

# WEB EDITION

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# RESCUE

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SINCE 1960



## LOST HIKERS AT STACK ROCK – JUNE 12, 2001

--CHARLOTTE GUNN

Two young women, ages 17 and 19, decided to go hiking on June 11 to Stack Rock, a popular destination on Shaeffer Butte above Boise. They wore long-sleeved tee-shirts, shorts and sneakers, and carried a water bottle. The weather turned cold and rainy, the fog moved in, and the young women quickly became lost and miserable. When they were not home at the expected time, family went looking for them and found the car; unable to find the missing people, they called the Sheriff's

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A very happy ending to a scary story.

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Everett checks the maps.

Office and IMSARU was paged out at about 11:30 p.m. Despite a very busy week of searching and a full weekend of training (see other articles), we fielded 16 searchers plus Rod Knopp as in-town coordinator and myself as airplane searcher. IMSARU members on the mountain included Kit Brown, Joey Clements, Richard Clements, Rick Cudd, George Gunn (O.L.), Aimee Hastriter, John Kuhn, Paula McCollum with Jeb, Jerry Newland, Steve Pack, Leslie Robertson with Mingo, Tony Rockwell, Dan Scovel, Suzanne Ventura, Tom Wheless and Everett Wood.

Weather was nasty, with even a sprinkle of snow. Our searchers and family members hiked out to Stack Rock in the dark and called for the subjects in the area, with no response. Tony Plott of the Boise P.D. and his bloodhound Belle, and Paula and her bluetick Jeb, set out to verify that the subjects had actually gone from their car to Stack Rock and possible direction of travel from there. All indications were that they had reached their announced destination, but direction of travel from there was uncertain. (The subjects later stated they had slid down “a steep cliff” upon leaving the area.) As daylight arrived, the dog teams continued checking likely trails and mantrackers tried to sort out footprints. A construction crew, arriving at work and learning that this was a real search, immediately offered us the use of a 4x4 truck and an ATV; Everett accepted the latter with a smile.



Base Camp on the mountain.



Access Air arrives at parking lot with subjects.

Despite threatening clouds, Bill Miller of the Ada County Aerial Sheriffs volunteered to launch his Cessna, and Rod called me to fly with him; we left the Boise Airport at about 8 a.m. It is amazing how different an area looks from the air. There are roads, trails and tracks all over the mountain! Almost none of them are on the topo map, of course. Some merge and become bigger; many split into smaller tracks and peter out into game trails. Since there was no definite information on direction of travel, we

started close in around Stack Rock and Bill flew search patterns that had us crossing the same terrain several times, always hoping that from the different angle we would see what we might have missed before. What we saw, of course, were lots of trees, pieces of trails, searchers (bright orange clothing is great) and vehicles. When the close search was fruitless, Bill moved farther out



Friends and relatives greet the two young women.

over sagebrush slopes (lots of cattle), more dense woods, and the various drainages from the mountain. We had been in the air over two hours when we flew low over a cabin about 3.2 air miles from Stack Rock, and two people dashed out of it to wave excitedly at us. Since the cabin was down in a drainage, we could not get low enough to verify age or sex without becoming statistics ourselves, but several passes continued to elicit the excitement below. We called in the information, including lat-long coordinates, and settled into circles over the area while the search teams made decisions. Everyone felt an urgency to identify the people in the cabin. We wanted to believe they were our subjects, but if not, we would be back to square one. Foot teams were ready to go, but the hiking time over that terrain would be too much. There are a couple of “roads” into the area, but again the time would be long. So the decision was to call in a helicopter. Ada County’s Lt. Raney flew in via Access Air while we continued our circles; when the copter pilot radioed the positive I.D. and we relayed that to Rescue Base, there was great jubilation and we headed back to Boise Airport.



Tony matches shoe pattern to tracks he followed.

Access Air ferried the subjects to the lower parking lot at Bogus Basin, the scene of emotional and much-televised reunions with family and friends. The young women stated that they had become disoriented in the fog, were extremely wet and cold, and did not believe they would have survived the night had they not found the cabin. The cabin was unlocked and they used the stove, blankets, food and even dry socks found therein. They stated that they did not expect anyone to start searching for them until at least a day or two later.

IMSARU owes thanks to so many people that I'm afraid of missing someone: Our friends of Elmore County SAR had nine people ready to roll to join us with ATV's and reinforcements when word came about the sighting. The construction crew that spontaneously offered their vehicles to strangers for the search epitomize the good in human nature. Lt. Raney had dirt bike searchers en route to help cover the maze of trails. The Ada County Aerial Sheriffs, in the person of Bill Miller, are a wonderful resource that again made the actual find for us; not only is Bill an extremely capable pilot, but he also understands search and taught me a lot about how to do it from the air. Many of our own people were up all night, some of them after having spent the entire weekend on our field training and Monday on a river search—and those who bivouacked as part of the training did not get much sleep then. Joey earned special commendation for her phone communications with the families. Suzanne did a professional job as Rescue Base radio operator, even though she wanted to be a field searcher. Our mantrackers, especially Tony and Leslie, worked well despite the intervening rain. And Rod Knopp, who would much rather have been in the field with us, spent the entire night and morning doing the in-town coordination. (Rumor has it that Rod told Lt. Raney **he** can do the coordination next time and Rod will take the helicopter ride.)



Suzanne gets a “thank you” hug.

The mean-spirited award goes to the people who were angry that our searchers had crossed into private land, and who even chained the access road to prevent our vehicle from leaving. I can only hope those people truly did not realize that this was a life-threatening situation and that our volunteers had a higher purpose than merely to disturb their privacy. (Yes, we used our 28-inch master key to open the chain.)

**Safety Ed note:**

Channel 7 announced at the end of their news story a hotlink to our web site for information on being prepared, and we had almost 4,000 hits before the night was over and more than 4,000 the next day.

## MULTI-AGENCY TRAINING AT PRAIRIE AIRPORT, JUNE 9-10, 2001 --CHARLOTTE GUNN

This was a chance to pull together some of the kinds of resources that are available in Idaho and have each contribute to the overall mission. It was also the “exam” for those who took the SAR Manager course three weeks earlier. Elmore County brought seven participants (Jeff Berger, Mick Berger, Mike Gelalia, Jim Noland, Toni Noland, Daryl Page and Chris Patterson), along with a motor home equipped as radio base, ATV’s to transport people and gear, motorcycles and lots of cheerful energy. They also arranged the portable toilet (and the Division of Aeronautics thoughtfully installed a permanent pit toilet at the airport just the week before). IMSARU supplied shelters for first aid, planning and staging; food, tanks of water and 22 people. Civil Air Patrol pilots Jim Davidson, Bob McCormick and Ken Saltzman transported Lorraine Hill with Lady from Coeur d’Alene and Dave Forker with Bailey from Bonneville County; Dave and Rena Ferguson drove from Bonneville County with Koichi and Denali.



Suzanne and Schatz practice exiting a running helicopter.

Our official program started at about noon on Saturday with visits from Access Air and the Army National Guard’s Medevac helicopters. The Access Air crew explained safety rules for their craft, showed us their equipment and discussed their capabilities and limitations; they even gave us forms for complimentary memberships—thank you, Access Air! The Guardian crew also ex-

plained safety rules (the Blackhawk has many differences from the Bell) and then offered our dog teams the opportunity to practice a static load followed by a hot load. Most of the dogs were less bothered by the noise and turbulence than expected; all the handlers were very grateful for the opportunity to try this.

We then proceeded to our mock mission. Since this was training, not a real search, we tried to maximize the learning rather than do everything in the quickest and most efficient manner. Needless to say, a large number of new administrators means more down time. And one of the IMSARU goals was an opportunity for teams to bivouac, so starting later in the day was not a bad idea. The field searchers were very patient even though they would have preferred to go immediately into the field. When Bob Meredith, subject-to-be, appeared in camp in his camouflage outfit, the searchers knew they were in for a chase.



This good man was hard to find.

Later in the afternoon, Bob had disappeared and field teams received their scenario and team assignments. Elmore County's Daryl served as I.C. and Toni was Planning Officer. Martha and Rick did radio communications for hours on end, while Tony went crazy with logistics. Jeff took his cycle and headed into a prime search area, where he would find footprints and track Bob through steep brushy slopes until fading light dictated that Jeff return to Base. In the meantime, vehicles deployed foot teams but everyone soon discovered that the 1964 maps failed to show many of the current roads. Dave Ferguson, George and Jim remained at base to oversee any real problems that might develop but not to make things easy for those learning new roles. After quite a few comparisons of maps with actual terrain and GPS coordinates, the field teams were able to search in earnest and were within voice distance on three sides of Bob as the light faded. (Bob was in radio contact with Base and it was a joint decision that he would avoid being found until morning.)

Some searchers were picked up and returned to Base while others arranged more or less comfortable temporary accommodations. (We suspect that those who reported a very comfortable bivouac were fudging a bit on what they carried. IMSARU's training definition says "spend the night with only the equipment you normally carry in your field pack"—and that's enough for safety but not enough for comfort.) The biggest concern reported later was lack of



Daryl, Tony and Kris consult.



It's getting dark and searchers are still on the mountain.

water, as this was a dry area in a dry year. Also, some were not expecting the allergy reactions. However, there is always someone who snores (everyone pointed to Daryl S. this time) and Renée discovered how loudly a tarp crackles when she is sleeping lightly but trying not to disturb others.

During the night, workers at Base took two-hour shifts to monitor the radio—long, cold, boring hours—while everyone else tried to catch some sleep. Aimee won the prize for improving one's status;



The Civil Air Patrol demonstrated their ability to deliver SAR assets to back-country air strips.

she gave up her tent for space in a motor home...after feasting on cheese dog, ice cream and beer. Leslie headed up early to pick up Dave Forker and Bailey for their flight home, only to realize someone had given her the wrong time and she was too early. Base personnel wandered in for bagels and cream cheese whenever they were awake enough, and the teams still in the field repacked and continued their chase of the elusive subject. While awaiting the resolution, Jim offered the dogs a chance to experience

transportation behind an ATV; Angie, Koichi and Xena all accepted the offer.



It was about noon by the time everyone returned to camp, refreshed themselves and gathered for debriefing. All agreed it was a real learning experience. We would seldom use all the separate personnel of this system in Base, as we usually have limited resources for the entire operation, but discussed which roles could be combined

and which parts increased efficiency. Especially fascinating was how well Toni pulled information from the T-cards for use in planning—so well that some search officials had no idea how she knew so much. We agreed that we will redesign the sign-in forms to collect even more information from individuals, including examples of “resources” and “skills” we are looking for, and information about vehicles and permission to use them—and collect the vehicle keys. And once again, we recognized the communications problems and resolved to deploy the repeater. If we were to have a similar search with the same resources available, we would probably just put a headlamp on Jeff Berger and send him off with instructions to let us know when he had the subject.

Many thanks to all the people and groups who made this exercise happen. Every time we do a multi-agency training, participants are enthusiastic about the opportunity to work together and agree we ought to do it more often. Those who spent weeks organizing the event agree that it was worthwhile, but want a few days to breathe and sleep before talking about adding more to the schedule.

IMSARU members attending included Brad Acker, Kit Brown, Joey Clements, Richard Clements, Rick Cudd, Charlotte Gunn with Xena, George Gunn, Aimee Hastriter, David Hay, Kris Hoffman, Renée Johanson, Bob Meredith, Jerry Newland, Leslie Robertson with Mingo, Tony Rockwell, Daryl Sauerwald, Dan Scovel, Jennifer Sims, Stine Theede, Martha Vandivort with Angie, Suzanne Ventura with Schatz, and Tom Wheless.

**SEARCH MANAGEMENT FOR THE INITIAL RESPONSE**  
**MAY 19-20, 2001**  
**--SUZANNE VENTURA**



Twenty-one individuals from Elmore County SAR, IMSARU, Bonneville County Sheriff's SAR, Boise County and Mini-Cassia SAR attended a search management course presented by Jan Koegler of Union County (Oregon) SAR and George Gunn of IMSARU.

The course followed the Incident Command System, using the Field Operations Guide approach to conducting a search. Jan began Saturday's session by giving an example of how the system works and yours truly was appointed Incident Commander.

Instructor Jan Koegler gives some tips.

I was bombarded with questions and requests, typical of what would really occur in the field on a real search. I failed miserably and quickly realized just how much I don't know about organizing a search! Over the course of Saturday's and Sunday's sessions, Jan and George taught us how to organize and maintain a well-run search. They gave us samples of many types of forms useful to help organize and document the search, along with other resources.



Jerry Newland, Kris Hoffman and Jim Noland.

We received a real-life search scenario and worked the scenario as we were being introduced to various phases of the management process. From the initial time of receiving the mission, we discussed collecting knowledge, conducting interviews, determining urgency. We discussed goals and objectives of the mission, what resources were needed and how to keep track of the resources by way of the T-Card system. We learned how to determine Probability of Area by using the consensus method and by dividing and segmenting probable areas on the map.



Toni Noland, Dave Ferguson and Rick Cudd.

At about 4 p.m. on Sunday, I realized that this mini-course was just the tip of the iceberg in learning search management. To become comfortable in taking on the role of Incident Command requires many years of hands-on experience, learning how to delegate and many more seminars. Thanks to Jan and George for a great training, and also thanks to everyone else who helped in setting up for this weekend—including Leslie Robertson for getting the food (and making those great hardboiled eggs!); Bonnie Lind for helping George, Jan and me to make up the binders and clean the room on Friday evening; and Kris Hoffman for helping with the registration and check-in.

IMSARU members who took the course were Rick Cudd, Pam Green, Kris Hoffman, Jerry Newland, Leslie Robertson, Tony Rockwell, Daryl Sauerwald, Dan Scovel, Martha Vandivort and Suzanne Ventura

## **PAYETTE RIVER SEARCH—JUNE 7 and 11, 2001**

### **--CHARLOTTE GUNN**

A truck went off the road into the Payette River, about four miles above Banks, very early one morning last week. The driver was not in the vehicle when it was pulled out. After lots of visual search—divers, helicopters, shore searchers—the Boise County Sheriff's Office asked us to bring search dogs to check the area from rafts. Bear Valley Raft Company supplied the equipment and professional raftsmen; we were asked to bring, in addition to the dogs and handlers, three people to help weight and paddle each raft. The following responded: Kit Brown, Charlotte Gunn with Hobo, George Gunn, Chris Harry, Jaime Harry, June Lee, Leslie Robertson with Mingo, Martha Vandivort and Suzanne Ventura.

George stayed with 903, to try to keep the rafts in sight from the road, to take pictures, and to communicate with the family, friends and passersby. Hobo and Mingo got the bows of the boats, together with their handlers, and everyone else took a paddling station (including additional personnel who came with the guides.) For anyone not familiar with the Payette, this is a popular kayaking and rafting river and it's a wild ride at this time of



Mingo searches a stretch of whitewater.

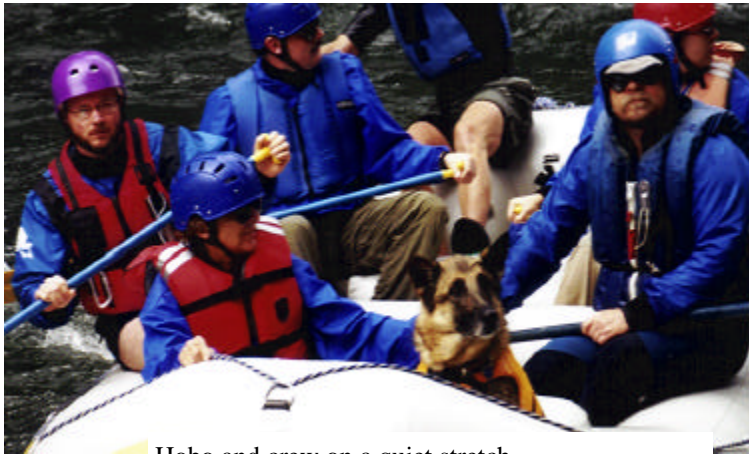
year; the stretch we did includes some Class 4 rapids. The dogs, of course, could work much better in the smooth stretches and eddies than in the whitewater areas. They both reacted, on both sides of the river, in one area immediately below a rapid.

This was obviously a very serious effort for a family that knows not everyone who disappears into the Payette is ever found. Our hearts go out to them as they await some closure on the tragedy. At the same time, we are only human and could not fail to appreciate the beautiful scenery, the wild ride, and the expertise of our guides. Since we did not get on the water until almost 6 p.m., we went from a very hot

day to shivering in our soaked clothing as the shadows closed down the canyon. Most of us had brought a change of clothes, assuming we would get “splashed a bit.” (Ha! We looked like the stereotypical drowned rats by the takeout at Banks.) After changing and snacking, some went for a late dinner at the Banks Café while the rest of us headed back to the valley after a very un-typical mission.

**June 11**

For our second pass at the same search, Bear Valley Raft Company again supplied the two rafts.



Hobo and crew on a quiet stretch.

This time, one was set up for rowing, with Steve as guide and muscle power taking Leslie Robertson and Mingo plus June Lee as observer. The other raft had Phil as guide, Charlotte Gunn with Hobo, and paddlers Winston Cheney, Tim Henning, Renée Johanson and Steve Pack. George Gunn, Chris Karnes and Bob Kline shuttled vehicles along the road for observation, safety and communications.

access to as many eddies and pools as possible, accepting that there are many rough stretches where one cannot slow down or return for recheck. On this kind of water, it is miraculous if we **do** make a find, not embarrassing if we don't. The dogs again found some areas of scent, but nothing that we would ask divers to risk their lives for. And those of us who are not water people watched in awe as the guide Steve “rested” from rowing by donning fins and snorkel to look into some holes and caverns despite the insistent current.



Mingo and Steve work; June and Leslie watch.

We cannot really comprehend the emotional stress on the subject's relatives as they watch this search for a missing loved one, and it is depressing to be so futile. On a much shallower plane, our new definition of “forlorn” is sitting on the river bank, with our raft gone elsewhere to ferry searchers, at mid-afternoon with no lunch and snacks long since devoured, shivering in wet clothes and a bit of drizzle, looking across the river to the vehicles containing all our supplies.

## **REGIONAL TRAINING AND M.R.A. RE-CERTIFICATION AT THE CITY OF ROCKS, JULY 14-15**

It's IMSARU's turn to host a regional get-together and provide the opportunity for teams that need to re-certify. There will be training scenarios and plenty of challenges for those who like to do technical climbing. If any M.R.A. team also needs to re-certify in search techniques, we can do that as well. In addition, there should be time for telling tales around the campfire and enjoying the chance to work together.

IMSARU has reserved the Breadloaf group campsite. Please call George Gunn at 208-466-8345 and let him know what your team needs/wants to do and about how many people you will bring. Or you can e-mail him at [ggunn@execu.net](mailto:ggunn@execu.net)

### **FIELD CERTIFICATION CLASS**

**--PAM GREEN**

March 11, 2001, brought eleven new members together for a field certification class. We began at 1 p.m. and finished up at around 4:45. I would like to extend a big thank-you to Jerry Newland and Richard Clements for their help. These classes are not a one-person job. In addition, I want to thank those of you who attended the class and then stayed to help put things away and clean up the meeting room.

Please give a warm welcome to the following new mission-ready members: Kit Brown, Joey Clements, Chris Harry, Kris Hoffman, Sam Jensen, Renée Johanson and Tim Pape. Others attending were Marc Buursink, Sarah Goldstein, Daryl Sauerwald and John Stevenson.

[Editor's note: You will recognize many of these names in articles about recent training and missions. We are delighted at how enthusiastically some of our new members are contributing to our team.]

## **SEARCH FOR DROWNING VICTIMS BELOW SWAN FALLS**

**MAY 28-29, 2001**

**--CHARLOTTE GUNN**

We heard several versions of the incident, but probably the 15-year-old fell off the rocks into a fast-moving section of the Snake River. Her father jumped in to help her. Both disappeared under the water, early on Sunday evening. Boise Fire Department Dive Team responded and grid-searched the big eddy which seemed

the most likely spot, until it was too dark to continue. Ada County Sheriff's Office requested that we come down on Monday morning, and the following responded: Pam Green with Inca, Charlotte Gunn, George Gunn, Chris Harry, Tim Henning, Diane Mathews, Leslie Robertson with Mingo, Martha Vandivort, Suzanne Ventura and Tom Wheless. In addition, Gene Ralston postponed his departure for a business project; he and Tom Korn brought Gene's boat and side-scan sonar. We felt fortunate to pull together such a team when so many people were elsewhere for the holiday weekend—including several of our technical people who were climbing Leatherman Peak.

We searched both shores, including poison ivy and lots of marshy wading, with human and canine teams. Both dog teams also worked the eddy area from Gene's boat. Gene used the side-scan as best he could, but was not surprised that this section of the Snake is far from ideal for the



Leslie and Mingo on Gene's boat.

technology. Two deputies searched from jet-skis, and Jim Zamzow brought in his helicopter for mid-day aerial search. Since it was a very small helicopter, I was chosen to be the observer, and was fascinated at the view of the river from above. Incredible detail is visible in the shallows—fish, waterfowl, fishermen wading, patterns of current movement—but the deep water is just green and opaque.



Ready to begin aerial search.

On Tuesday, Leslie with Mingo, Martha and Charlotte returned to the search, together with Everett Wood. Ada County brought in an underwater camera, with Tom Korn driving the boat and Randy Skinner of Valley County operating the camera. People and search dog again checked the shoreline, as did the two deputies on jet-skis.

This search brought together a huge array of resources—people, watercraft, divers, a helicopter, side-scan sonar, search dogs, an underwater camera—and we still were unable to locate and retrieve the missing people. Yes, the dogs did indicate scent in the two most likely eddies, but the currents there

are too dangerous to risk divers without at least pinpoint location, and we were not able to achieve that with the existing currents, winds and bottom obstructions. The father’s body floated and was recovered on June first. As of this typing, the daughter had not yet been recovered and the family was still having to live with uncertainty as well as with grief. It was frustrating to read in the local press that people were asking why the recovery was taking so long and why more wasn’t being done. These are natural reactions from people who are emotionally engulfed in the tragedy, but the reality is that humans are limited in what we can do when dealing with a powerful force like the Snake River.

There were moments which SAR personnel will recognize. Pam watched her dog walk right over a rattlesnake and says she and Tim went “straight up” to avoid the critter; she later gave Inca an impromptu haircut as the least traumatic method of dealing with great clumps of cockleburrs. Leslie’s snake encounter was not with a rattler, but she was the lucky one who found the five ticks on her person. Chris is hereby designated the unit’s official shelter provider, as he turned someone’s former fire ring into hurricane-proof anchors for the shelter poles.

And on the way out, Rescue Randy’s Roadside Auto Service stopped to aid a car that had mistaken a steep hillside of soft dirt for a road. Chris and Tom got down in the dirt to attach George’s heavy-duty towstrap and come-along to 903, and inched that sunken car back up to the road. At least it wasn’t our own vehicle that needed the rescue this time.



Chris and Tom do the dirty work.

**JOINT TRAINING WITH ADA COUNTY AERIAL SHERIFFS  
AT GARDEN VALLEY AIRPORT – MAY 12, 2001  
--KRIS HOFFMAN AND MARTHA VANDIVORT**

After a joint meeting on Tuesday evening to get better acquainted and discuss how our organizations operate and how we can help each other, we tried some of our ideas in the field.

**Martha**

On Friday, Charlotte Gunn and I set out for Garden Valley to lay targets for the next day's air observer training. We drove out the Alder Creek Road from the airport, carrying five different bright colors of crepe paper to make V-shaped targets on the ground. The strips were 20 inches wide and each arm of the V was at least 18 feet long. (Compare this to trying to sight a person in drab-colored clothing!) We varied which side of the road and how far from the road we placed each target.

The first target was relatively easy, as there were lots of rocks to hold it down. As rocks became hard to find, we progressed to taking small branches and breaking them into pieces to use like tent pegs along the edges; it took a lot more of these than of the rocks. We finally went to large branches several feet in length. We also took a few pictures so that if a storm came up that night we could prove we had done the job and were not just driving around in the dust for the fun of it.



The purple target really did exist.

On Saturday morning, IMSARU participants and two of the Ada County Aerial Sheriffs gathered at the Compound. Most of our members flew to Garden Valley. Five Aerial Sheriffs' planes participated, as did one from Malheur County's Air Wing. After we arrived at the airport, Life Flight brought in one of their helicopters, gave us a thorough tour and answered questions.



Rick gets another plane ride from Bill Miller.

The Cessna pilots gave us instructions about things to do and not to do while getting into and flying in their planes. Then we took off in twos and threes to look for the targets. Each team had a list of each target's color, which side of the road it was on and approximate road mileage from the start. Pilots and/or observers were to plot the locations on GPS. Various search plans were tried—down the road, back and forth across the road, etc.—with varying success. We all

got valuable lessons about how different things look from the air. From the road, the trees looked relatively thick, but from above they looked relatively thin. It is an intense experience, trying to stay focused and scanning. I will forever tell any hiker to carry something very bright for visibility—a large orange plastic bag or tarp, for example. The planes must fly at least 60 miles an hour, and any color which fades into the scenery could leave the lost one lost. Not all of our crews found all five of those large, bright-colored targets. (Some swore that the purple target was a figment of Charlotte’s and my imagination, but it really was there.)

It was a great learning experience and many thanks go to the Ada County Aerial Sheriffs for working with us.

**Kris**

May 12 promised to be a beautiful day, and those of us fortunate enough to hitch a ride with one of the pilots were not disappointed by the scenery on the flight to Garden Valley. Unfortunately, despite the advice about taking Tagamet and using the wristbands to prevent motion sickness, my stomach rebelled at the last dips and turns into the airport. Therefore, I elected to stay on the ground while most everyone else took their turns trying to locate preset targets from the air.

All was not lost, however. Jerry Newland had brought our ELT finder and had received permission to activate a transmitter which he then hid in the woods near the airport. Most civilian aircraft are equipped with a battery-powered transmitter that is activated on impact; the signals are then picked up via satellite as well as by other passing aircraft.



Our ELT finder resembles a cross when folded out in operational mode. There are two modes of tracking a signal, DF (direction finder) and Receive (signal) mode. I learned to rotate the antenna and adjust the volume to narrow down the source of the strongest signal. For a ground search, it is also important to take readings from three different areas approximately a hundred yards apart, in order to triangulate the source. When I wound up with some conflicting signals, probably due to power lines between us and the actual location of the transmitter, Jerry taught me the technique called body shadowing to lessen interference. At this point, Jerry stated I was a lot denser than I thought...I’m pretty sure he was talking about my body mass, not my IQ!

I was eventually able to walk directly to the transmitter, but it quickly became obvious that it would take a lot of practice to become

Jerry and Kris work with ELT locator as Life Flight responds to a mission.

proficient in reading the nuances of the signals and tones. One must always take into consideration the terrain—trees, rocks, valleys, canyons or mountains—not to mention any man-made obstacles such as the power lines.

All in all, it was a very worthwhile and rewarding exercise. Thanks, Jerry!

IMSARU members attending the training included Brad Acker, Richard Clements, Rick Cudd, George Gunn (Training Director), David Hay, Kris Hoffman, Jerry Newland, Steve Pack, Tony Rockwell, Darryl Sauerwald, Jennifer Sims, Stine Theede and Martha Vandivort, with Rod Knopp joining us later in the day.

[Editor's Note: It was exactly one month later that Ada County Aerial Sheriff Bill Miller flew the search plane with an IMSARU observer to find the two teenage girls lost from Stack Rock. In addition to Martha's advice on bright colors, I would remind everyone that motion also attracts the eye. Wave those colors as vigorously as you can, from the most open spot you can find, if you want to be seen from the air.]

### **FAREWELL TO JENNY – 1989-2001**

(One more member of the Angel Pack)

Winston Cheyney and his family are grieving the death of Jenny, who was the last active search dog of our founding group. Jenny did air-scent, trailing and avalanche work, always a true team member with Winston but with a mind of her own. She did her last search at age ten, and was just a few days short of her twelfth birthday when old age overcame her body but not her spirit. An athlete, a pioneer and a lady, Jenny earned her place in SAR and in people's hearts. Free dog, Jenny. Free Dog!!

### **IMSARU CLIMBING TEAM TRIP LEATHERMAN PEAK, MAY 26-28, 2001**

**--BRAD ACKER**

It was a beautiful Saturday morning on Memorial Day weekend. Kris Walker and Bob Meredith were nice enough to drive their personal vehicles. After all the gear was loaded, Adam Chitwood, Aimee Hastriter, David Hay, Ed Emmel and Brad Acker jumped in and we were off. The drive north to the Lost River Range took about six hours with one gas stop and a great lunch in Mackay. We arrived at the West Fork of the Pahsimeroi Creek trailhead at about 3 p.m., with storm clouds on the horizon—the kind of clouds that know what time you are going to start hiking and that your raincoat is at the bottom of your pack. Having sat in the vehicles all day, we (well, most of us anyway) were ready to start our hike, rain or shine.

The hike was easy but the trail was not always easy to find. Two and one-half hours and one thousand vertical feet later, most of us arrived at the campsite. It is still unclear if Kris really did take a wrong turn or if he just wanted more adventure. Lucky for us, with the use of family radios and GPS units, we were able to steer Kris into camp. We set up camp in a wooded area just below treeline with a nice view of our goal, Leatherman Peak at 12,228 feet. When we left the dry Treasure Valley, we had our doubts if crampons and ice axes would be needed at all.

Looking up at the 3,000-vertical-foot snowfield to the summit removed all doubt. The night passed quickly with the typical freeze-dried festival of foods, hot tea, jokes and talk of trips to come.

The sweet smell of oatmeal in the morning! It's funny how being in the backcountry can change your perspective of culinary delight. Stuffing a few last-minute items in my daypack, I could see the first half of our group skirting one of the lower snowfields just a few hundred yards outside of camp. "Good timing," I thought; I have no problem letting someone kick steps for me. Funny how things work out.... The first thousand vertical feet were a screefield scramble because the snow was too soft to walk on. Ed and David opted for the ridge route and continued their ascent on loose rock. The rest of us headed for the bottom of the snowfield on the northern face. By the time we reached a semi-solid snowfield, had a quick snack and got our crampons on, it was my turn to break trail. One way to keep someone from complaining about route selection is by letting them select the route, so I did. After a short section of punching through to waist-deep snow, we made it to the firm section of the snowfield and the pace picked up. We kicked steps up the snowfield, switching back to stay in the hard-packed areas. The team ascending on the finger a few hundred yards to the west was forced onto the snowfield near the summit. Kris and Adam finished up kicking steps for our group as we made our way through some bands of rock onto the snow-covered summit. We made it to the top!

The view was great but no one could be talked into digging under the snow to try and find the summit register. Oh well! The rest and snack at the top were well deserved, but with dark clouds and a few bolts of lightning to the southwest, the two o'clock cloudburst was on time. After a few photos, we started our descent, our fast descent. Glissading is just a mountaineers' term for sledding without the plastic thing. Many people will tell you that being able to self-arrest with an ice ax is one of the most important parts of glissading. I think the ability to keep snow out of your pants ranks right up there. At any rate, we made it down and fast! We made it all the way down to the



At the summit of Leatherman Peak.

very soft snow at the bottom, and the last 40 feet in waist-deep snow over to a rock field took as long as the first 1500 feet of sliding (skillfully) on our butts. We all made it back to camp in a short amount of time and spent the rest of the day relaxing, except for David and Adam who had the energy for a short evening hike. The next day, the hike out and drive back to the highway passed quickly and we soon found ourselves back at the only round table in the Mackay deli and sandwich shop.

The IMSARU climbing team meets twice a month for training and sport climbing. We are currently getting ready to host a regional training and re-certification at The City of Rocks on July 14-15. If you are interested in getting involved, contact Brad Acker.

**GREAT POTATO RACE – MAY 5, 2001**  
**--CHARLOTTE GUNN**



A few came in costume.

5K, 10K, half-marathon, full-marathon; run, walk, race-walk: What’s your choice? This was the 23<sup>rd</sup> year for the Boise Family YMCA’s Great Potato Race (can you remember when this race ended in Bronco Stadium?) and the participants ranged from families with young children through serious competitive runners to Charlie, who finished the whole marathon despite a cough that worried us more than it did him.

IMSARU again supplied first-aid services and shepherds along the way. Paula McCollum and Suzanne Ventura were the mountain-bikers who zipped back and forth along the green-belt sections, keeping an eye on participants who might be having trouble. Chris Karnes drove 903 and Debbie Ralph drove her own car to patrol the street sections. Dan Scovel and Charlotte Gunn set up the finish-line station, where we treated a few cases of terminal blisters and passed out a whole heap of cold packs. The latter were not because of the temperature, which was on the cool and windy side, but for sprains, strains, a person hit in the face by a fly-away umbrella, and “my daughter hurt her knee playing soccer over there.”

Special thanks go to Debbie Ralph for all her work in organizing our response as well as in working the full race.

**THE CORN BOOTH IS A-COMIN’**

All of you who are involved in totally volunteer organizations understand that finances are a constant stress. For IMSARU, we expect our individual members to supply their own clothing, equipment and food for the first 48 hours of any mission. As a unit, we are constantly trying to raise money for vehicles (our two current vehicles are very old and very tired), maintenance, training expenses, utilities, rescue equipment, etc. We do several fund-raising projects during the course of a year—the Trout Pond, Christmas gift-wrapping, etc.—and receive some donations. However, the single biggest chunk of our operating budget comes from selling hot buttered corn-on-the-cob at the Western Idaho Fair.

The project is already under way. Don Hefner is growing corn for us again this year, to be delivered fresh each morning of the fair. We have the booth space. It took only about four months to get a supply of skewers. Jeff Munn has agreed to again supervise the construction and taking down of the booth. Aimee Hastriter has bravely said she will again do the scheduling. Now we need YOU....and your family members and friends and co-workers. This is very labor-intensive for a couple of weeks, but it’s only once a year and then we’ll be solvent again for at least a few months.

**The schedule for getting the booth ready is on the calendar, beginning July 31. Once the fair opens on August 17, we work two shifts a day, every day, covering 10 a.m. to around midnight.** Please plan now to work as many shifts as you can, and give your friends and neighbors the chance to join you. You would be amazed how many people enjoy the opportunity to be part of such a worthwhile project and the exotic activity of a fair booth.