

Early History of Camp Hahobas

as written by R.W.
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This was scanned in Jan 2014 from a copy of the original document. It appears to have taken place in the 1940's possibly during or near the end of WWII and immediately after as there is mention of after the war and getting surplus equipment from the US Government. In the 1980's I had the opportunity to talk about the early days with a Dr. Ed Winskill (Local Dentist in Lakewood) who was working on properties for the Mt Rainier Council and he relayed information about hiking up what is now the bear trail from the beach and stepping over trees recently planted as an 11 year old scout. He did relay that he traveled by boat from Tacoma. I do not know if the Winskills are related but would venture to say yes they are.

Camp Hahobas is the summer camp for the Rainier Council of the Boy Scouts of America. It was the creation of C.N. (Charlie), Curtis the Executive of the Tacoma, Washington Boy Scout Council. 'CN' had been a Congregationist preacher. He left the Ministry and took up scouting in order to make a decent living. This was not unusual a former Methodist Minister, George Shaw, had quit the pulpit to head up the Tacoma YMCA.

CN was a believer in the rugged outdoor life. He was of the same generation as Dan Beard, a founder of the American Boy Scouts. He shared in Beards' belief that "scouting" was "outing"; that the purpose of the program was to teach self-reliance using camping, hiking and the study of nature as the way to do it.

Charlie Curtis became the head of the scouting program during the depression when cash was practically non-existent. He had to depend upon charity, in the best sense of the word, in order to carry out the scouting programs. Because he had a very limited budget with which to run the scouting program he depended upon gifts from prominent and not so prominent people in Tacoma. CN became an expert at scrounging. He accepted almost anything that could conceivably be of some use, particularly for the Sea Scout program, which was his pet project; (CN was a frustrated sailor), and secondly for the summer camp, Camp Hahobas.

I never saw a new piece of equipment at Camp Hahobas. The dishes were Navy issue. No two bunks were the same. A piece of new lumber was a rarity. More time was spent taking nails out of old boards than was spent in construction. All labor to build and repair the camp was donated.

Charlie had the talent to collect usable free material. It is hard to define this ability. Most of us collect 'junk' which we can never find a use for. Everywhere he went CN found castoff material which could be used. Most of it ultimately found its way by boat and boy power to the store room at the camp.

Camp Hahobas was located on the shore of Hood Canal directly across from Hoodspport. It was accessible only by water. The Camp was in a cove where there were a few virgin Douglas Firs left from slash and burn logging. The location was hilly. The camp ground was the only level spot, and it was less than a quarter acre in area. The most prominent feature was a dock which had been built by a mining company on a Titanium claim. The company went broke during the depression, probably from the cost of the dock. It was a beauty; over three hundred feet long, and was the camp's lifeline to Hoodspport and civilization.

Hoodspport was a small town which depended upon a little logging, and some fishing. The purchases from the camp helped support the town during the summer. We bought most of our provisions there. "Pat", the camp boat, was used to make a daily two mile round trip from camp to town to pick up food, mail, and an occasional scout who had missed the boat trip from Tacoma

Pat was kept in Tacoma all winter. She was a rebuilt wood hulled ex-navy barge. CN had found a Fordson four-cylinder tractor engine and had gotten hold of a surplus navy transmission for her. We installed the engine and the transmission while she was getting her bottom cleaned at a local dry dock at no cost to the scout council.

A tribute to CN's confidence in us was that he gave us the boat to work on even though none of us had ever worked on an engine or had ever seen a marine transmission. The Pat became one of the most reliable boats in his fleet. This irked the Sea Scouts as we were supposed to know nothing about, and have nothing to do with the water. Actually we spent more time on the water than on land at Camp Hahobas.

We moved Pat to Hood Canal two weeks before camp started. She was loaded with provisions for the season, mostly material which CN had accumulated. Staff members sailed her up Puget Sound, past Seattle, around Point-No-Point, into Hood Canal and up the canal to Camp. Depending on the weather this was a two or three day trip.

Hood Canal is a long, deep, natural estuary. It is a beautiful body of water. The Olympic Mountains border the north side of it. In the '40's the south shore was wild, unsettled except for the occasional summer home. There were no public roads to provide access to the beaches.

Rivers and streams pour into the canal from the Olympic range. The afternoon winds blowing up or down the canal can make it rough. There is enough reach to kick up good size waves.

Camp Hahobas was located on the south shore and accessible only by boat. We were forced to become completely at home on the water. When an emergency arose, and this happened regularly, we took any available canoe, rowboat or the Pat, that would get us to Hoodsport.

This meant crossing four miles of open water across a tricky part of the Canal.

We had to row or paddle when Pat was out of the camp. There was no outboard motor. Sometimes the winds would drive us three or four miles up from Hoodsport. Then we would have to work our way back to the town along the shore in shallower rough water.

Camp Hahobas was three buildings and four cabins. Two of the buildings housed the Camp Director and camp cook. The other was a general store. There were five tent platforms, set up for surplus army 12 x 12 tents. The structures were scattered along trails up the hill from the beach. The camp directors-cabin was the highest, a good three hundred feet above the cabins on the shore.

As soon as we arrived at the camp, we started to prepare for the scouts who were to arrive for the first week of camp in about ten days.

The first project was clean out the storeroom which doubled for the kitchen. Some items had to be renovated; all of it had to be moved to where it belonged. The cots to the cabins and tent platforms, tools to

the shop, dishes to the kitchen. Tent platforms had to be repaired. Trails had to be cleared and worked over.

Water was provided by a spring which also fed the stream which ran through the camp. During the winter when the runoff was high, the creek would do some damage and we usually had to re-pipe part of the water system.

The last project was to raise the mess tent. CN had acquired it from a travelling carnival which had broken down in Puyallup. It was about fifty feet long by 30 feet wide and was supported by two poles which had to be raised simultaneously. The carnival probably used elephants to raise it. We had boy power. Six of us hauled on ropes tied to each pole while four or five others secured them and the sides of the tent with makeshift tent pegs made from tree branches. This was complicated due to having only one maul with which to pound in the pegs. One scout ran from place to place with it, hammering here and there to keep the whole thing from falling over.

There was no mechanical help of any kind. Everything was done with muscle and levers. There was no electricity, no power tools. We used axes and cross-cut saws. We never heard of a chainsaw. Fresh gravel was poured twelve inches deep on the floor of the mess hall. It was carted up from the beach by the wheelbarrow load, one boy shoving it and another pulling with a rope attached to the front of it.

There were no luxuries and few amenities at Camp Hahobas

The Camp Hahobas summer program was based upon camping, water activities and hiking. The beach was rocky but the water was warm for Puget Sound, which is never very warm. There were ten or twelve skiffs, two old navy launches, an dugout Haida Indian canoe, two or three regular canoes, and a raft. Everyone was expected to learn how to swim and handle a boat.

Hoods Canal has high tides which make it difficult to schedule waterfront activities. (Particularly since the high and low tide times changed every day). The best time for swimming was in the evening when the wind had died down and the water was clear and smooth. However the National Council whose members had no idea of Camp Hahobas' peculiarities had decreed that there was to be no swimming after dinner at any scout camp anywhere in the country. So we never got to use the beach when the water was best.

Our assistant camp director, Ken Pearson, had come from the East. His camp there was on a lake and he had never heard of a tide. The first day he was at Hahobas he tied the boats to the dock when the tide was high. A few hours later he found them hanging in the air. He panicked and cut their lines. We had a lot of boat repair on our hands. Ken could never get used to the fact that the scouts could swim at two o'clock one day but would have to make it at three the next.

The unpredictability and need to plan each day differently made camping at Camp Hahobas a nightmare to professional scout leaders who

were trained to plan regular camping activities with set schedules.

Each week I would take the entire camp on a hike down the beach a mile to the bottom of an old logging chute. These structures were located along the shore at five or six mile intervals where there was a steep slope from the top of the hill to the water. A lake or large pond was at the top of each of them. The chute was made from whole logs, usually cedar, and were used to guide logs down to the canal.

The peninsula on which the camp was located had been logged off in the 1920's and 30's before the use of trucks. The logs were hauled by mule or narrow gauge railroad to these lakes where they could be floated and sorted. A donkey engine pulled them from the lake and dropped them over the edge of the hill onto the chute. The wet logs careened down the almost vertical slide and shot out into the bay in an explosion of noise and water. There they were rafted so that they could be towed by tug to the lumber mills in Tacoma.

The hike up the log chute always ended as a race, everyone trying to be the first up it. The plunging logs had polished it so that it was still slippery even though years had passed since it had been used. The climb was a hard and hot one. The payoff was to take a swim in the lake, which we named Log Lake, at the top. We all stripped to the buff and "skinny-dipped" into the warm fresh water. It was quite a change from the cold, tidal salt water of Hood Canal.

Log lake was on scout property. Another bigger lake with a few good size second-growth firs on one shore was a few dozen yards away, but the scout council only owned the property on one side of it. The idea gradually took a hold of us who were running the camp that a better location for Camp Hahobas would be at that warm, unfluctuating lake at the top of the log chute. Most important it was accessible by a dirt logging road.

A few years later when I worked in Tacoma with the scout council as a volunteer we contacted the Washington State Department of Forestry in Olympia to see if we could get title to the rest of the property around the lake. By good fortune the chief forester of the State had been an Eagle Scout. I worked out a swap with him. After all the land was mostly burned-over and dry. It wasn't worth anything at that time. There were hundreds of acres just like it all over the peninsula. The few damp spots were head deep in salal and wild Rhododendron. It all looked alike to the casual observer.

We traded a few acres that blocked access to the road through the property for the balance of the land around the lake.

The State gained access and we got enough property so that we could develop a camping site there later. We did have a few overnight trips there, but the effort required to haul packs up the log chute made it impractical.

A typical day at Camp Hahobas started with reveille at seven breakfast

at seven-thirty, clean up until nine and then various activities until lunch. These included handicrafts, and merit badge instruction. After lunch, if the tide had cooperated, the activities were mostly on the waterfront, such as swimming and boating. A highlight of the day was the after dinner campfire. Hahobas had a huge campfire ground. We stacked firewood all day. The beach had plenty of drift wood and new material came in with every tide.

The campfire programs were traditional. Lots of songs and games. Each member of the staff was supposed to have one good story to tell and was assigned one night for it. We took turns trying to outdo each other.

After the fire died down we could look up and see millions of stars. The moon was doubled by reflection in the water. The sparks and embers from the campfire soared out of sight above the trees. The only sound was that of the waves on the shore.

While the official head of the camp was an assistant scout executive, the camp was run by staff. Professional scout executives were underpaid. Summer camp gave them a paid vacation.

The cook was one of the most important positions at the camp. The boys had to be fed well and they ate huge amounts of food. It took a special kind of person to take on cooking at Camp Hahobas. 'It was isolated. There was no social life of any kind. The policy was no women in camp.

Freddie Phlaum weighed at least 300 lbs. He had worked for one of the lumber companies as a mess cook in a logging camp. This work had dried up during the war so he took on the cooking job at Hahobas. Cookie, (all camp cooks are called "Cookie"), prepared typical logging camp food. Nothing fancy. Bacon, eggs and flapjacks for breakfasts. Stew for dinner. Lots of food, which we needed after hard physical activity.

Cookie was the lord and master of the kitchen and mess tent. No one went into them without his permission. Between meals he stood at the door with cleaver in his hand. Whenever a boy approached he would wave it dramatically. There were no hand-outs unless you were his pal.

Fred loved to fish. One day he confided to me that he had a sure fire method of catching red snapper. Snapper, he said, was one of the tastiest fish around. The problem was that they were bottom feeders and only found in deep holes. I had never heard of red snapper. I only fished for salmon or cutthroat trout, although once in awhile we ate the sand dabs we caught for bait.

His sure fire method was to attach a leader and hook to each end of a clothes hanger. He hung a gunny sack full of gravel below it to act as an anchor. A heavy navy cord was firmly tied to one corner. The open end of the sack was closed with strong thread. His secret was that you could break the string by pulling sharply on the line. Presto, you pulled up an empty sack instead of a heavy anchor.

Fred had been told of a deep hole where there was an abundance of red snapper. It was directly in front of the log chute a few hundred feet off shore in deep water. And this was why his invention was necessary. No one wants to pull up two or three hundred feet of heavy anchor line.

One evening after dinner we went down to the beach and filled a gunny sack with sand. The tide had come in covering the gravel beach so we used sand instead. Cookie got into the back of a skiff. I rowed us down to the spot, about two miles from camp. The canal was as smooth as glass in the early evening. We put out the rig and waited for the fish to bite.

There was no way to know whether or not we had caught anything. The sack acted as a dampener. Because of Fred's weight there was only two or three inches of free board at the stern of the skiff where he sat. He was not comfortable. As he shifted weight the boat tilted. He was holding onto both sides for support and his fingers were in the water.

