

HISTORY

of

CHANCO LODGE

483

W.M.W.



Chanco Lodge No. 483



ORDER OF THE ARROW OLD DOMINION AREA COUNCIL, B. S. A.

1216 HOLLAND ROAD
SUFFOLK, VA. 23434

March 24, 1972

Arrowmen of Chanco Lodge
Twentieth Anniversary Celebration
Siouan Scout Reservation
Ebony, Virginia

Fellow Arrowmen:

There has been much work put into compiling a tentative history of Chanco Lodge. Many "old timers" as well as current members have spent endless hours in preparing this book for your use. But there is more that needs to be done. If you can fill in spots of Chanco Lodge history, please contact Benny Burgess, P. O. Box 664, Franklin, Virginia 23851, or see him sometime this weekend, and share with him your knowledge of the past.

I would like to thank the following members of the history committee for their endless work on this very important matter: Chairman, Benny Burgess, Advisor, Chester Burgess, and Jackie Oliver, Earl Blythe, Keith Hurley, H. H. "Sam" Lilley and Joe Tudor.

Let it be our steadfast purpose to continue in the great way that we, the members of Chanco Lodge, have in the past. Our history shows that Chanco Lodge has accomplished many great feats; let us always look toward the future to aim high and serve all.

Once again, on behalf of the Lodge, I would like to thank the History Committee for the fine job that they have done.

Yours in the Order,

Bob

Robert Ashley
Chief

Chanco Lodge, Order of Arrow
Old Dominion Area Council
Boy Scouts of America
1516 Holland Road
Suffolk, Virginia

Dear Lodge Members:

As Scout Executive from the summer of 1964 to July 1970, it was a great privilege to work with the many fine dedicated Scouts and adult Scouters of the Old Dominion Area Council. Many fine Scouting programs and activities were produced.

One of the big projects was the development of Camp Siouan. This is one of the finest Scout camps in the country and the Chanco Lodge played a great part in its development. No one can forget the many hours spent by a dedicated few members who collected native stone and built the gateway at the camp entrance. This was truly a spirit of helpfulness.

The Chapel was another project developed by the Lodge. None of us will forget hauling sand by wheelbarrow along the trail to the Chapel.

The swimming area in the lake needed clearing of stumps and limbs. Several times the Lodge worked on this. Of course, the water was nice to get in after a hard day of work some where else in the camp.

Yes, the Lodge cleared many acres of brush where buildings were to be built. Roads needed improving and the Lodge did much of this.

All these things were fine and appreciated, but I think the true meaning of Scouting and of the Order of Arrow was practiced when the Lodge was faced with the decision to discipline some of its members or close its eyes. The Lodge accepted the responsibility and did dismiss the members from the Lodge. This took courage and dedication.

Many fine things were done by the Chanco Lodge during these six years. I feel that the Chanco Lodge exemplified the spirit of "brotherly love".

Scoutingly yours,


Joe B. Irvin
Scout Executive

HISTORY OF CHANCO LODGE #483

The following information is the history of Chanco Lodge #483 that has been gathered through the information and records of individual members of the Lodge. Not one single item could be gotten from the minutes and very little from the records of the Lodge because all of this had been lost or destroyed over the years. This should be a suggestion to all future members and all present members who read this to prevail upon the officers of the Lodge to preserve these records from year to year. Each secretary and treasurer should submit a written inventory of the records turned over to the succeeding officer. If anyone knows of any corrections or additional history, please forward same to the chief.

Chanco Lodge #483 held its first ordeal at Camp Waters, Surry, Virginia, June 13, 14 and 15, 1952. This ordeal was put on by Blue Heron Lodge #349.

The charter members of Chanco Lodge were as follows:

Joe C. Draper	W. B. Harrell, Jr.	J. Edgar Speight
Fred T. Parker	David Joyner	Gorold Wagenback
Charles E. Hale	Herbie Lewis	Eddie Weems
Wilton D. Bradshaw	Billy Mallory	Ladd Daniels
Harry Bain Fentress	W. S. Saunders, Jr.	William E. Johnson.

David Joyner was elected first chief, J. Edgar Speight, Lay Advisor, H. G. Cobb, Jr., Professional Advisor, and G. Warren Taylor was Supreme Chief of the Fire.

THE CHANCO LODGE #483 TOTEM AND NAME

Many Lodges have adopted the custom of first choosing their totem and then naming their Lodge in appropriate Indian language for the totem. Totems are usually chosen to represent a bird or animal of the forest. The Old Dominion Area Council did this and more.

Our totem consists of not only an animal of the forest but another figure - an Indian head with full bonnet. We want a deer on our four-inch patch, because it is the largest and one of the most plentiful forest animals universally spread throughout the seven counties of our Council. The lordly buck represents nobleness, alertness, swiftness, and a superb cunning and knowledge of the forests - virtues to be earnestly coveted and sought for by every Scout.

The top figure of our totem is the head of an Indian in full bonnet regalia, which is consistent with the theme of many of our Council Camp and Camporee emblems - a cut-out of an Indian head with bonnet. The Lodge totem has more significance to it than this, however, in that the Indian pictured on the totem is Chanco, one of the unsund and truly great figures in American history. Since this Powhatan Indian brave was tied in with early history of Surry County, the county in which our Council camp is located, and due to the fact that Chanco displayed additional virtues desired by every Scout, it was only logical then to name our Lodge "Chanco," and let his figurehead top our emblem. Thus Lodge #483 had its totem and an appropriate Indian title, the actual name of a real Indian.

Of Chanco, we are extremely proud, and so should every American be. For it was he who saved the Colonists at Jamestown from extinction in the bloody massacre in 1622. Chanco had been adopted by Richard Pace, one of the settlers on the southern side (Surry County) of the James River opposite Jamestown. Mr. Pace converted the young Indian brave to Christianity and schooled him in the ways of the English at his plantation, Pace's Paines. Learning of the intended stab in the dark by the Powhatan confederation in the spring of 1622, Chanco, in the dead of the night, canoed across the James River just above the Old Dominion Area Camp at Scotland Wharf and rushed to his adopted guardian to warn him. Most of the settlers on the upper James fell victims to the secret attack and only the timely warning of Chanco saved those pioneers living on both sides of the James in the vicinity of Jamestown. Thus, we could even say Chanco saved America, for had it not been for his brave deed, all the Englishmen in Virginia would have been wiped out, leaving the young colony at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a mere shaky two years old, the only foothold of England on the shores of the United States.

From the bluff on which our Camp is situated, the monument at Jamestown Island can easily be seen. As our brothers gaze at this white shaft pointing skyward, it is a constant reminder of the brave Chanco, a real American.

OLD CHURCH TOWER- JAMESTOWN ISLAND

In connection with the Jamestown Festival Committee and the APVA, the Chanco Lodge, Order of the Arrow, and the Staff of Camp Waters proudly present a pageant, "Chanco, A Real American."

This pageant is presented weekly during the summer camp season at Camp Waters, the Old Dominion Area's Boy Scout Camp on the James River, just below Scotland Wharf and directly across from Jamestown. The Council headquarters are in Suffolk, Virginia.

"Chanco, A Real American" is the story of the young Indian lad named Chanco, who in April 1622, gave the timely warning that saved the colony at Jamestown from complete annihilation in the infamous Indian massacre of that year. Much of the very action described in the pageant took place in the Tappahannock village which once occupied the bluff on which Camp Waters is located.

This is the third year that "Chanco, A Real American" has been presented each Thursday evening during the camping season as a climax to the weekly visitors' day. Thousands of parents and friends of Scouting have viewed the production in its short three year history.

The members of the camp staff, all Boy Scouts, are the actors in this early American drama and perform the colorful Indian dances which are interwoven into the script, including a real live genuine snake dance.

The Old Dominion Area Council's Order of the Arrow, which is an honor camping society of the Boy Scouts of America bears the name of "Chanco." The Lodge is quite proud of this, not only for what the Indian boy, Chanco, meant to America and its history, but because it is the only Order of the Arrow Lodge so named in the United States. Most of the staff performers are Order of the Arrow members.

"C H A N C O,
A R E A L A M E R I C A N"

By

Herbert G. Cobb, Jr.

A Boy Scout Indian Pageant

in

Five Scenes

Directed By

K. W. O'Geary

THE CAST

(Principals in order of Appearance)

Narrator

Powhatan - Mighty Chief of the Virginia Algonquin Confederation

White Oak - Chanco's Older Brother, an unconverted savage

Opechancanough - Bloodthirsty successor to Powhatan in 1619

Charles Pace - Son of Richard Pace and Chanco's close friend

Chanco - A young Indian of about fourteen summers

Lesser Chiefs

First and Second Indian Women

First and Second Indian Children

Solo Dancers (Staff)

Group Dancers (Scout Campers)

CHANCO

MUSIC: "Indian Love Call" and other Indian selections, five to eight minutes, low, before Narrator begins. Then music UP for two to three minutes, fade SLOW and continue LOW, as gradual red spot comes on Narrator.

NARRATOR: Listen, O people, listen as, I, the spirit of Powhatan speak. You are seated on sacred soil - earl that has been hallowed by the lifeblood of the past (pause), the good earth, MA-KA-INA that saw the very beginning of this great land.

"The fading sunset leaves a holy light
It falls upon the hills like purple dew,
The evening spreads its charm like candle glow,
And crickets ring their sleepy-time curfew."

MUSIC: UP MUSIC- HALF FULL, HOLD, FADE, THEN OUT.

NARRATOR: Long years ago, in the dim ages of the past, our people found their way to this continent, you now call America. No one is really sure how or why they came. Perhaps the secret of their coming will always remain hidden in the deep mysteries of the Universe. But it is certain that people were living in this land three thousand years ago, and for ages remaining undisturbed, wandering at will, living a tranquil life.

Dense were the forests of our middle Eastern lands. Here grew the mighty oak, the graceful elm, the sturdy ash and the pliant hickory. Here lived the woodland Indians, the "Dwellers Among the Leaves."

NARRATOR continued: (Tom-Tom) In the forest that he loved, the Indian pursued the deer, the bear, the wildcat and panther.

Wakonda, the Great Spirit, had given the animals and things of the forest to be his helpers.

When the first leaves of the oak were as large as a gray squirrel's foot, our people did their planting. Life was good. They were a peaceful people, never warring with other tribes unless first attacked.

Here in the village of the Algonquin Confederation, when the season was at hand for the ripening of the corn, a group of old women was selected to go to the fields and bring in samples of the ripening corn that the medicine man might inspect them. When at last it appeared that the corn was ripe, a crier was sent about the village to announce the day of the feast and dance. The colorful Corn Dance accompanied the cooking of the corn. (Tom-Tom picks up beat for spear and shield dance, P. 108 Mason dancers enter.)

Villages were numerous and powerful, their hunting parties strong. Smoke arose from their lodges as they returned from the hunt and the Council fires blazed brightly. One such Council fire blazed brightly on a cool spring night in early May of 1607, in a large village of the Powhatan Confederation on the peninsula just between the James and York Rivers.

SCENE I

A happy, colorful Council Ring in the center of the village of Chief Powhatan (as the Narrator says "Cool Spring Night" artificial Camp fire lights up; then when he says "York Rivers" scene is floodlighted to simulate light from a "big" Council fire.)

Powhatan and lesser Chiefs are seated, semi-circle, around fire. A couple of Indian children play across stage. Two Indian women are seated and pounding maize on right stage. Chiefs pantomime, talk, argue and grunt to each other. After a full minute, Tom-Toms pick up soft chant of Ghost Dance, P 151 of Masons, then children run off left stage and squaws exit right shadows.

NARRATOR: The Indians of old, in both dark and happy hours, sensing the need and help of a Great Spirit, turned to religion and their Gods. They danced their dances, and sang their songs faithfully and fervently when appealing to the mystic Beings that they felt surrounded them. On this night Powhatan has ordered the young braves to perform the Ghost Dance - a beseeching of the one above for food, clothing, shelter for themselves, and for those they love. (Dancers dance in by groups - Council ring headed by medicine man who begins the dance, after the dancers have locked arms, then on drums signal dancers do the Ghost Dance flat-footed for 32 counts). The medicine man signals toward the Fire God, the flames in the Council Fire. (Dancers make the approach to fire (on P 152 Masons). The braves pull down the Spirit Power from above. (Dancers execute movements on P 154 after 6 dancers or so are on the ground, medicine man stands in front of fire and faces audience.) The mighty and powerful medicine the English word that meant, for the Indian all qualities of the mind, spirit, magic and skill, is exerting a telling effect on the braves. The medicine man looks upward to the heavens and beseeches the Great One.

MEDICINE: (Staggers and misses a beat or two, pants audibly a time or two, then says in a high-pitched voice) Even to the West Wind (pauses and pants) From whence cometh the Rain (he turns to face each direction, and does this on a flat-foot step) Even to the North Wind (panting) from whence cometh the Snow, Even to the East Wind from whence cometh the Sun (pants again) Even to the South Wind (pants, pauses and falters) from whence cometh the Warmth. (Turns to audience and looks downward and waves feather toward the earth) Even to MA-KA-INA, Mother Earth (falters) from whence cometh our food. (Looks heavenward, voice increases in volume and rising in pitch) Even to the Gitche Manito, the one Great Spirit from whence cometh all things. WAKONDA, Wakonda, Wakon----. (The Medicine Man and all the rest of the dancers fall prostrate on their faces and lie motionless. For a long moment, they lie thus, drum silent, then the Medicine Man very slowly arises, one by one arise and start a pow-wow dance on signal from medicine rattler and are seated in Council ring. DIRECTIONS: After the Ghost Dance, there is a pause, as the stage lights go off, only campfire is lighted, Tom-Tom beats slowly.

POWHATAN: I, Powhatan, speak. My children, I am old. Many winters have flown over me. Another snow has just passed. I am like a withered oak tree that stands alone on the hilltop. But to you, my people and to me, Wakonda, the Great Spirit, has been good and answered the prayers our medicine man has made. Tonight let us seek the joy of being alive. Let the young braves come again into our circle and make our hearts joyful. Be glad. (Tom-Tom begins count, and full stage lights up.) The Dance: Sioux Buffalo Dance, P 148 of Masons.

NARRATOR: (When all dancers in circle) This is the Buffalo Dance, the animal that the Indian affectionately referred to as "Our little Father." Closest of all things to the life of the Indian, source of food, shelter, clothing, most of life's needs, and religion was the buffalo, teacher of the medicine man in the healing of wounds, symbol of long years and plenty. Loved and revered as the most generous and strongest of creatures. (Long pause and on dancer cue, the dancers stomp heavily and move from side to side to imitate the slow, undulating movements of the ponderous buffalo. Dancers exit, as chiefs grunt approval and sound a deep throated chorus of "Hows" as last dancer leaves circle.)

NARRATOR: Now the Indian was not always serious, either. He could see the gay light-hearted side of his existence as well, as witnessed by the next dance - in fact, a burlesque called "The Courtship of the Eagles." (Tom-Toms meanwhile have picked up the beat and two dancers come in- and perform P 190 of Masons.)

NARRATOR continues and cues in on the action of the dancers: The he-eagle enters and is lovingly followed by the she-eagle. They settle on their mountains and start to spruce up a bit. The he-eagle is restless, he spots the she-eagle on her mountain, sails over to her, but she hides - gives up in despair; can't find her, returns to the mountain (do this again). The she-eagle comes over, flees and is pursued by he-eagle. Love affair has its ups and downs - together at last! "Love conquers all -" (two eagles fall off bench and then exit to much laughing and grunts of approval).

POWHATAN: (Rises) My brothers, our braves have done well (slight pause). It is now late. Let us enter our wigwams. I give you my blessings: 'And now the Great Spirit keep Sunshine in all of your hearts.' (Chief uses proper gestures. As he finishes a commotion is heard off-stage and the chiefs look up startled and all grunt.)

VOICE: I have a message for the chief. I must speak with the mighty Powhatan. (White Oak enters back-stage.)

WHITE OAK: (Protestingly) But I must speak with the great Worowance. I bring a strange message. (Enters circle and panting, kneels) O Mighty Chieftan, I White Oak, speak. I have come from across your Flu, O Powhatan, and in the light of the morning past saw a strange sight. Up the broad waters from the rising sun have come three winged canoes, with white clouds fastened above. In them were strange people with pale skins. They landed on the Southern shores. Their war clubs are slender sticks that speak with tongues of fire and make a noise like thunder. I have been as swift as the deer to bring you these tidings. (All chiefs appear excited and talk together.)

POWHATAN: You have done well, White Oak, and have done right by coming to me, as the swift deer. What you have said makes the hair on my scalp rise as the porcupines quill when the braves hunt him. Our Chieftans must go at once and see these strangers that have come into our land. Pipsico, Opechancanough, gather ten braves and go at the rising of the sun to the shining waters and see what message these strangers bring and what they seek in our country.

OPECHANCA NOUGH: Wise Father, at the rising sun, we shall be in the mist along the shore. (Lights out QUICK)

NARRATOR: (Picks up Quickly) Had wiley Old Powhatan known this was the beginning of the end of his red people, what other course would he have taken on this spring night of May 1607? Yes, the White Man had come to America, landing first on May 5, at a spot near present Claremont, just a short way, as the crow flies, up the river from here. Then eight days later, Captain John Smith ordered the three little ships to the opposite shore simply because the deep channel of the river ran so close to the land the ships could be tied to the trees at the water's edge. To this island, they gave the name, Jamestown, in honor of his Majesty King James I. More and more people came from the country far across the sea to this section of which Captain John Smith so beautifully said, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to form a place for man's habitation." On December 5, 1620, one Richard Pace and his wife, Isabella, received a grant of land on the south side of the broad James, opposite the northern end of Jamestown. Here Mr. Pace started a tobacco plantation with the help of his good wife, Isabella, and young son, Charles. To this grant Richard Pace gave the name Pace's Paines because it was so painfully carved out of the wilderness. One hot summer's day, Charles Pace wandered into the great woods, down to the woodland glen where a cool spring flowed out of a moss-covered rock. (Music of birds singing comes up-soft lights.)

SCENE II

A dark, woodland glade not far from the bluff at Camp Waters. (Charles enters left stage, through bushes, takes off plumed hat, wipes brow, goes to rock and falls flat on face, starts to drink, then rises suddenly in half crouch and listens as if he hears something. Tom-Tom starts count in distance, as Charles exits left stage, hides and peers from behind thicket. Chanco enters

right and performs the Deer Hunter Dance. P93 Mason)

NARRATOR: Why, it's the noise of shuffling moccasins dancing through dry leaves that has startled Charles Pace from quenching his thirst. This fierce young warrior is on the trail of the most elusive of the forest animals, the lordly buck. He imitates the actions of the dancers that he has watched in the Council ceremonies and the imaginations of a young boy carry him on as he begins the hunt. (Pause) He looks for signs;(pause) finding no signs, he becomes more cautious. He sees the deer! (Chanco shoots and as he begins his wild leaps of victory and circles away from the thicket, Charles Pace steps out in full view and as Chanco turns in his ecstasy, he stops suddenly. He sees the white boy--emits a startled cry. Drums cease.)

CHARLES PACE: (Quizzical look on face) What, pray tell me, is the meaning of this ill behavior? Are you possessed with devils? (Chanco eyes Charles a moment, then crouches low, reaches for a knife at his belt and advances warily on the English boy.)

CHARLES PACE: Now wait, I pray thee, I wish you no harm. (Advances slightly but retreats a step or two as Chanco comes closer)

CHANCO: (Yells his war cry and rushes Charles Pace and knocks him down. They fight on the ground and roll over and over. They rise together, Charles forces Chanco to drop his rubber knife and they fall to ground again. Charles grabs knife and straddles Chanco with upraised knife.)

CHARLES PACE: (Panting hard) I do not wish to harm you. I want to be your friend, your friend, do you understand? Now arise and act like a human being. (Charles gets up, knife held at the ready - A surprised Chanco gets up - looks deeply and earnestly at Charles - then slowly smiles, places right hand over heart.)

CHANCO: Chanco! Friend. (Grunts, places right hand over heart.)

CHARLES PACE:(Placing hand over heart) Charles! Friend. Charles, Friend (Extends hand). Christian friends shake hands like this as a sign of brotherhood (awkwardly, Chanco shakes hands). I'm thirsty. Let's drink. (As they kneel side by side to drink, Chanco points to Charles.)

CHANCO: Charles (then raps himself and says) Na Ho! Brother!
(They fall flat on faces and drink. Lights out quickly)

NARRATOR: Thus began a lasting friendship between two boys, a friendship that was destined to save the colony at Jamestown, and all America. For Chanco went into the home of the Pace's where Isabella Pace taught him to speak the white man's language. He learned about the white man's God who said men should live in peace and not kill each other. Chanco liked Charles Pace. He taught him to spear fish and how to use a bow and arrow. But all was not well with Chanco's brothers of the forest. For in 1619, Old Powhatan had joined his ancestors in the happy hunting grounds and Opechancanough had become ruler of the Algonquin Confederation. He did not like the white man and Chief Opechancanough turned dislike into hatred and hatred into blood-lust. So on a dark March night in 1622, Opechancanough summoned his Chieftans for a war council.

SCENE III

Council Ring in main village of Powhatan Confederacy near York River. (Low Tom-Tom beat.) Lesser chiefs seated in semi-circle with Opechancanough in full regalia in middle. (Artificial camp-fire lights up, pause for scene to simulate blazing fire.) Chiefs talk and gesture to each other.

NARRATOR: Opechancanough, being the blood-thirsty villian that he was, no doubt inherited much of this from his forebears, and thus instituted ancient and unnecessary proceedings into his Council ring. Many of these customs and traditions of the Indian we do not understand. Fore more oftentimes than not, their tribal rituals were cruel. Captain John Smith vividly described one of these: "When a young Indian boy reached 14, he had to undergo terrible torture. One of these tortures only the most handsome, straightest of limb and figure, were chosen to be put through." (Here two squaws enter the Council ring from back stage, drag and beat two protesting boys in front of the chiefs - four older Indians bring up the rear and stand to one side.) In the morning the young boys chosen were tied at the foot of a big oak tree. (Squaws tie boys to stake in front of chiefs.) Here the squaws shouted incantations over them, and words of strange meaning. Much dancing around took place. Then in the afternoon, all the young braves were lined up one by one and made to run the gauntlet, (Here the squaws untie the boys from the stake.) being hit tremendous blows by the tribesmen with "Bastinados" - great bundles of reeds, hardened like a mace. (Four warriors line up, squaws drag and shove two boys to ground between warriors. Boys then run line, are hit, falling, rise, stumble and collapse at end of line.) As the young boys fell or reached the end of the line, senseless and bleeding, the Indian men of the village take their inert bodies and toss them in a pile in the marshes. (Warriors drag and carry senseless boys off last stage, followed by squaws.) The boys or boys who survived this ordeal became the medicine men of the tribe because it was felt that he who could stand being clubbed to death literally and live possessed some sort of special spirit in him.

To incite the warriors of the tribe, who are watching from the shadows, into a fighting fever, two snake dancers enter the circle. To the Indian the snake of the forest possessed special significance. (Dancers make circuits as narrator continues descriptions on proper cue.) The sinewy, muscular movements of the snake meant strength, defiance and wariness - the dancers show their fearlessness by grasping the snakes in their mouths - two warriors proudly present the poisonous snakes before their chiefs the dancers now have the snakes under complete control even as they will soon have their white enemy in their power. (Dancers exit left stage.) Now the emotions of the rest of the warriors have been properly aroused by the snake dance and the braves of the tribe begin the traditional war dance. (P. 80 of Masons.) (Three of the lesser chiefs pick up the dance and join the circuit when dancers get ready to line up facing each other, these three chiefs sit down.) (Slight pause in Council Ring, then Chief rises to speak.)

OPECHANCANOUGH: Ho, my blood brothers, three winters' winds have driven the fine, soft snow since the weakling "squaw-chief" Powhatan ruled this mighty confederation. An evil day has come to our people. Many of our tribe have lost their finest braves. Much blood has been shed. We are strong. New warriors have joined our Council Ring tonight. We are not cowards. We will not sit before our lodges and watch our lands taken from us, as the bear steals the honey. No, my brave warriors, we must make war upon the hat wearers, and drive them into the salt sea from which they came. As your leader, I say we must fight in defense of our villages and people. Warriors of the Powhatan nation!

OPECHANCANOUGH continued: Warriors of the Powhatan nation! Who will follow Opechancanough on the warpath? (Chief pantomimes vigorously throughout his war talk, and shows destructiveness of the whites by his gestures.)

FIRST CHIEF: I, Pipsico, (rises and gestures violently) say death to the English dogs.

SECOND CHIEF: I, the leader of the Tappahannocks, say we fight. We must not endure the insults of these weak and feeble invaders any longer (shakes his war club). TO THE DEATH!

THIRD CHIEF: All my people will follow the mighty Opechancanough. I put on my "Wa Pa Ha" (pronounced "Wah-Pah-Hah"-war bonnet) and take up my "Iyau Ka Pom Ni" (pronounced "eeya-Ka-pom-nee", war club). We must fight! (All other chiefs roar approval and at once the tom-tom begins the count of the snake dance - exits by canoe and red light.)

NARRATOR: And so it was with the blood-thirsty Opechancanough - a fight to the death of the last Indian or the last of the hated English. Messengers were sent to all the tribes of the secretly planned massacre that was to begin at 8:00 on the morning of April 1, 1622. The conspiracy was cleverly planned that the settlers living apart from Jamestown and the tobacco planters in the "Plantations across the Water" on the Surry side were taken completely unaware. The attack was far-flung, stretching even to the banks of the Blackwater in the Isle of Wight County. No hint of the bloody plot had leaked out until late in the afternoon of March 31st. (Pause) It is near sundown. The young Indian, Chanco, and his white adopted brother, Charles Pace, are hunting rabbits in a remote part of Pace's Paines.

NARRATOR continued: Charles has gone deep into the woods to jump a rabbit. Chanco, being the better shot, even with a bow and arrow, waits expectantly in a clearing near the dark woods for a rabbit to come hopping across.

SCENE IV

A clearing near the deep woods on Pace's Paines. (As scene opens, Chanco has his bow at the ready, looks and listens - hand to ear for sounds of any approaching rabbit. Stage is lighted in 3/4 light to simulate dusk of an afternoon.)

NARRATOR: Suddenly the haunting cry of an owl comes from the nearby woods. (Chanco's brother off right stage sounds cry.)

Instinctively Chanco answers...(Answers) ..for it is the war cry of his tribe. (Chanco wheels to direction of sound as he answers.

A fiercely painted savage with scalp lock emerges right stage.)

WHITE OAK: Na Ho Chanco. My Brother! (Slap each other on shoulder.)

CHANCO: White Oak, My Brother. What brings you here and why do you make the dread war cry? Why do you carry two tomahawks?

WHITE OAK: (Looking around) Is my brother alone? I must speak only to his ears.

CHANCO: Only CharlesPace is here searching the woods for the long ears.

WHITE OAK: (Spits) Oh, that pale weakling, we'll hear his coming long before he gets here. (Speaks slowly and medium soft.)

Chanco, a true member of the tribe must do as his chief says.

Tomorrow when the sun's rays have reached the thickets where the deer dwells, a mighty force will be loosed on the despised English dog. Our warriors will attack the invaders in our whole country. Four war canoes of the best braves will come to James-

WHITE OAK continued: town. All will be killed. Then there will be no more white men to take our lands away from us. Your task is easy. Before the moon rises, you must kill Charles Pace, his father and her of the golden hair, as they sleep.

CHANCO: (Showing surprised alarm and consternation) White Oak, what evil has come into the heart of Opechancanough? These are our friends. Have they not given us many gifts? We cannot kill them as we would the moccasin, the color of the dry leaves. My white brothers have been good to me. I am a Christian and will not obey the order to kill.

WHITE OAK: You speak with the crooked tongue of the rattlesnake. The white squaw man has filled your heart with lies. (Fairly hissing and thrusting tomahawk to Chanco.) Tonight, before the moon rises, you must have blood on your hands. If you do not kill these people, you will suffer the death of a traitor.

(Speaks quickly) Now, I must go. Others must be told to strike, our time has come. (White Oak looks sharply around and slips off right stage. Chanco falls to his knees, drive tomahawk into ground and buries his face in his hands, with sobs shaking his whole body. Moans and weaves back and forth. Light on stage darkens. Suddenly Chanco relaxes, folds hands in brief prayer, arises and rushes to right stage.)

CHANCO: Charles, Charles, Na Ho! Na Ho! Charles. (Pauses and calls again. Charles Pace runs in.)

CHARLES PACE: (Excitely) Yes, Yes, my brother, have you gotten one? (Sees outstretched arms of Chanco and startled look on his face) What is it, Chanco? You look as if you have seen one of those tribal ghosts you've told me about. What troubles you?

CHANCO: (Lowered voice) Na Ho, something evil is about to take place. On the morrow, the great chief has ordered the tribes to take the warpath and kill all the white people. Even Jamestown is to be attacked. We must run with the wind to tell your father and to warn the people to get to the forts before dawn. Come, we must go! (They rush off stage.)

CHARLES: We must fetch my father at once! (Lights out)

NARRATOR: (Slow at first) The attack began as scheduled on April 1, 1622. No modern military strategist could have planned more perfectly. In the outlying settlements, some 400 colonists were massacred. But Jamestown was saved, thanks to the devotion and love of the Indian boy, Chanco, displayed for the Pace family who had befriended him. For when Charles and Chanco finally reached the great house with the secret plot, Richard Pace gathered his family, secured his home and in the dead of the night came to the edge of the James, just above our camp, and rowed to Jamestown, spreading the alarm. Eight hundred ninety-three white persons were saved by this "one converted Infidel", as Captain John Smith put it. Retaliation by the Colonists was swift. Bloody revenge was reaped on every hand. On this very ground from Crouch's Creek, near my left hand, up this bluff, a Tappahannock village was situated. George Sandys, Treasurer of the Colony, fell upon these people in several expeditions and stained the very ground on which you are sitting with their blood. (Pause) Thus the Indian's arrow and stone axe inevitably gave into the gunpowder and the English settlement expanded. In 1625, along the creek named for Thomas Crouch (Tappahannock originally and on this hill, a large stockade was built which contained 18 dwellings, 5 stores, 4 tobacco houses and the only

NARRATOR continued: stone house in Virginia at that time. Indeed since 1625, this bluff at times has been a busy place, now that for 27 years past, many thousands of our Scout Brothers have crossed its trails. (Pauses, as lights come up soft on stage.)

SCENE V

Waterfront arena Camp Waters, Surry, Virginia (Tom-Tom starts to beat low - lights dim on stage.)

NARRATOR: What happened to Chanco in his old age is not revealed. But legend has it that on any dark night, in these wooded ravines, a ghostly figure may be seen hovering low and moving among these whispering pines near the historic James' waters. (Record of a whippoorwill) As the whippoorwill sounds his evening cry across the cove behind me, a majestic figure glides in on the wings of the gentle sea breeze. (Here Chanco enters center stage, with blue spot on him as the Eagle Dancers.)

NARRATOR: It's the guardian Spirit of the Bluff - the young Indian lad, Chanco, in the guise of a protective American Eagle. (Here Chanco does a short take-off on the Eagle Dance P. 101 of Masons, then flaps gracefully off to pedestal off left stage as blue spot picks him up and holds, as light on stage fades, Tom-Tom begins again and lights come on SLOW TO ON FULL.)

NARRATOR: Other ghostly figures stalk through these woods here, as the spirit of Chanco hover low nearby. These are the mighty chiefs, the long forgotten braves, the nameless red men whose moccasined feet have noiselessly moved along the trails of our Camp. (Here staff dancers start to enter doing a pow-wow dance with ALL carrying a tomahawk or war club - Tom-Tom still low.)

NARRATOR continued: As Jamestown grew and prospered and a never-ending stream of whites settled in our fair Virginia, the Indian family ceased to resist altogether, and smoked the pipe of peace, Here we see these spirits of the past perform the traditional "Bury the Hatchet" dance. (Pause) This "Bury the Hatchet" is a symbolic ritual that saw each warrior in turn throw his hatchet at "War," the monster supposed to be in the hole. Then each gathers a little earth and buries the hatchet. (Entire cast dances around and on a series of loud, long, rapid hooms, several throw war clubs into hole previously dug, center of stage, and then dirt is thrown in. When the last group of hatchets is thrown in, dancers jump up and down and emit loud whoops as stage lights go off. All cast immediately lines up at back of stage with Charles Pace coming out and going middle of line with principal blue light still on Chanco.)

NARRATOR: Yes, this guardian spirit is forever moving upon these grounds as it did in real life in 1622.

"In cool and fragrant woods, my spirit roams,
Pine needles 'neath my feet and fallen leaves
Like carpets soft and beautiful to tread,
In colors gold and green that nature weaves."

NARRATOR: Yes, Chanco saved 893 of our ancestors from certain death in that year, but we here firmly believe Chanco did far more than that - he saved America! For history proves had it not been more this brave deed, we know that all the Englishmen in Virginia would have been wiped out, leaving the young colony at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a mere shaky two years old, the only foothold of England on the new world.

NARRATOR continued: From the bluff on which our camp is situated (Here Chanco leaves pedestal, strides and sweeps, slowly and majestically with spot on him all the way to down front center stage) the monument on Jamestown Island can easily be seen. As our Scout Brothers gaze at the white shaft pointing skyward, (Chanco stretches arm and wings and body to full height) it is a constant reminder of the Indian brave, Chanco, A Real American! (Up with stirring Indian Music. Lights hold and Chanco holds, for a breathless moment. Then lights off quickly. Lights off as entire cast in a straight line moves forward down stage. Chanco joins in middle, lights on and Narrator introduces principals. Music low throughout.)

END OF PAGEANT

CHANCO LODGE #483
FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

September 9, 10, 11, 1967

Chanco Lodge held a special weekend function for a combination training session and Anniversary Celebration. This was held at Siouan Scout Reservation September 8-10, 1967.

Friday night was check-in and fellowship followed with a cracker barrel at 10:00 P. M. Saturday morning everyone was busy setting up displays and getting discussion sessions ready. At 11:45 A. M., we had our opening ceremony followed by lunch. From 1:00 P. M. to 3:00 P.M., we had three different discussion groups giving background information on the Order of the Arrow, your part in the Lodge, and the break down and explanation of how the Lodge operates. This was followed by a fellowship period and a swim at the water front.

For our banquet, we were treated to a great steak supper followed by a very good speaker, Mr. Paul Davis, Jr., Scout Executive Peninsula Council. At 8:00 P. M. we had another film-strip followed by a cracker barrel. The next morning we had a good breakfast, our church service and general lodge meeting. We left for home at 11:00 A. M.

This was a very good weekend, with an excellent turnout by Lodge members. We had visitors from the following lodges: Kecoughtan, Blue Heron, Shenandoah and Koo Koo Ku Hoo.

FIRST FUNCTION AT SIOUAN - MARCH 1964

PROJECTS COMPLETED BY CHANCO LODGE AT SIOUAN SCOUT RESERVATION

1. Designed and built gateway.
2. Razed old Barn at Ranger House.
3. Razed old House at Archery Range.
4. Put wire around Rifle Range.
5. Enlarged 1/3 of the parking lot.
6. Tripled the size of the arena.
7. Paid for 37 truckloads of dirt for the arena, and six truckloads of fine rock. Built new, much larger retainer wall.
8. Paid for and spread 9 truckloads of rock on Roadway.
9. Cleared stumps and landscaped dining hall.
10. Cleared and paid for Chanco campsite.
11. Cleared Powhatan site.
12. Cleared stump at office, quartermaster, nature, health, and parade grounds.
13. Cleared and marked nature trail.
14. Cut and cleared fire lanes.
15. Spread rock at waterfront.
16. Built lanes and spread 12 trucks of stone to and in Chapel area.
17. Enlarged chapel area.
18. Put seats in Chapel.
19. Paid and installed lights at arena.
20. Built altars at arena.
21. Painted 100 cots.
21. Countersunk and puttied holes in dining hall.
22. Bought material and built 50 tent platforms.
23. Built bridges on Nature Trail.
24. Cleared area behind central showers for Archery Range.
25. Set up and take down camp most every year before and after summer camp.
26. Put rock around the hydrants.
27. Built erosion control dams on road to waterfront.
28. Put cover on well.
29. Cleared boundary around camp.
30. Straightened road to and removed stumps around Health Lodge.
31. Cleaned up Explorer Base.
32. Flag poles in all camp sites.
33. Put barrier around cemetery.
34. Put seats in arena.
35. Gathered rocks for entrance and buildings.
36. Painted electrical post on roads yellow.
37. Razed old barn at entrance.

Held concession stand at two Scout Expos for a total of over \$1200 each Expo (one-half to Council and one-half in work projects for Lodge).

CHANCO'S FIRST POW-WOW

At the 1969 Area III-C Pow-Wow on April 25-27 hosted by Nawakwa Lodge, Chanco Lodge #483 officially bid for and received the privilege to host the 1970 pow-wow by an unanimous vote. This was the first pow-wow hosted by Chanco Lodge and much work and planning went into it.

During the 1970 Spring Fellowship, the kitchen and dining hall crew for the pow-wow had a practice run as they prepared the menu for the pow-wow and the arrowmen were served by the waiters. After the closing of the Spring Fellowship, there was a meeting of the service crew to finalize plans and jobs of each committee as well as each person getting a thorough run-down on his responsibility.

Finally, the big weekend arrived. The entire crew was there by 7:00 P. M. Friday and ready to help the area. Check-in was from 8:00 P. M. Friday through 11:00 A. M. Saturday. Most delegates arrived during the wee hours of Friday night and Saturday morning.

After lunch the discussion groups were held from 1:30 P. M. to 4:30 P. M. From 4:30 till suppertime, there was time for fellowship and patch trading. Supper was just great as we had steaks cooked out on an open pit fire, potatoes, cole slaw, beverage and ice cream for dessert. Our speaker was Mr. Don R. Gaye, who talked on an Arrowman's troop and lodge responsibilities.

After supper Blue Heron Lodge held the Vigil Rededication followed by the dance competition. Koo Koo Ku Hoo's Toy Soldier took first place in the group competition followed by Kēcoughtan's Deer Quest. In the solos, Blue Heron's Hoop Dance took first

followed by Koo Koo Ku Hoo's John Bush.

Camping promotion was won by Shenandoah and Shenshawpotoo placed second. For the displays, Shenandoah placed first with their newsletter. Kecoughtan placed second for their year-round lodge program.

A cracker barrel and patch auction were held and a total of \$155.10 was collected.

Sunday breakfast was followed by a church service and the annual area business meeting which was closed by playing a recorded message from Dr. E. Urner Goodman. Dr. Goodman commented on Chanco Chief Buddy Burgess being on his trail for a year to attend their pow-wow, but due to failing health, he was unable to attend. His message was a challenge for the area to continue in W. W. W. in the promotion of Scout Camping to our younger scouts.

After the business meeting, the delegates were given a bag lunch and wished a safe journey home on a wet afternoon.

The following is a quote from the Area III-C Chatter commenting on Chanco's hosting of the pow-wow: "The small Old Dominion Area Council Lodge showed the rest of the Area how an event of that type should be handled and may well have set the standard of future Pow-Wows. The Pow-Wow was a great event and Chanco deserves a world of praise and thanks for the job they did, but the entire Area should take a pat on the back for putting it together and making it possible for Chanco to do what they did."

LODGE OFFICERS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CHIEF</u>	<u>SECRETARY</u>	<u>TREASURER</u>	<u>EDITOR</u>	<u>VICE CHIEF OF CEREMONIES</u>	<u>VICE CHIEF OF ACTIVITIES</u>
1965	Jackie Oliver	Wayne Blythe	Bobby Burgess	David John	Joe Lankford	Chester Burgess, III
1966	Jackie Oliver	Rick Pond	Bobby Burgess	Tombo Jones	Allen Morris	Tommy Johnson
1967	Wayne Ellis	Rick Pond	Mike Thomas	Tombo Jones	Allen Morris	Jim Frost
1968 Fall	Jim Frost	Donnie Deal	Mike Thomas	Tombo Jones	Tombo Jones	Burdette Gatten
1968	Jim Frost	Glenn Pierce	Mike Thomas	Tombo Jones	Tombo Jones	Burdette Gatten
1969 Fall	Tombo Jones	Glenn Pierce	Buddy Burgess	Buddy Burgess	Steve Hudgins	John McLemore
1970 Fall	Buddy Burgess	Bobby Lankford	Niel Burgess	Dennis Burgess	Gary Bradshaw	John McLemore
1971 Fall	Marc Morris	Harvey Darden	Bob Ashley	Benny Burgess	Gary Bradshaw	John Grandy
1972	Robert Ashley	Louis Rodgers	Rob Comet	Lawson Bailey	Gary Bradshaw	

VICE CHIEFS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EASTERN</u>	<u>WESTERN</u>	<u>CENTRAL</u>
1971	John McLemore	John Whitman	Bobby Lankford
1972	Ray Johnson	Billy Heath	Jeff Joyner

Prior to 1971 the chairman of the Ceremonial Committee and the Chairman of the Activities Committee were vice-chiefs of the Lodge. In 1971 this was changed so the Chairmen of Activities and Ceremonial Committees reverted to regular lodge standing committees. Each district elected its own vice-chief, then the entire lodge selects the order in which they will serve as acting chief.

CHANCO LODGE #483 YEARLY CHAPTER INFORMATION

YEAR	MEMBER-SHIP	CHIEF	LAY ADVISOR	PROFESSIONAL ADVISOR	COUNCIL EXECUTIVE
1952	35	David Joyner	J. Edgar Speight	Herbert G. Cobb, Jr.	G. Warren Taylor
1953		Lowry A. Daniels		Herbert G. Cobb, Jr.	G. Warren Taylor
1954		Eddie Weems		Herbert G. Cobb, Jr.	W. Warren Taylor
1955		Randy McDaniel	Robert Wrenn	Herbert G. Cobb, Jr.	Gene Bowden
1956	75	Joe T. Stewart, Jr.	John Brenner	K. W. O'Geary	Gene Bowden
1957	61	James S. Matthews	Robert Wrenn	K. W. O'Geary	Gene Bowden
1958	78	Earl Blythe	C. C. Blythe	Carl Hilderbrand	Carl Hilderbrand
1959	126	James C. Caton	H. Burges Caton	Jacques Phelps	Jacques Phelps
1960	72	Larry Ketchum	John Brenner	Jacques Phelps	Jacques Phelps
1961	70	Larry Ketchum	John Brenner	Arthur Johnson	Jacques Phelps
1962	72	Larry Ketchum	John Brenner	Arthur Johnson	Jacques Phelps
1963	39	Delbroe Johnson, Jr.	Geo. L. Ketchum	Jacques Phelps	Jacques Phelps
1964	59	Delbroe Johnson, Jr.	B. O. Griffin	William H. Fish	Jacques Phelps
1965	136	Jackie Oliver	Chester Burgess, Jr.	William H. Fish	Joe Irvin
1966	157	Jackie Oliver	Chester Burgess, Jr.	William H. Fish	Joe Irvin
1967	161	Wayne Wills	Chester Burgess, Jr.	William H. Fish	Joe Irvin
1968	157	Jim Frost	Chester Burgess, Jr.	William H. Fish	Joe Irvin
1969	161	Thomas Jones, IV	Chester Burgess, Jr.	Dave Worley	Joe Irvin
1970	223	Dennis (Buddy) Burgess	Chester Burgess, Jr.	Dave Worley	Joe Irvin
1971	205	Marc Morris	George Smith	Dave Worley	Joe Irvin
1972	208	Robert Ashley	George Smith	Ney Austin	Adrian Cronk

OUTSTANDING SCOUT AND SCOUTER AWARDS

DATE	SCOUT	SCOUTERS
1965	Jim Frost	H. H. "Sam" Lilley
1966	Thomas G. Jones, IV	Chester Burgess
1967	Marc Morris	James Wagenbach
1968	Dennis "Buddy" Burgess	William H. Fish
1969	Gary Bradshaw	Edward Kinney
1970	Robert Ashley	Morris Ward
1971	John Whitman	Wilber E. Smith

CHANCO LODGE #483 VIGIL MEMBERS

	J. Edgar Speight	1966	William H. Fish
	William B. Harrell, Jr.	1966	Jackie Oliver
	Lowry A. "Ladd" Daniels	1967	John H. Brenner
	Irving Blythe	1967	Jim Frost
	Walter Saul	1969	Thomas Johnson
	Larry Ketchum	1969	Thomas G. Jones, IV
1961	Jim O'Brant	1969	H.H. "Sam" Lilley
1962	Joe Cross	1970	C. Earl Blythe
1964	W. Delbroke Johnson, Jr.	1971	Dennis "Buddy" Burgess
1965	Chester W. Burgess, Jr.	1971	William H. Heath
1965	Chester W. Burgess, III	1971	John McLemore
1965	Joe Lankford	1971	Douglas Rose
1966	Robert E. Burgess		ADRIAN CROOK

NATIONAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES

August 1961

Bob Conwell	Robert Baker, III
Stanley Prince	Ronnie Rogers
Godwin Jones	Larry Ketchum
Art Johnston	Billy Johnson

Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

August 27-31, 1965 50th Anniversary Conference
Quincy Gillam Jim Frost

University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana

August 28 - September 1, 1967
Chester W. Burgess, III

University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska

August 23-26, 1969
Dennis "Buddy" Burgess

University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana

August 24-28, 1971

Robert Ashley	Rick Perry
Rob Comet	John Whitman
Buddy Burgess	Louis Rogers
Benny Burgess	George B. Smith
Keith Hurley	Chester W. Burgess, Jr.

University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign, Illinois

AREA III-C GENERAL INFORMATION

AREA III-C CONFERENCE CHIEFS

1953	Paul Scarborough	Blue Heron
1954	John Hart	Blue Heron
1955	Bob Geil	Amangamek-Wipit
1956	Ladd Daniels	Chanco
1957	Jere Williams	Amangamek-Wipit
1958	Charley White	Kecoughtan
1959	Tom Carroll	Powhatan
1960	Bill Smith	Blue Heron
1961	Larry Horne	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo
1962	Skip Spence	Blue Heron
1963	Donald Cox	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo
1964	Lewis Andrews	Kecoughtan
1965	Pete Dunavant	Blue Heron
1967	Steve Lickey	Nawakwa
1968	Tom Hughes	Blue Heron
1969	Peter Osina	Shenandoah
1970	Larry Davis	Shenshawpotoo
1971	Richard Bryant	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo

AREA III-C POW-WOWS - HOST LODGES

1953	Darden	Blue Heron
1954	Rock Enon	Shenshawpotoo
1955	Shawondasee	Nawakwa
1956	Roosevelt	Amangamek-Wipit
1957	Powhatan	Powhatan
1958	Shenandoah	Shenandoah
1959	Shawondasee	Nawakwa
1960	Monocan	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo
1961	Pipsico	Blue Heron
1962	Rock Enon	Shenshawpotoo
1963	Powhatan	Powhatan
1964	Monocan	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo
1965	Wilson	Amangamek-Wipit
1966	Pipsico	Blue Heron
1967	Shenandoah	Shenandoah
1968	Powhatan	Powhatan
1969	Nawakwa	Virginia State Fairgrounds
1970	Chanco	Siouan
1971	Pipsico	Blue Heron

AREA III-C LODGE LISTINGS

3	Nawakwa	Robert E. Lee	Richmond, Virginia
161	Koo-Koo-Ku-Hoo	Fiedmont Area	Lynchburg, Virginia
258	Shenandoah	Stonewall Jackson	Staunton, Virginia
276	Shenshawpotoo	Shenandoah Area	Winchester, Virginia
349	Blue Heron	Tidewater	Norfolk, Virginia
456	Powhatan	Blue Ridge Area	Roanoke, Virginia
463	Kecoughtan	Peninsula	Newport News, Va.
473	Amangamek-Wipit	National Capitol	Washington, D. C.
483	Chanco	Old Dominion	Suffolk, Virginia

CHANCO PATCH COLLECTION

The idea was first talked about at the executive board meeting December 30, 1964. My desire was to have a visual history of our lodge. This collection would contain every patch that was issued for a function, local, area, and national, that Chanco Lodge had taken part in since it was founded in 1952. The patches would come from the members so it would belong to them.

I started working on the collection on January 5, 1965. The original frame and glass was given to the Lodge by the late Mr. R. N. Baker, Jr. The original glass was broken while coming home from a function and was replaced by Parr Supply Company of Suffolk at no charge to the Lodge.

Patches started coming in from all over. The lodge officially accepted the collection on July 3, 1965 and I was made Caretaker. There is a stipulation that the patch collection must remain on display in the scout office except when it is taken to an official Order of the Arrow function. If it is taken out of the office for repairs or additions, it must be returned in a minimum amount of time. This is to guarantee that the collection will always belong to everyone and be where they can see it.

The collection grew into two frames at the Executive Board meeting on December 28, 1965.

To try to tell where all the patches came from would be next to impossible as each patch has its own story to tell. Some of the highlights are as follows: Former National Secretary of the Order of the Arrow, Martin Mockford, gave the 1958 and 1963 National Conference patches after seeing the collection

Chanco Patch Collection continued

while visiting our Lodge. Former Scout Executive Jacques A. Phelps played a big role in helping to obtain the 1952 and 1956 National Conference patches from George Hale, past National Director. The Area Chief, Dave Singletary, gave the 1964 Area Pow Wow patch. The 1957 Pilgrimage patch, representing Chanco Lodge's trip to Jamestown to put on the "Chanco Story" is on loan to the lodge from Carlisle Johnson. The patch for the 50th Anniversary of the Order of the Arrow has a life-like picture of E. Urner Goodman. A copy was sent to him and the Lodge received a nice letter in return. Many others from the early days of our Lodge right up to the present have given up personal patches so that many may share them. Thus, the spirit of the Order of the Arrow. Two other people spent many hours helping me put the collection together and taking it apart - my parents. To them I owe a special thanks.

The collection played a big part in Chanco's winning the Lodge exhibit award at the 1966 Pow Wow. The theme of the exhibit was "How To Build Pride and Interest in Your Lodge." I hope that the collection always has the meaning to the rest of the Lodge that it has to me.

Jack Oliver