

April 9, 1953.

Dear Amon:

The doctors may have you down, but they can't stop you from doing nice things. The steaks arrived yesterday, and at least two members of the family -- my namesake grandson and I -- are already complaining because they didn't give one of them to us for breakfast this morning. You know that we are grateful both for the steak and for your thoughtfulness.

My last message from Minnie tells me that you are coming along fine. I hope that your rapid improvement convinces you that the doctor probably knows more about health than you do and that consequently you will obey his orders.

While I doubt that I could get a law through entitled "Compelling Obedience of Amon Carter to his Physician," I still might do something by getting Sid to stand guard at your doorway with a baseball bat. Of course if I were the doctor I would simply put leg irons on you and give you a good gin rummy partner.

With all the best from Mamie and me to you and Minnie, and of course, to the rest of the family,

As ever,



Mr. Amon Carter,  
Rivercrest Addition,  
Fort Worth,  
Texas.