

SAR COORDINATES

December 2004

TONTO RIM SEARCH AND RESCUE SQUAD, Inc.

**P.O. BOX 357
STRAWBERRY AZ 85544**

A self-supporting, not-for-profit group of volunteer citizens dedicated to improving safety in the Arizona wilderness.

**Operating under the authority of the Gila County Sheriff's Office
John Armer; Sheriff**

Commander's Corner

Bob Hill is a friend I have known since grade school. We have been hunting together for over 40 years. One of our dreams is to hunt for the Monster Bucks in the Arizona Strip country. This year we finally got the chance. Bob was diagnosed with Leukemia two years ago and has since gone through extensive chemotherapy and stem cell replacement. Bob's health has improved considerably, and we were excited to finally hunt for these big bucks.

The hunting season started on a Friday, so we left Payson early Thursday morning. It was cloudy and threatening rain. In Flagstaff it was snowing and we stopped at Mary's Café for breakfast. We continued north around the Grand Canyon at Marble Canyon and west up over the Kiabab Plateau, down the west side of the Plateau to Fredonia. Now we had over thirty miles yet to travel, south of Fredonia on a dirt road, to the area we wanted to hunt. It took almost 8 hours from Payson but we were where we needed to be.

Bob had pulled a Toy Hauler with his Dodge Diesel and I had pulled a quad/trailer with my jeep wrangler. We noticed a flat tire on Bob's trailer, but we were more concerned with getting camp set up and doing some scouting before nightfall. It rained most of the night. Opening morning we drove the Jeep, checking some fence lines and different areas for deer and tracks. It rained all day and all the second night. Early Saturday morning we wanted to do some glassing in an area we had seen tracks the day before. As soon as it became light, heavy fog set in. So much for glassing.

Because the ground was so wet, tracks were easy to see. We continued to cover ground in the Jeep, looking along fences and different areas for tracks. We were listening to a NOAA weather station in Southern Utah on my 2 meter radio. Sunday was supposed to be better weather.

Saturday night, Bob became very ill. Muscle spasms in his back and vomiting. From about midnight until 0600 am he was in severe pain and vomiting. That's when I finally convinced him we needed to get to a Doctor. I got him dressed and in my Jeep. We left everything else where it was. Bob lives in Queen Creek Arizona. As soon as I could get cell phone service I notified his wife of the situation and that we were on our way. Bob traveled the 9 1/2 hour distance with his head between his legs in a plastic

bag. He was very very sick. His wife took him to Tucson (where he's being treated for his Leukemia) where they kept him for three days. Turned out he just got some stomach flu bug.

I spent Sunday night in Payson and went back to Deer Camp the following morning. The next two days I would return to camp after seeing nothing and eat dinner in freezing weather. The steam off my food would fog my glasses. After dinner (6:30) I sat listening to the quiet wondering what to do next. I'd look at maps for 10-15 minutes and then decided I'd go to bed at 7 or 7:30. After sleeping for 10 to 11 hours it's still dark. My heart wasn't in it anymore. On Wednesday I went to Fredonia to get Bob's trailer tire fixed. I talked to several other hunters who said they were seeing deer every day. They were 20 to 30 miles west of where Bob and I had set up camp. It was impossible for me to move two vehicles and two trailers by myself. So Thursday I took the Quad and extra gas and headed for the area these hunters told me about. It was a huge area and would take 3 to 4 days to learn the area. I went back to camp and packed it in. I got to Payson around 2 am on Friday. Bob's truck and trailer are still in Camp. Bob and I both never expected the hunt to turn out like this. It's a memorable hunt, but not for the reason we'd hoped.

Hopefully there will be another chance in the future to hunt this area.

I want to thank Bill Pitterle for filling in for me.

The election committee did a good job of getting the ballots, for the up coming election, distributed to the eligible voters. Jim Duffy and crew did a great job.

See you at the next General Meeting (Dec 9th) or maybe on the trail before if we get any action.

Stay active and stay healthy.

Dave Pirtle 507

Don't forget; the meetings this month are Dec 9th for the Board and Dec 7th for the General Meeting.

A Senior Moment By Jane Boyles

ADIOS AMIGOS

A couple years ago Mike Taylor had a big void in the newsletter. So I started writing about some of my Leaders and Legends with whom I have worked in the Search and Rescue field. This year marks forty years of disaster work in my life. There are people I want to thank for making my life more interesting. Sometimes fun, sometimes a tearful event, but every time an education in itself. I miss these people. Some have gone on to reap their reward, some have gone on to other careers. I truly miss Little Al Shoenstene and Don Hornecker who opened Search and Rescue doors on the National level for me, before women did those things. I am appreciative of Jim Driscoll who always found something special to keep me busy, to James Langston who expected the documentation to be current and accurate but always remembered to say thanks no matter how busy or tired he was. And Andy Brunson and Val

Polaski, the masters of rolling Command Post. John Avery, Jim Oelerich, Rick Heffernon, Dacey Taylor, Mike Taylor, and Steve Holt and Mike Williams who left us all too early and so many more, the original Tonto Rim guys that I knew I could count on in a call out. Adam and Terry, two dedicated special coordinators, Sheriff John Armer, Bill Fogle and Tom Melcher who have made it a point to be present on a mission and show their appreciation for your work. Jim Martin and Dave Pirtle for taking on the job of Commander, And Ron Ridgeway, Maricopa Reserve Coordinator and Metro Assist Posse Commander, The Coordinators and Deputies from San Bernadino County who took the time to answer my questions and show me how good search techniques were accomplished.

The three “C’s”; Coordination, Cooperation and Communication: In every disaster/search/rescue the three “C’s” are of utmost importance to the success of the mission. This is something Tonto Rim has accomplished. Fifteen years ago, it was kind of like Rodney Dangerfield around here. We had “No respect”. Through hard training, Tonto Rim now has the respect of everyone in the state. You have come a long ways. Certification and standards make you stand out in a crowd-as good as the best and better then the rest. (That is a quote from a Boyles’ pep talk to the kids).

For you newer members perhaps you don’t know that Ernie Ralls donated the land that the squad building sets on. A local block mason donated the labor and Bob Hartz, the Commander, twisted arms to get the rest of materials and labor donated. In the past 15 years, not much has changed down there. The kitchen became the “Tree Farm” and the meeting room has been where ever it was cheap and heated. The original money set aside for these improvements has been used for “other” things. The needs are still there.

Don’t let their dreams be forgotten.

The time has come for the “Young Lions” to carry on. Tonto Rim has many well educated members. Some published writers, teachers and professionals. Each of you has a story to tell. Be it a personal experience, a technical essay or a how to do manual, it needs to be told. It is your turn. None of you are busier then Jim Oelerich and myself as we both work in the valley. A half hour of your time will produce an article that everyone can enjoy and profit from. Mike has worked very hard to create a newsletter to keep everyone informed of your activities. At one time he was not only commander, but son, husband, grandfather, business owner, construction worker, rope team member, tracker and junior SAR leader and still found time to write the newsletter. You have some good leaders now. Don’t wear them out. And most important remember why you joined.

I want to thank each and every one of you for the compliments and comments. I especially want to thank my very special family who put up with my office in the car and my messy desk. Teresa (Ramblin’ Rose), who sees volunteering as part of the kids education and writes a journal of their travels for home-schoolers nationwide, Bob, my special son in law who keeps my car running and worries about me if I am late or do not check in on my daily commute, Rebecca, our little teenager, who happily writes a monthly article for the church newsletter, Matthew, my special grandson who stands proudly right by my side, just in case Grandma needs his support, Our son John who always has a shoulder to cry on when I am stressed to the final degree of sanity and is more then willing to give me advice. (PAYBACK!). And especially, my companion, partner and best friend, JEB, who has never told me “no” when I said I was going to do the unthinkable like go to Lone Pine Saddle in the middle of the night to work command or wade through the Gila River floodwaters working with the Disaster Team. They have all made my hours of volunteer disaster work possible by carrying on when Mom’s gone and now

volunteering in their own ways. So while I am not retiring, I'm cutting back. I will continue to work for FEMA. And I will continue to work in the valley. Retirement lasted one weekend!

