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HEADQUARTERS
Third United States Army
G-3 Section
APO 403
c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

22 April 1944

Bryant Service Club
Bryant College
Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Members,

A very cheerful note was delivered to me yesterday -- one that brought back fond memories and happy hours. Yes, it was the Bryant Service Club's letter to Bryant Alumni. A courier of glad tidings and news of my Alma Mater.

When a fellow receives such a note from a group of people like you -- people who are practically strangers to him and yet people who are the friendliest of his friends and who exert all their efforts to keep him in good spirits in this period of his life -- you can feel sure that your mission has been thoroughly accomplished. I am certain, too, that the other boys must feel as I do about your letters.

Your letters are as welcome as the sun over here in England. Old Sol does not get out very often in the land of John Bull. O, he does stick his head out in front of the fog every once in a while, but he is disinclined, I think, to cope with the inclemency of the weather over here.

However, in spite of the atmospheric conditions existing in the UK, the country is a very beautiful one -- everything which Shelley, Byron, Shakespeare, and all the other great English authors have written about it is true. It is quite relaxing to stroll over the terrain and past old churches and graveyards -- you just know what Thomas Gray^{was} trying to put across about the latter.

Meandering through the sanctum sanctorum of God's animals, you feel that you are walking about the countryside of New England -- the rolling landscape, green green grass, daffodils, etc. You just know that the next person who speaks to you will have a New Hampshire drawl, or a Maine patois, or the provincialisms of Vermont. Instead, you hear a bright "Cheerio" which, of course, puts you right back in the United Kingdom.

The natives here are very friendly and try everything in their power to keep the Yanks happy. No matter how amicable they

are, though, they cannot take the place of the folks back home. The inimitable "Hya Joe" or "Hello, Bryant Alumnus" cannot be supplanted by their "Cheerio" however bright it may be.

And speaking of the "folks back home," please remember me to Dr. Jacobs, Mr. Gardner Jacobs, Mr. Allan, Miss Blaney, the faculty and clerical force, and the student body of Bryant. I think of them all quite often.

As you can see from the heading of this letter, I am a member of an Army headquarters and because I am a part of such an organization it is best that I do not attempt to inform you of anything I might do. I am sure you will appreciate my reticence. I can tell you that I am secretary to the Colonel who is at the head of our section.

Quite a number of you are looking forward to your graduation which will take place soon. May I admonish each one of you "That the cemeteries are filled with indispensable men" and that when you do enter the business world or the professional world, you are just about to begin your life of study. That which you have just completed is the preliminary period which is requisite prior to the actual undertaking of your career. Everything will be new to you -- study everything thoroughly, learn to make quick decisions, and above all give your very best to the employer who has placed his confidence in you. Great rewards will be forthcoming, but they will be commensurate with your efforts. May success always accompany your endeavors.

Good luck to all of you at Bryant and thanks from the bottom of my heart for remembering me.

I have not received your package as yet, but when I do I am sure I shall enjoy its contents immensely.

Au revoir, my friends.

Sincerely,

Nick Toracci