

From: Cat
Date: April 1, 2006 5:04:00 PM MST
To: artemisiaAtSignlists.gallowglass.org
Subject: post on the chirurgeons list about Artemisia

The following is a post originally intended for the Kingdom Chirurgeon list that was accidentally misposted to the SCA-chirurgeons list. I have forwarded it to this list since it mentioned alleged events in our beloved kingdom. FYI, this missive appears to be addressed to Dame Eleanor Isabeau de Coeur/Dr. Elisabeth ("Beth") Carlock, the Society Corporate Chirurgeon.

ttn
Therasia

Subject: 'yo, Eleanor, here's an FYI on the "disaster" at the event in Idaho
From: "helm_clark"
Date: Sat Apr 1, 2006 2:45 pm

Eleanor,

I am not sending you this brief account of the incidences from this last weekend in any official capacity but only as an eyewitness and participant to most of the events at the Spring Has Sprung Small-Unit Mini War College hosted by the "Shire of Grand Penwick" (they are trying to change their name; they are officially the suspended/soon-to-be-in-abeyance Shire of Lunecorn Hafn, which comprises the Dry Creek and Desert Valleys in southern Idaho and the towns of Snowberg, Utah and Torrent Falls, ID). Because of their suspended status, the barony immediately to the west (only ~200 miles as the crow flies but 324 mi by road because of the mountains) "officially" hosted the event for newsletter and insurance purposes.

The radio news report by the aspiring journalism major at City of Rocks State University was highly inaccurate, and though it was only broadcast on the university's radio station, it was then picked up by the city newspapers down in Salt Lake and subsequently by the UPI syndicate. Despite the subsequent sensational coverage in the news media, no one drowned, only two cars were wrecked, the incident with the epi-pen did not happen as reported and the so-called "major coronary" was hugely exaggerated.

To understand what happened, it helps to know a bit about how the weather and topography interact here. The Dry Creek and Desert Valleys are "Basin and Range" valleys, long and thin and bordered by north-south trending mountain ranges which are terminated by the Snake River Plain on the north and the depression filled by the Great Salt Lake to the south. Winter and Spring storm systems tend to travel northeastward off the Pacific, through the break in the California Coastal Ranges, over the Sierras, up the Humboldt River Valley, and then into the Basin and Range Mountains of southern Idaho and northern Utah. Due to the dew point effect when clouds are blown against and then over the

steep mountain ranges in their way, it is not uncommon to see thunderstorms dumping snow at altitude on the west-facing flank of a mountain range while it is sunny and 60 degrees on the valley floor.

The event site was in Serpentinite Canyon in the Dismal Gulch Range, at the Green Dragon Basalt Flow Campground run by the National Forest Service. The autocrats, both college students, "never found the time during midterms" to reserve the campground, with the results that there was no insurance rider obtained for the event for the forest service folks. In addition, if the autocrats had bothered to visit the forest service offices, they would have discovered before the event happened that the water system had been drained and shut down for the winter. Since Serpentinite Canyon can get snow as late as June, the water was not yet reconnected, the privies were not unlocked and the loop road around the campground was not plowed.

The Green Dragon Basalt Flow Campground is aptly named because of the conspicuous basalt flow that erupted sometime in the distant past along the block fault that runs along the base of the Dismal Gulch Range. This fault is thought to connect up with the southern end of the Great Rift of Idaho which terminates 150 miles to the north at Craters of the Moon National Monument. Unlike other basalt flows in Idaho, including the more famous Green Dragon Flow at Craters of the Moon, the Green Dragon Flow in Serpentinite Canyon hosts a lava tube with "skylights" in its roof. It also contains very unusual clear xenoliths of some exotic mineral whose name I can't remember at the moment. This is important, you see, because the Oki-Doki Minodoka Mineral Club had arrived at the campground before any SCA members did for their first mineral collecting outing of the year.

The presence of the rock hounds at the campground is germane for several reasons. First, they had arrived in force with seven big Class A RVs. One of their members showed up with 4x4 with a small snowplow attached and had cleared off about half of the loop road. This was quite helpful since it made most of the campsites accessible so there was enough room for both the rock hounds and the 27 SCA members who showed up for the event. All of the SCA members present were either from the Grand Penwick war unit (as they current insist on being called) or from the war unit of the shire immediately to the north. The weekend chosen was not really optimal, but it was the only date available on the colander between Coronation, Crown Tourney, the Kingdom A&S Championship competition, the Great Brine Shrimp Defender Tourney (I'm not making these names up, Beth, go look at our calender!) and the Miracle of St. Alan and the Peeps Feast (see [http:// www.rocks4brains.com/~cat/peeps.html](http://www.rocks4brains.com/~cat/peeps.html)).

