

The Talus Pile

China Lake Mountain Rescue Group

P.O. Box 2037

Ridgecrest, CA 93556

No. 107, February 1999

TRAINING SCHEDULE

Feb 5-7 Fri-Sun Jepson Myers

Feb 8 Mon Meeting (radios) C. Burge/Najera-Niesen/Roseman

Feb 12-15 Fri-Mon Pear Lake Hut & Alta Peak Hueber

Feb 12-15 Fri-Mon Mallory & Irvine Rockwell

Feb 13-21 Sat-Sun Sierra High Trail Roseman

Feb 19-21 Fri-Sun Open

Feb 24 Wed Avalanche lecture Training Committee

Feb 27-28 Sat-Sun Avalanche & ice axe workshop at Training Committee

Mar 3 Wed Snow skills hut night Training Committee

Mar 5-7 Fri-Sun CRMRA winter recertification at Glacier Lodge MRA representative

Mar 8 Mon Meeting Hinman/Runkle/Myers

Mar 13-14 Sat-Sun Baldy Hinman

Mar 19-21 Fri-Sun Williams-North Sakai

Mar 27-28 Sat-Sun Telescope (from the west) Rockwell

Mar 30 Tue Community First Aid First Aid Committee

Apr 2-4 Fri-Sun Tyndall Myers

Apr 10-11 Sat-Sun Search seminar

Apr 11-15 Sun-Thu Girl Scout encampment (one day)

Apr 12 Mon Meeting (map and compass)

Apr 13 Tue First Aid Topic B First Aid Committee

Apr 16-18 Fri-Sun Tahquitz Hueber

Apr 20 Tue First Aid Topic B First Aid Committee

Apr 24-25 Sat-Sun Baxter & Acrodictes Toler

Apr 27 Tue First Aid Topic B First Aid Committee

CLMRG is funded by United Way of Indian Wells Valley.

OPERATION REPORTS

Tom Sakai

99-01 **14 Jan 99** Search Mt. San Jacinto **Tom Sakai (OES #: 99-OES-0014)**

I was still lingering at Rockwell's place after our monthly business meeting on 11 Jan 99 when a call came in from Sgt. Diederich at about 2150. He had left at about 2100 and was hoping to find a group of us still there. He was relaying a request for assistance from Riverside Mountain Rescue Unit on a search for a couple overdue from a climb of Mt. San Jacinto.

Since I was the only operations leader still there, I got the honor. Sheila Rockwell agreed to be the coordinator. While I made a few calls to get details from the operation command post situated at Snow Creek on the north side of Mt. San Jacinto, Sheila started the callout.

I went home to pack, and by the time I was ready for bed, she had gotten four others, Bob Rockwell, Tom Roseman, Mike Myers, and Daryl Hinman, to commit. Riverside wanted us at the search base at first light, 0600, so we met at the hut at 0230 to gather radios, ropes, and some technical gear. We were on the road by 0250, all five of us in Mike's brand new crew-cab Ford diesel. We arrived at 0545 and found out that a helicopter was not going to be there until 0700, so we went off to get breakfast and returned at 0700.

The missing couple, Tom (37) and Kristen (28) Kidwell, had planned to start their climb of the north side of Mt. San Jacinto about noon on Saturday, 9 January and to be out by Sunday evening. The reporting party (RP), a coworker of Tom's, thought their intended route was up the Snow Creek drainage. Riverside Sheriff's Office was notified on Monday, 11 January at about noon of the overdue couple. Their car was found in the area where they had told the RP they had intended to park. A search of the mountain started thereafter and an MRA callout was initiated.

Our initial assignment was to be flown to the 8000-foot level of Snow Creek and search down the drainage for sign of the couple's passage. But wind at the base camp was fairly strong, and the helicopter was not able to fly. Plan B was to drive us up the water company's road as far as possible (about 1600-foot elevation) and have us search uphill to a feature called the Isthmus, which separates Snow and Falls Creeks at the 4000-foot level (see map). We were to search the Falls Creek drainage while a team from RMRU searched the Snow Creek side of this divide. An earlier check of the summit register indicated that the couple had not signed in there.

