



Vincent "Butch" Roy Martineau

April 26, 1950 - May 11, 2020

Vincent "Butch" Roy Martineau Jr. "Giwiitahgizhik" "Going all around the sky", age 70 started his journey on Monday, May 11, 2020. Butch was born to Evelyn Olson and Roy Martineau on April 26, 1950. Butch was a proud member of the Fond du Lac Band of Lake Superior Chippewa. Butch was very giving of himself and to his community. His life revolved around family, fishing, hunting, golfing and nobody could ever forget his untouchable sense of humor. Butch was also well known for his gift of sharing stories. Butch was an outdoor enthusiast for most of his life. He enjoyed fishing and deer hunting. Butch was a mentor to all and always provided for his family and community, especially his elders.

Butch graduated from Carlton High School in 1969 and was the very first Native American Homecoming King crowned at Carlton High. He graduated with his Bachelor's Degree in Social Work from St. Scholastica in 1979. Butch was employed with the FDL Band for over 40 years; he was a Recreational Aide for over 8 years at the Sawyer Community Center and he served as the Tribal Chairman and the Sawyer District Rep for a total of 11 years. He also worked in the planning division for many years, as a grant writer, where he had a hand in seeing the future of Fond du Lac as it is today.

Butch was preceded in death by his parents, Roy Martineau and Evelyn Olson; a son, Vincent "little Butch" Martineau III; four brothers, Daniel, Herbie, Dean and Robert "Bob"; adopted father, William "Bill" Houle; maternal grandparents, Mary and Albert Porter; paternal grandparents, Josephine Greensky and Eustace Martineau.

Butch is survived by his daughters, Millie (Erik) Wilkinson, Jennifer S. Martineau, Rachel (Joey) Barney, Kayla White; brothers, Gary (Sandy) Martineau, Joe (Alice) Martineau, and Henry (Tina) Olson; sisters, Gwen Wakanabo, Joy Martineau, Lynn (Keith) Olson, and Mary (Kelly) Diver; adopted brothers, George (Marlene) Himango, Don Wiesen, and Don Fabre; honorary mention to his best niiji Clarence "Chuck" Smith and cousin Maurice (Rita) Ojibway; grandchildren, Samantha, Sabrina, Levi, Sterling, Jamey, Allison, Davis, and Joey Jr.; great grandchildren, Enzlie, Anorah, and Camilla. Butch was loved and adored by many and will be dearly missed by all.

A Native American Traditional service will be held at 10:00 a.m. Friday, May 15, 2020 at Butch's home, 3605 W. Moorhead Road, Cloquet. Burial will be in Sawyer Cemetery.

Arrangements entrusted to Atkins Northland Funeral Home. To sign the guest book and offer an online tribute, see www.atkinsnorthlandfuneralhome.com

Cemetery

Sawyer Cemetery

3252 Hwy 210

Sawyer, MN, 55780

Events

MAY 15 **Native American Traditional Service** 10:00AM

15

Butch's Home

3605 W. Moorhead Road, Cloquet, MN, US, 55720

Comments



“ Our deepest sympathy in the loss of your beloved brother. I grew up with Butch in Sawyer. I remember attending Sunday School with him at the little Sawyer Chapel. Butch was a very friendly and kind man. He always took the time to visit whenever we saw him.

May the wonderful memories help the family through the days ahead. You will be missed Butch. Rest In Peace!

Barb & Tim Dahl - May 16, 2020 at 09:50 AM



“ Kristie lit a candle in memory of Vincent "Butch" Roy Martineau



Kristie - May 15, 2020 at 10:45 AM



“ Fishing adventures! A handful of us were at the Highway 2 bridge Uncle Butch, Uncle Bob, Mary & Kelly. We kept hearing something creeping around in the woods behind us and then an explosion of some sort off in the vicinity. I was creeped out! I remember Uncle Butch said Babe go get the gun so off I went, little did I know he was following me as I ran to save us from doom. I hear something behind me and I turn with the flashlight and there is Uncle Butch running behind me, Babe stop, wait! We stopped in our tracks and laughed a good laugh, Poor Unc was tangled up in the poison ivy bushes. As a matter of fact I do believe that was the same day he stuck his hand in the coffee can to retrieve us a frog. Hes crawling around on the ground as all our hard earned frogs were escaping, looking for the lid. Someone said Butch, the lid is around your wrist! What a character! I will miss you Uncle and my deepest condolences to all who were blessed to have known you.

Love always,
Kristie & Family

Kristie - May 15, 2020 at 10:42 AM



“ Butch visited a lot with Ed Howes and me on Rez road in the 70s. So many long talks, big hopes, and huge laughs. He would amaze the kids by making humongous bubbles when he washed his hands in the basin. He is one of a kind. My heartfelt sympathies.

Laurel Sanders - May 15, 2020 at 04:42 AM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Vincent "Butch" Roy Martineau.



May 14, 2020 at 11:41 PM



“ I remember the time when were fishing at the mouth of the Cloquet River, where it dumps into the St Louis River.
While it was getting dark and we had only one lantern with us.
Butch said hey you guys be careful not to knock over the lantern.
It wasn't 5 minutes later I knocked it over and broke it.
All Butch did was laugh at it for many years he reminded me that I had owed him a new lantern over the years now I think I have to gotten him 15- 20 lanterns.
RIP My friend until we meet up with each other again I will get a hold of a lantern for you then.

Anthony Tony Savage - May 14, 2020 at 11:14 PM



“ "In high school, Vince was easy to talk with and such a nice guy. I have never forgotten Vince and am grateful to have known him."
Phil Roley

Phil Roley - May 14, 2020 at 11:57 AM



“Vince was always very special to me. We always joked about marrying each other one day; he used to tell me he felt like he was supposed to protect me. Our paths went different ways after high school but we could always “reconnect” with ease whenever we saw each other again through the years. He always called me “little Debbi.”

One of the things we always discussed were spiritual things. My husband and I were able to attend a Pow Wow and drum circle with him one year when we were back in Minnesota. When I went home for my dad’s funeral, Vince had told me he had seen my dad while at a gas station and he had seen he was ready to depart soon and he felt there was great joy awaiting my dad on the other side. It was a comfort for me and that is how it always was when we were together; we felt comfortable and at home with one another. I loved him and I know we will meet again one day. He was a very good and godly man. Until then, he will be missed!

Debra Schmidt Nesgoda - May 14, 2020 at 11:40 AM



“Vince is what I addressed him as. I have so many memories. I grew up with Vince. The memory I'll write about is when we drove my Dad's Ford Falcon to Duluth to the Beach Boys concert in 1966 at the new Arena. After the concert we went to his mother's apartment. It got to be so late that when we got home and I got grounded for a month.
A great friend.

George Miller - May 14, 2020 at 08:11 AM