

P.O. Box 533
Grants Pass,
Oregon,
April 14, 1961

Mr. Click Belander
Yakima,
Washington

Dear Mr. Belander:

Being an inattentive "clipper" of news stories relating to Indians the caption of a story "First Fruits" Festivals now under way, etc. caught my eye. I almost missed seeing the article which was, as you ^{published} know in April 2 Portland Oregonian. (The story was most interesting — to do you credit) The point of this note is personae. Are you the Click Belander who was a reporter on the Fresno Bee in late 1920? ^{there could be} It would seem unlikely that two Click Belanders. I just finished reading the article which I enjoyed immensely

so decided to send a letter.

I wanted to express appreciation
for the interesting ^{news} story, of which
there are too few of the the
Northwestern tribes, it seems.

My interest in Indians stems
from the fact that I am
Indian, Choctaw (and Irish, half and half).

It is unlikely that you would
remember me, if you are the
Chief Reader of The Fresno Bee.
I was in the classified department
of the Bee for almost three years,
before I went to the Star-News in
Pacifica in April 1929, long ago.

I like the sound of your title
"Drummers and Dreamers." I will
make an effort to find a copy.

Very sincerely

Lillian James Chapin
(Mrs. Ralph O. Chapin)

P.O. Box 533

Grants Pass

Oregon

August 4, 1961

Dear Dick Blander:

There is no tomorrow — I have tried in vain to find one. I have been very slow in getting this letter done. I want to thank you for your very nice letter, which I enjoyed. I did send a note to you to say that I would write a letter.

I hope that you have not made a trip to California (if you have had your vacation and drove down highway 99) since you write, because I would be disappointed at not seeing you and giving you a cup of coffee. The highway passed my driveway — I am off the road.

I must explain here why I was
delayed in ^{writing} this letter. I wanted to
read your book, "Drummers and
Dreamers" which I was able
to obtain from our local library.
I must say that I was touched
by the story. It was a
difficult one to do; the tremendous
amount of research must have
taken endless time. The sympathetic
way you handled the story
of these poor Indians was the
nicest thing I have come
across in all of my reading. In
one of the footnotes you mentioned
the name T. T. Waterman (with a woman
collaborator on a book) and I wondered
if you knew him. He was an instructor
at Fresno State while you were on the
Bee. Then I remembered some Sunday
features that T. T., Doctor Waterman did
and it occurred to me that you ^{may have} ~~had~~
done the stories. He was my instructor in
two courses, one of which was "History of American
Indians". That was my initiation or rather
introduction to that Coast Indians. They are

vastly different from Indians I had
 known in my native Oklahoma -
 Indian Territory. I was interested
 to learn about them but that
 just about ended my education
 as far as western Indians was
 concerned. The Indians I have
 met are Osages and Cherokees
 from Oklahoma.

It took me longer to read
 Drummers and Dreamers (I can see
 its value as a text book) I was
 more than fascinated - I had read
 them; though I've never seen the Columbia
 it was a very real river to me. I'm
 almost ashamed that I have
 waited so long to thank you
 again for the enjoyment and
 good feeling of knowing that
 someone was interested enough
 to do a story like that.

Now, that book is the number
 one reason for long delay. There are
 others, none one being just
 a busy time for me.

I belong to a woman's Club -
actually two of them, Rogue River
Civic Improvement Club (of a very small
town only four miles away) and the
Grants Pass Federated Breakfast Club. They
are affiliated with the Oregon Federation of
Women Clubs. I am the Chairman of
Public Affairs for First District,
comprising eight clubs in Southern
Oregon. Just about the time I
should have answered your letter
I was up to my ears in getting
out a report to the State Chairman
on the clubs in my district also our
annual District Meeting was on
about that time. Earlier in March
Rogue River had observed its fiftieth
anniversary and I did the publicity
for that and so having already
done the work I did a piece for
The Clubwoman ^{General Federation magazine} which I hope
will be used. I sent photos by a
professional photographer - and
return postage - so I was very
busy.