We started our assignment at 0930 and by 1030 were at the lower falls. We searched below the falls with binoculars, looking down from several angles, for about 20 minutes. We then divided our team with two people on the west side of Falls Creek and the other three on the east side. We were working our way up to the upper falls, at the 4000-foot level, when the couple were found on a ridge lower down the mountain and to the east of our location. They were found at approximately 1330 by a team from Sierra Madre Mountain Rescue Team. They were uninjured and in good condition but tired from the ordeal. They stated that they had tried to attract the helicopter's attention several times earlier to no avail. Their dark-colored clothing probably contributed to the helicopter's failure to spot them.

The couple and the all the searchers were extracted by helicopter from the mountain by 1430. We were on the road home by 1500 and back at the rescue hut at 1730. Mission complete.

99-02 25 Jan 99 Search Tamarack Ridge Tom Roseman

I was watching a video at Rockwell's place on the making of the Everest IMAX movie and enjoying a beer and the companionship when Sheila Rockwell walked into the room with phone in hand. She stated that she needed an operation leader, and after a few moments of thought, I volunteered. Tom Sakai, Walter Runkle, Eric Toler, and I left the hut at 1145 for Tamarack Winter Snow Park northeast of Fresno. We were supported by Sheila and Betty Meng as co-coordinators. We arrived at base camp at 0600 the next morning amid heavy snowfall. Steven High, age 42, a new member of the Fresno County Mountain Search and Rescue team was overdue from a day cross-country ski outing. He had left his car at the snow park facility at 7,500 feet on Saturday afternoon, and it was now Tuesday morning. Fresno County teams had been looking since mid-afternoon Monday. We were fielded with three members of the Fresno County Sheriff's Office team to grid search a heavily wooded sector. The day was spent plowing through four feet of fresh powder, with everyone breaking his own trail. We returned to base camp around 1630 wet and tired from the work and the lack of sleep the night before. I inquired about the possibility of finding lodging, as the temperature was predicted to drop to 8 degrees that evening.

We found a room at the Tamarack Lodge, just up the road, so we could dry our clothes. The sheriff provided a hot steak dinner for everybody from their mess truck, and we then showered and dried stuff out before getting a good nights sleep. Back the next morning at 0630 for a hot breakfast and back into the field. This time with only one member of the Fresno County team, Phil, who was also with us the day before. (Fresno County has about 12 full-time deputies who work other jobs that are a part of their SAR team as well.) As we were breaking for lunch, it was announced that Steven had been located by air near Shaver Lake. We headed towards base camp and were on the way home by around 1400.

Sgt. John Diederich had arrived that morning with the newly restored Kern Snow Cat and had spent the day working teams in and out of the search area. This is a resource we need to keep in mind.

Steven was examined by a paramedic from the Ventura team and taken by ambulance for further treatment. He may have suffered some frostbite to his feet. He had been caught in a whiteout on Saturday and had been moving since then both day and night. He had a small Primus stove and some gorp and hard candy to keep him going.

We were back at the hut by 2000.

ACTIVITIES

Picacho del Diablo, Baja California Norte, Mexico 10-15 November 1998 Curtis Davis

Mike Myers, Tom Sakai, Tom Roseman, Cindy Goettig, and I (Curtis Davis) conquered Picacho del Diablo on November 10-15, 1998. The following is a description of our trip with excerpts and directions from Mike Dorey's write-up of 1996.

Leaving Ridgecrest

When only five people decided to go, we all piled into my 4-Runner and left Ridgecrest about 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday, November 10, 1998. It was a little tight in the back seat, but with a lot of tight wallets, this seemed to work out fine. The drive down to the Salton Sea and the Garden Spot was filled with tales of the last adventure and the foul cats claws and other nasty pointed desert plants we would encounter.

