

In the 1953 Apple Blossom Festival's 2 mile long parade was led by the U. S. Marine Corps Honor Guard, followed by a Highlander with the British colors, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, the Legion Auxiliary Team and Company G, 161st Infantry Regiment with rifles, guard units, jeeps, armored cars and trucks. Honorary Grand Marshall was Donald Dunn, "Farm in a Day" winner. Everett was the Honor Band. And 50 out-of-town princesses, about 50 floats and 42 bands, and the riding units, included the Posses from Grant County and Snohomish County, the Ridge Riders of Grand Coulee, the Coulee Riding Club, the Waterville Wranglers, and the Appleatchee Riders. The Junior Parade was marched by 3900 kids. (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, May 6 to May 9, 1953).

Grover Cleveland (Williams?), an old pensioner, was a friend of the family, but I can't remember where he fit in. Rainsey used to put flowers on his grave in the Wenatchee Cemetery. I couldn't find his obituary under that name, which could be only his first two names. He was a friend of Lou's or Smitty's. This may be the Grover Williams that lived on Wharf Street.

Information on the family of Louis and Viola Courchane taken from the publication "Residents of Chelan County, Washington: June 20, 1953 -- Washington State Census Board, Seattle, Washington -- 1953"

Courchane, Donna M	23, kh,	314 S. Mission,	Apt. 7. w.
	, Michael	2	
Courchane, Louis	59, n,	746 S. Chelan,	w.
	, Viola	42, cook	
	, Darlene	17, sc	
	, Lorain	14, sc	
	, Dale	8	
	, David	7	

kh- keeps house
w.- Wenatchee
n.- none (occupation)
sc- school

At 746 the telephone hung on the dining room wall, it was the old black plastic dial type phone. Telephone prefixes in those days had only three numbers. We had a party line as most people did in those days. Prior to dial phones one clicked down the receiver a couple times to get the operator. Once the operator was given the number verbally she connected you to that party. In later years we rarely ever had a telephone.

As Rainsey has said, Mission Park was our favorite recreation spot, and we knew every inch of the two acre park. We were down there every summer day, wading in the pool, participating in the city's summer activities, and playing ball. Sadly this park no longer exists and the Welfare building stands on that location. One rock that stuck out of the ground near the fireplace is all that is left of the old park grounds.

Dona remembered that Darlene “got religion” in the Pentecostal church, and threw out Daddy’s Charlie Russell prints. He had a number of good framed prints, “In With Out Knocking”, “The Jerk Line”, “When Ignorance Is Bliss”, and a few others. Darlene says she doesn’t remember doing that. Daddy was beside himself over this.

Daddy was a fiddler back in Montana and played for the barn dances. His fiddle playing comes from his Metis heritage, as the Metis were great fiddlers, with their Red River jig and similar jigs. He probably learned to play the violin at Fort Shaw Indian School in Montana. He always had a collection of square dance and western records. Jimmy Wakely was one singer I remember. Others were Jimmy Rodgers “The Singing Brakeman” and Bob Wills. The music was on the old 78 rpm black vinyl-like records that were huge compared to the cds of today.

We had one of those old style radios that sat up against a wall like a piece of furniture. Nightly we listened to radio programs, such as the Fat Man, Red Skelton, Fibber McGee and Molly, Life of Riley, Amos and Andy, the Lone Ranger and many others. Of course by 1954 we had a small black and white television set that ran off tubes, so the radio wasn’t used as much in the evenings. Years later Momma would play the radio in the kitchen in the mornings, while she cooked breakfast. She liked Popular music, Nat King Cole’s “Rambling Rose” was a favorite. Momma and Daddy, and the Winters a Black couple who lived down the street, were among the first to get television sets in our part of Wenatchee Valley.

Talcum powder was poured on the hardwood floors in the dining room for Dale and me to amuse ourselves on. We would run from the living room and slide on the powdered floor the whole distance of the dining room. We did this for hours it seems now. Sometimes we would hit the opposite wall with a thud. We were great sliders, but we sure made a powdery mess!

One day someone gave us a bow and some arrows! Rainsey, Dale and I all ran out to the back and started shooting the arrows at everything that moved. I remember that they were the blunt target type of arrows and some were sharp pointed hunting arrows. Pretty soon the story of William Tell and the shooting of the apple off his son’s head came up. We decided to try this. Dale shot Rainsey with a pointed arrow in front of the garage doors. He took aim and missed everything, one, two, and then three times. Finally after taking an arrow he aimed very carefully and “Whang!” he let go. The flying arrow hit a surprised Rainsey in the stomach doubling her up! I thought she was killed and yelled “Rainsey”. Dale threw down the bow and arrows and we both ran to her and on turning Rainsey over we realized she was still alive! The arrow had luckily hit her belt buckle denting it, but otherwise it only knocked the wind out of Rainsey. Needlessly to say, the bow and arrows disappeared after that and we never saw them again. Rainsey remembered, “one time Dale shot me with an arrow and a real arrow too, it was lucky I had a belt on because it went right there (she points to her mid section).”



There was a locust tree growing by the back porch that was a late night escape route for us kids, it started with Rainsey and Darlene, but soon Dale and I caught on to it. We would slide down it to sneak out at night after we were sent to bed. On our return Daddy would sometimes be waiting on the front porch with a belt across his lap (only for show as he never spanked us). On seeing Daddy on the porch, we would circle around him and climb back up the tree and back through the window of Darlene and Rainsey's bedroom, and quietly go to bed. He never ever said anything to us the next morning, but I think he knew about the tree, and I also think he was just sitting out on the porch because he was worried about us. The back porch roof is visible in the picture above, and one day while we were playing "cowboy and Indians", or "pirates", I was taken up there and tied up and thrown off that roof! The others said accidentally fell. Luckily I wasn't hurt or killed, but just bruised up. Someone caught hell over that! I think the opening to the right of the elm tree was the coal chute.

Rainsey remembered, "Me, Ida and Darlene used to walk Friday nights, our biggest thrill was to get something in a restaurant, a hamburger or something. Eating out was rare and fun in those days. We'd walked with some girls clear up Fifth Street, the one way up there by the Baker Street and the Golf Course in East Wenatchee and it was a long walk. We liked to walk then. We must of walked 50 miles a night. We walked all night and all over. That was the big thrill. We sneaked down that tree on Chelan Street, many a time, me and Darlene. Our biggest thrill was baseball games too, we'd go play, and also watch baseball at the Wenatchee Chiefs." [Baker Street was called Golf Street in the old days.]

I remember the time a bunch of us kids spent one Saturday afternoon at the Mission show house watching "B" Westerns. Gene Autry, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Hopalong Cassidy, and Eddie Dean. Afterwards we decided to walk around town before going home, and we ended up down on the Great Northern railroad tracks. The tracks ran along the Columbia River side of Wenatchee next to the river bank. A very exciting place for us kids. We started picking up empty matchbooks, and decided to collect them. We begin looking for them on the ground, and in garbage bins and cans. And as we walked along the tracks someone found a pack with matches still in it. One of the boys (for a change it was not me) soon retreated to a nearby coal bin and started lighting the matches. In those days the trains just became electric and coal bins belonging to the Great Northern Railroad were still located at certain places along the tracks. Well, the bin started on fire, and not knowing this we all went on our merry way. By the time Dale and I got home the police had arrived. He said, "Mr. Courchane your boys started the Great Northern coal bins on fire!" We were surprised to hear that. Our first brush with the law! My Dad was very mad! But I don't remember a spanking.

The old Safeway Store was on Wenatchee Avenue, (a Kawasaki Store is there now). I remember one day Momma sent Dale and I down to this store to get a \$1.00 worth of hamburger. To get there we went down South Chelan, we then turned right down Peachey, crossing both Cashmere and Mission Streets, and then we turned left on Wenatchee Avenue. It was quite an adventurous trip for a couple youngsters. What marvels we saw! Bananas were hanging from the ceiling in large clusters. We heard from someone that poisonous snakes sometimes were shipped to the States in these banana clusters. And so we walked a wide berth around them. The meat market was a sight of all kinds of meat cuts. The vegetable display was gleaming with polished fruits and green vegetables. We saw our first figs and dates at this time. There were all kinds of cookies, cakes, candy and fruit and our mouths were watering by the time we left the Safeway store. I think we were allowed to get a couple pieces of penny candy. The big hamburger package that was tied together with thick string and butcher paper and was about all we could carry back home. We walked slow on the way down but knew enough to hurry home with the meat. About mid way on this trip on the corner of Mission and Peachey was Arlo and Lillian Grubb's store, this is where we bought groceries on most occasions, and they were a nice friendly couple to us kids. They purchased the store in 1947 from according to Sassy the older Grubb's. Years later Lillian Grubb told Rainsey where to pick huckleberries on Stevens Pass, a spot I still go in search of huckleberries to this day (2009). (Arlo Grubb died in 1993 and, Lillian died on January 21, 2012 at Colonial Vista in Wenatchee.) Up Peachey Street one short block in the other direction was Butterbaugh's corner grocery store (the Wenatchee Police Sub Station was located there for a while but it is now a store again and called Methow Grocery). We patronized this store for years to come, and they had a "killer" penny candy display in barrels, or boxes, lined up in front of the counter. Some of the candy was a penny a piece, some 2 for a penny, 3 for a penny and so forth, we tried to get as much for our money as we could. All the stores had shelves lined with comic books for 10 cents apiece.

Dale was a natural born story-teller and he loved telling stories to us kids, and he could be seen almost daily with a bunch of kids clustered around him on our curb by the

street completely absorbed in his stories. He had a very good memory nearly photographic [if it was something that interested him]. His stories were made up, and they helped explain to us South Chelan kids the complexities of the world. His story telling continued until he joined the USMC, and he was always the happiest with an audience of listeners. Back then he stories were innocent and of a child's point of view of the world.

We were always puzzled that we never got a glimpse of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. We all had tried on Christmas' in the past to stay up and see him. Then one tragic day someone at school said that there was no such a person as Santa Claus! We were all crushed, until Dale said if there was no Santa Claus it was because he had died. He must have been alive last Christmas because we got presents last Christmas. "But how could Santa die? We said to Dale. As we were all sitting on the curb in front of our house, he stood up and motioned across the sky and said, "When he was crossing the sky with his sled and reindeer, lightning stuck him about there, and he pointed to a spot. And he was killed by the lightning. But now his helpers will probably bring the presents." We were satisfied with that explanation, because there would be more presents to come. I am now in wonder of his simple logic that explained things. This was one of his brilliant and made up on the spot stories that always entertained and delighted us. Rainsey remembered, "He'd tell other people stories in that park [Mission Park] and everybody would listen to him, and for hours he'd tell the biggest stories."

From our house at 746 we could see to the south towards Quincy, a windbreak of Lombardy poplars. They were on the opposite side of the Columbia. And wondered what was over there. To us it was to the ends of the world. We reasoned this because it was as far as the sky went, and it was as far as we could see. At this time we rarely ventured several houses from home and had not yet ventured to Lewis Street or Peachey Street. Which were only a block apart, and on each end of South Chelan. Dale had seen a picture of trees like the poplars in a book, and behind the trees was a castle. Once we heard this we knew that the trees hid a castle! I can't remember all the minutes and days we plotted to get over to those trees. We wanted to see if there was really a castle behind them. We didn't have a sense of time either, if you haven't already figured that out yet, and thought that where there is a castle there were knights and dragons. It was many years later that I finally past those trees in an automobile and I remember smiling to myself as I remembered the story of the castle, and seeing that all there was behind the trees was an apple orchard. The trees are still visible from Wenatchee today (2009). The castle is still in my heart, and of the four who knew this story only two of us remain. Me and Steve Slaytor.

My first idea of the existence of our first president, George Washington, was from a story Dale told. It came about because we saw what we thought was an old women's picture on the dollar bill, and of course Dale set us straight. He said that it was a man who had a wig on (then he had to stop to explain what a wig was). It was George Washington that was pictured on the dollar bill and he was the Father of our country. Then Dale went on to say the reason George Washington was no longer in Wenatchee was that he had been killed by the Indians. Now you must realize that to us Wenatchee was the country

and that Indians were still “out” there and that we did not know we were part Indian. Later Daddy would tell us we were Indians, when he became exasperated at us one day. When Dale and I played cowboys and Indians with the Slater boys, we would fight over who were the cowboys, and who was to be the Indians. Everyone wanted to be the cowboys. Finally Daddy said, “Why are you two guys always wanting to be the cowboys? We are Indians!” We never knew until then. After that we were the Indians, occasionally.

