



Carl H. Jimison

August 31, 1918 - July 29, 2006

Carl H. Jimison, age 87, of Savage, Montana, passed away on Tuesday, July 25, 2006 at Saint Vincent Health Center in Billings, Montana. An evening service for family and friends will be held at 7:00 P.M., (MST) Friday, July 28, 2006 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive, Montana. A Life Tribute Service with military honors will be held at 2:00 P.M. (MST), Saturday, July 29, 2006 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Carl was born on August 31, 1918 at Charlie Creek in Richland County, Montana, the son of Clell and Edna (Beason) Jimison. He was raised and educated on Poverty Flats and Morgan Creek, located 12 miles west of Glendive. Carl moved with his family to Savage, Montana in 1936 and as a young man, he worked on the family farm and was involved with breaking horses and teams with his father. He also worked as a farmhand for area farmers and ranchers in the Savage area. Carl worked as a teamster for the Civilian Conservation Corp working on projects in Ekalaka, Montana. Carl married Mae Peterson in September 1937 in Sidney. Carl and his wife resided in Savage until they moved to Glendive in 1942 when Carl went to work for the Northern Pacific Railroad, working on the Bridge and Builders division. In 1943, Carl entered the U.S. Army and served during World War II in Japan. Following his honorable discharge in 1946, Carl returned to the Glendive area where he regained his employment as a truck driver of the B & B Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. While working at

the railroad, Carl had various jobs including Eddy's Breads, several local gas stations and Koch-Huebl Mortuary. Carl retired from the railroad in 1970, after 28 years of service. Following his retirement, Carl did custom haying, raising horses, hogs and cattle, which he was involved with until the time of his death. Carl was involved with breaking horses his entire life. Carl married Ramona Roder on September 29, 1998 in Buffalo, South Dakota. They made their home in the Savage area since that time. Carl owned a covered wagon which he enjoyed using for cattle drives. He also enjoyed using his team of horses to give rides to people using various types of horse drawn vehicles, including a stagecoach. Carl was preceded in death by his wife, Mae; two sons, Scott and Ronald; three brothers, Roy, Jim and Dennis; two sisters, Helen and Dorothy. Survivors include his wife Ramona of Savage; his daughter, Carla Prevost and her husband Walter of Savage; his son, Donald Jimison and his wife Tracey of Thief River Falls, Minnesota; his brother, Ray Jimison and his wife Olivia of Glendive; six grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren; numerous nieces, nephews and cousins. Eulogy by Celebrant Sandy Silha: Some people are born to a special something. This something colors their entire life. It's what they do; it's what they love; it's what they enjoy; it's what they bring into the lives of those around them, it's what they are best at; it's what they will first and most be remembered for. For Carl Jimison that something was being a cowboy, more specifically a horseman, and even more specifically than that, a breaker and trainer of horse teams. But life doesn't just let us be one thing or always do what we love. If you read Carl's obituary, you probably noticed the many jobs he had during his working years, including twenty-eight years with the railroad. His daughter, Carla, felt that her father worked all those jobs to support his horse habit. As you view Carl today, you will notice the personal items that were important in Carl's life. His saddle and hat, pictures of family and horses, honors and awards for his horsemanship and his teams. The hand tooled leather picture by the saddle was done by Norm Jimison and given to Carl. It depicts Ol Stormy, the worst horse Carl ever broke. Always, in Carl's life, there were family, friends, horses and a cowboy way of living. Good

friends of Carl's, Denise and Vince Thompson, of Townsend, Montana, would like to share a poem with us written by Denise for Carl and his family. Poem: by Denise Thompson Celebrant Carl's wife, Ramona, feels that if a book were written about stories from Carl's 87 years of life, it would be six inches thick. And many of the stories would not just be told about him; for many stories, Carl was the storyteller. Carl's son Donald and his granddaughter Dona recall him repeating the story of his birth many times. Carl story went that people rode for miles and miles through a blizzard to see this beautiful, beautiful baby, Carl Jimison. After hearing this story many times, young Dona asked her grandfather when his birthday was. Well, it seemed Carl's birth day was during the great blizzard on August 31, 1918. This story would go under the category of a "Carl" story. Carl was raised and educated in the rural area west of Glendive. The oldest of seven children, his life on a horse began early. As a lad of 3, Carl's parents would put him on a horse and send the horse over to his grandmother's, with the horse bringing him back later in the day. One of the stories Carl told Carla about his grandmother was how he received many spankings from her, and hard ones...with a shoelace. The formal education Carl received as a boy was in the country schools near the family home. But when he was old enough to do a good day's work, that the formal education ended and the practical education began. Carl helped his dad break horses and began to learn to train teams. Carl's grandfather was a cattle buyer, and Carl helped his grandfather and father with many a wild horse round-up and cattle drive to the stockyards. But his young life wasn't all work. When his parents would go to town, Carl and his brothers would do what brothers do for fun, pick on their sisters. Brother Ray recalls one particular incident when the parents left for town and the girls locked the boys out of the house so they could clean and scrub all the floors before their parents returned. Carl and Ray piled dirt against all the doors, and when their parents returned and the girls opened the doors, there went the spotless floors. Ray also recalls he and Carl getting a good strapping over that. Carl knew something about how to get

into trouble. Ray recalls another bit of mischief that he and Carl managed to get into. As young men and before they were married, Carl and Ray worked for the railroad and were living in Glendive on the southside. (Ray said it was okay to tell this story because the statute of limitations has run out.) Anyway it was the 4th of July and Glendive had a big parade going on. Because they worked for the railroad, they had possession of a key to the railroad dynamite shack. That key was just too tempting and with a stick of dynamite and a cap in hand they went to the edge of town, out past where the dump is now, and rigged it up under an abandoned old car body. After setting it to blow, Carl and Ray made their way to their residence on the south side. It blew big time, with car body parts going every direction upward. Then came the sirens, with police cars and fire trucks. Carl and Ray got to watch their own 4th of July parade go by. During Carl's years in Glendive when he worked at the railroad, he had many second jobs to supplement his income. He would rent pastureland for his horses and animals, and he continued to cowboy at brandings, round-ups, cattle drives, and also continued to break horses and train teams. He loved going to cattle and horse sales to barter and trade and even with his limited education, when it came to figures, no one took advantage of him. Rarely did he come out on the short end of a trade or deal. Carl had another side to him as a father and as an uncle to many nieces and nephews and as a grandfather. Carl's daughter, Carla, tells of a game Carl played with her when she was quite small. Carl would hand Carla an imaginary kitten. Carla would hold the imaginary kitten in her arms and her father would hand her another imaginary kitten, and another until she had an armful. Then Carl would tell Carla that she had dropped one of the kittens and Carla would lean over, pick up the kitten, but drop another one. This would go on until one of them would tire of the game. When Carla was a bit older, she remembers Carl going to work at the railroad with his lunch pail. When the 4 o'clock whistle would blow, Carla knew that her dad would be coming home, and she would walk down to the corner and stand waiting to meet him. Here he would come with his black lunch pail, and when he got to her, he would

open the lunch pail and there was always a treat in it for her. Carl brought horses into Carla's life. It was what he did and loved and he taught her about horses. Carl would break the horses, then Carla and her brother would ride and rein the horses the same way over and over to help train them. Carl introduced his many nieces and nephews to horses, taught them about horses and animals in general. Carl was responsible for many of these children getting their first horse. One of the nieces, Carl's sister, Dorothy's daughter, Phyllis, got her first horse from Carl. Phyllis was about eight or nine when Carl gave her a small Welsh black and white pony named Tiny. After watching Carl share his love of horses by giving rides to everyone he could, Phyllis did her own sharing. She would take Tiny down to Eyer Park where tourists and people passing through would camp and offer to give the kids rides on Tiny. Phyllis must have learned a bit more from Uncle Carl, because she would trade the pony rides for 25 cents. Carl taught Phyllis about horses and she developed into a serious rider and barrel racer. Phyllis developed a love of horses that has went with her throughout her life, and has went on to include her husband, daughter and son. Phyllis and Carl had a special bond because of horses and all that Carl taught her about them. When Jackie, Carl's first grandchild was born, Carl went out and bought her a pair of Levi's, size 0. Jackie wore them, her younger sister Dona wore them, and their kids wore them. It became a tradition. Carl and his siblings and their families did many things together. One tradition that Carla recalls was going to Sunday dinner at Grandma Jimison's in Savage. Carl would load his family in his car and Ray would load his family in their car and they would head out to Savage at the same time. Ray would pass Carl. Carla and her brother would get after Carl not to let Ray beat them to grandma's. Carl would speed up and pass Ray, with Carla and her brother laughing and waving at their cousins while Carla's mother scolded Carl about his driving. Then Ray would pass Carl; same thing. Kids waving, wife scolding. This game of car tag would go on all the way to Grandma's. The Jimison families would also go on group rides. Donald tells of a particularly memorable ride into Makoshika Park as a group. They came

across a herd of wild horses and a big stallion went after Donald's horse. Donald was quite young at the time and also quite scared. It was Carl who handled the stallion and kept Donald out of harm's way. Something else Carl enjoyed was hunting. For years he has went west to hunt elk with Vince. We heard Vince tell just a few of some of these good hunting stories last evening. Carl's friend, Byron Vickers, tells of deer hunting with Carl. Byron had shot a young buck. When they got back home and unloaded the deer, Byron heard Carl tell a couple of young nephews that were in the yard to come and look, Byron had shot Bambi. Carl could make a good story out of anything. Besides a good story, Carl also enjoyed stirring the pot a bit. After his retirement, Carl would talk about having to be more careful financially. He began to tell family and friends that when they came to visit, they should bring their own toilet paper. This got to be a big thing with Carl. After moving to a new home, Carl had a housewarming. He put up signs all over the house about bring and use your own toilet paper. He took all the toilet paper out of the bathrooms and when anyone used the bathrooms, they had to ask Carl for toilet paper. Of course he gave them a hard time, and then would go to the freezer and get some for them. He told everyone that he figured they use less toilet paper if it was cold. But probably Carl's favorite thing to do was to hook up a team to a wagon and drive around. Carla has fond memories of going to church in Savage at Christmas in the wagon. A niece, Paula Gorder tells of a special Christmas when the nieces and nephews were grown and married. Carl came out to her new house and picked up everyone and the drove all around Glendive Christmas caroling. It wasn't just family that got wagon rides. Many youth groups, school classes and organizations, and church groups had Carl drive them around in his wagon to experience a hay ride of fun. Wedding couples would ride around town after being married. Carl loved to drive his team and wagon in many area parades. Carl even brought a stagecoach from Medora and gave rides to the residents of the Veteran's Home here in Glendive. Some of his favorites drives were helping on the wagon trains with

Walt Heimbuch and Charley Ferguson. Carl would drive a covered wagon on the trail. Around the campfire in the evenings, he would help entertain everyone by dressing up in his wig and women's clothing and telling stories and jokes. A story Carl brought back from a wagon train drive was about a young woman and her baby who were on the wagon train. The woman ran out of formula for the baby. One of the horses in Carl's team was a mare that had recently had a colt. Carl put some of the mare's milk in a bottle, diluted it, and the mother fed her baby with that mare's milk. Carl loved going on the trail with the wagon trains. Carl even made the big screen as a wagon driver in the Tom Cruise movie "Far and Away." He had many wonderful experiences and met many interesting people driving his teams and wagons. Carl loved the cowboy way and was a true horseman. And he was fortunate to keep this up throughout his 87 years of life. Let us now listen to the song "Help Pour Out the Rain" by Buddy Jewel Song: "Help Pour Out The Rain" by Buddy Jewel Celebrant Family and friends describe Carl in many ways. Carl was a man's man; a cowboy, a tease, a horseman, a friend who would do anything for you, an animal lover, a storyteller, a teacher, a horsetrader, a lover of life. Carl had a quick wit, a big smile, endless comebacks, quiet pride. Carl was tough as nails, said what he meant and meant what he said, did not take life too seriously, but seriously lived his life to the fullest. He was a strong presence in the lives of family and friends. The significance of the years of his life is great. Carl Jimison will be missed. And he will be remembered. Carl will come to mind when you see a team of horses pulling a wagon. He will come to mind at hunting season. He will come to mind at Christmas. He may even come to mind when you see a roll of toilet paper. You may be surprised at the times when Carl comes to mind and to use a favorite phrase of Carl's you will think "Isn't that the damndest thing!" Because of all the shared experiences, all the shared stories, with all the years of being in your lives, Carl Jimison will be remembered. It is there you will find your comfort; it is there you will find that Carl is not really gone. We would like to share a poem given to Carl by a cousin Rollie Jimison that Carl particularly enjoyed. Poem: "Korea" by Rollie

Jimison Song: "Go Rest High On That Mountain" Celebrant: It is an important day when we stop to bear witness to a person's life and times among us, the difference his living and dying has made among family and community, and to take time to express our grief, our hope and our memories. Thank you for being here for this important time. Following today's life tribute for Carl Jimison, cremation will take place. Carl's cremated remains will be placed in an urn for a committal service and burial on August 31, 2006. You are all invited to attend. Carl's final resting place will be with his father. Perhaps you are familiar with the saying "pennies from heaven". Today as you are ushered from your seat to join the family under the awning for Carl's military honors, Ramona invites you to leave a penny with Carl to represent your thoughts of him today. As you go about the busyness of your lives, when you happen to find a penny, let it remind you that Carl is returning the favor and thinking of you. Ramona has a dish of pennies by the casket for those of you who may not have one with you, but wish to leave a thought with Carl. Our funeral directors will usher Carl's family out first. Thank you for your presence here today.

Tribute Wall



“ *Carl H. Jimison*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM