



Dale Edwin Clew

June 5, 1958 - January 22, 2022

Dale Edwin Clew, 63, of Albany, Oregon died in Corvallis, Oregon on Saturday, January 22, 2022. Please leave condolence messages for the family here on the website.

Tribute Wall

ST

“ Steven L. Teter

19 hours ago

I've known Dale Edwin Clew since 1978 when he was an oiler at the sugar factory in TwinFalls Idaho. We did alot of shooting together. We managed to stay in touch though out the years. Dale was a great guy with his own idiosyncrasies and at times a wicked sense of humor. People asked me why I associated with Dale, but they were quick to judge without knowing who he really was. Even when he lived on Burnside in his red Datson for 2 yrs he didn't sucum totally to life on the street. I visited him in Portland back in the mid 90's on my way through back to Idaho. He built a good reputation as an excellent painter in the Woodriver Valley in Ketchum and Hailey Idaho painting the houses of Jack Hemingway, Borger Steven's, Bruce Willis and other celebrities. His buisness took a hit when the property manager died of a heart attack and the new manager contracted out with someone else. Dale would crash at my place when he was back in TwinFalls area with Bandit # 1. If you afended Dale for now reason you were forever in his Blackfoot of undesirable acquaintances. When he lived in Ontario Oregon and was suffering from the initial symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis I would drive over from Boise to help him work on his car and take him to WalMart for groceries. He was in so much pain before he received his disability and medications he asked me to buy him a handgun to end his life which made me very upset to which I won't elaborate. The last time I visited with Dale in person was in Burns Oregon in 2020 when I met him halfway. I knew Dale was gone when in December 2021 he didn't answer my calls and texts and especially when Russia invaded Ukraine. He would have been blowing up my phone with his rants and raves in protest. I am so glad to know that other people cared enough to leave the personal experiences online. For the better part of 2 yrs I called local police and county coroner's office and the shelter were he recived his mail, but know one would answer my inquiries about his situation or passing. I was sitting here looking at some items Dale gave me and momentos and I just Googled his name and finally my questions

were answered. I cried to think that Dale had passed and know one would be there to wish him well on his final journey. It brings tears to my eyes to finally know the details. Thank You to the folks & friends of Dale who left there kind remembrances of this imperfect, but Goodman deep down inside. Goodbye to my good friend of the last 40 yrs. You are missed. P. S. what happened to Bandit #2

Steven L. Teter - October 11, 2024 at 07:38 PM

TP

“ I got to know Dale when my landlord Kurt asked if I was willing to keep Bandit for a couple weeks while Dale was hospitalized to receive iv antibiotics for a bad infection, back in 2017. I got to know Dale when he came to the farm to tend his crop. In the fall, I helped him hang his plants to dry, in the little cottage on the property. We talked about dogs, music, building things, guns, the problems facing homeless people, gardens and more. He shared about his life while young, and he shed a few tears. We stayed away from politics and religion. One winter, his van was stuck in the backyard for several months while he changed some part. He knew how to do the work, but his poor hands were so swollen from rheumatoid arthritis that it took a long time for any task. He didn't like to ask for help, and rarely accepted help when offered. He did accept the offer to drive my mom's little Toyota Tercel that was parked here. I was supposed to sell it to a college student, but we both believed Dale needed it more. Then when it broke down, I drove him to get groceries, ice and propane for months and months. I think he hated having me drive him around! I kept his extra insulin in the house refrigerator during this time. I worried about him in the cold. Then Covid-19 happened, and he got stimulus money and he was able to buy the blue van with flames. I didn't see much of him after that, unless I heard him outside when he was tending his yearly crop. He was an honest man, and I trusted him. He would bring my dogs pig ears, even though he was on a fixed income and those are expensive. He valued his friendship with my landlord, Kurt. He did have a twisted sense of humor and he yelled and cussed a lot. I will miss talking to him. I hope he is at peace.

Terri Powers - March 05, 2022 at 04:14 PM

KL

“ (memories of Dale, part 2)

Dale mostly lived on the margins of society, in the literal sense of “living in a van down by the river,” and that was true at the time of his death. I never could quite convince him to accept living in subsidized apartment housing, even though he probably would have had no trouble qualifying. Apartment living probably would have required him to give up his dog, or at least that’s what he was convinced. He did have a few friends that cared about him and looked out for him, and he also gave back to those friends in return. Those of us who knew him well thought of him as someone who was generous, who kept his word, was free with his opinions and who had a sense of humor. He could also be... a little hot-headed, and pretty quick to take offense if someone showed him disrespect.

I know that I’ve talked a good deal about his homelessness in this remembrance, but I want to say that it wasn’t something he wore on his sleeve or something that was always uppermost in my mind when I was with him - when he stopped by to talk with me he was just Dale, my friend.

For a guy who never caught many breaks Dale was a crazy optimist who always believed that someday he was going to find that reliable vehicle that would take him and Bandit down to New Mexico to live out his days in nomadic comfort. Or that the money from this year’s medical marijuana crop was going to last longer than his current van’s mechanical problems. I like to think that he had a bit of happiness these last few years, gardening his crops on my property and shooting the breeze in the driveway about guns, movies, politics, and the generally sorry state of the world. I am going to miss him.

Kurt Liebezeit - February 22, 2022 at 12:28 AM

KL

“ ‘ve known Dale since the mid 90’s, when he and I both originally lived in SE Portland. As I got to know Dale better I learned he was a pretty atypical homeless person. He wasn’t addicted to anything, and he wasn’t crazy, just cussedly independent. He preferred van living to being in an apartment; he always had a dog, usually an Australian shepherd mix, and he always named his dogs ‘Bandit.’ He used to sleep in his white Ford van over near Laurelhurst Park, get up every morning and look for work in the Oregonian, which he read while drinking a cup of coffee from a nearby coffee shop. He would stop by my house from time to time and we’d discuss current events and news of the world. Hardly anyone would recognize that he was homeless from the way he dressed or talked, or even from the vehicle he drove.

Through the years, while he was still in Portland, he painted a couple of buildings for me, inside and out. One was a 4800 square foot two story 1908 fourplex, which he painted top to bottom with a brush. He said it would last longer than a spray job, and he was right. Dale knew his stuff when it came to painting. Another time someone stole my bicycle while it was parked outside St Francis. I called Dale and asked if he knew anywhere I might go to look for it; he told me to sit tight, and he would do some checking around. Two hours later he showed up at my house with my bicycle; he knew exactly who dealt in stolen bicycles, and basically told the fence to sell him my bike at cost, or he’d put the police onto him.

Dale had a hard life physically. Sometimes he was able to work as a skilled laborer in the building or painting trades, but more often he was just the muscle that moved the dirt, or dug the hole, or stacked the sugar bags. I once asked him, what was the worst job he had ever done? I almost regretted asking him after he told me: down in California he was once part of a crew that dug a 90 foot deep irrigation well... by hand. They would lower him down with ropes, and he would fill buckets with dirt and send them up, working in a 3 foot diameter hole for eight hours a day.

All of this took a toll on Dale physically. His shoulder was messed up from his time working in the construction trade, and he couldn't raise one arm even as high as his neck. He had experienced a terrible blood infection that settled in his knee a few years back, and the doctors had to scrape out all the bad tissue, leaving him with a painful bone-on-bone condition in that knee. As a result he could only walk short distances on level ground with the aid of a cane. He had painful arthritis, especially in his hands, from all the years of using a paint brush. I've known him to be immobilized in his vehicle by pain for hours, unable to access his pills because they were just out of reach in the back seat. He told me recently that he was on nine different prescription pills, and they made him nauseous and dizzy for most of the day, every day. Dale had diabetes, and I remember being astounded to learn that he was spending something like sixty dollars a month on ice in the summer to keep his insulin cold – that was nearly ten percent of his monthly budget. His other big expense was Bandit: he only bought the best dog food. Bandit usually ate as well Dale: Dale's standard dinner in the summer was steak and potatoes cooked on a portable propane grill, one steak for him and one for Bandit.

Kurt Liebezeit - February 22, 2022 at 12:25 AM

ST

I've known Dale Edwin Clew since 1978 when he was an oiler at the sugar factory in TwinFalls Idaho. We did alot of shooting together. We managed to stay in touch though out the years. Dale was a great guy with his own idiosyncrasies and at times a wicked sense of humor. People asked me why I associated with Dale, but they were quick to judge without knowing who he really was. Even when he lived on Burnside in his red Datsun for 2 yrs he didn't succum totally to life on the street. I visited him in Portland back in the mid 90's on my way through back to Idaho. He built a good reputation as an excellent painter in the Woodriver Valley in Ketchum and Hailey Idaho painting the houses of Jack Hemingway, Borger Steven's, Bruce Willis and other celebrities. His buisness took a hit when the property manager died of a heart attack and the new manager contracted out with someone else. Dale would crash at my place when he was back in TwinFalls area with Bandit # 1. If you afended Dale for now reason you were forever in his Blackfoot of undesirable acquaintances. When he lived in Ontario Oregon and was suffering from the initial symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis I would drive over from Boise to help him work on his car and take him to WalMart for groceries. He was in so much pain before he received his disability and medications he asked me to buy him a handgun to end his life which made me very upset to which I won't elaborate. The last time I visited with Dale in person was in Burns Oregon in 2020 when I met him halfway. I knew Dale was gone when in December 2021 he didn't answer my calls and texts and especially when Russia invaded Ukraine. He would have been blowing up my phone with his rants and raves in protest. I am so glad to know that other people cared enough to leave the personal experiences online. For the better part of 2 yrs I called local police and county coroner's office and the shelter where he recived his mail, but know one would answer my inquiries about his situation or passing. I was sitting here looking at some items Dale gave me and momentos and I just Googled his name and finally my questions were answered. I cried to think that Dale had passed and know one would be there to wish him well on his final journey. It brings tears to my eyes to finally know the details. Thank You to the folks & friends of Dale who left there kind remembrances of this imperfect, but Goodman deep down inside. Goodbye to my good friend of the last 40 yrs. You are missed. P. S. what happened to Bandit #2

Steven L. Teter - October 11, 2024 at 12:34 AM

KL

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Kurt Liebezeit - February 17, 2022 at 12:48 AM

MC

He was one irascible son of a gun but needed a friend and I didn't mind helping out with that. One time I did owe him some money and he forgot so rather than piss him off cuz he's crazy like that I paid it and didn't hold any grudges. He could be a good friend but you did not want to get on his bad side either. I hope he's feeling better wherever he's at now and I hope someone's taking care of bandit who I loved.

Michael Chouinard - April 04, 2025 at 11:54 AM

MC

It was money I already paid but paid him twice just to make everything be nice and nice

Michael Chouinard - April 04, 2025 at 11:57 AM

MC

Can't believe I just shed a tear for the crusty old gadget God bless

Michael Chouinard - April 04, 2025 at 11:58 AM