

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

MORNING

EVENING

SUNDAY

AMON G. CARTER, PRESIDENT

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

March 2, 1943.

Lt. Amon G. Carter, Jr., O-402537
91st Armored Field Artillery,
A. P. O. 251 - Care Postmaster,
New York, N.Y.

Amon, my dear:

It doesn't seem possible that 7 years ago Texas celebrated its 100th birthday with the Centennial Celebration and Casa Manana and that we worked many hours at night preparing the First Day covers for the "First Day Cover Postmark" at Gonzales. Today is Texas' 107th birthday and I feel just as old. One day the news out of your territory is bad and the next day a little encouraging and we are so worried and anxious about you and can't help it until we get something from you dated later than February 14th (mine and Carl's 17th wedding anniversary).

You received a cover which you prepared and sent for your Cover Collection carrying 8 Virgin Islands Stamps postmarked February 8th and received here March 2, 1943. I'm putting it away with your others. I'm not trying to file these - I'm just putting all of them in one place for your assortment and doing as you see fit with when you return home.

Margaret Bourke-White's second story on North Africa appeared in this weeks Life and was quite interesting. Articles in "Time" and Newsweek" which came out Saturday carried articles and specifically identified your outfit as being in pretty serious trouble. You have our whole thoughts and love and prayers and I just don't know of any other one single "mut" who has as many people interested in your welfare. While I am sure at times you get rather disgusted with all of us worrying about you, again at times I am sure you must appreciate this interest. And I never worry, Honey, that you aren't doing whatever your assignment may be well and thoroughly for you have always been thorough and dependable and you can't do otherwise now. I'm for you wherever you are and in whatever you do, and it never occurs to me that you haven't done your best.

Your Dad asked me to send you a copy of the employes Christmas letter which he has just gotten around to read as well as a copy of the cable sent expressing his as well as your regrets at not being with us. So, here 'tis!

Carl has had so much trouble with his throat all winter that he has finally made up his mind to let Dr. Walker remove his tonsils as soon as his throat clears up enough to do so. Therefore, in about a month unless he has another acute attack we will march "C.V." out to St. Joseph's and have the tonsils yanked out.

Gene Blocker is out there now. He sprained his ankle and would have to be off his feet about ten days and he decided it was a good time to have the "growth" removed from his "lower fanny" - upper leg just below what you sit on. It turned out to be more severe than he expected and had roots like a tree and was a rather deep seated growth. Any way it is out and he is doing nicely now and has forgotten all about his ankle - though it is in a cast.

Little Bill Blocker is the best looking, cutest little boy. Laura "mae" always keeps him dressing so neatly.

The Red Cross is putting on its annual drive and Fort Worth is doubling its quota and going over with a bang. Mr. Keith (Uncle Ben) is Chairman of the Drive and Your Dad Contributed \$500.00 for you, \$250.00 each for Ruth and Bertice and \$1,000.00 for himself.

Josephine Walker is going to marry some "West Pointer" by the name of Jack Pryor early in April.

Dick Walker has completed his officers training and is now a Lieutenant. He was home for a few days ~~next~~ last week and reported to a camp and from there will be assigned somewhere he thinks.

Bess Stephenson has gone into the "WAACA" as you will note from the Star-Telegram Junior" which your Dad sent you several days ago.

Our new yard man "Lum" Lucky seems to be turning out fine for us and I am sure for himself. The flowering shrubs are beginning to bloom and the Jonquills are blooming here and there, so the yard is beginning to take on color and should be very pretty later on.

Bill says your one and only love bird is still alive. I've thought of getting some companions for him but thought you would rather get what you wanted so I'm leaving it for you to do.

Your Dad is having a Typographical Union Seale
Committee meeting in his office and you can imagine how
pleasant he is going to be when he gets through with them.

You should be seeing Arthur pretty soon and
I am sure he will bring us some news of you eventually.

I love you, honey, and wish I could help
you get your problems over with and back home. I'm
sure you know this but I wanted to say it to you again.

Worlds of love,

Patricia