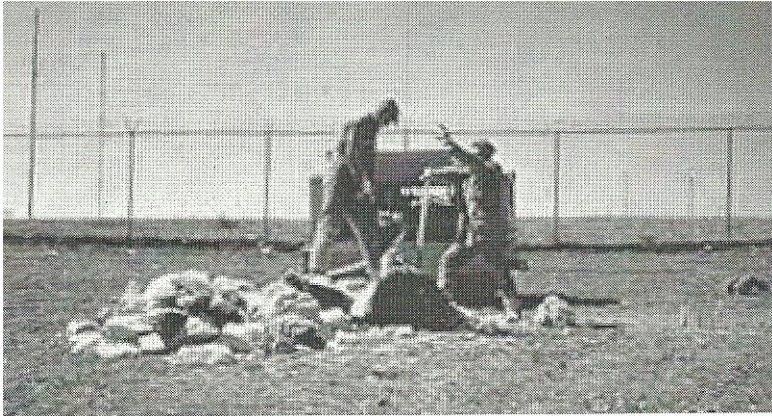


DAYS OF OUR LIVES # 251



DOES ANYONE HAVE A PHOTO OF THE FOCK ROCK AT DET 27 BEFORE IT WAS DEMOLISHED
If so, please send it to me and it will replace this rock

After the FOCK Rock was busted, a cross appeared where it use to be. As I recall words on the cross were: "The rock is dead" and down....Long live the fock." Anyone remember that?" DUMBO



This classic, historic, priceless photo of the destruction of the FOCK Rock was taken by Lou Bolanos who hasn't been heard fm in 30 yrs. It's a great photo. If you gunny Mothers don't remember this 1967 incident, you get a grate rub AND a red belly!! Gary Dunnam

ANYONE REMEMBER WHO DUMBO WAS?

THE STORY OF FOCK

By Gary Dunnam

"TUSLOG DETACHMENT 27, a small efficient U.S. ARMY Detachment some 23 miles south of Ankara, Turkey, on the Anatolian Plateau, was the ancestral home of FOCK. Not FOCK I, just plain old FOCK. The original boulder was part of a stone outcropping to the east of the road on the way to the Operations building at Site 23 (You see, DET 27 had three names – Manzarali Station was the third). It was a massive boulder, sunk deep in the ground, protruding upwards – resembling a wide Crusader's Shield. It certainly invited decoration.

Through the years, many things had been scribbled on the face of the rock. 'Re-Up' was one of the all time greats. One artistically gifted individual even painted Buck Sergeant stripes on it."

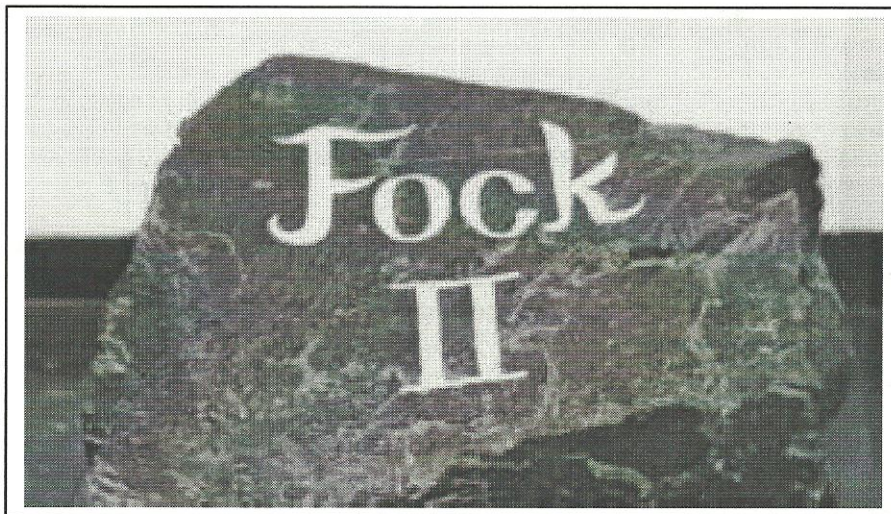
"As fall spread its chill over Manzarali, the word FOCK mysteriously appeared on the front of the rock in large, though not gaudy, black letters. (PLAYBOY magazine must be thanked for the inspiration: an amusing cartoon from the pages of a recent issue attributed the word 'fock' to a high school drop-out's sincere attempt at obscenity, scrawled on a New York City fence.) Thus it was that, in the dark of night, a rock was to enter the hallowed pages of eternity, christened by a hasty hand."

"It was decided that cold winter by individuals with authority to decide such things, that the offensive rock should be completely covered with a coat of dark paint, thus obscuring the many messages it proclaimed. The resulting coat of black paint gave our friend, FOCK, a new and much more aggressive personality. The months that followed brought new words and pictures, followed faithfully by new coats of paint. It should be noted, in the interest of history, that each new coat of paint was a different color – the blue was especially nice as a background for the artwork. All of this proved too much fun for the guys and far too much work for the Tumpane painters (not to mention the myriad of decisions regarding appropriate colors), so..."

"On March 29, 1967, under a warm spring sun, the sentence of "death" which had been decreed, was carried out. At precisely 1100 hours that day, the first blow of the jackhammer fell. By 1500 hours, the destruction of the accused was complete. The physical aspect of ol' FOCK was pretty sad to behold."

"BUT, as certain as man's soul lives on after the end of the human life, so the spirit of FOCK was never touched by the cold, driving steel of the jackhammer. Hundreds of pieces of the FOCK rock were carted off to the dump and hastily deposited there with mortal man's rubbish."

"Upon the arrival of the United States Army Security Agency at Karamursel Air Station in the fall of 1967, a rock was discovered just outside the West End of the building. The outcome of this discovery lies below, nestled snugly in a coat of dark green paint, it's name emblazoned in the proudest gold we could find. The intention of FOCK II is simply to bring a smile, or perhaps a laugh. Touch the ROCK and feel the restless spirit of youth surging through it...it's there!" (The Story of FOCK was written at Maj Cima's request by SP5 Gary Dunnam)



MAIL call - PRESERVING FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

Your memories 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 ASA veteran's who served in Turkey during the COLD WAR with the Soviet Union. The ASA no longer exists and in its place is INSCOM with its Hqs at Fort Belvoir.



The U.S. Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM) is an Army major command that conducts intelligence, security and information operations for military commanders and national decision makers. 9

Headquartered at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, INSCOM is a global command with major subordinate commands and a variety of smaller units with personnel dispersed over 180 locations worldwide.

Like most of you – I'm wondering what is the REAL mission of INSCOM today without ditty-boppers. You ditty-boppers were the backbone of the ASA and now am wondering what MOS is the backbone of INSCOM. During the cold war the predominate MOS's were 058/05H and 982/98C. – now it is ?? Pvt Bradley (Chelsie) Manning was trained at Fort Huachuca as a 35F intel analyst which is a spin-off of the ASA MOS 982/98C.

In this DOOL there are two articles about the term "shipped out in a mail Bag". At one time or other most vet's have used that term to describe how an accused GI was flown out of Turkey in a mail bag.

Also there is a interesting article sent to me by Dave Brown about the return of a pilot's helmet that was discarded by a pilot whose F-105 was shot down during a bombing raid in North Vietnam.

The planning for the 2013 reunion continues and it is hoped that those planning on attending would call in their reservations and send the reunion fees to Elder

RC Green, 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701. The ASA Turkey treasurer, Hal (Winkie) Winkler has resigned for serious health reasons and I now am the treasurer. Anyone want to volunteer to be the TREASURER for future reunions?

I need to contact John Johnson who will be attending the ASA Turkey reunion in Myrtle Beach ASAP. John - Please call 724-471-4899 or send email to asagreenhornet@comcast.net



TUSLOG Detachment 4-4 E4 & E5 promotions in 1968

Standing, L-R: unk, Ralph Tilney, Bob Stewart, unk, Gil Sigala, Ed Whitaker, Ed Morrisette, unk, Terry Aune, Paul Smith, unk, Paul McCord, Brad Bivens, Greg Kearney, Allen Burns, unk, Gary Dunnam. Kneeling, L-R: Jim Ayers, Kenneth Sheppard, unk, Dave Tucker, David Brunger, Phil Taggart

I recently sent the above photo to Det 4-4 vet's that have internet service with the hope that the UNK's could be identified..... BUT guess what - - - only 2 responded to my request and the UNK's remain unknown...

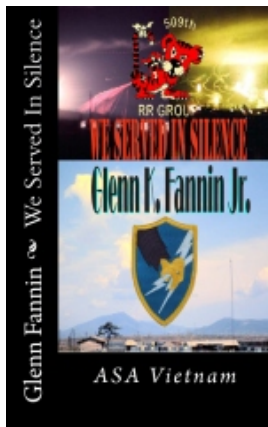
During the reunion there will be times set aside in the hospitality room for the Det 4-4 group AND the 2nd Det 4-4 commander, Maj Norm Frickey



The Editors

The editor's, Elder RC and Patricia M. Green at his 77th birthday party

The Editor: GREEN, Elder RC (gH & AI), YOB: 1936, RA13513638, E7, 982/98C, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, MY-JL65, Det 27, JN66-OC67 & Det 4-4, OC67-NO68, (Patty), 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899, asagreenhornet@comcast.net Ret 1SG, E8



Wild! Crazy! Absolutely INSANE people in charge of our national security in the Vietnam War! A story of Army Security Agency agents in the Vietnam War in 1968. From the draft, basic training and spy training to the war. Their lives and loves are exposed and the characters come together to accomplish their missions on the ground, air and water. The outcome of the war may depend on what may be described as "M*A*S*H" meets "Catch 22" in this action packed adventure. Includes shocking new theory on the capture of the U.S.S. Pueblo! Action packed chapter on using Swift Boats as spy platforms.

About the Author

Glenn K. Fannin Jr. was born at Fairborn, Ohio (then Osborn, Ohio) in 1948. "Age 66 with an eclectic, diverse background. Soldier, policeman, fireman, construction worker, contractor, employment agency manager, security manager, hospital non-clinical review writer, insurance agency owner, car salesman you name it." (Author's Edge Publishing Group

TAPS

FUNKHOUSER, Richard (Dick), DOB: 23MR34, DOD: 19AU13, 79y, E5, 982, Det 4, 67-68, (Catherine), PO Box 33, Broadway, VA 22815, 540-896-2584, no email

Below is the obituary for Dick Funkhouser who Patty and I knew while serving at the 320th USASA Bn at Bad Aibling, Germany, 1960-63. He was a Traffic Analyst (982) and worked the Odessa Military District (RMR). He considered himself a good pinochle player and often participated in 4-handed play with Gene Cram, Bobby Blunk and me. Catherine informs that he took sick while they were on their annual week long visit to Lancaster County in PA where they were close friends with several Amish families. Dick had Diabetes, Parkinson's and heart problems which hospitalized him in PA, but he got well enough to travel back to Broadway where he died. The Amish friends from PA came to his funeral.

Richard Lee Funkhouser, 79y, of Broadway, Va., who died 19 August 2013, at Rockingham Memorial Hospital.

He was born 23 March 1934, in Orkney Springs, Va., and was a son of the late James Cedric and Edna Smith Funkhouser.

He was a scale master for Bowman Apple in Mount Jackson, VA for 23 years before retiring. He had also worked at Shen Valley Meat Packers in Timberville for 10 years, Farmers and Merchants Bank, and USA Security Agency. He was a U.S. Army veteran of the Korean and the Vietnam wars. He retired as a Sergeant First Class (E7) on 1 July 1974 with 20 years active duty. He was a member of Mount Zion Lutheran Church in New Market, VA where he served on the church council and cemetery committee. He was a member of Broadway-Timberville Ruritan Club, serving all offices and numerous

zone and district offices.

On Oct. 10, 1958, he married the former Catherine Riddle, who survives. Also surviving are one son and daughter-in-law, Stephen J. and Sue E. Funkhouser of Broadway, VA

Burial was private and his body was cremated.

PHOTO'S FROM THE 2013 ASA PICNIC AT BLOBS PARK, MD ON 3 AUGUST



Chuck & Doris Courtney, Det 120 Ankara



Lt Col John CM Spivey & ?, Det 4, 61-62



Jay & Nancy Wenger, Det 4, 63-64



CSM Robert & Nancy Snyder, Det 4



MG Tom Flynn displaying Det 4 & 27 logo's



Alice & Tom Flynn

In DOOL #252 I will have a short write-up on Maj Gen Thomas J. Flynn and we are hoping that they will attend the reunion in Myrtle Beach.



MG James Freeze & wife Dottie



2013 ASA TURKEY REUNION

13-17 October 2013

WHERE

Beach Cove Resort
 4800 South Ocean Blvd
 North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582
 1-800-331-6533

SOMETHING FOR THE EARLY ARRIVALS TO THINK ABOUT

On Saturday 12 October 2013 Charley Pride will be featured at the Alabama Theater. For the past 30 years, Charley Pride has been one of the Top 20 best-selling country artists of all-time. His golden baritone voice has transcended race and spanned generations. One of his biggest hits is "Kiss an Angel Good Morin". If interested, contact Luther Jones (910-228-3995) ASAP. In the interim use google.com Charley Pride at the Alabama Theater for ticket info. etc.

REUNION HATS



Max Putter is making REUNION HATS for the 2013 reunion. On the back of each hat will be the Det location. The above two hats are an example of what each attendee will receive at the reunion. The last date for me to give Max the number of hats needed is 10 September. Thus, make your reservations ASAP and don't wait until after 10 Sept to make your Beach Cove reservations.

For those NOT attending the reunion who would like a hat or shirt – call Max at 609-823-2545 or send email to: nashswim@aol.com. The per hat cost is \$10. and \$32. for the shirt. Max's mailing address is 20 N. Nashville, Ventnor City, NJ 08406.



Left photo taken on our patio with gazebo in background. Right photo taken in our den with me sitting on one of the camel saddles and the marble top bar, all made in Yalova.



The 2013 reunion shirt sent to me by Max Putter and hung on the collage of photo's for our two sons in hallway. The embroidery is identical to that on the hats. For info on

THINGS TO DO IN MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

Myrtle Beach is celebrating its 75th anniversary of its incorporation

DETAILS TO FOLLOW WHEN REGISTERING FOR THE REUNION

Please select your condo room type from below and call: 1-800-331-6533. Inform that you are with the ASA Turkey reunion group and indicate your arrival and departure dates.

THESE RATES INCLUDE ALL THE TAXES AND FEE'S

_____ Oceanfront Executive Suites. One bedroom with 2 queen beds. Living room. Kitchenette. 1 bath. Private balcony with a direct view of the ocean. \$82.99 per night.

_____ Oceanfront 2 Bedroom Condo. Master bedroom with king bed. Second bedroom with 2 double beds. Living room. Full size kitchen. 2 baths. Private balcony with a direct view of the ocean. \$114.24 per night.

Please study the condo rates closely. The 2 bedroom condo's each have a private room and bath and could save attendee's money if they would like to share with a friend. If anyone opts for the 2 bedroom condo – only one needs to call in the reservation, but let me know ahead of time the names of those who have opted for this money saver. In 2007 Patty and I shared a 2 bedroom condo with my brother without any problems.

****Please note that if you go to the Beach Cove website and check the room rates – the rates listed DO NOT include the TAXES etc.**

Rates are valid 3 days before and 3 days after reunion.

Please note that the room rates does NOT include a free breakfast! We bargained hard to have it included without success. Those who desire the breakfast can obtain the vouchers at the front desk for \$9.50 per person, per day. HOWEVER, keep in mind that the hospitality room will be stocked with a continental style breakfast throughout the reunion and will be a good time to meet other Turkey vet's and their wives.

SUNDAY ACTIVITIES

Sunday at NOON – 13 October - - - The Badges and Registration for the reunion will be in the hospitality room. The hospitality room will be stocked with snacks, soda and finger food for those hungry. Plans are being made for a special meal to be served from 5:30 until 8 pm in rooms next to the hospitality room.

MONDAY ACTIVITIES

Monday morning – 14 October - - - A continental style breakfast will be available in the hospitality room at a specific time where everyone can mingle and get to know the others in attendance.

Monday evening – 14 October - - - We will depart the Beach Cove at 4:45 pm and car pool to the nearby Barefoot Landing across Hwy 17S and park in the Alabama Theater area, then walk to the T-Bonz Gil & Grill restaurant, be seated and then order one of the below 4 selections:

1. 10 oz. Prime Rib – Cooked to desired temperature. Served with fried shoestring onions and garlic mashed potatoes.
2. ½ Rack of Ribs – Half rack of our “Almost Famous” baby back ribs coated with BBQ sauce and served with apple walnut cole slaw.
3. Bourbon Glazed Pacan Crusted Chicken – Served with black beans and rice.
4. Edisto Fried Shrimp – with Cocktail sauce and served with seasoned fries.

Each meal includes Side Salad and a house dessert of Chocolate Cake.

The cost for this meal and show will be \$49.50 per person.

After the meal – we will walk to the Alabama Theater, enter and be seated in the middle section NLT 7 pm.

EVERYONE ENJOYED THE ALABAMA THEATRE SHOW IN 2007

The Alabama Theatre's "New" show, is the #1 show in Myrtle Beach. It incorporates the latest Broadway hit as well as Gospel, Pop, Rock and Country into the show along with the well known comedian Ricky Mokal. The pre-show begins at 7:15 pm and the show at 7:30 pm. It lasts 2 hours with a 20 minute intermission.

TUESDAY ACTIVITIES

Tuesday morning – 15 October - - - A continental style breakfast will be available in the hospitality room at a specific time where everyone can mingle and get to know the others in attendance.

Tuesday evening – 15 October - - - We will car pool to Maxwell's Restaurant for a Prime Rib meal. Directions forthcoming. The cost per person for this excellent meal will be \$13.50 per person. Please pay when entering the restaurant. This was an excellent meal in 2007.

WEDNESDAY ACTIVITIES

Wednesday morning, 16 October - - -

Wednesday afternoon, 16 October - - Nothing planned.

Wednesday evening -- The banquet will be a buffet style meal in a Beach Cove Ballroom and times, etc is being worked on at this time.

The menu will be buffet style and will be:

Roast Sirloin of Beef Au Poivre

Breast of Chicken Piccata

Garden Fresh Salad Bar

Assorted Regular and Fat Free Dressings

Pasta Salad Vinaigrette

Oven Roasted New Potatoes

Seasonal Vegetable medley

Warm Rolls and Butter

Chef's Fanfare of Delectable Desserts

Regular Coffee, Decaf or Orange Pekoe Tea

The cost for this meal is \$40. Per person.

After the meal – Jay Goodman will take over as the emcee and will set the tone for the evening to ensure that everything runs smoothly and swiftly. Jay will rescue anyone from boredom and will keep the mood on an even keel by cracking jokes and or anecdotes while introducing several guest speakers who will be called upon to discuss their Turkey experiences.

After this Jay will call upon most in attendance to talk about the hi-lites of their tour in Turkey. Jay has a distinct skill, is easy going, but at times loud and will dig deeper and keep asking questions that will make everyone's talk interesting. Jay served at Det 4 as an MP - is a biker.

At the Pittsburgh reunion many were called to the podium to recall their friends, adventures and escapades while in Turkey and this was enjoyed by all.

Lastly - door prizes will be drawn ending the 2013 reunion

Thursday morning – 17 October - - - - HAVE A SAFE TRIP HOME

=====

Cut and complete the below reunion charges and MAIL TO: Elder RC Green, 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701.

Make check payable to Elder RC Green

YOUR NAME(s): _____

Registration Fee: \$15. Per person: TOTAL: ____

Monday nite T-BONZ meal & ALABAMA show = \$49.50 per person: TOTAL: ____

Wednesday nite BANQUET meal at \$40. Per person: TOTAL: ____

REUNION TOTAL: ____

Here is the list of who have reserved their room as at 31 August 2013

+ Registered

** pending

PLEASE INFORM IF ATTENDING & NAME NOT LISTED BELOW

**ANTONELLO, Tony & Val, Det 27, 65-68 7 Det 4, 69-70, Burke, VA 703-239-1739
+ARMSTRONG, Ataturk & Dot, Det 27, 60-62, New Bern, NC 252-637-2525, (1617) 13-17
+ASPER, Rick & Carol, Det 4, 66-67, Fort Lauderdale, FL 954-328-2149 11-17 (1601)
**ATKINS, John, Det 27, 61-62
+ASPINWALL, Paul, WI, Det 4, JA65-DE65, 608-831-0670, asp@us.ibm.com (420) PD 13-17
+AUSBROOKS, Sonny & Elaine, VA, 059, Det 4, SE64-SE65, 703-356-7247 Pd (606) 12-17
+BALL, Dick & Debbie, Det 27, 62-63, Lancaster, NY 716-685-9129, docpwrball@msn.com 14-17 (1523)
+BENDER, Bill, Det 4-4, 70-71, Ocala, FL bender6700@deccacable.com 15-17 (1108)
+BENTLEY, Bob&Evelyn, Det 27, 63-64, Cypress, TX, 281-463-7489, rbentley1@verizon.net 13-18 (717)
+BERGMANN, Chuck & Helen, Det 27, 66-67, Bay Village, OH, 440-971-5346 (707) 13-17 Pd
**BROWN, Chas & Lori, Det 4, 66-67, Robeson, PA 610-693-6684, sfcchb46@gmail.com
+BULLOCK, Al & Esther, MI, 058, Det 4-4, 68-69 & 73-75, estherandal@aol.com (425) 12-17
+CARPENTER, Chuck & Toni, 05H, Det 4-4, 68-70, washroof@yahoo.com 13-17 (1213)
+CAVANAUGH, Tom&Louise, Holyoke, MA, 98C, Det 4-4, 69-71, 413-532-5294, Pd (306) 13-18
+COURTNEY, Chuck & Doris, Det 120, 67-70, Ashburn, VA 703-726-1693, courtclw4@verizon.net Pd
+COX, Jim & Vicki, Det 4, 66-67, MP, Gadsden, AL (615) 12-17
**CRANE, Jim, Det 27, 67-68, Viera, FL 321-242-2404
+DYER, Wayne & Tomi, Det 4, 68-69, Groton, VT 802-584-3730, diatribe@charter.net (708) 13-16
**ERICKSON, Ron & Kathy, Det 27, 61-62, Independence, MO 816-373-3349
+ERVIN, Wayne & Kay, Det 4-4, 70-71, Brunswick, GA 31523, daddyerv@comcast.net (608) 13-17 Pd
**FAITZ, Stan & Janet, Det 4, 60-61, Algonquin, IL, 847-854-9614, stanf1top@att.net
**FITTANTE, Tom & Bev, Det 27, 61-63, New Waterford, OH 330-457-2950, tom@garlandwelding.com
+FRICKEY, Norman & Sharon, Det 4-4, Arvado, CO nfrickey@comcast.net (1010) 12-17 Pd
+GARNER, Bill, Det 4, 68, Red Springs, NC, wgarner440@aol.com Pd 14-17 (824) Pd
**GOODMAN, Jay & -, MP, Det 4, 72-73, Washington, PA 412-818-6009
+GREEN, Elder & Patty, PA 982, Det 27, 120, 4-4, asagreenhornet@comcast.net (1405) 11-18
+HAASE, Walt, Det 4-4, 98C68-71, Cumberland Gap TN 423-489-6869 wjh408@yahoo.com (1107) 13-17 Pd
+HOUGHTON, Jim & Sally, Det 4, 56-57, Johnstown, PA, je_h_124@verizon.net (1015) 12-17 Pd
+ISLER, Rod & Kyuhee, Det 4-4, 68-70, Annapolis, MD 410-849-3482, goaisler@aol.com 1417 15-17 Pd
+JONES, Ed&Flo, 059, Det 27, 62-65, Vancouver, WA, 503-805-2180, elspec1@live.com (517) 12-18 Pd
+JOHNSON, John & ?, Det ? (506) 12-17
+JONES, Luther & Edna, NC, 058, Det 27, 62-63, 910-575-4562, (516) 12-17
+KEARNEY, Greg&Lonnie, CA, 058, Det 4-4, 68-71, 760-949-5731, gpkearney@aol.com (1414) 12-17 Pd

+LAPP, Dean & Deborah, MP, Det 4, 66, Medina, OH 330-723-3629, lappda@hotmail.com (716) 12-19 Pd
 +LAZZARA, Tom, MA, 058, Det 27, JN63-FE66, 978-534-7051, tommylazzara@msn.com (324) 10-20
 +LEVY, Dan, Kelly & Helen, 058, Det 27, JL61-DE62, 318-286-7573, 12-17
 +LIENKE, Wes & Sharyn, WI, Det 27, 65-65, River Falls, WI., 715-425-2505 (614) 10-18
 **LIFTO, Clay & Ruth, 98C2LRU, Fayetteville, NC 319-360-7108
 +LOVELL, Howie & Sheila, 05H, Stone Mountain, GA 770-498-8333 (1219) 12-14
 +MALSCH, Charles & Joan, 988RU, Det 4, 64-65, Lindenhurst, IL 847-356-6497 Pd (commute)
 **MARTIN, Chuck & Corena, Det 4-4, 70-71, Stockbridge, GA 770-507-7293
 +McCANTS, Ed & Annegell, 98C, Det 4 & 4-4, 69-71, Moncks Corner, SC 843-899-680. (1425)13-17
 +McCOY, Bill & Maureen, USN, 203-888-9952 (307) Pd 13-18
 ** McDONALD, John, 05H/05K, Det 4-4, 68-71, Green Valley, AZ 520-990-5356, rrfd566@yahoo.com
 +MOON, Jerry & Lorraine, Det 4-4, Corpus Christie, TX 361-877-9114, jerrymoon@mac.com Pd
 **MOORE, Jim & Linda, Det 4-4, 69-71, Fairfax, VA, 703-280-2726, jbm@jbmoorecpa.com
 +O'BRIEN, Jack and Kay, 988RU, Det 4, 64-65, Beaver Creek, OH 937-426-4433 (1112) 13-17
 +OSSWALD, Ozzie & Norene, 98J, Det 4, 64-65, Hudson, NY 518-828-6492, (314) 13-17
 **OWEN, John&Janette, Det 4, 64-65, Elkhart, IA, 515-367-3412, jwown@iowatelecom.net (1515) 13-17
 **PARISIAN, Rick, 11713 River Rd., Forestville, CA 95436 386-462-4801, trekker715@aol.com
 3636
 **PETERSON, Bam, Det 27, 63-65, Barron, WI 715-637-0466, evansbep@chibardun.net
 +PRUITT, Bill & Carolyn, Det 4, 64-65 & 76-77, Campbellsville, KY 270-465-6371 (712) 13-17 Pd 200
 **RODRIGUES, Charlie & Patricia, Det 4, 59-60, Pulaski, NY
 **PUTTER, Max, Det 27, 60-62, Ventnor City, NJ 609-823-2545
 **RAUSCH, George H., Det 4-4, 70-72, Indianapolis, IN., 317-855-3378, grausch@in.edu
larylin@zoominternet.net
 +ROTZAL, Hank & Helena, 059, Det 27, 64-65, 203-888-9952, Pd (914) 12-17
 +SCHNAGL, Gene & Kathy, 98J, Det 4, 63-64, Franklin, WI, 414-856-2910, eschnagl@wi.rr.com Pd
 +SHIPMAN, Don & Donna Goulet, dlships@me.com pd (commute)
 +SIEBENALER, Frank & Judy, Det 27, 62-64, Lake City, MN 651-345-4477 (524) 15-17
 **SPIVEY, John, Det 4, 61-62, Arlington, VA 703-521-7581
 +STEFFEN, Arnold & Janet, TN, Det 4, JL58-JL59, 731-664-5058, asteffen4@aol.com Pd (619) 13-17
 +STEWART, Bob & Carolyn, FL, 058, Det 27 & 4-4, JA67-DE69, 386-462-4801, (613) 12-17
 **STRICKLAND, Randy & Kathy, Det 4-4, 69-71, Bluffton, SC 843-899-6801, randys@hargray.com
 **STUBBS, Steve & Penny, Det 4, 63-64, Lowell, NC 704-824-5446, pstubbs@carolina.rr.com
 **THOMAS, Chuck & Vivian, 361-877-9114, csthom65@yahoo.com
 **WALTERS, Bill & Susan, Det 27 & 4-4, 65-68 & Det 4, 86-87, Wallace, NC 28466, 910-665-1248
 +WENGER, Barry & Sharon, PA, 058, Det 27, 62-64, 717-582-4922, no email Pd (1012) 13-17
 +WHITAKER, Berton & Harriet, KY 05H, Det 4-4, 68-69, 270-825-3773 Pd (609) 13-17
 +WHITMAN, Ken & Judi DE, 058, Det 27, 62-64, 302-227-2543 (522) 12-17 Pd

MAIL call

BALL, Richard, 341, Det 27, 62-63, Lancaster, NY
 BENTLEY, Bob, 059, Det 27, 63-64, Cypress, TX
 BROWN, Dave, 76Y/76S, Det 4, 68-69, Clallam Bay, WA
 CARRICK, Ernie, Personnel, Det 4, 57-58, Huntsville, AL
 CRAM, Phyllis, widow of Eugene C. Cram, Det 27, 66-67, Dunnellon, FL
 ERVIN, Wayne, 98C, Det 4-4, 70-71, Brunswick, GA
 HAASE, Walt, 98C Det 4-4, 68-71, Cumberland Gap, TN
 HOUGHTON, Jim, Det 4, 56-57, Johnstown, PA
 JORGENSEN, Gary, 05H, Det 27 & 4-4, 66-68, Duluth, MN

LEVY, Boogie, 058, Det 27, 61-62, Negreet, LA
RICHTER, Ralph, 059, Det 27, 66-67, Orient, OH
SCARBOROUGH, Jim, 98J, Det 4, 73-74 & 76-77, Fairfax, VA
SHOWWALTER, Carl, 923, Det 27, 60-62, Cardington, OH
STEFFEN, Arnold, 283, Det 4, 58-59, Jackson, TN
SYBERT, Loyd, Maint & Supply, Det 4, 70-70, Fort Pierce, FL
WRIGHT, Forest, Det 4-4, 68-70, Murrieta, CA

MAIL call in alphabetical order

BALL, Richard, YOB: 1942, RA12615407, E4, 341-teletype repair, Tk#4, Det 27, 13JA62-14JN63, (Debbie), 10 Heritage Dr., Lancaster, NY 14086, 716-685-9129, docpwrball@msn.com

gH, Reservations made, arrive Monday morning, the 14th. Will send money to Winkey week after next. Leaving for river cruise on the Rhine River, be back the 1st. RB

BENTLEY, Bob, RA, E4-E5, 059, Det 27, MR63-OC64, (Evelyn), 19507 Dunlay Springs Dr., Cypress, TX 77443, 281-463-7480, cell 609-276-2610, rbentley1@verizon.net

Having been was born and raised in Philadelphia, PA. I got a notice to appear at the draft board. They said my number would more than likely be called. I took some tests and afterward was shown the MOS book (at the time I thought - whatever that was). I was working in a research lab at Fels Naptha and wanted to go into something to do with chemistry. The Sergeant said I might want to consider the ASA. He thought they wore civilian clothes and had good duty stations.

I enlisted in the ASA on March 26, 1962. My wife worked a few blocks away from 401 North Broad Street in Phila and came in to see me sworn in. Before the swearing in ceremony we were addressed as "gentlemen" and asked to please come over for the swearing in ceremony. After we were sworn in "gentlemen" was deleted from their vocabulary. We were told that we were now government property and to get downstairs NOW for the bus to take us to Ft. Dix, NJ.

I was sent to Ft. Devens for my 058 ditty-bop training. Although I was not the slowest, I was not the fastest at copying code. I was sent to "the Pit" only once on a Saturday to get additional code practice. Seems they needed some people to copy teletype. They needed to know Morse code, but not copy it. So I was transferred to 059 teletype interceptor school. It was a fun course, and for me, much better than copying ditty-bops. Then it seems they wanted some people to go onto an advanced teletype school. I had pretty good grades so off I went to Non Morse Search and Development School (NMSD). By the time I finished schooling I had been in the Army for 12 months.

While at Ft. Devens, my first wife and I lived off post and were about 10 miles from the post. This gave us a chance to use a civilian hospital. My son was born in the hospital in Leominster (pronounced -Lemon-stir) Mass. The "ca", I mean the car, we had was an old '51 Kaiser with a '50 motor which we nick-named "Old Smokey." My Uncle had a '50 Kaiser with a bad body and a '51 with a bad motor, so....

I was hoping to go to Germany, because I had German heritage. Of course that would not happen, this is the Army. Two of my classmates were twins. One was married and wanted to stay in the States. The other was single and wanted to go overseas. The Army in its wisdom, sent the married one overseas and the single one stayed in the States. I was being sent to where? Turkey? Huh? Oh well, it was only going to be an 18 month tour. Then I'd be home soon. The trip to Turkey was long and uneventful on a Pan Am 707. I went from Boston to England to Germany and to Istanbul. An Airspeed AS.57 Ambassador (?) took us to Ankara. It was a small two prop plane and the guy next to me was smoking a foul smelling cigarette, a Yeni Harman. As we all know, the Turks had good tobacco. They just did not know how to blend it.



We had a Turkish boy (young man?) who sat in the community area of our barracks. He would spit shine our shoes for 25 cents (iki buçuk). He did a good job and was always there or in a nearby barracks. I found out he was from the nearby town of Cerkezhöyük. He made so much money a little at a time that he was able to buy a tractor for the town. As a result the town people made him their Mayor. I remember walking through the town and seeing round patties of sheep dung drying on the ground. They were to be used as "firewood" for cooking and for heating their houses.



After I had been there for a while I decided that I might as well get a military drivers license. I thought it might be an advantage and fun to drive again. I applied and was

given a drivers test. I was asked which was closer, the wall or the mountain. When I answered the wall I was told I had good depth of field. The next question was what color was the grass. "Green" meant I was not color blind. We went outside where I was asked if I ever drove a truck before. "Of course" I said, meaning my cousins Jeep pickup truck - once. It seems the instructor did not know how to start the "deuce-and a half." With a little fiddling and turning switches, I got it running. A little driving around the Post and I had my driver's license. Mmm... That was easy. So I applied for my International Drivers License. That was even easier. Just fill out the paperwork, using my Military License as proof I could drive and bingo - I got my International License.

It seems that the Post Commander was an ASA guy and understood what ASA was all about. Well about half way through my duty cycle we got a "Regular Army" Post Commander. He must have been horrified to find out that we had never had an Alert. An alert, heck, we didn't even have guns. The last time I fired or even held a gun was in basic training at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. We didn't know what to do. Our barracks Sergeant said "fall out with packs and helmets." So we did. With pack and helmets and flip flops and blankets and suntan lotion and playing cards and radios and base balls, etc. Boy was the Post Commander mad. We were told we WOULD do this again in two weeks and we would do it right. Two weeks later and the buses to Ankara were packed. He had not closed the pass book and everyone was getting out of town. Too crowded I thought. However, I was a projectionist at the theater and had one of the few keys to the doors. So I rounded up more than a few friends and we locked ourselves in the movie theater and watched Elvis Presley and Ann Margret in "Viva lasVegas." One of the guys went on stage, drinking a beer and danced with Ann Margret. There were very few people on the Post for the Alert and we never had another one.



One of the guys in our barracks, George Somebody, from Calif. was into U-control model airplanes. Well we were bored when we weren't working or in town, so this sounded like a good diversion. There were a few plane kits in the PX which we promptly bought and sent to the States for more kits and paint and motors. And the building began. Balsa wood and glue and paint and airplane fuel and batteries and glow plugs. We were some busy guys. Some looked better than others and flew better.

After a learning curve and learning to not get dizzy while turning in a circle as the plane went around and around and around. Some people on other Tricks got into flying also. Of course, there had to be a mutual flying day and a challenge. Seems George and I were to stand in the center of the field together fly our planes at the same time.. Oh yeah, there was a ribbon on the back of each plane. The person with the longest ribbon when the planes landed won. Yep, we had to use our propellers to cut the other guys ribbon. What a lot of fun that was because we had to walk around each other as the planes flew around. Of course they were flying at different speeds. Well after cheers for the crowd and lots of laughter the planes landed. My ribbon was longer than George's and, boy, he didn't like that one bit, but I did.

(Part from a previous DOOL.) oh how well I remember the funniest incident of all - the day the toads invaded Manzarali Station. Tumpane had scooped dirt from the dried bed of Lake Golbashi to fill some low spots between the commissary and the HQ. After some heavy spring rains, toads that had buried themselves in the lake bed as it dried up and had gone into a dormant state suddenly awoke and came out. Literally 10's of thousands covered the road and walks. We tried to not step on them which made it difficult to walk anywhere. Finally we just gave up and scraped our feet before we entered a building.

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Tale of Vietnam war veteran's lost helmet spans globe, decades



The Gazette (Colorado Springs, Colo.)

Published: July 22, 2013

James Randall was shot down almost 48 years ago during a bombing run over North Vietnam.

In the decades that followed, the retired U.S. Air Force pilot often replayed the crash in his mind: Parachuting into enemy territory, tearing off his chute and helmet, then running to the cover of the jungle where he hid until a daring helicopter rescue lifted him out under enemy fire.

After the war he toyed with the idea of going back to Vietnam to search for the gear he abandoned, but success was so astronomically unlikely that he would quickly toss the idea aside.

Imagine his surprise this June when he picked up his phone and a stranger on the other end said, "Colonel, I have something that belongs to you. We found your lost helmet." "I couldn't believe it, I was elated," said Randall, who is now 86 and lives with his wife on the edge of Black Forest, Colo. "It had been gone for 47 years. Can you even imagine?"

The stranger, a Vietnam vet named Gary "Paco" Gregg, told the old pilot a story of chance encounters, dead-end searches, Vietnamese flea markets, and an iconoclastic French sword maker in Cambodia who had been searching for the helmet's rightful owner for 22 years.

"I think I had tears in my eyes when I'm telling him this," said Gregg, who lives in Lincoln, Neb. "Finally, we had found the man!"

Soon the helmet was on its way from southeast Asia.

The tale of the helmet weaves together the worst and best aspects of humanity, beginning in war, where men who had never met went to great lengths to kill one another, and ending in peace, where men who had never met went to great lengths to help one another. "It's pretty amazing," said Randall. "If it wasn't true, I wouldn't believe it."

'You had a job to do'.

The day Randall was shot down in 1965, he was leading a flight of four F-105 fighter bombers to destroy a bridge in far northwestern Vietnam.

A major at the time, Randall had already flown 118 combat missions.

"All of them were dangerous," he said. But, he said, he did not dwell on the risk. "You had a job to do."

The son of a librarian and a railroad worker, Randall grew up during the Great Depression in the segregated schools of Roanoke, Va.

When World War II started, he yearned to become a pilot. A few men he knew had become Tuskegee Airmen - the first black military pilots who trained at Tuskegee Army Airfield in Alabama, starting in 1941. Randall signed up in 1945, as soon as he was old enough.

After basic training, he was sent to Tuskegee Army Airfield for pilot training.

The war ended and all pilot training was canceled. He was discharged in 1946 and applied to college, assuming he would never realize his flying dreams. Then in 1948 the War Department sent a letter asking him to become a pilot in the newly-formed, integrated, Air Force.

Randall graduated from fighter pilot school in 1950.

He was deployed to Korea in 1952, where he flew the P-51 Mustang on bombing missions to knock out bridges and rail lines.

Randall flew 75 combat missions over Korea.

"I got lucky. There were guns all over but I was never was shot down," he said on a recent afternoon in his home office. Even after the close calls of Korea, Randall never thought of leaving the Air Force.

"I just love flying," he said. "I never wanted to do anything else."

'Losses were appalling'

In Vietnam, Randall flew the F-105 Thunderchief single-seat fighter, nicknamed the "Thud," able to carry more explosives than the 10-man bombers of World War II.

He was part of Operation Rolling Thunder, an early attempt to cripple North Vietnam's fighting capability by destroying supplies and transport routes behind enemy lines.

Pilots streaked in from Thailand at high speed, dove over the targets and released about 6,000 pounds of bombs before thundering back over the border.

It was effective but dangerous. The Vietnamese had one of the best air defense systems in the world. The landscape bristled with anti-aircraft guns and missiles.

When Randall arrived in August 1965, Thuds were being shot down at a rate of two per week.

"The losses were appalling," another F-105 pilot, Ed Rasimus, wrote in his 2003 book, "When Thunder Rolled." "For every five pilots that started the tour, three would not complete it."

In three years, 330 Thuds were lost, he wrote. By comparison, 74 aircraft have been shot down in Iraq and Afghanistan since 2003.

"You tried not to think about it," Randall said.

He had four kids at home.

The day he was shot down, Oct. 13, he had flown 43 missions in just over two months.

He was not particularly worried about his 44th. It was a simple hit and run, taking out a bridge 50 miles over the border near the town of Dien Bien Phu.

It was a clear day, perfect for flying. The Thuds flew high over the jungle of Laos, then, just over the border with North Vietnam, the mountains faded into a broad valley patched with farms and split by a twisting river.

That day, 15 other F-105s were hitting dams, roads and bridges all over Vietnam, according to press reports.

Ahead Randall saw the bridge.

The four bombers, flying in formation, prepared for their run.

They turned on the "pickle button" on their control sticks that would drop the bombs.

Randall pushed his Thud into a steep dive. The others followed.

Eight thousand feet above the bridge, he pushed the button, released the bombs, and pulled up.

Then he felt a sudden jolt. Anti-aircraft guns had hit the rear of his jet. Warning lights started going off.

"I knew right then I was in trouble," he remembered.

The gauge for the hydraulic system that powered the controls was dropping. The backup system was dropping too.

Randall watched the nose of the plane slowly come level with the horizon, then drop below. His control system was dead.

Nothing to do now but eject, he thought. He was still flying at about 600 mph.

Slight wind helps his escape

The force of the ejection ripped off Randall's gloves and watch.

He opened his eyes, drifting thousands of feet above the valley. He could see a small village between his feet.

Of the 53 F-105 pilots who went down over Vietnam that year, 24 were rescued, 15 were captured, and 14 were killed.

Randall's first thought was "I'm not going home tonight."

He got lucky. A slight wind carried him across the valley to the edge of the jungle.

When he touched down, he pulled off his parachute and helmet and limped on a bleeding leg into the undergrowth. He crawled into the brush and watched with held breath as a group of men with rifles approached, picked up his helmet and other gear. They looked toward the jungle. Then they headed off toward the wreckage of the jet.

Randall worked his way uphill to a small clearing. There he radioed for help.

After waiting just over two hours, the whine of an American rescue party echoed over the valley.

Randall had never heard such a welcome sound, but the noise attracted the Vietnamese, who began shooting.

The helicopter hovered low over the clearing as it took fire. Randall raised up his hands and two men in the crew locked arms with him and pulled him aboard.

A few days later he was recuperating in the United States.

A long, winding road back to owner.

What happened to the helmet is unknown.

Randall stayed in the Air Force for another 15 years and retired as a colonel in Colorado Springs in 1980.

In the years after the crash, he imagines, a villager took his helmet and sold to someone else, who sold it to someone else, who sold it to someone else.

Somehow, the helmet traveled 1,000 miles south to Ho Chi Minh City, where in 1990 a Frenchman named Dominique Eluere, known worldwide for making fine samurai swords, spotted it at an Army surplus stall in the city's hardware market.

A student of military history, he paid a trifling amount he now doesn't recall.

In his home office, Eluere studied the helmet: It was hard, white plastic with a blue stripe

down the middle. On the left side was a scuffed sticker of an eagle holding a sword under the words "562 TAC Fighter SQ" and on the right side, the word "Jim." In the middle, a small, embossed label read "Maj. Randall."

Seeing that he might have a chance of finding the owner, Eluere decided it was only right to return it.

"A helmet is something very personal. A kind of crest," Eluere said by email from Phnom Penh, Cambodia. "So if it would be mine, I'd love someone give it back to me."

He started searching in history books and then the Internet. When he met Americans, he would ask them for ideas of how to find the pilot. After several years of little progress, a journalist he met found records that showed the helmet was from the 562nd Tactical Fighter Squadron, which flew F-105s out of Thailand during the war, and that a "Maj. Randall" had been in the unit.

"But how to find him, and if he is still alive?" Eluere said. His quest was far from over. In 2007, he became friends with Gregg, a retired stone worker from Nebraska who had fought in Khe Sahn, Vietnam in 1966 and 1967, and for years had been returning to Cambodia, working for a non-profit organization that provides education for the minority Montagnard people.

One day over beers, Gregg told Eluere he was also involved in tracking down information on troops who were missing in action. Eluere perked up.

Eluere showed Gregg the helmet.

"I would like to get this off my shelf. Let's find this man. You are an American, can you help me?" Gregg remembers him saying.

Gregg replied he would do the best he could.

"It proved darn near impossible," Gregg said in a phone interview.

The Air Force told him it had no record of a Maj. Randall shot down in Vietnam, he said. He eventually learned through historic records that there had been a pilot shot down named James Randall, but had no idea how to find a person with such a common name. Internet searches turned up nothing helpful.

In May, Gregg ran a notice in the Vietnam Veterans of America magazine asking if anyone had information.

A few weeks later, when Gregg was visiting his son for his grandson's graduation in Colorado Springs, he got an email from a former officer in Randall's squadron, saying Randall was still alive, and lived just a few miles away from where Gregg was.

Gregg called Randall immediately and they met the next day. Sitting around his son's kitchen table, they emailed Eluere, who sent back a photo of the white helmet.

"That's it!" said Randall, clapping his hands and laughing.

The helmet even had his oxygen mask attached.

A few days later, Eluere shipped the helmet to Gregg. Gregg plans to present the helmet to Randall at a gathering of the Tuskegee Airmen in St. Louis on Aug. 1.

"When you understand such long an uncertain search is over, you feel both joy and sorrow," Eluere said. "But we shall stick to joy. A good action is never lost. Only what is not given is lost. All the time the search last I had the idea to go and return the helmet myself against a hug and a cold beer. But when I received a message from Colonel

Randall I understood it wouldn't be kind to let him wait any longer. So I shipped the helmet to Paco. I'm pretty sure he will drink the beer properly and with pleasure."

Randall smiles and shakes his head when he tells the story of the men who did so much to return his helmet.

"It's incredible," he said. "They could have kept it. They could have sold it. Instead they gave it back. I'd kind of like to know how the helmet got to that market in the first place, but I guess it doesn't really matter. It's here."

The walls of Randall's home office are covered with the accomplishments of his flying career: citations for the Bronze Star, Air Medal, Legion of Merit, models of the jets he flew and a copy of a painting of him from 1970 that hangs in the Pentagon. He plans to clear a spot for a custom glass case for his helmet.

"It's made it this far," he said. "I want to make sure it is taken care of."

CARRICK, Ernie, YOB: 1936, RA25358534, E3-E4, Personnel, Det 4, NO57-OC58.

(Betty), 6111 Fairfield Dr., Huntsville, AL 35811, 256-852-6180, wooky1955@att.net

I am doing pretty good most of the time. Betty's cancer returned and we are fighting the Chemo battle all over again. She is in good spirt and is holding her own physically. She has a sever case of Dementia. Pray for us. Ernie Carrick

CRAM, Phyllis, widow of Eugene C. Cram, CW2, W2215309, OIC, TA, Det 27, 66-67, 5180 SW Cardenia Ct., Dunnellon, FL 34431, 352-489-9085, superchief3@msn.com

Patty and I recently had a sentimental chat with a dear friend, Phyllis Cram. The Cram's lived next door to us at Bad Aibling. I hurriedly extracted the following from the DOOL's and can truthfully say that no one enjoyed the ASA Turkey reunions better than Gene Cram.



[THIS IS AN EXTRACT on Gene Cram FROM THE FLOPPY DISK THAT MORE OR LESS GOT THE ASA TURKEY NEWSLETTERS AND ANNUAL REUNIONS STARTED. THE EDITOR OF THE FLOPPY WAS CLARK BRYAN AND THE TITLE OF THE FLOPPY WAS THUMBSKETCH, 8/21/2001, SIZE 666 kb]

ASA Assignments for Gene Cram

ARMY SIGNAL SCHOOL, Camp Gordon, GA, FE50 – AU50

ASA INTERCEPT SCHOOL (1717/058) and 059), CARLISLE BKS, PA. SE50 to MR51

Russian Language translators school, AFSA, Arlington Hall Station, MY51 - NO51.

HERZO BASE, GERMANY (OJT 982) DE51 - DE52.

ASA on recruiting duty MR53 - AP55 then back to ASA at Casual Det at Fort Devens,

Next assignment, Arlington until transfer to Japan (Oji Camp) fm JN55 to SE58

From there to NSA, Fort Meade. Conned my way out of the funny farm and went to

Germany in JN55, Baumholder for a year. (058 Platoon Sgt) then to Bad Aibling (back to 982) until tour ended in SE62.

Next assignment was Fort Bragg, 313 ASA Bn - then deployed to Homestead in NO62

during the Cuban Crisis. (went from E-7 to W1) before leaving there to go to Camp

Humphreys in Korea. Came back from there to Fort Campbell, (Co C, 313th) AP64-

JL64, then back to Fort Bragg until assigned to TUSLOG Det 27, Ankara, Turkey.

Left there after 2 1/2 years in DE67 to go to Phu Bai in Viet Nam.

Returned in FE69 to Fort Devens.

Taught at the ASA School until retirement in Oct 1969.

Comments: Not too sure where to begin - but anyway will start w/leaving Turkey and proceed to now. With pretty wife and 2 rugrats in transit and 30 days to get to Vietnam, our exit from Baynami land was hectic to say the most. Left just prior to Xmas 67, spent the holidays at home and went to SFX for a belated Port Call. I can't remember the exact reason, but the Port Call was delayed a bit and I arrived in the RVN just in time to be greeted by the TET celebrants. Those first few days at Phu Bai were memorable, w/Hue City just across the river. I think it was Napoleon who said field combat is a long sentence of pure boredom, punctuated by short periods of sheer terror. That's how it seemed to me. Anyway - returned from RVN in early 69 to be informed that I had 9 months before I'd be returning to that same beloved trash pile. I tried to tell them that I was not particularly enthused about another trip to the Armageddon of the Far East, but my pleas fell on uninterested ears and I had to resort to chicanery. I had my 20 in and so put in my retirement papers. The sly guys in ASA Arlington slipped up on me with a promotion to W-3 thinking I'd succumb to the attraction of a promotion and stay 2 more years. That didn't work; I declined the promotion and retired. As we were driving off post for the last time, the little wife informed me that she'd been counting and we had lived in 27 different houses in 20 years. Having bought a little house in Miami while at Homestead, FL, in the early 60's, we terminated the renters and went back there to live. At that time our kids were 9 and 10, and we were just getting settled in to that little 3 Bdrm, 1 bath, when the pretty little wife became a little pregnant and presented me with a retirement baby, and along w/him came a requirement for a larger home. At the time I was working as the campus services supervisor for Miami-Dade Jr College and the week before she had the new baby I accepted a position as Maintenance Supervisor for the North Central District of the Miami Public School System. Would you believe that on

my first day of work in the new position, I had to call and tell the new boss, Jeff West that I was taking the day off, to name my new son. Having always been a fan of Palindromes, what could I do but name him Marc Cram? The next three years were uneventful except for constant traffic jams on the Palmetto Expressway until finally the day came when it took me 2 and 1/2 hours to drive the 23 miles from central Miami to Cutler Ridge. I stormed into the house, kicked the can and announced to the now attentive family - that's it, we're moving.

Another old ASA'er - Bob Lane and I had seriously discussed going into partnership in a service station venture and bought the lease on a Shell station in SW Virginia, on I-81. We did quite well there for 5 years until Bob contracted an allergy to petroleum fumes and we had to quit. After selling the place, I went to Radford College, finished my degree and started teaching High School Social Studies, three years there in Pulaski, VA, moved to Dunnellon, FL where both of our parent couples lived. Taught there 2 years in a state prison and then 11 more in Citrus High School, Inverness, FL. Retired 30 June 1994, with a total of 17 years with the State Educational System, bought a Motor Home and have seen all 50 of these United States. The Army was an incredible experience, I enjoyed the business years, teaching was fun and the easiest thing I ever did - can't imagine why they pay people to do it, but retirement is definitely the best job I never had! Its only drawback is - no weekends!

It is with a sad heart that we, Elder RC and Patty Green, report the death of a dear friend - EUGENE CHARLES CRAM. There was not a dry eye in the Green home when we received word from Phyllis Cram that her beloved husband had passed away. Gene was a regular relayer and contributor to the DAYS OF OUR LIVES. The Cram's have been our friends since 1955 when I first met Gene and his brother, Sam, at Oji Camp in Tokyo and then we worked together 1960-63 at Bad Aibling, Germany, then at Manzarali 66-67.

Gene was born on 27 February 1931 in the rural area of North Berwick, Maine, the son of righteous parents, Rev & Mrs Eugene D. Cram, and his life-tree, rich-laden with fruits of righteousness, and passed peacefully away at MRMC, Ocala, Florida on 28 November 2003. For the most of 2003 he was in and out of the hospital and he had been steadily sinking, and his condition for some time had been such that his physician and family had been forced to practically abandon hope of his recovery. He had been a sufferer from diabetes, heart disease the last few years of his life, and frequently suffered acute attacks which threatened to prove fatal in their termination. Gene's illness finally caused him to quit the cigars, but not until February of 2003.

After receiving a rudimentary education in such schools as were then open in the rural area of Maine - Gene joined the US Army on 17 August 1949 at Portland, Maine. Gene and Phyllis Armes had dated on and off through high school in Brunswick, Maine and Phyllis attended the church that Gene's father was the pastor. After high school Gene joined the Army and Phyllis went to college. They corresponded, and decided to marry when Phyllis finished college. Gene was put on orders for Korea, so they decided not to wait. They were married on 30 September 1950. As it turned out, Gene didn't go to Korea until 1963, but a year after they were married Gene went to Germany and Phyllis spent the year in Lockport, NY with her folks This partnership lasted 53 years and throughout that period the Cram's have been friends with Donald and Pat Bradley and their family.

Gene Cram was devoted to his three children: Eugene Douglass Cram and wife Deborah, Dunnellon; Lisa Cram Lorenzo and husband George, Dunnellon and Marc Dexter Cram, Atlanta, GA. They had a great 53 years together, and for their 50th wedding anniversary their children sent them on a Caribbean cruise. To make it even more special their 3 off-spring, Gene's sister, Laura and their husbands and wives went with them on the cruise. In Gene's words, "It was great". Gene's ability and integrity, both of the

highest order, and his worth to the Army Security Agency was fully recognized by his receiving the Legion of Merit while and for his 1966-68 duty at Manzarali Station; the Bronze Star for duty at Phu Bai, Vietnam, 1968-69, the Meritorious Service Medal; the Army Commendation Medal; the Good Conduct Medals; the WWII Occupation Medal; the National Defense Service Medal; the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal; the US Vietnam Service Medal; the RVN Gallantry Cross w/Palm; Vietnam Campaign Medal and numerous other letters of commendation.

In reference to Gene Cram's humor and of the many contributions he made to the DOOL - I submit a item that Gene remembered about the Bulgarian linguists that appears in DOOL#31. "It must be remembered that several of those BULGARIAN LINGUISTS at Det 27 became excellent T/A men when it was DISCOVERED that there was not much need for the Bulgarian linguists to wait for their obsolete tanks to talk to each other. Of those re-treads - only Dennis Fransted and Jesse Watson made it as T/A men while Clark 'Mixie' Bryan, Dave Canby and 'TRASH-CAN' Baker kept turning the R-390 knobs looking for those tanks. I chuckled when I read Mixie's account of his Tour at Manzarali as a Bulgar linguist and, now, understand why the Hornet did not recommend him to me. About the Hornet -When I was alerted that I would be assigned to Det 27 - I requested that Elder RC Green be sent there as my NCOIC. AHS complied. It seems that some people were completely taken in by youse Bulgarian guys -- but not the Hornet and the WOPA (that's the Warrant Officers Protective Association for the uninitiated). I recall the Hornet telling me about the existence of a group within the ranks who were masquerading as of all things BULGARIAN LINGUISTS! Of course I recognized chicanery when I saw it and decided to play it cool until I found out about this bunch of charletons. Rapidly I composed a TWX to WOPA questioning this startling state of affairs, and anxiously awaited an answer. It came in very soon and you'll believe me if I say I was not too startled to discover that our so called bulgars were in actuality CIA spies set on us to determine if we were in cahoots with the Red Menace we were targetting. Now you know why I didn't hassle you Bulgarians while you were performing your "Mission" in operations -- by the way since the mere existence of WOPA was classified as strict needless codeword, I never let even the Green Hornet in on my discovery, but he may have figured it out since the Bulgarian Language lends itself so poorly to intelligence. Never did know why all those 'SATELLITE" LINGUISTS were trained anyway when we all knew that only those of us who were trained in the Russian language were really linguists".

Gene's account of 9/11: "Phyl and I will remember forever where we were in 9/11 2001. PA. We were with the Hornet and his pretty wife Patty eating breakfast at Perkins in Indiana, PA when the young waitress came to take our order - she was crying. We ask what was wrong and she said that the Twin Towers in New York City and the Pentagon were flown into by terrorists and that a plane had just crashed near Shanksville, Pennsylvania and that it was suspected of being part of the plot and that the TV assumed that the target for it was the White House. Needless to say, we were stunned... We had not turned on the TV or radio that morning as we were too busy getting each other up to date as we had arrived the day before on our way to the Fort Devens reunion...We hurriedly ate the hearty breakfast and hurried to the Green's residence at 3094 Warren Road to watch TV and catch up on what had taken place. The Pennsylvania governor, Tom Ridge, really impressed me with his knowledge and President Bush couldn't have picked a better person to head up the Homeland Security Department."

Gene also wrote: "The ASA was an incredible experience, I enjoyed the business years, teaching was fun and the easiest thing I ever did - can't imagine why they pay people to do it, but retirement is definitely the best job I never had! Its only drawback is - no weekends!"

Gene Cram was always firm in his views and his life was never marked by extended bitterness to those whose lives were less consecrated than his own. If ever a man lived without enemies, he did, and his death is mourned by many. He indeed had "a heart of pure gold" and will yet live in the hearts of those of us who are still making the weary and toilsome life's journey. Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there to meet the Cram's. When the roll, is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder Gene Cram will be there. In the words General Douglas MacArthur who was one of the most prominent military leaders ever who in his farewell speech remembered and quoted the refrain of one of the most popular barracks ballads he had heard as a cadet at West Point which proclaimed most proudly that OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE; THEY JUST FADE

AWAY. In a like manner I apply this often-used phrase to Gene Cram who did his duty as GOD gave him the light to see that duty. Goodby Gene Cram. Donations may be made to Timber Ridge Community Church, The Salvation Army or The American Heart Association in Gene Cram's name. See The Cram Family attachment.

Gene Cram was always firm in his views and his life was never marked by extended bitterness to those whose lives were less consecrated than his own. If ever a man lived without enemies, he did, and his death is mourned by many. He indeed had "a heart of pure gold" and will yet live in the hearts of those of us who are still making the weary and toilsome life's journey. Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there to meet the Cram's. When the roll, is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder Gene Cram will be there. In the words General Douglas MacArthur who was one of the most prominent military leaders ever who in his farewell speech remembered and quoted the refrain of one of the most popular barracks ballads he had heard as a cadet at West Point which proclaimed most proudly that OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE; THEY JUST FADE AWAY. In a like manner I apply this often-used phrase to Gene Cram who did his duty as GOD gave him the light to see that duty. Goodby Gene Cram.

ERVIN, Wayne D., YOB: 1945, RA12851753, 98C, E3-E4, Det 4-4, JL70-JL71, (Kay), 165 Highland Park Cir., Brunswick, GA 31523, 912-264-9403, daddyerv@comcast.net



Wayne & Kay Ervin

More later about Wayne Ervin and his days at 4-4 as a Traffic Analyst

FITZGERALD, Tim, YOB: 1945, RA19897048, E3-E5, Det 27, FE67-JA68, (Coby), 10843 El Nopal, Santee, CA 92071, 619-448-1285, tfitzgerald2@cox.net

On 31 August I was able to call Tim Fitzgerald and had a very interesting chat with him regarding his tour of duty at Det 4 as a 98J. This call was about Tim's email to Dan Taylor regarding his memory or rumor of

personnel being shipped out of Sinop early without explanation or “in a mailbag”.

After reading the below – I will appreciate comments from ex-Turkey veterans about their knowledge about persons being shipped out early and without any explanation which might have led others to believe that they were shipped out “in a mailbag”. We now know that Bruce Mondahl was not shipped out in a mailbag, but under nom de plume.

There were two people shipped out swiftly during my stay Feb 67, to Jan 68. One individual spent considerable time (by comparison) downtown, rumor had it that he routinely broke curfew and returned after 8pm by jumping the fence. Memory a bit dim, but he was alleged to have established a relationship with the shipbuilders (sailboats) daughter.....don't know if true, but CID became aware of contract on his head and overnight he was gone.....flown out, ergo rumor of “in a mailbag”.

Second incident, a GI upon his arrival (before Feb 1967) purported himself to be muslim, and he put on a really good act at prayer time in the barracks for the house boys.....rug, head to ground, chanting in Arabic, the whole routine. He also wore the small “Hilt

Wore a “hitler” type mustache many of the locals had. Of course he wasn't, to him a humorous act. He also never drank during the day while the Turk's were on base, in particular, while they served at the club. This went on for a period of time (not sure now), but eventually he was found out, drinking at the club when he thought all the Turk's had left for the day is what I heard, and again, CID became aware of a similar contract, gone the next day.....flown out.

Precise details unknown, except one day they were there, the next GONE. Of course some asked themselves the question, mmmh, a legitimate (?) mechanism of misunderstanding to get the 11 mos, 10 days cut short.....guess in the second case, we will never know.....

There were two other incidents of people departing early. One of the 98J's starting wearing under his fatigues a large chain and padlock, bandolier style as a protest of sorts, who knows why, just different. Refused to take it off, which escalated to a psyche eval, clearance suspension, and his departure.

A second rather bizarre episode, an individual alternated hot showers and standing near naked outside during a cold windy winter's evening until he became sick, and was sent to Ankara with pneumonia. I don't recall if he came back or not.....

Within the BH community, only a couple of us left the Hill on leave or official status during our tour, most of the time too short handed. At one point a large Turkish pleasure yacht was commissioned to run between Sinop and Istanbul to compliment the scheduled aircraft flights. I and a couple other BH E-5's got a 5 day pass to Istanbul on

its first round trip. Was a hell of a voyage, storm, 10m seas, but I didn't get sick. Great 3 days in Istanbul. Also applied for flight training, and I was flown to Ankara for flight physical. Otherwise, I was aware of no one taking leave mid tour.

Another story of pure luck.....as you may recall the USO sent entertainment groups, usually 2 or 3 dancers, one or more could usually sing fairly well, plus a German national who played the piano. He visited the Hill twice during my stay each time with different women. About a month or two before I left Sinop - the German and three Brit dancers came thru and of course were shown a "hell of a good time" on the Hill. The officers tried to "capture them", but the EM club showed them the best time..... Due to custom office separate US/Turkish holiday schedules, those of us leaving at tours end took the yacht to Istanbul on Dec 26th ahead of our DEROS on 3 Jan 68. We were "stuck" TDY from 27th - 3rd there. We couldn't fly earlier, as our DEROS month could not be changed, and the earliest seats available in Jan were on the 3rd. Those of us in the group hired a local guide to drive us around each day, all the while on per diem, the most engaging city I have ever been in, bar none.....guess who was scheduled to play at the local base USO show our first night in town, the same group previously on the Hill. We had front row seats, the German recognized us and convinced the girls to go out with us to the Hilton after the show (which pissed off the local GI's to no end). He knew the head bartender and played in the top floor lounge for free in exchange for a few drinks until it closed. Everyone had such a great time it was repeated the next two night until the women flew back to England. A fitting end to a tour on the Hill. A paid vacation without having to use any leave time and in the company of very attractive English speaking women each evening,..... one thing I remember in particular, after months on the Hill with no women around at all (except AFEX Annie), the allure of subtle perfume, and sitting next to and dancing with someone who knew how to have a good time was downright intoxicating, irrespective of the booze, and no, I wish.....but wasn't that lucky..... Tim

HAASE, Walter J., 98C Det 4-4, DE68-71, 118 Antler Dr., Cumberland Gap, TN 423-489-6869,
wjh408@yahoo.com

HAGER, John J (Jack), 9640, CPT, Cdr., Det 4-4, 73-74

Jack wrote: "Sorry Elder, Have used up my vacation for the year and have to find a way to get to my grandsons wedding that same time as the reunion."

HOUGHTON, Jim, Det 4, 56-57, (Sally), 124 Lindberg Ave., Johnstown, PA 15905, 814-255-2431, cell 814-243-0534, jeh_124@verizon.net



The Jim Houghton Family

L-R: David Houghton, Leshia Stufft, Cindy Claire, Laura Wissinger, Marcia Cahill, Jim & Sally Houghton

This was one happy day for me. My kids, step kids, grand kids and great grand kids were here to celebrate my birthday. The older I get the more appreciate my family and I love them so much, and my wonderful wife. Thank you all for making this day so special!!!!!!



Good Morning Elder,

Just a note to let you know that we have made our reservations for the reunion and sent Hal a check. Looking forward to seeing everyone again and renewing old friendships. Sally and I look forward to this each year. I have not heard from Ernie and Fran Barndt for a while now but will be emailing them today to see how things are going with them. Have a good day and see you soon. Jim

JORGENSEN, Gary C., "The Kid", YOB: 1947, RA17721916, E3-E5, 05H, Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-SE68, (Virgie), 211 W. House St., Duluth, MN 55808. 218-626-3676, g_jorgensen@hotmail.com
Elder,

I continue to enjoy the DOOL's. I don't get them emailed anymore for some reason, but I check the website and read them there. I won't make the reunion this year but would like to purchase a dark hat, or one of each, if any will be available.

I've been busy hauling my brother back and forth to the VA at Ft. Snelling, St. Cloud and to a veinal retinal clinic in St. Cloud for over a year and a half. He has been getting injections in each eye monthly for almost two years. Amazingly they seem to be working as his sight continues to improve. Can't say the same for the rest of his issues, because they seem to be getting worse. All his issues are as a result of agent orange from Nam. I encourage anyone who was "in country" to get checked out by the VA.

On a lighter note, I see you son is heading to Elmendorf AFB in Alaska. I was on that base three years ago with a retired Army friend of my brothers. Lots of wildlife on the base and hunting opportunities and fishing right on base. I was amazed at the quarters there too. I only saw the enlisted quarters but pretty nice compared with the old days. Anchorage and Alaska is very military friendly. Take care and keep up the excellent editorial work.

Gary "the kid" Jorgensen

LEVY, Dan (Boogie), YOB: 1940, RA18604490, E3-E4, 058, Det 27, JL61-DE62, P.O. Box 217, Negreet, LA 71460, 318-286-7573, no email

Dan reports that he and his 2 daughters will be to the reunion.

RICHTER, Ralph, YOB: 1944, RA15734622, E5, 059, Det 27, NO66-NO67, (Linda), 9152 Burgett Rd., Orient, OH 43146, 614-877-4890, rrichter@usccs.com





SCARBOROUGH, James (Scars), YOB: 1950, RA, E4-E5, 98J, Det 4, 4JA73-JA74 & 76-77, (Ellen), 5511 Tobego Ct., Fairfax, VA 22032, 703-249-8470, jim_ellen@verizon.net
From: "James Ellen Scarborough" [jim_ellen@verizon.net]
Date: 08/21/2013 04:58 PM
To: "Dan Taylor"
Subject: RE: Sinop // A recovering 98J's recollections

Dan, I'll trust to you to get my reply to all that have contributed to this thread;

I, too, had heard the various 'stories' about "leaving the Hill in a mailbag". Two things I learned that made me a believer;

- 1) a U.S. Post office is almost as safe as a military comm. center. No foreign nationals can enter w/out permission/escort. Hence, the safety of the mail bag.
- 2) the Post Interpreter affirmed to me the stories. He was sure because as a 3rd-generation Armenian, the Turks could take him at any time, and the colonel assured him that he'd go out in a mail bag.
- To address many of the stories in the thread, here's one 'war story' I heard: A G.I. struck up a friendship (romance?) with a Turkish girl, was found out, disappeared, was found on a beach under a boat, dead, with his testicles stuffed in his mouth. So much for that...

Now, I told that story to tell you this one (who else remembers Bill Cosby's albums?);

During my second tour, '75-'77s (?) the base was in Turkish Army 'oversight'/closure, because of the Cyprus situation. All Ops were shut down, but the Turks allowed us to keep the equipment maintained. I was the senior 98J on site, of a skeleton crew available should/when we were cleared to re-start Ops. Apparently "Big Daddy" was feeling the loss of our particular product. Anyway, a maint or comm. cen troop was preparing to DEROS and packing his hold baggage box in his room. Trouble is, part of what he was packing was a few kilos of hash. How this word got out I never heard, but Turkish Police came to the gate and demanded of the Turkish Army commander this poor mook by name. because any American troop of authority was bird-dogged by an English speaking Oskar or Officer, the MPs couldn't call the American commander and

alert him. So, the cohort went into the barracks to this guy's room, entered (search warrant? 4th Amendment? BS) and 'caught him red-handed'. And the idiot freely admitted what he was doing. Zip! He went down the hill with the police and slam into the Roman prison. No Miranda, no lawyer, no phone call, no nothing nada. Everybody has seen "*Midnight Express* (1978)", the story of Billy Hayes, right? One additional story was that the tide rose & fell in one corner of his cell(?), so everything was damp and dank.

The colonel did some fancy tap-dancing, and secured permission for C-rats to be delivered to him, and for doctor (humanitarian) visits. We all know that Turkish prisons don't feed the prisoners, thus the "K-House" syndrome for women incarcerated. Also, he could eat his C-rats, if he could defend his stash from other hungry prisoners.

So, the Turks had this guy dead to rights "trafficking/dealing hash" with up to execution as a penalty. State Department and the Army were doing high-level negotiations for his release, which, surprise, surprise, dragged on. Word was that the doc diagnosed him as "certifiably insane", and he should be released and medically evacuated ASAP. I don't remember how long he was held, but the Turks eventually got what they wanted (?), and released him to Army CID for travel to Germany for medical eval/treatment and incarceration and prosecution under UCMJ. He did go to trial, and served time, I don't know how much.

This began while I was on the Hill, and "would a bullshitter bullshit a bullshitter?"

I am open to any counter-stories, with some verification, or to corrections, if necessary.

The gist of what I have related is the god's honest truth.

Thanks for taking your time to read this, and thank you for your service in "Sunny, Sexless, Sinop-by-the Black Sea"

Sinop seen from the Hill Road to
Hippy/BH3 Hippodrome/Bankhead 3

Radar, Ubar, Bobcat; comments/questions additions?

I better hit the 'send' key, or it will never go out. Hey, there's enough here to start a double-size DOOL, nicht wahr?

"RUM'S NOT DRINKING, IT'S SURVIVING!"

- Robert Shaw as "Romer Treece"

to Nick Nolte in the movie "The Deep"

SHOWWALTER, Carl, YOB: 1940, RA15615348, E3-E4, 923, C/C, Det 27, MR60-AU62, 107 Railroad St.,
Cardington, OH 43315, 419-864-2047, carl229usa@yahoo.com

I AM HOME NOW - YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE AM WHERE YOU WILL BE. EVERY THING CAN CHANGE IN A MINUTE.

I HAD GONE TO MT. GILEAD HOSPITAL WITH MINOR CHEST PAINS. THEY TOOK BLOOD WORK, THAT WAS NEGATIVE FOR THE ENZYME INDICATING HEART ATTACKS. KEPT ME UNDER OBSERVATION FOR A TIME. DREW MORE BLOOD FOR AN ENZYME CHECK. RELEASED ME, THEN WHILE I WAS AT KROGER IN MT. GILEAD CALLED AND TOLD ME TO GET RIGHT BACK. THE LAST TEST HAD CAME BACK POSITIVE. IT WAS A VERY GOOD THING I DIDN'T GET FAR DOWN THE ROAD.

THANKS FOR ALL THE WELL WISHES AND CARDS. RIVERSIDE IS THE PLACE TO GO. EVEN WITH ALL THAT WAS DONE, EVERYTHING WAS LARGELY PAINLESS. THE STAFF WAS WONDERFUL. STEFAN STAYED WITH ME NIGHT AND DAY. I CAN'T BEGIN TO SAY HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE AND LOVE HIM

STEFFEN, Arnold, YOB: 1937, RA16568829, E3-E4, 283, Det 4, JL58-JL59, (Janet), 1043 Old Humboldt Rd., Jackson, TN 38305, 731-664-5058, asteffen4@aol.com
Our grandson will be starting a new job in GA. in Sept. I am sure they will be just fine out on their own. Arnold and I moved to MS. just two years after we married. We were on our own. Didn't know where we were going to live. No insurance, little money and a two year old. lot more didn't haves, another story.. 52 years later we are still kicking and all on our own, not really. God has taken care of us. Praise The Lord!

SYBERT, Loyd N., E7, NCOIC, Maint & Supply, Det 4, JA70-DE70, 3213 River Dr., Fort Pierce, FL 34981, 772-489-9584 or 0574 loydsybert@bellsouth.net

To: cw3usasaret@comcast.net

Sent: Monday, August 05, 2013 5:40 PM

Subject: OD Uniform

Hello Dan

This is Pvt E2 Loyd Sybert Nov 1954 in the front of the mess hall Two Rock Ranch Station. A smart ass but cute.



Loyd Sybert was the NCOIC of Hippodrome maintenance and supply at Det in Jan 1971-Dec 1971. He is searching for the names of any Hippodrome maintenance men who served during that period. Can anyone help him?

WRIGHT, Forest Det 4-4, 19DE68-17NO70, (Edna), Murrieta, CA, 951-677-6819, cell 909-518-0938, jswfw@aol.com

Bob and GH,

I made contact with Forest Wright last week. We talked briefly on the Telephone and Forest said they would be interested in attending the reunion in Oct. I forwarded the DOOL 250 to him, which has all the info for the reunion. Hopefully they will be able to attend.

Forest was stationed at Karamursel from 12/19/68 to 11/17/70 His wife Edna was with him here. Forest has been an Atty since 1979 and his wife retired from teaching around 2000. They have two kids and 6 grandchildren, and they live in Murrieta, Ca

Contact info is Home- 951-677-6819

Cell - 909-518-0938

E- mail- jswfw@aol.com

Greg