CONFIDENTIAL RECORD SHEET
DIVISION OF MISCONDUCT
N.J.C.

DATE 1, August 1961

Full Name Michael Kendrick Boggess
(Give initials if you can possibly get full name)

Address (Post Stockade, Fort George G. Meade, Md.) 1700 Oakview Road

City Ashland State Kentucky (Boyd County)

Age 15 Sept. (Born) 1936 (This is important and should be sought)

Approximate age (To be used ONLY when exact age is not known)

Religion unknown Nationality U.S.

Occupation Merchant Seaman, Part Time School Teacher

Education Eighth Grade - Trenton, New Jersey

Weight 123 Color Cau. Ht. 5' 4½"

Color of hair black Color eyes brown

Outstanding characteristics or interests

Married or single single Children none
(Number, ages, and names, if possible)

Wife's name N/A

SCOUTING CONNECTIONS:

Unit #	City	State	Office	Date reg'd.	Date resigned

Not precisely known, but probably in Ashland, Kentucky or Trenton, N.J.

Special recognition Claims to be former Scoutmaster and Cubmaster

Recommended for Confidential File for following reasons: This individual was convicted of desertion and fraudulent enlistment by Army General Court-Martial and his approved sentence includes a Bad Conduct Discharge and confinement for one year. He has submitted a statement in which he admits he has been a homosexual since the age of 10. He states he has engaged in these practices with young boys under his control.

Signed Walter Winter
Deputy Director Conservation

The statements of this individual are somewhat suspect, however there is no clear reason why he should claim homosexual tendencies unless that is true. Other information in file indicates he spent some time in Abilene, Texas.

(D-118)

Baltimore Area Council

306 NORTH CHARLES ST.
BALTIMORE 1, MARYLAND

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Aug. 8, 1961

Dear Bay:-

Am enclosing two confidential reports. Attached to the record sheet of M. K. Boggess is the "story of his life". All the information including this copy was furnished me by the Judge Advocate of the Second Army. Fortunately he was not registered with us and I would presume that since he has been at Ft. Meade for some time he is not presently registered. However, during the time he spent with the Judge Advocate he admitted to have had Scouting connections and mentioned in his story. Since the Judge Advocate is a friend of ours he thought we should have this information. As he says in his report, he may be untruthful but he sees no reason for it.

The other also an army man, is now in confinement and was previously registered with us

Always Ed

— MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST —

August 11, 1961

Mr. J. Edward Minister
Deputy Scout Executive
Baltimore Area Council, No. 220
102 Morris Building
Baltimore 1, Maryland

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL
Re: Clifford Kenneth Boggess
and Robert Bucey

Dear Ed:

This will acknowledge the receipt of the information concerning Mr. Boggess and Mr. Bucey. We have placed the information in our file and marked our records accordingly.

Sincerely yours,
PERSONNEL DIVISION

Basil F. Stanley
Director of Registration

BFS:mlk

I hope you will understand that my writing this is both sickening and degrading for me. Therefore I am going to try to the best of my ability to reconstruct my life from about the age of ten. Chronologically it will be more than likely confusing.

About 1947 I was living with my mother and father in Ashland, a small north-eastern mountain town in Kentucky. I start my story in this year because of something I think has a significant bearing on my case. In order to understand some of my actions in years following this incident it is necessary for you to know that my family was and still is to a certain extent one of the old traditional southern aristocracy. My great-grandfather was one of the first pioneers brought into Kentucky by Daniel Boone. He settled and carved a huge plantation out of the Kentucky forests with his bare hands. My grandfather in his younger days ran this plantation, complete with slaves, etc. In his later years he financed the first telephone system into our section of the state. He was duly elected president of the company and remained so until his death in the late 1930's. He also has the distinction of building the first toll bridge over the Ohio River in our city, and running it for a profit until his death when he willed the bridge and surrounding property to the city of Ashland. My own father was a fairly well known civil engineer, having successfully designed and built the Jersey Turnpike, and other toll roads.

So in the following story I am sure you will understand some of the pressures and stands taken by my mother. Also the pressures of my own conscience.

In (1946?) I was just 10 years old and like most 10 year old boys I wanted extra money. Money for movies, candy, etc., and my father believing I should work for my money arranged with an editor friend of his on the Ashland Daily Independent a job for me. That of delivering the early morning newspaper in our neighborhood. This of course delighted me as you had to have a bicycle, and up to that time I had been asking for one for quite some time. My father arranged a deal between myself and a sporting goods store manager in Ashland. I was to pay for the bike myself out of my own earnings. Good psychology I guess, and I of course was elated as only a ten year old boy can be when he receives his first bike. Plus I had the added distinction of being the only boy in my small group of friends who had actually bought their own bike.

Well suffice it to say my newspaper route was a whopping success. The only drawbacks being, having to wake up at 4:00 o'clock every morning and delivering papers down some very dark and deserted streets. You see we

wary but I did as he directed and parked my bike in a stand of beechnut, I remember it was beechnut because of the sounds of the nuts crunching under my feet. Then he asked me to come with him into the woods and he would tell me what it was I had to do. Believe me he had to use persuasion to get me into those dark woods. Finally I consented and with his arm around me we started into the woods. After about a hundred yards we came to a tree that was snagged and leaning on a precarious angle. Behind this tree was another tree lying flat on the ground. He said he was tired and sat down. Me being in no particular hurry joined him. After a few minutes I asked if he first couldn't tell me what I had to do and let me be on my way as I had to finish my route. He told me to stand up and come around in front of him. Then he started to feel my penis holding me with one ham-like hand and kneading my penis with his other. I still didn't know what he was doing and he kept asking me if I liked it. Something kept telling me to get out of there and I tried to get free telling him I didn't like it. Then surprisingly enough he stopped and said I know what you'll like, and then demanded I take down my pants. He still had hold of me and I realized I couldn't get away from him so I complied. He then pulled down my underwear and reaching an arm around my back he pulled me towards him and lowered his head. Putting my penis in his mouth he started to suck on it. Somehow I knew I must get away from this man and get back on the road. Waiting for my chance the man started behaving like a wildman, groaning, and gasping. I became petrified, I couldn't hardly move. Suddenly I jerked free and tripped over my pants, I was up like a flash pulling my pants up as I ran through the woods. Somehow I must have circled around because there in front of me was the fallen log and leaning tree. I didn't see or hear the man but I knew he was somewhere in the area. I started backing into the clearing by the fallen long and then I turned around and almost ran smack into the man, who was leaning against the fallen tree. I never saw a meaner looking face in my life. I turned and started backing away from him and at that moment he leaped across the leaning tree, the tree cracked and fell. I must have fainted because the next thing I know is looking up into a flashlight held by a policeman. I learned later they had caught the man. After hearing this my mother was infuriated and demanded that my father press charges which he reluctantly did. We were going to have to appear in court against this man and my father seeing the fear in my face promised to buy me a jews harp if I would go through with it.

Well the trial was held at the:

Cattlesbury Court House
Cattlesbury, Kentucky
(Boyd County)

In June of 1948 I was elated to learn that we were moving to New Jersey. My father was going to work at Ft Dix as a civil engineer and we were going to live in Trenton. After we got settled I started going to work on the base with my father on Saturdays. I found that my cigarettes and candy scheme worked just as well with the children of service personnel and best of all we were in a different area each week. Could never get caught, or so I thought.

One day I had enticed with cigarettes a little boy of about eight. We were in the woods and I had his pants down sucking his penis. I happened to look up and there was a sergeant staring at me, evidently the boy's father. I bolted, but he was faster and collared me. I hated him, he was going to have me put in reform school, and I hated him more because of my father's embarrassment. Another spanking, but that was all.

After this incident I started running away from home. At school I organized a german youth movement which was broken up by the:

Hamilton Township Police Dept.
Broad Street
Trenton, New Jersey

I used to love having to go to the juvenile shelter because of the boys I would get to have relations with. So until I was sixteen I was in trouble constantly. I'll backtrack a few years to about '51 when upon the advice of the court my parents started taking me to a psychiatrist:

Dr. Tenny
Mercer County Psychiatric Clinic
Mercer Hospital
Trenton, New Jersey

I was about the most uncooperative little brat that Dr. Tenney had ever had and after going to him for about 2 years he gave up. What conclusions he drew I don't know my mother never told me.

When I turned of age I jointed the service, and started looking for satisfaction with the troops. I was duly discharged for enuresis and then started a series of enlistments. For some reason I couldn't bring myself to approach any of the men while I was in the service. However in the summers I worked at boys camps and it wasn't difficult to persuade a young boy into my sleeping bag, wait until he was asleep, and then satisfy myself. In the winters I had a boy scout troop and again persuasion wasn't difficult. I used to [illegible] down the highway on my vacations, which I usually took in Florida [illegible] young hitch hiker to pick up. I remembered when I had run [illegible] and was cold and hungry how I had [illegible] that [illegible] picked up [illegible].

[illegible] didn't come through until I started [illegible] at a school [illegible] Rehabilitation. There were hundreds of young [illegible] of [illegible] and built [illegible] neighborhood [illegible] and play with his penis and then [illegible] and [illegible] until my arrest [illegible]

I could [illegible] and I don't [illegible] and women. I wasn't even [illegible] I [illegible] to [illegible] life [illegible] I [illegible] more [illegible] I [illegible] know more [illegible]