

April 27, 1943.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst,  
Los Angeles Examiner,  
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Hearst:

My memory tells me you will be eighty years young Thursday. My heartiest congratulations and best wishes! I know you will receive many and if their number were in ratio to your achievement, public and in the newspaper field, our wartime postal service would be overstrained and our paper conservation program set back.

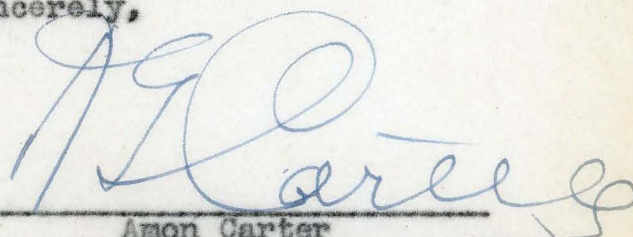
No one of my acquaintance has reached eighty and remained so young, kept so alert to our constantly changing conditions, analyzed our problems with such clear foresight and exercised such calm, sound judgment. What you have done and are now doing challenges the rest of us in the fraternity, irrespective of age. Personally, I'd gladly take a liberal discount. If I could feel I had accomplished at 63 a small fraction of what you have, I'd consider myself a huge success, feel I'd lived a well rounded, useful life and be willing to cash in my chips at anytime.

The public and the newspaper fraternity, particularly the working newspapermen whose status you elevated, owe you a debt of gratitude.

It is my fervent hope that an all-wise Providence will spare you for many more years and that you may enjoy to the fullest the happiness you so richly deserve and the satisfaction that comes with the knowledge of achievement.

May God bless you.

Sincerely,



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Amon Carter  
Fort Worth, Texas  
Where-The-West-Begins