Daddy said when he went to the old silent movies back before World War I that one cowboy would shot at the Indians and a half dozen would fall of their horses, and then a half dozens Indians would shot at the same cowboy and miss! Then he would laugh that amused chuckle of his and say, “Yes, the poor Indians didn’t have a chance!”

We drank lots of Kool Aid in those days, and all the flavors, red, orange and yellow. The root beer flavor was very bad, and I shutter to think of its foul andstrong taste. Frozen fruit drinks had not yet become popular in Wenatchee, or had Swanson TV dinners been invented. Soda pop came in 12 ounce glass bottles that we could collect and bring to the corner grocery and get a deposit back. A couple cents a bottle I think. Pepsi Cola and Coca Cola were evenly split between the household’s preferences. I always liked Coca Cola (Coke) the best and still do. Grape Ne-Hi, Cream Soda, Orange Crush, 7-Up, Chocolate, Squirt, Hire’s Root Beer, and Strawberry were other favorites of us kids.

Every payday Darlene, Rainsey, Dale, and I hoofed it to town to meet up with Daddy and Momma somewhere. We usually ate lunch at a Chinese restaurant called the Red Apple. Sassy remembers that they had the best tuna fish sandwiches and French fries ever! “Real steak fries that one got in the old days!” Dale and I always got pork fried rice and it came out in a big platter piled up it so high that it looked like a small mountain! We dumped lots of soy sauce on it and never ever were able to eat the whole platter no matter how hard we tried. Momma’s nickname for the soy sauce was “bug juice” and that’s all I knew it by for years to come. She would say, “pass the ‘bug juice, please.” Once when she asked for the “bug juice”, there was a couple across from us eating their meal and as Momma said “bug juice” the woman looked up at her. Momma just smiled at her. The woman eventually put her fork down, got up, and rushed to the women’s rest room and was gone for awhile. When she came back her eyes were red and watery and she had that “I just vomited” look on her face. She wouldn’t look over at Momma. Momma said she must have thought the soy sauce was really bug juice and laughed when she told Daddy about it later. Lou Unclesby, our old pensioner, worked at the Red Apple, as a dishwasher. He would get the fruit pies after they had served their “shelf life”, and one pie he was always bringing home was pineapple pie. It was very tasty. One never sees a pineapple pie these days. I wonder why?

O. A. Jones was the manager for the G. I. Cab Company in 1950 and said the company had 11 taxis in their fleet that year. G. I. Cab was located at that time on Mission Street next to the World Hotel and the Midget. Around the corner on Orondo Street were the Spudnut and Duffy’s Tavern. He said Orondo Street had 7 taverns, or

“beer joints” between Chelan and Columbia Streets. Going towards the Columbia River on the left side they were: Duffy’s, then crossing Wenatchee Avenue the Shamrock, and the Smoke Shop and upstairs was the Earl Hotel (a house of prostitution). Going towards the river on the right side of Orondo Street was the Orondo Tavern and Café (which at one time was Duffy’s) then across the Wenatchee Avenue was Walton’s and the Arrow Tavern. He did not mention what the seventh place was. On Wenatchee Avenue next to the Shamrock was Polson’s Café and then the Red Apple Café (the Chinese restaurant). O. A. remembered that on Sundays it was against the law to open taverns for business. He and other taxi cab drivers would get beer in teapots at the Red Apple. Near here on Wenatchee Avenue was the Wenatchee Grill and Milner Hotel and next to them was the Western Union Telegraph Office.

While in town we usually went to the show, and later walked home. We had four show houses in Wenatchee in those days, they were the Liberty, the Vitaphone, the Mission, and the Rialto, plus two drive-ins, the Autoview and Viewdale. We were entertained on the weekends at the Mission theater on Mission Street. Saturday matinee cost ten cents for two shows and a cartoon, sometimes a Little Rascals short. The Mission theater and the Rialto are things of the past now, so is the Autoview Drive-In. I saw my first Abbott and Costello movie at the Rialto. The Liberty was such a beautiful place and had lots of goodies to eat! It had a balcony that we kids would sit in and shot spit wads down on people, throw popcorn at them, or accidentally poured soda pop on them. Pretty soon we were banned from the balcony and only rarely got up there. We used to sneak friends in through the fire escape exit doors down by the stage. This only worked during the change of movie when the lights were on. We always sat on the front roll and as we grew older were gradually moved back a row or two each year. I saw all the great epic movies of the 1950’s at the Liberty or Vitaphone theaters. In those days there were lots of ushers and attendants working in the show houses and they all wore uniforms and hats and had flash lights. The screen (or stage) curtain at the Liberty is so big it has never been taken down, for any reason.



<http://www.pstos.org/instruments/wa/wenatchee/liberty.htm>

On the hot summer, pre-air conditioners days, ice cream vendors were common sights on the neighborhood streets. South Chelan was visited by them daily. We could hear their bells ringing before we saw them, and ran to the street and were waiting with our nickels and dimes on the curb in front of our house by the time the little ice cream rig arrived. One particular vendor sold a chocolate malt treat called Cho-Cho cones, it was our favorite. The Cho-Cho cones were made at the Plaza store on Orondo street.

We had a milk man from Meadowmoor Dairy bring milk and cream to the house, as Daddy liked his coffee with cream and sugar. I remember the glass milk bottles had pure cream floating on top the milk several inches thick.

At 746 South Chelan had a coal burning furnace when we first moved there, and the coal man came and dumped coal down a chute into the basement. The chute was located on the south side of the house next to the gravel and dirt driveway. Naturally Dale and I loved to play with the coal and get filthy dirty.

We used to see blocks of roofing tar wrapped in brown paper in the garage. I can't remember who, but someone took out a pocket knife and sliced off a hunk of the tar and popped it into his mouth one day. He chewed it like one would chew chewing gum. We tried it and liked it, and so occasionally we dined on the tar block. Today I would not even think of doing such a thing. Icicles were another delicacy at 746 that I no longer enjoy. Icicles appeared at every window of every house we lived in, in those days. Nowadays everybody has roof gutters and so the big, long icicles are rarely seen. We'd sucked on them with great relish.

In the 1954 Apple Blossom Festival (35th annual), there were 75 entry's and lead by the USMC Color Guard, Massed Colors, Wenatchee American Legion Drum & Bugle Corps Post 10, Co. G, 161st Infantry, and the Lt.-Governor, Emmett T. Anderson and his wife. Sixty-four floats, bands and marching units, twirlers, horses and drill teams followed. Among the units marching was the baseball team the Wenatchee Chiefs. In those days the local department stores had floats: McDougall's, Miller's, J.C. Penny's, and Sears Roebuck & Co., Centennial Flouring Mills, Aplet-Cotlets, Wenatchee Lions Club, Meadowsweet Dairies, PFAFF Swing Machines, Redlinger's Choice Meats, and the Wenatchee Valley Gasoline Dealers and Distributors. The horse units were: Coulee Riding Club, Appleatchee Riders, Ellensburg Rodeo Posse and the Palomino Caballeros Group of Yakima County. There were 40 princesses from 40 little communities in the state. 4,550 kids marched in the junior parade, which was the longest parade yet. "Hundreds of girls marched twirling gleaming batons, for North Central Washington is the area where little girls start learning to twirl almost as soon as they can walk. One of the youngest twirlers was a show stealing little cowgirl in red and white from Columbia school who pranced through her performance with beaming delight." There were hundreds of Camp Fire Girls and Blue Birds, Boy Scouts, and Cub Scouts. "The decorated bicycles came in rolling rainbow colored streamers. Two boys from the Lewis and Clark school rowed their way down the avenue in a small brown boat floating on blue paper streamers depicting the "Lewis and Clark Expedition." (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, April 28-30, 1954)

"In 1954 we lived at Silver Lake on the coast of Washington State, where I had bought 2 acres of land, and O.A. bought four acres. While here O.A. and I worked for H. Halvorson Construction Co., at the new Albertson Store and at the Shoreline School in Seattle (one of the first tilt-up wall buildings in Washington State). We lived here about a year." (Remembered by Jimmy Courchane) Both Dale and I took turns staying over there

with Jimmy and Melba or Sassy and O.A., that one summer. Jimmy lived in the country and there were lots of insects around his place and all kinds of flowers and weeds so I had a ball exploring things. Melba took me shopping with her to a supermarket, it was the first of its kind I ever had seen and I was completely agog at the rows and rows of canned goods, frozen foods and fresh produce!

John Bryan Courchane was born June 19, 1954, he was grandchild number 6.



Johnny & Dick Courchane



Dick Courchane
The Barnetts house in background.

In about 1954 we first met the Kitzke brothers, Gary and Reggie. They lived on the corner of Peachey and Methow at 701 Methow Street. It was a custom of their's to play "cowboy and Indians" in the vacant lots and backyards of Methow. One of which was directly behind our house. One day while Reggie and Gary were in the lot behind our house some older kids (Jimmy Sundalhs was among them) started throwing dirt clods at them and bullying them. At this same time Dale, Mike and I were out in our vacant lot and saw what was happening. The Kitzke kids yelled at us for help and Dale ran over to them. He ran off the bullies and we took Reggie and Gary home with us and later saw that they got home. This was a friendship that last up through the next 50 years. Gary became Mike's best friend some years later.

In those days potpourri bags were place in the closets of our house. Potpourri is a mixture of dried, naturally fragrant plant material, used to provide a gentle natural scent in houses. It is usually placed in a decorative wooden bowl, or tied in small bags made from sheer fabric. Potpourri is used inside the home to give the air a pleasant smell. The word "potpourri" comes into English from the French word "pot-pourri." The French term has two connotations. It is the French name for a Spanish stew with a wide variety of ingredients called "olla podria" Literally, however, the word "pot" in French has the

same meaning as it does in English, while the word "pourri" means rotten. From <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Potpourri>



Diane Lynn "Sister" Courchane was born July 9, 1954, the 7th grandchild.

Sassy, O.A. and Gaye moved to Illinois in 1954. Rainsey went with them and remembered that when she came back from Illinois she started picking fruit. "I went and picked cherries with O.A. and them because Darlene was married then. Then I lived with Dona mostly. Stayed with her and helped her with her kids."



Dale and Sister (Diane)



Ida McMullen and Sister (Diane)

Georgie Glover and Ida McMullen were an item in those days. Ida had a son, Michael Hugh Gilbert, born October 22, 1955 in Wenatchee. Mike took his step-father Billy Gilbert's last name as his own. Mike's photograph appears in this book in an earlier chapter. Mike Gilbert believes his father is actually Jimmy and is adamant about it. It is probably the 8th grandchild.

Georgie later got in trouble over a girl that was under age. He was sent up on charges. After being sent to prison we never saw much of Georgie Glover. Whenever he "got out" or escaped from the pen he would usually show up to see Momma. He was never out very long, just weeks usually. He escaped from Walla Walla and the Oregon prison numerous times. Each time compounded his time to serve. Georgie took up boxing in prison and was good at it. He also baked and made very delicious cakes and pastries. He was an excellent leather worker and made purses, belts, billfolds and handbags. His favorite design was a red rose. He made Momma, Melba and others beautiful purses, and he made belts for me, O.A., Jimmy and numerous other people. He died of a heart attack in the "chow line" at Walla Walla State Prison in 1983.



Momma & Sister



Sister (Diane Courchane)

I don't know what ever happened to the photograph of Jimmy and his unit that hangs on the wall behind Momma's birds' cage.



Darlene & Sister



Momma & Mike



Dale & Sister

Darlene met George Hansbrough about this time and they went back East to visit with Sassy and O.A. Jones at Browns, Illinois. Rainsey was already there spending time with Sassy. Darlene and George got married while back there, on November 13, 1954 at Indianapolis, Indiana.



Sister (Diane Lynn Courchane)



Gaye



Chalky & Sister



Sister Courchane



David Hansbrough & Darlene taken in Arkansas George Washington Hansbrough



In Front: William Kesterson and Clarice (Mrs. Lloyd) Hansbrough holding her son, David Hansbrough and in back George and Darlene Hansbrough. Taken in Dereks, Arkansas. William Kesterson was George's maternal grandfather.



Mike



Rainsey & To-To (or Yo-Yo)



Mike Courchane and Marshall "Smitty" Smith



Mike Courchane



Mike Courchane, Doug & Gay Jones

Mike had that T-shirt on with the big Red Apple when he first met Uncle Frank Allison and there after as long as he lived Uncle Frank always called Mike "Apple".



Rainsey & Mike



Mike



Mike, Dick & Chalky Courchane



Chalky & Mike



Darlene & Mike

Sometimes for supper at 746 South Chelan, Momma would layer bacon, potatoes, onions, carrots and cube steak to the top of a big granite roaster and cook it in the oven. This was delicious. She also used a pressure cooker. Sassy and Darlene both remembered that Momma had big meals when we lived at 746. She had a “half wood stove” in the kitchen next to the electric stove. They stored wood for it out in the back yard. She mainly used it to heat water, tea kettle, and to cook beans on.



Sister



Mike & Sister



Mike & Sister



Rainsey, Sister & Mike with To-To (or Yo-Yo)



Sister with Dale behind her



Ida McMullen holding Sister

Below: Photographs on wall in back, on left of Doug & on right is of Jimmy



Sister Courchane

Behind Sister is the first television set owned by the Courchane family.



Ida McMullen & Sister Courchane



Sister



Chalky & Sister



Sister

Sister is wearing a U.S. Army helmet liner with chin strap in the photo on the right.



Rainsey holding Sister & Dale in back. The photograph of Jimmy & his outfit on wall in back, no longer exists as far as I know. And above Rainsey is a hanger that Momma hung her birdcages from.



Sister, Brownie & "Butchie" on Smitty's wheelchair



Mike



490182

SUPPLEMENTAL AGREEMENT

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into in duplicate this 29th day of November, 1954, by and between Wenatchee Federal Savings & Loan Association, a corporation, as Party of the First Part, and LOUIS COURCHANE AND VIOLA COURCHANE, his wife as Parties of the Second Part, WITNESSETH:

Whereas Louis Courchane and Viola Courchane, his wife, did on or about May 25, 1954, execute and deliver one certain promissory note for the sum of \$2,800.00, principal amount, to the Party of the First Part herein, and did execute and deliver a certain mortgage on real estate to secure said note/which mortgage was filed and recorded in the office of the Auditor of Chelan County, Washington, on the 26th day of May, 1954, in Book 519 at Page 219, Mortgage records of said County, and

Whereas the Parties of the Second Part herein are the owners of the land covered by said mortgage.

Whereas said mortgage is not in default on account of delinquencies in payments thereon.

Whereas the Parties of the Second Part herein desire an extension in time of payment of said principal secured thereby and an additional advance of \$598.76.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY AGREED: Second party warrants that there are no other liens or claims against said real estate and that there have been no improvements made to the premises within the past 90 days except by nil and no other improvements will be commenced until this supplemental agreement is a matter of record; that the sum of \$3,300.00 is the unpaid balance of said indebtedness; that the said sum includes moneys advanced for taxes and assessments, if any, and interest accrued to date and the said additional advance; that the same is unpaid and that the Parties of the Second Part are personally liable therefor and agree to pay the same, together with interest thereon computed at the rate of 5% per annum on the balance remaining from time to time unpaid. The said principal and interest shall be payable at the office of Wenatchee Federal Savings & Loan Association, in Wenatchee, Washington, in 96 monthly installments of FORTY-THREE AND 40/100 Dollars (\$43.40), each commencing on the first day of December, 1954, and on the first day of each month thereafter until the principal and interest are fully paid. In addition to said monthly installments, there shall be paid therewith \$6.60 per month to apply on taxes and assessments, levied or to be levied, and insurance premiums, the total monthly amount required being \$ 50.00.

The Party of the First Part herein agrees to the extension in the time of payment of said indebtedness as aforesaid and to said additional advance.

It is further agreed that the principal sum of said indebtedness may be declared due for default in the payment of interest or principal when due, or for the violation of any covenant contained in said mortgage, and that in each and every respect the said promissory note and the said mortgage shall stand and remain in full force and effect as originally written, being modified only as above provided.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

(SEAL)

WENATCHEE FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION, a corporation.

By *[Signature]* Vice President

Attest: *[Signature]* Secretary

Party of the First Part
[Signature]
[Signature]
Parties of the Second Part

This has both Daddy and Momma's signatures.



Chalky & Dale and Butch (I)
We made this little “soapbox” car all by ourselves & Sassy remembered that we were very proud of ourselves. We “drove” it in the Apple Blossom Kids Parade.



Chalky and Butch in our red wagon.



Richard Lewis “Dickie” Courchane



Leota Lorraine "Rainsey" Courchane

The pictures in the frame on the wall behind her was carted from house to house by Momma until she died. They appear individually in this book.



Daddy looks surprised. See Momma's two canaries in the cage behind him?



Chalky



Dale & Chalky (a carnival picture)



Chalky with To-To (or Yo-Yo) & Mike



Dale & Chalky standing in front of O.A.'s pickup truck (1955).



Momma, Mike, Chalky & Dale (& Momma's canaries).



Jimmy & Dick (a carnival picture)



Jimmy



Sister, Dale & Mike



Mike



Mike & Dale Courchane

Sharon Marie and Sheryl Lea Hansbrough born November 21, 1955 in Kansas, grandchildren numbers 8 and 9. With their Dad, George Washington Hansbrough below.





Sharon and Sheryl Hansbrough





Sheryl Lea and Sharon Marie Hansbrough



Sheryl



Sheryl & Sharon



Grandpa Courchane & Sheryl & Sharon Hansbrough

In 1955 the 36th Washington State Apple Blossom Festival had 58 floats, about 39 bands, plus a number of drill teams. The parade was led by the USMC Color Guard, Wenatchee American Legion Drum & Bugle Corps Post 10, Wenatchee American Legion Auxiliary Unit No. 10 Drill Team, and Co. G, 161st Infantry. There were 50 Royal Princesses from 50 towns. Some of the entries in the parade were: Seattle Police Drill Team, Larson Air Force Base Drum and Bugle Corps and Drill Team, Othello High School Band, and mounted units were the Appleatchee Riders, Yakima Junior Sheriff's Posse, the Ellensburg Rodeo Posse and Chelan County Sheriff's Posse. D & D Roller Bowl held a dance during the festival called a "Festival Dance" with music by Vern Mallory "The Name Band of the Northwest". Also this year was Appleland Follies of 1955 "Presenting six colorful vaudeville variety productions interspersed with spectacular aerial fireworks. Apple Capital Rockettes, Circus Days, Salute to the Queen, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Wagon Wheels and Grand Finale." The junior parade had a Davy Crockett theme. (Source: Wenatchee Daily World, April 28, 1955)



A surprised Dick and John with a deer as a picnic guest!



Jimmy roasting a hotdog on a stick with Dick & John



Dick



Johnny & Dick



Dick & Johnny



Gloria Gaye Jones



Michael Wayne Courchane



Dick Courchane

On October 10, 1955 Uncle Phillip Ashley died in an automobile accident near Condon, Montana. I remember that both Momma and Aunt Rosie went back to Montana to attend the funeral.



Dick & Sister Courchane, Stanley Rosebrook, Doug Jones, Johnny & Dale Courchane



Candy, Kathy & Cindy Bassett



Chalky, Eddie & Gary May, Dale, & Max May
I have a Roy Rogers photograph over my face.



Mike Courchane, Judy & Sharon May, Gaye Jones & Susie (or Judy) May
Eddie May & Sister



Mike & Candy & Cindy Bassett



Dick, Gaye & Billie Bassett

Dona used to make “Pigs in a Blanket”, which Dale and I loved. Dona would use cooked sausages wrapped in dough made with 2 cups Bisquick and 2/3 cup of water and baked for 15 minutes at 450 degrees in the oven. Over these was poured milk gravy. We usually got two or three apiece. Mashed potatoes were served with them. I think she got the recipe out of Betty Crocker’s Bisquick Cookbook which had first come out in 1930.



Sister & Kathy Bassett



Eddie May, Mike Courchane & Gary May



Dale & Mike Courchane & Cathy Bassett (Sister's head between Dale & Mike)



Cindy & Candy Bassett & Dick Courchane
in front, in back Gaye & Mike



Suzie Rosebrook, Mike & Dona



A good catch by Johnny & Dick