As most everybody knows, the buzzbombs began to be launched from aircraft over the north sea after the invasion had deprived the Germans of their Channel ground sites. This resulted in a good many of them coming right over, or near, our air base on the way to London. It also created a great deal of interest to those of us on the ground.

The volume of sound from those roaring pulse jets was something to behold. Only those who have heard it in person can really appreciate it's effect. The low distant rumble slowly built to a crescendo as they neared. For the first-timer, the sight of that large load of explosives and long tongue of flame heading right toward you at no more than five hundred feet was intimidating to say the least!

For some reason or other I was able to pick up the sound of the approaching buggers long before most anyone else--many minutes before they arrived in fact. As a result I pretty much became the Buzzbomb Guru of the squadron. When ever some new arrival came with a mad desire to see one he was directed to "Go see Mace, he'll tell you when one is coming."

This resulted in more than one amusing incident. Doc Snedden had heard of the buzzbombs coming over the base while he was on detached duty because of the invasion. As a result he was real eager to see one when he came back and he was sent to me.

"Be sure and let me know when you hear one coming, I realy want to get a good look at one."

Dutifully, I made good my promise and at the first sound of the next one coming I had Doc stand with me on the crown of the road that ran behind my Nissen hut where we could get the best look at it. With a little time left before it would hove into view I began to fill Doc in on everything I knew about the missiles. By the time the thing showed up on the far side of the base, it had gotten pretty dark to where you could barely make out the figure of a person standing next to you. I finished my dissertation by the time it was directly overhead and I turned to Doc:

"Well Doc what do you think--? Doc--?, where are you Doc?" Doc was no where to be seen and it was only after the terrible noise began to recede, and several more "Doc where are you?" that a faintly visible white orb lifted out of the ditch beside the road. Doc had seen all he wanted to see and had buried himself as deep in the ditch as he could get!

by Harvey Mace



A Souvenir. Bill Overstreet's One Pound Note

CREW CHIEF IRVING BAZER'S STORY

Irving lives in Fort Lauderdale in a large complex of condos, townhouses and single homes with a beautiful clubhouse, lake and a golf course with it's fairways winding throughout the area. Irv. golfs three time a week, at his course with 2 different foursomes and once a week with another foursome at various courses. Their traveling is always on Tuesday, ladies day at the home course.

A friend, neighbor and fellow club member, Jerry Bucek works part time at the Pro Shop. On this particular day, he noticed that Irv. only had a threesome and asked to join them. At the time Irv. arrived at the Pro Shop, Jerry was in conversation with another mutual friend and neighbor named Thomas Higgs. (Thomas Higgs recently received a medal from the Russian Government for his service as a Captain in the Merchant Marine. He had made scores of trips to Murmansk and had lost several ships). Tom was pointing out to Jerry that he had entered an upcoming tournament and was pointing to the posted list and was saying "See, right there, Tom Higgs". Jokingly Irv. said "No one could have a name like Tom Higgs". What was it before you changed it? Everyone laughed!

With that, Irv. told about his dad. Born in Poland but raised and educated in England. Irv's. dad came to the United States in 1906 at age 18. He enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1908 and served three years. At the time, he had the family Polish name -- Bzzerchinski, a bit of a Tongue Twister. After three weeks, his Sergeant having trouble with roll call, had him change his name. The Sergenat's idea -- drop the ending and change one Z to A. Thus was born Bazer. Tom Higgs swore that didn't happen to him.

Jerry looking a bit perplexed, excused himself for a few minutes and went to his locker. Irv. and Jerry have been neighbors and friends in Florida for 10 or 11 years. Previously they both resided in Queens, NY about 5 miles apart but did not know of each other. Of course, 5 miles apart in NY is like separate continents elsewhere in the world.

When Jerry returned, he was muttering, "How could I have missed it?" He was carrying an old helmet liner he had found in a fleamarket/novelty type shop and bought it for laughs to use on the golf course. You know for wayward shots, slices, hooks, flying clubs etc. Almost a War Zone! He gave Irv. the liner and said to look inside. On the inside adjusting straps, loud and clear, was "BAZER - 12159443". Irv's old liner -- 51 years later.

