

# DAYS OF OUR LIVES #308

## PRESERVING FORGOTTEN TURKEY MEMORIES

I welcome articles, BIO's, stories, etc and certainly hope that all ASA Turkey Vet's will contribute and make the newsletter worthwhile. It has become difficult to contact vet's who served in Turkey. Why you ask? Nowadays the landline phones have been replaced by cell phones which are not listed in a directory. Another reason might be the loss of interest by some and that old timers simply do not have internet service.

Keep in mind that 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 imperfections that may appear herein. It's obvious I do not have all the answers - but the main thrust is to work together. Those of us ex-ASA'ers who served during the COLD WAR years (1945-1977) deserve to be remembered with the same honor that has been bestowed upon other COLD WAR veterans and I feel that the DOOL's provides an opportunity for all of us to promote a bit of ASA's proud history while perpetuating our own.

Here's an interesting fact: Since 2001 there have been 284 ASA Turkey veterans attending the annual reunions.

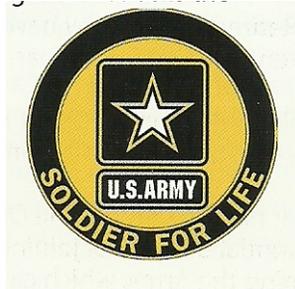
Thus, if the DOOL is to maintain its popularity - you - the readers must embrace a host of new ideas and keep them coming to my in-box. Stop procrastinating! Is it that it's not later yet? But by then, who cares! The search for new ASA Turkey vet's is not easy! Thank you, Elder RC Green, aka gH, [asagreenhornet@comcast.net](mailto:asagreenhornet@comcast.net)

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, [asagreenhornet@comcast.net](mailto:asagreenhornet@comcast.net) 1SG E8 USA(Ret)

In this DOOL I had inserted the well written 2019 ASA Turkey reunion sites and recommendations of Dean Lapp and Luther Jones, but now that info will be sent separately by Chuck Bergmann. Chuck informs that he sent the July 2018 DOOL, #307 to 375 ASA TURKEY vets with internet services and that only 240 recipients of the 375 opened #307. Apparently one thing not considered is that many veterans rely on and go to: <http://dool-1.tripod.com> to read the DOOL on a monthly basis or to read all the old DOOL's

The ASA Turkey webpage is now maintained by Larry Ridgway and paid for by Dean Lapp from the ASA Turkey funds. For years I made sure that Bill Simons was paid by me or donations at the reunions so that Simons was not stuck with the bill. Our treasury is pays for the webpage.

# In sick bay



LTC Thomas Langenfeld, LTC, Ret

Elder,..... I'm now in hospice care as result of prostate cancer catching up with me. But I'm home, in no pain and friends and family close by. I'll try to keep you updated. Tom

## *A MEMORY OF LT COL, Ret., John M.C. Spivey*

*From a non ASA Turkey veteran who reads the DOOL*

In 1960 I was at Fort Devens training to be an 059.10. The only officer whose name I remember from that installation is Lt. Spivey, who every weekday morning would have his troops roaring in ranks as Spivey's Tigers. I'm sorry to learn about his passing, but glad to know he led a long and productive life.

Le Roy G. Barnett, PhD  
Grand Ledge MI

## NOTICE

Reunion locations have been checked out by several ASA members and this information will be sent to you on August 3rd. So be looking for it this coming on Friday (August 3). We will be asking for your feedback on this, so it is important that you read it and fill out the questionnaire at the end. We will then be getting back with everyone as to how the final vote went. Just remember, without your vote we cannot make decisions about where the majority of you would like to have the reunion. A lot of people have put a lot time into this, so take a few minutes to read it and vote for your next reunion location

# TAPS

ANDERSON, Jerome B., b-1935 d-19JN2016, 80y, RA16511074, E2-E4, Teletype repair, Det 27, SE56-JN58, Sally, 5209 Linderman Ave., Racine, WI 53406

Jerry contacted me on 26 July 2002 after he read my ad in the American Legion newspaper ad for the 2002 ASA Turkey reunion at Hershey, PA on 13-15 Sept 2003. I WAS GOING THRU MY OLD DOOL FILES and up popped the file on Jerry Anderson



and I remembered that I hadn't heard from Jerry in a LONG TIME and found him in the Racine, WI obituary notice. I guess that there probably are more deceased vet's still not found. Stay in touch and I'll find them

RACINE - Jerome B. "Jerry" Anderson, age 80, passed away at his home on Sunday, 19 June 2016. Jerome was born in Racine during 1935. He was united in marriage to Sally L. Christensen at Grange Ave Methodist Church in June of 1958. He graduated from Washington Park High School in 1953, attended UW-R, and served in the United States Army Security Agency being honorably discharged in 1959. Surviving are his wife, Sally; children, Susan (Joe Cottonaro) Anderson and Robert (Karin Schestokat) Anderson; grandchildren, Richard (Jacquelyn) Beere, Kevin (Vanessa Ali) Beere and David Beere; other relatives and friends. Jerry was preceded in death by his parents, Jerome and Ruth Anderson; and brother, Ronald Anderson. Per Jerry's wishes, private interment has taken place in Graceland Cemetery. Draeger-Langendorf Funeral Home & Crematory 4600 County Line Rd.

**Everybody has been waiting for the Suggested 2019/2020 reunion  
So here it is.**

**Please read the following.**

**All you have to do is hit the reply icon on your email.**

**Fill out the form at the bottom.**

**Then hit the send key.**

## **Suggested - 2019 & 2020 Reunion Location Sites**

### **Nashville, TN - September**

Luther Jones proposed Nashville, TN as the ASA Turkey Reunion location for 2019 or 2020. He stated that there are many interesting things that our attendees could do:

Edna and Luther attended a YMRC event in Nashville, TN in July (9<sup>th</sup> thru 12<sup>th</sup>). The YMRC

organization connects reunion planners with the CVB and Resorts personnel. They speak about

what they have to offer the reunion planners in hopes their city will be chosen for their next reunion.

Nashville is a great town with lots of activities. While there, Edna and Luther attended the Grand Ole Opry, visited the Country Music Hall of Fame, George Jones Museum, RCA Studio B where Elvis, Everly Brothers, Patsy Cline and many others recorded some of their biggest hits. They feel that it would be a site everyone would be interested in and would have a great time.

Luther is in the process of obtaining pricing for hotels, banquets, transportation and other group activities.

Additional comments about Nashville: The hotel that was used for the event was the Millennium Maxwell House and it was a very nice hotel with good food. They have a shuttle for the airport and anywhere else within 5-mile radius. Music Row is only a few miles from the hotel and the shuttle runs there every half hour. We made use of this a couple of times to visit Music Row and the American Pickers retail store. Great place to visit and in the old Marathon Motors building, and many other shops are located there. There are many BBQ restaurants and music venues located on Music Row.

This will be on the list of possibilities if Luther is able to negotiate a good value for us. Luther had a chance to meet the Gatlin Brothers, Ray Stevens and Mark Cash who

is Johnny Cash's nephew. Appearing at the Opry was Crystal Gayle, John Conley and several newcomers that he wasn't familiar with. He said that the backstage tour was great because they did it while the performers were performing, and they got to watch from the wings.

### Virginia Beach, VA - September

Dean Lapp proposed Virginia Beach, VA as the ASA Turkey Reunion location for 2019 or 2020. He stated that there are many interesting things that our attendees could do:

Debbie and Dean will be leaving for Virginia Beach, VA on Sunday September 9, 2018 and will be returning on Sunday 16, 2018. The purpose of their visit will be to help pick a reunion site for the reunion group, for the year(s) 2019 or 2020.

They will be meeting with Beth Comerford (sales rep) at the "Barclay Towers Resort" on Tuesday morning and they will begin negotiations at that time. At the present time, the following weeks are available in September 2019 beginning Sunday the 8<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, 22<sup>nd</sup>, & 29<sup>th</sup>. She will research the open dates for 2020. For many years now, the Shriners have been holding their yearly conference at the Barclay Towers the first week after Labor Day and they love the place and keep on coming back.

Debbie and Dean will be meeting with Herb & Sandra Hollowell (Det 4) who have lived in Virginia Beach for many years. Herb and Sandra will assist them in picking out restaurants, places to visit and local events in the area.

The hotel rooms are two-room suites with a free continental breakfast. All the rooms are on the Ocean and facing the ocean. There is a three-mile concrete boardwalk along the beach. You can park your car and leave it in the parking garage while you are there if you want, or you can travel the area and see many different sites. Virginia Beach is a short drive from several Virginia cities, for example, Norfolk, Hampton, Chesapeake, Newport News, Jamestown, Yorktown, and Colonial Williamsburg.

There is a daily bus that runs from 1<sup>st</sup> Street to 40<sup>th</sup> Street (three miles). I believe that it runs every twenty or thirty minutes and it was free at one time. We are trying to verify the cost of the bus.

There are many things to see and do in Virginia Beach and the surrounding area. There is the beach and the 3-mile-long boardwalk. Places to see and things to do like the Aquarium, National Wildlife Museum, Contemporary Art Museum, Military Aviation Museum, Lighthouses, Historic Jamestown, Colonial Williamsburg, Yorktown Battlefield, American Revolution Museum at Yorktown, General Macarthur Memorial

Museum in Norfolk, The USS Wisconsin and the Nauticus Facility in Norfolk, Portsmouth Naval Shipyard Museum, Hampton Roads Naval Museum and many more different sites to see and visit.

Additional comments from Herb Hollowell: There is a nice public golf course very close by called the “Red Wing Golf Course”. For the young at heart there is a “Zip Line Park”. The “Town Center” has many restaurants to choose from. There is also the “Sandler Center” which offers plays, musical events, etc.

### [Niagara Falls, NY / Canada - September](#)

Several Vets have suggested Niagara Falls, NY / Canada or Buffalo, NY as the ASA Turkey Reunion location for 2019 or 2020.

Mike and Jane Comroe have volunteered to travel up to Buffalo and then to Niagara Falls in either August or September to check out the area, hotels, restaurants and the attractions. While there, they will meet with the CVB and visit hotels in Buffalo and on both sides of Niagara Falls, and they will begin negotiating the pricing on hotels and events.

### [Myrtle Beach, SC](#)

Several Vets have suggested that we return to “The Beach Cove Resort” on the Beach located in North Myrtle Beach. We have had two reunions there and they both were fantastic reunions.

Luther Jones is in the process of negotiating our costs on the hotel and the events in the area.

The activities will probably be a carbon copy of the last reunion that we had there.

### [Ft. Meade, MD Area - September](#)

Larry Foster proposed the Ft Meade area as the ASA Turkey Reunion location for 2020. He stated that there are many interesting things that our attendees could do:

- visit the National Cryptologic Museum  
... [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National\\_Cryptologic\\_Museum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Cryptologic_Museum)
- visit Ft McHenry ... [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fort\\_McHenry](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fort_McHenry)
- visit Annapolis ... [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Annapolis,\\_Maryland](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Annapolis,_Maryland)
- visit Baltimore Inner Harbor and the *USS Constellation*  
... <https://baltimore.org/article/baltimore-inner-harbor>

- - Maryland Science Center ... <https://baltimore.org/article/maryland-science-center>
- - National Aquarium ... <https://www.aqua.org/>
- - Baltimore Zoo ... <http://www.marylandzoo.org/>
- - Harbor historical and/or dinner cruises
- visit the DC museums ... <https://washington.org/find-dc-listings/museums>
- visit the DC War memorials ... <https://washington.org/visit-dc/must-see-memorials-monuments-national-mall>
- they have close-by casinos for those who might to want to visit them  
... [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maryland\\_Live!\\_Casino](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maryland_Live!_Casino)

There is so much history and so much to do there; you could easily fill up three days if you wanted to. Larry Foster would be willing to be co-chair.

### **[Ft. Lauderdale, FL - January](#)**

Rick Asper proposed Ft Lauderdale, FL as the ASA Turkey Reunion location for 2020. He stated that our attendees would enjoy the warm weather, the beaches and the many golf courses in the month of January 2020 or in 2021.

### **[Washington DC - September](#)**

Teresa Lamb of the Westin Washington Dulles Airport Hotel in Herndon, VA wants our reunion group to consider staying at their hotel for our reunion in 2019 or 2020. She stated that there are many interesting things that our attendees could do in the DC area. (See Ft Meade description above for suggestions.) Their pricing is surprising economically friendly.

### **[Akron, OH - September](#)**

Jennifer Wozny of the Akron / Summit CVB wants our reunion group to consider staying in the Akron, Ohio area for our reunion in 2019 or 2020. She stated that there are many interesting things that our attendees could do in the Akron area and they would find them to be extremely appealing.

### **[Milwaukee, WI - June](#)**

Gene Schnagl suggested Milwaukee, WI for our 2019 reunion and he made a wonderful proposal. But, because of the weather in Wisconsin the reunion would have to be held in the month of JUNE. Based on the small turn out for Savanna reunion that was held in May 2019 he decided that he must rescind his proposal. What a shame! He

had a great reunion planned. Look below and see what he had planned:

1. 2-hour cruise aboard the Dennis Sullivan
2. 2-hour dinner cruise aboard the Edelweiss
3. Dining room on the Edelweiss, below deck
4. South Shore Yacht Club for the Banquet
5. South Shore Yacht Club dining room and their Chef Sam. The view from dining room overlooks Lake Michigan, Milwaukee Harbor and the Milwaukee City Skyline.

### **Extremely Important!**

Please complete the following questionnaire at your earliest convenience. By doing so you will help make our difficult job of planning the next reunion a lot easier, and it will give us more **accurate numbers** to work with when we are negotiating with the vendors.

### **Reunion Staff Information and Reunion Questionnaire**

Luther Jones, Mike Comroe and Dean Lapp have volunteered to assist Elder Green in locating a reunion spot for 2019 and 2020 and then they will help Elder Green organize it. If anyone else wants to get involved with the above-mentioned volunteers and help them with the reunion you will be more than welcome. All those that are ready to help please contact Dean Lapp at 330-289-1689 or [lappda@hotmail.com](mailto:lappda@hotmail.com).

The above foursome have taken the locations that were suggested at the reunion in Savannah, GA and they have researched most of the locations on line. One location (Nashville, TN) has already been visited by Luther Jones. Luther Jones is now negotiating with North Myrtle Beach. Mike Comroe will visit Niagara Falls, NY / Canada in August or September and beginning negotiations with the CVB in Buffalo, NY. Dean Lapp will Visit Virginia Beach, VA in September and has already been in full negotiations with the folks there.

Now, it's your turn to help us by completing the following questions.

1. Because of the small turn out for this year's past reunion in Savannah, we first want to know whether you still want the reunions to continue. YES or NO

Answer: \_\_\_\_\_

2. From the list of suggested locations for the 2019 & 2020 Reunions, what are your first three choices?

A. \_\_\_\_\_

B. \_\_\_\_\_

C. \_\_\_\_\_

3. Based on what you know now, are you planning or considering on coming to the 2019 ASA / Turkey Reunion next year? YES or NO

Answer: \_\_\_\_\_

4. YOUR NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

**Thank you for your help and cooperation.**

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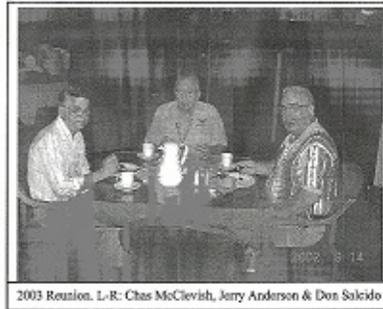
See what's happening on our social sites



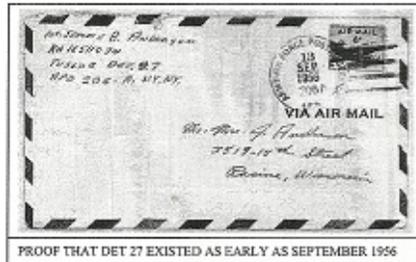
My internet hook-up is via a telephone line. I believe my tour of duty was 18 months which would put me in Ankara 10/56 thru 5/58 as I came home to get married 6/58 and we went out to Two Rock Ranch ASA post in Petaluma Calif. till my discharge.



Jerry Anderson at 2003 reunion at Hershey



2003 Reunion. L-R: Chas McClevish, Jerry Anderson & Don Salcido



PROOF THAT DET 27 EXISTED AS EARLY AS SEPTEMBER 1956



The 3 below photo's I scanned from one of the early pre-DOOL time frame and I didn't I didn't have time to seek the the #. Regardless – those three photo's show what the ASA Turkey headquarters looked like in 1955-56 when ASA units were forming in Samsun and Sinop with the HQS being in Ankara & was denominated as Det 27 and was called Manzarali Station. The top two photo's show Jerry Anderson at the 2003 reunion and eating breakfast with Chuck McClevish and Don Salcido

The bottom right photo shows Jerry in Class A uniform after winning the SOLDIER OF THE MONTH AWARD at Hqs ASA Turkey



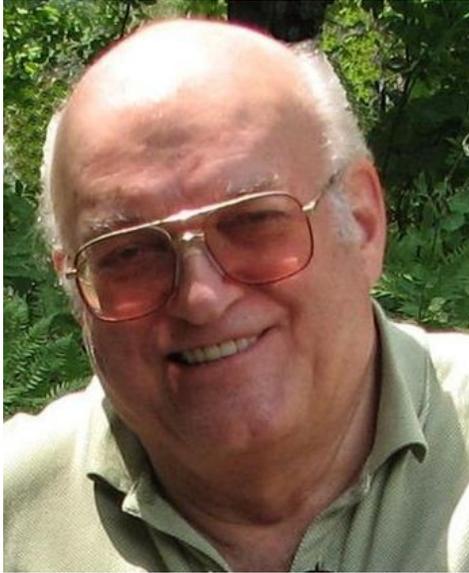
Entrance to the Det 27 Joint U.S. Military Aid to Turkey  
"JUSMAT" in 1956  
Photo by Jerry Anderson



The Det 27 COMM CTR at the JUSMAT Complex  
The arrow denotes the location of the Comm Center  
Photo by Jerry Anderson in 1956



This is the USAF billets that were built in late 1957  
and the single GI's assigned to Det 27 had to move  
into and caused them to lose the qtrs allowance.



Ronald Alvin Knief

KNIEF, Ronald Alvin., b-11JA1936 d-SP5, 286, Det 4, TDY: OC59, My address: 210B N. Sophie St., Bessemer, MI 49911-1152 906- 667-0012, ronknief@sbcglobal.net

**Below is the obit for Ron Knief. He was TDY from Frankfurt to Det. 4 as a 286 repairman for about 30 days during 1958-59 on TDY from Germany.**

**I highly recommend that any 056 who worked at the Det 4 POINT DF SITE and want to refresh your memory let other vet's know about your daily routine go to <http://dool-1.tripod.com> and click on DOOL's 207, 223, 227 & 231 for adtnl info. AND I will certainly appreciate your comments as to how many signals were tracked and any up-dates on the DF site at Det 4 to include what other ASA DF sites sites were involved in the DIRECTION FINDING INTEL gleaned.**

**Although I never met face-to-face with Ron - I became good "email buddies," enjoying regular message exchanges**

during the past 8-10 years. In fact, Ron told me that our connection happened through the DOOL newsletter.

The obit notice was sent to me by Steve Stubbs another 286 who had a email connections with Ron Knief.

**This Steve Stubbs is the one that I picked to replace me as the editor of the DOOL, but he regretfully said no because he thought that I had contacted most of the contactable vet's which might be true with few still having land line phone connections and that if done right was too time consuming.**

#### RON KNIEF OBITUARY

Ronald was born on 11 January 1936, in St. Ignace, to Alvin and Hedwig "Haddie" (Glatz) Knief. He graduated from [Ironwood High School](#) in 1954.

In 1956, he graduated from Gogebic Community College. He received a [full](#) scholarship to the Univ of Michigan, but left college to serve in the U.S. Army. While in the Army he worked for the Army Security Agency traveling throughout Europe. He helped build the largest "spy base" in the world in England for the National Security Agency, which is still in service today.

After his time with the Army, he joined UNIVAC. While there he helped develop the first world real-time solid state computer system. He also assisted in the development of the first real-time airline reservation system. He worked in development for UNIVAC in London, England and Bluebell, PA.

He was also employed at International Computer LTD in Manchester, England. Upon leaving employment at International Computers, he toured the world for four months, visiting 37 countries. He spent a time employed with Computer Sciences Corp., of El Segundo, Spain.

He had the good [fortune of](#) making many friends and acquaintances. He had a very enjoyable life. Unfortunately, he left us having suffered from cancer.



RIP – Ron Knief

Ron was a regular contributor to the DOOL and we talked frequently about his 3 years with the ASA and below I've included his well thought out BIO that should bring back a lot of memories of what it was like on the HILL called Sinop.

I remember when Patty and I were in Chicago seeking out a place to hold a reunion and had just got to the top of the Sears Tower and Ron Knief called and wanted to know why I hadn't answered his emails. I explained and every thing was Chok ezel.

Below is his lengthy BIO that was in DOOL #207

DOOL #207: KNIEF, Ronald A., SP5, 286, Det 4, TDY: OC59, My address: 210B N. Sophie St., Bessemer, MI 49911-1152 906- 667-0012, ronknief@sbcglobal.net

You mentioned in DOOL 206, which I thoroughly enjoyed, that you would like any input re: Sinop. This is relatively unimportant but here is lengthy MEMORY of my 30 days' TDY to Det 4 in Sinop,

I was stationed at Gutleut Kaserne in Frankfurt and went to many Field Stations throughout Europe to work.

Sinop was my first TDY. It was for 30 days. I later spent 6 months working at the 13th Field Station in Harrogate, England. Thanx for your work on an excellent newsletter. I attached a "chronicle" of my stay that is on Bill Simon's Det 4 website for Sinop also.

I was stationed in Frankfurt with HQ USASA Europe as a 286 (Electronic Equip repair). I had the opportunity to go to Sinop in October 1959 with a mobile team to overhaul and tune the DF site there that they referred to as the Point Site. I jumped at the chance. We flew PanAm first class on a DC-7 from Frankfurt to Istanbul via Vienna. I remember we

flew down the length of Albania which surprised me and thence over the sea of Marmara into Istanbul.

I hadn't had RAKI before and was told I should try it by the other three guys on the team. When we went into the transfer lounge at the Esenboga Ankara airport the Turkish bartender said "you Pan American?" When we said we were, he said "It's free." I always thought that was pretty classy of the late lamented Pan American.

We flew in the rear of the plane which was the first class section in those days on prop planes (DC-7). The "cuisine" was by Maxim's of Paris and we had our choice of three different entrees and numerous excellent wines. We ate so damned much I had lifted the back of the team leader's jacket to loosen his shoulder holster (we were in civvies).

Well, a stewardess saw the weapon and reported it to the Captain. He came back and asked why we were armed. We showed him a copy of our 1 January 2010 orders which were issued by NATO/U.S. Army and were printed in both English and French. It authorized us to carry arms. The orders also had a code that supposedly told all civilian transport companies – air, sea and surface that they were to take us, no money involved on our part, to anywhere we wanted to go in the event of war. Supposedly we weren't to be captured. That was a bit comforting. The Captain just shrugged and thanked us. The Stews were impressed and waited on us hand and foot for the rest of the trip much to our delight. I had three drinks stashed around me at one time. We practically had to be poured out of the plane by the time we got to Ankara.

We stayed at the Sahra (sp?) hotel in Ankara which meant Sahara and the place crawled with cockroaches. These cockroaches were voracious - I remember and they bit! We woke up with bites that I was pretty sure came from them. It is, of course, possible that they weren't cockroaches but they sure as hell looked like them. They crawled all over the toilet and it took a vigorous banging of the lid and seat to clear the area for a sit down.

It took us several days to get out of Ankara as weather was a problem in the Sinop area. We amused ourselves by checking out the city. There was a casino called the Gar Casino, if I remember correctly, where the GIs would go "bowling" which meant they would buy the B girls bowls of booze in exchange for dubious favors. I demurred. I ended up in a bazaar to buy some of the puzzle rings and ran across a merchant who spoke no English. I asked him if he did and he reacted by rushing out of the shop into the bazaar and started shouting. I eased out of the place as quick as I could and tried to meld into the crowd as I heard him running around the place shouting. I was sure that I was about to be arrested as a shop lifter or whatever he was going to charge me with.

Some 10 minutes later a rather well dressed urbane gentleman in a suit came up to me and asked in nearly perfect English if I was the man that was looking for someone to speak English. It turned out the shop keeper was shouting for an English speaking translator to assist in a sale. I felt like an idiot but was considerably relieved. This guy

was a pilot for the Turk Air Force and had learned to fly at Fort Rucker Alabama and loved Americans.

We spent the afternoon sitting in cafes for the afternoon. That evening I invited him to the EM (or was it an NCO?) club in Ankara and was bit surprised to find that they weren't going to let this guy in, I guess I was a bit naïve. I raised a bit of a fuss and was allowed to bring him in, but felt uncomfortable about it. He later gave me the personal phone number and address of the head of the Turkish Secret Police in Istanbul and was told if I ever got in trouble in Turkey to call this guy who was a friend of his. I still have that address.

We finally got out of the Ankara airport after several days and flew in two L-20s which were a very powerful 5 place plane with a radial engine. They practically jumped off the ground with the light load we had. The pilots were a major in our plane and a young Second Louie in the other. The 2nd Lt. flew all over the place like a kid on the way to the Black Sea whereas our pilot scanned the sky constantly and looked bored.

I remember we were hauled up to the site in an ambulance which I was told with its all wheel drive was one of the better vehicles for navigating the mud at the field and up to the hill, even better than a deuce and a half.

We were quartered in B2 huts which looked a bit like Conestoga wagons with the semicircular ribs and canvas stretched over them. They were on a concrete base and had four single bunks around a single pot bellied stove with four naked bulbs, one over each bunk. They were rather cozy, I thought. At the time I always slept on my stomach until I discovered the cloud of white powder that arose when the mattress was slapped. It was saturated with DDT.

I was told the officers quarters were alive with bed bugs purportedly brought back from Ankara on their liberty trips. The enlisted men were not afforded the luxury of either the trips or the privilege of bringing back the bed bugs. There was some bitterness at this perceived inequity. I slept on my back after that. Diarrhea was pervasive and nearly everyone had it. We didn't come down with it until just before our return to Frankfurt after 30 days there.

I recall guys walking along the board sidewalks on their way to the OPS and suddenly breaking into a desperate run only to stop and walk disgustedly back to the barracks to change their clothes and shower. I was told it was the only excuse that was tolerated when you were late – that you had shit in your pants.

From what I heard the Army sent a team of medicos out from Walter Reed Hospital in DC with the intention of finding the source of the diarrhea and they couldn't find the cause. I was told Sinop grew its own vegetables and the water was carefully controlled to prevent infections from that source but it appears to have been all for naught.

The Turk guards were all very short and wore felt uniforms (or at least they looked like felt) and held long rifles that reached just slightly higher than they stood. The mud was so bad that when walking in the mud you could lift your foot out of the mud and leave your shoe behind. Combat boots were a bit more practical.

We were always out at the DF site which was at the far end of the old volcano that formed the hill as that was where the site would have an uninterrupted (by interference from the OPS bldg) "electronic" view to the East and north. I remember that I told some of the young guys that were stationed there (I was an old 23) that the Greeks occupied the hill several thousand years before and the hill was honey combed with defensive tunnels built by the Greeks. I'm not sure where I got the information from. I discovered an iron rod sticking out of the ground and got everyone's interest up as to what it might be attached to. One guy went back to the motor pool and got an "iki bechuk" (a 2½ ton truck or to use the parlance of the time a deuce and a half) with a winch on the front. He came back with it and I remember the entire front end of the truck bounced up and down as he gunned the motor and finally broke the cable without budging the rod. He wrapped the winch up carefully in the tarp that it came with, effectively hiding the broken winch and took it back to the motor pool.

Thank God we never had a war and had to depend on some of that equipment! One of the first nights I was there I went into the EM club and was very surprised at how nice it was. In very short order a fight started and punches were being thrown, chairs swung and a hellacious fight was going on. I watched out to make sure that I didn't get involved of course. Then something really caught my attention. I was the only one watching the fight! Everyone else was staring at the back of the bar with bored expressions or were continuing their conversations as if nothing had happened. It was a nearly nightly event.

One beautiful evening I was really struck by the fantastic view from the patio behind the bar where there were a few chairs and tables(?). the beach stretching away for miles without a soul to enjoy them. Speaking of beaches, I was told that they found a dead Russian frog man who they think alighted from a sub to reconnoiter the base. He was found dead with a slit throat. They thought the villagers had got him.

My impression of the Turks was that they hated everyone, but hated Americans less than other people. I was also told that the year before the Russians would send MIGs in a "strafing" runs with their gun cameras running to take pictures of the antennas to ascertain the direction they were pointed in and from the size and shape of the antennas determine the frequency and purpose of them. Then they figured the State Department got to the Turks and there were daily (for awhile) Turk F-86s performing gunnery practice high over the base. Not sure if this story was apocryphal or not.

You mentioned the English on base. I was told there were an Englishman, an Italian and a German who were acting as liaison for their respective countries through NATO to the base. I understood that they couldn't use the facilities on the base due to the treaty with Turkey other than the technical aspects of it and had to live and eat in town. Again, I don't really know the truth of this. The Italian came from Asmara. Asmara was

in the old Italian colony or Eritrea and he had developed something of a legend during his stay there by leaping out of a jeep while it was still rolling and firing a pistol at robbers on the road. He supposedly killed two of them while in mid air and while rolling away from the jeep. I thought it made a great story whether it was true or not.

We went down into Sinop quite often, it is about 2,700 years old and was the birth place of Diogenes (he looked for an honest man with his lantern). His bones are purported to be in the local museum. There was only one café that was even remotely acceptable and that was where the NATO guys ate. The floor was slippery with rotting vegetables, mainly cabbage – very slippery in spots. There was a side of some dead animal usually hanging on the wall. Never did know if it was a cow, goat or sheep. It usually shimmered with blue flies. This local GI said that the Englishman would point at the meat and then turn his head while the owner would shoo the flies away, hack off a slab of meat and throw it into a greasy fry pan., we went down there several nights and drank. Beer was about a dime and had no label on the bottle. When the cap was opened there was no fizz as it was flat. But it was fairly good I remember. Champagne was brought from the liquor store across the street and shown to all the patrons with a flourish as if to say that we represented some classy patrons who appreciated a good drink. A bottle cost the equivalent of 25¢.

One night we went down to see a belly dancing group that had arrived by boat from Istanbul and hit all the major ports on the Black Sea i.e. Samsun, Sinop and Trabzon.

There was a huge pit that served as the latrine and I remember the team leader that was with us was drunk (as were we all) and was on the edge of the pit urinating and was wind milling his arms around to try and keep from falling in. The rest of us were laughing too hard to help him. Fortunately he didn't go in. we also visited an indoor belly dancing show in a theater another time in down town Sinop (it may have been in Ankara while we were waiting for transport to Sinop I'm not sure). We had the expensive seats in the balcony, about 8¢ I believe. Some Turks didn't think their seats were close enough to the balcony railing and proceeded to rip them up from the screws holding them to the floor. We thought, when in Rome..... and reciprocated. When the dancers got going the Turks were in a semi riotous state and started fighting down on the main floor. I thought, like a lot of mobs, they might spot Americans and wonder why they were fighting each other when there were some Americans to beat up. We got the hell out of there.

Some random memories The PX at Sinop had condoms and sanitary napkins, there wasn't a female on the base - I surmised they had a standard issue inventory for all PXs, but who knows. There was a guy who hung a bra over his bunk and put his cigarettes/matches in one cup and an ash tray in the other. He supposedly laid in his bunk and stared at it for hours.

We saw the first U.S. ship in the Black Sea since WWII. It was a cruiser and turned due north off Sinop after radio contact with OPS and headed to Sevastopol in the Crimea for a courtesy call. The Russians supposedly installed a 100,000 watt beacon across the

Black Sea in hopes of luring our L-20s across the pond in inclement weather. Our beacon was 1,000 watts. I talked to guys that had arrived in foggy weather and had the planes go out over the Black Sea and then slowly come down to the surface to get under the fog and then fly in toward the beach. One guy claimed the wheels occasionally hit the waves.

When we finally got off the ground on the way home. We had to dodge hawks with a couple of wild maneuvers as we climbed. The mud was so pervasive on the landing field that the pilot locked the brakes and revved the engine to bring the power up before releasing the brakes. Most of the air was let out of the tires to enable them to roll over the mud a bit better. We nearly leaped off the ground when the brakes were released. It was a pretty powerful plane.

We used to buy the Stars and Stripes every day in Ankara while waiting for our flight to Sinop. Not so much to slake our thirst for the news as to provide a ready source of toilet paper in case we needed it. We would walk around with the paper wadded into our back pocket.

I remember the word for very bad was, Choke Fenah. The word for very good was Choke Eee (to use the phonetic equivalent as I have no idea what the actual spelling was.

"Marra hubba abbee" meant "hi" if I remember correctly with the "r" rolled or trilled. Old timers told me that the Turks took their new recruits every spring and marched them across the border into Russia around the eastern end of the Black Sea. This was done every year as a "rite of passage" and to "blood" the new troops. Supposedly this had been done for over a century and was a tradition for both the Turks as well as the Russians.

I had no doubt that it was probably true after spending just the short time there that I did. Nothing surprised me after that. The movie theater consisted of 2 dozen or so seats and a white sheet for the screen. It was free and as such had to have a recruiting trailer shown before every film. Everyone brought a six pack in from the near by EM Club. As the recruiting film was being shown someone would say "hate" then two people would say "hate." Then 3, then 4 and pretty soon the entire theater would be chanting "hate hate hate". Empty beer cans would be thrown at the screen (sheet) which would flap and allow the can to sail on through. It was pretty funny. As soon as the recruiting film was over there would be the pop and hiss of opening cans and everyone would settle down and enjoy the main feature.

## MAIL call

GREEN, Randy A., brat, Det 27 & 4-4, 65-68, Travis AFB, CA  
GREENIP, Randy, E4, 059, DET 27, MY63-DE64, Falls Pa.  
JORGENSEN, Gary, SP5, 058/05H, Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-SE68, Duluth, MN  
KIMBALL, Tim, E2-Sp5, 98C, Det 27, MY65-OC66, Corrales, NM  
KOCHAN, Denny, 98J, Det 4, dennykochan5817@wowway.com  
POTTS, Doug, E3-E5, 058, Tk#3, Det 27, SE62-3MR64, San Diego, CA  
RIDGWAY, Larry, E5 76U, Supply, Det 4, 73-74 & 82-83, Stockdale, PA  
SALCIDO, Donald, E3-E5, 058, Det 27, 66-AU67, Chula Vista, CA  
SITES, Dave, Det 4, AP74-AP75, [dksites@gmail.com](mailto:dksites@gmail.com)  
WHITMAN, Mark, son of Ken & the late Judi Whitman

## MAIL call in alphabetical order

GREEN, Randy A., YOB: 1961, brat, Det 27 & 4-4, 65-68, (Jackie), Travis, AFB, CA



Lt Col Randy A. Green, Lt Col Ret  
Retirement photo taken at Travis AFB, CA., July 2018



Jackie and Randy Green at his retirement ceremony at Travis AFB, CA

**GREENIP**, Randolph (Randy), E. DOB: 1/31/1944, RA12664618, E4, 059, TK#2,  
DET 27, May 1963-Dec 1964. PO Box 70 Falls Pa. 18615. 570-378-3530  
rcg62@frontier.com

Hey Elder, I am sorry for taking so many years to get my BIO. to you. Time goes by.  
One gets busy, one forgets! I will try to make this short. Here goes

## RANDY GREENIP BIO

Enlisted in the Army in August 1962. Spent my basic at Ft Dix, NJ. During basic the Russians decided to send missiles to Cuba. For some reason the Army decided to send us off to AIT two weeks early. We all thought we were going to war. Pretty nerve racking time.

After basic went to Ft Devens and started as an 058 ditty bopper. When the time came, the army decided to make me an 059. Graduated in April 1963 and got orders sending me to Turkey.

After I graduated I got a phone call that my Father had a serious problem and would have to undergo a highly dangerous operation. He passed on during the operation. The Army in its benevolence allowed me three days for his funeral.

I immediately shipped out and flew Pan Am from Boston with one other ASAer. His name was Tony Johs from Texas. Tony was an MP heading for Det 27 also. We left Boston and landed in London only to find we missed our flight out. We had a 24 hr. layover in London on Pan Am. Got to see a lot in that short time.

We left London on another flight. Pan Am in their wisdom put us on a plane going to Belgrade, Yugoslavia! Two US Army GI's behind the Iron Curtain. They told us we had to depart the plane while they refueled. We told them NO, but we were more or less forced in the airport. While there we had a formal escort of two armed Yugoslavian soldiers. I told Tony, "I don't think they are going to let us go. They did though and we went on to Ankara.

When we arrived at Esenboga Airport and had no idea how to get to the post. A Turk saw us and said in broken English he was there to take to Det 27. We followed him out of the airport and he put us in a black van with no markings.

Tony and I were sure we were being kidnapped. There were no seats in the back so we sat on our bags. We did arrive at the post and were glad we did. Tony went to his assignment as an MP and I went to mine as an 059.

Spent most of my time as roommates with Charlie Cloke and Bill Cook. Played a lot of pool. Spent a lot of time at the NCO Club. Cheap booze.

As most of us did I made a trip to the Kara Hani. I think everyone knows that was a women's prison and the women there worked off the fines as ladies of the night. Anyway, I was told I had to see this, so I went. Well I went into this little village inside the city of Ankara looked and then ran for my life. Not the place to be.

I remember our Trick took a trip to the Black Sea. Had reservations at a "HOTEL". When we went to our rooms there were no doors, no windows and

just a dirty old mattress on the floor. We decided we were going to sleep on the beach. A few bottles of Ouzo made it ok!

Went back to the world in November 1964. Reported to Vint Hill Farm Station in Warrenton VA and closed out my enlistment there.

In civilian life after the Army I worked for Bendix Corp in Teterboro, NJ for about 2.5 years. I then worked for Automatic Data Processing for a little over a year.

Then went to work for the US Postal Service for the next 39 yrs, 8 months, 11 days and retired in 2004.

In 1966 I married my wife and have been in love ever since/ Yes 51 years

**JORGENSEN**, Gary C., "The Kid", YOB:1947, RA17721916, SP5, 058/05H, Det 27 & 4-4, MY66-SE68, (Vierie), 211 W. House St., Duluth, MN 55808, cell 218-390-9672, [g\\_jorgensen@hotmail.com](mailto:g_jorgensen@hotmail.com)

On July 7, 2018 at 6:25 PM "g\_jorgensen@hotmail.com" <g\_jorgensen@hotmail.com> wrote:

gH,

Although I'm not too active anymore with DOOLs I sure check them out every month. I hope your feet problems are on the mend. It seems like I am more busy as the time goes by. I've spent 1 1/2 years dealing with my brothers estate and not finished yet. He passed from Agent Orange and had lots of health effects for the previous 6-7 years. We have 4 grandsons and they are a handful. Can't wait til they are a little older for help at the shack. We have quite the variety of wildlife there such as Timber Wolf, Moose, Bear, Bobcat, some deer (not very many as the wolves eat a lot). I always enjoy checking my numerous game trail cameras for pictures. Right now I'm dealing with a porcupine that likes to eat T-111 siding.

Our oldest now lives in Orlando, so last year when I visited I had a great lunch with Mark Telfer who was in Turkey. This spring we didn't get a chance to hook up because of timing, but talked on the phone and will try next year. You had asked about lighters and I had the special services guy at Manzarali engrave my lighter with the dates I was at Manzarali and I've got it somewhere, I think, so I'll try and send a pic.

I truly appreciate the effort you have spent all these years publishing the memories of a bunch of old geezers, and one old "kid".

Gary (always the kid) Jorgensen

Dear green hornet,

**KIMBALL**, Timothy L., RA15717059, 98C, E2-Sp5, Det 27, MY65-OC66, (Nancy), 579 Camino Hermosa, Corrales, NM 87048 [since 1983]. Cell 505-550-4482.

Health: Excellent. Wife Nancy, since 1974. 3 sons, 1 daughter. Retired Scientist/Manager.

Age: 72.

I found, read thru, and searched your great 'days of our lives' TODAY after a search on Manzarali Station led me to your ASA Turkey webpage

I will send more later but tho my memory dims, I have a folder semi-full of old mimeographed orders and thought I would start with the six of us Privates E2 named in April 1965 from a just-graduated class of Radio Traffic Analysts for a 17 month assignment to TUSLOG Det #27, with a few comments:

Joseph C. Schafer, best dressed, wonderful friend

Edward J. Root, bright fellow, very troubled, discharged long before we completed our tour.

Larry S. Oliver, super friendly.

Alan W. Lafo, special friend, traveled with him, Tom, and Preston Bell around Turkey and on delay in route to England when we completed our tour.

Timothy L. Kimball, me.

Thomas E. Bodine, another special friend. Visited him in Vietnam in 1967 when I was with the Americal RR Detachment and he was with the 374th RRC. He visited me again here in New Mexico in 1970 with his new wife. Sadly, I failed to keep in touch.

I believe Louis Bolanos and Preston Bell were in our class and traveled to Site #23 with us, but on separate orders. Also great guys. I was good friends with Preston, always hassling with Louis, sadly. My fault I am sure.

And like so many who were in Turkey during 1965-66 [some longer]. I PARTICULARLY remember Hank Tolbert, 988RU/98C, partly because he was our certified genius, and partly because he was my roommate, and a great guy.

I also remember Bob Burks, 059, a near neighbor in the barracks, who helped me out when I got my long awaited state-of-the-art reel-to-reel tape recorder. I couldn't get a peep out of it! I knew that Bob handled tape all shift long so I asked him to take a look. He almost fell over laughing and then showed me how to thread the tape past the heads [I was running it directly from reel to reel.] TIM KIMBALL

**KOCHAN**, Denny, 98J, Det 4,



Memorial Squad. I'm on the far right. Taken this past Tuesday when it was hot and muggy.

The gentleman second from the left is a retired Army Colonel. He is our armorer and is 87 years old. Korean vet.

Hard to believe I've been out there for nine years already.

I volunteer every Tuesday, plus I'm a Board Member and Chaplain of the 135 member squad. Average age is 72. I'll be 74 in a couple of weeks. We have three men who are in their 90's and come out every week. Denny

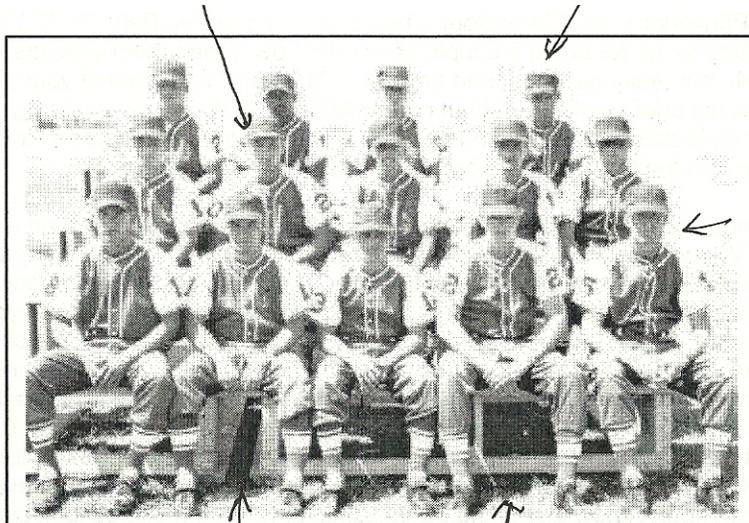
POTTS, Douglas R., YOB: 1942, RA18722774, E3-E5, 058, Tk#3, Det 27, SE62-3MR64, (Sara van Ammelrooy), 10404 White Birch Dr., San Diego, CA 92131, 858-271-3013, [born2rv@gmail.com](mailto:born2rv@gmail.com)



THE KINGS AND HIS COURT

Just going through some of my souvenirs. I use to be someone! YOU

Sent from my iPhone X



1963 Manzarali All-Star Softball Team  
 Front Row, L-R: #18-unk, #11-Jay Hunter, #13-unk, #22-Fred ?, #15-Sgt Hicks  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Row, L-R: #1-unk, #20-Doug Potts, unk, unk,unk  
 3<sup>rd</sup> Row, L-R: unk, unk, unk, unk

~~11~~ HUNTER FRED ?

Top L arrow points to Doug Potts. Arrow to the R points to Vince Decerbo

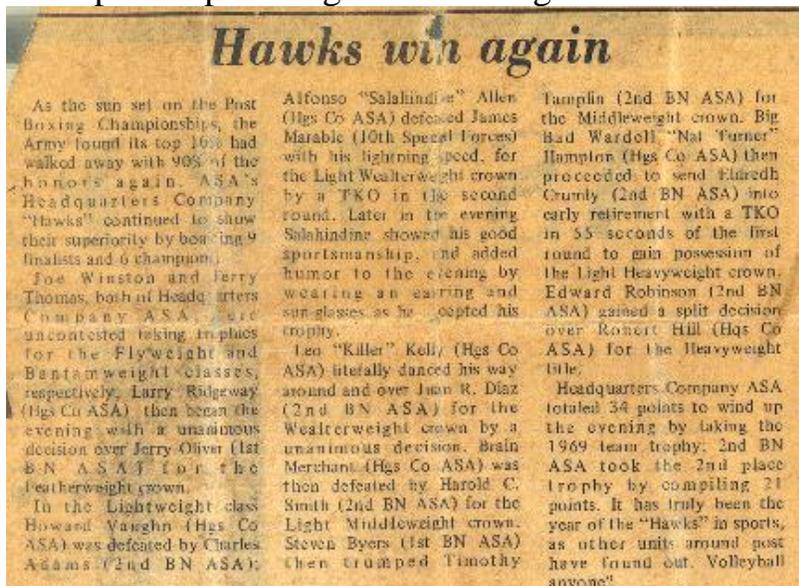
RIDGWAY, Larry L., YOB: 1947 E5 76U, Supply, 73-74 & 82-83, (Linda) 113 Railroad St., Stockdale, PA 15483, [larrylin@zoominternet.net](mailto:larrylin@zoominternet.net) MSG E8, Ret

### Ridgway



Entered the Army in 1966 for assignment in ASA. I did not specify an MOS. I went to Fort Dix, NJ for Basic and AIT. (Supply). I then went to Fort Gordon, GA for advance training in Signal Supply. It is there I met my best friend, Jim Powell. We got orders for Korea to the 508<sup>th</sup> GP. Once there I was assigned to the 226 USASA Opns Co C and he to B North. I t8th RRFs, Phu Bai (67-68) and he

came 6 months later.. From there I went Fort Devens, MA and was a hand receipt holder for one of the school divisions. While I was at Devens I won the Devens Championship Boxing Feather Weight Crown.



After Devens I went to Warrant Officer Flight School at Fort Walters, TX. After my fifth week they gave me a hearing test and I failed to the point that I could not fly. I went back to Fort Devens with the 10<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group. In late 1972 I was assigned to TUSLOG Det 4. (73 -74). I worked at Hippodrome electronic supply. Returned to Fort Devens and then assigned to USASAFS, MISAWA, Japan. (1976 -1979). Reassigned to USAG Fort Campbell, KY then to transform the 265<sup>th</sup> ASA and 101<sup>st</sup> MI to the 311<sup>th</sup> MI BN. (1979-1982). Reassigned to USASAFS Sinop and



worked at S-4 in Headquarters. (1982-1983). With not very many openings with E-7 supply types in ASA I was assigned to Depot Systems Command in Chambersburg, PA and traveled the world and US to reconcile Property Books with the units. In 1985 I was reassigned to the 94<sup>th</sup> Air Defense Artillery Brigade in Kaiserslautern, West Germany.

In 1987 I went to the 724<sup>th</sup> Support Bn (Main), 24<sup>th</sup> INF Div (Rapid Deployment Force) as the Operations NCO. I retired in March of 1989 after receiving a letter to

attend or not to attend the Sergeant Majors Academy. My boys were tired to moving every 2 to 3 years so I retired. There were plenty of TDY's in between these but not mentioned. If there is need for any more detail or experiences I can send later as there were many.

Larry

SALCIDO, Donald J., YOB: 1946, RA19842467, E3-E5, 958, Det 27, 66-AU67, (Yolanda), 590 Azalea St., Chula Vista, CA 91911, 619-507-6054, [donsalcido@att.net](mailto:donsalcido@att.net)

In your latest missive you mentioned having to remove pin ups from the walls of our rooms. I remember being told I needed to remove my pinups because they did not meet the SOP for pictures on wall of rooms. Well I closely read the SOP and found out the only thing we were doing wrong about the pictures was: They only allowed framed pictures on walls !

Weil I was a stubborn kid and went to the little PX the station and located 6 8x10 metal frames which I purchased. After I had cut the Playboy magazine photos to fit the frames, I hung the framed photos on the walls. I never heard a word about the pictures after that.

Another somewhat humorous incident occurred to me when I applied for Warrant Officer Flight School. I had to go to Germany for a Flight Physical, where I received on for High Altitude flight in jets. I waited months for a further response to my application. On day I was in front of the Exchange when the CO's runner came up to me and said the First Sergeant want to see me right away. Well I was going to Ankara and told the runner to say he could not find me. I was curious about what the First Shirt wanted. There were a couple of MP,s there and I asked if they had a jeep coming in from Ankara that evening, they said they were headed in, and agreed to give me a ride there and aback if I was at the gate in about an hour when they planned to go into town. I went over to talk to the First Sergeant who asked if I knew I had an interview in a half hour at station headquarters for my Warrant Officer Flight program. I said no. He got mad saying the CO had known for months of the interview and told the Sergeant the He, the CO would notify me.

I had a wall locker in which I kept a ready to wear Class A uniform, with ribbon (1 ribbon) socks and highly shined shoes. I went to the exchange a bought a newspaper to review, and dressed for the interview. I made it to the interview room with about 10

minutes to spare and to read the paper. Five or Six other interviewees came into the room and started asking me questions about the interview, I had removed my jacket and was in shirtsleeves. A Captain came into the room and called my name. As I was getting into my Jacket, the other people said they thought I worked there as I was a SP5. I went into the room, reported, and sat at attention during the interview. They asked how much notice I had for the interview – I told them 20 minutes. There was a full colonel, two Lt. Colonels, a Major and a Captain. After the questions were asked and I was dismissed, the Colonel told me not to leave the outer office until everyone had been interviewed. At the end all interviews, the Colonel came out ask asked me to return to the interview room. I had been really worried that I have blown the interview all the time I sat waiting for the rest of the men to be interviewed. The Colonel said I was not to worry, I had passed with flying colors. He as that I sit and in the interview chair and told me to seat at ease and to relax. He then said this interview board was the same board who interviewed for in service appointments for West Point. He offered me an appointment. I was somewhat taken aback and asked he how much time did I have before an answer was necessary. The Officers all laughed saying no an ever asked that question, they just immediately accepted. I had until the next morning to meet with him at the CO's office. I did and accepted.

However, I was transferred to the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne prior to any orders coming in for me to go to a prep school the Point. The 101<sup>st</sup> was in what I think was a D1 status and all personnel actions were cancelled until we returned. When I left Vietnam, I wanted out of the Army and never followed up to West Point.

It's been a number of years since I attended a meeting, but hope to again. I ride off road vehicles (UTV's and ATV's and usually have conflicts with the Reunions. I have also started to work in the Movie Industry as a gun hander, trainer, and supervisor and have to be on the movie set almost every day of shooting. I have five movies lined up now, with 8 more in the works which are not ready for filming yet.

I know this has been a long missive, but I do not think I ever told people about my West Point appointment.

Hope to continuing getting the DOOL's.

Don Salcido  
Det 27, 1966 – 1968.  
619 507-6054  
[donsalcido@att.net](mailto:donsalcido@att.net)

SITES, Dave, Det 4, AP74-AP75, (Linda), [dksites@gmail.com](mailto:dksites@gmail.com)

My friend David Johnson is receiving the DOOL newsletter and forwards it to me. Can you add me to the mailing list.  
I served in Sinop from 4/74-4/75 as a 98G2LRU.

I am still using my Russian language and recently retired from Mississippi State Univ and we relocated to Ocean Springs where our daughter lives.

Thanks

Dave and Linda Sites

WHITMAN, Mark, son of Ken & the late Judi Whitman

Thank you for the nice words in your DOOL newsletter about our Mother. I sent the link to my Father to make sure he would see it. Sincerely, Mark Whitman

THE FOLLOWING IS WHAT DUTY AT DET 4 WAS LIKE AT THE START UP OF THE SIGINT & ELINT OPERATIONS CIRCA 1955-56. THE HISTORY IS BY JIM BAKER, A TALENTED WRITER AND PROVIDES THE READER WITH A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT LIFE AND THE MISSION WAS LIKE AT THE BEGINNING. JIM RETIRE AS A CW3 AND PASSED AWAY AT AGE 79 IN 2009. THE HISTORY WAS RECORDED IN DOOL #173

### **TO ALL HOGS EVERYWHERE:**

They insisted that we learn Morse code; they made our lives miserable while we were in school; and, much later, we found that we enjoyed it. They still don't know why we're smiling. - - - - When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book, And slowly read, and dream of the soft look Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep. When You Are Old...W.B. Yeats

I heard once it said that Americans love anniversaries, especially those that end in 0 or 5. Having said that, (drum roll, please) I would like to recall with some fondness, the anniversary of an event that occurred 50 years ago today. I was at a US Army base on a rocky promontory in Turkey on the Black Sea coast. That's right, SINOP. We had first started monitoring these particular communications in August of 1957, and we had an excellent picture of what all the talking heads on TV are now calling "An event that changed the world."

Some background: when I first arrived in Sinop in March of '57, we were copying one missile test range, Kapustin Yar. In August of that year, the Soviets announced that they had successfully launched an ICBM from central Asia to the Far East. We had no record of that either at Sinop or at any place in or around Washington, D.C. We then went on an aggressive hunt for comms and did recover them. On 4 October, 1957, in the early evening, the entire Kapustin Yar range and the newly found TT range began an extended countdown. Things progressed to around 2200 when we knew something had been launched. We were that sure that we could pinpoint the time to the exact second.

About an hour later, all the comms were still active and someone turned to Radio Moscow and heard that Sputnik I had been launched into orbit and was transmitting a radio signal on a certain frequency. We checked the freq and yea verily, it was there. Believe it or not, that bit of info went into our product report: "A source, Radio Moscow announced..." They would launch another vehicle in November 1957 that supposedly had a dog on board. The American papers immediately labeled it "Muttnik." I say supposedly because sometime later I attended a classified briefing that said, among other things, that because of certain peculiarities in the dog's bark, they believed it was a recording. There were USAF stations at both Samsun and Trabson in Turkey and whatever other stations may have added to the pile, but I like to think we at Sinop got all that there was to get and I've always been a bit proud of that. Now maybe the Men in Black will come and pick me up, but it has been 50 years and I think it's time we shed a little light on it. The three ranges were: KYMTR -- SSM's up to 1000 NM TTMTR -- ICBM's and Space Launches VLBTR -- Air Breathing Missiles Naval Missiles were launched into the Barent's Sea Don't remember where SAM's were tested

Elder, Merhaba - I finished code school at Devens in 1952, was stationed with the 334 C/R Co - first at Devens and then in Germany - from 1952 to 1955. Returned to Devens and went to T/A school. Following school I was an instructor for about 8 months and went to Sinop. From there to Meade/NSA until 1960. From 1960 to 1963 I was at Zweibruecken, Germany with the 6901st SCG (Airforce). Interesting tour. Returned to NSA and stayed until 1966 when I went to Viet Nam. Split tour - March to June with Det 4/404th RRD in support of the 173rd Airborne. Made Warrant and went to the 313th RR Bn at Nga Trang for 3 months. Then to Pleiku with the 330th and the 374th RR Co's. Returned to NSA for three more years and went to the 8th RRU at Udorn Thani, Thailand. Good tour. Back to NSA until 1974 when I retired (23 Years.) Worked for NSA as a civilian until 1993 when I retired for good and came out here. As you can see, I had an eclectic career with much time at NSA. (Strange place.)

Now then, I do, indeed, have memories of Sinop. About five years in the Army and to make it a career. But listening to Bart ignited a passion for learning that continues to this day. SINOP AND ME And then there was Sinop. When I first saw it, it was shrouded in mist. Now, I think of the Rogers and Hammerstein song, "Bali Hai." But instead of its head "--- sticking out of a low-lying cloud," as in that song, Sinop was mysterious and featureless. Probably a lot of it was that that was my first experience in the East. The sights, sounds, and smells were strange and, going to a new post, there was a great feeling of wonder and anticipation.

I've tried, in the following memoir, to describe what Sinop meant, and means, to me. In many ways, I've failed, because you have to have been there to really understand the experience.

Most of us had that fear of looking at a Turk woman and being found floating in a river somewhere. For one thing, at that time Sinop was really small and remote, and the

women mostly adhered to the convention of wearing a shawl and pulling one end over their face when they saw a stranger, so we didn't really see them. Another thing was, we mostly stayed on the base. We didn't have transportation or the opportunity to travel.

When we were "off duty" we either were at work or drinking. That sounds funny to say that when we were not working we were working, but that was the way Sinop was then.

#### DIOGENES STATION

Diogenes Station took its name from Diogenes, who, legend had it, searched the world for an honest man. He supposedly was born in Sinop. I have often wished that I had seen more of Turkey. I've studied it extensively since my time there, and there were so many things that I would have liked to have seen. I did see the tomb of Kemal Mustafa Attaturk in Ankara. And I've read about him and how he dragged Turkey from the sixteenth century into the modern era literally in twenty years. I would have liked to see the ruins of Troy, and Ephesus where, it is said, Mary the mother of Jesus lived out her days following the crucifixion. I would liked to have seen the many ruins in what was Galatia. I now know that Galatia was named by the Romans because the people of that province were Gauls. And my interest there comes from the "Gallic Wars," when Caesar wrote of the people, "...who in their language were called Celts and in ours Gauls." And I'm a Celt, albeit one from the land of Hibernium. And, while our wellspring was somewhere north of the Danube in what is present day Romania, we Celts are all related, and I would have loved to see Galatia.

#### THE MISSION AT SINOP

But mostly, my strong affection for Sinop was because of the mission. It was at that time one of Morse and voice. Operations was small enough that we could talk to one another about what was going on, and we knew enough that we could follow the target and understand his problems. I remember one exchange where I copied one end of the link and a fellow in front of me copied the other. My end sent "WX IMI," and his end answered, "WX BD SNEG."

And when Sputnik I was launched, shortly thereafter I said to the whole room, "I don't know what happened, but I know when it happened." And we heard from a "collateral source," Radio Moscow, just what did happen. I should tell you that I was assigned to Sinop as a Traffic Analyst, having just come from Devens, where I first completed T/A school and then taught T/A to intercept ops. I did do T/A at Sinop, but whenever I got the chance, I sat position. Once you have Morse code coursing through your veins, you can never get it out. And don't tell me that I was the only one who found copying 22GPM at school an erotic experience. So, with that long introduction, please allow me (humor me) to explain what was happening in Sinop in 1957.

I WAS IN THE SECOND WAVE OF ASA'ers TO BE ASSIGNED TO SINOP

I wrote the following for a publication called, "After Action Report," and I wrote it in response to an article they had reprinted from a house organ sent out from Arlington Hall in the '60s and '70s, called "The Hallmark." Catchy title.

They published articles about different ASA posts around the world, probably trying to get people excited enough to volunteer to go to those sites, but the article on Sinop was so depressing that I doubt anyone would want to go there, so I wanted to give my impressions. Your reprint of The Hallmark article on Sinop in the December 1994 edition, evoked powerful memories of Diogenes Station, but my tour at Sinop predates the article (1973) by some 16 years, being from March 1957 to March 1958. While our mailing address was TUSLOG Det 4, we, too, referred to it as "The Hill," not so much in a pejorative [derogatory or disparaging] sense, as just an apt description of what and where it was. I was in the second "wave" to arrive at Sinop, replacing those who established the station in 1956. And my arrival differed considerably from that described in The Hallmark article. There was no Turkish Airlines flight from Ankara to Samsun, but instead we flew in an L19 (a single-engine, high-wing, four-seat aircraft) from Ankara direct to Sinop. The aircraft was used for mail and classified courier delivery, and transporting personnel back and forth, with "deuce-and-a-halves" (GMC 2 1/2 ton trucks) as backup. These trucks were on the road almost constantly, hauling supplies, rations, Class VI supplies, etc., from Ankara to Sinop.

#### TRAVELING THE ROAD TO HEAVEN...NO TO SAMSUN...THEN TO SINOP

That's why the soldier's comment in The Hallmark, "..when the roads become a quagmire, and we don't get mail for a week.", was surprising. There were two roads used between Sinop and Ankara. One left Sinop, went to Bafra, approximately halfway between Sinop and Samsun, and from there over the mountains to Ankara. Because of those mountains, and some small streams that had to be forded, that road was only used in Summer. In Winter, the road went to Samsun, where you stayed overnight, and from there to Ankara. While primitive by Western standards, it was at least passable year round.

#### MAIL BOMB'S - - OOPS, NO MAIL DROPS AT SINOP!

Also, because everyone including the aircraft pilot was acutely aware of just what mail meant to those on The Hill, it was flown up three to four times a week. If the weather was particularly bad and the aircraft couldn't land, the pilot came in low and slow over the base and threw the mail-bag out of the window. He knew in advance when this would happen and he deliberately left all packages for ground transportation.

#### THE WILD BLUE YONDER TRIP TO SINOP AND THE BLACK SEA

Getting back to my introduction to The Hill, there were four of us scheduled to go from Ankara and one other guy and I flew up on the L19. Either we flew because of rank (we were both E5 Sergeant's with a rocker underneath) and the others went by truck, or flew up later, I just don't remember. (Although it was a four-seat aircraft, the fourth seat was taken with our duffel bags and packages for The Hill.) At any rate, immediately after we

were airborne and on course to Sinop, the pilot un-capped a thermos of coffee and passed us donuts and coffee. He mostly steered the aircraft with his knees and thighs while regaling me (I was seated up front with him) with his flying stories. He said that on one occasion he had encountered particularly heavy fog on the way and had overflowed the base. When he finally turned back, it took him about an hour to get back to Sinop. All that time he was flying out over the Black Sea in that light aircraft! The landing strip (so-called) was a pasture outside the town of Sinop. When we circled and came in on our approach, a herd of horses galloped across in front of us. The pilot pulled up sharply, circled again and landed without incident. My breakfast, the coffee and donuts, and my heart were all competing for room in my throat, but I, too, managed to land without incident. We were met by the Executive Officer (a captain), who had come out to pick up the courier material, and were transported to the base in a jeep with all of the other stuff bouncing along behind in the jeep's trailer.

#### MY FIRST LOOK AT SINOP

Since our route was through the town, I got my first look at Sinop, at that time considerably smaller than the 16,000 figure quoted for 1973. I would estimate that the total population in 1957 was probably 3000 to 5000. There was one huge fortress that caught my attention which turned out to be a Turkish Federal Prison. This being March, the top of The Hill was mist-shrouded, adding to the almost surreal feeling. There were few "permanent-type" structures on the hill at that time. The BOQ, the enlisted club, a supply warehouse, the Orderly Room, the messhall, the dispensary, a crudely-built theater where 16MM movies were shown and where monthly "training" classes were held, and the operations building were finished. Within 15 days of my arrival, the NCO club was completed. When I use the term "permanent-type" buildings, I'm referring to wooden structures, mostly with concrete floors. I'm sure that all of those buildings were gone by 1973. Our quarters were Jamesway huts, which are nothing more than small, canvas-covered Quonset huts. Each hut held four men, each man provided with a metal GI cot, a footlocker, and a doweled rack about three feet long on which to hang a few clothes. Senior NCO's [E6-E7] were billeted either singly or two to a hut. In the center of each hut was a cannon heater, a coal burning stove about a foot and a half in diameter that, while not keeping the hut warm, at least allowed you to take off your field jacket when you were inside. The huts did have wooden floors, but the "incessant" wind quoted in The Hallmark story, and the muddy conditions in winter, worked to keep the floors dirty. That same wind, beating against the canvas of the huts, kept an almost constant "plop-plop" sound going all winter. We did have "houseboys" to clean the huts, make beds, clean and shine boots and lay and start fires. Turkey being a Muslim country and Sinop being both geographically and culturally remote, all of the laborers on post were men. This included all of the houseboys, the kitchen help (KPs and dining room servers), the construction force, etc.

Also, our houseboy took dirty clothes with him at the end of the day and returned clean, pressed clothes in one or two days. (I keep saying "houseboy," but Maumet was probably 35 to 45 years old, and to a 26- year old, that seemed ancient.) Of interest, just before I left in March 1958, they began constructing single-story, wooden barracks and had moved some of the lower ranking EM into them. In conversations with those who had moved, it was obvious that they didn't at all like the barracks, preferring instead to

remain in the Jamesway huts. The reason given was the lack of privacy in the barracks, where there were open bays with double-decked bunks. As far as organized sports, there were none. The field between the quarters and the road to town, probably about six acres, was rocky and muddy. That summer we fashioned a drag with large bolts through it every six inches or so and, with two or three guys standing on it, pulled it behind a jeep over the field. This worked to get most of the rocks out of the field and we were able to set up a primitive softball diamond and football field.

Also, over by the EM club, a volleyball net was set up.. Because of the weather, i.e., windy and rainy, outdoor sports were mostly chancy anyway. The Hallmark piece had it right, the wind did blow constantly and half the time we were squatting in a cloud bank. I don't remember. however, that much snow, so the ".. flakes fly[ing] horizontally," is not a memory. That's something I heard in a description of our sister station, Shemya, Alaska.

#### HERE'S HOW THE SINOP CHAPEL WAS BUILT

Of course we didn't have the paper, we got our news from Radio Moscow, The BBC, and the English version of Voice of America. Halfway through my tour a fellow who worked in personnel had the idea to collect donations from the troops to build a chapel. He had checked and found out that there was no chapel in the master plan for Diogenes Station, so our donations were used to buy the materials and hire the labor to build that chapel.

I did read sometime later in The Hallmark that the chapel was completed and in use. When I first published this story in the After Action Report, I got a call from that guy. His name is Jim Boyte, and lived in the Carolina's and had heard that the story was out. We talked for over an hour and I got his address and sent him a copy of the piece. Never heard back. So don't know what happened. He had published a memoir covering his entire life, including Sinop. The book supposedly had some pictures of The Hill in 1957.

The book was called, "Look Homeward."

I tried to get a copy but it was out of print.] THE RADIO STATION (KYSO) Also, we established a low-power radio station in 1957 that broadcast a few hours each evening. There were several aspiring disc jockeys among the troops, so there was no shortage of help for that project. Mostly it was a matter of playing records, reading the album notes to introduce them, and reading news on the hour. News items were gleaned from news service copy that we picked up at operations. THE PX The PX was stocked mostly with just the basic necessities; i.e. soap, shaving supplies, some snacks (those were considered premium items by the troops, so they went very quickly), some pocketbooks (there was no library on post at that time), and tobacco items.

During my stay there, the PX expanded quite a bit, stocking some clothing items, aluminum porch furniture, etc. Most of what they had was unusable on The Hill, so didn't

move very well. You could special order audio items (tape players, record players, etc., but that was prior to transistors, and those things were large, bulky, and heavy. Therefore, there was little space in the huts to keep them. I bought a reel-to-reel tape recorder/player from someone that was leaving. It was about eighteen inches square and ten inches deep. I didn't keep it, though. When I was leaving, one of the Turks who worked on post bought it from me for the same price I paid for it. I vividly recall one item stocked at the PX: remember, we had one field grade officer on post, the base commander, who was a Major. Well, the PX stocked six field-grade officers billed caps (with the scrambled eggs), all size 7 1/8!! Needless to say, those were still there when I left. There was no Class VI on post, but one could buy beer and an occasional bottle from the club. Of course, without refrigeration, beer in the huts got warm rather quickly.

### MY REGRETFUL FRIENDSHIP WITH SFC JACK E. DUNLAP AND THE CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

The year I was on The Hill was definitely a watershed concerning the post. There was a constant round of construction of barracks, additions to the ELINT and COMINT facilities, upgrades to the power, etc. Power was supplied by diesel generators that were increased in size practically monthly. Because of the mission, it was critical to have an uninterrupted source of power. Commercial power from Sinop was nowhere near satisfactory, so we generated our own. All of the construction meant a large force of Turkish workers who were mostly locals hired by the company that had the contract for all of the renovation and new construction.

One of the foremen, if not the main boss, of these workers was a blond-haired Eastern European. Because his physical appearance was so much different than the Turks, he certainly stood out. I learned much later, back in the States, that he was a Hungarian Intelligence agent who was assigned to learn about the mission at Sinop.

Another person assigned as a facilities engineer was an SFC whose background was in the Airborne Infantry. Sinop was his first assignment with ASA and, following his clearance coming through, he was brought to operations and thoroughly briefed on our mission. The rationale was that knowledge of the mission would impress upon him the importance of uninterrupted power. I became good friends with him and our friendship continued after we both left Sinop and were reassigned to Fort Meade, with duty at NSA. Since he had no operational background, his initial assignment at NSA was as driver to the NSA Chief-of-Staff (the position would later be Deputy Director for Operations [DDO] ), MG Garrison B. Coverdale. He continued in that assignment until General Coverdale left NSA, and, at the General's request was given an assignment in an operational position. This was some two years later, in 1960, and I left Fort Meade for a three year tour in Germany. Upon my reassignment to NSA in 1963, we resumed our acquaintance, but I had married in the meantime, so we weren't as close.

The man's name was Jack Dunlap, and in the summer of 1963, he planned to quit the Army and seek employment at NSA. During the routine polygraph examination, several discrepancies were noted and the FBI was called. It was discovered that Jack had been providing the Soviets with information for some two years. In the end, he committed suicide. All of this is, of course, another story, but I wanted to mention it to give some idea of the great, worldwide interest in the mission at Sinop in 1957.

#### BIRA, RAKI, ANISETTE, OUZO and PERNOD

Going to town involved riding the back of a deuce-and-a-half on the bouncy, jouncy road down and back. Because of the dirt road down The Hill, by the time you arrived there, you were pretty dusty. During the year I was there, I went to Sinop maybe three times. I also went to Ankara once, and to Samsun once (more on those trips later). But dinner in Sinop for us meant, not donner kebob or shish kebob, but a steak dinner at Ali's restaurant. There was no "Yenni Hotel" at this time, and Ali's was the place where we went, probably because he understood English sufficiently to provide us with a fairly decent dinner. Since beer, both the brewing process and the product, was imported to Turkey from Northern Europe, the word remained the same "bira (beera)." And while the beer, to someone who had experienced German beer for three years, was less than perfection, it was at least drinkable. It was also at Ali's that I first encountered the fiery anise-based liquor called "raki." All across the Mediterranean basin, one can find this concoction, being RAKI in Turkey, ANISETTE in Italy, OUZO in Greece, and PERNOD in Southern France.

Another way to have a decent meal was to go to one of the Black Sea coastal cruise ships which made Sinop a port-of-call. They would arrive during the afternoon and stay until late at night, giving the passengers time to disembark to tour Sinop. Diners were welcome on the ship, despite not being manifested. All one had to do was take a water taxi out to the ship, climb up a ladder and make your way to the dining room. The ship had it over Ali's restaurant, since you dined on clean linen cloths, on respectable china ware. But going up and down that ladder when you were half in the bag was a real experience.

All this to-do about food stemmed from what happened shortly after I arrived on The Hill. At that time there were no rations in kind to be had in country. The US Forces there consisted of the logistical group and the Air Force support units in Ankara, a joint forces air base at Adana, and the three Black Sea sites, Sinop, Samsun, and Trabzon. The latter two were manned by Air Force personnel. We were drawing money for separate rations, some of which was immediately put into a pot and rations were purchased locally. I'm not sure where the food was purchased, bread was of the European style, crusty and un-sliced, so it probably came from the local bakery. Vegetables were available seasonally, and meat came from the local butchers. When we had beef, we could tell if it was real beef or water buffalo just by the taste.

Anything other than real beef was referred to as "asak (donkey)." This system worked well enough until the new base commander took over. He developed a bad case of the GIs shortly after he arrived and decreed that henceforth all rations would be purchased

at the commissary in Ankara. The mess sergeant tried unsuccessfully to explain that the commissary was quite small and was there for the use of dependents in Ankara.

The commander was adamant, so ration runs to Ankara were instituted. The commissary officer said that his primary customers were the dependents in the Ankara area and whatever single personnel shopped there, so we were given rations after all of these were taken care of. Consequently, during one 30-day stretch, our main courses consisted of chicken and hot dogs.

One problem on The Hill was the lack of water. Water was taken from local streams by pumping it into tanker trucks. These in turn were emptied into storage tanks at the base where it was treated and dispensed. The mess hall, of course, had first priority on water. The only facilities with running water, other than the mess hall were the BOQ and a central shower room/washroom. All of the latrines outside the BOQ were pit toilets, strategically located around the base and what were commonly called "piss tubes" in Viet Nam.

One time, a couple of the Ops NCO's were drinking with the Ops officer and the Ops officer took them to the BOQ where he had another bottle. Being completely wasted, the guys sat on the floor next to the Captain's commode and kept flushing it and saying, over and over, "What a great invention!" The houseboys left kettles of water in the huts.

Most everyone had bought a small basin that they used for shaving in the hut. The idea was to heat the water on the stove and shave there, usually in the evening, and not have to walk over to the shower room. As I said, water was taken from local streams and that worked well in winter, but in summer the streams had a habit of drying up, causing the water detail to have to go farther afield to fill up.

As a consequence, showers in the summer were limited to two a week. I can't remember that we stank that bad, so either time has smoothed over that memory, or we just didn't pay that much attention to our smells. Of course, the beverage of choice was beer, with a close second being coffee or soda pop, so lack of drinking water wasn't a big deal. The weather was temperate to cold, so that helped, too. We did get a desalinization unit that summer, powered by diesel generators.

I don't remember that it made much difference in the water situation, only one more thing to break down. We got a new Warrant Officer (WOJG) in that year, Arnold Taylor. New in both ways - new to us and new to the Officer's Corps. He came in wearing a brand new summer tropical worsted (TW) uniform, but his baggage didn't make it in with him. He wound up wearing that uniform for two weeks straight! Even with his nightly showers in the BOQ, his TW's kept him pretty gamy. I felt sorry for him, and after we got to know him, he was a pretty good guy.

## ONE ARM BANDITS

About midway through my tour, the NCO club committee decided to purchase some used slot machines from the Air Force NCO club in Ankara. I was picked to go down, check them out, buy them and bring them back to Sinop. It being summer time, we took the mountain route in a deuce-and-a-half. It really was picturesque. One stretch was a single-lane dirt road cut into the side of the mountain. It reminded me of the WW II newsreels of the supply trucks on the Burma Road.

The initial part of the slot machine deal was made by telephone from Sinop to Ankara, so the club sergeant was expecting me. I, however, was not expecting the junk machines that he was offering. There were three: a nickel, a dime, and a quarter machine, and the agreed upon price was \$600. I thought that was exorbitant considering the condition of the machines (as I remember, the nickel machine didn't even have a back), and called Sinop and told the club sergeant of my misgivings. He said my feelings were duly noted and to buy the machines. So much for my business acumen. From that time forward, the NCO club had money for whatever we wanted. Because of the condition of the machines (I was right about that), they were constantly breaking down, but we had a secret repairman in the person of the operations crypto-repair NCO. He was able to keep the machines functioning. When the IG made his annual inspection, he asked to see all of the documentation for the money collected and paid out. Every thing was in order, but the amount of money we had on hand was staggering. I remember his comment: "Maybe you should change the odds on these things."

A second thing that the IG was concerned with was the amount of booze (mostly beer) consumed on the hill. At that time, any mixed drink was 25 cents and beer (all American beer) was 15 cents. I asked the NCO club custodian why all mixed drinks were the same price when differing liquors had vastly different costs per bottle. He said he didn't want to confuse the Turkish kid who tended bar, so he arbitrarily made everything the same price.

During his check of the EM club, the IG was told that some guys spent up to \$75.00 a month at the club. He thought that was outrageous, and asked the SFC who was helping count the money what he spent a month. He asked the wrong guy, because he was noted for his ability to knock 'em back, despite working long hours and never missing work. His reply to the IG was, "Some months \$150.00, some months \$155.00. Some months have 30 days and some have 31 days."

The IG let it go after that, and I didn't hear anything further about the excessive drinking on the hill. Sometime later, I went into the club one evening and there was a brand new 150-play jukebox. The total number of records we had was probably 10 to 15, so the jukebox seemed a little extravagant. When I said something to the club sergeant, the same one who had instructed me to buy the machines, he told me quite proudly that the

jukebox had cost \$1500, and he was delighted to be able to spend that kind of money just to get rid of it.

### THE SAMSUN KARA-HANI

Another time I was fortunate enough to go to Samsun on a weekend trip. There were four of us (all NCO's) and we went down in a jeep. As I remember, we went to scrounge something from the Air Force. We got to stay overnight in the hotel where the Air Force troops were billeted, so that made for a very nice change-of-pace from life on The Hill. I, of course, did not go to the Karahani while we were in Samsun, but a friend with remarkable powers of observation and description, gave me this version of the place. I have heard the Karahani referred to as a women's prison. That may well be, but it did not look or feel like a prison, not in the way we understand the word. The place was enormous. At the front (only?) gate, Turkish soldiers were stationed, but their function was kind of nebulous, since they didn't seem to do much. There was no check of personnel going in or out and, since the place was relatively quiet that night, there wasn't much one could see that they did. Inside was like a self-contained city. There were shops, restaurants and block after block of apartments where the women stayed and worked. There were hundreds of men walking the streets, ogling the women and talking both to the women and with one another. The noise, smells, and the undercurrent of raw sex was truly unforgettable. I have to say that none of us felt the least bit threatened while we were there.

The next day, Sunday, we left Samsun for our return to Sinop. As luck would have it, we had a flat tire in the town square in Bafra. We couldn't have picked a better place for this inconvenience to happen, and, as it turned out, we weren't inconvenienced at all. We climbed out of the jeep intending to fix the flat, when the head man in the village came out, instructed some of the locals to take off the tire, repair it and replace it. Meanwhile, we were taken into the local coffeehouse where we were given glasses of the sweet, hot tea that everyone drinks. (Why they call them coffeehouses is a mystery, since no one drinks coffee.) When the tire was ready, we offered to pay for the repair and the labor, but the head-man refused our offer. There was a small restaurant adjacent to the coffeehouse and, it being around noon, we went in for lunch. Because of our lack of Turkish, and the proprietor's lack of English, we chose our lunch by looking into pots until we saw something we liked. It turned out to be stuffed peppers, a staple throughout the middle east as well as Eastern Europe. They were really good and, washed down with ice water, made a very satisfying lunch. When it came time to pay, I tried to give the proprietor ten lira (about a dollar) but he pushed that away and took an *ici bucu*k (equivalent to a quarter) and gave me change. Not bad for lunch for four. (At that time the official exchange rate was ten lira to the dollar. Now it's 638,000 and change.) So, with all of the primitiveness of Sinop, what was there to recommend it?

Operations at Sinop were unique in many ways. The original Ops building was built by the troops. The initial floor plan called for hut trucks to back up to openings in the building, and intercept was conducted in the huts. This changed soon after I got there,

and the intercept bay was doubled in size, with the original wall where the huts were, removed and all positions set up with receivers in racks inside the building. At that time, the mission required four Morse and two voice positions. But because of the rapid expansion of the target during that year, we installed another five Morse racks and manned them during special events. All that year we continued our coverage with up to nine positions active at once, using off-duty operators who voluntarily came to Ops for these special missions, even though our POEI remained at four Morse positions. Never once did any higher headquarters question why or how we were able to provide this extra coverage!

The most unique thing about our mission was that this was the first "marriage" of COMINT and ELINT. Until 1955, ELINT was the sole prerogative of the Signal Corps. In that year, it was transferred to ASA, with all of the equipment and personnel. The kicker was that most ELINT personnel had only a SECRET clearance, weren't allowed access to the COMINT Ops building, and had only a vague idea of what we were doing. The entire operations area was laid out with the two buildings (COMINT and ELINT) inside a secure fence, with a second fence around the COMINT building. Coming in through the guard shack, there were two exit doors, one leading to the ELINT area and one to the COMINT. Since the personnel complement was small enough, and everyone knew the exclusionary rules, there was no problem with the guard knowing where everyone should go. We didn't use badges, relying instead on the guard's knowledge. This being my first experience with ELINT,

I was given a thorough briefing and tour of their operations early on, and the huge dish antennas and high-speed, wideband recorders that they used reminded me of the movies of the "mad doctor's laboratory." During special operations, we communicated with the ELINT building over a land-line intercom, using special codes to describe where we were in an operation. For any expansion of information, we had to use a runner. We had the usual conflicts between headquarters and operations. For example; a big cookout was set for Independence Day. Makeshift grills were constructed, hamburgers, hotdogs, potato salad, and all the fixin's were prepared by the mess hall, and a beautiful, isolated beach on the Black Sea just east of Sinop was set up for the festivities. All the troops were loaded in deuce-and-a-halves and trucked down there - all, that is, except operations. The target picked that day (coincidentally? I think not) for extended operations, causing us to keep not only the normal complement of people there, but also as many as we could convince to help out. We did get a small measure of satisfaction hearing later that the beach, as beautiful as it was, served as a reflector for the sun, and folks were getting drunk on two or three beers, drastically shortening their party. The same thing happened on Christmas Day. The target picked that day to act up, and turkey sandwiches at operations were had instead of the normal feast. As both an example of the Army's less-than-perfect personnel system, and as a kind of harbinger of what would happen, there were three Vietnamese linguists assigned to Sinop. Of course, we didn't have any use for them, so they were given OJT and cross-trained to work either crypt analysis or traffic analysis. All three turned out to be

exceptionally good workers, becoming highly productive in a short time. Eight to ten years after that, they would have had quite a different experience.

That summer, they moved in DF equipment that had been located at Ankara. The set was an AN/TRD-4, and, because of my past experience, I was picked to set it up and get it operational. WOJG Taylor had no experience in DF, but he had a TM that went into great detail on how to orient and erect the equipment. First of all, we had to acquire land in an area far enough away from other equipment and manmade structures that the DF equipment could operate without interference. Sinop Birnu (Sinop point) is shaped like a giant footprint, if the giant were wearing shoes, with the toe pointing inland to Turkey, and the heel pointing toward The Caucasus. At that time, all of the base was located in the toe of the point and the heel of the point was under cultivation, or open fields. We scouted the open area, picked a likely site, and had our GI Turkish interpreter locate the owner. The owner was more than willing to lease the land to us, but he couldn't understand why we wanted undeveloped land when he had a fully mature cornfield that he was also willing to sell. Mr. Taylor and I took a jeep and drove out to the point one night to our newly acquired site, taking with us a transit and the TM on DF operations. As I remember, we had to sight on Polaris (the North Star), wait until the Big Dipper swung around in the sky so that the handle stars of the Dipper were aligned with Polaris, and at that time the transit was aligned to true north. We knew the magnetic declination for our location, so we set that on the transit, drove in a stake with a nail on top, and that gave us our N-S line for the equipment. This procedure took approximately five hours. Now all you have to do is use the Global Positioning System (GPS) that will give you a perfectly oriented position within ten meters of a spot anywhere on Earth. How things change. Setting up the equipment was uneventful. The hut was carried out there on a deuce-and-a-half, off-loaded and we operated out of the hut on the ground. The equipment proved very reliable, even though we were using diesel generators for power, and had to shut down whenever we were fueling or servicing a generator.

Driving out to The Point (our name for the DF site) was itself an experience. We had to pass a small farm where there was a water buffalo. This buffalo hated jeeps and charged after them every time we went past. It obviously had worked out the geometry of its approach, since it revised its angle of attack each time it charged us. When it looked like it had solved the vector problem sufficiently to cause us grave damage, we switched from a jeep to a 3/4-ton truck. The difference in size both confused it and caused it to reevaluate its position, thus heading-off a potentially dangerous situation. Before we switched vehicles, we had mentioned our nemesis to the guys at operations. They, of course, thought we were exaggerating. But one time we took Mr. Taylor out. He was in the right-front seat, I was driving and a third man was in the back seat. The guy in back had a pistol, a personal weapon as I remember, and, when the buffalo commenced its attack, Mr. Taylor was convinced we were done for. He was shouting, "Shoot him!! Shoot him!!" Now that I think about it, that was when we started traveling in the 3/4-ton.

After the site was up and running and personnel were picked to man the equipment, I kind of eased out of the daily operation of the site. At that time, the target was changing rapidly, and Mr. Taylor picked me for a new task. When my tour was up, I left The Hill riding in the back of a truck. Because of the weather (March, 1958) we burrowed into pile-lined sleeping bags, trying to keep warm from Sinop to Samsun, and from Samsun to Ankara. Even so, it was cold enough that I remember it to this day. Lunch on the road consisted of sandwiches from the mess hall washed down with straight bourbon. I was so cold, that bourbon didn't even burn on the way down.

As a kind of compensation, we were given first class flights from Ankara to Wheelus AFB, in Tripoli, Libya, where we caught MATS (Military Air Transport Service, the predecessor of MAC) flights to the States. I was booked on KLM, first class to Rome. There we stayed overnight, and, because we were traveling first class, we were put up in a deluxe hotel. The second leg of the flight was on Alitalia to Wheelus. That was an incredible experience for me, both the flights and the hotel. Nothing before had prepared me for either the pampering by the flight crews, the food in first class, or the opulence of that hotel in Rome.

There was a mixup in my orders and flight operations at Wheelus had me booked on a flight to the States 10 days after I reported in. Typical bureaucracy, I was told if I just showed up, I could leave immediately, but, since I was already manifested, I was stuck there for the whole time. As a casual, there wasn't anything to do except eat and sleep. The messhall there was probably the worst I've ever encountered (so much for the myth of Air Force chow), so I ate either at the PX snack bar or at the NCO club. The transient barracks was directly in the flight path and every morning I was wakened by F100's taking off. The weather was just cold enough that they always used their afterburners, really a nasty way to wake up. From there it was just a reverse of my trip over. I caught a MATS flight from Wheelus to Charleston, SC and civilian flights from there to Detroit, my hometown.

I've never thought of my tour at Sinop as a particular hardship. I lived under field conditions for extended periods in Germany, Turkey, and Vietnam, and always felt it was just the luck of the draw. I also lived in some pretty swank surroundings, and figured it all evened out. Likewise, I don't remember that there was any more bitching at Sinop than any other place I was stationed. There's always some, that's the GI's nature. But when it was time to work, we worked hard. Probably, we worked harder at Sinop than many other stations, but, again, that was the reason for us being there and there just wasn't much else to do.

Also, like in every other tour anyone did in the Army, I met some great folks who became friends that I encountered many times over the years. I do agree with the overall sentiment in The Hallmark piece that, if you've been on The Hill you'll always remember it. To this day, the anniversary of Sputnik-I (October, 1957) and Sputnik-II (November, 1957) are dates solidly etched in my memory. I still remember the acrid

smell of Turkish cigarettes and Maumet answering my, "How's it going?" with, "Good, Sarge, and you, Sarge?" And during the television reports on the seemingly endless wars that take place in the middle east, whenever they show pictures of minarets and I hear the plaintive sound of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, I remember my time at Sinop.

DUNLAP, Jack E., SFC E6, Facilities Engr Section, Det 4, 1958

Jack E. Dunlap, was an United States Army Sergeant stationed at the National Security Agency, who later became a spy for the Soviet Union in the early 1960's.

In order to continue his access to classified information, Sgt. Dunlap applied for civilian employment at NSA. At the time, background investigations were more strict for civilian employees than members of the military. When the NSA began Sgt.

Dunlap's background investigation, indications of Dunlap's "high lifestyle" began to emerge. Dunlap's security clearance was revoked on May 23, 1963, and NSA transferred Dunlap to a menial job.

Dunlap committed suicide by carbon monoxide poisoning on July 23, 1963. After the suicide, Dunlap's wife discovered packages of secret materials -- only then did the scope of the breach become evident.

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Sergeant Jack E. Dunlap was a NSA courier who allegedly sold secrets to the Soviet Union for three years; he killed himself while under investigation in 1963. Scott Shane, "Some at NSA Betrayed Country," from Scott Shane and Tom Bowman, "No Such Agency," Baltimore Sun, reprint of six-part series, 3-15 December 1995.

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Jack E. Dunlap, an employee of the NSA 1958, was found dead of carbon monoxide poisoning - an apparent suicide.

He also was a Soviet penetration agent, who had concealed in the attic his house a treasure trove of sealed packets of classified NSA documents bearing on its most secret deciphering and interception operation.

There were many reasons why it would have been inconvenient to arrest and Jack Dunlap. For one thing, he was a liaison with "Staff D" in the CIA, and could expose areas of CIA-NSA cooperation in domestic interceptions that might be deemed illegal. For another, he had been the personal driver, and aide, to Major General Garrison Coverdale the chief of staff of the NSA. General Coverdale, and after Coverdale left in August 1959, Dunlap to the new NSA Chief of Staff, General Watlington. As such, he had top-secret clearance and a "no inspection" status, which meant he could drive off the base with documents hidden in the car and then return without anyone knowing that the material had been removed from the base. Moreover, Dunlap had other high-level connections in the NSA. According to the Carroll Report, which investigated the Dunlap breach, he had helped a ring of officers at NSA pilfer some government property.

Dunlap was under interrogation just before he died. His apparent suicide ended the investigation.

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Some of it is hearsay, some heresy from un-named sources.

Jack Dunlap was a Boy Scout in New Orleans in his youth. Enlisted and became an Airborne Ranger in the Infantry. Served in the Korean War and received the Combat Infantry Badge (CIB).

The circumstances of his joining the Army Security Agency is not known, but is assigned to Det 4 in 57/58 with an unknown MOS. It might have been as a MP. During the 57-58 period there were no known MP's assigned to Sinop. The security for the base was performed by the Turk conscript unit billeted outside the post. It is believed that the name of the blond-haired Hungarian was Alex Klopstock.

Jack Dunlap frequented the beach area at Samsun and enjoyed the Russian females there. After gaining access to operations - Dunlap was especially interested in the telemetry signals, etc and on several occasions was seen going into the restricted COMCEN area, but because he was a Senior NCO, no one challenged him and it will NEVER be known if he secreted or photographed anything therein.

Also, many thought it unusual that Jack Dunlap went TDY to Hq's USASAEUR with the CO at Det 4 in 1958 because he was not knowledgeable of the mission as was Sergeant Van Pelt. Sergeant Dunlap shot all the Sinop dogs (except Gimp) with his .45. Perhaps we will find the name of the Major who commanded Det 4 in 1958.

**Jack Dunlap was transferred to Vint Hill Farms from Fort Meade after he took a polygraph at NSA. He probably knew that he had flunked and was now in a dilemma. He was seen driving a white Cadillac at VHFS and would be gone for days before his death in Maryland. At least one person swears that the autopsy of Jack Dunlap would show that he was 'beaten to a pulp' and that a 'snake in the woodpile' was responsible for placing the hose in his car which caused his death.**

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**Jack E. Dunlap he described as a drunken Army sergeant who was recruited strictly for money. Once a chauffeur-courier for the National Security Agency, Dunlap provided NSA documents to the GRU. For his work Dunlap received lavish payments that permitted him a lifestyle of powerboats, fast cars and an expensive mistress.**

**Dunlap committed suicide when it appeared federal officers were about to arrest him.**

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**Espionage, since it is based on human vulnerability, can penetrate even the most heavily guarded repositories of national secrets.**

**Soviet intelligence demonstrated this in the 1950's when it recruited no fewer than five different American sources in the ultra-secret National Security Agency (NSA), the unit that supplies the codes and ciphers used by the American government.**

**One of these KGB spies, Jack E. Dunlap, the chauffeur for the NSA's Chief of Staff, organized a number of staff officers into a larceny scheme, which allowed him access to the highest level cryptography, the "keys to the kingdom," as one military investigator put it. He delivered this material to his Soviet case officer in the Chief of Staff's limousine (the only car which could leave headquarters without being searched). This human spying made it possible for the Soviet Union to decipher the American data that had been gathered by its technical collection, and also to ascertain many of the targets of American technical collection.**



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**DUNLAP, JACK E., SFC US ARMY, DOB: 11/14/1927 DOD: 07/23/1963  
BURIED AT: SECTION 43 SITE 976  
ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY**

HANNAH, James Rogers (Pappy), DOB 6SE1935 DOD 4JA2017 at Pisgah Manor, NC, 81y, Det 4, 74-75, (Mary Ann), 145 Robinson Cove Rd (Big Sandy Mush), Leicester, NC .

A Buncombe County native Mr. Hannah was the son of the late Mont Monroe and Margaret Duckett Hannah of Big Sandy Mush.

He graduated from Leicester High School & attended Western Carolina College before joining the military and becoming a career soldier for 26 years. While serving in the Army Security Agency he was stationed at posts all over the world. He was awarded many medals including the Department of Defense Joint Service Commendation for service in Vietnam. Upon retirement from the ASA he was employed with The May Corporation working in Manassas, VA at the Hecht Department Store for 10 years.

Mr. Hannah returned to Big Sandy Mush in 1993 to start a small farm raising beef cattle and honey bees. He was a member of the North Carolina and Buncombe County Beekeeper Associations, a member of the Erwin Hill Lions Club, a life member of VFW Post 891, the Asheville American Legion Post 2 and a member of Chitose Army Security Agency Association and also the ASA Turkey Group. He belonged to the Big Sandy Methodist Church.

He was married to Mary Ann McCoy Hannah on 5 June 1960. He is survived by two sons, Michael James Hannah and his wife, Lori, of Inman, SC and Steven Gregory Hannah and his wife, Janet, of Conover, NC, and one grandson, Zachary Ryan Hannah of Conover.

A full military funeral was held at Big Sandy United Methodist Church/

DOOL 181: BIERBAUER, Charles J., YOB 1942 RA13703378 E4-E5 988.1663 Det 4, 62-63, (Susanne), 3800 Kilbourne Hill Rd., Columbia, SC 29205, 803-748-0918 & 803-777-2013, bierbauer@sc.edu & bierbau@gwm.sc.edu. Dean Mass Communications and Information Studies, University of South Carolina, 803-777-2013 AI:

Enjoyed seeing everyone at the Beach Cove Resort, though the visit was short. I have been writing a series of columns on politics for a non-partisan web site -- SCHotline and the conversations in Myrtle Beach seemed to weave into a column.

I suppose the caveat is that journalists are always gathering information. I've attached the column and the website is [www.schotline.com](http://www.schotline.com). I don't think anyone will be offended by the piece. If you like it, feel free to circulate it. Best, Charles Bierbauer SCHotline Old Soldiers Bierbauer Sunday, September 30, 2007 The Cold Warriors of Sinop North Myrtle Beach—Our hair is thinner. Our waists are thicker. Our step is slower. But what can you expect of old soldiers forty or so years removed from their Cold War outpost?

Our eyesight is weaker, but our vision, we trust, was sharpened by our shared experience in another era of our Army's history. About sixty soldiers who had served at "Det. 4", a small listening post on Turkey's Black Sea coast, gathered this past week for a reunion surfside on South Carolina's Atlantic coast. We talked small talk, as you do at reunions. Politics and geopolitics wove through our conversations, but mostly we wanted to know about each other. When were you there? In my case, 1962 and 1963. Quonset huts or barracks? This is a big demarcation. Those of us who had lived in the huts, of course, lord it over the "yenis"—new guys--who moved into cushy billets. Linguist or ditty-bopper? We're speaking code, of course. Our job was to intercept and analyze any electronic communications emanating from the Soviet Union across the Black Sea. Morse code, satellite traffic, cosmonauts in space, Russians on the phone. We probably knew more about the Russians than we did about our Turkish hosts, such as our isolation. Diogenes Station sat on a hilltop above the tiny, walled, once Greek town of Sinop. Our post was named for the town's most famous native son, the cynic philosopher Diogenes, typically pictured carrying a lantern in search of an honest man. We served in tricky, less than honest times of strategic cat-and-mouse games. While I was in Sinop, the Cuban missile crisis was unfolding. The removal of U.S. Jupiter missiles elsewhere in Turkey would become a tacit part of the deal to remove the Soviet missiles from Cuba. At our reunion, we talked about Turkey's strategic role then and now. Turkey was a staunch ally of the U.S. and the West, a member of NATO and CENTO, alliances linked for the containment of Soviet communism. That alliance has weakened. Turkish support for the U.S. remained strong during the Gulf War of 1991. Key bases in southern Turkey were staging areas for action in the north of Iraq. But the Turks denied the U.S. the same degree of access for the 2003 assault on Iraq. In the decades since I served in Turkey, I have returned on several occasions as a journalist and come to know a number of Turkish leaders. I have seen the economic contributions that Turkish guest workers have made to the European economy. I've also seen the social discrimination Turks have endured in Western Europe, primarily because they are Muslim. I've watched the rise and fall of Turkish aspirations for inclusion in the European Union, a move supported by the Bush administration. The Turks, themselves far from flawless, are not there yet. The Turks see themselves as a political and geographic bridge between Europe and the Middle East. They maintain relations with Israel, as well as the Arab states. They are deeply concerned about the outcome in Iraq, particularly as it pertains to the ethnic Kurds who straddle several borders and have a strong and contentious presence in eastern Turkey. Internally, the Turks are trying to balance the historic power bases of national secularism and the military with the rise of religious conservatism and the August election of Abdullah Gul, an Islamist, as president. Several of my Sinop brethren wondered which, if any, of today's presidential candidates would grasp the role Turkey could play. A focus of the presidential campaign has been much more on how to extricate American troops from Iraq than on solutions for the region. We also wondered which, if any, candidate has sufficient global vision to keep a watchful and wary eye on the reemergence of Russian power. As one colleague summed up our Cold War experience, "we made a difference." Much as today's soldier serving in dramatically more hazardous Iraq must feel, the battle is only worth it if you sense that at some level you have made a difference. Charles Bierbauer covered the Cold War from Moscow, Eastern Europe and the White House for ABC News, CNN and

others. He is now Dean of the College of Mass Communications and Information Studies at the University of South Carolina, though these are his views and not those of the university. He is Senior Contributing Editor and a consultant to SCHotline.

HEY, Joseph W., (Joe) E3-E5, 058, Det 27, 66-67, 1532 W Ridge St., Marquette, MI 49855, 906-226-9562, [heyjhey@aol.com](mailto:heyjhey@aol.com).

For those who served at Det 27 from 1966 until its closure in June 1968 and remember the FOCK ROCK - it was Joe Hey, Pat Campbell, George Ingram, Buzz Wyke, all 058's, and a couple others who were the original painters of the FOCK Rock.

Later, others joined in the painting, etc until it was jackhammered to bits by the Turks. One of Joe Hey's follower's was none other than Patrick (Pat) Campbell, a thorough 058 who, at times, was the object of pranks, etc by the other 058's on his trick. It seems that once on a mid-nite shift Pat's RMC assigned net was particularly busy sending lengthy messages and the Russian operator got tired and started sending in cleartext something to the effect that he wanted to know how the morse code operators at Site 23 were able to copy him. This completely freaked Campbell out. How in the H... did he know about Site 23? and besides the COLD WAR was a threat that everyone was aware of.

Anyway, Pat Campbell jumped up, threw his head-sets down and stormed out of operations without saying a word to anyone. He was too young to die and he knew that he was copying the 104th Guards Airborne Division command net and the other 058's on his trick kept reminding him that a company of paratroopers of the 104th would probably drop onto the Operations building roof and that he should make sure that his copy was accurate and not FUBAR.

The trick chief took over and after the net had signed down, got to reviewing Campbell's work and was dumbfounded at what Campbell had copied. Any of you TA'ers out there recall this???

Joe Hey swears that it DID happen, but admits that later on he DID pull a prank(s) on Pat Campbell. Pat kept telling everyone what he had copied and it was making him a nervous wreck, mid after mid, listening to the same key and hoping that he would not get anymore cleartext. It didn't take Joe Hey very long to figure out a prank that would send Campbell on another bonkers buster. Joe related to me that he got a maintenance man to show him how to hook up a transmitter key in the back of a console. Well, on a slow midnite shift when Campbell's net was not up, Joe finds the callsigns for the 104th net and got into the back of Campbell's console and hooked up the key and immediately started sending the control stations call-sign's to one of its outstations plus the usual QSA IMI's, etc and, of course, Pat Campbell was tuned into the predicted frequency. Immediately Pat came alive and started copying the signal. He immediately knew that it was not the fist that he was familiar with and noted such in the right hand margin. After several minutes – Hey started sending in cleartext: "I know who you are. Your name is Pat Campbell and I won't forget you." or something similar. Needless to say, Pat Campbell became hysterical and jumped out of his seat yelling at the top of his voice for everyone to come and see what he had copied. Everyone else knew that he had been set up.

JAFFE, Judi

Hi Elder, Just received the latest DOOL and was saddened to hear about the death of John Spivey.....he and Larry knew each other well and may have been in Sinop together. Forgive my rambling, but since Larry died there is no one to share any news--both good and bad--with and to talk about our memories. John was very active in the ASA group here in Arlington (with Len Fischer) and whenever there was a luncheon, picnic, or whatever he was always there. I am sorry to hear about his passing.

Regards to you and Patty. Take care of yourselves. Judy

Judith A. Jaffe

[ljjafe@verizon.net](mailto:ljjafe@verizon.net)