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ROUNDUP IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA

by Kitty V. Pelkan



Thirty-four members of the Texas Jack Association traveled to Virginia City, Nevada for the 2014 Roundup, held June 25-29. Federally designated a National Historic Landmark District, Virginia City is a place where the siren still wails daily to mark the noon hour, where the elevation is a breath-snatching 6220 feet, and where signs at either end of the city's limits invite guests to "step back in time." (continued on page 3)

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from the Editor's Desk...



As guest editor, my job was to write a summary of the TJA's recent Roundup. Every travelogue needs enticing pictures, so I am forever indebted to Rick Omohundro for his exquisite photographs of Virginia City and of our fun time together. I also appreciate the excellent photos taken by my husband Karl, as well as his technical help with the computer. Many thanks to Linda Omohundro, layout editor, for overseeing the entire *Scout* and for providing supplemental material. Much gratitude goes to Mary Golladay, Chief Organizer, for the countless hours she spent planning the Roundup tours and activities. On behalf of the Roundup attendees, I extend a Nevada-size thank you to all of Virginia City for being such gracious, welcoming hosts.

Quite naturally, those of us who attended the 2002 Roundup in Deadwood, South Dakota had to rehash our experience of escaping the Grizzly Gulch Fire. We were especially reminded of it when hearing of Virginia City's Great Fire of 1875, which destroyed several hundred commercial buildings and over one thousand homes. I recently read *The Big Burn: Teddy Roosevelt and the Fire that Saved America*, by Timothy Egan. His description of the massive 1910 fire in the northern Rockies brought back vivid memories of evacuating Deadwood.

Not every Roundup provides that much excitement but all of them have been special, and I speak from experience, having missed only one Roundup since my first one in 1986, in North Platte, Nebraska, where Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill met and became fast friends. As with all the Roundups to follow, I visited places I might not have otherwise seen and learned fascinating history I never before thought to wonder about. I encourage everyone to attend the 2016 Roundup in Kansas City, Missouri.

Until then,

Kitty VanLew Wyche Pelkar

Guest Editor

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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.

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(continued from Page 1)

Just getting to Virginia City felt like a journey into the past. Karl and I drove in from the northwest, down through Reno, then easterly on State Route 341. Soon we were snaking up the twisty, scary-narrow Geiger Grade, being led further and further away from the world of Starbucks and strip malls, ever higher into the inhospitable Virginia Range. At each heart-stopping curve, in every direction, all we could see were steep slopes sparsely dotted with sagebrush and junipers; an occasional peep of dry lake beds in distant valleys. Everything was sunbaked. In the words of Mark Twain, "...the countryside looked something like a singed cat. Even the birds, when they flew over, carried their own provisions." Thus it's startling to round the final bend in the waning afternoon and catch the first glimpse of Virginia City, clinging to the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, the highest peak in the Virginia Range. The lower part of the city was still in sunshine, highlighting a set of soaring church spires—so astonishing to see against such a remote, barren backdrop.

Once you enter Virginia City, Geiger Grade becomes C Street, the main thoroughfare with old-style boardwalks and saloons with names like Bucket of Blood. Drive a mile and you're already exiting town, heading down to the flatlands and Highway 50, passing the teensy town of Gold Hill on the way. Take a right on Hwy 50 and you're headed to Carson City and the Carson Valley. Take a left and you're quickly in Dayton, Nevada's earliest settlement. But those destinations were for another day. Instead, we turned left off C and headed down to E Street where the Silverland Inn is located, our very modern, up-to-date Roundup headquarters. Even though we were two days early there was a "Welcome Texas Jack" sign in the lobby. Now that's hospitality!

By Wednesday evening there were twenty-eight of us for the first scheduled event, a catered social at the Red Dog Saloon. Originally known as the Comstock House, the Red Dog was rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1875, and has had various owners, names, and uses over the years. Its current incarnation opened in 2009, and was just right for getting us slowed down into vacation mode. We chatted, laughed, ate pizza, and tapped our feet when local musicians started up their weekly whoever-shows-up jam session. It was a great kickoff to the Roundup.



(zigzagging l-r) Karl Pelkan, Carole Brown, O.P. Harwood, Mark & Peggy Greene, Marshall Brown, Kitty Pelkan, Terry O., Tipton O.

A moment, here, to talk about the effects of the high elevation. I'll let Mark Twain explain: "The mountain side was so steep that the entire town had a slant to it like a roof. Each street was a terrace, and from each to the next street below the descent was forty or fifty feet.... It was a laborious climb, in that thin atmosphere, to ascend from D to A Street, and you were panting and

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out of breath when you got there...” For those who found it difficult to walk from one street level to the next, the Silverland’s minibus, driven by either Ash or Mike, was a lifesaver, always ready to whisk members from one venue to another.

Thursday morning was surprisingly chilly due to a weather system blowing through. Undaunted, we bundled up in hoodies and jackets and gathered for our first tour of the day at Mark Twain’s *Territorial Enterprise* on C Street. It’s a souvenir shop on the main level with a museum below, accessed via a steep stairway. Displays include Mark Twain’s desk and chair and a collection of artifacts and equipment of the *Territorial Enterprise*. Our guide pointed out the bricked-in arches along one wall. There used to be doors there to access a tunnel built under C Street so that all of the merchants could easily receive and deliver goods and supplies. This was necessary because, as Mark Twain describes, “The sidewalks swarmed with people...The procession was endless. So great was the pack, that buggies frequently had to wait half an hour for an opportunity to cross the principal street.” Our guide also told us that Virginia City had many competing newspapers, so reporters at the *Territorial Enterprise* (Nevada’s first newspaper) were encouraged to freely express their opinions and alter facts if it made for a better story. There certainly was no lack of topics to write about: issues of banking, water supply, and labor unions; financial dealings, murders, the latest mining inventions, the American Civil War, and local government, which was changing at a rapid pace.



Edna Nees heads for the minibus from the Mackay Mansion.



Museum guide points to Mark Twain’s desk. Looking on are Jean and Mike King, Beryl Caterson, Dorothea Whalen, and Kitty Pelkan.

In 1861, Congress formally established Nevada as a territory, and Carson City was selected as the territorial capital. Orion Clemens was appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory and traveled to Carson City by stagecoach, accompanied by his brother Samuel. The next year, Samuel made his way to Virginia City and hired on as a typesetter for the *Territorial Enterprise*. Six months later he was promoted to reporter and sent to Carson City to cover the legislature. A column he filed from there in February 1863 was the first time he used the byline “Mark Twain.” By 1864, Nevada achieved statehood just prior to President Lincoln’s re-election. Carson City remained the capital, and the goings on there provided much fodder for the daily papers. Ever restless, Clemens-Twain soon

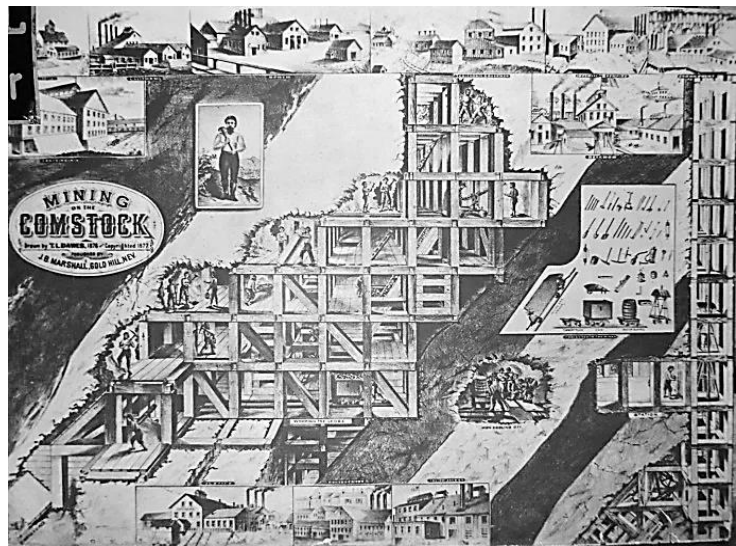
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moved on. He later wrote *Roughing It*, describing the six years he spent traveling to and working in Nevada, San Francisco, and the Sandwich Islands.

From the *Territorial Enterprise* building we walked a few blocks down the boardwalk to The Way It Was Museum, which had an extensive collection of mining equipment, early maps and photos, period clothing, even a display showing the various ways card sharks would cheat at poker games. I was particularly intrigued by the vintage dental drill controlled by the dentist pumping a treadle with his foot!

The largest focus of the museum was, of course, the story of mining in Virginia City. It all began in 1848, with the discovery of gold in the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The ensuing Gold Rush to northern California was an epic emigration westward across the North American continent. It was an arduous journey that included passing through the Great Basin Desert and Range, which is most of present-day Nevada. It's an area where rainwater and snowmelt either evaporate, sink underground, or flow into a lake. The climate is hot and arid in summer; cold and snowy in winter. There are nearly 150 north-south mountain ranges that ripple across the Great Basin, ending with the Sierra Nevada at the border with California. Emigrants who took the Carson River route were refreshed when at last they reached the fertile Carson Valley, a year-round oasis because of the Carson River which flows from the Sierra. Present-day Dayton became a favorite stopping point before the final push over the imposing Sierra Nevada, especially if winter snow was already preventing passage. During these encampments men would explore nearby slopes and canyons which is how, in 1859, two miners struck gold at the head of Six Mile Canyon, very near where the Silverland Inn sits today. An annoying sticky, blue-gray clay kept gumming up their equipment. When it was realized that the "clay" was silver ore—valuable because the Federal government used it to mint coins—the focus quickly changed from gold to silver. Henry T.P. Comstock tried to claim the discovery as his own. He was believed just long enough for the strike to be forever known as the Comstock Lode. When word got out, there was soon a Silver Rush to western Nevada.

This first flush of mining was chaotic and primitive. The difficulties were tremendous. The geologic makeup of Mt. Davidson was quite different from what had been experienced in the California gold mines. The terrain, the climate, and the scarcity of anything at hand for food, water, or building supplies would have discouraged the more faint of heart. But the lure of riches fueled great feats of engineering and the cleverest of inventions. One example is square-set timbering. Philipp Deidesheimer, a German mining engineer who had worked in the California gold mines, was hired by the Ophir Mining Company to figure out a way to safely dig into the unstable soil at the site of the Comstock Lode. Deidesheimer devised a simple yet



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ingenious system of interlocking cubes that is still used today in mines throughout the world and is echoed in the steel infrastructure of modern skyscrapers.

Another example of ingenuity comes from Hermann Schussler, a German civil engineer who also had worked in California. He was hired by Virginia & Gold Hill Water Company to bring fresh water from Hobart Creek in the Sierra Nevada to the summit of Virginia Range, a distance of thirty miles with elevation differences of 2000 feet at both ends. He conceived an inverted siphon that could carry the water uphill without pumps. Schussler's system was completed in 1873, and still supplies water to the Comstock. There have been upgrades and additions, but the original inverted siphon pipe is still in place.

A third example of cleverness is the V-flume, variously attributed to several men. To keep up with the demand for wood in Virginia City there needed to be an easier, cheaper, and faster way to get it from the forests of Lake Tahoe, over the Sierra Nevada, and down to the lumber mills in Carson Valley. The aptly named V-flume was a simple trough built on trestles that allowed flowing water to carry the logs down to the valley. V-flumes are no longer used but the route of the Lake Tahoe V-flume is now the Historic Marlette Flume Trail, one of the most popular mountain bike paths in the western United States.

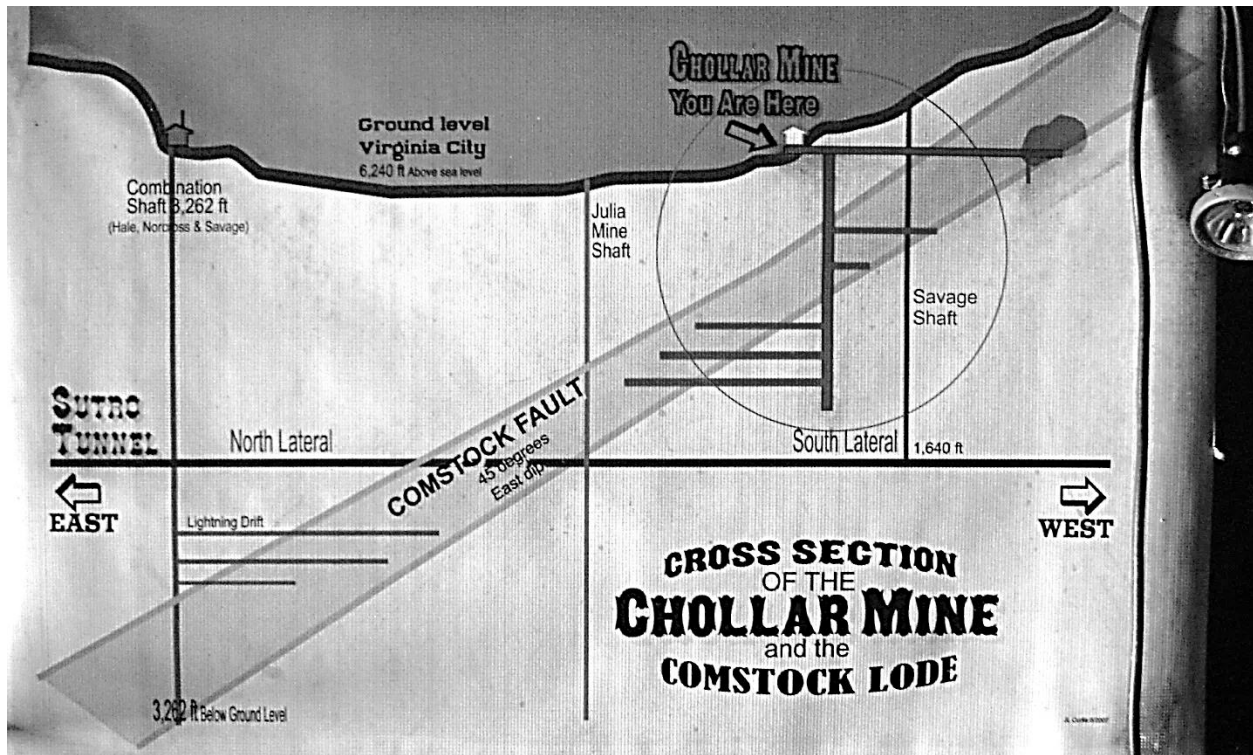
Another engineering marvel dealt with draining the underground water that continually flooded the Comstock's deep mining shafts. Adolph Sutro, from Germany, designed and built the ambitious four-mile-long Sutro Tunnel. It extended from the Dayton area to Virginia City and took ten years to complete. Unfortunately, by the time it was finished in 1879, the mines were deeper than the level of the tunnel. Furthermore, the mining boom was waning. Sutro eventually took up residence in San Francisco and was elected mayor in 1894.

These are but a few of the technological advances made. There were continual safety, strength, and efficiency improvements to hoisting cages, machine drills, blowers, pumps, flat-braided cables, methods of milling the ore, and so on. Virginia City became known as having the best machinery and the most skilled workers. The labor union was strong and minimum wage reached \$4 per day at the peak of the boom, the highest industrial wage in the world at that time.

The second flush of mining, called the Big Bonanza, came in 1873—fourteen years after the initial discovery of the Comstock Lode. It was struck by the Consolidated Virginia Mining Company, a merger of three smaller companies. A group of Irishmen known as the Big Four had recently taken control of the Consolidated and had decided to gamble on finding a deep ore body. They financed a vertical shaft that went to a depth of about 3000 feet. Talk about the luck of the Irish! They struck the top of the widest, richest vein of the Comstock Fault. During the run of the Big Bonanza years, over \$400 million in silver and gold was mined, equivalent to more than \$20 billion in today's prices. All told, it is estimated that eight hundred miles of tunnels have been bored into the mountain, striking veins of silver ore estimated to have been an extraordinary half-mile wide and seven miles long.

At the top of the next page is a simple cross section of the Comstock Fault that helps in visualizing what is beneath the ground under Virginia City. The photo was taken in the Chollar Mine (written about later).

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When our time was up at The Way It Was Museum we walked or rode the minibus up to B Street for a look at Piper's Opera House, one of the most significant of America's vintage theatres. From our guide we learned it was established in 1885 by John Piper, a local businessman and entrepreneur. It was known for its raked stage, floor built on springs, and gas lighting. It offered the world's best in culture, entertainment, and events, and could seat 1500 people. The chairs were not bolted to the floor, making it easy to move them aside for dances and even roller skating nights. Piper was inventive in the ways he was able to draw crowds year round and on most days of the week. He appealed to all interests with the variety of acts he booked which included Al Jolson, John Philip Sousa, John Barrymore, Enrico Caruso, and Harry Houdini.

Once the mining economy dwindled, however, so did the population of Virginia City, and Piper's Opera House struggled to keep its doors open. The building fell into disrepair and was condemned in 1920. In 1997, Piper's was bought by a non-profit organization that has worked diligently to save the venerable old theatre. Fund raising efforts are ongoing and restoration is gradually happening. Piper's is still a multi-use venue with concerts, weddings, graduations, and theatre presentations filling the house once again.

A similar story of struggle and renewal can be told for just about every Virginia City enterprise. The city suffered neglect and vandalism, but it downright refused to become another abandoned mining town. In September of 1959, one hundred years after the discovery of the Comstock Lode, there was another "Bonanza," the wildly popular TV show that premiered on NBC and aired for the next thirteen years. Avid fans began to flock to Lake Tahoe where the fictional Ponderosa Ranch was located, and to Virginia City to see where Hoss and Little Joe Cartwright shopped for supplies and talked things over with Sheriff Roy and Deputy Clem. Tourism was a new experience

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for Virginia City but they quickly figured out how to build an economy around it. Today, there's something quirky on the calendar for each month of the year, including the Virginia City International Camel and Ostrich Races, the Rocky Mountain Oyster Fry (aka the Testicle Festival), and the Virginia City World Championship Outhouse Races. The latest draw is paranormal investigation of all the haunted locations, sparked by the 2006 documentary *Ghost Adventures*. (By the way, you can still find Cartwright souvenirs in the shops.)

After visiting the Opera House our energy was seriously flagging, so the buffet lunch at the Comstock Café, prepared by Chef James, was most welcome and quite tasty. Everyone went back for seconds, if not thirds. Of course, mealtimes are always conducive to sharing stories and jokes, talking about family and jobs, discussing where the next Roundup should be, remembering dear members who are no longer with us, and missing those who were unable to attend this year. But soon it was time to get up and get going again. The last scheduled event of the day was the Virginia City Wild West Show, just down C Street from the café. Three talented actors put on a rootin' tootin', pistol twirling comedy that required vigorous booing and hissing from the audience. Great fun! Dinner that night was "on your own." There was pizza left over from the Red Dog Saloon available in the Silverland's meeting room. Large and sunny, with plenty of tables and chairs, this room was reserved for our use throughout our stay. It was a popular gathering place in between scheduled activities. A few of the youngsters, however, chose to drive over to Reno for some night life. Karl and I decided that after a dry, windy day a big milkshake was just the ticket for dinner.



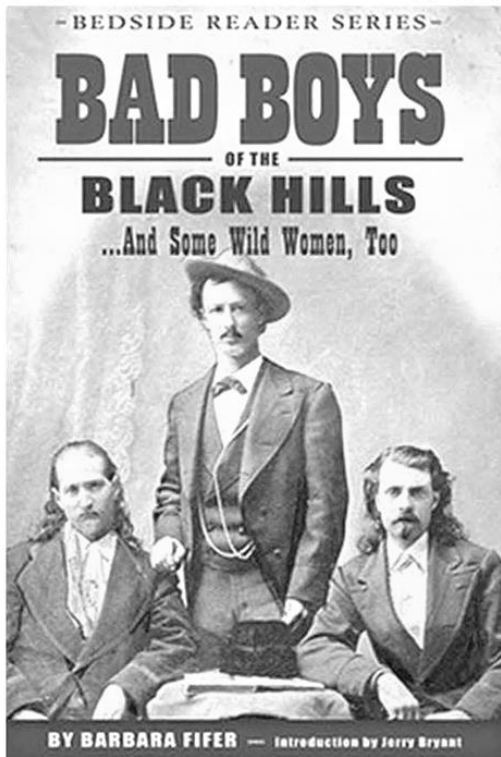
Marshall Brown, O.P. Harwood, and Carole Brown with the rootin' tootin' gunslingers.

Our first planned activity for Friday was a visit to the Historic Fourth Ward School and Museum, which anchors C Street at the southern edge of town. Virginia City's political and fire precincts were called "wards," thus the name of the school. Because it was constructed in 1876, after the Great Fire, it is the original building. It has four stories, spacious classrooms, and was the first building west of the Mississippi to have drinking fountains on every floor. Its doors closed in 1936, and it stood empty for the next fifty years. Refurbished with state, federal and private grants, it reopened in 1986 as a museum and cultural center. It is quite an excellent museum that covers topics germane to Virginia City and Nevada, including the Comstock story, Mark Twain's life, Chinese laborers, the Northern Paiute tribes (indigenous to the area), early Nevada education, and both Comstock and modern mining. One could spend days reading and studying all of the graphics and displays. An interesting tidbit I read: There are forty-seven bat species in the United States with twenty-three of them occurring in Nevada. The state is in the process of securing its estimated 50,000 abandoned mine tunnels and shafts. To allow bats and other small wildlife that inhabit the mines to come and go, but to keep out humans and larger wildlife, each mine opening is being covered with a steel cage. From an upper window of the museum, an example could be seen across the street.

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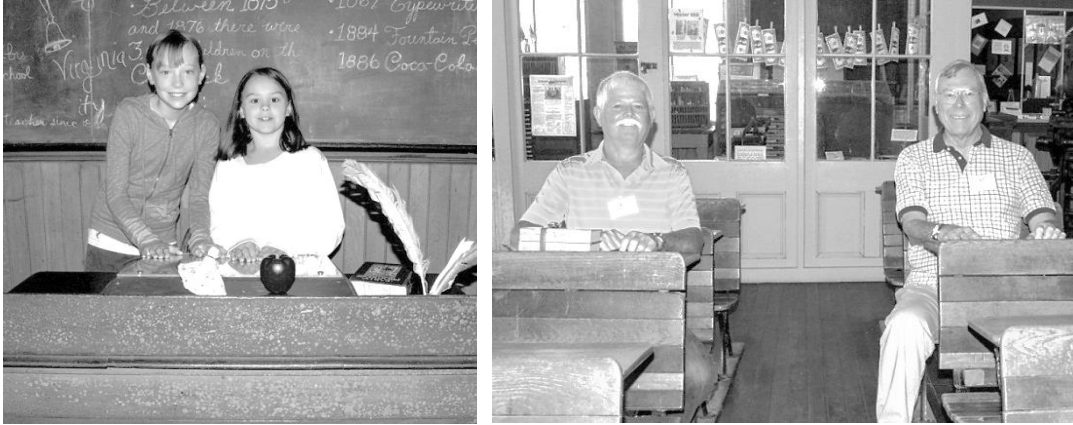


Enjoying the sunshine on C Street are (l-r) Dorotha Whalen, Linda Omohundro, Mike and Jean King, Beryl Caterson, Tesa and Jerry Sorensen. Notice the old-style boardwalk under their feet. The C Street benches were great for people watching, for waiting for a shopping spouse, or while enjoying an ice cream with sprinkles.



The Bad Boys of the Black Hills was for sale in the Virginia City Mercantile. Nearly all of us bought a copy! This famous studio photo of Wild Bill, Texas Jack, and Buffalo Bill was most likely taken in 1873, in Syracuse, NY during a theatrical tour, according to Herschel Logan in *Buckskin and Satin*. The Bad Boy of Virginia City, Mark Greene, was sent to the dunce's corner at Fourth Ward School for pulling Peggy's pigtails. Oh, dear.

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Teachers Juliet McKinney and Kadie Fulford keep Terry Omohundro and Mike King in line!

All too soon we were dismissed from school so we could be on time for our guided tour at the Mackay Mansion, located down the hill on D Street. Our guide was a natural story teller and really kept our attention. He told us the structure was built in 1860, but escaped damage from the Great Fire because it's on the far edge of town. It originally served as the mining offices for the Gould and Curry Mining Company. It also provided housing for their mine superintendent, George Hearst, who later purchased *The San Francisco Examiner*, built into a publishing empire by his son William Randolph Hearst.

John Mackay (MACK-ee) was born in Ireland and eventually ended up in Virginia City as a mine worker. By 1864, he owned one. He was one of the Irish "Big Four" who controlled the Consolidated Virginia Mine when the Big Bonanza was struck. When he purchased the Gould and Curry building he used it as an office and his personal home. He spared no expense to have the most modern conveniences and the finest furnishings. The living space was lavish but comfortable and homey. There is a walk-in vault on the main floor from which bars of gold bullion were sold until 1950. Mackay never forgot his humble beginnings and was generous with his fortune. He would walk down C Street with his pockets full of gold coins to hand out to the destitute. He always took care of the widows and families of men who died while working his mines. In later years he helped finance the first transatlantic cable and established the School of Mines at the University of Nevada, Reno.



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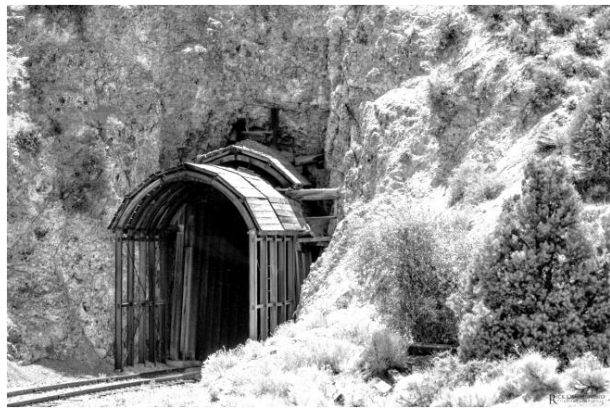


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John Mackay and George Hearst are just two of two hundred millionaires living in Virginia City by 1886. Again, Mark Twain, “Money was as plenty as dust; and a melancholy countenance was nowhere to be seen....Money was wonderfully plenty. The trouble was, not how to get it, —but how to spend it, how to lavish it, get rid of it, squander it.” When the mining boom cooled, the men of wealth departed for San Francisco and other areas of commerce and industry where they invested their fortunes and became influential leaders.

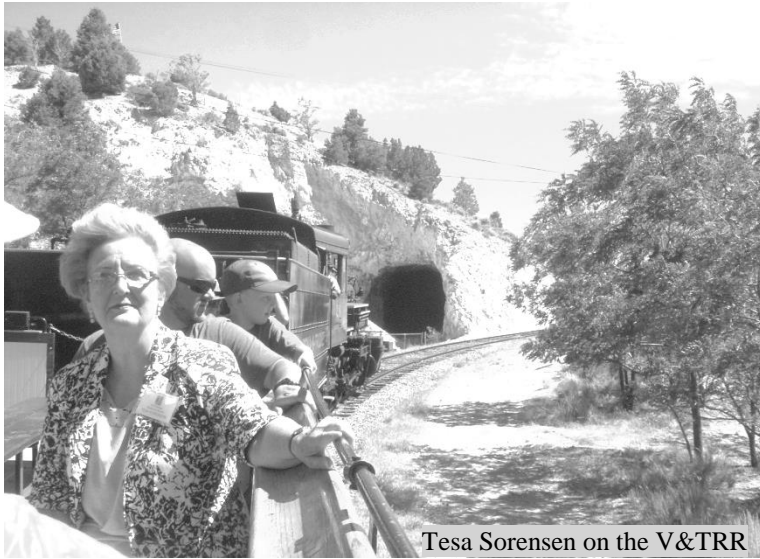
From the Mackay Mansion we went back up the hill for lunch at Café Del Rio. Ardie & Brian Shaw were our hosts. We had a choice of two delicious entrees, and were mighty grateful for the big pitchers of lemonade and iced tea set on each table. After lunch, we met at an old-timey photo shop, Priscilla Pennyworth’s, and had a grand time dressing up and posing for a group picture.

The last scheduled event for Thursday was a marvelous narrated train ride on the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, just below the Mackay Mansion property. For years the Comstock had needed a better way to carry gold and silver *out of* Virginia City and milled lumber and other supplies *into* Virginia City. The obvious answer was a railroad, but the twenty-one miles from the Carson River mills to the Comstock mines is a quick rise of 1575 feet. Isaac “Ike” James was hired as the surveying and construction engineer to solve that daunting problem. After studying the terrain, he drew up plans for a series of trestles, tunnels, and curves, literally wrapping the railroad around the mountain with a maximum grade of 2.2 percent. It was finished in a remarkable eleven months, mostly by Chinese labor, making its first run in 1870. Immediately, freight and cordwood prices dropped dramatically. In its heyday as many as forty-five trains arrived to and departed from Virginia City each day.



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The V&T had its last revenue run in 1950. The track was dismantled and the rolling stock sold.



In 1974, Robert C. Gray, a WWII Marine Corps photographer, began reconstruction of the track along the original 143-year-old right of way from Virginia City to Gold Hill. With help from other railroad enthusiasts the project was completed in 2008. We thoroughly enjoyed our leisurely-paced 35-minute trip to Gold Hill and back, powered by a chugging, whistle-blowing 1916 steam locomotive. The conductor gave historical background as we passed by the ruins of eight of the old Comstock mines, under remnants of the Hale and

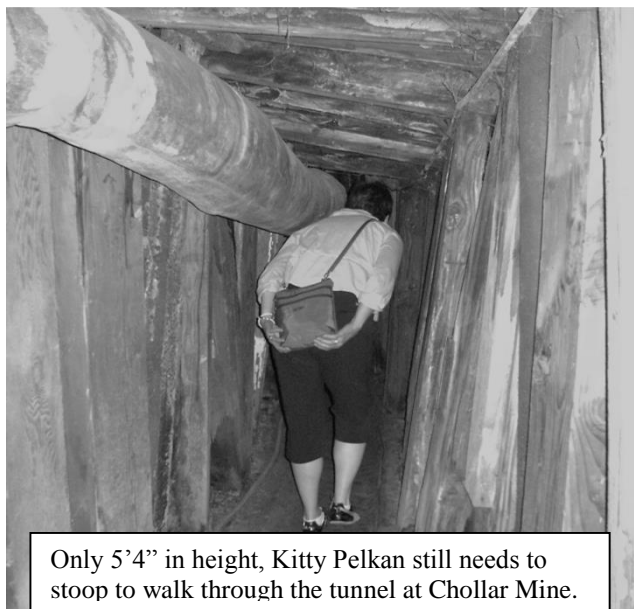
Norcross ore trestle, and through the original Tunnel No. 4. Feeling the heat of the steam as it blew back on us in the tunnel, smelling the black smoke as it swirled past with a gust of wind, seeing the far mountains beyond a vast, empty valley...we were truly transported back in time.

By Saturday, the remaining six Roundup attendees had arrived. At mid-morning the TJA business meeting was called to order by President Randy Golladay. (The minutes are published elsewhere in this issue.) Once the meeting adjourned it was time for lunch. The rest of the afternoon was unscheduled, allowing time to visit other sights, stroll about town, splash in the pool, or just take a nap. Another option was gathering in the meeting room and sharing family-tree information. Barbara Curtis arrived Saturday with every genealogist's dream: a recently found-in-the-attic box of old Omohundro photos, papers, and documents.



Mike Mason and Edna Nees review old documents; Barbara Curtis is pleased as punch; while Rick Omohundro and Debbie Mason study Omohundro photographs.

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There was still time later in the afternoon to drive the short distance to Chollar (KAH-ler) Mine, which boasted the fifth highest Comstock production, earning \$17 million. The guide was a retired miner and gave an excellent explanation of the Comstock Fault's geological particulars. He led us on a level but damp walk through a tunnel four hundred feet into the mountain to reach a work area with square-set timbers in place. He demonstrated how two miners would work in tandem to bore the holes for setting dynamite. He explained other pieces of machinery and talked about the problem of geo-thermal heat. Deep down in the mines the temperature could reach 130 degrees. Tons of ice were lowered down the shafts each day and put in cooling rooms

similar to present-day walk-in freezers. A man stripped to the waist could only work fifteen minutes before he had to retreat to icy relief. It was a dramatic moment when the guide extinguished all of the lights so we could experience true complete darkness, to which the eyes never adjust.



This view from the Chollar Mine frames Sugarloaf Mountain. This stand-alone volcanic remnant is popular with mountain climbers, but not in the summer due to rattlesnakes and extreme heat.

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Karl and I had paid our respects at the Silver Terrace Cemeteries earlier in the week. Located on the northern edge of town, very near the Silverland Inn, it's a collection of distinct burial grounds established by various social organizations and religious and ethnic groups. The first burial was in 1860. Now there are over six thousand graves of miners, shop owners, working people, and their families. Fewer than 1300 graves still have readable or existing grave markers due to theft, vandalism, or the harsh weather. According to the brochure, locust and elm trees once lined graveled pathways. Flowers, shrubs and grasses covered the grounds, kept green by a gravity-based irrigation system installed by the miners. The Comstock Cemetery Foundation is working to repair headstones and is combing historical records in an effort to identify gravesites. They raise money through memberships, donations, and special events such as Walks on Halloween, weddings (which are booked six months out), and Voices of the Past—The Living Tour, featuring nine characters dressed in period costume, each telling their tale.



The monument above is located in the Silver Terrace Cemetery.
The plaque reads:
Cap't Edward Faris Storey
for whom Storey County was named
1828-1860



St. Paul's of the Prospector Episcopal Church, founded in 1861. The interior is semi-gothic with beams hand-hewn from Lake Tahoe timber. It has one of the oldest pipe organs in the Western U.S.

Between the cemetery and the Silverland Inn is Six Mile Road. Curious, we decided to see where it might lead. The road wanders down through Six Mile Canyon, following the winding course of Six Mile Creek, which sustains tall cottonwood trees and other green foliage. It was a welcome respite from the desiccated slopes of the cemetery. We passed massive stone and concrete ruins, learning later they were remnants of Butters Mill, once the largest cyanide mill in the country, built in 1902 to reprocess the mine tailings. Exiting the canyon the road straightens out into the Dayton Valley/Carson Plains. A couple of miles further is the junction with Hwy 50. Turning right would lead to Dayton, which flourished as a milling and trade center during the Comstock boom. Due to the Carson River, farmers could supply fresh produce, hay, and grain to

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the miners up in high, dry, non-fertile Virginia City. The Pony Express and Wells Fargo Stagecoaches passed through Dayton on their way to California. Today, the circuit from Virginia City down Six Mile Road to Hwy 50, around to SR 341/342, and back up to Virginia City is a popular biking route.



Our last event together was Saturday night's barbecue buffet, catered by Bonanza Café and held in the downstairs reception rooms of the Silverland. Big doors opened onto a patio facing east, letting in the refreshing night breezes. The food was delicious and plentiful. During the meal Jack Di Carlo, noted local musician, intermixed traditional with popular melodies, all played with the distinctive fingering technique of classical guitar.

After-dinner remarks were given by Mark Greene. First he gave a brief history of the beginnings of the Association, founded by Frank Sullivan. Mark then read from an interview he had conducted with his mother Julie Greene. She and her husband Dennis took over from Frank Sullivan when he became too ill to continue as leader of the fledgling TJA. Julie and Dennis compiled a mailing list, wrote and printed promotional materials, commissioned artwork for a newsletter they named *The Texas Jack Scout*, and continued to build on the solid foundation started by Sullivan. They gave untold hours of their time, energy, and creativity, and generous financial support as well. On page 32 of this issue is an excellent history of the TJA based on interviews with Dennis and Julie.

To close the evening, Jack Di Carlo sang "Texas Jack Omohundro", music and lyrics by Norman Tween of England. Amazingly, when Tween was thirteen years old, back in 1959, he read about Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill, and Wild Bill Hickok, and was ever after fascinated by the trio. It

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wasn't until the internet with its search engines, however, that Tween was able to finally learn more about Texas Jack. He recently found the TJA Website, saw we were having a Roundup, and felt compelled to write a song. It has a gentle, haunting melody, sung beautifully by Di Carlo. It was the perfect finish for our fabulous Roundup.

We were reluctant to let go of the evening, but many of us were departing bright and early the next morning, so we hugged and said our good byes, then headed upstairs to pack. All thirty-four of us cordially invite you to experience the history, adventure, and camaraderie that awaits in Kansas City. Let these timeless lyrics sung by Fats Domino be your mantra, *"Well, I might take a plane. I may take a train. / If I have to walk, I'm goin' just the same. / I'm goin' to Kansas City! Kansas City, here I come!"* 🦮

Information for this article was gleaned from Comstock Historical Markers and other informational signs; Virginia City pamphlets, brochures, and museum placards; notes taken during tours; numerous Websites; my own observations; as well as the following:

**History of Nevada* by Russell R. Elliott, 2nd Edition, Revised, 1987. My telling of the mining story was extremely condensed and simplified. Elliott's book provides a detailed history.

**Roughing It*, by Mark Twain, 1872, from which the quotations were excerpted

**World Book Encyclopedia*, 2013 ed., Volume "N"

Any errors due to faulty memory or misunderstanding of historical events are entirely my own.

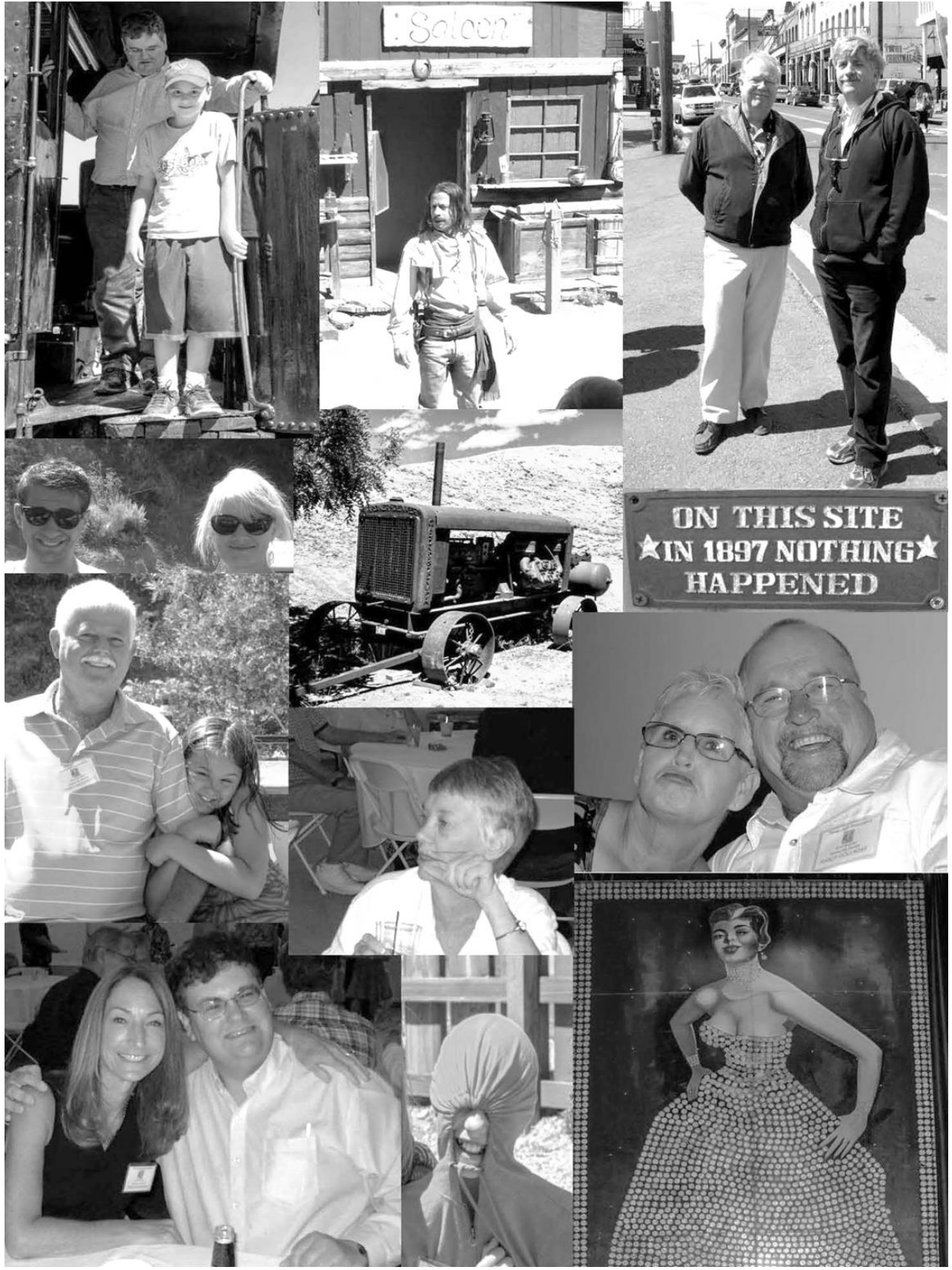
—Kitty Pelkan, Guest Editor

And now, a message from Peggy Greene, an organizer of the next Roundup:



I want to see YOU at the 2016 Roundup in Kansas City, Missouri!

The Texas Jack Scout



The Texas Jack Scout



Roster of 2014 Roundup Attendees

Carole Brown and son Marshall.....	San Luis Obispo, CA
Beryl O. Catterson and mother Dorotha Whalen.....	Lake Havasu City, AZ
K.B. Chapman.....	Aptos, CA
Carter and Wesley Cleaver (brothers).....	Anaheim and Huntington Beach, CA
Barbara and Charles Curtis.....	Yuba City, CA
Cody and Kadie Fulford (siblings).....	Scottsville, VA
Mary and Randy Golladay.....	Scottsville, VA
Mark and Peggy Greene.....	Jupiter, FL
O.P. Harwood.....	Goochland County, VA
Mike and Jean King.....	Kalamazoo, MI
Heloise O. Lunde.....	Anaheim, CA
Rand and Candice McKinney and daughter Juliet.....	Aptos, CA
Mike and Debbie Mason.....	Fairfield, CA
Edna Nees.....	Scottsville, VA
Richard and Linda Omohundro.....	Columbus, OH
Richard "Rick" and Terry Omohundro (brothers).....	Salt Lick and Winchester, KY
Tipton Omohundro.....	Las Vegas, NV
Kitty and Karl Pelkan.....	Seattle, WA
Lucretia "Tesa" and Jerry Sorensen.....	Sisters, OR



The Texas Jack Scout



TEXAS JACK OMOHUNDRO



**Who's that standing over yonder
With the wild prairie wind in his hair
A pearl-handled Colt revolver
And a long Spanish leather bandolier?
Texas Jack Omohundro
With the heart of a lion in his breast
Under skies afire with wonder
We all know he's a legend of the West**



**He took the stage with Giuseppina
The pretty dark-eyed dancing queen
And in the night she stole his burning heart away
Their love was like the rush of spring
With all the joys that life can bring
But life itself grew shorter every day**

**Oh, he rode with Colonel Cody
And the fearless Wild Bill Hickok was his friend
And they shared an understanding
Only warriors of the plains will comprehend
Texas Jack Omohundro
Showed no fear if you put him to the test
Through the danger he will wander
We all know he's a legend of the West.**

(N. Tween 2014)

This song was sung, with guitar, by our guest entertainer at the Roundup. Before we heard the song, an email from Mr. Tween was read describing how he came to learn about Texas Jack. The audience, after hearing the email and the song, was very impressed that Mr. Tween would take it upon himself to learn about Texas Jack and write a song about him for us. They each received a copy of these lyrics.



The Texas Jack Scout

2014 Texas Jack Association Business Meeting Minutes

The 2014 *Texas Jack Association* business meeting was called to order by President Randy Golladay on Saturday June 28, 2014 at 10:10 am. There were 25 people present.

Randy thanked his wife Mary for the hundreds of hours of planning and putting together the Roundup.

Minutes were read from the 2012 business meeting. It was noted that the minutes said "...read from the 2012 business..." 2012 should be changed to 2010. Motion was made by Rand McKinney that the minutes be accepted as amended. 2nd by O.P. Harwood and Mary Golladay. Motion passed.

It was suggested that the minutes be put on the website.

Rick Omohundro gave the 2014 Treasurer's report:

When Rick became Treasurer, Rene Tyree, past Treasurer, sent him a check for \$7058.92. He opened a new checking account at his local bank. No savings account was opened because of the very low interest rate.

Income for the two years were \$7574.74. Expenses were \$3109.18. Current balance (including Roundup receipts) is \$11,524.48.

The Roundup balance is not ready yet, but approximately—Receipts \$4300.00, Expenses \$3857.04, Balance \$442.96.

Jerry Sorenson moved that the Treasurer's report be accepted, Wesley Cleaver seconded, it was voted on and approved.

VP Mary Golladay apologized for not getting the membership cards, etc. mailed because she has been working on the Roundup.

Old Business

Regarding Silas Omohundro's headstone—Edna Nees and Rick have collected a total of \$435 out of the \$1100 needed. The proposed stone would be similar to those nearby [in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, VA]. The cemetery has very strict rules and many fees. When it is ready to set, Edna will let us know so we can be there. Rick has received three \$100 pledges and a \$25 pledge. Edna "passed the hat." O. P. Harwood suggested everyone put in \$20. Rand suggested TJA put up some money to pay the balance of what is needed. He moved that we use the surplus from the Roundup to pay the balance. Mary seconded and motion was approved. Donations are

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now to be sent to Rick instead of Edna. Ed. Note: No funds were needed from Roundup or TJA; all needed funds were received by private donations.

Beryl Caterson commented that she did not realize that the newspaper article that we scanned and put in the *Scout* was a tall tale and that it was to be continued in the next newspaper issue. It was a fun article, and we are glad she let us use it.

New Business

President Randy Golladay read from the bylaws the duties of the Treasurer. The floor was opened for nominations. Rand McKinney nominated Rick Omohundro. Mary Golladay seconded. Jean King moved the nominations be closed. Rick accepted the position. It was voted on and approved.

President Randy Golladay read from the bylaws the duties of the Secretary. The floor was opened for nominations. Edna nominated Peggy Greene, who thanked her and declined. Mary nominated Linda Omohundro, Rand seconded, then moved the nominations be closed. Linda accepted the position. It was voted on and approved.

President Randy Golladay read from the bylaws the duties of the Vice President/President Elect and of the President. The VP also takes care of all Membership duties. Mary commented on the cost of postage for all the renewal letters and others that need to be sent. Peggy suggested using email, except that many of our members do not use email. Kitty Pelkan commented that there has been much confusion in the past with moneys being sent to various people for various purposes. Rick said that he and Mary have worked it out, and it is now a simplified, smooth operation.

The floor was opened for nominations. Terry Omohundro nominated Carole Brown. Peggy seconded, Rick moved the nominations be closed, Linda seconded. Carole accepted the position of VP. It was voted on and approved.

Per bylaws, Mary is automatically President. She was reluctant at first, but with much encouragement, she accepted. Rand reminded her that if she is unable to fulfill her duties, the VP will take over.

Randy closed the election of officers.

2016 Roundup

Peggy and Mark Greene offered to plan the next Roundup. Linda suggested Kansas City, MO, partly because the health issues of Larry Tyree, who lives near Kansas City, have prevented him from traveling to the Roundups. Peggy and Linda read lists of the perks of KC, partly supplied by Larry. Larry and Rene would help the Greenes in planning. Mark said that there is so much history in the KC area and all the western heroes have been there. Also it is in the center of the

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country, thereby more accessible to all. Rand moved that the Roundup be in Kansas City, Wesley Cleaver seconded. It was voted on and accepted.

Regarding the date, the weekend before the 4th of July holiday is best because it coincides with the anniversary of Texas Jack's death on June 30, 1880, and the weather is not as hot as later. The date will be June 22-25, with the weekend earlier as backup. Rand closed the nominations for the location of the 2016 Roundup.

Guest Editors:

November 2014 Aaron Poff (Ed. Note: Aaron has stated that he will need a later time because of conflicts. John and Susan Omohundro have offered to take this issue.)

March 2015 Rand McKinney

July 2015 Tipton Omohundro

November 2015 Mike and Jean King

March 2016 Mark and Peggy Greene

July 2016 Linda Omohundro

Mark Greene nominated his parents Dennis and Julie Greene to be Honorary Members. Kitty seconded. They were instrumental in forming the Texas Jack Association and were at the first meeting in Cody, WY, in 1980. Mark then gave the history of their involvement and contributions to the TJA. Rand added that he has been in the TJA since the first meeting and praised Dennis and Julie for all they did for us in the early days. They also helped Texas Jack be inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame and contributed much of their own funds toward growing the TJA. It was voted on and the motion carried.

Jean asked about the other honorary members. Kitty gave a brief history of each. Linda commented that in the *Scout*, the ones who have passed away are separated from those still with us. Dorothea Whalon suggested that Malvern Hill be recognized and his story written up. Any takers?? O.P. Harwood said that amazon.com will sell a brand new copy of the *Omohundro Genealogy* for \$100 or more.

Carole thanked us for nominating her and suggested that members have a choice of receiving the *Scout* by email in pdf format instead of a paper copy. The choice can be put in the *Scout* and in renewal letters informing members of how to request the emailed version.

Marshall Brown stated that he would like to moderate the TJA Facebook page. Tipton said we do not need to have Texas Jack as a person on Facebook like Buffalo Bill and others do. Texas Jack also has a Twitter account that is not very active.

The Texas Jack Scout

Many people are still getting *Scouts* that have not paid their dues in a while. Tipton made the motion that we no longer send *Scouts* to people that have not paid their membership dues for 12+ months, except for hardship cases at the discretion of the President. Extra *Scouts* may be sent to members renewing late or whose membership has lapsed. Linda has all the pdf copies since September 2005. Jerry Sorenson suggested that Mary send letters to those with lapsed membership asking them to let her know if they are still interested. This will also be put in the *Scout*.

Rand wants us to send him photos and items to put on the website.

Rick stated that we have been able to pay dues by filling out a form at Formsite after which PayPal pays him. There is a link on the website to Formsite. This cost TJA \$100 a year. Only 10 people have used it in two years. Rand moved to abolish using Formsite, Tipton seconded, we voted and it was passed. We can still use PayPal to buy merchandise, pay dues, and register for Roundups on the website. Rand will make sure it works. Wesley will assist.

The license tax paid to Wyoming Secretary of State each year has been traditionally paid by the President. The 2013 tax was not paid on time and Rick was contacted, so he paid it. Then Randy paid it about the same time. They are trying to find out if we have been credited for the double payment. It was decided that the Treasurer should pay it from now on.

There being no further business, Randy moved the meeting be adjourned with second by Mary. The meeting was adjourned at 12:10 pm.

Respectfully submitted,

Linda Omohundro

Secretary, TJA

Summary of Important Updates Regarding *The Texas Jack Scout*

- *Scouts* will no longer be mailed to people that have not paid their membership dues for 12+ months, except for hardship cases at the discretion of the President.
- Extra *Scouts* may be sent to members renewing late or whose membership has lapsed.
- Mary Golladay will send letters to those with lapsed membership asking them to let her know if they are still interested.
- In the near future members will have a choice of receiving the *Scout* by email in pdf format instead of a paper copy.



Invitation from Aaron Poff



Please be advised that all are invited to my wedding on August 16, 2014, at 11am at my home in Hamilton, Montana.

Judy and I extend our best wishes and invite all of you who may be able to attend our marriage ceremony. Judy and I were divorced 48 years ago. We both have been married since and have lost our mates. Judy and I are true soul-mates that have discovered a new-found love after losing our daughter, Angie, almost three years ago.

*All are invited and we'd love to have your presence, **but no presents!** Since we are putting together two households, there is nothing we need.*

All I ask is RVSP so I can make sure there is plenty of food and drink for all.

Aaron

Contact me at poff41@yahoo.com and I can send you my address and directions to our home.

Thank you so much, and for any who cannot make it, Judy and I will see you at the 2016 Roundup...



Ed note: By the time of publication Aaron and Judy will be happily married. As their official invitations said, "Two trails become one road." We wish them the very best.

THE COWBOY WAY...July 2010

By: Driftin' AaronG

I'm jus' an' old feller a ridin' along
Mandin' my own business an' doin' nuthin' wrong



I started out a young man with no place to go
Learned to be a cowboy an' give my spirit a chance to grow

I roped an' branded an' chased many a steer
Kept my boots in the stirrups an' rode with a happy cheer

I learned to work hard an' keep a smile upon my face
An' when things were down an' not goin' so well I'd look up to heaven an' jus' pick
up my pace

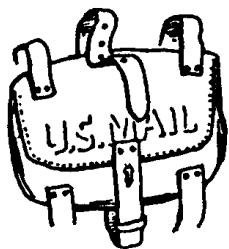
When I look back an' seen all the things I done
My chest swells up with pride 'cause I know I've won

I remember when I lost my best horse a big ol' roan
I bowed my head an' wept then looked to heaven with a mournful moan

Times were good an' times were bad
But I always jus' kept on goin' a tryin' to be glad

I been put out to pasture an' I'm now jus' ridin' along ever' day
Mandin' my own business an' doin' nuthin' wrong but still
livin' the good ol' cowboy way





FROM THE MAIL BAG

Note from Alexander Hendrie

I received a note from one of our members; Alexander Hendrie of Los Angeles, CA. His note states, "I have a feature film script that I wrote about the life and times of Texas Jack. Have been trying to get it produced for about 20 years. Would there be anyone in your membership who would be interested in discussing this project with me". Phone 323-344-9025.

Rick

IN MEMORIAM



From William Scott Goodman, 2/24/14:

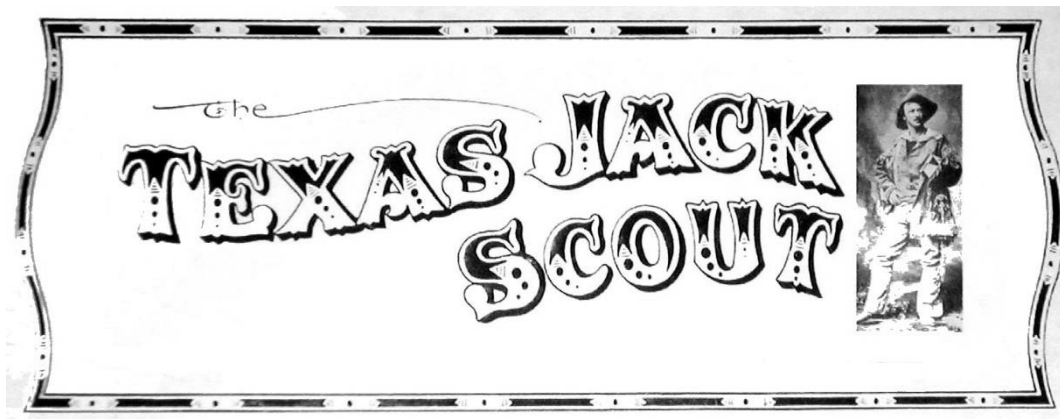


My Dad, Richard M, Goodman, died July 28, 2013. He was a longtime member of TJA. His mother was Kate Omohundro. His obituary reads: GOODMAN, Richard Nelson, died July 28, 2013 in Richmond, VA. Mr. Goodman was preceded in death by his wife, Kathryn Kirk Goodman. ... Burial took place in Culpeper National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Virginia War Memorial Education Foundation, 621 S. Belvidere St., Richmond, VA 23220.

Dick Goodman was a proud member of the crew of the *USS Birmingham* during WWII and a dedicated supporter of the Virginia War Memorial and its mission. The survivors of the *USS Birmingham* have a special connection to the Memorial. They saw not only heavy action during the war, but also a disastrous fire, only to come back and fight again. They have met annually at the Memorial since 2010. They also donated funds to establish the USS Birmingham Research Library. Their stories will live forever in the *Virginians at War* film about the *USS Birmingham*.

Virginia War Memorial-Front Line

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It was great to see many of you at the 2014 Roundup in Virginia City in July! Great scenery, great weather, great activities and great people were the ultimate recipe for a wonderful time! I particularly enjoyed the opportunity to step back in time and visit an era and a lifestyle that truly could be described as "Good Old Days". The engineering marvels, the hard work, cultures coming together, each contributing their unique customs and talents. A precursor of life in this country today as we enjoy these same influences in our world. Can you imagine the wonderment, the excitement, the enthusiasm? It certainly gives us something to look forward to.

I hope the rest of your summer has been kind. As fall approaches, may we embrace the chill in the air with warmth of laughter, good gatherings and good friends.

The Irishman in me bids you "so long" with a short verse of Blessing.

May the road rise up to meet you.

May the wind always be at your back.

May the sun shine warm upon your face,
and rains fall soft upon your fields.

And until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

Randy Golladay,
President, TJA

NEXT SCOUT ISSUE INFORMATION

The deadline for the November 2014 issue of the *Scout* is **October 15, 2014**. 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
(315) 265-8365
omohunjt@northnet.org

Thank you, John & Susan

The Early Days: an account of the founding of the Texas Jack Association

By Laura and Peggy Greene

Note: This account is based on recollections from Dennis and Julie Greene and was the basis of the speech given by Mark Greene at the Banquet from our last Round-Up in Virginia City. It seemed appropriate to recount the early days as Dennis and Julie Greene had been unanimously voted to become Honorary Members at that morning's business meeting.



Julie and Dennis Greene in Dallas, TX, 2008

“Julie will do it!”

Julie Greene's eyes widened in surprise. She turned to look at her husband Dennis Greene who had just made the unexpected proclamation. He continued, “Julie and I volunteer as President and Vice President of the Texas Jack Association”. President? Vice President? She paused a moment to let it sink in. They were both titles of great importance - and certainly of merit - but yet uncharted territory. The Texas Jack Association was at that time in its early infancy, with membership and countless sources of information still left untapped. Having died so young, Texas Jack's fame remained largely eclipsed by Buffalo Bill's - it would be no small feat investigating history books, dime store novels, museums and contacting family members to assemble the fragments of his legendary life. No maps, guidelines or plans for this research existed, it would require enormous time,

patience and perseverance. Nonetheless, she knew she was up for the challenge and in any event, the determined look on Dennis's face quickly dispelled any notion that the Presidency and Vice Presidency would be better suited to anyone else.

Well then, there was only one option - to hit the ground running which could, when bearing in mind the birth of the Texas Jack Association, be considered its unofficial mantra. For everything had started in 1980, when Frank Sullivan made an exciting connection and had the great foresight to run with it. A well regarded attorney and Irish history buff, Frank Sullivan found himself pouring through books written by the Earl of Dunraven detailing his adventures in America's great western frontier in the late 1800's with Texas Jack Omohundro as his scout. With Texas Jack fresh in his mind, Frank attended an S.A.R (Sons of the American Revolution) convention that year and met M.H. Omohundro, whose name he immediately recognized. Thinking he was probably going out on a limb, he asked M.H. if he had heard of “Texas Jack Omohundro”. M.H. responded that he had, and that Texas Jack Omohundro was his half uncle. Marveling at their great fortune in having crossed paths, Frank and M.H. decided to organize a meeting with any interested Omohundro family members along with fellow Wild West enthusiasts from Frank's historical society in Springfield, IL. They

The Texas Jack Scout

met shortly after in Leadville, CO where the town folk welcomed them enthusiastically, recognizing the incredible opportunity to see history come to life!

Frank sensed that he had truly hit on something special. He wasted little time in naming and incorporating the Texas Jack Association, and organized another get together in Cody, WY in 1984. Roughly 15 people attended the Cody 1984 meeting, and 12 of them met in a small conference room at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center to discuss where the Association would go from that point forward. Frank made the terrible announcement that he, sadly, had cancer, and was quite ill. He would not be able to continue the Association. Unless someone volunteered to carry on, the Texas Jack Association would be lost, having never reached its full potential, tragically like Texas Jack himself. There were several moments of nerve wracking silence. It was beginning to look like the end.

And then: “Julie will do it!” In four small words, Dennis Greene brought the association back from the brink of extinction by volunteering himself and his wife Julie Greene as President and Vice President of the Texas Jack Association. They got to work right away, and in true trailblazing Texas Jack style! Still in the “dark ages” of technology, research was substantially more difficult. There were no personal computers (at least for the Greene’s anyway) and no Google. Any and all typing would need to be done on an IBM Selectric Typewriter, not the most efficient writing tool. In addition, Dennis & Julie knew absolutely nothing about Texas Jack aside from what they had read in Julie’s grandfather’s genealogy. (*The Omohundro Genealogical Record* written by Malvern Hill Omohundro and published in 1950.) They were certainly not alone as only a handful of individuals had any knowledge

of Texas Jack whatsoever, and that did not make the task at hand any easier.

Dennis and Julie started their exploration with the book *Buckskin & Satin*, which they enthusiastically studied and garnered a great deal of information from. They discovered that the author, Herschel Logan, lived in Santa Ana, fairly close to them. Herschel agreed to sit down with them and then agreed to lend them all his film for the photographs in his books. The next step was to gather additional information about Texas Jack from interested parties, including relatives of Texas Jack. Despite his awareness of Texas Jack’s role in the history of the Wild West, M.H. Omohundro did not have much information regarding the specifics of Texas Jack’s life story. Having collected all the data they could from Herschel and M.H., Dennis and Julie contacted every western museum, publication, organization (including the Buffalo Bill Family Association) and newspapers they could locate searching for any clues that would help them reanimate the illustrious story of Texas Jack. Dennis and Julie had both realized that Texas Jack, with his dashing good looks and gallant bravery was a true star and hundreds of years after his death he is still the type of the man who not only impresses us with his physicality and character, but also captivates and inspires us. It is true he was very much a showman and a fine actor, but furthermore and more importantly he was a symbol of the courage, strength and resilience that epitomized the early American West. While reading stories and accounts from those who knew him (including Buffalo Bill) one is left with no doubt that he personified all of the timeless qualities of a hero. Once introduced to Texas Jack, who can help but find themselves curious about this larger than life King of the West?

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From the very beginning the Texas Jack Association was conceived as a historical organization open to American West enthusiasts as well as family members. The corporation was originally formed with the 503C non-profit designation which enabled tax-deductible contributions and is only available to organizations open to the public for membership. That designation must be maintained and was lost sometime during the 1990's, but due to the tireless efforts of Larry Tyree is now again in effect! Dennis and Julie were very careful to treat the association as a business and not just a family association. However, in the early days, when trying to attract members they used the list of Omohundro names and addresses garnered from the Los Angeles Public Library to use for their first mailing along with the names and addresses of personal friends and western enthusiasts. They also offered Honorary Memberships to people they felt would authenticate the validity of the Texas Jack Association and would also help to attract potential members to the fledging organization. (Their names can be found on page 2 of *The Texas Jack Scout* under Past Honorary Members).

Dennis and Julie knew the Texas Jack Association would attract members as long as they could get the word out. They decided to produce a newsletter, along with a membership card, as tangible items to provide to people who joined the Texas Jack Association. They took great pains in designing the logo, even commissioning an artist on their printer's staff to create the Texas Jack logo and *Scout* masthead that we still use today. With the logo secured, they ordered Texas Jack logo lapel pins and thin silver pens imprinted with "Texas Jack Association" to give new members. Dennis and Julie had attended the closing ceremonies of the 1984 Olympics held in Los Angeles where pins were very popular

and they knew Texas Jack Association members would welcome the custom pins. It has become a tradition and there are pins in every Roundup welcome package. Some of our members wear their collection of pins to every Roundup (Kitty Pelkan and Edna Nees immediately come to mind). The membership cards were printed on custom stationery along with "Sales" and "Welcome to the Association" letters, and a professional brochure was produced compiling the Texas Jack information they had acquired to date. The structure of the newsletter was finally completed after Julie sought out another artist to help create the art work. Julie spent many hours compiling material for the articles she wrote on her trusty Selectric for the newsletter. Once a draft was complete, it was taken to a typesetter to be set, along with some of the pictures from Herschel Logan. The first eight *Scouts* were created and produced in this manner.

Armed with marketing materials and names and addresses of potential members, Dennis and Julie printed and sent letters out to over 300 people and organizations introducing them to Texas Jack and the Texas Jack Association. Impressed with the Association's design and unique name sake, several newspapers and magazines published stories about the Texas Jack Association (the Palos Verdes paper even sent a reporter to interview Dennis and Julie!) Shortly thereafter, they received a call from a local PamAm pilot who recognized the name Omohundro and who told them about a fellow PamAm pilot, Jack Omohundro from Louisiana. Dennis and Julie hurriedly contacted Jack, who was an involved member from that point forward and later became the Association President. He was also instrumental in getting Texas Jack inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City in 1994, however that's a

The Texas Jack Scout

story for another day. Dennis and Julie were also contacted by a screenwriter who eventually wrote a screenplay about Texas Jack, however like most screenplays, it did not make it to the big screen.

Another of the early ideas was to form regional chapters of the Texas Jack Association located throughout the United States where the members would meet regularly and come together every two years for a Roundup to be held in different areas of the country with significance to Texas Jack. Dennis and Julie attempted to start the first chapter with a party at their home in Palos Verdes in 1987. A Texas Jack impersonator attended along with current and potential members. Although this idea did not catch on, the party was a great success!

In addition to fleshing out the Association's membership body (they obtained 30+ members initially) and sending out the first editions of the *Scout*, Dennis and Julie fervently sought out Texas Jack memorabilia. After Herschel's death, they purchased everything from his estate having to do with Texas Jack with the notable exclusion of Texas Jack's gun (also a story for another day). Among the names they found in Herschel's things was a Danish man, Knud Neilsen, who was an avid collector of Texas Jack Dime Novels produced in Denmark, where Texas Jack was very popular. Dennis and Julie subsequently purchased his collection of over 100 Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill Dime Novels to secure their safety and preservation. Thanks to their efforts, Dennis and Julie now have possibly the largest private Texas Jack collection in the country.

Julie also took the great initiative of contacting Nellie Yost, a noted historian and one of the original Honorary Members, who had recently written a book on Buffalo Bill, and who Julie had just seen on a morning TV show. Nellie encouraged Julie to plan another get-together in North Platte, NE, where Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack had met and from where they both scouted for the U.S. Government. Nellie said she would help with the organizing. In 1986 the plans came to fruition and the get-together was held in North Platte. During the meeting, member Angela Wyche suggested the meetings be dubbed "Roundups". Her suggestion was implemented, and she also became the next President of the Texas Jack Association. The Texas Jack Association as we know it was in full swing - with the *Scout* in circulation and the Roundups regularly scheduled.

Dennis and Julie Greene fulfilled their early promise to organize the Texas Jack Association as a business, to uncover information about Texas Jack's life, and to attract and retain members. Especially during the first two years, Dennis and Julie ensured the longevity of the Texas Jack Association through their tireless efforts to seek out information buried since the 1800's and by financing the growth of the Texas Jack Association with over \$5000 of their personal funds, resulting in the creation of the Association's hallmarks. Since then many members have contributed to make the Texas Jack Association the organization it is today, but that's how it all began 24 years ago. 🦮

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Lee's Summit, MO 64064

TO: