

Tuscazoar Campout

“There’s a squatch in these woods!” Most people hear that and laugh, but at Camp Tuscazoar, there very well might be one lurking amongst the trees.

This campout was a different one from the others. Troop 777 was split this weekend with half of the troop at West Point, and the other in Southern Ohio. Due to of a shortage of people, we only had one patrol, that was led by George Griffiths. Forrest Norman was the acting SPL, and was assisted by Austin Mullen and Tyler Wells who were both ASPL.



Arriving at a surprisingly reasonable hour, we quickly pitched tents, and unloaded the van. Our camp site was named Wilderness, and was very beautiful being nestled in between two hills, and a hiking trail. That night, we gathered wood for our campfire, and then ate our snack (Cracker Barrel). Before turning in, there was no shortage of debate over what each

person would do if Big Foot decided to come into our campsite.

The next morning, we gathered wood for our cooking fire, and made breakfast. For those who didn’t know, Tuscazoar was designated an all wood weekend, and we only cooked on open fires. Breakfast was breakfast burritos, but filled with bacon.



Tuscazor has never been a rich camp. In other words they have never had an abundance of money, and often keep their facilities running by visiting scout troops and eagle projects. To help out, we committed ourselves to 1 ½ hours of service. We were with a fun campmaster, and were clearing brush piles and cutting trees to make room for a future R.V. park. But, we had to get rid of the sticks and what not somehow.

Tossing them off to the side to decompose would take to long, so we just burned them on spot. Here we learned a very new technique to fire starting (not scout appropriate). Dump a gallon or two of gasoline onto a pile of logs, and then use a flame thrower to ignite it. Yes I said flame thrower. Austin Mullen was the “Pyro”

of the group and got to wield this tool, and light the fires. Every one worked very hard, and exceeded the expectations of what “Hudson boys” could do. Needless to say, the camp master thought differently about us at the end of the 1 ½ hour work session.



Returning to camp, we ate a quick lunch of cold cuts, before starting off on our hike. After lunch, we started off on our hike. Our first waypoint was at Troop 1 cabin. Exploring this cabin, tucked away on the side of a hill, we discovered both a huge tortoise shell, and a very long snake skin. Next was to Buzzard’s Roost. Here we got a great view, and could see the dam down below,

which we could not throw logs off because of construction. Instead, we saw the second coolest sight at the camp. The old abandoned mine. The mine was beneath the base of a steep cliff, and tucked in between the surrounding hills. For our safety, we did not enter the mine for two reasons. First, go in more then 30 feet, and you run out of oxygen. Second it was fenced off. But, there was coal scattered all around, and we picked some up to take back with us.



Upon our return, we made spaghetti for dinner. Tyler Wells prided himself with making a delicious homemade sauce for all of us. After cleaning, we started up a campfire and sat around. The camp master liked us enough that he came down and told us a couple stories. His stories were his personal experiences with Bigfoot. As the fire wound down to a close, so did our weekend. It was filled with hiking, working, and a whole lot of fun.

Troop Historian,
Forrest Norman