

Mary Service Viles – 1927-2019

Mary Service Viles passed away peacefully at home in Prineville, Ore., in the company of her family on March 20, 2019. Mary was born into this world by Ada (Carson) Service on Aug. 11, 1927, in Toledo, Ore.

Mary had an immediate impact on the community. Mary's father, Robert Service, worked as a typesetter for a local newspaper that ran a column explaining the delay of the current issue was caused by the birth of Ada and Robert's daughter, concluding with the wry promise that they would see that it would not happen again.

Mary grew up in Toledo surrounded by her family and many relatives. In 1945 she married Melvin Viles in Medicine Wells, Texas, near where Mel was stationed in the Army. After living in Toledo, Albany and Portland, and having three children, Mary and Mel agreed their final move would be to Prineville, where their younger four children were born.

Mary's individuality and humor provided her the strength and perspective needed to raise a large family in a small Central Oregon town in the 1950s–1970s, far from her coastal home. Mary recalled often how homesick she would get to see the greenery of Toledo, so one time Mel drove her to the woods near Prineville where she ended up crying because there was a little greenery but she had to look hard to find it.

In addition to providing a home for their children, Mary and Mel hosted frequent visits and extended stays of relatives and friends when needed to live with them in their busy household.

Over the years Mary held many jobs outside of her home. Some of her favorites included working at Bob's Flower Shop, City Center Motel, knitting and volunteering at the Prineville Chamber of Commerce and Friends of the Crook County Library.

She participated in many different aspects of work for her Tribe, the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians, and volunteered on these committees: Culture, Budget, Court, Elder, Sacred Lands Preservation and others, and among other



important Tribal work, Mary was instrumental in establishing the Tribal Court and served as a judge for more than 16 years.

Mary's love of reading and her active modeling of lifetime learning inspired her children and many others. She completed many certificates through continuing education and enjoyed teaching her family and others how to knit, make baskets, sew and garden.

Mary had a deep love for her relatives and friends and loved to recount memories of the fun and interesting times they shared. Those whom Mary loved knew they were loved and now miss her.

Mary was preceded in death by her husband, Melvin; parents, Robert and Ada Service; brothers, Robert, John, William and Michael Service; sisters Nancy Olson and Joan Richardson; and sons David and Timothy Viles.

Mary is survived by her sister, Jane John; sisters-in-law Mary Service and Sarah Service; brother-in-law, Kenneth (Myrna) Viles; daughters Melissa (Michael) Potter and Cynthia Viles; sons Daniel (Teena), Curtis (Julie) and Andrew (Carla) Viles; daughters-in-law Linda Viles and Tammy Viles; granddaughters Melanie, Jessica, Sarah, Breana, Elizabeth, Sydney, Alyson and Rayna Viles, Nicole Potter, Amanda Jett and Molly Olheiser; grandsons Nicholas, Tyler, Jerome, Carson, Samuel, Joel and Ryan Viles, Tao Potter and Gasun McCabe; 11 great-grandchildren; one great-great-grandson; and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.

A memorial service will be held at 1 p.m. on June 8, 2019, in Siletz, Ore. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations be made to a charity of your choice.

Hap Eugene Ness – 1967-2019

Hap Eugene Ness, 51, passed away April 4, 2019, in Newport, Ore. He was born Oct. 10, 1967, in Arlington, Wash., to Carl Ness and Cathy Gruebener-Kline.

Hap lived in Siletz with his wife, Tribal member Kathryn L. Ness (McCoy). They married in 1999 in Dallas, Ore.

Hap was a truck driver by profession and a volunteer Bingo caller at the Siletz Valley Grange. His hobbies included smoking jerky and cooking at pow-wows (Sam's BBQ) with his children and grandchildren.

Hap is survived by his wife, Kathy; siblings, Ganel Pratt, Cami Oban, Bob Ness and Dave Ness; children, Angie Parsons, Laurie Regalado, Samantha Messer and Ronnie Messer; 12 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents and his granddaughter, Reychele Regalado.



A memorial service took place April 27 at Siletz Gospel Tabernacle. Arrangements by Bateman Funeral Home in Newport.



Loved and lost: A year without Fatboy

By Eleeziaa Howard

Tobias Oetrelle Helms. Everyone, including his son, called him Fatboy. Fatboy was not just a big guy, he had a big presence, a big heart and most of all Fatboy had a big impact on those he met.

I'm not going to say I knew a lot about Fatboy. We met mostly in passing, but in the little time we did have he left a lasting impression on me. We called each other "cousin," but other than both being Siletz Tribal members, we shared no blood. What we did share was an intertwined family history. We were together before we were born.

It was the morning after my 24th birthday. I woke up to a phone call from my sister. She was crying so hard I couldn't understand what she was saying.

"What's wrong? Are you OK?" I asked.

I finally made out her words, "Fatboy is dead!"

"What?" I was shocked.

"Tobias is dead. Someone shot him."

April 14. That day rocked so many lives. Tobias was a figure bigger than life. His death was a tragedy that affected so many people. I don't want to write about his death, though. It was his life that was important.

Fatboy and I were womb buddies. Our moms were best friends and had us as teenagers a few months apart. I'm told we were together a lot when we were little but I don't remember those toddler days. It saddens me that I lost those memories. I was placed in foster care at 4 years old and lost out on knowing him.

The next time I would see Tobias again would be 15 years later. Oddly enough, it would also be on April 14, one day after my 19th birthday. I had finally decided to reconnect with my birth mom and she happened to be living with Fatboy and his family. It was a happy reunion and our moms were reminiscing about when we were little.

My mom said to me, "You and Fatboy were best friends and both Tribal members. We always thought you two would grow up and get married."

I blushed but Fatboy, who had started to stroll out of the kitchen, looked me dead in the eye and as he walked out he hollered, "There's still time, there's still time."

Everyone laughed and that was the start of our friendship. We were family and he always made me feel welcome. Our lives went in different directions but we kept in touch.

Three years later we were both 21. He had a new baby and I was unexpectedly expecting. I was in a panic. I had only been home six months from my deployment in Kuwait. I had made some not-so-smart choices and I had no plan. Only two people knew, my sister and my boyfriend.

My sister and I decided to go over to Fatboy's house. He was home alone with his baby son, Trell. He was so tiny in his



Courtesy photos

Fatboy Helms and his son, Trell

dad's arms and he terrified me. Fatboy looked exhausted. He had recently taken up the role of a single dad and I could tell it had not been easy.

My sister nudged me and forced me to out myself. I told him I was pregnant. He laughed at me and handed me his son, saying, "Having a kid is so hard, but it's the best thing that has ever happened to me."

That was the moment he had his biggest impact on me. What an amazing dad. He had successfully calmed me down and made me think about the future. My child was going to be just as loved as his. I was going to be a good parent like Tobias was.

I cried the day he died, thinking about his 3-year-old son. It is unbearable knowing that Trell is growing up without his dad. It's a heartbreaking thing to know that humans can make such hateful decisions. One horrible decision and now he's gone, and his family – his son – they lost the big heart that he had.

Tobias was a Siletz Tribal member and my big hope is that his stories continue to be shared so he will live on. He was special, he was important, he was one of us. He was family.

Fatboy Helms, Trell Helms and Eleeziaa Howard (right), joined by other family members

