

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #267 HAPPY NEW YEAR - 2015



MAIL-call - PRESERVING FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR
Elder RC Green

Your memoirs are most welcome to the ASA Turkey DAYS OF OUR LIVES and is an effort on my part to preserve the stories and memories of Army Security Agency veterans who served in Turkey during the cold war. This newsletter is intended for the use of the ASA TURKEY Veteran's. Comments or submissions to the DAYS OF OUR LIVES are most welcome. I will respond to all e-mails and will assist whenever needed, but reserve the right to edit for content and clarity and welcome any errors that may appear herein.

In this DOOL you will find info regarding TUSLOG Det 4-3. Little is known about this small warehouse detachment that was located at Istanbul. See Mankopf and Screws entried in the MAIL call section of this DOOL.

In DOOL #266 I posted the below photo and hoped that Det 4 veterans circa 1962 would recognize those in the photo and send me that info. BUT, to date NILHRD from anyone.



Det 4, circa 1962

Top left: Ken Turner, Top Middle: John Grech, Top Right: Norm Kopp, Bottom Left: Crawford, Bottom Right: Jack Cochran.

I've tried to find the above names on switchboard.com without success. It is becoming very difficult to find people on the internet. A lot of people now have dropped their land line phones in favor of cell phones.

No decision has been made as to where the 2016 ASA Turkey reunion will be held. Luther and Edna Jones are busy bargaining with two hotels in Charleston, SC to host the reunion.



Bill Simons



Patty and Elder RC Green at Norfolk reunion

GREEN, Elder RC (gH), 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, cell 724-388-2510, asagreenhornet@comcast.net 1SG

IN SICK BAY

Ernie Barndt

BARNDT, Ernest E. YOB 1935, RA13474888, MOS: 631, Motor Pool E3-E4 Det 4, MR56-MY57 & E4-E5, WO1 Det 27, MR59-JL61, (Fran), 18107 Meadow Creek Drive, Eagle River, Alaska 99577, 907-694-3645, CELL-907-227-2455, barndt@alaska.net CW4 (Ret)



Ernie & Fran Barndt and Sally & Jim Houghton

Jim Houghton and Ernie Barndt served together at Fort Devens, Arlington Hall Station and at Det 4 in Sinop – 1956-57.



2007 REUNION AT North Myrtle Beach, SC

L-R: Ernie Carrick, Jim Houghton, Ernie Barndt, Arnold Steffen, Kay O'Brien, Jack O'Brien, Sally Houghton & Fran Barndt. This was the last reunion that Ernie Carrick attended. Ernie Carrick & Walt Sinor hosted the 2004 reunion at Huntsville, AL. The Barndt's have attended 3 reunions, the Houghton's have attended 5 reunions, the Steffen's 10 and the O'briens have attended 12, yes twelve.



Retirement ceremony in 1982 after 28 years active duty

Enlisted January 1954 at Pittsburgh, PA. Basic at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., to Fort Devens, Arlington Hall, Va. Additional assignments include Sinop, Turkey, Manzarali Station Turkey where promoted to WO1 in the Automotive Maintenance Field in 1961, Fort Riley, KS; Berlin Germany; Fort Richardson, AK (4 tours); Fort Lewis, WA; Hanau, Germany, Vietnam and Korea. Military awards: National Defense Service Medal (2); Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal (Berlin); Army of Occupancy Medal (Germany)

Email from Fran Barndt (barndt@gci.net) on 25 Dec 2014: Hi Elder, A belated Merry Christmas to you all, Ernie had his heart surgery on 10 December and is not awake as yet. He had several complications and is not out of the woods. He had a stroke which further complicated his recovery. We are hopeful and pray he soon gets awake with little impact from the stroke. Not sure how much damage was done.

Just received this from Fran Barndt (barndt@gci.net) on Ernie Barndt's health as of 26 Dec 2014: Another day, more of the same. Not awake, thrashing around still, had his eyes open yesterday, but not responding to commands, may have another CT scan today or tomorrow. Kidneys still producing urine but may need dialysis to clean his blood. Still needs the ventilator, will take out part of the Swan Cath in his neck and replace with a pic in his arm. Will follow the vein to his right heart. Plan is to clean up some of the IV's and monitor.

Subject: Update

Still not fully awake, delirious but less than a couple days ago. Had a conference yesterday, based on the stroke, not positive prognosis as it is on the left side behind his ear. Will affect speech and understanding. Another CT today to see if more damage has occurred, no report as yet. His eyes are open and appears to be looking at us but still does not respond to

commands. Still voiding good, so no dialysis planned. Took out the IV for that and took out the Swan Cath. But has a line up his arm to his right heart. LVAD working okay, still has ventilator but may take him off that today to see if he breathes ok on his own. Lungs ok so far. So this weekend just monitoring and change some dressings. On a heavy dose of right heart meds. Not sedated waiting for him to get a normal night's sleep. About it today.

TAPS

BROEHM, Robert K., (Bob), DOB: 7FE1925 DOD: 28AP2005, 80y, Watch Officer, Det 27, 61-62, Appleton, WI., LTC, USA(Ret)

Robert Broehm, 80 years, of Appleton, passed away on 28 April 2005 at his home. He was born 7 February 1925 in Brillion, WI., the son of the late Edward and Della (Huebner) Broehm. Bob married Jean Williams on 13 March 1945 in Memphis, TN. He served in the Naval Air Corp. as a radar radio operator on PBY airplanes in bombing missions in the South Pacific during WWII. After being discharged from the Navy, Bob joined the Army and served with the NSA, ASA and AIC and the last years of service with the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon. He retired from the military and earned his degree from St. Norbert College. Bob then started his civilian career in real estate with Robertson Realtors, Rollie Winter and Bob Kennedy.

He is survived by his wife, Jean (Williams) Broehm of Appleton; daughter, Joyce Broehm of Appleton; son, Ronald Broehm of Mountain, WI and sister, Florence Moriarty of Appleton. Bob is further survived by other relatives and friends. He was preceded in death by his parents, his brothers, Lloyd and Herb and sister, Dorothy Jandourek.

Funeral services were held at FIRST ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH in Appleton.. Interment was at Highland Memorial Park. In lieu of flowers, memorials to the American Heart Association appreciated. Special thanks to Theda Care Hospice nurses.

[I on 22 Jan 2002 called and talked to him about his days at Det 27. He was 77 and retired from the ASA in 1971 after nearly 30 years of active duty. Had very little else to say, but did say that he was a Watch Officer at Manzarali.]

CRAFT, Harry J., Sr., DOB: 28OC1929 DOD: 8AU1976 46y, 989/98J, E7 NCOIC, Det 4, 68-69, BH-III



TAYLOR, Daniel H., Jr YOB: 1935 98J E6, Det 4, 61-62 & CW3, 1970, (Janet), 110 Walker Rd., Shirley, MA 01464, 978-425-2272, cw3usaret@earthlink.net

I've tried for years to find out what happened to Harry Craft. He was one of the first EM trained in the ELINT field that had the MOS 989 and 98J. Ret CW3 Dan Taylor from Shirley, MA sent the following to me:

I visited the Fort Devens cemetery today and took the above tombstone picture. I first met Harry when I was one of his instructors in the 2nd 989 Elint Analyst course taught at Fort Devens in 58/59. At that time Harry and I were both SFC E6s. A lot of water has gone under the dam since that time.. I know that many of you knew Harry over the years....I knew where his grave was because I attended his funeral....

MAIL call

MANKOPF, Oscar Mark, E4, 76T – Signal Supply, Det 27, MY67-DE67 &
Det 4-3, DE67-OC68, Arlington Heights, IL
SCREWS, Eldon, E7, 05K, Ops Sgt Det 4, JL68-OC68 and 4-3, NO68-JA69, Det 4,
FE69-JL69, Holly Bluff, MS
BENDER, Bill, E4, 05K, Det 4-4, JA70-JL71, Ocala, FL
BROOKSHIRE, Harold, E3-E4, 059, Det 27, OC60-JN62, Senatobia, MS
CARUSO, Vincent P., E3, Disp., Det 4, 59-60, Marrero, LA
COLGLAZIER, Roy, E4-E5, 26K20, Det 4, MR66-MR67, Little Rock, AR
ERICKSON, Ron, E4, 059, Det 27, MY61-DE62, Independence, MO GERMAIN, Paul
HOUGHTON, Jim,
JUNKIN, Bill, E3-E4, 058, Tk#4, Det 27, 60-MR62, Oak Park, CA
RIZZETTO, Scooter) DOB: 17 JL1940, DOD: 5 June 2010 at Muhlenberg Hospital in
RODRIGUES, Charles, Det 4, 59-60, Syracuse, NY
RUDELL, Dick, E3-E5 058 Det 27, 29MY60-11JL62, Northridge, CA
SHADE, Jack, E2-E5, 059, Det 27, NO60-62, Lewistown, PA
STUBBS, Steve E3-E5, 286, Det 4, OC63-OC64, Lowell, NC

MAIL call in alphabetical order

MANKOPF, Oscar Mark, RA, E3-E4, 76T – Signal Supply, Det 27, MY67-DE67 &
Det 4-3, DE67-OC68, 525 Hoppfield Dr., Arlington Heights, IL 60004, 847-368-9792,
mark6696@peoplepc.com CW2, USAR, Ret

TUSLOG Detachment 4-3, İstanbul - 1968

Oscar Mark Mankopf, CW2 USAR Ret.

I do not know when 4-3 started but I was assigned there in December of 1968. I was at Det 27, which was winding down. Det 4-3 had two missions. They met all new troops coming in to go to Sinop and ran the boat that went back and forth from İstanbul to Sinop. The boat was called the Sea Kamel. The other mission was as a direct support warehouse for all units in Turkey, Pakistan and Iran. I had worked in Signal Supply at Det 27 and hauled every piece of equipment out of the operations building to be turned in to close down Manzarali. I knew nothing about working in a warehouse. One

December morning we were loaded onto a bus and headed for İstanbul. After an all day trip we crossed the Bosphorus and arrived at the King Hotel. It was a lot better than a barracks.

My roommate was Doug Widowski from Chicago. When Doug was first introduced to me back at Det 27 they told him I was from Missouri and he said, "Missouri you f... pigs there". I said only the pretty one - the ugly ones we send to Chicago. He laughed and told me that was a good one. The next day we went to our new work place a huge building that had a warehouse offices and the dependent school for all military children. We had to unload stuff from trucks and put it on the shelves in the warehouse. The warehouse was made of very poor concrete and the forklift ground the floor to dust. If they were loading a truck the dust was thick.

Our CO was CPT Richard Hahn, an old guy who was an E-7, then a Warrant Officer, and then got a commission. He was bucking for Major and all the guys in the unit hated him. His theory was long hours are good for you. We had no sooner got the trucks unloaded and we had an IG inspection. Of course we failed miserably. Many things had not been unpacked yet. CPT Hahn could see those Oak Leafs flying away. His first action was to make us work Saturdays. This made all the troops mad. A couple of months later they re-inspected us and we passed but just barely. I don't think CPT Hahn ever made Major.

İstanbul is a great place to be stationed. Lots to do and lots to see. We spent our weekends exploring everywhere from the Old City to the Black Sea. Our main mode of transportation was the Dolmus. It is a car who goes up and down a major street and picks up passengers anywhere. When they pull up you tell the driver where you are going and ask how much. Tesh para Taxim. How much to Taxim Square? There were also regular taxis.

Mostly we walked where we wanted to go. My other good friend there was Joe Baxter. Joe and I still keep in touch. Joe and I left Turkey together and saw each other twice in Vietnam. He has a really funny sarcastic sense of humor. After we were there four months we were moved out of the hotel rooms and the old dining room became our quarters. Not nearly as nice. Everybody in one big room. I had went home on Easter leave and when I came back we were in the old dining room. I was not happy. The NCO's got to stay in their rooms and this made us mad too.

In September we were moved into the top floor of the Mann Building, which was the Air Force Barracks. It also housed the mess hall and the NCO club.

We were a rowdy bunch. Our first night in the club, Terry Varner stood up and said we are Det 4-3 and we're taking over this dump. Actually it was a very nice club. After we were there three months the gross for the club doubled. In the winter we had to wear a suit and tie to the club. The Colonel's wife did not like jeans.

One of my favorite memories was when the USS Independence came into port. I got the

afternoon off and went on a tour of the aircraft carrier. I was impressed at how huge carriers are. We wore civilian clothes and the navy thought we were from the Consulate so made an Ensign (O-1) give us a tour.

At the end he asked us how we liked working in the Consulate and we said we didn't work there, we were in the Army. He asked us what rank we were and we said E-4 and then he was really mad. An officer giving a tour to lowly enlisted men. İstanbul was fun especially in the summer. We spent weekends at Kilyos Beach. One of our drivers was Mehmet, a really nice guy. He was a Korean War Veteran and liked to tell us stories about collection ears of North Koreans and Chinese. He owned a taxi and took us to the beach cheap and would come pick us up. The last few months I was at İstanbul I was the unit courier and mail clerk. My most fun job was to go to KARAMÜRSEL. Four hours down and four back. I picked up stuff, ate lunch, and headed back. One day we were coming back and were almost at the ferry port on the Asian side of the Bosphorus, going up a divided street. A Turk was coming down the wrong side with a donkey and cart. We stopped and our driver and the donkey guy started yelling at each other. Our driver was much smaller than the donkey guy. Another military truck pulled up behind us and it was driven by a guy who was part Russian and he was huge. The donkey guy backed down. As he was part way over the curb dividing the streets, our driver floored the truck and hit his cart sending the cart and the contents flying. I was glad he kept going.

I must explain that we were not allowed to drive military vehicles in İstanbul. We had Turkish drivers. That way if we had an accident they could not find us at fault. Turks thought we were filthy rich.

The best thing about İstanbul is we got to know the City and the people of Turkey. Almost always the Turkish people were friendly and generous. I loved bargaining with the merchants in the Grand Bazaar. Everything you could imagine was for sale there. I still have my Turkish rugs and my Fez.

I had a pair of cowboy boots and when I went to the Bazaar the merchants would say, "Hey Texas!"

SCREWS, Eldon D., YOB: 1933, RA14421306, E7, 05K, Ops Sgt Det 4, JL68-OC68 and 4-3, NO68-JA69, Det 4, FE69-JL69, (Bobbie), PO Box 127, Holly Bluff, MS 30988,

Turkey Tour 68-69 - Have taken my time getting around to writing my BIO, and been mulling it over in my mind in hopes that I don't sound too boastful. I had a wonderful TURKEY tour except for being away from my family. I just wish that I could have had my wife with me. I'm sure that Bobbie would have enjoyed the Turkish people, the sights, the sounds, the smells, and shopping at the BAZAARS. Was a Sergeant First Class, E-7, during my Turkey tour but retired as 98Z5H, Master Sergeant, E-8, on 1 June 1974 with 22 years active service. MOS 05K and 98Z. n I also put some time in QM, SigC and Infantry but was in ASA three time's. I got in ASA in 1951 and passed

thru Vint Hill Farms, stationed at AHS, Hq ASA Alaska, 7th Fld Sta , Civilian Component duty Jackson, MS, Verdun Signal Depot, Verdun, France, Hq S-3 ASA Frankfurt, Fort Ord, California, 10th Infantry Division & CEDEC, 7th Cav Korea, Devens three times, Sinop, 2 Rock Ranch and something all TST (Taiwan Support Team, Taipei) nothing to do with ASA but detailed to and worked for those nice people out of Langley, VA.

Had a grand old time all the way around in the ARMY SECURITY AGENCY

We went to an ASA Florida reunion a couple of years ago at Pensacola. I had been there to the Naval Communication Intelligence School in 1971 - so we got to see how much the place had changed. In 2000 we were to the ASA picnic, then to a 1st Cav Division gathering at Fayetteville, NC and then with a ASA bunch in Dallas. Went to Tucson for the ASA Arizona reunion 23-25 August 2001 and in 2001 to the Chitose reunion in San Antonio. Wanted to make it to the ASA Turkey reunions at Devens and Hershey, but didn't. Maybe we'll make it to 7 Springs in 2003. I've seen many names of people in your DOOL's that I knew one place or the other - not necessary in Turkey. For example, I was in the S-3 Section, Hq USASAE, Frankfurt when Lt Col Bob Ewing left for Turkey in 1958 and he offered me a free trip which I turned down. My wife and I used to babysit his kids. After attending the Senior NCO Course at Devens in early 1968, I was on orders for Sinop.

MY TRIP TO SINOP

By the time I got my family settled, etc, I reported to Logan Airport in Boston headed for Turkey. Hit Yesilkoy in Istanbul on 18 July 1968, hot to trot for Sinop. Some of us lounged around the Hippodrome Hotel for 3 days waiting for a ride on the army courier boat, the Sea Kemal. Seems that there were 13 of us put on the boat without much information about food etc. SSG Karst, who we called the Sea Captain because he was the courier and had made many trips to Sinop on the Sea Kemal and told us to buy some feta cheese, bread and soft drinks and that was it. The Black Sea has no tide but during the 3 day trip, the water got very rough from the wind and the boat pulled into Zonguldak and laid over a whole day. John Dills (72B) and I managed to walk around a bit until we found us a seaside restaurant that sold beer. I did think that the Turkish beer was pretty good. Dills was later the NCOIC of the Comm Center. He was put into the middle of a shorthanded mess because a number of 72B types had been suspended from operations because of drug problems. I had attended the Senior NCO Course with a man who was promoted to MSG and was on orders as Operations NCOIC just about the time we both left Devens, but by the time I got to Sinop, he was in a hospital in Germany.

I found Det 4 to be a grimly austere place in a sublimely beautiful setting

There were so many people there that I knew that it was like old home week. I already knew most of the career group including Col's O'Connor and Mullins and most of the 05Ks because I had been instructing at the USASATC&S for 3 years. There was much speculation about what job I would get. Sfc Floyd Keefer (05K) was leaving to retire so I

thought it was a pretty good bet that I would get his job as NCIOC of the Radio Printer Section. No such luck! Rumors were rampant and by the time I got around to the operations in briefing, it was anyone's guess. When my talk with Maj Alwin H. Sprehe was over, he said I'm making you Operations Sergeant. With his initials A.H.S., we all fondly called him Mr. AHS as in Arlington Hall Station. I told him that I knew that I was not the ranking E-7 on the station and asked him what he was going to do about those who ranked me (most of them did). His reply was "After you've been here 2 weeks you'll see why I picked you instead of one of them". Some were too short, etc. I found Sprehe to be a very jovial person who favored Alfred Hitchcock in appearance and had a very dry sense of humor. He had a line and staff board on the wall behind his desk that was embossagraphed with yellow letters. One of the first things he asked me to do was to get the letters changed to blue. This was back when there was a commercial on TV about a tooth paste. After we were able to get it changed, he said "Now they will wonder where the yellow went". I saw in one of the DOOLs that he had been at Det 27 once upon a time. Some names that I remember: MSG Jerry Knight was NCOIC Maint, Calvin(Doc) Savage was Ops Co 1SG, MSG Harry Kraft was NCOIC Hippodrome; SSG Tim Neas, SSG Ebe Atkins, Thorny Bailey, Hugh Costello, John Ryan, Dale Carter and I'm sure there were many more. I also remember Don Pitts and Bob Sarver, both 98C's.

The mission was very interesting. Of course it was more interesting when the Russians put up a space craft. They brought soup and sandwiches to operations for more than just the late shift. Some men had to be sent back to their quarters to shine, shave and shower. We had a SPACOL site called Hippodrome that I frequented and was very familiar with and had known most of the career types from their assignment to our like facility at Chitose, called Bankhead. There was a third one at Asmara called Stonehouse. Just outside the main operations door we had a tall structure with a 28 foot dish on top that we called the bubble gum machine. They were monitoring the Venus space probe. In radio school I was taught to recognize radio signals by ear. The space craft was 6 months away from earth and the signal sounded slow and drippy.

There were a number of people who told me that I couldn't do certain things operationally. My reply was that the army had just spent an untold number of dollars sending me to a school that said I could. A few changes were made without upsetting the apple cart. WE all had a good time running operations and I enjoyed it most of all. This was my most rewarding assgnment that I had until the next one. I really had a good time at Sinop. Two Rock was next!

IG at Det 4-3 and my assignment there as the First Sergeant

Luck would have it that TUSLOG Ded 4-3 flunked the IG Inspection and then the re-inspection. On 14 October I was placed on TDY and escorted to 4-3 in Istanbul by the Sergeant Major for 45 days and was later extended to 90 days as First Sergeant of that unit to get them out of the hole. No one had ever heard of a unit flunking a IG re-inspection. Anyway, a formation was held and I was called to the front and properly installed and that is where I got my gray hair at the young age of 33. TUSLOG Det 4-3

was unlike any military operation you could imagine. No flags, no outside formations, no weapons and no uniforms enroute to work if you could help it. It was an ASA supply unit with Captain Richard Hahn as CO; two young Lieutenants and two E6 NCO's whose names I can't remember. Major Edward Cima was the CO at Det 4-4 and there was supposed to be a liaison advisory position between Det 4 and Det 4-3, but something had gone amiss there too. I had known CPT Hahn in Frankfurt in 58-59 when he was an EM. He got a Warrant and later a commission as a First Lieutenant. He was a brilliant supply type but his First Sergeant had lost it and therefore they were in a bad situation.

There were about 30 men at 4-3 as I can remember and they were not the typical ASA operator types - they were supply people that didn't know anything about the ASA or its unique supplies. The two NCO's were black and both lacked leadership skills, but seemingly had everyone afraid of them, but not me. I demanded they exercise military leadership as NCO's. Both later were involved in a racial incident. One of them had a little pointed miniature goatee on his bottom lip. I told him to shave it - you know how that went - he told me that I was taking away his manhood. He stewed, but shaved it off and I just waited for him to get around to doing something and sure enough, he shot himself in the foot. One night at 2300 I got a call to my hotel room asking me to come get him out of the Air Force lockup. When I asked him how he got in there, he told me that he had called up the Air Force Colonel and called him a bigot. Our Air Force host was a Full Colonel named Zamboni. I told the Sergeant that I had met the Colonel and thought that he was a very nice commander and that I thought he should stay in the lockup until noon the next day. No one is safe when a black calls an Italian a bigot. We were very fortunate that the Colonel didn't demand some type of disciplinary action.

The unit did have a good morning report clerk. There seemed to be millions of stock record cards that took a number of people to properly post to keep up with daily operations. Some of the EM seemed to be afraid of the CO but these same men would bring a newspaper to work with them and lounge around reading it. It seems that for some reason or other, the CO kept people working late unnecessarily. When I said leave the papers at home, the men said that it didn't make any difference because the CO or Lt's would keep them late anyway. My reply was you leave the papers out and I will see that you leave on the work bus at 1700. That worked. Most things I didn't discuss with the CO because he knew why I was there. The CO and I got along and there never was a cross word between us.

The warehouse wasn't very big because the intent was to keep forwarding supplies rather than storage. A number of men were involved in the movement of supplies; packing and crating etc.. The warehouse crew had a fork lift but all the drivers were local nationals. The troops lived on the top floor of the MAN building (MAN was a German truck). Some kind of a TUSLOG lease deal where they used the first 4 floors and the host, the Air Force had messhall, EM club, laundry p/u, and barracks on floors 5, 6 & 7. Everyone - all grades were on separate rations. The ASA men had the 8th floor. Yes we had the 8th floor and the Turkish contractor had forgotten to put drains on the flat roof and water seeped through the walls and everywhere else. Men had to be

careful when they arose in the morning because of water on the floor. It is a wonder that the whole thing didn't collapse from the weight of the water. I was lucky because I lived on the front side of the King Hotel with a balcony overlooking the Bosphorus. The unit participated in a sports league of touch football and everyone (even the wives as spectators) in the unit had been going to the practice sessions except the CO. It seems that they had almost kept the whole thing almost secret from him and as luck would have it, Saturday they had a game, he wanted everyone to work that afternoon. I told him what the situation was and that everyone had been making the practice sessions except he and his wife and he relented. Guess what! We won that game that day! I went to Karamursel three times for promotion boards, etc. It is an all day job either way you go. Once by vehicle all the way around the Bay of Ismet, once by vehicle to Kartal and crossed by ferry to Yalova and once by PT boat out of downtown Istanbul.

It was all smooth sailing after that. In preparation for the upcoming 3rd IG inspection - everyone pitched in and cooperated to the fullest. I think all of them were tired of the whole situation with that dark cloud over their heads with the two failures. We all SOLDIERED and got it done!! As things progressed that day, the two ranking officers in Istanbul Air Station, Colonel Zamboni and an Army Colonel named Johnson inspected our barracks. They wrote me a letter that they both signed congratulating us on what they said were the best troop appearance and displays that they had seen in Istanbul. When I read that to the troops, it was all worth it and you could feel the morale go up. A few days later, Major Cima visited and had a opposite opinion. I just grinned like a jackass eating hornets and didn't tell him about the letter. I never saw Major Cima again anywhere in my career. I understand that Wilbur Rodkey was the First Sergeant at Det 4-4 at that time, but I never did meet him. Here is a strange twist! He and I were promoted to Corporal on the same orders dated 26 November 1952 in Alaska. I did learn by going to hockey games a few years later that that little machine that they ride around on to smooth the ice is called a ZAMBONI.

ISTANBUL

Istanbul is the most wonderfully endowed cultured place I've ever been to. You name it, and in Istanbul, I've been there. Up and down the Bosphorus on foot ferries, public transportation was very economical 1 lire and we got 12 to the dollar. I even crossed the Golden Horn by row boat just to be able to say that I had done it. I had plenty of time off on the weekends so I've walked almost the entire length of the Bosphorus looking at things and talking to people and got to know the old Constantinople and the modern Istanbul, including the underground cistern and even tossed a coin in the cistern and made a wish which was the practice. In spite of all the Turkish traffic anomalies I was able to navigate thru the streets and will not immerse myself in the Turkish driving culture that everyone who served in Turkey understands and remembers with a smile to this very day. One of the nicest and most prominent landmarks in Istanbul on the European Side is the Galata Tower which is 183 ft tall. I visited the restaurant on the top of the tower and enjoyed it. The view from the observation deck is spectacular. From it I could see the Asian Side, the Bosphorus, the Bosphorus Bridge, the cruise ship harbor, the Golden Horn, the Suleiman's Mosque, Hagia Sophia, Blue Mosque and the

Topkapi Palace, the Spice Market, the New Mosque, the Golden Horn settlements, and so on. I have been in most every mosque, and the Grand Covered Bazaar and never did get to see all the shops. Inside were mosques, Turkish baths, restaurants and so on. I was surprised to see how many street markets I found in Istanbul regardless of the day of the week. I found the street markets to be very interesting places to visit because there I had the opportunity to see a typical Turkish place and understand a little bit of the Turkish culture. The street market's that I visited and remember is the "Sali Pazar" in Kadikoy; the market's at Fatih, Yesilkoy, Akatlar in Findikzade and Bakirkoy... Also there are many other small street markets in different districts all over the city. I was attracted to the street markets in Istanbul mostly by cheaper prices than those at the Grand Bazaar. I enjoyed the lively atmosphere at all the bazaars. The items I bought - I bargained for as bargaining is part of the Turkish culture and the price listed is never the last! Turks sell almost anything money can buy in those markets.

BACK TO SINOP

Col John S. O'Connor rotated in January 1969. He and his Turk driver, Ariff, left Sinop in his sedan to visit the ASA unit's in Ankara and Karamursel and to Yesilkoy for the trip home. I rode back to Sinop in the sedan and that's another whole story. Ariff spoke some English and my Turkish language skills were very primitive. And, besides...there is a certain renewed appreciation of your life experience -- when you realize that you lived to drive in the USA. We crossed the water headed for Sinop by the Sea about noon on a Thursday. The roads were very bad but we managed to get to Ankara a little after dark. Ariff asked if I was staying at the Hotel Dedeman where the other Americans stayed and I told him that I would stay where he stayed. That was a mistake! I found out later that the Dedeman Hotel in Ankara is located near the American Embassy and within walking distance to the city's shopping and entertainment area, plus the Karihana that I never visited, but heard many, many stories about!.

Ariff found a flop house for 8 lira for both of us. He went to put the sedan in a military motor pool somewhere and when he came back, brought us 2 biscuits and a coke each. We ate one biscuit and drank the coke and saved the other biscuit for breakfast which he wrapped up in a napkin and left on the roach runway at the sink. I didn't sleep much because the bed was too short - my feet stuck out the end. I had been on 5 other overseas tours and had slept on the ground in all of them but I was actually afraid to go to sleep because of all the roachs. The next morning Ariff got up and shaved and left to get the sedan and brought us some tea to enjoy with that other biscuit. I couldn't do it but managed to get the biscuit into my coat pocket and later threw it away on the road outside Ankara. We went through some towns that had been there since Biblical times that I wish I had known about before hand. The roads never improved but we got to Samsun and got gas from the Air Force and headed west along the beautiful Black Sea Coast. Ariff suddenly wheeled into a BP station. He said his good friend that used to work at the Turk American Radar site at Sinop owned the station. They were going through their prayers but his friend stopped. I didn't get his name but he just started talking like he was hungry for visitors. At one point, he told me that rich Turk business men with their girl friends would stop at his station and ask him if he used to work at the Turk American Radar site and he would say avet. They would say that they had heard

that he had an American pistol. He said yes I have one and at that point he opened a desk drawer and took out a wooden box 3 X 3 x 9". He told me that he would take it out to the car and the man would open the box and look at it and say avet - very good American pistol and then hand it to his lady friend at which time she would open it, scream and drop it on the floor. He then hands it to me and I am just a little afraid to open it. I have to do it and when I look, the box contained a brown clay model of a penis with a pink ribbon around it. We had stopped and eaten in all sorts of greasy roadside places and I figured that I would have a bad case by the time we got to the hill that Friday night. No, I thought I was lucky. I ate in the mess Saturday and Sunday without any trouble but about midnight Sunday night it hit me and by 0800 Monday morning I was so weak that I couldn't make it to operations. Well back in Main Operations, same job. Mike Bounds had been filling the position. He was a fine NCO and linguist that I had served with in Chitose. The man who was supposed to be Operations NCOIC had come and gone on emergency leave and back on the hill running the NCO club. I think he got credit for the tour by serving just 5 months on the hill. On the first holiday after I got to Sinop in the beginning, I had gone down to the Tumpane contract areas and met all the Turks so that when we needed something at operations, we would know who we were dealing with. I had the little outdoor storage building behind the main building removed. It had generations of paint grown to the floor and cleaning supplies that you wouldn't believe stored in it. I was also able to stop the process of putting down brown paper on the Monday mid shift in the hallways. The Ops O could tell the difference between old and new dirt. Major Sprehe had rotated while I was in Istanbul and had been replaced by a young Captain Van de Hei. I was already familiar with him because I had served with him at Chitose when he first started out as a young lieutenant. He told us in a staff meeting that the 16 NCO section supervisors ran operations and said that there was something that we thought he should know to stop him and tell him. The man he replaced held a closer rein on things and this new Captain was a welcome change. A Turkish man by the name of Cafer handled the work orders down at the Engineer Section. When I first got there he could barely speak a word of English. By the time my tour was up, he was doing great. I told the Captain that I hadn't ever heard of an NCO writing a letter of appreciation to someone and I explained about Mr Cafer. The Captain's answer was - write one and he would take it up to the headquarters and get it indorsed and we would take it down to the work order section. He did and we did as we planned. We went down and got Mr Cafer's supervisor and a couple of other people to standby for the presentation and I read him the letter. He cried like a baby. I don't think anyone had ever done anything nice to him before.

ANYONE REMEMBER BIRD SHIT ISLAND

I had occasion to go fishing out past the end of the peninsula out by Bird Shit Island. The boat had an open case water jacket coolant system and they had a long trolling line and we passed among some pelicans sitting on the water. They said that the pelicans were eating the little fish from top of the water and there were big fish eating the little fish from below. They were right because we caught three of some kind of fish. My

friend gave one to the boat owner, one to a school teacher and took one home and his wife fixed it. It had skin on it instead of scales. It turned out to be delicious.

FBI VISIT TO THE HILL

During my tour - we got a clearance message on two FBI agents who would be visiting Det 4. When the agents got there I went out to the gate to meet them and brought them into the Operations Office. I don't remember much about their visit but do recall them saying that they had some money that they were going to spend and were looking for recommended places to spend it. I asked one of them to let me see his badge - impressive.

I've written too much. Your DOOL's has taken a lot of work and I really enjoy it. All who participate can feel good about it. My wife Bobbie and I worked in the hotel/motel business for about 20 years in Louisiana and Texas and retired in 1991. Have a part time job running a computer that takes me about 30 minutes a day, Treasurer of our Church and Secretary of my Lodge; help folks do different things, drive people to Doctor etc. I'll probably see you at a reunion or one of these days. I have brothers in CA, NE, MO and CO and my mother is in Colorado Springs so we travel a good bit. Enjoy. ASA all the way

BENDER, Bill, RA, E4, 05K, Det 4-4, JA70-JL71, (Dawn), 6700 SW 113th Pl., Ocala, FL., 34476, 352-854-9122, bender6700@deccacable.com
[edited] I'll be in contact with Orlando this week and see what they have to offer for a ASA Turkey reunion in 2015 or 2016.

By the way was ordained am now I'm a Reverend. I'm a Chaplain for InterFaith Emergency Services here in Ocala and have been offered an Associate Pastor position at a local Baptist Church. I'm still working at the old job as well. Rev Bill Bender

BROOKSHIRE, Harold L. YOB: 1940, E3-E4, 059, Det 27, OC60-JN62, (Linda), 298 Peach Orchard Rd., Senatobia, MS 38668, 662-562-4933, brookshire@panola.com
I hadn't heard from Harold Brookshire in a long time – so I called him on 7 December 2014 and his wife informed that he was in the hospital awaiting heart surgery on 8 December. I called Harold

I was on the same trick as Harold Probert. I remember the BOQ incident with Captain Hall who wasn't allowed to drink in the Officers Club at Manzarali. Probert got drunk at the NCO Club and went to the BOQ looking for out trick OIC, Lt Freddie Frye, and the run-in between Probert and Hall took place. I believe Probert was court marshaled and spent some time at the Navy stockade in Karamursel over that

CARUSO, Vincent P., YOB: 1940, RA18538766, E3, Disp., Det 4, 59-60, (Glenda), 5450 Barataria Blvd., Marrero, LA 70072, 604-328-0032, vica76@cox.net

Elder, You and I did not agree in the past, but at least you do put out the DOOL that is appreciated by all.

You mentioned “two” radio stations on the Hill – there was only one when I was there (59 – 60), and if memory serves me correctly, Eddie Coates ran it. I do not have his email address, or even know if he is still alive and kicking, but if you can contact him, he can give you all the info you need.

I do recall one time, he said, “This is dedicated to our friends across the sea” – then played, “*You ain’t nothing but a hound dog*”

That afternoon, she came back with, “To our friends across the sea”, and played, “*Don’t be cruel*”

Again, if you don’t have Eddie’s address, maybe someone else might – Good Luck! Vince Caruso

COLGLAZIER, Roy R., YOB: 1945, RA1487605, E4-E5, 26K20, Det 4, MR66-MR67, (Jeanne), 1907 Biscayne Dr., Little Rock, AR 72227, cell 501-681-2885, roy.colglazier@att.net BPED: 24JL64 ETS: 23JL68 E5 DOR: 27JL66

2015 Meeting/Reunion

Charleston, SC - Whoo,HOOO!!!

I could make my 1st one, stay with my "Baby Sister" for free.....!!!

FWIW, my 2 cents.

I'd be remiss if I didn't take this opportunity to pass my own personal THANKS, BTW!!!! What you do is sincerely appreciated. Having served as president of our local rugby club for a number of years, I know whereof I speak....

Peace, Blessings & God's Grace for Christmas,
RC

ERICKSON, Ron, YOB: 1940, RA, SP4, 059, Det 27, MY61-DE62, (Kathy), 17204 E 37th Terr., Independence, MO 64055, 816-373-3349, rke3340@cs.com

Just read DOOL #266 and find my friend from Turkey and Petaluma, California passed away. I was stationed with Harold Probert at Det 27 and then again at the Ranch, north of Oakland, CA. Although we were not big running buds in the year and a half in Turkey we did have some good times in the NCO Club. When I got to Two Rock Ranch he was one of those to greet a former Det 27 Turk. I drove a car out from Kansas City with Mike Comroe and until Harold got his discharge we saw a lot of action around the area. Girls, beer and fights were the agenda. We had a ball. Harold could handle any situation. I spent a week in Fallon, Nevada on my way back to KC when I was discharged. Then a few years ago flew out to Reno for a visit. Harold picked me up at the airport and I had a great four days with him and Judy, eating, drinking and golfing. Sure glad I did that trip. Today I was prepared to mail Harold and Judy our annual Christmas card and glad I read about his departure to heaven first. I know he will be in heaven probably as a security bouncer. Ron Erickson SP4 USASA all the way.

GERMAIN, Paul

Elder, It has been almost 47 years since I was stationed at TUSLOG Det 4. I got there in Mar 1968 and left in Sep 68 to go to OCS at Ft. Benning, GA but that's another story.

With each DOOL, it shows me how little I remember of my short tour at sunny Sinop by the sea.

I can't even remember which trick I was on. Never even took a picture.

Got there as a SP5 O5K from Two Rock Ranch and was the A/ on our trick and SSG Ralph Mackens was the Trick Chief.

I had the pleasure of taking the C. Kemal from Istanbul to Sinop and was amazed at all the jelly fish in the Black Sea.

I can remember when COL John S. O'Conner read all the officers and E5's and above the riot act after some folks painted "Attaturk Sucks" on the scoreboard at the ball field.

I can remember working 12/12 seven days a week after the S2 got so zealous in pulling folks access because they were using hash or they failed to report anyone using hash. We ended up with a real operator shortage in Main Ops in our three non-Morse rooms.

I can remember going outside the fence one time and walking to the point only to be accosted by hoards of black flies. First and last trip.

I can also remember going swimming one time in the Black Sea by the airfield.

I can remember walking down the hill to town and having stones thrown at me by the Turkish kids.

I did walk around town and was impressed by the old Christian church ruins and the frescos still visible on the ceiling.

I can remember the weekly hair cuts at Nato's barber shop and buying Ekmek to take back to the mess hall to have with butter and milk.

My first three day pass was to Samsun but it was cut short because I had to get back quickly to the Hill to PCS to Fort Benning for OCS. They sent the U8 to pick me up.

My roommate was Jim Vones who PCSed later to Ft. Devens, MA and later became a Connecticut State Policeman. I saw Jim at Devens after OCS and before my return to Turkey, but this time to Det 4-4.

As for OCS, went there, completed it in 90 days (all prior service and we were a trial run), and turned down my commission. Worked for the Candidate Brigade's CSM as his duty NCO while on casual status awaiting a new assignment from HQ ASA. He was James Scott, one of the Army's first CSMs. In the book, We Were Soldiers, Once and Young, he was the SGM for the 2nd Bn/7th Calvary/1st Calvary Division.

When I finally got my orders from ASA, it was back to Turkey and I was to say the least, a bit perturbed. Got to Det 4-3 in Mar 1969 and was almost heading back to Sinop when the Det 4-3 folks noted on my orders that my duty station was to be Det 4-4. So onto the ferry to Yalova and the bus to Karamursel Air Station.

I did have the opportunity to visit Det 4 on an ops assistance visit while stationed in Berlin for four months in late 1981/early 1982 as a warrant. I got promoted to CW2 while on that visit. Was asked to go to Sinop by the commander, COL Francis X. Toomey (he later commanded VHFS prior to retirement).

Regards, Paul

HOUGHTON, Jim, jeh_124@atlanticbb.net

Elder,

I got this e mail from Fran Barndt this morning and thought I would let you know what was going on with Ernie. He needs all our prayers if you could let everyone know.
Thanks Jim Houghton

Begin forwarded message:

From: Fran Barndt <barndt@gci.net>
Date: December 14, 2014 at 1:06:06 AM EST
To: James E Houghton <jeh_124@atlanticbb.net>
Subject: Re: Merry Christmas

A very Merry Christmas to you two, unfortunately ours will be on hold. We are currently at the Univ of Wash, Seattle Medical center. Ernie is now recovering from another heart surgery. They implanted a LVAD, Left Ventrical Assist Device , or heart pump. That is going well but his right heart is not functioning well so they have a temp pump on that and did not close his chest. He is in a voluntary paralysis, still intebated, and sedated to protect his chest and help his right heart. Right now it is 50-50 chance it will respond as we are 4 days into this. IF he gets over this phase we will be here 4 to 6 months. Here on a temp basis renting but kids will visit and send mail. I will upgrade his progress.

But you all have a very Merry Christmas and Joyous and healthy New Year. Fran

On Dec 13, 2014, at 7:39 AM, "James E Houghton" jeh_124@atlanticbb.net> wrote:

Good morning, just a note to wish you and yours a very Merry Christmas!

How are things with you this beautiful winter day? We are going to LIGONIER this late afternoon to the Compass Inn with Sally's mom and brother for dinner. Hope the snow stays away for a while. It has been real cold here again this year and winter is not here yet. Everyone is doing fine but I will be having cataract surgery next month. How I can see better after that.

Hope this find you all well and having a start to a Merry Christmas and a Wonderful New Year. Jim & Sally

JUNKIN, Bill, YOB: 1939, US55671825, E3-E4, 058, Tk#4, Det 27, 60-MR62, 458 Novara Way, Oak Park, CA 91377, 818-889-3939, no email.



L-R: Bob Kennedy, Billy Junkin, Joe Kelly, Gillis & Dan Levy at Lake Golbosi in 1961



Billy Junkin and Betty Lathrup, a 13 year old USAF brat - who most Golbosi goers knew.

I've had Bill Junkin on my roster for a long time, but never got around to calling him until 10 July 2005. I was reviewing Scooter Rizzetto's DOOL entry where he ID's the guilty

tree pullers at Manzarali as his roommate and lifelong friend as Bill Junkin. Many GI's were blamed including Harold Brookshire and Baby Huey. Scooter told me that Junkin and Joe Kelly got boozed up at the NCO Club and on their way back to the Trick 4 barracks broke or yanked many of the newly planted trees out of the ground. It was laughable at the time and Billy remembers being interrogated on a daily basis trying to get him to confess that he pulled the trees by the company commander, Captain Sprehe, who Billy referred to as "Horse Face". Billy told me that he was the FIRST draftee that was assigned to operations at Det 27. Said that he, (Billy Junkin), Bob Kennedy and Scooter Rizzetto went to Athens and bought a 1955 4-door Chevy and drove it back to Istanbul. Chicken Hawk loaned the group money for the car. The car had bald tires and they had to leave it in Istanbul in order for it to be added to Junkins Ben Ami (customs) ledger. Later the car was rented out to others at manzarali. One was 2LT Freddie Frye who was dating a gal in Ankara.

142/217 - RIZZETTO, Robert (Bob & Scooter) DOB: 17 JL1940, DOD: 5 June 2010 at Muhlenberg Hospital in Bethlehem, Northampton Co., PA., US52502902, E3-E4, 058, Tk#4, Det 27, 13OC60-MR62, 1609 Schoenersville Rd., Bethlehem, PA., 18018, 610-861-0220, bobrizz717@aol.com



Billy Junkin and Bob "Scooter" Rizzetto at Athens in 1961

[I was going thru my 2007 Memory Book and came across the BIO of Bob Rizzetto and immediately checked the SSDI for his name as I knew that he was in bad health and – His name popped up as passing away on 5 June 2010. I've included his BIO below and All should enjoy his words even though he was paralyzed from the neck down. I lost touch with him when my yahoo account was compromised]

[edited] GOOD MEMORIES. GOOD MEMORIES. I WANT TO THANK ROY DES RUISSEAU FOR PUTTING ME IN TOUCH WITH YOU AND THE DOOL WEBSITE. I'M IN THE BEGIN STAGE OF READING THEM ALL.

THERE IS A REASON FOR ME TYPING THIS EMAIL IN ALL CAPS AND ITS NOT THAT I'M USING A MILL. MORE ABOUT THAT LATER! I AM A NATIVE NEW YORKER. WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY AND SOMEHOW WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ASA AND WAS SENT TO FORT DEVENS FOR PROCESSING. AT DEVENS THEY MUSTERED TOGETHER A CLASS OF 10 DRAFTEES TO ATTEND MORSE CODE TRAINING. I HAD NO TROUBLE LEARNING MORSE CODE. IN FACT - I ENJOYED IT. WENT TO NEW YORK CITY ALMOST EVERY WEEKEND. AFTER THE DITTY- BOP TRAINING – WAS ASSIGNED TO DET 27 IN TURKEY IN OCTOBER 1960 FOR THE REMAINDER OF MY TWO YEAR HITCH. DET 27 WAS STILL BEING CONSTRUCTED AND THE OPERATIONS WAS STILL IN ITS INFANT STAGE. I BELIEVE THAT THERE WERE ABOUT 10 OF US 058'S TO A TRICK. THE BARRACKS WERE BRAND NEW AND 2 GI'S WERE ASSIGNED TO A ROOM. WHEN I LEFT THERE WERE 4 TO A ROOM – SO THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH DET 27 GREW. I TRIED OUT AS A SHORTSTOP FOR THE [1961] BASEBALL TEAM THAT WAS BEING FORMED BY COACH LT BOBBY GENE MIZE TO GO TDY TO LIBYA FOR

SOME GAMES. EVEN THOUGH I WAS A PRETTY GOOD BALLPLAYER - I DIDN'T MAKE THE TEAM BECAUSE I COULDN'T PUT THE BAT ON THE BALL DURING BATTING PRACTICE. THE RIGHT HANDED PITCHER HAD PITCHED FOR MICHIGAN STATE'S NCAA BASEBALL TEAM AND HAD A BLAZING FAST BALL THAT FEW OF US COULD HIT. I'VE FORGOTTEN HIS NAME, BUT HAVE WONDERED IF HE EVER MADE IT TO THE MAJOR LEAGUES AS HE WAS THAT GOOD. DO REMEMBER THAT HE DROPPED OUT OF COLLEGE BEFORE HE GRADUATED.

MICHIGAN STATE'S NCAA BASEBALL TEAM AND HAD A BLAZING FAST BALL THAT FEW OF US COULD HIT. I'VE FORGOTTEN HIS NAME, BUT HAVE WONDERED IF HE EVER MADE IT TO THE MAJOR LEAGUES AS HE WAS THAT GOOD. DO REMEMBER THAT HE DROPPED OUT OF COLLEGE BEFORE HE GRADUATED.

IT WAS DURING THE TEAM INFIELD PRACTICE THAT I GOT TAGGED WITH THE 'SCOOTER' NICKNAME AND IT STUCK TO THIS VERY DAY. AT THAT TIME PHIL RIZZUTO WAS THE NEW YORK YANKEE SHORTSTOP AND I WAS FROM NEW YORK AND WAS TRYING OUT AS A SHORTSTOP - THAT LT MIZE STARTED CALLING ME SCOOTER.

I READ ABOUT THE HERETOFOR UNKNOWN TREE PULLER AT SITE 23. THE GUILTY HOOLIGAN WAS A 058 AND MY ROOMMATE. AT THIS LATE STAGE IN MY LIFE I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF AS BLABBING ON BILL JUNKIN. BILL GOT BOOZED UP AT THE NCO CLUB AND ON HIS SOUSED WAY BACK TO THE BARRACKS WALKED DOWN THROUGH THE FOOTBALL FIELD AND YANKED THEM ALL OUT. RATHER CHILDISH TODAY, BUT LAUGHABLE THEN. IT CAUSED QUITE A STIR WITH THE POST COMMANDER AND BECAUSE OF IT THE MANZARALI MAULER NEWSPAPER BEGAN AS A FLYER THAT WAS

PREPARED IN OPERATIONS AND CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT THE POST. SEVERAL GI'S WERE CALLED ON THE CARPET FOR PULLING THE TREE'S, BUT MY GOOD FRIEND BILL JUNKIN WAS NOT ONE OF THEM. THEY NEVER DID FIND OUT WHO DID IT, BUT THE OSI WAS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A KID FROM MISSISSIPPI (Harold Brookshire) DID THE PULLING AND HE WAS READ THE RIOT ACT - IT HAPPENED SO LONG AGO THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN THE OTHER LAUGHABLE THINGS THAT WE DID AT MANZARALI. WE WERE JUST KIDS!

BILL JUNKIN AND I TOOK LEAVE AND WENT TO ATHENS WHERE WE BOUGHT A 55 CHEVY FROM A USAF DUDE FOR \$900.00 AND DROVE IT BACK TO MANZARALI. ONCE A FRIEND, BOB KENNEDY, BORROWED IT AND HAD AN ACCIDENT IN ANKARA. CAN'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS OF THAT ACCIDENT, BUT DO REMEMBER THAT WE SOLD IT FOR \$2400.

I RECALL THAT ME AND 8 OTHER WENT TO THE AIR FORCE NCO CLUB IN ANKARA ON CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1961 TO CELEBRATE AND MISSED THE BUS BACK TO POST. THE ONLY MP THAT I REMEMBER WHILE AT DET 27 - WAS A CORPORAL, THEN MADE BUCK SARG. BIG GUY. ABOUT 6' 5'. REAL SPIT AND POLISH MP WHO ENJOYED HIS JOB. I REMEMBER DICK RUDELL, JOE KELLY, RUSS DAVIS - BIG BLACK DADDY FROM CHICAGO, DAN BORDERS WHO I KEPT IN TOUCH WITH BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY FROM DIABETES. DAN HAD SUGAR BAD AND WENT INTO THE HOSPITAL IN THE WACO, TEXAS AREA TO HAVE A BIG TOE CUT OFF, BUT HE NEVER MADE IT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL SO I'VE BEEN TOLD.

HE WAS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. ALSO REMEMBER BILL COWIE FROM CHICAGO, BOB WALLACE FROM BROOKLYN, DAN LEVY FROM LOUISIANA AND BOB KENNEDY FROM BRISTOL, PA WHO LATER LOST A LEG IN A CAR ACCIDENT. ALSO REMEMBER A EX-058 BY THE NAME OF HENRY COYLE WHO EVERYONE OWED GAMBLING DEBTS TO. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE 058 WHO WENT HOME FOR THE 1961 CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, BUT BEFORE HE LEFT HE TOLD US TO TUNE INTO SUCH AND SUCH A FREQUENCY ON CHRISTMAS DAY AND HE WOULD BE SENDING THEM A MESSAGE VIA MORSE CODE. SURE TO HIS WORD, THE MANZARALI 058'S LISTENED AND WERE ABLE TO HEAR HIS DITS AND DAHS FROM NORTH CAROLINA. LET ME TELL YOU AND OTHERS WHO WILL BE READING THIS, A LITTLE MORE ABOUT MYSELF. I LIVE IN BETHLEHEM, PA. ORIGINALLY FROM ALLENTOWN, PA. NINE MONTHS AFTER I WAS DISCHARGED AND THANKS TO THE ASA FOR GIVING ME A TOP SECRET CRYPTO CLEARANCE, I WAS IN TRAINING AS A SIGINT OFFICER WITH THE CIA. FOUR DAYS BEFORE MY FIRST CIA ASSIGNMENT - TO AFRICA - I WAS IN A CAR ACCIDENT IN THE LANGLEY, VIRGINIA AREA. MY NECK WAS BROKEN AND HAVE BEEN PARALYZED SINCE 1963. I WAS IN THE BACK SEAT OF A 1958 FORD T-BIRD AND IN BETWEEN TWO PRETTY GOOD LOOKING BLONDES WHO WERE SEATED IN THE BUCKET REAR SEATS WHEN THE AVOIDABLE ACCIDENT HAPPENED. THE DRIVER WAS A CLASSMATE AT CIA AND WE WERE OUT CELEBRATING AND HAD JUST PICKED UP THREE YOUNG LADIES AND WERE HEADED DOWN A DIRT ROAD AT A HIGH RATE OF SPEED. JUST BEFORE THE DISASTER - I LOOKED AT THE SPEEDOMETER AND IT READ 105 MPH. I PLEADED WITH THE DRIVER TO SLOW DOWN AND THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS SLAMMING INTO A TREE ON THE PASSENGER SIDE, THE YOUNG GIRL IN THE FRONT SEAT DIED INSTANTLY AND BECAUSE I WAS IN THE MIDDLE SORTA HUMP AREA OF THE T-BIRD - MY HEAD WAS VIOLENTLY SLAMMED INTO THE ROOF AND MY RIGHT LEG WAS SNAPPED LIKE A TREE LIMB. I WAS IN A COMA FOR OVER 3 WEEKS. THE DRIVER AND THE OTHER TWO GIRLS SURVIVED THE CRASH WITH ONLY MINOR BRUISES. THEY REPAIRED MY LEG WITH PINS AND IN 2002 I HAD TO HAVE IT AMPUTATED AS THE PINS BY NOW HAD CAUSED IT TO BECOME INFECTED.

ELDER - I'M REALLY GLAD TO HAVE FOUND YOUR WEBSITE. I ENJOY IT. AS ALL CAN SEE I AM NOT PROFICIENT WITH THIS COMPUTER. THERE IS A LOT OF TASKS I CAN'T DO. I HAVE A LOT OF PICTURES. I RECENTLY MOVED TO A HANDICAPPED ACCESSABLE APARTMENT AND CAN'T FIND HALF OF MY STUFF. WHEN I FIND MY LITTLE GREEN BOOK I'LL SEND YOU NAMES AND ADDRESSES THEREIN. YOUR WEB SITE HAS BROUGHT BACK A LOT OF GOOD MEMORIES. I WAS EXTENDED IN TURKEY BECAUSE OF THE BERLIN WALL AND HAD NOT THAT EVENT TAKEN PLACE I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEAD A MUCH BETTER LIFE THAN I'VE BEEN AND STILL AM GOING THROUGH. I WOULD LIKE TO ATTEND THE 7 SPRINGS REUNION, BUT BECAUSE OF MY HANDICAPS THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. I MOST CERTAINLY WILL APPRECIATE RECEIVING THE 2003 MEMORY BOOK. THANK YOU, SCOOTER

RIZZETTO, Bob, (Scooter), YOB: 1940, US52502902, E3-E4, 058, Tk#4, Det 27, 60-MR62, Apt 106, 1609 Schoenersville Rd., Bethlehem, PA 18018, 610-861-0220, bobrizz717@aol.com - Hi Elder, Finally got around to reading all of DOOL#153 and thanks to Bill Cowies pictures and Dickie Rudell's fantastic memory - a great flashback. In the last three weeks I've corresponded with three great friends who I haven't heard from in 45 years. And then there's my good buddy Billy Junkin who's called me every year since my accident. Reading the newsletter I saw another good friend, Larry Hull. Larry sat in front of me in 058 room 1. I sat at the first receiver as you walked into the room. We did this for 14 months. As long as I knew Larry, he was going back to marry his girl from Parkersburg, W.Va. Her name was "Sheila" Maybe things changed. Scooter



1961 – Trick 4 MANZARALI FLAG FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP TRICK TEAM
 Front Row: Joe Brauchman, Don Borders, Bill Mulder, Russ Davis, Tom Fittante, Bill Cowie, Joe Witt Back Row: Joe Kelly, Bob Kennedy, Dan Levy, Kermit Meyer, Bob Rizzetto.
 Missing: Jim Flannery. My note: Joe Kelly might have been the best athlete to serve at Det 27 and he has not been found.

RODRIGUES, Charles, Det 4, 59-60, (Pat), 210 Benham Ave., Syracuse, NY 13219, 315-530-5913, cro21539@yahoo.com

Steve.....Collucci, Jim. I think his first name was, was the DJ at the time I was there. I know he was from Mass around the Boston area. I had a pic of him on the pic page, but I noticed my pics have been sent to internet heaven!!! I have a severe hearing problem, but will send my phone #. Some voices I can hear OK, others, like Elder, I have trouble with. 315-530-5913.

ROSICK, Ted YOB 1938 RA11369432 E4-E5 059 Det 27, NO60-62, (Irene). 8 Mohawk Dr., Clinton, CT 06413, 860-664-9239, rosick@sbcglobal.net -

RUDELL, Dick YOB 1942 RA19647399 E3-E5 058 Det 27, 29MY60-11JL62, (Linda), 11555 Killimore Ave., Northridge, CA 91326, 818-363-6567, dnl57ravenbird@yahoo.com -

Al - Many thanks for Lost in the 50's email. Great pics - many memories - especially liked the 57 Tbird - I own two, a '56 and a '57. I'd have a '55 but I only have a two car garage. sigh. Dick Rudell

154: Elder - When I first got to Manzarali, there was an NCO by the name of Hora. Don't remember his first name, may have been assigned to HQ. Another one, a Spec 4 Tony Cassise. I've been in touch with Bill Cowie and Jack Shade, also Scooter. Anyway, hope all is going well with the reunion planning and you locating / getting in touch with folks.

Oh yeah, I remember Terry Braho, Henry (Chicken Hawk) Coyle, Robert Wallace, Melvin Ray, Mo Mulder and Russell Davis from Chicago. As for my life since the Army, I went to Community College after Communtiy College while working at Lockheed

Aircraft as a sheet metal trimmer; Royal Typewriter as a shipping and receiving clerk; Shakey's Pizza Parlor as a bartender; a fabricator at a family owned business manufacturing skylights, custom signs, and wall decor; then in 1967 I became a Los Angeles policeman and spent thirty-one exciting, sometimes terrifying years as a street cop, public affairs officer, detective, and detective supervisor. I retired from LAPD in 1998 and worked for a while as a hearing officer for the City of L.A. adjudicating contested parking violations, impounds, and bootings. Then I worked with another retired cop doing assessments of school security forces to determine what training they needed to be in compliance with state mandated requirements. The phone didn't ring off the hook in that venture. Then I worked as a Court Security Officer for the U.S. Marshals, transporting bad guys from the cell block to court, babysitting them in the hospital and working in the Marshals Comm Center. Boring. Then in 2001 I went back to being a cop again as a DMV Investigator for the State of California. That's where I am now in 2005, doing identity theft and fraud investigations, investigating car dealer fraud, and other various and sundry crimes. I'm doing more police work at DMV than I did at LAPD. We file a lot of felony perjury cases, do extraditions, serve search warrants and assist other agencies with our expertise in counterfeit drivers licenses and registration documents. There are only 200 of us in the entire state. I work out of the L.A. office, but we often travel to other districts to assist other DMV investigators with search warrants and other tactical situations. One of these days they'll discover I'm senile, take away my gun, badge, cuffs and kick my butt out the door. My hobby is my two old cars - I have a 56 and 57 T-Birds. They're money pits, but they are fun to work on, drive and show off. Been married to the same woman since 1972 - have two kids, a son 30, who is a special effects technician in the local movie industry and a daughter, 24, who is just starting her 3rd and final year at Pepperdine Law School in Malibu. Neither is married and I have no grandkids. That's about it since I got out of the Army in '62. In summary, a career cop and old car nut. Ah yes, I like my beer, too

THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE IS BETWEEN DICK RUDELL & JACK SHADE

Jack - It was great to hear another voice (read an email) from someone from the past. Shade: Hey Dick Rudell whatever happened to Jerry Hickey? Rudell: I have no idea what happened to Hickey. When Dan Borders was alive I asked if he had heard from Jerry, being a fellow Texan (from Amarillo, as I recall) and Borders said he hadn't. He told me that Hickey was porbably shot by someone's jealous husband or lover somewhere down the line. Shade: Did the 059 who was going to OCS ever make it? Rudell: The 059 who went to OCS was the prematurely gray Harold Hudgins, as I recall. I think he made it while we were still at Site 23. Shade: Do you remember the second ugliest man on post - William Stanley Hamilton the ugliest man was the fireman. Boy was he ugly. Rudell: Ah yes, William Stanley Hamilton, aka Wombat. I heard Harold Probert is in Las Vegas now, and ailing. And I also remember Jim Harasty. As a matter of fact, I have a picture of you two and one or the other has the other in a headlock. I'll try to find it, scan it, and email it to you. Names keep popping into my head all the time. There was a guy with the last name of Cassese, his first name was William, I think. Maybe it was Anthony. Oh hell, I don't know. Another, an NCO (Sgt.) with the last name of Hora. I think maybe he was the ugly fireman you referred to.

Wish I could make it to the reunion, but can't do it this year. I'm still working full time and already blew my vacation time. Maybe the next one if I'm healthy. Well, gotta go. It's time for my dose of Geritol.

Take care, Ala's small a, Dick

154: SHADE, Jack L., YOB: 1941, RA13666484, E2-E5, 059, Det 27, NO60-62, (Gerna), 181 Old Park Rd., Lewistown, PA 17044, 717-242-0824, jshade@localnet.com
- Entered the Army at New Cumberland, PA on 12 January 1960. Yook basic 12 Jan 60 - 18 Mar 60 with Co D., 19th Bn., 5th Regt at Fort Jackson, SC. Assigned to Co F., and graduated from 059 school at Fort Devens 31 Mar 60 - 16 Nov 60. Was at Det 27 26 Nov 60 - 12 Oct 62. Promotions: E3-14 Sep 60, E4-1 Aug 61, E5-14 May 62. Lost my horns in Athens. While at Det 27 took leave: 16-30 May 61 to Germany; 1-15 Jan 62 to Athens; 1-15 May 62 to Frankfurt, Germany and 1-15 Aug 62 to Athens
Det 27 names pop in my head often now that I'm involved with the DOOL's. Melvin Ray, Warren Moulder, ? Seigel, the Jewish boy who owed half his pay to Chicken Hawk Coyle, a guy by the name of Braho, Larry Illingsworth, Krogstead, Sgt. Christman at the NCO club, A lifer by the name of Davis who was in Japan before Turkey he taught me how to say just a minute in Japanese (chot ta motty coda sigh). Was there a guy by the name of Brachman, Dorker Wallace. I wonder if Hudgins made OCS If he did he probably went to Nam. I keep in touch with Harold Probert and Jin Harasty , I retired in April 2005 after 41 years operating a machine tool VTL at Standard Steel in Burnham, PA. They were under bankruptcy when I left. Pension sucks, so I keep my wife working I still like my beer As a matter of fact it's 5 O'clock somewhere .

STUBBS, Steve YOB: 1943, RA16750027, E3-E5, 286, Det 4, OC63-OC64, (Penny), 808 N. Main St., Lowell, NC 28098, 704-824-5446, sas943@gmail.com

Elder,

Below is a little anecdotal story of the Bob Hope troupe visiting Sinop during Christmas of '63. Some might think it risqué, but by today's "standards" probably not. It is funny. I do not name "the tall soldier," but it was my good buddy, Jim Cooper of Bath, Maine, a fellow 286. Jimmy was a character, for sure. Helluva good tech...very long fingernails on his right hand...he was a very accomplished classical/flamenco guitarist. We served together back at Devens after Sinop and I think he got out maybe a couple of months before me. One of those guys who totally vaporized. Tried to find him and never had any luck.

Bob Hope Review (almost) Comes To Sinop: Christmas, 1963

As I recall there wasn't much advance notice but the word that the Bob Hope Entertainment Troupe was coming to Sinop "went viral" a few days before Christmas, 1963. Hope was justifiably famous for taking his road show to some of the world's most remote U.S. military installations dating back to World War II.

Needless to say, everyone was thrilled at the prospect of seeing the great comedian and the girls...especially the girls...who always were a major part of the cast. My memory of a half century ago isn't clear as to whether they actually arrived on Christmas Day, or a day before, a day after...whatever...but the mess hall did their best to whip up a festive meal given what they had to work with. I do recall that my trick was working days and would basically divide up into two groups, one taking in the show/meal alternating with the other half back in Ops. When we crowded into the mess hall we noted that the "stage" was a small area cleared of tables and chairs...it looked kind of small for a troupe the size usually traveling with Hope. Sure enough, as we formed the final group to crowd into the mess hall, managed to get some chow and find a seat...in comes "The Review!" It was comprised of three (3) attractive young ladies (with titles like, "Mizz Cranberry of 1962," etc.—no real box office talent) and Jerry Colonna, the pop-eyed comedian with a walrus-sized handlebar mustache and booming voice...Hope's sideman for not only troop entertainment tours but radio, TV and movies back to the 1930s. As for Mr. Hope...we believe he was in Ankara with the rest of the "troupe" and apparently there was only airplane space for the small group. But this group...singing a cappella, doing slapstick led by the genuinely-funny Colonna...was warmly received and appreciated by all. And the girls...the girls weren't hard to look at and they looked like real girls from the Land of Round Doorknobs. Following the finale, the "troupe" sat down to have a bit of lunch then circulated around the tables, shaking hands and signing a few autographs. And then they were gone. The mess hall went from ringing with singing and laughter to quiet. Dead quiet. Then, one very tall soldier stood up, walked slowly across the floor area cleared for the entertainers and around the table where they'd been seated for lunch. He reached down and picked up a chair...the chair that had been recently occupied by probably the most comely of the three young lady entertainers...then ceremoniously brought the seat of the chair up to his face, inhaling deeply. The joint, as they say, went wild! Smiling, he carefully replaced the chair, put on his hat and headed out the door for Ops. Steve Stubbs/sas943@gmail.com

That's all – and ENJOY 2015