



Dennis Lynn Haney

September 5, 1938 - March 14, 2023

Dennis was born to Glenn and Lucille Haney, in Eugene Oregon. As a child, the family moved to Goodpasture Island, near present day Marist High School. In those days the island was entirely farms and farmland. Dennis grew up tending walnut and hazelnut orchards, had a sizable flock of laying hens, a succession of working dogs and a dairy cow named Putsy; a cow that would follow him to the bus stop, and she'd wait there until he came home from school.

He played trombone in the school band and joined the Future Farmers of America (FFA). Dennis immersed himself in the club, was elected president his senior year and earned a trip to Kansas City to compete in the FFA national speech finals.

His best friend Herb grew up at the adjoining farm, was outgoing, always had the fastest cars and was good with the dolls. Herb set them up on a double date with girls from the Catholic School. Early on it was apparent the match wasn't quite right, so the guys and gals traded dates, which was how Dennis met Carolyn (Peggy) Davis.

Coos Bay Oregon was Dennis' first move after high school. He landed work as a gas jockey and lived rent free at the fire station. It was a different era. Fire Department training consisted of shipping the new "sleepers" to one of the local wharves and stretching a 2 ½ inch hose line tipped with a straight bore nozzle. They got the water flowing, then the "regulars" turned up the water pressure until the newbies couldn't hold on—instantly the hose snapped

back and forth with such violence it knocked them to the deck and beat them around a bit! From that day on, the soaking wet group of sleepers were qualified to fight fire.

Mom and Dad married in 1958, the day after his 20th birthday. She moved to the coast and together they formed a life-long appreciation for that area. They especially loved storms, discovering that if they drove out to Shore Acres State Park the day after a big one blew over, the waves hitting the headland made for a spectacular show. My sister, Linda, made her grand arrival in 1959. Months later, mom was pregnant again (with me) and it was time for the young couple to make a life change. They moved their Jewel mobile home to his parent's farm in Eugene, continued pumping gas, then started collecting the materials and equipment it took to raise pole beans. Their first crop was harvested in 1963, the year brother Bill was born. In 1965, they bought a Standard service station, on Willamette Blvd, in the heart of the "strip." Friday and Saturday nights he had to put on extra help to direct traffic in and out of the station. On those nights, only the finest hot rods were allowed to park along the sides of the lot, all backed in at an angle to best display the cars. Life pivot two: Mom and Dad sold the service station, parked the farm equipment, bought an undeveloped piece of property on Tampico Rd, and moved the family to Corvallis in 1968. Dennis had a dream, he wanted to be a high school agriculture (ag) teacher, which was huge, because he grew up a "Duck" and he threw it all away to be a "Beaver." He worked nights, you guessed it, pumping fuel at the Standard service station in Corvallis, which worked out well because when things were slow at night, he could get his homework done at the front counter. After graduation, he landed his first teaching job at West Albany High School, a school with a long and storied ag program. The school had a land lab, a greenhouse, an ag shop, tractors, trailers, implements, and a FFA program. His contract included working summers, shuttling students to events around the State; fairs, animal judging, speech, parliamentary procedure, and help with their individual farm projects. It truly was his dream job.

Apparently, Dennis wasn't busy enough with having a wife and family, building out the property on Tampico Rd., going to college, because Dennis and a handful of community members were concerned about the lack of fire protection in north Benton County. He took part in passing a ballot measure, electing board members, and starting Adair Rural Fire Protection District. On the strength of his firefighting experience in Coos Bay—getting the heck beat out of him by a 2 ½ fire hose—he was chosen as the district's first Fire Chief. In the 1980's, Albany schools started cutting elective classes, little by little. At first, they took away an ag class, so he picked up a math or science class here and there, then they cut another and another. Then they closed the entire program at West Albany and transferred Dennis to South Albany High School. Life pivot three: Dennis wasn't happy with the situation that landed him at South Albany, so he started taking classes at community colleges, courses in fire inspection, investigation and fire code. In 1986 he stepped away from teaching and went to work at Albany Fire, in the Fire Marshal's office (FMO). Fire inspections, plan review, fire investigation, fire alarms and fire suppression systems, he'd go on and on about the work because he was so enthralled with it. If you aren't in the fire service you probably don't know that joining the FMO is like joining a cult; they have their own unintelligible language, fire code; their own bible, fire code. Dad truly found a new passion. After close to a decade and a half, he passed his Adair Fire Chief badge to Chuck Harris and accepted the Fire Marshal's position. He held that rank until the day he died.

In retirement, Dennis and Peggy enjoyed traveling the US and Canada in their RV. The lion's share of their itineraries involved genealogy; Dad's hobby turned obsession. Family reunions of distant relatives, city halls, libraries, cemeteries, mining for information where the line of this family or that petered out. Many a tree gave their all in this pursuit. So much paper. So, so many hard copies. Mom and dad met a lot of nice people in their travels. Their last big trip was months before her death in 2018, to a Beebe family reunion in

Ontario Canada.

Of course, they enjoyed spending time with their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. It was a rite of passage for the grandkids, being old enough to go on a Gpa and Gma camping trip. What a blessing to have family, folks to share the good times, and bad. I remember sitting across the breakfast table with my father, a day or two after mom died. I suggested we could sit there all day long and watch one another cry, or we could drive to Salem and spend the day holding a newborn, great grandson, Hunter. It was a beautiful day, nestled in the midst of misery.

Dennis was preceded in death by his wife, Peggy; his mother and father Lucille and Glenn, his brother Ron; and enough brother and sisters-in-laws to fill a Greyhound Bus; did I mention Dad was dating a Catholic girl? He is survived by his children, Linda (Jim), Dick (Marcia) and Bill (Tammy); grandchildren, Joshua (Kerstin), Stephanie, Kyle (Chele), Melissa (Koda) and Brandon (Lacey). Great grandchildren, Monica, Cassidy, Dylan, Tristan, Zander, Kathryn, Emmett, Lilith, Hunter, Nolan. And his sister-in-laws that we adore, aunts Ann (Jim) and Dorothy who is 93!

Dad was a people person. We feel the warm glow of this even after his passing. Neighbor Tim, who turned super hero the night dad died, the cardio rehab group at their favorite coffee shop, Chuck, who is as stunned and lost over this as anyone, the ever-so-helpful Barbara at the mortuary, Sonja the young lady at the bank that helped him face the painful process of settling Mom's accounts. It is all hugs, and sweet stories, comments like, "Every time I saw him part of me wished I was his granddaughter." He was kind.

Dad had his quirks, as we all do. And one of his more visible fixations was he appeared to be a hoarder. Boy, did this man leave us with treasure, mounds and mounds of treasure. For years I've dreaded this time, his passing, the siblings having to figure out what to do with all of this....stuff.

Turns out, he brought a girl into this world with the opposite quirk; Linda, who is all about order. She's gone neck deep into Dad's 84-year collection; sorting into piles: recycling, garbage, shred, items of interest; legal, financial, family

history, genealogy....did I mention genealogy? Through my sister's forensics, we are seeing much more of the man and the reasons why he made this decision or that. He was from a different era. A time where you didn't talk things through, bring up the travails of the past, the deeds and misdeeds. It's obvious now, thanks to my sister's mad organizational skills; checks, invoices, letters, bills of sales, bean field weekly pay tickets (okay, how is it possible that my Grandfather Davis spent weekends picking beans for his son-in-law in the early 60's? Albert was a log truck driver, worked in the woods; the rest of the familiar names on bean weigh tickets make sense, in-laws, cousins in their teens and twenties; but, Albert, the man that died in a logging accident when I was five-years-old picked beans for my father??) these are all clues that show my Dad could not let go of the past; things that happened before his birth, during his formative years, working life, and beyond. Kind of like if he tossed something out, whatever that scrap of paper documented, never happened, never existed; so he kept it. What happened back then was important to him. I get it now.

The stacks and stacks of stuff are appalling....but also a gift, a time travelers free pass to history, the what's, why's and where's of our family.

Rest easy, Dennis, Son, Husband, Chief, Teacher, Fire Marshal, Father, in favor to all the people you helped and encouraged, all the things you accomplished for the community, for simply the person you became over the years; you will not be forgotten.

