



Paul Paschke

August 19, 1940 - October 25, 2010

Paul died at home on Oct. 25, with his family at his side and in the loving care of hospice, after losing his eight-year-long battle with colon cancer. He left us reluctantly.

Paul was born in Evergreen Park, Ill., to Edward and Fyrn Shannon Paschke. His grandparents had met after traveling to the United States from Germany, and their family remained in South Chicago, forming a big clan that Paul treasured. His roots were celebrated with great food, including his favorites, sauerbraten and hasenpfeffer — and German potato salad.

Growing up, Paul claimed to be “in the newspaper distribution business,” working through high school, assembling parts of the Sunday newspaper and then helping the delivery truck with distribution. He continued working on weekends and summers to put himself through college. Chicago remained with him throughout his life, evidenced by his dogged support of the Cubs and “da Bears” to the end.

Paul first came to Corvallis in 1964 after graduating with a master’s degree in business administration from the University of Chicago (THE university), to teach data processing and statistics in the OSU College of Business. Deciding that college teaching was his calling, he then sought a doctorate in business administration at Indiana University in Bloomington.

There he met his future wife, Linda, in a graduate residence center that he affectionately called “The Zoo.” Married in the summer of 1968, the couple honeymooned in San Francisco, and made a side trip to Corvallis. “I think

you'll like it," he told her. She did. They arrived fresh from the Indiana snow in January of 1970, and stayed.

Among Paul's valued professional experiences were programs with the U.S. Forest Service that developed courses in analytical decision-making; a faculty exchange program with the Agricultural Research Service in Washington, D.C.; and his affiliation with the American Productivity Center in Houston, Texas, producing an executive development course that he helped offer for 10 years.

But most of all, he loved teaching. He was known as a tough but fair teacher, and his colleagues honored him in 1996 with the Byron Newton Excellence in Teaching Award. Byron had been Paul's mentor, so the award was special to him.

A self-described "ski bum," Paul's goal was to ski until he no longer could stand, and that's what he did, relishing the slopes of Colorado and Utah and the closeness of Mount Bachelor, where he often stayed with friends at the "Sisters Hilton," a small shanty in the heart of downtown Sisters.

Paul shunned high-tech items for simple things — like his beloved Mr. Weber grill and his 1958 graduation sweep-hand watch; nevertheless, he would display his big heart with extravagance when treating family and friends, always ready to help if he could.

And Paul was a lover of classical music (he had been a high school tympanist). He particularly enjoyed a good Bach Fugue, but what brought him to his feet were the booming cannons of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. He loved the Oregon Symphony, and took great joy in attending rehearsals and watching the musicians interact with the conductor.

With all that love of music, he couldn't sing a note; still, he insisted on singing "Happy Birthday" on every relative's day.

Paul used a keen memory to become everyone's source for dates of birthdays, anniversaries and "the year that" anyone had first arrived in Corvallis or vacationed in a certain place. Not only was he a good memory bank, but he was also very good at the card table. Always up for a poker

game, he eventually discovered the game of duplicate bridge, and that became the delight and sustenance of his final months.

Finally, Paul was a man of great humor, always with a joke at hand, and known for nicknaming friends and then greeting them with their names from across the room. He was a man of dedication and loyalty, keeping friends forever and making sure that he stayed connected.

He was a man who loved a good backyard party, and would trek to the oyster farms near Newport and bring home a bushel-basket full of oysters for a feed. And he was a good father. He planned many father-son vacations, driving for miles, exploring as many national parks as possible (even Yellowstone in the winter, when roads were closed to all but big machines).

He was proud of his son's photography, and enjoyed being the "photographer's chauffeur" on many vacations.

Paul's last years were full, despite continual cancer treatments, with travel to Greece, Italy and France. But his greatest joy was exploring this country (he had been in every state but one, he said), and visiting friends and relatives, especially his "favorite" cousins and brothers. They made life good for him. Paul is survived by his wife, Linda; his son, Brian of Eugene; brothers Edward Paschke and wife, Ann, of Galena, Ill., and Allen Paschke and wife, Helen, of Grover, Mo.; sister-in-law Pamela Grant (his cancer survivor buddy) and husband, Serge, of Galveston, Texas; and beloved cousins, nieces and nephews from all over the country.

Pauls' close friends from 40 years in Corvallis were a major part of his life, and responsible for many days of happiness. Particularly special were those who celebrated his recent 70th birthday at Jake's in Portland: Dale and Elaine McFarlane, Wilbur and Isabel Widicus, Bill and Bev Browne, and Richard and Iris Sasaki. A moment to remember.

Friends are invited to a celebration of Paul's life at 6 p.m. Saturday, March 12, at the First Congregational United Church of Christ in Corvallis. The service will be followed by dinner and fun at the Clubhouse in Adair Village. In lieu of

flowers, contributions in Paul's name can be made to Benton Hospice Service, the Oregon Symphony, or the Corvallis Duplicate Bridge Club, in care of McHenry Funeral Home.