

Sassy Courchane Jones remembered that “Daddy and Momma were living at a CCC camp up by Revais Creek, the day I was born. On that particular day it was 30 degrees below zero, and snow drifts were piled high, so in order to transport my mother to the hospital, Daddy and some other men had to pull Momma through the snow drifts on a sled to town.” It got so cold that year, 1932, that Niagara Falls back in New York, completely froze over. 1932 was considered by historian, William Manchester, the cruelest year of the Great Depression. (This is from “Known and Unknown,” Donald Rumsfeld, page 40, 2011.

Sassy’s birth registration:

“United States of America – Department of Commerce – Bureau of Census
Notification of Birth Registration

This is to advise you that there is preserved under File No. La. 1695, in the State office for the registration of vital statistics at Helena, Mont., a record of birth, as follows,

Name: Lily Rose Courchane female

Born on January 30, 1932, at St. Ignatius

Name of Father: Louis Courchane

Maiden name of Mother: Viola Ashley

W. W. Stewart Director of the Census W. F. Cogswell M.D.,
Special Agent of the Census

Sassy’s birth certificate:

Standard Certificate of Birth State Board of Health Bureau of Vital Statistics State of
Montana La. 1695

County of Lake

Village or city of St. Ignatius Holy Family Hospital

Lily Rose Courchane female legitimate (yes) Jan. 30, 1932

Father: Louis Courchane residence: St. Ignatius, Mont.

Color: 1/4 Breed Age at last birthday: 43

Birthplace: St. Ignatius, Mont.

Occupation: laborer

Mother: Viola Ashley

Residence: St. Ignatius, Mont.

Color: ¼ Breed Age at last birthday: 22

Birthplace: St. Ignatius, Mont.

Occupation: Housework

Number of children born to this mother including present birth: 3

I hereby certify I attended the birth of this child, who was born alive at 12 p.m.

Geo. E. Armour filed: Feb. 4, 1932 M. M. Twichel, Registrar

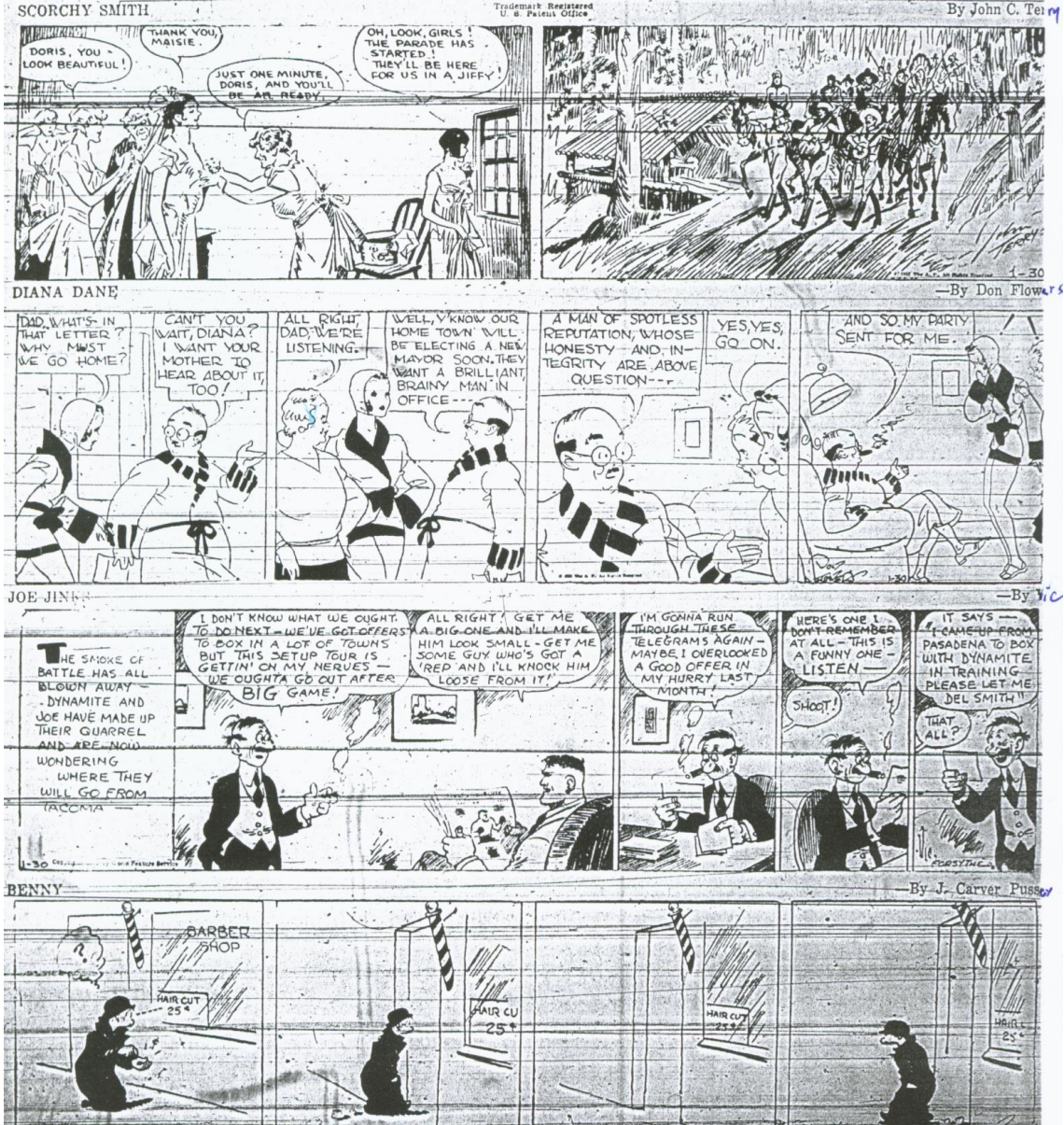
Sassy’s Baptism:

