



# RESCUE

**IDAHO MOUNTAIN SEARCH  
AND RESCUE UNIT, INC  
BOISE, IDAHO**

MEMBER:  
**MOUNTAIN RESCUE  
ASSOCIATION**  
SINCE 1960



## **KAYAKER RESCUED FROM DEADWOOD RIVER—SEPT. 5, 2000 --BY CHARLOTTE GUNN**

On Monday, September 4, three kayakers celebrated Labor Day by going down the Deadwood River from the Reservoir to Lowman. At about 1:30 p.m., one of them got caught against a log. His companions thought they had lost him but then saw him exit the kayak and make it to the west shore. However, they were unable to recover his boat nor to get back upstream to him. They continued on down the river for several hours before reaching a spot where they could contact the Boise County Sheriff's Office; they estimated the accident site as about 4-5 miles below the reservoir (ca. river mile 20).



David and Steve prepare packs for the back-country.

Coordinator Rod Knopp started calling us at 1 a.m.; at 3 we finally got up and stayed up for a 5 a.m. departure from Boise. Steve Argyle, Sam Barker, Robert Gilley, Charlotte Gunn, George Gunn (O.L.), David Hay, Steve Pack and Leslie Robertson checked in with Rod from the Forest Service Office above Garden Valley for updated information, then drove on up to meet Sheriff Gary Brown at the Deadwood Campground. Sam and Robert peeled off at the Scott Mountain Road, headed for the lookout where they did an incredible job as radio relay for the entire mission.

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P.O.Box741, Boise ID 83701. Editor: Charlotte Gunn, Phone (208)466-8345 or e-mail [cgunn@execu.net](mailto:cgunn@execu.net)  
Deadline of the 20th of the month is required for material to be included in the next month's issue.

We set up base camp while the Sheriff, via radio and phone, and Rod in Boise continued to track down resources—Rafters? Aircraft? ATV's? Dirt bikes? Local volunteers? The map makes it plain that this search could be extremely difficult—contour lines are very close together. If the subject went ashore where his companions estimated and if he had not moved, it would take many hours just to get a foot team to him. (No roads go anywhere near the river, which is hemmed in by cliffs.) If the subject was not at the estimated PLS, foot teams could spend weeks searching. [We were assured that the river was too cold and too dangerous, and the subject “too smart” to attempt to swim on down. However, he was eventually located about 5 miles downriver from the PLS.] The only logical “quick” methods were aircraft or floaters on the river. The mission strategy had to commit resources to the most likely success but also put some in place for backup plans.



IMSARU founder, Gene Stoker being interviewed by TV news about the search for his son.

Four strong young men from the Forest Service (Rex Arnett, Jared Byvee, Chris Cole and Caleb Zurstadd) volunteered their services and went up on Scott Creek Ridge with a chainsaw, where they could be in position to go in to the river and construct an LZ if the subject was located in one likely area. Another anonymous Forest Service volunteer started hiking the upper part of the trail from the reservoir. Two local men who know the trails well (Henry and Tom?) rode cycles up the trail from the campground on the east side of the river. Sheriff Brown and Jay Petersen transported Steve Argyle and David Hay via ATV on the “road” that heads up the west side of the river; the plan was to go as far as possible with the machines (ca. river mile 10) then have Steve and David continue on foot. Steve Pack remained in base camp to be the paramedic on the aircraft if one could fly the search; Leslie did the millions of unglamorous jobs that keep the search running—radio and action logs, shuttling people and equipment, etc. George lined up four separate radios to organize the intricate communications and guide the mission.

Despite threatening weather, the subject’s father (Gene Stoker, one of the founding members of IMSARU!) was able to hire an Idaho Helicopters craft and pilot, which picked up Steve P. and headed up the canyon. The subject later reported that they missed him on the way up but they saw him on the return trip, about river mile 16. The pilot thought he could land near the subject if they off-loaded as much weight at possible, but it did not work. So, he landed some 1500 feet above the subject and Steve P. had to choose between heading down alone with almost no gear (since his pack had been off-loaded) or saying the subject would just have to wait until additional people and/or gear could be picked up and brought to the LZ. Anyone who has seen that rough country knows this is not an idle question. Steve went, flagging the route with pieces of Kling from his med kit. He also asked for two additional people, food and water, and a scree kit, in case they might need more help.

Back at basecamp, Adam Chitwood and Rick Cudd had just arrived to join the search, and of course they volunteered to make the flight. The scree kit was not so easy, as previous kits had gone out but ended up in various inaccessible spots.

By the time Adam and Rick got to the site, Steve and the subject were almost up to the LZ. The news camera caught the reunion with the subject's father and kayaking companion, and huge smiles all around. The subject reported that he had descended farther along the river by swimming and scrambling along the bank, and that he had spent "a really cold night." His feet were sore (neoprene booties are not intended for scrambling up cliffs) but he was obviously in good shape overall.



The Forest Service team on the ridge and the dirt bikers were called back to base once the subject was in the helicopter. (Until that moment, there was always the chance that weather or other unexpected problems could swing the rescue operation back from relatively

simple to extremely difficult.) Sam and Robert, however, remained on top as radio relay and IMSARU personnel were still on duty until the ATV's could be extracted; one had slid and rolled off a 100-foot cliff (no one was injured) and would not be coming back under its own power. When all machines and people were in from the field, we took pictures and packed up the vehicles for the drive home. This was a classic multi-agency mission, where all the pieces fell into place and luck was on our side; it is incredibly satisfying to be part of a team effort that saves a life.

It is also likely that some events from this search will become part of the IMSARU legends.

(1) When the ATV was stuck partway down the cliff, Steve A. made his way back into base and was compiling the list of equipment needed: 50 feet of steel cable—George pulled it out of 901. Heavy-duty winch—George pulled two of them out of his truck. Heavy strapping to rig the hoist—George pulled two nylon tow straps out of his truck. Those who had suspected George has "everything" in that truck and camper are totally convinced. (2) Then there is the Adam and Rick saga. You need to ask them how they managed to finally show up at base camp just exactly when two people were needed for a helicopter ride and where they had been until then. And why did Leslie feel it necessary later in the day to tell those two, "Stay out of my underwear"?

### **GPS CLASS—AUGUST 26, 2000** **--BY STEVE ARGYLE**

On 26 August, Eric Mundell and Steve Argyle presented a class on the Global Positioning System (GPS) for the community. The class was an in-depth presentation on the field use of the GPS and included both classroom and practical use of the equipment. Class size was five students with a high instructor-to-student ratio to provide the best possible feedback.

We held the classroom portion at the Compound from 0900 to 1230 hours. This was a course of familiarization with the software and various operating features of the Garmin GPS-12s. Each student

either had or was provided with a Garmin to permit a common frame of discussion. It was stressed that all units are similar, regardless of manufacturer, and after learning one system it is relatively easy to transition to other units. We discussed each screen page as well as the requirements for initializing the unit and how to use the main menu. We also addressed map datums, grid systems and the relationships between the GPS and formal map-and-compass navigation. Due to the small class size, discussion was lively and informal.



Classroom portion of GPS instruction.

After the classroom session, the group went to Veterans' Park and worked on the field portion for the afternoon. This three-hour exercise consisted of marking waypoints, using routes, putting new waypoints into the GPS, route management and using the compass to supplement the GPS. We discussed additional features, including sunrise and sunset and distance/bearing as a waypoint. Class attendees concluded that it is better to attend a class like this and do in a few hours what a normal person would take several months to learn on his own. We want to plan for another class in November.

**OOPS! SORRY ABOUT THAT!**  
**--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN, EDITOR**

Did you wonder why your July-August edition of this newsletter arrived so late? Did you wonder even more when you started to read it and pages were upside down and out of order? Of course there are explanations—take your choice: (a) Murphy's Law (b) Gremlins (c) \*&^%\$# bad luck (d) It just wasn't meant to be. (e) Somebody put a hex on the project. (f) Nobody is perfect.

Due to a combination of people's schedules and mechanical problems, it took three weeks to get all the copies printed. When I got my hands on the first few hundred, I went ahead and mailed the local ones (those with zip codes of 836 and 837) because that covers most of the people who need the updated calendar and reminders of activities. When the last 200 finally came in, the pages were scrambled but I just didn't have the heart to wait for reprint and mail it in September. It seemed likely that most readers would remember some time when they wanted to print both sides of the paper and ended with one side upside down—and theoretically, that will bring forgiveness for our goof. I do apologize to those of you who received the weird copies, and sincerely hope it won't happen again.

P.S. If your copy was just fine and you don't understand what I'm talking about, appreciate your luck.

## **SEARCH NEAR BEAR, IDAHO—SEPTEMBER 2-3, 2000**

### **--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN**

A small pickup truck was stuck in the mud, tilting off the back road with the driver's door hanging open, some 30 miles outside of Council. It was first noticed on Monday, August 28, and again on Wednesday by a different party, but not reported to the Adams County Sheriff's Office until Friday evening. A



The LKP for the search.

license-plate check and follow-up revealed that a 74-year-old male, reported to be in the early stages of Alzheimer's, had left his home in Spokane on Sunday. He had bought gas in Riggins on Sunday afternoon and not been seen since. He was reported to be physically frail as well as intermittently unstable mentally. The speculation was that he had missed the turn in Council and thought he was still on Highway 95, not recognizing the discrepancy as the pavement ended and the road became a back-country hill climb. Beginning on Wednesday, the weather in the area included cold, rain, snow and hail. Adams County requested our help, especially our search dogs.

Green and Inca, Charlotte Gunn and Hobo, Aimee Hastriter, Chris Karnes, Paula McCollum and Jeb, Tony Rockwell, Martha Vandivort and Tom Wheless. Leslie Robertson and Mingo followed us out of Boise less than an hour later. Despite losing the fan belt for the air pump on 903 in Cambridge, we reported in to Sheriff Rich Green at Council and received maps to guide us to the search site as well as food to transport to searchers. In charge at the Incident Command Post were Deputy Walt Okamoto and Forest Service Officer Val Lane, as well as members of the local search and rescue group and other volunteers. We reviewed maps and available information before proceeding another five miles up the hill to a staging area just short of the pickup's location.

IMSARU responded late Saturday morning with Pam



Chris, Leslie and Mingo checked miles of muddy roads.

Jeb and Paula, accompanied by Aimee, worked first, attempting the impossible task of scenting from the pickup seat and then trying to pick up any trail despite the week's worth of traffic and several heavy rains. The rest of us strung a tarp between vehicles to provide some shelter from precipitation and waited. Once Jeb had moved away from the vehicle, we sent the three air-scent dog teams to scout most-probable areas: Inca with Pam and Chris backtracked along the road; Hobo with Charlotte and Tom worked farther up the road; Mingo with Leslie and Tony headed over the edge and worked down the steep slope, through the wet choking vegetation directly below the vehicle. Martha coordinated the teams from the staging base. There was little wind to carry scent to the dogs; weather conditions prevented the usual up-slope current on warming hillsides

followed by down-slope breeze as the evening cools. None of the teams had any success before daylight faded, and night searching was not logical under the circumstances.

Pam with Inca, Charlotte with Hobo, Tom and Martha spent the night at the Bear Work Station while the others drove back to Boise. We are not accustomed to our field camps including a bedroom per person, electric heat, showers, a pot of chili and two kinds of brownies, but we would be happy to get used to such a life. What is more, a hearty breakfast was delivered at 7 a.m. on Sunday by the county coroner and her husband. What a treat!

Sunday's weather included several showers but nothing as extreme as Saturday's heavy rain and hail. In addition to the four people and two dogs who had stayed over, Leslie with Mingo and Chris drove back up Sunday morning, together with David Hay and Steve Pack. We spent our day checking along roads and around cabins, including one that showed evidence of a break-in within the past few days. Mingo with Leslie and Chris checked out two roughly parallel roads near the bottom. They knew exactly where they were (though I do wonder how Chris programmed her GPS to lead them to "a green gate with a yellow ribbon tied on it") and were doing exactly what they were assigned to do. However, the rest of us were a bit nervous because we knew the roads had been reported as "difficult" and a dead radio battery precluded any contact with the team. At the top, Martha was still OL; Hobo with Charlotte and David walked the five miles from staging area down to ICP; Inca with Pam and Tom went the opposite direction to check out an area where Hobo had shown some interest the previous evening. After a lunch break, we all checked out the area around a cabin, then split up again to finish walking road 953 (Mingo with Leslie and Chris, Hobo with Charlotte and David—Tom as chauffeur) and check out a couple more unoccupied cabins (Inca with Pam and Steve). Lots of other searchers also worked all day—grid searchers from the local SAR working the extreme terrain below the vehicle location, horse teams, ATV's, etc. None of us had any luck, and the IMSARU team left the site late in the afternoon, thinking of a snack stop and a relatively quick trip home. We were surprised in our packing-up process by the arrival of Everett and Rose Wood, who were on their way to their property in Paddy Flat but detoured to the search site to offer any help possible. A less pleasant surprise was 901's stubborn refusal to exit 4-wheel-drive; Steve finally succeeded in persuading the truck but claims there was no magic formula.

The snack stop in Cambridge was great, but it was quite a bit later than planned because 901 blew a tire a few miles below Council. It is not easy to remain cheerful at such an accident when you are tired from a long drive and longer searching, but this one became a three-ring circus that will probably go down in the annals of IMSARU history and is almost certain to be noted at our Christmas party awards. Diane Mathews and Tim Henning met 901 at the Compound, and did the unpacking and refueling that are so often the final straw for an exhausted team.



What do you mean the jack won't fit under the truck?

We were very impressed with the search organization and the hospitality extended to us in Adams County, and want to thank those responsible. As so often happens, we were frustrated to not be able to successfully conclude the search, and recognized that with the terrain and time frame involved, it would require luck to do so.

Note: The subject's body was located on September 4, approximately ¼ mile back down the road from the vehicle and in a ravine about another ¼ mile down the steep and brushchoked hillside. The account we received stated that someone walking in the area just happened to look at the right angle at the right spot at the right time, as visibility in the area was extremely limited. The subject had presumably died during his first night out.

### **DEADWOOD RESERVOIR, CONTINUED—AUGUST 12, 2000**



Rod Knopp, unit SAR Coordinator, entering GPS information to print alerts on a map miles from the nearest power pole.

The Treasure Valley Dive Team planned a training weekend at Deadwood and asked if we would take our water search dogs up to see whether they still indicated the same area as last month. We agreed to work early Saturday morning, as the dive team would not arrive until noon or so. Rod Knopp and George and Charlotte Gunn with Hobo went up and camped Friday night. The remainder of the team left at 3 a.m. on Saturday in order to be on site before the sun: Pam Green with Inca, Troy Green, Aimee Hastriter, Chris Karnes and Leslie Robertson with Mingo.

The water level was down some 10-12 feet since our previous searches; the morning was calm and clear. We worked the dogs from Rod's Boston whaler and from Troy's bass boat; both have powerful motors to get to the search area and electric trolling motors for slow, fume-free work, and their bows are low so that dog noses are near the water. (Yes, we do realize how lucky we are.) The dogs had mild alerts in the same general area as previously. None of them had really hard hits, however, and we are speculating that the scent was spreading beneath the layer of cold water and then coming to the surface where shallower water promoted warming and rising. By the time we did our last sweeps, the wind was still light but was changing direction every thirty seconds. Divers and canine people discussed what we were getting and some possible interpretations, then IMSARU packed up for the long trip home.

Note: Despite the lowered water level, we were still dealing with water depth of 40 feet to much deeper. Bottom temperature was reported to be 42 degrees. The bottom is still clogged with rootballs, brush and other traps. And the roads into Deadwood have not turned into highways.

End of the story: Jason Haugen's body was found on September 9, "floating near the shore."

## **FEELING LEFT OUT? THERE MAY BE A REMEDY**

We had a really busy time over the Labor Day weekend and the few days following: Two days on the search out of Council, the search and rescue on the Deadwood River, a canine cadaver search.... Several people are wondering why they never were notified of the first two. [Canine cadaver searches for law enforcement agencies are not public events and only the participating teams will know about them.]

If you are a field-certified member (applicants must have completed their basic activities, taken the Field Certification Class and had their pack check) but did not get the word, here are some possible alternatives. (1) If you carry a unit pager, keep it with you and keep the batteries fresh. A pager at home doesn't help much when you are out on the town. (2) If your communication is the phone tree, be sure that your answering machine will take recorded messages. If it doesn't, talk to one of the many techno junkies in our unit; it may well be possible to set your machine so it will do so. If you normally carry a cell phone turned on, ask Rod to call you at that number; if you have a non-unit pager, you can get a page there also. Rod says he will be happy to enter more than one number per person into the system—you can ask for home phone first, then cell phone, then pager—it's your choice.

On most missions, we want and need all the help we can get. It was amazing to get ten members on the Tuesday after Labor Day (and we especially appreciate those who took the day off from work to respond to the call), but we feel bad that others would have responded if only they had known. Please talk to Rod right away about how we can reach you when the mission calls come. And if your situation is such that you want to carry an IMSARU pager, talk to Rod. There are two options: (1) Tone and voice pagers activated by State Communications; these are owned by the unit and are free of charge to active members who respond regularly. (If you carry one but don't often participate, you will be asked to return it.) (2) Digital pagers, which can receive personal messages as well as unit business; these require an initial investment plus an annual charge, so you would have to want the convenience for them to be worth the cost.

## **DOG TRAINING, DAY AND NIGHT**

*On July 29*, Paula McCollum had arranged for us to work on a beautiful property near Fairfield. Our hope that it would be cooler up there was in vain (or maybe it was cooler than in the valley, but it sure was hot.) Nonetheless, we set up our shade shelter for base camp and worked a variety of problems. Leslie Robertson had put in her perpetual request for a long problem with multiple subjects so Adam Chitwood and Martha Vandivort spread out across the hills of dry cheatgrass to await Mingo's arrival; Tony Rockwell and Craig Jones accompanied the dog team. While they were sweating, Charlotte Gunn ran Hobo on some short motivational problems and Paula ran Jeb on a couple of tracks, one of which included a second person's tracks as distractor. Rick Cudd ran base camp and day care, sighing that someone had to do the tough job of sitting in the shade.

After our training, hosts Judy and Gary Brookshier served us a sumptuous lunch of cheeseburgers and sweet juicy watermelon in their cabin. Many thanks to the Brookshiers for their hospitality and their interest in our work.

*On August 5*, we did our scheduled night search at Lake Lowell, and the conditions could not have been more different from those of the previous weekend. Once the sun went down, it was not only cool but

very moist; we worked in an area of scattered timber, head-high weeds and thickets; the coyote chorus sounded close enough that we reminded ourselves they certainly were looking for smaller prey than us. Chris Karnes hid partway up a leaning tree trunk, where Mingo later ran up and licked her face, while Charlotte Gunn and Tim Henning went farther into the bush to commune with the ticks. Diane Mathews ran tracks with Ponza; Leslie Robertson and Mingo, Pam Green and Inca, Jeff Munn and Mocha, and George Gunn and Hobo did the air-scent problems. Aimee Hastriter, Tom Wheless and Martha Vandivort played with the night-vision scope and practiced their night navigation skills. There was general agreement that the team needs to stop and sweep an area with the night-vision glasses, much as one uses binoculars; attempts to use them while walking and navigating may be comical but are unproductive.

All the handlers used aids to keep track of their dogs at night—bells, small flashing lights, lightsticks—and all envied their dogs' night vision while humans were tripping over logs and plunging into bogs. And again—we can't say it too often—the dog handlers thank the other members who came out to train with us. We appreciate you now and we appreciate you when we work together as teams on missions.

***On September 9***, four people took their young dogs up to Bogus Basin on a gorgeous morning which we shared with multiple high-school groups (at least a dozen buses in the parking lot) and 90% of Boise's mountain bikers. However, we found a calm area away from the crowds and worked with few distractions. Charlotte Gunn worked Xena on her first runaways in a semi-wilderness setting; Xena went for four different people with enthusiasm, and also enjoyed chasing bugs before and afterward. Eric Mundell ran Keats on a runaway for warm-up, followed by a short air-scent problem, both successful. Paula McCollum had taken to heart the instructor's advice at her recent trailing-dog seminar, to the effect that a hot trail is just as hard for the dog as an old trail, so she had Eric lay the hot trail and Paula and Jeb followed a few minutes later. Jeb apparently did not believe the advice, as he blasted down the trail, made the hard turn and continued directly to Eric. Craig Jones had sort of missed the rendezvous point and gone up to the picnic area, where he enlisted some Boy Scouts to volunteer as subjects for Hannah's air-scent practice. He then got directions to where we were and came down to use Eric for a longer search problem, including a chance for Hannah to figure out where the subject was when the scent was pooling in a trail cut right below him.

## **XENA CHRONICLES, CHAPTER 1**

### **--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN**

Reminder: You are not obligated to read these adventures of our future search dog.

First, the good news. We took Xena with us to base camp at Deadwood Reservoir on August 11-12. Search dogs-in-training normally do *not* go on missions, but we knew from three previous trips that we would have a base camp in the shade and there were going to be dog-oriented people available to puppy-sit when George and I were both on boats. So Xena got her first long, bumpy, winding ride in the truck with Hobo and hu-



Xena, SAR princess wannabe

mans, her first base-camp experience of hours in her kennel broken by various people walking her and spoiling her, her first camp-out, irregular meals and lots of strange people and activities in a strange place. She did very well, especially enjoying the neat canvas chair Pam had brought for her. (O.K., Pam did indicate the chair was for herself, but it would have just sat there empty while Pam was working Inca....)

Then the bad news. We compost our leftovers, and I had set the container “where Xena can’t possibly reach it.” She did reach it, and ate a corn cob; unfortunately, she neglected to chew it. The vet who did the surgery says he removed one piece about three inches long and five other pieces that were each too large to pass through the intestines. We have now redefined “where Xena can’t possibly reach it” and reinforced our belief that anyone who has extra time and money available should either have a baby or get a puppy; either one will absorb the extra and more.

## **LET’S GO SAILING**

### **--BY ROSE WOOD**



The Woods’ sailboat “Western Spirit”

Well, the Fair is over and you are thinking, “Boy, could I use a relaxing vacation!” How about cruising the San Juan Islands located in the northern Puget Sound, Canadian border area? Everett and I would like to invite IMSARU members aboard our 36’ sailboat “Western Spirit.” This has been a standing invitation since 1991.

Just picture yourself cruising gently along with a soft breeze blowing against your face, and beverage of choice in hand. If you’re lucky, whales may be spotted nearby, or dolphins may give you a thrill as they race alongside and in front of the boat. Once you have reached your anchorage or port of choice for the night, throw over the crab pot and maybe have **fresh crab** for dinner. The San Juan Islands all have some nice hiking trails for anyone wanting to go ashore and explore. Of course, if you want to just relax, the secluded bays are perfect for anyone looking for peaceful solitude and watching some beautiful sunsets. For folks who don’t want to totally abandon city life, some favorite ports are Friday Harbor, Roche Harbor and of course Victoria B.C. on Vancouver Island.

For IMSARU members, we ask that you pay any docking fees, fuel and your share of the groceries. Docking fees usually are about \$20 per night (for nights we don’t anchor out in a bay) and fuel for a week is usually around \$20. Also, you would need to provide your own transportation to Bellingham, WA. Since “Western Spirit” can sleep seven people, you could team up with others and share the expenses. So, if “camping on the water” sounds intriguing to you, give us a call at 375-5938.

## CORN, CORN AND MORE CORN – AUGUST 18-26 --BY ROSE WOOD

It was the Western Idaho Fair and IMSARU's Corn Booth was up and running. As Charlotte Gunn and I sat by a trailer load of corn, husking away, she commented "Gee, since you're working so many shifts here at the Corn Booth, you know as much about what all has been happening as anyone. You should be the one to write an article about it for the newsletter." After a few more encouraging comments, I replied that I probably could, so here goes.

The planning, scheduling, and coordination efforts it takes for this important event are very familiar to many of you; for others, it was a new experience. I'm not going to try to mention everyone who was involved, as I might leave someone out and I certainly don't want to do that. As usual though, everything came together. So THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU to all who helped this year's Corn Booth operate as smoothly as possible.

Many faces of IMSARU members, their families, and several of the volunteers became very familiar at this year's Corn Booth as people worked more than one shift. Some even planned their vacation time or arranged their work days to fill the shift schedules. Others had to send their regrets. (Dan and Jeanne Iverson, we hope you enjoyed your trip to Canada). Tony Rockwell and Aimee Hastriter spent many hours seeing that all shifts were filled. They both also worked multiple shifts. In addition to organizing the booth setup and takedown, Jeff Munn and his family were seen at the booth often as he was responsible for arranging daily change and picking up the daily receipts, even though he



Many hands make light work on the corn line.



Terry making the corn look pretty.

delegated some of this to Everett Wood. During the weekdays of the fair, Everett and I, Terry and Susan Read, along with "one Gunn" held down the day shift schedules. Seems like George and Charlotte's puppy had an expensive trip to the vet and needed constant baby-sitting to keep her from being too active. Charlotte says it was harder to baby-sit the puppy than to work at the Corn Booth. On the first Friday of the fair, Tom Wheless, Everett and I, and Charlotte were pleasantly surprised at the amount of corn we sold during our shift. We weren't scrambling to keep the corn warmers full, but the corn husking, trimming, cooking, skewering, buttering, wrapping and selling stayed rather steady. Day shifts usually don't get too busy, as we all know from previous years' experiences.

Traditionally, the unit gets called out on a mission during the fair. Luckily, this year no one needed to be found. There were a couple of incidents at the booth, however. Last



Everett worked too many shifts.

year's butter warmer leaked so it had to be replaced. Midway through the fair, the replacement gave up on us, so another mini-crock had to be purchased. Then one evening just before the night shift had all reported in, Everett was putting a basket of corn in to cook. All of a sudden the stove tipped forward, splashing him with hot water. He only wound up with some burns on his hand and forearm even though the water also got on his pants leg. None of the burns were serious though, thanks to the quick immersion under cool water. This proved the wisdom of wearing long pants and regular shoes rather than shorts and sandals.

The weather really cooperated by cooling down some from the high 90's - low 100's we had been having. We did have a storm roll through late one afternoon with 45 mph winds predicted. Winds were gusting around pretty good, so George, Terry and Everett lashed extra lines over the top of the blue tarp covering our shade structure. I rescued the Baked Potato Booth's patio umbrella as it went tumbling past our corn trailer. Since the fair-goers couldn't ride for a couple of hours because the rides had shut down, they took advantage of food row instead which pleased us immensely.

Attendance was higher at the fair this year and people seemed to be hungrier. We even sold out of corn a couple of nights. When each day's sales totals were compared to last year's figure, IMSARU was pleased to note that all but one day had higher sales.

## **MRA RECERTIFICATION, JULY 21-23**

The Mountain Rescue Association requires its member teams to recertify every five years in three skill areas. For the Intermountain Region, Bonneville County (Idaho) hosted the snow and ice section in March. Weber County (Utah) hosted the remaining two sections:

### **SEARCH RECERTIFICATION—BY LESLIE ROBERTSON**

While many think that the MRA is concerned only with technical or rescue operations, search is another part of the equation. Thus, a required part of IMSARU's recertification was to demonstrate the team's skills in search management, planning and execution. The scenario was as follows: A couple, who regularly hiked in the area, were reported missing for approximately three hours. They had just returned from a diving vacation in California and had hoped to do some hiking before a family business meeting. A deputy found their car on the road at the trailhead. Family reported that both were in good physical condition and always carried appropriate gear and clothing. We were given coordinates for the location of the car.

We started planning at the lodge where it was cool, with plenty of food and water, and most importantly, bathrooms. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, it was decided that I would act as Search Manager since I didn't bring Mingo (dogs weren't allowed in the lodge) and I had team seniority. Just after we settled the team assignments and before we deployed the first team to find the car and secure a perimeter, the evaluators figured out that we were planning on setting up base camp right there in the

lodge; they asked us to move it to the PLS since they had to evaluate several teams at once from the field. Although giving up the creature comforts of the lodge to move into the heat wasn't at all appealing, we of course agreed and headed off on our quest.

Tom Wheless took the point as our lead navigator while Jerry Newland—acting as co-manager, sounding board and strategist—and I studied the map and everyone else followed along a road. About halfway to our coordinates for the PLS, we came across a car. It seemed like a logical place for the PLS, but definitely didn't match our coordinates. After questioning the evaluators, who agreed it couldn't be the right car—it must have been left for another team's problem—we did some on-the-run assignments. Adam Chitwood had previously been in the area and had some knowledge of the trails. Our search area contained right in the middle a large, steep and thickly-vegetated rise which would be difficult to cross from base, so we sent Adam, Steve Pack and David Hay to contain the area on that side, using the trails.

Off went the rest of us to find the subjects' car and PLS. Around the bend, we came to a closed, locked gate. Some more consulting with the evaluators....Our car must be imaginary, so it could get through the locked gate and we should proceed to the coordinates. Around another corner....still no car nor trail. Tom with his GPS indicated we needed to head into the shrubs. Of course we all followed. When we got close to the spot that matched the coordinates, we became even more confused. Apparently our subjects had driven their imaginary car into the middle of a grove of trees surrounded by thick shrubs. At this point--no offense to Tom--we all pulled out our navigating equipment to see if we could come up with a better explanation. Just as we were determining that Tom was indeed right, Adam called to say they had located the first subject. She appeared to be all right at the moment, but was very concerned about her husband whom she had left farther up the trail.

From here on, events are a blur. Aimee Hastriter, Jerry and Tom all took off to assist the first subject; Adam and David headed up the hill to locate subject two; Steve stayed with the first subject to make sure she was stable and to be close in case they found the second. I maintained a now officially mobile base by documenting and directing while I walked and/or jogged to the car we had found earlier. Martha Vandivort followed to help set up base, if it ever would get set up.

By the time we got back to the car, which was indeed intended to be our PLS, the second subject had been found and was in fairly dire straits. Steve was relieved from the first subject and raced up the hill to assist with the second. Martha established a landing zone for the imaginary helicopter while another imaginary team took an imaginary litter up to evacuate the person with an imaginary medical emergency while I tried to maintain real and legible notes. A search that we were given four hours to complete was done in about half an hour.

We held a debriefing with the evaluators who gave us some very good feedback on what they observed. All of it was valuable and somewhat expected. Our biggest hindrance, and soon-to-be greatest asset, was the lack of field experience. Only a couple of us had been on more than one search and some had never been on any at all. Several of the participants had been members for only a few months. Our strengths included our ability to remain flexible and good-humored as the situation constantly changed. I was most grateful that the evaluators didn't ask to see my notes, which had mostly been written on the run in a tiny notepad.

The whole exercise was a tremendous amount of fun for all of us. We greatly appreciate the amount of effort put into organizing this type of mock search for a wide variety of teams. I am especially amazed at how well they were able to plan in all those glitches and unexpected turns that most searches present.

## **TECHNICAL ROCK RECERTIFICATION--BY JERRY NEWLAND**

The objective for our team that afternoon was a simple (overlooking the ever-present obstacles that always seem to arise for rescuers once the real work begins) patient pick-off and then a short scree evacuation. The scenario: To remove a victim that had fallen over a ledge and broken an ankle, and then was unable to get down.

Our “fifteen-minute” scamper to the testing area ended up taking us a little over an hour. One team member decided to protect herself from a possible heat emergency by removing herself from the planned exercise and was accompanied off of the mountain. Meanwhile, another team member found out that a moderate climb in new (unbroken-in) hiking boots was an excellent way to learn how to cut moleskin.

As we arrived at the testing area, team members began a scene size-up and determined that the area was safe for us to work in. Also during this time, as the team leader I decided that the best approach for the number of team members that we had available and the scenario that we were facing, was to place four people above the victim. Three of these members were to assemble and handle the load and belay systems and the other member was to be the patient attendant. The remaining team members were to remain at the base to assist the attendant and patient once they reached the ground and also to begin the patient packaging for the scree evacuation.

The team divided up as follows: Aimee Hastriter and Tom Wheless would remain at the base; Adam Chitwood and David Hay would build the load system; Steve Pack would be the patient attendant; and I would assemble the belay system.

As soon as Steve was above the patient, he made visual and verbal contact with the victim while the rest of us assembled the two systems. Once the systems were assembled, I double-checked all of the components. Steve clipped in and was soon on his way towards the victim with Adam on the load line, David on the belay line, and myself tied in at the edge for communications (and also for a good view of the operation below). When Steve reached the victim, he tended to his “broken ankle” and then began a pick-off. Steve’s plan (similar to a CMC pick-off) was to remove the victim and transfer him to his own system (below Steve). To accomplish this, Steve attached a long sling to himself and then to the victim’s harness. He then attached a prussik knot and a carabiner to the load line above himself and, with an accessory cord through the carabiner, he used a Munter hitch to belay the victim to a position just below himself. With the victim safely in position, the ok to lower was given.

Once they reached the ground, the team at the base assisted both the victim and the attendant free of the systems. After off-belay, the systems were disassembled by the crew above as the team at the base began to tie the victim into the litter for the scree evacuation. The team from above repositioned themselves at the base to reconstruct the systems and complete the scree. This time, David and Aimee attended the systems while the remainder of us became the litter attendants. The grueling task began and the litter was lowered down about thirty feet or so and then inverted to show the evaluators that the victim was securely tied into the system.

**Success!** The victim survived, as did we. We disassembled the systems and repacked the gear so that we

could find some shade and debrief the exercise with the evaluators. The debriefing provided us with some valuable information that we will be able to evaluate and apply as necessary to our technical protocol.

There are some issues during the exercise that should be mentioned: First off, our having had little or no exposure to working this type of problem together as a team caused a confusing issue at the top with the first systems assembled. During assembly of these systems, Steve (being the individual hanging on the system) informed us that he didn't like the use of only cams on his lines. He likes to have a mixture of protection to make him feel more secure while on the system. Understandable--however, this caused some confusion and lost time as the system was reconfigured to assist in the comfort level of the rescuer.

This is a good example of why, regardless of whether we are new to the unit or one of the "ancient ones," training together as a team is critical to the smooth operation of everything that we do. It allows us to get familiar with the way that our teammates do things or like to have things done. It also allows us to get to know what each person's strengths and weaknesses are so that everyone is comfortable and has **CONFIDENCE** in the abilities of the people they will be working with.

Secondly, in the wake of all of the activities that happened prior to the start, the excitement level of getting to "play" rescue, and for whatever other reasons, communications between the team and the evaluators broke down. We assumed that we were to conduct the scenerio exactly as we would in a real situation. By this I mean: We established communications with the victim and he responded back meaning that he was conscious. With this in mind, it was decided to conduct a modified CMC pick-off. When Steve conducted the pick-off, he had the victim assist him in the effort (because the victim was conscious and able to assist). However, we were later informed that, because this was an evaluation, the victim was to be unable to assist and that we were to build a raising system to remove the tension from the victim's anchor point and then switch back to a lowering system to bring the victim to the base.

Again, another good lesson to be learned.: We as rescuers, on occasions, are confronted with dangerous situations in completing the tasks at hand. The adrenaline begins to rush through our systems, we can't wait to get going, or whatever the issue may be and often we forget to pay attention to information. I mean really listening to and absorbing what's going on around us. If we don't, it could get us into precarious situations that we may not want to be in.

The third issue that I would like to mention is probably one of the most outstanding events that I saw an individual do during the entire weekend of training. As I stated earlier in this article, we had a team member decide to protect herself from a possible heat emergency by removing herself from the planned exercise and she was accompanied off the mountain. Again, when we respond to a search or rescue, we can't wait to get going, and we often overlook our own physical conditions or abilities because it is so important to each of us to be involved in what is going on. Let's face it, that's why we do this stuff in the first place. It takes a lot to pull yourself out of the action because of your own condition, but it's much worse if you go in knowingly and then your team has to deal with you as well as the original scenerio. We must take it upon ourselves to remember the well-being of ourselves and of the people that we are working with.

Overall, I was very pleased with the performance of the team. I believe that we all learned from each other as well as from other teams in the region and will continue to grow as a team using this knowledge. It was a great learning experience and a fun time was had by all.

## **TRAILING THROUGH CONTAMINATION K9 SEMINAR, AUG. 21-26** **--BY PAULA MCCOLLUM**

Jeb and I attended our first K9 seminar at NW Field Camp near Cody, Wyoming—a beautiful area. Jeb is a young dog and doing well; however, I am an inexperienced handler with way too much to learn. We attended this seminar to become a stronger team. The seminar was set up to teach us handlers about the behavior of scent, scent pools and how our dogs react to them, how to read our dogs, and training techniques to help us better train our dogs and work through problems we might have.

Instructor for the trailing portion was Jonni Joyce, a law enforcement officer and K9 handler/master trainer from North Carolina who is a certified instructor in the NC Criminal Justice Training and Standards Commission and has been involved in the training of canines for police work and SAR since 1988. She is a wonderful instructor. OK, I'm partial because she is from NC (I am, too) and graduated from Appalachian S.U. (I did, too) but what I really liked about her is she has an open mind about different ways to train dogs. She has her methods and teaches them well. She tells you why she does what she does and shows you how. Then she works with you as you learn.



Paula and Jeb the coon hound.

I showed up at this seminar with a bluetick coonhound. We definitely stood out. Most of the dogs were GSD's, Goldens and Labs, plus an Airedale and a cute mixed breed. Jonni knows about coondogs and got a kick out of having one in her class. She was determined to teach my hound how to tree people and she did! It ended up being great motivation work for Jeb and a fun time for all.

I learned so much that I don't know where to begin a report. I probably learned the most valuable lessons from the mock search. This was very challenging for me and I didn't think we were ready for it. It was a challenge worth accepting. I started out overwhelmed but we ended successfully and with renewed confidence. We also learned that your lungs will not explode when following your dog up a STEEP ridge through lots of deadfall at about 7,000 feet. Jonni had teased us that she had blisters, so no one thought she'd be way, way, way up the hill. Now that we've recovered and still have our lungs, maybe I can appreciate her humor.

Next stop.... Mantrailing seminar in Salem, IL, October 12-14.

**NAVIGATION TRAINING--SEPTEMBER 12, 16+**  
**--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN**



“Navigating” to the next clue.

Training Director Bob Meredith did the instruction on Tuesday evening and again on Saturday morning—compass bearings, magnetic and true; range, township and section; latitude and longitude; UTM; how to calculate lat-long or UTM for a map position and vice versa; GPS datum and errors to avoid. The Saturday p.m. session was hands-on. Bob gave us scenarios that included various kinds of readings and quiz questions and the following people headed out: Brad Acker, Adam Chitwood, Rick Cudd, Robert Gilley, Pam Green, Charlotte Gunn, Aimee Has-triter, Craig Jones, Chris Karnes, Paula McCollum, Jeff Munn, Jerry Newland, Leslie Robertson, Tony Rockwell, Stine Theede, Martha Vandivort and Tom Wheless.

We found our way to Bonneville Point, where we tried out three problems that used compass bearings and pacing, and looked around in vain for “the crazy lady.” Our next bearing headed us on up the road toward the metropolis of Prairie, but we did have a frustrating detour in the country of Oman. (Yes, you can and should reset your GPS when you cross into certain countries.) We eventually went on, identified the pear tree, and stopped at cliffside where our technical people set up a rappel with a fairly solid anchor (truck). Jerry did the long rappel to pick up the instruction envelope, and retrieved Adam’s sunglasses on the haul back up. Several others would have liked to do the rappel also, but fading light and growling stomachs dictated the next step—supper.

Bob had the grill going at his property high on the hill, and Tom stepped in to cook the burgers. Those who were spending the night pitched their tents, and all of us enjoyed the hearty meal and beverages of our choice. About half the group returned to the valley; rumor has it that the other half didn’t go to bed until after Bob turned off the generator in the early hours of the morning.

Consensus was that the navigation training was excellent and that we want and need to do more of it. The parts that we had to skip because of time may well be the basis of October training. Some of us are more than willing to leave navigation to others and hope we’ll never have to convert lat-long to maps or vice versa, but anyone who can’t handle the basics is a danger to himself/herself in the field. There are lots of experienced people in the unit who are willing to help others learn; you don’t have to start as an expert. Besides, Bob’s training sessions are fun!

**CALENDAR**

Sept. 29-Oct. 1	Mantracking Course at Camp Cody in Wamic, OR	
Sept. 30	Joint Training with McCall Dive Team Contact George and Charlotte Gunn at 466-8345	Ponderosa Park at McCall
Sept. 30-Oct. 1	Family Campout and SAR Games Contact George and Charlotte Gunn	Ponderosa Park at McCall
Oct. 3	General Meeting--Elections	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 7	Dog Training and Handlers' Meeting Contact Leslie Robertson at 362-5352	
Oct. 10	SAR Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 14	SAR Field Training—Navigation, continued by Popular Request	Time TBA Meet at Compound
Oct. 15-19	International Commission for Alpine Rescue Co-hosted by NASAR and MRA	Grand Canyon Arizona
Oct. 17	Medical Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 21-22	Track Aware Course (Free) at Benton Co. Fairgrounds	Corvallis, OR
Oct. 24	Long-Range Planning Meeting for previous and new Officers and all others who wish to attend	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 31	Business Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 7	General Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 14	SAR Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 18-19	SAR Field Training	Details TBA
Nov. 21	Medical Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound