

## DAYS OF OUR LIVES #302

### PRESERVING ASA TURKEY MEMORIES

Your memoirs are most welcome to the ASA Turkey DAYS OF OUR LIVES and is an effort on my part to preserve the stories and memories of Army Security Agency veterans who served in Turkey during the cold war.

The Editor: GREEN, Elder RC.,(aka AI & gH), YOB: 1936, RA13513638, 98C/98Z, E8, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, MR-MY65, Det 27, JN66-OC67., Det 4-4, OC67-NO68, (Patty), 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899 & cell 724-388-2510  
asagreenhornet@comcast.net

The feel of a handshake.....

Those who hate him will always hate him, no matter what. In his stead, I certainly couldn't imagine Hillary (or Bill, for that matter) or Obama making anything even close to this gesture. If you cannot understand the meaning of this I feel sorry for you.



Please try to understand the weight of this image. This soldier lost both arms. The feeling of a handshake is now lost to him.

Trump realized this, and so touched his face, so he can feel the human connection. This is what I see when I think of Trump's motives. He gave up a billionaire lifestyle to now be insulted, dragged through the mud, and lied about, on a daily basis.

All to save this country and people he loves.

## TAPS



### **In loving memory of Dale Ivan Patchen**

Date of Birth : Dec 3 1937

Date Deceased : September 30th 2017

Place of Death : Airway Heights, Washington

**Dale Patchen**, of Airway Heights, WA went to be with our Lord on September 30, 2017. **Dale** was born to the late Guy W. and Alta M. **Patchen** on December 3, 1937 in Coeur d' Alene, ID. He is survived by his daughters Cindy (husband Jim and granddaughters Jaimi and Lindsay) Robertson, Susan **Patchen**, and Leslie **Patchen**; his brother, Guy Lee (Faye) **Patchen**; his sister, Ida Mae; and several nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents, and his wife, Rose.

Dale served 22 years in the ASA, and retired in 1978 as a First Sergeant (E8).

The obituary did not list any of his ASA assignments. My records (gH) show that Dale Ivan Patchen served at Det 4 in 1960 and 1969 and nothing else.

In 2006. Dale retired from long-haul trucking after logging more than 2 million accident free miles, of which he was very proud.

Dale's late wife, Rose, happily accompanied him for many of those miles, traveling to all lower 48 states, Canada, and Alaska.

A Celebration of his life was held on November 25, 2017 at Hayford Community Church, 5306 S Hayford Rd, Spokane, WA 99224 at 1:00 P.M.

THE 2018 ASA TURKEY REUNION  
WILL BE  
AT  
HILTON GARDEN INN, SAVANNAH MIDTOWN  
5711 Abercorn Street Savannah, GA  
6-10 May 2018  
To make your reservations  
CALL TOLL FREE: 912-652-9300  
The room rates per nite is: \$139.47  
That includes a 13% tax and a \$5. Georgia State Lodging Fee  
To receive this rate please ID yourself as a member  
of the ASA Turkey Group



**ASA / Turkey 2018 Reunion Itinerary**  
**Hilton Garden Inn Midtown, Savannah, GA**

Elder Green & Luther Jones are this year's Co-Chairmen

**Sunday 05/06/18**

1300	2200	Hospitality Room is open for your enjoyment
1300	1700	Registration in the hospitality room
1500	1700	Complimentary beer & wine ( Provided by Hilton Gardens Midtown )
1700	1900	Registration staff breaks for dinner
1900	2200	Registration continues in the hospitality room
1900	2200	Raffle Tickets available - 1 ticket \$10 or 3 tickets \$25 - See Mike Comroe

**Monday 05/07/18**

0800	2200	Hospitality Room is open for your enjoyment
0900		Meet in Hospitality Room and divide up for car pooling to Air Force Museum
0915	0945	Leaving for the 8th Air Force Museum
0945		Meet in the Lobby of the Museum and we will be divided up into groups
1000	1200	The guided tour will last approximately 2 hours (wheelchairs and mobility scooters are available)
1200	1730	Free time - nothing scheduled this afternoon - explore Savannah! (additional information on things to see & do will be forthcoming)
1730		Meet in Hospitality Room and divide up for car pooling to Lady and Sons
1745	1815	Leaving for the Lady and Sons Restaurant ( Paula Deen's )
1830		Dinner 1830 Hours - Tables will ONLY be held for 15 minutes - Don't be late
2000	2200	Raffle Tickets available - 1 ticket \$10 or 3 tickets \$25 - See Mike Comroe

**Tuesday 05/08/18**

0800	2200	Hospitality Room is open for your enjoyment
0800	2200	Raffle Tickets available - 1 ticket \$10 or 3 tickets \$25 - See Mike Comroe
0800	1600	Free time - nothing scheduled during the day - explore Savannah! (additional information on things to see & do will be forthcoming)
1600	1700	General meeting in the Hospitality Room - Reunion Stuff
1815		Meet in front of the hotel for bus boarding to the Savannah Theatre.
1930	2130	Show starts promptly at 1930 Hours - This is a 2 hour show. THIS IS NOT A DINNER THEATRE! So eat either before or after the show. There are 8 restaurants, a coffee shop and several pubs near the Theatre. The Garden Grille is located in the Hotel, & other restaurants are nearby. The Trolley will make 2 trips from the Hilton Gardens to the Theatre, then 2 trips after the show back to the Hotel. More info on transportation will be available once we have a better idea of the number of Vets attending.

**Wednesday 05/09/18**

0800	2200	Hospitality Room is open for your enjoyment
0800	1900	Raffle Tickets available - 1 ticket \$10 or 3 tickets \$25 - See Mike Comroe
0800	1700	Free time - nothing scheduled during the day - explore Savannah! (additional information on things to see & do will be forthcoming)
1700	1730	Reunion Group Photos will be taken - Don't be late - (location is pending)
1800		Banquet - Located In the Hospitality Room

**ASA / Turkey 2018 Reunion Registration Form**  
**Hilton Garden Inn Midtown, Savannah GA.**

Last Name

\_\_\_\_\_

First Name

\_\_\_\_\_

Spouse

\_\_\_\_\_

Cell Phone

\_\_\_\_\_

Cell Provider

(For Daily Notification & Emergencies)

\_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail

\_\_\_\_\_

**Your check is not due at this time**

	<b><u>Cost</u></b>	<b><u>No.</u></b>	<b><u>Total</u></b>
Registration Fee	\$20.00	X	
Banquet Cost	\$42.00	X	
8th Air Force Museum Tour	\$10.00	X	
Paula Deen's "Lady and Sons" Restaurant	\$25.00	X	
Savannah Theater & Trolley Transportation	\$50.00	X	
<b><u>Total</u></b>			_____

**Yes** **No**

☐ ☐ Payment Enclosed

**DEAD LINES:**

Registration Form - **ASAP or sooner**

Prepaid Expenses - **Due By 04-30-18**

Cancellation For Refunds By - **04-30-18**

**SEND REGISTRATION FORM AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:**

Dean A. Lapp  
3629 Trails End Dr.  
Medina, OH 44256

[lappda@hotmail.com](mailto:lappda@hotmail.com)

330-289-1689

**You may write additional comments or thoughts on the back of this form.**







DARLING, Daniel H, SP5, 26K & 33D, Det 4, (Martha), 301 W. Illinois, New Berlin, 217-488-6432, [dand301@mchsi.com](mailto:dand301@mchsi.com)

McCLEVISH, Charles, Yob: 1942, RA13772572, E-2-E3, 711, S2, Det 27, MR63-JN64, (Carolyn), 1908 HARRISON Rd., Dundalk, MD 21222, 410-285-1416, [cmcclev@msn.com](mailto:cmcclev@msn.com)

## MY REMEMBERED TRIP TO ATHENS, GREECE

ELDER:

I remember a trip I took to Athens with Phil Rivaldo, Russ Sciandra, Jim Kozee in September 1963

We were picked up at 0800 by a Turk driver. Since I was the last one to arrive at the van, I had to ride in the front passenger seat. The driver was to take us from Manzarali to the Ankara Airport. The ride was uneventful from the barracks to the front gate; however it was hell after that. He was speeding the whole way, and worse, passing



on curves and hills. It was amazing we were not killed just getting to the airport. We asked him if he knew where the airport was and he said he did. His English was pretty good, so he went into the airport with us, to help get us on our way. We showed our orders to the Turk at the information desk and he proceeded to explain to our driver that we were at the International Esenboga airport and if we were flying military, we needed to go to the military side of the airport. Anyway, we saw the info guy draw a picture for the driver of the military airport layout which looked like a "Y", with the military building in the upper left hand corner, the civilian building in the upper right hand corner, with Ankara (from where we came), at the bottom point. Our driver told us he knew how to get there and we all piled back into the van. After about 5 minutes of driving, we were dozing off. In a sense I guess we were thankful to have at least gotten to the airport alive. The sun was just beginning to rise and I opened my eyes for a second to view the surroundings. I was just amazed to see this huge C-130 on the runway on my right, which reminded me of a drag strip. I think if someone was outside the van my facial expression would have resembled a deers face caught in headlights



## - - - WE WERE ON THE ESENBOGA AIR STRIP - - -

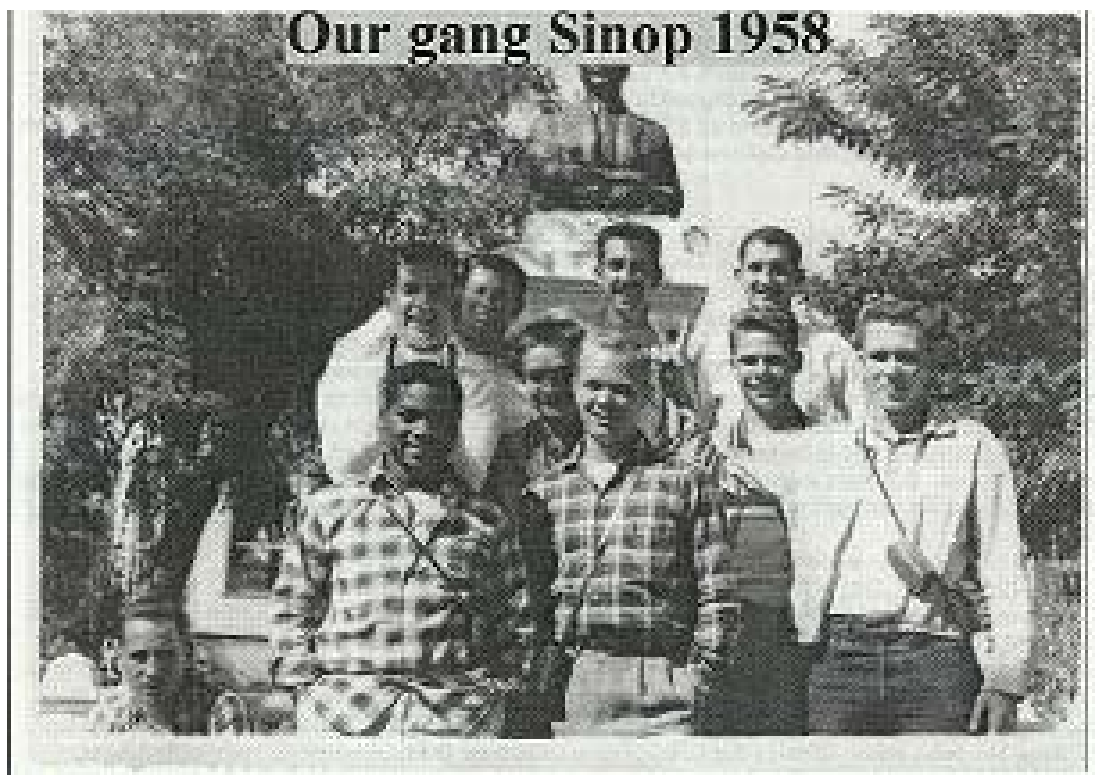
I think I have a mental block of the events after that near tragedy I may have woken the other guys with a scream, I don't remember. Yep, our driver knew the way all right. Not back down the road and take a right across the damn airstrip. The tire marks were where the 707's, etc. touch down is branded into my brain. Luckily none were landing or taking off at the time. We arrived at the terminal alive and I had to fill out the drivers critique sheet since I was the unlucky soul sitting up front. We finally boarded the C130 for our flight to Athens, which was uneventful, except we had to sit in canvas jump seats and could see daylight through the panels of the fuselage. Anyhow, upon my return to work the next week, I was notified by my boss that the investigators wanted to see me. A zillion things must of run through my mind about what they wanted to talk about. At least they were just next door, so I didn't have a lot of time to stress out. I sat down and the agent handed me the Turkish drivers critique sheet. He said that he thought I would like to change my wording a little, other wise he would have to stamp it "OBSCENE". I had written "I think the son-of-a-bitch was trying to kill us". Of course I changed it.

After reassignment to Vint Hill, I spoke to someone who left Turkey after me, and he told me that the Turkish driver had been fired. He had then gotten a job driving a tour bus in the mountains, drove it and his passengers over a cliff, killed himself and some others. I was saddened to hear the news, but was happy it wasn't us.

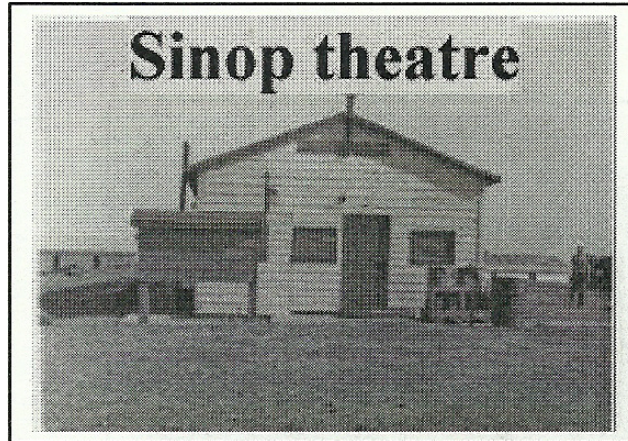
McCULLOUGH, John T., YOB: 1938, RA15560286, E3-E4, 058, Det 4, DE57-JA59, (Sue), 1044 E. Smith Rd., Medina OH 44256 330-722-6490, [john38@zoominternet.net](mailto:john38@zoominternet.net)

Called John McCullough on 22 May 2003 and left message.

John returned my called on the 23rd and on the 24th followed it up with six scanned 1958 photo's of the church being built, the dispensary, the EM Club, the theatre, the great mess hall;



The 1958 McCullough GANG and nine of his friends standing outside their Jamesway Hut,  
1<sup>st</sup> row: Fred Kreutzfeldt, Bob Cunningham, Same Head, Lowry McKinnon,  
2<sup>nd</sup> row: Silas Woody from New Berlin, WI., John McCullough, John James from Indiana,  
3<sup>rd</sup> row: Elder Wood, Andrew Gladson & Russell Werbelow



John enlisted in the Army on the buddy plan and both during basic were interviewed by ASA personnel and both accepted the ASA proposal to be trained as ditty-boppers at Fort Devens. John completed the 058 training on time, but his buddy plan buddy was delayed by a few weeks and was assigned to Germany; whereas John was sent to Vint Hill Farms and then sent to Sinop.

John enjoyed the duty and friendship at Sinop, but found the off-duty hours boring as there was no real social life. The Det 4 friends that he remembers are the nine listed above. John was assigned back to Vint Hill Farms. Got married and extended his enlistment for 11 months. Had plans to make the ASA a career, but when he got alerted for duty at the US Embassy in Bangkok decided to get out.

Has had a life after death experience and was dead for approximately 30 seconds during which time he heard beautiful music and was aware of a masked surgeon standing above his head. John, now FIRMLY believes that there is life after death. John, like most everyone else promised to write his BIO and send Det 4 and recent photo's of his family.

John and Sue attended the 2003 reunion

RICHTER, Ralph, YOB: 1944, RA15734622, SP5, 059, Det 27, NO66-NO57, (Linda), 9152 Burgett Rd., Orient, OH 43146, [rrichter@us-cargo.com](mailto:rrichter@us-cargo.com)

Thank you, Elder! Everyone is doing well here in Orient, Ohio. And thank you for your greetings. How are you, Patty, and your family doing?

I do get Homer's Menwith Hill newsletters, and I thank you for forwarding the latest to me. It's interesting that the site is still there and functioning. It is always fun to read about the folks we once were stationed with around the world. Your DOOL's are especially great to read. Thank you.

Lee is a Junior at the Univ of Cincinnati now and will be doing an internship in Munich Germany this summer. Andrea is a freshman in high school and plays the trumpet in the school band. Linda is still doing her private eye work I still go to work everyday and tell everyone to "get to work!"

I've been wanting to relate the below for a while and just decided to do it today.

REMEMBERED:

I went through a big operation of all the plumbing to and from the heart last summer in Cleveland, and a smaller follow up here in Columbus last autumn. Getting all my strength and endurance back is the job at hand now, and is coming along ok.

Thanks again for your email and note, Best regards, Ralph and the girls

SOWINSKI, Ronald F., DOB 19AU1942 DOD 18JL2012, RA16697225 E3-E4 058  
Det 4, 20JA62-18DE62, (2w- Ilse), Box 884, 26175 Rawson Rd., Brush Prairie, WA  
98606, 360-253-2383, rothvet@hotmail.com -



### MY BIO

I graduated from high school in Hobart, IN (outside of Gary, IN and not far from Chicago) in May of 1960, tried a semester of pre-med at Purdue University, found out that was a big mistake, and decided to get away from it all and get into the military on my own rather than wait for the draft.

As with all of us, I took the battery of tests, and had a recruiter tell me that my scores were very high. (Of course, we all said.) He had me go be interviewed by a Colonel in Chicago. The Colonel told me I could get into the ASA, but he didn't know what the ASA was, for he himself didn't have a clearance high enough to know. All he knew

was that I would be sent to some school after basic, and then sent outside of the country.

Sounded good to me so I enlisted on 28 February 1961. Took Basic at D-2-3, Fort Leonard Wood, MO. March – May 1961. Horrible place. Was never before in the company of such a cross section of humanity. Half of our company was made up of a few white guys from the Chicago area such as myself with many black guys from the Chicago area - and the other half was made up of white southern boys who had been shipped up from Fort Gordon, GA. Did that not work out too well? Man, constant tension and fights between the not to be pushed blacks and the southern boys. I was VERY glad to be gone from that situation.

Fort Devens - May - December, 1961. Free time spent in Boston, on the Cape and at the dances at some nursing school up near the New Hampshire border.

Graduated from 058 school. Got assigned to Det 4 in Sinop. Was happy to leave Devens and finally travel the world. Sinop - January - Christmas, 1962. A few days after arrival at Sinop I wished I was back at Devens.

One year of going to work and waiting to leave. Hated it at Sinop, but made E-4 and was offered E-5 if I would extend 3 months. Said no way. (Young and stupid.

Didn't want to go back to the states, so asked for next duty station to be in Europe. Was assigned to Germany. Shipped out of Sinop just before Christmas.

Rothwesten, Germany. 319th ASA BN, 184th Co. Dec 1962 - 28 February 1964. Dog trick. Loved it there. Copied ditties as little as possible, travelled all over.

Listen to this: I had accumulated 30 days leave time from 1962 and 30 days for 1963. A total of 60 days leave to spend in one year of time left.) Visited Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Andorra, Belgium, Luxembourg, England, Netherlands, Denmark and Sweden.

Spent much time drinking beer and meeting girls at the "Duce". Made E-5. Learned to speak German quite well. Near the end of my tour at Rothwesten I was informed by the girl I was hot and heavily dating that she was pregnant. I did the right thing and said I would marry her BANG NO MORE CLEARANCE and NO MORE ASA.

Got married. Played MP for a month or so, and then took my discharge right there at Rothwesten.

GUESS WHAT: The Ex-girlfriend, then wife turned out to NOT be pregnant. Live and learn. Stormy times.

A note: During my time in the ASA I loved the work, and hated the fact that the



people in charge of us outside of our work places seemed to have no idea and gave no respect to the work we did. I loved the work, and hated to "play army". It was a shame and a waste of valuable folks that so many of us felt this way and bailed out of the ASA because of it.

Returned to the USA on my own dime with a wife in April of 1964. Chris, the wife, didn't really want to leave Germany. Lived for a bit in Hobart, IN, (steel mill labor) then tried San Antonio, TX (no job at all) and then Boulder and Longmont, CO (Metropolitan Life Insurance sales). Went back to Kassel, Germany in January of 1965. Chris wanted desperately to be back with her family, and I didn't really care where I was.

Got hired by the European Exchange System (PX) as manager of the US military gas station out on the autobahn at Kassel. Great job. Had mostly retired E-7s and E-8s as workers. Made no money (\$ 1.10 an hour) and saw no future. Decided to return to the USA.

Chris was now REALLY pregnant, and wanted to stay in Germany to have the kid while I found work in the USA. OK. Went as a passenger by freighter out of Rotterdam to Virginia. (A horrible trip - ten days of seasickness across the stormy Atlantic in January of 1966.) Ended up in Pensacola, FL with an old army buddy, and got a job with a finance company. Thirteen months later the wife arrived with my first son who was now almost a year old. Got pregnant again, and we had a second son who was born in St. Augustine, FL, where I was working for another finance company.

Lived hand to mouth. Was really poor. Considered going back into the military. Sanity returned, so didn't do that. Applied for a state job as a cop - beverage agent. Was notified AFTER I left Florida and got a job up north that I was hired and should report to Sarasota. Didn't do it. Heard a new steel mill was opening up in Northern Indiana where I was raised. Went up and got interviewed and hired with another fellow as the first Pollution Control Technicians they ever had. Tripled my income. Bought a house. Lived well for four years. Wife still hated being in America.

On the side I started an import business. Imported and sold lots of stuff. After a time I decided that perhaps I could make it as an exporter in Germany. Sold house, quit job, took wife and kids back to Kassel, Germany.

Lived in Germany this time from spring of 1972 through June of 1978. Was quite happy travelling around Europe visiting factories and shipping stuff to wholesalers in the USA and Canada. Sold at Officer's Club bazaars all over Germany. Taught

English as a foreign language at two language schools. Specialized in buying and selling Hummel figurines.

The kids spoke German and understood English. They went to German schools. (There were no longer American bases nor Americans at Rothwesten or Kassel.) Then the dollar dropped like a rock in value. The more I sold and shipped, the less I made. (Price lists had to be in dollars for my USA customers.) The marriage was going to hell in a handbasket for a number of reasons, and both she and I agreed that she would never leave Germany again. Eventually I had enough, and came back to the USA. She hid the kid's passports, so they stayed with her. She remarried not long after that, to a law student who turned into a lawyer. She's happy, he raised my sons well.

I visit them each time I go over there, and all is well on that side. Returned to the US in the summer of 1978. Had completely missed the turmoil of the Viet Nam war while in Europe. Bummed around all of the western states in a camper van for 13 weeks looking for the 'perfect place to live'. Never found it. Was joined by my current wife, Ilse, and her two kids in September of 1978. She is also German, and was also living in Kassel when I met her, prior to my leaving there.

We went to Pensacola, Florida to live in 1978. I was contacted by a business owner from Germany that I knew. I took over North American marketing for his company. Travelled when and where I wanted on a full expense account plus excellent salary. (150 flights that first year.) I later established a factory from scratch for them in Spartanburg, SC in 1980. Ran it as plant manager for a while and hated it. Went back to Florida, but hated the heat and humidity. Moved to West Virginia in 1985, and then to Pennsylvania. Did head hunting on a consultant basis for a firm in the D.C. area.

Lived well. Still hated heat and humidity. Moved out here to Washington in 1987. Have never before lived in one place for so long. We live in a home of 2980 square feet on two acres of forest in the foothills of the Cascade mountains just some minutes from Vancouver, WA, and 20 miles from Portland, OR.

I am just an over the hill white collar white guy in a time of women's lib and social promotion. Have sold my body to whatever company would pay me to do whatever... and I attempt to sell my body to young mothers, but income from that is rather poor... Had a ham radio ticket back in 1969, WN9BXJ, then again got into ham radio in 1982 as KA4ZRL, then AA4FE, then ND9D, and now WI7Y. Can still copy morse code at 40 wpm clear text by ear.

Have been a vocalist all my life. Perform at jams frequently. Play the tub bass when not singing. Do Bluegrass, country, jazz, whatever. Make my own background tapes

and perform with a karaoke machine. For the past years I have worked assorted part-time jobs that I thought were fun. Corrections guard, assorted sales, etc.

For the last many years I have worked out at the Portland International Airport as a customer service type of guy a couple of evenings a week. The hauls customers from the huge parking lot near the airport to the terminal two miles away. What I do is drive around the huge parking lot in a van, helping folks who have lost their car or need a jump. Most of the time I just sit in the van under a tree and watch my portable TV.

Oh well, somebody's gotta do it. So that's it. Now you know Ron Sowinski. Even though he HATED his tour at Det 4 – he helped me maintain the Det 4 roster and anyone who'd like a copy – Ron would send the Det 4 ROSTER.

RON SOWINSKI ASSISTED ME WITH THE FINDING OF VETERANS AND WAS ONLY 69 YEARS WHEN HE PASSED AWAY ALL BY HIS LONESOME

**BELOW ARE PHOTO'S TAKEN AT THE 2015 REUNION  
AT  
NORTH CHARLESTON, SC REUNION**



LUTHER JONES HOSTING THE 2015 REUNION AT CHARLESTON REUNION



Jess Marr  
The MANZARALI MAULER EDITOR 1961-62







Ed & Florence Jones



Frank Siebenaler

Frank Siebenaler was the Trick Chief and Tom Lazzara, Barry Wenger and Ken Whitman tuned their R390 to the freq's that Frank found for them sometimes. At the 2002 reunion we had 8 ditty boppers who served at Det 27 on the same trick.



Tom Lazzara



Barry Winger



Barry Winger, Ken Whitman, Frank Siebenaler, Betty Whitman & Judy Siebenaler







Frankie & Carlos Hunt



Janet & Arnold Steffen, Det 4, 58-59

Arnold's recent surgery went fine  
Praise The Lord!





Carol & Max Putter





Elaine & Sonny Ausbrooks



Debbie Lapp, Dean Lapp & Janet Steffen  
Bob Bentley standing



ONE OF THE DET 27 SPOOKS  
Jim Orr, Det 27, 63-64



Our TURKEY friends  
Tulin & Atakan Sobay



Here's two more Det 27 SPOOKS  
Dave Kern





The LATE Don Shipman





Dave & Katherine Kern



Bill Pruitt, Patty Green & Carolyn Pruitt









Dan Levy and his two girls





Janet Steffen & Sharon Wenger



Frankie Hunt, Ernie Carrick & Carlos Hunt



Mike Comroe, Judy Siebenaler & Tom Lazzara on the cruise to the Bahamas



Jim & Vicki Cox, Det 4, 66-67

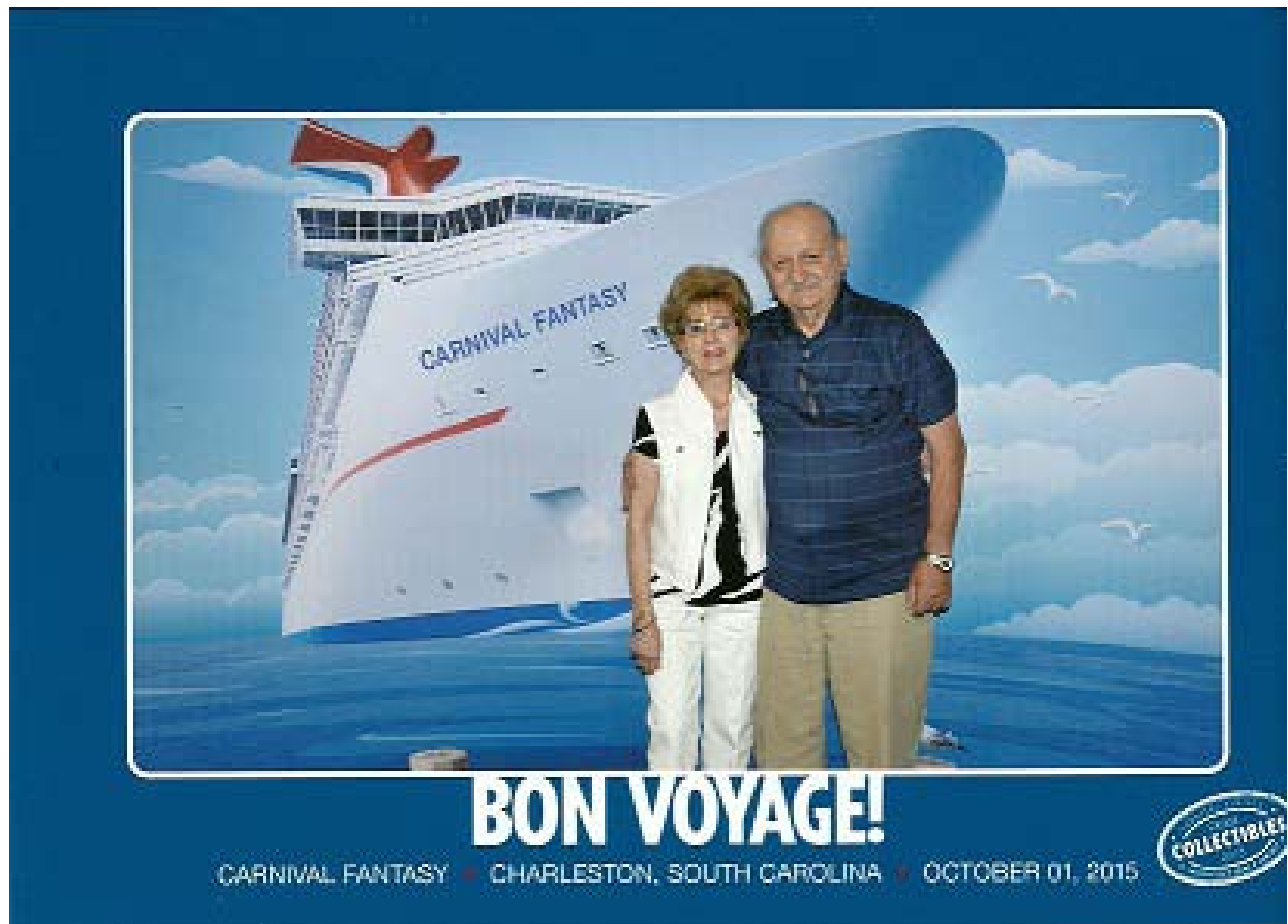




Mike & Jane Comroe



Carol & Tom Fittanti



*The gH & Patty Green on the cruise*

That's all for #302 – Boy was it a struggle for me to .....