The Garden Spot is located about 200 yards west of the junction of Highways 78 and 86. This is toward the south end of the Salton Sea. It is a prominent dirt wash "creek bed" that runs north and south. We turned north and drove in 100 yards to a nice flat area, arriving a little after 11:00 p.m..

The skies were looking dark and cloudy, and there was concern expressed over the possibility of getting flooded out, being that we were parked and sleeping in the main drainage. After some tasty peanuts and a few carbonated beverages, two of us slept in the car, and the rest of us spread out in the wash. We woke up early before sunrise and packed up for the drive down to El Centro.

As we were about to head out, two border patrol cops in an SUV pulled up and asked what we were doing. They mentioned something about people parked in the desert usually meant trouble. After telling them we had stopped for the night before heading down to Mexico, they seemed to be okay with our story and drove to the end of the wash to wait for us to leave.

We put the feedbag on in Brawley then stopped in El Centro and got insurance for my 4-Runner at a cost of \$53.00 for all five days. This was based on a car value of \$15,000.

Entering Mexico

From this point, we headed into Mexico and took the route towards San Felipe. Our windows were washed, change was exchanged, and one young man pleaded for a half-full water bottle, so we gladly gave it to him. The young man tossed it down in one large gulp and absent-mindedly dropped the empty bottle on the street.

We went through one checkpoint with 19-year-old machine-gun-toting federales but were not asked to stop. Just south of the junction of Highways 5 and 3, we stopped for supplies before taking Highway 3 towards the playa. We headed west on Highway 3 for about 20 miles until we came to a major dirt road heading straight into the playa. The road that leaves Highway 3 is a good, wide dirt road. It makes a straight line into the valley north of Laguna Diablo, the dry lake bed that can be seen in the distance to the south. Follow this road until it nears Laguna Diablo and take the road that goes out onto the lake bed. This is feasible only if there has been no rain and the lake bed is hard and dry. To venture out onto Laguna Diablo after a good rain is to invite disaster. Out on the lake bed, drive south and merge with a road that comes in from the right. The road continues in a straight line down the middle of the lake bed and then forks toward the south end of it. Take the right fork and drive to the west. This road enters some trees and takes you to Rancho Santa Clara. This is a collection of corrals, dead pickup trucks, and hovels. (The cattle were laying in the road and refused to get up until we honked our horn.) Drive around the corrals on their south side and continue on to the west. Keep on the most heavily traveled road. This leads to the road head at Canyon Diablito and Diablo Canyon. The road head you want is the one at Diablo Canyon that is about 1.5 miles north of Diablito. The books describe the road head at Diablito. To get to the Diablo Canyon road head, make a right turn onto another dirt road about 4 or 5 miles beyond Rancho Santa Clara, where the road is nearing the steep slopes of the mountain. Follow this road to its end.

We missed the right turn and ended up at Diablito Canyon. A lot of broken glass was there from car windshields and some stables and fences for horses. The correct road to Diablo Canyon ends with no horse corrals at coordinates [0655630, 3438798]. The dirt roads were passable in two-wheel drive, though there were some spots of deep sand on the roads beyond Rancho Santa Clara. I recommend taking four-wheel drive vehicles, however, and taking more than one. They should be reliable.

Diablo Canyon

Day 1

The trail to the base of Diablo Canyon heads northwest from the parking area around the toe of the mountain. We packed all our stuff of value into large garbage bags, disabled the car by removing some crucial electronics, and left the vehicle unlocked with a few goodies for any wandering banditos.

At 12:30 p.m. we started up the trailhead. We stashed the garbage bags a half-mile up the trail after stopping to poke fun at a wandering tarantula, marking the spot with GPS and some cairns in a large cactus. We carried the full cooler, which was perceived as much more valuable, with us up Diablo Canyon to the first obstacle, a large pool surrounded by steep slippery walls with a cable for swinging to the top of the waterfall that filled this pool. We concealed the cooler contents carefully deep within the swimming hole for our return trip.

Two cables hang high on the left side of the waterfall. To pass this obstacle, you scramble to the base of the cables, grab the sling tied to the end, and run across the wall over the swimming hole to the top of the waterfall. You then throw the cable back across for the next climber or unhappy swimmer. The canyon is quite fantastic from this point on. The setting is rugged and remote with rock walls all around and many obstacles to scramble around and past as we made our way up the deserted canyon.

The best trail up the canyon is marked by many cairns, and we attempted to stay on the path as much as possible, although the trail is often hard to distinguish from the many possible routes. Farther up, we climbed a small wall on the right side of the canyon to bypass a waterfall. This was 4th class, and a previous party had left a nylon rope to add a feeling of security. Farther up the canyon, we encountered another waterfall that can be overcome through a tricky friction traverse on the left side or bypassed on the left via the Myers route, which involves bushwhacking and scrambling up many large boulders.

We made camp at a large sandy area around 3,300 feet on the left side of the canyon at coordinates [0653395, 3429369] at 4:00 p.m., built a large camp fire, and bedded down for the night. This was such an awesome site, with flat sandy areas for sleeping and ready firewood, that we named it Campo Bueno.

Day 2

The following morning, we left camp at 6:30 with blue skies overhead and our route clear before us. The climb started out fairly easy on cobblestones weaving through the brush in the canyon. The dreaded cats claw bushes seem to have disappeared this year and were rarely encountered, leading some to question the authenticity of the 1996 trip report. After several miles, the canyon turns left (south) and narrows. From here, there are many obstacles and puzzles to solve. While negotiating a small 5-foot waterfall that involved a big step across onto a slippery rock, Sakai slipped and plunged headfirst hitting the rocks and landing in the pool of water at the bottom. This was to be the first incident of the trip. After Tom extricated himself from the pool, we surveyed the damage. Scrapes, bruises, a wet camera, and wet clothes were the extent

of the injuries. Bruised ribs were the worst for Tom. Luckily, it wasn't any worse as a rescue here would have required extensive time and resources.

Shortly after heading up the canyon, we stopped to fill our water bottles. Roseman heard a rock fall somewhere on the cliff above and looked up to see a large herd of bighorn sheep making their way up the rocky cliffs. We counted over 30 sheep, including rams with large horns and little guys. The sheep were hopping their way from rock to rock up a seemingly impossible route on the canyon wall.

We encountered several obstacles from here that involved traversing on ledges over large pools of water. Spotters were essential in several places. After the major obstacles, the canyon becomes choked with bushes and large boulders, and the going is slow and cumbersome. Eventually, we arrived at Camp Noche [0653395, 3429369], which is at the base of the draw that heads up to the peak. It's marked by a large cairn with a stick and a path leading to the watering hole. The camp is on the left side of the canyon in a grove of large cedar trees.

Everyone was pretty exhausted at this point as we gathered wood and water for the evening meal. We built another large bonfire and prepared to camp for the night. We made toasts to the great spirit of the canyon as the medicine pouches were emptied and passed out to ease the aching muscles.

Day 3

During the night, the mysterious "Noche's" interrupted my sleep and attempted to get into my backpack. I didn't get a good look at the invader but saw its dark shadow as it slithered off to the shadows. No one else had any encounters with the Noche's that night.

The next morning, we got an early start and headed up the center of the draw, which is 200 feet up the canyon from Campo Noche. The route is marked by cairns, and it is important to keep them in sight if one is to avoid excursions into unfriendly terrain. We followed the cairns and continued on up to the "watering hole" [0654628, 3429284], a small pool at the base of a narrow canyon. A pump is necessary to access the water in this pool, the only water to be found on the route to the peak. From here, the route climbs along the left side of the canyon on a series of large ledges. We climbed a slick wall with water ice very carefully as we made our way up to "Wall Street." Just prior to entering Wall Street, the route veers left. Heading straight up from this point would lead to the South Summit. Wall Street, a narrow canyon,

involves scrambling up some ledges as it heads over to the North Summit. Keeping the ducks in sight will ensure that you are on the right path.

Everyone made it to the summit [0655220, 3429731] by 11:30, and we had an awesome view of the Sea of Cortez and the Pacific Ocean. Sakai then sliced his thumb open while cutting the cheese. Another band-aid for Tom, and we began the long descent back to camp. We lost the trail a few times on the way down, resulting in unpleasant forays into manzanita-covered terrain. We arrived back at camp at 3:30 p.m. with our tails dragging. To say it's a difficult day is an understatement. The route is very direct, and every step is a step up with lots of hopping and scrambling from boulder to boulder. The elevation gain is over 4,000 feet with GPS indicating 1 mile from Campo Noche to the North Summit. In other words, it's steep going all the way in and out. Another half-hour of foraging for wood, and we once again had a rip-roaring fire going. I wanted to stoke it up real big to keep the Noche's away during the night. Bartering then began for the remaining Ibuprofen to relieve our aching muscles.

The Noche's returned at 1:00 a.m. He rustled around my pack, jumped on my head, and had me out of my sleeping bag in moments. I was unable to catch the prankster but did not hear from him again that night. Other reports indicate sightings of ring-tail cats at Campo Noche. Since I never did get a good look at it, it will be known as the mysterious Noche's of Campo Noche. No one else made mention of any visits by the Noche's during the night.

Day 4

Roseman was real nice and roused us each morning with a blazing fire and much screaming. Many groans and moans were heard as the tired group climbed out of their bags for this morning's meal. We struck out around 6:30 a.m. and began the long descent into the brush filled canyon. About 9:30, we stopped for a break and a swim in an ice cold pool about 12 feet across. Roseman, being of stout body and minimal common sense, got into his B-day suit, flashed his brown eye, and made the maiden voyage into the icy depths and across the swimming hole. Cindy and I followed in similar fashion. It was great medicine for aching feet and muscles. Afterwards, we sunned on a big flat rock to dry off before heading down the canyon for thigh-busting, ankle-turning, foot-bruising fun.

Cindy took a couple of tumbles off some boulders and hurt her hand, but nothing could stop us from continuing. We redistributed gear according to body weight to ensure that the team would make the trip out safely. This increased our speed and reduced the number of falls for the rest of the descent.

Farther down the canyon, after it had warmed up considerably, we stopped for another swim in the icy water like Sherpas bathing in the icy pools to cleanse our souls and make peace with the spirit of the canyon. It also eased the pain in sore joints and muscles while allowing for a much needed rest.

We arrived at the end of the canyon and our stash at the swimming hole about 2:00 p.m. J We recovered the beverages, and everyone made the descent across the pool on the cables successfully.

We had left the cooler in the open about 40 feet from the pool. Someone had come to visit while we were away and kicked a hole in the empty cooler. They had also decided to mark the spot where the cooler was with a "massive" deposited right next to it.

We rested and enjoyed our beverages in the company of a lone tarantula who was just hanging out near where we sat. Enjoying a nice rest, we surveyed the damage to ourselves and gear. Myers had a

4-inch blood spot on his pants leg where the agave plant speared him during the descent. Sakai had gauze on his arm. Cindy's fingers were swollen, and she had other minor scrapes and bruises. Even though we had not seen much of the cats claw, the brush we did encounter removed one of my pants legs and shredded the other one in several places. These were to become short pants. The short journey from here to our stashed gear and back to the truck brought no surprises. There was no damage or items missing from the vehicle.

With our minds on hot food and cold cerveza, we piled into the truck and headed south down the playa on the Baja 500 course to San Felipe. We had seen the wide dirt road from the summit, and the map showed it going into San Felipe, so we decided to give it a go. This route is definitely not recommended if you don't have a 4-wheel-drive vehicle. The passengers in the back kept their heads ducked to keep from hitting the ceiling, and I kept the gas on to get far away from the Noche's as quickly as possible. After 30 minutes, we came to an old metal box with an arrow and the words San Felipe on it. Turning left here, we began the long ascent out of the canyon over to San Felipe. The road was full of whoop-de-dos and deep sand. At times, the truck would begin to slow down and shift down through the gears as the deep sand and steep climb and "wimpy truck" began to take their toll. After 1.5 hours, we made it to San Felipe, where we headed straight to the main drag and Rosa's Beans and Rice. We gobbled down shrimp tacos and cerveza in short order. After a few more stops (The Rockadile Club, etc.) we drove north for 20 minutes to Pete's Campo and got a site on the beach for \$10.00.

Day 5

The next morning brought a beautiful sunrise over the ocean and a quick breakfast at Petes. We drove back home with no problems. A great trip all in all.

Things to Consider

The trip is best suited for those in good physical shape with skill in scrambling up boulders with a full pack. There is no time during the trip when you do not have to look where you place each foot. The long days over rugged terrain take their toll. Long pants and good sturdy hiking boots are a must as well as a supply of Ibuprofen. Packs must be as light and compact as possible. Heavy packs and items tied to the outside make it difficult to climb the boulders and negotiate the obstacles. There is water along the entire route to Campo Noche. Filtering the water at Campo Noche is recommended due to the amount of feces in the vicinity. During the rest of the route, we filtered water about half the time, and no one became sick. Getting water from the pool on the ascent to the peak requires a pump because it is shallow and slimy. Rescue here would be lengthy and difficult. Be self-sufficient and ensure that all members of the party are capable of filling any role required. Cell phone service is unavailable unless you are hooked up with Baja cellular shortly after crossing the border. The trip is different from anything in the Sierra and well worth the effort. It is a beautiful and remote setting.

For guidance on this trip, we had the report by Mike Dorey from 1996 and photocopies of relevant pages from *The Baja Adventure Book and Camping and Climbing in Baja California*.

1998 OPERATIONS SUMMARY

Tom Roseman

Summary of operations	Operations by month
Rescues: 1	Jan: 0; Feb: 1; Mar: 0; Apr: 1; May: 2; Jun: 3;
Searches: 6	Jul: 2; Aug: 3; Sep: 0; Oct: 0; Nov: 0; Dec: 0.
Alerts: 1	
Recoveries: 0	Subjects

Transits: 3	OK: 7
Incidents: 0	Injured: 2
Mobilizations: 1	Not found: 2 (both drowned)
Total: 12	Dead: 7
	Total: 18
Requesting agencies	
Inyo County: 2	CLMRG data
Kern County: 2	Total person hours: 1884
Mono County: 1	NAWC excused hours: 0
L. A. County: 1	Total vehicle miles: 4806
Tulare County: 1	Average number of members per operation : 8.17
Riverside County: 1	
Kings Canyon National Park: 2	
Yosemite National Park: 2	

ABOUT THE MEMBERSHIP

(Editor: This is an announcement dated 11 December 1998 from Tim Kovacs, President of the MRA.)

It is with great pleasure that the Officers' Committee announces the appointment of the new MRA Research and Development Grant Chair, WERNER HUEBER.

Werner has been a member of the China Lake Mountain Rescue Group for 10 years and a Team Leader for three years. He has worked in R&D for many years as a civilian engineer (he has an MS degree from the Technical University in Munich) and program manager at the US Navy. Finally, Werner is the current MRA Liaison for NATRS.

If you are interested in working with this committee in any capacity, please contact Werner (hueber@ridgecrest.ca.us).

Changes in 1998

Elaine Samson married and became Elaine Riendeau.

Eric Toler, David Doerr, and Horace (Bud) Gates joined us.

Dave Ganger and long-time Special Skills member Roger Meng resigned.

Marc Tranchemontagne joined us and then moved away.

