

near Jeffrey Pine campsite. My first reaction was one of disbelief. I chastised the caller for using the radio net to “play around”. Finally, the caller convinced me that there was indeed a large black bear sound asleep with his legs draped on either side of a large log and a large mangled plastic bag of trail mix at his feet!

What to do? After instructing several staffers to keep their distance, to not disturb the beast, and to call me on the radio should anything change, I went to the office to contact “authorities” about procedure. Camp property belongs to the US Forest Service, so I called them. They informed me that situations of this type are not within their jurisdiction; that I should try Fish & Game. These folks told me that it was not their job either; try the local Game Warden. Finally, on the third call, I got someone who would listen to my problem. I could tell by the telephone prefix that I was talking to someone in Sacramento. He said he could send a truck with a cage in three or four hours, tranquilize the bear, and move him “elsewhere”. When informed that there was no road into camp, his next solution caused apprehension and dismay. I assembled available staffers and implemented the plan.

Armed with pots, pans, whistles, air horns, and other noisemaking devices, our “army” approached the sleeping bear. On signal, the cacophony started. The bruin bolted upright from his sleeping log, took one look at us, and immediately belted up the hill out of camp, crushing bushes and bounding over large logs on his way. We cautiously followed his trail about a half mile. The Game Warden was right: noise frightens bears, and they will run. We saw no further signs of the big fellow...and have not seen a bear in camp since!

“It Was Sad When the Greatest Ship Went Down”. What else could happen to a first-year camp director? Since there is no road into camp, all supplies come across the lake by boat. One day, as I was out helping with water skiing instruction, I received a call for “HELP” over the CB radio. My son, Steve, who had taken “Orca”, our aluminum flat bottom barge, to the resort to pick up our milk and bread for the week, was frantic! “Orca” was sinking! I quickly drove around the peninsula to see Steve literally standing to his waist in the middle of the lake, holding his CB radio high in his hand. “Orca” was under three feet of water. Only the flotation foam under the seats was keeping “Orca” from sinking to the bottom. We recovered Steve easily, but over sixty cases of half pint milk cartons and fifteen cases of bread were floating everywhere! Small air pockets in the milk cartons and the plastic wrap of the bread allowed them to float just below the surface. We recovered “Orca” and its outboard engine, and, thanks to the resort personnel, had our barge back in operation within three hours. Milk and bread were another story. Fishermen, all over the lake, helped net our “flotsam” and deposit it on Winton’s dock. By mid-afternoon, we had recovered all our shipment. We then simply rinsed off the milk and bread and eventually served to our campers!

“The Bald Eagle”. During the 1994 season, the bald eagle was removed from the endangered species list. The special significance of this event was revealed to campers in an unforgettable display, July 4th. As part of Winton’s Independence-Day Celebration, the staff had planned a special flag ceremony that Monday evening, to include our regular cannonade, a seven gun salute, and a dramatic reading of the Preamble to the Constitution. Just as we were about to begin the ceremony, everything stopped; all eyes turned skyward...

As the entire camp population watched in disbelief, a large bald eagle circled the three poles on “Flag Pole Rock”. His white neck and majestic wing span were unmistakable. Silence overtook the camp as the eagle effortlessly circled the rock several times, then landed at the very top of the huge Jeffrey pine beside the lodge. It was as if the eagle was saying, “I’m back...thank you, Boy Scouts of America”!

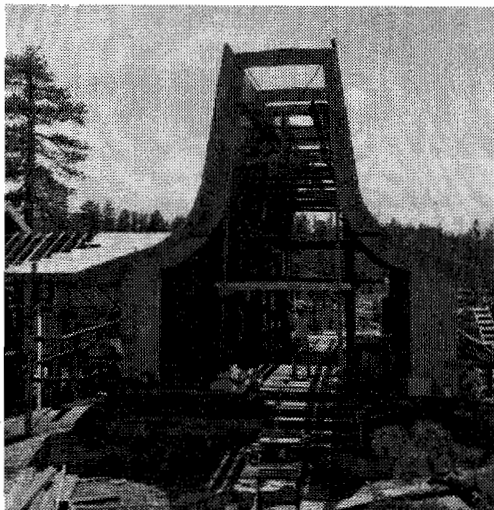
We finally decided to begin our planned ceremony, but when the cannon went off, the eagle left by flying high over the south ridge line. Ironically, and attesting to the staff’s reputation for showmanship, several Scouts and Scouters asked, “How did you arrange that bald eagle flight just before the ceremony?” My answer, “With God’s help”.

DAVID WEST Thanks to lumberman Harvey West, the 16,000 acre, “David West” Scout Reservation (named for his son), near Kyburz on the Silver Fork of the American River, was added to the council’s camp properties. The camp, opening in September, 1957, was used for conservation education and overnight camping. The site eventually reverted to the Forest Service.

LOON LAKE It was in 1958, after the Kit Carson Trek was established, that Lester Holmes and Alden Barber, working with Paul McKusick, chair of the camp development committee, determined that a camp, west of Desolation Valley, could be advantageous. It would provide hiking and backpacking opportunities between Harvey West, Winton, and Loon Lake.



*Loon Lake
under
Construction,
1965.*



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construction,
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Use of the land at Loon Lake was acquired in 1961 and Sacramento architect, Grant Caywood, designed the lodge.

Camp Loon Lake opened to provide a wilderness experience for Senior Scouts in 1962.

During the summers of 1964 and 1965, camp was under construction, but it was used as a base for backpackers. Construction staffs in those two years consisted mainly of older Scouts supervised by a few professional Scouters, a retired carpenter and a variety of craftsmen who came to camp when their trade was needed. In 1965, the lodge was completed.

Loon Lake became a "fully operational" summer camp in 1966.

Loon Lake was open to Scout camping from 1966-1976. Due to environmental problems, it was closed.

LOON LAKE CAMP DIRECTORS

1964-65	Robert Gardner
1970	Larry Leighton/Le Roy Cornie
1971	Larry Leighton



ALDEN BARBER SHARES SOME OF HIS MEMORIES:

TROOP 1'S CAMP CODY.

Otto Link, machine shop owner in Sacramento, discovered a site on a beautiful little lake three miles southwest of Strawberry on Highway 50 and twelve miles west of Echo Summit. Troop committee members and parents established Camp Cody. An old logging road ended about three miles from camp, so it was difficult, using trek carts and wheelbarrows, to get materials for a cook shack and storage building to the campsite.

During construction and early occupancy, a prime mover was Wally Hetherington, an energetic volunteer who had also been active in Mount Lassen Area Council. Wally's right hand assistant in building, improving and operating Camp Cody was H. J. (Bob) McCurry, Jr., an Eagle Scout, executive board member, Council Treasurer and Commissioner...a good friend.

Other Camp Cody Scouters who served the Council are Robert McCurry (Bob's brother), Kent Link (Otto's son) and Dan Cole, Eagle Scout, Scoutmaster of Troop 1 and Council Commissioner. Dan, whose two sons are Eagle Scouts, is the son of Bob and Billie Cole.

Camp Cody is very well attended each summer and Troop 1 has a very high percentage of Eagle Scouts.

The camp buildings were destroyed by heavy snow one winter, but volunteers and alumni rebuilt it, stronger than ever.

TROOP 29'S CAMP O KI HI (CAMP HARRY B. OGLE)

Troop 29, Land Park District, established its camp in the Sierra, west of Yuba Pass. The prime mover was Harry Ogle, my first Scout Executive. In 1937, Harry and the executive board in Mount Lassen could not agree on policy and the Ogle family relocated in Sacramento.

The camp has a central dining hall. In past days, a tributary of the Yuba River was dammed for swimming. In recent years, Scouts swam in Sand Pond.

Like Troop 1, Troop 29 achieved strong advancement, and many of its members became Eagles.

When I came to Buttes Area Council in 1949, its camping committee was enthused about the fact that Golden Empire had offered a summer campsite on the Yuba River east of Downieville, near Chapman Creek, which it no longer needed, having acquired Harvey West.

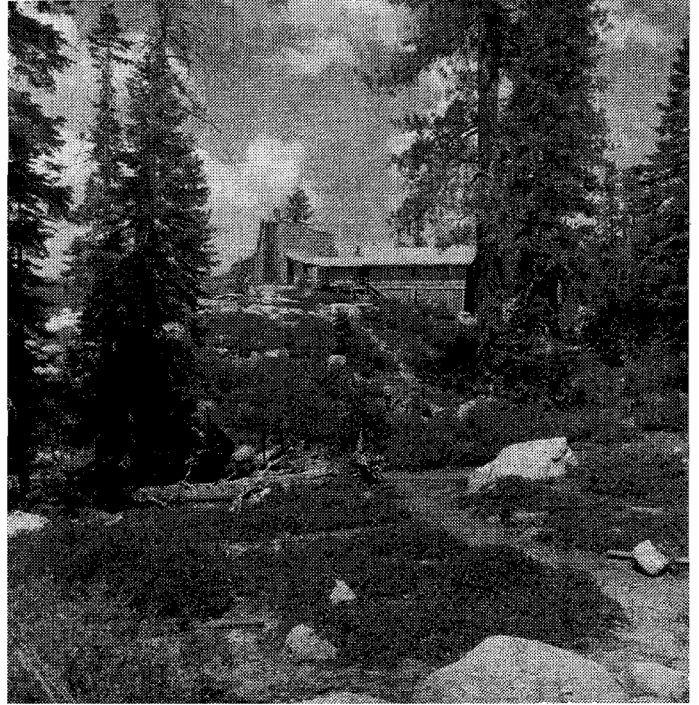
When I visited the site with the camping chairman and council commissioner, I realized why Walt and his volunteers had been eager to pass the Forest Service lease to another council.

Chapter Eleven

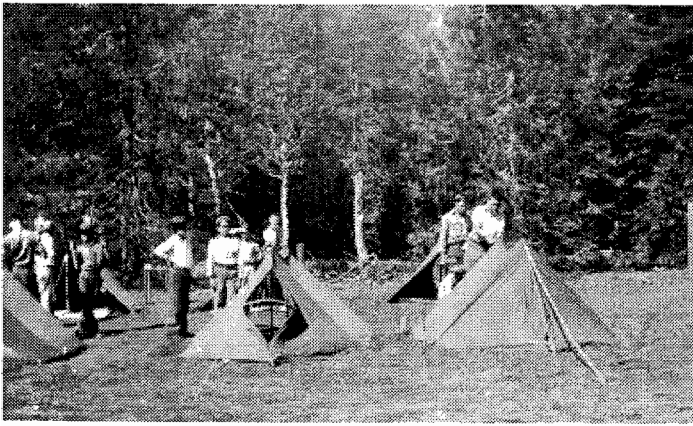
The lease was right beside the highway, there was little room for Troop sites or activity areas and if we could have developed a swimming area on the river, Scouts would have had to cross a busy highway to reach it.



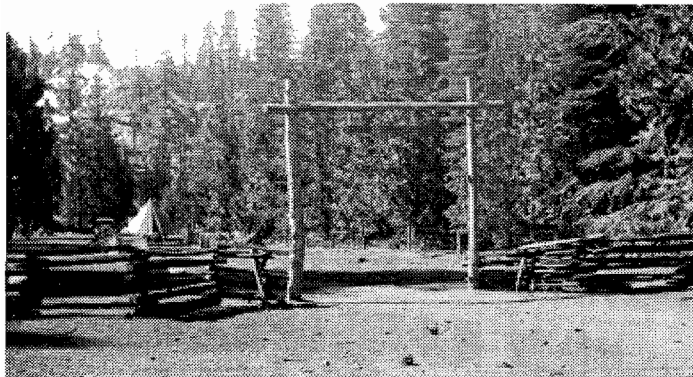
Summoning my courage, I pointed out the problems to my volunteers. Fortunately, they saw the wisdom of my reasoning, and we launched the search that resulted in finding Glacial Trails Scout Ranch.



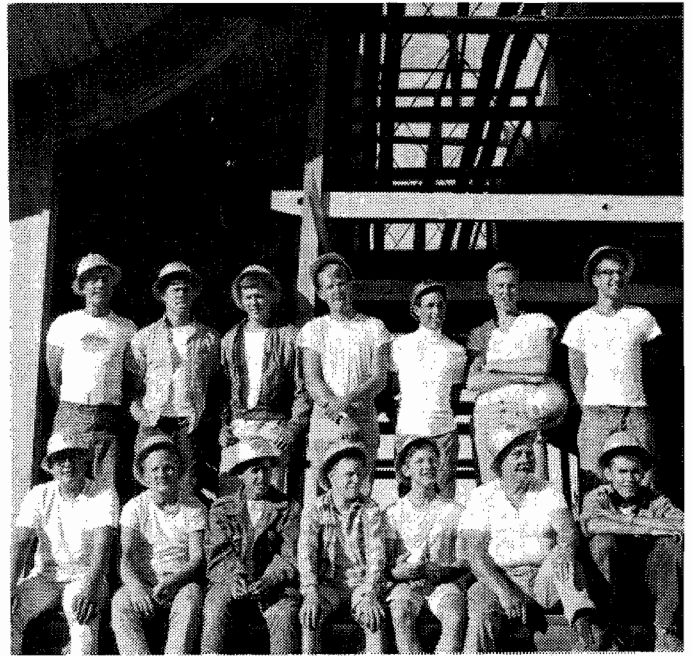
Loon Lake, Late 1960's



Troop 1's "Camp Hanti Wazi," 1933



Troop 1's "Camp Hanti Wazi," 1933



1965 Loon Lake Staff.