

# the Riverboat REPORTER

Skookumchuck River Basin

Wednesday, June 13, 2018

## Waves Churn on as Sailors Scrap for Precious Freight

There was quite a clash on the humid river today as clouds built darkly in the sky above. But before the sky opened up, feisty deckhands competed on the grassy wharf for precious cargo.

The teams **Organized the Freight**, swapping labeled cards in a mass of pure chaos till the runners safely deposited their supply with the Freight and Boat Inspectors (FBI).

The **River Runners** shouted and raced to victory, but after an afternoon of remapping, the **Super Steamers** proved they are up to the challenge by scoring big in the **Showboatin'** contest. The creative lineup presentations made waves with the judging Port Authority Commisioners (PAC). From Washington crossing the Delaware or vicious pirates to kings of the river and tattooed Anchor Men and even New York City pictures of sermon illustrations, creativity proved a breeze for the sailors. Following delicious dinner cuisine (a fine tradition on the Skookumchuck,) the roustabouts headed back to the wharf for **Catfish Kickball**. Such scattered scurrying as balls flew, passed, kicked, rolled, tossed, and were netted while Peddlewheels sped with sailors scrambling in every direction. We can only guess that the contest will become more fierce as the competition continues Wednesday. Will the **Runners** continue to pull ahead? Or will the **Steamers** paddle their way to the lead?



### Preacher's Passage

In our morning chapel service, we considered why we face troubles. While some blame God, Pastor Tim reminded us that evil is a consequence of human choices, but God is not only using it for good but bringing evil to an end through the work of the cross.

In the evening we considered Philippians 1:19-24, and the Motivation of the Heart. We should purpose that Christ is exalted and magnified in us: boldly and consistently.

### Clovis' Challenge

Can you thank every single Showboatin' Staff member for their hard work before sundown? Betcha' can't remember to talk to each one. And, please, stack your plates correctly or I won't hear the end of it from Rupert.



## Skookumchuck

Weather:  
Warmer and  
chance of a  
thunderstorm



### *Slingshot Stress*

"Probably shouldn't shoot rocks towards parked cars," First Mate Tyler Trometer advised Andrew Howell when trying out his new slingshot. "Or the staff cabins," advised another. "Or the lake!" was the next wisdom. "Why did they give us slingshots if we can't shoot them?" sighed Andrew. "Who gave it to you?" asked Mr. Tyler. "Oh, I bought it in the bookstore," Howell confessed.



### *Sharp Sights*

No surprise that "bigshot Eddie" burned through "8 bazillion rounds" of ammo at the shooting range (according to the ever observant Rupert C. Tompkins Stickleberry, who protested that Eddie shot so much his hair came out in bangs.) But when Eddie was given the privilege of using Pap Rush's ole' western 9-shot revolver, some said it was like watching "Wyatt Earp Wilkie."



### *How Big was THAT fish?*

Caleb Wright caught a measurable fish; but since the tape measure was all the way across the Little River, First Mate Mr. Jared helped "officially" measure the fish with to a stick. One might be suspicious, though, about Mr. Jared's fish measuring, after he was spotted carrying his own stick toward the office. If Mr. Jared is using THAT stick to measure his fish, you may want to stay out of the lake unless your name is Jonah.



### *Backwoods Bravery*

Some sailors were safely in their cabins or the snack shop when the deluge of rain dampened the day. Others, like Micah Schaffner and First Mate Mr. Frederick, were caught on the gun range (the rain didn't help their aim.) But appropriately, the Rope Riggers and Lifesaver Ladies were steering through the Ropes Course in the downpour. Even facing the wet cables, they persevered and represented their teams undauntedly. Just...definitely very drenched.



### *Rupert's Rant*

While campers can be homesick,  
Untouched by all the fun,  
It drives me to distressment  
When a mother pineth for a son,  
There is no card or letter  
That Kleenex can undamp.  
I guess the sole conclusion:  
Let's bring the Moms to camp!