

# PAYETTE LAKES ARE DAZZLING WATER GEMS

Health and Pleasure Seekers  
Find Much There to  
Their Liking.

Unexcelled Hunting, Fishing,  
and Camping Facilities  
for Tourists.

A little over 100 miles north of Nampa, Ida., by the Oregon Short Line's Lakeport branch, lies Payette lake, which, next to Jackson lake, is the largest in the fourth forest service district. Payette lake is six and a half miles long, a little less than two miles wide, with a large arm from the upper end on the eastern side, so that it covers about eight square miles, or over five thousand acres. Twenty-five years ago Thomas McCall located on the southeast shore of the lake, and the thriving town that has grown up about him and bears his name held its second election on Tuesday. When McCall located, deer had the habit of coming down to the lake to drink, and a hunter who knew their haunts could go out and kill an elk any day. Early freighters to Warren often saw elk grazing with their oxen in the morning. Across the lake from McCall the Payette Lake club has laid out grounds and is building an attractive three-story clubhouse. North of McCall, on the east side, is Picnic Point, where a Boise firm has a camp in which about fifty tents are rented furnished. On the eastern arm of the lake a Weiser club has laid out grounds, but no buildings have as yet been erected. Near "the narrows" is Sylvan Beach, an ideal bathing resort, where athletic swimmers show their prowess by crossing the lake, here a quarter of a mile wide. Here a large launch is kept to convey parties coming by train to McCall. In all about 60 boats ply on the lake in the summer, many of them launches or boats equipped with a motor. The "Lyda" having become unseaworthy, Captain Dodge has built a new 60-foot steamer. The lake has 38 miles of densely wooded shore line.

At the lower end the shores of the lake rise gradually, like the outer part of a great saucer, but above the narrows they are abrupt, huge, rocky promontories extend into the water, and the roar of cataracts can be heard and seen on either side. The Payette river above the lake is navigable at this season of the year for some distance, if sharp lookout is maintained that the motor of the boat is not fouled by a submerged log. Here horseshoe bends, wealth of forest to the water's edge, and rocky cliffs abound. When near the shore on the lake and on the river red-sided trout from six inches to two feet in length dart from beneath the boat frequently, and ducks and tern fly and loon dive as the boat approaches. Toward evening fish are seen leaping from the water.

## RUN OF FISH.

The time to catch fish in abundance is when they "run," that is, proceed up the river from the lake to spawn. These seasons are usually in June for the trout, and in September or October for whitefish. The fisherman must be on hand, for there is not time to send him word. Several years ago Charlie Zumwalt, who runs the McCall and Warren stage line, and George Chapman came in to McCall for the Fourth of July. Camping at the falls between big and little Payette lake, they cut an aspen pole and tried their luck. One baited the hook and removed fish while the other threw them out. In a short time they had both alforjas of the pack saddle full; and their camp was popular during the celebration. Last fall a man caught sufficient whitefish in two afternoons to, salted down, supply the Halfway roadhouse during the winter.

## FOREST HEADQUARTERS.

McCall is the headquarters of the Idaho national forest, which, excepting a few sections of state land contiguous to the lake shore, surrounds the lake on all sides but the south, and has a half million acres tacked on on the northeast, lying next to the main Salmon river and between its south and middle forks. McCall is undoubtedly the most appropriate headquarters town in the district. Across the lake the smoke of Friar's sawmill is visible from the supervisor's window, four-horse loads of sawed ties from Loe's sawmill, four miles west, and hewed ties from the tie camps are frequently passing, while eight hundred thousand feet of logs lie in booms and two hundred and fifty thousand feet of sawed lumber in piles just below the window. The hum of the Hoff & Brown sawmill is heard early and late, having begun on Monday its season's run of about a million feet. And there is inspiration in the thought, when in raising the eyes occasionally from the desk, the big logs are seen going up the incline from the lake, soon to emerge in the form of boards, dimension stuff and ties, that Ben McCall, chief sawyer, and Carl Brown, edgerman, have no opportunity to correct an estimate, made, albeit, as it must be, almost instantly. If we could but realize that so far as the day's work is concerned there is no second chance, would we throw more of soul and sinew into the task in hand.