

ZIEGFELD THEATRE

1347 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y. • CIRCLE 5-5200

April 1, 1954

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

My dear Amon:

The steak arrived yesterday, and I shall wolf down my portion of it this Saturday night at my house in Mount Kisco.

I telephoned Mrs. Carter from the Greater Fort Worth International Airport, after a long and careful look at it. It is, as I see it, a great and heart-warming monument to your vision and energy, forgetting your pocketbook for the moment. I have seen, I think, most of the airports around the world. But never have I seen an airport which, at one time, combined so much beauty and functional use. And, as sure as there were five Ringling Brothers, it won't be big enough before many years have passed. Even in this department, I understand you have looked ahead and it will be possible to expand the Amon G. Carter Field, as necessary, without in any way hurting its beauty.

The Carter High School, the Carter Stadium, the Carter this, the Carter that - they're all magnificent and a fine tribute to one man's work and generosity. The Carter Airport, however, in my book at least, is the cherry on the Carter cake.

Now, to get to something personal. I was, of course, distressed to find you confined to your home, and I think I know how difficult this relative inactivity is to a gent with a head full of dreams. I would like to send you a little gift which I think will contribute to your well being, but, knowing what an irascible cuss you are, I think I'd better ask you first.

It's a Barko-Lounger - a contour chair which is sold in New York by Lewis & Conger. These chairs are put out in green and red leather and, as I dictate, there's one five feet from my desk. I've had it for about six months. It's a fairly handsome piece of furniture, and it wouldn't look out of place in any room, even in your tastefully furnished house. It tilts back easily and on nights when I can't fall asleep in my bed, I sleep in this chair with a throw over me. Often, during the day, when I tire, I shut off the 'phone for a bit and stretch out and, because the contour fits the back and relieves the body of certain pressures, I find it easy to doze off.

Mr. Baruch has one of these chairs and the old gentleman, in my opinion, has proven that he knows more about how to stay alive (he'll be 84 in August) than any one I can think of.

For the many, many favors I owe you and Jimmy North, I'd like to send a couple of these chairs along, either in red or green leather, as your respective ladies think best.

I'd be very happy if you would accept, but I'd rather ask you first. Sending you a chair, as you know, is like sending a \$2 bill to Sid Richardson.

Incidentally, I thought Sid was one of the most gracious and wisest men I have ever met.

My affectionate regards to you and your most attractive lady.

Devotedly,

Billy
BILLY ROJE

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