

Warren Louis Fisher was born May 14, 1926, in Sidney, MT, to Fred and Dorothy (Miller) Fisher. He was the oldest of four children. Warren attended Mount Pleasant Rural School. He walked to school until he received his driver's license at the age of 11 years old for 50 cents and started driving the Model T to school. Farming and raising milk cows were the substance of his life for 74 years. As a young boy, his job was to take care of and milk the cows as well as driving the John Deere tractor in the field.

Music was also a large part of Warren's life and created memories for many that were lucky enough to be the audience to his performances. At around the age of 12 years, Warren learned to play the button accordion that he received from a relative that moved to Illinois during the drought in the 1930's. He purchased his own at 16 years old at a local store for \$85. Warren played in a band with Vern Dishon, Gordon Truloch, Kurt Sundheim and Steve Senn for a short period until WWII called most of them into service. He later played for a band started by the brothers of his wife, Ann. Music was a big part of his life including a radio program on Saturday in Glendive at the roller arena and on TV in Williston that was put on by Rural Electric Coop. A special performance in his life happened when he and Ann drove to Bismarck to KFYR station to see Mike Dosch, accomplished accordion and organ player, and Mike had Warren join him on stage to perform a number.



Warren met his life partner, Ann Sophia Maslowski, at age 17 when he attended a dance in Savage where Ann's brothers' band was playing. She asked for his hand...but only to stamp it for entry into the dance. Well at least for 10 years until he decided that it was time to ask her for her hand in marriage. They married at Trinity Lutheran Church on February 17, 1954 and lived in Sidney for 4 years. In 1958 they moved back to the Fisher homestead where they enlarged their cattle business. A daughter, Melodee Joy Fisher was born in 1956 bringing many joys and memories on the farm including her adventurous and creative spirit. They built the home on the hill above the homestead in 1962 and still live there today.

In the late 50's, Warren served with Web Cornelius as his Under Sheriff for a couple of years. He became the first driver for the Richland County Transportation system which was called The Roundup at the time in 1977.

Warren stopped farming in 2015 and continued to keep watch over the yearly planning and harvesting seasons on his land. He spent his later years being the one in the house to do the dishes while Ann continued to cook fabulous meals.

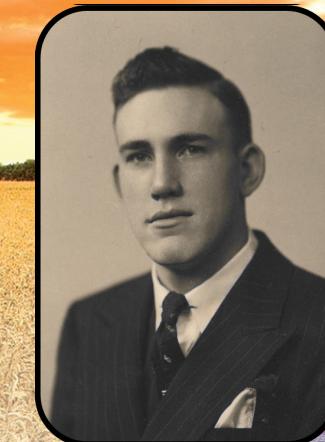
Warren was known by the neighboring farm families for the countless hours of playing the accordion while they danced in the family room and for the many stories and jokes that brought them laughter.

Warren and Ann attended Ebenezer Congregational Church where they made many friends in sharing worship and God's word throughout their daily living. Warren passed away on Tuesday, November 17, 2020 at Sidney Health Center. Warren is preceded in death by his daughter, Melodee Ann, two brothers Carl and William Frederick, and sister Ruby and his parents Fred and Dorothy Fisher.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Ann, his sister Pearl Nickels and many nephews and nieces.

Hope
Fulkerson
Stevenson
Funeral Homes

I N L O V I N G
Memory



Warren Louis
Fisher

May 14, 1926
November 17, 2020



Warren Fisher

Born to Frederick & Dorothy Fisher
May 14, 1926~Sidney, Montana

Passed Away
November 17, 2020~Sidney, Montana

Funeral Services
1:00 PM Monday November 23, 2020
Ebenezer Congregational Church
Sidney, Montana

Officiating
Pastor David Meehan

Music

Sally Borg Diana Meehan

Casketbearers
Terry Anvik Mike Anvik Jerry Foss
Jerrold Baxter Todd Wagner Cory Foss

Honorary Casketbearers
All of Warren's Friends

Ushers
Randall Rudolph

Final Resting Place
Sidney Cemetery~Sidney, Montana



I farmed the land.

I tramped the wood,
These are the things I understood.

No grand schemes, they passed me by.
I knew the brook, the hills, the sky.

To hunt a bird, to wet a line,
Gifts from God, so good and fine.

Friend and kin, I LOVED THEM SO;
Although I'm gone, I'm sure they know,

I'm now at peace, life's battle done,
I've faced the foe and I have won.

- By: Earl Smithson