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Dispatches from Richard Boylan

Col. Wilson 2

From: rich.boylan@24stex.com
Date: Fri, 19 Dec 97 15:17:44 -0800
Subject: Col. Wilson 2

Wilson recounts his captivity with grim detail.

"I remember them asking for information about my Squadron, and about troop movements. I realized that if I could hold out long enough and through enough torture, that they would believe anything I told them, and maybe then they would leave me alone. After three days, they tied a stick through my arms behind my back, and placed the rope around my neck and down my back, tying the rope to my feet, which were pulled up. If I tried to lower my feet, it would choke me, cutting off my air.

"They placed me in a small bamboo cage about two feet wide and three feet long, and three feet high. I lay there with my head on the ground, with my knees spread and holding me upright, and trying to keep the rope from strangling me. There was no room to lay down or move. I remember the gooks pointing and laughing at me, and a hatred began in my gut as I have never hated before. Suddenly this thing within my mind kicked in. I remember them having to drag me out and into this hut. My body could feel nothing.

"Someone cut me loose and my mind began to function. The other prisoners said I had lasted 15 days out there, and was the only one who hadn't broke within a week. It was almost a day before the circulation would let me move my legs and arms. As soon as I could get around they drug me back to the torture chamber as we all called it.

"I swore to myself that those dirty bastards would never break me. Now I hated with a ferocity that even scares me to this day. I remember watching as they stuck bamboo shoots in the joints of my hands, piercing between the bones. I could hear myself screaming, but my mind was calm, and felt no pain. After what seems like days, I was returned to the other prisoners. After several days, I could move my hands some."

It had been 32 days. Lt. Wilson decided that he had had enough. That night another pilot and he saw their chance to escape. They made our break for it. Two of the guards who had laughed at his torture were on duty that night. Wilson moved up behind the first one and snapped his neck, then felt him slid to the ground lifeless. The lieutenant took his knife, moved around behind the other, and cut his throat without a qualm. They then ducked into the underbrush and ran the rest of that night. Later they found out that they were only twenty-eight miles from friendly lines. They had to crawl on their belly, only daring to do so at night. They ate grubs and roots, just as they had been taught in survival school. It took 23 days to crawl back to U.S. lines.

Wilson relates the climactic moment of their escape. "We topped the

last ridge, and lay on our bellies watching the movement below from a point that overlooked the valley. Nuckolls rolled over on his back, and you could hear his leather jacket pull loose from the frozen ground. 'We made it,' I yelled. I heard Nuckolls softly sobbing. Who ever said that grown men don't cry? The most welcome sound I heard was a sentry's shout, 'Who goes there? Advance and be recognized or I'll blow your fuckin' head off.'"

The next defining moment in Colonel Wilson's life began during the Summer of 1960. The Cuban Missile Crisis became a global concern, as President Kennedy and Soviet Chairman Krushchev were facing off in a deadly game of global nuclear showdown over Soviet ICBMs in Cuba, and a threat of using the U.S. Navy blockade of Cuba to sink any more freighter deliveries of ICBMs.

By now Steve Wilson had been promoted to Air Force Captain, and Commander of a Tactical Fighter Squadron out of Wright-Patterson AF Base, Ohio. His Squadron was ordered to Florida, and then deployed to Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba, with orders to provide air cover for Navy ships doing picket duty in the Cuban Gulf.

In 1963 Wilson's squadron was ordered back to Wright-Patterson AFB. He soon received an assignment to fly cover over Houston. Just prior to this, Captain Wilson had been told that he would be assigned to Majestic-12 as soon as this mission was accomplished, and that upon his transfer, he would become a Major. [Majestic-12 (MJ-12), he would soon learn, is the super-secret organization which controls UFO surveillance and interdictions, retrievals and analysis of recovered extraterrestrial spacecraft and occupants, and public access to any information about these matters.] It would turn out to be a day that would linger in his mind for a long time.

Captain Wilson's mission in Houston was to keep any planes away from the city during President Kennedy's visit. His squadron had shoot-to-kill orders for anyone who disobeyed their commands to stay back. While flying protective cover over Houston, the news came over the squadron's radio that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. Wilson describes their reaction.

"I was shocked. I had met the man and really liked him. My eyes welled up, and I could hardly see as we were ordered back to the airfield. I could hardly see the runway. The tears were streaming down my face. After landing, I watched some of the worst landings ever exhibited by a squadron of Top Gun pilots. There wasn't a dry eye in the bunch."

After returning to Wright-Patterson AFB, Wilson was informed he was receiving Top Secret clearance, and was being commissioned as a Major. His indoctrination into the UFO secrets kept by the Majestic-12 agency then began. He was shown the remains of the extraterrestrials and the crashed UFOs from the Roswell incident in latter 1947, that were all housed at Wright-Patterson's Hanger 84. He read reports he was shown about that incident, and how Majestic-12 covered it up by putting all the documents and expenses with a Socorro, NM crash. He was informed that, because of his special abilities, he was being assigned to Majestic-12 (code name Majic12). As part of his duties, he would be assigned to the 1st Special Forces Air Command, and would undergo special training with Delta Force and then the Black Berets.

Wilson comments about that period. "I looked at these fellows I was to train with. Every one was a trained killer and assassin. But it still didn't prepare me for the MIB [Men In Black], The Wackenhuts [private security firm operatives with government covert projects contracts.] And all the Black Ops that exist deep within our government. This was when I was told that I would cease to exist."

Major Wilson was informed that his job was so secret, that stops would be placed on all his records and whereabouts, and that they would be moved to Majestic-12. He was told that his telepathic ability was needed for something very special, and that he would be on a "need to know" basis, at least until he had a high enough security clearance.

Wilson recalls, "It made me feel very special, and inflated my ego about 100%. Little did I know at the time that I would be involved in one of the most dastardly and heinous coverups the world has ever known. To think about it even today, makes me sick to my stomach....but at that time in my life, I felt I was serving my country. I knew nothing of the greed and power of a few men, who were later to be known as MAJI [the top executives of Majestic-12]."

For the next nine years, Major Wilson traveled to nearly every Air Force base in the world, meeting and making contacts with key people for MJ-12. Finally, in the summer of 1972, he was assigned to the 1st Special Forces Air Command, Vandenberg Air Force Base. He was planning on getting some rest and relaxation there. He had just put all his gear away nicely, his B-4 travel bag finally empty and hanging in the closet. No sooner had he finished unpacking than a man looking like a refugee from a war camp sauntered into his room. The man flashed CIA identification and told the Major that he needed to pack his bag, that there was a plane waiting, and that they would be leaving in 20 minutes. True to his word, in 20 minutes the plane was taxiing to a take-off.

Major Wilson knew better than to ask where they were going, but by observation of the compass heading and the terrain, he knew they were over Nevada. The plane circled and set down on a dry lake bed. Later he learned it was Papoose Dry Lake [S-4], deep within the Nellis Air Force Range in central Nevada. Even up close, the mountains and terrain looked barren. They walked about 300 yards to a rock outcropping. On the other side, nestled between some large rocks, was an iron door with no handle. The scruffy-looking CIA man

somehow opened the door. They went inside and down a tunnel. At the end of the passageway, Wilson glanced around quickly. He still marvels at the size of the structure. "I could swear that the whole damned mountain was hollow. Right down the middle was a runway, and at the end huge doors, that I later found could be opened to allow a plane to take off right out of the mountain."
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