

### **MAIL-call - PRESERVING FORGOTTEN MEMORIES**

Your memoirs are most welcome to the DAYS OF OUR LIVES and is an effort on my part to preserve the stories and memories of ASA veterans who served in Turkey. Whether you choose to share your memories is a personal choice. However, information not shared is the same as information lost. Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer

### **IN SICK BAY**

HARGUS, Julian Duane (Zip) YOB: 1940 RA 17577760 711 & 059 E3-E4 Det 27 DE60-SE62, (Linda), 400 Acorn Dr., Jefferson City, MO 65109, 573-893-4267, [ziphargus@yahoo.com](mailto:ziphargus@yahoo.com) -

Zip informs that he recently had surgery that removed his left foot big toe and is recuperating at home. This medical problem caused zip to request that he be temporarily removed as a DOOL relayer until he gets back to normal.

### **TAPS**

BOYETTE, James E DOB 26SE1929 DOD 28NO2004 at New Smyrna Beach, FL, SSN 267-36-6885 iss FL., CSM Det 4, 68-69, 911 Live Oak Street, New Smyrna Beach, FL 32168 904-423-4110

BISTANY, Samuel J., DOB: 15 July 1918, DOD: 11 Nov 2002 at Fitchburg, MA, 84y, 06, CDR, Det 4, 67-68. Among his many ASA tours were assignments in Arizona, Fort Bragg, Fort Devens, Alaska, Sinop, Turkey, Germany and as XO of USASA Caribbean Hq in Panama. Sam's wife, Catherine, born 23 April 1915 predeceased him on 25 November 2000 in California. "Sam always fretted that as a native Lebanese speaker he was never asked to serve with the task force that deployed to Lebanon."





Above is Colonel Bistany receiving a going away sailing boat at the DOOM club. That's Maj Ed Cima clapping. Cima was then the commander at Det 4-4 at Karamursel.

DELOACH, Gary E., DOB: 30JA45 DOD: 12JL05, SSN: 153-34-0446 issued NJ, 98J Det 4- 67-68, (Veronda), P.O. Box 354, Sussex, NJ 07461, [vg@tellurian.com](mailto:vg@tellurian.com) – Retired SGM E9 John Stonska wrote in the winter 2005 issue of the Chitose news about the passing of Gary DeLoach a friend he knew at Det 4 in 1968.: The Internet had brought them together – albeit too briefly before his passing. John mentioned that they reminisced about the infamous Grenade Stamp that Gary was familiar with and that when John returned to Det 4 in 1975 he found it still in the back of the Site Signal Card File Box that SFC Murphy used to keep on his desk in the IA area. I can only hope and pray that as I depart this world

STONSKA, John YOB 1948 98J Det 4, SE68-NO69, JA75-FE76, JA79-MR79, 3 Bridle Pass, Tinton Falls, NJ 07753, 732-922-6422, [jstonska@yahoo.com](mailto:jstonska@yahoo.com)

FENTON, Robert E RA13722436, E3-E5, 059, TK#4, Det 27, DE61-63 1961 ADR RR1 Charles City, VA per Jim Arnold

James Arnold who served at Det 27, 61-63, as a 059 on Trick #4 reports that he recently found an obituary of Robert E. Fenton and he is 99% sure it is the same person that he knew in the Army at Fort Devens and Manzarali. He also mentioned that Fenton served at Det 4 during the

61-63 time frame. I thought you might want this info. I did know Robert Fenton, Raymond Carroll, but can not recall Perry Simmons jr. Always James

LA BRECQUE, Henry J., (Hank), DOB: 1930, DOD: 27 June 2006 at Falls Church, VA., Maj-LTC, XO & CO, Det 4, 68-DE68, (Barbara-dec), 6515 Walters Woods Dr., Falls Church, VA 22044, 703-941-1492, [hjlbg@cox.net](mailto:hjlbg@cox.net) - Hank informs that his BIO is almost ready for the DOOL and that he will prod his good friend, John O'Connor to get his BIO finished for inclusion in the DOOL's.



LTC Henry LaBrecque in 1968

**The ASA: Learning Russian in California  
and Teaching English in Japan  
by Don McCabe**

[Please note that Don McCabe, ex-ASAer, did not serve in Turkey, but his story about his tour in the ASA as a Russian Linguist is interesting so much that once you start reading it you can't stop. Don was born in 1932 and served at Kyoto 1956-1957. I was at Chitose 55-58. Anyone interested can call Don McCabe toll free at 1-866-285-6612 or email him at [donmccabe@aol.com](mailto:donmccabe@aol.com) ]

When I graduated from the University of Detroit, I didn't want to go job hunting. In 1954 most employers didn't want to hire anyone who was draft bait. My college deferment was over. So rather than wait around, I volunteered for the draft.

Because the soonest they would take me was in November, I took a grounds maintenance job working at Brookwood Golf Club. He made sure I was in top physical shape for the basic training.

Perhaps it was the fact I was in better physical shape and a few years older than most of the men, that convinced the barracks sergeant to make me a Platoon Leader. I was gung-ho. Now one of the first things that happened was that we all took a battery of

intelligence and aptitude tests. On one of them I scored high enough to be tapped by the Army Security Agency. They wanted me. And the ASA had first choice.

But the results of the tests were not given out until nearly the end of basic training, just before the bivouac. Apparently the barracks sergeant saw the results. Instead of being a physically hardened hardnosed private that would make a good platoon leader, I was just one of those egg-heads who were going to go into the the Army Security Agency.

So all of a sudden, I was relieved of my responsibilities of being platoon leader. Then, on the first night of bivouac I caught guard duty. One night without sleep isn't so bad. I handled the next day's activities with no real problem. Then I was assigned guard duty again. It was supposedly a random thing. It was harder to stay awake this time, but I was in top shape. I could do it. And do it, I did. The third night, they selected guard duty a different way. And again, I had guard duty. That wasn't a coincidence. That morning we packed up our gear and started to march the 15 miles back to our barracks. I started out somewhere near the back of the main group. It was one of those hurry up and wait marches. Well, I was exhausted physically, mentally, and emotionally. I wasn't going to run to play catch up and then stand and wait. I walked a comfortable pace. Rather quickly there were two groups of men. Those in front and those who couldn't keep up who brought up the rear. I was marching to my own drummer somewhere between the two groups. With the Company Commander looking on from his jeep, my barracks sergeant ordered me to either join the first group or fall back with the second group.

I told him to go to hell. He started toward me. I threatened to kill him. I raised my M-1 to an attack position. I used a few very typical army expletives and let him know very clearly that I wasn't going to let him continue "messaging" with me. He backed off. I marched by myself between the two groups back to the barracks. I had fully expected to be called into the CO's office. I wasn't. I didn't say anything to the other men. And the other men didn't ask me any questions. Basic training was over.

After a short leave I reported to Fort Devens to sit around waiting for my Top Secret Security Clearance to come through.

Now, anybody who has been in the service will tell you never volunteer for anything. And they're right with one exception. Back then not many men could type and I knew the army ran on typewriters. Today, it's computers, but back then it was typewriters. At the very first morning roll call after arriving there, the sergeant asked if anyone could type. I volunteered. The next thing I knew I was working for the 1st Sergeant and making out the duty roster and typing out the weekend passes. Guess who never went on K.P. and who always had a weekend pass! All of us there had to wait until our clearances came through before we could go to an ASA school. I quickly found out what school I would be going to. It would be the Morse Code school. The thought of spending eight hours a day listening to and transcribing dit dot dits was not at all appealing to me. When I found out that the ASA was also looking for candidates for the Army Language School, I asked to take the test to see if I could qualify. Test taking had become a game to me. It was a game I was good at. I passed with flying colors. Now, I had to extend my tour of duty if I wanted to go there. I figured one more year would be worth it. I'm sure I was right.

My Top Secret Security Clearance was slow in coming through. Of my group from Fort Leonard Wood, I was one of the last to get mine. That's why I am so

sure that if I would have allowed the protest demonstration to take place at Junior College, either the FBI or the CIA would have refused to grant my TOP SECRET clearance.

The day after my clearance came through, I was sent to the Army Language School in Monterey, California. Once there I had to learn Russian and in a hurry. The army did have a very strong motivational device. Pass and you automatically have a PFC stripe. Flunk and you go to Korea in the infantry. That's real carrot and stick motivation.

Very few ever flunked. First of all they used good screening devices. The average I.Q. was more than one standard deviation above the norm. The language aptitude test took care of the rest. But even then, it's a good thing the Army didn't do what most publishers do. They didn't call up a name university and ask to have the resident "expert" develop the teaching materials. They also didn't go to the universities and ask for teachers who had been certified by the State of California to teach. No, they wanted native speakers for their teachers. These native speakers developed their own texts. And they used teaching techniques they were familiar with. These are techniques that were not then and still are not today used in American schools to any real extent at any level.

Learning Russian was the first real academic challenge I faced. I had to learn a new language and fast and compete against students who not only were bright but who were not dyslexics like myself. Of course, at that time, I didn't even know what the words dyslexia and dyslexic meant. All I knew is that compared to the others there, I had problems learning. But I learned. And I learned from teachers who wouldn't be allowed to teach in any American public school. Why? Because they had not been taught how to teach by teachers who don't know how to teach. You know the old saying: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach. Well, it's been my experience that those who can't teach, teach the teachers. More about that later on.

What I learned at the Army Language School was that the teaching of phonics works, especially in such a phonetically regular language as Russian. We learned to write the alphabet which has a few letters that are just like ours such as the letters а ("ah") and о ("oh"). But some Russian letters just look like ours, such as the Russian Р which corresponds to the English R and the Russian С which corresponds to our S. And then we have the funny looking: (Sorry about that but html won't allow me to write the cyrillic letters, but you Probably have seen them before, in any case they are written correctly in cyrillic in the book)

Everything at the Army Language School was carefully structured. Direct instruction was employed in small teacher controlled classes. The part of the direct instruction that helped me more than any other part was the dictation. Sentences spoken at normal conversational speed had to be written down correctly. The hardest part for me was to determine where one word stopped and another started. One phrase in particular stands out in my memory because I mangled it so completely:

"nah·bare·uh·goo·wreck·key."

I had no idea how many words were in the phrase. In fact, because it was spoken so fast I couldn't repeat in my head those six syllables. Not until my

instructor helped me to break it down into nah plus bare-uh-goo and then wreck-key could I even repeat the phrase after her. Then and only then could I translate it as "On the river bank." Literally: "On bank river's"

I now know where part of my problem was. The moment I have any unknown sound of more than three syllables, it blows right by me. And I'm sure that same phenomenon occurs even with many non-dyslexics, for all intensive purposes. Yes, I know it should be "for all intents and purposes" but that is the way I heard that phrase for about the first forty years of my life.

Every hour we had a different teacher. They were up front about the reason. they wanted us to learn to react properly to differences in the dialects used by these native speakers. They didn't try to teach us just one correct dialect. They wanted us to be able to translate into proper written Russian the words no matter how slurred or accented by dialect. If I had not been exposed to this method of teaching at the Army Language School, I'm sure I would never have been able to design AVKO's "Spoken Dialect Translation Exercises" or to come up with the concept of "SCRUNCHED UP" speech.

Another aspect of the effect of "grammar" and "intonation" within language was lodged permanently in my memory for over twenty-years before I fully understood what it was all about.

Because our teachers were native speakers of Russian, they were still learning to speak English themselves. Book English they knew. The common idioms of spoken language and the slang of the streets they didn't know. And they wanted to learn it. So they very often traded "language secrets" with us. In exchange for learning the \*#@! words of English, they taught us the Russian equivalents. Off the record, of course.

One day on a smoke break between classes two students were flipping and matching quarters. Our instructor whose nickname was Honey Buns asked them what they were doing. Not knowing her intent, one of them responded, "We're jess flippin' quarters."

When the bell rang to start the class Honey Buns, eager to use her newly acquired slang phrase, asked the class, "Anyone want to flop me for a nickel?"

Nobody volunteered. We just doubled up in hysterical laughter! What she said could really only be interpreted by native speakers of the American language as soliciting. Cut rate or major discount, it could only be soliciting. Even though we all knew it couldn't possibly be her intent.

After we had finished the crash course in Russian and just before we were shipped back to Fort Devens, we were treated to a weapons display at nearby Fort Ord. We saw all kinds of weapons, Russian, Chinese, British, Japanese. We were allowed to touch them, to hold them, to familiarize ourselves with them. Finally we came to this one rifle that I happened to pick up. I could hardly believe how heavy and clumsy it was. It was then that I was almost killed by the Master Sergeant guide who thought I was being a wise ass. All I did was ask a simple question, "What's this?" The rifle was the M-1. The same one I had with me all through basic training. The same one I had to be able to take apart blindfolded and put back together. In less than a year I had forgotten something I had been using every day for six weeks.

I didn't understand it then. I do understand it better now. Six weeks of intensive learning is not necessarily enough to lock knowledge into a dyslexic's mind. I know because I worked with one dyslexic intensively for six weeks. He lived, ate, slept, and studied at the AVKO Reading Clinic. His reading level soared from the 4th grade level to the 9th grade level. His reading speed on easy reading went from 40 words per minute up to 120 words per minute. When he returned home to Texas, I gave his parents a detailed prescription on how to continue the AVKO program at home. Unfortunately, his parents failed to incorporate the tutoring program into their busy daily routines. Within six months all his gains had been lost just like my knowledge of the M-1 had been lost. With dyslexics the "use it or lose it" concept really applies.

My next stop was the Voice Intercept School at Fort Devens. It was hush-hush. We weren't supposed to tell anybody anything about what we were studying. Top Secret. Here we studied how to work with short-wave radios, tape recorders, and tell the difference between commercial Russian radio traffic and military Russian radio traffic.

We weren't allowed to take anything into or out of the building where we studied. The competition was intense. One student sneaked some material out to study. He was caught, court-martialed, and given a dishonorable discharge. So much for the study ethic.

Our class was told that half of us would be sent to Europe and half to Japan. Whoever scored the highest would get first choice. Whoever scored second highest would get second choice, and so on until all the Europe or Japan choices were taken. Those on the bottom would have no choice.

The way the school determined passing or failing was by an arbitrary score of let's say 750 points out of a possible 1,000. I don't remember exactly. But I did know that I had already posted forty more points than the minimum for passing. All a perfect 100% would do for me would raise my passing score. I had already passed. I didn't know which choice would have been better for me. We weren't told where in Europe we would be assigned. We knew nothing about the working conditions of the different types of jobs our training had prepared us for. So I did what many dyslexics might do. Nothing. I put my name on the test answer sheet with the comment. "I've already passed this course. I don't care to compete over where I'm going."

So, for the first time in my life, I graduated from a school dead last. My assignment: Japan. Looking back on my rather bizarre behavior, I now realize something else might have been operating in the background. I had just quit smoking cold turkey. At that point I was smoking a pack and a half a day. The way and the why of my quitting smoking is a little peculiar but revealing. I woke up one morning during my last week of school at Ft. Devens, sat up in bed, reached for a cigarette and then started my hacking and coughing up a bit of phlegm. A thought flashed through my head: I really ought to quit. Then another contradictory thought hit me: I can't quit. I just bought two cartons of cigarettes and a new cigarette lighter!

If that last thought makes sense to you, then you don't understand how logical most dyslexics are. I suddenly became angry at myself for being so terribly illogical. Quitting smoking was logical. That hideous, insidious and perverted rationalization of saving

money by continuing to smoke got to me. I was so angry with myself for even allowing that irrational thought to enter my mind, I immediately gave away both cartons of cigarettes and my lighter.

About the only thing relating to dyslexia that took place on the troop ship to Japan had to do with seasickness and the concept of expectations. Nearly every soldier on board got seasick. They expected to. And they did. There were only fourteen of us specially assigned Army Security Agency personnel on board. We all knew that seasickness had to be more psychological than anything else and we weren't going to get sick. Well, one of us wasn't so sure. He brought along and took his Dramamine. He used drugs. Thirteen of us decided to enjoy the rocking motion and have a positive outlook. It worked. Only once did I come close to vomiting. That was in chow line. The private behind me puked over my shoulder and filled my tray with his vomit. The cooks were understanding. They allowed me to get a new tray and start through the chow line again.

The fourteen of us went to a processing camp outside of Yokohama. From there we were to be assigned. The ASA headquarters in Tokyo got first choice. So I didn't go there. The ASA base in Hokkaido, the Japanese version of Siberia, got second choice. So I didn't go there either. The bottom of the class is the last to be picked.

I got stuck with being stationed just outside the only city in Japan to be spared in World War II, Kyoto, the most beautiful city in Japan. How lucky can a dyslexic graduating at the bottom of his class get!

The next two years were undoubtedly the most enjoyable years of my life. At our base our section worked twenty-four hours a day. To do this we had four shifts but only three working on any one day. For example, my shift might start working six days (8 AM to 4 PM) and then get two days off. Then we would work six days (4 PM to 12 Midnight) and then get two days off. Then we would work six days (Midnight to 8 AM) and then have another two days off before repeating the cycle. But because my section was so overstaffed we usually had two days off each six working days. That amounted to four days of work and four days off. So when I took leaves I only took four day leaves on the four days I was scheduled to work. If I timed my leave just right, I could get 12 consecutive days off for the price of just four days of leave time. And I used up all my leave time while in Japan!

For the first time in my life I kept a journal. So many things were happening around me. And for the first time in my life I really began to educate myself. Up until this point, I hadn't really been close to any truly educated and intelligent people. There is a difference. Despite my Ph.B. and my majors in literature and philosophy at U. of D, I was out of my league. Some of my best buddies would in casual conversations drop names such as John Dewey, Alfred North Whitehead, Immanuel Kant, and Bertrand Russell, just as easily as basketball fans can drop names like Charles Barkley, Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan, Shaquille O'Neal, and Isiah Thomas.

When I wasn't working, playing chess or bridge, teaching English to Japanese English teachers at the American Cultural Center, visiting the bars, or playing the tourist, I was reading. Never before or since have I read so many books. Never before or since was I so determined to build my vocabulary, to make sure I could understand everything someone was talking about, to make sure I could understand what I was reading. I hadn't realized until then that I had been in the habit of just blipping over words that I really didn't know and not really knowing that I didn't know them.



I can't emphasize enough the importance of knowing what it is you don't know.

If you don't know that you don't know, you can't begin to learn.

This, I'm afraid, is the case of all the biggest names in education today. They know a great deal. They're not dumb. They're well educated. They keep up with each other's work. But they don't know what it is that they should know. Anybody's work that is outside their own closed circle, the big names choose to ignore. For example, why should they read this book? They already know all they need to know about dyslexia and teaching children to read. They won't read it unless they are paid to review it. At a book exhibit, they walk right by. Nose in the air. If they don't stop, if they don't look, and if they don't ask questions, they don't run the risk of letting people know that there might possibly be something they don't know.

So many things happened to me while I was in Japan, that I could (and did) write a book about them.

Remember how I quit smoking? Cold turkey. Strong stubborn streak. But I liked to smoke. I liked to be sociable. The Japanese loved American cigarettes. So dumb me, after a year without a cigarette, thought I could smoke sociably. Uh huh. And the Pope is a Baptist who likes to hunt penguins in the Sahara. Sure. So, I started carrying cigarettes with me. They were only 15¢ a pack back then. I could afford that. And sure enough, I got hooked again. It didn't take me long to start smoking two to three packs a day. A man of moderation in all things. Uh huh.

But not only did I learn history, literature, and philosophy by reading when I was in Japan, I also got the opportunity to study Russian. After about a year, one department euphemistically called Traffic Analysis needed an extra body. Our Voice Intercept was still overstaffed. And I was the lowest on seniority so I got transferred. What I saw was an incredible waste of time and money. Everybody in that section drank coffee, smoked cigarettes, wandered from desk to desk with papers in their hands, and shot the shit. By three o'clock they had an hour to go, and they got their work done. Everybody was ready to go at 4:00. I was shown what I had to do. After I mastered the intricacies of the job, I decided enough was enough. I wanted out and back to my Voice Intercept job with my friends. What I did was simple. I did my work. I did my work in forty-five minutes. Then, I sat at my desk studying my Russian. There wasn't much they could do. I got called on the carpet, of course. The officer in charge of the section accused me of reading instead of working. I corrected him. I said I was studying. The subject I was studying was my primary Military Occupational Specialty (MOS). I told him I should be commended for my ability to do my work and for improving my MOS skills by studying instead of wasting time with frivolous conversation, as the others in the section were doing. He didn't like my attitude at all. I wasn't a team player. He threatened to assign me to a different daily traffic analysis report. I told him fine. I could handle that. I told him there wasn't a job in the traffic analysis section that would take me over an hour to complete.

He sputtered, fumed, and dismissed me. He must have known that he was in somewhat of a bind. He could have tried to have me face some kind of kangaroo court-martial. But he also knew I was his superior officer's favorite duplicate bridge partner. I played duplicate bridge with the C.O. at the Officer's Club at Camp Otsu. Because I always wore civilian clothes and because officers weren't supposed to fraternize with enlisted men, I was always introduced as being a civilian from the National Security Agency (NSA) staff that was on our base.

I don't know if the solution to the problem was his, a group decision, or the commander's decision. At any rate, I was sent back to my regular section on the pretext I was incompetent. For them to have properly made use of me, I would have to attend a special school. So by being supercompetent where I didn't want to work, I got kicked back to where I wanted to be. I wonder if Professor Peter would have approved?

Being a volunteer teaching English in English to Japanese college students and Japanese teachers of English was an incredible experience. Twice a week I went down to the American Cultural Center and taught. I made a number of good friends and learned a great deal about Japanese culture and traditions. I also learned that when English is taught as a second language by someone whose native tongue is not English, the students rarely learn to understand spoken English. It took me a while to figure it out. Basically it's the same reason why so many American students misspell the following phrases:

Correct spelling: Typical misspelling

supposed to sposta

used to usta

have to hafta

should have should of

what did you what you (whud juh)

When teaching English in English to Japanese English teachers and college students, I spoke in my normal American speech patterns and rhythms. I DID NOT SPEAK SLOW LEE AN'Duh CARE FULL LEE EEE NUN SEE ATE EACH WORD. Instead, I just spoke normally. This they wanted. They wanted to be able to understand Americans when they spoke.

But very often I would have to translate. For example, one day I started class by saying in my normal fast but sloppy mid-western speech,

"Whudduhyuh wanna cover today?"

I got blank stares. So I wrote it out on the board: What do you want to cover today?

I underlined What do you and said "Whudduhyuh." Then I broke it down "What" is slurred into "whuh" and "do" is slurred into "duh" and "you" becomes "yuh." Whudduhyuh means What do you. Want to becomes wanna. They all knew the meaning of the word cover. But they didn't want to put something on top of another thing. They wanted to learn English. So I "covered" the idiom cover.

Another time a student was puzzled by the word affection. It didn't make any sense in the sentence to him. So I started to explain what affection meant.

"No! No! It can't mean that!" said one of the teachers of English from Doshisho University. "Affection means disease."

I quietly but firmly contradicted him with "I think you're confusing the word affection with the word infection." .

Out came the pocket dictionaries. The whole class was gibbering away in Japanese. And then one after another they tried to point out to me that I was wrong. Unfortunately, I couldn't read Japanese. I had to take their word for it that their dictionaries defined affection as disease.

Knowing I was right, I simply stated that even dictionaries can make mistakes. This they couldn't accept. So, away to the huge unabridged American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language I flew.

I read and explained the definitions. But then I saw an entry that blew away my mind. There is a medical definition. Affection does mean disease! That part of the body affected by the disease is the affection!

All I could tell them was that the writer of their pocket sized English/Japanese dictionary must have picked what he thought was the most logical definition and ignored all the others. As a result he happened to hit upon a definition used only by the medical profession. Even then, most doctors and nurses of my acquaintance told me that they had forgotten that medical definition of affection when I told them this story.

Later on I was to draw upon these experiences in Japan to develop a method of teaching American students how to translate their speech, their "Ah wanna's," "Ah gotcha's," "Yor gonna's," "We hafta's," and "He sposta's" into the correct written English equivalents of "I want to...," "I got you...," "You are (or You're) going to...," "We have to...," and "He is (or He's) supposed to..."

I will never forget those two incredible years in Japan when I learned more about the Russian language and especially my own English language than I ever did in school.

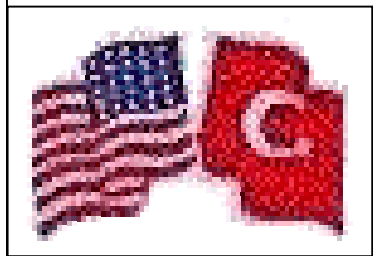
LET ME KNOW,,,,,

When a BIO or remembrance is issued and it stimulates your interest, let me hear from you..Too much to do to go into details? I still want to hear from you - - just a few simple words will do and a conscious effort to remember those days. Take just a couple minutes to jot down those memories. I've spent an incredible amount of time trying to locate ASA Turkey veteran's on switchboard.com. .... "Someyear" and "one of these years" are words that lose their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth attending, do it this year. I'm not sure what others would've done had they known they wouldn't be here the following year that we all take for granted. I think they would have. I'm guessing; I'll never know, but .....Look, the 2006 ASA Turkey reunion is being held in the mid-west at Fort Mitchell, Kentucky and would be a good time to meet old and make new friends who served in Turkey.

**It will provide all an excuse to pause or step away from the daily stress. Ah, yes! We should all pause to reflect on the good old days and think about the ex-ASAers in our lives who have contributed in some way to making us who we are today. Contact those old friends and make plans to be at the Drawbridge Inn 13-17 September 2006.**

### **2006 REUNION QUESTIONNAIRE**

If you are going please fill it out. If not, reply to [asagreenhornet@yahoo.com](mailto:asagreenhornet@yahoo.com) and let me know. For those of you who have replied already thank you for your quick response. Below is the reunion form. Please review with your spouse and make plans to attend



Many things go into planning the reunion and we need to know your plans ASAP.

1. Badges have to be made –
2. The number of attendees have to be known –
3. The monies have to be collected and reservations have to be made prior to the reunion
4. Sightseeing plans have to be coordinated,
5. ATTENDEES NEED NOT SIGN UP FOR ANY OF THE PLANNED EVENTS, BUT WILL BE CHARGED \$10 FOR USE OF THE HOSPITALITY ROOM SIMPLY RELAXING AND GREETING OLD FRIENDS AND MEETING NEW ONES.

Here's what you're supposed to do... and please do not delay! The hosts, Hal & Bobbie Winkler, need the information ASAP, but not later than 15 August 2006 to insure a successful reunion.

**If you are going please fill out the form and mail it along with your personal check or money order for the selected fees to: Harold Winkler, 12195 Thames Place., Cincinnati, OH 45241**  
**If not reply to Elder Green at asagreenhornet@yahoo.com and let me know.**

**PLEASE NOTE THAT THE ATTIRE FOR THE REUNION IS INFORMAL, BUT IN GOOD TASTE. Bring your memorabilia (albums, slides, patches, etc) with you and display in the hospitality room which will be secure and open for the entire reunion. Thanks- -gH**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Spouse Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Det** \_\_\_\_\_

**Will you be attending the 2006 reunion? YES \_ NO \_**

**Names you want on the reunion badges** \_\_\_\_\_

**Have you made your reservation (1-800-354-9793) at the Drawbridge Inn? YES \_ NO \_**

**Will you be commuting to the reunion? YES \_ NO \_**

**Mode of travel to reunion** \_\_\_\_\_

**Do you plan to rent a car YES \_ NO \_**

**Arrival Date \_\_\_\_\_ Depart Date \_\_\_\_\_**

Do You Plan To:

**Attend a Cincinnati Reds game on Sept 12, 13, or 14 YES \_ NO \_**

**Visit the Air Force museum YES \_ NO \_**

**The trip to the Air Force Museum in Dayton, OH is not a planned visit.**

**Please plan on your own. Its about 90 minutes up I-75**

**Visit the Newport Aquarium YES \_ NO \_**

**Dine at Hofbrauhaus Thur 14 Sept @ \$20pp YES \_ NO \_ AMT \$\_\_**

**The Das Ist Gut! Dinner Buffet includes entrees (Wiener Schnitzel and Grilled Chicken Breast) house salad, German potato salad, vegetable medley, desert, soft drinks, tea or coffee**

**Dine on Ohio River Fri 15 Sept @ \$45pp YES \_ NO \_ AMT \$\_\_**

**Attend the Sat Night Drawbridge Inn Reunion Dinner @ \$35pp YES \_ NO \_ AMT \$\_\_**

**Reunion Dinner Buffet includes entrees (Sliced Sirloin and English Chicken} 3 salads, 1 vegetable, 1 starch, cheesecake, coffee, hot tea or iced tea**

**REUNION INCIDENTAL FEE: AMT \$10.00**

**TOTAL COST \$\_\_**

**PLEASE SEND PERSONAL CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:**

**HAROLD WINKLER**

**12195 THAMES PLACE**

**CINCINNATI, OH 45241**

**THE FOLLOWING VETERANS HAVE MADE THEIR RESERVATIONS AT THE DRAWBRIDGE INN:**

ANTONELLO, Tony & Valerie, Det-27, Jul 65-Feb 68, Det-4, Sep69-Sep70, Burke, VA ., 703-239-1739, [tonyvalanton@aol.com](mailto:tonyvalanton@aol.com)

ASPINWALL, Paul, Det 4, 13JAN65-22DEC65, Madison, WI ., 608-831-0670, [asp@us.ibm.com](mailto:asp@us.ibm.com)

BERGMANN, Chuck & Helen, Det 27, MY66-DE67, Bay Village, OH., 440-871-5346 & 1-800-730-9277, [cbergmann@insp-eng.com](mailto:cbergmann@insp-eng.com)

BULLOCK, Al, Det 4-4, OC68-AU69 & 73-75, Hubbard Lake, MI., 989-727-2567, [estherandal@aol.com](mailto:estherandal@aol.com)

CARRICK, Ernie & Betty, Det 4 57-58, Huntsville, AL., 256-852-6180, [ecbcar@surfbest.net](mailto:ecbcar@surfbest.net)

COWIE, Bill & Loretta, Det 27, 60-61, Crestwood, MO., 313-842-2028, [cowiew424@yahoo.com](mailto:cowiew424@yahoo.com)

DAVIDGE, Gordon & Pat, Det 27, NO60-NO62, Durand, MI., 810-621-5296, [pgdavidge@att.net](mailto:pgdavidge@att.net)

DYER, Wayne, Det 4, NO68-DE69, Groton, VT., 802-584-3730, [diatribe@charter.net](mailto:diatribe@charter.net)

ELDRIDGE, Frank & Arlie, Det 4, FE61-MR62, Humble, TX, 281-540-3478,

[arlieins2@earthlink.net](mailto:arlieins2@earthlink.net)

ERICKSON, Ron & Kathy, Det 27, MY61-DE62, Independence, MO, 816-373-3349,

[rke3349@cs.com](mailto:rke3349@cs.com)

FITTANTE, Tom & Beverly, Det 27, JL61-29JA63, New Waterford, OH., 330-457-2950

[t.fittante@penguinproductsltd.com](mailto:t.fittante@penguinproductsltd.com)

GARNEAU, Ted & Joan, Det 27, OC60-OC62, Ellenton, FL 34222, 941-729-3796,

[tgarneau@earthlink.net](mailto:tgarneau@earthlink.net)

GOODMAN, Jay & Kathy Det 4 72-73, Finleyville, PA., 724-348-0358, [jaykathy@adelphia.net](mailto:jaykathy@adelphia.net)  
GREEN, Elder RC & Patty, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, 65, Det 27, JN66-OC67 & 4-4, OC67-NO68, Indiana, PA., 724-349-7395, [asagreenhornet@yahoo.com](mailto:asagreenhornet@yahoo.com)  
HUNT, Carlos & Frankie, Det 4, MR58-MR59, Henderson, TX., 903-889-2391, [cehunt79@aol.com](mailto:cehunt79@aol.com)  
JONES, Luther, Det 27, 62-63, [edmac@atmc.net](mailto:edmac@atmc.net)  
MALSCH, Charles, Det 4, 64-65, Lindenhurst, IL., 847-356-6497, [chmalsch@worldnet.att.net](mailto:chmalsch@worldnet.att.net)  
NEARPASS, Robert & Lorraine, Det 27, DE64-DE66, Belvidere, NJ., 908-638-7625, [nearpass@accessgate.net](mailto:nearpass@accessgate.net)  
NEILL, Hank & Judy, Det 27, AU62-JA64, Springfield, VA., 703-569-5163, [hneill@erols.com](mailto:hneill@erols.com)  
PARSONS, Fred & Margaret, Det 4, JA58-JA59, Luka, IL., 618-323-3636, [f\\_parsons@msn.com](mailto:f_parsons@msn.com)  
SACK, Bob & Sue, Det 4, 69-70, Walla Walla, WA., 509-522-1108, [susansack@charter.net](mailto:susansack@charter.net)  
TAVERNETTI, Dave & Sue, Det 27, MR62-SE63, King City, CA., 831-385-4458, [tavernetti@redshift.com](mailto:tavernetti@redshift.com)  
TESCHKER, Chuck & Penny, Det 27, 60-62, Hartland, MI., 248-887-1620, [penelope@mwci.net](mailto:penelope@mwci.net)  
WADLEY, Jeff & Marcia, Det 27, SE62-FE64, Oro Valley, AZ., 520-498-5078, [jeffwadley@msn.com](mailto:jeffwadley@msn.com)  
WALCHER, Steve & Gloria, Det 4, 69-70, Decatur, IL., 217-875-6840, [stevevalcher@insightbb.com](mailto:stevevalcher@insightbb.com)  
WINKLER, Hal & Bobbie, Det 4, MY60-MY61, Cincinnati, OH., 513-489-5308, [winklerh@netscape.com](mailto:winklerh@netscape.com)

#### MAIL CALL IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

ALPERT, Brian, Det 4, 64-65  
ANDERSON, Gary, Det 27, 66-68  
ANDREWS, Frank, Det 4, 59-60  
ARMANN, Gary, Det 27, 66-67  
BRANDT, Ernest, Det 4, 56-57 & Det 27, 59-61  
CAMSON, Kevin, Det 27, 62-63  
CHESSE, Joe Det 27, 60-61  
COOK, Vernon, Det 4, 73 & 77  
COVER, Mike, Det 27  
DANDRIDGE, Bob, Det 27, 64-65  
ELDRIDGE, Frank, Det 4, 61-62  
FAGIOLI, Dick, Det 27, 65-66  
FEICK, Phil, Det 27, 64-67  
GISSELL, Cliff, Det 4, 60-61  
GREGG, Ted, Det 27, 64-66  
HARTRANFT, Bill, Det 27, 62-64  
HAWK, Gene, Det 27, 62-64  
HILBURN, Herb, Det 27, 60-62  
HILLMER, Ron, Det 27, 61-63  
HOLLAND, John, Det 4-4, 67-69  
JORGENSEN, Gary, Det 27 & 4-4, 66-68  
KOVIC, Jim, Det 27, 64-66  
LAMBETH, Hank, Det 4, 62-63  
MATTECHECK, Joe, Det 4, 66-67  
NEARPASS, Bob, Det 27, 64-66  
O'CONNOR, Jack, Det 4, 68  
POLING, Jay, Det 27, 62-64  
SCREWS, Eldon, Det 4, 4-3 & 4, 68-69  
SIMONS, Bill, Det 4, 59-60

WALTER, Ron, Det 4, 59-60

ALPERT, Brian YOB 1944 E3-E4 056 Det 4, 29MY64-30AP65, (Sakoto), 202 East 42nd St., New York, NY 10017, 212-490-2232, [balpert1@nyc.rr.com](mailto:balpert1@nyc.rr.com)  
Sorry to say I will not be attending the 2006 reunion, Brian Alpert Sinop 1964-65

ANDERSON, Gary J E5 05H Det 27, 27MY66-31MR68, (Mary), 6406 Willowood Ln., Alexandria, VA 22310 703-971-9017 - Sorry, I won't be able to attend. I'll be there when it's held in Washington,DC ! Gary Anderson

ANDREWS, Frank R YOB 1940 RA E2-E3 Clk & MP Det 4, SE59-OC60, (Mary), 1311 3rd Ave NE., Jacksonville, AL 36265, 256-782-0866, [hoggramps@peoplepc.com](mailto:hoggramps@peoplepc.com) Ret E8 The following is my new E-Mail Address: [hoggramps@peoplepc.com](mailto:hoggramps@peoplepc.com). I will still have my old address for awhile in case some late stuff comes in. Please start using the new one..... Thanks.....

ARMANN, Gary L E5-E6 059 Det 27, AU66-JL67, (Shirley), 2712 S. Int'l Blvd #338, Westlaco, TX 78596, 956-969-4277, [siesta338@aol.com](mailto:siesta338@aol.com) CW3 Ret  
Will NOT be attending the 2006 reunion. Gary L Armann CW3 USA (Ret)

BARNDT, Ernest E. Det 4, MR56-MY57, Det 27, MR59-JL61, CW4 (Ret), 18107 Meadow Creek Drive, Eagle River, Alaska 99577, 907-694-3645 (H), 907-227-2455 (Cell), [barndt@alaska.net](mailto:barndt@alaska.net) - Hello from Alaska, Ernie and I have been procrastinating on sending an article for the DOOL and therefore have not sent our regrets that we cannot attend the 2006 reunion. . I am in my second series of Chemo due to a mastectomy in Feb and will still be in treatment in September. We were looking forward to attending and thought my scheduling would permit the trip, but as it turns out that is not the case. We hope you all have a great time and we will be looking forward to the after action report and where 2007's reunion will be. We enjoyed last years very much and also enjoy the DOOL info. Thank you for all your hard work. Ernie and Fran Barndt.

CAMSON, Kevin P E4 982 Tk#1 Det 27, 62-63, (Silvia), 17 Seafield Ln., Bay Shore, NY 11706, 631-666-9807, [eagle2020@aol.com](mailto:eagle2020@aol.com) -Sorry, never got the original form !! This is to let you know that Kevin and Silvia Camson, Det 27 will NOT be attending. We're sure it will be a great success.

CHESSER, Joseph C., II E2-E4 Postal Clk Hq Co Det 27, 60-61, (Helen), 24 Out of Bounds Road., Lake Monticello, VA 22963, 434-589-2133, [jhchesser@earthlink.net](mailto:jhchesser@earthlink.net) (dsl) per SO#46 dtd 26MR62 Helen fm Johnstown PA  
It would be nice to connect but, I have a Fall Celebration that I am helping to put together for 9/16. Have a great time. Joe C

COOK, Vernon, 1SG , Det 4, 73 & 77, 1107 Trimmier Rd., Killeen,TX 76541, 254-628-1096, [vcCook1@hotmail.com](mailto:vcCook1@hotmail.com) - Sorry, I will not be attending the 2006 reunion..

COVER, Michael J E3-E5 058 Det 27, 311 S. Jackson St., Clinton, IL 61727, 217-935-9237, [mjc15cvr@hotmail.com](mailto:mjc15cvr@hotmail.com) - I don't plan on attending the 2006 reunion-but I appreciate the time and effort it must take to put this together- Thanks again for the invitation---

DANDRIDGE, Bob E2-E4, 72B C/C, Tk#3, Det 27, FE64-AU65, (Jo), 305 Upper Pond Road Wagener, SC 29164, 803-649-9798, [Bobbyd4@mindspring.com](mailto:Bobbyd4@mindspring.com) Sorry I did not reply sooner. Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend the 2006 reunion. Bob Dandridge

ELDRIDGE, Frank, Det 4, 61-62, (Arlie), 8219 Lone Bridge Ln., Humble, TX 77338 281-540-3478, [arlieins2@aol.com](mailto:arlieins2@aol.com) - Dear Ernie & Elder: Frank and I have been out of town this week-end but upon my return, we had a voice message for Al Love. Today, he called and Frank wasn't in so I talked to him for a while. Al was in Det 4 with Frank ('61 & '62) and he was one of the guys in the picture we brought to the last reunion. I told him about the upcoming reunion and give him the telephone number of the Drawbridge Inn to make reservations if they could come. He doesn't use email much and they are staying "at the shore" in Wildwood right now. His wife's name is Sandra. You can reach him at 609/522-5955. He told me that another of the '61/'62 guys, Fred Anderson called him. Fred's telephone number is 706/782-6020. He lives in Atlanta. Fred gave Al the telephone number of another of these guys. Charlie Grosche (pronounced "gro shay"). This man lives in Bogalusa, Louisiana. Telephone number is: 985/732-5376. I thought one of you might want to contact these guys regarding the Reunion and to get bio's on them. We are looking forward to seeing you in September. God Bless, Arlie Eldridge [arlieins2@aol.com](mailto:arlieins2@aol.com) (Please change my email to the aol address) 281/540-3478

FAGIOLI, Richard (Dick) E6 98GTurkish Det 27, 65-DE66, (Sherry), 8 Chiming Road., New Castle, DE 19720, 302-322-1604, [rfagioli@verizon.net](mailto:rfagioli@verizon.net) - I will cannot attend the 2006 Reunion. Enjoy, Dick Fagioli

FEICK, Phil YOB 1943 RA E2-E5 71L Mgr 'O' Club HQ Co Det 27, NO64-MY67, (Jean), G346 Munntown Rd, Eighty Four, PA 15330, 724-941-0105, [insmanpa@comcast.com](mailto:insmanpa@comcast.com)

Good morning from 84. I like your ASA hat in the Albany, NY picture in DOOL#163. That's really one of the nicest ASA caps I have seen. I think it has both Turkish and American flags alongside the ASA patch. Are they available? If I am not recovering or in back surgery, Jean and I plan to attend the August ASA picnic. As you know I served 67-68 at NSA. Jean and both of her sisters also worked at NSA and lived in Laurel. I visited the old barracks in the late 80s and.....gone were the bays, replaced by all individual rooms, coed style, flowers on the doors, etc. I quickly realized how times have changed. Should we make it, we'll see you there. We look forward to see the crypto museum, etc. Well Jean just told me she has already seen the museum, and how great it was, so I am looking forward to the trip. Adios



My old buddy, Ted Gregg, served with us at Det 27 64-66 as company clerk, Opns Co. He and I had basic together at Ft Dix, then advanced at Ft. Devens. We were both sent OJT to Det 27. Ted finished up at Phubai. SP?, after a tour at Homestead.

Please add him to the DOOLS. I will ask him to send his BIO. I will work on mine soon.

GISSELL, Cliff YOB 1942 RA19546124 BPED 17AU59 E2-E4 058 Det 4, MY60-AP61, (LuAnn), 240 County Rd 1285, Vinemont, AL 35179, 256-734-9637, [cib.cmb@hughes.net](mailto:cib.cmb@hughes.net) - I have a new e-mail address. It is: [cib.cmb@hughes.net](mailto:cib.cmb@hughes.net). After a year or so of dial up and no hope of anything better from Ma Bell or the cable company we went back to Direcway, now HughesNet. Now, anything you send I can download in minutes instead of hours.

GREGG, Ted YOB 1944 RA13826291 E3-E5 Opns Co Clk Det 27, 64-66, (Maria), 36 Fairway Winds Pl., Hilton Head Island, SC, 843-682-3638, [tmgregg@adelphia.net](mailto:tmgregg@adelphia.net) per Feick

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HARTRANFT, Bill YOB 1943 RA13735181 E3-E5 058 Ops Co Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, (Sheila), 69 Manor Ave., Oaklyn, NJ 08107, 856-858-6756, [wdhartranft1@comcast.net](mailto:wdhartranft1@comcast.net) - [edited] Wife is recovering from Carpel Tunnel surgery and we're recouping down at the shore. Talking about selling our home in Oaklyn, NJ and combining our stuff down the shore. Hope all is well..... wdh

HAWK, Elick E (Gene) YOB 1943 RA17608158 BPED OC61 E3-E5 (Cpl-Sgt) TK#2 058 Ops Co Det 27, 62-64, (Donna), 318 Jamieson Dr., Fort Pierre, SD 57532, 605-223-2966, [eehawk@pie.midco.net](mailto:eehawk@pie.midco.net) E4 DOR 1AU63  
I don't plan to attend the 2006 reunion due to a special Vietnam Memorial in South Dakota and I will have a house full of company. Keep me on the list I plan to attend the next one. Elick (Gene) Hawk, Det. 27

HILBURN, Herbert E E4-E5 765.10 Det 27, JN60-AU62, 219 Dogwood Dr., Cartersville, GA 30120, 770-382-7511, [herberthil1@earthlink.net](mailto:herberthil1@earthlink.net) - FOR A SYNOPSIS OF WHAT WENT ON AFTER I LEFT TURKEY--I WORKED IN A COUPLE OF PLACES, THEN WENT TO WORK FOR LOCKHEED IN MARIETTA, GA WHERE WE BUILT TRANSPORT PLANES SUCH AS THE C-130,C141,C5,THEN THE PATROL PLANE P3, THEN WE WENT INTO FIGHTER AIRCRAFT AND BUILD THE F22 SUPREME FIGHTER AND WILL ALSO BUILD THE ATTACK AIRCRAFT AND THE VERTICAL TAKEOFF AND LANDING ATTACK AIRCRAFT -- I RETIRED IN 2003 AFTER WORKING THERE 39 YEARS WHERE I WENT FROM THE LOWEST PAY GRADE TO THE TOP IN HOURLY WORKERS WAGE --- I HAVE BEEN MARRIED SINCE 1964 AND HAVE TWO SONS, ONE BORN IN 1969 AND ONE IN 1973 -- I HAVE A GRANDSON AND A GRANDDAUGHTER AND ANOTHER GRANDSON IS DUE IN AUGUST---MY WIFES POOR HEALTH FACTORS PREVENT ME FROM GOING ON LONG EXCURSIONS SUCH AS THE ANNUAL MEETING

YOU GUYS HAVE -- I HAVE BEEN BACK TO TURKEY AND TOURED ISTANBUL, ANKARA, IZMIR, EPHEBUS, AND BACK UP THE SOUTHERN COAST TO ISTANBUL. I HAVE TALKED TO MY FRIEND ART ELLIS WHO WAS IN TURKEY FOR THE EXTENDED TOUR OF TWO YEARS, FROM 60-62, AND SHARED SOME OF THE REMINISCES WITH HIM. ART AND I GOT OVER THERE WHEN THERE WAS SIMPLY NOTHING ON POSTAND HAD TO WASH OUR CLOTHES IN THE WAS BASINS IT WAS OF SUCH A RUDEMENTARY NATURE. LIKE MY FRIEND SAYS WE CAN HOLD OUR HEADS UP BECAUSE WE WENT THROUGH SOME VERY TRYING TIMES. WILL APPRECIATE READING ABOUT OTHERS IN THE

HILLMER, Ronald J (Ron), RA E3-E5 058 Det 27, 61-63, Hastings, MN, [rhillm140@earthlink.net](mailto:rhillm140@earthlink.net)

Marahaba: Sorry, but I won't be able to attend. Thanks though! Ron Hillmer 058.30

HOLLAND, John E Jr YOB 1945 2LT/1LT T/A O & A/Ops Off Det 4-4, 13OC67-MR69, (Ramona), 27482 Avanti Dr., Mission Viejo, CA 92692, 949-829-6902, [john.holland@cox.net](mailto:john.holland@cox.net) COL Ret - Thanks Chuck. Sorry, but I won't be able to attend. Hope things are going well for you. John

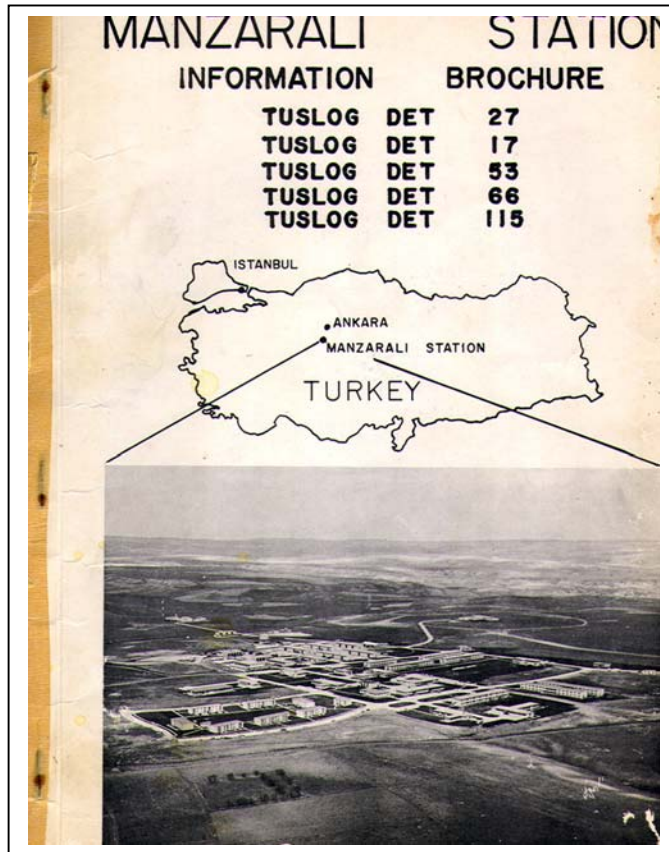
JORGENSEN, Gary C (The Kid & Jorgy) YOB 1947 E3-E5 058/05H Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-SE68, (Virgie), 211 W House St., Duluth, MN 55808, 218-626-3676 [g\\_jorgensen@hotmail.com](mailto:g_jorgensen@hotmail.com) - gH, I forwarded DOOL#164 on the day sent. I did get one response on non attending so I'm sure it went thru. Hope you guys have fun. I'll send you some pics of my hunting shack. I'm ready to install trusses. It's been my whole summer so far. Jorgy

KIRBY, William C Det 4, 70-71, [wkirby5672@aol.com](mailto:wkirby5672@aol.com) - Thanks for the invite but I cannot make the 2006 reunion. I hope to come next year. Thanks SSG William Kirby Ret.

KOVIC, James R (Jim) YOB 1947 RA16785243 E3-E6 F&AO, 71L, Hqs Co Det 27, MY64-MY66, 60 Blue Jay Cir., Elizabethtown, PA 17022, 717-367-9297, [corvettejim1947@comcast.net](mailto:corvettejim1947@comcast.net)

Hi, just got word of your monthly newsletter and would like to receive it. I was at Det 27 from 64-66, worked for LtCol Harold Whitlock in the Comptroller's Office in the Hds Bldg . Was just 17 when I enlisted in February 1964 for 4 years in the ASA. Took Basic at Fort Leonard Wood and also completed clerical training there. Arrived in Turkey and more or less but grew up there so to speak. While there travelled to the mid-east countries of Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, Germany, Paris, London, Amsterdam. Left as a SP5 and went to NSA Fort Meade and made E6. Then left for 15 years with IBM, then own business, then worked at a nursing home, Cadillac dealership, and now work in Security at Three Mile Island nuclear facility near Harrisburg, PA. . Have found and made contact with ex-Sgt Phil Feick who managed the NCO Cub at Manzarali. Also looking for the following who worked in Finance with me. Bob Davis, Don Pinto, Walt Benedict,

Ken Binns, Tom O'Connell, Norman Mau, & Chuck Luburger Believe that Bill Hanna is deceased. Thanks. Jim Kovic



Above is the cover of the information brochure they gave Jim Kovic when he arrived at Manzarali Station in May 1964. Note Det's 27, 17, 53, 66 and 115, all being located on Manzarali.



The above photo was taken at the Washington Restaurant in downtown Ankara on 31 December 1965. . Starting on left (next to Santa): Don Pinto, Walt Benedict, Chuck Luberger, Ken Binns, Tom O'Connell, Norman Mau, and Jim Kovic.



The above left photo is what Jim Kovic looked like in 1966 and the right photo is a current photo of Jim Kovic in 2006 some 40 years after Det 27. Jim says that he tells everyone--the hair is silver NOT white!!!





The above photo is Bill Hannah and Bob Davis (in black pants) leaning against my 1961 Buick Special that I bought when I came home from Turkey to get from Michigan to Fort Meade, MD. The photo was taken in Washington DC in 1968. Bill and Bob both worked at Det 27 in Finance within the Headquarters Building. Don't know where Bob Davis is now, but Bill Hannah died in the 1990's.

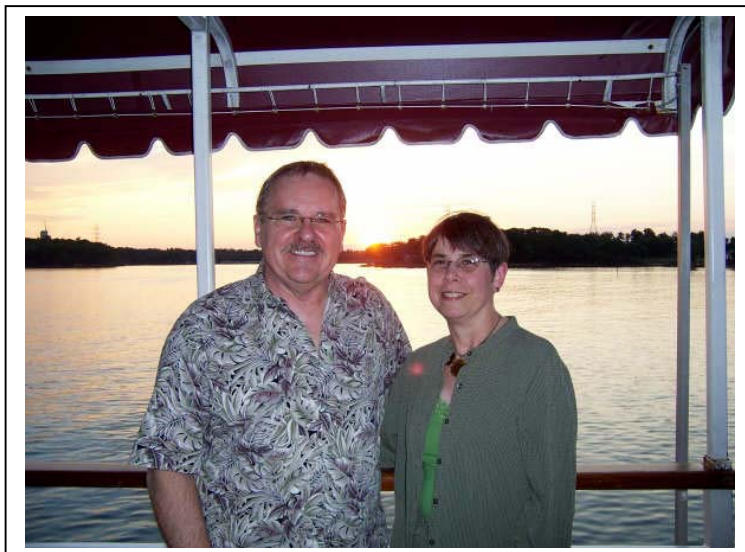
LADY, Ken E3-E5 058 Det 27, 61-62, (Donna), 1160 Berkeley St., Santa Monica, CA 90403, 310-828-3139, [amongotherthings@adelphia.net](mailto:amongotherthings@adelphia.net) - Donna and I will not be attending the 2006 reunion. Thank you for mailing the DOOL to all of us. Ken Lady Santa Monica

LAMBETH, Henry (Hank) YOB: 1940, E4, 283.1, Det 4, JN62-63, (Kitty), 1419 Marvin Dr., Vinton, VA 24179, 540-890-4508, hal [ambeth@cox.net](mailto:ambeth@cox.net) - We will not be able to make it to the 2006 reunion. Hopefully next year. Kitty is pretty crippled with a bum hip right now, but we hope to have it "fixed" by next fall. Best regards, Henry and Kitty Lambeth

LARKIN, Herbert Dale 058 Det 4, JN65-JN66, RR 1 Box 33, 12347 N 400 East Rd., Stanford, IL 61774, 309-766-5095, [dalelarkinrace38@aol.com](mailto:dalelarkinrace38@aol.com) - Email from Dale Larkin to Marion Papchek" Sorry but I do not know when the next reunion will be for our small group of guy stationed in Thailand and Sinop. Of the 8 of us, Jeff Rudge (no email), David Gates ([ddgates@suscom.net](mailto:ddgates@suscom.net)), Lee Bridgeman, ([lee60@bigvalley.net](mailto:lee60@bigvalley.net)) and I are the ones stationed in both places. We were in Sinop from June 1965 to May 1966. Lee, Dave, and I were 058's and Jeff was a traffic analyst.

You can see pictures of us at <http://www.83drdrsou.org/>

LOZOUSKAS, Anthony J., (Tony), RA, E4-E5, 98G Rumanian, Det 27, SE65-JA68, (Peggy), 2212 Franklin Lane, Rockaway, NJ, 07866, 973-361-8613, [tlozauskas@hotmail.com](mailto:tlozauskas@hotmail.com)



The above is a photo of Tony and Peggy Lozouskas. It was taken in May 2006. One of these days he will be digging out his slides and scanning them into the computer and send any good ones out to the DOOL.

I enlisted in the ASA for four years in February 1964. After basic training at Ft. Dix, I was sent to DLI in Monterey and began training in Romanian with three other students in my class. One was Lt. Joseph A. Binelli who was in Army Intelligence and was a recent graduate from OCS at the time. The other two were ASAers who were also sent to Det 27: Ralph G. Neu and George Oxley.

Ralph Neu, who died a few years ago, was a popular person on every post to which he had been assigned. Everyone seemed to know him even though he didn't know everyone to whom he talked, that's why he called many people "Ace" or "Sport". He became my room-mate at DLI and I found out that beyond studying Romanian, he had studied classical Greek and Latin while in a seminary (those of you who knew Ralph will probably be incredulous about his being in a seminary), and Russian in college. He used to speak with the Russian students and faculty at DLI and loved to study Russian grammar which was more complex than Romanian. He was also a die hard Chicago Cubs fan.

One of the things about Ralph was his devotion to the job. After he became a transcriber, he would work 30 or 40 straight days without a break; not because he had to, but because he wanted to. Then he would disappear for two or three days decompressing in his own inimitable style.

George Oxley was a little more reclusive and spent a lot of his time reading (I think sci-fi and spy novels). I believe that he was a math major at the People's Republic of Berkeley before joining the Army. I didn't get to know him as well as I knew Ralph Neu because we had different interests but he knows mathematics (El stia matimatica).

After graduating from DLI as Romanian interpreter/translators, we were sent to NSA for further training. In those days, NSA was one large building which supposedly housed the world's largest computer. The building was surrounded by a gigantic parking lot. Across this lot were the quarters for the Marines which guarded the building.

In September 1965 I arrived at Esenboga Airport around 4 P.M. and of course the first thing I noticed was the unusual smell of Turkey. I was put on a military bus and driven to Det 37 in Ankara. I fell asleep on the bus and awoke as we pulled into the city which seemed pretty lively. I had to cool my heels for a few hours waiting for transportation to site 23. That night as the lighted four lane hardtop became a darkened two lane, and then we turned onto the dirt road that

eventually led to the Site, I thought that we could be robbed or killed out there and no one would know.

My ex-wife (Maureen) arrived in October, 1965. Tom (058) and Kay Lazzara told us of an apartment available in their building, #11 Bankagi Sokak, in the Koçatepe section of Ankara. This street, which was one street up from the Air Force movie theater, was only a block long. We moved in the next day and stayed there until new housing was available on site in January 1967. Tom and I were also on the same trick and bussed into work together until he rotated out.

The apartment buildings in Turkey used very little wood in their construction and I remember having terrazzo floors throughout our two bedroom apartment. We also had two bathrooms, one Turkish (a bomb site in the floor), and the other a European style. Other features were a balcony off the living room and a smaller balcony off one of the bedrooms. The rent on this apartment was 700 TL (about \$77). The thing I most remember about Ankara was that in the evenings the streets were always crowded with people who were either socializing or taking walks. In those days there was no T.V. allowed in the country and people visited more. It was probably like that in the U.S. during the 1940s and 1950s.

We were close to the other Americans in the building. Our closest friends, who also taught us a lot about raising a family, were Rena and Moses Howell. Moses was in the Air Force. They lived on the floor above us and had a brood of six kids. They were a lot of fun. Another American in the building was Walter Johnson, who was the NCOIC at the A.F. Hospital. He was a man who carried himself with such authority and dignity that everyone called him Mr. Johnson, not Walter, or Sergeant.

I remember that during Ramadan, flocks of sheep were driven into Ankara for sale to those celebrating the feast. There was an empty lot across the street from my apartment where a herd of sheep was kept for sale for the holiday and I'd watch from my balcony as well dressed Turks would buy a lamb and maneuver it into the back seat of a taxi or grab the lamb's hind legs and walk it down the street like a wheel-barrow. Although I don't know who slaughtered the lambs, I assumed that neighborhood butchers did the honors.

Besides shopping for food at the AFEX, we also shopped the local grocery and butcher shops and the open air markets. I recall one time my ex-wife was buying a chicken and asked the counter man whether it was fresh. He took her hand and held it against the carcass and said "sijak" which means warm. He was indicating that it was freshly killed.

Of course, what would a stay in Turkey be w/out purchasing a Turkish rug or two? We purchased several rugs at the Şark Hali Pazaar in the Ulus section of Ankara which billed itself as the largest rug shop in the Middle East.

Some of my other friends and associates who trained together at NSA before arriving in Turkey:

Dick Heil, nicknamed the Runt, was a Russian 98G from PA. He was killed in an auto accident about a year or two after he got out of the service. Dick had a great sense of humor and was always playing practical jokes. In fact, when I got the letter from his sister saying that he had been killed, I thought it was him playing a joke. However, she had included a newspaper article on the accident with the letter. He and Perry T. Thompson III used to come over to my apartment and play cards.

Perry T. Thompson III was a Bulgarian linguist who had an offbeat sense of humor and was eventually discharged because of psychological issues. It was written in one of the earlier issues of DOOL that someone had received a letter from him saying that he had been faking his disturbance. However, I never received a letter from him once they “disappeared” him to Germany and I believe that if he had written that he was faking, it was part of his delusion. Another thing I remember about him was that he lost his ration card and wound up smoking Yeni Harmons which he purchased down in the village.

Rudy Gordon a Russian 98G from Georgia. The thing I remember most was that he was one of the nicest guys you ever met until he started drinking; then watch out. Another thing was that he couldn't tolerate foul language around women.

Ron White, another Russian 98G. He was one of the most stable and respected people on the site. He never lost his cool that I knew of.

Rodney and Karen Childs: Everyone knew him as Rocky. Rocky was a Russian linguist who also bowled for the post team. Karen gave piano lessons. After one of their travels (I think to England), Karen brought back one of the first mini skirts I had ever seen.

Dave and Carol Skinner: They went to Italy to purchase an Alpha Romeo and drove it back to Site 23. I had never heard of an Alpha Romeo until that time.

Bunk Evens: He worked as civilian at Fort Dietrick before enlisting, becoming a Russian 98G.

Richard Cole: A Romanian linguist who was sent directly to Turkey without stopping for additional training at the puzzle palace. He was a fundamentalist who didn't smoke, drink alcohol or anything with caffeine, belonged to a bible discussion group, and had an aversion to sunlight. He always wore long sleeved flannel shirts with the sleeves buttoned even in summer. After being in Turkey a few months, a slot opened and he was promoted to Sp5. However, as time passed, it became apparent that he was incapable of performing the job. He was given an early discharge. I don't believe that he was on the track team but Ralph Neu said that he was quite a runner. Ralph convinced Richard to go to Ankara with him to see some “historical” sights that he knew. However, as soon as Richard realized that he was taken to the Karahani, he took off so fast that Ralph had no way to catch him. He didn't see Richard again until he came back to the site.



Some other people that I hung out with were John Nichols and his wife Dolleen, Herman Colson and his wife, and Jimmy H. Smith and his wife Evelyn. I also remember Greg Norberg from Minnesota, and Bill Holmes who graduated from DLI in the class before mine.

Another person I remember was "Ding" Bell from Det 66. He had come to Site 23 after a tour in Thule, Greenland and usually worked on ceramics in the service club during his off time. He was originally from Pa.

Remembrances of other people from reading Days of Our Lives:

Dr. Goretsky: a pediatrician from Staten Island. He was a very quiet person. Just before the site closing there was a final stag party at the NCO club for all E.M and officers. He was sitting across a table from me and was plastered (I think he only had two beers). A stripper who had come down to the floor from the stage was dancing around and sat on his lap. This was in the days before lap dancing. I don't think he was sober enough to realize what was going on but he got the first lap dance that I had ever seen.

Maj. Vannoy: Was Ops commander during my tour.

Capt. Reilly: When I arrived he was company commander of Co A. After his tour he was replaced by Capt Tenney.

Rex Lardner was Special Services officer.

Maj. Katalya was a nurse at the dispensary.

Another memory of my stay was when the "Six Day War" broke out and I believe that some of the 058s were to be sent to the USS Liberty. It was soon attacked by the Israelis. Controversy remains to this day whether the attack was deliberate or accidental.

After having read all the back issues of DOOL, it's apparent that, in hindsight, most of us enjoyed our stays in Turkey; I think it was because we were young and immortal then.

MATTECHECK, Joe YOB 1941 E4-E6, 98J, Det 4, 66-67, (Lois), 3500 E Ironwood Cir., Sioux Falls, SD 57103, 605-332-2272, [mattecheck@sio.midco.net](mailto:mattecheck@sio.midco.net)  
- Have a Det 4 person that lives in Hecla SD, but no idea who he is as he came from NY. The other's were some that were in Sunny Sinop by the Sea when I was. Us 98J's were a odd bunch of ducks. No one liked our little corner because we seldom let anyone in as it spoiled our naps..... Except mission time. I remember we worked 12 on and 12 off for something like 9 months. We got off when someone called saying so and so could stay back as nothing happening but beware of call back. BH3 was different.. Have no idea of who Det 4 commander was. I do remember Captain Pangborn was OIC for BH3. I spent 18

months at NSA before my year at Sinop, returned to NSA for the final 7 months..... I lost a lot of "STUFF" when a disk crashed.

NEARPASS, Robert D E3-E5, MP Det 27, DE64-DE66, (Lorraine), 111 Hope Crossing Road., Belvidere, NJ 07823, 908-638-7625, [nearpass@accessgate.net](mailto:nearpass@accessgate.net)  
Elder - We (Bob & Lorraine Nearpass) plan on attending the affair at Fort Mitchell. We will be making reservations to stay at the Inn on the evening of the annual dinner. We are going to bring the RV and see some of the points of interest. See ya there. Best to Patty and enjoy the summer. Bob Nearpass

NORBERG, Greg (Fotch) YOB 1945 RA17737585 E4-E5 98GBU Det 27, 66-JN68, (Pam), 19154 Kenya St., Northridge, CA 91326, 818-366-5144, [griorberg@msn.com](mailto:griorberg@msn.com) I called Greg on 25 July 2006 and chatted with him regarding his tour of duty at Det 27. Greg informs that he was among the last GI's to leave Manzarali Station when it closed in June 1968.

O'CONNOR, John S., (Jack), YOB: 1926, LTC, Cdr, Det 4, JA68-DE68, (Pat), 913 E Atlantic Ave., Altoona, PA 814-942-2642, [oronnoco@charter.net](mailto:oronnoco@charter.net)



The above photo was taken during the change of command ceremony at Det 4 where Lt Col John S. O'Connor replaced Colonel Samuel J. Bistany in January

1968 as the commander at Det 4. O'Connor and Bistany are in the front row. Only two others are identified: Maj Hank LaBrecque – far left and Maj Edward J, Cima, CO of Det 4-4 – 4<sup>th</sup> from left . Please help ID the others.

Jack O'Connor served 33 years in the US Army that included combat operations during WWII and Korean War and most of those years were with the ASA. He informs that he early on learned that no matter how tough the day-to-day decisions got, he persevered and accomplished his goals, no matter how unattainable they seemed at first. He further says that he was blessed to serve under some excellent ASA leaders and that the Sergeants were the backbone that made the ASA great.

His progression of duties included Traffic Analysis, COMSEC, Operations Officer of SIGINT/EW/COMSEC units from Detachments to Groups, Operations Officer of USASA Field Stations, Commander of SIGINT units from Detachments to Command of all ASA in the European Theater and lastly as the Commander of the Electronic Test and Evaluation Center at Fort Huachuca where he retired in 1975. Other significant staff assignments included duty as project manager of a multi-million dollar SIGINT/EW aircraft R&D project, staff supervisor of combat developments in the intelligence area conducted by development agencies of the Signal Corps and Military Intelligence, assignment as Deputy to the USASA Deputy Chief of Staff for R&D and Project Officer for SIGINT portions of the US Army TARS 75 Intelligence Study.

Reflecting on those 33 years he proudly remembers that he had a chance to see all kinds of different people and places, and soak up a wealth of varied experiences and always demanded that the chain-of-command be used and that subordinates lead by example and maintain high standards of personal conduct.

Patty and I have met twice with the O'Connor's in their modest home in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Both times we were graciously welcomed into their home and both proudly shared their memories of their tours of duty with the ASA and that they simply enjoy talking to ex-ASA'ers and intend to attend a ASA Turkey reunion, possibly in 2006. Our first visit was on a rainy day. We pulled into a driveway and there stood a slender crew cut gentleman who was preparing his car for a trip. I had never met John O'Connor and no sooner I exited my car that the salt and pepper gentleman - who recognized the ASA hat that I was wearing - said, "I've been waiting for you ASA boys to show up. Come here and take a look at this!" as he led me to the front of the attached garage. There in plain view was a footlocker stenciled LTC John S. O'Connor, Det 4 that he sent from Sinop to Altoona, PA when he rotated as commander of Det 4 in December 1968. We shook hands and he insisted that I pull my car into the garage so that Patty would not get wet when she exited the car. Col O'Connor welcomed us into his house where we spent an enjoyable two hours chatting about the ASA and his 33 year US Army career that ended in July 1975. Retired military people have a certain unique comradery, and that is the case with the Green's and O'Connors.



The above is two old-timer soldiers standing on the O'Connor's patio. It is important to note that the O'Connor's are close friends of General and Mrs George Casey, the commander of all US soldiers in Iraq.

After over three decades in the United States Army the O'Connor's had to adjust to a different life and decided to move back to their roots in Altoona and away from the fast life style in the DC area. . Colonel O'Connor's civilian pursuit includes the position of VP and General Manager of Weston Trading Company Ltd., a mail order company; President and CEO of O'Connor Management, Inc; providing consulting services to various businesses involving primarily industrial engineering, management studies, and negative analysis activities. These jobs brought in a comfortable income and all were personally rewarding. The O'Connors do volunteer work in the Altoona area on a daily basis.



The above photo was taken on 6 July 2006. Colonel O'Connor is 80 years young and still maintains a keen memory and the familiar a crew cut. One of his many command assignments was to Det 4 in Sinop, Turkey. .



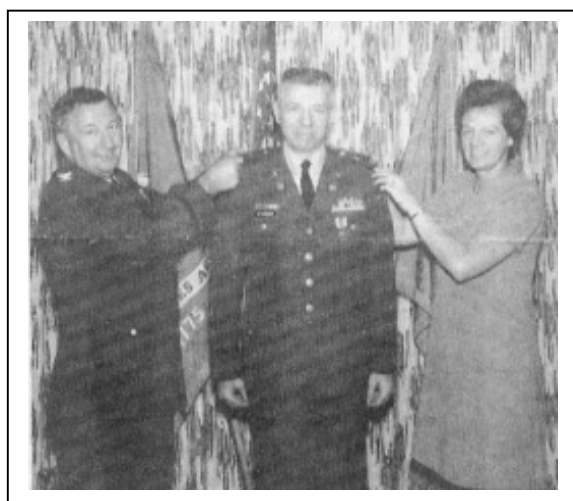
He arrived there in January 1968 and replaced Col Sam Bistany who was retiring after a distinguished army career. There O'Connor found the job very demanding and that the operational SIGINT and ELINT missions was one of the most important within the intelligence community during the COLD WAR. Know-ing this he insisted that the highly trained and well educated soldiers maintain themselves with a sense of military bearing and knowing that the main recreation was beer drinking at the NCO Club. He knew the value of physical fitness and participation in the sports program and used it to enhance the intangible morale and used it to enhance the esprit de corps at Det 4. He mentions that he derived a lot of fulfillment with his day-to-day coordinating with the Sinop town officials who many before him had found nearly impossible to please. He established a positive circle of Turkish confidants and did his best not to rub them the wrong way and was sensitive to their concerns. . Unbeknownst to O'Connor the Turks had set up a friendly going away from Sinop display by lining the road from the hill to the town of Sinop and waved as his sedan passed for the last time with him in it in December 1968. He was flattered and was a time in his life that he will never forget.



Vint Hill Farms Station

# The Antenna

Vigilance with Honor Fidelity thru Service





The above two photo's were scanned from the 13 November 1970 Vint Hill Farms Station newspaper, The Antenna. The left photo shows LTC John S. O'Connor being awarded the Meritorious Service Medal by Col Robert Brust, Chief of Staff, ASA. Following that ceremony LTC O'Connor was promoted to Colonel with a helping hand of Col Brust and Pat O'Connor.

As his promotions and ASA assignments increased in responsibilities he confronted new complex challenges head on that prepared him for future assignments. One of Pat's finest moments was the day that her Jack was promoted to Full Colonel at Vint Hill Farms Station as depicted in the above photo

The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in December 1941 and in January 1942 at the age of 16 John O'Connor left high school and enlisted in the US Army for 3 years at Pittsburgh, PA. To enlist he had to get waivers on his age and his color blindness. There he raised his hand and took the oath to "defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic." He was given RA13057098 and sent to Fort Bragg for basic training and then trained at Camp Livingston, Louisiana and Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. Camp Gruber was an Army training camp between 1942 and 1944. It was named after Brigadier General Edmund L. Gruber, the composer of "The Caisson Song."

After this training Jack O'Connor was sent overseas on a troop ship with the 173<sup>rd</sup> Field Artillery Battalion as a gun section chief. He was trained for the 105 Howitzers that required a crew of eight members to work and fire it

Upon landing the 173<sup>rd</sup> was attached to the Fifth Army that was activated at Oujda, French Morocco on 5 January 1943, under the command of Lt. Gen. Mark Clark.



Note the blue mosque within the 5<sup>th</sup> Army patch.. Despite a brutal struggle and heavy casualties the Fifth Army became the first American army to initiate combat on the European mainland in World War II and was also the first to win a battle on the continent and the first to liberate a European capital. The long, hard Italian campaign was only beginning at Salerno. At Salerno units of the 5<sup>th</sup> Army ran headlong into the very experienced, very tough and well prepared 16th Panzer Division.. In stubborn fighting between 12-16 September 1943 the Salerno beaches were held by hard pressed and individual bravery by units of the 5<sup>th</sup> Army. The Germans withdrew to the Gustav line. There the Italian campaign stagnated due to stout German resistance, excellent defensive terrain and terrible weather. Heavy traffic and nearly continuous rain and snow turned

supply routes into rivers of mud and battlefields into quagmires. Many suffered from what was called "trench foot," a disease that occurs when near-freezing temperatures and moisture combine. This ailment would cause the feet to swell and appear red and blistered, triggering severe pain until nerve and tissue damage would cause numbness in the feet.

Bitter fighting followed at the Rapido River, at Monte Cassino and at Anzio. On June 4, 1944, units of the Fifth Army entered Rome, making the Fifth the first American Army to liberate a European capital.

Jack O'Connor's unit along with infantry and armor units fought continuously for 602 days as they inched, pushed and raced up the Italian peninsula. Those 602 days are a record for sustained combat by any contemporary American field Army. The bitter engagement place names include Salerno, Anzio, Monte Cassino, the Rapido and Garigliano rivers, the Gustav Line and the Winter Line, as well as towns like San Pietro and Altaville – not to be forgotten the hundreds of mountains and valleys up the Italian boot, eventually linking up with troops from the Seventh Army on the Austrian-Italian border on 4 May 1945. The official date for the ending of WWII in Europe is 25 April 1945. For Jack O'Connor's duty he earned the European-African-Middle East campaign ribbon with five battle stars.

Sgt John O'Connor was discharged in November 1945 and returned to Altoona, PA where he returned to High School and received his diploma in May 1946 at 20 years of age. In June 1946 he re-enlisted in the Army for 18 months and returned to Italy, serving there until November 1947 when he returned to the states and was again discharged and moved to Sharon, PA where he worked at Sharon Steel Corp.

He met and fell in love with a young and very attractive lass named Pat Roessler. In February 1948 they were married. At this point O'Connor was sorta discouraged with the lack of direction in his life and they were literally living on a dime a day and they decided to make changes in their young marriage. They talked it over and John had a glimmer that realized that a Army career might just possibly be an option in their married life. With that in mind and with Pat's nod he visited the Sharon recruiting station and re-enlisted for the second time in May 1948 at Sharon, PA and was sent to Fort Dix for processing. Later he was sent to Carlisle Barracks, PA for Military Police training at the Military Police School there.

For Pat it was the beginning of a long and trying career that now she was a partner in the marriage involved raising 6 children, sometimes under the most trying conditions (which all military wives encountered), their illnesses, frequent moves and the availability of, or lack thereof, of base housing, resettling children in school and to worry about whether the kids would be accepted in yet another new school., the personal sacrifices, etc. The trying times were when she had to



say good-bye while Jack deployed to remote assignments to Korea and to the land of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk in Turkey for a year. She was lonely, but survived. She also got used to saying good-bye to friends made during all assignments. But to Pat, this was a small sacrifice towards the career of her husband and she never has regretted the adventure. They now have 26 grandchildren

Upon completion of the 6 week MP course Jack O'Connor was selected for and completed the 10 week course in criminal investigation also at Carlisle. After graduation in November 1948 was assigned as a criminal investigator at the New York Port of Embarkation until May 1949 when his request for OCS was approved. .

After being accepted to attend OCS he headed to Fort Riley in May of 1949 for the six-month training. He was assigned to Class 12 of the AOC Regiment that was located at Camp Forsyth. Camp Forsyth was established in 1940 and had been the HQ's for the Cavalry Replacement Training Center during WW II. It was on the floodplain of the Republican River, immediately north of Junction City, KS. Most of O'Connor's classmates were, for the most part, in the same situation that he was - they were young enlisted mustangs with little or no college education and some, like O'Connor, were WWII veterans. The time he spent at Camp Forsyth, was relatively uneventful, but it turned him from a young man uncertain about his future into a man with a vision about where he wanted to go in life.

There he was given the choice of which branch of the Army he would be commissioned and he chose Military Police and was assigned to the 8<sup>th</sup> MP Company at Camp Gordon, GA. While at Camp Gordon the North Korean army invaded South Korea on 25 June 1950. About this time 2LT O'Connor was uncertain about his future in the MP Corps. He remembered his tour at Carlisle and the existence of the Army Security Agency and applied for a transfer to the ASA. His request was approved and was assigned to the ASA School at Carlisle Barracks, PA. About this time his branch was changed to the Chemical Corps and later it was switched to AIS/MI. There he attended the ASA basic officer course. While in OCS the talk about a pending war in Korea was commonplace and now he knew that his days were near for assignment there.

From 1950 to 1952 he served with the 303<sup>rd</sup> Communications Reconnaissance unit in Korea. His job in Korea was not specifically defined. He suspects that he was expected to immerse himself in the job and figure out what he had to do. The assumption was that he could do it. From Korea he was sent to Fort Devens until 1954 when he was transferred to Hawaii and served there until 1957 when he was transferred as the Company Commander of a COMSEC company at White Sands, New Mexico. There at White Sands in 1958-59 was a good friend of mine, Mark Heltzel. I asked the colonel if he remembered him and his answer was: Of course, I remember SP5 Heltzel. From White Sands in 1959 to Fort

Devens for an advanced course, then in 1960 to Frankfurt for orientation and then to Baumholder for a year and then to the 319<sup>th</sup> at Herzogenaurach for 2 years where he was selected to attend and complete the Command & General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. It was an integral part of his professional development and paved the way of his later promotion to Full Colonel. Other assignments being as Commander of : Vint Hill Farms in Wattenton, VA' Field Station Augsburg and lastly at Fort Huachuca where he retired.

It is interesting to note that Vint Hill Farms was opened by members of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Signal Service Battalion of the Army Signal Security Agency (predecessor of the ASA) monitoring station on 12 June 1942 in a dairy barn on a sprawling 695 acre farm to intercept enemy communications during WWII. Its opening was about six months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and that Col O'Connor first enlisted in the Army in January 1942. On 12 June 1997, more than half a century later Vint Hill was closed by BRAC as an active Army installation. During its fifty year existence, Vint Hill Farms Station had served as an indispensable part of America's national defense by providing vital intelligence and information in support of ASA operations worldwide and becoming a plush stateside assignment for those returning from overseas. Vint Hill. Farms is located 35 miles SW of Washington, DC., and nine miles E of Warrenton It is now just Vint Hill.

Colonel O'Connor's retirement ceremony took place at Fort Huachuca, Arizona on 1 January 1975.

During his career, Colonel O'Connor has received awards and decorations to include three Oak Leaf Clusters to the Legion of Merit, one Meritorious Service Medal, three Oak Leaf Clusters to the Army Commendation Medal and other service awards.

Finally and first, Jack O'Connor admits how much he owes to his wife – Pat – perhaps without whom there might not have been a Army career. It is obvious that many things about the 33 year army career remains yet to be told, perhaps the colonel will carry his BIO forward. Any errors are entirely mine

POLING, Jay D YOB 1938 RA Det 27, 62-64, (Shirley), 3626 Catherine St, Decatur, IL 62526-, 217-422-0095, [bridger@insightbb.com](mailto:bridger@insightbb.com) - Hello, this is Jay Poling. You called my wife a day or two ago. Yes, I remember Joe Mack. He must be alive and kicking still. We were in Turkey together in the early sixties. I am not sure about Joe, but I was there from January, 1962 until March of 1963. First stationed in Ankara and then transferred to Sinop. I would like to learn more of your activities, but my wife didn't get the address of your website. I'll try to search it out. I am not sure if you will receive this by my name or email I.D. It is [bridger@insightbb.com](mailto:bridger@insightbb.com) Hoping to hear more from you or Joe.

SCREWS, Eldon D YOB 1933, E7 05K Ops Sgt, Det 4, 68, Det 4-3, 68-69, Det 4, 69 (Bobbie), PO Box 127, Holly Bluff, MS 30988, 662-828-3212,

[eldonscrews@telepak.net](mailto:eldonscrews@telepak.net) - I've slept with trying to remember the officers in LtCol O'Connors change of command photo and can't come up with any names except Maj Cima , Col Bistany & Col O'Connor. Shared some with Col O'Connor at the FASAF in May at Bradenton. I'm glad to see some officers attend the reunions and he did his share of floating around and talking to folks. You know that working in main Ops, we didn't get to see most of the staff. The others all look very familiar.

SIMONS, Bill, YOB 1936 E3 058 DE59-DE60, (Patricia Anne), 155 Newbolds Corner Rd., Southampton, NJ 08088, 609-859-9483, [billsimons@tuslogdet4.com](mailto:billsimons@tuslogdet4.com)

Hi Elder, It appears that Tripod.com has instituted some new rules to protect readers from downloading virus files. Unfortunately, both DOOL 163 and the Reunion may have been ruled as suspicious. In any case, I cannot post them as I have the other DOOL issues and so they are not being displayed at the current time from the Day of Our Lives main page I'm working on a replacement format and hope to have both files up and available by tomorrow. I regret the delays - I could just scream whenever Tripod makes these changes without notifying any of the users. Bill

WALTER, Ron Det 4, 59-60, (Jan), 28A Ranger Creek Rd., Boerne, TX 78006, 830-249-2446, [ronwalter@netzero.com](mailto:ronwalter@netzero.com) - Ron and Jan Walter have changed their e-mail address to [ronwalter@netzero.com](mailto:ronwalter@netzero.com).

THE LEBANON OPERATION  
14 July 1958 thru 25 OCTOBER 1958  
A Brief History Lesson

Tension in the Middle East began to increase in 1957, when Syria was about to fall to communism. President Eisenhower acting on his commitment to the region, and in order to protect neighboring Turkey, Iraq, and Jordan approved the deployment of USAF combat aircraft from Germany to Incirlik AFB in Adana, Turkey. The crisis quickly abated, but set the stage for the 1958 upheaval in Lebanon. On 14 July 1958 Lebanese Moslems rebelled in Beirut, Lebanon and rioted over fears that the delicate balance between Christianity and Islam in the Lebanese government was in peril. Adding to the regional tension, and on the very same day (14 July 1958) leftist Iraqi officers assassinated their nation's king (King Faisal II) and prime minister (Crown Prince Abdul-Iliah, the King's uncle) in a swift revolutionary coup that ended the monarchy and brought to power a military junta headed by Abdul Karem Kassim. Kassim reversed the monarchy's pro-Western policies, attempted to rectify the economic disparities between rich and poor, and began to form alliances with Communist countries. This prompted the Lebanese President Chamoun and the King of Jordan to request military assistance from the US. The US participation was conducted by USAREUR and the plan was to occupy and secure the Beirut International Airport, a few miles south of the city, then to secure the port of Beirut and approaches to the city. By 5 August, all of the assigned forces had reached Beirut and the bulk of their equipment and initial resupply had arrived or was en route. The Navy's Sixth Fleet conducted air operations and the USAF Tactical Air Command consisting of F-100's, B-57's, RF-101's, RB-66's, and WB-66's were deployed from the US to Incirlik AFB. These aircraft and supporting personnel over-whelmed the facilities at Incirlik. Since no ground fighting involving Americans broke out, the strike force flew missions to cover troop movements, show-of-force missions over Beirut, aerial reconnaissance sorties, and leaflet drops. Stable conditions were

maintained until a new government was installed in Lebanon. American troops left Lebanon in October 1958, after the tension diminished.

To keep an eye on the Soviet Union's intention and possible deployments during the Lebanon Crisis – the USASA command in Frankfurt was tasked with sending 058 Intercept Operators to Sinop, Turkey to keep a SIGINT watch on Soviet military units located near the Black Sea and in particular the 104th Guards Airborne Division. Quickly over thirty 058 teenagers (listed below) who were in-processing at the 251st ASA Processing Company at Gutleut Kaserne were told on the afternoon of 18 July 1958 to get shots and draw FULL FIELD gear and that they would be departing Rhein/Main Airport that evening. I guess it is safe to say that things were really jumping for those involved. They were not told where they were going, but most had read the Stars and Stripes reports on the Lebanon situation and thought that they were going to Beirut. Their EASY army life was about to be changed overnight and each had inner feelings that was known only to them. Some regretted that they did not have time to exploit the nightlife and gasthouse adventures near the Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof, the Fisherstube or fraternize with the ladies of the street during their short stay in Frankfurt. They landed at Esenboga Airport - 21 miles from Ankara, Turkey and were met by First Sergeant Freddy Helton and the next day they were on two Turk buses for the 10-12 hour trip to Sinop. I'm in the process of contacting those involved and the results will be included in a future DOOL

BLEVIN, Vollie RA15591151 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

\*BULLIS, Delmar L (Del), RA13620441 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-JL59

CLARK, Robert L RA12545756 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

DENARO, Ronald D RA11342630 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

FELKOSKI, Marion Det 4, 18JL58-?

\*GAINES, Frazier L RA15591158 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

GLASS, Eugene J RA13626886 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

GREEN, Cecil B Jr RA1466360. E4 Det 4, 18JL58-?

HARRISON, Jonathan D RA146651237 E4 Det 4, 18JL58-?

HARROFF, Ralph E RA18540619 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

HAYNES, Alan J RA16589544 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

\*HOLLOWELL, Herbert P Jr RA13627973 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

HUBBARD, Allan R RA14668528 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

KORNUM, Kurt K RA17501949 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

\*LACOUR, Ronald A RA18537563 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?,

LANE, Robt E (Bob) RA17493190 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

LEE, Donald F Jr RA11342508 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

LEE, Richard A RA17512103 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

McCULLOUGH, John T RA15560286 Det 4, 58

MEADOWS, James A RA16589254 E4 Det 4, 57-58

\*O'DONNELL, Stephen C RA16589188 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

OSBORNE, George F RA12542393 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

POLLARD, Robert S RA13626910 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

\*ROBERTS, Floyd E RA16598704 E3-E4, 058 Det 4, 58

RODENBERGER, Robert R RA15590429 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

STANCIL, Richard W RA14663600 E4 Det 4, 18JL58-?

STEINMETZ, Kenneth A RA1749317. 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

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THOMAS, Wallace E RA16588714 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58 -?

TIER, Dale G RA15576770 E4 058 Det 4, 58-59

WOODY, Silas G Jr (Si) RA16589187 E4 058 Det 4, 18JL58-?

YEO, Robt P RA17493166 Det 4, 58