

Travis G. Shattle

June 22, 1949 - January 9, 2025

I was trying to figure out how to pack a ruck sack for my first mission. I was staring down, looking at it in bewilderment as troops were starting to leave the canvas tent heading to the pad. Suddenly, 300 more machine gun rounds flopped down in front of my face, when I looked up, I didn't see who dropped them on me. I thought, this is rotten for somebody to do this, its as low down as you can get.

Years later, Travis confessed, "It was me, man. You should have seen your ruck you had stuff hanging all over it. I just thought I would help you out, hahaha."

During the five day battle of Hill 882 after we pulled together to get our WIA out of the kill zone and back to into the perimeter the firefight sounded like popcorn rising and lowering in intensity. I realized I was unarmed, the M60 was left behind after the ambush so I had to go back to get it, when I got back to the perimeter I hollered to Travis I needed some rounds and he throws me some dirty muddy rounds, I cant use this, I hollered, and I threw them back. 'Jose, Travis's AG threw me 300 "Nobody gets my best rounds", Travis hollered above the din. Then the NVA keyed on his gun, the tree where Travis was behind suddenly began exploding with wood splinters and shrapnel from AK fire from multiple directions, then his bolt blew up in his face, within seconds he had the 60 back on line, and we fought our way out. Over the years we would always reflect on this battle.

Travis and I never lost touch after the war. Travis and Lois came to visit me when I was stationed at Ft. Knox, Ky. after Vietnam when they first began dating.

Travis and I were friends for over fifty years. We went through the ups and downs that life will bring. We relied on each other for advice and support. I met his family and all of his brothers over the years: Wayne, Glenn, Sammy, and Bobby, all dear to my heart.

One thing I learned from Travis and Lois was their dedication to family and their parenting skills. They were stern when needed but it was always tempered with love and advice.

Travis taught Rick, his son, mechanics at a young age. Rick later became an engineer. Debra, their firstborn, had a big heart, was funny, and outgoing. Rene was a beautiful, gifted child. Rene became a nurturing RN.

I believe in God as Travis did. To me, living and life is a test. It's a test of faith, a test of integrity, courage, morality, empathy, and selflessness. This was who Travis was in life.

I was proud to have served with him, and feel fortunate to have known him as a person.

He was my best friend his passing was a great personal loss.

My sincere condolences to all of the Shattle family, especially to Wayne, Rene and Lois.

Ted



Travis and Lois 1976