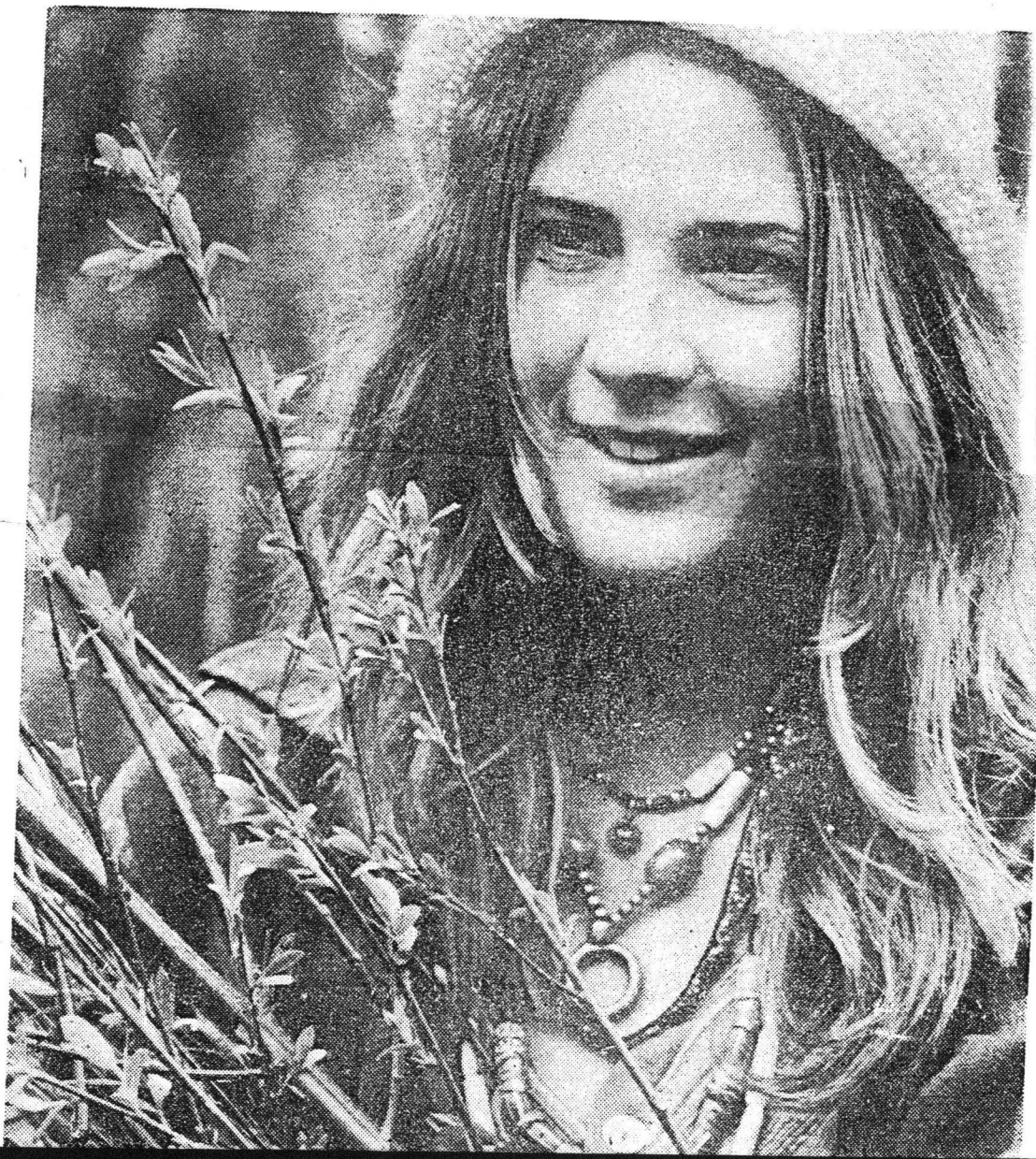
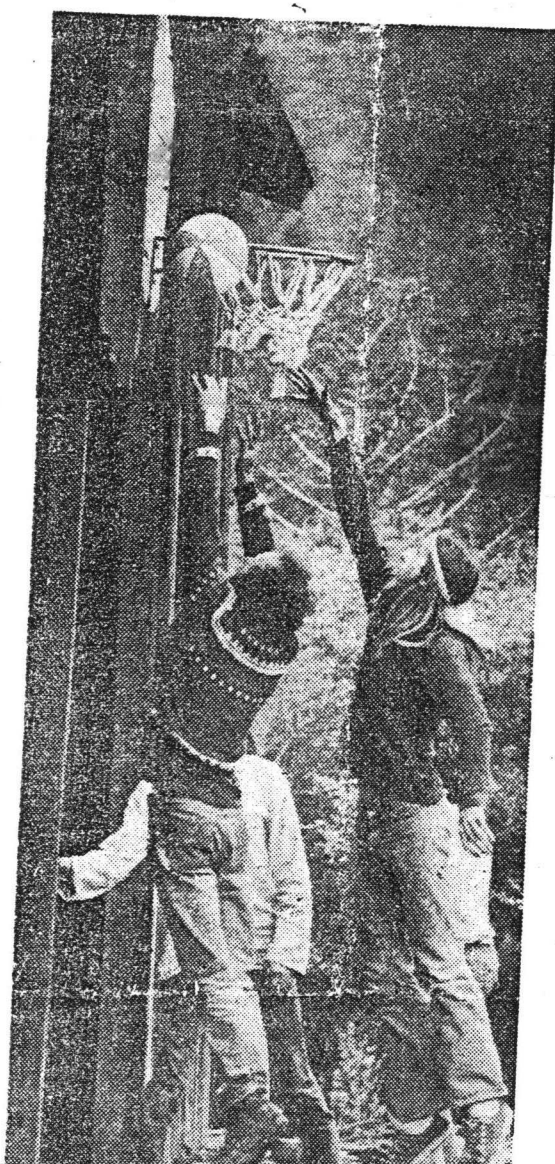
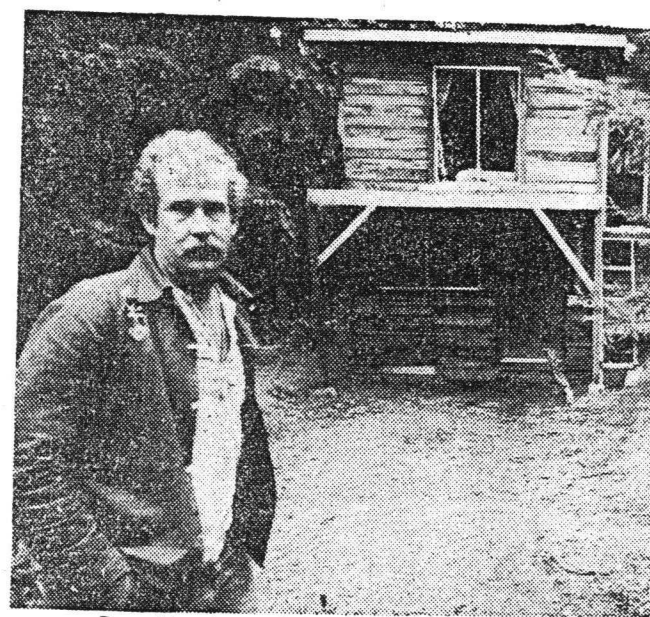
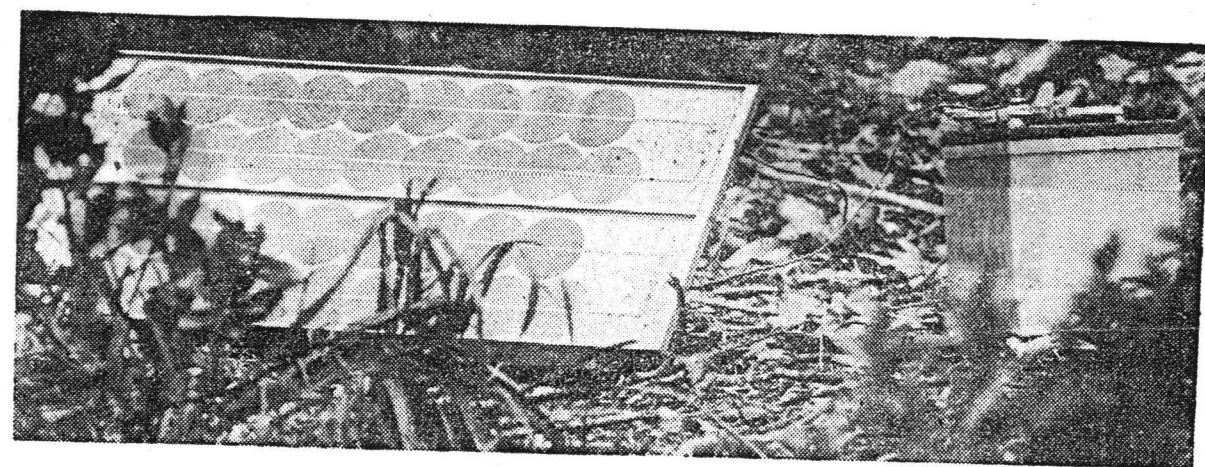
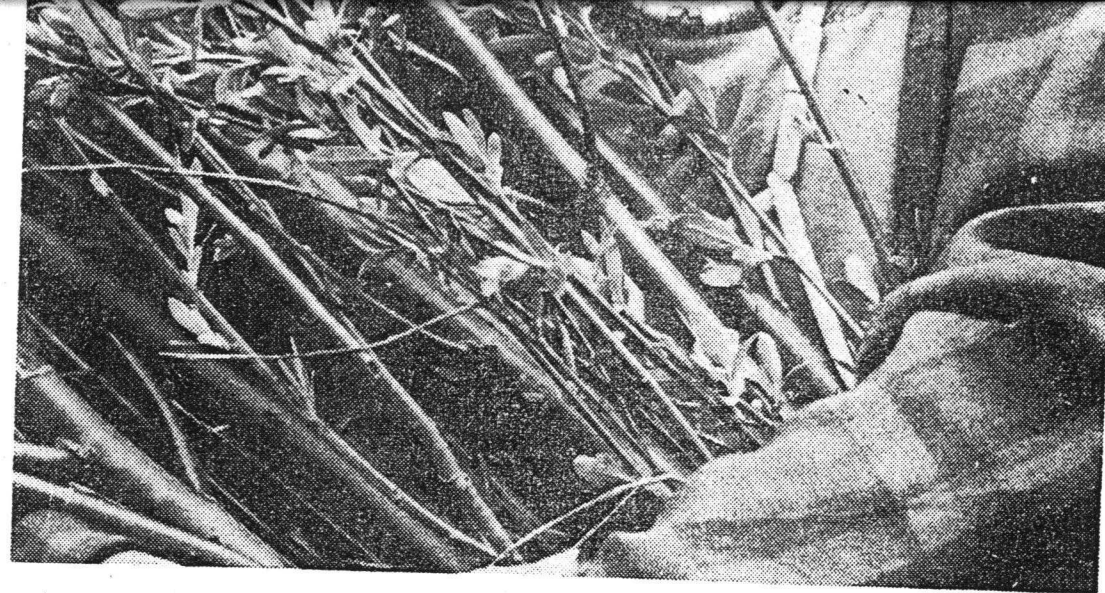
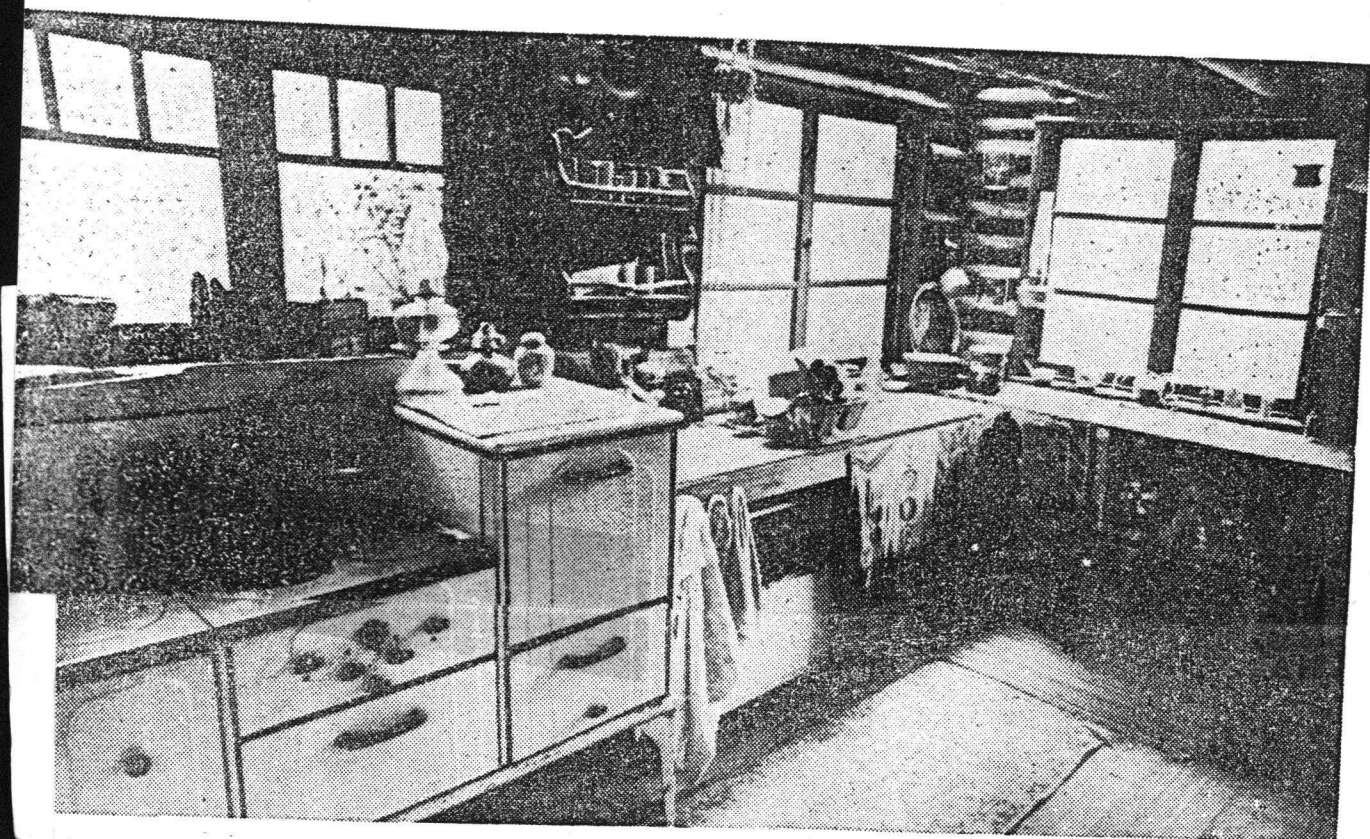


Last Chance, a community hidden deep within forested hills and dales above Davenport, is a world all its own.
It's a world untouched by telephones, where neighbors visit in person to discover the news of the day.
It's a world where unpaved roads sometimes make the going a bit rough, where families sit and talk at night because there's no television, where conventional electricity and flushing toilets don't exist.
It's home for those who sought a feeling of community, a chance to build the way a man wants his place to be, and an opportunity to attempt new ways, to create energy and dispose of wastes.
It's an enviable place where children can smell the flowers, where people wave and smile at each other, where a cake bakes in a old-fashioned stove for a community feast, where basketball is a scene of fun and not rivalry, where there is a sense of harmony few locales can claim.
Last Chance might not be the right community for everyone, but those who live there feel it may be their last chance to create the kind of world in which they wish to live.
For the complete story of this unique community, see page 1.
—DENISE SIEBENTHAL



Photos by Bill Lovejoy



Don Harris and the home he built. At right, Janice Shashona hugs Acacia Smith.

