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RESCUE

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SINCE 1960



A FIRST MISSION—TO ELMORE COUNTY --BY PAULA McCOLLUM

It all started when I was in my closet packing my pack (for that potential callout) and the pager went off. I jumped up excitedly and called in. It was 3:20 and they wanted us at the Compound at 4. Oh my! I was excited to finally have the opportunity to help out.

Upon arrival at the Compound, one of the first things I heard was Leslie telling Pam that the C.A.P. were going to fly us in. GULP! I'm as fond of flying as Pam is. (I drive three days to North Carolina rather than fly.) The thought crossed my mind that I could back out. No way! I'd deal with it. But this got the adrenaline flowing: What if...what if...what if...???! The next detail was that we would be staying overnight. I wasn't 100% prepared for this; had the gear I needed, but had to make a call to get the house and animals taken care of. What would it be like to camp without my tent?...

We headed for the airport. That airplane looked so small and flimsy. It struck me as funny that Pam and I were in the back seat together—



Paula and Jeb being interviewed by FOX 12 news .

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two of the biggest chickens when it comes to flying. (Inca took it all in stride.) I must credit Pam here: I believe she supported the idea of pawning some of our gear off on the other plane with Leslie and Rick; we'd prefer their plane be the one that had to fly heavy. I couldn't believe it, but the plane took off and it was, well, sort of fun. It helped that the engine seemed to be running smoothly. I was even more excited when we landed ALIVE. I had just survived my first plane ride in 12 to 13 years and my first-ever ride in a small plane.

Once at the base camp site, we learned there was suspicion of foul play and we would be waiting until morning to search. Time to camp? Oh no, we were traveling first class. One of the searchers invited us to his cabin in Pine, where his wife and children were expecting us. It was luxury accommodations with a hot meal awaiting us—sloppy joes and hamburgers. It was late so we all crashed on the floor after dinner. I ended up on the floor next to Inca. She didn't seem to find me the most comfortable person to lean on, but I felt at home. (I usually share a bed with three cats.)

Five a.m. Time to get up. Breakfast was waiting: eggs and biscuits and gravy, homemade apple juice, coffee—the good life! We arrived back at base at around 7 a.m., and spent the day searching a few small areas. I didn't quite understand why we were doing what we were doing, but learned a simple yet important lesson: I need not feel like I'm doing enough out there; all I have to do is what I'm told. The other part of the lesson is that we may not search far and wide, but we play an important role just by ruling out the areas we search.

To wrap up the day, we (both dogs and seven people) all piled into “the beast” (truck 901) and headed home. It was a great first time out and I learned a lot. With winter not too far off, I'd better remember the “good times” in Pine because next time out will not be as cushy.

TRAINING WITH GUARDIAN MEDEVAC—SEPTEMBER 11, 1999 **--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN**

A flight crew brought their Blackhawk helicopter to the desert south of Boise, where we met them for a close-up introduction to their craft. After an explanation of some of the features, danger zones and



Guardian flight crew giving IMSARU members a safety briefing before we approached the aircraft.

safety procedures, we had the chance to do a static load followed by two rounds of hot loads. All of us were impressed with the big bird, and it was an especially good chance for some of our novice dogs-in-training to get acquainted with what could be a scary form of transportation. The young ones were all hesitant on their first hot load, and visibly more confident the second time around. That's why we train!

IMSARU participants included Jane Foreman with Geshem, George and Charlotte Gunn with Hobo, Aimee Hastriter, Paula McCollum with Jeb, Dave McDermitt, Jeff Munn with

Mocha, Eric Mundell with Keats. (Other members who had spent long hours during the week on searches, felt they owed this weekend to their neglected families.) Rod Knopp joined us at the site. Also present was a Channel 12 news team, who had requested several weeks ago to accompany us on a field training exercise.

The National Guard helicopter is used for civilian missions only when other resources such as Life Flight are unavailable, but that has happened in the past and will happen again. Their crew was very gracious and informative in providing this advance training to make future cooperation go more smoothly, and we appreciate their sharing this Saturday morning.

ELMORE COUNTY SEARCH --BY LESLIE ROBERTSON

September 6

Labor Day afternoon, Elmore County Search and Rescue called requesting canine and other support in their efforts to locate a 19-year-old man who had been reported missing the previous night. On the previous Friday, the subject had supposedly headed into the Wilson Flats area above Anderson Ranch Dam to scout out locations for a bear hunting trip. He took with him his gun, a bag of beef jerky, 1-1/2 gallons of water and presumably his GPS. His outdoor skills were considerable according to his family and friends. He has been an avid hunter all his life.

His wife and friends started looking for him on Sunday night. They found his vandalized car parked at a common Wilson Creek camping spot. Elmore County SAR started their search at 5 a.m. on Monday morning. Using motorbikes and ground pounders, they scoured the areas where people usually end up thinking that (like everyone else who gets lost in the area) if they didn't find him, he would wander back down to the lake by the afternoon. When he didn't, they expanded the search and included us.

With George and Charlotte Gunn acting as In-town Coordinators, Rick Cudd, Aaron Garrison, Paula McCollum, Pam Green with Inca, and Leslie Robertson with Mingo responded to the compound at 4 p.m. to discover that CAP would provide transportation to Elmore County. Steve Argyll and Derek Bohan would follow in 901 in a couple of hours to provide return transportation. This was the very first mission response for Paula and the first wilderness response for Aaron and Derek. They picked a great one to get acclimated!

Gear was honed down to the bare minimum that would allow for the apparent bivouac. No unit equipment other than what would fit in personal packs could go. Despite the bumpy air currents and cramped space (I held Mingo in my lap and Rick held his gear) both of the CAP pilots provided a safe if not entirely smooth trip. Rick likes to say that his pilot got to make two landings because of wind conditions and weight. For most of the team, this was the first experience in CAP transportation. All of the team members--human and canine--took the ride in stride, even those of us (meaning the humans) who are a little less than thrilled with flying.

At the airport, several Elmore County personnel and vehicles were waiting to transport us to the search site. Members new to SAR and the art of logistics could well heed Pam's coordination

techniques: Wait for everyone else to jam themselves into the truck then announce that the offered RV would be adequate for her. Mick's (from Elmore County) RV rivals the Gunns' "Swiss Army House" as the ultimate SAR vehicle.

At the already-established bustling basecamp, we met up with Commander Jim Noland and the rest of the Elmore County SAR team. During our commute, information had arrived which forced the search efforts to be placed on hold for the time being. As we stood around basecamp waiting for directions, we spent the time getting to know our hosts a bit better. I finally got to meet the famous LuAnn Alvarez who has appeared in several unit pictures but was never around when I was. While our hosts tried to figure out what to do, we tried calling George to tell him to cancel Steve and Derek's trip. After several attempts, we were finally able to track George down at another search! Busy night for IMSARU.

The famous IMSARU bivouac was held at the home of the Farrel Ramsey family. I am always impressed with people who are able to open their home up at a moment's notice and provide wonderful meals as well as floor space for a large number of strangers. Their hospitality was impressive and inspirational. Just in case all the news reports about out-of-control teens are giving you a bad impression about our next generation, make a trip to meet the Ramseys. With their politeness and graciousness to a bunch of dirty, and probably less than sweet-smelling strangers, those three girls were great examples.

Steve and Derek must have had a premonition about the emergency housing we were enjoying. Imagine our surprise when they walked in right in the middle of our dinner! It was a shock on two counts: (1) They hadn't returned to Boise. (2) They were able to track us down to the Ramseys' home in Pine.

September 7

After a full southern breakfast which was especially enjoyed by our favorite southern transplants, Rick and Paula, we headed back up to the search site.

Things had changed a bit from the previous night. The vandalized car was surrounded by crime scene tape and the subject's family had traveled from La Grande, Oregon to join in the search. We were asked to run the dogs from the car, the most logical PLS through the Wilson Creek drainage to see if they could pick up any scent. Two motorcyclists had run through the previous day and saw nothing. IMSARU divided up into two teams based on experience with various skills including navigation and mantracking. Leslie with Mingo, Rick and Derek became Team 1. Pam with Inca, Aaron and Paula became Team 2. Fortunately, Steve had not turned around the previous night and was able to take over as IMSARU Operations Leader and run our small chunk of basecamp.

With Team 1 starting out and Team 2 quickly overlapping them, the Wilson Creek area as well as several drainages leading off of it were searched. No clues including footprints were spotted. Footprints in the Wilson Creek area would have been very easy to see because we had to cross the creek several times and there were plenty of mushy bare spots. Based on what we saw, it seemed evident that the only ones who had recently been in that area were the two motorcyclists,

ourselves and a bunch of cows. CAP, which had started searching the previous day and continued for at least three days, was able to track our progress and see very accurately into the mostly sparsely vegetated areas; they also reported nothing unusual.

When we were all back together at base, Jim Noland asked us to search an area that could possibly be a new high-probability area based on some interviews they had done with the subject's best hunting buddy. According to the friend, there was no way the subject would have gone in at Wilson Creek. He probably went in at Big Granite or Little Granite and was planning on coming out where the car was parked. The description of the subject's boot print had also changed. The IMSARU folks loaded up 901 and took off. How do you load a Suburban with seven people, two dogs, seven backpacks and all the necessary unit equipment? Very carefully.

After some debate, a couple of turnarounds and several map consultations, we determined exactly which drainages were the correct ones and headed out. Team 1 took Little Granite and Team 2 took Big Granite. Lesson One learned: Maps can be deceiving. While the map showed a mild one-mile walk along a gently sloping creek, the reality was that we had to do a fairly steep hike through the hot sand and sage because the vegetation near the creek was impenetrable. Even Mountain Goat Derek had to arrest his progress and sit tight on his side of the creek until we could finish our side. The vegetation trapped him. Every team member reported being on their knees at several points in order to get disentangled from the mess. Lesson Two learned: Don't be too gullible if Steve says, "Trust me, it will be easy."

With our efforts as well as Mick and his wife's in the same area, we decided that he most likely didn't go in at that spot. Again we found no physical evidence that anyone had hiked into there in the recent past. We could have missed some clues along the creek due to the thick brush, but the travelling would have been so difficult that it wouldn't even make sense to use that route. Even the elk and deer were using the slopes as their road system.

Our travel in and out of basecamp was hampered by a herd of range cattle being moved to another grazing spot. Steve's technique for moving through cattle was impressive. His theory: if you just keep moving, so will they. It didn't work quite as well with one beast which was endowed with an impressive set of horns, but it got us past them.

Base camp had changed again upon our return. More information was coming in through interviews. We learned that the Mountain Home Air Force Base was sending at least 40 airmen to assist. There wasn't anything else for us to do at that point. Time for the trip home.

Why wasn't Rod surprised to hear that we were calling from the Mountain Home McDonald's to report our return? Is he familiar with Pam's compelling need for French fries after an IMSARU outing?

September 9

At about 2 p.m., we received another page from Elmore County. Some family members had found some footprints outside of the search area and they wanted dogs as well as human searchers to help follow up. A quick phone call to Tony Plott of the Boise City Police

Department determined that he was headed in that direction and would stop by basecamp to see if he could be of any assistance with our favorite bloodhound, Belle. Meanwhile, Jerry Newland, Robert Gilley and Leslie Robertson with Mingo loaded up and headed out.

At the base, things had again changed. The Air Force had provided a large tent, generators, water tank, and portable bathrooms to accommodate all the searchers who were now involved. We waited a bit for the deputy who had been helo'd to the site to come down and give us an idea of what he found. It was very reassuring to have him walk up with an actual tracking stick, rubber bands and all. It gave us a common point of reference. After our discussion, we determined that it would probably be safer and more practical for us to proceed to the site early in the morning. There was no one in base at that time who could give us accurate directions, and we were very skeptical — given all the searchers who had canvassed the area — that these would be the subject's prints. The description of the tracks matched at least half of the searchers who had been on the mountain. With the promise to return at 7 a.m. the next morning, the IMSARU team headed back to Boise and Tony headed to Hailey to work on his dad's patio.

September 10

Bright and early, Team Leader Tim Henning, Paula McCollum, Rick Cudd, Derek Bohan, Tom Wheless, Pam Green with Inca, and Leslie Robertson with Mingo met at the Compound to begin their trip for a 7 a.m. rendezvous with Elmore County. Thanks to Rod Knopp's efforts the previous night, the maps, gear and trucks were all ready to go for us.

