

326 WEST MADISON STREET
CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

Presbyterian Hospital
April 25, 1945

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

Dear Amon:

I was laid up here in Presbyterian (nothing special), and so missed seeing you at Joe Connolly's funeral. I read in the Journal-American that you were there.

The Hired Hand's letter awaited me on getting back last week. Incidentally, that pretty good-sized bucket is in this morning. I go back to the office tomorrow, so within twenty-four hours I shall have my hands on them. Thanks as always.

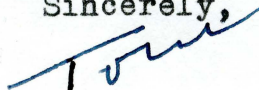
One of these days when you are in a spell that is not too active, and there would be a good percentage of not being put off, I might clear out of here on American Air, just to have a quiet evening with you.

Do you realize how many years it has been since you and I have spent more than five or ten minutes together? It has always been an event, or for some reason, there has always been a crowd present. I never seem to find you in New York, and apparently you do not come to Chicago. If you do, you are a scoundrel because you do not let me know.

I have three or four like yourself who must be watching every line as it comes in for word of the flyer camps. I hope that before long (no matter how soon, it will be too long) good word will come to you.

If you feel like lunch in New York and will let me know, I will shape my plans to be there. If you are in Chicago, we will do it. Otherwise, I don't mind loafing on a plane down and back. I can find something to do both ways, and anyway, I am getting to be an easy-going old gent.

Sincerely,



T.J.White
amc

Mr. Amon G. Carter----#2

4/25/45

P.S. I know you will let the Hired Hand know
that the shipment has arrived, and that the
consignee is going squirrel within 24 hours.