



Chalky, Gaye & Sassy, behind them is one of the gardens, Chelan St. and the Monson's house on the left with the Basset's house on the right.



Sassy and Gay, the taxi driver is O.A.

Gloria Gaye Jones born October 2, 1950 is the 2nd grandchild of Momma and Daddy.



Sassy, Gaye & Momma standing in the tomato garden and O.A. in the back carrying the stroller.



Sassy & Gay



O.A. & Gaye, & Chalky in the rumble seat of car.
Chalky on edge next to O.A.'s right

I'm told I was an ornery brat in my pre-school days and always into something and stirring up some great mischief. One time I hear, I took Rainsey's goldfish and nailed them to the walls of the house. I usually tore up Darlene's and Rainsey's dolls and sometimes "hanged" them with a rope from the upstairs banister. The same banister that Dale and I slid down daily. We were not "Dennis the Menace" or even "Peck's Bad Boy," we were the "Katzenjammer Kids," pure and simple.

Bye the way I later read that the Katzenjammer Kids was the favorite comic strip of Amelia Earhart. That comic strip was by Rudolph Dirks, and katzenjammer meant "cat's yowling" in German, and was a popular colloquialism for "hangover." The kids were Hans and Fritz, who raised hell with their Mama, Der Captain and Der Inspector. It first came out in about 1898.

One time I got very perturbed at Dubsy Allison and after groping for a nasty name to call her came up with, "You old Pear-head!" Dubsy busted out laughing as did Sassy, and Dubsy said, "Oh, Chalky I'm just a Pearrrr-head?"

Later when Dubsy lived in the countryside at Camas Prairie (I think) Sassy and I went to visit her, she was married to Joe Parker then. She was glad to see us and gave me some garnets...I guess they were in the hills near their house and Joe had found them. Joe was an easy going nice guy.



Jimmy Comes Home, and Dale and I didn't know him.

Dale and I pretty much did what we wanted to and could out run Daddy and Momma if we got a good head start. We'd do something to get into trouble and than run like hell down the street until we out distanced Daddy or Momma. Once we saw them go back into the house we'd circle back home. By the time we saw our parents again they usually had forgotten about disciplining us. Daddy did not spank us and Momma only threatened us with a switch now and then. But one day we took off running down South Chelan getting a good distance down the street before two big arms swooped us up! We looked around and it was Jimmy! Of course we had not seen him for a long time and didn't know who he was! This scared us! But before we could react Jimmy took us by the hand and dragged us home laughing. We both braced the heels of our feet to the ground and left four little furrows in the dirt as he pulled us along. We were furious. Daddy and Momma told us that this man was our older brother. So there ended an era of freedom but a long relationship, with our older brother.



Gloria Gaye Jones



O.A. and Gaye Jones

The duplex across street is where Dona and Mike lived for awhile. Many years later Kenny Ebner and his 1st wife, Lemoine Hendrickson, lived there for a summer.

Michael Wayne Courchane was born on February 11, 1951, the 3rd grandchild.



Dale & Chalky



Dale, Rainsey & Chalky



Darlene holding Gay with Chalky & Dale on either side of Mike. Tamarix bushes are behind us and against the house, Jimmy always called them “tame tamarack”.



Dale, Mike & Chalky
Our hats were called “beenie hats”



Momma holding Mike



Mike Courchane



Dona holding Mike



Mike Courchane





Mike Courchane (3 mo.) and Gaye Jones (7 mo.) being held up by Momma and Sassy(or Darlene), our dog Butch is on the right. Notice the saddle shoes?



Chalky & Mike Courchane



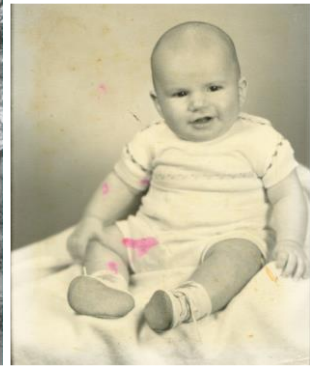
To-To or Yo-Yo



Gaye Jones



Mike & Gaye



Mike



Jeannette Buhring and Mike Courchane

“So, THAT’S who that is! I have that/those pictures too, and I wondered for years who the little guy was! Thanks Chalk!” Jim Buhring, Jan. 2012



Chalky Courchane (looks like Uncle Phillip Ashley or Lincoln Jamison catching a cab).



Rainsey holding Butch, and Chalky.



Jimmy with his little brothers Chalky & Dale



Jimmy Courchane



Dale & Chalky

Our first trip to Montana

We got to go over to the Flathead Reservation in western Montana with Daddy and Momma one time, but I can't remember why we went over there now. Of course we stayed with Auntie and Uncle Lem Ashley, on the old Ashley place near the Mission mountains. I can remember sleeping upstairs under big thick blankets and quilts and being carried up the steep narrow stairs that led up the bedrooms. Uncle Lem was a very good man and always smiled. In the morning Dale and I discovered boxes of mason jars with rings and lids in the old shed by the house. We took the rings and lids outside and started throwing them across Dry Creek, which ran through the Ashley property. We were trying to skip them over the water I think. And we had a good time throwing all of Auntie's canning stuff into the creek. Of course after missing us for a few minutes, Momma and the other adults started looking for us. Uncle Lem found us throwing the rings and lids into the creek, and said, "Oh, no boys Auntie needs those." And as he bent down to retrieve them from the creek his bottom was standing out like a red flag to Dale and me. One of us took a big stick and whacked him in the butt. In the creek he plunged head first! He caught himself by sticking his hands out thus breaking his fall and this prevented him from being completely immersed in the water. We ran with Momma after us. Uncle Lem just laughed and said let them go. Auntie wasn't amused though. (Auntie and Uncle Lem were brother and sister, but we thought they were married and did so for years!)



Mike



Chalky & Dale, behind Dale is the window to the coal chute.



Mike, Rainsey, Chalky and Butch, posing by O.A. and Sassy's Crosley.
In those days the letter K was for Chelan County on the plates.



Rainsey & Mike on the Crosley



Dale & Mike



Dale, Rainsey & Mike, Chalky
The Buhring's house behind Dale.



Chalky & Gaye on the Crosley



Mike Courchane



Mike & one of the puppies





Dona & Chalky Courchane (No. 2 Canyon Road)



Jimmy holding Mike



Mike & To-To (or Yo-Yo)



Sassy & Mike



Georgie Glover & Darlene



Sassy in her waitress uniform she worked at the Wenatchee Grill



Daddy & Gaye



Darlene & Mike with To-To or Yo-Yo



Jimmy & Mike

Back home to 746

I can remember that the front lawn was neglected and eventually the green grass was worn down to dirt in spots. This made a very good place for Dale, Rainsey and Me to play marbles on. Rainsey drew a large circle in the dirt, and we would play until she had won all our marbles. Daddy usually made her give some of them back to us, but only after we had cried for the required length of time. We had cat's eyes, steelies, clearies, and aggies (agates). Marbles were all agates or glass in those days. Some of them quite pretty. I used to try and get Rainsey and Dale to play in the biggest circle I could so I'd last a little longer before I lost all my marbles. Playing marbles was a big thing in those days.



Darlene

In studying these diagrams imagine that two children are going to play a game. To determine who shall play first each child lags with his or her shooter.

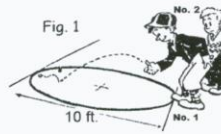


FIG. 1: To start a game of Ringer the children lag from a line, drawn tangent to the ring, to a parallel line across the ring, which would be 10 feet away. The child whose shooter comes nearest the line has the first shot. Players must lag before each game. Practice lagging, as the first shot may mean the winning of the game before your opponent gets a shot. In lagging, a child may toss his or her shooter to the other line, or he or she may knuckle down and shoot it.

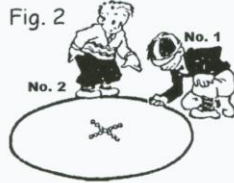


FIG. 2: This shows child No. 1 who won the lag, preparing to knuckle down. His knuckle has not quite reached the ground, which is necessary before shooting, he can take any position about the ring he chooses. Notice how the 13 marbles in the ring are arranged at the start of the game.

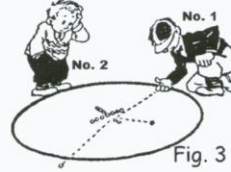


FIG. 3: child No. 1 knocks a marble from the ring on his first shot and his shooter stays in the ring. He picks up the marble. As he has knocked one from the ring, he is entitled to another try. Players are not permitted to walk inside the ring unless their shooter comes to a stop inside the ring. Penalty is a fine of one marble.



FIG. 4: Here we see child No. 1 continuing play. He "knuckles down" inside the ring where his shooter stopped on the last shot. This gives



FIG. 5: On this play, No. 1 hit a marble,

him the advantage of being nearer to the big group of marbles in the center of the ring for his next shot. Expert marble shots try to hit a marble, knock it out of ring and make their shooter "stick" in the spot.

but did not knock it from the ring. At the same time his shooter, too, stays inside the ring. he can not pick up the marble, neither is he allowed to pick up his shooter. He must leave the shooter there until the other child has played.

