



80th FIGHTER SQUADRON

HEADHUNTER HEADLINES



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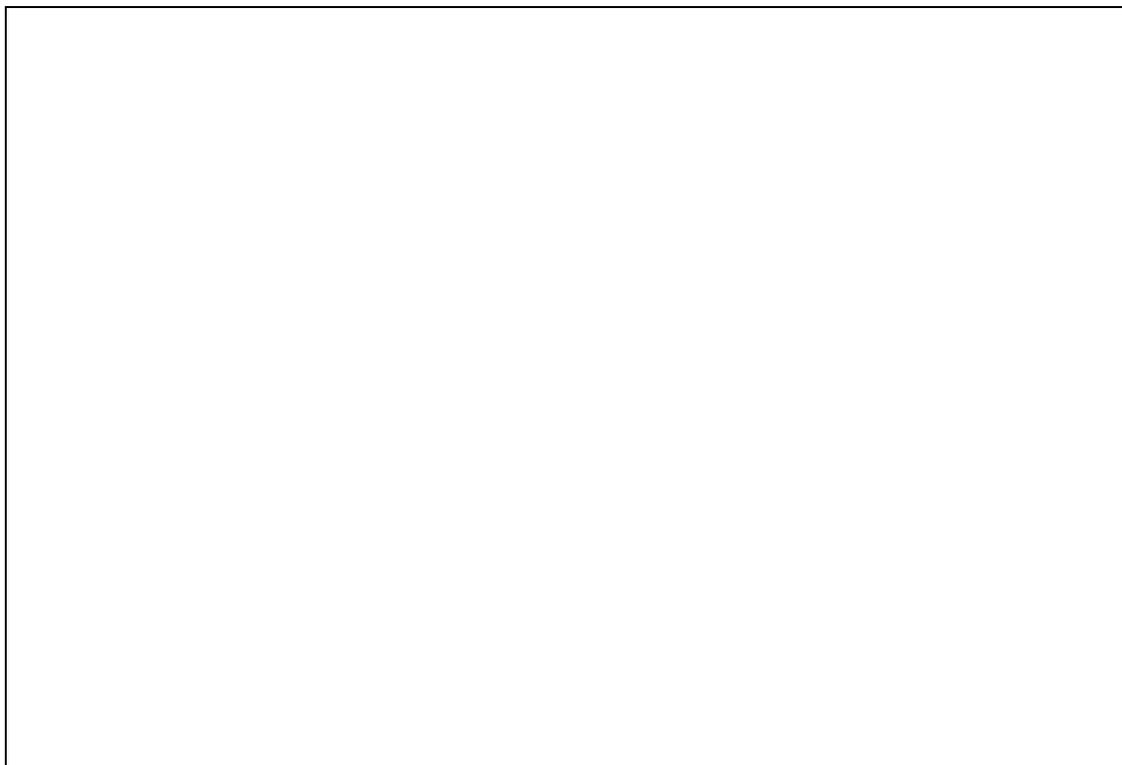
"AUDENTES FORTUNA JUVAT"

June 1, 2000

Greetings, Fellow **HEADHUNTERS!**

Bonnie & I hope this Newsletter finds all of you in the very best of health and happiness!

WWII FRIENDS



WWII friends reunited after 55 years!
(L-R): Capt Russel K. Tambling & Capt Charles R. Taylor
(photo from Russ' daughter, Connie)

This photo was taken 19 February 2000, when Charlie came to visit Russ at Russ' home in Davenport, FL. Both were P-38 pilots with the Headhunters from the Philippines to the beautiful tropical isle of Ie Shima from where they flew missions over Japan. They were scheduled to fly another mission on the morning the A-Bomb was dropped. Their mission was canceled for the mysterious reason that "The US had dropped a secret weapon on Japan and that the war may be over." They were also part of the American Occupational Forces in Japan. Russ and Charlie found each other as a direct result of our **Headhunters** Association!!

I always wanted to be a procrastinator; but I never got around to it.

In a 17 March 2000 letter, Ron Pittman wrote: "Please accept the enclosed contribution and matching gift in memory of two very gallant World War II veterans: [My father] George Robert ("Bob") Pittman - 80th Fighter Squadron and Col Thomas Wilson Ferebee - *Enola Gay*."