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE THE ODDS WOULD BE ON THIS EVER HAPPENING?

Incidentally, Jerry beat Irv. by 6 strokes.

OUR NEXT REUNION

Myrtle Beach, S. C.
Holiday Inn

Thursday, 29 September 1994 thru Sunday morning, 2 October 1994.

Reunion Manager -- John Swan, Former Ordnance-Armament Officer, 363rd F.S.
Phone 803-650-7599
You will receive further information when available.

KILROY GOT THERE AFTER THE 7PRG

If a complete history of the Eighth Air Force is ever written, I am sure it will refer to our old friend Kilroy. He was not there first. A small little known outfit called the Seventh Photo Recon Group was there far in advance of well known Kilroy. Before every bomber raid in the Eighth Air Force a lone photo spy plane flying in a foxhole 5-6 miles high, like the legendary Kilroy had already been there. Very few major flying decisions were made until "Photo Joe" with his motto of "Get 'Em, Got 'Em, Gone" had done his job and delivered the precious photos to the Brass.

Some authors have referred to the Photo Pilots as "Alone, Unarmed and Unafraid". My version was "Alone, Unarmed and Scared to Death". These pilots bared the secrets of the V-1 "NO BALL" sites near Calais. The first picture of a V-2 rocket in flight was caught by a "Focus Cat". They visited the war factories, refineries, oil fields, railroad yards, bridges, storage dumps and concentration camps long before Kilroy had used his first crayon and chalk.

WW II Photo Pilots were a special breed handling a two engine modified P-38, fingering a smorgasbord of knobs, lights and gadgets controlling 3 to 5 cameras. Navigating, looking for the Luftwaffe, dodging flak, checking the weather and flying straight and level over the target kept the pilot busier than the proverbial "one armed paper hanger".

A closely guarded top secret during WW II was the fact that the Seventh Photo Recon Group had a contingent of photo technicians, pilots and planes stationed at Poltava, Russia. Kilroy would not have been caught dead in those Russian foxholes.

This small unknown Photo Group was the only one in the Eighth Air Force during WW II and flew alone unheralded and far away from the gut and glory trails and bomber and fighter pilots flew (no hard feelings). Losses in some Squadrons were 33% and more. Were there any volunteers in this Group? - you bet - but none of them was named Kilroy. 7PRG was blazing the trail while Ole Kilroy was still on KP back in the States.

PS: Who was Kilroy??? He was everywhere. The wide-eyed, bald head, long nose and stubby fingers clutching the side of a wall was drawn by GIs on buildings, latrines, fences, sidewalks, ships and on weapons. His message - "KILROY was here".

George A. Lawson

The above article was borrowed from the newsletter of the Florida Chapter of the 8th A.F.H.S.

The author of the article doesn't mention that Lawson was the Commanding Officer of the Seventh Photo Recon Group of the 8th A.F. He has served as President of the 7th Photo Group Association, 8th A.F.H.S. Director in 1985 and 1990 classes and President of the 8th A.F.H.S. Florida Chapter. As of today, he is their Vice President.

This man has devoted years of time, effort and himself to the men of the 8th Air Force of WW II days.

George Lawson resembles Kilroy himself for he has been around in many capacities and he most likely will continue to do so in his friendly manner. "LAWSON WILL BE THERE"

Prior to 19 September 1944, there was an incident at Leiston Air Base on a day when I was serving as 364th F. S. Line Chief. A P-38 "Lightning" converted for Photo Reconnaissance landed and was directed by the tower to park on the inward side of the perimeter track out toward the 364th flight line but away from our hardstands. I was ordered to service this aircraft. We had a few men familiar with the P-38 aircraft and I got them together and fueled the aircraft and checked it over.

Early the next morning, the pilot flew the aircraft out to parts unknown and later, according to the Stars and Stripes Newspaper, he was reported as missing and never heard from.

