

**THE FIGHTIN' YANKS: A BOOK OF PLAIN  
FACTS, WRITTEN WITH THE INTENTION  
OF PERPETUATING THE DEEDS OF THE  
BOYS OF BATTERY F, 103D FIELD  
ARTILLERY, 26TH OR YANKEE DIVISION**

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**STANLEY J. HERZOG**

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BY  
STANLEY J. HERZOG

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*Gift of Mr. Max Lach*

### DEDICATION

*To Sergeant John Cridland Latham, Connecticut's only Congressional Medal of Honor;*

*To the boys of Battery F, who stood the brunt of all German charges, defeating the Prussian Guards in four different battles, and on starting the turning point of war at Chateau Thierry on the 18th day of July, 1918, which ended so successfully on the 11th day of November, 1918;*

*To General Clarence R. Edwards, the beloved commander of the fighting and undefeated Twenty-sixth or Yankee Division;*

*To those who made their supreme sacrifice, and the unknown soldier who was laid to rest in the National Cemetery at Arlington.*

TO MISS  
ABRAHAM

## THEIR NAMES LIVE EVERMORE

*"Though They Sleep on Foreign Soil"*

The public must not be detained any longer by the faint and feeble tributes to the Memory of our Illustrious Dead. Even in other hands, adequate justice could not be performed within limits of all occasions. Their highest, their best praise, is the public's deep conviction of their merits, the public's affectionate gratitude for their labors, sacrifice and services. It is not our voice, it is the cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, all solemn ceremonies which speak their eulogy. Their fame is indeed safe. That is now treasured up, beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble shall rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust; time may erase all impression from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with American Liberty it arose, and with America only can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live evermore."

—S. J. H.

M151446

## NIGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND

All day long when the shells sail over  
I stand at the shell hole and take my chance;  
But at night, at night I'm a reckless rover,  
And over the shell hole gleamed romance.  
Romance! Romance! how I've dreamed it, writing  
Dreary old records of money and mart,  
Me, with my head chuckfull of fighting,  
And the blood of Vikings to thrill my heart!

But little I thought my time was coming,  
Sudden and splendid, supreme and soon.  
And here I am with the bullets humming,  
As I crawl and I curse the light of the moon.  
Out alone for adventure thirsting,  
Out in mysterious No-Man's-Land,  
Prone with the dead when the star shell's bursting  
Flares on the horrors on every hand.

Yet, oh! it's great to be here with danger,  
Here in death-pregnant dark.  
In the devil's pasture a stealthy ranger,  
When the moon is decently hiding. Hark!  
What was that? Was it just a shiver  
Of a wind or a clammy hand?  
The rustle of grass, or the passing quiver  
Of one of the ghosts of No-Man's-Land?

It's only at night when the ghosts awaken,  
And gibber and whisper horrible things;  
For every foot of this God-forsaken  
And still some horror clings.  
Ugh! What was that? It felt like a jelly,  
That flattish mount in the noisome grass;  
You three big rats running free of its belly,  
Out of my way, and let me pass!

But if there's horror, there's beauty, wonder;  
The trench lights gleam and rockets play.  
That flood of magnificent orange yonder  
Is a battery blazing miles away.  
With a rush and singing a great shell passes;  
The rifles resentfully bicker and brawl,  
And here I crouch in the dew drenched grasses,  
And look and listen and love it all.

—S. J. H.



## SGT. JOHN CRIDLAND LATHAM

(CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR)

*Platoon Sgt., M. G. Co., 3d Platoon, 107th Inf.,  
27th Division*

On the 29th of September the 107th Infantry, with other units of the 27th Division, was given the difficult task of smashing the Hindenburg Line near Ronsoy, France. It was on this glorious morning that Sergeant Latham with his platoon, Lieutenant Ed. Willis in command was attached to the first wave of infantry of the 107th. The attack on this much heralded unbreakable line was set at 5:45 A. M. on this morning.

The platoon of machine gunners advanced, at intervals laying their guns to fire into the enemy. After one of these bursts of gunfire, the platoon was advancing, when Latham's commander, Lieutenant E. Willis, was killed instantly by a sniper's bullet.

Latham at once took charge of the platoon and advanced as per orders issued to platoon commanders and in turn to sergeants. It was during this fighting that a smoke barrage was laid by the Australian batteries in the rear.

Many men were killed or wounded during this advance, and the platoons soon became skeletonized, but the push had to be made, and the so-called unbreakable line was to be taken at all costs. The enemy had their plans well laid for just such an emergency, and many men were killed or wounded by hidden snipers and machine gunners after passing over certain spots supposedly taken or cleared of enemy. During this smoke barrage the platoon was well inside the German lines. Guns were laid and firing commenced again.

Signals of distress were observed near by and Latham with his companions discovered that these signals were given by American tank men.

## MEDAL OF HONOR

SERGEANT JOHN C. LATHAM, M. G. Co., 107th Infantry.  
(A. S. No. 1212528)

*For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty, in action with the enemy, near Le Catelet, France, 29 September 1918.*

*Becoming separated from their platoons by a smoke barrage, Sergeant Latham, Sergeant Alan Louis Eggers and Corporal Thomas E. O'Shea took cover in a shell hole well within the enemy's lines. Upon hearing a call for help from an American tank, which had become disabled thirty yards from them, the three soldiers left their shelter and started toward the tank, under heavy fire from German machine guns and trench mortars. In crossing the fire-swept area Corporal O'Shea was mortally wounded, but his companions, undeterred, proceeded to the tank, rescued a wounded officer and assisted two soldiers to cover in the sap of a nearby trench. Sergeant Latham and Sergeant Eggers then returned to the tank in the face of violent fire, dismounted a Hotchkiss gun and took it back to where the wounded men were, keeping off the enemy all day by effective use of the gun, and later bringing it, with the wounded men, back to our lines under cover of darkness.*

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## *Before the Battle and After*

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**W**E lay, Paight and I, rolled in our blankets, on the sloping ground just opposite our dugouts. The night was closing in, above us the clouds were drifting heavily, and only here and there a star peeped out for a moment to be again and again overshadowed by the dusky curtain that passed before it.

Paight was thoughtful; and I had repeated my question as to what had been doing while I was away before he seemed suddenly to catch what I had said.

"There's something in the wind," he answered, "for we had officers and runners riding up here by the dozen. Have you heard anything at Headquarters?"

"Not a word as to the when, but every one seems to be satisfied that we are to attack, or be attacked before long—perhaps before many hours. Hush! What's that?"

We both listened and could distinctly hear a large body of troops in our rear.

"It is a regiment of our troops," said Paight, as we now discerned them coming along the valley just before us, and marching towards the right of our lines. "Probably the Tenth," he added.

This guess was confirmed by the Colonel of the regiment, who rode up the hill, and recognizing us, shouted out, "Good luck to you, boys! And a little more elbow grease tomorrow!"

"Why, what's up now?"

"How the devil do I know, barring there came an officer and runners a while ago, and turned us out of our comfortable quarters down there at the bridge, among the frogs; and brought us up here in a mighty big haste, so