

December 10, 1942.

Dear friends,

My first thought as I start this letter, is, that there is a wonderful spirit prevailing at Bryant now, as always. I received your package today, thus the feeling closeness to you all up there at Bryant. I know that my classmates, and classmates of other years, now in the service, feel as I do, happy to know that the students of Bryant are carrying on and thinking of us all. My package arrived intact, although there was evidence of a hard trip. The candy was in one piece, due to the heat that all packages, and men endure when arriving here.

I hear from very many of my former classmates, and find their letters come from most every part of the world. Evidence that Bryant men are doing their part. I receive the college paper, and from it's pages read of the happenings at Bryant. I feel that I could go back now, and make myself at home, as I did when I was an undergraduate. I like to think of the many experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant, but mostly pleasant, that I had while at Bryant. I know the faculty did everything for my own good, but I sure could mention some very embarrassing moments, such as the time Mrs. Stickney caught

me rolling on the floor outside of her office, with a classmate of mine, a boy who is now a Warrant officer in the Navy. We were only fooling, but in a very rough manner, and I don't think Mrs. Stickney enjoyed it very much. But Mrs. Stickney was and still is one of our favorite teachers. I have other memories of my fraternity at Bryant, Phi Sigma Nu, and the dances and parties, and not to forget, the initiation rides, and the long walks that followed.

I could go on, with this and that, but I guess you people have all heard those stories, and most likely have experienced some yourselves.

I would like to tell you about the surroundings and peculiarities of this place, but censorship is something that isn't to be fooled with, so all that will have to remain a secret.

I want to thank you all again, and hope to be back in Providence in the not to distant future. I have a very good idea that it may be during the first few months of 1943.

I want to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas, and perfect marks for the New Year.

as ever,
Leonard S.

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Class of '41