

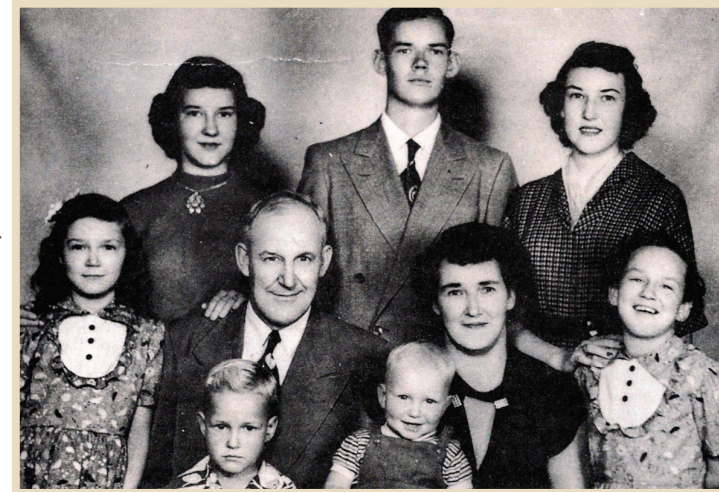
Personal History of Orson Duncan TOLMAN

I was born April 22, 1934, near Lovell, Wyoming. My mother and father were living in the mountains herding sheep. They had been married about a year. The earliest recollection I have of my childhood, was hiking back into a remote lake with my dad to go fishing. I remember that the lake was surrounded by very steep mountains and he had to carry me on his back while he climbed the mountain. I must have been three or four years old then. We moved around a lot while I was growing up. We lived in Colorado for a while, where my oldest sister, Margie was born. Then in Lander, Wyoming, in a small trailer house which we later added on to when

my second sister, Laura, was born. I remember that I saved her from drowning in a ditch one day when she was just a baby.

I started school in kindergarten there in Lander and I must have thought I was pretty tough, because I was always getting into fights with other boys. I remember that I didn't want to have my hair cut because I thought it made me tougher like Samson in the Bible.

I was always interested in airplanes and I often had dreams of being able to fly by myself if I moved my arms up and down hard enough. One day a man came to town who



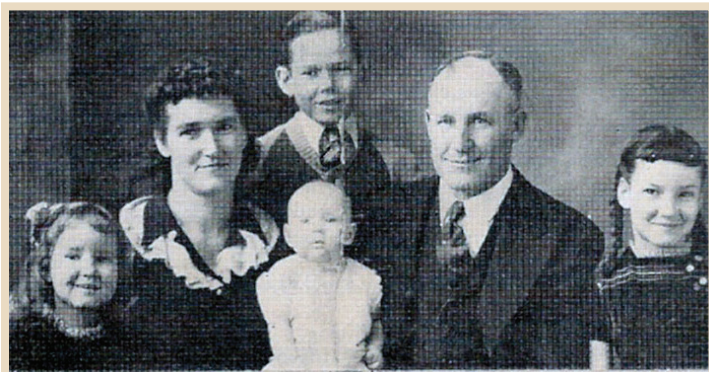
said he had struck it rich. He took me and several other kids to the 5 and 10 cent store and said he would buy us anything in the store we wanted so guess what I picked? A toy airplane.

We moved to Salt Lake City and then to Las Vegas, Nevada, while I was in the first grade. In Las Vegas we lived in a big army tent with a wooden floor, out among the lizards, scorpions, and gila monsters. I didn't realize until later in life that we were poor, in fact for me, it seemed like a long camping trip which I thoroughly enjoyed.

We then moved to Orem, Utah,

and dad got a job at Geneva Steel Plant where he stayed for about 25 years and retired. We bought five acres of ground with fruit trees—but no house, only a big, long chicken coop. So we rebuilt the chicken coop and made it into several apartments, one of which we lived in and the others we rented. Dad also started raising mink. Later, when we began to prosper, we built a new home and moved into it.

Two more sisters were born during this time, Ruth and Karen. And I was beginning to wonder if I would ever have a brother. We bought a piano and my sister and I took



BERNICE DUNCAN - ORSON P. TOLMAN
MD. - JULY 25 1933
LAURA JUNE - ORSON D. - RUTH BERNICE - MAGGIE BELLE

piano lessons for a year or so. I didn't really learn to read music very well, but I could memorize pieces and play them without the music. Dad also had a violin which he played well, but I could never make it sound very good.



Dad always used to take me deer hunting with him every year, which I always enjoyed and looked forward to.

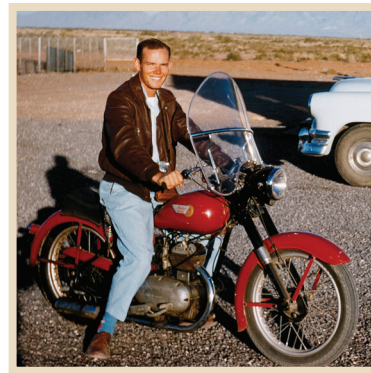
It wasn't until high school that my desire to fly started to materialize. They offered an aviation class where I learned what makes an airplane fly, and the other general aspects of aviation. I started taking flying lessons and within a year after I graduated, I had my private license. I enlisted in the Army thinking I would surely be able to fly, but I found out that a minimum of two

years of college was required. I was quite disappointed, of course.

I was sent to Holloman Air Base in Alamogordo, New Mexico, and assigned to the Army Aviation Section as an aircraft repairman. Then I went to White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico, where I worked on radio-controlled airplanes which were used as aerial targets for the ground-to-air missiles that were being tested. That project was later terminated, and I was assigned to the "Nike" Missile Project as a "Guided Missile Repairman."



While stationed at White Sands, I bought a motorcycle which I rode home to Utah several times on leave with my sleeping bag tied on back. That was almost as much fun as flying! Since then I have owned seven different motorcycles. I have entered a total of three races, winning two first place trophies and one third place.



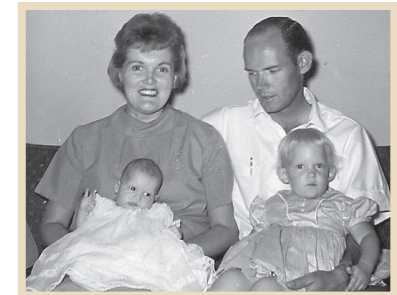
While I was in the Army, mom had two more babies—both were boys. I finally had not one, but two brothers, Larry and John. But now I was grown up and living away from home.



After my enlistment was up I was offered a job doing what I had been doing, but as a civilian and for a lot more money, so I decided to stay. I married Elaine Ence from Spring-

ville, Utah, on July 18th, 1957 in the Manti Temple and took her to New Mexico where we lived for three years, during which time our two daughters, Kim and Tammy, were born.

In 1960 we decided that we missed the mountains and wanted to return to Utah. So I got a job at Thiokol Chemical Corporation and we moved to Brigham City, Utah. After living in an apartment there for about six months we moved to Tremonton, Utah, where our first son, Bradley, was born. This was closer to the Thikol plant, and we bought a home there.



In 1964 Thiokol started laying people off so I found a job which I now have as a quality assurance specialist for the Navy at the Hercules plant in Magna, Utah. We lived in Granger Hunter for a while, then built a home in American Fork, and lived there for about five years

where our youngest son, Troy, was born. Then we decided we wanted to buy a place where we could have horses so we moved to the Highland area north of American Fork, built a home on two acres of ground, and bought a couple of horses. Our youngest daughter, Tammy, loved to ride and was Queen of the riding club the first year she started riding with them.



Babes & Tammy

We kept the horses about five years and none of us were riding much anymore, so we sold the horses and bought a boat, a Baja Bug (Dune Buggy) and a motorcycle for Brad.



During this time also, we had a 17 year old foster daughter living with us on the Indian Placement Program of the Church. This was quite an

experience for our family. I think we learned as much from her as she learned from us. She graduated from American Fork High School in 1975 and returned to her family in Arizona. Her name was Roberta BeGay.



Roberta & Sunshine



After Roberta left us, my 17 year old nephew, Jeffrey Brereton (who is my wife's sister's son) had quit school and was having problems adjusting to a broken home. His parents were divorced and his father had remarried, but didn't want him to live with them, so we took him out of the Detention Center and got him back in school and going to Church. He finally graduated in 1976 and he is now back living with his mother, has a good job, and is doing fine.

About two years ago I bought a one-man gyrocopter which looks like a small helicopter, but the



Orson & his Gyrocopter

pilot sits out in the open wearing a helmet and goggles (and ear plugs, because the 2 cycle engine without a muffler is very loud). After about a year of tinkering with it, and getting it to pass FAA inspection, I learned to fly it by towing behind a car without power.

I was flying at 1000 feet altitude one day last summer and decided to try a power-off landing. But I landed too hard and bent it all out of shape, to the tune of about \$700.00. So now it will be a while before I can fly it again.

In November, 1976, we decided to sell our place and get out of debt. We moved into a less expensive home (but nicer) on a smaller lot in American Fork, in the same Ward we lived in before we went to Highland.



Airplane Purchased in 1980

I am thankful for my knowledge of eternal families and that we will be together again. I know the gospel is true and have a strong testimony of paying tithing. I have lived it to the best of my ability. I believe in the power of the priesthood. I have always had a testimony, stronger at times than others. I've been lazy at times and not increased my testimony. Things have gone so well for me until now and my testimony wasn't challenged but now it is. I have never lost my faith, only my ability to serve as I would like.

Orson was diagnosed with colon cancer in 1997. In 2001, the cancer returned and started to spread from the colon to the bone, brain and finally the liver. He was a great example of courage and submission to his Heavenly Father's will. He passed away July 8, 2003 at his cabin surrounded by family.



Description of Orson by his wife, Elaine (written 2012): Words can't describe the wonderful man Orson was. He was a man of few words. He was often asked why he didn't talk more, he always said "If you don't have anything to say, why say anything." He was very spiritual and felt strongly about paying tithing. Even though he hadn't been active as a teen, he sent home his

tithing money while in the army to his folks to pay for him. He was a great husband, who honored his priesthood and respected me, as a wife and Mother. Family meant a lot to him and he loved to have them around. He was very courageous and showed that during his years of suffering with cancer. He was a great example to me in every way. He loved music and had a

great baritone voice. He sang in choirs but especially loved singing with the family who shared that musical talent. He played a mean piano. He was self taught and had his favorites he loved to play. It warms my heart to see a couple of his grandchildren playing those tunes. Orson was adventurous. He wasn't afraid to try new things. He had a one track mind, when he

wanted something, he worked to getting it. He loved motorcycles, baha bugs, gyrocopters, air planes you name it. He even tried hang gliding. He took the challenge of building our log cabin. He liked hunting and fishing, camping, hiking, the great outdoors.



MEMORIAL DAY 2004

Back: Brad, Troy, Deyvan, Tyson, Lucky, Dustin (holding Trinsica)
Middle: Elaine, Kim, Shealee, Whitney, Cymantha (holding Jennah) Breana, Jaelyn, Necole,
Front: Ben, Sheri, Landon, Skyler, Logan Preston, Jordan, Cameron