

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #262

MAIL-call - PRESERVING FORGOTTEN ASA MEMORIES

I welcome articles, BIO's, stories, etc and certainly hope that all ASA Turkey Vet's will contribute and make the newsletter worthwhile. You can write whatever message you would like, and it will show up right here for others to read and I'm hoping it will spur more memories. After all, isn't that why you're reading this now? I will respond to all e-mails and will assist whenever needed, but reserve the right to edit for content and clarity and welcome any errors that may appear herein. Most are proud of their ASA Turkey Tour of Duty and seek the greatest good for our group. - but, the not-so-pretty truth is that few help to seek out new vet's or send me their BIO's! You received this newsletter because you requested it. To unsubscribe from this newsletter send an email to me or your relayer. Thank you, Elder RC Green, aka gH, 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899, asagreenhornet@comcast.net

Remember the success of the DOOL depends on input from all veteran's of Turkey. Photo's are most welcome and always enjoyable. There is a lot of Turkey stories to be told as we hear them at the reunions every year. If a scanner is not available - send the photo's to accompany the articles - to me at 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701 and I will return them, if desired, thus put your name and address on the back.

The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards. - - - They are the ones that care.

TUSLOG DETACHMENT 4-2, Incirlik Air Force Base, Adana, Turkey

What do we know about this small ASA DETACHMENT in Turkey? Very little except that it involved collecting ELINT data on the Soviet Missile and Space Program. It all started after the U2 was shot down on 1 May 1960 and Det 4 was informed to find three volunteers for flight training at Wiesbaden, Germany. The initial codename for the unit was FARM TEAM which was the project name of and the aircraft was the A3D-2Q. It was redesignated EA-3B in October 1962.

The three assigned were SP4's Don Ackerman, Larry George and Myron Starinshak. One of the requirements was that one had to be able to copy code, thus Starinshak, a 059 was selected. Ackerman and George were 204's. After flight training the three went to Incirlik where they met up with three senior NCO's who had just arrived in Turkey.

The small size of Det 4-2 and the classified nature of its operations, have discouraged past attempts to tell this story. Consequently, little published information could be found

for this undertaking.. The majority of the information for this 4-2 history came from interviews and the memories of those who served at 4-2. There are many gaps which need to be filled in to complete the history and it is my hope that these so-called gaps will be filled in by the vet's who served at 4-2.



The Det 4-2 sign and operations/barracks area near the Incirlik flight line

The sign was erected from a wing tank that was salvaged from the junkyard and the head was buried and cemented into the ground and the lettering and outline of a bat was stenciled thereon.

The left photo is Dennis Lewandowski who was a Tech Rep from the Electronics Defense Laboratories (EDL). He was employed at EDL in early 1963 and flew with TUSLOG Detachment 4-2 out of Incirlik and Peshawar for a year from 64-65.



Above is ex-SP5 Laroy Wolff leaning on a VQ-2 EA-3B that was dedicated on 13 July 2004 at the NSA Cryptologic Museum, Vigilance Park, Fort Meade MD. The EA-3B was made as a memorial to honor a VQ-2 Ranger 12 crew that was lost in 1987. The original aircraft was lost on 25 January 1987 while attempting to make a night landing on the USS Nimitz during blue water operations in the Mediterranean. The weight of the EA-3B made it extremely difficult to land on an aircraft carrier during the day. A night landing made it even more perilous. Returning from what became its final mission, the aircraft made several attempts to catch the arresting gear but was unsuccessful. Running low on fuel, attempts were made to refuel the EA-3B in air, but they, too, failed. A barricade was rigged on the flight deck, but the aircraft hit the barricade too high and it slammed onto the flight deck, skidded, and fell into the sea. The Ranger 12 sank with its seven crew aboard. All lost were US Navy personnel

The above stub nose aircraft that was a VQ-2 Desert Storm Veteran EA-3B BUNO 146448 Ranger 006, painted now as Ranger 12.

The marker reads: The EA-3B Skywarrior was in service for more than three decades in the U.S. Navy's secret reconnaissance war against the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact. Conceived at the dawn of the Cold War as an aircraft carrier-based nuclear bomber, the A-3 Skywarrior was the largest aircraft ever designed to operate from an aircraft carrier hence its nickname, "the Whale". The aircraft was also an ideal platform for electronic reconnaissance, a mission it filled around the globe beginning in 1956. Designated the EA-3B in 1961, the aircraft and its crew of seven offered the fleet unique electronic reconnaissance capabilities that served the Navy well in numerous Cold War-era conflicts and crises, including the Vietnam War. The U.S. Navy retired its last EA-3B from service in October 1991.



Being the first and only public museum in the Intelligence Community, the Museum hosts approximately 50,000 visitors annually from all over the country and all over the world, allowing them a peek into the secret world of codemaking and codebreaking. During the 2007 ASA Turkey reunion we visited the Museum.

All missions were based on messages received from NSA listening posts scattered throughout Europe. The VQ-2 version had the cross plane antenna affixed to the tail and did not have optical capabilities. It was used to collect the ICBM initial lift off ELINT from over the Black Sea.

The aircraft used was the Douglas A-3 Skywarrior that was designed as a strategic bomber for the United States Navy and was among the longest serving carrier-based aircraft in history. It entered service in the mid-1950s and was retired in 1991. Throughout its service, it was the heaviest operational aircraft to operate from aircraft carriers, earning its nickname, "The Whale." Its primary function for much of its later service life was as an electronic warfare platform.



A3D-1Q Skywarrior reconnaissance flights were manned by 5 ASA personnel operated from Incirlik into Soviet-claimed air space over the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, and also as far east as Afghanistan. The Incirlik Air Base was the main U-2 flight base in this entire region until 1 May 1960, when a volley of about 14 Soviet SA-2 surface-to-air missiles shot down the U-2 of the American CIA pilot Francis Gary Powers near Sverdlovsk , Russia, a test site in the Soviet Union's Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) program.



In the raised compartment, the pilot and co-pilot/navigator sat in a side-by-side arrangement with the pilot's station on port side having full flight controls. The ASA crews consisted of 5 personnel. Seat #5 was behind the pilot in an aft-facing seat and four electronic systems operators occupied stations in the former bomb bay in the spacious fuselage.



Behind the Pilot, facing backward was Seat 5. Among other things he was responsible for sticking his head out the top canopy and look to see that the parachute did not get caught in the landing lights while taxiing. The above photo was taken by SP5 Laroy Wolff during his tour at 4-2.

Skywarrior pilots were often "best-of-the-best" and were, with few exceptions, senior pilots with a minimum of 1500 hours jet time,

from Dennis Lewandowski

"A little background: There were 4 planes that were modified by Electronics Defense Laboratories (EDL) some time around 1961 or 1962 under a contract with the ASA. EDL was bought out by Sylvania and later GTE [General Telephone & Electronics. The EDL project name was 'FARM TEAM'.

Also, Dr. Bill Perry was the founder of EDL and later ESL [Electromagnetic Systems Laboratories, later bought out by TRW] and also was the US Secretary of Defense.

Two of the planes flew out of Atsugi, Japan and Shemya Alaska [VQ-1], and two flew out of Adana, Turkey [VQ-2]. I believe the two at Adana were tail #10 & #11 and the two from Japan were tail #3 & #4. The two in Japan had Optics, where as the two in Adana did not.



This is a picture from Position 4 [HF position] looking back into the plane, with position 3 [VHF], position 2 [SHF], and the Evaluator in the far back. Mounted on the back bulkhead, were the two Ampex 14 track tape recorders that ran at 60ips.

The unit was without an officer until a ASA Captain named Darrell Large was assigned in late 1961 as the OIC. Darrell says that to his knowledge he was the first officer assigned to the "Farm Team" at Peshawar. He flew and sat in seat #5. He said that the flights from the Peshawar AFB got grounded in 1962 by the Pakistan Government for fear the USSR would nuke them because of the U-2 shootdown of 1 May 1960 or maybe it was because of the Cuban Missile Crisis that started in late 1962. After this the "Farm Team" unit relocated to Adana Turkey and the unit was re-named TUSLOG Det 4-2. The flights were re-started and according to Darrell Large he had a ball until his tour was up December 1962. He was replace by Captain Berkie E. Norman who came down from Sinop to hold the Fort until they rounded up a replacement. Both Large and Norman had been selected while at Fort Bragg for advanced ELINT training at NSA. Unfortunately, Large lost his records of the Detachment personnel to include a fantastic EDL Tech Rep who served at Peshawar and Incirlik.

Darrell Large retired as a Lt Colonel and proudly says that the Farm Team were some of the best guys he ever served with during his 24 years active duty and that he would give his interest in hell if he could ever recover their names. Col Large knew the third OIC at Det 4-2, Glenn Feagin, and that he, too, was a very competent ELINT officer.

Below is a listing of personnel who served at Det 4-2. Of course, it is not a complete listing, but is a start from which to find and interview them and add names and the details for each name – with the assistance of those listed - I will appreciate the assistance of others in contributing information that will eventually make the History of Det 4-2 complete. So, please review this report and add, delete, or change any errors that exists herein and send your comments to asagreenhornet@comcast.net

For this report – I want to mention and thank Dick Roosevelt, Don Ackerman, Dave Swenson, John Berryman, Laroy Wolff and others who post 4-2 info on FACEBOOK for their contributions.

4-2 roster

OFFICERS

LARGE, Darrell CPT Det 4-2, 61-DE62, (Rheta), 583 Kumukahi Pl., Honolulu, HI 96825, 808-395-6825, darrelllarge@aol.com LTC Ret
NORMAN, Berkie E., CPT Det 4 & OIC 4-2, DE62-JN63 MajRet deceased
FEAGIN, Glenn DOB: 1933, CPT, OIC, Det 4-2, JN63-NO64 - deceased
COOPER, Brent V. Maj OIC, Det 4-2, NO64-65
OBERBROECKLING, Robert G Maj, OIC Det 4-2, 65-67 - deceased
FAITH, Clifford L 1LT XO Det 4-2, 65-67
BOOTHE, Gary D, CW2 983A 66-69
STEWART, Allan L., CWO Det 4-2, 66-69

Enlisted Men

ACKERMAN, Don, YOB 1940 E2-E4 204 Det 4, JA60-MY60 & 4-2, MY60-MY61
ALLEN, Dennis R Det 4-2 62-63
ASHWORTH, Donald J. E4, Det 4-2 66-68
BASKERVILL, Bill E4-E6 98J Det 4 & 4-2, FE65-SE68
BERRYMAN, John T E4-E6 98J 66-69
BLACKKEY, Keith R, E4-E6, Det 4-2, 65-69, keith@blackey.net
BOSHART, Gary W SP4 98J 66-69
BOUFFARD, Gil Det 4, 66-67 & 71-72, deceased
BRIGGS, James W SP4 98J Det 4-2, 66-67 rcb@appsig.com;
BROWN, Keith D., E5-E6 98J Det 4-2, 64-68
BRUNGARD, Samuel L SP5, 98J, Det 4-2, 66-69 RR1 Mill Hall, PA 17751, 570-726-4896, no e-mail
BURNHAM, David G E4 98J 66-69
BUSH, ? Det 4-2 64-65
CHAMNESS, Isaac (Ike), E6, Det 4, 64-65 CLARK, Jimmy J E5 Det 4-2 66-69
COCHAND, Robert L. E4 98J Det 4-2 66-69
COLSGROVE, George Det 4-2 63-64
CRAIG, Alexander Wiley E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
DOREMUS, Norman L. E4 98J Det 4-2 66-67
FIEVES, Dan Det 4-2 63-64
FRANKER, Dennis D., E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
GEORGE, Larry 204 Det 4-2, 59-60
GILCHRIST, ? Det 4-2
HALE, ? Det 4-2
HEINTZ, Steven B. 98J, YOB 1940, Det 4-2, MR64-JN66
HIGHLAND, William H (Bill) E3-E5 Det 4, MR-MY62, Det 4-2, JN-OC62
HILLIARD, Mike A. YOB: 1942 RA17586325 E3-E5 993.10 Det 4 & 4-2, 61-63,

JOCHNER, David P E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
JOHNS, Samuel G III E4 98J 66-69
JOHNSON, David T E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
LOFQUIST, Roy W YOB 1943 E3-E4 283 Det 4, DE61-DE62 & 4-2, DE62-DE63
KALER, Denny 98J Det 4-2 64-65
LAYFIELD, James P E4 98J 66-69
McGIRT, ? Det 4-2
MILLIGAN, George Det 4-2
MOORE, Andrew C. III Det 4-2 66-69
MORNINGSTAR, Jack 98J Det 4-2 63-64
MURAWSKI, Alan J, E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
NICHOLS, Ransom B., E4 98J Det 4-2 66-69
RHODES, Fredrick E 98J Det 4-2 66-69
RIDENHOUR, Wayne Det 4-2 Concord, NC
ROOSEVELT, Richard (Dick), E4 Det 4, 59-60, Manchester, VT
SAGEBIEL, Charles B. E6 Det 4-2, 62
SARTAIN, Frosty Det 4-2, 66-67
SCOTT, Gregory 98J Det 4-2 converted to ISLAM
SHETTERLY, Donald Lynn E5 98J Det 4-2 64-65
SHOWS, Otis B., Jr E4 98J Det 4-2 66-69
SMITH, Roy YOB 1942 p2v
SOVA, Ron Det 4-2 63-64
STARINSHAK, Myron S, E2-E5 059 Det 4 & 4-2, 13JN60-FE62 - deceased
STUMPF, Francis C Jr E5 98J 66-69 p2v-3
SWENSON, David H. E5 98J Det 4-2, 67-68
TATROE, Joel 059, Det 4-2, 61-63, Sikeston, MO 63801 573-4711-6467 059
TRULOVE, Dave Det 4-2, 66-67
TRULUCK, Leuward F (Bud), E5 98J Det 4-2 66-69
WESTON, David R E4 98J Det 4-2 66-69
WIDENER, Micky Det 4-2 63-64
WOLFF, Laroy, Det 4-2
WORKMAN, Ken, Det 4-2, 66-67

ALSO IN THIS DOOL IS A VERY INTERESTING WRITE-UP BY JIM BAKER ABOUT HIS TOUR AT DET 4 DURING ITS INFANT STAGE. It is a long report and covers almost everything and even describes how the POINT SITE was set up.

I continue to have PC problems and had to re-type the whole DOOL and in so doing left out a lot of data. So bear with me



The Editor: GREEN, Elder RC (gH & AI), YOB: 1936, RA13513638, E7, 982/98C, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, MY-JL65, Det 27, JN66-OC67 & Det 4-4, OC67-NO68, (Patty), 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899, asagreenhornet@comcast.net

TAPS

NORMAN, Berkie Eugene, DOB: 22JA1930 at Chattanooga, TN, DOD: 22NO2007, 77y, at Boerne, TX., CPT, Det 4 & Det 4-2



Berkie Norman



Major (Retired) Berkie Eugene Norman of Fair Oaks Ranch formerly from Chambersburg, Pa, was called home on 22 November 2007. He was preceded in death by his wife Frances Cordell Norman in 2000 and a daughter, Geri Lynn Cohen who died in 1996.

He leaves behind two daughters and their husbands -- Cherie and Jack Kassinger of Fair Oaks Ranch and Lucille and Frank Folsom of Nashville, NC, and two brothers - Ed Norman and Jim Norman, both of Chattanooga, TN. He will be missed by his five grandchildren and their spouses - Kerrie Carthew and Neil Campbell (Australia), Emily and Scott Rose (Boerne), Jesse and Michelle Kassinger (San Antonio), Caleb Folsom (California), and Hannah Folsom (North Carolina). He had the joy of seeing one of his great-grandchildren, Hunter Campbell, last March and will miss the upcoming births of three additional great-grandchildren. Berkie was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Berkie joined the US Army in 1947 and retired as a Major in 1967 to enter the Civil Service. He retired a second time in 1975 and moved with his wife, Frances, to

Chambersburg, Pa. He inherited a tax/accounting business which he had in various locations, including Kitty Hawk, NC, until he retired again to move to Texas in 2001. He and Frances celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary two months before she succumbed to ALS in 2000. Berkie was active in the Boerne community. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, served as Treasurer of the Solos Club and of LeaderSteps, Inc., and coordinated the Boerne AARP Tax Aide Program. He loved the Lord, his family, people and a good joke. He will be missed! A memorial service celebrating Berkie's life was held on 28 November at First Baptist Church, 631 South School Street, Boerne, TX 78006.

STARINSHAK, Myron S., DOB: 19JL1937 DOD: 12AU2012, RA13665615, E2-E5, 059, Det 4 & 4-2, 13JN60-FE62. On 8 April 2006 I contacted Myron Starinshak about his tour of duty at Det 4 and 4-2. At that time I didn't know much about Det 4-2 personnel and didn't ask the right questions about the 4-2 mission

I found his name on a USASATC&S port call order sent to me by Dick Rudell and from Don Ackerman who remembered his last name as being the other name selected to attend A3D flight training at Wiesbaden, Germany and later served as a operational A3D crew member flying out of Incirlik & Pakistan. The other was Larry George. As far as I can find – Ackerman, George & Starinshak were the first ASA'ers from Det 4 to be assigned to the A3D program.

MYRON S. STARINSHAK, 75, of Telford went to meet his Lord Sunday, 12 August 2012. Born July 10, 1937 in Ranshaw, PA he was a son of the late Peter and Anna (Butchcock) Starinshak. Mr. Starinshak was a veteran of the U.S. Army Security Agency. He was employed as a technician in the electronics industry throughout his career. Myron was a dedicated member of St. Philip Orthodox Church in Souderton where he sang in the church choir and was a member of FOCA. Much loved by the church, he will be remembered for his caring, warm, and generous personality. Survivors include his sisters, Elizabeth S. Hancher and her husband, Ronald, Sr., and Olga Angelo, all of Harrisburg; and a brother, John Starinshak and his wife, Dolly of Florida. He was preceded in death by two brothers, Andrew Starinshak and Theodore Starinshak; and a sister, Marie Broskey. Relatives and friends are invited to his viewing between 6 and 8PM Wednesday, August 15 at St. Philip Orthodox Church, 1970 Clearview Road, Souderton, PA 18964 with Trisagion Prayers beginning at 7PM. A second viewing will begin 10AM Thursday at church followed by the Funeral Service at 11AM. A graveside service will be held 2PM Friday, August 17 at Indiantown Gap National Cemetery, Annville. For those desiring, contributions may be made in Mr. Starinshak's memory to St. Philip Orthodox Church, address above, or Christ the Saviour Orthodox Church, 5501 Old Locust Lane, Harrisburg, PA 17109. Arrangements are by the Huff & Lakjer Funeral Home, Lansdale.

ROGERS, Michael Joseph, Catholic chaplain, Det 4, 68-69,



John J, Paul: I knew Father Rogers from my time in the U.S. Army while stationed in Sinop, Turkey, in 1969. He organized a group of us who attended the chapel to go into the town of Sinop to the boys orphanage. We would play games with them and help them with their English lessons. Upon my leaving Turkey to return to the U.S., Father Rogers wrote me a Letter of Appreciation, which I ran across while looking at my old military records. Upon doing a web search of his name I found this site. I would have loved to see him again; but will have to wait till I get to heaven.

Elder,

I just found the obituary for Father Rogers from 2013 and maybe it could be included in a future DOOL issue.

Father Rogers was the Roman Catholic chaplain at Tuslog Det 4 in 1968 and 1969. I was stationed with Tuslog 169 as at 32D20 Tech Controller and was announcer, engineer and manager of KBOK while there. Father Rogers was from about 30 miles from my home and when he returned to Ottumwa, IA, he called my parents and said he knew me in Sinop. When we adopted our son from Korea, he got him a small prayer plaque. He was very involved with parishes in Iowa after retiring from the Army. Don DeBoef, Tuslog 169, Oskaloosa, IA Don please contact me ASAP. Thanks

Father Michael Joseph Rogers, Jr, 87, died Saturday March 3, 2013 at the Kahl Home in Davenport, IA.

He was born July 11, 1925 in Ottumwa, Iowa, the son of Michael J. and Josephine M. Wilbert Rogers.

Graduating from Ottumwa High School in 1943, he served in the U.S. Army during World War II, with Company F, 66th Infantry, and Company K, 14th Infantry, as an

infantry soldier in Europe. Upon graduating from St. Louis University, St. Louis, MO, he studied at St. Ambrose College in Davenport and St. Paul Seminary at St. Paul, MN. He was ordained as a priest by Bishop Ralph Hayes on June 5, 1954.

He was better known as Father Joe Rogers, but there is no problem of knowing who he was. As a priest of the Diocese of Davenport for 58 years, his pastoral ministry touched almost all deaneries. Eighteen of those years were spent in active military service. He retired from the chaplaincy with the rank of Major in 1975. From Korea, Vietnam and the Middle East, Father Joe returned and gave 23 more years of his life to his dedicated vocation for the local Church until 1998.

With almost Army disciplined regimentation, Father Joe died on Saturday March 3, 2013 at the Kahl Home. His death came with little or no announcement. After a very short stay in the hospital, he returned to The Kahl Home where he had served as chaplain in his retirement. As trite as it might sound, his death was a blessing — a death which freed him from any prolonged suffering.

Following appointments at Sacred Heart in Clinton, IA and at St. Joseph at Davenport, IA, Father Rogers returned to the Army as a chaplain. His overseas assignments were Korea, Vietnam, the Middle East and Sinop, Turkey. He worked with Catholic Relief Services in Morocco and Yemen. Father Joe returned and gave 23 more years of his life to his dedicated vocation for the local Church until 1998. Upon returning to the diocese he served at St. Elizabeth at Harper, IA; St. Peter at Buffalo, IA; St. Andrew at Blue Grass, IA; St. Joseph at East Pleasant Plain, IA; Mother Cabrini at Richland, IA; St. Joseph at Brooklyn, IA and in retirement served as Chaplain at the Kahl Home in Davenport, IA.

Father Rogers particularly enjoyed the opportunity of working with the Catholics of Blue Grass and surrounding area in establishing the new parish of St. Andrew in Blue Grass.

Survivors include nephews, Larry (Nannette) Davis, of Davenport, Philip (Patricia) Davis of Agency and Richard (Wendy) Davis of Suwanee, GA; a grandniece and four grandnephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Jeanne Davis.

Funeral Mass will be 11 a.m. Thursday March 8, 2013 at St. Mary of the Visitation in Ottumwa with the Bishop of the Diocese of Davenport the Most Rev. Martin J. Amos, D.D. presiding. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery at Ottumwa, IA.

2014 ASA TURKEY REUNION NEWS



WHERE: Holiday Inn Convention Center, York, PA

ADDRESS: 2000 Loucks Rd., York, PA

WHEN: 17-20 Sept 2014, Wednesday – Saturday

WHAT'S THE REUNION GOING TO COST?

ROOM RATES: \$92 with hot breakfast

TO MAKE RESERVATIONS:

Call 717-846-9500

Inform that you will be part of the ASA Turkey reunion and indicate your arrival and departure dates and before hanging up ask about the room rates.

Pets are allowed

Keep in mind that the reunion is just over a month away and if you will be attending – please make your reservations before 18 Sept as that is the cut-off date.

During the reunion Hank Rotzal will be bringing his DJ gear and will be entertaining us in the hospitality room at times that will be posted. Also if anyone plays a musical instrument – bring it to the reunion and display your talent.

ALSO – During the reunion there will be a Richard J, Kremzier, an ex-98J, at the reunion displaying his SITE LOCATOR that might become an exhibit at the NSA

Cryptologic Museum at Fort Meade. Rich was a trained 98J at Devens & had orders assigning him to Det 4 in Sinop. Those orders were rescinded & he ended up at Bahrdorf, Germany which was located north of Helmstedt along what was the east-west German border. He also will join the 98J's during their group discussions.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE SIGNED UP TO ATTEND THE 2014 REUNION AT YORK, PA

Listed beside each name is dates and activities requested. If your line is blank, please fill it in by sending the monies to me at asagreenhornet@comcast.net

Please correct any errors found.

ANTONELLO, Tony, 15-21- Fee – Moses - Banquet
ASPER, Rick & Carol 16-21
ASPINWALL, Paul, 17-21- Fee - Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
AUSBROOKS, Sonny & Elaine 17-21 Fee – Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
BENDER, Bill & Dawn - Fee
BROWN, Charles, 307 Fry Ave., Robesonia, PA 19551 Fee
EDDINS, Ron 17-19 - Fee
ERVIN, Wayne, Det 4-4
GOOLSBY, Trip & Donna, 17-21 - Fee - Moses - Dutch Apple - Banquet
GREEN, Elder & Patty - 16-21- Fee, Moses – Dutch Apple – Banquet
GREENE, Ralph & Carol
HAASE, Walt, Det 4-4
HOLLOWELL, Herb & Sandra 17-21 – Fee – Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
HUNT, Carlos & Frankie, 17-21- 058 Det 4 Fee –Moses –Dutch Apple – Banquet
JONES, Luther & Edna 15-21 -
LAPP, Dean & Deborah, 16-21 – Fee – Moses - Banquet
LAZZARA, Tom 15-21 – Fee – Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
MARSCH, Chuck & Joan 17-21 Det 4, 64-65 Fee – Moses–Dutch Apple–Banquet
O'BRIEN, Jack & Kay, 988RU Det 4, 64-65, Beaver Creek, OH Fee - Banquet
OSWALD, Ozzie & Norene 98J Det 4
OWEN, John & Jan 17-21 98J Det 4 – Fee – Moses - Banquet
PETERSON, Bam, 17-21 F&AO, Det 27, 63-65, Barron, WI 54812 Fee - Banquet
PRUITT, Bill & Carolyn, 17-21 76Y Det 4 - Fee – Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
PUTTER, Max & Carol, 059 Det 27, 60-62
ROTZAL, Hank & Helena 16-21, 05K, Oxford, CT – Fee – Moses – Banquet
RUPP, Wayne & Nancy, 056 Det 4, 63-64. Camp Hill, PA Fee – Banquet .
SIEBENALER, Frank & Judy - Fee - Moses – Dutch Apple - Banquet
STEFFEN, Arnold & Janet, 17-21 283, Det 4, 58-59
WALTEMYER, Ron 058 Det 27
WHITMAN, Ken & Judi 16-21 058 Det 27, 62-64
WINKLER, WINKY & Bobbie, 981 Det 4, 60-61
WENGER, Barry & Sharon 18-21 058 Det 27, 62-64 – Fee – Moses - Banquet



The 2014 reunion Hat

Max Putter has stepped forward again and made a reunion hat for those attending the 2014 reunion. Max has been making the reunion hats since 2008

WEDNESDAY ACTIVITIES

WEDNESDAY at NOON – 17 September - - - The Registration and Badges desk will be in the hospitality room which is near the Lobby desk. Judy Whitman and Tom Lazzaro have volunteered to handle the registration desk. The hospitality room will be stocked with snacks, soda and finger food from BJ's for those hungry. Luther and Edna Jones and Patty Green will be in charge of the hospitality room.

THURSDAY ACTIVITIES

The HOSPITALITY ROOM will be open all day THURSDAY morning – 18 September - - - everyone is encouraged to attend breakfast in the hotel restaurant at 7:30 am in order to attend the Sight & Sound Theatre production of the greatest Biblical epic of the Old Testament – MOSES at 300 Hartman Bridge Road, Strasburg, PA. The plans include car pooling to Strasburg and the departure times will be posted in the Hospitality room so as to arrive NLT 10:15 am for the 11 am showing and the cost will be \$49.40 per person. Carlos & Frankie Hunt will be in charge of this outing.

The MOSES show will be over about 1:15 pm – we recommend that the attendees drive back on route 896N to route 30 and go east about 2 miles to Dienner's Country Restaurant at 2855 Route 30E which will be on the left. It is suggested that those not attending the MOSES show - arrive at Dienner's at 1:30 pm.

Dienner's is authentic country cooking with a Amish spin and many Amish families frequent often. The payable cost at Dienner's is about \$10 - \$13 per person. We predict that wherever you come from – you'll leave wishing you had a Dienner's Country Restaurant near you.

Google: Dienner's Country Restaurant for reviews, etc.

AFTER THIS MEAL – GO SIGHTSEEING OR RETURN TO THE HOSPITALITY ROOM FOR SNACKS, SODA'S AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH EVERYONE THERE.

At 7 pm there will be a meeting of all DET 4 and DET 4-4 veterans in the hospitality room where everyone will be able to discuss their experiences on the HILL called SINOP. This meeting will be led by Gene Schnagl.

FRIDAY ACTIVITIES

The HOSPITALITY ROOM will be open all day

Friday morning – 19 September - - - - Eat breakfast in the hotel restaurant – The activities for Friday will be posted in the hospitality room and will include times for each detachment to hold round table discussions about your time in Turkey. At about 10 am those going to the Dutch Apple Dinner Theatre in Lancaster will depart the Holiday Inn.– dine at 11:45 am – then at 1:15 pm watch HAIRSPRAY which is a family-friendly musical full of laughter, romance and the favorite songs. The cost for this matinee outing will be \$49 per person. The Dutch Apple dinner and show has not been cancelled

Several vet's suggested that we charter a 54 passenger bus for the tour of Gettysburg. I sent a email to those interested and only 8 people responded and I had to cancel those plans. Those who paid for the bus trip will be reimbursed. Instead there will be car pool's going the 30 miles to Gettysburg to visit the museum at a cost of about \$12. per person. Wayne Ervin and Walt Haase will be in charge of the Gettysburg trip.

After this (about 3 pm) we recommend that the car poolers take a scenic drive on route 340 East - passing thru Bird-in-Hand and Intercourse and turn left onto route 897N to East Earl, PA where we will dine at the Shady Maple SMORGASBORD Restaurant around 4 pm.

SATURDAY ACTIVITIES

The HOSPITALITY ROOM will be open all day

Saturday morning – 20 September - - - - Eat breakfast in the hotel restaurant. The activities for Saturday will be posted in the hospitality room and will include times for each detachment to hold round table discussions about your time in Turkey.

THE BANQUET WILL BE HELD NEAR THE HOSPITALITY ROOM AND WILL COST\$40 per person. The menu will be buffet style and will be included in future DOOL'S along with DOOR PRIZE and the live entertainment for the main banquet.

THE GROUP PHOTO'S WILL BE ON SATURDAY PROR TO THE BANQUET Ken Whitman, Barry Wenger, Jack O'brien and Carlos Hunt will be in charge. The same vet's organized the 2014 group photo's and they were all top notch

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Cut and complete the below reunion charges and MAIL TO:

Elder RC Green, 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701.

Make check payable to Elder RC Green

YOUR NAME(s): _____

Registration Fee: \$15. Per person: TOTAL: ____

Thursday: MOSES: COST: 49.40 per person: TOTAL: ____

Friday: DUTCH APPLE: \$49.50 per person: TOTAL: ____
Saturday nite BANQUET meal at \$40. per person: TOTAL: ____
REUNION TOTAL: ____

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MAIL call

BAKER, Jim, YOB: 1930, DOD: 23JA2009, RA16380565, E5, 982 Det 4, MR57-MR58,
BOX, Jerry, E5, 059, Det 4, MR64-MR65, & E7, MR72-MR73, Melbourne, FL
SCHNAGL, Gene, 98J, Det 4, 63-64, Franklin, WI
WOLFF, Laroy, 98J, Det 4-2, 64-65, Franklin, TN

MAIL call in alphabetical order

BAKER, Jim, YOB: 1930, DOD: 23JA2009, RA16380565, E5, 982 Det 4, MR57-MR58,
(Linda), 2209 W. Gramercy Dr., Green Valley, AZ 520-625-5929, bakeaspark@aol.com,
CW3(Ret) deceased



The e-mail from his wife: While I don't know all of you, you're in Jim Baker's address book, so I'm sure you will want to know that Jim passed away on 23 January 2009.

I'm his wife and I'd been in South America on a trip. When I tried to contact him on my return to the States, I was unable to reach him. Friends went to the house. It appears that he simply collapsed and died, probably of a heart attack.

I had several interesting chats with Jim Baker and each time many things about his career with the ASA. I've included most of the emails that I received from Jim Baker

and know that everyone will be amazed by what he wrote about his time at Det 4 when it was in its infant stage, so to speak.

TO ALL HOGS EVERYWHERE:

They insisted that we learn Morse code;
they made our lives miserable while we were in school;
and, much later, we found that we enjoyed it.
They still don't know why we're smiling.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.
When You Are Old...W.B. Yeats

Elder, Many thanks for your kind words reference my BIO story.

Elder,

Merhaba - I finished code school at Devens in 1952, was stationed with the 334 C/R Co - first at Devens and then in Germany - from 1952 to 1955. Returned to Devens and went to Traffic Analysis school. Following school I was an instructor for about 8 months and went to Sinop. From there to Meade/NSA until 1960. From 60-63 I was at Zweibruecken, Germany with the 6901st SCG (Air Force). That was an Interesting tour. Returned to NSA and stayed until 1966 when I went to Viet Nam. Split tour - March to June with Det 4/404th RRD in support of the 173rd Airborne.

Made Warrant and went to the 313th RR Bn at Nga Trang for 3 months. Then to Pleiku with the 330th and the 374th RR Co's. Returned to NSA for three more years and went to the 8th RRU at Udorn Thani, Thailand. Good tour. Back to NSA until 1974 when I retired (23 Years.) Worked for NSA as a civilian until 1993 when I retired for good and came out here.

As you can see, I had an eclectic career with much time at NSA. (Strange place.) Now then, I do, indeed, have memories of Sinop. About five years ago, I set down some of those memories because my own memory was getting a little rusty. Originally I wrote the piece for a journal called "After Action Report," and since then for the ASA vets website.

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Jim Baker established a website that includes his ASA memories that includes what it was like at basic training at Fort Riley, then to Vint Hill Farms for orientation and then to Fort Devens for ditty-bop (1707) training in 1951-52. The site also includes his memory of his Tour of Duty at Det 4 in 1957-58.

Sinop -- Another View

By Jim Baker

Sinop is a magical place. Now, before you sign the papers committing me, hear me out. Over the course of a 23 year career, there aren't many places that are so etched in my memory that events, sounds, and even smells remain years later. There were a few for me. One was a gastehaus-cum-GI-joint in Herzogenaurach that was upstairs. I remember vividly sitting at the bar, eating a fantastic gulaschsuppe mit brotchen and listening to Katerina Valenti sing, "The Breeze and I."

Another was being at The Bull Run near Fort Devens, eating that wonderful cheese spread, drinking beer, and listening to a certified genius explain Kantian and Hegelian philosophy. Bart Wilson and I were going through code school (at that time the MOS was 1717) and we frequently went out together. Why, I don't know. As I said, he was a genius, a lousy soldier, but a marvelous teacher. I was a high school drop-out before it became popular. My highest ambition was to be in the Army and to make it a career. But listening to Bart ignited a passion for learning that continues to this day.

SINOP AND ME

And then there was Sinop. When I first saw it, it was shrouded in mist. Now, I think of the Rogers and Hammerstein song, "Bali Hai." But instead of its head "--- sticking out of a low-lying cloud," as in that song, Sinop was mysterious and featureless. Probably a lot of it was that that was my first experience in the East.

The sights, sounds, and smells were strange and, going to a new post, there was a great feeling of wonder and anticipation. I've tried, in the following memoir, to describe what Sinop meant, and means, to me. In many ways, I've failed, because you have to have been there to really understand the experience. Most of us in the 57-58 time frame had that fear of looking at a Turk woman and being found floating in the Black Sea. For one thing, at that time Sinop was really small and remote, and the women mostly adhered to the convention of wearing a shawl and pulling one end over their face when they saw a stranger, so we didn't really see them.

Another thing was, we mostly stayed on the base. We didn't have transportation or the opportunity to travel. When we were "off duty" we either were at work or drinking. That sounds funny to say that when we were not working we were working, but that was the way Sinop was then.

DIOGENES STATION

Diogenes Station took its name from Diogenes, who, legend had it, searched the world for an honest man. He supposedly was born in Sinop. I have often wished that I had seen more of Turkey. I've studied it extensively since my time there, and there were so many things that I would have liked to have seen. I did see the tomb of Kemal Mustafa Attaturk in Ankara. And I've read about him and how he dragged Turkey from the 16th century into the modern era literally in twenty years. I would have liked to see the ruins of Troy, and Ephesus where, it is said, Mary the mother of Jesus lived out her days following the crucifixion. I would liked to have seen the many ruins in what was Galatia. I now know that Galatia was named by the Romans because the people of that province were Gauls. And my interest there comes from the "Gallic Wars," when Caesar wrote of the people, "...who in their language were called Celts and in ours Gauls." And I'm a Celt, albeit one from the land of Hibernium. And, while our wellspring was somewhere north of the Danube in what is present day Romania, we Celts are all related, and I would have loved to see Galatia.

THE MISSION AT SINOP

But mostly, my strong affection for Sinop was because of the mission. It was at that time one of Morse and Voice. Operations was small enough that we could talk to one another about what was going on, and we knew enough that we could follow the target and understand his problems. I remember one exchange where I copied one end of the link and a fellow in front of me copied the other. My end sent "WX IMI," and his end answered, "WX BD SNEG." And when Sputnik I was launched, shortly thereafter I said to the whole room, "I don't know what happened, but I know when it happened." And we heard from a "collateral source," Radio Moscow, just what did happen. I should tell you that I was assigned to Sinop as a Traffic Analyst, having just come from Devens, where I first completed T/A school and then taught T/A to intercept ops. I did do T/A at Sinop, but whenever I got the chance, I sat position. Once you have Morse code coursing through your veins, you can never get it out. And don't tell me that I was the only one who found copying 22GPM at school an erotic experience. So, with that long introduction, please allow me (humor me) to explain what was happening in Sinop in 1957.

When I arrived in Sinop in March of '57, we were copying one missile test range, Kapustin Yar. In August of that year, the Soviets announced that they had successfully launched an ICBM from central Asia to the Far East. We had no record of that either at Sinop or at any place in or around Washington, D.C. We then went on an aggressive hunt for comms and did recover them. On 4 October, 1957, in the early evening, the entire Kapustin Yar range and the newly found TT range began an extended count down. Things progressed to around 2200 when we knew something had been launched. We were that sure that we could pinpoint the time to the exact second. About an hour later, all the comms were still active and someone turned to Radio Moscow and

heard that Sputnik I had been launched into orbit and was transmitting a radio signal on a certain frequency.

We checked the freq and yea verily, it was there. Believe it or not, that bit of info went into our product report: "A source, Radio Moscow announced..." They would launch another vehicle in November 1957 that supposedly had a dog on board. The American papers immediately labeled it "Muttnik." I say supposedly because sometime later I attended a classified briefing that said, among other things, that because of certain peculiarities in the dog's bark, they believed it was a recording. There were USAF stations at both Samsun and Trabson in Turkey and whatever other stations may have added to the pile, but I like to think we at Sinop got all that there was to get and I've always been a bit proud of that. Now maybe the Men in Black will come and pick me up, but it has been 50 years and I think it's time we shed a little light on it.

The three ranges were:

KYMTR -- SSM's up to 1000 NM

TTMTR -- ICBM's and Space Launches

VLBTR -- Air Breathing Missiles

Naval Missiles were launched into the Barent's Sea

Don't remember where SAM's were tested

I WAS IN THE SECOND WAVE OF ASA'ers TO BE ASSIGNED TO SINOP

I wrote the following for a publication called, "After Action Report," and I wrote it in response to an article they had reprinted from a house organ sent out from Arlington Hall in the '60s and '70s, called "The Hallmark." Catchy title. They published articles about different ASA posts around the world, probably trying to get people excited enough to volunteer to go to those sites, but the article on Sinop was so depressing that I doubt anyone would want to go there, so I wanted to give my impressions.

Your reprint of The Hallmark article on Sinop in the December 1994 edition, evoked powerful memories of Diogenes Station, but my tour at Sinop predates the article (1973) by some 16 years, being from March 1957 to March 1958. While our mailing address was TUSLOG Detachment 4, we, too, referred to it as "The Hill," not so much in a pejorative [derogatory or disparaging] sense, as just an apt description of what and where it was. I was in the second "wave" to arrive at Sinop, replacing those who established the station in 1956. And my arrival differed considerably from that described in The Hallmark article. There was no Turkish Airlines flight from Ankara to Samsun, but instead we flew in an L19 (a single-engine, high-wing, four-seat aircraft) from Ankara direct to Sinop. The aircraft was used for mail and classified courier delivery, and transporting personnel back and forth, with "deuce-and-a-halves" (GMC 2 1/2 ton trucks) as backup. These trucks were on the road almost constantly, hauling supplies, rations, Class VI supplies, etc., from Ankara to Sinop.

TRAVELING THE ROAD TO HEAVEN...NO TO SAMSUN...THEN TO SINOP

That's why the soldier's comment in The Hallmark, "...when the roads become a quagmire, and we don't get mail for a week.", was surprising. There were two roads used between Sinop and Ankara. One left Sinop, went to Bafra, approximately halfway between Sinop and Samsun, and from there over the mountains to Ankara. Because of those mountains, and some small streams that had to be forded, that road was only used in Summer. In Winter, the road went to Samsun, where you stayed overnight, and from there to Ankara. While primitive by Western standards, it was at least passable year round.

MAIL BOMB'S - - OOPS, NO MAIL DROPS AT SINOP!

Also, because everyone including the aircraft pilot was acutely aware of just what mail meant to those on The Hill, it was flown up three to four times a week. If the weather was particularly bad and the aircraft couldn't land, the pilot came in low and slow over the base and threw the mail-bag out of the window. He knew in advance when this would happen and he deliberately left all packages for ground transportation.

THE WILD BLUE YONDER TRIP TO SINOP AND THE BLACK SEA

Getting back to my introduction to The Hill, there were four of us scheduled to go from Ankara and one other guy and I flew up on the L19. Either we flew because of rank (we were both E5 Sergeant's with a rocker underneath) and the others went by truck, or flew up later, I just don't remember. (Although it was a four-seat aircraft, the fourth seat was taken with our duffel bags and packages for The Hill.) At any rate, immediately after we were airborne and on course to Sinop, the pilot un-capped a thermos of coffee and passed us donuts and coffee. He mostly steered the aircraft with his knees and thighs while regaling me (I was seated up front with him) with his flying stories. He said that on one occasion he had encountered particularly heavy fog on the way and had overflown the base.

When he finally turned back, it took him about an hour to get back to Sinop. All that time he was flying out over the Black Sea in that light aircraft! The landing strip (so-called) was a pasture outside the town of Sinop. When we circled and came in on our approach, a herd of horses galloped across in front of us. The pilot pulled up sharply, circled again and landed without incident. My breakfast, the coffee and donuts, and my heart were all competing for room in my throat, but I, too, managed to land without incident. We were met by the Executive Officer (a captain), who had come out to pick up the courier material, and were transported to the base in a jeep with all of the other stuff bouncing along behind in the jeep's trailer.

MY FIRST LOOK AT SINOP

Since our route was through the town, I got my first look at Sinop, at that time considerably smaller than the 16,000 figure quoted for 1973. I would estimate that the total population in 1957 was probably 3000 to 5000. There was one huge

fortress that caught my attention which turned out to be a Turkish Federal Prison.

This being March, the top of The Hill was mist-shrouded, adding to the almost surreal feeling. There were few "permanent-type" structures on the hill at that time. The BOQ, the enlisted club, a supply warehouse, the Orderly Room, the messhall, the dispensary, a crudely-built theater where 16MM movies were shown and where monthly "training" classes were held, and the operations building were finished.

Within 15 days of my arrival, the NCO club was completed. When I use the term "permanent-type" buildings, I'm referring to wooden structures, mostly with concrete floors. I'm sure that all of those buildings were gone by 1973. Our quarters were Jamesway huts, which are nothing more than small, canvas-covered Quonset huts. Each hut held four men, each man provided with a metal GI cot, a footlocker, and a doweled rack about three feet long on which to hang a few clothes.

Senior NCO's [E6-E7] were billeted either singly or two to a hut. In the center of each hut was a cannon heater, a coalburning stove about a foot and a half in diameter that, while not keeping the hut warm, at least allowed you to take off your field jacket when you were inside.

The huts did have wooden floors, but the "incessant" wind quoted in The Hallmark story, and the muddy conditions in winter, worked to keep the floors dirty. That same wind, beating against the canvas of the huts, kept an almost constant "plop-plop" sound going all winter.

We did have "houseboys" to clean the huts, make beds, clean and shine boots and lay and start fires. Turkey being a Muslim country and Sinop being both geographically and culturally remote, all of the laborers on post were men. This included all of the houseboys, the kitchen help (KPs and dining room servers), the construction force, etc. Also, our houseboy took dirty clothes with him at the end of the day and returned clean, pressed clothes in one or two days. (I keep saying "houseboy," but Maumet was probably 35 to 45 years old, and to a 26-year old, that seemed ancient.)

Of interest, just before I left in March 1958, they began constructing single-story, wooden barracks and had moved some of the lower ranking EM into them. In conversations with those who had moved, it was obvious that they didn't at all like the barracks, preferring instead to remain in the Jamesway huts. The reason given was the lack of privacy in the barracks, where there were open bays with double-decked bunks.

As far as organized sports, there were none. The field between the quarters and the road to town, probably about six acres, was rocky and muddy. That summer we fashioned a drag with large bolts through it every six inches or so and, with

two or three guys standing on it, pulled it behind a jeep over the field. This worked to get most of the rocks out of the field and we were able to set up a primitive softball diamond and football field. Also, over by the EM club, a volleyball net was set up.. Because of the weather, i.e., windy and rainy, outdoor sports were mostly chancy anyway. The Hallmark piece had it right, the wind did blow constantly and half the time we were squatting in a cloud bank. I don't remember. however, that much snow, so the ".. flakes fly[ing] horizontally," is not a memory. That's something I heard in a description of our sister station, Shemya, Alaska.

HERE'S HOW THE SINOP CHAPEL WAS BUILT

Of course we didn't have the paper, we got our news from Radio Moscow, The BBC, and the English version of Voice of America. Halfway through my tour a fellow who worked in personnel had the idea to collect donations from the troops to build a chapel. He had checked and found out that there was no chapel in the master plan for Diogenes Station, so our donations were used to buy the materials and hire the labor to build that chapel. I did read sometime later in The Hallmark that the chapel was completed and in use. When I first published this story in the After Action Report, I got a call from that guy. His name is Jim Boyte, and lived in the Carolina's and had heard that the story was out. We talked for over an hour and I got his address and sent him a copy of the piece. Never heard back. So don't know what happened. He had published a memoir covering his entire life, including Sinop. The book had pictures of The Hill in 1957. The book was called, "Look Homeward."

THE RADIO STATION

Also, we established a low-power radio station in 1957 that broadcast a few hours each evening. There were several aspiring disc jockeys among the troops, so there was no shortage of help for that project. Mostly it was a matter of playing records, reading the album notes to introduce them, and reading news on the hour. News items were gleaned from news service copy that we picked up at operations.

THE PX

The PX was stocked mostly with just the basic necessities; i.e. soap, shaving supplies, some snacks (those were considered premium items by the troops, so they went very quickly), some pocketbooks (there was no library on post at that time), and tobacco items. During my stay there, the PX expanded quite a bit, stocking some clothing items, aluminum porch furniture, etc. Most of what they had was unusable on The Hill, so didn't move very well. You could special order audio items (tape players, record players, etc., but that was prior to transistors, and those things were large, bulky, and heavy.

Therefore, there was little space in the huts to keep them. I bought a reel-to-reel tape recorder/player from someone that was leaving. It was about eighteen inches square and ten inches deep. I didn't keep it, though. When I was leaving,

one of the Turks who worked on post bought it from me for the same price I paid for it. I vividly recall one item stocked at the PX: remember, we had one field grade officer on post, the base commander, who was a Major. Well, the PX stocked six field-grade officers billed caps (with the scrambled eggs), all size 7 1/8!! Needless to say, those were still there when I left. There was no Class VI on post, but one could buy beer and an occasional bottle from the club. Of course, without refrigeration, beer in the huts got warm rather quickly.

MY REGRETFUL FRIENDSHIP WITH SFC JACK E. DUNLAP AND THE CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

The year I was on The Hill was definitely a watershed concerning the post. There was a constant round of construction of barracks, additions to the ELINT and COMINT facilities, upgrades to the power, etc. Power was supplied by diesel generators that were increased in size practically monthly. Because of the mission, it was critical to have an uninterrupted source of power. Commercial power from Sinop was nowhere near satisfactory, so we generated our own. All of the construction meant a large force of Turkish workers who were mostly locals hired by the company that had the contract for all of the renovation and new construction. One of the foremen, if not the main boss, of these workers was a blond-haired Eastern European. Because his physical appearance was so much different than the Turks, he certainly stood out. I learned much later, back in the States, that he was a Hungarian Intelligence agent who was assigned to learn about the mission at Sinop.

Another person assigned as a facilities engineer was an SFC whose background was in the Airborne Infantry. Sinop was his first assignment with ASA and, following his clearance coming through, he was brought to operations and thoroughly briefed on our mission. The rationale was that knowledge of the mission would impress upon him the importance of uninterrupted power. I became good friends with him and our friendship continued after we both left Sinop and were reassigned to Fort Meade, with duty at NSA.

Since he had no operational background, his initial assignment at NSA was as driver to the NSA Chief-of-Staff (the position would later be Deputy Director for Operations [DDO]), MG Garrison B. Coverdale, (1905-1988). He continued in that assignment until General Coverdale left NSA, and, at the General's request was given an assignment in an operational position. This was some two years later, in 1960, and I left Fort Meade for a three year tour in Germany.

Upon my reassignment to NSA in 1963, we resumed our acquaintance, but I had married in the meantime, so we weren't as close. The man's name was Jack Dunlap, and in the summer of 1963, he planned to quit the Army after 11 years and seek employment at NSA. During the routine polygraph examination, several discrepancies were noted and the FBI was called.

In July of 1963, a research analyst at NSA named Victor Hamilton turned up in Moscow and announced that he was defecting. One day after Hamilton defection to Moscow, my former Sinop friend, Jack E. Dunlap, was found dead of carbon monoxide poisoning - an apparent suicide in the Glen Burnie area where he resided. It is quite possible that Hamilton's defection was brought about with his knowing that Dunlap had flunked the polygraph and was afraid that he might be next to be found out and wanted a safe place to hide from prosecution. About three years earlier two other former NSA employees, Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin [both homosexuals] had defected to the Soviet Union. I've heard that Jack Dunlap was buried with honors at Arlington National Cemetery. and read that about a month later, Dunlap's wife, Diane, found sealed packets of classified documents in the attic of their house, and it was then learned that Dunlap was a Soviet agent and that he had been providing the Soviets with information for many years. I believe that Jack Dunlap was targeted and recruited into spying for the KGB while in Sinop and working daily with the construction foreman above mentioned and not after he was assigned to NSA. In the end, he committed suicide. All of this is, of course, another story, but I wanted to mention it to give some idea of the great, worldwide interest in the mission at Sinop in the 50's.

HERE'S AN ARTICLE ON JACK DUNLAP USING SEARCH ENGINE GOOGLE.COM

One of America's most secret organizations the NSA was thought to be impenetrable by foreign agents. Its security was said to be ironclad, its tight-lipped officials unapproachable. The KGB had for some time targeted the NSA but found no way to obtain its secrets until it discovered Sergeant Jack Dunlap, a beer-drinking clerk-messenger with five children, a tired wife and mounting bills.

Louisiana-born Jack Dunlap was a career Army man. He enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1952 and served with distinction in Korea. Remaining in the service, Dunlap rose to the rank of sergeant and was assigned to the NSA in 1958. He was given top secret messages to carry to NSA officials before they had been put into code. Moreover, Dunlap was given a top-secret clearance to view these "raw" unencoded messages.

Somehow learning of Dunlap's sensitive position. a KGB agent approached the sergeant in 1958, bluntly telling him that he would be paid handsomely for the contents of the pouches he was carrying. Dunlap did not hesitate and began selling the Russians copies of all the documents he carried about. His method was reportedly simple. Before delivering the documents, he slipped them under his shirt, drove to a rendezvous in Washington, D.C., had his contact make copies or photograph them, then returned them to the pouch and went on to make his delivery.

By June of 1960, he bought two Cadillacs and a Jaguar. Next, Dunlap acquired a statuesque blonde mistress, paying her expenses. It was later estimated that Dunlap was receiving from the Soviets between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year. When neighbors asked about his new riches, Dunlap said that he had inherited a plantation in Louisiana.

NSA security paid no attention to Dunlap's new lifestyle. The spy brought attention to himself in 1963. He was about to be transferred to another post, which would cut off his access to documents. To continue making money from the Soviets, Dunlap believed that he could stay on at NSA by simply not re-enlisting when his tour of duty expired. He would then go to work for the agency as a civilian.

After being mustered out, Dunlap applied for work at NSA as a civilian. As such, he required a new clearance and, unlike the military working for NSA, he was compelled to take a lie detector test. He was given a polygraph test, which he failed. Dunlap learned that NSA and Army intelligence were both looking deeply into his background.

Dunlap fearing exposure, opted for suicide. The nature of Dunlap's death did not deter the Army from burying him with honors at Arlington National Cemetery. Then the spy's wife, Diane Dunlap, discovered a large number of classified documents in their home and turned these over to NSA which then pieced together Dunlap's traitorous activities, although it was never learned exactly how many documents Dunlap had turned over to the Russians, a vexing and costly problem for America's most secret organization.

THE SPY WARS by Edward Jay Epstein, New York Times Magazine, September 28, 1980

The primary task of any clandestine intelligence service... is to establish moles within the enemy's inner sanctum who are in a position to warn changes in its plans and intentions. "No intelligence can function unless it has secret sources. The clandestine service specializes in the spotting, compromising, recruiting and handling of moles on a regular basis. This is called Human intelligence, or simply, HUMINT. Within the Intelligence community, this question has been the center of a bitter and destructive debate that has persisted unresolved for many years. Most of these agents, according to their public admissions, were induced to work for the KGB by financial rewards or sexual blackmail rather than an ideological sympathy with Communism..... [During the Cold War, there were dozens of important spy cases: Sgts. Jack Dunlap, William Martin and Bernon Mitchell at NSA, etc.....](#) Our Intelligence community... watch for spies from other nations..... They usually do a very professional job. Although sometimes they really "drop the ball," as in the case of Sergeant Jack Dunlap, who drove his "KGB money" sports car to work - to the NSA HQ parking lot - every day for weeks! [Flash: Strikingly similar to the last-breaking, but worse, Ames/CIA case.]

Behind a ring of three barbed-wire electrified fences at Fort Meade, Md., is the headquarters of America's most secretive intelligence service the National Security Agency (NSA.). Even though it has more employees and a larger budget than any other American intelligence including the CIA. Even though its very existence had been classified a secret in the mid 1950s, such secrecy is considered necessary because it is responsible for protecting the security of the channels through which the leaders Of the United States Government, military forces and intelligence services communicate with one another. In most cases, the NSA designs the ciphers, encoding machines and protected lines through which the nation's most closely guarded secrets are transmitted . Any breach of this system can have disastrous consequences.

Aside from protecting the nation's secret communications, the NSA intercepts and deciphers the secrets of foreign governments. Such-signal intelligence includes intercepts of telephone and radio signals, telemetry from missiles and electrical impulses from radar and sonar. Vast quantities of information about the testing, capabilities and deployment of Soviet weaponry are derived from the NSA's electronic intelligence, or ELINT. Information about Soviet intentions comes from its code and cipher operations, which is known as Communications intelligence, or COMINT.

Despite its aura of secrecy, NSA has had multiple penetrations by Soviet intelligence. On July 22, 1963, Victor Norris Hamilton, a Syrian-born research analyst at NSA headquarters, turned up in Moscow and announced that he was defecting. He had been presumably an agent of the KGB In Moscow, he joined two other former NSA employees, Bernon F- Mitchell and William H Martin, who had defected to the Soviet Union three years earlier. While working as KGB moles at NSA, they had provided the Soviet Union with information about the technical capabilities and locations of the super secret sensors that the NSA had employed against it, and also with data about the NSA's codes and breaking techniques.

One day after Hamilton defected from the NSA, Jack E. Dunlap, an employee of the NSA since 1958, was found dead of carbon monoxide poisoning - an apparent suicide. One month later, when Dunlap s wife found sealed packets of Government documents in the attic of their house, it was reported that he was a Soviet agent.

Col. Thomas Fox, the chief of counterintelligence of the DIA at the time of the investigation, told me that Dunlap, a native of Bogalusa, La. had been recruited by the KGB while employed at the NSA communications-interception base at Sinop, Turkey. He had met there Major General Garrison Coverdale the chief of staff of the NSA. General Coverdale then selected Dunlap to be his personal driver at NSA. General Coverdale further arranged for Dunlap to receive top-secret clearance and a position in the NSA's traffic-analysis division. Since the general's car had "no inspection" status, Dunlap could drive off the base with documents hidden in the car and then return without anyone knowing that the material had been removed from the base.

Moreover, Dunlap had other high-level connections in the NSA. The Carroll Report, a secret DOD document (part of which I received through a Freedom of Information Act request) named after Gen. Joseph F. Carroll, who was asked to investigate the case, noted that Dunlap had helped a colonel at NSA pilfer some "expendable items of Government property" from his office. >From this incident, the report deduced, "Dunlap had already had experience in circumventing NSA procedures under relatively high level tutelage." The implication was that he had expanded his access to secret files by offering to help officers appropriate furniture and other articles from their offices.

When General Coverdale left NSA in August 1959, Dunlap was reassigned as a driver to the new NSA chief of staff, General Watlington. By continuing his chauffeuring, Dunlap retained access to the "no inspection" vehicle necessary for smuggling documents on and off the base.

The Carroll Report makes it clear that Dunlap was interrogated by NSA investigators just before he died. According to Colonel Fox, the DOD investigating team did not establish any connection between Dunlap and the three NSA employees who fled to Moscow. Since four KGB moles had been uncovered in the NSA., the agency found it necessary to change its secret codes, encoding machinery, security procedures and entire modus operandi.

While Dunlap was chauffeuring around the NSA chief of staff at Fort Meade, the KGB developed another mole at the pinnacle of American military intelligence Lieut. Col. William Henry Whalen. Colonel Whalen who was the intelligence advisor to the Army Chief of Staff. Since Colonel Whalen, as intelligence adviser, could demonstrate a "need to know," he had access to virtually all military planning and national intelligence estimates. In return for money, he regularly supplied secrets to his Soviet case officer over a three-year period, even after he had retired from the Army because of a physical disability. According to his subsequent indictment, the highly classified data sold to the KGB included "information pertaining to atomic weaponry, missiles, military plans for the defense of Europe, estimates of comparative military capabilities, military intelligence reports and analyses, information concerning the retaliation plans by the United States Strategic Air Command and information pertaining to troop movements." He gave away, in short, a wide range of national secrets available to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (Pleading guilty in 1966 to charges of conspiring with a Soviet agent to divulge national defense documents, Col Whalen was sentenced to 15 years in prison, and paroled after six years.)

Through the services of Dunlap and Whalen, the KGB succeeded, as Angleton put it, in "opening the window" on virtually all American intelligence-gathering activities in the Soviet bloc. Just as the CIA was able to ferret out KGB moles by tracing the documents that Goleniewski provided from Moscow to their source,, the KGB could presumably trace the military intelligence reports and analyses that Whalen provided to whatever traitors existed in the Soviet intelligence apparatus. During this period, 1958 to 1963, the KGB did in fact succeed in catching the CIA's two prize moles in Moscow, Peter Popov and Oleg Penkovsky. Both were executed.

HOW DO WE WEED OUT THESE MOLES?

Even in the light of these past Soviet successes in penetrating the NSA and Defense Department, there is considerable resistance in the intelligence community to confronting the possibility that the KGB has used the same techniques and resources to establish new and undetected moles in American intelligence. For

one thing, there is little bureaucratic incentive for searching for moles: If the search is a failure, it will be viewed as a demoralizing witch hunt; if it is successful, it will completely undercut trust in the past work of the intelligence service. Just as the British Secret Service resisted the idea that it had been infiltrated by KGB moles even after it had received the incriminating documents from Goleniewski, the FBI elected not to pursue evidence of a mole. For example, William C. Sullivan, A/Director of the FBI for Domestic Intelligence until 1971, claims that J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI Director, refused to allow him to move against what he was convinced was a Soviet mole in the FBI's New York office. In his autobiography, Sullivan describes how he discovered the leak and, unable to identify the mole, proposed transferring, one by one, all personnel out of the suspected section. Hoover replied, "Some smart newspaperman is bound to find out that we are transferring people out of the New York office," and flatly rejected the request. The source of the leak had not been removed from the office, or further identified, when Sullivan retired. Similarly, the CIA has relied on polygraph examinations to uncover moles, even though there is no empirical evidence that they work. In 1978, for example, a 23-year-old watch officer in the CIA named William Kampiles sold to the KGB a top-secret manual explaining the technical operations of the KH-11 satellite system that is used over the Soviet Union. When the CIA investigated, it discovered that there were at least 13 other missing KH-11 manuals. Kampiles had passed all his polygraphs.

The strategy denial is of course self-fulfilling. So long as a secret service denies it is possible to penetrate it, it is unlikely to find evidence of such penetration.

Here is additional information regarding Jack E. Dunlap.

Some of it is hearsay, some heresy from un-named sources. Jack Dunlap was a Boy Scout in New Orleans in his youth. Enlisted and became an Airborne Ranger in the Infantry. Served in the Korean War and received the Combat Infantry Badge (CIB). The circumstances of his joining the ASA is not known, but is assigned to Det 4 in 57/58 with an unknown MOS. It might have been as a MP. During the 57-58 period there were no known MP's assigned to Sinop. The security for the base was performed by the Turk conscript unit billeted outside the post. It is believed that the name of the blond-haired Hungarian was Alex Klopstock. Jack Dunlap frequented the beach area at Samsun and enjoyed the Russian females there. After gaining access to operations Dunlap was especially interested in the telemetry signals, etc. and on several occasions was seen going into the restricted COMCEN area, but because he was a Senior NCO, no one challenged him and it will NEVER be known if he secreted or photographed anything therein. Also, many thought it unusual that Jack Dunlap went TDY to Hq's USASAEUR with the CO at Det 4 in 1958 because he was not knowledgeable of the mission as was Sgt Van Pelt. Sgt Dunlap shot a wild boar and all the Sinop dogs (except Gimp) with his .45. Perhaps we will find the name of the Major who commanded Det 4 in 1958. Jack Dunlap was transferred to Vint Hill Farms from Ft Meade after he took a polygraph at NSA. He probably knew that he had flunked and was now in a dilemma. He was seen driving a white Cadillac at VHFS and would be gone for days before his death in Maryland. At least one person swears that the autopsy of Jack Dunlap would show that he was 'beaten to a pulp' and that a 'snake in the woodpile' was responsible for placing the hose in his car which caused his death.

BIRA, RAKI, ANISETTE, OUZU and PERNOD

Going to town involved riding the back of a deuce-and-a-half on the bouncy, jouncy road down and back. Because of the dirt road down The Hill, by the time you arrived there, you were pretty dusty. During the year I was there, I went to Sinop maybe three times. I also went to Ankara once, and to Samsun once (more on those trips later). But dinner in Sinop for us meant, not donner kebob or shish kebob, but a steak dinner at Ali's restaurant. There was no "Yenni Hotel" at this time, and Ali's was the place where we went, probably because he understood English sufficiently to provide us with a fairly decent dinner. Since beer, both the brewing process and the product, was imported to Turkey from Northern Europe, the word remained the same "bira (beera)." And while the beer, to someone who had experienced German beer for three years, was less than

perfection, it was at least drinkable. It was also at Ali's that I first encountered the fiery anise-based liquor called "raki." All across the Mediterranean basin, one can find this concoction, being raki in Turkey, anisette in Italy, ouzo in Greece, and Pernod in Southern France.

Another way to have a decent meal was to go to one of the Black Sea coastal cruise ships which made Sinop a port-of-call. They would arrive during the afternoon and stay until late at night, giving the passengers time to debark to tour Sinop. Diners were welcome on the ship, despite not being manifested. All one had to do was take a water taxi out to the ship, climb up a ladder and make your way to the dining room. The ship had it over Ali's restaurant, since you dined on clean linen cloths, on respectable china ware. But going up and down that ladder when you were half in the bag was a real experience.

All this to-do about food stemmed from what happened shortly after I arrived on The Hill. At that time there were no rations in kind to be had in country. The US Forces there consisted of the logistical group and the Air Force support units in Ankara, a joint forces air base at Adana, and the three Black Sea sites, Sinop, Samsun, and Trabzon. The latter two were manned by Air Force personnel. We were drawing money for separate rations, some of which was immediately put into a pot and rations were purchased locally. I'm not sure where the food was purchased, bread was of the European style, crusty and un-sliced, so it probably came from the local bakery. Vegetables were available seasonally, and meat came from the local butchers. When we had beef, we could tell if it was real beef or water buffalo just by the taste. Anything other than real beef was referred to as "asak (donkey)." This system worked well enough until the new base commander took over. He developed a bad case of the GIs shortly after he arrived and decreed that henceforth all rations would be purchased at the commissary in Ankara. The mess sergeant tried unsuccessfully to explain that the commissary was quite small and was there for the use of dependents in Ankara. The commander was adamant, so ration runs to Ankara were instituted. The commissary officer said that his primary customers were the dependents in the Ankara area and whatever single personnel shopped there, so we were given rations after all of these were taken care of. Consequently, during one 30-day stretch, our main courses consisted of chicken and hot dogs.

One problem on The Hill was the lack of water. Water was taken from local streams by pumping it into tanker trucks. These in turn were emptied into storage tanks at the base where it was treated and dispensed. The mess hall, of course, had first priority on water. The only facilities with running water, other than the mess hall were the BOQ and a central shower room/washroom. All of the latrines outside the BOQ were pit toilets, strategically located around the base and what were commonly called "piss tubes" in Viet Nam. One time, a couple of the Ops NCO's were drinking with the Ops officer and the Ops officer took them to the BOQ where he had another bottle. Being completely wasted, the guys sat on the floor next to the Captain's commode and kept flushing it and saying, over and over, "What a great invention!"

The houseboys left kettles of water in the huts. Most everyone had bought a small basin that they used for shaving in the hut. The idea was to heat the water on the stove and shave there, usually in the evening, and not have to walk over to the shower room. As I said, water was taken from local streams and that worked well in winter, but in summer the streams had a habit of drying up, causing the water detail to have to go farther afield to fill up. As a consequence, showers in the summer were limited to two a week. I can't remember that we stank that bad, so either time has smoothed over that memory, or we just didn't pay that much attention to our smells.

Of course, the beverage of choice was beer, with a close second being coffee or soda pop, so lack of drinking water wasn't a big deal. The weather was temperate to cold, so that helped, too. We did get a desalinization unit that summer, powered by diesel generators. I don't remember that it made much difference in the water situation, only one more thing to break down.

We got a new Warrant Officer (WOJG) in that year, Arnold Taylor. New in both ways - new to us and new to the Officer's Corps. He came in wearing a brand new summer tropical worsted (TW) uniform, but his baggage didn't make it in with him. He wound up wearing that uniform for two weeks straight! Even with his nightly showers in the BOQ, his TW's kept him pretty gamy. I felt sorry for him, and after we got to know him, he was a pretty good guy.

ONE ARM BANDITS

About midway through my tour, the NCO club committee decided to purchase some used slot machines from the Air Force NCO club in Ankara. I was picked to go down, check them out, buy them and bring them back to Sinop. It being summer time, we took the mountain route in a deuce-and-a-half. It really was picturesque. One stretch was a single-lane dirt road cut into the side of the mountain. It reminded me of the World War II newsreels of the supply trucks on the Burma Road. The initial part of the slot machine deal was made by telephone from Sinop to Ankara, so the club sergeant was expecting me. I, however, was not expecting the junk machines that he was offering. There were three: a nickel, a dime, and a quarter machine, and the agreed upon price was \$600. I thought that was exorbitant considering the condition of the machines (as I remember, the nickel machine didn't even have a back), and called Sinop and told the club sergeant of my misgivings. He said my feelings were duly noted and to buy the machines. So much for my business acumen. From that time forward, the NCO club had money for whatever we wanted. Because of the condition of the machines (I was right about that), they were constantly breaking down, but we had a secret repairman in the person of the operations crypto-repair NCO. He was able to keep the machines functioning. When the IG made his annual inspection, he asked to see all of the documentation for the money collected and paid out. Every thing was in order, but the amount of money we had on hand was staggering. I remember his comment: "Maybe you should change the odds on these things." A second thing that the IG was concerned with was the amount

of booze (mostly beer) consumed on the hill. At that time, any mixed drink was 25 cents and beer (all American beer) was 15 cents. I asked the NCO club custodian why all mixed drinks were the same price when differing liquors had vastly different costs per bottle. He said he didn't want to confuse the Turkish kid who tended bar, so he arbitrarily made everything the same price. During his check of the EM club, the IG was told that some guys spent up to \$75.00 a month at the club. He thought that was outrageous, and asked the SFC who was helping count the money what he spent a month. He asked the wrong guy, because he was noted for his ability to knock 'em back, despite working long hours and never missing work. His reply to the IG was, "Some months \$150.00, some months \$155.00. Some months have 30 days and some have 31 days."

The IG let it go after that, and I didn't hear anything further about the excessive drinking on the hill. Sometime later, I went into the club one evening and there was a brand new 150-play jukebox. The total number of records we had was probably 10 to 15, so the jukebox seemed a little extravagant. When I said something to the club sergeant, the same one who had instructed me to buy the machines, he told me quite proudly that the jukebox had cost \$1500, and he was delighted to be able to spend that kind of money just to get rid of it.

THE SAMSUN KARA-HANI

Another time I was fortunate enough to go to Samsun on a weekend trip. There were four of us (all NCO's) and we went down in a jeep. As I remember, we went to scrounge something from the Air Force. We got to stay overnight in the hotel where the Air Force troops were billeted, so that made for a very nice change-of-pace from life on The Hill. I, of course, did not go to the Karahani while we were in Samsun, but a friend with remarkable powers of observation and description, gave me this version of the place. I have heard the Karahani referred to as a women's prison. That may well be, but it did not look or feel like a prison, not in the way we understand the word. The place was enormous. At the front gate, Turkish soldiers were stationed, but their function was kind of nebulous, since they didn't seem to do much. There was no check of personnel going in or out and, since the place was relatively quiet that night, there wasn't much one could see that they did. Inside was like a self-contained city. There were shops, restaurants and block after block of apartments where the women stayed and worked. There were hundreds of men walking the streets, ogling the women and talking both to the women and with one another. The noise, smells, and the undercurrent of raw sex was truly unforgettable. I have to say that none of us felt the least bit threatened while we were there.

The next day, Sunday, we left Samsun for our return to Sinop. As luck would have it, we had a flat tire in the town square in Bafra. We couldn't have picked a better place for this inconvenience to happen, and, as it turned out, we weren't inconvenienced at all. We climbed out of the jeep intending to fix the flat, when the head man in the village came out, instructed some of the locals to take off the tire, repair it and replace it. Meanwhile, we were taken into the local coffeehouse where we were given glasses of the sweet, hot tea that everyone drinks. (Why they call them coffeehouses is a mystery, since no one drinks coffee.)

When the tire was ready, we offered to pay for the repair and the labor, but the head-man refused our offer. There was a small restaurant adjacent to the coffeehouse and, it being around noon, we went in for lunch. Because of our lack of Turkish, and the proprietor's lack of English, we chose our lunch by looking into pots until we saw something we liked. It turned out to be stuffed peppers, a staple throughout the middle east as well as Eastern Europe. They were really good and, washed down with ice water, made a very satisfying lunch. When it came time to pay, I tried to give the proprietor ten lira (about a dollar) but he pushed that away and took an *ici bucuk* (equivalent to a quarter) and gave me change. Not bad for lunch for four. (At that time the official exchange rate was ten lira to the dollar. Now it's 638,000 and change.)

So, with all of the primitiveness of Sinop, what was there to recommend it? Operations at Sinop were unique in many ways. The original Ops building was built by the troops. The initial floor plan called for hut trucks to back up to openings in the building, and intercept was conducted in the huts. This changed soon after I got there, and the intercept bay was doubled in size, with the original wall where the huts were, removed and all positions set up with receivers in racks inside the building. At that time, the mission required four Morse and two voice positions. But because of the rapid expansion of the target during that year, we installed another five Morse racks and manned them during special events.

All that year we continued our coverage with up to nine positions active at once, using off-duty operators who voluntarily came to Ops for these special missions, even though our POEI remained at four Morse positions. Never once did any higher headquarters question why or how we were able to provide this extra coverage!

The most unique thing about our mission was that this was the first "marriage" of COMINT and ELINT. Until 1955, ELINT was the sole prerogative of the Signal Corps. In that year, it was transferred to ASA, with all of the equipment and personnel. The kicker was that most ELINT personnel had only a SECRET clearance, weren't allowed access to the COMINT Ops building, and had only a vague idea of what we were doing. The entire operations area was laid out with the two buildings (COMINT and ELINT) inside a secure fence, with a second fence around the COMINT building. Coming in through the guard shack, there were two exit doors, one leading to the ELINT area and one to the COMINT.

Since the personnel complement was small enough, and everyone knew the exclusionary rules, there was no problem with the guard knowing where everyone should go. We didn't use badges, relying instead on the guard's knowledge.

This being my first experience with ELINT, I was given a thorough briefing and tour of their operations early on, and the huge dish antennas and high-speed, wideband recorders that they used reminded me of the movies of the "mad

doctor's laboratory."

During special operations, we communicated with the ELINT building over a land-line intercom, using special codes to describe where we were in an operation. For any expansion of information, we had to use a runner. We had the usual conflicts between headquarters and operations. For example; a big cookout was set for Independence Day. Makeshift grills were constructed, hamburgers, hotdogs, potato salad, and all the fixin's were prepared by the mess hall, and a beautiful, isolated beach on the Black Sea just east of Sinop was set up for the festivities. All the troops were loaded in deuce-and-a-halves and trucked down there - all, that is, except operations. The target picked that day (coincidentally? I think not) for extended operations, causing us to keep not only the normal complement of people there, but also as many as we could convince to help out. We did get a small measure of satisfaction hearing later that the beach, as beautiful as it was, served as a reflector for the sun, and folks were getting drunk on two or three beers, drastically shortening their party.

The same thing happened on Christmas Day. The target picked that day to act up, and turkey sandwiches at operations were had instead of the normal feast. As both an example of the Army's less-than-perfect personnel system, and as a kind of harbinger of what would happen, there were three Vietnamese linguists assigned to Sinop. Of course, we didn't have any use for them, so they were given OJT and cross-trained to work either crypt analysis or traffic analysis. All three turned out to be exceptionally good workers, becoming highly productive in a short time. Eight to ten years after that, they would have had quite a different experience.

THE POINT SITE BEGINNINGS

That summer, they moved in DF equipment that had been located at Det 27 to Det 4. The set was an AN/TRD-4, and, because of my past experience, I was picked to set it up and get it operational. WOJG Taylor had no experience in DF, but he had a Technical Manual TM that went into great detail on how to orient and erect the equipment.

First of all, we had to acquire land in an area far enough away from other equipment and manmade structures that the DF equipment could operate without interference.

Sinop Birnu (Sinop point) is shaped like a giant footprint, if the giant were wearing shoes, with the toe pointing inland to Turkey, and the heel pointing toward the Caucasus. At that time, all of the base was located in the toe of the point and the heel of the point was under cultivation, or open fields. We scouted the open area, picked a likely site, and had our GI Turkish interpreter locate the owner. The owner was more than willing to lease the land to us, but he couldn't understand why we wanted undeveloped land when he had a fully mature cornfield that he was also willing to sell.

Mr. Taylor and I took a jeep and drove out to the point one night to our newly acquired site, taking with us a transit and the TM on DF operations. As I remember, we had to sight on Polaris (the North Star), wait until the Big Dipper swung around in the

sky so that the handle stars of the Dipper were aligned with Polaris, and at that time the transit was aligned to true north. We knew the magnetic declination for our location, so we set that on the transit, drove in a stake with a nail on top, and that gave us our N-S line for the equipment.

This procedure took approximately five hours. Now all you have to do is use the Global Positioning System (GPS) that will give you a perfectly oriented position within ten meters of a spot anywhere on Earth. How things change. Setting up the equipment was uneventful.

The hut was carried out there on a deuce-and-a-half, off-loaded and we operated out of the hut on the ground. The equipment proved very reliable, even though we were using diesel generators for power, and had to shut down whenever we were fueling or servicing a generator.

Driving out to The Point (our name for the DF site) was itself an experience. We had to pass a small farm where there was a water buffalo. This buffalo hated jeeps and charged after them every time we went past. It obviously had worked out the geometry of its approach, since it revised its angle of attack each time it charged us. When it looked like it had solved the vector problem sufficiently to cause us grave damage, we switched from a jeep to a 3/4-ton truck. The difference in size both confused it and caused it to reevaluate its position, thus heading-off a potentially dangerous situation. Before we switched vehicles, we had mentioned our nemesis to the guys at operations. They, of course, thought we were exaggerating. But one time we took Mr. Taylor out. He was in the right-front seat, I was driving and a third man was in the back seat. The guy in back had a pistol, a personal weapon as I remember, and, when the buffalo commenced its attack, Mr. Taylor was convinced we were done for. He was shouting, "Shoot him! ! Shoot him!!" Now that I think about it, that was when we started traveling in the 3/4-ton.

After the point site was up and running and personnel were picked to man the Equipment. CAN ANYONE NAME THOSE 05D'S

I kind of eased out of the daily operation of the site. At that time, the target was changing rapidly, and Mr. Taylor picked me for a new task.

When my tour was up, I left The Hill riding in the back of a truck. Because of the weather (March, 1958) we burrowed into pile-lined sleeping bags, trying to keep warm from Sinop to Samsun, and from Samsun to Ankara. Even so, it was cold enough that I remember it to this day. Lunch on the road consisted of sandwiches from the mess hall washed down with straight bourbon. I was so cold, that bourbon didn't even burn on the way down.

As a kind of compensation, we were given first class seats/flights from Ankara to Wheelus AFB, in Tripoli, Libya, where we caught MATS (Military Air Transport Service, the predecessor of MAC) flights to the States. I was booked on KLM, first class to Rome. There we stayed overnight, and, because we were traveling first class, we were

put up in a deluxe hotel. The second leg of the flight was on Alitalia to Wheelus. That was an incredible experience for me, both the flights and the hotel. Nothing before had prepared me for either the pampering by the flight crews, the food in first class, or the opulence of that hotel in Rome.

There was a mixup in my orders and flight operations at Wheelus had me booked on a flight to the States ten days after I reported in. Typical bureaucracy, I was told if I just showed up, I could leave immediately, but, since I was already manifested, I was stuck there for the whole time. As a casual, there wasn't anything to do except eat and sleep. The mess hall there was probably the worst I've ever encountered (so much for the myth of Air Force chow), so I ate either at the PX snack bar or at the NCO club. The transient barracks was directly in the flight path and every morning I was wakened by F-100's taking off. The weather was just cold enough that they always used their afterburners, really a nasty way to wake up. From there it was just a reverse of my trip over. I caught a MATS flight from Wheelus to Charleston, SC and civilian flights from there to Detroit, my hometown.

I've never thought of my tour at Sinop as a particular hardship. I lived under field conditions for extended periods in Germany, Turkey, and Vietnam, and always felt it was just the luck of the draw. I also lived in some pretty swank surroundings, and figured it all evened out. Likewise, I don't remember that there was any more bitching at Sinop than any other place I was stationed. There's always some, that's the GI's nature. But when it was time to work, we worked hard.

Probably, we worked harder at Sinop than many other stations, but, again, that was the reason for us being there and there just wasn't much else to do. Also, like in every other tour anyone did in the Army, I met some great folks who became friends that I encountered many times over the years. I do agree with the overall sentiment in The Hallmark piece that, if you've been on The Hill you'll always remember it.

To this day, the anniversary of Sputnik-I (October, 1957) and Sputnik-II (November, 1957) are dates solidly etched in my memory. I still remember the acrid smell of Turkish cigarettes and Maumet answering my, "How's it going?" with, "Good, Sarge, and you, Sarge?" And during the television reports on the seemingly endless wars that take place in the middle east, whenever they show pictures of minarets and I hear the plaintive sound of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, I remember my time at Sinop.

BOX, Gerald E., (Jerry), YOB: 1938, RA12496428, E5, 059, Det 4, MR64-MR65, & E7, MR72-MR73, 3715 Teakwood Ct., Melbourne, FL 32935, 570-396-1259, geraldbox87@yahoo.com



Photo copied from Facebook entry

SCHNAGL, Gene, 98J, Det 4, 63-64, (Kathy), 3821 W. Glenwood Dr., Franklin, WI 53132, 414-856-2970, eschnagl@we.rr.com



Gene & Kathy Schnagl at the 2013 reunion at Myrtle Beach. They enjoyed it so much that they've signed up to attend in 2014. Gene has told me that he would like to host a reunion in Wisconsin.



Gene reports that Kathy made it through her new hip surgery just fine. She should be up and at them in the morning. Her surgeon said they had to sedate her just to get her to stop asking questions.

WOLFF, Laroy, 98J E3-E5. Det 4-2, 64-65, (Jan), 110 Collinwood Pl., Franklin, TN 37069, 615-306-0250, laroywolff@comcast.net
WEBSITE janandbutchtravels.com



ABOVE IS LARoy AND JAN WOLFF AND THEIR GRANDSON WHO IS A MIDSHIPMAN AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY

I had the write-up on Laroy Wolff completed and somehow it was deleted. I had lost my notes and the photo's were in my files. I will re-do this write-up at a later date and apologize to Laroy. Laroy is one of the most interested 4-2 vet's. Laroy is shown in the 4-2 write-up of this DOOL standing next to the A3B at Fort Meade.



Laroy Wolff – 1964 at Incirlik AFB, Adana, Turkey



Laroy Wolff on EA-3B duty in seat 5 in 1964



THE NUMBER 11 EA-3B THAT MOST 4-2'ers REMEMBER FLYING



I remember several of us putting the wing tank up while I was at 4-2 ('64 - '65) but does anybody remember who found it and/or who painted it?

Wiley Craig recalls burying the nose & putting cement and rocks in it, but not the artist



Above and below is Laroy Wolff and his motorscooter at 4-2



THAT'S ALL FOR DOOL #262