

The FEATHER RIVER Region

GOLD LAKE NEAR BLAIRSDEN ON LINE OF WESTERN PACIFIC RAILWAY



By Genevieve Yoell Parkhurst

"I think a prize should be offered for the discovery of good places to take a free and natural outing, within easy reach of the great city and the routine of civilized work—just over the fence retreats, to which you can run off without much preparation, and from which you can come back again before your little world discovers your absence."—Henry Van Dyke.

canyon, is a vast vacation land where a perfect peace is the common heritage. Here there is no placid monotony of landscape. The eternal charm of this

HEREIN lies the true secret of repose—of that mental relaxation which every man must seek and find in order to prevent the blunting of his acumen on the wheel of

ered by lofty crags. Such delightful bits of wild sweetness are scattered through these big woods!

Gray Eagle creek, a saucy stream that jostles gently as it jumps from one moss covered stone to another, runs through a strip of level pine and fir forest about a mile from Mohawk valley. Here the sunlight slips through the tree tassels and calls a hundred dainty blooms forth from the mellow earth. The fisherman may take his rod and reel, and starting from the point of confluence with the Feather river, work his way casually along its banks and be sure, not only of a good catch in a limited space of time, but also become tranquilized by the lonely charm and primitive beauty that skirts the brook and runs riotously away over the meadows, undulating in a flood of blossom across green gorges, disappearing from the top of the snow covered summits into the mid blue of the summer sky.

If the angler be one who combines all the finer essentials of an Isaac Walton, he will not be content to stay in one place, but will follow up stream until the quintessence of angling is achieved in finest fishing and enchanting landscape. In places the exuberance of the melting snows has hollowed the banks into spring pools where the trees are low enough for shadow yet high enough to escape interference with the rod and line. Here the eastern brook, Loch Leven and rainbow trout bask in the quieter water after their struggle with the fractions current. In the early spring the flycaster must look well to his laurels. It is then that the trout, lusty with the vigor of the young year and arrogant with the finer taste of the satisfied epicure, spurns the darker fly, leaps only to the highly colored one, and when finally caught, gives good battle to the captor.

This delightful runlet, if traced for a course of three miles or so, leads through an everpresent landscape of incomparable loveliness. It cuts its way in dainty ravines through the hills or follows the line of least resistance and winds along the base of the rolling ridges. Tracing its course ever higher and higher through the pines into a grove of quaking aspens, one is suddenly confronted by a crabgrass woodland of blooming thickets, verdant flats and monuments carved in stone by a master sculptor, becoming a dower

GREAT NATURAL TOBOGGAN SLIDE ONE MILE LONG, AT QUINCY CALIFORNIA IN SIGHT OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC

fringed pool—tiny Grassy lake, the headwaters of Gray Eagle creek. It is really more of a submerged meadow this dainty lakelet, with slender blades of an unreal grass furring its borders and bright colored water lilies resting gracefully on their pads in the clear waters. On the north shore the quivering aspens and stately pines, firs and cedars intermingle in close companionship. Beyond these is a rough steep country. Boulders, shot forth from the underground in an epoch of unrest, huge columns torn and twisted in fantastic shape by time and tempest, and great ribs of rock out and scarred and in places wrent asunder form a region of a virile individuality. These rocks are overrun with a rainbow radiance of varied bloom. The tiny heather runs riot over the lap of the land and clambers up over the steepest cliffs to the very shoulder of the cold, proud peaks that encircle the perspective.

Trout of good size and flavor are abundant here and may be seen leaping and dancing in the water or leaping to the surface in quest of some skip-jack or water bug. An hour's dangling of the rod with any standard fly will result in a catch to satisfy the most epicurean fisherman. Toward the autumn the fish trend further down the stream and make their way to the quiet pools, for the lakelet then becomes a sunken meadow with a covering of delicate green grass.

About seven miles from Blairsdén or Clío, and a mile or so from Grassy Lake are Gold, Bear, Long and Silver lakes, all within a mile of each other. The wagon road to these lakes winds through a domain of vast and incomparable magnificence. The first two miles are of gentle ascent. Crossing Mohawk valley, a meadowland whose dominant note is a flash of living green, it leads through a practically level forest land where several tiny rivulets lend their voices to swell the melody of the woods. The banks of these streams are shadowy dells, exquisite little nooks where the graceful trees bend their branches down to drink in the cool waters, embowering moss covered table-stones, where the weary may find beauty and solace to the base of the slopes. Ambitious cascades tumble at intervals over the tops of green eminences, their exultant ripple changing to a triumphant roar as they overcome some sudden cliff and leap into the depths of a gorge, wending their ways ever onward to the river and the sea.

So gradual is the climb and so entrancing the foreground with its leafy glens and coppices panopied in vine, that one does not realize how far one has risen above the world until a turn in the road brings a burst of glorious scenery with it—a panorama of ridge upon ridge, the pines ever forest-horizing and finally disappearing into the valley veiled in an iridescent mist.

Then the heart of nature seems to take a sterner attitude, and except for the wild splashes of color that are dashed in the crevices of the rocks, the canyon world beneath and the mountain world above unite in a haughty majesty of impenetrable wall and rugged ridges and cold, snow white peaks. Frasier canyon lies below, a green depth with a turbulent little torrent eddying through its wilds—wilds, strong and adamant, that the greatest power of man can never subdue. The cliffs are scarred by cycles of storm and cataclysm, the peaks jut out, cold and merciless, against a skyground of deep blue or a bank of threatening cumuli. To the south appear the gaunt snow crowned monoliths of the Sierra buttes, to the north the cold white crown of Shasta towers above a sea of summits embracing in its scope all the pristine monarchs from Lassen to Beckwith. And such a forest land! From century to century it has stood, defying the tempests and the scythe of time—thousands upon thousands of acres of powerful pines and cedars, stately firs, spreading oaks, graceful sycamores and cottonwoods. The ruddy trunks of the madrone give a glow to the landscape, while an underbrush of manzanita, chaparral and the soap plant with its snowy sprays create a primitive picture that none but a cosmic genius could portray.

Before the lake region is reached, about four miles from Mohawk Valley, there are a series of tiny, dainty, limpid pools where the deer come down from the chapparral in the cool of the evening to drink. And then at last up at the tip top of the world appears Gold lake. In a cradle of rugged bluffs pocketing gleaming snowdrifts, like a seabird, it nestles close to the heart of the primitive. Exquisite islets dot its surface; a field of translucent green reaches out from the north shore. Its waters teem with trout of size and substance, and the country roundabout abounds in all the furred and feathered tribes that delight the spirit of the sportsman.

The next in this glittering rosary of untold beads is Bear lake, about a mile from its larger sister. Here, indeed, is a rude and fanciful frame, chiseled by cruel, despotic hand. With what harsh, implacable fury has nature wrought a havoc in cliff and mountain height, then in a moment of fierce regret cooling the seething molten depths, stilling them for all time with a lake of tears! For such, indeed, does it seem. Great frowning lava rocks strike up into the air, scarred and seamed and torn, while beyond, the towering peaks dominate a landscape that is all too wonderful.

The town of Johnsville is five miles from Mohawk valley and is reached through Clío by a splendid wagon road. It is surrounded by high mountains and is the center of a circle of beautiful inland meres. Eureka lake and peak, Wade lake and Jamison lake are in the immediate vicinity. Good accommodations may be had here, as well as horses and pack trains for the vacationist who can prolong his period of rest in order that he may fully sense the promiscuous loveliness of these American highlands. Jamison creek is one of the best fishing streams in the state, its source lying in the lake of the same name, and the force of its flow generating strength in the sinews and shoulders, and substance in the flesh of the rainbow trout which abound in its waters.

There is another set of lakes farther to the southwest that lack neither in beauty nor in the element of play. These may be reached through either Smiths Point, a flag station on the Western Pacific or Quincy via the Western Pacific at Marston station, thence via the Quincy and Western. Smiths Point is a new resort in the Feather River canyon, situated on the North Fork about three miles north of Belden. The reaches of the river run wide and slope up to a green point which hugs close to the shoulders of the tall cliffs. The mountains on one side of the canyon, while rugged, are not severely so, and a good trail of less than three miles leads to a group of lakes—Silver, Gold and the Three lakes—a trigon of vivid emeralds set in the coronet of the world. From here may be had a magnificent view of canyon, river and Spanish peak, upon the western declivity of which are bosomed the five lakes. This is an exquisitely beautiful mountain ground of dainty valley, woodland paths and ambitious forests, with their gifts for the sportsman in stream and grove.

INDIAN FALLS NEAR REDDIE ON THE WESTERN PACIFIC



THE WESTERN PACIFIC IN THE FEATHER RIVER CANYON

Quincy, at the end of American valley, is a little dream city, a nest set in the hollow of high hills, where, winter and summer alike, the heart of man may become tranquilized. In summer there are walks through the virginal

of mental strain, and the exuberant joys of a day spent in the snows is a great aid toward the rehabilitation of man's equilibrium. Skiing may be indulged in on any of the Quincy streets and highways, and the country roads are merry with the tinkle of the sleighbells and the chatter of the lads and lassies throughout the winter months. There is a splendid pond for ice skating which is electrically lighted; the toboggan slide is also illumined. Good accommodations may be had at either of the hotels, where reasonable prices are the rule.

