COMPLETE TITLESERVICE

TELEPHONES: VANCOUVER, OXFORD 3.4711 . PORTIAND, BUTIER 9.5232
706 WASHINGTON STREET • VANCOUVER • WASH.
November 18, 1957

Click Relander
1212 North 32nd Avenue
Yakima, Washington
Dear Click:
By all means, devote Friday evening to "Crying in Our Beer," if you' 11 pardon the paraphrase. If you're driving and arrive in our metropolis by $5: 30$, come to our office (see rare old example of cartography enclosed)--otherwise, follow the other route on the treasure map and wind up at the Burnham Shanty. There you may remove shoes, dentures, toupee, et cetera, and still get service at the bar.

Incidentally, immediately cancel your Friday night's reservation in Portland and we' 11 kick you off our premises at whatever ungodly hour you suggest on Saturday morning.

You may be planning a comprehensive tour of Portland's fleshpots-if so, okeh. On the other hand, you might enjoy browsing through Northwest Americana and Pacific Coastiana, from a 1589 Hakluyt clear down to Drummers and Dreamers, interspersed with a few old maps and few drinks--then we' 11 stay at the Burnham Cat House.

We're looking forward to a heavy evening of fatchewing with one of our favorite friends and there' 11 be a candle burning in the window at the office and likewise at home.


[ENC1 1957 NOU18]


May 12, 1964

Click Relander<br>3701 Commonwealth Road<br>Yakima, Washington

Dear Click:
Certainly hope you're feeling up to par again--it was a shock to hear of your absence (and its reason) at the last board meeting. Since then I've been spending most of my time "on the road," including a little research in National Archives, Library of Congress, Yale's Beinecke Library, Illinois State Library and Wisconsin State Library.

As to the water color that Bruce LeRoy mentioned: (1) It isn't mine but belongs to Pres McMann of Old Oregon Book Store; (2) I think it depicts Fort Steilacoom rather than Fort Simcoe; and (3) McMann values it at more than you or I would pay. So much for that.

How come we never received a bid to your housewarming? And our four-legged bosses were not invited by your blue point! Hope you'll rectify this sometime within the next decade.

I don't even have a flock of stories to send you. In gathering them I've been just as confused as the blind man at the burlesque show: He knows what's going on, but he wonders what's coming off.

Just ow philosophical thought in conclusion:
Adam to Eve: "Darn it, that's the third time this week you've chopped up my pants in the salad!.

Thelma joins me in sending a strident "Hi, there!" to the irreplaceable Relanders.
Cheerio,