A celebration of Life will be held at the Adair Officer's Club, April 15, 2023; from 1300 to 1700hrs; 6097 NE Ebony Ln. Corvallis, OR; 97330.

In lieu of flowers, occasionally think of Dennis and his good deeds. Then do something nice for someone that could use a smile and a better day.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

APR **15**. 1:00 PM - 5:00 PM (PT)

The Officer's Club
6097 NE Ebony Lane
Corvallis, OR 97330

Tribute Wall

PB

“ Hello I am a cousin from Iowa. Denny and Peggy came to visit a few years back. My picture is taped to a radio by the stairs. My name is Pam Bringleson I loved him very much. 🙏

Pam Bringleson - May 31, 2023 at 12:08 PM

RH

“ I live in the Adair Rural Fire Protection District. I've had several excellent interactions with Dennis. My favorite happened many years ago. I had a slash pile along 99W. Bad place to burn slash. It smoldered for about a month. one night a high wind came up with torrential rain. The pile exploded! an airplane called it in as a structural fire. Around 2 AM I heard trucks maneuvering down on 99. I went to investigate. Red lights everywhere. Adair had most of their equipment parked on the shoulder of 99. The person in command that night asked me how to get a hose to the fire. I wanted it to burn. We argued. Finally Dennis showed up and tol everyone to go home!
That's the way Dennis was: Practical, full of common sense, and compassionate.

Rich Holmes

Rich Holmes - April 15, 2023 at 07:44 PM

MP

“ Mr Haney had a huge impact on my life, in so many ways. He was my ag teacher and FFA advisor for four years leading up to graduation in 1978, but he was so much more than that. To say that things were rough at home during that time was a huge understatement, and Dennis provided me stability and guidance in a very rough time of life. He taught me to believe in myself, he taught me how to be a leader, he taught me how to care for others around me. He built in me a lifelong passion for agriculture, and a passion for the fire service. Rest In Peace Dennis, knowing you made a difference in the many, many lives you touched.

Mark Poorman - April 15, 2023 at 10:43 AM

CG

“ Mr. Haney was a wonderful mentor, teacher, and friend. He demonstrated a very special type of kind and compassionate servant leadership. Many of the qualities he so effortlessly demonstrated I try to emulate and pass on to our sons. He will be missed and remembered.

Chris Griffin - April 14, 2023 at 03:43 PM

EH

“ I had the privilege of serving in the Adair FD shortly after it was formed, and taking direction from Dennis as a volunteer in both drills and on fire runs. He was always a good friend to my family up until his passing. He really will be missed. He was more than just a great person. He was a force of nature.

Eldon Hardenbrook - April 12, 2023 at 11:18 AM

WO

“ I had the gift of working with Dennis at Albany Fire Department! He was never not a teacher. I knew nothing about the fire service and he taught me so much! I will never forget how kind and patient he was! I loved working with him!

Wanda Omdahl - April 09, 2023 at 12:39 PM

DC

“ Mr. Haney was a great Ag teacher. My best memory is probably my senior year, when I hope participate in the senior prank. after having been found out who pulled the prank Mr. Haney was really irritated at what we had done he did start to laugh and commented that at least we have done a good job on the details. He did end with I hope you don't plan on doing that again. I will miss my friend Rest in peace, you have earned it.

Dwight Coon - April 08, 2023 at 07:04 PM

TB

“ Mr. Haney was the best part of being in High School (West Albany). We had so much fun with FFA and the Ag Farm. He will truly be missed. RIP Mr. Haney , Terri Maillard-Bahr Class 1980



Terri Bahr - April 07, 2023 at 10:51 PM

JW

“ He was the Best Teacher and Friend. He always had a positive look and a Big Smile.. Soil Judging and taking us out after school to learn, always there for us class 81..Ty Rip Jana

Jana weber - April 06, 2023 at 06:49 PM

BZ

“ *Mr. Haney was my ag teacher and I was in FFA @West Albany, he played a big part of my start in the fire service he was a big inspiration to several other guys in school to the fire service ! As a fire chief he was a very good one ! A job he took very seriously ! Never for get him and his old green Willy's wagon ! RIP Dennis !*

Brian Zuhlke - April 06, 2023 at 06:41 PM