



Heritage Herald



Issue 14

May 1994

Not all history found in books

"Tell me about the war, Dad?" I ventured a long time ago when I was a child and needed a story to take to school. "Were you scared? Did you think you might die?"

"Your father doesn't like to talk about the war," my mother scolded. "Run along and do your homework."

"But this is my homework!" I protested.

Later that night, my mother tiptoed into my room, sat on my bed and told me that my father had received a Purple Heart for his bravery in battle. The name alone sounded grand and noble, and I wondered why she was whispering. I pictured my father in uniform looking like John Garfield in "Pride of the Marines" and my own young heart swelled with pride imagining how wonderful it would be to walk into school the next day and show everyone this thing called a Purple Heart.

"You can't do that," she said. "He doesn't have it anymore."

I wanted to run downstairs and ask where it was, why it wasn't encased in glass and enshrined in the living room, why I had never heard of it before. But my mother said no, I couldn't ask.

"Your father doesn't like to talk about those things," she told me.

As I grew up, I tried a few times to get him to discuss his past, but he always brushed the questions aside. "How come you never talk about your family?"

"There's nothing to say."

"What were you like when you were a teenager?"

"Why would you want to know?"

After a while, I quit asking and limited our conversations to the present, to the things we were both doing, letting the past slip farther and farther away.

About a year ago, for no apparent reason, he presented me with a black and white picture of him and his two brothers when they were small. Three little boys in white sailor suits, scrubbed and shining, their hair so neatly combed that teeth marks stood out, pose soldier-straight for the camera. My father and his older brother were in long pants and short hair; the youngest, in the middle, in long hair and short pants. I'd never seen the picture before, never in all the albums over all the years, and it made me sad because I recognized, not for the first time, how little I know my father.

"How come you never talk about the past?" I asked him again recently.

"Why should I? It's over. Buried. Gone."

"But I don't want it to be. I want you to tell me things so I can tell my children and they can tell theirs."

For five minutes I caught a glimpse of the child he used to be. He told me about climbing aboard a horse-drawn cart in the predawn of summer mornings to deliver gelatin with his father; then lying awake in the evenings, while his father played the piano in the barroom across the street.

Then he stopped, suddenly, the child gone, the man back in control. "This stuff isn't important," he insisted.

But he's wrong. It is important. It's the only thing that is. Our pasts, our histories are the essence of our lives. Why else are we here if not to learn, then share what we've learned? All of knowledge is not contained within the pages of books, I told him. A bit of it lies within each of us.

And that bit is what we're all here to share.

Beverly Beckham, from The Boston Herald



Asbestos Alice flew with the 700 Squadron, 445th BG. Story on page 3.

M. Bason photo & on p.3

In This Issue

Recollection of D-Day	2
The Dream Is Alive	3
Ted Wheeler's 19th Mission	4
English Channel Incident	5
Essay Contest Guidelines	6

Please submit material for the next issue of the Heritage Herald by August 15.

Mary Beth Barnard, Editor

Honoring those who died defending their country

"There are many ways to remember those who have paid the ultimate price in defense of democracy and human rights – from a single flower on the grave of Civil war soldiers to a museum honoring the sacrifices of millions during the Holocaust. In this country, one day each year – Memorial Day – has been set aside for such remembrances.

"Stop and think about those who – in all of history – have underestimated the will of a free people and the might of a democracy. We can never forget Hitler's atrocities, and the fact that over 6 million people died horrible deaths and millions more suffered unspeakable torture at the hands of the Nazis. Despite what many called overwhelming odds in the face of the Blitzkrieg, freedom was stronger. History is full of tyrants who believed they could defeat freedom. Freedom won over Communist oppression, splintering the former Soviet Union into many new-born democracy-craving nations.

"We must never forget the sacrifices of our mothers and fathers, our friends and our comrades-in-arms. Beyond

gathering for official Memorial Day observances, there are countless other ways to make those sacrifices count, to give strength to our pledge on a daily basis. We can work to insure veterans who are still alive are properly cared for, whether they need health care or educational opportunities. We can raise our voices to make sure that disabled veterans aren't lost in the debate over national health care reform. We can volunteer, spend just a little of our time helping those most in need – the aging veteran, the sick and seriously disabled. These kinds of memorials can also build what will be of lasting and continuing significance. They say what Americans have always believed: democracy works. It works better than anything anyone has devised in the history of man. All things are possible when you live in a free and democratic society."

