

*Click Relander*16121 NORTH 32ND AVE.
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON
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Dear friend Roger:

April 8, 1964

Thank you for your letter, and glad to hear you are heading for the home grounds. So hope this catches you. It will be brief for that reason and because we are looking forward to seeing you and spending time with you, listening to accounts of your experiences.

Am in a larger home now, with room outdoors and indoors. You will enjoy the view of Yakima from Terrace Heights. Come to Heights community center, Commonwealth takes off toward Selah Gap from there, house is just below church on the hill, on corner, overlooking Commonwealth and half mile from the Center toward town. Large split leaf birch in sloping front yard, white house.

Some aspects of your letter have me worried, so let's get together and maybe I can find what's gnawing on your bones. Dropped a note to Thelma K so in case this doesn't reach you she will be able to let you know we are hopeful of making connections. And you bet we are. So, until those happier times, the best to you Roger

Click

Author,
"Strangers on the Land"
Published by the Yakima Indian Nation
"Drummers and Dreamers"
"Yakima, 1885-1960"

Editor and Contributor,
"1855-1955—The Yakimas"
Published by the Yakima Indian Nation

Now Tow Look
Historian, called "Brother" by
Wanapum Band of Priest Rapids

Washington State Historical Society
Curator

Yakima Valley Museum, Inc.
Board Member
Honorary Life Member

American Name Society
Tulare County Historical Society, Visalia, Calif.
Seattle Free Lances
City Editor, *The Yakima Daily Republic*

At t cabins, on t bank o t Yákima, 1 m upstream fm: Prosser, Wash
1110 Yakima Av 2 May 64

Amigo Click:

Arrived in t Yak Valley 4 or 5 days ago, discharged part o t truck's cargo at t cabins, then went ryt on to Walla Walla, where was 2 days.

Accumulated mail, & certain business concerns, will hold me captive hr fr a few days, whereafter expect to venture into Ur frigid zone (I can see tt huge cloud o swart smoke, totally obscuring Snipe's Mt, to northward, advertising t fact tt t fruit farmers battled all nyt to save what was left o their crops). Tax fr Ur new address. Shall enter it in my book. [P.S. Have done so.]

Have in prospect a long voyage, next Nov., fm Wilmington to Punta Arenas, Cocos, las islas Galápagos, & no doubt thence to t Tuamotus, Nukuhiva (Marquesas), Tahiti, Bora Bora. But nothing in life is half so uncertain as t projects o "yachtsmen" (most o whom are not truly "yacht" people at all, but lubbers afloat), so I'm not counting upon t materialization o this voyage too sanguinely, there being a talkative & domineering woman in t equation, than which there is nothing thanwhicher aboard a boat. However, t skipper (her husband) is exceptionally excellent, & inasmuch as he has completed a considerable cruise in t same vessel, & is a good navigator, there is a chance tt, despite t negative effect o t "First Mate", t ship may get away after all. As things nw stand, t skipper tells me tt I may have to go to Costa Rica to get into his ketch, inasmuch as he already has promised all his spare space to 2 Costarriquenos (father & son), who I bdlieve showed t American vessel great hospitality a yr or so ago, when t vessel put in at, or near, their hacienda. But t son recently has married, & it is quite unlikely (sez I) tt t groom will be willing to be separated fm his vessel o-pleasure, even fr t few weex required to make t down-wind slant fm San Pedro to Punta Arenas. Ergo, it seems likely to me tt -- if t vessel makes t trip at all -- t son will not be aboard at t starting tym, so I myt be able to go aboard ryt then. If not, then probably I could get to Punta Arenas aboard a tugship in less than half t tym required by t ketch, & go aboard when t father & son leave t ship. I'd lyk to take another look at Costa Rica anyway, inasmuch as I take a very dim view o t future o these niggerized Jew Nyted States. Besides, I no longer see anything fine in cold wx. Finally, I've noted tt, during t last 3 winters, what mail has arrived fm t Kimmel establishment has contained little else than a recitation o persons who are ill, or who have been taken t t hospital, or who have just returned home fm t hospital, or who have just been amou-lanced back to t hospital fr a 2nd or 3rd tym. Contagion rampant. One epidemic ryt after another. T healthiest valley in America suddenly converted into a pest-house. One man opined, in explanation: "We have sprayed our trees & dusted our row-crops until we have killed every bug & fly. There nw are no flies to eat up t bacteria & microbes, so t bacteria & microbes nw are EATING US UP." Wasn't it said in t Biele tt man would destroy himself? Haven't I harpt upon t refrain fr yrs tt: When man finishes "developing" things, he will inevitably perish, because man cannot live in t environment he creates fr himself?

I'd lyk to go to some benign climate, where there is good bathing & good fishing & where I can have a garden & a few fruiting shrubs & trees, & look on at a distance while t niggers & whites fyt it out. Of course, t niggers will win, for White men are no longer "men" -- as Gen. Hershey told t President during t Korean war, & as Gen. Wainwright told t Eagle Scouts in Toppenish with emfatic & profane frankness a few yrs ago.

So-long, Tilliamm

Rogelio

DEPT. OF THE ARMY

UNITED STATES

Group 1000000000

NOT COMMUNICATED