

# Affidavit

I, Richard Hayes Phillips, Ph.D., am a sexual abuse survivor. Those words are hard for me to say.

The criteria set forth in the Sexual Abuse Survivor Proof of Claim against the Boy Scouts of America and Delaware BSA, LLC (Chapter 11, Case No. 20-10343) state the following, in relevant part:

**“sexual abuse** means, with respect to a child under the age of eighteen (18) at the time of the sexual abuse, . . . sexual conduct or misconduct, . . . sexual touching, . . . regardless of whether the child thought the behavior was sexual abuse at the time. Sexual abuse includes behavior . . . between a child and another child, . . . without regard to whether such activity involved explicit force, whether such activity involved genital or other physical contact, and whether the child associated the abuse with any physical, psychological, or emotional harm. It involves behaviors including penetration or fondling of the child’s body . . .”

I was sexually abused not once, but twice, at Camp Boyhaven, near Middle Grove, in the Town of Milton, Saratoga County, New York. Camp Boyhaven was owned by the Schenectady County Council (now part of Twin Rivers Council). The perpetrators, in both incidents, were other Boy Scouts, not adults, and for this reason I mistakenly thought for fifty years that I had no grievance against the Boy Scouts of America.

These were sexual assaults. I was taken by brute force. Here is the narrative, in graphic detail.

I was born in Schenectady, New York on 17 September 1951, and attended public schools there until my graduation in 1969 from Linton High School (now Schenectady High School).

It is important to understand that I was always the littlest boy in my class. In Junior High School I weighed about seventy pounds. When I graduated High School I weighed about one hundred pounds.

I joined the Cub Scouts, Pack 1, in September 1959, at the age of eight. Three years later I joined the Boy Scouts, Troop 18, in September 1962, at the age of eleven. I earned the rank of Life Scout in less than two years, and I earned the Religion in Life medal from Rev. Bill Gold at the Unitarian-Universalist Church. I was still in Troop 18 when I attended the National Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, 17 July 1964 – 23 July 1964. Within a year I had transferred to Troop 7, which met at Zoller School in Schenectady. After that my fortunes began to change.

It was almost certainly the next summer when the first sexual assault took place. The boys of Troop 7 were attending Camp Boyhaven for one week. One night my tent mate, whose name was Carl, sexually propositioned me, which I declined. Later that week I walked in on a game of strip poker in one of the Boy Scout tents. A boy named Joe Rosch was there. I was told that he organized it. That is when I first met him. He was not a member of my troop, which means that his own tent was somewhere else at Camp Boyhaven, or else he was in a lean-to with the provisional troop. He was an outsider, corrupting our troop. I never did report what I had seen, but I did get him to spell his name. [ That is how I was able to track him down fifty-five years later. ] One day I made a lewd remark. Upon that pretext, Joe and Carl took hold of me and dragged me behind another tent where we would not be seen by anyone approaching the campsite. Joe forcibly held me down, on my knees, while Carl tried to stuff his erect penis into my mouth. I managed to escape by biting it, which I warned him I would do.

I really thought this was all my fault. I had made a lewd remark, so I thought I deserved the abuse. Moreover, Carl was my tent mate. I had to sleep in the same tent with him, albeit on separate cots. I was in no position to report the abuse. I told no one. But I was severely damaged.

This was my initiating sexual experience. Forcible sodomy. I thought I was now a homosexual. And I thought that this is how homosexuals approach each other, one forcing himself upon the other.

Joseph P. Rosch now lives in Port Orange, Florida. He is easy to find on the internet. He is the younger brother of the former Rev. James Rosch, who was 31 years old when he abused an "older teenager" in 1978. For this, James Rosch was defrocked, permanently removed from the ministry, in 2002.

[http://www.bishop-accountability.org/news3/2002\\_07\\_23\\_Tilghman\\_ParishRallies\\_James\\_Rosch\\_1.htm](http://www.bishop-accountability.org/news3/2002_07_23_Tilghman_ParishRallies_James_Rosch_1.htm)

The above cited article states: "Some St. Joseph's parishioners said they believed that Rosch's sexual misconduct involved a single incident with an older teenager that occurred 24 years ago."

Really? Only one? Does anybody really believe that? What, did he learn this from his younger brother? Upon information and belief, it is more likely that the younger brother learned this from the older brother. James Rosch may have already been molesting younger boys in 1965, at which time I was sexually assaulted by his younger brother, Joseph P. Rosch, behind the tent at Camp Boyhaven.

James Rosch was still "a chaplain for the Boy Scouts program in the early 1980s"-- after this "single incident" took place. For the record, he says he was ordained in 1972, and first served as a pastor in Scotia, New York.

[http://www.bishop-accountability.org/news3/2004\\_03\\_11\\_Bolton\\_PriestsRemoval\\_James\\_Rosch\\_2.htm](http://www.bishop-accountability.org/news3/2004_03_11_Bolton_PriestsRemoval_James_Rosch_2.htm)

It turns out that James Rosch's victim was "a 13- or 14-year-old boy". How does this count as an "older teenager"? Is this a way to deny that he is a pedophile, because his victim might have reached puberty? I note that I was 13 or 14 years old when I was sexually assaulted by James Rosch's younger brother.

[https://poststar.com/news/local/bishop-rosch-accused-of-sexually-abusing-boy/article\\_2df523b6-625d-5394-a6f7-f8f5f0e0f416.html](https://poststar.com/news/local/bishop-rosch-accused-of-sexually-abusing-boy/article_2df523b6-625d-5394-a6f7-f8f5f0e0f416.html)

Here is the proof that James Rosch's victim was a Boy Scout in the Schenectady County Council. "Rosch met the boy when serving as a chaplain to a Scotia-area Boy Scout troop. The boy was a member of the troop and was a teen-ager at the time of the alleged abuse"

[https://poststar.com/news/local/lawyer-rosch-abused-client/article\\_7f79ae2e-3e46-5118-8541-eb22757b5d16.html](https://poststar.com/news/local/lawyer-rosch-abused-client/article_7f79ae2e-3e46-5118-8541-eb22757b5d16.html)

It would be interesting to examine the records and find out when Rev. James Rosch first became a chaplain for the Boy Scouts, and if he was ever a Boy Scout himself, and if he had any connection with the Boy Scouts in the interim. Upon information and belief, those records have been destroyed. I was informed over the phone by Ruth LaCoss, Office Manager, Twin Rivers Council, that their records do not go back that far -- something about a flood in a basement. The occasion for my phone call was to prove what merit badges I had earned. I was told that there is no record of my ever having been a Boy Scout.

I find four "ineligible volunteers" from Schenectady (none from Scotia) in the "Perversion Files" – plus one from Cohoes, in Albany County, who sexually abused several boys at Camp Boyhaven. The opening dates for their files are 11 July 1986, 16 September 1986, 26 September 1986, 5 August 1988, and 25 January 1989 – a rather brief time period. This explains why the case of Rev. James Rosch, circa 1978, does not appear in the Boy Scout files. His name does appear in the files of the Catholic Church.

<https://spreadsheets.latimes.com/boyscouts-cases/>

<https://www.jamesmarshlaw.com/sexual-abusers/>

Here is the proof that James and Joseph are brothers:

<https://www.newspapers.com/clip/40209384/obituary-for-frank-j-rosch-aged-74/>

[https://lmtribune.com/northwest/ann-rosch-80-mother-of-lewiston-resident/article\\_8f726c42-7a1f-53c5-8041-a6edfd66bf7c.html](https://lmtribune.com/northwest/ann-rosch-80-mother-of-lewiston-resident/article_8f726c42-7a1f-53c5-8041-a6edfd66bf7c.html)

Back to my story. In the summer of 1966 I went to Philmont Boy Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. It was the high point of my years as a Scout, and the beginning of my love for the southwest. I pray that when these bankruptcy proceedings are over, the Boy Scouts get to keep this beautiful ranch.

In the summer of 1967 I was a member of the Scout Training Advanced Group, or the Stag Program, as it was known. Sixteen boys, eight at a time, were housed in one bunkhouse for four-week periods while being trained to become future Camp Boyhaven staff members. This is when and where the second sexual assault took place. One night, with absolutely no provocation, Mike Feigenheimer and Paul F. Boyarin forced me onto a table, face up, held me down, stripped me of my clothing, fondled my genitals, and smeared my genitals with a popsicle. Their intention was to humiliate me. I do not know if they achieved any sexual gratification. Three of the other Stags joined in, taking turns holding me down and fondling my genitals, which makes this a gang molestation. I do not remember their names, and I cannot now ascertain their names because, upon information and belief, the official records have been destroyed. The other two Stags, whose names were Jim Anderson and Kurt Erickson, stood motionless in an open doorway. It is my sense of the situation that Anderson (the taller one) was protecting Erickson (the littler one), and that they did not want to run for help because they felt I would be in less danger if there were witnesses to the abuse. Indeed, I might have been sexually penetrated if these two Scandinavian boys had not been there. I distinctly remember Paul Boyarin exposing himself, and others may have done so also. Bear in mind that this was the elite group – the future Boy Scout leaders.

I believe that if I had reported that sexual assault, the gang molestation, Anderson and Erickson would have backed me up. It is too late now. Kurt Erickson died in 2006 at the age of 54. I am a musician, and he was a music promoter. We both worked for watershed organizations and land trusts. It is one of my regrets in life that I never saw him again after the summer of 1967.

<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/pressdemocrat/obituary.aspx?n=kurt-erickson&pid=20292663>

Jim Anderson appears in the Burnt Hills-Ballston Lake High School yearbooks for 1969 (pages 85, 119) and 1970 (pages 44, 104). The photos can be found in a database entitled "U.S., School Yearbooks, 1900-1999", recently posted online at [www.ancestry.com](http://www.ancestry.com) He was Junior Class President, and was voted Most Likely to Succeed. His name is too common for me to locate him easily.

I have absolutely no memory of what happened after the gang molestation. No doubt I was in shock. I do remember planning my escape from the bunkhouse while the sexual assault was taking place. I must have grabbed my clothing, run out the side door beside my bunk, dressed in the woods, and spent the night outdoors without a jacket or a blanket. Even if I had found the courage to report the sexual assault to Dave Reynolds, the Camp Director, it was dark outside, and I didn't have a flashlight.

I stayed on at Camp Boyhaven because I was in training to become a staff member, and because I wanted to be an Eagle Scout. The clock was ticking. I was nearly sixteen. I still needed two merit badges – Lifesaving and Personal Fitness. Gene Altman, the Lifesaving instructor at Camp Boyhaven, had told me I was too small to earn the Lifesaving merit badge, but I was a determined little boy. I had four weeks to prove myself. During the last week, I was the one who Gene Altman called upon to demonstrate how to haul in a drowning man, on his back, my arm around him, my hip underneath him, swimming on my side. Gene was a big man, twice my size, but I had learned my lessons well. He also taught me how to restrain a drowning man with flailing arms by approaching him from behind, wrapping my arms around his torso and his upper arms, and interlocking my fingers so he cannot break my hold. [ A few years ago, in Granville, New York, I used this very technique to stop an attempted murder, restraining the assailant before he could strike another blow to the head with the leg of a broken table. ]

But when I got home from Camp Boyhaven, I was haunted by the gang molestation. I started to smoke marijuana. I became less interested in the Boy Scouts. I skipped troop meetings. All I wanted was to earn the Personal Fitness merit badge and become an Eagle Scout. It was hard for me to do. I was small for my age. [ But I have remained fit enough to serve twenty-four years on an Adirondack trail crew, using hand tools to clear hiking trails in the High Peaks with youngsters one-third my age. ]

Part of me still wanted to be on the Camp Boyhaven staff the next summer, so I applied for the position. But another part of me was worried, correctly, that some of my sexual assailants would be on the staff. If I did not submit the application I would have to explain why not, and I had told no one, not even my own family, about the gang molestation. No one seemed to sense that anything was wrong.

On 12 February 1968 I was arrested for marijuana, along with my sister and my first girlfriend. Fifteen police officers from four different agencies ransacked our house in search of a fifteen-dollar bag. I was charged with two first-degree felonies, facing a possible eight to twenty years in jail. It was a big deal. We were the first ones arrested in Schenectady County. It was all over the newspapers, the radio, and the television. Mr. Beck, the Scoutmaster of Troop 7, showed up unannounced at our house, briefcase in hand, looking like the little man in the movie "A Raisin in the Sun" who tries to convince Sidney Poitier and his black family to move out of the heretofore all-white neighborhood. I knew why he had come. I was kicked out of Troop 7. I took this to mean I had lost my membership in the Boy Scouts of America.

I had met the requirements to become an Eagle Scout, but those last two merit badges were never awarded. Why not? I was no threat to anyone. I had smoked marijuana maybe six or eight times, with my girlfriend, my cousin, or my sister, sometimes alone, never once with another Boy Scout. Either it was *not* wrong to smoke marijuana, in which case Mr. Beck should have defended me, or it *was* wrong to smoke marijuana, in which case Mr. Beck should have stood by me and helped to straighten me out.

The rules state that no Eagle candidate will be denied if he meets all of the requirements before his eighteenth birthday, and he need not still be under eighteen when the award is presented.

<https://www.wpcbsa.org/eagle-scout-rank-process/>

I lacked the courage to fight back. I was a deeply traumatized boy. My self-esteem was destroyed. The pillars of the community told me I was a bad kid, I had ruined my life, I had no future, I could never amount to anything. No one asked why a nice kid with a clean record and all those merit badges had turned to marijuana in the first place. Giving up that easily was one of the worst mistakes of my life.

I never understood that I was only kicked out of one troop, and that I was still a member in good standing of the Boy Scouts of America. I called up Dave Eighmey, the man who would hire the Camp Boyhaven staff, and asked him to withdraw my application. I was in tears. He was the only one who stood by me. He kept my application on file in hopes that my case would be dismissed before he had to make his hiring decisions. It was not. Fifty-two years later I tracked him down. He lives in Fair Haven, Vermont. I called him up on the phone, in tears once more. It is never too late to say "thank you".

Paul Fred Boyarin went on to have a career as a policeman. He was Police Captain with the Schenectady Police Department, and was Chief of Police for the Village of Scotia.

<https://villageofscotia.org/village-government/departments/police/history/>

Mike Feigenheimer went on to become an Eagle Scout. The sexual assailant got the award, and the traumatized victim never did. He changed his name to Michael Rothschild, which is why I failed to track him down despite many years of trying. The obituary of his father, Max T. Feigenheimer, "formerly of Schenectady," contains the proof that he changed his name: "Max Feigenheimer was survived by his three sons: Michael Rothschild of Calif., Stephen Feigenheimer and Joel Feigenheimer of Boca Raton"

<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/timesunion-albany/obituary.aspx?n=max-t-feigenheimer&pid=1726775>

Armed with this information, I found Michael ~~Feigenheimer~~ Rothschild on facebook. Here he is, with that same look in his eyes. It is most disconcerting for me to see this picture, to face my assailant one more time. I wonder if it would be as disconcerting for him to face his accuser. This sexual predator graduated from both Harvard Law School and Harvard Business School. His victim lacked the self-esteem to seek a college degree until the age of 25.



<https://www.facebook.com/MichaelRothschildCA>

Presented here is my Linton High School yearbook photo, taken during my junior year, when I was sixteen years old, less than three years after the forcible sodomy, less than one year after the gang molestation, now facing two first-degree felony counts for marijuana, my last chance to become an Eagle Scout ripped away. Look carefully. See the fear in my facial expression. I was easy prey, and I knew it.



I don't want money from the Boy Scouts. **I want an apology** for creating an environment that allowed these sexual assaults to happen without educating the boys about the problem. **I want an apology** for my removal from Troop 7 on the eve of becoming an Eagle Scout without being told I could find another troop. And most of all, **I want the Eagle Scout award.** I can never have the Norman Rockwell ceremony depicted below. My mother and father have passed away. But the rank of Eagle cannot be revoked. The only way it could have been denied me was to refuse to award it in the first place. It is never too late to rectify an injustice.



Below are the requirements for Eagle Scout as written in the Boy Scout Handbook of 1966. My ten elective merit badges were, in this order: Stamp Collecting, Pets, Scholarship, Art, Astronomy, Music, Reading, Citizenship in the Home, Public Speaking, and Hiking. I was patrol leader, scribe, and den chief. I was a Life Scout for nearly four years, so I don't remember which service project was official. But when the time came to have that talk (see below), my Scoutmaster told me I had no future in Scouting. I had recurrent nightmares for three decades, well into middle age, about not becoming an Eagle Scout. That is how much it meant to me.

1. Earn a total of 21 merit badges, including the following that are required: Camping, Cooking, Citizenship in the Community, Citizenship in the Nation, Nature, Soil and Water Conservation, Personal Fitness, First Aid, Swimming, Life-saving, and Safety. (Merit badges earned for Star and Life can be used for the Eagle total).
2. While a Life Scout, serve actively as a troop warrant officer (patrol leader, senior patrol leader, assistant senior patrol leader, junior assistant Scoutmaster, instructor, scribe, quartermaster, librarian, den chief) for a period of not less than 6 months.
3. While a Life Scout, plan, develop, and carry out a service project helpful to your church, synagogue, school, or community approved in advance by your Scoutmaster.
4. After completing the above requirements, meet with your Scoutmaster in a personal conference. At this meeting, complete to his satisfaction the following:
  - a. Discuss your ideas about the meaning of the Scout Oath (or Promise), the Law, motto, and slogan. Give examples to show that you do your best to live up to these ideals in your daily activities.
  - b. Talk over your future in Scouting and what earning the Eagle Scout rank means to you.

I cannot prove that I earned even one of these merit badges. When I telephoned the Albany Office of the Twin Rivers Council, I was told that all official records from the time period in question have been destroyed. This is quite convenient for the pedophiles, and one more traumatic experience for me. But under the law, as I understand it, this Affidavit now becomes the best evidence. I ask for relief from the Court if the Twin Rivers Council will not grant it voluntarily. Recognition is worth more than money.

To this I swear and affirm,

Sworn and subscribed to before me

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Richard Hayes Phillips, Ph.D.



# Addendum

The Sexual Abuse Survivor Proof of Claim against the Boy Scouts of America and Delaware BSA, LLC (Chapter 11, Case No. 20-10343) asks how the plaintiff was impacted, harmed, damaged or injured by the sexual abuse suffered as a child (pages 10-11). Checking six of the nine boxes is not sufficient. Neither do I wish to provide a narrative. I am more comfortable writing a list with brief explanations. Most of these injuries were, or are, of a lasting nature.

- humiliation : this was the immediate result of the sexual abuse
- feeling numb : this was the coping mechanism that enabled me to stay on at Camp Boyhaven and pursue the Eagle Scout award in the immediate aftermath of gang molestation
- dissociation: the gang molestation happened there, the merit badge gets earned here
- substance abuse : when the numbness wore off, I started smoking marijuana; I would call this use, not abuse; it truly was self-medication; I desperately needed to feel better
- post traumatic stress : this condition lasts a lifetime, and needs no diagnosis; it began with the sexual abuse at Camp Boyhaven, and was exacerbated by my arrest for marijuana and for this reason being kicked out of my Boy Scout troop on the eve of becoming an Eagle Scout
- resentment : my sexual assailant received the Eagle Scout award, and his traumatized victim did not; I have carried this resentment for fifty years; the only remedy is for the Twin Rivers Council and the Boy Scouts of America to belatedly recognize my achievement
- anger : for more than twenty years I oftentimes could not control my anger; when the immediate cause is exceeded by the degree of anger, I now recognize it as having triggered my post traumatic stress disorder; rather than ask for medication, I do my best to face it down
- isolating myself : to control my anger I walk away from personal conflict, and to this day I spend as much time as possible in the woods; I wrote these song lyrics more than thirty years later:

The leaves are falling on the stream.  
The current carries them away,  
Becoming like my fading dreams  
More distant with each passing day.  
My life is never what it seems.  
I dare not trust what people say.

But I find solace in these woods.  
There is no one to harm me here,  
Where maple, beech and birch have stood  
In silence for so many years,  
Where every change is for the good,  
I feel no sorrow, shed no tears.

- intimate relationships : I still cannot initiate intimate relationships; I cannot approach others in that way; they have to approach me
- survivor's guilt : I am coping with feelings of guilt for not having reported these sexual assaults and thereby "saving" subsequent victims from the same fate, even though I knew then and I know now that it would not have made any difference to an organization more concerned with its own reputation than with the safety of the children entrusted to its care

To this I swear and affirm,

Sworn and subscribed to before me

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Richard Hayes Phillips, Ph.D.

# Motivation

The reader may want to know what motivated me, so many years after the fact, to come forward with these revelations against the Twin Rivers Council and the Boy Scouts under their supervision.

I never set out to investigate the Boy Scouts. I did not know about the Child Victims Act, or the temporary waiver of the statute of limitations, or the impending legal deadline. I just wanted to be recognized as an Eagle Scout.

While searching online for music videos from the sixties and very late fifties I came upon what had been my favorite song from the summer of 1966. I vividly remembered singing it with another Boy Scout at the Philmont Boy Scout Ranch, and I began searching for Philmont memorabilia. I purchased a Philmont belt on 9 June 2020, to replace the one I had lost long ago. While I was surfing the web a frequently asked question appeared on the screen: “can eagle scout be revoked”

I clicked on this, and one thing led to another. I found that any Boy Scout who meets the written requirements for Eagle Scout before his eighteenth birthday shall receive the award no matter what, that it need not be presented before he turns eighteen, and that it can never be revoked for any reason.

It suddenly seemed possible that I could receive the Eagle Scout award that had been denied me when I got arrested for marijuana in 1968. I called up the Albany Office of the Twin Rivers Council on or about 10 June 2020, expecting to obtain from their files written proof of the merit badges I had earned. I was told that their records “do not go back that far”. Their excuse was that the records had been destroyed by “a flood in a basement”, which sounded to me like “the dog ate my homework”. I was told, if I recall correctly, that the earliest birth date on record for a Boy Scout named Richard Phillips was 1969. He could not have become a Boy Scout until 1980. I asked: “So there is no record of my ever having been a Boy Scout?” I started to cry, and I explained why. I was told that even if I had been kicked out of one “unit”, I may have retained my membership in good standing with the Boy Scouts of America, and if so, I could have found another troop. This only made it worse, because I had not been told this at the time.

I tried to convince myself that the case was closed. I devoted the next few days to playing music. But the timeline ate away at me deep inside. I had looked at the “Perversion Files” when they were first made public, and the earliest entries for the Schenectady County Council were from 1986. I had deceived myself into thinking that we had dodged a bullet, that there were no pedophiles in our Council during my years in Scouting. Now I was not so sure, because all the records prior to 1980, and maybe more, had been destroyed.

I arrived at my Adirondack property on 18 June 2020, at which time I retrieved my Boy Scout Handbook to refresh my memory as to what merit badges I had earned. That night I began to search the web for the instigators of the two sexual assaults I had suffered at Camp Boyhaven. In three days’ time I had tracked down all three. One is the younger brother of a pedophile priest, one became Chief of Police, and one has changed his name. I shared these findings with a trusted friend, who told me I should “out” the information. I didn’t want to do it, but I knew he was right. I spent fifteen hours on 21 June 2020 drafting my single-spaced six-page affidavit, and I began searching for legal representation the next day.



# Notes

## Why I want to speak in public, and with journalists, about my claim

My victimization happened longer ago than most, so I can show how far back this goes, more than twenty years before the earliest Perversion Files for what became the Twin Rivers Council. I was silent far longer than most, so I can explain why so many victims make no report at the time, why it takes so long to come forward, and why the Child Victims Act needs to be extended. Almost every time I write the story another relevant detail comes to mind, not previously forgotten, but not in the forefront of my memory, not the first thing I think of, so I can defend other survivors against allegations that they are "changing their stories". There are things I still do not remember -- where I spent the night after the gang molestation, or any of my responsibilities during the last three weeks that I was a "Stag" -- so I know first-hand that a state of shock, feeling numb, in the immediate aftermath of a trauma, will prevent memories from forming. My assailants were not adults but fellow Scouts, which shows how the rape culture passes on down. They learned this somewhere. They were not born with it. And my story connects to the Catholic Church and the police department. "Everybody know and nobody tell."

My claim may be different than any of the others. This is powerful: I don't care about the money. I want to be recognized as an Eagle Scout. I have waited more than fifty-two years for this. The Twin Rivers Council can sign off on this, unprecedented though it may be. Upon careful reflection, I remember what merit badges I earned. The reason I cannot prove it is because the records have been destroyed. That is not my fault. The records were in their custody, not mine. I do not remember purchasing merit badges. My recollection is that the merit badge counselor signed a card or a form which was submitted to the Scoutmaster, and the merit badges were received at an awards ceremony during a monthly meeting of the full Boy Scout troop. I did not retain the documentation. The only proof a Boy Scout had, in our Council, was his merit badge sash. The public will understand why this matters so much to me, especially those who know what an impressive achievement it was to become an Eagle Scout. It was the highest honor a boy could set out to earn. How come my sexual assailant got the award, and his traumatized victim did not? I will have a much better chance of getting what I want if the press latches onto the story. I need to take control of the narrative.

My silence is no longer an option. The dam has broken. This flood of tears must not be cried in vain.

I did not earn the Public Speaking merit badge for nothing.

## How I can reconstruct a memory that never formed

Sometimes the lack of memory is the thing that provides the proof. In the summer of 1967 I was a member of the Scout Training Advanced Group, or the Stag Program, as it was known. The Stags in training to become Camp Boyhaven staff members worked in pairs, on a rotating basis, devoting one week each to four different endeavors. I have vivid recollections of running the rifle range, *and nothing else*. I do remember taking the Lifesaving class week after week, because I needed that merit badge to become an Eagle Scout. But I have absolutely no memory of any of my other duties as a Stag, even though I was proud of my position, which I had been aiming at for years. This tells me that the gang

molestation occurred about one week into my four-week stint, and that I was numb for three weeks' time. Other than the one night I must have spent in the woods, in the dark, without a jacket, a blanket, or a flashlight, I had to sleep in the same bunkhouse where the sexual assault took place, in the presence of all five of my assailants, for twenty nights, more or less, which I would not have been able to do were it not for the presence of the other two Stags who had been horrified witnesses to the abuse.

Corroborating evidence is provided by the phases of the moon. The summer season at Camp Boyhaven ended in late August. Our last day of duty as Stags would likely have been on Saturday, August 26. This would mean that I was sexually assaulted on or about August 5, the night of the new moon, when the forest would have been as dark as I remember, all night long. The timeline never lies.

I did not earn the Astronomy merit badge for nothing.

### **Why I am willing to provide my contact information**

New York courts have generally allowed survivors of childhood sexual abuse to use their initials to protect their identity, and I respect their right to make that decision. But for me it is not an option. I want everyone to be able to find me, to reach out to me, and to ask me to help in any way that I can, especially my fellow Boy Scouts whose childhood experience went so very wrong. Hopefully this will encourage others to come out of the darkness and into the light and begin the process of healing. This is not a fraternity that any of us wanted to join. But here we are, and we must come to terms with it.

We all have our tipping points. For me, it was the destruction of evidence. By purging the records of pedophiles in their midst, they eliminated the last vestiges of my childhood. Only by coming out in public can I reclaim the pride I once felt in being a Boy Scout. The shame is theirs, not mine.

I am a public man, with a long history of standing up to abuse of authority, protecting those in danger, and comforting the afflicted during and after the fact. I do not know how to go through life except in a meaningful way. I have nothing to hide, I am easy to find, and I hereby render a search unnecessary.

I did not earn the Citizenship in the Community merit badge for nothing.

Richard Hayes Phillips, Ph.D.  
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**One more thing:** A database entitled "U.S., School Yearbooks, 1900-1999" was recently posted online. For comparison, here is my assailant, then and now:

