Harold Fulton

March 19, 1920 - March 10, 2008

Francis Harold Fulton, age 87, of Glendive, passed away on Wednesday, March 5, 2008 at the Glendive Medical Center. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M., Monday, March 10, 2008 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive is entrusted with arrangements. Harold was born on March 19, 1920 in Odin, Illinois, the son of Frank and Laura (Myers) Fulton. As a young child, Harold moved with his parents to the Carlyle/Ollie, Montana area. He returned to Illinois where he completed his high school education. As a young man, Harold had worked with custom combining crews and later spent time as a truck driver. Harold moved to Glendive where he met and married Marian Wahl on June 24, 1949. Following his marriage, Harold became employed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as head cashier until his retirement in 1981. Following his retirement, Harold became employed by Ranch and Farm for a number of years, retiring in April of 1991. Harold loved people and enjoyed visiting with everyone that he knew. He was a life member of the Glendive Elks Lodge and Glendive Moose Lodge. Harold was preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Marian in 1998 and his sister, Jeanne McPherson. Survivors include his daughter, Helen Hass and her husband Fred of Shelby, Montana; his son, William Anderson and his wife Marlene of Vancouver, Washington; his brother, Glenn Fulton and his wife Linnea of Sammamish, Washington; a special friend, Virginia Peterson of Billings; five

grandchildren, Krista Holland, Kim Bryant, Darren Anderson, Dina House and Leigh Zell and nine great grandchildren. Celebrant Service: Every life lived has value. Today we recognize, remember, and honor Francis Harold Fulton. We recognize the significance his life has had on ours, we remember the person Harold was and our relationship with him; and we honor Harold's life as a life well lived. Harold's son, Bill Anderson, has some thoughts and memories of Harold to share with us. Speakers: Bill Anderson Celebrant: Eulogy Thank you, Bill. After Harold's death last Wednesday, a friend brought over a card for the family and the inscription especially touched the family as they felt it spoke directly to the kind of man Harold was. It read: "The true measure of a man is not what he acquires in his lifetime, but what he leaves behind. He was a warm and generous person who gave so much of himself and brought so much happiness into the lives of others. He made a wonderful difference in this world… And he will never be forgotten." You heard Bill speak of Harold with great love and respect as Bill and Helen saw Harold as a good and loving husband to their mother, and as a father to them, treating them as though they were his own children. Harold really shined as a grandfather, as he loved spending time with his grandchildren and getting to know them. Helen's daughters, Dina and Leigh lived near their grandparents during some of their growing up years and were able to develop a close relationship with Harold and Marion. Both recall getting off the school bus at their grandparent's house instead of their own because Harold and Marion would be there to visit and would dish up ice cream and hot fudge. Harold's other grandchildren lived in Washington state from the time they were young and so did not see as much of their grandparents as Harold would have liked. A special memory Bill has of Harold as a grandfather is when Bill and his family were visiting Harold and Marion and Bill's daughter was just starting to walk. Harold held Krista's small hands and walked her all around the house and up and over the furniture, just having a great time with his young granddaughter. Another memory Bill has is of a visit Harold and Marion made to Washington when Bill's son, Darren, was just a youngster. There was some construction going

