

Glen Hatch Tolman History written and compiled in 1998 by Glen Hatch Tolman and JoAnne Tolman Barlow

Contributed By: JoAnneBarlow1 · 3 November 2013 ·

I was born on Feb. 1, 1912, in a log cabin on a forty-acre farm in the "Suburb" of Lovell, Big Horn County, Wyoming, the eighth child of a family of twelve children. I am the son of Jaren Thomas and Lora Elizabeth Hatch Tolman. My mother had twelve children--four of whom died in infancy and eight grew to adulthood. To accommodate the growing family, a larger home was built nearer the road from the nearby town. The log cabin was converted to an icehouse. My dad was a farmer, so as I grew older, I helped with the chores on the farm. I milked and fed the cows, drove the cows to and from pasture, etc. We grew wheat, alfalfa, corn, and whatever other crops were grown. I helped with the planting, the watering, weeding or harvesting the crops that were raised. The family ate what we raised. There wasn't much time for fun and games during those years. The family lived a simple life. There weren't any huge worries. The children didn't get into trouble. They didn't expect much but food and shelter. My mother made all the children's clothing. We boy's clothes were often made from my father's old clothes. We didn't go without the necessities of life but didn't have money to spend on other things. In the winter we went to the river to cut ice and put it in the icehouse for later.

We children attended school in Lovell. I began school in the fall of 1917 at the Elementary School in Lovell. I began first grade when I was six years old because there was no kindergarten in those years. I passed first grade and went to the second grade the following year. I wasn't the best reader so one morning the teacher put me back into the first grade. Cousin Orin Hatch Tolman was delighted to see me back in the first grade. I went home for lunch and told my mother about the problem. But when I returned to school after lunch, I did not go into the first grade classroom, but remained in the hall until someone in authority asked me where I belonged. I pointed to the second grade classroom. The teacher didn't object. In fact she must have liked me because she kept me in the second grade for the next year, too. Third and fourth grades were also in the Lovell Elementary School.

We walked to school, which was some distance away. Uncle Judson, Aunt Pauline and their children also lived in the area of Lovell.

My best friends were my cousins Orin Hatch Tolman and Jewel Thaxton. They lived close by during my growing up years and moved at the same time we did.

In 1922, when I was in the fifth grade my parents moved from Wyoming back to Utah. I attended fifth grade for a few months in Lovell, then in Bountiful for two months at Stoker Elementary School, and finished the next eight months or so in Lehi, Utah. Before the start of the next school year (1923) we moved to the Sandy area where I attended sixth, seventh and eighth grades at Sandy Elementary. After graduation from eighth grade I went to Jordan High School in Sandy, Utah, where I attended school for the next four years. My favorite subjects were English and modern languages.

My father farmed in Lehi on a ranch on the west side of the Jordan River. He also farmed in Sandy where we lived from about 1923 to 1932. Uncle Judson and Aunt Pauline and family also moved to Lehi

and then to Sandy. The farms were next to each other so we played together and worked together and helped each other. At an early age all the children assisted their father on the farm. I, being no exception, was kept busy with the chores, planting, watering, weeding or harvesting whatever crops were raised. Actually there was not too much time for fun and games during those years.

We attended the Sandy First Ward in the East Jordan Stake. I attended Religion Classes and received a Certificate of Graduation from the Board of Education of the Jordan Stake on May 7, 1926. I was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood as a Deacon April 27, 1924 by Niles Thompson, as a Teacher on January 6, 1927 by Jaren T. Tolman, and as a Priest on July 29, 1929 by James D. Rawson. I was ordained an Elder on March 27, 1932 by Jaren T. Tolman.

On May 23, 1930 along with about 100 classmates, I graduated from Jordan High School, the Beetdiggers, with Scholastic Honors. There were two others with higher Grade Point Averages than I had. Since the Top Scholar did not intend to attend the University of Utah, I was offered the scholarship. I was active in the drama club and was in three plays; "Fantasy---At the Sign of the Cleft Heart" as the salesman, the senior play - "Applesauce" as Rollo Jenkins, and the school play "High Flyers" as Boob. Nearly all the students at that time were members of farm families, whose main crop was sugar beets. Each year shortly after the school year began, Jordan High declared a two-week Beet Vacation, during which time the students usually helped with the harvesting of sugar beets. Of course, times have changed since then and the farms have turned into subdivisions so there is no longer a need for beet vacation. The sugar factories have long since closed.

I was the first in my family to go to college. This was something that I had wanted to do for many years. My parents did not have the money to send me so I worked to support myself. I also was able to obtain a Normal Scholarship. I entered the University of Utah in September of 1930. I majored in English and minored in French with the goal of teaching in the secondary schools. I was able to complete my junior year, but because of financial problems, I remained out of school working in Idaho for cousins and serving in the Civilian Conservation Corps, which I joined on August 6, 1934 so that I could earn more money to continue my schooling. The Civilian Conservation Corps was a government program to help people have jobs. I enrolled at the Ephraim Camp DSR-6, in Ephraim, Utah. I also worked at the Huntsville Camp and in Eureka, Nevada. I worked in the Ephraim mountains and in the Pineview Dam area in preparation to build the dam. I worked as a general laborer and then worked as company clerk. I worked for the Civilian Conservation Corps until September 30, 1935 when I went back to school at the University of Utah. I student taught at South High School in Salt Lake City, Utah. While at the University of Utah I was a member of Phi Delta Kappa, which is the honorary society for Education Graduates. I graduated in June 1936, with a BA degree and a High School Certificate to teach English and French. On August 31, 1937, I received my Elementary First Class Certificate so that I could teach Elementary School as well as High School.

While at the "U" I had a favorite professor, Walter A. Kerr, who taught French. One day Professor Kerr asked me if I had a date to the dance at the "U". I didn't so Professor Kerr asked if I would take his daughter, Adèle. Adèle and I attended the dance at the old Pinecrest Inn. Our song was "I Love You Truly". This was a very important date because after a year of dating we became engaged.

My family moved to Salt Lake City, first to 2720 Imperial Street and later to 841 East 5th South. The family lived there when I was married in 1941.

As a family we took trips and excursions to various places. One of my sisters, Grace, had a car, so we took some family vacations in it. In 1937 we went to Sunset Beach on the Great Salt Lake, the Manti Temple, Mirror Lake, Fish Lake and Yellowstone National Park. While in Wyoming we also traveled to Lovell, where I had been born. In 1938 some family members came to Southern Utah where I was teaching school. We went to Zions National Park, Capital Reef, Bryce Canyon, etc. Adèle, my future wife, also came some time in 1938 to see Bryce Canyon, etc. We also drove to Tijuana, Mexico. In April of 1939, I went to the San Francisco World's Fair with Adèle, Helene, Walter B. and Walter and Marion Kerr.

