

SMOKE
SIGNAL

CAMP CHANCO

81



THIRD SESSION

Kitchen Staff Suffers Late at Night:

There have been reports by various sources (which wish to remain unknown) that David Davenport has been overworking and maliciously beating the kitchen staff late at night. It is not known for a fact, but some people speculated that Billy has assisted in these beatings. Dave has been seen with bullwhip in hand screaming at the kitchen staff, "you dirty scums! You can't do anything right! Yesterday one of the pitchers was filled one inch too high!!! Ellen-since you did that, you shall have 20 lashes! One more time, and I will burn you at the stake!!!"

Ellen Brown, has been more severely beaten than the rest of the kitchen staff. I, as the writer of this editorial, feel that if Dave is not brought to justice, Ellen's days may be numbered.

by Chris Broga

To the Great Girls:

Congratulations to the Great Girls-Michele Brooks, Donna Umplett, Leigh Hannah, Kate McCord, Shana Williams, Debbie Meyers, Amy Hoeverman, Leslie MacArthur, Debbie Duncan, and Margie Tucker-for being ten terrific girls and for winning the inspection and canoe race. We hope you enjoyed Chanco as much as we enjoyed having you as campers. Calling you the Great Girls is no understatement. We love you. Carol and Kira

I think that PK leaving Chanco after being here none years is a bum thing to do. I miss him and I hope he keepw the Chanco Spirit with him forever.

George Lorentson

Stomp Stomp clap, Stomp Stomp clap

We are Revalations and without a doubt, we're the prettiest girls about.

We will We will Rock you
Rocken Revs!!

Love all you girls. Pam & Kellye

A vessel moves through the ocean blue,
'tis a sailboat, sailing straight and true.
While it cats silently through the waves,
All's right with the world, God to praise

by Betsy Gunn

To the Staff-especially AB, LL, LR, FJ, CC, & SB

Remember, because you think it is-it is! If you didn't think it was- it wouldn't be!

CA

To Batman,

You've been my friend, hero, saviour, and brother for many years but our relationship is being threatened because you won't stay off the Bat-phone so I can call you. The Bat signal has gone bananas and I can never find you when Gotham City is being threatened of I need a smile. I keep trying to reach out and touch you-to call yp and show I care. My life is empty-one long busy signal! So please hang up and let me call you-Sweetheart.

Your friend,
Commissioner Gordon

Nature

The birds are churping,
As the wind blows
You can feel the grass
between your toes.

The leaves are green,
The skies are blue,
I'm so proud of Nature,
Aren't you?

Jennifer Pulley &
Erica Swecker

The Spirit of Chanco

When we hear the words every night-"The Spirit of Chanco will be yours forever"
do we think of---

singing
campfires
laughing
good night rounds
Big Day
Batman
chants
Pajama Breakfast
Doodah
Waterfront Day
MailCall
field trips
Chaplain's Class
sailing
evening program
swimming . . .
archery
tetherball
dancing
nature
Dragon Lady
indian raids
Love raids
CANTEEN
Chanco hand clap
Indian Night
Friendship circle?

Or is the Spirit of Chanco much more than this?
Is it tangible? Can we touch it? Can we taste it? Can we see it?
No-but we can feel it-and we can even hear it if we listen real close.
Because the Spirit of Chanco really is the sunshine in you-no matter where
you are. It is present in your

Family
Church
Classroom
Friends
Neighborhood
Job and

if you can see that the Spirit of Chanco is not just a good feeling we get
at camp, but is a good feeling when
you do something nice for somebody
you do well in school
you've done a good job
it's time to relax
you spend time with your family
you have fun with good friends
you teach a Sunday School class
you help your little sister with her homework,
then you have experienced and know the real Spirit of Chanco-
the sunshine in you.

The sunshine in you is all the good things we learn at Chanco, your love
radiating to others, God's love you pass on to the world around you,
the Christ in each one of us. For the Spirit of Chanco will be yours
forever. For the Spirit of Chanco is the Christ in you!

In His love,
Susan Bowman & Cissy Alley

CAVERS (none the braver)

Every session, a bunch of councilors and campers set off on an out trip. We left on July 21st in the Chance van and two other cars. Six hours later, we arrived in Williamsville, Va, a small country town. The next day we started into the caves. We explored Aqua, Marshall, Crossroads, Blowing, and Breathing. Each cave was different: especially Aqua which was only 40 degrees and you needed to swim through a hole in a rock to reach it.

Back at our camp, things weren't boring either. The Coleman stove blew up threetimes and the only running water was the nearby river.

After seven-days, we left for Thorn Spring Camp. There we only explored two caves-Bone cave and Nut. On Wednesday, we packed up for Camp Chance.

francee moore

Caving Song

(sung to the tune of Charlie the Camel)

Charley the caver had 5 hurts
Go Charley Go ouch ouch ouch
Charley the caver had 4 hurts
Go Charley Go bump bump bump
Charley the caver had 3 hurts
Go Charley Go knock knock
Charley the caver had 2 hurts
Go Charley Go kunk kunk
Charley the caver had 1 hurt
Go Charley Go sizzle sizzle
Charley the caver had no hurts
Charley chickened out!

heath r martin
francee moore

Another Note

Camp Chance raiders are questless,
Because then I missed the Young
and the Restless
At Camp Chance
You must have love to give,
For I missed One life to Live
Living without mosquitoes is
IMPOSSIBLE
Because I missed
General Hospital
But. . .
Camp Chance in itself
Is a soap opera because
Have you seen some of these
counselors
I love them all

missy marvin

TO JAMES RIVER SWIMMERS

Congratulations to all of the river swimmers. You all did a super job and should be proud!

Love,
allie

The Trip to Bone

Libby, Charley, Francee, Kristi Chris, and me (Heather) got up at six o'clock in the morning Tuesday. To us it seemed like we were running away from home, leaving when everyone was asleep. We were on our way. It took four hours almost! We had to put dust masks on. It was so dusty that when you stepped, clouds of dust rose.

There were some very pretty formations in there. We thought the cave was dead, but it wasn't. It had some water here and there. We had to crawl on our stomachs for at least a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. When we got back to camp, we were spitting dust. We had a great time.

heather moore

Chaplain's Note

please write:
Nancy Duncan
Coordinator for Youth and Young Adults

Diocese of Kentucky
421 So. Second St.
Louisville, KY 40202
(502) 584-7148

Would love to hear from you. I will always remember your giving and loving and hugging and laughter- your thoughts shared, your noisiness, your sadness, and your smiling faces. What you gave to me. . . What I learned from you was more than you will ever know.

Thank you
Nancy "Chaplain"