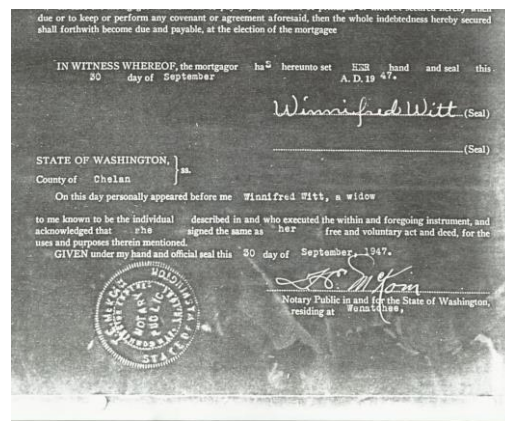
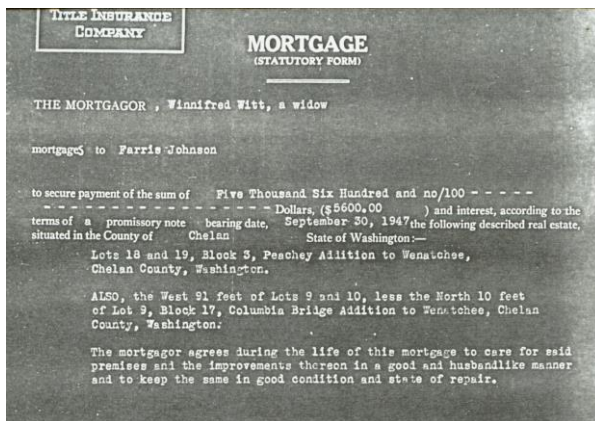


Chapter 10

746 South Chelan Street

After living in the Wenatchee Valley for a few years, and making a number of moves to rented houses, the Courchane's purchased a house at 746 South Chelan Street from Winifred E. Witt. They lived there for about eight years until Daddy and Momma lost it because of financial difficulties.

Winifred E. Witt was always "Mrs. Witt" to us kids, and after she sold the house at 746 So. Chelan to Daddy and Momma she moved to 1021 South Mission. In 1953 she was 67. Her son, John Witt (she had 4 sons.), was a 40 year old parking lot attendant and lived with her. I remember visiting at her home on Mission Street with Momma and some of the girls, and remember how nice and kind she was to us boys. She had button cans full of buttons of all kinds and sizes and Dale and I would look at them the entire time of the visit. In those days each time a piece of clothing was discarded the buttons were cut off and saved, hence the button cans, they were a round tin cake or cookie container. She also had cloth pieces and patterns that we look at and marveled over. Polk's 1946 Directory shows that Clement B. Witt owned the home on 746 South Chelan. He was a school teacher, and he had died in 1947. This is probably why Mrs. Witt sold out to us. Mrs. Witt died in May 19, 1963 in Wenatchee, and her obituary says that she was born July 23, 1886, at Corvallis, Oregon, raised there and became a school teacher. The Witts moved to Waterville in 1906, lived in many different towns in North Central Washington, finally settling in Wenatchee (a second time, first in 1911) in 1941.



Mrs. Winifred Witt's Mortgage on her property that shows a description of 756 S. Chelan

John Witt had an old black Model T (or Model A) and drove Momma and the family to Electric City to visit with Aunt Rosie and Uncle Jacque Williams and their family at least twice in the late 1940's. No one remembers the Williams family visiting at 746 South Chelan in the nearly 10 years we lived there.



Mrs. Winifred Witt holding Gay Jones at the Witt home on South Mission Street.

The house at 746 South Chelan was the first real home Momma and Daddy could call their own. Many fond memories are connected with that old two-story white house. Momma and Daddy's oldest children would marry and move away while we lived there. Daddy and Momma's first grandchild was born while they resided there. The neighbors were good friends. On either side of 746 were the Pates and the Slaytors, and directly across the street were the Monsons, Rosebrooks, Buhrings, with the Barnetts, and Bassetts on the corner. Also on that block were the Thompsons, McWilliams, Winters (a black family), and the Mays. Everyone got along and times were happy.

746 South Chelan Avenue is described as: Lots 18 and 19, Block 3, Peachy Addition to Wenatchee, Chelan County, Washington. Now, over fifty-plus years later, the beautiful old house is painted an ugly green or brown color. The fruit trees and grape vines are all cut down, junked automobiles sit in the yard, and it has lost all of its old charm. The neighborhood is taken over by newcomers, who know nothing of the old friendships and good times that were once a part of that block. The neighborhood is now shabby looking.



Daddy working in his garden, the Lutheran Church in the background.

At 746 Daddy raised a large garden, currants, grapes, plums, gooseberries, and different kinds of berries. Momma had compost pile by the grape arbor that she made with coffee grinds, egg shells and other stuff. In the photo above he is working in one of the gardens that dotted the property. He planted trees somewhere in this area, according to Sassy they were walnut trees, and I hear Dale and I set them on fire and burned them down. Asparagus also grew there, as I remember once when no one was home Dale and I picked some and tried to cook it on the stove. We were not successful. We were in the 1st grade or so at the time.

Daddy was forced to retire in his early fifties because his legs gave out. He had always said that working in cold, wet weather while he was a lumberjack had been the main cause. I think he had some kind of skin disorder on his legs. He stayed home and took care of us kids, while Momma worked as a cook. He was a good baby-sitter as he never spanked or raised his voice at us. He was a good baker too, making cakes, rolls and even cream puffs.

Most of the old photos taken during this time period were taken with Momma and Daddy's old Brownie Hawkeye camera. It was a little black box that one peered down on the top to see through the lens. It seemed that everyone got a set of photographs each roll of film that was developed, because multiple copies have survived. As flashes were not common in those days very few photographs were taken in doors. A few of the photographs were made by me from very old negatives (they were stored in an envelope in a box for at least 30 years). These

appear a bit scratchy or faded; you'll know them when you see them. I was glad to get them though.

The 1948 Apple Blossom Festival Parade was lead by General Mark W. Clark, commander of the 5th Army in the invasion of Italy during WWII. Also appearing in the festivities was Admiral G. H. Fort, the commandant of the 13th Naval District at Seattle. Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, Anita Gordon and Pat Patrick appeared in a 2 hour show on opening day of the festival. The festival not only had the two parades but track meets, model airplane and marble contests, horse show, band and bag-pipe concerts, and a Seattle police drill team appearance. Governor of Washington State Wallgren also came. It had 79 floats and 34 bands.

Jimmy's and Betty's first child was stillborn. But on February 7, 1949 Betty had a baby girl, and they named her, Connie Christine Courchane. She is counted as Momma and Daddy's 1st grandchild.

About that time Jimmy had gotten out of the correction facility at Monroe. And Eickmeyer hired him again to help move houses. And he later started working in concrete for Clarence "Pappy" Reeves, joining the Cement Mason's Union out of Ephrata in 1951 or 1952, paying \$25.00 for initiation fees.



Mrs. Gladys Crause & Betty Merriman.
(Sassy believes that this is Mary Merriman)



Betty Merriman Courchane



Connie Christine Courchane (across the street is Mr. Carl Monson)



Connie Courchane



Viola Courchane (Momma) with a Switch. I wonder if she is looking for Dale & Me ?



Darlene with a big squash that Daddy and Smitty grew in the vegetable garden. She is standing in front of one of the lilac bushes.



Rainsey and a friend playing baseball, right by the window!



Sassy and Dale Courchane



Sassy and Darlene standing in front of the lilacs



Darlene with Dale & Chalky



Darlene with Sister, Chalky & Dale holding puppies.



Jimmy and O.A., notice that he is in US Army uniform



Chalky & Rainsey



Dale & Chalky Courchane





Doris & Eddie Boyd, O.A. & Sassy Jones and Jimmy & Melba Courchane



Chalky



Chalky & Dale



Smelling violas



Dale Courchane



Chalky & Dale (Dale is holding a balsa wood airplane) Chalky



Chalky, Georgie & Dale



Chalky & Dale (they don't look too enthused).



Darlene Courchane &



Darlene Courchane



O.A. Jones and a boy that lived with us for a while (but no one remembers his name). Dale on the tricycle.



Dale on Jimmy's jeep up No. 2 Canyon Rd.



