

Union College

Schenectady, NY.
March 3rd, '02

My dear Papa,

I suppose you are beginning to think (and I can't say that you haven't got good cause) that your youngest son is very forgetful of his old Dad; but it is not that, for I am always thinking of you all, but it seems that lately I have been taking it out in thinking, so to speak. I have been intending to write you for a long while, but somehow the time slips by so fast that I have put it off until now. And how are you? Mama wrote me that you and McClellan had finally come to an agreement, but as was to be expected from an underhanded fellow, he got the better of the bargain. I didn't know that such a Yankee could live so far south.

I suppose you haven't been doing much in the hunting line since Fred* and Mr. Ketchum left, have you? I tell you what, when I read that letter of yours telling me of how you killed those two old bucks, one with each barrel, I just wished I could have been in your place or even near there to see them come out of the drive. I know they looked pretty.

I have practically decided to stay here next summer and work in the shops. I think I could do better at that than to work with a forestry party.

I hear occasionally from Tom, but he is a busy man now since his promotion. I envy him. I only wish I was out of college and at work, but that will come in due time no doubt.

How did your little shooting box at Tranquility turn out? I hope you got some sport out of it. Do you remember the time we went down there with Joe Young, I believe? We certainly had a fine lot of shooting.

How are the stock on the island this year? I suppose the rains have done a good deal of damage.

I am getting on very well in both my studies and my financial affairs; that is, as the old song goes, "I slip and slide, but I gwine along."

I hope you all are well.

With much love,

I am

Ever your affectionate son,

Arch' H. Rutledge

*** Note: Fred was Archibald Rutledge's half-brother.**

Original copies of the letter are with the family.