on across the street from Bill's and Harold took Darren by the hand and they both went over near the site to watch with fascination the huge equipment being driven around for the construction. Harold always had time for the grandkids. Harold was a familiar figure around the community. He would make his daily rounds of errands and coffee; his hat on his head, a ready smile and of course a story or two for anyone who would listen. Harold was born in Illinois, the oldest of three children. The family moved to the Carlyle-Ollie area east of Glendive because of health reasons for Harold's father. The few years spent farming in the Carlyle-Ollie area was during the dust bowl of the mid-thirties. Harold returned to Illinois to finish his senior year in high school. After graduating high school in Illinois, Harold did take some college classes in business. Harold was always a good student, being especially strong in math, and working with numbers. Harold could add numbers in his head faster than others doing it by calculator. And in all his years, Harold never lost that sharpness with numbers. Bill, Helen and granddaughters, Dina and Leigh all benefited from Harold's expertise on their math homework, "RTP". And when Bill's kids brought their math problems home, Bill would use Harold's "RTP, to help them solve the problems. "RTP… Read The Problem!" It was during his teen years that Harold and his younger brother, Glenn, really became close friends. Harold was good about taking Glenn places with him and looking out for him. During these years as teens and young men, Harold and Glenn owned five cars together. When World War II began, Glenn recalls that Harold wanted to join up and serve his country but was classified 4-F because of his chronic bronchitis and the army wouldn't take him. Glenn says it's the only time he saw Harold cry. When Glenn was inducted in 1943, Harold would stay in touch with Glenn by writing letters and enclosing five or ten dollars, telling Glenn to go and have a drink with the money. Harold worked various jobs during his younger days. He did custom combining and drove oil tanker trucks; Harold and his brother, Glenn, drove cab here in Glendive, for Orville Svingen, and Harold worked at various businesses around town. While

working at the Safeway grocery store, two opportunities came up at the same time. Positions opened up at the railroad and at 1st Nat'l Bank. Harold chose the railroad and became a clerk for the Northern Pacific Railroad, eventually becoming head cashier. Harold was tough about collecting for freight from those who shipped by railroad. He preferred cash payments. Working in the office at the railroad also allowed him to get acquainted with all the railroad workers when they stopped to pick up their paychecks. He loved visiting with all the men. After his retirement from the railroad, Harold worked part-time at Ranch and Farm, from 10am to 2pm each day, waiting on customers. Having grown up in rural areas and doing custom combining, Harold had a special rapport with the farmers and ranchers he waited on. He loved that job, and worked at Ranch & Farm until he was in his seventies. It was probably when Harold was working at Safeway that he met his future wife Marion. Harold's boss at Safeway, Fin Wolfe, was Marion's brother-in-law. Fin was married to Marion's twin sister, Muriel. After Harold and Marion were married, Harold moved Marion and the two children from a small apartment to a house in the Heights area of Glendive. The oil boom hit and the landlord they were renting the house from decided to sell the house. The town was full and there was no where to move to, so Harold and Marion borrowed every cent they could, about $7000, to buy the house they were renting. It was a lean time for them, starting their married life together. But they did it, and later sold that house and built their home in the Forest Park area of Glendive. Harold and Marion were never extravagant, but Marion always claimed they would be "car poor". Harold loved owning and driving big, fancy, new cars and Marion claimed they would never be without a car payment. Harold would tell that his dream was to make enough money to buy a new Chrysler Imperial and be able to trade it every time the ashtray was full. Of course he never did this, but he did own and drive many vehicles, his favorites always being the bigger, newer models. Harold started his children, Bill and Helen, driving when they were quite young, and made them learn to use a clutch. Bill recalls driving with Harold and having a bad habit of riding the clutch. Harold finally threatened to get a

ball-pined hammer to use on Bill's clutch foot. That seemed to cure the clutch riding. Helen distinctly remembers a particular intersection out on Belle Prairie road where she practiced many backing up maneuvers. Granddaughter Leigh says she began to learn to drive by sitting in Harold's lap. Harold would take his granddaughters, Leigh and her sister, Dina, out and teach them to drive and they would end the lesson at the Dairy Queen. And Harold always had Juicy Fruit gum in the glove box to share with his granddaughters. Leigh got her first speeding ticket with Harold. Harold always loved to speed, or as Glenn put it, "get out of everyone else's way," and Marion also enjoyed going fast. Harold told stories on himself about racing cars with friends over the Bell Street Bridge. Harold enjoyed driving, and most trips Harold took the family on, were by car. Glenn and Harold took several trips back to Illinois. One trip was after Glenn got out of the Army. Another was for Harold's 50th high school class reunion. That was a great trip, according to Glenn. They even attended church while there, and even after 50 years, someone recognized the Fulton boys. When driving away after the church service, Harold asked Glenn if he didn't think everyone sure looked old? Glenn replied that everyone at the church probably was talking about how old the Fulton boys looked! Helen and Bill don't' remember many family vacations, although Bill recalls a trip after his graduation to the two parks, Yellowstone and Glacier. And the granddaughters, Dina and Leigh had a few memorable trips with their grandparents to the Black Hills and Flintstone City. Bill also says that on one visit with Harold and Marion, Harold wanted to take them out to dinner, and they went to a restaurant called "The Sluice" in Spearfish, South Dakota, and spent some time touring the Black Hills. One memorable trip for Harold and Marion was to the World's Fair in Seattle. They had a meal in the Space Needle's revolving restaurant. The memorable part being when Marion set her purse down on a ledge next to the table and the table was rotating but the ledge was not. When it was time to leave, a moment of panic ensued, but the purse was recovered safely. They then proceeded from Seattle to Vancouver, Washington to visit Bill and his young family. The infamous Columbus Day

storm with hurricane force winds hit and Harold drove 100 miles in the storm to get to Bill's home in Vancouver. Trees and lines were down everywhere and there was no power for four days. Bill and his wife Marlene had young children in diapers, there were no Pampers at that time, and Harold went out in the stormy mess to find a laundromat. This trip was talked about for many years. Throughout his life, Harold was very social. In fact, his only and best hobby was visiting with people and telling jokes and stories. Glenn says if you told Harold a joke or story, Harold would tell three. And if Harold was familiar with the story being told, he might say that he had heard it when he was "kicking the slats out of his crib." Harold was fun-loving, and generally the life of the party. Harold and Marion played a lot of cards, not because they loved cards but because that is what people got together and did. They also did a lot of dancing. Well, Marion loved to dance and Harold loved to visit with everyone there. Most times, Marion was finished dancing and ready to go home but stood waiting for Harold to tell that one last story or have a few last words with someone on the way out. Helen still has a picture of the end of one night of dancing when Harold returned home alone. Marion had fallen on the dance floor and fractured a bone in her back, not seriously, but enough to put her in the hospital. Harold walked into the house a bit dejected, carrying Marion's high heels in his hand. Throughout their marriage, Marion ran the house. She took care of the household finances and did all the cooking. Harold loved to eat and Marion was a good cook. And every evening Harold and Marion would have two cocktails. Harold would hold his hand up, shaking it and proclaim that it must be "five o'clock." Bill gave them silver goblets as a gift on their 25th anniversary, and they would use them every time after that for their wine. Bill even got the goblets re-plated once. Although Harold did not cook, his speciality was to bar-b-que steaks on the week-end and invite Helen and her husband Fred over along with the granddaughters, Dina and Leigh. Following the steaks, Dina recalls a big night of watching Lawrence Welk and HeeHaw. Helen remembers that Harold was not a big on sweets. If Harold

had something sweet for dessert, he always had a piece of meat with the dessert. Just a quirk Harold had. With Marion in charge of the household tasks, she had Harold do the yard work, although he made it clear to all who would listen, he really did not enjoy it and would threaten to put in artificial turf and rocks. There was a tree that sprouted in the center of the back yard. It was decided that a bird had dropped it there and Marion made Harold baby it along, watering it and fencing it so the tree would grow. It did grow into a huge cottonwood, so then Harold had leaves to rake also. But he got it done. During the almost 50 years they were married, there wasn't much he wouldn't do for Marion. When she became ill, Harold cared for her in their home until she died in 1998. As a widower Harold did alright. Even though he couldn't cook, he did try. A friend, Joe Hathaway, got him started eating his noon meal at the senior citizens center and Harold became a regular. The Center's director, Myrna Sadorf, says Harold was there most days except when he was sick or if the meal was fish…Harold didn't care for fish. He always came early enough to sit at a table with a group of fellows and trade plenty of stories. Myrna would always try to find a story Harold hadn't heard and once in a while she would succeed. Harold would ask for a copy of the story to take with him, so he could pass it on to others. It was at the senior center that Harold became close to a special friend, Virginia Peterson. It began when Virginia invited him to attend a church dinner in Circle. Harold stalled about committing to going, as he needed to think about it. First, he called Helen to make sure she thought it was okay, then, he called Bill to check with him. Both gave their approval of course. They knew Harold was lonely and they were glad he had found a companion. Harold went to three area church dinners in one month with Virginia. Bill teased Harold that Harold better watch out or he would soon be a church member. Harold's friendship with Virginia was a wonderful relationship. Each took care of the other when needed, and they enjoyed each other's company. Virginia was even more of a conversationalist than Harold. There were times he was impatiently, standing waiting for her to finish a conversation. Helen and her husband, Fred, came for a visit and went to out

to dinner with Harold and Virginia. They smiled as they remarked how Harold and Virginia sat in the back seat cuddling, and went hand in hand into the restaurant. A bit of role reversal, with they, Helen and Fred, as the chaperones. Bill and Helen credit Virginia with saving Harold's life. Harold's blood sugar got dangerously low and Virginia found him lying on the floor of his house and got him medical attention. Harold missed Virginia greatly when she moved to Billings. For the most part, Harold did not have many serious health problems during his 87 years. He did have a life-long problem with breathing. As a young person, Harold had chronic bronchitis. In his early twenties, he spent some time in the Galen hospital at Warm Springs. The doctors treated him as best they knew and did remove part of one lung. Several months after his surgery, the cure was found in penicillin. As was common with his generation, Harold did smoke, and was not pressed to stop. Eventually, he did quit the cigarettes. But occasionally he would enjoy a cigar. Leigh can remember sitting with her grandfather and watching him smoke the cigar and blow smoke rings. Harold had problems with his sinus', resulting in losing some sense of taste. He also suffered from some neuropathy. But Harold was able to live on his own and independently until his death. Harold's presence will be missed by his family, his friends, and our community. Some of the constants in Harold's life were the hats he always wore, including the hat in his hand today, and his Florsheim shoes. Both the shoes and the hats became difficult to find in part, because people don't wear those items much anymore, and partly because Harold's head was so small and his feet so narrow, it became difficult to fit him. Another constant was his sharp mind and memory and his quick wit. Harold will be remembered for his great love and caring attitude towards family, his work ethic and his ability to enjoy what he did. He will be remembered for his easy going and fun-loving personality, and for just being the very nice and considerate gentleman that he was. The world has been a better place for having had Harold Fulton these past eighty-seven years. Let us now listen to Carrie Underwood's version of the song "How Great Thou Art." Song: "How Great Thou Art" by Carrie Underwood Celebrant:

It is an important day when we stop to bear witness to a person's life and times among us, the difference his living and dying made among family and community, and to take time to express our grief and our memories. Thank you all for being here for this important time. There is no finer tribute to Harold than the love for Harold that shines through in the stories and memories of his eighty seven years of living told by family and friends. Harold touched many lives, and his memory will live on in many hearts. Harold's family will grieve his absence but can find comfort in those memories and in knowing that Harold had a good and long life. We as a community will miss Harold's presence, you could feel a smile coming on just seeing him approach. The inscription on the card read at the beginning of today's service included the words, "The true measure of a man is…what he leaves behind." Harold has left behind a legacy of love, caring and humor, he set an example of how to live a simple and fine life, and as family, friends, and community, we are grateful for having had his presence with us. We will remember you, Harold, and your touch on our lives. You can hold your hat high! For all you have given during your lifetime, Harold, we would like to say, thank you, Harold Fulton.

Tribute Wall

Harold Fulton

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM