



San Angelo Standard-Times

San Angelo, Texas

"LARGEST PRIMARY WOOL MARKET IN THE WORLD"

May 29, 1946

Dear Amon:

When I called the American Airlines in Ft. Worth Saturday noon and found that Mr. Hanners was no longer there I expressed the hope to the young lady who talked to me that I would be able to complete a reservation without having to call you, but it looks like I must bother you again with my transportation problems.

My oldest son, Ed H. Harte, who is a senior in Dartmouth College, is bringing his girl down to visit us during his vacation between semesters--June 20 to July 10. I asked for two tickets from New York to Ft. Worth or Dallas anytime after 12:01 a.m. June 21, and a return trip leaving Dallas anytime after 12:01 July 10. (I have confirmation on the return flight.)

Sunday morning I received the enclosed wire from Dallas. If the wire had not contained the day "Tuesday, June 25", I might have taken it for granted that the Western Union had given me a typographical error--but with Tuesday in the wire I felt sure it was an office mistake.

Monday I flew to Dallas on the Westland Airlines. When we landed at Ft. Worth I reported the error to your information desk at the airport, asked that it be reported to Dallas and told the boy I would call the American Airlines office in the Baker as soon as I got to Dallas.

When I called I asked for Mr. or Miss Johnson, but after some telephoning about the office, no one was able to locate a Johnson or to recall that anyone by that name was employed there.

So I started all over again and gave them my request. I called several times throughout the day and the young lady who handled the calls was exceptionally nice, but was unable to get anything confirmed. She asked that I call in the morning.

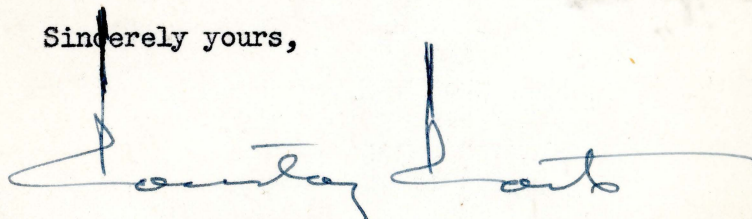
As I left town yesterday morning, I dropped in the office. Mr. and Mrs. Hanks were waiting in a car outside and I suppose I was in too much of a hurry. There was one man at the counter waiting on a customer and two young ladies talking at a desk. Finally I asked one if she could wait on me. I had the feeling I was in a railroad ticket office. She didn't smile and I didn't either. I told my name, said I had been inquiring about reservations from New York and asked if she could see if anything had come in over night. She insisted on getting my complete case history. I asked if it was necessary. She said it was. When I had given it to her, she picked up a telephone and said, "Have you anything on a reservation out of New York for a Mr. Harte?" I almost laughed.

I met Jimmie North while at lunch at the Ft. Worth Club, and asked him if he would see if he could help me. He offered to walk down to the American office in the Blackstone. There were three customers ahead of us, one girl behind the counter, and a man with his back to the counter talking to someone about moving a telephone. Jimmie North rattled on the counter and the man with the big back turned around and looked at him and went on with his conversation. Frank King and I laughed at Jimmie, who finally smiled.

The young lady took three telephone calls while handling these customers and finally got down to us. She said there usually were a number of releases on reservations out of New York that far in advance and that she'd do all she could to get a couple of seats. I gave her my telephone number and asked her to call me collect.

A customer just came in this morning and told me what one of our advertising salesmen had told him--that he did not have time to come after his ad and that if he wanted it in the paper, he'd have to get it up here himself. I just had a talk with him and got his side of the story, but it did not help our public relations any, regardless of how many times this salesman had been in this customer's store that day. After talking to him, I thought I might give you a complete story on my experience in trying to get a couple of reservations from the American, as well as express the hope that you request I get a couple of seats out of New York on the morning of Friday June 21, anytime after 12:01 a.m.

Sincerely yours,



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

