



Kenneth Egge

May 30, 1942 - January 7, 2010

Kenneth Ray “Skip” Egge, age 67, of Glendive, Montana formerly of Miles City, Montana passed away on Thursday, December 31, 2009 at the Eastern Montana Veterans Home in Glendive. Ken was born on May 30, 1942 in Roundup, Montana the son of Charles and Virginia (Brownlee) Egge. He was raised and educated in Miles City graduating from Custer County High School with the class of 1960. Ken enlisted in the United State Navy in June 1961, where he served in Vietnam as a Navy Corpsman attached to the 3rd Battalion of the 3rd Marine Corp. While Ken was serving in Vietnam he became a prisoner of war for three months until his escape from the camp. Ken returned to the United States and was employed as a Lab Supervisor by the military in the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington D.C. where he remained until his honorable discharge from the military in January 1970. Ken married Linda Lee in November 1964 in Virginia. He soon returned to Montana where he worked for the Glendive Community Hospital as a Lab Supervisor for three years. In 1974 he became employed in the oil field in Wyoming. During his oil field career he worked with his brother-in-law as a Roughneck and worked his way up to District Manager, retiring from Tuboscope in Casper, Wyoming in 1988. Ken attended Montana State University in Bozeman, Montana, graduating in 1991 with a Bachelor degree in History and Philosophy. He attended Cooley Law School in Lansing, Michigan for a time before returning to Montana. Upon his return Ken worked for United American Insurance Company, retiring in 2004. Ken had been a

resident of Glendive for the past fifteen years and a resident of the Eastern Montana Veterans Home for the past year. He was a member of the Vietnam Veterans of America and a member of the Masonic Lodge #56 serving as a Worshipful Master in Casper in the mid 1980's. Ken loved to go fly fishing and hunting. He enjoyed fast cars, drag racing, music and dancing and was a huge fan of the Dallas Cowboys Football team. Ken was preceded in death by his parents; an infant daughter in 1968; one son, Greg in 1984, and his wife Linda in 1989. Survivors include his three sons, Steve Egge (Vee) of Odessa, Texas, Sean Egge (Christie) of Gastonia, North Carolina, Brian Egge of Houston, Texas; four grandsons; one sister, Cheryl Watson (Gerald) of Glendive. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com Kenneth Ray "Skip" Egge Life Tribute Service with Masonic Rites and Military Honors Chapel of the Silvernale Silha Funeral Home Glendive, Montana January 7, 2010 Welcome: Master of Ceremonies Candle lighting introduction: Celebrant In times of darkness, Love sees... In times of silence, Love hears... In times of doubt, Love hopes... In times of sorrow, Love comforts... And, in all times, Love remembers. (from a Hallmark card) We are here to remember Kenneth Ray "Skip" Egge. Ken's family will be lighting a candle to honor his memory for Ken's life tribute service this morning. The light of the flame has always been symbolic to the human world; it symbolizes many things; courage, the torch of freedom, the brightness of knowledge, the glow of caring and giving, the passion of loving and living. With all these things, we will remember Ken Egge. Ken's sister, Cheryl Watson, will have the honor of lighting Ken's candle. Let the light of this candle signify the ever-present love and memory of Ken that will always live on in the hearts and souls of family and friends. Following the candle lighting, we will view a video tribute of photos and music chosen by Ken's family to portray the very special person he was. Candlelighting: Ken's family Video tribute Eulogy: Every person's life is a story. Every past moment of that life story becomes a person's history. Ken loved history. He loved to study history; he loved to talk history; when he watched television, Ken watched the history

channel. He even earned a college degree in history. Today, we honor and pay tribute to his story. Ken was the oldest of two children, a son to Charles and Virginia Egge. When Ken was born, he was the first grandson and his grandfather promptly named him "Skipper" or "Skip", as he was known to family. He was seven years older than his sister, Cheryl, but when Cheryl came along, she became more than just a sibling. Cheryl became "Skipper's" playmate, companion, buddy, and lifelong best friend. Cheryl was also "Skip's" biggest fan. Cheryl claimed that Ken had gotten all the looks and brains in the family, and she had gotten what was left. With both parents working, Ken took care of his little sister, taught her many things, was her protector. Cheryl has many memories of the fun and silly things she and her brother did over the years. When Cheryl learned to walk, Ken walked her everywhere, taking her with him wherever he went. During the week, Ken and Cheryl would save Eddies bread wrappers to take to the movies on Saturday afternoons. The wrappers allowed them to get into the movies for very little money. Ken was a true 50's child, he loved movies about outer space. Movies were always a favorite of Ken's and he came to be a big fan of John Wayne. Other movies he watched many times over were "Patton", "Braveheart" and Tom Clancy movies, including "Hunt for Red October". Ken also loved music. As a youngster, he began collecting records, certain that he would be getting a record player for Christmas. His father reminded Ken that nothing in life was certain, but Ken kept stockpiling records of his favorite music. He did get a record player for Christmas, and he spent all of Christmas Day, with his sister, Cheryl, listening to his collection of records. The Doobie Brothers that you have heard today was a particular favorite of Ken's. Another Christmas, Ken received a bicycle. Out into the snowy roads he went, riding and pulling his sister on a sled. When the weather was nicer for riding, he would pull Cheryl in a wagon, or she would ride with him on the bike. But he always took her. Ken and Cheryl's father worked for the Old Milwaukee Railroad, and went wherever the jobs took him. Summers, their mother would take a leave of

absence from her job and they would travel with their dad, living in a bunk car. This was quite an adventure for them. One scary memory Cheryl has is of the day Ken told her he could fly and took her outside to show her. He climbed up onto the roof, and using a pillowcase as his wings or parachute, he jumped, thinking he would take flight. Of course, Ken really couldn't fly, and when he hit the ground, Cheryl was sure his cowboy boots had been driven into his butt right up to his waist. Ken wasn't seriously hurt, more his pride was bruised at not being able to fly as he had boasted. Cheryl loved her brother, but says he could be a bit conceited, especially about his looks. He would often walk by a mirror and comment on what a "good looking devil" he was. He would tell Cheryl that the name "Kenneth" meant handsome. Ken's young grandson, Raymond, carries on this tradition of talking to the mirror just as Ken did. Ken was charming and confident, and he was generally good at what he did. As his son Brian put it, Ken liked to "live fast." Fast cars and drag racing entered Ken's life during his teens. He bought a '55 or '56 Chevy from a friend. It was red with black and white tuck and roll interior. Fuzzy dice hung from the mirror; the back end was jacked up, and you could measure the distance between the front bumper and the pavement with a pack of Pall Mall Studs. It had an electric antenna, and the biggest, fastest motor in the state. Cheryl remembers neighbors complaining that when Ken rumbled home in his car, it made the neighborhood television pictures wavy, and the neighbors annoyed. Ken did get caught drag racing a few times, but he claims his name was never in the paper. Ken loved school and was a good student, often taking seven or eight credits. He could have graduated early from high school had he chosen to do so. But upon graduating from high school, Ken found college was too expensive to embark upon. A year after graduating, Ken enlisted in the United States Navy. He was trained as a Navy Corpsman, and did a tour of duty in Vietnam from 1965 into 1967. Ken was attached to the 3rd Battalion of the 3rd Marine Corps during his tour. Not only did he fight alongside the Marines, but as a Corpsman, Ken's job was to attend to the wounded out in the field. He came to have a great respect for the Marines, which was mutually shared.

Ken also respected and gave much credit to the evac chopper crews, who helped save many of the lives of those he attended. It was during a reconnaissance mission that the recon team was overcome by the enemy, and two of the eight men were taken prisoner. Ken was one of the two. Ken and the other prisoner were taken to a POW camp, where they endured both physical and mental torture. After three months in the camp, the opportunity presented itself for escape. Ken and another prisoner escaped the camp. It took three days to find Americans. The other prisoner who had escaped with Ken did not survive. When Ken found the Americans, he remembers them telling him, "Doc, we've been looking for you." Ken did not leave Vietnam, instead finishing his tour working in a big tent hospital lab by a Vietnamese bay. Prior to his tour in Vietnam, Ken had met Linda Lee through a mutual friend and they were married. While in Vietnam, Ken sent weekly letters to Linda, and to his parents and Cheryl. At Christmas, he sent Vietnamese housecoats and slippers to his family, and a beautiful Geisha dress to Linda. Upon Ken's return to the States, and the completion of his tour of duty, he decided to stay in the Navy, as civilian jobs were scarce. Captain Smith, who was the head of Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. and who Ken had worked under previously in Philadelphia, heard Ken was back in the States and requested that Ken be stationed in Washington, D.C. Ken was employed as a Lab Supervisor in the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, D.C. One of the more interesting events that took place at the AFIP lab, was after President Kennedy died. When his body was returned to Washington, D.C., Walter Reed Hospital received the body of the President, and Captain Smith conducted another autopsy, to ascertain that the results of the one done in Dallas were correct. Ken was called in to do the lab work. He did not see the President, but was a small part of an important time in history. For all the time Ken served in the Navy, he often commented that he was the only sailor that had served his time on dry land. After his honorable discharge from the Navy, Ken, Linda and their family returned to Montana, where Ken worked as the lab supervisor for Glendive Medical Center. After three years, Ken

changed his line of work and joined his brother-in-law and friend, Gerald Watson, in the oilfields. Gerald recalls Ken as a good worker, but says Ken really didn't like working the rigs as a roughneck and floorhand. Ken did like inspecting the pipes, and worked his way up the ladder to a district manager of Tuboscope, a company in Casper, Wyoming. After his retirement from Tuboscope, Ken decided to attend college. He moved to Bozeman, and began taking courses at Montana State University during the daytime, while working as a night auditor at Gallatin Gateway. He graduated with a Bachelor's degree in history and philosophy in 1991. Ken was 39 years old. From MSU, Ken decided to pursue a degree in law, but soon recognized that being a lawyer was not for him. Although Ken found success in his work and educational endeavors, there were difficult times in his family life. Ken and Linda suffered the loss of two children, a stillborn infant daughter, and the loss of their oldest son, Greg, due to an automobile accident. The oilfield went bust, and Ken and Linda divorced. Ken made the comment to his sister that he felt like there was a dark cloud hanging over him. But that was about the most he would say of his sorrows. Ken held his emotions close in his heart, and the demons he fought, he fought alone. In spite of this, Ken loved life. He loved fun. He was a Dallas Cowboys fan. Hunting and fishing with his three sons, Steve, Sean and Brian were a favorite pastime. Ken liked his beer, his favorite being anything cheap. Ken had a crooked grin, and a quick Irish temper that would flash and be gone. He would get angry if you lied to him. He loved to eat, and he enjoyed grilling, and had a variety of sauces he would use. Brian's favorite entrée was Ken's grilled rainbow trout. Ken loved a good joke, and when he watched the movie "Bucket List" he laughed more than Cheryl had ever seen him laugh at one time. Ken had always loved to swim and water ski, and while he was in Florida, he learned to scuba dive. He fancied himself a re-incarnated Marco Polo, a thinker, a discoverer. He threatened to run for political office because he felt things weren't getting done right. Ken was always very close to his mother. After she died, he and his father had a real

opportunity to get to know each other, share war stories and develop a closer relationship. His maternal grandmother lived to be 101 years old. She lived in Billings, Montana, and Ken never went to Billings without stopping to visit her and talk with her about family history. About a year ago, Ken suffered a stroke, and began to experience seizures. Ken entered the Eastern Montana Veterans Home for care and therapy. It was hoped to be a temporary stay. Ken didn't mind his time there, the care was good, he liked the caregivers, and he especially enjoyed visiting with the other veterans and hearing their stories. His nephew, R.C. Watson works there, and Cheryl and Gerald visited often and provided support. Ken even got to attend the wedding of his only niece, Robbie Watson. Regrettably, Ken tired out before he could dance with the bride. Not long ago, Ken got pneumonia and just couldn't shake it. He died on December 31 with family around him to help ease his journey. A simple, big-hearted, generous man; intelligent, charming, and in his own words, "handsome", Ken was a father, brother, grandfather, uncle, friend; a patriot, a hero. He cared about people and he cared about our history. Now it is up to us to tell his story to future generations, to share and live up to his ideals. "We live on in the lives of those we touch; we live on in the lives of those who love us; no one is dead until they are forgotten." Ken "Skip" Egge will never be forgotten. Ken Egge was a member of the Masonic Lodge #56. He served as a Worshipful Master in Casper, Wyoming in the 1980's. We are honored to have members of the local Masonic Lodge attending today's service. They will now provide Masonic funeral rites to honor Ken. Masonic Rites: Closing: 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 made among family and community, and to take time to express our grief, our hope, and our memories. Thank you all for being here for this important time. Ken Egge was a unique man and the life he led was significant. Steve, Sean, Brian, Cheryl and to all of Ken's family, as your friends and community, we grieve with you and we grieve for you. As the friends and community of Ken and his family, we have much more to offer than we may realize. All we have to do is ask, "How

can I help?" with an open heart, and really listen. To express the love and respect his family has for all that Ken was, special symbols were added to his casket. The head panel inside the casket says "father" and "grandfather". The four life symbols on the casket corners are: the United States Navy, the United States Marines, the Celtic Cross, and The bronze medallions on the front of the casket portray a loving father, a caring grandfather, and a patriot of honor and courage. Later today, Ken will be buried with his parents, and beside his son, Greg in the Egge family plots in the Custer County Cemetery in Miles City, Montana. Kenneth Egge has earned the right to have military honors performed at his service today. Ken served these United States with courage, dignity and honor. It is a family tradition. His father and grandfather served before him, and his nephew, Ryan Watson, was influenced by his uncle's service, and currently serves in the United States Navy. Ken gave much, endured much, and sacrificed much so each of us could enjoy the many freedoms we have. As a Navy Corpsman, he served in the Vietnam War and beyond, doing his duty as only a hero could. A few of the medals Ken received include: the Vietnam Service Medal, the Vietnam Campaign Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, the Purple Heart. Ken was also awarded the Navy Cross. "To earn a Navy Cross, the act commended must be performed in such a manner as to render the individual conspicuous among others of equal grade, rank, experience or position of responsibility. The Navy Cross is the highest medal that can be awarded by the United States Department of the Navy, and is the nation's second highest award for valor." (Wikipedia) The following words are to honor Kenneth Egge, United States Navy: "Final Fight" "A precisely folded flag; a rifle salute fading away, Then the lonely sound of tap, Tells us a soldier has gone away. His Earthly battle is over; We know he gave his best, Gone is a defender of freedom; We weep as he is laid to rest. Our land became the greatest Because of soldiers like this one, Who remained faithful to the end, Who would not quit until the fight was won!" Ken Egge touched many lives. He not only touched lives, he was given the opportunity to save lives he touched, and he did. Ken will be greatly

missed. Before you leave today, each of you can honor Ken with your touch. Just as each fingerprint is unique, with no two the same, each of us also has a unique soul. Every time we come into contact with others, we leave the impact and significance of our soul print on them and they on us. Ken has touched each of you in a different and unique way with his soul print. As you are ushered from your seats, Ken's family invite you to leave your fingerprints on Ken's casket along with theirs, to remain and blend together to honor Ken's life in the belief that "a life shared is a life to never be forgotten. Thank you Ken, for your touch on our world. This will conclude Kenneth "Skip" Egge's life tribute service. Military Honors: Glendive Honor Guard

Tribute Wall



“ *Kenneth Egge*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM