

Tuesday
11:35 AM

September 4, 1945

Dear Mom and Pop,

I just came back from the hospital. We patched up some horses and mules, and we were finished. Not too busy today.

You know, we have a show horse at the hospital that we call Goldy. She's a young horse, about four years old. I go to her stall every morning to see how she is so she knows me pretty good by now. When I come, she lowers her head and nudges me in the chest with her head. I scratch her head and she rests her head on my shoulder. She's really cute.

It's getting chilly in the mornings now days. Say, do you have my sweater that you knitted? Do you think you can send it to me without a request?



What I mean is, is the sweater light
enough to go by first class mail? If
it is send it to me, will you? If it's too
heavy, I'll write a request below, just
in case.

I REQUEST YOU TO SEND ME THE
SWEATER.

You know, when we came back from
Pisa on Sunday, we were too late for
dinner so we went to town and ate
at a Italian restaurant. We had chicken
soup with rice, spaghetti, and beef with
vegetables. They didn't have any outdoors though.
The dinner cost us two dollars a piece.
Not too bad. They bring out wine and
fruits too.

Well, this is all for today so I'll
write again tomorrow

Yad

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UTAH

VIA AIR MAIL

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Friday Sept 21, 1945

Regard for sweetie