



Norman "Norm" Jimison

November 5, 1933 - February 8, 2013

Terry, Montana: Norman "Norm" Jimison, age 79, of Glendive, Montana, passed away on Tuesday, January 29, 2013 at the Prairie Community Hospital in Terry. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Friday, February 8, 2013 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. Norm was born on November 5, 1933 in Glendive, the son of Rollie and Maude (Kent) Jimison. He was raised and educated in Glendive where he attended Dawson County High School playing on the football team. Following high school, Norm drove truck hauling produce to the surrounding communities where he met and later married Betty Lapp in July of 1953. As a couple they moved to Miles City, Montana where Norm was employed at an auto body shop, from there they moved to Terry and he sold cars for the Ford Dealership before moving to Glendive where he worked for the Railroad. Norm and Betty moved their family to Roundup, Montana where he sold cars for the Ford Dealership until landing a career with the Buffalo Rapids Irrigation Project where he remained for several years. In 1956, Norm and Betty moved to Fallon and Norm started to break horses, show horses and finally training cow cutting horses and competing in rodeos. In the early 1970's, Norm retired from the horse business and started selling livestock supplements for Standard Chemical out of Omaha, Nebraska until 1982 when he started his own operation drilling water wells and commercial gardening. Later Norm and Betty decided to start

a meat processing business which they owned and operated until 1995 when health issues forced Norm to retire. Norm enjoyed traveling the country on his motorcycle. He was a wonderful craftsman when it came to working with wood; he loved making violins, picture frames and hand carved pictures. He was an avid fisherman especially cat fishing. He was preceded in death by his parents, Rollie and Maude Jimison; one brother, Wilbur (Bill) Jimison and one sister, Elsie Gebhardt. Survivors include his wife, Betty Jimison of Glendive; son, Mark (Laurie) Jimison of Gillette, Wyoming; daughter, Sheryl Jimison of Glendive; six grandchildren; one sister, Thelma (James) Romans of Bremerton, Washington and numerous nieces and nephews. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com. Eulogy: Did you bring a smile today? If you came to remember Norm Jimison there should be a smile waiting to break loose, because if Norm believed in anything in life, he believed in fun! Norm's wife, Betty, wrote up a couple of stories about Norm to share with everyone, and the first one goes like this: "When we first got married, Norm's family had a band and played for dances, Norm on guitar, Bill on banjo, and Rollie on fiddle. As the years went by and his dad passed away, Norm decided to learn the fiddle. After a lot of squeaking and squawking, you could finally recognize the song he did. As more and more years went by, we started playing for the older folks at the nursing home. As we were getting ready to leave, one old gentleman was shuffling along on the way to his room, and Norm says to him, "I sure hope you get better", and the old fellow says to Norm, "And I hope you do too." Music was always a part of Norm's life. After the family band no longer was together, Norm would play with area musicians, and later, when that ended, he would have Betty chord on the keyboard for him, as he continued to play and share music with others. A man of many talents, Norm also taught himself to craft violins, which allowed him to blend his love of woodworking with his music. He read up and researched this particular art form, and with trial and error, was able to produce beautiful, one of a kind instruments. Norm himself was a one of a kind. Loud and boisterous, he embraced life and had fun with