There were even more people and activity at basecamp than the previous day. More family and friends from La Grande had arrived as well as more airmen. After quickly getting the maps arranged, the IMSARU team led by the subject's father headed up to the closest drivable spot to the place where the footsteps were spotted. For much of the trip, we traveled as a single unit with the expectation that Tim and Pam would compose one dog team, Tom and Leslie another. Rick, Derek, and Paula would make up the mantracking team. Our expected two-hour hike to the location took four. It included a side trip in which both Mingo and Inca were insistent about searching off the trail for a bit.

In that area, we found and flagged a couple of footprints which might have matched the newest description of the subject's vibram-sole hiking boot, then headed on. Later, we discovered that another searcher with the same sole remembered being in that area. During the detour, somehow Tom and I missed the fork that everyone else apparently followed. Nothing more embarrassing than a SAR team asking fellow teammates for directions over the radio. A little further on, Mingo's reactions let us know we were on the right trail. Running into Rick was another good clue.

Our trip up reminded me of the old dog training maxim: "My dog has never done that before!" Derek expressed concern about all the cattle and cow leftovers that we were dodging along the way. He wondered if it would mess up the dogs' ability to search or distract them. Of course, I was able to say with great confidence that Mingo has always ignored such distractions in the past. Unlike many dogs, he had no interest in eating or rolling in animal stuff. A few minutes later, I was warning everyone not to pet my very ripe partner. Mystery: Why will a dog ignore

thousands of cow patties in an area but find one sole pie irresistible? This is one reason why we like to travel with a dog crate.

At the location, we divided up into the appropriate teams. The dog teams were able to get in a little extra rest as the mantrackers went to work on the tracks which followed a slope along a cow path. After they had worked for a while, the teams were restructured so that Rick could continue on his fishing trip to Montana and Pam could head back to Boise for her classes that night. Pam, Rick and Inca headed back the way we all came in to meet the deputy who was going to transport Pam all the way back to Boise.

Tim and Paula became a new ground pounding team and followed the tracks into the bowl made by the ridge we were on until they reached Wilson Creek, where Tim leisurely soaked his feet while waiting for the rest of the team.

Tom, Leslie and Mingo (soon joined by Derek, who had briefly tracked with a non-IMSARU team) followed along the ridge until they had to go down to join the others at Wilson Creek. Even though we had been told that no searchers other than the family members who found the footprints had been in the area, we found evidence to the contrary. One piece of evidence was a tin similar to a sardine tin, which we bagged for the SAR Managers, and a very distinctive foot print that we knew belonged to a particular searcher. It was one we had run across several times before.

Back at base, we left the food tin, a map with our courses plotted out, and waypoints for the footprints and tin with the deputy and headed home at 6 p.m., tired and frustrated that we couldn't do more. Having Eric and Travis Mundell and Rod Knopp meet us at the Compound to take over the chore of unloading was appreciated immensely. Also, the debriefing that Rod was able to offer as an outside observer helped bring back some perspective on the whole picture.

For IMSARU this was the last of our involvement to date in this search. We ended our part mystified about how the subject got lost in the area. Every drainage leads to Anderson Lake which is visible from every ridge. All of the landmarks lead people to the road along the lake. Even if they go down on the wrong side, they end up on the road that leads to Pearl. For Elmore County, the search lasted for over two weeks. Resources involved included CAP for about four days, a Guardian Helicopter for several days, at least 100 Air Force men, approximately forty ATVs, several horse and rider teams, one Elmore County search dog team, one non-SAR tracking dog team, plus the Elmore County SAR teams and Sheriff's deputies who were all in the field. This doesn't include all the family and friends who spent days running up and down the ridges looking. There still has been no evidence placing the subject in the areas searched. The sheriff's department is now treating it as a criminal investigation based on the vandalized car.

Reflections:

1. Searchers need to be physically, mentally and emotionally prepared for searches at any time. Our response time was about 1-1/2 hours from the page to departure from the Compound. That included planning for a plane ride and bivouac.

