



Remember When?

History of Fox Company
398th Infantry
100th Division
7th Army, Europe
1944-1945

The Staff

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NOTE: FOR UNINTERRUPTED READING OF "F" COMPANY'S
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FORWARD:

We thank Lt. Allen for conceiving and recording "F" Company's combat history. His ceaseless energy and efforts shall always be remembered.

We extend our sincere appreciation to Captain Smith for his continued interest and vitality in carrying on where Lt. Allen left off.

Our deep gratitude to Lt. Adams, and 1st Sergeant Hurley for their time and vigor in completing the history.

And our heartfelt thanks for those of you who have submitted stories and information for the substance of this book.

Remember When?

To Whom it May Concern:

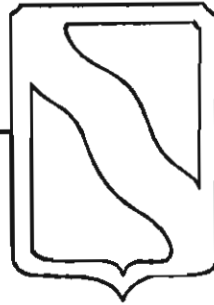
The purpose of this book is to bring to you the life of Company "F" in the past historic war — a war of such magnitude and importance that every human being felt it's force — and in it, to record the part these men played to bring lasting peace to our troubled world.

We humbly bring to you in part, the personality of this Company. The facts speak for themselves and so do we!

Really though, this book is just for us, the men of Company "F" who fought, suffered, cursed, and had fun together. For those of us who are back to our new pursuit of happiness enjoyng the benefits of what we went throught hell for, for those of us who payed the price with incurable wounds, and even life itself, this book is a book of memories, not to remind us of the ugly side of the past war, but to bring back the memories of the boys that either crossed our path or went along that same hard road.

We don't want to bring tears to your eyes, nor to ours, so we're just telling you what was, and nothing more nothing less. And really, it just isn't us, it's all of us, the COMBAT INFANTRYMAN.... We hope you will join us in our memories, but if you're too busy . . . why hell, it's fun to reminisce, even if we are alone!!

FOX



CO.

This Volume is dedicated to those
men who served with Company "F"

Our explanation to you:

Please don't feel neglected. We did think of you, and we wanted your contributions to our book. We know too, that you understand why this didn't come about. But we imagine that the contributions we do have, express mostly the feelings and sentiments you experienced with this company.

Prelude to Combat

HEAVE HO, ME LADS

*The U. S. was a wonderful country
It was made of good hard land,
Fort Bragg was really something
For it was packed with sand.*

*But when you're on a bouncing ship
Amid the ocean blue,
There really isn't very much
G.I.'s like us can do.*

*From the mighty tossing waves
You surely cannot hide,
They follow you the whole darn trip
Until your mouth is wide!*

*And when that "upsy" feeling
Comes 'round your spinning head,
You hang on to your "tummy"
And hurry off to bed.*

*But scon the constant swaying
Has you up, and on your feet
And you're off to the nearest "EXIT",
Feeling sick and plenty weak.*

*With heavy heart, baggy eyes,
And a pale and sagging head,
You prayed the merciful Lord,
And wished that you were dead!!*

*And so, through weary nights, and endless days,
You're at the mercy of the §§!!+ =: ^-!! waves!!
So it's heave ho, o'er the side we go,
And it's heave ho, Oh, Oh, Oh, and Oh!!*



Marseille

New to us, but something we would soon get all too familiar with, was the cry that first reached our ears when we stepped upon the shores of Marseille, France:

"Cigarette for Papa, Chocolate, Bon-bon?" Little, dirty, raggedly dressed, barefoot boys and girls ran up to every soldier, sometimes grabbing his hand, pleading for a handout in their sing-song way.

What a strange new world opened up for us when we stepped off the boat that sunny October afternoon: strange people, speaking a language foreign to our ears; big black Arabs, wearing large bloused pants and brightly colored turban affairs on their heads; French soldiers, in strikingly mixed uniforms, guarding German and Italian P. W. details trying to clear away some of the rubble caused by war; civilians, poorly dressed in old black, brown, or grey suits and dresses, hurrying to and fro, walking or riding a bicycle, but always carrying some load; a bent over, white haired, old lady struggling under the weight of a bag of coal, wood, or perhaps just plain junk. Everyone seemed to be dragging a wagon overloaded with piles of worn-

out clothes or discarded pieces of furniture. Now that we think back about it, all Europe seemed to be dragging overloaded wagons.

This was Marseille... a rough, dirty port city; a melting pot of the world, where people of all races, religions, colors, and countries merged.

Up through the dark, winding, narrow, cobblestone backstreets, we marched; streets lined with an architecture entirely new to us; houses, painted, purple, yellow, brown, green, or blue, that stood wall to wall. The store signs read: "Alimentation; Coiffeur; Cafe; Salone."

It was all so new and vastly different from the world we had so recently left... as if this new picture and all France had stepped out of our grammar school geography book. It was like a backdrop for some play... a play with a multitude of strange and picturesque actors.

Such were our first impressions of France; impressions of a whole new world that opened up before our eyes that sunny October afternoon.

Richard Gabriel





Marseille to Epinal via a Forty and Eight

"40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux".— That little sign on the outside of a box-car isn't even a slight hint of the many and varied experiences of "F" company's men during the division's 500 mile trip toward the front. Those Frenchmen must be pretty damn small to find room for forty of them in one of those rolling cheese boxes, even without any horses.

We'll always remember those long, cold nights, huddled around an improvised stove filled with requisitioned coal and wood, with the doors boarded up to keep out the cold, but instead, keeping in the black coal dust and smoke that turned us into colored troops, usually long before morning. Then would come the hurried wash in a helmet, only half-done when the train started, and the familiar cry of "Scouts out" every time a town came into view. Half the company would take off through the town, armed with empty wine bottles and "C" Rations for bartering purposes. Our French vocabulary at that time consisted only of "Combien" and "No compris" but it proved adequate for dealing with the eager civilians, who thought a cigarette or "C" Ration was something from another world. And we won't mention those accessory corned beef and pork sausage rations that showed up each time we stopped near a food train. They say that's "verboten!"

Here's hoping that when and if the „Hundredth" starts home, our trip to the port will not be via the "40 and 8's". We want plush seats!

Gail Tuttle