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(By Joel Ricks)

Of his early experiences as a pioneer, John Ormond says, "I was born February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1832, in Marlees Perrish, Prembrokehire, South Wales. My father run a private mail from Dale to Haverford West, four times a week, he had this job for twelve years. When we boys got old enough he would put us to this job while he did something else. In the year 1845 I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Manifestations such as speaking in tongues, healing the sick, casting out devils, etc. was common among the saints at that time. In 1848 I worked on a farm for Thomas Child, at a place called Whitern. On Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> 1849 I took a steamer at Milford for Liverpool, with 500 saints under Dan Jones.

On March 9<sup>th</sup> we set sail from Liverpool on the ship Hartley with 258 saints. We held meetings on the ship and four of the sailors joined the church. We reached New Orleans, where we stayed five days and took steamer for St. Louis. Cholera broke out among us and we had a terrible time, during eight days we buried thirty seven, and on arrival at St. Louis we sent twenty more to the hospital. We took a boat at St. Louis up the Missouri River to Savannah just above St. Joseph, on this voyage we buried twenty more, making seventy seven from New Orleans. We landed at Savannah May 10<sup>th</sup> 1849. We had the cholera in the family, and lost two of my sisters, father and one other sister had it but through the blessings of the Lord they recovered. While at Savannah I went hunting and killed 13 squirrels, 11 rabbits and a ground hog so the company had some fresh meat. Those who could get teams set out for Council Bluffs, but as we had no money we stayed at Savannah. While there we got acquainted with Brother Crookston, and

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Welsh, and their families. We all got work and by the first of Nov. were ready to continue our journey to Council Bluffs. We found at the Bluffs quite a lot of saints and we managed to get cabin to live in and later built one of our own. We had a hard time that winter as there was little or no work to be had. In March people came in large numbers to go to California, and we began to sell them pies, and cakes etc., we made money very fast while the migrants were there. That summer and winter I worked at sawing lumber with a whip saw, with Thomas Taylor. We did all kinds of odd jobs and earned considerable money so that in the spring of 1851 we were ready to start for Utah.

I worked for David Wilkin who had eight wagons and 100 head of young stock, mostly heifers, many of those were later put under yoke as the oxen gave out. When we got in the buffalo country, our oxen became wild and would run off with the buffalo in spite of all we could do. At one time we had a stampede and broke down three wagons. The buffalo were very numerous and at one place we passed a herd extending for thirty mile or more. We had several Indian scares but had no serious trouble. When within two days of Salt Lake our grub gave out and I was sent ahead on horseback to get some. I went into town and got some beef, potatoes, and flour and returned and found the company in Emigration canyon. We reached the city next day, November 18<sup>th</sup> 1851. I stayed with Mr. Wilkins and herded his stock over Jordan. It was not a very good job riding around in the snow all winter. I received for my services one yoke of cattle and sixty dollars in tithing scrip, which I paid to Heber C. Kimball for a lot in the sixteenth ward. As soon as the weather got warm enough to dry adobes I went to work making adobes and sold enough to pay my board and to hire a team to haul rock, and other stuff to build a house. I sold the oxen for lumber and sold some of the lumber to get other necessary things and by the 20<sup>th</sup> of July I had a house built. It was 16x28 two rooms, I also had the lot plowed and planted to

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potatoes and corn. I accomplished all this and paid up all as I went along. I did most of the work myself, and made my furniture from rough lumber. While crossing the sea I met a young lady named Jane Jones and we became attached to each other. She stayed at the bluffs and crossed the plains in the same company, and we were married August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1852, she died August 25<sup>th</sup> 1853. Father and my sisters had come out the year before so