

November 4, 1943.

My friends of the Bryant Service Club;

I know I shouldn't begin with apologies, but nevertheless, I'm too far away to have the English Department give me a lecture. To begin with, well, to begin with I never could write a very interesting or long letter, but I will admit, they tried hard enough to teach me while I was at Bryant.

I received your Christmas package and was more than pleased. The candy just hit the right spot. You have all been wonderful, you of the Service Club of Bryant, and believe me I appreciate it and I know the many others of the alumni of Bryant in the services do.

I often hear from different friends of mine, both at Bryant, and away from Bryant and it seems that they always mention a visit to the school of some former student who has come back for a leave from one of the far-flung battlefronts of the world. I imagine that their stories of encounters are interesting and exciting. But when I come back,

I will not have much to tell, because these months I have spent here in Panama have been what you might call a waiting war, just waiting for something, anything, to happen. I speak of when I come back; well, I expect to be reassigned to the States after the first of April, next. Just five more months, I will have completed my two years here on that date, and will be eligible for reassignment. I expect to have a few days at home, not many, but no matter how many, they will be welcome, and I will make it a point to visit Bryant.

I know that the faculty has changed some since I attended Bryant, but please convey to them my best wishes.

Good luck to you of the Service Club - you are really doing a fine job.

Sincerely,

Leonard Sweeney <sup>47</sup>  
ETT