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AN INTERESTING TRIP TO
BOULDER MOUNTAIN.

My sister Clara Roberts oldest boy G. Eldon Roberts, had heard that his grandfather and my father Samuel C. Young had shown to me the place where he had an extraordinary spiritual experience, while he was a boy about twelve years old which made him know that the Book of Mormon was indeed true. Eldon was anxious to see the place so that he as well as his children could know of the event which their great-grandfather had had.

Saturday morning the ninth of July 1977 just after seven o'clock A.M. my brother Raymond Young drove his "most popular foreign car" the Toyoya and waited for me for a moment in front of my home at 738 6th Avenue in Salt Lake City. I was ready with a canteen of two quarts of water, and enough lunch for two which My wife Hazel had prepared.

We drove to Eldon's home at 13,218 South, 1850 West in Riverton. Raymond also brought along some food including dried dates and some fresh cherries to eat along the way.

Eldon was soon ready, and the three of us was soon comfortably seated in his 1977 Ford Royal three quarter ton pick up truck. It had power steering. Auto-matic drive air conditioned and equiped with a "speed pacer". We appreciated this temperature controlled facility later in the day, for the day was clear--not a cloud in the sky, and the sun shone brightly and the day was hot. In that truck we were comfortable. Eldon drove, Raymond sat in the middle and I sat on the side because my legs were considered longest. The speedometer reading was 14,544.7 miles, and the time 8:23 A.M.

We had a pleasant journey as we traveled southward on the freeway, highway 115. We noted with interest the towns and the country side, and we recalled instances and events and stories which we had heard about them, as we rolled along with the "speed pacer" set at fifty-five miles per hour. We left the freeway at Levan and turned left and took highway 28 South. About fifteen miles south of Levan, there had been a flash flood coming from the dry hills to the east, which had covered the roadway with mud and gravel for about a mile. We supposed that this deposit must have stopped all traffic for a considerable time, until heavy road equipment could clear it away. We said we thought this storm must have been a real "frog strangler and gully washer."

We soon arrived at Gunnison where we joined highway 89. We soon passed Salina, and on to Siguard where we left highway 89, and turned left on to highway 24, the Fish Lake, and Capitol Reef National Monument road. We passed Koosharem reservoir which is not a large storage of water, but here we saw quite a lot of campers and fishermen. Soon we were at Loa. The time 11:15 A.M. We had traveled about onehundred and ninety five miles, in about three hours, which is pretty good time.

As I mentioned in the beginning of this writing, our project of this trip was to visit the "old Wild Cat" red dairy and re-locate the place where Father had his spiritual experience while he was a boy herding sheep, and reading the Book of Mormon on the Boulder Mountain. I wrote about this incident as father told it to me and included it in the book containing father's memoirs. Father first told me of this experience when I was twenty three years old just before going on a mission to the Central states. When I got on the train he reminded me to remember the incident as he told it to me, to confirm my testimony of the Book of Mormon. He also told Clara about this experience.

Clara said that father was eleven years old when he had this experience.

Father did not write about this extraordinary experience in his book of "Memories" as we have it. He might have done so but I have not found it. I have wondered why he didn't write about it for his book. Perhaps he had considered this incident especially sacred, for I believe that this was his first. I am convinced that father did not write about all of his experiences. This opinion is shared by at least two other members of his family. On two occasions he told me of events which he saw "before they happened." I am a witness of the fulfillment of one of them.

He did write about the experience of the visit of his sister Hattie, and his infant brother on the Boulder Mountain not far from this incident took place. He was thirteen years old when this took place. He wrote about quite a similar incident which happened later while in Mexico in 1892 when he was fifteen years old. He wrote about an emergency trip to mountains in Colorado where Clara lay quite helpless and sick. He was taken there, being escorted by a very mysterious, but very real person who instructed him to anoint and bless Clara. Clara affirms this event.

On this trip father and I walked up the draw toward the place where he was camped when he was very sick and his sister Hattie visited him, and he rehearsed this incident to me. But it seemed very important now, at this time to take me, and show me the place where he had seen the Angel Moroni, and tell me about it right where it took place.

In the year 1950 I bought an old maroon colored 1941 model Pontiac sedan, from Lewis T. Williams who lived in a house across the street on the north West corner of sixth ave and "K" street. I had this car rebuilt so that it ran very good. Father wanted to visit the "old" Wild Cat dairy on the Boulder Mountain where he had lived for a while when he was a boy. It was now in the fall of the year 1952. We took the back seat springs out and left them in the garage. We put our bedding and food and utensils in the back seat portion of the old car and we made ready to travel. If I had known at this time that father would die within the next two years, I might have been careful to make permanent notes of our trip. We were both in good spirits, and we were happy to be able to go on this trip, I had always wanted to see the "old" Boulder Mountain which he had spoken about so often during my childhood days. We spent nearly a week on our trip and traveled at our leisure. We didn't drive fast and we simply camped when darkness overtook us, or as evening came. We did our cooking on the open camp fire, for father was a good camp cook. At bed time we would spread a "tarp" or canvas on the ground and then we would make our bed on the cover. One morning when we awoke we found that we had camped in a sheep "bed." The weather was good. At night the stars were so brilliant and bright, that they seemed to stand right out of the sky. Father told me about the country and his boyhood days as we sat by the camp fire in the evening under that magnificent star strewn sky. Father seemed to know something about most of the canyons and valleys--and the roads. What "terrible" roads they had, I could not help but think.

We used Loa for "hub" or starting place for two or three of our excursions. We visited Bicknell and Lyman. Near Lyman we visited the cemetery, and father spent a lot of time examining the burial lots and making notes of the names and dates on the markers of the graves of his relatives who were buried there.

We visited Capitol "wash", as he called it, but we did not go all the way through it because of threatening weather conditions, but we did go to where the canyon was very narrow, and it was difficult to turn the car around. Although it was about mid-after noon, the sky became very black and cloudy, and it seemed especially dark in the narrow canyon, and the wind began to blow. We did not wish to be trapped in this narrow area in case of a flood and so we turned around and drove back out of the canyon.

We next visited the area on Pleasant Creek between Boulder Mountain and where the creek flowed into the Capitol Reef area. Father explained that the family had lived here during the cold part of the year after spending the summer at the Wild Cat dairy on the Boulder Mountain. Here on Pleasant Creek Grand Father John R. Young had held Sunday School, and meetings as well as other gatherings in his home for his family and others who might be in the area. Father was very disappointed at what we saw here. He couldn't tell exactly where the house had stood, or just where the corrals and barn and chicken coop had stood, for the flood waters had washed out everything it seemed. Where there had been green grass and a small field as well as the buildings, the rushing waters had completely washed out the top soil leaving only cobble stones or ditches, and at this time when we visited the place it was terribly dry.

Father and I next took the mountain road to visit the "Old Wild Cat Dairy" located on the eastern slope of the Boulder Mountain. As we approached the place from the east our road was on the South side of the meadow, and the dairy was on the north side of the meadow. The original buildings were now a thing of the past, but the "Dairy" had been replaced with a dull red painted house. The road crossed the meadow west of the dairy and after a short distance we could go no further because the rocks were too high for the old pontiac car to pass over.

We got out of the car and left it right in the road. The road had not been traveled very much, so we felt free to leave it there because we reasoned that it wouldn't in-convenience any one. Father seemed in deep thought as we walked along and crossed Pleasant Creek, which now was a tiny stream with over grazed banks, instead of a sparkling clear stream with grassy banks as he had known it. We walked on in a sort of a continuing meadow, then up a small slope toward the area where he had stumbled on to a cactus cluster and his knee became infected, and where his sister Hattie and infant brother had visited him. We did not go all the way to the place but turned back before we got there, for as I stated before, at this time father was intent on showing me right where he had been herding sheep at the time he had the experience of seeing the angel Moroni. Instead of telling about this incident now I want to tell it as a part of the trip which I began writing about in this story.

As Eldon, and Raympnd and I traveled we recorded the meter reading from time to time so we might determine the distance we had traveled between certain points if we so desired. Along with other things we talked about the importance of locating the place which father had shown me so that we might perhaps hold a family gathering there and also preserve the information for posterity. I kept thinking that father and I had used Loa for a starting point again, and that we had gone due south from there to get to the old dairy. To get our "bearings" we stopped at a farm house on the south section of Loa and asked for information. We were directed to the home of an elderly man whose name was Clair Akersorn. He knew every "inch" of that boulder mountain, and knew every lake and road, and meadow, but he didn't know of any dairy, except "Cooks" meadow on the west slope of the mountain. He drew us a sort of a map of the road, and assured that the south road would take us to the mountain. So we decided to take a look at the Boulder Mountain which father spoke of so often.

We took the south road and when we came to the fork in the road we took the left road which later passed by the government experimental station which is fenced in. We came to a point where we saw a valley at the east side of the road which extended north east for about three quarters of a mile and gathered into a "canyon" leading off the mountain slope. We learned later that this place was the area which was referred to as "Cook's Meadow." The road now became a long dugway traveling South east along the west side of the mountain. As the road turned eastward we came on top of the mountain. Here was the top of Boulder Mountain which I have wanted to see for such a long time. Now we learned one reason why it is called Boulder Mountain. The area is comparably "flat" for miles at the summit, covered with such large black boulders. Most of them are spherically rather than jagged rocks. They are lava rocks, and this is the top of an old volcano. There were many small lakes still remaining from the winters melting snow. This summer has been very dry, grass has not grown at all and is very scarce and dried out.

There was a net work of roads on the mountain plateau, and we took a forty mile trip enjoying the grandeur of the scenery, and we wanted to see all we could of father's Boulder Mountain that he had talked about so much. We followed an old "logging" road hoping that perhaps we could find an eastern exit off the mountain which would lead us to the Wild Cat Dairy on the East slope of the mountain range. But we found no such road, although there must be one. If we had known the country we might have known where to drive for we saw cars which had come from the eastern direction.

We passed a sign which said "Elevation 11,344 feet." We passed a spot where several plastic lined fifty gallon barrels were standing which the forest service had provided. The forest service had provided a few other places with garbage cans for the convenience of the travelers to help keep the forest clean. At this point the speedometer read 14,776.7 miles. We had now traveled 232 miles since leaving Riverton. We sat down beside the road on a dry but grassy place in the sunshine. Although it had been very hot in Salt Lake City, and we had utilized the cooler in the truck to keep comfortable, the sunshine up here in the "thin" atmosphere and the "gentle" cool breeze was very welcome. We ate our lunch which had been prepared by Hazel in Salt Lake City. We were near the edge of a small clear "cool" lake. A little ways on we parked the truck and walked over a small hill and saw a beautiful "canyon" lake where people were fishing. They had just got started and hadn't got any fish yet, but they explained that in the past they had done "real well" here. There were three or four cars or trucks camped near the lake. At 4:20 P.M. we passed "Noon Lake", and our speedometer read 14,787.7 Miles, eleven miles from the place where we ate our lunch. One mile later as the meter showed 14,788.7 miles we passed a small lake and the sign read "Donkey Lake". A road sign pointed toward Lightning Point but we didn't go that way but instead, took the left fork of the road, and after about a mile and a half we marveled at the immensity of a huge well drilling "rig" and its surrounding equipment. There were trucks and cars and tanks and motors with steam escaping all around it seemed. The drilling tower looked to be a hundred feet in height. The building around the machinery was large with several water cooling areas lined with plastic sheeting to make the holding areas water tight. We saw a large diesel engine which seemed to be furnishing heat and power for the whole operation.

There were several large tanks near by, all painted white. There were several large machines parked orderly in rows which seemed to be similar to road working machinery. These machines were all red, except the tires. We noted that the drilling shaft at the "drill" house was not rotating, and it was apparent that this Saturday the operation was not being operated, and the workers were away. We "oo-ed and awed" for a while at this gigantic display or exhibit, and guessed what it was all for. We reasoned that it was not oil or water drilling at all, but a probe for "geo-thermal" heat, from the top of this old extinct volcano.

We drove off the mountain, down the long dugway until we came to "Cooks Meadow", here we stopped beside the road. Eldon had been driving all the time and he was tired as could be well expected and wished to rest. He stretched out in the sunshine and I went for a walk. Raymond has been "jogging" in an effort to improve his health, so he went for a jog. It was so pleasant here in this clear clean air and sunshine. While resting a man driving a truck pulling a "sheep wagon" drove up and stopped beside our truck, and talked with us. He stated that his wife's grandparents had been the owner of this meadow, and that is why because of their name, that it was called "Cooks Dairy", or Cooks Meadow. It might have been a meadow in the past, but now it was a dry grass stubble flat that looked like it never did have any water. He told us that we could get to the Wild Cat ranger station by taking the road south out of Torey and on past Grover on the road to Escalante on the other side of the mountain. This was the road we wanted. When father and I had visited the Wild Cat Dairy we had started to go on to Escalante and Boulder, but we saw great clouds of smoke on the road ahead of us, and we knew that there was a forest fire making this smoke and we thought it would be wisest to turn around and go back the other way, which we did.

By this time it was late in the afternoon, but Eldon suggested that we give it a "go", if we felt alright. We enthusiastically agreed and we were soon on our way on down the mountain road. Again we passed the government experimental field enclosure and we noted that the speedometer read 14,798.4 miles, or 9.7 miles down the mountain road from "Donkey Lake". The time was 6:15 P.M. but the sun at this time of the year was still high and we knew we had quite a bit of time of daylight left. I felt remorseful and responsible for this side trip or "Wild Goose" trip I had got us on, but Eldon and Raymond assured me that if we hadn't taken this side trip we never would have had the pleasure of seeing all this scenery and the country where father had such valued and memorial experiences when he was young, for we never would have known the wonders of "Boulder Mountain."

We went on down to Bicknell and then Torey on highway number 24. We took the South road out of Torey to Grover. About ten miles out of Grover the good black top road suddenly ended. For the next ten miles to our destination we would now have improved gravel road. With pleasure I recalled the time when father and I had traveled this road when it wasn't quite so good as it was now, as it wended its way along the side of the mountain and all that beautiful scenery. It was impressively beautiful even if the grass was dry and only stubble. The trees and the distant view was awe inspiring. The way was not very steep, but it wandered about and wound around until sometimes it seemed we would meet ourselves coming back. The road was a "single" lane, with places where you might pass another car with not much room to spare. We came to the Wild Cat Ranger Station. Eldon remarked that he had heard grandpa Young mention it many times. We went a few yards past the station and took a dull road to the right, thinking it might be the "take off" for the dairy. We traveled perhaps a quarter of a mile up the canyon road among the quaking aspen trees and the road became quite steep and rocky. We stopped as five young men on motor bikes overtook us and went around us. One of them stopped to tell us they were going up to the lake and wondered if we could make it with the truck. We told him what we were looking for and he remarked that he had seen just such an old red building in the canyon by the ranger station that we had just passed. Eldon backed the truck around and we went back to a half hidden access road just north of the station which is on Pleasant Creek, and started

westward on the dim road and there ahead of us about a quarter of a mile was the old red building which father and I had seen on our trip which he explained was standing about where the old Wild Cat dairy had stood when he was a boy. The old road which father and I had traveled on was on the other side of the draw, and no longer usable. The old road had passed west of the old building and on to where father and I had parked the Pontiac car because of high center rocks. Eldon parked the truck and after getting a drink from a running faucet on a water pipe which stood about three feet above the ground, we set out on foot. We soon reached the very place on the old road where father and I had walked that time and crossed the little creek just as father and I had crossed it. We turned to our right and walked northward up the mountain slope and along the creek. Although much of the timber was different and the underbrush was different, still it was dry just as it was when father and I had visited the area before, thirty-nine years ago. I knew the area as soon as we came to it. The little swale where the sheep had been feeding and the stump where father had sat, with the dog laying near his feet. I remembered so clearly and distinctly that father had stopped and said, "It was right here! I sat on an old stump right here! The dog lay right there. The sheep were feeding right over there!" as he pointed in the direction of the little swale covered with grass. "I saw the brilliant angel come up right there from that direction!" he pointed to the south along the course of the creek. "When the angel left," he continued, "he went back the same way, and just disappeared down there!"

As Eldon, and Raymond and I walked around the place, I came to a certain spot where I suddenly experienced such a strange exhilarating feeling. I stepped away from the spot then stepped back. I knew that right here was the place father told me he had been sitting at the time of his marvelous experience. I had such a humbling feeling that I just couldn't control my emotions for I was sure that it was the place right there where father had calmly said that day, "It was right here!" In spite of Eldon and Raymond being present I just couldn't help crying a little and shedding tears.

I feel better now for I have given the information concerning this event to my Brother Raymond and my Sister's oldest boy, Eldon Roberts. This location can be preserved for future generations as well as our children and relatives now living.

I felt disappointed because this place was so very dry, so every day; common. Not a picture story book grandure at all. Just real plain rocks and dirt and vegetation along the mountain slope. There is a spring adjoining the place and people have built a small round concrete cover over it. Perhaps this is where the water came from in the tap by the Wild Cat dairy where we had taken a drink a little while before.

On our way back to the car Eldon wanted to examine the old red building. There was also an old delapidated log barn a few yards from the house. We could easily tell that neither of these buildings were a part of the old original dairy buildings, where father lived when he was a boy.

It was late afternoon by this time so we got in the truck and started our return trip to Salt Lake city. On our way we began planning a family gathering at this place as soon as we could this summer. We neglected to look at the speedometer so I can't tell just how far we had traveled since leaving Riverton, but we did determine that it was twenty miles from Grover. Ten miles of black hard top and ten miles of gravel road.

It was nearly midnight ~~night~~ when we returned to Riverton, but we had experienced a very pleasant and rewarding trip.

WE CAMP ON PLEASANT CHRRK
NEAR THE WILD CAT DAIRY.

We attempted to plan our family excursion to the Wild Cat Dairy, at a time when members of the family living in Bluewater, New Mexico, could join us. But it was already late summer and time was running out, so we decided to make the trip and family gathering for as many as could come, Friday and Saturday, July twenty-second and twenty-third.

G. Paul and Ila Young and two of their children, David and Gary, drove down to the Boulder Mountain on the twenty-second and hoped to reserve a camping spot by the old Wild Cat Dairy, but when they arrived they found some one camped there already, so they drove around to the south side of the valley and camped where there would be sufficient room for those who would follow. There was one difficult rocky spot in the road, but the camp spot was worth the trouble, for it was among the pine trees and on a grassy clearing. It is interesting to learn that very early the next morning some of the members saw four deer come right into camp near their car before their curiosity was satisfied and they went back into the forest.

Following is a brief list of those who attended. G. Eldon Roberts who greatly encouraged and envisioned this trip, and his Wife Dorothy and his family, all but two of his children, and his mother Clara Young Roberts. He camped a little way from the main group to be near the camp of some friends who attended. Le Grand Lyman and his wife Carol were there with their entire family of children. Carol is the daughter of Raymond C. and Dorothy Young who were also there, Hazel J. Young, my wife and myself Wilford T. Young completed the list,

It rained a little during the night after we had all gone to bed, but it didn't last long. Morning came clear and bright and every one busied himself --or herself with preparing breakfast and other camp chores, and made ready for the short hike to the appointed place.

Near noon we all started out on our walk. We walked across the meadow, past the old red building and barn which is standing about where the old Wild Cat Dairy used to be, that father talked about so much. We continued westward to a small stream which is a tributary to the Pleasant Creek. We turned northward and walked up the mountain slope to the place where father showed me where he had been sitting on an old tree stump reading an old worn copy of the Book of Mormon, when the angel Moroni appeared to him on that memorial day. As I narrated the story before, father pointed out the place to me. "I Sat right here." He said, "And my dog was laying there by my feet, and the sheep were feeding right over there." The angel came up the slope from the south along the stream, and stood before him and told him that he was the man spoken of in the very book he was reading.

We all gathered near the place and sat down on the hill side. I took charge. Eldon gave the opening prayer. His son Stevens Eldon Roberts led the singing. We sang We Thank thee O God for a Prophet, and I am a Child of God. Raymond read father's account of the visit of his angel sister and baby brother when he was camped further up the draw and was near death's door resulting from the poison from an infected knee. I told of our purpose for gathering together to preserve for posterity this location and the incident as father told it. G. Paul Young gave the closing prayer.

This was a very friendly and pleasant trip. I hope we can repeat this trip on other occasions, when Clifford and Golden can be with us, with their families.