

had much in common with navigating any one of the seven seas,' says Mr. Clum in his notes. 'True, in the desert, there were occasional wagon roads, but they were not "signed" as our highways are today. Consequently, when we traversed those tremendous open spaces, we often depended for direction upon the slant of sun shadows and the position of major stars. In planning our march in search of Geronimo, I gathered all available maps and other data which I thought necessary, spread them out on tables in the agency office, and summoned my Apache "general staff" for counsel on war strategy. I tried to explain the maps to the Indians, but made no progress at all. Eskiminzin, Taelclyee, Goodah and Sneezer would look at the maps, then at each other, then at me, but there was no light of understanding in their eyes.

'Rather an interesting situation, because my Apaches knew, either by instinct or "grapevine," or both, that we would find Geronimo and his band of murderers between the headwaters of the Gila River, the west bank of the Rio Grande, and the Mexican border. In fact, many of my Indians had served with Cochise and Geronimo in the Chiricahua country. They knew every hill and creek and canon. But they could not discover any locations on the white man's map, and could not agree with exactness among themselves as to the route we should follow.

"We go six suns so," protested Sneezer, pointing eastward, "then through pass in mountains so, then nine or ten suns so" --and Sneezer orated and made signs until he became quite involved, both physically and verbally. The other leaders endeavored to correct or amplify Sneezer's explanation, and my mental fog became complete. However, at the end of the debate, I was convinced that my Apaches knew where Geronimo was and how to reach his hiding-place; that the proposed route took us by convenient water supply; that we would have to walk four hundred miles at the rate of about twenty-five miles per day. So we forgot about the maps, entrusted