

## WHEN THE TRAPPER CLAN WAS KING ON TIMPANOGAS

*Much Neglected Are the Tales of Mighty Hunters in the Wasatch and the Traveling Traders Whose Utah Territory Was From Fort John, Now Fort Laramie; Down the Timpanogas, Now the Provo; to Lake Ashley, Now Lake Utah. Their Line Was Beads and Booze and for Pay They Received Bear and Beaver.*

BY ISAAC RUSSELL.

Rich in its love of romance and full of incident of thrilling adventure would be the true mountain narrative of Utah's first inhabitants, could the scraps of their story be brought together out of the shadows to make the men familiar who now are known in that their names survive in mountain, valley and river.

The great achievement of the clan consisted in carrying back to the states the tales of adventure, of natural scenery, of wide expansive saline waters—that stirred the Missouri frontier to a fever of excitement over the west, and stirred the government into sending out the Fremonts, the Stansburys, the Gunnisons and the others of the "official investigators."

To name these old trapper travelers now will be to name names that are strange even to those whose memory seems to run back to the very beginning of things. There was Ashley, whose territory was from Fort John, now Fort Laramie, down the Timpanogas, now the Provo; to Lake Ashley, now Lake Utah. That he has succeeded in making himself remembered in Ashley valley of eastern Utah and in the Ashley fork of the Duchesne river those who know the names will recall. But that he brought over 150 men to Utah lake in 1826, and had a fort built there twenty years before the Mormon pioneers emerged from Emigration canyon, after being guided on their way from Fort Laramie by another of these trappers, James Bridger, in a much less widely known incident. It is as obscure in fact as is the record of the trip of one of his trappers, Jedediah Smith, to Los Angeles and return to Tooele valley twenty-four years before the Mormon party under Apostles Rich, Lyman and Pratt made the trip which now is given the honor of being the original expedition.

Of Peter Skeen Ogden, who knows any more than that Ogden canyon bears his name? And of Duff Weber the record is fully as obscure leaving us only the query as to why Weber canyon should bear his name.

Certain overshadowing facts of history in America have so absorbed the makers of records that the work of the travelers in the west has yet to be collected, brought out from under the shadow of the gold discovery in '49, the Mormon emigration in '47, and the War of the Rebellion which in the making, interested the eastern states while the western territory was being explored by fur company drummers, and their tales were being told to excite a more extended survey.

Once written, the story will tell of the keen contest for the west waged between English influences, crowding down the northern tributaries of the Columbia with its sea front as an objective, the American traders crowding down the Snake and on to the Columbia to found Astoria at the river's mouth, the Mexican influences crowding northward through the California settlements, and even to the site of Ogden city, which the Mormon settlers had to purchase from Spanish owners; and the Russian advance represented in the Alaskan colonies. It will include the buying of Alaska as part of the movement which pushed Mexico back through the Mexican war, drove England away from the Columbia with the naval victories of the war of 1812, and furnished a motive

for the organization of the Nauvoo Legion by Joseph Smith, when he was contesting with Kearney and Fremont for the honor of heading an armed advance into the land to the west in which the trapper tales grew so marvelously.

From the advance work of Eve with the apple specialty in Eden followed the establishment of a number of well known houses, and the building up of a considerable world. From the advance "peddling" of the old Utah and Rocky Mountain trappers came America's interest in the west, and from the U. C. T. convention of 1908 is going out the word that Utah can put up just about as good a time as anybody ever heard of. Together the three chapters make a story without a rival in history, sacred or profane.

To give the old business scouts their due credit is a difficult task, but not too difficult to afford a point of beginning and so through Goodwin's is to run a series giving all that can be learned about some of our old-time friends.

That Major James Bridger, for instance, met Brigham Young and his men of the 1841 pioneers within a day's journey of Laramie and told him that he would bet \$100 an ear of corn could not be raised in Salt Lake valley, has been heralded to the world. That Bridger also told him just how to get into the valley, including the route down Parley's canyon and the ascent over Big and Little mountains into Emigration canyon is a matter much less widely heralded as is its companion fact that to Fort Laramie the pioneer route followed a fur trader's wagon road.

The Mormon men of the first decade after 1847 had their friends, the historians. The trappers and traders were a disappearing generation.

Careless about making records, careful only that their bowie knives were sharp and their camp was pitched where wood and water would not give out the trappers ran their course, forgot to write books about it, and had their lightly taken glories as pathfinders stolen from them by men who lightly lifted the cargo wherever an owner was not on the grounds to defend his rights.

So it was that Fremont came when the trappers were almost through with their adventures, sketched a map of the river where Kit Carson and Peter Skeen Ogden had trapped for a full decade, robbing it of the name "Mary's River," which had been given it by Carson in honor of an Indian wife, and established as a proper name for a score of years.

The same vandalism has robbed many a man in the Wasatch country of the names he fixed to peak or river or valley.

Today we know Utah lake and the Provo river. And yet Lake Timpanogas for over a hundred years was famous in tales of adventure and romance, and for a score of years the traders and all the Missouri frontier country knew Lake Ashley, where John Jacob Astor's men were camped, and where Captain Ashley in 1826 built a great fort to protect a company of over 100 men from Indians of the Uintah Utes.

Similarly "Fort John" of the Northwest Trading Company, became, when the trappers sold it to the government, Fort Laramie, and another thing was done to erase from the names of the

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## SUMMER SHOWS.

ORPHEUM STOCK COMPANY  
in the  
THREE OF US.

Very pleasing, very satisfactory and one of the best plays of the late season in town, is the "Three of Us" at the Orpheum this week, presented by the Orpheum Stock company.

Despite unusually warm weather and the attractions at the resorts, the show has drawn excellent audiences through the week. The engagement closes with a matinee this afternoon and a performance tonight. The piece is by far one of the best plays attempted here for the past two seasons by a stock company. Its plot is stronger, its action faster, smoother and surer, and its interest far more tense than is usually found in a play of this character. The Orpheum players are giving it a splendid production. There is scarcely a weak spot in the entire cast and some especially good work is done by several members of the company.

Earle Williams and Lee Baker have the two leading roles and both men prove themselves capable, forceful actors. Mr. Baker does a heavy that is an extremely good piece of work. Mr. Williams plays the lover intelligently and with excellent effect. John Gorman is proving an unusually clever man in juvenile work. Miss Edith Evelyn has the leading feminine role this week, and she comes to the front with forceful, compelling acting. She is possessed of a personal charm and personality that adds greatly to her work. Very clever is the "Maggie" of Miss Margaret Sayres. She is worth two hours and a half in a hot theater alone. Miss Sayres hasn't had a part big enough for her since the company opened at the Orpheum. When she does get one, I want to be there. Miss Lola May and the other members of the company are splendidly cast in the "Three of Us," and do very excellent work. The play is a good one not to miss.

### THE BUTTERFLIES.

Henry Guy Carelton's satire, "The Butterflies," will be presented at the Orpheum next week. The engagement opens Monday night and runs throughout the week. Carelton's play is one in which Maud Adams, John Drew and half a dozen other present day stars have appeared at one time or another during the past years, and the piece is unquestionably one of the most successful and clever society plays we have had to date. Carelton has embodied in the three acts of the piece, the philosophy—or lack of it—in present day society. He sticks a nice large, round pin in the social bubble.

Miss Edith Evelyn and Mr. Earle Williams are to have the two parts in the play made famous by Miss Adams and Mr. Drew. Joe Green will play Hiram Green, an eccentric and uneducated millionaire. Everyone in the company gets a good, big part for the week, and unusual efforts have been made to stage the piece elaborately.

The resorts have had the best week of it since Monday, of the season, with the exception, of course, of the three or four days the U. C. T. boys hit things up. The bike races at the Salt Palace and at Saltair have been all that could be asked for, and then some. The motor races at the Salt Palace Tuesday night put enough thrills in the game to last out the month. About the first time Chapman puts four of the buzz bikes on his Saltair track and one of them is Whittier, very properly styled by Big Bill as the wabbling wizard, we shall be extremely pleased to occupy a point of vantage on the roof of the pavilion. The Saltair track is three feet narrower than the Salt Palace saucer, and it ought to prove a small