

# Fremont Edward 'Ed' Straughan

Pendleton

January 11, 1918-December 5, 2013

Fremont Edward "Ed" Straughan died December 5, 2013, at his home in Pendleton, Ore., at the age

95. Graveside services will be held at OIney Cemetery on January 10 at 3:00 p.m.

Ed was born January 11, 1918, in Pendleton, Ore., to parents Cleo and Gladys Straughan and lived his entire life in Pendleton.

He graduated from Pendleton High School in 1935 and was a charter member of the Pendleton FFA. He farmed in the Birch Creek and Spring Creek areas raising grain, hay and cattle.

Ed married Sarah Draper on November 25, 1945. They had three children.

He was an active member of the First Christian Church, serving as teacher, deacon, elder and board chairman. He was a member of White Eagle Grange and served on the PGG Board of Directors and the Southern Umatilla County Soil and Water Conservation District. He enjoyed hunting, fishing and bowling. After harvest each

year, the family took vacations, visiting most of Oregon and Washington.

He was preceded in death by his parents; wife Sarah; sisters Marjorie Keller and Doris Hoeft; and an infant daughter.

Ed is survived by his children and their families: Tom and Lanny Straughan of Pendleton and Cathy and John

Sams of Wilsonville, Ore.; grandchildren: RaeAnn Straughan of Fairbanks, Alaska, Robert Straughan of Portland, Ore., Robin Straughan (David Condon) of Wilsonville, Ore., Marie (Sean) Ottum of Wilsonville, Ore., and Marci Sams of Portland. He is also survived by four great-grandchildren and numerous nieces and nephews.

Memorial contributions may be made to the First Christian Church, 215 N. Main St., Pendleton.

Burns Mortuary is in charge of arrangements. Sign the online condolence book at [www.burnsmortuary.com](http://www.burnsmortuary.com)



Straughan

# From Not Seback

uled back. But since the und was far from the art, we called it a night d went home to bed. Well, me. Because Eusebio s not in his own pasture h his buddies, I didn't ep New Year' Eve, what h his galloping hard ound my house and pas-e, whinnying for hours h righteous anger that ightless wrong had been e to his innocent self. I ent more time in my jam-es with spotlight checking him than under my heat-blanket where I onged.

nyway, morning dawned, gelding's foot was shed with meds and laced h vet rap and duck tape — will be well in a few eks. You see, horse folk vet-wrap and move on, nkful that their partner be fine.

ut there's more. nce about 2004, in the af-noon of every New Year's I saddle up Eusebio and e over to the interstate r Wildhorse Casino for personal New Year's cel-ation. For about an hour e big field between the big billboards alongside Eusebio and I walk and op while I wave my hat shout "Happy New

!"  
ost drivers know what e doing because they can

and wave back and a happy few, including truck drivers, will honk their horns. I can even see folks point and smile. Waiting for me at home is no good luck New Year's dinner with corn-bread. My traditional dinner of spaghetti in a box will be good enough given the great fun of a New Year's Day gallop.

This year, after I got home from the ride, friends Bonnie and Terry emailed me:

*So we're driving to Wildhorse on I-84*

*To see a new film we've not seen before*

*When what to our wonder-ing eyes does appear*

*But a smiling old cowboy and a face full of cheer.*

*He sat tall on his horse and with his hand gave a wave,*

*And Happy New Year was the impression he gave.*

*We just sped along with the traffic behind us,*

*But he left an impression that's still there to remind us:*

*No matter how much of a hurry you're in*

*You should always slow down for a wave and a grin!*

Hmmm. How nice. Another reason to love Pendleton. And to you folks, too: Happy New Year!

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*Tom Hebert is a writer and public policy consultant liv-*