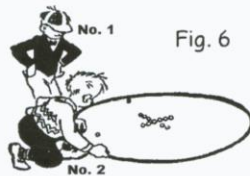


FIG. 6: child No. 2 may start by "knuckling down" anywhere at the ring edge. In this case he may shoot at the 11 marbles in the center or if he wishes, he may go to the other side and try for No. 1's shooter or the marble that No. 1 almost knocked from the ring.

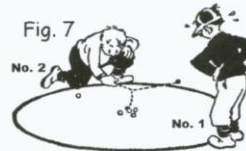


FIG. 7: child No. 2 chooses to try for No. 1 child's shooter and knocks it out of ring, winning all the marbles No. 1 has taken and putting No. 1 out of that game. Or he could shoot as shown in Fig. 8.



FIG. 8: child No. 2 hits a marble but does not knock it out of the ring yet his shooter goes thru the ring and stops outside. The marble remains where it stopped in the ring, and as No. 2 did not score, it is now the turn of No. 1 to shoot again.

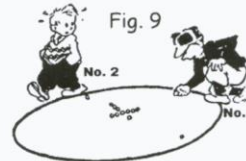


FIG. 9: No. 1 "knuckles down" inside the ring where his shooter stopped (Fig. 5), he is going to shoot at the marble nearest his shooter. By hitting it at the proper angle and knocking it from the ring he can get his shooter near the center of the ring for his next shot.

RING TAW (aka **RINGER, RINGO**) - A one foot ring is drawn inside of a ten foot ring. Each player puts in a number of 5/8" marbles so that there is about a dozen marbles in the smaller ring. At the National Marble Tournament, thirteen marbles supplied by the organizers are arranged in a cross at the center of the ring and there is no one foot ring. Shooting order is determined by 'lagging', shooting to see who can get closest to a designated line. The first player, starting outside the ten foot circle, attempts to thumb his or her 'taw' (a 3/4" shooting marble) to knock a target marble out of the large ring while keeping the taw inside the ring. If he or she succeeds, he or she shoots again from where the taw stopped. 'Sticking' or shooting seven consecutive marbles out of the ring and winning the game without giving an opponent a turn is usually good for two days of playground bragging rights. If the player fails to knock a target marble out of the ring, or his or her taw leaves the ring, his or her turn is over and next player takes his or her turn.

At the National Marble Tournament, if your taw is in the ring at the end of your turn, you must remove it. In informal games, if your taw is in the ring, it becomes a legitimate target and any player who hits it out collects a forfeit from you. Players should agree in advance whether to use this rule. Play alternates until one player has knocked a majority of the marbles out of the ring. The process of picking the best possible position for starting is referred to as 'taking rounders'.
<http://www.landofmarbles.com/marbles-play.html>

Rainsey remembered that baseball was their favorite pastime and said, "we practically lived at the Mission Park and played baseball all day long, Me, Darlene, Ida and Peggy McMullan and the rest of us, we used take you and Dale down there."

Dale, and I and some of the neighborhood kids would make "forts" in the vacant lot next to us. The fort was started by digging a large hole in the ground and, it rarely ever had a roof. It was more of just a hole in the ground that was designated a "fort". We played army and threw dirt clods and crested wheat grass at each other. The crested wheat pulled out of the ground with lots of dirt clinging to its roots. These we would twirl around our heads a throw at our adversaries like bombs. There was also a grass that was about 8 inches high and when we pulled the sheaves out they looked like little spears. We threw these at each other. We would play out in that dirt fort for hours, and usually came home only when called for lunch or supper. By that we were usually dirty, dusty, bruised and battered from our wars. But happy!

It was a routine of ours to sit out on a curb in front of our house and visit before breakfast with the Slater kids, Bobbie and Stevie. One morning I spotted a red ant (these were vicious and bit hard) which I picked up and put it down Stevie Slater's under shorts as a joke. Of course the ant took the cue and bit Stevie on you know what. He let out a loud shriek and headed for his house crying and jumping, and digging for the ant. Later a pissed Mrs. Slater came out and asked us what we did to Stevie. Of course I didn't know anything about it, and of course Dale and Bobbie both pointed at me and said he did it. I ran.



Dale, Stevie Slater, Chalky, & Bobbie Slater



Chalky, Dale & (Bob Roper?)

Little purple flowers, pineapple weed, dandelions, hollyhocks, yellow roses, bumblebees, dragon flies, crickets, centipedes and millipedes. These things were so natural and wonderful to us kids. Today at I seldom even notice them, and I guess that's the price of becoming an adult. The places around our house at 746 that weren't gardens usually grew "weeds". Being small people we could get very close to them and knew them with great familiarity. One "weed" I remember was a very small plant, it was about an inch high, that had a delicate little blossom about the size of a pin head. It grew in patches that looked like a carpet over the ground. We liked to lay in them and study the little blossoms and wonder if we could make miniature bouquets out of them. We never could. Another "weed" we saw while on the ground was the pineapple plant, the leaves were divided into very short narrow segments, the heads are cone-shaped, 1/16 to 1/3 high with many yellowish-green flowers, each head surrounded by several overlapping bracts with papery margins. It gave off a pleasant "pineapple" odor when the plant was crushed. Another plant looked like it came from outer space. I always thought. Its leaves grew around the multiple stems in a complete circle. I never knew the name of it. Salsify was a plant that when it seeded it looked like a round puff ball and was easily scattered to the winds by us kids as we picked them off and blew on them. We did dandelions the same way after they had seeded. When the dandelions were in full bloom with lots of pollen on them we use to rub them on our noses. This left a yellow smudge on that we said "buttered" our noses. We would pick off hollyhock blossoms and with tooth picks make "dolls". It was surprising how much they would look like little women with full dresses on.

Out in the back yard by a large rock was a very large creeping yellow rose. It was a favorite spot for us when it bloomed, as it was full of bees. We saw our first bumblebees on its hundreds of yellow rose blossoms. Other marvels to us preschoolers were dragonflies, which we would chase, and chase, and chase and never catch. They were just too fast for us! The shiny metallic looking bodies fascinated us. We turned over every rock at 746 looking for insects at least a dozen times while we lived there, this is when we first noticed centipedes and millipedes, daddy long legs, black widows and money spiders, and oddly enough we showed them a great deal of respect. And listening

to the chirping of crickets at night was a pleasant memory. This was pre-TV days and with all our windows open one could still hear them as we listened in bed each night.

We had always wondered if the apple trees in Wenatchee were planted by John Chapman or not. We did not know the vast distant that separated the East from the West. So we thought that Johnny Appleseed walked all the way to Wenatchee and planted the apples from Ohio. We suspected that he planted all the apple orchards in the valley.



Gaye Jones



Amongst the tulips



Gay



Dona & Christine



Daddy



Dale Darlene & Mike (someone is going down stairs in the window)



With Sassy



With Dona

On May 2, 1951 Uncle Fred Glover died. He was ill and in critical condition at the St. Ignatius Hospital when news reached his brother Henry "Dutch" Glover who lived in Kalispell, Montana. On the way down to see Fred at the hospital Dutch died. Eight hours later Fred passed away too. They had a double funeral in St. Ignatius. Uncle Fred was carried home by Charles "Vic" Cordier, Waldo Phillips, John LaRose, Joe and Zephyr Gardipe and Louis "Sonny" Matt. Dutch was carried by Basil "Bob" Matt, George Matt, William Owen, Bud Orr and Dale Byrne.

1951 Apple Blossom Festival was held May 3 to May 5. “Blossoming apple trees from Leavenworth to the Apple Capital are a scenic treat for coast visitors motoring to the fete.” Seventeen big events fill the festival schedule from the coronation [of the queen] to the Grand Finale ending in a burst of color as fireworks close the 1951 blossom days Saturday night.” During the three festival days: There was 36 marching bands with marching units, drill teams, and horsemen, and 50 floats were in the big 2 hour, 2 mile long parade. The Grand Marshall was C. S. Thayer of Alcoa. Spokane’s Band was the “Honor Band” and with it was the Red Feathers’ Girls Drill team. There were 100,000 spectators. The McIntosh Girls Pipe Band gave an exhibition performance on Wenatchee Avenue. Washington State Governor Arthur B. Langlie crowned the Apple Blossom Queen. Bob Harvey and the Harvey Boys played at a dance at D & D Roller Bowl. The Masonic Temple had a Governor’s Luncheon put on by all of Wenatchee’s service clubs. There were 49 out-of-town princesses. An Applelechee Horse Show was held. There was an Appleland Band Revue. There was a Teen-Age Dance and a Queen’s Ball. Korean War veterans marched in the parade also. 3,000 students from 16 schools marched in the Junior Parade, with “Bands, twirlers, decorated bicycles,” and Camp Fire Girls, Blue Birds, and Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts. The little parade was led by a Boy Scout Color Guard and the Blue Bird Queen, and it disbanded at Stevens School. Heading the Stevens School group were a number of twirlers dressed in gleaming gold with touches of blue. Here a blossom covered clock pointed toward “Apple Blossom Time.” “Jimmy Buhring of Stevens School was right abreast of the world news this morning portraying General Douglas MacArthur in the junior parade.” (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, May 2 to 5, 1951)



TYPICAL of the imagination shown by youngsters marching in the Junior Parade last year was this portrayal of General Douglas MacArthur, then a prime news figure. The general was portrayed by Jimmy Buhring of Stevens School. In the Junior Parade this Friday will be 3,250 youngsters from 15 schools, marching in costume.



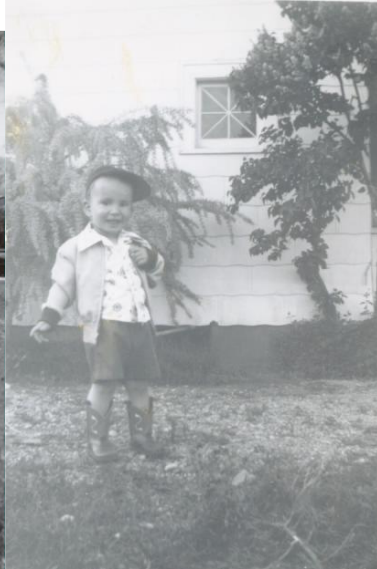
Jimmy Buhring, Chuck and Jeannette Buhring’s son.



Taken in Wenatchee in 2012 Jim Buhring



Gaye



Mike



Mike (the Slaytor's house in back)



Mike



Darlene & Mike



Chalky & Mike Courchane



Darlene Courchane, Peggy McMullen holding Gaye Jones, Ida McMullen at Mission Park



Chalky & Mike Courchane



Mike



Gaye Jones



Mike



Rainsey, Mike, Butch & Chalky

QUIT CLAIM DEED

FOR PROPERTY WITHIN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

The grantors OREON A. JONES and LILLY R. JONES, his wife, of the city of Wenatchee, county of Chelan, state of Washington, for the consideration of LOVE AND AFFECTION in hand paid, convey and quitclaim to LOUIS COURCHANE and VIOLA COURCHANE, his wife, who are the parents of Lilly R. Jones, the following described real estate, situate in the county of CHELAN state of Washington:

Lots 18 and 19, Block 3, Peachy Addition to Wenatchee, according to the recorded plat thereof,

REAL ESTATE EXCISE TAX EXEMPT Chelan County Treasurer T. E. McCoun Deputy J. R. Laffin Deputy \$54.260

INDEX RECORDED FEE 1.00

FILED FOR RECORD Louis Courchane 1952 JAN 10 AM 10 14

746 So. Chelan Wash. Wenatchee

Dated this 3rd day of January, 1952.

Oreon A. Jones Lilly R. Jones

STATE OF WASHINGTON County of Chelan

I, the undersigned, a notary public in and for the state of Washington, hereby certify that on this 3rd day of January, 1952, personally appeared before me OREON A. JONES and LILLY R. JONES, his wife,

to me known to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged that they signed and sealed the same as their free and voluntary act and deed, for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

Given under my hand and official seal the day and year last above written.



Bernice Bacherach Notary Public in and for the State of Washington, residing at Wenatchee.



Jimmy's wrecked car.

He was hurt in a car wreck and taken to St. Anthony's Hospital and released after a short time. He was still married to Betty at the time. Momma, Sassy, Betty and her sister, Claudia and her hubby all went to the hospital to see Jimmy, they only allowed Betty to visit him. Momma was hurt that she wasn't allowed to see him and she and Sassy went home. The wreck was over a bank in the Wenatchee Heights area. He was with a friend who broke a leg or something.



Mike & Dale on the wrecked car years later.



From the Wenatchee Daily World, 15 Nov 1951:

“Wedding Bells - James J. Courchane and Melba J. Shell, both of Wenatchee were married by Justice of the Peace J. C. Sperline at his home in East Wenatchee Tuesday evening. Witnesses were J. W. Shell and Velma Shell.”

Jimmy remembered, “After Betty and I were divorced, I met and married Melba Jean Shell on November 14, 1951. I met her at the Coney Island Cafe a place us kids used as a hangout in Wenatchee in those days.



