

RMRU NEWSLETTER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RIVERSIDE MOUNTAIN RESCUE UNIT, INC.
A VOLUNTEER NON-PROFIT CORPORATION
P. O. BOX 5444, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA 92507
MEMBER OF THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE ASSOCIATION

Volume XII, Issue 9, September 1976

John Dew, Editor
Walt Walker, Publisher
Dona Towell, Artist

Search and Rescue

SEARCH

Mission No. 7641M

29 Sept., Wed.

Black Mountain Area
San Jacinto Mountains

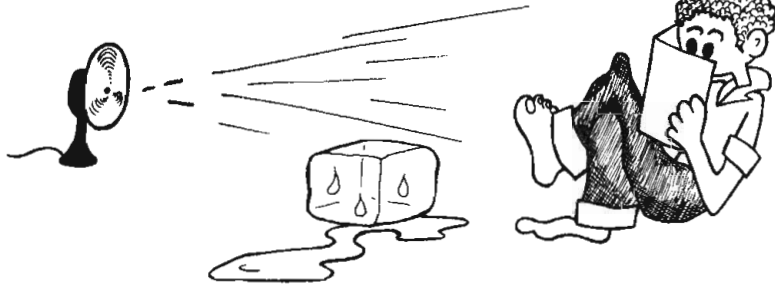
By Tom Aldrich

It had been a while since the last mission and when the call went out near midnight, the response activated nine team members.

The mission was a lost deer hunter somewhere above where Black Mountain Truck Trail leaves the Banning-Idyllwild Highway.

I expected the mission to be a big one. At 1 a.m., a bit of mental effort is required to drive a mountain road through thick fog. However, I soon learned this is all that would be required of me as the lost hunter, Doug Canterbury, was sighted at approximately that time. In addition to his T-shirt, jeans and street shoes, Doug carried a loaded rifle. He signaled by firing his rifle into the air. Perhaps this was even better than a whistle as it can be heard farther.

Upon hearing the rifle shot, the deputy drove in the direction of the shot and managed to contact Doug over the sheriff's unit PA system. When the deputy heard Doug answer and a definite voice contact was established, he radioed base camp and advised the team who was just ready to go into the field. Three team members who already had their packs on, Larry Roland, John Dew and Hal Fulkman, threw their packs in their cars, drove up the



\$USTAINING MEMBERS—

BY MIKE DAUGHERTY

As you may have noticed, we've gotten a bit behind ourselves this year. You've likely thought it odd to read of icy rescues in the oppressive heat of August and you may have wondered if you're ever going to get a receipt for that last donation. The answer is a definite yes.

We are just now involved in a heroic attempt to get ourselves back on top of the problem. I suppose that this would be a great deal easier if we gave up and had resorted to a printed form letter to thank our supporters. And, if you're S/M chairman doesn't get his act together, it might still come to that!

However, the prospect of something that impersonal (albeit sincere) rankles. We remember well the first few years of our sustaining membership program and just don't want to part with the direct, personal sort of contact which we've believed in from the start.

So, bear with us. We have not forgotten you. We need and rely upon you even when we get behind in the job of telling you so!

New —

M/M Gene Garlinger
in memory of Mr. Elvin Larsen
Sierra Club, Mt. Baldy Group
On behalf of Mr. Cor DeJong
Stephen W. Stephens
Mary Coffeen
Freeman C. Bovard
Russell L. Gauslin
Ruby Gray
A. B. Austin
M/M Richard O'Neil
James Larson
Dr. John E. Coles
Sheila McMahon
Jurupa Unified School District
*M/M Aldrich

Renewing —

Ruth D. Echols
M/M John Murdock
Karolyn Stanovich
Tom Dadson
E. L. Covey
M/M R. O. Ridenour
*Izaak Walton League,
Idyllwild Chapter
Dr. David E. Randel
John C. Boza
Keldon Paper Co.
Robert A. Dewees
Dr. & Mrs. John A. Murphy
Bonnie Brownell
Theodore Morgan
Jack & Grace Mihaylo

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

highway a mile or so to the deputy's unit.

By this time, Doug was almost to the highway. There was just one slight problem, heavy brush and a 60 ft. cut Doug would have to descend to get to the highway. These three team members immediately took a call-out rope and other gear, made their way up the cut, roped Doug and assisted him off the road cut to the highway itself.

Another successful mission was completed and even though it was short, we were pleased to have had a part in it. ■ RMRU



Mock Mission 25 & 26 Sept., Sat. & Sun.

By Steve Zappe

I looked on my calendar to see what topic the monthly training would deal with in September. **Mock Mission?** After an entire month with nary a rescue, I really anticipated the next one. It seems like you're never happy with the current situation - whether it's feast or famine in the field of rescue work, you always wish the situation would change. I hate to say it, but I actually hoped the weather would be less than cooperative, just to add a little spice.

Driving up through the fog and rain at 0700 on Saturday, I thought to myself, "This is going to be great. If it's raining in Idyllwild my dreams will be fulfilled." Well, at 0800 there were few clouds in the sky at Humber Park, and many of the rock climbers had already taken off for the day's climb. Members of the team began rolling in to handle the mock search and rescue. After Larry Roland and Jim Fairchild brought the van, John Dew, Hal Fulkman, Rich

Quackenbush, John Muratet, Bernie McIlvoy and I started assembling the wheeled litter and making radio assignments. Being the training chairman, Larry Roland appointed himself the Base Leader, Jim the First Aid advisor, Bernie the Technical advisor, and Rich the consultant to whoever was chosen as operations leader. Larry picked me as ops leader . . . I suddenly hoped it wouldn't rain. I figured I would have enough trouble that day as it was.

We left Humber Park at 0900 and headed for Saddle Junction, looking for Ed Hill and Larry Brown. Both guys were to be the victims, supposedly injured while attempting to hike out during a storm that previous night. We were told to hike along the Tahquitz Peak trail once we reached the Saddle, since they were last thought to be in that area. After stopping for a breather there we set out and soon discovered 2 sets of fresh but very faint tracks, and all of us got yet another chance to develop our tracking skills. They eventually led off the trail and, hoping that we were getting close, we gave out a yell. We heard a reply! Heading down the hill to some cliffs I naively thought, "We've found them now, the rest will be easy." Fat chance! At 1100 we arrived at the scene of the accident, and this is where I found out how different it is to be ops leader. I more or less sent different people different places, without first evaluating the total scene and, with all of us together, making assignments based upon our present capabilities and priorities. The scene was like this: Larry was lying face down on a rock ledge 40 feet (12 meters) up from the bottom and 40 feet down from the top of the cliff, inaccessible except by another climber rappelling down from above. He had suffered a multiple fracture of the left forearm and was generally too unstable to be assisted back up the rock. Ed was farther down the hill, immediately reachable on foot but lying in an awkward position experiencing a possible broken neck and pelvis. You think that sounds bad . . . I had to figure out what to do!

Both victims were going to require the use of the litter, but Larry only needed it to get him off the rock ledge. With that in mind, I sent John Muratet and Jim down to tend Ed's

injuries, while Bernie rappelled down to Larry as Rich, John Dew, Hal, and myself began rigging the Stokes litter. Of course, not everything went as smoothly as that. No sooner had we set to work than all those clouds that had been building up from below finally reached us, engulfing us in an eerie white mist which never produced rain but got everything plenty wet. Nevertheless, we finished setting the anchors and created a mechanical advantage pulley system which allowed 3 men to raise both the victim and the first aider up the cliff with little effort (theoretically). After dealing with twisted rope, extreme friction caused by the rope rubbing on the rock, and one pant leg caught in a pulley, we succeeded in lifting Larry off the ledge at 1350. Being the ops leader, I decided to declare his "broken" arm healed so he could help us evacuate Ed in the litter.

Here it was almost 1400 and we hadn't had lunch yet. Even if it was a training we decided the victim first, so we scrambled down the hill with the wheel now replaced on the litter. With Larry now at the head to apply traction and immobilize it to prevent further injury to the neck, a 5 man lift was performed and Ed was smoothly transferred into the litter, where he was securely lashed for the trip out.

The mission still wasn't over yet. Now we had to gently push, pull, drag, or otherwise carry the litter up a 150 foot (45 meter) gully. Ed wasn't too excited about the ride, and we weren't thrilled by the idea either, but mock mission or not, we had to get him out so off we went. It only took 15 minutes, and in a little while we were back at Saddle Junction witnessing another miraculous "healing" as Ed jumped out of the litter and helped roll it back down the hill to the van.

We decided to critique the day's events at Norm Mellor's cabin below Humber Park, partly because it was still misting heavily and partly because Larry Roland said he had a surprise for us. Some surprise . . . the team formed a wood brigade and we ended up moving 4 cords of fire wood from a big pile in the driveway to form an equally big pile under the cabin. After that, dinner at Idyllwild's Chart House tasted especially good.



Next morning the team took a driving tour around the mountain, from Idyllwild to Palm Desert, Palm Springs, and back around to Idyllwild again, pointing out all of the possible trailheads and rendezvous which could conceivably be used in a future mission. Unfortunately, I had to miss the tour, and perhaps it had something to do with being ops leader on the mock mission. The way I figure it, if I am so efficient in finding an obscure trailhead for one of the next missions, I might be picked to be ops leader for real. Now that I know what it's like, I think I'd prefer to observe the other guys call the shots for awhile before I'm faced with making the decisions which affect an actual victim's life. All in all, this was one of the most revealing trainings I've experienced . . . I found there is no substitute for being put on the line to make difficult decisions.

■ RMRU

from 
Old'en Days

by Walt Walker

Ten Years Ago—

It had been quiet as far as SAR activity was concerned, so there were no missions to be reported on. The entire issue, one page, gave information on 'Coming Events': Training Session; Family Day; Board Meeting; Regular Meeting.

Five Years Ago—

The same situation as five years previously, a quiet summer, was noted along with an improvement in the newsletter (a new type style and columns).

Mike Daugherty wrote on another of Bud White's famous **familiarization treks** in the San Jacinto Mountains. It had been expected to be a dry trip, but it rained just as the team arrived on top of Folly Peak. Those members who had worn short pants, ran into trouble while wading

through Chinquapin on the descent to Wellman's Cienega. The trip back to the cars, on Sunday, was almost as strenuous as the one on the way in on Saturday.

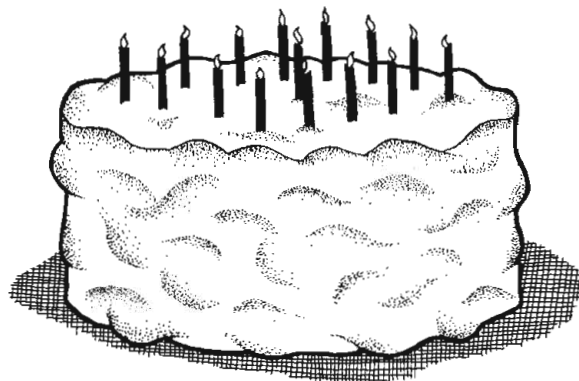
RMRU members Jim Fairchild and Pete Carlson participated, along with other MRA teams, in a search for a young boy missing in the Kern River area. After four days of searching, the boy was found alive and only weak from lack of food.

The next mission was in our own county, but just barely. A man was stranded in the Little Maria Mountains about 30 miles from Blythe. After many hours of hard climbing, in the dark, Bob Nelson and Dave Hadley made their way to the man at exactly 5:38 A.M. Everyone was transported out to base via Don Landells supercharged Bell helicopter. After a big breakfast in Blythe everyone headed home.

In the Sustaining Members column Al Andrews welcomed the following new members: Mr. John J. McCoy, Mrs. H. A. Hopkins, Miss Patti Patton, Mr. & Mrs. David Gill, John E. Fischback, M.D. He also thanked the following for renewing their memberships: Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Hills, Mr. & Mrs. Echols, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph L. Merrick, Miss Elsie Albrect, Mr. & Mrs. David E. Hunt and Mr. & Mrs. Albert A. Grorud. ■ RMRU

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

1961



1976