



John Adair

March 10, 1927 - January 4, 2017

John Adair, 89, passed away January 4, 2017 at his home south of Corvallis surrounded by family. A short battle with pulmonary fibrosis took a quick turn for the worse after Christmas, and while it took his wind, it never took his wit. Those who knew him could tell you that a quick five minute visit to drop something off would be followed by a mandatory hour of his storytelling , then with a wink, say that he'd probably laugh if his epitaph read, "he talked himself to death."

John is preceded in passing by his wife Barbara (Pape) and sisters Marjorie Leback and Florence Trudell. He is survived by four children, Warren and wife Tammy, Robert, James, Catherine Adair Williams and husband Tully as well as two grandchildren Kristine and Elsa, and many nieces and nephews.

John was born March 10, 1927 in Seaside Oregon to John and Grace (Dawson) Adair and is a descendent of the state's first pioneers. He grew up on a farm which spawned his love for the outdoors and the creatures that reside in it, with a particular fondness for waterfowl. Those striving to build smart cars today can understand why he said he used to like farming with horses because they would walk around potholes in the field while tractors often fell into them and required trips to town as well as much cussing to get going again. Perhaps true to his pioneer heritage, he survived a bear attack at age 18, and remembered vividly that the doctor annoyed him by insisting on pulling off his fine leather jacket rather than just cutting it off.

John served as a supply sergeant in the army and then attended Oregon

State College where he both got a degree in animal science and met his future bride, Barbara, who was the granddaughter of his boarding house proprietor. After graduation, they married and went on a trip to Alaska to collect waterfowl eggs which would be the real start of his extensive flock. With a lifetime job among good friends as supervisor at the OSU mink ranch to support him, he bought a place just south of town that would become the family home.

Some neighbors whispered amongst themselves that he must be crazy as he transformed the wetland from a small stream that ran through the property into a series of ponds for his birds, but when he was done with the work for a growing family, there were gardens for fresh vegetables and a variety of flowers for Barbara, including her favorite, dahlias, as well as fish in the ponds for the kids and the start of what became a fully outfitted woodworking shop, complete with sawmill, that both served his passion for building things and introduced his children to skills that shaped their lives. And while the area itself was the perfect place to pass on his love of hunting and fishing to his kids, a real treat was the annual hunting trip to Eastern Oregon with the uncles from his childhood and listening to their stories around the campfire.

After Barbara passed away at far too young an age, one might expect things to change, but he kept her memory alive for all to see with the large flower beds including her favorite dahlias. Anyone driving by during the summer would be treated to a burst of color at the bend in 53rd street, and the constant stream of visitors would never leave without a handful of flowers or fresh produce from the garden. Friends who wanted something from the woodshop needed to be prepared to barter with fresh pies or other homemade items or perhaps just a good story as he didn't accept money. While he built a variety of things in the shop ranging from a china cabinet to a grandfather clock to spinning wheels to simple candlestick holders, he developed a special fondness for turning segmented bowls. If he had to go on an errand, he'd throw a few of them in the truck to show whomever he was going to see. Then he'd tell them the story about all the imperfections, invisible to the untrained

eye, that gave the work beauty marks. It didn't matter if you were a doctor or a checkout clerk, he'd stop and talk to you like a longtime friend.

His story wouldn't be complete without some discussion of how the trips to Alaska spawned a passion for the land of ice and snow. He loved a good story from those who lived in the outdoors, and had a particular fondness for the warmth and hospitality shown to him by the Eskimos and other settlers. In truth, while most people would be in a rush to get somewhere, he'd be off talking to the locals just to see how they were doing and they'd respond by bringing out a hand full of gold nuggets or some special ivory carving they'd made. He fit in well as the barter system was alive and well there. One bush pilot refused to take payment for lodging as he said Barbara had done plenty of work helping straighten out his books. In his final year, with the help of Kristine, he put his experiences and photos of those trips in a book which got published in time for a prized Christmas present.

Also available online is an April 30, 2010 article published in the Gazette Times by Pat Wray titled, "Details of Life Show in Wood, Flowers, Wildlife" that covers some of his recent activities.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Lee Wallace Kuhn Memorial Scholarship at Oregon State University Foundation, 850 SW 35th St., Corvallis.

A memorial service is planned for 1:00 PM, Saturday, March 4 at Suburban Christian Church, 2760 SW 53rd.

Lee Wallace Kuhn Memorial Scholarship: <https://securelb.imodules.com/s/359/foundation/index.aspx?sid=359&gid=34&pgid=1982&bledit=1&cid=3007&did=333&x=80&y=26> Pat Wray's article "Details of Life Show in Wood, Flowers, Wildlife" http://www.gazettetimes.com/news/local/wray-details-of-life-show-in-wood-flowers-wildlife/article_091b5558-542b-11df-b1ab-001cc4c002e0.html

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAR 4. 1:00 PM (PT)

Suburban Christian Church
2760 SW 53rd St.
Corvallis, OR 97333

Tribute Wall

CA

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Catherine - January 18, 2017 at 11:26 AM

CA

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Catherine - January 17, 2017 at 11:12 AM



“ 0 file added to the tribute wall

McHenry Funeral Home - January 17, 2017 at 11:11 AM

CA

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Catherine - January 17, 2017 at 09:17 AM

JA

“ 0 file added to the tribute wall

James Adair - January 16, 2017 at 01:35 AM

JA

“ 1 file added to the album Tribute Wall



James Adair - January 16, 2017 at 01:35 AM

JA

“ 1 file added to the album Tribute Wall



James Adair - January 16, 2017 at 01:34 AM

JA

“ 1 file added to the album Tribute Wall



James Adair - January 16, 2017 at 01:33 AM

JA

“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



James Adair - January 16, 2017 at 01:32 AM

CA

“ 1 file added to the album *John Adair*



Catherine - January 15, 2017 at 05:54 PM

CA

“ 1 file added to the album *John Adair*



Catherine - January 15, 2017 at 05:44 PM

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“ 1 file added to the album *John Adair*



Catherine - January 15, 2017 at 05:43 PM

CA

“ 1 file added to the album John Adair

had gone out in search of the bear that had been seen in the neighborhood. The accident happened about 8:30 Saturday night near the Adair house, just north of Gearhart. After shooting and wounding the bear, Adair went into the bushes after the animal and was attacked. Another member of the party, John Hollinger, 18, went in the assistance of the boy; and in an attempt to finish the animal with the butt of his rifle, received a bite on the hand.

Catherine - January 15, 2017 at 05:41 PM

CA

“ 2 files added to the album John Adair



Catherine - January 15, 2017 at 05:13 PM

SW

“ Mr. Adair was the best neighbor to have. As we would drive by his house in the summer months, his flowers were so beautiful and he was always happy to share them.
He will be missed.
Jim and Sharon Watenpaugh

Sharon Watenpaugh - January 05, 2017 at 08:05 PM