

George Sinfield Richman

26 September 1884 – 18 April 1961

**This history was written by
George Reese Richman (a son)**

George Sinfield Richman (my father) was born 26 September 1884 in Paradise, Utah to John William Richman and Jane Charlotte Sinfield. He married my mother, Estella Thomas, on 12 December 1906. Their home was in Paradise, Utah, a block and a half north of the church house. They lived in that house their entire lives.

Very little has been written about my parents and since I am the only remaining member of the family, I feel it is my job to see that they are remembered.

My mother told me that the Richman kids came to school on horses, three on one horse and two on another. They lived on a farm about two miles north of town. This later became the Will Richman farm (Dad's brother) and later the Dewayne Richman farm. Dad attended school until approximately 6th grade.

One of my early memories of my parents concerned a lawsuit in which they were involved. In the early 1930's (depression years) they had bought some land from Dad's sister and her husband, Zoe and Josiah (known as Sire) Tams. I assume they were unable to meet the payments so Sire foreclosed on the land. The lawsuit, I think, was about the foreclosure and my parents attempt to hang on to what they had already invested. My parents lost the lawsuit and to my knowledge they never spoke to Zoe or Sire again.

As early as I can remember, my Dad was the herder for the South Cache Cattle Association in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. This job was the absolute love of his life. He was very well acquainted with the boundary lines, section corners, sheep allotments, trails, water sources, everything concerning Blacksmith Fork Canyon. I remember one winter day in 1961 we were visiting the Hardware Ranch to see the elk. Joe Berger, manager for the Fish and Game, was asking Dad about some boundary line and then he said, "George you should write all of this stuff down, no one knows it like you do and you won't be around forever." Three months later my Dad died.

The cattle herding job was always a summer job, May to October. This meant doing something else in the winter, and Dad did several things. The earliest I remember was breaking work (draft) horses. We owned a bay draft horse that worked well when teamed with colts. We had some runaways and I was with Dad in a bob sleigh on some of these. The bay horse would run with the colt, and Dad usually let them run a little way before he tried to stop them.

Many winters Dad herded sheep in the Utah/Nevada desert. I remember one year, during the depression, when some men came to talk to him about going with the sheep. He came to tell my

Mother that they were going to hire him and pay \$30.00 a month. He acted like a burden had been lifted from him. When he came home in the spring one of my great memories was saying, "Dad, tell me about the desert." He would go through the whole trip, trailing the sheep, every time they moved the camp, etc. The story was the same every year and I wanted to hear it every year. This sheep-herding job would have been steady but every spring he would return to the cattle and the job he really loved.

Dad worked for awhile for Browning's (the rifle and gun people). They owned a great amount of land and about 4000 cattle. One summer we spent at a ranch of theirs called "The Fort". It was on the north end of the Great Salt Lake. We got there by going west of Brigham City, past the Golden Spike Monument (it wasn't much in those days), and then south to "The Fort". We had a Model A Ford.

This was a fun summer. There was a little house, horse corrals, etc. The water was terrible so we went over the hill to another ranch and brought back drinking water in jugs or water bags. We did this on horseback. The man at the other ranch was Earl Flack. Later that summer he was burned to death in a range fire on their ranch. Dad had his own string of horses, about 5 or 6, and I would practice roping them every day.

Dad worked one winter at the Army Depot in Ogden, Utah. He hated it. He worked one winter at Bushnell Hospital in Brigham City, Utah, shoeing and caring for horses. He did not like this job either. Every summer he would return to the cattle. He worked for other cattle associations besides South Cache. One year he was with the Randolph, Utah Cattle Association and later with the Laketown, Utah Cattle Association.

My mother and brother, Jay and I spent the summers in the canyon with Dad. We lived in a sheep camp. This was really a wagon with a box on it and covered with a canvas top held up by wooden bows. It had a stove, storage area and a bed. We made a second bed by laying boards across the storage bins and putting a mattress on it. This had to be done each night and gathered up each morning so there was room to cook and eat.

Sometimes we all rode horses, but usually Mom and Jay stayed at camp and I rode with Dad. This started when I was about 5 or 6 and continued until I was 16.

World War 2 changed things. Mom started working at the Army Depot in Ogden. I worked there also for two summers, then the army, then college, then marriage. My childhood was gone.

Many fond memories come to me from the years I rode with Dad. Moving cattle from the south side to the north side was always some of the hardest work but the most fun. We visited some sheep herders on these rides also. Usually they would cook dinner and we would eat with them. This was customary. They would always make a big fuss over me because I was just a little kid. One was Dick Reese and he thought I was special because of my name. One was Joe Shaw. He was from Paradise, Utah. One was Frank Clark, (he shot the giant grizzly bear named "Old Ephraim:").

