

Cent Soixante Six



Vol. 1

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No. 6

A. E. F. — TRIER, GERMANY — A. of O.

Enlisted Men's Dance Post Y the Scene of Affair with Real Girls

A real treat was given the enlisted men of the 166th in the Post Y on February 24th, for which thanks are due Capt. Parks, through whose efforts the affair was a declared success. Due credit also must be given to Major Davidson, for without his permission it could not have been held. It looked for a moment as though it would have to be "washed out" anyway, as at eight o'clock only one lady of the many expected had showed up. Then our Adjutant got busy, and commanding a couple of autos started out on a spring "round-up"; and "toot sweet" the show was on.

"The best time we've ever had", was the verdict of all. In fact it was the first dance we've ever had with American girls for partners. After standing on your feet all day in Red Cross canteens or behind Y counters, or sitting at the "hello" board of an exchange for a non-union number of hours, it takes some "pep" to answer a hurry-up call to go and help entertain a bunch of lonesome Yanks. But ladies you did it, and we want to say "thank you". Attention! men! Let's salute them, proud that we can claim such women as our sisters. And may we have another evening like that of February 24th, soon.

Last but not least we give a vote of thanks to our Jazz Band, composed of Lieut. Kerk at the piano, Lieut. Ransome with the mandolin, Lieut. Dale with the traps, Corp McMains with the banjo, Cook "Abe" Ackles with his humming, strumming guitar and Cook Omert with his fiddle.

Washington's Birthday in Trier

Great Day Not Forgotten in Germany.
Muddy Feet Make Celebration
Difficult, but Dance Goes On

Certainly no city in America can claim to have celebrated February 22nd more completely than did Trier, Germany, this year.

The day started with a rosy outlook in the form of an order proclaiming a holiday on the field; so we came to town expecting a royal time, — and we had it. In the morning we repaired to the "Dom", where religious services were held, and in the afternoon to the Stadttheater, which had been engaged by the Knights of Columbus for patriotic exercises. Appropriate doings were also put on in the evening at the Red Cross Enlisted Men's Club and at the Fest Halle.

The day, and night, too, were rainy, — *de more*, — which means that the walking was bad; and of course we, belonging to the garden

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Exodus to S. O. S. Begun Civvies in Prospect for Departing Bunch of Vets

Nobody really believes he's going home. But the whole flock talks and acts as if there was nothing to it now beyond boarding the next steamer at Bordeaux and waiting for the welcoming handclasp of Billie Hearst and the rest of Mayor Hylan's committee at the New York dock. Anyway they've all got orders to go to Colombey, — the whole nineteen of them, — and here's the roster of lucky names: 1st Lts., F. M. Payson, E. E. Cobb, A. C. Cooper, W. F. Halley, S. C. Kerk, R. Austin, P. C. Wanser, and 2nd Lts., K. P. Comstock, R. R. Dale, P. C. Sanders, A. M. Smythe, H. D. Smith, M. E. O'Brien, H. Feinstein, E. Dion, C. Simpson, A. E. Newell, L. Ward, H. H. Lurie.

In addition to the foregoing, Lt. L. H. Ordway should be mentioned as having left some days earlier on an individual order, and Sgt. T. A. Blake, and Pvts., J. P. O'Reilly and A. C. Heath, who departed about the same time. All three of the latter had been with the squadron a long time, joining many months before its flying personnel was made up. Sgt. Blake enlisted at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., in December, 1917, while Pvts. O'Reilly and Heath linked up with the 166th in England last August.

Idiosyncracies.

You know, dear old beau, that I am thinking we are a bit queer, after all. We acquire manias. First, when we landed, it was demoiselles, and I remember at Maulan it was canes, — we all had them. Then at Joppécourt a Boche helmet was cheap at a hundred and fifty of France's fairest (you can buy a second-hand one in Trier for forty marks), or a range finder surreptitiously dynamited from an Archie rifle. Next it was cameras with four point five Jena glass lenses. Even an orphan showed up.

Now a flea-bitten meat hound, that inhales everything but the plate, is sixty percent appetite, thirty percent howl and the rest bones, occupies our attentions and all the available floor space. Larry, turn the crank!

Safety Devices

In the April 2, 1911, issue of the London Illustrated News a device for saving Aviators' lives was pictured. It was a spherical steel mesh in which the airman was to sit, and had been tried out on a guinea pig from an altitude of 65 feet, with success. Since then, rubber heels, ivory heads, little silver elephants and good-luck coins have been experimented with, but with varying success. The Air Service almost tried out a parachute just before the armistice was signed. We believe a nice smooth landing the most dependable safeguard so far discovered.

Doings on the Drome Pilot of 9th Aero Squadron Says Night Reconnaissance No Rest Cure

DeHavilands may take up a lot of hangar space, but they can lay no claim to a monopoly of the Trier Airdrome: Salmsons and Breguets are quite as much in evidence. In fact the squadrons using the other ships were here long before the 166th arrived. The Salmsons are in the employ of the 88th Day Reconnaissance Squadron, while Breguets, of the handy Corps d'Armée variety, are used to waft the men of the 9th Night Reconnaissance Squadron around. Discussing the work of the latter with one of its charter members we elicited a bit of information that should prove interesting to the readers of Cent Soixante Six.

"It has been known for some months in Air Service circles", said the pilot referred to, "that an American night flying squadron was in existence, but opinions as to its purpose seem to have varied widely, according to the imaginations involved. Colombey used to think the 9th a night bombing outfit, while some of the material they sent thought it was a rest cure. But they were both wrong.

"Night reconnaissance was first used by the allies during the second battle of the Marne. Such excellent results were obtained that the Air Service decided to organize a night reconnaissance squadron. Of course there were no experienced pilots or observers to be had, so with a dozen volunteers from day work the 9th launched into the new field in time to participate in the St. Mihiel attack. Experience gained in this drive was valuable during the busy month of October, when, with a still very limited personnel, the 9th covered more kilometers behind the enemy's lines than the two day army squadrons of the same group together.

"Some successful bombing was carried on during these trips, by means of the ever-faithful Breguet, and hits were made thus at night on many enemy cantonments and dumps."

"Just at present, to show the versatility of the *genius Americanus*, the 9th Squadron is engaged in taking pictures of the Moselle valley; and their work, by the way, in this new field, is said to equal in excellence that done by the much advertized veterans at the game."

Modern Improvements

"Give me liberty or give me death", said Patrick Henry.

We'll do better than that, Pat, we'll give you both. One DH-4 battle plane for Mr. Henry, please.

A Pardonable Error

"Let's go over and watch the Rugby game."
"That're aint a game. Them's our officers drilling."

CENT SOIXANTE SIX

PUBLISHED by the MEMBERS

of the

166th Aero Squadron, A. E. F., France

Reciprocity

On the basis that "turn about is fair play", why not let the dough-boy battalions take up aviation mechanics for a while? If I. D. R. drudgery is good for the Air Service cohorts would it not be equally fair to assume that a course in Airdrome Drudgery Regulations would prove just the thing for our brethren of the infantry battalions? Of course there is no official publication yet bearing that title, but one could easily be prepared, and would, we are sure, do wonders for drill sergeants and parade ground athletes everywhere. It might take a General Order to get it going, but once begun the scheme would gather momentum from its own innate merit and A. D. R. (Airdrome Drudgery Regulations) would speedily become the handbook of every well appointed infantry lieutenant, and take its place beside I. D. R. in the course of every rookie's training. Compulsion would be unnecessary as the subject would inspire the spontaneous enthusiasm of every infantry buck, just as I. D. R. takes hold of the imagination of the skilled aviation mechanic. As a stimulator of morale there would be nothing like it, and the argument that A. D. R. has no bearing on the legitimate duties of a bunch of dough-boys would be given just the same weight as the counter-contention that I. D. R. is indispensable to the conduct of a machine shop.

Under our system every infantry camp would be transformed into a center for mechanical instruction. The fact that our textbook, A. D. R., is not yet available would be no hindrance, — the industrious dough-boy would quickly find that there was plenty of drudgery around an airdrome that he could engage in without one; and as far as that goes we'd be even anyway, for I. D. R.'s and Guard Manuals appear to be equally hard to obtain in aviation squadrons.

With a competent drill master to start things off, and some dummy aeroplanes and motors to add a touch of realism to the thing, the army would soon be transformed. Imagine the possibilities. At every infantry establishment in the A. E. F. and at home the men would fall in twice daily for an hour of A. D. R. They would be formed into squads and marched to the hangars. There would be a squad for every job — perfect system; a spark plug squad, a carburetor squad, a magneto squad, various rigging squads, and so on.

The spark plug squad would form on the rungs of a step-ladder, No. 1 man at the top, etc. The rigging squad would deploy along the wings and fuselage, while the magneto squad would be given "fall in" and "fall out", with reference to the cock-pit, until perfect rhythm was acquired. At the command "inspection, spark plugs" every man would do an "about face" on the step-ladder and expose a spark plug to view.

This is just a hint of what might be done. Doubtless the other branches of the army to whom the plan has special application will take it up and elaborate on it in the way it deserves. In the meantime we shall ask no special recognition for ourselves. The fact that we have propounded an idea of such obvious merit, and the pleasure of seeing it promptly seized and applied, will be reward enough; and as we plow through the mud on the drill ground

to the tune of "ONE, two three four, pick up that step" we can think with satisfaction of the reciprocal contribution our infantry confreres are rendering to the cause of army efficiency through the adoption of A. D. R.

Glück Auf

In the A. E. F., we have become used to the "hello" and good-"bye" habit. The coming and going that is a part of army life has accustomed us to frequent partings and welcome meetings, and both always have borne an exterior, at least, of cheerfulness. Certainly the greeting of an old comrade unexpectedly turned up was always sincere enough in its warmth; and if the partings were, during war time, more or less tinged with uncertainty as to whither our divergent paths would lead we never let them be occasions for anything but a *bon chance*, and hope for an ultimate reunion. But of all the farewells that ever were said, those which we bid to the departing members of the 166th last month were beyond doubt the blithest. We hate to see them go: the squadron won't seem right for some time without them: but we know, on the other hand, that their going this time means something different, — this parting is unique. It means, in fact, that they are leaving not only us, but Europe and the army, — that when we waved them good-bye at the Hauptbahnhof we were speeding the first bunch of men to leave us on a journey that seems fair to land them, sooner or later, on the Jersey docks. Then, too, we are just selfish enough to harbour the thought that what has happened to them may befall us, also, before long, so we hold their departure as an augury of an early return for all.

All, at least, of the flying personnel. But not so soon, perhaps, for the rest. The man with a hangar job to put over cannot be replaced, apparently, — we don't pretend to know why, — but that's the case. Overhauling Liberties, lining up DH's, and performing the hundred and one other jobs that are necessary to maintain a flying outfit in flying condition are services little realized or appreciated outside the airdrome. The fliers, themselves, know their importance only too well, and also the monotony of routine and skillful care their execution involves, and there is no lack of appreciation among them. The only unfortunate thing about it is that mere appreciation won't help the other fellow get his discharge a bit sooner. There's nothing for those of us who are minus a Sam Browne and travel orders to do but stick it out, and remember how much better off we are here than we were at Maulan, — better hangars, better quarters, better chances for diversion, and, if you come right down to it, better hopes of eventually getting home, too.

Then of course there is the bigger view, the view that really got us over here in the first place, and which has hump enough to tide us through everything that seems unpleasant or irksome if we only maintain it. We all know what it is. It is the ideal of a world united in the preservation of those forms of government which provide the fullest scope for individual freedom, development and expression. That's what the old U. S. A. means to us, and that's what it is coming to mean to the rest of the world. It is to represent that kind of a "Fatherland" that we are in Europe, and all the M. P.s. G. O.s, guard details and spring weather in the Rhineland can't make us forget it.

The Six Hundred and Fifty

When Tennyson immortalized Balaklava's "noble Six Hundred" in his "Charge of the Light Brigade" it's a pity he could not have fixed the meter for the substitution of "Six Hundred and Fifty" so that the stirring lines could have done duty in paraphrase a few decades later to commemorate America's aerial contribution to the great war. For to the best of our belief the number of our "Flight Brigades" came to about that total; possibly a little bit more, most likely less.

In the first place it should be explained that these figures refer exclusively to the men who got into action, — who saw enough service across the lines to put them in the combatant class. They were not deduced, you may be sure, from newspaper reports of "official statements" in regard to Air Service personnel. The latter might be made the theme for a sequel to Baron Munchausen's well-known narratives, but as data for a serious estimate of Air Service forces they require some editing.

"But", somebody exclaims, "the brunt of the fighting borne by less than seven hundred flyers — surely there's some mistake. Why the press reports put the American air forces in France at something like 58,000, of whom nearly 7,000 were officers".

Perhaps, but that isn't saying they were all at the front.

"No", you may rejoin, "but the same report says that 2,000 of them were, — 2,161 officers and 22,351 men, to quote exactly".

Admittedly, it looks as if somebody had made a mistake. But before throwing out anybody's figures let's examine the data a little further. The same newspaper reports quote the number of squadrons at the front as thirty-nine, twenty of which were pursuit and the rest reconnaissance or bombardment. That might not be so far off, if you count in the eleven squadrons that the French supplied, and the three more for which we must thank our Italian allies. And then, too, there may have been some new American squadrons formed just about the time of the armistice; but supposing there were, they never did any work and ought not to be included in an estimate of effectives during the hostilities. Even then, two thousand or more officers would be a pretty full complement for thirty nine squadrons, wouldn't they?

But just suppose, for the sake of the argument, that 2,000 flyers did get into the Zone of Advance, is it safe to conclude, from this bare supposition, that anywhere near that number of men ever flitted through an Archie burst, bombed an enemy dump, executed a reconnaissance, or strafed a trench? Most decidedly not. Knowing what we do about Air Service squadrons in the line it seems a practical certainty that no more than half that total could have seen action over Hun territory, while, in the opinion of many who are able to speak from the standpoint of participants in Air Service operations at the front, a bare two-thirds would be nearer the correct proportion.

Now all this is asserted without the slightest intention of casting a slur on the Air Service organization or its personnel. As to the former, everybody knows that it was just getting into good form when the Boche ran up the white flag and spiked our chances of demonstrating what we hoped to do. And as to the personnel, there never was anything wrong with that. All that our pilots and observers, either in the Z. of A. or at the rear, wanted was a chance, and nothing but sheer force of circumstances ever prevented any of them from

taking the biplane route to Donnybrook Fair. But the fact remains that a multitude of them didn't, much as they themselves regret it, and much as the public, who had got all worked up to a billion dollar pitch, deplore it.

If anybody objects to our estimate we would like to hear from them, and they would confer a favor by including some authentic data on the number of squadrons that actually got into the mill, the length of time they operated, and, if such a thing is possible, the percentage of their personnel that were given the chance of an aerial argument with the Boche.

Frankly, however, we don't expect to be deluged with complaints. We think it more likely, on the contrary, that our data will propagate a thoughtful reticence in many quarters when it comes to exploiting Air Service figures; and to more careful proof-reading on the part of our journalistic contemporaries — if their errors, as we hope, have been simply typographical.

And what of the 650? Well, just to avoid a flamboyant peroration let's stick to the crisp text of the War Office report as quoted:

"The total casualties of the Air Service in action were 442, including 109 killed, 103 wounded, 200 missing, 27 prisoners of war, and 3 interned."

Definitions

Army of Occupation: — A body of men completely surrounded by temptations and M. P.'s.

Soldier: — Lair of the cootie.

Rifle: — Wireless transmitter. (Note: — used in sending peace terms to Germany).

Aviator: — The M nerva's apple of the army.

Censor (verb): — to erase; to destroy; to burn; — as, "He censored my letter".

Home: — Obsolete. See Billet, Barrack, Camp.

Sergeant: — Pack-mule of responsibility.

Sergeant, 1st.: — Deleted by Censor.

Lieutenant, 2nd.: — Buck private with gold bars.

Mess: — Anything that can be eaten without fatal results.

Uniform: — Mild form of straightjacket in which arms and legs are partly free to move.

Overseas Cap: — A small piece of cloth used to mark the upper extremities of some men.