As we sat there a breeze had come up and it was getting a little chilly. The boat took on water once in awhile from a breaking wave.

Without warning Fred demanded that we pull up the fish and get back to camp. I jerked on the line. It was still heavy. After a dozen or more tugs I realized that his anchor was not going to trip. I would have to pull up fifty pounds of sand and, I hoped, a mess of snapper.

It took a half hour or so to bring up the rig. The sand we had used in the sack had slumped to the bottom. There wasn't enough resistance against the string at the top. If we had used gravel, as we were supposed to, it would have worked all right.

Usually a breeze came up right after dark. While I hauled away the wind had come up and it was getting rough. Fred was getting more and more nervous. Finally I got the sack in over the bow. Then the coat hanger and leaders. There were no fish.

We rowed into the wind on the way back to camp. It was getting rougher and we took a few waves over the bow. The water ran to the stern where Freddie sat. His feet and seat were wet. He was holding on to the sides of the skiff for dear life. His fingers went deeper into the water as the stern got heavier and the boat sank lower.

Finally, we came into the cove where the camp was located. It was sheltered and calm. As soon as we got close to shore, but before I could get to the beach, Fred stood up and jumped into shallow water capsizing the boat behind him.

Later while we dried out in his kitchen in front of the stove having hot drinks, cocoa for me, Coffee laced with whiskey for Cookie, he explained why he had jumped.

In the excitement of preparing for the trip and making up the fishing rig, he had forgotten to use the privy. Nature called while we were fishing, but he couldn't kneel or stand up in the skiff. There was no

bailing can. He could only hope that we would get to shore before he disgraced himself. And he would have made it except for the water lapping against his fingers on the way back. That was the final straw. He took solace that at least he got wet all over when he jumped into the water so no one knew he had wet his pants.

Sarge LeBleu was cook the summer of 1946. He came to camp with his wife, "cookie." He was a dark skinned, bearded stocky man in his forties. She was much younger. It became apparent before too long that she was the cook even though he took the credit. Sarge was extremely nervous. He had a tic which gradually went away during the summer.

The war was just over and fresh in everyone's' memory. Sarge's story was that he was a member of a royal family in the Dutch East Indies. The line was handed down through the female side. His father was Dutch and his mother native royalty.

He got to the Philippines after the Japanese invaded and joined up with a band of American soldiers. He became a sergeant and fought as a guerrilla during most of the occupation. On one occasion he avoided a Japanese platoon by hiding in the bottom of a privy. On another, he was captured and tortured. Cookie told me that they had started to remove his "manage." Somehow he got away.

Sarge said that he had been cited for bravery. I never knew whether or not his story was completely true. But there were elements in it to make me believe that Sarge must have had some of the experiences he told me. He certainly knew boats.

At the end of the war surplus army and navy goods were donated to the Boy Scouts. For the first time CN had unlimited amounts of new equipment for camp. He haunted the Army and, Navy surplus stores and latched onto vast amounts of new and used goods. We went from poverty to plenty overnight.

Everyone in scouting was outfitted with ex-GI equipment. Packs, skis, boots, pants, were army or navy issue. For one dollar each we could buy form-fitting down sleeping bags. This was all brand-new gear. The war effort had loaded the warehouses of the government and suppliers with every kind of military gear. Most of it was designed for field conditions and was ideal for campers and boy scouts alike. We had mess tents, pup tents, and troop tents. Jeeps were available at no cost to non-profit organizations. Used four by four and six by six trucks cost less than one-hundred dollars.

The camp acquired a thirty-six foot long wood sailing hull that CN had found at the Navy yard in Bremerton. It had a deep steel keel. It was wide and had obviously been converted by adding the keel. It was going to take a lot of sail area to move her.

None of us had had any experience in rigging a sailboat. One day while discussing what we should do, Sarge, who had been listening while

cooking, broke in. He would be glad to tell how to rig her. He had had lots of experience with all kinds in the South Pacific.

We had cut down a good clear Douglas fir to use for the mast. It was drying on a flat section of beach in the hot sun. We turned it every day to be sure that it dried evenly and stayed straight. It was about sixty feet tall. The base was around eighteen inches in diameter.

Thanks to CN and the Navy we had plenty of good cable, wire and lots of rope for rigging. He had also gotten several sets of sails. The expedient thing for us was to rig for the sail we had. Sarge decided on a gaff rig. We had enough canvas for a mainsail, topsail, two spinnakers and staysail. This meant rigging a topmast, which we hadn't planned for.

