



Frank Carpenter

September 10, 1938 - February 15, 2010

BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA: Frank "Bum" Carpenter, age 71 of Glendive, Montana passed away on Monday, February 8, 2010 at St. Alexius Medical Center in Bismarck. Visitation will be held from 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. on Saturday, February 13, 2010 and 1:00 P.M. until 3:00 P.M. on Monday, February 15, 2010 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 3:00 P.M. on Monday, February 15, 2010 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Frank was born on September 10, 1938 in Glendive, the son of Emery Cloyce and Florence (Tyrell) Carpenter. He was raised and educated in Rural Dawson County. Right out of High School, Frank joined the United States Air Force and was stationed in London, England. Frank married Carolyn Wassman in Glendive on April 23, 1960, and to this union two children were born. Frank was the manager of the Gust Hauf Restaurant in Glendive and also the Cable TV companies in Glendive and Sidney. Before retiring from the cable company Frank and Carolyn opened the CC Family Restaurant and in 1989 opened the Bump - N - Slide water park in Glendive. Frank was an avid musician and played guitar in several bands. He was a master wood carver and enjoyed restoring Model A trucks. He loved to spend time with his dogs, just watching the grass grow. Frank was a loving husband, father, grandfather, great grandfather and friend. He will be deeply missed. He was preceded in death by his parents, his sister

and brother-in-law, Cora and Peter Degel, his brother Lewis Carpenter and his favorite companion Sheltzie, who is waiting for him on the Rainbow Bridge. Survivors include, his wife Carolyn of Glendive, two daughters, Shelley Lynn (Donny) Wood of Sidney, Montana, Sharla Jean Carpenter (Scott Wierson) of Bismarck; one step-son, Gary Wayne Hill of Billings, Montana; six grand children, Silver Lynn and Parker Hill both of Billings, Jessica Lynn (Alex) Arneson of Culbertson, Montana, Lacy Dawn and Jerry Dean Wood both of Sidney, Montana and Kyra LeeAnn Carpenter (Adam Martin) of Glendive; four great grandchildren, Tia'ya, Jonathon, Bryson and Seth; three sisters, Audrey (Chet) Davis of White Sulphur Springs, Montana, "Gerri" (Andy) Burman and Pat (Leroy) Smith both of Glendive; sister-in-law, Betty Carpenter also of Glendive and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrance and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com Frank "Bum" Carpenter Life Tribute Service February 15, 2010 Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home Chapel Glendive, Montana Welcome: Master of Ceremonies Speaker: Daughter – Sharla Carpenter Reading: Granddaughter – Kyra Carpenter Song: "Daddy's hands" by Holly Dunn Eulogy: Celebrant "It isn't what a person acquires in his life that is important, but rather what he leaves behind." (Author unknown) Frank "Bum" Carpenter was such a strong and significant presence in the lives of family, friends, and community, that he will continue to live on in the lives and hearts of all who knew and loved him. Highly thought of, well respected, and deeply loved by those who knew him, this gruff, teddy bear of a man has left many memories and stories to be shared. His friend, Doug Hendrickson, characterized Frank as a "complex but simple" man. Doug says in Frank's world there were three ways to do things, "the right way, the wrong way, and Frank's way." Straight-forward, stubborn, and honest, you always knew where you stood with Frank, and you did not question him. If Frank said something to you and you replied "what", his favorite comeback would be, "I didn't stutter." He was quick to chew you out, but also quick to forgive and forget. And even more importantly, Frank also knew how to say "I'm

sorry.” He was caring, compassionate, and very generous. He gave food and money to whoever seemed to need it, while for himself, he would never ask for or accept help. And with his ever present, dry sense of humor, many were the times you would experience Frank laughing at you because he had managed to pull a fast one on you. Sherry Hendrickson tells of the many Christmas gag gifts Frank would give his family, friends and employees each year. One year, Sherry received a pair of stilts that Frank had made, just for her. The stilts had feet on them with the toenails painted red. One foot read “Dynamite comes in small packages,” and the other foot read “I’m so short to the ground, when I fart I blow dust!” Granddaughter Kyra tells of her grandpa always trying to scare her. Grandpa would drive her to and from school, and when it was quiet and Kyra would be looking out the window as they rode, Frank would slap the seat, yelling BOO, and then laugh and say, “Haha, gotcha!” Frank also would tell Kyra and her friends about elusive blue racer snakes, aliens, bats and random other animals in the yard that would come out at night to get them. These stories were generally followed with a grab from behind and a loud BOO! Becky Degel Mallow, a niece, remembers working for Frank and Carol at CC’s restaurant. At the end of a busy night, Becky would be adding up the tickets, and Frank would stop as he and Carol were leaving, visiting about the busy day. Frank would make it a bit busier by taking a huge breath and blowing all the tickets off the table. Then he’d walk out, laughing that deep laugh of his. Becky soon learned to hold the tickets down when Frank came by, amusing him even more. Becky also tells of Frank plowing the restaurant parking lot and piling all the snow on top of and around her car. Becky would come to go home and there Frank would be sitting in his pickup, smoking a cigarette, and of course, laughing! But always, always, Frank was there for family and friends. Frank’s sister, Pat Smith, says that Frank was caring and protective from an early age. Frank was the 2nd youngest of six children, and Pat was the youngest. Growing up, Pat and her older brother, “Bum” as the family called Frank, were constant

companions on the farm where they were raised. The family began calling Frank "Bum" because he loved to care for the bum lambs that were a part of the farm life. Pat loved to tag along with her brother, Bum, and she admired all he could do, and she wanted to do those things too. One day Bum took Pat into the barn, and made her promise not to tell because he was going to do something he wasn't supposed to. He was going to let Pat handle his knife and show her how to carve wood. As he handed her his knife, his first instruction was to be careful, and not cut yourself. The first thing Pat did, was to cut her finger. Of course that was the end of the lesson. Pat can still show you the scar today. Pat did bring something important into her brother's life; she introduced him to her good friend, Carol. Frank was home on leave from the Air Force and hadn't met Pat's new friend, Carol. Frank and Carol hit it off, and when Frank's leave ended, they continued to exchange letters while he served in England. Frank's letters didn't have much information about what he did in the Air Force. All his mail was censored. When he returned from serving our nation, Frank never talked about he did. His family has surmised that he must have been involved in sensitive work while in England. Upon Frank's return home, he and Carol's relationship led to marriage. As Frank's granddaughter, Jessica, points out, it was rare that you would just hear Frank's name mentioned, it was always the two of them, Frank and Carol. Where there was one, the other was not far. Frank was devoted to Carol. The day he realized that he could no longer care for her, was perhaps the hardest day of his life. Frank was truly a family man. He and Carol adopted their daughters, Sharla and Shelley. Their niece, Laura, or Sissy, as she is called by family, was more like a third daughter. Many of Frank and Carol's employees at the restaurant, if they weren't already related, became like family to Frank and Carol. Shelley's husband Don, loved and respected Frank like a father, and they shared many experiences. Everyone embraced by Frank and Carol as family, worked together, played together, and traveled together. The value of these times is truly appreciated by everyone. Sharla has already shared some of her memories and thoughts of her father

with you. Shelley remembers her father teaching them many things, including spelling, math, and how to tell time. Frank didn't just give to his daughters, he taught them to earn things. He was always there for them with love and support. Niece Laura, "Sissy", put it this way, "Frank and Carol were the most sane and stable people; when there was no one else, there was Frank and Carol." Kyra, Frank's granddaughter, wrote some of her memories and thoughts of her grandfather to share with everyone today. Kyra says, "My grandma and grandpa raised me since I was seven. My grandfather was the only father I ever had. I remember he would always lay on his stomach in the living room and I'd play toy cars up and down his back all day, and he'd watch television or play with his dogs. We would watch wrestling together, and he's have us bet on who would win; granted it was his money...but he won all the time anyway! He always encouraged my artistic interests, and would buy me How To books on drawing and make up ideas for me to make gifts for my mom. He was a very talented man. I never saw him cry until the day his dog, Sheltze died. To this day, it breaks my heart to think how sad it made him to bury her. Growing up with my grandparents while they owned CC's Family Caf , I grew up in the restaurant." Kyra relates a memory that stands out in her mind. "One winter day, grandpa tied our innertube sled to his three wheeler and began pulling my friend, Destiny, and I around. Suddenly he stopped and was yelling something we couldn't understand until we slammed into a tree. He came running over, scared he had hurt one of us, but we were fine. Then he was mad that we busted up the tree he and grandma had worked so hard on watering all summer. Haha." Kyra goes on to say, "There were countless trips to Minnesota to see Paul Bunyan Land, and to Wisconsin to the Dells, and the House on the Rock with him and my grandmother. Every time, I got to take my best friend, Destiny. She was like part of our family; grandpa always called her 'Dezzy'. Also, he recently began teaching me his favorite hobby, wood carving. He was always afraid I'd hurt myself and would stock me up with plenty of gloves and finger guards. He printed me out a blueprint for a little mouse to carve. I never got

around to finishing it...but now, in his honor, I plan to finish it with the tools he gave me, and hopefully carry on the hobby he passed down to me. I only had a short amount of time from getting out of my teenage phase to realize what an amazing person had raised me. He is truly my hero. I only wish he could be there to walk me down the aisle when I marry the man I love. He is irreplaceable in every aspect of life. He was my grandfather, my father, and most of all, my friend. He came from being an impoverished farm boy, to being one of the most respected men in the area and he did it through how strong of a man he was. I only hope to carry some of him with me. There are so many memories...Kyra." Granddaughter Jessica too, remembers when grandpa and grandma would get all the kids together and take them on kid trips. Jessica's memories include many good times with grandpa and grandma fishing and camping. Jessica tells about an old golf cart that Frank fixed up to look like an old-fashioned truck. Grandpa had also made the cart street legal, complete with seat belts, and he loved to give rides in his little truck. But Jessica's best memories are of the tremendous love Frank and Carol shared between them, and how with their grandchildren they would listen and help, with a loving and caring attitude. Jessica will miss her grandpa very much. Not only was he loving and caring, Frank was an intelligent and knowledgeable man. He graduated from the school of hard knocks. He liked challenges, and wasn't afraid to tackle anything, and he learned to do many things and do them well. Frank was a doer. He would say that you "never learned anything while talking." If it was something he could do with his hands, Frank could get it done. He was a very capable Honda motorcycle mechanic, he restored toys, he could do carpentry, plumbing, electrical, whatever was needed. He had a passion for mechanics and loved to restore Model A trucks. The first truck he restored was a 1928 Chevy. Frank did everything on that truck, the body work, mechanics, paint, the interior. The last truck he got was one he tried to buy from Jerry Cook. Frank really wanted that truck, but Jerry wouldn't sell. At Christmas that year, Frank opened his gift from Carol. It was

a framed piece of paper. At first glance, Frank couldn't figure why anyone would frame a piece of paper. Upon closer inspection, he found it to be the title for the 1930 truck that he had tried unsuccessfully to buy from Jerry Cook. Carol had made the deal and gotten it for him. It was one of few times anyone saw Frank shed a tear. Xmas Day, Frank loaded up his son-in-law, Don, and they went and loaded the truck, brought it home, and in hours, Frank had it running. He loved working on those old trucks and restoring them to beautiful, functioning vehicles. After Frank retired from the cable television company, Frank helped Carol run CC's Family Cafe, and he built the Glendive waterslides. He was a good businessman and had an incredible knack for numbers. And his employees loved him. Frank was a talented man. He began exhibiting his talents early in life, making toys, building a derby car before there were derby cars, and of course, creating his wood carvings. When Frank was in fifth grade he carved a pack mule and took it to school as a show and tell. The mule was quite intricate, with the pack carved in detail with sticks of dynamite in it. The principal of the school was so impressed she offered to buy it. Frank, being a kid, had no idea what to ask for it so he just refused to sell it. The principal then offered Frank a jigsaw in exchange for the mule. Frank liked the sound of that, and made the trade. The mule ended up in a teacher's museum in New York. When the principal retired she asked Frank if he wanted it back, he said yes and the mule was returned to Frank. Frank could look at a piece of wood and see an owl, deer, colorful character, whatever. Frank would say when questioned about his carvings, that you just "take a piece of wood and cut away everything that doesn't belong." He spent a lifetime carving and refining his talent. He sold many carvings from CC's restaurant, and many have been made as special gifts to family, friends, and employees. These gifts of art from Frank are greatly treasured. Another talent Frank had was his musical ability. He could play anything with strings, different kinds of guitars, the banjo, and the mandolin. He loved to get together with other musicians, and hold jam sessions at the Wagon Wheel. Frank's wife Carol, would play the drums and sing. Frank's favorite music

was the old time country western tunes, with a standard favorite being “Wish I Were a Teddy Bear”, which Carol would sing. Frank’s brother-in-law, Leroy Smith, played guitar with Frank and one thing the two of them could do was play one guitar together. Leroy would play lead, with Frank standing behind him and reaching around to play the rhythm on the same guitar. They also helped each out in other ways too. Once, when they were to play at the Southside, the zipper on Frank’s pants got stuck. He and Leroy were in the men’s room, with Leroy down on his knees trying to unstick the zipper. Someone walked in, saw the process, apologized, and made a hasty retreat. Realizing how that incident appeared, Frank went home and changed pants. Frank and Leroy got a lot of laughs from that story over the years. When Frank needed to relax, he would travel. He started by converting a church bus to haul family and friends to favorite destinations. The church bus eventually gave way to bigger buses, a transit bus and then a motorhome. Frank would head out with the bus loaded with people and beer. The vacation didn’t start until Frank had a beer in his hand. Favorite destinations were the Wisconsin Dells, Frank loved the Ducks; and always at the top of the list, the House on the Rock. The bus would stop at any place that had “mart” in its name, K-mart, Walmart, etc. Although Frank was the leader and driver, he was happiest watching all the others have fun. Shelley remembers one trip that was a bit embarrassing for her. When watching her dad drive, she noticed a vehicle following the bus very closely. She asked her dad about it and he just looked in the mirror and acknowledged he could see it, and kept driving. Shelley kept watching the vehicle in the mirrors, getting concerned because it wouldn’t pass and was so close to the back of the bus. After several reminders to Frank about the truck that was following, her dad finally asked her who was driving the truck. Shelley looked and “...no one was driving. It was the family pickup that Frank had hooked to the back of the bus. Shelley has never lived that one down. When you went on a bus trip with Frank, you made sure you had a coffee can, because you were never sure when Frank would stop at a restroom. Shelley tells of going down the road in the

motorhome, and needing to use a rest stop. She told her dad, and he nodded and kept driving and didn't stop. Finally Shelley didn't think she could hold it any longer, and told her dad it was critical. Frank's reply was to ask, what was wrong with the bathroom in the motorhome? The stories from the bus trips are countless and are treasured memories of times of fun and misadventures with Frank. Another annual trip looked forward to by family and friends, happened every September. Son-in-law Don tells that Carol would blindly point to a spot on the map, and off Frank and company would ride on their motorcycles for several weeks, enjoying the wind in their faces as they traveled to new places each fall. Locally, Frank would relax by going fishing at Intake. He didn't really care if he caught fish, but Frank was an outdoorsman in that he loved to be outside "just sitting and watching the grass grow." He and Carol loved to go for drives in the evening and take the dogs to Dairy Queen. Frank enjoyed reading Louis L'Amour and Zane Gray stories. And would you have recognized Frank without his bibs on? It is difficult to sum up such a man as Frank Carpenter in the time we have today. He meant so much to so many. During the time he walked in our world, he set an example of how to live and enjoy life, how to love and fully experience the joys of family and friends, how to work creatively to make the world a better place, and how to make memories with those you love. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die." (Thomas Campbell, Hallowed Ground)

Tribute Wall



“ *Frank Carpenter*

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