



Arnold "Arnie" Butler

November 23, 1953 - March 1, 2012

Glendive, Montana: Arnold "Arnie" Mathew Butler, age 58, passed away on Sunday, February 26, 2012 at the Glendive Medical Center in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 1:00 P.M. on Thursday, March 1, 2012 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment with military honors will be held in the Dawson County Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Arnie was born on November 23, 1953 in Mandan, North Dakota, the son of Arnold Leslie and Scholastica "Sally" (Boehm) Butler. In 1961, Arnie moved to Glendive with his parents, attending Glendive Schools graduating from Dawson County High School with the class of 1971. After graduation, Arnie entered the United States Army where he served from February 8, 1972 until his honorable discharge on February 7, 1975. Following Arnie's discharge from military service, he returned to Glendive. In 1979, Arnie began his career working for Burlington Northern Railroad where he remained for nearly thirty years. Arnie enjoyed hunting for agates, fishing, camping, Rock and Roll concerts, and his home and property three miles north of Glendive. He was a life member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars post #1125 and the National Conference of Firemen and Oilers since November of 1987. Arnie was preceded in death by his parents, Arnold and Sally Butler. He is survived by the love of his life for the past ten years, Joan Pisk of Glendive. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com. Today is

an important day. Today we pay tribute to Arnold "Arnie" Mathew Butler. Arnie was a quiet man of simple pleasures. He was a man who never looked for any special attention; a man who might be a bit uncomfortable with everyone taking time out of their day to pay tribute to him for friendships and experiences shared. But Arnie touched many during his life and so, let us remember him because "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Arnie was born in Mandan, North Dakota, and was an only child to Arnold and Sally Butler. Arnie was very close to his parents all through his life, and it was very noticeable to everyone by the way he treated them how important they were to him. When Arnie was about eight, the family moved to Glendive and Glendive remained Arnie's home for the rest of his life. In high school, Arnie and 6 or 7 other guys had a friendship that included cars, motorcycles, partying, fishing, and camping. Intake was their playground on week-ends, both winter and summer. Great Falls beer was consumed in great quantities both at Intake and at Arnie's home. Arnie's dad, Arnold, provided them with beer, a place to drink it, and a place to stay if needed, feeling it was safer that way, than for the boys to be out and about. Arnie's father was always around to share a beer and some conversation with the young men. There were many adventures and misadventures shared by these young men, beer drinking, vehicles rolled or stuck in the snow at Intake, campfire parties, even some fishing. Everyone had a nickname, Arnie's was "Bro B". And if a few were good at getting into trouble, such as Bob Dobson, Arnie would get them out. Bob tells of ice fishing with Arnie when the ice was a bit thin. As they headed back to shore, Arnie broke through the ice into waist deep frigid water. After Arnie made it to shore, Bob just yelled at Arnie to get a plank so he could get back to shore dry. Arnie obliged, even though he was cold and soaking wet. What did Arnie have to say about times like this...not much. Arnie wasn't one to spend time on conversation. He never used a sentence if one word would suffice. Arnie was a listener, not a talker. He was comfortable with being quiet, and those that knew him were comfortable with it too. Laid back. That would certainly describe Arnie. Pretty unflappable, and with a temper buried so

deep, it was rarely seen. A bit shy, he couldn't even perform his duty as best man for Bob and Jody and auction off her garter. But they are sure he really appreciated getting to wear a tux with a pink bow tie and cummerbund. Jody giggles when she recalls Arnie getting measured for the tux. When the lady was measuring his inseam and got too close to the family jewels, Jody claims that Arnie stood up about three inches taller. The wedding was one of the few times Arnie was seen in anything besides his t-shirts, jeans, and hat. Arnie did wear a uniform for three years. After graduation from high school, he went into the United States Army. Viet Nam was winding down, and Arnie was sent to Korea. Following his stint there, he was stationed at Fort Bragg. An army buddy of Arnie's, Cliff Rose, recalls he and Arnie just enjoying cruising around the countryside seeing the sights when they were off duty. Cliff liked Arnie's calmness and found Arnie funny to be around. He said Arnie always had things laid out in advance and then that was what he did. He remembers Arnie's plan was to return home and work for the railroad. After Arnie's discharge from military service, he returned to Glendive, enrolled in the college, majoring in shooting pool. Arnie dispatched for Halliburton for a short time, and then began working for the railroad, a career that lasted nearly thirty years. His return from the military was also a return to his buddies, partying, camping and fishing. Road trips would leave from the Lulhaven Bar at 2 am and take the group to Yellowstone to watch Old Faithful or to see Mount Rushmore. Returns depended on who had to work when. Fishing was a favorite activity. Arnie and his friends had an annual "lunkerfest. Dick Schoopman describes the "Lunkerfest" as a contest to see who could catch the biggest northern, walleye, and catfish each year. Each fisherman would throw in a few bucks, and the winner of each category would get a new rod and bragging rights. Other activities Arnie enjoyed was going to western Montana and panning for gold. Arnie and his dad were avid agate hunters, collecting many buckets of the rocks. Arnie loved listening to rock and roll music from the 60's. Joan says often he would turn off the television and turn

on his favorite rock and roll radio station out of Baker. He had many albums, tapes and CD's but preferred the variety of the radio. Going to concerts was a big deal for Arnie. He especially loved the outdoor ones with different bands that lasted several days, and all you did was camp, party, and listen to music. Arnie wasn't a dancer, but when his mother was alive, he would polka with her at the Wagon Wheel. It was about in 2000 that Arnie found the love of his life, Joan Pisk. They met while she was a bartender at the VFW. What attracted Joan to Arnie was the way he treated his dad with such kindness and Arnie's long hair. When Arnie invited Joan to move in with him, the deal was that he would cook supper every night if she would do the dishes. That worked for both of them. Arnie's favorite food and meal was spaghetti noodles and butter, a dish that Joan claims she will never eat again! Arnie also made the best popcorn using a frying pan with a cover. Sometimes popcorn was supper. Arnie was a man of habit, you could find him at the post office at 3:02 every afternoon. He was a slow drinker; others often downed three to Arnie's one. And Arnie loved his diet Mountain Dew. Arnie did not believe in banks and kept his money at his house. Bill, who talked to Arnie everyday, remembers a time when Arnie got laid off from the railroad. He collected his last check, and Bill tried to reassure him that the lay off wouldn't last. Arnie took the check home and put it in his cupboard with his cash. A tornado went through that week and rolled Arnie's trailer house off the foundation and smashed it all up. Of course the cupboard with Arnie's money went too. When Arnie was talking to Bill about the storm and his losses, Arnie's comment was "it just wasn't a good week for him." Although the check was lost, neighbors did find some of the cash and returned it to Arnie. Arnie's stoic demeanor in the face of adversity greatly impressed Bill. Arnie was not materialistic, but took care of what he had. He always drove used vehicles, owning one new vehicle, maybe. Arnie's most important possession besides his home and land was probably the American flag he had hanging on his living room wall. Arnie was very patriotic. Jim Bender always worked on Arnie's vehicles and when Arnie would come to get them, Arnie would always say, "let's get you paid because

the eagle pooped today!”(Pooped isn’t the word Arnie used, but you get the idea.) Arnie would also always bring Jim a soda. Arnie was considerate in many small, quiet ways. Not without his dreams, Arnie’s close friend, Dean Huschka, tells about a weekly conversation he and Arnie always had. On Wednesdays or Fridays when Dean would say “see you tomorrow” or “see you Monday” Arnie would reply “no, you won’t see me”. Dean would ask if Arnie was going on vacation. “No,” Arnie would say, “I am going to win the lottery.” And Dean tells that Arnie always was thinking and had a million projects he was going to do. But Arnie was more the thinker and dreamer than a doer. Arnie was one of the nicest guys you could ever meet. He had heart. Friends were very important in his life. As Holly Vallard says, “his friendship was unconditional.” Holly tells how at a down time in her life, Arnie and Joan took her in, no questions asked. Arnie even took care of her big lab dog when she was working. Holly was concerned because the dog wasn’t eating and she had bought him a special dry dogfood. Holly found out that Arnie was feeding the dog canned food, saying the dog didn’t need to eat that “river gravel bottom “poop.” Arnie may not have talked much, but he could communicate just fine. Arnie’s special place in life was his home and his piece of land just north of town. He faithfully watered his trees, even though the deer stunted their growth. He loved to just go outside and stand, taking in the solitude and peace. Arnie was truly a child of the 60’s. A simple, quiet man, yes; a man who died too young, yes; a man, a friend who will be missed, yes!

Tribute Wall



“ *Arnold "Arnie" Butler*

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