Art Cugno, Director of Veterans' Services, Wellesley, MA

Excerpts from Cugno's Memorial Day address, Middlesex News, June 3, 1993

Recollection of D-Day

I was still flying co-pilot on D-Day, June 6. Each pilot was required to fly that position for his first five missions in order to learn mission procedures. We were briefed at 1:00AM for take off at 4:00AM (approximate time); target – just inland from advancing ground forces. We were told to follow the plane ahead which was supposed to be blinking a Morse code letter from the tail-gunner's position. Of course, this being England in June, we had about a 1,000 ft. overcast. When we broke out of it, there were B-24's flashing something resembling Morse code letter all over the sky. Remember 3,000 plus aircraft of all types took part in this greatest of all invasion efforts. We never did find our assigned lead plane. We were all wandering around the sky looking for ANY lead plane that was dropping the same type of bomb we were carrying. Everyone broke radio silence in an attempt to find his lead plane or element.... confusion reigned! Mind you, we were flying WITHOUT running

lights and we had a number of near misses in our own aircraft.

Finally, as the long roseate fingers of dawn began to streak the skies, we observed great "streams" of B-24's, B-17's, Lancasters, etc. moving southward toward France. We eventually found a group carrying 500 pounders and we joined it with only five minutes to the Initial Point and another few minutes to that most crucial command: "Bombs Away!" We dropped with our new-found friends and departed for Tibenham after the turn out from the drop area. Upon arrival at our base, we immediately went to the ready room to listen to AFR broadcasts of the invasion scene. We were astounded and gratified to learn from Navy reports that our bombs had carpeted the landing area just 500 yards ahead of the advancing troops... and we were bombing on RADAR guided drops.

Jack D. Pelton, 701 Sq. 445th BG

Q. When and where was daylight saving time started?

A. The Encyclopedia Britannica says the practice of setting clocks forward in the spring and back in the fall to provide more hours of daylight was first suggested in a whimsical essay by Benjamin Franklin in 1784. In 1907 an Englishman, William Willett, campaigned for setting the clock ahead by 80 minutes in four moves of 20 minutes each during the spring and summer months. In 1908 the House of Commons rejected a bill to advance the clock by one hour in the spring and return to Greenwich Mean (standard) Time in the autumn. During World War I, however, several countries, including Australia, Britain, Germany and the United States, adopted summer daylight saving time to conserve fuel by reducing the need for artificial light. And during World War II, clocks were kept continuously advanced by an hour in some nations (in the United States they were advanced from February 9, 1942 to September 30, 1945), the encyclopedia says. In England during the war "double summer time" was used during part of the year, advancing clocks two hours from the standard time during the summer and one hour during the winter months.

from Ask The Globe, Boston



Jack Pelton (Back row, 1st from left) and his crew, aka "Pelton's Pissed-off Panthers"

The Dream is Alive

Only Hitler's mad dash across Europe could have assembled such an unlikely group of men from all over the US to join in the deadly game called WWII. Their very lives and the freedom of their nation hinged upon how well they played their unfamiliar roles. The ever present reality was that each day might be their last.

Far from that frightening world, their glistening silver war bird now cruised quietly over the untroubled skies of the North Atlantic. The strain of combat seemed a world away from the boredom of the endless ocean waves below. The "Asbestos Alice" was finally fulfilling her crew's long awaited dream of heading home. A US Army Air Corps B-24 "Liberator" bomber, "Alice" was with the 2nd Air Division's 445th Bomb Group.



Seeking to stretch his legs from his gunnery position in the plane's waist, Bob, one of the crew members, slowly rose, and picked his way down the narrow fuselage, and crawled through the doorway that opened into the plane's cockpit.

As if reading Bob's mind, Doug, the pilot seated behind the controls, called over his shoulder, "Hey, Bob! Want to take over?"

With a grin Bob slid behind the controls of the four whirling Pratt and Whitney 1200 horsepower engines as Doug slid from his seat. This was quite a change from the single engine trainers he had flown back in St. Louis, Missouri during cadet training.

Enjoying the tranquillity of the moment, Bob's mind drifted back to the morning of March 23, 1945, the day of the 445th's mission to Muenster, Germany. In his mind he was there again, flying a mission over heavily guarded northern Germany to one of the ten most heavily bombed cities of the war. The early morning briefing about the target location, objectives, and anticipated resistance made it clear this was no "milk run." After taking off, forming up and heading over the English Channel, the crew of "Asbestos Alice" was feeling the unmistakable roughness of an engine missing ignition.

Feathering the left inboard engine, Doug radioed their group leader about the problem and dropped out of formation. There was no way they could keep up with the group with only three engines. Uncertainty was heavy in the air throughout the whole crew. Each man wanted to complete

the mission and be one more step closer to their quota for returning home, but it would be suicidal to be stranded by themselves.

"You want coordinates for home, Skipper?" came the navigator's voice through the ship's intercom.

"Not yet-let me try something," replied Doug.

With a cough, the Pratt and Whitney powerhouse sputtered to life as a cheer went up from the crew. Unfortunately, there was now no way they could catch up to their own group. Minutes passed like hours before they heard the throaty roar of a new group of Liberator engines. As "Alice" eased her way to the back of the newly found formation the crew soon had another unpleasant surprise. Slowly all the 50 caliber guns in the new group turned to train on this unfamiliar plane that might be planning an attack. Bob held his breath, hoping that everything would go all right as the air filled with tension.

You could hear the strain in Doug's voice as he barked to the crew's bombardier, "When we get over the target I don't care if you have to crawl out on the cat walk and kick those bombs out. We drop when they drop!"

"Yes, sir!" came the reply.

"Here's the flak!" cried Earl, the top turret gunner. "Man, it's so thick you could walk on it."

"Bombs away!" came the cry through the crew's intercom.

"Stay alert," Bob thought to himself. "You want to get home in one piece."

"Stay alert, Bob. You're losing altitude." With a start, Bob snapped out of his reverie. Had he been dreaming or had it all happened? As he glanced around, the sky was free of flak and the lump in his throat dissolved as he realized where he really was.

"Sorry, Skipper. I guess I lost my focus day-dreaming about the Muenster raid. I wasn't sure we were going to make it that time."

Grinning at each other, they scanned the western horizon that pointed home. It was clear that this group of strangers had been forged in the furnace of combat into a unified team, with a bond of lifetime respect. With their combat service now over, their hearts now turned from the horrors of war toward the dream of freedom that lay before them. Fifty years later that "dream is alive."



Jessica D. Zobac
10th Grade

Jessica D. Zobac tied for First Place, Grades 10-12 in the 1993 Heritage League Essay Contest. Now a Junior in Canton (IL) High School, Jessica wrote this story about her grandfather so that her generation would know more about World War II.

Memories of Mission 19 April 15, 1945

At briefing this morning we were informed that today's mission would be a follow-up attack on yesterday's target near Bordeaux, France. Even though our bombers had scored with exceptional precision, the heavy case-mated position had not been destroyed by the 2000-lb. bombs. The German commander still refused to surrender.

Our bomb load for this trip was a surprise. Our cargo consisted of two 75-gallon and six 85-gallon Napalm cannisters. (Napalm was a jelly-like form of gasoline.) The unusual aspect of this bomb was that it was wrapped in a heavy cardboard tube rather than a metal casing. It was all explained to us at briefing, but we did not fully realize how volatile this ordnance was until we arrived at the plane. Upon inspection these heavy fiber containers were much like a giant toilet paper spool. The disturbing part was that the gelatinous mixture was actually oozing through some of the seams.

Because of the hazardous nature of our payload we would fly without gunners. A couple of squadrons of P-51 Mustangs would escort us to and from the target. My crew would consist of my co-pilot, navigator, flight engineer and radio operator.

We were assigned #42-52621 "Happy Warrior," and positioned in the second of three squadrons, flying the high right element. The weather was good and we would have an unhampered visual approach on the bomb run. The flak was only meager and inaccurate, and no sign of the once mighty Luftwaffe. The fortifications below were thoroughly pock marked and broken up from our previous bombing with huge cracks and holes showing.

In tight formation we dropped our bombs from a lower altitude than usual - only 15,000 feet, giving us a great advantage in sighting and observing.

As we turned away, the entire area was engulfed in flame and towering black clouds of smoke. I could imagine that gooey incendiary mixture finding its way into every crevice and opening, burning as only gasoline can.

We returned to our base by a different route, flying across the Channel south of England at a very low altitude. We made landfall at the White Cliffs of Dover and continued north to Rack-

heath "flying contour" (a few hundred feet above the terrain).

We were back up to regulation altitude (1500 feet) as we approached the field and began our landing peel offs. The weather was still good at this time, but an afternoon haze had reduced the visibility considerably in the traffic pattern.

I was the 10th and last plane in my squadron to peel off, so I could see the "dotted line" in the pattern ahead as each ship did its 360° landing approach and touched down at 30-second intervals. What I did not realize was that the two aircraft that had peeled off just ahead of me were making very wide patterns.

I lost them from view in the haze and mistakenly picked up two others closer and followed them. I had to level out a bit from my steep turn and slow down to keep a proper distance from them. A third plane appeared on the approach so I had to maneuver a little wider to avoid it.

Thinking that this third ship was the one that peeled off next to last, I felt certain I was the last plane coming in. I restate here that I had no gunners on board. They always were my observers. My flight engineer had gone back to the waist to check visually that my landing gear was down and locked. After doing so and calling back to me on the intercom that all was O.K. he made his way back to the flight deck.

Unknown to me was that the plane I was supposed to be following had circled so wide that I had lost it in the haze and it was now approaching the runway from behind and below us. Thinking I was next to land, I was coming in with a close-in, steep descent. We could not see the other plane because of its position and they did not see us. The view from the control tower to the far end of the runway was also obscured by the haze. When they sighted the two planes coming together, it appeared that a collision was imminent. I was completely unaware that I was about to land on top of this other ship!

We were actually in piggy-back position when we crossed over the end of the landing runway. But for the Grace of God, we all would have died in a fiery explosion at that instant. What saved us was that my air speed was slightly faster. I careened over the noise of the other ship, missing it by only two or three feet and landed directly in front of it. This was the first inking the other crew had that there

was another plane near them. How they must have felt at that moment to see this huge form pressing down over their canopy!

Even the control tower had little chance to warn us off, as they did not see the lower ship at first, and had their eye on my plane. We were coming together too fast, and the ambulance and fire trucks were already moving out.

Still unaware of the near disaster, I continued on down the runway and back up the taxi strip to the hardstand where we parked. I did not know anything unusual had happened until we were out of the plane and the ground crew chief said something about what a close call we had.

The other plane, #42-50816, "Ginnie" parked next to us. The pilot, Lt. Weeks was obviously shaken and told me so. I felt like a fool, but there was nothing I could do about it. I shudder to think of what could have happened.

In review of the mission at critique, the only mention of this incident was a tongue-in-cheek remark. It was the last item in the Commander's report simply stating that: "Lieutenants Weeks and Wheeler gave short descriptions of their new landing techniques."

This would have little or no meaning to future archive researchers, and it makes me wonder how many other stories are lost in this way - things both good and bad.

The next day Lt. Weeks and I had to go before a review board regarding the near accident, and were properly admonished.

I was held mostly to blame for not posting an observer in the rear of my ship and also because the rules of flight make it very clear that the aircraft at the lowest altitude has the right of way. I was grounded for a week and scheduled for a proficiency check ride. Lt. Weeks was required to practice peel-offs and tight landing patterns in view of his long, low approach. It was the review officer's opinion that if he was in close to the field as our procedure required, I would not have lost sight of his plane.

On my check ride with one of my squadron officers, I never flew better. Every maneuver and landing was perfect. I just had to prove myself.

*Ted Wheeler
from 467th POOP, Philip Day, Editor*

Summer Pudding

This simple pudding is delectable fresh or frozen. It is made from a mixture of whatever soft fruit happens to be available - strawberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries - but raspberries and black currants should be included to give the authentic flavour.

To make from fresh fruit

approx. 1/4 lb. stale white bread
6-8 oz. sugar
1 1/2 lb. mixed fruit
1/4 pt. water
whipped cream or custard for serving

Use a basin or souffle dish which holds about 1 1/2 pints. If you are going to freeze the pudding use a foil basin. Cut the bread into thin slices, remove the crusts, and completely line the basin with the slices.

Make a syrup with the sugar and water (the exact quantity of sugar will depend on what fruit you are using), and gently stew the fruit in this until it is soft.

*Test for sweetness, add more sugar if necessary and pour the hot fruit into the prepared basin. cover with a thin layer of bread. Put a plate or a flat saucer on top which will exactly fit into the basin, and a weight on top of this, so that the pressure will cause the juice to soak into the bread (but see that it doesn't overflow above the rim of the plate). Leave in the refrigerator overnight.

To serve immediately: Turn on to a dish and serve with cream or custard.

To freeze: If you have used a foil basin, wrap and freeze.

To serve after freezing: Stand at room temperature for about 6 hours. Turn on to a dish and serve with cream or custard.

To make from frozen fruit:

approx. 1/4 lb. stale white bread
whipped cream or custard

1 1/2 lb. mixed fruit frozen in sugar

Line a basin with the bread as above. Tip the frozen fruit into a saucepan and gently stew until it is soft. There will probably be enough juice, but if necessary add a little water. Then complete the recipe as from * above.

From The Penguin Freezer Cookbook, courtesy of Phyllis DuBois, Trust Librarian

English Channel Incident

The following is a recount of a mission on April 27, 1944, led by Major Lloyd Martin, 702 Squadron Commander, 445th BG.

The day started as an ordinary mission day, but for the crew of a B-24 Liberator named "Steady Hedy" it proved to be most unforgettable. Our target was Mimoydeques, France, just inside the coast.

We were over the English Channel on the final approach to the target when our problem occurred. Our bomb bay doors were opened but, thankfully, the pins on the bombs had not been pulled. We were riding in the slot position, behind and below the element leader, when we experienced some minor prop wash which worsened until we were forced to remove all power from our engines. The condition increased until we were completely out of control. The aircraft was snapping 60 degrees to one side and then back to the other side with such force and speed that the co-pilot and I could not keep our hands and feet on the controls.

The wheel was spinning to one side and back to the other side so fast, there was no way the two of us could overpower these forces. The action was so strong that with no power on, it caused the props to run away and rev up the engines on one side and then on the other side.

All the time we were frozen to our seats by the centrifugal force and no one could bail out. We dropped from 26,000 feet to 12,000 feet. The bombs were banging against the side of the aircraft and the catwalks, bending out the sides and bending in the catwalks. The top turret gunner reported that the tail was twisting in every direction and was surely going to fly off at any minute. I would have answered him, but I couldn't hold my hand on the microphone button on the spinning wheel.

After flipping switches and turning knobs, and anything else we could find to do, we gradually retained control and leveled off with great effort. Salvoing the bombs in the Channel, we limped back to Tibenham, arriving after the other aircraft in our group had landed and reported us as Down. We landed "Steady Hedy" as easy as possible, but that was hard since the controls were lax and loose and control was difficult.

We were met at the hardstand by the squadron engineering officer with "What in hell did you do with my airplane?" When I stood back and looked at the airplane I could see what he meant. The aluminum skin on the fuselage, wings and tail surfaces was wrinkled and twisted all over with not a rivet that was not popped or strained. The fuselage took the worst as it was twisted back and forth like someone had wrung out a dishrag.

After we arrived back to the base, the plane stayed on the hardstand about fifteen minutes before it was declared unfit to fly and not repairable, so it was towed to the salvage dump.

At the interrogation, we told the story of our near-fatal flight, but no one in the squadron or group was impressed, since we were not even complimented on our getting the plane back in a near unflyable condition.

I went back to the States, after completing my tour of thirty missions, without a hint as what caused all the problem.

About six months later, I was taking a course for returned pilots in aircraft maintenance engineering. During the part on automatic pilots, the instructor explained the only possible cause of the action "Steady Hedy" took on its own. The auto pilot was running in #2 Position, warmed up and ready to be engaged in take over #3 Position on demand. At the moment we hit the first prop wash, the rudder gyro disengaged at the bottom bracket of its mount, and started swinging free from the top bracket. At the same time, the auto pilot jumped from Warmup #2 Position to Engage #3 Position without our knowledge. At 25,000 rpm the autopilot took over and wrecked a 35 ton aircraft and came close to taking us into the English Channel.

Had the maker of the A5 autopilot system known about this problem, they could have modified it. Later C1 models could be overpowered.

*William E. Coleman, 445th BG
reprinted from Tennessee Flyover, 8AFHS,
Walt Brown, Editor*

Essay Contest Guidelines

Foreword:

In the belief that the contributions of the Second Air Division during World War II are valuable cornerstones of the freedom we presently enjoy, the Heritage League will annually sponsor the Heritage League Essay Contest.

The purpose of the contest is to encourage today's youth in the development of their awareness of the contributions made by Second Air Division and, at the same time, to provide the participants with the opportunity to improve their skills in written composition, grammar, punctuation and spelling. A reminder of the courage and sacrifice displayed by those veterans who served during World War II to provide our most precious heritage of freedom serves to renew a dedication toward the value of the human spirit and its' freedom.

Contestants are urged to read and fully understand the following guidelines.

Section I: General Rules

The Heritage League Essay Contest is divided into three levels of competition - Grades 4-6, Grades 7-9 and Grades 10-12.

1. Contestants must prepare their essays without assistance other than that needed through personal interviews of veterans and etc.
2. Any quotations or copy-righted material used must be identified properly. The contestant shall be fully responsible for the use of such material. Failure to identify non-original material will result in disqualification.
3. The Heritage League shall have the right to edit, publish or otherwise duplicate any essay entered for use within the *Heritage Herald* and/or the *2ADA Journal* without payment to the author.

Section II: Qualifications for Contestants

1. The Contest is open to all descendants of 2 ADA fallen comrades and veterans in the grade levels specified in Section I.
2. Participants must enter the Contest by submitting their essay to the Heritage League President who will forward it to the Judging Team.

Section III: Contest Rules

1. The official broad subjects for entries shall be chosen from the following list; topics may be narrowed as necessary:
 - A. What is the Significance of My 2ADA Relative's Military Service During World War II?
 - B. The Purpose of the Heritage League
 - C. A Day in the Life of a 2ADA Veteran During World War II.
 - D. Life at _____ Airfield During World War II.
 - E. Freedom, Our Most Precious Heritage (as it relates to WWII)
 - F. Why I Would Like to Visit the Old American Bases in East Anglia.
 - G. The B-24 Liberator
(may be specific about particular positions and their duties and/or the role of the B-24 in WWII.)
 - H. Why I'd Like to Ride on a Restored B-24
 - I. What are the Ties That Bind the Americans and English Since World War II?
 - J. What is the Significance of the Memorial Library in Norwich, England?
2. Essays must be type-written (double spacing required) or neatly handwritten in ink.
3. Essays shall contain no less than 300 words nor more than 400 words (Grades 4-6), no less than 500 words or more than 600 words (Grades 7-9) and no less than 700 words or more than 800 words (Grades 10-12). In determining the number of words, every word must be counted, regardless of length.
(In footnotes containing quotations, the quoted material must be counted as part of the text.)
4. Each entry must begin with a title page containing the following information: name, address and telephone number of the author, grade level and total number of words in the essay.
5. The chosen title should be on the top of the first page as well as on the title page.
6. Each page, including the title page, should be stapled together, not paper clipped, in the upper left hand corner.

Continued on next page

7. Each entry will be numbered by the Essay Contest chairperson on the title page and a corresponding number will be indicated on the actual manuscript. The title page will be detached so there will be no indication for the entries other than the chairperson.
8. Judging will be completed by a panel of three judges who will individually rank the entries. Their combined ratings will determine the winners.
9. Any protest in the conduct of the Judging Team must be made immediately after the condition is noted that brings about the protest. Protests received other than immediately after the winners are announced will not be considered. The Essay Contest chairperson will decide all protests in conformity with the contest rules. The decision of the contest chairperson is final and no higher appeals will be recognized.

Section IV: Scoring

Scoring procedures at all levels of the contest will be identical and will conform to the following schedule of points:

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. Material Organization
(Interpretation of the subject, adherence to theme and logic.) | 40 points |
| 2. Vocabulary and Style
(Diction, Phraseology and Continuity) | 30 points |
| 3. Grammar, Punctuation and Spelling | 20 points |
| 4. Neatness | 5 points |
| 5. Adherence to Contest Rules | 5 points |

Section V: Penalties

1. Failure to write on one of the ten topics listed in Section III, or a topic closely related to one of the ten topics listed, will result in disqualification.
2. Failure to identify the total number of words in the essay: deduction of 5 points.
3. Failure to stay within the prescribed number of words: deduction of 5 points for each 25 words over or under the specified number.
4. Self-identification: deduction of 5 points.
5. Failure to double space (if typed) or write in ink: deduction of 5 points

Section VI: Awards

The following are the only awards to be given at various levels of the contest:

The Heritage League will award medals for the first, second and third place winners in each of the three grades designated grade levels.

In addition to first, second and third place medals at each level, first place winners will receive Savings Bonds as follows:

Grades 4-6	\$50.00
Grades 7-9	\$75.00
Grades 10-12	\$100.00

Heritage League Membership Application

I wish to become a member of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) and to support its purposes. I certify that I am eligible for membership under one of the categories indicated.

Name _____ Spouse _____

Street Address _____ Home Tel. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Work Tel. _____

2ADA Member (Sponsor) _____ Unit No. _____ Relationship _____

Membership Category (please check) ☐ Regular ☐ Associate ☐ New ☐ Renewal

Annual Dues: Regular \$6.00, Associate \$4.00 Signature _____

Send Remittance To: Heritage League of the 2AD, Caron D. Veynar, 4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, VA 22003

Regular Members: Spouses, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren of former personnel, military and civilian, American and British, who, at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during WWII and any person who served with any bomb group or any other unit of the 2nd Air Division, USAAF, either assigned or attached. These shall be voting members.

Associate Members: Friends or associates of regular members who by their demonstrated interest in the League and who make literary, artistic, historical or other valuable contributions to the 2nd Air Division Association, The Heritage League of the 2nd Air Division (USAAF) and/or The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division. These shall be non-voting members.

1994 Executive Committee

Billy Sheely Johnson (492nd) President
600 Sandhurst Drive
Petersburg, Virginia 23805
(804) 732-4234(H)

Irene B. Hurner (453rd) Executive V.P.
45415 San Antonio Valley Rd.
Livermore, California 94550
(408) 897-3029

Janice Bates (467th) Secretary
9535 W. Huron River Drive
Dexter, Michigan 48130
(313) 426-2746

Edward Zobac (445th) Treasurer
2211 Foxboro Drive
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46818
(219) 497-0029

Caron D. Veynar (HQ)
Membership V.P.
4915 Bristow Drive
Annandale, Virginia 22003
(703) 256-6482

Mary Beth Barnard (445th)
Communications V.P.
73 Western Avenue
Sherborn, Massachusetts 01770
(508) 653-2714

Jeane M. Stites (453rd)
Past President
9334 Kahl Road
Black Earth, Wisconsin 53515
(608) 767-2625

Ruth Hunter Berkeley (489th)
Past President
1049 Lawrence Avenue
East Aurora, New York 14052
(716) 652-7032

Vicky Brooks Warning (466th)
Past President
2736A North Dayton
Chicago, Illinois 60614
(312) 549-3546

W.H. "Bill" Beasley (492nd)
2ADA Liaison Representative
1525 South Garfield Street
Denver, Colorado 80210-3022
(303) 756-4766

John B. Conrad (392nd) 2ADA President
2981 Four Pines, #1
Lexington, Kentucky 40502
(606) 266-5269

Of Interest

Bylaws Revision -

To be voted on at the Eighth General Meeting of the Heritage League at the 2ADA Convention, May 1994

A motion was made, seconded and passed at the Seventh General Meeting to replace "spouses or relatives within two degrees of kinship" as stated in Article III, #3, under regular members, with "spouses, parents, brothers, sisters, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews" to be voting members.

Essay Contest Underway

Take up the creative challenge as did 1993 winners Jessica Zobac and Anne Westgate and send in your essay! The 1994 contest is underway. Guidelines are published in this issue.

Articles for the *Heritage Herald* sought

I am seeking stories relating to the 2AD veterans written by the membership. This is your newsletter.

Mary Beth Barnard, Editor

**Is your membership current?
Renewal notices have been mailed.**

Caron D. Veynar
4915 Bristow Drive
Annandale, VA 22003



The Heritage Herald
First Class Mail
Forwarding and Return Postage
Guaranteed
Address Correction Requested