

80th FIGHTER SQUADRON HEADHUNTERS ASSOCIATION



HEADHUNTER HEADLINES



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"AUDENTIS FORTUNA JUVAT"

1 August 2014

WWII HEADHUNTERS

Author's Note: *It is with great sadness that I continue Ben's recap of his WWII experiences for him, as he is no longer with us. His passing on March 26, 2014 at the age of 93 after he never recovered from a chemotherapy treatment he received to treat his Leukemia, leaves those of us who knew him best, heartbroken over his premature demise. We honor him therefore by continuing to tell the WWII stories he only revealed to those closest to him after the death of Miriam Eulabelle Byland, his wife of 64 years. I have done my best to accurately recount the stories gleaned from the many hours we spent at the dining table looking through scrapbooks from the war, that Ben's mother put together for him, while she anxiously awaited for the return of her only son from a war she knew he might never come back from. Most of the rest of Ben's stories of this period were recounted in the comfort of Ben's living room, as we spent time together at his home in Orange, CA. Ben's experiences, recounted to the best of my recollection, are presented to the 80th Fighter Squadron - The Headhunters, as my gift to them in honor of my lifelong friend, Sergeant Ben Lewis Byland GI# 19003956. Duane Wieden.*

BEN BYLAND MEMOIR, PART II: Our previous article left off with Ben having disembarked amidst Japanese shelling on a wooden pier in New Guinea, with no weapon, helmet or uniform - simply with orders to stop the Japanese from taking this island as a stepping stone to conquering Australia.

Ben's stories of his first days, weeks & months in New Guinea were always sketchy. "It was touch-and-go for quite a while" was all he would say about his first days there.

However, his descriptions of his experiences with those he served with, the environment, his equipment, the natives, the jungle, the dangers they faced daily, and their living conditions, etc., gave me a feeling for the context of his experience there, as I'm hoping it will you.

Two of the items Ben was eventually equipped with were a bolt-action Enfield chambered in .30-06, and a British flat-rimmed helmet.

Ben wasn't really keen on the British helmet until after he tested its survivability by tossing it and a grenade into one of the many Japanese bomb craters pocketing New Guinea, on several occasions, and finding much to his surprise that it held up quite admirably to the abuse it received. Later, when Ben was ordered to surrender this helmet for G. I. headgear (which he did under severe protest), he said that in comparison the G.I. helmet "wasn't worth a damn" as it failed the same test that the British helmet repeatedly passed. I believe he also mentioned something about the supply officer not being happy about him testing (read destroying) G.I. helmets this way.

Ben took the opportunity to trade his .30-06 Enfield for an M1 carbine one day when a group of soldiers, all armed with M1 carbines were marching towards thick jungle. Ben said he handed his Enfield with A/P rounds to one of the soldiers, saying, "Take this. Those .30 carbines will never go through the trees those Japs are hiding behind, but this will every time." The soldier swapped Ben for

his M1 carbine, and Ben said that he wondered about the fate of all those soldiers going to face the Japanese, with small arms that could not penetrate the cover the Japanese would hide behind.

Ben loved the little M1 carbine, and when I said that I personally wouldn't rely on one for shots much beyond 100 yards (maybe 125 yards maximum), Ben said that he had hit targets at up to 350 yards with his during the war.

{ Author's Note: when I was a kid rock-hounding with my parents and Ben & Belle in the desert, Ben's M1 carbine is what I would shoot bottles and cans with when checking out a new area yielded no desirable rocks to be found and the sun-drenched, tired youngster of our party (namely me) wanted something enjoyable to do. }

When I spoke with Ben about the Colt Government handgun chambered in .45 ACP (which I have and enjoy), Ben said that he never saw one during the war - not even on one of their officers. Incidentally, Ben said that in New Guinea, officers and enlisted men were not distinguishable by uniform (although enlisted men certainly knew who their commanders were), and never was saluting done as both a uniform difference and a salute could make officers targets for Japanese snipers, so these standard protocols were countermanded by the necessity of circumstance.

Ben recounted how the Japanese seemed to take glee in the strafing (and thus murdering) of American Pilots who tried to parachute "to safety" once their plane had been shot down. 80th Fighter Squadron troops were so angered by this practice of Japanese pilots against our pilots that they adopted a policy of "no prisoners" when dealing with any Japanese soldier. Ben said that he only saw a Japanese prisoner in a jeep heading to be flown out (presumably for interrogation) once or maybe twice, and that Japanese soldier appeared to be high-ranking and not in very good condition. There was "no love lost" in New Guinea between American soldiers and their enemy, the Japanese, to say the least.

Evidently, villagers in New Guinea felt much the same way for in instances where the Japanese had interacted with island natives, the Japanese had killed the men of the village and had raped and sometimes murdered the women. I got the impression from the many photos I saw from Ben that although the natives were very friendly to G.I.s, that this feeling of good will never extended to the Japanese who were known to be a brutal and murderous lot.

In fact, the Headhunters patch displays the face of a New Guinea native - a Headhunter.

The story that Ben told in relation to this was that there were certain natives who wore royal purple attire - a long, open sleeve, loose-fitting shirt - which designated these natives of greater rank, stature and bearing than most of their fellows, and signified them as the "police" or "enforcers" of the island. Ben and his fellow soldiers were told, "If one of these tells you to do something, you do it!" Ben said that these natives wore a gourd on a strap "to hang their dingus in" (as did most male natives), and that these natives carried a long, mean-looking knife they had evidently gotten from the British (while most male natives carried long spears). Ben said that these natives had a separate camp, a small distance from the G.I.s camp, and that at night they would sneak out without making a sound, and would return in like manner during the middle of the night with gunny sacks full of the heads of Japanese soldiers, which they would drop spilling their gruesome contents near the G.I.'s campfire. Eventually, under protest of several officers, this nightly delivery of head trophies was stopped, but it did not stop the headhunter's activities at night, just their delivery of these "prizes" to the allies.

No, I don't believe that New Guinea natives cared much for the Japanese either.

Ben said that the British missionaries had gotten the native women to wear grass skirts. They would wear these skirts until dirty and then discard them, donning a new one if one were available. Female natives went topless, and Ben said that he and his buddies would have their pictures taken with some of the younger and more attractive native women and send pictures to their buddies back in the states with the caption, "See what you're missing!" It is apparent that for the young G.I.s in New Guinea that young, topless female natives were one of the photographic attractions of New Guinea. { Remember the days when only National Geographic showed topless shots of African female natives in an era preceding Playboy or Penthouse, etc. I do! }

I asked Ben if there was any fraternization between the GI men and female natives. He said that sometimes there was, but when this happened, the GI's "dingus got infected, turned blue and almost fell off" and that GI was sent back to the states. He said he didn't know what the natives had or how they survived it amongst themselves, but that it must have been something really bad. Ben later told that during his last days in New Guinea he saw a procession of canoes filled with villagers celebrating the marriage of a tribal girl to a GI, and that several GIs took their New Guinea brides home with them, but this was extremely "few and far between" and by-and-large simply wasn't done.

I asked Ben about the housing situation in New Guinea. He said that almost all of the huts the natives lived in were built on stilts well above where either the high-tide water would rise to during a storm, and above where the insects could gain easy access to their houses.

Ben said that the natives went barefoot, but for the G.I.s there, one always had to be wary of the insects, and the snakes. Centipedes, scorpions, spiders, mosquitoes, and vipers of various kinds mandated constant vigilance, not to mention the Japanese. Boots had to be dumped out and visually checked, before they were put on, lest one endure a painful, debilitating bite or sting.

Soldiers slept inside of mosquito netting, and not only slept inside it, but also slept away from the netting itself, as a mosquito could bite through the netting if one was too close to it. As such, one slept like they were in a modern "mummy" sleeping bag, not "all sprawled out" like some of us are used to. It should be noted that Ben always compactly slept on half of a single bed this way, all of the time I have known him.

In spite of his compact sleeping habit, Ben, while in New Guinea contracted both Dengue Fever and Malaria, and was required to take a cup of quinine each day (1/2 cup in both morning and evening) for a period of one year upon his return to help make certain that these disease vectors did not become active in the United States through him. His wife, Eulabelle, always claimed that this is what destroyed the enamel on his teeth and made them so bad.

Ben told a story of once, when on guard duty at night, he heard sounds of something stealthily creeping through the jungle floor towards him. It came closer and closer until ready to shoot, he illuminated it with his flashlight only to see a giant spider. Ben said it was big enough that he wanted to shoot it, but didn't want to get chewed out by his C.O. so killed it by stomping on it with his boot.

Ben said that the Army Air Corps sprayed the jungle and the Japanese retaliated by using poisonous gas. Evidently it took a while to convince the Japanese that what we were spraying nearby our encampments was insect spray to kill the too numerous, dangerous insects there, and not chemical weapons as the Japanese had presupposed were being used against them.

As time passed, friendships were formed with those in one's camp who were "of like mind." Usually, this meant that you bunked (on canvas fold-out army cots) near one another, and that you "watched each other's backs" as there is nothing like trust given and returned during instances of life & death encounters to know that the person you entrust your life with is worthy of that level of intimate confidence and visa-versa. Ben formed this close bond and friendship with two other men in his unit, Red and Andy. Andy has been gone now for nearly ten years, and Red passed away just this past year (2013), but in New Guinea they were "best buds," and amazingly, they survived the war together and upon their return to the states they worked together during their first winter in Oregon maintaining roads during the winter by running huge "snow plows" which would cut & chew up the ice on the road surface and spray it above and off to the side of the road. During this time, Ben, Red & Andy lived together in a small log cabin where Andy's wife did the cooking and where Ben & Red were responsible for cutting and bringing in the firewood to use in the wood stove which provided the means for cooking and keeping everyone else warm. Their feelings for one another and the bond they shared lasted their whole lives, for what can outlive the shared experiences of a close-knit group of men who have relied on each other in life and death, for many years.

To his dying day Ben treasured the knife Red had handed him when they were all in line to receive fighting knives. It was Red's job to hand them out. Red handed Ben a knife and said, "This is a good one, I picked it out special for you. Maybe someday it will save your life." I believe they became close friends after that... Incidentally, I have seen this knife, and remember Ben describing knives that were handed out that day. None of these knives were standard issue. They were all "scrounged," as if folks back home had donated used hunting knives that finally made it to our boys overseas. None of us should be under the misnomer that any of these men were initially well-equipped.

Ben spoke about the slit trenches dug near each man's cot, so that when you heard the Japanese Zeros coming in for a strafing run you would drop into the trench right next to where you slept and when you had time and were not under fire, you would move to a deeper trench outdoors. Ben also spoke of being able to gauge the relative size and distance of a bomb, from the sound it made through the air as it fell towards you. He said that you tried to dig your trenches perpendicular to the direction that you knew the Japanese would fly, strafe and bomb in, to minimize your chance of getting hit, injured or killed. He told of a time when three newcomers came and begin to dig in the wrong direction (parallel, not perpendicular) to the known direction of Japanese flight patterns; they were told the right direction to dig, but they didn't listen. The next time the Japanese flew an attack mission, these newcomers positioned themselves in their deep and presumably safe trench only to be hit by a bomb which tumbled down their trench and exploded like an exploding ball hitting pins in a bowling-alley lane. Ben said when the raid was over, you couldn't even tell that what was left in that trench started out as three human beings.

Ben said that their tent was "full of holes" from exploding shrapnel of bombs dropped by the Japanese, but that being in the trenches was the best way to safeguard one's survival as it mostly limited the direction one could get hit from to "directly above." However, even with being dutiful about diving for the trenches whenever the sound of danger was heard, Ben was hit seriously at least once by shrapnel (in the right upper arm), and less seriously other times.

Medicines were rudimentary and in short supply, and with the moist, humid conditions of New Guinea one always had to be concerned about blood poisoning and infections from wounds or injuries. Ben remembered that the "Docs" lined them up and gave them all a once-a-month going over and inspection and that they had them all take a large pill. I asked Ben what that pill was or was

for. He said that he didn't know, but that they were ordered to take it along with everyone else so they took it. He said that the "Docs" were pretty good about doing their best to keep them all in good health.

Ben commented that the Japanese couldn't really machine parts very well (that they "couldn't make nuts & bolts worth a damn," I believe were his exact words), and that sometimes the timing fuses on their bombs didn't go off, so there was plenty of unexploded Japanese ordinance lying about. He also commented on the worthlessness of Japanese tanks, due to them being made out of extremely thin metal (which I believe Ben said could practically be penetrated by small arms AP rounds if hit right), as compared to American tanks which were much better armored.

As supply lines were minimally established, Ben was issued his first M1 Garand (as were others in his unit), but they still had no anti-aircraft guns to repel Japanese strafing and bombing raids.

Ben recounts of how during a night air-raid he turned the barrel of his M1 Garand "cherry red," "but Old Betsy kept on shooting and never missed a hitch." Ben loved the M1 Garand for as he told it, it was the one thing he relied on to save his life daily for over three-and-a-half years, and it never once malfunctioned - never once! Upon examining his M1 Garand the next day, the stock had been badly charred because the rifle barrel had gotten so hot, but it still functioned. Ben told of how six months later when he turned that rifle in for a replacement, the supply officer looked at the charred wood next to the barrel, looked at Ben, shook his head, but said nothing and issued Ben a new rifle.

Author's note: many years ago Ben expressed a desire to own an M1 Garand once again. I literally looked for about 3 1/2 years before I found one that was vintage World War II in excellent condition at a price I could afford, so I acquired it and gave this to Ben. He sat there in his chair with this rifle clasped tightly to his chest, rocking gently back-and-forth - like one would hold a long-lost lover - as tears rolled down his cheeks. Tears down my own cheeks joined his on the hardwood floor. After telling him I loved him, I left him to his memories and the significance of meanings from his past that only he could fathom & unravel. When I returned, I found that he had retired to his bedroom and that he lay, propped up on pillows on his bed, still clasping "Old Betsy" to his chest. It is seldom in life that we can give a gift to someone who has "seen it all and done it all" that will have the type of meaning and significance that we wish all of our heartfelt gifts could have. This is one gift given that I knew had "hit the mark" and was truly appreciated and cherished by its recipient - Ben Byland - my lifelong friend!

Ben said that his "backup weapon" (other than the knife given him by Red) was a 38 special revolver that he had found in the wreckage of one of our own planes. Part of the cylinder had been burned, but Ben felt that it still had 3 good chambers left, and unbeknownst to anyone, Ben carried it on himself constantly as a "back-up" weapon for the duration of his time in New Guinea.

Eventually a .50 BMG Browning machine gun was installed amidst a pile of sandbags and at last the camp was better equipped to defend itself against Japanese aerial "night raids."

Ben said that at one point he was given an Auto-Ordinance .45 ACP Thompson Machine Gun. Ben loved this machine gun and used it for guard duty at nights when his orders were to not let anyone past his position unless he had identified and cleared them. Ben said that one night an officer (I believe a Captain) riding in a Jeep ordered his driver to run Ben's check-point. Ben ordered them to stop and when they didn't, he cut loose with a burst just in front of the jeep and the driver drove it

into a ditch at the side of the road. The officer was hopping mad and although Ben was following orders, he was later relieved of his beloved Thompson and given other duties.

Look for the final installment in the Nov 2014 Headhunter Headlines- Tex

KOREAN WAR HEADHUNTERS

Take a look at this website: <http://www.koreanwar.org/html/units/usaf/8ofbs.htm> Some very interesting information. We even have our own page-Tex

BETWEEN THE WARS HEADHUNTERS

Where are you guys???

VIET NAM HEADHUNTERS

“OK, Wolf Pack, go get ‘em!” Operation BOLO – 2 January 1967

by Robert Vanderpool 7th Air Force and 8th Fighter Wing Historian

I know we've recently done an "Operation Bolo" story, but here's one from the current 8FW perspective

1/2/2014 - **Republic of Korea** -- On Jan. 2, 1967, as pilots from the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing hurried from their briefing rooms to their squadron equipment rooms to gear up for flight operations, wing commander **Col. Robin Olds** spontaneously hollered: "Okay, Wolf Pack, go get 'em!" On that day the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing would engage the enemy over North Vietnam during Operation BOLO in what would be remembered as the greatest aerial battle of the Vietnam War. From that day forward, the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing would be known as the Wolf Pack and Olds would go down in wing history as Wolf 1.

A combat veteran of World War II, Olds had first heard the encouragement while serving with Col. Hubert "Hub" Zemke's 479th Fighter Group in Europe. Prior to joining the 479th in August 1944, Zemke had spent two years in command of the 56th Fighter Group which had earned the nickname "Zemke's Wolfpack." Zemke brought his familiar send off with him to the 479th FG where Olds served as a fighter pilot.

Operational orders during the early years of the Vietnam War restricted the bombing of North Vietnamese airfields to include installations that based fighter aircraft. As a result, the North Vietnamese employed tactics which avoided direct confrontation with the Air Force's primary air-to-air fighter, the F-4 Phantom. The North Vietnamese would keep their aircraft on the ground when F-4's were in the air instead preferring to engage bomb heavy F-105 Thunderchief fighter bombers. As enemy fighters approached, the F-105's would be forced to dump their bomb loads early in order to engage the North Vietnamese on more equal terms. With the F-105 bomb loads ejected before reaching their intended target, the North Vietnamese were able to achieve tactical victory without direct engagement because targets on the ground would remain untouched. They would then return to the safety of their airfields without risking their aircraft in battle with the American fighters. Operation BOLO was conceived to deliberately counter this North Vietnamese strategy.

Designed by Olds along with the 8th TFW tactics officer, Capt. John "J.B." Stone, Operation BOLO used innovative deception tactics that lured the North Vietnamese MiG-21 fighter force into the air. Disguising themselves as a flight of F-105's using the same formations, call signs, flight speeds, and

radar tactics as the Thunderchief flights, the goal was to convince the North Vietnamese that they would be engaging F-105's instead of F-4's who would then spring the trap.

After a few weeks of planning, a briefing was held with Seventh Air Force Commander Lt. Gen. William Momyer. Seventh Air Force held command responsibility over most Air Force operations in Vietnam. Momyer approved the plan with the simple order, "Go!" On Jan. 2 the instruction came from the combat operations center to execute. As the pilots readied for the mission, Olds provided his now legendary encouragement. The Wolf Pack was about to be reborn.

Operation BOLO was an astounding success. In a little more than 10 minutes of combat the 8th TFW recorded seven confirmed and two possible MiG-21 kills without suffering a single loss. Four days later, fighters from the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing shot down two more MiG-21's destroying nearly half of North Vietnam's most advanced fighters in only five days. As a result of the losses, the North Vietnamese were forced to temporarily ground their entire fighter fleet. The success of Operation BOLO established American air superiority over North Vietnam.

Following Operation BOLO the 8th TFW began referring to itself as the Wolf Pack. As the reputation of the 8th continued to grow with their continuing success in air-to-air missions during the Vietnam War, other units throughout the Air Force also began to refer to the 8th TFW as the Wolf Pack. By the end of the war, the 8th finished as the leading wing of MiG's destroyed with 38.5 confirmed air-to-air victories. The 8th TFW's legacy as the Wolf Pack was solidified. (*now see below...*)

JUVAT HEADHUNTERS

WOLVES SINK THEIR TEETH INTO MISSION

Posted 5/5/2014 Updated 5/5/2014 by Senior Airman Armando A. Schwier-Morales 8th Fighter Wing Public Affairs



An **80th Fighter Squadron pilot** takes off during the first go of exercise Beverly Bulldog 14-2 at Kunsan Air Base, Republic of Korea, May 5, 2014. The pilots launched to participate in the first of many peninsula-wide sorties in order to train to "Take the Fight North." (U.S. Air Force photo by Senior Airman Armando A. Schwier-Morales/Released)

5/5/2014 - KUNSAN AIR BASE, Republic of Korea -- The Wolf Pack showcased and tested its mission to "Defend the Base, Accept Follow on Forces, and Take the Fight North."

"OK, Wolf Pack, go get 'em!"
again!



5/18/2014 - **KUNSAN AIR BASE, Republic of Korea** -- The 8th Fighter Wing conducted a change of command ceremony May 16, 2014 at Kunsan Air Base, Republic of Korea. **Col. S. Clinton Hinote**, outgoing commander, relinquished command to **Col. Kenneth Ekman**, 8th Fighter Wing commander, in a ceremony presided by Lt. Gen. Jan-Marc Jouas, Republic of Korea and U. S. Combined Forces Command, Air Component Command commander.

Welcome aboard, Col Ekman! You're about to have the world's best fighter squadron working for you....oh and The Other Squadron, too.

HEADHUNTERS DOWN

Hello Tex, **Jim Hildebrand**, a Thud pilot with the 80th Ftr Sq at Yokota 1966-67 was buried at Arlington on Monday, Jul 21st at 1100. His family was there and a reception was held after the service. As ever, **Larry (Huggins) AKA Huggy Bear**

On Jul 2, 2014, at 3:51 PM, **(Mary Oakes)** [<dmacorns@gmail.com>](mailto:dmacorns@gmail.com) wrote: It is with great sadness that I inform you that **Colonel David L. Oakes** took his last flight on 29 June 2014.

Ed Jones Arlington Date: Ed Jones (ret, USAF Lt. Col) who died on August 6 2013 will be interred at Arlington National Cemetery on August 8, 2014 at 10:45 A.M. **Pat Jones** (Ed's wife)

FROM AROUND THE WORLD

In Case You're Wondering Why I Changed The Motto's Spelling in the Newsletter Banner:

*WHO KNEW?? Sent to me by **Nogas Reichert**: Explanation: "Audentis Fortuna Juvat" "audentis" (with a long i, unlike the genitive form!) is an older form of the accusative plural "audentes", still most common in the classical era. However the quotation is from Virgil, Aeneid, book X, line 284, and according to the Virgil edition I have at home (Oxford Classical Texts) there are no variants but all manuscripts show the -is ending (as this seems to be the case for all similar accusative plural forms in Virgil)*

This just in: the 80th has a new CO (Juvat Lead #108) **LT COL Rob "Tripp" Raymond** of "Dos Gringos" fame replaces **LTCOL Paul "Bender" Miller**. More info and a writeup to follow.

Welcome to the 80th, LT COL Raymond. "Crush em!"

Tex, Please list Bandit563@live.com as my primary address and Notch563@gmail.com as my secondary. We depart Hawaii on 2 Jul for Eglin. I'll update my address on the web. Thanks, **Notch Emmons**

Tex! Thanks for the message. I apologize for being a derelict...Please use this as my e-mail address: hubert.hegtvedt@us.af.mil I've moved around a bit over the past few years. Currently stationed at Whiteman AFB, Missouri. Now the Commander 442d Fighter Wing (Reserve A-10 Wing - Whiteman AFB). We have 300+ Airmen deployed and doing great work for America. Life is good here in the middle of the country. Hope all is well with you. What is Good?! **NATO (HEGTVEDT, HUBERT C Col USAF AFRC 442 FW/CC)**

From Bob "Ragman Harvey: If you haven't already, please consider reading my book. It gives you facts to support **Roscoe's (Wilkerson, former 80th CC)** case and maybe help others. It is available in both electronic and paperback versions at: <http://tinyurl.com/p5c26uq> Please read the reviews and if you would be so kind, please also write a review and recommend the book to friends. Thank you. Respectfully, **Bob "Ragman" Harvey**, Colonel, USAF (retired) Author: *The Whole Truth, The Tainted Prosecution of an American Fighter Pilot* Available in paperback and Kindle version at www.Amazon.com and www.barnesandnoble.com

Tex- The new site looks amazing. You guys (*actually, it was Major Lude Kibble*) did a fantastic job! Currently out in the desert enjoying the dust...downloaded **Ragman's** book for my Kindle. WIG? **Smack (Capt Gregory Balzhiser)**

Hi Tex, This is **Keith "Rosey" Rosenkranz**. I looked at the new website and reset my password. Is there a way to view the master roster and does it show contact info for our members? Hope you are well. Thank you, **Rosey** *Rosey, we're still trying to figure out the best way to display it. Until we get that figured out, and you need specific MR info, contact me.-Tex*

Received this note from Mary: " Dear Jim, Please take me off the Headhunters mailing list. **Alf** has been gone six years and I'm out of touch with many of you. Each issue has brought back memories of stories and bonds of friendship that never die. Thank you for all your efforts. I am grateful for the many blessings given to each of us by the gracious Lord. Sincerely, **Mary F. Miller**"

Tex, I checked out the beta site, looks great so far! I appreciate all the time you guys are putting into this...it's key to keeping our heritage. **Sass (Marc Sasseville)**
Thanks for the kind words, Sass. Yes, unlike the previous abortion of a website, it will be the key. Unfortunately so many of the young folks don't understand the importance yet, and the old folks that do are getting, well, 'older'. Wish I could find a way to get the Pups fired up. Hope to see you at the 2015 reunion in COS. Last weekend in April. Tex

Hello All- I am currently in PNG near Dobodura (Now Popendetta) and diving WWII AC looking for 5th AF Birds- P-40s, P-38s,P-39s, B-25s, and A-20s. Dived on remains of PT67 & PT119, recovered dual .50 Cal guns from PT67 from 47 meters of water, very cool! Best & Cheers, Push-It-Up & Check-Six, What Is Good?☐**John Holder** (Oceanic Expeditions. John is an Associate LTM)

Say hello to our newest LTM. Welcome, Chief Bates! My name is **James C. Bates**, CMSGT, USAF RET. Age 80. I was assigned to the 80th FBS from early October 1952 until August 1953. I was an A/3c in the armament (Weapons) section assigned to C flight and left as A/2c Flight Chief. I was there a short time before Major Loring, the Medal of Honor winner was shot down. I also was there

when we flew 120 sorties in one day in April 1953 and when we transitioned from the F80 to the F86. The 80th was my first assignment after tech school and it has always been one of the 2 squadrons that were at the top of my list of favorite organizations. I have 2 email addresses. Primary: jamescbates@suddenlink.net. Secondary: gorf1933@gmail.com

Tex, It has been great to keep up with the Headhunters all these years! Sandra, my two boys, and I enjoyed a rather stress-free year at Air War College and now we are off to AFCENT/A3X (Plans) at Shaw AFB, SC. Based on recent events, I don't think I have to worry about being bored. Thanks, Riddler (**Lt Col Henry "Riddler" Rogers**) rogersf16@aol.com

Tex, Thanks so much for all you and your team's hard work. I am so proud to be a member of a unit my Dad truly loved. I visit his crypt on Father's Day and I could feel him very happy and proud that the tradition is carried on. We have an aviation fair here soon, and the P51 Mustang will be on display. He loved that aircraft and I have several photos of his. I told Mom the other day, "well he's flying it all over up there!" Take Care, and God Bless! **John Robertson**

FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM

HEADHUNTER HEADLINES AND THE NEW WEBSITE:

Chris "Lude" Kibble has stepped up and completely redesigned our website. You should go take a look at it www.8ofsheadhunters.org It is faster, easier to navigate and post on than the old one- no complicated registration procedures. No more Paypal! If you're a LTM, all your information is already on file. Reminder, LTM's do not ever 'owe' any dues no matter how confusing my emails to you are!!

Here's how to register:

1. Go to 8oFSHeadhunters.org;
2. On the right side, click on "Sign In/Sign Out";
3. Click on the "Register" drop down button;
4. Fill out the quick and easy form. Time required: about 1 minute;
5. DONE! After you receive a verification email, you'll have full access to the site.
6. If you have problems email us. Lude@8ofsheadhunters.org

We may have missed adding some of you however, as all updating was done manually when Lude typed his little fingers to the bone. **If you are a LTM or current Annual Member and find that you do NOT have access to the full website, its a simple 3 step process to get it fixed:**

1. Make sure you have registered for your website account and can successfully log in- see above.
2. Email Lude. Tell him that you want your Lifetime or Annual membership applied to your 8oFSHeadhunters.org website account. Make sure you include the email address associated with your account.
3. Lude will update your account usually within 24 hours. You'll then have full access to the site.

NEWSLETTER PROCEDURES ARE CHANGING:

Printing and Mailing out newsletters used to eat up almost all of our operating revenue. I still mail out about 190 newsletters each quarter still at a significant cost. In an attempt to limit costs as of the February 2015 newsletter, I will no longer be mailing them out via the post office except to the non-

computer folks out there. We're using Mailchimp as our delivery service and once a quarter (Feb/May/Aug/Nov), you'll receive the newsletter via email OR you can log on to the new website and view or download it from there. If I have an email address for you, and if you're getting your newsletter via snail mail I'll soon be sending you and email regarding the change. **IF I DON'T HAVE YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS (you'll know because you didn't get the email) PLEASE SEND IT TO ME.** Note that I have a new HHO1 email address. HHO1@8ofsheadhunters.org

I've lost the following folks: Can anyone get them to come up voice or beeper, please? :

- STEPHEN 'CHRIS' CHRISTENSEN**, Viet Nam LTM. Last address: Council Dr, Alexandria, LA.
- JOHN P. DORAN**, BTW LTM No address
- RALPH G. HALL**, Korean War. Last address: Boone Dr, Lago Vista, TX.
- CHARLES SARFF**, Juvat LTM. Last address: Marcie Way, Valencia, CA.
- VANESSA SNELL**, HONORARY LTM. Last address: Stephenville, TX.

NEXT REUNION: 23-26 APRIL 2015

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I know we'd talked about many different options at the last reunion. But this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Unfortunately the Museum will be very busy with airshows in May, so we had to jump on the last weekend in April. The centerpiece of this reunion is a P-38 recovered from a watery Pacific grave that is being restored by WestPac Restorations adjacent to the *NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WORLD WAR II AVIATION*, located in Colorado Springs, CO. The P-38 in question belonged to one of our famous founders who was instrumental establishing the Headhunters as an effective fighting force (can't mention the name, just yet, per the owners...). You will want to see this one!

Driver Mac McNeese is our host (evidently, he had so much fun hosting the last COS reunion or I caught him after a few martinis....). "We're on for the last weekend in April 2015. Thursday evening for "early arrivals" Thursday, early bird welcome dinner. Friday will be Welcome and Cocktails. Saturday will be "Events" TBD (Golf, Pikes Peak, Cog Train, Peterson AFB Museum??, Cheyenne Mountain/NORAD??,) and the "Main Event" at the National Museum of World War II Aviation." <http://www.worldwariaviation.org/>

The dinner will be in the museum with tables arranged around the displays/aircraft as we wish. Music available. Discussed Saturday evening (because the Museum is closed on Friday), starting with a tour of the facilities led by a Docent. Happy Hour with either Open Bar, Pay-as-You Go, or "tickets." 5PM start. We can have the place until 9PM. I can just say we will see "several P-38's undergoing restoration." So, we're a little less than year out and a least have the outline. Need to fill in lots of blanks but we will make that happen."

In an effort to get you there, the Association will pick up all the Hospitality Suite expenses. Free booze and snacks. That should, at least, get all the airline pilots there. Standby on picking up the tab at the Museum bar. Have to find out their cost, but hope to pick that up too.

FOLKS, PLEASE MARK THIS IN YOUR CALENDARS. MORE INFO TO FOLLOW.

What is good?
Tex and Rita2

**80th Fighter Squadron
THE HEADHUNTERS
1030 E Hwy 377
Suite 110 PMB 174
Granbury, Texas 76048**

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

***“TWIN TAILED LIGHTNING
AS WE ROAM’D PACIFIC
SEARCHING OUT, THE SONS OF
SENDING THEM TO THEIR***



***WAS OUR WARPLANE,
SKIES...
NIPPON,
DEMISE.”***