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NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

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Dear Amon:

I don't know whether anyone sent you the enclosed editorial from the New York Herald Tribune of Sunday, November 19. I really got a great kick out of it, first, because it was about you and, secondly, because it definitely proves that Dallas is not of the West but of the effete East, where even things worthwhile have an artificial tinge, and that the Greater Pan-American Hereford Exposition should have definitely been held in Fort Worth. Anyway, I thought you would get a kick out of it if you have not already seen it.

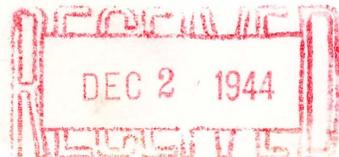
I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I can't be with you at Fort Worth tonight. Had it been possible, I would have liked nothing better but I am still undergoing treatment and the trip, I am afraid, would have knocked me out. I know though everyone will have a wonderful time.

I send you every good wish at my command.

Sincerely,

*V. Emanuel*

Amon G. Carter, Esq. President and Publisher  
Fort Worth Star Telegram  
Fort Worth, Texas



### Adding Fuel to an Old Feud

At this moment a conclave and carnival, known as the Greater Pan-American Hereford Exposition, is in progress in Dallas, Tex. Dallas bankers who made their money in cattle and oil are mingling with the sun-burned men from the Panhandle, the vaqueros from Mr. J. Frank Dobie's brush country and the short, dark men from below the Rio Grande. They are talking about money, about the price of meat and about improving the breed. They are also talking about better relations between the American and the Mexican cattle raisers. A gala spectacle, no doubt, and much good probably will come of it.

But there is something wrong. Where is Fort Worth, "Where the West Begins," while all this is going on? Our urbane contemporary, "The Dallas Morning News," refers to Dallas as a "cow capital" on the rather flimsy grounds that the exposition is being held there and that it is also the headquarters of the Texas Hereford Association. Then it adds, with what seems a note of apology, that "there are few cowboys in Dallas." And that is true. One may stand at Main and Akard Streets for hours without seeing a sombrero. Dallas is a place of commerce, of high-tone teas, of extravagant fashion shows, of rigorous etiquette—and of such puckish establishments as an exclusive drinking place known as the Little Mothers Club. A fine place, Dallas, but snooty.

Thirty miles to the west lies Fort Worth, where sombreros are plentiful, where the playful cowhand can let off some steam and feel at home. It is also the home of Mr. Amon Carter, the publisher, rancher, oil tycoon, playboy, smoked turkey impresario—the man who "hates Dallas like Philadelphia hates reformers." He won't even eat in Dallas. What is he doing while this great Pan-American cattle convention is going on in Dallas? The latest dispatches shed no light on him. But if we know our man Carter he will sooner or later have something to say, and he will be breathing fire when he says it. Dallas will wish it had never had the temerity to call itself a "cow capital." Your move, Mr. Carter.