Golf: — A popular army game, played with two small ivory cubes on three square feet of floor space, by as many as can enter the room. Resembles ouija except that the player talks to the device instead of the device to the player. Specially popular with lawyers and other criminals as it affords vast opportunity for practice in pleading. Sometimes called African Golf.

Poker: — Voluntary or financial confinement to Post.

Red Dog: — A vicious form of entertainment and cause of much bankruptcy.

Boot: — A pressed paper covering for the foot, used originally for protection but now as a means of carrying small horse-shoes and several pounds of hob nails.

DH-4: — Most approved method of capital punishment.

Landing Gear: — A collapsible framework installed below a plane to indicate to the pilot when he is on the ground.

Pilot: — *Genus homo*. Usually of a brownish or drab color with gold or silver streak on shoulders and a silver splash on left breast.

Airdrome: — A succession of ditches and hummocks on which to crack landing gears, propellers and tail skids.

Hangar: — A large canvas funnel for directing snow, hail and rain to the vital parts of an airplane. Generally adopted by Air Service after the war.

Replacements Arrive

Flock of Newcomers Invade Zewen Relieving Home-going Bunch.

If the 166th personnel is undergoing the first big upheaval it has sustained since the armistice, we can at least say that its character is not suffering from the change. We are already beginning to get acquainted with the recent arrivals and don't mind saying that we like them first-rate and hope they'll find us just as "tol'able". There's either a gunner or pilot to match up with every name in the following list:

1st. Lieuts. J. B. Harvey, Wensell Gustafson, F. J. Reed, C. E. Varney, and 2nd Lieuts. H. C. Andrews, L. L. McFarlin, R. D. Coe, W. J. B. Lycan, W. C. Morris, A. E. Upham, T. F. O'Brien, P. C. Nelson, Clive Harris, A. L. Newman, F. D. McSherry.

Lament From The S. O. S.

I joined the army to fight, one day,
Gave up my job and lucrative pay,
Said, "I'll show the Huns how the Yanks can fight", —

For a training camp I left that night.

Trained in the States a year or more,
Then one day landed on foreign shore.
"Where's the Kaiser, I'm here for the show", —
Alas, to another camp did go.

For three months more I practiced with guns
While the boys at the front were licking
the Huns,

Drilled by day and marched by night, —
Fifteen months and still no fight.

Then one bright day got orders to pack.
Said, "I'll get ten Boche 'fore I get back".
Now what do you think they did with me?
I went to a school for artillery.

There I spent another month or so
Learning new angles and DVo,
Mastered the art of handling big guns, —
"Now, surely, I'm ready to whip the Huns".

I looked at my orders; ye Gods and Horrors!
"Aerial Observer Aviation at Tours".
Just swore to myself and said that night,
"Guess Uncle Sam don't want me to fight".

Again it was school for a month or more,
Then those damn Deutsch, they ended the war.
Not even a chance to see the front —
Me with my guns and none to hunt.

Now, the only battle I've fought, my men,
Was the battle of "Paris" and "combien".
If they ask back home what I did, I guess
I'll say "S. O. L. in the S. O. S".

Inferior Guard Duty

"Halt! who's there?"

"Me"

"Who's me?"

"You"

"Pass"

Why Not?

If flying officers are to invade the domain of infantry-trained men is it fair to bar the infantry man from the flying field? We are looking forward to a G. O. requiring submarine commanders to study balloon tactics, and for anti-aircraft batteries to take up navigation.

Look Who's Here

Anything You Want from Roller Skates to Swimming Lessons. Y and K. C. Programs Cover Wide Field

Activities at the Y. M. C. A. are going along as usual, good shows, movies, talks and eats being the rule. Mr. Andrew Smith, the executive officer in Trier, assures us that the standard of good shows is going to be kept up, and that a specially lively one is to be here in the near future. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be on hand "Carmen" might hope that the bill he promises will be of the same uproariously enjoyable class, and that the promise to bring it out to the airdrome for one evening will be made good.

A new feature at the Y is the exchange bureau where money orders for the home folks can be bought, or where Boche gelt can be turned into l'argent francais and vice versa.

