

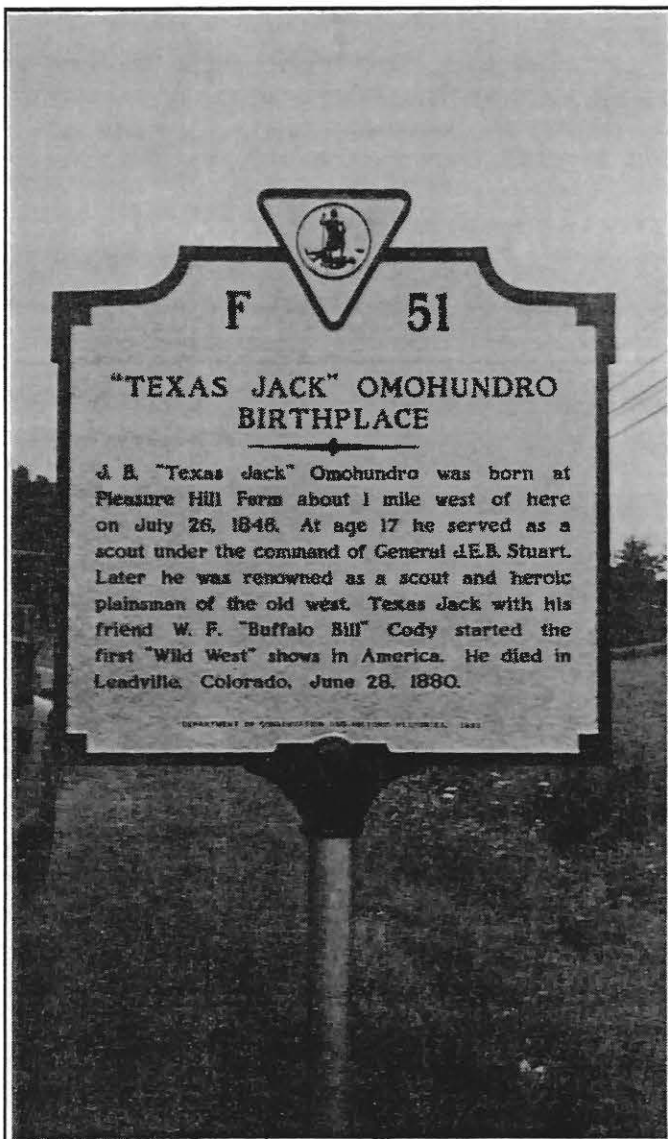
The TEXAS JACK SCOUT

VOLUME IV NO. 2

SEPTEMBER 1988

STATE HIGHWAY MARKER DEDICATED!!

Members and friends of the Texas Jack Association and the Fluvanna Historical Society formally dedicated the Texas Jack state highway marker on July 29, 1988. TJA charter member H. Franklin Phillips initiated the idea for the marker and made all of the arrangements with the Virginia State Highway Department. It was financed by TJA chairman and charter member M.H. Omohundro, Jr. At the dedication ceremony Jack Spano, President of the Fluvanna Historical Society, responded that the Society would be the honored custodians of the marker which is located on Route 15 in Fluvanna County, Virginia.



M.H. Omohundro, Franklin Phillips, and Jack Spano

from the Editor's Desk



Mark your calendar and start saving your dollars! The next TJA convention will be in Leadville, Colorado June 28-July 1, 1990. Everyone present at the Richmond Rally has vowed to attend because there is nothing like it when a group of Texas Jack enthusiasts gets together!

It was a proud day for the TJA when the highway marker was officially dedicated. This fall, another proud day will occur when the engraved stone marker donated by John Phillips is placed at the site of Texas Jack's birth. Look for that story in the next Scout.

In addition to the "Rally Recap," this issue features an article on the dime novel, a popular form of literature in the later 1800's. Ned Buntline, called by some "The Fastest Pen in the West," was another dime novelist who, along with Prentiss Ingraham, wrote realistic but fictional thrillers featuring Texas Jack. You will recall that it was Buntline who authored Scouts of the Prairie and then persuaded Jack and Buffalo Bill to act in it with him.

Also in this issue is the third in a series of articles that have highlighted aspects of the life of the Plains Indians. When village tribes such as the Pawnee were out on their buffalo hunts, a tipi was their temporary dwelling. George P. Horse Capture's "The Eternal Tipi, the Eternal People" demonstrates the style that won him Best Film award in 1983 from Old West Trails Foundation.

Texas Jack's skill with a lasso was lauded by Indians, applauded by audiences, and headlined in dime novels. "Lariats and Lasso Kings" reveals that although he and Josephine were childless, Jack left a lasso legacy.

A big thank you to the eleven members who returned the questionnaire from the last Scout. The comments and suggestions offered were extremely helpful in deciding a focus for the next two years. Since The Buffalo Bill Historical Center already has an excellent display of original TJ photos, posters, news clippings, and dime novels and the remaining few artifacts are in private collections, the TJA will not try to collect and exhibit, but will instead continue to inform and educate the public about Texas Jack and the people and events of his era. As is reported on page 21, this mission will be carried out through the Scout and various projects.

Finally, there is an updated membership roster which many of you have requested. Please notify us of any corrections or changes in your address. **THIRD CLASS MAIL IS NOT FORWARDED.** Also, please be prompt in paying your membership fees. Dues and contributions will be used not only to fund publications of the Scout, but also to refurbish TJ's grave--possibly enclosing it with an iron fence.

Soon I will be packing up my typewriter and glue stick and moving to the other side of the continent. In my two years as editor of the Scout I have never ceased to be inspired by all that Texas Jack experienced and mastered in his brief lifetime. It has been my privilege to be able to bring some of his story to you.

A fond farewell,
Kitty
Kitty V. Wyche

THE TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.
A Non-Profit,
Tax Deductible Corporation

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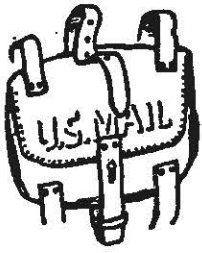
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(Biography of Texas Jack), Santa Ana, CA
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County Wicklow, Ireland
Mrs. Nellie Snyder Yost: Author of BUFFALO BILL, THE
CALL OF THE RANGE, NO TIME ON MY HANDS, and
MEDICINE LODGE, North Platte, NE

*deceased

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT is a publication
OF THE TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.

FROM THE MAIL POUCH . . .



"The July and December, 1987, issues of The Texas Jack Scout arrived this week. I found them to be immensely interesting...I am the proud owner of the print 'Dawn Patrol,' graciously given to me by James F. Omohundro, the artist, and I would urge the members of the Texas Jack Association to invest in one of the prints offered."

Sherry Warford Leadville, CO

"I want to thank you so much for putting my article on Wild Bill on the front page of the Scout...I still look back on the reunion in North Platte as a real high point. I remember riding a bus to Fort McPherson on our way to the Duke Alexis Camp with Nellie Yost. It is one of my most treasured memories. If Buffalo Bill is my hero, Nellie Yost is my heroine."

Kendel Cody Cornwell Redondo Beach, CA

"I grew up in Fork Union, VA and have been bird hunting on the Omohundro property near Palmyra. Glad to have touched ground where T.J. originated. I'm ordering the biography from Fluvanna Society, and enjoy reading the Scouts."

Paul Perkins Houston, TX

"We are very sorry to have to miss seeing you all in Virginia...We have surely enjoyed being a part of TJA. We also thoroughly enjoy the magazine. It was superb under Julie's editorship and you have kept it so. We read every word in it and learn a great deal from it...I was saddened to learn of Frank Sullivan's death, also that of Herschel Logan. We owe a lot to both of them for the history they have helped us learn and preserve."

Nellie Yost North Platte, NE

"I look forward to the newsletters and find them both informative and attractively presented."

Joyce O. Miller Hohokus, NJ

"I hope you will continue to publish the Scout. It is very interesting, and it takes a publication like that to hold an organization together."

Melvin Schulte Pocahontas, IA

"I'd hate to see the newsletters discontinued...Very frankly, I would gladly pay higher dues to keep the newsletter going; I would not be inclined to renew membership in 1989, should the newsletter cease."

Bettie Blue Omohundro Arlington, VA

"We did so enjoy the Rally...A fun, activities filled weekend. Applause, applause!"

Virginia Cooke Richmond, VA

"You did an outstanding job--a weekend we won't forget."

June Wyche Arlington, VA

"The TJ bash was terrific! From Dennis and me comes a really big and sincere thank you and much appreciation of what you have done--and I think TJA is passing on to good hands. See you in Leadville in '90!!"

Julie Greene Palos Verdes, CA

"Julie and I enjoyed everything about the Rally. The Jefferson-Sheraton Hotel was absolutely beautiful...Thanks again for all your work in making the Texas Jack Rally so much fun."

Betty O. Johnson Tampa FL

RALLY RECAP

by Angela G. Wyche

"Well, look who's here!"

"Isn't this a gorgeous hotel?"

"Where is the hospitality room and what time do we meet?"

These were the happy exchanges being made as members arrived and gathered at the Texas Jack registration table Thursday afternoon on July 28, 1988, at the Sheraton Jefferson in Richmond, Virginia. It was the beginning of our long anticipated Rally!

Some of us had grand reunions Thursday evening in the hospitality room. Some of us were newcomers, but very rapidly became old timers under the big umbrella of southern hospitality. There were members from the states of California, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and of course, Virginia. All told, 64 members participated in all or some of the Rally events.

Friday was the most exciting day of our Rally. We boarded our comfortable bus at 8:30 A. M. and set out for Fluvanna County, Texas Jack's birthplace. Right outside the



John and Edna Nees and Jack Omohundro locate their place on the Family Tree.



Ada Omohundro and John Nees



Julie Phillips, Julie Greene



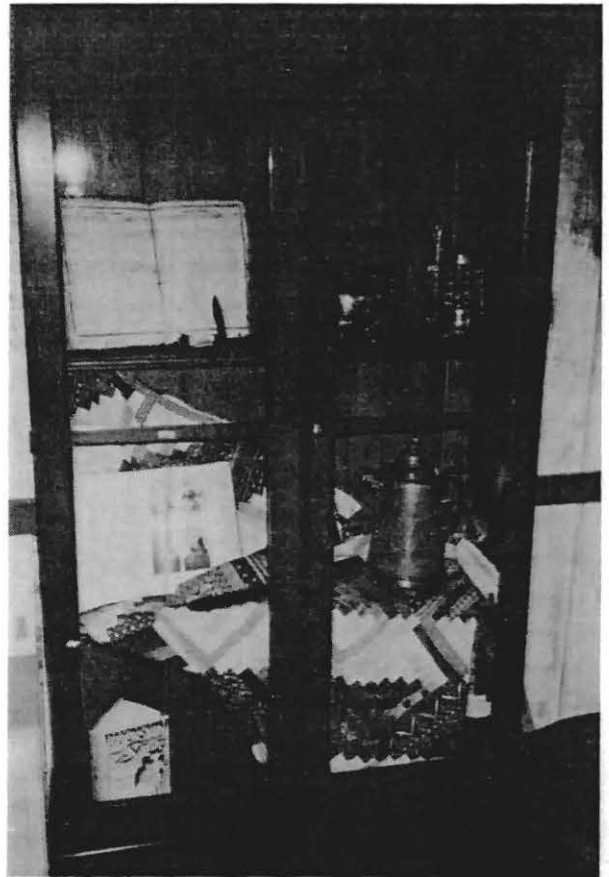
M.H. Omohundro welcomes Mary Margaret Sullivan to the Rally.



Nancy Omohundro, Carole Greene



Outside the Old Stone Jail Museum.



On the top shelf is the family Bible opened to the page which records Texas Jack's birth. The quilt was made by Arabella Nees, Texas Jack's sister. In the right corner is a footstool from "Pleasure Hill." These and other items were on display at the Old Stone Jail Museum.



Members of the Fluvanna Historical Society served our luncheon with a smile.

village of Palmyra on Route 15 we joined an already assembled crowd and television camera/reporter for the dedication of the Virginia state highway marker to Texas Jack. After this ceremony we went to the village green where the Fluvanna Historical Society graciously welcomed us. They have a superb museum located in an 1830 jail which is named the Old Stone Jail Museum. The Society had prepared a special Texas Jack exhibit which included the family Bible and several household items from Texas Jack's boyhood home "Pleasure Hill" which burned in 1905. The Society also served lunch to our group. Imagine, if you can, a 19th century setting on a grassy knoll overlooking quaint shoppes...an 1838 courthouse building modeled from a Thomas Jefferson blueprint situated under huge, shady oak trees... a statue of a Confederate soldier with an old jail at one end of the green and the church fellowship hall where we ate lunch at the other end of the green. No traffic, no crowds, no industrial noises, no pollution; only the hot sun and our camaraderie. It was really pleasant, my friends!

Friday night we dressed up in our "good" clothes and had dinner in the Flemish Room of the hotel. Note pads with the Texas Jack logo were the favors at each place setting. After our delicious meal, M.H. Omohundro gave a memorial tribute to the Association's founder, the late Frank Sullivan. Sullivan's wife, Mary Margaret, and daughter Martha were present and were recognized with warm applause. Then Julie O. Greene traced the progress of the Association since its founding eight years ago. Mal Wyche gave the treasurer's report and Kitty Wyche conducted the business meeting. Afterwards, we all gathered on the hotel's grand staircase for a group picture.



C.D., Elizabeth, and Doug Harwood



June and Ben Wyche; Stephen and Stuart Omohundro



Nancy and Scott Goodman; Angela and Henry Phillips



(center) Audrey Kamm (l-r) Nancy Phillips; Ada and Jack Omohundro; Kelly, June, and Ben Wyche; Astrid Omohundro



Sally Whitescarver; R.C. and Anne Omohundro



Jane Omohundro; John and Edna Nees; Libby Omohundro



Mark and Dennis Greene; M.H. Omohundro;
Virginia VanLeu; Mary Margaret Sullivan



Richard Omohundro; Nancy and Charley Omohundro;
Anne Dunlop



Anne Dunlop; Judy Phillips; Westy Phillips



Anne Omohundro; Sue Allen; Jack and Jane Omohundro



Edna Nees, M.H. Omohundro, Angela Wyche,
Blair Goodman, and Edna St.John wait in
the elegant hotel lobby for the bus to
arrive.

Saturday morning, proudly wearing our TJ Rally buttons, we boarded the bus and set out for the Confederate battlefields at Fredericksburg. There, an historian with the National Park Service, Jim Ogden, joined us and held us spellbound with his dynamic account of the First Battle of Fredericksburg as we stood along the trenches and front lines and imagined ourselves a part of that resounding victory for the South. Ten miles away, at the site of another famous Civil War battle, Chancellorsville, we had a picnic lunch. (It was at Chancellorsville that Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. His command was taken over by J.E.B. Stuart under whom Texas Jack served.) After viewing a slide show we headed back to our hotel for a brief rest.

Saturday evening we journeyed to Bolling Hall in Goochland County. On the way we paused at "Brightly," the home where M.H. Omohundro, Sr. wrote the 1287 page tome The Omohundro Genealogical Record.



Kelly Wyche, Jack Omohundro, Carole Greene, Judy Phillips, John Phillips



Jane Omohundro, Jack Omohundro, Angela Wyche listen to park ranger Jim Ogden.



Mark, Peggy, and Laura Greene; Heather Gilbert



Carole Greene; Judy Phillips; C.D. and Elizabeth Harwood; Stephen Omohundro



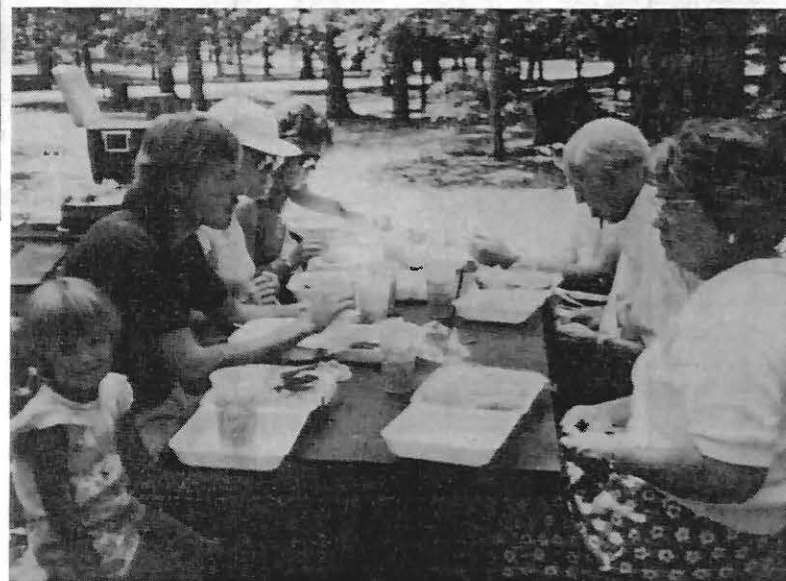
Julie and Dennis Greene; Angela Wyche



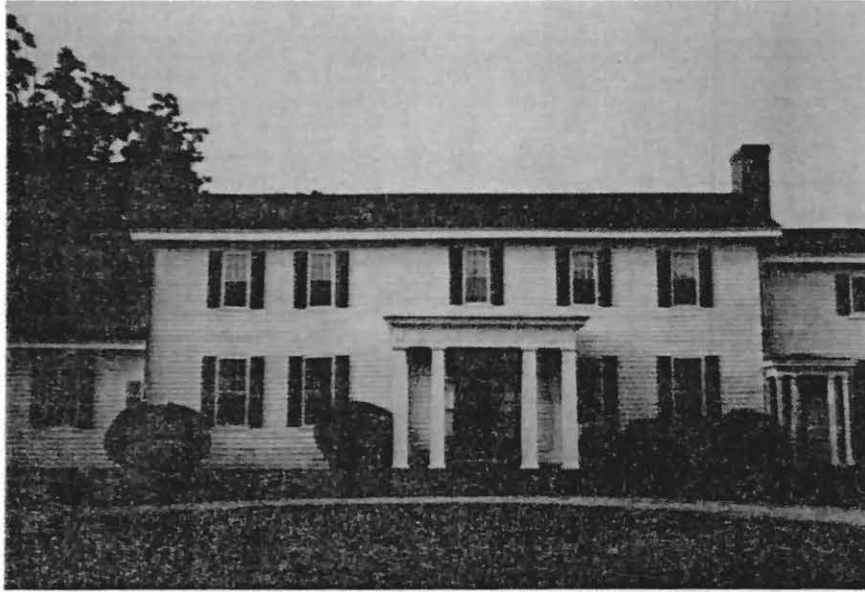
Martha Sullivan, Astrid Omohundro



Edna and John Nees; John Phillips; Nancy Phillips; Jack and Jane Omohundro



Blair Goodman; Randy McKinney; June, Kelly, and Ben Wyche; M.H. Omohundro; Edna St. John



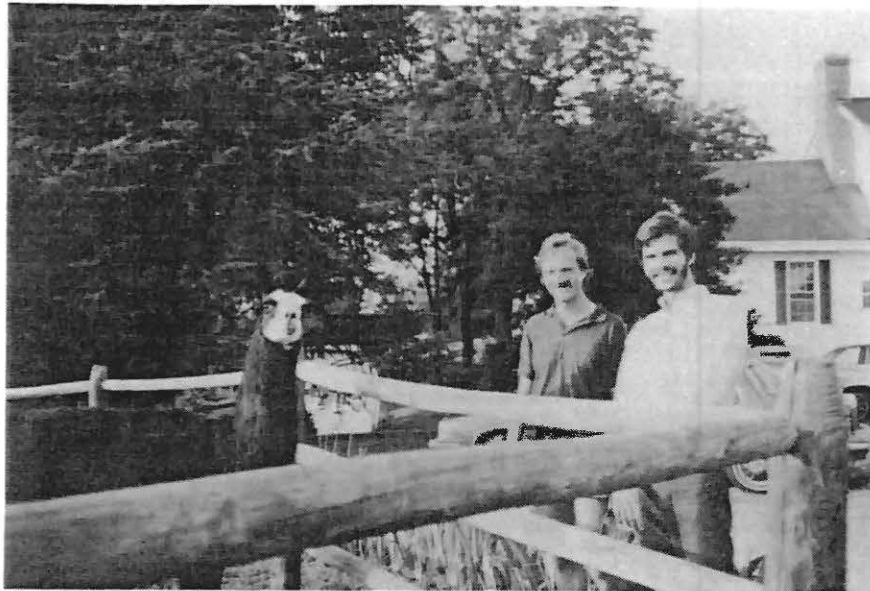
Bolling Hall

Bolling Hall is the home of TJA charter member Chester Bolling and his wife Martha. This 18th century colonial home with its huge front and back lawns overlooking rolling farmland was the perfect setting for our last Rally activity. The mood had already been set. All weekend we had retraced and vicariously relived Texas Jack's early life in his native Virginia. Now it was time to enjoy his kind of fun and social life. Imagine, if you will...after a busy, hot day we are relaxing in chairs set up on the Bolling's lawn under the big oak, magnolia, and weeping willow trees. "The Rebel Grass" band is playing festive, foot patting blue grass music. There is plenty of good southern cooking on a buffet table with rich rum cake for dessert as well as a replica of the highway marker baked by Marie Nees Banton. As the sun goes down, breezes begin to stir and the music beckons the young and old to follow the "figure caller" in some lively square dances. What a tranquil, never-to-be forgotten reproduction of a scenario in Texas Jack's youth. The surprise finale was when Mary Nees Golladay sang a haunting rendition of "Dixie." TJA member Betty O. Johnson wrote, "Julie and I talked of unfurling the Confederate flag just at dusk and singing 'Dixie.'" We said we could almost imagine the Yankee campfires burning in the distance as the Rebels defiantly sang on and fought on. I've heard so many stories of the Civil War from my dad that he had heard from his dad. It really gave us chills up and down our spines as we stood and sang."

Sunday morning everyone was invited to meet in the hospitality suite for coffee and breakfast pastries. There, we bid farewells with the parting promise, "see you in Leadville in 1990!"



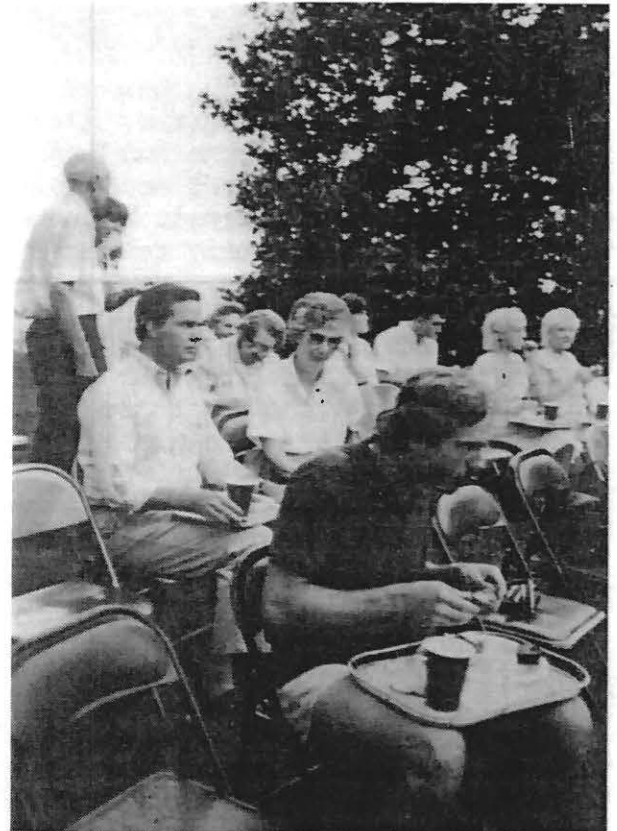
**Chester and Martha
Bolling, our gracious
host and hostess.**



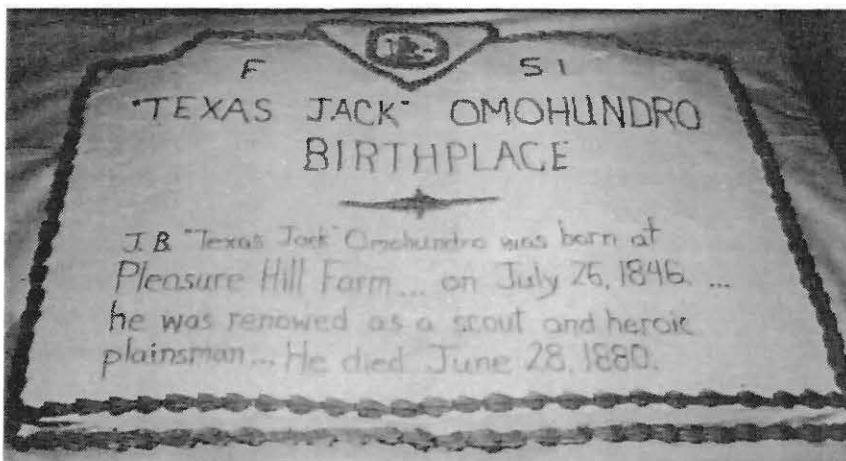
Randy McKinney and Stephen Omohundro greet a llama on the grounds of Bolling Hall.



Country cooking served buffet style.



(standing) M.H. Omohundro, Martha Sullivan (foreground) Randy McKinney (l-r) Westy Phillips, Mary Margaret Sullivan, Nancy Phillips, Heather and Scott Gilbert, Audrey Kamm, and Astrid Omohundro



Marie Nees Banton baked and decorated this cake in honor of Texas Jack's 142nd birthday. (And yes, we sang the appropriate song!)



R.C. Omohundro and Virginia VanLeu enjoy the music of "The Rebel Grass."



Carole Greene, Stephen Omohundro, Kelly Wyche, Joshua Golladay



Virginia and Tom Cooke



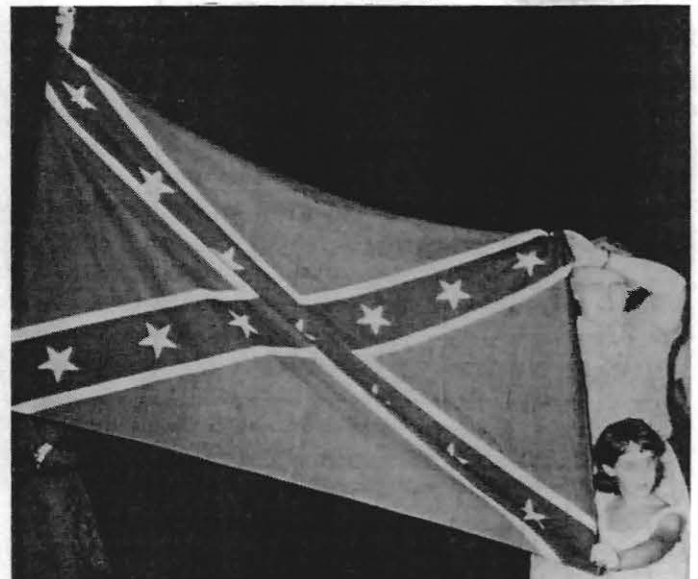
Franklin Phillips



(front) Julie Omohundro and Betty O. Johnson (back) Kate DuVal and Martha Bolling



"Promenade your partner, circle 'round!"



Jessica Golladay helps her grandmother, Edna Nees, display the Confederate flag during the singing of "Dixie" by Jessica's mother



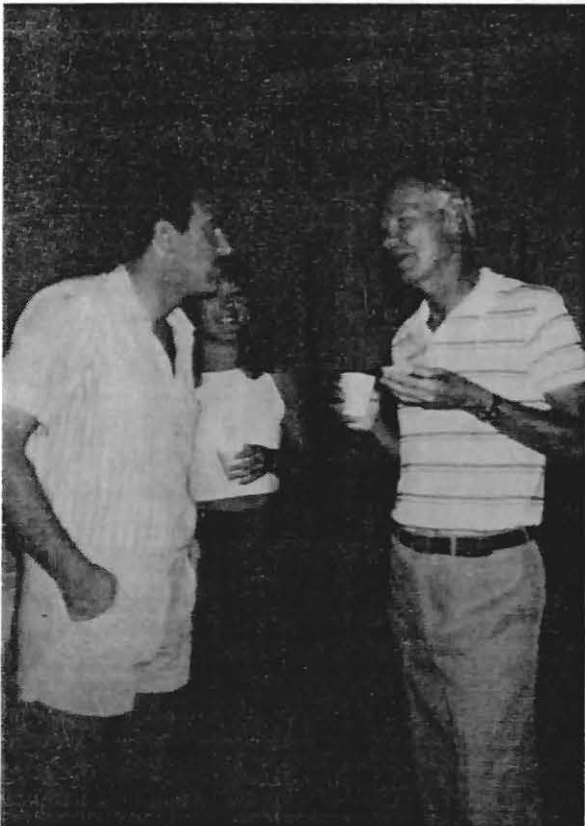
Mark Greene, Ben Wyche, Peggy Greene,
Julie Phillips, Stephen Omohundro,
Jack Omohundro



Kitty Wyche,
Stuart
Omohundro



Judy Phillips; Mal Wyche;
Franklin and Nancy Phillips



Mark Greene, Kelly Wyche,
Mal Wyche



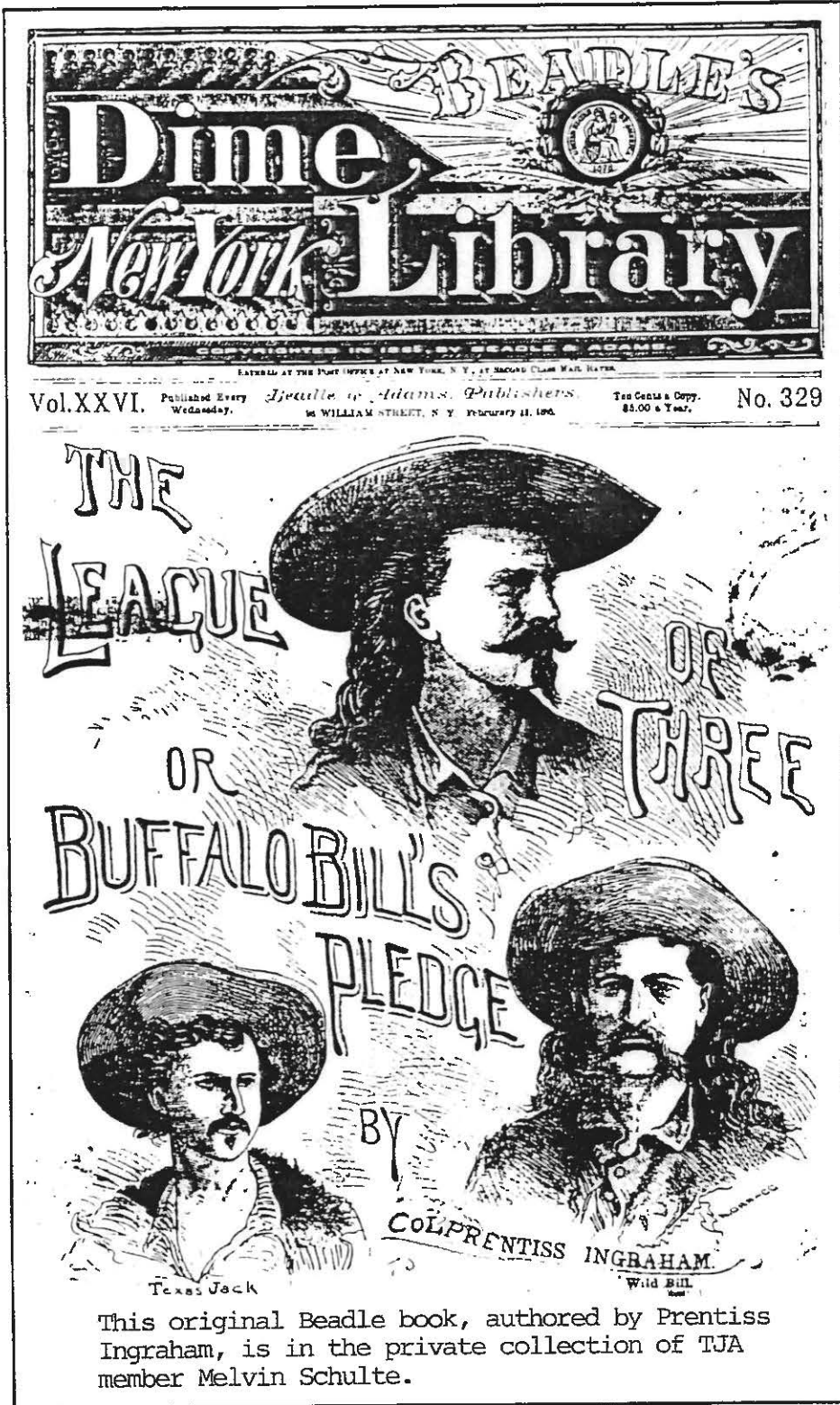
Stephen Omohundro,
Judy Phillips



Randy McKinney and
Kitty Wyche

[Ed. note: The following excerpt is from The New York Times Magazine, January 4, 1931.]

THEN — "ANOTHER REDSKIN BIT THE DUST"



So Says the Dime Novel, Which Is
Now Treasured as a
Passionate Record
Of Our Wild West Heroes

by Rice Gaither

To Currier and Ives prints, as pictures of an older America and as treasures of Americana, the dime novel has been added. Men of middle years will remember it from boyhood hours spent in the hayloft or wherever they did their surreptitious reading-- "the deadly rifle spoke and another redskin bit the dust." Most of its paper-covered volumes have gone up in the smoke their heat might have engendered. But those that remain are hoarded like ancient palimpsests; you will find those that belong to the New York Public Library not in the basement, not in the children's department, but in the rare book room.

The dime novel was distinctly, passionately American. It pictured youths who were at once the nurslings and the cradlers of liberty; it celebrated a great and democratic detective who could put even the Mikado at his ease; it recounted the adventures of pure and conquering collegians. But, most of all--at least most memorably--it marched the Indian across its pages, as many Indians would bite the dust; it galloped horses mounted by gallant riders; it held up stage coaches; it rescued maidens in distress; it exalted the buckskin and the six-gun. Gaudily colored and exquisitely exaggerated, it was yet eloquent of life on the American

frontier, and among its heroes and heroines were some who actually fought and rode and spilled red blood.

Texas Jack

la Terreur des Indiens

N° 96. Devaliseurs de chemins de fer au Nouveau Mexique

15 Centimes. Chaque livraison contient un récit complet. 15 Centimes.



Le sifflement aigu du train retentit dans la nuit...

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming houses a collection of foreign dime novels which featured Texas Jack. Pictured on this page are issues from France and Germany and on the facing page, an issue from England.

Zfr - 70

20 Pf. (1888)

Texas Jack

Der große Kundschafter

Wie Texas Jack Weib und Kind verlor



There was, for example, Buffalo Bill--otherwise, Colonel William F. Cody. The soberest of encyclopedias does not neglect to tell that he killed the Indian Chief Yellow Hand in single combat; or that he was one of those pony expressmen who, just before the Civil War, sped the post from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean in ten days of hard riding; or that he won his pseudonym while fulfilling his part of a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railroad, while building, to supply its workmen with buffalo meat. There was Wild Bill Hickok, christened James Butler Hickok, if christened at all, who served as scout in the army and was the greatest gunman, perhaps, in the story of the West. There was Texas Jack--born Omohundro in Virginia--who was cowboy, Indian fighter, soldier and even novelist. There was Deadwood Dick, who, if he was not one man--as they will tell you in Deadwood he was--was a host of men rolled into one gigantic figure. Out in Deadwood they will show you the grave of Richard W. Clark and they will tell you that Deadwood Dick was buried in it--a Deadwood Dick who was Deadwood coach driver, messenger, express rider, bandit foiler and redskin slayer. And, as for heroines, they will point to where Calamity Jane lies in the earth--the camp follower who dressed like a man, rode like a man and fought like a man; she always said, "My name was Martha Canary, was born in Princeton, Missouri"; whose sodden and sometimes merciful life was poured through the imagination of the romancer and transformed by it.

But now let us forget fact and fiction; let us take up the dime novel; and in the moment or the years we shall glimpse therein, let us view the portraits and adventures of five who gave color to its pages.

[Ed. note: Due to limited space, only Texas Jack's "portrait" is being reprinted.]

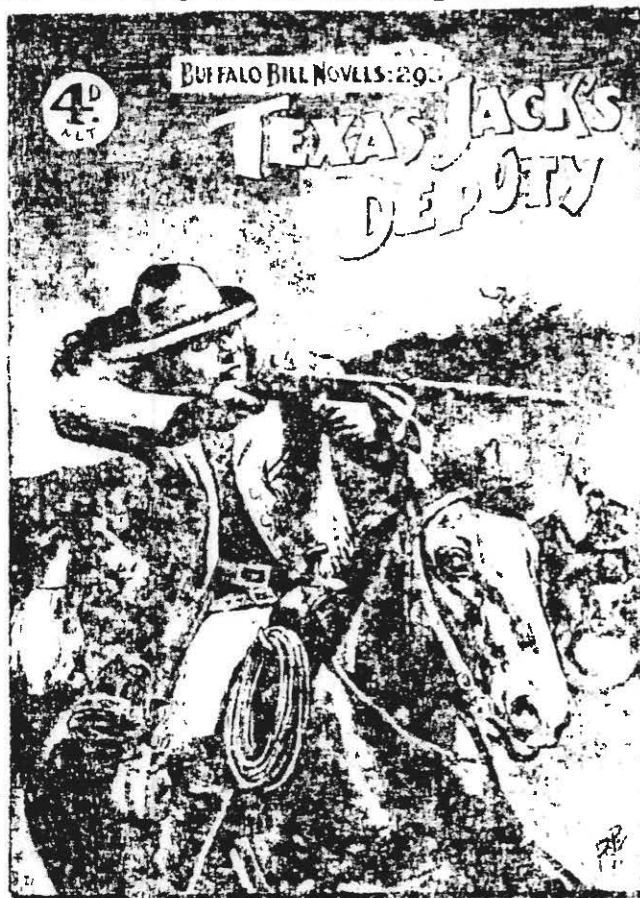
* * *

He was the Mustang King--the Conqueror of Cayuses without 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. He was a Knight in Silvered Sombrero, defender of women, subduer of bullies. In Texas Jack's recorded life that day was counted lost which did not see him put a bullet through some heart that was black or some skin that was red. He fought Comanches by the tribe--and put them to death or flight. He led cavalry to the rescue of wagon trains. He saved officers' ladies from prairie fires. He became the prisoner of defeated Indians and found among them, ruling as a chief, a human derelict whom, as a tramp, he had befriended with more than kind words. He had a skull so thick that neither leaden bullets nor the wine bottle with which he was christened Texas Jack could break it, and a heart so soft that it never failed the innocent and the friendless.

While he was still in school in Virginia, in the days before the Civil War, he shot his teacher as it was his duty to do, the teacher being a villain if ever there was one; and while on his way to Texas, still in his 'teens, he was compelled to put a bullet in the brain of the assassin who tried to rob him in a hotel room. The landlord was probably in league with the assassin, and haste seemed prudent--whence an error concerning a horse. The adventure was not ended, for a villain still pursued him, whom he had to kill. Thus delayed, he arrived in Texas in the nick of time, for a gang of jayhawkers, seven in number, were going to kidnap a very attractive Mrs. Sophie Elgin. Jack's rifle attended to them when they tried to open the door with a ram. Mr. Elgin, who was away at the time, was very grateful to him when he returned, and around the Elgin ranch Jack became a cowboy.

Then he became a mighty hunter and, what with pelts bringing a good price, he began to grow rich. He attired himself in buckskin leggings, fringed and beaded and stuck into cavalry boots mounted with gold spurs; in a silk shirt with a black scarf under the wide collar; in velvet jacket and a gray sombrero, turned up at one side with a gold star, the rim worked with silver thread. By this time he was hunter-in-ordinary to the cavalry post, where he realized his ambition to have a fight with Indians and to become a scout. That ultimately led to his capture. Shortly after his escape, which he owed largely to his providence and his previous good deed, he went into New Mexico with a gold-seekers' train, killed in a fair fight the bully who christened him, got a six-gun blow on the head in a haunted hacienda and lived to triumph over the treacherous and very human ghost.

Texas Jack's heroic deeds "would have gained for him greater fame' than they did, had it not been that suddenly the breath of war swept over the land. "The gallant soldiers with whom Jack



ALMOST READY.
TEXAS JACK!

We will soon commence, in the **NEW YORK WEEKLY**
NED BUNTLINE'S

LAST GREAT STORY,
TEXAS JACK!

THE
Hero of a Thousand Fights!

The Finest Horseman!
The Best Shot!
And the Greatest Lassoist

in the world, known to the Indians as

WHIRLING ROPE!

will come before our readers in his most attractive form in this glorious work of our great Indian and Border story writer.

And this, too, while the real hero of so many

Daring Deeds

is before the people in Ned Buntline's great living drama now sweeping through the country with a

Success Unparalleled

in dramatic history.

The story, like the man, is a

Mate to Buffalo Bill,

and while it gives many points of his family history, is full of

His own Adventures.

LOVE, REVENGE, HATE,

all the passions of human nature, are depicted in the story, and villainy gets its due reward where

Loveliness and Innocence

triumphs over all the wickedness which seeks to overthrow them. As a picture of

Life on the Plains,

this story has never been excelled, and every one who travels across the

Great Desert

will realize its truths and beauties. Agents and subscribers can safely say this is

Ned's Best Work.

Advertisement from the
 February 24, 1873 issue
 of New York Weekly.

had often served went northward with the Stars and Stripes, while he, giving up his ranch, upheld the Stars and Bars." That is a story in itself. But let it suffice to say that afterward, and side by side with Buffalo Bill, "he won a name that will live long in frontier history."

* * *

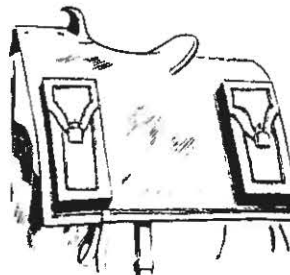
Such were the heroes and heroines of the dime novel. Its authors are varied. Buffalo Bill was one of them, and Texas Jack was another. Edward L. Wheeler, who wrote some of the most exciting, was, it is rumored among his critics and detractors, never west of Jersey City. But no ink-fingered milksop was Prentiss Ingraham, perhaps the most prolific of them all, who, says Edmund Pearson in his book about the dime novel, "probably wrote most of the stories that Buffalo Bill signed." He fought for the Confederacy, and when that struggle was over did battle under Juarez in Mexico, under the Austrian banner against Prussia, under Cretan skies against the Turk. He carried a rebel flag in Cuba. Then he came back to America and went West. The result, we are told, was the publication of more than 600 novels, plays and short stories. Among many others whose knowledge of the West was embodied in thrilling tales were Major Sam Hall, known as Buckskin Sam, and Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout.

And the publishers? One was Erastus Beadle. He was an earnest man. He made a trip across the plains to study life at first hand, and he took care to get writers who could interpret it. On the Beadle staff were explorers, Indian fighters, guides and plainsmen. "As a matter of fact," we are told in a bulletin of the New York Public Library, "the Beadle books present a more accurate and vivid picture of the appearance, manner, speech, habits and methods of the pioneer Western characters than do many formal historians." Certainly, on the new frontier of a lusty nation the deadly rifle often spoke, and many a redskin bit the dust.

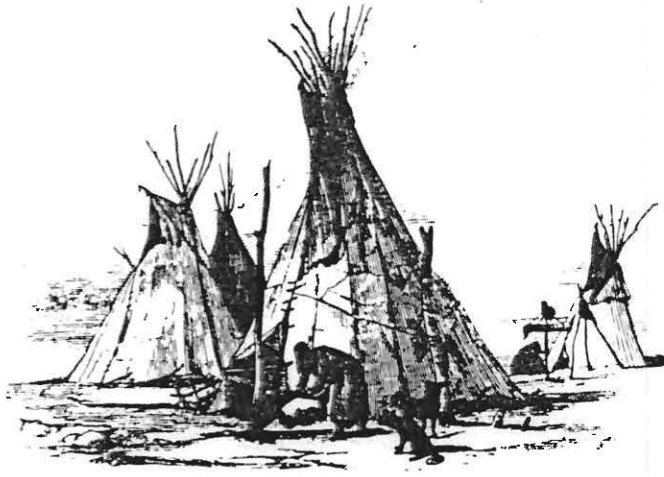
For access to volumes quoted above, the author of the foregoing is indebted to Dr. Frank P. O'Brien, who presented the New York Public Library with its Beadle collection and

who, retaining a large collection of his own, is now engaged upon a complete bibliography of the Beadle books, which will contain 5,000 items.

Membership dues are payable January 1 of each year. No reminders are mailed. To receive the first issue of the 1989 Scout, send in your tax deductible dues promptly!



Each time a Pony Express rider changed horses he transferred the "mochila" to his new mount. A mochila is a leather saddle cover with four "cantinas" or pouches.



THE ETERNAL TIPI, THE ETERNAL PEOPLE

by George P. Horse Capture

My people, the Gros Ventre, northern relatives of the Arapaho, call them "Toma Tenin," and the Omaha say "Ti." But, the Sioux word "tipi," meaning "used to live in," is the way they are now known throughout the world. The glorious, special tipi comes to us from across the centuries, a gift, no doubt, from the Creator.

Long ago the people moved innumerable times, hunting and gathering as they entered a land where no one had walked before. The harsh terrain and weather in this new world forced the First People to experiment, adapt, revise and ultimately to produce many items vital to survival, including the tipi.

Life was hard and waste of any type could not be tolerated. This critical efficiency can be seen everywhere in the culture and art of the First People. After many years of experimentation, the value of the lightweight, conical, skin-covered "house" was proven.

Leaning support poles against each other to form a cone is a natural, basic way to enclose an area. When anchored to the earth in the center, this framework becomes very strong, and there is no need to dig. The base has a sacred, circular shape and poles seem to hold up the cosmos like the trees on a mountain. The structure becomes very special and symbolic.

It is practical and efficient, as well. It is clear that the inverted cone requires less heat because the space gets smaller as it gets higher, and the rounded surface parts the wind smoothly rather than fighting it. The diminishing outer-bottom edges provide ideal storage space, and the adjustable "ears" or smoke flaps control the air flow. Other Indian tribes who lived in different environments invented other structures that best suited their needs, but for us Plains people, it was and is the tipi.

Early tipis were small, because the people and dogs could not carry the weight of large covers. When the horse came to the First People, the lifestyle drastically improved because lodges could be larger with the "Big Dog" able to pull a bigger load on the travois.

Long ago, thin, tanned buffalo hide was preferred for the cover, and lodgepole pine for the poles. The decline in the availability of traditional hides and the higher efficiency of cloth made canvas the predominant tipi cover material by the later 1800's, but the poles remain the same.

Tipis are Indian and eternal. One can walk on the prairie today and still see the signs they left from long ago. These circles of stones called "tipi rings" cover the Plains area, and many of them undoubtedly held down the edges of the lodge cover in winter.

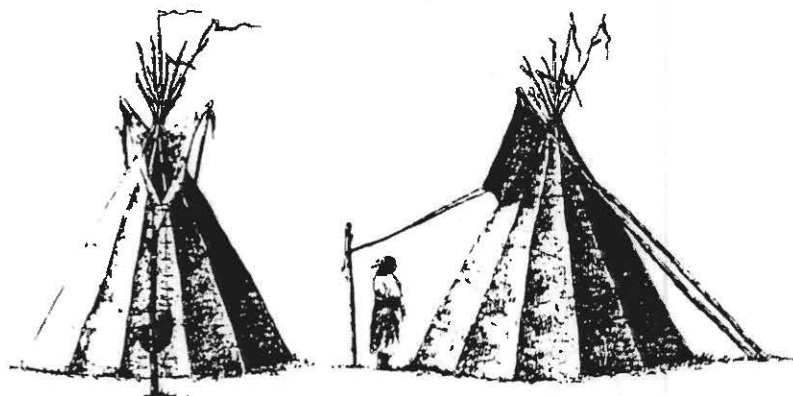
These grand lodges made outstanding painted murals, where artists recorded brave deeds, dreams, world views or other special scenes. But, like all special things, painted tipis have always been rare. As colorful as the painted lodge covers are, it is hard to improve on a clean, bright, taut, unblemished tipi standing proudly on the prairie that is its home.

A few years ago, during a naming ceremony on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation, a distinguished Indian lady rose and spoke with deep emotion to the crowd: "With so many people in the world," she said, "Indian people must always maintain all that we can that is Indian. One special thing that we have in common as a people is the beautiful tipi." She asked us to look around us, to see the green, square tents and R.V.'s we now use. If we wish to remain a special people, she said, we should always try to camp in tipis because this ancient home is ours and will protect us and give us power as a people. She is right.

Today the tipi sits beside new, pre-fab reservation houses or trailers. Tipi covers are relatively easy to purchase at most canvas companies, and some Indian families still manufacture them. Even today, when sacred ceremonies are held, they must be accomplished under the sky or in a tipi. No Indian celebration is complete without some tipis in the camp circle. Like beacons, these tipis are still lighting up the prairie.

Today we carry the lodgepole pines on car tops or in the back of pickups as we head for the celebrations, and, while the green, square tents are still there, a growing number of tipis tower over all. They are bright, they are beautiful, they are Indian.

Like the Indian people and buffalo, the tipis were never really eliminated-- they were just sleeping. Like all of us, they endure through history, and, from the tips of our lodgepoles, streamers still wave gracefully over our eternal tipis.



[Ed. note: "The Eternal Tipi, the Eternal People" was reprinted from a special publication of NEBRASKAland Magazine with permission of the author, George P. Horse Capture. Mr. Horse Capture is curator of the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.]

LARIATS AND LASSO KINGS

by Kitty V. Wyche

The lariat, as a lasso is called in the Southwest, was first made from ropes of horsehair, grass, or henequin. It varies in length from 30 to 70 feet. The longer rope is used in the open plains while the shorter length works better in brush country and mountainous terrain. To fashion a lasso, the cowboy makes a small "honda knot," or fixed loop, at one end. He then passes the other end of the rope through the honda knot and forms a flexible loop which can be pulled taut or slackened.

It was the Mexican cowboy, the "vaquero," who taught Texans how to whirl and throw a rope, and soon the lariat became a cowboy's most important tool. With it he caught cattle, held his horse, pulled wagons across muddy rivers and swamps, tied his packs in place, and killed snakes. Texas Jack spent nearly three years as a Texas ranch hand and cattle driver. In various writings by him he mentions his lariat as part of his gear and speaks of the cowboy's need to "learn to handle a rope" and "lasso an untamed mustang."

And learn to handle a rope he did! When Texas Jack escorted the Pawnee on their 1872 summer buffalo hunt, they were so impressed with his abilities with a lasso that they called him Whirling Rope. In December of the same year Texas Jack, along with Buffalo Bill and Ned Buntline, debuted on a Chicago stage in Buntline's Scouts of the Prairie. Referring to that first performance, the Leadville Herald Democrat wrote in 1908, "The Chicago audience was seeing the earliest use of the lasso in a dramatic production as Texas Jack roped the rebellious savages. It was he who first introduced a roping act on the American stage." Even after his death in 1890, Texas Jack's proficiency with a lasso was not forgotten when his old pard Buffalo Bill penned a dime novel

BY "BUFFALO BILL,"—COL. W. F. CODY.



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TEXAS JACK IN THE LEAD, HIDING HIS A VERITABLE CREST—A COMMANDING AND HOMELY FIGURE.
 "TEXAS JACK, the Lasso King" was the second of the Texas Jack dime novels written by Buffalo Bill. It first ran as a series in The Banner Weekly from August 25 to November 17, 1894. It was reprinted by Beadle's Dime Library in 1897.

that proclaimed Texas Jack the Lasso King.

But the tale does not end here, for a little known fact is that Texas Jack indirectly influenced two other American lasso kings. TJA members who have the October '86 Scout or Herschel Logan's Buckskin and Satin can read further details of this fascinating historical footnote, but the gist of the story is as follows. . .

While in Texas, Jack happened upon a small boy whose parents had just been slain by hostile Indians. He took the child to the nearest fort and left money for his care. The orphan did not know his parents' names so he took the name of his hero and called himself Texas Jack, Jr. Like his idol, Jack, Jr. grew up to be a masterful roper. He formed his own traveling exhibition—"Texas Jack's Wild West Show and Circus"—and performed in major cities all over the world.

In 1903, in Ladysmith, South Africa, a young American boy who demonstrated talent with a lasso applied for and was given a job with Texas Jack's troupe. His stage name was The Cherokee Kid. He spent as much time as he could with Jack, Jr., because "Texas Jack was one of the smartest showmen I ever met...I learned a lot about the show business from him. He could do a bum act with a rope that an ordinary man couldn't get away with, and make the audience think it was great. So, I used to study him by the hour..." Sadly, Jack, Jr. died in 1905. The Cherokee Kid, like the two lasso kings before him, later formed his own show. But this time he also used his own name—Will Rogers.

Information for this essay was gathered from the following sources: Buckskin and Satin by Herschel C. Logan; "The Cowboy: His Contribution to Our American Heritage" by H.A. True, Jr.; The World Book Encyclopedia; "The Cowboy" by Russ McDonald from the Fedco Reporter.

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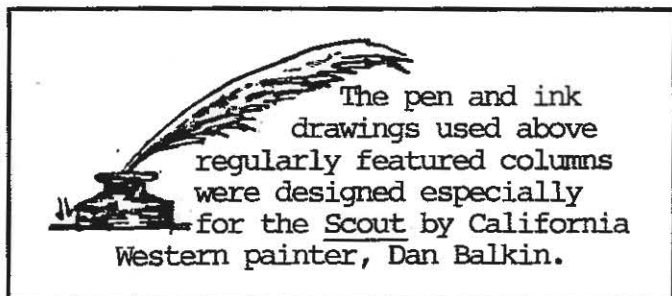
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REPORT OF THE '88 RICHMOND RALLY BUSINESS MEETING

The fourth biennial convention of the Texas Jack Association was held in Richmond, Virginia July 28 to 30, 1988. The business meeting, held Friday night after the banquet and attended by 58 members, was conducted by TJA vice-president Kitty Wyche.

The first item on the agenda was to select a site for the 1990 TJA convention. Martha Sullivan moved that it be held in Leadville, Colorado. The motion was seconded and unanimously carried.

The second item on the agenda was to determine a direction for the Association for the next two years. The plan that was recommended by the Executive Board would have the officers continue to publish a newsletter, be responsible for membership and dues, and coordinate the convention. However, to expand the work force and increase the visibility of the Association, specific projects would be undertaken by individuals from the membership. Six possible projects were suggested and explained by the vice-president. This plan was enthusiastically endorsed, and four members generously volunteered their time. The projects and their leaders are:

1. Add a Texas Jack postcard to the Old West Collection Series on sale at Western gift and souvenir shops: MARK GREENE
2. Nominate Texas Jack to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City: JACK OMOHUNDRO (Crowley, LA)
3. Petition Yellowstone National Park to name a peak for Texas Jack: still available
4. Research Josephine Morlacchi's family: still available
5. Work to have Texas Jack mentioned in the display of J.E.B. Stuart artifacts in the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond: FRANKLIN PHILLIPS
6. Have Texas Jack mentioned on the next brochure printed for the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody: ANGELA WYCHE

The final item on the agenda was to nominate new officers to serve through the 1990 convention. Elected by acclamation were:



President: SUE OMOHUNDRO ALLEN; Vice-President: EDNA MARIE NEES BANTON; Secretary: MARY NEES GOLLADAY (from left)

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

[Ed. note: If you have information, ideas or influence that would aid the project leaders in their endeavors, they would appreciate your support. You can also pursue a project of your own! Marc Garza continues to look for evidence of TJ in Texas, while Dennis and Julie Greene are still striving to have a TV movie produced. Someone should investigate the feasibility of putting Buckskin and Satin back in print. Do I hear a volunteer?!!]

TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

(as of September 1, 1988)

This listing represents all those who have paid their 1988 membership dues. If you notice a name that is missing, please contact that person and urge them to send in their fees!

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Enclosed is \$15 per membership per year.**

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FROM YOU!!**

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