



Volume XXVII no. 3

www.texasjack.org

November 2012

Apologies for the 2 month delay. Layout editor had a total knee replacement that put a cramp in the Scout schedule. It is worth the wait! Enjoy!

A LITTLE GIDDY-UP-GIT HISTORY AND COMMENTARY

By: "Driftin' AaronG" Poff

Yes, I too wish Texas Jack were here. An honor it would have been to meet up with him on an adventuresome ride across the wide open plains. In some ways I've done just that when I traveled from Arizona, up through and along the California coast and on into Oregon. Onward I rode on my gallant steed, my Harley Davidson, on through Seattle, Washington. My journey took me zig-zagging across the northern states toward Virginia and the 2012 Roundup in Texas Jack Territory. The following on page 3 is the poem I wrote of that exciting and adventuresome ride.



Continued on page 3

from the Editor's Desk...



While writing my article, "A Little Giddy-Up-Git History and Commentary" for this issue of the *Scout*, I found myself giving lots of thought as to how I might offer something just a little bit different than a general writing of history. I wanted to compare "Texas Jack" with yet another "Texas Jack" who lived in the same era as our beloved TJ. It has been a great learning experience for me to write this article, and quite challenging at the same time. My focus shifted from the two Texas Jacks to some of my own experiences and to some of my own immediate family history. I added a few of my poems to try and offer a little different, but hopefully, exciting additions to the article.

My overall goal was to give the readers something special and rewarding concerning the lives of both Texas Jack Omohundro and Texas Jack Vermillion, also a little of my personal life, that upon studying might have me as a man who may be just a little like TJ himself was. I've had this said to me from several folks I know...I can only leave that judgment up to the readers and critics.

My sole purpose here is to give the best accounting of "Texas Jack" and any history I could come up with for all family and friends to enjoy, and to continue taking pride in. "Texas Jack" was a true hero of the Old West, and I think what you are about to read says it in an honest and true way...And probably the best way I could have written it.

Many of the relatives and friends of "Texas Jack" have given of their time to the memory of this great frontier hero of the West. I stand with pride with all of you to promote and work towards our common goals as the Texas Jack Association. Let us keep "Texas Jack" alive and well in this 21st century, and I hope to see you all at the next Texas Jack Roundup in 2014 in Virginia City, NV.

Driftin' Aaron G Poff Guest Editor

The Texas Jack Scout

Vol. XXVII, no. 3

An Occasional Publication of
The Texas Jack Association, Inc.
A Non-Profit Corporation
www.texasjack.org

Subscription is included in annual membership dues of \$25.00. Contact:

The Texas Jack Association
Rick Omohundro, Treasurer
PO Box 91
Salt Lick, KY 40371

The Texas Jack Association was founded in 1980 by Frank Sullivan to commemorate John Baker Omohundro, prairie scout, western hunting guide, and Wild West showman.

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

Officers

President: Randy Golladay, Scottsville, VA
V. President: Mary Golladay, Scottsville, VA
Secretary: Linda Omohundro, Columbus, OH
Treasurer: Rick Omohundro, Salt Lick, KY
Director: Linda Omohundro, Columbus, OH
Scout Editors: (current issue): Guest- Aaron Poff, Production Mgr-Larry Tyree, Layout-Linda Omohundro
Historian: Edna Nees, Scottsville, VA
Founder: Frank Sullivan, Springfield, IL
First Chairman: Malvern H. Omohundro, Jr., Richmond VA

Honorary Member

Edna Nees, Scottsville, VA

Past Honorary Members

Mrs. Henry R. Coe, Cody, WY
The Earl of Dunraven VII, Co. Limerick, Ireland
Mr. Fred H. Garlow, Jr. Cody, WY
Grandson of William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody
The Knight of Glin, Co. Limerick, Ireland
Great-grandson of the Earl of Dunraven IV
Mr. Herschel C. Logan, Santa Ana, CA
Author of *Buckskin and Satin*
Mrs. Nellie Snyder Yost, North Platte, NE
Historian of the Plains

The Texas Jack Scout

Continued from page 1

HARLEY RIDE TO THE ROUNDUP...July 2012

By: Driftin' AaronG

*Just after midnight, May 13, 2012, across Arizona I rode
Along the desert sand ridin' high just like any 70 year old*

*Up through California, Oregon, and all the western range
My Harley an' me and some folks probably thinking we were a little strange*

*The heat, then the cold and a little bit of rain
Surely a time or two I thought maybe I might be a little insane*

*But I had a goal as I rode through Washington state and Idaho
To ride the nine thousand miles to Virginia and back where I just had to go*

*Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota and Minnesota were on my ride
To see the land in all its glory with only determination an' grit on my side*

*Visiting family and friends with lots of sights along the way; often seeing cloudy skies of gray
To Wisconsin where my dear old buddy Guy had passed away*

*Then on down through Illinois and Indiana to visit my friends there
Spent a few days with Bill and Kathy, old friends who I knew I'd always care*

*Then of course through the heat of Indiana at 114 degrees watching all the corn die
And seein' popcorn popping in the fields just hoping it would be cooler as I'd give a wishful sigh*

*Finally to Roanoke, Virginia, which was my first stop in that state
To see the Poff Federal Building which is my last name and that was oh so very great*

*Finally I reached my destination at Scottsville, Virginia, to honor ol' Texas Jack
Met lots of cousins at the Roundup and joined in all the fun before it was time to head on back*

*Off I rode saying all my goodbyes and promising to meet up again for the next time
Down through Virginia and Tennessee I rode thinking of how all this humidity should be a crime*

*Following I-40 on down to Arkansas and Texas where all the Texans roam
Me an' old Giddy-Up-Git riding them back country roads feelin' almost as home*

*A visit with Texas Rose in Seagoville, Texas, and on the road havin' a ball missin' all my kin
Looking toward the West with a great big happy grin*

*Midway through Texas the humidity dwindled away
And I opened the throttle and really sped free and wildly that day*

The Texas Jack Scout

*Texas is big an' that ain't no lie, and I just wasn't sure I'd ever get across that land
Wild with sagebrush and desert of most every kind and oh so much of that Texas sand*

*Finally, El Paso, Texas, was ahead of me, boy howdy I was glad to get past that big ol' place
Wild I rode in all the traffic, quickly riding into New Mexico with a newfound hope and grace*

*Across New Mexico and all the enchanted land I saw as I rode through that state
To the Arizona state line through Lordsburg I rode with it not being too late*

*Back to Safford, Arizona, at about two that afternoon I rode in ready for a rest
And knew without a doubt that my riding on ol' Giddy-Up-Git was as good as the best*

*Nine thousand miles in nine weeks I rode hard an' wild
But I'm just a meager old feller all sweet an' mild*

*So for the next ride friends, join this old man if you dare
Keep up if you can, 'cause in my side mirrors I'll smile as I ride on ahead without a care*

*It's riding in the wind with a free spirit that keeps me strong an' a little wild
And it's the challenge I've found that keeps me alive like the hopes an' dreams of a happy child*

*It was a great ride for this old man to take
And I'm ready for my next ride to Alaska in 2014 with those who'll join me, it's one I gotta make*

* * *

I first heard of Texas Jack as a boy growing up, from my dad, Ellis Omohundro Poff,



pictured here with me in 1960. He wasn't aware of so much information about Texas Jack, but only that he was related through his

grandmother, Julia Ann Omohundro. My sister Lavonna Poff Zurligen, my son, Alan Poff, and I worked to gain information as to some of the details about Texas Jack and our relationship. With the help of Dick and Linda Omohundro and other members of the Texas Jack Association, we were to discover just where our family fit in with the Omohundros. After arriving at my first TJ Roundup, I was accepted with open arms. I sort of felt of like Clint Eastwood... You folks made my day!

A LITTLE BIT OF MY HISTORY

I was born on November 27, 1941, in Modesto, California, and attended school in

many places throughout California. The happiest of those times was when I attended

The Texas Jack Scout

the second and third grade in Yosemite National Park. My grandfather on my mother's side of the family was Otto Cloward, and he was a cook for Camp Curry. My uncle, Dusty Cloward drove a tour bus in Yosemite for many years. I've been told I was a little wild from the early age of five when I'd take off to explore all the sights around my home and often further away, which would as you might guess, get me into trouble. So my days of Driftin' had an early beginning.

Like Texas Jack, I had a great dislike for school and was often found doing something a little out of the ordinary, often times fun and adventuresome. At fourteen years of age I was hitchhiking up and down the state of California on the weekends, and at sixteen I left California with a friend and headed for Iowa. I ended up going to Fremont, Nebraska, where I had my first real job, that of a hod carrier, building grain elevators. After a summer doing that work I decided that I didn't want to pursue being a hod carrier as a career. I worked in corn husking sheds in Minnesota and drove pigs on foot to market in Iowa. After that I spent four years in the Air Force.

In 1961 I found myself driving up the Alaska highway to Fairbanks, Alaska, doing various jobs with the railroad and a potato farm. What an adventure that was for me. After leaving Alaska I traveled to Lanse, Michigan, where I worked in a sawmill, pulling green chain. Now that was hard work for this adventuresome young man let me tell you. After a few months of that I found myself in Baraga, Michigan, learning a bit about the welding trade.

I guess I've done just about everything I set out to do and learned many things along the way. I think the best way I can explain my driftin' and adventuresome life is that I always met so many warmhearted individuals no matter where I traveled...I sometimes think I've been everywhere, but yet as I travel along I still find roads I've not been down yet, and it always intrigues me to just try one more road and another wild adventure...And who knows where I will end up next. I guess the best way to sum up my life is to include one of my very first poems. It sort of tells it the way it has always been for me. But trust my words, I'm not lonely.

I'M JUST A LONELY DRIFTER...July 2005

By: Driftin' AaronG

*I'm just a lonely drifter travelin' along the way
Drivin' ever' highway wond'rin' where to stay*

*Drivin' cross the country seein' each an' every sight
North 'n' South and East 'n' West tryin' to do what's right*

*I've made my share of friends ever'where I chose to go
All good and fine people that's all there is to know*

*I've made my way to Alaska land and down to Texas too
I saw our nation's capital and know our country's true*

The Texas Jack Scout

*I've traveled through Montana and all the western range
Saw the mountains of the West and watched the seasons change*

*I've seen the beauty of our land, and proudly it stands out
This grand ol' nation of liberty, ya just can't help but cry out a shout*

*Just driftin' ever' day no place to call my own
Drivin' 'cross our great land keepin' to myself, just knowin' I'm alone*

*I've seen the redwoods of California; I've watched the moonlight on the shining sea
Just travelin' cross our great country I can't help but wonder, what's in store for me*

*Across the great divide I've gone, followed all the waterways
The Missouri, Mississippi, even the Snake, I've driven the highways in every state*

*Yes, I've traveled all our great land; I've traveled far and wide
South Africa, Mexico, and Canada I did go, searchin' ever' hill to see what was on the other side*

*I've seen the riots of the sixtys and served our country ever' way I could
I've welcomed home our Vietnam veterans and love America the way I should*

*I remember visiting Arlington and all the white crosses there
All the soldiers and their graves, an honored place every American can share*

*I've watched our flag rise, and to half mast she would often fall
To honor our soldiers, this is Old Glory, our proud young men always answer the call*

*Old times are past and highways too many, America is filled with many breeds
Christians and atheists, good and bad, but you know what my friends? A long time ago God
planted all these seeds*

*You might think to keep an open heart, our great America, she rings with liberty
Try to keep a warm thought for our precious freedom, after all, this has always been our destiny*

*Yes, I'm just a lonely drifter travelin' along the way, and yes, oh yes, I'm still drivin' ever'
highway
And not knowin', yes, not knowin' sadly, if I could ever stay*

* * *

As you folks read a little bit about me you will notice one thing...Life for me has not always been a bed of roses, but it's never been dull. I've lived a most unusual life, but one that I hope can excite every reader who wishes they could, but never had the opportunity, to travel like I've always

done.

One of my nephews once asked me how many states I've been in. I really had to give that some thought because I'd never looked back to find out. So I began, and believe me it took some time and here is

The Texas Jack Scout

what I discovered. I lived and worked in 26 states. I've been in every state but two, Maine and Hawaii. And I've driven in every state but three, Hawaii, Maine and Florida. I was always able to find work doing something and managed to learn many trades. I was a welder, over the road trucker, drove an ambulance and worked in various emergency rooms, hospital floors and nursing homes in Colorado, Washington State and California. I've worked in mail centers, and when I retired in 2002, I was working in the mail center at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia. I also served eight years in the U.S. Navy, pictured below, as an Independent Duty Supply Storekeeper.



In 1993 I organized and chaired a political action committee, where I put together the first political wagon train in Montana history. I shared a podium with former Vice President Dan Quayle in Kalispell, Montana, among other dignitaries. In September 1995, I gave a speech on the Mall in front of the nation's capital at the Rally for the Bill of Rights, which was probably the height of my excitement during the four years I was politically active. I'm no longer active in politics, but do write patriotic poetry taking various stands concerning our government. I also write Native American and spiritual poetry, along with some humor, I hope. I often feel most satisfied with my writing when I can

produce a good cowboy poem. You'll often hear me say I'm a writer, but you'll never hear me say I'm a good writer. I leave that up to the critics.

I write children's books titled; *Claude Henry, the Iditarod Mouse*, with three of them published to date. I plan to publish others in the coming years. I've written two adult novels



which are not published yet. I'm currently working on my auto-biography titled; *My Last Sunrise*. I've led a busy life and hopefully somewhat productive. I have one thing I always try to remember after I leave this Earth; "I hope to leave behind something more worthy than what I brought with me."

In October of 2011, I lost my only daughter, Angie, age 46, in an auto accident. It left me devastated, but I survived because of my three sons, Aaron Ray Poff, Alan Duane Poff, and Andrew George Omohundro Poff as well as my daughter-in-law, Julie, Alan's wife, and my two very precious grandchildren, Sophia and Samuel. I also survived because of my Harley ride to the 2012 Texas Jack Roundup, and all the graciousness and hospitality I received during the course of this wonderful Roundup, and I thank you all so much.

TEXAS JACK OMOHUNRO

When I think back about the things I've learned from Texas Jack, I often find myself

amazed that I've not seen adventures of him on the big screen. After all, let us remember

The Texas Jack Scout

who he really was. A brave confederate soldier who rode with Jeb Stuart, a true scout of the plains, a real cowboy of the Old West who once saved a town in Tennessee with a herd of Texas steers, a real hunter of big game, a great horseman, and a true showman of the New York theater. He was a very famous man of his time. Many articles have been written about a great Texas Jack, so where is Hollywood?

With Texas Jack now in the Cowboy Hall of Fame it would seem to me that his fame should be growing in leaps and bounds, even more-so than it is now. So what can we do as members of this great organization known as The Texas Jack Association? The one thing that will bring Texas Jack to the standard in America that he deserves is for the TJ Association to grow, which it is doing. My thoughts on this are that everytime we have a Texas Jack Roundup, we might want to invite the local dignitaries, such as maybe the Mayor, or maybe a member of Congress for the district we are visiting, or maybe even the Governor of that particular state. Maybe if we invite them, we can get the press to come and do more stories on Texas Jack. These ideas have probably all ready been bounced around, but I just thought I might bring them up to sort of peak everyone's interest.

Texas Jack was a man of great pride and I believe probably stood a head taller than many of the plainsmen that roamed the West. He picked good friends, which is proven by his great friendship with his pards, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok, among others. And let us remember that in those early days of the wild frontier, it was a tough place to be, and it took hard men to do the jobs of scouting that these men accomplished with great vitality and vigor. These were men of courage, and Texas Jack stood at the top of the list with

but a very few. These brave souls should never be forgotten and their stories should be told and retold forevermore. And of course, this is exactly what the Texas Jack Association is. It is a group of dedicated individuals who wish only to keep the Old West alive and well. And it is a great calling to do so. Every member of this organization works to bring in new members who can help us bring to light new stories of courage and devotion to the Old West that are so important to new generations coming forth. And I applaud you all.

When I receive each new issue of *The Texas Jack Scout* I don't just receive a newsletter. I receive another lesson in history of the Old West. I'm often amazed at the articles I read that folks have sent in. These are not only great and often times exciting stories, but they are a part of our history that I have no doubt we all enjoy to the fullest. This history of Texas Jack, and of all the men and women of the frontier is the continuing saga of a fast growing America. The Texas Jack Association is playing an important role doing research and organizing the Roundups for all to enjoy who wish to be a part of our beloved historical past. Let us always remember that it was men like Texas Jack that tamed the West for future generations to come. It was the plainsmen of the West that came forth and tamed our great land, and we are the descendants who can now look back with pride and joy at all the accomplishments and greatness of their time.

This next entry I hope can be passed around to friends and neighbors to help the Texas Jack Association grow. I was going to save it for another time, but decided to use it now and then maybe use it again just before the 2014 Roundup.

The Texas Jack Scout

TEXAS JACK ROUNDUPS...September 2012

By: Driftin' AaronG

*Have you not heard about the biennial Texas Jack Roundups that take place?
Where all the history of our Plainsmen and Cowboys bring about a heavenly grace*

*Texas Jack, the Plainsman, the Cowboy an' Scout, Hunter an' Showman who gave his best
For in his time he shared with his friends an' pards the greatest of a man's test*

*Often times as I think about the distant past I give thought to Texas Jack
About the man and his great adventure as I think about his time way back*

*He was a young plainsman out there on a lonely prairie, his horse an' he
Often just watching a far away sunset with each new star as bright as could be*

*This would have been something that Texas Jack, the Plainsman may have seen on many a night
I can only think how fortunate this young man was to have roamed this land from dusk to
daylight*

*He did many good works and deeds for his fellow man with the adventures he sought
And he was a man of pride an' honor and a man who could never be bought*

*As I think about those times he rode across this wild frontier land
I can only wonder how his time on Earth must have been so very grand*

*Yes, he rode this land of the free often hard an' wild
An' he started early in his life when he was but a child*

*So today in this 21st century the biennial Texas Jack Roundups are held for all to see
To honor the past frontier world gone by and to remember our history that be*

*Give thought to all the frontiersmen of the past that we know about
Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok an' all the rest that stood tall, proud an' stout*

*Think about those days gone by where men walked this land proud an' free
And think about what the world was like then, an' so often where I'd like to be*

*So with the Texas Jack Association, you might like to join in an' remember the good ol' days
And think about what it was like living the good ol' free and hard frontier ways*

*We're all a group of good ol' guys an' gals and have fun learning about the past
Back when the world of Texas Jack was so wild an' distant and with memories that will forever
last*

* * *

The Texas Jack Scout

My mom always used to say I was born a hundred years too late. Often I agree with what she said. But sometimes when I look back at the hardships so many pioneers endured and suffered through, I wonder if I'd really want to be back in that time. I can only answer my question with a positive Yes! The reason being that if I'd been born back in that time I would have grown up a stronger, tougher individual because that is just what one had to be back then. Survival was difficult to say the very least.

My great grandfather on my mother's side of the family traveled with his parents across the frontier by covered wagon and is supposed to have his name and date at Independence Rock in Wyoming. I've been to Independence Rock several times, but have not found it yet. On that wagon train, those pioneers like most who traveled back then, endured Indian attacks, drought, lightning, great thunderstorms, tornadoes,

snake bites, fevers of many kinds, and much death, so it truly was an endurance ride across the West. Much unlike our travels today by automobile with air conditioning. It makes one stop and think of their many hardships along every route they took.

The history of the Old West often gives me a lump in my throat when I read stories that are often times either very exciting or heart-wrenching. I remember vividly this past 2012 Texas Jack Roundup when we all visited Gale Hill Cemetery where so many of the Omohundros are buried. I really had a lump in my throat as I wandered to each and every grave marker and read what was written. Just to think I am related to those folks, and never knew anything about them before that moment gave me a sense of real pride. It was almost like I was coming home for the first time. I really felt a part of Texas Jack, a living legend of heroism in American history.

A LITTLE EXTRA TEXAS JACK HISTORY

Something that I just recently came across. There was more than one Texas Jack!

Texas Jack Omohundro – Texas Jack Vermillion

"The Early Years"

John Wilson Vermillion would grow up to become a gunfighter of the Old West. He had colorful nicknames like "Texas Jack," and "Shoot-Your-Eye-Out" Vermillion. He was most noted as a gunfighter and for his friendship with Wyatt and Virgil Earp in Tombstone, AZ.

The remarkable thing about Texas Jack Vermillion is that he was born in Russell County, Virginia, in 1842, just four years before Texas Jack Omohundro. The ironic part is they both served with Jeb Stuart in the Civil War. I thought it might be very possible they may have actually met

during the same civil war years they were with Jeb Stuart.

After the war, Texas Jack Omohundro made a short visit home with his parents, then left for Texas to work as a cowboy, herding cattle up the Chisholm trail. His adventures grew in the eyes of a fast growing America, becoming a plainsman, scout, great hunter and later a successful actor. He made an honored and respected name for himself in the annals of American frontier history. In 1994, Texas Jack Omohundro's name and deeds were finally recognized, and he became a living

The Texas Jack Scout

legend as a member in the "Cowboy Hall of Fame," in Oklahoma City, OK.



Texas Jack Vermillion, pictured left (from *sodahead.com*) after leaving the war, went to Indiana and later moved to Missouri where

he worked as a territorial marshal. By the late 1870s he found himself in Dodge City, Kansas, where he was known to drink heavily and gambled often, and gained a reputation as a gunfighter. There in Dodge City is where he first met Virgil and Wyatt Earp, and Doc Holliday. Just two years later in October 1881, just after the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, along with Doc Holliday, he escorted the Earp family out of town.

It is not known how Texas Jack Vermillion acquired his nickname of "Texas Jack." He reportedly traveled to Colorado

and Idaho. Soon after arriving in Idaho, a gunfight took place between his friends, Soapy Bascomb Smith and "Fatty Gray" Morris against a rival bunco gang in Pocatello, Idaho, where a shootout occurred at the train depot. Soon afterwards, Texas Jack Vermillion left Idaho and once again returned to Virginia where he died peacefully in his sleep in 1911.

The two Texas Jacks had some similarities in their early years, but drifted into two very different directions with their lives. One a great hero of the American plains, scout and actor, and the other a lawman and gunfighter. These two Texas Jacks probably never crossed paths again.

I've discovered there are a number of men who were nicknamed "Texas Jack" in the Old West, but none that I can find have the equivalent of our own Texas Jack Omohundro, who never ceases to amaze me with his wild adventures and great deeds of the Old West. And none have ever earned the proud nickname, "Texas Jack" more than the original John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro.

FROM THE PAST TO THE PRESENT TO THE FUTURE

From out of the past rode Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok and so many many more. These men were the early leaders of a frontier destiny who rode to greatness and fame, bringing to America a better and safer land for the early pioneers to come and build their farms and homes. They rode the plains with a vision to build a new frontier. From their early childhoods, the plainsmen were born to the great lives they led. It was their destiny and they could do nothing less.

To the present time these plainsmen

of the Old West gave us our history of what made America great and of the values and traditions of honor that Americans could live by. They came from a war torn period between the North and the South, and they brought about a greatness that can never be equalled.

To the future these plainsmen, cowboys and scouts, and men of the west brought a boldness of honor, integrity and pride that will always stand out in the annals of the frontier that can never be taken away. These were men among men that will

The Texas Jack Scout

always stand out as great and true souls who led the passage to the western frontier to give us a proud heritage with a vision of freedom and liberty. From the Atlantic to the Pacific they rode into the annals of western folklore and true American history. Much of this history could be lost except for the works of organizations like the Texas Jack Association. *"Lest We forget."*

I feel very honored and privileged to have an opportunity to write this editorial. Actually I think it is more of part editorial and part commentary. But hopefully I've fulfilled my duty to include enough information and thought to make it both interesting, thoughtful and entertaining. I look forward to meeting everyone once again at the 2014 Texas Jack Roundup in Virginia City, Nevada. I'll once again be

riding in on my Harley from Montana to the Roundup, much like Texas Jack riding in on his great steed. At the close of the roundup in 2014, I'll be heading north through Canada and the Yukon Territory to Alaska. Those of you I've met up with on Facebook I will keep you all posted as to my fulfilled adventures. To those of you who I'm not connected with, please "friend" me on Facebook, and if you like, you might have an opportunity to see some of my video poems I post from time to time.

The following poem will conclude my editorial and commentary. I hope you enjoy this poem because it is a true story...Honest Injun! It really is true...

FIRST CALL OF THE WILD...March 2011

By: Driftin' AaronG



*Well here it is my first call of the wild
Driftin' all over this country since I was but a child*

*It's true, it ain't no lie that my first adventure, I was a five year old
Off on the sidewalk I went so very young and so wildly bold*

*Everything was a wonder and a delight to my young eyes that joyful day
I remember having a big smile at all the new sights I saw along the way*

*What I think intrigued me so was all the yards and families that would see me and smile
And as I walked I had a feeling of wild adventure as I covered each mile*

*I walked through a nearby park and saw all the swings and trees, and a big truck with a water
tank*

And then wondered if my family was worried about me and then my heart sank

*I'd better hurry back I remember thinking as I picked up my step and headed on home
I was becoming a little anxious and suddenly felt so all alone*

Well...I made it on home back to my sweet mom who was frantic with worry as she should be

The Texas Jack Scout

Being gone six hours I had a big hug, then to her bedroom where she literally beat the hell outa me

* * *

John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro

A True Leader of Destiny

"With the fame he proudly earned,

The glory he humbly found

The true legend he rightfully became"

Best Wishes and God Bless,

"Driftin' AaronG" Poff

November 2012



INTRODUCING OUR NEW OFFICERS

Randy Golladay, President



I am 56 years old; Scottsville, Virginia, born and raised. I graduated from Albemarle County High School in Charlottesville, VA, in 1974, and then spent two years at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, NJ, as a voice principle and a music education major. I began a 33 year career with Appalachian Power Co. in 1977, retiring June 1, 2010.

In June of 1978, I married Mary Nees, and she's kept me around for whatever reason for the past 34 years! Mary and I are Blessed to have two awesome children (Jess and Josh) and now 4 grandchildren (Cody, Kadie, Lauryn & Jett). I answered the call to the ministry in 1994 as the youth pastor of our local church. Ordained in 1997, I moved into the Associate Pastor's position and served in that capacity until accepting the Pastorate in May of 2010. The last 20 years have really flown by.

The Texas Jack Scout

My life has been filled with family, church and various activities in our community. I have re-entered the power company arena, as I am doing some part-time work for Central Virginia Electric Cooperative. My efforts are centered around their safety and training programs, which I really enjoy! Life is good and God is great!!!

I am honored to serve the Texas Jack Association as the President for the next two years and so look forward to meeting and working with each member of this dedicated group. The door is always open and the phone is always on!

Mary Golladay, Vice President



Happy New Year Texas Jack family!! Many of you I have already met and more I hope to meet at the 2014 Roundup in Virginia City, Nevada!!!

I am the great-granddaughter of Arabella Omohundro, Texas Jack's sister. I am the daughter of Edna Nees and the late John Nees, grand-nephew of Texas Jack. I was born and raised in Scottsville, Virginia, just a few miles from the home and birthplace of Texas Jack. I too was raised on a farm called Pleasure Hill and still reside there.

I love the outdoors, horses, cows, tractors and anything but housework!!

I loved planning this past summer's Roundup and I am already starting preparations for 2014. Hope to see y'all in Virginia City!! Don't forget your cowboy boots and hat!!!

Rick Omohundro, Treasurer



I was born Sep 21, 1951 and have lived all my life in the small community of Salt Lick, KY, where I still reside with my wife Nancy. We have one son, Richard Brandon (wife Shannon) and one grandson, Richard Aiden. My lineage is as follows: Richard 1A - Richard 4B - Richard 1C - Richard 1D - Richard 7E - Richard 5F - Richard Sinclair 9G - Rolfe Beverly 5H - John Richard 2I - Richard Wayne (That's me) 1J.

I studied at the University of KY and received a BS in Civil Engineering in 1973. I worked for the KY Transportation Cabinet as a design engineer and preconstruction supervisor for 32 years and retired from there in 2005. My two favorite hobbies are golf and photography. I am a member, serve on the board, and am the treasurer of the Lakeview Community Church. I also serve as the treasurer and webmaster for the Jones Cemetery Improvement Association. The JCIA website for anyone interested is Jones-Cemetery.com.

The Texas Jack Scout

While on vacation in 1990, Nancy, Brandon, and I visited Leadville, CO, and the gravesite of Texas Jack. While there, we went to the Chamber of Commerce to see what information we could obtain concerning TJ. They asked us if we were members of the TJA, with which I responded, “No, I do not know what that is.” They informed us that they were meeting there in Leadville in three days. We left, continued our vacation travelling on to Monument Valley. It was while camping there that Nancy and I decided to return to Leadville to attend the TJA meeting, if for no other reason, to have an Omohundro represented there. Little did we know that we were about to embark on a life changing experience. Through this happenstance, we have gotten to be lifelong friends with many of the TJA members; friends who are also family. For any of you that have never attended one of the Roundups, I highly recommend you put it on your “Bucket List”. I think the 2014 Roundup in Virginia City will be a great one and I look forward to seeing everyone there.

Linda Omohundro, Secretary



My husband Dick and I first joined the TJA in 1985, then rejoined in 2001. We went to our first Roundup in 2004 in Charlottesville, where we met many wonderful people and learned about where Texas Jack was born. Soon after, I was asked to be the layout editor for *The Texas Jack Scout*, which has turned out to be very rewarding.

I was born in Syracuse, NY, and moved to Lynchburg, VA, when I was in high school. While there I attended Randolph-Macon Woman’s College (now Randolph College) and ran the soundboard for Dr. Jerry Falwell’s television and radio programs. I have since lived in Greenville, SC; Neu-Ulm, Germany; Miami, Deland and Barberville, FL; and Columbus, OH. I earned a Bachelor of Arts from Bob Jones University and a Master of Education from Stetson University. I also attended UVA, OSU, Bliss College, and Columbus State. I have been a member and president of several civic clubs.

I taught 1st and 6th grades for 13 years, was a Realtor, then a substitute teacher. I am very involved in my church, where I have taught several groups, including Sunday School and Vacation Bible School, and have also been a member and head of many ministries there. Presently I am the leader of the Senior Adults, planning monthly trips for them, am head librarian, and am on the church council.

Our favorite hobbies are camping and travel. I also enjoy art, rockhounding, computer, and have about 250 purple cows. I have two stepchildren, four stepgrandkids, and two stepgreatgrandkids. Dick and I have a son, Eric, who is a metallurgical engineer in VA.

I enjoyed my term as President and am glad I was able to contribute to the TJA and look forward to helping as Director, Secretary, and Layout Editor.



MEMORIALS



THE LAST EARL OF DUNRAVEN HAS DIED

The Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl



The Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, who died on March 25, 2011 aged 71, lived life to the full despite being confined to a wheelchair from his school days, and became a champion of the disabled in his native Ireland.

Thady Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin was born in Dublin on October 27, 1939, the only son of the 6th Earl of Dunraven and his American wife Nancy (*née* Yuille). The earldom had been created in 1822 for Valentine Richard Quin, who had already been ennobled in 1800 as Baron Adare; the Dunraven name was to honour his daughter-in-law Caroline Wyndham, the heiress who brought into the family the Dunraven estates in Wales. The 4th Earl went on hunting trips with John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro, served as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's government of 1885-86, and was a great yachtsman who in the 1890s twice challenged unsuccessfully for the America's Cup.

In 1940 the infant Thady was evacuated, with a nanny and his two older sisters to New York, to stay with the children's American grandmother. In 1943 their mother travelled to the United States on behalf of the Irish Red Cross, and was invited to the White House by Eleanor Roosevelt. When she returned to Ireland by military flying boat she brought her son with her – his sisters remained in New York until the end of the war. In 1956 there was a polio epidemic in Cork, and Thady was of some 500 people (most of them children) who contracted the disease. It was not until he had returned to his boarding school in Switzerland, Le Rosey, that the symptoms showed, and he received treatment in Switzerland, France and in Oxford before returning in a wheelchair to his family home in County Limerick.

Thady – who became Viscount Adare on the death of his grandfather in 1952 – had been a keen sportsman, enjoying riding and skiing. When his father took him to visit the trainer Vincent O'Brien at Ballydoyle in 1954, Thady had been allowed to ride Royal Tan shortly after the horse had won the Grand National.

To prepare himself for the responsibility of running the family's estates in Ireland and the Vale of Glamorgan, he studied at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. On the death of his father in 1965, he became the 7th Earl of Dunraven and inherited the family's estates. The rest of his life was devoted principally to the twin tasks of administering the estates and campaigning for the disabled in Ireland.

The 7th Earl of Dunraven was an honorary member of The Texas Jack Association.

Excerpts from The Telegraph 7:10PM BST 13 Apr 2011

A tribute to Betty from John Omohundro:

Betty Omohundro Johnson



Sarah Elizabeth "Betty" Omohundro Johnson died in Tampa on September 15, 2012, at age 99, after a brief illness. She was born August 23, 1913, in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, the second child of Mary Finley and Tipton Turner Omohundro. Betty graduated from Northeast State Teachers College in Tahlequa, Oklahoma, with her mother in 1933. Her mother taught at Bacone Indian School in eastern Oklahoma. Her father, an award-winning sharpshooter in skeet and trap, sold Remington arms throughout the region.

Betty married Charles Burner Johnson in 1941. She and Charles spent several years in the Philippines, where they were part of the post-war reconstruction effort. She taught school for many years in Winter Haven, Florida, before retiring; she then moved to Tampa to be closer to her two sisters.

Betty was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a charter member of the Texas Jack Association. She attended the Roundup in Richmond in 1988. Betty's daughter, Julie Omohundro, of Durham NC, has been active in the TJA, serving as president. Betty also encouraged her nephews John and Tipton Omohundro and Michael Foster to become active in the organization.

Betty enjoyed family history and genealogy and was proud of her kinship to Texas Jack. Donations in her honor may be made to the Texas Jack Association.

A tribute to Betty from Aaron Poff:

BETTY OMOHUNDRO JOHNSON

"A Brief Note for a Grand Lady"

After I'd become a member of the Texas Jack Association I wrote "The Spirit of Texas Jack" which is now used as an audio and text on the texasjack.org website. Shortly after that I received a letter from Betty Omohundro Johnson commending me on the poem. Thus began a correspondence with this grand lady I never had the opportunity to meet in person. She befriended me much like all the Omohundros have done, but she took it one step further. After e-mailing back and forth for a short period of time she learned that I was searching for some back issues of *The Texas Jack Scout* and wrote asking me if I'd like to have all of her back issues. She later sent all her *Scouts* to me, and now I have most all of the back issues. We talked on the phone a few times, and she was always upbeat and happy...What a grand lady she truly was. Her loss is a sad one, and I will certainly miss her. Her family remains warmly in my thoughts and prayers.

Texas Jack

June 9, 2010

By Colette Yvonne Chenault

Born at his family home, "Pleasure Hill," near Palmyra in Fluvanna County, Virginia, on July 26, 1846, John Baker Omohundro became well known in the Wild West as a scout for the Union Army and Confederate Civil War veteran, government hunter, hunting guide for royalty, stage actor, correspondent for major newspapers, Wild West performer, dime novel hero, Texas cowboy, ranch owner, U.S. government scout, marksman, friend to Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody, and devoted husband (Texas Jack Association). In 1876 J.B. Omohundro, known by the nickname, "Texas Jack," or Jack, was as famous as his friends Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody, but due to an untimely death from pneumonia at the age of 33, never reached the historical notoriety of his fellow scouts (Turner, 1). J.B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro died June 28, 1880, at Leadville, CO, leaving a wife, Mlle. Josephine Morlacchi, and no children (Omohundro, 512). He was buried in Evergreen Cemetery with military honors (Omohundro, 512).

The fourth child of John Burwell Omohundro and Catherine S. Baker, "Texas Jack" came from a family of eight brothers and four sisters (Logan, 5). Most books, including the *Omohundro Genealogical Record*, written by Malvern Hill Omohundro, list "Texas Jack's" middle name as Burwell, which is written on his birth certificate, but it is accepted that his middle name is Baker, as noted in his mother's family Bible (Turner, 1). The middle name of Baker can also be verified through the Texas Jack Association and on his death certificate which was signed by his wife, Josephine Morlacchi (Turner, 1).

At the beginning of the Civil War, Texas Jack's brother, Orville, joined Robert

E. Lee's Confederate Army of Northern Virginia (Turner, 1). Serving under J.E.B. Stuart's 5th Cavalry Corp, Orville rose to the rank of 2nd lieutenant in Company G. (Turner, 1). Texas Jack, only 14 at the time, volunteered but was denied due to age. Texas Jack eventually joined at the age of 16. Texas Jack soon became known as the "Boy Scout of the Confederacy" (Texas Jack Association [T.J.A.]). Due to youth and scouting ability, Jack was able to travel as a spy amongst the Union troops disguised as a chicken peddler or tradesman (T.J.A.). Disenchanted with the south, Texas Jack, a war veteran at the age of 18, headed west.

After the war Texas Jack headed towards the Southwest cattle ranches (Logan, 19). Jack told the story of his travels to Texas. "Immediately after the collapse... I picked myself up, and lit out with all speed back toward the Lone Star State (Texas)." In New Orleans Jack got aboard an old smack¹, intending to cross the Gulf of Mexico, but instead was ship wrecked in Florida where he stayed a while to hunt with a newly purchased double barrel shotgun, and teach school (Logan, 19).

Having left school at 14, it is rather intriguing that Texas Jack chose to apply for the job of a school teacher. An amusing event occurred, according to Texas Jack, which he included in one of his published writings in March 3, 1877, in the *Spirit of the Times*.

Once upon a time, when I was out in the interior of Florida, circumstances obliged me to seek the position of school teacher. The schoolmarm was

¹ According to Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary, 1996, "smack" refers to 1. Eastern US, a fishing vessel, esp. one having a well for keeping the catch alive.

The Texas Jack Scout

about to retire, and I was anxious to take her place... The first day I told the little boys and girls the world was round, and the sun stood still to warm it. The children were amazed. In the evening in came the father of a promising young family.... "What do you mean by tellin' a lot o' darned lies to my youngsters?" says he... Why you idiot, don't you be a tellin' of em' that the sun sticks stock still, and this 'ere earth goes round him. That's a lie and you know it. Don't I see the sun a-getting' up every blessed morning in one place, and a-poin' to bed in t'other, and you idiot you, you keep a tellin' them 'ere youngsters it sits there all day long, contrary to evidence..." With this, the irate *pater familias* bounced out of the room (Logan, 19-20).

It has not been determined the exact length of Texas Jack's stay in Florida, or how soon he left after the irate father scolded him for passing along Copernicus and Galileo's ideas of the earth rotating around the sun, but it is estimated to have been about a year's time before he went to Texas, to earn the nickname that would make him famous (Logan, 20).

After heading out for Texas, this time on horseback, Jack first arrived at the Taylor Ranch, where he was hired as a cowboy and would eventually head the ranch (TJA). It is assumed that the Taylor ranch drove cattle; it is possibly not so. According to Larry Tyree, Director of the Texas Jack Association, no evidence has been found to substantiate the claim regarding cattle. More likely, and what local records indicate, the Taylor Ranch was a horse ranch, similar to what would be considered a modern day used car lot (Tyree).

After he became head of the Taylor Ranch, Texas Jack became aware of a plot

to kidnap a local citizen by the name of Mrs. Sophie Elgin (TJA). Jack found out that a gang of seven men (jayhawkers) wanted to extort money from the Elgin family by holding Sophie hostage and asking a ransom. Instead of finding her at home, Jack was there instead and thwarted the plot. Soon after, in the 1860's, as Jack was making a good deal of money driving cattle on the Chisholm Trail, he rescued a young pioneer boy who had been left for dead after his parents were killed by Indians. Texas Jack took the boy to Fort Worth and made sure he was safe (TJA). The boy was so grateful that when he grew up he called himself Texas Jack, Jr. and toured in his own Wild West Show. It was in this show that Texas Jack, Jr. met a young Will Rogers in South Africa and taught him to use the lasso and perform tricks. So contrary to popular claim, it was not Texas Jack that encountered Will Rogers, but Texas Jack, Jr. (TJA).

By about the late 1860's, Texas Jack heard of a severe drought in western Tennessee. A particular town, the name not known at this juncture, was hurt worse than others. Texas Jack, using his own money, took fellow cowboys and quite a few cattle to help provide food for the town. On the way Jack and his party were attacked by Indians; seven men were killed and quite a few cattle. Despite the loss for Jack, it did not dampen his spirit. People wanted to know who had saved them, what is his name?

"Where ya from?"

"From Texas, sir,"

"What's the name?"

"Jack, sir"

"Texas Jack, eh?"

"Hurrah for Texas Jack!" (TJA).

Jack Baker Omohundro would forever be remembered as "Texas Jack," one of the best cowboys of the Wild West.

The Texas Jack Scout

It was in the summer of 1869 that Jack met California Joe Milner; one of the best marksmen, Milner also proved beneficial to Jack by introducing him to Wild Bill Hickok, sheriff of Ellis County. That same year Jack would also meet his future lifelong friend and scout, Buffalo Bill Cody (BBHC). On a cattle drive to Nebraska, Texas Jack met Buffalo Bill Cody, not at Fort McPherson, as it has been previously reported. Nor did they meet at Cottonwood Springs. Working as a scout at Fort McPherson, Cody took a shine to Jack; between Jack's shooting, hunting and bravery, Cody found Jack quite talented and asked Jack to stay on as an Army Scout (Omohundro, 514). This request was most intriguing since Jack was an ex-confederate soldier who was not allowed to join the U.S. Army. Cody took his request to the Secretary of War; soon after congress passed a "special act to permit him (Cody) to enlist Texas Jack as a U.S. Government Scout" (TJA).

Texas Jack, out on a hunt, was ambushed by what was reported as sixty Indians. Jack did not run, instead he chose to fight and shot Indian after Indian. After four Indians died, the rest fled. Jack then took the four scalps back to the fort. While both Jack and his horse were injured, both survived (Omohundro, 514-515). Jack spent many a year fighting Indians as well as learning their languages and eventually becoming one of the few white men they trusted; especially the Pawnees (TJA). It was reported by Major John Burke² (Logan, 6), and Buffalo Bill Cody (TJA)³ in his tribute at Jack's funeral, that Jack was actually part Indian, the Powhatan Tribe in fact, and might have been related to Pocahontas; this

² Major John Burke was an Agent for Buffalo Bill Cody.

³ Buffalo Bill, in his tribute to Texas Jack at his memorial, stated that Jack had the "blood of the Powhatan Indians flowed through his veins."

is completely not true (Tyree). Jack continued hunting and fighting with Indians; some were his friends, others, like the Comanches were not.

On one particularly bad hunt, Texas Jack was taken hostage by the Comanches (Omohundro, 514-515). They kept him for seven days. Jack knew times were desperate and that he might starve, so, as he had taught him to do, his horse laid down in front of him to protect him while he shot. The horse lay in any position asked, on Jack's side, in front, whatever he needed. Jack was able to start shooting and shooting he did: over and over; he was fighting for his life (Logan, 515). Jack and his horse were able to get free and return to the fort, but not before he shot a buck on the way back (Logan, 515). These fights were creating notoriety for Texas Jack with the public, the government, and Buffalo Bill.

Another story of Texas Jack's bravery tells the tale of his exploits with desperadoes and outlaws. In a small town near Fort McPherson, Jack was known by the name Dave Hunter; his alias to infiltrate the gang (Omohundro, 516). Jack got word of the gang's plans to the fort. When the soldiers arrived, Jack joined them, dropping his alias. According to Texas Jack's father, Jack received \$10,000 for this act of bravery (Omohundro, 516). It was exploits like these that started Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack to think maybe they should take it just a bit easier. So both Bill and Jack went east to be in show business, the stage in particular (Omohundro, 516). Of course they couldn't take it too easy, so they both continued to take European royalty on hunts. A favorite hunting client, who went on to write about Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, was the Earl of Dunraven, author of *The Great Divide*.

The Earl of Dunraven, later Lord Dunraven, wrote about his travels and hunts in Yellowstone (Dunraven, viii). Texas Jack accompanied Lord Dunraven on quite a few

The Texas Jack Scout

occasions, the hunts always being successful (Omohundro, 517). In 1875, when *The Great Divide* was first published, a successful 1874 hunt with Texas Jack through Yellowstone was integral to the focus of Dunraven's book. He wanted to make sure the world understood that he felt Texas Jack was the best guide. Dunraven wrote, "Jack raves poetically as we canter along side by side... ah! You should see it in the springtime, with the antelopes feeding in one direction, the buffaloes in another, and the little birdies boo-hooing around, building their nesties and raising hell generally!" (Omohundro, 518). Dunraven continued, "Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack have the same feeling for the Indians that the true sportsman has for game, they love them, and they slay them" (Omohundro, 518). Texas Jack was indeed a hunter through and through, and should be expected, especially in the 1800's, to have a more "hand's on" approach to one's food. Texas Jack, according to his father, who he wrote regularly, stated, "After this trip, and upon his return to Europe, Lord Beckingham, as a token of his appreciation, sent Jack a silver mounted gun costing \$500.00" (Omohundro, 519). Jack appreciated every gift he received, and his father was duly impressed.

Jack, upon the return from a successful hunting trip for Sir John Reid, held a dinner in Reid's honor. According to a Philadelphia newspaper, "On last Saturday evening a festive party sat down to an elaborate antelope dinner given by Texas Jack, the well-known western scout and husband of Morlacchi, the celebrated danseuse." (Omohundro, 520) The newspaper made it sound like Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill had traded Indian war parties for society parties. The newspaper goes on to write, "The dinner was given by Texas Jack in commemoration of his return from a hunting expedition to the wilds of the Far West

where he had been guide to Sir John Reid and a party of English sportsmen." (Omohundro, 520) Texas Jack knew the east coast mentality, while they appreciated the west, it was not a place they were used to or cared to live in; but it did make a nice place to visit and tell stories about. It was exactly



Photo of (L-R) Buffalo Bill Cody, Ned Buntline, and Texas Jack on stage in the play, *The Scouts of the Prairie* (TJA). Photo is circa 1872.

that kind of thinking that led Ned Buntline to write and publish many books about both Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill in the form of the then popular "dime novel" (Omohundro, 520). Jack and Bill were always featured as heroes, in fact they wrote dime novels as well. In a *New York Times* article, January 4, 1931, it was written that, "He (Texas Jack) was the Mustang King-the conqueror of Cayuses without a rival. Horses came to him on the end of a lariat, and when he chose the wrong one in the dark, he could not coax it to go home" (TJA).

Another dime novel, *Texas Jack, the Prairie Rattler; or, the Queen of the Wild Riders*; was written by Hon. WM. F. Cody-"Buffalo Bill." Cody wanted to honor Jack so he wrote a tale about, in his words, "a romance in the life of a real hero" (Cody). The "Queen" was meant to refer to the love

The Texas Jack Scout

of Jack's life, his wife, Italian ballerina and can-can dancer, Giuseppina (Josephine) Morlacchi. Buffalo Bill always spoke highly of his best friend's wife; he even envied him to an extent. For Texas Jack had developed a truly lasting loving relationship; Bill on the other hand survived a poisoning by his wife, who was apparently wise to his philandering ways (Warren, 504). According to Louis S. Warren, Cody's wife Louisa had attempted to poison him. "The allegations of poisoning began to seem almost credible as his witnesses (for the divorce trial) painted a picture of Louisa's generally toxic personality" (Warren, 504). Josephine, unlike Louisa, was truly enamored with her husband, so much so that, even though she passed away from cancer, it could have been from sadness. Josephine passed away at the tender age of 39, a mere six years after her husband (Logan, 190).

Texas Jack and Josephine Morlacchi met while appearing on stage in the play *Scouts of the Prairie*. Fellow thespian Buffalo Bill appeared as well. While Bill and Jack tended to forget their lines and resort to such theatrics as roping Indians and the like, Josephine was an accomplished actress and dancer. Texas Jack and Josephine were married September 1, 1873 (TJA). Josephine, having gained fame in Europe, has been credited with bringing the Can-Can to America. In actuality, she was one of several dancers that brought a form of the dance, not the risqué burlesqued type, to the stage (Tyree, R., 1).

Josephine first arrived in America with a troupe of dancers that based themselves in Boston (Tyree, R.) As her shows were aimed at women and families, it is generally assumed Josephine's Can-Can was from an earlier version which was similar to and including moves of a dance known as the Tarantella (Tyree, R.). Josephine performed her Can-Can in a tutu while the more risqué can-can dancers wore frills that would fly up

upon lifting the leg (Tyree, R.). Josephine's appearances on stage, with her husband and Buffalo Bill in the *Scouts of the Prairie*, or performing ballet or Can-Can, were memorable and respectful. A beautiful Italian born in Milan, Josephine continues to this day to provide an aura of mystery. PBS, in 2008, launched an online search for anyone that could provide "history" behind a scrapbook that came into their possession (PBS).



Photo of Josephine Morlacchi, playing Dove Eye in Scouts on the Prairie, with her husband, Texas Jack.

Running the online show with "Detective" challenges, and providing a good, but not great interactive blog, PBS tried to find "who" might have been the owner of said scrapbook (PBS). Renee Tyree, author of "Did Giuseppina Morlacchi Bring the Can-Can to America?" was asked by PBS to aid in the identification as she has researched Josephine for years. Tyree was unable to positively confirm that the scrapbook belonged to Josephine, but admitted it is most likely, due to a specific telegram (Tyree, R.). "The Western Union Telegram reads: Rochester NY April 20th 1876; 8:25 pm. To J.B. Omohundro, Opera House, "My only darling boy is dead. Died six o'clock this evening." Signed W F Cody." (PBS). This telegram was kept in the scrapbook by someone who wanted not only to remember the death of this child, but to remember the close friendship that Texas

The Texas Jack Scout

Jack and Buffalo Bill Cody shared; a friendship that history too often overlooks. Within two hours of his son's death, Bill Cody wrote his best friend, his friend he had been separated from since Cody decided to tour with his Wild West Show, and Texas Jack decided to settle down in Leadville, Colorado (PBS). Before Kit Carson Cody's death, Buffalo Bill, according to Texas Jack, received a telegram from his home in Rochester, while he was away in Springfield, Mass. The telegram informed Cody of his son's illness and possible impending death. Cody raced home only to hold his son for one last time. According to Texas Jack, Cody is quoted as saying, "and that evening at six o'clock my beloved little Kit died in my arms" (PBS). Texas Jack never achieved the prominence that Buffalo Bill did, but to Buffalo Bill, he will always be his trusted friend.

On June 28, 1880, in Leadville, Colorado, John Baker Omohundro, better known as "Texas Jack" or just Jack, died from pneumonia. With his wife at his side, he was stricken in his prime, and was never quite given the chance to let the world know what he could really achieve. Having lived only 33 years, and having accomplished so much, Texas Jack will always be known as the handsome scout, hunter, and devoted husband that captured America's heart with all of his good deeds. Whether he was rescuing an orphaned boy, providing food for a starving town, or a saving the west, Texas Jack remained true to the heart of a true Wild West hero. He will always be remembered as the Indian Scout with a ballerina wife.

Works Cited:
P.B.S.


http://www.pbs.org/opp/historydetectives/investigations/web/2008/07/week_3_new_scrapbook.html#comment-12447

Twenty-eight years after Texas Jack's death, William Cody found himself and his Wild West Show in Leadville, Colorado. On Sunday, September 6, 1908, Cody replaced the tattered and worn grave marker with a gravestone worthy of his friend (TJA). Josephine had left a provision in her will that five hundred dollars would be directed for a decent gravestone at her husband's place of rest. The executor, Henry A. McGlenen, never honored her request, and we will never know why (Logan, 193).

To Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack was the man that stood by him during the Indian wars, the man that stood by him on the stage, and the man that was there for him after the loss of his son. No greater bond could be forged. In the words of Buffalo Bill as he placed the "suitable monument" at his gravesite, "I learned to know him and to respect his bravery, and ability. He was a whole-souled, brave, generous, good-hearted man...Jack was an old friend of mine and a good one...May he rest in peace (TJA).

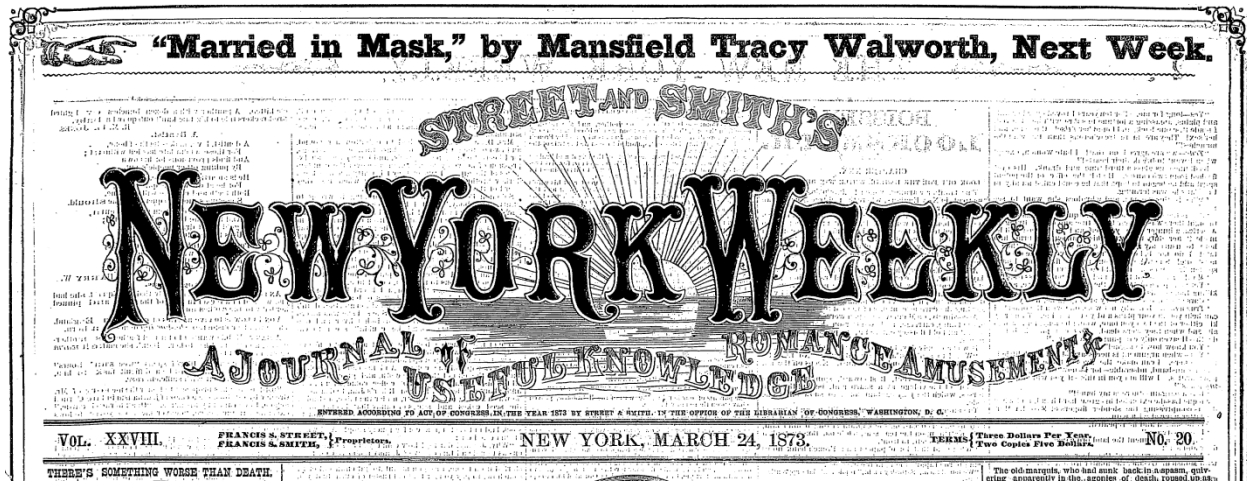
To end in the words of Texas Jack:

How many though, never finish,
but mark the trail with their silent
graves, no one can tell. But when
Gabriel toots his horn, the "Chisholm
trail" will swarm with cowboys.
"Howsomever, we'll all be thar"
let's hope, for a happy trip, when we
sayto this planet, adios! (Logan, 1)

-Texas Jack 

The previous article was written as a part of Collette Chenault's graduate studies final at Eastern Washington University. She plans on submitting it to the *Western Encyclopedia*.

The following is the first installment in a serialized novel. We don't have the other issues with later installments, but you can at least get a vivid sense of the high style of these Buntline purple-prose shoot'em-ups. Texas Jack Association member Beryl Catterson brought the newspaper to the 2012 Roundup to share with us. It was donated to her by Art Brown. Linda Omohundro had it scanned and digitized, and then John Omohundro transcribed it for us. Enjoy!



A Mate to Buffalo Bill.

TEXAS JACK,
The White King of the Pawnees
by *Ned Buntline*

Chapter 1

In France, near Avignon, where the silvery Durance weds the beautiful Rhone, their waters as clear and cold as the eye of a vestal, can even now be seen a monumental glory of those chivalric days when *men* lived and died in armor—when their manhood was known by their *deeds* rather than by their wealth.

This "monumental glory" is an ancient castle, perched high up among the tree-crowned hills which overlook the rivers as they meet, known now as in the long gone by, as the *Castle Omohundreau*.

What has this old pile, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," to do with Texas Jack? asks the reader.

A great deal, if the reader will wait patiently for a strange mystery to unfold itself. And I can't well see how the reader *can* help waiting. Can you?

In a chamber gorgeously furnished, hung with tapestry yet bright, though long used, an old man sat propped up with cushions in a great arm chair, while the mellow light of sunset stole in through the high window facing the crimsoned west.

A physician, likewise very old, stood looking intently upon the noble face of the invalid, while near his right hand sat a notary at a small writing table, penning down a last will and testament, then being dictated to him.

The Texas Jack Scout

The strangest scene of all, was a young man, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a face full of intelligence, sitting on the left, before an easel, rapidly painting a picture on canvas.

Near him, watching every motion of his hand as the picture grew beneath its magic touch, stood a lovely girl, whose face fair and fresh, bore, in features only, a marked resemblance to the noble invalid.

Back—but where the red light fell dimly on dark, scowling features—stood another young man, whose black, piercing eyes wandered from one to another of the occupants of the room with anything but friendly glances.

"Is it finished—the last word I have spoken written down?" asked the invalid, addressing the notary.

"It is, Monsieur Le Marquis—all is written precisely as your Excellency has ordered!" said the notary.

"And you, my physician and my friend, Doctor Le Claire, pronounce me of sound mind, able to make clear my wishes, though you know as well as I that my hours are numbered, and that death waits even now at the portals of my soul."

"Yes—Marquis of Omohondreau, noblest of men and best of friends, the Good Father above is letting the sun of your life go down as clear and bright as sets yonder golden glory in the west."

"Then let all within this chamber draw near to hear this will read now, that there may be no dispute hereafter!"

The voice of the old man, low and weak, was yet clear and all heard it there.

But the young man in the background, sullen and morose in look, did not come forward, though all the rest, the artist included, gathered around where the marquis could see them.

"Where is Basil La Mort? He of all the rest should be here now!" said the marquis.



There was a tremor in the voice of the young girl, a shudder in her frame and a sudden pallor in her face as she said:

"He came to the room when I called him, uncle, but he stands back where you cannot see him!"

"Does he not dare to look me in the face—the gambler, the spendthrift, the libertine?" said the old man. "Is he a coward as well?"

"No!"

The young man himself answered as he strode forward, till he stood nearest the window of all, and the light fell on a face handsome even in its wicked look, on a form of noble proportions, yet on a person marked by evil passions too plainly for his character to pass unread by any keen observer.

"No—marquis and cousin—bad as I

am, I am no *coward!* I dare look you or any other man in the eye—living or dying and am ready to hear the disinheritance, long since threatened by you—so far as property goes. But your title—your proud title comes to me, and *you* cannot deprive me of that!"

"Rash boy—you err! *One lives who is of yet nearer kinship than you!*" said the old man.

"That girl—she who shudders when she speaks my name—*she* cannot take the title!"

"*Not* that girl, but my own brother's son, born in that grand land of the West, which our Lafayette helped to free from British rule— Jean Omohondreau *lives*, as I have good reason to believe, and to *him*, will descend my title and my estate! My money— my family's jewels, all shall go to my sweet niece, my sister's child, Adeline Cherchille— with such condition as shall be heard when my will is read!"

"Bah! It is a dream! The ship which bore your brother and his wife to the West was sunk at sea! They perished! That is on record! You cannot disprove that. The dead do not bear *sons!*"

A hateful sneer made the face of the young speaker fiendish.

"Edouart de Carle—bring hither the picture! Is it done?" cried the marquis.

"It is, most noble marquis, done as well as my poor hand can paint it!" said the artist, and he brought his easel to the front where all could see the picture on it.

A cry of wonder broke from every lip, for the face though young, was so like that of a portrait on the wall they every eye glanced from *it* to that!—

It was a strange picture—one so striking that once seen it could never be forgotten.

A young man, clad in the picturesque hunting costume of Western America, sat on the back of a magnificent horse, in a position of fearful peril. For the horse,

thrown back on its haunches on the very brink of a terrible chasm, was held there by the turn of a lasso, which the young man had cast back over the trunk of a gnarled, lightning riven tree, just in his rear, seeming to restrain it, while helpless in terror it was hanging over the chasm of death.

The picture was terribly real, but with all of its strangeness the portrait of the rider was so striking, that the family resemblance could not be mistaken. The portrait on the wall was that of the younger brother just spoken of.

"Friends," said the dying marquis, "God is good. I prayed when I felt the death-chill coming to my heart, that *He* would give me some sign to tell me if one of my near kindred yet lived, worthy to bear my name and title. Oh, how earnestly I prayed, before I closed my eyes in sleep three nights gone by. That night, the scene in this picture, just as Edouart de Carle has painted it from my direction, came to me as plain as I see it now in that picture. And while I looked in wild horror at the peril the rider was in, while his horse struggled on the dreadful brink, a gentle voice, like that of Eva, my brother's wife, said:

"Jean Omohondreau lives, a hero among heroes—a king among the red men of the Western wilds—my son and thy nephew!"

"I woke, and from that hour I have been calm, waiting for this hour to do my duty to the living and the dead. The picture is good—to you my niece, it is given, that you may seek out your cousin and call him to his own. Now let the will be read."

The notary in a loud clear voice read the carefully-written document, which gave to the Marquis Jean Omohondreau, born in America, the vast estates and rents accruing thereupon of the testator. Which made Adeline Cherchille his sole executrix, as well as the legatee of a vast sum in gold and jewels; the last to be hers on one condition.

The Texas Jack Scout

She was to seek out her cousin, and to restore him to his estate and title. All of this was to be done as quickly as might be after the death of the testator, and the estate was to remain under the control and guardianship of such only as she appointed.

Special bequests to the artist, physician, and old servants of the estate were named, to be given from her own hand, and then the will closed with one brief clause.

"To Basil La Mort, who has disgraced his blood, abused my kindness, and betrayed every trust I ever reposed in him, I leave *one franc*. It will buy him a rope wherewith to save the public executioner future trouble. He can hang himself!"

A curse, wild and better, broke from the lips of the young man, as the notary read these words, and turning to Adeline Cherchille he said:

"YOU, it is, who have incited him to *this*. Beware! You shall weep tears of blood before you die! No heir but myself shall tread these ancient halls. I swear it—ha! ha! He is dying and the will not signed! Ha! Ha! I'll conquer yet!"

The old marquis, who had sunk back in a spasm, quivering apparently in the agonies of death, roused up as the young villain uttered this exultant cry.

"No, no!" he gasped. "The will shall be signed. I am yet strong enough in mind, in will and body for that."

And to the astonishment of his physician, of his niece, and most of all to Basil La Mort, he actually rose from his chair, stepped three paces to the table, took the pen from the hand of the notary and *signed the will*.

"Witness—witness all!" he said, and he handed the pen to his physician.

He watched while the doctor and the artist signed their names, then rising he attempted to regain his chair. But nature had given her last assistance— his will failed,

and reeling he fell back in the arms of the young painter.

A second he gasped, then all was over. He was dead.

Adeline wept as she bowed her face above his white hairs, but she was roused to one bitter burst of indignation, when Basil La Mort cried out:

"I am now the Marquis of Omohondreau!"

"Liar and murderer, begone!" she cried. "Begone, or I will have you scourged from the presence of the dead!"

"I go!" he said—"I go to mature a revenge that shall be sweeter to me than the hope your beggar painter has long nurtured in his breast to call you wife."

The words had barely left his lips ere the clenched hand of the "beggar painter" dealt him a blow which sent him staggering from the room.

"Oh, Edouart, he will murder you!" cried the fair girl.

"The coward dare not raise a hand to me! He can *threaten* you, but he dare not attempt to harm you! Farewell—for now I must go. My mother needs my presence."

The artist was gone in an instant, while the chamber was becoming crowded by the old retainers and servants who came in on hearing the sad news that their kind master was gone.

Chapter II

The stars shone out in as clear a sky as the setting sun had left, and the peasant girls, careful as Yankee lasses would be to look at the new moon over the left shoulder, looked wonderingly at the handsome cavalier who, beneath its light, spurring his horse to its maddest speed, galloped down the winding road which led from the castle to the hamlet in the valley below.

But he went by them like the shadow of a gale-wrapped cloud, and he did not halt

The Texas Jack Scout

until he reached the inn or cabaret kept by Louis Popinette.

In front of this he halted so suddenly that he drew his horse back upon its haunches, and leaping from its back he threw the reins to the wondering hostler, and saying no word as to the care of the animal, rushed inside.

Louis Popinette wasp alone. It was too early yet for his regular evening customers, but when Basil La Mort came in, he bowed low, and said:

"Monsieur, how may I serve you?"

"Monsieur, Le *Marquis*, if you please!" said the young man, haughtily. "The late Marquis de Omohondreau lies dead in the castle. I hold his title, even if I have to fight for the estate!"

Louis Popinette was a man of the world. And this was enough even in France to make him bow to the man who inherited a title if nothing more. But he did not bow quite so low as he would have done had Basil La Mort said I inherit the title *and* the estate.

He bowed low enough for the occasion, however, and said:

"How may I serve Monsieur le Marquis?"

"You have here a guest, a strange man I hear, who has lately come from America. I wish to see and talk to him!"

"Monsieur Le Marquis means Jacques Lasalle, I presume. He has been a great hunter and I know not what more. But he will not talk to you or anybody else. He is, to speak plain—*ugly*. He came back here to his native village, which he left when a mere lad, full of romance and adventure—came back to find his first and only love. It seems that he was betrothed, or rather that they plighted their troth before he went. He found her married to the steward of the castle up there—the new steward, for his father died a year ago and the son took the place. So his love has turned to hate for her and

everything else, judging by his ways. But he is a good guest—he eats little, drinks a good deal, and pays out his gold without a second look at it. Yes, Monsieur Jacque is a good guest. But he will not talk to you. He never talks to me except to ask some question about *her*!"

"Never mind. I want to see him!"

"I will go and announce your name, Monsieur Le Marquis!"

"No—show me his room—nothing more. I will manage the interview!"

"But, Monsieur Le Marquis, he will get mad—he carries pistols—he might shoot you!"

"Bah—I will risk that! Lead me to his room!"

The tone and look which accompanied these words were sufficient to intimidate Louis Popinette, and he thought it best to accede to the wish so peremptorily uttered.

He led the way to a chamber in the rear of the cabaret, which had a window facing toward the castle on the hill.

The chamber-door was open, and Basil La Mort saw a tall man, of powerful frame, with long black hair floating down over his shoulders, standing before that window. His arms were folded over his broad breast, and he seemed to be in deep thought, for he stood still as a statue, until the sound of intruding footsteps reached his ear.

Then he turned suddenly, with a savage, hateful look on his bearded face, just as La Mort told Popinette to go and himself entered the chamber.

"Who are you, and what come you here for?" he said, abruptly and harshly.

"I am the Marquis of Omohondreau, and——"

"You lie! The Marquis of Omohondreau is an old man! His hairs are as white as the snow on Pike's Peak!"

"His lips are as white too—for he

The Texas Jack Scout

that *was* Marquis of Omohondreau lies dead in yonder castle!"

"*Good!* I wish every one on the estate lay dead also! What are you *here* for?"

"I am here, Jacque Lasalle, to see you and to strike a bargain with you. I know your name, something of your history, the cause of your rather savage way of receiving a visit like mine. You *hate* a man and a woman up there— so do I!"

"Why do *you* hate *them*?"

"I do not know that I have those *you* hate, but I can trample them or any one else under foot who may stand between me and those whom I *do* hate. We had better be friends. I am as bitter as you are—as devilish as you dare be!"

"So far so good. Can you drink?"

"Yes, as deeply as you can!"

"We'll see!"

Lasalle pulled a bone whistle from his pocket and blew it sharply. It was answered by Louis Popinette in person.

"Brandy—your strongest!"

That was all the savage-looking man said, but it satisfied the landlord that the new marquis had made friendly terms with his guest—so he hastened to bring brandy and glasses.

When a bottle and two goblets were placed on the table, Lasalle pointed to the door and Popinette left.

Filling both glasses to the brim, the hunter, as he was called at the inn, raised one to his lips while Basil La Mort took the other.

"Here is to a good hater, and to him who likes to drink deep from the sea of revenge!" cried Basil, drinking every drop in his glass.

Lasalle said nothing, but again filled his own glass and passed the bottle to Basil. The latter filled again and drank a second glass without remark, as he saw the goblet of Lasalle emptied.

"Now *talk!* My ears are open!" said Lasalle, more quiet in look and manner, as if these fiery draughts acted like sedatives on his fiery nature.

"I think you will have a visit, by and by—a visit from a woman!" said Basil La Mort.

"*She* had best not come here!"

The hunter thrust his hand inside his vest, and the handle of a huge knife became visible.

"*She* had best *not* come here!" he cried, bitterly. "I had rather kill *him*—but if Lucille dares to speak to me——"

"Bah—I did not *say* Lucille. It is a high-born lady, young, beautiful and rich, who will come, and she will come to ask a service!"

"*She* can go back again. I am no servant to man or woman! In America I learned to be *free!*"

"Ah—you speak of America! You have been there long!"

"Yes—long for me. For ten years I roved over her hills and plains, amassing a fortune to share with her I loved. I made it, came back, and found her *false!* Curse her and her sex! They are more treacherous than the wild Comanches!"

"*True*—we are agreed on that! I hate women, except when I want to break their hearts!"

Basil fled his glass a third time and drank. His eyes flashed from two causes. He felt the effect of the potent spirit and he began to hope that he could enlist an ally in the plans he was forming.

"Who is this woman, and why does she want to see me?"

"*She* is the niece of the dead marquis—my cousin. He thought there was an heir to his title and estate living in America, a hunter like yourself, and in his last will he made it her duty to search this man out and bring him here to usurp my right, for *I* claim the title and the estate! I do

The Texas Jack Scout

not believe such a man lives—if he does he must die! She will seek your aid to find him. I have spoken first and seek your aid to kill him if he is alive!"

"Man! You do not know me! I am not an assassin!"

"Yet you spoke of killing the steward up there, and of killing Lucille, his wife!"

"Curse them, yes! But they are *my* game, not yours!"

"True again. But why not work one with the other! I can help you in your plans and you in mine. To merely kill either of the two you hate, would be folly, for it would all end when they were dead. *You* can punish before death—Heaven only can punish afterward."

"You know how to argue!"

"Yes—when argument is necessary—but I think little is needed here. I can make the lives of those two, Lucille and her husband, miserable—for I know them and their peculiarities. I will aid you in this—if you will aid me in *my* plans!"

"It is a bargain—there is my hand!"

Jacque Lasalle extended his great hard hand, and when it was compressing the slender fingers of Basil La Mort the latter winced with pain.

Yet he smiled and he repeated:

"It is a bargain."

At the same moment the landlord came to the chamber door and said:

"A lady in a carriage at the door seeks an interview with Monsieur Lasalle, the hunter from America."

"Ah—*so soon*? She cannot wait till her uncle is under ground. See her, Monsieur Lasalle, but make no promises till we confer. I will retire."

"You can enter that inner room and hear all that passes between us," said Lasalle to La Mort.

Then turning to Popinette he said:

"Escort the lady hither. But first take away the brandy."

"The lady has a gentleman with her. He may wish to come also."

"I care not—if Satan were in her company it would make no difference to me!"

Popinette vanished and Basil La Mort entered the inner room, closing the door behind him.

An instant later a lady dressed in deep black, closely veiled, leaning on the arm of a young, light-haired, blue-eyed man, entered.

"I wish to see Monsieur Lasalle, lately from *America*," she said, in a low sweet tone, slightly tremulous.

"Your wish is accomplished, for you see Jacque Lasalle before you, madame."

This was spoken in a quiet, respectful tone, but the look of the speaker was cold and haughty.

"I wish to engage the services of a man conversant with Americans and America to go with me to that country to seek for a lost relative. I can afford to remunerate you well if you will be that man."

"Madame, I own a silver mine in America, and my bank account in Paris is not small. I am not a menial to be hired to go here or there."

"Monsieur, you mistake me. I do not look upon you as a menial, neither do I ask of you a menial service. This gentleman will go with me as a friend and companion, an adviser and protector, and I shall reward *him*. But he will not have to sacrifice his manly pride. I have heard you well spoken of by one who knew you in the past——"

"*Lucille*? Dare she speak of me?"

"Yes; the wife of our steward speaks of you as a brave, a true-hearted man."

"Tell her I speak of her as a perjured fiend! *Once* I loved her—now I hate and loathe her!"

"It is not true. You love her yet. And were she free would wed her."

The Texas Jack Scout

"Madame!"

"Nay, hear me! She did not hear from you for years. Her parents died. She was poor, dependent, friendless, homeless. One came——"

"Stop, madame, stop! I wish not to hear of *him*. Tomorrow you shall have your answer. I will not say now what I will do—I want time to think."

"Thank you. I believe you will aid me. I pray Heaven you will. To-morrow I will send for your answer."

"Will you send *Lucille*?"

"I cannot promise. But I will send or come myself. Monsieur Lasalle, adieu."

"Madame, adieu."

Jacques Lasalle stood alone with eyes bent upon the floor, when Basil La Mort entered from the inner room.

"Pretty well played, but 'the tale' was false!" said La Mort. "The girl had a home and enough to live on. But the son of the old steward was handsome, had a smooth tongue, and ——"

"Stop! stop! I will hear no more. My heart began to soften, but now it is steel again. Sit down, while I call for more brandy. I must drink—ay, drink alone will drown the past and nerve me to my work!"

The hunter left the room, while Basil La Mort, with a red flush on his face, rubbed his white hands together and muttered:

"I can make him mine. Jealousy and hate work hand in hand! He *shall* serve *me*, not her!"

Chapter III

"*Trailed*—and by a hundred of the fiends! Now, good angels, help me!"

This was the utterance of a young man, noble formed, clad in the picturesque buckskin garb worn by the hunter scouts of the far West, armed with knife, revolver and rifle, and mounted on a splendid horse of the mixed American and mustang stock.

He had just risen to the crest of a sandy ridge near the base of the famous Black Hills, and looking back he saw a large body of Indians riding in column, swiftly along the very route by which he had come. They were on his track.

"If I had but fifty of my brave Pawnees, I would not turn my back on a hundred of these cowardly Sioux. But alone—there is no use to show fight till I'm cornered. *Then* it will be fight and die! Forward, Duke! It is *your* speed alone which can get me out of this scrape. There *is* cover, but it is twenty miles ahead. Go, my good horse—*go*, for the red devils see us."

The noble horse seemed to actually understand his brave master's talk, or his needs, for without touch of spur or even a loud word, the animal sprang forward on a long bounding lope which would carry his master rapidly toward the only shelter in sight, the wooded cliff of the great Black Hills.

A mile or more was passed, and another low ridge was crested when the hunter looked back and saw that the Indian band at full speed was gaining upon him.

"Faster, good Duke, faster!" he cried, and now the spur touched the flanks of his gallant horse. "Forty miles to-day I know have tried you some, but we must make the hills or go under!"

The horse responded nobly to the touch of his master's heel, and sped on at a gait which showed a gain upon the red pursuers when the hunter next looked back.

But as wolves follow the deer, so the red fiends kept on tirelessly, and when full half the distance to the tree-crowned hills was done, more than half of them were yet nearer than when the white rider first discovered them.

No look of fear was on that brave rider's face, but his set lips, his flashing eyes told full well his knowledge that the chance was desperate.

The Texas Jack Scout

The Spencer rifle which had been slung at his back was now brought forward, read for use, but his horse, still urged to the uttermost, kept him out of range of the pursuing foe. But the foam-flakes falling from its mouth, the trembling of the over-strained limbs, told the brave rider plainly that the race could not last long. Either the Indians must tire soon, or he would not be able to reach the timber where fight or concealment would be more available.

Nearer and nearer to the hills—the trees rising at every leap of the faithful horse—but nearer too, the bloodhounds in the rear.

The rider in advance, who had looked back but little in the start, now kept an almost constant eye over his shoulder.

"The curses keep well together!" he muttered. "If they were more scattered, I'd rest my horse and take ten or a dozen of them down at long range. But to stop now would bring fifty all too close. Good Duke keep up if you can—two miles more and you shall rest!"

The horse goaded again by the spur renewed its struggle and for a little time it once more gained upon the foe. Yet they were now so close that their yells borne

upon the brisk east wind reached the hunter's ears.

"They think they have me!" he muttered. "If they have, they'll find me a hard nut to crack. More than one yelling devil will eat lead for his supper before I go under! On—on, good Duke—we may beat 'em yet!"

The horse, apparently cheered by his master's voice, gave a few nightly bounds, and the latter surprised and rejoicing, thinking he would surely gain the hills in advance of the red fiends shouted out a wild defiance to the demons of the plains.

Alas, like many a triumph, his seemed short-lived, for the horse suddenly fell to earth, and with a groan as if his heart would burst, quivered in the death-agony.

The bold rider did not flinch. As the horse staggered and fell, the former left his stirrups, and stood firm upon the ground, facing the coming foe coolly as if ten thousand men were at his back.

"Come, you red curses, come!" he said, bitterly. "Yell your loudest, while you can, for more than one will yell his last, ere TEXAS JACK goes under!"

[to be continued] - In another issue of the Weekly!

Transcription of a column elsewhere in same *New York Weekly*, March 1873.

"The Scouts of the Prairie,"
By Ned Buntline.

It gives us pleasure to say that Colonel Judson is fast hurrying up the chapters of a new novel founded on the same life-scenes which have made his drama and its real heroes so famous all over America. This story will follow "TEXAS JACK," (which we commence this week,) and will embrace several of the old characters in Ned's stories, red and white, and some entirely new ones.

Agents, knowing from the Press how

wonderfully successfully the play has been, may calculate to double their orders for the new story. Every one who has seen the play will read the story. That is a foregone conclusion.

The Providence *Journal*, Feb. 18th, notes the success of Colonel Judson thus: HARRINGTON'S OPERA HOUSE—One of the most exciting dramatic sensations ever given in this city, was presented for the first time last evening at Harrington's, in Ned Buntline's great realistic sensational drama, "The Scouts of the Prairie,"

The Texas Jack Scout

introducing the genuine Western heroes, "Buffalo Bill," "Texas Jack," "Ned Buntline," and ten Indian warriors, and the great danseuse Mlle. Morlacchi. The drama was preceded by a terpsichorean comediette, written by Colonel Judson, called "Love's Battle," and introducing Morlacchi in four fine dances. After that the curtain rose on "The Scouts of the Prairie," which is full of the most startling and thrilling sensational scenes and situations, Indian battles, ambushes, burning at the stake, death dances

and sanguinary slaughter, softened by love scenes between "Buffalo Bill" and "Texas Jack" and the dusky maidens "Dove Eye" and "Hazel Eye," and so vigorously played as to keep the audience up to a white heat all the time, and, as a sensation, may be pronounced a decided success, and last night the Opera House was crammed and packed with an audience that manifested their appreciation by the most uproarious applause.



TEXAS JACK MERCHANDISE
WITH NUMBER AVAILABLE IN INVENTORY



4 tan ball caps



3 travel mugs - \$15



12 ceramic coffee mugs - \$15



Cream Sweatshirts -1 XXL, 3 XL \$20

Cream T-shirts - 23 Small - \$15

<

White short sleeve polo

3 XXL, 14 XL, 11 L - \$20

>

Send order to **Mary Golladay**

93 Coles Rolling Road

Scottsville, VA 24590



(POSTERS IN NEXT ISSUE)



Happy 2013 to all of our fellow Texas Jack Association family members! We look forward to the Blessings and opportunities ahead of us this year. Each year seems to move a little faster and each year I seem to move a little slower. I don't have any trouble staying busy, and I have just about stopped trying to catch up. My goal most days is to not get any further behind!

I think we spent a great deal of 2012 almost overwhelmed by the political state of our United States. I for one was ecstatic to see Election Day come and go. While the outcomes may not have all gone the way I voted, the dawning of Wednesday, November 7th, meant the mudslinging, fictitious, slandering our media called political campaigning ground to a halt. We are a fractured nation and I pray for healing. I think often about the great men and women that sacrificed so much to bring this nation to greatness and what they would think about where we are today; I believe that somewhere between Texas Jack's time and today, we've lost sight of the really important things. Honesty, courage and the need to do the right thing are being pushed to the outer edges of our existence. Quick, easy and "it's all about me" dominate our way of life. As we learn more about our ancestor and our heritage through the life of John Baker Omohundro, let us remember the qualities that made Texas Jack and others of his era so very great.

As we journey through this year I look forward to exploring our heritage together. May we learn new things about the life of John Baker Omohundro. May we share our knowledge with the world and may we seek to embrace the qualities of the people that have made this country so great!

I pray your 2013 will be safe and filled with prosperity, peace and good times. May God bless each of you.

Randy Golladay

NEXT SCOUT ISSUE INFORMATION

The deadline for the March 2013 issue of *The Scout* is **March 15, 2013**. Please send ideas and materials to our Guest Editors:

John and Susan Omohundro

P.O. Box 299, 5847 State Rt. 56

Hannawa Falls, NY 13647-0299

(315) 265-8365

omohunjt@northnet.org, omohunsl@northnet.org

The Texas Jack Scout

Ed. When I read this in my email, I thought if Texas Jack was dropped into 2012, it sounded exactly like what he would think and probably say whenever he had the chance.

Cowboy Solution

1. Pull your pants up. You look like an idiot.
2. Turn your cap right, your head ain't crooked.
3. Let's get this straight: it's called a 'gravel road'. I drive a pickup truck because I want to. No matter how slow you drive, you're gonna get dust on your Lexus. Drive it or get out of the way.
4. They are cattle. That's why they smell like cattle. They smell like money to us. Get over it. Don't like it? I-10 & I-40 go east and west, I-17 & I-15 goes north and south. Pick one and go.
5. So you have a \$60,000 car. We're impressed. We have \$250,000 Combines that are driven only 3 weeks a year.
6. Every person in the Wild West waves. It's called being friendly. Try to understand the concept.
7. If that cell phone rings while a bunch of geese/pheasants/ ducks/doves are comin' in during a hunt, we WILL shoot it outta your hand. You better hope you don't have it up to your ear at the time.
8. Yeah. We eat trout, salmon, deer and elk. You really want sushi and caviar? It's available at the corner bait shop.
9. The 'Opener' refers to the first day of deer season. It's a religious holiday held the closest Saturday to the first of November.
10. We open doors for women. That's applied to all women, regardless of age.
11. No, there's no 'vegetarian special' on the menu. Order steak, or you can order the Chef's Salad and pick off the 2 pounds of ham and turkey.
13. When we fill out a table, there are three main dishes: meats, vegetables, and breads. We use three spices: salt, pepper, and ketchup!
14. College and High School Football is as important here as the Giants, the Yankees, the Mets, the Lakers and the Knicks, and a dang site more fun to watch.
15. Turn down that blasted car stereo! That thumpity-thump ain't music, anyway. We don't want to hear it anymore than we want to see your boxers! Refer back to #1!



The Texas Jack Scout



IN THIS ISSUE...

| | |
|---|----|
| A Little Giddy-Up Git History and Commentary..... | 1 |
| Introducing New Officers..... | 13 |
| Memorials..... | 16 |
| Texas Jack..... | 18 |
| New York Weekly..... | 24 |
| Texas Jack Merchandise available..... | 33 |
| President's Message..... | 34 |
| Next Issue Information..... | 34 |
| Cowboy Solutions..... | 35 |



The Texas Jack Scout

The Texas Jack Scout
1844 NE Parks Summit Blvd.
Lee's Summit, MO 64064

TO: