

**RANGER BATTALIONS ASSOCIATION WWII**

PROPERTY OF  
GERALD H. & MARY A. SHAFFER

# **27th Biennial Reunion**

**"RANGERS LEAD THE WAY"**

**SEPTEMBER 11-16 2001  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA**



## The Ranger Creed

**R**ecognizing that I volunteered as a Ranger, fully knowing the hazards of my chosen profession, I will always endeavor to uphold the prestige, honor, and high esprit de corps of the Rangers.

**A**cknowledging the fact that a Ranger is a more elite soldier who arrives at the cutting edge of battle by land, sea, or air, I accept the fact that as a Ranger my country expects me to move further, faster, and fight harder than any other soldier.

**N**ever shall I fail my comrades I will always keep myself mentally alert, physically strong, and morally straight and I will shoulder more than my share of the task whatever it may be, one hundred percent and then some.

**G**allantly will I show the world that I am a specially selected and well-trained soldier. My courtesy to superior officers, neatness of dress, and care of equipment shall set the example for others to follow.

**E**nergetically will I meet the enemies of my country. I shall defeat them on the field of battle for I am better trained and will fight with all my might. Surrender is not a Ranger word. I will never leave a fallen comrade to fall into the hands of the enemy and under no circumstances will I ever embarrass my country.

**R**eadily will I display the intestinal fortitude required to fight on to the Ranger objective and complete the mission, though I be the lone survivor.





contents

reunion schedule	4
president's message	6
reunion committees	7
deceased members	8
memories	11
ads	73
more photos & stories	138

meadowlark publishing, inc.

2001

cover by: va graphics





PROPERTY OF  
GERALD H. & MARY A. SHAFFER

**RANGER**  
123 456  
Symbolism  
of  
Battle Honors Flag  
for the

**Ranger Battalions Association World War II**

The dark area represents the United States and the red (scarlet) area Great Britain where Ranger organizations were activated and trained. The combined blue and red thus symbolize the close association in both training and combat of the Rangers and British Commandos. The 15 stars refer to the 15 campaigns, World War II, in which the Rangers participated. The 6 spearheads allude to the 6 Ranger Battalions and also to the 6 assault landings (invasions) in which the Rangers took part. The white disc alludes to Central Europe (Germany), the black lily to France and the Low Countries and with the red seed pods Italy. The double crescent refers to Algeria and Tunisia. The 3 sun rays (similar in design to those depicted on the Philippine flag) allude to the Philippines and New Guinea. The crossed Ranger (Sykes) knives suggest the nature of Ranger operations.

**Designed by U.S. Army Heraldic Branch—A.G., Department of Army**



## WHAT THE BATTLE HONORS FLAG REPRESENTS

The Ranger Battle Honors Flag represents the proud and enduring record of the six United States Army Ranger Battalions in World War II. The Rangers of all six battalions are equally as proud of the achievements of each and every Ranger Battalion as they are their own.

The Ranger philosophy for winning battles was tough, realistic battle training, inspired leadership, detailed planning, thorough reconnaissance, contact, coordination and control, hit the enemy where he least expects it, choose the most difficult route of approach, attack at night with speed, surprise and shock, carry through relentlessly. These concepts were proven in battle after battle.

The record speaks for itself. The Rangers spearheaded every major invasion of World War II—the first to land, the first to die, the first to capture the enemy's defenses and make it possible for other troops to land and broaden the beachheads. Fifteen campaigns, innumerable battles and engagements, raids and sorties—and who can keep track of the countless combat patrols and night infiltrations that were never mentioned in the daily communiques?

But the battle records of the six Army Ranger Battalions do not tell the full story of the American Ranger in World War II. The spirit that each Ranger carried in his breast—that drove him to accomplish the impossible, that inspired him to attack the most formidable enemy defenses, that enabled him to endure in campaign after campaign, that compelled him to excel as an American soldier, this is the most important part of the Ranger story that is represented on our Battle Honors Flag.

We, who were privileged to have served with the Rangers, know what spirit was. It was a spirit that was formed by many essential elements. Leadership by example, mutual respect and esteem, concern for our fellow Rangers, teamwork, pride in our units, a comprehension of why we were fighting, the will to win, not at all costs, but by skill, preparation and ingenuity. The Ranger spirit was a mixture of individuality tempered by self-discipline and directed toward the achievement of the common objectives of victory. The Ranger spirit was audacity, daring and originality. It was resourcefulness and versatility. It was a positive force. It was, in essence, the spirit that has kept liberty alive since time immemorial—the willingness to give of yourself to a common cause—above and beyond one's obligation as an American citizen.

The Ranger spirit is an important part of our national heritage, and each Ranger who fought with the six Ranger Battalions, helped make that heritage stronger and significant. We are mindful that we, as custodians of that spirit, have a serious obligation not only to keep the spirit alive, but to keep it vigorous and strong and to direct that spirit towards positive good for our country today.

*By James Altieri  
President 1963 - 1965  
Ranger Battalions Association WWII*



**NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
September 11-16, 2001**

**SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES**

**September 11, Tuesday and September 12, Wednesday**

Early Arrival; on your own for food and fun

**September 13, Thursday**

Registration Opens at 9:00 A. M.

Two tours available 9:30 A. M. - 1:30 P. M. (reservations required)

Hospitality Room, 6<sup>th</sup> Floor, Open 1 P. M.

Icebreaker Reception, Foyer, Grand Ballroom, 6 P. M.

**Dinner at 7 P. M. followed by Ranger Punchbowl Ceremony**

In conducting the time-honored Punchbowl Ceremony, a Ranger from each of the six Ranger Battalions presents a short vignette of his battalion's accomplishments. At the same time, another Ranger pours into the punchbowl the favorite spirits (liquor) from each country where the Rangers spearheaded the Allied assaults. Some sand is added from the beaches of Normandy to "round-out" the swirl in the punchbowl. It is an impressive ceremony. It also makes an interesting after-dinner drink for the brave souls who dare to partake.



Sgt. Edwin Coyle (left) and Sgt. Dominick Lamandre, F Co., 4<sup>th</sup> Bn., pause for a bit of refreshment during a brief lull in the Battle of Gela, Sicily.



**NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA**  
**September 11-16, 2001**

**SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES**

**September 14, Friday**

Registration Continues  
Ranger Videos available  
Ranger Oral Histories  
Ranger Chat Room available  
Silent Auction in progress  
Two tours available departing 9:30 A. M. - 1:30 P. M.  
Sons and Daughters Organizational Meeting 10 A. M.

**Memorial Service at D-Day Museum**

**Buses leave Hilton at 5 P. M. Return to Hilton after the service**

**September 15, Saturday**

Registration Continues  
RBA-WWII Business Meeting 9:30 A. M. - 12:30 P. M.  
Lunch on your own  
Ranger Videos continue  
Ranger Oral Histories continue  
Ranger Chat Room continues  
Auction 1:30 P. M. - 3:00 P. M.  
Social Hour, Foyer of Ballroom 6 P. M.  
Music by "First Class"

**RBA-WWII Reunion Banquet, Grand Ballroom 7 P. M.**

Followed by dancing until ??  
Cash Bar will remain Open

**September 16, Sunday**

**Chapel Service (nondenominational) 9:00 A. M.**  
Goodbyes and Departure

Ranger Store will be open most of each day during Reunion





## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Warren "Bing" Evans

*WELCOME, OL' BUDDY! It seems that we all have some sort of an appetite for eternity, yet we have allowed ourselves to be caught up in a society that frustrates our longing at every turn. Half of our inventions and many of our endeavors are beamed at saving time! the washing machine, the fast car, the jet flight, the shaving of a tenth of a second from some record! but for what? Never have we been more harassed by time: by watches, by buzzers, by time clocks, by precise schedules. Not only are we harried by time, we seem unable, despite thousands of generations, ever to get used to it. We are always amazed at it! how fast it goes, how slowly it goes, how much of it is gone. We aren't adapted to it nor home in it.*

*So I plead with you, take time to enjoy the next few days with those who have meant so much to you, with those who have shared their every emotion with you. If that is so, it may appear as a proof, or at least a powerful suggestion that eternity does exist, and that you can live it! now!*

*Enjoy it!*



**Ranger Battalions Association  
of World War II  
Officers 1999 - 2001**



**National 27th Biennial Reunion  
September 11-16, 2001  
New Orleans, Louisiana**

**Executive Committee**

President . . . . .	Warren "Bing" Evans 1/E, 3/F
Vice President . . . . .	Ted Fleser 1/D
Secretary . . . . .	Tom Herring 5/C
Treasurer . . . . .	Bob Reed 1/3 HQ, Tom Herring 5/C
Chaplain . . . . .	Fran Coughlin 5/HQ
Trustee . . . . .	Clarence Goad 3/B
Trustee . . . . .	Ray Tollefson 2/A
Permanent Secretary . . . . .	Carl Lehmann 1/B, 3/C
Permanent Trustee . . . . .	Len Lomell 2/D

**Special Ranger Functions**

Editor, RANGER . . . . .	Tom Herring 5/C
Ranger Trust Fund Chairman . . . . .	Jim Altieri 1/E, 4/F
Coordinator West Point Awards . . . . .	Al Nyland 5/C
RBA Membership Roster Manager . . . . .	Carl Lehmann 1/B, 3/C
Bylaws Committee Chairman . . . . .	Len Lomell 2/D
Ranger Historian . . . . .	Tom Herring 5/C

**Reunion 2001 Committee**

President . . . . .	Warren "Bing" Evans 1/E, 3/F
General Chairman . . . . .	David Williams S&D
Secretary/Treasurer . . . . .	Tom Herring 5/C
Memorial Service . . . . .	Fran Coughlin 5/C
Public Affairs Chairman . . . . .	Jim Altieri 1/E, 4/F
Program Book Chairman . . . . .	Margo Taggatz S&D
Registration . . . . .	Sons & Daughters of WWII Rangers
Sutler Sales . . . . .	Karla Merritt S&D
Raffle Chairman . . . . .	Tom Herring 5/C
Hospitality Room Chairman . . . . .	Sons & Daughters of WWII Rangers
Reunion Program Book Publishing . . . . .	Randy & Marcia Moen S&D
Signs, Easels, Decorations . . . . .	Sons & Daughters of WWII Rangers





## In Memoriam

“With reverence and affection we remember before you, O everlasting God, all our departed Rangers and their wives. Keep us in union with them here through faith and love toward you, that hereafter we may join them and enter into your presence and be numbered with those who serve you and with them look upon your face in everlasting glory.”



*“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.”  
-St. Matthew 11:28*



### Reported Deceased Since Last Reunion

Ashby, Rufus	2F	1993	Dolan, James T.	1E	28-Nov-00
Baer, Alfted E.	2D	01-May-00	Donlin, Paul J.	2B	28-Apr-00
Bargmann, Kenneth	2E	29-Jul-01	Donovan, James W.	2B/D	25-Sep-00
Bell, Warren N.	6D	15-Apr-00	Douglas, Robert Jr.	5E	16-Jun-00
Bierbaum, John C.	1B	03-Sep-00	Drodwill, Joseph J.	5A	30-Jul-00
Blannett, John C.	6C	2000	Duke, Waverly R.	6E	1998
Bolmer, Charles W.	5D	14-Apr-01	Edsall, Robert L.	2A	25-Jan-01
Bowman, Jasper J.	1/3D	25-Feb-99	Evans, Lawrence J.	6B	2000
Brown, Owen L.	2Hq	06-Dec-99	Fahy, John V.	3/	12-Dec-89
Butler, William R.	6C	01-Nov-99	Findish, Henry J.	2Hq	Not given
Calvin, Armand A	3/	01-Jan-95	Fioretti, Joseph NMI	5C	18-Jun-72
Cardinali, Peter L.	5B	21-Oct-99	Flynn, George	6B	27-Oct-99
Castle, Sam	1B	04-Apr-01	Fordham, Max O.	4B	09-Mar-99
Chesher, Robert T	1F/4A	11-Jan-00	Franks, Ralph C.	6D	19-Jun-98
Choate, Chades R.	1B	Jun-78	Fritchman, Harry G.	2E	01-Jan-01
Clark, George M.	2Hq	1958	Garmen, Howard P.	1/	Nov-76
Clark, Williard A.	6Hq	09-Nov-99	Gaskill, Robert K.	1F	20-Mar-94
Colbert, Raleigh F.		Not given	Giffin, Grant M.	3E	22-Dec-00
Countryman, Robert	1D/F	26-Sep-00	Gombosi, Louis J.	5Hq/A	03-Nov-98
Covington, John A.	4/	1994	Gover, Charles L.	1C	01-Oct-00
Creed, George H.	1D	07-May-00	Gunnoe, Pierre D.	5B	12-Jun-00
Custer, Theodore E.	3/4	1998	Haas, Herbert N.	3A	10-May-01
Damico, Anthony J.	4E	13-Jul-73	Halliday, Robert H.	1/3Hq	22-Jul-99
Daniels, Aubrey D.	3/	16-Mar-01	Haywood, Edward	1C	21-Nov-90
Davis, Frank B.	6C	2000	Holden, Palmer	6/	1975
Dean, Minor C.	5C/Hq	17-Oct-00	Jeffries, Jack W.	5A	22-Nov-00
Deimel, Frank	1Hq	02-Mar-01	Katzen, Murray A.	1B/3C	05-Jan-00
Dettweiler, Billie	2E	25-Jul-00	Kelley, James F.	2/	13-Oct-99
Dietzel, Carlton O.	6C	04-Feb-00	Ketzer, Steve	1B	Not given
Dixon, Troy	6B	06-Nov-00	Key, Carl Q.	3/	11-Mar-91
Dixon, Virgil S.	6C	23-Sep-99	Kiernan, John D., Sr.	5E	27-Feb-01

(Continued)



## In Memoriam



### Reported Deceased Since Last Reunion

Kiser, Vance O.	6F	11-Oct-00	Pierce, Raymond B., Sr.	1D/Hq	19-Feb-01
Kreitzer, William C.	5F	22-Dec-99	Polesz, Joseph T.	6Hq/A	1974
Krumenacker, Edward C.	5HQ	Not given	Polus, Matthew J.	1F/4F	10-Jan-00
Landis, Joseph J.	1D	25-Aug-00	Port, John Y.	3F	10-Jan-00
Lang, Robert W.	2E	14-Jan-01	Pries, John L. F.	1/	05-Feb-97
Lange, Albert L.	1B	12-Jan-00	Pyles, Charles R.	5F	10-Feb-00
Larkin, James J.	1B/3E	13-May-00	Quagliana, Melvin J.	2D	20-Sep-99
Larsen, William E.	5B	1984	Rakofsky, William C.	5E	03-Jan-00
Lewis, Eldon	6/	2000	Randall George H.	6F/C	13-Jan-00
Liebhaber, Frank B.	1/	29-Jun-00	Reddin, Fay	2B	07-Aug-99
Long, Harry T.	1B	29-Jun-93	Reid, Alfred J.	3/C-E	09-May-01
Madden, Merle L.	5E	05-Dec-82	Rich, Melvin B.	5F	06-Feb-00
Mains, Clif	2E	14-Aug-00	Roberts, Harry W.	2E	24-Dec-99
Majane, Wilfred C.	2E	Sep-99	Rodgers, Clayton C.	1/	02-Jan-00
Malm, Robert G.	1/	31-May-00	Rodriquez, Raymond	1F/4E	17-Jan-01
Marquis, Patrick	6F	Not given	Rohlin, David W.	5HQ	2001
Martin, Albert A.	6C	2000	Ryan, Wilsie "Lucky"	5B	22-Nov-99
Martin, Lewis H.	3/	07-Mar-01	Schultz, John W.	1/	16-Mar-46
Matte, John R.	5D	Not given	Serksnis, Karl A.	1D/Hq	21-Nov-00
Maxwell, Richard R.	2C	17-Dec-00	Shaughnessy, Richard	3Hq	23-Jan-00
McClain, Leroy J.	1B	1986	Shirey, Ernest L.	1E	23-Nov-00
McCool, Lloyd	5E	22-Nov-98	Shirey, Robert F.	2Hq	08-Apr-00
McCreery, Paul G.	4/	05-Feb-73	Simmonds, Russall W.	2/	Feb-01
McDaniel, Richard A.	5/HQ	09-Jun-01	Skaggs, Robert H.	4/	21-Nov-00
McGuinnis, Alford J.	6C/F	2000	Sloboda, Thomas T.	5C	29-Oct-99
McKissick, Howard D.	5C	18-May-81	Steiner, George	6/	2000
McKnight, Bryan F.	2E	Jan-01	Stewart, Manton P.	6C	2000
Mehaffey, Jay H.	5C	02-Mar-01	Stoher, John C.	6C	11-Dec-99
Mischke, Arden V.	5D	31-Dec-99	Talkington, Woodrow	2E	13-Nov-99
Mitchum, Dalphus G.	2E	25-Nov-97	Tarlton, Alvin S.	1Hq	12-Sep-00
Moss, Milton N.	2F	26-Jan-00	Thompson, William R.	5C	01-Jun-00
Murray, Edgar F.	1/	Dec-88	Upton A. Joe	4E	21-Oct-99
Nard, Roy F. Sr.	5F	26-Mar-01	Waggott, Kenneth	6/	18-May-89
Nezezon, Stephen J.	2Hq	23-Feb-01	Waller, Howard	6F/Hq	11-Nov-99
Nixon, Jacques M.	1/D&4	26-Jun-01	Walsh, Bruce	5F	15-Jan-00
Norling, Richard L.	2/	09-Feb-01	Wells, Theodore	5Hq	Sep-99
O'Hare, Robert J.	3/	Not given	Whitney, William H.	1Canno	27-Sep-99
Parker, Charles H.	5A	07-Feb-00	Wieter, Ralph C.	2/	05-Sep-00
Parker, Charles S.	2Hq	19-May-68	Yurko, Michael S.	1D/F	04-Apr-01
Pettit, Robert E.	1/	Apr-01	Zanta, George J.	3B	12-Jul-00
Petty, Wm. L. "L-Rod"	2F	22-Mar-00			



## Capri

They told us we could take a trip—go out to old Capri  
For this would be our only chance that lovely Isle to see.  
We started out a sergeant bold, a lonely Pfc.  
Their only words of warning were: “Return ye men at three.”

It was an awe-inspiring sight that met our hungry eyes:  
An island steeped in foliage beneath those azure skies.  
A gray and ancient mariner now met us on the shore.  
Said he: “I’ll show to you a sight you pay a dollar for.”  
A cave so blue it seemed untrue, yet saw it with our eyes;  
It was an earthly challenge to the blueness of the skies.

Yes, ’twas on that Isle (of Capri) we did it—  
The sergeant and the Pfc.  
We drank that wine so evil, and we ne’er returned at three.  
We saw the writing on the wall—a SOLDAT ye shall be;  
For we drank that wine so evil, and the hour was past three.

It was a situation now to test the strongest mind,  
So we had a shot of cognac, and put our cares behind,  
We then met two fair maidens, not under a walnut tree,  
But rather in a bar room where we knew more wine would be.

So forgetting all our worries, we drank the night away,  
With promises to the owner that come the morn we’d pay.  
We felt deep in our pockets—the bill was sixteen lire.  
There came a nervous feeling—perhaps you’d call it fear.

We had to leave quite swiftly, in the early hours of dawn;  
When the owner finally awoke, alas he found us gone.  
Now to make this tale much shorter, we used our sixteen lire  
For passage on a ferryboat, which brought us safely here.

Yes, ’twas on the Isle of Capri that we did it;  
We missed our boat at three—  
An up-and-coming sergeant and a lonely Pfc.  
And now we sit here quietly, our escapade is done.  
We’re just two LOWLY PRIVATES,  
But we had a lot of fun.

—By Joe Upton,  
“E” Company, 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion



# 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion

## HEROES CRY TOO

Let me tell you a story. There were two times in my 15 months at Oflag 64 Prison camp that I cried. One of them was the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. We were standing in an *appel* formation and the orchestra came out. We wondered what in the world was going on. After they were through counting us, we all still stood there. From somewhere, somebody produced an American flag. There was a strong enough breeze to make it stand out and it seemed to be flapping at us—cocky-like. As it waved in the breeze the orchestra played the *Star Spangled Banner*. And I stood there looking at it. Although, we heard afterwards the Germans had tried to confiscate the flag, remarkably they didn't interfere. That surprised us! At that moment I was so proud! Tears came to my eyes.

The other time was at Christmas. We had had a play that night, one of our small theater productions. I had been a part of it, I remember—in the chorus. Later, we started to sing Christmas carols with the orchestra and the piano. The Germans enjoyed that too. I remember while we were singing *Silent Night*, the guards were singing along with us in German. So we sang a lot of carols.

Then afterwards we went back to our barracks. It was deadly serious again. The spotlights were on us, rotating around. The lights were shining on our Christmas tree. Earlier we had all helped a couple of guys who were pretty adept, make a Christmas tree out of the Red Cross parcel boxes. It stood about two feet high. They had fit some branches in and had used the opener ribbons from the Woolly Beef Cans for decorations. The Woolly Beef and the Spam cans had metal ribbons about a quarter inch thick. The cans were opened by rolling up these metal ribbon keys. For our Christmas tree, we straightened them out and made them into different shapes and forms. They were our icicles for the Christmas tree. We even had made little Santa Clauses out of cardboard and hung them on the branches.

We put the Christmas tree in the window. And of course it was cold. But when I went to bed that Christmas night, after it was all over, I laid there in the dark in my bunk. Every now and then the spot light would come by and the light would flash on our little Christmas tree. Because of the change in temperature and the wind outside, it would move the ornaments and make them twinkle and shine. I got to feeling kind of blue—kind of lonesome. I thought of home and what they were doing for Christmas. That night I cried myself to sleep.

*Excerpt from "HEROES CRY TOO," an upcoming book from Meadowlark Publishing about Warren "Bing" Evans – 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Battalions.*



## CHARLES H. KAZURA

I am writing to you to share a story about my husband, Ranger Charles H. Kazura, who had the honor of being one of the first and original of "Darby's Rangers," who volunteered while serving with the 168<sup>th</sup> Infantry in Belfast, Ireland. The British Commandos set the rules of a Ranger:

Be physically fit and pass all the tests. This is a suicide outfit that requires you to be an expert with a machine gun, rifle and knife. You have to know how to stop a steam engine and how to wreck a power plant.

My information regarding training comes from Chuck's personal diary, which explains much of the intense training in Achnacary, Scotland from June 28, 1942 to August 19, 1942, which was the date of the Dieppe Raid.

Many fellows died in training while others dropped out and returned to their units. There were the numerous obstacle courses, the double-time two and one-half mile runs, the 16 1/2 mile cross country hikes, castle climbing with ropes, mountain climbing (one of which was the highest in Scotland at 4800 feet) with temperatures of 35 degrees at the top. All the maneuvers and practice invasions were in the eternal rain and mud. Also there were those 12-mile forced marches, the deadly assault landings under fire and the depth slides over water. And the log throwing for fun????

The last entry in Chuck's diary was September 5, 1942. By this time "the pioneers of the U. S. forces moved onto real combat" . . . in North Africa, Tunisia, Algiers, Arzew, French Morocco . . . then on to Sicily, Naples, Italy, Foggia and Salerno.

It was in San Pietro, Italy that Charles was severely wounded by nine machine gun bullets that tore through the right thigh and knee. This happened on December 8, 1943. Surgery was performed temporarily in Africa under a tent. Shortly thereafter, he was flown to the United States for more intensive surgery at Valley Forge Hospital in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. There were months of bedfast days in a full body cast. But this Ranger was always cheerful and receptive. However, he did become hesitant of getting married. We had been engaged since October of 1941. After more thought, we were married on August 29, 1945. We had a son and then a daughter, Doreen Lynn. Our son, Charles Darby is a namesake of Colonel William O. Darby (with his permission). "Darby" left college to enlist in the service and volunteered for the Special Services, the Green Berets, during the Vietnam Conflict and served with the Intelligence Service for four years.

Sgt. Charles served with the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalions and was awarded: The Purple Heart, the Presidential Unit Citation, two Bronze Arrowheads, the American Defense Medal and European, African, and Middle East Service Medals. To follow is a poem from his diary. A number of Ranger autographs are also in the diary.

I do regret to say that my husband and Ranger passed away on April 12, 1994, after a series of stroke and heart attacks. We all miss him. May God rest his soul. Some of his memorabilia has been sent to Emmory Dockery, President of the Darby Foundation at Fort Smith, Arkansas.



"Howie" Hedenstad and Charles Kazura, "Ready for a good speed-march" in Scotland 1942



Charles H. Kazura in North Africa 1943

Here's the poem, dated 5/13/42, from his World War II diary 1941-1943 ...

### The Quitters

When you're lost in the world,  
And you're scared as a child  
And Death looks you BANG in the eye,  
And you're sore as a boil,  
It's according to Hoyle to cock your revolver . . . and DIE  
And self-desolation is barred.  
In hunger and woe, Oh, it's easy to blow,  
It's the Hell served for breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!!"  
Well, now, that's a shame.  
You're young and you're bright and you're brave.  
You've had a raw deal! I know, but don't squeal.  
Buck up. Do your damndest and fight.  
It's the plugging away that will win the day.  
So, don't be a Piker, Old Pard!  
Just draw on your grit. It's so easy to quit.  
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.  
It's easy to cry that you're beaten . . . and Die,  
It's easy to crawfish and crawl.

But to fight and to fight  
When Hope's out of sight,  
Why, that's the best game of them all!  
And though you came out of each grueling bout  
All broken and beaten and scared,  
Just have one more try - It's dead easy to Die  
It's the keeping on living that's hard.

—Contributed by Lillian Kazura



## Honoring Ranger Paul Douglas McCormic

1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Ranger Force Headquarters, TEC5

Ranger McCormic was part of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Darby's original Rangers. He was drafted into the army in February 1942 and completed basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky. His unit was sent overseas where he volunteered, interviewed, by Darby himself, for the first, now infamous, battalion of Rangers. Four weeks of rigorous training followed in Achnacarry, Scotland under the direction of the British Commandos. After a sample of the physical expectations associated with this elite new unit of the armed forces, Paul became part of Darby's personal Headquarters staff as a radio technician. From Achnacarry, he and his comrades were moved to Dundee. In Dundee the Rangers enjoyed the only respite of peace from their chosen career as Rangers. For two weeks, the Rangers of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion resided with host families who offered them a warm bed, home cooking (sparse in regard to the rationing), and a family atmosphere they hadn't experienced since they'd left home in the States. Here they waited anxiously for the fateful orders that would signify the initiation of the United States in the ground war of World War II, but more significantly, the initiation of the elite Ranger force into the United States Armed Forces.

When the orders finally came, Paul was shipped to North Africa and participated in the invasion near Oran. After their history making successes against the Vichy soldiers in Africa, his unit was sent with the newly formed 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Battalions, to invade the island of Sicily. Within four weeks, the Rangers had driven the Italian and German soldiers out of Sicily. The tactics of this elite group kept bloodshed to a minimum, but also achieved a significant success for the Allied Forces. Foremost in these initial accomplishments was establishing the future role of the Ranger. The ability to seize a stronghold with a minimum of lives lost, has put Paul and his some 500 comrades of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, in the record books for initiating the reputation of a vital breed of soldier maintaining the preservation of freedom for the United States, and its allies, in the world today.

Paul's battalion trained relentlessly before each assignment. Prior to the invasion of Italy, the soldiers spent hours scaling cliffs and exercising their infamous speed marches, packing full gear. This training prepared them for the successful execution of the surprise attack from the unfortified, mountainous region to the north. Paul was attached as a radio operator with the British Commandos. Although greatly outnumbered, these infamous Ranger skirmishes in Italy secured several airports and forced the German army to retreat up the Italian peninsula. It was a great historical accomplishment for both the allied forces, and the future of the Rangers.

Paul and his family of Rangers went into training once more, this time, to prepare for the invasion of Anzio. Following this successful skirmish, the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> Battalions were to meet their infamous fate at Cisterna. A massacre of Darby's elite forces occurred here. Those soldiers not taken prisoner were brutally slaughtered and met their fate at Cisterna. Of the more than 1000 troops to enter the skirmish at Cisterna, Paul, miraculously escaping both, was one of 26 Rangers who escaped either fate and returned.

One week after the Cisterna disaster, Paul was again sent into battle for his final skirmish as a Ranger. Here he was critically wounded in both legs and returned to the States. For two years he was in and out of VA hospitals regaining the use of his legs and recovering from his wages at war. He was most honorably discharged in November 1945.

Paul worked for the postal service in Minnesota (Minneapolis and Redwood Falls) for some 20 years. He married and had one son. He later retired and moved to Florida. Our records indicate Paul left us in 1974.

—Contributed by his family



## HAROLD C. SCHNEIDER



Harold C. Schneider was born on November 12, 1918 in Detroit, Michigan. He entered the service on March 18, 1943 and took basic training at Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Arkansas. He was assigned to the Infantry, 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion and fought at Anzio, Cisterna, Rome and Naples-Foggia.

His most memorable experience was: after walking 14 miles through enemy lines his 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion was trapped in Cisterna. After hours of fighting with no ammo left, they were captured and taken to a prison camp in Hammerstein, Germany. He did escape. He was discharged on November 9, 1945 with the rank of corporal. His decorations and citations include: Good Conduct Medal, Purple Heart Medal, WWII Victory Ribbon/two Bronze Battle Stars, three Overseas Service Bars, Distinguished Unit Badge, Combat Infantry Badge and POW Medal.

He was married for 37 years (wife is deceased) and has three sons, two daughters and five grandchildren. He is retired from 30 years with Chrysler Corporation and his hobby is running. He has run in the Senior Olympics in the mile event.

—Contributed by “Hal” Schneider



## JUD “LUCKY” LUCKHURST

My name is Jud “Lucky” Luckhurst. I was one of Darby’s boys in the Second World War (Company F, 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion). I spent nearly all of April (2001) in the hospital, just about the time the Ranger dilemma was taking place with the black berets. When I returned home, my grandson wrote the enclosed poem for me. To my knowledge he has never written poetry before. I thought it was pretty good.

*I wrote a fictional poem while you were in the hospital. It is dedicated to you and the rest of the Rangers out there. I hope you like it. I just wanted you guys to know that no matter what happens, some of us still hold what you guys and what you stand for sacred. If you like, feel free to pass it on.*

*Love you, Sam*



worn  
by sam luckhurst

white hair man—  
with a five-year-old boy  
saddled on his knee,  
showing off medals  
usually brought out  
only once a year  
for the veteran's day parade.  
recall each shiny emblem  
attached to colored ribbons  
for the boy to touch, caress, and hold.  
unfold a few to pin on the boy's shirt  
each a smile ear to ear.

the boy curious,  
spying a piece of solid, black cloth.  
the old man displays  
for the boy's eager eyes.  
eyes which had seen it before—  
the beret that his grandfather  
wore on his head  
in the parades as he stood proudly  
in glory.

but he'd never touched it  
when at the old man's house  
it was always put away—  
out of sight.

the old-man to present the grandeur;  
the boy's heart begins to race.  
eyes sparkling as the ebony  
engulfs his sight.

the boy asks, with his acute voice,  
if he could wear it.  
suddenly, for the first time in the  
boy's short life,  
the white hair man  
with a sullen whisper  
says...NO.

"you can wear my medals  
even try on my uniform,  
but if you want to wear the beret  
you must earn the honor."

the boy, now called father—  
his boy of six saddles his knee,  
eyes fixed on the old beret,  
reverently folded, sitting in its case.  
the boy asks, sharpened voice,  
if he could wear it.

"you may wear his medals  
even try on his uniform,  
but if you want to wear the beret  
you must earn the honor."

—Contributed by "Lucky" Luckhurst



## MEMORIES OF FATHER BASIL

During the drench of a Glasgow Fall long ago, a slender British Army captain appeared at the flap of Headquarters tent, 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion. His erect figure in battledress, topped with the Green Beret was militarily correct except for a cleric's collar and the effects of relentless rain. Muck of the company street compelled him to roll his trousers to mid-thigh and carry boots and gaiters. Clydesdale mud sheathed his legs to the knee.

With a toothy grin—mischievous eyes dancing behind enormous horn-rims, he announced he'd come to "look after" the Rangers. His lilting, melodious tones filled the tent and stilled tongue and typewriter; it slowed traffic slogging by in the Company street. It was the voice of a Burton or a Booth, whose whispers reached the last row. Cheery small talk and wisecrack in faultless diction and sculpted phrase stamped him master of the Tongue, honed as at Eton and Oxford. He charmed lately bored clerks and surly NCOs, quickly learning their names and origins and regaling them with jolly quip and query. He was Captain (Father) Albert Basil, Catholic chaplain to the British Commandos, on ever changing "cir-

cuit," "looking after" Commandos—now Rangers—whenever and wherever their units encamped.

The Commandos were products of Churchill's zealous combativeness and the inspiration of Lieutenant Colonel Dudley Clark of the Imperial General Staff. They became fast moving, highly trained volunteer "shock troopers" who could respond quickly to invasion or, as they did, carry the fight to enemy beaches with hit-and-run amphibious raids. The title, "Commando," came from that of the Boar guerrillas in the war of Churchill's youth. They rekindled the belligerence of the desperate British Army after Dunkirk and gained the necessary experience for later, wider combat. Their raids drew increasing numbers of German divisions to the defense of the European coast before and after the commencement of large scale Allied military operations. Routinely, they and the Rangers were the tips of the arrows pointing ashore on invasion maps. Thirty thousand Commando soldiers and Rangers served, paying a dear butcher's bill, but wresting a full share and more of his ware.

After 1940, most Commando soldiers "graduated" from the Commando Depot in the Scottish Highlands at Achnacarry. There, day began with a run to and from a milk-and-kipper breakfast, a "speed-march" at twice the infantry pace, another run to a field for PT and squad exercises hefting and throwing tree trunks. It continued with runs to and between classes in field-craft, survival, weapons, rock climbing, marksmanship, infantry tactics, map reading, armed and unarmed combat, night fighting, amphibious landings and combat problems, for twelve hours a day, six days a week. The air was often live with the cracking of rifle and machinegun bullets and the blasts of concussion grenades as marksman instructors flavored the exercises with the sights and sounds of war. Failure of any test caused a return to the candidate's former unit—"RTU." Candidates "RTUed" left quietly without goodbyes, some weeping, most disappointed.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion was the product of a call for volunteers for an "American Commando" to Carrickfergus, Ireland. The call went throughout Britain in June 1941, and some twenty-five hundred responded, most from the 1<sup>st</sup> Armored and 34<sup>th</sup> Divisions. Seven hundred of these survived two-weeks-endurance and other tests, and the rest were RTUed. The survivors formed a battalion with the table of organization of a Commando: six line companies and a headquarters company totaling 500 officers and men. The surplus 200 were RTUed at the Commando Depot.

At Corker Hill the Rangers were fresh from advanced training in the Highlands and Dundee and alerted for embarkation to parts unknown. Each squad was in a pyramidal tent set down with others along company "streets" awash in soupy mud.

Father Basil had first visited the Rangers when they were at Dundee for the final phase of their training before they came to the port of embarkation at Corker Hill. It was at Dundee he so impressed Colonel Darby that the latter implored Brigadier Laycock to allow the Father to come with the Rangers on the forthcoming invasion of North Africa. Basil was delighted with the assignment because he "had struck gold"—he was "looking after" a unit that was near 80 percent Roman Catholic! Commandos averaged, at most, 2 % Catholic. He nevertheless "looked after" the Jew and Protestant, the same as he did the Catholic.

At Arbroath, a coastal town near Dundee, the Rangers concluded a training session and were dismissed to return, individually, to their billets in Dundee. The harbor area that was the site of their exercise, was in 1940, like all potential landing areas, mined and wired as defense against German invasion. One man, jumping from a platform over a section of concertina wire, landed on an antitank mine that blew him to pieces and nearly killed the soldier following him. The explosion blinded and otherwise horribly wounded that man. Father Basil was in the operating room as a team of surgeons labored to save the man's life. One, despairing, suggested that upon the unlikely event they were successful in saving his life, that life would not be worth living, and that he would benefit were he to die in that room. The suggestion gained some apparent approval among others. At this point, Father Basil said: "If that boy dies, I shall repeat your words to the proper authority." At this writing, that Jewish boy still lives in Baltimore, Maryland.



According to General Darby, shortly before landing at Arzew, North Africa, Fr. Basil came to him genuinely distressed because of his exclusion from the assault landing. He persuaded Darby to let him land with Battalion Headquarters. A few days later he said Mass over the first Ranger dead in Africa.

He had become so much "one of the guys" that many Catholic Rangers could not regard him as they did other priests and were reluctant to face him in Confessional. He understood and engaged a French priest in Arzew to hear the confessions of the reluctant penitents. Since the Froggy spoke no English, Fr. Basil furnished him with a list of sins in French with their translations, about which the confessor inquired by running his finger down the list, pausing at each item for replies from the sinner. When he drew a "wi" or a nod he'd follow with, "How men' times?" Some young Rangers reported sins on that list they never dreamed existed.

After the campaign and more training in Algeria, 1<sup>st</sup> Rangers were flown to the Tunisian Front near Tebessa and Gafsa where it operated on the left of 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps, luckily free of the brunt of Rommel's smash at nearby Kasserine. Shortly, the Rangers advanced on El Guetar, occupied former Italian positions near there and actively patrolled the desert wastes and barren foothills of the Atlas mountains. An outflanking "left hook" through nearly impassable mountain terrain brought the battalion down upon a superior but shocked and surprised Italian force. Father Basil, speaking fluent Italian, helped to induce the surrender of hundreds of Italian soldiers. He got the Silver Star for his part in that action.

Shortly before this, General Patton, after assuming command of 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps upon Fredendall's relief, established an advanced headquarters in El Guetar. He lashed about with a will, shrilling at any soldier without a tie or with unfastened helmet strap, and being his usual pain-in-the-ass. From his second floor office, he spotted Father Basil—G.I. from head to toe, except for the green beret.

"Bring that officer to me at once, I'll kick his ass!"

"No you don't," said Darby, "that's our British Chaplain, and you have no right to discipline him."

Sometime during this phase of the African war, the British Army located its "lost" chaplain—supposed to return to the UK immediately after the landing—and sent for him. He ignored these orders at first, despite the threat to stop his pay. "I'll live off the collection plate," he said. When this was insufficient for his various projects, he "cut" the crap and poker games. Finally, under threat of courts-martial, he took tearful leave of his beloved Rangers. With him went a final "collection" out of a hat passed throughout the battalion. It was enough for him to buy a beaten silver chalice and have "First Ranger Battalion" inscribed on its base. For near fifty years, as he daily raised it at the sacrifice of the Mass, he was reminded.

Every man of the battalion knew that rough language and bawdy stories did not disturb the Father. He'd heard all—and still laughed at the dirty jokes and bawdy remarks. However, a blasphemy from which he cringed, spiritually, mentally and physically, was the usage of the Lord's name in vain. Soon every person who let slip a JC or a "Cee-rist" got immediate dirty looks from all in earshot. Neighboring 1<sup>st</sup> Division people were utterly confused by Rangers' insistence upon this cleansing of their language when they were in the Rangers' area.

Many years later the Padre revealed another substantial reason he valued his relationship with the Rangers so highly: "When I first came to you," he confessed, long after the War, "I'd had some problems with the Faith. I doubted things about which there should have been no doubt; I was losing my focus during my daily prayers and wondering if I'd chosen the wrong profession.

"But then I was invited to an Ameddican officers' mess and there introduced to your Ameddican Burrriban! Suddenly it became clear what Paradise was all about! What nectar, what ambrosia! When I go to my final reward, I shall be seated at the right hand of the Lord in a mist of Kentucky Burrriban!"

Except one brief visit when the Rangers were refitting in Naples, his duties carried him to other theaters of the War, and he was unable to "look after" his beloved Rangers except through letters. He served in the Commandos in Greece and Yugoslavia and spent a considerable amount of time in the same

Commando as Evelyn Waugh, the author, whom he reckoned as one of the bravest of Commando officers.

Not until 1961, when the Ranger Battalions Association held its biennial Reunion in Baltimore did Father Basil and the Rangers again meet. At the prior (Detroit) Reunion, two of his former "altar-boys," John Higgins and Bob Chesher decided to locate him and then invite him to the next one. Bob consulted a parish priest about how best to locate the Father: "No problem, a Catholic Priest in England is such a rarity, he is easy to find."

When located, Father Basil was teaching philosophy at Loughborough University. Of course, he desperately wanted to come, but he had to get the permission of the head of the Rossminian Order in England. He was near certain permission would be denied but nevertheless wrote an extensive plea setting out his history with the Rangers. Summoned to his superior's office in London, he was ordered to go.

From then on, for many years, he attended Ranger Reunions and continued "looking after" his Rangers (and their families) at such gatherings and by copious correspondence between times.

His attendance at the Baltimore Reunion was most memorable. He renewed many of those dear relationships formed in Scotland and North Africa, and began many more between the veterans and families of the six battalions. He was the principal speaker at the banquet and induced reactions from belly-laughs to tears. He conducted the main Mass that Sunday at the newly-built Cathedral of Mary Our Queen and for his sermon took that day's Gospel, Luke, 10:30. He spoke of the kinship of Samaritan and Jew, the slight differences between their language and customs and likened their ties to the bonds between Ranger and Commando soldier. From time to time thereafter, parishioners commented upon the appropriateness of the message and the excellence of his language and style. Rangers in the first pews with emotions elevated by awful hangovers, labored desperately for control.

He insisted that California wines are for the most part, far superior to the French. At Delmonico's in New York, he refused the waiter's proffer of a French wine and asked for a California Cabernet. The Chef then asked permission to speak to the Catholic priest who had the good taste and sense not to spoil his wonderful food with bad French wine.

At a coffee-shop in Miami Beach, he asked the waitress to provide him with a "bag-el." Noting her obvious inability to understand, he pointed to the item on the menu, and repeated, "bag-el."

"Oh! You mean 'bay-gel'!"

"No," he explained patiently, pointing to the lettering of the item, "I want a b-a-g, as in 'bag' 'el', as in 'L'; just the way it is spelled."

He seldom displayed anger, but once, having chosen a fine Pino Noir, he paled when it arrived in an ice bucket.

"My dear young lady," he announced in tones loud enough to carry to nearby tables, "I may not look the part, because I am wearing vacation clothing, but I am a Catholic priest; I have the power to baptize all manner of persons, to bind them to each other in matrimony, to forgive their sins and consign their remains to the grave; I can absolve you from the most heinous of sins! adultery, fornication, even murder; but I cannot forgive you for chilling this fine red wine."

His advocacy of Ameddican bourbon whiskey ended in 1969 in the home of a Baltimore Ranger after the Miami Reunion. The Ranger, an outstanding amateur chef, had prepared an elaborate feast for the Father and a young priest from the Baltimore Archdiocese. Both were gourmets and connoisseurs and they approved of the food and wine in glowing terms. Their host went to the liquor cabinet and was at first irked to find there was no brandy. He poured the brandy sniffers with Jack Daniel's Tennessee Sour Mash and set them before his guests who at once set them swirling as they warmed the glasses in their palms. They sniffed and sipped with appreciation and approval. Father Basil then said, "You know, this is probably one of the best brandies I have ever tasted, but I can't quite place it."



“Try harder, Father,” said the host, “you must recognize it.”

Try as they might, the clerics could not identify the “brandy.” From then on, JD was Father Basil’s drink of choice.

The Rangers of World War II, Korea, Vietnam, the 75<sup>th</sup> Ranger Regiment, and the Ranger Training Brigade at Fort Benning, Georgia, formed the Ranger Hall of Fame to honor and preserve the spirit and contributions of America’s finest Rangers. Only the most extraordinary Rangers are inducted. Honorary induction may be conferred on individuals who have made extraordinary contributions to the Ranger community. Father Basil’s induction was not as an honorary but as an Actual Ranger, for, as was said during his induction, “Whenever Rangers, living and dead are listed, the Padre’s right up there with the Bs.”

Those Rangers, who spent many hours in conversation with him, were enriched by his tales of missions as soldier, teacher, and priest. His insights, serious and otherwise, on many subjects, were enormously enriching. A few hours with him produced a smattering of his views on Abortion, Acoustics, Catholicism, Death, English, Food, Italy, Homosexuality, Jack Daniels, Judaism, Lust, Luther, Philosophy, Rangers, Theology, USA, Waugh, Wines, Women, Yanks and Zoology (didn’t like dogs).

The Rangers were saddened by his passing...

—Contributed by Carl Harrison Lehman



## DUANE EDGINGTON

I landed at Casablanca, Africa on 12-4-1943 and from there went to the 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion Co. D at Algiers, Africa. I was given the orders and was instructed to deliver them to the 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger HG in Algiers. I had some Ranger Training in the States.

After my training here, I taught grenade firing from the 03-Springfield Rifle Grenade Launcher—the MI had not been developed as yet.

During the Italian Campaign, we Rangers (the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> Bn.) made the landing and established a beachhead at Anzio, Italy on 1-22-1944. Col. Darby led the Rangers here. He remained in a farmhouse on the Isola Bella-Cisterna Road.

On 1-30-44, the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion served in reserve—I was in the 4<sup>th</sup> Bn.). The 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion was sent to a position north of the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalions and attempted to help them—they had been pinned down by the new fresh German troop build up. I had the machine gun section. The German troops were in front of Cisterna—not behind as we were told.

On 1-31-1944, the 4<sup>th</sup> Rangers moved through the Mussolini Canal and engaged the enemy. We were busy three days and three nights with tank fire and machine gun, mortar fire by the Germans. Very little sleeping was done. At Isola Bella, we were soon also pinned down. It was as if the enemy knew the American Invasion Plan. The German troop build-up had been successful. We sustained heavy losses but held our position until the rest of the invasion force came ashore with infantry, tanks, etc. to help push the enemy back.

Later we heard that the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> Rangers were disbanded—about 3-1-44. The 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> had lost 95% of their men—either killed or captured.

I was sent back to Africa due to an injured leg. Six months later I joined the 12th Armored Division. I was made S/Sgt. over the Recon Platoon. Here I remained until the war was over.

—Contributed by Duane Edgington

## MEMOIRS OF GUSTAVE E. SCHUNEMANN

It all began April 2, 1943, when my friends, neighbors and President Roosevelt selected me to serve in the United States Army, according to the letter from the local draft board. The induction station was located on Canal Street, Manchester, NH, where I took my physical examination. All went well until I reached the end of my physical and the doctor looked at my feet. They were small (size 5 ½) and after the medics consulted with one another they decided to pass me. I was afraid for a while that they were going to reject me. In those days, one classified 4-F (unfit for military service) was looked upon with scorn by a patriotic citizenry.

We were given a battery of tests that measure aptitude in several areas to determine where we could be best utilized. The tests measure aptitude skills in such areas as clerical, electrical, mechanical, etc. I scored high on the radio code test, so they earmarked me for training in the communications field. We were immunized against every known disease, since we could be assigned anywhere in the world. Yellow fever, tetanus, cholera, small pox and all the rest, until we thought our arms would fall off.

Once again we boarded a train, only this time it was a troop train with a dozen or so coach cars loaded with new recruits, headed for parts unknown. The window shades were drawn for security purposes and we were not allowed to raise them under any circumstances. The only way we knew where we were was to sneak a peak through the side of a curtain and check the license plates on the cars at crossings. To no ones' surprise, our journey came to a halt in the piney woods of northern Florida, a place called Camp Blanding, an infantry training center about 40 miles west of Jacksonville at Starke, Florida.

Nearing the end of the basic training cycle in July, the regiment embarked on a 25-mile hike. July in Florida is always hot and on the day of our road march it was over 100 degrees. Even hotter on a black-top road. Laden with a 35-pound full field pack on their backs and a nine pound M-1 slung on their shoulders, the guys were dropping like flies. We were not allowed to fall out because of exhaustion or just not felling well. One had to pass out on his face, in the road. I was one of sixteen guys in our company that made it back without falling out. I'll never forget the black spots before my eyes the last few miles. After losing a few people to heat stroke the armed forces changed their way of doing things. All activities in hot weather are now controlled by the thermometer in order to prevent serious injuries.

We had an old, gray-haired captain for a company commander, dumber than a bag of hammers. He was passed over for promotion more times than he could count on his fingers and toes. Every time a soldier went AWOL he would restrict the entire unit to the company area for two weeks, an example of mass punishment that went out with the dark ages. Morale was lower than whale dung. It was mid August when the company commander came into the mess hall during lunch and announced five volunteers were needed for overseas service and that the first five men at the orderly room would be accepted. He was almost trampled to death by the stampede. Since I was seated near the mess hall door, I was one of those five men. I had no idea where I was going and could care less.

On September 1, 1943 we set sail in a massive convoy of more than 500 ships. Most of the voyage was uneventful until, just off the Rock of Gibraltar, we were attacked by German JU88 bombers. The early evening sky was full of anti-aircraft fire. The flak was so thick we could hardly see the planes. It's amazing how much firepower those ships can throw. Although many enemy planes were shot down, a few of our ships were hit. A tanker a couple hundred yards behind us suffered a direct hit and blew sky high. They never knew what hit them.

After a 45-day trip we finally arrived at the port of Bari, Italy on the Adriatic Sea. We stayed there about ten days, guarding a huge supply depot. The army then realized we were on the wrong side of the "boot", loaded us back onto LCIs (landing ships) and sent us south through the straits of Messina and north to the Bay of Naples and a large replacement depot, located in a former racetrack on the outskirts



of the city.

While waiting for further orders, I was very impressed by a recruiting pep talk given by Captain Charles Shundstrum, a tall sharp-looking member of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion. He described Ranger activities in detail and their successes in battles all the way from North Africa. He told us their casualties so far could be counted on one hand (he lied). It sounded pretty good so fifteen of us signed up. The Rangers were an all-volunteer unit. If a volunteer had any rank, he was reduced to private. One had to earn his stripes as a Ranger.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion was formed in Ireland in June 1942 under the command of then Major William O. Darby, a West Point graduate. Thousands of applicants from each of the divisions stationed in England and Ireland were interviewed. 500 of those men were hand-picked and trained by the British Commandos in Scotland and Ireland. On the night of August 18, 1942, six officers and 44 enlisted men, representing all six companies of the Ranger Battalions, accompanied the Commandos in the first raid on enemy-held soil by Americans at Dieppe, France across the English Channel. They left the port at Dieppe in smoldering ruins.

For the American invasion of North Africa, the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion was selected to spearhead the initial assault landing at Arzew, Algeria in advance of the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division. Their battle successors throughout the Tunisian campaign are well documented. Countless awards and decorations were issued, including the Presidential Unit Citation. It was in April 1943 at Nemours, Algeria when two more Ranger battalions, the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> were formed while the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalions were being trained at Camp Forrest, Tennessee.

With Patton's Seventh Army in Sicily and Mark Clark's Fifth Army in Italy, the Ranger Force spearheaded every major landing and several important mountain attacks up to and including the Anzio Beachhead.

It was late October 1943 when I was assigned to F Company, 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion at their location just north of Naples. Following a week of training in Ranger tactics, the outfit packed up and headed north where we would be committed to combat duty. Our frontlines were located along the foothills of the Appenine Mountains, overlooking the town of Venafrò. The entire valley was occupied by the Americans, but the Germans still controlled the heights which had to be taken before the narrow corridor leading to Cassino could be entered. The Germans also held the dominant terrain overlooking the juncture of Highway 6 and the lateral road, linking Venafrò and San Pietro. So intense was the enemy artillery fire, directed from far-seeing skytop observation points, that American supplies and troop movements were forced to operate only at night, and even then at great risk. Before we could move any further, those heights had to be taken.

On the bitterly cold night of November 8<sup>th</sup> our battalion moved on foot to a shell scarred olive grove a mile above the battered town of Venafrò. Our mission was to protect the left flank of one infantry division and the right flank of another and to occupy and hold the high ground above Venafrò and the strategic highway junction below. The Germans sent wave after wave of Stukka dive-bombers to blast the entire area of Venafrò, followed by continuous artillery shelling. We were well dug in at the olive grove, however, and suffered few casualties. Meanwhile we went on scouting patrols to pick up as much intelligence on the enemy as possible, the usual prelude to an attack.

On the morning of November 11<sup>th</sup> we began our ascent up the mountain, climbing steadily all day. By nightfall we had reached a point two to three hundred yards from the ridge where the Germans were entrenched. All night they shelled us with mortar fire. We could hear the "whap" sound as the mortar round was fired from the tube and after a few seconds the screeching sound of the shell on its way down. Fortunately there were all kinds and sizes of stones scattered all over the mountainside, enabling us to build little fortifications around our bodies for protection against shrapnel and bullets. It would take a direct hit for anyone to suffer from the mortar barrage. At dawn we began to exchange sniper fire with

the enemy on the ridge. It was like a turkey shoot, picking them off as they stuck their heads out from behind rocks. They managed to hit a couple of our guys as well. Sgt. Martin McCarthy was hit right between the eyes. He was killed instantly.

It was near noon when PFC Walter Moskowitz ran over to my position to tell me to get ready to move out. I yelled at him to take cover—that they were shooting at me. I hardly got the words out of my mouth when he was hit in the small of his back by a sniper's bullet. He cried, "Oh, Ma" and began to gurgle as his lungs filled with blood. Even though Richards, our medic, was there in a flash, there was nothing he could do. The order was then given to assault the ridge. We had a mortar section leader, Larry "Red" Gilbert, from Farmington, New Hampshire, who was highly skilled with a 60mm mortar. Without a heavy cumbersome base plate, he put the tube on a rock and holding it with one hand, got four or five rounds in the air at once, spraying the entire length of the ridge with high explosives. We advanced in Indian fashion from rock to rock, avoiding intense machine gun fire from above. On the way up to the ridge I tripped an anti-personnel mine called a "bouncing betty," a fragmentation grenade designed to explode about six feet in the air. It popped up, level with my head and about a foot away, then toppled harmlessly to the ground. A dud! Between Red's devastating fire and some help from our supporting 4.2-inch mortar battery down below, we routed the enemy from their lofty perches. There was blood all over the place indicating heavy losses on their side. They wasted no time heading for the next pre-established defensive positions in the mountain range to the north. At this point we linked up with a division on our right flank and "lo and behold" the first guy I met on top of that mountain was Joe Sullivan, a kid I grew up with in south Manchester. He was a member of the 504<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division. A small world, indeed.

One of our severely wounded, Sgt. Anderson, had to be evacuated down the mountain to the aid station. I was chosen along with Jim Brennan and two others to carry Anderson on a litter down the treacherous trail, in the dark, a journey that took about eight hours. We arrived just before dawn only to find that Anderson had died on the way. We were completely exhausted and just dropped in our tracks, on the ground, sound asleep. There's no telling how many lives would have been saved with med-evac helicopters during WWII. At noon we began the long trek back up the mountain to rejoin our company.

We must have eaten something bad from the mess in the rear area because about half the company came down with hepatitis or yellow jaundice. We were very sick with diarrhea, nausea and weakness. Our skin and eyes turned yellowish in color. The medics gave us some horse pills about the size of a nickel and it cleared up. My eyes have never cleared to this day. I thought for a while that if the Krauts didn't get me, the jaundice would.

The quartermaster corps used mules to carry supplies and ammunition up the mountain to our location. The same mules carried dead bodies, lying across their backs, back down. I remember one mule, reddish in color, that had a real mean streak in him. He would kick or bite anyone who got close enough. He kicked our BAR gunner about 30 yards down the mountain. That mule never kicked anyone else! There was another mule that waited for an enemy artillery shell to hit, then he would gallop over and stand in the steaming shell crater for the warmth. I guess he figures a shell would never land in the same spot twice. Smart critter. On Thanksgiving Day the mules carried a complete dinner, turkey and all the trimmings, still hot in thermos containers, way up on the mountain-top. What a welcome relief from field rations C, K and U!

Having secured our position at Venafro, our company was sent over to help the 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Battalion on our left flank near the town San Pietro. We received quite a bit of enemy artillery fire, which was being directed from an abandoned monastery that was situated high up on the mountainside. The Germans were well entrenched in what they called the Gustav Line, a line of defense that stretched across the country at that point.

In mid December we were relieved of our combat mission and sent back to a rear area on the beach



at Lucrino, just a few miles north of Naples. It was sad to see the small children, always present by the garbage cans at mealtime. Their big eyes on those skinny, emaciated little bodies, tore at the heartstrings of every man in the unit. We gave them food from our mess kits that we didn't eat. They were so pitiful to look at and there was so little we could do for them.

We enjoyed three days leave in Naples where the quartermaster had shower facilities and other goodies like clean clothes, new boots and dry socks. It's hard to describe how much we enjoyed those luxuries. The ball was soon over, however, and we began intensive amphibious training for our next mission, the landing at Anzio, a resort town on the coast about 30 miles south of Rome. We trained night and day, using live ammunition and explosives. We practiced landing after landing in assault boats and when the boats were tied up we went on speed marches, just to keep in shape. Most of us thought combat was easier.

On 20 January 1944 we boarded the British Commando ship Princess Anne and set sail north. With the coming of dusk, speed was stepped up and the final rendezvous near the enemy-held shores was breached. The evening meal consisted of hard tack and a can of what looked and tasted like corned beef but was actually corned mutton from New Zealand. The British called it "corned wooly." At midnight, moonless and starless, we were silently lowered into assault boats for the ride to the beach. Combat Engineers, God love them, had gone in before us and cleared the beach of mines. They left small lights, one red and one green at opposite ends of the beach for us to guide on. We were about half way in when rocket ships opened up with a barrage that sounded like deep claps of thunder. Concussion from the exploding rockets shook the area for miles around. The enemy returned fire briefly, using anti-aircraft artillery, shooting across the water causing air bursts. That really got our attention! I don't think their blind firing hit anything, however. By the time we hit the beach they were long gone and hard to find. Apparently the landing came as a complete surprise to the enemy so there were no troops on hand to provide the reception we were expecting.

Thanks to skilled British naval assault boat operators, the landing was dry. It was so dark we couldn't see our hands in front of us. We hung onto the pack of the man ahead as we wound our way through deserted streets. I tripped over something and fell on the cobble-stoned road, crushing my right fingers under my rifle. I knew my hand was bleeding but I couldn't tell how bad it was. At dawn Richards cleansed the wound and bandaged it, and I was OK. He offered to make out an EMT tag to get me a Purple Heart, but I refused it.

For the next several days we moved further inland, establishing a secure beachhead. Methodically, the Germans bombed the harbor area every evening at five o'clock sharp. You could set your watch by it. This constant pattern provided us with some spectacular air shows. Upon arrival of the Stukka dive-bombers, the AAA would open fire, shooting down several planes. Suddenly the AAA stopped and here would come our fighter planes, P-38s and P-40s. It was an all black fighter squadron of the 15<sup>th</sup> Air Force out of Foggia. The slow flying Stukkas were duck soup for the fighter planes as they had a field day shooting them down. Enemy air crews were coming down in parachutes everywhere.

The show ended abruptly for us when the Ranger Force was given the mission to seize and hold the town of Cisterna Di Littoria, located five miles inside enemy territory. . . Each man was issued two hand grenades, a bandoleer of .30 caliber ammunition and one 60mm mortar shell. Our light packs carried two days rations along with clean socks and underwear, toilet articles and cigarettes.

At 0100 hours, 31 January 1944, we began to infiltrate into enemy held territory. One by one we moved in single file, silently, past enemy positions so close we could hear them talking. F Company was the point unit of the operation, so I was right up front of the movement. All night long we moved through the Mussolini Canal, over roads and along hedgerows. An occasional enemy flare would light up the area, causing us to freeze in our tracks so the krauts could not spot any movement. It was near dawn, at about 0500, when we came upon a lone sentry sitting under an olive tree. It was PFC Judson B. Luckhurst who



grabbed the sentry and while attempting to silence him, the German managed to break loose from Lucky's grip. He let out a scream that transformed a peaceful rural setting into a living hell. Machine-gun fire opened up almost immediately. Unwittingly, we had walked into a well camouflaged German airborne division. They had dug trenches about six feet wide and three feet deep, covered them with planks and soil and planted cabbages, row on row. Except for small openings at each end, the trenches were invisible.

Since we caught them asleep in the trenches, we were able to inflict heavy losses by tossing grenades into the openings. We were quickly surrounded by troops coming from everywhere. I saw half-tracked vehicles loaded with enemy troops about 500 yards away, coming fast on our direction. They had us pinned down in a cabbage patch and the Germans were making sauerkraut out of it with machine-gun fire. The air was alive with bullets that sounded like a swarm of mad hornets overhead. I couldn't see them to get a shot off and I couldn't rise up too much without getting myself shot. Eventually, that machine-gun nest was knocked out by somebody in Charley Company and the guys in my squad were able to move out of there to a better position, by a small concrete outbuilding. We weren't there long before the Krauts scored a direct on the building. Cement dust was everywhere. Colonel Darby was on the radio, frantically calling for artillery fire direction but the battalion commander advised him that it was useless in our location. We were in a hand-to-hand situation, too busy to be scared.

By midmorning German Tiger Tanks arrived on the scene, bringing with them more devastation fire-power. Some of the Ranger units were still wading along the Mussolini Canal when the Tigers pulled up to the canal's edge, lowered their cannons and machine-guns and fired point blank into the trapped soldiers. My first sergeant, Frank Mattivi, climbed aboard the rear of one of the tanks, opened the hatch and dropped in a grenade, stopping it in its tracks. That was only one example of many heroic actions that may never be recorded elsewhere in the annals of military history.

The battle raged on until around noon when we noticed a group of Rangers walking up the dirt road toward our position. At first we thought they were reinforcements that had somehow broken through. As they drew closer, however, we could see that their hands were in the air and were escorted by Germans. The Germans were demanding our surrender or the hostages would be killed. At that point Major Dobson had no choice but to order us to throw down our weapons and come out. Not only were we nearly out of ammunition, but we had already lost half of two Ranger battalions, killed or wounded. The carnage was tremendous on both sides. Only through the grace of God did I survive without a scratch. I just knew that my life had come to an end. The Germans herded us onto the farm road and marched us, hands raised high, out of the area. We carried some of our wounded on piggy-back, and others just needed someone to hang onto. . . Much to our surprise and relief, the Germans called for all the wounded to come forward. Some hesitated at first but we convinced them to go for medical help because they had nothing to lose at that point. There was Leroy Kraft, standing there, in complete shock, with half his face blown away. He and maybe a hundred others were loaded into trucks displaying red crosses and hauled away.

At dusk we were loaded onto trucks, packed like sardines, so tightly that we couldn't sit or lie down. We were actually held up by each other. We rode that way all night long, arriving on the outskirts of Rome early in the morning. It was at the Coliseum area that we were dismounted and marched through the streets of the city in one huge propaganda extravaganza. The Germans had movie cameras on every corner . . .

We were loaded up and hauled further north to another transit POW camp, called Laterina. . . Our greatest problem was getting enough to eat. For breakfast we were given 200 grams of black bread, a slice about one inch thick, and a little marmalade. We also got a cup of ersatz coffee that tasted more like boiled combat boot. Some said it was burnt barley. But it was hot and as time went by we learned to love it. That was it until evening when we got a cup of thin potato soup. If you were real lucky you could get a piece of bone. One of the guys got a bone and he chewed on it for days. We were hungry all the time,



losing weight fast. We soon cleared the compound of everything edible! weeds and grass. All we talked about was food.

On February 28<sup>th</sup> we prepared to take our final ride, this time by train, to a permanent POW camp in Germany, called stalags. Filing out of the compound we passed through a small gatehouse where we were frisked for weapons or anything else we shouldn't have. Ray Sadowski, a buddy from my squad, had an army pocketknife that he tossed over the fence to a man that had gone through the search. I was fortunate enough to end up in the same boxcar as the guy with the knife. . .

European freight cars are unlike anything in the United States. They have a small wooded window . . . So he went to work on the window . . . After six hours of work on the window we were able to get it open. We tied a few pieces of blanket together, anchored one end to Sadowski, and tossed the other out the window. It was about 10PM when the first man got out. I was the fifth in line to go. As the train began to roll again I squeezed through the window, hanging onto the blanket and just about ready to kick off when I spotted dim lights ahead. There were people standing on the platform, among them were German soldiers with rifles slung on their shoulders. We were passing through the Florence railroad station! Most of the people did not notice me while others just stared, wondering what that was all about. I had no choice but to hang on until the train was far away from there. . . By now we were moving at a very fast clip. It was so dark I could not tell if I was on a bridge or in an underpass. I had no idea where I was. It was now or never. Out of pure desperation, half starved to death, and with a strong will to survive, I kicked away from the boxcar, formed into a ball and went over heels down the crushed rock railroad bed. Picking myself up I checked for damage and found only a slightly sprained thumb. Again, thank God!

—By *Gustave E. Schunemann*  
Sergeant Major, US Army, Retired



## STEVE KETZER

My father, Steve Ketzer, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He ran away from home at the age of 15, basically because his parents divorced. At the age of 16, he lied about his age and joined the Army. He was assigned to the 1<sup>st</sup> Armored Division and was trained to ride motorcycles.

The 1<sup>st</sup> Armored Division was sent to Ireland. It was there that he volunteered for and was accepted as a Pfc. into the Ranger training program. He survived the training in Scotland and became a member of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion.

When he was interviewed for the Rangers, he said he was asked a number of questions such as how he would derail a train if he had no explosives. He was also asked, "If you were being strafed by an airplane and had no weapons, what would you do?" Dad replied, "I'd throw a rock at it."

While on leave in Scotland, Steve and some of his Ranger buddies were at a dance hall. One of the Rangers got in a "dust-up" over a girl with a U.S. soldier from another outfit—truck drivers. Apparently, it got heated, and the soldier pulled a straight razor on the Ranger. Dad said the Rangers were all wearing their Commando knives, so when they saw the guy pull a straight razor, in a heartbeat they had their daggers drawn and had the guy surrounded. And that was the cause of dad's statement, "We were like Christmas tree lights; you hit the switch, and we all lit up."

During training in Achnacarry, Dad said he was in a tent with some other Rangers, and a British Commando tossed a concussion grenade in the tent. He said it knocked them all out.

When the Rangers were preparing to land at Arzew, and while getting into the boats, a rope broke (or

something) on one boat and the Rangers fell into the water. He said it was so dark, you couldn't see them, but you could hear them. The ocean was phosphorescent, however, and one of the British sailors said in strong cockney, "Splash the wa-ta! You know, splash the wa-ta!" Dad thought that was so funny, and loved to tell that story.

Dad said after the Rangers secured Arzew and Darby became the mayor, they had much down time and much time to screw off. Dad had access to the motorcycles since that was one of his specialties. He heard there were sunken ships up the coast, so he rode off to take a look. Well, he stayed gone too long. When he got back, Darby said he was AWOL, busted him to Pvt, and had him thrown in one of Arzew's old world dungeons.

Darby rode a motorcycle himself, and his motorcycle broke down. According to dad, no one could get it running, so Darby said, "Get Ketzer out of there!" So he was released from the dungeon, and that is why he is listed as a Pfc with the original 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, and then later listed as a Pvt. He was captured as a Pvt and remained a Pvt throughout the war.

One of his most vivid memories of North Africa was smell, especially of oranges and figs. He also talked about the camels and how they could spit.

He was wounded during the time of his capture—shot in the leg. Apparently, the leg was busted up pretty badly. The Germans were going to amputate it. He refused to let them. So the German surgeons experimented on him, by somehow laying in a bone graft. It worked, and he kept his leg, although, afterwards it was a bit shorter than the other. In 1959 the leg developed a blood clot that nearly killed him but the VA hospital in Long Beach fixed him up.

During his years as a POW, he escaped three times, once staying free for a month. During one re-capture, the Germans turned Doberman Pincers loose on him. He managed to beat them to a tree and climbed it. The dogs were at the base of the tree, so he stayed put while the Germans walked up. They ordered him down from the tree. He said he wasn't going anywhere until they got those dogs the hell out of there.

He said you could escape about anytime you wanted to. The tunnels were dug; it wasn't all that difficult, you just couldn't stay out. After his third attempt, they said they'd kill him if he attempted another escape. He didn't.

He was at Stalag 2B when the Rangers were wiped out at Cisterna, and some of those surviving Rangers were sent to Stalag 2B. He met up with Ranger Dennis Bergstrom at Stalag 2B and Bergstrom drew the enclosed cartoon.

Once, in my 30's, watching television with my father at his house, while he flipped channels with the remote, I bemoaned the fact that I went to Vietnam with the USAF instead of joining the Army and becoming a Ranger. I told him I felt that by not experiencing combat, and especially not with an elite unit like the Rangers, I had missed something in life. He replied, still flipping channels, "Stevie, you didn't miss anything."

—Contributed by Steve Ketzer, Jr.



## HAROLD STANLEY WESTERHOLM, SR.

"It started back in Ireland, in June of Forty-two. They called for volunteers, to form an outfit new. This outfit, it was said, required the very best. For one to be a member, he had to pass the test." And that's what Harold Stanley Westerholm, Sr. did. He volunteered for this brand new outfit to lead the rest of the soldiers into battle—an outfit that was to be called Darby's Rangers.

Harold was among the first group of about 500 men to pass the rigorous tests required, to be accepted into training for this new, one-of-a-kind, "American Commando" unit that was to become the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger



Battalion. After surviving all the training they could dish out at Achnacarry, Scotland, Harold landed at Arzew, Algeria, with the rest of Darby's Rangers. He then fought through the Tunisia Campaign, including the critical battle of El Guettar, where the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion won a Presidential Unit Citation for distinguished action. From there he went on to be a part of the spearhead landings during the Sicilian Invasion, the landings in Salerno and finally Anzio.

While in the Rangers, Harold made many friends, many good friends, but none better than John Sugrue and Burton Boudreau. In fact, this trio of scroungers was often known as "Sugrue, Boudreau and Westerholm." Harold remained with the Rangers through their second anniversary at Camp Butner, North Carolina. There he met Mildred Yancey, the love of his life and the woman who would become his wife for more than fifty years.

Although too young to grow a decent moustache in forty-two, Harold is now well known around his home town of Oxford, North Carolina, for his "Ranger Handlebar."

Congratulations, Ranger, Job Well Done!

*Your Family,  
Colonel (Dr.) Harold S. Westerholm II  
Betty O. Westerholm  
Erick W. and Erin C. Westerholm  
Brian V. and Jenny W. Mathis*



## OFLAG 64

(Prisoner of War Camp in Poland)

It was a unique, unforgettable experience. No question. It taught us a great appreciation for some things we had always taken for granted—a decent meal, a warm room, a bed with more than three slats to hold you up, the therapeutic value of a good bull-session, even an occasional martini.

It was a small camp at that time, in June 1943, with only about 150 American officers in the 10-acre compound. By the time the Oflag was evacuated, in January 1945, the roll call had reached 1,400—still far less than the big camp at Stalag Luft 3, where more than 10,000 shot-down American flying officers were held, or the several Stalags for thousands of American enlisted men.

But the Oflag 64 group was full of interesting characters. Most of them were young lieutenants or captains, but there were enough field grade officers to maintain discipline. The average age was 27. Most were college-educated, many with advanced degrees. They included men who in civilian life had been doctors, lawyers, engineers, professors, journalists, artists, ranchers, musicians, and even a former commandant for a U.S. military school. There was talent everywhere, and much of it was utilized in one form or another as the camp activities were organized and carried out.

All the activities were designed to keep the restless young officers occupied and preserve their sanity. There was a remarkable professional theater group that put on Broadway-type plays and concerts. Bob Rankin, the camp's talented music maestro, organized a fine symphony orchestra, a jazz band and a glee club. They played at frequent concerts and were well received.

It was a rewarding task to select the plays to be presented, choosing the producers to cast and direct each one, picking men who would create skits and revues, build the sets, develop the costumes and make-up, schedule rehearsal times, and set up a calendar of "opening nights." At first there was just one per-

formance a week, but after D-Day, the camp grew so fast that every performance required four nights to allow everyone a seat in our home-made "Little Theatre."

There were two overpowering problems that made life hellish for everybody. You simply could not get enough to eat, and there was no way to stay warm during the bitter cold, northern Poland winter.

—Sources: <http://www.rlc.dcccd.edu/enrich/cordstud/camp64.htm> and Warren "Bing" Evans



## HOLLIS D. STABLER

My name is Hollis D. Stabler, I was born in Hampton, Virginia on February 9, 1918. I am a full-blooded Omaha Indian from Thurston County, Nebraska. I have 3 children: Hollis Jr., Spafford and Wehnona. All are grown and live away from me. My wife, LaVeeda, of over 50 years passed away on January 3, 1999. I now reside with my grandson RedWing in Walthill, Nebraska.

I enlisted in the regular Army in Sioux City, Iowa 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Div., 11<sup>th</sup> Regiment, F Troop. I was in Persidio of Monterey with them about 30 months when my Troop CO was picked as cadre to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Armor Division at Fort Benning, Georgia. He had a polo pony and asked me to take the pony by train to Fort Benning for him. After arriving at Fort Benning, he asked me if I wanted to go back to California or stay in Georgia with him. I chose to stay in the 2<sup>nd</sup> AR Division, 67th AR "E" Company.

The 22<sup>nd</sup> AR Division landed in Safe', Morocco, North Africa on November 8, 1942. We went to Tunisia to help. After the African Campaign was over, we fought in Gela, Sicily. After the war was over in Sicily, we were bivouacked near Palermo. My heel became infected and after a stay in a hospital, I came back to find that the 2<sup>nd</sup> AR had moved to England to help on D-Day. Waiting around to be sent to England a group of Rangers were asking for volunteers to form a Cannon Company, so I volunteered, but they dropped the idea. Then I was sent to the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion, Headquarters Company, Communications Section. I landed in Anzio on January 22, 1944. I was with the Rangers when they went to Cisterna until I was wounded March 9th. My only brother, Bob Stabler, was killed in the battle for Cisterna. He was in 3<sup>rd</sup> Reconnaissance, 3<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division.

When I was released from the 45<sup>th</sup> General Hospital located in Naples, I found out the Rangers, at least the original volunteers, had been sent back to the States. We, the remaining Rangers, were sent to the 1<sup>st</sup> Special Forces, 1<sup>st</sup> Regiment, 6<sup>th</sup> Company, in time for the Southern France Campaign. We landed off the coast of France on three small islands between Toulon and the Riviera. I was with the Rangers until December 5<sup>th</sup>, 1944. I was sent home and given an honorable discharge in 1945.

—Contributed by Hollis D. Stabler  
P. O. Box 122  
Walthill, Nebraska 68067



"Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgement that something else is more important than fear."

—Ambrose Redmoon



## RANGER SONG

*They were gathered from near, they were gathered from far,  
They were picked from the best in the land.  
A Hellraising crew that sailed the blue,  
Was Darby's Ranger Band.  
Now they will tell of the Marine and Sailor, I know,  
And tell of the deeds that were done,  
But Darby's Rangers will sing for themselves,  
And tell how Arzew was won.  
Now they fought all that night where the old Med flows,  
Under a moonless sky;  
Fighting and sniping till came the dawn,  
Well knowing that some must die.  
But Darby's Rangers will still carry on,  
To revenge their buddies that fell.  
And this be our motto and we will fulfill:  
To stand our last post in Hell.*

—By 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Scotty Monroe at the Fort in Arzew



JAMES D. GERARD  
1925 - 1974  
DARBY'S RANGER, 1<sup>st</sup> BATTALION

James D. Gerard served in Darby's 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Rangers as a scout. My dad died at a young age, 48, from lung cancer, so we didn't hear too many stories. However, I remember him talking about being in Africa, Sicily and Normandy. After the war, he was still a hero to us and will be missed forever.

—Contributed by Jerry L. Gerard



Phil Stern pictured in photo enjoying playing with Sicilian children at Gela, 1943

HEADQUARTERS 1<sup>st</sup> RANGER BATTALION  
APO 302, U. S. ARMY

8 June 1943

Sergeant Philip Stern  
Stars and Stripes  
APO # 512, U. S. Army

My dear Stern:

Received your note. I too am sorry we missed connection as I wanted to talk to you.

As far as I am concerned, Stern, you did an excellent job with this organization from the day you joined us until the day you were wounded at El Guettar. So it is a pleasure to write you a letter of commendation which you will find enclosed.

Here's wishing you luck, and I hope you make it. Please know that we miss you.

Sincerely,  
WILLIAM O. DARBY  
Lt. Col., 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Bn  
Commanding.

—Contributed by Jim Altieri



## A RANGER WHO PUT HIS PREMONITION OF DEATH INTO POETRY

On January 31, 1944, Staff Sergeant Dominick Lamandre was killed during the fierce fighting near Feming Morta on the Anzio Beachhead. A member of "F" Company, 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion, he was leading an assault section against a strong road position, blocking the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion's drive to Cisterna, when he was struck down by enemy sniper fire. On a crumpled, soiled bit of writing paper found in his pocket, this poem was roughly scrawled.

*The rain is falling on my face, but I don't mind it so.  
Jerry shells shake my place, but I know he's doomed to go.*

*I don't mind this war so much, for I know these things will end.  
Hunger, strife, hate and such-all the things God loves to mend.*

*One thing I know will never cease, and I know it's steadfast, too.  
Mother dear, I have a lifelong lease on your love so tried and true.*

*And if I die a soldier's death, 'neath a sky of battle grey,  
And when I draw my final breath on Anzio's soil, I'll say:*

*God Bless you Mother dear.*



Sgt. Paul Langona  
1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion, Co. B  
1919 - 1975

## PAUL LANGONA

*Daddy,  
I never had the chance to tell you  
how proud I am of you!  
Love from your daughter, Dianne*

- \*One of the original Rangers who trained in Scotland; 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Co. C
- \*Promoted To Sergeant in Co. B, May 1943
- \*Captured in January 1944 at Cisterna
- \*POW until May 5, 1945
- \*Promoted to 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant in Army Reserves

Photo taken in North Africa  
to show the folks at home  
his new mustache!

—Contributed by Dianne Langona



## 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion

### A VERY BRIEF HISTORY OF THE 2<sup>nd</sup> RANGER BATTALION

The 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion was activated on April 1, 1943 at Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tennessee. Shortly thereafter, then Major James E. Rudder, took command. Notices were sent to many military camps for volunteers from all branches of the Army for the formation of the new Ranger Battalion, the first to be trained in the United States. Qualifications for acceptance required strong physical capabilities and high intelligence. The selected best of the many volunteers became the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion and were to be trained and made ready for the invasion on D-Day of the European Continent. The training was first provided by experienced combat-proven officers and NCOs who were assigned from the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion commanded by Col. William O. Darby. The Rangers had to have the highest physical stamina and superior mental ability to perform as an outstanding fighting team in order to accomplish any given mission. They were skillfully trained and were proficient in all types of weapons, hand-to-hand combat, infantry tactics and many other skills necessary to be successful in war. In September 1943 the battalion moved to Fort Pierce, Florida. They received intensive amphibious training at the U.S. Navy Scouts and Raiders School. Later they moved to Camp Richey, the Army Intelligence School in Maryland where they engaged in maneuvers of mock battles with troops dressed in German uniforms, using German weapons and German language.

Early in December 1943, the Rangers arrived in Grenach, Scotland. They were soon to learn about the vigorous training and fighting techniques of the Scottish and British Commandos. Christmas was spent in Bude, Cornwall on the western coast of England. Bude furnished the steep cliffs to train on.

The battalion consisted of approximately 500 men. There were six line companies, "A" Company through "F" Company and a Battalion Headquarters Company. The line companies had two platoons. Each platoon had two rifle sections, a B.A.R., machine gun and a mortar section. There were 65 men plus 3 officers in each company. In January 1944, they were taught by the Commandos the use of small water-craft for night landings and associated combat and reconnaissance techniques. In the spring of 1944, the battalion was moved to an army assault training center at Braunton, England. In May 1944, the battalion participated in a full-scale pre-invasion exercise on the English coast called *Fabius-7*. The same month the provisional Ranger group (force) was placed under the command of Lt. Col. James E. Rudder and consisted of the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalions who were destined to carry out the mission at Pointe du Hoc and Omaha (Dog Green) Beach on the coast of Normandy, France. H-Hour was 6:30 a.m. on the morning of June 6, 1944 (D-Day). Companies D, E, and F, due to navigational error, landed at 7:10 a.m. on Pointe du Hoc, but nevertheless, successfully completed its mission of scaling the 100-foot cliffs by the use of grappling hooks and ropes and destroying five 155 coastal guns by 8:30 a.m. The guns were found in their alternate positions about a mile from where they were supposed to be as previously indicated by Army Intelligence.



Company C landed at H-Hour on Omaha Beach. Their mission was to clear the enemy from the top of Pointe de La Percee to prevent the enemy from placing enfilading fire on Omaha Beach where the 1<sup>st</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup> Infantry Divisions were to also land. At 6:30 on June 6, Company C arrived on English landing crafts amidst intense enemy fire. Almost half their men were killed crossing the beach under horrific heavy fire. Using their fighting knives and bayonets, three men scaled the 90 foot cliffs and dropped the toggle ropes to their remaining Rangers below to enable them to more easily climb the cliffs and successfully put out of action this very important and deadly German defensive position.

Companies A, B, part of Headquarters and the rest of the Rangers provisional group landed at H-plus 30 minutes. After blowing up a section of the sea wall on Omaha Beach, the Rangers led the way off the beach and fought their way westward to join their comrades at Pointe du Hoc. The Rangers were supported by the sadly depleted 116<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment of the 29<sup>th</sup> Division. After joining forces, they pushed westward toward the villages of Pierre du Mont and along the coast toward the town of Grandcamp-Maisy. July 1944, the battalion was assigned to clearing out hidden enemy positions and pockets of enemy resistance along the coastline of the Cherbourg Peninsula. Replacements were soon received (to replace their many casualties) and were trained for and by the under-strength Ranger battalion. August 1944 the battalion received special hedgerow training with the 759<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion. August 1944 the entire battalion was assigned to 8<sup>th</sup> Corps and again the 29<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. It was the start of the assault on the City of Brest and the capture of many other enemy positions and, in particular, the Lochrist (Graf Spee) Battery at the tip of the Le Conquet Peninsula. This was a monumental victory for the Rangers of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion."A" Company captured over 850 German prisoners and rendered inoperable the strongest and largest fortress in the area.

In September 1944 the Rangers were attached to the 8<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division to assist in clearing out the German resistance on the Crozon Peninsula. After accomplishing other objectives and rescuing 400 American prisoners, the battalion left for Landerneau, France. Later, they moved to Arlon, Belgium by "40 and 8s" via the railroad, arriving there on October 3<sup>rd</sup>. Shortly thereafter, they moved to Esch, Luxembourg and were attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Army. They later went to Vossenach, Germany and held the defensive line there and went on innumerable combat and reconnaissance patrols. On November 19<sup>th</sup>, they were moved back to a bivouac area in the Huertgen Forest in Germany. "A" and "B" Companies remained on line operating patrols. While bivouacked in the Huertgen Forest, the whole battalion was alerted on the night of December 6<sup>th</sup> and moved out during that cold and wintry night to the Brandenburg area in Germany. The Rangers had been called to assault the icy, slippery Hill 400 which was approximately 400 feet high and steep, laden with many pill boxes and had the highest O.P. in the Roer Valley for miles around. The Rangers were told to hold the hill for 24 hours or until duly relieved. A patrol from "D" and "F" Companies at 3:00 a.m. was sent to reconnoiter the best plan of attack on the hill as dawn came up. "A", "B", "C" and "E" Companies got into position to secure the town of Bergstein, Germany where Hill 400 was located. December 7<sup>th</sup> Companies D and F launched an assault on Hill 400 at 7:30 a.m. It was a bloody battle with heavy casualties, but very successful. The Germans repeatedly counter attacked. The various attacks were horrendous with so many heavy artillery barrages and the many resulting tree bursts preceding each counter attack. The hill was held until relieved on or about December 9, 1944.

Maj. George S. William took over the command of the battalion on December 7<sup>th</sup>. Lt. Col. Rudder took over the command of the 109<sup>th</sup> Regiment of the 28<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division the same day. The survivors of Hill 400 returned to the bivouac area in the Huertgen Forest. The "rest" time did not last long as the remnants of the battalion were alerted to move up to defensive positions in Simmerath and were attached to the 78<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division who were to defend the left flank of the "Battle of the Bulge" as the German offensive became known, which commenced December 16, 1944. Christmas and the new Year came and passed without relief or replacements. Fortunately, the "Battle of the Bulge" was quickly being contained and driven back by the Allies. By mid January, Ranger replacements arrived and training began again

by veteran Rangers amidst snow and below-freezing temperatures. Early in February, the battalion was put on alert and kept ready to cross the Roer River. They were then attached to the 102<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry. The battalion crossed the river and cleared out the mine-fields encountered. In the advance toward the east, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers were attached to the 38<sup>th</sup> Cavalry and the 102<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry forming two task forces. In this drive, the Rangers captured two dozen towns and approximately 500 prisoners. In mid March, time was used for reorganization and equipment cleaning and preparing for the next combat assignment. Near the end of March 1945, the battalion crossed the Rhine and were pressed back into more combat. Reconnaissance and combat patrols were operating continuously. Some Rangers took part in freeing many allied prisoners. On April 1, 1945 the Rangers celebrated their 2<sup>nd</sup> Anniversary (April 43-45).

Firefights and skirmishes were few and far between at this point in time and the men engaged in the mop-up of German resistance operations. More attention was now paid to snipers and saboteurs hiding behind the enemy lines, including the killing and capturing of many German soldiers. The first week of May 1945, the battalion was suddenly moved to Czechoslovakia, where further skirmishes were encountered and neutralized. Headquarters Company, who served the battalion gallantly and effectively, started its reorganization, replacing and repairing equipment, overhauling vehicles, providing needed medical care through battalion medics and bringing service records up to date.

May 5, 1945 began like any other day but would henceforth be known as V-E Day (Victory in Europe). Germany had surrendered and the celebration began.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion had served courageously in combat areas for approximately 11 months. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion suffered one of the highest casualty rates of any unit in the armed forces in WWII. Each volunteer of this prestigious group was proud that the fruition of their contributions was "peace at last." October 26, 1945, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion was deactivated. Six countries? England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, and Czechoslovakia provided the wartime setting for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion's outstanding combat records in WWII. Space does not permit to include the many details of all battles and campaigns the Rangers were involved in; suffice to say they gave their best effort and served courageously for God and Country.

Let the record of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion stand as a memorial to those many Rangers who made the supreme sacrifice. Some veterans remained in the service to train other men for conflicts in Korea and Vietnam and subsequent confrontations. Other Ranger veterans in civilian life organized and formed the Ranger Battalion Association of WWII, which consists of Ranger veterans of the six Ranger Battalions of WWII. The R.B.A. has kept the friendship and brotherhood of Rangers alive and well over these past 55 years and proven that "Ranger friendships are forever."

"RANGERS LEAD THE WAY—ALL THE WAY!"

—By Henry A. Zyrkowski  
"D" Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion



## IN MEMORIAM TO RANGER ELMO BANNING 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion, KIA, Normandy, June 6, 1944

Imagine the reluctance someone may have in beginning the search for information about a lost family member, killed in World War II 57 years ago. If the deceased member was a Ranger in World War



II, your odds of finding something are enormously higher than for the average soldier. Patricia Banning took the chance, asking on the Ranger Guest book if anyone remembered Ranger Elmo Banning, killed on D – Day in Normandy. For years the family thought he was killed when he jumped off the landing craft. However, within a week after asking the question, Elmo’s niece Patricia had the truth. Someone in France was sending her a photo of a headstone at the American cemetery at Omaha Beach, inscribed Tec 5 Elmo Banning, Fifth Ranger Battalion, KIA June 6, 1944. She learned from Lead the Way, Rangers on the internet that Elmo’s name was on page 5, along with that of his best friend Harry Bolton, both killed the same day but in separate places.

Within a few days Patricia received an email from 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion Ranger Walt McIlwain, informing her that Elmo was in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, B Company, 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion, and that he was with Elmo when he was killed by mortar fire. Her father, Keith Banning, after losing his younger brother Elmo in 1944, recently lost his sister. Now, thoughts kept returning to those unanswered questions about Elmo. At last, but not too late, the connection with the past is being made as Keith, at age 75, and his daughter Patricia are attending the RBA World War II Reunion in New Orleans to meet some 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion Rangers who remember Elmo and were with him when he was killed in action. It is never too late to honor someone who gave the ultimate sacrifice for his country.

—Contributed by David Williams  
Sons & Daughters of World War II Rangers Salute  
Ranger Elmo Banning, KIA, June 6, 1944



IN MEMORY OF A GALLANT RANGER HERO  
Robert M. Brice  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt., "B" Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion

*(A letter written by Colonel (Ret.) Edgar L. Arnold to Judge Brice - pertaining to the death of his brother, Ranger Robert Brice, on Omaha Beach, D-Day, 6 June 1944)*

Dear Judge Brice:

I wanted so much to meet you at the Ranger Battalions Association Reunion in Washington, DC in October, but unfortunately that meeting did not occur. That was my one disappointment regarding the Reunion. This writing has been delayed since the Reunion due to a health problem. Much improvement has been made.

Sid Salomon provided me with your address. Please permit me to introduce myself. I am a Retired Colonel, United States Army. I knew your brother Lt. Robert M. Brice. We served together during the period March 1944 until his death on Omaha Beach, D-Day, 6 June 1944.

I joined the Second Ranger Battalion in March 1944 at Bude, England and was assigned as the Commanding Officer of Company B. I was a Captain at the time. Robert was a Lt. in Company B until the end.

Bob was my first platoon Leader. We, as did all Rangers, went through some very special and rigor-

ous training during the preparation for the D-Day Landing. Bob was always in the front and doing more than he would ask his men to do. He set the example. I owe to Bob much gratitude for all the help he gave me during my brief Ranger orientation period.

During those few months prior to the landing, we trained together, we bunked in the same quarters, we had some fun and relaxation together, and we talked about what we could expect and what we had to do when we hit the beach. We knew it would be rough, we knew some of us would not live through that day. We expected that. Your brother took it all in stride and in a serious and concerned manner. He was a true and dedicated Ranger Leader and remained so until the very end.

At about 0730 hours on D-Day, 6 June 1944, after having loaded in Assault Landing Craft and circling around in very rough and choppy waters for about three hours, the First Platoon together with Bob and myself started wading ashore. The craft loaded with my Second Platoon suffered a direct hit by an 88-millimeter mortar round and the craft floundered. None of the men reached the beach on D-Day. Some joined the Company later.

Although elements of the 116<sup>th</sup> Inf. Regt., including tanks and engineers had landed starting at 0630 hours, the beach was not secure. It was only chaos, devastation, and death for many. It was still heavily defended by small arms, machine gun fire, and mortar fire. Rangers of the First Platoon, after struggling in the cold and choppy waves waist high, evading numerous obstacles reached solid footing on the sand and started across the beach to the sea wall which afforded some protection. Bob and I were about five yards apart, running across the beach trying to reach the sea wall. Men were dropping right and left. Both Bob and I fell to the sand at the same time. We had both been hit by machine gun fire. My carbine was knocked from my grasp. (Later on D-Day I discovered a bullet lodged in my first aid packet and a bullet had shattered the plastic explosive in my ammunition pouch.) I rolled over. I could move. I felt no pain.

I looked at Bob. He was lying on his back. I called his name – no reply. I called again – no response. I crawled to him and again called his name – nothing... Blood was oozing from a bullet wound in the center of his forehead. His eyes were closed. I opened them, called his name – no reaction... He had no pulse. Bullets and mortar rounds were hitting the beach around us. Other Rangers were moving. Some had fallen. What to do? Bob and I had spoken of such a situation. I grasped Bob's carbine (mine had been damaged from the machine gun burst) and dashed across the beach with other Rangers intent upon pursuing our assigned mission. The rest is history.

During my visit to Omaha Beach on 6 June 1989, forty-five years later, I stood near the spot where Lieutenant Robert M. Brice gave his very ALL, made the final Sacrifice, and gave his life in the Service of his Country so that you and I and others might live. Needless to say, it was a very emotional moment. Be assured that Bob died a heroic death. He was in front leading his men. He was a Ranger all the way. He now rests in Honored Glory.

That was forty-five years ago. I wonder if I have done the right thing – writing this letter. I would rather have told you in person, but that was not to be. You know now. I feel better. I do hope we can meet at some future date.

Please accept my sincere wish for a Happy Holiday Season for you and yours.

Sincerely yours,  
Edgar L. Arnold  
Colonel, United States Army  
Retired





## KENDALL McCLURE

We had hard times during the Depression years, but to us it seemed normal because of the love and strength of the family—these things made you able to deal with the demands of war at least in part—and the problems encountered in readjustment in our society following the war and how significant and important family, perseverance and character are to the fabric of our nation. I was very interested in reading “The Fool Lieutenant” and the Ranger experience because of my familiarity with some of the actions and characters. It was interesting finally to know what was happening in other companies, platoons and squads at the time things were happening to me. People still do not seem to grasp the fact that hundreds of little isolated violent and fearsome actions go on at the same time for every day and night along the front. They see “the big picture” and hardly ever the human conditions of individuals—the privates, corporals, sergeants, and the unfortunate “green” lieutenants who show up and have to be seasoned by the veterans and the small unit - who are what the Pentagon people refer to now as the “War Fighters!” This part of the war is never told enough.

Pop Porubsky became company commander of D Company. We became good friends and I have never forgotten him. Unfortunately, I lost contact with him after the war. We corresponded a little. We lost touch. I read in The Stars and Stripes about his death and decorations and that just shook the hell out of me. He had a nice family and was a wonderful man. I never knew or met Audrey, his wife. Time marches on.

In 1984, my wife and I traveled to that area (Germany), climbed the Hill (Hill 400) and the tower, went to Schmidt and other areas. It was not until recently that I learned the American Forces lost Hill 400 after the Rangers were relieved. We were replaced by ordinary infantry units and I guess they were not ready to withstand the pounding and counter attacks. It was a harrowing place to be and would have required extraordinary effort to hold. . .

I had only a relatively short experience with the Rangers but it was an important part of my life. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have been accepted by Rudder and his advisors. I went to a couple of reunions and have visited Rudder’s grave twice to pay my respects. He was truly a great man.

Brokaw has labeled us “the greatest generation” but I hope that each subsequent generation is greater, otherwise, we will not have done as well as we should have.

—By Kendall McClure  
2nd Battalion Rangers



Ken McClure



### IN MEMORY OF RANGER FRED CULBREATH 2nd Platoon, Co. A, 2nd Ranger Battalion

Fred Culbreath was born December 17, 1921 near Morgan City, Alabama. He was the third son of



William Frederick and Myrtle Brooks Culbreath, and had three brothers and six sisters. He graduated from Cotaco High School, Morgan County, AL. On July 18, 1942 he married Mary Elizabeth Higgs of Eva, Alabama, just before Fred left for the Army. Fred was with the Rangers from training at Camp Forrest, Tennessee until he was wounded in the fighting near Bergstien, Germany in the late fall of 1944. The war ended before he was able to rejoin his Ranger unit. He was weapons section leader of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon; his specialty was the 60 mm mortar. Fred remained in the service for several years after the war ended, serving in the CIC in Germany, and later, as a rifle instructor at Ft. Benning.

Fred and Mary were graduates of Florence State Teachers' College (now the University of North Alabama), Florence, AL, and both did graduate work in Education at Auburn University. Fred received a Masters degree and A.A. certificate in Education from Auburn. Fred and Mary had long enjoyable careers as educators. Fred served as teacher, coach or administrator in Alabama Public Schools for 28 years. Mary taught elementary school. Both were very active in the Alabama Education Association. Both Fred and Mary loved the nature and the outdoors. They enjoyed gardening, camping, hiking and fishing. Both were excellent cooks.

I grew up hearing stories about Fred's training before D-Day, quite a bit about time served in Europe after the war ended, and his time at Ft. Benning. I listened spellbound to anything that he told, but his mentions of that period between June and December 1944 were few. I remember very vividly watching him silently read portions of Shapiro's "Ranger Battalions: American Rangers in WWII." He read for just a few minutes, seemed to become very uneasy, turned red, closed the book and put it down. My mother had asked him if he would indicate for my brother and me which portions involved him and his company. Later, he took the book home and wrote in a very few sparse comments. On one portion of the description of the Hill 400 battle, he wrote "Mild description of last battle," and just a little later, "My last day in combat." He had told us about "coming to" after being knocked unconscious by an artillery shell explosion and finding a helmet on a rifle stuck in the ground beside him. One thing Fred did tell about was forcibly removing an unearned Ranger patch from the sleeve of a quartermaster sergeant who had not been where he claimed to have been and had not fought where he claimed to have fought. Fred knew too well the price paid by those who rightfully wore that designation.

Fred and Mary lived in Eva, Alabama from 1980 until the times of their respective passings. They were members of Eva United Methodist Church. Fred passed away on February 3, 1992. Mary passed away on February 20, 1996. They are buried in Eva Cemetery. Fred and Mary had no children of their own, but they were like a second set of parents to my brother and me as well as to other nephews and nieces, friends and students. They believed in taking kids fishing. They are very fondly remembered and very greatly missed.



L to R Fred Culbreath and John Bodnar  
France ?, 1944  
Co. A, 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers



L to R Fred Culbreath, Martha Blight, Dick Rankin and  
Jack Blight. Bude, England, April 1944  
Fred and Dick, Co. A, 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers

—Contributed by Albert K. Culbreath, Nephew of Ranger Fred Culbreath



## A LETTER TO BOB EDLIN

Dated October 17, 1965



Lieutenants Lomell and Edlin

Needless to say, the Ranger Reunion at Santa Barbara, California, was a success. The attendance was as great as we have them here either in the Midwest or in the northeast part of our country. There were so many of your old friends there, it would take too long to list them all. All I know is that the boys I spoke to from A Company asked if I had heard from you and I told them "yes." We had a wonderful time. . . I have been very lucky that we have been able to keep the survivors of D Company, most of them, pretty well in contact all of these years and we visit back and forth regularly. We're as close today as we were twenty years ago.

Yes, as you can see from my letterhead, I am an attorney thanks to my rich Uncle Sam and the GI Bill of Rights, because my old man was a house painter and I damned near became a house painter too. I am not in politics. . . Politics is not a game for me. Who needs the aggravation?

I'm happy to hear you're operating the modern version of the billiard parlor. We have them here in the East and I want to tell you they are about as plush a hall of recreation as one can find. Here in the east, housewives and mothers and girls, as well as the fellows, play pool together.

Thanks again for writing to me and thinking of me. Please. . . join us in New York City in August of 1967. Treat yourself to a trip where you'll meet all of your old friends and maybe we will be able to flush Whitey out. I have written to Bill many times, but never seem to be able to get him to come to Reunions.

Enough for now. Please pass on my sincere regards to your wife and children and tell them that we Rangers have a deep affection for the families of Rangers as well. Stay well.

Your old Buddy, Len Lomell

—Submitted by Bob Edlin  
2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers



## REMEMBERING MAJOR CORDA

I attended the 55<sup>th</sup> Reunion of the June 6<sup>th</sup> landing in Normandy. During the reunion, I happened to sit next to Ann Rudder, General Rudder's daughter, at some meal. She happened to mention Major Corda (I think it's Corda and not Korda). I told her that on that day, Corda was on my right.

The incoming hostile fire was horrendous. Corda, about 20 feet away, stood up and screamed, "Jones, where are they firing from?" His face had been obliterated by a red mask and he was not recognizable. I yelled at him to get down. He had been hit by enemy fire in the face and he still wanted to know where the enemy was.

I did not see him again although I was advised that he had made it home and undergone facial reconstruction and led a normal, happy life. He and the Rudder family were close friends. Over the years the thought of calling him had crossed my mind but I didn't for unexplainable reasons.



Anna's face became perceptibly lighter as I talked to her. She advised me that his family had come to Normandy to see if they could find anyone who might know what happened. A few hours later I met with this wonderful man's family and told them what I knew. It was a tearful episode for all of us remembering this wonderful man. He epitomized for me the old expression, "*This was a Soldier, Scholar and Gentleman.*"

—Contributed by Ivor R. Jones  
2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers



## THE GUNS OF POINTE du HOC OMAHA BEACH—NORMANDY, FRANCE D-DAY—JUNE 6, 1944

Many thousands of lives were spared on the landing beaches of Normandy and on the invasion fleet just off the beaches, on D-Day by the quick action of the courageous Rangers on the third beachhead captured at the cliffs of Pointe Du Hoc. On June 6, 1944, 225 Army Rangers of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion were given "the most dangerous mission of D-Day" so said General Omar Bradley in his book, *A Soldier's Story*. He was then C.O. of all American ground forces in Europe. He assigned this awesome mission to LTC. James Earl Rudder, C.O. of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion. About 180 Rangers reached the top of the cliffs. On D+2, the mission successfully accomplished, only 90 Rangers were left standing, ready to fight on. This mission was deemed very important and indeed necessary in case the U.S. Army Air Force missed their bombing targets: the large coastal guns on the high ground bluffs and cliffs of Omaha Beach early D-Day morning before the landing and ground assault began. The Rangers' early success enabled the invasion fleet laying 10 miles off shore to move closer to shore to off load the assault troops, tanks, vehicles, artillery, and other necessary equipment.

The primary objective of the mission was to climb the 10-foot cliffs as quickly as possible, capture the Pointe and establish a beachhead and, most importantly, destroy the five big 155 MM coastal guns of Pointe du Hoc, supposedly contained in large encasements as seen from the air. The 10-mile long distance firing capability of the guns could easily reach the landing beaches and ships at sea. Secondly, the Rangers were to destroy the enemy communications and establish a roadblock on the east-west coastal black-topped main road between Omaha and Utah Beaches, about a mile inland. The cliffs were bravely defended by about 175 German soldiers ? shooting down at the Rangers, cutting their ropes and dropping grenades on them. Hundreds more German troops assembled throughout the day in their efforts to push the Ranges off the cliffs and drive them back into the sea. German artillery and mortar fire was intermittent throughout the day dependent on when German counter attacks were in progress. There nevertheless was a great deal of small arms fire, machine gun and anti-aircraft flat trajectory fire due to frequent fire fights and patrol skirmishes throughout the day.

There were many examples of valor and leadership among the Rangers of Pointe du Hoc that day. However, who found and personally destroyed the guns of Pointe du Hoc before they could kill many thousands of soldiers on the beaches of Normandy on D-Day, June 6, 1944, the mission's main objective? 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Leonard G. Lomell and S/Sgt. Jack E. Kuhn did and thereby earned a Distinguished Service Cross and Silver Star, respectively, for their courageous performance above and beyond their usual line of duty behind enemy lines on D-Day. They were both serving in an acting capacity above their true



rank. 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Lomell was an acting platoon leader of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon of D Co. and S/Sgt. Kuhn was his acting platoon sergeant. There had been a shift in leadership in D Co. due to the assignment of an officer to special duty at Battalion Headquarters just prior to D-Day.

1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. Lomell's LCA landed about 7:10 a.m. and, though one of the first Rangers wounded, led his 2<sup>nd</sup> platoon quickly up the cliff and across the Pointe through the German defenders only to find the three gun positions assigned to Co. D were empty. The five large coastal guns of Pointe du Hoc were nowhere to be seen. At this point in time, there were 22 men with Lomell and they didn't know where to begin to look for the big guns. They thought they would hear these mobile coastal guns fire from their assumed alternate gun positions thought to be further inland, but they never did. However, army historical documents contended later, they had been fired before their discovery and destruction.

Lomell's 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon depended on speed and aggressiveness in pursuit of the Ranger mission to find the guns as quickly as possible. They immediately headed inland, moving as fast as they possibly could through the German resistance encountered. They neutralized a machine gun position, a guard post at the German billet and various fire-fights with Germans, fighting in and out of tunnels and through hedge-rows. They wasted no time getting to the coast road, which they reached within an hour of their landing. While their sections Sergeants set up the first Ranger roadblock as ordered with their 12 remaining men, Lomell and Kuhn set off on a two-man reconnaissance patrol. They found and destroyed the guns of Pointe du Hoc by 8:30 a.m. The landing beaches were swarming with troops at that hour, particularly Omaha Beach.

The five big guns were in an apple orchard, heavily camouflaged with netting and apple trees about 200 yards from the D Co. roadblock. There were about 75 Germans being talked to by their leader about 100 yards west of the gun position where corners of the pastures and a farm road joined. The gun position appeared unguarded at the moment. The German gunners knew their observation post on Pointe du Hoc was neutralized by the Rangers there. Did they have any other OP? Were they expecting more incoming fire from the battleship USS Texas laying off the Pointe? In any event, Lomell seized the opportunity to destroy the guns with silent thermite grenades carried especially for this mission, placing some in the traversing and elevation mechanisms and also in the breech blocks of the guns. The intense heat melting the moving parts aforesaid into an inoperable position. Lomell then bashed in the sights on each gun with the padded butt of his submachine gun. More such grenades were obtained immediately and the process of destruction quickly repeated. S/Sgt. Kuhn never took his eyes off the Germans as he stood guard with his submachine gun over Lomell. As they were leaving the position, a tremendous explosion occurred nearby. They ran as fast as they could back to their Ranger roadblock, believing the explosion was a short round from the BATTLESHIP TEXAS. They didn't stop to find out.

Rangers Fate and Luning of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon volunteered to take the message back by different routes to LTC Rudder and by 9:00 a.m. they had notified him that the Ranger's mission had been successfully accomplished. The German lines of communication along the coast road were destroyed by Sgt. Harvey Koenig of Lomell's platoon. About 9:00 a.m. the 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon was happy to be joined by the eleven survivors of D Company's 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon led by Lt. George Kerchner. The 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon had been delayed by their heroic contribution in defense of the Pointe where they lost half of their men. Together the remaining one-third of the men of D Company, still able to bear arms, were determined to maintain and defend the first and only continuous Ranger roadblock established early D-Day until relieved.

Some survivors of E & F Companies came in the afternoon of D-Day to help D Company defend the area of their roadblock and big guns aforesaid. D, E and F Companies were later fortunately joined by the survivors of a platoon of Rangers from Company A of the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers Battalion who had broken through enemy lines at Omaha Beach in their efforts to help out at Pointe du Hoc. The Rangers' defensive position for D-Day night at the inland battle area now numbered approximately 85 Rangers.

Hundreds of German troops in varying numbers were seen in the area throughout the day.



LEN LOMELL OF TOMS RIVER, NJ  
REMEMBERS:  
HILL 400—BERGSTEIN, GERMANY  
(April 1, 2001)

December 7, 1944 was the longest, worst, and most dangerous day of my life these past 81 years. I remember it as if it was yesterday. Some people say D-Day, June 6, 1944 was their longest day. Though wounded, I climbed the 100 foot cliffs of Pointe du Hoc that day in Normandy, France. It was easier on me personally, compared to assaulting and climbing a steep and slippery hill about 400 feet high in the Hurtgen Forrest in Bergstein, Germany on December 7, 1944. A few thousand men had already tried to capture the hill and the town below, several days before and failed. Under cover of darkness, our 2nd Ranger Bn., 500 Rangers in all, passed many of their bodies and burnt out tanks and other destroyed vehicles on the way into the town of Bergstein, Germany. Hill 400 towered above this old time village. In ancient times it was called Castle Hill. Around 2:30 a.m. I had taken a five man recon-patrol up the right side of the hill. An F. Co. patrol checked out the left side of the hill. We located several of the German machine gun positions and brought back other important information to battalion headquarters to prepare for the planned assault at dawn. At 7:30 a.m. the 130 Rangers in our two Companies D & F of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalions assaulted across 100 yards of flat table top land covered with ice and snow. The German machine gunners sprayed heavy fire at us. It seemed like tons of artillery shells were continuously raining down on us except when the Germans counterattacked in their several attempts to retake Hill 400. We often could not dig in for protection because of ice, tree roots and rocks. The hill was covered with high evergreen trees. However, with a lot of luck and a lot of casualties, we took the hill within one hour or so because of our quick assault surprise and unexpected Ranger method of attack. We were to be relieved within 24 hours. It took over 48 hours before any help arrived from the 8<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division to which we were attached for this mission. In the meantime, the rest of our battalion captured and secured the town of Bergstein and also successfully fought off several horrendous German counterattacks. Our battalion captured many prisoners. The mission was successfully accomplished. The problem was now to hold on to Hill 400 and the town of Bergstein until duly relieved, which we did.

I went back in 1989 on a visit to Hill 400 with some of our Ranger survivors and by chance we met a group of young German officers there. They showed us their army textbook that claimed the Germans had been greatly outnumbered there December 7, 1944. I said to them, "That's ridiculous! As a matter of fact, we were the ones who were outmanned by at least 10-1 at times. The constant shelling and numerous German counterattacks when the shelling lifted took a heavy toll on our Rangers. Only 15 or 16 men or less in each company made it back down the hill under their own power. 23 Rangers were killed and the rest of the casualties were seriously wounded. Some were wounded at least two times. The only protection we had were fallen trees. We had to wait until darkness to evacuate the wounded because of German snipers. The Germans suffered 300 casualties according to their army textbook, over twice as many as we did. Hill 400 at Bergstein, Germany, according to their textbook was the highest and strongest observation position and controlled all the allied troop movements in the Roer Valley. Through this valley was the approach to the crossing of the Rhine River on our way to Berlin, our objective at the time. The German General Model responsible for the security of Bergstein and Hill 400 offered one of Germany's highest medals, the Iron Cross to each of his troops, including their paratroopers nearby, together with two weeks R&R if they could recapture Hill 400. They failed with all their counterattacks and shrapnel to retake Hill 400 from the Rangers. The Rangers had opened up the valley, greatly reducing the German artillery attacks and their accuracy was with the loss of their greatest O.P. General Patton's 3<sup>rd</sup> Army could at last come through and lead the way to the Rhine River. He had been await-



ing replenishment of his gasoline supply, as I recall. He had run out of gas around Metz. The "Battle of the Hurtgen Forrest" known as the "Death Factory", continued to kill and maim many thousands of American Soldiers unnecessarily, so it has been claimed by historians. Our very top brass never seemed to want to talk about it.

General Patton was delayed, further, because on December 16, 1944 the 'Battle of the Bulge' (Ardennes) started a few miles away and surprised everyone. Our top brass did not believe the advanced intelligence on the buildup of tens of thousands of German troops, tanks, and artillery hidden in the forest and valleys of the Ardennes. Within the first week, the Germans recaptured Hill 400 from the 8<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. In January 1945, the 508<sup>th</sup> American Parachute regiment (3,000 men) took Hill 400 back after a three day battle. This unusually high observation post was necessary and very important to either side. It was imperative that the American forces controlled it, and we did, when recaptured, until the end of the war. We who survived tons of artillery shells without protection for 48 hours plus were just plain lucky to remain alive. The CO of the 8<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division recommended our 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Bn. For the Presidential Unit Citation, but it was turned down by the army reviewing authority. D. Co. received one Silver Star awarded to Sgt. Sigurd Sundby, F. Co. received several decorations. One of their platoon sergeants received two Silver Stars. Their CO was captured near mid-day on December 7<sup>th</sup> and was a POW until the end of WWII.

My combat experience in WWII started on the West Flank of Bloody Omaha Beach D-day June 6, 1944 and ended six months later on Bloody Hill 400, Bergstein, Germany, December 7, 1944. There were many other bloody spots in between. In October, I had received the first battlefield commission to 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant granted by our battalion. Since my C.O. had become a casualty at the line of departure, as did our other lieutenant, I lead D. Co. in the above described assault. I was wounded for the second and third time on Hill 400. I was shipped back to the states in mid-January 1945 and hospitalized in the Valley Forge Army Hospital in Phoinixville, PA until honorably discharged December 30, 1945 "unfit for further combat duty," so said my discharge papers.

Yes, war is bloody, destructive and insane. There must be a better way to preserve peace and freedom in the world. However, we haven't had another world war since. Could that mean the Allied victory in WWII has ended world wars for ever? My patriotic and knowledgeable citizens claim among many other reasons, that the WWII generation should be referred to as the "Greatest Generation" in history thus far. If America and its allies had not banded together, what other nations would have pitched in to defeat Germany, Italy, and Japan, who threatened to enslave our world. None did. Were we the "Greatest Generation" or the "Luckiest Generation", or both? You be the judge. The U.S. Army 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Bn. of WWII was one of the greatest Ranger Bns. of all times, so say I. (LGL)

Ref: Rangers Lead the Way by author Col. Thomas H. Taylor, published by Turner Publishing Company, (see pages 61-67)  
Rangers of WWII by Col. Robert W. Black (Ivey Books) published by Ballantine Books division of Random House, Inc. NYC  
Hurtgen Forrest Campaign (Hill 400) by Ranger Cpt. Sidney A. Saloman-published by Birchwood Books-Doylstown, Pa  
The Battle of Hurtgen Forrest by Charles Whiting published by Orion Books, NY  
Beyond Valor by Patrick K. O'Donnell – published by "The Free Press" New York

—Contributed by 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Leonard G. Lomell  
 Platoon leader, 1<sup>st</sup> Platoon, Co. D, 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers Bn.



*"Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace."*

—Amelia Earhart





## MAURICE W. JACKSON

Very little was said of my Dad's participation in World War II and being a Ranger. We did know, however, Rangers were special and Dad was very proud to be a Ranger. It wasn't until recently that we learned just how special each and every one of you are, and continue to be. In his name and in his memory, his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren will continue to carry on the Ranger Tradition.

—Contributed by Lynn Towne, Daughter



### 'Wouldn't Change Places with Anyone' Says Local Soldier, Twice Wounded in Combat with Famed Ranger Battalion

The 116th General Hospital, England. Pfc. Charles R. Hoff, Jr., 20 of 222 Liberty St., Little Ferry, set up a star account's claim to join a Ranger battalion and, although wounded twice since he has been in combat with this famous fighting unit, he said he "wouldn't change places with anyone."

He is convalescing at this 11th Army general hospital in England and has been awarded the Purple Heart and President's Unit Citation.

Pfc. Hoff, who has been with the Ranger battalion for more than six months, following two and-a-half years of service in Iceland, has an estimated record of 14 Germans killed since being in combat on the Western Front.

He was wounded for the second time when a shell landed near him during the fighting around Zimmerman, Germany. The concussion knocked him against a tree, fracturing his right shoulder.

"This condition is very good," said his ward surgeon, Lt. Geo. Slopert of New York City, and he will soon go to the rehabilitation section of this hospital before returning to duty.

"We were in an open area around Zimmerman and could see the Germans sending up replacements," stated Pfc. Hoff to the ward surgeon. "They were only 150 yards away, so some points we were getting pretty close."

"Another Ranger dragged me to a trench and I layed there until things got quieter. Medics fired me up and brought me to a hospital. The medics were very good. I was in a hospital and I was in a hospital."

"My company was sent to the front at night to relieve another company. It was the next morning while we were under machine gunfire the first



Pfc. Charles Hoff

I was wounded by concussion. Pfc. Hoff entered the army in October, 1940, when he had just passed his 18th birthday. He was assigned to an engineer unit and sent to England in December, 1941, where he served as chief clerk in an engineer depot with the rank of staff sergeant. He remained there until June 1944, when he volunteered for duty with the Rangers.

Hoff is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoff, Sr. of Little Ferry, and was employed at the Wm. S. Sutherland Chocolate Co. before entering the army. He is a graduate of Little Ferry School.

## Nazis Find N. J. Rangers Are Tough and Fearless Many from State Have Purple Heart Medals and Decorations for Heroism

BY WARREN H. KENNET Staff Correspondent. WITH THE SECOND RANGER BATTALION IN GERMANY—The men in this outfit rank among the bravest in the United States Army. They are tough and fearless, Jerry has found out many times.

In the unit are Jersey men, most of whom have been with the outfit since it landed on a Normandy beach at H hour on D-Day. A number of them have the Purple Heart.

536 Melrose avenue, Trenton; Cpl. Henry A. Wood of 308 Midland avenue, East Orange; Pfc. Robert E. McKittrick of 106 Bayview avenue, Jersey City, and Sgt. William F. Weber of 19 Madison street, North Arlington.

The following have joined the outfit after D-Day and have seen plenty of action: Pfc. Fred Lorenz of 305 Main avenue, Passaic; Pfc. Frederick Andrews, RFD No. 1, Sewell; Pfc. Jasper O. Jacobos of Blairstown; Pfc. George F. Simon of 7720 Rudderow avenue, Merchantville; Pfc. Raymond M. Taylor, RFD No. 2, Washington; Pfc. John M. Wardell of Curtis avenue, Point Pleasant; Pfc. Richard E. Down of 497-525 Beideman avenue, Camden, and Pfc. Edward Paskivich of 423 Hudson street, Hackensack.

Lt. Leonard G. Lomell of Trenton avenue, Point Pleasant, and Lt. Joseph L. Stevens of 3041 HC Boulevard, Jersey City, are well thought of by the boys here. Lomell is back in the States on rotation leave. Stevens is in a hospital. Both were sergeants who received battlefield promotions.

### Wounded Three Times

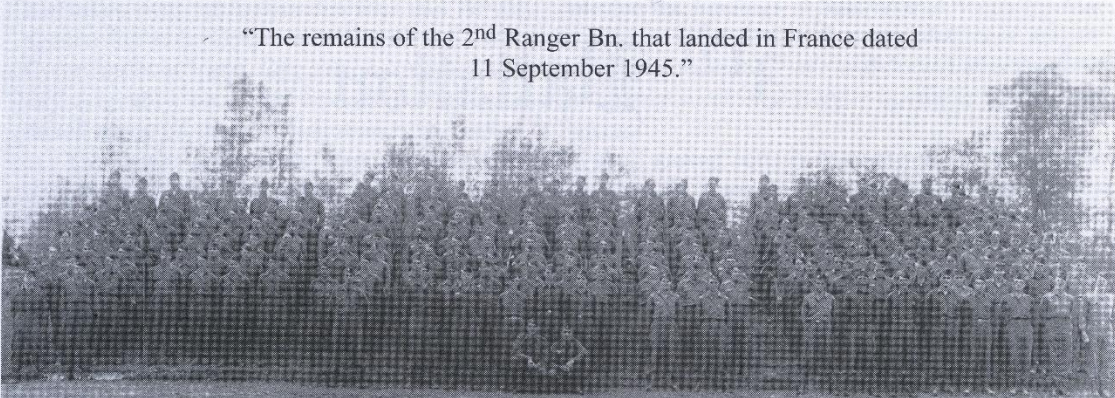
Lomell has received the Distinguished Service Cross and the British Military Medal. Soon after he landed on the beach on D-Day he

on the bag w and 1. After traini Esch there gen, casual flank- Hurte Late ers w ground ing th tured as Su witho prised ation minut But ers s barrag from heavy dig in Germ tanks, tillery At c ton of Germ Germ repuls Germ rage t the F Cap Gen. in the recap it ba Rang

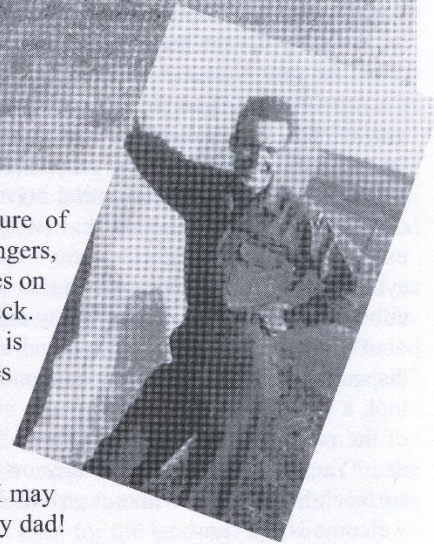


CHARLES S. PARKER  
S/4 Sgt., 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, HQ

“The remains of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Bn. that landed in France dated  
11 September 1945.”



The picture of  
the five Rangers,  
has five names on  
the back.  
Bottom right is



my father holding two captured handguns. The other four names  
are Johnson (Ike?); McCreery; Weber; and Jones. I have no clue  
as to what order the names are in relation to the picture. I will  
bring the originals to the September reunion in New Orleans in  
hopes the Rangers there can help me identify the others and that I may  
come to learn more about my father. The picture at an angle is my dad!

—Contributed by Glenn S. Parker



“He who has walked through fire, cannot be dimmed by the sun”  
—Hindu





## 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion

### CARL HARRISON LEHMANN

At the end of its part in the Tunisian Campaign in late April 1943, the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion entrained for Nemours, a tiny coastal port near the Western boundary of Algeria with French Morocco and there, with volunteers from units then in North Africa, formed the Third, Fourth and reconstituted 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalions under Colonel William O. Darby. The Third, cadred by A and B of the Old First, was led by Herman Dammer who had the legs and stamina of a Bactrian camel. It opened Sicilian doors for Truscott's 3<sup>rd</sup> Division from Licata West to near Marsala. During this phase the Battalion accounted for thrice its numbers in enemy casualties, at small cost to itself.

At one point the battalion topped a ridge to look down upon the left flank of a medium artillery battalion firing at elements of the Third Division. At once the mortar squads set up and waited for orders to fire. And waited. And the more they waited, the more pissed off they became! Having toted their abominable loads over endless mountains in Sicilian summer heat. Finally, one of the less-disciplined gunners let one "slip." Thereupon the other squads loosed ranging shots also, one of which hit the Italian artillery ammunition, detonating it with a horrendous roar, completely destroying the enemy unit (each gunner claimed it was "his" round that lit the dump). Shortly afterwards, as half the battalion advanced in extended order down a wide clear slope, an enemy convoy of trucks, cars, armored vehicles and motorcycles came tearing along a metaled road which bisected the slope and at that instant had Rangers on either side of it. Most of the enemy column was brought to ground.

By-passing Agrigento, the battalion continued in extended order all the way to Porto Empedocles, disposing of weak opposition here and there along the way. Here it met its first German opposition and took a hundred Germans along with near a thousand Italians prisoner. Immediately after its occupation of the port, it came under the fire of "The Philly"! the cruiser USS Philadelphia. Spelling out "USA" and "Yank" with barrels and bales on the docks, men of the Third coaxed Philly's, spotter plane to the surface of the harbor where it provided Colonel Dammer with a flight to the ship and a longboat full of welcome Navy chow.

After nominal actions through Sciacia and Marsala, the Third joined the First and Fourth for rest and refit near the small town of Corleone which, though unknown to the Rangers then, subsequently became known to all as the nerve center of the Mafia.

Within a few days a call came to Darby from the Third Division's General Truscott, for a battalion to secure his right flank as he fought up the North shore towards Messina. Offered the better rested First, Truscott demurred and specified the Third. The battalion then, with the aid of newly issued mules, toiled over the mountainous terrain all the way to Messina and entered that city among the first of the Allies to do so, beating Montgomery, coming up the East shore, by a couple of days.

Now, it was back to Corleone to prep for Salerno, where the Third, as part of Ranger Force, followed the Fourth and First into the beach at Maiori, on the extreme left flank of the main Allied forces at Salerno. The Fourth promptly secured the beachhead and the First and Third went quickly through the



town and 12K up the road to Chiunzi Pass. The leading elements of the First left the road two thirds of the way to occupy the heights dominated by Monte St. Angelo (1200m) and the Third occupied Chiunzi Pass and the ridges to either side overlooking the main road from Naples to Salerno. The Rangers were the only units of the invading force which attained their initial objectives. This was because the Germans had taken over the Italian defenses and fiercely contested the landings at Salerno and Vietri sul Mare against the U.S. Corps under General Dawley, the British Corps under General McCreery and two Commandos at Vietri. Opposition was such as for Mark Clark to contemplate withdrawal after the fourth day. Arguably, such may have happened without the highly successful Ranger operation which interdicted travel on the principal road from Naples to Salerno.

The first to arrive at the Pass stood on a graveled shelf gaping equally from the ascent and the startling sight of a fire pulsing high up and far away in the dark. At dawn the fire dims and through the mist, a great mountain rises from the plain. It's the massive bulk of *il Vesuvio* erupting fire, smoke and ash as he's done since long before Etruscans, Greeks, Romans, and Italians peopled his slopes and whom he's oft entertained with spectacular pyrotechnics. And, from time to time, he's gassed, suffocated, incinerated and buried them. September 9, 1943, he again has the stage! brilliant beacon for the Luftwaffe, Allied bombers and aiming point for the guns of the great fleet of warships accompanying the transports and landing craft riding calm seas off Salerno, and about to deposit 140,000 men upon the Continent.

With the Rangers was a unit of 4.2 Chemical mortars and both field artillery and Naval artillery observers. With the Plain of Naples, the main road curving along the narrow valley, through Pagani, Nocera Inferiore, Nocera Superiore, Cava and round the feet of Monte Chiunzi and St. Angelo in plain view, the Rangers and their observers directed mortar and Naval fire upon the roads from the first day, aided in no small measure by the initiative of Corporal Fox. Willie, on his own initiative, descended into Nocera, contacted demoralized Italians and obtained maps showing significant targets for gunfire. For the daylight hours that road was "Closed". The Herman Goering division charged with that flank, tried time after time to breach the thin Ranger lines spread over miles of ridges, but were defeated by the stubborn defenders which included after a time, Paratroops and a 36<sup>th</sup> Division combat team. When the main Allied breakout occurred, it came through the Ranger positions, contrary to and much later than called for in the invasion plan.

The pass included a two-story farmhouse built right into the West wall of the Pass, with two of its exterior walls being part of the mountain's solid limestone. It eventually proved impervious to direct hits and sheltered quite effectively the forward HQ of The Force, a principal OP and the aid station attended by Doc Shuster. Late in this action, Sergeant-Major Scotty Munro answered the phone: "Fort Shuster!" It remains so to those of the Third Battalion to this day.

After rest and refit in Naples and elsewhere, the Third joined the others, already in action on the Volturno and against prepared German positions in greatly advantageous defensive positions in the mountains. The Rangers suffered many casualties during these mountain advances, and in late November, were sent back to Pozzuoli (near Naples) to refit and train for the landing at Anzio.

In mid-January, the Rangers landed against light opposition at Anzio. After some nine days fighting increasing opposition on the forward line of the beachhead, they were assembled for an infiltration to Cisterna di Littorio. The First and Third went through the German lines in single files on either side of the stream in the Pontano ditch, a part of the drainage system of the Pontine marshes which stretch northerly from Anzio to the Alban hills. Shortly before they attained Cisterna, the First and Third met their end, the same aided by a strange fortune! the Pontano ditch was designated by Kesselring, the German commander, as the dividing line between two divisions which arrived at the front during the evening before the Ranger attempt on Cisterna. When the forces collided, the Rangers were mostly in two long files dictated by the travel up the ditch, and had difficulty in assembling effectively. Major Martin, the Third's commander was killed with the first shot and the commander of the First disabled



soon after. It gradually became clear that they were surrounded by vastly superior forces, and after a fight lasting late in the day, were finally cut to pieces, all attempts at aid (from the Fourth Battalion and the Third Division) failing.

### EPILOGUE

Revisionist historians, most in swaddling clothes when Rangers' ramps went down, and who, obviously plagiarizing one another, state as gospel that the Rangers were ambushed at Cisterna. Certainly that Kraut shouting fire orders to his battery as the Rangers stole past did not know such a trap was to be sprung. It is safe to conclude also that the hundreds of bivouacked Krauts just rolling out of their blankets at the first shots, as Rangers sprang shooting from the ditch, were ignorant of such an elaborate and clever plan. And if it were an ambush, how come it took all day for two divisions to cream about seven hundred? No, Carlo D'Estes got it right; the two divisions moving in the night before dictated the result without any divination by the Krauts of the intended Ranger infiltration.

Likewise, a British writer suggests—preposterously! Darby stopped short of his objective—Pagani!—at Chiunzi. The documentation shows conclusively that Darby's assigned objectives were those reached before daylight. To have continued to Pagani or Nocera would have been assinine and at odds with the whole purpose of the planned operations centered at Chiunzi Pass. Moreover, an analysis of this writer's reasons for his conclusions demonstrates a gross deficiency in map reading, stating critical heights and distances (as between the Pass and Nocera, for instance) wrongly by a factor of minus three, and quite ignores the significance of the rugged terrain between the Pass and Nocera demonstrated by the differences in the airline and road distances—one mile to 13 miles.

—Contributed by Carl Harrison Lehmann  
1<sup>st</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Battalions



## SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T BE GI

I always had a great admiration for Colonel H Dammer. Being his radioman during the Sicilian Invasion, I realized why.

Another reason: While the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> Battalions were at a rest area on Lucrino Beach, Colonel Dammer came to my tent which was the Signal Supply and Work Shop. I also slept there. He told me the officers wanted electric lights in their tents. I told him it was impossible. Our small Briggs & Stratton generator was running at capacity just supplying the kitchen and a few bulbs in the Casino Building. Then he said, "Get another generator." "How?" I asked. "Get a requisition from supply and pick one up from the Supply Depot." The next morning I took off for the Supply Depot at Creseta about 20 miles north of Naples. Parked the jeep. Entered the building and gave the requisition to the corporal seated at a desk by the door. He looked at it and said, "Ummm, better show this to Major Keeme." He looked at it for a few seconds and said, "Ranger Battalions." "Yes Sir," I replied. Then he said very firmly, "The Rangers don't have a Table of Organization. All you get is a box of candles. The corporal will tell you where you can pick them up." "But Sir, this is for the Officers' tents," I pleaded. "Good Bye Sergeant," he answered sarcastically. I saluted, clicked my heels, turned and left.

When I got back to the Rest Area, I told Colonel Dammer what happened. Then I told him I stopped at an Engineering Outfit Area where I talked to my friend, and he told me they had a generator that is mounted on a trailer, the 220 was defective but the 110 worked perfectly. I could have it for a .45 pistol



and a combat jacket. Colonel Dammer replied, "We'll do it right. I'll go see Major Keene in the morning."

Later the next morning, Colonel Dammer entered my tent and said, "Go down to the supply tent and pick up a .45 and a combat jacket." I picked up the generator, but never got to use it. We left for Anzio and never came back.

The night we invaded Sicily, the 20mm gunner on our landing craft was too sick to make the trip. Colonel Dammer told me I would be manning the 20mm, but I couldn't shoot it unless he told me. He never told me. What a thrill—riding up from seeing all the action rather than straddling a bench at the bottom of the boat! The air filled with the end result of cans of C-ration-meat and beans.

—Contributed by C. W. Eineichner  
1st & 3rd Ranger Battalions



**ROBERT LYLE CUNNINGHAM**  
Sgt., "F" Company, 3rd Battalion  
1922-1946

Dates of Ranger Service: June 1943-1945 / Stalag IIB

Lyle's story is much like that of his peers. His participation and membership in the Rangers is a compelling tale of American history, self-sacrifice, honor, loyalty and devotion to a greater cause than one's self.



Sgt. Robert L. Cunningham

These wholly American ideals are what separates us from a barbaric world and advances the cause of liberty, justice and freedom. Lyle believed in those ideals.

Cunningham was a well-known baseball and basketball star at Granite and Cheyenne, Oklahoma. The newspapers kept up with his personal journey the whole time he was serving with the Rangers. And the community was proud of his service. He and Aubra "Blackie" Daniels enlisted together and both served with the 3rd Battalion Rangers. Aubra passed away in 2001.

For those of us in the family who are veterans, we have a special understanding of the cost of freedom, free speech and for what you Rangers have endured.

It is only right that each of us as Americans step back, put our personal interests aside, and honor Robert Lyle Cunningham's and the Aubra Daniels of this life, and the people with whom they served! Darby's Elite Ranger Forces.

Solitary soldiers, like Lyle and Aubra and the rest of you Rangers, are the "point men" for freedom. Rangers, you have been our protectors and we would like to take this opportunity to pay homage to all of you very special Rangers of World War II.

You are the men who placed your lives up front so that those of the future could have a better life. This is what soldiers do. It is their job, their mission and their calling. With leadership like Colonel William Orlando Darby, you became highly skilled in your trade!

You Rangers are true heroes to those of us who love freedom!

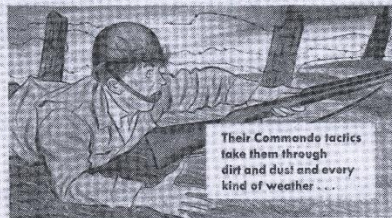


Lyle was one of you and would probably be here today, but, unfortunately and tragically, he died in a car wreck in 1946 near home shortly after being released from German hands. Lyle never forgot you Rangers. One of the first things he did when he came home was to join a Veteran's organization. Information passed down says that he was proud of those he served with and proud to have served America as well.

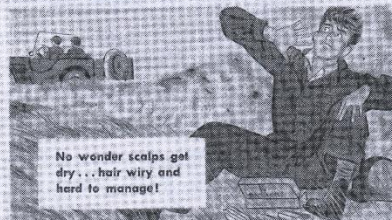
The Cunningham and extended families say, "THANK YOU RANGERS FOR BRINGING OUR BOY HOME. GOD BLESS YOU ALL.



**How rough and ready Rangers  
get the best of Dry Scalp dangers**



Their Commando tactics take them through dirt and dust and every kind of weather . . .



No wonder scalps get dry . . . hair wiry and hard to manage!

**but... 5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away**

... MAKES "VASELINE" HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



**Make it your first choice . . .**

For good-looking, healthy-looking hair, comb in a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic each day . . . or rub directly on the scalp. You'll soon see why it's top favorite with Service Men . . . why it keeps hair looking "top notch" under the toughest conditions. For extra care of both scalp and hair . . . massage with plenty of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before every shampoo. Buy a bottle today . . . and see what a difference it makes!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS!

LIFE magazine  
June 26, 1944





## 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion

### SGT. DONALD L. PADGETT



Sgt. Donald L. Padgett

My father was inspired by a “stump speech” while at Camp Croft, SC where he studied combat intelligence, fire control observation, map reading and drawing April 1943.

In July of 1943 he arrived in North Africa just in time to be involved in the Sicilian invasion and Campaign. Like many other Rangers he contracted malaria. Since no one can recall him I can only rely on the accounts of Jim Altieri in Sicily and the 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion.

On September 10th, 1943, Dad was wounded by shrapnel during the Salerno beachhead and consolidation of the area. He was treated at an aid station and went “reverse AWOL.” He was awarded the Purple Heart with reluctance according to the half-burned records I received.

Sgt. Padgett performed his duties with the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion until he became very ill from hepatitis and was evacuated. There was no treatment for hepatitis at that time and the damage to his liver took his life at 47 in 1969. (He was a great loss to a 17-year-old boy entering Medic Training at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.)

Sgt. Padgett was selected as an alternate candidate to go to West Point. When the primary candidate was killed in action, Sgt. Padgett was appointed as primary candidate by Senator Mike Mansfield from Wyoming. Sgt. Padgett wanted to continue the military tradition of my grandfather, Lt. Col. Benjamin L. Padgett, Army War College and Special Consultant to the Secretary of War for Logistics, Statistics and Planning. Sgt. Padgett attended West Point Prep School at Cornell University and officer training classes at Ft. Benning. Unfortunately he could not recover sufficiently to apply himself so he was reassigned to Washington D.C. but not before he was assigned to Headquarters Company, 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion at Camp Butner North Carolina. My records show he was paid by a 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Russel R. Tremblay, 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion Adjutant.

Sgt. Padgett was assigned to the 250th M.P. Battalion Washington DC, later to the 703<sup>rd</sup> M.P. Battalion at Ft. Myer, Virginia after going back to Ft. Benning for formal M.P. training.

Sgt. Donald L. Padgett was later promoted to Staff Sergeant in the M.O.S 677 (Military Policeman). As a Private in Basic Training his M.O.S was 521. As a Sergeant he was a section or squad leader, M.O.S 745. It was at this time Sgt. Padgett served in Italy. When he came home he was a “Job Pressman” MOS 169. Staff Sergeant Donald L. Padgett earned the following decorations and medals:

The Combat Infantry Badge

Bronze Star for Merit for earning the Combat Infantry Badge Awarded 1948 by General George



Marshall COS  
The Purple Heart for Wounds at Salerno  
The Army Good Conduct Medal  
The American Campaign Medal  
The European-African-Middle-East Ribbon with Bronze Arrowhead:  
3 Battle Stars for 3 Campaigns: Sicily, Naples-Foggia, and Rome-Arno.  
The World War II Victory Medal  
Expert Rifle Badge for Rifle  
Marksman Rifle Badge for Carbine  
Honorable Discharge Pin (Ruptured Duck)  
(As a Unit) The 5<sup>th</sup> Army Letter of Commendation

Staff Sergeant Donald L. Padgett entered the service Febuary 11, 1943. He left the service almost 3 years later January 24, 1946. His closest civilian occupation states "Took 12 man squads on beach assaults. Took patrols behind enemy lines to secure intelligence information."

My father was reluctant to share his war-time experiences but he stood 6'1" and could take care of himself and I believe he did a lot of up close and personal combat.

There is no excuse for not sharing great fellowship with the members of the World War II Ranger Battalions Association. My father had eight children to support and six State Legislatures to lobby. He spent too much time on just his family and job and failed to take stock in what, undoubtedly, contributed to his tenacity, confidence, and as one Ranger recently advised me "that Ranger mystique." Let me apologize for him and assure you that I hold the Rangers in high regard and if Dad had to do it over again he probably would give you guys a call!



My mother, Ruth Wills Padgett, a W.A.V.E. Seaman 1<sup>st</sup> Class, having a drink with my Dad when he was stationed in Washington just before they got married

—Contributed by Ben Padgett  
235 High Creek Drive  
Roswell, GA 30076-2075  
770-993-1870  
blpadgett@mindspring.com



## DONALD S. FREDERICK

My short but vivid memories of having served with F Company of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion were now history. We survived the Arzew landing with a surprise attack taking out the big coastal guns on the high ground overlooking the Bay of Arzew. The French called this Superiur with Ft. Du Nord to the right. We trained night and day at Arzew until we were called for a mission in Tunisia. The object mission was Sened Station, a raid with Companies A, E and F. The battalion was airlifted to an airport near Gafsa. We had very little information about this raid other than to get about ten prisoners and wipe out this outpost. I called this one a good mission; it was what we had been trained for.

We were saddened at the loss of Elmer Garrison, F Company.

After the Tunisia campaign on April 19, the battalion returned to Nemours to form up two new battalions to be known as the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Rangers. E and F companies were to form the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion. Captain Roy Murray with Captain Walter Nye as his executive officer, was in command of the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion. We were now getting many volunteers to complete the battalions and get ready for our next mission, which was Sicily.

On boarding ship, I was struck down with an appendix attack. Dr. Hardenbrook ordered me taken off the ship to a station hospital in Oran where I had surgery. The next news I heard was that the Rangers had landed in Gela, Sicily on July 10, 1943. This was where my good friend Walter Wojcik lost his life when a mine exploded on the beach.

After my one-week hospital stay and month long recovery period, it appeared that no attempt was going to be made for me to rejoin the 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion. That was the way the Replacement Centers operated. I decided to go AWOL with three other soldiers. We got to Palermo, Sicily where we commandeered a car, got some C-rations and Jerry cans with gas. We struck out to look for the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion, which we found near Caltanissetta. The 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion was now outfitting and getting ready for the Italian invasion. Again, we trained night and day for who knows what lay ahead.

Our next mission was the beachhead at Maiori, Italy. The 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion landed after midnight September 9, 1943 and occupied the town. Quickly, the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalions passed through the town and occupied the high ground overlooking the plains of Naples and Mt. Vesvio. The 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> occupied the Chiunzi Pass area and stayed there about three weeks where many battles were fought. The 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion occupied the extreme left flank of the Lattari Mountains, where it stayed about three weeks. The element of surprise was the Rangers answer to a good mission.

Finally the 8th Army reached us and the Germans pulled back to the winter line north of the Volturno River. We had a brief rest in Naples, then were pulled back to Sorrento for rest and refitting. The 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion occupied a large schoolhouse and the Tramontano Hotel. We had a good time there; the food and weather were both better. Also, we had a few trips to the Isle of Capri.

Some soldiers were fighting malaria and jaundice. I came down with jaundice about October 15<sup>th</sup> and it laid me low. The medics said to eat white bread and candy. I hadn't seen either of those since the States.

Our next mission was on November 4<sup>th</sup> to cross the Volturno River to occupy Mt. Cannavinelle and prevent German forces from getting through the hairpin curve on Highway 6 going to Venefro. We were told three U.S. divisions were to cross the Volturno and make an envelopment on our positions to relieve us on the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> of November 1943.

Captain Nye, with E and F companies in his command, led us to our next objective, which we reached by sun-up. At 6:30 a.m. on November 4<sup>th</sup>, we had the two companies take a break to eat and smoke in a draw near our objective. Captain Nye called me up along with our radio operator saying, "Don, let's go forward for better observation." We didn't go far when we saw two OP wires going up the hill behind us. Captain Nye and I cut the wire to take their OP out. It was probably occupied but we didn't check it out. We didn't go far as we saw three German companies coming up the hill towards us. They



stopped, when they saw us, about 200 yards away.

Captain Nye said, "Don, you cover me and I will indicate they should surrender." About one minute later, they went right and left into fire position. Nye, the radio operator and I got over the ridge and dropped back about 200 yards in a good defensive position. We decided to bring E Company up. When they got to us, I sent one platoon to the left flank where Captain Nye was and one platoon was with me to watch the right flank. It wasn't long before the Germans came over the ridge in the wide open. I would guess there were about 50 men. They were company front and coming over open terrain. At 100 yards, I gave the order to fire. The Germans stopped and ran off the hill below the ridgeline. They left their casualties behind.

About fifteen minutes later below us on Highway 6, tanks and armor moved up and took us under fire with 88 shells. Again the Germans sent their companies against us and again the Rangers turned them back. This time I had two wounded men in a draw below me. I went down to see what I could do. They were in bad shape. I was just about to give them morphine when I looked up to find I was covered by eight Germans. Behind them were Lodge, Ryan, and Rodriguez with their hands up. They had run out of ammo and were flanked and taken prisoner. I had to help carry wounded Germans as I was led to Venafro.

We came to a building where inside about 50 Germans lay on the ground. My captor, who had a Luger barrel to my neck, said "Look!" They wanted me to see their casualties. Shortly, a German lieutenant who spoke good English came up and said, "Are you Lt. Frederick?" I said, "Yes." He held out his hand and said, "Congratulations on the firefight we had today." He then asked why so many of his men were shot through the head. I said, "You came at us three times and then dropped back to Hill 689 where you had prepared positions. This was the only target my men had." He said that was true. Then he told my captors to get me some food and anything else I could use. We shook hands and he said, "Tomorrow, I may be in your position."

I believe this lieutenant probably saved my life by showing up when he did. They were going to fly me to Berlin, but due to weather conditions, we took a boxcar with eight British officers to Berlin. My war was now over or was it just starting? This was not a good mission—no air, artillery or tank support. You don't fight tanks with M-1 rifles.

I was in solitary confinement a month, then sent to officer camp in Poland. It was here where I met Captain "Bing" Evans, Captain Kitchens, Lt. Teal and other Ranger officers who told me about how the Anzio campaign ended. After 17 months, on January 21, 1945, we started walking back into Germany. My diary says it was about 576 miles before we reached Hammelburg, Germany. It was there I was liberated by Captain Baum of the 4<sup>th</sup> Armored Division, and recaptured. The war was soon to end.

Col. Murray spent a week at my home in 1998. We re-fought many battles, some good missions and some bad. He sent me a 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger cap after this and I treasure it. A good Battalion C.O. for the 4<sup>th</sup> Rangers and I was glad to be under his command.

—Contributed by Donald S. Frederick



## TRIBUTE TO REVEREND GREEN KEGLEY

World War II Ranger Special Order No. 64, dated 3 June 1943, from Lt. Col. William O. Darby and signed by 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Howard Karbel, places Pvt. Green W. Kegley, 6665606, in Company C, 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion. Shortly thereafter he was seriously injured in training and returned to the United States. Citizen Kegley worked hard like every other American after the war, but in 1957 something special hap-



pened. Mr. Kegley felt God's call for him to return "home" as a missionary. He moved his family to their vacation cabin in Kentucky. He and his wife Wanda, the parents of six, are still serving the people of the Kentucky hills.

From the Baptist Church in Olive Hill, Kentucky, where Reverend Kegley is the minister, he remembered the hard training in North Africa, with speed marches that covered seven miles in 45 minutes—in the mountains. He remembered practicing beach assaults. One night he was aboard a boat with Lt. Col. Darby, when a submarine was spotted nearby. It did not immediately identify itself, and Darby ordered his boat captain to ram the sub. Fortunately, the sub—an ally, responded in time.

True to veteran Ranger form, Rev. Kegley did not talk much about his Ranger experience, and much of his family did not know about it until someone mentioned it at a family funeral a few years ago. Through his service to others over many years, Ranger Kegley distinguished himself in his Church and community. On his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, he was honored by Governor Patton as an outstanding Kentuckian, and a year ago the Governor again honored Kegley's achievements at a Bar-B-Que in Bardstown. The Ranger Reverend Green Kegley was commissioned a Kentucky Colonel—the highest honor the State of Kentucky can bestow on one of its citizens.

Reverend Kegley is being further honored by his family, several of whom are joining him in New Orleans at the RBA Reunion—Ranger Kegley's first ever RBA Reunion.

—Sons & Daughters of World War II Rangers Honor  
 Reverend Green W. Kegley, World War II Ranger  
 By David Williams



## SGT. EDMUND BLACK

### "F" Company, 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion

Three First Waves:  
 Sicily – Gela  
 Italy – Maori  
 Italy – Anzio

WOUNDS: Left leg, Italy, September 27, 1943  
 Right leg, Italy, November 11, 1943  
 Discharged June 16, 1945  
 Wakeman General Hospital  
 Camp Atterbury, Indiana

—Contributed by his family



Sgt. Edmund Black





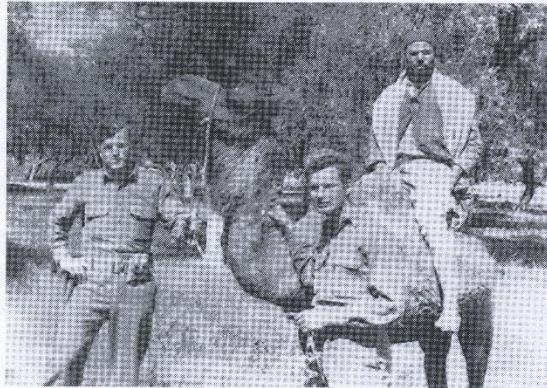
Ben Temkin

BEN TEMKIN  
4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion

—Contributed by his family



WALTER WOJCIK



Walter Wojcik (left) and Don Frederick

These are pictures taken of Walter Wojcik and Don Frederick in North Africa. Walter was with the original 1<sup>st</sup> WWII Rangers. He received a battlefield commission and commanded "E" Company, 4<sup>th</sup> Rangers. Walter was killed in Gela, Sicily on July 10, 1943.



—Contributed by Sophia Wojcik Komec  
Columbia Heights, Minnesota





## 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion

### 5<sup>th</sup> RANGER INFANTRY BATTALION, a short history

#### I. In the beginning

The 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Infantry Battalion was activated on 1 September 1943 at Camp Forrest Tennessee. Thirty-four officers and 563 enlisted men joined the battalion over the next three days. Major Owen H. Carter was the battalion commander and Captain Richard P. Sullivan, the executive officer.

After four months of strenuous training in the States, the battalion shipped out of the Port of New York on 8 January, 1944, aboard the HMS Mauretania, arriving in Liverpool, England on the 18th.

#### II. Training in England

Training resumed at Leominster, England, but there was some free time and the pubs got a lot of business. And, no, the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers had nothing to do with the midnight raid on the QM truck company located just outside town in a tent city. Two months later to Scotland where the battalion endured Commando training. From Scotland to the Assault Training Center where Major Schneider joined us as the new battalion commander. Then to Swanage for cliff training. The final examinations on our training came in late April during the Fabius II landing exercise.

#### III. The Invasion

On 1 June, the battalion moved to Portland Harbor and boarded its invasion ships, the HMS Prince Leopold (Battalion Headquarters, and "A", "B" and "E" Companies) and the HMS Prince Baudouin (Headquarters, "C", "D" and "F" Companies). At last, the maps, aerial photos and sand tables had names on them: Vierville-sur-Mer, Pointe du Hoc, Grandcamp-les-Bains and Maisy.

On 6 June 1944, shortly before 0500 hours, our assault landing craft (LCAs) were lowered into the violent waters of an English Channel storm. The pitching, tossing boats were badly overloaded, men jammed onto benches, and most violently sea sick. The bilge pumps of the LCAs were unable to keep up with the waves crashing over the sides. An "F" Company boat sank. The steel shells of our helmets used as bailing buckets managed to keep the remaining thirteen boats afloat.

At H-Hour, 0630 hours, we circled offshore waiting for a signal from the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion. Had they been successful in their assault of the cliffs at Pointe du Hoc? No word. Circle. No word. At 0710, ten minutes beyond his deadline, Colonel Schneider ordered the three waves of eighteen Ranger boats under his command to divert to Omaha Beach, landing at Vierville-sur-Mer.

As Colonel Schneider's first wave, Companies "A" and "B" of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers landed at Vierville, they were cut to pieces by massive German machine gun, mortar and artillery fire. Colonel Schneider diverted his remaining forces, the entire 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers, to the east. Approximately one mile and ten min-



utes later, the 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Infantry Battalion landed intact astride the boundary between Omaha Dog White and Red Beaches.

Schneider immediately ordered the battalion to proceed to rallying points by platoon infiltration. Four holes were blown in the wire that trapped the American forces on the beach. Rangers poured through those gaps in the wire and stormed the crest of the smoke covered bluffs, taking the German defenders by surprise. At this point, the 29th Division ordered the battalion to assist in establishing the beachhead rather than relieve the 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers at Pointe du Hoc. By late afternoon, the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers had occupied Vierville, securing the right flank of a beachhead about a mile deep. Plans to push on to Pointe du Hoc were vetoed by the 29th Division and the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers remained in Vierville overnight defending the right flank of the beachhead.

On D + 1, most of the battalion remained in and around Vierville, mopping up German resistance and defending the beachhead against counterattacks. Two companies, "C" and "D", were part of an Infantry and Tank task force attacking toward Grandcamp-les-Bains. This force advanced through the German defenses to a point about a mile past Pointe du Hoc when heavy artillery fire and extensive anti-tank defenses drove it back to St. Pierre du Mont, just short of the Pointe. When the tanks were recalled to Vierville to help defend the beachhead for the night, the task force dug in at St. Pierre, sending out patrols that were able to contact the forces at Pointe du Hoc.

On D + 2, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Rangers at Pointe du Hoc were relieved in an early morning attack by the Rangers at St. Pierre du Mont. Simultaneously, Companies "B" and "E" of the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers led the attack on Grandcamp-les-Bains with the 116<sup>th</sup> Infantry and 743<sup>rd</sup> Tank Battalion putting the finishing touches on the capture of the town.

Early on D + 3, "A", "C" and "F" attacked and captured the German artillery and infantry strong-points surrounding the German Headquarters complex at Maisy .

Casualties for the Invasion Operations 23 KIA, 89 WIA and 2 MIA. Total 114 or 22%.

#### **IV. Respite**

The next few weeks brought a brief respite to the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers. Training occupied most of the time. However, part of the time was occupied guarding prisoners of war at Foucarville and part guarding the west coast beaches against possible German landing operations from their forces on the Channel Islands.

#### **V. The Brittany Campaign**

On 29 August, Companies "A", "C" and "E" relieved elements of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division northwest of Brest. Patrolling and sporadic fighting occurred over the next few days.

On 1 September, the rest of the battalion was attached to the 29th Division with a mission "to straighten out the lines." Heavy fighting erupted the following day when the battalion attacked Ft. Toulbrouh, the first of many forts defending Brest that were captured by the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers. Fighting was so violent that the battalion reserve had to be committed to stop a counterattack and Headquarters Company had to be reorganized into a Ranger Company and placed in reserve.

The attack on the fort continued the next day with artillery and air support. "B" Company following 20 yards behind the strafing P-47s ricocheting bullets, captured the fort in 6 minutes after the last P-47 strafing pass.

The next day was notable when the battalion attacked another fort south of Kernies. Headquarters Company and "D" Company made the final assault, taking more than 300 prisoners.

On 5 September, Companies "A", "C" and "E" rejoined the battalion as it began an attack on Fort de Mengant. In this see-saw battle, "F" took the fort with a bayonet charge.



Heavy fighting continued as the battalion moved to the Le Conquet Peninsula, west of Brest. On 17 September, Lieutenant Green led an "E" Company patrol to attack a pillbox that had resisted many attempts to capture it. One hundred thirty pounds of C-2 were placed against the pillbox, and 20 gallons of gas oil mixture was poured over it. The charges were detonated and the burning pillbox lit the skies for 40 minutes.

Brest surrendered the next day and many believe Greene's patrol did the trick.

Casualties for the Brittany Campaign: 25 KIA, 130 WIA, 2 MIA. Total 156 or 37.5%.

## **VI. Respite Revisited**

The 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers moved into Belgium and Luxembourg, mostly by rail, finally ending up in and around a Marist Seminary at Differt, Belgium. Although the training cycle began all over again, there was free time to visit Arlon and Differt, where the Belgian populace were truly appreciative of their recent liberation by the Americans. There were banquets and home cooked meals. In their spare time some of the Rangers organized a soccer team which played the local championship team. We lost. All good things must come to an end, and no, it wasn't because someone stole the seminary's communion wine. On

November 7th, 1944, the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers moved back into France and danger.

## **VII. The Saar Campaign**

The 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers were attached to the 6<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Group, part of General Patton's battlefield eyes and ears. First to Toul, then Nancy with minor patrol actions. Back into high casualty combat during the first week of December, with heavy fighting erupting in the L'Hopital, Carling, Aspenhubel and Ludweiler areas. In Lauterbach, "F" Company carried on a running battle with a Tiger tank proving conclusively that a bazooka round will not penetrate the frontal armor of the Tiger.

Patrolling with occasional bloody firefights followed for the next few days as enemy patrols grew more aggressive. And then on 21 December, following feints by "C" and "D" Companies, two battalions of artillery laid a box barrage around an objective. A raiding party from "B" Company rushed into the objective area, killed 28 enemy, wounded 25 and took one prisoner, a German officer needed for questioning by higher headquarters.

On 24 December, the battalion was relieved and moved to Metz for Christmas celebrations.

Casualties for the Saar Campaign: 18 KIA, 106 WIA, 5 MIA. Total 129 or 25%.

## **VIII. St. Avold to Weiten**

That respite lasted three days and back into combat. The Battle of the Bulge was still in full swing and the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers' mission was a defensive one at St. Avold. The German attack on St. Avold never materialized and the battalion moved back into a training mode.

In early February, the battalion was attached to the 94<sup>th</sup> Division. Heavy fighting ensued as the battalion fought through Wehingen, Oberleuken, Hellendorf and Weiten. At Weiten the battalion received a new 48-hour mission to seize high ground behind the German lines near Zerf, this to prevent the enemy from using the road network around Zerf to counter-attack the 10th Armored Division as it crossed the Saar. By this time, 22 February, replacements had brought the battalion up to a strength of 398, 108 below TOE strength.

## **IX. Irsch-Zerf**



The following night, under cover of darkness, the battalion crossed the Saar River on a footbridge. Just prior to midnight, the battalion passed through the 302<sup>nd</sup> Infantry and began to move in two columns into enemy territory. Night movement by compass azimuth was difficult over the rugged, heavily wooded terrain. The columns were constantly harassed by enemy artillery fire and infantry firefights. Many prisoners were taken and these soon became a severe burden, but the advance kept on through thick woods that obscured any terrain features. Reaching the edge of the woods, the real fighting began. Pillboxes and buildings were captured. More prisoners taken. Enemy infantry blundering upon the Rangers attacked violently. But still the German command did not seem to realize the Rangers were behind their lines. Unfortunately, escaping prisoners brought artillery fire on the battalion. The battalion continued to move toward its objective throughout the night.

By 0800 hours on the 25<sup>th</sup>, advanced elements of the battalion reached the objective, with the rest of the battalion closing soon after. German counter-attacks began immediately. Rockets, artillery and infantry smashed at the battalion positions. Ammunition, water, food and medical supplies ran low. Aerial resupply efforts managed to drop some supplies within the perimeter. On the 28<sup>th</sup>, during a lull in the enemy attacks, the battalion fought its way to a better defensive position, higher ground to the south. And the Germans counterattacked again and again. Finally, on March 3 it was over. The two-day mission had taken nine days and bled the battalion dry.

Casualties for the Irsch-Zerf Campaign: 34 KIA, 140 WIA, 12 MIA. Total 186 or 47%.

## X. Rebuilding

On 6 March, the battalion moved to Schwebsingen, Luxembourg to rebuild with 191 replacements and a nucleus of the 180 who survived the Irsch-Zerf action. Two weeks later, the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers entered into a new profession, that of Military Government, at first for Freidberg and then for Erfurt, Gotha, Apolda, Weimar and Jena.

—Contributed by John C. Raen, Jr.  
5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion



## THE STORY OF FATHER LACY

The 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers had been looking for a chaplain for some time, and now it was clearly too late, D-Day had to be soon. We were already locked up in our base camps. The officers and non-coms had already seen the maps and sand tables of the invasion beaches. True, the names of all the places had been expunged, but who could miss a shoreline running east and west, no major towns or highways. A rural area . . . not the Pas de Calais, it had to be Normandy.

Then suddenly, he was there. Chaplain (Captain) Joseph R. Lacy. “Red! Come over here and meet our new chaplain,” called Major Sullivan, the battalion executive officer. I looked at Lacy. Old, probably in his late thirties or early forties. Short, he couldn’t have been over five foot six. Fat, at least thirty pounds overweight. Thick glasses. Dripping with perspiration. This was our Ranger chaplain!

“He’s yours.” And so I took him with me to find a bunk. Turned out he was a Roman Catholic, a good thing in the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers because the majority of our officers and about half of the enlisted men had come



to us from the YD, the Yankee Division, and most of them were Catholics. I found a bunk for him and helped him unpack, noted what equipment he lacked and sent someone to draw his requirements.

Our conversation was short and to the point. "Padre, you aren't in very good shape." "No, I'm not." "Do you know what our mission is?" "No." "Well, we don't either," I continued, "but we have a pretty good idea that it involves a long, fast march across country, through enemy territory. Do you think you can keep up with us?" "Probably not, but if you leave enough signs, I'll catch up to you when you stop." And that was it.

I went back to Sullivan and said, "Sully, we really got ourselves a hot one there. I just don't think he can hack it." "You're probably right, Red, but at least we have a chaplain for these last few days before the invasion."

And so we did. Lacy was a really enjoyable guy, his only problem was his physical condition. He'd never keep up with us.

"Padre, you know you can't keep up with us and you know we can't wait for you." "True, but don't worry about me, I'll get there sooner or later."

And so it was. Lacy kept out of the way in those last hectic days before we boarded the HMS Prince Baudouin. He established a rapport with the men that was much needed. Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, it didn't matter to him or to the men, they loved him and his unassuming sympathy and empathy.

Aboard the Baudouin, I didn't see much of him. During the day, we, officers and men, were busy standing watch, maintaining our equipment, checking the men's, studying the terrain we were about to experience. By now the maps had names on them. In the evening, while the officers congregated in the wardroom with the British officers, drinking Scotch whiskey and singing mostly Irish songs, the Padre was down among the men giving solace comfort, advice. He was assigned to my boat, so I checked him and his equipment out a dozen times as we went through our boat drills.

And then, "Attention on deck! Attention on deck! United States Rangers, embarkation stations! United States Rangers, embarkation stations!" Father Lacy loaded with us, but other than making sure he was aboard, I paid no attention to the little old fat man.

The next time I saw him, I was kneeling on Omaha Dog Red Beach right next to the sea wall, looking back at my LCA as my men still poured out of it and began running toward me and the safety of that wall. There was Father Lacy, the last man out. He was no more than ten feet clear of the boat when a German shell hit the fantail of the LCA. The Padre was unhit, but the British crew must have been killed. I looked away and did not see Father Lacy again until much later.

Others saw him and like minstrels sang his praises. Lacy didn't cross the beach like we heroes did. He stayed down there in the water's edge pulling the wounded forward ahead of the advancing tide. He comforted the dying. Calmly said prayers for the dead. He led terrified soldiers to relative safety behind debris and wreckage, half carrying them, half dragging them, binding up their wounds. Never once did he think of his own safety. Always helping those that needed his help to survive that awful inferno.

The 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers left the beach a few minutes later, but Father Lacy stayed behind at the water's edge, doing the work for which God had chosen him.

True to his word the Padre caught up with us later. He was delayed, he said.

Chaplain Lacy was awarded the Army Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action.

—Contributed by John C. Raaen, Jr. from  
*Sir, the 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers Have Landed Intact.*



*"Experience is not what happens to a man. It is what a man does with what happens to him."*

—Aldous Huxley



## HONORING THE MEMORY OF LT. WOODFORD MOORE

How overwhelming it was to see my Dad's name, E Company Lieutenant Woodford Moore in the first chapter of the book, "*Reflections of Courage on D-Day*," which I read on the Internet. Since then I have been looking through all his old records and paperwork. My Dad passed away October 24, 1979 and my mother, Mabel, passed away April 7, 1997 so I cannot ask any questions and always thought that my dad, Woodie, did not want to talk about the war. Daddy was born April 12, 1914 and was 29 when he was sent to England on October 8, 1943. He must have been one of the older Rangers. Our family was complete by then: my sister Pam, born in 1936, myself, Pat, born 1938, and younger sister Sharon, born 1943.



Lt. Woodford Moore



Mabel and Woodford Moore  
with children Pat, Pam and Sharon

Too young to remember much about those times, I do remember thinking my dad was the most handsome soldier, and after looking at the old picture, I know I was right. I remember one day, June 26, 1944 a boy coming to the door with an envelope. I heard my mom and my grandmother upstairs. I thought they were laughing; but of course, they were crying, for the telegram had arrived saying "your husband First Lieutenant Woodford O. Moore was killed in action on 7 June in France." We had a memorial church service and the only thing I remember about it was, I kept asking when we were going to sing, for we always sang in church. On July 21, 1944 the next telegram arrived saying First Lieutenant Woodford O. Moore, who was originally reported killed in action, was seriously injured in action.

Following is an excerpt from a letter written on February 4, 1945 by Lt. Ralph D. Alley (MC) USNR:

For several months after D-Day last year I was half afraid to write this letter, but after, by sheer accident, meeting Col. Max Schneider who assured me you were alive. I'm writing you partly out of sheer admiration for an extremely rugged guy and partly because as the Medical Officer who tended you D+1. There are a few facts I think might interest you. As Col. Schneider told me, you volunteered to wipe out a machine-gun nest behind Omaha Beach the morning of D-Day and were shot by a sniper as you crept towards your objective. After that, the machine-gun crew, whose attention was directed to you by the sniper's shot, threw a hand grenade, which exploded near you, injuring you further. It



was hours before the rest of the outfit could reach you, and they were satisfied that you were dead. The following afternoon they checked with the beach evacuation people and could find no trace of you. You came alongside my LST the afternoon of D+1. You were so near gone I started blood and plasma in both arms as soon as you reached the deck of our ship. You may be amused to know that you had both hands stuffed down in your pockets, and when we pulled them out two hand grenades came with them. You were on our ship for five days and lying on that litter on the bulkhead of the deck with your clothes still soaked with salt water and sand must have been extremely miserable, but it couldn't be helped. Your conk on the head interfered with your ability to speak and I think caused you to have a painful right arm, or so I thought at the time. On admission to the station hospital in England the cranial wounds were debrided on June 11, 1944 and necrotic brain tissue and bone fragments were removed. Woodie arrived at Cushing General Hospital on the 14<sup>th</sup> Aug 1944 where he had 3 operative procedures. On Sept 5, 1946 he was transferred to Percy Jones General Hospital for further treatment.

In September of 1947 our family moved from Maine to Willow Run Village, Michigan to continue his training at the Speech Clinic at the University of Michigan. Two falls on the ice caused him additional problems with his walking. In August of 1951 a permanent move was made to Phoenix, Arizona, chosen because of the weather.

A personal thought: My sisters and I know how lucky our family was to have our dad with us. Also I think the fact that my mom being a nurse was a very important factor in how my dad and our family had a normal and wonderful family life.

—Contributed by Patricia Meredith  
Young, Arizona



## DOY R. RED



Doy W. Red

**Date:** June 7, 2001  
**Name:** Doy W. Red  
**Born:** 1/14/25 Wheeler, Texas  
**Rank:** PFC / 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion / Company D  
**Duties:** BAR Gunner / Ranger Infantry  
**Basic Training:** Camp Joseph T. Robinson-Little Rock, AK  
**Honors:** Purple Heart, Combat Infantry badge, European Campaign Ribbons with 3 battle stars  
**Served:** September 1944 to October 1945 under the command of Captain George Miller

**Enlisted:** My Father, eighteen years old, volunteered to join the Army in March 23, 1943. As he was in the courthouse filling out the necessary paperwork, his father, Oscar Red, was on the other side getting the court to approve a farmers deferment that would release his son, my dad, from serving in the war. *Well, we all know how that turned out.*



Most memorable moment: In March 1945, my father was wounded in Germany on a IRSCH-ZERF mission to block the enemy from getting supplies to their front line. As he lay in the back of an ambulance he glanced up just in time to see General Patton. Despite artillery bursts all around, the General was driving by in an open top jeep.

Most remembered soldiers: Frank Tribulski and my father were very close. My Dad refers to him as a prince of a guy. Frank was a combat veteran when they met. He looked out for my Dad and helped him to be a better soldier. My father felt secure in his presence. Don Harms was a leader; he was always the first scout sent out on missions. At the end of the war he became a Staff Sergeant. My father said Don was the bravest guy he ever saw, always volunteering to do whatever needed to be done. These two men were calm in the face of danger and my father said he was darn glad they were there.

Most frightening Experience: Being dressed in your field jacket facing enemy tanks marked with German swastikas.

What he missed most of all: He missed his family and his mother's cooking, but did not miss driving the mules on the farm.

My father possesses the honor and integrity that Tom Brokaw speaks of in his book, "The Greatest Generation." He is smart, straightforward and believes the best of people. He would like to give thanks to all he served with, including the "deadeye" sharpshooter from North Carolina, John Antwine.

Thanks to my father and to all the Rangers...you truly lead the way!

Doy Red currently lives with his wife of 56 years, Hazel Duncan Red, in Hanford, California. He has 2 daughters, 2 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren.

—Contributed by Connie Red



*"I am only one,  
But still I am one.  
I cannot do everything,  
But still I can do something;  
And because I cannot do everything  
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do."  
-Edward Everett*





## 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion

### STRAUSBAUGH REMEMBERS

The 98<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery Battalion was a regular army mule pack artillery unit stationed in Camp Carson, Colorado in 1942. On 13 December they departed Camp Carson for a staging area at Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia arriving there on December 17. On 27 December the battalion loaded on a troop ship heading for Brisbane, Australia arriving at their destination on 1 February 1943. On 10 February 1943 the battalion was sent to New Guinea arriving on 17 February 1943. The 98<sup>th</sup> set up a tent camp some 20 miles from Port Moresby. The mules arrived shortly thereafter and a vigorous training program began and continued until February 1944 when 6<sup>th</sup> Army determined that mule pack artillery would not serve their purpose. So in February the mules were sent to the CBI theater, the battalion commander LTC Callicut was transferred and a new battalion commander arrived from Hawaii—a Ranger trained infantry officer by the name of LTC Henry “Hank” Mucci.

#### ARMY RANGERS

LTC Mucci informed the battalion that it was being converted to Rangers and more than half the artillery enlisted men were transferred out and a big transition of officers took place. Officers were given the opportunity to stay or leave and Mucci transferred those out that he did not feel qualified to become a Ranger and brought in infantry-trained officers. Every aspect of very difficult training took place using three rifle companies, a weapons company and a Headquarters company. This continued till 1 July 1944 when the battalion was sent to Finchhaven, New Guinea on the east side of the island.

#### FINCHHAVEN, NEW GUINEA

Upon arrival the battalion was reorganized into the T O & E of a Ranger battalion of six rifle companies and a headquarters company. The battalion started with the newly organized companies and on 25 September 1944 the battalion officially became the Sixth Ranger Battalion and the 98<sup>th</sup> FA Battalion was dropped.

#### OFF TO THE PHILIPPINES

D-Day for the invasion of the Philippines was scheduled for 20 October 1944 with landing to take place in the Leyete Gulf on the island of Leyete. There were three small islands at the entrance to the Leyete Gulf that needed to be taken to give protection to the landings by the main forces. So the 6<sup>th</sup> Rangers got the assignment to invade these islands on D-3 or 17 October 1944. The battalion left Finchhaven on 10 October on three APD's with landing craft on board. B Company was to land on



Homonhom, D Company on Suluan and A, C, E, and F plus Headquarters Company on Dinigat. The ships were hit with a typhoon and the navy felt the ships might not survive and barely did. D Company tried to land on the 17<sup>th</sup> and were unable to accomplish the mission and then joined up on Dinigat with the battalion. So the rest of the battalion landed on the 18<sup>th</sup> and accomplished their mission and B went on to Suluan and took care of the situation there. The night preceding the main invasion, a large navy battle took place near by and the US Navy with heavy losses defeated the Japanese Navy so badly they were unable to make any threat to our landing forces. On 14 November 1944, the 6<sup>th</sup> Rangers joined back together in Tanuan-Tibosda area south of Tacloban on the island of Leyete. While on Leyete the battalion had many missions defending certain areas and running patrols since there was no such thing as a front line or defense line.

#### LUZON

On New Years day 1 January 1945, the 6<sup>th</sup> Rangers loaded on a ship in a harbor north of Tacloban to head for the Lingayen Gulf invasion of Luzon. The battalion landed in the Dagupan Barrio of the gulf and met with light resistance on 10 January 1945. The unit moved south the second day and set up a bivouac area. Santiago Island is a small island at the tip of the entrance to Lingayen Gulf, so B Company got the assignment to take over the island and deny the Japanese of any foot hold to the entrance of the gulf.

#### CABANATUAN RAID

Army Intelligence had now determined that a POW camp was holding a large number of prisoners in



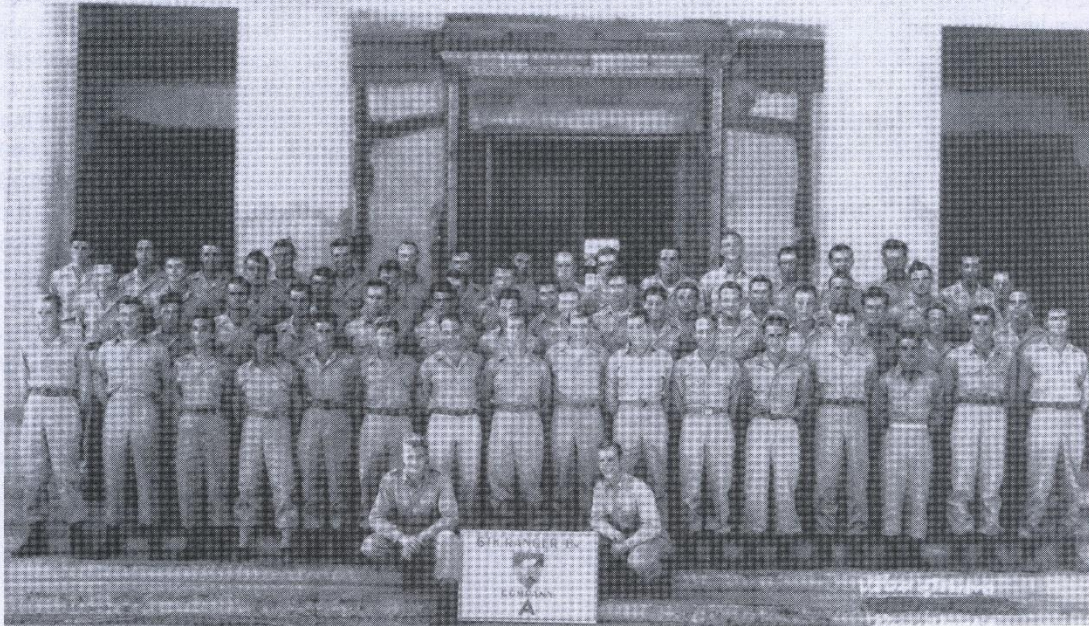
6<sup>th</sup> Battalion Ranger Officers, Leyte, Phillipines, November 1944

Front Row Left to Right: Grey, Prince, Simons, Lever, Mucci, Garrett, Moss, Hogstrum, Fisher. Second Row: Scmidt, O'Connor, Nowak, Ellsworth, Lyman, Stranfelt, Powell, Theissen, Shearon, Jacobs, Monsarrat. Back Row: Moble, Kueger, Anderson, Poresz, Kelley, Cline, Murphy, Mathews, Smith.

Missing: Ditmars and Strausbaugh.



Cabantuan near Cabu, Neuva Ecija, Province located north and east of Minala. The 6<sup>th</sup> Rangers were given the assignment to “bring the prisoners out alive” so LTC Mucci selected C Company commanded by CPT Bob Prince, a platoon from F company, a few Alamo Scouts for forward scouting and Filipino



6<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion, Company “A”

guerrillas for flank protection. The rescuers left on 30 January 1945 at dusk to walk 30 miles to the prison camp and crawled the last mile on their stomachs arriving about daylight. Colonel Mucci remained at the CP and CPT Prince led the assault. They hit the camp and brought out 512 prisoners, killed about 200 Japanese and the Rangers lost only two men, one being Cpt Fisher who was the battalion surgeon. Some prisoners were walking, some carried by Rangers, and many loaded onto caribou carts provided by the Filipinos. They were then picked up by ambulances and taken to 92<sup>nd</sup> Evacuation Hospital in Guimba. Much credit goes to the P-51 pilot who flew the black widow that so upset the prison guards. They thought they were under attack and were watching the plane, looking up, and did not see the Rangers. General MacArthur said after the raid “No incident in this war has given me greater pleasure.” Sixth Army Commander General Krueger later decorated all the rescuers and a few were sent home to meet President Roosevelt and Chief of Staff George Marshall. They then proceeded to make speeches at defense plants throughout the United States.

#### AFTER THE RAID

After the raid, Mucci was transferred to the 6<sup>th</sup> Division and promoted to Colonel. Major Robert “Woody” Garrett was made the battalion commander. The battalion moved to the town of San Fernando about 40 miles north of Manila and occupied seven houses on the west side of town. The battalion did not operate as a unit but as companies. The Rangers had many missions including action in the Cabaruan Hills, patrolling for the 6<sup>th</sup> Division in the IPO DAM area, protecting the flank for troops in the Dingalen Bay area, destroying a pill box just a few miles from San Fernando, penetrating the area in Baugio area that the Japs were using for R&R. There were numerous other missions including the troops who were



uncommitted to guard Sixth Army HQ.

I feel the biggest operation, other than at Cabanatuan, was the assignment to B Company under CPT Leo Strausbaugh as commander. B Company traveled over 400 miles north to the Cagayan River north of the China Sea and held up across from the town of Aparri which was a Japanese strong hold that the Japs had occupied when they invaded the Philippines after Pearl Harbor. Cpt Strausbaugh moved his company across the river from Aparri and held up until PT boats and artillery support had neutralized the Japs. On the night of 21 June 1945, the Navy took the Rangers across the river and they were able to take control of the town. The 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne had a parachute jump to take the airfield south of Aparri but the Rangers drove on and had the airfield under control when the parachutes arrived. There were 15,000 Japs in the mountains east of the area, but they chose not to come out and fight. The Rangers continued south for a distance and made contact with forward elements of the 24<sup>th</sup> Division. This literally split the Philippines and gave the Americans control which curtailed most of the fighting. B Company then returned to San Fernando. The battalion was now informed that they would not be committed any more but to train and be prepared to be used in the first wave of the invasion of the Japanese. We had already been given our area to land in. Soon thereafter the atom bombs were dropped which brought an end to hostilities and the surrender. The 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion moved to Japan as occupation forces and on 30 December 1945 the battalion was deactivated. The 6th Rangers either went home or reassigned to other units.

—Contributed by Leo V. Strausbaugh  
Col AUS Retired

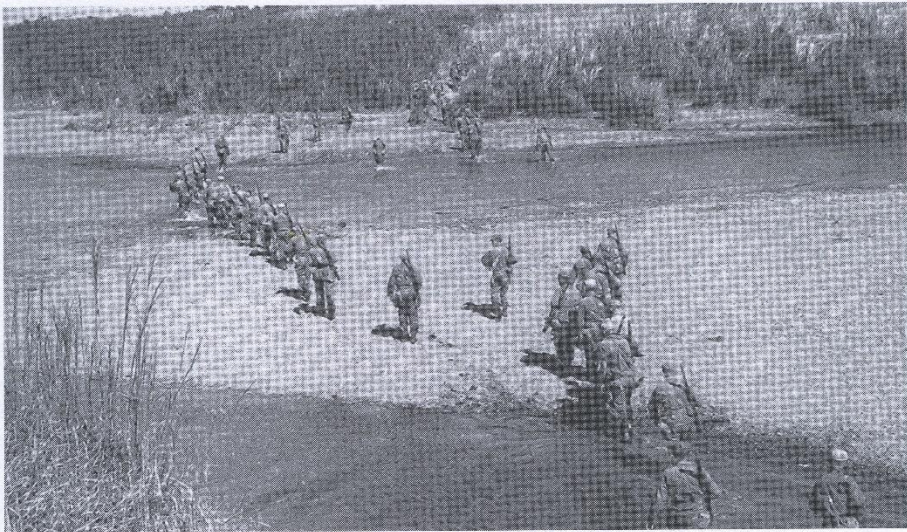
—Pictures contributed by Norman Lever



The assault commander of the Cabanatuan raid,  
Ranger Captain Robert Prince

National Archives





Rangers fording a stream on the way to the Cabanatuan Camp behind enemy lines.

National Archives



Rangers stepping through the cogon grass just before the raid.

National Archives



# RANGER PROGRAM ADS

THANK YOU TO ALL WHO CONTRIBUTED  
TO THE FOLLOWING PAGES.  
WITHOUT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS—  
THIS 2001 REUNION AND PROGRAM BOOK  
WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE!





## RANGERS LEAD THE WAY

A serviceman obeys the dictates of the Pentagon; the Rangers are obligated to be relentless in dominating all weapons of combat regardless of origin or sophistication. The battlefield entertains the Rangers. Initially, combat professional's lives depend on the personnel they select and monitor in the orientation process.

The Rangers were an entity of combat and for convenience they assumed a modified military table of organization. The Rangers entity was perpetual and not subject to the stigma of defeat, therefore they could assume combat projects far above and beyond the military's limited designations. In WWII the Germans introduced high technology weapons of mass destruction to augment existing types. The Rangers were and are the only combat force that could acquire or destroy the terror weapons.

Weapons of mass destruction could not be countered by military means; by design and intent all military forces were made vulnerable. The Ranger's response was to demonstrate another exclusive option that the entity provided! the Combat Intelligence Staff made up of Ranger officers. The staff was to process all information, historical and immediate, because only they were qualified to create Ranger combat operations. The staff members were to be up-front leaders.

The Rangers were and are Overnight Combat Professionals. It is the only positive means to locate the infrastructure that leads to the secret weapons that the Rangers can deter or dominate. The Rangers have conducted multiple large-scale overnight assaults. They have selected specific military units for combat action before dawn and they have directed other land, sea, and air assets at dawn. Overnight combat exposes the enemy's weaponry, their logistics and their support personnel. Rangers are not subject to environmental conditions that affect weapons of mass destructions.

Traditionally, Rangers concentrate on the entire war-making complex: the enemy's objectives in warfare, the creation and delivery system of all weaponry, the strategic and tactical designs, and above all the quality and demeanor of the troops involved. Overnight combat and combat intelligence gives the Rangers the confidence to regard all weapons, from any source or location, as an extension of their arsenal. All weapons on stream were considered to be lethal, therefore they must be forever vigilant regardless of where they may be. Rangers do not require a permanent base; it was prudent as a rule to be aboard sea-going ships. The ships would be equipped with landing crafts and good communications.

—Contributed by Ranger Peter Deeb  
1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Rangers



## RANGERS LEAD THE WAY

When the American forces arrived in England, they soon realized that critical intelligence no longer existed. All weaponry, upon arrival, was obsolete. Blitzkrieg, high technology weapons of mass destruction, and the close support of the industrial/military complex were not understood. The Marines were ruled out by default. Ranger warfare was beyond recall. The stigma of defeat seemed real. The stark reality of the military's helplessness was the ideal prerequisite for the sudden reactivation of the Rangers. The German war effort was considered to be worthy of the Rangers attention, and well within their system of warfare.

The American forces were obliged to invade Africa because the time for action was imminent; desert warfare was not anticipated. It was up to the Rangers to lead the way. The Army was well aware that the Rangers were traditionally the most versatile and the most innovative combat force. In Africa, the Rangers made an overnight assault to put coastal defenses out of action. This effort included: escorting the landing forces into position; maintaining the front lines; an overnight raid to put out of commission the enemy's observation post; making a blunder seem normal by rear guard action; and defending the most critical pass in Africa.

When the Germans unleashed their V2 rockets, the military world realized it was the second Dunkirk. Again Allied forces were facing the stigma of defeat. The volume and the quality of the rockets indicated that a massive complex escaped detection. The location was beyond the reach of the military forces. Without hesitation, the Rangers sent in a special team of experts to survey, evaluate, and gather critical information for a Ranger assault. As a direct response to the V2 threat, the Rangers demonstrated their combat potential by expanding one battalion into a force of three battalions without military support. In a total time of 45 days, the Rangers carried out the largest overnight invasion in history. This was the Rangers shockwave proof that they could easily take over the V2 complex. The Air Force, using the Rangers locaters, found and destroyed the complex, but not the total production facilities.

Were it not for documents and records of Major Robert Rogers Rangers, there would not have been British Commandos. Without American folklore, the Commandos and the British Admiralty, there would not be American Rangers.

—Contributed by Ranger Peter Deeb  
1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Rangers



**WESTERN CHAPTER**

Extends

Best Wishes for a Great Reunion!  
Enjoy Yourselves and Have a Good Time!

We deeply regret that so many of our Rangers and Ladies may not be able to attend the Reunion and enjoy seeing their old friends because of health problems. These include: Mrs. Stahl and Barney, Dick and Peggy Fields, Chuck and Mae Leighton, Joe Rivas and Paula, Anthony Brindis, and others. Once again, Rangerette Julia Stahl has so graciously contributed to these pages for our Chapter as she so often does for so many projects and programs, particularly for our WWII Monument and Wall on Sacrifice Field at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Jim Altieri, Chapter President/Secretary

Bill Campbell, Treasurer

Lavern Defoe, Vice President

Dick Fields, Sergeant-at-arms

Condo G. I., Parrott, Chaplain

Edgar Arnold  
Richard Bendix  
Robert Bevan  
Anthony Brindis  
Homer Britzius  
Lee Bullington  
Douglas Campbell  
Donald Cannon  
Randall King  
Joe Devoli  
Dave Ellis  
Victor Fast  
Tom Fergen  
Robert Flanagan  
Ted Fleser  
Edwin Furr  
William Hansell  
Gerald Harr  
Randall Harris  
George Hawkins  
Leon Hern  
George Huss  
Kenneth Hunter  
George Hutton, Commando  
Barney Kwasek  
Charles Leighton  
John Long

C. R. Meltesen  
John Miller  
Victor Miller  
Stanley Mosberg  
Milton Moss  
Glenn McNeal  
David Nelson  
Lloyd Pruitt  
Robert Reed  
Joseph Rivas  
Frank Romero  
Leonard Reiter  
James Royale  
Noe Salinas  
Andrew Shontz  
Phil Stern  
Robert Villont  
Les Wallenbrach  
William Wood  
Floyd Watson

Honorary Rangers

William Frake, III  
Robert Brindis  
Ralph D. McCain  
Robert Nye  
Joe Vento

Rangerettes and Widows

Julia Stahl  
Mrs. William Cool  
Mrs. Stan Jakubowski  
Mrs. Tom Johnston  
Mrs. Walter Nye  
Mrs. Dick Porter  
Mrs. Fred Saam  
Mrs. Frank Searles  
Mrs. William Walker  
Mrs. Craig Gordon  
Mrs. Tom Armbruster  
Mrs. Joe Schrufer  
Mrs. Carmen Montello  
Mrs. Ted Martin  
Mrs. Anthony Brindis  
Mrs. Clifford Fohse  
Mrs. Joseph Larkin

Associate Members

Mir Bahmanyar, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers  
Jeff Braughton, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers  
Shane Medaris, 75<sup>th</sup> Rangers  
Frank Lenaghan, Marines





## IN MEMORIAM



*"In the going down of the Sun  
and in the Morning  
We shall remember Them."*

### And All Other Departed Rangers During and Since World War II

THESE VALIANT RANGERS WHO GAVE THEIR BEST TO "LEAD THE WAY" IN WORLD WAR II CAMPAIGNS, INVASIONS, BATTLES AND RAIDS IN: ALGERIA, TUNISIA, SICILY, ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY AND THE PHILLIPINES. AFTER THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD, SOME RANGERS ALSO FOUGHT WITH THE 1<sup>ST</sup> SPECIAL SERVICE FORCES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE AND NORWAY. THEY ALSO GAVE THEIR BEST AS DEDICATED AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED MEMBERS OF OUR WESTERN CHAPTER AND RBA WWII, WORKING HARD TO ORGANIZE OUTSTANDING REUNIONS AND CHAPTER MEETINGS WITH GREAT SUPPORT FROM THE LADIES, SOME WHO ARE LISTED AMONG OUR CHAPTER'S DEPARTED.

General Lucien Truscott, who was responsible in organizing Rangers in WWII, said this about all Ranger Battalions:

*"I have intense interest in the Rangers and high regard for them. No finer soldiers ever wore the uniform in any army at any time. The gallant exploits of these Rangers will always be an inspiration for all Americans and all fighting men."*

Thomas Ambruster  
Corwin Beaver  
Ralph Bickford  
Robert Brewer  
Mrs. Anthony Brindis  
Richard Hardenbrook  
Peer Buck  
Ted Butts  
Dan Chapman  
William Cool  
Mrs. William Cool  
Grant Constable  
Henry Corven  
Mrs. Tom Fergen  
Clifford Fohse

Howard Goldberg  
Craig Gorden  
Jim Graves  
Margaret Harris  
Richard Honig  
Preston Hogue  
Stan Jakubowski  
William James  
Tom Johnston  
Joe Larkin  
Jerry Madden  
Carmen Montello  
Roy A. Murray  
Donny Murray  
Richard Moore

Walter Nye  
Walter O'Reilly  
Gerald Peters  
Al Plecas  
John Popovich  
Richard Porter  
Barbara Pruitt  
Frances Ramsden  
Commando F. Searles  
Walter Sieg  
Fred Springer  
Kenneth Tongate  
Bud Volkman  
William Walker  
Mike Minella





A WESTERN CHAPTER  
FAREWELL SALUTE TO  
ANTHONY BRINDIS  
D Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion



“D” Company Ranger Anthony Brindis, was born in Utica, NY, 1922. In 1941, he enlisted in the army, and in 1942 he volunteered to serve with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion being formed at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. Then, after Naval amphibious training at Fort Pierce, Florida, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion moved to Ft. Lee, New Jersey where intensive training continued until they received orders to embark at New York on the Queen Elizabeth for Glasgow, Scotland.

After landing in Glasgow, they moved to the Isle of Wright for rugged training with the British Commandos consisting of karate, knife-fighting, and cliff-climbing. After Brindis was transferred from Headquarters Company to “D” Company, along with “E” & “F” Companies; were assigned to climb the steep and jagged Point du Hoc cliffs to destroy the German artillery battery under the leadership of Lt. Colonel James Earl Rudder.

On D-Day, Rudder’s Rangers scaled the formidable cliffs under intense enemy fire, incurring only 15 casualties. And Brindis, who although wounded, went off with his fellow Rangers to accomplish their missions. Then, by 7 June, after five German counterattacks were beaten back and the batteries were destroyed, Rudder’s three companies suffered 70 percent casualties.

Anthony Brindis fought with “D” Company through months of bitter 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion raids and battles in Normandy, Ardennes, Central Europe, Northern France, Rhineland and Battle of the Bulge—up to Czechoslovakia under the command of Colonel George Williams.

In 1945 Brindis returned home, got married to Jean, and together organized The Ranger Construction Co. that flourished with military and federal building contracts. They also had time to rear 4 children: Karin, Terice, Anthony, Jr. and Robert. He and Jean, after moving to California, became ardent supporters of the Western Chapter. He soon was a strong and generous member of our Remembrance Society that built and dedicated our beautiful Monument and Wall at Sacrifice Field, Ft. Benning, Georgia: thanks to the strong support of Generals Maher, Kernan, Lesezynski and Downing.

Regretfully, Jean’s death from cancer in 1997, was a heavy loss to Brindis, and sorely missed by our members and wives. Anthony took a long time to recover, but finally returned to his rock-like personality that often covered his more amiable, caring and generous qualities.

After many months of serious medical problems, Anthony who attended meetings and reunions with canes or wheelchairs, died, June 9th, 2001. Services were held at St. Christophers Church in San Jose, California on June 12th. Additional services with military honors will be held mid-July.

Past president, RBA WWII Leonard Lomell, a platoon Sgt of “D” Company, after expressing his sorrow, had this to say about Anthony: “I always considered Ranger Brindis a truly outstanding member of “D” Company.”

OUR WESTERN CHAPTER WILL MISS THIS STALWART RANGER, SO STRONG  
AND TRUE, WHO HONORED ALL OF US BY BEING ONE OF US



**A**  
**WESTERN CHAPTER**  
**TRIBUTE TO**  
**COLONEL JAMES JOSEPH LARKIN**  
**1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Battalions**

James Joseph Larkin was one of the first volunteer officers interviewed by Major William O. Darby who was picked by General Hartle to organize the First Ranger Battalion in Northern Ireland, June 1942. This unit was to be patterned after the British Commando units, which had been so successful in amphibious raiding prior to US entry into the war. Larkin admired these resourceful, lightly armed and physically fit Commando units' concepts, along with other venturesome volunteers who were anxious to get into the war. The officers Darby picked then interviewed 2000 volunteers from units in Northern Ireland and from them selected 500 who were formed into six companies and a Headquarters company. These companies were rigorously trained, often with live ammunition at the Commando Training Depot in Achnacarry, Scotland.

Larkin was assigned to "A" Company, commanded by Captain Steve Meade and saw action in the North African Invasion at Arzew, Algeria, the battle of Kasserine Pass, a daring night raid at Sened Station and the Battle of El Guettar, winning the confidence of Lt. Colonel Darby as an outstanding leader. Shortly after, the First Ranger Battalion was ordered to Nemours, Algeria to form the cadre for the new 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Battalions and to train new volunteers. Promoted to rank as captain, Larkin was placed in command of "E" Company, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion. With the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, Larkin led his company during the Invasion of Sicily at Licata, Porto Empodocile, Agrigento, Monteparto and finally the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion fought and marched over 100 miles over steep mountains with a fifty mule team to the outskirts of Messina.

After a short rest, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion with the 1<sup>st</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup>, made a surprise night landing at Maiori during the Italian Invasion and after 18 days of fighting on both sides of Chiunzi Pass, all 3 Battalions won a Presidential citation, and Larkin's "E" Company was highly commended. He also awarded Ranger Bill Fox a Distinguished Service Cross. Later his company fought at Mt. Summoccro, the Anzio Beachhead and the Cisterna Battle where the 1<sup>st</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalions were surrounded behind the lines. When Major Alvah Miller, CO of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion was killed, he assumed leadership and spurred Rangers in taking a heavy toll of the German forces. As Ranger Forrest Stroup stated: "Joe was a good tactician and shared his plans with us, which helped us to carry out our missions, no matter how insurmountable the odds. Joe was a Rangers' Ranger who personified our motto: "Hit First, Hit Hard and Keep on Hitting." And that's what he did until the last of the Rangers were captured. For his military service he was awarded a Silver Star, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star Medal, Army Commendation Medal (with leaf) Purple Heart, American Campaign Medal (1941-45), European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal, with 5 Stars(1941-45), WWII Victory Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal (with 3 Stars), Armed Forces Reserve Army, United Nations and Korea, POW Medal and the Presidential Unit Citation (with Leaf).

After the war, he worked at Rand Corporation, but was called to active duty in Korea and later served in Japan, Germany and US Embassy in Singapore. He retired in 1972 in Coronado, and became active in the Western Chapter events, and he and his wife, Joan frequently hosted Chapter meetings at their spacious bayside home in Coronado. Burial, with full military honors, was held at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery at Point Loma, 26<sup>th</sup> May 2001, and a Memorial Service was held at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Coronado. Joan invited all friends and family to her home to celebrate his life.

AND A SPECIAL SALUTE TO HIS GRACIOUS WIFE, JOAN, WHO NOW CONTINUES  
THEIR FINE AND GENEROUS SUPPORT TO CHAPTER PROGRAMS



## Salute to a Ranger Wife

Margaret Nemoede Harris, beloved wife of Randall Harris (Ranger Hall of Fame, 1995) was a world-traveler and civic leader who embraced the fellowship of Rangers. When she and Randall were married on April 15, 1997 in Laughlin, Nevada they were attended by an entire delegation of California Rangers and their wives. Ranger James Altieri gave the bride away and Col. Roy Murray served as best man.

Following their honeymoon in Hong Kong, where they witnessed the historic "hand-over," Randall and Margaret made their home in Cambria where they lead an active life volunteering in the community and traveling to Alaska, Australia, New Zealand and throughout the U.S., including a yearly excursion to the Iowa Chapter of Rangers at Lake Okoboji and the annual meetings of the Western Ranger Association.

Margaret was born in Flagler, Colorado in 1915 and raised on a cattle ranch. She taught school, married and had three children, and then used her degrees in art and history to serve as a docent at Hearst Castle until her retirement at the age of 72.

---

### IN MEMORIAM

For

FRANCES M. RAMSDEN



A strong supporter of our Western Chapter  
Whose remarkable spirit and talents  
Will be sorely missed



For many years Frances attended many chapter meetings and the San Antonio Reunion, winning the friendship of many ladies with her gracious personality. And she assiduously assisted our chapter committee by proofing chapter newsletters and documents and kept files in order. She also spent many days top alphabetically list all the KIA names for our beautiful Monument Wall at Fort Benning, GA. A brilliant writer, former actress and Powers model, she died before she could finish writing her own book on September 16, 2001, after a series of heart problems. A private funeral was held at Adelanta, California on September 19<sup>th</sup>.

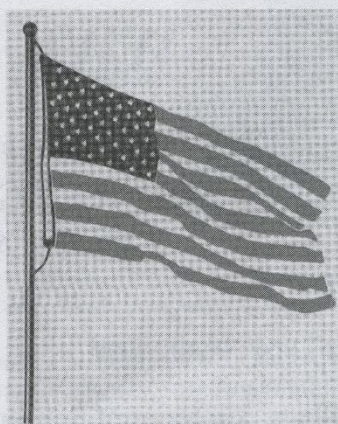
Jim Altieri, President, Bill Campbell, Treasurer. Rangerettes: Julia Stahl, Miriam Fleser,  
Lucy Jakubowski, et-al.



MY WIFE, CATHY AND DAUGHTERS, CASSIE AND ALYSSA AND GRANDPOP, ED MCNALLY, WERE DELIGHTED TO ATTEND THE WESTERN CHAPTER'S OUTSTANDING QUEEN MARY MEETING ON JUNE 6<sup>th</sup> LAST YEAR. AND AS AN HONORARY RANGER, I DO DEDICATE DAUGHTER CASSIE'S FLAG POEM TO ALL RBA WORLD WAR II MEMBERS. WILLIAM FRAKE, III



Cassie Frake



The flag that I salute in school is very special to me. To be able to stand up for freedom, to lay my hand over my heart and pledge allegiance to my country, without someone shooting at me or kicking us out of our homes, makes me all the more respectful of what the flag represents.

Many people have died fighting under this flag. When I look at the red stripes, I can't help but to think of the blood that was shed somewhere in some lonely far off place. The white stripes might well have been the clouds that pass by as they laid dying in a field, looking one last time into the sky. The stars against the navy blue represent the sky at night. My mom once said, "When a person dies, there is a brand new star." There are so many "stars" in the sky now.

The flag is only a piece of cloth and a symbol, but it is the way we look at it that reminds us that we have special freedoms. People should care about our flag because of what it represents. It makes us better people and a better country. It should fill us up with pride and gratitude, especially when one realizes all of the blood and pain that it cost. Patrick Henry was right when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" For if one could not give us Freedom, then it is a slow death for our country. We would not be the country that is so universally known as a role model for many foreign countries.

So now when I recite the Pledge of Allegiance, I thank my grandpa who fought in WWII, my mom and dad who can provide a good home, and my school and teachers for my education. And I am very thankful to have met many World War II Rangers at their Queen Mary Meeting on 6<sup>th</sup> of June last year commemorating the 56<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Normandy Invasion with touching ceremonies honoring their dead which makes me so thankful for every "Star" in the sky.

Cassie Frake



## WWII Rangers—

### HERE'S WISHING YOU A GREAT 2001 RANGER REUNION FROM ALL OF US!

Alfred J. "Rip" and Natalie Reid

Stephen Sepe

Andrea P. Williams (In honor of Ranger Col. James B. Lyle)

Jane Schappell (In honor of Ranger Sgt. Paul F. Arbogast, 4<sup>th</sup> Bn. Rangers)

Leo Ruppert

Charles H. Denbo, E Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers, 176 Western Ave., Hwme, IL 61932

Eugene Holloway

Martin H. Painkin, A Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers

Ms. Aud F. Saylor

Howard and Mary Ann Baker, Headquarters Co., 6<sup>th</sup> Bn. Rangers

Charles Connor, A Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers

Charles Schauer, B Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers

Percy "Duke" DeLanoy

Bernard and Mary Jane Fitch

Catherine Zarka (In memory of Stanley A. Zarka, C Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers)

Andrew Caraber

Floyd L. Watson, E Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers

Floyd L. Watson, (In memory of Edison W. Kroll, E Co., 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Rangers, KIA  
9/3/44)

Jane and Jack Van Cott

Thomas R. Blunt, E Co., 5<sup>th</sup> Bn. Rangers

Thomas Herring, C Co., 5<sup>th</sup> Bn. Rangers

Charlie Eineichner

Tom and Bob Gener

Edward C. Richmond, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. And 4<sup>th</sup> Bn. Rangers (Sorry I can't join you.)





Honoring the Memory of

## Col. James B. Lyle, First Ranger Battalion

Platoon Leader, Co. E, Arzew, N. Africa;  
 Commander, Cos. A & B, Gela, Sicily;  
 Commander, Co. C, El Guettar, N. Africa;  
 Commander, Co. A, Salerno, Italy



—Lt. Jim Lyle and three other Rangers, training with Commandos, were bombed by Germans at Yarmouth on 6 Jul 1942 at 0630 hours. In Nov 1942, Lt. Lyle led a platoon of E Company into Arzew, North Africa, in what was the beginning of many battles and raids.

—At Kasserine Pass, Tunisia, Feb 43, Gen. Terry Allen asked Col. Darby for a “reinforced Ranger company with a hairy-chested commander with big ...” Darby sent C Company, now commanded by Capt. Lyle.

—At Djbel del Ank, March 1943, Darby ordered Lyle to perform a recon mission of this pass. Lt. Walter Wojcik (KIA at Gela) led the ten-mile long recon. That night, the entire 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion retraced those same steps. At daylight Company C lead the battalion assault, which is the subject of the book, *The Battle is the Payoff* by Ingersoll, 1943.

—At El Guettar, during a major German offensive, Capt. Shunstrom’s platoon of C Company, took six 105 howitzers and counterattacked the German flank, confusing the enemy. When the Germans turned on Shunstrom, Capt Lyle and the rest of Company C went to rescue them. However, due to the large enemy force, Darby took the rest of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, except for D Company, to rescue Lyle and his men. Lt. “Bing” Evans and D Company were left alone to hold the Ranger position. For actions in Tunisia the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion was awarded its first Presidential Unit Citation.

—At Gela, Sicily, 10 Jul 43, in a pre-dawn seaborne assault, Capt. Lyle commanded Companies A & B, with a mission to go ashore, before the main invasion, to destroy coastal gun batteries. By 0630 hours the guns were destroyed with only one man killed and eight walking wounded. That day and the next, Lyle’s men held their ground against major enemy counterattacks. Darby told Lyle to “fight with what you have— we are busy fighting tanks in town.” General Patton visited Capt. Lyle’s command post and told him to “kill every one of the...bastards.” Capt. Lyle obeyed the General’s orders.

—At Maiori, Italy, September 1943, Capt. Lyle led Company A in another seaborne invasion and on through the carnage at Chiunzi Pass, where the Rangers endured German counterattacks every day for two weeks. Here, the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion earned its second Presidential Unit Citation.

—Major Lyle was seriously injured in a combat parachute jump in Korea in October 1950. After three years of recovery, in the highlight of his life at Camp Darby, Italy, Colonel Lyle married Major Shirley McCorquodale, a highly decorated Army Nurse who was in the Pacific Theatre from early 1942-1945. Col. Lyle retired with 30 years service in 1965. Jim and Corky enjoyed 30 years of wonderful times before he died in 1992. Col. Roy Murray said, “Jim Lyle was one of Darby’s toughest and most successful battlefield commanders.” Ranger Jim Lyle helped

*Lead the Way!*

### Remembered by:

Wife – Shirley (Corky) Lyle, Major Retired  
 Nephews – Leland and David Williams



# **BEST WISHES**

*FROM COMPANY "F"  
1<sup>st</sup> RANGER BATTALION*

*TO THOSE LIVING AND DEAD...  
WE REMEMBER  
AND WE CARE!*

*Jim Brennan  
Lawrence Gilbert  
Judson Luckhurst  
Ken Markham  
Frank Mattivi  
A. G. McKinnon  
Edward Roese  
Gustave Schuneman*



TO PROUDLY HONOR OUR DAD

## RANGER CLYDE C. THOMPSON

ORIGINAL 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> AND 4<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALIONS  
AFRICA SICILY ITALY ANZIO BEACH HEAD



Staff Sgt. Clyde C. Thompson



Mr and Mrs. Clyde C. Thompson

**Contributed by Charles A. Thompson, Sandra K. Thompson,  
Henry and Brenda J. Thompson**



***TO RAY AND PAT BUTTON***

**ON THE OCCASION OF THE**

**2001  
RANGER REUNION**

**AND THEIR**

**50<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY**

***YOU'RE OUR HEROES!***

**WITH LOVE**

**AND**

**GRATITUDE FOREVER!**

***YOUR KIDS***



## JAMES GARNER

“COLONEL WILLIAM O. DARBY”





**IN MEMORY OF  
RANGER  
JOSEPH J. DRODWILL**

**A – Co. 5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION WWII  
BORN: NOV. 20, 1921  
DIED: JULY 30, 2000**



**Ranger Joseph Drodwill** left us last July at his home in Florida. He is remembered with love by his wife, Janina, and his daughters, Starr and Denise; also by his son-in-law William Hiers and his grandchildren Akal-Jeet, Dharm, William and Elisabeth.

He served with honor in the U.S. Army Rangers during WWII from Jan. 3, 1940 to Oct. 5, 1945. Among his many notable achievements he was awarded: The Bronze Star, The Good Conduct Medal, The WWII Victory Medal, The WWII Occupation Medal, The Bronze Arrowhead for the Invasion, The Combat Infantry Badge, Jump Wings, and Three Presidential Unit Citations. He fought at battles on Omaha Beach and the high cliffs of Pointe du Hoc during the D-Day Invasion (June 6, 1944). In the Saar-Zerf battle (Feb 23 to March 4, 1945 that cleared the way for the XX U.S. Army Corp to the Rhine River) he lost his best friend in front of his eyes during the rocket and artillery barrages. The anger he felt toward the enemy made him disregard his own personal safety and he had to be restrained by his commanding officer, Captain Charles "Ace" Parker. He never wanted to talk about it but you could tell the sorrow he carried inside. Between the fighting, he carried out a courtship with his sweetheart back at home through letters and telegrams telling his love for her in poems and sentiments of his loneliness. Janina fell deeply in love with Joe through his correspondence. After the war he returned home and they were married. Through the G.I. Bill he graduated from college in Milwaukee with an engineering degree. They moved to Connecticut until 1995 when they moved to Florida. He was active in the RBA WWII serving as an officer in the New England Chapter. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus and the VFW.

**A RANGER BATTLE (2/23/45 to 3/4/45) by JOSEPH DRODWILL**

THE NIGHT WAS DARK, THE SKY WAS GRAY, AND SHELLS WERE BURSTING IN THE RAIN; THE RANGERS MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT TO TROD WHERE DEAD MEN HAD LAIN;

A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR MISSION SOME SEVEN MILES BEHIND THE ENEMY FRONT LINE; TO TAKE A ROAD JUNCTION TO STOP SUPPLIES FROM COMING TO THE ENEMIES AID IN TIME;

THE RANGERS MARCHED IN WITH FOUR HUNDRED BATTLE SEASONED MEN OF GRIT AND STEEL; THEY FOUGHT AND DIED AND MADE THE ENEMY REEL;

THE BATTLE RAGED FOR SEVEN DAYS OF HELL, BEFORE THE TANKS CAME IN TO HELP US FOR A SPELL;

THE RANGERS LEFT THE BATTLE WITH LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED MEN THAT DAY; BUT MADE THE ENEMY PAY DEARLY WITH THREE REGIMENTS DEAD WHERE THEY LAY;

WE AS RANGERS WHO WERE THERE AND GAVE OUR ALL, PAY TRIBUTE TO OUR FALLEN RANGERS WHO DIED IN ANSWER TO THE CALL.



**WE SALUTE ALL U.S. ARMY RANGERS OF THE PAST,  
PRESENT AND FUTURE**

**LOMELL LAW FIRM**

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW



A full service law firm specializing in all your personal needs

HERMAN A. ADLER  
DOMINIC RAVASCHIERE  
RONALD E. PRUSEK  
JEFFREY R SURENIAN

•JAMES M. MCKENNA  
TERESA K. GIERLA  
\* ARTHUR F. LEYDEN, III  
PAUL J. CAPOTORTO

DOUGLAS R. HARPER  
NANCY J. BUNN  
ROBYN BELLUARDO  
JANET ZAORSKI KALAIPOS

HOWARD EWART (1890-1961)      A. THOMAS AMABILE (1936-1993)  
THOMAS J. MUCCIFORI (1930-2000)

**Of Counsel**

LEONARD G. LOMELL

•CERTIFIED BY THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW JERSEY AS A WORKERS' COMPENSATION LAW ATTORNEY  
\*CERTIFIED BY THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW JERSEY AS A CIVIL TRIAL ATTORNEY

250 WASHINGTON STREET  
P.O. BOX 787  
TOMS RIVER, NEW JERSEY 08754  
(732) 349-2443  
FAX: (732) 349-6917

A full service firm serving Central New Jersey for over 40 years, with combined legal experience of  
over 100 years.



**Congratulations  
and  
Best Wishes  
for a  
Successful  
Ranger Reunion**



In New Orleans, LA. Sept. 11 - 16, 2001.  
As you know Rangers Friendships are forever.  
We never have forgotten our fallen comrades  
and never will.

Stay well and in touch with each other.  
Respectfully Submitted

LEN LOMELL AND "D" COMPANY  
US ARMY  
2ND RANGER BN. WWII







***BEST WISHES TO ALL . . .***

**RANGERS**, their Families  
. . . and Friends

Stay Well

HAVE FUN

ENJOY YOURSELVES

At our Reunion in New Orleans

Sept. 11 - 16, 2001.

It's Later Than You Think

COMPLIMENTS OF N.E. CHAPTER NO. 1

RANGER BNS. Association  
of WWII



### THE MEMBERS OF THE 5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION

congratulate the Sons and Daughters and the entire committee for hosting the 27<sup>th</sup> Biennial Reunion. Thanks to all who made this such a memorable occasion and a huge success.

WE SALUTE YOU.

Harold & Bill Barton	Mr. & Mrs. Manuel Kladakis
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Battice	Charles Klein
Mr. & Mrs. Ed Beattie	Rene Kepperling
Gale Beccue	Hyde Keylor
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Bendix	Richard Lemnitzer
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Bollinger	Howard A. MacDonald
Mrs. Ruth Bojara	Mr. & Mrs. Walt Mcilwain
William E. Boyd	Glenn McNeal
Mr. & Mrs. Lee Brown	Carl Meadus
Jack Burke	Victor Miller
Leroy Button	George Monks
William Campbell	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Nyland
Douglass Campbell	James K. O'Brien
Andy Caraber	James J. O'Hare
Carl Charboneau	John Perry
Mr. & Mrs. Fran Coughlin	Leonard Ploeckelman
David Donofrio	William Pyrtle
Mr. & Mrs. Elwood Dorman	John C. Raaen, Jr.
Victor Fast	Ellis "Bill" & Evelyn Reed
Richard Foley	John Reville
James Gabree	Henry Seaman
Henry Glassman	Andy Stockmaster
Cecil Gray	Art Suchier
Lew Haight	Jack E. Sievers
Mr. & Mrs. Dick Hathaway	Vaughn Swazey
William V. Harvey	Mr. & Mrs. John J. Tobin
H. W. Heffelfinger	Emory Trotter
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Herring	Bob Villont
Joseph Hillsman Dr.	John Van Cott
John C. Hodgson	William Warren
Wayne Hurd	James Wilderson
Wilbur & Doris Ingalls	Harvey M. Wilson
James Jones	Berma A. Yerkey
Hyde Keylor	Steve Zaher



*"Father in Heaven, please welcome into your Kingdom our departed comrades who have come home to rest. They suffered on Earth and hoping for the healing touch of your hand. We ask for your blessings on the poor Souls who now stand before you. Give them eternal rest and grant them peace. Amen."*

Deceased Members of the 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion from November 1999 to September 2001



Ernest A. Buck	5/C	John R. Matte	5/D
Stanley Bojara	5/A	Richard A. McDaniel	5/Hq
Paul Bollinger		Howard D. McKissick	5/C
Charles W. Bolmer	5/D	Jay H. Mehaffey	5/B-C
Peter Cardinalli	5/B	Arden Mischke	5/D
Minor Dean	5/Hq	Roy F. Nard Sr.	5/F
Francis Dufour	5/A	Melvin Neilson	5/B
Robert Douglass, Jr.	5/E	Charles "Ace" Parker	5/A
Joseph Drodwill	5/A	Charles Portell	5/B
Charles A. Fereday	5/F	Charles R. Pyles	5/Hq
Joseph Floretti	5/C	William C. Rakofsky	5/E
Frank J. Fretias	5/B	Melvin R. Rich	5/F
Pierre Gunnoe	5/B	David W. Rohlin	5/Hq
John Jagosh	5/A	Wilsie Ryan	5/B
Jack W. Jeffries	5/A	William Schwender	5/D
John D. Kiernan	5/E	William R. Thompson	5/C
Aldos P. Kreider	5/B	Harry Volger	5/F
William G. Kreitzer	5/F	Bruce Walsh	5/F
Edward C. Krumenacker	5/Hq	Ted Walters	5/A
William Larsen	5/B	Theodore Wells	5/Hq
Merle Madden	5/E	Albert J. Winn	5/A







**Thank You**

**H. R. Perot**

**from the Ranger Battalion Association of WWII**

**for your contribution.**



In loving memory of

## Robert L. Edsall

Pvt. Company "A" 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion

Served: 12 Oct 1943—15 Jan 1946

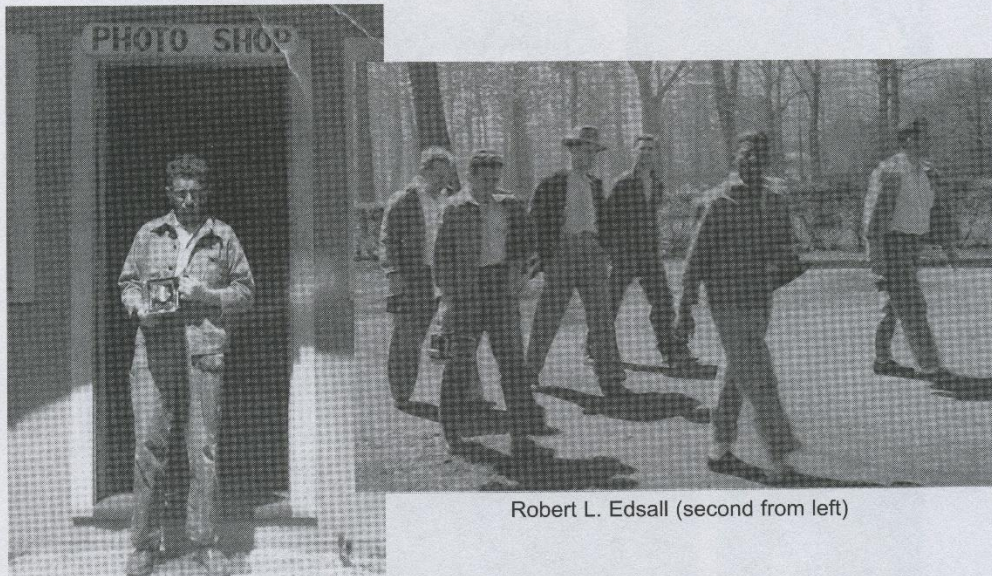
EAME Theater Ribbon W/5 Bronze Stars; Good Conduct Ribbon,  
Victory Medal Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, Central Europe

Born: July 17, 1920. Died: January 25, 2001

Goshen, Indiana

**With all our love, honor and appreciation for the life and freedom you gave us.**

**Your daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and families.**



Robert L. Edsall (second from left)

Robert L. Edsall

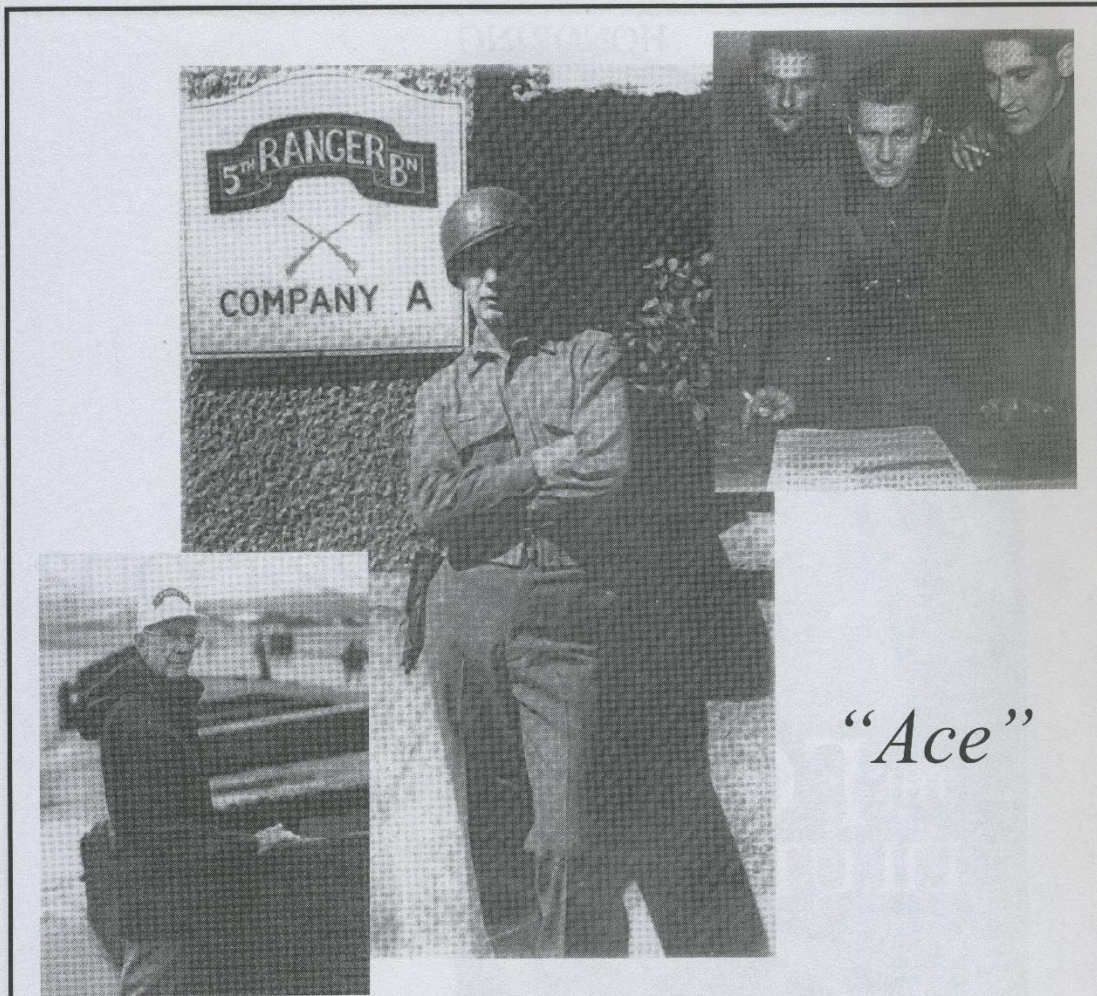
We would like to honor these men who served with our father.  
Can anyone identify these men and where this picture was taken?

Please contact Diana L. Watson at the reunion or  
23444 N. Creek Road, Springboro, PA 16435-1714

Tel: (814) 587-6334.

E-mail: [rwat@alltel.net](mailto:rwat@alltel.net).





*“Ace”*

CHARLES HENRY PARKER  
1919 - 2000

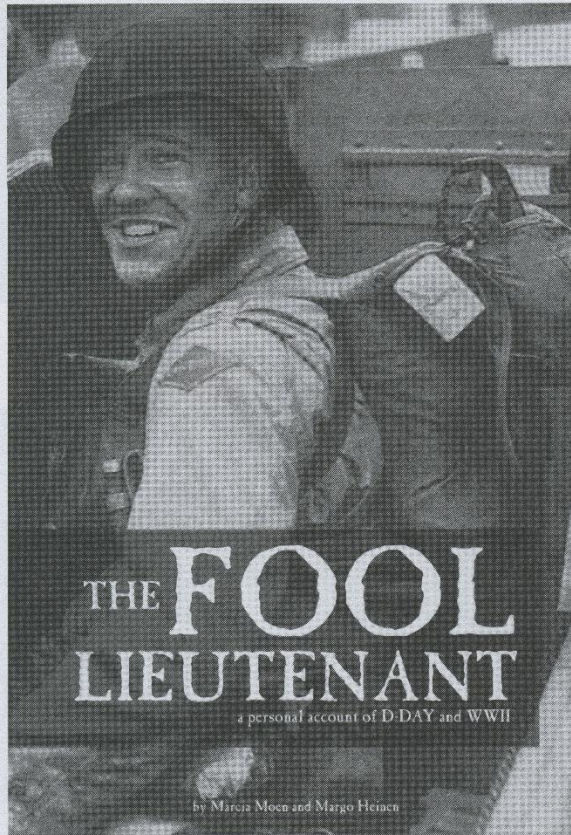
We honor you — as a Ranger in WWII and as our father!  
You will continue to live in our hearts forever.

Your children:  
Jeffrie Parker  
Victoria Christenson  
Laura Feltes  
Kathryn Parker



HONORING

**“THE FOOL LIEUTENANT”**



about

ROBERT T. EDLIN

“A” Company

1<sup>st</sup> Platoon

2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers

*Congratulations, Bob!*

Ray Tollefson

“A” Company, 2<sup>nd</sup> Platoon, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers





*BEST WISHES*

*FOR*

*A*

**SUCCESSFUL 2001 REUNION**

**ALVAH MILLER  
SOUTHEASTERN CHAPTER**

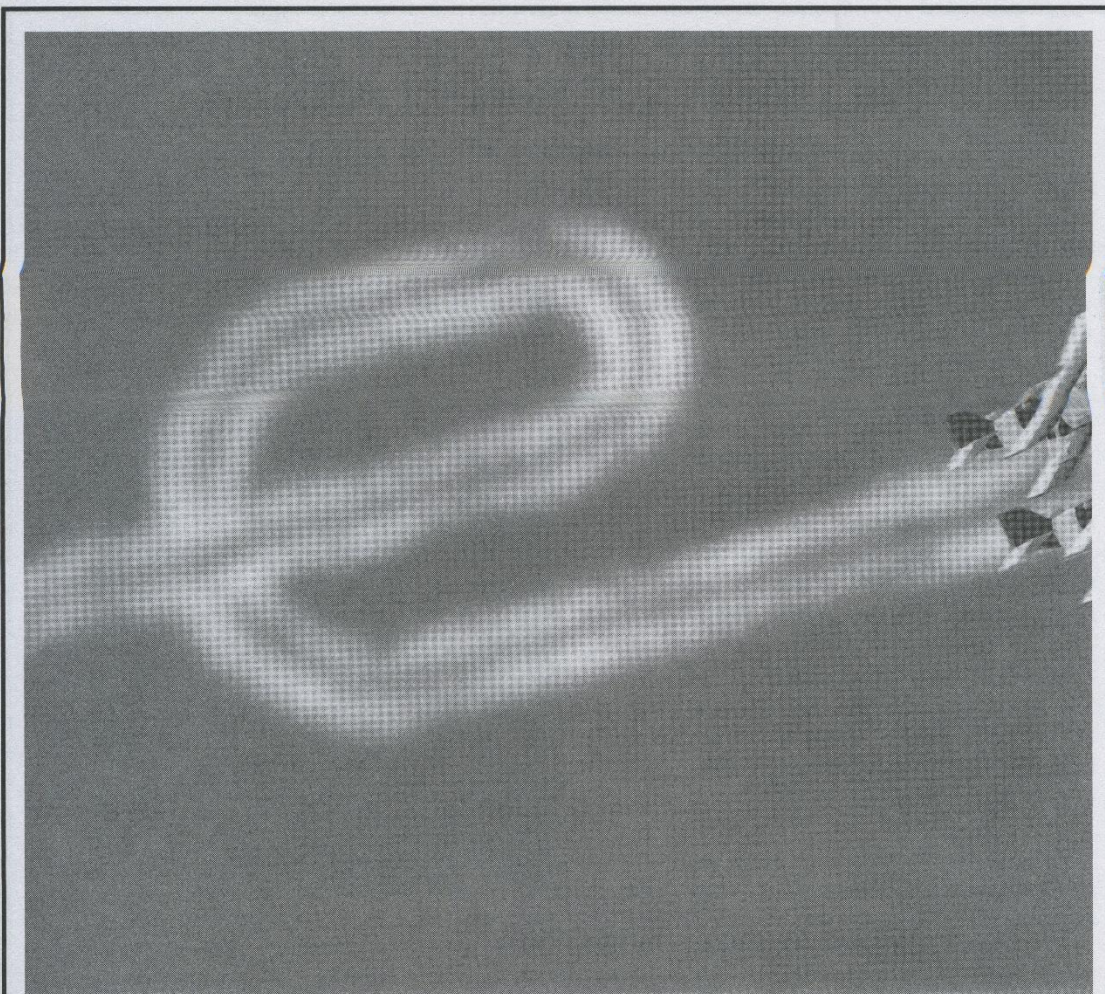






HONORING  
CPL John J. Giannopoulos  
1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Bn - "C" Company  
1943 - 1945





When you touch down in Louisiana,  
take off with Enterprise. Just call one of these locations:

New Orleans  
1939 Canal St.  
(504) 522-7900

New Orleans Airport  
1600 Airline Hwy.  
(504) 468-3018



Pick Enterprise. We'll pick you up.

Reserve Online:  
[enterprise.com](http://enterprise.com)



IN MEMORY OF  
**WILLIAM CLIFTON CLARK, Jr.**  
(Bill Clark — Medic 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn Hq/B)  
from

**His Wife:**

Grace Hemelt Clark

**His Children:**

Grace Clark Ryan

Denise Clark McLeod

Lenore Clark Markward

Willaim Clifton Clark III

Joseph Theodore Clark



**His Grandchildren:**

Kyle Michael Ryan, Jonathan Dennis Ryan

Christine Grady Federroll, Deborah Anne Grady,  
Jacqueline Denise Woodward

Allison Creighton Markward, Andrew Clark Markward,  
Darren Hemelt Markward

Kathryn Linsay Clark

Paige Elise Clark, Austin Joseph Clark

**His Great Granddaughter:**

Abigail Grace Federroll



## HAROLD STANLEY WESTERHOLM, SR.

1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion



Cpl. Harold S. Westerholm (Age 21)  
Amalfi, Italy, September 1943  
North End of Salerno Beachhead

"It started back in Ireland, in June of Forty-two. They called for volunteers, to form an outfit new. This outfit, it was said, required the very best. For one to be a member, he had to pass the test." And that's what Harold Stanley Westerholm, Sr. did. He volunteered for this brand new outfit to lead the rest of the soldiers into battle—an outfit that was to be called Darby's Rangers.

Harold was among the first group of about 500 men to pass the rigorous tests required to be accepted into training for this new, one-of-a-kind, "American Commando" unit that was to become the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion. After surviving all the training they could dish out at Achnacarry, Scotland, Harold landed at Arzew, Algeria, with the rest of Darby's Rangers. He then fought through the Tunisia Campaign, including the critical battle of El Guettar, where the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion won a Presidential Unit Citation for distinguished action. From there he went on to be a part of the spearhead landings during the Sicilian Invasion, the landings in Salerno and finally Anzio.

While in the Rangers, Harold made many friends, many good friends, but none better than John Sugrue and Burton Boudreau. In fact, this trio of scroungers was often known as "Sugrue, Boudreau and Westerholm." Harold remained with the Rangers through their second anniversary at Camp Butner, North Carolina. There he met Mildred Yancey, the love of his life and the woman who would become his wife for more than fifty years.

Although too young to grow a decent moustache in forty-two, Harold is now well known around his home town of Oxford, North Carolina, for his "Ranger Handlebar."

Congratulations, Ranger, Job Well Done!

Your Family,

Colonel (Dr.) Harold S. Westerholm II  
Betty O. Westerholm  
Erick W. and Erin C. Westerholm  
Brian V. and Jenny W. Mathis



## BEST "PICK-UP" TEAM IN THE ARMY

HOME FROM ANZIO, ITALY...Jim Lavin, Joe Fineberg and Jim Altieri, 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion. This picture was taken in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in 1945 at the end of the War. Girls were swarming the station, waiting for their sweethearts, brothers and friends to return. These young men had been gone for more than two years and were sorely missed. Kisses and hugs were freely given, even to strangers. The flash of cameras could be seen everywhere. It was a moment like no other.



Left to right: Jim Lavin, Joe Fineberg and Jim Altieri

The three soldiers in the above photo were graciously obliging the American girls with a pose. The caption under the photo reads:

*Lavin attracted them, Altieri sweet-talked them, and Fineberg did the dancing.  
Best "pick-up" team in the Army!*

—Submitted by Joe Fineberg



**In Loving Memory of Ronald L. Lane  
Honorary Member of the  
Ranger Battalions Association World War II**

Best Wishes to the Rangers and Their Families for a Successful Reunion  
—The Lane Family

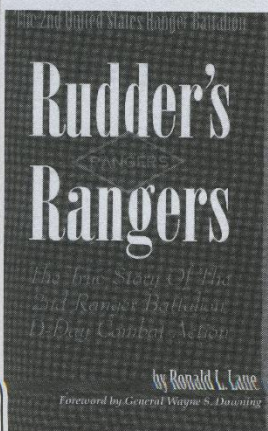
In 1979, my father—Ronald L. Lane—brought my brother and me to the Ranger Reunion in Philadelphia. I was only twelve years old, and I was too young to realize that I was in the company of men who had done remarkable things in World War II. My biggest concern was whether the hotel had a swimming pool and a game room.

Now, more than twenty years later, I am coming to New Orleans, fully aware of the accomplishments of the World War II Ranger Battalions. And I can entirely understand and share in the admiration that my father had for these men.

It was an admiration that led him to write a history of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion's D-Day action. After five years of extensive research, his dream became a reality when he formed a company—Ranger Associates, Inc.—to self-publish "Rudder's Rangers." He was named an honorary member of the Ranger Battalions Association World War II for his efforts.

My brother and I work for that company now, and since my father passed away, we have made every effort to make sure that his legacy lives on. Read "Rudder's Rangers," and find out how Colonel Rudder and his men achieved their mission against incredible odds in this definitive account of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion.

"Rudder's Rangers is a great book on a great subject. I recommend it without reservation or hesitation."—**Stephen E. Ambrose**, author of *N.Y. Times* bestsellers *D-Day*, *June 6, 1944* and *Band of Brothers*



**Rudder's Rangers**

by Ronald L. Lane

Pub. Price \$14.95 + \$3.95 S&H  
FL Residents Add 7% sales tax

**Ranger Associates, Inc.**

660 Florida Central Pkwy  
Longwood, FL 32750

-E-mail orders:  
rlpe@aol.com

-Check/MO/MC/Visa/Amex/  
Discover Accepted

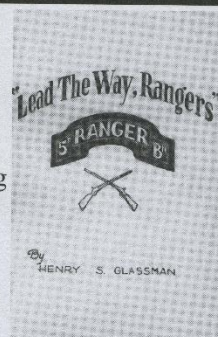
**Also of interest:**

**Lead the Way, Rangers**, by 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Henry S. Glassman—a true

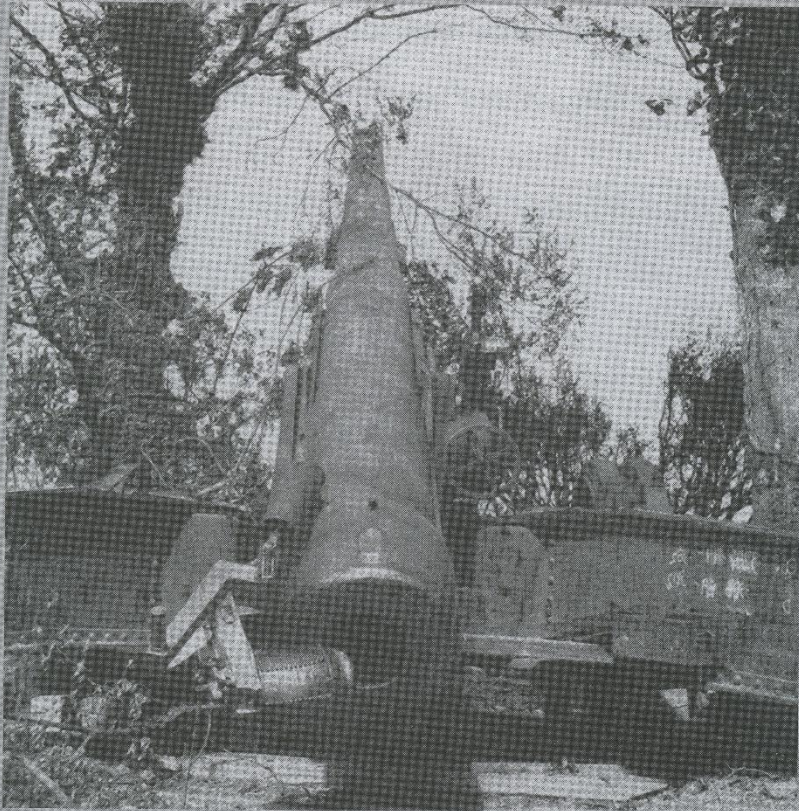
account of the activation, training and unforgettable operations of the 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger

Battalion. Limited quantity available of this unit history written in 1945.

Pub. Price \$10.95 + \$3.95 S&H







French 155-mm gun is emplaced in clump of trees about two miles from shore. Germans had them closer, but moved back after air attacks. Rangers took guns during landings.  
LIFE magazine, July 3, 1944

## HONORING THE RANGERS OF WORLD WAR II

LOMELL LAW FIRM





Phil Stern and James Garner on the movie set of "Darby's Rangers"

*A special thank you to Mir Bahmanyar and Sara for soliciting  
your contacts and helping the Rangers.*

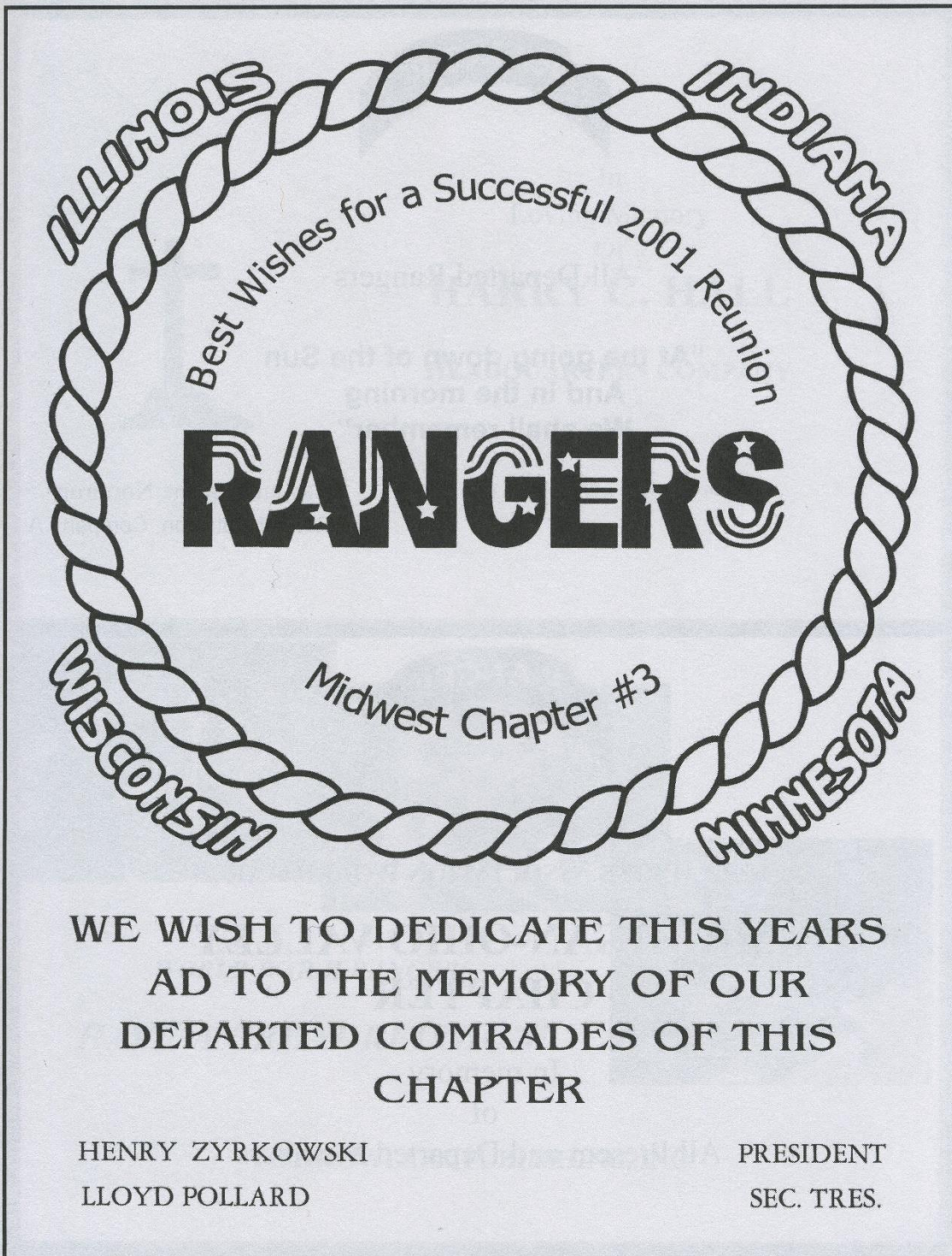


# RANGERS BREAKFAST CLUB

	IN Memory OWEN Brown "Brownie" 2nd							
	Jim DONROY	JOE MAZZARELLA		Tom O'Shea	Robert SCANTAN		IN Memory GEO. ZANTA 3rd	
	TOM GENER 4th	Don McCORMICK 3rd	Leslie McKILLIP Merrill's 2nd	Lloyd DOLLAR 4th	FRANK SCHUCH		ANDY STOJAK 4th	STEVE ZACHER 5th
	Harold "Jesse" James			Bob ROGNA 3rd	Phil STEBBINS		JACK SUMMERS	ED ZAINO Merrill's 2nd
		FRED OLIVI		Bill STERN	Jersey TOSKVILLE		DICK STALEY 3rd	

Best wishes for a successful 2001 Reunion









All Departed Rangers

**“At the going down of the Sun  
And in the morning  
We shall remember”**

Jay and Joanne Northrup  
4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion, Company A



**BATTALIONS ASSOCIATION WORLD WAR II**

**MICHIGAN-OHIO VALLEY  
CHAPTER**

In memory  
of  
All Present and Departed Members





In  
Loving Memory  
Of  
**HARRY C. HALL**

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**

From

*His Family and Many Friends*



***WORLD WAR II RANGERS  
HAVE A GREAT REUNION!***

**MEADOWLARK PUBLISHING, INC.**



**In Memory of  
Stan A. Kinmonth, Jr.  
1925 -- 1954**

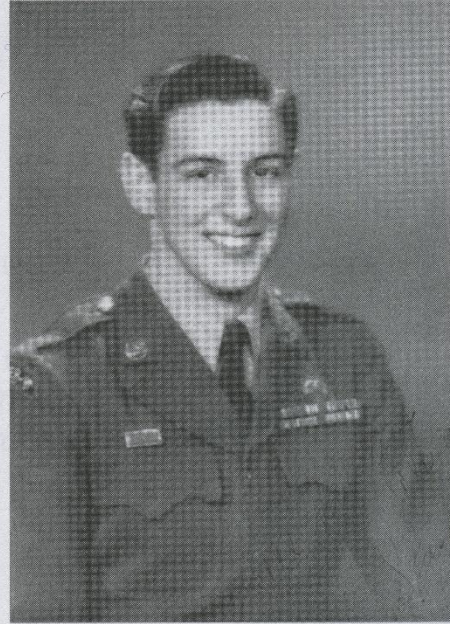
**PFC, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion  
Medic HQ/Med and D Company**

PFC Kinmonth joined the Rangers in August, 1944, near Brest, France. In November 1944, he was assigned to D Company.

On December 7, 1944, PFC Kinmonth was injured at Hill 400, most substantially in the right arm, and evacuated to England.

PFC Kinmonth joined the Army immediately after completing High School in 1943. He cheated to join the Army; he was blind in his right eye, from an injury suffered at age 12.

By his son,  
Stan A. Kinmonth, III, (born December 1954)  
Orange Park, FL 32065 904-276-1418



**HONORING**

**Lieutenant Woodford Moore  
E Company, 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion**



**Daughters:**

Pat Moore Meredith  
Pam Moore Pollock  
Sharon Moore Grobstig







*to honor the memory of*

**PEER A. BUCK**  
**AND ALL DECEASED RANGERS**

*-They still lead the way-*

*Georgia Buck and Family*



*Honoring*

**THE MEN OF E COMPANY**

*Then and Now*

**DICK MERRIL**





# DIAMOND UNIFORM

RENTAL SERVICE INC.

30 Buckley Road  
Stoughton, MA 02072  
781-341-4700

We are proud to thank the Ranger Battalions of World War II for their commendable efforts and sacrifices during the war. We also congratulate their sons and daughters, a newly formed group of rangers, and wish them success in their pursuit to continue "**Leading the Way.**"



*In Memory Of*

**George J. Himsl, Jr.**

**"B" Company – 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion**

K.I.A. Cisterna, Italy  
January 30, 1944

**Betty & Gil Blum**



A sincere Thank You to all who have worked to bring us  
the wonderful Reunions we have enjoyed.

God Bless our Sons and Daughters  
who are willing  
to take over!

*Ken and Wilma Leighton  
2nd Battalion Headquarters*



*Honoring the Memory  
Of*

**CPL. VESTER LEE BROWN**

*Killed in Venfro, Italy*

**Mickey R. Brown, nephew**





## Honoring Steve Ketzer 1st Bn.



Pvt. Steve Ketzer (right) with Gene Hodge after the war. Steve met Gene at Stalag 2B. They became friends and remained so after the war. Gene Hodge was a tail gunner with the Army Air Corps. Steve Ketzer (1924-1993) was a member of the original 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. Darby's Rangers. He was captured near Faid Pass in North Africa on February 14, 1943, while attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Armored Division. He spent most of his incarceration at Stalag 2B and was liberated from Stalag 10C on April 28, 1945. Steve said of his Ranger buddies, "We were like Christmas tree lights: you hit the switch and we all lit up."

Ranger Steve Ketzer in 1988 with his son, Steve Jr. (left) and his grandson, Stephen Eric (right) in Little Rock, AR. The subject of WWII came up due to the state's planning for POW-MIA Recognition Day that was scheduled for September 16, 1988. Stephen Eric asked his grandfather, "So, what were you, some kind of hero?" to which his grandfather replied, "I wasn't no damn hero; I was just mean as hell." Then he proceeded to beat his grandson at arm wrestling. (Steve Jr. refused to compete.)



### In memory of

*those*

Who made the supreme sacrifice.

***May they rest with God***

Bill Arimond 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn. D Co.

\*Frank Deimel 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. Hdqs.

Conway Epperson 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. Hdqs.

Don Frederick 1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Bn.

Harry Herder 5<sup>th</sup> Bn.

\*Eugene N. Kopveiler 1<sup>st</sup> Bn.

\*Charles "Ace" Parker 5<sup>th</sup> Bn. A Co.

Zane G. Shippy 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. Hdqs

\*deceased





RANGER BATTALIONS ASSOCIATION  
WORLD WAR II

*Best Wishes For A Successful Ranger Brotherhood Get-Together  
May Rangers Always "Lead the Way"  
Lest We Forget To Remember  
Our Ranger Buddies Gone Before Us  
Until We Meet Again.*

JOE RIVAS WWII CO. D, 4<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION



B  
COMPANY

*In memory of Those  
Who Made the Supreme Sacrifice*





**Beyond business as usual.**



You can join Hilton HHonors and earn both hotel points and airline miles for the same hotel stay. To join, visit [hiltonhhonors.com](http://hiltonhhonors.com).



901 Airline Drive  
Kenner, Louisiana 70062  
504-469-5000  
[www.neworleansairport.hilton.com](http://www.neworleansairport.hilton.com)

In addition to being a premier meetings venue, the Hilton New Orleans Airport is an ideal spot for weekend travelers and special events – including weddings. With 317 guest rooms, complete catering services, 18,000 square feet of meeting space, and a 48-seat amphitheatre, we are no ordinary venue. Add to that the Second Line Sports Edition Lounge, a pool and hot tub, tennis court, fitness center and the Hilton New Orleans Airport will forever change your expectations of airport hotels. For reservations, visit [www.hilton.com](http://www.hilton.com), call your travel agent, **1-800 HILTONS**, or the hotel direct at 504-469-5000.

**It happens** at the Hilton.

Hilton HHonors membership, earning of Points & Miles™, and redemption of points are subject to HHonors terms and conditions. ©2001 Hilton Hospitality, Inc.



**COMPANY C**

Salutes

**THE RANGER BATTALIONS ASSOCIATION**

**“We Few – We Happy Few – We Band of Brothers”**



— DELAWARE —  
SALUTES  
RANGER BATTALION ASSOCIATION WWII

**GLASS KITCHEN  
RESTAURANT**

**ROUTE 40  
GLASGOW**



**RANGER JOE**

Ranger Bn Assoc WWII  
U. S. ARMY  
RANGER ASSOCIATION  
834-3022

Joe Bero, 1<sup>st</sup> Bn. Co. B

I am proud to say,

*"I was one of you."*

Ivor R. Jones  
WWII, 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn.





IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER

**SGT. PAUL W. CAIN**

1st Battalion, "B" Company

3rd Battalion, "E" Company



IN MEMORY OF



**STANLEY BOJARA 5/A**

*JUNE 10, 1986*

Past National Treasurer 81-83 LM

Past President, Alvah M. Miller SE Chapter

Ruth Bojara

Fran and Theresa Coughlin



## 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion WWII

In memory of all Members Past and Present who served with Company "E"

We must never forget our Departed Comrades  
who fell on the Fields of Battle  
and to those who have left this World for a better place.  
*Your Name will never be forgotten.*

### Bill Boyd, E Company

The men of the WWII 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Bn.  
Living History Group of Minneapolis,  
Minnesota wishes the Rangers  
A wonderful reunion!



<http://ww2rangers.homestead.com>





SGT Robert Lyle Cunningham  
Co. "F", 3<sup>rd</sup> Ranger Battalion  
1922 - 1946

[WWW.DARBYRANGERS.COM](http://WWW.DARBYRANGERS.COM)

### Darby Rangers Memorial Web-Site

Special Salute to Darby Ranger Allen G. Bradbury

**Anzio:** The General Lucas Decisions

**Cisterna Italy:** Yesterday & Today

**After-Action Analysis of the Cisterna Battle**

**Complete Stalag IIB Unclassified Reports**

**Info on 20,000 Missing POWs of WWII**

**World War II:** Book Reviews & Photos

**Historical Perspective Pages**

**An Award Winning Web Site**

**America Says: Thank You Rangers!**



F.R. "Bob" Price/Webmaster  
email: [rangers3rdbn@cs.com](mailto:rangers3rdbn@cs.com)

[WWW.DARYRANGERS.COM](http://WWW.DARYRANGERS.COM)

## MRB Construction, Inc.

1232 Melissa Dr.

Roanoke, Texas 76262

Office 817- 244-1466 Fax 817-244-1468

e-mail: [MRBCONST@MSN.COM](mailto:MRBCONST@MSN.COM)

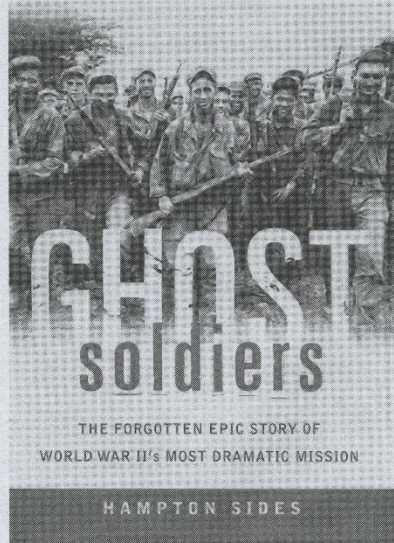
We would like to thank all the Rangers and their Families for the great sacrifice and service given to our Country, The United States of America.

&

A special thanks to our Mentor and Friend  
**Ranger Kenneth Masters**

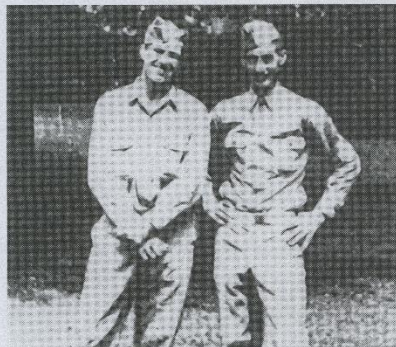


“Read the first ten pages of this moving book and you will be hooked.”—James Bradley, author of *Flags of Our Fathers*



Available wherever books are sold. Published by Doubleday.

### In Honor of the Brotherhood of the Rangers



Fort Jackson  
1943



Ranger Reunion  
1989

Frank South & Bill Clark, Medics 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion



there is a lot of public clamor  
'bout the troops that have the glamour  
who have been in battles and its dangers.  
though we gladly sing their praises,  
the point I'd like to raise is:  
are there any other troops here  
besides the rangers?

This was written by a Camp Butner Sgt. who was editor of the Post's paper after the Remnant of the Anzio Beachhead Rangers (numbering 199) were honored by many dignitaries and 22,000 spectators on June 12, 1944 on Infantry Day.





**THANK YOU  
WORLD WAR II RANGERS**

From

**DENVER PHARMACY**

LINCOLN COUNTY'S  
NUMBER ONE  
DRUG STORE

DENVER, NORTH CAROLINA 28037



**COMPANY B**

*MY DEEPEST APPRECIATION TO ALL  
COMPANY B RANGERS*

WHO PERFORMED

**IN A COURAGEOUS AND GALLANT MAN-  
NER ON D-DAY,  
AND!**

**IN LOVING MEMORY AND TRIBUTE TO  
ALL WHO MADE**

**THE SUPREME SACRIFICE**

**AND GAVE THEIR LIFE FOR THEIR COUN-  
TRY,**

**I SALUTE YOU!**

**EDGAR ARNOLD**

COLONEL, U.S. ARMY (RETIRED)

IN MEMORY OF

**ACE PARKER  
AND  
JOE DRODWILL**

WE MISS YOU!

*WILBUR AND DORIS INGALLS*

*JOHN AND MYOKO PERRY*

To the men and  
women who *fought*  
for our  
freedom.

*We Thank  
You!*



**PeoplesBank**

MEMBER FDIC  
Corporate Office: 518 West C Street  
Newton, NC 28658

**828-464-5620 or Toll Free 800-948-7195**

6125 Hwy. 16, South  
Denver, NC 28037  
704-483-3050

1910 East Main St.  
Lincolnton, NC 28092  
704-732-0097

142 Hwy. 16, South  
Denver, NC 28037  
704-483-7727 OR  
704-827-2370



# PHOTO REPAIR

**va graphics**  
INCORPORATED

**Remove Tears**  
**Remove People**  
**Add People**  
**Restore Color**  
**Change Background**  
**Even reconstruct missing peices!**

At VA Graphics we pride ourselves on the best possible resoration of your photos to preserve their original life and brilliance. Just call or visit us online to inquire what we can do for your photo.

<http://fixyourphotos.com>



# 763-323-7000

In Loving Memory of

**FRED CULBREATH**  
Company "A"  
2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion WWII

By Family and Friends of Fred Culbreath



LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE

For  
**CHUCK SHUNSTRUM**

From  
HIS SISTERS ELAINE AND CON



To Honor All Rangers  
ESPECIALLY THOSE  
of  
**Company 2E**

The Family and In Memory of  
Maurice W. Jackson





Left to right: Wayne Ruona, J. G. Kiernan, David Weakes, Carl Lehman and Arnold Johnson after having escaped from a column of prisoners of war and getting through the British 11<sup>th</sup> Armored Infantry Division lines.

The picture was taken by a British soldier who was in the Headquarters of the 11<sup>th</sup> Division about 1 hour after we arrived. Carl had a chance to shave so he looks quite respectable. Wayne, Carl and Joe were in the Rangers. David was captured at the Battle of the Bulge and Arnold was in a tank outfit and captured in Sicily.

Rangers Lead the Way!  
Have a good reunion.

**Wayne A. Ruona**

**Cpl. James D. Gerard**



**Darby's Rangers, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion**

Cpl. James D. Gerard (born in Newberg Township, IL, September 19, 1925, Died: June 21, 1974, in Long Beach, CA) served in Darby's Rangers, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion in North Africa and Sicily where he fought at the Battle of Gela, July 10, 1943. He also served as a Military Policeman during his Army career.

Decorations, Service Medals and Certifications:  
European-African-Middle-Eastern Campaign Medal,  
Combat Infantry Man Badge

Contributed by: Jerry Gerard



IN  
LOVING MEMORY OF

**RAYMOND ALM**

2<sup>nd</sup> BN. "B" COMPANY  
Past National President  
Past Editor *"The Ranger"*

Audrey Alm Family

RANGERS—  
BEST WISHES!

*HAVE FUN IN NEW ORLEANS*

C. S. RYAN COMPANY

**CHARLIE RYAN**

"C" Company  
2<sup>nd</sup> BN





2<sup>nd</sup> RANGER BN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

**RICHARD E. RANKIN**

2<sup>nd</sup> BATTALION, COMPANY A

4/2/24 — 9/11/99

Best wishes to all Rangers,  
past, present and future.

Lucy L. Rankin and Family

**“RANGERS  
WILL ALWAYS  
LEAD THE WAY”**

AMERICAN LEGION  
POST 422  
HALE, MICHIGAN 48739



IN MEMORY OF

CHRIS JEFFER  
BEN GREEDA  
JOHN GIBBONS  
DEE ANDERSON  
EMMETT SNYDER  
BILL RUNGE  
HUBERT RACETTE  
BURT RANNEY  
REX LOE

Company “F” 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion  
**John J. Reville**

**“THANKS FOR A JOB  
WELL DONE”**

KOCHERS SUPERMARKET  
HALE, MICHIGAN



In memory of the deceased members

Of

**Company "F" 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger  
Battalion**

And

**ALL OTHER RANGER BATTALIONS**

*John and Mary Hodgson*

IN MEMORY

OF

**MARVIN LUTZ**

**2<sup>nd</sup> RANGER BATTALION  
"C" COMPANY  
1918 - 1993**

**Helen Huster**

IN HONOR OF ALL MEMBERS  
LIVING AND DEAD

*of*

**COMPANY "F"  
1<sup>st</sup> RANGER BN**

LEAD COMPANY at CISTERNA

Ranger and Mrs. J. B. "Lucky"  
Luckhurst

***RANGER DAVE DAWSON***

1<sup>st</sup> BATTALION/ RANGER FORCE  
HEADQUARTERS



**“A” COMPANY  
6<sup>th</sup> BATTALION**

**NORMAN LEVER**

IN MEMORY OF  
ALL THE MEDICS

*OF THE*

**5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION  
OF WORLD WAR II**

**J. H. HILSMAN**



**In Loving Memory Of**

**CWO James E. Schunemann**

**135<sup>th</sup> Assault Helicopter Company**

**KIA Vietnam March 20, 1970**

**By His Parents**

**Gus & Rita Schunemann, 1F**



TRIBUTE TO

**“E” COMPANY  
PAST AND PRESENT**

*“Have a great Reunion”*  
**James R. Shalala**



In memory of

**Tech Sgt. Wm. "Bill" Brooks**

6<sup>th</sup> Bn Company B (C?)

If any one could help me in one of two areas:

Trying to trace his service activity.  
Would like to hear from any that knew him

Film of him boxing a Kangaroo...(in New Guinea, by someone possibly from North or South Dakota)

e-mail: JohnBrooks444@aol.com

*GREETINGS FROM*

**RUTH AND RALPH  
GORANSON**

In fond memory of all Rangers  
Who served so gallantly  
in

**"C" Company  
2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion**

**"WAY TO GO"**

HALE, MI VFW 7435

Commander Robert Stevens  
Sr. Vice Comm. Donald Jensen  
Jr. Vice Comm. Jerry Zettle  
QM. Robert Cudney  
Judge A. Ivor Jones  
Chaplain Paul Nielson  
Surgeon Ron Piezynski  
Trustees: Hank Lusch  
LeRoy Ackerman  
Paul Nielson

5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION

IN MEMORY OF

**CAPT. CHARLES (ACE)  
PARKER  
COMPANY "A"**

**Joe Fioretti, Company C  
Nick and Frances Butrico, Company A**





IN LOVING MEMORY

Of  
GEORGE FLYNN  
Company B, 6<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion



from his wife Betty,  
his Children and Granchildren



My fondest memories of my  
Departed comrades  
of  
"A" Company, 5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion

**Richard N. Hathaway, Jr.**  
Past National President, 1993-1995

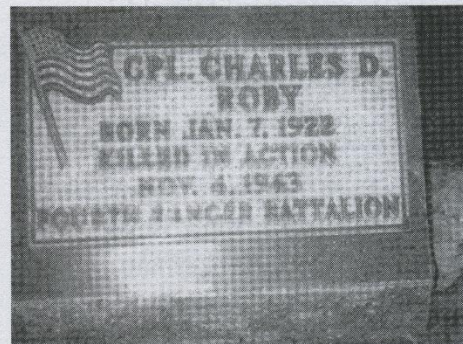
WITH OUR DEEPEST RESPECTFUL  
MEMORY

of  
**Ranger Ace Parker**  
and  
**Ranger Joseph Drodwill**  
of  
"A" Company  
*5<sup>th</sup> Ranger Infantry Battalion*  
Dick and Betty Hathaway, Jr.

*F COMPANY 4<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION  
IN MEMORY OF*

**CPL. CHARLES D. ROBY**

KIA NOV. 4, 1943





### Ranger Punch Recipe

Appropriately, the first ingredient is **water**, the basis for all liquids, and essential for life. Water is so important to a Ranger that it is carried both in his rucksack and on his pistol belt. One canteen of Georgia swamp-water is added to symbolize its importance to the Ranger.

The second ingredient is **domestic champagne**. It symbolizes the nine companies of Rangers formed by Major Robert Rogers in the colonies during the French and Indian war in 1756; Ranger units that fought in the American Revolution; including those units of Daniel Morgan and Francis Marion; Mosby's and Morgan's Raiders in the Civil War; the United States Army; and our country.

The third ingredient is **rice wine**. It symbolizes Merrill's Marauders, who fought in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations during World War II; the 6th Ranger Battalion, which operated in the Pacific Theater in World War II; the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 7th Ranger Companies, and the 8213th(provisional) Eighth Army Ranger Company that fought gallantly in Korea in 1950 and 1951; and the twelve ranger companies that earned distinction in the Republic of Vietnam.

The fourth ingredient is **English stout**. It symbolizes the formation of the 1st Ranger Battalion under Major William O. Darby in the United Kingdom; American Ranger participation with British Commandos in the raid on Dieppe in 1942; and association between Merrill's Marauders and Wingate's Chindits in Burma in 1943.

The fifth ingredient is **Italian wine**. It symbolizes the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Ranger Battalions' actions in Sicily, Salerno, and Anzio, in 1943; the 1st and 3rd Ranger Battalions' actions against the German Goering Panzer Division and the 6th Fallschirmjaeger Division at Cisterna, Italy, in 1944.

The sixth ingredient is **French red wine**. It symbolizes 2nd and 5th Ranger Battalions' spearhead on the D-Day landing at Normandy in 1944; the 2nd Ranger Battalion scaling the cliffs at Pointe Du Hoc; the origin of our motto "Rangers Lead The Way" when the commander of the 5th Ranger Battalion (LTC Max Schneider) was directed to lead the spearhead off Omaha Beach at Normandy; and ranger battalion operations in France in the fall of 1944, specifically the Bay of Brest, Le Conquet Peninsula, and Grand Camp.

The seventh ingredient is **German white wine**. It symbolizes 2nd Battalions' operations in the Huertgen Forest in December 1944; and the 5th Ranger Battalions' actions near Zerf in March 1945, which aided the armored breakthrough to the banks of the Rhine.

The eighth ingredient to the Ranger punch is **rum**, the elixir of the Caribbean. It symbolizes the action of the 1st and 2nd Ranger Battalions in Grenada in October 1983.

The ninth ingredient to the Ranger punch is **Panamanian Seco**. On 19 December 1989 elements of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Ranger Battalions and Regimental Headquarters parachuted into history during operation "Just Cause". This was the first time the entire Regiment had fought together in the history of the Rangers.

The tenth ingredient to the Ranger punch is a canteen cup of **sand**. This symbolizes the participation of the 75th Ranger Regiment in Operation "Desert Storm" and "Defense of Kuwait".

The eleventh ingredient to the Ranger punch is **Arak**. It symbolizes the actions of the 3rd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment in the Regiment's most recent role in combat operations in Mogadishu, Somalia.

The final ingredient to the Ranger punch is a shot of **rattlesnake venom**. This symbolizes future Ranger strike operations anywhere in the world.



**IN MEMORY OF**  
**STAFF SGT. MERLE L. MADDEN**  
5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION  
COMPANY E  
**HOPE YOU FINALLY FOUND PEACE,**  
**DAD.**  
1922-1982

FROM KATHY MADDEN

**FIRST CHARTER NATIONAL BANK**  
P.O. BOX 37937  
CHARLOTTE, NC 28237

Submitted by Janet Edmondson

**HAVE A GREAT 2001**  
**REUNION!**

**MORRIS PRINCE**  
Company A, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers

From Mr. and Mrs. Morris Prince

IN HONOR OF  
**VANCE R. SHEARS**  
**6<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalion, Co. C**  
ONE OF THE RANGERS WHO RELEASED  
THE POWS FROM CABANATUAN.  
WE LOVE YOU AND WE'RE SO PROUD  
OF YOU!  
YOUR FAMILY

BEST WISHES

**BILLY G. TOLER, PVT.**  
**CO. C, 5<sup>th</sup> RANGER BN.**  
BAR MAN ON D-DAY, OMAHA BEACH  
WOUNDED 2-27-45  
in ZERF BATTLE in Saar River Area  
Please call me if you remember  
"Pop" or Sgt. Ted Huther.  
Terry Toler at 573-636-4065.  
E-mail: [tolert@mail.ia.state.mo.us](mailto:tolert@mail.ia.state.mo.us)

**TO THE BOYS**  
**OF**  
**BAGGY POINT, 4/44!**

RENE G. KEPPELING 5<sup>th</sup> BN. HQ.  
JACK T. THOMAS 2<sup>th</sup> BN. "E" CO.

IN MEMORY OF  
**LT. EDWIN S. HARGER, JR.**  
4<sup>th</sup> RANGER BATTALION

FROM ESTHER R. HARGER

**BEST WISHES FOR A GREAT**  
**REUNION!**

Jeff Williams





**Bill Robinson, LUTC**  
 Agent  
 Robinson Agency  
 Nationwide Insurance and  
 Financial

1256 North Highway 16  
 P. O. Box 190  
 Denver, NC 28037  
 Tel 704-483-2578  
 Fax 704-483-2712  
 robinsb5@nationwide.com

Nationwide Advisory Services - Columbus, OH 43216 800-848-0920

The **GLASSMAN**

"WE SPECIALIZE IN" BROKEN WINDOWS - ANY TYPE  
 RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL • INDUSTRIAL

- PLATES
- MIRRORS
- PLEXIGLAS
- TABLE & FURNITURE TOPS
- TUB & SHOWER ENCLOSURES
- SLIDING DOORS & WINDOWS
- STEEL DOORS



**24 HOUR SERVICE**  
 Board Up  
 Replacement

OVER 35 YEARS  
 EXPERIENCE

DAN BOJARA

INSULATED  
 GLASS

**841-0234**

TEMPERED  
 GLASS

**Dr. Herbert S. Wilmer**



P. O. Box 154, Hwy. 16  
 Denver, NC 28037  
 (704) 483-5501  
 (704) 822-0102 (Home)

RESIDENTIAL DRIVEWAYS SEALING  
 COMMERCIAL PARKING LOTS SUBDIVISIONS  
 CURBINGS

*Roese Bros. Paving, Inc.*

14360 State Rt. 104  
 Ashville, Ohio 43103

DAVE  
 740-983-2844  
 614-491-3571

BARNEY  
 740-983-4290

BRUCE  
 740-983-4094  
 Fax: 740-983-9650

"C" Company  
 5<sup>th</sup> Rangers

From Chet Kalm

*Unlimited Nails  
 Hair and Tanning*

126 E. Main Suite 3  
 Grangeville, Id. 83530  
 208-983-1130

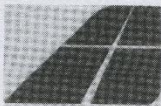


Barbie, Debbie, & Kelly

Broward County:  
 (954) 961-9140

Fax: 954-963-5794

**Barry Levine**



Street Lighting equipment  
 corp.  
 2099 South Park Road,  
 Hallandale, FL 33009

*Alward's Market*

Home Cured Meats  
 Bacon - Ham - Sausage - Jerky

BOB & KATHY ALWARD  
 Owners

118 S. Washington  
 P. O. Box 158  
 Hale, MI 48739

(517) 728-2315

www.alwardsmarket.com



Triangle Dry Cleaners

James X. Zhu & Ava Chang  
Owners

Rt. 2 Box 334-C  
HWY # 16  
Denver, NC 28037

Phone  
(Bus) 704-483-9607  
(Res) 704-483-6463

Commercial    Industrial    Planning and Design  
Residential

Larry Schenkel - *Builder*

139 IVORY ROAD  
PITTSBURGH, PA. 15214

412 - 931 - 0399

IN MEMORY  
OF ALL  
DECEASED MEMBERS  
OF THE  
2ND RANGER  
BATTALION

Warren  
"Halftrack"  
Burmester



IN MEMORY OF  
THE  
DECEASED MEMBERS  
OF THE  
5TH RANGER BN., CO. F

Charles F. Klein



ON THE ANCIENT WALL IN CHINA  
WHERE THE BROODING BUDHAS BLINK  
DEEPLY GRAVEN IS THIS MESSAGE  
IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK  
IT WAS WRITTEN BY THE WISE MEN  
IN THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE  
FOR THOSE WHO CRIED IN ANGUISH  
FOR SHIPS THEY NEVER DARED  
SEND TO SEA  
FOR THOSE WHO CRY TOMORROW  
WHEN ADVENTURE CRIED TODAY  
SO GO ENJOY YOURSELVES MY BRETHERN  
IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

—Anonymous



IF YOU THINK YOU ARE BEATEN  
YOU ARE  
IF YOU THINK THAT YOU DARE NOT  
YOU DON'T  
IF YOU LIKE TO WIN BUT  
YOU CAN'T  
IT'S ALMOST CERTAIN YOU WON'T  
FOR SUCCESS BEGINS WITH A  
FELLOWS WILL  
IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

—Anonymous



*"Of all the properties which belong to honorable men, not one is so highly prized as that of character."*

—Henry Clay

*"Destiny is no matter of chance. It is a matter of choice: it is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved."*

—William Jennings Bryan

*"Heal the past; live the present; dream the future."*

—unknown

*"Dream as if you'll live forever. Live as if you'll die today."*

—James Dean



The following four pages is provided courtesy of Phil Stern who was assigned as combat photographer to the newly founded 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion under then Major William Orlando Darby in June 1942. Ranger Phil "Snapdragon" Stern was seriously injured during the North African campaign and subsequently joined Stars and Stripes where he continued to stay with the Rangers throughout the invasion of Sicily.



Photo by Phil Stern, ASC combat photographer.





The 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion on a speed march over hilly terrain during a maneuver operation in Arzew, Algeria, 20 January 1943.



Major General Fredendall, Commander Center Task Force during U. S. North African landings, reviews 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion troops after presenting medals to Rangers on Colonel Darby's right. On far right is Commando Chaplain, Captain Albert Basil who later won the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Tunisia. Photo by Phil Stern, ASC combat photographer.



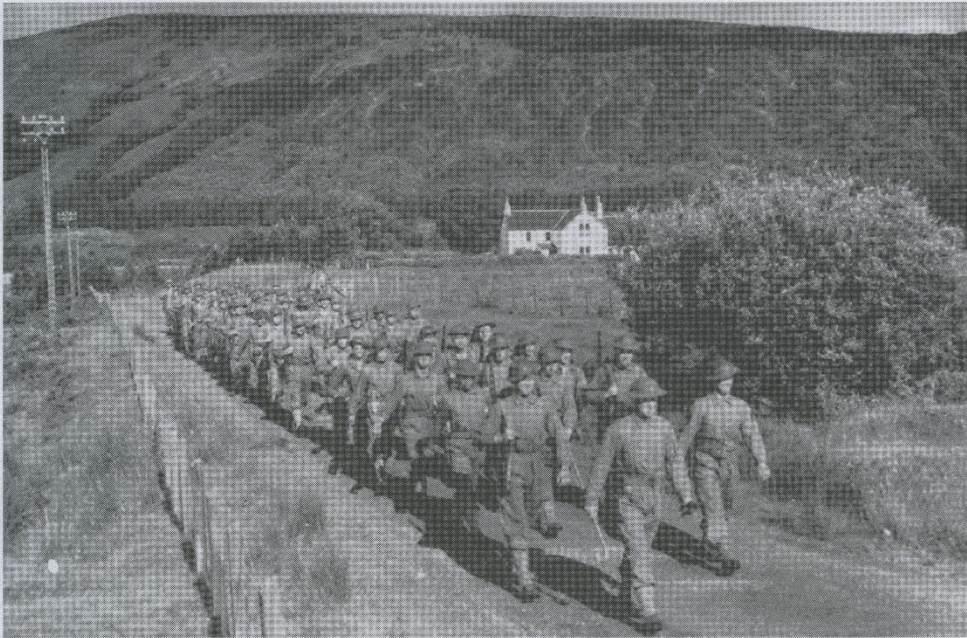


1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion enroute to Arzew, Algeria. Morning exercises kept U.S. Rangers in good shape on their way to African Theatre of Operations. Photo taken 5 November 1942 by Phil Stern, ASC Combat Photographer.



U. S. Rangers forcing the door of a questionable building in a North African gun position, which was captured by Rangers during the early stage of fighting for the Algerian Harbor. Photo by Phil Stern, ASC Combat Photographer.



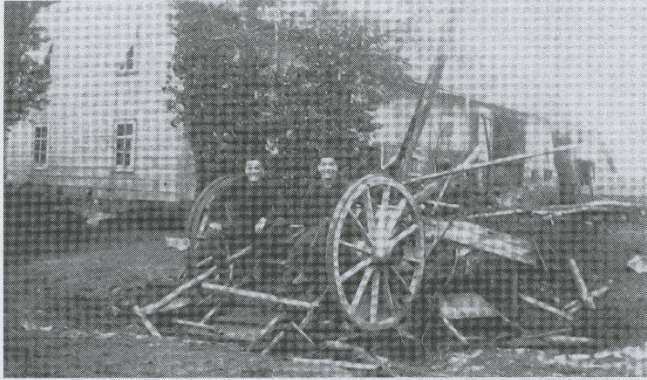


Rangers of Col. Wm. O. Darby's First Ranger Bn., on grueling speed march during training by British Commandos at Achnacarry, Scotland, July 1942.



Rangers reenact 1942 speed march for Phil Stern's camera at exactly the same place 50 years later.





2nd Battalion Rangers - Virgin and Burmaster



Strasbourg, France

2nd Bn  
Rangers



Arlon, Belgium. Lieutenants Kuhle and Kusinski.

5th Bn  
Rangers



Jogosh, Burke and Walters



Stan Bojara and Ted Walters



Ted Walters and Jack Burke



## HAVE YOU READ . . . ?

. . . **A**s the Rangers were trained to be an aggressive force, this defensive position was something new, but we realized it to be necessary. Colonel Darby, after the initial shelling, decided to send out a patrol that night that was to attack the artillery position. A company-sized patrol went out. They had a successful raid on what turned out to be an Italian mobile gun outfit. They "spiked" the two 77mm gun barrels and destroyed the motors of the gun carriers. This was the talk of the morning chow line. The next day was quiet. Night patrols were sent out, and one night two Rangers from Company A ventured all the way to the Telepte-Kasserine Road behind Djebel Krechem. It was a dark night with light rainfall, and they came upon a German motorized infantry unit halted for the night along the road. A German field kitchen was set up, feeding the troops a hot meal. Turning up the collars of their field jackets and hunched over like German soldiers warding off the rain, they joined in the line and got some hot chocolate, hot sausages and bread.

—Excerpt from *The Barrel-Land Dance Hall Rangers, World War II, June 1942-February 1944* by Anders Kjar Arnbal, Vantage Press.

. . . **N**o matter what else happens, he (Prince) kept saying to himself, the crux of the enterprise, the linchpin, was absolute surprise. The significance couldn't be overstated. If we have it, Prince thought, then anything is possible. As he cross-checked the aerial photos against the map, however, one thing struck him loud and clear: The countryside surrounding the camp was as flat and expansive as Nebraska prairie. There appeared to be no trees or structures to hide behind, just a monochrome plate of grass. By the look of things, it would be a long, tense crawl, hundreds and hundreds of yards perhaps before they reached the gate..

—Excerpt from *Ghost Soldiers, The Forgotten Epic Story of World War II's Dramatic Mission*, by Hampton Sides, Doubleday.

. . . **T**he trip was tough coming in. Keep in mind, it was postponed due to rough seas. The men started getting sick. We were issued paper bags, like you get in airplanes. The men filled them up and threw them over the side. Some men started using their helmets.

We could hear the ping of the machine gun bullets hitting the side of the landing craft, and mortar shells were landing near the landing craft. I could see the concentric circles formed by the shells hitting the water. It was quite something, of course. One of the men joked, "Hey, they're firing at us." It added a little humor to the situation.

—Excerpt from *Beyond Valor*, by Patrick O'Donnel, Simon & Schuster, Inc.

**A**mong other books available to read about the Rangers are: *Rangers In World War II* by Robert Black; *Reflections of Courage and the Days that Followed* by Moen and Heinen; *The Fool Lieutenant* by Moen and Heinen; *Darby's Rangers* by Jim Altieri; *Rudder's Rangers* by Ron Lane. And others. Upcoming releases include *The Road to Victory* by Morris Prince; *Heroes Cry Too* by Moen and Heinen. Enjoy the reading!



FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF RANGERS.

Just prior to the Sicilian invasion, Major General Terry Allen, Commander of the 1st Infantry Division, Lt. Col. Wm. O. Darby, CO 1st Ranger Bn., Capt. Roy Murray, CO 4th Ranger Bn. and Capt. Alvah Miller, Exec. Officer 3rd Ranger Bn. marching jubilantly towards the Birthday Cake at the mess-tent. Photo by Phil Stern, ASC Combat Photographer.







Lt. Colonel William O. Darby during amphibious training exercise at Arzew, Algeria, November 1942, after the 1<sup>st</sup> Ranger Battalion captured that important port with few casualties. Photo by the famous Phil Stern, ASC Combat Photographer.



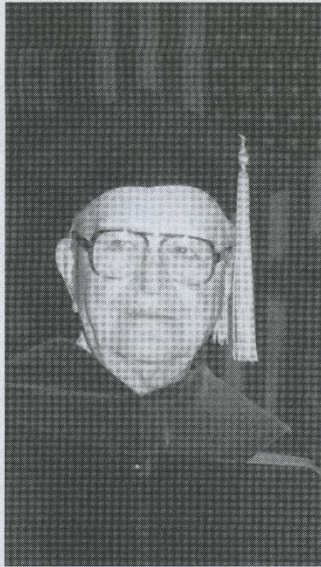
## DID YOU KNOW . . . ?



The day American soldiers landed in Normandy to win back France's liberty, the great symbol of freedom that France had given America shone brightly again in New York harbor. Since Pearl Harbor, the Statue of Liberty had been dark except for a small beacon. At sunset on D-Day, Liberty's light went on in full glory for 15 minutes, then went out once again until the war was really won.

---

Recently, May 2001, Judge Gerald Heaney, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Ranger, HQ, was awarded the University



of Minnesota, Duluth's highest honor—a Doctor of Laws Degree. The program read: Judge Gerald Heaney, one of northern Minnesota's most prominent citizens, has made immense contributions to the region and the state during more than 50 years of public service. Judge Heaney graduated from the University of Minnesota Law School in 1939. He was an attorney for the Minnesota Securities Commission from 1941-1942 and was a partner in the law firm of Lewis, Hammer, Heaney and Weyl and Halverson in Duluth from 1947-1966. He served on the University of Minnesota Board of Regents from 1964-1965. In 1966, President Lyndon Johnson appointed Judge Heaney to the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit. While Judge Heaney took senior status in December of 1988, he continues to maintain 80% of his caseload. Throughout his many years on the bench, Judge Heaney has demonstrated a unique interest and an unusual compassion for others through judicial opinions that reflect his philosophy that every person is entitled to an equal opportunity for an education, a job and a home.

The award ceremony took place at my daughter's graduation from college. I and my family had the distinct privilege of witnessing this ceremony and also heard the commencement address given by Judge Gerald Heaney. He spoke of equality for all men and women and fairness in all aspects of life. I will never forget my daughter's graduation...for several reasons. Thank you Judge Heaney for the memory!

Marcia A. Moen, Sons and Daughters

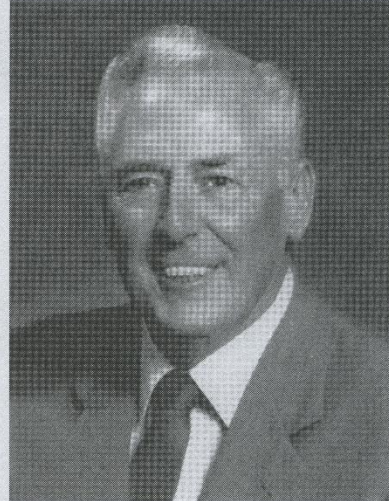


Another Ranger, well known in the Association, has also received an award of distinction, again in May 2001. Leonard G. Lomell, 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Battalion, D/HQ, was awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws from Tennessee Wesleyan College at their commencement exercises. The letter read: We are pleased to recognize your many accomplishments, and say to you from our entire academic community, congratulations on your significant achievements and for your continued good work.

Tom Brokaw was also invited to attend but unable to, sent this letter:

"Hello. I'm Tom Brokaw, NBC News in NY, and the author of "The Greatest Generation." One of the seminal inspirational figures for that book is the man you honor here today, Leonard "Bud" Lomell. Bud Lomell is not just one of the boys of Pointe du Hoc, he's become one of my close friends as a result of this extraordinary experience that I have been through."

Congratulations, Bud!



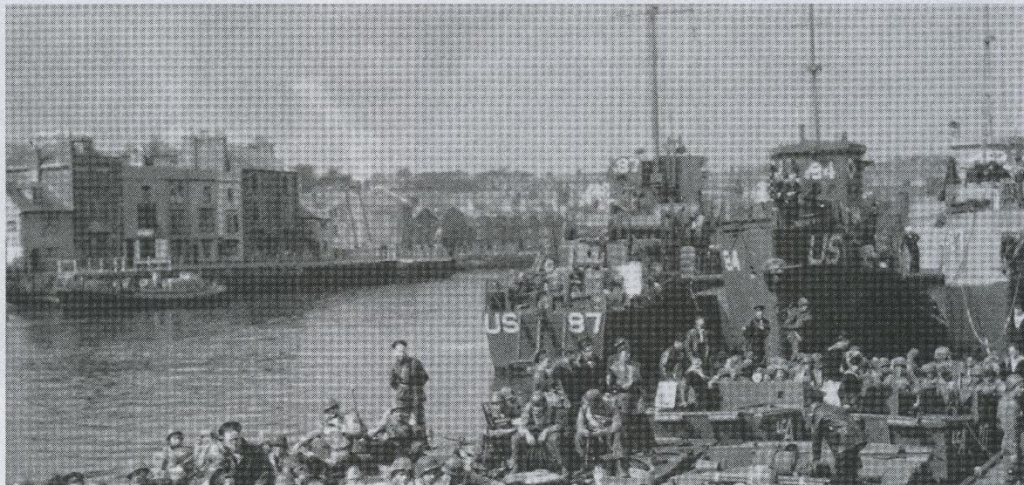
L to R Jim Altieri, Phil Stern and Murray on the movie set of "Darby's Rangers."

*Thank you, Jim Altieri, for  
founding the  
"Sons and Daughters."*





A dinner in Italy. Note the presents and the cake. Paul Langona is seated on right with hand to his chin. Can anyone help identify the other good-looking chaps?



The 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Rangers boarding LCA in Weymouth Harbor just before D-Day.





Drawing by Steve Ketzner, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.





1999 Ranger Reunion



55<sup>th</sup> D-Day Anniversary Celebration in France. Len Lomell and Bob Edlin.



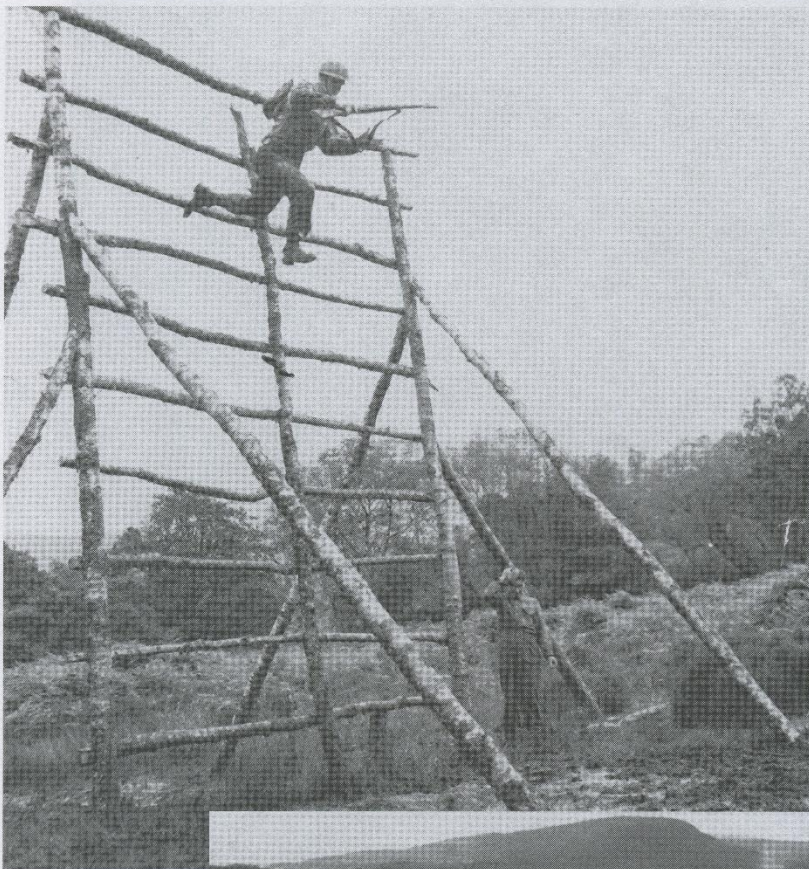


Rangers in Europe on the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of D-Day.



U. S. Rangers training in the British Isles, swim a stream carrying full equipment.  
July 1942.





A member of the 1<sup>st</sup> Rangers leaping from a 20-foot barrier with full pack and rifle. This is part of the obstacle course the British Commandos used at their training site at Achnacarry, Scotland. August 1942.



Members of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Rangers participate in an "opposed landing" exercise in which live ammunition and hand grenades are used to simulate actual war conditions in Northern Scotland in August 1942.





Rangers rappelling down wall of Achnacary Castle, Scotland, July 1942.

**THE STARS AND STRIPES**  
Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations

**Man Spricht Deutsch**  
die werden abgeholt.  
See werden, gebracht.  
Man will be fetched.

**Ein On Paris Français**  
The yankah in de place.  
Junk, woodkay can dey place.  
Pe like any more.

Vol. 1—No. 144      1 Fr.      New York—PARIS—London      1 Fr.      Monday, Dec. 18, 1944

### Mindoro Japs Driven Inland 7 to 9 Miles By U.S. Forces

NEW YORK, Dec. 17 (AP)—American invasion troops, sweeping seven to nine miles inland on Mindoro Island in the northern Philippines, yesterday captured the town of San Jose and the airfield.

Japanese already were withdrawing after six days on seaward side and had begun to retreat from three areas in the southern part of the island. Japanese opposition was heaviest in the vicinity of San Jose, located on the principal highway of the island running from the north shore to the south shore of the island.

14 Planes Shot Down

All Japanese aircraft were shot down except 10, which were shot down in the vicinity of San Jose. Japanese aircraft were shot down in the vicinity of San Jose.

## Nazis Smash Back Across Border; Luftwaffe Aids Drive on Hodges Line

### 97 Enemy Planes Shot Down Aiding German Drive

The Luftwaffe came out of hiding yesterday to bust its biggest tactical force since D-Day at U.S. forces on the Western Front. The Ninth Air Force announced last night, but by midnight 97 of the life-Nazi planes annihilated during the day had been destroyed by Ninth fighter-bombers.

Yesterday, 14,000,000, 4,000 miles of the front they were then 1100 miles behind the Luftwaffe and against 1000 fighter-bombers in the front line. The Luftwaffe announced their forces being the most in the Third and Ninth Army sectors. Their planes shot down 97 of the day and 1000 in the front line. Therefore U.S. planes were reported.

### Re-Enter Belgium, Luxembourg at Three Points

German troops supported by tanks and the Luftwaffe, smashed at American First Army lines on a 70-mile front from Duren to Trier yesterday and drove back across the German border into Belgium and Luxembourg at three points along the Ardennes route the Nazis took in 1940.

The most serious counterattack the Western Allies struck since the battle for the Rhine. The German forces were driven back to the west in a battle in the vicinity of Aachen. The attack had been planned for weeks.

Luftwaffe Shows Out

**The Front as Counter-Attack Opened**



## OUR DAD

Our dad is a Darby's Ranger. He served through the invasion of North Africa, the landings at Sicily and Salerno beachhead, with the war ending for him near a village in Italy called Cisterna. Never have I known of modesty like that from our Dad during his brief mentionings of the war, nor have I witnessed such a sense of deep pride the man has as it wells up so plain in his voice and his mannerisms as he thinks back on it. This is his story:

Born at home on their farm near a small town called Amboy in 1917, his parents had immigrated from Poland and settled in the rural farming country of central New York. The family worked hard at their small subsistence farm and other jobs, weathering through the Great Depression. It is likely the values and work ethic he acquired with his family through those years set him on a course to do well later in his long life, and probably had a part in forming the character traits needed to be a Ranger.

Dad was a young, single man in the prime of his life when World War II began. He had just finished a degree in agriculture at Cornell University. He enlisted, not wanting to get drafted, going up to Pulaski on the Salmon River to sign up. He was stationed in Belfast when the U. S. Army was authorized to form an elite fighting force similar to the British Commandos, later to be known as Darby's Rangers. He was among the few chosen.

Dad was one of about 50 Rangers involved with the raid on Dieppe, France. He said they went along mainly as observers. They crossed the English Channel with some 6000 Canadian troops and 3 battalions of Commandos in August 1942. The raid had been launched with little intelligence and they ended up learning a painful lesson. The Nazis had been ready for them. Their batteries from shore easily hit many of the landing craft out on the open water. The disabled boats began to clutter and jam up the landing area so bad that soon, many of the troops couldn't get put off at shore. They retreated at the end of the day, with 4000 Canadians killed and with heavy losses to the Commandos. Later, it was concluded the Nazis must have had spies in Scotland—women spies most likely, a slip of a little bit of information at the wrong place at the wrong time, probably in some tavern on some night out. Security immediately got tight after Dieppe. "A great lesson," Dad called it.

The first real mission for the Rangers involved the invasion of North Africa in the spring of 1943. German coastal batteries of 16-inch guns had to be taken, for they would otherwise wreck havoc on the convoy, and the Rangers were given the mission. Dad's E Company of about 60 Rangers was chosen and the operation was planned and rehearsed. The Rangers were quietly beached at night up the coast from the guns in Higgins boats, where they then proceeded by foot the remaining few miles to the base of the mountain arriving at about 3:00 in the morning. They quietly crawled up the cliffs and found all the guards sleeping. Moving quickly in the night with well-rehearsed precision, they took the entire battery without firing a single shot. They rigged the guns to blow in case they were overrun, turned them back inland towards German positions, and settled in to watch the convoy appear. Thus began the building of the Ranger's reputation for stealth, surprise and ferocity the enemy would come to know, for this would not be the last time a small group of Rangers would infiltrate their camps and positions.

I wonder what it must have been like for this young man from the farm in New York to now be in the desert of North Africa raiding and spying on the massive German army. He says during their marches in the heat, he would keep a couple of small pebbles in his mouth and save his daily ration of drinking water until the evening.

One time, Dad and E Company infiltrated General Rommel's camp and armored tank division. It was a harassment raid and they were hoping to catch the General in his tent. They entered the camp late at night and had the good fortune of finding all the guards asleep, making their job of silencing them easy. Their itinerary was to go down the rows of tents, cut a slit open with their bayonets and toss a hand grenade in; this they did for exactly ten designated minutes. Later they found out that apparently



Rommel was not in his tent that night, probably in another with a woman, they figured. At the ten-minute mark, the orders were "every man for himself" and to retreat, supported by their expert mortar crews. During their retreat, the Panzer tanks began to fire blindly down the dark valley, laying a low barrage of fire over the terrain and it was here that one of the Rangers were killed while he passed over a rise. One other casualty was incurred—shrapnel wounds when a grenade missed the slit in the tent. Dad and his commanding officer spoke momentarily amidst the confusion of the awakening camp at the start of the retreat at the ten minute mark concerning the wounded Ranger; Dad told him he wasn't going to leave him behind and requested permission to evacuate the man. His C.O. granted it on a voluntary basis and so five other Rangers and himself ran down the desert with the wounded man in a makeshift gurney, one on each corner with two rotating in on relief. They continued their rapid non-stop pace through the night, heading for cover in the mountains as morning began to brighten the skies.

Dad speaks of the exploits of these other Rangers and their missions they had accomplished with the same pride as his own, his voice clearly edged with emotion as he talks of their deeds. It seems the Rangers had developed a pride amongst themselves, even with those they never knew or directly served with, that grew into something beyond the ordinary rank and file. They truly believed that they were the best group of soldiers of their kind ever assembled and serving with the best commander. Dad said that many of the Rangers, and probably himself, wrote this to their families back home.

With the German Army driven out of Africa, the Allied forces began to build and concentrate their troops towards invading the German defenses in Italy. Somewhere during this period, Dad was transferred to the 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion.

The push north by the Allies from Salerno was met with stiff resistance against the defensive positions the Germans held across the mountainous peninsula. The Rangers fought along with the infantry in bitter winter conditions in the mountains, sustaining casualties they were not accustomed to. Again, Dad and the Rangers took to the sea in January, 1944 for a surprise landing ahead of the main mobilization of troops, support vehicles, armaments, supplies and equipment for the beachhead invasion at Anzio. The Rangers successfully seized the port and quickly spread out and expanded the beachhead inland.

Within a few days after securing the beachhead, the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalions were ordered by General Truscott to mount a feint attack centered at a small village crossroads called Cisterna. They had been through a lot of bad times up to this point, but Cisterna turned out to be the worst, for it ended up resulting in the demise of three whole Ranger battalions. It was here that my dad was wounded in the arm and later shipped home.

It was sometime during my early years growing up, I found a cardboard boot box in the barn, piled alongside the wall out of the way with the lawn and garden tools. Inside, there were his purple hearts, his silver star, maybe two, sergeant and Ranger insignia patches, two Ranger knives and their sheathes; there were a few German medals, an Iron Cross and one with a Swastika hanging from a ribbon. I can see him now, his tall, rugged outline standing in the barn looking my way as I was discovering these things in the boot box. His look had that stern expression that told us he meant business and which always made us mind him right away when he used it. He verged momentarily to get it away from me. But with no words spoken, he instead turned away and continued on with his work. He never said a word about them in the following few days, weeks or years. Even though I was just a little kid with no way of knowing what was behind those medals—each Purple Heart, each Star, each item, a war story onto its own—I feel a sense of shame that I had been responsible for their demise. They were worn and played with for a while on our play uniforms until they were lost, like kids will do. Maybe it had something to do with letting it all go.

Having learned something about his service in the war it is now clear that part of who he is stems from those times. Over fifty years after being shipped out of the Anzio Beachhead, he marched for the first time in his small hometown Memorial Day parade in Parish. He didn't tell any of us he was going



to go, and no one knew he went until a couple of days later. I felt that I should have been there, not because he would have been disappointed otherwise, for I know him too well to know he wasn't, but I just wanted to pay a little respect in the only way I had. I figure he had his own reasons for going that didn't involve us. And so the next year, I made a point to be there just in case, my son and I hopping in the car that nice, sunny morning, a few minutes late with the darn parade starting exactly on time, making us scurry along to catch up to the marching vets moving along at a good, steady clip, seeing Dad in step with the others, a lone Darby's Ranger amongst a small, mixed unit of mainly younger Army, Marine and Navy vets from the more recent wars.

I was surprised to see that somehow through the years he had saved a few things. His Ranger uniform jacket fit him well, a little snug, but he looked good in it. He wore a deep brown dress shirt and brown tie, with a beret capping his gray hair tied back in a small ponytail he was sort of famous for, the beret not his own, but a green one, one that he must have bought for the occasion; on it, a small pin of a dagger that seemed to be a miniature of those round, tapered handled and hilted daggers they had learned to use so well. A lone Ranger insignia bar and his sergeant stripes were the only decorations on the uniform.

I wished then that he had his medals, as perhaps by now they would have meant something very different for him. You could see that he was enjoying being among the other vets and talking with their relatives and friends. They all knew him to varying degrees, knew that he had been a Ranger, knew something of his stamina with hard work, his infamous stride. Even now going on ninety years old these traits in him still stand strong, a heritage of being a Ranger. He looked great in his uniform he had put together for himself, and the pride he had was plain to see.

Through it all, it is clear these Rangers grew a kinship amongst themselves that only warriors could know—a sense of duty, of being the best, of commitment to the unit, and a heart-felt bond with their fellow Rangers. These are things they have earned and pride themselves in, as they so rightfully should. Though at an awful price, some great good has come from it for them, one that goes way beyond the needs of medals.

*—Contribution by Frank Karbowski  
Son of 1<sup>st</sup> Sergeant Stanley S. Karbowski, 1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Ranger Battalions*



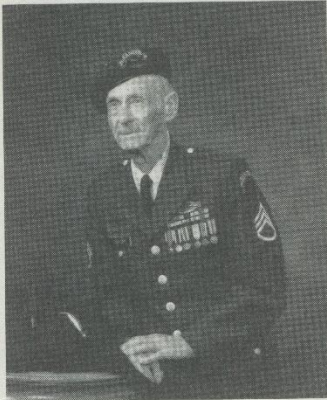
Adam Karbowski and Stanley Karbowski  
Memorial Day 2001  
Parish, New York



*thanks to all who contributed to this year's special program book—  
we had an enjoyable time connecting with you . . .*

*meadowlark publishing, inc.*





Raymond Schuder  
Co. A, 1<sup>st</sup> Bn., Co. F, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bn.  
Captured Cisterna, Italy Jan. 1944  
Liberated May 3, 1945



Raymond Schuder  
Died Sept. 17, 1996  
Millersview Cemetary  
Concho County, Texas



Raymond "Jack" Schuder  
in 1988.  
Costume patterned after  
"Rogers Rangers" 1761.

**MRS. RAYMOND SCHUDER  
is**

**Keeping the Ranger Spirit Alive!**

Since Raymond Schuder's death in 1996, Mrs. Schuder continues to sponsor Schuder's Ranger Troop within the Military Science Department of Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, Texas.

Just as he did, she continues to present the awards each year at the annual awards ceremony: two Commando knives in leather scabbards, two \$100 checks to the two most outstanding Rangers, and a scholarship to the most deserving Ranger.

For many years, Raymond Schuder, (1<sup>st</sup> Battalion and a Darby's Ranger, Company A, and later 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, Company F) taught Ranger training to the troop he sponsored and which bears his name.

Now Mrs. Schuder meets with the troop and each Fall and Spring semester presents a "spending money" check to be used by the troop for training equipment not furnished by the University. She lectures about "Rangers of World War II" and gladly gives advice and counsel to her Rangers!

**Mrs. Schuder, in the spirit of the WWII Ranger,  
continues to  
LEAD THE WAY!**


**Page placed by: Schuder's Ranger Troop and  
Mrs. Raymond Schuder**



Mrs. Scheuder presenting  
Commando knife to Kris Gillett,  
April 2000.



PROPERTY OF  
GERALD H. & MARY A. CHAFFER



**Blackie's  
House  
of  
Beef**

*The  
Original*

EST. 1946

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS HONORED

22nd & M Sts., N.W. Washington, D.C. — Under The Washington Marriott Hotel  
**202-333-1100**

6710 N. Commerce St., Springfield, VA  
**703-971-4200**

**BLACKIE AUGER  
1st & 4th Battalions**



