

SEARCH AND RESCUE MAGAZINE

SUMMER 1974

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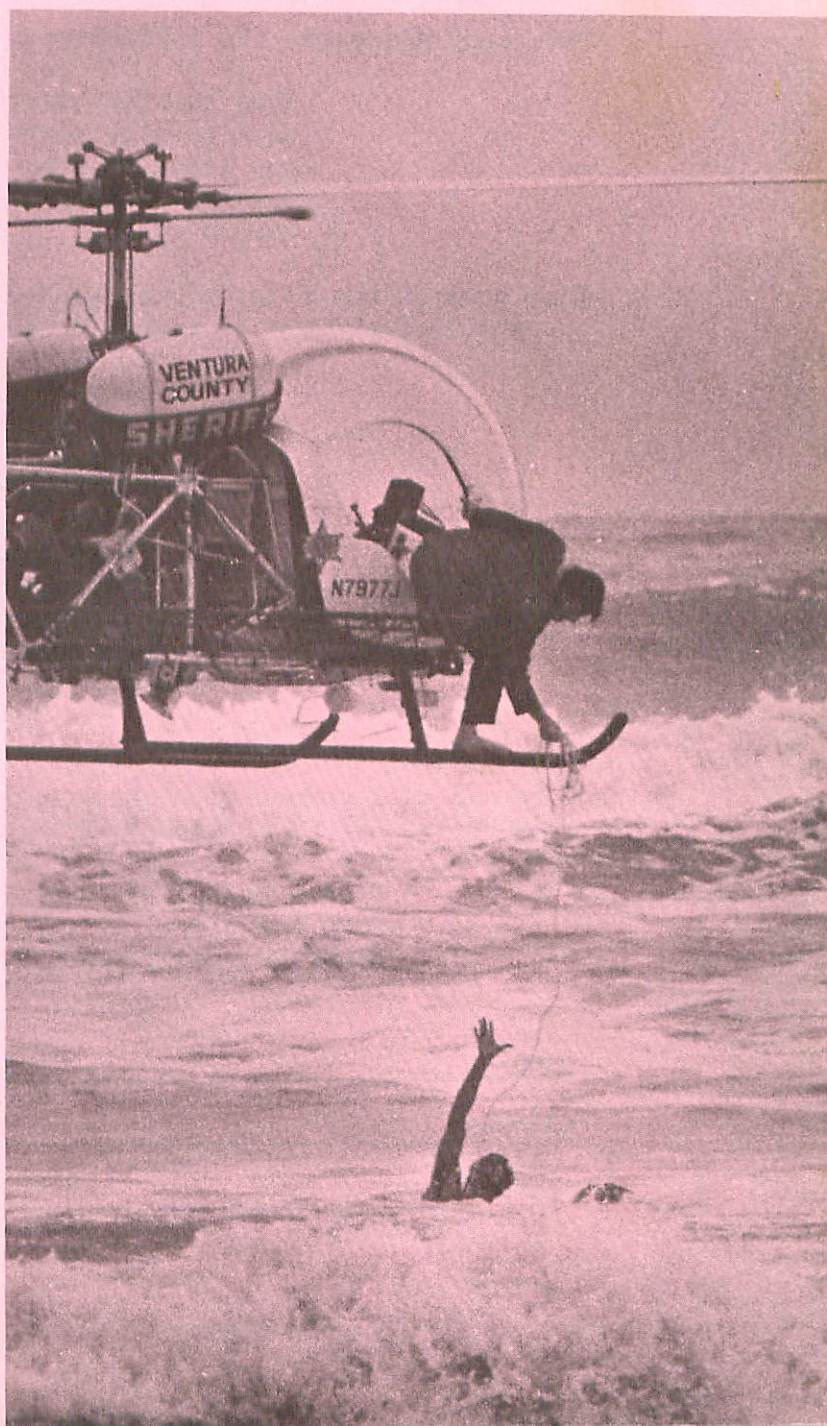
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CONTRIBUTORS:

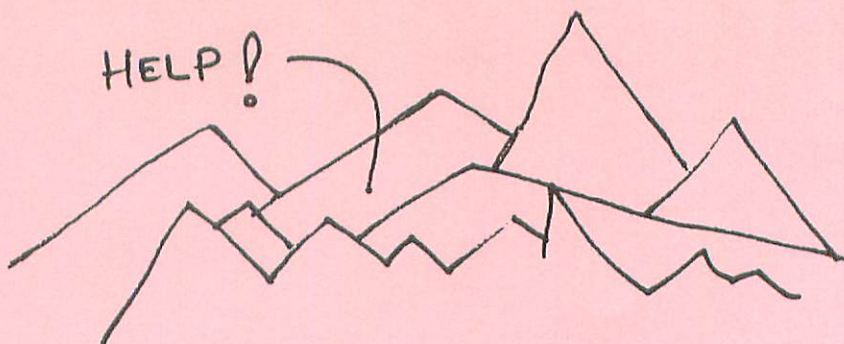
Jim Adams	Cmdr. C. Meredith
Hal Foss	Blair Nilsson
Dan Hensley	Ray Smith
Arnold Hudson	Rod Smith

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283 pages



This is the how-to book on mountain and wilderness search for a missing person. It was written for search and rescue teams, law enforcement and government agencies, students of search theory and youth groups.

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SURF RESCUE

by

BILL WAGNER

COVER: MASON (IN JACKET) DROPS LINE TO LIFEGUARD WHO IS BRINGING IN HASTINGS BODY. (STAR-FREE PRESS PHOTO BY ANDY KLAMSER).

Just having the right pieces of equipment to make a rescue doesn't mean it's going to be an easy task. It's getting everything together that pays off in the end.

Ventura County Sheriff's helicopter pilots Tom Collins and Mike Mason discovered it the hard way when they saved one of two men tossed into the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Southern California January 20, 1974, when their 20-foot sailboat was capsized just outside the Ventura Marina.

Mason, sitting in the co-pilot's seat of the Bell 47G3B2 helicopter, plunged from the hovering craft into the choppy waters to save the boat's owner in a daring rescue just south of the entrance to the marina 60 miles northwest of Los Angeles. The second man drown before help arrived.

All the elements of the successful rescue were on hand for the late afternoon effort, but it took coordinating five public agencies and Edison Company workers to get John North, 44, Thousand Oaks, out of the water alive--just in time.

North and his companion William Harris Hastings, 47, Canoga Park, were sailing out of the marina on an overcast Sunday afternoon when the accident occurred. Harbor patrolmen said the sailboat turned south--right into heavy seas--as soon as it cleared the breakwater. Moments later it was swamped. That's when the helicopter crew, Ventura city police and firemen, the harbor patrol, city lifeguard and the Edison crew went to work.

"We saw the police rolling code, found out what was up and got permission to take off," said Collins, who has piloted the Ventura County chopper since it was purchased in late 1971.

Fortunately for North, the chopper pad is just across the beach from where the boat was swamped.

By the time the copter arrived over the scene, North was alone in the sailboat pointing further out to sea where what appeared to be a body was already floating face down.

DEPUTY MIKE MASON PLUNGES FROM
COPTER INTO WATER TO HELP JOHN
NORTH. (STAR-FREE PRESS PHOTOS
BY ANDY KLAMSER)



"We didn't know for sure if it (Hastings' body) was a sleeping bag or a body. We had one (North) alive and that's where we concentrated," said Collins. It was this quick decision which helped save North, but it wasn't easy.

Twice Collins tried to hover close enough to the rough seas to pick up North, but the pounding waves made such a rescue impossible. Twice he landed on the beach, hoping to find an accomplished swimmer to take out to the water.

"Mason is not the world's greatest swimmer especially when in a uniform. The second time he landed, Collins had his mind made up for him by the angry seas. The boat was flipped over again, and the weary North tossed into the water.

Mason grabbed a U-shaped kapok life preserver and the front end of an 800-ft, ½-inch nylon rope offered up by the Edison crew. Unfortunately, the plan to have

North grab the rope and be pulled to shore failed when he couldn't grab it, and it sank. Mason did manage to get him the life preserver.

Still hoping to find a diver, Collins went back to the beach. That's when North, nearing exhaustion, suddenly appeared about 150 feet offshore, standing on a sandbar. Now it was time for Mason to hit the water.

The slim deputy plunged from the chopper into the chilly waters and grabbed North just before he lapsed into exhaustion.

"I thought he'd drowned at that last moment." Mason battled the undercurrents to drag the 200-lb. man toward shore finally getting help from a fireman and surfer who splashed out to help.

North was carried straight to a four-wheel drive police vehicle and taken to the hospital, suffering from exposure.



MASON HELPING NORTH TO SHORE.
(STAR-FREE PRESS PHOTO BY
BILL WAGNER).

MASON AFTER RESCUE. (STAR-FREE PRESS PHOTO BY BILL WAGNER).



MASON LEFT, GETS HELP PULLING
ORTH TO SHORE. (STAR-FREE
RESS PHOTO BY BILL WAGNER).



By this time a Ventura lifeguard was on the scene and he was ferried out to where Hastings body was floating. The lifeguard dropped into the water and pulled the body toward shore where once again Mason jumped from the helicopter to help. Hastings was dead on arrival at Ventura County General Hospital.

The rescue was over, but Collins wasn't through thinking about what happened. He has long since discovered there's always ways to improve his operation.

"The first thing we did Monday was go out

and check on a hoist," said the pilot. He quickly discovered it would be too heavy. "It would hurt us weight-wise up in the mountains," said Collins.

The hoist out, the chopper crew put together a life ring with 100-feet of rope attached. The next time they have a water rescue call, the chopper crew can just drop the life ring down and tow in the victim. That will keep Collins from having to hover over the choppy seas.

"It's not something I'd like to do every-day, but I had no choice in the matter. ■

FIRST

NATIONAL SAR COUNCIL

MEETING

by Blair Nilsson



NATIONAL SAR COUNCIL Delegates (Left to right, top to bottom.)
Dr. D. Dickson, Bill Wade, George A. Connell, Lt. Col. 'Bert' Berthold,
Hardy M. Willis, Al McCullough, Ralph Zundel, Cary Moore, John Olson,
Blair E. Nilsson, Hal Foss, Paul Koenig, and Bob Hill.
(Not shown: Brig. General Glenn R. Sullivan, Charles M. Rountree, and D. Kelley)

All search and rescue enthusiasts should mark on their calendar the date April 19 and 20, 1974. The place Boise, Idaho.

A big moment in the history of SAR nationally. The reason for marking this as a moment to be remembered for SAR is because it was the first meeting of the National Search and Rescue Council. This Council is an outgrowth from the National Association of Search and Rescue Coordinators (NASRC). NASRC felt that the annual general meetings were becoming too large and cumbersome to be able to take care of the necessary business plus recognized that national volunteer SAR organizations needed to have more to say about SAR and needed some place to say it. NASRC also recognized that advice and council was needed on SAR matters.

It was therefore agreed at the NASRC annual meeting in Carson City that a National SAR Council made up of delegates from national volunteer SAR organizations and federal agencies with a mission or interest in SAR and states that belong to the NASRC organization would convene in the first part of each year in addition to the regular annual meeting. The following organizations were represented by delegates to the Council:

Brig. General Glenn R. Sullivan - Cmdr., Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service.

Hardy M. Willis - Special Assistant for SAR, Federal Aviation Administration.

Albert J. McCullough - Chief, SAR Liaison Staff, U.S. Coast Guard.

Lt. Col. Hubert M. Berthold - Hq. Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service, Director of Rescue.

Lt. Col. Hayden C. Moore - Hq. CAP, USAF, Maxwell AFB, Alabama.

Bill Wade, National Park Service, Albright Training Academy.

Ralph Zundel - Secretary, Mountain Rescue Association.

D. Dickson (MD) - 1st. Vice Commander, National Jeep SAR Association.

George A. Connell - Past National Cmdr. National Jeep SAR Association.

Dennis E. Kelley - SAR Magazine and Montrose SAR Team.

Hal Foss - Washington DES SAR Coordinator and President NASRC.

Blair E. Nilsson - Colorado DES SAR Coordinator.

Paul H. Koenig - Utah OES SAR Coordinator.

Charles M. Rountree - Idaho D.D.R. & C.D.

Bob E. Hill - California OES SAR Coordinator.

John Olson - Oregon OES SAR Coordinator.

