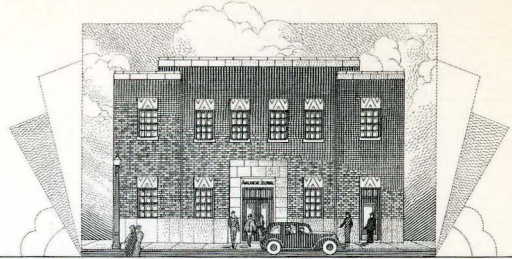


# AVALANCHE-JOURNAL PUBLISHING Co.

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LUBBOCK, TEXAS

May 21, 1943

Dr. Amon G. Carter, Publisher  
Fort Worth Star-Telegram  
Fort Worth, Texas

My dear Mr. Carter:

The other day I received from J. Harvey Briggs, of San Antonio, a copy of an article he recently has written for several trade magazines to which he contributes. I have been following Briggs' "Friend Jasper" articles for sometime in Texas Parade and I think he is the best along this line in Texas today.

At any rate after reading his latest article it occurred to me that you might be able to take some solace from it, since young Amon is a prisoner of war.

Therefore I am enclosing herewith Mr. Briggs' latest article. I hope it makes you feel better and I am sure it will.

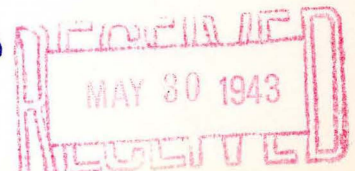
I was glad to learn that Amon, Jr., is not a war casual. Although his position is not a happy one, you and I know it could be much worse and if a choice had to be made I know that you would rather have him in German than Jap hands. I know you have had occasion to learn much more about prisoners of war than I, but everything I have been able to learn indicates that our boys in German hands are being cared for in compliance with international treaties. Whatever Amon's present lot, I am sure some day you will have him back and join with you in looking to that good time.

Trusting that you have recovered from the shock and with kindest personal regards to Jim Record and Jimmie North as well as to yourself, believe me,

Cordially yours,

*Charlie*  
Chas. A. Guy

CAG:fed



# Texas Parade



**APRIL 1943**

# TEXAS PARADE

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# FRIEND JASPER

THE CHAPARRAL PHILOSOPHER

By J. H. BRIGGS

• When I visited Jasper at his little ranch he was about to seal a letter. "I am writing to Tom," he said. "You know he was raised on the next ranch to here and I had a hand in his raising. His folks got word that he is a prisoner of war."

"Mind if I see it?" I asked. He handed me the letter and this is it.

Dear Tom,

My feeling bad that you are a prisoner is kinder counterbalanced by the thought that you will come back home again alive and well. During the last war I was on duty at Richelieu in central France. It was the American camp for German prisoners.

I remember well how the American officer in charge decided things were too soft for the prisoners, especially as he recently had word that his brother had been killed at the front.

His new policy had not been long in effect when the camp was visited by some one from the Swiss Legation. I heard what he had to say to the officer and it was very brief. The Swiss said, "I hear you are running this camp as you see fit, and it must stop right now. You have regulations governing the treatment of prisoners and they must be followed exactly." The officer, plenty mad, asked, "Who is running this camp, the American Army or the Swiss?" The Swiss answered, "If you must know, the Swiss are. Just remember this—we also represent the Americans who are prisoners in Germany. You have their men and they have yours. No more of this foolishness." That settled the matter for keeps.

I know you are not on a bed of roses, but what the army that captured you eats, you will eat. You will get the same medical treatment and have a regular pay day. I am sending you some little things you will need. I know the Swiss are again on hand and they have thousands of clerks in Geneva to handle the prisoner's affairs.

A buddy of mine was taken prisoner in the last war and from what he tells me the worst thing he had to contend with was boredom. Finally, he said, they got together to organize among themselves private theatricals and study clubs. He said he came out with a much broader education than he went in with.

For this letter to get through I am making no comments on your captors. Remember the day I was putting up the stovepipe and the chair slipped and I fell and the stovepipe nearly cut my head off and blinded me with soot? What I said, multiply by a hundred. You know.

I want you to know you are very much in the thoughts of the homefolks. We know that to get you home we must throw everything we have into the fight. The sooner we win the sooner you come home and, boy howdy, is that an incentive? You are our hostages of victory.

Remember how, when you first came home on furlough you had quite a string of grievances against the army? I noticed from your letters after you got overseas the complaints stopped and you seemed to grow into fuller manhood. Well, we are still kinder in the children's stage here at home. However, there is sinking into our consciousness the fact that victory is going to take all we have and our childishness is passing from us. And as I said before, we have got to get you boys backs home. The first time you got into action you found that discipline was absolutely necessary and that is what we are learning. To put our faith in the man higher up, do our bit and not complain. We are growing up. A democracy is slow to move. It seems to move on leaden feet. But when it strikes—it strikes with iron hands!

Boy, we will keep this fair state of ours just like you left it. That is our pledge to you. When this war is over the country will settle back to peace and freedom and opportunity and there will be a part for you.

In becoming a prisoner you passed under a curtain of death and destruction. So it was with your mother. That you might be born she walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. So it has been through the ages and now our youth is passing through the Valley and a new and better world will be born.

Tom, when you are freed, Texas will be waiting for you. Her rivers will still run to the sea, the Brazos, the Colorado, the Trinity and the Rio Grande. Along her long shores the breakers of the Gulf will still come surging in. Again the soft moonlight will cover her plains, her forests and her fields. Yes, and there will be somebody under the moonlight with you. I don't think you boys need worry about losing the girl you left behind you. The only thing lower than a man who would cut in on an absent boy is the girl who would permit it.

Yes, my boy, the cattle will be still grazing on your home hills, the white tail deer will go scampering through the brush and in our streams the bass will streak through the water like silver arrows.

The seasons will come, each with their gift. You and I will follow the football games and listen to the colorful bands. A. & M. may even some day beat Texas.

Tom, your dog is waiting for you. He seems to be happy and yet there is something gone that should be nigh. He has a way of laying so that he can watch the gate. Everytime that anybody comes, his ears go up to attention and then disappointed like, slowly go down again.

Well, someday there will come from him a bark of joy and he will spring for the gate and you will be HOME again.