it. An up beat person, he energized everyone around him, including them in all he did, challenging them to learn and enjoy what the day might bring. Easily bored, he was never afraid to try new things. Much of his work in life ultimately came down to selling...Norm was a born salesman. In high school, Norm sold manure to make his spending money. And with his gift of gab and huge sense of humor, you might say he peddled a bit of manure his whole life. Norm sold cars, livestock supplements, and garden produce. He worked with the Buffalo Rapids Irrigation Project. When Norm and Betty moved to Fallon, Montana, he went into the horse business, breaking and training horses. Norm had been around horses since his youth, and had a way with the animals. Norm and the horses he trained brought home many trophies and ribbons from horse shows and rodeos. Norm had a feel for what a horse could do, and even the ones that Norm felt lacked what it took to be a good working horse, he trained them to be as good as he could get the horse to be. When Norm did anything, he put everything he had into it. After Norm retired from the horse business, he sold feed supplements, and then he started his own operation drilling water wells. Norm was injured while doing the drilling, and was unable to continue. He and Betty then opened a meat processing business, starting with wild game processing and then going into processing livestock. And always by his side, working and playing with him, was the love of his life, Betty. Married almost 60 years, Betty and Norm worked together on everything he did. They met at a dance that Norm and his family band played for in Fallon, and were married on the 4th of July, a holiday when neither had to work. Betty was Norm's wife, the mother of their children, Mark and Sheryl, his business partner, his life partner. Betty helped and worked with Norm in the many jobs and businesses he had, she and the kids helped with the garden, and the horses. When Norm would tell friends about his latest venture or project, they would just reply to Norm about how busy Betty must be doing all that. Living with Norm was a very hands on experience. He made you a part of all he did, and he expected that family work together and play together. He was a

dreadful tease and loved practical jokes. Life, work, and play were all things to be enjoyed, and lived fully. Sheryl tells when she and Mark helped outside and with the garden, they were always on the lookout for rattle snakes, which could be found in abundance on the ranch. When their chores were finished it was common for them to race to the house, each taking a different route. As Sheryl ran home one day, there in her way was a rattlesnake, albeit a dead one, but it certainly startled Sheryl. Her dad had placed there as a reminder to always watch out for danger. When Mark was in high school, his Dad had him ride horse every morning before school started. It exercised the horses and provided a lesson in a good old fashioned work ethic. Norm had an exceptional work ethic and believed that you should earn what you got. A favorite activity for Norm and Betty was traveling on motorcycles with a group of friends. They began riding motorcycles after Norm gave up horses. He started with a smaller cycle that he bought, and eventually moved up to his Harley hog. Most of their riding was over long week-ends when all the friends could go. Once, they did travel to the west coast and went salmon fishing. Norm was a very social man. He enjoyed having people around, loved to stir the pot, and joke and laugh and tease. He was fun and yet caring, and had a zest for life that was contagious. He loved to bar-b-que for family, friends, and neighbors, and was a master at it. Like everything he did, he put his heart into it. Norm was also a very determined man, who once his mind was made up, that was how it was. An example of this was his habit of smoking. Back in the mid or late eighties, Norm was at the doctor's and was told that if he continued smoking, he probably would only live another year or two, he needed to quit. Norm got up, walked to the door, pitched his cigarettes out, and said to the doctor, " I have quit smoking." Norm did a lot of living since then. Along with enjoying having people around, Norm always liked having a dog for company. Norm teased them just like he teased Betty and his kids. It was his way of showing affection. There were a couple ways Norm liked to spend his time when he wasn't working. One was his woodworking. Norm was really an artist. Already mentioned were the violins he hand-made. Norm also would hand

