

GORDON
BOSWELL
FLORIST

I'm sure Anna
and Ruth still
feel we have much
for which to be
Thankful - Katrine & Carl

December 13, 1944.

Letter No. 80

2nd. Lt. Amon G. Carter, Jr., U. S. Army,
American Prisoner of War #1595,
Interned at Oflag 64, Germany,
Via New York, N. Y.

Dear Cowboy:

I received a wire from Ruth last night repeating your letter to your mother dated September 28, in which you stated that you had received 137 of her letters, the last one written on July 22. I was certainly delighted to have this information as the last letter I received from you was dated August 26, more than a month prior to this letter to your mother dated September 28. This was certainly a relief as the latest information we had had from any of the boys in the camp was from the mother of one of them who phoned in to the effect that they had a letter dated September 14. I was sorry to hear that you had not received any mail for a month and no parcels in three months and that you did not expect any more, and the further fact that the Red Cross had not supplied about 300 of the boys with overcoats and blankets. Immediately upon receipt of this wire, I wired J. Russell Townsend, Relief to Prisoners of War, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. and quoted your letter and asked if there was not some possible way they could expedite overcoats and blankets to these boys. I could not exactly understand what you meant when you stated as follows: "In two weeks we were out of food parcels". My information was that they had several million packages of food parcels in Switzerland, and it is, I presume, a matter of transportation facilities in getting the packages to you. In any event, I hope that the boys have been provided with overcoats and blankets prior to this time. I should have, and I am hoping to have a reply to my wire to Mr. Townsend in Washington, to see if he can give me any additional information.

I have just talked to Mrs. Henry, who received a letter from her son, also dated September 28, and another member of the family received one dated September 27. Naturally, I have been very much concerned as to whether they might not move your camp. I certainly hope that they permit you to stay where you are.

Ruth called me up this morning from New York, and was excited over the fact that she was going to be able to leave for home the 19th, arriving here the 23rd. Incidentally, Monday was Dad's birthday, and I received 262 red roses, which was certainly a waste of money. I am going to change the date of my birthday and

from now on I am going to have it on February 29. This will make the birthdays less frequent. Seriously, it is nice to get all of these remembrances, but it does seem a shame to have that amount of money spent on flowers when it could be used more advantageously for some charity purpose. I went back and looked the birthday letter which you sent me in 1942 which reminded me of the many things which have happened since that time.

Buddy Russell was married in San Francisco on December 7, and I enclose herewith a notice that appeared in one of the papers. I am sending you also a photograph that one of the newspapers carried showing Buddy and his bride drinking a champagne toast. She is a nice looking girl and I think he looks exceptionally well. They will probably be here in a few days to spend Christmas.

I also enclose herewith a card announcing the arrival of Virginia Honea's new son, Charles Michael Stephens, December 1, 1944. I am also sending you a letter that Mrs. Morris Berney wrote you. It is a very difficult letter and I hope you will be able to read it.

In opening the mail, I ran across a letter addressed to Amon G. Carter and I failed to notice the "Jr." following the name, and you could imagine my surprise when I opened the letter and found a picture of a good looking young lady. It started off by saying, "I doubt if you will remember me as it has been many years since I have seen you", and then I looked back at the envelope and found the "Jr." This will be my apology for opening your letter which I am sending herewith. Virginia is not bad looking.

Carl, Katrine, Raymond Buck, and Billy Bob Watt drove down to Sid Richardson's island off the coast of Rockport to spend a few days hunting, so I presume they will bring us back some deer meat and quail.

On receipt of Ruth's wire quoting your letter I called up your mother and read it to her, which relieved her anxiety very much although she, like all the balance of us, continues to worry about your welfare, and we certainly hope that you are getting along all right. Your mother is returning to New York this afternoon.

Gordon Rentschler sent me a big basket containing 65 red roses, and I received a nice wire from him and his wife, and he also asked to be remembered to you. There are so many people that ask daily to be remembered to you that it is difficult to remember all of them. As stated previously, if everybody who has expressed a desire to do so takes a drink with me when you get home, I am afraid it will be a difficult problem to stand up under the pressure. Meanwhile, I have gotten used to being on the water wagon and it is no particular hardship or difficulty, and the same thing applies to smoking cigars, and it was a real difficult task to quit smoking. I presume, as usual, I will receive a lot of fine cigars for Christmas and I will just keep all of them for you. I wish I could send them to you now,

however we are sending as many cigars as they give me labels for. We got some fine turkeys for Christmas and I certainly wish there was some way I could send enough turkeys for a Christmas dinner for you and all the other boys, and the German authorities and guards in your camp. Inasmuch as this is impossible, I will serve a big helping on your plate Christmas day, the same as we did last year.

Stanley, Mable, Bill, Nanny and Tommy are all fine. Your old nurse, Pearl, was in to see me Monday morning, making inquiry as to how you are getting along. She was your nurse at the time you were born and the one who went to California with you when you were about six months old.

I think this about covers the crop of news since my last letter to you dated December 5. Take good care of yourself, continue to be a good prisoner, keep your chin up, take no chances of any kind of doing anything to displease your guards or prison officials.

Heaps of love from all of us,

Affectionately,