

Amon Gary Carter, Jr.

1919 - 1982

America's initial entrance into World War II was heralded through two major resources throughout the US: President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's famous address to Congress and the Nation, "*Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy*" and newspaper headlines which detailed in **bold lettering** the wanton acts of Japan by bombing an unsuspecting and underprepared base, Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii. A Texas newspaper, the Ft. Worth *Star-Telegram*, printed unfolding events closely and would continue to catalogue details about the war in Europe and the Far East, even as the son of the owner, Amon Carter, Jr. was serving in the US Army, captured in the North African campaign and incarcerated in a POW camp in Poland.

[**Notation:** To illustrate the significance of this biography's historical value, multiple sources—including duplications of materials and common knowledge information—were obtained and used under "Fair Use" for Non-Profit educational purposes. The insertion of personal family information is also included to record timely issues concerning the eras in which the Carter family lived.]

EARLY YEARS BACKGROUND

Born into a wealthy, patriotic and entrepreneurial family, Amon Gary Carter, Jr. was born on 23 December 1919 in Ft. Worth, Texas. The first child of Amon and Nenetta (Burton) Carter, he became immersed in the world of local, national, and worldwide events by becoming a newspaper vendor (at the age of 10) by selling copies of his father's newspaper, the Ft. Worth *Star-Telegram* on the corner of 7th Avenue and Taylor Street in the city's downtown area. Expanding his legacy, Carter, Jr. further developed his talents through the establishment of an early-morning paper route and as a copyboy, staff photographer, advertising salesman and circulation helper in the summer months.

MILITARY SERVICE

After graduating from the Culver Military Academy in Culver, Indiana, in 1938, Carter entered the United States Army in 1941, as a lieutenant with the First Armored Division at Ft. Knox, Kentucky.

Present aboard a transport ship bound for North Africa, Lt. Carter arrived in Tunisia and served as a volunteer forward observer with the First Armored Division.

Excerpts from a feature article in the *Star Telegram* [date unknown] titled, "Pain, Hustle and Frustration Story of WWII Capture" by Jim Marrs recorded his capture and survival.

A few days before, tanks and soldiers of the famed 19th and 21st divisions had literally covered the floor in front of the lieutenant's hilltop position at Faid Pass.

The Germans were desperate. British Gen. Montgomery had pushed them across the North African desert all the way from El-Alamein near the Egyptian border.

Now they were caught between the veteran desert-hardened British Army and the newly landed American force in Tunisia. The choice of penetration was not difficult. It was to be the untested Americans. (p. 14)

As battles raged all around them, Lt. Carter and his sergeant eventually left the Faid Pass hilltop and spent the next 10 days searching for American lines. One sighting led them to approach an active encampment, but when hearing the German language spoken, they slipped quietly away. A few days later, Amon was awakened by "*the rusty double-barreled shotgun*" in the hands of a nomad Arab. Explaining that they were Americans in need of assistance, both men were, instead, beaten severely and handed over to a German tank commander. "*Better bounty money from the Germans than a dead man on their hands.*" The date was February 14, 1943. (pp. 14, 15)

Recorded memories from other Americans captured the same day state that they spent the next four months in three different POW camps in Italy, Austria and Germany, with Carter's group of 50 American ground force officers transported to a new camp in Szubin, Poland.

Years later, the wall in his *Star-Telegram* building office reflected Carter's memories and mementos from experiences endured during WWII.

Memories of the flight from North Africa aboard a German transport plane which was forced to land in Sicily because of engine trouble. Memories of the rail coach ride to Rome and the Italian major who threw a fit at such good treatment for American prisoners. Memories of the deteriorating conditions of the trip as more and more Allied prisoners joined the tortuous journey to captivity.

The final leg of the move to a prison camp in box cars with the POWs so packed together that they had to take turns sitting on the floor to make room for the others. (pp. 14, 15)

Tony Lumpkin's book, *CAPTURED YESTERDAY*, includes the following passages about the local area and the new prison camp.

June 5, 1943 – June 6, 1943) - The country is still very flat and has many buildings which look like grain elevators. Also noticed a peat bog in this area. We finally get to Alburgund (Schubin, Poland) where we started a new camp – 21B. There was a group of Russian G.I.'s as POWs here. Tonight they sang, and their singing was very good. We are quartered in a large building that must have been a school at one time, as there are barracks rooms on the ends and administrative cubicles between the large rooms. (pp. 169, 170) that I knew were among the group. All of these men were not cleared up by inspection and had to remain in the barracks. (p. 171)

After Carter was well established at Oflag 64, he and Tony Lumpkin worked together.

Lt. Amon G. Carter from Ft. Worth, Texas, was the private package operator for the Tin Store. He was in charge of getting them from the Goon rail station and distributing them to the eager Kriegies.

*In charge of the entire Tin Store, which included Red Cross box and private parcel issue, private food and tobacco stores and book parcels, was Captain Tony Lumpkin, from Mexico, Missouri. He kept the Goons at the Parcel Hutch constantly confused as he told them outlandish stories of new Allied superweapons and what they would do to Germany. They thought he was kidding, but they weren't sure. (p. 84 from *Escape to Russia* by Howard Randolph Holder).*

Continuing contents from the news article, "Story of WWII Capture," Marrs records the following memories.

Once at a prisoner of war camp, Carter was separated from his sergeant.

Life in the prisoner of war camp at "Oflag 64" in Szubin, Poland, was a combination of deprivation and ingenuity. A veritable "Stalag 17" but for real.

The Polish woman in the railroad station which Carter was assigned to clean each day listened to the BBC war broadcasts. She then painstakingly wrote the war news on a piece of paper and tossed it into the station's wastebasket.

Carter would then smuggle the notes into camp and after translation, distribute the news around camp on bits of toilet paper. A crude but effective news system. Everyone concerned with this “journalistic” enterprise could have been shot if the Germans had discovered it.

*Red Cross packages kept many men from starving to death as the war progressed and shortages became more acute for the Germans as well as their prisoners. Then after more than two years of dulling prison life, word came that the Russians were approaching the camp.
(p. 15)*

Lt. Carter was also involved in a secret enterprise, MIS-X, which operated during WWII through the mail system. Numerous references to this most secret and vitally important project are noted throughout Lumpkin’s book, published in 2017, including a special section in Chapter 18.

April 3, 1945 – Early in the morning we land at Stephenville, New Foundland, and have breakfast. Leave at 5:10am and arrive in Washington at 1:00pm. We are very thankful to be back in this country.

They pass us through customs and a medical examination. The War Department sends a jeep over to take me to the “Country Club” in Virginia where I see the other end of the parcel business. They are extremely clever—radio, balls, etc. [Reference note at the bottom of the page stated the following: refers to a visit to the MIS-X operation at Fort Hunt, Virginia where the security parcels originated.] (p. 318)

As a reviewer of Lumpkin’s book, Waters (now General Waters) suggested in book margin notations that all references to the security parcels be deleted as reflected in the example on p. 175:

“Tony – again believed you should not refer to these types of parcels. It might be a breach of security. I have never been allowed to discuss them at any time.”

Another publication much quoted provided the “inside scoop” on this operation and its components. The author was Lloyd R. Shoemaker with the book titled: *The Escape Factory: The Story of MIS-X, The Ultra-Secret Masterminds of World War II’s Greatest Escapes* (New York: St. Martin Press, 1990). As one of four survivors of a super-secret project known as MIS-X, this astute operative broke his 45-year silence about its history with its risk and missions.

Oflag 64 was featured in several book chapters, one involving the use of misdirection and diversion.

When the Germans were advised that a freight car of parcels was awaiting unloading, consequently, Captain James H. Dicks and

Lieutenants Royal Lee and Amon Carter were driven under guard, over the two miles of cobblestone, to the depot in an old German army truck. (p. 115)

While parcels were being unloaded and uploaded onto the truck, the Germans were offered American cigarettes (always a successful diversion) as names of parcel receivers were called out; the “hot boxes” (those with fictitious names containing MIS-X materials) were then mixed with authentic parcels, passed through the prison gates, the censors and on to the hopeful Kriegies. Versions of this scenario were used to expedite and deliver both versions of packages from home and organizations like the Red Cross. All benefited the lives of Americans and other Allied personnel in enemy hands. (p. 116)

Lt. Carter, having inherited the entrepreneurial spirit, was known to use many ruses to benefit fellow Kriegies and outwit the Germans often when they were looking but not really seeing.

Inclusions from Shoemaker’s book were also used by Fred R. Coventry his 2022 history-based doctoral dissertation at Ohio University: “The Origins of Anglo-American ‘Escape and Evasion’: M19, MIS-X, and the Evolution of Escape and Evasion Training During World War II and the Early Cold War.

<http://www.ohio.edu/library/research/dissertations/theses>

The following summary is taken from Chapter 3 MIS-X Origins and Operations.

If MI-9 marked the origin of codified and systematized escape and evasion, MIS-X served the same function for the United States’ armed services. MIS-X began through close cooperation between officers in MI-9 and America’s Military Intelligence Service (MIS), and MIS-X was in form and function a direct copy of MI9 from the outset. MIS-X, like every other American intelligence service patterned upon a British intelligence service, forged its own way as the war progressed. Yet because of British success at escape and evasion so far in the war, and because MIS-X had to use many of the same escape routes and contacts as MI-9, the two organizations remained mirrors of one another in most of the ways that truly mattered. MIS-X has drawn surprisingly little attention, with only one dedicated history of note written by Lloyd R. Shoemaker, a member of the MIS-X establishment from 1943-1945. (p. 101)

In the summer of 1945, five days after Japan capitulated and World War II ended, the U.S. assistant of staff G-2, Major General George V. Strong, issued an order to burn all records, files and artifacts of an ultra-secret government agency that had been covertly located within U.S. borders and known only by the code name MIS-X. Immediately the building that housed this agency was demolished, the fences surrounding it were torn down, the grounds on which it had stood

were planted over with trees, and all military personnel involved were summarily discharged.

By summer's end virtually all physical and written evidence of MIS-X had been effectively obliterated. The agency that for the past three years had maintained covert radio and letter-code communication with the ninety-five thousand U.S. POWs in Europe and had been responsible for most American POW escape and evasion activities was now itself concealed. Neither the Military General Staff of the United States nor the chief of the Air Force Intelligence Training Command, Colonel E.W. Ridings, could locate enough information about MIS-X just three years after World War II to reactivate a similar escape and evasion agency in preparation for the impending Korean War. As a top-secret communique by Ridings stated at the time, The whole activity [of MIS-X] was conducted with the greatest secrecy. Over-all operational control was in the hands of a few officers in Washington. Most of these officers were not regular officers. Consequently, almost no knowledge of [MIS-X's] activity exists in the Regular Service." The agency that had thrived on disguise and illustration had become thoroughly invisible. (stated in Shoemaker, pp. 1, 2 and quoted by Coventry, p. 101)

Like the Phoenix, MIS-X rose again to have its memory "restored" in Shoemaker's book, within a chapter entitled AFTERWORD.

I first learned that MIS-X had surfaced publicly when I read a 1984 newspaper item describing the celebration by the John Waddington Company of Leeds, England, on their fiftieth anniversary of manufacturing Monopoly. The article told how the game board had been used by British (MI-9) during World War II as a carrier for escape aids to POWs. Mentioned in the article was Professor M.R. D. Foot, a former senior British intelligence officer and author of the book MI-9. (Shoemaker, p. 193)

In the months and years afterwards, Shoemaker and his researcher, Steven J. Owens, immersed themselves in mountains of documented information, visited military history organizations, museums, The National Archives, academic academies, and maintained contacts with hundreds of former POWs and other knowledgeable MIS-X agents. Personnel like Lieutenant General Albert P. Clark, Jr., during their informative session, initiated his interest with the comment, "I waited 40 years to learn about MIS-X and developed darn little, so let's talk." (p.197)

I next came in contact with General John K. Waters, a four-star general who had retired as commander-in-chief of the U.S. Army in the Pacific. He had been a code user at Oflag 64 and had sent the message requesting small-caliber guns. I felt his story would add

immensely to my book and flew to Maryland for an agreed-upon interview. He, like General Clark, had tried many times during his years in the military to locate any of the technicians and mechanics of MIS-X, but to no avail. He invited me to attend the Oflag 64 ex-POW reunion coming up in October at Alexandria, Virginia. It would be my fifth flight across the nation in two years. But the reunion was a disappointment, with less than one hundred members present. 'The people you want to see are all dead,' John Slack adjutant, told me. 'We aren't spring chicken anymore.'

Many others and their contributions are mentioned in this chapter, leaving no doubt that MIS-X had been “found.” (Shoemaker, pp. 193, 203)

Easy-to-locate and peruse websites, such as the one below, have also contributed to the ongoing rediscovery of military operations.

WARFARE HISTORY NETWORK

MIS-X Shadowy Secrets: Aiding Allied POW Escapes.

During World War II, one American intelligence unit was so secret it was known only by its post office box number, 1142. Although it was located only 11 miles down the Potomac from Washington, D.C., in a complex surrounded by multi-armed fences, most members of Congress and even the American military leadership knew nothing of its existence.

Known officially as MIS-X (Military Intelligence Service-X), the unit was created in October 1942. It fought the war on what has been called “the barbed wire front.”

The unit sent aid packages to POW camps, but those packages also included carefully secreted compasses and tissue paper maps hidden in the handles of shaving razors and hair brushes, cardboard checkerboards that could be steamed apart to reveal documents layered inside them, radio parts hidden in baseballs and in cribbage boards, pens in pipe stems, and other items all intended for a single purpose—aiding in the escape and avoiding the recapture of American prisoners of war.

Procuring The Tools of Escape

MIS-X also contacted American manufacturers and, without telling them exactly what they were doing or why, recruited them to assist by producing such things as “peel open” playing cards in which small maps and other documents could be hidden. The Gillette Razor Company, for example, joined in by magnetizing its double-edged razor blades in such a way that, when balanced on a piece of string, the “G” in Gillette pointed due north,

creating a handy compass. A Connecticut company manufactured and hid even smaller compasses in the buttons it manufactured for U.S. military uniforms.

At one point in 1944, MIS-X was sending out 120 parcels a day to German POW camps but was forced to reduce its output when coded messages from the camps pleaded with it to do so. The POWs were simply running out of room to hide things.

Though the exact number is in dispute, according to some estimates as many as 130,000 U.S. troops were captured and became prisoners during World War II, with almost 94,000 of them held by the Germans and 27,000 by the Japanese. Germany also interned 4,700 American civilians, while Japan imprisoned 14,000. Almost 11 percent of the American POWs, 14,072 to be exact, died in captivity.

<http://warfarehistorynetwork.com/article/mis-x-shadowy-secrets-aiding-allied-pow-escapes/>

THE LONG MARCH AND FREEDOM REGAINED

The article by Marrs continues in the following report on *THE LONG MARCH*.

In January 1945, with the rattle of the Russian smallarms fire in the distance, the German guards rounded up the Allied prisoners and marched them westward toward Germany.

For almost a week, the Allied officers were marched more than 100 miles through freezing weather and a few managed to slip away to take shelter in Polish homes and await the Russians. Most decided to stick together.

One day it appeared that V-E Day was coming faster than expected. The prisoners were told that the small town where they had spent the night was surrounded by Russians and that the Germans were going to make a run for it. (p. 15)

With the guards' departure, the POWs savored their freedom until a unit of SS troops appeared to retake control, reassemble the men and continue the march west by loading the weary Kriegies (German term for POW) into railroad boxcars. Known as "forty and eight" cars, their initial purpose was to carry 40 horses and 8 men, but their present use was to extend that number of occupants by crowding 70 men, including Carter, into each car with no provisions of food or water. In addition, as the bombing of Berlin and its trainyards continued with air raid warnings ringing in their ears, the men were locked and trapped inside as the Germans sprinted to air-raid shelters.

Carter counted more than 1200 American bombers over the city and blockbuster bombs were whistling all around. The city, which already

looked like the lunar surface from previous bombings, was turned into a flaming holocaust.

Several prisoners on the train were killed when bombs hit their cars, but the group Carter was in miraculously escaped injury.

With Europe, and especially Germany in a shambles, the trainload of prisoners managed to go only as far as Luckenwalde, a suburb 25 miles from the center of Berlin. (p.15)

For almost a month after their arrival at Luckenwalde there was no food for the prisoners. They lay in their bunks, too weak from hunger to move. Finally some Red Cross packages arrived and literally saved their lives.

One day as the war in Europe drew to a close, word came down that a large battle was taking place south of Luckenwalde between the Russians and the desperate German reserves.

Carter and the other prisoners awoke one morning to find German guards had fled.

A short time later, Russian troops arrived at the prisoner's camp. The German guards were replaced by Russians. The Allied prisoners were not allowed to leave.

However, Carter and a few others were allowed to leave the camp for short periods of time to scrounge food for the others. (p. 15)

*[Carter along with Maynard Files were in charge of package distribution at Stalag IIIA in Luckenwalde after the Germans had fled the camp on April 20. They found a huge store of undelivered private parcels at the Luckenwalde town postal center and scavenged transportation to carry these back to the camp. This action was reported by Edward Beattie in his book, *Diary of a Kriegie*, p. 297]*

It was during this time that Carter poked through German post offices, train stations and other buildings. Many were filled with corpses of German casualties.

Carter next met with a Russian officer who spoke English and soon convinced him to let him try to make the American lines on a motorcycle which a fleeing German had left behind. (p. 15)

Permission gained, Carter jumped aboard, but his mission was cut short when two Russian soldiers commandeered the cycle, so he returned to camp. A few days later, he was again searching for much-needed food when he chanced to see an American jeep. Flaggering it down, he discovered it contained American war correspondents, one of whom knew of the Carter family. The newsmen quickly

returned to the American lines and spread the news about the nearby American POWs. Shortly thereafter, American tanks appeared, resulting in a verbal tug-of-war centered on possession of the prisoners. Fortunately, the Russians “blinked” first as the American tank commander drove his tank through the front gate, settling the argument and freeing the Americans. Pandemonium broke out as trucks arrived to carry them to safety.

Returning to the American line with the correspondents, Carter recognized a familiar face, his father.

Amon G. Carter, Sr. then publisher of the Star-Telegram, had been chosen by Gen Dwight Eisenhower to join a select group of American news executives to journey to Europe.

Knowing that his son was a German prisoner undoubtedly played a part in his trip to the continent, but there was also the desire to see the war situation for himself.

On Saturday, May 5, 1945, the elder Carter was standing with a group of Army officers and newsmen at the command post of the 83rd Division near the Elbe River in Germany.

Suddenly a Jeep pulled up and a young man got out and calmly walked up to the publisher.

“Here I am, Dad.” said the young Carter.

For Amon G. Carter, Jr., Victory in Europe Day had occurred three days earlier than the rest of the world. (pp. 15, 16)

On his return to the U.S., Lt. Carter was reassigned and awarded the Bronze Star in a ceremony detailed below.

Public Relations Office, Post Headquarters, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Second Lieut. Amon Carter Jr. of Fort Worth receives from Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson the Bronze Star Medal which was awarded for services to the army which Lieutenant Carter performed while a prisoner of war of the Germans. The presentation was made at Fort Sam Houston, where Lieutenant Carter now is awaiting a new assignment at the Army Ground and Service Forces Redistribution Station. Rommel's forces captured Lieutenant Carter in North Africa in February, 1943. He was liberated by the Russians at a prison camp near Berlin April 22, 1945, and was returned to the American lines on May 5 by a reconnaissance from General Simpson's Ninth Army. --Signal Corps photo. <https://repository.tcu.edu/handle/116099117/53330>

Carter also received a Purple Heart and the POW Medal for his service during WWII.

A MOTHER’S LETTER TO HER SON

Mrs. Burton Carter

737 Park Avenue

New York 21, N.Y.

Sunday-Always My day, although I know tis God's day, last and always.

My darling, darling Boy,

Just a year ago I sat me down in the same room at this same machine to write you a letter-started in 1944 and finished as 1945 made its appearance. How heavy my heart was—only you knew, as this letter finally came back to me and reached you ten months later. But all of the things I prayed for and hoped for and wrote you about have come to pass in 1945 and so I sit me down again, with a much lighter heart to tell you all over again how much I love you—how proud I am of you and how humbly proud I am that God, in his infinite wisdom and in His ways that so few of us understand, has given me the real privilege of being your Mother-Neither could I have been even the half way good Mother I have been if He had not blessed me with two such fine and unselfish children.

I know that in that heart of yours, you have a great many more really serious thoughts than many realize, but you could not be your Dad's and my son if there were not a great deal of seriousness, sincerity and sentimentality there...and as much as you dislike a lot of drivel, I feel sure that at this time of the year, when the old year is waning, you do not mind being reminded of how different things are now for you but for all of us. That is why we can continue to give thanks for the blessings that have come to us and tell ourselves that even though 1945 brought us the Peace we all prayed for, the right sort of peace, the lasting peace can be such only if we all strive to keep that peace. You boys fought so gallantly for it, while most we could do was to offer prayers for all of you and to keep things going right at home for you to come home to.

We must never forget for one moment the fine boys who stayed over there...and not because they wanted to and because we are blessed in having you given back to us we must continue to strive to help the others who were not so fortunate. I know I shall ever be grateful for those who helped me in my many dark days and hours, and Katrine and Ruth head the list...for we were three who never gave up our faith that all was well with you...and so at this time when we know not what the new year brings, I bear no malice, nor bitterness toward any man, woman or child. And I shall strive to do my part in this year to come toward trying to have...never MAKE...my two fine children love me as much as their hearts will allow them to. Never must you feel it is a duty.

You are so tolerant in all ways, darling, even more so than Ruth and even tho you keep a great deal in that heart to yourself, I know you best, for you are my first born...and I knew your ways since you were a tiny little boy and call me Mudder, so I understand what goes on in that head and heart of yours better than you realize. Be more tolerant of your Dad and toward him too. He does so

adore you...almost worships you and tis hard for him to realize you are twenty-six and have proved your real man-hood in all ways. Nor, does he realize that it was God and you—just you two—who took care of you in those twenty-six months and before that too. Only our prayers helped and so you had your man-hood proven for you—were tried and not found wanting in any way.

This is not a sermon—tis more of an eulogy-for I love you-I am so proud of you and I am so happy at the turn of the year. You and Ruth are responsible for the greatest part of it.

God Bless you always,

Your adoring and devoted,

Mother

Nenetta Carter [hand written signature]

Happy New Year.

CAMP INSIGHTS

A Kriegy Crow named Roney from *Escape from Russia* by Howard Randolph Holder

Despite a full schedule of entertainment there was much time left to the Kriegy when there was nothing to do, and some of them kept busy with hobbies of various kinds. One Kriegy was an entomologist and collected all the different kinds of bugs he could get. Another of our friends, Amon Carter, had adopted a pet crow, which he named, "Roney Dougal" and he was a source of much amusement to the camp. He had fallen out of his nest on the roof of the White House one day and Amon adopted him immediately. "Roney" was named in honor of an English officer we had known at Rotenberg. "Roney's" life was rugged from the very beginning. At first he was liked well enough by everyone, and even learned to come when whistled for by his master. Finally though he became the center of a hot controversy. A lieutenant colonel, who was a recent arrival and objected to living with a crow, complained to the head officer about "Roney" (who was not house broken). "Roney" felt the heavy hand of authority R.H.I.P. (rank has its privileges) and was banished from the premises of his master's barracks to the little greenhouse in the camp area. There he should have been happy to stay because it was warm. However, "Roney" was restless so that was only the beginning of his troubles. He had the unhappy faculty of running along the upper shelves of the establishment, knocking over small flower pot and breaking them. John Creech could not tolerate this, and many were the exciting races

that ensued as John, brandishing a hoe or rake tried to end “Roney’s” young but eventful life. One morning “Roney” was found dead in a small fish pond in the greenhouse, and although John’s story that “Roney” must have drowned while taking a drink, we always suspected that he was the victim of a dastardly bird murder by an overwrought gardener. (p. 156)

Lt. Carter also displayed a serious side which contributed to the morale of many POWs. This one also included his father, Amon Carter, Sr. Through their considerable influence and connections, the names and addresses of many Oflag 64 men were passed to these families, confirming word to those waiting for news that their son, husband, father, family member, or friend was alive—captured but alive in an American POW camp in Poland. Encouraged to write formatted letters, Kriegies could now communicate with their families and friends. Two other subjects carried equal importance when the men were conversing among themselves: foods they missed and packages from home.

Dissension sometimes occurred concerning these parcels: According to camp scuttlebutt, many men received and shared theirs with fellow Kriegies but others who were part of the MIS-X organization received full parcels but were mysterious about their contents.

LEGACIES BEYOND THE WAR

After the war, Carter attended the University of Texas and graduated in June 1946. He was appointed treasurer of the Star Telegram and in 1952 became president of its parent corporation, Carter Publications, Incorporated. In 1955 he succeeded his father as publisher of the Star-Telegram, a position he held until his death. He influenced the move of American Airlines from New York City to Ft. Worth. As its second largest stockholder, he also brought the Texas Rangers baseball team to the area. His long list of civic activities included service on the boards of the Texas Sports Hall of Fame Foundation, the Amon Carter Museum, the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, and Texas Christian University.

From 1955 until his death, Carter was president of the Amon G. Carter Foundation and oversaw the distribution of over \$60 million to charitable and cultural organizations. His many honors included the B’nai B’rith Gold Medallion and the Boy Scouts’ Silver Beaver Award. He is a renowned collector who built one of the largest coin collections in the country. He also helped found the International Paper Money Society and was appointed to the United States Assay Commission. He was a member of the First United Methodist Church and an

independent Democrat, who supported political leaders regardless of party. Carter and his wife, George Ann (Brown), had a daughter and two sons. He died in Dallas of a heart attack on July 24, 1982.

Biography material compiled by Patrick Norris for this section came from the following sources:

Jerry Flemmons, *Amon: The Life of Amon Carter, Sr., of Texas* (AUSTIN: Jenkins, 1978). Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, July 25, 26, 27, 1982, August 25, 26, 1983.

Handbook of Texas Online, Patrick Norris, "CARTER, AMON GARY, JR.," accessed November 6, 2020

<https://www.tshaonline.org/handbook/entries/carter-amon-gary-jr>

One longtime staffer, Jack L. Butler, described him as:

"a sweet and gentle man who cared about people, and particularly those of us who had the good fortune to be associated with him in the production of our newspaper."

The same concern for his fellow human being shone through in his many civic and humanitarian endeavors. As head of the Amon G. Carter Foundation, he oversaw the spending of millions of dollars for projects that improved the quality of life in Fort Worth area: the YMCA's 150-acre camp Carter, the Carter Museum of Western Art and the Carter Blood Bank, just to name a few.

In his quiet, inconspicuous way, he also lent a personal hand to many who needed assistance. After his release from prison camp, for instance, he regularly sent food, supplies and money to a group of people in Poland who had comforted him and his comrades during the war.

Reiter, Ed. "who's who in the hobby" NUMISMATIC NEWS 14 Jan.1984: 3.

TAPS

Amon Carter, Jr's funeral was held at the First Methodist Church in Ft. Worth with burial at Greenwood Memorial Park and Mausoleum in the city he loved and dedicated his life's work to.

<http://www.findagrave.com/>

A 21-gun salute was given by the Fort Worth Police in recognition of his outstanding support of the force. He is only the second civilian to receive this honor.

Source: AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART timeline document.

Biography written by Kriegy Research Group writer Ann C. Rogers