

Appendix 19 to  
*THE HISTORY OF CHEHAW COUNCIL*

**Virginia's Letter  
to Mr. Potter**

The source and date of this letter is unknown. It appears to be addressed to Mr. Potter for whom Camp Potter is named.

## VIRGINIA'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Potter:

My husband returned home Monday from his vacation in North Carolina. He has been in Scouting for nearly 10 years, and I have spent lonely nights and put up with strange antics without complaint for the sake of our boy and our community,

But something has happened and the children and I are frightened. Frankly, we have about decided that Bill has slipped a cog or lost his marbles. However, before calling in outside help, we decided to write you as we understand you were rather closely related to Bill during his vacation.

Bill seemed so happy when he got home Monday that we all decided his trip was well worth the sacrifice. But about bedtime it all started - and I shudder as I try to recall it all for you.

First, he insisted on crackers, bologna and cheese served in a barrel. Now that may not seem very strange to you, but Bill never eats bologna. Then just before we went to bed, he ran out in the yard a few minutes; then dashed in saying; "We gotta hurry, the horn blows at 11:00. That was when I first suspected he had begun to crack. Everyone knows that Jack Benny's show was "The Horn Blows at Midnight". However, I was somewhat relieved when I realized that you might have slow or fast time in North Carolina - with all the daylight saving time confusion. Next he informed us there was to be absolutely no noise from 11:00 p. m. to 7:00 a. m. or some SPL might hear us (I'm not sure if SPL is a title or profanity - so forgive me) so we all tiptoed to bed and never said a word. Bill turned and tossed for hours until he finally threw a blanket on the floor and was snoring in no time.

Next morning I was getting breakfast about 6:45 and he hollered down to quit rattling these dishes until 7:00 o'clock, not to worry, he would carry water in as soon as he came down. Exactly at 7:00 he called down and said, "Okay, they can't say anything now".

Bill never eats breakfast but he made us all get around the table at exactly 8:00 a. m., whent Yip-Yip-Yip, said grace, and gobbled up two eggs, toast, cereal, juice and coffee. Then he jumped up, grabbed the dishes and started washing them. I could have stood that shock but he kept muttering about filling the water pails, cleaning the grounds, but not too clean, cleaning the latrine, etc. After a hectic half hour he dashed upstairs, said he had to get his tent ready.

Oh yes, I forgot to add that he insisted on setting two extra places at the table each meal. He insists I prepare coffee in an old tin can over an open fire in the back yard. At 8:50 he came bounding down the stairs singing something about "not being able to work any more and going to work a ticket". That scared us to death but later on when I called the office they said he was there all right. But at 4:30 p. m. he rushed in with a wooden box full of groceries and insisted on cooking supper and he had never cooked a meal before in his life.

Mr. Potter. he seems to be living in a strange world - he has a distant look in his eye - keeps muttering strange words and does the craziest things. For instance, everytime he looks at his watch he says, "I don't believe it". He hasn't changed clothes all week; says he only has one set of badges. Several mornings after starting for work, he rushed back into the house saying, "I forgot the darn flag", or "Where is that spade?", and Mr. Potter, what is a cooko horn? The other day our boy whacked on the house with a stick and Bill said "Those darn Beavers!" There hasn't been a zoo in our town for years. Now I ask you, are those the actions of a sane man?

But that's not all - the neighbors are complaining that he flashes lights at the stars, lays on the ground with a little stick and squints at the trees. Every time a stream liner goes by and honks, he snaps to attention. He has his room full of a collection of old stones, bugs and weeds, goodness knows what.

He insists on walking everywhere he goes, the other day he walked down the street with me, and every other step he would say 5, 10 15 20, etc. But the last straw was when he started carrying an old piece of rope around with him, taking it apart and putting it back together again.

Please Mr. Potter, is that Scouting? Our boy is just turning 11 and I must know before it is too late. And what does this wooden badge have to do with it? It sure sounds nutty to me. Can you help us - we are so worried.

Anxiously yours,

Virginia