

04/27/2021

I don't really know where to begin. Some of this story has nothing to do with scouting. Some of this did not happen on scouting property, however since it still involved a scout member and since all of the other incidents tie in it is all part of the story.

In the summer of 1973, I was attacked by a bobcat and lost my left eye. I was eventually fitted with what was called a "conformer." It was a semi disc shaped piece of frosted plastic fitted to my eye socket that had two holes in the front to allow venting. It was like something from a horror movie and all of the kids in school never let me forget it for one second.

I was an immediate outcast. The butt of every joke. My eye was a constant source of contention for me and a constant source of entertainment for them. I was always small for my size as well, so I was never chosen for sports and the like. Even teachers sometimes even made fun of me.

I suppose the abuse end of things all began about 1975. Daddy had what they called a "nervous breakdown" back then and was in the psychiatric ward at the local hospital. I was 10 and in the fifth grade. My best childhood friend lived up the street and had an older brother. They were both involved heavily in outdoor activities like fishing and hunting with their father. Both boys were involved in scouting at as early an age as was possible.

It all started when the older brother came to visit one day and wanted to play "cops and robbers". I found this strange at first, as he never participated before with any activities any of us other neighborhood children did. The games went on, because with everything going on with Daddy, I needed attention from an older male and suddenly, here it was. This went on several months before getting to be a sexual nature.

The last time this happened was at a boy scout camp. This was the last place I expected or even thought about him being. But I was wrong. The very first night, the boys in the troop had decided they were going to go get a canoe or two and go out on the lake. All but me. I was left behind, because I was the one who never fit in. I didn't care. I was glad to stay behind.

[REDACTED]

The next morning, at breakfast, all of the other scouts were laughing and snickering at me. I think to this day, they somehow knew what happened. After breakfast, we got ready to go on a five mile run.

[REDACTED]

Once I finally got back, it was pretty obvious everyone knew. I was again the butt of all the jokes. I made the decision not to finish scouting and I didn't. This is also about the same time the abuse stopped. I believe that he finished scouting and earned Eagle Scout.

We had a yard swing in the front yard. My sister and I enjoyed taking turns swinging and listening to our radio. When I was out and he would drive by with his friends in the car. I could always depend on one of them yelling "FAGGOT" out the window. Yes, they all knew. Even after the abuse, I still was not free. Thank God we did go to different schools. His parents were more well off, so they went to a private school.

Another piece to the puzzle is Mama was diagnosed with stage 3 breast cancer in the mid 70s. She was in and out of the hospital until her death in 1984. So I was being abused in the worst possible way. He knew of all the family troubles. Daddy in the hospital. Mama's cancer and yet he kept right on doing what he was doing.

The BSA and all involved need to know this is about so much more than a legal bankruptcy. This is about a breach of trust of what was supposed to be one of the most trustworthy organizations in the world. It was not so for me and thousands of others. The BSA needs to do what's right and not what's right for them.

Sincerely yours,

[REDACTED]

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