carve pictures out of oak. He had a technique to carve out pictures in relief on oak wood that used a dentist drill, much like the dremel tool of today. He would get used dental drill bits from Doc Moline to do the fine detail work. Norm was not the most patient man and it was with some of this work that Betty would help out. Norm's wood art included a six horse hitch pulling a stagecoach, wolves, buffalo, and cowboys roping calves, just to name a few. Norm's pictures can be found in the possession of friends and others that would buy them from Norm. He was always willing to sell his creations. The second way Norm enjoyed spending time was fishing, catfishing in particular. It wasn't unheard of to refer to Norm as the "Catfish King." Betty believes the biggest one he caught was over twenty pounds. Norm was very competitive about his fishing. He enjoyed trying to catch the biggest one each year, and one-up his friends who fished. And so comes the second story that Betty wrote up for today. Betty tells: "It's well known around Fallon that Norm and his friend, Leo Fisher, were always trying to out do each other on the size of their fish. Leo had won several contests at the Beer Jug and won fishing rods, so Norm really worked hard to beat Leo. The next year the Longhorn Bar put up a trophy for the biggest fish. Norm caught a big one, so he rushed over to the Longhorn to get it weighed in; everyone agreed it was the biggest one yet. As Dave took it off the scale, the mouth opened and Dave said, 'It is even threaded for $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.' The fish was full of nuts and washers." You will have to ask Betty if Norm's stuffed catfish won the trophy that year. A life-long friend of Norm's, Norm Starr, sent an e-mail to Betty, Mark and Sheryl about his thoughts of Norm. The following memories are from Norm Starr. "Norm and I first met when my folks bought a ranch on Deer Creek and we both went to Deer Creek School. As I look back, Norm was an unusual individual even then. I must have been about thirteen and he was about 10. Although that is quite an age difference for people that young, he and I became good friends. He used to come to our place and go riding. Dad had quite a few horses around and I guess Norm liked that...Norm had his own mind at a young age, and when he set that mind to something he wasn't to be denied..." Norm Starr

goes on to tell about coming back to area after going to college. He says, "After I came home, I got involved doing some boxing and was working out in the C.Y.A. hall on the southside. It had a ring in it and a punching bag and I believe a speed bag. Norm showed up there one night and we started working out together. I believe his first fight was with a big Indian from North Dakota who was older and bigger and had quite a little more experience than Norm. In spite of those facts, Norm came out of his corner like a whirlwind, and at the end of three rounds, Norm had him whipped. He was determined to beat the man and he did. We ran hard for a couple of years, dances, girls, hunting jack rabbits, pheasants, and drinking a few beers. Then he met Betty and he knew she was the girl for him; good looking girl and the smartest one in her graduating class. He set his cap for her and was successful in getting her to say yes." Norm Starr says they both got married, got busy making homes, making a living, and raising families. But they did keep track of each other. Norm Starr says of his friend, "His accomplishments were something to behold. I asked him how he learned to do the things he took on. He said he bought books and studied them. He learned all he could about his next interest and tackled it; I mean, when he found a new interest, he devoured it. He went after it...Betty was right along side him in everything he tied into. They had a good business raising garden produce and selling it. They established the Hatchet Creek Packing and Processing business and had people come from all over to buy their sausage and process their wild game. Norm liked to tease and make jokes and pull pranks on people. He liked a party and people liked to be around him. He was a fun person. There was nothing pretentious about Norm. What you saw was what you got. He was very human and he had a serious side to him also. He loved his family and was proud of them. He was loyal to his friends and devoted to his country. He was generous with his time and his talent. He and Betty played for lots of dances, entertained a lot of people who were shut in, or people who just dropped by to visit. Don't believe he had any strong church affiliation but he

was a believer. I know that because in a serious moment, we discussed it. Betty, you helped him be the gifted and good man he was, and he loved and respected you immensely. Sherry, you are Dad's girl. You have inherited a lot of his qualities, that knowing look and friendly way about you. He thought the world of you. Mark, your Dad was very proud of you. He mentioned you frequently and followed your endeavors with interest. He wasn't a man to tell people what to do, but he was a man, who, if he gave you advice, it was worth listening to. He had a lot of practical knowledge and country wisdom. He not only was your father, he was your friend. He was my friend also; not a casual friend but a real friend who helped you, one person you could count on. I am sure God will remember him in heaven as he did on earth. Norm did a lot of good for a lot of people. We will miss him. With sincerity, your friends, Norm and Lorraine Starr" For 79 years, Norm truly enjoyed life and all it had to offer; the fun, the work, the laughter, the smiles, fishing, woodworking, coffee and cookies, watching westerns on TV, spending time on the computer, bib overalls, making music, a good horse, a good dog, good friends, his family, his home. Wherever he was, Norm was always ready to go home. Norm Jimison. Honor him with a smile as you remember this good man.

Tribute Wall



“ *Norman "Norm" Jimison*

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