November 2004 marks the five year anniversary of the diagnosis of John's dreaded illness. Only with your daily encouragement and help did he find the will to take a swallow of nourishment and recover. For this I am eternally grateful. Without you, we would not have made it back from death's black door.

Thanks and good luck and keep up the training. May the sun shine on you and the wind be at your back. May the tracks be obvious, the snow not too deep and the rocks not too slippery. I'll probably see you further down the road.

THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE.

(Editor's note; I whole-heartedly thank Jane for all the great articles she has submitted over the years and I really hate to see her quit the job. She has been consistent and dependable, often sending me articles months in advance so I never had to worry about whether there would be something to insert. She has a great knowledge of not only SAR procedures and legalities, but of the people themselves. You have witnessed that by reading all the *Leaders and Legends* she has written.

It is now time for someone else to step up and fill her shoes. You don't have to have years of SAR experience, only a desire to help educate our members and others about what SAR is and why it is important. Please contact me so you can get started.)

Anatomy of an Accident

On Nov. 8, '04 my wife, Roz, and I and our little dog, Ginger, were driving south from Pine to Payson in our little blue pickup. The time was about 10:00am.

It had rained all night and I was taking it easy, driving about 50 in the 55 mph zone. Approaching mm 263 (near the SAR hwy. cleanup area) we were coming out of a turn and were head to head with a Ford Expedition heading north in the south bound lane. Not much time to react I saw a white sedan on the south bound lane, so I veered as closely to the right side as I could. The SUV whizzed on by, but our little truck went into a skid and hydroplaned right into the little white sedan.

Luckily we all had on our safety belts. The white sedan was completely totaled with the driver side door caved in and the driver pinned in.

I got out of our vehicle after checking Roz. We were both OK except we were pretty shaken up.

Having been certified as a First Responder and a teacher of first aid and cpr I went to aid the woman we had hit. She had a nosebleed and complained of a sore right arm. I talked to her to calm her down, and had her pinch the upper part of her nose with her left hand to control the bleeding. I also instructed her not to move and I proceeded to call 911 for ambulance and police help.

A number of good Samaritans stopped to offer aid and fellow squad member Bruce Brammer aided me in directing traffic at the accident site.

When the ambulance and DPS arrived they continued first aid on the woman in the white sedan removed her from her vehicle to an ambulance and left the area.

All the paperwork was eventually finished, the vehicles towed away and the highway was cleaned of debris.

Bruce and his wife spent about two hours at the scene. At first he was helping with traffic control, then offered to ride my wife Roz and Ginger home. Bruce then returned and waited for me to finish the police report and then drive me home. A special thanks to Bruce and all the other good Samaritans who stopped, including Roger Miotto another squad member.

Roz had been looking for a pet cat that had leaped out of the white sedan after impact. The cat had disappeared, and unfortunately was not found. Roz was also helping to console the driver of the SUV who had been in our lane.

The reason for the driver of the SUV being in our lane.....was that she had been distracted by a bee and was trying to swat it while driving.

The most important thing was that everyone was alive.

Priorities at an accident scene:

Check to see if the scene is safe before approaching.

Call 911 or send someone for help if phones are inoperable.

Emergency first aid for subjects who may be injured but do not remove from the vehicle unless the vehicle is on fire, etc.

Have willing and able bystanders slow down and control traffic to prevent another accident.

If witnessing the accident, make the report as accurate as possible.

