A DARING EXPEDITION
Four Men Navigate the Upper Salt River for One Hundred Miles.
The Passage of the Great Box Canyon.

Today we are able to lay before the readers of the HERALD a most interesting and thrilling account of the navigation of the upper Salt river, through the great box canyon which has heretofore been considered impassable, and to the knowledge of the whites has never been passed by any man till the present expedition came through. But we will tell of their venturesome journey in the language of the journal which they kept of the event, from day to day, as they came along on their trip, and which has been prefaced since their arrival, and reads as follows:

“Since the first settlement of the Tonto Basin, eight or nine years ago, the “box canyon” of Salt river, below the mouth of Tonto Creek, has never been explored from the river’s course and has only been seen by prospectors from the arroyos or charms that lead from the mountain sides down to the river’s bed, consequently it was considered by most people to be entirely inaccessible, until the writer of this journal, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Burch of Green Valley, Mr. John Meadows, of East Verde, and Mr. Wm. Robinson of Wild Rye, made the successful attempt here recorded, arriving in Tempe all safe and sound, after a voyage of four days from Judge Eddy’s ranch, four miles above the mouth of Tonto creek, and ninety to 100 miles above Phoenix.

FIRST DAY: Sailed from Eddy’s ranch to the mouth of Tonto Creek. Passed safely over four or five smooth rapids and landed for the night.

SECOND DAY: Sailed off in the presence of a bevy of the fair sex who waved us bon voyage and a happy return. Commencing to enter the first canyon. Passed over several swift and dangerous rapids. Found stockmen’s houses along the river bank; hailed them and astonished the proprietors with our nautical craft coming in so suddenly amongst them. Continued our cruise and soon found the river again commencing to box, and ourselves in the midst of one of the most impressive scenes of grandeur and sublunary probably in existence. The river bed is almost entirely confined between perpendicular heights, only occasionally shoaling at the foot of the wall, caused by the rain washing down pebbles and debris through chasms and fissures in the perpendicular and sometimes overhanging walls, rising often to probably more than a thousand feet in height. Such as are inspiring solitude and grandeur it was never my fortune to behold. At various points that to be assumed; pinnacled, serrated and all kinds of fantastic forms, one isolated, massive rock looking like the capital of a Corinthian column. The river amidst this tremendous scene is deep, smooth and placidly winds and deviates in its onward course; fish are often visible repeatedly swimming past us, from two to three feet in length. Camped at evening on one of the shoals at the foot of the wall, which gave us space sufficient to spread our blankets. We set our fishing lines and mused on our further progress through so sublime a region, always anticipating what everyone believes to exist, a tremendous fall, to interrupt our further progress, and which would cause us to retrace our course or hurl us into eternity, as the case might be. Nevertheless we all slept soundly and dreamt; at least I did.

THIRD DAY: Started off after breakfasting on a salmon caught by Burch, the first fish caught. Found the canyon walls growing higher and more perpendicular, sometimes overhanging. Passed a school of salmon. River channel more winding and occasionally large rocks in mid-channel. River current more rapid, country opening and current heavy; Cascades and falls, occasionally from four to six feet high, but our duck like boat shot over all of our crew became animated, even excited at our wild and rapid career
bumping on rocks occasionally, but never breaking, only shipping a little sea occasionally, caused by the waves rolling over the boulders. Sailed on until midday, when we found a ranchman named Jones with his wife snugly settled on the high banks of the river. They cheerfully offered us their most royal hospitality, which was as cheerfully and most thankfully received. Continued on our course after dinner in high glee and found the river bed rapidly descending between low mountains, the sailing was grand but it was necessary to look out for rocks ahead; had several narrow escapes in our rapid descent and finally we shot up on top of a large rock in mid-channel, which we did not see, our gallant host was upset and we were left perched on the rock like "ye ancient mariner." Worked all afternoon to get our boat off, but without success, so we swam ashore and slept on granite boulders. Meadows having swam downstream to miles for an ax with which he returned to cut poles to pry off the boat.

FOURTH DAY: Got her off this morning, picked up what we could find of our commissary department and floated quietly and pleasantly along till we arrived at Dr. W. W. Jones ranch above the mouth of the Verde, when the Doctor and Col. Ridley entertained us with their accustomed hospitality. Here we laid over the following day and then continued our course down the river lifting our boat over the dam of the Arizona canal and shot over two others, then entered the head of the Tempe canal and sailed down within four miles of Tempe. Thence we hauled our boat in a wagon to Tempe. On taking our good boat out of the water she was found to be slightly chafed by coming in contact with the rocks. --Jas. Logan."

To be above most interesting narrative we will add that the boat was built by Mr. Logan, who is himself a skilled river craftsman and sailor and the three gentlemen with him understand the navigation of rough river water thoroughly.

The object of the expedition combined business and well as pleasure; the business portion of the trip being for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of floating logs or lumber down from the Upper Salt River, where timber of excellent quality grows in abundance, and where Mr. William Burch, one of the party who owns a steam saw mill. Mr. Burch, who visited our office today is company with Messrs Robinson and Logan, informs us that he thinks it entirely practicable to float logs down the river to some point in this valley where there is a demand for lumber and contemplates the removal of his mill down here. The main difficulty is to get the logs to the river, the timber being some ten miles back from its banks but with a gradual decline to the river's edge.

4465840
A DARING EXPEDITION.
Daily Phoenix Herald, 6/5/1885

Four Men Navigate the Upper Salt River for one Hundred Miles.

The Passage of the Great Box Canyon.

Sublime scenery. — Passable.

Today we are able to lay before the readers of the HERALD a most interesting and thrilling account of the navigation of the upper Salt river, through the great box canyon which has heretofore been considered impassable, and to the knowledge of the whites has never been passed by any man till the present expedition came through. But we will tell of their venturous journey in the language of the Journal which they kept of the event, from day to day, as they came along on their trip, and which has been preserved since their arrival, and reads as follows:

"Since the first settlement of the Tonto Basin, eight or nine years ago, the "box canyon" of Salt river, below the mouth of Tonto Creek, has never been explored from the river's course and has only been seen by prospectors from the arroyos or channels that lead from the mountain sides down to the river's bed, consequently it was considered by most people to be entirely inaccessible, until the writer of this journal, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Burch, of Green Valley, Mr. John Meadows, of East Verde, and Mr. Wm. Robinson of Wild Rose..."
made the successful attempt here recorded, arriving in Tempe all safe and sound, after a voyage of four days from Judge Eddy’s ranch, four miles above the mouth of Tonto creek, and ninety to 100 miles above above Phoenix.

First Day:—Sailed from Eddy’s ranch to the mouth of Tonto Creek. Passed safely over four or five smooth rapids and landed for the night.

Second Day:—Sailed off in the presence of a lady of the fair sex who waved us bon voyage and a happy return. Commencing to enter the first canyon. Passed over several
swift and dangerous rapids. Found stockmen's houses along the river bank; hailed them and astonished the proprietors with our packets, craft coming in so suddenly amongst them. Continued our cruise and soon found the river again commencing to fall, and ourselves in the midst of one of the most imposing scenes of grandeur and sublimity probably in existence. The river bed is almost entirely confined between perpendicular heights, only occasionally shooting at the foot of the wall, caused by the rain washing down pebbles and eroding through chasms and fissures in the perpendicular and sometimes overhanging walls, rising often to probably more than a thousand feet in height. So noble and inspiring were the heights and grandeur it was never my fortune to behold. At various points the to be assumed pinnacle, spritited and all kinds of fantastic forms, one isolated, massive rock looking like the capital of a Corinthian column. The river amidst this wonderful scene
i-deep, smooth and placidly winds
and deviates in its onward course;
fish are often visible repeatedly
swimming past us, from two to
three feet in length. Camped at
evening on one of the shelves at the
line of the wall, which gave us
space sufficient to spread our
blankets. We set our fishing lines and
mused on our further progress
through so sublime a region, always
anticipating what every one believes
to exist, a tremendous fall, to inter-
rupt our further progress, and which
would cause us to retrace our course
or hurl us into eternity, as the case
might be. Nevertheless, we all slept
soundly and dreamt, at least I did.

Third Day:—Started off after
breakfasting on a salmon caught by
Burch, the first fish caught. Found
the canyon walls growing higher
and more perpendicular, sometimes
overhanging. Passed a school of
salmon. River channel more wind-
ing and occasionally large rocks in
mid-channel. River current more
rapid, country opening and current
heavy; Cascades and falls, occasionally
from four to six feet high, but
our duck like boat shot over and all
of our crew became animated, even
excited at our wild and rapid career
bumping on rocks occasionally, but
never breaking, only shipping a little
sea occasionally, caused by the waves
rolling over the boulders. Nailed on
until midday, when we found a
ranchman named Jones with his
wife snugly settled on the high
banks of the river. They cheerfully
welcomed as their most royal hospi-
tality, which was as cheerfully and
most thankfully received. Continued on our course after dinner in high glee and found the river bed raging, descending between low mountains, the sailing was grand but it was necessary to look out for rocks ahead, and several narrow escapes in our rapid descent and finally we shot up on top of a large
rock in mid-channel, which we did not see, our gallant boat was upset and we were left perched on the rock like "ye ancient mariner." Worked all afternoon to get our boat off, but without success, so we swam ashore and slept on granite boulders. Next day we swam down stream two miles and on an ox with which he returned to cut poles to pay off the debt.

Fourth Day — Got her off this morning, picked up what we could find at our commissary department and directed quietly and silently along till we arrived at Dr. W. W. Jones ranch at the Verde, where the Doctor and Col. Harley entertained us with their accustomed hospitality. Here we laid over the following day and then continued our course down river lifting our boat over the dam of the Arizona canal and shot over two others, then entered the head of the Tempe canal and sailed down within four miles of Tempe. Thence we hauled our boat in a wagon to Tempe. On taking our guest boat out of the water she was found to be but slightly chafed by coming in contact with the rocks.

Jan. Logan.

To the above most interesting narrative we will add that the boat was built by Mr. Logan, who is himself a skilled river-craftsman and sailor, and the two gentlemen with him understand the navigation of rough water thoroughly.

The object of the expedition combined business as well as pleasure; the business portion of the trip being for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of floating logs of timber down from the Upper Salt river, where timber of excellent quality...
groves in abundance, and where Mr. William Burch, one of the party, owns a steam saw mill. Mr. Burch, who visited our office to-day to company with Messrs. Heiner and Logue, informs us that he thinks it entirely practicable to float logs down the river to some point in the valley where there is a demand for lumber and contemplates the removal of his mill down here. The main difficulty is to get the logs in the river, the timber being some ten miles back from its banks, but with a gradual decline to the river's edge.