

Richman
Norris Richman
Dene, Max,
and Reta Jones
and grandma.
was my grandma
annah's brother.
They lived down where
Dewayne Richman lived,
(Will's son)

**History
of
William Sinfield Richman
19 January 1888 – 15 November 1958
and
Elizabeth Norris Richman**

We were married May 7, 1913. Prior to that time we were both playing in an orchestra for dances in Paradise. He, William, played clarinet and I, Elizabeth, the piano. This was before automobiles and oiled roads. Each town or community furnished their own holiday times as they usually played in their own communities.

We were the only single ones in the orchestra and it was not long before a romance started.

The members of the orchestra were Frank Allen and Jim Hall violinists, David James cornet, my brother Fletcher trombone and Royal Oldham clarinet.

Royal was soon called on a mission and William Richman was chosen to take his place. Royal never returned from his mission. He was drowned a short time after he had been out.

David James, an elderly man, but who had played a big part with bands in Paradise, turned the cornet to Orice Hansen.

Fletcher was killed in a snow slide in Blacksmith Canyon and William Roberts took his place. It wasn't too long before the orchestra discontinued to play.

This was before we were married.

The day of our marriage we rode to the Logan Temple by horse and buggy. It was a beautiful spring day and at night a wedding reception was held in my parents home.

We made our home on the Richman farm. His parents had retired and built a home in town.

No one had lived in the log home for some time, so it had to be scrubbed up and with the aid of some lime and elbow grease, we had a happy home for seventeen years before building a new one.

We rented the farm a year or two and then bought it.

Five children were born to us: Ellis Eugene in March 1914, Phoebe in September 1918, Leanore January 1921, William Lowell September 1923, and DaWayne March 1926.

When Ellis was a little over two years, we were coming from the coral after the evening milking had been done. I used to help milk in the summer time.

Ellis played with his dog while we did the chores. The Hyrum Canal separated the house and yard and a bridge had to be crosses each time we went to the barn.

We were carrying the can of milk and our milk buckets and had crossed the bridge when Ellis's noise ceased. (He was laughing and playing with his dog.) We immediately sensed his danger, dropped our buckets and ran back to see where he was. The ditch was always a horror to me. Anyway, he had fallen into the water and went down stream a good rod and half before his daddy got hold of him.

The bank was too steep and slick to get out so I reached down, took Ellis and ran to the house to get his wet, cold clothes off.

It was almost dark and in my hurry to light the kerosene lamp, knocked off the chimney so there was broken glass to contend with. We finally got another lamp lit, his wet clothes off, gave him a rub, and rolled him in blankets. Other than a slight cold in one eye, he was fine.

It was in the spring of the year and the canal was full of irrigation water and a worry when young children were around.

Our lives were lived in the usual L.D.S. way. I was Ward Organist before marriage and my father, Joseph Norris, was chorister. I continued to play until the fall of 1920 when we were both released.

Shortly after our marriage Dad was ordained a Seventy. Priesthood meetings were held Monday evenings. The neighbors used to ride together and we women folks would sometimes visit together; Bickmore, Shipley, Tams and Richman.

I was sustained Ward Organist again in 1924 and continued to play until June 1, 1940.

Another orchestra got together for the holidays in 1914 and we continued to play about four years. My Mother tended Ellis. For awhile, we took him with us, made a bed on some chairs by the piano, when he got tired he would lie down and go to sleep.

We never had a car until the summer of 1923 so we did a lot of traveling by horse and buggy and sleigh. Our pioneer home was heated by wood and coal stoves. The chimneys weren't too good and when coal was burned soot had to be cleaned out often.

Dad usually went to the canyon, got a few loads of maple wood and spent the winter months chopping it up. But it was fine for the cook stove and made a lot of heat. We used coal for the heater.

I remember well, one sooty experience. Dad would start the fires in the mornings, go out to chores and when it was warm the children and I would get up.

The children slept up stairs. The stove pipe also went through the ceiling of the kitchen, made a turn and went into the chimney up stairs. While we were waiting for the usual warm up, I heard some one say, "Ma, the stove pipes fell down".

That was the day Bro. Joseph Welch, a member of the bishopric, was buried. I had cleaned a lot of soot and when we built our new home, the contractor tried to convince me not to have a large stove pipe hole in the chimney for the kitchen. I told him I had cleaned all the soot I intended to, and later on I wished I had taken his advice.

The modern conveniences such as gas and electricity have solved the soot problems, but the memories still remain.

A year or two after buying the farm, another piece of ground close by was available. A number of shares of water went with it which was to our advantage so Dad bought it.

Dad and his boys worked together and were congenial one with another.

Leanore was first to leave the nest. Ellis next, then Phoebe.

When World War II came, Lowell was called into service. Ellis was drafted next, and after DaWayne graduated from high school, he was called. That left Dad alone with the farm, but he manages. They all returned safe and sound which we were very thankful.

Lowell came home on furlough after being overseas and was married.

After DaWayne's discharge he bought a tractor. Up to this time the farm had been run with horses.

Dad had always walked with a limp and his health and leg began to fail. It was almost impossible for him to irrigate, so in the summer of 1952 DaWayne bought the farm and we moved to Logan. DaWayne was married Jan. 4, 1951.

Dad was satisfied only when he was busy and after moving to Logan was dissatisfied. He went back to the farm almost every day and still continued to work as long as he could get around.

His leg continued to get worse and we finally persuaded him to seek medical aid. Up until this time his health had been good and it wasn't easy for him to give in. The Dr. took an X-ray of his hip and found that some time in his life his hip had been broken. To learn of this was a shock and it made one wonder how he had done the heavy farm work required such as pitching hay, grain, and sugar beets and he seemed to do this work with ease.

In regard to his hip trouble, when he was very young, he remembered this incident: He and other members of his family were in a wagon, a span of horses hitched to it. For some reason the horses started and Will fell down by the wheel and horses hoofs. His brother Sam grabbed him and in some way his foot caught in the wheel and this must have been when his hip was broken. Doctors weren't too available in those days and some lineament was all that was used. He said he remembered lying under the kitchen stove all summer.

In talking to the Dr. after the X-ray he said the heat from the stove helped nature form a gristle around the bone and though it was out of place, was strong and supported him well until later in life.

After moving to Logan he lived six years and passed away November 15, 1958.

Other incidents in his life were runaways. It seemed each year both summer or winter something would happen and his horses would get away from him. Just after we were married and getting our home ready, Mother gave me some carpet rags to have a home made carpet woven. I got the carpet all ready to put down and we drove to the farm in his father's wagon to complete the job.

He had been working the horses and thought they were tired enough to stand. He drove them to a stack of hay but didn't tie them up. We were busy tacking down the carpet, heard a noise, look out to see the horses and wagon headed for town, Paradise.

We were deeply concerned for it was his father's new wagon. He jumped on another horse but by the time he caught up with them, some kind friend had caught them and had tied them up with no damage done.

Another time he was discing north of the house. He let the horses stand while he came for a drink. A sheep was in a net fence enclosure and in some way became frightened and lunged into the fence and frightened the horses. They were hitched four abreast and by the time they got part way through the field one horse fell down and piled the others up. That finished the discing for that day.

Another time he drove out of a field from mowing hay, and stopped to shut the gate. Some birds flew out of the bushes and away went the horses. The mower seat got broke off.

After we built our new home I was watching through the window at him raking hay. A big horse fly kept lighting on Rude, a bay horse, who had plenty of life. To my astonishment Dad climbed onto the tongue of the rake and attempted to kill the fly. (This was while the boys were away in the Army, and his leg was bad.) He spat at the fly, missed it and fell off the tongue. By the time I got out of the door he was back on his feet and the horses were galloping around the field. By the time they made their round they were tired so he stepped out, calling whoa, climbed back on the rake, all the while chiding me for being so fussy. I really expected to see him caught in the rake teeth.

I told him more than once he must be like a cat; having nine lives.

He was leveling some ground before planting. I don't know what happened but the horses got away from him. This was before we built our new home and there were two rows of poplar trees to the west of the old house which furnished shade for some machinery and swings for the kiddies.

The horses and leveler made it around the trees, but the leveler was all busted. The kiddies made a break for the house and were all right.

Still another runaway. He was hauling manure with a wagon and plank for a box. (Narrow thick boards fitted together.) It was winter and frozen clods made the ground rough and jolty. A plank jolted loose and bumped one of the horses. Dad lost his balance and in falling from the wagon lost the horses and the seat of his overalls. This happened on the irrigated ground west of the house. The horses ran to the barn, busted the gate by the barn, made a circle up on the hill and took out the gate post on their way back.

The boys were out by the barn and couldn't imagine what happened to Dad. But when the overalls came into view, they smiled. In fact we all did. He made it in the house in a hurry to change his overalls.

I, Dixie, received this history from Raeleene Richman Clawson, a granddaughter, January 2004. William Sinfield Richman was my Grandmother Hannah's brother.