



LUANA BEACH

Frank Hubbell, Builder

Seventeen years ago today
 With a rowboat, I found in my wandering way,
 Along the shores of Puget Sound,
 Ten acres of very attractive ground
 To suit the purpose I had in view:
 A summer camp for me and you,
 On Vashon-Maury, the isle of delight,
 Which now presents a curious sight,
 With ax and saw and an old man's grit,
 In four years' time I made it fit
 For summer sports and recreation,
 Where you can enjoy your usual vacation

Under the firs and cedars green,
 Where curious sights are now to be seen—
 Uncle Sam in his coat of red, white and blue,
 Standing 40 foot high in his uniform new,
 Overlooking a fort on the great waterway,
 A reminder of a battle one civil war day,
 Where self and seventeen men of my command
 Surrendered to a stranger Confederate band,
 Beneath the fort after a replica of a prison cell,
 A reminiscence of which I frequently tell,
 In aid of a monument for Yesler Way
 To be erected in Seattle some future day.

Other attractions I will mention here
 While my 80-year-old brain remains right and clear,
 There are 27 cottages of a different kind,
 And ten fine camps under the trees you will find,
 Pure water from the Olympics piped to each one,
 Euaklee camp fires and circles of fun,
 Animals and birds, the Dragon and the Snake;
 But more grand than all, the Pavilion so great;
 Three thousand foot floor space to dance and to skate,
 The American eagle, the wolf and the mule,
 The flying horse, the ram and the cedar born fool,
 Rowboats, swings and a merry-go-round—

No finer resort can be found on the Sound.

In order to give our camp a name
 Remembering years back to lovers lane,
 Of my first girl, whose name was Lu,
 (That was before I wore the blue),
 But when I returned from that four years' war
 She had no affection for the veteran with a scar,
 After days and months and nearly years,
 I found another midst a circle of dears,
 And I will tell you her name was Anna;
 Therefore, we called our beach—Luana.

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