

# Torii Typhoon

Volume 13, Issue 1

March 2014

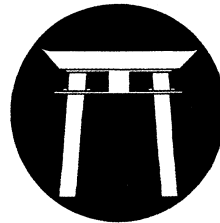
## Official Newsletter of ASA Okinawa

**ASA OKINAWA  
REUNION**

**SEPT. 17-21,  
2014**

**ALBUQUERQUE,  
NM**

**MCM ELEGANTE  
HOTEL**



### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Here we are in March, just six months from our upcoming ASA reunion in Albuquerque. I hope you all have made your choices of what you wish to see and do this September 17-21. Sandy, LouAnn, Rusty and I are certainly looking forward to seeing all of our old friends and we hope some of our new contacts decide to join us for a great reunion this year provided by our friends Brenda, Larry, Dina and all the good folks at Premier Reunion Services.

This has certainly been a strange winter season with all the crazy weather patterns causing snow and ice storms in the deep south and all the way up the east coast. Larry just complained about a snow storm in North Carolina. Says he's waiting for Brenda to shovel them out so he can get some things done. He should live up here in Iowa. We have snow storms about every other day. I am definitely getting very sick of plow-

ing and shoveling snow 2 or 3 times a week. I would head South and play some golf but with my luck it would be stormy there also.

Duane (Sandy) is still busy getting all our membership records and ledgers set up to agree with Premier Reunion records for dues paid and mailed copies of the Torii Typhoon newsletter. But I have all the confidence his diligence will succeed.

Just want to let the general membership know, I do have a new supply of our ASA Okinawa caps and they are still available in Blue/Gold

stitching and black/gold stitching for the popular price of \$13 plus mailing cost. Feel free to contact me if interested.

Let's try to make this one of our most successful reunions ever. We should be able to gain a new group of attendees from the Southwest and Western US who have been asking us to come their direction. So, let's be making our plans now to join us September 17-21.

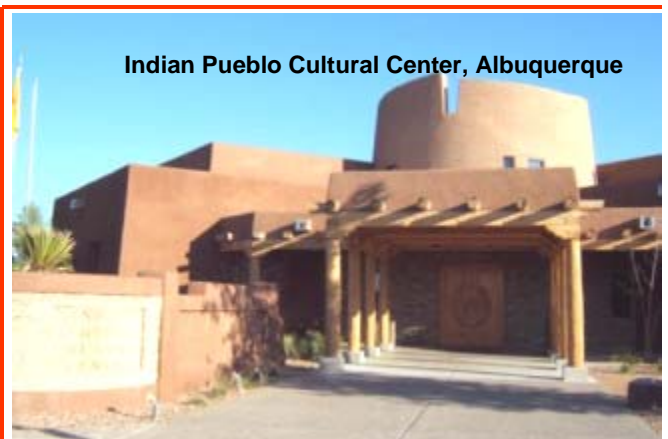
God bless you all and we hope to see you there.

**Gary Duenow**

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Indian Pueblo Cultural Center, Albuquerque



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## Treasurer's Report ASA Okinawa Association February 28, 2014

**Beginning Check Book Balance July 1, 2013--\$4273.28**

### Income

Income from Dues .....	\$730.00
Income from Newsletter .....	\$180.00
Income from Caps, History Book, etc.....	\$61.00
Other Income .....	\$6.13
<b>Total Income .....</b>	<b>\$977.13</b>

### Disbursements

November Issue of Torii Typhoon .....	\$170.47
Other Disbursements .....	\$65.80
<b>Total Disbursements .....</b>	<b>\$236.27</b>

**Ending Check Book Balance 02/28/14.....\$5014.14**

### Total Membership is as follows:

- 10 Life Time Members
- 12 Life Time Deceased Members Wives
- 157 Paid members for 2014
- 73 for 2015
- 21 for 2016
- 2 for 2017

If anyone would like a detailed list of Incomes and Disbursements email me at [sandysands66@msn.com](mailto:sandysands66@msn.com) and I will email it to you.

**Duane R. Sands, Treasurer**



## TAPS

The Typhoon learned of the following deaths since the last newsletter was published. The deaths are not necessarily recent, but they were just learned of. The entire membership extends our deepest sympathy to the widows, families and friends of the deceased.

**Howard Morrow (1955-56) PFC**  
Died November 4, 2013

**Albert Cooper (1957-58) SP3**  
Died February 2, 2014

**Eugene Knutzen (1957-61) SP5 HQ/Sup**  
Died February 15, 2014

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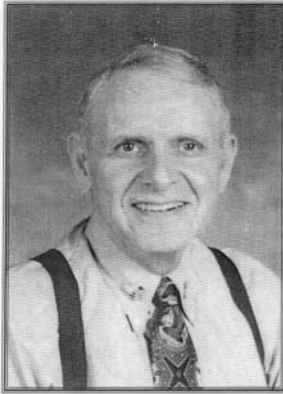
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**"Our Reunions Work So  
You Don't Have To"**

## RANDALL COOPER

In Loving Memory



Albert Randall Cooper  
December 20, 1955 - February 2, 2014  
58 Years of Age

Hi,  
My name is Mike Norman. I am the oldest nephew of Randall Cooper, better known as Al to you guys. My family would like to thank the entire ASA Okinawa crew for your concern and love in the loss of our uncle. He talked to us many times about you guys and how much this group meant to him. Even though we didn't know ya'll (Southern slang) personally, we all felt like we did! He looked forward to the reunions and getting to spend time with such dear friends.

Please thank the group for the flowers and cards. They mean a lot to my family and I know Uncle Al would like to say Thank You too. There is a blanket on one of the beds at his house that has an ASA Okinawa symbol on it.

I am going to ask a favor from your group. Uncle Al's sister who is my mother is not doing well. She is in the ICU unit in Albany, GA. She has congestive heart failure and fluid on her lungs, along with the broken heart from the loss of her youngest brother. Al's brother, Wayne, our uncle, is in the early stages of Alzheimer's.

If ya'll would put my mother Melba Norman, and my uncle, Wayne Cooper, and our entire family on your prayer list, we would appreciate it!

I would also like to take this chance to thank all of you veterans for your service to our country! Because of you guys, we can live in this country with all the freedoms we have. THANK YOU for your service. GOD BLESS YA'LL.

One last thing: We would like to thank ya'll for the donations that were made in Uncle Al's memory.

MAY GOD BLESS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YA'LL.

Mike and Donna Norman and Family

## HOWARD MORROW

January 14, 2014

Tracey Davis,

Thank you so much for your beautiful card and note about Howard's recent passing. His time in Okinawa was a special memory for him, and he often told stories about the great friends he made while there.

Margaret Hoffman

## EUGENE KNUTZEN



Eugene Don Knutzen was born on September 22, 1937 in Ripon, Wisconsin, to Herbert Ernest Knutzen and Emma Augusta Knutzen. His early formative pursuits of scouting, music and historical studies shaped much of the patriarch, scholar and friend that we know today.

Gene enlisted in the Army in 1956 after a year of college studying history; the beginning of a remarkable career that would last six tumultuous years, two tours of duty and spanned four countries during the Vietnam conflict.

His tenure in the crucible of Vietnam tested the very limits of his strength and emotional constitution, yet it was during his deployment aboard that he met the love of his life, Yoshiko Knutzen. She spoke little English and his Japanese was laughable, yet the two were enamored with one another and on March 15, 1958, Yoshiko "Kay" Knutzen and Eugene "Knut" Knutzen were wed. Finally discharged in 1962, Gene and Kay moved about the country searching for their version of the American dream.

Their travels took them many places, but eventually found them happily settled in Southern California with four loving children; Yoko Fujita, Susan Campbell, Arlene Knutzen, John Knutzen and five grandchildren: Jennifer Fujita, Justin Fujita, Kimberly Campbell, Kaylee Tesich, and Jeremy Knutzen.

The measure of some men are characterized by their lasting effects on history; others by the familial bonds they leave behind. Eugene's legacy.

The family of the late Eugene Don Knutzen gratefully acknowledges with deepest appreciation your kind expressions of sympathy.

Thank you for the \$100.00 donation to the Wounded Warriors in my dad's honor!

### NEWSLETTER EXPENDITURES

March 2014 \$259.96

Mailed to 72 members who paid an additional \$5.00 newsletter fee.

### HISTORY BOOKS FOR SALE

Tom Sevits still has ASA History books for sale for \$14.00 each. Make checks payable to ASA Okinawa Association and mail to:

Tom Sevits  
25703 McCutcheonville Rd  
Perrysburg, OH 43551



## Welcome Mat

The following members have been located since the last newsletter. Welcome to the Association. We hope to see you at the next reunion and hear from you about your memories of your time spent in Okinawa.

### John Dettloff (1969-71)

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### S. Lee Storesund

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leelaw@bellsouth.net

### Willard Meyer

(1970-72) SP5, E-5 Trick 4  
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### James West (1965-68)

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## DOES ANYONE REMEMBER?

What did **Tsu Shin Tai** mean? That was the name of the NCO Club on base. Lou Smith and Tom Sevits want to know!

Contact info:  
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Lou Smith: lousmith@aol.com  
Tom Sevits: tom.judy@wcnnet.org



## MAIL CALL

Dear ASA Okinawa Association,

"Friends, (members), countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury (financial strife), not to (circumvent) it... I speak not to disapprove what (the ASA Okinawa Associate Officers) spoke, but here I am to speak to what I do know," as Shakespeare's Mark Antony once proclaimed.

"Never tell people how to do things. Tell them what to do and they will surprise you with their ingenuity," Patton once instructed. So I fall upon my sword. I, Bill Overholt, acquiesce to the following restitution: I agree to pay to the aforementioned association officers, in accordance with aforesaid economic discord, the fiscal amount of \$1 per year for the rest of my natural life."

Sincerely yours,  
**William F. Overholt**

When interviewed about recent events, a close family member, Bill's daughter-in-law of seventeen years stated, "Well, it's about time! He's been charging me a \$.25 per visit since I joined the family," she professed. "And, by the way, don't even try to collect via his progeny, as we're already indebted to him for life!"

*Hi Larry,*

*I received this very nice, informative letter from Shinsho just a few days ago.*

*Regards,  
Tom Sturgeon*

Dear Tom and Marian,

Thank you so much for your heart-warming congratulatory message. Time really flies! I returned from the States in June 1962 and Kazuko and I got married in November the same year. I will be 78 next January and

Kazuko will be 75 this Christmas. We have 3 sons and one daughter with 11 grandchildren. They are all in good health. Our youngest son who works for the Okinawa Prefecture is now in Osaka office since April this year, and we are left alone now.

I owe so much to the ASA Okinawa and I regret so much for not being able to respond to the expectations of many kind people of ASA like you. I was given a good opportunity as Assistant to the Labor Relations Advisor of the US Army Ryukyus Headquarters (USARYIS). In March 1968, I was offered a position by GRI to serve as Director of Tripartite Secretariat of the Advisory Committee to the High Commissioner consisting of U.S., Japan and the GRI. This organization was created to prepare for the reversion of Okinawa to Japan proper in accordance with the Nixon-Sato agreement of Nov. 1967. I enjoyed the confidence of the representatives of three governments and working with people in those organizations. But I resigned the latter in November 1969. Exxon (then Esso Standard) came to Okinawa in 1968 to build an oil refinery for marketing in Japan after reversion. Exxon had contacted the USARYIS personnel office looking for a qualified local person for an administrative position. I was recommended for the position and met with the Vice President of Esso Standard Okinawa. He offered to pay almost three times the amount I was getting. After many days of serious consideration and consultation with GRI Rep. and my wife, I finally decided to resign the government position against their persuasion not to resign. I now deeply regret for my judgment!!!

Tom and Marian, we are glad to know you two are well. It was so nice to hear from you! I hope your son who had an unfortunate accident have recovered. I will write you from time to time. I know you are now in winter and don't drive when it's snowing. I don't like to drive when raining or in the evening. Enjoy the holiday seasons! Stay healthy.

**Shinsho and Kazuko**

*(Continued on page 5)*

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Hi,

I originally came from Thief River Falls, Minnesota, where I enlisted in the ASA in February 1952. After Basic training at Ft. Riley, Kansas I was sent to Ft. Gordon, Georgia to learn Morse code at the Southeastern Signal School. Then I was sent to ASAPAC in Tokyo which sent me to 8610 AAU in Kyoto for training in directional finding.

I finally arrived at 8603 AAU on Okinawa in March 1953. Because they had enough people in DF I became an intercept operator or "Ditty Bopper".

Our operations were in Quonset huts at Futeemma, but in a few months we were relocated to Sobe and we went into operation at the new facility. That was quite a change and a big improvement in our overall capability.

In September 1954 I rotated back to the states to Vint Hill Farms, Virginia. I always had good memories of my time on Okinawa.

My tour at 8603 AAU helped to lay the groundwork for a career at the NSA, which I thoroughly enjoyed as an analyst and then a reporter. During that time I had the pleasure of including JSPC while on my trips to various sites in the Far East.

After a total of 26 years in the business, I decided to retire in 1979 and moved to Florida. I then had a second career in Christian school administration.

Sincerely  
**Bob Myhrer**

## HISTORY IN SPANISH

BY EDWARD MORENO

It was late spring in 1947, on a hot and humid Sunday morning at about 7:30 am, that I learned my first Japanese history lesson. I could hear the groaning, the squeaking of cot springs, and the "I don't want to get up" utterances from four or five of my buddies. Two of us had already cleaned up, dressed and were waiting for the sleepyheads in order to go to the community mess hall for breakfast. The door at one end of the Quonset hut was open to provide a little breeze and in walked two of our Okinawan maids. They had come early to pick up our clothing. It would be washed and hung over bushes to dry, and then our shirts would be ironed in a military manner. Our pants were to have sharp creases and the shirts two creases in front over the pockets and at the same general location in the back.

Being a wise guy and trying to be cute, I started speaking to the older lady in Spanish. I knelt in front of her like Don Quixote and spoke romantically, "*Dulcinea de Toboso, preciosa y muy bellisima doncella, con ojos tan profundos como joyas, y labios romanticos listos para aventuras amorosas.*" (Dulcinea of Tobos, precious

and very beautiful doncella, with eyes as deep as jewels and romantic lips for loving adventures.") I sat on my cot and kept looking at her romantically.

In a very tender, soft and affectionate voice, she replied, "*Mi muy guapo caballero de la Mancha, hidalgo de familia mora, fuerte como la encina, muy listo para batallar con los infidels. Te he esperado toda mi vida.*" (My very handsome gentleman of la Mancha, of a noble Moorish family, strong like an oak, very ready to battle with the infidels. I have waited for you all my life.") She uttered these words in Spanish with a command and intonation beyond my abilities. This incident started a conversation and friendship that lasted until I returned stateside in December.

One other soldier knew Spanish, and he too was astonished at her fluency. Here we were on an island six hundred miles from Tokyo and six hundred miles from Manila, speaking in Spanish with a forty-year old woman with a smile that revealed seven shining gold front teeth. How had she learned Spanish? Were there others who also spoke it? The other sleepyheads quickly got dressed and became an instant audience to our history lesson.

Shifting between Spanish and English, she related how a Japanese ship sometimes docked in the port of Naha to pick up the younger men and the married and older women, who went to Peru to pick the cotton crop. The young girls and the older men remained to tend to the rice paddies. After the cotton was picked in Peru, the ship returned to Okinawa with the pickers just in time to harvest the rice crop. This practice had been going on for decades. At the onset of Japanese and American hostilities, hundreds of Okinawan cotton pickers were stranded in Peru until after the war. This practice had not yet been carried out in 1947, but it was anticipated that it would begin again.

A buddy who had been listening attentively asked her, "Why are there two shapes for the tombs in Okinawa?" She began history lesson number two by indicating that the turtle-shaped tombs were due to the influence of the Chinese, who had been on Okinawa hundreds of years before. The turtle symbolized long life. The second tombs resembled a mother's womb. When you died, you returned to the place from where you had come. This was closer to Japanese beliefs. In both cases, when there had been a death, the oldest virgin daughter of the family scraped the meat off the bones of the deceased and then placed the bones in a tall, decorated ceramic jar along with the wealth of the deceased. I wanted to pursue the subject of wealth, but two of my buddies started horsing around. A few of them wanted to go to breakfast, so "Mamasan" left to complete her chores.

In subsequent months, I learned that Mamasan's shiny gold teeth were a sign of her wealth and position. There were no Mercedes or Cadillacs on Okinawa, just gold teeth. I never learned what other precious stones besides jade were placed in the jars of the deceased.

I noticed that the maids and Okinawan workers were

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

more comfortable around my buddy and me. This was probably because we spoke Spanish, were brown like them, and treated them with respect. The other soldiers were from Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri and other places in the South, and they committed many acts of disrespect to the Okinawans, both physically and verbally.

Once I noticed that a GI could not communicate with the Okinawan clerk at the PX. I helped him, and he bought the toiletries he needed. We became buddies. He was assigned to Graves Registration, returning soldiers to their families in the United States who had died fighting on Okinawa. I thought he had a job for life, because there had been 30,000 American casualties, and the Japanese had lost more than 100,000 men. There were hundreds of dead buried under white crosses in the cemetery where he worked. His job, I could not do. Each dead soldier belonged to someone, had a family, maybe a sweetheart, and maybe had played football or baseball in high school.

Later in the spring, I was escorting a very large mobile radio station to turn into the Quartermaster Depot. I was driving my jeep slowly on the Okinawan roads, followed by the mobile radio station on a large trailer. Ahead was an army truck, driving erratically. After a while, I decided to pass it up. It was safe. Neither vehicle was traveling more than twenty or twenty-five miles per hour. I signaled the trailer to follow me. I signaled the driver ahead that I was passing. As I did, he braked. His brakes locked, and the back wheels bounced out into the passing lane as I was driving by. My jeep's windshield frame barely hit the truck's rear side. My hand was on the steering wheel. The windshield glass hit my hand and damaged my little finger and my index finger. The surgeon tried to repair my little finger, giving me as much movement as possible. He almost succeeded.

One day, Mamasan invited an older gentleman to come by who sold us pottery and other ceramics. He produced five cups and five saucers; a tea set had five cups. Nothing

he made was a dozen or half dozen, neither cereal bowls nor dishes. He produced vases and cigarette holders, which were attractive and utilitarian. To please us, he did imitations of Charlie Chaplin, walking like Chaplin and imitating all his facial expressions. He had seen him before the war in *The Little Doctor* at the theater in Naha. Just imagine Charlie Chaplin as a fifty-year old Japanese man.

In the ensuing months, Mamasan shared information about her family members. Her thirty-five year old baby brother was 6'4" and wanted to be a Samurai warrior. Her sister's daughter, Sadako, was living in Hawaii. Other relatives were living in Peru. Others were scattered throughout the Pacific Islands. She, like many of the Okinawans I met, was not a "native." They were very sophisticated, worldly persons, knowledgeable of the world and their backyard, the Pacific Basin.

There would be still more history lessons to learn.

## NCU 37 SOBE CAMP, OKINAWA 1956

BY NEAL P. GILLEN

### Getting Underway

It was quiet inside the Guam Naval Security Group (NSG) Operations Building as February 17, 1956 began. Little did I realize that in 24 hours I would be sleeping near the base of a dormant volcano in the Philippines.

Most positions were inactive early that morning and the search operators were finding no signals of interest. Lieutenant Bland, the duty officer, noticing my inactivity and well aware of my penchant for finding stateside music at such times, took me back to the large rack of high-speed printers to finish transcribing the remaining box of

tape left over from the Eve watch.

I sat down at the table and threaded the thin strip of paper into the narrow slot on the steel plate positioned at eye level just above the old, trusty, and sturdy Underwood mill. Pushing down on the foot treadle I engaged the device that pulled the undulator tape through the slot and across the steel plate. The six-ply paper was already loaded through the sprockets attached to the Underwood so I began transcribing the Morse Code equivalents, the narrow inked spikes as dits and the wider in length as dashes, which equated to

the "dot/dash" of a particular Morse letter or number. I loved that simple Rube Goldberg-like device, no earphones, no atmospherics, no transmitters cutting in on the sender I was copying, no worries about a missed letter or five-letter grouping, no call sign or frequency changes between messages, just complete harmony with one's task. Lieutenant Bland did not realize how much I enjoyed transcribing tape. An hour later I finished, ripped off about four pages of traffic, sauntered back to Lieutenant Bland's desk in front of the antenna patch panel, and handed over the traffic. "You finished already?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, let's see what else we can find for you to do."

He asked me questions about the antenna patch panel, which I had no difficulty answering. "You must be studying for Third Class."

"Yes sir. Not much else to do around here except play basketball and go skin diving."

Bland was a mustang who began his service in the Destroyer Navy late in the Great Depression of the 1930's. He came up through the ranks as a Radioman and had seen his share of combat during World War II. He was crusty, but likeable and fair

*(Continued from page 6)*

mindful - the ideal person you desired as a mentor.

"Let's see if we can find something for you to do. What do you know about crypto?"

"Only what they told us at Imperial Beach."

"Not much then."

"Sort of, Sir."

"Come on. I'll show you a few things."

The crypto space was located in the Communications Center, an area isolated from the radio positions in a sealed off room near the tape machines. "Admittance Only To Authorized Personnel" was written on the vault-like door in large red letters. Bland buzzed the door for entry and the CT3 slowly pushed open the door and held his ground.

"Are you busy son?"

"No sir."

"Good. Then you have time to show Gillen how the crypto machine operates."

"I don't know that I can sir. Is he authorized?"

"Of course he is. He's cleared," Bland responded as he grabbed at the laminated photo identification hanging on the chain around my neck and held it up for him to see. Just as my understandably reluctant instructor began to explain the system of rotors used in the crypto machine a bell type noise emanated from the adjoining Teletype machine.

"There's a message coming in, Lieutenant." In the initial process of decoding it he realized it carried a high priority. "It's a 'Y.' I've never seen one before. Must be important, sir."

"Wonder what it could be, son?"

Before long we found out. It was a message from the CO NAVSECSTA Washington to the CO NCS Guam ordering him to immediately dispatch twelve men, three each of the following rank: CT1, CT2, CT3, and CTSN to another command. The location of that command was not clear and in a matter of minutes Lieutenant Bland was on the telephone explaining to the Captain that he had to send twelve men to Okinawa. "Yes sir. Right away," Bland said hanging up the telephone. "Gillen, can you drive a jeep?"

"Yes, sir," I responded, failing to note that I did not have a license.

He tossed me the key ring and said, "Let's get underway."

We rushed to the door almost knocking over the guard standing outside the door as we shoved it open. I looked up and smiled at Woods as we ran down the stairs. He was a likeable guy from New Jersey, a real character with whom I had a lot of fun, though he scared the life out of me and others on many occasions as we walked up those same stairs to begin a watch. Woods would draw his 45 from his holster point it down the steps and pull the trigger. Fortunately his ammunition was an Eberhard No. 3 pencil and no one was killed or wounded.

I drove Lieutenant Bland to the lower part of the base where the quarters for married personnel were located. The Captain was waiting on the porch in his bathrobe when we drove up. Bland jumped from the jeep and trotted up to the porch and handed the message to the Captain. He looked at it for some length and then made an executive decision that changed my life and that of eleven other CTSN on Guam. "They want me to send them nine experienced petty officers. No way. They get twelve Seamen." Bland trotted back to the jeep, jumped in and asked, "Do you want to go to Okinawa?"

"Yes sir."

I didn't ask what it was like, what we would be doing, or how long I would be gone. All I knew was that after three months on Guam, I had seen all that I wanted to see. I was ready for something new. "You have to help me on this son; the Captain wants to ship out twelve Seaman before Washington catches on. When we get back to the Operations Building make up a list. Put your name on it along with anyone else on the watch section. Then take the jeep to the barracks and wake up the Seaman you know and see who wants to go. If we don't get twelve volunteers we'll have to select them."

Upon our return to the Operations Building I was higher than a kite and excited to be a key player in this conspiracy. I quickly typed up a sheet of paper with the heading "Designated

Personnel for Immediate Transfer to NAF Okinawa" and printed my name on the top of the list. My good buddy, from Radio and CT School, Brian "Rip" Desmond signed up, as did Lee Marshall. Bland sent us back to the barracks instructing us to start packing as the Captain had awakened the Personnel Officer, who would immediately have travel orders typed for the three of us and for the other nine as soon as he had a full list of names. We arrived back at the barracks and began to wake up our classmates from Imperial Beach and others looking at long-term sentences on Guam. Many friends took umbrage to being awakened in the middle of the night, expletives were uttered pertaining to our ancestry, threats were made, and we were accused of being drunk or of pulling their legs. "Dink" Clark was delighted to leave and quickly signed on as did my friend from New York, "Ritchie" Drabek, along with Jones from Ohio, Joe Mc Guane from Massachusetts, and Robert "Rabbit" Wright from Missouri. I was disappointed that my basketball buddy, Frank Bowersock from East Liverpool, Ohio rejected my entreaties. Despite the difficulty we began to round up volunteers before the whole barracks got wind of our authorized escape to another outcropping in the Pacific. It didn't take long to pack our seabags and strip down our beds. Guam was a by-the-book command and weekly locker inspections were routine. Everything was clean, folded, pressed and ready to stack in our seabags. By 6 AM I had returned to the operations building with the other nine names and Desmond, Marshall and I were designated to leave that day. Following morning chow we checked out of the base and were driven to NAS Agana with priority travel designations. Early that evening we landed at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines.

We soon learned that the Air Force lived on a higher standard of living than sailors on shore duty. The transit barracks at Clark AFB were the equivalent of a Ritz-Carlton Hotel compared to those found at most naval facilities. The following day the three of us decided to take in the

*(Continued on page 8)*

(Continued from page 7)

sights of downtown Angeles, the sprawling shantytown just outside the main gate. As the sun rose above Mount Pinatubo, the volcano that towered above the valley where this huge air base was located, the temperature rose in a steady tempo without a letup. We put on our dress whites and took a bus to the main gate. A block outside the main gate the macadam road gave way to a muddy quagmire. It resembled a railroad town from the old west. The place was teeming with street urchins selling chewing gum, pimps, swindlers, and con men. Horse drawn carriage taxis were waiting to take us to meet the girl of our dreams and we hopped in one and set out through the slop and filth for paradise. Soon we passed a butcher shop displaying sides of beef and pork totally covered in flies. Bars, followed by more bars, and souvenir shops, tattoo parlors, restaurants, dance halls, uniform stores, laundries, all of the businesses that fed off service personnel, their dependents, and base employees. Soon we entered a quieter neighborhood a block or so off the main drag. Young ladies were gathered on the porches and balconies, as one would imagine New Orleans at the turn of the previous century. The sight of three young sailors in dress whites, an unfamiliar sight for these

idle young lassies more accustomed to dashing airmen, immediately stirred their interests. They whistled, shouted, hooted, beckoned with their hands and other parts of their anatomy, and pranced about their porches displaying their wares. My two colleagues and I, celibate for many months during our stay on Guam, were anxious to propagate the Philippines. The carriage driver was urging us on. The street was awash in three inches of mud. We looked at each other obviously thinking alike – this was not a good idea. Suddenly, thunder sounded in the distance – a warning, an omen certifying that our contemplated endeavor was unwise. We best return - an afternoon storm was headed in our direction. The carriage driver was insistent – his commission was at stake. We reconsidered, sometimes arguing strenuously. “We’ll be missing out. Okinawa may be like Guam” *Missing out on what, leprosy?* We held our ground.

The realization took hold that our idea of an afternoon soiree amidst the mud, the flies, and overwhelming filth was absurd. We turned tail and headed back to the reality of the transit barracks.

—————  
To be continued.

Next: “Welcome to Okinawa”

## Albuquerque, Here We Come

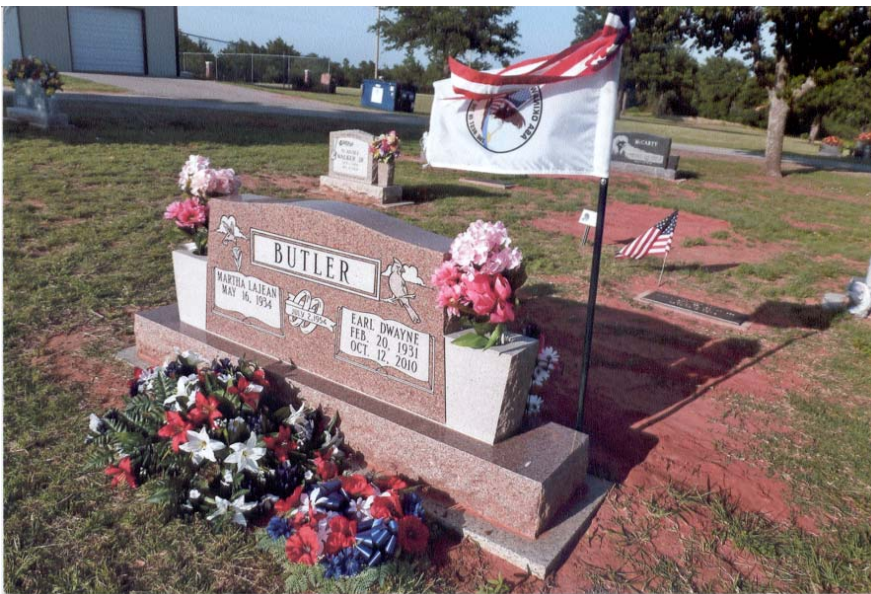
For anyone who hasn’t heard the 2014 ASA Okinawa reunion will be in **Albuquerque, NM, September 10-13**. Host hotel will be the MCM Elegante – not to be confused with the **MGM Grand**. The reservation packet will contain all the information. The packet will be on line much earlier than usual – but the mailed packets will be mailed someone in late May/early June. So it pays to have internet service.

We say this all of the time, but this year’s reunion will be a really great one. There are so many interesting things to do/see that we’re not going to be able to do it all. I don’t want to give away too many secrets – you know about secrets don’t you – so it will suffice to say one of the trips will take you to the Acoma Pueblo about 40 miles west of Albuquerque. There is a lot of walking over rough terrain (that is ground for non-infantrymen), up and down hills, etc so this trip is not for everyone. Recognizing that, there will be an alternate trip for those who don’t feel up to this trip. Other attractions we’ll visit will be the Sandia Peak tram, the Indian Cultural Center (I am told you can buy high quality turquoise cheap), the Atomic Museum (now called The Museum of Nuclear Science and History). And finally, there will be a one day a trip to Santa Fe.

Not that it will affect the price of eggs in China, but your friendly ole reunion planner (me & Brenda) will be a day late. We cannot make it until sometime on Wednesday, we simply can’t get there any sooner. As a result, the registration will not start until we get there with the packets, Wednesday evening or Thursday morning. President Gary Duenow will handle things just fine. No one will miss any activity, just our bright smiling faces.

We’re looking forward to seeing all of you.

**Larry Eckard**



**The ASA Okinawa Flag flies over the final resting place of Earl Butler**





ASA OKINAWA ASSOCIATION
Duane Sands
4331 Pine View Dr NE
Cedar Rapids, IA 52402-1712



For those of you who are members of the ASA Okinawa Association, please look at your address label from your last issue of the newsletter and note your membership expiration date and send in your dues before the expiration date.

To anyone who is not association members, please consider joining. Dues are only \$10.00 a year. Any former soldier who served in the 111th Sig Svc Company 327th Comm Recon Co, the 8603rd AAU, 3rd ASA Field Station, ASA Field Station Sobe, Army Field Station Okinawa, or any of the other units that fell under the Torii Station designation between 1945 and 1985 are cordially invited to become members.

Now, why should you join the Association? First, we were all elite soldiers that served without much recognition because of the nature of our work. We are part of a brotherhood and an organization that needs to be remembered. The Association is the vehicle to carry on the memory and tradition of the Signal Intelligence organizations that served on Okinawa. In order to do this, the help of every former member is needed. Membership gives you that opportunity! You will be able to participate in the management of the Association by attending the business meetings and voting on the matters brought up by the membership. The most important thing is comradeship that you will find by becoming a member and attending our reunions. This is something you will not find anywhere else, in any other walk of life. So often we hear the excuse, "Well, I won't know anyone." So what? It would be great to find that old friend that you ran around with, but an hour after you arrive, you'll feel like you've belonged there all your life. Ask anyone who has attended a reunion, they'll tell you the same thing. Give it a try: it'll only cost you ten bucks and it may possibly be the best \$10.00 you ever spent. Come on, we need you as a member!

Membership will also allow you to attend the business meeting, to bring business before the assembly, and to vote on issues brought up at the meeting. Among the recurring issues will be election of officers and selecting reunion sites. Every voice and vote is important and we'd like to have yours.

Our excellent newsletter, The Torii Tribune is also available to be mailed by USPS for an additional \$5 per year. That is a bargain for three issues. If you are comfortable on the computer and able to subscribe to the ASA Okinawa E-mailers list, you can receive the newsletter by email and save the \$5.00. ( Information on subscribing is on the reunion web site at www.mlrsinc.com/asaokinawa )

The Association needs your support, please join and be a party of keeping the memory of ASA Okinawa alive.

- D E T A C H H E R E -

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_ First Name: \_\_\_\_\_ MI: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ St: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ e-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Dues are \$10.00 per year. One year membership expires on 12/31/2014—(two years on 12/31/2015)

I wish to join the ASA Okinawa for: one year @\$10.00 \_\_\_\_\_ two years: @ \$20.00 \_\_\_\_\_

I prefer a paper copy of the Torii Tribune. In addition to my dues I have:

Enclosed is \$5.00 for the 03/2014, 07/2014 and 11/2014 issues \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \$5.00 for the 03/2015, 07/2015 and 11/2015 issues \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to: ASA Okinawa Association

Mail checks to: Duane Sands, 4331 Pine View Dr NE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52402-1712