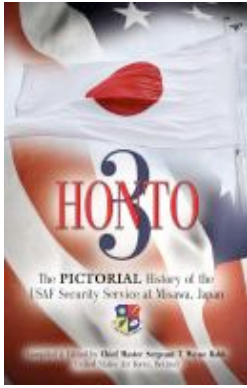


HONTO

The **PICTORIAL** History of the
USAF Security Service at Misawa, Japan



Compiled & Edited by **Chief Master Sergeant L. Wayne Babb.**
United States Air Force, Retired



HONTO III: The Pictorial History of the USAF Security Service at Misawa, Japan chronicles the early history of a Signals Intelligence Intercept Site in Northern Japan. History is normally presented in the written or spoken word, and is boring in the extreme. This history is different. It is told with photographs taken by the men and women who blazed a trail for the fighting of the Cold War. This book is anything but boring. See Also *Honto! I* and *Honto! II* by T. Wayne Babb.

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HONTO III

**The *Pictorial* History of the USAF
Security Service at Misawa, Japan**

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HONTO III

The *Pictorial* History of the USAF Security Service at Misawa, Japan

**As photographed by
The Men and Women Who Saw It**

**Compiled and Edited
by Chief Master Sergeant T. Wayne Babb
United States Air Force, Retired**

DEDICATION

To my wife, Frances, who never complains about the endless hours I spend in front of this computer turning out work like this. As always, she is totally supportive of any effort I may be engaged in.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the few who were stationed at Misawa and had the desire to record their stay with photographs. Many of us did not, either because we could not afford a camera (like me), or your cameras spent more time in a pawn shop than it did with you. For their foresightedness, I thank the people with cameras who *used* them.

FOREWORD

Editor's Note: This is the third "HONTO!" that has been published, but some of you may not have the first two. For that reason, I'm using the foreword Ms. Helen Henderson wrote for the first "HONTO!". It contains a first person account of how the "USAFSS at Misawa" internet site came into being.

On September 6, 1999, I was driving through middle Tennessee and saw a billboard advertising "George Dickel Whiskey". That sign triggered a memory of one of my classmates at the Defense Language Institute (DLI), Monterey, California, who was from Tennessee and used to go around saying in a thick southern accent, "George Dickel Ivory is by far America's finest sippin' whiskey." I kind of rummaged around in my head and came up with the name Bob Galyon as the classmate.

Right on the heels of that memory, I had another one. It was graduation of our Russian class and someone turned to me and said, "Helen, you are in charge of the reunion." The guy who said it was something Davis, I think. Man, I really had to dig for that one!

I had no clear memories of Monterey. I didn't know where anyone was, indeed, *who* they were! I did not have a computer—I didn't have a clue. But this idea of a reunion had really taken hold.

I unearthed the names of my classmates when I found my Air Force folder with copies of my orders. My mom let me use her computer, and I started muddling my way through finding people. I was all over the place with locator sites and getting addresses and phone numbers to contact.

By June 2000, 35 of my 38 classmates had been accounted for, and eight of us got together for a reunion in Greensboro, North Carolina. A military reunion is a unique experience and I encourage you to attend one to see what I mean.

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The next trip I made up to Minnesota in September of 2000, I routed myself through cities where classmates were living, stopping briefly to say hi. Coming home, my goal was to spend the anniversary of the search with Mr. “George Dickel Ivory” himself! Truly, it had been an awesome year and it was topped off in Oklahoma City with *Mike* (not Bob) Galyon and his family.

I also stopped in Monticello, Arkansas, to see Tommy “Fat Stock” and Debby Green, our neighbors in Misawa, and people we had kept in touch with over the years. I was telling Tommy about the search for DLI classmates when he made the fateful comment, “Why don't you try finding a few people who were with us on Trick 3 in Misawa?” We came up with about 20 names we could remember.

Our roster started with the six who came with me to Misawa from language school, my ex, and Tommy Green. The procedure was just the same as it was for finding my classmates: phone calls and post cards sent to likely candidates found during internet people searches. As someone was “found”, I would ask who they remembered, were they in touch with anyone, and did they have copies of their orders. It didn't take too long before I was getting names of people who were on different Flights and, thanks to those who had multiple assignments to Misawa, different years. In my innocence and enthusiasm, I decided to expand the Mission Statement to include all of those who had served in Misawa from beginning to end.

Well, the beginning was in 1949 with the site selection and Misawa is still in operation. Careful consideration indicated it would be prudent to focus the project to that time period when Misawa was a Security Service organization. Today, our Mission Statement reads: “To identify, locate, and reconnect the people who served in the U.S. Air Force Security Service (USAFSS) at Misawa, Japan, from 1949 through 1979”. 1979 was a “magic number” because that's the year USAFSS became Electronic Security Command (ESC), so it was a natural “break” point. We are fortunate that the years from 1979 through 1990 have been picked up by some ESC era “youngsters”.

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Over the eleven years of the project, there have been many high points and treasures uncovered.

One was discovering the 1st Radio Squadron Mobile (RSM), the pioneers of the intelligence community in Japan in the early 1950s, and being adopted as their "little sister".

Fred Teschner, a man who made the Air Force a career and lives in San Antonio, Texas, pointed me toward the "Freedom Through Vigilance Association", which had lists of Misawans with their current mailing addresses.

David Reniere, a fellow linguist and 1959 graduate of the Army Language School at DLI, had all his orders with hundreds of names on them.

Lee Martin, who currently lives in Misawa, had a web-site devoted to helping people being assigned to Misawa find their way around.

Dutch Wiest, who recognized the need for a public web site so internet surfers, who had Misawa on their minds, could find their way home.

And then there is Ed Wagaman, who is credited with giving us our motto: "A tightly knit group of loosely knit people". Thanks, Ed! You are spot on!

Each addition to our alumni group has generously shared his or her memories, pictures, copies of orders, and enthusiasm for the Misawa Project. This is the foundation for Tanukisan's [Japanese nickname for Wayne Babb] latest book, the one you are about to read. If his past efforts are an indication of future performance, hold on to your hats!

I have defined myself as the "little sister". I view myself as a junction box where all the...loose...wires come in to be connected. I think this project was directed from God. Indeed, I could have driven past dozens of "George Dickel Whiskey" signs without that memory being triggered. And I could unsuccessfully spend a lifetime trying to find people, if this was not meant to be.

Helen Johns Henderson,
St. Augustine, Florida

PROLOGUE

This is my eighth foray into the wonderful world of literature. This particular journey, however, was somewhat different. It produced my third book not specifically targeted to former members of the old USAF Security Service. The first such book of that nature was "Born to be Brothers," a novel in search of Civil War buffs. This one also has a different target group: the wives, children, and grandchildren of USAFSS Veterans.

The intent of "HONTO! III" is to satisfy the curiosity of the people closest to the Vet. It answers the question, "What did my future hubby, my dad, or my granddad, do when he was young, dumb, and reckless in a far-off place called Misawa?" The women who served at Misawa are also addressed in the text, but to a lesser degree since they arrived late in the game and there are fewer pictures of them.

Since the target reader is not a Misawa Vet, I took measures to ensure jargon and acronyms totally familiar to a Vet but not to a non-Vet, is explained. Mostly I used bracketed definitions: SP [*Security Police*]; 203 [*Linguist*]; moose [*live-in girlfriend*]; bleeding a Mid [*extremely sleepy*]; etc. Footnotes and Editor's Notes were used for terms needing a more lengthy explanation.

At the time of this writing, there are over 15,000 photographs archived on the USAFSS at Misawa Site, so I obviously could not use all of them here. Therefore, I had to select the ones to include in the book. There was *some* method to my madness; I didn't use photos that were poor quality, didn't have follow-on comments by site members, or were duplicative (i.e. You've seen one Roll Call pic, you've seen them all, so I only used one.) If all else failed, I resorted to my divining rod, a Ouija Board, or black magic.

The volume of photographs available also limited the categories I could use. Although athletic teams from the Hill were excellent and won many base championships, I didn't include any sports pictures. There were a lot of pictures of the surrounding area--Hirosaki, Aomori, Hachinohe, Lake Towada, for example.--but I didn't use them for lack of space. Therefore the pictures in the

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book were mostly shot on the Hill, Main Base, or downtown Misawa.

All the pictures in the book are black and white. My publisher has the capability to print color photos, but they charge an arm and both legs for books containing them. Therefore, I converted all color pics to black and white before inserting them into the text. That's a negative, but I hope you'll forgive it.

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THE PEOPLE

There were a lot of things to like about a tour at Misawa Air Base, Japan. If you were young and single, a virtual playground lay just beyond the Base's Main Gate. Wine, women, and rock n roll were plentiful on a tiny street the GIs called A.P. Alley, there were theaters showing Japanese movies and a couple showing American movies with Japanese subtitles, and restaurants selling sumptuous Oriental food. The extremely efficient Japanese rail system made travel around the countryside easy and affordable.

If you were married and accompanied by your family, you could enjoy all the things outside the Main Gate (except maybe A.P. Alley) as the single guys did. But unlike them, you would not have to live in a two-man barracks room or eat in a Chow Hall. Instead you would live in your own home with your family and eating food prepared by your wife.

Another thing married and single people had in common was the deep friendships they developed with the other people on Misawa Air Base. Some would become lifelong friendships, but for the troops who pulled one hitch and were discharged, contact was most often lost and good friends never saw each other again. And then along came Helen Henderson and her "USAFSS in Misawa" website and we're finding those long lost friends. The following pages show photographs of them--the People of Misawa.

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1950: A2C Don Maddux
Ed Benningfield
San Antonio, Texas



Posted by Ed Benningfield with the following comments: This is a picture of Bob's promotion to Airman Second Class in the fall of 1950. The building in the background was the barracks. It later became 5th Air Force Headquarters prior to it moving to Korea and Yokota.

I'd bet a paycheck Don had no idea at the time, but he would burn a lot more cigars to celebrate promotions. Before he retired, he would add six more stripes to become a Chief Master Sergeant.

Wayne Babb
Chattanooga, Tennessee

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1950: PFC Billy Leopard
Billy Leopard
Tuscaloosa, Alabama



I joined the USAF in the spring of 1950 when I was 17 years old. Of course I had to have my parents' permission at that age. I went through Radio, Intercept Operator, and Direction Finding Schools before serving in the 1st Radio Squadron (Mobile) from July 1951 to December 1953. I was first at Johnson Air Base, then Det 4 at Niigata, and finally Misawa where I was debriefed, returned to USA, and discharged at Craig AFB in Selma, Alabama.

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Staff Sergeant "Candy" Candelaria was my Trick Chief. Shortly afterwards, a few of us flew up to Niigata in C-46s to set up the canvas tents and Quonset huts for Detachment 4 of the 1st RSM. This, of course, was a new experience for all of us, including First Lieutenant Hutton.

We managed to get the huts assembled and that is where we lived and worked. We were inside a barbed wire fence in the middle of the base and secured by USAFSS Air Police, much to the envy and curiosity of the other Airmen who were in a Radar Group at the same site.

We worked in two of those metal huts normally mounted on the back of a truck prior to erecting the Quonset huts. Our antennae were supported by creosote treated poles. Our receivers were SP-600s and 51-Js. We also had a hut for the Maintenance Shop and teletype for sending our work back to "who knows where". One hut was used for the Recreation Room.

We had a "perpetual" poker game running in the Rec Room. Wish I could remember all the guys names who were regular players. We wore out a few GI blankets on that card table sliding cards and chips across them.

We could ride overnight by train to Tokyo during our three day passes, which came after three days on Mids, three days on Days, and three days on Evening Shift. We had four tricks and one was always on three days break, which kept the poker game going.

We had to give up the special "GI only" coaches on the railroad after the treaty with the Japanese was signed in September 1951. The trains were very crowded after we had to mix with the population, but were very efficient. If you arrived at 0900 for the 0859, you missed it or were caught in the door.

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I was assigned briefly to Misawa and Wakkanai before shipping Stateside on the USS W. A. Mann in 1953.

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1953: Corporal Peale at the Bacchus Bar

**John Jarvis
Sparta, Tennessee**



One of my best friends outside our favorite watering hole. Check out the sign. I guess you've got to give the sign painter an "A" for effort.

Ah, now here's an Alley I could possibly handle--no need to "run" this one, a leisurely "stroll" oughta do it.

George "Granny" Welch
Corpus Christi, Texas

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From what seems to be said about military personnel and Misawa these days, I guess you'd look far and wide to find a sentiment like the one on this sign. Sigh.

George Logan
Seaford, Delaware

This was back when Misawa was a rural, backwater settlement and the Yankee greenback was king. Those were golden years.

Thomas "Dutch" Wiest
San Ramon, California

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1953: Pheasant Hunter
Burch Howard
Bloomfield, New Mexico



Posted by Dutch Wiest with the following comments: This is Paul Collins from Altoona, Kansas with his new over/under shotgun and the pheasant he shot about 400 yards behind the barracks, near the lake. Also, a good look at one piece fatigues converted into two-piece by the tailor shop. Paul died in 2007.

How about that! A Kansas guy with a shotgun and a pheasant. Looks natural to me. I shot a lot of ducks but no pheasants by the small lake. Mike Miller probably shot a few birds

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behind the barracks since he had good dogs. I'll bet Paul knew a friendly Josan who was very willing to prepare a fine meal they both enjoyed. What great memories.

Oly Harrison
Tacoma, Washington

I had a pair of the one-piece fatigues converted to two-pieces at the Hill tailor shop. They were 100 times better fitting than one piece and looked pretty good with the pockets on the sleeves and a belt. Biggest problem with them was they wore out very quickly. I think the houseboys beat them to death.

Ron Fitzke
Colorado Springs, Colorado

A nice "kiji" (green pheasant) hen. Those hens were legal to shoot, but not the "yamadori" (copper pheasant) hens. You wouldn't find those around the barracks anyway. I shot a few pheasant out behind the Ops Building, but never down by the small lake.

Mike Miller
Crestview, Florida

One of the cooks in the Chow Hall was a friend of Collins' and they had a fine meal late one night with all the trimmings.

Burch Howard
Bloomfield, New Mexico

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Just to let you know—I have a pheasant that comes in my yard just about every night for supper. Also, he calls out to let me know he is around. Wonder if it is of the same family

“Mac” McCarthy
Misawa, Japan

I used to walk out the back gate towards Furamaki and a number of times I saw pheasant cocks along the way. They were a bronze color of sorts. Very beautiful birds, but they were not too close to the road. I wouldn't kill one for anything.

Curtis Lowe
Wadsworth, Ohio

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1953 Dorm Room

**Royce Lloyd
Deceased**



Four people per room. Standard metal frame beds with four inch thick mattress. Footlocker served as storage, safe, chair, and coffee/card/snack table. That's me on the left and Thermon (Jack) McDowell, from Ft. Payne, Alabama, [Ed Note: *Me too!*] on the right.

Royce, Burch here: I am still in a quandary as to how things have changed on the Hill. Is it the same place we were in 1952-54?

Burch Howard
Bloomfield, New Mexico

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Roger Burch. **When** I went back in the mid-sixties, I was amazed at the changes. Can you imagine paved roads?

Royce Lloyd
Deceased

The walls in those barracks were not plastered the whole time I was there. You could hear any conversation from the next room, which continuously got me in trouble with our Trick 3 Chief. Despite that, they were better than the tents and Quonset Huts.

Bill Glass
Deceased

We did the best we could with the tents because that was what we were issued. We might have been in pup tents if we were not a mobile unit. Man, we had people running out of our ears for a few months. Many lived in the Supply Building because there weren't enough tents.

Burch Howard
Bloomfield, New Mexico

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1954: 1st Radio Guys, Nemuro
Bill Kull
St. Charles, Missouri



This is a picture of 1st Radio, Detachment 26, Nemuro, Japan taken at the railroad station

Now these guys look like *real* troops. These are my kind of guys and look like a fun bunch to be with.

Pete Herbst
Silver Lake, Ohio

You know, of all the pictures of men in uniform, this one looks like they are really at "war". Is that the whole Detachment? How many men did you have on the roster?

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I like the fur "bomber" hat. And, there is an example of the pants tucked into the boots. Quite a group you have here, Bill. Do you have any names to go with it?

Helen Henderson
St. Augustine, Florida

This was the entire Detachment. They all look like refugees from a concentration camp. The guy with the bomber hat is Ray Usery. The guy kneeling is named Shane—can't remember his first name. He was leaving that day and we were there to give him a sendoff. The one standing to Shane's left with the parka and glasses is Moe. The GI behind Moe is Roger Lee and the Japanese guy to his left was "Squirrel", our house boy.

Bill Kull
St. Charles, Missouri

I don't recognize any of the guys in the picture, but that is the way we dressed in 1952-54. Good to see the guy wearing buckle-up rubber boots. They were kind of standard wear in the winter. The guys in the old style parkas are wearing the ones we used. Good to see there are a few of the memories preserved on film.

Burch Howard
Bloomfield, New Mexico

Almost looks like an entire group of John Waynes. His swagger should be in there somewhere, huh?

Margaret Daberko
Pearland, Texas

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Definitely Security Service troops. Don't see a conformist in the group. Would be a nice photo to include in a Security Service history somewhere. [Ed. Note: *And so it shall.*]

Lloyd Smrkovski
Claremont, New Hampshire

I still have my "fur flap" hat issued in 1958. I love it but it gives my wife the creeps as she claims it is ugly. One thing for sure, even in 20 degrees below zero Offutt Air Force Base [Nebraska] winter weather with a strong wind, if you pulled the flaps down over your ears, you'd have to lift them every 10 or 20 minutes because your ears got *too* warm! Great hat - more than can be said for the silly pith helmet, shorts, bush jacket, and that ghastly (but warm) "horse blanket" they called an overcoat.

While I'm at preferences—I like the old style rank "emblems" and think the new Master Sergeant stripe with one stripe above looks silly. One sure improvement is they apparently no longer put the circle of cheap metal around the "US" emblem to ensure that enlisted people look lower budget than officers. Not sure what they have done with the hat's eagle emblem. It had a circle around it too, and the officer's didn't, was larger, and looked great.

These days you seldom see anybody in anything but fatigues (camouflage, of course) and flight suits. I was at a retirement luncheon with the Wing Commander (a Brigadier General) not too long ago and he wore a flight suit. In fact, all Generals I have ever seen at Beale [AFB, California] wear flight suits, never Class "A"s.

Tom Roach
Lincoln, California

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1954: Ray Swan

**Ray Swan
Bossier City, Louisiana**



Looking good Ray, but don't let B.J. catch you with stuff in those shirt pockets.

Royce Lloyd
Deceased

Not to worry, Royce. I think this ole Mississippi boy can handle himself just fine. I worked with him in the Air Defense

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Section of the Day Shop during my second Misawa tour in 1966-69. Good man and good 202 [*Analyst*].

Last time I saw Ray was at a big Misawa Vet get together at Lake LBJ, Texas in 1984 or 85. In addition to Ray and me, Bob Neff and Jim Van Kirk were also there. Since we all brought our families with us, that cabin was packed. A great time was had by all.

Wayne Babb
Chattanooga, Tennessee

[Ed. Note: *Ray and Libby attended the 2005 Misawa Reunion when it was held in Chattanooga. I haven't seen nor heard from them since.*]

Sorry, Royce—I always figured if they didn't want me putting stuff in the shirt pockets, they wouldn't have put pockets on the shirts. As long as the object didn't stick out of the pocket, I didn't care, and I don't think BJ did, either.

John "Smiley" Garrett
Mesa Arizona

That's why I had pockets sewn on the fatigue sleeves to hold the extra pack of cigarettes or a prescription bottle of Old Granddad for use those cold nights in the Gig.

Pete Herbst
Silver Lake, Ohio

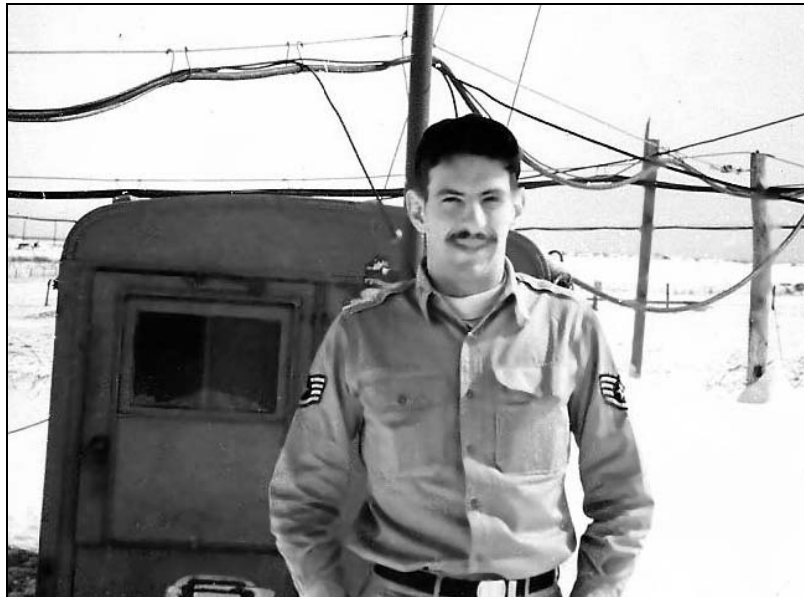
His gig line is slightly off Royce, and a tie is required when off base—even in 1954!

B.J. Cook
Ft. Walton Beach, Florida

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1954: Staff Sergeant Bill Kull

**Bill Kull
St. Charles, Missouri**



This is a picture of me at the back end of our teletype truck where we had our TTY tape running all the time.

This makes me appreciate how spoiled I was, working in the new Gig in the 70's.

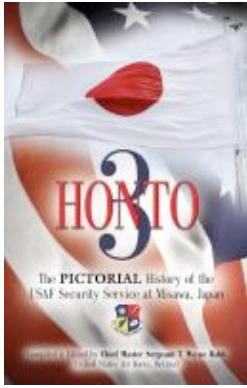
Lydia Crooks
Arnold, Maryland

Yes, the "old troops" paved the way for the next generation. Mine was from the late 1950's to the early 60's, and

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then the late 1960's to the early 70's and so on. We all share a unique, and now gone forever, experience of a time and place where we young GI's grew into men and women. Misawa was a place that truly shaped our lives.

Theodore Giesecking
Indianapolis, Indiana



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