We cut a spar for the topmast, made the wood banjo connector, and persuaded the garage mechanic in Hoodspout who doubled as a blacksmith and horse shoer to make steel straps to hold the topmast in place.

We jury rigged a crane on the dock using old timbers and block and tackle, then waited for the lowest tide of the month so we could drop the mast into the hull. At this tide the boat was about fifteen feet under the dock. Because of the taper the center of gravity was low on the mast which helped. But we were just barely able to force it to swing down onto the hull by adding our weight to the butt.

Everything fitted, thanks to Sarge's instructions, and we quickly had the ship ready for the installation of the standing rigging.

A peculiarity of a gaff rigged sloop is that you have to drop the outer end of the gaff holding the top of the mainsail while coming about. This spills enough wind to make the sail manageable. Also, because the mainsail area is so large the rear stay for the mast is in the way when tacking. With the gaff dropped, you clear it. Actually we used two rear stays. The one opposite the boom was tightened and the other loosed as the main shifted.

Under Sarge's instructions we set up the staysail. This is a triangular piece of canvas which stretches between top gaff and the topmast. We rigged a ten foot long bowsprit to handle a jib and spinnaker.

Sarge acted as captain on our shakedown cruise. It was an eye opener for all of us. It took a lot of wind to get the Sea **B.** underway, but with all that sail she really went. Running that ship with all five sails set and manual rigging was hard work. It took six of us to handle her under full sail. With a good breeze we passed everything on the canal.

The southern edge of the Olympic mountains was visible from the camp. Mount Washington and Eleanor which dominated the horizon to the north were snow covered most of the summer. There is such a heavy winter snow fall in the Olympics that many peaks have glaciers on them at low elevations. Mt. Olympus, the highest mountain in the Olympics, would

be insignificant if it was located in the Cascades a few miles away. But because it is in the center of the Olympic range it has an extensive glacier system.

The access to the mountains was limited. The roads followed rivers up to the boundary of the National Park. It was a long hike from the end of the trail to the high country.

At that time the Olympics were not too well known. At the end of the war I decided to hike across a section near Mt. Olympus. This was before aerial photography. It's hard to believe now, but most of the government topographic map of the range was blank. There was nothing on the area I wanted to travel through.

I wrote the chief ranger of the Olympic National Park and asked him what the country was like. He replied that he didn't know, there had been no one there since before the war, and would I please give him a report when I got back.

The only reliable information I found was from photographs at the State Historical Museum. in Tacoma where I had worked part time while in College as a amateur Northwest Indian anthropologist.

Around 1900, photographer Ashael Curtis had taken a mule trip up Hurricane Ridge. Prints from his glass plates negatives gave me a good idea what the terrain in the central massif was like. I could see no problems, and three of us took a week off to make the trip.

When we got above the tree line we found wide trails made by the Roosevelt elk herds that populate the Olympics. This is the largest elk, they are as big as a horse. During the summer the elk range at the timber line and above. While the trails usually didn't lead directly where we were headed they were better than those made by rangers in other sections of the park. We made good time even with the detours they forced us to take.

One of the reasons that they wanted me at the camp was to take advantage of my mountain hiking experience. I was to organize two or three day hikes into the Olympics. These trips were reserved for the older scouts.

The Olympics were easily reached from Hahobas. We sailed "Pat" across the canal. The camp truck waited in Hoodsport. It was a surplus army six-cylinder, flat bed Ford painted standard army olive drab. We used it to haul everything the camp needed to the Hoodsport dock for the boat trip to the camp.

For some reason, CN had decided that I was to run the camp equipment. The boats and cars were no problem, but I had practically no experience with trucks. This was before automatic transmissions and power steering or brakes. None of the gears were syncho-meshed. I couldn't figure out how to shift without forcing the gears. I drove up and down the main street grinding away, trying to figure out how to get in and out of gear smoothly.

The mechanic at the Standard Oil gas station finally taught me how to double-clutch. I suspect he couldn't put up with the noise any longer. I know I could hardly stand it.

Most of the scouts stayed two weeks. This gave us time to spend three or four days on a camping trip away from Hahobas. This was before senior scouting. We anticipated explorer scouting by a few years. The hikes into the Olympics were too rugged for the younger scouts so we set a fifteen year age minimum.

There were two types of trips. One was a one day hike to a base camp which was usually at a lake. The fishermen would stay at the lake. The others would make side trips for two or three days.

The other hike crossed from one river watershed to another. We would go up the Duckabush or Dosewallups and come out on the Elwah or North Fork of the Quinault. Camp was made at a different location each night. These hikes took four or five days and involved a lot of climbing from one ridge to another across deep river valleys. We tried to climb on major peak.

The river roads into the mountains were not much more than improved logging roads. They were dirt or gravel and very narrow. Bridges were made of logs. At times we had to back and fill to make the turn to get onto one. I would travel at full speed up them with ten or fifteen boys in the back, whooping and hollering at everything on the way.

Everything was carried in. A typical pack weighed about 30 pounds. We had practically no dehydrated food except dried milk, noodles and rice. Most of the food was canned, except for fresh meat for the first dinner, and bacon. We cooked in number 10 tin cans that I got from the local cafe in Hoodspport. These were perfect cooking pots. And we left them at the campsite. That much less to haul out.

In the meantime the regular camp program was carried out at Camp Hahobas. There was an extra long campfire program the night we returned to camp. The boys who had made the trip told of their adventures and hardships. Everyone that had been left in camp looked forward to the time he would be old enough to go on the Olympic hike.

The summer camp ended toward the end of August. The boys went home and we buttoned up camp for the winter. The kitchen was converted back into a storage room. All of the furnishings were collected from the cabins and tents and stored away. Tents were struck. Boats put under cover. The last project was to take down the mess tent and nail the storeroom shut.

The summer had been full of excitement and at times there had been some close calls. We thought that this was all behind us.

We decided to sail the Sea B back to Tacoma. Pat went ahead. She could make the trip in two days. But it was going to take us two or three days longer to sail back even if we had a tail wind. The wind changed the day we left camp. Tacking back and forth across the canal added an

extra two days to the trip.

The third night we anchored off of Edmonds, near Seattle. The town of Edmonds was a part of Seattle that had been a Scandinavian fishing village. It was near the main ship channel from Puget Sound to, Lake Union and Lake Washington. Now the canal is used by fishing and pleasure boats. But at that time small freighters and tugs travelled from the sound to the lake in order to take freight into Seattle.

Lake Union had become an anchorage for wood hulled sailing ships. The fresh water protected their hulls from the toredos.

At dusk we dropped anchor near the entrance to the locks. The water was shallow. Two of the boys rowed the dinghy ashore to call home and let them know we were all right but behind schedule. While they were gone a north wind blew up. We started dragging anchor and drifted into the shipping lane.

It was dusk. There was no moon and we had no running light on board. To get control we ran up the mainsail so we could sail out of the channel. It jammed halfway up. We drifted into the shipping lane completely out of control. The wind was blowing hard, it was pitch black, and I could see the lights of a ship heading for the locks bearing down on us.

The scouts that had rowed ashore had been trying to get back. They caught up with us in time to throw us the only flashlight. We turned it on and signaled. The captain of the ship saw us at the last minute. It was a tugboat with hauling a barge alongside. He turned his tug and tow crosswise in the channel. He was so close before he stopped that we could hear him swearing. "If you want to commit suicide why don't you jump out of a window", he yelled. "please call the Coast Guard", we hollered back.

Soon afterward the wind died down and we half drifted, half sailed across the bay. At dawn we tied up to a dock, fixed the main haul, raised sail and headed for home.

Later that day Pat found us barreling for Tacoma with all sail set. We beat her into Commencement bay. As we sailed into the anchorage, we hoped that the Sea Scouts saw us. We came up into the wind, stopped and dropped anchor. Professional sailors.

Those three summers at Camp Hahobas are unforgettable to me. The professional Scouters were right in some ways. It would be easier to plan activities at new camp at Log lake. The warm water would always be at the same level. It would certainly be easier to bring in provisions. The Scouts could get there without traveling all day by boat. Help would be close at hand during an emergency.

But the old camp on Hood Canal, inaccessible and difficult to run as it was, provided adventure. The tides, the boats, the weather, made us improvise. Each day had to be planned separately.

CN and Dan Beard believed that Boy Scouting should teach self reliance. That the uniqueness of Scouting is that it teaches a young man to handle himself under conditions where he is not in complete control. That this is best done in the woods.

Camp Hahobas provided an ideal location for teaching those qualities. I suspect, though, that those of us on the camp staff learned more than the scouts did.



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