2. Emotions run high on these long searches, especially when base camp gets crowded. We all need to remember that and allow for it in our response. It is easy to get frustrated with the subject's family and other concerned friends, not to mention media when they are constantly

hanging onto you for information or leading you on what appears to be a wild goose chase. As a mother of three, I can guarantee that I would be just as annoying if I were in the situation.

3. As professionals in the search community, we must recognize that we will be called upon to work with others who are more or less well trained or knowledgeable. It is our responsibility to work with all viable resources. At the same time, we must be able to explain in the planning stages of deployment our methods for assigning certain resources in a particular way, in a manner that does not alienate or offend.

4. Obedience and social etiquette for the search dogs cannot be emphasized enough. This was Mingo's third unexpected stay in a stranger's home in three years on three different missions. It was also the first time he and Inca had been in such a small plane. I never cease to be amazed at the situations that I have put my dogs in just to finish the job. We can train and plan all we want, but something that we never thought of is going to happen. On just about every mission, I have done something new. While the dogs may not be trained for every possible situation, they must have a consistency and predictability in obedience and temperament that allows for the unknown.

5. Sometimes the most important function we perform on such a search is support for colleagues. Some of that support may extend beyond the actual search. This seems especially true because we often go in as back-up for a sheriff's department unit outside of our traditional response areas. Hopefully, our presence, suggestions, and feedback can offer some reassurances that everything that can reasonably be done is being done. While I pray that it is never the case, I know that if we ever find ourselves managing a similar search, we will have Elmore County friends more than willing to assist in the same manner.

THANK YOU FOR THE DONATIONS

Friends and relatives of the Daggett and Kennedy families sent donations to IMSARU in memory of the drowned young men for whom we searched. We thank them, and assure them that the money will be used to continue training for, and responding to, the calls for those in distress.

Also, Jane Foreman has made a sizable donation to IMSARU in memory of her search dog Sara, and has asked that the money help to fund additional training of canine teams. We also thank Eric Mundell for his generous contribution in Sara's memory.

And we appreciate the donation received from the Boise Vista Lions Club.

SAFETY EDUCATION UPDATES **--BY ERIC MUNDELL**

The Bogus Basin Lifetime Sports Education Foundation held a Kids' Day celebration at the groundbreaking of the new Frontier Lodge at the Bogus Basin Ski Area. The celebration offered kids a chance to see how different plants and trees look in summer versus winter. Two other classes offered self-esteem talks and Idaho Mountain Search and Rescue provided a map and compass class. Compasses were graciously provided by the REI store, and rounded out a great day of playing "Compass Baseball" (a new game inspired by the Safety Ed Director).

Amazingly, 56 kids went through 25 gallons of water on this hot day. The spouts on IMSARU's water jugs were handy, as we quickly filled more than 50 water bottles donated by Idaho Mountain Touring. "A day on the hill can lead to a lifetime of fun" was the motto for the day, and I was proud to represent IMSARU at this event.

Also, Rick Cudd recently provided survival skills training for twelve Cub Scouts and six adults. Rick said they were a "tough" audience, but were excited to be leaving on their camping trip. Each member of SAR should consider "adopting" a pack of Scouts.

Meanwhile, Jane Foreman, June Lee, Leslie Robertson and I made our way to the annual Elk Foundation in Nampa to set up a safety education booth. Although attendance was lower than expected, some of the outfitters and outdoor consultants in attendance liked our handouts, mentioning that they may incorporate them into their orientation for clients.

M.R.A. INTERMOUNTAIN REGION MEETING AND TRAINING

--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN

Like most western regions of the Mountain Rescue Association, we are spread over a large area—Idaho, Utah, parts of Montana and Wyoming—and it's a major effort to get together. However, eastern Idaho is about as centrally located as anyone, so Bonneville County Sheriff's SAR hosted the meeting on September 25. In addition to the blue shirts from Bonneville, there were lots of orange shirts from IMSARU plus representatives from Weber County and Salt Lake County in Utah.

Rina and Dave Ferguson stayed up 'til midnight, waiting for the last IMSARU vehicle to roll in and offering us a place to sleep and breakfast on Saturday morning. Roy West, Interim Chairman, conducted the morning business meeting with introduction of delegates, a report on the M.R.A. annual meeting at Tucson by Rod Knopp, Member-at-Large, and then several topics dealing with how to strengthen the Intermountain Region. These included: (1) ways to maintain an accurate roster of Intermountain teams and their leaders; (2) an agreement to collect the official dues of one dollar per member (maximum of \$50 per unit) for the calendar year 2000; (3) discussion of reaccreditation procedures; and (4) election of regional officers.

The new officers are Roy West (Weber County) as Chairman, Mike Vorachek (Bonneville County) as Vice Chairman and Leslie Robertson (IMSARU) as Secretary-Treasurer. Mike will head up the Accreditation Committee, with George Gunn and Dave Ferguson as additional volunteers. The training officers for each individual unit will be members of the regional Training Committee. To maintain momentum for joint training, Bonneville County will host a snow-and-ice session in late March and Weber County will host a technical rock session in mid-July.

After a catered lunch of huge sandwiches, Bonneville County and IMSARU continued with a joint search training exercise that just about blew us away. Literally. While meeting all morning in the

basement of the law enforcement building, we had been oblivious to that Idaho Falls wind—reported as “sustained winds of 45 mph with stronger gusts.” Once in the field, we were very aware. Each team supplied an Operations Leader, a person to gather information and another to compile a list of available resources. Stan Finn enjoyed his role as the deputy who gave us very limited information about the two “missing subjects” and he and Rod Knopp then served as observers and critiqued the exercise afterward. Most of the field teams had members from both units, for the chance to work together and learn from each other. Dog handlers were disappointed that conditions were so unhelpful; as someone commented, if dogs alerted on anyone it was going to be a person in the next county. We did locate all three subjects (yeah, they slipped another one in) and retired to Stan’s patio for the critique and to finish off the day’s food.

Those who participated agreed that this kind of joint training is more useful than the old “testing” formula, and hope that the accreditation committee will make it official. Many thanks to Bonneville County for all of their work, and we look forward to working with you again many times. IMSARU participants included Winston Cheyney with Jenny, George and Charlotte Gunn with Hobo, Aimee Hastriter, Rod Knopp, Paula McCollum, Jerry Newland, Leslie Robertson with Mingo.

IF IT’S OCTOBER, CAN CHRISTMAS BE FAR BEHIND?

The annual IMSARU Christmas party will be held on Sunday, December 5, at the Police Clubhouse, beginning at 5 p.m. It will, as usual, be a potluck dinner and a chance to recognize people’s service and activities during the year. If you have suggestions for serious awards, please notify Pam Green (362-9272). If you have ideas for less-serious incidents that should be remembered, notify Diane Mathews (375-3671) or Charlotte Gunn (466-8345). If you are willing to organize the table service, beverages and clean-up crew, volunteer to President George Gunn (466-8345) or at the next meeting.

Put this on your calendar now, before you hit the busy season. It’s always a great chance to socialize, reminisce, laugh and appreciate each other.

AND SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS....

REI is again offering us the chance to gift-wrap at their store as a fundraiser. They supply the outdated or worn topo maps as wrapping paper, and we supply the people power. It takes only a couple of people per shift, and Pam Green says we can handle the whole thing, December 15 through December 24. You don’t have to be artistic to do this, but you may need ingenuity for things like snowshoes and camp chairs. When Pam asks you to volunteer for a shift or two, say yes. It’s a busy time of year for all of us, but many elves make light work. You can even call Pam at 362-9272 and volunteer now.

CALENDAR

Oct. 16	SAR Field Training—Cave Rescue --Jeff Waldeck	Meet at 8 a.m. At the Compound
Oct. 19	Medical Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 26	Business Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Oct. 30	Dog Training—Wilderness--Contact Leslie Robertson at 362-5352	
Nov. 2	General Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 9	SAR Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 13	SAR Field Training	Time and place TBA Meet at the Compound
Nov. 16	Medical Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Nov. 30	Business Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Dec. 5	Christmas Party & Awards	5 p.m. At Police Clubhouse
Dec. 7	General Meeting	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Dec. 14	SAR Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound
Dec. 15-24	Gift Wrapping Fund-raiser Contact Pam Green at 362-9272	at R.E.I. store
Dec. 18	SAR Field Training	T.B.A.
Dec. 21	Medical Training	7:30 p.m. At the Compound

BOISE FOOTHILLS SEARCH—SEPTEMBER 7, 1999
--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN

Those who could go to the Elmore County search left town and those of us who stayed behind because we had to report to work Tuesday morning thought we would relax for the few remaining weekend hours. Not so.

