

# DAYS OF OUR LIVES #179

## MAIL-call - PRESERVING FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

Your memoirs are most welcome to the ASA Turkey DAYS OF OUR LIVES and is an effort on my part to preserve the stories and memories of Army Security Agency veterans who served in Turkey during the cold war. My goal is to collect and to preserve the stories -- Someday someone, perhaps the grandkids or great grandkids or genealogy buffs will want to know what we did in our early lifetime. Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. Most of us live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect! One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of "I'm going to," "I plan on," and "Someday, when things are settled down a bit." – Please note that the monthly DOOL is in adobe PDF format and to copy an individual entry – . If anyone desires only a particular entry –, hi-lite the “select” button at the top of the PDF file, then move the mouse over the area desired with the left mouse button depressed. Ctrl “C” will copy to the clipboard & Ctrl “V” will paste the text into another document. If that doesn’t work - send me an email ([asagreenhorner@yahoo.com](mailto:asagreenhorner@yahoo.com)) and I will send that entry to you. When you send an email to me - PLEASE include the word ASA in the subject line to insure that I open it and not mistake it for SPAM.





**The dirt road down the hill from the Manzarali Station front gate to the village of Çerkezhoyük and then past Lake Golbosi and 23 miles later to Ankara**

dE PLANE, dE PLANE:

Roy Des Ruisseaux wrote in his memories about this road. This dirt road just outside the main gate was used as a landing strip for a single-engine plane the Army used to fly between our post and Det 4 in Sinop. Whenever the plane was landing or taking off we were sent to the bottom of the hill to keep cars and trucks from using the road/landing strip. One afternoon when I came into the PMO to start a swing shift, Cpl O'Leary told me to take a Jeep to the bottom of the hill as the plane would be taking off in 10 minutes. I took a Jeep and drove it to the foot of the hill about a mile from the main gate. I parked the Jeep sideways and waited for the plane to take off. No trucks came along as I was waiting. Ten minutes, no plane. Fifteen minutes, still no plane. After about 20 minutes I figured the plane had taken off, banked to the right and flown away. I decided to head back up the hill. As I rounded the last turn before the main gate I was greeted by the sight of a small plane headed toward me. I quickly pulled off the road onto the shoulder and watched as the plane climbed and went over me. He was probably 100 feet high by the time he got to where I was, but I wonder if the pilot's eyes were as big as mine were when he saw that Jeep.



Krn Giffhorn, Bill Walters, Mike Sprague, Gil Tenney

The above photo was taken at the 1966 Det 27 Unit day. The only ones ID'd is captioned above. Ken Giffhorn was the PBO at that time. Bill Walters was a 1LT and worked in operations. Mike Sprague was the post engineer and had replaced Joe Peisinger. Gil Tenney replaced Maj Rissi as the Ops Co commander. Maj Dick Caldwell from Det 66 is the one in uniform...The ID's were provided by Bill Walters. If you recognize anyone – please forward the names to me



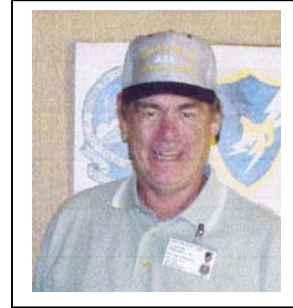
***This photo was taken at the USAF Museum in Dayton, Ohio. Looks like we have friends in the background!***



# TAPS

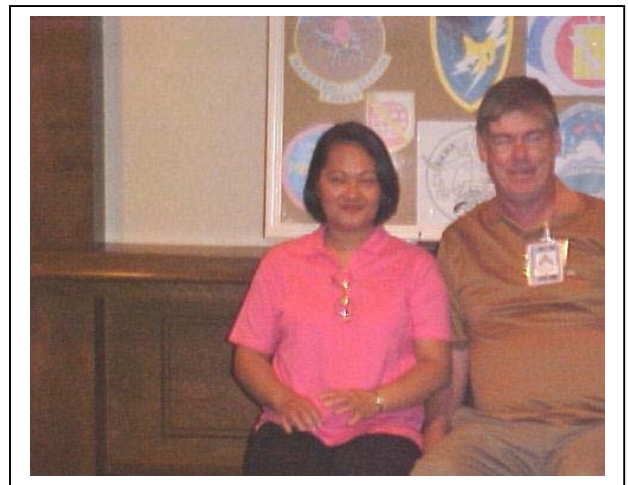
DesRUISSEAU, Roy YOB: 1941 DOD: 17 September 2007, E3 MP Hq Co Det 27, JN61-AU62, (Josie), 96 South Bishop Ave., Springfield, PA 19064, 610-622-3343, [desrx2@comcast.net](mailto:desrx2@comcast.net) <http://www.stormpages.com/robo/nudet27.htm>

The photo on the right was taken at the first ASA Turkey reunion at Fort Devens in September 2001. My recent emails to Roy Des Ruisseaux have been returned and on 13 September 2007 I called and talked with his wife Josie to find out why my emails were being returned and if they would be attending the 2007 reunion in Myrtle Beach. She informed me that they had planned to attend the reunion but that is now impossible as Roy has been in the hospital for the past 3 months and his prognosis is not good. In May he had a stroke and during tests it was discovered that he also has a brain tumor and his blood pressure remains very high. The above photo was taken at the first ASA Turkey reunion at Fort Devens.



The photo on the right is Roy and Josie DesRuisseaux And was taken at the 2002 ASA Turkey reunion in Hershey, PA.

The ASA tried to make Roy a ditty-bopper and in his own words he washed out and it was decided that he would make a good MP and was sent to Arlington Hall for training and then on to Manzarali Station. He enjoyed the assignment and in 1999 developed a website where he made his memoirs known and the website was <http://www.stormpages.com/robo/nudet27.htm>



Elder: I served with Roy at Det 27 and considered him my friend. He had a great sense of humor and was great story teller and writer. I personally will miss seeing that "big red nose" and friendly smile. God bless and rest in peace, Roy. My condolences to his wife Josie. Mike Comroe

My occupation as USPS Letter Carrier is almost like being back in the Army! I was at Fort Devens in April 1960 for 058 training but washed out! I was sent to AHS for MP Training until May 61 and then to Det 27. I was discharged a PFC with 27 months in grade; oh well! I enjoyed every minute of it too. Arrival - I arrived at Det. 27 in June 1961. I had been an MP at Arlington Hall Station for about a year. AHS was a spit-and-polish place, and MP's were always trying to get reassigned. I had several GIs offer to switch with me, but I was looking forward to seeing someplace new. When I arrived I

met two guys I had known in the States -- Driscoll, whom I had met at Ft. Deven's, and Dennis "Deke-the Deacon" O'Leary, with whom I had gone thru MP training at AHS. O'Leary would be my squad leader for most of my time in Turkey.

#### CABLE YARD AT MANZARALI



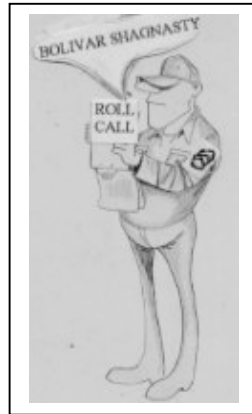
The first night on duty I was assigned to the cable yard as the MP and was given a flashlight and a billy club. I was told the Turks had been sneaking in and stealing cable and my job was to prevent this. About ten o'clock a voice called out from the direction of the OP's building about a 1/4-mile away. "Gibson, is that you?" "No," I shouted back. "Miller?" "Naw, you'll never get it. I'm the new guy," I answered. "Oh, OK," he said. I didn't think much about it until midnite chow, when a GI approached me. "Are you the MP that was in the cable yard?" he asked. "Yes, that was me." "Well, there was a reason I called out to you. The Turks who were patrolling the antenna field saw your flashlight and were getting ready to fire a couple of rounds at you." Whoa! Not exactly the way I wanted to start out at this place. Over the years I have looked back at this incident, and I believe I was sent to the cable yard as a test to see how I would handle it. I don't recall anyone else being sent there. We did occasionally play some pranks on the "yeni" MPs, though.

#### SINOP INCIDENT

A short time after my arrival at Det. 27 there was an incident at Sinop. This is the story as I heard it. There was a disturbance near the main gate of Sinop. A group of Turks were fighting and one of them was shot. When the police came to investigate, they asked what happened. One of the Turks pointed to a GI and said, "He shot the Turk." Something close to a riot erupted and the entire post went on alert. Two MPs from Det 27 flew up to Sinop to try to help out. By sending these MP's up to Sinop we were shorthanded and went on 12-hour shifts: noon to midnight and midnight to noon. We would work four days on with two days off, so it wasn't too bad. After a couple of months the MPs returned with "Williams," the accused GI. As things were still a little uncertain we put "Williams"

in the OPs building, the most secure place on the post. He had a bunk there and we brought him his meals. After a few months he was released to the general population of the post and I believe he was shipped out without further incident.

#### SHAGNASTY DOES TRAINING.



One of our least-favorite activities was the monthly "training" which we were usually given when we had come off mids. These mandatory "happenings" took up the better part of a day, covering such diverse topics as the \$50,000 pencil or how many squares of toilet paper were allotted to each GI in the entire Army. These talks were given by the NCOs, a well-meaning bunch of guys who probably didn't want to be there any more than we did. We used to joke that these were the guys who would lead us on a forced march to the sea if we should have to evacuate Det. 27. We knew most of these guys had trouble making it from the NCO Club to the barracks. The way they would check attendance was to hand out slips that we would fill out with our name, rank and service number. They would collect them and call out your name. You would answer, "Here!" One time they were calling out names. "Shagnasty!" Silence. "Bolivar Shagnasty?" Still no answer, but a few snickers. "All right, who's the wise guy?" the frustrated NCO asked. Still silence. "OK, we'll figure this out," he said. "As your name is called, stand up and go to the lobby of the theater." One by one the GIs got up as their names were called until the only name left was Shagnasty. When the sergeant looked up the theater was empty. Where was Shagnasty?

Gone! Vanished without a trace. No wonder his name is legendary through out the Intelligence community.

A SIGN of the TIMES. My roommate, Ed Larkin and I were working the main gate on the swing shift and we arrived we saw a very fancy sign that had been erected over the main gate. It was made of plywood and was a work of art. It was painted white with blue and red trim, it welcomed visitors to Manzarali Station Det. 27 etc We thought it silly to have a sign at this Top Secret post. About 1730 a U.S. Army semi with a large piece of equipment was returning to the post. The truck came to a halt and the GI driver looked at the sign and said, "What the hell is that?"

"It's our new sign," I said.

"Will I fit under it?" the driver asked.

"I don't think so," I said.

"Stand back!" the driver shouted as he put the truck in gear. I took a couple of quick steps back as he floored it. There was a loud crack and our new sign was now in two pieces. Larkin and I looked at each other in shock. Uh-oh, this could be trouble. Sure enough, five minutes later a car drove up with officers and civilians inside. A couple of them jumped out, obviously upset.

"What happened to our sign?" one of them asked.

"A truck with a large load came though and didn't make it," I told him.

"Well, you should have called us and we could have come down and raised the sign."

"Sorry, sir."

The next morning we were told to report to the PMO.. Uh-oh, trouble is a brewing. Larkin and I decided we'd better find the driver so we could all get our stories straight. We didn't want to hang him out to dry. We found him in the mess hall. "Hey, they want us at the PMO about the sign."

"Yeah, I know," he said.

"Well, what are we going to say?" I wondered.

"Well, I'm going to say I was on the Turk workman's bus checking passes," Larkin said, thus depriving me of the excuse I was going to use.

"Well, hmm, let's see," I said.

"I was writing down the Turk workman's bus number on the log sheet and saw you coming and waved you through, not noticing the height of your load."

Then the driver said, "OK. I was watching out for the buses and cars that were around the main gate and didn't see the sign as it wasn't there when I went out."

Brilliant, I thought. We went down to the PMO and repeated these stories and the officers bought it. When we returned to work that afternoon the sign was gone, never to be seen again.

#### dE PLANE, dE PLANE:

The road just outside the main gate was used as a landing strip for a single-engine plane the Army used to fly between our post and Sinop. Whenever the plane was landing or taking off we were sent to the bottom of the hill to keep cars and trucks from using the road/landing strip. One afternoon when I came into the



Above is Roy DesRussieux on duty at the Det 27 front gate in 1962

PMO to start a swing shift, O'Leary told me to take a Jeep to the bottom of the hill as the plane would be taking off in 10 minutes. I took a Jeep and drove it to the foot of the hill about a mile from the main gate. I parked the Jeep sideways and waited for the plane to take off. No trucks came along as I was waiting. Ten minutes, no plane. Fifteen minutes, still no plane. After about 20 minutes I figured the plane had taken off, banked to the right and flown away. I decided to head back. As I rounded the last turn before the main gate I was greeted by the sight of a small plane headed toward me. I quickly pulled off the road onto the shoulder and watched as the plane climbed and went over me. He was probably 100 feet high by the time he got to where I was, but I wonder if the pilot's eyes were as big as mine were when he saw that Jeep.

**BEN HUR FOR FREE:** Going to the movies was a good way to pass time. and for 25 cents it was cheap entertainment. "Ben Hur" was a big blockbuster at the time and cost \$1 to see. I had seen the film when I was in the States at Arlington Hall Station. One day a newly arrived 2LT started passing the word that there would be a free showing of "Ben Hur" at 1 a.m. The film had been showing at the Air Force Base in Ankara and had been sent to Site 23 by mistake. Many of us on the swing shift figured, why not? We arrived at the theater and they were asking for donations for the projectionist because he had to be awakened to show the film. I think I kicked in a dime. A few days later when we were getting ready for work the 2LT popped into our room. "Attention!" We all stood up. "Were any of you at the 'Ben Hur' film the other night?" "No, uh, no, sir, not me," we all lied. Then he was off to the next room. Since officers rarely set foot in our barracks, we smelled trouble right away. We found out later that word had gotten out about this showing and a fee of \$100 was due. The 2LT was trying to recoup as much as he could before dipping into his own pocket. I heard he didn't get too much back.

One afternoon I was in the PMO when O'Leary pulled me aside: "I've got a job for you. Take a Jeep, our Turk interpreter Nafiz and Sp4 'Jones.' You're going to go off-post to a local village." "What's up, Deke?" "Well, Sp4 'Jones' bought a horse in Ankara and is looking for a place to keep it a little closer to here," O'Leary said, rolling his eyes toward the sky. "Huh? You've got to be kidding!" I got the Jeep, Jones and Nafiz and headed out the main gate and down the main road. After a few minutes, Nafiz told me to pull off onto a road that was no more than a couple of tire tracks in the scrub brush. After bouncing along for a couple of minutes we came upon a small village sitting on a hillside with a stream running through at the bottom. Only about 10 or 15 houses, this village appeared quite a bit cleaner than others I had seen. We got out of the Jeep and were invited into the "mayor's" house. Though sparsely furnished, it was clean. The "mayor" took down a box from a shelf and passed it around. It was candy wrapped in colored foil. I took one and ate it. It wasn't bad. As Nafiz and Jones entered into negotiations, I drifted off with my thoughts, thinking, "Gee, this place isn't that bad, a rather bucolic setting with a babbling brook and animals in the fields and a cool breeze blowing through the open window. Sure, I could live in a place like this." "OK, we're finished," Nafiz said, bringing me back to the present. We bid



our farewells and got into the Jeep and headed back, and to tell you the truth I have no idea what became of that horse.

THE UGLE AMERICANS: Col. Von Oosten, a Bataan Death March Survivor, was Commander of Site 23 and LTC Dimpster Epperson was the XO and later in 1962 became commander of Det 27

As an attempt to start off with a clean slate he released a prisoner we had been holding in the post cell for a month or so. The prisoner's name was "Bill Cox," and he fancied himself as a professional criminal, a regular John Dillinger or Baby-Face Nelson. He was fond of wearing a white jacket with the collar turned up and black gloves. "Cox" was picked up one evening trying to break into the post office wearing his jacket and gloves. He was pretty easy to spot. He was given an Article 15 or was court-martialed and ended up in the PMO cell. He told me and other MPs that he wished they had sent him to the Air Force prison in western Turkey so he could learn from the mistakes of other prisoners. Such was the mentality of this punk.

After being released Cox hooked up with Jim Brisindeen and they were given the key to an apartment in Ankara by an Ops Co GI who felt sorry for Cox. They picked up a Turk female and took her to this apartment and had their way with her, but had no money to pay her for her services. An argument ensued and they took a knife and cut her and then vammoosed back to Manzarali in a Turk taxi. It is my understanding that Brisidine was married and his wife in the States was having a difficult pregnancy, so he had a request in for a hardship leave. Here's how I got involved in this incident: One evening while I was at the main gate a taxi pulled up and the driver got out holding his head and carrying a loaf of "Wonderbread" or some other American-made bread. He was speaking to me in Turkish and I really needed to get an interpreter down to the gate. Our new interpreter, Ali, came down and talked with the driver, who explained that he was bringing two GIs back to the post when one of them said he was feeling ill. The driver pulled over on the hill to the post and helped the sick GI lie down on the ground and was giving him smelling salts when the other GI hit him over the head with a club. He said he dropped to his knees but was able to see the two guys running off. When Ali asked him if he could describe either of them, the driver said one of them was wearing a white jacket and black gloves. "Cox," I told Ali, and we got the information to O'Leary. Shortly thereafter word came down to the main gate that there had been an incident in Ankara where a Turkish lady of the night had been cut up by some GIs. I was told to start sending all buses and cars to the PMO as the brass wanted to question everyone about this incident. I don't know at what point I started thinking that the two incidents might be related, but it was pretty soon after I got the info. I know at midnight chow most of the MPs who were working the swing shift thought this was probably true. We were all pretty wide awake at this time, as this was the biggest thing that had happened at Det. 27 during our time there, so we all headed over to the newly installed bowling alley. At about 2 or 2:30 a.m. we went back to the PMO to see if anything new had happened. It was during this time that one of the officers wanted to look at the log from the swing shift. After going over the log he wondered if maybe the two incidents might be related. It seemed he had

finally reached the same conclusion most of the MPs had several hours earlier. It was decided that in the morning our squad would split up into several teams along with several MPs from the day shift. We would go out and search several of the nearby villages to see if we could locate Cox and Brisidine or find someone who may have seen them. Ed Larkin, Pat Baker and I went together and went to a couple of villages without any success. At about noon we went back to post to eat and to map out where we would go in the afternoon. We decided to check out a quarry where they made pottery or bricks, I've forgotten which. It was located near the road that came from Det. 27 into the main road to Ankara. After looking around we decided we better get back as we would need to get ready to work the swing shift. As we were about to leave the quarry entrance we saw a couple of Jeeps and an Army staff car coming from Det. 27 heading out onto the highway to Ankara. "They must have caught them," we all said. "Let's head back." When we got back to post O'Leary told us that Cox and Brisidine were picked up a mile or so behind the ops building. They had on backpacks and were planning on walking to Lebanon. They were turned over to the Turkish authorities. I believe they were sentenced to 7 1/2 years. I wonder if they survived? I heard that Brisidine's hardship leave was approved a few days later.

#### AN AMERICAN HERO:

One of the most interesting GI's I encountered at Det. 27 was a guy named Ken Baldwin. I remember him usually sitting alone at midnight chow wearing his dress greens. He had been court-martialed and busted to private, though he had a hash mark on his sleeve meaning over three years' service. I didn't really get to know him, but I remember Ed Larkin telling me that Baldwin had showed him a newspaper clipping that said he was soldier of the month or outstanding soldier or something of that nature and he was quite proud of that. Baldwin's crimes were quite interesting. While I was in Turkey we were allowed to travel to Germany, purchase a car, drive it back, use it for the time there and then sell it to a Turk. GIs might get a car for \$1,000 and could sell it when they left for perhaps \$3,000. This was perfectly legal but could only be done once. What Baldwin did was pay GIs \$50 for their power of attorney, bring cars back in their name and resell them. Rumor had it that there were 50 cars sitting in Istanbul when he was caught. I also heard that he bought appliances at the Air Force Exchange and sold them on the black market. I had even heard he had sold the same refrigerator to more than one person. It all came to an end and the Army did what it had to do, but the Turks still had to mete out their punishment which was to banish him to a small village. When I arrived in June of 1961 they were trying to figure things out, and when I left in September 1962 they still hadn't resolved the issue. I believe it was the summer of 1965 and I was living in Washington, D.C. A former Det 27 friend, Jon Woods, had died in July in an accident and I attended a memorial service for him. It was there that I ran into several former Det 27 alumni, and conversation turned to a recent article in either TIME or NEWSWEEK about Ken Baldwin. He was banished to a small village named Kusadasi and became quite a hero helping out the villagers and almost becoming "mayor." I didn't see the article but was told it glossed over the wrongs he had done. I do recall reading some letters to the editor a few weeks later

praising him as an American Hero. HEADING HOME" In late August of 1962 I was relieved of duty. After clearing post I was put on a Pan Am 707 jet along with a couple of other Det. 27 troops heading back to the States. We had about an hour and a half layover at the airport in Rome and had a lunch in the restaurant, courtesy of the U.S. Army. We then flew on toward New York, but due to strong headwinds we had to refuel in Newfoundland before heading into the Big Apple. I said goodbye to my friends because they were going on leave before reassignment to other posts. I was headed to Fort Hamilton for separation. I arrived on a Friday and was given a two-day pass for the weekend. My 21st birthday was on Sunday. I think I went into NYC and checked into a low-rent hotel but don't recall doing much that weekend. I'm sure I called home (Baltimore) to let my father know I was back. On the following Wednesday I was separated with a 10-day early out and headed home. While I can't say my three years in the Army was the greatest time in my life, I wouldn't trade those years for anything in the world. I hope the pictures brought back some memories for any other ASAers who were stationed there. If you were stationed at Det. 27 in the 1961-62 era and you are aware of any of these stories I have retold, please forgive me if they aren't quite correct. It's been a few years since all this took place. Please feel free to email me with your recollections or just to say hello. Tomorrow Dec. 24th 2001 marks the 40th anniversary of getting drunk for the first time in my life. Manzarali NCO Club 1961. Fun night but spent most of Christmas day working in a guardshack and puking in the snow. Ah well, memories are made of this. See you in Hershey.

#### MP's and their 45's

I read with interest Rob Nearpass' story of the MP firing a round and being charged 17 cents for it. If that's all that happened he got off cheap. When I was there in 1961 and 62 we had something similar happen. We were not allowed to carry weapons on the main post but in the Ops area we carried loaded 45's or M1 carbines. Clips in the weapons, but no round in the chamber. When shifts changed the MP's on duty would unload the clip and the other MP coming on duty would put it in his weapon. The way we would do a 45 was to unload the clip then pull the slide back and lock it. Then after we exited the Ops area we would point the weapon at the ground or bottom of the vehicle we were in, release the slide and pull the trigger. That's the way it was suppose to be done. One day at the end of a day shift the MP's did there thing but either the day shift guy put the clip back into his weapon or the swing shift guy put it into the dayshift guys weapon. Anyhow the two day shift guys got into a 3/4 ton truck and the one with the 45 released the slide and pulled the trigger. From what I heard when the gun went off 2 MP's exited the truck so fast it was a site to behold. At some point the MP told Major Forrest Clark under whose command the MP's fell., and the MP was reduced from SP4 to PFC on the spot. I saw the truck the next day. The round didn't go through the floor, but put a mighty dent in it. These are the life long lessons one learns in the Army about covering your ass and keeping your mouth shut etc. They have been invaluable lessons that have helped me get through life!!



I know everybody loves the DAYS OF OUR LIVES newsletters and don't want them to end but I and several others are aware how much work is involved. What concerns me most is that (God forbid) if something happens to you or you get tired of doing this no one will take up the slack and we may loose contact with each other.

I just want to thank you for the great job you have been doing. I know it has been a major undertaking. I know just about everyone likes seeing all these stories and getting in touch with old or is that *OLD* buddies. As a webmaster I'm not too swift; I've been promising an updated site for at least a year. When my site went up in 1999 I found about six Det 27 guys who were already in touch with each other. It quickly grew to about 25 and we were sending e-mail pictures etc. When we got to about 50 or so we started having problems. About this time Mark Hamilton set up the Det 27 website and I kind of went south working on other projects.

I had a great time at the 2001 reunion, but puleeeeeesse don't send that picture of me again!!!! I look like I'm 3 sheets to the wind and it was only breakfast.

Didn't know about the Manzarali Mauler as being a protest paper, very interesting. I think the first official one was out in about July or August 1962. Not sure but someone, maybe Jack Bailey, has them and has sent out a few as attachments. I should have saved them to disk but probably didn't know I could do that then.

I had a biopsy of the prostate a couple of years back it was negative. I do occasionally have some bladder problems and had a cystoscopy (or something like that) which is a scope up the front. Yeow!!!. Lastly I will put in a self serving plug for my very obscure website of Det 27 for the newbies who have joined our band of brothers.

<http://www.stormpages.com/robo/nudet27.htm>

There are times when the past comes up and bites me in the ass and that was one of them. I think you are like me in that you have a great memory and can recall stuff from 30-40 years ago.

I always get a little bummed out when I try to remember first names and can't. Unfortunately Ed Larkin and Alan Chermack aren't any better. Well I'm rambling a bit here so I'll close. I am looking forward to Hershey looks like it'll be quite a bit bigger than Devens.

Elder: I've been reading the reports of the Sinop riot. Very interesting. I'm sure at some point I asked Bruce Mondale what happened, but I don't remember him saying much. As Charley Eberhard says he doesn't think Bruce was even at the main gate. I sent an e mail to Eberhard thanking him for the story. He seems to have a pretty fair memory. I told him it sounded like a good made for TV movie; pretty exciting stuff. I know we flew out of McGuire AFB on a MATs and spent a week or so in Frankfurt, Germany before flying Pan Am to Ankara. I came over

with 2 other MPs Daryl Wiltse who stayed with me at Det 27, the other guy whose name I can't remember was going to Sinop. Wiltse and this guy had been caught stealing hubcaps in Arlington Va. and were turned over to the Army. They both got 30 days hard labor at the Fort Belvoir jail. Daryl told me he'd never cleaned so many garbage cans in his life. - Morning to night. I myself had gotten an Article 15, two weeks punishment 2 hrs a day of details, really not too bad. I had been working a swing shift having just come back from a couple of days off. At Arlington Hall we were not allowed to eat, write letters, listen to music, or anything else. We were supposed to sit in these dumb little guard shacks and look out at nothing. Or you could go outside and stand and look at nothing. So on this particular evening I was sitting there and closed my eyes, didn't fall asleep, mind you, but it didn't really matter as the O.D. walked right by and up to the door of the shack before I knew it. Relieved of duty and an Article 15 for dereliction of duty. I think that helped get me out of Arlington Hall and the rest is history.

WILSON, WILLIAM J., (Bill), DOB: ? DOD: 24 July 2007, Det 4, 67, (Miriam), 9275 NW 45th St., Sunrise, FL 33351, 954-746-0825, [miriam.w@sistec.com.ve](mailto:miriam.w@sistec.com.ve)  
My good friend Norman Mau informs that Miriam Wilson sent email reporting the passing of her husband and that he was interned at Arlington Cemetery with full honors.

I contacted Bill on 30 May 2004. . Bill Wilson is a native of Queens, NY. Enlisted in NY on 19 July 1965 and because he was 21 and the oldest of the enlistees was put in charge for the bus ride to Fort Dix. Said that basic was a cakewalk, but did not attend the graduation as he was in the post hospital. Upon release from hospital - reported back to his company who were celebrating a award they had gotten for graduating everyone. They apparently had falsified the records by forgetting about Bill Wilson. To rectify their error, they cut orders graduating him and sent him on his way to Fort Devens for AIT in MOS 26K. After that training was sent to NSA at Fort Meade for additional training. After that training was sent to Sinop. Landed in Ankara via PAN AM and later found himself and others boarding a Turkish bus for the cramped 14 hour ride to Sinop in April 1967 where he spent 1 year as a 26K20 which was later converted to 33B, 33C, & 33D. Arrived as a PFC and left as a SP5, and was assigned to maintenance at the 'Bubble' (Morehead). Here are some reflections and memories he'd like to share with all that served on the 'HILL': The CO was LtCol Sam Bistany who was not liked by the troops. The Otter buzzing the quad when the pilot had new mail. The Savings Bond revolt that got the CO in trouble. Having the medical clerk 'lose' my eyeglass prescription and having to be sent to Ankara for 4 days when my eyeglasses 'broke'. There was a low-power radio station that was established in 1957 at Sinop. The Turk's found out and it was shut down. I was tasked with wiring the entire post with KBOK, (when the Turks said we couldn't transmit) using old 4 pair tel-com cable, and putting a speaker with volume control in each room. The DJ that played Tex Ritter's "Blood on the Saddle" for 3 hours when no one would call in to request another country or western song. The CO was PO'd.

I can't remember the name of the young Lieutenant that paid for his gorgeous blond wife to come over and spend the summer. She made us all proud as we escorted her thru town. I remember we weren't allowed to 'look' at their women and for sure they weren't going to 'look' at ours. Ivan's 'fishing' boats off shore. Great memories all. After leaving the Hill, was sent to Vint Hill Farms where they sent him back to school at NSA and again to Deven's for 33F training. During his 4 year hitch spent 127 weeks in school. ETS'ed in July 1969 as a SP6. Owns a MOTOROLA distributorship in Venezuela along with his wife, and have homes in Venezuela and Florida.

Looking forward to hearing from some old ASA friends. Does anyone know how I could reach SP5 Dave Trulove (a Morehead 98J)?? Thanks for a great DOOL. I hope to keep in touch

## **DO ANY OF YOU DITTY-BOPPERS REMEMBER DOING THIS?**

The following ditty-bop pranks were used at Bad Aibling and I extracted the article so that it might just jog ASA Turkey ditty-boppers into remembering similar stunts. Doug Gitt's memory jogger, "Torching a pile of carbon paper under a sleeping co-worker." did just that! Sometimes it was very difficult staying awake on the Mid trick during lulls in 'business.' Especially if you came to work with a load of beer on board!

If you went to sleep you could bet that you'd wind up with a "hot-foot." For those with failing memories, a hot-foot is made by sticking two or more stick matches, head first into the gap between the boot top and sole. The wood sticks were ignited and when the flame reached the match heads they would burst into an impressive flare. The resulting hot foot was equally impressive, with the recipient jumping up and down stomping his foot like he was at a West Virginia hoedown, usually screaming obscenities!

One night, an operator, still half blown away from his pre-shift trip to town, couldn't stay awake no matter how hard he tried. Knowing what to expect if he did go to sleep he got the bright idea of sticking his feet down into a trash can half full of carbon paper. There was no way to get to his feet for a hot-foot. So another guy, equally innovative, simply set the carbon paper on fire. The flames were up past the poor guy's knees when he finally woke up and since his both of his feet were jammed down in the trash can, he couldn't get away from the flames.

The following performance, with him rolling around on the floor trying to kick the can off his feet, the flames up around his legs, and the non-stop profanity earned him a standing ovation that night!

Amazingly, he wasn't burned, something nobody even thought or cared about because everyone just set there laughing at this poor guy. He was now very mad, alert and sober, not necessarily in that order, for the rest of the night!

Al Poland , Bad Aibling , 54-56



**MAIL CALL – In alphabetical order**

**Please note that I prepared this DOOL before going to North Myrtle Beach and that DOOL #180 will have info on the 2007 reunion and will include many photo's.**

**AUSBROOKS, Sonny, 059, Det 4, 64-65**

**BIERBAUER, Charles, 988RU, Det 4, 61-62**

**REED, Leo, Maint, Det 27, 65-67**

RUBENDALL, Ben, 286.10 Det 27, SE60-JL62

SINOR, Wal, F&AO Det 27, JA62-JL63.

VETOVITZ, Mike, S2 Hq Co Det 27, 62-65

WALTER, George, 05K Det 4, 72-73

WOLFE, Walt, S4, Det 27, 62-66

AUSBROOKS, Cecil B. RA15702917, E3-E5 059 Det 4, SE64-AU65, (Elaine), 8552 Doveton Circle, Vienna, VA 22182 703-356-7247, [auscb@cox.net](mailto:auscb@cox.net) - Sorry for not responding sooner. I really look forward to the monthly DOOLs. Below is a picture of my wife and I on our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration at the Biltmore Estate in Ashville, NC on April 8<sup>th</sup> 2006. We will be in North Myrtle Beach, SC on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of Sept thru the 27<sup>th</sup>. We are staying at the Quality Inn & Suites, 1601 Hwy 17 North, North Myrtle Beach, SC.

We plan to attend the reunion and will call for reservations for the dinners, etc.

Cecil B Ausbrooks RA15702917

USASA 05K

Det 4 Sept 64 – Aug 65

VHFS Sept 65 – Jan 68





Cecil Ausbrooks at Devens

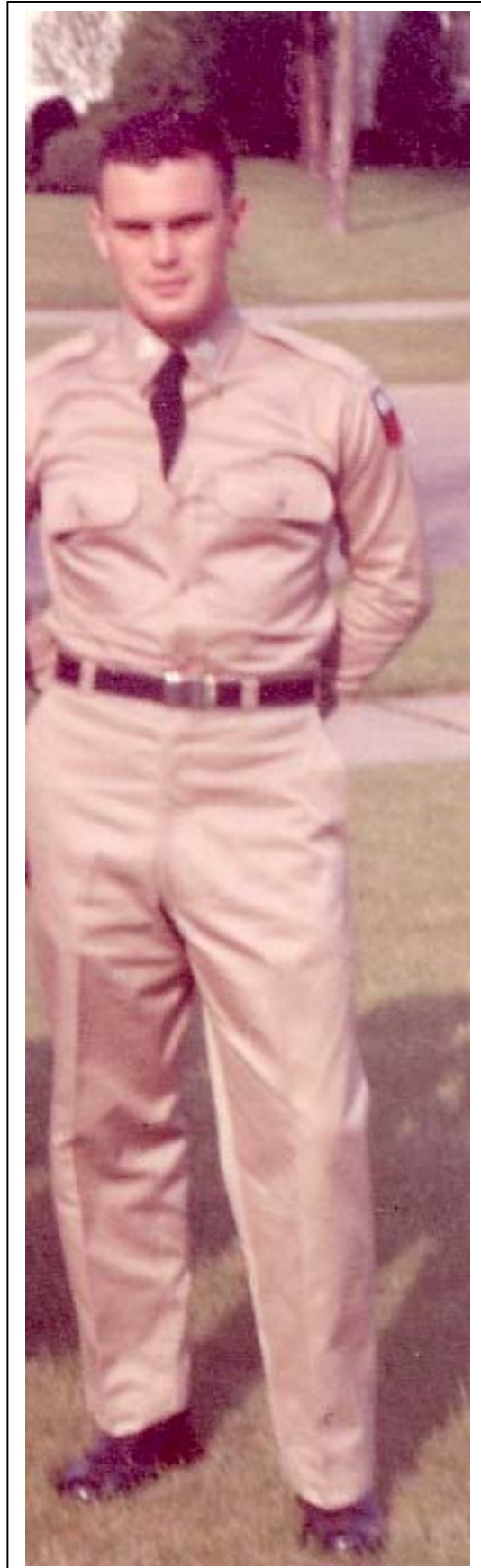
Bayard, John B., YOB: 1938, RA15643126, E3/4, 059, TK3?, Det 27,  
DE61-JN63, 1735 Swinburne Ave., Crofton, MD 21114, 410 451-1653,  
[jbbayard@comcast.net](mailto:jbbayard@comcast.net)

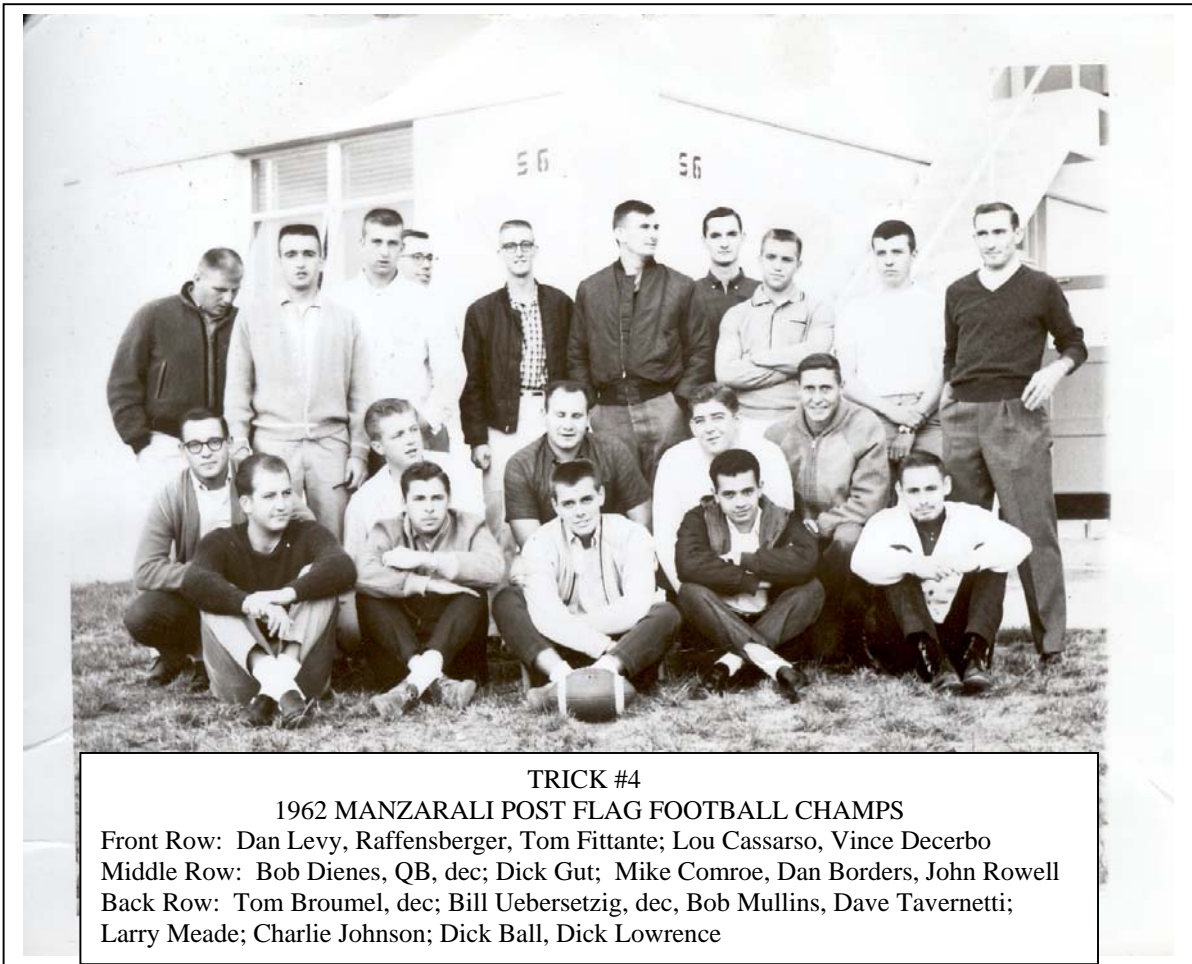


Elder,

This is the only photo I have of myself, that I know of, while I was in the ASA. It was taken in 1961 when I was 23 years young, It was between basic at Fort Dix and PCS to Fort Devens. Note the First Army patch on my left shoulder.

I recently came across the below photo. Looks like one of the Det 27 flag football teams. Maybe TK#4. It was probably 1962. If you post it in the DOOL, maybe there'll be some ID hits.





Below is a write-up on Charles Bierbauer who served at Det 4 as a Russian linguist. The write-up is from a google.com entry and sill be expanded once I meet with him at the reunion.



Charles Bierbauer has built a highly respected career in broadcast journalism. From 1981-2001, he was a correspondent for CNN in Washington, where he covered the Supreme Court, the Bush and Reagan administrations and the presidential campaigns from 1984-2000.

Bierbauer became the first dean of the newly merged College of Mass Communications and Information Studies in July 2002. Bierbauer began his career as a radio reporter for WKAP radio in Allentown, Pa., in 1963. But he is no stranger to print journalism, having written for his hometown newspaper The (Allentown) Morning Call. He was a reporter with the Associated Press in Pittsburgh from 1967-68 and a correspondent in Bonn for the Chicago Daily News.

From 1977-81, he was an overseas correspondent for ABC News, first as Moscow Bureau Chief and later as the Bonn Bureau chief. Prior to that, he worked in Philadelphia, London, Bonn and Vienna as a correspondent for Westinghouse Broadcasting.

In 2001 he was reporter and producer for a Discovery Channel documentary on the World Trade Center/Pentagon attacks.

Bierbauer is a graduate of Penn State, where he earned a bachelor's degree in Russian as well as bachelor's and master's degrees in journalism.

He remained involved with Penn State as a lecturer and as a member of the College of Communications Board of Visitors and as a member of the alumni association's Communications Advisory Board.

He served as a member of the national Council for Media & Public Affairs at George Washington University and is on the advisory board for the Washington Center for Politics and Journalism.

In 1997, he won an Emmy for anchoring CNN coverage of the 1996 Olympic Park bombing in Atlanta. He also is a recipient of the ACE Award from the Association for Cable Excellence and the Overseas Press Club Award for his reporting of the Yom Kippur War.

In 2006, USC's Mortar Board honor society awarded Bierbauer its Excellence in Teaching Award. He was nominated for the award by a student in his Media and Government Maymester class.

Dean Bierbauer is married to Susanne Schafer, formerly the Pentagon

correspondent for the Associated Press. He has four children and six grandchildren.

Charles Bierbauer is well known as a highly respected broadcast journalist. He was a news reporter and bureau chief in the US and abroad for many years. For nearly twenty years he worked for CNN for which he won an Emmy for anchoring covering of the 1996 Olympic Park bombing in Atlanta. He was a recipient of the ACE Award from the Association for Cable Excellence and the Overseas Press Club Award for his reporting of the Yom Kippur War. He was also the host of Newsmaker Saturday, a weekly report featuring in-depth interviews with leading newsmakers for a decade. As a correspondent for CNN in Washington, he covered the Supreme Court, the Bush and Reagan administrations and the presidential campaigns. From 1977-81, he was an overseas correspondent for ABC News, first as Moscow Bureau Chief and later as the Bonn Bureau chief. In 2001 he was reporter and producer for a Discovery Channel documentary on the World Trade Center/Pentagon attacks.

Bierbauer became the first dean of the newly merged College of Mass Communications and Information Studies in July 2002.

Bierbauer is a graduate of Penn State, where he earned a bachelor's degree in Russian as well as bachelor's and master's degrees in journalism.

REED, Leo K E3-E5 TTY Maint Det 27, 65-67, Medford, OR  
[leo\\_k\\_reedsr@yahoo.com](mailto:leo_k_reedsr@yahoo.com)

Mr. Green, I assume that is what they call you now days. I was Sp5 Leo K. Reed and the In Charge person for the TTY crew and the only General Crypto Tech for the Comm Center. I replaced Asa Carson as the NCOIC in the teletype room. Huey Deville replaced me ... sort of ... I did not leave but the position was an E6 slot and if I took it then I would have locked up the range of slots for promotions. I told them to give it to Huey and thus ... 7 people were promoted in the next 2 or 3 months shortly before they sent us all to Vint Hill and on to VN. I got called out of the auditorium by the Colonel on the stage who took everyone to Fort Bragg for Vietnam training ... and sent back to headquarters company. I went in that evening to say good bye to all that left the next morning. Anyway, I think that I emailed you a couple years ago about this. The trichloroethylene is a proven cancer causer. Although ... this admin in WDC is side stepping it as much as they can. (There are a potential 70 million contaminated people such as I world wide) It will eventually come foreward ... but why pay for damages ... if we could just drag our feet until 69 million of them die. While usage has curtailed ... it is still being used heavily otherwise. It is the substance of "A Civil Action" starring John Travolta and also the substance of the movie by Julia Roberts "Erin Brokavitch". Then ... Hillary Clinton did succeed in the "Camp LeJune" lawsuits for Marines and families drinking the water there. It was coming to a full scale exposure when Geo Bush took office. He disenfranchised the EPA who answered to Congress and put it under the DOD who answers to the President. And then he and Cheney stiff armed the whole train of lawsuits pending on the damage of TCE. They then redefined the issues of Trichloroethylene with mountains of

beauracracies and a new NIOSH department of scientists specifically hand picked to say that there are no problems with TCE polution. EPA that still has the name is really DOD driven and very careful to word all paperwork emanating from them.

How ever, I am getting closer to my objective myself, although I am also getting closer to death. I am now getting VA to pay for my medical ... finally ... as of this week. But that does not take me back to the battle I have been fighting for for the last ... 40 years??

Hmmm ... we are getting the first rain we have enjoyed all summer. I am now living in a little town just outside of Medford, Oregon called "Gold Hill". Rogue River runs through it. And yes, it was a gold run here back in those days. I previously spent 30 years on Whidbey Island in the upper middle of the Puget Sound near Seattle.

But that is beside the point.

Barely a day goes by that I do not remember Det 27 in one way or another. After 40 years ... I still carry much of the slang in the back of my mind. But my wife left me as soon as we got back almost.

We did have 2 children that are each very successful.

I am now trying to survive. I am ok in that Social Security pays enough to support my wife and I and VA now is my Hospital (in Roseburg Oregon) about 80 miles north of my trailer house. And I am sorry that I missed the get together for the people of Manzerali Station and Gerikazuk.

You take care.

Leo K. Reed.

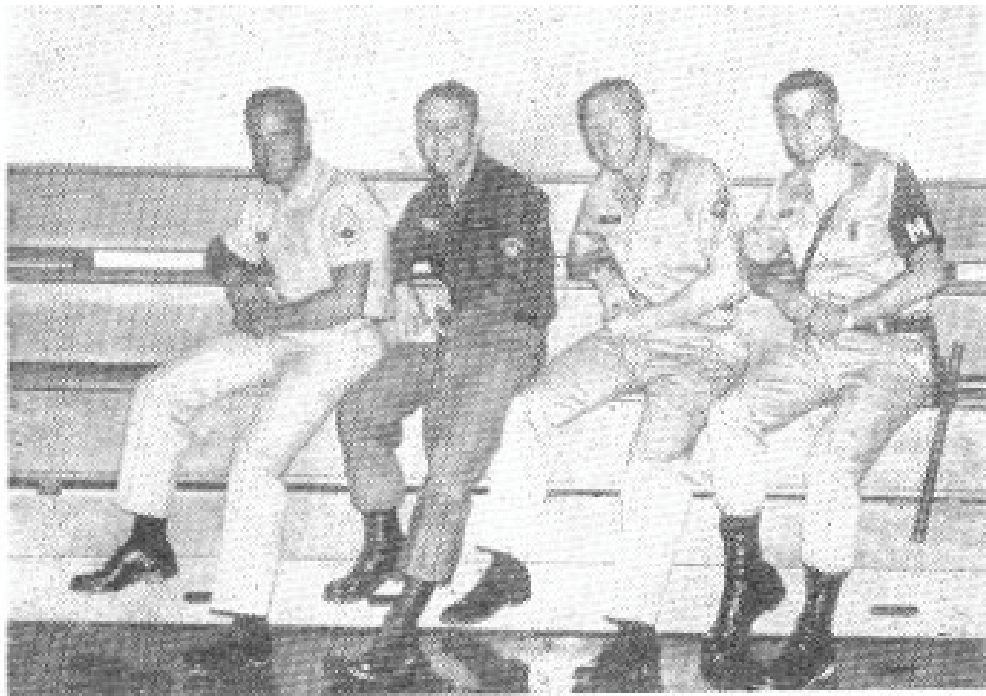
RUBENDALL, Ben RA16644188 E3-E5 286.10 Det 27, SE60-JL62, 3407 N Trainer Rd., Rockford, IL 61114, 815-636-0746, [benbale@aol.com](mailto:benbale@aol.com)

SINOR, Walter YOB 1942 RA18623177 E3-E4 732/733 F&AO Det 27, JA62-JL63, (Betty), 6283 Laramie Cir., Chattanooga, TN 37421, 256-996-0728, [waltersinor@yahoo.com](mailto:waltersinor@yahoo.com) – Please note new address and email.



VETOVITZ, Mike YOB 1942 RA13776597 E3-E5 S2 Hq Co Det 27, 62-65, (Elaine), 2430 Cherrywood Ln., Bath, PA 18014, 610-837-1770, no email

The following photo is from the July 1965 Manzarali Mauler newsletter:



The Headquarters and Service Company Intramural Archery Champions for 1965. From left to right, Staff Sergeant John R. Cannon, Specialist 5 Mike Vetovitz, Specialist 4 Edward R. Cole and Private First Class Wayne Cash.

I contacted Mike Vetovitz on 6 September 2007 and discussed his 3 year stay at Det 27 as a clerk typist in S2. Mike informs that he has not kept in touch with any friends in Turkey. He remembers the Hqs Company Commander and First Sgt; Cpt Freddie Musgrove and 1SG Hamilton respectively. Enlisted at Scranton-Wikes-Barre and took basic at Fort Gordon and then sent to Fort Polk for clerk typist training. After this was sent to Turkey with duty in the S2 section. Enjoyed his time at Manzarali, but does not remember any names, except a Jimmy Orr who was from Boys Town. Was friends with a GI who owned a 190SL Mercedes. Did not frequent the Det 27 NCO Club much, but did go to the Air Force NCO Club in Ankara. Says that he by-passed the kari-hani and instead dated a Peace Corps female for a short time. Remembers flying to Sinop twice for a few days each time. Remembers the Cox incident that happened about 6 months before he got there. Played flag football with the Hqs Co team. In fact he extended and served 3 years at Det 27. Had a Turkish puzzle ring and still has a solid silver cigarette case with Yeni Harmon cigarettes therein. Remembers that the Turks really liked SALEM cigarettes. While there he purchased a 1965 Austin Healy

3000 roadster for \$2800 dollars and as a E5 had it shipped home free. Took a European out and travelled thru out Europe. He raced the Austin Healy at Watkins Glen with a PA friend who owned a Triumph. Traded the Healy in for a new Thunderbird shortly after getting married. Retired from Bethel Steel in 1997. Also owned and operated a hotel and restaurant during that time. Has had open-heart surgery and takes care of his health. Would like to attend a ASA Turkey reunion in the future. Took my name, address and phone number and will send me orders and photo's when he finds them.

WALTER, George J YOB 1951 E3-E4 05K Det 4, JN72-SE-73, (Kathleen), 18 Forest Pl., Towaco, NJ 07082 973-334-7422, [gjwalter@optonline.com](mailto:gjwalter@optonline.com)  
I saw your posting of July 30th about the Reunion for Turkey ASA personnel. I was an 05K at Sinop from June 1972 to Sept 1973 working in the Ops bubble, then Vint Hill Farms until May 1974. Can you give me any info about future reunions for Det 4 or ASA? Unfortunately we will be at our time share in New Orleans during the Sept 23-26th 2007 reunion. We were married there on April Fools Day 1998. I was drafted in 1971 into the Regular Army, but 6 days later re-enlisted for ASA duty. Took basic training at Fort Dix and next to Devens for ditty school where I passed 14-17 wpm and sent to Non-Morse training and upon completion was awarded the MOS of 05K. My next assignment was TDY to NSA at Fort Meade for UHF/VHF training and then on to Turkey and duty at Det 4. LtCol Crowell was the post commander and his wife was there. I do remember a Paul Cutter who got caught up in drugs and was sent to the regular army for discipline, etc. While there I bowled and remember spending 10 days at Incirlik bowling in the MSC tournamet, I think we drank more beer than we hit the pins. Also how do I get on the mailing list for future events? I live in Towaco, NJ. I can be reached at 973-334-7422.

Thanks,

George J Walter

I have to thank the ASA for some of my most memorable experiences of my life, especially flying. Born & raised in Paterson, NJ, 25 miles west of NYC, until joining ASA I had hardly ever been out of NJ. I even had basic at Ft Dix in New Jersey. I think until I was 20 years old the only thing I left NJ for was to watch the Yankees play baseball & the Giants play football at Yankee Stadium & Army play football at West Point.

My first flight was on Eastern Airlines from Newark, NJ to Boston, MA. The plane went up at a 45 degree angle for 15 minutes then down at 45 degrees. The stewardesses had just enough time to collect tickets before we landed. As we came down over Boston Harbor all I saw ahead of us was the sea wall at the end of the runway. We were headed right for the wall like the pilot went thru Kamikaze school. I thought we were going to crash on my first flight. I promised myself if I ever had to fly again it would not be sober. Little did I know that being in the ASA meant that I wouldn't do too many things sober any more.

After 05k school & UHF/VHF Signal Analysis school at NSA it was off to Sunny Sinop by the Sea aboard Pan Am & THY with Paul Kutter. We sat right next to

the galley across the Atlantic. When the stewardesses found out we were military it was open bar all night. After changing planes in Paris we flew to Rome. The pilot announced that if we wanted, we could visit the terminal during our lay over. After flying over the ruins of the Coliseum we landed at Leonardo da Vinci airport. The terminal looked like it was built around the same time. They were doing construction on the entrance so we had to walk thru all kinds of construction rubble then up long wooden planks thru a hole in the side wall of the terminal. It looked like it was used for artillery practice. Good thing I had enough to drink so the shaky planks seemed perfect the way I staggered up them.

The last leg of the trip was an adventure. Sat down on THY & tied the seat belt around my waist. I felt like I was in my Grandmother's over stuffed chair, not an airline seat. I looked on the map before leaving the World to see where Samsun was, right on the coast like Boston. Oh great I thought, another landing into a sea wall. Boy was I WRONG! THY came over the mountains from Ankara & headed straight down at the runway. Along the side of the runway I happened to see another THY plane in the dirt. But there was something strange about it. Then I notice it didn't have any wings, just the fuselage. I closed my eyes & kept praying that the pilot would change his mind & land coming in from the sea. No such luck, but at least we made it in one piece. While waiting to get our baggage a C-130 landed coming in off the sea. I turned to the guy from the Hill who met us & asked why THY didn't land off the sea & he said "THY has to land into the wind because they can't reverse their engines to stop." That's when I knew for sure ASA was out to get me.

I found the below form in my ASA memento folder and get a chuckle everytime I read it. I suspect that it is a form that was written shortly after Det 4 became operational and was sent back home by other veteran's like me. Hope you enjoy it.

Headquarters  
Tuslog Detachment Four  
APO New York 09133

To the Wife/Girl Friend/Fiance/Mistress:

To the friends, relatives and neighbors of George Walter  
\_\_\_\_\_.

Notice of solemn warning, this 15th day of August, 1973

Lock your daughters in their rooms, fill the icebox with beer and the real stuff, not the 3.2 variety – and in bottles not cans. Then get the civies out of moth balls.

Very soon the above named will be in your midst: dehydrated, demoralized, demobilized and somewhat depraved to take his place in life, liberty and the somewhat delayed pursuit of happiness. In making your preparations to welcome him back to organized society, you must make allowances for the crude environment that has been his miserable lot for the past 15 months. In other

words, he might be a little Asiatic, suffering from too much Sinop and a little too much of the "Hill"!

Therefore, show no alarm if he prefers to sit on his haunches, instead of sitting on a chair. Keep cool, when he pours gravy on his dessert and mixes peaches with his potatoes. He has become quite accustomed to these and many other strange and seemingly unedible mixtures of food. Be tolerant when he takes the mattress off of the bed and puts it on the floor to sleep. Just smile knowingly when he smashes the family car while driving in town doing 80 miles per hour. He has had little or no driving practice since leaving home. Think nothing of it when he shoots all the dogs in the neighborhood, it's only force of habit. Don't let it shock you when he answers the phone with "Merhaba" and finishes with "Allaha Ismarladik"!

For the first week after arriving home, he should not be allowed to go to the movies, except the drive-in and then he must go alone. After becoming used to the theater on the Hill, where there are only poor unfortunates like himself, some of the remarks he might make would not be in the best of taste in America. Break him in with TV, but only small amounts at a time. He may have forgotten what this strange machine really is.

For the first few weeks until he becomes housebroken, be especially watchful when he is in the company of females. Particularly young and beautiful types. After months of seeing women covered with shawls, he can't imagine any other types. When in their company, his intentions are sincere and heartfelt, even though thoroughly dishonorable and distasteful. Never mention the words "brown beggars" or "dependents" or the phrase, "Buy me cigarettes". If you do, he may run from the room screaming "Cok Fina". In a relatively short time he can be taught English again and it won't cost much to fix the family car.

Be especially watchful when he is in town, so that he doesn't get run down by a car or bus. He has become particularly accustomed to walking down the middle of the street. Bear with him if he continually honks the horn while driving the family car, he may have ridden with one too many Turkish drivers – this habit may be hard to understand unless one has experienced Turkish driving. Never greet him in the Turkish language, as he may leave home never to return.

If there are any Turkish people in town, warn them of his impending return. He may return with a strong dislike for Turkey and it's customs.

Never ask him if the boys down the street held a higher rank than he and make no flattering remarks about the armed forces such as the Air Force, the Navy, the Marines and above all, never mention the Army in his presence. This man will go crazy if you mention: transfers, re-ups, tour of duty, extensions, or the poor guys down in Ankara, and he has good reason to!!!

Keep in mind that beneath his pallid, but rugged exterior, there beats a heart of gold. Treasure it, as it may be the only thing of value he has left. Treat him with kindness and tolerance and you will be able to rehabilitate that which is now just a hollow shell of the happy civilian you once knew.

P.S. Be sure to keep the girls, kids and the normal drivers off of the street. He is heading west in 30 days. Send no more mail to Tuslog Det Four, APO NY 09133 after

August 30, 1973.

Good Luck!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Coming home was just as nice. Frankfurt airport had an air traffic controller strike. London had one of the worst thunder storms I had ever experienced. We were 6 hours late, supposed to land at 2200 the night that Bobby Riggs played Billy Jean King in tennis. My parents arrived at JFK at 2100 to pick me up & the bars closed at 2200. My father is 1/2 German & 1/2 Irish. When I landed at 0400 the first thing he told me was that ALL the bars closed at 2200. My mother told me he checked every bar in the terminal hoping at least one of them was still open. He couldn't understand how an airport that was open all night could operate with every bar closing at 2200.

After that flight, whenever I flew home, my mother picked me up without my father. He would take me to the airport but I just realized as I am writing this 34 years later, that he never came to pick me up again. I'll have to call him & ask him about this tomorrow.

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 - 1957 - Istanbul, Turkey Just as we were getting settled in an apartment after our household goods arrived, Ethel, 4 to 5 months pregnant, started having a miscarriage, so we took her to the local hospital (Hastahani). Unfortunately nothing could save the baby. The next morning, the head doctor with his entourage, came through the ward stopping at each bed for the what appeared to be normal procedures of discussions by the staff and the head doctor. Watching, it seemed to be a ritual, and very formal in nature and business-like.

When the crowd arrived at Ethel's bed, the Head Doctor asked her in American-accented English, "How are you feeling this morning, Mrs. Wolff?"

She replied, "I feel sick."

He paused for a moment and more murmured, than spoken said, "Yes, you were, yes you were." Then he went into a paroxysm of laughter, grabbing the end rail of the bed, and sitting down on the foot of the bed as if his legs were too weak. From the looks on the faces of his people, they were as perplexed as Ethel and I were.

When the doctor finally composed himself, he spoke rapidly to his people (in Turkish, of course). Then, they too began laughing, hooting and howling.



Finally, when things began to settle down, the doctor said, "Mrs. Wolff, I was in your country for many years studying, so I understand your language quite well. Here in Turkey, you are either ill or hasta. because the Turkish word spelled 'S', 'I', 'K' is the same as your four letter 'F' word."

*Return this pass to concerned office for delivery to TGS before departing Turkey*



*Not: Bu belge görev hatamında bulunduğu yere geri verilmelidir.*

Belge No. : 39763

Sınıf ve rütbesi : Karaci Er PVT

Adı ve soyadı : M. N. Hamilton

Doğ. T. ve yeri : Washington 1943

Verildiği tarih : 27.7.1964

Kıtası : TUSLOG Muf 27

Yukarda hüviyeti yazılı ve fotoğrafı bulunan A. B. D. Silâhlı Kuvvetleri mensubudur. Kendisine 6375 ve 6427 sayılı Kanunla kabul edilen NATO Kuvvetler Statüsünün bahsettiği kolaylıkların teminini rica ederim.

Genelkurmay Başkanlığı  
NATO Hukuki ve İdari İşler Ş. Md.

GÜLŞEKİN GÜLŞEKİN  
Hakim Bnb

**INSTRUCTION**

1. This Military Pass is to be used as an identification card when dealing with Turkish authorities.
2. It is to certify that the owner is a member of U. S. A. Army.
3. This Pass does not authorise the owner to enter forbidden zones.
4. Any Military owner of this Pass is privileged to receive a % 50 reduction on rail road fares provided the owner is on Official Leave (Produce your leave orders).
5. Call 126571 (TGS. NATO Legal and administrative bureau) when necessary.

Issued by the Turkish General Staff Aid Liaison Bureau.

**Military Pass**  
**For**  
**U. S. A. Army Personnel**



Amerikan Silâhlı Kuvvetleri  
Mensuplarına Özel  
Askerî Belge