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April 17, 2019

### All Residents Invited for Buffet Lunch & Tour of Wolf Creek Inn & Tavern Friday

Built in 1857, the beautiful Wolf Creek Inn and Tavern, at I-5 exit 76, has just been extensively renovated and is one of southern Oregon's most interesting places to visit. Timber Valley's own Terry Hilty has helped plan a southern barbecue buffet lunch that we are sure to like; including salad, lemonade, tea or coffee and a peach cobbler dessert, all for \$20.

During lunch, a guide will tell us of the hotel's interesting history and guests, as well as rumors of its ghosts. Self-guided tours of the area's old town and cemetery are recommended, before or after lunch. Sign-up ASAP in the club house for both the lunch and for ride sharing.

### SUTHERLIN WATER CONTROL DISTRICT MANAGER WILL TALK FRIDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT PLANNED SEISMIC UPGRADE OF COOPER CREEK DAM

By Rick De Young

Blair Nash, Manager of the agency that owns the Cooper Creek Reservoir, as well as Sutherlin's Plat I Reservoir, will return to Timber Valley's club house on Friday afternoon to discuss plans to reinforce the dam, which is at the east boundary of Timber Valley. Mr. Nash will update information which he presented to us several years ago about the level of water that we might experience in the event of a catastrophic dam failure.

More importantly he will tell us about the agency's new plans to improve the dam for seismic purposes. He will also address our questions about proposed funding for those improvements. So that residents, who wish to hear his presentation, have time to return from Wolf Creek, Mr. Nash has agreed to begin his presentation at 3:30 p.m. (instead of 3:00 p.m.)

### Calendar Reminders

#### Wednesday, April 17

- 9 am - Apple Users Group
- 10 am - Qi Gong
- 10 am - Ladies Pool
- 3 pm - Prayer Circle
- 6:30 pm - Bingo

#### Thursday, April 18

- 9 am Open Board Meeting
- 1 pm - Crafts
- 6-8 pm - Texas Hold'em
- 6:30 pm - Game Night

#### Good Friday, April 19

- 9 am - Landscape Committee
- 10 am - Qi Gong
- 1 pm - Wolf Creek Buffet lunch
- 3:30 pm - Blair Nash re Dam
- 6:15 pm - - Pokeno

#### Saturday, April 20

- 9 am - Coffee & Rolls (\$1 donation)
- 10 am - Emerg. Communications

#### Easter Sunday, April 21

- 6:15 pm PokeNo

#### Monday, April 22

- 10 am - Qi Gong
- 10:30 am - Paint with Ken
- 1 pm -Jacks & Jills Monthly Mtg
- 2 pm - Mah Jongg
- 4 pm - Emergency Radio Check
- 6:30 pm - Game Night

#### Tuesday, April 23

- 10 am - Sit & Sew
- 6-8 pm - Texas Hold'em
- 6:15 pm PokeNo

12:30 Daily - Men's Pool.

## TOURING A GOLD MINE

By Jackie Deal

Before I left Arizona, I was asked if I'd like to tour a gold mine. Would I? You bet I would! So, I joined five others to tour The Copperstone Gold Mine near Quartzsite, Arizona.

The mine is an old one started in the 1980s north of Quartzsite. A dirt road winds out to the office area where we were met by the General Manager of the mine, David Howard. After a safety presentation we were outfitted with safety clothes: hard hat with light, a belt with a canister that converted carbon monoxide to oxygen, and hard toed boots. My boots were two sizes too big and I sloshed around feeling more clumsy than usual.

Now if this isn't technically accurate, please remember I'm not a miner, geologist or even seasoned rock hound; I'm just a very fortunate quasi-journalist who will try to give you a picture and, hopefully, the feel of being in an underground mine.

Five of our group rode in a large four-wheeler with a driver and I, being the only woman, was privileged to sit in the smaller conveyance with our tour guide, Bill. (Sometimes it pays to be a woman.)

Imagine the roughest road you've ever been on, double it, and that was the road plunging about 500 feet down into the huge open pit. The sides of the pit stretch, terraced up high above you and tiers of sand which blows in brightens the dull brown rocks. Two large yellow air ducts loomed above our heads at the entrance. We were assured that large fans circulated the fresh air throughout the mine and in fact, I never noticed stale air or feeling breathless.

Once inside the only light was from vehicles' headlights and the lights on our helmets. The main tunnel was more than room size in height and plenty big enough for our rigs. The rough rock ceiling was covered with a heavy netting to catch any rocks that might fall down and the walls were belted with a metal band perforated at intervals with holes. They explained that bars like rebar only with screw threads were screwed deep into the rock and then tightened by the bands to compress the walls and reinforce them.

Our journey was down, ever downward. The head lamps allowed me to look into unused and closed off tunnels as we drove by. Several places were wet and it was explained that continual pumping was required to keep the tunnels free of water. We were actually below the level of the Colorado River and the tunnels flooded quickly without pumping. At one point we drove up to what looked like a total drop off with no road and, just as I was ready to scream, I realized it was flooded and the dark water looked like a complete void. We splashed through, and I relaxed.

It would have been impossible to find my way out (of course I get lost in Wal-Mart's parking lot); there were no street signs and the tunnels curved and forked. As Bill said, "If you get lost just go up." We stopped at a "rescue shelter". It was a dug-out room with a heavy canvas type door, painted whimsically to represent a house with a door and a window with a potted plant. Inside it was room size, with water, food, first aid and safety provisions. Once the door was closed, smoke and fire would be kept out. The top above the door was sealed with white foam. Bill remarked that one mine had not used fire-proof foam and when their rescue room was needed, the foam caught fire and all the crew perished.

We poked around, looking at rocks. I picked up one, not at all distinguished but obtained below the bottom of the Colorado River. Notable for that, only. Nobody found gold or copper. We resumed our seats and began the ascent, round and round until I had no idea what direction we were going. The tunnels are dark, with unused branches heading off in all directions. When we suddenly surfaced the light was blinding. It was a surprise ending to a trip I'll not soon forget.

Thanks for letting me share it with you.