

HELEN L. CARD

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December 16, 1963

Mr. Click Relander, *Now-Tow-Look*
1212 North 32nd Ave.
Yakima, Washington

Dear Mr. Relander:

You must wonder why no-answer to your letter of September 20th, and why I haven't yet sent a catalog to Mr. Quigley. Well, things were in the saddle and riding mankind: or this member of it. I went to Fort Worth in August to catalog Remingtons there, and something was pushing me to give up the shop permanently. I had the catalog ready, and mailed a good bunch of them; but on returning to New York I saw that my rent was to be put up in October, the City had upped its sales tax and then whacked a whopping big Occupancy Tax - this is a tax if you rent a place in which to do business - which they passed during the newspaper strike. This was the final push, and most of September was passed in liquidating the shop and bringing the remains to this place. It took me three weeks of October to straighten out, fill orders from the Cat., and make sure I had paid my bills. Then on my empty-ump birthday, October 23d, I started off in my Pontiac station-wagon headed first for Birmingham, Alabama, where I made a speech about Remington; and then for Tulsa, Bartlesville, Wichita, Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha, oh, a slew of places just to look at collections of American art, private and public. And brother, it did me a great deal of good, and I should have done it long ago.

Back here with my own fireplace and the barn cat, I kept off the highways the day before Thanksgiving, and started out very early Thanksgiving morning to make the three-hour jaunt to Pennsylvania for a holiday with Tom Ryan and his family. Only 7 miles from home I struck a thick white fog, switched on my lights...and I found myself entering an emergency room of a hospital with a handsome young policeman. What happened, I never knew; though apparently I collided with an unseen car in the fog. 18 stitches in the head, and bruises like the Tattooed Lady, so now there's even more correspondence to catch up on. *No one else was hurt.*

Well, I do thank you for your letter, we all miss Walter Latendorf, he was the one everyone went to: and before I completed my six years running his shop, they were all coming to me the same way, especially for information on Remington and all kinds of American artists who were ignored just because they illustrated - !! I sold a lot of your Drummers and Dreamers; then sold my whole western section to another dealer to help empty the shop, but I do appreciate your telling me about the change in price. I am so glad you sent me "Strangers on the Land," I have put it now on my bedside table, as my only chance to read seems to be when I stretch out at night. Now, I like the picture on "Quig"s" card - and am right now sending him a catalog. I am not going to have a shop, any more, but I am going to continue to send out catalogs, as almost all my selling is actually by mail or chiefly by long-distance telephone!

Jeri

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