

the men who wore the red triangle. I say to you, Sir, it is an inspiring sight to see the spirit of real fraternity there is among the troops in the field—Catholic and Protestant and Jew standing as one man presenting a solid front to a common enemy. And I believe, as I believe there is a God above, that one of the important by-products of this war is going to be a better spirit of mutual understanding and toleration all around. The war is going to weld the country together as it never was welded before. The spirit of the men here is that we are going to win the war, though it cost the last dollar and the last man. We are counting on the same spirit at home and I believe that we are not going to be disappointed.

Kindly pardon my undignified longhand script. A typewriting-machine is too great a luxury in this cave 40 feet underground. Dugout No.— is not the most comfortable office-room in the world. My mahogany desk is a pile of empty cartridge-boxes that threatens to topple over very time the earth quakes on the booming of our guns—which is almost continually. We all wear rubber boots and are splashed over with yellow mud and refreshing ice cold spring-water. We sleep in our gas-masks. I have occupied more comfortable quarters, yet withal, I am very happy here. It is an excellent vantage-point from which to view and study Hunnish ruthlessness. If a Chaplain could be pardoned for quasi-profanity, I would say with all my heart: "Anathema sit to the accursed Hun and everything connected with his accursed scheme of world conquest."

Very truly yours,

VINCENT J. TOOLE,
Chaplain 324 Field Artillery.