







13th and Kincaid Mon-Fri 7:30-6 Saturday 10-6 Phone 346-4331

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SPORTS

Jawbone Flats offers historic journey



ne of the most interesting areas in the western Cascade Foothills is Jawbone Flats, a rustic, private mining community nestled in the valley of the Little North Fork Santiam River about 45 miles east of Salem.

Although the trailhead is about 110 miles from Eugene-Springfield, the three-mile trail—it's actually an old mining road—through an old-growth forest beside the river is well worth the drive.

The road to Jawbone Flats is gated by the Shiny Rock Mining Co., which owns several mines and much of the land in the area. To reach the gate, drive about 24 miles east of Salem on Highway 22 to the junction with Elkhorn Road, which is on the north (left) side of the highway.

Follow this paved road past the Elkhorn Valley Golf Course and about three miles after the course, the road turns to wellmaintained and graded gravel. About two miles after the road turns to gravel, keep to the left at a 'Y' junction, following a sign just past the junction that reads "Road Closed Ahead."
The gate is about three miles past this point, and there is ample parking space on the road shoulders.

One attraction of the Jawbone Flats road is that it can be done either as a hike or as an easy mountain bike ride. The road meanders through huge Douglas Fir trees, always staying close to the Little North Fork Santiam, which is punctuated by numerous small waterfalls. The deep green color of the water against the sandy white river bottom is especially breathtaking.

The road climbs very gradually on the way to Jawbone Flats, gaining only about 600 feet of total elevation in the three miles, making it a very easy hike or a leisurely mountain bike ride.

One of the most interesting features of the road is about a mile from the gate, where an old, abandoned section of mining rail leads from a small mine on the north side of the road.

The road here follows a steep slope about 50 feet above the river and is planked with old, rotting sheets of wood. You will be surprised to see cars, in addition to four-wheel drive vehicles at Jawbone Flats. Traversing this section of road must be treacherous when it's

muddy or snow-covered.

The town itself actually appears quite suddenly to the hiker or mountain bike rider, as it sits in a small clearing after three miles of deep forest with thick undergrowth. At the entrance to Jawbone Flats, on the right side of the road, is a small sign and an antique rail car filled with some of the ore-containing rocks, not gold but zinc and copper, mined by the Shiny Rock company.

Just past the entrance on the left side of the road is a small visitors center, which has a guest register, maps, pamphlets and other information about the area.

Jawbone Flats is really one of the most unusual places I have ever seen. It is nestled in a valley more than 15 miles from the nearest house, but the houses and shacks along the road are equipped with water-driven electricity and, surprisingly, are nicely landscaped with lawns and flower beds. There are about 20 buildings in the town, with rusting pieces of antique cars and mining equipment everywhere.

After passing the houses, the road takes a sharp right turn, leaving the Little North Fork and following Opal Creek. Although it is possible to continue on this steep road another

mile to a trail leading to an old growth red cedar grove, doing so makes an easy trip much more demanding.

Nevertheless, anyone visiting Jawbone Flats should at least go just a few hundred yards past the town to Opal Pool, a brilliant green stretch of water, bordered by moss-covered boulders along Opal Creek. This may be the most scenic spot of the whole trip.

The round-trip distance from the gate to Opal Pool is only a little over six miles, but allow enough time to do a little exploring in Jawbone Flats. Remember to respect the privacy of the residents, though. Most are quite friendly and will usually take the time to explain a little bit about the mining operation, or as happened to me on my last trip to the area, interesting stories about 20-mile crosscountry ski trips in the winter to get the mail.

Jawbone Flats is at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, so it is typically passible for mountain bikes up until about December. It can be hiked, snow-shoed or skied throughout the year.

Bikers should, however, walk their bikes through Jawbone Flats, according to a sign posted at the visitor center.

Former Duck receives alumni athletic award

Bob Newland, an All-American split end for Oregon's football team in 1970, is the recipient of the Leo Harris Alumni Athletic Award, Athletic Director Emeritus Len Casanova announced Tuesday.

Newland will be presented with the award at halftime during Saturday's game.

The award was originated by Harris, the late former Oregon athletic director, in 1967 to recognize an alumni letterman for 20 years of service and achievement since graduation.

Newland was selected as Oregon's most valuable player after the 1970 season, was drafted by New Orleans where he played for five years.

Newland has worked in sales and has been president of Guitteau-Newland Lumber Company in Eugene for the last six years. He has served on the board of directors of the Oregon Club of Eugene-Springfield, Kidsports and was an officer with the Alumni Association.

Newland was also a firstteam Pacific-8 all-conference selection as a senior and was selected as the outstanding senior student-athlete at Oregon for all sports in 1971.

RIM RESULTS

Football Monday, Oct. 28

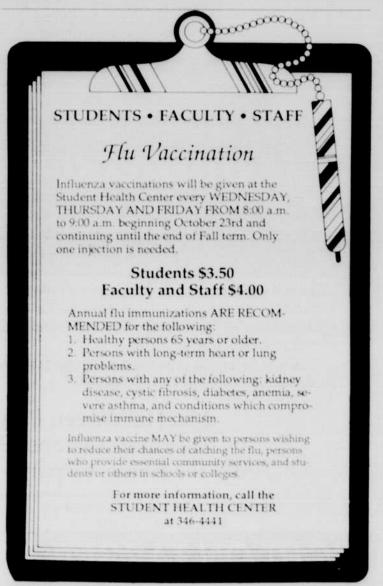
Score/League
No Play d. Salmon Storm 12-7/M3
Mau: '1' d. Hawaiian Style 20-14/M3
Kappa Sigma '3' d. Ganoe 69ers
29-20/M3

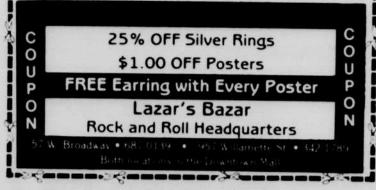
Sig Ep '3' d Sensitive Artists 20-6M3 Volleyball

Volleyball
Monday, Oct. 28
Score/League
Delta Tau Delta d. Phi Kappa Psi '2'
forfeit/M2

Kappa Sigma '2' d. Phi Kappa Psi '3'
— forfeit/M2
Fiji '1' d. Theta Chi A 2-0/M1
Cardozo's Crushers '2' d. No Play —
forfeit/M1

forfeit/M1 Spikers d. Internationals 2-0/C1





Hearing the Tibetan monks chant is like stumbling on some mysterious mountain cavern where the earth itself is clearing its throat. Their remarkable sound, thought to arise only from the throat of a person who has realized self-less wisdom, is like nothing else on this earth.

"An avalanche of deep, drawn-out vowels, a bass woodwind note married to a high sound like whirring mosquitoes... Cymbals clattered like waves breaking on a beach, and horns wailed like trumpeting elephants."

—The New Yorker

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