Bob and Tom attended Lees McRae Junior College in Banner Elk, NC prior to the outbreak of WWII. Bob and Tom did a lot of college activities together and developed a close friendship that remained for decades. They stayed in communication with each other during and after WWII.

Bob told me on numerous times about a letter that he got from Tom right before the historic *Enola Gay* mission. In that letter, Tom mentioned that he was training for a "Top Secret" mission that would shorten the war in the Pacific for everyone, and that he would read about it shortly. Of course, when Bob read about the bombing of Hiroshima, he knew exactly what Tom was saying in that earlier letter. Tom, while traveling near Greensboro, NC, last visited with Bob in 1995 or 1996. While Tom was here, he wrote a note to my youngest daughter (Kathryn) who was studying about World War II in public school. I still have that note and will keep it in a safe place. Of course, Bob passed away in May of 1997 and now Tom too.

I am sure they both are back together again sharing stories about Lees McRae Junior College and all the other good memories.

Sincerely, Ron Pittman

More information from Ron: "Thank you for your letter and interest in publishing my letter concerning their close relationship prior to and after World War II. If you wish to use my letter, please feel free to do so. I share your newsletter with Fran (Bob's widow) and she likes the reminiscing stories as well."

Another funny story about the Headhunters. As a young child in the early 1950's, I remember finding in the attic some of Bob's WWII photo's of him with some of the practically naked female natives in the Pacific. I remember showing them to Fran. Fran, of course, got really upset and through those photos and others with Dad's buddies in the trash. When Dad got home and found out that she had thrown away the photos, he immediately went through the trash and retrieved those, according to him, that were only of him and his buddies. I still have those photos of him and his buddies.

On many occasions I would ask Dad if he ever wanted to travel back to the South Pacific and visit any of the islands and sites were he had been stationed with the 80th. Bob said that for almost four years of his life that he had slept in a tent and quite frankly never wanted to see another palm tree or tent again. He did indicate he would have liked to have gone back to Australia where he and Steed Rollins had completed OCS - Bob never did go back, and I wish he would have made that trip. Ron

PS - Concerning the photos, I remember that the female natives in the photos weren't very pretty. Bob made the right decision to keep only the photos of him and his buddies! Ron Pittman"

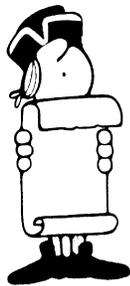
NEXT REUNION DATES FIRMED UP!

Col Sol and Carolyn Harp, our upcoming reunion hosts, have set the dates of April 5-8, 2001 for this next great reunion! It will be in the Mologne House Hotel on the beautiful Walter Reed Army Medical Center campus in Washington, DC. Our Rate will be only \$75/day—with no tax! Entertainment and guest speaker planning for banquet night are being finalized as we speak. Our golf tournament can be held at either Ft. Meade or Andrews AFB—please let Sol know in the next 15 days if you have a preference. Hopefully, the cherry blossoms will be in bloom during this time, too. This will be another reunion to remember, as we haven't been to this area in over 15 years! More details in next newsletters!

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.

WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS!

It gives us great pleasure to welcome these **4 new members** to our ranks for the **first time** (in the order of "signing up" since 1 March). **Equally rewarding** are the **many** members who have **rejoined** after 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, or even 8 years absence! **Welcome back to all!** As of this date we have 410 Yearly, plus 442 LifeTime Members (LTMs)—**852 Total!!**



Here is the roll call of our **new** members:

Maj Robert B. Scharoun (Jan 71-Oct 71)
MSgt George A. Rumble (52-53; 62-65)

1Lt Thomas M. Grost (53-54)
MSgt Alfredo Lugo (65)

Friends of yours? You bet!! Look 'em up in your new Master Roster Change and/or Master E-mail & Fax List Change (enclosed), give 'em a call, write 'em a letter, or beam an e-mail message over to them. Or better yet, ask them to meet you at the **next reunion!** Great to have you all in formation—and what a super one it is!! **Welcome!** Do you have **Headhunter** friends that aren't members? If so, please let me have their addresses, and I'll send a "Please Join Us" letter to them. **How about all our active duty JUVATS in the 80th today? Cleared to join up, Y'all!!** See your SNACKO for Membership Forms—**Thank you!**

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM AROUND THE WORLD!



Our highly reliable sources in strategically placed key positions around the globe have informed us that one of our Members, Brig Gen Charles N. Simpson, was nominated for promotion to Maj Gen in February! To celebrate, Gen Simpson and his wife, Dr Katie Simpson, decided to become LifeTime Members of our Association! We congratulate both of you on your promotion, and we all wish you continued success in the future.

THE MAIL BAG

E-mail on 4 March: JayBird, I always enjoy reading your newsletter. It gives me a chance to reflect back on the best days of my life. I will be at the next reunion! While reading through your March 1 edition I saw the "History of the Challenge Coin". Very interesting history but not the history of the current coin - at least not the coin I think you are using. So let me set the history books straight. While I was squadron commander in 82 in Korea we made several changes to get back to the squadron history. The biggest was changing the patch. We had a copy of the old patch, put it up for a vote and that was that. Oh yes, the coin. In the summer of 82 we had a visit by our "sister" Army Division from the DMZ and after lots of fun, stories, and a flight in the F-16, they presented us with their unit coin. I thought that was an interesting idea and at the next ops meeting asked if everyone liked the idea of a Juvat coin. The answer was a resounding yes! I



worked on a few designs and again presented then to the squadron. We selected the one you have now. No one in the squadron had ever heard of an 80th coin before this time. Would be interesting to ask the members to find out when the WWI coin went out of circulation. Anyway, for \$1200 dollars we got 120 coins for 12 pilots (price of first batch). The coin was an immediate hit. No one was safe from the "challenge"—not the DO (Nels Running), not the Wing Commander - no one. Until I left the squadron, the coin was known as the "Norton Nickel". Other clues might be the front has the, "80th Tac Ftr Sq", and on the back it says, "You will always be a Juvat no matter where you go", from one of our choir songs. Check with any of the members who were in the squadron in late 82 and you will get the same story. It could be the coin was later updated to the WWI coin. If that is the case, my apologies please. [Signed] J J "Norton" Davis Juvat 82

Our Answer: Hey Norton! Great to hear from you! I think the newsletter article must have been misleading—that was the general, overall history of all unit coins, not ours. I was wondering how ours came into being, and now I know! Thanks for this write-up—I'll put it in our History. I'll also get it in our next newsletter as a follow-up to the generic story! The coin we're using is exactly as you describe, except they now have dropped the "Tac" as they are now just 80th Ftr Sq.

E-mail on 6 March from Penny: It was a pleasure to meet you and some of the other Headhunters. My initial impressions were quite correct...you are all indeed a great bunch of folk. The camaraderie, laughter and relaxed companionship were pure pleasure, and it delighted me to see Kirby so happy, full of smiles and wit. He called a moment ago for a talk and said he was delighted with my 'award' as it managed to shut me up for a while....!! Thank you from the bottom of my heart for the honor in making me an Honorary Headhunter. It touched me more than you will ever know, and I regard it as an honor and will treasure it. Thank you, to you and any others who played apart in that plan. (whose idea was it anyway ?) HOWEVER.....I will not forgive you for making me nearly drop my guard and get all emotional, snively and choking me up...!! At least Kirby enjoyed that part as he has never seen me at a loss for words. So, a recap,...it was a wonderful w/end, and I hope you all enjoyed it as much as Kirby and I did...we might just have to repeat it.

E-mail from 21 March: Jay, Juvats and others alike were saddened today as we too learned who was involved in Texas. As we pondered the meaning of life and our profession over lunch at Luke, we thought that the most fitting way our organization could honor someone would be to try and provide something for his family. What do think about a fund for his young child? I imagine that we could get one of our guys at Shaw to honcho it so as to make the presentation to his family easier. I know that we'd all like to take care of our own. Figure you will know the ins and outs of what our organization can do. Count me in.... Woody Ancel Yarbrough, Juvat 94-95

E-mail on 22 Mar 2000: Dear Jay Bird, This is Ace/Houdini Swaringen. Hello from Italy. I have been meaning to update my new address etc, but I'm afraid that will have to wait for some better times. This is in regards to Moose Phillips, who was also a close friend of mine as well. Moose flew in the Gulf War as a brand new Lt from Shaw. I then flew with him at Spangdahlem and onto the Juvats my 2nd time at the Kun. He then went back to Shaw. Moose was suppose to be one of my groomsmen last Nov when I got married, but he couldn't make it due to his new demo job. He was a great Fighter Pilot and true friend in every sense of the word. He always had uncompromising integrity, yet was one of the funniest dudes in the world to fly or hang around on the ground with. He made a lot of TDY's and a remote fly by for me and many other pilots.

I'm not sure if everyone fully understands this or not, but Moose's son Nolan is less that 2 months old. He was born on 9 Feb this year. I also wanted to pass on that Shannon, thank God, was not at

the Air Show when it happened. She was at least contacted by Air Force authorities and not by CNN or any other means.

A lot of us here at Aviano are contributing to the trust fund for Nolan. I wanted to pass along that people who wish to help can also wire transfer funds if they desire. I received this info from the 78th, but would like to thank Paps for all of his words and getting the info out. Thank you, it really means a lot to all of us. This is repeat info that I have been zapping out, but also has the bank phone # and wire transfer info: The Fund for Nolan Phillips is in care of the SAFE FEDERAL CREDIT UNION at Shaw AFB. Their phone number is (803) 469-8600. You can either send a CHECK: Please make it payable to the "SAFE Federal Credit Union." Then put "Phillips Family #105694" in the memo or somewhere on the check. The Bank Address is: SAFE Federal Credit Union; P.O. Box 2008; Shaw AFB, SC 29152-2008. Please make the check out to "SAFE Federal Credit Union." This will keep Shannon from endorsing each check.. Or, you can WIRE TRANSFER contributions by giving your bank the following info: The Routing # is "253-279-691" and the account number is "105694." Tell your bank to put "Payable to the Phillips Trust Fund" on the transfer order. Thank you for your help. I've really appreciated all the news everyone has sent along. There are a lot of guys here who knew Moose and also appreciate it. We're sending our prayers, flowers, etc., but all of us wish we could at least be there. I have known others who have died serving their country as fighter pilots, but Moose is the first one I could call my close and trusted friend. I know a lot of the men in the Headhunters we look up to have faced this many times. It helps to hear your words of wisdom. A lot of us don't know what to think, only that we dearly miss one of our finest ever. V/R Ace / Houdini E-Mail HM: robf16@compuserve.com WK: robert.swaringen@aviano.af.mil

PS- Paps, we'll send you our e-mails as well. Thanks for all of your help to Shannon. Please tell her that all of our thoughts and prayers are with her. Also if you know of anything else we can do to help, just say the word.

E-mail received 23 March: Dear Shannon, I am a World War II vintage Headhunter. When I learned of your husband's death, I felt deeply saddened. Obviously, I did not know Moose; however, being a Headhunter he must have been a special man. I understand that you are planning to create a scrapbook of all of the messages that you will receive so that your son Nolan can read them when he gets older and begins to understand how special his Father was. A Headhunter is a special person, one that his fellow pilots can trust, respect and count on when he is needed. I flew with men like that in World War II and just know that Moose carried on that tradition. I feel privileged to send a check to Nolan's educational fund and pray that both of you see more happiness than tragedy during the rest of your lives. Love, Saul Nova

E-mail of 24 March: Paps, thanks for the info on the trust fund. I knew Moose well at Shaw. I was his Ops Group Commander from July 96-Dec 97. Moose was in to see me many times—was always project officer for some deployment or other high vis tasking. I could always trust him to do things right. You could not help but to like this guy.... I was happy to hear that he was selected as the demo pilot this year. He was what the USAF is all about, honesty, integrity, leadership, and professionalism. My heart is very sad for his family. I'll put something in that trust fund, you can bet.... Thanks for your words. [Signed: Col James] Lucky Corrigan

Politicians and diapers have one thing in common:
They should both be changed regularly—and for the same reason.

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN—AND WHAT IT MEANS

Interesting reading—and something for all of us to ponder—sent in by Duncan Daries on 31 March: Subj: Captain Miller is calling you, too.

Dick Feagler's column in the 20 February 2000 *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"In a battlefield cemetery each marble cross marks an individual crucifixion. Someone—someone very young usually—has died for somebody else's sins. The movie "Saving Private Ryan" begins and ends in the military cemetery above Omaha Beach. By sundown of D-Day [6 June 1944], 40,000 Americans had landed on that beach, and one in 19 had become a casualty. Director Steven Spielberg made "Saving Private Ryan" as a tribute to D-day veterans. He wanted, reviewers say, to strip the glory away from war and show the '90s generation what it was really like. The reviews have praised the first 30 minutes of the film and the special effects that graphically show the blood and horror of the D-Day landing. Unfortunately, American movie audiences have become jaded connoisseurs of special effects gore. In the hands of the entertainment industry, violence has become just another pandering trick. But Spielberg wasn't pandering. Shocked by and wary of his depiction, I bought a copy of Steven Ambrose's book "D-Day." The story of the Normandy invasion is a story of unimaginable slaughter. Worse than I ever knew, and I thought I knew something about it. The young men who lived through those first waves are old men now. Many have asked themselves, every day for more than 50 years, why they survived. It is an unanswerable question. The air was full of buzzing death. When the ramps opened on many of the landing craft, all the men aboard were riddled with machine gun bullets before they could step into the water. Beyond this cauldron of cordite and carnage, half a world away, lay an America united in purpose like no citizen under 60 has ever seen. The war touched everyone. The entire starting lineup of the 1941 Yankees was in military uniform. Almost every family could hang a service flag in the window, with a Star embroidered on it for each son in uniform, a Gold Star for those who had made the ultimate sacrifice. In the early hours of D-Day, with the outcome of the battle still in the balance, the nation prayed. Ambrose tells us that the New York Daily News threw out its lead stories and printed in their place the Lord's Prayer. "I fought that war as a child," a historian on television said the other night. I knew what he meant. So did I. We all saved fat and flattened cans and grew victory gardens. But we did not all go to Omaha Beach. Or Saipan. Or Anzio. Only an anointed few did that. The men of World War II are beginning to leave us now. In my family, six have gone and two are left. We have lost the uncle who was on Okinawa, the cousin who worked his way up the gauntlet of Italy and the cousin who brought the German helmet back from North Africa. These men left us with a simple request. You can hear that request in the final minutes of "Saving Private Ryan." I haven't read a review that has mentioned it, but it is what makes Spielberg's movie a masterpiece. In the film, a squad of rangers is sent behind enemy lines to save a young 101st Airborne Paratrooper whose three brothers have been killed in battle. Headquarters wants him shipped home to spare his mother the agony of having all her sons killed in combat. So eight rangers risk their lives for one man. And when Captain Miller, the Ranger Commander is mortally wounded, he asks Pvt. Ryan to bend over so he can whisper to him. "Earn this," he says. And that is the request of all the young men who have died in all the wars—from Normandy to the Chosin Reservoir to Da Nang to the Gulf. **"Earn this."** When the movie ended, the theater was silent except for some muffled sobs. But the tears that scalded my eyes were not just for the men who had died on the screen and in truth. Or for the men who had lived and grown old and were baffled about why they had been spared. I walked out into the world of Howard Stern, Jerry Springer and "South Park." Into the world of

front-page coverage of Monica Lewinski and the stain on her dress from Oval Office semen. "*Earn this*" was still ringing in my ears. And the tears in my eyes were tears of betrayal."

This is a letter sent to us in an e-mail by Col Richard S MacIsaac:

"I am a doctor specializing in Emergency Medicine in the Emergency Departments of the only two military Level One trauma centers. They are both in San Antonio, TX, and they care for civilian emergencies as well as military personnel. San Antonio has the largest military retiree population in the world living here because of the location of these two large military medical centers. As a military doctor in training for my specialty, I work long hours, and the pay is less than glamorous. One tends to become jaded by the long hours, lack of sleep, food, family contact and the endless parade of human suffering passing before you. The arrival of another ambulance does not mean more pay, only more work. Most often it is a victim from a motor vehicle crash. Often it is a person of dubious character who has been shot or stabbed. With our large military retiree population, it is often a nursing home patient. Even with my enlisted service and minimal combat experience in Panama prior to medical school, I have caught myself groaning when the ambulance brought in yet another sick, elderly person from one of the local retirement centers that cater to military retirees. I had not stopped to think of what citizens of this age group represented.

I saw *Saving Private Ryan*. I was touched deeply. Not so much by the carnage in the first 30 minutes but by the sacrifices of so many. I was touched most by the scene of the elderly survivor at the grave side asking his wife if he'd been a good man. I realized that I had seen these same men and women coming through my Emergency Department and had not realized what magnificent sacrifices they had made. The things they did for me and everyone else that has lived on this planet since the end of that conflict are priceless. Situation permitting I now try to ask my patients about their experiences. They would never bring up the subject without the inquiry. I have been privileged to an amazing array of experiences recounted in the brief minutes allowed in an Emergency Department encounter. These experiences have revealed the incredible individuals I have had the honor of serving in a medical capacity, many on their last admission to the hospital.

There was a frail, elderly woman who reassured my young enlisted medic trying to start an IV line in her arm. She remained calm and poised despite her illness and the multiple needle-sticks into her fragile veins. She was what we call a "hard stick." As the medic made another attempt, I noticed a number tattooed across her forearm. I touched it with one finger and looked into her eyes. She simply said "Auschwitz." Many of later generations would have loudly and openly berated the young medic in his many attempts. How different was the response from this person who'd seen unspeakable suffering.

A long retired Colonel who as a young officer had parachuted from his burning plane over a pacific island held by the Japanese. Now an octogenarian, his head cut in a fall at home where he lived alone. His CT scan and suturing had been delayed until after midnight by the usual parade of high priority ambulance patients. Still spry for his age, he asked to use the phone to call a taxi to take him home, then realized his ambulance had brought him without his wallet. He asked if he could use the phone to make a long distance call to his daughter who lived 70 miles away. With great pride we told him that he could not as he'd done enough for his country and the least we could do was get him a taxi home, even if we had to pay for it ourselves. My only regret was that my shift wouldn't end for several hours, and I couldn't drive him myself.

I was there the night MSG Roy Benavidez came through the Emergency Dept for the last time. He was very sick. I was not the doctor taking care of him, but I walked to his bedside and took his hand. I said nothing. He was so sick he didn't know I was there. I'd read his Congressional Medal of Honor citation and wanted to shake his hand. He died a few days later.

The gentleman who served with Merrill's Marauders, the survivor of the Baatan Death March, the survivor Omaha Beach, the 101 year old World War I veteran, the former POW held in frozen North Korea, the former Special Forces medic now with non-operable liver cancer, the former Vietnam Corps Commander. I remember these citizens. I may still groan when yet another ambulance comes in, but now I am much more aware of what an honor it is to serve these particular men and women. I am angered at the cutbacks, imple-

mented and proposed, that will continue to decay their meager retirement benefits. I see the President and Congress who would turn their back on these individuals who've sacrificed so much to protect our liberty. I see later generations that seems to be totally engrossed in abusing these same liberties won with such sacrifice. It has become my personal endeavor to make the nurses and young enlisted medics aware of these amazing individuals when I encounter them in our Emergency Dept. Their response to these particular citizens has made me think that perhaps all is not lost in the next generation. My experiences have solidified my belief that we are losing an incredible generation, and this nation knows not what it is losing. Our uncaring government and ungrateful civilian populace should all take note. We should all remember that we must "Earn this." CPT Stephen R. Ellison, M.D."

HURTIN' HEADHUNTERS



Norb Ruff, WWII LTM and remembered in our Squadron song, "*Twin Tailed Lightning*", is recovering from an eye operation to repair over-active tear ducts that have bothered him for some time. Norb, we hope your windshield washers are finally back to operating normally!

Message to Kirby from Howard K. White on 31 March: "Good morning, sorry I have not been answering my mail - Life has been a tad rough lately. Started off at Christmas with a diagnosis of congestive heart failure (heart is OK) then wound up on Valentine's Day with Mary taking me to the emergency room at 0230 with a heart pressure of 48/34. Dehydration. There they found out that my lungs were operating at 50%. CAT scan, then biopsy showed no cancer. But I'm stuck with an oxygen system 24 hours a day. I have one now that allows me to get out and around. A couple of refinements in it and maybe I can travel again—at least we are planning on it. Still have no strength and a max time away from oxygen of five minutes. I've pressed it a couple of times and discovered the consequences. But hey-I'm alive and kicking and the Good Lord willing I can still fill a few more squares. A few more tests scheduled over the next month or so and maybe the medical profession can get to the bottom of this fiasco. So, Cheers my friends, please keep in touch, and I'll try and keep up with the mail - Regards - HK"

E-mail from Kirby: "Hal [Fischer—Korean War Ace and one of our LTM's] has had knee replacement surgery. Will be released from the hospital tomorrow [13 April]." We all wish you a fast and full recovery of your landing gear, Hal!

head headhunter corner



I say this every year, but it needs to be said again: Thank you very much to the wives who renew their husbands' membership. If it were not for you, we'd have about 50 members instead of over 850!! Please keep up the great work!! ☺

I'm slower than a herd of turtles stampeding through peanut butter.

MASTER ROSTER & E-MAIL/FAX LIST CHANGES

Enclosed are your Master Roster & E-mail/Fax List **Changes**. Please note these are only **changes**, and not complete new lists! Only information that has **changed** since the last (1 March) newsletter is included. We still receive letters, “Why have I been deleted from the Master Roster in the last newsletter?” If you have any additions/corrections to any of the information, please send to me for updating. A **complete** Master Roster and/or E-mail/Fax List is (are) available upon request. Thanks.

HEADHUNTER STORE!!

These items are now available in our “**HEADHUNTER STORE.**” Get them now, and wear/use them proudly—not just at the reunions, but wherever you go! It’s a great way to find other **HEADHUNTERS**, too! Unless purchased at a reunion, a small fee of **\$3 should be added** for postage to all orders (unless otherwise noted)—I’ll take care of the “handling!”

Blazer Emblem (men’s or ladies)	\$35	Golf Shirt (specify size)	
			\$25
Squadron Unique Tie	\$30	T Shirt (specify size)	\$12
Ladies Floppy Bow (matches tie)	\$30	Squadron F-16 Litho Print	\$20
Squadron “Nickel” Coin <u>or</u> Keychain	\$ 4	White Hat	\$10
* <u>Personalized</u> Sq coffee mug	\$20	Black Hat	\$10
* <u>Personalized</u> Sq beer stein	\$23	Squadron Memorial Plaque	\$10
*Mug & Stein set as above	\$40	Korean-era Sq Patch	\$ 5
Current Squadron Patch	\$ 5	** <u>Personalized</u> Sq beer mug	\$25
Squadron Logo Golf Balls (sleeve)	\$ 7	Lapel Pin/Tie Tack	\$ 3
Headhunter Tattoos (fun!) 2 for a	\$ 1	Reunion ’99 Shopping Bag	\$ 5
Reunion ’99 Golf Towel	\$ 5		

* Please include **name and/or callsign** desired on your mug/stein (up to 20 letters), and **right/left** handed with your order. **Unless otherwise stated**, the Squadron logo & your first name in Old English will be on the front (handle left for right-handed drinker), and an F-16 will be on the back.

** Large 25oz mug is beautiful **etched glass**. Please indicate **Squadron logo** or our **Association logo** desired, choice of **P-38, F-86, F-4, or F-16**, and include **name and/or callsign** in “**HEADHUNTER**” or **standard bold font**, and **right/left** handed, with your order. Other aircraft may be available. **Personal markings** (tail number/markings, aerial victories, etc.) available. Please call for quote.

Please send check to “**The Headhunters**”; **905 Arapaho Ct; Columbus, GA 31904-1242**. Please don’t forget **\$3 postage** on all orders (accept patches, coins, tattoos, & lapel pin.)

Fighter pilot songs (Rated G) on professional CDs and/or tapes are available from World renown military song writer and balladeer, and fellow **HEADHUNTER**, Dick Jonas. Contact him at: *Erosonic*; 2001 Mountain View Glen; Ft Mojave, AZ 86426-8833.

Thud Ridge and **Going Downtown**—two great books by our own **Headhunter** Col Jack Broughton, now in reprint. Outstanding Vietnam air war coverage—and the politics behind it. Order: (714) 859-9087

HEADHUNTERS GETTIN' HITCHED!



Check 6!!

Capt Beau “Riddler” Rogers writes: “My wife's name is Sandra Rogers. I proposed to her this time last year, almost to the day [e-mail received 6 April]. Three days after I proposed, I was sent to *Allied Force* to shoot HARMs at the Serbs. I made it back for the wedding in August, and now we are on our way to Misawa AB, Japan for a three-year tour.” Congratulations to Riddler & Sandra, and we hope you have a great tour at Misawa!

Capt Rob “Ace” Swaringen announces his marriage: “I was married on 13 Nov 99 in San Francisco to my lovely wife Christina (maiden name - Penuel). I met Chris when I was a Juvat on my 2nd tour in Korea in 1996. We decided to wait until after my 3rd tour in Korea to get married so we could be together in Aviano. Things have been busy, but good until the news about Moose [Phillips]. We think of him and Shannon often, and our thoughts and prayers are with them. Thank you again and God Bless.... Ace” We all congratulate Rob & Chris on their join-up!

THE STORK CORNER!



We take great pride in announcing the birth of the world's youngest
HEADHUNTERS!

“Greetings to all. Ashley Nicole Wimmer was born on Friday, 24 March 2000 at 5:24 p.m. (the time is listed in 12 hour time for it's significance, we are members of the 524th FS, what are the odds?). Baby is doing wonderfully. After a few extra days in the hospital, we went home on Tuesday the 28th [March]. Home life won't be the same! We hope all are doing well and look forward to hearing from you soon. Here are the vitals: Ashley Nicole Wimmer: 9 lbs 1 oz; 22 ¾ inches. [signed] Al (Chops) & Kelli Wimmer; 3709 Don January; Clovis, NM 88101.”





Mark "Pledge" & Kirsten Madaus, LifeTime Members and Squadron Exec who put together our 110-page History a few years back, are proud to announce the birth of their second child and first daughter! "Emma Solveig Madaus was born on 5 Apr 2000 at 2311—she weighed 8 pounds exactly and measured 19¾" long. She and Mom are doing fine, and Erik is doing a great job with his new Big Brother duties." [signed] Mark "Pledge" Madaus.

est "wingmen!"

Congratulations to all on their new-

HEADHUNTERS AT REST

Last, but certainly not least, we would like to take this opportunity to pass on to all members the names of those **HEADHUNTERS**, who we know of, that have made their last takeoff in this lifetime since our last newsletter.

Maj Brison "Jam" Phillips
Donald J. "Deac" Logslett

Juvat 95-96
WWII/LTM

19 Mar 2000
13 Apr 2000

E-mail 19 Mar: As I'm sure you are aware by now, Shaw lost one today at an air show in Kingsville, TX. Maj Brison "Moose" Phillips was a Juvat with me in 95-96. He was known to us there as "Jam." Just five weeks ago he and Shannon had a long-awaited baby, Nolan, after years of trying without success. It hits hard for all who knew him. I will try to find out if there is somewhere people can send condolences and pass that along as well. Please pass this word to the rest of the Juvats. We are down by one, but no less strong. Capt Shane "Spam" Riza; Shaw AFB, SC

E-mail 19 Mar: JayBird, We lost another fellow Juvat today, Maj Brison Phillips was killed during a demonstration in Texas. He was a flight commander in the 80th a few years back. I'm sure he had his coin with him.... JP [Reilly]

E-mail 13 Apr: "Hi Jay: It is my sad duty to inform you and all Headhunters that our WWII buddy Donald J. (Deac) Logslett took his last flight at 5:35 AM PDT this morning. His wife, Lynn, kept giving us progress reports about Deac's deteriorating health. He was suffering from broken vertebrae, staff infection (from operation fusing the vertebrae) and lung cancer. The Dr. could not do anything about the CA until the staff infection was cured. Deac kept fighting all of these problems for months until he just got worn out and decided to take his last flight.

He served with the 80th Fighter Squadron from March 1944 to May 1945 under CO's Major Jay Robbins and Cy Homer. I first met Deac at the Santa Ana Army Air Base January 1943. We went all the way thru WWII serving in the same outfits, sharing the same barracks and tents in Natzab, Owi, Morotai, and Mindoro. Deac was instrumental in arranging a blind date for me to meet my wife, Evelyn, at the Key Station San Francisco New Years Eve 1943. For this and many, many other reasons, Evelyn and I shall always treasure his memory. [signed] Ken Lloyd"

On behalf of the entire Squadron, we wish to officially pass on to these families our deepest sympathies and sincere gratitude for the outstanding contribution each of these individuals made to the Squadron and our Country. May they rest in peace and forever soar with the Eagles.

May God bless and keep them in His Flight forever.



The next **HEADHUNTER HEADLINES** will be dated 1 September 2000
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ALL THE BEST TO YOU AND YOURS!!



Col Jay E. "JayBird" Riedel, USAF (Ret)
The "Head Headhunter"



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