Karen Bothman is a new applicant and is eager to help out *on The Talus Pile*.

FROM OTHER SOURCES

(Editor: From the Contra Costa Times of November 24, 1998.)

Nevada man becomes fifth victim of accidental death at Yosemite

ASSOCIATED PRESS

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK A Nevada man fell about 1,200 feet to his death while attempting a controlled free-fall from Leaning Tower.

The body of Daniel E. Osman, 35, of Reno, was discovered Monday night by park rangers in an area near the base of Leaning Tower that is hard to access. Efforts to recover his body were under way Tuesday.

A controlled free fall uses climbing equipment but is a high-risk maneuver not traditionally associated with the sport of climbing. Its appropriateness within a national park is being evaluated.

Four others have died this year in accidental deaths at Yosemite.

(Editor: From the Ridgecrest Daily Independent of December 1, 1998.)

Wilderness permits now available for 1999

BISHOP The 1999 wilderness permit reservation period has begun.

The price of permit reservations has increased this year to \$4.50 per person overnight in the Mt. Whitney zone and \$2.25 per person for Whitney day use. Permit reservations for all other trails are \$3.25 per person.

Reservations can be made six months prior to the trip start date. To make reservations, call toll free at 888-374-3773. Permit reservations are also available by fax and text telephone (TTY) at 760-938-1137.

This is the final year for permit reservations under the contract wilderness reservation system. The Inyo National forest is currently developing a new system for the year 2000.

1999 OFFICERS

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1999 COMMITTEES

PUBLIC EDUCATION	SHERIFF'S OFFICE	EMERGENCY SERVICES COUNCIL
T. Mitchell (Chair)	Green (Chair)	Finco
C. Burge	Myers	
Schmierer	Sakai	SUMMER CLASS
TRAINING	ASTM	A. Mitchell (Lead Instructor)
Runkle (Chair)	D. Burge	Breitenstein
Breitenstein	FIRST AID	C. Burge
Davis	Schafhauser (Chair)	Botham
McCormick	Breitenstein	Doerr
Roseman	Ferguson	Gates
EQUIPMENT	Goettig	Green
B. Niesen (Chair)	Kong	G. Niesen

Creusere- quartermaster	A. Mitchell	Runkle
DeRuiter	G. Niesen	WEB SITE HOME PAGE
Huey	Westbrook	Westbrook
Hueber	QUALIFICATIONS	<i>THE TALUS PILE</i>
O'Conner	Roseman (Chair)- ops	Castro (Editor)
Renta	Rockwell members	Botham
Riendeau	Sakai - stats	

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ASTM Representative Dennis Burge 375-7967

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The Talus Pile Loren Castro 375-3279 lfc32@ridgecrest.ca.us

CLMRG Webpage - Janet Westbrook 375-8371 jwest@ridgecrest.ca.us

DONATIONS

Gina Najera-Niesen

CLMRG gratefully acknowledges recent gifts from the following friends:

Lois & Ross Adamsen North Salem, NY "In memory of Carl Heller"

Joe Mc Intire Carson City, NV

Kathy & Jim Wilson Inyokern, CA

Laura L. Sakamoto Pasadena, CA "In Memory of Robby Dow"

Barry & Chris Ulrich Claremont, CA For Mt. Baldy rescue of their son Dec 1996

John and Marilyn Wick Gooding, ID "Glad to hear the anniversary party was such a success. Wish we could have been there"

T. M. and Virginia Stirling Laguna Hills, CA

John J. Olley Dunsmuir, CA

Southern California Mountaineers' Association Northridge, CA For CLMRG Rescue Seminar

SCREE

Check our web page at <http://www.clmrg.org>.

All telephone numbers *in The Talus Pile* are area code 760 unless noted otherwise.

The National Fire Protection Association (NFPA) is responsible for setting new standards for equipment and procedures for mountain search and rescue. Check their web page at <http://www.nfpa.org> 2/13/99