

December 29, 1938

Dear Sam:

I had five enlarged photographs taken by Wendell Chapman, which I thought would make a good series for the Magazine Section of the Journal for January 15. If it is too late, I hope you can use them for January 22. The best pictures are of an elk, also close-up of a mountain goat, and Chapman petting a beaver.

I left these with Mrs. Donald Spencer, 2662 N. W. Cornell Road. Have also sent her an article as she said she had talked with you about this. Chapman is to give a lecture in Portland on January 24, I think. We know him and his wife very well, as they have done some remarkable work. You can change the title of this article to suit yourself. Mrs. Spencer will turn all of this stuff over to you.

Irene and I wish you a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

December 29, 1938

Dear Delta:

Enclosed is an article that we have written about Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Chapman. Will you get this to Sam Raddon at the Journal office as soon as possible, and also take the five enlarged photographs which I left with William at the office of J. P. Finley & Son. These have to be in about two weeks in advance before publication. It may be that you can get it published in the issue of January 15. I am writing a note to Raddon telling him you will deliver this for the Magazine Section. Drop me a line and let me know when it will be published. I think you said Chapman lectures there January 24.

In regard to the people who ought to be interested in this lecture, I should get in touch with W. A. Elliot, F. M. C. A., Portland, who is in the Audubon Society; also Mr. Crowell who is President of that organization. They would perhaps notify their members, asking them to attend. Also telephone Ed Averill who is in the insurance business in the Terminal Sales Building. He can give you the names of the officers of the Portland Chapter of the Isaac Walton League. The League has a weekly meeting every Friday noon, and you could get some one to make an announcement there about this lecture. You could also get in touch with William J. Smith, head of the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont in the Pacific Building. He is President of the Oregon Wildlife Federation, and their members are all interested in such a series of wildlife pictures as Chapman has.

Should think it might be a good idea to connect up ~~with~~ with the officers and members of the Mazama Club who are all ~~in~~ interested in the out-of-doors.

William Rush is Regional Director of the Biological Survey in the new Federal Office Building. Stanley Jewett is one of our best naturalists and is also with the Biological Survey in this building. They have a number of other employees who would be interested in this lecture. All of the above mentioned names can tell you of others who might like to attend.

Irene joins me in New Year greetings to you and Donald.

Sincerely yours,

THE SPORT OF CAMERA HUNTING
by

William L. and Irene Finley.

It was late September in Yellowstone Park. We pulled up over the steep windy top of Mt. Washburn and jerked to a standstill. On the slope below a man was standing with a camera. A heavy gale blew his hair straight back, his form leaning hard against the force and pull of it. The man's face was eager and determined. In front of him hulked in a startled, belligerent attitude, with a snarl on his chunky face was an old grizzly bear. How the sun lit up the silvery tips of his coat. The movie camera whirled on.

It was Wendell Chapman, noted photographer, lecturer, and author, in a typical place and attitude and enjoying the imminent adventure of being slapped flat by an offended grizzly bear. Man and bear had suddenly come face to face on one of the highest wind-blown points in the Park. The man knew enough not to turn his back and run; so did the grizzly. In the interim of fixed gazes of both, the ever-ready camera took in the angry visage of the great bear. Was he suspicious, or was he vicious?

Wendell was used to taking such dares with fate, even courted them, for that is a camera man's sport, hunting in the out-of-doors. He depends upon his own self-control and capacity to handle a sudden situation of this kind with a dangerous subject. And that is what happened. Man and bear eyed each other for a minute or two to satisfy themselves that neither was going to make a jump at the other. Then the old bear turned very slowly and shambled off south. Wendell turned and meandered north.

It was a little surprising to find a grizzly away up here on Mt. Washburn at this time. But there was a bigger query in store. The Park had been officially closed. The grizzlies' cateteria on Otter Creek had been shut down by the rangers. At the final meal where there were forty or fifty banqueters, two old bears, a male and a female, and two cubs were shot for mounted specimens in a group for the American Museum of Natural History. The multitude that had been fed all summer scattered in every direction like the bombarded

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rocks under a ton of dynamite. Any trust in mankind must have blown up in a hurry in every grizzly family.

"If this was one of the Otter Creek bears, you are a lucky man to be alive," said Lucie Chapman as she hurried up to her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Chapman both graduated at the University of California at Berkeley. After about ten years of office work, Wendell came to the conclusion that both of them would get more real joy out of life in packing and camping through the wilderness areas. Shooting with the camera had been a hobby of Chapman. It was more fun than office work. But how about making a living? Lucie readily agreed that the new line of work had qualifications for both livelihood and health, and they could work together. Perhaps family life would be more successful in many cases if husband and wife were following the same trail.

Should a married couple look solely for money returns? Is it not better for their hearts and souls to be centered in something they love to do? Work of this kind will bring its own financial success. Joy, happiness, and health are greater factors in life than pure wealth. This is the trail the Chapmans are following. Mr. Chapman began as a bond salesman and was successful, except in the fulfillment of a more rounded life. The change that he and his wife made to the field studies of natural history led them to the real satisfaction of a prolonged vacation. Spending their summers along our beautiful streams, around snow-clad mountains, camping in the forests gave them the proof of their experiment.

As writers of magazine stories and illustrated volumes on bird and animal life, their work is a success. As a motion picture lecturer bringing the outdoors in to many people, Mr. Chapman has performed an important educational work. He has interested more people in the love of the out-of-doors.

One of the most important studies made by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman was the life of the beaver, the most valuable wild animal in America. They had located a colony in a mountain valley where the beavers had built a pond to surround their big stick houses. For days and days these naturalists had camped in the nearby

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forest. Although the beavers as a rule start working about dark, they were successful in finding one that came out a little earlier. Sitting near where these clever animals were accustomed to work, without sudden noises and movements they made friends with this old one and later on were even permitted to pet him as he walked by.

It is an unusual thing for one to sit quietly and get pictures of a beaver cutting a tree. This and many other scenes of the home life of the beaver not only made a remarkable motion picture story, but the Chapmans wrote the life of the beaver for their first book. In it the beaver is a real live companion. They have a method of handling natural history in a human way that is attractive to both children and adults. The same is typical of Chapman's motion picture lectures which have been given before various organizations in many parts of the country.

Some of the most remarkable wildlife photographs made by the Chapmans were climbing the rugged cliffs of the Rockies where the mountain goats live. Catching moose and antelope with a camera is one thing, but getting a goat is slightly different. Time and experience have shown that luck plays an important hand by trumping in and taking tricks when you think you have your goat-- lest you forget you are dealing with the most daring steple-jack in the country, and a fellow most eccentric in character. No use saying he is the most difficult American animal to photograph, because someone will rise up and exhibit remarkable pictures taken on the trail the first week out. This, however, only goes to show that Lady Luck was present and stretched herself to keep up with him.

One day as the eastern sky glowed pink, the Chapmans were zigzagging up the mountains. Frowning down upon them were a thousand feet of shale slopes and rocky abutments. Up and up, sharper on the slope, they finally reached the top to get a glimpse of an old Billy. He seemed to be stepping calmly on knobs of rock that didn't jut out far enough to hand a hat on. No tight tensioned nerves sent shivers of fear along his spine. The camera man got one distant shot, and then he was gone for good.

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However, after many expeditions in the high Rockies the Chapmans have taken remarkable still and motion pictures of the mountain goat. This is the climax for a wildlife photographer. The goat is different from every other animal. He is built like a battering-ram, with short legs, head hung low, and the edges of his hoofs as sharp as steel with rubber pads inside, so he can walk on ice and stick on slanting ledges. Some say he is a relative of the wild goats of Asia, but he is a long way from that country. He was made in America and the original pattern is lost. The old Indian who first reported him to Alexander Mackenzie called him a "white buffalo."

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