

Arc-76 TC 17:42:00

17:42:20 CESAR CHAVEZ: ...the NRA, the New Deal spurred in yester year. Financially we're still in the dust. I hope to get up and out within the coming months. I think that we can keep our present membership we can begin to pay ourselves fifty dollars a week and pay for the gasoline expense. The great if of course. Thank you very much for the contribution. I hope this is the last time we have to burden you with it. Regards to all, Cesar.

May 14th 1963: Dear Cesar, Knowing how well things are going for you has both bucked me up and turned me a screaming shade of envious green. (SPANISH), that's iguana skin twenty dollar bill. Fred.

January 3rd, January 3rd 1964 from Fred: Dear (SPANISH), Dear Friend of the Pen, It's a good thing our palship doesn't, our palship doesn't depend on la pluma or it would have since long since have withered away. And I certainly can't excuse the left by telling you how awful busy I've been and productive. I've been, because as you know well around this holidays, this holidays it's everything to help in our line of work. This is January 3rd just after the holidays. There's little likelihood I'll be down in the valley in the near future. I don't suppose you'll be coming up to San Jose but if you do let me know. We'll have one at the Hole in the Wall for the sake of all at langsite(?). Warmest regards, Fred.

The Hole in the Wall used to be a little restaurant where we used to go and have coffee when we were in San Jose. After hearing from Fred Jr. that Fred wasn't feeling well David Martinez and I drove up to see him at the (??) where he was staying in Mill Valley. I'm very grateful we were able to talk to him about a week before he died. Fred Jr. had warned me that his dad might not recognize us. He was sitting in a chair in the hallway when we arrived. He looked at me and just like he did forty years ago, his eyes opened his arms, he threw his arms out, ahhh Cesar. God. We spent three hours with walking around. Never did he complain about his illness. And he remembered all kinds of stuff. We walked and walked. We got tired. I invited him to sit down a couple of times, not because of me because of me. He said no I can go on. We told him how grateful we were for everything he had done for us. Fred was always humble and when we (????) he said, come on I haven't done anything for you guys you did it all yourselves. No, I replied. We'll never forget the lessons you taught us. Every time we take a shortcut we get in trouble. There are no shortcuts in organizing, right Fred? Right. We talked about organizing techniques. About preserving his work. About

writing it without any, without any embellishments just exactly how we did it so it could be preserved and then uh, it was time to leave. Fred was lucid and, and it made it very happy. I never knew when I left that it would be the last time I'd see him. I didn't have a chance to tell him in addition to training us and inspiring us and being my hero for over forty years how good of a friend he had become. I shall miss him very much. Thank you.