

DAYS OF OUR LIVES #310



GREEN, Elder RC (gH), YOB: 1936, RA13513638, E8, 982/98C/98Z, Det 27, 1-15MY61, Det 120, MY-JL65, Det 27, JN66-OC67 & Det 4-4, OC67-NO68, (Patty), 3094 Warren Rd., Indiana, PA 15701, 724-471-4899, cell 724-388-2510, asagreenhornet@comcast.net 1SG E8 USA(Ret)

IF ANY ONE VIEWING THE ABOVE PHOTO OF THE CO A, FIELD STATION, BERLIN CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM MEMBERS RECEIVING THE BERLIN BRIGADE TROPHY – PLEASE SEND ME THE NAMES THAT YOU REMEMBER. THAT'S ME (gH) and Lt Col Lillis kneeling

TAPS

DALE, John E. age 77, passed away August 25, 2018. John was a very caring and loving man who always had a smile on his face and knew just how to make people laugh. John was stationed in Turkey during Vietnam and after his service, began work as an airplane mechanic for TWA/American airlines. John did a lot of traveling with the airlines and after 40 plus years, retired to Kansas City, Mo. John is survived by his wife of 56 years, Linda, his 2 daughters, Joan and Callie, his son John and wife Judee. John also has 5 grandchildren, Halley, John, Gregory, Alicia and Michael. Services will be held Sunday September 23, 2018 at 2pm at Highlands Community of Christ Church 7615 Platte Purchase Dr. KC MO 64118.

Published in Kansas City Star on Sept. 20, 2018 -THIS INFO CAME FROM Lloyd Cridlebaugh who was on a 058 on Trick #4, Det 27, 63-64

MACK, Joe, YOB: 1940, RA13717755, E3-E5, 059, P1, TK#1 Det 27, 62-64, (Arlene), Kirners Bottom Rd, Rochester Mills, PA 15771, 724-286-.3367, sapmackmack@aol.com

Joseph A. Mack

Joseph A. Mack, 78, of Rochester Mills, passed away Tuesday, Sept. 4, 2018, at his home surrounded by his family.

The son of the late Joseph and Anna (Glass) Mack, he was born on June 16, 1940, in Verona.

Joe graduated from Penn Hills High School and Robert Morris College.

He served in the Army from 1961 to 1964, having served stateside and overseas in Turkey.

Joe married Arlene (Mikalaukas) on May 13, 1961, and they shared over 57 years of marriage together.

Joe was employed for over 30 years in the field of mine safety appliances as an accounting manager. In his retirement years, he worked at the Homer City Power Plant as a security officer. A loyal and dedicated employee, he was committed to every job he had and never called in sick.

Joe had been the president of the Mine Safety Credit Union for decades and also volunteered with Junior Achievement. In more recent years, he enjoyed attending the Mahoning Hills Senior Center activities.

An outdoorsman who absolutely loved nature, he was an avid hunter and fisherman. He loved taking his sons out into the woods and spending time with them in the outdoors. One of his favorite pastimes was working in his garden.

Joe could not wait for fall and wintertime. Each year he eagerly awaited the arrival of these two seasons.

Joe always raised beagle dogs and loved going rabbit hunting with his beagles.

He was a proud member of the Nashville Trout Club.

Joe was a quiet man of few words, but what he said conveyed meaning and good sense. Joe loved life and was a very good listener. He possessed a friendly smile, which accompanied by a knowing look and wink, revealed his dry humor.

Joe absolutely adored his wife, kids and grandkids.

He is survived by his wife, Arlene Mack, of Rochester Mills; his two sons: Joseph S. Mack and wife Jeannie, of Punxsutawney; and John A. Mack and fiancee Chris Myers, of Youngsville; his five grandchildren: Morgan Mack and fiance Alex Horanak, Peyton Mack, John Mack, Jessica Mack and Joe Mack; and his brother, Stephen Mack and wife Karen, of Plum Borough.

Joe was preceded in death by his parents; his son, James B. Mack; and his daughter-in-law, Colleen Mack.

A memorial service will be held at a later date to be announced.

Arrangements are with the assistance of the Rairigh Funeral Home Ltd. in Hillsdale.