Certificate of Baptism Church of St. Ignatius Mission

This is to certify that Lily Rose Courchaine child of Louis Courchaine and Viola Ashley born in St. Ignatius, Mont. On the 30th day of January 1932 was Baptized on the 2nd day of

Feb. 1932. According to the rite of the Roman Catholic Church by the Rev. M. A. Dimier, S. J., the sponsors being Rose Bolden and Genevieve Blood by proxy as appears from the Baptismal Register of this church. Dated 10/23/85 Gus H. Schmidt, S.J. Pastor

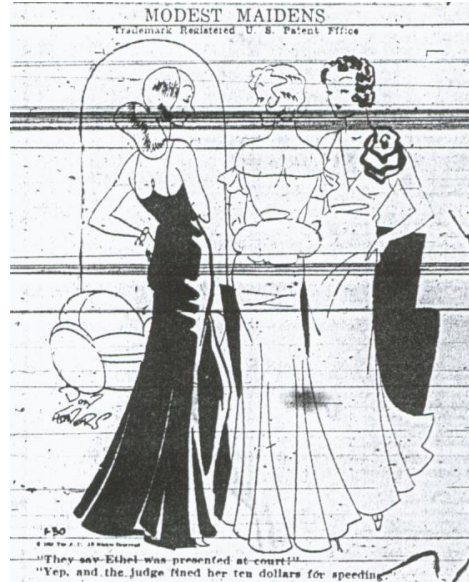
Although all of the above have Sassy's name as Lily, she spelled it with two l's, Lilly, all of her life. It has been told over and over how Lilly was given the nickname "Sassy". And the story is that in those days a popular recording was "Saucy Rose" a favorite at the dances. Joe Ashley, Momma's 1st cousin, is credited with bestowing the sobriquet "Saucy Rose" on Lilly when she was a baby. Soon the Saucy was changed to Sassy and to this day (2009) she is still known within the circle of her family and friends as Sassy.



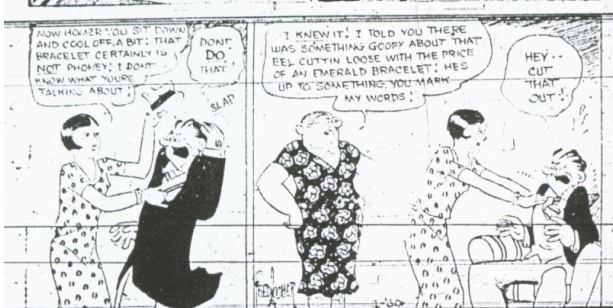
I can't figure out what's happening in this last strip? (Chalk)

This year the Ford Motor Company was offering a Deluxe Roadster for \$475 and a Deluxe Phaeton for \$580, while a Model A cost only \$340, Tudor Sedan \$490, a Fordor

Sedan \$590, a Town Sedan \$630, a Deluxe Sedan \$630, a Cabriolet \$595 and a Victoria \$580.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP By E. M. Brinkerhoff



From The Wenatchee Daily World, January 30, 1932 Sassy Courchane's birthday

“One of my earliest memories of Daddy is when we lived in Dixon, Montana. Jimmy, Donna and I went to the movies one night around Christmas time. And on the way home from the show we saw that there was a strange pick-up truck in front of our house. We were curious about it, so Donna and I climbed into the back of truck and peaked under the canvas that was neatly stretched across the bed, and we saw to our delight candy wrapped in sacks and other Christmas presents. Wondering who they were for, we rushed excitedly into the house to tell Momma, jumping as we went. But once we were in the house we saw a man who was a stranger to me, and before we could open our mouths, Momma looked at us and pronounced "this is your Dad". Daddy had worked away from home in those days and sometimes for long periods of time that I had "forgotten" him! This was the first time I remember seeing Daddy.” Sassy Jones

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) brought needed financial relief to the people of the Flathead Reservation. Although Dad wasn't in the CCCs, he and others, including Tom and Joe Wheeler, were employed as construction workers, building campgrounds, barracks, canals, roads, and facilities for the Corps. He usually moved his family with him when he could, but sometimes he would be gone for long periods of time. A fellow worker, Francis Plouffe, (years later told me, Chalk), that Daddy was a real hard worker. Daddy and his small family moved around the reservation while he pursued a living, at times they lived in Polson, St. Ignatius, Perma, Dixon, and various construction camps. They were at different locations throughout Lake and Sanders counties. The construction sites at Perma, Dixon, and Polson maintained facilities for families. There were also camps at Magpie Creek, Revais Creek, Mill Creek, Jocko Prairie, and Shovel Camp.

“From 1933 to 1942, the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was a part of the New Deal program of President Franklin Roosevelt. Originally referred to as the Emergency Conservation Work, the CCC was created by Congress for the conservation of natural resources and to provide training and employment for unemployed young men. In an effort to “put Americans back to work” during the Great Depression, the CCC enrolled over 25,000 Montana men to perform a variety of conservation and reforestation projects. ... [buildings of] Fort Missoula served as the training, supply and Administration building for those men as they were sent to individual camps around the state. Each year, an average of 24 different camps operated within the Fort Missoula district. Each of these camps were issued food, clothing, and equipment through Fort Missoula. The Montana CCC planted trees, fought forest fires and constructed miles of trails, bridges, campgrounds and buildings. Their accomplishments also revitalized the state park system, and completed extensive work at Glacier National Park.” (<http://www.geocities.com/fortmissoua/exhibits.html>)

About this time Leonard Williams remembered that the Williams family and Uncle Fred and Aunt Lucy Glover lived in Hot Springs. Fred had use of a government pick-up and was always in the mountains. One day he came across two bear cubs which he captured and brought home as pets. He had them on long chains but would let them loose at the Williams place to play with the Leonard and Freddie. Uncle Fred kept these cubs until they

were old enough to let loose in the mountains again. Leonard says they were very cute and would play and romp around the place.

One could purchase a “good quality” broom for 51cents, mop handles for 18cents, and two 2 dozen packages of clothes pins for 17cents.

The Flathead Courier, Thursday, June 16, 1932, p2:

"St. Ignatius - James Ashley, age 30, son of Charles Ashley, died at his ranch home here on Friday night, June 10. Rev. Father Taelman conducted the funeral services held at the Catholic church at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning and burial was made in the Catholic cemetery." (Eugene Felsman's obituary collection) Also in The Ronan Pioneer same date & The Daily Missoulian, June 19, 1932, p9.



Mary Alice Liberty holding Darlene & Jackie Liberty behind in Sassy Courchane.



Mary Alice, Darlene & doll & behind are Martina Liberty & Sassy Courchane at Dixon on the old Liberty Place.



Jackie Liberty



Martina Liberty & Sassy Courchane

In an article on page one of the Ronan Pioneer on October 10, 1935 it reports:
“The most outstanding camp activity since the Jocko E. C. W. camp was established over two years ago was the float prepared by camp members to be used in the historic pageant at the Jubilee in St. Ignatius. Road, trail and lookout construction, which have been the major projects, were depicted. A miniature mountain was constructed of wood, covered with moss, trees and other forest floor coverings. Small models placed on this mountain were exact replicas of bulldozer and the lookout tower used and constructed at this camp.

It is expected that all projects worked from Jocko camp will be completed about the end of this month. In the two years and three months that this camp has been operating, about 51 miles of truck road, 20 miles of horse trail, one lookout station and several miles of telephone lines have been constructed. In addition to these projects, a gopher poisoning campaign was carried on in 1934, while fire fighting has taken up much time each season. On an average about 125 men have been employed during the life of this camp.”



Mary Alice & Darlene in front, & Martina & Sassy

In the summer of 1934 Daddy and Momma were living at the CCC camp on Revais Creek, north of Ravalli, Montana, where Daddy was working with a crew of 35 or so men, building trails and fire roads. This year another daughter, Adriane, was born on February 2, 1934, but she died at birth, and was buried the same day in the St. Ignatius Cemetery. Her grave is unmarked. One day some years ago Darlene and I looked for her grave and another sister of ours, and after checking with the church and mortician, was able to locate the unmarked graves. It was a sad experience for us.

“I started school either at Mill Creek or Perma, but I can't remember for sure. Daddy was at the CCC camp, building roads and we lived in the tent city. I may have also attended the Lone Pine School. We lived at different places during those times: Revais Creek, where Dad built a house; Polson, and St. Ignatius, all on the Flathead Reservation. Uncle Fred Glover and Uncle John Glover were there also, they were the bosses. We lived on the south fork of the Jocko when I was very young.

I ran traps for Dad on streams at South Fork. We trapped weasel, mink, otter, and muskrat, and I think we even trapped beaver. Some of those animals were pretty big, and being small I didn't mess with them. We stayed a summer and a miserable winter living in tents at Jocko. It was during the Depression, around 1935, and no body had money.

One time at the old ranch, I got a big workhorse out of the corrals and I tried to ride him. Getting a rope around his neck, I led him to a spot near the newly plowed garden. No sooner had I got mounted when I was bucked straight into the air and I hit the ground landing on my back. It knocked the wind out of me. Everyone came running over to see if I was alive or dead. Aunt Lucy was really worried about me. But I was okay.

From Jocko we moved to Mill Creek, where Dad at the time was running a still, making whiskey and home-brew. He had to move a lot and we never stayed long in any one place. At Post Creek he was caught by a Federal agent, named Jack Curtis. They broke up Dad's still. Curtis had come to our place to visit Dad, and to ask him if he would feed the neighborhood ducks some grain. The ducks were starving from the hard winter. While talking to Dad, he smelled the whiskey brewing. Dad quit moon shining not long afterwards." Recollections of Jimmy Courchane

In the Arlee section of the Daily Missoulian on February 11, 1935 it says: "Thermometers registered 22 to 32 degrees below zero since Saturday, February 8 and there is about 18 inches of snow on the level. Mallard ducks are getting so weak, some will eat out of your hand, one caught recently was estimated to weigh only three-quarters of a pound. When they rise, they fly blindly hitting trees and falling into deep snow. It is thought many will perish, for all the efforts made to get feed to them."

One day at Revais Creek, when Dona was about six years old, she asked if she could visit with Aunt Lucy Glover, who lived not far up the hill from Daddy and Momma. But Momma said no. Dona decided that she would go and visit anyway. And while Momma was preoccupied with her household duties Dona slipped off up the trail to Aunt Lucy's. She knew the way and which path to take off the main trail to the Glover's, but somehow she missed it. Realizing this she turned around and backtracked down the trail, but again Dona missed the path and so turning around again she went backup the trail. This time she went farther and farther up the hill until she knew she was lost. Traveling with Dona was a big German Shepherd dog who belonged to the neighbors, the Johnson's, and he would always follow her where ever she went. While Dona and the dog went up the trail, they were noticed by a cougar, he had either caught their scent or had seen them. After awhile the dog realized that something was stalking them and turned back to investigate. Somewhere along the trail he and the cougar met and a vicious battle was waged, with the dog losing. No one knows exactly what happened but only that the dog crawled home to the Johnson's and died. When Mrs. Johnson told Momma about the German Shepherd coming home badly clawed and how he died, they began wondering where Dona was, as they both knew that the dog was always with her. By the time Daddy came home from work, Momma was frantic, so he immediately got together some men to search for her.

Meanwhile, Dona was high up the mountain and had reached the snow line, which was hard enough to walk on. The cougar was still following her, but Dona never knew at anytime that a cougar was on her trail.

After searching until 2 o'clock in the morning most of the search party gave up for the night. That night the moon was bright and full, and this helped Daddy, Uncle Fred Glover, Uncle John Glover, Uncle Pete Jamison, Jim Grinder, and a man named Gardipe continued to search. The Gardipe might have been Charles Gardipe as he was in the camps & was at the Magpie camp in January of 1937. Daddy said he would hunt until he found Dona.

By now Dona was tired, cold and hungry and she began to cry. Seeing a hollow log covered with heavy brush she crawled into it and cried herself to sleep.

Early that morning, about 4 or 5 o'clock, Daddy decided to check the thicket that hid the log, after passing by it a number of times. As Daddy cleared away the brush he crawled on his hands and knees to the log, this woke up Dona. As she looked at what was causing the noise, she was able to see Daddy's surprised face peering happily at her. She joyfully shouted, "Daddy! Daddy!" and clung to him tightly. Both were overjoyed with relief. Daddy then called down the hill that he had found her, and it echoed on from man to man until the women heard it. To say the least everyone was happy and relieved. Putting Dona on his shoulder Daddy carried her towards camp. Later Gardipe carried her for awhile, each of the men took turns carrying her on their shoulders until they were back at camp. The next day Uncle Fred Glover went after the cougar, which he found and shot, & it proved to be a very big one. Dona remembers that the incident was reported in the local newspaper.

While the family was living at Dixon Montana, Daddy and Momma, Dona and Sassy, went into St. Ignatius to shop. On the way home, Dona stood between Momma & Daddy while Sassy was sitting on Momma's lap. They had been shopping at the store in St. Ignatius, where Dona was given a few jawbreaker candies to eat. It was her habit to share with her baby sister and she gave Sassy one on the way home. Neither, Daddy or Momma had noticed Dona giving the candy to Sassy. Momma began to scream, "My baby is choking! My baby is choking!" She repeated this over and over. Daddy stopped the car to see what the matter was with Dona. After realizing what had happened, he grabbed Sassy from Momma and gave her a jerk downward, hoping to dislodge whatever it was that was choking her. Daddy jerked Sassy downward with such a force that she banged her head on the ground. This caused the deadly jawbreaker to shoot out of Sassy's mouth and onto the ground. Although Sassy was saved by her father's quick action, he nevertheless caught "hell" from Momma for his method and the rough way he accomplished it. As for the jawbreaker, it landed somewhere alongside the road with Dona frantically searching for it. Daddy had always laughed when he told the story, not because of Sassy's near choking, but because as he would often say, "First your Mom was yelling at me to save Sassy, and when I did, she yelled at me for almost killing her."

The Courchane children were very rarely left in the care of babysitters. The thinking was if the children couldn't go, it wasn't worth going to. Of course, there were special situations that couldn't be helped. Once they were invited to an adult only affair at the American Legion Hall in Polson for dinner. Naturally, the youngest were taken along (Dona and Sassy). Needless to say the matrons at the dinner were surprised. After accepting the fact that two children were to be present, the matrons good-naturedly set a place for each of the little girls.

FORM 806-5 TREASURY DEPARTMENT INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE		U. S. SOCIAL SECURITY ACT APPLICATION FOR ACCOUNT NUMBER	
PRINT NAME		576-03-3900	
1. Louis (EMPLOYEE'S FIRST NAME)	Luke Courchane (MIDDLE NAME)	625 (LAST NAME)	
2. Box No. 194 (STREET AND NUMBER)	3. Dixon (POST OFFICE)	Montana (STATE)	
4. PHOENIX ENGINEERING CORPORATION (BUSINESS NAME OF PRESENT EMPLOYER)	5. POLSON MONTANA (BUSINESS ADDRESS OF PRESENT EMPLOYER)		
6. 43 (AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY)	7. April 15 1893 (DATE OF BIRTH: MONTH (DAY) (YEAR) (SUBJECT TO LATER VERIFICATION))	8. St. Ignatius Mont (PLACE OF BIRTH)	
9. John Courchane (FATHER'S FULL NAME)		10. Unknown (MOTHER'S FULL MAIDEN NAME)	
11. SEX: MALE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FEMALE <input type="checkbox"/> (CHECK (X) WHICH)	12. COLOR: WHITE <input type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> (CHECK (X) WHICH) (SPECIFY)	3/4 Indian	
13. IF REGISTERED WITH THE U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, GIVE NUMBER OF REGISTRATION CARD NO			
14. IF YOU HAVE PREVIOUSLY FILLED OUT A CARD LIKE THIS, STATE NO (PLACE) (DATE)			
15. 12/3/36 (DATE SHOWN)	16. Louis L. Courchane (EMPLOYEE'S SIGNATURE, AS USUALLY WRITTEN)		

- Darlene's Birth Certificate State of Montana - Standard Certificate of Birth
- (1) St. Ignatius, Lake County
 - (2) Genevieve Darlene Courchane
 - (3) sex-female
 - (6) full term?-yes
 - (7) legitimate?- yes
 - (8) date of birth - 5/10/36
 - (9) Father: Louis Courchene
 - (10) residence: St. Ignatius
 - (11) race: 1/4 Flat. Ind.
 - (12) age at last birthday - 42
 - (14) trade: common laborer
 - (18) Mother: Viola Ashley
 - (19) residence: St. Ignatius
 - (20) race: 5/16 Flat. Ind
 - (21) age at last birthday-26
 - (22) birthplace: St. Ignatius
 - (23) trade: housewife
 - (27) Number of children of this mother (a) born alive and now living-4
(number of children of this mother)(b) born alive and now dead-1

Certificate of Attending Physician or Midwife I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was born alive at 1.45 on the date above stated. signed Geo. E. Armour M.D. Filed June 5, 1936-M.M. Twichel, registrar

Certificate of Baptism - Church of St. Ignatius Mission

This is to certify that Genevieve Darlene Courchaine child of Louis Courchaine and Viola Ashley born in St. Ignatius, Mont. on the 10th day of May 1936. Was baptized on the 14th day of May 1936 According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church by the Rev. M. A. Dimier, S.J. -- the Sponsors being Mrs. Jeanne Allison and Mrs. Wilfred Cyr by proxy as appears from the baptismal register of this church. Dated 10/23/85 Gus H. Schmidt, S. J. Pastor.

From The Daily Missoulian, May 13, 1936, page 6 column 5:

“St. Ignatius, May 12. – (Special)

A daughter was born to Mr. And Mrs. L. Courchane of St. Ignatius, at the Holy Family hospital Sunday morning.” (article from Bob Bigart)

The Ronan Pioneer newspaper ad for the Safeway Stores (of Ronan & Polson), page 8 of the August 2, 1934 issue shows that:

Flour was between \$1.59-\$1.79 for 49 lbs. & \$2.98-\$3.39 for 98 lbs., depending on if you purchased Montana Wheat or the Safeway brand.

Other grocery prices were: Four cans of Van Camps Pork & Beans for 25c, a 2 ½ large can of pickles for 15c, a package of Jello for 5c, a bottle of Certo for 25c, 1 pound of Calumet Baking Powder for 27c, two dozen Kerr lids for 25c, Maxwell House coffee 31c, 4 dozen jar rubbers for 15c, a dozen quart mason jars for 93c, 8 lbs. of lard for 69c, a pound of parawax for 10c, 7 bars of toilet soap for 33c, & no. 10 cans of pears & apples for 39c.

THE NEBBS Liberal Rudy

—By Sol Hess

NO ONE EVER DREAMT A BETTER VACATION THAN THE NEBBS HAVE HAD—AND NOW TO RESUME THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF EVERY DAY LIFE

THERE, BOY, SEE THAT TINY BAGGAGE IS GENTLY DEPOSITED ON THE TRAIN

BOSS, I'LL HANDLE 'EM SO GENTLY DAT IF A FLY WAS LOAEN' ON A PIECE, I WOULDN'T DISTURB HIM

HERE'S FIVE BUCKS AND A BUCK APiece FOR THE THREE TELEPHONE GIRLS—JUST A SLIGHT TOKEN OF APPRECIATION AND A WISH THAT YOU ALL LIVE AS LONG AS IT'S PLEASANT AND THEN KICKER WITHOUT MUCH EFFORT

THANK YOU, SIR, ITS MIGHTY LIBERAL—MORE THAN WE DESERVE

WERE BOY, MY CARD, I HOPE IT WILL KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

THANKS MISTAH DATS MOST UNEXPECTED AN GRATIFYIN'—DE WOLF AN'T GOIN' TO SEE DIS—WE HAD THREE OF 'EM COME TO OUR DO'—THEY GOT INTO DE HOUSE AN' STARVED TO DEATH

5-11

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

MORCHY SMITH

POWERLESS TO HELP THE GIRL WHOSE SCREAM THEY HEARD, SCORSEY MICKY AND HANNELOOSE LEAVE ALL HAHAMAH SORTING WITH THE CARAVAN... OVERTAKEN, THEY ARE MADE PRISONERS BY ALL HAHAMAH'S TRIBESMEN...

—AH, GENTLEMEN—AND THE LOVELY LADY!— WHY DID ALL HAHAMAH'S GONNAPS TIE US UP LIKE THIS AND DRAO US BACK THROUGH THE CIRCUMSTANCES

—CUT THE FLOWERY LANGUAGE!— WHY DID ALL HAHAMAH'S GONNAPS TIE US UP LIKE THIS AND DRAO US BACK THROUGH THE CIRCUMSTANCES

—THAT WAS MADE AN-NECESSARY, DUE TO THE UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT THAT OCCURED WHEN YOUR CARAVAN PRESSED THROUGH THE GATE—

—THE LADY'S SCREAM?

PRECISELY! I ADMIRE THE HONESTY OF YOUR ADMOSION THAT YOU HEARD IT—THAT WHE-SAVE-UP-HIGH-ANNOYANCE AND VALUABLE TIME WHESED ALL HAHAMAH WAS OF THE OPINION THAT TO GAIN THE ADMOSION WOULD REQUIRE—AH—SHALL WE SAY—PERSUASION!

—AND NOW WE'RE TO BE PUT ON THE SPOT—PERSUASION—SO WE WON'T TALK—?

—REALLY, YOUR FRANKNESS AMAZES ME! YOU—AH—MAKE MY TASK MUCH EASIER! YOUR LANGUAGE AND DRIVING FORCE IN ARRIVING AT THE POINT ARE MOST CONGRATULATORY TO THE AMERICAN GANGSTER—PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER YOUR OBLITERATION UNDER GANGSTER METHODS—

5-11

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

I, DIANA!

GO ON IN AND SIT DOWN—HEE I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

OKAY, DIANA.

OH...HELLO, BUD.

WHAT'S TH' IDEA, AET? WE'REYIN' TO CUT IN ON MY DATS?

YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG, BUD, I JUST CAME OVER TO RENBARSE THE PLAY WITH DIANA.

OH, YEAH?...

THEN I SUPPOSE TH' CANDY AND FLOWERS ARE FOR ME?—HOW SWEETS?

5-11

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

KIE DARE

WERE AT SEA, TWENTY MILES OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO, THE BARK "STARLIGHT" POINTS HER BOW SOUTH—WEST TO TRY HER LUCK IN AN OLD FASHIONED WHALING VOYAGE

ALL RIGHT, MISTER STARBUCK! TURN THEM TWO LUBBERS UP ON DECK AND IF THEY DONT GET THE LAY OF THINGS KICK IT INTO THEM!

WAKE UP, YOU LAND RATS AND TUMBLE ON DECK! YOU'RE TAKING JACK STARBUCK'S OCREB'S FROM NOW ON

GES WHIZ, DAN, DO YA GET IT? THEY SHANGHAIED US TO MAKE US WORK AS PART OF THE CREW

YEAH! I GET IT! COME ON DECK, DICKIE! THAT BUCKO MATS IS IN FOR THE SURPRISE OP HIS LIFE!

5-11

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

MER HOOPEE

PUFF-PUFF--BOY! I ALMOST MISSED YOU! I JUST LOST MY JOB--AND I'M GOIN' WITH YOU ON YOUR TRIP--

JUST GIVE ME TEN MINUTES TO PACK A SUITCASE AND I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YA!

OK, FOLKS—I'M ALL SET! LETS GO! NEWYORK OR BUST!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M JUST SCANNING THE HORIZON TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYBODY ELSE IN SIGHT TO JOIN THE EXCURSION BEFORE I MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO GET STARTED!

5-11

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

From The Wenatchee Daily World, May 10, 1936 Darlene Courchane's birthday.

NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORS

Trademark Registered
U. S. Patent Office

From The Wenatchee Daily World, May 10, 1936

Jim Grinder, the well-known Montana cowboy from Omak, Washington, was their good friend in the 1920s and 1930s. Many are the tales told about him, even today. Most of the stories are about his association with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, and the rest of the Wild Bunch. When I tended bar at the Silver \$ Bar in St. Ignatius in the late 1960's & early 1970's, I served him shots of whiskey, which he drank down without a blink of the eye. He was 102 years old then. He and Louie Gingras were two of Daddy's good friends. Old-timers in St. Ignatius say that Jim could skin a stolen pig in the dark of night. When a family was in need of fresh meat, Jim somehow knew. He would show up one day with a newly skinned pig, chicken, or beef. Jim told Bob Matt that he knew all of the Wild bunch; he had spent sometime in prison for stealing horses for them. According to Jim Grinder, they were "tough hombres". Jim died on October 23, 1977 at the age of 106.

“In 1935 or 1936 old Jim Grinder used to stay with us, I think he was paroled to Dad. He had been in Deer Lodge pen. Some of his old Wild Bunch buddies came to see him about that time.” Jimmy Courchane

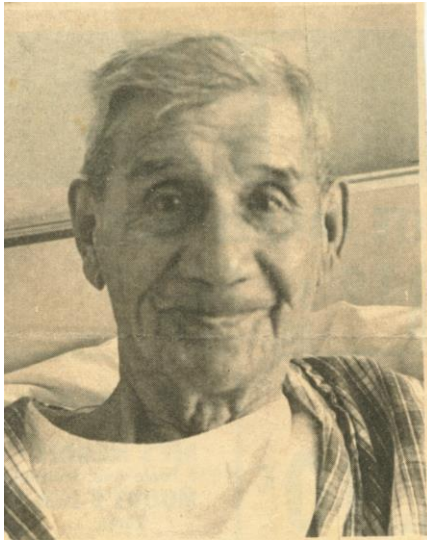
A collection of pictures of Jim Grinder follows below:



Taken, July 1914



Taken by either Bob or Darlene Matt, early 1970's
At the Silver \$ Bar, St. Ignatius, Mt.



HE'S PAST 102 — Jim Grinder, who says he was born May 23, 1868, in Okgunah, Wash., is shown shortly after he observed his birthday in St. Joseph Hospital, Polson. Grinder, a cowboy in the Polson area since 1900, says he owes his long life to “being an outdoorsman, having a good time and enjoying himself.”
(Marge Anderson Photo)

From The Mission Valley News

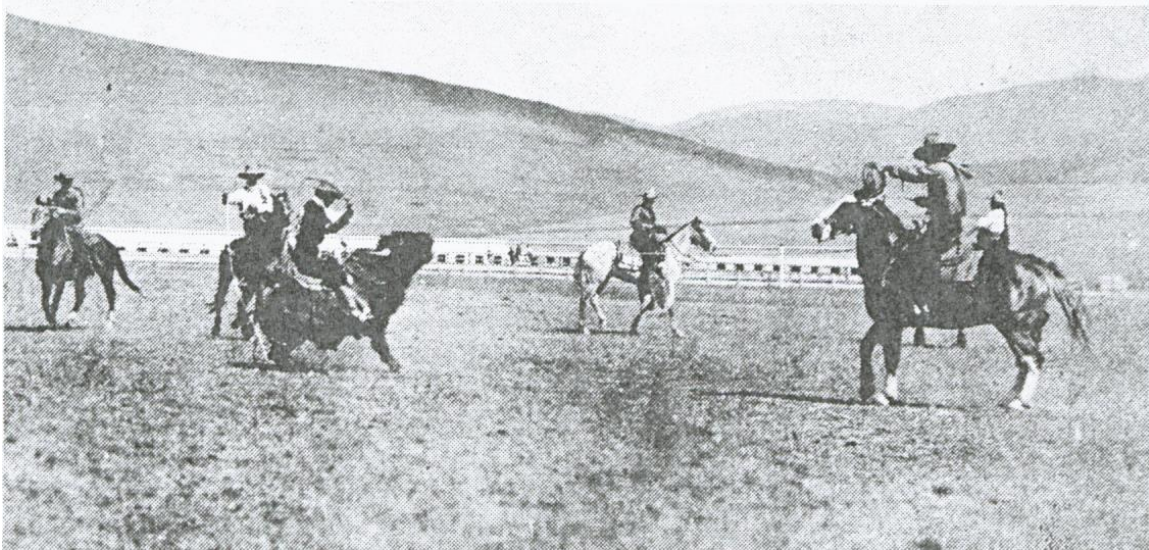


One-hundred-and-nine-year-old Jim Grinder, 85, talk of old times during a visit this summer right, and his long-time friend, Louis Gingras, in a Hot Springs bar.

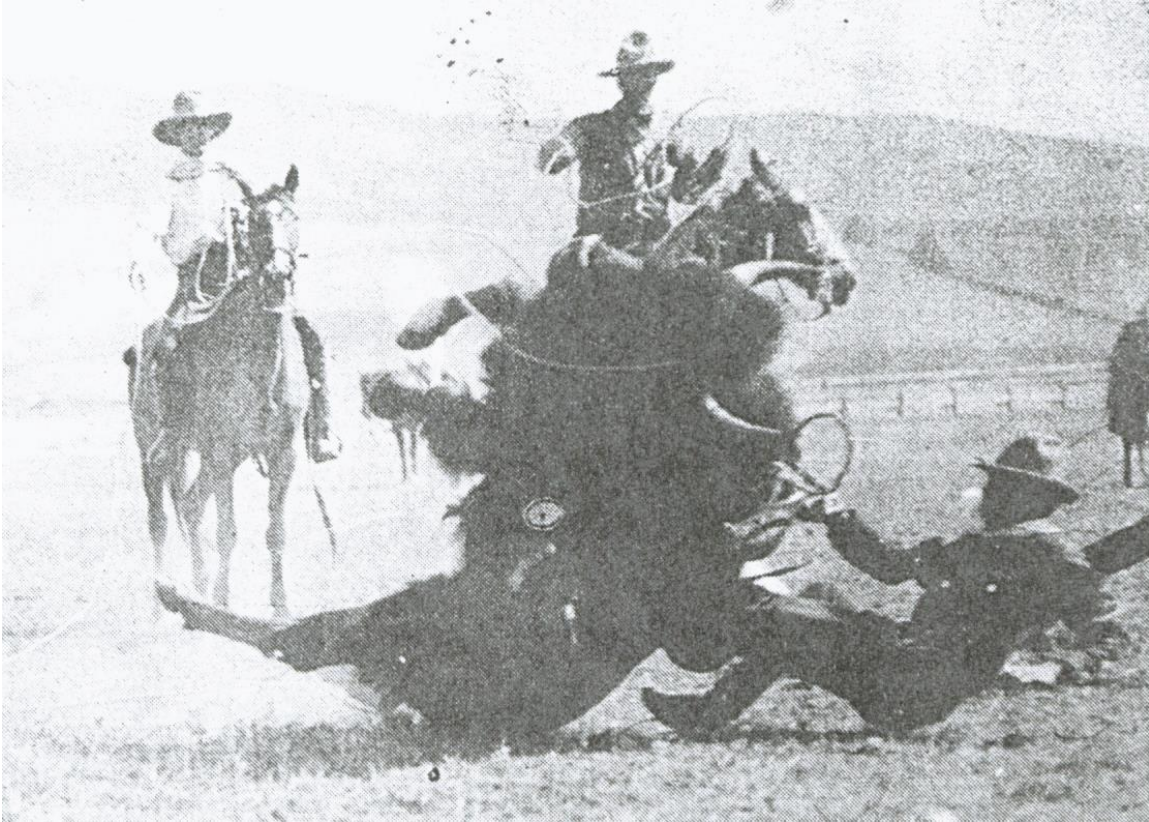
From The Missoulian, Nov. 14, 1977



Uncle Frank Allison, Uncle Phillip Ashley and Jim Grinder at the Allison place, 1930's.



Jim Grinder rides at buffalo at the Missoula Stampede in 1904



Jim Grinder takes a spill off a buffalo at the Missoula Stampede in 1904.

While living in Dixon Sassy was injured when she jumped and landed on a needle. Momma and Daddy had left Mary Alice Liberty as babysitter for Jimmy, Dona and Sassy while they went to town. Momma had told Mary Alice before they left that she could make chocolate fudge. But first she had a dish pan of dirty dishes to wash. She put the dish pan on the woodstove to heat up the water and started mixing the fudge and stirring it. Sassy in the meantime had jumped up on a chair and leaned on the warming dishpan with her hand to watch. As she leaned over she spilled the pan onto the floor breaking the dishes. As Jimmy and Dona were helping Mary Alice pick up the pieces of broken dishes, Sassy jumped down to help them and landed on a needle that was sticking up eye first. Feeling the sharp pain she cried out that she had landed on a piece of glass. When Momma and Daddy got home Mary Alice told them what happened and that Sassy had a piece of glass in her foot and it was swollen. Momma and Daddy looked her foot over and couldn't find anything but a small puncture wound. The next day the Indian Service nurse came by and looked at her foot and decided to take Sassy to St. Ignatius to see Dr. Armour at the Holy Family hospital. Dr. Armour x-rayed Sassy's foot and found the culprit, a needle. When he told Sassy that he found a spike in her foot she became frightened and started crying to Daddy that she had a spike in her foot. Sassy thought that the spike was like a big railroad spike or something like that. Daddy laughed and told her it was just a small needle. They put her to sleep with ether and extracted the needle and gave it to Daddy in a jar. So ends the needle story.