

The TEXAS JACK SCOUT

VOLUME I NO. 2

July 1985



NED BUNTLINE • BUFFALO BILL • TEXAS JACK

"SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE", 1872

Ned Buntline Buffalo Bill Texas Jack
 This photograph by Gurney & Son of New York shows the three partners in the costumes they wore in the stage production of "The Scouts of the Prairie".
 (See page 12 to find out how to obtain a FULL COLOR reproduction of the painting taken from this photograph).

FRED GARLOW DIES AT 74

Fredrick H. Garlow, grandson of William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, and an Honorary member of the Texas Jack Association, died in Cody, Wyoming on June 21st following a heart attack.

Mr. Garlow, who said "he never met a stranger", was active as a trustee of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Assoc, and chairman of the Buffalo Bill Museum Advisory Board. He is survived by his wife, Margaret.

CALIFORNIA MEMBERS MEET

TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION members in the Los Angeles, CA area gathered together on the afternoon of June 22nd at the home of Dennis and Julie Greene in Palos Verdes Est., to get acquainted, enjoy a buffet meal and hold their first local meeting. Twenty-seven members and their guests attended. A committee consisting of Audrey Kamm, Betty Omohundro and Judy O'Mohundro was formed to establish a basis upon which regular meetings would be scheduled. The committee set up an agenda of quarterly meetings with "pot-luck" meals, and guest speakers and/or programs concerning the era of Texas Jack and the Old West.

On display were many reproductions of photographs featuring Texas Jack plus recent newspaper and magazine articles about the organization. A special thanks goes to Ken and Judy O'Mohundro for bringing their copy of Time-Life series book on the Old West which included Texas Jack, and copies of original paintings featuring Texas Jack along with famous western personalities such as General Custer.



His Last Farewell

The legend of Buffalo Bill is as fascinating today as it was 100 years ago - a tribute to the Old West that will live forever!

The Friends of Buffalo Bill proudly present a limited edition, 17" bronze sculpture by renowned artist, Ted Long, to perpetuate and enhance the memory of Col. William Frederick Cody. A heroic-size monument in bronze of this sculpture is to be dedicated in his home town, North Platte, NB in late summer 1986. It is during the time of this dedication that we members of the Texas Jack Association plan to meet in North Platte for our third convention, where we will pay our respects to the memory of this western hero and best friend of Texas Jack Omohundro.

Those wishing to receive information on how to purchase this fine work of art should contact:

Lawrence E. Steele Kenneth D. Roebuck
 Rt. 4, Box 220 or Box 21, Tryon Rt.
 North Platte, NE North Platte, NE
 69101 69101

Nobody can say times haven't changed in the last 100 years! And despite fond reminiscences, mostly for the better. A case in point ...we Americans have become a lot more tolerant of our fellow man over the years and certainly we are now a good deal less prejudiced. In fact, I have been surprised at times when I read about the opinions and attitudes of the average person in the late 1800's toward races that were considered inferior. I am referring in this instance, of course, to the native American Indians whose presence played an important role in the opening of the western frontier to modern civilization.

Texas Jack and his contemporaries had contact with many of the various Indian tribes ...some as friends and some as adversaries. He did indeed have occasion to fight and kill Indians who resented and fought with ferocity against what they saw as advancing infringement of the white man upon their hunting grounds. Others considered him their friend, and looked to the U.S. Government and it's scouts for guidance and protection against hostile Indians. Indeed, tribe fought against tribe in the saga of the Old West.

The big city tabloids of the day glorified the scouts and penned for fascinated Eastern readers stories of the daring exploits of the gallant "Indian Fighters". While most of these stories were based upon fact, some were undoubtedly exaggerated. This, however, is all an important part of our history, and these stories written then help to paint the portraits of those brave men who faced death daily, not only from hostile Indians, but from the rugged wilderness and the wild animals that they encountered. Compared with now, life was extremely hard in those days, and it took strong brave men to exist under those circumstances.

Articles which are taken from the 19th century publications that are printed in the SCOUT will, then, be printed as they originally appeared. We who read them now must take into consideration the era in which they were written and extract from them the historical value that they offer to us.

THE TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.

A NON-PROFIT, TAX DEDUCTIBLE CORPORATION

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 Mrs. Nellie Snyder Yost: Author of "Buffalo Bill", "Medicine Lodge" and "The Call of the Range", North Platte, NE

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TEXAS JACK OMOHUNDRO

By Nellie Snyder Yost

Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill - each probably considered the other his best friend. Both were extremely versatile men, both could do any number of very different things, and do all of them well; and it would be hard to find two handsomer men anywhere.

In reviewing the history of Texas Jack I was struck by the fact that he had done so many different things in his brief lifetime. He came a long way, both literally and figuratively, in doing them.

Born in Fluvana County, near Palmyra, Virginia on July 26, 1846, he was exactly six months younger than Buffalo Bill. Almost from babyhood he was a dedicated outdoorsman, never happier than when he was roaming the woods, mountains and fields.

Educated both by private tutor in his home and in the public schools of his home county, it seems that, though he often skipped school to do something out of doors, he nevertheless gained a good, or at least a passable, education. He very early learned to ride, becoming a skilled horseman as well as a crack shot with a rifle or almost any other kind of gun.

His mother, of French heritage, was reputed to have been a beautiful lady. His father's people had been in America long enough that Texas Jack could trace his lineage on that side back to the great Powhatan, 1550-1618, Algonquin chief and father of Pocahontas. His mother's people may have been some of the early French explorers. No wonder he loved the out-of-doors.

At any rate, adventure was in his blood and would not be denied. At the age of 15 or 16, the tall, handsome youth set out alone for Texas, with only his horse, his guns and his blankets for equipment. Killing game along the way, through a mostly unsettled region, he reached his destination and soon found work on a cattle ranch, where he perfected his skill with a lasso, roping nearly wild cattle out of the brush that thrived on the Texas prairie. He soon became a top hand among the best of that rugged breed of men.

When the Civil War broke out he tried to en-

list in the Confederate Army, but was too young. Biding his time until he turned 17, he persuaded the officials to enlist him. Although he still lacked several months of being of legal age for the army, the South was so desperate for men that they accepted him; and so he served through the remainder of the war - the worst years of all, in J. E.B. Stuart's command. He experienced hard fighting, short rations and extreme danger; and at times fought against George Custer and General Sheridan - men who were later to become his good friends. Serving with the Southern Army right up to the surrender at Appomattox, he accepted his discharge, and soon afterward headed for Texas again.

In returning to Texas he tried to go part way by boat, but his ship was wrecked on the coast of West Florida and he was forced to make his way as best he could for awhile. By this time he had worn his Virginia youth's hat, his cowboy hat and his soldier's hat, now he donned a schoolmaster's hat and presided over a Florida school for awhile. With a little cash in his pocket, he again headed for Texas.

It has been said that he was a Texas Ranger for awhile. Although no documentary proof for this has as yet been found, it is very possible that he was. Tall and well built, an excellent horseman and a crack shot, he was capable of riding long distances and roughing it in the wild, all requisites of the famed Rangers. Without a doubt he would have worn a Texas Ranger hat with great style.

It is known that he took part in some Indian fights and skirmishes while cowboying in Texas, and while making his first cattle drive. This came about when he learned that, in the settlements of Tennessee, there was a great demand for meat. In Texas, after the war, there was a vast surplus of that commodity, so Texas Jack donned his Trail Driver's hat, rounded up a goodly herd of wild Texas cattle and hit the trail for Tennessee. The first individual to bring beef on the hoof to that area, he was warmly welcomed and his venture proved profitable.

Having successfully managed one of the first trail drives out of Texas, he decided to re-

peat the venture. As a result, in the summer of 1869 he arrived in North Platte, Nebraska, with a large herd of Longhorns, the first to come up the trail from Texas to that town. The golden spike had been driven in May, a short time before Jack and his outfit reached the Platte River town, on the Union Pacific, and cattle were in great demand there, too. His herd soon disposed of, Jack took a look around.

Buffalo Bill Cody had also reached the Platte Valley in May of that year, arriving as a scout with the Fifth Cavalry of the U. S. Army, assigned to Fort McPherson, fifteen miles or so from North Platte. It may have been that Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill met soon after their arrival on the Platte. At any rate Jack liked the little prairie river city and its people and decided to stay, although the rest of his outfit returned to Texas before cold weather.

History relates that in North Platte, Jack soon tried on a bartender's hat and worked for a time in Lew Baker's popular saloon on Front Street. Since Baker's saloon was also Buffalo Bill's favorite, it is quite likely

that the friendship between the two young men ripened there. Also, so it is said, the peripatetic Ned Buntline met the tall young Texan there, visited with him awhile, and then went back to New York to write and publish TEXAS JACK, KING OF THE COWBOYS. The Easterners loved it.

That winter, while stationed at Ft. McPherson, Cody persuaded Texas Jack to move down to the Fort, where he was promptly hired to teach the first school at the place, attended by the children of the military as well as of the settlers who lived nearby. He wore another hat that winter, too. The Fort was a very sociable place in winter, when Indian troubles were at low tide, and almost weekly square dances entertained the residents. When it was discovered that Jack was a skilled square dance caller, he was called upon to preside on every occasion. Buffalo Bill's wife, Louisa, vouched for this, and no doubt also danced with the popular Texan.

Life was busy for Texas Jack from that winter on. A skilled hunter and trapper, he was employed as an army scout on various occasions, and was soon in demand as a guide for eastern hunting parties. He took part in the greatest hunt of all, the Duke Alexis affair, and was the favorite guide of the popular Earl of Dunraven, who made numerous trips to the western hunting grounds.

In 1872 he was appointed to supervise a big summer hunt made by the Pawnee Indians. The appointment came through Indian Agent, Jacob Troth, whose duty it was to see that the Indians were protected from their hereditary enemies, the war-like Sioux. That year the hunt was safe and successful; the next, under another white hunter, the Sioux nearly wiped out the Pawnee at the battle of Massacre Canyon, near Trenton, Nebraska. Texas Jack was very popular with the Indians, who called him their "White Chief," and also dubbed him "Whirling Rope," due to his fascinating dexterity with a lasso.

Whichever hat he was wearing, Texas Jack seems to have had a good time during the three years or so he spent at Fort McPherson. Then, in the fall of 1872, he donned the hat that was to make him most famous - that of an actor. Due to the efforts of Ned Buntline, Buffalo Bill was trying to make up his mind whether or not to accept Buntline's proposal that he go East and become an actor on the stage. He finally



TEXAS JACK

The youthful scout as he appeared while living at Cottonwood Springs, and working as a scout. 1872

said he would go if Jack would go with him. Jack liked the idea, so the two set out on the trail to lasting fame.

It would probably have been hard to find two handsomer and more attractive men than Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill. Both six feet tall, lean and hard from their years on horseback, lithe and graceful in everything they did, crowds were instantly attracted to them. Already famous as scouts and hunters, their names were well known everywhere they went. Untrained and unskilled as actors in the accepted sense of the word, they were still decided hits with audiences everywhere. Their actor hats were the most popular they ever wore.

The pair opened in the play, THE SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE, in Chicago in December of 1872, and it was there that Texas Jack met M'lle. Morlacchi, the beautiful little Italian actress, whom Buntline had engaged to play the part of Pale Dove, or Dove Eye, an Indian maiden, in the play.

Josephine Morlacchi was born in Milan, Italy, in 1846 and trained from the age of six in the great LaScala school. Her rise to fame as a ballet dancer and actress were rapid, both in Europe and America. In 1868 she composed and introduced the Can-Can to the American stage. The combination of the beautiful dancer and the colorful scouts on the stage was an instant success. Josephine and Texas Jack, attracted to each other at first sight, were married in Rochester, New York, in the late summer of 1873.

It was Texas Jack who first introduced a roping act on the stage. His skill in twirling and handling the snaky lasso on the boards was a tremendous crowd pleaser. Their stage work brought in plenty of money and the couple bought a beautiful home near Lowell, Massachusetts. Thereafter, Jack often wore another hat - his High Society top piece. In spite of the years spent on the prairies, often with the roughest of companions, Texas Jack seemed perfectly at home, as well as heartbreakingly handsome, in a business suit, or in a high silk hat and an opera cloak. The lovely Morlacchi could well be proud of him in the rarefied society circles she frequented.

But even after his marriage to the popular actress, Jack still had frequent occasions to wear his hunters, scouters and guide's hats.

It seems that he could go from one world to the other, and still be perfectly at home in either. After spending the winters in the East with his wife and her friends, he went each summer to the plains or mountains of his beloved West to rough it with his hunting friends, and to revel in the freedom of the country where the Indians and the buffalo roamed, where he could shoot and rope and ride - all feats in which he excelled most of his companions.

Likable and unpretentious as he was, Texas Jack was still very well aware of the benefits of a colorful appearance. When the Earl of Dunraven engaged him to guide his party on a tour of Yellowstone, or "Geyser Land," as he called it, in 1874, he met Jack in Denver. Shortly afterward he described the meeting as follows: He wrote that at first he thought he was approaching a comet, but on coming nearer found that the brilliance was from diamond shirt studs and a breast pin in the snowy bosom of his friend, Texas Jack, just arrived from Boston. He concluded, "Jack at Denver, in broadcloth and white linen, was the same Jack I had last seen upon the North Platte, grimy in an old buckskin suit."

Of his first hunt on the prairies, when both Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack had been his guides, the Earl said he thought he had never seen two finer looking specimens of humanity, or two more picturesque figures. Both were "tall, well-built, active looking men with singularly handsome features."

Jack and Josephine Omohundro went to Leadville, Colorado, in the spring of 1880, where they were engaged to appear on the stage at the Grand Theatre. Leadville, a booming mining town where millions had already been taken from the mines and the town reflected its newfound wealth, fascinated the Omohundros. The Grand, they found, was a truly opulent theatre and some of the finest shows then traveling the United States, had appeared on its stage. The young actors liked the high mountain town and decided to stay awhile. Investigating the mining business, Texas Jack decided to try on a miner's hat. He looked into some mining deals while Josephine organized some children's dancing classes and began to teach ballet. They were even said to have been considering buying a home in Leadville when Jack caught a heavy cold.

The high, thin mountain air caused many new-

comers to the town to take colds, which often developed into pneumonia and caused a high proportion of deaths. Texas Jack's susceptibility was no doubt aggravated by the fact that he was a heavy smoker. One of his biographers mentioned the fact that the young actor was seldom without a cigarette in his hand (and this was long before the lethal qualities of cigarette smoking were known). At any rate he died in Leadville on June 28, 1880, at the age of 33 and so brought to an end an illustrious life and a touching love story.

A second elegant new theatre, the Tabor House, had just been completed by H.A.W. Tabor, who had made millions from the Leadville mines. The mining king immediately offered the use of his new theatre for the funeral; for the handsome Jack and his alluring wife had captivated the town and Tabor knew the funeral would be attended by practically everyone on the mountain. Although built to seat 880 people, the building was jammed to overflowing for the services. The funeral procession to Evergreen Cemetery, on a beautiful pine clad mountainside, was led by a 50 piece brass band, followed by the huge crowd. Following the burial, taps were sounded over the long new grave.

Texas Jack and his Josephine had been married for seven happy years, and after Jack's death his talented widow retired from the stage. For her the life and the zest had gone out of her career. Returning to the Massachusetts home where she and her handsome cowboy had spent such happy times, she lived quietly with her sister until her own early death six years later.

In 1908 Buffalo Bill Cody took his Wild West to Leadville, by then a town large enough to merit his great exhibition. Although Josephine had made arrangements to have a suitable tombstone erected over Texas Jack's grave, nothing had been done and the only marker there was the elaborately carved wooden headboard the Leadville people had put up soon after his death. The townpeople had tended and cared for the grave over the years but the headboard was weathered badly. When Buffalo Bill visited his old friend's grave that summer, and saw the condition of the marker, he immediately ordered a fine granite stone to be erected at the grave. Beneath Jack's name and the dates, three names are carved:


Buffalo Bill, John Burke and Johnny Baker, Texas Jack's good friends of the early days.

No matter which of his many hats he wore, Texas Jack wore it well, with greater distinction, confidence and poise than almost any other man.

NELLIE SNYDER YOST, well known as a historian of the Great Plains, especially her native Nebraska, is author of MEDICINE LODGE: THE STORY OF A KANSAS FRONTIER TOWN, THE CALL OF THE RANGE: THE STORY OF THE NEBRASKA STOCK GROWERS ASSOCIATION and BUFFALO BILL, HIS FAMILY, FRIENDS, FAME, FAILURES AND FORTUNES, as well as other books. Mrs. Yost was a featured speaker at the Texas Jack Association conventions at Leadville, Colorado and Cody, Wyoming.

LOG CABIN LIBRARY (Pocket Edition) 10 CENTS

TEXAS JACK



BY
NED BUNTLINE

No. 31 STREET & SMITH, Publishers, 81 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.
JULY 13, 1908

One of the better known "Dime Novels" in which Texas Jack was the hero.

Texas Jack's Descendant — A Modern Day Pioneer

Stephen Malvern Omohundro, great-grandson of Texas Jack's youngest brother, Malvern is, in a sense, following in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestor.

Texas Jack was a pioneer, exploring unknown territories and helping to open the western frontier to modern civilization.

Stephen is embarking upon a new type of exploration - in a career of advanced science.

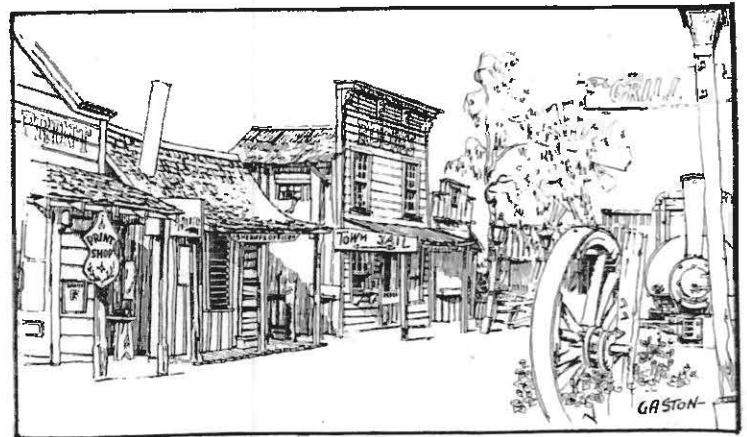
He received his Doctor of Philosophy in Physics from the University of California at Berkley on May 17th. His 580 page dissertation, "Geometric Perturbation Theory and Plasma Physics" is the longest thesis ever accepted in Physics by the University.

He received a bachelor of science degree from Stanford University in 1980, with Honors and Distinction in physics and with Distinction in mathematics. His undergraduate Physics Honors thesis topic was "Some Topological Excitations in Physics." He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary fraternity.

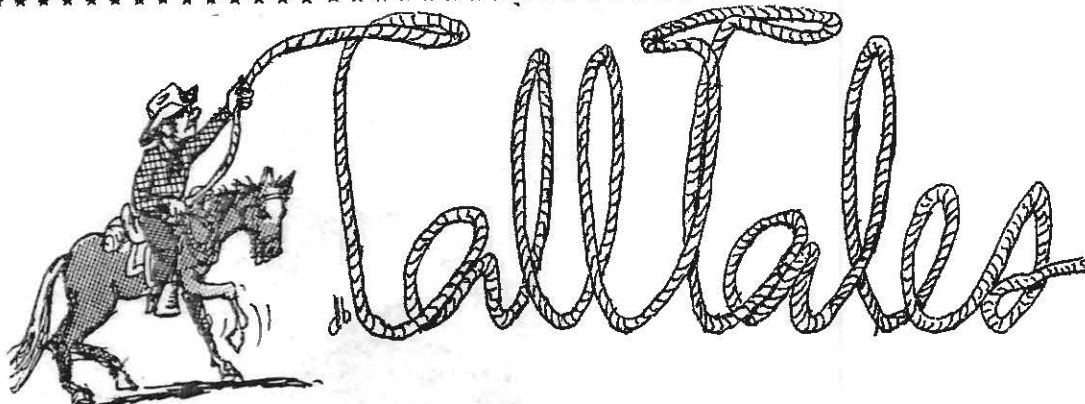
Dr. Omohundro has accepted a position with Thinking Machines Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts, an artificial intelligence company associated with M.I.T.

His new position involves robotic sight recognition, and the use of very large and advanced computers to solve the most difficult problems facing our society.

Progress in the last 100 years has been swift - who in the late 1800's could have imagined or conceived of the advanced thrust of late 20th century exploration. But those human traits of spirit and dedication have not changed that much - had either Jack or Stephen lived in the other's era, they most probably would have found they had a lot in common.



Replaced in our modern day world by a high-tech society, the charm of the Old West, in sharp contrast, reminds us of those who built the foundation for our way of life, and without whose sweat and blood our lives would be very different indeed.



This "likely story" comes from Carole Greene:

A herd stampeded and the cowboy decided that the only way to stop the cattle was to head them off.

Ahead of him, however, was a canyon, a thousand feet deep and a hundred feet wide.

Dismounting, he led "Old Paint" to the brink so he could size it up, then they went back a hundred yards to develop speed.

Horse and rider took off into space. Twenty feet out - going fine; fifty feet out - still going fine; sixty feet - "Old Paint" began to weaken; seventy-five feet - saw he couldn't make it - turned around and came back.

THIS "POP ART" or "COMIC BOOK" STORY about Texas Jack was very kindly made available to us for publication in the SCOUT by Texas Jack Association member, John M. Carroll of Bryan, TX. Mr. Carroll is an historian and publisher, and is well known as an authority on Custer and the Indian Wars.

A STRANGE "WEAPON" AGAINST WARLIKE INDIANS!

TEXAS JACK and the MAGIC TOTEM BOX





(Continued on next page)

John informed us that there was a weekly magazine that came out in England in the 1960's which carried a comic-book type series called TEXAS JACK AND THE (whatever the episode). The series ran for three years. He was successful in finding and obtaining the July-December 1966 issues, and is continuing to try to obtain the complete run for his personal collection.



NEXT MONDAY: TEXAS JACK FACES A SUPREME TEST OF HIS COURAGE!

"There was never a Col. Jonathon Morningstar under Custer in any capacity", John informs us, "This series is fictional with real names thrown in for popular verification and consumption. TEXAS JACK was a popular figure, and I'm certain that's how the series got it's name."

We are very grateful to John Carroll for sharing these episodes from his private collection with us.

Introducing . . .



Texas Jack Association Honorary Member

HERSCHEL C. LOGAN

...without whom, much of the information available to us about the life and activities of Texas Jack would most surely have been lost to history.

Writing BUCKSKIN AND SATIN, the biography of J.B. (Texas Jack) Omohundro was just one of the many accomplishments that Herschel has achieved in his lifetime. He has been expert in many things: A commercial artist and copywriter, a noted woodprint maker, an author of books and magazine articles, a cartoonist for the Salina KS Journal, an historian and a collector of cartoons, antique arms and Civil War memorabilia, to name a few.

Herschel spent his boyhood on a Kansas farm where his creative ability surfaced at an early age. He spent many hours carving miniature pistols out of a piece of wood with a pocket knife, or painting cartoons on the side of the corn crib (visible only to engineers and passengers of passing trains).

In 1920, he attended the Chicago Academy of Art, after which he launched a very successful career as a commercial and advertising artist. It was while in this position that his writing talents led to his becoming a copywriter as well. Meanwhile, his hobby of making wood cuts and prints were exhibited nationally, and won him a place in Who's Who.

A Collector since childhood, Herschel, in addition to his many other interesting collections, became fascinated by antique guns. At the same time, his interest in history was evidenced by the fact that he was asked to serve on the Board of Directors of the Kansas State Historical Society. Little wonder then, when he came across that Smith and

Wesson American .44, engraved "Texas Jack - Cottonwood Spring, 1872", his interest was piqued to the point that he had to investigate just who this character out of the Old West was. That investigation, of course, resulted in his book, BUCKSKIN AND SATIN.

Says Herschel: "It is good that future events are veiled from us. For had I but known of the untold hours..the voluminous correspondence involved..or the miles to be traveled in the research on J.B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro it is doubted that I would ever have embarked on such a project. Especially after some seventy years after his death.

But as I look back over the years since writing the book it is with an inner sense of satisfaction of contributing something worthwhile to the history of the Old West. And, at the same time bringing to the forefront a deserving youthful character to his rightful place in the Annals of Pioneering days.

It is true that my experience in researching the background of Antique Arms stood me in good stead. Indeed it was the ownership of Jack's own revolver that triggered the research. But in this case the research had to do with an interesting and fascinating young man..a scout, soldier, hunter, guide, plainsman, actor..and, his lovely young wife..the premiere Danseuse, Mile. Morlacchi. It is true that her life and activities on the stage rivaled those of her talented husband.

It is gratifying to know that others today have also appreciated this young couple, so much so that a national organization has, belatedly been formed to honor the name of Texas Jack and Mile. Morlacchi..two interesting and highly talented young persons.

I can only say that after such intensive research Texas Jack became as real to me as would have been the case if indeed I had had a brother. This pretty well sums up my feelings about the youthful scout. I do not hesitate to predict that ere long Texas Jack will take his rightful place in the history of the Old West".

Herschel resides in Santa Ana, CA, with his wife Anne, herself an avid hobbyist, surrounded by the fascinating fruits of his long and successful career, his formidable talents and his many interesting and extensive collections.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Phillip Trutter (Springfield, IL)	July 2
Elmer Omohundro (Diamond Bar, CA)	July 9
Carole Greene (Brea, CA)	July 18
James Farnsworth (Evanston, IL)	July 22
Astrid Omohundro (Van Nuys, CA)	July 28
Frank Sullivan (Springfield, IL)	August 6
Luverne Omohundro (Seal Beach, CA)	August 9
Betty Wirtz (Springfield, IL)	August 9
James L. Biebinger (Asheville, NC)	August 19
Mark Stern (Springfield, IL)	August 20
Rick Coble (Indianapolis, IN)	August 23
Douglas Ellison (Lemmon, SD)	August 25
Virginia Van Lew (Fort Worth, TX)	August 28
Alice Roggie (Indianapolis, IN)	August 30
LeRoy Wigenbach (Leadville, CO)	September 3
Jack Omohundro (Van Nuys, CA)	September 7
Dennis Greene (Palos Verdes Estates, CA)	September 17
Edward English Woods (Springfield, IL)	September 22
Julie Greene (Palos Verdes Estates, CA)	September 25
Kendel Cody Cornwell (Redondo Beach, CA)	September 30
Hubert Harrison (Austin, TX)	September 30

CONGRATULATIONS...

* JIM MOORE (Jack and Sally Rosenberg's son in law) who graduated May 30th with a B. S. degree in Accounting, from California State University Long Beach.

* MARC STRATZ who was recently promoted to vice-president, corporate controller of IDM Corporation, a development company whose many projects include much of the re-development of downtown Long Beach, CA.

Marc has a full-time staff of 20, including eight senior accountants, and his main area of responsibility is overseeing all treasury, tax and forward planning functions for IDM and its subsidiaries.



FROM THE MAIL POUCH...

I read about the Texas Jack Association in the Summer, 1985, issue of OLD WEST. In my collection I have an autographed photograph of Texas Jack. His writings and signatures must certainly be very rare, as in over thirty years of collecting the one I have (which has been in my collection for quite some time) is the only example I have ever come across.

In the books I have on autographs in my library all the characters that were on the stage (theatrical stage that is) with Buffalo Bill in the 1870s are mentioned except for Jack. This leads me to believe that samples of his writing could not be located for illustration and discussion.

I was thinking of writing an article around this signed photo and sending it to the Western Publications. Do you think your membership would be interested in reading something like this?

George Hart
Hart Iconographic Archives
Newton Falls, Ohio

Frank Sullivan got me interested in this organization in 1980 but I did not join then. Too bad! (Enclosed application for membership).

James Farnsworth
Evanston, IL

I am the daughter of James Thaddeus Omohundro who died in 1917. I'm 88½ years of age and am not joining any organizations. I have read Buckskin and Satin, and bought Malvern's history. Best wishes for a successful campaign to increase the membership of the association.

Louise Omohundro
High Point, NC

...I am also a member of the National Association of Buffalo Bill Collectors and am very excited about the interest afforded to both these find scouts.

Standish K. Penton, Jr.
Los Angeles, CA

...AND IN SPECIAL REMEMBRANCE...

John B. (TEXAS JACK) Omohundro July 26

* PICTURE (on pg.1) AVAILABLE TO TJA MEMBERS *
* PALS OF 1876, Ned Buntline, Texas Jack and *
* Buffalo Bill, was painted in 1904 by Irving R. *
* Bacon in watercolor. The original of this *
* fine painting hangs in the Buffalo Bill Hist- *
* orical Center in Cody, WY. Through the cour- *
* tesy of the Historical Center, members of the *
* Texas Jack Association can obtain a FULL COLOR *
* 8" x 10" reproduction of this painting by *
* ordering from the Texas Jack Assoc., and for a *
* contribution of \$30.00. *

NED BUNTLINE — FASTEST PEN IN THE WEST

(With Editor's Notes)

This article appeared in the "Out West" section of the Sunday December 2, 1984 issue of the DENVER POST supplement, EMPIRE MAGAZINE. It was written by Mike Flanagan, courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

Ned Buntline was the pen name for one of the nineteenth century's most active knaves. Known for his reams of pulp fiction, he was a devoted lover of ladies, liquor and money. In his tireless search for ideas, he even stumbled across old West's greatest hero, and in doing so gave the world Buffalo Bill.

Edward Zane Carroll Judson probably was born on March 20, 1823, in Stamford, New York, though falsifications make the date impossible to verify. Father Levi began a family tradition of terrible writing with self-published patriotic ramblings. At age ten, young Ed ran away to sea for nine years, providing himself with enough experience for a lifetime of writing nautical romances, as well as a pseudonym.

A "buntline" is a rope at the bottom of a square sail. He originally adopted the name to conceal his identity from a captain who came off unfavorably in Ned's first published tale, *The Captain's Pig*, in 1842. Upon learning his captain had offered one hundred dollars for the author's identity, Judson promptly resigned his commission.

In Pittsburgh he published two issues of a tattle sheet titled *Ned Buntline's Magazine* before folding it and heading for Cincinnati. Here he started the *Western Literary Journal* to publish his own drivel and to criticize European writers. In 1844 he moved the publication to Nashville, Tennessee, and began a popular feature printing the names and scams of gamblers working the region.

Involved in a love affair with a married woman, Buntline unceremoniously widowed his lover after the cuckolded husband came ranting with a pistol. Trying to escape a lynch mob, Buntline tumbled out a high window, giving himself a limp for life. Buntline did receive a necktie party, but friends managed to cut him down. Buntline had published his last effort in Nashville.

In Philadelphia another scandal sheet originated called *Ned Buntline's Own*. Soon Ned was providing adventure stories for top pub-

lications of the day. For twenty years, despite a year in prison for inciting an anti-British riot in New York City that claimed thirty-four lives, Buntline cranked them out.

The formula seemed simple enough: "I never lay out plots in advance," he claimed. "How can I know what my people may take it into their heads to do? When I hit a good (title) I consider the story about half finished." By the summer of 1869, Ned Buntline was the highest paid writer in the country at \$20,000 a year, banking more than Twain, Melville, or Whitman.

It was in that hot summer that he journeyed Out West in search of a new protagonist, specifically Major Frank North, the hero of a recent Indian battle. Arriving by Union Pacific in North Platte Nebraska, Ned found that the elusive North had a healthy mistrust for writers, commenting that "real men" didn't brag about their exploits.

North pointed to a young man sleeping off a serious hangover in the barracks yard. "If you want a man to fill that bill, he's over



Actors Cody, Buntline and Omohundro strike a comfortable pose.

there under a wagon," grinned the major. Buntline squatted to behold the twenty-three year old William Franklin Cody, his mustache and beard infested with flies. A star was born.

The young scout and the old hack became fast friends, spending ten days drinking and swapping stories. Following Ned's departure, Cody next heard from him when he saw a story in Street & Smith's *New York Weekly* titled *Buffalo Bill: The King of the Border Men, The Wildest and Truest Story I Ever Wrote*. It was pure hogwash, and Cody loved it.

Two years later, Cody visited his friend in New York City. After attending Buntline's play (which proper publications referred to as the adventures of "Bison William"), he realized that his future lay in show business.

Chicago was chosen for the theatrical debut of Buffalo Bill. Buntline leased a theater managed by Jim Nixon, promising that B.B. was on the way from the West with twenty Indians. Cody arrived with only "Texas Jack" Omohundro, a fellow ex-scout. It was five days before showtime, December 12, 1872, and the house was sold out. With Nixon already bouncing off the walls, Buntline admitted that they had no script.

The trio checked into a hotel and began to drink. In four hours, Buntline had completed a script titled *The Scouts of the Plains*. Leaving Cody and Omohundro behind to learn lines and bellboys to copy scripts, Ned set off for skid row in search of "Indians."

Opening night ranked as one of the great theatrical disasters of all time. Buntline, as scout Cale Durg, spent the entire show feeding lines to his stage-frightened co-stars. Following a long temperance speech in the second act, Durg was killed by "savages." From the wings he watched his death avenged many times over. At the final curtain, he grimaced that Bill and Jack had failed to deliver one line as written. The public couldn't have cared less; they loved it.

The troupe moved on to St. Louis, then to New York. Cody gave Buntline the boot from the show, replacing him with another "real" character, Wild Bill Hickok. (Hickok didn't last long. When he quit, he left Cody a

message with the stage manager: "Tell that long-haired son of a bitch I have no more use for him and his damn show business!")

Buntline's fame and scandalous persona remained with him the rest of his days. Called the "dime millionaire" by many, he was married at least eight times (two simultaneously) and was once reported to be keeping six mistresses. His pace slowed in older age after he developed a heart ailment, and he looked back fondly on the time he wrote 610 pages in sixty-two hours. After a long illness, the fastest pen in the West died on July 16, 1886. A direct forerunner of the best-selling author, he lived life to its fullest, and painted it in delightful shades of purple.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: We consulted Nellie Snyder Yost's highly acclaimed and historically factual book, *BUFFALO BILL, HIS FAMILY, FRIENDS, FAME, FAILURES, AND FORTUNES*, to check the foregoing story of how Buntline and Cody met. Yost explains in detail not only how the two were introduced, but documents how the above version widely and erroneously came to be told. It all goes back to the Battle of Summit Spring in which Cody and Maj. North both took part, and the question of who actually killed Chief Tall Bull.

The version of their meeting related in this Buntline article is credited to Frank North's brother, Luther North, who lived until 1935 when he died at age 89. Luther resented the fact that, in Yost's words, "...Cody's fame increased and endured while his own and his brother's not inconsiderable parts in the drama of the West were all but forgotten. Consequently, when historians began beating a path to his door (in his later years) seeking information on those long-gone days, he saw his opportunity, and with each successive telling of the tales he and Frank did better." Luther told the story, contrary to historical record, that North killed Tall Bull, and generally set about discrediting Cody. Writes Yost: "Perhaps the old man really remembered most of it as he told it. Anyway, Cody and most of the others were dead, and seemingly no one bothered to consult the dusty files and records that were available to anyone who cared to ask for them. ...According to Luther and his chroniclers, it was shortly after the fight at Summit Springs that Ned Buntline came to

Fort Sedgwick,...(he) was allegedly looking for Frank North, the killer of Tall Bull, for the purpose of making him the hero of some forthcoming dime novels." Luther went on to relate events as they are printed above.

According to Yost, there are several things wrong with the story. First, although Buntline did stop at Fort Sedgwick, both North and Cody had already left. It was later that "...Major William H. Brown introduced Cody to Ned Buntline, who had come to Cottonwood Springs to give a temperance lecture. On that day Frank North was in Omaha serving as interpreter at a Pawnee Indian murder trial...

It was of course Cody's introduction to Buntline that changed Buffalo Bill's future - not because Buntline made Cody famous through his dime novels, as the popular version goes, but because through Buntline's influence Cody went on the stage; and from there (without Buntline) one thing led to another. However, in late July of 1869 Cody knew none of this; all he knew then was that between Fort McPherson and O'Fallon's Station, Buntline 'asked me a great many questions. '"

In THE LIVES AND LEGENDS OF BUFFALO BILL, author, Don Russell writes of the meeting: "The genesis of this myth lies with Luther North, whose unreliability can rarely be questioned, and who never shared his brother's alleged aversion to publicity."

We referred to Joseph G. Rosa's book THE WEST OF WILD BILL HICKOK for the story of Wild Bill's departure from show business with Cody and Omohundro. Rosa relates: "...He parted amicably from his two friends, each of whom presented him with five hundred dollars and a fine pistol, bidding him to "make good use of it among the 'Reds.'" After a brief sojourn in New York, it was reported, he joined a rival production. Tiring of it, he soon left but when he learned that an actor had been engaged to play "Wild Bill", he returned and wrecked the show. Convinced at last that he was not cut out for the stage, Hickok set course for the one place where he felt free and where he really belonged - the West."

We do not question the authenticity of the facts concerning Ned Buntline, for it is universally accepted that he was certainly

a rascal in the truest sense of the word, and the exploits attributed to him herein are held to be factual. However, we wish to point out to the reader that while we printed this article because it is an interesting synopsis of a decidedly colorful character, (and frankly, fun reading), it illustrates how many times when disparaging stories are told about a fine person (such as Buffalo Bill), they are often the result of someone trying to put a good man down, or attempting to elevate himself or both.

January 31st, and February 1st.

NED BUNTLINE'S
GREAT REALISTIC DRAMA, THE

SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE

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Genuine Western Heroes

BUFFALO BILL
TEXAS JACK,
NED BUNTLINE,
TEN INDIAN WARRIORS,

THE GREAT DANSEUSE
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NED BUNTLINE'S SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF
SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE,

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TEXAS JACK, by original Hero,	J E OMOHUNDRO
CALE BURG,	NED BUNTLINE
Mormon Boy,	M: Westworth
Phelim O'Laugherty,	Harry Gilbert

SHOW BILL OF 1872-73
The SCOUTS OF THE PRAIRIE used this type of show bill for their first season.

Buffalo Bill's Visit to the Grave of Texas Jack

By Frank E. Vaughn

This poem was reproduced from a copy of THE SPIRIT OF LEADVILLE IN VERSE, which Mr. Vaughn wrote in 1928. It describes most eloquently the scene at the graveside of Texas Jack when Buffalo Bill paid homage to his old friend in 1909.

From the toned-down, domestic and prosaic mild west,
With its home-dotted valleys and prosperous towns,
We will turn for a moment back to the old wild west
Which the writer of romance with poesy crowns--
To the days when the red man roamed fierce and defying
Over mountain and meadows, through forest and plain
When the myriads of buffalo slowly were dying,
And the scalp dancers orgied o'er the graves of the slain.
To the men who blazed trails for civilization,
Who endured awful hardships, who were first in the fight,
Who opened the west to the great Yankee nation,
And planted the seeds of advancement and right.
Three there were who were known through the plains
and the mountains,
Who were brave, true and hardy and quick in command,
Who had watered their "bronks" in the gurgling fountains
Of the ice-coated Yellowstone and warm Rio Grande;
Men schooled in the ways of their savage opponents,
Who stuck to the death trail and never turned back--
Such were Buffalo Bill and stern Wild Bill Hickok,
And the cowboy adonis, debonair Texas Jack.
Together they worked in the bloom of their manhood;
Not one ever faltered or knew the word fail;
Each fought, bled and suffered, each did all a man could
With Death and the red devils following the trail.
Wild Bill met his death by a cowardly assassin,
Texas Jack is asleep on a pine crested hill--
With rope rifle and saddle, waiting Death's call to "pass in,"
Is that gallant old patriarch, Buffalo Bill.
He still lives as he lived--by his rifle and riding,
Shows the world of today the wild west of yore,
Which has passed into memory down the years
swiftly gliding,
Though it lives in his person and old frontier lore.

In the fragrance of summer, when Nature was glowing,
And the jack pines drooped low over Jack's unmarked
grave,
Bill came back to Leadville, his heart overflowing,
To lay a few flowers o'er the head of the brave;
'Twas a motley review that was drawn to the graveyard--
Rough riders in costumes wild, unique and strange,
Stood 'round while he feelingly spoke of his comrade,
As the dying sun's farewell was tinging the range--
He spoke of the days when together they followed
The banner of Custer, the fearless and bold,
How they fought side by side, slept 'neath the same blanket,
In the days of the war trail--the fierce days of old.
There was no mournful dirge or hysterical weeping--
Just words of respect for his dear old-time friend--
While the lengthening shadows through the tombstones
were creeping.
The words of the veteran were brought to an end.
With bared heads his audience silently listened--
Fierce Cossack and Mexican, Indian chief
Mingled with the rude cow-boys, while many eyes glistened
As the last of the "long hairs" gave tongue to his grief.
Gone the pomp and the show, with its barbaric splendor,
Its quick feats of arms and rough riding galore,
But a carved mass of granite shows the feeling so tender
Of Buffalo Bill for his friend gone before.
Jack sleeps, soundly sleeps; while old Time is passing,
And the jack pines weep tears of crystallized dew,
While the bright sun is shining or the dark clouds are massing
Till called by the summons of the great Manitou.
Who knows--somewhere--sometime--when this life is over,
In a region remote from suffering and pains,
In some happy hunting ground, with the "bronks" in the clover
Once again will be gathered the "Scouts of the Plains?"

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