

Last Letter Home-July 13, 1945 (Postmarked July 15, 1945 @ San Francisco @2pm)

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My Dearest Folks:

Just thought I had better write you a letter as you might have given me up for lost. Well, I am not quite lost yet. Although I am doing a fair job of getting lost, well anyway here comes one of my short scripts hoping when it reaches you it finds everything back that way ok. Pats girl's father made a trip back to New York and he said it sure was not around St. Louis. It is true, isn't it? If not, it is because he is not used to weather over 6 degrees.

I am still in the States, but it is very hard telling how long we will be here after I write this letter. In fact, I do not think it will be over a week at most. From here it is hard telling where we will go but I have a faint idea. Will get to see Bud again, that is of course he has not gone ack to the states before I get out there. Also, I might get a chance to see Francis before I leave the states.

You tell Carole Ann that I had a dream the other night too. I dreamed that I was home, and she was getting me up again like she did this time home. You know "Wake Up you old red head." That was the only time I enjoyed getting up. I should have brought her along with me to help the fellows get me out of my bunk.

Well, I might as well tell you about my trip back as it is all I can think of now. I got back to the coast ok. It was about 12:30 in the afternoon. Went to the Y.M.C.A. and cleaned up then went up to the girl's house. We had supper then her Mother Dand and me and Blanche went downtown to the movie. I forgot what the movie was but it sure was a good one. Yesterday or rather Tuesday I got 72 hours pass and went to Frisco and stayed at Pat's girls' house. We had a party Tuesday night and sure had a swell time, there was Blanche, Pats girls, me, and three other girls and fellows and of course Mrs. Grady, but we did not mind her as she danced with us too. Oh yes, I can dance a little now. In fact, I was even jitterbugging. Of course, it was not very good, but I had a swollen time trying. I sure have been having a swell time this time in the states, more so than any other time I have come back.

Now that Dad has had his vacation, I get it was hard for him to start back to work. Just think it has been his first vacation, isn't it? Well, when we all get back from this war, he can quit his job, sit at home, and let us kids take care of him. He sure deserves it. Tel him that and see what he thinks of the idea.

I am sitting here with a pair of phones on my head listening to music and writing a letter. It is about 11 o'clock in the evening. I slept all day (almost), and Ma was not a bit tired. So, this is as good a time as any to write a letter. You will have to pardon me typing this letter, but I lost my pen and must buy another. The next one will be long hand.

Oh, I got to see Jimmy Gray right after I got back from leave. I had liberty one night and the next day when I went back, they told me that a fellow from my hometown was over to see me but did not leave his name. But he did leave the name of the ship he was on, so I went over to see

who it was, and it turned out to be Jimmy. So, if you see his mother tell her that he is in good health and in fact I believe he has gotten fat. I was supposed to make a liberty with him but missed him at the place I was supposed to meet him. I have not seen him since. I think he has pulled out.

Well, how are the kids enjoying their vacation? Be you have a hard time keeping track of them. Especially Fritz and Nooser. Guess they are gone every minute of the day. But of Course, sissy is helping you with the housework. If not, tell her, how does she expect to get the practice if she does not work under the actual conditions. (HA). But at least you have a little red head to keep you busy. Especially when the wash day comes around. Ask her if she still wants to help you or do you keep her away from the tubs. (No more dirt in the rinse water)

Well mom, I have liberty tomorrow night, but I do not know just what I am going to do yet. I want to go to Frisco and See Blanche, but we may not get off till late and by the time I get there she will be in bed. She has to in by ten o'clock, now that she is in cadet nursing. So, I will just go to Vallejo and watch a movie.

Oh yes, I promised Bernice, I would write her a letter but do not know who she wants me to send it to her. She has a P.O. Box and was wondering if she wants me to send it there or at the house. If she wants it at the P.O. ask her what the number is. If not, I will send it to the house. You know I sure had a swell time with her. I had more fun with her than I did the other time I was home and took Margaret Poole out. Now do not go and tell Magaret that, or I might get shot when I get back there again.

Well Mom, I about covered everything that has happened since I have been back. Except I saw Pat again. He had just gotten back from his leave, and we sure had a swell time together. Although the other night we almost had a good fight. That was Tuesday night at the party at his girl's house. You know when there is a party you bring one girl but after they all get together you see me being with them all. Well, he got mad at her for not being with him more than she was. He got drunk and started trouble, and you know like peace so I tried to calm him down and he started to get rough. So, I put him on a streetcar and rode back downtown with him and was going to send him back to his station to sleep it off. But he swore he was going back to Grady's. I told him he was not going with me. So, I went one way, and he went the other and I have not seen him since. He is not mad at me, but he sure is at the rest of the bunk that was at the party. He was the only one that got that way.

Well Mom, I guess that just bout takes care of all the details out here so maybe I had better close for now hoping to hear from you soon. So, until then I will say cheerio with all my love and kisses to the ones, I love the most in this cruel world. So, until the day, May God Bless. of you and keep you all well and safe till we all get back there to stay. Bye for now, I will write again in a coup of days. As Your Loving Son,

Bobby