Joe De Shay

NICK ALLEN AND THE OLD GEEZER

One summer evening a quarter of a century ago a chance encounter between a janitor and a photo lab technician resulted in a photograph that's been reproduced more often and been seen in more places than perhaps any other aviation photo since the famous shot of Orville Wright lifting off the sands of Kitty Hawk.

The shot of the "Old Geezer," as we've come to think of him, is one of the most quickly recognized and most popular photos in USAF circles. Copies can be found hung on office walls, in flight line hangars, deep in missile silos, in personal lockers, and in countless other locations not just in the US but throughout the world.

The photographer was Nick Allen, then working for the Hughes Aircraft Co., Culver City, Calif. The Geezer was a janitor at the same plant. On the night in question back in 1957, Mr. Allen happened to walk into the pilots' ready room, and there ran into the janitor.

As Mr. Allen recalls it, "We talked for a while, just shooting the breeze, and somehow the conversation turned to the pilots' helmets hanging on the wall. I said, 'I'll bet you'd look good in one of those.' At that, and just for laughs, he took one off its hook and put it on.

"The helmet was way too big for him, and that was funny enough, but then he took out his teeth and started hamming it up, and I couldn't resist any longer. I told him to stay put, and I went to get my camera."

The result was the classic picture that's been bouncing around the Air Force ever since.

Of the dozen shots he took that night, Mr. Allen printed only the one that's become the classic. He made a print for the janitor and one for the company paper, *Hughes News*. During the next couple of years, Mr. Allen gave away about 150 prints to anyone who asked for one. "I sent several to officers in the Pentagon, gave some to a group of test pilots, and many to friends and coworkers," Mr. Allen remembers.

The Old Geezer has traveled widely since then. He's been enlarged, reduced, copied, Xeroxed, captioned, tinted, colored, and even given a background. "The photo has been retouched many times," Mr. Allen says, "but I haven't seen them change the face." The photo has had many titles, too, since Mr. Allen's original "Sleep tonight! Your Air Force is Awake!"

In the 1960s, Mr. Allen filed the photo away and forgot about it until recently when he was doing some house-cleaning. "I dug out a print and showed it to an Air Force officer at Mather AFB, and was amazed that he immediately recognized it," Mr. Allen says. "That's what made me feel that people might be interested in the story behind how the photo was taken." And that's what promoted *Air Force Magazine* to reprint the classic shot along with-seen here for the first time-some of the other poses from that portrait session of twenty-five years ago.

No one now knows the name of the helmeted janitor, or what his fate has been, but he's won immortality of a special kind in this one photo-a photo that has universal appeal and that never fails to provoke laughter.

And what of photographer Allen? He continued to work as a photographer in the aerospace industry until twelve years ago, when he switched to carpentry, the trade he now practices from his home in Orangevale, Calif. He's pleased by the success his photo has enjoyed through the years and throughout the Air Force.

"I'm quite flattered that so much interest has been shown in it over the years, and am happy that it's brought a few smiles to servicemen the world over," Mr. Allen says.





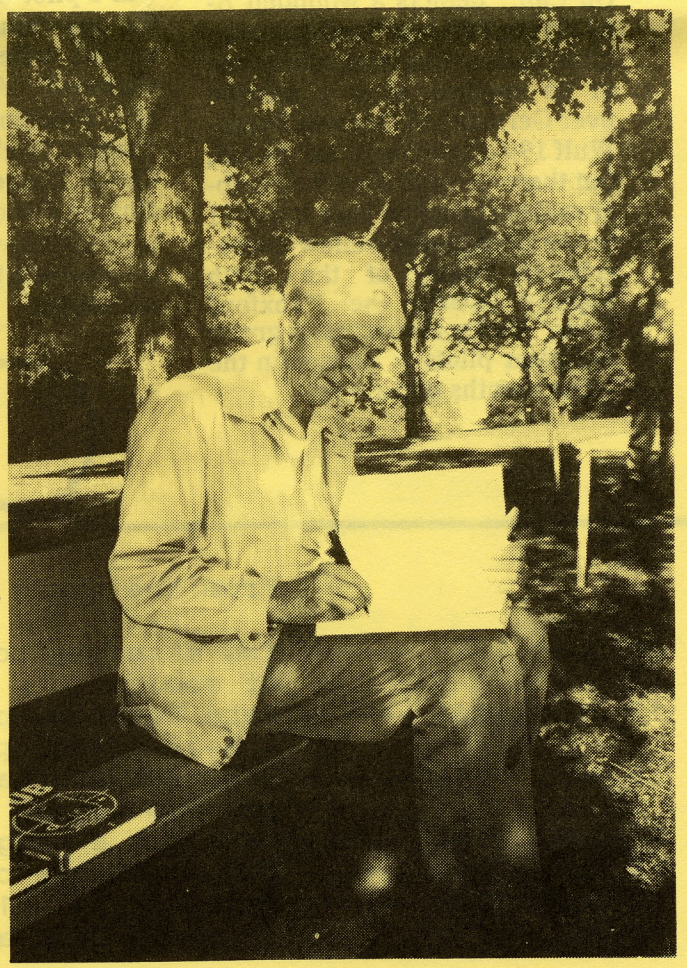
MEMORIAL DAY 1993

Once again Gus Clutten has laid a 357th Fighter Group floral piece for us at the Cambridge Veterans Cemetery in England.

Note the changes this year, not only in the floral piece but Gus is wearing a new Air Force A-2 leather jacket.

Most important is that Gus has laid aside his English Stalker hat and is wearing a new white 357th Fighter Group baseball type hat.

Dave Hudson provided the transportation to the Memorial Service for Gus and himself.



ROGER FREEMAN - AUTHOR

Roger was a young lad at the time we served in England and got to our airdrome at Raydon Woods and Leiston as well as numerous other 8th Air Force bases during WW II via his bicycle.

Since the war, he has written numerous books about the Army Air Force in England. The photos, records and references of many units including the 357th F. G. has been enjoyed by many airmen and pilots.

He owns farms and lives at Dedham, Colchester in Essex County, England.

An Olmsted photo

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Have you treated yourself to a cup of coffee and a doughnut lately?

This is not a frequent habit of mine but I enjoy doing this once in a while. Not only does it taste good but it takes me back in time to memories of those difficult days of WW II at the Leiston Air Base in England.

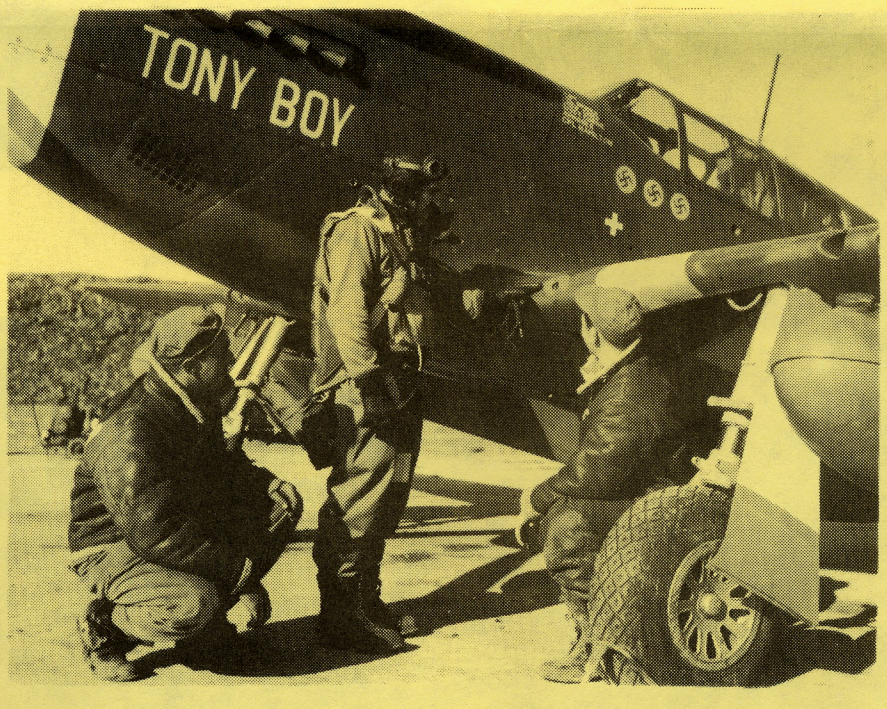
My duty station on the flight line was at least a mile from the P X and the mess hall. No drinking water or snacks out there! What a treat it was especially on those cold damp days to see the Red Cross mobile with its doughnut-making equipment and the Red Cross ladies coming down the perimeter track. All activities stopped as the mobile parked. The G. I.'s queued up to be served hot coffee and a doughnut.