(Continued)

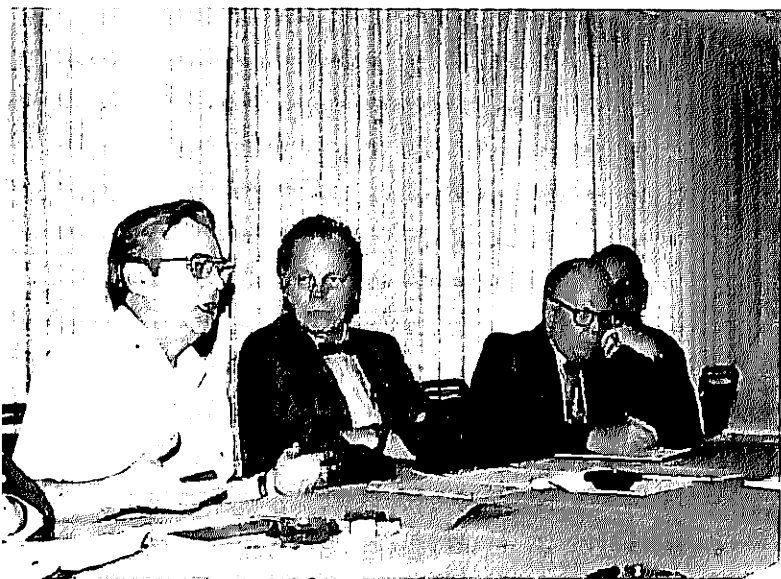


AUTHOR BLAIR NILSSON, COLORADO DEPT. OF EMERGENCY SERVICES, SEARCH AND RESCUE COORDINATOR.

Many items of interest and concern nationally in SAR were discussed. To summarize briefly General Sullivan discussed with the council the Air Force responsibility. The Air Force has been given the responsibility under the National SAR Plan for inland search and rescue, but Congress has not given them anything much to do with SAR so the Air Force interest in the past has mainly been in combat rescue.

Not very many changes have been made in inland SAR in the past 20 years. The General is changing this and one of the first moves is to consolidate all SAR activities at Scott AFB, Belleville, Illinois, by moving all the Rescue Coordination Centers (RCC) to Scott AFB. This will be quite helpful because in the past for example, Colorado has had to work with both Western and Central RCC's. Air Force Reserve Rescue units are being equipped with C-130's and HH helicopters and will become available.

The Air Force will attempt, along with the FAA, to get Congress to act on better ELT (emergency locator transmitters) legislation. The procedure for disaster assistance is a problem. Having to go through the Armies and Reserve Regions is too cumbersome a process and General Sullivan agreed to try to shorten it.



GENERAL SULLIVAN BRIEFS THE NATIONAL SAR COUNCIL ON THE NEW RESCUE COORDINATION CENTER AT SCOTT AFB.

Col. Berthold mentioned and the General gave permission to work disaster assistance under the National SAR Plan until something could be done. Col. Berthold mentioned that the new consolidated RCC at Scott AFB would be fully in operation by July 1974. Central RCC will be out of business effective at midnight of 6 May 1974, Eastern RCC 1st of June 1974, and Western RCC the end of June 1974.

Another advantage indicated is the communications area. The center at Scott will be on the National Warning System (NAWAS), the Civil Defense National Voice System (CIDNAVS), to FAA centers, and they will be hooked into the Department of Justice teletype system besides the military teletype system. Col. Berthold said they would maintain a computer SAR data base and would need reports from states on their SAR missions, not just CAP missions but any and all mission the states may wish to provide. Scott RCC will provide the data cards as soon as they are ready.

They also want each states listing of certified SAR teams for the computer and they want the states to update their mutual aid pacts to conform to the model made by the Council of State Governments. Scott RCC will also renegotiate all SAR agreements.

The Council next discussed national SAR needs and of course one of the main subjects was communications. It was recommended by the FAA that it might be better to petition the FCC to designate a segment of a band of frequencies for SAR instead of trying for separate frequencies. The council agreed.

A petition will be drawn up to do this so if any of you SAR communicators have a preference for a frequency band or bands, let us know as soon as possible. Presently, Colorado has the NASRC communications committee responsibility. It was also brought out that many SAR teams and states are having a problem with sensitive information being intercepted by the news media and any one else that may want to tune into their frequencies. It was suggested that the use of a scrambler system like some police have had to go would prevent

sensitive information from being intercepted.

In mountain SAR there is a lot of work being done to develop and test equipment but the problem is in getting this information out to the SAR units. SAR Magazine does some of this but it only reaches our members and those that subscribe. If you have any ideas on how to disseminate this technical data let us know.

Standards and certification of SAR teams was discussed. The State of Oregon DES and Sheriff's Association has adopted a set of standards for all SAR personnel which includes a written examination and a two day field test before a patch and an identification card is issued. It seems that each Oregon county SAR Director or Sheriff's Department is responsible for this testing program and for submitting a resource list of each SAR organization listing all certified personnel to the Oregon DES each year. It was reported that since the certification program started in 1973, testing showed that on the 1st trial 70% of the unit's members were able to qualify.

Testing of specialties such as SCUBA is being handled by other agencies such as their state Boating Commission. It appears that Oregon is the first state to get a program of this type going and should be congratulated. A requirement for standardization and certification exists in Colorado.

The FAA announced that they are presently making surveys of areas to gather statistics on ELT's and their effects. One of their problems is the lack of equipment to locate ELT's and vehicles to get the DF locator equipment to the scene. They will try to get the Congress to act on their needs. FAA is also putting together a program to educate the public.

The U.S. Coast Guard announced distribution of a SAR study of Eastern Airlines Flight 401 crash of a Lockheed 1011 with 178 persons on board in the Florida Everglades, 18 miles west of Miami International Airport in the middle of



HARDY M. WILLIS, SPECIAL ASSISTANT
FOR SEARCH AND RESCUE, FEDERAL
AVIATION ADMINISTRATION.

the night. This study is very informative and shows where a lot of work needs to be done in planning for air crash disasters. The study also contains Emergency and Disaster Plans as presented to the National Aircraft Accident Investigation School, a report of a review of disaster plans concerning major aircraft accidents and a report on an exercise "Operation Mid Air" held in Baltimore, Maryland.

Many other items of national concern were discussed at the council meeting and it was agreed by all present that the conference was very productive. ■

NATIONAL SAR SCHOOL

GRADUATION SPEECH

NATIONAL SEARCH AND RESCUE SCHOOL
GRADUATION SPEECH, FEBRUARY 15, 1974
BY MR. HAL FOSS, PRESIDENT, NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF SEARCH AND RESCUE
COORDINATORS, WASHINGTON STATE SAR
COORDINATOR.

"I would like to offer my congratulations to each of you as you near the completion of the third offering of the special school for Inland SAR Administrators.

You are joining the ranks of your predecessors who are small in number but productive in performance and results. Their wide geographical distribution, their dedication towards search and rescue goals and the special expertise they can offer to their associates and communities make them effective beyond what would ordinarily be expected from their limited numbers.

Although search and rescue in the broadest sense has been around as long as man it has been only recently on an organized basis. You have learned that the Coast Guard's splendid search and rescue history follows a time period parallel with that of the United States. The Air Force has played a strong role, primarily as it concerns aircraft, since World War II.

But what of significance has happened in recent years in the area of our primary interest? Outside of a few states who have addressed the problem by establishing state SAR coordinators, little has occurred. With only one exception the state SAR Coordinators have many other responsibilities which means that they must devote much or most of their time to these other duties. And without exception, a state SAR coordinator position is a full-time job--probably a two to six-man job in most states.

So what is happening? We are still following a "head 'em off at the pass" philosophy. If a hunter is in trouble, the local law enforcement and game department may hurriedly put something together in an attempt to assist him. If an airplane disappears, the local flying community and state aeronautics department, if one exists, begin a search effort which is usually as effective as the pre-planning that has been made before. If a small child disappears on a family camping trip the local church or scout organizations are called out to make a search. If a water problem occurs, it is usually those with an interest in water who respond to assist as appropriate. The list is endless including mountaineers, cavers, skiers and so forth.



HAL FOSS,
PRESIDENT, NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF SEARCH
AND RESCUE COORDINATORS
AND
WASHINGTON STATE
SEARCH AND RESCUE
COORDINATOR.

But what is the real situation? The hunter is no longer a hunter, he is a human being who desperately needs help; the occupants of the airplane are not flyers, they are human beings in terrible trouble laying in a pile of junk which used to be an airplane; the child is no longer on a family outing, he or she is an immature, lonely human probably in a state of panic; and the water enthusiast isn't a boater or swimmer, he is a human being in tragic and immediate need of specialized and competent assistance.

As long as local and state governments address SAR problems in this fragmented and low priority manner, scores of people

will needlessly suffer or die each year. As graduates of the National SAR School your prestige concerning SAR matters in your home state should give you a meaningful voice with the decision makers. Use it.

Let me suggest advantages that accrue from the establishment of a central SAR coordination point in a given state:

1. It is easy to provide compensation and legal benefits for volunteers and elements of local government. This encourages development of SAR potential and less inhibition in its use when needed.



THIRD STATE SAR ADMINISTRATORS COURSE GRADUATING CLASS.

From left to right and top to bottom: Chris M. Williams (Bend, Oregon), Major Bobby G. Smith (Montgomery, Alabama), Inspector Frederick H. Strybing (Hauppauge, New York), Tom P. McGinn (Philadelphia, Penn.), Robert E. Deibler (Charleston, West Virginia), Colonel Richard H. Gray (Charleston, West Virginia), Robert F. Reen (Montpelier, Vermont), James B. Ramsey (Dover, Delaware), Captain James L. Tate (Montgomery, Alabama), Lois C. McCoy (La Jolla, California), Jeff Monroe (Bismarck, North Dakota), Robert R. Smith (Tallahassee, Florida), Wes Reynolds (La Jolla, California), Lt. Col. USAF Bert Berthold (Scott AFB, Illinois), Pedro Cepeda (San Juan, Puerto Rico), Captain John D. Bessler (Peoria, Illinois), Lt. Col. CAP Raymond J. Johnson (Chicago, Illinois), Dennis E. Kelley (Montrose, California), Joseph W. Cain (Mount Vernon, Washington State), Alfred F. Nataloni (Boston, Mass.), Michael E. Palmer (Tallahassee, Florida), Pelham G. Helton (Richmond, Virginia), Ronald F. Carlson (San Diego, California), Charles C. Sawtelle Jr. (Richmond, Virginia).
 Instructors: M/Sgt. Bob Wheeler AF., Charles Lucas CG., Commander Carlton F. Meredith, Officer in Charge CG., Major Robert J. Mattson AF., William D. Hoover CG.

2. It would be easy to establish a pool of SAR resources which could respond to any SAR problem with needed skills and depth of personnel to resolve special problems. It could also be available to have-not portions of the state.

3. It would be much easier to establish standards useful to all SAR people. I am referring specifically to a uniform map system as opposed to the present-day system of people showing up with a variety of maps which may not be compatible across the board. Standards of first aid and survival training, both desirable, could be established.

4. A rescue coordination frequency could be established which would put the variety of rescue organizations in communications with the search director. All too often each group has its own system but there is no practical way to interface with each other. The rescue coordination frequency of 155.160 Mhz used by a half dozen states now could be implemented and strengthened. It would also encourage the military and certain federal agencies to utilize the same frequency if it became uniform.

5. A camaraderie of SAR specialists will develop which will make it easier for state, federal, local and volunteers to get to know each other better and to work smoother under pressure. They can complement each other as they learn the strengths and limitations of other interests and skills. This can also reduce the natural competition between units which are strangers to each other. Coordination and cooperation is the key for SAR effectiveness, not competition.

6. And most important, a central point always provides a place where all known data may be obtained. It will diminish the chances of several independent searches for the same objective. This will add to the effectiveness, minimize the dangers, and reduce the overall costs of all SAR operations. It also makes it easier for outside agencies to coordinate with the operation.

7. Another benefit of infinite value is the depth of skilled and integrated

personnel who can respond quickly and efficiently to any kind of an emergency situation. Floods, earthquakes, tornadoes or the unreasoned, catastrophic acts of man can create chaos in a limited area or over a wide expanse of land. This could provide immediate aids for people who can respond to the situation through rendering aid to the citizenry. There are hundreds of search and rescue incidents which happen for each major disaster. Effective SAR procedures can be transferred to the larger problem instantly. The day by day operations of SAR weed out misfits, and intergovernmental relations, so important in emergencies, are already established and functioning. I am certain that most people will agree that the highest trained and best equipped fire department in the world would be of dubious quality if it had 5-10 year wait between calls.

I have alluded a great deal towards volunteer SAR organizations. Frankly, SAR in the Pacific Northwest would be little more than nothing if it weren't for these groups. Mountain rescue, explorer search and rescue (high school and college age youths under the auspices of the Boy Scouts of America), search dog units, motorized units including four-wheel drive, snowmobiles, and motor-bikes, SCUBA units, horse units and flying clubs join our better known and more widely distributed groups such as the Civil Air Patrol and the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Local government with such viable organizations are very fortunate indeed.

For some reason such groups are looked upon with suspicion from some governmental leaders. Mutterings about "vigilantes" and "glory seekers" seem to be the basis of their objections. My experience is that these charges are generally unfounded. If properly handled, trained and motivated volunteers can be an asset beyond value. Certainly they have to be understood and used properly. You can't expect them to respond to your specifications if time is not spent with preparing and training them for your needs.

Another frequent question is "How do you train all of those people to do all of



COMMANDER CARLTON F. MEREDITH,
OFFICER IN CHARGE, U. S. COAST GUARD,
NATIONAL SEARCH AND RESCUE SCHOOL.

these technical and specialized things?" The answer is simple. You don't. You take competent mountain climbers, boaters, hikers, dog handlers, and pilots who are highly motivated to their particular activity, who are rescue oriented and then make an environment available to them so they can develop themselves. Conventions, conferences, training sessions, seminars and special schools are offered frequently the year around. This coupled with the frequent SAR operations provide the desired glue to put it all together for successful SAR missions.

Stress coordinated communications, uniform map systems, high first aid standards, strong survival programs, and the proper interplay of governmental jurisdictions with good missions and a solid SAR system is bound to evolve. There is probably no state which can afford or will appropriate enough funds to hire enough professional SAR people. This may be a blessing in disguise. I am thoroughly convinced that no professional could meet the competence or dedication of a highly motivated volunteer force.

About four years ago the then state SAR coordinators got together in Salt Lake City, Utah to discuss the direction state SAR should take. Interstate problems were showing. SAR incidents are not respectors of political boundaries. A certain reluctance was found in certain jurisdictions to use fully the SAR resources of their neighbors although they may be badly needed. Liability of political subdivisions to each other and to SAR units frankly frightened some of them. The military wouldn't consider the use of civilian type radio frequencies in their aircraft if the same equipment couldn't be used from state to state. There was no criteria for state SAR coordinators, which could be detrimental to the entire concept.

Out of that meeting the National Association of Search and Rescue Coordinators was created. Eight attended that historical first meeting; 44 attended the following year - also held in Salt Lake City; 88 participated in Sacramento in 1972 and 175 regis-

tered for the 1973 meeting in Carson City, Nevada. Some 200 are expected at the 1974 meeting in Portland, Oregon.

This Association has received splendid support from federal and volunteer SAR agencies. At this time it has ten state members plus Puerto Rico. It fills a substantial void in the national SAR picture. Although it still has growing, organizational and philosophical pains, its direction is becoming clear. It addresses the various problems listed earlier and establishes a liaison between the federal SAR agencies and state and local governments. It is establishing basic standards and procedures that hopefully will be adopted across the country. It is plugging up the gaps in SAR services in many places. It provides an opportunity for SAR units and personnel to rub shoulders with their counterparts across the country.

And probably most important, it is laying the foundation for a complete survival education program that will be available to every student in the United States. The object is to make living a better thing for everybody, whether in their own preferred environment or as the victim of the disasters of man and nature.

I welcome all of you to membership in the National SAR Association. If your state is not a member at this time contact your state emergency services office or advise your governor of the importance of belonging. It will take the combined efforts of all of us to make the services of SAR units immediately and effectively available when needed.

I would like to leave you with the following thoughts as you prepare to return home:

1. Do everything you can to develop the local SAR capability. If it can handle most, if not all, of the potential local problems the community is in good shape.

2. Advise the decision makers of your state of the problems of SAR so it will be placed on a higher priority.

3. Let's do everything we can to eliminate the complexities of a SAR mission. It is ridiculous to have the myriad of agencies involved--especially when many can contribute little to the well being of the person in trouble. This may be Utopian however.

4. Don't let terminology and artificial categories further fragment the SAR picture. Terms like light and heavy rescue and air and sea rescue should be discarded. Of course, there are SAR specialists in these fields but it is usually immaterial how the problem developed. What is needed is the right people to the right place at the right time.

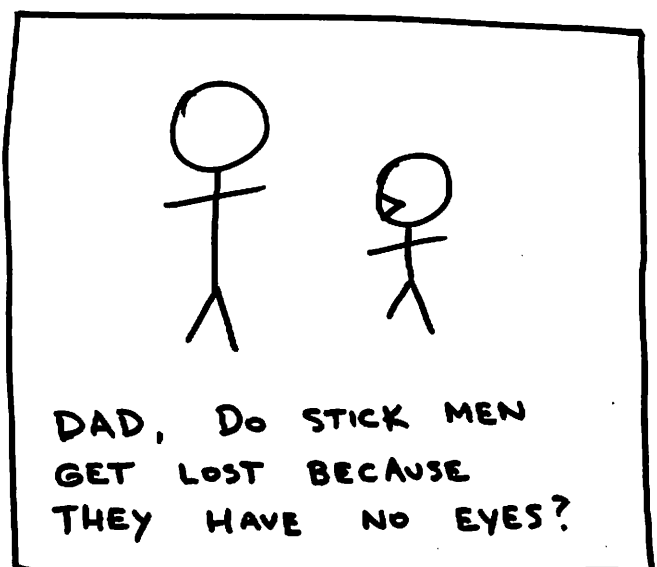
5. Promote and develop volunteer SAR organizations in your state and locality.

6. Establish a broad based state SAR organization bringing state, local, federal and volunteer SAR people together regularly.

7. Develop a complete and meaningful survival education program.

It represents a lot of work but it also is a lot of fun. The people of SAR are among the finest on earth and you will never regret the time you spend with them.

Thank you and good luck." ■



The Rescue People

'The Rescue People' is fiction by George Sibley, with illustrations by Rob Pudim. It first appeared in the March 1974 issue of MOUNTAIN GAZETTE. 'The Rescue People' is reprinted here with the kind permission of Mike Moore, MOUNTAIN GAZETTE editor.

By George Sibley



"They are the foundation of fascism, unnatural people who are suspicious of everything natural; they even hate what's natural in themselves. They hang out on the fringe of what's left of the natural, but the natural is their enemy; they can't live without regimentation, regulation and their blessed buddy system.

"I have no doubt at all that the day will come again when they will be given the technology and the charge to run rampant, clamp down, clean up on and clear out anything and everyone that tends toward the natural; then the real feelings of the rescue people will finally be made clear to anyone who has . . . laughed a lot, been lax about efficiency, not slaved away at some stupidity, not mowed the grass, or maybe smoked it, or — worst sin of all! — failed to take them as seriously as they take themselves. Same people, same S & R patches — only instead of Search and Rescue it'll be Surveillance and Restructuring.

"Even now —" Harper paused to lick away the spittle at the corners of his mouth. "Even now they take their principal impetus out of a desire to enforce — they make a rescue a revenge and a reproach in the name of society, because you were so human as to venture alone into a mistake. And it's not the mistake that's bad! Mistakes are okay — so long as they're made by the group. It's making them alone that's wrong; we're supposed to back into them in a huddle of teamwork, everybody hiding behind everybody else, and when the whistle blows grab your buddy's balls and raise them! But don't be so presumptuous as to go into it alone. . .

"They'll have you believe that they're motivated out of some responsible concern for their fellow man, but Hitler said that too — I know the rescue people, and there's not one in a dozen that knows of loving. How can you love, when you hate yourself for having to shit?"

Harper stopped for breath, took a sip from his glass. For a change, I was taking some comfort from his ranting and raving; that and the wine were bringing a more familiar flush to his face. But it was still underlaid by the slightly haunted look that had been such a shock when he'd showed up at the door. . .

"They're like something out of a bad novel by Asimov — I'll bet Asimov himself turns into one of the rescue people when his life starts acting like a bad novel. They surround themselves with technology — radios and walkie-talkies and superjeeps with aerials all over, and space blankets and handydandies and more army gear than a mechanized division. And then they sit in the middle of all this, a knob or a lever at every fingertip, and pretend they're Hari Seldon and Doc Savage all rolled up in one bundle of muscle and mind, with two juicy women on every planet, and evil reduced to squatty hairy little bad guys that they cut through with never a mistake and a tight knowing smile. There's the mark of the rescue people: tight knowing smiles and tight assholes, so they never make the mistake of laughing or farting —"

"Harper," I interrupted. "Why don't you leave off the editorializing, and just tell me whatever it is that's happened — are you in trouble, did you shoot one, let the air out of his radio —"

"Okay," he said gloomily. — Harper's ranting was usually a kind-of a reverse peptalk; he has to fight levity the way most of us have to fight gravity. The fact that he had worked so hard to talk himself into a genuine anger was my indication that whatever had happened had affected him seriously. "Okay," he said. "But it's the damndest thing — you'll never believe it."

"Try me," I said. "Sounds to me like, for one thing, you got rescued."

"There's that," he said grimly. "But that was only the beginning. . ."

* * *

All summer I've been working six days a week up there in Trapper Mountain. It's a stupid way to live, but it's the way it is in the mountains now: when the sun shines and the snow's gone, either you work six days, maybe sixty hours, or you don't work, unless you want to wash dishes half days for seven days a week . . . well, anyway, that left me Sundays.

So every Sunday I went out with a day pack, rain or shine; Sundays kept me sane. I'd drive as far as the old car would take me, then just head out and up. I was going out alone. Partly this was because there wasn't anybody around I particularly cared to beat around the hills with except for maybe Pat, and she was working Sundays feeding the turkeys in a Trapper Mountain restaurant. But mostly it was because I wanted to go out alone; if you want to see that kind of country, I mean find the animals that live there, look for as long as you want at whatever you want, you got to go out alone.

But one Sunday I had a little accident. I was up on a short face of rock, looking for a shortcut up a peak. It was about midafternoon already, and I'd already been up one peak out of this big cirque. . . I know that I was pressing a little, but at the time I felt good, it was a beautiful day — but I wasn't taking all the time I should have.

So the next thing I knew, I was hanging half onto and half off of a little knob, about fifteen feet below where I'd been. A piece of rock had broken off, and the knob had kept me from what would have probably been my last long journey. I'd been lucky. But at the moment I didn't feel so good; I'd lost all my wind, followed by part of my lunch. I had a massive bruise coming up on my right thigh, and I found out later I'd cracked a couple of ribs — not bad, but enough to hurt plenty.

What I did for the next half hour was about all I could do: I just sat there on that knob. I had my emergency flask of peppermint schnapps in my day pack; I took a couple of nips out of that, picked away at a handful of raisins, and pretty soon I felt okay again — in spirit anyway. So I eased my way down the rest of the little face — it wasn't any kind of a thing at all, for somebody being careful and not hurrying — and back down down to the floor of the cirque, which was about kneedeep in flowers then.

By the time I got back down to the stream I'd followed up, I was feeling damn good, actually! Something about being lucky on a beautiful day gets to me. . .

But already the sun was on the high ridge opposite and the valley below was getting dark. I had about four miles to walk back to the car, and I wasn't moving any too fast. So I figured what the

hell — hadn't I been looking for an excuse like this all summer? I didn't have my sleeping bag, but I had a plastic tarp to roll up in; I had plenty of food, and my peppermint schnapps; the sky was clear as a crystal, and the night would be as warm as mountain nights get — I decided the sensible thing to do was to just camp there by the stream, then walk down to the car in the morning, tell my boss what'd happened and show him the bruises. . .

I gathered up a big pile of deadwood, laid me a bough bed on a little knoll above the stream, and sat down to watch night come on. While I was sitting there, before I lit the fire, deer came down to water not fifty feet off, twelve of them.

I didn't sleep very soundly; I usually don't the first night I'm out in a long time; besides, I was a little sore. But about one in the morning, after several hours of sort of just drifting in and out of consciousness, I came wide awake: I thought I'd heard somebody hollering. At first I thought maybe I'd been dreaming, and lay there with that kind of prickly feeling, you know, when you're in a strange place and realities get twisted. . .

But then I thought I heard it again, so I sat up and threw a couple of sticks on the coals. Then I heard what was unmistakably dogs — too much basso for coyotes. And then I for sure heard shouting, way down in the woods below the cirque.

Well, if I'd known what was up, I'd have put out my fire and hobbled off in the dark — give them a run for their money. But being naive, I thought it might be somebody lost down below, or maybe stuck at the end of the road. So I built up my fire, and started hollering back.

A few minutes later I began to see lights, first a couple flashing around like far stars in the distant trees, then what looked like an army of flashlights — it was weird, for sure: there was no moon but the air was clear as it could be, and you know what happens to distance perception in clear air, especially looking down a long slope. And then there were the shouts, people calling back and forth, and the dogs baying: it was completely unreal. I remember wondering how so many people could be lost, all in the same place.

But then the first guy got close, and the reality of the situation hit me square between the eyes with the beam of a fourteen-battery flashlight; he asked me if I was Harper Townsend, while two hellhounds on leashes tried to snuffle me up like hogs on a truffle, and it occurred to me that all these people thought I was lost.

When I said that I was who he thought I was, he took the light out of my eyes long enough to look at his luminous waterproof and shockproof marine wristwatch: oh-one-nineteen, he said to nobody in particular; then he picked up this squawkie-talkie hanging round his neck and reported, unit twelve to search base, search objective located, identified — and I felt like a butterfly on a pin.

My immediate reaction was to laugh, which got me the flashlight in the eyes again. "Are you okay?" said the guy. Probably thinking, hysterical reaction to relief at rescue. By then more of the rescue people were arriving. One of them was my boss. I singled him out with my eyes.

"Are you kidding?" I asked. "You've all come up here — to rescue me?"

"You were reported missing —" the guy who'd

"found" me looked at his watch again, " — almost four hours ago."

Then I remembered that I'd told Pat I would be back in town in time to go to the movie with her at eight o'clock. When I still hadn't shown up at nine-thirty she told the Marshal, who was himself one of the most avid of the rescue people in Trapper Mountain. She told him where I'd said I'd be; he mobilized the Trapper Mountain Search and Rescue. . .

I wasn't laughing at them, I swear. I thought it was a grand joke on us all, on them and on me. But I was the only one laughing, and that's rough to sustain. I wanted to pass around the rest of my schnapps, burn up the rest of the wood, and — well, try to thank them for their concern by playing the host, maybe. But all they wanted to do was rescue me, save me — and in the process, convert me.

"See the kind of trouble it makes when you go off by yourself in places you shouldn't be, alone?" my boss said, as we were walking back down through the meadow. This was after I'd finally convinced them that I was really able to walk and didn't need, didn't want, to be carried down on their goddam stokes litter.

"You mean —" I realized I was being scolded. "My god," I said, too surprised to be polite about it. "I didn't need your help. It was getting dark is all, and I wasn't walking so well —"

"But we didn't have any way of knowing that," he said. "And when we have no way of knowing, we have to assume the worst."

I was too stunned to say anything more. They were *blaming* me for having caused them this trouble, when in reality — well, I go out reconciled to the possibility that I'll be called to accounting for a mistake somewhere along the line, and if I end up a pile of hamburger at the bottom of a cliff, I'd rather have my bones bleach there as a monument to my stupidity than live on their terms, a constant reproach to myself! I'm not afraid to die. And I resent *their* inference on my behalf that life under any conditions is desirable. . .

* * *

Harper paused. I filled up his glass.

"You don't know that for sure," I said. He gave me a quick and angry glance. "I only say it because I could see you asking yourself. . ."

He relented, smiling moodily. "You're right. I haven't been that pile of hamburger. And if I ever am, maybe I'll be saying, oh god oh god, send anyone, even the rescue people.

"But I want to believe that I'd have the character and courage and physical wherewithal to flip them the bird if they came. I'd want to howl 'Get away, leave me be; you're right, I deserve to die, so let me. . .'"

But he suddenly laughed, looked at me. "But Jesus," he said. "See what it's done to me? I don't go out to die! It's all that keeps me alive! See what the rescue people have done to me?"

"It's such a stupid little incident," I said. "I don't see how —"

"Well, that's only half the story," said Harper.

"Oh." I filled up my own glass again.

"If they'd just all dropped the whole thing after that night," he said, "it probably would have been the end of it. But it seemed to go on and on. The



boss offered me the next day off, with pay, to recuperate. Even people who weren't rescue people gave me these soft sympathetic looks. And the rescue people — well, in a place like Trapper Mountain you can't walk down the street without meeting a rescue person every block. At first they'd want to stop and talk about it, especially their role in it all. But then, when it got to be plain that I absolutely refused to admit I'd needed rescuing, and refused to take the whole thing seriously, I got a silent treatment, which was okay, but also these reproachful looks along with it, which somehow weren't okay. And the humor of the whole thing began to wear a little thin. . ."

And out of it all, whether in an effort to recapture the humor, or to punish them for having not seen it, the idea of revenge took root.

And out of the idea came the plan. I worked the plan over and over in my head, ironing out details and eliminating them, until, so far as I could see, it was simple, foolproof and — most important of all — fool-alluring.

I picked a Wednesday night to put the plan into operation. A weekend night would have been better, when the town was kind of a madhouse

anyway. But doing it on a weekend would have made it too easy on the rescue people — I wanted to hit them where it would hurt a little: make them have to choose between going on a search and going to work, because I knew that anybody paying for the kind of equipment they kept buying couldn't afford too much time off.

The first step of the plan was the riskiest part, since it involved stealing a police car. I could probably have done with less, a good four-antenna superjeep maybe. But stealing a police car has a certain definite flair to it that I couldn't resist for starters, if it turned out to be possible.

I knew that every night the Deputy Sheriff, who was the liaison between the Trapper Mountain rescue people and the Sheriff's Posse, stopped in the restaurant where Pat worked for a cup of coffee with the Town Marshal; and I knew that he always left his car in the alley down the street from the restaurant, right by the Town Hall and Marshal's Office — a seemingly safe place, except for the fact that the Marshal, who was the only person there in the evenings, was out with the Deputy for a cup of coffee. My plan depended on the Deputy leaving the keys in the Sheriff's Department car, but I suspected that he did, being the hefty type with an overhang who wouldn't like digging for car keys

in cowboy pants. I was right.

And so it was that, with heart going like a bilge pump . . . but what I hoped was a calm exterior, I slipped on a cowboy hat that Pat had given me as a joke (it seemed more natural, for driving a police vehicle in Colorado) and just drove off down the alley and out of town, in the Deputy Sheriff's car. A couple of people waved dutifully, like you always do when the cops go by, but nobody paid any real attention at all.

From there on it was easy as pie. I had the place all picked out, an easy ford on Little Bear Creek, about five miles from Trapper Mountain on a decent but little used jeep road. I drove the car right into the middle of the ford and stopped. Then I took my work gloves and a hankie out of my pocket, and with the gloves on wiped off everything I could have possibly touched. I might have been overly cautious, but it was my first decent crime, and I wanted to do it right, perfect.

Then I took the note out of my pocket that I'd written earlier that day, with my gloves on then too, and propped it up in the steering wheel. As an afterthought, I turned on the gumball machine.

Then I got out of the car and walked downstream, on the rocks and in the water, to where Little Bear Creek crossed under the main road which was paved. I hiked myself up onto the bridge and walked home, hitting the ditch whenever a car came along. At home I reviewed things; I could not think of a single mistake I'd made; there was no way I could see that I could be connected with the incident. I went straight to bed.

When Pat got home at about eleven I told her I'd gone to bed early with a headache. Too bad, she said, because I was missing a good uproar downtown; it seems somebody had stolen the Sheriff Deputy's car.

I went downtown for breakfast before work in the morning. Everybody was either laughing or worrying about the deputy's car, depending on which way they leaned; but nobody knew anything yet. The morning weighed heavily at work. The boss seemed distracted, and almost fell off the roof we were shingling.

But things were moving right along. At about eleven-thirty a jeep roared up to the job, one of the superjeeps with three antennas and a blinking yellow light; it was the same guy who had been the first to "find" me; and the boss almost stripped the rungs off the ladder getting down to see what news he had.

They conferred for a moment, hasty urgent conversation. Then the boss hollered up that he had to leave for a bit; he said it in this kind of solemn voice, oscillating with urgency and immediacy, that rescue people effect. Then they both roared off in their own separate superjeeps. I could hardly wait for lunchtime. . .



Sure enough, word was spreading like wildfire through the post office crowd: that there was something weird going on, some maniac loose up in the hills, deputy's car found in the middle of the Little Bear ford, red light flashing away. . .

And up on the corner, at the main intersection in town, the Trapper Mountain Search and Rescue people were mobilizing: rushing around, in and out of the store to buy candy bars and emergency rations, home for their mountain boots and the surplus fatigues and the fatigue jackets with the blue and red TMS&R patches, swinging day packs into and out of jeeps, carrying first-aid chests and stokes litters from jeep to jeep, testing out radios and walkie-talkies. Traffic was at a standstill, tourists were oogling and honking and taking pictures; freaks pretended not to notice and joked away as usual; and over it all hung this mood of festive solemnity: you haven't seen so many excited but properly somber people in one place since the day they shot the president.

For a full five minutes I oogled the activity like any old tourist; I could hardly connect the frenetics I was watching with my brief hour of clandestine activity the night before. Then I saw my boss, standing by his jeep looking just like William Holden, or trying to. I went over and asked him what was going on.

He told me they'd found the sheriff deputy's car in the middle of Little Bear Creek, right in the middle of the ford, with a note in the car that said — and here, he lowered his voice even more:

"Don't look for me I'm despirit and dont want to be found."

Here, I have to confess to a certain disappointment; I'd been pretty proud of the note, especially the subtle misspelling of "desperate." But the rescue people were such a literal bunch that they missed that, thinking the note-writer had meant "despirited." Not that it really mattered, of course.

"Well look," I said to my boss, as naively as I could. "If it's somebody who doesn't want to be found, how come you're going to go look for him?"

He looked at me as if I were the crazy one. "Well my god," he said. "It's obvious the poor guy needs help — and obviously we can't have people like

this just running around the woods loose. We got to think of what's best for him, and what's best for everybody else who might get endangered by him." And as an afterthought, "Besides, he stole the sheriff's car."

"Well," I said, trying to sound as much like a rescue person as I could without throwing up on his shoe in the process, "I kind of feel a moral obligation to help out — I've been helped; now I have to help in my turn."

It set him back a little. "Well," he said after a moment, "I was hoping you and Joe would be able to finish up that roof this afternoon. . ."

"When there's a search going on?" I said. "I'd feel guilty, getting paid while you guys are off doing this for nothing. I mean, for no pay."

I could see I had him on a spot. He didn't want to come out and say it was no sacrifice at all, that this was how he got his kicks, but that meanwhile somebody had to finish up the shingling so he could get paid for the job and make the superjeep payment and put something on his bill at the radio shop. . .

But he was essentially relieved of the decision at that point; a portly gent with "Commander" on a patch just above his TMS&R patch came over.

"Advance has just radioed down," he said to my boss, who was apparently some kind of a lieutenant. "The dogs can't find a trace in the immediate vicinity. So we're calling for volunteers for a line search this afternoon. The Sheriff's Posse is notified and on its way; they'll be armed, spaced out behind the line in case we flush this guy and he really is dangerous. . ."

Jesus Christ, I thought — an armed Sheriff's Posse was something I hadn't figured on. I knew who those guys were, and the thought of walking in a line with them behind me, armed to the gills . . . but it did squelch any idea my boss had of me going back to work.

"Get your boots and a coat and a daypack," he said.

Within the hour, the whole show — approximately half the relatively permanent population of Trapper Mountain, I figured — had been transported with flair and a certain efficiency from a state of milling about downtown to a state of milling about at the ford on Little Bear.

There was a wait, until the Sheriff's Posse could arrive from down the valley; but everyone kept busy in their own way. The Commander of the Search and Rescue people and his lieutenants were going around telling everybody which squad they would

be in; there were men being tugged around by snuffling hounds; there were knots of volunteers partitioned by social category — a crew of visiting rednecks from the big sewer job in town, a handful of Trapper Mountain natives and a few pensioners, freaks in the furthest cluster down by the creek surreptitiously sneaking hits off a sly joint.

Finally the Sheriff's Posse roared up, led by the Sheriff himself, lights awlirl; they were all in superjeeps with Posse stickers on the doors, hoods, and down on the bumpers beside stickers that said "Next time you need help, call a hippie." The hippies all tittered as they started unloading rifles and shotguns and strapping on pistols. The Sheriff met the Search and Rescue Commander in the middle of the road; they conferred at the center of a circle of lieutenants.

A jeepload of vacationers with Oklahoma plates came down the road from upcreek and stopped at the ford, staring with amazement at the crowd. Several rescue people went over to talk to the driver of the jeep — quite obviously a second-rate vehicle, about ten years old and not a single antenna. After a bit, some of the rescue people cleared a way through for the Oklahomans, who were whitefaced at what they had just been told.

The Oklahomans had seen a group of campers further up on the drainage; this information was duly put through the chain of command, and a few minutes later the Sheriff's vehicle, a big classy four-wheel-drive carryall, surged through the ford and on up the road, red lights still awlirl, with the sheriff's deputy at the wheel.

One of the Search and Rescue people couldn't resist. "Hope he doesn't lose that one too," I heard him say to no one in particular. His radio gave a squawk of static just then, and he jumped like a safecracker caught with his hand in the alarm box.

That was the first of what would grow to be a substantial accumulation of clever little asides, intrafraternal digs at other groups, and nasty remarks of the "all but me and thee" variety. As the search went on, I realized that the rescue people were only cooperating on the most superficial level; in their hearts they were competing on both a group-against-group and ultimately a person-against-person basis: they were competing for the important jobs, no matter how shitty, and they were competing for the final trophy — the "search objective," dead or alive. And the elevation of any person to an important job set him up for the barbs

of all the others who'd wanted it.

Shortly we were assembled, organized, divided and subdivided, then addressed by the Search and Rescue Commander, while the Sheriff and his Posse stood by. There would be two lines we were told, one to move upstream and one to move downstream; the purpose of the line search was to look for just about anything: "clues, personal objects, footprints, fire remains, bits of clothing, threads on bushes, or — foodscraps . . ." and there the Commander paused delicately while a hundred supercharged imaginations ran wild at the thought of what, or who, such foodscraps might be. Putting one and one together, in the form of maniac plus unsuspecting campers up the way, my "despirit" creation was becoming a cannibal. . .

Beyond the ford, the Little Bear drainage began to narrow drastically, with the road rather quickly climbing out of what became a disgustingly treacherous gorge. The upstream line, of which I was deservedly a member, was soon stumbling and crashing along through a mix of thick timber heavy with rotting deadfalls and bottomless claustrophobic spreads and slopes of willowbrush. I kept waiting for our grunting cursing Posse man to slip and blow my head off.

Needless to say, we didn't find a thing. "A guy'd have to be crazy to come through here," one of the volunteers muttered. Nobody commented.

Finally, after about four fruitless hours, the message crackled over the walkie-talkies to "bring 'em back in," and we all cut up to the road above for the walk back to the ford.

The family of campers had meanwhile been located up the valley and evacuated, scared but uneaten. The deputy had found them and had thereby redeemed himself — which is to say that instead of feeling sorry for him as they had been before, the rescue people were all trying to put him down.

But . . . a funny thing. When word was spreading through the returning volunteers that the campers had been found in time, I heard it with a reflexive sense of relief — only then reminding myself that of course they would be all right, because there wasn't any cannibalistic maniac. I realized then that, like everyone else that afternoon, I was beginning to form the image of a boogeyman in my mind. . .

Meanwhile back at the ford, the Search and Rescue "base camp" people had set up some tents, run lights and wires, and had an army surplus generator ready to go at the flick of a cord. The Posse and selected members of the Search and Rescue — and don't think there wasn't bitter contention of a

civilized sideling sort there! — who were going to maintain an all-night watch and jeep patrol on the road above.

And everybody else was transported back to town for what turned out to be one of the best parties in years; everyone in town was scared or excited, or both, and enjoying it to the hilt. A thousand possible ways in which the cannibalistic maniac could have worked his way back to town had been mapped out; the Marshal's office had been flooded all afternoon with reports of strange and/or suspicious lurkers; an ad hoc squad of deputies had been mustered to patrol the streets all night; and immediately after dark, everybody in town seemed to flood into the bars, looking for bright lights and company, as if there weren't just one pitiful nut loose in the hills but maybe the whole yellow peril poised over the town in a big chromowave.

There was dancing and drinking and groping in the corners; Trapper Mountain was in the grips of that gay desperation generally associated with war zones. Throughout the course of the evening men would come in from the street patrols, or — Willy home from the front! — the jeep patrol up in Little Bear; people would cluster around, some serious and some joshing; the guards would shake their heads wearily . . . fill up their thermoses, and head back into the quivering night.

A few members of the Sheriff's Posse, obviously not quite up to measure for that elite, decided that all the juicing and juicy in the bars beat patrolling a dark road in the dark, and stayed in town to drink a little and put the hamhanded make on the Trapper Mountain girls. There were a couple of minor sociological incidents. But everyone was in such a high and jolly mood that nothing serious developed.

As for me, I had a fantastic evening just sitting back in a corner watching it all unfold, marvelling at the great and unexpected creative surge everyone was putting into building this monstrous scam. A certain logical modesty told me I couldn't take any more credit for it than, say, the fox could for a successful fox hunt. But it was easy to feel a little godlike that night. I couldn't feel bad about it then, everyone was having such a wonderful time according to their own inclinations — a party for the frivolous, a memorable fright for the meek, a good worry for the worriers, and something to get serious over for the rescue people.

It should have ended right there; had I been either God or intelligent, it probably would have. I remember at one point looking up out of a beer-befogged conversation with someone,

a conversation tinged with hints of a higher humor, to focus on my boss standing over me with a cup of coffee. "Will you be with us tomorrow?" he asked. I nodded, but suddenly somehow uncertain; the uncertainty hung around, took the edge off the evening, and I woke up in the morning with a good throbber and a cold lump in my stomach.

The number of volunteers was considerably reduced that morning, and the over-all attitude at the Little Bear ford was very different. The excitement was gone; had been replaced with a businesslike attitude that hungered after an unattainable relentless efficiency. The automation-lust was both intensified and diffused by the fact that everyone was either self-righteously tired or sheepishly hung-over.

Still, once we got away from the base camp at the ford, it was better by a long shot than shingling a roof, and my headache melted under a warm sun. But the cold lump in my stomach hung on: a harbinger, I thought, without knowing why.

Our group — a Posse man, a S & R man with a walkie-talkie, and half a dozen grunts like myself — spent the morning working along the Little Bear side of the ridge between Little Bear drainage and Big Bear Basin on the other side, on the assumption that our objective, the misspelling maniac, might have crossed out of Little Bear entirely. I kept finding that it was impossible to *just pretend* to be looking — every time I stopped consciously reminding myself that there was no objective running ahead of this search, I would wake up to the fact in a few minutes that I was looking just as hard for something as everyone else.

We stopped for lunch at about one o'clock, and after I'd eaten a sandwich — a warm lump to go beside the cold one — I decided to climb the fifty feet or so to the top of the ridge, to look down into Big Bear, where I'd camped once the year before.

And from that point, as was only appropriate, I had a god's seat for what ensued.

Big Bear Basin is a huge old glacial cirque — maybe one of the last spots of real wildness in the Colorado Rockies, one of those hard-to-find little islands of primal virginity that even the wilderness buffs usually miss. It has no roads, no miners, no loggers — due mainly to a very steep and narrow draw at its mouth down which Big Bear Creek plunges and twists in a nearly impenetrable tangle of rocks and washdowns. But above that narrow, rocky and generally unappealing

entrance, Big Bear Basin opens out like some incredible flower. And to come onto it from its high west ridge is the kind of thing that stops you like a rap on the sternum, no matter how well you think you remember what you'll see.

But my attention that day was distracted by tiny movements I knew to be those of some rescue people. There had been a group checking out the Big Bear side of the ridge all morning. Now I saw them moving rapidly across the alpine meadow below that was both so far away and so close in the vertigo of the sudden vertical.

I looked on out across the great basin, in the direction they were moving, and down by a silver dash of the creek in the green-reddish willows, near a grove of high pine, I saw a gesticulating figure waving them on.

And even as I watched, I heard a crackle of static and voice on the radio down in our group fifty feet behind me, and almost felt it being transmogrified to a crackle of hungry energy all over the search area. I turned to look; our group was charging up the slope to the ridge where I stood.

The Search and Rescue person with the radio was first on the ridge, as if he took some kind of recharging radioactivity out of the black set around his neck. He asked if I saw them; I pointed. He reported back to base.

"They've found sign of recent habitation down there," he told me when he'd finished.

"Sign of recent habitation." I was suddenly tired, cold and tired at what I'd started as a grand prank. "Sign of recent habitation": they use language like the government, to separate themselves from what they do. They have a phrase, rescue people do, for signing off on the radio: "Well, I'll be talking at you." Talking at you: like they stand back in a safe and protected defilade, sight, and fire their message. They are abstract and unnatural people, and they use every device known to unnatural man to separate themselves from what they do.

I went down, permission neither asked nor granted. As my boss might have noted, even though I continued to hang around, I was no longer with them. But not with any sense of superior aloofness either. I was succumbing to a dangerous mix of rage, frustration and horror, and wasn't fit company for even unnatural people.

The sign of recent habitation was a rude shelter in the pine grove: three walls and roof of deadwood kind of woven into four trees of the grove; except for an open end with a fieldstone fireplace, it adequately closed and sheltered a space maybe eight feet by

six feet, about six feet high. There was a hell of a lot of firewood cut and stacked in the trees. There were odds and ends about: a tin cup and a spoon and a fork on a rock down by the stream near the trees — it had been, in fact, a reflection from the tin cup that had caught the eagle eye of the proud rescue person I'd seen waving when I was up on the ridge. Inside the shelter were an axe, a small aluminum cooking pot, a bowsaw, and a couple of dirty blankets.

Under the blankets (which had been carefully picked up with a stick, to maintain their integrity for the hounds), there had been found a prime object of interest: a crushed cardboard carton that had recently held shells for a high-powered rifle.

Further rummaging unearthed most of the clumsily butchered and salted carcass of a deer. Its poorly scraped and stretched hide. A shallow latrine and garbage pit.



More rescue people were arriving by the minute, milling about in one spot, since it was necessary to avoid tracking up the area any more than necessary, to minimize difficulties for the dogs. There was a new kind of excitement rife; the ashes in the fireplace had still been warm when the site had been found, so everyone knew that the objective couldn't be far off. I went off a ways and threw up my sandwich.

Then I tried talking to the wind, tried spreading the obvious fact that this was not the camp of a person who had arrived in Big Bear only a day, at most a day and a night before. But there was a ready answer: this was after all National Forest land, that's yours and mine, buddy, and the Sheriff had already verified the day before the fact that there were no authorized persons in the Big or Little Bear areas on any long range basis who needed to be

warned. And then there was the matter of the illegal deer, and the box of high-power rifle shells. . .

The dogs arrived, and the Sheriff and the Search and Rescue Commander. They had a little trouble getting the dogs away from the deer scent and into the blanket scent, but eventually dogs, Posse, rescue people and me, we all streamed off toward the east ridge of Big Bear. At the top of the ridge half an hour later we were looking out over the blue shadows of the East Elk Wilderness, and the Sheriff called a halt.

He handpicked five men, all well armed, to go on with himself and the dogs and their handlers. He asked everyone else to turn over all their extra food, and to return to search base in town under the capable leadership of the Search and Rescue Commander, where we were to "coreordinate (sic) from base and be prepared to move into the wilderness next morning from a better place of access."

Then they plunged down over the ridge, hounds straining and snuffling, an extra man helping each handler

hold them without falling on the steep and rocky untracked ridge. We watched till they were out of sight around a knob, then started the long traverse back across Big Bear.

"Several times that day, I'd told myself that the only intelligent thing to do was to confess that it had all been a bad joke that had gone far enough. But down there in Big Bear Basin I'd been hit by the realization that there was no way of calling it off once I'd set it in motion, no way at all. In the first place, I'd been too damn clever and thorough and lucky; there wasn't so much as a fingerprint I could point to to prove my guilt.

"And in the second place, even if I had been able to convince them — it would still not have been taken as a joke, even a bad joke: they would simply have said, 'Well, our search has been succesful, we have our maniac,' and they would have thrown me in jail or sent me off for thirty days of observation. A joke needs a sense of humor at both ends; otherwise it's just a piece of insanity."

"Well, I'll agree it was a stupid joke,

and you should have known better," I said. "But what finally happened?"

"It turned out to be some poor shit from Pennsylvania and Vietnam. Nobody around the county recognized him at all; but the fingerprint report came back saying he'd been honorably discharged from the Army last winter. He'd apparently sort of drifted to the mountains and — just really dropped out.

"He was all skin and bones and hair. He probably would have died up there in Big Bear Basin after the first big winter storm — I kind of have a picture of him, even, just curling up in those grubby blankets, in his squalid little beautiful shelter with the open end, looking out and waiting for sleep. . ."

Did that picture haunt Harper? "There'd be worse ways —" I started to say, but he broke in.

"They finally ran him to ground just after dawn last Saturday, after chasing him all night. He holed up in some rocks, and they say that he fired the first shot. The Sheriff's hat sustained a hole in the action. But there were nine of them; they just climbed up all around him and killed him."

EDITORIAL

by Dennis E. Kelley, Publisher, SAR Magazine.

To belay or not to belay, that is the question. For many years in search and rescue, there has been two divergent ideas which has placed a strain on SAR operations. They are:

1. All SAR activities should involve redundancy to assure safety and the completion of the mission for the sake of the victim.
2. All SAR activities have an urgency and emergency which dictates expediency of execution for the victim's sake.

These two divergent ideas are epitomized in the common, everyday rappel. However, rappels are on one hand notorious killers yet on the other they are one of the most expedient modes of SAR travel.

In recent times, both the Montrose and the Sierra Madre SAR Teams have had team members seriously injured while rappeling. In fact, the Montrose SAR Team Captain, George Novinger, has been properly put upon to re-evaluate the team's safety standards because of these accidents.

Needless to say, good judgement is a prerequisite to safety, but in SAR a safe rappel may be at the mercy of the rappeling environment. Specifically, there may be falling rocks, a wet rope, air turbulence affecting the helicopter, a malfunctioning breakbar, etc. Yet, I submit that the safety of a rappel lies in the mind of the rappeler. He alone must finally decide if a belay with his rappel is appropriate. Of course there are exceptions, particularly where the rappeler lacks experience and training to make this decision. However, let us all work to creat an environment for honest decisions on the use of belays. ■

MOUNTAIN SEARCH FOR THE LOST VICTIM

In the interest of advancing the state-of-the-art, MOUNTAIN SEARCH FOR THE LOST VICTIM is being serialized in SAR magazine. One chapter each issue is presented here for your consideration. It is appreciated that most readers only scan an article, but I ask that all readers study this text for its appropriateness to your situation and activities. Your comments will be appreciated because I wrote the book to be universally applicable to all search situations. However, because my experience has been restricted to only one area of the country, there is some question of the reality of this goal. I am requesting help in this regard.

Copies of this book are available from the author, at \$ 4.50

Dennis E. Kelley
P.O. Box 153
Montrose, California 91020
Phone (213) 248-3057

MOUNTAIN SEARCH FOR THE LOST VICTIM

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CHAPTER 3 RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

3 RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

The ultimate responsibility for finding a lost person lies with the government agency having jurisdiction over the area where the person becomes lost. This same agency is also responsible for all individuals participating in the search. This legal responsibility demands the following tradeoffs in effecting a search:

- o All out effort
- o Use only professional searchers
- o Use only own personnel
- o Hire helicopter
- o Ask the Governor for National Guard help
- o Ask Civil Air Patrol to transport professional searchers

All of these considerations and many more like them, affect the chances of finding the victim and the cost to the taxpayers of making the effort. The purpose of this section is to elaborate on these responsibilities in terms of a mountain search and the individual(s) representing this agency in the search.

Many government agencies know "they're own thing" very well, be it law enforcement, fire suppression or whatever. However, during the unexpected specialty disaster that may involve a mountain search, a local government agency may lack the expertise to implement this operation.

Contingency analysis, planning, and training are potential answers to this problem of expertise in local government. Agencies with large enough budgets are forming their own search and rescue teams. Generally however, mountain search is a volunteer effort cooperating with and acting under the auspices of local government agencies.

3.1 INVESTIGATING OFFICER

The legal responsibility for finding a lost person in wilderness areas traditionally lies with the county government, especially the Sheriff's Department. In the case of Federal and State jurisdictions in parks and forests the county government may still assume organizational leadership because it usually has greater manpower and resources.

The investigating officer may represent any group or agency assuming the responsibility for collection of data and initiating the search. This initial activity of information gathering and rapid search initiation has great impact on the success of the search.

RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

The first section of this chapter elaborates on this activity which stresses both:

- o a thorough investigation
- o quickly initiating a formal search

3.1.1 ESTABLISHING THAT SOMEONE IS MISSING

There are many indications, circumstances, and informant reports upon which a decision must be made as to whether or not a person is actually missing. Examples of these indications are: the abandoned car on the mountain road, report of the overdue hunter, the report of a runaway girl, and distress flashlight signals from the mountains.

It is difficult to be certain in all cases that someone is or is not lost. In most cases, a full-blown search must be initiated on the chance that something is wrong as a safety check for the benefit of a potential victim. Many times, a false-alarm search is initiated for a victim with a questionable medical history when he is simply overdue.

Procedures to be used in determining the real emergency of a situation are as follows:

- o Interrogate and document as many informants and witnesses as possible.
- o Identify informants and secure addresses and phone numbers after followup.
- o Thoroughly identify and obtain all available background data on the victim(s).
- o Thoroughly examine and preserve all evidence and clues.

Thoroughness and urgency in these initial activities cannot be stressed enough. Many searches have ended in deadly failure because of oversights and delays. One fatal oversight, for example, was a note and marked-up map indicating the intended route of an overdue hiker left in his parked car at his debarkation point. The note was not found until the car had been towed 100 miles back to his home where his wife discovered it, days too late.

Most government agencies are very thorough in the investigation of missing persons. A review of many county sheriffs missing-person reports has impressed me with the excellence of the routing background or detective work performed. Fortunately, the victim usually benefits from this good police work. It should be noted that (again in the Montrose area) the local Sheriff averaged only

RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

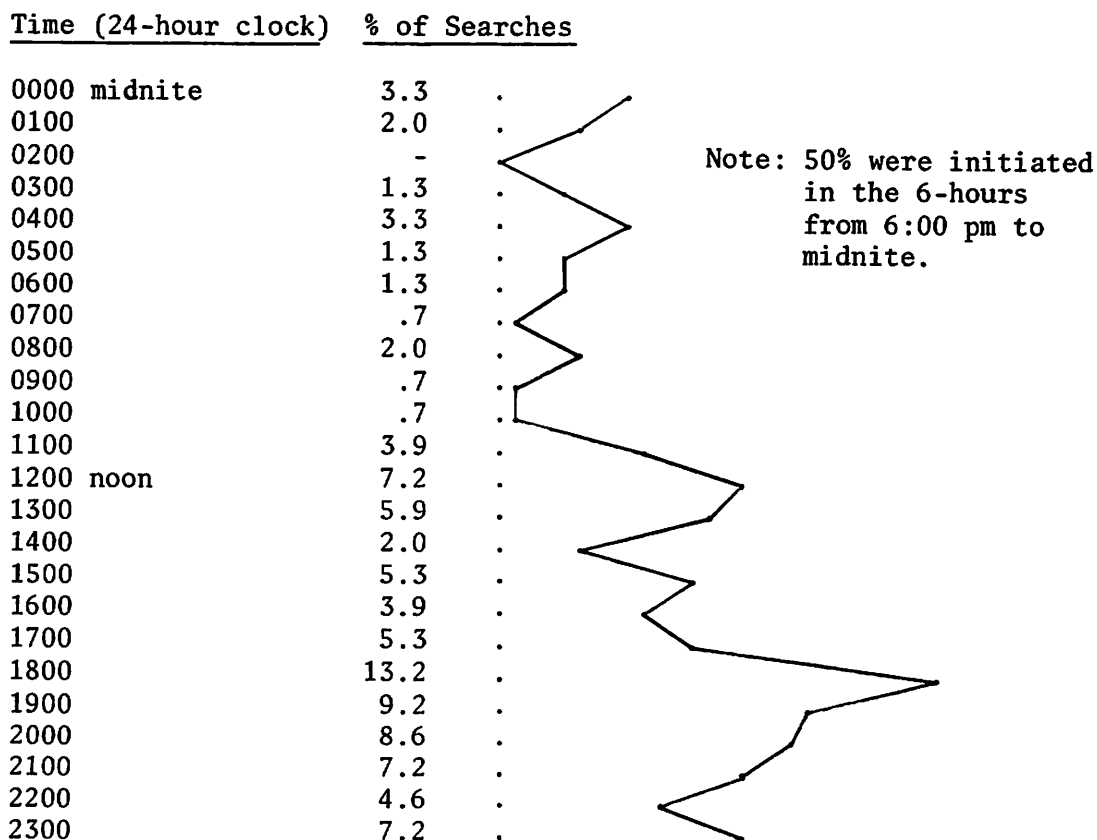
2-1/3 hours in processing missing person reports and getting our search and rescue team deployed into the field.

The complexity of this processing or investigation is significant for many searches. Consider, for example, the difficulty of tracing a husband who is missing but told his wife only that he was going to the mountains.

Should the victim turn up, informants and relatives should be advised to notify the responsible agency immediately. The phone number of the agency should, of course, be provided.

Table 3-I represents a survey of callout or call-for-help times. Note the clustering of calls around and after sunset, as might be expected.

Table 3-I: Call for Help Times (See Appendix II)



RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

3.1.2 CRITERIA FOR INITIATING A SEARCH

The actual need for a search is often a very difficult decision to make. This decision process should be a matter of policy in the office or station of the local responsible agency and with all representatives of that agency. This policy should be written down, kept available and included with the search team(s) callout procedures.

This decision policy should stress the following points.

1. All-out immediate-search criteria:
 - a. One or more children missing
 - b. Victim with medical history missing
 - c. Extreme weather conditions, as detailed in the Victim Chapter (Chapter 2)
2. Normal but immediate-effort search criteria:
 - a. Overdue or missing adult alone
3. Normal but convenient-effort search criteria:
 - a. Two or more overdue or missing adults

An all-out immediate effort is defined as a 24-hour per day, immediate rescue type of response using all available resources.

A normal immediate effort is defined as a 24-hour per day rescue response using local resources only.

A normal but convenient effort is defined as a daytime local search team effort.

3.1.3 INITIATING SEARCH

Having determined the need for a search, the next step involves getting the professional and trained volunteer searchers to the scene as quickly as possible. The urgency repeatedly referred to here is directly related to the search-area size and the resultant difficulty in finding the victim. The detailed relationship between urgency and search area is defined in the next chapter.

In the case of the Mountain Rescue Association (MRA), a phone call to any one team will get a response from a contingent of all teams in the region. Most teams will attempt to drive to the scene themselves. Where transportation is provided, i.e., Civil Air Patrol or Western Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Center, most teams can get more members to the scene quicker.

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Most county teams must be contacted individually and will thoroughly support a search. Poses are also very effective as volunteer horsemen organizations. Dogs should not be overlooked. These animals can do wonders and should be called immediately.

Radio relay leagues have a questionable status in mountain search, but I feel that with proper administration and guidance, this resource of equipment and manpower could be a great advantage to a search.

County honor farms can provide a substantial force as can the National Guard.

3.1.4 SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM CALLOUT PROCEDURES

Search and rescue callout procedures are used to enhance the implementation of a search by exacting the initial communications between the responsible agency and the search teams. These procedures can best be represented by a checklist of items to be communicated. An example callout checklist is shown in Figure 3-1.

Callout procedures should also involve certain activities by the responsible agency to help implement the search. These activities are typified by marking roads, trails, and access routes to the scene of the incident with streamers, signs, or chalk marks to speed searchers to the scene. (11)

It seems appropriate to make prior arrangements with the state police or highway patrol, whichever its designation in your state, to assist in inter-county communications. Many state law-enforcement agencies have teletype networks connecting all county and municipal police stations. This network would permit the distribution of hardcopy search and victim data to responding teams for search strategy planning enroute.

CALLOUT CHECKLIST

Who Called _____ When: Date _____ Time _____

Why _____

Incident digest:

Special Instructions:

Meeting Place _____ Time _____ Date _____

Phone _____

Directions:

Special Equipment Required:

Other Equipment:

Snowshoes _____

Crampons _____

Ice Axe _____

Overnite _____

Tent _____

Skiis _____

Figure 3-1: Callout Checklist

RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

3.1.5 CHECKING HAZARDS

To give the victim as many breaks as possible, the investigating officer can make arrangements to have qualified teams check all local potential hazards that might trap or cause injury to the victim.

Never allow ill-equipped or unqualified individuals alone to be sent on this kind of assignment. Typical hazards that locals or individuals familiar with the area can identify are:

- o Waterfalls
- o Wells
- o Caves
- o Cliffs
- o Ice shoots
- o Lakes, ponds, streams, and rivers
- o Out-houses, cesspools, and septic tanks
- o Car trunks

Teams that inspect these hazards should be instructed to look for tracks and other clues indicating the presence of the victim. Those signs should be preserved and identified with streamers, handkerchiefs, or some kind of obvious marker.

The checking of all hazards should be logged by time, hazard, and who checked.

3.1.6 HELICOPTERS

The effectiveness of the helicopter in the Los Angeles County/Montrose Sheriff Station area of Angeles National Forest is 47.0%. That is, for the 117 times the helicopter was used in the 1964-1971 sampling period, the helicopter was the primary reason 50 times and the secondary reason five times that the victim was found.*

The annual operating costs for a supercharged Bell G3B capable of mountain operations is \$100,000, including pilot. The annual operating costs for a similarly effective paid professional search team of twelve men, support vehicles, and equipment is \$300,000. The apparent cost effectiveness of a helicopter is not realized, however, because of darkness, foul weather, terrain and victims who get themselves out so that helicopters find only 15.5% of all victims. The reality of mountain search is that the ground searcher and helicopter compliment each other very effectively and should be used together.

* See Appendix II.

RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

A typical helicopter application first involves transporting teams into the field. These field teams generally isolate the victim to a particular canyon, ridge, or trail. Once isolated, the helicopter quickly locates the victim. Rescuers are then airlifted in to perform victim emergency care and evacuation.

3.1.7 ACCESS ROAD CHECKS

To assist in securing the search area as a formal search develops, access roads should have road checks set up to inform the public about the lost victim and the incident, and to record all license plate numbers of automobiles leaving or entering the area in case of criminal consequences.

A road check is better than closing the area completely if incoming persons can be used effectively in the search even though they may not actually be given assignments. The effective use of the public is elaborated upon in the following chapters. For good public relations, hinder traffic as little as possible. One officer can interrogate passengers while his companion records license numbers, models, and number of occupants.

Closing the search area to the public completely may be necessary for a number of reasons; for example, to avoid obliteration of the victim's tracks. Based on the California Penal Code, it is assumed that the local law-enforcement agency in most states has the legal authority to close an area to the public.

In contacts with the public regarding the lost victim, a handout describing essential information can enhance the effort. Confronted by the authority, the public tends to forget details and a hard copy can propagate information to many more persons.

In checking hazards, access roads, and even trails, the investigating officer can maintain a semblance of order by keeping the well-meaning public busy until the professional searchers arrive.

A disaster requiring a search can easily cause a road safety hazard on mountain and narrow wilderness roads. If traffic tends to become excessive, then road controls should be instituted. These could include the following:

- o Escorts
- o Check points
- o Additional road hazard signs

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Section 409.5 California Penal Code

Closing Areas in Emergencies -

Whenever a menace to the public health or safety is created by calamity such as flood, storm, fire, earthquake, explosion, accident or other disaster, officers of the California Highway Patrol, police departments or sheriff's offices may close the area where the menace exists for the duration thereof by means of ropes, markers or guards to any and all persons not authorized by such officer to enter or remain within the closed area. Any person not authorized wilfully entering the area or wilfully remaining within the area after notice to evacuate shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Nothing in this section shall prevent a duly authorized representative of any news service or network from entering the area closed pursuant to this section. Log H, 1957 ch. 1402. (12)

3.1.8 PRESERVING EVIDENCE

The investigating officer has the unique opportunity to preserve evidence and clues for later use in tracking and identifying the victim. This evidence runs the gamut from footprints to discarded clothes.

The investigating officer should arrange to have all tracks and footprints roped off so that they cannot be obliterated before the searchers arrive (see Figure 3-2). The exact location where the victim was last seen should be flagged and the victim's direction of travel indicated. In addition, horses and posses should be kept out of areas where the bloodhounds are intended to be used. Horses completely wipe out a dog's scent ability. Any clothes or articles belonging to the victim that are intended for use in starting the bloodhounds should not be touched by anyone, and should be kept in a clean, unused paper sack or plastic baggy. A scent guide is provided in the Tactics Chapter, page 126.

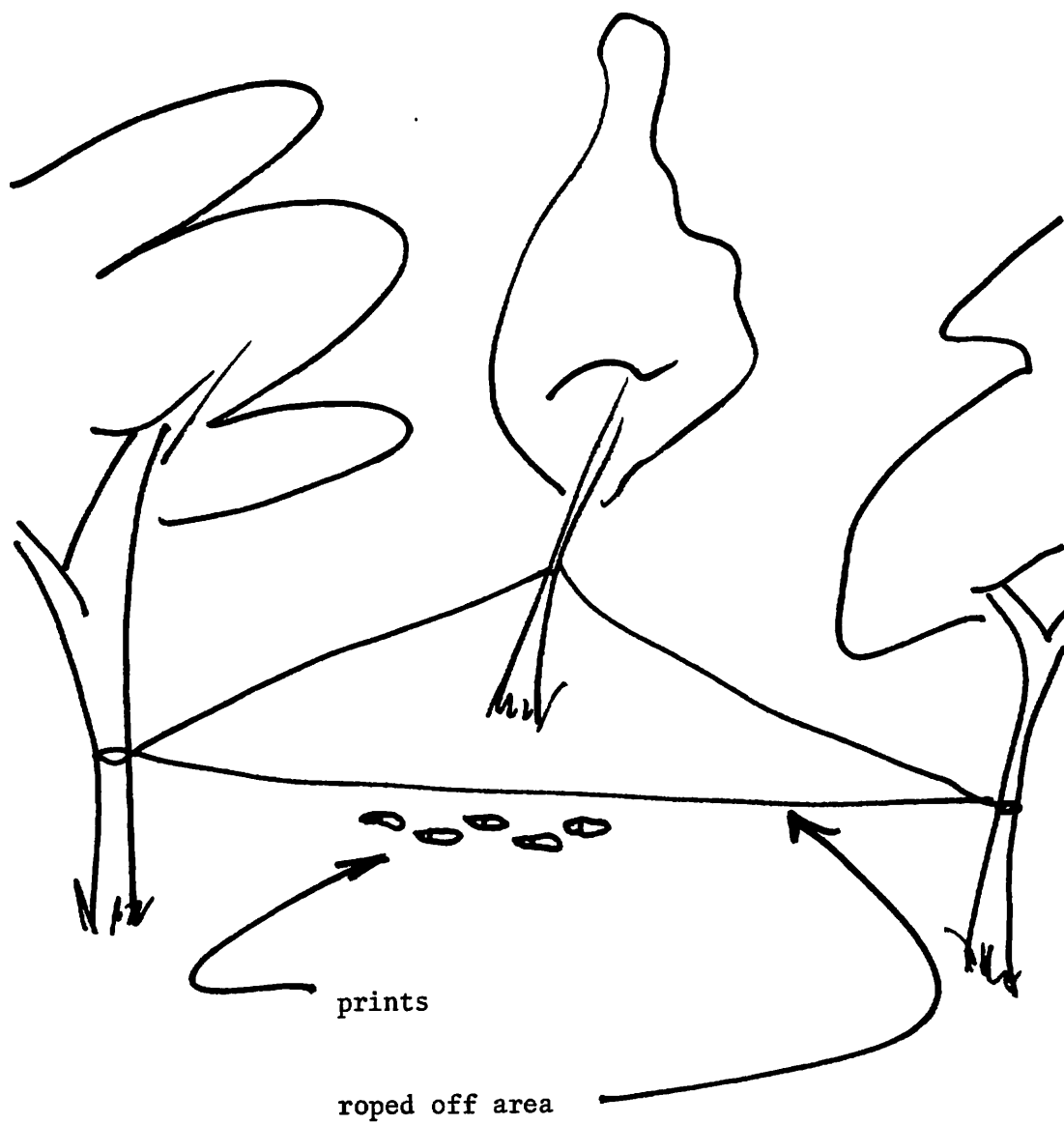


Figure 3-2: Clue Preservation

RESPONSIBLE AGENCY

3.1.9 WHAT TO DO WITH PARENTS

Parents of the missing, as well as friends and relatives, can be a special problem because of their emotional involvement. This involvement can impair judgment to a point of jeopardizing their own safety.

It depends upon the individuals, but unstable persons should be encouraged to leave the search area under special care. The others should be used in controlled assignments with an escort; assignments such as identifying prints and patrolling roads.

Parents and friends should be kept abreast of developments and briefed frequently on events.

In addition, all searchers should know who the parents are so as to eliminate erroneous discussion and speculation in their presence.

Remember that parents, relatives, and friends can provide immediate visual identification and detailed answers to questions about the victim and his gear, as well as information about events leading to the accident. If they insist upon staying in the search area or base camp, keep them busy, and attended by agency personnel. (13)

3.1.10 DOCUMENTATION

Documentation is the medium for information dissemination in mountain search because there is not always enough time to orally indoctrinate everyone involved. Indoctrinating everyone, including the replacement personnel if the search is long, is always difficult. The investigating officer should attempt to document every aspect of his activity for future reference. These items should include:

- o Informant and witness interrogations
- o Victim data
- o Time, weather and terrain
- o Evidence and clues

Informant and witness interrogations can be extremely useful in retracing events that lead to the disappearance, as well as in predicting the victim's behavior. Diagrams will help.

Victim data involves all of the physical, mental, and resource attributes of the lost individual. Typically, this would include: age, sex, clothes, shoes, sole pattern, equipment, food and food wrappers. Diagrams will help here too, like sole pattern.

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Time last seen, weather conditions, and terrain description all help later students of the search. A photo will help everybody.

All evidence should have narrative descriptions plus diagrams to enhance relationships.

Figure 3-3 is an excellent victim information form.

VICTIM FORM FORMAT

<u>Title</u>	<u>Description</u>
victim name	Victim first, last and initial or nickname, address and phone.
informant name	Informant defined as individual who requested help.
witness	Person to last see victim.
lost: date	Date and time victim lost or last seen, where: YY = year MM = month DD = day HHMM = 24-hour clock.
persons missing	Number of persons being searched, or size of group missing.
day lost	Day of week lost, ie., Monday etc.
where	Where lost, landmark.
purpose	Purpose of victim in wilderness.
destination	Intent or destination of victim.
physical	} For victim as indicated.
health	
dress	
gear	

VICTIM				INFORMANT				WITNESS			
NAME: LAST											
FIRST											
INITIAL OR NICKNAME											
ADDRESS: STREET											
CITY											
STATE, ZIP											
PHONE											

LOST: DATE				SUMMER		WINTER	
YY	MM	DD	HH	MM			
PERSONS MISSING				DRESS:			
WHERE							
PURPOSE							
DESTINATION				HAT, TYPE COLOR			
				COAT, TYPE COLOR			
				SHIRT, TYPE COLOR			
				PANTS, TYPE COLOR			
				SOCKS, TYPE COLOR			

PHYSICAL:			
AGE	SEX	RACE	
WEIGHT, LBS.		HEIGHT: FEET INS	
BUILD: LITE		MED. HEAVY	
COMPLEXION: LITE		MED. DARK	

Figure 3-3: Victim Form

UNDERWEAR, COLOR	
SHOE, TYPE COLOR SIZE AGE	
SOLE TYPE PATTERN	

GEAR:	
FOOD, KIND AMOUNT PACKAGE	
FLUID, KIND AMOUNT CONTAINER	
FLASHLITE	
NO. AND SIZE BATTERIES	
SLEEPING BAG	PACK
TENT	STOVE
OTHER:	RAIN GEAR KNIFE

EYES, COLOR	
HAIR, COLOR	
STYLE	
IDENTIFYING MARKS	
WHERE	
DESCRIPTION	

HEALTH:	
VISION/GLASSES	
HEARING/AIDED	
SMOKING, BRAND	
GUM, BRAND	
DRUGS	
ALCOHOLIC BEV.	
ILLNESS	
MEDICATIONS	
NUTRITIONAL STATE	GOOD
EMOTIONAL STATE	NORMAL
CONSTITUTION	POOR
PHYSICAL ABILITY	
OUTDOORSMANSHIP	
AREA FAMILIARITY	

KELLEY 7 JUN 72

Victim Form (continued)

NEWS AND RUMORS

Fri., Mar. 29, 1974

Los Angeles Times

SURVIVOR OF SUBZERO EXPOSURE IN '51 DIES

CHICAGO (AP)—Dorothy Mae Stevens, who made medical history in 1951 when she survived a drop in body temperature to 64 degrees, is dead at 44.

Mrs. Stevens died Monday night of pneumonia and congestive heart failure, a hospital spokesman said.

She was found near death 23 years ago in an alley on the south side of Chicago after being exposed to subzero weather. Her body temperature had dropped to 64 and her breathing had slowed to four to five times a minute, doctors said at the time.

No one was known previously to have survived a body temperature drop below 75. A normal breathing rate is 18 to 22 breaths a minute.

Doctors said her blood had congealed to sludge and her pulse was 12 compared with a normal count of 70 to 80. Rigor mortis appeared to have set in.

After regaining consciousness, Mrs. Stevens said she had been drinking. Doctors said the alcohol in her blood probably acted as an antifreeze.

Doctors amputated both her legs below the knees and all of her fingers except the right thumb because of the exposure.

Mrs. Stevens, who was living alone at the time of her death, had been married three times. Her first husband, John L. Stevens, died in a fight after they had been separated; a second marriage ended in divorce, and her third husband, Sam Anderson, was shot to death four years ago.

Thurs., April 18, 1974

Los Angeles Times

Pilot's Body Discovered

GUNNISON, Colo. (AP)—The body of an Inglewood, Calif., man missing since Christmas was found Wednesday in the wreckage of his light airplane about 600 feet below the crest of 11,312-foot Monarch Pass in central Colorado.

The Gunnison County sheriff's office said he was identified as Peter Paul Devlon, 34.

The plane was spotted by a motorist driving along U.S. 50, which crosses the rugged pass. The crash site is about six miles from the crest on the west side.

The plane belonged to Flight Safety, Inc., of Long Beach, Calif., the sheriff's spokesman said.

The name of George Connell, Provo, Utah (Past National Jeep SAR Association Commander) has been presented to the National Association of Search and Rescue Coordinators for their approval and appointment to their newly organized National SAR Council.

Organizations given the presentation 'Wilderness Search for the Missing Person' by Dennis Kelley were:

- China Lake Mountain Rescue Group.
 - Indian Wells SAR Team.
 - Los Angeles County Sheriff's Dept. Mountain Rescue Staff.
 - National Park Service, Albright Training Academy, Grand Canyon, AZ.
- (Thank you for the hospitality, DEK.)

Los Angeles Times Sun., Mar. 24, 1974

Mother Plunges Into Lake, Rescues Twins

DULUTH, Ga. (AP)—"You don't stop to think, you just go" when you see your 4-year-old twin sons floating face down in a lake.

That was Carole Pruitt's explanation Saturday for her quick action in saving the two boys, despite the fact that she is nine months pregnant.

Mrs. Pruitt was having coffee with a neighbor Friday when she realized that her sons, Scotty and Sammy, were gone. She raced to a nearby lake with the neighbor, Mrs. Susan Lyons.

"I saw the twins floating in the water face down," Mrs. Pruitt said. "All I could see were their little arms and the backs of their leather jackets."

She doesn't remember how she got down the 30-foot embankment to the edge of the lake. All she remembers is swimming to the two boys and pulling Scotty to shore while Mrs. Lyons held Sammy's head above water.

Mrs. Pruitt, using a technique she learned in a lifesaving class three years ago, put Scotty on his stomach and pressed water out of his lungs. When the boy began moaning, his mother began breathing into his mouth.

With Scotty breathing again, Mrs. Pruitt helped bring Sammy to shore and began the same procedure. But after a few minutes, Sammy had not responded and his skin remained blue.

"I didn't think he was alive," Mrs. Pruitt said.

But she continued applying the lifesaving measures and, five minutes later, the boy began to moan and show signs of life.

The twins and their mother were rushed to a hospital, where they were found to be in good condition. Mrs. Pruitt said, however, that the baby, due next week, had begun to kick while at the hospital.

The baby, she noted, was "baptized before he was even born."

The Sierra Club does an excellent SAR public service spot commercial. This one minute 'spot' reminds hikers to report back home just before the hike indicating; the proposed route and the phone number of the local Sheriff. The Sierra Club should be congratulated for this kind of fine SAR effort. Other SAR organizations should perhaps become more active in this kind SAR 'preventive measures'.

Four Persons Found Safe

Four persons were found safe Sunday after they had been reported missing in the Potosi mine area, approximately 40 miles south of Las Vegas.

Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Search and Rescue personnel located the quartet about 8 a.m. Sunday. The group's car had apparently broken down, police said.

The individuals were identified as Jody Smith, 18, Frank Carozza, 18 and John and Myrtle Mathis, both 19. No addresses were given.

Some months ago a member of the Sierra Madre SAR Team of Southern California, Ray Smith, was injured rappelling from a helicopter. The accident, which occurred during a training exercise, was caused by rappelling off the end of the rappel line. Though Ray had back injuries serious enough to put him in the hospital, he is now back at work thankfully with only a body cast.

Los Angeles Times
Thurs., Jan. 24, 1974

Woman, 73, Saved on Ice

From Agence France-Presse

UMEÅ, Sweden—A 73-year-old woman has been rescued after spending 18 hours adrift on an ice floe in sub-zero temperatures. She suffered only a slight cold.

Rescuers found Olga Johansson, exhausted and somewhat sniffly, huddled on the floe about six miles from the Gulf of Bothnia, opposite Finland.

Mrs. Johansson's ordeal started when she took a stroll on Monday and wandered onto the sheet of ice. A wind gust broke off the floe and set her adrift.

Doctors Wednesday were caring for her cold in a local hospital.

Dan Hensley, noted So. Calif. survival authority and member of the Montrose SAR Team recently consulted to CBS-TV in the production of a Medix Series on survival. Dan and members of the production crew spent a wild night on Mt. Jacinto in true survival conditions.

Los Angeles Times
Wed., Jan. 23, 1974

Snowslide Buries at Least 12 in British Columbia

TERRACE, B.C. (UPI) —A huge snowslide 40 feet deep "completely wiped out" a highway service complex Tuesday, burying 12 to 15 persons, a police spokesman said.

One body was recovered early in the rescue operation.

The slide, estimated to be about 400 yards by 100 yards and 40 feet deep, covered a gasoline station, a coffee shop, a few motel units and several vehicles along a highway 25 miles west of here.

John Ralmon Productions of Los Angeles and the Montrose SAR Team have been busy making a public service film on lost children.

Los Angeles Times
Sat., April 27, 1974

Yacht Missing in the 'Deadly Triangle' Area

MIAMI (UPI)—A \$300,000 yacht on a shakedown cruise with four men aboard may be the latest victim of the mysterious "deadly triangle."

The triangle, also known as the "Bermuda triangle," is a vast area of the Atlantic Ocean, roughly bounded by a line running from New York to Bermuda, to the Virgin Islands and then to the tip of Florida.

It is an area in which ships and planes have vanished without trace, including two large U.S. naval vessels and dozens of yachts.

Pilots flying over the area sometimes report radio blackouts and disruptions of electronic flight instruments. Books and magazine articles have included all sorts of speculation about the area, including supernatural phenomena.

The U.S. Coast Guard, which announced Thursday suspension of a two-week search for the missing 54-foot yacht Saba Bank, said it did not accept supernatural explanations for the deadly triangle.

The men aboard the missing boat were identified as Cy Zentner, 32, the captain; and Elliot Cohen, 30, both of Philadelphia, Raphael Kaplan, 26, of Sickerville, N.J., and John Tarquinio, 42, of Vineland, N.J.

The yacht's owner, Vasco Corp. of Wilmington, Del., has offered a \$2,500 reward for information on its whereabouts.

The Saba Bank, built as a charter vessel for diving excursions, left Nassau, Bahamas, March 10 on a shakedown cruise bound for Miami, where it was to arrive April 8. The Coast Guard began looking for the yacht April 10.

Mon., Mar. 4, 1974 **Los Angeles Times**

4 Rescued After Plane Crash-Lands

Snowmobiles rescued four Southern Californians who spent Saturday night huddled in the wreckage of their private airplane, which had crash-landed on frozen Navajo Lake near Kanab, Utah.

The victims, all hospitalized in Kanab, were identified as pilot Keith Hollenbeck, 52, and his wife, Joan, 50, both of La Jolla, and Verne Vawter, 49, and his wife, Doris, 47, of Bonita.

BOOK REVIEW

Following are a group of mini-reviews on some super books in SAR. My apologies to the excellent authors whose books are reviewed because time does not permit the thorough review that they deserve. However, as editor of SAR Magazine, I am soliciting help from my fellow members of the SAR community to review these or their favorite SAR books for publication here. Remember, books form the backbone of SAR advancement!

□

A STATISTICAL ANALYSIS OF LOST PERSONS IN WILDERNESS AREAS, NO. 2 by William G. Syrotuck, 1973, Arner Publications, 8140 Coronado Lane, Rome, N.Y. 13440 26 pages, \$2.50.

This piece of brilliant research is probably 5-years ahead of its time. Future analysis of the missing person will be patterned after this original effort. This document should be in the operations manual of all SAR teams and coordinators. Students of SAR will find this book a key source. Bill Syrotuck has done an excellent job of applying statistics in a way to give us all a unique insight into finding lost persons.

□

FIRST AID AND EMERGENCY RESCUE by Lawrence W. Erven, 1970, Glencoe Press, 8701 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211. 408 pages, \$6.95.

For a thorough treatment of emergency medical care, fire department type rescue and evacuation, and water rescue techniques, this book is one of a kind. I would highly recommend this document to every SAR team for familiarization with the more common rescue tools and techniques used by our brothers in fire department rescue. Interestingly, this book is not only well illustrated but filled with many exciting photographs.

□

KNOWING THE OUTDOORS IN THE DARK by Vinson Brown, 1972, Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Streets, Harrisburg, PA. 17105. 191 Pages, \$6.95.

In the realm of night searching, which has been successfully practiced by the Montrose SAR Team of Los Angeles in finding 60% of their victims at night, I have sought a text that teaches cross-country travel at night. Well this is it. Vinson Brown's book tells not only how to travel at night, but how to do it safely and without fear. Though this book has a naturalists slant, I think you will find it educational as well as interesting. More important however, I hope this book will encourage the routine practice of night searching with the resulting savings in lives.

□

MOUNTAINEERING FIRST AID by Dick Mitchell, 1972, The Mountaineers, P.O. Box 122, Seattle, Washington 98111. 96 pages, \$1.00. Illustrations by Bruce Becker.

Dick should be commended for bridging the gap between civilized emergency medical care and doing your very best for your injured outdoors buddy. For those of you who want an easy reading, humoursly illustrated, 'how to' first aid guide in the wilderness environment, you'll like this book.

□

IMPROVISED TECHNIQUES IN MOUNTAIN RESCUE by Bill March, 94 pages. (I acquired this little book from Mountain Safety Research, South 96 th Street, Seattle, Washington 98108 USA, \$4.50.)

Bill March has attacked the situation of rescue with a minimum of climbing gear head-on. Mountain rescue teams could advantageously use this book to reduce their individual payload in executing a mountain rescue evacuation.

□

INTERNATIONAL MOUNTAIN RESCUE HANDBOOK
by Hamish MacInnes, 1972, Charles
Scribner's Sons, New York, 218 pages,
150 photographs, 130 drawings and
diagrams, \$10.00.

This book is an illustrated guide to modern rescue evacuation methods. This quote from the book's jacket is such an understatement as to be a crime. First, this book has the finest set of rescue photographs that I have ever seen. For example, an aerial photo of the enormous avalanche which fell off the Peruvian mountain Huascaran Norte on the 31 May 1970, killing 18,000 persons, dramatizes the potential of nature's wrath.

Secondly, the modern mountain rescue equipment and techniques presented are probably the most numerous and advanced in print. Finally, the quality of the presentation is excellent and will be a classic in your SAR library. ■

CORRECTIONS!

In the Spring 1974 issue it was reported that the Orange County SAR Team hosted Dennis Kelley and his presentation on search when in fact it was the Orange County Sheriff's Reserve SAR Team. My apologies to both of these fine organizations.

CALENDAR

1974 June 8 and 9 (Note date change.)
Rodeway Inn, Boise, Idaho
MOUNTAIN RESCUE ASSOCIATION, FALL
BUSINESS MEETING.
Vance Yost, P.O. Box 428
Mountain Center, Calif. 92361
(714) 659-2795

1974 June 19-23
New Little America Motel, Flagstaff,
Arizona
NATIONAL JEEP SAR ASSOCIATION CONVENTION
Arnold Hudson, 2600 East Fourth Ave.,
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001
(602) 774-8500

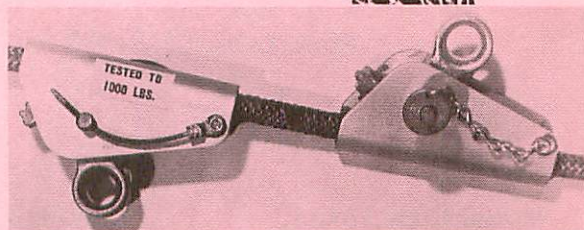
1974 October 14
Rick LaValla's 35 th birthday.

1974 December 6-8
Sheraton Motor Inn, Portland, Oregon
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SAR COORDINATORS
CONVENTION
John H. Olson, Room 8, Capital Building,
Salem, Oregon
(503) 378-4124

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