One following safety tip for all drivers who have an airbag. Initially I was taught to hold the steering wheel at the 10 o'clock and 4 o'clock positions. The proper position is at the 9 o'clock and 3 o'clock position.

I was told by a physician that at the 10 o'clock position the elbow is up higher and when the airbag inflates, the elbow can be dislocated by the force of the airbag.

Seat belts and airbags are proven safety devices but injuries have been associated with both. As my instructor Mike Ward, (First Responder Course) was fond of saying. There is always a "Risk vs. Benefit". The benefits far outweigh the risks.

One State Trooper from NY was quoted as saying, "In all the accidents I have witnessed, I have never unbuckled a dead driver...."

Respectfully submitted,

Ira Gibel –532

Website

www.trsar.org

Tonto Rim SAR Members can now have your very own email address through our site. Just contact our Webmaster at jack@jackswebs.com to arrange for it, no cost to you or us.

And we are promoted here, the Rim Country Volunteer site;

<http://www.inpayson.com/>

These folks are doing a terrific job of promoting all the various volunteer organizations under the Rim.

July 2004 Training Schedule

09 Dec. Thu Map and Compass- Time: following the Gen. Meeting- Sgt. Hudgens Instructor

11 Dec. Sat Man Tracking –Certification: Time: 0900 –Location: TBA (This is for selected persons).- Instructor: Jim Martin

18 Dec. Sat Rope Training – Time: 0900 – Place: Squad Bldg.– Roger Miotto and rope instructors in charge

Planned Training Sessions (after next general meeting)

April 2005 *Medical Type Classes- Place: Ira Gibel's home - Time:TBA - Instructor Ira Gibel*

08 Jan. Sat Mantracking/Classroom- Time: 0800- Place: Squad Bldg.- Instructor: Jim Martin

15 Jan. Sat Rope Training- Time: 0900- Place: Pine Narrows- Roger Miotto and rope instructors in charge
Could be cancelled in the event of bad weather

Planned ATV Rodeo---All Squad Members

Requested Training Sessions

- 👤 If you would like to volunteer to run a training session, or if you have a training session request contact
Any Board Member or John Boyles

Sign-up required to attend this training

* See following notes:

- 🚗 To reserve use of squad ATV, contact John Avery at 928-476-2106 or 480-892-4424
Jacket, gloves, boots, helmet, and eye protection required to operate Squad ATV

Member Profile by Tim Somsen

Paul Morgan 565

Paul and his wife moved here to Payson 5 years ago after they both retired. He was born and raised in the San Fernando Valley. He is a US Army

trained heavy equipment operator (among many other jobs) and a Viet Nam veteran. As a civilian, Paul worked as a concrete contractor in the San Fernando Valley for 30 years, 20 of which he owned his own business. Now he works as a handyman doing anything but concrete work, saying his body just won't allow it. Currently he is focusing his work on windows, doors and electrical jobs.

Payson is the complete opposite of the California environment from which he came. Here he has found a real sense of community, neighbors helping neighbors. Paul is very comfortable here and seems to run into nothing but exceptional people. After talking with him for a while you will find he is also one of those exceptional folks. He knows an amazing amount of people in the area.

Helping others is what brought him to Search and Rescue. He hopes to get certified on our rope team as he has been on a couple training sessions - and he likes it!! He is proficient on his ATV and will be using it to help in searches. Paul also owns a Jeep Wrangler, so there is no place he can't go in this state.

We are proud to have Paul as a member and look forward to knowing him better.

ONE ALASKAN WINTER NIGHT

John Boyles 510

Probably some of you have noticed that I am one of the few TRSAR members not currently certified in CPR. It has been several years since Janie was a CPR instructor and at that time, she saw to it that I kept my certification current. Ira has done an excellent job of encouraging participation and instruction. My reason has nothing to do with Ira's training program, but instead because radiation and chemotherapy have made my mouth extremely sensitive and filled with scar tissue. Unless I had someone to back me up, I would not have the stamina to do a long recovery.

This is a true story of my experience at resuscitation almost 40 years ago on a very cold, snowy winter night in rural Alaska. A group of Chugiak Fire Department Members had gathered at the local school being trained as First Responders. An Alaska State Trooper dashed into the room and asked if anyone there was trained in Rescue Breathing. The Chief and I left to help. While returning from the local establishment, the subjects had become stuck in a snow drift at the railroad crossing and could not get out of their car.

The older couple had sat in the old Oldsmobile in the 50-degree below zero night with the engine running and heater going to stay warm. They both were unconscious upon our arrival, over come with carbon monoxide poisoning. Others had tried to help but did not know how to do the rescue breathing. The chief took over treatment of the woman in our old Surplus Air Force Pontiac Ambulance. In addition, I took over the treatment of the man in the back of the State Troopers sedan. Now it was almost 25 miles to the nearest hospital on snow covered icy roads. That trooper took off as if he was on I

10 headed for LA. I am sure we were driving 75 mph or more on a two-lane road where moose often stood to stay out of the deep snow. During one short period between breaths and compressions, I told the trooper to slow down or we would have three dead people in his car. By that time I was convinced we had a 901. The subject not only was not responding but he had certain smells that were not good. We arrived several minutes ahead of the ambulance at the Air Force Hospital at Elmendorf Air Force Base where hospital attendants took over both patients and soon declared them to have expired.

Having done all we could do, we piled back into the ambulance for the long ride home. On the way, we discussed our efforts. That is probably when I made the decision that I would be very selective on the next subject that I worked on. With no mask, my mouth was raw for a week from the man's whiskers chaffing the inside of my lips and no matter what I rinsed my mouth with I could still smell him for a long time. All of us were happy that we had escaped having more such victims on the winter roads in Alaska.

Do not hold it against me for not being certified. I leave that to you others who are younger and stronger.

And You Thought YOU Had A Bad Day

The time was 10:30 pm and I was ready to head for home. I bungee-corded my backpack onto the bike, with all of my school books and homework. The bike fired up with no problem, and I was on my way. Doing the speed limit (70-75 mph) in the middle lane on I-17, I heard a noise behind me. As I turned around, I could see my Sissy bar and backpack falling off the bike and hitting the road. By the time I got to the side of the road and came to a stop I was about 60 yards from the backpack and the Sissy bar. As I ran back to my backpack I could see the on coming cars running over the backpack and ripping it open. The books and homework were being scattered farther down the road as the cars kept coming. I waited until there was a break in traffic so I could run out and retrieve what I could before the traffic started up again. After retrieving what I could I would lay it down by the side of the road. Then I would go farther down the road to pick up more. At one point I saw my reading glasses lying in the road, the next second a car ran over them and they disappeared. After dodging the cars for about 10 minutes I finally got all of my belongings to the side of the road. This was a great relief knowing that I got all of my belongings and didn't get run over in the process.

After my heart slowed down, I turn around and started to pick up the papers and books that were on the side of the road. At that moment I look up to see how far I needed to walk to pick up all of my belongings. That's when it hit me and I stopped dead in my tracks because of what I saw in front of me. There it was, with its lights blinking on and off, a street sweeper picking up my books and papers. I was waving my hands in the air to stop it and hitting myself in the head at the same time saying "this isn't happening." The sweeper saw me and came to a stop and I asked him if he would be so kind to back up some. Which he did and I got two of my books that were under the sweeper. After that I talked him into opening the back of the sweeper up so I could go through all of the debris. It took awhile, but I was able to find my Sissy bar. I tied everything back on my bike and headed for home hoping that it wouldn't storm, because if it did I would probably get hit by lightening.

Don Johnson "DJ" 542

Thanks to those who contributed to this issue of the newsletter.
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