When I left The Bee I went to
Pasadena Starnews — I just heard
over K.F.A. radio that Lucia has just
reported a second man in space 1:20 AM
here and I should be in bed — I worked
there for almost six years then a
year in Los Angeles. I married the
youngest son of one of the owners of the
Star News in 1936. We had met the
day I went to work at the paper. You
may have known my sister-in-law
if not her then certainly her husband,
who was "Hymie" or Hyman Mitchell
of Buckman-Mitchell Insurance Firm
in Visalia. He moved to Oregon
in 1939 after living in Victorville
nearly since November 1936 when
my husband took a leave of absence
on account of his poor health.
He never returned to work. We enjoyed
Oregon so much that summer
we were here that we decided
this is it. My husband's health

was never good though he worked
at home making a garden just
for pleasure and we did a lot of
fishing. He was better after we came
up here, though he was never well.
He passed away in March of 1954.
He had asthma caused from complications
of earlier illnesses - before I knew him
but he died of a stroke. He was almost
sixty-one. We had a wonderful
life - not much money, enough
for essentials but lots of good times
and beautiful memories for me. We
hunted and fished together and
went camping. We were always together
because that year we were married
he had to leave his work. I used
to tease him and say he was
allergic to me because his asthma
came that fall. That was the reason
he retired so young, the asthma.

We bought a small 10-acre
dry land ranch ^{about 6 miles south of Grants Pass} with springs for
irrigation and drinking water, after

his doctor recommended a quiet place where he would have some work to interest him. Before that ^{time} we had trouble finding a suitable place for living so had to buy a place. A friend, an artist had owned the place not much of a house, still is not, but had the other qualifications, quiet and trees - also in most of the time a small stream, like a brook runs through the property and yard. We were fortunate to find such a nice place, quiet as it is. We were getting our mail in a mail box so continued to do so because the house is about the equivalent of 5 or 6 blocks from highway in a canyon. The 10-acres we bought were the choice part of two mining claims which had been patented by the original owner. Later we acquired 20 acres and still later after my husband died I found myself in the position of having to buy the little 13-acre place with cottage because I wanted to continue to live here. Now the two mining claims are together again in one ownership.

Ned Chapin

In April of 1955 my brother-in-law
and older
the only brother of my husband had
surgery for removal of cataracts
(He used to live in Grants Pass
and was editor of local paper but his
family pined for Logana Beach so they
went back) and a successful
operation it was. The cottage was
vacant so I invited him to spend
the summer here. He had spent
a lot of time with my husband ^{and me}
and had liked Grants Pass. I went
down and drove his car up from
Logana. He decided to remain
here. Having no family to need
him - his wife had passed on in
1952. I was pleased that he
decided to stay. He is a very -
a thoroughly nice person. His
children are pleased that he is
here. We have our meals together
and he likes everything called
food. So planning menus is no problem.

My Chipew family are more attention
than my James family. My sister-in-law,
the former Mrs Millchell - Hyman passed away
and she remained and lives in Santa Monica
visits me twice a year in Spring and
Fall. Ned's son who lives in Sacramento
visits twice a year. We see them at
Easter time for fishing at feeding
it is about halfway for each of us
to travel. Ned's youngest son and
family will arrive for two days visit
13th & 16th from Sacramento - I hope we
will have nice weather. Has been hot here.

We play Chess - I won a game today -
I'm not very good but keep trying. Ned
has been playing over 60 years so I'm
pleased when I can win. We have
seen all of the Shakespearean Plays
since 1933 - at the Festival in Oakland
This year we saw the 4 in successive
nights. ^{that were} We went fishing too. We went to
Lake Unquoque one day. He each got a limit
on flies; it was wonderful fishing
that day. Finally I am catching up with myself.

Ned belongs to the Christian Scientist Church. I attend with him every Sunday though I do not understand it. I have found that some of the things I have always believed are incorporated in that religion.

Tomorrow I am going to see an art show - it is usually interesting local, southern art, artists show.

I should have used the typewriter but I decided to use the pen making the letter seem longer.

I'm sorry to hear of your unfortunate marriage ~~break~~ break-up.

I must also thank you for the information on Indian affairs. I heard that the Cherokees, of Oklahoma, won a judgment ^{for} ^{the} ⁴ ^{trip} for payment of land embracing northern part of Oklahoma called "Cherokee ~~Strip~~ ^{trip}, 14 million dollars for them - they sued for 80 million.

I apologize for this embarrassingly long letter. Hope it hasn't bored you too much.

Sincerely Billie James Chapin