

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR



Well, well well can you believe it another reunion is under our belts. Once again if you didn't attend you missed another great gathering. I know you want to hear about it so I've put together a special section with pictures and stories, First let's bring you guy up to date on the happening with in the KAS group.

NEW FINDS

Rich Chapman

Rich was stationed at Karamursel from 1959 to 1960 and was a voice interceptor on Charlie Flight. He attended language school in Syracuse. He was informed of the group by member Bob Barnhart.

Walt Bradley

Walt was at main site with US Navy Det 23 during the 1960/61 era.

LOSSES

Very sad to report the loss of one of our good friends and long time members HANK SPEARS.



Hank has been with the group since the late 90's and he and his wife Dot had attended every reunion up until this year. He has been battling cancer for the past few years and had every intention of making this year's reunion but at the very last minute became quite ill and had to go to the hospital.

Hank was the room supervisor for the RP shop on Dog Flight in 1960 and 1961.

Hank and I left Karamursel together in Feb 1961, here's a picture of Hank and I at the Hilton Hotel in Istanbul on our last night.



Here's another picture of Hank with his accessorized putter. He was very active in the reunions annual Putt Putt tournament. In honor of Hank the putt-Putt tournament has been renamed "The Hank Spears Putt-Putt Tournament"



As Pete put it "Our group is greatly diminished by his loss and reunions will never be quite the same without his winning personality and of course his lucky putter. Should I be so lucky as to share the bottle of Courvoisier with the one other remaining member of KAS 60-61, one person I will surely remember with a toast will be SSgt Henry Spears" Pete Johnson

Flowers were sent on behalf of our group following the passing of Hank. Included with the flowers is the following message:

**“Farewell friend, yet not farewell.
Where you go, we too shall dwell”**

**Your KAS 60-61 friends and comrades
give you a farewell salute but will
never forget you.**



OTHER LOSSES

BEN BEVIL , Received a call from Ben's daughter informing us that he passed away in March 2013. Ben was a Day Worker in the Base Accounting Dept. from 1958 to 1960. Ben's name has been added to the groups Memorial list. He was a Non-e member of the group and received a copy of the newsletter.

KEN KESSLER, Ken was a 202 on Dog Flight during the 59-61 era. Ken passed away in March 2013. Being the latest member to pass away prior to our 2013 reunion he was recognized at our reunion banquet. Due to poor health Ken was unable to attend any of our reunions. His name has been added to the groups Memorial list. Ken also was a Non-e member of the group and

received a hard copy of each issue of the newsletter.

THE WALL

Interesting Veterans Statistics off the Vietnam Memorial Wall

There are 58,267 names now listed on that polished black wall, including those added in 2010.

The first known casualty was Richard B. Fitzgibbon, of North Weymouth , Mass. Listed by the U.S. Department of Defense as having been killed on June 8, 1956. His name is listed on the Wall with that of his son, Marine Corps Lance Cpl. Richard B. Fitzgibbon III, who was killed on Sept. 7, 1965.

There are three sets of fathers and sons on the Wall.

39,996 on the Wall were just 22 or younger

8,283 were just 19 years old.

The largest age group, 33,103 were 18 years old.

12 soldiers on the Wall were 17 years old.

5 soldiers on the Wall were 16 years old.

One soldier, PFC Dan Bullock was 15 years old.

997 soldiers were killed on their first day in Vietnam ..

1,448 soldiers were killed on their last day in Vietnam ..

**31 sets of brothers are on the Wall.
Thirty one sets of parents lost two of
their sons.**

**54 soldiers attended Thomas Edison
High School in Philadelphia . I wonder
why so many from one school.**

**8 Women are on the Wall. Nursing the
wounded.**

**244 soldiers were awarded the Medal
of Honor during the Vietnam War; 153
of them are on the Wall.**

**Beallsville, Ohio with a population of
475 lost 6 of her sons.**

**West Virginia had the highest
casualty rate per capita in the nation.
There are 711 West Virginians on the
Wall.**

**The most casualty deaths for a single
day was on January 31, 1968 ~ 245
deaths.**

**The most casualty deaths for a single
month was May 1968 - 2,415
casualties were incurred.**



2013 Reunion



RECEPTION



**The good conversation and laughter
and food begins.**





**Larry Webb and Margaret Bruno
catching up on things**



**After the reception everyone settled in
at the Col Sam Bruno Memorial
Hospitality Room.**



**A long line awaits the chief slicing the
beef.**



**The tables were full and the
conversation lasted well into the nite.**

HOSPITALITY ROOM



Lots of memorabilia was there for everyone to reminisce about.

BUSINESS MEETING

The business meeting went well. There were many laughs and a few decisions made. The high light of the meeting was the Ed "60" Watts Show" where Ed raffled off many item he brought home with him from the latest Bull Walk. Also Ron Scott presented Rudy Ruediger with a puzzle ring he purchased at the grand bazaar while on the Bul Walk.

"Thanks Again Ron"



R-390A

The big attractions where the two receivers Ron Scott brought to the reunion a SP600 and an R-390A



The Bob Guest Memorial Chi service



SP600



Harry Herring was the winner of the Lionel train set donated yearly by Jake Reece.



Lewis Gray winner of \$100.00 donated by Margaret Bruno in behalf of Sam.



Jake Reece modeled his Air Force dress uniform he will be wearing during Honor Guard ceremonies at his local parish.



Norm Durnford another \$100.00 winner of the Sam Bruno award.



OH YA, THERE WAS SOME BUSINESS DISCUSSED

BANQUET



As we traditionally do at each reunion we honor the member of our group who recently passed away, this year we honored KEN KESSLER



Dick Sprinkle was the winner of the annual Putt-Putt golf tournament



John Replogle was the winner of our annual 18 hole golf tournament.



Rudy Ruediger was the recipient of a Special Achievement Award.



We didn't have a guest speaker this year but we were entertained by

some of the girls doing a Turkish belly dance.



Those who didn't leave early where there to enjoy a great departure breakfast and said there good bye's until next year.



Group Picture



Tom Bruno says "ma you talk to them, I'm busy right now" !!

DEPARTURE BREAKFAST



**Mark and Lori Gransden saying good
bye to Peter and Donna Mae Pinckney**

**Zel Levy, Chick and Crystal McCalmont
and Jan Herring enjoying the departure
breakfast**



Dave and Sally Currey



**Bonnie Johnson and Ed and Elena
Mitchell/Sanders**

REUNION CD'S

**If you were in attendance at the 2013
reunion and haven't received a copy of
the "Reunion CD" yet or you had a
problem with the one you received,
please let Ed Watts know. Ed's phone
is 770-393-3454 and his e-mail
address is edwatts@mindspring.com**



**Guest speak next year... I'm letting
this out of the bag a little early but
we've already signed on a guest
speaker for next year reunion. It's
Pete's son Eric.**

KTUS

According to latest statistics from Voscast, the company that puts KTUS on the Internet, the station's audience is still growing.

This is reflected in the number of listener hours tabulated for July, August and September. In addition to the USA

during this period, KTUS was heard in Japan, Canada, India, Hong Kong, Chile and several other countries.

Here are the monthly stats from Voscast:

July, 2013 824 listener hours

August 2013 926 listener hours

September 2013 1047 listener hours

REUNION HANDOUT BOOKLETS

For those of you that purchased a copy of the 2013 Reunion Handout Booklet, I've only heard back from a couple of you notifying me that you've received it. A quick email to me at rudym60612@verizon.net or a phone call 978-809-1212 will let me know. You paid for it; you should have gotten a copy.

.....

USS NEW YORK



USS

New York

*It was built with 24 tons of
scrap steel from the
World
Trade
Center*

*It is the fifth in a new class
of warship -
designed for missions that
include special
operations against terrorists.
It will carry a
crew of 360 sailors and 700*

*combat-ready Marines
to be delivered ashore by
helicopters and
assault craft.*

*Steel
from the
World
Trade
Center was melted
down in a foundry in
Amite, LA to
cast the ship's bow section.
When it was poured
into the molds on Sept 9,
2003, 'those big rough
steelworkers treated it with
total reverence,'
recalled Navy Capt. Kevin
Wensing, who was there.*

*'It was a spiritual moment
for everybody there.'*

*Junior Chavers, foundry
operations manager, said
that
when the trade center steel
first arrived, he*

*touched it with his hand and
the 'hair on my
neck stood up.' 'It had a big
meaning to it for
all of us,' he said. 'They
knocked us down. They
can't keep us down. We're
going to be
back.'*

*The
ship's motto?*

"NEVER FORGET"
.....

**Member Bob McCormick just finished
reading a short book titled: Istanbul,
by Orhan Pamuk.**

**It is an autobiography of Orhan's life in
Istanbul and Bob thinks many of our
and guys would find it interesting as it
is loaded with black and white photos
and ink-prints of Istanbul the cities
along the Bosphorus out to the Black
Sea.**

MINI REUNIONS

**Here's a photo of a fun mini-reunion of
Bill & Bea Burt, Rudy & Gladys
Ruediger, and Pete & Bonnie Johnson
at the Chateau Restaurant in Andover,
Mass**



**Bonnie and Pete were on their way
home from attending a wedding in New
Hampshire.**



**Cathy and Ed Watts paid a visit to
Green Bay Wi. Here they are enjoying
a meal with Barb and Dick Drnec.**

The Bul Walkers were at it again this year. This year they were joined by new comer to the Walk, Ron Scott. Here's a few pictures from that trip.



Ron Scott, Cathy Watts, Barbara Drnec, Ed "60" Watts and Dick Drnec

As Dick always says "There's something missing"



2013 BUL WALKERS



Ya, this table too ?

Something missing from this table ?



There it is, good old Elfs Beer

And from this table ?

2013 BUL WALKERS



**Kathy and the groups good friend
Ahmit**



**Dick Drnec telling Ron Scott, "this is
your first Bul Walk so you just follow
me and do what I do"**

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

HOW I GOT TO KARAMURSEL TURKEY

Here's a few interesting story from some of the members of the group telling about their adventures on their way to Mainsite; These stories are a lot longer then what I asked for and expected but all of them are too good to edit. Enjoy them, I did.

Several of the early arrivals at Mainsite got there several years late. By that I mean that some of us had already been overseas almost two years before we ever heard of Mainsite. In my case, in mid-1956, I left Andrews AFB with a flight that went to St. John's, Newfoundland, then Thule, Greenland on to Paris, France. Three separate trains finally got me to Landsberg, Germany (Paris to Nancy, France, Nancy to Munich, Munich to Landsberg). Then a ride in a 6 x6 hauling classified documents when were moved from Landsberg to Zweibrucken. After time in Bovingdon, England and Tripoli, I finally heard of Karamursel, Turkey. Near the end of 1957 I had arrived back at Ramstein AFB from Tripoli, Libya late on a Friday night and finally got back to Zweibrucken much later that night. When I got to my barracks my bunkmate awoke and said, "They told me to give you these orders when you got back!" I asked what they were and his exact words were, "They have transferred your ass to Turkey!--You have to be in Frankfurt by 2pm Sunday for a flight to Istanbul." Since we were in 24 man bays on this Army Post, I did not dare turn lights on; therefore, I took the orders to the

latrine to read and, sure enough, they told me to report to Frankfurt by 2PM Sunday. I arrived in Frankfurt on time and caught a 6900 Security Wing flight that was supposed to be going to Istanbul only we somehow had an engine problem and ended up in Athens, Greece. Typical of some of you, this took three days to get a part to fix the engine; therefore, we were "forced" to spend those days in Athens. We finally arrived in Istanbul and I was told to take a bus to the Kahan Building and was given some route maps. Somewhere near the Hilton Hotel we were broadsided by a car and when I looked up I was the only one still on the bus. I decided that the better part of valor was to grab my duffle bag and walk the rest of the way to the Kahan Building. There I was given some Turkish lira and told to go to Galata Bridge and catch a ferry to Yalova which would cost me 2 1/2 lira. Then I was told that once I arrived in Yalova I was to catch a civilian bus going to Karamursel and get off at the base which was short of the town. I rode the bus with the Turks, Yeni Harmons, chickens and loud music going like a bat out of hell down that dusty road until I heard someone yell, "Dur, Abi". The bus just kept going until another yell, "Dur, this damn bus!!" That was my first lessons in the Turkish language and my first sight of Mainsite! My first thought, as many of you no doubt experienced also, was "where the hell am I!!"

Ed (60) Watts

LEFT CHARLESTON IN AUGUST 59 ON A C 121 SUPER CONNEY MOST OF US WERE GOING TO TRABZON AND 5 OF US WERE GOING TO SAMSON (I HAD BEEN MARRIED 39 DAYS) AND WAS HEADING TO SAMSON FOR A YEAR. WE FLEW TO BERMUDA TO REFUEL AND THEY SENT US TO THE

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

CHOW HALL WE SOON WERE ON OUR WAY AGAIN TOWARD THE AZORES WE HAD ENGINE TROUBLE BUT CONTINUED OUR JOURNEY WE LANDED IN THE AZORES AND THEY SENT US TO THE CHOWHALL WHILE THEY WORKED ON THE PLANE THEY SOON LOADED US AND WE TRIED TO LEAVE BUT THE PILOT SAID IT WAS NOT REPAIRED SO BACK TO THE FLIGHT LINE AND WE WENT TO THE CHOW HALL LATER THEY LOADED US UP AND TRIED TO LEAVE AGAIN BUT AGAIN IT WAS NOT REPAIRED SO BACK TO THE FLIGHT LINE AND BACK WE WENT TO THE CHOWHALL. THE POWERS THAT BE FINALLY DECIDED THEY COULD NOT FIX OUR AIRPLANE SO THEY PUT US UP FOR THE NIGHT AND FLEW A MACHINATE IN FROM CHARLESTON TO FIX IT . THE NEXT DAY WE LOADED UP AND TRIED TO LEAVE AGAIN BUT NOT TO HAPPEN THE PILOT TURNED AROUND AND BACK TO THE TERMINAL THEY MADE SOME ADJUSTMENTS AND AWAY WE WENT AFTER FLYING FOR SOME HOURS WE HAD A PROBLEM WITH ONE OF THE 4 ENGINES SO THE SHUT DOWN THE PROBLEM ONE AND ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE TO BALANCE. WE WERE OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE PILOT MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT HE DID NOT WANT TO GET HIS FEET WET IF WE WENT DOWN SO HE WAS GOING TO SWING OVER THE COAST I LOOK OUT SIDE AND ALL I SEE IS SAND I AM THINKING DUMMY THAT IS THE DESERT DOWN THERE . WE FINALLY LANDED IN TRIPOLI OFF TO THE CHOWHALL AND THE TRANSIT BARRACKS FOR THE NIGHT . THE NEXT DAY WE LEFT ON AIR FRANCE CHAMPAGNE FLIGHT WE PROCIDED TO DRINK THE PLANE DRY. WE LANDED IN ATHENS GREECE TO REFUEL THE PLANE AND TAKE ON MORE BOOZE. WE LEFT ATHENS AND PROCIDED TO DRINK THE PLANE DRY AGAIN. WE

LANDED IN ANKRA TURKEY CLEARED CUSTOMS AND THEY PUT US ON 2 TURKISH AIRLINE TAIL DRAGERS (DC3'S) TO ISTANBUL . SPENT THE NIGHT IN ISTANBUL IN THE KAHAN BUILDING WITH NO ROOM TO PUT US UP SO SLEPT ON MY DUFFIL BAG. THEY PICKED US UP THE NEXT DAY IN 2 NEW BUSES THAT WERE BEING TAKEN TO KARAMUSEL. THEY PUT US UP FOR THE NIGHT IN THE QUANCET HUTS. THE NEXT MORNING I WAS CLEARING THE BASE TO GO TO SAMSUN AND WAS AT BASE SUPPLY AND HAD MY PLANE TICKET IN HAND WHEN THE PHONE RANG AND THE AIRMAN TOLD ME TO GIVE MY TICKET BACK AND TO GO TO PERSONNEL I WAS BEING REASSIGNED. THEY TELL ME I AM NOT GOING TO BE IN TURKEY 12 MONTHS BUT 18 MONTHS. YOU TALKING ABOUT A SICK PUPPY. I WENT TO WAR WITH A TECH SARGENT TELLING HIM MY ORDERS SAID THAT ONLY KELLY COULD CHANGE MY ORDERS AND IN SO MANY WORD HE SAID WATCH ME. SO THEY PUT THE FIVE OF US DOING DIFFERENT TASKS AROUND THE BASE I WAS WORKING FOR THE SQUADRON COMMANDER GOING TO MEET THE MAIL PLANE AND PUTTING UP MAIL WHEN WE WOULD GET IT. THEY FOUND OUT THAT I HAD DRIVEN A SCHOOL BUS IN HIGH SCHOOL SO THEY PUT ME TO WORK DRIVING THE DEPENDENT SCHOOL KIDS FROM YALOVA TO KARAMUSEL AND BACK. DURING SCHOOL I JUST GOOFED OFF AT THE MOTORPOOL THATS WHERE I FOUND OUT WE HAD A SKI BOAT (BUT THATS ANOTHER ADVENTURE AT KARAMUSEL) A COUPLE MONTHS LATER ONE OF MY ROOM MATES ASK ME IF ANYONE ELSE WAS THERE WITH ME TO GO TO SAMSON AND I TOLD HIM YES THERE WERE 5 OF US. HE SAID THAT NIGHT A MESSAGE CAME IN FROM KELLY LOOKING FOR THE 5 OF US THAT THE

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

LAST RECORD OF US WAS IN BERMUDA. WE WERE SUMMONED TO THE PERSONNEL OFFICE TO BE TOLD OUR ORDERS WERE BEING CHANGED REASSIGNING US TO KARAMUSEL BEING IF WE WENT TO SAMSON WE WOULD ONLY STAY ABOUT 7 MONTHS SO WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY AT MAINSITE . VERY SHORTLY AFTER THAT I WENT TO WORK IN OPPTS AS A DITTY BOP. FATE HAS A WAY OF DOING THINGS UNLESS I WAS SHORT STOPPED AT MAINSITE NONE OF YOU WOULD HAVE HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE OF KNOWING ME. SERIOUSLY OTHER THAN BEING LOVE SICK ABOUT HAVING TO STAY IN SUCH AN EXOTIC LAND 6 MORE MONTHS LONGER NOT ONLY DID I GET TO HAVE SOME FINEST PEOPLE AS FRIEND AND ACQUAINTANCE BUT NOW WE GET TOGETHER ONCE A YEAR TO FIGHT THE COLD WAR AGAIN. WE ARE ALL ASSOCIATED WE THE FINEST PEOPLE ANY WHERE IN THE WORLD.

HARRY HARRING

I joined the Air Force on Friday March 13th, 1959 at age 18. After basic, was assigned to 202 (analyst) tech school at Goodfellow AFB in San Angelo, the 6941st. As with most of us, based on class standing I was given the choice between going to Kelly AFB in San Antonio or Wheelus AFB in Libya.

I selected Libya but was later advised that the base at Wheelus was to be closed due to political considerations. Departed from Charleston AFB in April 1960 on a C-121, the same trip that most of us made. We did land in Bermuda though and then the Azores and finally Wheelus.

It seemed odd sitting in that MATS aircraft with the seats facing in the wrong

direction. I remember the pilot advising that in order to gain additional altitude they had to stop/feather the engines back in order to change the pitch of the props or something to that effect. Anyhow, the silence was deafening.

Had a great time at the airmen's club (in Wheelus) for several days, 20 cents for a CC and ginger. Unfortunately the transit barracks was at the end of the runway and the 24 hour a day flights taking off made it difficult to sleep. It was a huge base with five different bus routes I believe. There was a dog who continually rode the various bus routes around the base all day. I remember the driver stopping for the dog and then asking the person sitting opposite him to move down to allow the dog to occupy his usual seat at the very front.

Several of us traveling together did make the trip downtown to Tripoli together, one of whom was a staff. After leaving the bus downtown, several souvenir "salesmen" congregated around us and began sort of "patting us down" in an attempt to steal anything they could grab. I watched as one of the guys had his pen quickly removed from his shirt pocket as we were surrounded by a great number of the Tripoli Posse. One of the troops was somehow separated from the rest of us and had money taken. So much for not heeding the advice of the airmen who were stationed at Wheelus about going into town.

Remembering, they all had one infected eye with flies gathering in the wound of the bad eye. I forget the name of that eye disease but at the time all the Libyans had it. Then, after several days we were bused from Wheelus as the sun was coming up thru the desert to the airport. We passed by a hanger painted in camouflage with bullet holes still in the hanger doors and remember thinking it must have happened "a long time ago" in WW2.

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

The bus going through the desert struck a goat or cow or something and had to stop. Suddenly from all sides out of nowhere came numerous natives and I wondered where they had come from out there. Libya smelled much worse than anything ever did in Turkey because of those foul smelling camels all around, remember?

It was good to get on the French Caravelle flight with all those great liquor samples and caviar and a pit stop in Athens. Then to Ankara where upon approach we were advised of an extensive air pocket which was a frequent concern of the pilots landing at Ankara, sure enough.

At Istanbul we spent the night at the Tuslog Building, much better toilets than the bomb sites without paper in Ankara. A great spot near the Hilton and Taxim Square and not far from Fenabache Stadium. I don't remember how we were transported to Mainsite the next day. But small world, after reliving the events and checking our travel orders etc, it turns out Pete Johnson was one of those guys who made the whole trip with me from Charleston, I still have the dated orders and French flight ticket stubs.

It was a long couple of cool months in those Quonset huts until assignment on Dog Flight. When they advised me to move into the Dog Flight barracks, they didn't assign any room as they were mostly full. Luckily Rudy Ruediger put me up until more rooms became available and was able to move down the hall to the Yalova suites. Ken Johnson ended up moving in too shortly thereafter.

The houseboy was great at keeping everything clean and shining the brogans for "ici pachuk" weekly. Now why couldn't my ex wife do that? There are many more stories that all you guys were a part of over there.

It sticks in my mind that when Capt Card, day commander, advised me I was being assigned to Captain Norman and Dog Flight, He also told me I was a very lucky as the troops on that flight were the most productive and had a great comradeship with positive work ethic. And that's gospel.

Reached my DEROS in September 61 and requested Kelly AFB so naturally I got Fort Meade at NSA. Boy, that was a great ride. Discharged March 12, 1963. Took the police exams, worked in my home town, Saugus, Mass for a couple of years. Then went to work for General Electric jet engine business. Boring, took police exams again and went state working alternating night shifts similar to our tour at Karamursel.

Was in Field Services most of my career in the Metro Boston area. Got caught up in all those anti-war demonstrations in 60's and 70's and Boston Desegregation 1975-76, two years assigned to Boston schools.

Retired over a year ago from the Massachusetts State Police, another great ride. The government provided the GI bill for an education and now provides an adequate retirement. Have two grown boys and a great wife, we spend weekends at a condo in Laconia New Hampshire.

Have been running for 36 years, obsessive compulsive behavior so have never stopped. Do a couple of law enforcement half marathons annually and 5 milers and 10 K's every couple of weeks. It keeps me out of the old Airmen's Club. But one of the best investments I ever made was getting on line and running into Rudy, Pete, Ronnie, Van, Gene, Johnny, Ken, and all you others. Had a great time at the reunion with Rudy and Ron, a great experience being able to meet up with Pete near NSA. We're doing it again when there is more time available.

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

So lets keep in touch once in a while and keep marching

BILL MCKAY

I joined the Air Force in September 1957, a few months out of High School. Still only 17, so Mom & Dad had to sign. Was already in the Army National Guard in Columbus, GA, but couldn't decide what I wanted to do, so between a friend who joined, and the Recruiter, I was talked into signing.

Along with everyone, I went to Lackland. After 4 weeks went on to Keesler AFB, MS. and started Radio School. When I started, it was a 293 class, but after a 15 day emergency leave, due to my Father being hospitalized from a heart attach, I was put into one of the first classes to be designated as 292. Purely Intercept. The 293 classes were taught sending as well as receiving Morse Code, and the last part of the school was Intercept. Graduated from school in May 1958 and received orders for Chicksands, England. Didn't read my orders closely and found out after I got there it was a 36 month tour. I started volunteering to go anywhere with a shorter tour. Was still very young and homesick and couldn't see spending 3 years away from home. After several misses at volunteering for Turkey and Pakistan, they took me, along with about 25 others and shipped us to Turkey. We flew out of England on a C-54. We had 2 officers on board, one headed for Germany, and the other for Spain, so we got the grand tour of Europe before finally landing in Turkey. It was May 1959, and KAS was still early in the building stage. I guess they thought they needed some experienced troops along with the guys coming right out of school, because guys were shipped in from all over to staff KAS. Spent my 18 months at KAS, hating every minute, until I look back, and realize it was

some of the best times of my young life. I was discharged on my return to the US. Probably should have stayed in, as they offered me quite a package to re-enlist or extend and go to Japan. Oh well, you never know. Life has turned out good and I can't complain.

DAVE BARROW

I, Milt Gaines and several other airmen left Charleston by MATS in a TWA style constellation, sitting backwards all the way. Our travels took us to Bermuda, the Azores and then Wheelus AFB, Tripoli, Libya. We were scheduled to leave Libya after a few days there. Several of us got the brilliant idea to leave the base and go into Libya, because we heard there was a movie theatre showing movies in English.

We took the bus in and when we got off the bus, in Tripoli, we were immediately set upon by Libyans, old and young, trying to sell us something. They were selling knives, rugs and everything you can think of. I had a watch with an expandable band. One of the many kids surrounding us kept on trying to slip my watch off my arm. Finally we got away from them and made it to the movie. I don't remember too much about the movie, except that it was a British film and a murder mystery.

When we left the theatre, after the movie, the streets were deserted and dark. Here we are, a bunch of 19 year olds, standing on a corner, in Tripoli, not knowing how we are going to get back to Wheelus AFB. We didn't realize that we missed the last bus back to the base. While we're standing, there shaking in our boots, a black 1955 or 56 Chevy Bel Aire comes flying by. Fortunately, for us, the guy driving was an

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

airman from Wheelus on his way back to base.

He slammed on his brakes, came to a screeching halt, and pulled over to us. His first words were "what the hell are you guys doing out here." We told him we missed the bus and we all piled into that Chevy. I don't know about the rest of the guys, but I stayed on base until we left Wheelus.

My Libya adventure was still not over. The day we left I realized, before we got to the main gate, that I had left my wallet back in the barracks. I couldn't make the bus driver understand so that he would turn around and go back to the barracks. When we got to the main gate, I told the AP about my wallet and he made the driver take us back so I could get it. Then we were off to the airport again and out of Libya.

Next stops were Malta, Rome, Athens and then Istanbul.

When we landed in Rome we had a couple hour layover. We went through customs but were not allowed to leave the airport. As we went through customs, one of the baggage handlers started talking to me in Italian. Even though I'm Italian I don't speak the language. The customs agent, who spoke English, said that when he saw my name, Iorio, on my duffel bag, that also was his name. He wanted to take me home to meet his family but the customs agent explained to him that we couldn't leave the airport.

There are some more interesting stories about the night we spent in Athens. Since this is a family oriented, I won't go into those stories. I also have a few interesting stories about leaving Istanbul and arriving

in London, on my way to Chicksands, but those are also not for mixed company. And besides that Cathy may read this email.

Another story I kiddingly have told my sons is about our night in Tripoli. I told them that the Libyan kid that tried to steal my watch was Quaddafi. I said I should have killed him then and we wouldn't have had so much trouble with him.

LEN IORIO

MY AIR FORCE VACATION EXPERIENCE THAT ENDED IN KARAMURSEL.

Rudy has requested stories about how we traveled to Karamursel. My story is more about how I ended up in Karamursel in the first place since it was not my original overseas assignment. While I am at it, I thought I would also share my Keesler experience as well. It may be a little different from the norm. (let me know if any of you had similar experience)

Like all of us, it started at Keesler AFB going to "Intercept Radio Operators School". I arrived Keesler on Thanksgiving Day 1956. First thing off the bus from Lackland was a march straight to the chow hall for a Thanksgiving meal. I'm thinking, this is not going to be so bad for an ole NC country boy that has never even been out of state prior to Lackland. After chow, we were marched to some old world war II open bay barracks and were told that we would stay here and pull KP duty until we could move to the Triangle area barracks and start classes. Classes were full and a new class was not going to start until January. Now, I'm not as excited as I was when we first got off the bus just a couple

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

of hours before. While standing in the sand (remember all the sand) at ease in formation in front of one of these old barracks, the Sergeant ask who had had any National Guard experience. Not knowing if it was the best thing to do, I slowly raised my hand. He ask me how long was I in the guard and I told him three years. He said you are the barracks chief and you will be responsible for marching the formation to KP everyday and making sure this barracks passes weekly inspections. He added that if this barracks did not pass all inspections then I would be pulling KP and someone else would be barracks chief. Now, I am really on an emotional roller coaster. One minute feeling good, the next feeling bad and disappointed that we will not be able to start class and the thought of pulling KP to feeling good again about being appointed barracks chief. (Were any of you ever a barracks chief? (Remember the little red bands we wore on our shoulders)

Not to piss anyone off, but starting the day after Thanksgiving Day until sometime in January I marched my barracks off to KP almost everyday (we did have a few days off) and then came back to the barracks and took a nap. :) Some of you are not smiling. :)

In July of 57 I graduate and was off on my first leave home before heading to March AFB to start "Non-Morse Intercept Operators School" The first day in non-morse class we were told to forget everything we had learned at Keesler. Huhhhhhhhhhh! (Was this ever said to any of you other non-morse guys)?

After school at March it was back home for my second leave before starting my two year tour of duty in Japan. Can you believe

this. My Keesler morse class had been sent to Ashia AFB and now I am going to catch up with all the guys I knew at Keesler. I was ecstatic about this assignment.

My ultimate journey to Karamursel started from Travis AFB in February 1958. Flew to Hawaii, Wake Island and then on to Tokyo. Took a long train ride down to southern Japan and to Ashia. It was great seeing all my Keesler classmates again. It was also great to have friends who could show you the best bars and all about Japanese social life. :) While things were not going well for me at work, the social life was fantastic!

I was not happy at work because we were over staffed and the senior guys were using all the top secret equipment and I was relegated to delivering supplies to the operators and using the low-tech stuff. I was not a happy camper even though I did make airman second in Japan. On one late night shift after six months of this I told my supervisor who was a tech. Sergeant that I was not happy being a supply boy and that I wanted to do what I was trained to do. He understood my feelings, but told me it was going to be another two or three months before some of the senior guys were shipping out. At the same time he shared with me that there was a real need for non-morse guys at a new base in Turkey called Karamursel. He also told me that if I was interested he would work it out for me to transfer to Karmursel. He shared that I would travel to Turkey by military aircraft first available going west which meant that by the time my tour was over I would have traveled around the world and that their was a good possibility that I would make A1C sooner because of getting in on the ground floor of operations. He was right about that and I did make A1C

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

in my third year in the AF and at Karamursel. The part I did not realize, was literally on the ground floor. Mud-site :)

So, in August of 1958 I said good buy to all my Keesler friends again and was off to Karamursel. First stop was Soul, South Korea (fuel stop) then on to Vietnam (2 days of night life fun), and also 3 day stop in Manila, Philippines. New Delhi, India (two days touring) Karachi, Pakistan, (one day, not fun),Dahran, Saudi Arabia (three days shooting pool and drinking beer) No alcohol off base, Tripoli, Lybia (three days playing golf at Wheelus AFB on sand trap fairways), Athens, Greece (two days of nightlife fun) This was about a two week trip all together. Arrived Karamursel late August. The rest is history, departed Karamursel early February 1960 and my first step back onto American soil after departing Travis,AFB in Oakland, CA two years prior was Myrtle Beach, AFB, SC.

What an adventure I had been on in 24 months.

JAKE REECE



A LITTLE HUMOR

Last Wednesday a passenger in a taxi heading for Salford Station, leaned over to ask the driver a question and gently tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention.

The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb and stopped just inches from a large plate window.

For a few moments everything was silent in the cab. Then, the shaking driver said, "Are you OK? I'm so sorry, but you scared the daylights out of me."

The badly shaken passenger apologized to the driver and said, "I didn't realize that a mere tap on the shoulder would startle someone so badly."

The driver replied, "No, no, I'm the one who is sorry, it's entirely my fault. Today is my very first day driving a cab. I've been driving a hearse for 25 years."

A Redneck ON THE JURY DUTY

One thing about a Redneck, he will do anything to help someone!!!

A guy was on trial for murder and if convicted, would get the electric chair. His brother found out that another Redneck was on the jury and figured he would be the one to bribe. He told the Redneck that he would be paid \$10,000 if he could convince the rest of the jury to reduce the charge to manslaughter.

The jury was out an entire week and finally returned with a verdict of manslaughter. After the trial, the brother went to the Rednecks home and told him what a great job he had done and paid him the \$10,000.

The Redneck replied that it wasn't very easy to convince the rest of the jury to change the charge to manslaughter.

They all wanted a not guilty result.

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

Scottish Wedding

At the Scottish wedding reception the D.J. yelled...

"Would all married men please stand next to the one person who has made your life worth living."

The bartender was almost crushed to death.

SEX

Condoms don't guarantee safe sex anymore.....

A friend of mine was wearing one when he was shot by the woman's husband.

Lance Armstrong

I think it is just terrible and disgusting how everyone has treated Lance Armstrong, especially after what he achieved, winning 7 Tour de France races, while on drugs. When I was on drugs, I couldn't even find my frig'n bike.

Drive By

A guy broke into my apartment last week. He didn't take my TV, just the remote. Now he drives by and changes the channels. Sick bastard!!

The Agony of Aging

On the morning that Daylight Savings Time ended I stopped in to visit my aging friend. He was busy covering his penis with black shoe polish.

I said to him, "You better get your hearing checked - You're supposed to turn your clock back".

SCAM

Just got scammed out of \$25. Bought Tiger Woods DVD entitled "My Favorite 18 Holes".

Turns out it's about golf. Absolute waste of money! Pass this on so others don't get scammed.

Pregnant Prostitute

Doctor asks pregnant prostitute, "do you know who the father is?"

"For gosh sake, if you ate a can of beans would you know which one made you fart?"

English Lesson

Did you know ♦listen♦ and ♦silent♦ use the same letters?

Do you know that the words ♦race car♦ spelled backwards still spells ♦race car♦?

And that ♦eat♦ is the only word that if you take the first letter and move it to the last, it spells its past tense ♦ate♦?

.....

WHY SENIORS STILL NEED NEWSPAPERS

I "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, use my iPad."

I can tell you this: that fly never knew what hit him.
was visiting my daughter last night when I asked if I could borrow a newspaper.

"This is the 21st century," she said.

KARAMURSEL 60-61

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

Hope you enjoyed this issue of the
newsletter. Remember if you have anything
you'd like mentioned in the newsletter
please call me at 978-809-1212 or e-mail
me at rudym60612@verizon.net

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Rudy". The signature is stylized with a large, looping 'R' and a cursive 'udy'.

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