

# Cent Soixante Six

VOL. I

DECEMBER 7, 1918

NO. 2

A. E. F., FRANCE

## Lieut. Sparks Is Injured

More casualties have been added to our list. While handling some of the tools of war that the Germans left behind in their mad rush to get home, Lt. Denton Sparks, the Armament Officer of the Squadron, was painfully hurt. He suffered powder burns about the face and body and has been evacuated to a hospital back in the S. O. S. Lts. McFadden and Comstock received powder burns on the face and hands.

The loss of Lt. Sparks to the Squadron, which perhaps may not be a permanent one, will be greatly felt by both Officers and Men. This incident can only serve as a further warning against handling anything of an explosive or incendiary nature, left by the Germans, except under orders.

## Joppecourt An Ancient Village

Little is known of the early history of this antiquated little city. Tradition indicates that a settlement existed here in the time of the Goths, from which race the present inhabitants are descended; but the earliest legend that can be substantiated dates back to the feudal period. According to this version, Joppecourt was one of the four villages belonging to the Count de Mercy, whose chateau stood about a kilometer to the west on the road to Mercy-le-Bas. The other three villages were Boudrezy, Mercy-le-Bas and Mercy-le-Haut. It is supposed that the

(Continued on page 4)

## Head Work

We always figured Sgt. 1st. Cl. Robert Hudson knew how to use his noodle, now we know it. One truck with another in tow strayed from the train. The loss was discovered about twenty miles from our destination. The Sergeant was instructed to go back after them, without asking any foolish questions he jumped into his motorcycle and cleared out. Just before we rolled into our destination, the Sgt. rejoined the train and brought the two trucks with him. A mighty neat job, we say.

## The 166th Joins The A. of O.

Onward, ever onward; that seems to be the fate of the 166th Squadron, from the time the first Rookie got his 'slum' at the chow line at Kelly field to the time when 'Bill the Kaiser' decided to call a halt in the rough treatment he was getting, the Squadron has been on the move. Now we are moving forward to help the 'hun' keep his word and to join the "Watch on the Rhine".

The Squadron has moved by land and air to the first jumping off place on the way. Loaded trucks, crammed full of all that we ever owned, and some that we didn't, creaked and groaned over the old Verdun road. They managed to stumble on to the place eventually and here we are now, waiting for the signal to get under way again.

Owing to the fact of our moving and the consequent disorganization, the Thanksgiving celebration as previously advertised will most likely be postponed, but cheer up there are bright times a-coming.

## The Squadron's History

(Continued from Last Issue)

We waited patiently but the trucks failed to put in their appearance that afternoon, two Officers and one hundred men were marooned at Delouze, sans Group, sans transportation sans everything, except rain. It poured in torrents and the mud was half knee deep. About six P. M. one light truck brought back some Corn Willy, canned tomatoes, jam, bread and baked beans. About 10 P. M. decided no trucks were to arrive and the Officers went in search of berths for the night. Our French vocabulary being limited we talked with our hands, imitated couches, and got a bed.

The next afternoon the truck arrived and took us to our new station, we arrived at four thirty to find that the first truck train had gone to Autreyville, instead of Colombey Airdrome, after a mad scramble the Squadron succeeded in assembling at Colombey Airdrome, and we undertook to make ourselves resemble an obser-

(Continued on page 3)

---



---

**CENT SOIXANTE SIX**

PUBLISHED BY

And FOR the MEMBERS of the  
166th AERO SQUADRON, A. E. F., France

---



---

This paper takes pleasure in announcing that through the courtesy of Lt. Smith and his helpers a group or flight picture is available for each man of the Squadron. Group or flight leaders will call at these offices with their roster and secure the picture for their group.

## Soldiering

The poet sings of the daring deeds of the intrepid airman, who, high above the clouds, follows his star to deathless glory. The novelist and playwright tells of the wonderful deeds performed by the Officer leading his men in the trenches. This time we sing of the deeds of the ordinary every day chap, who, after all is said and done, is the chap that has won this war.

One night, at Maulan, a big bunch of trucks, many of which were old and worn out, others new and stiff, and more or less of an unknown quantity, were brought to our Squadron. It was up to us to make a jump of about one hundred and twenty miles, but we did not have enough regular drivers to man the trucks, so with the characteristic American initiative, cooks, K.P.'s, stenographers, supply sergeant and airplane mechanics came to our rescue and the train was off.

For eighteen long hours those men stuck at their wheels. All through a bitterly cold night they stuck to a difficult task like veterans. It was due to their work and sacrifice that this Squadron holds the splendid record of being the only Squadron attached to the Army of Occupation that brought its truck train in on time one hundred percent strong.

Lest we forget, and for the information of those, who perhaps do not know, we list below the names of those men who thought more of the reputation of their Squadron than their own personal comfort: Sgt 1st Cl. L. J. Zimmer, Chauff. 1st Cl. E. E. Miller, F. Perkins, H. J. O'Riley, J. Shupe, O. Hinz, A. H. Helgeson, P. J. Wayenberg and A. F. Haase, Chauff. G. E. Crowell, C. Bernaas, D. A. Dean, J. A. Belmont, T. L. Rodgers, C. F. Riley, A. Sigl, Sgt S. F. Griffin, Cook, Ira Davis, (Mech.) Sgt 1st Cl. W. T. Carson, (Stenog.) Pvt 1st Cl. H. J. Singleton, (Mech.) Sgt 1st Cl. J. J. A. Doyle. C. P. Frohock, W. A. Stoepler, Sgt F. R. Ackerman, Cpl S. N. Fischer, and Pvt. R. A. Berg.

And do not forget the three speed merchants, on the motor-cycles. Pvts 1st cl. L. R. Phelps and D. B. Riggs and Pvt. I. L. Arant.

## RAMBLINGS

By OTTO

In France.

Dere poppa :

Ven you ride dot lasdt ledder you forgott id to send me dot remiddance vat iss subpose to gum oudt my allodtmond id mite I shouldt shtob id iv I dondt godt der money. Bud you wont I shouldt told you boud dote time ven ve bum der town py Montmede. Idsa niz day mit der Gaptan in der lead und effer body eltz behind eggscieb Bug Veaver iss all offer, so der pays dondt gedt time to ged seart der Huns uv. Aleg iss vatch der Gaptan breddy glose und der Gaptan iss grossink der river und der Archie iss thig like der boads to Hobogen bud ve dondt shude be-gause ids too eazy to siluntz der Archie. Bud pie und pie ve der bums dropd on der town und bust der stachun und some guy saidt id vos in der baper ve schmas enuff Huns to make suet. fer all der Tanksgivink pies yed. Bud yon know what der feller saidt id "Der rellink schfon bumbs into somdink" und ven ve cudt cum, der Fokkers iss so thig vun of der boys shuds hiss tail av so he can countd dem bud id iss too many. Efferbody iss shuding like der devil und der Gaptan geds er Boche, und also Feinie und Yenks und Magkeon und sum odder loavers vat iss behindt geds a loog ad sumdink vat iss drobbing und splidts der honors four vays. Undt to make der day full uv eggssitemund Mister Bayson does sum fanzy vork in brezision und runs Feinie in his hole bud he dondt can keeb him down ven he alretty godt a vun quarder clain on der Hun. Dondt you know ve are movink ub py der Rhine, Poppa bud dey blow der labs, so I toldt you aboutd id negst time.

Luffingly your son,

OTTO.

---

## On Time

"Hello! Operator? Give me intelligence."

"Hello! Hello! Is Lieutenant Wagner there? Tell him to come to der phone."

"Hello! Wagner? Dis is der Commandant. Der d-d Cent Soixante Six is to bomb Conflans dis afternoon."

"What time did you ask yet?"

"Der usual time, dumnkopt, at dree dirty."

"What? why didnt dey attack at ninedirty already this morning? Dey was too yellow to fly in der rain storm yet?"

"Und Wagner, you most shoot down every bomber, Tell der pilots that any one returning alive without destroying at least three will be court-martialed to morrow morning."

"Yes dat iss all."

## The Poets' Niche

### THE OBSERVER

Who stands in the propellor?  
Who gets the oil spray in they face?  
Who never gets to be an ace?

THE OBSERVER

Who finds the course and reads the maps?  
Who guides the pilots while they nap?  
Who takes the brunt of all the seraps?

THE OBSERVER

Who, when the ship lands far from home  
Wades thru the mud to a telephone?  
Who takes the bawling out alone?

THE OBSERVER

Who pulls the lever of the bombing gear!  
Who drops the hun a souvenir?  
Who spares the place where they make the beer?

THE OBSERVER

Who hasn't got an armored seat?  
Who has to stand on two cold feet?  
Who is the hun's machine gun meat?

THE OBSERVER

Who, when the formation's on the run?  
And the Boches comes diving from the sun?  
Pulls a wicked finger on the Lewis gun?

THE OBSERVER

Who is the man who stops the lead?  
Who is the man that comes back dead?  
Who is it never dies in bed?

THE OBSERVER

Who hasn't got a swivel chair,  
Who does his work all in the air?  
Who'll march down Br'dway, "Après le Guerre?"

THE OBSERVER

HALF WINGS.

### This Is The Life

When you haven't received a letter in a month  
Of rainy days and then—one morning a truck  
Arrives from France and civilization and brings  
A load of eats and sacks of mail,  
And you get all set for a long letter  
From the girl and receive three bundles  
Of home papers with headlines of  
The St. Michel drive  
Ain't War hell—or ain't it?

Far be it from us to doubt Lt. Best's veracity,  
but—when he pulls this stuff of "Bugs" building  
trenches in the varnish of their bed and  
camouflaging them—My hat and coat, James—  
Its propaganda again.

## The Squadron's History

(Continued from page 1)

vation group. We never discovered which group we constituted but we were it, for about ten days. We received a few Pilots and Observers but no ships. After lingering along for a time just to break the monotony of the thing the Quartermaster dropped in and paid the Squadron. Several men undertook to start the observation work in their own way and what they saw when the Vin Rouge began to take effect was too much for their own good. Several of them still have callouses on their hands.

About the 12th. of Sept. the powers that be, had a bright idea and figured that it would be a good joke on the Germans if they organized another bombing Squadron, so they immediately wired Capt. Parks, who was separating himself from beaucoup Francs, in Paris, to return at once. He reported to the Squadron on Sept. 15th.; and we started on the high road to success, we got four ships, and then we got Devery, Weaver, Tolchan, Pedlar and Dale.

The next day we were ordered to proceed to Amante to join the 1st. day Bombardment group. We arrived at Maulan between the hours of 3 and 5 A. M. Sept. 25th, 1918., after having spent the night enjoying a motor truck ride. We established Headquarters in an old French Hangar and began to receive new Officers. Lt. Red Black was the first Observer to report then they came in bunches of twos, threes and fives. We opened our Mess and Recreation tents and made things as comfortable as possible, we got more ships and a valdegroupe sortie took place twice every day weather permitting. About October 15th, we moved our tented City down near the large hangars and prepared to do serious business.

We opened operations on Oct. 18th, with flying colors, we fooled the Germans, however, and bombed Buzancy instead of Bayonville, the specified objective, thereby doing them a dirty turn for they were not expecting us anywhere at Bayonville. "Alex" crashed in taking off and has never forgiven the mechanics of 'A' flight until this day, Lts. Pedlar McKeon and Lts. Cullman and Lurie were shot down but no one was injured in any way.

Then followed a brilliant series of raids that placed Cent Soixante Six in the lead and kept it there. Capt. Parks has set a record that cannot be duplicated by any American squadron in bombing work. He has led the Squadron over the lines in all its raids and has never lost a ship on German soil.

The Squadron has six enemy plaves to its credit in twelve raids and has dropped a larger percentage of bombs., per raid, than any any other squadron during the same period.

The Officers and men alike deserve great credit for the brilliant record which the squadron has made on the front and every one has a right to be proud of being a member of the CENT SOIXANTE SIX.

## Joppecourt an Ancient Village

(Continued from page 1)

serfs of the dominion built and inhabited these towns. This is probably a reliable story, as the ruins of the chateau are still to be seen, also part of the old estate are owned at present by the Count de Mercy D'Argentaau, who resided in Belgium.

The origin of the name Joppecourt is not known; but it is thought to have come from the church, which was at that time the count's chapel, it having been named after Joppe, a city in the Holy lands.

In 1843 this chapel was rebuilt, the ancient cloister, however, remains in good condition. During the process of reconstruction a small casket containing two large hearts, embalmed, was found at the base of one of the walls. They were supposed to have been taken from two brothers of the family of Mercy sometime during the feudal period. The casket was replaced in the walls and a marble tablet placed over it bearing the inscription: "Ici reposit les cœurs des deux membres de l'illustre famille de Mercy, inhumés jadis. Ici en leur sépulture le 8 7ber., 1843".

During the reign of Louis XIV the "Chateau du Count de Mercy" was taken by General Creky in his campaign to subdue Lorraine. The Count and household, escaping by an underground passage, fled to Belgium, where as previously mentioned, the heirs to the remaining estate still reside. This entirely broke up the feudal system in this community and at the same time gave France a firm grip on this part of Lorraine.

After this no events of importance in the history of Joppecourt are sufficiently outstanding to be of interest. In fact, it is doubtful if anything ever interrupted the regular routine of peaceful pursuits except "Christmas and the fourth of July" until the Napoleonic Era. The Revolution had no immediate effect on this village. It was probably over when the news reached this far in the backwater.

From the rise of Napoleon until the present Joppecourt has been the path of soldiers, both French and German, marching to or from the battles well known to the world. Madame Fischant, who discovered this city in 1842, says that Hun soldiers occupied this territory in 1814 or 1815, some of them having been billeted in her grandfather's home. She herself remembers distinctly the war of for "Mille, huit cent, soixante-dix". She says that was not a bad war for Joppecourt. Troops passed through on their way to Metz and Sedan, but the populace was not molested.

It is useless to mention the effect of the last war on this village. It was in the most prosperous period of its existence. On August 6, 1914, after throwing over a few shells, the Huns entered the village: Joppecourt escaped the cruelty in massacres of women and children that fell to

some of the neighboring villages. The Burgomaster was shot on the 9th; many were imprisoned for a few days. All the inhabitants were registered and men and women between the ages of seventeen and fifty put to work on the farms around the camps. About eight o'clock the morning of August 22, French Cavalry and Infantry drove the Boches out of the village and as far back as Filliers, loosing 123 men on the fields now occupied by the aviation camp. The Boches were reenforced and returned about 8 o'clock in the evening, forcing the French back in the direction of St. Mihiel. After this battle the Germans became settled here and the tales of woe of the enslaved populace are too numerous to recount.

## Some "Bear"

The personnel of this squadron congratulate the designer of our insignia for giving us the best he had. For individuality it can't be beat—so "Bear" in mind were for you—go to it.

## The Flyers' Litaury

From training schools and lectures, S. O. S. instructors, drills, M. P.'s, reveille and all such abominations,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From planes tied together with strings, from motors that gasp and give up the ghost and guns whose infernal workings suffer congestion far worse than Hun lines,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From weeks of fine weather, from grey clouds that hide the Boche, from Hun bullets and Hun Circuses of all sorts, and from the Archie that maketh our bones to tremble like unto an aspen leaf,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From wheat cakeless mornings, and pokerless evenings, from National prohibition, and all well meaning meddlers who would salvage our souls at the expense of our good times,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From C. O's from whom a pass is a rare thing, yea as uncommon even as a promotion and who harden their hearts when we need a Cadillac for a party,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From "Mahogany Heros" back home who make love to our girl, and from the girls over here who make love to us and mean it,

Good Lord Deliver Us.

From All "Bumps", darkness and sudden fogs, from wrecks and nearwrecks, from collisions in the air, and finally from all forced landings on the "Field of Honor",

Good Lord Deliver Us.