

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #173



1970 L-R: Col John J. McFadden, USASATC&S commander and a young Elder RC Green

TAPS

CHARRON, Clifford L (Biff) MDet 4, 64 After his tour at Det 4 as the senior EM he was assigned to Arlington Hall where he became the FIRST Command Sgt Major of the ASA.



"Old soldiers never die, they just fade away and like the old soldier in that ballad, Clifford L. Charron closed his Army career and as an "old soldier" just faded away until his death at age 79 on 12 October 2002 at Woodbriffe, VA and was interned at Arlington National Cemetery. He was Major General Charles J. Denholm's senior enlisted advisor and as such was the first first ASA COMMAND SERGEANT MAJOR. Biff's wife, Claire, died in August 1999. We were friends of the Charron's at Bad Aibling in the early 60's when Biff was the Operations Sergeant and Roland A. Fortune (1916-1998) was the Sgt Major there.

Biff as he was commonly known considered it a great honor to be selected as the first Command Sergeant Major of the Army Security Agency and his motto was: Lead, Follow or Get the Heck out of the Way!. He demanded professional competence of the ASA NCO's wearing the chevrons to set the example for others to emulate as they are 'the Backbone of the Army.' and to conduct themselves in accordance with the NCO creed:

NCO CREED

No one is more professional than I. I am a Noncommissioned Officer, a leader of soldiers. As a Noncommissioned Officer, I realize that I am a member of a time honored corps, which is known as "The Backbone of the Army". I am proud of the Corps of Noncommissioned Officers and will at all times conduct myself so as to bring credit upon the Corps, the Military Service and my country regardless of the situation in which I find myself. I will not use my grade or position to attain pleasure, profit, or personal safety.

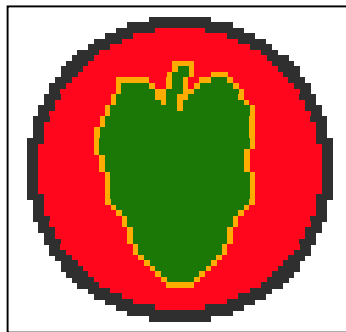
Competence is my watchword. My two basic responsibilities will always be uppermost in my mind -- accomplishment of my mission and the welfare of my soldiers. I will strive to remain technically and tactically proficient. I am aware of my role as a Noncommissioned Officer. I will fulfill my responsibilities inherent in that role. All soldiers are entitled to outstanding leadership; I will provide that leadership. I know my soldiers and I will always place their needs above my own. I will communicate consistently with my soldiers and never leave them uninformed. I will be fair and impartial when recommending both rewards and punishment.

Officers of my unit will have maximum time to accomplish their duties; they will not have to accomplish mine. I will earn their respect and confidence as well as that of my soldiers. I will be loyal to those with whom I serve; seniors, peers, and subordinates alike. I will exercise initiative by taking appropriate action in the absence of orders. I will not compromise my integrity, nor my moral courage. I will not forget, nor will I allow my comrades to forget that we are professionals, Noncommissioned Officers, leaders!

Biff as he was known was a soldier's soldier, served in combat in the European Theater with the 66th Infantry Division and the 4th Armored Division from 1943 to 1945.



Following several stateside assignments, he was assigned to the 24th Infantry Division in Japan in June 1949.



He served with the 24th Infantry Division in combat in Korea until he was transferred to the Joint Military Advisory Group, Japan in September 1950. He served there until the end of the Korean War. He later switched from combat arms to military intelligence, where he served in a variety of key intelligence assignments in Europe and the United States. His concern for the morale and esprit de corps of his soldiers was manifested in his involvement in two major projects that still endure today.

Sergeant Major Charron was instrumental in the founding of the ASA Benefit Association, which provided funds to families of ASA members killed in the line of duty and education benefits to their survivors. He was also a key figure in the planning, design, and construction of the permanent memorial honoring ASA noncommissioned officers killed in action; it is located at the U.S. Army Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM) Headquarters at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

In May 1969 the Non-Commissioned Officers of the US Army Security Agency dedicated a memorial to those members of the command who had lost their lives in combat. On the front, under the seal of the Army Security Agency, are the words "In memory of USASA Soldiers Who Have Made The Supreme Sacrifice" Inscribed on the sides of the memorial are the names of those killed in action and

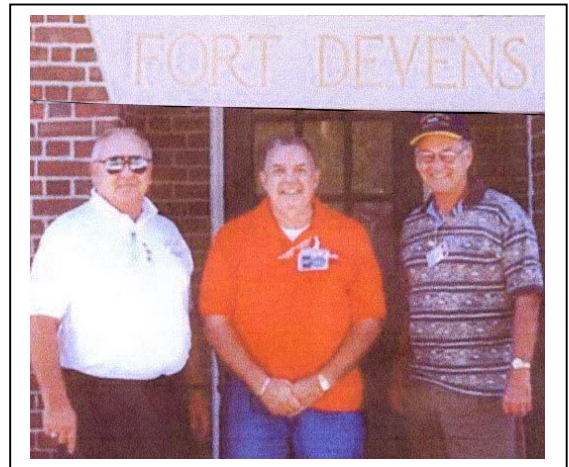
the date. A key player in bringing this memorial to fruition was CSM Clifford L. Charron, first ASA CSM. We wish to acknowledge his efforts in seeing that these men were remembered in this memorial. The memorial remained at Arlington Hall Station until the US Army Intelligence and Security Command relocated to Fort Belvoir, VA. It was then moved to Fort Belvoir and rededicated by the Non-Commissioned Officers of INSCOM.

COMMONS, Harry G Jr DOB 2 January 1937 DOD 26 April 2006 at Los Angeles, RA19652923 ADC 3y E3-E4 Hq Co Det 27, 60-62 BPED 20NO59 ETS 19NO62 per SO#46 dtd 26MR62

GRIST, Douglas M., DOB 28OC35 DOD 30DE98 RA14597191 Sgt E5 Det 27, 60-27MY62, (Jeanie), Highlands Rd., Dillard, GA 30537, 706-746-2885 per Justus Reynolds

ON SICK CALL and now RECOVERING

DUBICKI, Walt, YOB: 1940, RA16677952, E3-E5, 058/9 Det 27 DE61-JN63 058/9 Tk Chief #1, (Beverly), 6701 Tamarind Ct., Louisville, KY 40219, 502-969-1534, wdubicki@aol.com - Walt recently spent a few days in a Louisville Hospital with heart related troubles and is now home recuperating and planning a trip to Florida to do spring homework on their winter home there.



The above photo's were taken at the first ASA Turkey reunion that was held at Fort Devens 13-17 September 2001. On the left is Walt and Bev Dubicki. On the right standing at the Ayer Gate, L-R is Walt Dubicki, Jim Harber and Phil Kelly

REPLACING LOST MILITARY RECORDS

You need your DD Form 214 for replacement of lost military decorations or medals and most veteran's benefits and yours is LOST. The best way to request records is to fill out the Standard Form SF-180. To get it go to www.archives.gov/veterans. You can file from this site or print out the SF-180 form. If filing electronically, you must mail or fax the signature verification form provided within 20 days.

Your local Veteran's office in the courthouse should have copies of the SF-180. If not, you can request SF-180 by mail to: The National Personnel Records Center, 9700 Page Ave., St. Louis, MO 63132



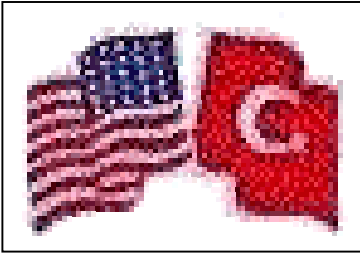
Det 27 Trick #2 Basketball Team in 1961 – Photo by Roy Springmeyer
L-R,Front Row: Art Landskov, BillKpningsford, Bob Beal, Bill Egan & Dick Bartholf
Back Row: Bob Erickson, Frank Hyland, Biff O'Hara, Bernie Courtemanche & Tom Granger

SO 191 Hqs 320 USASA Bn 1 Nov 60 (cont'd)

4. FNE TOE 3yrs Depn-None are rel asg 180 USASA Co (86-9428-1) this hqs and rsg and WP OA 12 Nov 60 to TUSLOG Det 27 (9424) Ankara, Turkey APO 254 NY NY. Auth: Msg LAEPER 1712 CUSAS/E dtd 27 Sep 60. Tvl by coml air auth. TDN PCS 2112010.100 01-8-13 P1311-02-03-07 S99-999 EDCSA 18 Nov 60. 100 lbs bag alw auth.

GR	NAME	SN	ETS	DEROS	BPED	MOS
PFC-E3	GREGORY BANKOS	RA13664359	Oct 62	Jul 62 15	Oct 59	058.10
PFC-E3	ROY G CARROLL	RA15612196	Jun 62	Mar 62 1	Jul 59	058.10
PFC-E3	RAYMOND G CHOLEWINSKI	RA16636284	Oct 62	Jul 62 20	Oct 59	059.10

2007 ASA TURKEY REUNION
23 – 27 September 2007



THE 2007 REUNION HOST & HOSTESS
Luther Mack and Edna Jones
Call 910-575-4562 for reunion info
Mack was a ditty-bopper on Trick#1 at
Det 27 – 1963-1964



Preparing the monthly DOOL and coordinating the 2007 reunion is draining, but do-able. I need to unravel my thinking and will appreciate your insights so that we can brainstorm new ideas for the 2007 reunion.

Reservation Form for Beach Cove Resort

Below is the Reservation Form for the 2007 reunion at the Beach Cove Resort. Please use this form and call 1-800-331-6533 and wait for the sales option recording, then ask for Marianne or Spring. Tell them that you will be attending the ASA Turkey reunion and give them the info from the below reservation form. . The credit card payment due then will be your first night stay deposit of either \$80.30 or \$127.60. The charges for the reunion banquet, Nakato's Japanese Steakhouse and the Alabama Theatre ticket(s) will be charged to your credit card when you check in at the Beach Cove. The remaining room balance will be due at check-in

Name: _____
Address: _____
Phone Number: _____ Email: _____
Credit card type and Number _____

Please select your room type and indicate your arrival and departure dates.

_____ Oceanfront Executive Suites. One bedroom with 2 queen beds. Living room. Kitchenette. 1 bath. Private balcony with a direct view of the ocean. \$69.00 + 6.90 tax + 4.40 resort fee = \$80.30 per night.

_____ Oceanfront 2 Bedroom Condo. Master bedroom with king bed. Second bedroom with 2 double beds. Living room. Full size kitchen. 2 baths. Private balcony with a direct view of the ocean. \$112.00 + 11.20 tax + 4.40 resort fee = \$127.60 per night.

Rates are valid 3 days before and 3 days after reunion.

Special room requests: _____
(We will make every effort to accommodate your requests.)

Arrival Day and Date: _____ Check-In: 4:00pm

Departure Day and Date: _____ Check-Out: 11:00am

Dinner at Nakato's Japanese Steakhouse on Monday, 9/24/07 at 5 pm. \$17.50 per person. Please indicate the number of people attending in your party.

_____ Number of people attending dinner

Alabama Theatre show on Monday, 9/24/07 at 7:30pm. \$26.00 per person. Please indicate the number of people attending in your party. Go to www.alabama-theatre.com for the details.

_____ Number of people attending Alabama Theatre

MAXWELL'S Prime rib meal and dance on Tuesday, 9/25/07 at 6 pm. \$9.00 per person. Please indicate the number of people attending in your party. You will pay at Maxwells's, but we need the number of attendees as this restaurant is well attended and we need to make the reservations

----- Number of people who will be attending MAXWELL's. This info is needed by Mack Jones to make the reservations. You will pay at Maxwell's

Banquet on Wednesday, 9/26/07. Please indicate your entrée selections for everyone occupying your room. \$26.50, inclusive per person

_____ Breast of Chicken Marsala with Sliced Fresh Mushrooms
_____ Roasted Stuffed Pork Loin with Vidalia Onion Sauce
_____ Sauteed Scallops Dijon over Bowtie Pasta

If flying to Myrtle Beach and the flight data is not known when making your reservation – when that info becomes known - call 1-800-331—6533 and ask for Sales and give your name and they will pull your reservation and fill out the following for their records.

Name of the Airline _____ Number of People _____
Day and Date of Arrival _____ Flight Number _____
Day and Date of Departure _____ Flight Number _____

Beach Cove Resort, 4800 S. Ocean Blvd., North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582
Attention: Marianne Smith Call Marianne with any questions 843-918-7710.

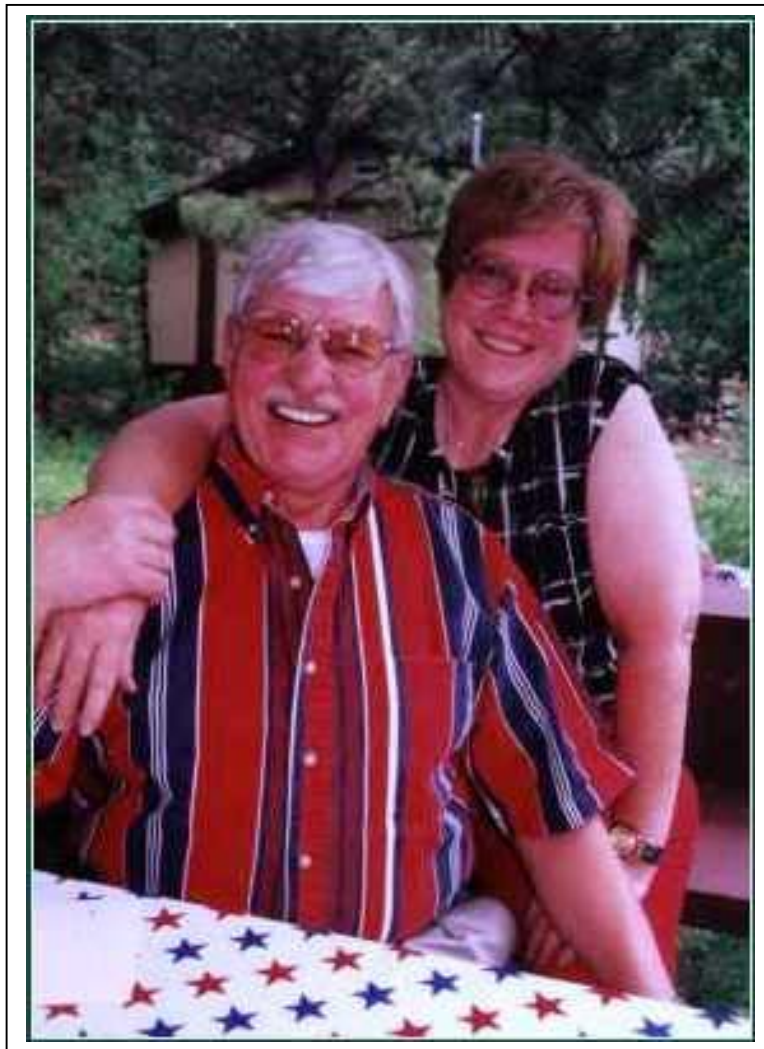
MAIL CALL,in alphabetical order

ADAMS, Stan, Det 4, 78
BAKER, Jim, Det 4, 57-58
BANKOS, Greg, Det 27, 60-62
BOLDWAY, Jill, Det 27, 66-67
CARROLL, Roy, Det 27, 60-62
CHOLEWENSKI, Ray, Det 27, 60-62
COOK, Bill, Det 27, 63-64
FULTON, Don, Det 4, 67
GISSELL, Cliff, Det 4, 60-61
GREENIP, Randy, Det 27, 63-64
HOLDER, Bob, Det 27, 66-68
HOLLAND, John, Det 4-4, 67-69
HOLTZ, Jim, Det 66, 60-62
INMAN, Wayne, Det 4,
KAMP, Denis, Det 27, 63-64
TAYLOR, Fred, Det 27, 62-64
OWEN, Stanley, Det 4-4, 69-70
TING, Det 66,
TAVERNETTI, Dave, Det 27, 62-63
TOURISON, Sedgwick, Det 27, 60-61
WELLS, Ward, Det 27, 62-64
WOLFE, Walt, Det 27, 62-66

ZELICH, Carl, Bad Aibling, 59-63

ADAMS, Stan E9 Sgt Maj Det 4, 79, 408 Woodford St., Fredricksburg, VA 22401, 540-842-8048 & 941-624-2757 in FL Received name from CSM Bolb Holder. Called on 31 March 2007 seeking info on CSM Biff Charron and found out that Stan Adams was the Command Sergeant Major with Col Jim Neighbors as the commander. Will have write-up in DOOL#174

BAKER, Jim YOB 1930 RA16380565 E5 982 Det 4, 57-58, (Linda), 5325 Clarendon Hills Dr., Fort Collins, CO 80526 970-377-0637, bakerpoudr@aol.com CW3(Ret)



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,
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 T/A school. Following school I was an instructor for about 8 months and went to Sinop. From there to Meade/NSA until 1960. From 1960 to 1963 I was at Zweibruecken, Germany with the 6901st SCG (Airforce). 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.

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 had that fear of looking at a Turk woman and being found floating in a river somewhere. 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 sixteenth 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.

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 overflowed 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 coal-burning 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 supposedly had some pictures of The Hill in 1957. The book was called, "Look Homeward." I tried to get a copy but it was out of print.]

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. 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 and seek employment at NSA. During the routine polygraph examination, several discrepancies were

noted and the FBI was called. It was discovered that Jack had been providing the Soviets with information for some two years. 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 1957.

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 disembark 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 (only?) 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.

That summer, they moved in DF equipment that had been located at Ankara. 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 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 site was up and running and personnel were picked to man the equipment, 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 messhall 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 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 messhall 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 F100'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.

BANKOS, Gregory, YOB: 1941, RA13664359, E3-E5, 058, TK#1, Det 27, NO60-OC62, (Marie-dec), 2173 Washington Ave., Apt 1, Northampton, PA 18067, 610-502-0951, lion1@rcn.com BPED 15OC59 ETSOC62 - Greg Bankos' was

enjoying the beginning of a tour as a ditty bopper at Bad Aibling, Germany when he was informed that he was going to Turkey with 2 other 058's, namely Roy Carroll and Ray Cholewinski. It was a let down, but said that he enjoyed his time at Manzarali Station. Will never forget the cigarette odors. Spent time at Lake Golbosi and took leave to Athens.

BOLDWAY, Jill, Brat, Det 27, 66-67, daughter of Maj Francis Boldway,
jillian@boldway.org

Hi Gary Jorgensen, my name is Jill Boldway and I lived at Manzarali Station (Site 23) in 1967. My father was Maj. Francis Boldway. I seem to recognize your name and am wondering if you knew me then? Or, did you know my father (he retired a full Colonel and passed away in 2003). Any info you have would be appreciated.
Jill Boldway

Hi Jill, I was at Manzarali from May 66 til the base closed and we moved to Karamursel in late 1967. I was a young 18 year old then and the youngest guy for a long time there hence the nickname "the kid" but I don't recall you. There were some dependent girls that hung out at the pool alot but I always figured we (GIs) would be strung up if we got out of line so I kind of stayed my distance. I don't recall your father either. The person to contact would be Elder Green asagreenhornet@yahoo.com. He is the editor of a newsletter that has been flying around the net about former "residents" of Manzarali, Karamursel and Sinop Turkey. It's called Days of our lives and has been a really great way of reliving the Turkey days. He has spent countless hours doing a labor of love (must be because he hasn't got paid anything) in putting together these newsletters and finding many many people from that era. He probably was acquainted with your father as he was at Manzarali during that time too. I will cc him with this reply. If you would like to be included in the list of people that I relay the newsletters to just let me know. Gule, Gule Gary Jorgensen

CARROLL, Roy G YOB 1939 RA15612196 E3-E5 058 Det 27, NO60-SE62, (Beverly), 12260 Teegarden Ln., Independence, KY 41051, 859-356-8483, brcarroll@fuse.net - Roy Carroll along with Greg Bankos and Ray Cholewinski were transferred from Bad Aibling, Germany to Det 27 as 058's. Roy remembers his time at Manzarali and the following friends: Roy Springmeyer, Bob Murphy, Larry Heese, Tom Rogers, Ken Lady and Carl Showalter. Said that it was a GI named Hoyt who broke most of the trees..

CHOLEWINSKI, Raymond G YOB 1941 RA16636284 E3-E5 059 Det 27, NO60-24JA62, (Terry), 6139 E. Thunderbird, Scottsdale, AZ 85032, 480-922-9124, rbcski@cox.net BPED 20DE59 ETS OC62 – Ray Cholewinski, Roy Carroll and Greg Bankos were transferred from Bad Aibling to Det 27. That was a big let down for Ray and he wondered what he did wrong at Bad Aibling to bring about his transfer to Turkey. All in all – he enjoyed his tour at Manzarali and the trip to Athens.

COOK, Bill, RA15675174 E2-E4 058 Tk#2 Ops Co Det 27, AP63-OC64, 8110
Parkview Ln, Sherrills Ford, NC 28673, 828-478-5460, wjcooksr@charter.net
BPED JL62 ETS JL65 Co F TC&S grad w/Fore & Garland



I urge you all to go to www.gatheringofeagles.org and read the sentiments of some of those present and to take a few minutes to view the video attached to it. 17 March 2007 was a new beginning for the silent majority... we have once again had enough of the vocal few and the bias of the media. We will no longer be silent and never silenced. We will be heard and our troops will hear that a proud America supports them and their mission. A Sleeping Giant was awakened and has business to do.

To all that braved the weather and joined with us... and to all that were there with us in spirit... my sincere thanks and appreciation. Bill Cook

Gathering of Eagles Updates!

The story below was written by my friend Rick Goforth. The response from across America was amazing. The media, as you would expect, didn't get it right. They lied about the numbers on both sides of the fence and focused on the protestors. In reality they had to be overwhelmed by our turn out. Given the weather conditions it was even more amazing.

The protester group were truly an ugly bunch both in mindset and appearance. Remember the hippies of the 60's... well they are still around. The aged hippy of the 60's with their whacked out, spike haired, faced pierced, uglies of today. They tried to create confrontation. They ran into our area carrying disgusting signs and defaced American flag replicas. They were met by a wall of patriots who would not bend and who began to march forward and forced them from our ground. I was proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with my friends from Mooresville and the many new friends I had made the night before. In one instance the park police, (who did an excellent job), had to threaten to arrest them to get them to leave. When they made their 'charge' toward us they had people with them with video cameras hoping to film us assaulting them so that they would have grounds for law suits. They got nothing more than video of patriots in a united front moving forward as one to prevent access to the ground set aside for us. We won.

As Rick Goforth says, we greatly outnumbered them. I believe that it was easily 4 to 1.

Rick comments on the guys from Florida who were riding in the nasty weather... Rick sometimes confuses manliness with poor decision making although I have to give them their props as well. My guess is that they had left for DC the day prior and were unaware of the weather they would be facing. That they endured is to their credit.

I have little doubt that the protests will continue and that proud Americans will respond and in even greater numbers. A.N.S.W.E.R. received an answer... We will not stand by and let you dishonor our troops, our veterans, or our country! Its time that we all let our representatives in Congress know how we feel. I urge you to write them... and I urge you to let the media know that we have a voice and a presence and will no longer accept their slanted, left-wing, pinko, coverage of such events.

God Bless our troops and God bless America.

Proud American and Patriot Guard Rider

Bill (Biker Bill) Cook

FULTON, Donald G. E4, 05H2HS3YA, Det 4, JA67-DE67, (Linda), 426 Mesa Loop, San Antonio, TX 78258, 210-481-9565, oneshamash@satx.rr.com

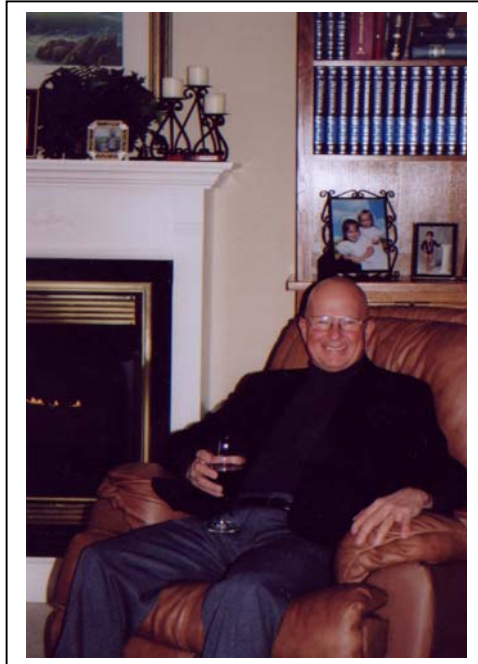
Thanks for the DOOL 172. I was real surprised to see Gary E. Gilbert in the Special Memories photo. Gary was my god parent printed on my 1st Baptismal and 1st Communion documents from Post Chapel Det 4 in Sinop in 1967. He

looks just like I remember him. Don't know where he is now but it was a pleasant surprise to see him again.

Don Fulton, TUSLOG Det 4, Sinop, Turkey, Jan 1967- Dec 1967

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

I have my own personal website as an erotic romance writer. It's under my pen name of C.J. Maxx. Check it out: at www.cjmaxx.net
Cliff/John





Contacted on 6 March 2004. Was surprised to hear from someone asking questions about Sinop. Is a retired Command Sergeant Major. I received the 2003 ASA Turkey Memory Book disc from Chuck Bergmann. You really did a good job on it, you're talented. I expect to get many hours of enjoyment from it. Cliff lives close to Huntsville, but wasn't able to attend the 2004 ASA Turkey reunion in Huntsville as he was away in the state of Washington.

Enlisted in August 1959 at Los Angeles for 3 years in the ASA. Like yourself, I have four names, Clifford John Max Gissell. Usually I go by John unless it's something official, then by Clifford. Took basic at Fort Ord, then on to Fort Devens for 058 training. At Devens became friends with Garland Gibbs. First assignment was to Det 4. Rode to Sinop in a Brit Land Rover. Didn't mind the tour. Pulled guard duty for 42 straight days. I have quite a few pictures of Sinop and Samsun. I'm not sure of Houlihan's first name. I also found some old orders promoting myself and others to SP4 in Sinop. I still have one more set of orders to find, one that I believe has some states associated with the individual. I'll find those later in the week and send them via scanning. We have the granddaughters here today,. I had to take a break writing this to rock the 5 month old to sleep because Grandma was washing the dishes with the 3 year old. Now the baby is asleep so I can finish this. One thing on the write-up,

Left the HILL in the front of a deuce and a half and was told by the driver to keep talking and we drove straight through. After Turkey was sent to Korea and was discharged thereafter. Was a civilian for 3 months and then re-upped in the

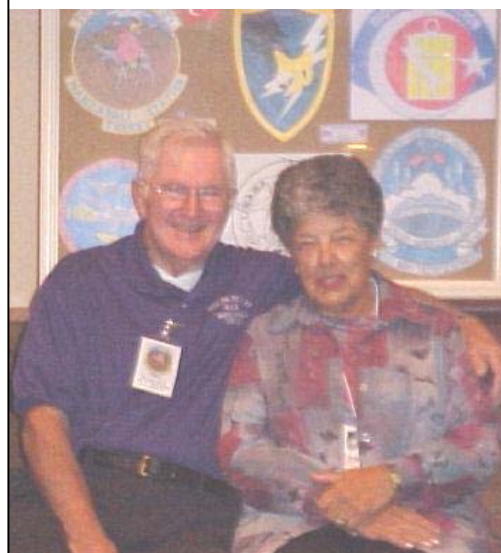
Special Forces as a 91B medic. Retired in 1980 as a Command Sergeant Major. Worked as a Quality Manager for an electronics manufacturing company, 1982-2001.

GREENIP, Randy YOB 1944 E3-E4 059 Det 27, JN63-OC64, (Carole), 101 New Castle Ct., Youngsville, NC 27596, 919-554-9357, rcg62@earthlink.net
Elder, I may be attending the 2007 reunion in Myrtle Beach. Do you have the info on it? What is the web site for it? I would appreciate the info. ASA LIVES!
Randy Greenip TUSLOG Det 27, 63-64

HOLDER, Robert (Bob), YOB: 1928, RA11147514.SGM-E9, 98Z, Det 27, JL66-JN68, (Anne), 9354 Newnan Cir., Pt Charlotte, FL 33981, 941-697-7178, dadgeholder@earthlink.net CSM USA(Ret)



Bob Holder was the senior EM at Det 27 during 66-68. He enlisted in 1946 to beat the draft, but still became an infantryman, then an MP and then with the CID. before joining the ASA in January 1959 and was promoted to Sergeant Major as a 98Z in 1961 and to Command Sergeant Major in 1968 when the rank was established.. He retired at Vint Hill on 29 Feb 1976 with 29 years, 7 months and 20 days of active duty.

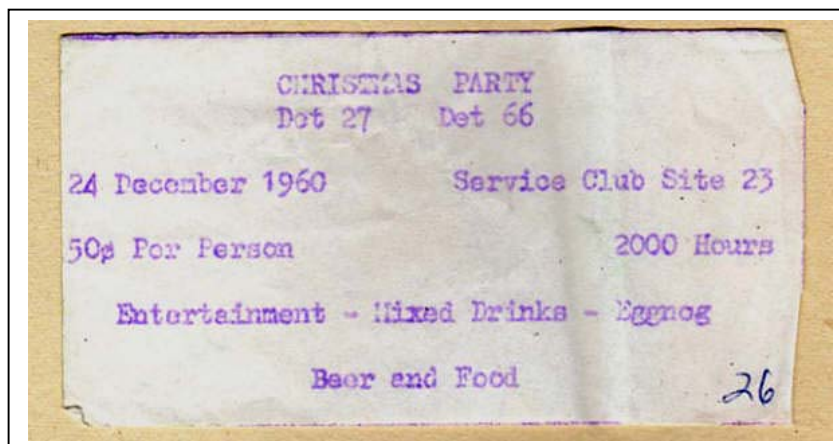
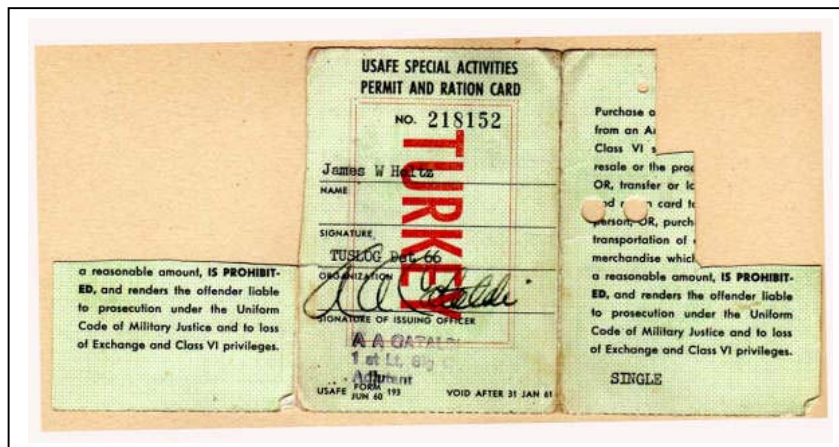
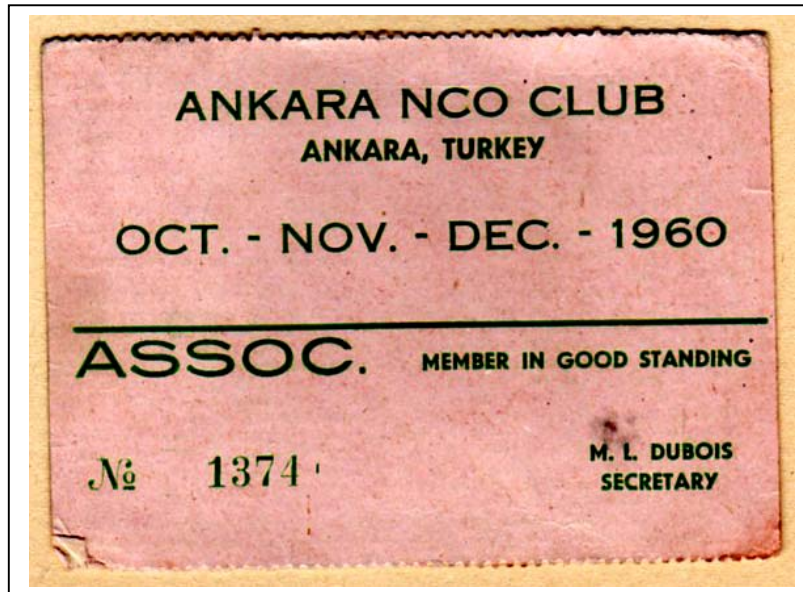


This photo was taken at the 2002 ASA Turkey reunion at Hershey, PA

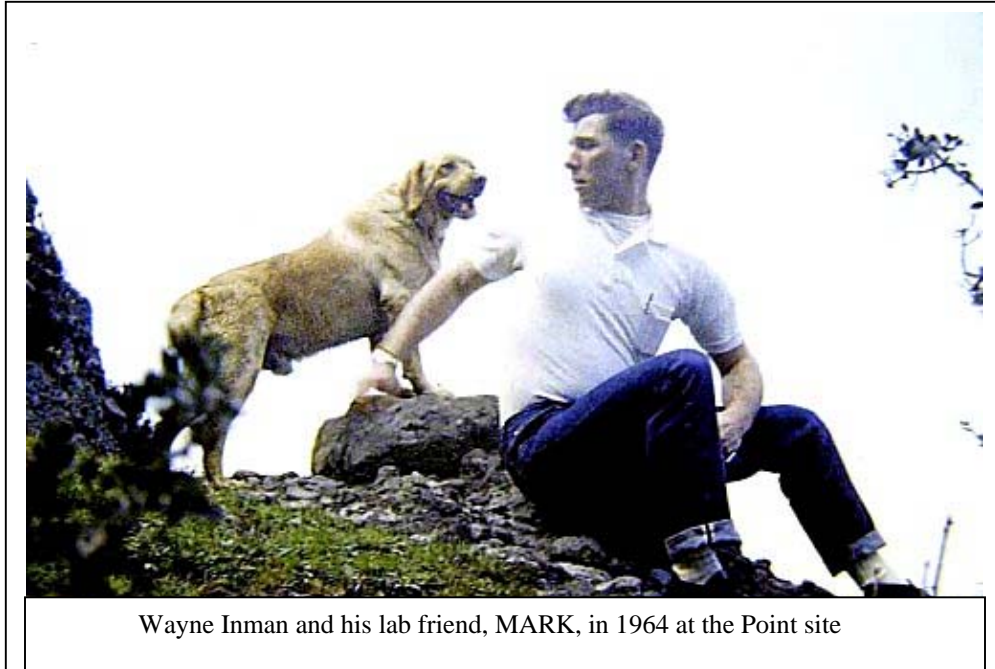
HOLLAND, John E Jr YOB 1945 2LT/1LT T/A O & A/Opns Off Det 4-4, 13OC67-MR69, (Ramona), 27482 Avanti Dr., Mission Viejo, CA 92692, 949-829-6902, john.holland@cox.net COL Ret



HOLTZ, Jim YOB 1941 RA15607632 E3-E5 271 Det 66, 24MY60-MY62, (Pam),
37542 Zion Rd Hamden, OH 45634, 740-384-5123, vette1979@msn.com &
derholtzer@yahoo.com



INMAN, Wayne E. YOB 1944 RA12679356 E3-E4 056 Det 4, 64-65, 132 Ashley Rd., Moultrie, GA w_inman_44@yahoo.com



The above 3 photos is Wayne Inman and his dog Mark who was one of the mascot dogs at the Det 4 point site. Mark was taken to Samsun by order of the

Det 4 commander and made his return to the point site as shown in the bottom two photo's. I would like to say it was through Brian Alpert's efforts that we succeeded but in reality the fact that almost every man working in the operations company had prepared letters to their congressmen and were going to mail them if anything further was done to harm Mark that won the day.

KAMP, Denis H YOB 1943, RA14791540, E3-E4, 059, Tk#4, Det 27, 63-64, (Jan), 1269 NW Girl Scout Rd Arcadia, FL 34266, 863-993-3588, kamphome@aol.com per SO69 dtd 22AP64 – Found name on Det 27 SO#69 dtd 22 April 1964 sent to me by Dane Kellett. Called on 26 February 2007 and had interesting chat with Denis Kamp. Denis is a native of Wisconsin. Took Basic at Fort Jackson and then to Fort Devens where he was awarded the 059 MOS. He was newly married and his wife was expecting when he received orders for shipment to Det 27. It was decided that he would go alone and save money. In fact he kept \$12 dollars from each paycall and sent the rest home. Remembers LT Tavernetti, Sgt Hagamon, Dan Danko, Larry Lett, Al Groth, Jim Karcher, Peter Long, Brent Jones, Mike McBurney, Bill Mills, George Peter, Calvin Pope, SFC Phillips, and Maj Gibbs. And William Steele Reeves from Tyler, TX

TAYLOR, Fred, YOB 1939 RA17609095 E3-E5 058 Tk#3 Det 27, JN62-JA64, (Nora), 5702 S. 12th St., Apt 2A, Tacoma, WA, 98465, 253-756-6511, golfing2@comcast.net was Pror usher at 1963 Easter svcs
Please note my new address and email. I enjoy reading the DOOL newsletter and hearing about what people are doing in their later life, it brings back happy memories.

OWEN, Stanley R (SRO, RA17177679 1SG 98Z Det 4-4, 69-70, NOT FOUND



TING

I really enjoy all the other information about our former companions. This is such a valuable site to re-connect with old friends! Gerald Ting

TAVERNETTI, Dave 05706941 2LT-1LT Watch O TK#4 Det 27, MR62-SE63, (Sue), 7021 Timber Trail Loop, El Dorado Hills, CA 95762, 916-939-0136, detavernetti@sbcglobal.net - Elder: Please change my email address to detavernetti@sbcglobal.net I am about to dump this email address. Made all my reservations today for Myrtle Beach. No problem. Arrive Sunday, depart Thursday. David Tavernetti

TOURISON, Sedgwick D. Jr., (Wick) RA13638692 E4-E5 058 Det 27, 14NO60-AP61, (Ping), 1791 Rochester St., Crofton, MD 21114, 410-721-1481, sdtourison@yahoo.com xfd fm 184th USASA Co (319th USASABn to Det 27 per S.O#216 dtd 7NO60, TOE 3y BPED JL58 DEROS DE61 ETS DE61
Merhaba Sedgwick, I had a short but enjoyable chat with your wife, Ping, last nite and am sending this email to inform you of my ASA Turkey website at <http://dool-1.tripod.com> where you can read the back newsletters. The newsletters are called the DAYS OF OUR LIVES or simply DOOL. Max Putter sent me the 319th ASA Bn., Spec Order #216 dated 7 November 1960 where you, Max Putter, Louis B. Alexander, Furman Jenkins, Everett A. Johnson, Ronald R. Miller and George A. Terhune were released from duty at the 184th ASA Co and reassigned to Det 27 in November 1960 when Det 27 was in its 'infant' stage

Hi Al, Glad to receive your email and as time permits I work my way through the newsletters. Yes, I arrived at Det 27 from the 184th in November 1960, a truly bizarre reassignment and my time at Det 27 was one of the craziest and shortest of any I had in my 20 years in the Army. I left Det 27 in April 1961, about 2 years after arriving in Europe and after a short layover in Frankfurt being assigned to the 75th ASA Co. at Aviano Air Base in Italy (later moved to Vicenza in 1960) and eventually up to the 184th in 1960 when our 058 ops were shut down there. But Det 27, that was one crazy place and my tonsillitis with nearly a month in the hospital between Ankara, Athens and Tripoli, Libya obviously expanded my travels around the world. If you want me to recount them to add them to your newsletters, do let me know. I looked at the names you have from the orders assigning us to Det 27 and the only one I have a vague recollection of is Terhune. Remember nothing about him but his name, for some reason. We have a tour group - we're taking to China on September 5th, returning to Maryland on September 18th. But, a Turkey ASA reunion in Myrtle Beach might be fun, even after a grueling 2 weeks tramping around the People's Republic. If you have any details about the September reunion do let me know. I belong to the Super Group and passed up this year's reunion due to a funding shortage.

Best regards, Wick Tourison

Book Description

The Mission: Penetrate North Vietnam. In the early days of the Vietnam conflict, American strategists in the Pentagon, the White House, and the CIA were desperate to contain "the Communist menace." In an operation codenamed Plan 34-Alpha, covert agents from South Vietnam were recruited for dangerous land sea, and air missions. **The Team: A Relentless Fighting Machine** Drawing on recently declassified documents, and on the first-person interviews of a man who was there, Project Alpha tells the harrowing stories of a unique breed of warrior and the daring battles they fought. A chronicle of deception, betrayal, and exceptional bravery, it is the inside account of some of the most extraordinary operations in the history of modern warfare. **Finally, The Full Story Can Be Told.**

About the Author

Sedgwick "Wick" Tourison joined the U.S. Army in 1958 after graduating from Girard College in Philadelphia. Eleven years later he was appointed the army's first interrogation warrant officer. Of his twenty years in intelligence, eight involved duties in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, and Vietnam. From 1983 to 1988 Wick served with the Defense Intelligence Agency in the Special Office for POW/MIA Affairs. In November 1991 he was invited to join the staff of the Senate Select Committee on POW/MIA Affairs, where he served as an investigator until January 1993.

Wick's first book, *Talking with Victor Charlie* (Ivy Books, 1991), provided the first in-depth description of interrogation operations in Vietnam during 1965 to 1967. He has also contributed to *Inside the VC and the NVA* (Fawcett Coumbine, 1992). In addition, Wick has written numerous articles in Vietnamese for publications in the Washington, D.C. area and in Orange County, California. He has appeared on CNN's *Newsmaker Sunday* and has been frequently quoted on POW/MIA matters in local and national news.

Vietnam had to wait longer for America to get over the war than most other former enemies. The wounds of the war were deeper, probably because the United States did not emerge victorious, and normalization took exceedingly long. "For us it [the Vietnam War] was different, because we didn't come home victoriously," said Sedgwick Tourison, a war veteran and now consultant and Vietnamese language interpreter and author. "We put World War II behind us

much faster, but most veterans now feel the Vietnam War should be over as well."

Part II Clarification – The memos written by Sedgwick Tourison during his tenure as an investigator with the Senate Select Committee on POW/MIA Affairs are part of a series of memos dealing with the "numbers." The numbers in question related to how many POWs may have been captured but not acknowledged by the Vietnamese.

Secret Army Secret War: Washington's Tragic Spy Operation in North Vietnam. By Sedgwick Tourison. Annapolis, Md.: Naval Institute Press, 1995. ISBN: 1-55750-818-6. 424 pages. \$29.95.

A CIA instructor once introduced the craft of human intelligence by asking his students to define an agent. The instructor then patiently answered his own question: An agent is first and foremost a human being. The students had not had the opportunity to meet an agent, and the instructor's question and answer were, by design, morally instructive.

So, too, is Sedgwick Tourison's Secret Army Secret War, a compilation of agent operations in which the Pentagon bureaucracy was blinded to the human dimension of espionage. Tourison uses interviews with participants to reveal the human face of Operation Switchback, the U.S. "secret war" in North Vietnam. Following the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion, the CIA lost favor with President John F. Kennedy, and Kennedy's preferred weapon for handling the nascent confrontation with North Vietnam became U.S. Army-directed paramilitary operations. In 1962, the responsibility for paramilitary operations in Vietnam was transferred to the Department of Defense.

The "secret army" consisted of agents dispatched to fight a covert war against North Vietnam. Tourison reveals that despite the fact that more than 500 of those agents were captured and that the "handlers" knew that the program had been compromised, the operation continued.

Tourison contrasts the paramilitary environment of World War II with that of North Vietnam, but his reflections neglect the fact that the CIA had also misdirected its paramilitary operations in Albania a decade earlier.

Crippled by a flawed analysis that the communist government in Albania could be overthrown by a popular uprising, the CIA clandestinely infiltrated scores of Albanian agents. But the notion of establishing organized resistance in Albania was absurdly inaccurate. Too frequently, the Albanian communists knew that the agents were coming. Repeatedly, Albanians were dispatched by handlers who knew that the Albanians likely faced certain capture and death, remarkably foreshadowing the later U.S. effort in North Vietnam.

Tourison never satisfactorily explains why the operations in North Vietnam continued, or what went wrong. His explanation is that the concept was flawed at the outset. In fact, Tourison never strays far from his central theme that people were abandoned. He provides interviews with Vietnamese survivors, some of whom were left in prisons while their families were told that they had been killed.

Tourison does note in his epilogue that recent U.S. government revelations provide evidence that the agents were dispatched to protect CIA operations in Laos -- not, as Kennedy was led to believe, to take the fight to North Vietnam. Unfortunately, Tourison only plants the seed, providing the reader with a lead worthy of further research. His explanation is short on details, and the result is too many unanswered questions.

Still, *Secret Army Secret War* is a welcome addition to the Vietnamera literature, and it may be destined to become a human accounting for a yet-to-be-written, more comprehensive work. Although Tourison neglects some of the details of Operation Switchback, his extensive interviews are important from a human perspective. The author has performed a valuable service in putting a human face on the profound cost of espionage.

Sedgwick Tourison, a former U.S. Army intelligence officer has been credited for bringing the plight of the former commandos to public attention in the United States. Sedgwick Tourison, who served in Laos, Vietnam, and Thailand during the Vietnam War, came back in 1983 to work at the Pentagon as a civilian intelligence officer dealing with POWs and MIAs in Southeast Asia.

The reports of POW sightings led nowhere, but Tourison, who is married to a Vietnamese, kept receiving information about South Vietnamese commandos apparently abandoned after they were captured by the North Vietnamese.

In 1985, he met his first commando: Le Van Ngung, who was captured in 1967, had just arrived in Baltimore. Through Ngung, Tourison met other commandos. "Neither Ngung nor I had any idea at the time what really happened," Tourison said in a telephone interview from his home in Crofton, Md., just outside Annapolis, where he now works as a master jeweler.

"It became a puzzle," he said. "The puzzle was partially solved in 1992 when a top secret history of the commando operations was declassified in a joint decision by the CIA, the defense department, and the department of state."

Tourison worked with the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Prisoners of War and Missing in Action from 1991 to 1993, allowing him the opportunity to review the secret commando program.

From the declassified military documents and interviews with the commandos, Tourison wrote a book, titled *Secret Army, Secret War*, which was published by the Naval Institute Press in 1995.

"It was obvious that these people should have been compensated and this was something the government has covered up for 30 years," Tourison said. "I believe there was a reason to go to court." While working with the Select Committee on POWs and MIAs, Tourison met John C. Mattes, a Miami lawyer and staff attorney of the committee.

When their services with the committee ended, Tourison and Mattes decided to work together on behalf of the commandos. Mattes filed a suit for reparations with the U.S. Claims Court in April 1995, and Tourison continued to contact former commandos in the United States, Vietnam, and other countries.

Tourison said that nearly 200 former commandos are living overseas: 190 in the U.S.; one in China; one in Denmark; one in Holland; three in Australia; and one in Thailand. There are 89 left in Vietnam.

In addition, he said he has located 93 widows and heirs of dead commandos. The North Vietnamese government announced in 1995 that they had captured or killed 463 commandos.

Tourison, who testified before the U.S. Senate, said that regardless of where the commandos or their heirs are living right now, they are all entitled to compensation.

"It's the right thing to do," Tourison said. "We lied to them."

Mattes said he is confident the U.S. Congress will approve the reparations program. If that happens, the suit with the U.S. Claims Court would be withdrawn.

Otherwise, he will pursue the lawsuit, which he claims now has an excellent chance of being decided in his favor, following the Senate action and the release of recent declassified documents.

This month, the Pentagon has released employment records of the commandos, confirming that they were paid salaries and other benefits by the U.S. government, he said.

"The secret was preserved up through 1993," said Mattes, who now practices law in Miami. "The fundamental question for the court is: Will we acknowledge them and their place in history? To acknowledge them is to pay them."

The Pentagon, the U.S. Department of Justice, and the CIA have asked the U.S. Claims Court to dismiss the suit.

It was a similar claim for benefits by a former commando that brought the story of the Vietnamese commandos to public attention in the United States for the first time.

In 1986, Vu Duc Guong, who escaped from a Communist prison in 1980 and made his way to the United States, filed a claim for about \$500,000 in back wages and interest with the U.S. Claims Court.

In addition, Guong sought \$21 million in damages because the United States was obligated to repatriate him from a North Vietnamese prison and had failed to do so, according to his lawyer, Anthony J. Murray Jr. of Chicago.

But the U.S. Claims Court dismissed the suit, ruling that Guong had participated in an undercover operation sponsored by the U.S. government, and no action can be brought to enforce a secret contract.

The ruling was based on an 1875 U.S. Supreme Court decision that barred the estate of a spy for Abraham Lincoln from collecting payment for work performed during the Civil War.

"Both employer and agent must have understood that the lips of the other were to be forever sealed," the high court ruled.

But Mattes argues that the veil of secrecy has since been lifted because some of the Pentagon documents have been declassified and the fate of the commandos has been published in books and newspaper articles.

Mattes suggests that acknowledging the existence of the commandos would alter the widely accepted view that the U.S. escalated the war as a result of the Gulf of Tonkin incident on 2 August 1964.

North Vietnamese patrol boats allegedly attacked the U.S. destroyer USS Maddox without provocation, leading to the congressional passage of the Tonkin

Resolution that allowed then - President Lyndon Johnson to step up American involvement in Vietnam.

Declassified documents now show that South Vietnamese commandos operated in the area under the direction of the Americans.

"The U.S. always want to portray the Vietnam War as a war we were just assisting," Mattes said. "But I'm not here to say what caused what. I only represent the commandos, not interpret history. "I felt there was an injustice to look for [American] POWs and forget those who served with us just because they were Asian," he added.

One commando, Sang Xuan Nguyen, now 61, said he was captured by the North Vietnamese in December 1963, well before the Tonkin incident.

A 28-year-old South Vietnamese Army sergeant at the time, Nguyen said he volunteered for the commando unit because of the extra pay and the prestige of being a member of the elite force.

The commandos were paid 3 times the amount of ordinary South Vietnamese soldiers. They could wear any military uniform they wished, had no military ranks, and were granted privileges such as chauffeur-driven cars.

Nguyen said the training was secret and rigorous. He said he was trained as a communication expert for nine months before being dropped in North Vietnam as a member of a seven-man intelligence unit.

The unit was captured within a week before it could accomplish its mission, Nguyen said. "It looked like Hanoi knew what was going on," he said. "There was an information leak from the south."

His unit was taken to a local jail in Quang Binh Province, Nguyen said. A military court tried them as traitors, and each was sentenced to 20 years in jail.

Nguyen was released in 1983, but three members of his team died in prison. "It was terrible," Nguyen said through an interpreter. "For the first 10 years, we were never allowed outside for fear that we would escape."

Even after the war ended in 1975, he said they were placed in single cells and shackled. "It was terrible," he said. "The food was not fit for humans."

His family was told he was dead. His four children, including a daughter who was born after his capture in 1963, were all grown up when he returned 20 years later. His wife had remarried.

"I lost everything," said Nguyen, who arrived in the United States and now lives with friends in San Jose.

Ha, Nguyen, and others like them were recruited to join a program dubbed "Operation Plan-34 Alpha," which the CIA began in 1961, according to the declassified documents.

Over the next decade, the CIA spent more than \$100 million to train and send about 500 Vietnamese agents to infiltrate North Vietnam, but most ended up in prison camps.

One declassified report contains testimony before the Joint Chiefs of Staff in which those responsible for the plan knew the men were prisoners but decided to tell their families they were killed to reduce program costs.

"We reduced the number [on the payroll] gradually by declaring so many of them dead each month until we had written them off and removed them from the monthly payroll," Marine Col. John J. Windsor testified.

Ha said he himself was declared dead and his parents were paid, although he did not know how much.

"I saw the document with my father's signature on it that said he received my death benefits," said Ha, who was an only child. His parents are now both dead. But what the Pentagon officials did not anticipate was for many former commandos, such as Ha, to survive the prison camps and make their way to the United States.

"These commandos are no longer young," Tourison said, adding that one commando now living in Stockton is 82 years old. "They cannot wait another 30 years. They need help now."

But some defense officials argue that providing back-pay to the Vietnamese commandos would set a bad precedent. This might open the door for other forces supported by the U.S. government, such as the Contras of Nicaragua and the Cubans in the Bay of Pigs, to seek compensation.

In his testimony before the U.S. Senate last week, retired Army Maj. Gen. John K. Singlaub, who as a colonel in 1965 headed the defense department unit that wrote off the commandos, said the Vietnamese commandos are not entitled to compensation.

"They were recruited by the Vietnamese," Singlaub said. "We were less than a full partner in this particular operation."

Singlaub said the program was a failure from the start because a spy had infiltrated it and was sending information to the North Vietnamese.

But Mattes and Tourison insist that that was not an excuse to leave the commandos behind and not work for their release when the U.S. signed the agreement with North Vietnam ending the war in 1975.

"We knew exactly what happened to them," Mattes said. "And we lied to their families."

This "betrayal" is the hardest to accept, according to Hoc Van Mai, 55, who is also now a San Jose resident..

"We fought a secret war," said Mai, a logistical officer with the South Vietnamese Army when he joined the commandos in 1963. "We had no name, no fame, and when it was over, we were abandoned."

Mai spent 20 years in a Communist labor camp, escaped in 1982, but was arrested again after trying to organize opposition to the Vietnamese government. After spending four more years in prison, he escaped again. In 1985, Mai joined the exodus of boat people leaving Vietnam. After one year at a refugee camp in the Philippines, he was admitted into the U.S.

For the past three years, he has been active in rallying support for the commandos. He joined in the class-action suit to force the U.S. government to recognize them.

"We have to raise the issue and tell our story," said Mai, who hosted the meeting last week with Ha and other commandos at his San Jose home.

But telling the story is still an emotional and gut-wrenching experience for most commandos. Many have refused to open up, even to their family members. Bui Quang Cat, 56, who lives in San Jose with his wife and two children, still finds it difficult to describe the 17 years he spent in a Communist labor camp. "He does not want his family to know the pain he endured in prison," said Phan Nguyen, a family friend.

With Nguyen interpreting, Bui said he was only 26 years old, a civilian employee of the South Vietnamese Information Ministry, when he was sent as a spy into North Vietnam in 1966. He was captured within a month, after the North Vietnamese were apparently tipped off about his mission.

"I don't mind that I was captured; it was war," Bui said. "But, at least our sacrifices should have been recognized."

For Ha, who now works as a forklift operator in Atlanta, the gung-ho spirit of his youth is all gone. The "barbaric Communist prison has seen to that.

He was captured just a few days after his team was dropped near Laos. His team leader, an American officer, was beaten to death while they were being transported to Hanoi.

Some members of his team were released back in 1973, but he stayed until 1987. Even after the war ended in 1975, he was shackled and kept in solitary confinement.

"If we fought for the honor of the United States, we should be recognized for that," Ha said. "That is the most important, more than the money."

WELLS, Ward A., YOB: 1939, RA18637010, E3-E4, 058, Tk#1, Det 27, SE62-MR64, (never married), 6304 Pemberton Dr., Dallas, TX 75230, 214-361-5824, no e-mail.- Name given to me by his roommate at Det 27, Dennis Brooke. I initially contacted Ward Wells on 18 January 2003 and again on 3 March 2007. Back in 2003 said that he did not enjoy his 17 month and 10 day tour of duty at Det 27, but after he started remembering names, events, etc., it sounded as if he had a change of heart. Was in Co A at Devens and graduated on 25 July 1962. Remembers going to parties at Ted and Merry Midtaune's apartment in Ayer and again in Ankara. Flew from JFK to London, to Munich, to Istanbul, and finally arrived at Esenboga International Airport on a PAN AM Clipper with three other GI's. Stepping off the plane he thought "This place is the PITS" and then when he walked into the terminal - the Turkish cigarette aroma was such that it still exists in his memory/sensory bank. A Tumpene Turk driver showed up in a 2 1/2 ton and it took them 2 hours to get to Det 27. It was a bumpy ride that he still remembers. After orientation was assigned to Tk#1 under the leadership of a young blonde ROTC 2nd Lieutenant named Jon Kettenring. Remembers undergoing 'side-saddle' OJT, then copied the RMN and RMP targets as those Russian ops normally sent at about 20-25 wpm whereas the RMC and RMR ops were much faster and the better 058's sat those positions. One of the better 058's was Vern Negus. Remembers some of the LIFERS. One was a Maj Lyman C. Fansler who worked in S4. He remembers SSgt Bob Mann who was black, a 058 and the Watch NCO on TK#1 who got caught up in the Black Market game and bad debts and was busted and shipped out. Remembers Gary Stuart who was reduced to SP4 at least 3 times and his association with Calvin Pope. Was

at the Manzarali NCO Club when informed around 2030 hours that JFK was assassinated. The next day everyone had to wear the Green Uniform and stand formation in honor of the fallen C-in-C. Visited the Hari-hani twice.

WOLFF, Walter F., YOB: 1930, 04051131, CPT. AIS, S-4, Det 27, NO62-JN66, (Ethel), 3120 Naamans Rd Wilmington, DE 19810, 302-479-0478, bacchic2@msn.com per SO#140 dtd 5AU64 apt Range O vice Cpt Wm M Biscomb

ZELICH, Carl SP5 345 320 USASA Bn, Bad Aibling, 59-63, 1720 Old River Trl., Chuluota, FL 32766, 407-977-5978, cell 407-687-8083, aa4mi@arrll.com
Hi Green hornet, Found these on Orders going from BA to TUSLOG Det 27
Ankara Turkey 12 Nov 1960:
PFC E3 Gregory Bankos MOS 058.10
PFC E3 Roy G Carroll MOS 058.10
PFC E3 Raymond G Cholewonski MOS 059.10
With kindest regards, Carl "Big Z" Zelich, "Never Forget"