There is a wide expanse of summer country north of the northwest of Keddie station on the line of the Western Pacific. A mile or so distant there is a fairy glen, Butterfly valley, where a natural meadow breaks away to the north and sinks into the hollows from which rise, one above the other, like a procession of dreams, the rolling green ridges. A vagrant stream slips over moss tinted stones in the shadow of maples and cottonwoods, and the younger generation of pines. To the north stands gigantic Mount Hough, in whose extinct crater lies the waters of Crystal lake. The trout in this lake are of exceptional size, and the quality of the angling to be enjoyed, as well as the scenic grandeur, is well worth the 10 mile drive from Butterfly valley, Indian falls or Quincy.

A Land of Lake and Runlet, Cascaded Canyon and River-Sundered Mountain Ground, Reached by the Western Pacific Railway

Indian Falls, on the creek of the same name, is a new townsite, formerly known as Shookey. It has a number of pretty summer cottages and a good hotel. It is beautifully set on the banks of the river not far from the falls, where a thundering rush of torrent pours over a natural dam of solid granite and blunders away over huge boulders. At a quieter turn in the stream, cliffs of calcareous tufa rise to a great height and at their base there are numerous medicinal springs and baths. These have had a wide reputation in the northern part of California for many years, but on account of their inaccessibility by railroad were unable to draw the floating population that their curative powers deserved. This is now eliminated, for the Western Pacific station at Keddie is but five miles away, and there is good stage and automobile service over the best of country roads.

The entire Feather river canyon from Oroville to Portola is a place of rest and repose for the tired city man. This is true any time of year. It is really difficult to decide which is its most beautiful season. In the early spring the hills and river reaches are covered with a many hued apron of delicate blossom, and the high ridges, loth to part with their winter night-cap, hold themselves aloof from the blithe spirit of the green world. But the strength of the ever smiling sun at last conquers in part and the waters come pouring down the canyon sides in foamy cataracts and leap into the roaring torrent of the river below. The late summer sees a warmer hue upon the earth, then all of the brighter blooms show themselves and the woods wear a mellow radiance that illumines the soul of the most melancholy. In autumn the great forest cries aloud in an eloquent plea for the prolongation of its beauty. The slopes and thickets appear as if a giant Persian rug had been spread over them, while the smaller trees—the maples and the cottonwoods—don their scarlet cloaks, and the madrones and manzanita and the wild grape flaunt their glorious progeny in the face of the blood red world.

Quincy, at the end of American valley, is a little dream city, a nest set in the hollow of high hills, where, winter and summer alike, the heart of man may become tranquilized. In summer there are walks through the virginal

of mental strain, and the exuberant joys of a day spent in the snows is a great aid toward the rehabilitation of man's equilibrium. Skiing may be indulged in on any of the Quincy streets and highways, and the country roads are merry with the tinkle of the sleighbells and the chatter of the lads and lassies throughout the winter months. There is a splendid pond for ice skating which is electrically lighted; the toboggan slide is also illumined. Good accommodations may be had at either of the hotels, where reasonable prices are the rule.

There is a wide expanse of summer country north of the northwest of Keddie station on the line of the Western Pacific. A mile or so distant there is a fairy glen, Butterfly valley, where a natural meadow breaks away to the north and sinks into the hollows from which rise, one above the other, like a procession of dreams, the rolling green ridges. A vagrant stream slips over moss tinted stones in the shadow of maples and cottonwoods, and the younger generation of pines. To the north stands gigantic Mount Hough, in whose extinct crater lies the waters of Crystal lake. The trout in this lake are of exceptional size, and the quality of the angling to be enjoyed, as well as the scenic grandeur, is well worth the 10 mile drive from Butterfly valley, Indian falls or Quincy.

The entire Feather river canyon from Oroville to Portola is a place of rest and repose for the tired city man. This is true any time of year. It is really difficult to decide which is its most beautiful season. In the early spring the hills and river reaches are covered with a many hued apron of delicate blossom, and the high ridges, loth to part with their winter night-cap, hold themselves aloof from the blithe spirit of the green world. But the strength of the ever smiling sun at last conquers in part and the waters come pouring down the canyon sides in foamy cataracts and leap into the roaring torrent of the river below. The late summer sees a warmer hue upon the earth, then all of the brighter blooms show themselves and the woods wear a mellow radiance that illumines the soul of the most melancholy. In autumn the great forest cries aloud in an eloquent plea for the prolongation of its beauty. The slopes and thickets appear as if a giant Persian rug had been spread over them, while the smaller trees—the maples and the cottonwoods—don their scarlet cloaks, and the madrones and manzanita and the wild grape flaunt their glorious progeny in the face of the blood red world.

Quincy, at the end of American valley, is a little dream city, a nest set in the hollow of high hills, where, winter and summer alike, the heart of man may become tranquilized. In summer there are walks through the virginal