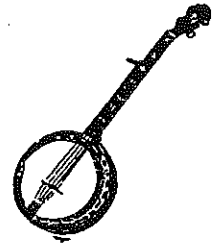




The Folk Club

of Reston-Herndon

...Preserving Folk Traditions



Vol 6, No 9: September, 1992

Ah, it's Wonderful

by Dick Moore

...Last month you will remember that we began a story by Dick Moore, Folk club member relocated in Seattle, Washington - this month, "the rest of the story", ed.

In Mid-April, we headed off for our first full-scale trip with the car and trailer, joining with a friend at Mesa Verde National Park and spending ten days with her to visit a number of Anasazi sites and other natural areas: Arches and Canyonlands National Parks, Hovenweep National Monument, Canyon de Chelly National Monument, Monument Valley and Chaco Canyon.

We also spent a pleasant day rafting the San Juan River from the Sand Island Recreation area to Medicine Hat in Utah. The trip leader stopped frequently to take us on short walks to observe petroglyphs carved into cliff walls by the so-called "Anasazi" people (or "Ancient Ones") who developed an advanced stone-age culture in the four corners area in the 13th century, only to disperse by 1300 from their well-built communities and, apparently, move in small groups throughout the Rio Grande valley and nearby environs.

Archeologists and anthropologists generally believe that the Hopis, Zunis and other Pueblo Indians are descendants of the Anasazis, but no one is sure.

One of the more colorful anthropomorphic figures depicted in the petroglyphs is known by the Hopis as "Kokopelli." He's usually depicted as a sprightly humpback man playing a flute. Hopi legends tell of Kokopelli travelling to various Anasazi villages, carrying such essentials as seeds, wood and babies in his humpback (or back pack), playing his flute to the gods to bring good crops and prosperity, and trading his wares and talents for sexual favors from the local ladies.

You can see why I'm fascinated by him. Not, of course, because he was a Casanova, but rather that he was a minstrel flute player. With full understanding of my musical interest in the flute, Barbara purchased for me a delightful coffee cup with various depictions of Kokopelli. Who knows, maybe, if we could resurrect him, he could bring some rain to the Northwest.

After our friend had returned to her home in Colorado, Barbara and I continued our voyage throughout the Month of May, visiting some very favorite natural spots of ours, and becoming acquainted with some areas we had never seen. There are magical and marvelous places in the Southwest: El Morro National Monument, Bandelier National Park, Capitol Reef NP, Bryce NP, Cedar Breaks National Monument, Zion NP, and some fine state parks and national forest areas. Each is unique. But there is a commonality in the fantastically shaped, orange, red and white rock. And the canyons beg belief.

Heading north, enroute to home base, we travelled, camped, and hiked to and in such places as Red Rock Canyon outside Las Vegas (where I had lost a dollar or two the night before), Death Valley, Mt. Whitney access area, Yosemite NP, where our memories of many visits with our children were revived, and Lassen NP, which also stirred some memories of our camping experiences in the 1950's. May 29 found us in Ashland, Oregon where we hoped to luck out and get tickets for the Shakespeare theater, but, instead, had to settle for walking in the lovely park and eating fine vegetarian fare in a couple of our favorite restaurants.

On May 29, Barbara had a nightmare, dreaming that the steering wheel on the car came off while she was driving. We laughed about this as we departed Ashland for the final run home, straight up I-5. I drove for the first couple of hours, and Barbara took the wheel as we approached the small city of Roseburg. I plunked a tape of Tchaikovsky in the player, pulled my hat over my eyes and drifted off with the notes of his first concerto.

Suddenly, I was jolted awake by a violent swinging of the car, right and left, and by Barbara's voice urgently reporting that the car was being swung out of control. We were in the inside lane of two northbound lanes, travelling uphill at 50-55 miles per hour, passing a truck and hemmed in on the left by a concrete median barrier.

Our trailer was violently fishtailing, throwing the car out of control. Only seconds after awakening, I felt, with Barbara, the trailer smash into the concrete barrier and -- immediately -- the car head into that barrier. A strong jolt ... the front of the car climbing the barrier ... then the car falling back onto the road and toppling onto its right side.


Cont'd, Page 3



Folk Club of Reston-Herndon



30 August - 10 October, 1992

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
30 Aug	31 Aug	1 Sept 7:30pm Folk Club Showcase Performance Wally MacNow	2 Sept	3 Sept	4 Sept	5 Sept Folksinging Campout - New Market - Hurd's Cabin
6 Sept Folksinging Campout - New Market - Hurd's Cabin	7 Sept  Labor Day Folksinging Campout - New Market - Hurd's Cabin	8 Sept 7:30pm Folk Club	9 Sept	10 Sept	11 Sept	12 Sept
13 Sept 2:00pm Hickory Grove at Rockville Civic Ctr Mansion	14 Sept	15 Sept 7:30pm Folk Club Richard Gillewitz (\$6/5)	16 Sept	17 Sept	18 Sept	19 Sept 1:00pm Hickory Grove at Old Post Office Pav, Wash DC
20 Sept	21 Sept	22 Sept 7:30pm Folk Club	23 Sept	24 Sept	25 Sept	26 Sept 3:00pm Hickory Grove at Mason Dist Pk, Annandale
27 Sept	28 Sept	29 Sept 7:30pm Folk Club Showcase Lottery Draw	30 Sept	1 Oct	2 Oct	3 Oct
4 Oct 12:00pm Hickory Grove at Colvin Run Mill	5 Oct	6 Oct 7:30pm Folk Club Showcase Performance	7 Oct	8 Oct	9 Oct	10 Oct 2:30pm Hickory Grove at Old Post Office Pav, Wash DC

The trailer -- we found out later -- had completely flipped over on its top.

There was a terrible few seconds when the car skidded along on its side, tearing out the windows and threatening to slide under the truck's wheel a few feet away. We stopped. The truck continued. I was on my side against the door and pavement. Barbara was suspended in her safety seat/shoulder harness.

I had been awake only for seconds and was stunned. We asked each other whether we were hurt, and my instincts told me to find some way out of the car. We could see the green coolant seeping out of the engine compartment. I could smell no gasoline but was thinking about the propane gas tank on the trailer as I got out of my belt, saying I must open a door. I heard Barbara say she was caught in her belt and I said I would make sure we weren't trapped and then get her out. I got over the front seat in the topsy-turvy car and I found I could open the rear-left door (now on the top of the car).

A short while later, we were in an ambulance on the way to Mercy Medical Center in Roseburg, where we were treated for abrasions and contusions, Barbara was X-rayed for back pains, and I received six stitches to my right arm. The Oregon State Policeman who handled the post-accident investigation, interviewing the eyewitnesses, visited us in the hospital, explained that there would be no citation, since we had done nothing wrong.

The accident was at 11:00. We were in a motel by 3:00, renting a car to take us the 70 miles to Eugene's airport where we would rent another car that we would be able to drop in Seattle. The car and trailer were completely destroyed, but most of our personal items survived (including my portable word processor).

It is now June 3. We drove back to the wreckage on June 1 to pick up our camping equipment, housewares, clothing, etc. and then drove home yesterday. This afternoon the insurance company confirmed that the car and trailer were "totaled."

We're now eagerly awaiting the settlement check so we can purchase another vehicle and trailer. Nature continues to pull on us like a magnet, and we don't want to miss any time in getting out again.

In the meantime, I wake up at night wondering what caused the accident. The State Policeman said the area of the accident was noted for gusty winds ... even to the point of overturning a big tractor-trailer and pointed out that trucks create their own vortexes.

For us it was an unforgettable few seconds. We had driven the car and trailer for more than 5,000 miles with no problems whatsoever ... and suddenly, disaster.

But we are well and ready to go again. Among other things, I plan to finish reading one of the books I took along in the trailer. It's crumpled a bit, but I think its subject is appropriate: The "Big Bang."

Most of all, we're -- more than ever -- looking forward to seeing our friends again. How precious are life, health and friends.

Also, last night Barbara heard a coyote howling in Issaquah ... obviously calling to us. And I think I hear Kokopelli's flute.

It's time to be on the move.



**Richard
Gilewitz**
at the Folk Club
September 15, 1992
Be There!!!!



Folk Club Members, Jack and Bev Osburn, have a busy schedule this fall with their group "Hickory Grove." See the calendar for their dates.

Jim Rosenkrans will be hosting another of his "pre-concert picking parties" before the feature at the Weathervane in Frederick, Md., on September 19th. Party begins at 3PM, concert at Erni's Italian Kitchen at 8PM. See Jim at the Folk Club for further Details.

Labor Day Friends-of-the-Folk-Club Sing-in and Camp-out Sep 5-7 , New Market, Va. See Lynn Jordan for details.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

Check your Label - Are you expiring? "19920801" is expiring with this issue. Don't miss an issue - Don't miss the benefits of the Folk Club. Please send in your membership check (\$12.00) to keep your membership active!

This space would be blank if I hadn't put this text in it.

Showcase Performances

September 1st, the featured performer will be Wally MacNow.

On the first Tuesday of every month we feature a Folk Club member in a showcase two-set (24 minute) performance. To become one of these "showcase" specials all you have to do is 1) be a member of the Folk Club, 2) fill out a lottery slip by the last Tuesday of the month, 3) win the drawing and 4) practice, practice practice!

The Folk Club

President, Larry Mediate

Treasurer, David Hurd

Members of the Board:

Ray Kaminsky, Ellen Kaminsky

Lynn Jordan, Bill Davis

Newsletter Published Periodically

Editor, David Hurd

Publicity & Information

Lynn Jordan - (703) 437-7766

Dave Hurd - (703) 573-6855

The Folk Club

of Reston - Herndon

at The Tortilla Factory

648 Elden Street

Herndon, VA 22070

c/o David A. Hurd

1405 Cottage Street SW

Vienna, VA 22180