A lot of roller skates are coming. — all large sizes, and Mr. Smith guarantees to fit the daintiest foot. Don't be afraid of not getting a fit, even if you take a 14. The rink to use them on is being fixed up in the Fest Halle.

The canteen supply system is getting better all the time, and a steady flow of worldly goods should be coming from the States after this week.

A shipment of baseballs and other sporting materials is expected some time next week. Just how it will be distributed has not yet been decided, but it will probably be handled through the Post Y's.

K. C. Athletic Director Here

Alex McLean, the well-known sporting authority, arrived in Trier on Friday to look over the boxing situation. McLean is acting as athletic director for the K. C.'s at Coblenz. He has made arrangements for a boxing show at the West Trier Club for Tuesday evening, March 3rd, and at the Stadttheater for Saturday evening, March 8th.

Owen Merrick, of Honolulu, who has had much experience in track athletics, swimming and baseball, has arrived in Trier to act as athletic director for the K. C.'s. Merrick managed Duke Kahanamoku, Lane and Kruger, the three world's champions from Hawaii, and has also written a number of articles on track athletics for publication.

In a D. H. Airdrome

Do you mean to say those big, awkward-looking things can fly?

Yes, indeed. Some of 'em in landing fly in all directions.

Costly Honors

Some of us received the Croix de Guerre flying, some driving ambulances, and some in the trenches; but, by-golly, it cost some of us five of France's fairest francs.

Are You?

Are you fellows who are exerting every effort to get home remembering that: —

The old man will probably object to your keeping a cow in the next room?

The darned country is in the kiln, and will soon be dry?

You're going to have to bathe every Saturday night?

You'll have to start paying fares again?

It means another trip through the S. O. S.?

The rest of us want to go, too?

Athletics

Air Service Night

The Air Service night at the Fest Halle on Thursday, February 17, was a decided success. Although it was not exclusively Air Service, all branches being admitted, the Air Service — particularly the 166th — was well represented. The big part of the evening for us, of course, was the boxing, as we were represented by Corp. Schaaf and Pvt. Salerno, who are to be complimented on the excellent showing they made, both winning their bouts easily. "Johnnie" mistook the word "exhibition" for "extermination", which he proceeded to demonstrate in the first round. Unfortunately both boys bunged-up their hands, so were unable to take part in the elimination contests for A. E. F. honors on the 21st.

Elimination Tournament

Except for two of the bouts, elimination night rather disappointed the large crowd present. The 2nd Balloon Company man won his bout handily in the 125 pound class, and this was clearly the best fight of the evening. One of the boxers varied the program with a little vaudeville between punches, executing the boxing glide and obliging with the uppercut dip on the encores. He also pulled a bit of Leach Cross stuff which annexed the judge's angora. Owing to the fewness of the entries only two of the classes were decided.

Basketball

Tuesday night, February 25, the 166th basketball team, which has been practising for the past week, played their first game (an exhibition one) with the 3rd Army Replacement Depot team; game played on the court near Evacuation Hospital No. 12. Although just organized our boys put up a rattling good game, and though going down to defeat they showed promise of being a great team which, with more practise, should make its presence felt in the championship games. The team is composed of Lts. Ransome and McFarlin; Sgts. Ritchie and Murray, Corp. Schaaf and Privts. Schwartz, Smith, Pollard and Dixon.

If there is any more basketball material in the squadron let's have it brought out. We want to maintain a full team, and everybody who can should try out for it.

The Gymnasium

The German dance hall over the tailor shop in Zewen has been transformed into a gymnasium for the use of officers and men of the 166th. It is has not been taken advantage of, yet, to the extent it should, perhaps due to confusion as to hours and also to distance from headquarters. In regard to the former, the period from 1:15 to 2:30 is reserved for the basketball men, but from 10 to 11:30 a. m., 2:30 to 5 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m., it is open to all men who wish to use it. From 8 to 10 both morning and evening it is reserved for officers. Lest the distance from the men's quarters should prove a deterrent a special truck has been provided for their use, which will leave H. Q. for the gym at 6 p. m. every day, returning at 8, and during the day men may ride on the officers' truck which leaves H. Q. for Zewen at 10:15 a. m., 1 p. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Although equipment is limited at present, it is hoped to obtain more shortly.

Baseball

Is this German weather kidding us, or is it really spring? Back home, leastways in the east, we'd call this a warm spell with March's cold

still coming. We'll take a chance on it anyway and start our baseball practise early. The ground is a bit soft yet so we'll start with the indoor ball, and the flight sergeants will pick teams from their respective flights to play a series of practise games, the first game to be between A and B flights at 3 p. m., Sunday afternoon, March 2.

The pilots also are challenging the observers to an exhibition game, to be played any time, any place and for any amount, — for a side bet or for the fun of it. Captain Parks, of Clermont-Ferrand fame, has consented to head the pilots' team. See Lt. Cullman for further particulars.

I WALKED
(I am in the
AIR SERVICE)
Into a cafe
In Treves
And ORDERED
Some sustenance
(I mean food)
But the waiter
Said something
That SOUNDED
Like AMERIKANISCHER
Eaten VERBOTEN
From which I
GLEANED that
Only French
And English and
Germans and
Brazilians and
Moro Head Hunters
And PROHIBITIONISTS
Could eat
So I WHISPERED
To this Teuton HEBE
Number ein UND
Swansish, QUICK
It's ALMOST seven
O'clock. And I
SMILED
At a DAINTY
Maiden across
The room
Then an M. P.
SCOWLED at
Me and I
Noticed that
She had
BIG FEET
ANYWAY
I wanted
To play
BILLIARDS.

Washington's Birthday In Trier

(Continued from page 1)

variety of flying looey, always navigate afoot, a situation that rendered our appearance at the Red Cross Officers' Club dance a very brief affair. Our mud-bespattered boots making us *non persona grata* in polite circles, we of the "earth earthy" trotted off to the Y. M. C. A., — home of democracy, — and sat down to the Fest Halle celebration already referred to. We found in addition a cracking good show, plenty of refreshments, music and movies. The patriotic program found the 166th represented among the speakers, Lt. O'Brien reading a portion of one of General Washington's messages to his troops. The Declaration of Independence, of course, was read, and was followed by Dr Barnett of Philadelphia who made the address of the evening.

INF. Loot: — We didn't see much of you flyers up at the front.

A. S. Loot: — That's tough. Try dugouts with skylights at your next opportunity.

Flaming Onions

G. O. No. 218

Said the M. P., "I dont like your course;
"Your behaviour no one can endorse;
"Dont say in tones hoarse,
"What's wrong with my course"?"
"The wrong course is, of course, intercourse".

At Formal Guard Mount

Lt. Maynard: Give 'em "Open ranks".
Sergeant Major Brown: No you don't. I just read the book.

Dramatics in Zewen

"Coop" and "H. D." in unison (*Interpretive music on mouth-organ by Best*):
My limbs are bow'd though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose.

Then and Now

Observer: Did they examine you on I. D. R. before admitting you to the squadron last October.

Pilot: Nope. Just said: "Can you fly a DH-4? Well, then, you're down for the next raid."

Change of Venue

Officers are reminded that their mess witticisms should be directed toward Lt. Devery in the future.

Translated

"Wot does it mean to take French Leave?"
"That's jus' frog for AWOL".

Just Suppose

Cheer up! Maybe it's cold and maybe D. H. 4's and inactivity don't lead toward a sweet temperament; but —

Just suppose you had bought a new uniform and boots and a watch and had invested the rest of your change on the African Golf Course; And —

Then the mail brought your orders home. Oh! Fräulein.

Pourquoi?

The bird who wrote "The Man Behind the Hammer and the Plow" made some money, but what excuse has the fellow who flies in a snowstorm got to offer?

From Nile to Denial

"Congress is sure going to the limit in preparedness these days".

"How so?"

"They've put the country dry so that the boys who trained in Egypt will feel at home when they return."

Harvest of Hand-me-downs

The season's crop of new uniforms which is still being harvested comprises some unique surprises in men's apparel. We are puzzled as to whether or not they strained Cobb before pouring him into his, and Jimmy Hicks would squirt out of his if he dared to sneeze. On the other hand there is a sort of motherly looseness about "Red Austin's" which plays on our memories.