



Dale Earnest Louk

August 22, 1937 - August 22, 2023

Dale Earnest Louk, age 86, passed away peacefully into his Lord and Savior's hands on Tuesday, August 22, 2023, at Central Washington Hospital.

Born on the same date, August 22, 1937, in Hardin, Montana, to Earnest Lavell and Faye Evelyn Louk, he attended Coulee City and Chelan High schools where he played football, baseball and basketball. He was a member of the of the Chelan "Goats" Washington State Class B football championship team in 1954 during his senior year. Dale went on to play four years of college football and graduated from Central Washington College with a Bachelor of Education degree. Later he earned a Master of Business Administration degree at Arizona State University while serving as an officer in the US Air Force. Dale earned several commendations and attained the rank of Colonel during his distinguished career in the Air Force while serving 23 years as a Supply Operations officer.

On July 18, 1959, he married his childhood sweetheart and love of his life, Bunnie Hurst and they remained married for 64 years. Dale and Bunnie had great adventures living in several places during his time in the military including an assignment in France as well as Amarillo, TX, Memphis, TN, Tempe, AZ, but primarily raised his family in Colorado Springs, CO, and Anchorage, AK, where he retired in 1983. After leaving the military, he continued to serve the people of our country by working for the Alaska State

Troopers as Director of Resource Management until 1993. Dale and Bunnie moved from Alaska to East Wenatchee, WA, in 2001, while spending winters in San Antonio TX, and Casa Grande, AZ.

Dale was a man of integrity and strength who always put his family first. His greatest joy was to take his family camping and fishing as well as watch his two sons play sports. He left a legacy of education, hard work and family values. He adored his grand-kids and loved when they visited. Dale also enjoyed reminiscing at family gatherings with his brothers and sister Wayne, Melvin and Nadine. It was great fun to hear them banter and laugh at each other. He also had a special bond with his brother and sister-in-law, Fred and Linda Hurst, who live nearby and are a great help. Dale will be sorely missed by many.

Dale is survived by his wife Bunnie; son Stephen Earnest (Kimberly) Louk, Grandkids Rachelle (Ted) Shreve and Courtney Louk; and three great grandchildren. Dale was preceded in death by his parents and son, Ronald Dale Louk.

Dale will be laid to rest at Evergreen Memorial Park in East Wenatchee with full military honors during a graveside ceremony on a date yet to be determined.

The family would like to thank Dr. Toby Long for the many years of taking care of Dale and friendship that developed and to the staff at Central Washington Hospital for the exceptional care he received.

Tribute Wall



“ *Family memories*

Steve Louk - September 08, 2023 at 11:06 AM

SL

“ Dale Earnest Louk was my Dad. He was a great man of determination, integrity and strength who always put his family first and set an example for me to follow. He left a legacy of education, hard work and family values. I will never forget a couple of the corny sayings he repeated so many times, "Lying, cheating and stealing are the three worst things you can do" and "When the going gets tough, the tough get going". Dad believed integrity was the most important character of a person and taught me to always follow through with what you say you are going to do. His greatest joy was to take his family camping and fishing as well as watch his two sons play sports. He adored his grand-kids and loved when they visited. Dale also enjoyed reminiscing at family gatherings with his brothers and sister Wayne, Melvin and Nadine. It was great fun to hear them banter and laugh at each other. He also had a special bond with his brother and sister-in-law, Fred and Linda Hurst, who live nearby and are a great help.

I was always so proud of my Dad and wanted to be like him in every way. I can't think of a time he ever disgraced himself or our family. It was a source of pride that my Dad was an officer in the US Air Force and made the rank of Colonel. Dad set out to be a teacher and coach but received an officer's commission through the ROTC program at Central Washington College. He was proud of putting himself through college but laughed about his ROTC officer saying Dad did the least amount of work of anyone that completed the program. Neither the ROTC instructor nor my Dad could have ever foreseen the height of his accomplishments and exceptional career. Dad always gave me a sense of security and protection that lasted my entire life. I can't think of a better definition of a father.

Dad really emphasized higher education as he received his Bachelor of Education degree from Central and earned a Master of Business degree at Arizona State University while in the Air Force. He also encouraged Mom to get her Bachelor of Education degree from Memphis State University and put his granddaughter, Rachelle and I through college. We are all so grateful as it set us up to be successful.

Dad loved sports and played football, basketball and baseball all the

way through high school at Coulee City and Chelan. He was on the team in Chelan that won the Class B Football Championship and went on to play four years of college football where he lettered every year. He was so proud of his years playing at Central and the fact they won the Evergreen Conference Championship in 1957, just missing a bowl bid. I loved hearing the stories of all his friends and teammates, Corky Bridges, Gary Frederick and Larry Maguire to name a few who became life-long friends.

On July 18, 1959, he married his childhood sweetheart and love of his life, Bunnie Hurst and they remained married for 64 years. Our family had great adventures living in several places during Dad's time in the military including an assignment in France as well as Amarillo, TX, Memphis, TN, Tempe, AZ, but primarily raised his family in Colorado Springs, CO, and Anchorage, AK, where he retired in 1983. After leaving the military, he continued to serve the people of our country by working for the Alaska State Troopers as Director of Resource Management until 1993. Dale and Bunnie moved from Alaska to East Wenatchee, WA, in 2001, while spending winters in San Antonio TX, and Casa Grande, AZ.

One of my earliest memories was when we were stationed in Memphis, TN. My brother, Ron and I were only about 3 and 5 years old watching pro football on TV with Dad. He got us helmets and shoulder pads on Christmas to go out and bump heads in the yard. I wanted to play pro football ever since and as we continued to grow, Dad got us in every sport possible. He would have known by a pretty early age; I would never be big enough or fast enough to make the pro's but never once did he say so. He was teaching me you could do anything you put your mind to.

I could see the pride in Dad about his two sons playing sports. I remember how my teammates on the various football teams I played, thought it was so neat my Dad would bring a lawn chair to sit in and watch practice while he read the paper and smoked a cigar. I think that vision of him is one of my favorite memories. Dad and Mom never missed any game I ever played in which required taking off work or traveling if needed. I can't think of a better way to express your love and support as I remember looking in the stands

for them at every game. Dad would support any sport we chose as Ron ended up getting interested in hockey from Dad taking us to the Air Force Academy hockey games. The players would give us their broken sticks which we would tape up and play with. Although Dad had no background or knowledge of hockey, he supported my brother, and we would all travel to see Ron play in Denver or anywhere else. I know those were my parent's favorite years. Dad grew up fishing and hunting with his dad, Earnest Louk, and brothers who are Uncle Wayne and Uncle Mel to me. Dad and his brothers spent some time with their grandad and grandma in Montana, Dick and Ella Louk where they learned to fly-fish. Fishing has been Dad's passion ever since. We grew up in Colorado Springs and would go camping and fishing every weekend of the summer. We were a very close-knit family because of these trips. Dad would load up the camper but give us boys the responsibility of putting our own things in. Invariably, we would forget something that he bailed us out by loading, then chuckle after waiting until we got down the road and ask if we remembered our waders. He like to remind us about the trip to Twin Lakes where Ron & I slept in while Mom and Dad caught all the fish. Those trips were my favorite childhood memories as we would pull into a camping spot and Dad didn't care that Ron and I wouldn't help set up camp but the first thing we did was rig our fishing rods and take off down the stream. Us boys would begin running from hole to hole while Dad would come along behind us and catch four times more by fishing the ripples. If we weren't fishing a stream, we were in a boat at 11 Mile reservoir catching Kokanee. We would all play cards in the camper when the wind came up in the afternoon to blow us off the water. What great fun we had!

We were all so excited about our next fishing adventures when Dad got stationed in Alaska and boy how we were not disappointed. We began by getting big thick spinning rods and trying to set the hook the same way we always had for trout which didn't work a lick. Ron was the one who figured it out by watching a guy using a fly-rod. We continued our family trips and started having a lot more success after we learned to fish for salmon from Dad's good friend in the Air Force, Bob Jones. We frequented places like the Russian River,

Deep Creek, Ninilchik and Anchor Rivers. I remember so many times getting up at 4am with Dad and Ron to hit the river for Kings, Reds and Silvers. It was a boy's dream!

Dad and Mom moved away from their families once Dad entered the Air Force but we would return for a couple of weeks during the summers to visit. Those vacations and re-unions held a lot of great memories as Ron and I were able to get to know our grandparents, aunts and uncles. They usually included gathering at a lake or river for camping and fishing. My Dad and uncles will never let me forget our trip to Three Rivers resort where Dad rigged up my rod and handed it to me while he went on to set up more poles. I wanted to practice my casting and proceeded to throw my lure 20 - 30 ft straight up in the air which got stuck in a tree. My grandad watched while I was jerking for all I was worth to free it before Dad saw. Dad noticed grandad laughing out of the corner of his eye, and I will never forget how Dad looked over at me, still jerking on the pole, as his eyes and head slowly followed the line straight up in the air. It was pretty embarrassing but was glad my Dad couldn't get too upset since his dad and brothers were there. Our lives were full of these types of stories that we all laughed about together. We had so much fun at the Riverside Campground on the Kenai River where Dad taught both his granddaughters, Rachelle and Courtney how to fish. Both Mom & Dad's families would come to Alaska to visit and go fishing. Dad really enjoyed when the family was together, and we all carried on and laughed at each other.

Dad and Mom moved from Alaska to East Wenatchee in 2001 after he retired from the Air Force and Alaska State Troopers and Mom retired from her school teaching career of more than 20 years. They began spending the winters in warm climates like San Antonio, TX for 11 years and then Case Grande, AZ for 11 years. Everywhere they went they made life-long friends such as Bob and Carolyn Shipmen, Doc and Marion Savage and Dave and Joyce Marquis. I missed getting to see my folks much after they moved until we also began going to AZ during the winters from 2007 - 2014. It was so neat to be able to spend time with them again. My wife Kim, and I were in a place about 30 minutes away and would come for dinner a couple of times a week and I got to sit outside with Dad again as he

barbequed. We would bring Kim's mom, Cece who Mom and Dad enjoyed getting to know. Cece loved spoiling Dad by enrolling him in the pie of the month club that was delivered to his residence. He said it gave him something to look forward to since he began looking for the delivery every time he heard a truck outside. A special bond also grew between Dad and Kim while they shucked crab legs together and she sent him presents to open on Christmas and Father's Day. In these later years, Dad, Mom and I would do a lot of reminiscing and laughing. Dad started telling some of the stories of the mischief he got into in high school with Jack Brown and silly things he did while he and Mom were newly-weds. I sure would have liked to know some of that while I was growing up since Dad led me to believe he was so disciplined and straight-laced. Ron and I often talked about having the best childhoods possible and I am so proud to call Dale Earnest Louk, my Dad and carry his middle name as my own. I will miss him every day of my life but rejoice to know I will see him again in heaven - Thank you Lord Jesus!

Steve Louk - September 08, 2023 at 10:45 AM