

Hundredth Anniversary of Late David Jenkins  
The Cache American, Logan, Cache County, Utah  
Thursday, July 18, 1940

*This history is identical to one written by Kurt L. Jenkins, "as told by David Jenkins to his son, the writer."*

The family of the late David Jenkins will commemorate his 100th birthday anniversary today. Mr. Jenkins was one of Logan's early pioneers, having come here in the year 1860. He was a successful business man and experienced many incidents during the building of this commonwealth. His widow, Mrs. Sophie Kastli, and his son Albert P. Jenkins, reside in Logan today.

Mr. Jenkins' life story, briefly told by himself, prior to his death, is here given. It is full of incidents that make interesting reading.

"I was born at Llanelly, Carmarthenshire County, South Wales, July the eighteenth, 1840. My parents are John and Elizabeth Williams Jenkins. I have four brothers and sisters as follow: John, William, Thomas, Phillip, Sarah and Lizzie.

"We left Liverpool in 1855<sup>1</sup>, and crossed the ocean on the Great Caravan, landing in New York, April 1, 1855. From here we went to Pitston Ferry, Lucerne County, Pennsylvania, where we lived for about five years., long enough to earn enough money to continue our journey to Utah. En route to Pennsylvania, we stopped at Niagara Falls, N. Y. for a few hours and saw the rope where the man crossed the fall, and where he ate his dinner in the middle.

"From Pennsylvania we travelled by train to the Missouri River, which we crossed on a ferry, after continuing our journey to Florence, Nebraska. While on this boat I saw the first time in my life, two Indian squaws with their papooses. We stayed in Florence about one month preparing to cross the plains.

"At Florence we met John Morgan and family who came from the same country and town as my parents. Morgans had one pair of oxen--no wagon, so they joined us. Together, we had three yokes of oxen, one wagon, and one tent. As Mrs. Morgan was blind, the wagon was given to her, to occupy both day and night. My parents had to sleep in tents.

"While thus journeying along, there occurred a run-a-way on the fourth of July, with Mrs. Morgan in the wagon. However, no serious accident happened, because the captain of the company, John Smith, and another man got on their horses and rode beside the wagon, keeping the wagon on the road. One day, while hunting rabbits, I was surprised to hear the rattle of a snake near me. I jumped back and leveled my gun at it, shot and killed it! I took it to the camp and showed it to the captain and he asked me to give it to him. I told him he could have it if he

would give me the rattles, which were numbering nine. He did so and made oil of the snake. On the road we saw a large herd of Buffalo a mile or two ahead of us.

“While crossing the plains I celebrated my 20th birthday, on July 18. We arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, in August, 1860. After remaining in Salt Lake a few days, the Jenkins and Morgan families separated. Morgan went to Spanish Fork to live. John and David still reside there. Due to the fact that my cousin Griffith Charles lived in Logan we came here.

“On the journey from Salt Lake, between Willard and Brigham City, one of our oxen took sick and died. We couldn't go any farther. I, being the oldest son, was sent by my parents--on foot, to Logan,--to my cousin Griffith Charles to get an oxen in place of the dead one. Between Brigham and Wellsville a mail carrier overtook me and gave me a ride in his wagon to his home at Wellsville. He introduced me to his family, gave me supper, and a place to stay over night. While in his house, Mr. Gunnell's horses ran away. The wagon was shattered to pieces. The next morning I left Wellsville on foot. I arrived in Logan, and instead of getting one ox from Mr. Charles, he gave me a yoke of oxen.

“Returning to my parents with the oxen, we were again able to start for Logan. When we came to the Blacksmith Fork river we met Apostle Benson with a pack of mules and a carriage. He was on one side of the river, and we on the other. We waited for him to cross first, and once near us he asked where we were going, and welcomed us to Logan.

“Upon arriving in Logan we purchased three lots of land on first north and first west. My parents had the first lot (the corner lot). I had the next lot west, and my brother William was next west to me. We lived in tents and wagons until we were able to go to the canyon and haul some logs, with which to build a log cabin. Our first 'home' consisted of two rooms. Later on we tore the log cabin apart and built a frame house, which still stands, (although modernized with pebble dashing).

“My parents acquired farming land by patent from the U. S. Government. My brother William did likewise. I applied for some, but could not get it as I was a blacksmith. My parents made a living by raising and selling vegetables.

“Soon after our arrival, I was asked by Pres. Maughan to go to Florence to meet the immigrants and bring them to Utah. Because I was a blacksmith and since that trade was badly needed at that time, Apostle Benson had me stay at home. Later on, my brother William went back to Florence and brought immigrants to Utah. When he first came across the plains he drove mules for Salt Lake merchants who bought goods at Florence.

“My parents lived at the corner of first west and first north until my father's death. He died at the age of 83. My mother died when she was 91. Both parents are buried in the Logan cemetery.

“Sometime before my marriage I got logs from the canyon and built with the help of Wm. Jenkins, a log cabin on my own lot. Then I helped Wm. build his cabin. On December 26, 1864, I got married in the endowment house in Salt Lake. I was accompanied by Wm. Nelson and Wm. Brenchley and their brides. We all rode together in Wm. Nelson’s wagon.

“I married Miss Lena Coburn of Wellsville. We were all to be married on Christmas, but it came on a Sunday, and we got married the day after. When we arrived in Salt Lake, Brenchley and I and our brides were the guests one night, of Patriarch John Needham.

“ Our return trip through Wellsville canyon was very slow and it was difficult to wend our way because of the snow. It would have been impossible to go through had it not been for the many teams that were coming that way. When we arrived at Wellsville, I stayed at my wife’s home and the other two men also stayed at Wellsville, where they lived.

“We came to Logan and made our home on my own lot.

“ I tried farming and had a good crop, but the grasshoppers came and destroyed it. This was my last attempt at farming. At one time I owned 10 acres of farm land west of town and five acres joining the fairgrounds. While we lived in Logan during those early days, we were always having trouble with the Indians. Upon one occasion a white woman was run over by an Indian near Franklin. She was nearly dead when found, and was left a cripple for life. Her husband shot the Indian. Immediately all the nearby Indians gathered together to avenge this death upon the whites. There were many tribes in Franklin at this time, under the lead of Chief Washakie. The towns in Cache Valley were very sparsely settled and great distances apart, making attacks by the Indians very advantageous to them. The Red skins were well aware of this condition, and planned to go to each town and wipe the white people out.

“Among the pioneers was an organization known as ‘the minute men,’ to act in such occasions as this. Each town had such an organization, but, of necessity, one alone was much too small to cope, unaided, with such an attack as seemed inevitable. Although I was not a ‘minute man,’ I was nevertheless asked to ride from village, through night and desolation, to village; to face the unwanted danger of being scalped by those treacherous enemies; to give the unheralded news that an attack was near at hand, and to gather immediately in a central, appointed place.

“It was the middle of a pitch-dark night when I was asked to go on this dangerous mission, and when I made my young wife and small children an uncertain farewell--when I rode a stranger’s horse through dark and danger, from settlement to settlement, until at last, the way seemed blocked for sure--, there in front of me roared the mighty Bear River, known to be an extremely dangerous stream to ford or cross, and there was I, riding a strange horse, apprehensive with almost certain death should I continue. I had never before rode a horse through a running stream--and now I must ride an unknown horse, through an unknown stream, into an unknown and uncertain somewhere.

“I plunged into the river and let the horse go without pulling the bridle whatever, for I knew that the least pull one way or the other meant that horse and rider would go to an untimely, watery grave. I rode the horse on my knees and had to balance myself as best I could. I would rather face the Indians and the guns an hundred times than to face Bear River that night in pitch darkness and all alone!

“I came to the River near where Benson Ward is today, crossed it safely, and continued by journey to Clarkston. There was no road to point the way, but there was lurking danger at every turn. Reaching Clarkston safely I told the people to leave their homes at once and go to Smithfield. The other settlements were likewise informed, and their men collected in short order at Smithfield. Having delivered my message, I returned home.

“As a result of this ride of Utah’s ‘Paul Revere’ the pioneers were united in strength, and were well prepared to meet the Indians. Then came the Indians, but they met an unexpected army! The Whites were too numerous for them--too strong for them--too well prepared for them. And so the Indians fought not. Rather did they sue for peace. Rather than to war with them, we dined with them, and prepared a big feast in their honor. It was served on the tabernacle grounds in Logan. Apostle Benson and President Peter Maughan gathered cattle and flour and gave it to the Indians.

“In 1869 I started work on the Union Pacific Railroad, grading the ground where the roads were to be built. George Watson, John Thatcher, Hugh Adams and Ralph Smith had contracted the job. I worked for about four months until the Christmas of 1869, in Lost Creek, Weber Canyon, near the 1000 mile tree<sup>2</sup>. The next year I started work for the Central Pacific Railroad near the promontory, cutting wood, for there was no coal available at that time. Later I worked for the Utah Northern Railroad between the Promontory and Mendon, keeping the road clear of snow. At this time my daughter Lizzie was born<sup>3</sup>, but due to the large amount of snow, I was unable to be home at the time.

“After working on the railroads, I bought a wagon and horses and started the first express wagon service in Logan. I did a lot of work for Brigham Young, Jr. The Coe and Carter Co., built all the ties for the railroads, and I took them from the station to the Blanchard Hotel and back to the station. At other times I hauled for Apostle Geo. Q. Cannon, and one of the Walker brothers. Later I bought a lot and home on third north and main street, selling it soon after to Mr. Larsen. I also bought the lot on main street where the Thatcher Clothing Co. is now located, purchasing it from L. R. Martineau and selling it to Dr. Oliver Ormsby.

“About the year 1881 I started a store at the corner of first west and first north, where the Picot Apartments (Maurice Apartments now) now are. Here I sold general merchandise. I also bought a store west of the First National Bank, where Plumber Jones now has his shop. I bought it from Thomas Irvine. I moved into it from my earlier location, and continued the general merchandise business. Some years later I quit business and fulfilled a home mission renting my store out to different persons, among whom was Abe Jorgenson, who rented longer than anyone else. I sold the store in April, 1920, to Joseph and Lewis Cardon. In 1893 I left home for a mission to South

Wales, my native country. I stayed for over two years and received an honorable release from President Lund. The last few months in the mission field, my wife, Mrs. Lena Coburn Jenkins and my eldest daughter Lena came to South Wales and stayed until I was released. On the way home we stopped in Pitston, Pennsylvania, and visited with my brother John and family. Not long after we returned home, Mrs. Jenkins took sick and died<sup>4</sup>.

“After my return I started work in the Logan temple as an officiator, in which capacity I labored for some 18 years, receiving an honorable release from President Budge.

“In 1899 I married Miss Sophie Kaestli, of this city, in the Logan temple, and am the father of five sons, no daughters, by this marriage. I am the father of six sons and three daughters by my first wife, their names as follows: Wm. C., David F., Albert P., Arthur P., John, Leland E., Lynne, Lizzie and Anne. The sons of my present wife are named in the order of their seniority, as follows: Paul K., Leslie M., Alton A., Kurt L., and Joseph D. I am the grandfather of 17 grandchildren, and the great-grandfather of 9 great grandchildren.

“After living in the log cabin for a number of years and having a number of children, it became necessary for me to build a larger house. I cut logs in the canyon, took them to the sawmill for ripping, and therewith built a new house. Mr. Summers being engaged for the supervision and building. When completed it was one of the best homes in Logan. It still stands at 140 West First north street. We got the bricks from Halloway and I helped to make a road to the canyon, and also helped build the canal, as well as a bridge at Tony Grove, under the direction of George Thatcher. When the tabernacle was being built the people gave donations of cattle and other goods. For many years, during construction of the tabernacle, I got up at 4 o'clock in the mornings, and hauled beef from the slaughter house to the tabernacle. Ebenezer Farnes was the butcher at the slaughter house. I used my own team and gave my services to the building of the tabernacle.

“Due to the fact that I was an employee of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1869, I was a guest of honor at the Golden Spike Celebration held at Ogden, Friday and Saturday, May 9th, and 10th, 1919. Friday evening a concert was given at the Ogden tabernacle. At 9 p.m. there was a dance at the Berthana. Saturday noon we had lunch at Eagle's Hall; at 2 o'clock the formal exercises of the Golden Spike Celebration were held. At 6:30 p.m., we had dinner at Eagles Hall. At 8 p.m. another concert was rendered at the tabernacle, and a special show given at the Orpheum Theatre. At 9 p.m. there was a dance at the Berthana, this function ending the celebration.

“At the time of the Indian wars I belonged to Company A, first infantry, of which John Ormond was Captain, and Alvin Crockett was Colonel. I was called for two or three weeks each year to drill. I was on guard at nights for a period of years. I was also a member of the Marshall Band, directed by Charlie Slosson.”

*Notes by Mary Louise Jenkins Lillian, February 2012:*

<sup>1</sup> See notes and passenger list for voyage of Caravan, 1856 (rather than 1855) at [lib.byu.edu/mormonmigration/voyage.php?id=69#accounts](http://lib.byu.edu/mormonmigration/voyage.php?id=69#accounts). On the passenger list were the Jenkins family from Wales with their ages in parentheses: John Jenkins (40, farmer), Elizabeth Jenkins (47, wife), John, Jr. Jenkins (17), David Jenkins (15), William Jenkins (13), Sarah Jenkins (10), Thomas Jenkins (7), Phillip Jenkins (5), Elizabeth Jenkins (2).

### **A Compilation of General Voyage Notes**

"THE SHIP CARAVAN. -- On the 14th February we cleared 457 passengers (Saints) on this ship bound for New York, under the presidency of Elders Daniel Tyler, Edward Bunker, Leonard I. Smith, and William Walker. Among the passengers were two families of Scandinavian Saints, who were detained, by sickness, from going on the J. J. Boyd." "THE SHIP CARAVAN. -- Elder J. Taylor writes from New York, under date of April 2, as follows -- 'The Caravan arrived on the 27th ultimo, all well, no death but one child three years old. Those going forward have already started for their places of destination, the remainder, I think, will get employ.'" "NINETY-SECOND COMPANY. -- Caravan. On the fourteenth of February, 1856, the ship Caravan cleared from the port of Liverpool, with 457 Saints on board, under the presidency of Elders Daniel Tyler, Edward Bunker, Leonard I. Smith and William Walker. Among the passengers were two families of Scandinavian Saints, who were detained, by sickness from going on the John J. Boyd. On the fifteenth the presidency of the company divided the Saints into five sections, or wards, and Elder John Bulter was placed in charge of the Welsh Saints on board. Owing to storms and contrary winds, the ship did not get under weigh until the eighteenth. After a prosperous voyage, though stormy at times, the Caravan arrived in New York on the twenty-seventy of March, after a passage of forty-one days. During the voyage three children were born, and one passenger died. One couple were united in the bonds of matrimony, on which occasion the American flag was unfurled to the breeze, bells were rung, and all the jollifications made that were possible on shipboard in fair weather. On one occasion, while a storm was raging, a sailor fell head foremost from the foreyard of the vessel and expired almost instantly. Soon after arriving in New York, those who expected to go forward to the outfitting place on the frontiers started for Iowa City, while a number who had not the means wherewith to continue the journey, obtained temporary employment in New York and elsewhere. (Millennial Star, Vol. XVIII, pp. 140, 266, 300, 542; Deseret News, Vol. VI, p.100)" "Mon. 18. [Feb. 1856] -- The ship Caravan sailed from Liverpool, England, with 454 Saints, under the direction of Daniel Tyler. The company arrived at New York March 27th."

<sup>2</sup> See "Thousand Mile Tree" on Wikipedia: In 1869 graders of the railroad found a pine tree near their construction. It was in Weber Canyon, Utah, at exactly the 1000 mile mark along the railroad from Omaha, NE.

<sup>3</sup> Lizzie Jenkins was born 16 January 1873, in Logan, Utah.

<sup>4</sup> Lena Coburn Jenkins died 25 September 1896 in Logan, Utah, at 47 years of age.