

# DAYS OF OUR LIVES #268

## 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.

Thanks for listening and I invite you vets to share your memories with us.

Below in the MAIL call section under Paul White is an interesting mention of how the LUNCH breaks at Det 27 for 058's working the DAY SHIFT was changed.



Above is the late Bill Cowie who according to Paul White played a key role in getting the day shift LUNCH BREAKS for 058's changed while working a day shift on Trick #1. As usual the intercept bay had been prepped for the general's visit. The General showed up while Bill Cowie was busy copying signals and at the same time was snacking from a paper bag lying next to his mill at his position. The general stopped at Cowie's position and waited until Cowie stopped typing and ask him how he liked his lunch. There's more - But you will have to wait until you read the DOOL down to Paul White's entry and read Cowie's little bitty reply to the General. Bill & Loretta Cowie attended the 2005 and 2006 reunions and he died in 2007. I will appreciate comments from you ex-ditty-boppers about your memory of how the lunch breaks were handled at your duty stations.

Also below in the MAIL call section is a rather lengthy write-up by a 058 who served at Det 4 in 1961 and 62. His name is Sam Caldwell. In his write-up and my chats with him he enjoyed his tour in the ASA and recalls his time at Fort Devens in Company B and in particular his like of the B Commander named 1LT John Spivey and, of course, his time on the "HILL".

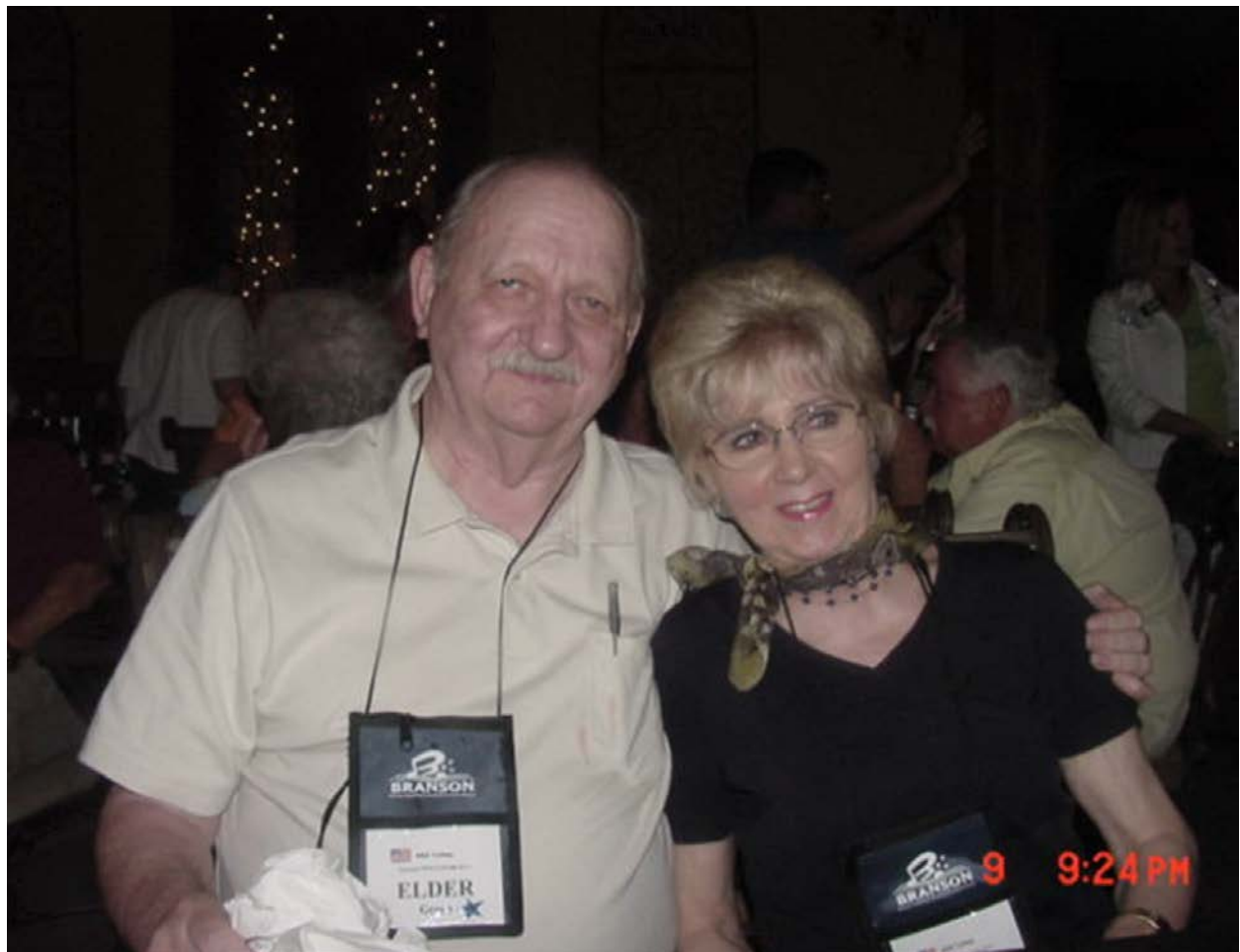
Further below in the MAIL call section is a lengthy write-up by Steve Stubbs that should bring back memories to those Det 4 veterans who travelled to/from Ankara to Sinop in a military vehicle. It's about a mountain village called KASTAMONU. Steve included his

memory and then included two more from the late 2LT Jim Mulholland and the late Captain Donald S. Aines.

THE LOCATION FOR THE 2015 ASA TURKEY HAS BEEN SELECTED. It will be held at the TOWN & COUNTRY INN and SUITES in Charleston, South Carolina during the period 27 September to 1 October. There is no doubt that this hotel is the best in Charleston. To find out what Charleston has to offer, google.com and type in Charleston, SC., etc

I applaud Luther and Edna Jones for their dedication. They certainly spent a lot of their time visiting other major hotels in Charleston. The room rates are a little more than we usually get, but this is the best that we could get at any of the Charleston hotels. Luther and Edna are working on the outings, etc and the results will be included in a future DOOL.

*Charleston has been named the "Best City in North America" by Travel & Leisure magazine in 2013 & 2014 and "#2 City in the World" in 2014.*



The gH and Patty Green at Branson, MO  
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](mailto:asagreenhornet@comcast.net) 1SG E8 USA(Ret)

## IN SICK BAY

BARNDT, Ernest, YOB: 1935, RA13474888, E4, 631, Det 4, MR56-MY57 & WO1, Det 27, MR59-JL61, (Fran), ICU, Univ of Washington Hosp, Seattle, WA, 907-227-2455, [barndt@gci.net](mailto:barndt@gci.net) CW4, USA(Ret)

Hi Fran Just checking in to see how things are going up there? I have not heard anything for a while. Hope everything is looking up and getting better. I don't want to be a pest but just want to let you know your guys are in our prayers every day. Jim & Sally Houghton, Johnstown, Pa (Jim Houghton & Ernie Barndt served together at Arlington Hall, VA and were among the first to serve at Det 4 in Sinop and Ernie was among the first to serve at Det 27 at Manzarali Station.

FM: Fran Barndt Hi guys, well we are still in ICU at UofW Seattle, Ernie had a multitude of complications, most recent is pneumonia, is on antibiotics. Gets to sit in the chair several times a day but needs to be hoisted there as he cannot stand as yet. His right heart is still weak and gives us a scare at times. Needs that Right heart to work good to pass the oxygenated blood to the ventricle where the pump will pump it to the aorta and throughout the rest of his body. That is working good so far. He still has a feeding tube in and a Trac in his throat. Is basically breathing on his own but needs some pressure support. Still one day at a time. So appreciative of all the prayers. Have no idea how long we will be here but we won't leave ICU anytime soon. I have kids come down to be with me, all taking turns. Still sleeping in the waiting room. Can't bear to go to the apt. Sorry I haven't updated you but don't feel bad emailing me. I am always happy to hear from you. Will try to update you when I have meaningful news. My best to all for a happy and Joyous NewYear. Fran Barndt



Above is Fran Barndt at the 2007 ASA Turkey reunion at the Beach Cove at North Myrtle Beach standing beside Francis Gary Powers Jr. who was the Guest Speaker at the Det 3-2 (Karamursel & Samsun) reunion next door.

For those not in the know - Gary Powers Jr., is the son of the former CIA U-2 pilot who was shot down 1 May 1960 founded a museum of Cold War history in 1996. Affiliated with the Smithsonian Institution, it was essentially a traveling exhibit until it found a permanent home in 2011 at the ASA's First Field Station at Vint Hill Farms, VA

## TAPS

CANNON, Dean, DOB: 30AP1937 DOD: 22JA2015, 77y, E5, 98J/204, Det 4, AU61-JL62, (Jean), 310 Charlotte Dr., Cabot, AR 72023 MSG E8,USA(Ret)



Dean Cannon

Dean Cannon, age 77, of Cabot, passed away on 22 January 2015. He was born 30 April 1937 in Corinth, Miss. to the late Namon and Myrtle Cannon. Mr. Cannon was a retired United States Army Veteran who served in the Army Security Agency in Turkey and Vietnam. He was also a member of the VFW, American Legion, a Master Mason and a member of Jacinto Masonic Lodge #216 in Jacksonville. He is survived by his wife Jean Cannon, one daughter, Debbie Ulmer and her husband Buddy, one step-son, Jimmy P. Williams and his wife Merry, and grandson, Christopher Ulmer and Andrew Nicholson and numerous nieces and nephews.

My records show that I made contact with Dean Cannon in DOOL 142 dtd August 2004 and at that time he was compiling a list of ASA'ers from Arkansas and would send them to me. - - but he never did.

**2015 ASA TURKEY REUNION**  
**WHERE: Charleston, SC**  
**HOTEL: Town & Country Inn and Suites**  
**2008 Savannah Highway**  
**DATES: 27 September – 1 October 2015**  
**Sunday thru Wednesday**  
**SAVE THESE DATES**

Room rates: \$99.00 + 13.5% Tax = \$112.37

To make reservations: Call 1-800-334-6660. You will be asked your name and address, etc., room type preference – King or 2 Queen; your arrival & departure dates and your credit card info is required to guarantee your reservation

Please note that your rates will not be deducted until you check out. Also note that you can cancel up to 24 hours prior to arrival date.

### MAIL call

BEAM, Tim, E3-E5, 98J, Det 4, AU68-AU69, Loomis, CA  
BENDER, Bill, E4, 05K, Det 4-4, JA70-JL71, Ocala, FL  
CALDWELL, Sam, E3-E4, 058, Det 4, JN61-JL62, Media, PA  
CRUDDAS, John, E5, 05H, Det 27, NO65-MY67, Las Cruces, NM  
GLUBKA, Roger, 72B, Det 27, FE64-6AU65, San Antonio, TX  
HAASE, Walt, Det 4-4, DE68-MY71, Cumberland Gap, TN  
HARTRANFT, Bill, E3-E5, 058, Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, Oaklyn, NJ  
KEARNEY, Greg, E3-E5 05H Det 4-4 SE68-OC71, Hesperia, CA  
KNIEF, Ron, E4, Det 4, OC59-60  
MITZNER, Dennis, 98J, Det 4, JN68-JL69, Oak Forest, IL  
MOYER, Don, E5, Sig Corps Det 169-1  
OSSWALD, Ozzie, E5, 98J, Det 4, FE64-JN65, Hudson, NY  
SPIVEY, John, CPT, ADJ, Det 4, 61-62, Arlington, VA  
STUBBS, Steve, E3-E4 286 Det 4, OC63-OC64, Lowell, NC  
WHITE, Paul, E3-E5 058 Tk#1 Det 27, JL60-24JL62, Erlanger, KY

### MAIL call in alphabetical order

BEAM, Timothy K YOB: 1946, RA18911486, E3-E5, 98J, Det 4, AU68-AU69,  
(Kathleen), 3472 Stagecoach Trl., Loomis, CA 95650, 916-652-0519,  
[aa9bv@sbcglobal.net](mailto:aa9bv@sbcglobal.net)  
Prom to E5 14AU68 per Det 4 SO#141 dtd 20AU68

BENDER, Bill, E4, 05K, Det 4-4, JA70-JL71, (Dawn), 6700 SW 113<sup>th</sup> Pl., Ocala, FL  
34476, 352-854-9122, [bender6700@deccacable.com](mailto:bender6700@deccacable.com) SFC, USA(Ret)

Dear Elder and fellow ASA'ers - I have begun the investigation of setting up Orlando as a reunion site for our 2016 reunion. Having lived in Florida for the past 11 years, I've been to many of the attractions in and around the Orlando area including Disney World, Universal, Sea World, and Discovery Cove.

I would like those that think they may attend to look at the Orlando Entertainment website and let me know which of the many places we could attend are of interest.

I have secured some nice discounts already for our group at Sea World and I'm looking for the numbers of possible attendees for discount fares at the Hotels and airlines.

I hope we have a good response. I'm working with Bryan Hare of the Visit Orlando office as well. Thanks to all. Bill Bender (SFC USAR Retired!)

CALDWELL, Sam, YOB: 1942, RA13707329, E3-E4, 058, Det 4, JN61-JL62, (Toni), 797 North Ridley Creek Rd., Media, PA 19063-2228, 610-479-0000, [same797@aol.com](mailto:same797@aol.com)  
I received an email from Ret Lt. Col John Spivey informing me that a Sam Caldwell had contacted him about his days at Devens and Sinop. He gave me Caldwell's phone number and I called him in January 2015. My call resulted in a very interesting chat with Sam. He really enjoyed his time as a student learning to become a ditty-bopper at Devens where he was in Co B and John Spivey was a First Lieutenant and the Company Commander. Sam enlisted for ASA duty in October 1960 and took basic at Fort Dix and then on to Fort Devens,

I enlisted in the Army on 1 Oct 1960. When I talked to the recruiter we talked about several MOS's. I wanted something different, so he came up with something security. Because I could type he found the ASA. Also because my grandmother was Polish he thought I could go to language school, but when they found out I did not know Polish or Russian it was 058. Went to Fort Dix, New Jersey for basic training. They put me in "C" company which was out toward the field training area. That meant we marched to the ranges and to the field while the other company's went by duce. When we went out on Bivouac it was November and very cold. It rained and froze but they did not bring us back. Even though everything was frozen the Sgt made us shave. If not - he made you dry shave. There were seven GI's that caught pneumonia and had to go into the hospital. We still finished our time in the field.

After eight weeks, I was off to Fort Devens. It was cold and snowy there. I remember just after I got there we had over a foot of snow. They put me in company "B". The commander was Lt John Spivey. They call us "Spivey's Tigers".

We had a special way of marching off to school. It was called the Brovo Box Step. We would go one step to the right - then one step back, - then one step left - then one step forward and finally one step to the right and off we went. (That formed a box). There was more snow that winter for sure. There was a 200 or 300 mile limit for passes but I would go over that limit to get home to see my then girl friend. Once Lt Spivey said he



was going down to New Jersey and asked if anyone needed a ride. (Over the limit) So I rode in his gray Ford Convertible. He was very proud of that car.

Sometime after the first of the year one of the guys in school stood up and tossed his typewriter out the window. Never heard what happened to him.

That February my girl friend and I decided to get married. On short notice one weekend we went to Maryland and got hitched. My records were changed and in April I moved off post with her and lived in Ayer.

Because I was married they were going to send me to Germany. However she had to pass a physical etc. It came back she had a heart Murmur so they would not let her go. The brass said I had to go overseas. So if I could not take her I wanted a short tour. My brother was stationed in Korea at the time so I went the other way to Det 4 Sinop Turkey.

Good old Army told me that in two weeks I had to report to McGuire Air Force Base to head to Turkey. So I had to hitchhike a ride home - get a car **go back to Devens and move my wife home. With Sinop being a hardship tour they sent me to the dentist and had two wisdom teeth pulled and every filling in my mouth replaced. Talk about fun.**

Made it to McGuire and onto the transport plane. Said good bye to wife and family and off we went. We were several hours out over the sea when one of the engines stopped. The pilot said it was nothing - we could fly on three. So when we got to Newfoundland we had an 8 hour layover. The engine was fixed and off we went again.

A few hours later the engine stopped again. So we landed in Scotland. This time we had to stay over a day or two. I know I went into the small town and the people treated me to everything. Soon as they found out my father was Scotch Irish. Again we loaded up and off to Germany. You guess it when we circled to land in Frankfurt that damn engine went out again.

But we made it only to find out that the German KP's were on strike. The five or six of us going on to Turkey were told we would be held over for a few weeks. Because we were unassigned they did not know who or what we were. We were given a phone number to call if we had problems. So I called and some GI answered did not say who he was but asked what was the problem. I told him we were being held over to do KP. He said ok he would take care of it. The next morning, about 4 am when they woke everyone up the Sgt told us to step aside. He was a little upset. Higher ups told him that we had to be on a Pan Am flight to Ankara at 9 am. When we got there we had first class seats. By the time we got to Ankara a couple guys were well lit. All the drinks on the flight were free.

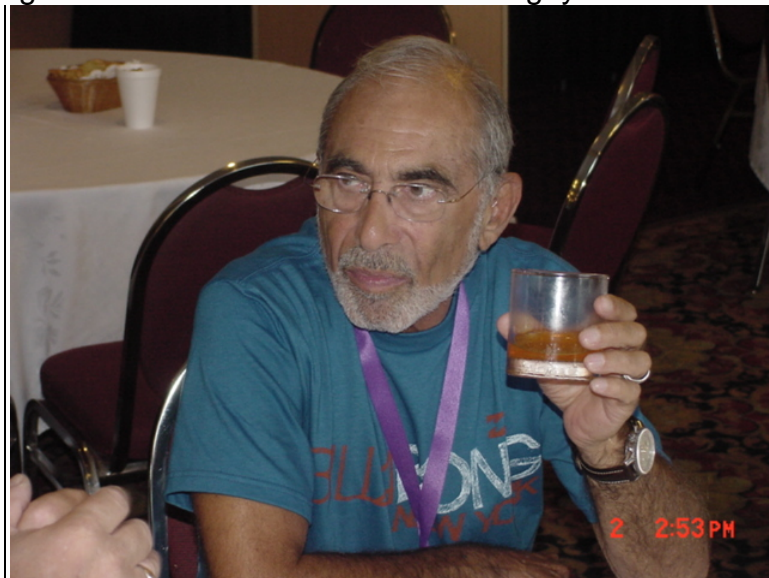
Once in Ankara we had a few days there before we took the convoy up to the "Hill" I lucked out and got a seat up front with the Turkish driver who spoke a little English. Not knowing that much about the country the rice paddies and the poppie fields were a surprise to me. As we approached the mountains we hear gun fire. When I asked

what that was he told me that was the Turkish Army and Air Force shooting at each other. I thought he was kidding but he said they did not get along. (From what I could understand) As we go into the Mountains the convoy blew their horns and the gun fire stopped. We went on thru and as we got further into the mountain there was a very high pitch sound. Could not figure out what it was and he told me it was the Oxen carts bringing wood down out of the mountains. There was also Oxen in the rice fields too.

Looked like I was going back 100 years. After most of our way thru the mountains we had to cross a bridge, however there was a bus ahead of us that had crashed and turned over blocking everything. It was a very narrow road. They load the buses to the max so there were people bleeding and trapped in the bus. Took a couple hours before we could pass. Of course there were no doctors anywhere near so they had to doctor themselves. The trip took us almost 15 hours. Normal time, (so I was told) was about 12.

Finally after riding thru a town that looked like it was lost in time we got to the main gate of TUSLOG Det 4 in Sinop Turkey.

When we got to the front gate at Sinop there was a lot of activity. Lot of MP's etc. No one said anything at that point they just inspected the convoy and let us enter. We were given bunks in the old barracks told to settle in and get some sleep. When we got up they took us to Ops. There we were told that a Turk was killed at the front gate and they were still on an alert. They told us if the alarms sounded and we were in OPS we had to destroy it. Also showed us some rifles. Scared me for sure. Town was off limits for a while. Once things settled in I started to meet some guys.



Larry Jaffe

One was a Jewish guy named Larry Jaffe. Larry was on my trick. So when we had breakfast he used to pile his plate with bacon. I asked him if he was Jewish - what was he doing eating all that bacon. He said long as he was in the service he could eat it.

Of course Lt John Spivey was there. Some time later he made Captain. We talked several times. He was in charge of finding out who burned one of the SGT's huts



down. The Sgt (Crawford Boyd) was not well liked. Among other things he wanted to do away with all the dogs. Said too many guys were feeding them outside the mess and letting them sleep in the barracks.

Next guy that I spent some time with was Hebbie Smith. Hebbie was older. He was going to be a priest but changed his mind at the last minute and enlisted. He learned languages pretty fast so he picked up fast on Turkish and was great to go down to town with. Hebbie also bought a sail boat. It was about 14 or 15 feet long. We used to go sailing in it. One time we sailed out to bird shit rock. We went out early cause we were working second shift. On the way back it came up a dead calm so we had to row in. When we got in sight of the docks one of the oar lock broke so we could not row. Lucky a Turkish guy that Hebbie knew saw and sent his daughter to tow us in. We just made our shift. Another thing I remember about the sailing was all the large Jelly Fish. They were big for sure.

One thing I forgot to mention on the way into the town there were guys working on the roads who were almost naked. They had guards with whips and Thompson Machine guns. Later I found out they were prisoners from the jail in Sinop.

About three or four months into my Sinop tour I started getting letters from my wife. Hints at first - then it got to saying she did not want to be married. I tried to call but could not get to talk to her. Talked to the Red Cross and they said they could not help.

What happened after Christmas I asked for and got leave. With 30 days available. I flew to Ankara on the L-20 with Warrant Officer Mr K (Ketchersid). From there I hopped a flight to Germany.

In Germany I got on a Flying Tiger Airline flight to the states. We loaded the plane and started off. The plane had to turn around cause there was a leak in the right fuel tank. (Hard to believe) So we went back and they drained that tank. (The plane was a rattle trap) Then we were told we would go on but a different route.

Everyone had to sit on the right side of the plane. The first stop was in the Azores Islands. If you ever land there - it is scary, looks like your going to land on water then suddenly there is a runway. They filled the left tank and we took off. An hour or so into the flight the pilot told us it was snowing in Newfoundland. A little later he said we could not turn back cause we did not have enough fuel. So we had to land in the snow storm. The runway there is below the hanger in grade so the taxi way is up hill.

We were at Newfoundland for a good six hours. It stopped snowing and the runway was cleared enough to take off. When we started to take off - we were going down the taxi way, which was a hill, when all of a sudden, the pilot hit the brakes causing the plane to do a 180 degree turn and we were facing the hanger. So we went back up and they cleared the runway again. This time we made it and took off.

Again fuel in the left tank and us on the right. There was a German dependent and her two kids flying with us. I remember well cause as we climbed up thru the clouds we ran

into a bolt of lightning. Shook the whole plane. Thought I soiled my pants and the kids started to scream like crazy.

The pilot came on and said everything was ok - the plane was not damaged. However there was snow in the New England area. (Guys who were in Ft Devens in 1962 should remember that too) The plane made it to McGuire Air base and I was so grateful to get off that thing.

My parents picked me up and I headed to talk to my wife which was not good. She was five months pregnant. That ended that one.

So a week later I was back at McGuire headed back to the "Hill".

While at McGuire I was told my shots were out of date and I would have to wait a week. At that point I knew if I did not get out I would be over my 30 days, but nothing I could do.

When getting the shots I told the male Air Force nurse how I would be in trouble. Hats off to him for he back dated my shot record and I caught a flight to Paris that afternoon.

When I hit Paris I was told only one flight a week to Germany. So I was going to hop that flight but got bumped. It was a cargo plane and at the last minute they loaded several gallons of paint going to some general in Germany. Could not fly with hazz material on the plane so again I am stuck.

Was told if I went to Chateau the Navy flew out of there and maybe I could fly to Germany or even to Turkey. So I took a train there. Not wanting to spend a week leave in Paris. When I got there sure enough there were Navy flights. I caught a cargo plane going into Greece cause they said the Navy flew out of there to Turkey more than Germany.

I hopped on a C-130 cargo and was told the heat was bad in the bay and to climb on the cargo to get a little warmer. When we took off this guy went straight up. I thought he was trying to make a space ship out of it. When we got to Greece it came straight down. I told the Navy guy on the plane that there must have been a cowboy flying the damn thing. Sure enough when we unloaded and the pilot got off he was wearing a cowboy hat. I no sooner told them where I wanted to go and they said get on the plane getting ready to taxi - it was a medical plane headed to Istanbul. So they let me on and off to Istanbul. Oh I was not in uniform all this time. Lucked out again and off to Istanbul. We landed and parked on the side - got off and went to find some coffee when they came after me. They said get back on the plane they had an emergency in Ankara and had to leave and that the plane was refueling now. Grabbed my bag and back to the plane and off to good old Ankara. I knew I should make it back to the post in time. As we were landing in Ankara they said the plane could not stop. It seemed they had a Soldier who had a heart attack and had to get him to Germany ASAP. The problem was if the plane stopped they could not take off because of their time in the air. However if the plane did not legally stop they could take off and stay in the air. So the plane inched along after we landed and I just hopped off when they opened the bay and put the Soldier on from a slow moving jeep. Soon the plane was back in the air.

I checked in at Det 4-1 and they scheduled me for the next convoy to Sinop. For some reason they had cleared my lockers, packed my stuff and put it in storage so I had to get a new room and a new truck. But my dog, a white German Shepard name George remembered me.

Recently I found and emailed one of the guys who got there a month after I did. His name is George Campbell he remembered me because I showed him around when he got there and he remembered I left and they did not know if I was coming back. Guess they thought I had flipped out or something.

Back to the Ditty's and listening to some space shots and rockets blowing up on the pad. Just the normal stuff. Nothing really too interesting while on the 'Hill" We did get a USO show and I was told it was the first ever for Det 4. Had a chance to talk to the girl in the show and happened she was from the Philadelphia area. She sang in a club just outside of Philadelphia which I knew. Now I live within walking distance of where that club used to be. It was called 'The Log Cabin Inn" I do have some film of that show which I hope to get on DVD in a few weeks.

Prior to his leaving Captain John Spivey told me he was going the ASA HQ in Arlington and if I ever needed anything to give him a call. I think he left about 6 or 7 weeks before I did.

On the last ride from the "Hill" as we coming out of the mountain we had a post hole digger in the convoy. It was dark and it went over the side of the road down about 50 feet or so. The Soldier in it was ok so they put him in the back of the duce and we kept going. When I got to Ankara I asked about the truck and was told they would just leave it there. By the time they got back it would most likely be a shell.

Another commercial airplane ride to Germany only this time we were not first class. The plane made a stop on the way in a place called Munich, Germany. So two of us decided to check the place out so we went into town called in and said we were sick and would have to catch the next flight. We got away with it and they did not charge us leave time. We stayed at the hotel 'Metropol" the best place in town. It cost us 50 cents a night. Then we hit all the beer halls.

I met a couple from Illinois who were traveling in Germany at the one beer hall and they bought us a picture of beer at the Hofbrauhaus AM Platzl. At the same time the Champion Yoddlers were there and they sang when the umpa band took a break. They were great - will never forget them.

Finally back in the states I ran to call Captain Spivey to see what he could do to keep us out of Bragg and the field. True to his word he sent us to see an Emma Carter. (I think that was her last name) She kept track of everyone in the ASA at that time in big Black books. She asked where I would like to go and I said anywhere on the east coast. She said how about Vint Hill Farms right down the road. I said sounds good. She said I would not make another rank but I said that was ok. Finished my time out at the "Country Club" Vint Hill Farms Virginia.

Some of this maybe hard to believe but every bit of it is true. I did omit the part about the two bar hustlers in Munich that took us for \$10. Or the Spanish girl I met at an Air Force guys party and stayed the night with me before I left Turkey for good.

While there one of the guys went down town and took some pictures of a woman leading some children. The locals saw him and stoned him. They took the camera and destroyed it. He was flown to Ankara. Can not remember if he came back or not.

Then there was the Turkish commander who wore pearl handle 45 pistols backwards just like Patton. I think he was a Lt.

One of the guys in my barracks had a hair trimmer. We took turns doing each others hair. Seems like I did the best job so I did most of the guys. Did not have to pay the 5 Cents at the Turkish barber shop. Not really sure of that price.

Did go down town and buy a jewelry box for my mother. I still have that. It was always fun to go and bargain with the shop keepers. You never paid the first asking price.

One time we went down town to a belly dancing show. Drank the local beer which came in reusable bottles. The bottles had a rubber stopper and the beer was warm - not cold. The belly dancers were not like anything you would normally or expect to see. Everyone of them was almost 200 lbs. However, they could shake it for sure. The local Turks would go crazy when they got moving.

Elder you can put in what you feel works for the DOOL. I know it is a little choppy but I keep remembering things in spurts.

Elder,

I found an order signed by Cpt John C. M. Spivey Jr. It is dated 19 January 1962.

It granted me a 30 day compassionate leave, to start when I got to Ankara Turkey. Not sure but I think it was about 21 or 23 days by the time I got back to Sinop.

My father was in WWII and was severely wounded in France on the border of Germany. He spent most of his life in pain and remembering the war. He was hit in his right armpit by a piece of shrapnel. It went thru both of his lungs and lodged next to his heart. They could do nothing in the field so they airdropped him to England. There an English doctor said the only chance he had was to somehow get the metal out. The doctor cut a rib out of my fathers left side, opened his chest then lifted his heart up and removed the metal. They had been giving him blood for two days. Somehow he made it. He was in and out of VA hospitals all his life. He never talked that much about it. He became commander of the American Legion Post in Kennett Square. He was and always will be a hero to me. Thank you, Son Of Private Charles Caldwell Sr.

CRUDDAS, John W., RA, E5, 05H20, Det 27, NO65-MY67, (Betty Jean), 1096 Laquinta St., Las Cruces, NM 98007, 575-526-9199, [KE5JWC@yahoo.com](mailto:KE5JWC@yahoo.com)



John Cruddas

How many of you 056/05D vets remember using this mobile RDF equipment

GLUBKA, Roger A., YOB: 1944, E1-E3-E1, 72B, Det 27, FE64-6AU65, (Michelle), 19 Stoneleigh Way, San Antonio, TX 78218, 210-281-8029, [rclubka@twc.com](mailto:rclubka@twc.com)



Photo by Ken Hendrix

Roger Glubka & Billy Hall at Det 27 Unit Day in July 1964



Photo by Elder Green at the 2005 reunion at San Antonio  
L-R: Paul Aspinwall, Det 4, Roger Glubka, Det 27, Thom Leonard, Det 27 & 4, Walt Sinor, Det 27. The 2005 reunion was the only one that Roger has attended. He is the one responsible for the Det logo patches as he had them made while in Korea with his CW5 wife, Michelle.



Here you go Elder. Here's a tidbit for yah! My wife and I renewed our Vows (23 yrs.) back in Sierra Vista, Arizona on 13 Dec. She retired as a CW5 with 31 yrs. of Active Army time. Take care and maybe I'll see you at the next Reunion? Take care! Roger Glubka (72B, Det 27, Site 23, 2/64-7/65)





Roger Glubka's man cave

P.S. You might remember #44 George "The Iceman" Gervin, he signed his jersey I have framed on the wall. 8 x 10 is my son and I, which he also signed. Go Spurs Go!!!!

HAASE, Walt, Det 4-4, DE68-MY71, (Judy), 118 Antler Dr., Cumberland Gap, TN 37724, 423-489-6869, [wjh4080@yahoo.com](mailto:wjh4080@yahoo.com)



Judy & Walt Haase

Walt has been tasked with seeking out a future reunion in the Pigeon Forge, TN area

HARTRANFT, Bill, RA, E3-E5, 058, Det 27, 18OC62-27JL64, (Sheila), 69 Manor Ave., Oaklyn, NJ 08107, 856-858-6756, [wdhartranft1@comcast.net](mailto:wdhartranft1@comcast.net)

Was at my PC, hit one of my songs, Ahmed Jamal, Poinciana...recorded live at the Pershing in 1958 and listening to the cut, my mind drifted to Det 27. Thought how music is such a part of my life and how the tunes brought me to memories forged at the times I heard them.

With this one, I thought about my very good friend Dick Selby. I thought about the jazz he introduced me to way back when... Took me to our double dates when we were both home when it was foreign to have mixed race friends.. never even thought about the fact he wasn't white. He was my friend..and that's how I thought of him. Thought about Soul of Spain...that played in almost every room in Det 27.

Thought about us guys sipping bourbon on Christmas eve in Don Mattocks (rest his soul) room.. we were all kind of down... but managed to cheer each other up (probably all sloppy maudlin drunks). Thought about Vern Negus and his country and Western music...gave me a new experience. Found I even liked it. Thought about Nat Cole and how Walt Dubicki loved his music (Walt is laid to rest also). Remembered how I heard Catherine Valente on her album, Fire and Frenzy..and how I traded a junk album for it with the movie guy...and how I now have a CD of that...50 years later.

Man does time fly when you're having fun.

Just thought to share tonight's thoughts with you all. And let you know that I see myself as one lucky asshole to have such great memories .. of some of life's experiences.

KEARNEY, Greg P E3-E5 05H Det 4-4 SE68-OC71, (Lonnie), 11426 Brawley Road., Hesperia, CA 92345, 760-949-5731, [gpkearney@aol.com](mailto:gpkearney@aol.com)



Photo from Facebook

Above is Greg Kearney and Rick Parisian along the Colorado River in Parker, AZ

KNIEF, Ron, YOB:1936, RA, E4, Det 4, OC59-60, 906-667-0012, [ronknief@sbcglobal.net](mailto:ronknief@sbcglobal.net)

**Several of the members of the ASA Field Station Installation Team that I was on have been searching for the NCOIC of that team for years with no luck. Steve Stubbs thought of asking you.**

His name was James (Jim) or Bill Cook or Cooke. He ran the team in Europe when I was there in 1959-1961 at least, and maybe elsewhere. Someone once said he heard he had been killed in Nam but I searched the "Wall" and he wasn't on there. He married an English woman in Harrogate while we were there TDY if that helps jog your memory. I think he was a WWII vet and was at Monet Casino because he was always getting into arguments with the British vets at the clubs in England about that battle. He carried books by British authors and would dash out to the car and get their books to refute the Brits trying to minimize the American contribution.

By the way here is how we used to refute the old British saying, "The trouble with Americans is that they were over paid, over sexed and over here!' We would replay with, "The problem with the British soldiers was that they were under paid, under sexed and under Eisenhower!'

Thanx for any help you may be able to provide. Cheers! Ron

MITZNER, Dennis, YOB: 1944, RA16905187, 98J, Det 4, JN68-JL69, (Janelle), 4419 Richard Ave., Oak Forest, IL 60452, 708-535-3508, cell 708-763-5119, [dennykochan@wowway.com](mailto:dennykochan@wowway.com)



This picture was taken at a reunion in Ohio, I believe in either 92 or 93, because Steve Gerber from Portland, OR gave me a Trailblazers shirt; which I'm wearing because our two teams played in the NBA finals.

I just ran across this picture and thought I should share it, because I still think of our departed friends often.

For some of you receiving this email/photo & aren't familiar with the cast of characters; they are: Standing: Tom Carroll, Charlie Brown, Vic Berner, Jim Hockenberger, Terry Brown, Steve Baster and Steve Gerber. Seated: Denny Metzner and Ed Cameron.

Denny [[I WILL APPRECIATE AN EMAIL FROM THOSE NAMED ABOVE- -gH]]

MOYER. Don RA16713167 E5, Sig Corps Det 169-1, [dmoyer1@sbcglobal.net](mailto:dmoyer1@sbcglobal.net)



Elder,- Seen the comment about Bob Hope coming to our base in Sinop, December 1963. I was there and found this picture of Miss America and another from Bob Hope's tour. Don Moyer RA16713167 SP5 Signal Corp Detachment 169-1 [former Det 66-1]

OSSWALD, Buzz (Ozzie), YOB: 1943, E5, 98J, Det 4, FE64-JN65,(Norene), 28 Greendale Rd., Hudson, NY 12534, 518-828-6492, [buzzman66@hotmail.com](mailto:buzzman66@hotmail.com)



Photo from Facebook



SPIVEY, John C.M. Jr., YOB: 1932, CPT, ADJ, Det 4, 61-62, 1400 S. Joyce St., Apt 1136, Arlington, VA 22202, 703-521-7581, [spiveyjohn@prodigy.net](mailto:spiveyjohn@prodigy.net) Lt. Col USA(Ret)



John Spivey at the 2004 ASA Picnic at Blobs Park

"Son, the North Carolina revonooer from Carthage said --- you have three options --- one, come with me, second, go with the sheriff, or three, join the army." Thus began an army career of 23 years for Lt Col (Ret) John Spivey. Korea became his first foreign service -- landing with the Marines in the Inchon invasion in mid-September 1950 as a PFC. He was 17 at the time. His small Army Signal Corps unit advanced with the Marines from Inchon, Yong Dong Po, crossed the Hahn, and after several days and stiffened resistance, took Seoul. After a short time in the Seoul area, his unit, again with the Marines, boarded ship and made the second invasion in Korea, Wonson, North Korea. (No bragging rights here however; Bob Hope and a couple of his troupe inadvertently beat them to the small airport/strip on the edge of town!). His unit made it up to Hambung where after a few days rehab of person and equipment,



ROK Div

Spivey became a member of a team supporting the Republic of Korea (ROK) Capital Division. This division, Korea's best at the time -- with a hard-charging CG was racing up the East Coast of North Korea. With light resistance they reached a point north of the coastal town of Songjin. (Because of the NE-SW geographical direction/slant of the Yalu, this may have been the further most penetration of the North.) Spivey states that his team operated independently out on a peninsula suddenly realized one morning that they were the only troops in the area. During the night, the ROK's had become aware

that the Chinese "volunteers" had begun their trek South, and had pulled out about 02:30 that morning. Spivey further iterates that in their loneliness his team leader, a newly promoted Lt., quickly decided their laundry had also been done -- and they, too, immediately "bugged out" south. The aforementioned team leader, (now a retired Colonel in the FFX area) in a praise worthy effort got his team - with all their equipment, down to the evacuation port of Hungnam. There, they joined Marine elements just out of the Chosen Reservoir in our own version of Dunkirk. The evacuation at Hungnam has to be one of the greater actions during the Korean War yet goes little recognized or heralded. (Perhaps because of its Dunkirk similarities.) Spivey says 4th of July fireworks can never be fully appreciated after the fire- power experienced there -- artillery hub to hub along the shore, mortar fire, ships salvos of guns and rockets, fighter planes strafing, bombers dropping their armaments (including napalm), most of this impacting in direct view on the slopes and mountain tops surrounding the harbor. ('Twas a sight to remember -- and one which probably gave the "volunteers" a hint of what they could encounter in the near future!). Many kudos are due the US Navy for that operation. Even a young Army PFC had to wonder how they could get so many ships, boats, floaters of many types there in such quantity and timeliness. Spivey states that he and his team boarded a Japanese fishing boat of some unknown class and vintage -- (one whereon the lucky ones found a place to sleep on deck!). He further confides that they were probably on the boat 3-5 days but he cannot remember anything of the trip until debarking down in South Korea -- (effluvium and landlubber proclivities notwithstanding). As US and UN Forces subsequently stopped the 'volunteers' drive into South Korea, Spivey was along for the drive North to the eventual stalemated 38th Parallel. But not before taking R&R in Japan. (Incidentally, his propensity for being in the wrong place at the wrong time continued. On the trip from his unit to Pusan his train was ambushed. However, the R&R was preserved by the fireman/stoker -- after the demise of the engineer and conductor. Spivey iterated his desire to make comment on his return to the states. Many words have been written about Korea being the Forgotten War and the inability of arousing a high degree of patriotic fervor. He refutes that in his experience wherein the people of Seattle gave them a rousing/vigorous welcoming motorcade through the center of town. The sidewalks were filled with cheering citizenry and ticker tape so thick it was sometimes frustratingly difficult to ascertain where the prettiest girls were!

A closing comment. Recently, after the WTC -- Pentagon debacle Spivey volunteered to serve again. However, in a return letter from his old Army Military Intelligence unit his options have been reduced to two -- joining the Army probably not one of them. (He's wondering if that revonooer one is still available?!)





Above is 1LT John Spivey preparing a 24 man platoon for a visiting dignitary. To date none of those in the formation have been identified. Can anyone ID anyone? While at Fort Devens Spivey was the company commander of Student Company B and it was well known that his company was known as Spivey's Tigers and the students in that company were proud



This is the 10<sup>th</sup> Corps patch that John Spivey was wearing proudly on his right shoulder in the above photo. The 10<sup>th</sup> Corps consisted of the 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division and the 7<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division during the Korean War.

I met John Spivey at the 2003 ASA picnic at Blob's Park near Fort Meade. He was sorta surprised that I wanted to know about his tour of duty at Sinop. He arrived at Det 4 as a Captain and his initial job was as adjutant upon the departure of Capt Donald S. Aines. Said that he was at Sinop 2 or 3 days when on 17 May 1961 a young Turk askeri was wounded at the Det 4 front gate and died that day in the Turk hospital in Sinop. On that fateful day he was the Officer of the Day and was alerted of trouble at the front gate and immediately started for the front gate and shortly two shots rang out, and one was the fatal shot that wounded a young Turk was shot by another Turk askeri – and a riot was out of control and those GI's at the front gate were stoned. I will not at this time re-hash that tragic incident – but do recommend that those interested for the full report of that riot go to <http://dool-1.tripod.com> and click on #247.

STUBBS, Steve YOB 1943 RA16750027 E3-E4 286 Det 4, OC63-OC64, 808 N. Main St., Lowell, NC 28098, 704-824-5446, [pstubbs@carolina.rr.com](mailto:pstubbs@carolina.rr.com)



Photo by Frank Fitzhenry

Elder,

This would be at the Sinop "boatyard," downtown, where GI sailboat owners kept their craft, sometime during summer of '64. Actually, it would formally be The Sinop Chowder, Liars and Sailing Society. Here's what we know about the image, would certainly love to hear from anybody who knows more: the beer-pourer is Dudley Berry, who worked at HQ; the guy all the way left is "Baba," the Turkish proprietor of the facility; the two white shirts to the right of the beer bath were a couple of German nationals who worked as cooks on The Hill, and the guy second from the right is Harry Ingle.

Attached (Word file) is that Kastamonu story we talked about a couple weeks back. Hopefully, we might have a pic or two to go with it as Frank Fitzhenry is working very hard on finding and digitizing some old slides. I will send whatever he comes up with ASAP.

Hope winter ain't beatin' y'all up... Steve Stubbs

### **The Incident at Kastamonu**

Anyone who served at Det 4 can tell you few were the opportunities to leave The Hill for any significant time of "R and R" but in August of '64 someone...I suspect it was our medical officer, a young captain just out of med school gaining intern credit...wanted to do some Turkish sight-seeing and "volunteered" to lead a group with similar interest. Here my well worn memory cannot recall exactly how many of us managed to get some time off to go, but it was a number under a dozen, I believe. I also don't recall our taking the Dreaded Duece-and-a-half Drudgery Drive leaving The Hill, but also believe part of our ultimate travel group were already in Ankara, the rest of us lucking out and catching an Otter ride. Whatever...we got a night with the bright lights of Ankara then the use of

a small Tumpane/USAF bus with Turkish driver. We embarked from the “big city” the next morning.

Our destination, about 125 miles to the SSE was the region of Cappadocia, where the high desert of Anatolia meets the spectacular Taurus mountain range. Specifically, our target was Goreme Valley, mile-after-mile of small valleys, limestone caves and chimney rocks rising from the ground as if in a moonscape. There were actually some decent roads and fairly heavy truck traffic and for many miles along the route we drove parallel to Tuz Golu, an enormous dry lake similar to the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. Off the main road and winding down to Goreme one could often see camel caravans moving goods around to the most isolated villages. Goreme was spectacular.

First and second century Christians, under persecution by the Romans, fled to this remote area, settling into the caves, but transformed them (by hand with chisels and hammers) into precisely dimensioned square and rectangular rooms with connecting arched passageways. Their chapels had perfectly proportioned, domed ceilings, some soaring over 50' high and decorated with frescoes. Apparently this area today is similar to one of our national parks and is very built up, but it was pretty wild back then and saw relatively few visitors.

Eventually we ended up in the nearest “big” city, Kayseri (about 200,000 population back then, nearly a million these days, I have read), about 40 miles east of the valley. Our Turk driver, who turned out to be a pretty good guy, advised us to stay in the city's best (probably cost each of us at least 30 lira a night!) hotel, which catered to “infidel” tourists like us and had a bar! Of course, as you know, Muslims don't drink alcohol. Needless to say we had been carting around coolers and plenty of comestibles on the bus, but figured it would be nice to sit down to a good meal and also have cocktail service. It was a pretty nice place, about eight stories, fairly unusual in this seismic-sensitive area, featuring a roof garden with restaurant and bar...and an absolutely stunning view of Mount Erciyes, 25 miles south of town but looming spectacularly from the horizon at 12,850'. Dinner was not baaaaaaaad (mutton rules throughout Turkey) and during it a group of about 20 people, obviously tourists and Westerners like us, arrived. We came to find out they were Belgians, all touring together, young-to-middle-aged, and obviously having a good time. These folks could do a beer or two. We spent that night, the next day and evening kicking around Kayseri with these people finding absolutely every place that offered an adult beverage of any type.

The last evening we ended up in the Turkish equivalent of a little country inn, with very good food and some traveling Turks among the guests. So much conviviality was flowing amongst us and the Belgians, the Turks decided to join in and the wine flowed (of course, Muslims don't drink alcohol, you know), we had a little string/percussion band playing Turkish folk music, we danced, we sang (in Turkish, Flemish and English) and did it long enough to create some fairly serious headaches for the next morning's trip back.

We bid our Belgian friends goodbye as they headed south toward the Med and touristy beach towns. We were up and gone before the Turks dragged it out of bed, I guess. About two-thirds the way to Ankara, in late afternoon we are riding along trying (mostly unsuccessfully) to nap, the driver lets out a couple of expletives, turns the engine off and we coast to a stop along the highway. A look under the hood immediately confirmed the fan belt was broken. The driver rummages all around cubbyholes and under seats in the bus and there's no spare to be found. One of our guys possessed the skill of weaving a piece of rope into an endless loop, which he sized to the broken belt. We installed it and it actually worked for about 10 miles until breaking, but the rope supply was finite and it obviously wasn't going to get us to Ankara anytime soon. By now, we're all standing around the bus, with the hood up, drinking a few beers and almost every truck that comes down the highway stops. Every Turkish truck driver took the broken belt, pulled out his seat cushion ("two-wide" in those old trucks) exposing a bin, where all of them had an incredible stash of v-belts and hoses! Unfortunately, nobody had one close enough that we could adjust to work. Everybody was offered a cold beer for their effort and, while I've been told that Muslims don't drink, all were happily accepted. Now it was dark and getting quite chilly, despite it being August (mid-Anatolian Plain the elevation was probably at least 3,000 ft. above sea level). One little driver stops, goes through his collection of spares to no avail, has a beer, gets back in his truck and tells our driver he'd be back. Our Turk mentions this to us and says he didn't think there was a town within 25 miles and the guy who just headed off down the road probably didn't realize that. Boy, we thought, the stars were incredibly bright and we'd never seen so many as there was virtually no ambient light except the occasional...now rare...truck going by. We were pretty much resigned to the fact it was going to be a cold night and were figuring ways to wrap ourselves in dirty laundry to stay warm when this truck comes barreling down the highway and screeches to a halt right in front of us. It was the little Turk who'd said he'd be back and he was absolutely true to his word, producing a brand new fan belt of the correct size! Needless to say, he was the hero of the hour, so after many Chok E's (very good!) and backslaps, we load this guy up a couple sixes of beer and even some ardent spirits. He looked as though he'd just won the Irish Sweepstakes! I don't know what he was going to do with all the hooch since I understand that Muslims don't drink. It was late when we arrived back in Ankara, but we went back non-stop.

Believe it or not, I turned down a Sinop International Airlines flight back to The Hill from Ankara coming off "vacation" as the weather was beautiful and I wanted to finally take that "long road to nowhere" back up to the Black Sea coast. Tumpane mentioned when we took their bus back that there was a newer  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton being sent for the motorpool at Sinop. They had a Turk driver but no one immediately available to send along (traveling alone back in those days wasn't a good idea, even for the natives) so a handful of us said yeah, we'd take the ride. I believe if you take dividers and checked it on a precisely-scaled map, it's probably about 180 miles "straight line" from Ankara to Sinop. You actually go almost due north from Ankara to the beautiful mountain town of Kastamonu, which accounts for maybe 110 of those miles, then on a generally NNE heading to Sinop. But, if the "crow" has to drive it's probably closer to 250 miles, I'd guess, since the road really wanders around the countryside. Approximately the last half

of the trip is up over the mountains and down to the coast. Starting from about 3,100' at Ankara, the peak is just over 8,500' just before you reach Kastamonu. We left just after dawn on what promised to be a beautiful day. The first 30 miles are a piece of cake because it's a paved road, but after that it's maintained-gravel, then weather-eroded gravel and in some places, just tracks over the rocky soil. Robby Gordon in one of his off-road monsters would have loved it!

We discussed what the "record" time was for the trip might be and consensus was just over eight (8) hours (that's only about a 30 miles per hour average, but there are long stretches in the mountains where you couldn't run more than 15-20 mph), in perfect weather and "road" conditions like we experienced that day. When the weather was iffy in the Spring and Fall the trip could easily take 24 hours or longer. It was considered impassable from about Nov. 15 until mid-March.

We were probably on "record pace" when we could see the old castle above Kastamonu one ridge away by early afternoon. The mountain roads had been fairly hairy in some places (like the coastal mountain road from Samsun to Sinop) but the scenery was jaw-dropping incredible. We slowed coming into the mountain pass into the town as the main road goes down one very steep hill, across a small river, then up another steep hill headed in the general direction of Sinop. And it's beautiful, with some very interesting old buildings including an ancient citadel overlooking the city from an adjacent ridgeline.

We'd commented that there didn't seem to be many people around (I'm guessing population was around 7,500 or so back then, much more these days) when the driver pointed down the hill at a throng gathered along the river. We pulled up behind the crowd and got out to see what the attraction was. The river, which was only about knee deep and less in some areas that time of the year, was channeled through the town by a wall about 10' high on both sides. The long downhill road into town intersected a street running directly parallel with the river for a block or so before you turned to cross the bridge onto another street which becomes the connecting road to Sinop. A bus (envision a rickety, small school bus-sized vehicle usually carrying Turks inside and on top where cages of chickens were also often tied down) had apparently come down the long hill into town, the brakes got hot and faded, and it nosed over into the river bed, the nose embedded in the river mud and the rear frame still hanging on the concrete at street level. No one was injured, we learned, but they couldn't extricate the vehicle. They'd try to pull it back up on the road with cables attached to old trucks, etc., but the frame would catch on the stone wall and it wouldn't budge.

Surveying the situation, we thought if the bus could be pushed completely into the river bed, it might be possible to drive it out, fording the shallowest puddles for a couple of blocks along the riverbed where an opening in the wall connects to a street. The water looked "fordable" the few places it would need to be crossed. Soon, we have a "meeting" involving us and the village elders, our driver acting as translator for a few words both ways.  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton had a sturdy-looking winch bolted to the front "bumper," which was reinforced like a bridge abutment. Our plan is to cross the bridge, get on the other side just opposite the bus, play out the winch and try to pull the bus down into the river

bed, but would need a couple of big timbers to keep the back frame of the bus from dropping down too abruptly. "Evet!" (yes) said the Turks, we got timbers (logging being a major local industry)! Young men were quickly dispatched to fetch them and together, we got underneath the bus and carefully positioned them. Driving to the other side, we climbed into the river bed and we started playing out the winch cable, finally reaching the front bumper of the bus. I estimate we had the cable out over 80' and it looked like we were nearing the end of the spool when I could finally loop it around something on the bus hopefully sturdy enough to pull on. Gradually, we retracted the winch, ever-tightening the cable and making me very nervous about a bunch of boys who had come down into the river bed with me to watch. I stopped the winch, got one of the head Turks, pointed at the cable, did a pantomime drawing my finger under my neck as in throat-slashing and he knew exactly what I was trying to say. He yells at all the youngsters to get out of the river bed and they left without protest. Ah, a society with respect for elders!

Once again we are putting lots of tension on that cable and I'm praying that it won't snap. Very slowly the front bumper of the bus begins to push some loose rocks and mud then the back of the frame inches down on to our timbers and the vehicle slithers right on down until it's sitting on the rear tires the way it was supposed to! Our Turkish driver jumped into the bus, fired it up and I walked just ahead of it as we crept along through some low areas with water above my knees, then finally to the opening and the street. One last big splash, some revving of motor, slipping of clutch and the bus is up on dry land none the worse for wear!

Until that moment I had no idea how many people were along both sides of the river watching. A roar went up like being in a big stadium when the winning goal is scored! Townspeople are coming from all directions, descending upon us, slapping our backs, shaking our hands...we were rock stars! Finally, as we regrouped back at the truck, it was obvious we weren't going anywhere soon. People surrounded it, 20-30 deep. Here comes one of the older Turks, probably the mayor, who shakes our hands and does one of those double-dip hugs like he's going to kiss us on both cheeks (he had tobacco-brown teeth, so I was hoping he wouldn't). The Turks all knew, of course, we were U.S. military from Sinop. But the mayor told our driver that we were now considered to be "citizens" of Kastamonu and we could all come live there if we wanted to! Many times since I have discovered that you could sure do worse! We did our, ah-shucks-it-was-the-least-we-could-do routine and told the driver to explain we'd love to stay but needed to get back to Sinop, hopefully before it got really dark. As we were climbing back into the truck much of the cargo bed and even the front seats were being filled with fresh vegetables (including the best garlic in the world!), fruit (killer pears!), bread, pastry, cigarettes and wine! I don't know where that was coming from because obviously, Muslims don't drink.

I was touched...to tears, actually. Those people didn't have a lot, although they certainly weren't starving. But they were appreciative and wanted to show it. If I could go back, and I can't...and if I could only visit one place in Turkey, I'd pass even on Sinop to go back to Kastamonu. After all, I am a citizen.



I've read with interest two other memories of GI's writing about Kastamonu and have included them with my Kastamanou tale.. The first was a memory of the late 2LT Jim Mulholland and it involved him being stranded over nite with four flat tires in the town of Kastamanou in 1956. The second is the memory of Captain Donald S. Aines and it occurred on 30 April 1961 when a Det 4 Otter aircraft crashed in the mountains near Kastamanou. These stories were reported in DOOL's 127 and 139 respectively.

LT Mulholland's memory: One summer's day in 1956 a Sergeant and I were traveling by jeep and trailer, between Ankara and Sinop. Our route took us over the mountains, directly to Sinop. During the course of the trip, we had four flats. Two flats were on the trailer and two on the jeep. We pulled the trailer with its tires flat and changed one of the jeep's flats with the spare tire. There we sat in the mountains near a town called Kastamanou. I suggested the Sergeant hitch a ride to town, call Sinop and relay our predicament and location. This was about noon. As nightfall approached and the temperatures dropping, I was getting concerned. I had a trailer filled with classified documents. As I sat in the jeep, many local people from the area would walk pass me, curious as why an American would be sitting in a jeep with four flat tires. As it was getting darker, a Turkish man came and asked if I wanted to go back to his home and wait. I graciously declined. A short time later, he arrived back with some hard-boiled eggs, bread and a warm blanket. So I lay in the back of the jeep and tried to get some sleep. But every now and then a huge logging truck would come down the road. Seeing the jeep, and wanting to get a closer look, I felt I only had a brief moment to pull my feet back in, as he came roaring by. He could have been ten feet away, but it seemed like 10 inches. It was either the trucks or the curious local people walking that disturbed my sleep all night. The next day, following sunrise, I heard the beautiful sound of a 2.5-ton truck shifting gears through the mountains. I was saved.

My motor pool guys explained there are three roads outside of Kastamanou and I was on the third one. When I arrived back at Sinop, I suggested to Sgt. Demarest to give his men map reading training, especially on how to find their Motor Officer. We all had a good laugh and a good sleep.

The 1961 incident was truly life-threatening for three Det 4 officers, CWO Sterling Allen, Captain Hamlin and the pilot CW3 Foy Ketchersid. The report was made by the late Captain Donald S. Aines. Allen and Hamlin were returning from a TDY to Det 27 on 30 April 1961. The pilot made radio contact with Aines at Det 4, but he was far to the west and the transmission was garbled. Before contact was lost, Ketch reported the wings were icing up and he was trying to get below the clouds to shake it off. It was several hours before Turkish authorities reported to Det 4 that a plane was down on a mountain north of the village of Kure, but they did not know if there were casualties. Our primary concern was the men on board, but the plane was also carrying classified documents. Capt Aines organized a rescue party consisting of a jeep, a deuce and a half and a wrecker and they headed for Kastamanou, a town south of Kure. There was no road

west from Sinop, so they had to take the long way, traveling the convoy route east to Gerze along the coastal plain, over the mountains by the Boyabat Pass and then west along a primitive road to Kastamonu. We checked in with the local police and learned all 3 men survived the crash, were at a local hospital and their injuries were not life-threatening. It was now late in the day and we could not reach the crash site before nightfall, so we visited with our injured friends. Ketch had done a remarkable job, landing the Otter on a grassy patch 2000 feet up a rocky mountain. The main gas tank under the passenger compartment caught fire, but the men managed to drag themselves to safety. They were on a rainy, windswept mountain in biting cold, injured and lost.

They headed down the mountain, but the first person they met was a shepherd, who took them prisoner at gunpoint and prodded them down the mountain to a small village. By now their injuries were beginning to take a toll and the people of the village were also hostile, perhaps believing they were Russians, the traditional enemy of the Turks.

The men were able to communicate that they were Americans, and the tone of the villagers changed. Now they were treated like long lost relatives. Our men were made comfortable and fed and arrangements were made to take them to Kastamanou, several miles to the south. As is often the case in Islamic countries, the men took care of our guys, the women remaining in the background. On 1 May 1961, we arrived in Kastamanou and were promptly escorted to the governor's house, where the governor and his staff offered us tea and confections and where we jibber-jabbered about the crash. I don't drink tea, but gulped down a couple glasses and kept a smile on my face. Though anxious to get on with the job, we were invited to be guests at a parade marking the first anniversary of the overthrow of the previous government. We didn't want to insult the new regime, so we stood on the reviewing stand with the governor and his staff. Trying to observe protocol, we saluted whenever the governor raised his hand. As parades go, it wasn't much, but the locals seemed to enjoy themselves. Children marched to the reviewing stand, made a presentation and moved on. Farm tractors chugged by to great applause, followed by some parade floats. With Ketch, Sterling and Hamlin out of danger, my main worry was the classified documents on the Otter. The parade had further delayed the mission and I was beginning to sweat. Finally, our 5-man rescue team got on the road, or trail.

We reached a small village where a group of men greeted us, "Hosh geldiniz! Hosh geldiniz (welcome), and we tried to make meaningful conversation. While the women peeked out from their huts. The mountain before us looked like rock monolith. Our vehicles couldn't make it to the crash site, so the villagers provided us with horses. I managed to get into the saddle, which had no stirrups, and a villager handed me a rope that served as the rein. I hadn't ridden a horse in a long time and this was more like riding a camel. The rain didn't help. The Turks had me up on the horse, which decided to head off in a trot. Within 20 yards I was off the horse with my ass in a mud puddle. The Turks at first appeared stunned, but I broke out in a laugh and they chimed in. Maybe they thought every American could ride a horse like Gene Autry. The Turks pushed this New York boy back onto the horse and we headed for the next village at the base of the mountain. Here we were again greeted with great hospitality. Our field jackets were taken off and dried by fireplaces and tea and boiled eggs were offered. I

really wanted to get up the mountain and the villagers soon provided us a new set of guides. The horses were extremely sure-footed along the rocky path, but I fell out of the saddle a couple more times. I eventually decided the best method was for me to walk up the mountain leading the horse.

After about 2 hours we reached the crash site. All that was left was the charred remains of the Otter's engine, the tips of the wings and the plane's tail assembly. Searching through the rubble we found the registry lock and serial number for the classified documents. The rest had been destroyed. We took several rolls of film to document the crash scene, because an investigation was sure to follow. It was near dusk, so we headed down the mountain, but the guides took us down a different path and, within a quarter mile, we came to our Turk Jeep driver. Why we had to ride horses several miles to the crash site, I'll never understand. Perhaps it was more entertaining to the Turks. It was a difficult trip to Katasmonu, where we joined the rest of the party. By this time Ketch, Allen and Hamlin had been evacuated to Ankara. Though it was quite late, I decided to return to Sinop that night and make my report. We arrived in the wee hours of the morning. Also lost on the flight were several potted plants, which I had ordered to spruce up the tables in the EM mess hall. They were burned in the crash, but, Al, Ketch and Hamilton were alive

NOTE: Kastamonu is now a prominent tourism area, featuring the Kastamonu Castle (Byzantine), nearby Ilgaz National Park and a modern Equestrian Center (nearby Daday). Although I doubt if the route is the same, the driving distance from Kastamonu to Sinop is shown as 119 miles these days with a 4-hr. driving time. The same source says the 104 mile trip from Sinop to Samsun is 3-hours (that's definitely not the old road). I also noted that the Ankara-Sinop drive (about 250 miles, so it's not the "old" route) is shown as 7 hrs., 15-min. It would be interesting to hear from anybody who has driven (or ridden on) any of those roads in the past couple decades.

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



SP4 Paul White posing at the Manzarali NCO Club sign



This is a story I can recall like it was yesterday. Bill Cowie worked on trick #1 when he first came to Manzarali. We were working the day shift at noon when a General came to operations. for a look see. We had just been served our lunch in what we called the shit kits. Bill had his sitting opened in front of him while he worked. Up the aisle came the General, the Ops Officer - Capt. Peter Gritis, the watch NCO, SFC Joe DeCaprio, Sgt Howard Bell (trick chief), and SP5 Don Charlton (room supervisor).

#### HOW THE DAY SHIFT LUNCH SCHEDULE WAS CHANGED

When operations went operational the policy for 058's lunch breaks consisted of the food packed in brown bags and sent to operations where the food was eaten on the fly or when the signals went down.

#### ANY OF YOU OLD-TIMER 058'S REMEMBER THIS?

The general stopped at Cowies position and asked how his lunch was, Bill without looking up asked how would you like to eat this crap? The General looked at it and replied, "I wouldn't." That incident resulted in a change in how the day shift 058's were

fed. After that we were sent to the mess hall in shifts to eat our lunches, and Bill was sent to trick#4 for his trouble. Trick#4 was a trick where trouble makers were sent at that time. Bill Cowie sure got the shaft on that day.

Charlie Orr came back to the states before I did and I asked him to stop at moms and drop a meerschaum pipe off for me. He saw a photo of my sister I kept on the inside of my wall locker and liked what he saw, so he was glad to deliver the pipe just so he could meet my sister. They were married shortly after I returned from Turkey. They did divorce after having three great children. After they were married they moved to Ulysses {we called it Ulus}, KS but my sister didn't like the flat lands so they moved back. I only wish it could have turned out better for them. I always liked Charlie except when he had too much at the club and would come back to the room get in bed and hang over the side and barf on my shoes and boots that I had spent 5 hours spit shining. I don't know who took the photos I only know the camera was Dans. I didn't own a camera while I was in Turkey. Dan gave me some copies of the ones he had taken. Your buddy Paul

**THAT'S ALL – DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER FOR THE  
2015 REUNION ASAP**