

The Abilene Reporter-News

MORNING - EVENING - SUNDAY



Abilene, Texas

March 12, 1943.

Mr. Amon G. Carter,
The Star-Telegram,
Fort Worth.

Dear Mr. Carter:

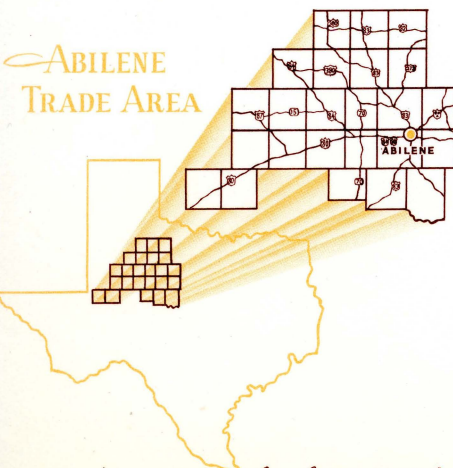
Just a word to let you know how I feel for you in your present uncertainty over the fate of Amon Jr. Do hope he turns up sound and well, and no worse off than a prisoner, which is bad enough.

I remember standing in front of some riding device at the New York World's Fair in June, 1939, and running into you. Amon Jr. and his girl and my son Rudyard and his fiancee were taking a ride. My boy had just graduated from West Point, went almost directly to the Philippines, where he went through the hell of Bataan and emerged a prisoner of the Japanese. It was more than eight months before I knew whether he was alive or dead; that's why I know so well what this waiting and uncertainty is; that's why I presume to send you this feeble word of sympathy and good cheer. We have a lot of company.

We've got a stake in victory beyond all computation, haven't we?

Best wishes,

Frank Grimes



An Area with a Population of over 250,000 makes up the Abilene Trade Zone