CARD OF THANKS

We would like to thank everyone in the community who sent cards, flowers, food, and helped in so many ways before and after our loss.

> Sincerely, The Family of LaRoy Hepler P09/02

Obituary

DIANA GAIL RUSSELL

Diana Gail Russell, 60, Vernonia, died August 3, 2004. A graveside service was held August 19 at Willamette National Cemetery, with Pastor John Cahill officiating.

Mrs. Russell was born February 24, 1944, in Portland, to Warren and Grace (Campbell) Diekman. She grew up in Portland.

In 1964, she married Alan Irving Russell. They made their home in Milwaukie for eight years, then in Beavercreek until moving to Vernonia in 1991. She worked as a camera operator for U-Haul, then in the Proof department at First Interstate Bank. She was supervisor of the Proof Department at Key Bank from 1992 until retiring in 1997.

She was preceded in death by a brother, Jay Diekman.



Juyck 👌

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Survivors include her husband; three sons, Gregory Alan of Marblemount, Washington, Shawn Patric and Damian Scot, both of Portland; a sister. Kaylahna Eshelman of Cedar City, Colorado; one granddaughter; nieces and nephews.

Remembrances are suggested to the Willamette Columbia Parkinsonian Society, 1015 NW 22 Ave., Portland, OR 97210.

Fuiten, Rose & Hoyt Funeral Home in Vernonia was in charge of arrangements.

JENNIFER M. OAKES

Jennifer "Jenny" Michelle Oakes, 17, Banks, died August 22, 2004. A celebration of life was held August 26 at Banks High School gymnasium. A prayer service was held August 25 at St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church. Interment was at Union Point Cemetery

Miss Oakes was born April 26. 1987. She would have been a senior at Banks High School this fall.

Survivors include her mother and step-father, Shelly and Troy Ashwood of Gaston; her father and step-mother, Jim and Peggy Oakes of Banks; two brothers, Jesse Ashwood of Gaston, and Duke Revel of Hillsboro; three sisters, her twin, Rachel of Gaston, Kristina LaCasse of Hillsboro, and Caitie of Banks; grandparents, Jack Oakes of Wilsonville, Marilyn Hutchings of Tempe, Ariz., and Ross and Bev Ashwood of Keizer; many uncles, aunts

Angel Memorials

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and cousins.

School Starts September 7

Please Drive Carefully

Watch for Children on Roads

Remembrances are suggested to the Jennifer M. "Jenny" Oakes Scholarship Fund, c/o Jim Foster, principal, Banks High School, 450 S. Main St., Banks, OR 97106.

Fuiten, Rose and Hoyt Funeral Home of Forest Grove was in charge of arrangement.

HAZELLE MAE SOOK

Hazelle Mae Sook, 87, Forest Grove, died August 20, 2004. Funeral services were held August 23 at Mt. Olive Lutheran Church. Entombment was at Forest View Cemetery.

Mrs. Sook was born July 9, 1917, in Des Moines, Iowa, to Vern and Beulah Humphrey Jett. Her family moved to Fernhill when she was a child.

In 1935, she married Harry C. Sook. They made their home in Rockaway, then Fernhill, until moving to Hood River in 1939. In 1947 they operated a dairy farm in Holbrook, then moved to Cornelius and operated a dairy at 185th and Cornell Road. In 1972, they retired and moved to Forest Grove.

She was preceded in death by her husband; three brothers, George, Willard and Byron Jett; and three grandchildren.

Survivors include two sons, Bud of St. Helens, and Tim of Vernonia; five daughters. Carmellia Bourhill of La-Grande, Virginia Furrow of North Plains, Patricia Stocker of Gales Creek, Sara LeBrun of Portland, and Mary Stocker of Mountaindale; a grandson she raised. Mike Sook of Forest Grove: 16 other grandchildren; 17 great-grandchildren; one great-great-grandchild.

Remembrances are suggested to Mt. Zion Lutheran, 2325 17th Ave., Forest Grove, OR 97116, or to Washington County Hospice, 427 SE Eighth AVe., Hillsboro, OR 97123.

Duyck and VanDeHey Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.



Ike Says...

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We awoke the next morning to a day that was already 70 degrees, with the sun not yet above the horizon. We ate a quick breakfast and got on the move in order to take advantage of the early morning sun. Sheep tend to be more visible in the early morning and just before dark.

We soon were down in the valley bottom looking up at the huge buttes to our north, stopping and glassing every little bit. Looking for sheep is hard work! My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my head as I scanned the maze of rims and caves on the steep slopes.

Shortly, we saw signs of life in the distance. Wild horses became nervous as we approached and took off in a cloud of alkali dust. These horses are indeed a hardy breed, living in these harsh conditions. We saw why the horses were in this area as the green signs of water started appearing along the mountain front. The farther we went, the more we began to see jackrabbits and doves and, as we drove up into the mountain range, antelope and sage grouse. We had caught a glimpse of some sheep during the day, but they were literally miles away. That evening we all got to see some rams.

Mike and I were overlooking a big canyon, watching several herds of wild horses. We were just sitting there absorbing the grandeur of this scenic viewpoint. I had already scanned the opposite mountainside, but occasionally I would review a promising spot. Finally, one of the spots turned out to be something other than a rock or patch of grass-it was two bighorn sheep. One was definitely a ram, the other turned out to be a smaller ram. We were too far away to make any judgment on size, but we had finally found sheep. Soon Mike asked, "what's that?" Scanning the horizon I soon made out three more rams, two small and one about a 3/4 curl. I was amazed by how hard they were to see when they faced us head on. Jim would certainly be in for a hunt of a lifetime.

We met back at camp after brief evening scouting trips and Jim and Marshall had also

seen the first two rams. We had hamburgers and mashed potatoes in a cup for dinner. As we lay on our cots awaiting the nightly meteor shower, we were serenaded by crickets; tonight there was sound! We noticed an occasional flash of lightning over the Steens and hoped we would not be awakened in the middle of the night by a storm.

The next day was much like the previous, as we learned the goat trail system of roads that lay on top of the mountain range. We continued to see antelope, sage grouse and more sheep. We felt like we had accomplished our goal. We knew the lay of the land, where the roads were and, most importantly, where there were sheep.

We spent that night back down on the valley floor. We watched the southern horizon as it lit up with lightning storms while we ate. As we turned in, the light show became more intense, with lightning again striking the Steens Mountains while the distant rumbling and swooping nighthawks stimulated our ears.

We awoke to another beautiful morning; it was cloudy, and it wouldn't be so hot! We worked our way back along the southern front of the mountain range, glassing again, and finally came out of the wilderness onto the gravel county road that abuts the east side of the Steens Mountain. We were back in civilization, well kind of, but still had 30 miles of gravel until we hit the pavement. This is a different type of land that we all should cherish and experience. The smell of sagebrush, the sight of desert wildlife, the odd hot springs that come from deep in the earth and, on those very rare and special nights, the sound of silence.



Izaak Walton League **Nehalem Valley Chapter** meets on the third Thursday of each month at 7:00 p.m. Call 503-429-7193 for location of meeting.