

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #307



Some ASA Turkey Vets come and go in our lives via the DOOL, like nameless faces, never meant to be part of our lives until the ASA Hqs selected each of us for assignment to Turkey and then we found new friends to share simple, ordinary times in our lives, moments that become memories that stay in our hearts forever and we will never, ever be the same. Yes, Turkey did provide a growing up sense for many GI teenyboppers..... (18-19) and yes many ditty-boppers who outnumbered all other MOS's. And don't forget all those pin-ups that occupied space in wall-locker door's until inspection's!

Few events in our lives compare in scope or significance with our tour in Turkey.....

When you send an email to me at asagreenhornet@comcast.net - PLEASE include the word ASA in the subject line to insure that I open it and not mistake it for SPAM.

Realizing that some are more easily offended than others, I try to keep the political items to a minimum. However, Please keep this in mind. This DOOL is not set up and designed by anyone but me. So - if you do become upset or offended, let me know and I will remove your name from the mailing list. Thank you- -gH

In the TAPS section you will find the obituary for Judi Whitman and Ret Lt Col John CM Spivey.

To Judi's beloved Ken – Patty and I are saddened about your loss of Judi. I could always rely on Judi to sit at the registration table and greet and welcome the attendees. I always trusted her judgment and wisdom as well as her advice was always so well thought out and helpful.

Judi and Ken Whitman attended 10 reunions and would have attended more IF I had found them before 2007

About Lt Col John Spivey:

Patty and I first met John Spivey at a 2006 ASA picnic at Blobs Park, which was located next to Ft Meade. I had already known about 1LT Spivey when he was a well liked Company Commander at Ft Devens and his company was known as "Spivey's Tigers" as he would occasionally march the ditty-bopper students and call cadence to and from ditty-bop training.

Spivey made Captain and his next duty assignment was to Det 4 at Sinop in early May 1961. On 17 May 1961 Spivey was the Officer of the Day when a Turk soldier who was the cook for the Turk guards living on post - was accidentally shot by a unruly Turk guard at the front gate. That guilty Turk didn't want to be blamed for the shooting and he claimed along with other Turks that it was Bruce Mondahl that had pulled the trigger on the M1 carbine during a struggle between the guilty Turk and the cook for the Turkish unit.

If anyone is interested in the FULL story of this tragic and fatal incident go to: <http://dool-1.tripod.com> and click on DOOL #247 for my research and the factual account by SP4 Richard G. Sherrington who was the assigned Turk Linguist.

I will appreciate any additional info that can add to this tragic incident.

That incident caused the then Det 4 commander, Lt Col John P. Cox to get a bad report inserted into his record by the Det 27 commander, COL Van Oosten. The info I gathered on Cox was that he was an outstanding Commander and that caused him to be passed over for promotion to full colonel- -gH

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TAPS



Ken & Judi Whitman



Ken & Judi with their 3 sons, Mark, Bradley & Michael

Above photo's courtesy of Mark Whitman

Judith L. Whitman, wife of Kenneth G. Whitman, of Rehoboth Beach, DE and formerly of Trappe, PA, died Saturday, June 9, 2018 at her home. She was 75. Born on 10 May 1943 in Phoenixville, PA, she was the daughter of the late Ralph W. Sr. and Julia (Pete) Hilborn. Judy graduated from Spring-Ford High School in 1961. She was a

homemaker and was employed as a medical secretary.

Judy was a member of Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, Royersford, PA where she taught Sunday School for 30 years. Mrs. Whitman was also an active member of the Ladies Auxiliary of American Legion Post 17, Lewes, DE for twenty years.

In addition to her husband of 55 years, she is survived by her sons: Mark D., husband of Gael Whitman of Shillington, PA; Bradley A., husband of Stacy Whitman of New Hanover Twp., PA; and Michael P., husband of Adrienne Whitman of Schwenksville, PA; 5 Grandchildren: Ryan, husband of Kelly Whitman, Kendall, Cole, Kaley and Avery Whitman; Two Brothers: Ralph Jr., husband of Kathy Hilborn of Fleetwood, PA; and Robert, husband of Helen Hilborn of Moscow, PA.

Her Funeral Service was held at Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, Main Street at Sixth Ave., Royersford, PA on Saturday, June 16, 2018 at 11:00 am. Officiating was Rev. Janelle L. Kraus. Burial was in the Schwenksville Cemetery.

TAPS

REARICK, Vergil E, SSG, E6, Det 27, MR63-AU65, 35 Warren Rd., Townsend, MA 01469

Vergil E. Rearick, 68, of 35 Warren Road, Townsend, MA died 14 Oct. 2006 at his residence after an illness.

Mr. Rearick was born in Elderton, Pa. on 18 May 1938, a son of Roy A. and Ellen M. (Silvis) Rearick, and has resided in Townsend, MA for more than 30 years.

For 20 years, Mr. Rearick served his country in the Army Security Agency retiring in 1975 at the rank of First Sergeant. Following his retirement from the armed services, he worked at the Intelligence School at Fort Devens as an instructor and counselor. Other ASA assignments: 12 USASAFS, Chitose, Japan, 1st USASAFS, Vint Hill Farm, VA; Unit 10, Cario, Egypt.; ASA Liaison Office, Ft Monroe, VA., FS Bad Aibling, Germany, FS Thialand, 509th RR Group, Saigon, RVN and 2 tours at USASATC&S at Fort Devens.

He was an active member and past master of the Charles W. Moore Lodge of Masons in Fitchburg. He was a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason, and a Sir Knight York Rite Mason. He was a member of the Aleppo Temple of the Lodge of Shriners.

An avid hunter, Mr. Rearick was a member of the Massachusetts Bow Owners Association and in 2003 was inducted into their Hall of Fame. He was a member of several of the area's Rod & Gun clubs.

He was a member of the Townsend VFW and American Legion Post as well as the Disabled American Veterans Nashoba Chapter # 43.

He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Lois A. (Miller) Rearick; a son and daughter-in-law; Jeffery E. and Bonnie Rearick of Ashby; a daughter and son-in-law; Tammy M. and Tom Carmichael of Ashby; two brothers, Thomas R. Rearick of Florida, Dennis L. Rearick of Elderton, Pa.; three sisters, Vivian L. Schaeffer, Martha A. Perry and Sondra Smeltzer all of Pennsylvania; five grandchildren; Adam J. Carmichael, Jason T. Carmichael, Garret T. Carmichael, Brendon E. Rearick and Travis J. Rearick. Burial was in Hillside Cemetery, Townsend, MA

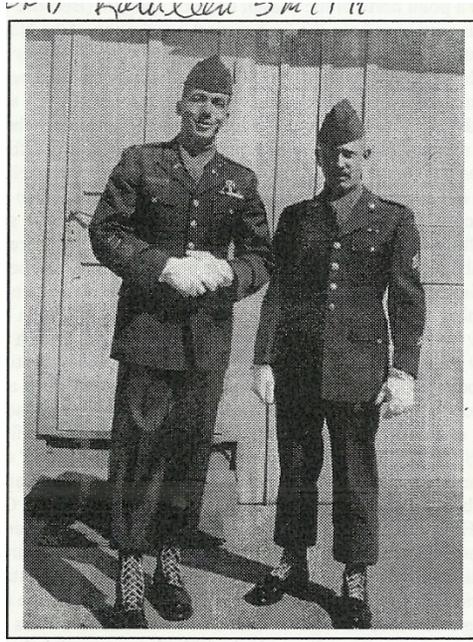
TAPS

John Calvin Madison Spivey, Jr. Lt Col, US Army, Ret.

John Spivey's death on 24 March 2018 was announced by his sister, Maxine Tippet of Carthage, North Carolina. The cause was brain cancer. John was born in rural White Hill, Moore County, NC. He joined the Army when he was 17 and left the service after 23 years as a Lieutenant Colonel.



John Spivey at the 2004 ASA Picnic at Blobs Park, Md



Cpt John C.M. Spivey & Sgt Wyman D. Roten

The above photo was sent to me by Wyman Roten. It was taken in March 1962 for a formal outing by the ASA CG, MG Denholm at Det 4. .

171: SPIVEY, John C.M. . Jr., YOB: 1932 DOD: 24MR2018, 86y, CPT, Det 4 61-62, 1400 S. Joyce St., Apt1136, Arlington, VA 22202, 703-521-7581, spiveyjohn@prodigy.net Ret LtCol

His first assignment took him to Korea in support of Marines for the invasion of Inchon Korea in mid-September 1950. As an enlisted non-com he participated in the nuclear testing at Yucca Flats, Nevada. John graduated from Officers' Candidate School in Fort Benning, Georgia in September 1955 and from the Command and General Staff College in 1969
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One of his first assignments was to Fort Devens as a Company commander. Later on he was assigned to the Army Security Agency Materials Support Command at Arlington, Hall. Along the way his assignments included, in addition to Korea as an NCO, NATO, Vietnam, Indochina, Germany, and Turkey.

He retired from the service in 1972. During his retirement years he obtained a pilot's license, traveled to over 195 countries including the Arctic, Antarctic. He was a member of the Army-Navy Country Club; a volunteer with Meals on Wheels and did escort duty as a member of the Auxiliary at the Virginia Hospital Center. He participated in the Army's program to assist new retirees. His great sport was tennis. As an amateur he had a vast collection of trophies which the family plans to install in a "John Calvin Madison Spivey Memorial" on Spivey Road in Carthage.

He leaves behind in addition to his sister, Maxine, his brother Lendon; his good friend Ruth Kolozy and many beloved nieces, nephews, most of Carthage as well as friends in the Northern Virginia area. As is his want, John will be at rest at Putnam Friends Church, 136 Putnam Church Road, Carthage, NC.

He retired from the ASA in 1972. During his retirement years he obtained a pilot's license, traveled to over 195 countries including the Arctic & Antarctic. He was a member of the Army-Navy Country Club; a volunteer with Meals on Wheels and did escort duty as a member of the Auxiliary at the Virginia Hospital Center. He participated in the Army's program to assist new retirees. His great sport was tennis. As an

amateur he had a vast collection of trophies which the family plans to install in a "John Calvin Madison Spivey Memorial" on Spivey Road in Carthage, North Carolina. He leaves behind in addition to his sister, Maxine, his brother Lendon; his good friend Ruth Kolozy and many beloved nieces, nephews, most of Carthage as well as friends in the Northern Virginia area. As is his want, John will be at rest at Putnam Friends Church, 136 Putnam Church Road, Carthage, NC.

DOOL #136: SPIVEY, John C. M Jr., YOB: 1932, CPT, Det 4, ??61-??62, (never married), 1400 S. Joyce St., Apt 1136, Arlington, VA 22202, 703-521-7581, spiveyjohn@prodigy.net.

SPIVEY IN KOREA.

"Son", the North Carolina 'revonooer' 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. He was 17 at the time. His small Army unit advanced with the Marines from Inchon, Yong Dong Po, crossed the Hahn, and after several days and stiffened resistance, took Seoul.

"The marines couldn't have done it without us," he says ---(typical young army newly promoted PFC braggadocia!!). 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, Spivey became a member of a team supporting the Republic of Korea (ROK) Capital Division. This division, probably Korea's best at the time -- with a hard-charging Commanding General 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. No Teamster Union there at that time!). Spivey iterated his desire to make comment on his return to the states. Many words have been written about the Korean War 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?!)

DOOL #143: SPIVEY, John C. M. Jr., YOB: 1932 CPT Det 4, AP61-AP62, 1400 S. Joyce St., Apt 1136, Arlington, VA 22202

At the present time am unable to commit to the 2004 ASA reunion dates in Sept. Would love to get there ---Sinop & ASA personnel are special. Incidentally, two of the events occurring in that period involve ASA. Also the AWKs (ASA class & inductees) are holding a reunion in Colorado Springs.

By the way, Jim Boyte, lived in my hometown of Carthage, NC. Talked to him a couple times about the Det 4 Chapel and his tour there. He extended in order to finish the job. Never met his wife. A great family.

For now, again thanks & keep up the good work. Spivey (:)

TAPS

SFC. John E. Hagamon Jr., U.S. Army (Ret.)



SFC John E. Hagamon, Jr., U.S. Army (ret.), passed away August 2, 2008 in Austin, TX. He was born on March 10, 1932 in Glenfork, WV to John & Thelma Hagamon, Sr. He retired from the U.S. Army Security Agency and lived in San Antonio. He was preceded in death by his wife Janice O. Hagamon. He is survived by his children, Lisa Jordon & husband Dennis, Stephen Hagamon, Pamela Lowe & husband Warren, Erika Yarrington & husband Jimmy and Paula Hagamon; grandchildren, Jessica Hagamon, Megan & Sara Yarrington. Graveside Service were held on 6 August 2008 at Ft. Sam Houston National Cemetery with Full Military Honors. HAGAMON, John E., YOB 1932 RA13429278 058 E6 Watch NCO TK#4 Det 27, MY62-15NO63, (Janice-dec), 3206 Cripple Creek St., San Antonio, TX 78209, 210-829-8872, johnhagamon@aol.com

I enlisted in the US Army in Beckley, WV in 1950. Took basic and advanced training at Fort Knox KY, and upon graduation went in the ASA and was sent to Fort Devens for training as a Morse Code Interceptor (MOS 1717).

John Hagamon's DITTY-BOPPER DAYS

I was in one of the first Morse Code classes to be trained at Devens, as the school was previously located at Carlisle Barracks PA. After training as a ditty bopper (1717) was sent to West Germany where I served 2 1/2 years with the 331st Comm Recon Company in Giessen and Koenigsluter (Mobil unit) formerly the 114th Signal Service Co. I loved this assignment and the work (although the field tents at Koenigsluter were really cold) . Was promoted to Sgt E5 in March 1955 and then returned to CONUS where I was assigned as a 1717 (later 058) instructor. I loved Fort Devens and loved teaching the new students arriving for MOS training. I also loved the girls from Endicott Girls College near Fort Devens , but on one night in April 1955 I met a young lady from Lowell by the name of Janice Odille Siegars with whom I would wind up spending 48 years John Hagamon and his daughter, Erika, at the 2005 reunion at San Antonio with. We dated for 16 months and were married in St Patricks Cathedral in Lowell on 14 July 1956. I remained an instructor at Devens, and took an apartment in Lowell until September 1958, at which time I received assignment to the 3rd USASA Field Station at Sobe, Okinawa. OKINAWA Janice and our newborn daughter Lisa, born in August 1958 accompanied me to Okinawa where we lived in Government Quarters in Sukuran..The 3rd Field Station was a great assignment with very interesting work, but three years on an island (any island) is a long time. However, a son, Stephen, was born in March 1960 so we really had something new to bring home. We departed Okinawa in January 1961

and returned to Fort Devens.

THE END OF MY DITTY-BOPPER DAYS

On arrival at Devens, I found that the school was looking for experienced personnel to cross-train to MOS 059. I took the opportunity and upon completion of the course was assigned to Vint Hill Farms Station in Warrenton VA. There I served as a Room Supervisor (059) until May 1962 at which time I received orders for TUSLOG Det 27, Manzarali Station Turkey. The word at VHFS at that time was that Manzarali Station was the arm pit of the world. With that information and the fact that no Government Quarters were available at the time, I moved the family back to Lowell to live near her parents while I went to Turkey alone. As things turned out, Manzarelli station was not the armpit of the world, but one of the best and most interesting assignments of my career. I arrived in Turkey in June 1962 aboard a PAN AM flight.on which flight I met another man headed for Ankara. That gentleman was Captain Gerald G. Gibbs. While I went onto Manzarelli Station, Captain Gibbs went to Ankara. It wasn't until about a week later that Capt Gibbs showed up at Det 27 as the new Operations Company Commander. Upon my arrival was given an in-briefing and assigned as Trick Chief TK#4.(also known as Watch NCO) The Watch Officer was 1st Lt. Bobby Mize, but before I even got to know him, he was replaced by a young 2nd Lt by the name of Dave Tavernetti. We were fortunate enough to develop an excellent working relationship and were ourselves learning a brand new mission. This partnership and the partnership with the troops of Trick 4 was one of success and development of many good friends. In addition to the mission, we supported the Sports Program, and Trick#4 was the Trick to beat in all sports at Manzarali Station. However, the ticking clock and different life paths ended the unique 18 months friendships that included Hank Neill (Buck Sgt Commo

Chief Tk#4, later to be Colonel Hank Neill, Chief of the Finance Corp at Fort Benjamin Harrison IN., Vern. Raffensberger, Mike Comroe, Vinnie DeCerbo, Bob Deines, Dick Gut, Rod Tully, Jeff Wadley, Dan Levy, Lou Cassaro, Roland Carter, Charlie Johnson, Tom Broumel, Tom Fittante, Don Borders, John Rowell, Dick Ball, Dick Lowrance and many others that presently escape my memory. The CO's of De 27 during my tour were Col Van Oosten and Lt Col Vernon Cornelius. I was reminded of the up-rooting of newly planted trees on Manzarelli Station recently by E-Mail, and can't help but wonder, if the person sending the E-Mail was innocent, how did he remember this so well after 44 years. Nit-NIT. Almost forgot, I was promoted to SSgt E-6 shortly after taking over TK#4, and upon completion of my tour, returned to Devens as an instructor in E-Division 059.4, now 05K.40, This was an unusual tour, as I spent many nights at the school with a group of five other NCO's re-writing the 059 Instruction Course, Shortly after developing the new Training Course for 059's in 1966 I again received travel orders and was sent to Fort Meade, Maryland for training in a Compartmented Program at NSA. Upon completing this training, was sent to Berlin Germany for work at the USASA Berlin Field Station. By the way, I was promoted to SFC E-7 just prior to leaving for Fort Meade (June 1966) The work was Compartmented, and probably still is, so there's not much to say except Berlin was one of the plush assignments of my career. HOWEVER. after three years there, I received those unexpected orders, you're going to Vietnam. Forgive me a moment while I digress, Senility sucks. While at Devens prior to going to Berlin, the wife and I had another child, a girl we named Pamela who is now a Nurse at Ball Memorial Hospital in Muncie IN. She was born on the night of the big black-out in New England, 9 November 1965. What can I say??. Now back to Berlin for one moment. During that Berlin tour, which I said was plush and many good times were

had we had two more children, Erika, born January 1967, and Paula, born May 1968. Now to Vietnam.. After leaving Berlin, I moved the family to West Virginia to live near my parents while on the Nam tour.. Prior to leaving for Vietnam, I was sent to Two Rock Ranch California for a month's training in Target Area Orientation Training (TAOT). Upon completion of TAOT, I continued on, arriving in Saigon (509th Radio Research Group) in early September 1969. At Group, received combat issue gear and was further shipped to the Central Highlands as Ops Sergeant to the 374th RR Co, 4th Inf Div, Pleiku. The mission at the 374thRRC was basically the same as any other assignment, except you saw much more reaction to the Intelligence provided to the Division Commander. We had fixed as well as mobile positions which were placed (as very small teams) at every Fire Support Base and LZ in the 4th Inf Div AO. In addition, we had Project Left Bank platforms, UH1B helicopters for ARDF. Also with that, we had a platform mounted in a M1A1 APC. This Halftrack vehicle was operated completely by our 374thRRC personnel who were trained to drive, maintain,man the 50 cal gun and run full intercept capabilities. These teams included an Analyst/Linguist during each employment. While there is much to be said about the 374th RRC, I'll just leave a quote from a letter from LTC William F. Strobridge,GS,AC of S G2, 4th Inf Div upon my departure from Vietnam, The Special Intelligence provided by the 374th RRC,coupled with collateral information enabled the Division to effectively target on enemy units in a vast area of operations and over very diversified terrain. The competence and professionalism displayed by you and your operators is especially worthy of note and has drawn favorable comments from the Commanding General and Staff of the 4th Inf Div. So goodbye Vietnam, hello puzzle palace. Upon returning from Vietnam, and looking forward to another tour at the ASA School , I was surprised to learn I was being

sent to San Antonio for duty with the US Air Force Security Service, (now the Air Intelligence Agency) at Kelly AFB. I arrived in San Antonio in October 1970 as NCOIC Army Element to USAFSS, Electronic Warfare Center. There were six of us assigned to the project, Maj. Barney Lance, OIC, one 1LT and three Analysts. Our mission was working with the Air Force, Navy, and Marines in determining the cause and effect of MIJI, the Meaconing, Intrusion, Jamming and Interference against Communications and Radar aboard Aircraft, whether intentional or unintentional. The job was interesting and challenging, but I always felt that was out of my element and longed to get back to an Army unit, whether it be Fort Devens, Vietnam or wherever. So at the end of three years, September 1973, I requested to be transferred. I was informed that I was going to be transferred, but to an Air Force Installation in Augsburg, Germany. At that point, I discussed the situation with my wife and decided to hang it up and just stay in San Antonio until the kids in high school graduated then maybe head back East. So, I retired on 1 December 1973 and here it is 34 years later and I'm still in SA, and happy. Now, to go back a little bit once again. Upon arriving in San Antonio, we bought a home and settled in for a long haul. Janice, always being career orientated went to work as a secretary at a local bank after the kids were all in school. Upon my Military retirement I enrolled in San Antonio College trying to decide what to do for the remainder of my contributing years. I got a Commercial Pest Control license and spent the next few years as manager of a local company. Meanwhile, Janice had left the bank and began a career with the Texas Education Agency as a consultant in the Migrant Education Program. Shortly thereafter, I liked the hours Jan worked, especially the free weekends, so I applied, was accepted and spent the next 20 years with the Northeast School District in San Antonio. Both of us retired from TEA in year 2000, she in January and I in

June. All the children were now married or moving in the direction of a life of their own. So, we hit the road, going to all the places we had yearned to see or see again for a long time .During years 2000, 2001 and 2002, we were everywhere from Kennybunk, Maine to Las Vegas, all of California, then North to the Tetons and the Snake River in Idaho. But our pleasures were short lived, or perhaps we even overdid our travels, but Jan suffered a heart problem in late summer of 2002, and never fully recovered, passing on 6 August 2003. I have remained in San Antonio and spends most of my time with the grand kids,of which there are three, and thoroughly enjoying having gotten back in touch with some of the good friends of so long ago. I attended my first ASA reunion in San Antonio in September 2005 and am counting the days until the next one. Hoping to see all of you and more in Kentucky this summer. So long, So long. An old ditty-bopper at heart -John

John Calvin Spivey, Jr. Lt Col, US Army, Ret.

John Spivey's death on 24 March 2018 was announced by his sister, Maxine Tippett of Carthage, North Carolina. The cause was brain cancer. John was born in rural White Hill, Moore County, NC. He joined the Army when he was 17 and left the service after 23 years as a Lieutenant Colonel.

His first assignment took him to Korea in support of Marines for the invasion of Inchon Korea in mid-September 1950. As an enlisted non-com he participated in the nuclear testing at Yucca Flats, Nevada. John graduated from Officers' Candidate School in Fort Benning, Georgia in September 1955 and from the Command and General Staff College in 1969-1970.

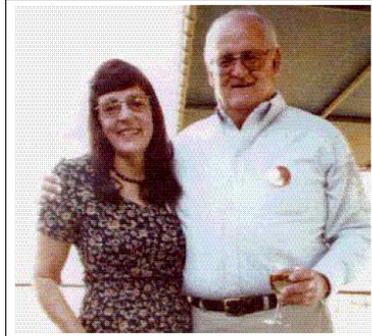
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He leaves behind in addition to his sister, Maxine, his brother Lendon; his good friend Ruth Kolozy and

many beloved nieces, nephews, most of Carthage as well as friends in the Northern Virginia area. As is his want, John will be at rest at Putnam Friends Church, 136 Putnam Church Road, Carthage, NC.

SPRINGMEYER, Roy L., SP5, 058, Tk#2, Det 27, SE60-OC62, (Nancy),



ROY AND NANCY SPRINGMEYER

Roy Springmeyer, age 67, passed away on 6 February 2006 from complications due to Lou Gehrig's Disease (ALS). Roy was born in Cortez, CO on 14 June 1938, After finishing high school, Roy's basketball coach asked him to consider continuing his education at Porterville Junior College where the coach had recently accepted a position. Roy grad fm "Old P.U." as called it, in 1958. Shortly thereafter he enlisted in the US Army and specifically for ASA duty.

Roy was trained as a Morse Code intercept operator and his first assignment was in Turkey from 1960 to 1962. Shortly before he was discharged, the Cuban Missile Crisis broke out and his service time was extended. His unit was instrumental in intercepting Russian communications that stated thar Russia would not go to war over Cuba.

Roy was honorably discharged in 1962, he returned Porterville and took a position with the Porterville Police Dept. While there, he came face-to-face with one of the most infamous motorcycle clubs in the world; the Hells Angels. Roy was one of the few patrolmen on duty the day that the Hells Angels came to town in late summer of 1963. He was the only officer to respond to a reported fight between the Hells Angels and a regular at a local bar that occurred that day. He bravely, if not foolishly, walked into a barfull of Hells Angels by himself to take the report. Roy said many times that that was one of thr most exciting days of his life.

Roy then moved to the Visalia Police dept beginning as a patrolman and rising through the ranks to Chief of Police Operations. He then took a position as Municipal Services Manager and later became Director of General Services.

Roy retired in 1995 after working for the City of Visalia fpr 30 years. More than 200 people gathered at the Visalia Convention Center to roast and say goodbye to a man they loved.

Roy is survived by his wife of nearly 42 years, Nancy Springmeyer, His daughter Melyssa, his son Brian, his daughter-in-law Roseanna. - - -

BIO

Elder, Here's my overdue BIO: Roy L. Springmeyer, Sp/5 058 Det 27 1960-1962
Wife is Nancy.

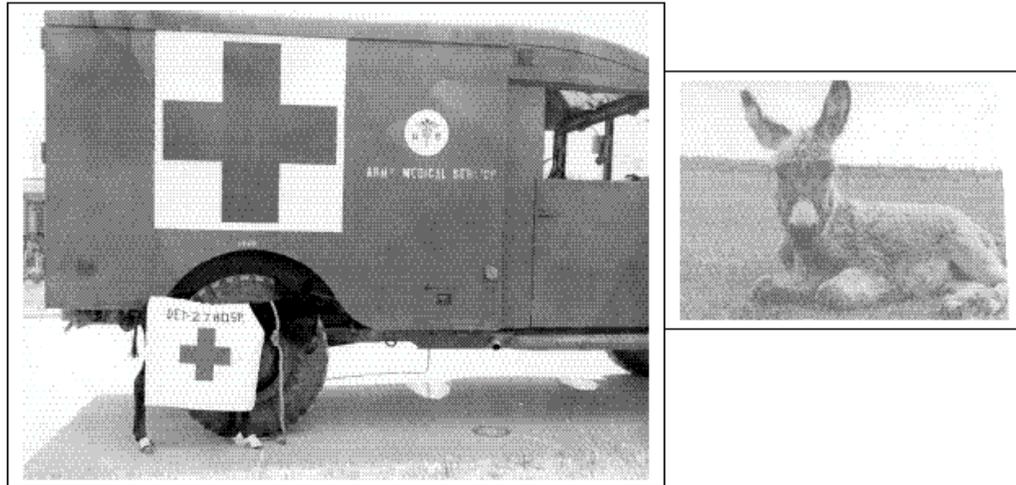
I arrived at Manzaralli Station in September 1960 for what I thought was a 18 month tour but due to the Berlin Crisis I had the pleasure of staying 2 years and 21 days. It worked out for me because with the extension I had less than 90 days to go on my enlistment so I was given an early out. The scariest thing about the whole situation was that some other guys and I had orders to come home and Pres. Kennedy made his famous speech about the blockade of Cuba three days before our scheduled departure. We just knew that we were going to get another JFK extension. Some of us kind of hid out those last three days, thinking that if they couldn't find us they couldn't change our orders. Well, we got off on time and drank the plane dry between Paris and New York. I was assigned to Trick #2 all the time I was at Site 23. I met some pretty decent people and some of the friendships still linger on after all these years. I have some bad news, I recently became aware of the deaths of two of our old Trick #2 buddies, namely Bob Erickson and William McClelland, Larry Vanvehoven, another 058, informed me that he, too, has had health problems and that he has had a heart transplant and that Wm McClelland died in the 1970's from cancer. Maybe Larry can fill us in a little more about McClelland's death. Bob Erickson from Iowa passed away in February of 1999. I talked to his widow Sharron (563-427-3353 - if you call, call early as she works and goes to bed early), and she said that Bob often talked about his Det 27 experiences and friends from his ASA days almost every day of his life. Both of these guys will be missed. I remember a few incidents that occurred while I was at Det 27. But keep in mind that was forty years ago and perhaps my memory has faded. One incident that stands out concerned most of the Trick #2 manual morse section. I did not participate in this event but savored the stories about it. Seems a group of Trick #2 guys went Bowling in one of Bars in Ankara called the Majestic Bar. They were all having a geat time buying tea for the girls but when the time came to pay the Tab a disagreement occurred about the amount owed. Somehow a regular riot broke out and the Turkish Police and the Air Police got involved and all the guys were taken to the station. As I recall there were several forms of disciplinary action taken. Maybe you can get the whole story from others who were involved in this caper. Trick #2 athletic teams were known after that as the "Majestic Raiders".

FTA DIVERSION

I remember when some of the guys on our trick would draw pictures on 3X5 cards and color them up to resemble flames and whatever. Then a few choice slogans began to appear here and there on the stupid little cards. Some of the slogans were like FTA etc. These cards were a harmless form of self expression. However, This one nameless Lt. pushed the panic button and collected them all and turned them in and a major investigation occurred to determine if the Communists had infiltrated Manzaralli. Well,

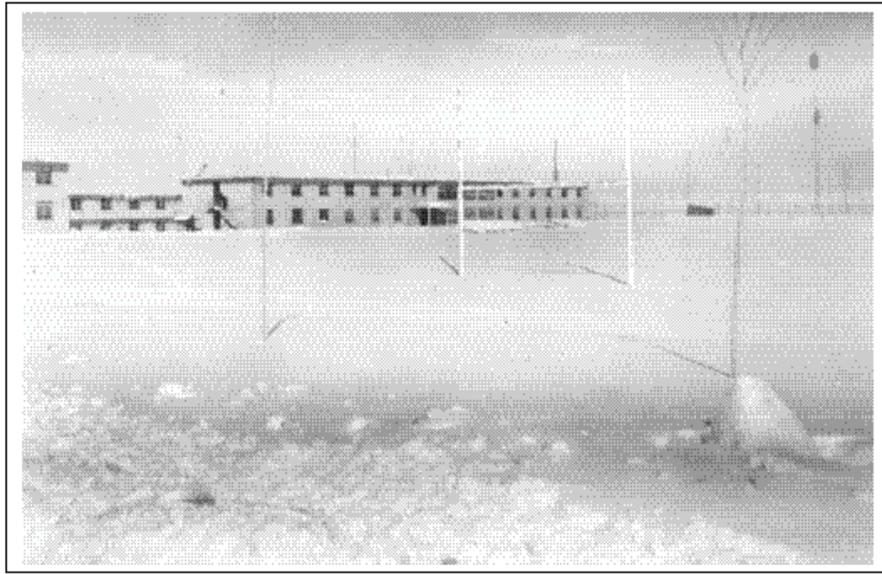
this caught on like wildfire. We had a T-shirt flying on the flagpole one morning with FTA printed front and back. We even had one of the numerous stray dogs wearing a T-shirt with FTA printed on it and sporting it all around the Post. It wasn't too long after that, that all the stray dogs disappeared. The Communists must have gotten them! Anyway, I think one of the investigators brought down from Europe figured out that this whole affair was a lot to do about nothing. But it sure provided a diversion for a while. Nothing ever came of it.

ANYONE REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MEDICS MASCOT



We all remember the Alcoholic Asak (donkey) who liked to hang out on the patio at the NCO Club and drink beer with the boys. It also liked cruising the sidelines at the Flag Football games begging for beer. I saw him, on a couple of occasions, walk up behind someone on the sideline and nudge them in the back with his snout. I guess it was his way of asking the person to share his beer. I really don't know what ever happened to our alcoholic friend, but one of the stories going around just before I left Turkey was that he had been out rolling in the mud and had gotten himself matted with mud and he stopped by the rear of the Mess Hall, just like he always did, to get a hand out from the kitchen help. Well. rumor had it that one of the German or Italian cooks saw him and was repulsed by his filthy condition so he told a couple Abis to clean him off. So they proceeded to do it.....with a steam cleaner! He was last seen heading over the hill. He must have quit drinking cause he never came back. The NCO Club was never the same.

WHO BROKE THE TREES



Then there was the case of the broken trees. A lot of effort was put into landscaping the post and a whole bunch of trees about as big around as your thumb were planted lining all the sidewalks. It really looked nice, it surely beat the sight and odor of all that Goat manure that they spread all over everything. One night someone worked his frustrations out on the trees on his way back from the NCO Club and broke a whole bunch of them. It really made someone mad, we started having interior guard duty for a while. I missed that one also, my name was on the next duty roster for guard duty the day they stopped it. Its the only time I can remember that the Army's alphabetically by rank policy worked in my favor. I don't think we ever found out who pulled this little caper.

THE TAG TEAM

One other little story that I remember involved two ditty-boppers! Ted Langley (from Chicago- was a hard throwing pitcher on the Det 27 BASEBALL TEAM) and Joe Kelly, from Boston had an ongoing game of "tag" between them for well over a year. It might still be going on for all I know. Anyway, you would see them chasing one another all over,..... the mess hall, the barracks, one of them would break into a formation to "tag" the other. We would see them in Ankara at the AFEX chasing each other. Langley was on Trick #2 and Kelly was on Trick #3, I think. No place was sacred. The game just went on and on everywhere all the time. After a while when you saw these two guys chasing each other all over the place you kind of accepted it as what they did. End of Story.

Back to the BIO I got out of the ASA and went home to Colorado and then decided to spend the winter with my parents in California. While in Calif. I got a job in Law Enforcement and spent 22 years in a local Police Dept. Then I went into Public Works for a period of 10 years and worked in almost every Department in the City of Visalia, Calif. I retired in 1995 as Director of General Services. That's about it

MAIL call

COMROE, Mike, E3-E5, 059, Tk#4, Det 27, JL61-22DE62, Audubon, PA
COOK, Leo J., E5, 98J, Det 4, AP66-MR67, 11m&10d, Sentinel Butte, ND
DUNNAM, Gary (Duck), E3-E5, 98C, Det 27 & 4-4, 66-69, Victoria, TX
DYER, Wayne. E3-E5, 058, Det 4, NO68-DE69, Groton, VT
GLUBKA, Roger, 72B, Det 27, FE64-6AU65, Ft Sam Houston, TX
GOODMAN, Jay, MP, Det 4, SE72-SE73
HILBURN, Herb, E4-E5, 765.10, Det 27, hilburn@comcast.net
HINTON, Bruce, SP4, 98J20J1, Det 4, 70-71, no address given
LOGSDON, Jim, SP5, C/C, Det 4, FE62-FE63, Union, KY
POTTER, Elliott E, SP5, 058, DET 27, 63-64, Beaufort, NC

MAIL call in alphabetical order

COMROE, Mike, YOB: 1939, RA13693057, SP4, 059, Tk#4, Det 27, JL61-22DE62, (Jane), 205 Pinetown Rd., Audubon, PA 19403, 610-666'7402, pennstateblue@verizon.net

Mike called on 14 June 18 ref the death of Judi Whitman. Mike & Jane will be attending the viewing as the funeral home is nearby their home. The two photo's below were sent tp Mike from Dick Ball and clearly shows the trees that were planted in 1962 that the beer drinkers were guilty of breaking on their staggering way home to their barracks.



That's the Det 27 football field and Hqs building in the center of the photo and the right photo leads tp the Mess Hall. Please note all the young and recently planted

trees that dome of them did not survive the wrath of many on their way from the NCO Club to the barracks

COOK, Leo J., "Jack", E5, 98J, Det 4, AP66-MR67, 11m&10d, 150 Elliott St., Sentinel Butte, ND 58654, 701-260-0915, ljcook@yahoo.com

On 5/2/18, at 1:03 PM Lj Cook wrote:

asagreenhornet@comcast.net

Dear Elder Green and Patty,

I am interested in getting on your list for the Days of our lives news letter. I enlisted in NOV 1963 and after boot camp went to school at Ft. Monmouth NJ. It was a great education with 2 German solders in our class. Then my class traveled by train to Tucson AZ, and bus to Ft. Huachuca AZ in April 1964.

After that training we all shipped out in July 1965 and was stationed at Ft. Lewis, WA,. And while there

I graduated from the Army NCO. Academy and continued training. Because the unit was going to VN; my group was told we could choose Alaska or Turkey. I was in the group that left as a "buck" Sgt. for Sinop in April 1966. At Det 4 the grade was changed to Sp5 and I had my 11 month and 10 day tour. A few of us then returned state side to Ft. Hood, TX..

The ASA gave me a great education that helped me in civilian life start into Technology and computers.

Thanks for your time. "Jack" Leo J Cook

On Thu, 5/3/18, ELDER GREEN <asagreenhornet@comcast.net> wrote:

Subject: Re: TUSLOG Det 4

To: "Lj Cook" <lj.cook@yahoo.com>

Date: Thursday, May 3, 2018, 5:09 PM

MERHABA Jack, Thanks for getting in touch with me. I will have U put on the DOOL roster. Now I need some info from U so that I can introduce U to the members that receive the DOOL every month. Your mailing address & ph number. I'm assuming that U were a 98J (Elint specialist), the names of your friends who served at Det 4. Also include how U got to Sinop fm Ankara.

My DOOL website is: <http://dool-1.tripod.com> Send me your ph number and I'll give U a call.

I was trained for 98J specialist at Det 4 in Sinop. My memory is not that good any more. I remember, Eddie Alonzo, Ken Smith, a guitar player (Cassady), Tom Urien, to name a few.

We flew on a Turk airline to Samsun and then I got a ride on the mail plane. The other guys had to ride in a truck/ or mini bus. Thanks for your support. "Jack" Leo J Cook

DUNNAM, Gary (Duck), E3-E5, 98C, Det 27 & 4-4, 66-69, 104 N Liberty St.,
Victoria, TX 77901



Gary Dunnam at the 2005 ASA Reunion at San Antonio, TX

Dear G. Hornet

I looked at all the recent pictures and realized that there was no one I knew from my days at Det 27 and Det 4-4. Maybe most of these guys have been abducted by aliens and taken back to Turkey!

I still remember the great times I had those 40 months in Turkey. I know that many of those I knew are now gone. Nothing to be gained by getting depressed about it.

I have been thinking, though..... Whatever happened to the T/A Log from Det 27? There were priceless things written in it. It is how many of us blew off steam - just to keep our sanity. I suppose it was shredded. (Hey Duck - I don't know what happened to it. In fact I don't recall knowing anything about it

Sorry you are having a problem with neuropathy. When we get older "It's always something!"

Keep the faith and hang in there. G. Duck

It is hot as hell in South Texas..... and DRY!

DYER, Wayne. YOB 1949, RA11915551, 058, Det 4, NO68-DE69, (Toni), 14 Mountain View Dr., Groton, VT 05046, 802-584-3730, diatribe@charter.net
Elder,

Ref DOOL #306

Here is a scan of my Sinop cigarette box and lighter that I got in December 1969. They just switched to a generic brand from Zippo just before I got mine.

Also, if you (or some of the other guys who plan these things) are willing to try I will help you check out the Burlington, Vermont area for a fall 2019 reunion. It may be too expensive as flatlander/leaf peeper prices are in effect in Vermont in the fall. The peak foliage time is the last week in September in the north and the second weekend in October in the south. Hotels will be filled for fall 2018 by now and 2019 will have some reservations already made. On those weekends every room in the state is filled and some towns open school gymnasiums, etc. and some people open their homes for stranded families who do not have a place to stay. Early and late weekends are less hectic.

In the Burlington area there is a ton of history around the revolution (Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys), Fort Ticonderoga, NY, the Republic of Vermont, as well as Lake Champlain attractions, Mount Mansfield, Vermont Teddy Bear Co., Shelburne Museum, Ben and Jerry's, Cabot Cheese and many more involving the maple sugaring industry. There is a Sam's Club, Turkish restaurant and a descent sized airport.

GLUBKA, Roger A., YOB: 1944, 72B, Det 27, FE64-6AU65, (Michelle), Ft Sam Houston, TX



Michelle & Roger Glubka

GOODMAN, Jay, YOB 1952, CPL, MP, Det 4, SE72-SE73



Jay Goodman and his 2 brothers

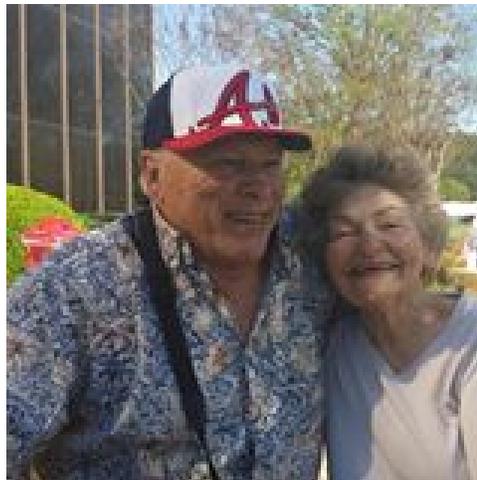


Jay Goodman with his Dad and 2 brothers



Jay Goodman with his mother and 2 brothers

HILBURN, Herbert E., DOB: 2AP1941 RA14718101, E4-E5, 765.10, Det 26, (Betty),
hhilburn@comcast.net



Herb & Betty Hilburn

SORRY YOU AND PATTY COULDN'T ATTEND THE 2018 REUNION. EVERYONE SEEMED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. WOULD YOU SEE IF YOU HAVE A CRYPTO EQUIPMENT REPAIRMAN (MOS 340?) AT DET 27 IN 1961 NAMED PAUL SINGER.

IT SEEMS LIKE I REMEMBER HIM BECAUSE THE EQUIPMENT I REPAIRED WAS HOOKED TO HIS. I AM THE ONLY ONE I CAN FIND THAT HAD TO STAY TWO YEARS. (Herb- I have no info on Paul SINGERO

HINTON, Bruce, SP4, 98J20J1, Det 4, 70-71, no address given

Elder, The cropping solved the issue. Thanks for your attention to this reunion photo matter.. There was concern that a Facebook posting might happen, but the DOOL is only for us..

I really liked the atmosphere and comradery of the re-union and the way they extended such a warm welcome to a drop in with no time to stay. I hope to attend the future ones fully!

LOGSDON, Jim, SP5, C/C, Det 4, FE62-FE63, (Troy), 10642 Aspen Pl., Union, KY 41091, 859-384-0207, jlogsdon0207@twc.com

I saw in A DOOL that Dan Taylor was at Sinop from 8/61 to 7/62. I was there from 2/62 to 2/63. I was in the Comcenter during my time there. It appears that we were there at the same time for part of our tours. I also worked at the EM Club as a bouncer for part of the time. I was then sent to Vint Hill for my last 18 months and then came back to my home area Northern KY. I have kept up with a couple of Sinop Vets and attended the Dayton, OH 2016 reunion.

I would like to keep in contact please email me back. Thanks! Jim Logsdon

...

POTTER, Elliott E, SP5, 058, DET 27, 63-64, (Candy), 111Fort Lyttleton Rd., Beaufort, NC 29902, cell 843-221-3432, paddlepotter@gmail.com

Hi Elder, Great talking with you (on 5/18) about the possibilities of helping you. Don't want to be a burden. You've got enough to do. The email address you're using for me is fine. Our landline in Beaufort, SC, again, is 843-522-0104. The Tracfone #. is 843-271-3432. I will let you know what the landline no. in Maine is after we get there and get it connected. We will be in Maine from June 15 to Sept. 22. From there we will be in Penn Yan, NY, reachable only by email or cell, from Sept. 23-Oct. 21. Back in Beaufort by Sept. 25. Our address in Beaufort: Elliott & Candy Potter, 111 Fort Lyttleton Rd., Beaufort, SC 29902 In Maine: Elliott & Candy, 78 Ripples Rd., Mt. Desert, ME 04660 Cheers, hope we can make this work. Elliott

I'M STILL LOOKING FOR WILLIAM (Trash Can) BAKER TRASH CAN BAKER

What happened to William D. Baker? Few knew his first name. He was known as TRASH CAN Baker at Det 27 and also at Det 4-4.

DOES ANYONE KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS

Those who served at Det 27 and 4-4 during the period 1966-69 will remember the above Romanian linguist who was cross-trained as a 982/98C because of the lack of Romanian voice activity.

His given name was William David Baker, but most knew him as Frank because he called those he didn't know as Frank. Thus he was known by many as Frank the Baron Von Trash and more commonly as Trash Can Baker

Larry Carter penned the following story of how TRASH CAN BAKER got his famous name at TUSLOG DET 27. Baker is still counted as one of our missing veterans; he's seemingly vanished!): "...The Story of how Baker got his famous moniker! Frank was a linguist and a traffic analyst. At 4-4 most knew him as Frank because he called everyone Frank after his days at Monterey. He helped his roommate with his Spanish dialogues and was always "Pablo" who conversed with "Franciso", the other student linguist. He thought it was much simpler to always call everyone "FRANK" as he didn't want to learn names! Everyone, who knew Baker, soon learned what was going on, so they started calling him Frank as well. One day, Frank, and the rest of the Gross Lund Fan Club were in downtown Ankara visiting night spots and indulging in alcoholic spirits. On their way back to the AF Yeni Billets to catch the VAN Mercedes bus back to Site 23. They realized they were being followed. They started running for the billets and the Turks gave chase. They split up and ran down several alleys and escaped the Turks. Next day over breakfast, the Gross Lund Fan Club realized that Frank was missing so they went back downtown to find him. Backtracking, they heard a noise from a 55-gallon trash can down an alley. Inside was Frank. He became known as "TRASHCAN" after that incident. Frank went to Karamursel with us. MAJ Cima used to ride him unmercifully about his hair cut and moustache. To stop the pain, Frank shaved his moustache and his head. Since it was winter, his head got really cold. He found a leather motorcycle helmet in Yalova and started wearing it around; hence his next name was coined as "FRANK THE BARON VON TRASH"!

Last I heard, Frank had been working at Shemya as a civilian KP in 1970. Henry "Hank" Tolbert was indeed well educated. I think he studied at the University of Chicago. He was a nice guy, quiet, but friendly. Hopefully, the old memory will kick in and bring back more recollections of friends and experiences. Here are a few names I remember: Of course, you Sgt Green and your wife Patty, Louis Bolanos, Bill Binney, John Bean, Roger Schwarz, Mike and Penny McCrite, Rick Valentine, Rick Waltz, Robert Douglas, Gary Buchek, Tony Baldwin, Jerry Moon, Tom Rebholtz, James Beemiller, Pat Patterson, Joe Shoenfeldt, and Clark Bryan. Regards to one and all!"

Next is two entries from Mike Fisher and the first is: " I recall an incident at Fort Devens when I was attending T/A school in late '66. Because I attended DLI before going to Devens, I had already achieved the lofty rank of SP4 and was qualified to stand the CQ position. According to SOP, the CQ was relieved of duty the following day, or so I thought. I was at home resting from my draining night of coffee drinking and magazine reading, when my wife woke me and said the First Sergeant wanted to see me right away! I got dressed and went to see the First Sergeant, a nice enough fellow from Pennsylvania named Wilbur RODKEY. Well, Wilbur was not in any mood to discuss my CQ duty and he wanted to know why I wasn't in school! I told him CQ had the next day off, but not in 1SG Rodkey's Army – he only authorized a halfday off. He told me that if I ever pulled a stunt like that again, he would "PEEL THE LITTLE EAGLE OFF MY SLEEVE LIKE AN ONION!" WILBUR HAD A WAY WITH WORDS! Anyway, as I neared graduation, 1SG Rodkey took special pleasure in notifying me my next assignment was to DET 27, Turkey. And, oh by the way, guess where 1SG Rodkey was going as First Sergeant? Now you know the rest of the story!" The second from Mike Fisher was: "I recall at KAS our redbelly tradition got a little out of hand. The other services did not understand our long-standing ritual, and as a tenant, the Air Force attempted to ban the practice. Anyway, Major Cima wanted to put a stop to it, but he wanted to do it in a diplomatically acceptable way. The detachment scheduled a picnic at the KAS Beach and the whole unit was looking for a little B&B (Beer and Beer). Major Cima got a couple of us aside and told us that he gave us his permission to give LT FUZZ (2LT William C. Morris) a red belly.

RASMUSSEN,

Thanks, Elder, I loved this one! I wanted you to know that my Watch Officer at Manzarelli Station in Turkey, Lt. Dave Tavernetti, contacted me after reading my biography in the DOOL in which I mentioned the great job he and Sgt. Hagaman did for our Trick. We had a nice talk, told some war stories, and exchanged phone numbers, etc. Great to be called by your Lt. 54 years after my tour of duty in Turkey!

As always, I hope you are well! Ted Rasmussen