

The TEXAS JACK SCOUT

VOLUME II No. 2

APRIL 1986

THIS IS A COPY OF THE LABEL, DESCRIBING JOHN B. (TEXAS JACK) OMOHUNDRO, WHICH ACCOMPANIES ARTIFACT AND MEMORABILIA DISPLAY IN THE "BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM" IN CODY, WY.

TEXAS JACK [1846-1886]

John Burwell Omohundro, "Texas Jack," and William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," were bosom pals in the 1870s. They were almost the same age, had similar boyhood adventures, and lost their mothers at almost the same time.

Jack was born on July 26, 1846, in Fluvanna County, Virginia. At fifteen, he ran off to Texas to be a cowboy. He returned home to join the 5th Virginia Cavalry in 1864 and served Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart as a scout and courier. At the end of the Civil War, Jack taught school in Florida until he could make his way back to Texas.

In 1869, after a cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas, Jack found himself at Ft. Hays where he met Wild Bill, California Joe, and other famous scouts. He and Buffalo Bill became friends and worked together as guides for the Earl of Dunraven and other hunters. A member of Dunraven's party described the two men: "If Buffalo Bill belongs to the school of Charles I, pale, large-eyed, and dreamy, Jack, all life, and blood, and fire, blazing with suppressed poetry, is Elizabethan to the backbone."

In January 1872, Buffalo Bill engaged Texas Jack to assist in guiding the most famous buffalo hunt of all, the Great Royal Buffalo Hunt with the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Just three months later, the two were together again with a detachment of the 3rd Cavalry in the battle for which Cody won the Congressional Medal of Honor. Capt. Meinhold's report said:

Mr. William F. Cody was the guide, aided by Mr. Omohundro who volunteered his services. . . . Mr. Omohundro is a very good trailer and a brave man, who knows the country well, and I respectfully recommended his employment as a guide, should the services of one in addition to Mr. Cody be needed.

Late that fall, Ned Buntline changed Cody's and Omohundro's lives when he invited them to star with him in a stage play, *Scouts of the Prairies*. Within a year Bill and Jack and Wild Bill Hickok had formed their theater "combination," and Jack had married his beautiful co-star, Josephine Morlacchi.

Texas Jack returned to the plains during the summers to guide hunting expeditions and, in 1876, to cover the Indian Wars as a correspondent for the *New York Herald*. In 1878 he and his wife formed their own theater group. Just two years later Jack died tragically of pneumonia in Leadville, Colorado. He was not quite 34 years old. Josephine moved to Massachusetts alone and died in 1886.

TEXAS JACK CONVENTION DATE SET

(August 8-9-10-11, 1986)

PLANS FOR THE TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION CONVENTION TO TAKE PLACE IN NORTH PLATTE, NE ARE NOW FIRM, AND THE DATES HAVE BEEN SET. They are: August 8th through August 11th.

Our hosts Nellie Yost and Frank Lydic of North Platte are arranging a memorable occasion for us. Assisting them will be the "Friends of Buffalo Bill" and the North Platte chapter of the "Westerners."

Included in our itinerary are visits to important historical sites in the North Platte area: Bill Cody's home, Scouts Rest Ranch; the Duke Alexis Camp Site, where we will be eating our lunch on the very site where the big camp of lasting fame was located; and Fort McPherson, where Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill Cody first met and worked together as Government scouts.

Other functions included in the registration fee of \$45 per person, will include a Wine and Cheese Party, a Saturday night Banquet with important speakers, a General Membership meeting and breakfast, and we will attend the ground breaking for the Buffalo Bill statue which is to be erected at North Platte.

Of course, here is a wonderful opportunity to meet other members of the Texas Jack Association in a friendly and educational atmosphere.

All TJA members will receive a registration form in the mail, and it is vitally important that this be returned with your reservations as early as possible, so that plans can be arranged for the proper number of people.

SEE YOU IN NORTH PLATTE!!

The Pawnee Indian's 1872 Summer Hunt

The Pawnee were a semisedentary people living in permanent earthlodge villages and planting crops of corn, beans, and squash. Nearly half the year, however, was spent on the buffalo range between the Platte and Smoky Hill Rivers. The summer hunt began about the first of July after their crops were planted; they returned in time to harvest in late summer. The winter hunt began in early November and usually lasted until after the New Year. It was upon these hunts that the Pawnee depended for their meat supply, as little wild game and buffalo had been available near the reservation for many years. Councils between the Pawnee chiefs and their agent devoted much time to the upcoming buffalo hunt. Although the Pawnee were dependent upon the hunt, the Quaker agents deplored it, for the Pawnee were then virtually free from agency control and were free to live in the old way without interference. As the years passed and the buffalo diminished in number, due to mass slaughter by whites, they had to travel farther and farther from the reservation, thus increasing the possibility of their having troubles with Sioux hunting in the same region.

For the summer hunt of 1872, Agent Troth hired John Burwell (Texas Jack) Omohundro of Fort McPherson to travel with the Pawnee as trail agent. The noted frontiersman was instructed to let the Pawnee do as they would on the hunt, but in matters dealing with whites or other Indians he had the right to command. Prior to 1869 when General Eugene Asa Carr's Republican River Expedition cleared the valley of hostiles, the Republican Valley and its watershed had been the domain of the Indians. Southern Cheyenne and Brule Sioux were all but permanent residents there, while the Pawnee, Omaha, and Oto visited there on their seasonal hunts. After Carr's expedition, the Cheyenne seldom came so far north, while Spotted Tail and his Brule were placed at Whetstone Agency in Dakota Territory and visited the valley irregularly in small bands. Only Whistler and his small band of Cut-off Oglala lived permanently in the region, their main village being near Stockville, Frontier County, though most winters they moved at least part of their village to the Stinking Water Creek in Hayes and Chase Counties. Professional hide hunters, mainly from Kansas, entered the region

and slaughtered the buffalo by the thousands, while scattered frontier settlements in two years' time had spread up the valley from Webster County in 1870 to Red Willow County in 1872. The following year the frontier was moved another twenty-five miles west and Hitchcock County was organized. Even on the buffalo range the Indians were being restricted.

Even so, the summer hunt of 1872 was successful. The Pawnee left their reservation on Monday, July 8, accompanied by a party of Ponca Indians and they were joined by Omohundro at Grand Island on Saturday, July 13. From there they crossed the divide to the Republican country, reporting to Captain (Brevet Lieutenant Colonel) John D. Devin of the 14th Infantry at Camp Red Willow, a temporary military post established to allay fears of the frontiersmen as well as to afford any necessary protection to the several surveying parties in the area. The Pawnee had been furnished with "4 white flags 3x4 ft. with a large P in the center," to identify them.

Omohundro's letters and reports of the hunt have not been located, but on a part of the hunt, the Pawnee were accompanied by Luther Hedden North and George Bird Grinnel, both of whom left written accounts. The young Grinnell, who was later to gain fame as an author, ethnologist, and conservationist, was on his second trip to the West, and he was much impressed with his first meeting with the Pawnee and their traditional methods of hunting, though he realized the day of the buffalo would soon be at end.

In late August or early September, the successful Pawnee and Ponca visited Camp Red Willow and the adjacent frontier settlement:

We had 2,700 Pawnees and Ponca Indians here two or three days, and they killed 200 or 300 buffalo, drove off some cattle and stole two or three horses and tried to sell them, but the owners paid them something to help them hunt them up and bring them back. Poor things. They mean no harm, but it is so natural to steal that they can't help it, and the troops being here, they were afraid to be too bare-faced about it.

The author of the above, Washington Mallory Hinman operated a sawmill at Red Willow and was a former resident of Lincoln County. Hinman was far more charitable toward the Indians than most frontiersmen, but then Hinman had lived on the frontier since the early 1850's

and had had time to get to know and understand the Indians of the Plains. Most frontiersmen, at least those writing letters to the state press, felt more in line with the opinions of J.F. Zediker of Franklin County, who wrote:

We find a very general dissatisfaction prevailing hereabouts, on the frequent passing through this region, of the reserve Indians. Three times within the past six months, the Otoe, Pawnee and Omaha tribes have passed through this section and being out now, will soon pass through again. The last time they passed through they were more annoying than ever before, as they made it a point to travel more slowly and beg their living as they went....

We are willing to pay our share of tax to build comfortable dwellings, to clothe and feed them, and to pay soldiers for guarding them....But after we have done all this, we cannot consent to have them passing through our peaceful domain several times a year, to beg and plunder, and to frighten our families. And to kill off, and drive out of this region, all the game which nature, and nature's God, has placed here for the benefit of the poor frontier settlers, who are trying to earn an honest livelihood by tilling the soil....

This is not the voice of one man, but of the indignant multitude along the Republican Valley.

Our own private opinion is, that the Indian is as good as the white man, so long as he behaves himself....We believe them no bet-



Pi-ta-ne-sha-a-du, PRINCIPAL CHIEF OF THE PAWNEES.

ter than the white man, and he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

By early October the Pawnee were preparing to start on their winter hunt. Omohundro had served the Pawnee, or at least their agent, well and applied for a second appointment as trail agent. Troth was favorable, but before the Pawnee departed Omohundro had decided to join his best friend, William Frederick (Buffalo Bill) Cody upon the New York stage, taking the "Wild West" to the East. No trail agent was appointed, and the Pawnee, who were joined by some Oto, left for the Republican in the middle of November.

* * * *

We are indebted to Betty Loudon, Research Associate at the NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY in Lincoln, Nebraska for conducting the research and sending us the excerpts from Nebraska History quoted here. The above was obtained from Volume 54, No. 2 of Nebraska History.



A Noble Savage in Town.

Family Recollections of Texas Jack

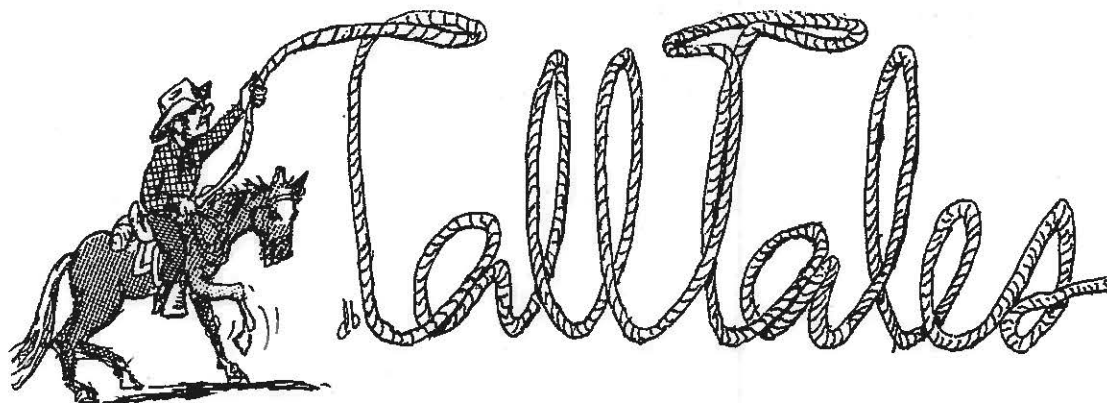
M.H. Omohundro, Sr. (half brother of Texas Jack): "My first trip from my old home, "Pleasure Hill" in Fluvanna County, Virginia to Richmond, Virginia was on a packet boat along the Kanawha Canal with my mother and father in April 1873 to see my half-brother "Texas Jack" and "Buffalo Bill", who were showing in Richmond in the old Broad Street Theatre for 3 days and nights to an over-crowded house. I was then a little over six years old. The boat docked at Richmond at 5 AM and it was a pill for me to have to get up at that time; however, when I finally got my eyes open and stepped ashore among the big crowd and the roar of the hotel runners, about the first thing I saw was my brother John (Texas Jack), who clasped us with open arms and led us to a "hack," now a taxi. That evening we went to the theatre and met Colonel Cody and also Ned Buntline, who wrote the play, and many others, as well as Dove Eye and Hazel Eye, two leading ladies of the show. It seemed to me they danced on their toes. Also, I remember the Indians, who traced the white men's steps by picking up every little scrap and smelling it, just as a dog would do. Then my brother, Texas Jack, would run out and lasso the Indian and drag him in, and the crowd would roar."

M.H. Omohundro, Sr.: "After my mother (who was also Texas Jack's step-mother) died, I found a clipping (newspaper name unknown) in her trunk which read, 'On last Saturday evening a festive party sat down to a superb an-

telope dinner given by John B. Omohundro, better known as Texas Jack, the well-known Western Scout and husband of Morlacchi, the celebrated danseuse, at Nash's restaurant. Guests from New York and other widely scattered places were present. Menu and decorations were elaborate. All this was to celebrate a very successful big game hunting trip to the wilds of the far west when Texas Jack was guide for Sir Jno. Redd and a party of English Sportsmen'."

M.H. Omohundro, Jr. (half nephew of Texas Jack): "About fifty or sixty years ago I was on a bird hunting trip up to Sister Bettie's (Mrs. W.P. Adams, Texas Jack's sister; she died in 1934, age 92) at Scottsville, Virginia. One night I was asking her about Texas Jack. This is one of the things she told me: 'About the middle of April, 1865, Jack came riding up to the house. He looked tired and was hungry. He told me Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. I told him to get down off the horse and tie it. Then I fed him and took all his clothes and burned them. I loaned him some of my husband's clothes. Jack told me he was going home (nearby) to see his other folks and then would probably go to Texas because there was little to be done in Virginia after the war ended in 1865'."

Note: Omohundro, Sr. (deceased) is author of the Omohundro Genealogical Record. Omohundro, Jr. is Chairman of the Board of the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, and resides in Richmond.



Sundown Slim said he once saw a fight between those two hereditary enemies, the king-snake and the rattlesnake. Each seized the other by the tail and began to swallow. The circle grew smaller and smaller.

"I heard a noise behind me, looked around and then when I turned back to where the two snakes had been battling, they had disappeared completely," he related.

"I looked for 'em for half an hour and it was open country, too, not a bush all around, but never found a trace."

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody Wyoming

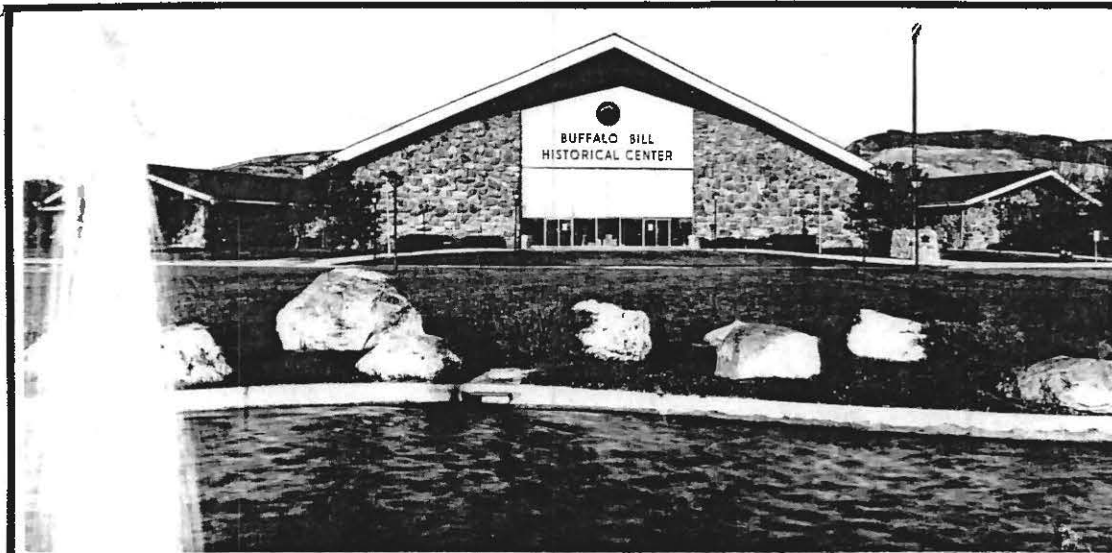
This beautiful and modern facility groups under one roof, four distinguished museums, each of which is professionally recognized as a leader in its field. The Center's collections of Western Art, Firearms, and Artifacts are displayed in depth for viewers with specific interests, and they are often combined in special exhibits to offer the fascination of western history in integrated and innovative ways.

The four separately curated institutions which operate under a common leadership and purpose are: the WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, professionally recognized as one of the top five western art museums in the country, the PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM, an out-

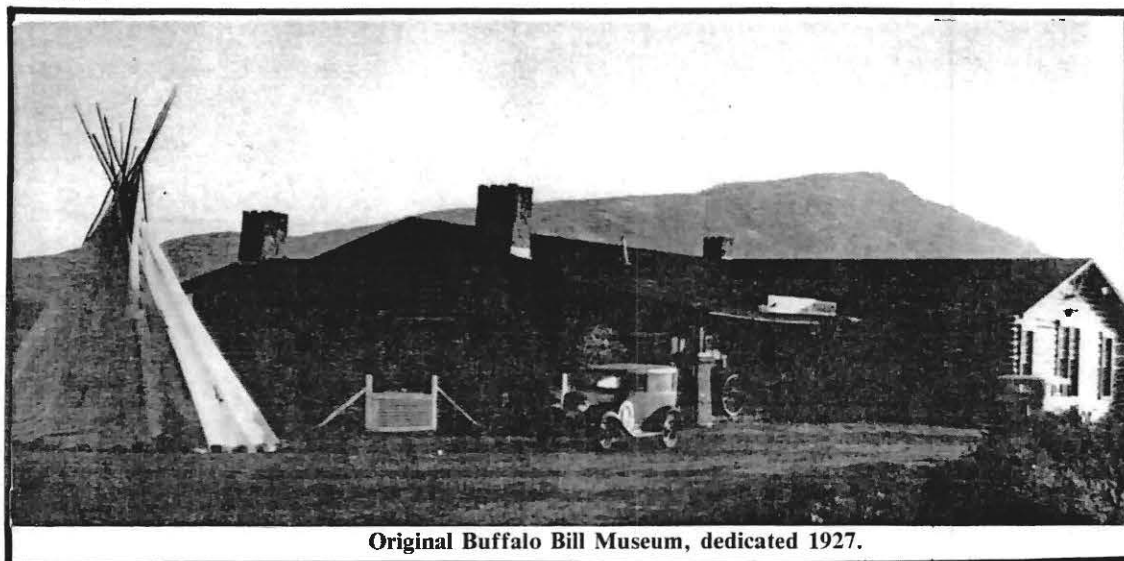
standing national collection of artifacts of the northern tribes, the WINCHESTER ARMS MUSEUM, and the BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM, containing the largest collection of memorabilia about William F. Cody in existence. His career covered so many facets of western development that his museum is easily ranked at the top of the field of Northern Plains frontier history.

The BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER has been educating American and foreign visitors about the West for six decades. It is located in the northwest corner of Wyoming at the gateway to Yellowstone National Park, itself the greatest national magnet for thousands of Americans anxious to sense western history in its natural setting. The neighboring location of Yellowstone Park and the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER provides an exceptional learning environment for the 250,000 visitors who come to Cody to appreciate the West in the West each year. Western history when told in the West, is history that sticks. Where else can a viewer look at a Western painting, an Indian beaded costume, or a Winchester repeater and then go outside to mentally relive the experience, see the scene the artist saw, cover the country the Indian rode, follow the game the guns followed?

The Center also specializes in national outreach by circulating exhibits and publications in this country and overseas. Among these functions is publishing by contract the well known American West magazine which reaches 150,000 readers. The outreach functions are a principal objective of the full-time Cody staff during the winter months when regular visitation is lower.



Buffalo Bill Historical Center, today. Begun 1959.



Original Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated 1927.

Volunteerism has been purposefully maintained as a policy of the Historical Center. None of the buildings, facilities or collections have ever depended upon a public tax dollar. The private board of volunteer trustees is dedicated to the proposition that the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER shall remain private and dependent for its



Collection of postcards and photographs

capital and principal assets upon donation.

William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, the man whom this institution honors, was a great catalytic figure in the history of the American West, and in the telling of its story. In an era of larger-than-life figures, Cody became the most famous American on two continents. He was consulted on western matters by every president from Grant to Wilson. He counted among his friends such artists and writers as Frederic Remington and Mark Twain. He was honored by royalty, praised by military leaders, and feted by business tycoons. Yet, as Annie Oakley put it, he was the simplest of men, as comfortable with cowboys as with kings.

Cody saw himself as an educator with a mission to show the world the west and its natural treasures. The spectacular success of his Wild West for 30 years and its universal acceptance as a "Show of the truth as it was" testify to his competence and to the loyalty

and professionalism of his staff.

In a very real sense, the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is carrying on his mission today--to preserve, to inform and to entertain. All four museums of the Historical Center reflect William F. Cody's own interests, and all have grown from the original collections of the Buffalo Bill Museum. Almost 60 years after its founding, the Buffalo Bill Museum is still a springhead of popular and scholarly enthusiasm for the American West.

The four main collections of the Center are amplified by a research library, audio-visual auditorium, and a publications and seminar program which both attracts the serious scholar and enriches the experience of the amateur and experienced layman.

The BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM has initiated a fund-raising campaign to up-date and refurbish it's facility. The changes will integrate the many facets of Buffalo Bill into a comprehensible narrative flow. The changes will also accomplish something the Buffalo Bill Museum can do better and more appropriately than any other institution in the world - show the history of the West from the end of the fur-trapper's era to the beginning of our own. Cody's story, his importance to the development of the modern West, and his seminal role in the creation and dissemination of American western myth - all will be told in a lucid and entertaining way.

Equally important, modern exhibit and lighting techniques will protect the priceless objects from deterioration and damage, and will enhance their display. The reinterpretation and reinstallation will make every visit to the Buffalo Bill Museum (regardless of the visitor's prior knowledge) more memorable and informative. This is a \$600,000.00 project toward which there has already been raised over \$400,000.00

We are all invited to share in this worthwhile achievement, through our personal donations to the Museum. Any gift, no matter the size, is fully tax deductible. Important premiums for very large gifts are offered, which include "The Bronco", a limited edition of 100 numbered bronze castings, produced from the original plaster model horse's head by Frederic Remington, and a Parker Special DHE Grade Shotgun honoring Annie Oakley. For details on how to participate in this campaign, one may contact:

Development Office
Buffalo Bill Historical Center
Box 1000
Cody, Wyoming 82414



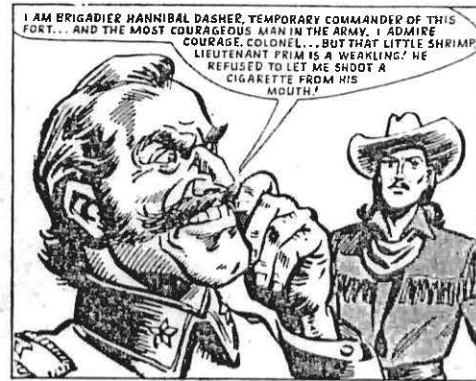
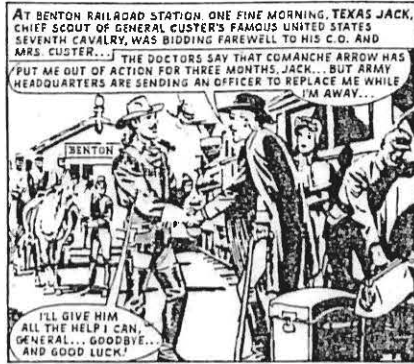
James E. Fraser
END OF THE TRAIL, c. 1918



Gallery view within Plains Indian Museum.

A Foolhardy Commanding Officer Risks His Men's Lives!

TEXAS JACK and the TEST OF COURAGE!



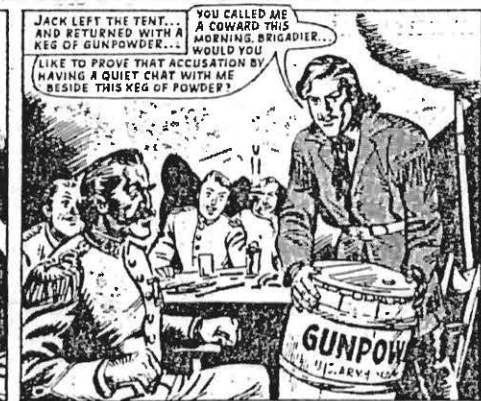
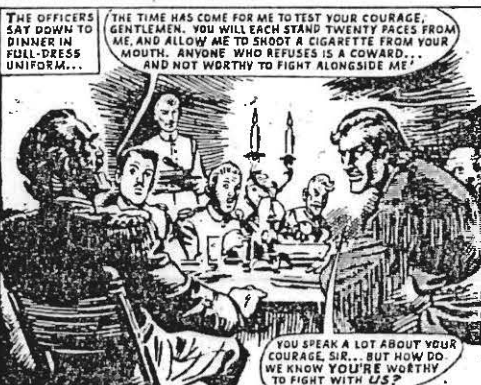
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Convention Members To Visit Fort McPherson

Fort McPherson has an important place in the history of the Old West. The Fort was established in 1863 and, for a time, was known as Cantonment McKean in honor of Major General Thomas J. McKean, commander of the military district of which the post was a part. The Fort was also known as Fort Cottonwood for some time; and, on 26 February 1866, it became Fort McPherson honoring Major General James B. McPherson, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, who was killed on 22 July 1864 during the campaign for the subjugation of Atlanta, GA. Throughout the period of its active life, 1863 - 1880, Fort McPherson was an important link in the chain of frontier outposts, whose garrisons strove to maintain an oftines uneasy peace between hostile Indian tribes and the advancing forces of a new era in the life of an expanding nation.

The first white child born at Cottonwood Springs was W.H. McDonald, in June 1861. In conducting research for his book, Buckskin and Satin, Herschel Logan interviewed Mr. McDonald who recalled, as a child, that it was in 1869 when Texas Jack, in the employ of a Mr. Brown, drove a small herd of Texas longhorns to the vicinity of Cottonwood Springs. "Something about the country or the people must have appealed to the young scout from Texas. Perhaps it was the activity in the great mid-West, and there was activity aplenty - Indian raids, buffalo hunts and frontier army life. Here, too, in the center of this sphere of activity were to be found most of the noted men of the Old West, names of prominence even at that time. Jack's companions during those days included Dr. W.F. Carver, later known, internationally as the world's greatest rifle shot, Johnny Nelson

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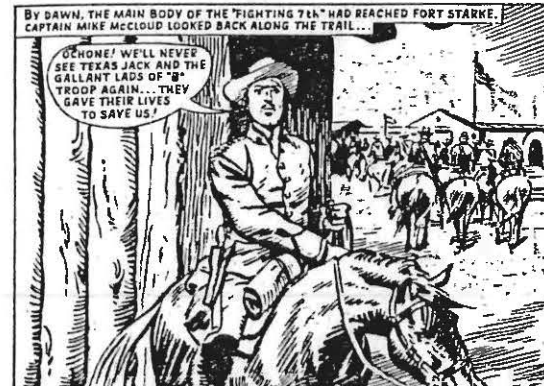
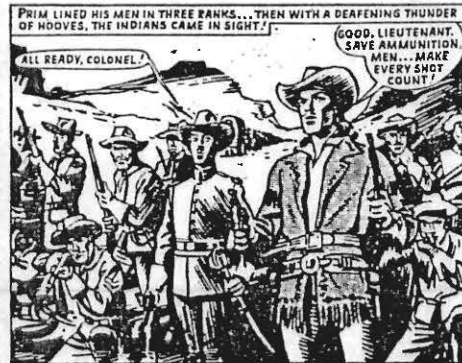
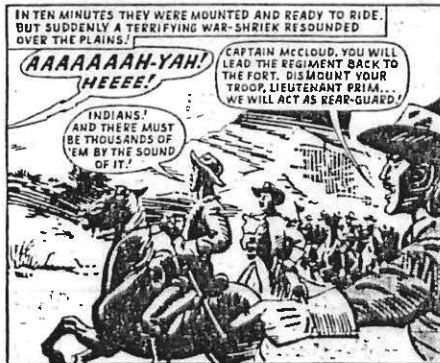


(the squaw man), Jim Lauderdale, Monty and Hank Clifford, Arthur Roff and others. It was at Cottonwood Springs that Jack first met "Buffalo Bill," with whom a close friendship soon developed."

Nebraska at that time was the scene of much frontier activity. Tracks for the Union Pacific Railroad had, only a few months before, been laid westward across the state. Guides for eastern hunting parties were in demand and Indian depredations were common. It was not always whites against Indians, but many times Indians against Indians. It was here, then, that Jack decided to stay for awhile, and here that he achieved fame as an Indian fighter, guide and trailer.

Today Fort McPherson (Cottonwood Springs) is rich in the lore of the Old West.

10



NEXT WEEK: THE MAN WHO VOWED TO KILL TEXAS JACK!

Introducing . . .



Texas Jack Association Honorary Member

MRS. HENRY H. R. (PEG) COE

...Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER.

Peg was born in Cody, Wyoming on Christmas Day (what a wonderful Christmas present for the town of Cody!). Her parents were Ernest and Effie Shaw, and she had two brothers, Charles (deceased) and Richard (living in Cody, and one sister, Ruth Kern (living in Yellowstone National Park).

Peg went through the Cody school system, and then graduated from Stephens Junior College in Columbia, MO. She obtained her bachelor of arts degree in psychology and philosophy from the University of Wyoming.

Peg's father was editor of the Cody Enterprise, the local newspaper, and her first job experience was working at that newspaper. She later worked for the Australian Procurement Office in Washington D.C., and then for the National War Labor Board in San Francisco.

Peg and Henry Coe (the son of William R. Coe, industrialist and philanthropist), were married on October 8th, 1943. Henry was in the Navy at the time, and when he was discharged in 1945, they returned to live in Cody.

In 1946, Henry and Peg purchased Pahaska Tepee, which was a tourist resort on the Northfork of the Shoshone River near the East Gate of Yellowstone National Park.

Soon thereafter, they had three children: Anne (Mrs. James H.) Hayes, Henry H.R. "Hank" Coe, Jr., and Robert D. Coe, II, who are now all living in Cody along with Peg's five grandchildren.

Henry, who was on the Board of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, passed away in 1966. Peg succeeded him and has been on the Board ever since.

In 1968, Peg's brother Dick and she purchased back the Cody Enterprise, which had been in the family previously. They kept it for 3½ years and then sold to Sage Publishing.

In 1974, Peg Coe was elected Chairman of the Memorial Association's Board of Trustees of the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER. Under her deft leadership, the Winchester Arms Collection was brought from New Haven, CT to Cody, and was dedicated in June of 1980. The existing library facilities was expanded, and in August, 1980, the dedication of the new "Harold McCracken Library" took place. A new Plains Indian Museum was created and constructed. It was dedicated in June, 1979. The Frederic Remington Studio, as it originally was in Ogdensburg, NY, was recreated and dedicated in June 1981.

In addition to her affiliation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Peg is President of the Cody Medical Foundation. She is a Director of the Shoshone First National Bank in Cody and is a Trustee of the Millicent Rogers Foundation in Taos, NM.

Peg says, "I have always been interested in Buffalo Bill and the Museum here in Cody. My father had the newspaper here, that was started by Col. Cody at the turn of the century, and both of my parents were active in developing the Museum. So that led naturally to my interest. When my husband died, I took his place on the Board of Trustees. My mother had served on the Board for many years and my earliest memories are of the winter-long rummage she and several of her friends kept going to raise money to keep the Museum going. Mother had met Col. Cody when she first came to Cody as a school teacher about 1914 and always said he was the handsomest man she had ever seen."

Peg Coe wrote to us in a recent letter, "Keep up the good work (in the Texas Jack Association). You have a lot of interest in your organization and the wonderful colorful times of the past are disappearing all too fast. They need to be preserved."

The preseveration of our heritage has a real champion in Mrs. Henry H.R. (Peg) Coe.



Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe

The Hunt of the Bison

by J.B. (Texas Jack) Omohundro

The following story, written by John B. (Texas Jack) Omohundro, appeared in the 1885 Buffalo Bill's Wild West program. We obtained it through the courtesy of the BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER in Cody, WY.

* * * * *

The late-lamented "Texas Jack" gave the following laconic, yet realistic description of this exciting sport in Wilkes' Spirit, March 26, 1887:

March 1, 1877

Dear Spirit: My old friends, W.F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") and Major North paid me a visit the other evening, having returned from a successful hunting trip. The camp fire *tête á tête* reminded me of my first buffalo hunt with Indians. If I don't get like the butcher's calf and "kind o' give out," I'll try and give you an idea of one of the most exciting scenes I ever saw or read of, not excepting my school-boy impression of Andy Jackson's hoo-doo at New Orleans. I thought I had seen fun in a Texas cattle stampede, been astonished in a mustang chase; but it wasn't a marker, and it made me believe that Methuselah was right when he suggested that the oldest could "live and learn." It is a pity the old man didn't stick it out. He could have enjoyed this lesson.

A few years ago I was deputized United States Agent, under Major North, to accompany a party of Pawnee and Ponca Indians. Although "blanket Indians" (living wild), they have for a long time been friends of the Government, and have done excellent service under command of the justly celebrated Major Frank North, whose famed Pawnee scouts (now at Sydney, Neb.) have always been a terror to the Sioux nation. Owing to their hatred of each other, it is necessary to send an agent with them to prevent "picnics" and also to settle disputes with the white hunters. As Major North was in poor health at that time, this delicate task fell to me.

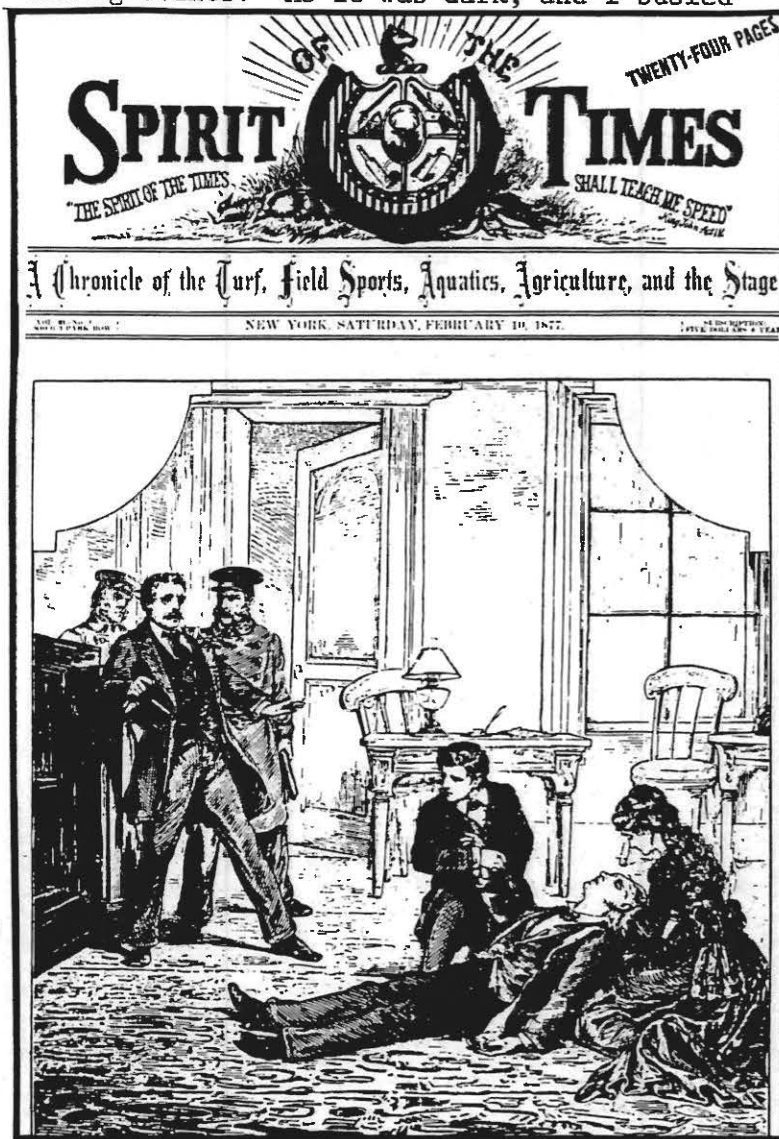
As I don't like to be longwinded, I'll pass over the scenes and incidents of wild Indian camp life, the magnificent sight of a moving village of "nature's children," looking like a long rainbow in the bright colors of their blankets, beads, feathers, war paint, etc., etc., as it would form a full chapter, and skip and eleven-days' march from the Loup River Reservation to Plum Creek, on the North Platte, where our runners reported.

Early in the evening, as we were about making up the camp, my old friend, Baptiste, the interpreter, joyfully remarked: "Jack, the blanket is up three times--fun and fresh

meat to-morrow."

There was a great powwowing that night, and all the warriors were to turn out for the grand "buffalo surround," leaving the squaws and papooses in the village.

Just before daybreak, there was a general stir and bustle on all sides, giving evidence of the complete preparations making for the coming events. As it was dark, and I busied



SCENE FROM "FIFTH AVENUE" BY MORTON TINKATH.

"SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," 1877

"The American Gentleman's Newspaper"
TEXAS JACK wrote articles for this
publication about his experiences.

in arranging my own outfit, thinking of the grand sight soon to be witnessed, and wondering how I would "pan out" in the view of my "red brothers," I had not noticed the manner of their own arrangements in an important particular that I will hereafter allude to.

At a given signal all started, and, when the first blue streaks of dawn allowed the moving column to be visible I had time to make an inspection of the strange cavalcade, and note peculiarities. I saw at once, placed at a disadvantage, the "white brother."

I had started fully equipped--bridle, saddle, lariat, rifle, pistol, belt, etc.--and astride of my pony. They, with as near nothing in garments as Adam and Eve, only breech clout and moccasins, no saddle, no blanket, not even a bridle, only a small mouth rope, light bow and a few arrows in hand--in fact not an ounce of weight more than necessary, and, unlike myself, all scudding along at a marvelous rate, leading their fiery ponies, so as to reserve every energy for the grand event in prospect.

Taking it all in at a glance, your "humble servant," quite abashed, let go all holts and slipped off his critter, feeling that the Broncho looked like a Government pack mule. I at once mentally gave up the intention of paralyzing my light-rigged side pards in the coming contest. As they were all walking, I thought the buffalo were quite near; but what was my surprise, as mile after mile was scored, that I gradually found myself dropping slowly but surely behind, and, so as not to get left, compelled every now and then to mount and lope to the front, there to perceive from the twinkling eyes of friend "Lo" a smile that his otherwise stolid face gave no evidence of. How deep an Indian can think, and it not be surface plain, I believe has never been thoroughly measured. Just imagine this "lick" kept up with apparent ease by them for ten or twelve miles, and you may get a partial idea of your friend Jack's tribulations.

Fortunately, I kept up, but at what an expense of muscle, verging on a complete "funk," you can only appreciate by a similar spin.

About this time a halt was made, and you bet I was mighty glad of it. Suddenly two or three scouts rode up. A hurried council was held, during which the pipe was passed. Everything seemed to be now arranged, and,



A GRAY WIFE TEXAS JACK.
 The artist, a well-known one of the names of the West, says that he was in the presence of Texas Jack, the famous cowboy, at the time he was in the city of San Antonio, Tex., in 1877. He has since then made a sketch of him, and it is now published in the American Gentleman's Newspaper. The sketch is a remarkably good one, and it is a pity that it is not more widely known. It is a portrait of a man who is a true cowboy, and it is a portrait of a man who is a true gentleman. It is a portrait of a man who is a true Texas Jack.

ARTIST'S SKETCH OF TEXAS JACK, 1877

While being interviewed by a reporter of *Spirit of the Times*, Texas Jack posed for this interesting sketch by the magazine's staff artist.

after a little further advance, again a halt, when, amid great but suppressed excitement, every Indian mounted his now almost frantic steed, each eagerly seeking to edge his way without observation to the front.

About two hundred horses almost abreast in the front line, say one hundred and fifty wedging in half way between formed a half second line, and one hundred struggling for place--a third line; the chiefs in front gesticulating, pantomiming, and, with slashing whips, keeping back the excited mass, whose plunging, panting ponies, as impatient as their masters, fretted, frothed, and foamed--both seemed moulded into one being, with only one thought, one feeling, one ambition, as with flashing eye they waited for the signal, "Go," to let their pent-up feelings speed on to the honors of the chase.

Their prey is in fancied security, now quietly browsing to the windward in a low, open flat, some half a mile wide and two or three mile long, on top of a high divide, concealed from view by risings and breaks. Gradually they approach the knoll, their heads reach the level, the backs of the buffalo are seen, then a full view, when Pi-ta-ne-sha-a-du (Old Peter, the head chief) gives the word, drops the blanket, and they are "off."

Whew! wheez! thunder and lightning! Jerome Parks, and Hippodromes! talk of tor-

nadoes, whirlwinds, avalanches, water-spouts, prairie fires, Niagara, Mount Vesuvius (and I have seen them all except old Vesuv.); boil them all together, mix them well, and serve on one plate, and you will have a limited idea of the charge of this "light brigade." They fairly left a hole in the air. With a roar like Niagara, the speed of a whirlwind, like the sweep of a tornado, the rush of a snow-slide, the suddenness of a water-spout, the rumbling of Vesuvius, with the fire of death in their souls, they pounce on their prey, and in an instant, amid a cloud of dust, nothing is visible but a mingled mass of flying arrows, horses' heels, buffalos' tails, Indian heads, half of ponies, half of men, half of buffalo, until one thinks it a dream, or a heavy case of "jim-jams."

I just anchored in astonishment. Where are they? Ah! there is one; there is another, a third, four, five. Over the plains in all directions they go, as the choice meat hunters cut them out, while in a jumbled mass, circling all around is the main body. The clouds of dust gradually rise as if a curtain was lifted, horses stop as buffalos drop, until there is a clear panoramic view of a busy scene, all quiet, everything still (save a few fleet ones in the distance): horses riderless, browsing proudly, conscious of success; the prairie dotted here, there, everywhere with dead bison; and happy, hungry hunters skinning, cutting, slashing the late proud monarch of the plains.

I was so interested in the sight that I came near being left, when fortunately a lucky long-range shot (the only one fired during the day) at a stray heifer saved my reputation. In about two hours every pony was loaded, their packing being quite a study that would need a deserved and lengthy description. It was wonderful.

As I had a heap of walk out, I proposed to ride in, so took a small cut of choice meat--straight cut--for camp. Every pony was packed down only mine, seeing which "Peter's pappoose" ("the sun chief") invited himself up behind. Talk of gall--an Indian has got more cheek than a Government mule. He laughed at my objections, but as he had loaned me the pony I had to submit. He even directed the gait, and kept up a continual jabbering of "Wisgoots, ugh! de-goinartsonse stak-ees, ugh!" which I afterward learned meant "Hurry up; I am tired, hungry, and dry--how!"

A reproduction, as far as practical, of the method of buffalo hunting, will be a feature of the Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," with a herd of bison, real Indians, hunters, and Western ponies.

* * * * *

A copy of the complete BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST program from which this story was taken is available to members of the TJA who write for it. Write to: Buffalo Bill Museum, Box 1000, Cody, WY 82414



The Pony Express – The Beginning of America's Communication and Travel

The author (unknown) who wrote this article 51 years ago, had no conception of the future of communication and travel, which we enjoy today. Yet he (or she) was obviously impressed with the great progress that had been achieved in the previous 75 years. It makes one wonder what, beyond our comprehension is in store for us....

Today, April 3, (1935), is the 75th anniversary of the beginning of the Pony Express between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Calif.

Daring riders traveling day and night as fast as their horses could run, relayed bags of mail across the plains and mountains from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Starting in 1860, the Express left St. Joseph twice a week, making the trip to Sacramento in eleven days, later in nine days. The second run was in March, 1861, when President Lincoln's inaugural address was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento, 1980 miles, in seven days and eighteen hours.

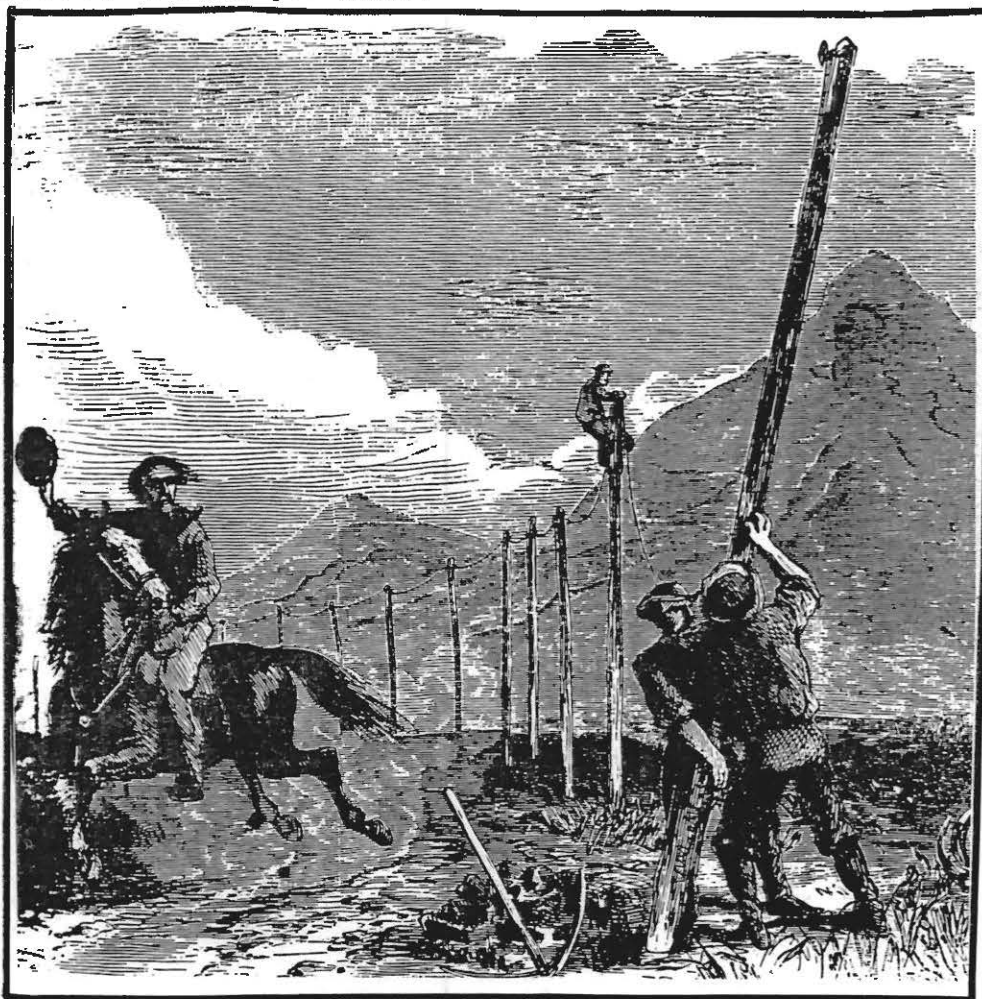
Today a United Air Lines transport plane, to mark the anniversary, carries mail, passengers and express over the same route in ten hours.

Have we reached the limit of progress? Of course not. Compared to the first tedious journeys across the country the Pony Express represents more progress than the airplane represents over the train.

From 1804, when the Lewis and Clark expedition travelled westward from Omaha to the Oregon Territory, to 1847, when the Mormons migrated to the valley of Salt Lake, making 15 miles a day, the foundations for transportation progress were being laid.

With the gold rush of 1849, the trail across the country became the greatest traveled highway in the world - wider and more beaten than a city street, with hundreds of thousands of wagons passing over it. One set of government wagon trains in 1858 made a line fifty miles long. Forty thousand people were on the trail. One firm's freight team numbered 6000 wagons and 75,000 oxen.

Wells Fargo stages began running from Missouri to Salt Lake and California in 1856. In 1860 came the Pony Express. It ran for 18 months until the completion of a telegraph



Pony Express Rider Sees Telegraph Lines Being Erected.

line to San Francisco in October 1861.

In 1869 the golden spike was driven in the railroad tie in Utah to join the rails forming the first railroad line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast, spanning some 1770 miles.

But we weren't done then. In 1913 the Lincoln Highway was projected in order that motorists might enjoy an easy trip across the continent.

In 1915, the first telephone conversation was held between California and the Middle West.

In 1920, the first air mail was flown from the Atlantic to the Pacific Seaboard.

Year by year the flying time from coast to coast has been decreased.

Where do we go from here?
Speed seems unnecessary...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Donna (D.J.) Bennisfield (Oceanside, CA)	April 12
Gail Price (Hillside, CO)	April 13
Richard C. Omohundro, Jr. (Columbus, OH)	April 16
Evelyn Furman (Leadville, CO)	April 17
Dr. Richard J. Oglesby IV (Cody, WY)	April 21
Susan O. Wood (Thomasville, GA)	April 21
Millard (Buz) Crain, Jr. (Milpitas, CA)	April 26
Dorothy A. Greeley (North Platte, NE)	April 30
Gloria H. Gibbs (Duarte, CA)	May 6
Dan Balkin (Sherman Oaks, CA)	May 8
Richard L. Empie (Palos Verdes, CA)	May 11
Michael J. Omohundro (Englewood, CO)	May 11
Henry Kucharzyk (Lowell, MA)	May 17
Dr. Thomas J. Omohundro (Jackson, MO)	May 25
Nancy Jane Snyder (Springfield, IL)	May 28
Kirk Brennan (Weaverville, CA)	June 1
Caroline R. Spencer (Willow Creek, MT)	June 7
Prof. William Coleman (Des Moines, IA)	June 7
Richard Omohundro (Harrisburg, PA)	June 9
Ryan Omohundro (El Paso, TX)	June 11
Malcolm Withers (Westerham, Kent, England)	June 11
H. Franklin Phillips (Newport News, VA)	June 14
Dr. Paul Fees (Cody, WY)	June 15
Violet Underwood (Carmichael, CA)	June 15
Dick Bennisfield (Oceanside, CA)	June 18
Elizabeth Ann Omohundro (Littleton, CO)	June 27
Bettie Blue Omohundro (Arlington, VA)	June 28
Robin Theobald (Breckenridge, CO)	June 28

WELCOME NEW TJA MEMBERS

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WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

We would appreciate knowing how you feel about the newsletters that you have been receiving. Do they contain information that you find interesting? Or not? Do you have any suggestions or contributions? If so, we welcome them, and we need them!

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