An older Scout was parked beside the Ridge Road between Bogus Basin and Aldape Summit. When authorities realized it had been there for at least three weeks, there was concern that it might indicate foul play, suicide, an accident.... The name found in the vehicle led nowhere; the phone number rang and rang with no answer. So, Boise County asked us to check out the area for any leads.

Responders included Winston Cheyney with Jennie, George and Charlotte Gunn with Hobo, Jeff Munn with Mocha, Eric Mundell, and our fearless leader Deputy Rod Knopp. After at least three weeks of hot weather and dry conditions, any idea of taking scent from the vehicle itself and trying to follow it seemed hopeless, so Jeff and George used their mantracking skills to try to distinguish where the driver exited and direction of travel. They found some “maybe” prints, and an insurance form with a different name on it—which they turned over to Rod.

The other five of us, with the three dogs, then laid out areas for a hasty search down off the road in both directions. The terrain is very steep, with deadfalls and lots of brush on the east slope. Daylight was fading fast and teams were sweeping back up toward the ridge when we heard the welcome call from Rod to return to base. Boise County personnel, using the new name found in the car, had been able to trace people who knew the owner, ending with a relative who “talked to him not more than two hours ago—he’s alive and well.” It seems that the Scout’s transmission had gone out in this very inconvenient location and the owner had returned to the valley by other means.

It was a comparatively happy ending to the mystery, and we made a long slow trip back to the newly-resurfaced Bogus Basin Road and down to the valley. However, anyone who thinks this mission offered no excitement is invited to drive up to the top of 8th Street and turn right toward Aldape Summit for a few miles—especially in a big pickup and camper.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED...?

We have wondered recently whether a metal detector would be a useful tool on certain kinds of evidence searches. Has any reader ever used such a machine in this way or seen someone else do so? If so, what were the results? If you have this kind of experience, please share it with us.

HOW MUCH CORN CAN A CORN-SHUCKER SHUCK?

--BY CHARLOTTE GUNN

It's already fading, that memory of how hard we worked to prepare the booth and staff it day and night during the Western Idaho Fair. The corn was good, the weather was hot, the day shifts were mostly pretty slow and some of the nights were very busy. Lots of people pitched in, including some "outside" volunteers who have been helping us for years. We greatly appreciate everyone who donated their time and energy. I hesitate to mention individuals for fear of leaving out some



Jeff Munn makes sure the booth goes up correctly.



Corn's Up!

own home for the market. (3) Tom Wheless demonstrated expert organizational skills in scheduling workers.

I haven't heard as many funny stories from this year's booth as usual, though there are some hints floating around that George Gunn and Everett Wood went dumpster diving on the first day, and that Ed Emmel found a very expensive parking place for his vehicle.

important ones, but do want to express special thanks to the following: (1) People who worked three or more shifts included Everett and Rose Wood, Dan and Jeanie Iverson, Debbie Ralph, Terry and Susan Reed, Jeff Waldeck, Jane Foreman, Margaret Kierstead (RSVP), Bob and Laurie Bennett, Rick Cudd, Pam Green, Charlotte Gunn, Diane Matthews, Leslie Robertson and Chris Schneck. (2) Jeff Munn did a heroic job in organizing and overseeing the set-up and take-down of the booth...while in the process of preparing his



It's not ALL hard work.

WORK PARTY AT THE COMPOUND—SEPTEMBER 11, 1999

After the helicopter training, we returned to the Compound for a “short work party” to prepare the IMSARU garden at the end of our new garage for installation of sod and flowers. This meant tilling, raking out weeds, leveling, and installing railroad ties around the perimeter.



Jeff ran the tiller, everyone raked and leveled and offered opinions, Eric and Dave carried most of the ties and spiked them down, and George ran the chainsaw. It was hot, dirty work but you can't help noticing the improvement when you drive up to the Compound. We have long been the least attractive property in the neighborhood, but we just may surprise our critics. Thank you, Dave, Jeff, Eric, George, Aimee and Paula!

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