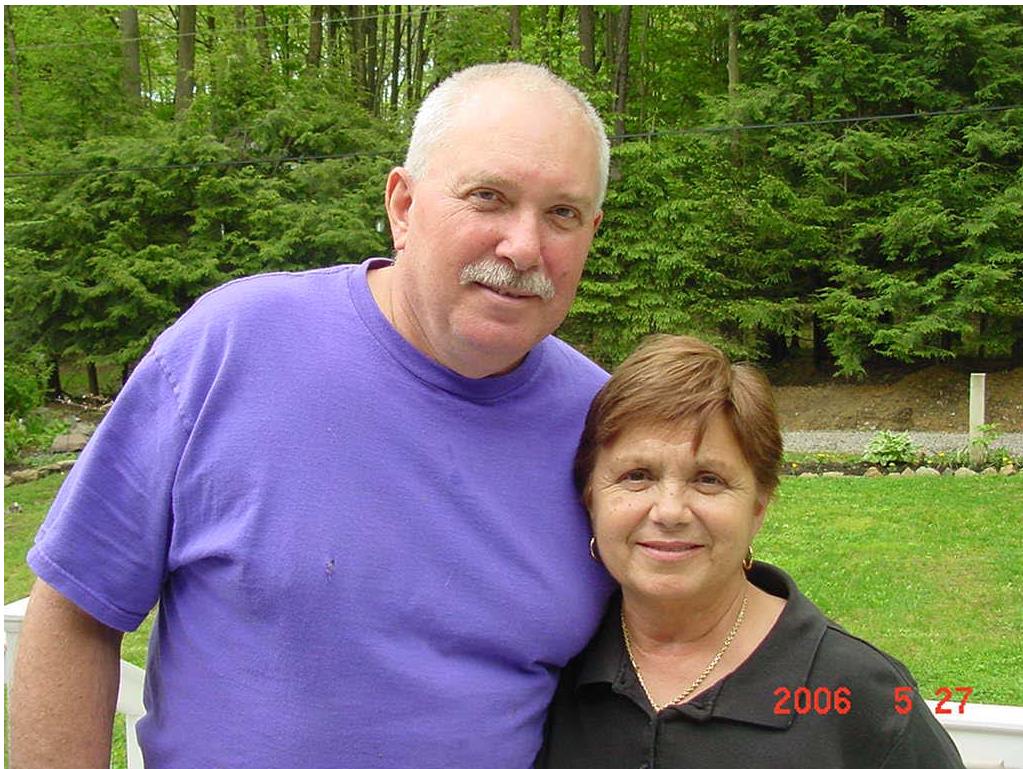
Finally I was able to find someone who lived within 10 miles from us and that being Joe and Arlene Mack. I called Joe Mack on 9 May 2006 and left a message that included info that I too served at 27. Joe returned my call on the 10th and we chatted for about 30 minutes and told him that me and my Dad had once hunted BEAR at the top of Kirners Bottom Rd near his home in Rochester Mills. On 27 May 2006 Patty and I visited the Macks at their well maintained retreat and spent an hour or so with this wonderful couple. They treated us like they knew us for years. Joe sends his regards to all that remember him from Fort Devens and in Turkey at a place called Det 27 and also as Manzarali Station, which in Turkish means a VIEW FROM THE HILL That was the last that I heard from Joe Mack until the above obituary appeared in the Indiana Gazette PA newspaper



The above is Joe Mack relaxing on the bottom bunk in the Trick #1 barracks at Det 27 in 1962. His wife, Arlene, had just sent him a care package and he was enjoying the cookies as were his roommates



This photo was kept in Joe Mack's wallet the entire time he was stationed at Det 27. On the back of this photo Arlene wrote the following : "As you carry and look at this photo, I would hope that it will remind you of the great love I have for you. I will love you & adore you always, Love Always, Arlene."



Joe & Arlene Mack

This photo was taken by Elder RC Green on 27 May 2006 at the Mack homestead in Rochester Mills, PA.



A smiling Joe Mack sitting on his - what looks like a MG 2-seater. I'm sure that it drew the attention of Turks as most of their cars were 4-seaters. Also I kick myself for not asking Joe what make it was, how and where he bought it and for how much and when he left who bought it. I'll bet that few Americans kept their ANKARA license plates.

CAN ANYONE ID THE YEAR OR MAKE OF THIS ROADSTER?

SHOATS, Mack, Jr., YOB:1932 DOD:29AU2018, 85y, AF/RS12330897, E5, 058, Det 4, 58-50 and Det 27, 60-62, (Mae) 2795 Pendant Pl., Decatur Pl., Decatur, GA 30034, 404-241-3371



Mack Shoats, Jr

Mack Shoats served at Det 4 in 58-59 and was transferred to Det 27 when Det 27 became operational and was in need of experienced 058 when

Obituary for Mack Shoats Jr.

Master Sergeant Mack Shoats Jr. 85 of Decatur Ga passed away on 29 August 2018. Celebration of Life services was held on 5 September 5, 2018 at the South DeKalb Chapel of Gregory B. Levett & Sons Funeral Home. Sgt Shoats was laid to rest with full military honors at College Park Cemetery. Family and friends may visit from 10 AM to 8 PM with the family present at 6 PM on Tuesday September 4, 2018 at the South DeKalb Chapel of Gregory B. Levett & Sons Funeral Home. Please express your condolences here on our website. Services entrusted to Gregory B. Levett & Sons Funeral Home, South DeKalb Chapel. 4347 Flat Shoals Pkwy Decatur Ga 30034. 404-241-5656.

DOOL 153, dtd 1AU2005: SHOATS, Mack Jr., YOB: 1932, AF/RA12330897, SP2, 058, Tk#4, Det 4, 58-59, E6, 058 Det 27, 60-62, (Mae), 2795 Pendant Pl, Decatur, GA 30034, 404-241-3371, shoatsm@aol.com Ret E8.

Dick Rudell remembered Mack Shoats name and I found Shoats on switchboard and Called him on 16 July 2005 and discovered that he served at Sinop and also at Manzarali. Mack enlisted in the USAF in November 1950 at New York City. Took basic at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, then sent to Kessler AFB in Biloxi, MS for ditty-bop training and was assigned to the Air Force Security Service. His first AF Security

assignment was to Bremerhaven, Germany where he arrived via ship. Was discharged after that USAF Security assignment and after a short stay as a civilian decided to re-up, but this time in the US Army Security Agency. At that time (1954-55) the ditty-boppers were assigned to the Signal Corps and Shoats was sent to Fort Huachuca, AZ after taking basic at Fort Gordon, GA. In 1954 the INTEL collection was taken away from the Signal Corps and while Sgt Shoats was at Fort Huachuca - the ASA took over responsibility for ELINT and COMINT - related electronic countermeasures (ECM) from the Signal Corps and now he was a member of the ASA. The change eliminated duplication of facilities and allowed for proper integration of SIGINT with ELINT. The term SIGINT was now used to refer to both of these functions. This mission transfer was delayed for a short time until Mack Shoats was transferred to the Army Security Agency and had his clearance level upgraded.

This was the beginning of ASA in a Army-wide change and the ASA became the U.S. Army Security Agency (USASA) on 1 January 1957. Concurrently, its fixed field stations, which previously had been known as numbered Army administrative units in the 8600 series, acquired new designations as numbered USASA field stations.
//gH- When I was assigned to Chitose, Northern Hokkaido, Japan in May 1955 in was known as 8612 DU//

In 1958 Mack Shoats was sent to Det 4 in Sinop, Turkey. Like many others he had to ride in the back of a deuce and a half (IKI BUCUK) from Ankara to Sinop. Said that it was a long, bumpy, dusty and terrible ride to the isolated outpost on the hill called Det 4. Didn't have time to mention many names during the chat, but did mention Court Guerin and Jon Kjoller and Lt Bert Slessinger who many years later he ran into while interviewing for a CIA job. After Sinop was posted at Two Rock Ranch for a year or so before getting orders for another Turkey assignment, this time at Det 27. Said that he was part of the first morse operators who worked in the Det 27 operations building.

THAT WAS THE LAST TIME THAT I HEARD FROM MACK SHOATES

MAIL call

CARRICK, Ernie,. E3-E4 Pers, Det 4, NO57-OC58, Huntsville, AL

FEICK, Phillip. E2-E5, 71L, Mgr "O" Club, Det 27, 66-67, 84, PA
GOODMAN, Jay, E4, MP, Det 4, SE72-E73, (Darla), Salem, OH
JONES, Luther, E4, 058, Tk#1, Det 27, 62-63, Sunset Beach, NC
RUDELL, Dick, E3-E5 058 Det 27, 29MY60-11JL62, Northridge, CA
SULLIVAN, Joe, E3-E4, 058, Det 27, 61-63, Hazelton, B.C. Canada,
TAYLOR, Dan, E6, Det 4, AU61-JL62, & CW3, JA70-DE70, , Shirley, MA

MAIL call in alphabetic order

CARRICK, Ernie,. YOB: 15AP1936, ra25358534, E3-E4, Pers, Det 4, NO57-OC58
(Betty) deceased 6111 Fairfield Dr., Huntsville, AL 35811, 256-852-6180

50 Years ago I was assigned to the US Defence Attaché Office in the American Embassy. All that year the ambassador and the 8th Army Commander were in the negotiating with the North Koreans. My wife was in the 8th Army Public Affairs Office. When the crew members were released Betty and Colonel John Chesbrough were there stacking their hands. I just wonder if they remember that pretty lady there welcome them home.

Subject: uss-pueblo-spy-ship-crew-tell-trump-to-bring-vessel-home-from-north-korea

<http://www.foxnews.com/us/2018/09/22/uss-pueblo-spy-ship-crew-tell-trump-to-bring-vessel-home-from-north-korea.html>

FEICK, Phillip. YOB: 1943, E2-E5, 71L, Mgr "O" Club, Det 27, 66-67, (Jean), G346 Munntown Rd, 84, PA 15330, 724-941-6105, pjafeick@ live.com
Hey gH. Thanks for the PUEBLO info. I'm sure you remember that I was at NSA at the time. We received instantaneous messaging from the Pueblo that OUR crypto gear had been compromised by the North Koreans. We were shut down world wide. My roomy was a Korean linguist and immediately left for D.C. where he monitored and translated traffic from the Korean Embassy.

Then later that year our spy ship Liberty was sunk and about 18 sailors died at the hands of the Israelis.

67/68 was a terrible year. Phil Feick was stationed at NSA during the Pueblo capture by the N, Koreans

GOODMAN, Jay, YOB: 1952, E4, MP, Det 4, SE72-E73, (Darla), 1125 Hampton Pl., Salem, OH 44460. 412-818-6009. ffgoodman@gmail.com



Jay Goodman and his MP friend Lynn Bontrager from Det 4



Elder Green, 1973-74 Berlin, West Germany

This is my #23 that I raced at the Berlin dirt track every Saturday during the summer months. On my team was #22 that was driven by SSG Bobby Dance. Both cars were sponsored by a BP station near Andrews Barracks

JONES, Luther, E4, RA14792879, 058, Tk#1, Det 27, 62-63, (Edna), 307 Magnolia Dr., Sunset Beach, NC 28468, 910-228-3995, edmac@atmc.net

Luther sent me 24 photos taken during his trip to Nashville, TN but I'll be damned I could view each photo – but could not insert them in this DOOL.

I have had a number of emails and calls. We are safe and our home was spared. We had to spend 7 days away, couldn't get home no roads passable for 3 days after the storm. We got home yesterday after an afternoon of touring lower South Carolina. Our normal route was flooded or flooding. We had no

damage, just a lot of debri we worked on that today and hope to finish tomorrow, had to take frequent breaks because of the heat. That's it for now

Thanks to everyone for their concern.

Luther and Edna

DOOL 157, dtd 16DE2005: RUDELL, Richard (Dick) YOB 1942 RA19647399 E3-E5 058 Det 27, 29MY60-11JL62, (Linda), 11555 Killimore Ave., Northridge, CA 91326, 818-363-6567, dnl57ravenbird@yahoo.com –

IF ANYONE WANTS TO READ OTHER DOOL'S FROM DICK RUDELL click google.com & type: <http://dool-1.tripod.com> and click on 153, 154, 157, 160 & 262



Photo fm Bill Cowie of a strack PFC Dick Rudell

[edited] Al - It was great talking to you - I was really surprised to hear someone

address me in Turkish - I still remember a little - Nasilsenez, esak, güle-güle, alasmaladik, oskara, --- hey it's all coming back. My daughter, who is going into her last year at Pepperdine Law School returned home from London while we were talking. She was there for 6 weeks on a summer school internship program. She was about, in her words, "two tube stops away" from the bombings of last week. She said that made a miserable experience even more miserable.

A few names Det 27, APO 254, have popped into my head since we talked - Clark Andridge, who passed away 20 November 2004, was, like myself a ex-058 and a LAPD cop - however I didn't know him on the job - we worked the same patrol division at different times and knew a lot of the same people. He was medically retired from the LAPD in 1987 with heart problems. He arrived in Turkey just about the time I was leaving. He and Vic Pryor were good friends. Another ex-058 from Manzarali and a Lieutenant on the LAPD is Ken Lady. At one time he was in charge of the LAPD shooting investigation team.

Can you do anything with these: Don Norris; Larry Braho (PA); **Jack Shade (PA); John Biehl, San Bernardino, CA; Gordon Lief, N.J.; Bob Bochiccio (sp), Brooklyn N.Y.; **Charlie Parker one heck of a scotch drinking lifer) - roomed with Dave Laddusire. One night Laddusire got drunk and punched Robert McPhee in the mouth, freeing a tooth. I think McPhee was from California maybe Napa - he played the trumpet. Laddusire, like Charlie (four finger) Parker had re-upped and were T/A trained. William Dale (Bill) Harris, Duluth MN. lived in Burbank, CA., worked at Lockheed, had a part as an extra in 'MAD MAD MAD MAD World" joined the Merchant Marine, last known to be in Seattle, WA.; Mike Hancock, Hollywood, CA., tall gangly guy, very funny, I last saw him about 1966 when **Don (Waco) Borders came to visit, last known to be a studio make-up artist in Las Vegas; **Brian Hennessey who got to Det 27 just before my DEROs; Larry Thomas, (teen idol singer) PA; Larry G. Hull (another teen idol singer, married a young Turk girl while we were there) Hull had a apartment in Ankara where a lot of us trick 4'ers crashed while on break. I think he was from Parkersburg, WVA; Harlan White, (skinny musician -drummer) from New Orleans; Bobbie Eugene Delmore, played guitar, uke and other stuff accompanying Don Borders with bawdy songs and backroom ballads. I believe that Delmore's folks had a newspaper somewhere in GA; (remember Lupe?) Sidney Skutt, didn't know much about him- Everyone on Manzarali knew Joseph Patrick Kelly, **Scooter Rizzetto, Bob Kennedy from Philadelphia, PA Kennedy lost a leg shortly after getting his DD-214 - was pushing a car on the PA turnpike and got hit from behind.**Bill Junkin - originally from Carthage, MO, but now living in Oak Park, CA - I keep promising myself to contact him; Rich (Dick) Gorsky, from NYC -

a baseball trivia expert. His Dad worked as a janitor at Madison Square Garden), Russ Davis - a big jolly black GI from Chicago who had arms the size of my thighs; Robert "Wally" Wallace from NYC (crisco and snowflake), **Dan Levy from LA (we called him Boogie cause he was always picking his nose), Don Theriot from New Orleans, John Dompkowski (sp) - medic later sent to Det 4 - was from NH, CN , or maybe VT; John Rowell, older (then) who was one hell of a ball pitcher;** Warren 'Mo" Mulder from IA; Harold Hudgins - I don't know where he was from - was prematurely gray - went to OCS from Det. 27- I think he also got punched out by Dave Laddusire - oh yeah, I also remember Laddusire would keep us entertained some evenings by eating broken glass - Some Officers and NCOs: I remember are Master Sgt Robert Young- he left shortly after I got there; M/Sgt Joseph C. (Jesus Christ) DiCaprio; **Mack Shoats, a black Sgt and the 058 Trick 4 Trick Chief and probably the best 058's at Det 27 - who had the first Ray Charles album I ever heard; Sgt.Albert Z (nobody knew what the 'Z' stood for) Simmons from TN. He was the Trick 4 Watch NCO; 2LT Robert Mize, the Trick 4 Watch Officer and 2LT Freddy Frye (KY) - two young OCS grads who lucked out and wound up in Turkey; and, of course, **Capt Alvin H. Sprehe, the Ops Company commander. I think Billy Junkin called him "Horse Face". How could I forget Roger Browder from San Francisco, who at 5 foot 3 we called the "Little Tailor". He bought a sewing machine at the PX and sewed our stripes on and tailored our fatigues. I believe that **Harold Probert was his protector. Another unforgettable GI was Henry "Chicken Hawk" Coyle from Richmond, IN - the best gambler on Site 23. Another was the bald re-up gambler named Sgt. 'Doc' Carlton; I remember **Bill Cowie from the Show Me State - who fell in love with Vicki Buettel, a Air Force brat, whose Dad was a USAF Major and C-130 MATS pilot stationed at TUSLOG Det 30.. There was Larry Foss (tall and thin) from the Seattle, WA area who was into hot rods and drag racing. Also I remember a very intelligent, quiet GI from Florida named Bill Reynolds. In his spare time he had his nose in a USAFE course or book. He probably became a senator, or something similar. Daniel Zanvetter from San Francisco, CA who had a theatre/dancing background before he joined the ASA. There was another GI, Van something from San Francisco, very scholarly type-dark hair-Comm Center GI, I think) can't think of his name; I do remember a re-upper by the name of George Harter who seldom used the showers. At the Manzarali NCO Club was the Turk manager that nearly everyone called 'Moose', short for Mustafa. Rumor had it that he was into blackmarketing and just might have been a planted spy. I still haven't had a chance to dig into my 'stuff'. I remember the donkey (Ay-shack) that freely roamed Manzarali and often begged beer outside the NCO Club and often was drunk. Well, towards the end of my 058 stint at Manzarali the Turk cooks decided that Ay-shack who often visited the mess hall area for handouts - needed a cleaning - so they steam cleaned it and damn near scalded it to death., not to mention burning most of its hide off. I vividly remember the poor ay-shack grazing out behind the NCO Club with all of the open sores hanging out. It kind

of made me want to drink more beer. I'm having a brain seizure right now thinking of all these happenings during my Turkey tour at Det 27. There was MacDonald, the re-up psycho who played football at LSU and usually started the fights we had with the Air Force Zoomies when we went to the NCO Club in downtown Ankara. I remember we all spent extended tours because the East Germans/Russians began erecting the Berlin Wall - I spent 25 months on a 17 month tour, but now looking back enjoyed that time in my youth. Anyone remember the GI from Det 66 who was killed in a icky-pa-chuk crash while returning from a outing at Lake Golbosi? There was a GI we called "wombat" at Det 27. I think his name was Stanley Hamilton. He was from a wealthy family that manufactured office furniture. I remember a linguist named Ted Kotzin from Torrance, CA whose Dad owned the Kotzin clothing line. Also, I have a photo disc of my old slides that I put together when Borders was alive and shared with him. Has some neat pictures on it with some folks that I'm sure some of the ex-27'ers can I.D. I'll copy it and send it to you. I'm busy, busy, with my T-bird and a full time job to keep me busy. You know what - they don't have one - NOT ONE Motorola R-390A radio receiver to listen to, and not one - NOT ONE Underwood Mill typewriter to copy dits and dahs on. What the heck kind of Comm Center is this?

Aaahhhgggh!!! I'll think of more names and try to dig out some memorabilia with names, photos etc. I have to go to Sacramento for a weeklong training program - Being a cop for the great state of California it never stops - short notice-gotta pack and make reservations, etc. Gonna be hot. Just like Manzarali Station. Çok sijak. (choke sijack), De ja vu. Güle Güle and Alasmaladik Dick Rudell - Trick 4- 058 RA 196-47-399 (Laundry mark 7399)

SULLIVAN, Joseph P., YOB: 1942, RA18621225, E3-E4 058 Det 27, 61-63, (Devvie), Box 8, Site M, RR 1 Hazelton, B.C. Canada, V0J 1Y0, 250 842
[6390, kispioxjoe@hotmail.com](mailto:kispioxjoe@hotmail.com)

[edited] Merhaba, nas es sen? I was pleased to find your ASA Turkey DAY OF OUR LIVES and would like to add my own two cents in here. I have a few bits and pieces and some pretty solid memories of some good times and some fun times and the terrible scare that was the Cuban missile crises and that is about all. I have been in touch with a couple of good friends from those days; Richard Arena and Mike Kelsey. I have tried to find a couple of others but no luck. For a short time after being discharged I talked to and visited Ron Hillmer in Minnesota but lost contact years ago. I know that he was with the Highway Patrol in Hibings for a number of years. While we were in 27 he often spoke of his desire to be a member of the Montana highway patrol.

I remember Don (Waco) Borders and the organized trip to Lake Abant because it was the first time that I had ever seen anyone chug a fifth of booze. Waco did that with apparently no problem. A bit of teasing and a few suggestions that he couldn't or wouldn't were met head on and Don tipped back the bottle and drained it. I figured he was going to die for sure from alcohol poisoning but, as I recall, the worst he got from that bad bet was a bad sunburn because he passed out on the sand for awhile. He was a character and, as you say, loved to hummmmmmm the newks. But therein lies

another tale. perhaps another time. Thanks for the update and the refresher course on the William Cox fellow. He really was a bad one and clearly slipped thru the cracks. He should never have made it that far. Oh, well, my kids think it funny that they have an old man who was once a spook in the cold one and who was fined a dollar for rape and murder. Not many kids can tell that story and hope that mine don't!

I REMEMBER THE GI FROM SINOP WHO WAS CONFINED TO OPS UNTIL HIS DEPARTURE

I wasn't at Det 4 but I sure did put in lots of time at 27. When I arrived at 27 there was a young fellow that lived in the hallway of our operations building and had been for some time. I was told that he had been involved in a shooting at the Det 4 gate and had somehow been pointed out as the shooter. The Turks wanted him for murder and, of course, since the accident happened while he was on guard duty - ASA packed him anyway they could. I don't after all these years, recall his name but I took a liking to him and concern for his plight. He told me that the accident occurred at the front gate at Det 4 in Sinop when a Turk grabbed the carbine and pulled the barrel, thereby discharging it directly into his own abdomen. Our boy was very upset and flustered about it but was quickly shuttled out of Det 4 and confined to the operations building AT Det 27 where we tried to brighten his life by bringing him contents of care packages that arrived from home. One day he told me he was off to better duty and left that day and 'was' told that he would be loaded on the IG inspectors aircraft leaving out of Essenboga airport. It was the last I saw him but not The last that I thought of him. anyone recall his name and how he made out in the ensuing years? [The GI was Bruce Mondahl from Blue Earth, MN]

After this brief discussion of the trials and tribulations of those at the gate at Det 4 I thought I might share this story with you. I don't know all the names anymore but you might be able to fill in a couple of blanks. While I was in Det 27 I had, along with a MP named Woody, the only name I can recall, and I had rented an apartment in Ankara so we would have a place to stay when we could get off base. While we weren't forbidden to have these apartments we had been told it wasn't the best idea but we were young and indestructible and saw no reason why we might not be just fine with the arrangement. The apartment was used by a number of the guys from Det 27 and was no secret. Usually guys would throw in a few bucks to help pay the rent and it seemed like a great arrangement. We were to learn all too soon just how big a mistake that could be. I don't now recall if I had ever stayed at the apartment before this incident occurred. Because of the problems that we faced as a result of it I do remember the incident very well.

We had a young fellow at Det 27 who was a real loner and had not made any real friends. I didn't know him very well but had begun to feel sorry for him because of his isolation and his seeming depression. It was hard enough on all of us as we learned to overcome the culture shock of being stationed at a place like Manzarelli. It was a very difficult process and I fault the army for failing to orient us about such things but that isn't the story. I had tried, without much success, to make friends with the new kid. All I

remember about him was that he was tall, blonde and sour looking. He had gotten a weekend pass and I or Woody told him that he could stay at our apartment hoping that it would help him fit in a bit. There wasn't anybody else there that weekend so he had the place to himself and, somehow, picked up a hooker and took her to the apartment. I never got all the details but in the ensuing problems this is the best of the story as I recall it.

He, apparently, took a woman to the apartment and probably had sex with her. following that it seemed that they fell into a disagreement about the cost of the services and before it was over he had taken a knife and cut the woman up. How badly he injured her is a matter of speculation but I don't think that it was awfully serious. She managed to get to a hospital and report the assault. Ankara's finest shot in to action to catch this miscreant and discovered that the apartment was rented in the name of myself and Woody. While neither of us were anywhere near the place it was all they needed to charge us, and the perp, with murder and rape, neither of which had occurred but little facts like that were not of great interest to Turkish justice, especially when a foreigner was involved. The first that I had heard of the incident was in the middle of the night on Saturday night of the weekend in question. I was sleeping soundly when the MP's dragged me unceremoniously from my bunk and told me to get dressed in the same clothes I had worn that day, including my underwear and head for the guard house by the gate. Still in somewhat of a stupor and left standing there in the dark by myself I think that I was as confused as I've ever been. But, being a good soldier I did as I was told. Besides, I was very curious, now, to find out what the hell was going on. When I got to the guard house I was ushered into a cell without so much as a word of explanation. In the cell next to me was Woody and he seemed much more relaxed than I was. It was he who told me the first details of the incident. He didn't know very much but he did know that the blond fellow had cut up a hooker and lit out of town in a Turkish cab. Somewhere between Ankara and Manzarelli he had gotten out of the cab and headed out into the Anatolian plateau. Both Turkish police and MP's were out looking for him. He said that we were under investigation for rape and murder. Well, that got my attention. I figured that this is going to be tough to explain to my mother. I recall having only a bit of worry right at first because we were getting so little information from the Company commander or MP's at our detachment but I figured when they caught the fellow it would all be cleared up and that would be that.

No such luck. The fellow was, of course, caught but, unfortunately for him, he was found by the Turks and hustled into the prison in Ankara. Knowing how Turkish justice worked I really felt for the poor guy. I would have been more concerned except that I was pretty pissed off at him for having dragged Woody and me into this mess. Woody and I got to spend the rest of the night and about half the next day in the cell. The MP's had taken a much softer approach toward us and several were doing their best to make us relaxed and comfortable so it wasn't all that bad a time. Late the next day we were let out and ordered to report to the company commander.

When we got to his office he seemed pretty up tight and out of sorts and that wasn't in our favor, I guessed. He told us to have a seat, which relieved my mind a bit and then

he told us that we were facing an Article 15. that was no big deal as you may recall. basically it was a recorded slap on the wrist for any small misdemeanor that young servicemen were always getting into. Then he told us that we were charged with rape and murder. I'm thinking that I would like to see a lawyer or two right about now but he pushed ahead. He told us that the facts had been researched and that we were to be found guilty and fined \$1.00 and confined to base for 6 weeks. End of trial.

As you can guess, I was really confused by now and when the CO asked us if we had any questions you can bet that we did. He was pretty up front with us and told us all about the incident at the apartment. He went on to say that there were several vehicles at the front gate being held out by our Abie guards and that they were there to get the remaining guilty American rapists and Murderers. The dollar fine was for the records and the 6 weeks confined to base was for our own protection. He reckoned that the whole thing might blow over by then. For several days there were groups of vehicles pulling up to the gate in an attempt to have us turned over to the Turkish authorities, or to the lynch mob, which ever they were. one morning there were 18 vehicles, including cabs from Ankara at the gate but they really got the bums rush from the Abies and the MP's. It looked like it might get a bit violent for a while.- some weapons were flashed about and the Turk soldiers gave a great show of their firepower and the vehicles decided that we weren't all that important. I was very relieved. So far as I know the fellow who had committed the offense never made it out. I have no first hand knowledge but I know that he was very unbalanced (that was obvious now) and that he had begun to make threats from the prison. He had let it be known that if he wasn't gotten out by the US in a few days he was going to tell the Turks all he knew about our operations at the base, and anything else that he might know that would be of interest. I was led to believe that he died in the prison very shortly after that rant from food poisoning or something like that. I have always wondered what really happened to him. I do know that the Ambassador had made a deal with the Turks that they could have him for trial and the US would try Woody and me on the same charges and that we would be found guilty and appropriately punished.

So far as I know, Woody and I were the only two guys ever found guilty of rape and murder on an Article 15 and fined a dollar for it. Sometimes life is truly stranger than fiction. Do you know Woody's last name and do you have any contact with Don Borders (Waco borders as he was known at 27) or Ron Hilmer?

Do you have info on Jesse Sammis? He and I had some great times when we were traveling in Germany and playing sports. I was wrestling and Jesse was a wonderful squash player and skier. He won gold in both at the small games tournament there. We had a wonderful time traveling around in a "borrowed" volkswagen. I will have to tell you more about it some day. we got thrown out of the classiest cassino in Baden-Baden that one can imagine. We had a great time crashing a reception for Don Juan Carlos and Princess Sophia of Greece when they were getting married. Jessie had a great sense of humor and adventure. - Joe Sullivan

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