



Roberta F. Fair

February 25, 1920 - July 16, 2016

Roberta F. Fair, age 96, died Saturday, July 16, 2016 at her home in Philomath. Please share your thoughts and memories for the family at www.demossdurdan.com

Comments



“ 7 files added to the tribute wall



Jeanette Fair - July 26, 2016 at 09:11 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Jeanette Fair - July 26, 2016 at 09:02 PM



“ Roberta Fair taught at Patterson Elementary School in Eugene, Oregon. I was one of her teaching partners for a number of years. Roberta was intelligent, engaged with students and a delight to work with on a team. She had such a strong background in the sciences and was eager to always give students hands-on experiences with science-related topics. One of my favorite memories of Roberta was the joy of seeing her class hatch out baby chicks from an in class incubator. As the chicks grew, she would often carry one or two around on her shoulders! I adopted this role at school when Roberta retired.

Roberta and I participated in collecting data on Lane County birds. We would head out to our designated area early in the morning to identify and count the various species that were present. Roberta knew not only the common names of these birds, she also knew their scientific names! She talked about her parents, both professors I believe, who provided her with rich and expansive background knowledge.

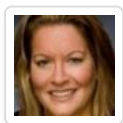
I was saddened when I found out that Roberta was in line to go to the Olympic Games, that were suspended because of the outbreak of World War II. She would have competed in fencing. Just knowing of her talent made me proud to to know her.

Roberta was a great cook and would bring very special treats to the staff room. She had created a standard that could not be maintained by the rest of us on the staff. We looked forward to her treats.

Roberta, I will remember you always and want to honor you as a fine teacher and friend. Many young minds were so lucky to have you as their teacher!

Betty Jean Shoemaker

Betty Jean Shoemaker - July 22, 2016 at 11:33 PM



“ You were both my teachers. I attended Patterson from 79-81.

Lena - March 08, 2020 at 08:15 AM



“ Roberta was the epitome of a good neighbor during the '70's when I lived in the cul-de-sac on Saratoga St. It was always great to hear from her at Christmas in the years thereafter.

Anecdote: I was given tickets, and took her and my then-eight year old to a football game in the mid-'70's, when the Ducks had wretched teams. Early in the second half, it was raining and about 40, and Oregon was losing pathetically. She discretely whispered to me: "Did you notice that your son's lips are turning blue?" Whoops! We made a hast exit!

--Paul Frishkoff

paul frishkoff - July 21, 2016 at 05:06 PM



“ Roberta, my mother, had been on a stern-wheeler trip on the Columbia river with her son David and his wife Connie. On July third she was walking back to the boat after getting off a tour bus in Astoria when she fell and hit her head. She was taken to the ER and diagnosed with a bilateral subdural hematoma and a hairline fracture of her left femur. The ER Dr. didn't know if she'd make it through the night, but she did and outside of being very tired, she was herself. When we brought her home I was trying to help her up the stairs and she didn't want any help. I said "Mom you have a broken hip". She said "No I don't". and she went up the stairs with some help. She continued to recover until the following Friday when she was almost back to herself again. Then, Saturday morning July 9th, I checked in on her in the morning and she was unresponsive. She never regained full consciousness. She was with us to the end.

She had lived with us for almost a year and a half and although quite a bit slower she still enjoyed walking around the flower beds, talking to the plants and exclaiming how many flower buds a certain plant had, watching the birds, going to places of interest, and reading (she didn't even need glasses).

We will miss the intelligent, independent, thoughtful, stoic and stubborn woman she was.

The following is a poem written by a coworker for her retirement in 1985 from teaching at Ida Patterson Elementary. We all thought it captured her well.

Dear Roberta

You have inspired us to wax poetic,
How can we be apathetic
When bidding adieu
To a friend such as you?

So hail to thee fair Roberta Fair
Of erect posture and silver hair.
We send you this message of love and respect.
Now these memories we wish to interject:

You have never pulled a punch,
Neither in staff meetings or at lunch.
We marvel at your candor and tend to stammer

When you correct our usage and our grammar.

The mysteries of science you unfold
For those around, both young and old.
You teach it better than books, for sure.
We applaud this truth though you try to demure.

In raising plants: bean, rose, and plum,
You have got the greenest thumb,
But we blush and can't find a phrase to express
Your overwhelming guinea pig raising success.

Patterson teachers like armies travel on their tummies,
And you certainly provide us with gourmet yummys.
While devouring your goodies at break, we sat
And named you Patterson Chef Laureate!

Patterson has gained much by having you here.
A family member you'll always be, never fear.
Here is one last thought before we close:
To quote a student, "Roberta, you are a rose!"

By Barb Shirk June 14, 1985

Jeanette Fair

Jeanette Fair - July 26, 2016 at 10:27 PM



“ Roberta was my aunt. I admired and respected her so much that I would sit in anticipation of what words of wisdom would come out of her mouth next. Intelligent, practical, and down to earth, she had a remedy or a solution to any issue that came up. And what an amazing cook! She always had an unusual and yummy treat to share. My most favorite memories of Aunt Roberta were the great times my siblings and I had with her, Uncle John and my cousins at several Thanksgivings throughout my childhood. She will always hold a place of awe in my heart.

Marsha Robinson Porte (nee Hitchings)

Marsha Porte - July 27, 2016 at 03:02 AM



“ Roberta is our aunt, and we have many fond memories of her when we were young. Especially memorable was the exciting arrival every Christmas of a package from Aunt Roberta that contained homemade Christmas goodies, especially her pecan rolls. She was always beautiful and kind to us at family gatherings. We enjoyed visiting Aunt Roberta's family in southern California and Redding and we always had a good time. When Uncle John and Aunt Roberta were living in Japan, they sent us gifts from there that we treasured. She will be missed and always in our memories. Our thoughts are with our cousins at this difficult time. Love from Phil & Sheri and Barbara & Tony.

Barbara Vella - July 27, 2016 at 02:40 PM



“ Does the family need recordings of her sister Barbara I have?

Randy Layton - September 01, 2020 at 02:01 PM