Harold William Rase was born on February 16, 1920, the son of Harold and Emma (Nichols) Rase. Billie, as he was loved and known by everyone, graduated from the 8th grade at the Murray Country School west of Grassy Butte, ND. He attended three years of high school in Grassy Butte and graduated from Model High in Dickinson. Billie attended one year at Agriculture College in Fargo, now NDSU. He spent his entire life ranching west of Grassy Butte. Billie was a Farm Bureau Member, served on the Township Board for a number of years, served as the town constable for several years, served as a director on the Weather Modification Program, and was a director on the Arnegard-Alexander Soil Conversation District for 30 years. As member of the TR Medora foundation, Billie shared his love of the Medora musical by being the first sponsor for Kids Day in Medora, where children attend the musical for free. Billie loved to sing and he drove many miles to sing with the Badlanders Barber Shop Chorus. We will all miss his famous handshake.

Billie passed away Friday, March 22, 2013 at St. Luke’s Home in Dickinson. Survivors include a nephew, Lamar (Cathy) Rase of Missoula MT; three nieces, Faye (Ed) Lawler of Billings, MT, Carol (Monte) Layman of Baytown, TX and Nancy (Steve) Cerroni of Lovell, WY; 6 great nephews and nieces; 3 great-great nephews and nieces; and a family of friends including special friends Robert and Sylvia Lillibridge, Jack Olin, and Jim Ozbun. Billie was preceded in death by his parents, infant sister, and only brother, Lloyd Rase.
Cowboy Life

I’ve met a heap o’ cowboys,
And some was real top hands.
I saw a million cattle, and read
a lot o’ brands.
I’ve seen some hard old winters,
When nearly all the cattle horses that
Could turn right out their hides.
I ate my share o’ beefsteak, and drunk
some whiskey too.
And did a little dancin’, with
Nothing else to do.
Been bucked off old outlaws that I
Couldn’t start to ride.
An’ saw some fine old buddies go
Over the Great Divide.
With friends and family now I’m
Making my last stand.
An’ hoping to be horseback when
I reach the Promise Land.

Author Unknown