

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #247 BACKGROUND INFO ON THE DET 4 RIOT

BY ELDER RC GREEN

To begin this legendary narrative I want it to be known that I have not sugar coated or tiptoed around the incident. For the most part – memory for some of those involved is selective, while others still visualize the event. But one thing is certain - they all experienced the adrenaline rush of being at the center of it all. At least, this is the version I've managed to piece together and I feel a little awkward about exploiting each one's memory.

How to describe what went wrong is a intriguing matter. It's this, it's that, vague and a sense that something is missing. It's all of these, and none of these. To begin with, it should be stressed that there's truth in the tales, but with the passage of over half a century, their (exploits) are colored as much by myths as by reality.

Have you ever heard the saying, when the well runs dry, you've got to dig a little deeper? Well, the same could be said for the 1961 riot at Sinop where a Turk askera cook, yes a cook was shot at the front gate and a GI named Bruce Mondahl was falsely blamed by the Turks as the person who did it.

Within the DOOL's from 2001 I've tried to complete the facts of what happened to cause the death of a human being at the front gate to one of the ASA's most important world-wide intercept station's.

Seventeen days before the 17 May 1961 riot - a Det 4 L-20 aircraft crashed

The dawn over Sinop provided little hint that the 17th of May 1961 would be any different than any other, Yet it became one of the more famous days in the history of the ASA unit stationed on the HILL denominated as TUSLOG Detachment 4 was the BRAWL and killing of a Turk COOK



Stan Faitz sailing on the Black Sea during his 1960-61 tour at Det 4 as a 058



It's my privilege to say that the events of the 1961 riot has been solved thanks to the input from Stanton A. Faitz and Richard Sherrington. Faitz's short-timer calendar had reached number 1 and he was scheduled to depart Sinop on 17 May 1961. Nothing was going to stop him., He was bunked in the white building shown above. The time was near 0600 and Stan was an early riser on his last day on the hill. He heard a commotion at the front gate which was about 75 yards away. He went outside and stood on a rain barrel and watched what ended up being a massive riot with at least four gun shots heard. After watching most of the activities – proceeded to clear post and was able to catch a ride on the L-20 to Ankara that evening.

To make a long story short – I made contact with Stan Faitz and he sent me the following clipping from the Chicago Daily Tribune, dated 1 June 1961 which gave me the name of SP4 Richard G. Sherrington

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JUNE 1, 1961
TURKS DEMAND U. S. GIVE UP 4 GIs IN SINOP PROBE
Native Sentry's Death in Brawl

Ankara, Turkey – The Turkish army has asked the United States to turn over four American soldiers stationed here to be tried on charges of killing a Turkish sentry or as accessories to the sentry's death.

According to the Turkish version, Pvt. Rifat Aslan was shot dead by American Pfc. Bruce L. Mondahl during a free-for all between Turkish and American soldiers. Another Turk was seriously injured, the Turks report.

The incident occurred early May 17 at Sinop on the Black Sea, east of Zonguldak, where Americans are building a radar station.

Struggle for Gun

According to the American version, a Turkish soldier, Yakup Ardue, seized a carbine from American Pvt. Edward Wood in the free-for-all and began to fire wildly. Aslan

attempted to recover the weapon and in the ensuing struggle the carbine went off and Aslan was killed.

Besides Mondahl, the Americans sought by the Turks are Pfc. Thomas D. Churchill, who came upon the scene of the fight while on jeep patrol; Pfc. Reuben W. Finstrom, who was in a sentry shack and Specialist 4/c Richard G. Sherrington.

Await Joint Probe

Sherrington tumbled out of bed when he heard the commotion and used his knowledge to call the Turkish military governor to the scene.

American Ambassador Ray Hare and Maj. Gen. Martin J. Morin, commander of the United States military mission in Turkey, have persuaded Turkish authorities to wait until Joint American-Turkish investigating teams have reported. The two teams, headed by Col. Faruk Aldemir, legal adviser to the Turkish general staff and Col. William G. Belson Jr of the United States aid mission in Turkey have been carrying out their investigation at Samsun on the Black Sea coast. A lie detector has been flown from Wiesbaden, West Germany for their use. END OF ARTICLE

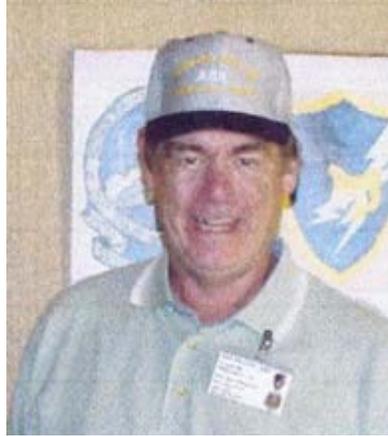
A few vignettes of the world situation in 1961 will serve to illustrate and clarify: The Bay of Pigs invasion takes place where U.S. – backed Cuban exiles unsuccessfully attempt to invade Cuba and overthrow the Fidel Castro regime. The Berlin wall construction begins. Also on 30 April 1961 a Det 4 L-20 aircraft crashed because of icing on a mountain near the Boyabat Pass and the village of Kastamonu. The pilot was the well known CW3 Foy Ketchersid (1923-2003) who had been a B-29 pilot in WWII. The passengers were CWO Sterling (Al) Allen and Capt John Hamlin. The L-20 was a complete loss, but the pouches were recovered. The three on the way off the mountain were taken prisoner by a shepherd who thought they were Russians.

For the most part the Turk enlisted men in the company sized unit at Sinop came from every corner of the underdeveloped areas and from small towns and villages in the mountains of eastern Turkey and were serving a compulsory two year tour. For the most part they came from low income and less-educated have-nots. Their lifestyle was much different from the young Americans serving at Det 4.

The Turks, in general, regarded military service as a sacred duty whereas the young American GI's were volunteers for the most part. But were not pleased with being in Turkey and most had a short-timers calendar showing the number of days left at Sinop.

This was the first time that they had encountered non-Muslims. They, just like the Americans, were homesick and wrote letters expressing with longing and yearning for home.

I began the Sinop RIOT search in 2001 for facts with only tidbits of information available and sought out to find those involved.



Roy DesRuisseaux

It was the late Roy DesRuisseaux, a PFC MP at Det 27 who first brought it to my attention.

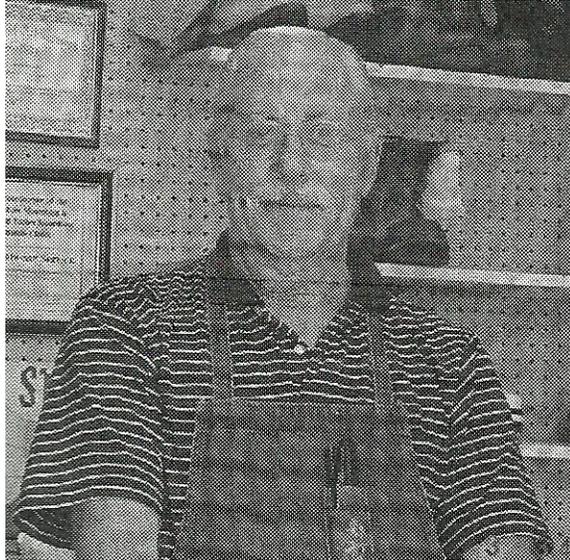
The passage of time revealed errors and deficiencies in recreating the riot and left me to interpret and insert things that really did not happen. We now know the name of the Turk who was killed, but the identity of the loser is perfectly clear. It was Eddie Vaughn Wood and Bruce Mondahl . BUT, the forgotten GI was Richard Sherrington who after reading his report - it will become clear that he was the key to resolving this dispute – even though a young Turk was killed two feet from him. The GI who started the fiasco was Robert (Biff) O'Hara and he has not been found. Two other standouts were PFC Pete Castigliano and SP4 Gerald Glaser.



PFC Pete Castigliano



Castigliano & Dr, Reitz



Richard (Pete) Castigliano



Jerry Glaser 1960



Joan and Jerry Glaser



REITZ, Roger P., DOB: 1932, Capt (Dr) Det 4, AU60-AU61, (Virginia), 1332 Sharringbrook, Manhattan, KS 66503, 785-539-1710

Dr. Roger P. Reitz has been found, but his only reply was on 3 April 2008 as follows: "Dear Al, - Thanks very much for your note about Sinop. I will write Don Aines, I remember him and the Sinop experience very well. I will write him a letter today 3 April 2008, Regards, Roger P. Reitz, MD., Kansas State Senator, District 22"

A google search reveals the Roger Reitz graduated from Kansas State University School of Medicine in 1959. After graduating he was given a direct commission as a Captain and in August 1960 was given orders for assignment to Sinop, Turkey. Captain Donald S. Aines writes in his memoirs how he and CW3 Obie Haugen met Dr. Reitz. It was while we were waiting to board PAN-AM Flight One in Frankfurt for the flight to Ankara. Obie spotted a dejected looking Medical Corps Captain and, not being bashful, walked over and said, "You look like you're going to Sinop, Turkey." Capt Aines and Dr. Reitz initially quartered in a very large room of the BOQ. Reitz was a talented and caring doctor and very religious and loved popcorn.

While reading Richard Sherrington's report one must remember that Turkey had not and never did waive its sovereignty for the HILL - that was officially regarded as a joint-use facility and had established a small security guard detachment on the base in 1956 and were quite visible on base and around the town of Sinop.



M1 Carbine .30 calibre with 10 round magazine

Also you will read in Sherrington's report that there was at least 3 mentions of mis-fires of the M1 carbine by the Turk during his wild exploits. Those are not memory losses. The carbine was famous for having mis-fires and jams. It was temperamental to old ammo, but mostly it needed cleaned. Another possibility was the spring that operated the bolt was weak and caused the bolt to not fully close that caused a light strike on the primer of the .30 calibre bullet.

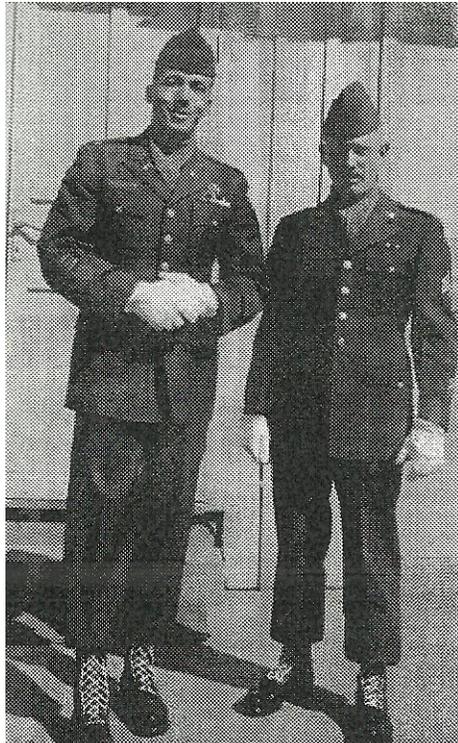
Those mis-fires surely saved three GI casualties. I believe that no one who has not had this kind of out of nowhere panic attack can understand how real and frightening such an event would have on your psychic.

In Sherrington's report there is little mention of the Det 4 commander. Lt Col Les Buttleman was the Det 4 commander from May 1960 to the middle of April 1961 and was replaced by Lt Col John P. Cox. According to Captain Donald S. Aines memoirs – Win, Draw, Lose - Cox was a ball of fire, but like Buttleman, his main concern was what happened behind the operations fence, and most personnel and admin duties were handled by the Adjutant who also filled the duties of the XO.

On 17 May 1961 Col Cox and some of his staff were having breakfast in the mess hall when at about 06:15 what sounded like gunfire was heard, but it did not register as being serious. Then at about 06:30, Cox received a urgent call from Sherrington at the front gate telling him that a Turk was shot and that the Turks were angry.

The news infuriated Cox and he quickly sized up the situation and sensed the danger that the operational mission might be compromised. He was cognizant that everything they did during this incident would be setting a precedent for similar incidents to follow. He also knew that if what Sherrington told him was true – that Col van Oosten must be notified immediately as well as those on the contingency plan.

The mood at the table was somber as the officers and First Sergeant gathered together to decide what steps needed to be taken.



Capt John Spivey and Sgt Wyman Roten posing for VIP visit to Sinop in March 1962 About the same time Captain John Spivey, the OD that night was notified and walked to the front gate. The wounded Turk had already been transported to the dispensary. Further he said that the Turks were all over the place. .

Spivey was a young, lanky and eager, bright eyed and bushy tailed Captain who had just arrived from Fort Devens where he was the commander of B Co. His Devens company was known as Spivey's Tigers and he often marched his company to/from the TC&S schools and was known to shout cadence quite often.

Cox directed that Captain Aines and Dr. Reitz go to the dispensary and that he was going to the front gate. Aines was a combat hardened veteran of WWII with the 9th Inf

Div, the 1st Cav Div in Korea and later with the 1st Inf Div (Big Red One) in Vietnam. He had been recommended for the Silver Star for heroics with the 9th Inf Div during WWII.

Patty and I became good friends with Col and Mrs Donald S. Aines who contributed a lot of Det 4 information in the DOOL's. For confirmation google his name and add DOOL for some interesting reading.

When the urgent message of the violence at Sinop was received by the Det 83 and 27 commanders, they in-turn pursuant to the Status Of Forces Agreement (SOFA) alerted the US Ambassador at the American Embassy in Ankara and the USAF 2-Star General who was the overall commander of all US troops in Turkey who, in turn, alerted the commander of US Army Europe about the rioting at Sinop. DIRNSA was included in all the messages and their reaction is not known.

The situation quickly escalated to the diplomatic level, with the Turkish government continuing to insist that a US soldier at Sinop had killed the Turk. They wanted jurisdiction over the case and, in fact, attempted to change the SOFA between the countries, which delineated which government had authority when certain events occurred. In general, the US had jurisdiction over incidents that occurred on duty, with the Turks having jurisdiction when it occurred off-base, or while a soldier was off-duty.

At this point let me present background info on Lt Col John P. Cox. He had a well-deserved reputation as a leader of the highest integrity. He was a quiet, but proud man, who strived for perfection that was moved by a sense of mission and responsibility. These were the qualities that made him worthy of being the commander of Det 4. But – there was one problem. The problem according to the Adjutant and XO (Captain Donald S. Aines) Cox had arrived at Det 4 in the middle of April 1961 and had developed a real dislike for Col A.J. van Oosten (who was the overall commander of all ASA soldiers in Turkey), but did not have a security clearance for specific reasons that I will not mention.

The following is from the eldest daughter of John P. Cox who found my email address in the DOOL's that she stumbled upon in searching for military info on her father.

Greetings: I am so glad to hear from you. Was afraid you would not open message but am very glad you did! I knew there were advantages to keeping the Cox name. Dad had no sons so two of his three daughters kept the Cox name. Most folks have never heard of ASA so I tend not to mention it, but the ASA was his life. He was buried with full honors at Arlington National Cemetery.

Dad was excited when he was sent to Turkey and signed me up for Latin so I could read Virgil's account of the Trojan war in Latin. I was too young for him to talk about serious issues on the base so I know nothing of the 1961 "riot".

He did talk about the people of Sinop and mentioned the Mayor. Lots of official photos were taken of Dad and the local gov't officials, but these were lost in a storm.

He was a WWII vet and very proud of his work in ASA although he did not talk about work. He retired as a Lt Col soon after Sinop. At the time it was illegal to take a civilian job after retiring if it was the same work a person did in the military, but ASA wanted Dad back at Arlington Hall Station so a personal bill was passed in Congress and signed by the President so Dad could go back.

Arlington Hall waited months for this to happen but kept his office (not just the position but the actual office) and kept his secretary on the payroll till he returned. Strange but his secretary was named Mrs. Cox - no relation. She is the person who in 1975 found my Dad dead from a massive heart attack at his desk working late. He was only 59, too young to leave us.

I remember living at Herzo, Bad Abling, Devens as well as Arlington Hall. In 2003 I arrived in Sinop after a 2 week tour of Turkey knowing no one - just wanted to see the place where Dad was the commander. When asked why I was there I told them about my Dad and was treated as a long lost family member who had returned home. Many Turks in Sinop have good memories of the US Army. I am interested in hearing from anyone who knew my Dad. My eldest nephew who was born after Dad died is named for him and I am trying to put together info and pix for him as a family album. Thanks, Geneva Cox, glcox@ioip.com

For van Oosten failure was not part of his vocabulary. He was a hard-headed Colonel, humorless, quick to anger and slow to forgive. van Oosten's milestone was being a survivor of the Bataan Death March in the Philippines



Colonel Donald S. Aines Sr., U.S. Army (Retired) and wife Marge Aines in his memoirs (WIN, DRAW, LOSE. THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER WHO SERVED IN ALL GRADES FROM PRIVATE TO COLONEL WITH SERVICE IN WWII, KOREA AND VIETNAM) wrote that he wondered what kind of efficiency rating van Oosten gave Cox. Also, I've heard that Cox submitted paperwork for an award to SP4 Richard G. Sherrington, PFC Richard (Pete) Castigliano and Sp4 Gerald Glaser to Det 27 for their key roles in the 17 May 1961 incident, but that van Oosten nixed it. It may have been because the Turk government was still insisting that the death of a Turk conscript was caused by an American at Det 4 and if they got wind of the awards – there would have been a major flare up by the Turkish government, but I did learn that Captain Reitz received the Army Commendation Medal upon his DEROS.

At the dispensary, Aines and Reitz found that the usual banter was completely stilled and that Pfc Castigliano was busy treating the wounded Turk and that the quarantined patient named SP4 Jerry Glaser was busy prepping the bloody scalp of Pfc Eddie Wood. Reitz examined Wood's scalp wounds and asked Wood questions and determined that the wound needed stitches. Reitz started stitching while telling Castliagno how to suture and at the same time Castigliano told him that the Turk was shot in the groin and had lost a lot of blood and needed taken to the Sinop hospital. His voice was overridden by the emotion of the moment. His vehemence surprised Aines and now he knew why he had never heard a negative comment about Castigliano. Reitz took over for Castigliano and began treating the wounded Turkish soldier.

Also in the dispensary was Bruce Mondahl who was pacing back and forth and kept insisting that he did not shoot the Turk and that his mother would contact Senator Hubert Humphrey and he would prove his innocence.

A good place to start is with the DOOL webpage: <http://dool-1.tripod.com>.

In Richard Sherrington's account I will demarcate my remarks from his with [...]
Before or after reading Richard Sherrington's remembrance of the 17th of May 1961 - here's a paradox to chew on –

During the ten plus years that I sought the details of the riot – some of the vet's who were not involved with the incident have come to the hypothesis that the riot was a deliberate ploy staged by the Soviet Union with the ultimate purpose to reveal what the reaction would be within operations, etc. This exercise would reveal plans for possibly future use. The intricacy and ingenuity of Soviet deception was so deep that most could not understand.

If it was this grand scheme – not even a loss of life was important so long as it allowed the Soviets to explore the operational reaction as to how the leadership at Det 4 would react and even be a means for the Turkish government to evict the ASA from Sinop.

More troubling were the implications of what impact the Sinop incident would have on the USAF intercept stations at Samsun and Trabson.

To many, including myself, this may seem far-fetched, but one must remember that the Soviets had already penetrated the Det 4 operational area in 1957 by Sgt Jack Dunlap. For those not knowing – Jack Dunlap began spying for the Soviet Union while stationed at Det 4. To refresh your memories use google.com and type in Jack Dunlap spy.

THE SINOP RIOT

By Richard G. Sherrington

This is a true story of a unforgettable day in the life of a heretofore unknown enlisted man at Det 4 on the HILL called Sinop. His name is SP4 Richard G. Sherrington and this is his remembrance of the Sinop riot.

A good place to start is with a photo of Richard Sherrington and his wife Ann and their granddaughter, MaKayla.

SHERRINGTON, Richard G., YOB: 1937, RA16644721, E4, 988Turk, Det 4, JA60-JN61, (Ann), RR2 Port Hood, Nova Scotia, Canada B0E2W0, 902-787-2323, rgsherr@gmail.com



L-R: Richard Sherrington. Granddaughter MaKayla and Ann Sherrington

[[Everything herein is true to the best of the memories of those involved. First off – I've not found the GI who started the fuss which resulted in the death of a Turkish cook. His name is Robert O'Hara, aka "Biff". Another veteran of the incident desires anonymity.]]

And as I've found out from reading other GI's notes in the DOOL's and from lengthy chats some exaggerated, I gathered facts not known to me. Now, that these have brought to my attention by the Green Hornet I now see what a story there is yet to be told. How I survived is an amazing thing in itself and few if any realize how close I was to being shot. But it is as full and honest a story as I can tell.

Feb 6 2013

Merhaba Elder,

I graduated from the University of Chicago in June 1959. I could either enlist for three years or be drafted for two. I'd heard of the Army Language School - so I decided to enlist and try to get out there for a year. I enlisted in September and had basic training at Fort Leonard Wood.

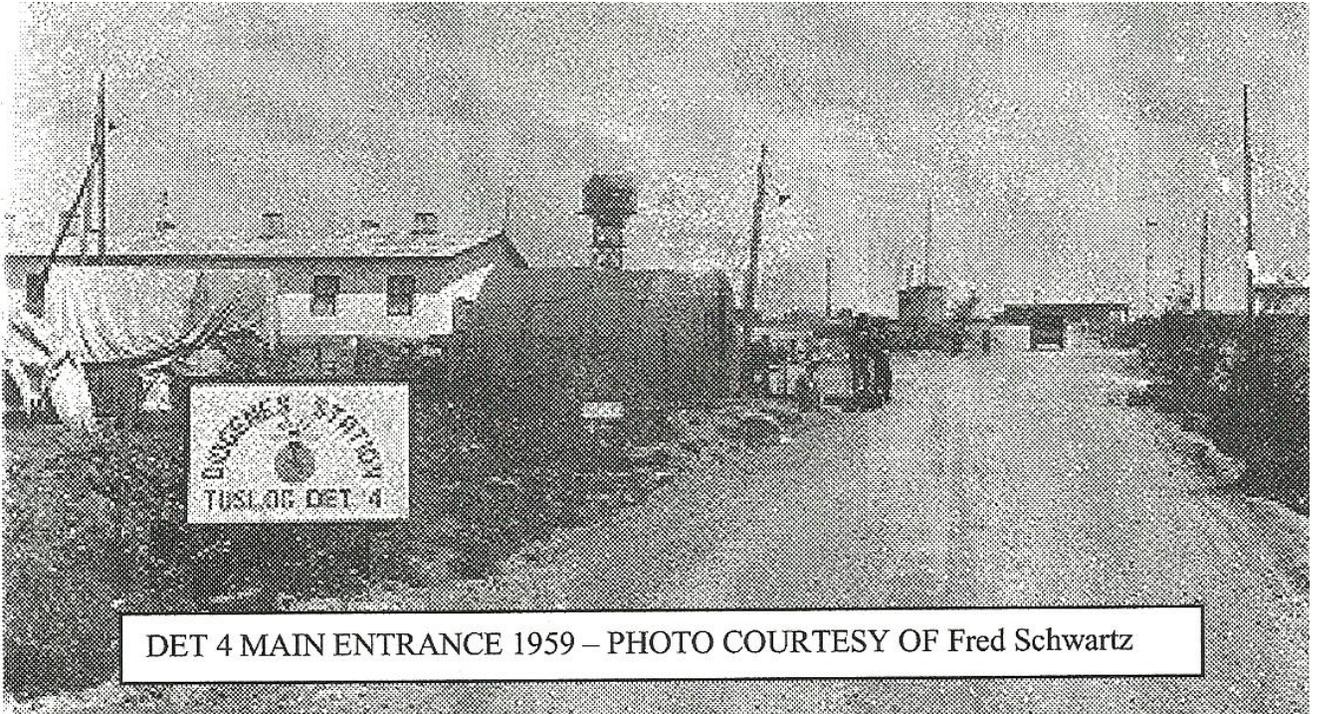
When I took the language test - a time limited test where the questions are in one booklet and the answers in another - I made the classic mistake of getting my answers out of sync with the questions so had to back track seven or eight questions to line them up correctly again. As a result I didn't quite finish the test and didn't think I was going to make it.

I did but was well down the list when it came to choosing a language since we chose in order of our scores. I remember there were 20 spots in Russian available and the first 20 to choose all took Russian. That didn't bother me as I was hoping for Arabic which wasn't offered. There was one spot in Turkish and thinking it must be similar to Arabic I grabbed it when my chance to choose came along. I knew virtually nothing about Turkey then and, of course, there are a lot of Arabic words in Turkish, but in any case I've always been happy with my choice. I believe the last four to choose had their choice of Vietnamese - already being offered although the conflict there was still quite small with little American involvement.

After basic went to Fort Devens for a brief stay and then a year in Monterey California at the Army Language School (now Defense Language Institute) studying Turkish. At the end of that year the army sent me to Turkey to work as a Turkish language interpreter at Det 4 in Sinop. The army put some of us up at the Berlin Hotel in the Ulus district of Ankara for about a week and then transported us to Sinop in the back of an unheated 2 ½ ton truck that stopped four times to put chains on and off.

We left at 07:00 and arrived at 01:00 the following day at Sinop. I don't think we averaged over 15 mph for the whole trip.

When I arrived, the base was still being built and the place was a sea of mud. Everyone lived in temporary wooden buildings or quonset huts. There were metal grids to walk on, not always too visible, that floated just below the surface of the mud. If you missed your step and went too far to one side or the other you'd go head over heels into the mud. As I remember there were only about a half dozen working showers for over 500 men.



DET 4 MAIN ENTRANCE 1959 – PHOTO COURTESY OF Fred Schwartz



Front gate 1962

Most newly arrived enlisted men had to pull yeni (new) guard duty and patrol the interior of the base every night. This duty involved three WWII jeeps, four yeni patrollers and one yeni at the front gate with a trained MP and one Turk transcript.

[[The two yeni roving patrols on 17 May 1961 consisted of: Bruce Mondahl teamed with RF and Charles Eberhard teamed with Eddie Wood. Biff O'Hara the other yeni guard was assigned to the front gate with Tom Churchill the lone trained MP on duty. Also at the front gate was a Turk named Celel]].

They badly needed someone who could speak Turkish. There were two other people on the base with a basic knowledge of Turkish, a Lieutenant Michael P. Hyland and an enlisted man named Coyle.

The below 1960 photo shows 1LT Michael P. Hyland in the background with flattop haircut talking to contractors at the front gate with a unknown PFC listening to the talk. That's the Turk white barracks in the background. The smiling GI on the right is unknown.



Coyle's Turkish wasn't very good and who seemed glad to turn the translating over to me. A Turkish word spelled like his last name would be pronounced like "jerley" in Turkish and there's a Turkish expression "sherley berley" (I'm transcribing the spelling into something English speakers will recognize) that means "so-so". When asked how he was, Coyle would always respond "sherley berley" and thus became known to the Turks as "sherley berley jerley".

From the beginning I spend a lot of my time at the main gate, part way down the hill where there was always an American MP and Turkish guard on duty. The American was responsible for checking American traffic and the Turkish guard Turkish traffic. The system worked well and there was little if any friction. The Turkish soldiers came from a detachment billeted about half way up the hill on the main base and commanded by a Turkish Lieutenant. I got to know him well as I did a number of the other Turkish guards who were conscripts (most of them village Turks) pulling main gate duty. I also worked pretty closely with the military police, and I can still remember Eberhart and Churchill though I had forgotten their names until mentioned in the DOOL's.

When I arrived Lieutenant Hyland was in charge of the military police. I knew him from the language school and that he was a graduate of Colorado School of Mines. Shortly thereafter a Lieutenant William Starkey— a airborne ranger school graduate - arrived and replaced him. Hyland and Starkey didn't care for each other much. In fact, it was an instant dislike, and they both soon began plotting against the other one. Sounds kind of strange but Sinop was such an isolated base that I think half the people there went temporarily partly crazy at one point or another.

Each morning truckloads of Turkish workers along with Turkish engineers and other support staff would arrive to work on the construction. Since I spoke Turkish I got to know many of them fairly well and I would also, unlike most of the GIs, go down into the town frequently and meet now and then with Turkish officials.

I remember the town barber – a Nazmi Bey. I believe he decided to open a night club with bar girls from Istanbul in hopes of luring GIs in. Colonel Cox had me make a few trips down to check it out and naturally, the barber, figuring I had more influence than I actually had, used to entertain me royally. Spring came, the mud dried up and turned to dust, Lieutenant Starkey and Lieutenant Hyland continued to plot against each other and the everyday routine continued. And then the incident occurred.

Before proceeding permit me to make the following statement about the Det 4 commander, Lt Col John P. Cox. He was a fine man and as fine an example of an officer as the US Army has ever produced. I am so sorry that he died at such a young age. All of us involved in the incident owe him a great deal. Had it not been for him it's quite likely we would have been arrested by the Turkish officer from their navel vessel and marched down to their ship. Once in their hands who knows when we would have again seen the light of day. Bruce Mondahl certainly wouldn't have.

May 17th about 06:00 a quarrel broke out between a yeni guard named Biff O'Hara and a Turkish guard named Celal. I was awoken by Bruce Mondahl and informed that I was needed at the front gate.

As I heard later the fight had evidently been about some silly dispute over who had the right to pass vehicles through the gate.

[O'Hara challenged Celal..... Celal squinted at O'Hara through a blue haze of cigarette smoke and started wagging a bent, tobacco- stained finger at O'Hara who immediately smacked him in the mouth and that's how the riot started]

[[Celal pushed O'Hara, O'Hara then hit Celal in the mouth, breaking open his lip. There was a brief struggle and then O'Hara ran towards the back of the PMO building drawing his 45]].

[[He evidently managed to chamber a round before PFC Tom Churchill, the corporal of the guard, heard the shouts and coming around to the back of the PMO disarmed him]].

[[O'Hara charged Celal again and they fell grappling to the ground. Churchill told me that he separated them and shoved O'Hara inside the PMO, and Celal, furious now at what he thought was an attack by all the Americans, grabbed a shovel and tried to break in the front door that O'Hara was holding shut]].

[[At about this time Churchill sent Bruce Mondahl, one of the yeni guards, to wake me and Reuben Finstrom to wake Bud Fortner, the Provost Sergeant]].

[[Celal couldn't get in through the front door so he smashed one of the windows beside the door and began to poke O'Hara with the shovel. O'Hara began to scream. Then Celal picked up some rocks and began hurling them at O'Hara who was fast becoming hysterical]].

Of course, I saw none of this but am simply reporting here what I later was told by Churchill.

Mondahl woke me a few minutes after six saying there was a fight at the main gate and they needed someone who could speak Turkish. I jumped up, dressing on the run and we started down the hill in his jeep.

As we reached the top of the long hill that led to the main gate, I could see Turkish soldiers pouring out of their barracks and heading down the hill.

I yelled at Mondahl to hurry, he stepped on the gas and we reached the gate about the same time as the Turkish soldiers did. The visions of what was yet to come for me grew more ominous. At this time I did not know that the trouble was started by O'Hara. To me, this was a riot, pure and simple – a social breakdown into mob rule and criminality. To the Turks, it was a violent but justified leap into Turkish sovereignty.

On jumping out I immediately saw O'Hara outside the PMO building in a state of panic as the arriving Turks had him surrounded.

"Celal, , his face entirely covered with blood, was advancing towards O'Hara with a rock in his hand. O'Hara was a muscular 6 footer; so was Celal", but O'Hara, evidently, knew how to box which had given him an advantage."

I grabbed O'Hara and pushed him into the PMO to get him out of sight and the Turkish soldiers who'd just arrived surrounded their compatriot to discover what had happened.

About that time yeni guards Charles Eberhard and Eddie Wood arrived and parked the jeep. Churchill yelled for them to take the jeep and alert the OD.

Unfortunately the driver (Eberhard) couldn't get the jeep started and both with their carbines in hand started for the guard shack [when suddenly Wood chambered a round in the chamber and accidentally or otherwise fired a round into the air. This was the first shot fired.] I now knew that the small things were now becoming big things.

With that - one of the newly arrived Turkish soldiers whom I didn't know but whose name I later learned was Yakup Ardic, ran up to Eddie Wood who was holding his carbine out in front of him, grabbed it and tried to chamber a round. I observed this and saw him get about three steps when he got a round chambered and fired a shot into the air. [This was the second shot fired]

I ran after Yakup asking him in Turkish to give the weapon to me, but he ignored me and tried to load another round into what was to him an unfamiliar weapon.

Another Turkish soldier whom I didn't know – I later learned it was Rifat Aslan, the cook, – seemed to recognize that his compatriot was out of control and grabbed the barrel of the rifle.

They were both pulling on it and as they struggled, it came down into a level position between them. Yakup had his hand on the trigger and as they both pulled - it went off, shooting the cook in the stomach and he immediately collapsed on the cement. [This was the third shot fired.]

Yakup, the shooter seemed dazed for a few seconds and I kept talking to him, trying to get him to give me the carbine. But then whirling around towards me he fired again from the hip in the general direction of the Americans behind me. [This was the fourth shot fired]

I kept trying to calm him down but then he lunged by me towards Wood just a few feet behind and began hitting him over the head with the barrel of the carbine. Wood ran behind some Jeeps where I thought he'd escaped and Yakup halted, seemingly dazed.

Meanwhile the wounded Rifat was bleeding badly and one of the Turkish soldiers yelled at me to get help for him. Taking advantage of the lull I ran into the PMO building,

grabbed the phone and tried to get an operator to call for an ambulance, the Turkish lieutenant and the BOQ for some officers.

O'Hara seemed in a complete panic jumping up and down and begging to be saved. I glanced out the window and saw Yakup again chasing Wood around in circles hitting him over the head with the carbine barrel.

I threw the phone at O'Hara, telling him who to call, and ran outside to help Wood, but Yakup seemed to have gone berserk.

Seeing two Americans in a parked jeep - he ran up to them, stuck the carbine into their faces and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for them the gun misfired again. Both Americans tumbled out of the jeep and took off though one looked back just in time to see Yakup aim the carbine at him, pull the trigger and hear the click as it misfired the third time.

Yakup then ran back to the wounded Rifat and I kept after him trying to talk him into giving me the weapon. He wheeled around to face me, firing the carbine into the air between us, and then raising it above his head, hurled it at the concrete at my feet. It discharged again, broke in two, the barrel flying in one direction and the butt in the other. [This was the fifth and sixth shots fired].

I can tell you I breathed a big sigh of relief when that happened. A bit premature though, because that's when things began to get even worse.

About this time CPT Gerard Dirkx, the Operations Officer, and a SP4 named Chittim arrived at the gate in a jeep from Sinop.

I quickly briefed Capt. Dirkx about the incident. About this time the Turkish lieutenant, armed with a pistol, and more Turkish soldiers armed with Springfield rifles and bayonets afixed came running down the hill from their barracks.

I cautioned Capt. Dirkx to be extremely cautious as the situation was virtually out of control.

The Turkish soldiers were extremely agitated and some were begging their lieutenant for permission to shoot us. One of them ran up to the lieutenant and told him one of the Americans had escaped towards the fences.

(This was John Ingram, an MP who had come down the hill with Sgt Fortner). After Ingram had disarmed one of the yeni guards named RF, he had run off across the field and when he reached the baseball diamond some 400 yards away had been surrounded by three Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets who marched him back to the main gate. (This was later related to me by Ingram.)

By then Churchill had gotten out of there on a truck that had come through about the time of the shooting and RF had escaped up the hill.

The Turkish Lieutenant barely had control of his troops, and being excited himself, sent three of his men out to the perimeter fences with orders to shoot any Americans who tried to leave.

I continued to push them into the gate house, and I went inside myself to phone the base again for an ambulance and to try to let people up there know what a serious situation had developed – it was still early morning and people would have no idea what was happening at the gate. I also realized that truckloads of Turkish workers would soon be arriving to work on the construction.

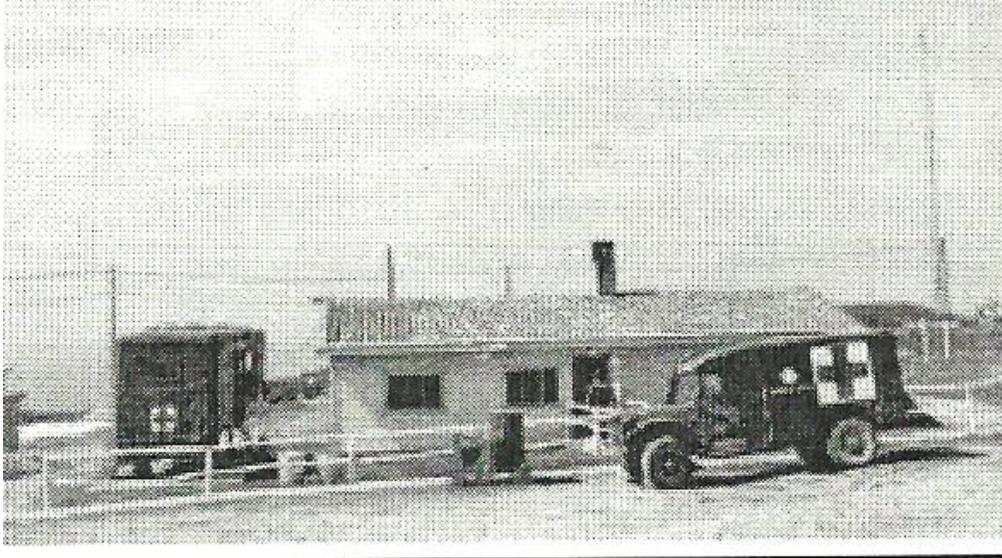
After reading Col Aines memoirs he relates that he was in the Mess Hall having breakfast at 0630 when Lt Col Cox received a call that a shooting had taken place at the main gate. Cox ordered Dr. Reitz and Aines to go to the dispensary and send the ambulance to the main gate. That was my call.

Shortly thereafter Col. Cox, the base commander, and several other officers arrived. I tried to call the Governor of Sinop again and this time reached him and asked for help.

Lieutenant Hyland managed to get through to the Gendarme commander, the chief of police and the Sinop military district commander and asked them to send help.

When I went back outside, 10 or 15 Turkish soldiers were milling about in an ugly mood and the Turkish lieutenant was running around excitedly waving his pistol in the air.

I've been told that about this time Bruce Mondahl and 3 other of the yeni guards were lined up and at first no one was identified as the shooter until one of the Turk guards said that the big guy was the shooter and immediately the others agreed. Bruce Mondahl was 6' 2" and weighed about 220 lbs.



The Det 4 dispensary in 1961

Shortly thereafter the Turkish chief of police and the commander of the Gendarmes arrived.

The wounded Turk was loaded into a jeep along with the seriously wounded Eddie Wood and taken to the dispensary. Soon the first truckload of Turkish workers arrived and hearing a distorted story of what had happened jumped off the truck and quickly surrounded the PMO – a small building about 10 by 12 feet.

I don't know what stories they were hearing, but their mood was clearly turning ugly, and the Turkish soldiers were having a hard time keeping them away from us.

The Turkish district military commander arrived and asked that all Americans stay inside the PMO for their own protection. I stayed outside (to translate) for Col. Cox as he talked with the Turkish officials. The Turkish police officers and Colonel Cox were discussing how to proceed when suddenly one of the Turkish soldiers, evidently believing I should be inside too, shouted and grabbing me by the shoulder, spun me round towards the gatehouse.

That acted like a kind of trigger. If you've ever seen a crowd turn into a mob you'll know what happened next.

Suddenly an animal-like roar came out of the surrounding workers and they surged towards the PMO building from all sides, rocks flying. Colonel Cox and I both had to quickly retreat inside. About this time Captain Aines arrived as he reported in his memoirs. Within seconds all the windows were broken and the rocks rained in on us. All 15 or 20 of us were on the floor. The only thing between us and the mob were the three Turkish police officials, the Turkish lieutenant and the Turkish soldiers who certainly didn't bear us any love. As the rocks came flying in I figured that was the end.

[[In the meantime the dispensary was a beehive of activity. According to medic PFC Pete Castigliano - the Turk, by some miracle, was still alive as Dr. Reitz had stopped the bleeding and now was treating him for shock. It is not known what thoughts were drifting through Reitz mind, but undoubtedly the question of medical jurisdiction had to be uppermost on his mind as was the removal of the bullet from the groin area and the dispensary was not equipped with an emergency room. Castigliano remembers that there was a long silence and suddenly Dr. Reitz said "we must get this man to the Sinop hospital immediately. Glaser get the ambulance and Pete you go along. A shudder ran through Castigliano as he knew that the wounds were fatal and that there would be hell to pay once the people discovered that the Turk soldier was dead. The ambulance whined to life and was backed up to the door.]]

[[The time was about 07:30 per Aines book when the post ambulance came down the hill toward the PMO with the wounded Turk inside. The driver was Jerry Glaser, a 20 year old short timer. This was the final day of his 2 week mono stay at the dispensary and now found himself in the middle of a life or death situation and this was not the way he wanted to remember his tour at Sinop even though earlier in his tour he had been bitten by a rapid dog at the DF point site and had to be evacuated to Ankara for the needed shots.]]

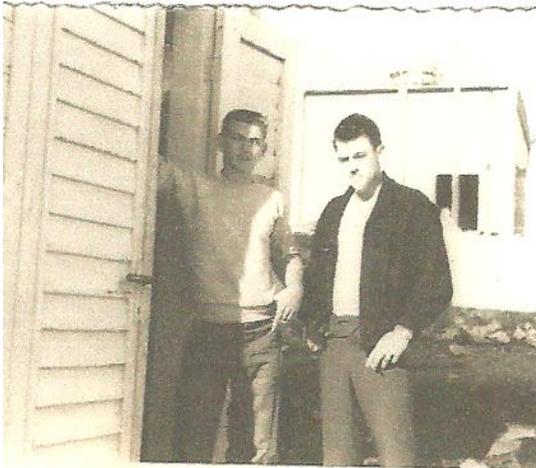
[[Also in the ambulance was Castigliano who was a dedicated medic. The road was surrounded with angry Turk mobs, some armed with Springfield rifles, others with rocks – most were shouting while others were just standing around, smoking and shaking their fists. The Turks had more or less taken over the post. It didn't take them long to understand the gravity of the situation and the visions of what was yet to come grew more ominous]]

Suddenly a Turk lieutenant muscled his way through the mob and frightened the bejesus out of the Turks. But still – the mob was clearly furious. They were screaming gibberish that no one could make out the exact challenges and rebuffs. The Lt didn't hesitate a moment. He conducted himself with exemplary courage, but was not able to immediately resolve the crisis as there was a wounded Turk in the ambulance and a decision had to be made.

[[Precious minutes passed before the ambulance was permitted to leave for the Sinop hospital. During the hectic trip to the Sinop hospital, the two decided that they should get back to the post without delay after the near death Turk was in the hands of the Sinop hospital staff. Needless to say, the details of their short stay at the Sinop hospital is fuzzy in their mind, but they do remember the return trip up the hill. By then the local Turks were in a frenzy but Glaser tried to not be distracted by the creeping ugliness – a truck load of workers was on the scene and they piled off the truck and began jumping on the ambulance and trying to block their path, but Glaser kept the ambulance moving until they reached the main gate. Many long minutes passed and the rioters showed no signs of letting up as angry fists banged on the hood, the doors, the sides and the rear door was opened and a askera put a bayonet to Castigliano's throat. They were made

to get out of the ambulance and were surrounded by Turks and their bolt-action rifles lowered in their direction. Jerry Glaser remembers thinking, "Oh my God, I'm dead".]]

Back at the gate the Turkish officials and soldiers managed to bring the mob under control and eventually got them back on trucks and heading down the hill. We emerged, finished the negotiations and in a while a bus came down from the base and took all the Americans back up.



SP5 Howard Herndon & SGT Bud Fortner That's Tom Churchill in the middle

It was a tense day for everyone at Det 4. Sp5 Howard Herndon remembers waking up that morning and there were several armed Turk soldiers outside his hut. He don't remember how they received word about the trouble at the front gate but they were told to stay put and not leave the hut...actually he thinks that the Turks wouldn't let them leave. To him it seemed like a nightmare. Herndon and another GI were 'volunteered' to leave the hut and go to the hqs building. They received a plan to take several GI's and go to the motor pool, fill the vehicles with gas and ready everthing to move out at dark. To read more about Howard Herndon go to <http://dool-1.tripod.com> and click on #99.

That afternoon word arrived that the Turkish soldier had died. The Turkish authorities asked to use the ambulance to take the body to Samsun, which they did that night.

Rumor had it a mob from the town was planning to march on the base, and preparations were made to destroy documents and equipment, but Turkish officials were able to stop anyone from getting up the hill.

Accusations now begun to fly, with Turkish authorities claiming their soldier had been shot by one of the American guards at the gate, which was manned by American and Turks at all times. They based the accusation on the fact that a US weapon assigned to one of our men was used in the shooting.

A few days later a court of inquiry was established on the base involving high ranking American and Turkish officers from Ankara, and for a few days I translated at this

inquiry until the Turkish officers realized I'd been at the incident too whereupon they brought in their own translator.

The Turks simply would not accept the assertion that one Turk could shoot another Turk with an American rifle and they were certain an American must have done it.

Although I was possibly the only American who witnessed the shooting (a few of the yeni guards coming in also might have seen it but I was only two feet away), some of the other Turkish soldiers who were there at the time must also have seen exactly what happened. Evidently they weren't talking and had banded together to protect their comrade.

I remember at the inquiry the suggestion of a lie detector test first came up and the Turkish officers, not really understanding how one works, wanted the machine brought into the room so we could be hooked up to it while they questioned us.

After a day or two the American and Turkish officers left and things settled down a bit, but then a few days later a Turkish warship pulled into the harbor, and I took the call from one of the Turkish officers, now on board the warship, who had been at the inquiry.

He told me he wanted Colonel Cox to bring together four of the Americans involved, he would ask us a few more questions and then render his decision. By then the four the Turks decided were responsible were Churchill, Mondahl (who, they said) had pulled the trigger, RF and myself, who, they said, had ordered the shooting.

Fortunately, Colonel Cox was a savvy guy. He knew what was likely to happen. After announcing his decision the Turkish officer could simply march us down to the Turkish warship and sail away. With us in Turkish hands they could decide at leisure what they wanted to do.

ⁱSo instead of getting us together to meet the Turkish delegation, he bundled us into the operations area where we camped for the next week or so. I'd actually never been in the operations area before as I didn't have a security clearance for it - not that there was anything there I would have understood anyway. A week or so later we learned that the inquiry was going to resume at the American base in Samson and so the army sent us there crouching on the floor bed of a truck for fear of a kidnapping attempt.

Nothing more came of that inquiry as the Turks continued to insist the Americans were responsible and after a few days we returned to Sinop. Later the Army decided to move us to Site 23 outside Ankara..

They smuggled us out through Sinop and into a small Army plane that flew us to Esenboga airport outside Ankara and from there transported us to Site 23. Site 23 was called "manzarali" which means "scenic" in Turkish though I don't recall there being much of a view. We were confined to base, of course, for our own protection although one evening I got Lieutenant John Leopold who was in charge of the MPs there and

who had been in my Turkish class at Monterey, to smuggle me out through the main gate and into Ankara on the floor in the back of his car for a little rest and relaxation.

The army flew in a polygraph expert and his equipment from Athens and we all took polygraph tests. Have you ever had one? It's quite interesting. He hooked me up with some wires and then asked a number of innocuous questions to get a base line of truthful answers. Then, using bland language, he asked some questions about the incident. Finally he said "Now I'm going to ask you something you'll probably find embarrassing. You're not going to want to answer the question but you're going to have to. I want to know... did you ever?", and then his voice rising, "DID YOU EVER?", and that was the end.

There was no embarrassing question. He just wanted to get an emotional response for comparison with the other answers. Amusingly enough he never got any response at all from John Ingram who was probably the most phlegmatic man I've ever known. John Robert Ingram, Sanford, North Carolina, his father owned the Coca Cola bottling plant there and after the army Ingram worked there too. Do you have a contact for him? Also wonder if you have a contact for a Lieutenant John Leopold from Site 23?

Eventually the Turkish government dropped charges against all of us but Mondahl and the army finally had to smuggle him out of the country with a new surname, STEVENS.

Poor Bruce Mondahl. he had absolutely nothing to do with any of it. As I recall he'd just arrived in the country and that morning was simply returning from yeni guard duty. (I still have a copy somewhere of the translation of the order for my arrest for murder signed by the Commander of the Turkish General Staff, General Gunay. Turkey was under military rule at the time.)

Once the charges were dropped Colonel Van Oosten, in charge of Site 23, decided to move me into Ankara where I finished my army service as liaison working out of the US Air Police office and helping GIs from the base who got in trouble with the Turkish police for one reason or another. (There are some good stories there too.)

Occasionally I would translate for visiting US generals when they met with their counterparts at the Turkish General Staff Headquarters. I can tell you I was always a bit nervous going into that building, wondering if I'd encounter one of the Turkish officers who had been at the original inquiries and wondering what I'd do if he recognized me and decided he wanted to question me a bit more. Fortunately, I never saw anyone I recognized.

At the end of my three years I took an overseas discharge, traveled through Europe for nearly a year, returned to the US, worked on a sheep ranch in Idaho for a while, joined the Peace Corps, mainly to get back to Turkey, got married and spent two more years as a volunteer in Bodrum and Ankara and three years on the Peace Corps staff. In '74 we moved to Canada and for the past 38 years we've lived on an old farm on Cape

Breton Island, Nova Scotia. This fall we went back to Turkey for a visit for the first time in some 40 years.

And that's the story of what happened. I stand by my actions, and by what I've written. I will never forget.

Regards, Richard Sherrington

In closing – I want to thank Richard Sherrington for sharing his memory of an unforgettable incident in his life. Had it not been for Stanton Faitz – I never would have found Richard Sherrington, but the way I found him in Nova Scotia was indeed a miracle. Unfortunately we never found out what happened to Yakup Ardic - the shooter and Robert "Biff" O'Hara who started the trouble.

I'm hoping that those involved in the 17 May 1961 incident will attend the 2013 reunion and we can meet them, shake their hands and listen to them re-tell the RIOTstory in the hospitality room.

The following is the names of those veterans in alphabetical order:

Pete and Mary Jo Castigliano from Prescott, AZ

Thomas D. Churchill from Indiana, if found

Charles Eberhard from Fort Wayne, IN

Stan and Janet Faitz from IL

RF from MN

Jerry and Joan Glaser from Gallatin, TN

Howard and Janice Herndon from Linton, IN

Bruce Mondahl from MN and his 3 daughters

Robert O'Hara, if found

Roger and Virginia Reitz from KS

Richard and Ann Sherrington from Nova Scotia

John Spivey from VA

Eddie Wood and his family from ALA

Guests of the above are most welcome

I'm inviting all readers of this report to participate by jotting your thoughts about the RIOT into an email to me at asagreenhornet@comcast.net. I will then include the comments in a future DOOL.

THE END