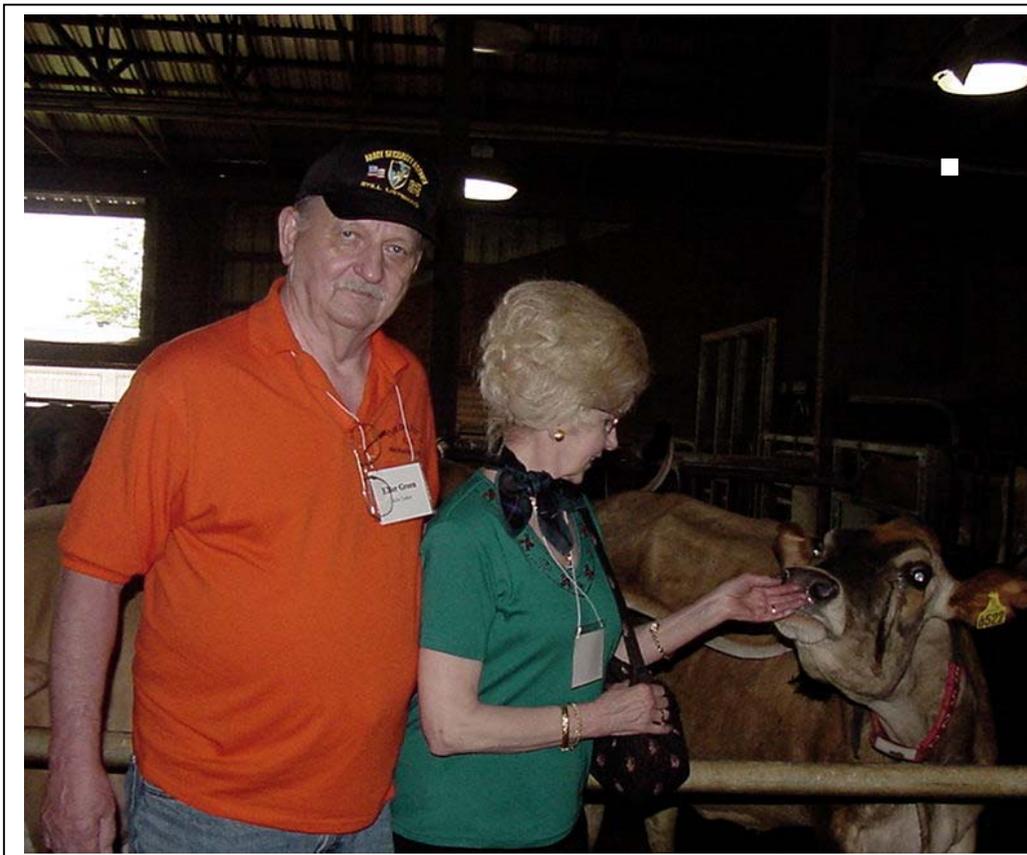


DAYS OF OUR LIVES #175



The above brass should help to re-awaken your ASA memories. How many of you vet's sit at your computer and read every word of my DOOL? Bear with me because I'm bein' serious. Most of you will admit to reading everything and most will get their memories rolling and begin to re-discover your time spent in Turkey. Now then, its time to pull out those old boxes or footlockers and wipe off the dust of the Special Orders and photo's and re-discover the names of old friends and send those names to me. Every memory tells a story and I urge those who have not submitted a BIO to do this task with the assistance of your spouse or other family member and if that fails – Call me at 724-349-7395 and I will do the BIO for anyone who needs the assistance,





This photo was taken at the Hope Acres dairy farm just outside of York, PA on 16 May 2007. I grew up on a Farm and did a lot of hand milking in my youth, but Patty was a 'city' girl and she enjoyed the time This farm is one of 10 robotic milking dairy farms in the USA . The Jersey cows wait in line to be milked 3 times per day. We were amazed by the way the cows were trained to wait in line to be milked and there were no farm hands on hand to herd the cows into the robotic milker room. These cows are pampered with waterbeds and backscratchers for all. The feeding is automatted as is the manure removal. Needless to say the barn smell lingered with us for a time after the visit.



During the week of 13 May 2007 we met up with Luther Mack and Edna Jones at the Willow Village Resort in Lanczster, PA for a week of sightseeing, etc. The hi-lites of the week included a day long visit to the Gettysburg battlefields where more than 51,000 Americans perished. In 3 days of fighting. . We also toured the Harley Davidson Factory in York, PA

AN ex-ASA'er & DET 27'er, GARY VINCELLI IS IN SICK BAY AND NEEDS OUR PRAYERS

VINCELLI, Gary YOB 1940 E3-E4 C/C Det 27, 60-62, (Cecelia), RR3 Box 220, Dallas, PA 18612, 570-333-4006, garynceil@netzero.com

Carl Showalter informs that Gary Vincelli is in the hospital and needs our prayers as he is fighting pancreatic cancer and its now in Stage IV, which is the highest stage for that cancer. The pancreas is found deep in the abdomen, behind the stomach. It is shaped like a flattened pear or a fish, wide at one end and narrow at the other. The 6 inch long organ does two jobs. It creates pancreatic juices that help with the digestion of fats and proteins and produces hormones such as insulin that help control the sugar levels in our bodies. The location of the pancreas makes early detection of cancer difficult if not impossible. Right now there are no blood tests or other tests to discover pancreatic cancer. It is one of the reasons for the low survival rate. Most times when the cancer is found, it has already spread to other parts of the body according to the National Cancer Institute (NCI).

THE 2007

ASA TURKEY

REUNION IS AT MYRTLE BEACH SOUTH CAROLINA

Too many people put off coming to the ASA Turkey reunions and become guilty of apathy just because they don't have it on their schedule or other excuses.

But remember life has a way of accelerating as we get older. At the reunion you will find it rewarding and refreshing to be able to relate your Turk experience(s) with others and from then on maintain close ties and a feeling of camaraderie with those patriotic ex-ASA'ers who served in Turkey. Many of you should take advantage and share with close friends the Oceanfront 2 bedroom condo's and save nearly \$20 dollars per day.

We intend to have a lot of BS sessions in the hospitality room. Make sure to bring your slides, photo albums and any

mementos with you to the reunion for display in the hospitality room. The reunion daily agenda's will be included in a future DOOL.



L-R: Elder and Patty Green – and the 2007 reunion hosts - Edna and Luther Mack Jones, the 2007 ASA Turkey reunion hosts. The above photo was taken at Gettysburg atop the Pennsylvania monument with the Wheatfield and Little Round Top battlegrounds in the background.

Secure your reservations by calling 1-800-331-6533, M-F, and wait for the recorded message and then click on the sales department and speak to 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

_____ Sautéed 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 1-800-331-6533

NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE SIGNED UP TO ATTEND THE 2007 REUNION AT MYRTLE BEACH: The Beach Cove wants me to remind those whom have made their reservations but not signed up for any dinners or shows to do that ASAP in order to get tickets for the Alabama Theater on 24 September 2007 and for the banquet on 26 September 2007 at the Beach Cove Resort.

ANDERSON, Gary J E5 05H Det 27, 27MY66-31MR68, 6406 Willowood Ln., Alexandria, VA 22310 703-971-9017

BARNDT, Ernest & Fran. Det 4, MR56-MY57 & Det 27, MR59-JL61, 18107 Meadow Creek Drive, Eagle River, Alaska 99577, 907-694-3645 (H), 907-227-2455 (Cell),

CARRICK, Ernie & Betty, Personnel, Det 4, NO57-OC58, 6111 Fairfield Dr., Huntsville, AL 35811, 256-852- 6180, ecbcar@surfbest.net

COMROE, Mike & Jane, 059 TK#4 Det 27, JL61-22DE62, 205 Pinetown Road., Audubon, PA 19403, 610-666-7402, pennstateblue@verizon.net

COWIE, Bill & Loretta 058, Tk#4, Det 27, 60-61, #29 Sappington Villa Ct., Crestwood, MO 63126, 313-842-2028, cowiew424@yahoo.com

FITZHENRY, Frank, & Patricia, Det 4, JN63-SE64, (Patricia), 7 Hammock Pl., Safety Harbor, FL 34695, 727-726-7385, fitz1@tampabay.rr.com

GREEN, Elder RC & Patty, 982 Det 27, 1-15MY61, JN 1966-OC1967 & 4-4, OC67-NO68, 3094 Warren Road., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-349-7395, asagreenhornet@yahoo.com

HANNAH, Jim & Mary Ann Det 4, 74-75, (Mary Ann), 145 Robinson Cove Rd., Leicester, NC 28748, 828-683-1668, hannahma@juno.com

HARBER, Jim & Becky, 058-Tk#1 Det 27, 19MY62-27OC63, 110 Sable Trace Trl., Acworth, GA 30102, 404-771-3074, jimharber@juno.com

JONES, Luther Mac & Edna, 058 TK#1 Det 27, MR63-AU64, 307 Magnolia Dr., Sunset Beach, NC 28468, 910 575 4562, edmac@atmc.net

LAZZARA, Tom, 058, Det 27, JN63-FE66, 556 Central St., Lot 76, Leominster MA 01453, 978-534-7051, tommylazzara@msn.com.

LIENKE, Wesley & Sharyn 058 Det 27, FE64-SE65, 445 E Johnson St River Falls, WI 54022, 715-425-2505, lienkerf@presenter.com.

MALSCH, Charles & Joan, 988RU Det 4, 64-65, 518 Hillcrest Ln, Lindenhurst, IL 60046, 847-356-6497, joan_malsch@sbcglobal.net

PUTTER, Max YOB 1941 RA13656072 E4-E5 059 Det 27, NO60-12MR62, (Carole), 216 Frederick, Haverford, PA 19041, 610-853-4273 & 20 N Nashville, Ventnor City, NJ 08406, 609-823-2545, nashswim@aol.com

SACK, Bob & Sue Det 4, 74-75, 1088 Aubin Road, Walla Walla, WA 99362, 509-522-1108, susansack@charter.net

SINOR, Walter & Betty, 732/733 F&AO Det 27, JA62-JL63, 3049 County Road 239, Valley Head, AL 35989-4721, 877-453-5097, waltersinor@yahoo.com

STUBBS, Steve & Penny Det 4, OC63-OC64, 808 N. Main St., Lowell, NC 28098, 704-824-5446, pstubbs@carolina.rr.com

TAVERNETTI, Dave & Sue, Watch O TK#4 Det 27, MR62-SE63, 7021 Timber Trail Loop, El Dorado Hills, CA 95762, 916-939-0136, detavernetti@sbcglobal.net

MAIL call – In alphabetical order

AYERS, Jim, 058/05H Det 27, AP67-SE67 & 4-4, SE67-AP70

BAZZETT, Tim, 058 Det 4, AU63-AU64

BINNEY, Bill , 982, Det 27, 65-66

BULLOCK, Al, 05H Det 4-4, OC68-AU69 & 73-75

COMROE, Mike, 059 TK#4 Det 27, JL61-22DE62

COOK, Bill, 058 Tk#2 Ops Co Det 27, AP63-OC64

DILL, Jerry, Det 4, 58-59 & 63-64

EVERETT, Bill, 058 Tk#1, Det 27, JN62-NO63

FITZHENRY, Frank, 283/286, Det 4, JN63-SE64

FRICKEY, Norm, Det 4-4, 70-72

GLUBKA, Roger, 72B Det 27, FE64-JL65

HARBER, Jim, 058-Tk#1 Det 27, 19MY62-27OC63

HARTRANFT, Bill, 058 Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64

KESTERSON, Jim, 05H Det 4, JA-DE67

LINDSEY, Alvey, Det 4, 61 & 65

LUND, Todd, 982, Det 27 & Det 4-4, 66-68

McDONALD, John, 05K Det 4-4, 71-72

ORT, Phil, 059, Det 27, 62-64

NOVACHEK, Lou, Det 4, 81-82

PIPKE, Ken, 9GRU Det 4, 67
SHADWICK, Bob, 058 Det 4, 63-64
SHOWALTER, Carl, C/C Det 27, 60-62
STUBBS, Steve, 286, Det 4, OC63-OC64
STURDIVANT, Bill. 98GRU, Det 4, MR67-FE68
TAYLOR, Fred, 058 Tk#3, Det 27, JN62-JA64
WOLFF, Walter F., Det 27, NO62-JN66

AYERS, Jim YOB 1943 RA12..... E3-E5 058/05H Det 27, AP67-SE67 & 4-4, SE67-AP70, (Lana), 9 Kymer Rd, Branchville, NJ 07826, 973-875-7347, coldcomf@embarqmail.com – Please note that my email address has changed from coldcomf@earthlink.net to coldcomf@embarqmail.com. Please update your records.

BAZZETT, Tim YOB 1944 E3 058 Det 4, AU63-AU64, (Terri), 330 W. Todd Ave., Reed City, MI 49677, 231-832-2692, reedcityboy@net-port.com - Dear Friends, Just wanted to send out a heartfelt thanks to all the vets and veterans' survivors. Like a lot of vets, I've joked about my military service, but I'll always be proud of it. I plan to make a visit to the cemetery on Memorial Day. Enjoy your day. Sincerely, Tim Bazzett (*SoldierBoy*)

BINNEY, Bill , E3-E5, 982, Det 27, 65-66, (Carole), 1700 Elberta Dr. , Severn, MD 21144, 410-551-9175, binney3@verizon.net. The other day, I needed to go to the emergency room. Not wanting to sit there for 4 hours, I put on my old Army fatigues and stuck a patch that I had downloaded off the Internet onto the front of my shirt. When I went into the E. R., I noticed that 3/4 of the people got up and left. I guess they decided that they weren't that sick after all. Here's the patch. Feel free to use it the next time you're in need of quicker emergency service.



BULLOCK, Al YOB 1948 RA16924624, BPED 25OC67 ETS 24OC71 E3-E4 05H Det 4-4, OC68-AU69 & E5 Det 4-4, 73-75, (Esther), PMB 100, Hubbard Lake, MI 49747, 989-727-2567, estherandal@aol.com - Well, the good news is

we're making the switch back to AOL. Earthlink just didn't work for us. Please note this. And maybe Al will even be a tad bit better about checking the mail..... Naw, not likely. It's bikin' and boatin' and jet ski time. Been in the high 80s and he barely sits still. As you might gather, even the garage is a bit cleaner this time of year.....Esther

COMROE, Mike YOB 1939 E4 059 TK#4 Det 27, JL61-22DE62, (Jane), 205 Pinetown Road., Audubon, PA 19403, 610-666-7402, pennstateblue@verizon.net - Elder, that Fort Devens video was great and brought back a lot of old memories. I've signed up...see you in Myrtle Beach in September. Mike Comroe

COOK, Bill, RA15675174 E2-E4 058 Tk#2 Ops Co Det 27, AP63-OC64, 8110 Parkview Ln, Sherrills Ford, NC 28673, 828-478-5460, wjcooks@embarqmail.com Please note my new email address.

DILL, Jerry L Det 4, 58-59 & 63-64, (Betty), 205 Chamberlin Ave, Colorado Springs, CO 80906, 719-576-6243, jdill10385@msn.com CW3 Ret
Greetings to all: I've been off the air for the last week but am back with the following e-mail change: jdill10385@MSN.com Please post and/or notify all others concerned. All here is fine and dandy. Both Betty and I had our right eye cataracts removed a couple days ago and all is great. We are very pleased with the results. Our best regards to all. Jerry/Betty Dill

EVERETT, William (Bill) E3-E4 058 Tk#1, Det 27, JN62-NO63 per Harber.





ABOVE AND BELOW IS BILL EVERETT



FITZHENRY, Frank, YOB 1939 RA13744998 E5, 283/286, Det 4, JN63-SE64, (Patricia), 7 Hammock Pl., Safety Harbor, FL 34695, 727-726-7385, fitz1@tampabay.rr.com - Hello. Here's 3 people to add to your 63-64 era list. William Lovell...believe home state was CA., MOS286; Dudley Berry... from FL., Company clerk, and Steve Stubbs from KY MOS 286. Will put Stubbs in touch with you..

FRICKEY, Norm Maj CO Det 4-4, 70-72, (Sharon), 14295 W 84th Pl., Arvada, CO 80005, 303-423-2517 cell 970-380-3320, nfrickey@comcast.net Ret Col USAR Hello everyone. I never cease to be amazed at the ironies that surround us everyday. I, like some of you, have been amazed at the number of products we purchase that are made in China. I like to support US manufactures and companies and do buy American made (or non-Chinese) products when possible. Also, I try to support environmental issues to the extent possible in this throw-away, over-packaged, age in which we live. Well, this weekend I got my chance as we purchased some new wood furniture for our deck. There on the end of the table was brass plaque proclaiming:

"The wood in this product comes from well managed forests. Independently certified to the rules of the Stewardship Council AC." Certification Code SGS-COC-0973

Here's the irony -- the table was packaged in a box labeled "**made in Vietnam.**" Maybe when we went to war in SE Asia and for almost twenty years, bombed, burned and defoliated that very lush, beautiful country, we really did make a difference. 39 years after I was there, Vietnam seems to be thriving. It is now one of our trade partners. It is becoming a tourist Mecca where for a Dong a person can tour the tunnels once used to hide enemy soldiers and which now proclaims to be producing wood products from "well managed forests." It's good to know that our effort to "miss-manage" the forests through extensive defoliation and bombing did not work.

So, on this day-after-memorial day I reflect on the positive aspects of war. The Revolutionary War brought us freedom from British Colonialism, the Civil War united the states, "freed the slaves" and set the stage for equality of the races, WWI didn't do anything but set the stage for WWII, Following WW II Japan and Germany rose from the ashes to become global economic powers. Now Vietnam is emerging as an economic force. Maybe the souls of the 58,209 +/- with their names inscribed in the black granite wall in Washington, DC, can feel some solace knowing they did not die in vain after all. Alas, maybe 30 years from now we can look back and see some good come from the blood spilled in sands of Iraq and barren landscape of Afghanistan.

President Lincoln was right when he said in his famous speech.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Best Regards
Norm Frickey

GLUBKA, Roger A (Butch) YOB: 1944 E1-E3-E1 72B Det 27, FE64-JL65, (CW3 Michelle), 199 Grewia Pl., Unit 101, Honolulu, HI 96818, 808-222-4225, rglubka@hawaii.rr.com

Elder, I have relocated (wife PCS'd) to Hawaii on the island of Oahu and I'm living in military quarters. The wife won't get back from Iraq until around Oct. So I'm roughing it on the beach with my dog and neighbors. ha! ha! Keep me posted on anything you hear about what's going on in Turkey and I'll do the same. Elder you still want me to relay the DOOL's? Take care. Roger Glubka,

HARBER, Jim YOB 1943 E3-E5 058-Tk#1 Det 27, 19MY62-27OC63, (Becky), 110 Sable Trace Trl., Acworth, GA 30102, 404-771-3074, jimharber@juno.com



Above is photo of SP5 Jim Harber in the summer of 1963 at Manzarali Station. Those were the good-old-days and the khaki uniform made one look like a soldier.. Jim reminds all to observe the scrawny trees in the background and the memories of those who took their frustrations out on them qfter a few beers at the NCO Club.

[edited] Hello Elder, We've been staying busy... trying to take advantage of some travel while we are still able. I periodically check ASA Lives in search of some old Manzarali Comrades... and most recently did locate William (Bill) F Everett (719-330-7846). We have exchanged several E-mails and pictures, which I have really enjoyed. Bill finished 058 class a week earlier (different company), but he arrived at Det 27, 3 weeks before I arrived. We were both on Trick-1 with Walt Dubicki and Lt. Jon Kettenring. Bill is retired and lives in Colorado. Looking forward to seeing you and Patty again at the 2007 reunion in Myrtle Beach.... If Turkey stays clear of terrorism, Becky and I would enjoy a tour in a couple of years. We already have plans to visit Beijing in 2008 for the second time.
Regards, Jim
P.S. I recently zoomed in on the Google Earth Images of Site 23



HARTRANFT, Bill YOB 1943 RA13735181 E3-E5 058 Ops Co Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, (Sheila), 728 Battersea Rd., Ocean City, NJ 08226, 609-814-0056, wdhartranft1@comcast.net - Just a fast note to let you know Sheila and I are moving to 728 Battersea Road, Ocean City, NJ 08226 on May 25th. Phone number is 609 814 0056. Email address won't change but I'll be off line for a few weeks till we get squared away. We're just back from two weeks in Europe and are very busy getting ready to move. Hope all is well..... wdh

KESTERSON, Jim YOB 1946 RA/NG26250850 05H Det 4, JA-DE67, (Martha), 411 E. Grant, Fowler, CO 81039, jime3k@aol.com - Don Fulton of San Antonio remembered Jim Kesterson and I called Jim on 20 May 2007 and had an interesting chat regarding his tour at Sinop and other assignments. Jim enlisted for 4 years in 1966 and was trained as a ditty-bopper at Fort Devens. His first assignment was to Sinop and his transport to Sinop was via a crowded Turk bus. Now that he has had time to think about his year on the hill – it wasn't too bad and the time went fast. Friends that he remembers are Don Fulton, Bob (Bobo) Martz and Goody Goodrich. Left Sinop on a boat for Istanbul and it conked out and another boat had to pick them up. Spend a week or so in Istanbul before flying home. Remembers visiting the Kara-hani for a looksee only and other interesting sites in Istanbul. His next assignment was to Okinawa and after that was sent to Shemya, Alaska for another hardship tour. He had requested Hawaii. After Shemya he decided to get out of the Army. That decision lasted a year and a half before he re-upped, but this time it was for a Personnel MOS and was posted to Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana. And later to Fort Riley with the 1st Infantry Division.



Got out of the service and joined the Army National Guard and later joined the Air National Guard and served the guard at Buckley Air Force Base in Denver and later retired with a total of 22 years, 4 months and 10 days of military service. The guard provided Jim with an opportunity to enjoy civilian life while contributing its role to the welfare of the USA and the state of Colorado and at the same time provided him with a break from his civilian job as a supervisor with the Colorado Dept of Transportation at Vale for 15 years and at Winterpart for 10 years. Would like to hear from others who remember Jim Kesterson

LAZZARA, Tom, YOB: 1942 RA14801553, E3-E5, 058, Det 27, JN63-FE66, 556 Central St., Lot 76, Leominster MA 01453, 978-534-7051, tommylazzara@msn.com. MSG E8 Ret – Tom sent me an article about a recent bombing in the ULUS neighborhood in one of the oldest parts of Ankara and he was wondering if the KARA-HANI was the intended target. The blast killed six and injured 80 others.

LINDSEY, ALVY F. YOB: 1931, RA18343453 & W2204971, CWO Det 4, 61 & 65, (Mildred), 13417 E 46th St., Tulsa, OK 74134, 918-250-6874, alvyfl@cox.net

Alvy Lindsey enlisted in the Regular Army in 1948 at Oklahoma City, OK and retired 21 years later at Fort Hamilton, NY as a CW4. .



Mildred and Alvy Lindsey



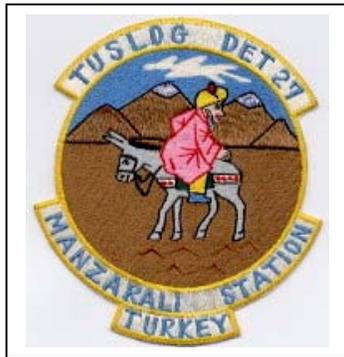


LUND, Todd, YOB: 1944, RA16800984 E3-E5 982 Det 27 JA67-NO67, 4-4 NO67 JL68, 1832 Whitney Dr., Appleton, WI 54914, erminet2003@yahoo.com

On 23 May 2007 Todd Lund called me and wanted to chat about his tour of duty at Manzarali (Det 27) and Karamursel (Det 4-4) Turkey. Todd was under my supervision at both sites and liked to party with the best of his friends that included Gary Stolp, Ronnie Deese, Dave Canby, Trash Can Baker and others. It was Canby who tagged the nick-name "Gross" onto Luind and all at both sites

knew Lund only as Gross. Even though Gross liked to party – it did not affect his job performance. After Det 4-4, Todd was assigned to Okinawa and finished his ASA hitch there. Got out of the Army and graduated from Carthage College, Kenosha, WI in 1973 with a degree in Criminal Justice. He got married and later re-enlisted in the Army in 1976 in the MP field and advanced to CW3. He retired in 1991.

Memories: Todd still enjoys the outdoors and is a full time fur trapper in the cold winter months of every year. Todd informs that of all the places that he was stationed at during his 20 years of active duty that he remembers his days in TURKEY as the best and that Karamursel was the best as the Air Force NCO Club was first class and Yalova was just down the road to catch the ferry to Istanbul. Todd informs that he got drunk one nite in Ankara and spent the nite in the Kara-Hani and when he woke up didn't remember too much about his stay and, of course, Canby was the one who left him in the Kara-Hani and to this day doubles up laughing about the stunts that Todd Lund did.



"It just dawned on me that Gross Lund's middle name was Calvin. Yep, that's what it was. Now, who else do we know with that name. I have lost a lot of sleep trying to remember. It has to be a long lost relative. We need a genealogist to help us out. I'm sure we know someone else by that name.....Sergeant Green, aren't you pretty handy with this genealogy stuff? (just kidding) Gary Dunnam."

McDONALD, John C., E3-E5 05K Det 4-4, 71-72, rfd566@yahoo.com

Elder, As you requested, I have gone through some old records and found some old members of 4-4 as follows:.

Parisian, Richard D RA68020739 05K20

Rex, Edward T RA11887318 05K20

Newman, Gary J . 98C2L87

Frank, Robert M. 9620

Pace, Raymond C. 98C20

More to follow. must run some errands. Have a great weekend John McDonald

[edited] I am very active in the American Legion and have served at local (Post), state (Department) and Federal (National) level offices, and believe strongly in the mission of the American Legion. Some of you may be members or supporters of the American Legion; others of you may have no idea what the American Legion is or does. I hope the following will help you to change that. I am not soliciting for membership from any of you. On the other hand, if any of you wish to join the American Legion, you are welcome to do so.

I have been inactive for the last five years or so in the American Legion due mainly to physical illnesses and age. But after returning to San Antonio after a long absence, I learned of an American Legion Post 568, which is a Memorial Post formed in memory of the 36th Inf Div of WWII fame in Italy and Normandy, and then deactivated after WWII, later to become elements of the Texas National Guard. In 2004, many of them were reactivated and are now serving in Iraq and Afghanistan. In this respect, seeing that the Post was having difficulty and needed help, I volunteered to be the Post Adjutant (like a Corporate Secretary) to help them get on their feet again. One of my assistance areas in this regard was to establish a Web Site for the Post, that links into just about anything you might want to know, from a Pentagon News Channel (similar to CNN, but without the biased media) to American Legion Web Sites from Post all the way to National, and a lot of other data that should be of interest to all patriotic Americans. Of course it links into the 36th Inf Div units on active duty so they can keep up with what is going on at home in real time. It also provides links to such organizations as MOAA, NCOA, even GOE. It provides the temp and time in three places: San Antonio, TX; Baghdad; and Kabul. Even if you are not a Legion member, it can be a site that you will want to put in your Favorites to go back to for many different purposes from time to time.

I invite each of you to review the Web Site and see for yourself if this is not a web site that you want to visit often. There is even a guest book for you to make comments about the web site or offer ideas for improvement as they occur to you. The Web Site will be maintained and updated on a near daily basis, so it will be always changing. In addition, you will see how the American Legion is helping to support our fighting men and woman in Iraq and Afghanistan on a regular basis without the cover ups and distortions of the media.

The Web Address is: <http://www.tpatch568.us>

NOVACHECK, Lou YOB 1945 RA13780106 E7 Pers Sgt Det 4, 81-82, PO Box 482, Cudahy, WI 53110, 414-334-0030, luigibasco@gmail.com

I've noted that your DOOL includes a place called Det 4 in Sinop, Turkey, a place which is in my memory bank as well since I was there 1981-82, and is

quite informative about Sinop. I've got a few photos left of the "First Annual British-American 4th of July Soccer Championship". It was touted as a rematch of the American Revolution, but was more fun than enmity. It ended in a legitimate tie after a very hard fought battle. We didn't go into overtime or a shootout in the interest of keeping the peace. Especially given that beer was the liquid of choice for the players during the game.

What I'm putting together is planned to be a loose history of the various ASA Field Stations worldwide, with a few references to other nations' facilities that are involved in similar missions. I've already submitted a FOIA request to NSA asking for anything they may be willing to part with, and I got the answer I expected. In short, no.

Enough rambling, and on to my begging. Anything you have would be appreciated, although I'm not looking so much for day-to-day activities, but more of a general overview of what the field stations do. If you're aware of any particularly exciting news, such as the riot I read about in your postings, and, truth be told, I was never aware of, even after spending a year there, I'd like to hear about it.

Also, I downloaded a couple of your DOOLs and found them filled with a lot of good info, and so if you have a consolidated document or documents of all the issues to date, I'd appreciate it if you could send it to me. Obviously it's time-consuming to download each one individually. Also, I don't need the photos, unless you'd like to include some of the general type, showing work or leisure activities. Naturally, like your DOOLs, no classified info, please. If it was classified and later downgraded, that's OK, so long as the declassification is noted.

There's no money involved in this, just time, mine and those who are willing to help, so I can't offer anything. But, like you mentioned somewhere in one of your posts, it's a story worth telling and I'd like to do that.

Here's a little about me: I enlisted in March 1963 at Belle Aire, OH – took basic training at Fort Knox and AIT at Fort Monmouth, then sent to the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Riley and in 1965 went to DIAN (Ze An) South Vietnam via troop ship. Det 4 was my only assignment with the ASA; however I did serve most of my 20 years active duty in the Intelligence Field.. Was married and have four kids, the second oldest graduated from West Point and served 5 years on active duty and is now working in New York City. Later I will include a BIO.

Also, if you could mention my search in your DOOLs I'd be greatly appreciative. Feel free to include my contact information.

I'm putting together information on NSA's field stations worldwide, and I'd appreciate any assistance you can give. The information will be a part of that included in the Cold War Museum, which has yet to be built. I'm working with Gary Powers of the Museum.

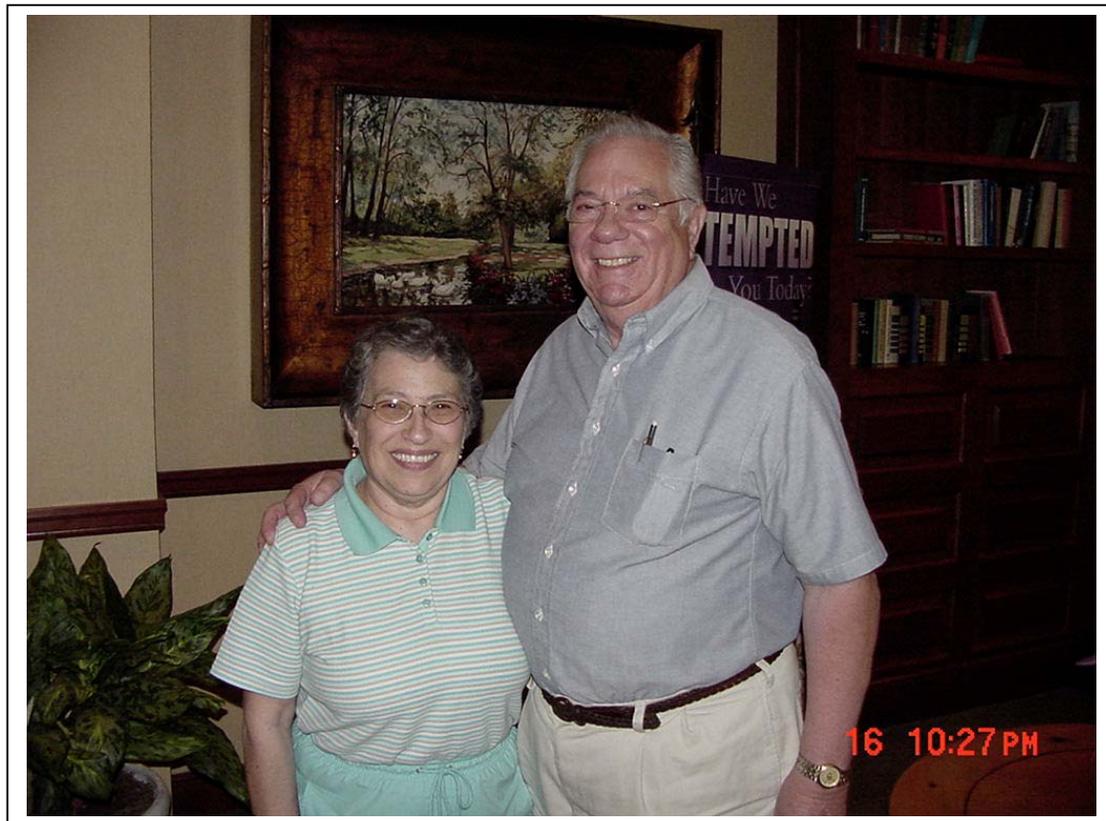
Gary Powers, the son of the U-2 pilot, and although the museum is still a dream waiting to happen, he's working very hard to make it happen. Of course, his father's mission was similar to that of the various ASA Detachments worldwide, so it's something that appeals to him for inclusion in the eventual museum.

In closing, if there are any other sources you might recommend, I'd appreciate the tips. I'm a bit of a technology moron, but I do know how to use Google and the other search engines to some degree, so repetition of those are not necessary. I'm also re-reading, or skimming, some of the available books on NSA, such as Bamford and I think his name is Mike Frost, the Canadian who wrote some about their operations. Nationality isn't important since collection is practiced to some degree by all nations, and inclusion of their sites, particularly East Bloc countries during the Cold War, are important to the story yet to be told. UKUSA sites are obviously to be included. Thanks, and regards.

ORT, Phil YOB: 1938 RA13730143 E3-E5 059 P1 Tk#1 Det 27, 62-64, (Fay),
790 Country Club Rd., York, PA 17403, 717-324-3727 & 717-848—4346,
phay@peoplepc.com

While in York, PA I set up a meeting with Phil and Fay Ort at the Holiday Inn on 16 May 2007. We chatted for about an hour about Phil's tour at Manzarali Station and PENN STATE football. Fay is a graduate of Penn State and they have season tickets for the home games and enjoy the tailgating parties at each game. Phil states that this is the main reason why they have not attended a ASA Turkey reunion. I think that Luther Mac Jones and I have talked them into coming to the Myrtle Beach reunion in 2007.





PIPKE, Ken E4-E5 9GRU Det 4, 67, 835 Stratford Dr., Sidney, OH 45365, 937-492-5472, kenpipke@earthlink.net - On 10 May 2007 I contacted Ken Pipke and informed him that, Bill Sturdivant, a former DLI classmate and Det 4 Russian linguist had made reference to him in his excellent BIO and that I was calling to inform him of the monthly ASA Turkey newsletter and how to access it on the web and mentioned the annual reunion. He replied that he would give it some thought but that it a part of his life that he'd rather leave closed.

SHADWICK, Bob YOB 1944 RA15682874 E3 058 Det 4, 63-64, (Barbara), 270 Covington Ridge, Owensboro, KY 42301, 270-925-5174, bbshad@yahoo.com
Elder - After our phone conversation, I dug through my photos and have attached three.

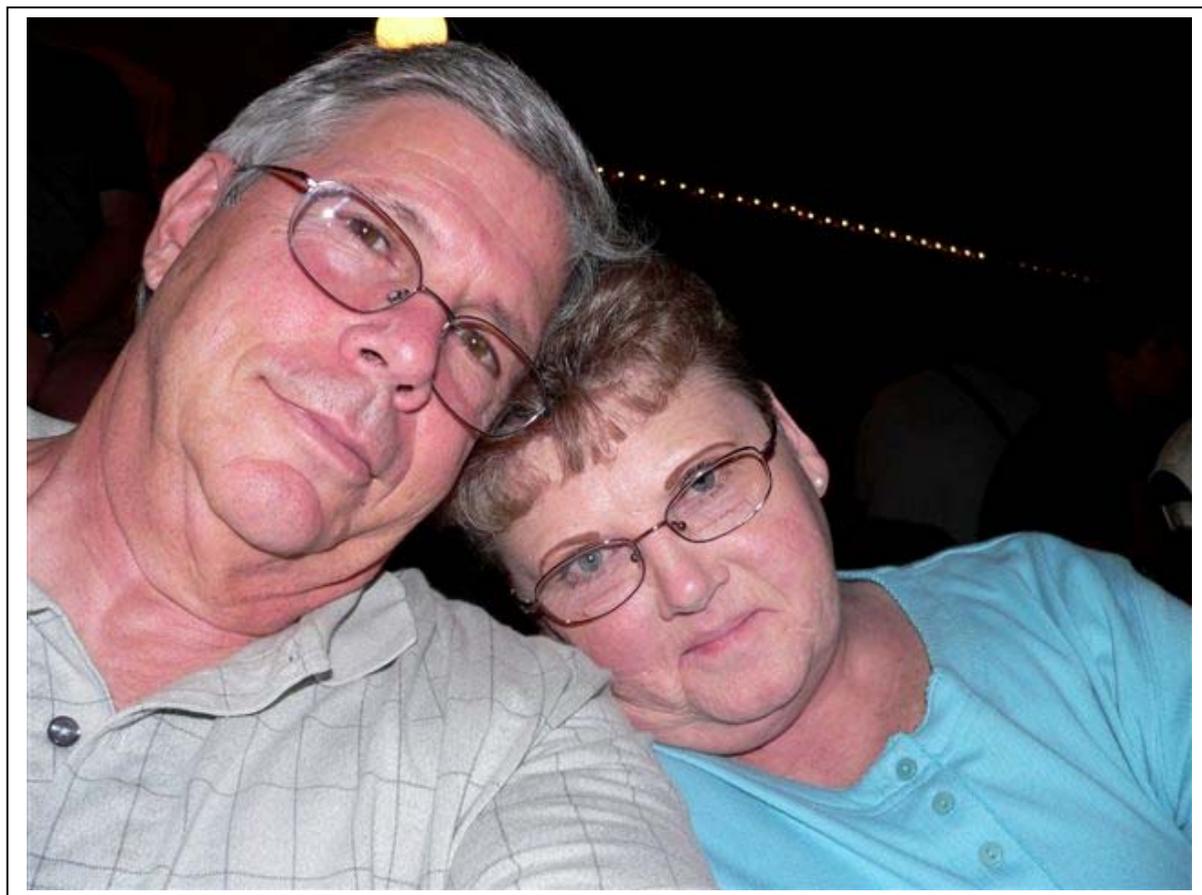
The first was taken on one of my friend's sailboat on the Black Sea.



The next was of our family taken at Disneyworld in 2006. We have since added another granddaughter.



The last is a picture of me and my wife, Barbara, taken in 2007, we have been married for 40 years.



POLGAR, Cindy, Det 169, 81, polgar@earthlink.net - Hi Al, nice talking to you too. It's always fun sharing Sinop memories. I would so love to see that place again with all my heart! Cindy

SHOWALTER, Carl YOB 1940 E3-E4 723 C/C Det 27, 60-62, 107 Railroad St., Cardington, OH 43315 419-864-2047, carl229usa@yahoo.com - I AM NOT PLANNING ON GOING TO THE 2007 ASA TURKEY REUNION AS I DON'T TRAVEL MUCH - NO GOOD REASON I JUST DON'T. - I DON'T HAVE A SCANNER AND I'M NOT VERY COMPUTER LITERATE, BUT I MUST BECOME SO. WHEN I BECOME ABLE I'LL SHOOT A PIX OF ME AND THE AERIAL PIX OF SITE 23 TO YOU. I WOULD APPRECIATE ANY PIX FROM SITE 23, MY EX DESTROYED MOST OF MINE.



ANYONE RECOGNIZE THE ABOVE DET 27 MP BAKER,
Patrick G RA18606682 ADC 3y E3 MP Hq Co Det 27, 61-62, BPED 17OC60 ETS 16OC63 per
SO#46 dtd 26mr62 fm OK but not 405-525-8580 or 918-245-9729 per Roy

STUBBS, Steve YOB 1943 RA16750027 E3-E4 286 Det 4, OC63-OC64,
(Penny), 808 N. Main St., Lowell, NC 28098, 704-824-5446,
pstubbs@carolina.rr.com

[edited] Per our discussion and remember you have been warned - Here is my
mug shot and believe it beats calling Orkin. Cheers,



I very much enjoyed talking to you on 7 May 2007 and look forward to meeting you at the 2007 ASA Turkey reunion in Myrtle Beach in September 2007. As you know I submitted some of my SINOP memories to Bill Simons Det 4 website and now will include that info and other memories that I now recall from reading your monthly DOOL's or have .

I remember very well the Bob Hope Christmas show in 1963. We all set in the gym and waited for hours for them to arrive, we knew that Bob Hope would not be with the group, as he had returned to the states for an operation. However, we eagerly awaited the group as Tuesday Weld, was the main attraction as far as we were concerned.

When they finally arrived, much to our dismay, Tuesday Weld was not with them, rumored to have stayed in Ankara, due to a hangover having dallied with an officer the previous night? Anyway Jerry Colonia came busting onto the stage with a couple of lesser known individuals, all being recorded for later TV broadcasting. The entire show lasted less than 15 minutes, and we all sat/stood there in shock. A sergeant looked at us and said "Well, let them know what you think." There upon came a round of boo's and extended fingers. Needless to say, Sinop did not make it on the TV that year. I do remember a night of bellydancing that was presented. When we cheered and requested that one lady "take it all off" she indicated that she couldn't because of the lights. Some wise soul took out his zippo, and we all immediately followed suit, and the house lights were extinguished. Thereby, our request was rewarded. Certainly much better than Bob Hope!!!!

My ASA story starts when on 4 September 1962 at Evansville, Indiana I enlisted for 3 years in the US Army. I was close to being drafted and didn't want that to happen where I would not have a say in choosing an occupation. I was 19 when I walked into the recruiters office and said, "Hi guys, I'm here to join up for 3 years". They asked what I would like to do in the army. I was dumbfounded and said, "maybe a truck driver" of all things. I escaped that fate by testing pretty high for electronic repair on the battery of tests and was told that I qualified for this super secret Army Security Agency and agreed that that was fine with me and the ASA paperwork was initiated. Took basic at Fort Leonard Wood and then off to Pilgrim land at Fort Devens

Here is some contact info I have on ex-ASA'ers who were at Det. 4 overlapping my 63-64 tour on the HILL:

Grant Crawford (Albuquerque, NM): 505-379-4565 (GBC-NMF@worldnet.att.net)

Frank Fitzhenry (Safety Harbor, FL): 727-726-7385 fitz1@tampabay.rr.com - Fitz and his wife Patty will be attending the Myrtle Beach reunion in September.

Roy Hawks (Bakersfield, CA): 805-664-9612 (UGMO13@bak.rr.com)

Harry Ingle (Charlotte, NC): (ginglegram@aol.com)...his wife's email Bert Miller (Masonville, IA): 870-491-7540 (Bertholdmi@lowatelecom.net)

During my 1963-64 stint, total population on the HILL was only a couple hundred or so.

Besides a lot of good folks and good times shared (along with a few bad ones and seemingly interminable boredom at times), here's some bullet points down my memory lane for the year that I spent on the HILL and officially called Det 4 and Diogenes Station.:

I've searched the DOOL's for info regarding the KBOK radio station at Det 4. Jim Baker's excellent BIO mentions the establishment of a low-power radio station at Det 4 in 1957 that broadcast a few hours each evening. Well – when I got to the HILL in October 1963 there was no radio station and the following is my small snapshot about KBOK. The first I heard about a radio station on the HILL was when a GI named REID who I think worked in Special Services came to me and said that he was out exploring the hillside and came across an unoccupied building and wanted me to check it out. To my surprise the building was about 20 feet square with a old tile roof and looked to my untrained eye as the remnants of a radio station's studio with a control console, turntables and deadlined radio equipment. With the exception of being dusty – the equipment looked to be in good shape. The Post commander was known as the "Silver Fox" and his reaction was supportive, but was otherwise guarded with his thoughts. I portrayed him as a courtly person who seemed to respect my enthusiasm, if nothing else. I immediately got positive vibes and picked up tidbits about operating a radio station. My technical skills were pretty good and I did have the focus to get the job done. I enlisted the help of others to get the station back on the air. The details are sketchy but It took us about 3 weeks to clean the studio and overhaul the equipment and get KBOK back on the air via land-lines to the barracks, to the ops buildings, to the Post Hqs and to the BOQ. It was a far greater challenge than I imagined, but the enthusiasm increased and soon we set up a 24 hour operating schedule and were able to 'rescue' big disks with pre-recorded programs thereon from the zoomies at Samsun. I still did my 286 job and also was in charge of scheduling others to act as DJ's and news reporters.

* Beatles just starting to hit in US, lots of receiver nets starting dialing-in on "Princess Radio" and other "pirate" Brit stations playing the music.

* Vietnam still thought of as pretty good duty (for ASA folks). Bangkok highly regarded. Sinop tour just above Shemya in overall popularity.

* The JFK assassination really stirred the place up for several days. Big alert (have read many stories since playing down the level of alert at this time but you'd never believe it if you'd been there), listening for any peep we could detect out of our friends to the North. They didn't know what the hell was going on either, it seems.

* Recall many times being approached by Turks, both townies and people working at the Site, who stopped me, and I'm sure many others, to personally express sadness. I think JFK was somewhat of a media star with the locals.

* A trip any distance from Sinop was a real adventure. Surface travel to Ankara in the best weather was challenging. Remember going through mountain pass town of Kastamonu, found local circuit bus half in almost dry river bed and half on road above. Not damaged bad but locals had no way of dislodging it. We were driving a 3/4-ton with a front-mounted winch. After much consultation with local authorities, managed to dislodge their bus and get it up to the road. Entire town

turned out to watch this. Success was met with lusty cheering...then people began filling our vehicle with flowers, food and even a couple bottles of wine! The whole thing took us maybe an hour or so to do. I'll never forget how thankful the locals were.

* Turks and Greeks had one of their periodic stare-downs over Cyprus sometime during my stay. US Fleet parked between Turkish coast (and their navy) and Cyprus until things finally calmed down. Locals were absolutely not pleased about that turn of events and made no bones in telling us. Had friends who were shaken around inside a cab down in Ankara during this period. No real assaults that I recall.

* Wasn't Ankara the fun place to be stationed? Hell, those ASA GI's serving at Site 23 had it made compared to the Hill, anyplace else was a big deal. Anybody remember the Hotel Balin? How about the Imperial? Was a curfew for everybody (the Turkish military brings you this temporary pause in your parliamentary government) much of the time I was in-country, resulting in some hairy cab rides (come to think of it, every Turkish cab ride was hairy) and avoid the local ascaris. Funny how cab drivers assumed you were a fare headed for the kari-hani and not the Ataturk Memorial.

* Share-owned sailboats in Sinop harbor were a big thing. A little local boatyard (Sinop Gentlemen's Drinking Establishment and Yacht Club) built them (about 20' , built roughly to Lido class day sailers...but with nails, not screws!) and the "fleet" was maybe 6-8 boats. Black Sea coast for as many miles you had cajones to sail up, absolutely pristine and beautiful. Dropped my watch off a boat in about 20 feet of water once, could practically read the time on it sitting on the bottom (actually recovered it and it worked...a while)! Seems like you could have one of these boats built for just a few hundred bucks (compared to maybe a couple, three thousand back in the world). Three-four or more guys owned "shares," would sell when they shipped, etc. Always someone to go out with, even if you didn't own a "share."

* Ate "off the economy" a lot and I swear I never got Ataturk's Revenge until six months into my tour I had a meal at the Ankara Air Force mess hall. Thought I'd die.

* Cooks on hill – mostly Germans supplied by civilian contractor. Most could actually cook if they had something to work with. If weather bad a long spell, no vehicles and/or airplane in, you could get down to some pretty interesting stuff on the menu...could describe it only pending the autopsy report.

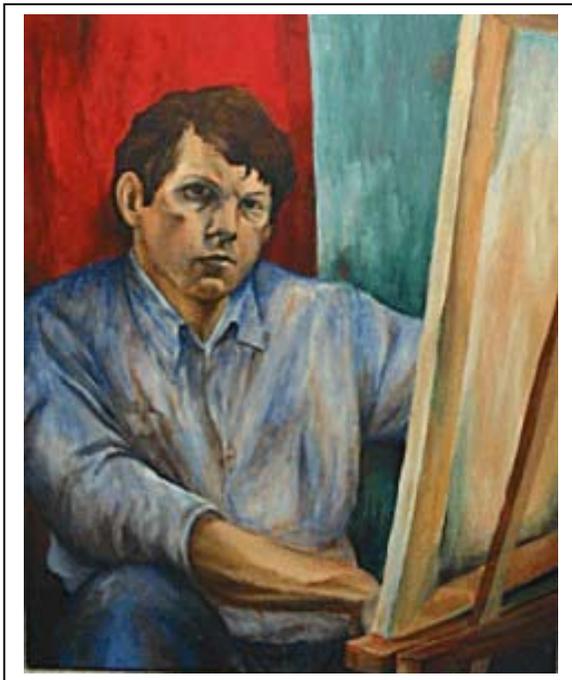
* A mixed drink, whatever you want, yeni for a quarter, can of Beck's beer, a dime. PX booze so cheap you couldn't afford not to drink. Premium whisky, what, couple of bucks a fifth? Most stuff, a dollar-something.

* Pack of Camel cigarettes, originally 18-cents, later 22. The Turks loved Camels (and didn't go back to women!). Barber downtown always plucked a few from shirt pocket very artfully with tip of scissors. Helluva haircut, shave, less than 50 cents including a big tip. Smoke Turkish cigarettes and we can track you at midnight in a swamp. Would never admit this back then, but I kinda liked them. However, a Bafra cigarette (about cheapest local product I recall) would slam-shut your lungs like a direct hit from a nitro express.

* Remember "arctic dome guys," also "point-site guys," even had some Navy and Air Force linguist types from time to time. The ComCenter was true intersanctum, holiest of the holy. Get out there and police the area after all the day's traffic is incinerated!

Imagine the place was really a trip back in the mid-50's. But no matter how one recalls their tour of duty in Turkey, to some degree, depends on the eye of the beholder and I hope to be able to get the opportunity to talk to some ex-ASA'ers from that era and also some from the late era just before the ASA and its successor left. It ain't every day I or others get the chance to chat with ex-ASA'ers who've been on "the Hill" and survived (albeit with a bionic liver) to tell about it. Anxiously looking forward to the 2007 reunion.

STURDIVANT, William (Bill), YOB 1947 RA19842933 E4-E5 98GRU Det 4, MR67-FE68, (Betty), 970 Oriole Lane, Marietta, GA 30067, 770-973-8719, bstrdvnt47@hotmail.com



Bill Sturdivant – 1973

Bill Sturdivant - 2005

Sergeant Green, I'm Bill Sturdivant, RA19842933, DET 4, Mar'67-Feb'68,MOS-98G. I discovered this extended family just a couple of days ago and have thoroughly enjoyed what others have shared. Thank you for all the hard work. I have scanned images from the John Thurston trip to Goreme in 1967 that I'll gladly share. The local Turkish restaurants love them.

I'll do a Sinop related biography for you over the next few days and get it to you. Like most who've read your pages I've found names that are awfully familiar. I lost contact with everyone when I took my discharge in 1969 just after the first moon landing. If I don't remember too many people please give me a break - it's been forty years. I was an 18 year old Kentucky hillbilly when the Army decided that I could learn Russian. My only saving grace was a fella from, I think Centerville, South Carolina who had a stronger native accent (entirely my opinion). When I left the Hill I wasn't even old enough to buy a beer. I was just a hillbilly kid trying to figure out what this 20th Century thing was that I had discovered when I went over the mountain. It shore wuz differnt frum up in the hollers.

The mates that I do remember from that year are: Sgt. John Thurston and my 98G tovarishes Bill Allen, Bill Adams, Doug Hurd, Ken Pipke, Robert Redmon(d), Beau Stark, Robert Steffens and our leader Sgt. Bounds. I did run around with some 'ditty-boppers' and I think Kerry Pulley might have been one of them. I'm still looking through the list of names for others. I tend to confuse the Sinop guys from those at Fort Meade where I went after dropping down off the Hill. I'm really trying to remember the Oriental guy who worked at Bankhead that I played pool with but thus far simply cannot, I remember that he left after I did. I saw references to a master list. Is there a website for it? Until I get you the related biography you can find what and where and all of that on my website at <http://home.joimail.com/~bstrdvnt47> where there's a link to 'a short biog'. The site is all art related as that's what I now do in my retirement. I took my degree in studio art from Georgia State U. in 1974 but worked a career in banking data processing. Now that I've been downsized I finally get to play with it fulltime. Married Betty, the high school sweetheart, in 1969. We have one daughter about halfway thru grad school and a masters degree in Creative Writing. I frequently make the journey up and down I-75 between Atlanta, GA and Knoxville, TN. and from there take US-33 to Cumberland Gap. If any old inmates live near that stretch of thoroughfare I'd love to set up a drop by to see them.

An ASA centered biography (of sorts) Merhowdy as we used to say. When Sgt Green called this morning, May 10, 2007, he asked me for a biography and how I felt about my tour in Sinope. Herein begins my tale of where, when and how. Herein begins a tale of a place and my love for it that's beyond all my understanding. The philosophers say that life is a journey. This has been mine.

I was born at 8:30 am. on a cold snowy morning the 3rd day of March in the year of our Lord, 1947.

I was born in the only town in America built within a meteor crater, Middlesboro, Kentucky, population circa 12,000. I was born in the shadow of The Cumberland Gap – the western pathway for over 300,000 pioneers.

I was born into a world of hillside farms and deep Appalachian forest pathways. I was born into a world holding to self-sufficiency and the self-creativity needed to carry that out.

My mom's family has been there for 200 years - all dirt farmers.

My dad's family has been there for 120 years but in Virginia since Jamestown in 1659 - all dirt farmers.

My native American ancestors have been there since the Great Spirit created this world for them. I was spoon-fed that a deep meaning lies behind symbolism. I left that world upon graduation from high school in 1965 and was carried to California where other family members had migrated to find work for real pay. I had no say in the matter and just went along for the ride. I had no personal belongings so why not.

I got to California in June and found that the hills were brown and dead and that there were no forest paths for me to follow so I got homesick. I decided that the Army would get me back East to where things were alive and I enlisted. The recruiter promised me the ASA and Europe so I signed for four years – I thought everybody did. It was Fort Ord for basic which wasn't harsh due to recent meningitis epidemics. One day they took us to a room and gave everyone a battery of tests. The last was a language test that I soon figured to be some made up thing that followed all the rules of Spanish and I completed the test with that insight. I had a really good Spanish teacher in high school. They graded the test and told everyone but eight to leave. We were handed a sheet listing 52 languages of the world and asked to choose our top five choices. I went thru the list and circled every one that would keep me out of South East Asia. Russian was my last hard choice. After a short while they came back in and pronounced that each of us was to be assigned to DLIWC after basic and that I was to study Russian. I thought 'Oh, happy day! I don't have to go to 'Nam.' I qualified as marksman on the M14 with no sights other than 'Kentucky Windage'. The sergeant grading me just shook his head and said 'Son, I didn't think you had a prayer.' Four years later at Fort Meade I got my expert's badge – with sights.

I knew I was in trouble the very first day of Russian class. Me, a hillbilly kid just out of high school. I had been told by the recruiter that the average education level in the ASA was two years of college. I figured that I brought that down a bit and wasn't all that worried. Until ... Now I had heard of Khrushchev's demonstration at the UN after being denied Disneyland. Gospodin Starov came pounding up those old wooden steps to the classroom, ran into the room and started pounding on the table one stroke to each word in his slow address, 'Gentlemen, this is very serious business. We must work, work, work.' Scared me to death. First Russian I ever met and I wondered "are they all gonna be like this?". He wasn't thru just yet. He asked us to go around the room and introduce

ourselves and state our education level. The very first guy pronounced that he had a masters degree in mathematics and I swallowed real hard knowing that the brown stuff had just hit the fan. I was the youngest and least educated in the class. Somehow I did survive and I appreciate all that he, Gospozya Yablokova, Gospozya Gordon, Gospodin Banin and Gospodin Mogylevski did for me there. Yablokova loved it that I would be a zhivopisatel or artist (literally life-writer). Mogylevski treated us all as his grandchildren. I never had a class with Shaky Jake but attended his lectures on Peter Tchaikovski's music.

BOY, WHAT'VE YOU BEEN UP TO?

I took the summer break and headed home to the hills. I went to see old Jake (his real name). He looked me over real hard and said, 'Boy, what've you been up to?' 'Nothin' 'Well, they's been all kinds of people here asking all kinds of questions about you and some of 'em wuz awearing suites.' So much for getting my security clearance I thought!

From Monterey I was assigned to Goodbuddy Air Force Base, San Angelo, TX the home of the future baseball Hall of Fame member, Greg Maddox. It was coyotes, mesquite bushes, 98G training and typing. We learned the typing with blank keys on the keyboard. They told us that if we hit 39 words a minute for two consecutive weeks then we didn't have to do it no more. I discovered that the test was always the same paragraph so I memorized it. When I did the test while looking around the room and not at the document the sergeant questioned me as to when I had typed the page. After reciting the paragraph to him he gave me the pass. I felt great because I could sleep and not have to walk to that building at 6 am. in the cold of a west Texas winter.

Left Goodbuddy, lake Nastywater and the Twin Buttes and made my way to New York City for the flight to Ankara.

We touched down in Paris and again in Rome.

Along the way a civilian passenger woke me up so that I could see the Matterhorn.

The Aegean was bright red in the sunset as we flew over it.

The Army was right – I did get to see Europe!

It was Pan-Am to Istanbul and a change to Trans Turkish Airlines to Ankara.

I was disappointed that there were no chickens or goats aboard.

I was set up for how I experienced Sinope when I got off the plane in Ankara. Far in the distance were remote snowy mountains and it felt to me like I was in one of those old Lowell Thomas travelogues in far Nepal or Tibet. In the last of the twilight they had that glow hinting of ancient mystery. I had traveled alone and a warrant officer was there who took charge of getting me signed into the country and transported to Sinope. I figured someone put out the word that there was a hillbilly coming and he might just need a bit of help.

The trip into Ankara became one of helter-skelter traffic with everyone-to-himself where the right-of-way belonged to the ox-cart or vehicle with the loudest yeller or the loudest horn. It was either a hoot or a toot! I don't remember anything else

of Ankara except for a sweet pungent odor in the lobby of the hotel. Yeni Harmons – remember those? It really was Turkish tobacco and not something else. Don't remember squat about the flight to Samsun but upon landing the real memories began. Three of us and a Turk driver in some fashion of a jeep-like vehicle made our way down the hill from the base and I got a first taste of how narrow and winding ancient Roman streets were. When the pavement ran out we took a break and relieved ourselves in the trees. From there, I was told, it was a hundred more kilometers to Sinope and all dirt. I took a photo of the creek that was running nearby – it looked so much like home and it was spring. Besides I was used to dirt roads.

Later we stopped at a really nice tea house and had lunch. Once we passed a Gipsy encampment and I was sorry that I couldn't go to see the bear and listen to the distant music. I never noticed the bumps. We arrived in Sinope at night and I wondered at the iron bars on all the store fronts. We didn't do that in Kentucky. I discovered that I didn't have my ID on me when we got to the MP station. The warrant officer vouched for me since he knew that I'd had it in Ankara. They found it in the vehicle next morning so I became an official Sinopian and a bonifide member of TUSLOG DET 4.

I was born in Kentucky but I actually grew up long ago in an ancient city by a wine dark sea.

That time is encapsulated in silver threads and gossamer.

I treat it as a priceless treasure and a cornerstone to all that I am.

I was young then and knew nothing.

I'm old now and still I know nothing but now I have the memories.

Like relics in sacred temples my dreams of those times are held. The capsule holds both the angels and the devils encountered along that pathway through a darkened forest. The angels lighted the way when I was struck by epiphany or happenchance and there was a lot of both. I've found several of my angels on Ron Sowinski's Roll Call pages but the devils I won't look for.

Sgt Green asked me to take that capsule down, put it up to the light, turn it all around and describe what it held.

I came "to high Sinope's distant realms whence Cynics rail'd at human pride' into a world I could experience but not talk about, an artist untrained but with an eye already keenly honed. I came to a fairytale land ancient beyond reckoning. I came to the dawn of civilization in a place where even the sounds floating up from the town seemed to have originated from before time itself began.

From the meteor crater valley where I was born I came to far away Sinope who gave up her clays for the Sinopia underdrawing of the Renaissance frescos of Michelangelo and Raphael, who gave us Diogenes, the seeker of truth, and, damn it, I had to drink of that same water and it changed me.

Life in Sinope was much like a daydream in which I could only open up to the light and soak up as much of it as I could. I learned to really like the Middle Eastern music that still sends a chill up my spine. From invisible waves bouncing

off the stratosphere I could experience Ulan Bator, Radio Moskva and Radio Teyrana. I saw the ancient practice of apprenticeship at work at the knife maker's shop and his hand-pumped forge, not unlike the one my dad used to sharpen the augers for the coal mine, in the place where they also butchered the goats. All the while Ken Pipke kept telling me that my art required me to work harder at it but I could not – I could just soak it all up for later distillation – and Bob Redmon(d) went on teaching me of classical music and the great composers. I still hear him say to me 'Come Bill, you have to listen to this.' It happened so often. He did it for almost four years. And I did listen and was always transported while floating somewhere in the spaces between the notes where Leonard Bernstein tells us the real music resides. Robert Steffens would take the long walk downtown with me and we would gossip and drink Turkish tea in the chai garden near the Yeni hotel.

I'm hoping to find and remember the name of the Oriental guy who shot so much pool with me at the NCO club. We were damn good together at sit-down 8-ball. We had to relinquish the table just to get a break!

Each of us has a paradigm, a mental image that tells us who we are. To change it over a short period of time requires a catharsis of being. One day while manning the mess hall check-in my paradigm changed in just minutes. I was daydreaming and whistling random stuff. I became aware of a tune but could not recall what it was or where it came from. This always bothers me to no end so I kept at the remembering and suddenly I made the connection and had to fight back real tears. The song was an old Scotch-Irish hillbilly ballad 'Shady Grove' and in that moment I had made the connection between where I came from, where I was, and where I thought that I might be going in life. For those who may have had a similar experience you know how overpowering and exhilarating that experience is and I had to just sit there and carry on the mundane function of checking people in so that they could eat. I think I had to tell a couple of guys that I was really OK.

I made it off the Hill just once in the year that I was in Sinope. John Thurston wanted to go and see the old Byzantine church ruins in the Goreme Valley. We took two deuce and a half trucks with Turk drivers on a three-day whirlwind tour through the Turkish heartland. I remember we made our way over the mountain past villages that seemed bone dry and on to the beautiful city of Corum where all the street traffic appeared to be of carriages pulled by matched pairs of Arabian horses and where the old white-bearded men asked us if we were German. Everywhere people greeted us! At each village I remember seeing the cow dung laid out to dry for winter's fuel and recalled the endless snow seen on the flight in from Istanbul to Ankara. We made our way along a large river.

Finally we came to Goreme where the dwellings are axe-carved out of the living rock. We slept in the trucks and we ate in the trucks. On awakening in Goreme I recall looking west and seeing a far off white-capped mountain. It was the classical pyramid of a Mount Fuji type volcano and I'm told that it's the only

volcano around that part of Turkey. It was so distant that the base disappeared into the blue of the sky and it just floated there an apparition in the morning light.

I didn't get to see Catal Huyuk near Konya, discovered in 1965, where the archeologists unearthed a wall painting depicting that volcano erupting. The eruption dates the painting to 12,000 B.C. when the volcano was last active. It's the oldest cityscape painting in the world. I didn't know much of the Hittites then so we missed out on possibly seeing the lions at Bogazkoy.

The trip cost me. It cost me the threat of an Article 15 for 'Failure to repair' as I had missed my name among those up for review for promotion. I got off by telling the First Sergeant that I felt the trip to be more important because we needed to learn of the culture in any country where we find ourselves. He bought it, my record is clear but I had to wait three months to go up again.

First Sergeant,, I still say 'Turkey is a beautiful and ancient land and if we're there we need to understand something of the history of its cultures.'

Hardship assignment? Then it was. Now, looking back through the lens of time, it wasn't all that bad. We had our moments. I made no diary – didn't know what one was. At times it was terribly lonely but most of the time it was just aloneness. Loneliness is a state of depression, aloneness is something altogether different. In the state of aloneness you can contemplate your navel and grow. With all my tovarishes at least 4 or 5 years older I had a lot of time to contemplate my navel.

The earthquake of '67 that took out our water supply for two weeks only served to take our minds off all our other complaints. (1967.07.22. Magnitude (MS) 7.1. Fault length about 80 km. (Termed the 1967 Mudurnu Valley earthquake)) We were more upset that Colonel Sam Bistany disappeared to Ankara and only came back on post when the water was back on. I recall waking up the morning of the quake and asking someone in the latrine 'what's with the water?' and got the incredulous response 'where were you during the quake last night?'. To me I guess it was like someone rocking the cradle and this baby slept right on. The real pain came during the month that we got no mail because the fog was too heavy for the flight to Samsun and the 100 kilometers of dirt road were impassable from the rain. We understood but the folks at home didn't. On my tour we had no heavy snows as recounted in the legends of other years there. I recall we got 18" one night but by mid-afternoon the wind had shifted and the balmy Mediterranean air allowed us to walk around in T-shirts and watch the snow melting. We had one Arctic chill that required the fur-lined trench coats and hoods. That morning became my lifelong definition of the word COLD. I could not walk facing into that north wind for within seconds my face began to feel the tingle of freezing so I did it like the crawdad moving forward by going backward.

Halfway through the tour we got real milk when a TB free herd of cows was discovered. I recall having plenty to eat whenever pork was on the menu at the mess.

I got there a couple of weeks before the old crew relinquished the watch to the Yenies. As they left we found ourselves to be a bit short handed. I recall that about five linguists manned the watch for close to six weeks. We did singularly on 12 and 12 and covered it 24/7. After that, duty was a breeze.

I WONDER IF SHE STILL REMEMBERS ME

My most pleasant memory is of walking from town alone one summer evening. Coming up from behind me I heard someone whistling. The whistling was incredibly clear with a bell tone timbre to it. The sound echoed and seemed to just hang in the air. I turned and saw that it was a very young barefoot girl, perhaps 8 or 9 years old, with her flock of sheep and she was going my way. I remember her broad smile and loud musical 'Merhaba Abi!' when I allowed her to catch up to me. I listened for a while to pick up on the tune and soon began to match it. We walked that way, laughing at my mistakes and whistling some Turkish folk tune together, all the way up the hill until I turned to enter the post and she went on her way with her sheep on out the hill. I've often wondered what her life has been like and whether she remembers that beautiful sunny day when the American GI whistled with her a Turkish tune. I hope she remembers the quality of the harmonic when two people hit the same note and suddenly there's a third player someplace and music is created. She was surprised and delighted that I could make that happen for her.

I didn't read books for pleasure when I came to Sinope. Somewhere along the way I had turned off that having found no author that spoke to me. At Sinope I discovered the short novels of Steinbeck's Cannery Row. As I finished one I would give it to Nihat Akaraja (my attempt at spelling his name). He was a Tom Paine engineer and I met him on Abi Watch. He had taught himself English and thoroughly enjoyed them. Before I departed Sinope he told me he was off to Saudi Arabia to make more money in the oil fields there. I became intimidated when my friends discussed a book they were reading and so one day I went to the PX to find a novel that would keep me busy for a good while and give me something to contribute. There I found an author who did actually speak directly to me. His name was Alexander Solzhenitzin and the book was The First Circle. It was nearly two inches thick. In it he described a Stalin prison camp and the making of a signal producing machine that from his description matched one of our prime targets. What a revelation that was. I stopped reading him after The Gulag Archipelago, found other authors and have not stopped since. I could never have made it through two feet of Art History texts and the hundred other art books that I've studied without him. A Ukrainian friend yet cannot understand a connection I have to Solzhenitzen's A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich. It is, oddly enough, for me a connection to my experience at Sinope.

I broke even on the one-armed bandits the night before I left Sinope!

I, quite frankly, don't remember how I got to Istanbul on my departure from Turkey. Scotty must have transported me there before his time. I think that Bob Redmon(d) was there among several other departing Det4 GIs and that we were in Istanbul about three days checking out. I wasn't old enough to party yet so I stayed in the hotel at night while they took in the Crazy Horse Saloon and such. During the day I did get to do some sight seeing. For a few glorious moments I was able to see the Hagia Sofia. I bought a prayer rug at the bazaar for 400 lira - \$10 on the local, inside the bazaar, black market exchange.

Otherwise I just bided my time waiting for the wonderful sound of PAN-AM jet engines firing up to take me home. As they fired up it began to rain and I've often considered that rain to have been tears of both happiness and sadness in that special bittersweet moment. We changed aircraft at Heathrow in London and I was overjoyed at hearing females who spoke English to me. On the night flight to New York I listened to Tchaikovsky's 5th symphony over and over and over between naps. I have no drawings of Sinope. That box never made it to Fort Meade.

After Sinope I was assigned to Student Company at Fort Meade and experienced the surrealism of a year and a half at NSA until I picked up a piece of paper, said 'That's it!' (an old, old joke about a crazy GI), took my discharge and drove all the night thru to Cumberland Gap in the bright sunrise of morning and home at last.

I was there for just a short while, from July 26 until August 10. Just long enough to get married to Betty, the high school sweetheart, and leave once again for the job in Georgia. We have one daughter in grad school pursuing a masters in Creative Writing.

Went to work as a mainframe computer operator, went to school at night immediately across the street, took a degree in art from Georgia State U., stayed with the bank and had a fun-filled career of 24/7 support for over thirty years. Somewhere in there I had a 10-year stint with Unisys Corp. and traveled the country installing and supporting banking software. I logged just under 400,000 miles on Delta alone in eight years. After so many time zone changes, east coast one week - west coast the next, and 2 am. support wakeup calls I think my body will never again really know what time frame it's supposed to operate in.

In a way pulling 'tricks' in Sinope prepared me for that kind of a schedule.

A downsizing in Sept. 2003 sent me into retirement.

It was OK for it had been a really good and long ride!

A long wonder filled journey for a kid of a boy owning nothing but the clothes on his back and help from angels found along the way..

I never had to manage anyone but myself and that was tough enough a task.

I can still do the coin trick - with dimes!

In retirement I'm retraining the hand-eye coordination and trying to be the artist at last.

The eye never left me. The book knowledge never left me. It's just all that other stuff that goes into art making that did.

I do it for myself and for the old adage, Art for Art's Sake. Enjoy it if you will.

It's all on my ISP homepage at <http://home.joimail.com/~bstrdvnt47>.

Perhaps I'll be able to open my time capsule and paint that little girl herding her sheep

in the incredible impressionistic light of a Sinope summer's evening and complete the gift she gave to me that day.

Life is a daydream – let it happen.

Thanks for the offer, but you would never want me as a speaker at a ASA Turkey reunion

My forte is truly one-on-one. I've never had to speak to a group in my life and don't entertain any future option in that regard.

I've already got one possibility on the list for September 2007 and have committed to a backup plan if the first falls thru. Both call for my going to Wyoming, so I really cannot make Murtle Beach.

Sorry to get the news on Ken Pipke. Then I never looked back for forty years myself and I'm a special case. lots of other like me. I've no news at all of him since February 1968 when I left Sinope. As I said, I went a different path and lost touch with all those old buys. Do you have Michael Oliver SP5 1967-68 on your list? He was also 98G. I think he came from Iowa but don't put that down in indelible ink. Rumors concerned him after I arrived at Meade. Don't recall what they were about. Didn't hear back from Bill Simons after I sent him a webpage of the John Thurston trip. I lived with computers for all my post Army life and I know that you guys may not have all that much experience with them so I did include an offer to help with his pages but ownership is ownership and some folks will resist and I respect that highly.

Something that I might be able to do in a half hour or so might take another four or five hours so I offer only in kindness.

I am trying something with Sowenski's roster list. If I'm successful I'll send it to him to see if it helps him do the job.

He don't know about it yet.

If he either don't want it or doesn't like it then I'll destroy what I have. The output webpages are pretty.

Still working on the front end of a system to make it as much a click and go process as I can.

I once programmed on a Customer Information system and know what can be done with his kind of data.

(Remember traffic analysis? It's called data mining in today's jargon.)

It's a bit tough trying to keep that kind of list going from a text file.

Heading north to Cumberland Gap, Tn. on wednesday. I'll be up there for about a week and a half.

The grapevine don't work none too good up in the holler so I may be out of communication for a while if you need anything.

The self-assigned Sowenski project may not be fully tested until after I get back to Ga.

The zipfile that's attached is the webpage I sent to Simmons. It's 1 and 1/2 megabytes - hope that ain't a problem for you.

Unzip it to a folder or directory. Lot's of pics you ain't seen yet. Only one '.htm' file and lots of jpgs. Run the htm file and you'll see it all.

Bill Sturdivant

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

Looking through some old Photo Albums and ran across the following poem:

JUST BEYOND THE RUSSIAN BORDER,
ANKARA IS THE SPOT;
WHERE WE ARE DOOMED TO SPEND OUR TIME
IN THE LAND THAT GOD FORGOT
DOWN AMONG THE SNAKES AND BUZZARDS,
DOWN WHERE A MAN GETS BLUE;
OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE
EIGHT THOUSAND MILES FROM YOU
WE SWEAT, WE FREEZE, WE SHIVER,
TIS MORE THAN MAN CAN STAND.
WE ARE NOT A BUNCH OF CONVICTS,
JUST DEFENDERS OF OUR LAND.
FEW PEOPLE EVEN KNOW WE ARE LIVING
FEW PEOPLE GIVE A DAMN
EVEN THO WE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN AT HOME
WE BELONG TO UNCLE SAM.
GOOD TIMES WE HAVE HAD IN THE ARMY.
GOOD TIMES WE HAVE MISSED.
BOY, WE HOPE THE DRAFT BOARD DON'T GET YOU
AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T ENLIST
AND WHEN WE GET TO HEAVEN
ST. PETER WILL SURELY YELL,
LET THEM IN DEAR LORD, THEY'RE FROM ANKARA
THEY'VE SPENT THEIR TIME IN HELL.

I believe someone on Trick 3 wrote this as it was typed on a Mill.

If I find more items or pictures I will pass them along Fred Taylor

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 - Shortly after we moved into government quarters at Herzo Base, Herzogenaurach, Germany., the refrigerator stopped working. Since I was on duty at the time, my wife, Ethel, called the Quartermaster Housing Office, located in Erlangen, about 10 Km away, to request repair or replacement of the

unit. The German at the housing office was very nice, but explained that it would be at least 2 weeks before anyone could come out to check the problem due to their priorities. Ethel's appeals of the needs; baby's milk spoiling, freezer items would thaw, etc were met with polite negatives because the situation was out of the QM Officer's hands unless there was a real life or death emergency. Then Ethel, pretty well surrendering to his insistence, made what she considered a wisecrack; "I guess my husband will have to be disappointed, he'll just have to drink his Humbser beer warm, (this was from a local Nuremberg brewery). Less than a hour later, a truck pulled up to the building. Three men delivered a brand new, still in the crate refrigerator. After they had installed the new unit, Ethel noted that it must be about their break time. So she invited them to sit down and she served each of them a bottle of Humbser Beer. Priorities are important, you know.