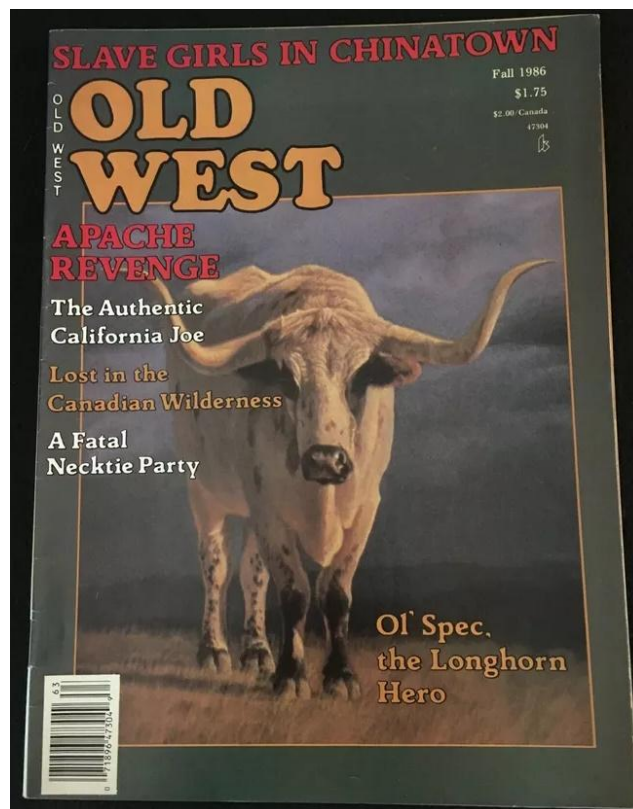


Grijalva's Apache Revenge

Jacqueline Meketa



Fall 1986

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Merejildo Grijalva, scout and guide

University of Arizona Library

For the marauding band of Apaches on a raid deep into Mexico, it seemed nothing more than a routine incident when they snatched and kidnapped the young boy. Little

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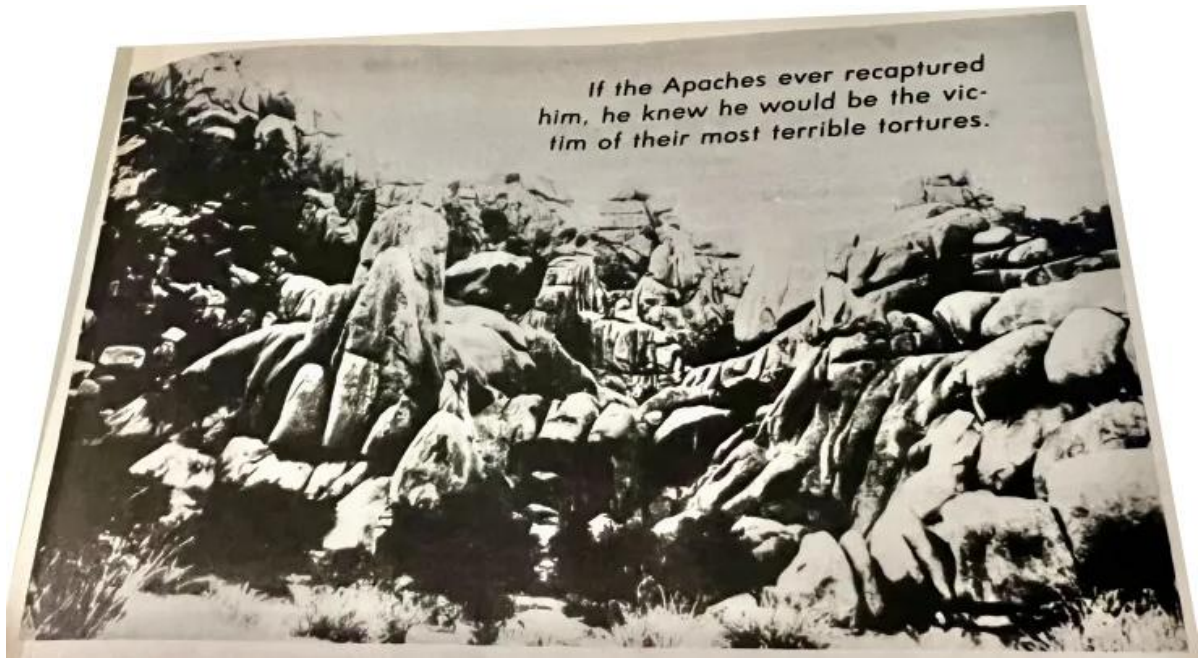
Merejildo Grijalva was about ten years old in 1853 when he was plucked from the bosom of his family and home in a tiny Sonora town some 100 miles south of the border. The Arizona Apaches, members of one of Cochise's bands, forced him to remain with them in the years that followed, even making him accompany them during their frequent raids back into Mexico to steal livestock. But, even though he learned the Apache ways, he never forgot his origins, and as he grew older he watched for an opportunity to escape.

How Grijalva regained his freedom is not known. But by the summer of 1864, eleven years after his capture, he was grown and working as a guide, scout and interpreter for the military garrison at Fort Bowie, Arizona. Grijalva was able to get such employment because the military commander of the Territory, General James Carleton, enthusiastic after his successful roundup of the Navajos in New Mexico and Arizona, had initiated a campaign against the Apaches in Arizona. He was using volunteer troops who had been enlisted several years earlier to repel the Confederate invasion of the New Mexico Territory by an army of Texans bent on capturing it for the South.

On July 10, 1864, a fifty seven-man scouting party made up of California and New Mexico Volunteers left Bowie to search for Apaches in the ravine-filled western slopes of the Chiricahua Mountains. Merejildo Grijalva was the guide. The party would be gone for twenty three days and range as far as the Mexican border, marching more than 30 miles.

From the onset the scout was plague by bad weather and on July 15, while the soldiers were camped in a heavy downpour, some guards discovered several Indians climbed up a steep mountain about a mile from the camp. Grijalva and a party of twenty-one men were dispatched in pursuit. When they ascended to the area where the Apaches had been seen they were hailed, in Spanish, by a brave standing about 100 feet above them on an almost perpendicular cliff. The Indian shouted down that he was a warrior and a brave one, and he commenced shooting arrows. When the arrows failed to inflict any damage he began to throw rocks, severely bruising the arms of one of the California Volunteers. The troops fired at him and he soon fell. The mortally wounded warrior, called out for Grijalva, whom he had recognized, Grijalva, extremely cautious because of his intimate knowledge of Apache ways, would not approach until he was satisfied the downed man could no longer use his bow and arrows. Grijalva questioned the brave, who refused to divulge anything and soon died. Grijalva identified him as an Apache chief named Old Plume. The scout said the dead man had been guilty of numerous murders and robberies, was sullen and tyrannical among his own people, and was merciless to all others.

The captain in charge of the scouting party, much less knowledgeable about Apaches, viewed Old Plume differently. He speculated that the chief could easily have made his escape and had halted either to cover the retreat of his women and children or because



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he considered it unworthy of a brave chief to run. In either case, the captain saw it as an act of heroism worthy of admiration "even in an Apache." '

The following day, when the troops had traveled only four miles further, they heard Indians hallooing from the cliffs. The commander, sent, Grijalva to talk to the Apaches and to tell them to come into camp and make a treaty! While the troops waited, Grijalva and the Indians, parlayed for four hours. Finally four braves descended as far as a grove of trees a mile from the soldiers. One Apache came forward, but not too close. He said some members of their group belonged to Mangas' band and that the others were with Cochise. He promised they would come into Fort Bowie in eight days to make a treaty. In reality, the Apaches were only toying with the troops. As the expedition continued they saw the signal fires the Apaches had built along the cliffs ahead of them. This was a sure sign that other Apaches were ahead and were being signaled that the soldiers were on their way.

Over the next few days, the captain tried various strategies of misdirection and secret ploys to distract the Apaches attention and sneak up on them. None were successful. By July 21, the Apaches had begun taunting the troops, and the scouting party became aware of two Indians following them on horseback. Again Grijalva was sent out to talk to them. The braves refused to allow him near them until he returned to camp and left his musket, probably an unnecessary demand since Grijalva, was, in fact,

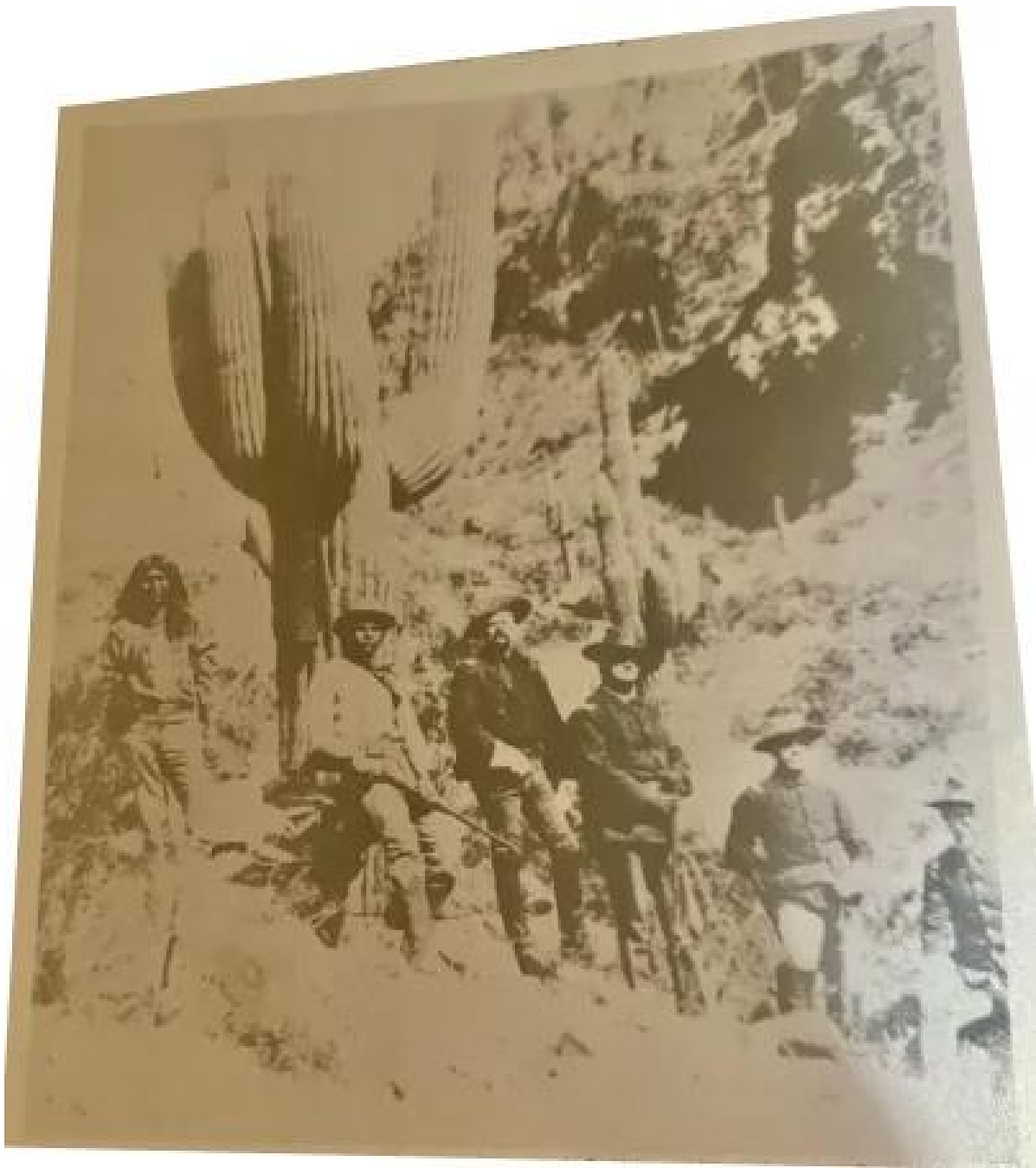
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The military apparently was well satisfied with Grijalva's work. Fort Bowie records show that the following year, in November 1865, still acting as a guide, spy, and scout, Grijalva led thirty-two volunteers from the post to an Indian rancheria about forty-five miles away. They attacked and killed seventeen Apaches and wounded a number of others. In addition some livestock was captured and the Indians' winter stores and provisions were destroyed.

By 1866 the California and New Mexico volunteers were gone, having been mustered out when their enlistments were completed. They were replaced by Regular Army troops, and Grijalva was hired to continue as Indian guide and scout. In short order they set out to establish Camp Wallen on the upper San Pedro River, about nineteen miles from Huachuca Pass. Grijalva accompanied them. He built himself a small adobe



The original Fort. Bowie as it looked in 1867.

Arizona Historical Society



The harsh Apache habitat of giant saguaro cacti, sheer rocky canyon walls, and dry desert caused hardships on the military men and the Apache scouts alike.

U.S. Military History institute, Carlisle Barracks

, house, moved his wife in, and was enjoying all the marital comforts while the troopers were still living under canvas.

One day in October the camp was roused to action when a wounded man was brought in lying in a wagon. A United States mail rider, he had been waylaid by Apaches in an arroyo near the Patagonia mines. They shot him, shattering his kneecap. The Army-surgeon amputated his leg.

Since more than four days had elapsed since the incident, the camp's commanding officer consulted with Grijalva about the feasibility of sending a scouting expedition to track down the Apache culprits. Grijalva thought his familiarity with the Apaches' probable escape route, gained while he was their captive, would enable him to lead the soldiers to them. A party of twenty-five men set out. They followed the Indians' tracks from the Patagonia mines, over the foothills on the south side of the Huachuca Mountains, across the San Pedro River, and toward the Dragoon Mountains. Before reaching the Dragoons, the Indians turned sharply east toward the Chiricahuas, where Grijalva knew they always maintained a rancheria and rendezvous point.

ON THE MORNING of their sixth day out, the soldiers suddenly came upon a squaw getting water in the mouth of a hidden canyon. When she spotted them she raised an alarm. The twenty-five Apaches camped nearby ran from their huts and scampered up the steep, rocky canyon walls like mountain goats. The soldiers quickly dismounted and followed, but it was an uneven contest. Even the Apache women who carried children on their backs leaped from boulder to boulder among the cactus and lava rocks. Stopping from time to time they taunted and insulted the more awkward soldiers, who were laboring upward. Shouting in Spanish, the Apaches used a profane and obscene vocabulary interspersed with the most obviously indecent gestures. The Indians paid particular attention to Grijalva, for many of them recognized him from earlier days. They not only vilified him but also let him know in no uncertain terms what terrible punishments awaited him if they ever laid hands on him.

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Smithsonian Institution

For four days Grijalva followed the Indians' tracks, often picking them up again, many, miles after they disappeared in rocky or hard packed terrain or in running streams. Over hills and through steep canyons the troopers followed Grijalva, who allowed no cooking, fires, little rest, and no noise. As the Apaches neared the Chiricahua Mountains they split, into two equal groups. Grijalva' followed, one set of tracks. After hours of patient, almost silent maneuvering, the soldiers surprised the Apaches. Two of the braves were chased by soldiers on horseback and cut down « by gunfire after nearly reaching the' mountains. The third warrior's thigh-; bone had been fractured by a soldier's bullet in the first fusillade. He crawled into a large fissure and shot arrows at the dismounted soldiers who were firing at him.

Grijalva, returning from helping hunt down the other two Apaches, approached the fissure from the rear. He signaled the soldiers to hold their fire, crawled to the edge of the hole, thrust his revolver in and dispatched the Apache with' a shot to the head.

Later, unobserved by any of the soldiers, Grijalva sneaked away, and scalped the three dead braves for proof; a civilian hay contractor in the area had promised him \$100 for each Indian he killed.

THIS GRIM picture of Merejildo Grijalva had another side. He was warm and friendly and had a sense, of humor. At Camp Wallen he became friends with several of the military men, communicating with them in his broken English. One young lieutenant, smitten by the exceptionally beautiful daughter of a nearby Mexican family,- asked Grijalva for help. For some time,- he had tried unsuccessfully to learn Spanish from the guide so he could-impress the girl. Now he decided.it would be very romantic if he and a friend could learn a simple, Spanish love .song, one they could sing phonetically to the senorita while he accompanied himself on his violin. He wanted Grijalva, who sang quite well, to teach them the words.

The lieutenant was overjoyed to find that no persuasion was necessary. Grijalva enthusiastically agreed to help. For four consecutive days the troubadours practiced ,in two hour, sessions. Over and over again they repeated the foreign lyrics of the tune, which Grijalvi assured them was a love song that would create a great sensation when sung for the Mendoza family and; their daughter.

The following, Sunday, adorned in their parade uniforms and groomed to perfection, the lieutenant and his friend called on the girl's family. The proper amenities were observed. Then the Mendoza's daughter entertained with a song or two. In due time, with those matters out of the way, the lieutenant uncased his violin, tuned lip, and began playing. The two vocalists sang soulfully, trying to express the love and passion appropriate to a song of the heart. After the first lines the lieutenant's friend observed a look of alarm on the young lady's face arid one of increasing angel on her grandmother's. But the ardes officer, busy watching his uncertain fingering. of the strings, missed the telltale signs! and continued to play and sing.

BY THE TIME the men had begun the third Tine of the ballad, the distraught-young lady had covered her blushing face with her shawl. Her indignant family was ready to do great bodily harm to two uncouth louts warbling a distasteful ditty. As the girl's father approached, ax in hand, the two young soldiers bolted for the door and hared down the hill. They were followed by the ax, a firebrand, and the violin case. Not far away, behind a large boulder, they found; Grijalva so overcome with glee that he could no longer stand but was rolling on the ground in uncontrollable laughter. Only after, a drubbing did he I agree; to visit the irate 'family, explain the whole matter, and make things right once more.

Merejildo Grijalva led many scouts against the Apaches and continued to work, for the government for many years, Records show he was an interpreter at the San Carlos Indian Reservation in 1873 when First Lieutenant Jacob Almy was killed by several renegade Apaches on a day when rations were distributed.

In July 1876, Grijalva began an adventure that was probably more thrilling to him than any scout he had ever led. Indian Agent John P. Clum took a group of Apaches on a trip to the East, and Grijalva went along as interpreter. The party took part in "Wild Apache" shows in some of the larger cities along its route and visited Washington, D.C., and the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. After Clum decided to take a two-month leave, Grijalva escorted the Indian's back home by, himself.



A group of peaceful Apaches posed for their photograph in Washington, D.C., during their 1876 visit to the East: Merejildo Grijalva is standing in the center, directly behind Agent John Clum.

National Archive



Indian Agent John P Clum leads his San Carlos Apache Reservation police in 1876. Grijalva, who was working as an interpreter, at the time, Islands at the front, far left.

National Archives

Over the years Grijalva more than repaid the Apaches for the pain and suffering they had caused him by snatching him away from family and home. At the same time he had made an excellent livelihood from the skills they had forced him to learn. In addition, he had earned a place in Arizona history.

Through it all, caution had kept him , alive in. a very dangerous career. As he once explained, “When you go out hunting for Ap ache’s you have in your mind’s eye what you are going, to do, but you can never know what you maybe led into or what you are going to find. It is a very uncertain business.”

Ted’s Spanish Translation

La Venganza de Grijalva en los Apaches
por
Jacqueline Meketa

A la banda merodeadora de Apaches bien adentrada en Mexico, no les parecia sino un incidente rutinario al nino. Al llevarselo al chico aterrado y griton, no tenian la menor idea de que en los anos venideros la tribu pagaria caro esa accion.

Merejildo Grijalva tenia cerca de diez anos en 1853 cuando se le arrebató al seno de su familia y hogar en una pequenita aldea de Sonora unas cien millas al sur de la frontera estadounidense. Esos apaches de Arizona, miembros de una de las badas de Cochise, le forzaron a permanecer con ellos durante los anos siguientes y aun le hicieron acompañarlos en sus frecuentes correrias en Mexico para hurtar qanado. Pero, aunque aprendio las costumbres y tecnicas de los apaches, nunca olvido su origen, y a medida que crecia, buscaba una opurtunidad de escaparse.

No se sabe como recobro Grijalva su libertad. Pero antes del verano de 1864, a los once anos de ser capturado, estaba crecido y trabajaba de guia, explorador y interprete por la guarnicion de Fort Bowie, Arizona. Grijalva pudo obtener tal empleo porque el comandante militar del territorio, el General Games Carleton, entusiasmado con el buen exido de su redada para prender a los Navajos en Nuevo Mexico por un ejercito de tejanos que se empenaban en conquistarlo por los Estados Confederados...

University of Arizona Library
Merejildo Grijalva, scout and guide



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Merejildo Grijalva was about ten years old in 1853 when he was plucked from the bosom of his family and home in a tiny Sonora town some 100 miles south of the border. The Arizona Apaches, members of one of Cochise's bands, forced him to remain with them in the years that followed, even making him accompany them during their frequent raids back into Mexico to steal livestock. But, even though he learned the Apache ways, he never forgot his origins, and as he grew older he watched for an opportunity to escape.

How Grijalva regained his freedom is not known. But by the summer of 1864, eleven years after his capture, he was grown and working as a guide, scout and interpreter for the military garrison at Fort Bowie, Arizona. Grijalva was able to get such employment because the military commander of the Territory, General James Carleton, was enthusiastic after his successful roundup of the Navajos in New Mexico and Arizona had initiated a campaign against the Apaches in Arizona. He was using volunteer troops who had been enlisted several years earlier to repel a Confederate invasion of the New Mexico Territory by an army of Texans bent on capturing it for the South.

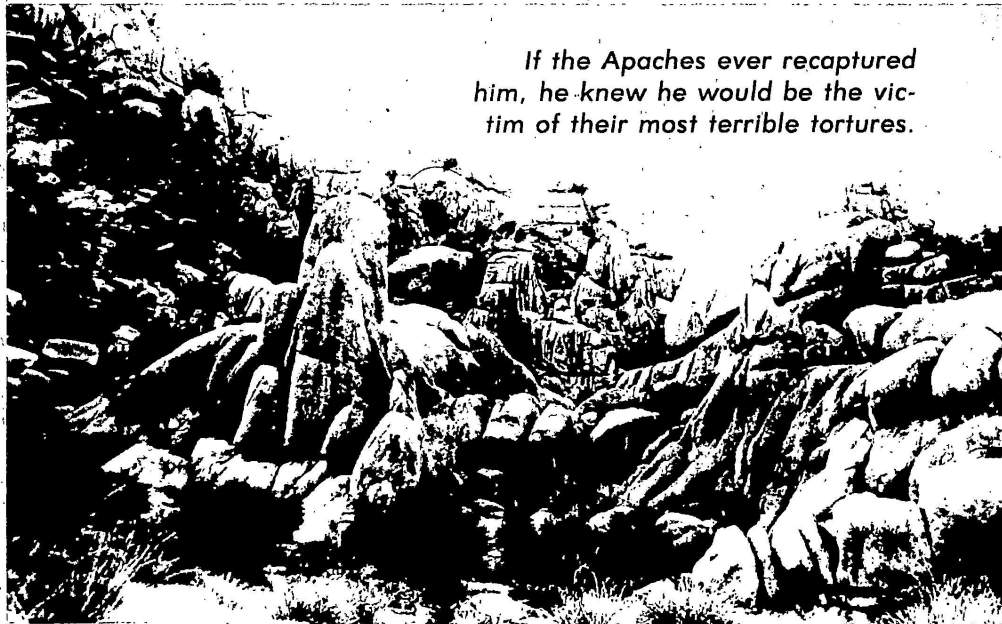
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Smithsonian Institution

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Old West

Arizona Historical Society



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Apache with a shot to the head.

Later, unobserved by any of the soldiers, Grijalva sneaked away and scalped the three dead braves for proof; a civilian hay contractor in the area had promised him \$100 for each Indian he killed.

THIS GRIM picture of Merejildo Grijalva had another side. He was warm and friendly and had a sense of humor. At Camp Wallen he became friends with several of the military men, communicating with them in his broken English. One young lieutenant, smitten by the exceptionally beautiful daughter of a nearby Mexican family, asked Grijalva for help. For some time, he had tried unsuccessfully to learn Spanish from the guide so he could impress the girl. Now he decided it would be very romantic if he and a friend could learn a simple Spanish love song, one they could sing phonetically to the senorita while he accompanied himself on his violin. He wanted Grijalva, who sang quite well, to teach them the words.

The lieutenant was overjoyed to find that no persuasion was necessary. Grijalva enthusiastically agreed to help. For four consecutive days the troubadours practiced in two hour sessions. Over and over again they repeated the foreign lyrics of the tune which Grijalva assured them was a love song that would create a great sensation when sung for the Mendoza family and their daughter.

The following Sunday, adorned in their parade uniforms and groomed to perfection, the lieutenant and his friend called on the girl's family. The proper amenities were observed. Then the Mendoza's daughter entertained with a song or two. In due time, with those matters out of the way, the lieutenant uncased his violin, tuned up, and began playing. The two vocalists sang soulfully, trying to express the love and passion appropriate to a song of the heart. After the first lines the lieutenant's friend observed a look of alarm on the young lady's face and one of increasing anger on her grandmother's. But the ardent

A group of peaceful Apaches posed for their photograph in Washington, D.C., during their 1876 visit to the East. Merejildo Grijalva is standing in the center, directly behind Agent John Clum.

National Archive



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Indian Agent John P. Clum leads his San Carlos Apache Reservation police in 1876. Grijalva, who was working as an interpreter at the time, stands at the front, far left.

National Archives

officer, busy watching his uncertain fingering of the strings, missed the telltale signs and continued to play and sing.

BY THE TIME the men had begun the third line of the ballad, the distraught young lady had covered her blushing face with her shawl. Her indignant family was ready to do great bodily harm to two uncouth louts warbling a distasteful ditty. As the girl's father approached, ax in hand, the two young soldiers bolted for the door and hared down the hill. They were followed by the ax, a firebrand, and the violin case. Not far away, behind a large boulder, they found Grijalva so overcome with glee that he could no longer stand but was rolling on the ground in uncontrollable laughter. Only after a drubbing did he agree to visit the irate family, explain

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the whole matter, and make things right once more.

Merejildo Grijalva led many scouts against the Apaches and continued to work for the government for many years. Records show he was an interpreter at the San Carlos Indian Reservation in 1873 when First Lieutenant Jacob Almy was killed by several renegade Apaches on a day when rations were distributed.

In July 1876, Grijalva began an adventure that was probably more thrilling to him than any scout he had ever led. Indian Agent John P. Clum took a group of Apaches on a trip to the East, and Grijalva went along as interpreter. The party took part in "Wild Apache" shows in some of the larger cities along its route and visited Washington, D.C., and the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. After Clum

decided to take a two-month leave, Grijalva escorted the Indians back home by himself.

Over the years Grijalva more than repaid the Apaches for the pain and suffering they had caused him by snatching him away from family and home. At the same time he had made an excellent livelihood from the skills they had forced him to learn. In addition, he had earned a place in Arizona history.

Through it all, caution had kept him alive in a very dangerous career. As he once explained, "When you go out hunting for Apaches you have in your mind's eye what you are going to do, but you can never know what you may be led into or what you are going to find. It is a very uncertain business."

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La Venganza de Grijalva en los Apaches

por

Jacqueline Meketa

(Old West, otoño de 1986, págs. 14-19)

A la banda merodeadora de Apaches bien adentrada en México, no les pareció sino un incidente rutinario cuando arrebataron y raptaron al niño. Al llevarselo al chico aterrado y gritón, no tenían la menor idea de que en los años venideros la tribu pagaría caro esa acción.

Mercjildo Grijalva tenía cerca de diez años en 1853 cuando se le arrebató al seno de su familia y hogar en una pequeñita aldea de Sonora unas cien millas al sur de la frontera estadounidense. Esos apaches de Arizona, miembros de una de las bandas de Cochise, le forzaron a permanecer con ellos durante los años siguientes y aun le hicieron acompañarlos en sus frecuentes correrías en México para hurtar ganado. Pero, aunque aprendió las costumbres y técnicas de los apaches, nunca olvidó su origen, y a medida que crecía, buscaba una oportunidad de escaparse.

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No se sabe cómo recobró Grijalva su libertad. Pero antes del verano de 1864, a los once años de ser capturado, estaba crecido y trabajaba de guía, explorador y intérprete por la guarnición de Fort Bowie, Arizona. Grijalva pudo obtener tal empleo porque el comandante militar del territorio, el General James Carleton, entusiasmado con el buen éxito de su redada para prender a los Navajos en Nuevo México y Arizona, había iniciado una campaña en contra de los Apaches en Arizona. Empleaba a tropas de voluntarios que se habían alistados hacía varios años para rechazar una invasión del Territorio de Nuevo México por un ejército de tejanos que se empeñaban en conquistarlo por los Estados Confederados.

Julio 10 de 1864 un destacamento de cincuenta y siete hombres que consistían en voluntarios de California y Nuevo México partió de Bowie a buscar a los Apaches en las laderas occidentales, muy cortadas por barrancas, de las Montañas Chiricahuas. Mercijido Grijalva era el guía. El destacamento estaría alejado del fuerte

por veintitres días y buscaría ³
hasta la frontera mexicana, marchando más de 300 millas.

Desde un principio, el guía fue molestado constantemente por mal tiempo y en julio 15, estando encampados los soldados en un aguacero, unos centinelas descubrieron a varios indios que subían un monte empinado a aproximadamente una milla del campamento. Grijalva y un destacamento de veintiun hombres fueron despachados en persecución. Al subir adonde se los había visto a los apaches, fueron llamados en español por un guerrero que estaba de pie unos 100 pies más arriba de ellos en un risco casi perpendicular. El indio les gritó que era un guerrero y un valiente, y comenzó a disparar flechas. Cuando las flechas dejaron de infligir daño, empezó a tirar piedras, infligiendo graves contusiones en los brazos de uno de los voluntarios de California. Las tropas tiraron a él y se cayó al poco tiempo. El guerrero, herido a la muerte, llamó por Grijalva, a quien había reconocido. Grijalva, extremadamente cauteloso por su íntimo conocimiento de las costumbres

de los apaches, se negó a acercarse⁽⁴⁾ antes de que estuviese convencido de que el hombre derribado ya no podía emplear su arco y flechas. Grijalva le interrogó al guerrero, quien se negó a revelar nada, y murió al poco tiempo. Grijalva le reconoció por un jefe apache que se llamaba Vieja Pluma. El guía dijo que el muerto era responsable de un gran número de asesinatos y robos, hosco y tiránico con los de su tribu, y despiadado con todas otras personas.

El capitán al mando del destacamento, que tenía mucho menos conocimiento de los apaches, tenía otra opinión de Vieja Pluma. Conjeturó que el jefe habría podido escaparse con facilidad y que se había detenido o para proteger la retirada de sus mujeres y niños; o porque consideraba la huida indigno de un jefe valiente.

Al día siguiente, cuando las tropas hubieron andado sólo cuatro millas más adelante, oyeron a unos indios que llamaban de los riscos. El comandante envió a Grijalva a hablar a los apaches y decirles que viniesen al campamento a concertar un tratado.

Mientras que aguardaban las tropas, Grijalva ⁽⁵⁾ y los indios discutieron por cuatro horas. Por fin bajaron cuatro guerreros hasta una arboleda a una milla de los soldados. Un apache se aproximó, pero no demasiado cerca. Dijo que algunos del grupo pertenecían a la banda de Mangas, y que los demás eran de Cochise. Prometió que llegasen a Fort Bowie a los ocho días a concertar un tratado. En verdad, los apaches sólo se divertían burlando a las tropas. Mientras que proseguía la expedición, vieron las lumbres de señal que las habían hecho los apaches a lo largo de los riscos delante de las tropas. Eso era un indicio certero de que había otros apaches más adelante, y que a éstos se les hacían señales de que se acercaban los soldados.

Durante los varios días siguientes, el capitán intentó varios ardides engañosos y tretas secretas para distraer la atención de los apaches y acercarse a ellos a hurtadillas. Ningunos tuvieron éxito. Antes de julio 21, los apaches habían empezado a burlarse de las tropas, y el destacamento se dio cuenta de dos indios que lo seguían a caballo. Otra vez se le envió a Grijalva a platicar con ellos. Los guerreros se negaron a permitirle que se les acercase hasta que se volviese al campamento y dejase allí su fusil; requerimiento probablemente innecesario ya que Grijalva, en efecto,

no tenía sino mediana puntería. Por ⑥ fin, uno de los apaches, Ka-eet-sah, antiguo amigo de Grijalva, bajó a hablar, mientras que el otro indio quedaba atrás para servir de vigía.

Ka-eet-sa juró que no había apaches en las montañas salvo una pequeña banda con él y otro grupo pequeño en otro lugar. Preguntó astutamente por qué habían regresado las tropas al viejo campamento, refiriéndose a una de las estratagemas de señuelo del capitán. Con igual astucia, Grijalva respondió que su motivo había sido pasar recado a Fort Bowie que llegarían los apaches dentro de ocho días, según habían prometido y se los debía recibir con amabilidad.

Los dos hombres continuaron por un breve rato las mentiras y la zumba.

El apache consintió por fin en ir al campamento de los soldados, pero dijo a Grijalva que primero quiso fumar.

El guía le dio al indio un poco de tabaco y regresó a dar cuenta de su éxito. Ka-eet-sah fumó a sus anchas y con placer, y luego saltó de repente sobre su caballo y se alejó a todo escape. Grijalva, burlado, se enfureció contra el jefe de la expedición, Capitán Thomas Tidball, porque éste no había tratado de pegar unos tiros a los indios engañosos.

No tuvo mejor éxito el resto de la

exploración. Al regresar a Bowie agosto 1, ①
pudieron felicitarse solamente por haber tenido
ocupados y vigilantes a los indios. En la relación
que envió al cuartel general, el Capitán Tidball
confesó que Grijalva conocía muy bien las Montañas
Chiricahuas y los hábitos de los apaches. Pero
afirmó que el guía era "de índole tímida, sabiendo
lo terrible de la muerte que le aguarda
si una vez le agarran [los apaches]. Dijo que
Grijalva no se aventuraba a perder de vista a
los soldados y, "si se le constreñía a ir más
lejos, permitía que su temor venciese a
su juicio y a su respeto a la verdad."

Empero, sólo uno o dos años después, otro
oficial valoró más caritativamente el carácter
de Grijalva. Después de mencionar sus
habilidades de guía excelente y entendido,
rastreador perito, y responsable caudillo de
los destacamentos de exploración, dijo el
oficial: "... tenía también miedo saludable
de caer vivo en manos de los apaches",
mencionando que Grijalva sabía que los
indios le reconocerían, le considerarían
renegado, y le entregarían a sus tormentos
más exquisitos. Continuó: "Por supuesto, si
lo pudiese evitar, nunca sería agarrado vivo
por ellos, y se atenia estrictamente a la
mejor regla, que obedecían todos en aquel
entonces, de siempre reservarse un cartucho*."

*Para matarse a sí mismo por si estaban los indios
a punto de, agarrarle a uno.

K.H. Smith

El ejército, al parecer estaba bien (8) M
satisfecho con el trabajo de Grijalva. Los
archivos de Fort Bowie muestran que el
año siguiente, 1865, sirviendo todavía de guía,
explorador y espion, Guía condujo a treinta y
dos voluntarios desde el fuerte hasta una
aldea o un campamento de los indios
a unas cuarenta y cinco millas del puesto
militar. Atacaron y mataron a diez y siete
apaches e hirieron a varios más. Además,
se capturó una cantidad de ganado, y se
destruyeron los bastimentos y repuestos
que los indios reservaban para el invierno.

Antes de 1866, los voluntarios de
California y Nuevo México se habían ido,
habiendo sido licenciado del ejército cuando
terminó su período de servicio. Se los
reemplazó por tropas del Ejército Regular,
y Grijalva fue contratado para seguir
sirviendo de explorador y guía indio. Al
poco tiempo salieron a establecer Camp
Wallen en la parte alta del río San
Pedro, a unas diez y nueve millas de
Huachuca Pass. Grijalva los acompañó.
Edificó para sí una pequeña casa de adobe,
instaló a su esposa y gozaba de todas
las cosas agradables de la vida marital
mientras que las tropas vivían todavía
en tiendas.

Un día de octubre se incitó el 9 campamento a la acción al llegar un hombre herido a quien se traía tendido en un carro. Un agente del correo estadounidense que llevaba cartas a caballo, fue asaltado por apaches en un arroyo seco cerca de las minas de Patagonia. Le pegaron un tiro que le estrelló la rótula. El cirujano militar le amputó la pierna.

Ya que habían pasado desde el incidente más de cuatro días, el comandante del campamento consultó con Grijalva si fue practicable enviar un destacamento a buscar a los apaches culpables. Creía Grijalva que su conocimiento de la más probable ruta de escape de los apaches le permitiría que condujese a ellos los soldados. Salió un destacamento de veinticinco hombres. Siguieron las huellas de los indios desde las minas de Patagonia, a través de las estribaciones al lado sur de la sierra Huachuca, a través del río San Pedro, y hacia las montañas Dagoon. Antes de alcanzar las montañas Dagoon, los indios volvieron súbitamente al este, hacia las montañas Chiricahuas, en donde Grijalva sabía que mantenían siempre un campamento y punto de reunión.

En el sexto día de la exploración, por la mañana, los soldados toparon inesperadamente con una india que estaba obteniendo agua en la boca de una cañada oculta. Al echar de verlos, dio la alarma. Los veinticinco apaches que estaban encampados cerca salieron corriendo de sus chozas y subieron a saltos los lados empinados y rocosos de la cañada como cabras

monteses. Los soldados se apresuraron a ⁽¹⁰⁾ apearse y los siguieron, pero no pudieron rivalizar con los indios. Hasta las mujeres apaches que llevaban niños a cuestas saltaron de un canto grande a otro entre los cactus y las rocas de lava cuajada. Deteniéndose de vez en cuando, se notaban de los soldados, más desgarrados que ellos, que subían trabajosamente. Dando voces en español, los apaches emplearon un vocabulario obscuro salpicado de los gestos más obviamente indecentes. Los indios se empeñaron especialmente en insultar a Grijalva, pues muchos de ellos le reconocieron por haberte tratado antiguamente. No se contentaron con vilipendiarle, sino que le hicieron saber de modo inequívoco lo terrible de los castigos que le aguardaban si alguna vez cayó en manos de los apaches. Al desaparecer los primeros apaches cruzando la cresta del cerro, Grijalva recomendó al teniente que tenía el mando que dejase la persecución hacia arriba, y volviese al fondo de la cañada, donde habían dejado sus caballos al cuidado de varios soldados. Era un consejo excelente. Llegaron justo a tiempo para rechazar a unos apaches mañosos que habían bajado aprisa la otra ladera del cerro y pasado entorno del pie de éste para intentar ahuyentar los caballos de los soldados. Debido a la pericia de Grijalva, las tropas no sólo retuvieron sus caballos, sino que también lograron

destruir el campamento y los (11)
abastecimientos de comida, mantas y armas.
Aproximadamente un año después, Grijalva
otra vez hizo a los apaches arrepentirse
de haberle raptado y enseñado sus costumbres
y mañas. Un herido traficante mexicano
llegó tambaleando a Camp Wallen. Él y
los que le acompañaban habían sido atacados
por unos apaches en medio del Paso
de Huachuca, que distaba diez y nueve
millas. El corneta tocó en seguida "botas y
sillas*." Un destacamento de treinta soldados,
guiado por Grijalva, partió para el lugar
de la matanza. Encontraron los cuerpos
terriblemente mutilados de los otros tres
traficantes donde había tenido lugar el ataque.
Cerca de éstos, Grijalva halló con facilidad
las huellas de los apaches. Indicaron éstas que
ocho o nueve indios habían marchado hacia
el sur, arreando delante de sí unos bueyes
que habían robado. Grijalva rastreó por
cuatro días a los indios, muchas veces
volviendo a hallar las huellas después que
desaparecieron en tierra rocosa o dura, o
en arroyos corrientes. A través de cerros
y a lo largo de cañadas empinadas, las
tropas siguieron a Grijalva, que permitió
ninguna lumbre para cocinar, poco descanso
y ningún ruido. Al acercarse los apaches
a las montañas Chiricahuas, se dividieron

*Es decir, sillas de montar, que se ponen sobre caballos.

en dos grupos iguales. Grijalva siguió ⁽¹²⁾ uno de los dos rastros. Al cabo de unas horas de maniobrar con paciencia y con silencio casi total, los soldados sorprendieron a los apaches. Dos guerreros fueron cazados y derribados a tiros por soldados montados cuando casi hubieron alcanzado la sierra. El fémur del tercer guerrero se había quebrado por la bala de un soldado en la primera descarga. Se arrastró en una grieta grande en las rocas y disparó flechas a los soldados apeados que hacían fuego sobre él.

Grijalva, regresando después de ayudar a cazar a los otros dos apaches, se aproximó a la grieta desde atrás. Hizo señas a los soldados para que dejaran de tirar, se arrastró al borde del hoyo, metió adentro su revólver, y mató al apache con una bala en la cabeza.

Después, sin que lo advirtiese ninguno de los soldados, Grijalva se apartó de ellos a hurtadillas y escalpó a los tres guerreros para tener prueba de su muerte; un contratista civil de heno le había prometido \$100 por cada indio que matase.

Este retrato ceñudo de Grijalva tiene otro aspecto. Era simpático y afectuoso, y tenía un sentido del humor. En Camp Wallen llegó a ser amigo de varios de los militares, comunitarios con ellos en su mal inglés. Un

joven teniente, enamorado de la hija (13) excepcionalmente bella de una familia mexicana que vivía cerca, pidió ayuda a Grijalva. Hacía tiempo que trataba sin éxito de aprender español para poder impresionar a la muchacha. Entonces concluyó que sería muy romántico que aprendiesen él y un amigo suyo una sencilla canción española de amor, que pudiesen cantarle de memoria (y sin entender las palabras) a la señorita, mientras que el teniente se acompañase con su violín. Quiso que Grijalva, quien sabía cantar muy bien, le enseñase la letra.

El teniente se alegró mucho al descubrir que no necesitaba estorzarse por persuadir a Grijalva. Éste consintió con entusiasmo en ayudarlo. Durante cuatro días seguidos los trovadores hicieron ejercicios por dos horas sin tregua cada día. Muchísimas veces repitieron la letra extranjera de la canción que, según les aseguraba Grijalva, haría una gran sensación al cantarseles a la familia Mendoza y su hija.

El domingo próximo, ataviados de gran uniforme y peinados con perfección, el teniente y su amigo visitaron a la familia de la muchacha. Se cumplieron las cortesías correctas. Luego la muchacha los divirtió con una o dos

canciones. A llegar el momento conveniente, ⁽¹⁴⁾ y acabados esos asuntos, el teniente sacó de la caja su violín, lo templó, y comenzó a tocar. Los dos amigos cantaron con emoción, empeñándose en expresar el amor y la pasión apropiados para una canción que viene del corazón. Después de cantar los primeros versos, el amigo de teniente observó en la cara de la señorita una expresión de susto y una de ira creciente en la cara de su abuela. Pero el enamorado oficial, ocupado en atender a su digitación poco segura, pasó por alto las señales reveladoras y siguió tocando y cantando.

Antes de que los hombres hubiesen comenzado el tercer verso de la canción, la turbada joven hubo cubierto con su rebozo la cara enrojecida. Su familia indignada estuvo dispuesta a hacer gran daño a los cuerpos de los dos patanes groseros que cantaban la canción repugnante. Al acercarse el padre de la muchacha con un hacha en la mano, los dos jóvenes soldados arrancaron a escape para la puerta y corrieron como liebres cuesta abajo. Los siguieron [arrojados] el hacha, un tizón ardiente y la caja del violín. No lejos, detrás de un canto grande, encontraron a Grijalva tan rendido de risa que ya no pudo mantenerse en pie, sino

que se revolcaba en el suelo riendo de (15) modo incontenible. Sólo después de ser vapulado consintió en visitar a la familia airada a aclarar el asunto y enderezarlo todo.

Merejildo Grijalva guió muchas exploraciones contra los apaches y continuó trabajando por el gobierno durante muchos años. Los registros muestran que era intérprete en la San Carlos Indian Reservation en 1873 cuando, en un día de repartimiento de raciones, mataron al First Lieutenant Jacob Almy unos apaches que se habían sacudido la autoridad de los blancos.

En julio de 1876 comenzó Grijalva una aventura que probablemente le fue más excitante que cualquiera de las exploraciones que había guiado. El agente de indios John P. Clum condujo a un grupo de apaches en un viaje a la parte oriental de los Estados Unidos y Grijalva los acompañó de intérprete. El grupo participó en espectáculos de "apaches salvajes" en algunas ciudades relativamente grandes cerca de la ruta, y visitó Washington, D.C. y la Exposición Centenaria en Philadelphia. Después de que Clum se decidió a ir de licencia por dos meses, Grijalva por sí solo escoltó a los indios a su casa. *Kull*

En el transcurso de los años, Grijalva⁽¹⁶⁾ les pagó sobradamente a los apaches el dolor y sufrimiento que le habían causado arrebatándole a su familia y hogar. Al mismo tiempo se ganó la vida y ingresos excelentes con las habilidades que le habían constreñido a aprender. Además, llegó a ser parte de la historia de Arizona.

En el curso de todas sus experiencias, su cautela le conservó la vida en una carrera peligrosísima. Como lo explicó él una vez: "Cuando se sale a buscar apaches, se tiene presente lo que se va a hacer, pero nunca se puede saber en lo que se le vaya a llevar a uno, ni lo que uno vaya a encontrar. Es un asunto en que no se puede estar seguro de nada."

The Ted K Archive

Jacqueline Meketa
Grijalva's Apache Revenge
Fall 1986

Original English: Old West Magazine, Fall 1986, pages 14–19. Ted's Spanish translation: <archive.org/details/ted-kaczynskis-spanish-translation-of-grijalvas-revenge-on-the-apes>

Quoting Ted Kaczynski in a letter to his brother: "I'm enclosing an article that I translated into Spanish for practice. You can read it for practice if you like, or throw it out if you prefer." (Source:

<<https://harbor.klnpa.org/california/islandora/object/cali%3A1105>> [now dead])

A depressing story of trauma and complicity in atrocities. Merejildo Grijalva was born in Mexico to the Opata Indian tribe, but he and his mother were kidnapped by Apache Indians when he was a child. After about ten years he fled to the US where he then helped the U.S. Army track down and murder Apaches under the claimed justification of the killings being 'retaliatory raids'.

If anyone feels like typing up Ted's Spanish translation, it would be interesting to learn what some Spanish people think of the story and Ted's translation.

www.thetedkarchive.com