

May 13, 1942.

to my real friends,

I was very pleased to receive your letter yesterday. It made me feel swell to know that you people there, or rather away up there, were thinking of me. A letter to a fellow in a distant place does more for him than you will ever know.

I like this post I am at here in Buena, and I have a very nice position, thanks to my shorthand and typing. They sure did come in handy.

Tell John Renza for me that he is doing fine, and to keep up the good work. It was very nice of Mary to write that swell letter to me, and if she writes to the rest of our boys the same way, I know that the Club will be a success. Good old Nick, he is always doing some good. Say hello to him for me. I would like to see him laughing in his own inevitable way. There will never be another Nick Coracci, but there is enough in just that one (I'm glad he can't get at me after that remark). I'm sorry to say that cigarettes are things, not to be sent here, because we get them very cheap, .06¢ a pack.

I think your club is a fine thing, and I know that if I were still at Bryant, I would work for it. I have no suggestions.

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to make, because it all sounds so good to me. Just keep up the good work.

about that knitting, I don't think a sweater would be in style here, with this weather.

I received the school paper the other day from Dorothy Hines, and Alice, and it seems that my name was in it. I guess you people up there really remember me.

I was sorry about that closed up letter to Mr. Hammond, the one Mr. Handy said looked as if the mice had eaten, ~~it~~ but you tell Mr. Hammond that I will write to him shortly, and this time I will be more careful.

Again I want to thank all of you at Bryant, and believe me, I mean it. Until my next letter, which will be real soon, I will just say so long, and thank you.

as ever,

Leonard
Sweeney