

Cent Sixty Six

VOL. 1

A. of O. - J. P. RECOURT - A. E. F.

No. 3

Dedicated To The Folks At Home

Lt. Steele Wins the D. S. C.

A G. O. as a rule is a terse and rather dry bit of reading, but Par. 1., G. O. 36., which follows had a kick in it for all of us and a heap of joy for one in particular:

The distinguished Service Cross is awarded to 2nd Lt. Richard Wilson Steele, 165th Aero-Squadron, for extraordinary heroism in action near Bois de Barricourt, France, 23, Oct., 1918.

While on a bombing raid back of the German lines Lt. Steele, accompanied by his pilot, was attacked by six German pursuit planes. They were forced to leave the formation in which they were traveling, owing to engine trouble: the enemy began riddling their plane with machine gun fire, Lt. Steele fought them on all sides and is credited by members of the 11th, Aero-Squadron, who were flying over him several thousand feet, with having brought down one of his opponents. He was wounded twice in the arm and continued fighting altho, each time he was knocked down in the observers cock-pit. At last, however, only his tail gun was left in working condition the other two having been disabled by bullets and Lt. Steele sank unconscious into the cock pit.

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Bombing Group On Way Home

The First Day Bombardment Group, of which we formed a part, before being assigned to the Army of Occupation is packing up and getting ready to get back to the States in the shortest and quickest space of time available. The ships are being ferried to the Air Depot at Colombey-les-Belles and most of the flying « Looeys » have already received their travelling orders and we imagine are seeing things in Paris by this time.

This practically completes the work of dismembering the organization that has done such fine work over the lines. The losses have

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The Squadron Celebrates

« One year ago today this squadron came into existence at Kelly Field » quoth Lieut. Miller as he gazed at as conglomerate an audience as ever a budding Webster has had to face. The occasion was the anniversary of the squadron's organization, the audience a rather mixed one but none the less appreciative of the attempt.

Jack Adams by his winning smile and powers of persuasion induced the people of the town of Aumetz to dance with us, and the affair was soon under way, and although the weather was a bit rough it failed to put a crusher on the festivities.

The first truck load of men had already arrived at the scene when we got there, and they seemed to be perfectly at home, due perhaps to a certain beverage that was being distributed at a corner of the dance hall. The hall itself which was fairly large was decorated with a large number of American flags hanging from the rafters and walls.

Shortly after we had arrived, in fluttered a large bevy of girls dressed in the native Alsatian costumes. Bright red dresses, mantillas or capes of many colors and fluffy lacy caps seemed the predominating features of the dress. Following them came a person with hair ornaments a-la-Napoleon III style and a tri-colored sash

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Corporal Myers is Injured

The business end of an automatic pistol is dangerous in more ways than one. While dismounting a pistol, corporal Myers was struck in the eye by the recoil spring. His eye was blinded and corporal Myers was immediately evacuated to a base hospital. There is good reason to believe that his loss of sight will not be permanent as there could not have been a great deal of force to the spring. His loss will be felt at the armory and his friends hope that he will have a speedy recovery.

The Squadron Celebrates

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wern over the shoulder whom we later discovered to be the Mayor of the village. The noise dispersers of the evening followed next, resembling in many ways both by music and instruments a typical German band that we have too often been afflicted with at home.

Some brave young laddie grabbed a demoiselle or Fraulein and started the dance. Not to be outdone, the more adventurous in the squadron stepped upon the dance floor. Then followed a scene that would have made Vernon Castle rise from his grave. The combination of American rag-time dancing, Alsatian waltzing and the music, all tended to make a scene of dancing long to be remembered. The poor boys were whirled around all over the floor until finally the whole hall resembled a lot of human pin-wheels. We gazed with awe at a little grey suited civilian who seemed to be all over the place at once and avoided collisions purely by intuition. The music ceased. Some rather wobbly-kneed and warm young Americans came out of the fracas headed for a certain corner of the room.

Then followed some American rag-time by Kerk's orchestra in which the boys had a bit of revenge on the fair-faced demoiselles that led them such a wild chase before. The evening concluded with some games one of which dangerously resembled kiss the pillow of our childhood days, with the exception that a young lady substituted for the pillow. The burst of eloquence that began this article occurred about this time and «A» Flight leader also helped amuse us a bit.

Nothing occurred to mar the spirit and fun of the evening although the weather was not particularly good the 166th can always look back to the night of Dec. 18, 1818 with a great deal of pleasure and a world of anecdote.

Heard the Night of the Armistice

Lt. Best. — « When is the first train for Paris? »

Lt. Ordway. — « Hurray! No more bullet holes
in my nice new ships. »

Lt. Dale. — « D— your ships; No more bullets. »

Lt. Feinstein. — « Now I guess I don't get my
promotion. »

Lt. Tolchan. — Sleepily, « Wat' sat? Peace?
W—e—l—l » — — —

Lt. Sanders. — « Darnit, why do they want to end this War so soon after I get here? » — — — (business of dodging boots, canes, and other souvenirs from the old timers).

Beaucoup Transportation

A lot of foolish questions were asked, when that lumbering affair of a truck was seen resting its iron wheeled, camouflaged weight on Parks Avenue. Well to make the matter clear: it is an old German truck, left by them to assist us in following up. Its discovery and later adaptability to our use is due to Lieut. Black, our new transportation Officer.

Ever since there have been no « shows » to go on, and no chance to bring down a Fokker or two, Lieut. Black has been chafing at his inactivity and finally persuaded the Captain to give him the appointment as our transportation Officer.

Beginning with an equipment of trucks, cars and cycles that could hardly move a flight, let alone a Squadron, Lieut. « Red » Black has managed to scrape together a collection of transportation vehicles that would do credit to the Mexican Army itself. Italian « Fiats », German trailers and a huge German truck, as well a G. M. C. and a « White » form this non-descript array.

All that we can say is « Keep up the work 'Red' and even if we haven't 'Caddillacs' to go around in, we've got other touring cars (?) to go to town in, in order to help us get rid of our 'Marks' ».

Buck Privates Litany

From all drills, K.P., and details of all sorts, from guard duty, M. Ps. and from reveille, retreat and all calls save that for mess,

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

From all bad landings, which meaneth broken under carriages, strained wires and broken tires and which carrieth with them many hours of labor,

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

From weeks of fine weather from four o'clock alerts, from two or three formations a day and, from the burning of mid-night oil in the hangars.

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

From Officers with « hang-overs », from beings with three stripes on their sleeves from all top kickers and from « Flights » who lock tools up and carry the key with them, in fact, from every one except fellow « Bucks »,

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

From all Army cooks, from all mess tents and huts and, finally, into that land where we can order a real meal and probably recognize the waiter as one who was our superior in the old Army days,

GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

Ah-Oui.

CENT SOIXANTE SIX

PUBLISHED BY
AND FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE
166th AERO SQUADRON, A. E. F., France

To the Folks at Home

Now that the roar of the cannon has ceased and the whine of the bullet no longer heard, we find that there is a greater task before us. The final realization of those ideals for which the allies have so valiantly striven for the last four years and more, is now at hand. The crushing of militarism and the utter disregard for the rights of smaller and weaker nations has entailed tremendous losses to the nations involved.

The keynote of yesterday was « speed », as we strove with feverish efficiency to bring all of our forces to bear against the common foe. Patience is what we must have today. The readjustment of national boundaries, the reduction of armament, the settlement of claims both large and small, the freedom of the seas and also the air, the restoration and reconstruction of invaded territories and the question of indemnities; all of these and many more are the problems we have to face.

The worlds greatest statesmen are now on session working with a calm and patient mind to try if possible to settle for all time, the great issues involved. Theirs is a great and tremendous task. Our work from now on will be that of waiting. The millions whose life blood has been spilled on the battle fields of Europe, Asia and Africa, the homes desolated and lands devastated by the cruel hand of war cry out for justice and a lasting peace. This can only be accomplished by a sane and far-seeing policy free from motives of vengeance and free from all hasty judgements brought on by a demand for a speedy termination of peace negotiations and the immediate ratification of a peace treaty.

The men who have been chosen to remain on foreign soil as the Army of Occupation realize this, and while desiring to get back home as soon as possible they know that only when conditions are fairly well settled, and a reorganization of the German government, that can guarantee its obligations and treaties, has taken place, then and then only can we hope to have all of our A.E.F. back home again.

Recent operations have proven to some of us that, altho a « Crab » may not be all a friend should be, he'll stick thru thick and thin.

Souvenirs

These days in the "Army of No Occupation" are not exactly exciting ones. In fact, the only events of importance that one can count on every day are breakfast, lunch, and dinner, with the added interest of speculating whether we shall have pie for dessert or merely prunes and whether it will stop raining long enough for us to get in our flying pay for the month. It's a good bet either way. As an amusement center, Joppécourt would be ideal for the Fiji Islanders, (We dont know who these people were, but the name sounds good, any how) but after a few weeks we exacting Americans find that the bright lights of Parks Avenue (they are bright lights, both of them) begin to pall. So the business of "putting the wind up" Old Man Ennui becomes a real problem, "Rolling the bones" centime ante, and town of Esch help a little, but the one never-failing interest, the one absorbing pastime, the one really effective weapon against boredom is the sport of souvenir hunting.

Like the more or less famous brook, this "goes on forever". Some fell a prey to the passion before the armistice and never recovered. Others more to be pitied, were driven to it by the temptations on the trip along the Verdun road. Still others are deliberate renegades of whom even Miss Carrie Nation would despair. For the souvenir habit is an insidious thing like drink, or gambling, or flying. You begin real modestly, - with a German prisoner's cap for instance. Then you acquire a few buttons from a Hun's hurriedly discarded tunic and pay a hundred francs for his tin hat. By this time you are lost. You are a souvenir hunter and on the way, to becoming a Nimrod. You throw half your clothes out of your trunk and fill the space with German rifles, German ammunition and German barbwire. Then you sacrifice the other half and put in a machine gun that except for a few months exposure to the weather is as good as new. You build a box and put in it shells, old pistols, the propeller of a crashed Hun machine, and a few other things that just can't be left behind. One victim - otherwise a perfectly sane man - as he cast hungry eyes on a German "Archie" gun, a cute little affair about the size of an ordinary room, remarked that it was such a pity he couldn't take it along. And it was too. Think of the prestige it would give one to have such a relic decorating the lawn in the home town when the A. E. F. has a memorial day and your grandchildren and their friends come to gaze on it and smile patronizingly when you insist that such antiquated machines were actually used against airplanes. Nor must the family be forgotten.

Uncle Jake must have a cane made from a Hun "prop". Annt Jenny would like an Austrian "88" case for her geraniums, and it is only fair to remember the children with a few hand grenades.

The souvenir business will be a great industry in the states by the time we get back. If anyone should go home souvenirless, ambitious manufacturers in Connecticut will doubtless supply Sears and Roebuck with enough Boche helmets to go around, all properly dented and battle-scarred. And you will find them in Macy's - third floor, second aisle to the left. Of course, I am superior to hunting souvenirs myself or buying them and all that but - today I heard that on the road to Longwy you could find all sorts of . . . etc. etc. I think I shall hike down that way tomorrow just for the walk. It's a great life during the rainy season!

An Appreciation

If there is one man to whom we owe the success of our operations at the front it has undoubtedly been Captain Parks. When the final reckoning comes about, we will find another person who has borne a great share of the burden of work incidental to the operation of a bombing squadron at the front.

As far back as we can remember his familiar figure, with campaign hat, short trench coat, and high rubber boots was a constant reminder to us that he was on the job. His department which pertained to spark plugs, crank cases, and wing skids has been a tremendously busy one. At all hours of the day or night, Lt. Ordway and his force of mechanics were working on the «Liberty» planes and getting them ready to do the dirty work.

After the armistice was signed and we had a respite from raids, the engineering department was still plugging away, making unservicable bus's fit for use and the long migration. We want to state now that the squadron owes a lot to you, Ordway, and we hope that these few words may express our appreciation of the Engineering Dept.

