

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #231



Bob Hope's 1963 Christmas Show in Ankara with the Les Brown Band
Photo courtesy of Daryl Waite, Det 66, 63-64

Bob Hope 1963 visit to Ankara, Turkey

It was in December 1963 that Bob Hope's USO show came to Turkey to entertain the troops at Christmas. The entertainers were Tuesday Weld, Jerry Colonna, Anita Bryant, John Bubbles, Gary Crosby, The Earl Twins, and Miss USA - Michelle Metrisko. They performed for 90 minutes in the bus barn in Ankara. Bob Hope was on stage for a few minutes as he recently had eye surgery. After the show a reception was held at the Officers Club for Bob Hope and the troupe. Bob Hope was the first to show up and had a meatloaf sandwich and left.

Bob Hope came to the Hill but didn't do a **show** just had Dinner with the troops. ...

Ted Midtaune, 058, Det 27, 62-64: Ankara was privileged to be one of the annual Christmas overseas sites that Bob Hope visited back in 1963. I have no programs or other memorabilia to remind me of that visit, but do have some vague memories of Joey Heatherton, and of course his usual Miss USA, or some other lady whom everyone went nuts over. Was this the time that the lady did the reverse strip? This comes to mind because Bob Hope's birthday was recently, when it was mentioned that his age precludes his doing his overseas thing any more. What a shame - he was the antithesis of Jane Fonda, heh? And for many more years than she got her anti-war headlines. I do not think that I go too far when I say he was/is a true American hero! See Dave Conner and Ken Whitman's entries below.



The above photo submitted by Daryl Waite brings back memories for those who lived in Ankara. Its water being delivered by Turks while shouting suey, suey over and over and sometimes susadim

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.

I haven't decided the location for the 2012 reunion.

GREEN, Elder RC.,(aka Al & gH), YOB: 1936, RA13513638, 982, E7, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, MR-MY65, Det 27, JN66-OC67., Det 4-4, OC67-NO68, (Patty), 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899 & cell 724-388-2510
asagreenhornet@comcast.net

TAPS

LEVELING, Leroy, DOB 20AU1936 DOD 6MR2011, 74y, Det 4, 56-57, (Lou Ann), 3506 Hancock St., Amarillo, TX 79109, 806-353-5249, no email



LEROY JOHN LEVELING

20 August 1936 – 6 March 2011, 74y

See Ernest Barndt entry below for additional photo of Leroy and Ernie Barndt

Leroy Leveling, Ernest Barndt and Jim Houghton were among the first mechanics to be assigned to Det 4 in 1956.

Leroy was born Aug. 20, 1936, in Fort Madison, Iowa, to Raymond and Eleanor Leveling. On May 30, 1963, he married Lou Ann Lampe.

Leroy worked at the ordnance plant in Middletown before being transferred to Amarillo in 1974 and where he began working at Pantex. He served in the U.S. Army Security Agency at Sinop, Turkey. He was a member of St. Thomas the Apostle Catholic Church. He enjoyed his friends, barbecuing, shooting pool and spending time with the Bagel Bunch. He was a loving husband, father and grandfather who will be greatly missed.

Survivors include his wife of Amarillo; two sons, Alan Leveling of Amarillo and Eric Leveling and wife Carla of Tuscola; and two grandchildren, Ryan and Nathaniel Leveling.

He served as Grand Knight of Knights of Columbus Council 2286 in West Point from June 1970 to June 1972.

The Mass of Christian Burial for Mr. Leveling was March 8 at St. Thomas the Apostle Catholic Church, with Monsignor Harold Waldow as celebrant. His body was cremated and the ashes scattered in the West Point, TX cemetery.

WALTER, George J., YOB 1951 E3-E4 05K Det 4, JN72-SE-73, (Kathy), 18 Forest Pl., Towaco, NJ 07082 973-334-7422, gjwalter66@gmail.com

On 1 December 2011 Kathy Walter called with the news that her husband George J. Walter, Jr had died of a massive heart attack on 28 November 2011 at their new home in Pflugerville, TX.



Kathy and George Walter at the 2010 ASA picnic at Blob's Park
The following is excerpts from the DOOL's regarding George Walter:

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 reenlisted for ASA duty. Took basic training at Fort Dix and next to Fort 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 tournament, 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 J. 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 ASA guys down at Det 27 at a place called Site 23 or Manzarali Station 23 miles from 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.



George Walter

Elder & Patty, Took the attached picture today (April Fools Day) on our anniversary to send to Kathy. Maybe Patty should get a shirt for you. I am in Florida by our daughter & granddaughter while Kathy is home in NJ. I called her today to say Happy Anniversary & ask her how much snow came down while I am away suffering in this 80 degree heat. We are selling our house & moving to our second home in Pflugerville, Texas shortly. We had a contract in 6 days after listing it. Hope we will see the two of you again in September.

MAIL call

BAKER, Dick, E2-E5 05K Det 4, 68-69, El Paso, TX
BARNDT, Ernie, E3-E5, 631, Det 4, 56-57 & E5-WO1, Det 27, 59-JL61, Eagle River, AK
CONNER, Dave, Det 27, 63-64, 1242 Myrtle St., Kilgore, TX
FEICK, Phil, E2-E5, 71L, Det 27, NO64-MY67, Eighty Four, PA
FRAERING, Camille, 982, Det 4, SE57-SE58, New Iberia, LA
GLASGOW, Harry, Det 4, NO63-64, Manassas, VA
KNIEF, Ronald, E3-E4, 286, Det 4, Bessemer, MI

TAVERNETTI, Dave, 2Lt-1Lt, Watch Officer, Det 27, 62-SE63, El Dorado Hills, CA
WACENDAK, Andy, E7-WO1, 98GRU/988A, Det 4, 66-67, Johnson City, NY
WHITE, Paul, E3-E5, 058, Tk#1, Det 27, JL60-24JL62 Erlanger, KY
WHITMAN, Ken, E3-E5-E4, 058, TK#4, Det 27, 62-64, Rehoboth Beach, DE

MAIL CALL in alphabetical order

BAKER, Richard C (Dick) YOB 1948 RA12903486, E2-E5 05K Det 4, 68-69, (Sherry),
943 South Mesa Hills Dr., Apt 3503., El Paso, TX 79912 cell 443-285-1867,
dbaker17a@comcast.net
Called on 3 Dec 2011. Retired from the Reserves as a CSM.

Some thoughts on Det 4 Sinop. I remember the strike on the "hill" by the Turks – we ate Eckmek and C Rations – some canned the same year I was born (1948). Going to the Yeni Hotel and having Tachin tea. Nato the barber in town. Charlie the waiter in the NCO Club that made jewelry boxes for everyone. Had a 12 inch dagger made in town – remembering watching the guy beat it out of a car spring. Used to rent a sail boat at the docks and sail out into the Black Sea and trade cigarettes with the Russians fishermen for Russian Vodka. Rented horses and used to go riding outside town. Russian MIG's flying inland and the USAF jets chasing them back over the Black Sea. The Turkish Navy coming to Sinop and everyone laughing about the "PomPom" guns on the ships because that meant something pornographic in Turkish. Touring the Prison in Sinop with the Turkish Navy NCO's and seeing the prisoners (they looked like concentration camp prisoners). Nickel (5 cent) Black Label Beer in the club and you could buy mixed drinks in the club but you couldn't buy liquor at the Class Six store unless you were 21. Buying Turkish wedding puzzle rings and learning how to put them back together again. Buying Meerschaum pipes and sending them home to friends. Making E-5 two days after being in the Army 2 years and having stripes "tacked on". Walking around the Roman Ruins there on the Hill. Sinop was my first tour overseas and I have some very fond memories of the "Hill".

After Sinop I left active duty in 1971 joined US Army Reserve - was a 11B and 11C, Drill Sgt, Opn Sgt, 1SG, Opns SGM, Bn CSM and retired in 1994 as a Bde CSM.

BARNDT, Ernest Eugene, Jr., YOB: 1935, RA13474888, E3-E5, 631, Det 4, MR56-MY57 & E5-WO1, Det 27, MR59-JL61 (Fran), 18107 Meadow Creek Dr., Eagle River, AK 00577, 907-694-3645 & Cell 907-227-2455, barndt@alaska.net

Hello Elder, Greetings from Alaska, the Frozen North, or the last Frontier. I received your message and decided to give you this long overdue update.

First of all it was great to receive an email message from Bill Stuckert. I will send him a personal email or call him, but I wanted to express my thanks for keeping me in the loop. As for me, I am still struggling with my heart problems since my Triple by-pass in 2008. Have an A-Fib problem which, I hope, is currently under control, finally. It's been a struggle as I have a Pace-Maker/Defib implant, initially with 2 leads and then replaced

with a third lead. I am still in A-fib most of the time, but it hasn't put me into heart failure as before and I am on a heart monitor with the Heart Institute keeping track of my progress. Taking one day at a time. Fran and I travel outside (of Alaska that is) when my health condition cooperates. And once again, will plan on attending the 2012 reunion.

Enough about me, I was deeply saddened to hear about the passing of Jim Mullholland and Col Donald Aines. They both were instrumental in initiating the start toward my successful 28 year Army career. I will attach some pertinent documents and photo's.



Leroy Leveling and Ernest Barndt

This past year we also received sad news that Leroy Leveling had passed away. He was our Best Man at our wedding, did not make a career of the Army, and we therefore lost track of each other. After 50 years, in 2007, we visited with him in Amarillo, TX and renewed our friendship and I owe the DOOL a load of thanks for their help in locating him. He was stationed with Jim Houghton and I at Det4 in 1956-57 timeframe. Also Gene McConnell, who calls me every Christmas time.

Below is a copy of the orders assigning the first group of us to Sinop (Det4). Sgt Wolfenberger headed up our group. I still keep in touch with Jim Houghton and Gene McConnell, as I stated before, and Leroy Leveling who passed away this past year.

This is a letter of Commendation that Lt Mullholland gave me. This was the beginning of my career, as I was still trying to find my niche in life, which ended in a 28 year career, retiring as CW4 in 1981.

The following is a copy of the selection board, where Cpt Aines was a member of the board. At the time he was assigned to Det 4 and was on TDY orders to Det 27 to sit on the board. Also below is a copy of the orders later promoting me to WO1. Several years ago, I got in contact with COL (R) Aines and we had a long talk about those days at Det 27 and Det 4. When I told him about making Warrant Officer he said "I must have checked the right block". We are sorry we did not get to visit with him prior to his passing.

The following are some pictures which I will try to forward: Pictures in order are: PFC Ernie Barndt, Pvt Leroy Leveling, (Leroy's Obit), LTs Mullholland and Stuckert; Fran, Sec Site MGR Det27, Ernie & Fran in HI 2010.

CONNER, Dave, Det 27, 63-64, 1242 Myrtle St., Kilgore, TX 75622, 903-984-8989, davidconner1998@yahoo.com

I was at the Bob Hope show in a bus barn in Ankara December 1963. Dave

FEICK, Phil, YOB: 1943, RA, E2-E5, 71L, Mgr 'O' Club, Hq Co., Det 27, NO64-MY67, (Jean), G346 Munntown Rd., Eighty Four, PA 15330, 724-941-0105, pjafeick@live.com
Greetings and Happy Anniversary! Your bride does still look as she did at Manzarali. Somehow you printed my daughter's EM address in the recent DOOL. My address is: pgafeick@live.com I may have sent you a copied item or forwarded item. Tried calling you a few weeks ago, but I kept getting a wrong number recording. Merry Christmas and may you be in best of health! Phil

The following is a re-print of DOOL #136 which included a well written BIO by Camille Fraering. I'm positive that once you start reading – you won't stop until you reach the end. I recently talked to Camille about his tour on the HILL and he informs me that he often thinks of his year at Det 4. He and Mary have been married for 53 years. He has had a by-pass of his heart at least 4 mini-strokes. One of his disappointments is that he has not been able to attend any of the reunions.

FRAERING, Camille Jr., E4, YOB: 1936, RA, 982, TK#3, Det 4, SE57-SE58, (Mary), 2408 Blue Haven Dr, New Iberia, LA 70563, 337-365-5418, cinvent@earthlink.net



That's Camille Fraering with the beer can.

I enlisted on 23 July 1956 in New Orleans for a 3 year stint in the ASA. The recruiter had convinced me that I could be assigned to Embassy's around the world, civilian clothes and a \$600 clothing allowance. I sucked it up and was looking forward for such duty. Nowadays they would say that that recruiter could have sold me some land in the ATCHAFALFA swamp for a hi-rise. Took basic at Fort Hood, TX then on to Fort Devens for 6 months where I was trained as a Traffic Analyst. I had failed the test as an O58, not a brain for it. Funny, after 48 years I still remember dit dar dar dit dit dit dit dar dit dar dit dit dit dar dar dar dar. If I got it right that is pvr50.

I had finished 6th in my T/A class with a promise for duty in Europe to the first eight in the class, however we were designated for Turkey, none the less. I quickly sought out information about Turkey and discovered that it is the only secular Muslim country among all the Muslim countries in the world and that it was established in 1923 as a Democratic Republic of Turkey under the leadership of Kemal Atatürk. I was sent to Arlington Hall for some Russian language training, but Russian was incomprehensible to me so I failed there and was still sent to Det 4.

MY ROUND-ABOUT FLIGHT TO SINOP, TURKEY

I had flown to Bermuda and we had to change planes as the radar went out so we had to change planes. We got on a Super Connie and flew to the Azores. The Super Connie was one of the most distinctive looking planes of her day, and therewith was very famous. She was touted at being able to fly the Atlantic in 8 ½ hours. Halfway there the inboard left (PORT) engine went out. Joy to the world. We were halfway across. We made it and they told us the engine had an oil leak. The Connie could fly on two engines, so they said. Yeah Sure. Well we finally arrived at Lajes Field in the Azores. It was known as the crossroads of the Atlantic. It didn't take long for me and Charlie Harvel to find a bar. An Azore Pimp tried to get Charlie Harvel and I to go with him where they had a bunch of women. Well to make a long story short the Ambassadors daughter who was very pregnant got me to the side and said don't go, there is a lot of VD on the island.

My week in LIBYA

We then flew and landed on the Mediterranean Coast of North Africa at a place called Wheelus AFB in Tripoli. We spent about a week there. Charlie Harvel who was from the boot of Missouri, and a bunch of other troops and I toured the Castle, Fort, and the Harbor. We saw the Calips dungeon which was a hole about 30 feet deep with a ladder. We spent a great 5 days or so touring. The barracks we stayed in were at the middle of the noisiest runway where the F86's jets hit their afterburners. That and we enjoyed the flies. I think it is the national bird of Libya. You would wake up with flies all over you, on your face and in your mouth. And it was hot. Writing about Libya reminds me that Khadafy took over in 1969 and the irony of the COLD WAR - the SOVIETS moved some MIG's and Tu-22 Bombers there and, of course, the 'old' Wheelus AFB was one of the targets during Reagan's raid to get Khadafy.

Next it was off to Rome Italy via Air Italia. The stewardess in our section had been endowed better than Dolly Partin. Stayed until the money ran out. Flew to Istanbul, changed planes and took a Turkish Airlines plane to Ankara. Checked in and went to an apartment house they had for transient troops. We were told of a Bar where they had a good bar and some performers. We walked there remembering the way home and walked into the Bar. I can't remember the name of the bar for the life of me. Well I found a stool and a pretty Turkish girl came up to me and displayed her English. "No shit GI....I love you.... buy me some Champagne." This was August 1957. Some GI just saved me a lot of money. God Love him. Then it was off to Sinop by L-19. Well I arrived and my first billet was a tent where I met Bob Kehr. It was a Squad Tent with about thirty troops sleeping there

THE SPUTNIK'S

I started working in operations on 2 October 1957 and with only 2 days on the job the Ruskies launched Sputnik. As I recall SPUTNIK, meaning "fellow traveler" in Russian, was about the size of a basketball and weighed 183 lbs and the flight took about 98 minutes to orbit the Earth on its elliptical path, with 2 transmitters on frequencies at 20 and 40 MHz broadcasting the "beep-beep-beep" signals that symbolically ushered in the space age and allowed the Soviets - and the world - to track the orbit of this satellite.

I believe that Sputnik had been launched from the Baikonur Cosmodrome in Kazakhstan. I don't remember if any one at Det 4 anticipated it or if anyone there copied the broadcast. I'm sure that the launch of Sputnik brought about the expansion of the MISSION at Det 4. I'm equally certain that ASA and NSA could not disclose intelligence gathered by the U2 flights at that time. Thus the "Missile Gap" argument was born and it marked the start of the space age and the US - USSR space race. One must remember that back in 1957 the R-390 receiver had vacuum tubes and was the beginning of the "Cold War" and each were prepared to engage in global war at a moments notice. The Soviet dictator was Nikita Khrushchev, remember him? I've researched and found that construction of the BAIKONUR COSMODROME in Kazakhstan had begun in January 1955 and that there were many attempted flights before SPUTNIK was launched. Up until the time of launch, the Soviets were able to keep the Sputnik series a secret from the majority of the world. Sputnik II blasted off on 3 November 1957. It weighed half a ton and carried a dog named "Laika" Sputnik II failed to detach from its booster, and Laika became the first casualty to space exploration. Sputnik III was launched on 18 September 1958 as I was departing Sinop. Through the Sputnik series, the Soviet Union ushered the world into the Space Age. At that time, the world was in a race to create the ICBM, or the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile.

I WAS LITERALLY A SCREWBALL FOR NEARLY FOUR MONTHS ON THE HILL

For the first 3 or 4 months I had it very easy. The Warrant Officer, Mr. Dan Taylor was a first class officer. I have never been anywhere with men such as the ones I served with there. Since I had nothing to do I was the file clerk. There was not much to do so after filing everything I could leave and go screw off. For a screw off it was heaven. This

gave me time to explore the hill and go to town quite a bit. As I said this lasted almost three months. Once some friends and I went climbing a cliff out on the eastern end of the hill facing the Black Sea. It was a miracle none of us were killed. When we got onto the side of the hill the first 50 feet was no problem, then we found out the rock was rotten, (it broke off as you put weight on it.) You had to get two hand holds and one good foot hold. Some foot holds broke off. There must have been 8 or 9 of us idiots. Long and short of it we all made it. Later I discovered a tunnel on the hill that I first thought was a water tunnel but years later found out it was not a water course but something else. There is no evidence of water or erosion and the tunnel is from ancient times. There is Greek writing on the column in the entry chamber much like KILROY WAS HERE. During this time one of the fellows crawled about 150 feet into it and came to a lot of fill that blocked the tunnel. We did not go any further as it may have been an archeological site. I often wonder if it was an entrance to a Tomb, possibly the tomb of King Lydia who is buried in Sinop? I doubt it because it is not ornate. The column must have been put in after the entry chamber was built because it has a piece of rock on top of the column to shim up the top of the anti chamber.

WOW - - I STILL REMEMBER THOSE MELONS

I developed Planters Warts at Det 4. Had difficulty walking and was sent to the USAF Hospital in Ankara to have them removed. Well they promised novocain but either they did not know how to use it or it was not novocain, they were great surgeons and did a fast first class job of the Warts. As for a pain killer they had the next best thing - a gorgeous nurse with a very nice chest that held down my leg. Oh, she was fantastic. She had melons. This nurse made me forget about the pain. The only sad thing was she did not accompany me thru the rehabilitation. Had she accompanied me through re-hab I am positive I would never have recovered. Pity! When I returned they put me to work as a T/A man which I really enjoyed. I could not believe you could get paid for working as a T/A. I would have done it for free.

THE SPAM EPIDEMIC

When I first got there - my pay as a Private First Class was \$538.00 a month. Then the CO whom I do not remember got sick and decided to take away our subsistence allowance (which hacked everyone off) and buy the Mess Hall food from the Ankara AFEX. The quality of food then went in the toilet. This was the start of the SPAM epidemic. All we had was SPAM for well over a month. I actually think it was two months. The poor cooks worked their hini's off trying to make it palatable. It was horrible. We had Fried SPAM, Grilled SPAM, Stuffed SPAM, SPAM on a Shingle, SPAM anyway you could imagine. I have not eaten SPAM since I was in Det 4, over 45 years ago. I did eat a small quarter sized piece of SPAM six months ago and spit it out. Some Idiot or masochist brought a can to the office and opened it. The reason the CO got sick was not the Turkish food supply. Rather it was the latrines and the fly's. They would visit the latrine and then the Mess Hall. Later in the Spring we all got sick as hell on the Air Force food. Probably brought on by the flies. They brought in some medics and everyone got to go to see doc and the medics. They gave me a large 12 ounce

glass of some white liquid and the medics (Whom were over 6'5" it seemed) made sure we drank all of it. Biggest medics I ever saw. We had to go for a week or so every day. If you did not go, they came and got you. Then we would go to the EM club and get a few drinks to rid of the taste. I never did get cured until I was at Fort Bragg in November 1958. Seems when I left Turkey I had a re-occurrence because as the medic at Fort Bragg said the microbes did not have the same diet as they had in Turkey. I was laid up for a month or so.

MY DENTAL EXPERIENCE IN TURKEY

I can relate to Richard Riedy's BIO and his dental experience at Sinop. I remember when he had his wisdom tooth removed and I was terrorized by it. I had a broken tooth and waited until R&R in Ankara to have it repaired. There was an Air Force dentist, who was a full bird that ordered me to have the tooth removed and I refused. Finally he repaired it with a temporary cap. I still have it and hope to use it as an anchor for my dentures, 44 years later. Thank God I still have it.

I WAS PART OF A ROUSTABOUT TEAM TASKED TO GET A GMC ENGINE AT SAMSUN

I will not say who, what or when but we went to Samsun on R&R. We needed an engine for a iki ba chuk, but six men got one out of the Air Force motor pool in Samsun. I was not involved other than keeping the zoomie occupied drinking as the hero's got the engine. Now whether it was a legit deal or worked out beforehand - I do not know. All I know is we got an engine and that was important.

THE KARI-HANI'S

About the Kara hanis. How's this for a disclaimer: No one I know ever went to the Kara-hani's. You would go thru the gate which was manned by Turkish Conscript Infantry, and then into a two lane street which had a few (5 or 6) Turkish troops. You could go to any house on the street, they were four stories, with I am told the girls were on the second floor and drinks were free. To rent a girl was 7.5 lira, the exchange rate was 2.5 to the dollar but the black market was 10-12 to a dollar. Dinner and a girl was 12 or 15 lira for the night. Most of the women were unfortunates that were convicted of a minor offense. Supposively the offense may have been for rejecting an assigned husband, shoplifting, divorce, family strife, rebellious teens, etc. Some I am told were 20 to fifty etc. Most were young. They had a fine to pay off by whatever they earned. So much for Islamic law. So, how exactly do you think I was able to write this....and will neither confirm nor deny....at least that's the version I've managed to piece together, others might have a slightly different twist.

WHO REMEMBERS THE KARA-HANI HALL BARRACKS AT DET 4

Did you know that one of the barracks at Det 4 was named Karahani Hall? We had four tricks and one was assigned to each trick. One trick was named KARA-HANI HALL. Some if not all on that trick - came back with the creepy crawler bugs.

THE BEST DAMN 058 ON THE HILL

Jim P. Damn, it was paradise at the Hill and Sinop. Especially if you were on a Trick as you had a lot of free time. You did not need permission to go to town, you just had to be back in time for work, sober. One fellow on my trick got bombed and came to work. He was a great 058, and the way he got caught was for the time of the intercept he typed in the time as 0800 etc. Trouble was it should have been 2000 hours. I caught hell, cause I didn't catch it, he caught a lot of hell for being drunk on duty. I felt bad because if I had caught it I could have told him it was nite time. I don't remember his name, it may have been Jim P. but I am not sure. He was a great 058, a legend among us. He could copy anybody no matter who was sending or if there were three transmissions on the same frequency. I recall this same GI - after a good night at the club was recovering one morning early and was getting his norishment (breakfast, a beer and some popcorn from the night before picking thru the popcorn, the rat turds, and yellow kernals (rat P.) As he stood up to go take a shower, everyone yelled, NO~ as he braced himself against the hot stove. Severe burns to his right hand. We saved him from very severe burns by taking him outside and immersing his hand in the white, not YELLOW SNOW.

THE GREEN SNAKE OF SINOP

One day I caught a ride back from town and there were a lot of us in the 2 ½ ton and someone saw a large green snake. Well the truck stopped and we jumped out to catch it. Well we could not find him. Thank God, it appears he was a one step snake. Two years ago I found a web site on Serpents of Turkey. They have all types of poison snakes in Turkey, Cobras, a type of Rattle snake, go look and see at <http://reptile.fisek.com.tr/> It made me think of climbing the hill and going into the tunnel. I would have had a heart attack. I never saw another snake in Turkey.

YELLOW SNOW AND THE 3 STAR GENERAL

I remember the visit of a 3 Star General to the HILL and his wish to inspect the HOOTCHES. We were all ready for his tour of our barracks, but LUCKILY the General went next door. It had snowed, the ground had ice and snow on it. For days it had rained and snowed. It was cold, freezing and the pee tube was 50 yards away. The Pee Tube building was enclosed to waist high, the rest was screen. Everybody would go to the back door of the hooch and let it go. Well the General went out the back door for one reason or another, slipped and fell. He looked up and said "Yellow Snow" Those duds dug a Latrine for two weeks. He could have gone to every hooch and had the whole HILL digging.

The Hill in those days was paradise. Drink Eat, Drink, work, eat, play softball, Scratch

Football, eat, drink, explore, drink eat work ad finum. Then came the ruining of the Hill. Dang Barracks. It was horrible. Drafty, no privacy, people walking in and out all the time. I do not remember when we had to vacate the huts. It was so sad. Then came the disaster. Seemed like we were invaded by a new commander and then about 150 troops. Seemed to me there were 300 more. To that time we had less than 300 and everybody knew everybody. This influx ruined the Hill as we knew it and Sinop itself.

The new troops did not know about the pricing in Sinop. There was an asking price and a cost price. We all tried to talk to them about bargaining and got the cold shoulder. I am convinced the relations between Sinop and the Hill started a downward slide. The town people could not buy shoes, get knives made etc. Prices of critical items went up as the new TDY troops were buying everything at the asking price.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW COMMANDER

He was Regular Army and by the book. At work, in 100 degree heat in the intercept building everyone had to wear class A uniforms. Everyone had to wear a tie, coat and all while copying. He wanted everyone searching day and night. Poor fellow did not have a clue. I think Mr. Taylor got him straight but I do not remember.

CIGARETTE ABBI

This and we all had to do Guard duty walking around the perimeter with a night stick. I remember one night I wanted a smoke real bad. I was in the area outside the fence where it was hilly. I walked up to the top of the knoll and could see back as far as the medic building. I walked back down the knoll and lit. I took two drags and a hand went up my liner and a voice said Cigarette abbi? I damned near had a heart attack. Served me right. He had been laying on the ground waiting for me

Then the IG came to hear the bitches. The line was a mile long. No good came from the IG. All of the changes brought about the Riot. There was a lot of unrest due to the CO not listening. It is a miracle the Officers quarters wasn't burned down. Funny, I remember a lot but I do not remember the Riot. Maybe it was after I left but the fire had been lit by all the chicken stuff.

I left SINOP in the back of a iki pachuk at the end of August 1958 for the trip to Ankara. I was out-processing in Ankara on 2 September 1958 when Soviet MIG-17's shot down a C-130 after it inadvertently penetrated denied airspace. I'll never forget that incident as we had to stay in an apartment with some Air Force zoomies. It was terrible. We didn't go anywhere - except to Esenboga Airport.

Recently I researched that incident and find out that the U.S. Government did not confront the Soviets until 6 September when the Soviets denied knowledge of the incident. Four Soviet MiG-17 pilots intercepted the C-130 tail number 60528, took turns firing on the C-130, and shot it down, killing the 17 Americans aboard. The crew consisted of six USAFE flight crew members and 11 United States Air Force Security

Service (USAFSS) reconnaissance crew members who were based at Rhein-Main Air Base, Germany, but were on TDY at Incirlik Air Base, Adana, Turkey when the incident occurred. A status quo ensued and the Soviets provided no information on the 11 missing airmen for over 30 years. Finally in 1991, Russian President Boris Yeltsin began releasing information on the shoot down. In 1993, local villagers of Sasnashen created an Armenian memorial at the crash site honoring the 17 Americans who perished in the crash. Sasnashen is 34 miles northwest of Yerevan, the Armenian capital.

I LOVED THE HILL

All in all - I loved the Hill and Sinop. I still dream of the place but not as often now. More later and it will include info about the GI that got caught in a private residence with a woman and my tour of the Hill.

One depressing thing is everyone is dying around me so I need to get off my butt. I got to Det 4 in September 1957 and had a lot of free time. I used to walk into town at least twice or so each week. I walked straight down the hill right by a farm, and sometimes I would walk straight up the hill. There was no fence so you could even run down the hill if you were careful. That is how I found the tunnel. Hidden in plain sight. Once you passed it by 30 feet you could not see it. I have often wondered where it went and what it was. I know it was not a watercourse! I climbed the highest tower on the wall on the south of town. Believe me it was a task and very interesting. Also dangerous. I think I took some one up one time. They did not want to do it again. I was told the Greek stones of the wall were the triangular and the rectangular were Roman additions. Also when we got there the Hospital that had been shelled by the Russians was still there as a shelled relic as a reminder of the atrocity they had committed.

I really appreciate what you are doing. It is a fantastic service. Thank you. Camille M. Fraering Jr.,
Sinop 57-58 (before the Regular Army got there)

GLASGOW, Harry, Det 4, NO63-64, Manassas, VA, harry.glasgow@yahoo.com



The caption should read: "Harry Glasgow and a Festive Friend at the Winterthur Museum and Gardens in Delaware, Christmas time, 2011."

Elder - For years, Dan Taylor has passed editions of the DOOL to many ASA old timers on his address list. As I read and enjoy these postings, I have always wondered if my little story may be of interest to other ASA veterans. So, I wrote it up and am passing it along for your consideration.

Hope your holidays are pleasant and peaceful

Regards, Harry Glasgow

Elder – Another ASAer heard from - perhaps this little piece might be of interest to DOOL readers. I served as an enlisted member of ASA from 1963 to 1966. After training in what was then called MOS 059 at USASATC&S, Ft. Devens, I was sent to Sinop, arriving in November, 1963. My tour at Det 4 was shared by stalwarts such as Steve Stubbs, often featured in these pages; the Operations Officer, then MAJ Darrell Arena; Lt Dick Deeds who, I think, ran Hippodrome; and others whose names I cannot now recall. The Commander during most of my Tour was COL Fechtman.

Following Sinop, I was sent back to Devens to teach in the basic 059 course. I ETSed at Devens in February, 1966, and immediately returned to USASATC&S to join the growing cadre of civilian faculty members. I taught basic 059 (soon to become 05K), the Non-Morse Communications Analysis Course, and parts of both officer and non-commissioned officer advanced courses. Following the merger of all Non-Morse training at the NSG School at Pensacola in the early 1970's, I was assigned to the

Technical Literature Branch, but wrote very little, doing projects for Drs. Legere, Flynn, and Tracey – the core of the Devens ‘Irish Mafia’.

At the passing of ASA in 1976, USASATC&S became a TRADOC element called the United States Army Intelligence School, Devens, or USAISD. We were subordinated to the Army Intelligence School at Ft Huachuca. The next several years were interesting ones at Devens. We didn’t hear much from Huachuca, but TRADOC wanted to know what they had inherited. I recall being part of the group that visited TRADOC Headquarters at Ft Monroe to introduce ourselves and our mission. The whole pleasant introduction became awkward when it was learned that very few officials at TRADOC held the clearances necessary to read our Programs of Instruction, or most of our training materials. We learned that in the entire Headquarters there were perhaps 10 or 12 people holding SCI clearances – The CG, the SSO, and several folks in the Combat Development Branch. It didn’t get any better when it was apparent that many of our programs didn’t fit the TRADOC model of a military training operation. A memorable example was when we explained we ran several maintenance (MOS 33S) programs that trained 3 to 4 students per year (AN/FLR-9 Maintenance was one), and that much of the training took place in Germany. These were officials used to dealing with training programs having thousands of students at a time. Courses with 3 per year and a relatively heavy TDY cost were unheard of. Among the few officers at TRADOC with sufficient clearances was CPT Claudia Kennedy, who was a great help in getting TRADOC and USAISD to understand each other. (CPT Kennedy went on to bigger things, of course, retiring from a triumphant career as the Army’s first woman three-star general, and as the Army’s Deputy Chief of Staff for Intelligence.) Progress was made . . . clearances were obtained, and we slowly became a fully integrated TRADOC School . . . 3-student programs and all. I became one of the Branch Chiefs in the newly formed USAISD New Systems office, dealing mostly with training programs associated with strategic, field station systems. This began about 10 years of ceaseless TDY, back and forth to DC, Europe, and contractors all over the U.S.

The prospect of combining the campuses at Devens and Huachuca continually hung over us during this period. The battles of where this consolidation was to take place were tempered by the stark truth that as long as ‘Tip’ O’Neil was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, nothing was going to happen to his state’s one Army base. But with O’Neil’s retirement in 1987, and the first Base Realignment and Closure (BRAC) decisions the following year, the consolidation at Ft. Huachuca was announced in early 1989. Feeling that while Ft Huachuca was a nice place to visit, it was not where I wanted to live, I set out to find other employment. I managed to find a job at HQ INSCOM at Ft Belvoir, and so left my beautiful Massachusetts to relocate to Fairfax County, Virginia. I continued to do New Systems work at INSCOM, when I got ‘hired’ by COL Sam Simerly at his Studies and Analysis (SAA) office. There I joined several former ASAers, among them were SAA’s Deputy LTC Hank Scarangella, former SGM Tony Antonello, former 05D Bill McDowell, former CWO Paul Germain, and others. For about three years during my time with SAA and its successor, the Land Information Warfare Activity, I established and ran a small liaison office at NSA. Getting tired of the

commute, I went job hunting again, and was able to find a job in 1996 at a DIA office providing Intelligence support to elements of the Joint Staff.

I finally retired from DIA and Federal Service in July, 2001. Since then I have become an irredeemable volunteer, serving with several Northern Virginia environmental and conservation organizations, and leading nature walks at a number of local parks – a very pleasant way to spend my time. Looking back on it all, I can list both successes and failures – I took part in the training of many of you, I helped field some interesting and important intelligence systems, and met an awful lot of great people. Failures? Well, I apparently have never understood marriage, and consequently have ex-wives all over the landscape, but did manage to help launch a couple of great kids in spite of it.

I now live in Manassas, Virginia, and would love to hear from any whom I knew at Sinop or Devens. I'm at harry.glasgow@yahoo.com. I've attached a recent photograph that shows the ravages of clean living. Ha!

Harry Glasgow

harry.glasgow@yahoo.com

KNIEF, Ronald A., YOB:1936, RA17521630, E3-E4, 286, Det 4, 59, 210B N. Sophie St., Bessemer, MI 49911, 966-667-0012 , ronknief@sbcglobal.net



Ron Knief, 1959 at Sinop



PFC Ron Knief and SP4 Ron Brown outside EM Club

#230 is another very interesting DOOL I just finished reading, I really enjoyed it. Who writes it? You? Chuck Bergmann? If you do it - you do a great job. I enjoy some of the lengthy in depth stories like Stan Winarski's. Sorry for the ignorance. Ron [See DOOL #227]

TAVERNETTI, David E., YOB: 1941, 2Lt-1Lt, Watch Officer Tk#4, Det 27, MR62-SE63, (Sue), 7021 Timber Trail Loop, El Dorado Hills, CA., 95752, 916-939-0136, detavernetti@sbcglobal.net

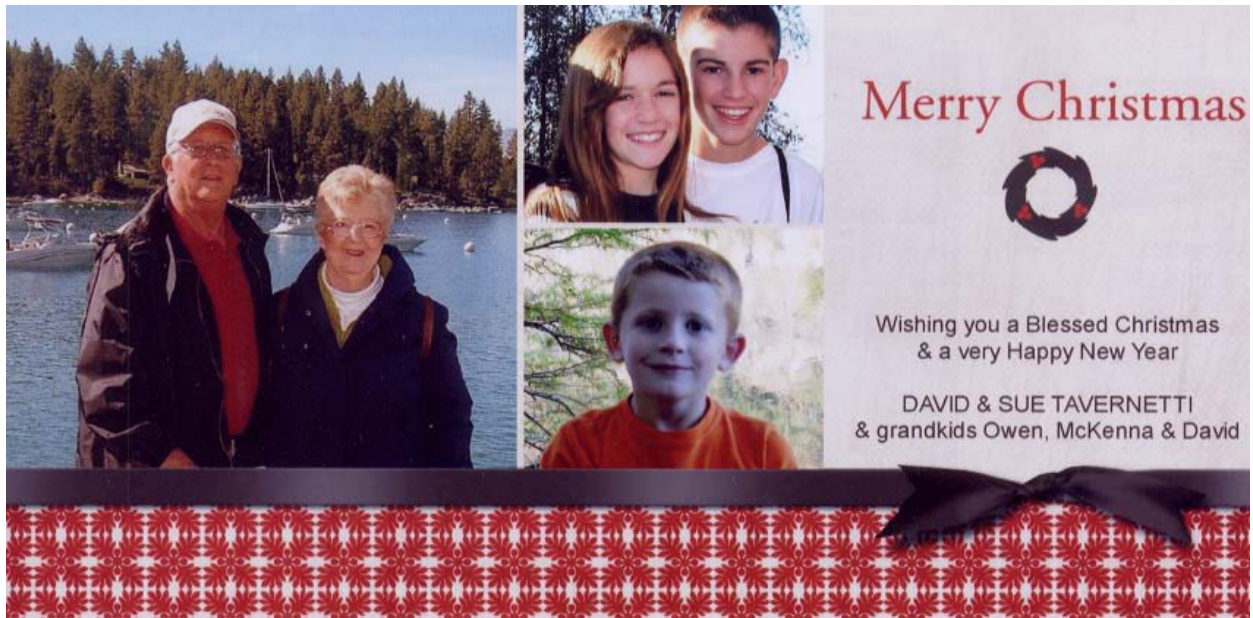
Below is the 2011 Christmas Card from Dave & Sue Tavernetti where they wished their friends a very Merry Christmas and all the best for a Happy and Prosperous New year.

The Tavernetti's have been sending me the Christmas cards every year since 2001 and I've attached the 2009 & 2010 below for comparison. Dave informs that their plans for 2011, that included attending the reunion, had to be put on hold when Dave was diagnosed with an aggressive form of bladder cancer. That resulted in 3 months of chemo. Thirty day's later Dave had major surgery on 9 November. Everything went well & the good news is that the pathology report came back clear – no sign of any remaining cancer. No more treatments required just time to recuperate and regular periodic checkups. Thanks be to God.



2011

L-R: Their three daughters, Ann, Mary & Sarah – Dave & Sue – grandkids Owen, McKenna & David



2010



2009

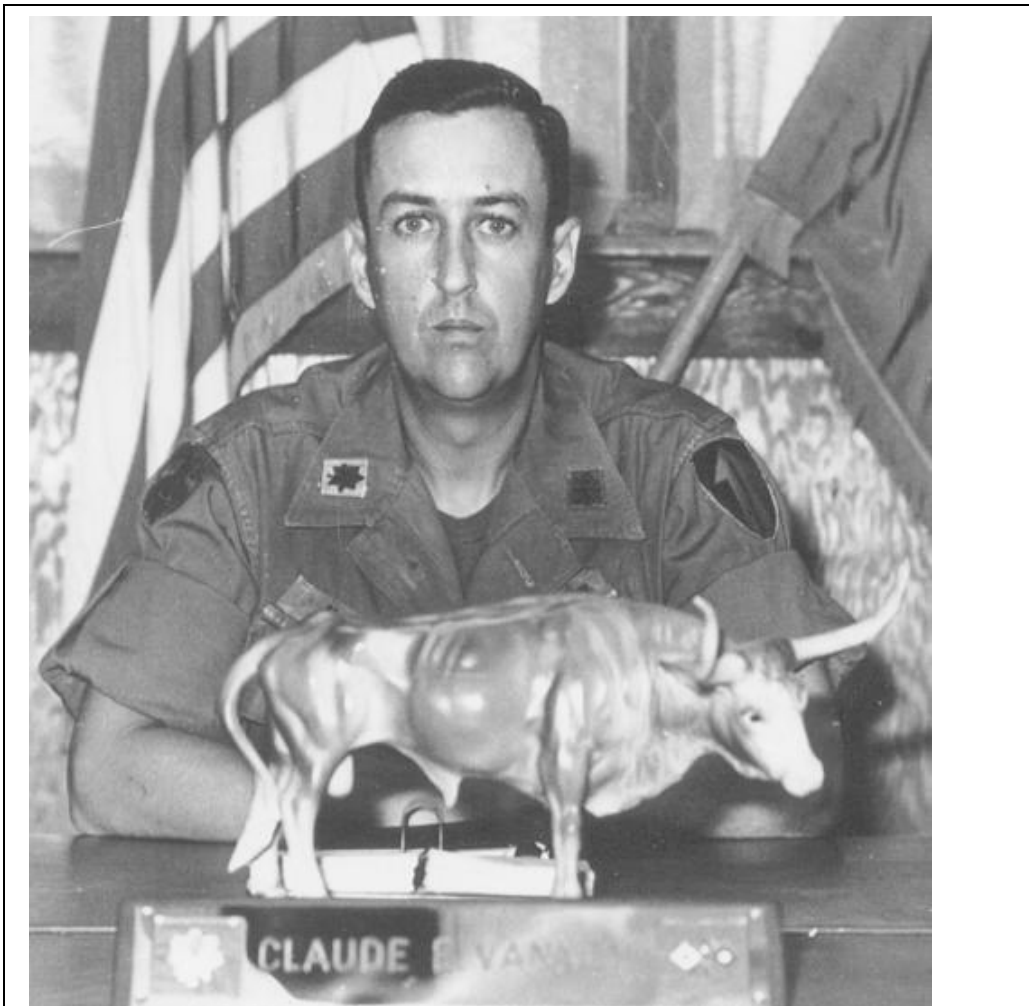


VANNOY, Claude E., Cpt-Maj, OPNS OIC, Det 27, JN65-JN68
177 Welcome Home Rd., N. Wilkesboro, NC 336-667-7036/7037 vace@wilkes.net
Spouse: Ginny

I was going thru my files and came across the photo's of Claude Vannoy



Captain Vannoy being promoted to Major by Colonel Lundy with Ginny on the right



We departed Det 27 a few weeks before the turn-over-ceremony and went to Fort Leavenworth, KS., to attend the Command and General Staff College, then attended St. Benedict's College in Atchison, KS for 9 months to get a BS degree. I left the family behind, then off to Vietnam to serve my country. I was the Assistant S-3 of the 509th Radio Research Group for 3 months and then took over as the Commander of the 303rd Radio Research Battalion at Long Bien for 9 months. After Vietnam, we went to Heidelberg, Germany for 3 years. I started up a Cryptologic Support Group (CSG), at USASAEUR and 7th Army HQS. While in Germany I got a MBA degree thru the University of Utah. From Germany, it was off to Fort Meade, Maryland to do about three years in the NSA puzzle palace. In 1977, it was decision time again. Our great career management in DA told me I would be leaving for another three year tour overseas. Our two oldest children were ready to enter college and we didn't want to leave them behind in the States. So, I said goodbye to the Army at Fort Meade, Maryland on 31 March 1977 with 23 years of service as a Lt. Col.



Det 27 Operations in the background and the famous FOCK ROCK at the bend of road

“Now about that Morale Booster FOCK ROCK experience! What can I say?” Everything has probably already been said. At the time - I just wished it would go away, but it didn't. The best I can remember, I had the MONOGRAM painted over a few times when we were expecting visiting dignitaries, but the MONOGRAM would then reappear in a few days. I'm surprised that the troops didn't move the complete rock to Det 4-4. What happened to the part that didn't get moved? Was it included in the turnover ceremony when the post was turned over to the GOT? It now appears that I left Turkey too soon and someone didn't properly protect that ROCK!!!!” Ginny and I would love to attend the ASA Turkey reunion's. Wish we could as it would be great to see a lot of friends of the past as we are not getting any younger.

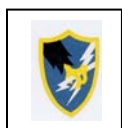
ASA Assignments

January 1954 - March 1954	- Basic Training at Fort Jackson, SC w/the 54 th Infantry
April 1954 - March 1956	- The Southeastern Signal School at Camp Gordon, GA
April 1956 - September 1956	- 311 th Comm Recon Bn, Trick Chief Fort Devens, MA
October 1956 - June 1957	- USArty&GM OCS Fort Sill, OK
July 1957 - May 1960	- 4 th USASAFS, Collection Officer Asmara, Eritrea
June 1960 - December 1962	- NSA Washington, DC
January 1963 - May 1963	- USASATC&S, AOCC Fort Devens, MA
June 1963 - May 1965	- NSA Fort Meade, MD
June 1965 - June 1968	- TUSLOG DET 27, Manzarali, Turkey Ops Officer
July 1968 - May 1969	- USAC&GSC Fort Leavenworth, KS
June 1969 - November 1969	- St. Benedict's College Atchison, KS
December 1969 - April 1970	- 509 th Radio Research Group, Assistant S-3 RVN
May 1970 - December 1970	- 303 rd Radio Research Battalion, CDR, RVN
January 1971 - February 1974	- HQ. USASAEUR CSG, OIC Heidelberg, Germany
March 1974 - March 1977	- NSA Fort Meade, MD
31 March 1977	- Retired from active service as a Lt Colonel



I changed careers completely, as I needed to do something different for a change. I worked in heavy construction for 9 years helping the owner run a large construction company. Following that I was the Assistant to the County Executive of Anne Arundel Co., Maryland for 4 years, then I set up and was VP of a Solid Waste Company. Next came the real retirement in 1995.

Hey Elder, My hat's off to you. I salute you for all the work you have done in bringing a lot of people back together after 35-40 years and sponsoring a reunion for them. I must pass on to all that worked with me at Det 27 Operations during 1965-1968 how much I enjoyed working with such an outstanding group of young men that always excelled in everything that they attempted. I'm sure many haven't forgotten the delicate conditions under which we worked --that is a Joint Turkish American operations. It was certainly possible to have a major U.S. Diplomatic incident on any day and that never happened. The successes we achieved can only be attributed to the outstanding EM and Officers working there. All the high level visitors we had during those "DAYS OF OUR LIVES" acknowledged that it was an outstanding group of men. My thanks goes to each one of you that I had the opportunity to work with and know. Claude E. Vannoy



WACENDAK, Andy, YOB 1925, RA12285540, E7-WO1, 98GRU/988A, Det 4, 66-67, (Winnie), 66 E Maine Rd., Johnson City, NY 13790, 607-797-6483, awacendak@stny.rr.com

From the desk of Andy Wacendak [edited] Dear Elder, Patty & Family My great wife – babies me like a new born – I’ve fallen several times due to ear infection but thus far no broken bones.....We have 2 grandgirls attending Bloomsburg University in PA - one is a junior & the other a freshman.

Elder your last DOOL was a great one....lots of great photo’s, etc, Ref John Wellhouse. I wrote him 2 letters and called him 2-3 times & left message to call me collect. No answer either time!

I was part of the 513th MI group that moved to Camp King at Oberursel which was situated NW of Frankfurt. While there I ran the “EM Blew Inn Klub” While there I shot a Big Red Deer in the Taunus Mountains in 1954. It cost me a fortune!

Thanks again – Friends & God Bless the Green Family – Andy & Winnie Wacendak

WHITE, Paul, YOB: 1939, RA15565498, E3-E5, 058, Tk#1, Det 27, JL60-24JL62 (Sandra-dec), 412 Center St., Erlanger, KY 41018, swhite10@insightbb.com



Elder - Merry Christmas to you and your family

WHITMAN, Ken, RA13735182, E3-E5-E4, 058, TK#4, Det 27, 62-64, (Judi), 12 Dutch Dr., Rehoboth Beach, DE 19971, 302-227-3643, cell: 302-228-8950, seadevil18@comcast.net

Dear Elder & Patty: I am e-mailing for Ken because he is busy with his American Legion duties. What memories you brought back to him through the Bob Hope video! Ken, like most of the ASA'ers spent at least two Christmases in Turkey. Ken said the "Bob Hope Show" was in the year of 1963 in Ankara.

Ken, at the time, was wearing "Sergeant Stripes" and a couple of soldiers from Det. 27 went to the show. When they got there, the first two rows of seats were empty; so Ken asked an Air Force Sergeant, who was helping soldiers find seats, who were those seats for? The soldier said, "you may sit there as long as no one else tells you to get up." During the show, the cameramen turned their cameras on the audience many times. Ken wrote home to make sure we watched the show when it would air on TV in January. Ken's whole family got together, and we saw Ken twice during the show.

Bob Hope was known to travel some where every year in the world with his Christmas show to entertain the troops. That was the last year he went worldwide. He, then, went to Vietnam and entertained every year for the duration of that war. Merry Christmas and a Healthy 2012 New Year to both of you. Judi & Ken (1962-1964)

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