While the rock hounds were friendly and hospitable, it was quickly apparent to everyone that the bathrooms on the RVs, initially offered to the first SCA folks to show up, would not be good enough to accommodate all of the SCA people at the event. This was quickly solved by one of the autocrats who noticed that the screening on the side of the bathrooms could be easily removed - which he subsequently did. Climbing into the bathroom, he opened the doors from the

inside, thus providing a mens' and womens' toilets for the event (much to the relief of the rock hounds). To keep the doors from locking behind someone using the campground bathrooms, the autocrats ducktaped the spring-loaded latch gizmos flush against the side of the door edges (that was badly expressed, Beth, wasn't it? But I'm sure you get my drift. I'm also a little shakey still, having just gotten home after being released from the Coffin Co. Jail).

After the three peers (including myself) present at the event finished telling the two well-meaning but somewhat clueless autocrats a thing or two, they went off to pick up enough toilet paper, hand cleaner gel, paper towels and trash bags for the event. After that, Friday night turned into a relatively quiet and fun evening, even though camping was a tad on the cold side, spent singing old camp fire songs and some silly kiddy songs too ("Great green globs of...") and roasting marshmallow peeps over the campfire (picked-up cheap during the post-Easter candy sales the week before) with the folks from the rock club. We made a deal with the rock hounds: they wouldn't turn on their TVs (except for the news and weather report) and none of our younger members who brought doombecs would play them. It was the most peaceful sleep I've ever had at an event.

Saturday dawned cold and clear. The fifteen fighters present got into armour and we went trudging up into the forested slopes of lodge pole pine, through slushy snow and mud and had ourselves a grand old time - right up until Sir Fish slipped and broke his ankle. You will be happy to know that since my CPR certs are lapsed, I did go through the formality of making it clear I was not acting as a surgeon, only as a layperson first-aider - which prompted Sir Fish to cuss me out to quit gabbering and splint "the #@! thing" before he froze his butt off in the slush.

We got Sir Fish back down to the campground where we got most of his plate off him, wrapped him up warmly and put him in the back seat of his car, whereupon his wife, Mistress Delorosa, embarked on the hour and half long drive to the hospital in Trembleton, Utah. We figured that it was closer than the two hour drive to the Regional Medical Center in Pocatato or the small hospital in Torrent Falls. By the time we saw Sir Fish off, we moved the fighting to some scenarios inside the lave tube, which considering that it was now raining, meant that we could fight where it was mostly dry. Besides, since the forested slopes were a bit higher than the campground, it was now snowing where we had fought during the morning.

The rest of the day and the subsequent evening passed uneventfully except that a weather system blew in. As the clouds rolled over the range and as the temperature dropped when the sun went down, it started to snow in earnest. The rock hounders were paragons of good old fashioned rural western hospitality and took all of us in to sleep on the floors and couches of their RVs. In the morning, the guy with the snow plow got to work on clearing the road and while we all got to work to packing up, the rock hounds took off for warmer climes. The sun had come back out and a lot of the snow started to melt. By noon, it

was getting pretty wet - a situation made worse by intermittent snow showers and a rising freezing fog (not uncommon in these parts). Just how slippery was demonstrated by Master Buggo whose old 260Z slid off the road and wrapped itself around a limber pine. Both the car and tree were totaled but Master Buggo escaped with a few bruises and a pair of broken glasses, thanks to his homebuilt airbag contraption - but what else would you expect from the man who built a complete Cornish Stannary in his back yard?

Lord Gryph managed to slide his 4x4 down the road to drive to the nearest town, Meadow Vole, Idaho, fifteen miles away to get help while the rest of us applied ourselves to our shovels to clear off as much ice and slush as we could. It was at this time that Lady Cortmey got her hoop skirt stuck in the bathroom and could not get out of either the door or her skirt without help. The problem was that there wasn't really room in the bathroom for more than Cortmey and her skirt. This was complicated by the fact that the wet ducktape finally gave up the ghost and chose Cortmey's visit to the bath room to fall off the taped latch - thus preventing our opening the door from the outside. Our seneschal, Carlos El Esperanzo, realized that the roof was only loosely nailed down to the walls of the bathroom building. It took eight of us but we quickly took the roof off and Duchess Elie, being a small and lithe woman, climbed in to free up Cortmey's hoops. (Note I will say nothing about the fact that Cortmey decided to wear garb with a hoop skirt while packing and trying to flirt with the Crown Prince...) This all would have been funny if there had not been a wasps' nest in the corner along the roof of the bathroom that Her Grace jostled while climbing into the bathroom. This dislodged one sleepy sluggish wasp who decided to land on Her Grace and sting her. Of course, it is only to be expected that Her Grace was the only one of us allergic to stinging insects AND that she had left her epi kit at home. This left Her Grace falling onto Cortmey's lap in the now-roofless bathroom. Thank God she did not hit her head!

As I have mentioned before, my NOLS Wilderness first aid cert allows me to carry and use an epi-pen in wilderness situations where EMS can't possibly arrive within an hour. I got the pen out of my kit, managed to stuff myself into the bathroom with Cortmey and Elie and applied the pen, which had the desired effect of relieving the respiratory distress the Elie had begun to experience. I also decided that enough was enough and banished all the boys away from the bathroom so I could open the door, get Elie out of there and free up Cortmey (despite her protests over the open door).

We were all out of the bathroom when the earthquake hit. As you may or may not know, the Basin and Range in Utah and southern Idaho can throw off the occasional earthquake, some of which can be quite major, like the 7.3 magnitude Mount Borah Quake in Chilly, Idaho in 1983. Sunday morning's quake was a mere 5.4 but still, it gave us all a good scare as dead branches fell out of the trees on our heads and part of the lava tube caved in, taking one of the autocrats' tents with it (thankfully, he was off shoveling the road so we could get down the mountain).

We did not know it at the time, but the quake broke the earthen dam uphill from the campground that provided potable water for the campground and irrigation water for the three ranches just downhill. We were back to packing when an officer from the county sheriff's office was coming up the road in his 4x4, followed by Lord Gryph. We were very happy to see him. I was just then asking him to call for transportation to get Elie to the hospital (she was still looking pretty bad though breathing better - it was the first time I ever treated anaphalaxis and I was feeling very out of my depth, unlike you real medical types...). This was when someone screamed and pointed at the wall of water coming down the valley at us.

Most of the campground is located up slope from the swale that runs along the road so the water passed by all the tents, cars and people present. It did however pick up the detached wooden roof of the bathroom, sent it smashing through the windshield of the county sheriff deputy's 4x4 and then carried both off, depositing the roof and SUV remains several hundred yards downhill. Needless to say, the very-young squeaky-clean deputy was rather put out. He was not at all pleased when Master Buggo jury-rigged a two-way radio for him tuned to the county's police frequency (did I mention that Buggo is a scanner junkie?). When the deputy ascertained that Buggo did not have a proper radio license to build, tune and operate two-way radios, Buggo told him he knew the kid's dad - which shut the deputy up really fast (welcome to rural Utah). After he had called for transport for Elie (who I had wrapped up and put into the back of my camper because I was concerned that her color was bad and she still had hives all over her despite the epi-pen) he came by to ask some questions.

When he discovered that I had used an epi-pen and that I did not hold a real cert like his EMT or better in either Idaho or Utah, he arrested me despite the fact that I can use an epi-pen in exactly the circumstances we were in under the doctor-supervised protocol set up for faculty members with the NOLS training in my department at the university (because we run field camp in the Lost River Range for geology undergrads every summer, which is even more remote than the Green Dragon Flow Campground). Even Buggo promising to tell the kid's father did not dissuade him - and so I spent the night in the Coffin County Jail in scenic Snowberg, Utah (altitude 7234 feet, pop. 7452). Because his 4x4 was wreckage down the canyon, the fact that I had to drive him and myself into Snowberg didn't help his mood any. Because of the heavy and wet morning snow, the phones were out and the cell tower in town had toppled over so I couldn't make my one legally- mandated phone call

Before I was hauled off for jail, the EMS transport we called for was taking too long (all the LifeFlights were currently busy on a big accident on I-15) and since the kid from the sheriff's department wanted to haul me off that instant, Gryph and Buggo got pretty wound up about my being removed from Elie. So they put her in Gryph's 4x4 and took off for the hospital in Trembleton. They managed to meet the ambulance half way there and Elie got to the hospital ok, where she then spent the night.

I got out of jail when Coffin County's only judge showed up in Snowberg. Apparently Buggo really did call the kid's dad, who Buggo really knew. Apparently Buggo and the kid's dad met each other when Buggo was arrested in Salt Lake City at a Vietnam Anti-War demonstration when the kid's father was a brand new lawyer in the public defender's office. That was back when Buggo was a big name in the peace movement. Despite their diverse backgrounds (quaker vs. mormon) and opposing views on the war (anti vs. pro), Buggo and his lawyer developed a lot of respect for one another and over the years became friends. Buggo also called the president of my university and the M.D. who supervises our epi-pen program for field camp and had them call the judge. So the judge himself showed up, chewed his youngest son the sheriff's deputy out up one side and down the other, had the sheriff himself drop by to apologize, and that's really the end of the story - except for the damn radio broadcast. But at least now you have the facts and can convey them to the BoD, the society seneschal and the new SCA President (whose name eludes me at the moment). I hope this clears up some of the confusion which has been abetted by the press.

Yours in service,

Catie/Twcs
(Affl. Prof. C. M. Clark, Ph.D.,
Idaho State University,
01 April 06)