Teaching positions in High Schools were not too plentiful at that time so when I left college I went to work as a chore boy out in Skull Valley, Tooele County, on a sheep ranch for the Deseret Livestock Company. I did such a good job that when the Northwest Teachers Agency called asking me to teach my boss didn't want to tell me about the job. He finally did though and I went to teach in Wayne County School District in Southeastern Utah, starting in 1937. There I taught "Readin, Ritin, and Rithmetic" for three years ---3rd, 4th, and 5th grades for one, and 6th, 7th, and 8th grades for two with the added duty as Principal of the Three-Teacher School. I taught in Torrey/Teasdale School from 1936 to 1939. Once some eighth grade girls at Torrey burned their school textbooks in the heating stove of the school and locked out the school. Also while teaching at Teasdale, I went to Bicknell for a teachers conference. When I got back some of the boys I was teaching had thrown rocks at the school and had broken some of the windows at the school. The superintendent of schools asked me to go to the home of the boys and collect the money from their parents. The fourth year, 1939-1940, was spent teaching Home Room Subject and English to two Seventh Grade classes and Physical Education and Health classes to seventh and eighth grade boys in an Ogden City Elementary School. These were school years because I had to study harder than the kids to learn what to teach. In the spring of 1940 I concluded my teaching career. The Ogden School District did not renew my contract to teach in their Elementary Grades. In September of 1940 there were no openings to teach in any Utah School Districts. I attended four summer sessions at the University of Utah almost getting enough credits for a Masters Degree. I had plans to enroll at the University of Utah to finish my Masters Degree in Educational Administration, but instead I enrolled in Henegers School of Business in downtown Salt Lake City. After I began my study of accounting and related subjects, I learned that I could pay my tuition at Henegers by teaching part time. I enjoyed teaching at the Business College because students had enrolled to learn. There were many enlisted men who were attending part time. I really progressed quickly through accounting studies.

My teaching career was interrupted by a letter received on Valentine's Day in 1941. The letter read, in part "You have been selected by your Friends and Neighbors" to join the Army of the United States. After the usual physical examinations, I received my uniforms at Fort Douglas, Utah and was sent to Camp Haan, California for training. Before going to California, I married Adèle Marion Kerr, daughter of my French Professor, Walter A. Kerr, on February 19, 1941 in the Salt Lake Temple. We were married by David O. McKay, then an apostle of the church. We had a reception at the University Ward building. We moved to Riverside, California where I was stationed at Camp Haun. ( I became friends with Chad Jones

while serving at Camp Haun.) I enrolled in Riverside Business College, Riverside, California, during the period Adèle and I lived in Riverside--1941 and 1942. I also taught classes for Charles Beaudreau, the owner. I was released to the Enlisted Reserve Corps, Oct. 15, 1941 because I was over 28 years of age. I was deferred from recall to active duty in July, 1942 because of dependency--critical condition of wife, an expectant mother. Our first child, Glenna, was born in Riverside, California on October 4, 1942. At this time we moved back to Salt Lake and lived with Adele's parents for a time. I worked for a few months at the Remington Arms plant in Salt Lake City. I was later recalled to active duty and was sent for various training activities in camps including Fort Douglas in Utah (where I became friends with Dick Prentice), Camp Fannin in Texas, Fort Mead in Maryland, Camp Miles Standish in Massachusetts. We shipped out of Boston Harbor and landed overseas in Liverpool, England. I trained in the infantry for several months in England. Shortly after D Day there was an apparent need for foot soldiers. Along with many other Army trainees in England, I was shipped out to France from South Hampton, England and landed on the beaches of France where I was assigned to the 15th Regiment of the Third Army Division as an infantryman. I served with this Company during several battles of the Vosges Campaign and the Alsace-Lorraine Campaign. While serving in France I became friends with Dick Thompson. While I was fighting on the front, word came that they needed a man who could type to go back and work at the army headquarters. I was chosen to do this. The day after I was reassigned, my entire company was killed in battle. I would have also been killed had I not been able to type. I, with several other soldiers, had the job of going into the field to bring back the bodies of men who were killed. One day a fellow soldier, Elmer Hall, was playing around with a gun he had taken off a dead soldier. He accidentally discharged the gun, an Italian baretta, and shot me in the arm. The bullet broke the humerus bone, which wasn't very humorous. I left the Front-line Activities and spent the remaining part of my Army career in hospitals. I went to the forward medical station in France where they bandaged the wound. The bullet was taken out in Paris. Then from Paris, France I went by train to Channel and took a boat at Cherbourg, France to England. I was carried up the plank of the hospital boat by German soldiers. We landed in Southhampton, England, then went by train to a hospital in Whales. I stayed there several months then went by train to Glasgow, Scotland. From there I took a plane which landed in Iceland, then Newfoundland, then finally La Guardia field in New York City. From there I flew to Brigham City, Utah, stopping in Kansas and Colorado. On the plane the sergeant said he didn't like to fly. Next time he'd take a mule and a cart and a bale of hay. I was in traction for three to four months while my arm was healing. Then I was put in a body cast. While a patient at Bushnell General Hospital in Brigham City, Utah, I was an instructor in the Educational Reconditioning Department for approximately eight months. I worked at the separation center after being discharged from Bushnell Hospital.

During my years of active service, our second child, Geraldine was born on Valentine's Day, February 14 of 1944, in Ogden, Utah. I was unable to be with Adèle on this important day because I was overseas.

After an Honorable Discharge from the Army in November 1945, I started my Federal Civil Service Career, working in various capacities for the Army Department, Navy Department at the Naval Supply Depot in Clearfield, Utah, The Veterans' Administration, and the Treasury Department. After 23 years with the Internal Revenue Service as an agent-auditor, I retired in 1972. During that time I served as President of the Utah Unit, National Association of Internal Revenue Employees. I also was Sec.-Treas.

of the National Association of Internal Revenue Employees. During the years at IRS, I participated in many training sessions on auditing and Income Tax. I took classes at Stevens Henager College from winter 1951 to winter 1955. Other classes attended were Advanced Revenue Agents School, Training Session in San Francisco, California on auditing of small business returns. I was in the October 7, 1955, newspaper because I was President of National Association of Internal Revenue Employees (NAIRE). I reported on the national convention held in Little Rock, Arkansas. I was not your usual auditor. My supervisors received letters commenting on my honesty and helpfulness. After retirement I served as President of the Salt Lake Chapter of the NARFE, National Association of Retired Federal Employees. I was also very active in NARFE in Green Valley, Arizona after moving there in 1976.

We lived in Salt Lake City, Utah at 1211 Princeton Avenue, where we had three more children born to us, Glen Kerr Tolman born October 4, 1946, Byron Kerr Tolman born November 7, 1947, and JoAnne born May 6, 1950.

I was ordained to the office of Seventy in the Melchizadek Priesthood on July 13, 1947 by Oscar A. Kirkham. I was ordained to the office of High Priest on the 15 of October 1967 by Joseph W. Anderson. I was called to serve in various capacities in the Garden Park Ward, where we raised our children. I served as a Stake Missionary in the Bonneville Stake starting in October 1947. I was also a Sunday School teacher. I served as Seventies Quorum President and as a Ward Financial Clerk among other things. I was an officer in the Hatch Family Organization for many years. I also assisted Adele in her various teaching callings in the Garden Park Ward and the Bonneville Stake. She served mostly as the teacher of the 3-year old Sunday School class. In her final years of teaching I would take her up the stairs to her classroom in her wheelchair by pulling the chair up the stairs. Adèle was faithful in her calling until she could no longer physically do it.

One of my hobbies was bowling. I was in a league most of the time that I worked for the IRS. My son Glen was once on my team. The teams generally consisted of the same people. I served as the league secretary. After Adèle died and I married Ethel, I was a member of the Ambassador Club League. It was a mixed league so Ethel and I bowled on the same team. I also liked to garden. I spent many hours in the garden at our home on Princeton Avenue in Salt Lake City. I planted iris bulbs of many varieties, roses, peonies, flowering bushes and trees and vegetables. When Ethel and I moved to Green Valley, I planted several varieties of roses and had a beautiful rose garden. I also planted palm trees and other native plants in the yard. I enjoy gardening. My neighbors in Green Valley still marvel at the beautiful rose garden I planted and cared for at our home there. I helped JoAnne plant a small rose garden at their home in Alpine. In Green Valley I was a member of the Gardening Club. We had a vegetable garden on property that was shared by other gardeners.

As a family we enjoyed taking trips. We took a trip to Yellowstone National Park one year. We camped in a tent. We got to see bears and other animals. Once when we left the tent to go sightseeing, a bear got into the tent and did some damage to the tent. Another day, part of the family stayed at a new campsite to save it while Dad and some others went to the old camp to get the supplies. While waiting it started to rain and those left to save the campsite had to take shelter under the overhang of a big

rock. On the way home the car broke down outside of Kemmerer, Wyoming. We stayed in one of the few hotels in town until Aunt Helene and Uncle Willis came to tow us back home.

Another trip we took was to Southern Utah. We had our old blue '42 Chevrolet. We went to Zion's, Capital Reef, and Bryce. We went to visit some of the people that I knew when I taught school in Southern Utah. Our family always had so much fun together, even though we didn't have a lot of money. We also spent a lot of time at the cabin in Millcreek Canyon. We went camping in the Uintas frequently too. We took another trip to Lehman Caves. When Mom got to the point where it was difficult for her to travel, JoAnne and I took Cory and Lori, Glenna and Larry's children, on a trip to Southern Utah. We went to Torrey and Teasdale to see where I used to teach. We also visited Arches and Capital Reef Monument. One trip that JoAnne and I took to Southern Utah we also visited Natural Bridges and hiked to some of the natural bridges. We also drove over Hells Backbone, went to Lake Powell, Monument Valley, Mesa Verde, Durango and Silverton, Colorado, then up to Grand Junction and home. I went as a chaperone and driver on the Kappa chapter (JoAnne's chapter) of Lambda Delta Sigma's trip to San Francisco. I also went with Byron and Glen on many fathers and sons outings and scout camping trips. I usually did a lot of cooking on these trips.

After years of caring for Adèle, who had arthritis and various other health problems, Adèle passed away on June 14, 1973, one day before her 58th birthday. With all my children married and moved away from home, I spent a few months traveling to visit family and friends in various parts of the country. I wrote the following, dated July 3, 1984, about this trip.

#### A LITTLE AUTO BIOGRAPHY

The enclosed snap shots taken in a River Park near Warsaw, NY reminds me of an AUTO trip I took in July and August of 1973.

A trip by AUTO should be a start of an AUTOBIOGRAPHY, shouldn't it? Anyway, I decided to travel back East to see Glen and Lynne, who were living in Berkeley, Michigan. Also the trip included a visit to JoAnne and Craig in Wheatridge, Colorado.

Really to make things more interesting I towed a two-wheeled trailer to Colorado because I wanted to take some furniture to JoAnne and Craig.

To travel alone by car across many miles of the beautiful and varied countryside, which makes up the topography of the USA, is quite an experience. The scenery through Utah and Colorado along Highway 40 was often spectacular. One travels through high mountain passes and sage brush planes. Of course, along the way there are many small towns like Duchesne, Roosevelt, Vernal and Jensen, Utah. Then there were towns like Craig, Colorado and also Steamboat Springs before the Hi Way leads into the High Rocky Mountain Passes. Before reaching Denver one must climb over the Rocky Mountains, which divide Western and Eastern Colorado. The scenery was really breathtaking, as I recall. Tall trees and roads looking into deep canyons were evident everywhere one turned.

After a few days visit with Craig and JoAnne I headed east to Michigan. The Plains States, as I recall, are much different than the high mountain country. One travels miles through flat rolling terrain. The cities are more frequent and larger than they were further west. Lush cornfields are prevalent through Nebraska and Iowa.

I-70 was the main route to Chicago, but in order to get to Berkeley, Michigan one switches roads and skirts Chicago around the tip of Lake Michigan.

The trip was not without some problems. Stopping at some motels near the highways, I found that there was no room at the Inns. What a disaster, it appeared! Something had gone wrong with the car because it would not start. There are a few kind people in this world. Although the large Motor Hotel was full, the desk clerk located a room in a small community and called a cab to take me there. All's well that ends well! Anyway the car was towed into the Oldsmobile Garage in Benton Harbor and was repaired ready to head out for further adventure. The alternator had to be replaced. Luckily there was no more car trouble for the rest of the journey east and back to Salt Lake City.

After a tour (not planned) of Detroit I finally found the right route to Berkeley, where I enjoyed several days visiting Glen, Lynne, and Kimberly.

Then after very good road directions from Glen I drove on. Unfortunately I missed one turn off which would have taken me to the Tunnel to travel to Ontario, Canada. The travel up the lake and down again was an interesting tour of Michigan although unscheduled. Finally there was a station attendant that gave explicit directions which led to the Tunnel.

Ontario is a very interesting area. One can see the British influence through the names of towns and highway direction signs, etc. Then there was also the bilingual menus and directions, etc. I traveled the Queens Highway to Niagara. Niagara Falls is a very spectacular sight. Quite a tourist attraction it is!

Traveling through western New York State is like touring Europe. One travels through such places as "Rome" and "Greece", also London somewhere along the way. Albany, NY is quite a confusing city to drive through, especially to find the right route North to Vermont and New Hampshire. Anyway, I finally arrived at my destination, Littleton, New Hampshire, where my friends the Thompsons had their summer home. Dick Thompson, who lives in Farmingdale, NY and was a professor of English at their local college, was my Army buddy in France. We had kept in touch many years after our parting during the War.

Touring around the area with the Thompsons was fun. We saw the Great Stone Face among other famous sites. Visits must end, so after several pleasant days I headed back to whence I came. The countryside in New England is a great contrast to that of the West. Lush green instead of gray.

The route was different this time. At Springfield, Massachusetts, I entered the Thomas E. Dewey Toll road and traveled across New York to near Buffalo. This was my first experience traveling Toll Highways. I found that services such as Service Stations for gasoline fill up and restaurants for dining were along side of the highway. One does not have to exit until he reaches his destination, which was Warsaw.

There I had a pleasant visit with Dick and Hazel Prentice, whom I had previously met in Fort Douglas, Utah while working for the Army. The pictures show one of the scenic attractions near Warsaw, NY

The return trip included travel through Buffalo, NY at which point I crossed into Canada again. Then onto Detroit and a pit stop with Glen and Lynne. From Berkeley the route went to Ludington, Michigan where auto and I boarded a Ferry Boat to cross Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This was a very interesting trip! Then when we disembarked I traveled through Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, to Wheatridge, Colorado to visit JoAnne and Craig, and back through Wyoming to Salt Lake City.

The tour through the Bad Lands of Dakota and the Black Hills with a stop at Mount Rushmore are memorable experiences. As I indicated before the landscape of the Western States really is contrasted from the New England area. Lush green country changed to drab sagebrush gray.

Anyway, it was pleasant to return to Utah, where the weather was more compatible. The humid climate of the Eastern States was almost unbearable to me. When at the Falls shown in the snap shot I was almost sweltering. In Detroit at the Tigers baseball game I could hardly get my breath because of the humidity.

Well anyway, all in all it was an eventful and interesting trip by Auto.

So much for the AUTO BIOGRAPHY episode.

