



## Lee William Anderson

September 22, 1934 - January 19, 2010

In Memory of Lee William Anderson Lee William Anderson was born the son of Orville and Fern (Fitzgerald) Anderson on Saturday, September 22, 1934 in Ainsworth, Nebraska. Lee moved from Nebraska to Colorado and then to the Newberg area in 1970. He sold insurance and then worked as a salesman for Newberg Ford for several years. Lee was a farrier, broke horses, and rode in St. Paul and Newberg parades for many years. He loved the outdoors. Lee served in the US Army in a specialized group who used mules and as a clerk. On Tuesday, January 19, 2010, Lee William Anderson died at his residence when he was seventy-five years, three months and twenty-eight days of age. Surviving and left to honor his life are: his friend, Betty Johnson of Newberg; three sisters, Ida Anderson of Nebraska, Rutha May Blundel of Nebraska, and Iva Marie Holtz of Iowa; his brother Andy "Pat" Anderson (wife Trish) of Indiana and those who have come to know and appreciate him where he has lived and worked. Parents, Orville and Fern Anderson; sisters, Luella Marshall, and Verna Barela; brothers Alvin Ward, and Ellis Anderson preceded him in death. His Funeral Service will be Saturday, January 30, at 2:30 p.m. in Attrell's Newberg Funeral Chapel, a Golden Rule Funeral Home with Pastor Gene Hockett officiating. Private interment to be held at Valley View Memorial Park, Newberg, Oregon. Online condolences may be made at [www.attrells.com](http://www.attrells.com)

# Tribute Wall

KH

“ I know that it has been three years since Lee passed, but his old home here in Newberg was demolished yesterday and it brought back a flood of memories and tears. Lee was a staple of the neighborhood. Everyone knew him. :) My sister, Lori, was a favorite of his (she died in 1988 at age 18 1/2). She used to sneak out of the house to go down to Lee's to ride horses, lol! Lee taught both Lori and I to ride, but I was never the "horse" person that Lori was and so she and Lee formed a special bond. I think of him when I think of her, and vice versa. I remember the times he took us for trail rides, out for ice cream at Jem 100, and let us hang around to pet the horses and pigs. :) He would visit and exchange Christmas gifts with my folks until he fell ill and passed away. He was very kind and very genuine. We always thought of him as a "true cowboy." A good and trustworthy man. I miss you, Lee.

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**Kimberly Bibbee Heater** - July 25, 2013 at 12:00 AM

RP

“ Uncle Lee was my Mother, Ruth Blundell's brother, directly after her in birth order. My sisters and I didn't see him often, but it was a real treat to have him stop and visit when he was home in NE. I always enjoyed his music and couldn't wait until he got out his guitar and harmonica to play for us - such talent! I remember, also, when he and my Mom, and my other Aunts and Uncles helped celebrate Grandma and Grandpa's 50th Wedding Anniversary with their music. Uncle Lee and I exchanged Christmas cards, most years, but I regret that he did not receive my New Year's letter and photos, sent the day before he passed away. I will always have fond memories of my Uncle Lee! Love, RaeJean

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**RaeJean Phipps** - February 05, 2010 at 12:00 AM

DM

“ My Dad Bob & I met Lee in October of 2008 when cousin June Anderson Sommer and her husband Bob drove with us to Newberg. We enjoyed meeting him and Betty. Lee had such a way with his horses and donkeys. He lived a life of good stewardship it seemed to me. He had his own home well decorated with cowboy stuff. It was fun to ask him what it all meant. Trophies and pictures of buggies and horses. And his love of Jesus shined through. What a joy to meet him. So gracious and generous. We sent cards from then on. And he answered them. It's great to meet some of my Anderson cousins. Dad's mother Mabel Benson's mother was Florence Anderson sister to Arthur Anderson and daughter of G.W. and Antoinette Kline Anderson. Florence and her husband Charles Somers died in Pocahontas Arkansas from malaria and left my grandmother Mabel (5 months old) and her brother Alfred (about 3). They were eventually reunited and were raised by their grand parents G.W and Antoinette in Roseburg, Oregon. Thanks for the memories and God Bless Lee Anderson. Thank you Betty for sharing his life and taking care of business. Love, Deb Marks & Bob Benson

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**Deb Marks** - February 01, 2010 at 12:00 AM

RP

“ It has been many years since I have seen Uncle Lee, but I remember his impish smile, his curly red hair, his laugh and his interests. Early remembrances are of Uncle Lee standing in Grandma Anderson's living room, his guitar in hand, his mouth obscured by his harmonica. His foot would be tapping to all sorts of melodies as he, and often Uncle Pat, played music for hours together. There would be a camel footstool in that living room, a gift by Uncle Lee to Grandmother, as I recall, (Uncle Lee had a love for his Mom, if I remember,) and a photo of Uncle Lee in his Army uniform, army hat cocked on his head, gracing Grandmother's corner stand. I remember Uncle Lee as being a "Giver" during times of need; like the time he loaned my Mom a car after we were abandoned by my father. It was a brand of caring and sacrifice which I am sure was of great encouragement to my mother during those difficult days. Thank you, Uncle Lee, for loving my mother and loving her family. May you see Jesus, face to face. "Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He loved us, and gave himself as an atoning sacrifice for our sins."--Jesus, the Great Shepherd. Lovingly,  
Roxanne Publow

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**Roxanne Publow** - January 29, 2010 at 12:00 AM

VS

“ From 1960-1973, my Uncle Lee visited frequently while he was in the Air Force and sold insurance and lived in Denver. I was the oldest of five in my mother Verna Faye's (his sister) family. He brought me to Ainsworth to spend a summer and brought me home covered in a poison ivy rash. I saw him ride a brama bull. He carved a cowboy boot key chain for me. He played a guitar and harmonica at my home when I had my little ones. He helped when I bought a Ford Crown Victoria with rolled and pleated leather seats. It's beauty hid a host of mechanical problems that finally defeated the patience of both of us as well as my father. He took personal pride in his appearance and dealings with others. Even though he left home at a very young age, I know he never ceased helping his family in any manner possible to him. We lost contact for many years but lately had sent Christmas letters. The world has lost a good man.

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**Vernece Seager** - January 26, 2010 at 12:00 AM