

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #219

HAVE A GREAT 2011

I've reached the ripe old-age of 74 with fanfare fm Patty who is 71. Both senior citizens and proud that we've been blessed with two fine boys and good health. It's been 10 years that Ronnie Deese and I brainstormed the Det 27 and 4-4 reunion idea. It was initially to be for our TA gang at Manzarali and Karamursel, but it wasn't long that we encountered barriers that soon led to the decision to organize the reunion for all who served in Turkey as ASA'ers. We admit that we've had our ups and downs trying to get the monthly DOOL's sent to Chuck Bergmann who relays them for us.

I believe that the grassroots support that originally gave our missives (HOUR GLASS, FOCK Rock, et al) its appeal creating the spirit of sharing yore memories - have faded into biting rebukes and into the delete or recycle bins of PC's. This nagging thought bothers us. In the beginning there was a sense and spirit of camaraderie, but now it is lacking from the original contributors and I suggest that we let bygones be bygones. It's worth noting - in retrospect, its funny an inevitable, the outrageous things U remember.

Unfortunately, the old joke is true: "TOO SOON OLD, TOO LATE SMART." I need everyone's input for the DAYS OF OUR LIVES MISSIVES. I try and keep the DOOL simple, credible and sensible in fashioning my thoughts in a judicious way to bridge up unknowns that might open the door of long forgotten memories by tossing tidbits here and there. There are no sacred cows in my backyard and I've said it many times before, but it bears repeating unequivocally, whatever my flaws are, and there are many, I remain optimistic and upbeat even though I haven't heard from a lotta vet's!

TO ONE AND ALL, THE BEST TO ALL IN 2011 and again I urge the procrastinators to get in touch with me at asagreenhornet@comcast.net or by calling 724-349-7395 or 724-388-2510.

With that said I now want all to know that we lost one of the original subscribers to my missives. Namely Mike Findley, a ex-ditty bopper who served at Det 4-4 and Phu Bai.

Below in the TAPS section I have tried to list his words in emails that he sent to me. Mike had a hard life after he left the ASA with 2 divorces, 4 children and many bouts with booze and drugs, but he took it in stride with what his troubled life had to offer and without regrets. In DOOL #37 - I wrote: Even though Mike Findley is a missionary cheesehead, he is as BIG a Chicago Bears fan as I am a Pittsburgh Steelers fan. Also, Mike has been one of the best contributors to these missives and it was because of him that my ASA Turkey newsletters are called the "DAYS OF OUR LIVES". For the NEW GUYS, the earlier missives were titled: "HOURGLASS" and "FOCK ROCK" respectively.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DET 27 PATCH



The Turk in the Det 27 patch is a beloved character of Turkish folktales named Nasreddin Hodja. He has been riding his old donkey backwards for centuries! For additional information use www.google.com and type in Nasreddin Hodja for some interesting write-up. The name of the GI who designed the Det 27 patch in 1966 is not known at this time. When the patch was first made, a mistake was made on the spelling of MANZARALI and it was re-done.

2011 ASA TURKEY REUNION

will be

in

Valley Forge/King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

at the

Radisson Hotel

8-11 September 2011

Room rate: \$82.80 + tax = \$90. + hot breakfast

To make reservations: 610-337-2000

And state that you will be attending the ASA Turkey reunion

All individual reservations must be guaranteed with a major credit card and will not be charged until check out. Anyone can cancel 24 hours before scheduled arrival without penalty.

So make your Radisson reservations now
Mike and Jane Comroe who live in nearby Audubon have agreed to co-host the reunion

Elder & Patty:

Several points of interest come to mind and Jane and I will be working with the Philadelphia Tourist Bureau sometime after the first of the year:

1. Independence Hall
2. The Liberty Bell
3. The Philadelphia Mint.
4. Many museums, list to follow.
5. Elfreth Alley, the oldest continuous occupied street in the U.S.
6. Admiral Dewey's Flagship, The Olympia and the Submarine Becuna.
7. Betsey Ross' house
8. Old Christ Church
9. City Tavern
10. Ben Franklin's Grave
11. Franklin Institute, great hands on museum near the ART Museum
12. The agenda will include a bus ride to/from downtown Philadelphia

This is just a start, more will follow when we start collecting literature, making phone calls and visiting the Tourist Bureau.

BTW, Philadelphia has several "touristy" cheesesteak shops.

Will Patty and yourself be making another trip to Philadelphia in the Spring? If so, we will be glad to give you a driving tour of our city plus treat you to the best cheesesteak or zep you've ever eaten.

The Comroe family wish the extended Green family a very merry Christmas and a and a happy and safe New **Error! Hyperlink reference not valid.**

Best wishes, Mike & Jane Comroe

For those of you not attending, this will be your chance to support the ASA Turkey reunion group by making a donation to the General Fund to Hal Winkler, the ASA Turkey Treasurer, at 12195 Thames Place, Cincinnati, OH., 45241, 513-489-5308



L-R: Elder Green, Patty Green, Kelley Mishler, Courtney Pozo, Jane Comroe & Mike Comroe



Mike and Jane Comroe, the co-hosts for 2011 ASA Turkey reunion

**If you've never been to Valley Forge there's no better time than now to visit and meet other ASA Turkey vet's
The reunion is sure to be a stellar experience**



Patty Green and Jane Comroe

The above two gals plus Edna Jones, Kay O'brien & Bobbi Winkler will be making sure that the Hospitality room is stocked with food, etc.

TAPS

CARRIER, Frank DOB: 28MY1939 DOD: 28MY2007 at Phoenix, AZ., RA1976523 E3-E5, 982 Det 27, 4JL63-DE64, (Lucy-div),
829 E. Ironwood Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85020, 602-997-0527, fncarrier@cox.net



Frank Carrier



Frank Carrier & Elder Green

I was scanning my old DOOL's and came across Frank Carrier's name and wondered why I hadn't heard from him in a long time. I mentioned it to Patty and she remembered the meeting and the fact that he was a heavy smoker. I checked the SSDI website and there he was listed.

I initially contacted Frank Carrier on 19 May 2002 and while in Phoenix for the 2006 Christmas holidays called and later met with Frank on 2 January at a Denny's restaurant along Thunderbird Road, He was a very bitter person about a so-called T/A

friend from his tour at Manzarali Station & it was what he wanted to talk about. Also he was recovering from a bad cough. Is retired and living alone in Phoenix as his ex-wife resides in Mule Shoe, TX. They had been married for 2 months shy of 40 years when Lucy up and left for Texas. Frank enlisted for ASA duty in March 1962 at Oakland, CA. Took basic at Fort Ord and then sent to Fort Devens for T/A training. Then it was off to a company of the 318th ASA Bn at Fort Lewis, WA. While there he submitted a 1049 requesting transfer to Turkey and it was approved and he arrived at Manzarali Station on 4 July 1963. Lucy later joined him and they resided on the economy in Ankara, While in Turkey Lucy worked at the Manzarali NCO Club and Frank was the TEXTA specialist and made SP5 before rotating. Was friends with John Gazaway. Said that it was in Turkey where Terry Leavitt met Lucy and had an affair with her. This he didn't know until later when Terry Leavitt would stop in Phoenix and visit the Carrier's on his cross-country trips on his semi-rig.

FINDLEY, Mike, DOB: 8FE48, DOD: 17JL2010, SP4, 05H, Det 4-4, 15OC68-15OC70, James "Mike" Findley, age 62 of Rhinelander, WI, died Saturday, July 17, 2010, after a courageous battle with Esophageal cancer which is the 8th most common type of cancer. He was born on February 8, 1948, in Blue Island, IL to Francis "Bill" and Margaret "Maggie" (Voorhees) Findley. Mike served in the U.S. Army Security Agency during the Vietnam War from 1968 to 1972 at Karamursel, Turkey & at Phu Bai in South Vietnam. Later he was known as "Irish Mad Dog". Earlier in life, he had worked for several years in the newspaper industry. Mike "the silver fox" was employed by Rapid Cab in Rhinelander and was a regular at Bernie's Bakery. He was a member of Nativity of Our Lord / St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Rhinelander. Mike loved fishing, hunting, collecting guns, music, and football; especially supporting his Chicago Bears. Mike is survived by his fiancée, Andra Andrews of Rhinelander, WI; four children, Kelly Findley, Michael Findley, and Marie (Phil) Slowick all of Illinois, and Erin (Bob) Walker of Oconto, WI; a sister, Sharon Kirmse of Rolling Meadows, IL; and 13 grandchildren, Hannah, Lindsay, Emma, Natalie, Kiera, Michael Patrick "MP2", Destiny, Devin, Alison "Ali", Brett, Austin, Nolan, and Kayla. He is further survived by nieces, nephews, cousins, many friends, and his cat, Monkey. Mike was preceded in death by his parents, a brother-in-law, Bill Kirmse, and a nephew, Dustin Polinski. The family would like to thank the staff at Friendly Village; especially Corey for being a wonderful, caring, and compassionate nurse in a time of need as well as Ministry Homecare Hospice for the care given to Mike.

DOOL 75: From: Mike Findley Elder, Finally had a knowledgable friend come over today and get this new 'puter working. Haven't been doing much the last few months ... other than ... after being divorced 14 years, I suddenly and unexpectedly find myself w/an SO. I'm afraid that I've been spending much of my time concentrating on her. Hope this note finds you happy and in good health.

DOOL #26Speaking of squirrels though, I always thought the ditty boppers were supreme squirrels. Take Mike Findley (05H Det 4-4) for instance. Here's a fellow who loves Chicago and the Bears, Bulls, and Blackhawks and yet he exiled himself to an Indian Reservation outside of Fond du Lac just to get away from all those noises in the Big City that sounded like dits and dahs. I read one of his email messages & he said he left his beloved Chicago because he was trying to find all the hidden messages in the clickety clacks of the EL & the squeaks of his neighbor's bedsprings, the static on his Telly & the roar of the traffic on 295. Must have driven him absolutely bonkers to move all the way to Fond du Lac. Now, I hear tell that he no longer sleeps on bed springs; rather a cot piled with straw & to keep those pesky squeaks of his skin on one leg rubbing against his other leg, he now lathers himself up in bear grease before donning his "jammies"! The reason he listens to the CHICAGO BEAR games on his transistor radio late at night is to drown out the whistles from his lady friend's nose, which sound ominously like dits & dahhhhsssss. Lord only knows how he masks the friction noises at copulation so he doesn't worry excessively about "hidden" meanings of the dits & dahhss in that exercise. The crickets up yonder in Wisconsin also bother him immensely so he had his igloo sound proofed. I wonder how many other ditty boppers have left the hustle and bustle of big city dits and dahhssss to escape to the solitude of the hinterlands? I wonder if Brother Taggart (05H DET 27 & 4-4) has ever written up a psychology treatise on the mental havoc caused by ordinary folks learning the ins and outs of dits and dahhhhsssss? Ain't it grand what the mind can conjure up after a shot or two of Slivovitz though I can't find Bulgarian Plum Brandy; I have to make do with Croatian Slivovitz! - Mixie the Webster Bulgarian

Mike's response to Clark Bryan: Dearest Clark, Firstly, Fond du Lac is quite a ways away. Our nearest casino is Lac du Flambeau. The squeaks, squawks, whizzes, dits, bangs, whirls are all around! My main problem is that I need good T/A & C/A people for this operation. If I could find those, we could set-up Operations in an old delapidated barn or out-house. We could put our antenna field in a potato patch and tell everyone it's a new irrigation system! We could tie directional antenna w/battery packs to deer & use them for RDF! I need help for this mission! Why do U assume that Phil Taggart doesn't hear the dits, too??

"Haven't see this much emotion over a ROCK
since the British held Gibraltar in WWII!!!"

Fm: [James M. Findley](#) Subject: Deerless Season Guys, My luck keeps runnin' on! 2 schedule changes in 2 days took away 2 planned hunting days. Had the last weekend of the season off, though. Friend's wife wouldn't let him out, so I was on my own. Rained Friday through Sunday. No sense going out and catching pneumonia when the deer are bedded down. Today, the day after deer season, it's cold & snowing. I've come to learn over the past few years that God is a practical joker! HE did it to me, again. Another T-Zone next month. Think I'll go out by Erin's (daughter) house; they always have deer all around their house. I'll just sit on her front porch drink coffee & wait for one to walk by! Did get some housework done, though. Even washed pillows. Must be getting domesticated! Got to watch another Bear's game. The boys look good!

We love running backs & linebackers; we have a team we can love! I'm beginning to think they may be a real football team! God Bless Mike Findley/Rhineland, WI/SP4/05H/Det4-4/68-70

FINDLEY, James M. "Mike", DOB: 1949, SP4, 05H, Det 4-4, 15OC68-15OC70
722 Mason St., Rhineland, WI 54501, 715-362-7357
1/W: Rene ?, 3 children: Kelly, Michael & Marie
2/W: Kathy ?, 1 child: Erin
Fiancee: Andra Andrews. No children. She had 3 children & Mike considered them as his.



Mike Findley, 1968 at KAS

The end of my six month visit to "The Land of the Pilgrims", ended. Listening to tapes of international code (Not Morse Code) and trying to learn how to handle two receivers (NOT radios) and a typewriter that had no small letters. We'd been told that my entire class would be going to Viet Nam as that's where nearly all graduating 058's went. (we called ourselves 058's rather than 05H's so that we wouldn't sound like new guys. When the orders arrived, half went to Nam and my half went to 'TUSLOG Detachment 4-4 in Turkey. Had someone offered me a winning lottery ticket to find Turkey on a map, I would still be as broke as I am today. Apparently I wasn't the only one. SSG O'Hara, the

instructor who I later ran into at Phu Bai, thought that TUSLOG was the name of a base or a town. Nobody had any idea or where we were going except that it was in Turkey. Not one of us had the foggiest idea where Turkey was! The silence was bottomless until Howie Lovell volunteered. "Gobble, gobble, sergeant" which broke the silence. I was married at that time and we were told that Turkey was an unaccompanied tour. That's Army talk for, "Your wife don't go." Saying goodbye at the airport in that Ameri-enigma, Boston, where they call milkshakes - frappes, and put cream in everyone's coffee whether they want it or not. I was seen off by my wife and a priest friend. I remember the apprehension of flying over the Atlantic. I had gone over Lake Michigan, but this was a bit more. Saving that fear, I was looking forward to the adventure of foreign people, foreign food and foreign dits. The jet landed in Paris for 30 minutes and Rome for 40. At the Rome airport, Chuck Carpenter and I got off the plane to stretch our legs. Both of us were drinkers and we were NOT looking for Coca-Cola, but that's all that we could find. I quipped, "Hey Chuck! Let's fly to Rome and get a Coke." Back on the plane we went, with Istanbul the next stop. We got to Istanbul mid-October 1968: Rod Isler, (I understand he made 2 star General), Jerry Carter, Chuck Carpenter, Howie Lovell, Greg Kearney, Phil Taggart, Jim Glick, Adrian Thoman, and others.



Chuck Carpenter and Phil Taggart at 2006 reunion

At Det 4-4, we formed "The Army Association of Karamursel"; we ordered and received 40 beautiful beer mugs with the Det 4-4 LOGO on them. I have often wondered how many mugs were handed out when it came time to rotate.



These are the Det. 4-4 ex-05H guys at the 2006 reunion at Covington, KY. All were friends of Mike Findley.

Seated: Al Bullock & Bob Burrows. Standing Lto R: Phil Taggart, The 'Old Biker' Chuck Carpenter, & Sid Gilman. Oops Sid Gilman was a Russian linguist

I gave mine to the Green Hornet for him to display at the reunions. I believe that we stayed at the Kennedy Hotel for one nite. Again, Chuck and I were looking for some libation. We wanted to go someplace out of the way; we found it. We sauntered into a dimly lit coffeehouse with filmy windows and only Turks. It was doubtful that they were happy to see us. The looks were deadly. When we found that nobody in the room spoke English, it was at this point that we realized that we didn't speak Turkish! Some things, though, are international. We started yelling, "Beer, Beer!" with two fingers in the air like a bartender's victory sign.

We got beer. Turkish beer is in liter bottles. Another matter we did not consider is that American beer is rather timid to some other beers in the world. We each drank 3 liters. By the time we were escorted out, the Turks wanted to fight us. I wet my bed that nite. Although I live in Wisconsin now, please don't call me a CHEESEHEAD! I'm well known for wearing Chicago BEARS T-shirts and BEARS sweatshirts in the winter. I tell my friends and neighbors that I'm a missionary sent up here to convert them! Remember! Until 13 years ago, my brain was 80 proof. I think my receptors work more slowly than the rest of you!.....and.....I STILL listen to dits.

CASPER THE SPOOK

I recall when Chuck Carpenter found a ELECTRONIC BUG in his Yalova apartment. A lot of us lived in that same neighborhood. None of us knew that there was a real spook living on KAS. The BUG was reported and soon we met up with the real life spook. He showed us guys how to look for bugs, but reminded us that we couldn't say anything in our apartments that would alert the BUGGER that we were onto his BUGS. I go home and start taking out light bulbs and taking the covers off all of the electrical outlets and light switches, but couldn't tell my wife what I was doing. She thought that I had totally flipped-out. No BUGS. So this SPOOK, I can't remember his name, took a liking to me. He was horribly lonely on base because nobody would talk to him

because he was a SPOOK! So he invited me over for some beers once or twice. Twice he called for me at the Orderly Room. The 2nd call, he left a message with Stan Owen, SRO, our First Sergeant. I walked through the barracks and walked out to go "up the hill" and Stan, the 1SG comes running after me; he wanted me to call this spook immediately. I look at the note and said that I'd call him later. No, SRO wanted me to call him immediately. I called the spook and he just wanted to know when I could stop by and visit. I got the feeling after that day, that in the 1SG's eyes, I could do no wrong. I think that some erroneous assumptions were drawn, but it was fun.

SHAKE, RATTLE & ROLL

The day of the BIG earthquake was weird from early morning. The bazaar in Yalova, where most of us non-lifers bought our vegetables, wasn't open. There seemed to be much less traffic than normal. The sky was strangely dark, like during a solar eclipse. There were no abi's walking on the sidewalk. I'm convinced that the Turks knew that something was coming. Before it hit, we had a party at our apartment that nite. Naturally we invited Nasif Kurul, who ran the Class VI at KAS. As we expected, Nasif brought a big box of booze.

He found he had an abnormally large amount of breakage in the last shipment! We were playing a stupid party game when we felt the rumble. I vividly remember waves going down the wall and the living room light swaying so high that it hit the ceiling. I was waiting for the building to collapse and was waiting for imminent death. But we survived! The side of a hill slid down and covered the road to KAS. Later, on a trip to Bursa, I saw that the sides of mountains had fallen away to reveal vertical expanses of alabaster. There were tremors for weeks; we got used to them. People who live in California are nuts!

PRAY FOR ME, PURPLE JESUS

My 3 year, 9 month, 11 day ASA career (who counts) was my purple Jesus period. The purple Jesus bit began in Turkey. For the uninitiated, purple Jesus is a mix of almost any kind of booze with grape juice as the base. It sneaks-up on ya' and tastes like grape juice. We had a party at Dave Bugar's trailer on Karamursel Air Base. This is Trick 4, the 4th Platoon. We were known for sign stealing. The AP'es, (Air Police) were always on our case or so it seemed. After a few drinks of the violet brew, we decided that we were going to confiscate the sign from the AP'es office. It was going to be a commando raid. You may recall that there were drainage ditches around that area. We all took off our shirts, despite the cool foggy nite, and smeared mud on our faces and upper torso. We snuck through the ditches to a point across from the APe Shack and "went over the top" in true Army style. The sign was in the ground on 4X4 posts. We had to rock the thing back and forth several times before it gave. There were probably 6 or 8 of us there. We ran off with the sign with the APes on our tails.

That damned sign was a whole lot heavier than we thought it would be and we had to take turns dragging it. We took it immediately towards the trailers. Soon the APes show up and a couple of the guys took the sign and crawled under one of the trailers with it. The APes never found them or even thought to look UNDER the trailers. The rest of us saw the APes coming and scattered. Later we took the sign to Dave Bugar's abode, put the yardlight on it to give it a place of honor. Shortly a blue pick-up with a flashing light pulls up to Dave's trailer. The APe gets out of the truck. I walk out to him and he gets back in his truck and drives away. Why did he do this, you ask. He

recognized me from our college days in Illinois. That nite, to get to the Purple Jesus party, Thom (?) and I got on a base bus at the snackbar to get to the other end of KAS. We waited and waited and no driver was in sight. So Thom gets into the driver's seat and me immediately behind him and away we go. We pulled up in front of the Commissary and got out as it was within walking distance of Bugar's trailer. The other 5 or 6 passengers didn't seem to mind being hijacked as they never moved nor said a word to us; we left them sitting there waiting for their driver who was back at the snackbar. Am still wondering what expression the Abi driver had on his face when he discovered his bus was missing. Lastly regarding Purple Jesus. One of the guys wives, who had NEVER drank any alcohol in her life was talked into trying some of our 'grape juice'. After a while, it turned out to be her very first time, skinny-dipping, too. Needless to say, she didn't come to any more of our parties.

GULE' GULE'

With Ron Anderson and Jim Hatton, I was going to Vietnam. We were still together after surviving BMC (Basic Morse Code) where we were told that the most important letter was W because it was "DI-DAH-DAH --WHISKEY", 05H school where we learned to type with one hand and dial a radio receiver with the other, and 2 years of drinking very good tea and doing some very good work in Turkey. I sat at Yeshilkoy waiting, in kind, to depart my adopted Turkey and went looking for a drink. The only mixed drink they had was scotch and coke. The last thing I learned in Turkey was: 'Don't EVER order a scotch and coke'.

After being contacted about the 14-16 Sept 2001 reunion at Fort Deven's, I find that I'm curious about some of the guys and very disappointed that we can't find some of them. I want to know that they're OK. I want to know that they remember me. I want to know if any of them still carry an ace from a deck of cards in their wallets. I'll keep looking.....

UP THE HILL

At first, we kept our badges. Later they kept them in the guard shack and assigned us badge #'s. This enabled us to be late for work, as sometimes the line was long at the guardshack. Most of the guys were OJT'd on RM's and I got stuck with satellites, Bulgarian and Romanian. I remember that it took Rod ISLER a half hour to get off of OJT and it took me a month. I felt belittled by this, especially when I was repeatedly told that satellite ops couldn't handle RM's, until they needed me to sit a RM position. To me, the RM's were super easy! In fact, most of the RM ops couldn't possibly work satellites. I was trained by some of the 05H's from "THE DET", Tom Miller, Bill Wagner, et al. They were excellent ops and excellent teachers. In fact, Tom Miller was the best 05H I've seen between Turkey, Vietnam or Thailand. I remember the missile code-words. Everytime they came across, it was just Ivan trying to see how we'd react. They were practice alerts, but, of course, we couldn't know that for sure. We had to react each time like WWII was coming down on our heads. Our #1 mission we called "Squeaky", who would eliminate Det 4-4, if we went to war. An Airborne outfit, Russian Special Forces, everytime we had codewords, someone inevitably would query, "Do you hear any footsteps on the roof yet?". I was 4th Plt, Tk #4. We took the job serious. We were pro's and we were good. Never having been at "THE DET", I never received a "grate-rub", but I've had my share of "floor-rubs". I remember the time we were giving Mike Armstrong a floor rub. He put up one of the best fights that I remember. We were knocking over chairs and kicking radio racks with screaming and

swearing cracked the air. At the end of the aisle, a guy in a business suit was watching us. The Zoomies were having a 4-star general tour the facility that day and we didn't know it. Guess who the guy in the suit was? Yep, it was him. This may be the only time we passed enforcing the rule of no low quarters in the bloused-boot section. I remember we chased out a Zoomie lifer threatening to give him a floor-rub. He ran and got an officer. He left, too, as we moved in for the kill! ----- The Zoomies came and talked to Tom Miller one day. They were having trouble copying some PVO tracking aircraft and it apparently was important. Tom gave me to them. I sat at a Zoomies position and started pounding out numbers. A Zoomie E-8, I think (I never did learn how to read their stripes) kept coming over, ripping the schedule and walking over to the big map on the wall. It was the only time that I remember seeing them use the big map. It was just like in the movies. A guy was running around, up and down a little ladder, writing little scribbles on the big map. Apparently the Russians were tracking someone. By the PVO, this guy was doing some scooting and the MIG's were a wart on his butt. The trinome came across for "shootdown". The same trinome with an "IMI" came back, meaning "You want me to shoot him down?". The lethal trinome was repeated. After a pause, the trinome came over with an "OK" after it. The net went down; I was told to monitor. The Zoomie officers caucused and then the Zoomie lifer came over to the position, tore out the rest of the schedule put it in the burnbag and told me, "This never happened". I protested to the Zoomie who then told me that they shot down a weather baloon. Now, we were taught how to read PVO, this weather baloon was doing 500+ mph!-----I always loved the cleartext. My all time favorite was when two Russians were having trouble understanding each other. I could tell when they were angry, as their sending changed. It sounded, as if, they were pounding on the code key with their fist! A long line of clear text finally came across before the one guy gave-up and went down. The lingie came over, looked at it and then went to get his books. It took some time, but he decided that it said, "You suck the big green d..k on a hung dog". I swear this happened and have forgotten the lingies name.-

-----Once I listened to the tape of a Romanian pilot who decided, after a vodka or 2 or 3, to take a plane and buzz his girlfriend's house in Bucharest. The guy in the tower was screaming at the pilot to land and the pilot responded, "Sooch", a phoenitic spelling, which, I was told, means "Suck!" Eventually the CO, a colonel, if I remember correctly, tried to convince this guy to come down and he got the same reply, "Sooch". After a short pause, there was then a sing-songy line of Romanian. It translated, "You gotta' come down sometime!".----- There was also a tape I heard, some more vox, of Romanian tanks. There were about 5 of them and one of them drove into a ravine. They couldn't get out. The commander of the group decided that they would divvy the stuck tank's crew among the other tanks and, when they got back to the base, maybe nobody would notice that a tank was missing. I think I like Romanians.----- Squeaky, our main RM mission, had a sergeant named Valere. I still feel that I got to know him through his clear text. I could easily recognize his "key and op characteristics".----- I had a radio at home in Yalova, so I could listen to short-wave. At one time we couldn't find Squeaky at work. Yep, I found him at home. He had gone below the supposed limits of his transmitter. ---- -----One time, when the RM's had a big frequency change and everyone was having trouble finding the new frequencies. Ken Richardson kept all of the old freq

rota's/charts and noticed that they were using an old system, only backwards. Ken was right on the money. We found them and informed Big Daddy who with "super computers" couldn't figure this out!? The "Old Man" was a hero, but got little credit!-----
-One night Big Daddy thought that the Russians were going into Romania like they did Czechoslovakia. Tom Miller, who had a car and phone, woke me up in the middle of the nite and took me to work from Yalova. Apparently I was the 05H they wanted. I read the message taped to the position: From NSCWhite House, To: SLMB-11! It seemed that all the officers in the European Theater were there that nite standing around me. A message from the White House toME??? I felt a teensie bit under the gun, and, of course, proud to have been chosen for this most important intercept. Of course, nothing happened. I worked a double shift that day; I needed the overtime!!-----An R-390A-URR weighed, I think, 84 lbs.. I have a radio in my room that I use for shortwave listening that does everything an R390 did AND it's an alarm clock! It weighs 4 lbs and that's mostly from the batteries. I think an R390 cost \$1200; mine cost me \$283.
-----We used the teletype to Big Daddy to get scores of baseball and football games. We used handles. We were caught once, but the handles saved us. Of course, our confederates were guys at NSA on the night shift with nothing to do and they were happy to oblige us.-----Going from a MILL to an AG-22. Typical Army training. Nobody really knew how to do it. We just sat down with the instruction book and did it. Guys, New at this internet stuff. A few months ago, one of the first things I did was look-up website for 8th RRFS. Reminded today as I've been found by another fellow PhuBai'er. One message left at that site stated something like, and here I paraphrase: "We didn't know it at the time, but our job was to keep names off of The Wall". I submit to you all that our jobs, whether at 4-4, Asmara, Shemya - wherever, was to keep other Walls from being built. I read your daily notes about the screwing-around, drinking, stupid games but always dedication to the job. I'm damned proud to be one of you. Guys, Why is it that I'm the only one who remembers:

RADIO GERONIMO
1433 KHz

A pirate radio station with offices in London, studios in Paris and the Xmitter on a barge in the English Channel which makes it outside the communication laws of any country! Therefore they could do or say or play any recording they wanted ... and did!

Ekmek

Guys, With all the talk on TV about Ramadan, I'm sorta' surprised that I haven't seen anything from any of the guys about the special bread baked only during Ramadan. I used to cover the top with butter, put in the oven to melt and eat it as a meal. Super great bread!! We befriended a family on Ay Sokak, in Yalova, the Kanmaz family. Kanmaz Bey told me about Ramadan. He told me that Jesus was considered a Moslem prophet and that Ramadan was sorta' a Moslem Christmas. My westernized, commercialized mind decided that we gotta' get these people some Christmas presents for Ramadan! On the big day, when Moslems break their month long fast, we showed-up at their doorstep with presents for the entire family. They were totally surprised. I told them that it was our custom to give presents to our special friends at Christmas, and since this was their "Christmas" ... They were thrilled!

I worked 2nd shift on Christmas Eve and had to go back into work the next day. After only a few hours sleep Christmas morning, there was a loud knock on the door. It was the Kanmaz family, including grandma and Aunt Shengu, dressed-up like they were going to Attaturk's house. They brought presents for our family because we were their special friends.

Myself, Ron Anderson, Chuck Carpenter, Rod Isler, Greg Kearney, Howie Lovell, etc., were trained as dit dah catchers at Devens and were the first batch of nugs to get to Karamursel (4-4) after the pro's moved from "THE DET 27" from Ankara.



ASA PATCH



DET 4-4 LOGO PATCH



PHU BAI PATCH

Guys, I remember Gary Dunnam's note about the bus accident well. The APE involved was the kid that I went to school with in Illinois. We didn't know each other there, only found out that we were in school together at KAS.

Gary was actually there; I only heard about it later. As I recall, he was alive. They must've sent him somewhere (Germany??). I recall carrying the burnbags out of OPS and the APE in the hallway had to initial the little white slips on the burnbags for no reason since nobody but he and us ever saw them. The guy from school was the APE in the hallway one day. Now ... for some time I had a question, but never asked anybody since I didn't want to look stupid. The little white slip he signed stated that there was no clandestine material in the bag. For some reason, I always read it as "CANDLESTEIN". I felt comfortable asking him, a guy from home and a Zoomie, to boot; it was OK to look stupid in front of him! For my own peace of mind, I've always assumed he ended up Okay.

Bill Hartranft wrote: Who remembers grate rubs and after shave lotion on the belly--- rubbed in with a hair brush by "the adversaries" in a room party ...who were always there to torture? The above description bears but little resemblance to the Grate Rubs and Red Bellies of 66/67

Dr. Reverend Lewis W. Terry



REVEREND
DR. LEWIS W. TERRY, 80

HAINES CITY - Reverend Dr. Lewis W. Terry, Command Sergeant Major, US Army Retired passed away of heart failure on 12/2/10. Reverend Terry was born March 13, 1930 in Montgomery, New York. Prior to entering the ministry in 1969, he was a Command Sergeant Major in the US Army being stationed both in the states and overseas as a member with the Army Security Agency. Reverend Terry was ordained on June 9, 1963 and entered the full time ministry following his retirement from the military. He spent the next 41 years as a pastor, teacher and mentor to others serving both in the Southern Baptist Convention and the American Baptist Convention. He was married to his loving wife and partner Mary C. Terry, who he adored and loved for 59 years. He was a man of tremendous strength and love. He lived his life to serve others. Reverend Terry was pre-deceased by his son Bill and is survived by his wife Mary, sister, Arlene Plog and her husband Steven, daughter-in-law Linda Terry and granddaughter Christina, son Jim and daughter-in-law Lorrie and their daughters Sarah, Emily and Molly and his daughter Mary Lou Guild and her son, Nelson. A memorial service to celebrate his life will be held Saturday, December 18, 2010 at 11 am at Eastside Baptist Church in Haines City, FL with his friend and pastor the Reverend Jim Drake, officiating. Interment will be at Florida National Cemetery in Bushnell at a later date in a private service with the family and friend and full military honor guard. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Eastside Baptist Church in Haines City.

MAIL call

ACKERMAN, George, Finance, Det 66, OC66-AP68, Wyckoff, NJ
BREHM, Vance 058 Det 4, 60-61, Bend, OR
DYER, Wayne, 05H, Det 4, NO68-DE69, Groton, VT
GREEN, Randy, Brat, Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-OC68, APO, AE 09464
HARTRANFT, Bill, 058, Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, Ocean City, NJ
HUNT, Carlos 058, Det 4, MR58-MR59, Henderson, TX
KRING, John, 982, Det 27, MY73-OC64, Royersford, PA
STOLP, Gary, 982, Det 27, OC64-DE67, Chiangmai, Thailand
TAVERNETTI, Dave, Watch Officer, TK#4, Det 27, MR62-SE63, El Dorado Hills, CA
WALLACE, Kent, 059, Det 27, MR65-FE67, Chicopee, MA
WATSON, Jesse, 98CBU, Det 27 7 4-4, 65-69, Phoenix, AZ
WHITMAN, Ken, 058 TK#4, Det 27, 62-64, Rehoboth Beach, DE

MAIL, in alphabetical order

ACKERMAN, George, YOB 1944, SP5, Finance, Det 66, OC66-AP68, (Rosemary), 93 Sheldon St., Wyckoff, NJ., 201-485-8506, ridgefinancial@gmail.com

George Ackerman found me thru Norman Mau. George informs that he worked in the Det 27 Personnel Office as the Finance person for those assigned to Det 66. He was trained at Fort Benjamin Harrison & was sent to Det 66 at Manzarali Station. He was among the last American's to depart Manzarali Station and it is possible that 1LT Don Hoage was the Lieutenant who took the flag down for the last time at Manzarali. George will include a BIO soon.



George Ackerman and 1LT Don Hoage in Ankara with 2



George Ackerman outside NCO club in Athens 67

BREHM, Vance 058 Det 4, 60-61, 22080 Stormy Lane, Bend, OR 97701 541-388-4770
cvbrehm@msn.com

Elder, I did not receive "Days of our lives" for November and December. I hope all is well with you and your family. If they are available, would appreciate you forwarding them on to me. Tks and keep up the good work. Enjoyed all the pictures from the get together. Vance Brehm

DYER, Wayne, YOB 1949, RA11915551, E3-E5, 05H, Det 4, NO68-DE69, (Toni), 14 Mountain View Dr., Groton, VT 05046, 802-584-3730, diatribe@charter.net
Elder,

Here are some of my remembrances of places Toni and I have about Philadelphia. I was there as an alternate delegate for the 2000 Republican convention and Toni joined me in April 2001 for another week.

We stayed at the Radisson at Valley Forge for a couple nights and went through Valley Forge and the King of Prussia Mall. We enjoyed both of those.

We then went to Philadelphia and stayed at the Hilton Garden Inn in downtown Philly. That was right next to the Reading Terminal Market. There are many, many things to

see and do right there. There are all kinds of eating places and all of them that we tried were good. A Mennonite lunch counter on one end was especially good. Their breakfasts were excellent and they sold cinnamon buns that were almost sinful. There is police protection all over as the market is close to the courthouse and officers waiting for court stop in there and eat. There are many places that sell the famous Philly steak and cheese hoagies, heroes or subs or whatever they call them there. There is a website for this place.

We asked a cab driver to take us to a good cheese steak place and he took us to Jim's Steaks down on South Street. He said they had the best cheese steaks in Philadelphia and he could be right because they were wonderful. Add a Yuengling beer and you have a preview of heaven. Yuengling is a beer from Pottsville and the oldest beer company in the US. There are autographed photos of lots of famous people and athletes hanging on the wall all over. Jim's Steaks is a must do. The cabby said the Geno's and Pat's places are good but are tourist places and Jim's is the best. They have a website.

While you are in that area you should walk around on South Street which is kind of a Oh My! place with lots of unusual people and shops.

Near that area is the open Italian market. That is where Rocky ran through the streets in the first Rocky movie and everyone is yelling at him with encouragement. Quite a place for a country boy to see. Also, this is near the sports arenas and ball parks and airport.

One of the highlights of both trips for me was Ralph's Restaurant. It is an old Italian place on a little street down on the south side. When we went there the cabby was laughing about possibly being able to see all the local organized crime types. The waiters were pretty much all handsome, young guys who all kind of talked like Rocky. The food was reasonable prices and excellent. The service was excellent. They have a website. They have a claim about being the oldest something or other.

Back up near our hotel was downtown with city hall and lots and lots of historical places. Just a few of the ones we went to (walked to actually) were the Philadelphia Mint, Ben Franklin gravesite, Liberty Bell and 1st amendment protest site (never know who will be protesting what there), Constitution Hall. Too many places to see and I would recommend contacting the Chamber of Commerce and getting info on all the historical sites in downtown.

We also went to the Philadelphia Museum of Art. That is where Rocky ran up the steps in the movie. It is not too far from downtown. The museum is wonderful and when Toni and I went they had a huge collection of medieval illuminations. The oldest being from the 1100's. Toni loves illuminations so we spent a long time there. I can't remember what was featured when we were there at the convention.

At the convention we went to the Afro something or other museum and it was great. There was some kind of reception we had to go to at the building so we did the museum while we were there and really enjoyed the place.

Any time we get near Philadelphia we talk about swinging in to go to Ralph's or Jim's or that Mennonite lunch counter for some cinnamon buns.

The people in Philadelphia were a surprise. I am used to dealing with city folk from Boston or New York and Philly folks are nothing like those folks. It was not unusual for people to go out of their way to be helpful on the streets.

Looking forward to the 2011 reunion. I'm a country boy but I love Philadelphia.

Wayne

GREEN, Randy, Brat, (oldest son of Elder & Patty Green), Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-OC68, (Jackie), PSC 41, Box 6833, APO, AE 09464



England 2010

*Our house in
Mildenhall,
England.*



*Parker and Tyler
near one of the many
English phone
booths- Bury St.
Edmunds, England.*

*Tyler and
Randy in front
of Big Ben in
London.*



*Tyler and Parker
enjoying the first
snow.*

*Tyler and
Parker on a
gondola ride in
Venice, Italy.*



Hello and happy holiday! As you can see, we have ventured out on another Air Force move- this time to Lakenheath AFB, England! We have been here since late July and have been enjoying it except for initial problems finding a decent house, and dealing with the dreary wet weather. Our plan is to travel around Europe as much as we possibly can- we've already been to Venice, Italy and will be going to Germany this month!

The boys are going to base schools- a big change from their little private school in Tucson. Parker is 13 years old and in the 8th grade. He's on the Lakenheath Swim Team and is enjoying it, he swims the 50 and 100 meter freestyle and 50 m. backstroke. His swim meet locations have been the deciding factor in where we travel- Italy, Germany and in January it's Belgium!

Tyler is 8 years old and in the 2nd grade. He's doing exceptionally well in school, and wants to join a soccer team in the spring. School work for both boys is too easy, the A's come easy to them so I'm trying to find ways to make school more challenging.

Randy likes his new job at the base hospital and I've settled into my usual volunteer work, though I may look for something part-time that actually pays! We live only 10 minutes from the base in a lovely town called Mildenhall.

The surrounding area is all countryside- narrow roads, cows in pastures, tractors going VERY slow- that sort of thing, but it's beautiful here. We're about an hours train ride from London, and there isn't a Target in sight

ANYWHERE!! Randy and I are expert left side of the road, and roundabout drivers, so come visit us and we'll drive you around! Have a wonderful holiday- we miss all our family and friends. New address is: PSC 41 Box 6833, APO, AE 09464. Email addresses: Randy: rjptgreen@yahoo.com

Jackie: jackiegreen9702@yahoo.com

Parker: parkergreen3797@yahoo.com

Much Love,
Randy, Jackie, Parker and Tyler



Parker Green



Tyler Green

HARTRANFT, Bill, E3-E5. 058, Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, (Sheila), 728 Battersea Rd., Ocean City, NJ 08226, 609-814-0056, wdhartranft1@comcast.net
 Correspondence between Bill Hartranft and Kent Wallace
 What a treat hearing from you...

I spent time with Pat Wallace as an 058 from 62 to 64. We were on trick 1. Coincidentally, I was discharged on my 21st birthday. Met a lovely Irish heritage gal in 64, married her in 66 and we generated 5 children and they in turn 8. Getting ready to celebrate 45 years of marriage...some great, some good, some ...well.... you know...

Spent a short time in a job at Spiegel's where I met her then a 33 year career with the local telephone company. Started as a splicer's helper and retired as a manager. Great ride and we owe each other nothing. Retired in 1999.

Now into my 67th year and am thrilled with how lucky I've been...some serious operations this year but still alive and laughing.

We live in Ocean Clty, NJ and we're 552 paces from the beach. Needless....we have a lot of summer company. That's cool.

After retiring, I tended bar in an Irish Pub...and work as a bouncer every year on St Patrick's Day.... Needles to say that I'm not physical but very quietly intimidating.... After the bar gig, I started my own construction business and was flourishing until multiple surgeries this year put me off the map. Can't complain because if it was 100 years ago I'd be dead. So, not working is no big deal.

I have a hard time recognizing the span of years. My eyes see youth, looking inwardly, people see advanced middle age. Can you believe that?

So, looks as though you had a good run... by the way, didja know Walt Las? He was there about the time you were...just heard from him as a result of Elder's stuff. He's having some problems and I need to get off me arse and visit him.

Elder. Now that man is my hero. He's stirred so many old memories that needed stirring. He's worked his butt off to keep memories alive...

Keep in touch....and stay well. Bill

HUNT, Carlos 058, Det 4, MR58-MR59, (Frankie), 10215 Hwy 79e, Henderson, TX 75652, 903-889-2391 CEHunt79@aol.com They own a 73 acre ranch in Eastern Texas Merhaba Elder!

Frankie and I are looking forward to the reunion in King of Prussia. We really enjoy that area and have many friends in Media and New Holland. This will be a wonderful driving trip. Frankie and I went to the Chitose reunion in San Antonio this fall and really enjoyed it. We also took a river cruise thru France during June and July---celebrating our 50th. We will be taking another river cruise thru Germany in April.

Looking forward to seeing everyone in Sept.

Carlos Hunt Det 4, March 58-March 59

KRING, John, YOB 1942, E3-E5 982, Det 27, MY73-OC64, (Claire), 749 Oak St., Royersford, PA 19468, 610-948-5542, john.kring@yahoo.com The Whitman's found John Kring and I called John on 30 December 2010 and had an interesting chat with him. Said that he really enjoyed his time at Manzarali and could only remember two names, Terry Leavitt & Fred Francisco. After Turkey was assigned to NSA at Fort Meade where he was discharged. In civilian life he worked for Penco Products at Oaks, PA for 43 years. Plans to attend the 2011 reunion at nearby Valley Forge, PA. Will prepare a BIO along with photo's and send them to me.

STOLP, Gary, YOB 1941, E3-E6, 982, Det 27, OC64-DE67, (Phyllis), Chiangmai, Thailand, (Dec 2010)

Hi Everyone,

It's that time of the year again, and as luck would have it, you get to hear from your estranged relatives and friends. Phyllis and I returned to Chiangmai mid-September after a three month stay in an apartment in San Antonio. We rented our house last year and have had no problem keeping it rented into the immediate future.

We continue to enjoy life in Chiangmai. We have our various clubs and friends that keep us busy. Well... as busy as we want to be. It probably didn't make your daily news, but Chiangmai was reported as the second most desired destination in the world by "Travel & Leisure" magazine. Chiangmai was second to Bangkok (which I don't understand), and it was noted that it is the first time in the history of "Travel & Leisure" that two cities in the same country were selected as the top two choices.

More trivia?? Chiangmai was selected as one of the top ten culinary destinations. We enjoy good restaurants of all kinds. It reminds me of an article by a famous French chef, who when asked 'What is your favorite fast food?', he replied "Any street vendor in Thailand". O.K., rest assured, the food here is superb. There are, literally, several restaurants on every street block, plus the temporaries that roll out their food carts during prime time. Most dining in Chiangmai is al fresco. NICE!

We also enjoy working on our culinary skills at the condo. Every week we are trying new recipes, and while Thai cooking once appeared quite difficult, once the basic ingredients and combinations are learned, it all gets easier. I am at the "fresh" Tanin market every day. Tanin is a huge market selling fresh produce, fruit, ready-to-go dishes, plus an open meat and fish market. It is said that Tanin is where Chiangmai eats.

I was elected chairman of the steering committee of the condominium in October. That means you get to do more work than other owners, but isn't that what chairmanship is all about everywhere? The committee consists of five members - three Thai and two farang (foreigners). It is my second year on the committee, and it has been an insight to the Thai mindset. Needless to say, the two foreigners have dominated and keep the place in-the-black and running well. American entrepreneurship?????

Phyllis is active in the textile club. It consists of some very knowledgeable ladies who visit various areas of Thailand and observe the skills of making some old, soon to be extinct, crafts. She remains busy with the finishing touches on the condo. It's down to pillows, wall art and the second bedroom. Ohhhh, I failed to mention ladies luncheons. How could I forget. Shopping? Of course. There are two very upscale malls, a huge wholesale market for food and Thai goods, numerous boutiques and several permanent and temporary shopping areas.

We took a ten-day trip to the northwest border with Burma last month. It is the most remote area of Thailand. Mae Hong Son was the first stop, and we liked that small provincial city very much. We rented a motorbike and biked out in several directions. The scenery was beautiful and virgin. One ride took us to a hill tribe village of "long necks" (Paduang tribe from the Shan province of Burma). We continued on to Pai, which has become popular with the Bangkokians and backpackers. For us it was too commercial and has lost its Thai charm, but Phyllis tracked down a very nice jewelry source for a few customers she still buys jewelry for in the US.

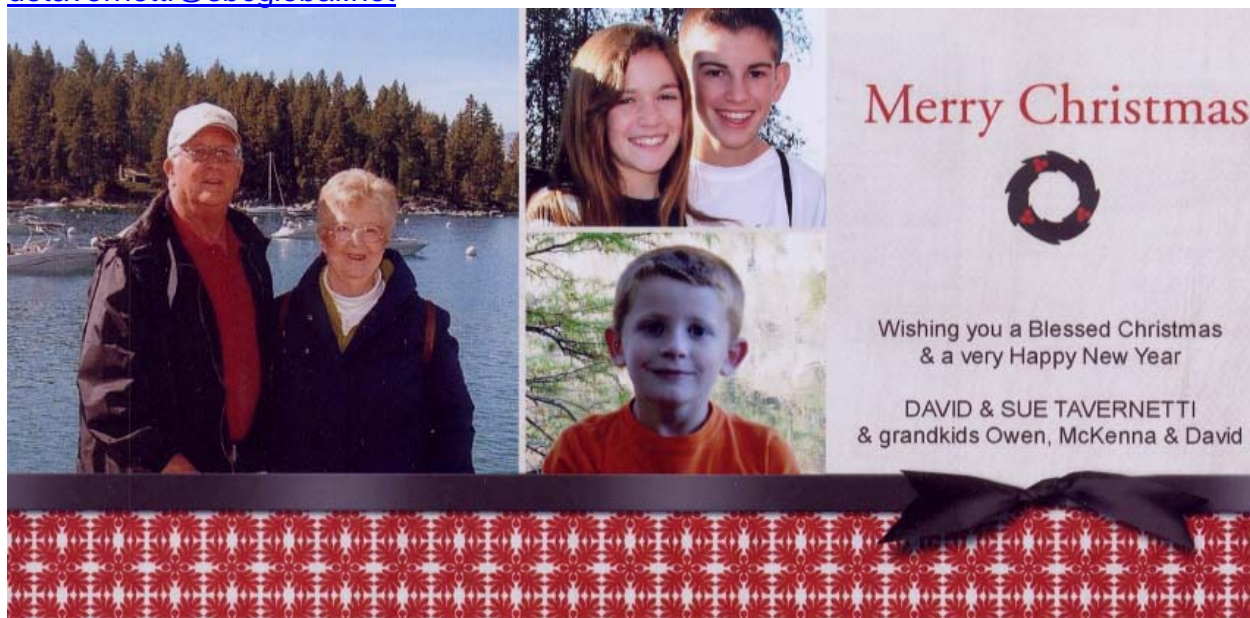
Oh, I forgot. The subject is about the weather. It is the dry season - cool temperatures and low humidity. That translates to daytime highs of mid-eighties and lows of mid-sixties. Several days ago a cold front arrived in northern Thailand from China and dropped temperatures as much as six degrees. Who would have thought we would have to double layer clothing to stay warm with temperatures in the seventies and sixties. I guess it's all what you get acclimated to.

And it is that time of the year. We wish all of you all a very Merry Christmas. I had

lunch the other day with an American friend from San Mateo, California. He wrote to his family and friends saying, 'Here I am a Christian in a predominately Buddhist country. Here Christmas is everywhere - carols are played in malls and stores, festive lights, Christmas trees and poinsettias abound and the Thais wish you Merry Christmas. In San Mateo the nativity scene was banned in the city, schools cannot sing Christmas carols and Happy Holidays' replaces 'Merry Christmas', So, we say Merry Christmas, and for the politically correct, have a RamaHanuKwanzMas.

Love you all, Gary and Phyllis Stolp

TAVERNETTI, Dave, YOB 1941, 2LT-1LT, Watch Officer, TK#4, Det 27, MR62-SE63, 7021 Timber Trail Loop, El Dorado Hills, CA 95762, 916-939-0136, detavernetti@sbcglobal.net



As 2010 draws to a close, we remain thankful for our good health and that of our family. Our grandchildren continue to grow and are the joy of our lives.....We are still traveling as much as possible with trips to Orlando in April, British Columbia in August, two trips to Palm Desert & one to Lake Tahoe,,,,,,,,,

WALLACE, Kent, 059, Det 27, MR65-FE67, 89 Celebration Cir., Chicopee, MA 01020, kentwallace@charter.net

Elder, question, did I miss the November 2010 posting in "Days"? I know you have the convention, but not sure if I missed this issue? If there is another procedure/file could you let me know. I have been in contact with Ted Williamson – ASA TUSLOG Det-27, Sugar tree Section. He lives only close by me in MA. I do remember one thing that was told to me 1966/67, that the section that I was in would continue even if the other rooms had to be shut down. I can't recall the party that stated this, but it came to mind the other day. Oh, if you can, get ahold of the "Sam Durrell" spy books of the time, "Assignment Ankara" makes for interesting reading for a cold war spy novel. I wish to you and your wife, children the best for the holidays and Merry Christmas. Kent "Chuck" Wallace.

Correspondence between Kent Wallace & Bill Hartranft

Hi, just saw my name mentioned in your blog with Elder on the DOOL. I'm not sure if I am the Wallace. I was at Det – 27 from March 65 – Feb 67. I was an 059 type but ended in room # 5. I then went on to the 358 ASA at Fort Bragg with the 82nd Airborne. I did my time and left the ASA as a E-6 SSGT in 1968, I reside at 89 Celebration Circle, Chicopee, MA 01020. I have retired from Federal employ, DOL, Safety Officer working at the Chicopee Job Corps Center. I hope all is well with you and wish the best for the New Year. I have done a lot in my life but still feel what I did, as well as the rest have made the difference in the world. We didn't know it then but we should feel proud of what we all did. One of the people from my section, Ted Willingham is just up the road from me in Northampton, MA. Had a good chat with him. Brought back a lot of good memories. He said he is in good health and we wished each other a Merry Christmas. Small world. We send E mails. It seems that most of the people just like to send jokes, yet very few take the time to write. Oh, well! Be good. Kent "Chuck" Wallace. Tel. # 413-592-1374 or Cell # 413-427-8067.

WATSON, Jesse, YOB 1945, RA19840988, E4-E5, 98CBU, Det 27 7 4-4, 65-69, (Jimmy Lou), 6815 N. 13 Pl., Phoenix, AZ 85104, 602-234-1697, azguide@cox.net
Received yearly Christmas card from Jesse & Jimmy Lou Watson.



Denny Fransted & Jesse Watson at Oro, Valley, AZ 2006. Both were trained Bulgarian Linguists who cross trained into T/A and were excellent analysts.



L-R: Jesse Watson, Patty Green, Mike Watson & Jeff Green at a 2006 New Year's Eve party at Jesse's home in Phoenix.

WHITMAN, Ken, RA13735182, E3-E5-E4, 058 TK#4, Det 27, 62-64, (Judi), 12 Dutch Dr., Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971, 302-227-3643, seadevil18@comcast.net
Elder, Here is another Vet that served with ASA at Det 27., John Kring, 749 Oak St., Royersford, Pa. 19468, Phone 610-948-5542, E-Mail john.kring@yahoo.com

He went to school with Judi. Talked to him today and he would love to come to the reunion. He keeps in touch with a few other ASA Vets that served at Det27. Please send him the monthly DOOL and the reunion information. The hotel is only 10 miles from our home in Trappe. Happy New Year to you and Patty. Keep in touch. Ken