In November of that year, I married Ethel Strong. I met Ethel through my neighbor, Kaye Brown. Ethel wanted a date for an Ambassador Club Family Party. Kaye Brown told Ethel about me. The Browns had Ethel over to their house so that I could meet her. We chatted and made a date for the next day. It was the same day that I had entertained several ladies from the bowling league for supper. Our first date was a Family Party on Friday. Ethel's brothers and sister and their spouses were there. We went to Las Vegas on the way to California to visit Ethel's son Rick and his wife Ann. In St., George I proposed to her. After visiting California, we returned with Tom and Lola and to Las Vegas. Ethel's daughter, Janet and Ethel's close friend Margaret Horsley flew down for the wedding. We were married on November 23, 1973 at the Wee Kirk of the Heather, Las Vegas, Nevada. We set up residence in Salt Lake for a time, first in Ethel's home and then at the Ambassador Club in an apartment there. At Christmastime in 1980 I played Santa for the Kids' Christmas Party at the Ambassador Club. We later bought a home/duplex in Green Valley, Arizona. For a time we spent part of the year in Salt Lake and part in Green Valley. In 1984 tiring of commuting between Salt Lake and Green Valley, we established permanent residence at 916 W. Camino Guarina in Green Valley. We kept busy with the activities of the Kiwanis Club, Elks Lodge, American Legion, N.A.R.F.E., Art League, The Tucson Opera League, and the Order of the Cross Fellowship.

We traveled together extensively to such places as Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong, the Caribbean, Mexico, England, Scotland, and Ireland, etc. On one cruise we went to Cabo San Lucas, Acapulco, Zihuatanejo, and Puerto Vallarta. Another trip we took was to Korea and Hong Kong. The trip was organized by the Ambassador Club. We went through the New Territories and into China. On the way home we stopped



in Hawaii. The next time we went to the Orient, we flew to Korea, Thailand and Singapore. From Singapore we took a boat and cruised around the sea of Bali and Manila, Philippines. We also went up the river to Canton, China, then turned around and came back. Then we went to Hong Kong. We took a trip to Europe in 1978. We flew to London then to Athens, Greece. We bus toured in Italy and saw Venice and Pompeii. We took a small boat between Olympia Greece and Italy. We also flew to Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and France. We saw the Rhine River in Frankfort, Germany. I have traveled to every state of the country except Alaska. In January of 1979 we took a Caribbean Cruise which left from Montego Bay in Jamaica. We visited Santo Domingo, Antigua, Guadalupe, St. Thomas and Odio Rios. We also took many shorter trips to visit our children and grandchildren and other family members.

From September 5, 1979 to November 16, 1979, we went to England to help with the Order of the Cross Fellowship. Our duties were as assistant Warden or in American English hostess or caretaker. While there we visited Kensington Castle and Gardens, Windsor Castle, St. George Church where we saw the King George the 5th crypt. We did lots of shopping, too. We also visited Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Windsor Abby, St. Paul's Cathedral. We drove through the beautiful countryside to see Salisbury Cathedral, Stonehenge and Ramsey, and Abbey. Later we toured Hommersmith and Chiswick and the Jacobean Mansion, which was built in 1682. (A more complete account of time spent in England can be found in "Flight to London - From the Diary of Glen and Ethel").

In 1983 Ethel and I enrolled in the Get-A-Way Program for Seniors at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado. This was one of the most interesting education experiences of all time. We studied Art I (watercolor), World Religions, Spanish I, and Stress, Who Needs It. We really learned and had fun.

In April of 1990, Ethel was killed in an auto accident near Green Valley. We had been to Tucson to the Opera and I fell asleep at the wheel on the way home. The car rolled and Ethel was killed. We don't know how because we were both wearing seat belts. After Ethel's death I tried to stay as active as possible. Besides the clubs previously mentioned I also read to pre-school children.

In December of 1991 I flew to Chile to visit JoAnne, Craig and family. They had been living in Santiago, Chile since the end of June of 1991. I was able to spend Christmas and New Year's with them. We went to see many things including a little shopping village called Los Dominicos. We also went to a hill in Santiago, San Cristobal, that overlooks the city. We went on the skyride there. We went up a nearby canyon called Cajon de Maipo to a little village called El Volcan. We also went to Zapallar, a beach, and Portillo, a ski resort. We enjoyed swimming in their pool as well. When I arrived home I was so used to having Marisola, their maid, answering the door bell that when someone with my missing luggage came to the door late at night and I was sleeping, I woke up thinking "Why doesn't Marisola answer the door". When I woke completely I realized I was not in Santiago but in Green Valley and went to answer the door myself.

I enjoy reading, traveling, (although it is a little more difficult now), visiting with my children and grandchildren, like ice cream, and like to cook. My specialty in recent years has been lemon pie and broccoli casserole. When my children were growing up, I would cook Sunday dinner each week to make

it easier for Adèle to fulfill her callings in the church. At that time my baked beans and pumpkin bread were favorites of the family. I also enjoy writing poetry and prose and letters, etc.

In 1995 I moved to Alpine to live with my daughter JoAnne and her family. I have 29 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren.

My advice to my children and grandchildren is to be true to the faith. I want my posterity to love one another and know that they should always do the right thing. I hope that they will keep up their health by eating the right things at all times and keeping the Word of Wisdom at all times. You should attend church and bear testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. You should marry in the temple and have your family sealed to you for time and all eternity. Follow in the footsteps of your ancestors. I know the church is true and I try to do the right thing at all times. I love all my family and friends. Keep up the good work and all will be well with you. Keep happy. I have had a good life and appreciate all the things that my loved ones have done for me. I miss my dear Adèle. We had such good times together. Also I miss Ethel. She helped me to carry on. Always keep up the good work and do the right thing at all times. These things I say in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### SOME REMEMBRANCES OF OTHERS ABOUT GLEN

Glenna: (written for Dad's 80th birthday and in spring of 1998)

I have wonderful memories of my life growing up with my dad. One of the things I remember most is the fun trips we used to take. I remember going to Yellowstone Park and camping out in a tent. We got to see a lot of bears and other animals. I remember the cute bear cubs with their moms. I also remember the car breaking down on us in Kemmerer, Wyoming. Geri and I were so embarrassed riding in the car as it was towed into town. We were sure everyone was looking at us. We stayed in one of the few hotels in town until Aunt Helene and Uncle Willis came to tow us back home. As I look back on it, the hotel was probably one of the ones used by the prostitutes that lived in town.

I also remember a trip we took to Southern Utah. We had our old blue '49 Chevrolet. We went to Zion's, Capital Reef, and Bryce. We went to visit some of the people that Daddy knew when he taught school in Southern Utah. I remember driving into the washes where there were signs telling people to get out when it started to rain and I was yelling that we should get out. Daddy knew the situation and did what he felt was best. Our family always had so much fun together. Even though we didn't have a lot of money Daddy always seemed to make it possible for us to go somewhere fun. We also spent a lot of time at the cabin in Millcreek.

When Larry and I got married we made up our minds that we would take vacations together as a family just as we had done. Larry's family very seldom took trips together and this was one thing he really missed.

I also remember Daddy helping me with my French when I needed help. He always seemed to know the right answers. I also appreciate his love and patience when I was such a pain as a teenager. I remember a letter he wrote to me that meant a great deal to me. I am so glad that my children had the

opportunity to get to know Daddy. Dad and Mom were always there for all the important dates in Cory's and Lori's lives. They never missed a birthday, important dates such as blessings and baptisms, programs and baseball games. Thank you Daddy for all you did for me and for my family.

(From letter written in 1992 for Dad's 80th birthday.)

We loved coming to Arizona to see you and Jeff loved to come to swim and to visit you. We recently went to Lehman Caves with Lori and Jeff. Things have changed a lot since our family took that trip many years ago. When we go to Yellowstone, I can't help but think about our family trip when we hid under the table when it rained and the car broke down on the way home. I remember our trip to Capital Reef and how scared I got when it started to rain. It was neat to visit the places where you used to teach.

I appreciate the example you've been to me and my family. We all love and admire you. I appreciate the example you and Momma set for us when you took us to church and fulfilled the callings you were given. You were so sweet to help others when they needed help. You loved and cared for my mother during times that many men would have left or given up. She loved and appreciated you just as your children do today.

Geraldine: (written for Dad's 80th birthday)

No Other Dad, But Mine

In a car full of teenage girls, sometimes yelling,

No other Dad, but mine would like to drive.

At a high school ball game, loud voices telling,

No other Dad, but mine would happily survive.

At E.H.A.G. Father-Daughter parties, he did dance.

While playing pitcher for a family game, he took a chance.

No other Dad, but mine would have as much fun!

No other Dad, but mine, deserves now to just sit in the sun!

By Geraldine T. Coombs

My tribute to my father is that he was a very devoted father. Looking back now I realize that he would do anything that he could for his children. He played with us. He tried to have Family Home Evening lessons with teenagers who complained. He took us sleigh riding. He took us to visit relatives. He took us to family reunions. He took us to N.A.I.R.E. parties at Lagoon and at the Spruces where Glenna and I sang a duet. I also remember the camping trips to the High Uintas. I remember all the hikes and over-

night stays at the cabin in Mill Creek Canyon. Saturdays we all helped Momma get her room ready for Sunday, at least we did in our earlier years. It was Daddy who took me to the “Y” or to U.S.U. for the big high school or college basketball or football games. My friends enjoyed him taking us. My friend Cheryl thought of him as a father. At East High Father-Daughter parties he enjoyed dancing with Glenna and me. He really seemed to have a good time. In all the 22 years in which I lived at home he only got mad at me twice. I wish that I could be as good a parent as he was. He encouraged all of us in our talents. He helped me with my math and French homework. We usually got “B’s” and “A’s”. If I ever needed picking up from the church or school, he would gladly do it. He even trusted me with the car once in awhile. He took me to get my driver’s license. He comforted me when I didn’t pass my first driving test. DAD WAS ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEEDED HIM!

Another thing I forgot to mention is the enjoyable Sunday drives we took as a family with Dad driving, of course. In the “old” days after church on some Sundays we would join other Garden Park ward members at Johnson’s Ice Cream Store for ice cream cones. When the church emphasized not to shop on Sunday, we stopped going on Sundays, but ice cream treats were a part of life at 1211 Princeton Avenue. Another food we always had on Sunday was cinnamon toast. Dad fixed a bread and tomato casserole that we used to love. His bread and rice puddings were delicious. His chili was famous among my friends. He accompanied Glen, Byron and JoAnne on various youth trips, usually he ended up as a cook for the group.

I used to drive Dad and the carpool ladies to work while in my pajamas. I was too lazy to get dressed. Dad indulged me. I learned a lot about caring from overhearing conversations and also from going places with Dad when he was helping someone in need, who was usually a fellow-worker. We decorated graves for a friend. We earned money by painting Talbot’s house.

We always had pets. Dad arranged for us to have a little kitten that was to be born to Mrs. McGillis’ (later Mrs. Talbot) cat. He took us over to pick out our kitten from the litter. He walked over to her house and back with us when we picked up Smokey to bring him home. We loved going to Liberty Park to play and to see the birds at the aviary. We often went to the zoo.

Dad played baseball with us in the field next to the house and at Liberty Park after a family picnic.

The important traits that I learned by example from my Dad are: patience, generosity, long-suffering, caring, being a doer, always trying, never giving up, family unity, and love for one another.

In 1962 I wrote: “He wants to do things that will make his children happy and his home life enjoyable. He not only helps his wife and children, but his brothers and sisters. He has encouraged religion in the home and his priesthood has been an inspirational influence many times.”

Glen: (written for Dad’s 80th birthday)

It doesn’t seem that long ago that we were together as a family on 12 11 Princeton Ave. That place was a refuge and a home for our family. That number 1211 always rings a bell and reminds me of home.

Our phone number IN-77577 is still in my memory. There are so many good things that you did to make our childhood and youth a special time.

I have many pleasant memories of growing up there. There was always plenty of love and caring. I remember the winters there and the challenges of getting the car in the driveway when the street was covered with snow. I remember the family times together. You took us to the park, to the library, to the cabin in Mill Creek, and on many fun family outings. What about the fun time we had every fast Sunday evening going over to Grandmere and Grandpere's house to celebrate birthdays. Byron and I could normally get seconds on cake even though we were the last one's to get firsts. We always had to endure singing happy birthday an extra time. I remember going to Grandma and Grandpa Tolman's on Sunday night to visit them down on West Temple Street. I have many great memories of my growing up years. Thank you for all you did.

Our family really enjoys having you close to us. We missed you during the eight years we spent Michigan. The girls like having you visit and being able to visit you. You are so patient and loving with the younger ones. They love having you around. You are welcome in our home anytime and look forward to having you spend a week with us in June in Lakeside/Pinetop.

Our home teachers are surprised that you are eighty. They thought that you were much younger than that.

Byron: (written for Dad's 80th birthday)

As I look back on my life Dad holds a soft spot in my heart. Dad was the man who always thought of other people's needs, both family and friends. I'll always remember how you helped Mom. Mom being crippled with arthritis since I can remember always needed extra help. I can remember Dad doing the grocery shopping and always cooking the large Sunday meals. I can remember Dad helping Mom set up her room for Sunday School. I remember Dad helping Mom in and out of the car. I can remember Dad helping Mom in and out of her wheel chair and in later years lifting Mom into the wheel chair and into bed. I'll never forget the love Dad had for Mom and the way he went the extra mile to help Mom when she couldn't help herself. I'll always love my Dad for this.

I can recall Dad helping his many friends with their taxes, even though I'm sure you had better things to do. I can remember Dad going on all the Aaronic Priesthood outings to help cook and to be with his sons. I can remember Dad going to scout camp because no one else would go. I remember the countless family outing to the cabin and to Lost Lake and how Dad always got up to light the fire and cook breakfast.

I remember the family vacations that we went on to Bryce Canyon, Zion's Canyon, Grand Canyon, Wayne Wonderland, Cedar Breaks, Tucson, Arizona, Yellowstone, and Disneyland. I remember the fun that I had on our family vacations, and Dad I hope you had fun too.

When I was a teenager I remember Dad coming to all my softball and basketball games. I remember us going to a game in Rose Park when the fog was so bad I didn't know where we were, but Dad trusted the

street signs and we found our way home. I wanted to go west instead of east. I knew someone had changed the signs around.

I remember my Dad taking me to Snow College and helping me to realize I had my own life to live. I can remember Dad driving away after I had gotten settled in my room in Ephraim and how I cried when I realized I was really on my own. That's when it hit me just how much I loved my Dad. I realized I had been taking Dad for granted all of those years. From that day on I wasn't ashamed to tell my Dad that I loved him, and Dad I still do.

You have always been there for me for support and encouragement, throughout my life at home and throughout my married life. Dad YOU'RE THE BEST AND I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.

Peggy: (written for Dad's 80th birthday)

My first memories of you are your care of Byron's mother. I will always marvel at the patience and love with which you did this. You never seemed to tire of the extra time that you took with her. You are a gem.

I remember one particular time, right after Byron was drafted and I stayed overnight at your house. Mom had made up Glen's bed for me to sleep in, but I wanted to sleep in Byron's bed. You understood my need, and patiently made up the other bed for me.

On our wedding day, as we got to the cabin, we found that the cabin had been well stocked with food and everything we needed. I found out later that it was you who had made sure that we would have food. You did this after you cleaned up the mess that my cousins made out of Byron's car at the reception.

These are the first memories I have of you.

As life progressed, I have memories of you with Ethel, because I knew you longer with her than I did with Adele. Some of these memories are very vivid. Some of the first ones I have are down at the Ambassador Club. Mom did not stay around very much the first few times we met you there, but gradually, she began to understand that we love her and just wanted to spend some time with you both.

Dad, she truly was my friend. I guess that is what I miss the most right now. You are such a friend to her, and a loving grandfather to our children. I want to thank you for bringing her into my life.

I remember the time when we came out to get you in the little red car, our Escort. You came out to visit us and spend some time during garden time. It rained almost the whole time you were here. I have a clear picture of you in our garden, holding an umbrella over her while she picked peas and squash blossoms. What fun!!

Then we had enough nerve to take you on the river trip. That has to be the most frightened I have ever been. I was so scared all the way that we were going to kill you both. The river was so low, lower than we had ever traveled it before. When we got hung up on that rock, I was scared. I can still remember

Mom with her legs up in the air. You were sitting calmly on the other end of the boat, and Byron was trying to get us off the rock. I was never so glad to see the place where we got out. Mom said she wouldn't have missed it, but I was sooo glad to be standing on ground again. I think you were too.

Dad, I remember the trips to Mexico with you, the Air Museum, and the wonderful food that you cook. I think the first thing that you amazed me with was your pumpkin cake. It sounds as if you are still amazing people down there with it. Now, I can taste your lemon pie, broccoli casserole and all the other good things you cook.

JoAnne:

I have really enjoyed working on Dad's history. It has been a blessing for me to learn more about Dad's life and all the things he has done. It is a blessing to have him living with us now. He is a great help to us in many ways.

Being the youngest in the family, I don't remember all of the family vacations that everyone else remembers, but I do remember going on lots of fun vacations as a family. I remember going to Zion's and seeing the Great White Throne and hiking up a narrow path near there with the family. I remember the trip to Yellowstone where the tent pole got broken, where Mom and I and a few others waited at a new campsite for Dad to bring everything over and then it rained and we had to seek shelter under a rock ledge. I remember how Dad would try to feed the bears from the car window and how I was so worried that we would get hurt. I remember the many camping trips we took to the Uintas; Mirror Lake and Moon Lake and several others of the Granddaddy Lakes. He would always cook several of the meals and build the fires, etc. On one of these trips cousin Dwight came with us. Dad was very good to his sister Flora in helping with her children since she was divorced. On that trip we hiked up Mount Baldy. We spent much time at the Kerr family cabin in Mill Creek Canyon as well. Dad would always get up early to build a fire in the fireplace so it would be warm in the cabin when we got up. Dad would always cook breakfast on the wood stove in the cabin. I was sad when the wood stove was taken from the cabin. It was such fun to cook on it and it brought back such wonderful memories.

I remember going on a field trip with Momma's nursery class that she taught at home. We went to a farm. They had some rabbits there and I wanted one so badly that Dad got one for me. He built a cage for it and helped me take care of it. We always had pets growing up. I appreciated the fact that Dad and Mom didn't mind having animals around. It was great for us kids.

When the older children grew up and left home and Mom was too crippled to go camping, Dad and I went on trips together. On one trip we took Cory and Lori with us. We went down to Southern Utah to some of the National Parks there and we visited Torrey and Teasdale where Dad taught school before he was married. We have pictures of us in front of the school. On another trip that Dad and I took we went to Arches National Park, to Natural Bridges National Park, then drove into Arizona and over to Four Corners, then on to Mesa Verde in Colorado, then took the road from Durango and Silverton to Grand Junction and then home. It was a wonderful trip. I remember going over some narrow roads that were on the edge of some cliffs. One time when I was driving, we drove over what I believe is called Hell's Backbone. We met another car coming down the road. I was glad that we were on the inner side of the

road because it didn't seem like there was enough room for two cars, but somehow we both made it. We went on some fun hikes to see various arches and also to see some natural bridges. We have pictures of us standing on the spot where the four states, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado meet. When I was in college, Dad was willing to come with my chapter of Lambda Delta Sigma on our trip to San Francisco. He ended up being the "chief cook and bottle washer". We drove all night, when he got tired, I would drive and when I got tired he drove. We had some great times together!

Dad was always so willing to serve other people. I remember how he would help friends with taxes late into the night on April 15, the due date and at many other times too. I remember his service in the church as well. We were all involved in the Seventies July 24th breakfasts which he was in charge of when he served as High Priests Group Leader. Dad served as an officer in the Hatch Family Organization for many years. One year he asked me to sing at the reunion. He always enjoyed doing genealogy. I am especially grateful for Dad's service to his family, especially to Momma. Momma did not want to give up teaching her Sunday School class, even though she couldn't climb the stairs at the church, so Dad would take her up the stairs in her wheel chair. Dad was so kind and loving and caring with Mom. Dad not only helped Mom with her Sunday School class but made dinner every Sunday to make it easier for Mom. We all loved Dad's pumpkin cake, baked beans, sweet potatoes and apples, and later his lemon pies.

I remember that every Sunday we had ice cream in the evening. We had our big meal at lunchtime and then just snacks in the evening, which was usually ice cream. Dad still has to have his ice cream. He just can't get along without it! "I scream for ice cream" is often said at our house now!

After Momma died and I married and moved away, we cherished the times when he and Ethel would come to visit. Dad came to Denver twice before he married Ethel when he was on his cross-country trip, once on the way back east and again on his way home. He and Ethel came a few other times to visit while we lived in Denver. The time I remember best is when they came for Heather's baby blessing. When Dad and Ethel bought their home in Green Valley, Heather and I drove there with him to get things ready. Dad bought Heather a "Heather Doll" which she loved and took to bed with her every night. Dad and Ethel came to visit us once in Illinois and then after Ethel died and we moved to Chile, Dad came and spent Christmas and New Year's with us. What a great time we had!

Daddy is so generous and helpful. When we got married he bought us our whole set of silverware then helped us pay off the rest of the loan on my car after we moved to Denver. Since he has come to live with us he has been so willing to help us buy things we need or just things we want. He has been a tremendous help to Heather in getting her college education. He basically provided a two-year "scholarship" for her. We appreciate him so much.

Even though it is hard for Daddy to get around now, he still has his sense of humor. DAD, I LOVE YOU AND APPRECIATE ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME AND CONTINUE TO DO FOR ME AND MY FAMILY!



Cory:

Dear Grandpa,

The things I remember most is your very good cooking, especially your baked beans, etc. I also remember the old blue Ford Galaxy that we took on a trip to Southern Utah with Aunt JoAnne and showed us where you worked. We also went hiking in canyons down by Zion's on that trip. You showed us your old school house, etc. When we went to California I remember you driving the truck and camper and backing into a VW Bug and denting the hood. I also remember riding the Heber Creeper and many other memories.

Cory, Lori, Jeff:

Glenna's family remembers many happy times with their Grandpa. Cory and Lori went on a trip to Southern Utah with Grandpa and Aunt JoAnne. They visited Zion's, Bryce, Capital Reef and the places where Grandpa taught school. They enjoyed the trip very much. Lori, Cory and Jeff think the world of their Grandpa. Jeff loves to come to Arizona to visit. He loves to go swimming in the big pool. He also likes to go to Mexico. Daddy always set a good example for his children to follow. He was always there when we needed him.

Joy:

Joy remembers a past birthday celebrated with Grandpa. We decided to put the number of candles for the age he was celebrating. There was quite a little fire going!

Holly:

Some of the reasons Grandpa is special to me:

I remember when Joy and I were younger and most every year Grandpa and Grandma took us to the Ambassador Club's Christmas party. It was really fun! We always received a stocking with candy and a coloring book in it. One year Grandpa was Santa Claus. It was fun to know who Santa was when the other kids didn't.

In most recent years Grandpa came to my High School Graduation. It was nice having both grandparents there for one of the best days of my life.

When Brad and I got married Grandpa took the time to find a unique gift---a painting to accent our home.

We love you!

Brad and Holly

Jonathan:

Jonathan appreciated all of the gifts that Grandpa has given him over the years. Jonathan remembers going to visit Grandpa and Grandma when they lived at the Ambassador Club. Grandpa would always get out the toys that Jon enjoyed playing with.

Dave:

Glen Tolman, what a great, great guy! My favorite father-in-law! Kind, generous, concerned.

Elizabeth:

He is my favorite Grandpa! I always write him letters, and he always writes back. He is a very nice Gramps, and I love him!

Raquelle:

Thank you for the thoughtful gift you gave Nylan and I. You helped us get through a hard time. You always knew how to help.

I remember well the times we spent in Green Valley with you and Grandma. I remember that you walked down to the grocery store everyday and bought us all an ice cream cone. I remember you would walk behind and talk to us. It was fun to have a Grandpa who would go on walks with us.

I also remember that you listened to a song I had learned on the piano at the Ambassador Club where you lived in Salt Lake. It meant a lot to me to have you listen to my hard work. There are some things you just don't forget.

I remember receiving postcards from you a couple times: one telling me congratulations for graduating and another wishing me a good married life. I have kept them both, and they hang on my refrigerator. They remind me of you when I need to be happy. I see them everyday. Thank you for the loving notes.

I will always remember your loving ways and your bright white hair. Thank you for all you've done for me in my life.

Mindy:

Over the years you have been one of the most important people to me. I remember back to the times when I was young and how excited I got when Mom and Dad would tell me "We're going to see Grandpa and Grandma Tolman"! I always remember the little trinkets that Grandma used to give up for us grandkids. I think that I could fill a trophy case with them. Those were good days.

Thank you for all the hugs and the loving times you've given me. Some of the happiest times in my life have been with you.

You're a great person, one of the best I know. You're so caring and giving. Thanks for the dinner at Sizzler and thanks for the money for graduation and for the money to help for my college classes. I love you with all my heart!

Heidi:

I remember you making your totally yummy lemon pie. You were so cute. You remind me of a gourmet chef. You're a great cook! I love you a lot!

Crissy:

Crissy remembers going to Mexico with Grandpa. She really had fun!

Craig:

I admire Dad's youthful spirit. He's not afraid to do things. He's not afraid to try new things. We all enjoyed how regularly he'd write to us, more so than anyone else.

Heather:

What I remember most about Grandpa is his way with children. The little ones, especially, cling to him like Superglue. He seems to really enjoy being with them, and they return the feeling.

Todd:

I remember when he came down to Chile to visit us. It was fun to go places with him.

Evan:

I remember that he would always do things with us. He would go where we wanted to go to see the things we wanted to see.

Amy:

Grandpa is nice. I enjoyed it when he told us about his life. I enjoy being with him. He made me happy when I was sad. He made me laugh.

Ryan:

Something special about Grandpa is his beautiful hair. And he has lots of it! I liked it when he went swimming with us.

Grace Tolman Stephens: (Dad's sister)

He was a good student! He got along with others! He was easy to get along with. He didn't get in fights with his brothers and sisters.

Flora Tolman Fisher: (Dad's sister)

I remember one time we were all going to Lagoon when the engine fell out of the car, and we were stalled half way there. I don't remember what exactly happened but imagine Grace or someone came and picked us up. I know that Adele and Mom and my 3 children and I guess all of you were there.

Then there was the time when Dwight and Paul Hansen decided to hitchhike to Las Vegas to see Paul's dad and got as far as Tooele. The police stopped them and called me and as it was around 11:00 at night, Mrs. Hansen didn't have anyone to go and pick them up. I called Glen and took Denise and Debbie, and we drove out and got them. I will always remember how lost and alone they both looked and how glad they were to see us. I think Paul and Dwight were about 10 or 11.

Then there were the times we went up to the cabin and enjoyed it so much.

Flora enjoyed the visits Glen and family made while Flora was in Los Angeles. On one visit Denise and Dwight's friends called Dad Uncle Glen or Colonel Sanders.

There was the time we went to Farrell's, an ice cream parlor, where they had a dish called piggy's dish or something and Glen ate the whole thing and won a prize. It was good ice cream.

Another time Glenna and Dad drove her motor home to pick up Debbie, Denise and Flora and take them back home to L.A.

Flora remembers copying (not per se) Glen's papers that he got "A's" on and only ending up with a "B" or "C". There were so many things she remembers that she says she couldn't even begin to cover.

Glen was always a person who was interested in other people, and I know that I am happy to have a brother like him and my children (Denise, Dwight and Debbie) are happy to have an uncle like him!

Addendum to Glen Hatch Tolman History written in June 2000

Contributed By: JoAnneBarlow1 · 3 November 2013 ·

While reading the letters that Momma and Daddy wrote to each other from 1937 to 1945, I found out several more things about Dad and the things he did during that period of time. So I decided that I needed to write an addendum to his history.

In 1937 Glen had Thanksgiving Day off school but had to teach on the Friday and the Saturday after Thanksgiving to make up for having Thanksgiving Day off. In 1937 Glen was living in Teasdale. He directed the ward one act play for the road shows on November 30, 1937.

Glen was a teacher who believed in getting the children in his classes involved in their learning. He tried to have hands-on activities for the children in his classes and tried to involve them in planning some of their activities. Many of the parents were not used to this type of learning and preferred to have learning which strictly followed the text books. Some of the parents complained about his teaching style, but they were able to get things worked out so that everyone was happy. Scarlet fever was going around the community so school was closed for several days. He took his students on several field trips, one to the fish hatchery and the cheese factory in Loa. Another time he took them to the forested area and a man from the Forest Service spoke with them.

In February of 1938, Glen attended and M-Men and Gleaner Girls Banquet and Dance in Bicknell. It was the first stake sponsored affair on the Wayne Stake. Also in February of 1938 he was in charge of the Ward Road Show. He liked to attend the church dances such as the Apron and Overall Dance, the Gold and Green Ball and also wedding dances. He also did a three act play entitled "A Prince There Was" for Mutual. In March he was in a Relief Society play.

In June of that year, after the end of school, he went to California on vacation. In July of 1938 he worked in Grantville and Josepha doing farm work for The Skull Valley Ranch of the Deseret Live Stock Company. He lived in an old house used by the Hawaiians when they lived in Josepha. There was no electricity where they lived. He piled and pitched hay mostly, but also fixed fences and shocked the grain. The Deseret Live Stock Company was started by the Hatches and Mosses, but at the time Glen worked there it was managed by a government appointed manager because of the depression. There were cattle and sheep on the farm and they raised crops for the livestock. The barn on the property had been used as a Pony Express Station.

In September of 1938 he was back in Wayne County teaching school in Torrey where he also lived. He taught Mutual and enjoyed reading books. He taught 7th and 8th grades and was also the principal. On Thanksgiving Day in 1938 Glen helped Mr. Pace thrash the grain because that's when the thrasher arrived for them to use. He pitched bundles into the thrasher.

The power went off frequently in Torrey. Often they had to do things by lamps or flashlights. Sometimes even at church meetings the power would go off. It seems it happened quite often during Mutual.

The evening of his birthday in 1939 Glen's students came to his house and surprised him with a party. They played games and had punch and cookies. Later in the month of February, he went to Salt Lake City for the weekend. On their return trip they had to stay in Richfield because of a bad snowstorm and drifting snow.

Glen participated in many activities while living in Wayne County. He hiked to the Red Cliffs in the area. At the PTA meeting they served sandwiches, cocoa, chips and punch. There was a dance afterwards. At one of the PTA dances they raised \$7.50. There were many church sponsored and PTA sponsored dances. In March he watched a game between a Bicknell team and a team of negro exhibitioners who he said "were very tricky and good. The game was a scream." One day Glen had his students sand paper and varnish their desks to get the scratches out.

In April Glen went to Salt Lake for General Conference and to visit Adele. He told Adele in a letter about Harold Shaw who had been a best friend from 6th grade to the 3rd year of college. In the spring of 1939 Glen helped put on a special Arbor Day program at the school. They then planted flowers, trees and scrubs around the school building.

Glen applied to teach in several school districts, including Granite, Salt Lake, Jordan, and Ogden as well as Wayne County, hoping to get a better paying job. He was hired by the Ogden School District to teach in the Lincoln School. He taught 7th and 8th grade as well as 7th and 8th grade boys P.E. For part of the time while teaching in Ogden he lived at the Madison Avenue property of the Belnap family. He went to a Daughters of the Utah Pioneers ball with Adele's Aunt Flora who also lived there. Later in the school year lived at 104 Washington in Ogden.

During their first week of marriage, Glen cooked breakfast a few times for Adele. He reported for duty February 26 at Camp Haan, California, one week after Glen and Adele were married. When he first arrived he worked straightening and cleaning the headquarters offices. They slept in a tent with a wood floor. There were five men from Salt Lake bunked together. They slept on cots. Glen wrote to Adele about all the drills and the inspections at camp. Camp Haan was not completely ready to be occupied. It rained a lot at first and the roads were a muddy mess. Glen said it should have been called "Lake Haan". Later in March they moved to the new headquarters. They were then housed alphabetically so the five men from Salt Lake were separated. Later Glen was assigned to do clerical work. He had done similar clerical work when he worked for the CCC, Civilian Conservation Corps. He became the personal clerk of Major Innes. It was not easy being separated from Adele. In one letter he writes about how lonely he is and he feels almost like weeping when he thinks of the cruel war that has separated them. In May of 1941 Glen became a First Class Private with a rating of Specialist Fourth Class.

While at Camp Haan he also had time for recreational activities. He went to the movies, bowling, ice skating, once rented a tandem bike and went cycling with an army buddy, they even spent some time at the beach. There were lots of movies shown at the camp. Camp Haan was across from March Field where there were all sorts of airplanes. It was interesting for them to see all the different airplanes. One time Max and Marge Tolman came to camp and took Glen for a ride. They stopped under a tree and had lunch.

In mid-June 1941 Adele joined Glen in Riverside for a couple on months. Glen left for work between 5:15 and 7:15 in the morning. He reported for duty at 8:30 a.m. for typing, filing, answering the phone etc. He was usually home by 6 p.m.

After Adele left Riverside in August, Glen went to Los Angeles to visit a cousin, Sylvia. While there her brother and Glen's cousin Wilson came to visit. He took Glen back to Los Angeles and since he could fly a plane took Glen for a ride in a plane. Wilson was working on getting his commercial pilots license. Glen later visited Tijuana, Mexico as well. In August of '41, President Roosevelt signed a bill that released men who were 28 before July 1, 1940. It took a few months before Glen was actually released. Glen then had the chance to stay on at Camp Haan as a civilian clerk and decided the pay was good enough that he should stay there.

Adele joined Glen in Riverside just before Christmas of 1941 where they lived until 1943 when they returned to Salt Lake because it seemed Glen was going to be redrafted. He had been released in October of '41 and then was officially discharged late in 1943. He was redrafted and was sent to Camp Fannin in Texas. There they did lots of drills, physical training, worked on marksmanship, etc. In their training they were shown a film series "Why We Fight". Glen was assigned to learn clerical work, which he had already done previously. At the end of May 1944 he was reclassified to class "a" and was qualified for overseas replacement. He had hoped to be assigned to Company C, 81st in which he would have stayed at Camp Fannin. After being assigned, he went to Salt Lake City on furlough for a short imte. He was able to see Geraldine for the first time. After furlough he went to Fort Meade in Maryland. There he did office work in the orderly room. If he had been 35 years old he would have been stationed there. But in mid-July he was "put on orders" and left that week. But before he left, he and a friend went to see Washington D.C.

In August Glen was in England. He was still in England in October, but by November 3, 1944 he was "somewhere in France". They often ate C rations which were really not that tasty according to Glen. On December 29 of '44, Glen was in a "picturesque French village in the mountains." While in France he was able to converse with the people in French. The longer he was there, the easier it became. While in France he went to get a hair cut from a local French barber. In Glen's words "I went to a local French barber, who gave me a good hair cut. Since I could talk French a little, he wondered where I learned it. He asked me if I had been in the last war. Quite surprised, I told him I was only 33, but he replied that since I had so much gray hair, he thought it was possible. Can you imagine! I suppose my hair may be a lot grayer than it was when I left home, but it isn't too bad yet. Perhaps my hair will be white before I'm forty, but I won't mind as long as I have plenty of it. I hope you won't!"

It took a long time for letters to catch up with Glen after being transferred or sent out. Glen got transferred to do the type "of work he had done at home" because of his college education and having taught school and also because of the faith and prayers of his family at home. In a letter dated January 10, 1945 Glen tells a little more about what it was like each day. He said, "Weather is rather rough right now. It is much the same as at home. There is quite a bit of snow. It is not too bad where one has a warm room to sleep in, but it is very rough on the line company men who more often than not sleep in fox holes. Quite often soldiers get very little sleep, as a matter of fact. However, when I was in a line company, I slept only one day in a fox hole and one night in a trench in the woods. The rest of the time I slept in a house or barn where our platoon was billeted. Things have been rougher for my buddies since I left. Unfortunately several of my friends in "G" have been killed and several are in the hospital. I quite often see a fellow I know and get a chance to talk about those I know in the other company. I shall be

glad when our armies can gain victory. But evidently, according to news there is yet a long way to go. Much hard fighting!"

Sometime in late January of 1945, Glen was shot in the arm accidentally by one of his army buddies. In the ambulance, he went through Paris and saw the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower while lying in the ambulance. He was taken to England where his arm was in traction for months. He was lying on his back all that time. By March 20, 1945 Glen was out of bed but it was difficult to get up after so long in bed. He was very weak. He was then in a body and arm cast with his arm held at his side at about a 45 degree angle. It was very uncomfortable. By April 8th Glen was in Bushnell Army Hospital in Utah. He was finally able to see Adele and Glenna and Geraldine again.