

1st platoon 188th

Memories of the 1st platoon, started the day I arrived in country. Our plane unloaded and you could smell the stench in the air. We spent the night in these massive barracks waiting for the next day, when we fell out, and a guy on a podium started going down our plane roster, the first 50 guys going to a new chopper outfit the 188th Black Widows

The Co. was not up and running yet, they were waiting for a few good men us. 'Ha! I remember how we were mortared and Charlie walked the mortars down our nice inline airstrips. I recall pilots and gunners running around in their shorts and flight helmets.

I can't recall but ~~th~~ somebody was released after that. Because of all the choppers being lined up the way they were it was an easy target.

Most of the time I flew it was with Deluski and the infamous 113# Polish Power. He kinda reminded you of that guy on Leave it to Beaver only with glasses. Ha!!

In my platoon I remember Everett ~~a~~ a good old boy I think he was from Wisconsin. Then there was a guy we called Bear, I think he was from Chicago.

I'm really bad at names but Lewis a gunner from Oklahoma I'll always remember. He's the one who made me the getaway driver in a stick-up of a pimp and two whores our last day at Da Nang.

It's a good thing we were on a
chopper headed for L.Z. Sally 3 hrs.
later,

I apologize for not remembering
more names, the faces I'll never forget.
One old boy extended his tour for 6 months
so he could marry his sweet heart
after his 30 day leave he got a deer John
after being back only a week. Then
there was the guy who had been a clerk
I think and we got him, he reminded
you of Woody Allen. He didn't fly long
while we were waiting to pick some
guys from the 25th up out of the Boonies
we were sitting on a rice paddy Dyke he
decided to take his M-60 apart and
we had to take off with his guns
in a hundred pieces. /

I remember a big Old Boy from Montana. He wrote me after I got home telling me about his New G.T.O. I started to write him but never did I regret that now.

I never had night mare or guilt about Nam. The only rush I would get was when the Life Flight chopper would fly over going to a local hospital. It still till this day.

If I were asked to describe my platoon it would be Blue Collar working class people. The backbone of this country. People I'm proud to have served with.

One parting shot remember the guys who worked on the electronics on the choppers they remind me of those guys on that T.V. Show the Lone Gunman. He! Probably most of you don't even remember me, but that's o.k.

Sgt. E-5 Larry Gray
Door Gunner 113[#] Polish Power