Melba Jean Shell Courchane Her graduation photo 1951

1952 The 33rd Annual Washington State Apple Blossom Festival's big parade with 115 floats, school bands, pipe and drum bands, Royal Canadian Mounted Police and posses marched down Wenatchee's streets in a 2 hour parade. It was led by Wenatchee's American Legion Drum & Bugle Corps of Post 10, the Massed Colors, Honorary Grand Marshall Brigadier General Harold W. Bowman (USAF, Larson Air Force Base), Co. G., 2nd Battalion, 161st Infantry Regiment, Washington National Guard, the Governor of Washington Arthur B. Langlie and his wife. Followed by the floats, bands and other dignitaries. The horse units included the Entiat Trail and Saddle Club, Waterville Wranglers, Gold Dust Twins, Kittitas Valley Wranglers, Ridge Riders of Grand Coulee, Tillicum Riders of Cashmere, Manson Outlaws and the Appleatchee Riders. Traffic was handled by the Wenatchee Police, Washington State Patrol, Chelan County Sheriff's Department, 18 Air Police from Larson Air Force Base and about 100 Boy Scouts. 3250 youngsters marched in the junior parade from 15 schools. "This year most of the schools will carry out themes varying from the comic to the historical and idealistic. In addition to these will be hundreds of Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, and Campfire Girls, junior sized floats, mounted on bicycles or hand powered wagons, doll buggy entries, drill teams, clowns, and decorated bicycles." (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, Fri., May 2, 1952)

Jimmy also recalled that "On July 24, 1952 my first son was born, Richard Lewis Courchane. At that time I was finishing concrete at the new Alcoa plant near Malaga, Washington. In 1952-53 Melba, Dick, and I moved to California where I worked in construction at Twenty-Nine Palms, California. While here I worked at Camp Pendleton and at a mental institution in construction." Dick was the 4th grandchild.



Melba at Ocotillo Joshua Tree Nat'l Monument



Melba & Dick



Melba & ? and ? and Dick, taken while Jimmy & Melba lived at 29 Palms, Calif.



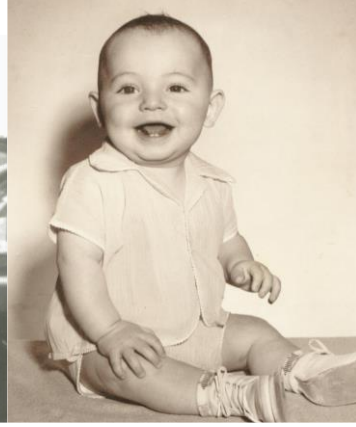
Melba & Dick Courchane



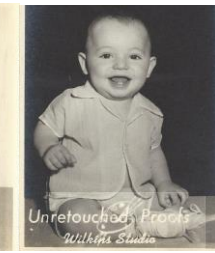
Melba & Dick



Melba & Dick



Dick





Store No. _____ Date 10/15/57

Name James Conchane

Address 3423 S. Mission

Promised _____ A.M. _____ P.M. Clerk _____


Instructions

Negatives <u>85</u>	Developing _____ Rolls <u>(120) 10</u>
Contact Prints of each _____	Packs _____
Oversize Prints of each _____	Printing _____ Prints _____
	Enlargements _____
	Total _____

Responsibility for loss or damage limited to cost of film before exposure

you get the picture with

KODAK FILM

Quick Quattors  familiar yellow box...

SOUTH END DRUG CO.
820 SO. WENATCHEE AVE. PHONE 101 WENATCHEE





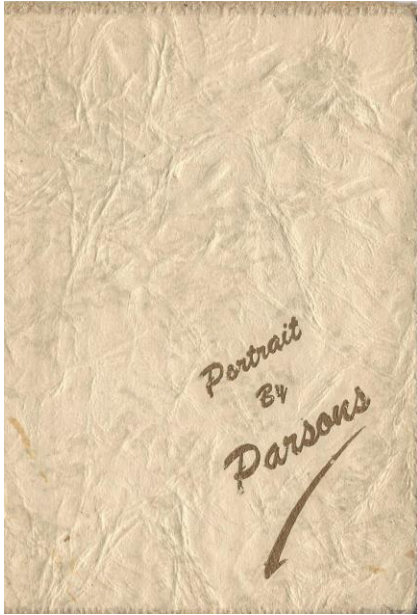
Dale & Mike Courchane with Butch by Jimmy's wrecked car.

Douglas Owen Jones born January 27, 1953 in Indiana, he was grandchild number 5.



Melba in a tree on left.





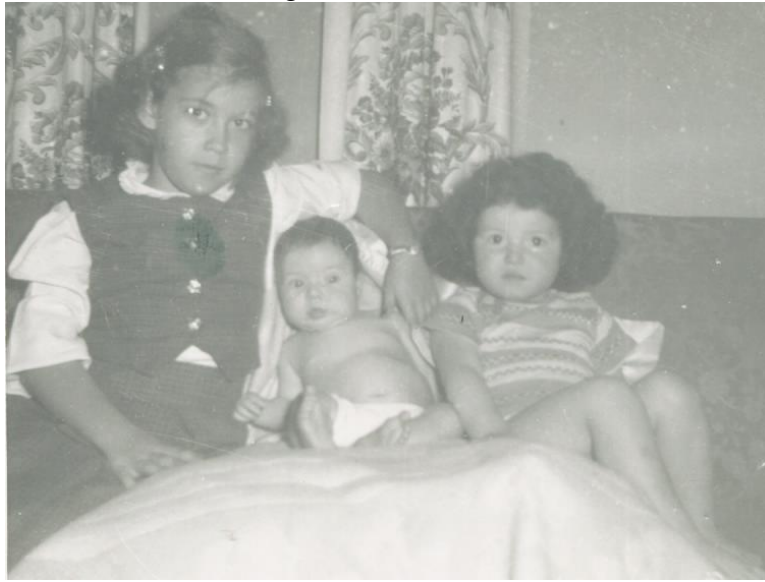
Douglas Owen Jones



Gaye Jones (taken in Illinois)



Doug Jones (taken in Illinois)



Barbara (O.A.'s sister), Doug & Gaye Jones





Gaye & Doug Jones



Edith (O.A.'s step-mother) and Gaye Jones, taken in Illinois.



Gloria Gaye Jones



Gaye & Barbara Jones



Gaye



Sassy & Doug Jones



Gaye

Our old pensioner and friend "Smitty"

Marshall McDowell Smith, met Daddy while working at the Chelan County Hospital, and ended up living with us for the rest of his life. He was a very good story teller and would spend hours reminiscing to Dale and I about the early West, of his father's experiences in the Civil War, of Frank and Jesse James, of the Younger Gang, and of Teddy Roosevelt. We both got our love of American history from his stories. He developed an infection that eventually cost him his leg up to the knee. He died while the Courchane's were living at 408 Methow Street on July 31, 1957, at age of 78. He was Dale's good friend and when "Smitty" died Dale sat silently and watched his vacant bed all night in mourning. His obituary said he was born June 28, 1879, at Covington, Virginia and attended schools there. "He worked for the C & O Railroad, as a young man, later moving to the Indian territory of Oklahoma (it was here that he saw Teddy Roosevelt and almost joined the Rough Riders), where he worked for the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad. In 1936 Smitty came to Wenatchee where he served as caretaker at the Chelan County Farm in No. 2 Canyon until he retired when the hospital and farm were terminated." He was survived by 2 sisters, Mrs. Winnie Butler of Piedmont, Virginia, and Mrs. Myrtle Wilkinson of Durant, Oklahoma, he had two nephews, Hugh Gilbert of Orondo, and Ralph Gilbert of Cuperinto, Calif., and one niece, Miss Shirley Gilbert of Yakima. He had told Dale and I that his father was an officer in the Confederate Army and fought in many battles in the Civil War. He said he saw both Frank James and Cole Younger at the turn of the century at a little county fair somewhere back East. When those two were touring the country telling stories of their outlaw days.



Daddy and Smitty and the big squash.



Smitty and nurses of the Chelan County Hospital

There were dozens of ant hills around the vacant lots on South Chelan, black and red ants both, flying ants, all sizes of ants, we studied them, and collected them in jars. There was also grasshoppers, butterflies, June bugs, box elder bugs, caterpillars, moths, spiders, angle worms, cut worms, tomato worms, all kinds of insects that were to fall prey to our attentions and “bug collections”. Our neighbor across the street from us, Carl Monson, was a bee farmer.

Carl Monson’s beehives were square-shaped and painted white, and they had a number of wax frames or trays that slid in and out, from these he got his honey. He had the necessary suit with hood and coverings and big gloves that beekeepers used. He also had a smoke funnel that he used to smoke the hives with when he worked on retrieving the honey. He taught us about the queen bee, the workers, and the drones. We often were allowed to watch him while he worked with his bees. Drones don’t have stingers and don’t live very long and are much larger than the workers (these are the honey bees that sting and everyone sees). One time Mr. Monson gave Dale and I a jar full of the drones which we were delighted with and brought home. We put them in the closet of the small upstairs bedroom for safe keeping. It was our bedroom. After depositing our bees in that closet and I for some reason opened the jar to look in at them. Just as soon as the lid was off the drones all made their escape. Smitty who used one of the big bedrooms upstairs, saw the bees flying around all over the upstairs and thought they were honeybees with stingers. He yelled, “Pete!” “Vi!” “Pete!” “Vi!” “Them boys let loose honeybees up here!” Momma came up and asked us why we were doing that to poor old Smitty. We told her that they were only drones and wouldn’t sting, but she said to catch them all and let them go free. It took a day or two to find them all. Smitty wasn’t amused and said so when I brought him his coffee. We all waited on Smitty because he had one leg removed by then and was bedridden. He drank his coffee in a big white cup which took all my attention and coordination not to spill as I brought it to him. We must have carried him thousands of cups of coffee in the years that he lived with us. Mr. Monson wouldn’t give us bees after that, so he must of caught hell too. In those days bees still nested in the trees in the city parks, and when ever a nest became a nuisance the city officials would notify Mr. Monson. He’d gear up with his hood and overalls, gather together his special tools, which were mainly pruning saws and prune’s shears on very long wooden poles and head for the bee’s hive. He removed the hives and brought them home.

One day for some reason Dale and I decided to go up to Methow Street directly behind our house. But instead of going across the vacant lots to Lewis St. and up that way, we decided to go over the fences behind our house and through a vacant lot to Methow. When I went over the back fence and I got hung up on a nail and cut a slice on my butt. At first I did not realize what had happened but could feel something wet on my backside. On a closer examination by Dale, he said, “you have big cut on your butt!” at this I let out a yell and headed back over the fence screaming for Momma and Daddy! Dale, Bobbie and Stevie Slater just stood there looking as I ran. Daddy fixed me up with mercurochrome but I could not sit still for a few days. The cut left an inch and a half long scar.



Lou Unclesby



Lou



Lou and Mike Courchane

Lou Unclesby was another old pensioner, who lived in the basement of 746 South Chelan. He took a particular liking to Dona and Mike. Rainsey remembered that, “He gave Dona two thousand dollars for them [Momma & Daddy] to put down on that house. He lived in some old shack down there where we lived on Wharf Street.” No one knew much about his past. I do remember that when he died some years later, that his funeral was held up by the Federal government. A fully-automatic machine gun was found in his hotel room. This added a good deal of mystery to his past. His obituary in the Wenatchee Daily World on September 28, 1959 said that he was born December 9, 1879 and had died in a Wenatchee Hospital (the previous Saturday) following an illness of one week, he was 80. He also said he had resided in the Wenatchee area for many years. “Among survivors are a sister, Mrs. Winifred Reynolds of Springfield, and a brother, Carl Unclesby of Decatur, Illinois. The paper referred to him as Louis P. and also as Louis B. Unclesby. He was buried in Wenatchee City Cemetery. The 1953 special Chelan County census shows him as Louis P. Unclesby, 68, 8 Orondo (Earl Hotel) and his occupation was n or non-occupation. So Lou must have moved from 746 South Chelan prior to that.



Wenatchee City Cemetery Plot: 012-04-03 (from Find A Grave)

Our basement at 746 So. Chelan was full of “wonderful things” or at least it looked like it did from the outside basement windows as we looked in. Lou Unclesby lived in the basement so it was “off-limits” to us. We got down the basement stairs occasionally and played in the coal bins and one time we noticed he had a black widow in a mason jar. Lou would run us back up stairs and we never got into his part of the basement. Looking through the basement window on the north side of the house we could see Lou’s living area. We wanted in! So Dale decided to kick the basement window out so we could climb through it. After one or two kicks the window broke with a crash but he cut his leg in the process. After pulling his leg out I could see the blood pouring out of his leg and so could he, yelling he headed into the house. It left a big scar on his right leg, several inches long. The first of many he and I would get throughout the coming years. We never did get into the basement. It took Lou several days to move all his “stuff” from the basement when he eventually moved out. O.A. Jones remembered that “Lou would pick up anything shiny he saw on the ground!” He also said that Lou wore a ring in his nose.



Mike Courchane



Rainsey & Auntie Elizabeth Ashley
taken on the Ashley Place in Montana.



Darlene & Auntie



Uncle Lem Ashley and Jimmy Courchane



Sassy & O.A. Jones



Tom Ashley & Darlene Courchane Hansbrough

Light got into the camera & the blur is a light spot

They are wearing Auntie's buckskin dress and Uncle Lem's vest, cuffs and head dress and posing in the yard of the old Ashley place near the Mission Mountains. Charlie Blood now has the head dress and Gloria Blood Artis the dress, the whereabouts of the gauntlets I don't know. I don't know the history of the necklace that Tom is wearing either.



Jimmy Courchane



Sassy & O.A. Jones in Flathead Indian regalia posing on the old Ashley place near St. Ignatius, Montana, on the Flathead Reservation.



Jimmy and Dickie Courchane Melba (Jimmy's shadow) Jimmy & ?



Jimmy, Johnny and Dickie Courchane



Johnny & Dick



Johnny and Melba Courchane



Jimmy



Jimmy holding Johnny and Dickie



Johnny



Dick & Johnny and William Bryan Shell



The Shells with one of the boys...Dick maybe