Dad always took a few days during the summer to do other things. We often went to Ogden to the Pioneer Days Rodeo. We always went to the Cache County Fair. I thought it was the best county fair in the world. Dad worked those days as a county deputy and we got into the rodeo free, all three nights.

Every year before school started Dad and Mom took us to Logan to get school clothes for Jay and me. Dad always went to the bank first. It took me a long time to figure out why. I now know that he had to borrow money for us to have new school clothes. It usually consisted of "Levis" and shoes (later cowboy boots).

Until the 1940's, the only car my parents ever owned was a Model T Ford (1924). I believe they bought it new and it cost about \$400. It had two seats and three doors. There was no door by the driver position you had to step on the running board and climb over the side. It had a cloth top for cold weather and side curtains. In the winter we would just put it up on blocks, drain the radiator and did not drive it. The gas tank was under the front seat so it did not run up long hills very well because the gas would stop flowing to the engine. On some occasions we had to turn around and back up the hills.

A trip to Brigham City (we went for fruit) was quite an event. Getting over Sardine Canyon was in question and normally you could count on 2 or 3 flat tires. These would be taken off, patched on the spot, pumped up with a hand pump and put back on the car.

On September 27, 1950 I married Ruth Darlene Hatch. On the day we were married my dad paid for a dinner at Maddox in Brigham City. This was for a pretty large group, my family and Darlene's. After dinner he came out, as we were about to leave and asked if I had enough money. I don't remember how much we had, but it wasn't very much, and we were going to San Francisco. My dad handed me another \$100.

After our kids were born we went to visit Mom and Dad at their home in Paradise, and often in the summer, up at Elk Valley where Dad herded for the Laketown Cattle Association. Dad loved our kids, and Brad, my son, has always idolized his grandpa even though he only knew him 8 short years. Dad always said, "Why don't you come up more often?" I think of that almost every day and wish I had paid attention. I guess we thought we were "too busy".

I remember one day at Evanston, Wyoming. Brad made a good ride on a bull. Wayne Obray was at the rodeo. He said to me, "Boy I wish George Richman could have been here to see that kid ride that bull."

One thing my dad always wished for but never had was a pickup truck. He thought a pickup with a rack on it so he could haul a horse would be the greatest thing ever. He worked hard all his life and actually had very little. He was always, however, giving money to his kids or grandkids. He was extremely proud of anything any of them did.

My parents were married for more than ten years before Edna (my sister) was born and almost ten

more before Del Roy (my brother) was born. About two years later I was born and Jay (my brother) was three years after that. My mother was 46 and Dad was 48 when Jay was born.

There were about 25 years between their marriage and my memory of events. Pictures and stories of earlier days tell me that they spent some time, probably years, working for Teddy Summers with the sheep. There are also pictures of a team of draft horses when Edna was a little kid. I think this means that Dad did some farming. At our home in Paradise there was a barn with horse stalls and cow stalls in it. We also had two large chicken coops but I barely remember any chickens. On the corner of our lot in Paradise there was an old blacksmith shop but it never was used for that in my lifetime.

My dad's influence on me is unmistakable. When he went to Yellowstone Park the main thing he saw was grass. All that feed going to waste. I see things much the same way. Grass and feed are beautiful. I love the horses and the cattle even if I'm just looking at them. I love the west, especially the rural west, rural places like Grouse Creek or Ibapah.

I don't see myself as a writer and I'm certain I've just touched on a small portion of my dad's life. I'm seeing why it is so important to keep journals. I should have taken my own advice. I really don't see how early pioneers had the time to write in journals but we are indebted to those who did.

My ancestors mean so much more to me now than when I was young. My parents worked so hard and struggles all their lives but without knowing it they left their descendants with a lot of wealth (not material). My dad died April 18, 1961 from a heart attack. He is buried in Paradise, Utah along with my mother and many, many ancestors on both sides of the family. We visit the cemetery quite often. My brother Del Roy is also buried there. He lived only about six weeks. My sister Edna is buried in Brigham City, Utah. My brother Jay is buried in Fillmore, Utah. I'm the last of that family.



"Dad" George Richman

It was Oct. 27, 1971 and Darlene and I were returning from Ferron, Utah. We were a few miles west of Lehi, Utah when we started to hit snow. Before that night was over we were in one of the worst storms I've ever seen. It was a wet, slushy snow driven by a north wind. It covered the windshield and headlights so much that we could barely see. The windshield wipers could not keep the window clear at all. We had the defroster on high and it was so hot we could hardly stand it in the car. We stayed in the road only by looking at the posts marking each side. Several times I was tempted to just drive off of the road and "give up". Finally, about 10 miles from home we met up with a snowplow. We almost hit it because it was within about 20 feet when we first saw the lights. As we drove into our garage Sue and Jan met us in the doorway and both said, "Grandma died". She is buried in the Paradise Cemetery with my dad and many, many relations on both sides.

