



## James Stanley Torman

April 3, 1936 - January 1, 2016

James Stanley Torman, 79. Of Scott Depot passed away Friday, January 1, 2016 at CAMC- Teays Valley.

Born April 3, 1936 in St. Albans, he was a son of the late James Arthur and Ida Clifton Brightwell Torman. He was also preceded in death by a sister, Zelma Joyce Torman.

He was a retired pipefitter from Union Carbide Corp with 30 years of service and served his country with the United States Army, 11th Armored Cavalry Division.

Surviving are his wife, Galena Womack Torman; his children, Derrick Torman (Milly) of St. Albans, Jimmy Torman of Point Pleasant, Mike Womack (Margy) of Mineral Wells, Teresa Fitzwater and Alisa Beabout both of Teays Valley; grandchildren, Nick, Sarah, and Cody Torman, Nicole Fitzwater, Justin Womack (Shelly), Jami Womack, Logan and Morgan Beabout; six great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his brother, Donald Torman (Karen) and sister, Diane Cyrus both of St. Albans as well as numerous nieces and nephews.

Funeral service will be held at 2pm Monday, January 4, 2016 at Chapman Funeral Home, with Pastor Kevin Previtt officiating. Burial will follow in

Cunningham Memorial Park, St. Albans. Visitation will be held one hour prior to the service at the funeral home. You may also visit [www.chapmanfuneralhomes.com](http://www.chapmanfuneralhomes.com) to share sympathies with the family.

Chapman Funeral Home, family-owned and located at 3941 Teays Valley Road, Hurricane is honored to serve the Torman family.

# Cemetery Details

## Cunningham Memorial Park

815 Cunningham Lane  
Saint Albans, WV 25177

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JAN 4. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Chapman Funeral Home Hurricane  
3941 Teays Valley Road  
Hurricane, WV 25526  
(304) 757-7531  
info@chapmanfuneralhomes.com  
<https://www.chapmanfuneralhomes.com>

## Funeral Service

JAN 4. 2:00 PM (ET)

Chapman Funeral Home Hurricane  
3941 Teays Valley Road  
Hurricane, WV 25526  
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info@chapmanfuneralhomes.com  
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# Tribute Wall



“ *James Stanley Torman*

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October 06, 2023 at 08:41 AM



“ *PAGE 4 OF TRIBUTE: I do not know you all as well as I did Jake, of course, but I wanted to just share some fond recollection of my dear friend with you. I loved him very dearly!  
God Bless!*

*Curt*

*Sorry if I've made this too long, or if I've messed it up.*

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**Curt Dale** - January 16, 2016 at 07:18 PM

“ PAGE 3 OF TRIBUTE: *I can recall Jake's beautiful head of hair that he never lost. I can recall his beautiful penmanship, so much better than my horrid scrawl. The hearty laugh, and a great story always at the tip of his tongue!*

*One thing that immediately brings Jake to mind is the hazelnut. Crazy as it sounds, I never taste a hazelnut or filbert by either name without thinking of Jake. There was an hazelnut bush right beside the Robinson School down toward the little School House Holler Branch that he and I staked out and watched for them to ripen. We'd try to be the ones who got them. We found other patches, and I love them to this day. Nutella is a favorite sweet because it contains hazelnuts. As Robinson School closed, they were cleaning it out. We found about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a round of cheddar cheese that was in a round wooden box, probably 10 pounds of it, and it was going to be thrown away. We grabbed it and cached it up under a rock cliff across the road from the school. We could go by there when we wanted some and cut off a chunk for a snack. I still love the taste of a good, strong cheddar. We also were asked to go up on the rock cliff above the school and pick fox grapes for Aunt Ide Thaxton who cooked for the school. She was a great cook and had a particular use for those nasty tasting fox grapes. She'd mash them and cook them down for the juice then use the Concord grape juice the State gave the school for the lunch program to make it into wonderful grape jelly.*

*There is one particular picture that I have, and he may have had it, too. It is of him and me with ol' Chumbo, my Beagle/Walker mix dog for lack of a better description. We are without shirts, our ample bellies hanging out, bare footed, dirty and have on badly worn, dirty pants that don't reach the ankles. Totally country boys to a tee! As you know, we maintained our conversation across the years, particularly after email and easy long distance made it easy, and I don't think there was ever a time that I came to WV that I didn't come to see him at least briefly, except when he was working out of country or out of state.*

*When I say he was my best friend, that's the fact from my viewpoint. (Of course Pat has her own pedestal) so I'm safe in saying that. I*

*will miss calling him and talking with him. I loved that well cultured West Virginia brogue and could talk with him for hours, oft repeating the same old tales we told each other time after time, I'm sure, but still just as rich to us: Dean, Kermit, Elmer, Creed, our Dads and Moms, Grandma Torman, etc. Not too long ago, I ran across the term "cousins by marriage," and called to tell him that we could now call ourselves cousins by marriage. Hit dad and my step grandmother, Ethel were brother and sister. Ethel married my PawPaw Robinson, making us "cousins by marriage."*

*Well, I shall miss him so very much. I consider him one of the great men, great characters, greatest friend, and greatest Christians in my life. I will specifically add "great patriot." I know he served honorably and well in the Army. I'm an inveterate Republican, or at least I was when I knew what it meant, but have my own problems with some of them today. I never really knew Jake's politics as he was not into talking much politics, and I didn't press the matter. But I could tell he was very wise as to what was going on in the World around him. He told me of his Army duty in the winters at the Iron Curtain in Germany, his work in Canada, Saudi Arabia, work done along the Gulf States, and such. So he was a well educated man and a craftsman in so many ways.*

*Within the last 2 months that I talked with him, he told me, and I carefully paraphrase, "Curt, I have had a good life. I have wonderful children and grandchildren, I have a wonderful wife and great in-laws. I am a contented man." That certainly speaks volumes of the man himself, and equally speaks volumes about the quality of you all, his family.*

*I send you my condolences. I do not know you all as*

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**Curtis D.Dale** - January 16, 2016 at 07:14 PM

“ creek down at the creek from the cabin. One would stand up on the bank behind the other who was sitting on a rock at Creekside. Then the guy on the bank would chuck a big rock into the water and yell “Shark.” It wasn’t much of a game, but a good way to get wet. However, I was sitting down there one day, and Jake threw the rock a little short, and a sharp point on it hit my dead center in the top of the head. Oh, the bleeding was horrendous, but not much pain., He helped me to the house, mother, clipped off some hair and put a bandage on it. Shortly we were back to playing something else. Right now I can feel the scar it left atop my head.

A few months ago, Jake and I were talking and he made the comment that we had never had a fight. I fondly recalled that we had actually had one when we were finally big enough to play up on the road and out in the yard. We were up at the road, just a few yards down the creek from our house, and we got in a huge argument over something, and I’m thinking it was probably over a game of marbles, but won’t swear to that. We loved to play purgatory. No matter the reason! But we got into an awful tussel, probably not big enough to throw a punch, but we rassed and tumbled and rolled all the way to the bottom of the hill near the creek, both madder than hornets. Jake took off for home, and I was fuming. Before he got home, he turned around and came back, and I’d cooled off. He knew that if he told his Mommy that she wouldn’t let him come back down, and I didn’t tell my mother. In about 10 minutes we were playing as if nothing had ever happened. Beyond that, I’m sure he was correct. No arguments or fights!

He and I both had a crush on the same girl at a point in timeShe was such a beauty. So we’d both moon over her, haha. They graduated in ‘54. And we all went our separate ways. I don’t recall that Jake and I did much in the way of double dates. But then he was off the Army by the time I overcame the bashfulness and actually started to date. But he and, Pat, were friends even long before I started dating her. He would say to me, “Tell Ol’ Knothead I said, ‘Hi!’” Now, I will admit that when I saw Pat in a pair of shorts, my infatuation with the other girl faded away instantly, haha! Absolutely the greatest legs I ever saw and everything to go with

*them, haha. Never went steady with anyone else. Got a ring on her finger as quickly as possible and married her a 2 weeks before she was 19 and 3 weeks before I was 20. I can recall Jake's beautiful head of hair that he never lost. I can recall his beautiful penmanship, so much better than my horrid scrawl. The hearty laugh, and a great story always at the tip of his tongue! One thing that immediately brings Jake to mind is the hazelnut. Crazy as it sounds, I never taste a hazelnut or filbert by either name without thinking of Jake. There was an hazelnut bush right beside the Robinson School down toward the little School House Holler Branch that he and I staked out and watched for them to ripen. We'd try to be the ones who got them. We found other patches, and I love them to this day. Nutella is a favorite sweet because it contains hazelnuts. As Robinson School closed, they were cleaning it out. We found about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a round of cheddar cheese that was in a round wooden box, probably 10 pounds of it, and it was going to be thrown away. We grabbed it and cached it up under a rock cliff across the road from the school. We could go by there when we wanted some and cut off a chunk for a snack. I still love the taste of a good, strong cheddar. We also were asked to go up on the rock cliff above the school and pick fox grapes for Aunt Ide Thaxton who cooked for the school. She was a great cook and had a particular use for those nasty tasting fox grapes. She'd mash them and cook them down for the juice then use the Concord grape juice the State gave the school for the lunch program to make it into wonderful grape jelly.*

*There is one particular picture that I have, and*

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**Curt Dale** - January 16, 2016 at 06:08 PM

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“ COLONEL CURTIS D. DALE, PhD, USAF (Ret)

*Dear Galena and Family,*

*I just received your card, memoriam and picture. Oh, there is an empty place in my heart these days, as I'm sure there is with all of you. But it is also full of wonderful memories of Jake! There was never a day in my life that I didn't know Jake, and I make no apologies for calling him by his nickname as that is how I always knew him. James Stanley is a beautiful name, but Jake is the endearing one for all these years. When I say there has never been a day in my life that I didn't know him, he was about 15 months older than I and born right next door. So, we undoubtedly crawled on the floors together long before we could walk as our mothers were good friends and shared much time together in those early years. (Let me say that I won't make apologies for not coming to the funeral. I am still pretty well under demand as a PawPaw, GrandPaw and Great GrandPaw, plus husband. Pat and I are in excellent health for our age, but I do have to take care of a lot of the unexpected issues for her that come along with age, HBP, being a cancer survivor following extensive chemo/radiation, diabetes, and other issues. So, I don't get far from the flagpole without her these days. We care for our 5 year old grandson 4 to 5 days a week, and have our youngest granddaughter her along with our son, Jon and his wife Erica.) I hope you can share these memories.*

*Jake was a year ahead of me in school, so we went to Robinson School together for our first years in school. As he finished the 6th grade at Robinson, he moved on to Junior High School at the old Saint Albans HS. And, I went to 6th grade at Central School in Saint Albans the following year. Somehow, Dad arranged for me, Darrell Torman and Billy Womack to go there as the Robinson School had gotten so bad. Then I joined up again with him at SAHS. Of course we rode the bus together to and from school when I was at Central for that year. One of our almost daily routines, since we got to school pretty early, was to walk from the HS up to the corner, get a roll or two of Reeds Root Beer hard candy, then walk on up to the overpass about a hundred yards east and watch for the "coal drag" train to come out of the tunnel and pass below us, waving to the*

*engineer and fireman and dodge coalsmoke.*

*Oddly enough, although we both hunted, I don't recall that we ever went hunting together. Isn't that odd? However, we did catch 5 young coons out of a little tree right in front of Hartford Jarrett's home next house below Robinson Church. At one point, Mr. Jarret had a wee Mom and Pop grocery store, and we were old enough to sometimes go there and get things before he finally went out of business. It was an unpainted little Jenny Lind shanty of an affair, but was fun to go to. Anyway, we put the little coons in a gunny sack and took them to his house where he had a cage made of chicken wire. We put them in there, and left them. Next morning, they were gone. They figured out the latch in no time, I'm sure. Jake told me a couple of months ago that the Game Warden came to his home about them, but of course they were long gone. Somebody had called the Warden. Actually, I think we both rather liked hunting alone. But we played together all over those hills in front of and behind our houses. We build a log cabin out of fairly large logs on a big flat rock that was just across the creek, maybe a couple of hundred yards up the creek from our house. We put a pitched roof on it with some tin roofing, and caulked it as best we could. The "floor" slanted a bit so it set sorta cockeyed. But that was OK. We found an old army cot and had a little cast iron, two burner cook stove in it that didn't quite draw smoke the way it should have, even though we had a stovepipe on it. So, we endured the smoke until we had to come out for fresh air. We actually cut down the trees with axe and crosscut saw to make the cabin.*

*One time we were playing "Shark" at a pond in the*



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of James Stanley Torman.*

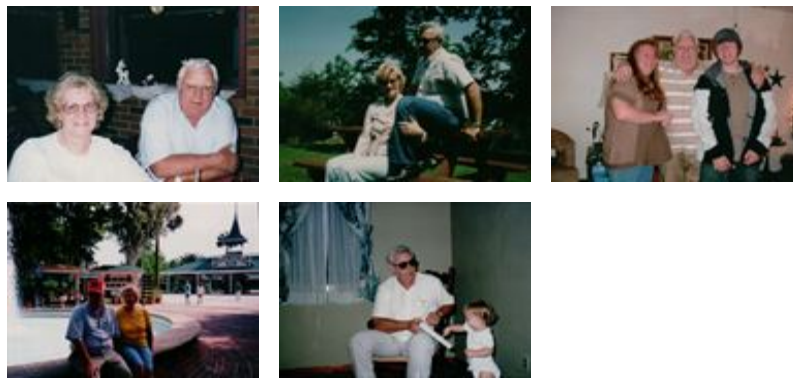


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January 04, 2016 at 11:34 AM



“ *80 files added to the album Life Tributes*



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Chapman Funeral Homes - January 04, 2016 at 07:39 AM



“ *Mr. Torman always treated me as part of his family, as for I was a friend of his son Jimmy. He was a good father to his boys and he looked after me as well when I visited them. Now his Father in Heaven will look after him and give him the care that he has been waiting for. ( For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.) - 1 Thessalonians 4:14*

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Terry Smith - January 03, 2016 at 06:59 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of James Stanley Torman.*



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January 02, 2016 at 07:00 PM



“ *I am very sorry for your loss. I will always remember enjoying listening to Uncle Stanley telling his "stories"!!  
Love Julie Vickers Patterson*

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**Julie Vickers Patterson** - January 02, 2016 at 04:17 PM