMRU member Mary Bowman describes RMRU's function to interested citizens. On October 11, RMRU along with other local emergency oriented agencies, participated in a display at the Hemet Valley Airport. RMRU often does such things so that the general public may understand just what RMRU's job is

Sustaining Membership in Historical Perspective

By Mike Daugherty

(Reprinted from the 20th anniversary program)

Save perhaps for the dedication of the individual members, nothing has contributed so much to the success of RMRU as the Sustaining Membership (SM) program. From its outset, twenty years ago, RMRU has been fortunate enough to attract a core of dedicated rescue members and that core has always been present to continue the tradition. Yet, somehow, in spite of that continuity, today's RMRU stands in stark contrast to the RMRU of 1966. In those days, we commuted to and from rescues in a delapidated bakery truck and we tried to communicate with one another by CB radio, almost always without any success. Most of the gear we used belonged to the individual members and our response to rescue calls was severely limited by our ability to reach fellow members by telephone. We worked hard and we were well-intentioned, but the RMRU of those early, halcyon days was basically an organization of individual mountaineers who got together occasionally to perform a search or, more



rarely, a rescue. Between then and now much has been constant, but more has changed. Without giving ourselves over completely to an orgy of self-congratulations, we can say that the RMRU of 1981 is an essentially professional organization. That is, it provides a service the constancy and quality of which is comparable to that which one might expect from an organization of full-time, paid members. The fundamental catalyst in this remarkable metamorphosis has been the advent of the Sustaining Membership.

In memory, the exact origins of the SM now seems a bit obscure. By early 1968 it had become apparent that RMRU needed to develop a secure financial base from which to operate if it was to endure. What little money the team had — and it was very little — came from the occasional and exceptional event; a rumage sale, public demonstration or unexpected gift from a grateful parent. This set a pattern of fiscal fits and starts. When a lump of money came

in we would agonize over how best to digest it. A new rope had to fight it out with a rescue sleeping bag and a new vehicle was unthinkable. It was clear that RMRU needed something more like a steady income. We were sure that there were people in the community who would gladly provide it — if only they could see it from our perspective. Being pure of heart, we were visited at just the critical juncture by the angel of inspiration. There was, it seems, a newsletter. A folded single-page, stapled affair used to communicate the essential details to the rescue members. Oftimes the newsletter also contained the account of a recent search or rescue, if there had been one lately. If that newsletter could contain these accounts, written by the participants and, if we could get it somehow to those who might support us, then it should be obvious that the team was worthy of support. Thus the concept was born. A check of the musty archives reveals that the evolution of the concept which we now accept without question was a gradual matter. The first explicit reference to 'Sustaining Members' appears in the February 1968 newsletter. In April of that year the newsletter expanded to two pages (one side only) and contained an actual photograph!

So it was that Walt Walker became the editor of the now legendary *RMRU Newsletter* and Al and Natalie Andrews took upon themselves the task of administering the program. This meant maintaining records and, with their uniquely characteristic energy, typing a personal thank you letter to each sustaining member (that heroic tradition died a prolonged death under the Subsequent Stewardship of this author). It should have been obvious at the time that this combination couldn't fail — although it wasn't. As we entered the back-packing and mountaineering boom which began in the late '60's, RMRU became involved in a steadily growing number of dramatic search and rescue operations. Conveyed in a direct, graphic and personal way through the pages of the newsletter, tales of these epics found an enthusiastic audience among those who were also capable of the central belief: the possibility of something useful, done well, for largely altruistic motives.

This process, which both surprised and delighted us, led to the gradual formation of an extensive body of sustaining members as committed to RMRU as any of us. Among these there are today those who have been sustaining members continuously from the inception of the program, over 13 years ago. This fact bears witness to the essential element in the success and longevity of both the sustaining and the active membership. It is just this. This is our personal contribution. We may have resorted to radio pagers and computer generated mailing lists and even (forgive us) to form letters, but this is still a personal endeavour for

everyone involved — active and sustaining members alike. We all contribute what we do because we know just what RMRU is and does and we like it. It may be an anachronism, it is a phenomenon — but it works.

AUGUST

New—

Pine Springs Ranch

Renewing—

*Standard Oil Co. of California
 *Circle City Hospital
 M/M C. Corbin Devalon
 R. A. Dewees
 Dale O. Huseboe, D.D.S.
 Wayne Steinmetz
 J. Harold Berg
 John H. Porter, Jr.
 M/M R. O. Ridenour
 Sylvia M. Broadbent
 John Freitas

SEPTEMBER

New—

M/M John Pohlers

Renewing—

*Milton M. Levy
 Jack & Grace Mihaylo
 Karin Allen
 Carolyn R. Toenjes
 *Circle City Hospital
 *Earl Cannon
 *David W. Wilbur
 Hundred Peaks Section,
 Sierra Club
 Lee & Shirley Alberton
 Ruth D. Echols
 *Circle City Hospital
 †Izaak Walton League

OCTOBER

New—

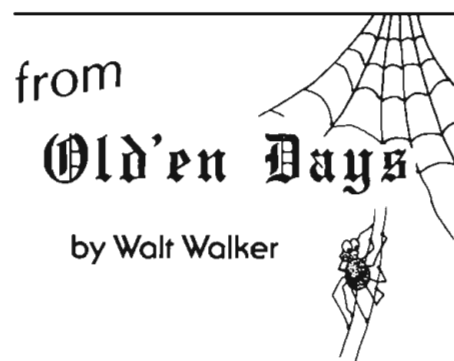
Bill & Mary Speck
 *Jean Garvey
 Ruth Wright
 *The Hemet News

Renewing

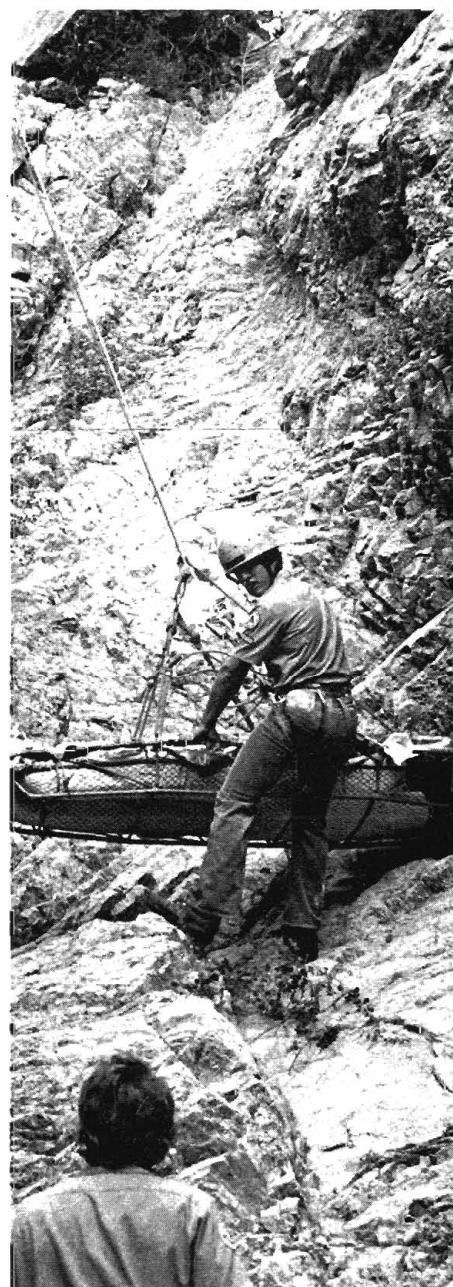
M/M C. B. McMillan
 Sylvia M. Broadbent
 Earl & Helen Cannon
 †Izaak Walton League
 Dave & Rita Harrah
 Ashley & Bruce Carlson
 *Kiwanis Club of Uptown Riverside
 Ron Botorff
 *Rosemary Kraft
 *Esther Briggs
 John & Betty Moore
 Barbara & Lloyd Allen Sr.

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

†**Summit Club**, donation of \$500 or more



REPRINTED
 From the October 1980 issue



TECHNICAL LOWER — RMRU member Kevin Walker guides the litter containing hypothermia patient Norman Berman down the narrow 50 foot dry water fall, to Rick Pohlers at the base.

***20 years of
helping others -***



Thanks for helping us make it!