

October 19, 1944

Miss Ruth Carter
Sarah Lawrence College
Bronxville, N.Y.

Dear Sugar Pie:

Once again you have grown to be a big little girl. Just think, twenty-one years ago today you made your first debut. My, how time does fly. Unfortunately, Dad was here in New York. On account of train schedules I could not be there for the occasion. Now I have the good fortune to be present and help to celebrate your twenty-first birthday. Not that it is any more important than other birthdays, other than giving you the legal status of being eligible to vote and transact officially such business as the occasion may require.

Time passes so quickly it is difficult to chronicle or properly enter in the ledger of life the sweetness and happiness you have brought your Daddy. As time goes by it seems to increase, if that be possible.

The only thing that could make that a reality would be to have sweet ole Bud here with us for dinner tonight. Twenty-nine months ago, about this time, we had dinner here in the same apartment in which I am

writing you this note. I am sure Bud would love nothing better than being here tonight. Bless your hearts - both of you, for having brought me my greatest happiness and pleasure. I am so delightfully proud of both of you for the graceful way you have grown up. Nothing does my heart more good than the nice complimentary things my friends universally say about you - good manners, courtesy and the friendly spirit both of you always display towards your friends and especially your elders. Really this is something. Bud's smile in the picture from the prison camp in Germany is an evidence of his courage and humor - taking it as it comes and making the best of it without crying or complaining. Darling, I hope the three of us can all be together for your next birthday. My, but it will be a grand occasion.

Incidentally, you have just left the room and you can't possibly know how happy it made me to see the pleasure and excitement you displayed in walking up and down the room in your new Labrador mink coat. It is a beauty but nowhere nearly as beautiful and sweet as you are. Remember what Dad has always said: just act as nice as you look and you will be a very happy little girl. I want you to always feel that Dad is your buddy, so to speak, and that you can tell me of your happiness or troubles, whichever it may be, and I will help you. So please never fail to come to see me on anything that may concern your happiness or welfare.

I am writing Amon, Jr. a birthday letter with the hope that he will receive it by December 23, at which time he will be twenty-five years old. I am sending him a copy of my letter to you as I did last year.

Darling, the enclosed five hundred dollar bill is some extra spending money for your Christmas shopping or

to use in any way that will make you happy.

Bless your heart. I hope you will have many more birthdays and that each one will bring you greater happiness.

With oceans and oceans of love

Affectionately,

Daddy

Amon G. Carter, Esq
Ritz-Carlton Hotel
New York City