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## *Vigilant Always*



### About the ASA

#### A poem

#### "Three Friends"

Author Unknown

Three friends were sitting drinking beer; And  
each one's eyes were filled with tears. For  
they'd decided to go to war To keep the  
Commies from our door. But, it seems, by  
some odd chance, That each had joined a  
different branch.

The airman stands and thumps his breast. His  
wings a-gleaming on his chest "When this war  
is finished, and we meet once more My tales  
will be of planes and war!"

The Marine rises to his feet; His face betrays a  
deep conceit. When the battle's over, and we  
meet again My stories will be of real He-men!"

The soldier gazes around the place And looks  
his buddies in the face. When this thing is  
done, if we meet again Well, I'll say nothing,  
friends, 'til then"

So they shook hands and made a vow: Should  
they all make it back somehow, The one  
whose stories were the best Would have his

drinks bought by the rest.

The war is over, and they are back. Drinking  
beer in the same old shack.

The Marine stands up before the rest. And  
many medals adorn his chest. "It was tight in  
Pleiku and Hue. Where each man lived from  
day to day. I saw action overseas By shooting  
VeeSee out of trees."

The airman rises to his lean six-two. His  
gloating boasts were nothing new. "I downed  
many Migs, to my delight. Why! I think you'd  
lose your appetite If I told you of my every  
flight!"

The soldier sits; he does not rise. He now  
wears specs upon his eyes. A strange dark  
look pervades his face As he downs his beer  
and surveys the place. "What I saw, I cannot  
say, For I was in the ASA."

Reverent silence, as in a tomb, Quickly befalls  
the smoky room. The airman rises; the marine  
does too. "Soldier, we owe the drinks to you!"  
They both had heard, and knew full well,  
There sat a man returned from Hell.

## Turkey:

### Tuslog Det 4



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There wasn't a hell of a lot to do in "town" and the nearest other town was a place "Samsun"... almost 200 miles away by road. We chose to spend our time with the locals learn more about their lifestyles and skills.

Turks can be very generous and friendly people if you try. It wasn't long before I had de friendly relationship with some of the local men (You DON'T talk to the women!) One of was the Warden of the local prison. He and I first met on the beach and we wrestled. I wrestled Turkish style before but I thought my college wrestling was up to his. Big mis wasted me in moments. It was like wrestling a bear. Finally, he ended up accidentally br nose. The guy started to cry (I already had tears running down my face!). I shoved my the cold water of the Black sea. Pushed a couple of pieces of cactus core into my nos walked back to town. He bought dinner. That started with a bottle of Kavcaclidera (sp ease the pain. Before long we were buds. From that point on, our part of Northern Turk up for me.

I could tell stories about a guy we called "Joe" who regularly stole the batteries from ou station and from whom we would buy them back.

## Vietnam

Saigon/Cholon/Bien Hua/Phu Bai/Nha  
trang/Pleiku/Cu Chi



The first thing to know is that all missions of the ASA were highly classified. At the end of this page I will provide links to various ASA sites on the net. You will notice that almost no information related to the missions is discussed. Why? Well back in '85 I felt the need to talk about my experiences with a group of Vietnam Veterans at the local VA facility. I requested permission to discuss certain events as well as question the status in general of ASA missions and their reply from the Army Intelligence and Security Command.

As of this time very little has changed.



**Let me point out a couple of things.**

- 1) "SCTY CLNC" means Security Clearance. In my case it was TS&C (Top Secret Code That means that I was cleared for and worked in Top Secret and Codeword missions.**
- 2) We were authorized Category Z travel. That meant we traveled in civilian clothes.**
- 3) We were required to check in with our "returnee teams" by phone.**
- 4) I was authorized to carry a weapon. I could carry a weapon on aircraft and did. Beca "World Wide Badge" I carried, I could enter and leave civilian aircraft ahead of all passe and the crew knew I was armed. I doubt these same rules apply today but in the 60's we given a lot of latitude.**
- 5) I arrived in Vietnam wearing civilian clothes, armed and on a commercial aircraft.**

XX

**I was just a kid but I thought I was ready. A year with the Turks give you an attitude. Th M3A1 Submachine gun (.45 cal). The Beanie is from an ARVN unit we were supporting arrived in country. I still have it as a keepsake. No, I was not in Special Forces**



16 months later I had changed some:

In the Central Highlands (Pleiku) I had a chance to wander into town for a Ba Mui Ba (Be friendly conversation with a couple of our daytime friends. At night they might change s was one of the strangest things about the conflict. One day you are having a few beers locals, the next they could be trying to kill you. All of the bars featured full front chain li to stop those pesky grenades.

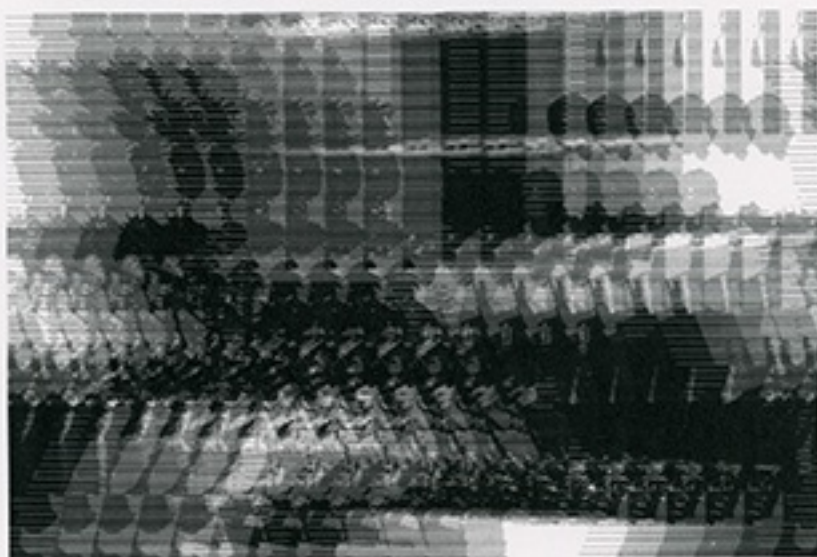


In the early days of the conflict the M-14's were the standard battle weapon. Some folks (mostly) don't know that the M-14 was capable of selective fire (full or semi automatic). So we'd step out to the perimeter and just fire off some rounds. Notice that there are several casings in the air. During this time I was working with (TDY) to the 403rd Special Force subordinate units). One of the SF guys is visible in the background. Anyone recognize





We maintained flop houses in Saigon, Cholon and Giah Dinh. This is Christmas at one early in my first tour. I'm the 3rd from the left in white pants.



Start here for the most complete overview. There are many links  
<http://www.asa.npoint.net>

To learn about the USASASF scroll down to the area under subordinate un

Cool site with a few surprises. <http://www.topsecretsti.com>

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