

COPY

December 6, 1943.

Mr. Amon G. Carter,
Fort Worth, Texas.

My dear Mr. Carter:

I apologize for replying to your letter of November 28th so promptly, but you will doubtless find my reasons good, which are:

First, we have a letter from Keith telling us that he is rooming with your son, Amon Junior, and finds him to be a fine fellow. They have turned their barracks into rooms by the use of boxes or screens and eight officers room together. I knew you would be interested in Amon's surroundings and the men with whom he is closely thrown, and, therefore, I am enclosing a photograph of Keith. I am accused of making Keith my favorite son, though I try to play an even hand with them all. I have three in the service. Keith is a pretty sturdy boy, worked most of his life during vacations in a stone quarry I own, where I had a rule that he had to keep up with the biggest nigger on the job. He graduated at V. M. I., is somewhat of a mathematical shark, ran the boxing team at Fort Bragg when he was training there, can knock the socks off most any nigger song and people naturally come to him when they get in trouble. He is twenty-five years old and a First Lieutenant. Though this may seem like bragging, I will say that if one of my other boys should be captured, my best wish for him would be for him to be with Keith. I rather fancy from his letters that your boy is the same outdoor type and I am glad they are together. It will doubtless help them both in pulling through this. Keith is being pretty philosophical about the whole thing and regards it as one of the disagreeable incidents that they must just live through.

My second reason is that my wife made me promise that I would write you immediately and personally thank you for your telegram of October 9th to the Censor. They have taken chocolate out of her packages to Keith, returned her letters for the biggest fool reasons imaginable, etc. She agrees with every word of your telegram, and as the country people used to say when I was a boy, that is "somethin 'befo' the people," coming from a woman who was a New Dealer until a short time ago. She was thoroughly sold on the clap trap they get off about humanitarian motives but now realizes it is nothing but political demagoguery, or in modern terms, the line they use for catching votes.

The statement they made in one letter to you that no chocolate had been removed from prisoner's packages after

Mr. Amon G. Carter # 2.

February 1943 is untrue. They returned to us several bars of chocolate taken out of a package we sent in May 1943, although the package was under the weight limit when sent. They also refused to let us send dried figs or dates, which Keith loves. They put the blame on international agreements, in letters to you, but do not explain why they agreed to such asinine regulations. Knowing that crowd as I do, my guess is that some New Deal professor cooked up the rules and forced other nations to agree to them. The U. S. Government has the whip hand over the other nations as long as we are furnishing them their grub. They certainly would not have promulgated anything that our representatives objected to.

I certainly thank you for sending me this file and hope that I shall get to know you and your boy both, if not before, then at the time we go to the pier to meet them when they come home.

With the best wishes for you and your boy,

I am

Sincerely yours,