

March 14, 1919

page 4

OUR OWN HUNS

There are all sorts of fools in the A.E.F., including those who cannot see a wall without scribbling their names upon it. This form of weak-mindedness is not confined to the enlisted personnel, as is evidenced by the great accumulation of silly and offensive verse inscribed on the walls of the toilet in one of the earliest clubs for American officers in France.

It is not even confined to the A.E.F. Arras was not in an American sector, and yet the statue of the Virgin, which was marvelously spared in the destruction of the cathedral there, was not spared the desecration of having scores of names and regimental numerals carved upon it.

But the most recently discovered offense of this sort must be debited to America. A visitor to the grave of Sgt. Joyce Kilmer, the poet, who lies with 700 others of the Rainbow's dead in a little cemetery on the bitterly contested heights beyond the Ourcq, noted that some one had made off with the dead soldier's identification disk, and that on the plain wooden cross was scrawled, for all the world to read, the otherwise undistinguished names of two American sightseers.

Pretty rotten, wasn't it?
