



MURDER CARNAGE—The James A. Boies family met their nightmarish slaughter in this Crest-

line residence. The cabin — that was to be their new home — has remained unoccupied

since the four bodies were discovered on Aug. 16, 1963. The residence is isolated.

San Francisco Press

Murderer Walking Free But Search Never Ends

(This is the first in a series probing the murder of the James A. Boies family in a Crestline cabin last August, with previously uncollected details of the continuing investigation by Sheriff Frank Ward's staff.)

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A killer is walking free . . .
And that despite 25,000 man-hours in days devoted to solving the most mys-

terious, senseless multiple slaying in San Bernardino County's history.

Teams of detectives have been far-traveling 10,000 miles by car — or more than twice around the world — in 23 pieces of the puzzle into place. There has been progress.

The James A. Boies family is far from forgotten.

The sign tacked to a tree in front of the mountain cabin on Jungfrau Road reads: "The Boies." It's weather-beaten and faded, a silent monument to abandonment.

Up a winding dirt driveway, the Crestline cabin — that never really became

a home — sits nestled among the tall pines. It, too, looks forgotten.

No one has lived in the green and white trim structure since Aug. 15, 1963. That was 19 months ago, two days after the James A. Boies family moved into the new residence.

They loved the mountains. They were excited about their new home life ahead. They lacked the sign on the big pine in the front yard.

It was a kind of a family ceremony. Then they happily began moving furniture into the house. The job continued through Saturday, the next day.

Sometime that Saturday night, probably around 8:30 p.m., Aug. 15, it happened. A killer stalked into the new home, leaving a barrage of bullets into the terrified family.

Boies, 41, a space engineer at Hughes Aircraft Corp. in El Segundo, lay dead with 12 bullets in his body. Armed him lay the bodies of his wife, Darlene; and his two sons, Tommy, 12, and Bobby, 13. Mrs. Boies was riddled with 12 shots;

Tommy's body carried 3 slugs; and Bobby was hit 8 times as the bullets spun out from the killer's .22 caliber weapon.

Even the family dog, a bearded dachshund, lay dead in a pool of blood on the living room sofa. The killer quickly removed the family car key from Mrs. Boies key ring and left.

What, where and how the slayer spent the next two days in the slain family's 1962 red Dodge Lancer — no one wants to know.

And it would be more than 48 hours before anyone knew what had happened in the family's new home.

It was eight hours after the bodies were discovered on Aug. 16 that investigators found the car abandoned on Forest Shade Road a half mile away from the death cabin.

And it worried law officers when they came up with another puzzle about that car. The car was not on Forest Shade Road two hours before it was found.

Who drove it there and why? No one

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Murderer Free, But Hunt Goes On

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knew. But the key was found under the vehicle. The missing key from the murder cabin — the same one found by the car — left only one assumption.

The slayer, whoever he is, was the driver.

Door-to-door checks in the vicinity of the murder cabin brought answers that no one heard shots or screams on the night of the slayings.

At least 29 shots had been fired in the cabin. But the windows were closed. And there were noises from a party of 300 people at a nearby residence.

One woman said she had spent part of the Saturday night reading a book in an open doorway of her home within shouting distance of the Boles cabin. She heard nothing.

The Boles family was new to the neighborhood. Few knew anything about him. Crestline residents shed little light on the deaths.

The 43-year-old engineer had returned from Johannesburg, South Africa in May, 1965 to what was then the Boles family residence in the Orange County community of Fountain Valley.

Hughes Aircraft had sent him to South Africa to assist in a technically classified project to construct a tracking station. May had brought a happy reunion.

Officials of the aerospace industry considered the Boleses as a "company family." Darlene, his wife, worked at Hughes Aircraft in Fullerton as an electronics assembler.

And owning the mountain cabin had been a dream come true. Until that fateful weekend.

The gruesome episode began to unravel the morning of Aug. 16, a muggy

hot day when a telephone rang on the desk of the sheriff's desk sergeant at Central Control in San Bernardino.

The caller said his name was Floyd Rice. His sister and brother-in-law had moved to Crestline over the weekend. Boles hadn't reported to his El Segundo job that day. He was concerned. Maybe the family was sick.

Rice wanted someone to check. But he didn't know where the cabin was located. Somewhere in Crestline. He'd never been there before.

It had already been a nerve-racking series of days in San Bernardino. The Watts riot had exploded. There were rumors it might spread into San Bernardino County.

The desk sergeant became preoccupied with the more pressing problem. Everyone's attention was focused on Watts. The message to check the cabin never arrived at the Crestline sheriff's substation.

It was 5 p.m. the same day. The same telephone rang. It was Sgt. Richard L. Wagner from the Crestline office.

Wagner — in a serious monotone — said he'd been notified by a Floyd Rice of Downey that the Boles family had been shot to death in the new cabin.

Wagner had gone out to check. It was true. There were four bodies.

Rice, a used car sales manager at Downey Dodge, had decided to drive up to Crestline when he received no call. John P. Wilcoxon, a fellow worker, had come along with him.

The pair arrived at the cabin after making several stops to ask directions. Rice walked into the blood-smeared residence. It looked like a battleground.

... And the killer simply disappeared!
NEXT: The Mystery Man.