As I enjoyed my treat, the thought always came to me to gulp it down in a hurry and hit the queue for "seconds". As much as I would have liked to, I never could be selfish enough to go for "seconds". The servings were few and the G. I.'s were many. The treat should be enjoyed by as many as possible.

So today, as I enjoy my occasional treat, I do so to remind myself of those days when SO LITTLE MEANT SO MUCH TO US.

Try it, you'll like it!

Joe De Shay



Pilot Group Commander Col. Henry R. Spicer pointing at the lense of his gun camera.

Left - S/Sgt. Robert Currie, Crew Chief - 362nd F.S.

Right - Cpl. "Ham" Hamilton

Col. Spicer was shot down 5 March 1944 while returning from a mission to Bordeaux. He was able to bail out successfully but was taken prisoner. He gave the prison commondant a rough time as he demanded proper rights for his fellow prisoners. He spent time in solitary confinement and was even threatened to be put to death. Photo-Olmsted



"LITTLE LADY" and CREW
L--R; ? ; S/Sgt. Robert C. Scott; Pilot LT. Elmer D.Rydberg (MIA); Livingston Blauvelt ?? and his dog.

DETERMINATION

Vince Zettler (364th pilot) and his wife June made it to the Long Beach Reunion under special programming. Vince insisted that surgery on his left knee be deferred until after the reunion. On 14 April, Vince was scheduled to receive a new knee. May the good memories of fun and comaraderie carry on through his surgery and recovery time.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was Christmas at Raydon. The Nissen huts were cold and damp, there was very little hot water, outside were acres of mud, and at the mess hall - the food was terrible.

Oh, we were a sorry bunch of 363rd squadron mechanics huddled on those three biscuit cots under scratchy GI blankets. Suddenly, outside, we heard a group of officers singing Christmas carols. In my hut, not a word was said, but I for one experienced a great pleasure mixed with a feeling of homesickness as those officers finished with a hearty "Merry Christmas"! I wonder how many of those officers and men are still around who remember that Christmas of 1943 at Raydon Airfield?

Ellsworth "Steve" Stevens

--GREAT DANGEROUS DAY--
BY JEROME JACOBS

On the second day of Market Garden, we were sent to the drop area over Holland. This was the action spot where both the British and U. S. Paratroopers were being dropped near the Arnheim bridge across the Rhine River.

We had just arrived over Holland when the ground control using radar vectored us toward a large enemy fighter force heading toward the battle area. Before long we were in the midst of a whirling air battle with German Messerschmitt 109's and Focke Wolfe 190's.

I was flying the wing of an ex bomber pilot who wanted to fly a fighter and who had recently joined our squadron. He was on the tail of a 109, shooting at him when the enemy aircraft lowered his landing gear and began a steep dive. As I watched this action, enemy anti-aircraft fire began to burst around us. I saw a direct hit at the right wing root of my element leader's aircraft. The wing came off and the aircraft began to spin in. I saw the pilot bail out and watched his chute open.

I also saw a 190 attacking me! I was able to dodge around and after some very tight turns, I ended up behind him. I was in a good position to shoot him but I couldn't find my gunsight on the windscreen. The problem was that I was using the colonel's airplane with the new K-14 compensating gunsight and apparently I was turning so tight that the sight dropped below my line of vision. I squeezed off a quick burst without the gunsight but was off target and the tracers were going around his wing so I decided to use the gunsight before firing again. I pulled the seat handle to lower the seat and to my dismay was pulled to the bottom of the seat stop by the tremendous G forces due to the tight turning. Now I was too low to see the gunsight and had to use considerable force to raise the seat to a good position where I could see the pipper. I then aimed at the cockpit and squeezed the trigger. The tracers went straight to the cockpit and I could see several hits.

Almost immediately, the pilot bailed out and the aircraft headed for the ground. I followed it down and saw it hit the ground and I turned off my gunswitch and began to take pictures of the burning airplane. Automatically, I checked my tail and saw that a 109 was shooting at me.

Instantly I turned sharply to the left avoiding the machine-gun fire and at the same time getting on the tail of the enemy. We were close to the ground and even though I thought that he was out of range, I decided to take aim and squeeze off a burst. White smoke began coming out of his airplane and I knew that it was coolant from his engine and I surmised that my short burst had been effective. Apparently his engine had quit since I was overtaking him at an alarming rate. If I overshot him, he might be able to take a shot at me. I throttled back and put my flaps down but I was still coming up on him too quickly. I did some S turns and thus was able to slow down and pull up next to him. This put me in a position to look down into his cockpit. The pilot looked up at me and he was about my age and looked as though he could be my brother. At that moment he decided to belly the airplane in. He apparently had too much airspeed and

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You will receive further information when available.

when he hit the ground, the airplane bounced off and became airborne again. The prop blades were stopped and bent back and I knew that he was finished. The airplane stalled out at this point and flipped over on its back and hit the ground in this position. It slid along on its back plowing up the ground until it ran into a farmhouse causing a large explosion. Obviously the pilot was killed when the airplane hit the ground but if that didn't kill him, the explosion did. I knew that I would be haunted by this for the rest of my life.

I decided to circle the area until the dust settled down to take pictures but after about three circles, I decided not to waste fuel and head for home to tell the story to my comrades. The dust had still not settled when I left the scene.

I was now heading roughly north and a little west pointing in the direction that I figured would bring me to England eventually. I was as close to the ground as I could get trying to avoid detection since I was still over enemy territory. Off to the left and above me, I saw two fighter planes heading toward me. I had no idea of the amount of ammunition that I had left and I began to worry about getting into another dogfight and possibly getting shot down before I had a chance to get my film developed and announcing that I had shot down two enemy aircraft.

As the two aircraft approached, I could see that they were Mustangs and I was very happy. I raised my wing so that they could identify me. They in turn rocked their wings and left me on my own. Soon I made out the formations of transport aircraft heading toward Holland and the formations leaving Holland and heading toward England. I joined this latter formation and pulled close to one of them. They waved at me and I waved back but I couldn't help but give in to the opportunity to show off and so I did a barrel roll around the formation ending up again next to the airplane that I had been close to.

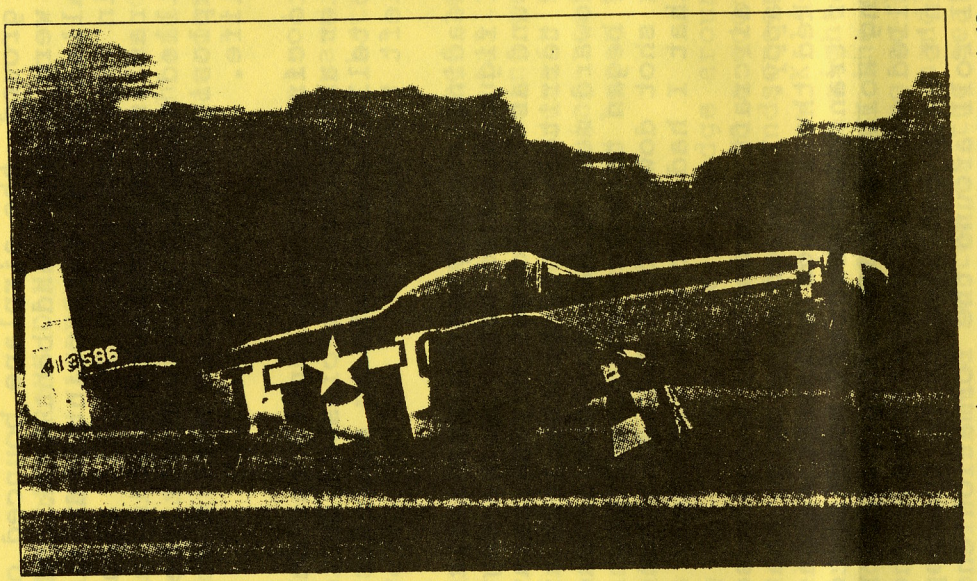
Since I was much faster and now entering friendly territory, I called the home field and asked for a heading to get me home. I was given a course to steer and before long, I was over the airport. I requested permission from the control tower to do two victory rolls. The tower asked if I had scored two victories and when I had answered in the affirmative, they granted my request.

I approached the field at minimum altitude and when I was over the runway, I began to do the rolls when I decided that it would be prudent to first land safely and have my film developed before doing anything that could kill me. So I landed and taxied to the parking area, climbed out of the plane and promptly fell flat on my face. I was embarrassed but when the squadron commander came out to greet me, I again gained my composure and began the usual two handed explanation of what had happened leaving out none of the details.

By Jerome Jacobs

The Courier-Journal

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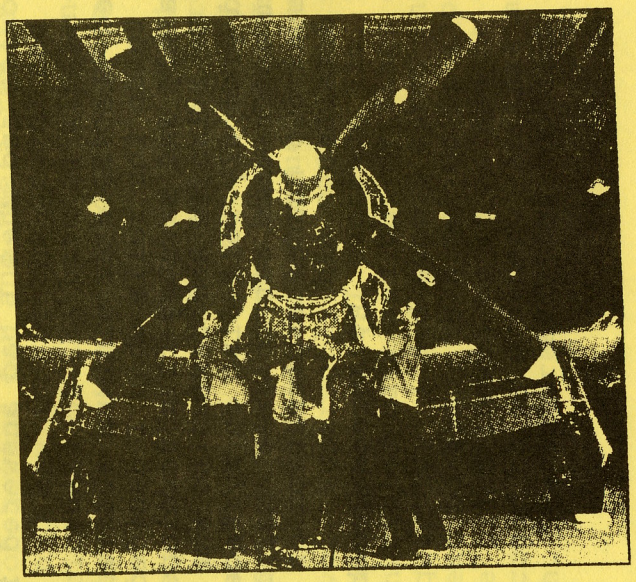


Charles Osborn took to the air in his P-51 Mustang at Clark County (Ind.) Airport recently. He was testing the plane before taking it to an air show in Dayton, Ohio.

STAFF PHOTOS BY JAMES H. WALLACE

Since he was a boy, Charles Osborn has heard and heeded . . .

THE CALL OF THE WARBIRDS



From left, Tom Wood, Brian Pierce and Bob Beyer replaced the engine cover on the P-47 Thunderbolt after a preflight check.

By MICHAEL QUINLAN
Staff Writer

As a youngster in Grand Prairie, Texas, Charles Osborn spent his idle hours watching the wide-open sky and listening for the rumble that would rise to a roar as a P-51 Mustang, the Army Air Corps' newest fighter plane, soared by.

Powerful machines of sleek lines and majestic beauty, the Mustangs were built and test-flown in Grand Prairie before being shipped overseas during World War II. Their sound and image fueled young Charles' imagination. But unlike most of the other boys of his generation who yearned for the adventure of piloting a big warbird, he never outgrew his dream.

"I was addicted at an early age and didn't get over it," said Osborn, 60, who feeds his addiction every time he climbs into the cockpit of the Mustang he keeps at Clark County (Ind.) Airport along with his five other World War II-era and Korean War-era planes.

Osborn, who lives in Louisville and owns commercial real estate in seven states, began collecting the planes 12 years ago. He hopes to one day make the restoration of such planes a profitable business, but now it's simply an expensive hobby, or as Osborn puts it, "my passion."

To enter Osborn's hangar is to step back in time. Next to the Mustang sits a P-47 Thunderbolt, one of only six in the world still flying. In various stages of restoration are a Corsair, a World War II Navy fighter; an F-86, a fighter jet from the Korean War; and three military trainer planes.

Osborn's love affair with the fighters has come full circle. Now it's others who stop and stare when he flies at regional air shows or across the Clark County sky.

Before taking off for an air show in Dayton, Ohio, two weeks ago, Osborn allowed a reporter to tag along on a flight. The fuselage shook and the cockpit shuddered as Osborn revved up the Mustang's 2,000-horsepower engine.

A van entering the airport jerked to a stop. Out jumped a

See COLLECTOR
Page 11, col. 1, this section

Collector has answered warplanes' roaring call

Continued from Page One

middle-aged man with a video camera. Another airport visitor ran alongside the plane, snapping photo after photo, as it approached the runway.

Construction workers, who'd paid no notice to the dozens of other planes that took off that morning, waved and then leaned on their shovels and watched as the Mustang roared down the runway and lifted off with a violent surge.

Another single-engine plane in the sky appeared to move in slow motion as the Mustang flew by at a distance and then suddenly plunged toward an open field at nearly 300 mph — the same maneuver used to strafe troops in wartime. After swooping within spitting distance of a rabbit, Osborn guided the plane up and away.

"If the average pilot tried to handle one of these it would kill him," Osborn said. "It was built for war. The aerodynamics are totally different from anything else in the sky."

Even though he learned to fly in the Naval Reserve after serving in the Navy during the Korean War, Osborn respected the Mustang's power too much to try to fly it without first spending countless hours picking the brains of veterans who had flown it during World War II.

"They were a special breed," said Osborn, who has restored the Mustang and the Thunderbolt as perfect replicas — the same color scheme and insignia — of the planes of two famous fighter pilots.

The Mustang flies as a tribute to pilot Richard Peterson, who shot down 21 Nazi planes — each "kill" designated by a red and black swastika decal on the fuselage.

Osborn isn't sure of the actual service record of his Mustang, one of 50 still flying. He bought it in parts eight years ago, and it took five years to reconstruct. He does, however, know that his Thunderbolt was sold to Venezuela after World War II and was used in that nation's air force for about 20 years before being sold to a collector in France. Osborn bought it from him.

The Thunderbolt, which also took about five years to reconstruct from parts, is painted as a replica of a plane flown by Howard Park, a highly decorated pilot who flew 160 missions, most in support of Gen. George Patton's 3rd Army. Osborn's plane carries the same name as Park's second plane, the "Big Ass Bird II," a name that Osborn says was one of Patton's favorites.

Osborn wouldn't say how much he has invested in the planes, but one of his mechanics estimated the Mustang's worth at $600,000, and the Thunderbolt, which is rarer, at even more.

Five mechanics work full time on Osborn's planes. Tom Wood, who reconstructs the planes' fabric-lined control surfaces, owns his own World War II trainer plane. Another mechanic, Ed Davis, worked on jets during the Korean War.

"If it's just a job to some mechanic I don't want him working for me," Osborn said. "These guys have to have an understanding of six different airplanes. They're addicted, too. They have to be, because this type of work will drive you nuts."

The big job of the moment is the reconstruction of the Corsair, which was also bought in parts. After discovering that many new parts would have to be fabricated, Osborn arranged for the Smithsonian Institution to send his crew 17 reels of microfilm detailing every component of the plane.

A frequent visitor to the hangar is Osborn's son Colin, a pilot for United Parcel Service.

"When you compare flying a DC-8 to flying the Mustang or Thunderbolt, it's like comparing a bus to a sports car," Colin Osborn said.

Not sure that the reporter had yet fully understood his fascination for his fighters, the senior Osborn steered him toward a framed drawing of a World War II pilot sitting in a cockpit.

Under the picture was a long quotation from Ernest Hemingway. The last sentence was: "Man has one virginity to lose in a fighter and if it's a lovely airplane he loses it to, there is where his heart will be forever."

Charles Osborn became an Associate Member of the 357th Fighter Group Association in October 1991.

This newspaper article was sent by Bob Prante, a former 364th Fighter Squadron Armorer of Louisville, KY.