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Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack as Family Men

by KB Chapman, Guest Editor



Texas Jack in 1877

Texas Jack (John B. Omohundro) and Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) were both born in 1846, Texas Jack in Fluvana County Virginia, and Buffalo Bill in Scott County Iowa. Both men became expert horsemen and shooters at an early age. Both became army scouts in their late teens, Texas Jack for the Confederate Army under J.E.B. Stuart and Buffalo Bill for the Union Army. The two men met in 1869 at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, where Buffalo Bill was scouting for the 5th U.S. Cavalry. Cody was instrumental in getting Jack hired on as a “trail agent and scout” for the 5th. They remained the best of friends for years after, sharing adventures as prairie scouts, hunting guides, Indian fighters and finally, as showmen. Indeed, it seems to me that both men slipped from top hat society to buckskin adventure with relish and ease.

While reading about these two famous adventurers, I found myself wondering what their family life was like, what kind of women they were married to and if they had children of their own.

Texas Jack and Josephine Morlacchi

Texas Jack, the rough and bold plainsman, and Josephine, the petite and graceful ballerina, were married August 31, 1873.

continued on page 3

from the Editor's Desk...

Hi everyone! Little did I know how caught up in the stories of Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill I would become when I volunteered to be guest editor of the *Scout*. There's something truly fascinating about these stories out of our history - they feel so alive. As I read, I became curious about these heroic men - how about their family life, I wondered, and as I researched, my admiration for them and the strong women they married grew and grew. I kept thinking how lucky we are, that for the most part, our children live to become adults and have families of their own and how hard it must have been to lose the children you love as Buffalo Bill and his wife did. After reading Peggy Greene's excellent article on Texas Jack and his beloved Josephine from the 1991 *Scout*, I decided there might be others who would like to re-read the article and so I have used many parts of it. I hope you enjoy reading about them as much as I did. Special thanks to Rand for guidance and computer savvy and to Candice for her editorial input and patience. Also to Edna, thanks so much for your support. I enjoyed meeting many of you at the roundup in Virginia last summer, and I am delighted that Rand and Candice had the good sense to marry each other and that I am so fortunate to be included in their lives (and Juliet's) and to be a part of this great family. See you in Cody!

KB Chapman

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The Texas Jack Association was founded in 1980 to commemorate John B. Omohundro, cowboy, prairie scout, western hunting guide, and Wild West showman, colleague of Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok.

The Texas Jack Scout publishes articles about John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro, the times and places in which he lived, or individuals who have contributed substantially to maintaining his memory.



The Peerless Morlacchi, circa, 1868
Josephine Morlacchi

1872 was a big year for Texas Jack. In April, he and Buffalo Bill were the lead scouts during a small engagement against hostiles that eventually led to Cody receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor. Texas Jack served alongside Buffalo Bill as a hunting guide under Lt. Colonel George A. Custer to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and, later that summer, was selected by Major Frank North to escort the Pawnee off their reservation for a huge buffalo hunt. Writer Ned Buntline, the dime novelist, arrived at Fort McPherson. He wanted Buffalo Bill to come back east with him to perform. Cody accepted his offer and asked Texas Jack to go with him.

In December, Cody and Omohundro appeared together in the stage show, “Scouts of the Prairie,” which featured the well known frontier scouts as live actors.

In Chicago, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack rehearsed the lines they would say in their first play. While there, Jack met Josephine Morlacchi, the

famous ballerina. She was also hired to be in the play and Buntline asked her to coach Jack who was a complete newcomer to the stage. He fell instantly in love with her. Born in Milan, Italy, Josephine was the same age as Jack. Schooled at the finest ballet academies in Europe, she had toured European capital cities, performing before royalty, before she came to the United States in 1867. She helped introduce the rowdy and boisterous “Can-Can” dance to the American public, was an instant success on the American stage and soon became one of the most popular performers of the time. During the months the company was on the road, Texas Jack and Josephine were frequently seen strolling down the street or dining together before or after the show. The attraction was mutual and the couple was married at St. Mary’s Roman Catholic Church in Rochester, New York on August 31, 1873.

For the next two years they continued to perform western melodramas in the important cities of Europe and America . During that time Texas Jack



Texas Jack
605 BROADWAY, N. Y.

would periodically disappear into the western plains to hunt buffalo, fight Indians, or serve as a guide to wealthy European tourists and others. In an interview by Mr. Bell of the *Spirit of Our Times*, April 14, 1877, Josephine is quoted as saying “ I have been married four years to Mr. Omohundro, but it seems to me as if I had known him all my life. He is very good and kind, and never angry. No, I have not yet accompanied him on any of his expeditions into the prairies. He always leaves me at home, but I want to go....”

Their family life was one of true happiness. They found enjoyment and contentment in each other’s company. He was sympathetic when the stage called her to fill engagements over and beyond the season with his troupe. She, too, had an understanding heart when he became restless with a yen to tramp the plains as a scout or as a guide for hunting parties, during the idle months away from the theater.

For the most part, after 1875, he and Josephine were in semi-retirement. They enjoyed Lowell (Mass.) so much that they bought Suffolk Hall, at the corner of Market and Suffolk Streets. The building was a three story structure: the first floor was composed of storefronts, the second floor was the hall where Josephine established a school of dance, while the third contained apartments where Jack, Josephine and Angelina (her sister) lived. They also owned a farmhouse with acreage just outside of Lowell in Billerica and whenever they were out of town, Angelina Morlacchi took care of both Suffolk Hall and the farmhouse (which they now referred to as “the summer home”).

In 1879 Jack headed for Leadville Colorado to look into silver mining. Josephine joined him there after her show in Denver. They liked the high mountain town and while Jack looked into mining



Texas Jack and Josephine

deals, Josephine began to teach ballet. Sadly, Jack caught a heavy cold which turned into pneumonia. In spite of Josephine’s unremitting and loving care, he died June 28, 1880.

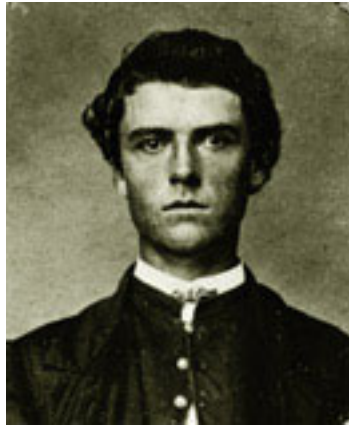
Josephine, devastated by the loss of her beloved Texas Jack, retired to Lowell to live with her sister Angelina and teach ballet. She died six years later. They had no children.

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Buffalo Bill and Louisa (Lulu) Frederici

In 1865, Bill Cody, 19 and ruggedly handsome, met and in 1866, married Louisa “Lulu” Frederici. She was attractive, a bit older than Cody, and citi-

fied. Louisa Maude Frederici Cody was born in St. Louis in 1843 to an American-born mother whose maiden name was Smith and a father who had emigrated from Alsace-Lorraine. The Frederici family apparently originated in southern France and Italy. Little is known about Mrs. Cody's early family life.



*Wm. F. Cody, ca. 1865
age - 19 years*

Buffalo Bill wrote about his own love story in his Autobiography "The Life of Hon. William F. Cody Known as Buffalo Bill".

"Camp-life and fighting guerrillas is not a very desirable occupation, and even scouting in the service is not so agreeable as making love to pretty girls; appreciating this fact, after nearly four years of hardships along the advance, I was very much pleased with the change when in the winter of 1864-65 I was permitted to spend a time at military headquarters in St. Louis on detached service. It was while I was in this pleasing situation that I became acquainted with a young lady named Louisa Frederici, whom I greatly admired and in whose charming society I spent many a pleasant hour.

The war closing in 1865, I was discharged, and after a brief visit at Leavenworth I returned to St. Louis, having made up my mind to capture the heart of Miss Frederici, whom I now adored above any other young lady that I had ever seen. Her lovely face, her gentle disposition and her graceful manners, won my admiration and love; and I was not slow in declaring my sentiments to her. The result was that I obtained her consent to marry me in the near future, and when I bade her good-bye I considered myself one of the happiest of men.

Meantime I drove a string of horses from Leavenworth to Fort Kearney, where I met my old friend Bill Trotter, who was then division stage

agent. He employed me at once to drive stage between Kearney and Plum Creek, the road running near the spot where I had my first Indian fight with the McCarthy brothers, and where I killed my first Indian, nearly nine years before. I drove stage over this route until February, 1866, and while bounding over the cold, dreary road day after day, my thoughts turned continually towards my promised bride, until I at last determined to abandon staging forever, and marry and settle down. Immediately after coming to this conclusion, I went to St. Louis, where I was most cordially received by my sweetheart; it was arranged between us that our wedding should take place on the 6th day of March following.

At last the day arrived and the wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of a large number of invited friends, whose hearty congratulations we received. I was certainly to be congratulated, for I had become possessed of a lovely and noble woman, and as I gazed upon her as she stood beside me arrayed in her wedding costume, I indeed felt proud of her; and from that time to this I have always thought that I made a most fortunate choice for a life partner.

An hour after the ceremony we, my bride and myself, were on board of a Missouri river steamboat, bound for our new home in Kansas. My wife's parents had accompanied us to the boat, and had bidden us a fond farewell and a God-speed on our journey."

In the early days of his marriage, Cody tried his hand at innkeeping in Grasshopper Falls, Kansas. Within six months, he was back on horseback guiding wagon trains, scouting for the Army, and pursuing various business schemes.

On December 16, 1866, the first of their four children, Arta, was born.

On November 26, 1870, Louisa gave birth to their second child and only son, Kit Carson. Named for his father's friend and mentor, the baby boy was born in McPherson, Nebraska. Two years later, on August 15, 1872, a third child, Orra Maude, was born.

Retaining his army identity, Colonel Bill Cody formed business ties with Texas Jack, and together they developed the traveling melodrama that idealized the life of western cowboys. Louisa Cody and her showman husband were constantly moving with the entertainment circuit.

In the mid 1870s, the Cody family came to Rochester. The city was booming, and the citizens sought the thrilling adventure they received from the athletic moves and “cat-like grace” of Buffalo Bill and company. When they arrived in Rochester, the family lived in a hotel until they took up residence in a frame house at 10 New York Street.

Buffalo Bill was away on tour when he received word to return to Rochester because his son had contracted scarlet fever and was desperately ill. Kit died on April 20, 1876. Little could be done to console Buffalo Bill who had dreams of working with the boy and saw him as a future partner and companion. Here is the story in Buffalo Bill’s own words.

DEATH OF MY ONLY LITTLE BOY

For the season of 1875-76, Texas Jack and I reorganized our old combination, and made a very successful tour. While we were playing at Springfield, Massachusetts, April 20th and 21st, 1876, a telegram was handed me just as I was going on the stage. I opened it and found it to be from Colonel C. W. Torrence, of Rochester, an intimate friend of the family, who stated that my little boy Kit was dangerously ill with the scarlet fever. This was indeed sad news, for little Kit had always been my greatest



*Buffalo Bill, Louisa and two daughters Artie and Orrie
ca. 1880*



Kit Carson Cody

pride. I sent for John Burke, our business manager, and showing him the telegram, told him that I would play the first act, and making a proper excuse to the audience, I would then take the nine o'clock train that same evening for Rochester, leaving him to play out my part. This I did, and at ten o'clock the next morning I arrived in

Rochester, and was met at the depot by my intimate friend Moses Kerngood who at once drove me to my home. I found my little boy unable to speak but he seemed to recognize me and putting his little arms around my neck he tried to kiss me. We did everything in our power to save him, but it was of no avail. The Lord claimed his own, and that evening at six o'clock my beloved little Kit died in my arms. We laid him away to rest in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Hope amid sorrow and tears."

After the unexpected death of his beloved son, Buffalo Bill left the stage and returned to the frontier as chief of scouts for the newly returned Fifth Cavalry. But after the tumultuous summer of 1876, which saw the death of Custer and Wild Bill Hickock, Buffalo Bill returned to the stage for good.

In February, 1878, as Buffalo Bill writes "my wife became tired of traveling, and proceeded to North Platte, Nebraska, where, on our farm adjoining the town, she personally superintended the erection of a comfortable family residence, and had it all completed when I reached there, early in May. In this house we are now living, and we hope to make it our home for many years to come."

On February 9, 1883, Irma Louise, the Cody's fourth child, was born. That was also the year in which Orra Maude died of remittent fever in North



Buffalo Bill (William Cody)

Platte, Nebraska, on October 24. Bill and Louisa Cody made a pilgrimage back to Rochester to bury a second child in Mount Hope Cemetery.



Louisa Cody

None too fond of Cody's cowboy friends or frontier ways, Lulu chose to stay home in Nebraska while her husband traveled the world with his famous Wild West Show. He faithfully sent money back to the growing family, instructing his wife to buy certain properties and make other investments. Years later, Buffalo Bill would learn that Lulu had put all of the assets in her name, not his. When financial

problems bore down on him, he owned not even his own house.

While the marriage endured, their mutual civility did not. In a very public divorce hearing in 1905, Cody accused Louisa of being rude to his guests and of trying to poison him—twice! She accused him of carrying on affairs, including one with Queen Victoria. The judge threw out the case and refused to grant a divorce.

Buffalo Bill died January 10, 1917 in Denver. Mrs. Cody died four years later.

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BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

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Buffalo Bill (William Cody)

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2006 Roundup Cody, Wyoming

By Paul Fees, Senior Curator, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming

Cody is situated in the northwest corner of Wyoming's Big Horn Basin. It was one of the last places in the United States to be settled. Mountain man and fur trapper John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was probably the first white man to visit the Stinking Water Valley, while searching for beaver. Later came the miners, cattle kings and flock masters. They had come to encroach on the hunting grounds of the Crow Indians. Once the buffalo were gone, the Crow retreated to their reservation in Montana.

Wm. F. Cody, along with a group of investors from Buffalo, New York, and George T. Beck and Holger Alger of Sheridan, Wyoming, formed the Shoshone Land and Irrigation Company and proceeded with plans to locate a town. Cody was established at the present site in 1896. Cody brought many dignitaries and heads of state to Cody to hunt during the off-season of the Wild West Show. The Cody country had abundant game and was developing into a sportsman's paradise. Guiding and outfitting services flourished and guest and dude ranches began springing up to accommodate tourists brought in by the Burlington Railroad.

Cody continued to grow at a fast pace until World War I. The depression of the 1930s brought growth to a halt but the area remained stable. By this time Buffalo Bill had passed on and the town was searching for ways to commemorate his life. The Cody Stampede and Rodeo was founded, along with the establishment of the Buffalo Bill Museum and erection of the famous statue of Buffalo Bill called "The Scout."

Please send articles and news for the next Scout to....

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STAMP COMMITTEE REPORT

By Dennis Greene

For some years now, I have worked, to get the U.S. Postal service to issue a stamp honoring Texas Jack. But, to date, I have had no success. This is not an easy project, as the 15 member U.S. Postal stamp committee (which meets every three months) gets about 40,000 individual requests per year. They work 2 to 3 years in advance before making their recommendation to the Postmaster General and after that, it takes about 3 years to actually get the stamp into print. You can see that takes some persistence to succeed! I haven't given up, but I do need the help of the TJA membership!

I would like to request that each member write a letter directly to the Post Office Department, telling it in your own words why Texas Jack should be on a stamp. I have requested this in the past, but I feel that this is probably the last chance we have. So, let's give it our best effort!

Letters should be set to:

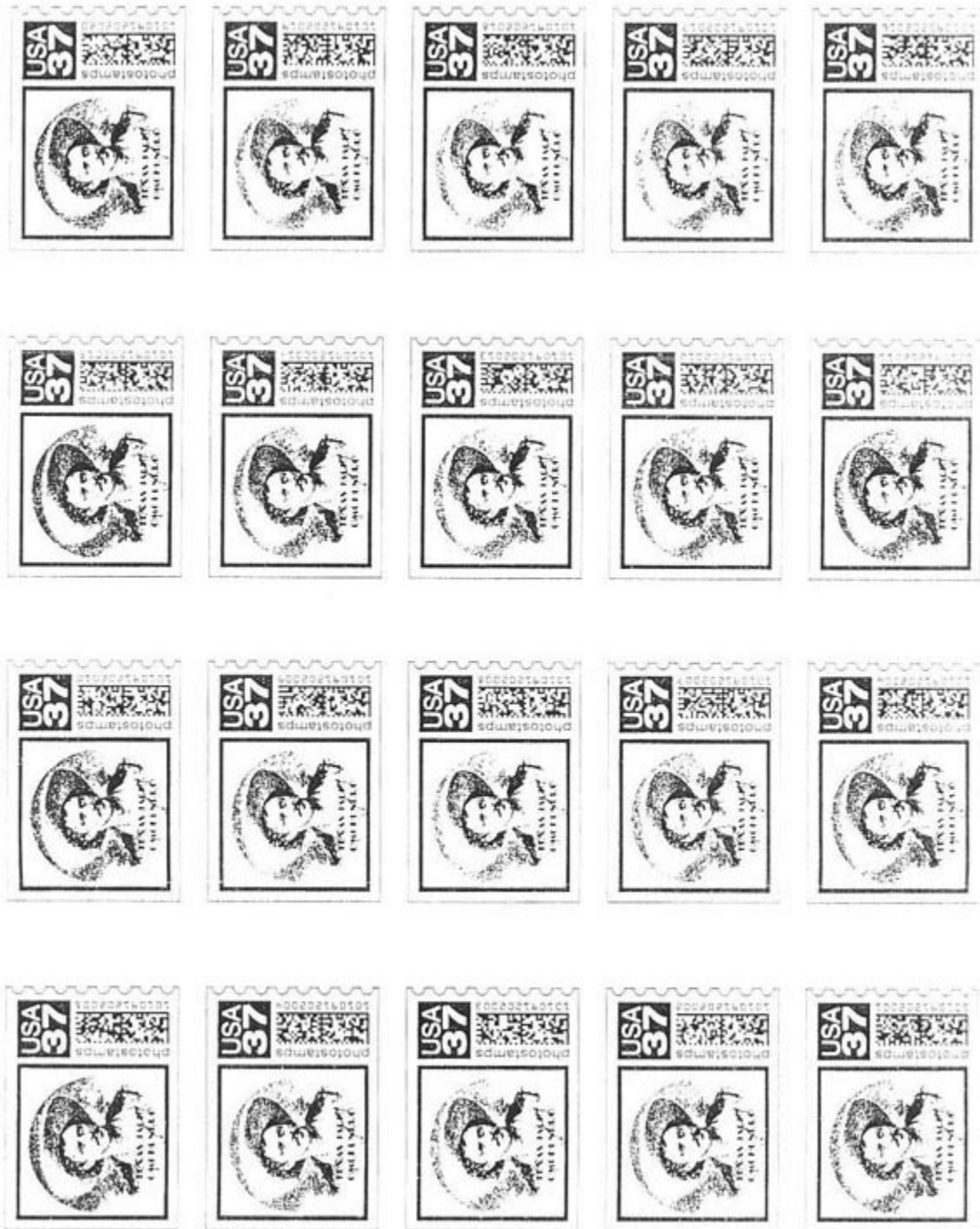
Citizen Stamp Advisory Committee
475 L'Enfant Plaza S.W.
Room 4474E
Washington D.C. 20260-2437

The good news is that a company in California has recently received approval from the USPS to produce "personalized stamps." A photo that a person (or organization) wishes to have appear on a stamp is submitted to the company, and they (having made arrangements to remit to the PO Department the face value of the stamp), produce them. This was an experimental cooperative effort between the USPS and the company who produced them, and the USPS will make the decision as to whether or not to approve the continuation of the project in January.

During their period of experimentation, I had such a stamp made of Texas Jack (see photo). These legal postage stamps come in blocks of 20-37cent postage denominations, and cost \$21.00 for the twenty.

It has occurred to me that, if the government okays the production, perhaps these stamps might be something our members would wish to purchase, either to keep as mementos, or to use as first class postage.

For those who wish to order these stamps in one or more blocks, please place this order now with Edna Nees, 213 Coles Rolling Rd., Scottsville, VA 24590-9748.



Capt. Read Omohundro Continues Tradition of Bravery *by Rand McKinney*

Captain Read Omohundro is continuing Texas Jack Omohundro's tradition of bravery in a distant land. Captain Omohundro, of Fort Worth, Texas, led Company B, 1st Battalion, 8th Regiment of the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force in the battle of Fallujah, Iraq. Last November, the US Marines encircled and attacked Fallujah, which had become a haven for insurgents and terrorists. This historic battle was the largest urban battle fought by the US military since the battle of Hue, Viet Nam, in 1968. It has been called the "Iwo Jima of Iraq," after the bloody, strategically important battle in World War II, nearly sixty years earlier. Captain Omohundro's company was in the very thick of the fighting, and was one of the only companies to walk the whole length of the city.

Captain Omohundro was in the limelight for a while, as New York Times reporter Dexter Filkins was embedded with the Marine company. In Filkins's reports from the battlefield, Captain Omohundro showed himself to be an exceptional leader under circumstances that might have made even Texas Jack Omohundro blanch.

In Filkins' words: "The battle for Fallujah does not fall into any neat category, and even the messy label of urban warfare does not capture the intensity and unpredictability of this battlefield. In some places, the insurgents appear to fire and fall back, perhaps trying to tease the Marines into ambushes or dissolve into the grimy fabric of the city to fight another day.

But elsewhere, they hold their ground until the buildings around them are obliterated, or open fire abruptly from exposed positions and are literally cut to pieces. Nothing here makes sense, but the Americans' superior training and firepower eventually seem to prevail."

We can only imagine the difficulties encountered and sacrifices made by Capt. Omohundro and the



other marines in the Battle of Fallujah. As Americans, we owe them an eternal debt of gratitude for their service, bravery, and sacrifice. Mr. Filkins's articles provide a fascinating glimpse into the battle. Here are a few excerpts from the articles:

Dateline: November 9, 2004

This is urban warfare, where the technological advantages of the American military can be nullified, at least for a few terrifying hours, by a few determined fighters in a warehouse or an abandoned home.

During the night, the insurgents fired off brilliant red and blue flares, blinding the Americans' sensitive night-vision equipment, and slipped quickly from house to house in hopes of confusing the artillery spotters.

For hours, they succeeded, pinning down perhaps 150 Marines led by Capt. Read Omohundro, a strapping graduate of Texas A&M who has a habit of walking around upright during bursts of mortar and grenade fire while everyone else is hugging an outcropping of concrete.

Even the captain concedes that this is nothing like a fight in the open desert, where the Americans are always fated to win, quickly. "The challenge is that the battlefield is three-dimensional," he said. "Not only do you have to look in front of you and behind you, but also above you and below you, even subterranean."

This night would become a textbook illustration of those complexities. Captain Omohundro's unit started rolling toward the berm in armored personnel carriers from an encampment about a mile north about 7 p.m. He was supposed to meet up there with another outfit, but it had gotten lost.

Finally he found it, and his men started their part of the invasion by firing a 200-yard cord containing 1,800 pounds of explosive southward from the berm, toward downtown Falluja. The marines worried that their way into the city had been mined. But when the charge exploded, it also set off any mines in a narrow path around it.

That tactic worked, but when the Marines climbed the berm in pitch blackness and went over, they discovered rocky ground with rusty junk littering the way - a typical railroad district on the edge of town. They worked their way toward their first objectives, a small traffic circle, and beyond that, the first buildings of the city.

But the marines were getting shelled even before they went over the berm. The area exploded with sporadic gunfire, rocket-propelled grenade rounds and mortars. The advance bogged down as spotters tried to locate pockets of insurgents and wipe them out with the big guns.

For a time, this frightening urban battlefield became a pulsing cacophony of strange and deadly sounds. The mosques in the city broadcast calls to jihad through their speakers. F-18's fired 3,000 rounds a minute in bursts that sounded oddly like burps. AC-130 gunships droned overhead, their big cannons going thunk, thunk as they found targets.

Dateline: Nov. 10, 2004

On one particularly grim night, a group of marines from Bravo Company's First Platoon turned a corner

in the darkness and headed up an alley. As they did so, they came across men dressed in uniforms worn by the Iraqi National Guard. The uniforms were so perfect that they even carried pieces of red tape and white, the signal agreed upon to assure American soldiers that any Iraqis dressed that way would be friendly; the others could be killed.

The marines, spotting the red and white tape, waved, and the men in Iraqi uniforms opened fire. One American, Corporal Anderson, died instantly. One of the wounded men, Pfc. Andrew Russell, lay in the road, screaming from a nearly severed leg.

A group of marines ran forward into the gunfire to pull their comrades out. But the ambush, and the enemy flares and gunfire that followed, rattled the men of Bravo Company more than any event. In the darkness, the men began to argue. Others stood around in the road. As the platoon's leader, Lt. Andy Eckert, struggled to take charge, the Third Platoon seemed on the brink of panic.

"Everybody was scared," Lieutenant Eckert said afterward. "If the leader can't hold, then the unit can't hold together." The unit did hold, but only after the intervention of Bravo Company's commanding officer, Capt. Read Omohundro.

Time and again through the week, Captain Omohundro kept his men from folding, if not by his resolute manner then by his calmness under fire. In the first 16 hours of battle, when the combat was continuous and the threat of death ever present, Captain Omohundro never flinched, moving his men through the warrens and back alleys of Falluja with an uncanny sense of space and time, sensing the enemy, sensing the location of his men, even in the darkness, entirely self-possessed. "Damn it, get moving," Captain Omohundro said, and his men, looking relieved that they had been given direction amid the anarchy, were only too happy to oblige.

A little later, Captain Omohundro, a 34-year-old Texan, allowed that the strain of the battle had weighed on him, but he said that he had long ago trained himself to keep any self-doubt hidden from view. "It's not like I don't feel it," Captain Omohundro said. "But if I were to show it, the whole thing would come apart."

When the heavy fighting was finally over, a dog began to follow Bravo Company through Falluja's broken streets. First it lay down in the road outside one of the buildings the company had occupied, between troop carriers. Then, as the troops moved on, the mangy dog slinked behind them, first on a series of house searches, then on a foot patrol, always keeping its distance, but never letting the marines out of its sight.

Bravo Company, looking a bit ragged itself as it moved up through Falluja, momentarily fell out of its single-file line. "Keep a sharp eye," Captain Omohundro told his men. "We ain't done with this war yet."

Dateline: November 21, 2004

"Originally, the mission was to reach a key objective in the middle of the city," said Omohundro, 34, a native of Ft. Worth, Texas. "It was supposed to take 96 hours; we did it in 36."

Moving fast through the city gave the Marines a tactical and mental advantage over the insurgent forces. "We were able to keep the enemy off guard," said Omohundro. "They didn't know exactly when or from where we would come."

Company B's ability to complete the job in such a short time proved their reliability on the battlefield, and allowed them to press on deeper into the heart of the city. "We didn't plan on further advancement so soon," said Omohundro, but an opportunity to close in on the enemy came, and we took it.

This set the stage for a sequence of more deliberate movements through the remainder of the city. "We began pushing further south," said Omohundro, basing the mission of each day on enemy positions and intelligence gathered by reconnaissance missions. The entire military operation caused a state of confusion among the different pockets of insurgents, putting Company B a step ahead of the game.

"Their disorganization was our benefit," said Omohundro. "As a result, we encountered a lot less enemy opposition than expected." Coupled with supporting arms, Company B undertook the im-

mense task of searching and clearing every building along their path. Continuing patrols within the city, Company B will remain until their job is complete.

"We'll be here until the job is done," said Omohundro. The Marines have done an excellent job, and with the way things are going, we shouldn't have to be here much longer.

Their company commander continues to laud his Marines drive and stamina throughout the operation. "The Marines fought bravely," said Omohundro. "They are true warriors."

Ed note: here are Capt. Omohundro's mother and wife- That young man (Read Omohundro) has a mother. Her name is Virginia Ammons, and she lives in Hurst. Imagine reading that from her perspective. "To have him in harm's way rips your heart out," she said Wednesday. "Every mother feels like they're out of our control, that there's nothing we can do to protect our child. "It's that scary."

Until Tuesday, neither Omohundro's mother nor his wife, Nicky, knew that he was in Fallujah, although they suspected it. Nor did they know what combat must be like for him.

"It's surreal," Nicky Omohundro said from Oklahoma City with their three sons. "You know what they do, but a lot of times you don't talk about it." All either of them knew is that if ever anyone was suited for combat, it would be him.

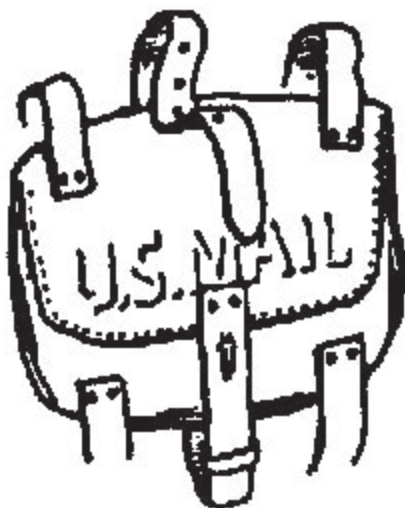
Omohundro, 34, not surprisingly a rather fearless boy, enlisted in the Marines immediately after graduating from Haltom High School in 1988 and collected his first war stories during the Persian Gulf War in 1991. Later, he joined a program for enlisted Marines to become officers and chose A&M, graduating in 1997 with a degree in mathematics.

Having spent the opening of the Iraq war with a recruiting unit in Oklahoma City, he was sent to the 1st Battalion, 8th Marines at Camp Lejeune, N.C., this year. He arrived in Iraq in June.

"From birth, he wanted to be in the military," Ammons said. "He loves order. He is very, very confident. The military fits him to a 'T.' "

From the Mail Pouch...

Mon Nov 1, 2004



I have recently learned I am a descendant of the Omohundro clan I am trying to find out about the sur name Omohundro anyone with info please let me in on it
Thank You,

Susan Richardson
Of the southern Branch!

managing editor Larry Tyree responded:

Hi Susan,

I am rather new to the association... having joined about 3 years ago. I am the managing editor of the *Texas Jack Scout*.... but from what I have gleaned from others, no one yet has been able to find very much about the surname. We don't even know what country it came from.....although generally it is assumed from England I think. I am personally interested in it too... and plan to do some research in England when I can. Anyhow, welcome and I hope you are able to join.

Larry Tyree

Wed, 23 Jun 2004
forwarded by Lorrie Tenos, layout editor of Texas Jack Scout.

Hi all, I got this email at the Omohundros.com web site and thought it might be interesting to you.

I am a descendant of Henry & Nancy Kidd of Fluvanna County, VA. Henry bought a parcel of land on the Hardware River in Fluvanna in 1791 and there are still descendants of his in Fluvanna today. Henry's land today is a VA state game preserve but the family still has legal access to the family graveyard located on that property. I have never been there myself but have a listing of the graves located at the Kidd family graveyard at the old Kidd family homesite. For years I have puzzled over several of the people that are buried in the family graveyard. They are members of the Omohundro family and seem to have no familial connection to the Kidd family. Today, I plugged one of those people, "John Boatwright Omohundro", into a search engine and I came up with your website. I now have a better understanding of who these people are but, unfortunately, I still have no idea how they came to be buried in the Kidd family cemetery. However, I thought that you might enjoy "locating" these Omohundro's, so to that end, I am listing below all those persons that are buried in this tiny family graveyard. At least this will allow you to know what became of them. I hope you can use the information.

From the book, "Family Cemeteries in Fluvanna County, Virginia, 1996"; Sponsored by The Fluvanna County Historical Society and The Point of Fork Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; Published by The Seven Islands Company, Printed by Palmyra Press; pages 54-55:

[NOTE: additional info. that I have added from my own personal data is shown in brackets]

"KIDD family cemetery — Located on State land above James River near site of old Kidd's Mill, approximately 2 miles from end of state maintenance of Route 611 (Payne's Landing Rd.). Cemetery is abandoned, overgrown and has been vandalized.

[1.] Hasseltine Thomas Omohundro Hudson; 2nd wife of John B. Omohundro; (no dates, unmarked grave)

[2.] Samuel George Kidd; Son of Samuel H. & Hannah W. Kidd; Oct. 6, 1838 - Feb. 29, 1888

[3.] Sallie Ann [Robertson] Lafferty; Wife of Jackson Lafferty; 1859 - 1928 [Sallie Ann was the daughter of Samuel T. Robertson & Sarah Tilman Kidd]

[4.] Abraham Ballard Maxey; 1857 - 1937 [5.] Samuella W. Kidd Maxey; Wife of Abraham B. Maxey; Feb. 22, 1861 - Dec. 25, 1947 [Samuella was the daughter of John Boxom Kidd & Sarah Tilman Moon]

[6.] John Boatwright Omohundro; Circa 1808 - 1862; (unmarked grave)

[7.] Louisa V. Tyler Omohundro; 1st wife of John B. Omohundro; 1835 - May 18, 1860; (unmarked grave)

[8.] Elijah Pace; Died 1877; (unmarked grave)

[9.] Lucy Ann Omohundro Pace; Wife of Elijah Pace; 1796 - 1877; (unmarked grave)

[10.] James Henry Robertson, Sr.; Sept. 16, 1868 - Jan. 7, 1923 [James Henry was the son of Samuel T. Robertson & Sarah Tilman Kidd]

[NOTE: according to family lore, Henry Kidd & his wife, Nancy Snead Hill, are said to be buried here — there are likely other members of their family buried here also]

Hope you find this information helpful with your Omohundro's & of course, if you know the reason that these particular Omohundro's were buried in the Kidd family cemetery, I would LOVE to know it!

JoAnn Seifert
Va. Beach, VA

The following exchange occurred in November 2004 between Susan Omohundro, past editor of the *Texas Jack Scout*, and Dan O'Mara, who found us at the Texas Jack website and inquired about our genealogical connection.

Dan describes himself this way:

I am a track and field coach here in Ames, IA. I have been working for Iowa State for the past 13 years now. It is a great place and I plan on living here until I retire. I would like to thank you for all your hard work on my grandma's genealogy. It's nice to hear where my descent came from.

Dan O'Mara, Men's & Women's Throws Coach
Iowa State University
515-294-5198
515-294-0125 fax

Susan had replied to his earlier query as follows:

It turns out that you and John are second cousins, or actually second cousins once removed (you are one generation younger than John). Your grandmother was a first cousin of John's father, her father Wm. was the older brother of John's grandfather Tipton. Their father was Spottswood O. (A cousin, Gloria Palmer, has published a genealogy of all Spottswood descendants, so we see you are one of eight children, born in Kansas in 1966). Spottswood was a son of Ellis Omohundro. Ellis was the youngest brother of Texas Jack's grandfather. So your and John's connection to Texas Jack is not close, sharing a common great-great-great-grandfather Richard, the fourth generation of Omohundros in the US. Richard (we refer to him as Richard the 4th) was the first Omohundro to settle in Fluvanna County Va, Texas Jack's birthplace, in 1770s; Richard the 1st having settled in Westmoreland Co. Va. before 1670. You are a 10th generation descendant of Richard the 1st. I don't know how much of the family genealogy you know - does this satisfy your curiosity? Are you at all interested in the Texas Jack Association? It focuses on the life and times of Texas Jack but occasionally tidbits on Texas Jack's ancestry and family connections emerge. Publishes the *Scout* 3 times/yr. Do you teach at Iowa State? John is a professor in the anthropology dept. at SUNY Potsdam. A few years from retirement.

Susan

John Omohundro, past Director of the Association, sent the Texas Jack Bookstore a batch of the new Texas Jack bookmarks for distribution to interested customers. The proprietor replied:

Tue, 7 Dec 2004

John,

Thanks for the book marks. How are you related [to Texas Jack]? I plan to join your org. when I get a chance. I am working with a writer to produce the story of the discovery of Texas Jack's Model No. 3 American revolver that is locked in my safe. The information comes from the book BUCKSKIN and SATIN. I also have original photos of Texas Jack, Giuseppina, Buntline and Cody.

Mike Harvey

An email forwarded from Julie Omohundro:

From: henri.collinet [mailto:henri.collinet@wanadoo.fr] Sent: Monday, March 14, 2005 5:45 AM To: Julie Omohundro Subject: Re: French "dime novels" of Texas Jack

Hello, I found "dime novels" of Texas Jack in french in the house of my old father. So looking your web site I think that you may be interested. I have 149 little books (30 pages each) in french from the years 1908 to 1911 ,in good poor. You will find enclosed the first page of one book. If your association or another person that you know are interested,I am OK to sell my collection. Thanks for your answer

Yours sincerely .

Sylvie et Henri Collinet

14 rue de ruitz 62700-Bruay La Buisserie FRANCE

henri.collinet@wanadoo.fr

President's Message

by Rand McKinney

I, like many Association members, was saddened to hear of the passing of friend and cousin R.C. Omohundro. R. C. has been a long-time member of the Association and the treasurer for many years. We were fortunate to have him attend the banquet at the last round-up in Charlottesville, the last time many of us saw him. We will miss him. When an officer is unable to fulfill his term of office, the Association Bylaws call for the president to appoint a replacement for the remainder of the term. I have asked Edna Nees, our secretary, to also take on the duties of treasurer and she has kindly agreed. Over the years, Edna has worked closely with R.C. to manage the Association's finances and logistics, so she is well-suited to the task.

Planning for the 2006 roundup to be held in Cody, WY, is proceeding apace. Edna and Richard Omohundro have been doing the groundwork. We have decided to once again stay at the Cody Holiday Inn. It has recently been refurbished, and is nicer than ever—by far the best place to stay in Cody. However, because of this, and because the Fourth of July holiday is a very big deal in Cody, the room rates are a bit higher than we would like. Although we will get a group discount, the rate will be \$139 a night for a double. Members are not required to stay at the Holiday Inn, but in my opinion (and that of others), it is worth the few extra dollars. More details of the roundup events will be forthcoming in future issues of *The Scout*.

I hope everyone is having a good 2005 so far. Take care and stay in touch.

Law School Graduate Discovers Lawmakers' Gaffe

The Virginia General Assembly reconvened July 6, thanks to Carl E. "Buddy" Omohundro Jr., L'02. The lawmakers met in special session to correct a whopper of a legislative error they made last spring that would have granted employees the right to take Saturdays or Sundays off. On April 1, the General Assembly mistakenly resurrected a law that gave workers one weekend day off upon request, and no one noticed until Omohundro, an associate with the McGuireWoods law firm in Richmond, found the mistake while doing research for a client. The legislators intended to eliminate penalties that were part of obsolete Sunday closing laws. They accidentally kept the old laws while repealing a newer section that exempted virtually all Virginia businesses. Omohundro discovered the revised law gave employees the right to request Saturdays or Sundays off, based on their religion. And if businesses refused, they could be fined up to \$500 for each violation or required to pay employees triple their normal wages. He made a number of phone calls, consulted with his colleagues at McGuireWoods and alerted the Virginia Chamber of Commerce. Soon after, stories appeared in the local and national media.

The Virginia Chamber of Commerce and four large companies successfully petitioned a Richmond judge for a 90-day injunction blocking the law, and Warner called the special session to undo the mistake. It was a record-setting 116th day of the session, which officially ended in April. Two cabinet secretaries, three lawyers in Attorney General Jerry W. Kilgore's office, lawyers in the legislature's legal department and several advisers to Gov. Warner failed to catch the mistake.

In Memoriam...

Ray Compton Omohundro Jr.

The Texas Jack Association lost a solid supporter and long time Executive member when Ray Compton (R.C.) Omohundro Jr. passed away on January 26, 2005 at the Ruxton Health Center at The Village in Fork Union, Virginia, at the age of 85. R.C. had been treasurer of the Texas Jack Association from his appointment at the Virginia Roundup in 1988 until his death.



Born in Fork Union March 6, 1919, R.C. was the son of the late Ramon Compton Omohundro Sr. and Maude Wood Omohundro. He graduated from Fork Union Military Academy in 1937. He then attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute for two years. On April 13, 1940 he was appointed 2nd Lieutenant in the U.S. Infantry; was promoted to 1st lieutenant in March 1945 and to captain on Oct. 14, 1945. He served in action from Dec. 22, 1940, to Feb. 10, 1946, in Hawaii, Australia, and New Guinea, and was appointed major in November 1946.

After the war, R.C. returned to Fork Union and continued working with his father in the family oil business. He took over in 1966 after the death of his father and remained as president and owner of R.C. Omohundro, Inc. until his death. He was the last living charter member of the Fluvanna Lions Club, a previous member of the Ruritan Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Industrial Development Board and an avid member of the Fork Union Sanitary District Board from which he resigned after 29 years of service. R.C. was a deacon and trustee of Fork Union Baptist Church and a member for 73 years. He was also a trustee and trustee emeritus of Fork Union Military Academy.

R.C. was predeceased by his wife Ann Alexander Omohundro and a brother John Wood Omohundro. He is survived by his three daughters, Courtney Omohundro of Fork Union, Sue Omohundro and Sally Omohundro both of Richmond Va., and three grandchildren all of Richmond; a sister, Virginia O. Purcell and husband Harold of Louisa; two sisters-in law, Ruth A. Greene of Charlottesville and Julia A. Wallace of Richmond; and several nieces and nephews.

***Memorial contributions may be made to Fork Union Baptist Church,
New Heating and Air Conditioning Systems,
P.O. Box 278, Fork Union Va. 23055;
or to Ruxton Health Center at The Village***

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The Texas Jack Scout
Edna Nees
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TO: