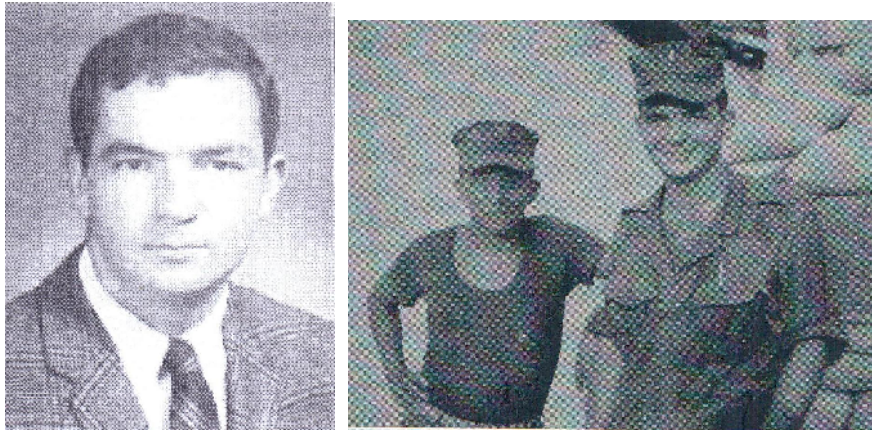


Jones, William Alan (Bill / Jonesy), 3rd Platoon

20 April 1945 - 14 September 2002

Quincy, MA - Rancho Palos Verdes, CA



[Photos: 1) Jonesy at Princeton, 2) SSgt Felix Salmeron and Lt Bill Jones: ARVN Compound July 1968.]

William Alan Jones was born 20 April 1945 in Quincy, Massachusetts to Frank and Dorothy Jones. Bill's father worked for the Boston Herald and his mother was a homemaker. Bill was the middle of five children: older brother Donald, sister Susan, and younger brothers Phillip and Tom. Bill attended North Quincy High where he was active as a Student Council member sophomore and junior years, President senior year, National Honor Society, Valedictorian, Editor-in-Chief of the yearbook, Harvard Book Award, Soccer sophomore and junior years, and hockey junior year.

Bill attended Princeton University on an NROTC scholarship with a Marine Corps Option. As such, he would have attended the Platoon Leaders Course (6-week Bulldog PLC) during the summer of 1966, at Quantico, VA. While at Princeton, Bill was: president and member of the Dial Lodge, Senior Manager of the Souvenir Agency, Member – Inter Club Council, Semper Fidelis Society, Orange Key Receptor, Freshman & JV Crew, and IAA Hockey. He graduated with a BA in History in June 1967.

Upon graduation, he accepted a regular commission in the USMC and served in Vietnam as a Platoon Commander with A/1/27. Following a year in Vietnam, Bill returned back to the United States and eventually ended up at Camp Pendleton. In 1970 he met his wife to be, Linda Munro in Mission Bay - San Diego, CA. Following his time in the service Bill attended one year of grad school at Claremont Graduate School before deciding to attend law school. He received a JD from George Washington University in 1976. He practiced real estate and transactional law in downtown Los Angeles for nearly 25 years. In his free time Bill enjoyed running, photography and reading. He was very active in sports with his two young children, Drew and Mandy, and also supported numerous youth sports organizations.

Bill passed away on September 14, 2002 of throat cancer. He is survived by his wife, Linda, his son, Andrew (like father like son – Princeton and a practicing attorney) and his daughter, Amanda, all living in the greater Los Angeles area.

USMC Resume:

TBS Class 1-68 Alpha Company, 3rd Platoon June- 22 Nov 1967

HILT - six week Vietnamese Language Course, Quantico, 23 Nov 1967

Vietnam: Platoon Commander A/1/27

Post-Vietnam: Camp Pendleton

Personal Reflections about Bill Jones:

From Bill Black, 13 Apr 2015: I was shot in the early morning of 5 May 68, the beginning of the enemy offensive of “Mini Tet”. After sunrise, I hobbled with two other wounded Marines, escorted by a patrol from our platoon. We rendezvoused with a Jeep that drove us to the La Son School House serving as the CP of “A” Co. and 1st Bn, 27th Marines. The battalion surgeon checked us, and we were carried on stretchers with other wounded to the roadway LZ, just outside the school yard, to wait for a medivac helicopter.

2nd Lt. Bill Jones, a fellow alumnus of Vietnamese Language School, TBS 1-68 “A” Co., and Princeton Class of ’67, accompanied me to the LZ. He stood beside my stretcher and bent over me. Using my college nickname (derived from my hometown, Paducah, KY), Lt. Jones said, “Paduke, I might have known you’d have done it on House Parties Weekend!” Lt. Jones took over my platoon a month later and led the platoon in Operation Allen Brook.

Excerpt from “40 Years of ’67 in PAW” May 2007 as written by David Reiser – by permission David Reiser:

William A. Jones

We all have “best friends”. Some “best friends” survive for many years or even a lifetime. Frequently, though, distance and circumstances curtail these relationships. These past “best friends” remain in a cryogenic state. There you find yourselves together again, nothing would have changed. This is a test of best friend status.

Jonesy and I met at Princeton where we joined the same eating club (fraternity). Bill had come from a wonderful “salt of the earth” family in Quincy, Massachusetts. I came from the Bronx. Jonesy rowed crew, I played golf. We were close friends. We stayed up to listen to WBZ play “Alice’s Restaurant” and “Light My Fire”. We fantasized about starting a school in a land free of snakes and bugs. In 1966 we ran against each other for club president. I voted for Jonesy. He won by a single vote.

On graduation in 1967 there was one thing on our minds; Vietnam. Jonesy was concerned with getting drafted out of law school. As with all things he treated the problem head-on and enlisted in the Marines. I kept a low profile in Harvard’s hallowed halls.

During his entire tour of duty we wrote each other. These letters are among my most treasured possessions. I gave him my very lucky t-shirt to help him return home safely.

July 4, 1968

Dear Dave,

Things have been hectic for me the last week and a half. In June, I was personally [shot at], those bullets were actually aimed at me, shot at for the first time (but not the last). It was a particularly unpleasant sensation. The next day the same thing happened (maybe I should stay away from the radio operator).

And we made a two platoon, in line, John Wayne type assault, movie style. I had my 45 in one hand, and a grenade in the other, and I was leading the platoon in a movie-like charge. You should have seen it. It's exciting when you don't stop to think about how you could be killed or your men could be killed or maimed. For the moment, for the charge, there was nothing but adrenaline and excitement. I still enjoy being in the field, but the odds are starting to catch up. On the last operation, seven platoon commanders and two company commanders got hit. That's out of a total of sixteen officers. Anytime I'm offered an office job, I'll take it.

Of the five Princeton Marines to come straight to Vietnam, I'm the last one left. Davis caught malaria and is in Cam Ranh Bay. Bill Black, Bill Dankin, and John Tritsch have all been wounded.

Some f---ing Independence Day. My troops want to set off all the fireworks we have; flares, star clusters illumination, smoke grenades. I'll keep you posted. Meanwhile, keep looking for the snakeless, insectless island. /s/Jonesy

What a wonderful reunion on his return! The t-shirt looked like the shroud of Turin. Pandy and I were married with Jonesy in the wedding. We didn't have a honeymoon, so that we could be at Jonesy and Linda's nuptials a week later. They went to California. We went to Ohio, with promises to reunite.

Bill Jones died of cancer [14 Sep 2002]. Our reunion will have to wait.