

for further orders, either at Carretas or at Cloverdale as you may judge best."

"But," said I to Gatewood, "this trail is all a myth—I haven't seen any trail of hostile Indians since July 1st, three weeks ago, when it was washed out by the rains."

Gatewood seemed startled by the statement. "Well," he said, after some reflection, "if that is so I will go back and report there is no trail."

"Not at all," said I, "if General Miles desires that you be put on a trail I will find one and put you on it. In any case I can take you with me and hunt up Lawton and he surely will be able to find a hostile trail—he is probably on one now."

Gatewood dissented. He pleaded he was sick and was not in fit condition to travel. "Very well," said I, "we will wait here until you are better." Gatewood, with some unwillingness, assented. He said that in any case he would require an escort of at least twenty-five or thirty mounted men.

After reflection I determined to escort Gatewood with my entire command. I accordingly wrote the District Commander as follows: " \* \* \* To furnish an escort of this size, twenty-five or thirty men, will take half of my command \* \* \* The small remnant of this column remaining after Lieutenant Gatewood's escort is deducted would possess no efficiency and be of no use. I have therefore determined to take along the entire outfit. While this determination conflicts with the orders I have received I believe it is the only course open to me consistent with the interests of the service and the ends desired by the Department Commander."

I have taken pains to go into this matter at length for as a result of this decision of mine the way was opened for the negotiations with and final surrender of Geronimo.

After Gatewood's arrival we remained in Carretas for six days, at the end of which time he announced that he was sufficiently recovered to proceed.

The trail over the divide led down into the valley of the Bavispe River, a branch of the Yaqui River.

Bavispe Valley, which contained the little towns of Bavispe, Baceras, and Huachiners, is entirely separated from the rest of the world by high mountains. Not a wheeled vehicle had ever been seen there.

Marching for three days through the Valley of Bavispe, on July 30th we left the river and travelled southwest over a high rolling plateau camping at some water holes.

Sixty miles from Bavispe we arrived July 3rd at Baçadehuachi, a curious looking town situated on a rock at the base of some remarkable mountains, where we heard for the first time of Lawton's whereabouts. They told us he was south of Nacori on the Yaqui or Haros River. That he had been there some days, and was vainly searching for an Indian trail. That the Indians were in hiding and had committed no depredations for some weeks. I met here a party of peons gathering acorns in the mountains—it was one of their principal foods.

Marching south thirty miles down the Nacori River we arrived August 3rd at Lawton's camp on the Haros or Yaqui River. This river which falls into the Gulf of California near Guaymas, is here a broad, swift stream, unfordable when we reached it.

Before arriving at Lawton's camp we came upon a party of Lawton's scouts under Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, working on a raft which they were building with a view to crossing the river in order to scout southward towards Sahuaripa. Wood, who seemed in excellent spirits, was in the river tying together some palm tree trunks which barely floated. The crossing looked to me like a somewhat hazardous proposition.

At the camp I found Captain Lawton, Lieutenants R. A. Brown, Walsh and A. L. Smith, (all of these officers have since distinguished themselves—Walsh and Brown as Brigadier Generals in the World War, and Smith as Assistant Quartermaster General.) I found Lawton in a pessimistic mood. He had been then in the field since May 5th, three months, searching vainly to overtake Geronimo in the immense area of Northern Mexico, wild and rugged in the extreme, difficult to traverse. As a result of his exertions his command was pretty nearly used up—all the officers except Wood were suffering from minor ailments (Wood himself had been sick). The weather was very hot with rains every day or night. Many of the men were sick. For several weeks he had lost touch with the hostiles, who had disappeared—he was sending Wood and the scouts south of