Chalky & Dale

It was shortly after I was born that the family moved to 746 South Chelan Street, so my earliest memories are from there. And for a long time I even thought I was born there. It was during those times that I got my nickname, "Chalky". It was a moniker that Dale bestowed on me. Until we were in our late teens, Dale and I were constant companions. If there was any kind mischief developing in the neighborhood, we were involved as the chief participants. And we were ringleaders who had a following of the neighborhood kids. Our daily activities were usually playing hide and seek or kick the can, digging forts, collecting red ants or bees, throwing dirt clods at each other, and other such things as kids did in those nostalgic days.

Going back to a very early age, one of my first memories is climbing up on Daddy's lap while he listened to square dance music on a 78 rpm record on our old record player. That moment has stuck in my mind for over fifty years; I must have been only 3 or 4 then. But I can still remember vividly the coziness, security and smell of his plaid shirt as I laid my head against his chest. He would gently rock me to sleep with his arms.

There was usually a houseful at the Courchane residence. Besides the large family, friends stayed over, and relatives often lived with us during the summer months. It was a happy lot of old pensioners, cousins, nephews, nieces, and friends of the family. Among those who stayed with Daddy and Momma in those days were: George Wellington Glover, Phillip Ashley, Richard Courchene, Helen "Dubsy" Allison, Marshall "Smitty" Smith, Lou Unclesby, Archie Glover, and Mary Willis. All the visitors were treated by Momma as one of the family. One time a woman brought two little girls to the house for

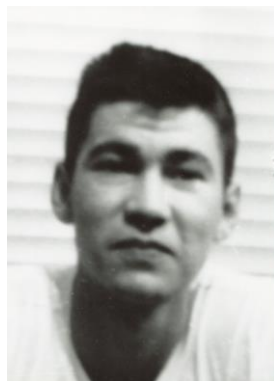
Momma to care for and did not come back to get them for two years! It must have been heart wrenching for Momma and the family when she came for them. Momma loved people and especially kids.

Mary Willis was a good friend of Dona's, and often stayed over night ("camped" Daddy always said) and sometimes stayed several days. She slept upstairs with Dona and the other girls. One night she got up to go to the bathroom during the night, the bathroom being just outside of Dona's room. As Mary walked into the bathroom our dog, Mitzi, saw her. Mitzi was a little red dog. She had followed Mary out of the bedroom and waited for her just outside the door. When Mary started out of the bathroom Mitzi growled at her and stopped her at the door. Sassy said they heard Mitzi growling and wondered why, and on inspection found Mary being held at bay in the bathroom. After rescuing Mary they all had a good laugh over it. They never could understand why Mitzi did that though. Mary Willis later married Leonard Garrard, a cement finisher, who contracted in Wenatchee for years and was the business agent for Local 449 of the Operative Plasterers & Cement Mason's International Association. They later lived for a long time on Piere Street in Wenatchee.

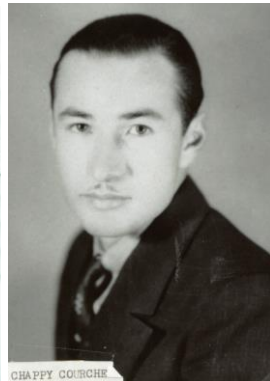
Daddy's nephews, Richard "Budgaye" and Charles Courchane came to Wenatchee and stayed with our family for a while, and picked fruit. Their brother, David "Chappy" Courchane came with his family at least once to visit.



Richard Courchene



Charles Courchene



Chappy Courchene



Louise Courchene



Rosemary Courchene



Marian Courchene



Esther Courchene



Dorothy Courchene



Chalky & Georgie Glover under a rose trellis. Georgie sitting on the curb in front of 746



Georgie at 746 South Chelan Street.



Georgie wearing Jimmy's service jacket.



Georgie working somewhere in Number 2 Canyon Road.
Getting topsoil for Daddy's and Momma's Gardens at 746
(I met a man at Top Foods (September, 2009) that told me about getting
this top soil in those days for 50 cents a yard.



Uncle Phillip Ashley (Momma's brother) & Chalky.

Rainsey remembered that Uncle Phillip Ashley “used to try to rope us all the time with ropes, he’d make us run so he could lasso us. Lasso us! He was just like Jimmy when he was drinking. He was just exactly like Jimmy! Jimmy was just exactly like him. He slept up stairs. That one night he slept in that one bedroom and put his arm through the window, boy he was cut!”



Dale, Georgie & Chalky



Chalky, Dona & Dale

[‘=]



Chalky



Chalky



Chalky & Dale



Georgie Glover



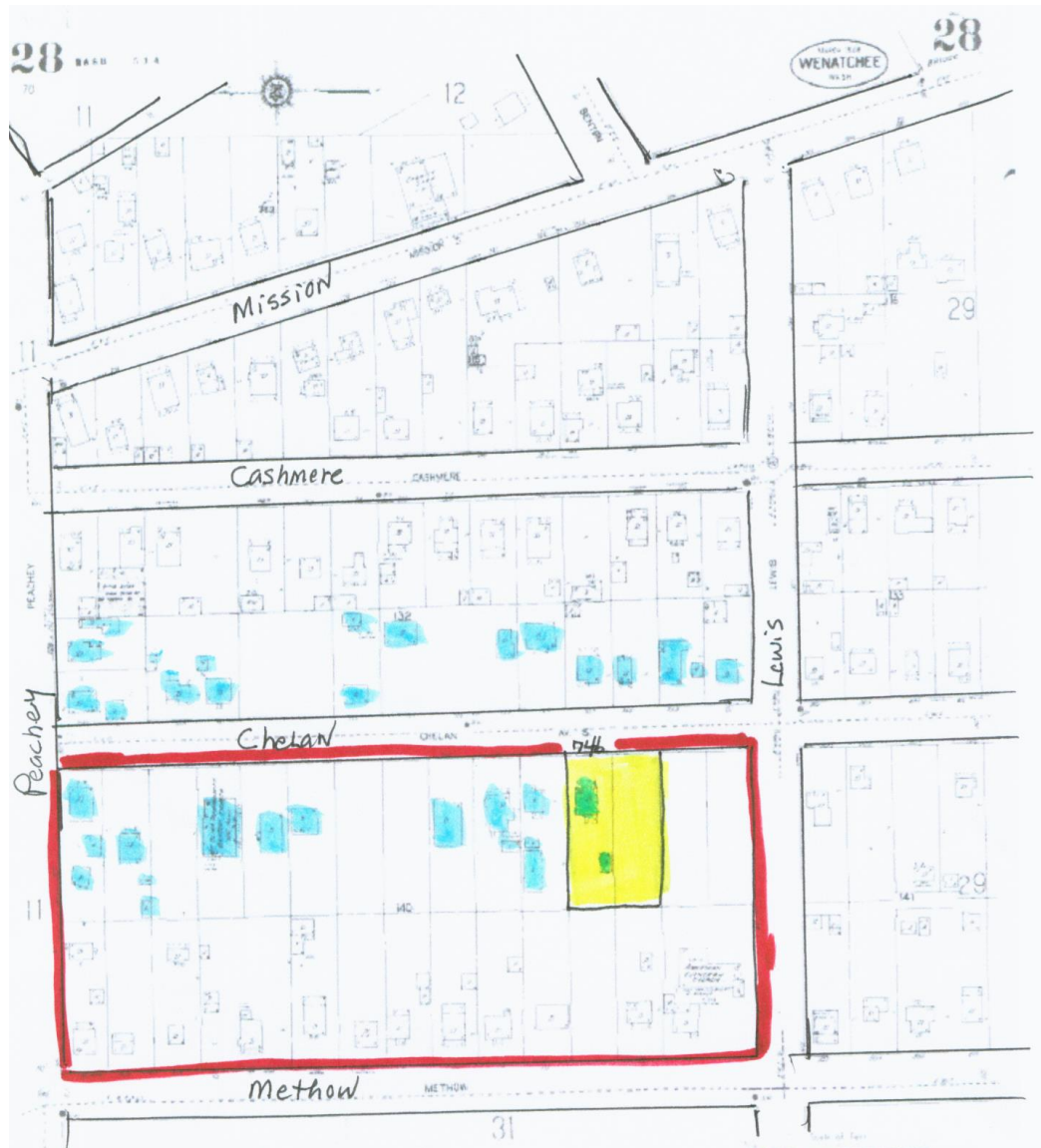
Chalky & Dale (holding our cat, I think)
in back of Jimmy's old car.



Dale & the big squash



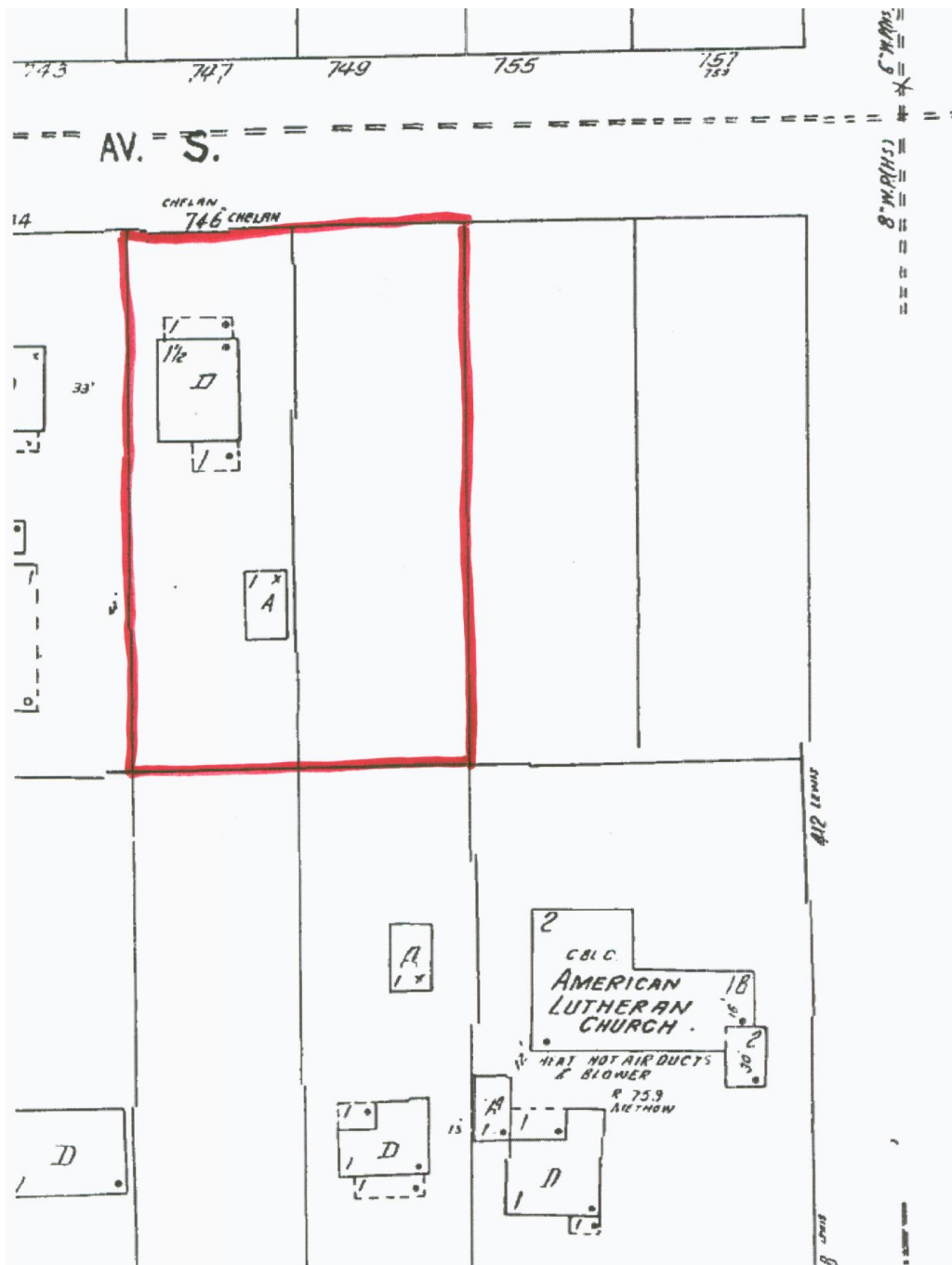
Aerial view of South End of Wenatchee, showing 746 South Chelan Street, a Soil Conservation Photograph. (Wenatchee Valley Museum & Cultural Center, photo 2.6 1948). Mission Park can also be seen, follow the road up from the park (Lewis St.) two blocks and then turn right and down South Chelan to the two large trees. That is 746. To the extreme lower left corner is Park St., our house was located in the trees at the center of the street.



The Kitzke's lived on the upper left corner of Methow St. I brought a section of the Methow sidewalk home in 2006. I put it in the front yard and widened an existing walk with it. The part I cut up and brought home was near the corner above 746. We replaced it with new sidewalk.







As I said it was during these years that the Courchane children started leaving home. Jimmy had been the first to go in 1946 when he joined the U.S. Army Air Force. He was followed by Sassy who married in 1949. Dona moved with her son, Michael to the duplex across the street. Darlene married George Washington Hansbrough and moved to

Fort Riley, Kansas in 1954. Dale, Chalky, and Rainsey were to remain at home until the 1960s. Momma's first grandchildren were: Connie Christine Courchane, Michael Wayne Courchane, Gloria Gay Jones, Richard Lewis Courchane, Diane Lynn "Sister" Courchane, John Bryan Courchane and Douglas Owen Jones. They were all part of the life at 746 So. Chelan.

Sassy married Oreon A. Jones April 11, 1949. The wedding was performed in the living room of 746 South Chelan. For the wedding reception rows of chairs were placed facing the dining room. Momma, Dona, Darlene, Rainsey, Jerry Joe Ashley, Joe and Florence Ashley, Doris and Eddie Boyd, Marshall "Smitty" Smith and a few others sat in the rows of chairs. Darlene remembered sitting in her chair when Daddy came by and handed me (Chalky) to her, and said in a low voice, "Keep him with you and watch him closely and don't let him take his clothes off!" As the wedding took place, Sassy looked over at Daddy and saw his legs shaking as he stood by to give her away. On seeing how nervous Daddy was it caused her to become quite nervous and shaky herself. After the wedding Sassy and O.A. left, but that night Darlene stayed up later than she usually did, waiting for Sassy, as the two always slept together. Finally Daddy asked "Why are you still up", and when Darlene told him "I was waiting for Sassy," she was surprised when he answered, "Sassy won't be sleeping with you anymore, she is married now." It had never occurred to Darlene, and she recalled not too long ago, "Boy, I sure was dumb!" Polk's 1949/50 edition of the Wenatchee City Directory shows that O. A. and Sassy lived at 117 Cleveland and that he was a driver for the G. I. Cab Company.



Lilly Rose "Sassy" Courchane Jones

O.A. and Sassy at 746

From The Wenatchee Daily World, Friday, April 8, 1949, page 2:

"Today's News In Brief

To Wed - Oreon A. Jones, Goldengate, Ill., and Lilly Rose Courchane have applied for a marriage license at the Chelan county auditor's office."

Sassy and O. A.'s Certificate of Marriage – State of Washington - County of Chelan No. 14304

This is to certify, that the undersigned, a Nazarene minister, by authority of a License bearing date the 7th day of April A.D. 1949 and issued by the County Auditor of the County of Chelan, did, on the 11th day of April A.D. 1949 at the hour of 7 p.m. in the County and State aforesaid, join in lawful wedlock Oreon A. Jones of the City of Goldengate of the County of Wayne of the State of Illinois and Lilly Rose Courchane of the City of Wenatchee of the County of Chelan of the State of Washington with their mutual assent, in the presence of James J. Courchane and Mrs. James Courchane witnesses.

In Testimony Whereof, witness the signatures of the parties to said ceremony, the witnesses and myself, this 11th day of April A.D. 1949.

Witness: James Courchane & Mrs. James Courchane

Parties: Oreon A. Jones & Lilly Rose Courchane

Officiating Clergyman or Officer: A. L. Hanness (Wenatchee, Washington)

Mrs. James Courchane at this time was Betty Merriman.

Darlene remembered that she and Rainsey slept in a bedroom upstairs. When sent to bed for the evening they would try to stay up to read with the lights on. But Daddy would yell up to them to turn off the lights and go to sleep. They would turn the lights on and put a pillow over the big floor grate to hide the light. Thinking no one could see that the lights were on, they would stay up reading and talking. But Daddy always knew when they had the light on and would call up to them to turn out the lights! They were always puzzled that he always knew when they had the lights on. Years later Darlene asked him about it, and he told her that all he had to do was look out the window and see reflections of light coming from their upstairs window. She had to laugh about that!

Darlene and Rainsey had a special hiding place that Daddy had fixed in their closet for them. It concealed their "treasures" from Dale and me. With the secret place they could hide things like their perfume and trinkets. We never found the hiding place.

The 1949 Apple Blossom Festival's Junior Parade had 2,722 kids from 12 schools, most of which came from East Wenatchee. East Wenatchee sent between 450 & 500 kids to tell the story of Johnny Appleseed, while Rock Island's students presented "Romance of the Apple Worm." The clowns were from Malaga. The 70 units started marching at Second and Mission and down Wenatchee Avenue and up Kittitas to the Stevens School grounds, where the parade disbanded. Each of the kids got an ice cream bar donated by the Blue Bell Dairy. Also presented during the festival were two vaudeville shows at the Apple Bowl. 100,000 people attended the Big Parade that year. It had 80 floats, 30 marching bands, 6 marching drill teams, and 5 horse posses. It was a 3-day Fete. Honorary Grand Marshall was Major General Robert Welch, U.S. Air Force and 4 Thunder jets from Moses Lake Airbase streaked over Wenatchee's skies. A carnival set up on Columbia Street at the foot of Orondo Street and a no gambling law was enforced by the police. The Appleatchee Club had 70 horsemen and presented

purebred horses, the Appleatchee Riders' flag drill team and the Okanogan Boot 'n Saddles drill team in performances at the Appleatchee grounds. (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, May 3-7, 1949)

On December 3, 1949 Uncle John Baptiste Glover died at his home at Twin Lakes, he had just returned home from a hunting trip. Georgie was living with us in Wenatchee at the time. Leonard said his Dad told him that Uncle John was a good shot with a rifle. That he could, "shoot from one mountain top to another mountain top at mountain goats, and get them. He used a 270. He had diabetes, too. He was buried in St. Ignatius and his brothers-in-law, Joe Wheeler & Frank Allison, along with Sam Clairmont, Tom Wheeler, Mack & William McClure "carried him home" as pallbearers.

The 1950 Apple Blossom Parade was from May 4 to May 6 and had 25 marching bands, and the festival included a Danish gym team who performed 8 acts and folk dances at the Apple Bowl. There was a model airplane contest at the Apple Bowl and a marble contest at Stevens School. The Appleatchee Posse show at the Appleatchee Grounds included horse contests, trick riding, and the Ellensburg Posse Riders. At the beginning of the parade a group of airplanes maneuvered and stunted over the city. The Jewelers of Wenatchee put on the fireworks display, a square dance was put on by American Legion Post 10 and after the fireworks and a modern dance was at the National Guard Amory. There were picnics in all the city parks. The Canadian Legion Pipe Band held a concert in Mission Street Park. The Junior Parade had 3,000 kids from 18 schools, 7 bands, drill teams, junior royalty, baton twirlers, Boy Scouts, Blue Birds, Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts & Camp Fire Girls, decorated baby buggies, and decorated bicycles. One of the Boy Scouts had broken his leg and 4 other Boy Scouts carried him on a stretcher through the entire parade route. Of course Wenatchee Chief's Baseball games were always scheduled at festival time. Meeker's Shows was the carnival. (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, May 3 to 6, 1950)

Sassy recalls, "O.A. and I lived in Wenatchee after we married, and our first child, Gloria Gay was born at the St. Anthony's Hospital, October 2, 1950. O.A. worked at Jones & Jones Funeral Home, but not liking the job, he went to work as a driver and dispatcher for the G.I. Cab Company in Wenatchee. At that time we had a little Crosley car, I learned to drive with this car, by myself more or less, since O.A. wouldn't help me. I was 18 years old then. Ever since I was old enough I've worked in the orchards picking fruit. And I really enjoy picking cherries, and on a good day I could pick 16 boxes of bings. My buckets were clean and there weren't any leaves, twigs, and such things in my cherry boxes (or lugs). I picked "clean" and didn't damage the trees, like a lot of professional pickers did. Even after O.A. and I were financially independent I picked cherries each summer, more or less for recreation and the enjoyment I got out of it."