

BEAUMONT BULL

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ISSUE NO. 5

NOWHERE IN FRANCE, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

PRICE, 50 CENTIMES.

Which is YOUR Mother ?

This morning when the postman stopped to make his morning call,
He left a bunch of papers, but no letters came at all,
And a woman's heart was heavy as she hurried up the stairs ;
(For there is where she always went when troubled with her cares)
And her soul was filled with anguish as she took a little cry,
For she thought she'd get a letter ere another day passed by.
Thru the day she worked in silence, there was sadness in her glance,
For a mother had no letter from her boy in France.

This morning, when the postman stopped to make another call,
He left a soldier's letter that was welcome most of all ;
And a woman's fingers trembled as she tore the envelope
To scan the lines which held so much of cheer and love and hope ;
And sunshine all that day was stamped upon her loving face,
As she swept and cleansed with vigor all around the place,
And the dirt that lurked in corners didn't have a fighting chance,
For a mother had a letter from her boy in France !

Private Phil Lewis, Medical Corps, Nowhere, France.

APRÈS LA GUERRE

Occupations we can make good at :

Taking in « guarding » by the day
Replenishing the gold fish supply
Standing in line for tickets at big-league
ball games
Interpreting menus for restaurant patrons.
H. S. W.

WANTED — To rent, small flying field
anywhere in France. Immediate possession
desired.

THE NEXT FIFTY

Y. M. C. A. PROGRAM

WEEK OF APRIL 7

Sun. and Mon. Jeanne d'Arc, a lecture
by H. F. Stewart, Cambridge Uni-
versity.

Tues. Movies.

Wed. Amateur Night.

Thurs. Movies.

Mitch has decided that Rodin's scul-
pture, « The Thinker, » is trying to
figure out when he is going to be taught
to fly.

BILLET DOUX (MILITAIRE)

Nowhere in France, Apr. 2/18.

From : A. Henpecked Flye, S. M. A.
To : My Commanding Officer.
Subject: Love.

1. I did.
2. I do.
3. I will.

(Signed) A. Henpecked Flye

A. Henpecked Flye,
S. M. A.

A BROAD SCHOOLING

April 1 brought with it the lecture-
room and the rifle range. Plans long
forming were then perfected and the
student-officers' school became a reality.
Nowhere took on a new life.

All cadets are now familiar with the
courses given and proposed : army paper
work to oil the machinery of company
administration, small arm study and prac-
ice for the patent object of giving you
self-protection and a facility in strafing
the enemy when the time comes, map-
making and reading in order that you
may locate yourself when over the ene-
my's territory and interpret what you see.

It may not be apparent at casual glance
just how all of this instruction will be of
value to the aviator, but after a moment's
consideration, it should be. An aviator is
an officer and an officer needs a broad
education, the broadest possible, to effi-
ciently perform his duty. The man who
has the broadest education, other essen-
tials being there, of course, invariably
will be the greatest success in any
vocation. The officer who knows Govern-
ment forms from No. 1 to No. 6633 will
never be reprimanded by a superior. The
officer who has the correct « stance »
with an army rifle and can puncture the
bull's-eye nine out of ten trials will never
afford amusement for any private trap-
shot. The pilot who can correct his
observer's topographic errors will ever
be master of the situation in that ma-
chine.

So it behooves us all to give our best
to these classes and get the most out of
them. Certainly our time in Nowhere
could not be better employed.

One Beaumont: « Lieutenant So-and-So
has a list of six degrees. »

Another Beaumont: « Then whyinell
don't he shift his cargo ! »

Abe Martin says: « What has become
of the old-fashioned aviator who used to
fly ? »

THE SECRET

Why did Beaumont choose a bee as her emblem and not a pollywog, a lobster, a flea or a forget-me-knot? The choice was made only after considerable thought.

Beaumont was early dubbed a sobriquet that she loves from her own mouth, but not on the lips of others. For obvious reasons this title cannot be discussed in this family journal. This nickname was the first, perhaps the paramount in the minds of many, for the choice of the bee.

A bee in traditionally busy; « the busy bee » is a descriptive phrase used in every household. Likewise, Beaumont is always busy. Did anyone ever see a Beaumont bum? (Quick, quick, Sergeant! Quell the riot!)

To proceed, following the interruption. A bee flies; so will Beaumont. Some Beaumonts are flying now. All of Beaumont will take to the air as flying officers, pilots, machine gunners, bombardiers. And they will give a good account of themselves, too. So a winged emblem was chosen.

Then there is the imaginative reason — that of the hum of a distant motor — which influenced the Beaumont fathers in their choice. That sound is markedly like the drone of the bumble bee.

Then, a bee stings: prepare the base hospitals, Herr Doktor, for the Beaumont bees are coming surely. The effect Beaumont will have on the Hun is so assured that it may be covered in a word, — **BEWARE!**

Do you want more reasons? Here's but one: a bee takes the best of the flower, the honey. The BEST will be Beaumont's reward, here, over there and hereafter.

CAMOUFLAGE

A cadet, after reading Bull N^o. 4, remarked: « Here I bought this ting for the jokes, but I find it's a 'Literary Digest!' »

INFORMING THE HOME FOLK

Letters to divers cadets tell of the widespread showing of Hearst-Pathé News motion pictures of cadet life in Nowhere. They were taken during the Christmas fête here in which members of the 15th and 16th, French aspirants and townfolk participated. The reelage is entitled picto-resquely, « American Aviators Training in S..... »

WHEN SHE COMES IN

Visitors of the Beaumont kitchen have often commented upon the reckless way in which cans of corned beef, loaves of bread and even pails of butter were tossed by members of the kitchen force at the heads of one and another. And the uses to which the American tongue has been put would have perplexed an English purist exceedingly. But all the Chaplin-Weber-and-Fieldism stops short at least once during the day. At that time Miss Gowannloch, server of chocolate in the hut of the Red Triangle, enters to heat a pail of water. Every cook and every hash-slinger is on his toes to serve her gallantly. In seems almost unbelievable, but it is true: Catlin vouches for the daily transformation.

THE FORTY-ODD

It came quickly, that call to the gunners' school, but even more quickly than it came was it answered. The chosen ones may be considered fortunate. When they return to Nowhere they will not only have been recreated, but they will be far better prepared to meet the emergencies of the future than had they remained behind.

ANAMAZING LINE

The talk was about room orderlies.

« Spike Mullin, as a fire-maker, you're a good Annamite ».

« Yes, » yawned Spike, withdrawing his attention momentarily from the law book he inveterately studies. « Yes, that's true, except that I lack annamation. »

commodious quarters are found in the officers' Y. M. C. A.; there there are bewitching American girl attendants. Three hands are there to captivate the ear and a nightly cinema to feast the eye. Time never hangs heavily.

Several hours each evening are devoted to study, then the Fritz-potter is ready for taps. After putting out his boots for his batman to polish, he slips again under the sheets of his four-poster, adjoining that of an officer, and is almost instantly whisked away to Dreamland.

(Ed: The foregoing information was supplied by a cadet who has experienced the novelty.)

A DAY WITH A GUNNER

Awakened by sweet notes from soft-chiming bells the student aerial gunner slips from beneath the sheets at seven. His four-poster adjoins that of an officer. After an elaborate and leisurely toilet, which includes putting on fresh socks and the adjustment of the lower portion of a Sam Brown, he saunters into the officers' mess. His orderly, assigned to him immediately upon his arrival in the Post of Out There, tidies up his bed and environs in his absence.

His breakfast consists of oatmeal, with sugar and cream, piping-hot café au lait, a marmalade, hot biscuits or flapjacks and eggs with ham or bacon. It is eaten in a Ritz manner. Time is consumed with the food.

After a proper interval has elapsed, following the morning meal, our marksmen-to-be is instructed for a brief period in calisthenics and infantry drill by expert leaders. For diversion, the British sergeant-major in charge, enters with much gusto into such famous old English games as, Dwarfs and Giants, Ring Around the Rosy, Drop the Kerchief and Cranes and Crows. The embryo fighter does likewise and true to the American love of vigorous sport, has developed an extraordinary skill in the playing of them.

The classroom instruction, which consumes the remainder of the forenoon, is much like that given the ground-school cadet. His attention is held with the nomenclature of various gun parts, stripping processes and stoppages and jams.

The noon meal is even more elaborate than the morning. Soups, steaks, cutlets, macaroni au gratin, pommes frites, cauliflower, string beans, squash, assorted pies, apples; these are on the everyday menu. The student Fletcherizes them, then rests.

The sky fighter takes to the range in the afternoon. Round after round of ammunition he pours into targets, moving and stationary, training his eye for the Hun to come. He stops in time for the evening mess, a lighter repetition of dinner.

After post-prandial cigars are smoked the rapid-fire novice has time to do with as he likes. He may visit town if he chooses, although the Post of Out There provides ample amusement. Comfortable

A TABLOID HISTORY

Frequent requests have been made for a brief narrative of Beaumont's life, something that may be sent home. This provides the sole excuse for setting down here what every member of the detachment knows.

Remnants of the Ninth and Eleventh, together with most of the ground-school portion of the Fourteenth foreign detachments of flying cadets, comprise the personnel of Beaumont. They were combined into one battalion at the 2d Aviation Instruction Center and housed in one building known as Beaumont. That was shortly before Christmas.

This battalion was divided into three separate and distinct squadrons, A, B and C. If you were a Squadron A man it was only by chance that you knew members of B and C. There was no unity then.

Lieutenants Fitzpatrick and Sullivan were in command. They had not proved their camaraderie at that time. They were accepted as officers usually are accepted by enlisted men. There was no thought of an esprit de corps; each man, subconsciously at least, was out for himself.

Of a sudden the potential Beaumont arrived in Nowhere, Lt. Fitzpatrick in charge of the persisting three squadrons. Then came the period dominated by the constructive personality of Capt. Littauer.

On arrival in Nowhere, the three squadrons were for the first time dubbed "The Beaumont Detachment." Gradually the name came into popular usage and with the advent of the Captain, began to crystallize into something like a self-respecting organization.

Captain Littauer swoke the latent esprit de corps of Beaumont, put it thru vigorous setting-up exercises and left it well able to care for itself. He revealed Beaumont to herself, stirred in her a desire to be something in the martial world and taught her to enjoy life as she found it. His stay was all too short.

But before he left, Beaumont had a baseball team which whipped all comers, a first-rate soccer team, an eatable mess, a newspaper, and, above all, a cheerful teamwork in its daily routine.

Shortly after this dynamic organizer left, The Beaumonts came into being with a string of officers and honorary members. The beloved Lt. Fitzpatrick, again in command of the detachment, was ac-

THE "LITT" DINNER

« Here's to the Kaiser, — — him ;
Here's to the Kronprinz, the same.
God help those dirty Germans
When Beaumont gets into the game. »

The foregoing tabasco and cayenne toast prefaced the first Beaumont reunion, held one evening of the past week in a hotel in the town of Out There. Some fifteen Beaumonts, including Lt. Barrows, were the guests of Capt. Littauer, former C. O., now honorary President of the organization.

It was a merry and pretentious affair, this dinner. Yarns were swapped, laughs handed around, bottles emptied and oeufs eaten just like at any other big dinner, yet it was different because it was The Beaumonts' maiden reunion. The boys who broke bread, gunners all, now gone on, after a short sejour in Nowhere, take this opportunity to thank the good Captain for his buy. They hope to get back at him before the War is over.

During the dinner the host suggested that the surviving Beaumonts plan a big get-together in New York one year after the day Peace is declared. Put in down in your date book and be there if you can.

AN ABSENTEE'S LOSS

The ancient walls of the downtown barracks echoed and re-echoed the splendid tones of Nowhere's gifted Czecho-Slav chorus, Thursday night, March 28. It was repetition of the program of the preceding Sunday, covered in the fourth issue of the Bull. Despite the heavy rain, the concert, arranged by Secretary Carpenter of the Y. M. C. A., was well attended.

claimed president without a dissenting voice. The membership lists were later closed after the names of several lieutenants who had shown a marked interest in Beaumont progress had been added.

The membership since has become scattered as military expediency has directed. But in separation that "different" attitude, that "different" something which made Capt. Bell, the downtown Commandant, exclaim: "I never saw a better outfit! Give me the fellow with a little roughneck in him every time!", has not been lost.

FRENCH BOOST BEAUMONT

That big time in the town of Eau de Vie, faithfully recorded in this bulletin of truth two issues back, was an inspiration to an Eau de Vie journal, received last week in Nowhere, to paint the lily several shades brighter. Starting by calling the day "un temps superbe", the account goes on to say in French, freely translated:

« Suddenly the crowd rose to its feet. The referee stopped the game (the French and Czecho-Slavs were playing soccer). The Americans had arrived. Marching from the center of town, the players carrying bats on their shoulders, preceded by drums and fifes and followed by a close-packed crowd, our allies entered the field. Heavy applause broke out frequently. The Sammies, resplendent in their military uniforms, made the tour of the field in step with the strident notes of the fifes and the booming rythm of the bass drums. They were applauded again when they arrived in front of the judges' stand, where their colonel had already taken his place to view the enthusiastic reception accorded the great allied nation by the French people. »

Stating that fully 5,000 people witness the playing of the various sports, the journal continues:

« The Americans then took possession of the field and gave an exhibition of their national game, baseball, which, in order to give you an idea of what it is, we shall call, » the game of running for the ball' (A strikingly apt description, 'say those who saw the game). The public could not catch all the fine points of the plays, but they admired the marvelous dexterity with which the players caught the ball, together with the quick eyes of the batsmen and the precision with which they sent the ball for considerable distances. They enjoyed the cries of encouragement the Americans gave their comrades as the latter made their rapid runs. »

After commenting upon the high quality of Beaumont's soccer, the review closes with:

« The Sunday fête has left the best sort of an impression upon the townsfolk. It will not be without its duplicate and we hope that Eau de Vie will be visited again by our American allies whom we know have left behind in this city a remembrance of gratitude. »

IT WAS AN OFF DAY

By camion to the little city of Vingt-trois Kilomètres and back was the Easter of the American soccer team of Nowhere, more than half made up of Beaumonts. At the destination a fast game was played and when final tally was made it was found that Vingt-trois had two points to our goose-egg.

To quote from Grompelt, who somehow managed to be there:

« The game was well-played on both sides. Hun Bright, assisted by his shoes, committed a « Hun atrocity. » He indelicately placed his feet in an opposing player's face. The Frenchman, oddly enuf, still lives.

« Art Hall, peppy kid, played with his usual dash and disregard for the field and his personal anatomy.

« Peck and Jerry Barnes can do other things besides cook for with Pfaffman they play the game for all it is worth. The rest of the nine are to be congratulated. I am sorry to say that despite our wonderful game, the Frenchmen won. »

After the play the French captain set them up all around.

BICYCLES

FOR HIRE BY DAY, WEEK,
AND MONTH.

The BIGET-CHAIGNE Garage

Avenue Gambetta

— NEAR HOTEL CHEVAL BLANC —

Although the following line has been going the rounds of Nowhere for some time, it deserves immortalization, so herewith let it be recorded.

A cadet, writing home, said: « In the morning we take out our Spads (some call them spades — one may take his pick). — »

YOU ARE WELCOME

For the convenience of those who wish to make written contributions — verse, anecdotes, brief essays and news — a box has been set up in the uptown Y. M. C. A. hut. Write your stuff legibly and drop it in the box, the more the better. You will find the box hanging on the wall to the right hand side of the bookcase.

HOW'N HELL DID YOU GET THATTAWAY?

Why grumble at mud and double-deckers?
At fatigue and Corned Willie hash?
Better men than you have endured it
And silent, have strode great from the trash
And if some would insist to impress us
That we're not so damned high on the shelf,
We'll not point him out as a jackass —
Each man bears a stamp for Himself.

Why speak of a picayune officer
Who didn't stack up in the past?
In the plays of the game that is coming
The bar misplaced will not last.
Why question his right to command us?
Why wrinkle in anger your brow?
If an army's a thing democratic
Why in hell has the Kaiser one now?

Where is the quality we boast of?
And why are we ordered about
By those who should be our juniors
Who've not seen half of the route?
When you live in Rome you're a Roman,
Is the law to which we are moored.
'Tis a handicap, to be armed with a « swagger, »
When the Boche uses rifle and sword.

Why flare at the term, « a private? »
Where do you get by feeling the « slight? »
In the Mud and the Hell of the Battle
Who is the Man in This Man's fight?
When this War of wars is ended
And the SOLDIER falls heir to his own,
Even CADETS will envy the honor
That to none but HIM will be shown.

Why grumble at your own discomforts?
What are you on this human tide?
What are the fool interests of a hundred
In a cause where millions have died?
Why look with aspersion on « Selected? »
He's aware if his conscience grieves;
Even, Men may be found in nurseries —
Young heroes in triangled sleeves!

Why insist that drill is a drudgery?
Why make out of discipline a fuss?
Who wants to revert to the barbarian?
But, damn it, when you've got to, you must.
Why worry and chafe at the waiting?
Five millions aren't made in a slam.
A republic don't pamper a war-horse —
That's the difference 'twixt William and [Sam.]

Why scoff at our Army now making?
Twenty millions unfaltering she boasts;
And soon from across the Atlantic
She'll set Europe atremble with hosts.
For you know what nation's behind us
Your nation and mine, by the way;
Well, why were you ever disheartened?
How'n hell did you get thattaway?

Itchsky.

CHAPLAIN DESCRIBES A SOLDIER

Dean Russel Talbot, chaplain of the — Engineers, addressing a large audience of officers, cadets and squadron men in the rue du Palais cinema, March 26, declared that War meant waiting with infinite patience until the big time came and then hitting hard. He said that that big time might come but once in the life of a man, or it might come as often as once a week, but as often as it came, a soldier was required to put forth all that was in him. In his opinion the test of a good soldier is whether he can conserve his energy and courage until most needed, then at the crucial moment, expend all efficiently.

Chaplain Talbot before joining the Amexforce was in the ambulance service where he won the Croix de Guerre.

BEAUMONT'S SONG EN VOYAGE

Mlle. Colet of Paris, a member of the Hoatsen party of Y. M. C. A. entertainers, lingered here for the better part of last week, preferring the phlegmatic life of our village to the present nervous unrest of the capital. During her stay she mastered the intricacies of The Beaumonts' song, written to the words of « Geoffrey Amherst, » intending to use it in her repertoire thru the camps of the Amexforce. One henceforth may expect to hear the fame of Beaumont sung from the mouth of the Seine to Marseille, from Brittany to the Swiss frontier.

SO TO SPEAK

New occupant of the sergeants' bed-chamber: « Is Rollins room orderly? »

Old occupant: « No, certainly not! He's top-sergeant! »

New: « But he's room orderly, too. Doesn't he clean out the room at reveille? »

CZECH FRENCH

A Czech from Chicago, stationed here, on receipt of a gift of tobacco from a cadet, replied by note in student French: « For a week I could not find a place in which to buy tobacco. It is for me much privation as I never smoke. »