

196

Transcript of *Daily Phoenix Herald* newspaper article from June 5, 1885

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; pinnaced, 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 in 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.

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 Brewery.—Pasadena.

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 channels that lead from the mountain sides down 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 Kody'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; halted them and astonished
the proprietors with our nautical
craft coming in so suddenly
amongst them. Continued our cruise
and soon found the river again com-
mencing to loze, and ourselves in the
midst of one of the most impressive
scenes of grandeur and sublimity
probably in existence. The river
bed is almost entirely confined be-
tween perpendicular heights, only
occasionally shoaling at the foot of
the wall, caused by the rain washing
down pebbles and other material.
Chasms and fissures in the perpen-
dicular and sometimes overhanging
walls, rising often to probably more
than a thousand feet in height. Such
as we are a striking example and grand-
deur it was never my fortune to be-
hold. At various points the rocks
assume: pinnacled, craggy and all
kinds of fantastic forms, one isolat-
ed, massive rock looking like the
capital of a Corinthian column. The
river amidst this tremendous scene

is deep, smooth and placidly wide 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 toe foot of the wall, which gave us space sufficient to spread our blankets. We set our fishing lines and moved on our further progress through so sublime a region, always anticipating what every one believed 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 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. Halted 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. Con-
tinued on our course after dinner in
high glee and found the river bed
very rapid 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 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. Meadows having swam down stream two miles for an ax with which he returns to cut poles to pry off the boat.

FOURTH DAY—Got out of this morning, picked up what we could find of our contemporary department and drifted quietly and pleasantly along till we arrived at Dr. W. W. Jones ranch above the mouth of the Verde, where the Doctor and Col. Kelley 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 about over two others, then entered the head of the Tempe canal and sailed down within four miles of Tempe. There we hauled our boat in a wagon to Tempe. On taking our good boat out of the water she was found to be but slightly chafed by coming in contact with the rocks.

JAS. 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 three gentlemen with him understand the navigation of rough river waters 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 or lumber down from the Upper Salt River, where timber of excellent quality

ground is abundant, and where Mr. William Burch, one of the party, owns a steam saw mill. Mr. Burch, who visited our office to-day in company with Messrs. Roberts and Logan, 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 to the river, the timber being some ten miles back from its banks, but with a gradual decline to the rivers edge.