Look out Eddie

If we have our christmas celebration, let's hope that our noble Adjutant will not come around and spoil things, when festivities are at their height, as he did back in Catterick, Yorks., Eng., on the night of July 3rd, 1918.

Heavier Than Air 166th

Of course there is exceptions to the universal rule
An there may be them among us as is true,
But speaking for the most part you wont find

When a bombing trip to Hun-land's coming due.
You can hardly blame a fellow If he shows a
[a flying fool
[trifle yellow

The observers all are skillful and to hear them
[them talk you'd think

It was very simple workin on the stick
They can criticize your landings and make an
[awful stink

If your marche ballet work is less than trick
It's the bomber takes the chances
Leastways, he fondly fancies,
These observers in the famed 166.

When the wind was from the southward and the
[stockin flying straight

And the weather gettin thicker by the hour
Do you think they were complainin of the
[hardness of their fate

And cussin cause the clouds kept getti : lower?
If you do your bean is flooey
You dont know a flying looey
A flying looey in the 166.

With the weather nice and mild and old sol come
out to stay

And the Operations Office in a stir
Do you think the flying looeys were a chafin at
[delay

Or smilin cause the props were all awhir?
Then your nob is full of whooey
You dont know a flying looey
Ask any of em in 166.

They are clever with the Lewis and at swapping
[magazines

But after the conclusion of a scrap
Its the looey in the front seat as is bringing home
[the beans

And its him alone is readin of his maps
He's been spottin of location
While flyin in formation
Its demanded of him in 166.

Still we've got to do them justice they're a
[pretty plucky lot

These observers with their gun play in behind
They can stop a lot of bullets when a fight is
[waxin hot

An save the man in front from fate unkind
Then they sometimes get a Fokker
So put aside your knocker
And lay-off observers in 166.

And now we've seen the day when the Hun's
[gone home to stay

Our courage an our spirits is revivin
If they'd only make us ground hogs and con-
[tinue flyin pay-

Do you think for flying duty we'd be strivin ???
No! from Boche land clear to Burma
We'd stick fast to terra-firma
We're the heavier than air 166.

Ramblings by Otto

DEAR POPPA:

Vell I tell you der Army uv Oggupashun iss id all ride. To you dondt pelief id you shuht asg Red Blach and der Dr. und Lt. Hiegs und Hudson boudt id. Dey are oggupashun to days to ged us diss was witch aindt so mucch, und here ve sticg four veeks. Der Offiziers oggupy der billets und der orderlies bud most der poys oggupy der hands wid der heds tryink to mage der tinks vat misty Blacg brinks into der gamp moof. He iss id der transbortashun offizer und from der vagons vot he brinks in must be he tinks ve goast, to der Rhine. Bud vot ve gidt to drag behindt ve dondt goas to fasdt. Vell ve dondt hadt dot Tanksgivinik feed, Ha! Ha! aggount der moffink bud nopuddy nose id pegause dey all forgodt der date yet. Vot you tink, der Dr. iss der billetink und der mez Officers for der offiziers now. I hear id sum puddy sez der iss tree gudt obeninks iv de grub dondt gets bedder. None uv der poys godt dot Spanisch tink vot you sez effupuddy in der states godt, bud ve godt buddy near all der udder stuff vot der Huns hadt eggsept der Zebberlins vot dey spilt on London. I guez you shudt told mister Vilson he mages sum big Shibs for us to home cum on. So dey send us hunting fer sooveneers guig enuff ve have der war ober und der Cherman Army prisoners lasdt year olretty. Do you no id Esch dots der town ub here py us und der poys go py id to gollect tings. Ids a long ride der drug in und ub hill besides down, id mages der poys sea sig und dey sint like der sailors to. Vell der odder day one der poys vot bin hid in der eye once miztake und golleks a blue boddle und hot und coat vot a ole lady saw first but he iss a wize chentleman und gives id bag so der lady dondt have to brove She iss ride, py a-boliceman. All uv der poys stardt bag mitt sum dink bud sum uv dem losdt id on der road.

Py und py ve moof sum more, howis Lizzie und momma und you I am fine und O.K.

Lufflingly,

Otto.

Not Wabash

Oh! The mud is thick tonight upon the highway,
From the south comes a smell, but it ain't hay,
And the candle light don't add much to my
[comfort
Wish I was home, but it's awful far away.

Flaming Onions

Why is it that Best thinks his name applies to everything he has, thinks, and does?

Why is it that the Captain who eats and drinks so little and Jenks, who eats and drinks so much, are about proportionate in size?

Why and wherefore that brick Wanser?

Why dont « Red » Black get a hair cut? (Too busy looking for German transportation).

Why does « Devery » love the « M.P.s »? (Ask a couple over in Esch).

By the way did « Hicksy », ever find that H.D. « Packard » over in Esch?

Our Adj. may be plump but we hardly think it nice to refer to him as « Cherubic » — and anyway how about « Pop » Hotaling?

We admit it's hard to distinguish « Soupy » from Fire call around here, but there would probably be the same mad rush anyway.

Burt is a cook clear thru
That we all admit to be true
Of course there are some
who can't eat 'slum'
But what do we care for a few.

We mustn't forget Sergt. Gault
He sure has the world beat for gall
He can stand in line
And eat seconds behind
A first who hasn't a fault

We also have a "Top Kicker"
who fills the place of a Rigger
From the knowledge he holds
And the class he shows
It's a wonder he isn't a 'Skipper'

Little « Buck » Weaver
Sat with a cleaver
Chopping—at God knows what
But give him an axe and a hat full of tacks
And he'll get a bum patent on something or
[other.

Lucky "13"

The number 13 has followed this Squadron to such an extent that we have always considered it as our lucky number. What do you think of it now.

1. To begin with the sum of the figures in our Squadron number are equal to 13. $1+6+6=13$.

2. Our first home was line 13, Kelly Field, Texas.

3. We departed from Texas on a troop train composed of 13 coaches.

4. We arrived at Weehawken, N. J., on track No. 13.

5. We were stationed at New York for 13 days before leaving for overseas.

6. We crossed the Atlantic on the transport Cedric making her 13th trip as a transport.

7. We were 13 days on the Atlantic.

8. We were in training in England 13 days more than four months.

9. We arrived in France on the 13th day of August.

10. It took us 13 days to get to our 1st Airdrome.

11. The majority of the time we were operating we had 13 Pilots.

12. We made 13 raids over the German lines, (counting the Captain's and Ward's solo raid).

13. Don't you think we are doomed to spend 13 months more in France.

Ça ne fait rien

'Twas a dark and stormy night,
The Sun shone forth in all its splendor,
Two Men were walking face to face,
With their two backs together.
Along there came a pretty Miss,
Upon her brow there was a tear,
And in her eye a frown.
She recognized the dying Man,
And gladly cried « Who is he »
He raised his headless body up,
And cried + My God its Lizzie.

Propinquity ?

What did « Buc » feed his ship to give it its red nose??

With all his work Doc still wears his smile.
You'd think ne was an undertaker.

The Help of the 166th

We sailed across the waters
To fight the foreign foe
And the hardships of the Army
We just begin to know.

They put us off in Europe and
Said « Put on a show »
For you're the flying circus of
The Aviation Corps.

We were then put into action and
Given Liberty bombing planes
And with these our willing pilots
Won the Squadron its fame.

We sent across the shrapnel
To be dropped upon the Hun
And help the boys in the trenches
Put the Germans on the run.

We did our bit we have the grit
And now the task is through
And the time it passes slowly
As we have little now to do.

The folks at home are waiting
For the boys on their return
And about this « said » Fourth Army
We would like damn well to learn.

We get some dope by wireless
But the messages they are few
If we could only get a paper.
We could learn a thing or two.

But there is a time a coming
And our worries will be o'er
When the ship, she is steaming
For the old Hoboken shore.

SgtlCl. R.F. Burnett,
166th Aero Squadron

At the Officer's Dance

No, not out here
'Twould not be right
For the dance, my dear
I should not care
But, not out here
There--in the light
Of the crowd's full sight.
But not out here
'Twould not be right.

A Toast

Many times in this and after years will the men of the air service who gave their lives for their country, the heroes sung and unsung, be reverently toasted wherever two or more flyers are gathered together. The brilliant achievements, the heroic sacrifices that are a part of the every-day history of every U. S. squadron on the front will not lack recognition from our own age or posterity when the true story of the war is written. In the airservice hall of fame shall their names be numbered. And it is their due.

Yet when we bow our heads to the memory of these gallant fighters, there must come to our minds the names of another silent host, members also of the army of the air who have given their lives as gallantly and as unostentatiously for the same cause in the States and the S. O. S. of France and Italy. Before they could reach the front and know the danger-thrill of actual combat, their lives were a sacrifice to the inexorable evil - genius of flying - the Percentage of Fatal Accidents. Without the satisfaction of being a combatant, this vast flying army of the rear, willingly and daily braved the dangers of the air. On the fields of Texas and in schools of France, uninspired by the excitements, the sport, and the sense of service that are the saving graces of flying on the front, they carried on and many of them made the supreme sacrifice. To these men, our friends and brothers, we would drink, in token that among us their names and lives are unforgettten.

The Officer's Dance

How'd it start? Why, someone, having, at the moment, nothing else to say, wished we could have a dance. Someone else remarked, «If only there were some nurses nearby». Another, «There are some nurses at Briey». When our Captain gave his consent and promised all assistance possible the necessary impetus was behind the idea and it soon blossomed into reality; The first officers' dance of the 166th was rarin' to go.

Contrary to all precedent the Dance Committee enjoyed its work. 'Twas necessary to secure the consent of Lt. Colonel McHenry, the Commanding Officer of Evacuation Hospital Number 18, at Briey, who watches over his girls like a Daddy would. Three trips were made before Colonel McHenry was found «at home», and each trip resulted in an impromptu dance. The Colonel's enthusiastic consent was secured on the third trip, and the date of the First Dance set for Christmas Eve, at the hospital.

Lieutenant Kerk's orchestra will provide the melodies during the evening, and we are sure that each member of the Committee will vouch for the ability of these boys to send forth «jazz waves». In fact, if there's an officer on the floor who remembers that he is in France his imagination is woefully lacking.

An entertainment has been planned to enliven the periods between dances. The Squadron Entertainers, Baer and Jones, have accepted this responsibility, and — «nuf sed»!!

Punch? Certainement! What it is to contain must remain a secret, but the O.K.'s of those higher up have been put upon the ingredients. 'Tis expected that one swallow will be sufficient to tell those of «refined taste» (of whom there seem to be many) what is the predominating feature of said punch.

One of the hospital rules requires the girls to be in their quarters at eleven o'clock, but if the girls are as successful with the Colonel on Christmas Eve as they have been in the past we should be able to dance until midnight, at least.

Let us hope that this Christmas Eve may be a merry one for the officers and girls of Evacuation 18 as well as for the officers of the Cent Soixante Six.

The Road of an Optimistic "Buck"

Aeronautically speaking during my sojourn through this flight of life it seems as tho I have been flying against the winds of adversity, rammed on all sides by the derelicts of misfortune, and swamped under the clouds of unintentional indiscretion through three-fourths of my log, and as my undertakings have been swung in a ship of weak rigging they have all hit earth with a sufficient crash to destroy the spark of my ambition. But I am not as yet retired from active service, am still hanging on the Joy Stick which guides on into the future, and ever watchful for the chance to glide safely into the drome of progress. Me-thinks if my little ship can be piloted safely over the bumps of absolute failure, that when I am issued my final ticket and four cents per mile with orders to report into the camp of the beyond, where the Captain of all sits in an orderly room of complete justice its as sure as bully beef for Breakfast I will be issued a billet in the quarters of contentment.

Wanted

A letter from the states that don't tell about all the schools, churches and theatres being closed on account of the «FLU» and that doesn't bemoan the hardships of the dear boys quarantined in the Army camps.