



Volume XXIX no. 1

[www.texasjack.org](http://www.texasjack.org)

March 2014



It's finally almost here! Presented below is the Schedule for the Best Roundup Ever!

## Texas Jack Roundup Schedule

### Wednesday, June 25, 2014

TJA Arrival in Virginia City, NV  
6-8 p.m. Social gathering at "Red Dog Saloon". Some food and drink will be provided and more food and drink available for purchase by individuals.

10:00 a.m. "Historic Fourth Ward School & Museum"

11:45 a.m. "Mackay Mansion"

1:00 p.m. Lunch at "Café del Rio"

2:30 p.m. "Virginia & Truckee Railroad Depot"

3:00 p.m. "V&T train departure"

### Thursday, June 26, 2014

Continental breakfast will be provided.  
10:00 a.m. "Mark Twain's Territorial Enterprise"  
11:00 a.m. "The Way It Was Museum"  
12:00 noon "Piper's Opera House"  
1:30 p.m. Lunch at "Comstock Café"  
3:00 p.m. "Virginia City Wild West Show"

### Saturday, June 28, 2014

Breakfast on your own  
10:00 a.m. TJA business meeting  
Lunch on your own  
Afternoon free  
6:30 p.m. "Happy Hour"  
7:00 p.m. "BBQ" with poetry reading by our own Driftn' AaronG [Poff] and local entertainment.

### Friday, June 27, 2014

Continental breakfast will be provided.

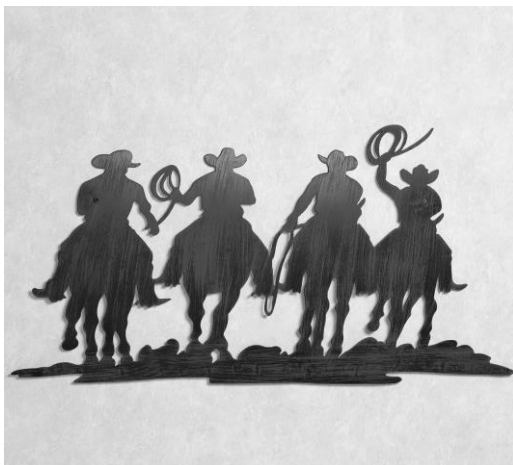
**Sunday, June 29, 2014** TJA members leave for home.

As you can see we have a busy itinerary planned, but there are still many things that you can see and do on your own! There are stage coach rides, trolley tours, carriage rides, mine tours, and many other museums available. Please refer to your November *Scout* issue for lots of ideas and examples. I hope that you can take some time each day after our planned activities to take in some of the many sights and sounds that Virginia City has to offer!

Remember that early registration is important to the planning of our tours and adventures! Also, don't forget to register with the Silverland Inn (775) 847-4484. Again, see the November *Scout* for more about our hotel. Tell them you are with the TJA to get our special room rates. Rooms must be booked and held with a valid credit card before April 24, 2014, in order to receive the discounted rate!

See you in Virginia City! June 25-29, 2014!!!

*Mary Golladay*, Vice President TJA



*The Texas Jack Scout*

Vol. XXIX, no.1

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

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

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

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Historian of the Plains

*Wyatt Earp, A Vigilante Life*, Andrew C. Isenberg, Hill and Wang, NY, 2013

Book Review by John T. Omohundro

A Man, A Myth, A Good Story



I remember U. S. Marshall Earp: the well-dressed lawman with the Buntline Special who kept the peace in Dodge City on television when I was a boy. Not surprisingly, Hugh O'Brien's character wasn't the real Wyatt Earp. But the real Earp led a life with plenty of adventure. This biography does a fine job of situating him in the real West among men and women with similar goals and attitudes.

Earp's claim to fame is that, unlike most of his pards, he claimed his fame. He worked hard in the 1920s to find a biographer who would tell his story exactly the way he wanted it told. His biographer, Stuart Lake,

relied heavily on what Wyatt told him. Lake's book, *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall* (1930), was a popular success, the basis for movies and other later myth-making. Earp's version of his life, Isenberg shows, was only loosely related to actual events, but it made him famous. He writes,

“While the Hollywood version [of Earp's image] is stubbornly, consistently duty-bound, in actuality Wyatt led a life of restlessness, inconstancy, impulsive law-breaking, and shifting identities. Beginning in his late teens, he rarely lived more than a year or two in one place. For much of his life, he was both hunter and hunted: he was a lawman in Missouri, Kansas, and Arizona; he was also a fugitive in Colorado and saw the inside of jail cells in Arkansas, Illinois, Arizona, and California. He ... struck most of the educated, genteel, religiously-minded people who knew him as a paragon of probity; he also spent most of his life working in brothels, saloons, and gambling halls. When he was not wearing a badge, he was variously a thief, brothel bouncer, professional gambler, and confidence man ...” (6).

We know many of the Western myths don't resemble the man. Recent biographies of Billy the Kid and Kit Carson demonstrate this. But Earp's real life was plenty interesting anyway, and highly informative about the attractions and challenges of the West in the late nineteenth century. And while many colorful Western characters died

## The Texas Jack Scout

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and remained unknown, Wyatt managed to secure his own fame.

Like Texas Jack, Wyatt's key to fame was "show biz" and having a popular writer portray him. That is, Wyatt's life became the lawman legend on screen and television. Similarly, Texas Jack's prairie life became the stuff of a popular stage show co-starring William "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Wyatt was mythologized in Lake's *Frontier Marshall*. Texas Jack was mythologized in Buntline's dime novels and portrayed favorably in Dunraven's *The Great Divide*.

### Like Father, Like Son

Born in 1848, two years after Texas Jack Omohundro, young Wyatt moved from Kentucky with his parents and brothers to Illinois, then back to Kentucky, then back to Illinois. After the Civil War, the family moved to southern California. His father and older brothers did some whiskey dealing and "booty politicking," which means they'd acquire cop and justice of the peace jobs and live off fees and fines. As Wyatt would become, his father and brothers were "transient, conflictual, self-inventing" fellows from the Kentucky hills, a trait that another historian, David Hackett Fischer, in *Albion's Seed* traces back to the Scottish borderlands of their immigrant ancestors.

As a young man, Wyatt worked as a bordello bouncer for a while in Peoria, Illinois. Predictably, he was arrested and fined several times for gambling and associating with prostitutes. He also was apprehended for horse theft in Oklahoma; facing a prison term, he and fellow prisoners escaped. Did he perpetrate theft? Maybe, but Western lawmen made money by collecting fees on specious arrests, so he may have been a target. His father and brothers tried to make a living by exploiting the immature

justice system in the west, and Wyatt sought that lifestyle, too, becoming a colorful and controversial character in the process, but none of the Earps were otherwise thieves.

About 1872, just as Texas Jack was beginning his stage career, Wyatt put his wayward youth behind him and took up his wayward adulthood. His lifestyle would be characterized by "an attraction to the underworld of petty crime, an impulse to seize opportunities regardless of the legal consequences, and a disposition to flee when his situation became untenable." By 1872 he set a pattern of leaving town, reinventing himself, and trying again. This was possible in western America because it was still mostly a loosely-linked mass of "island communities." The publicity machine that grew up during the Wild West show era didn't yet exist.

### A Career in Law, and Out

In Wichita Kansas, after participating in a successful posse, Wyatt discovered that being on the side of the law could win a fellow social stature. He was tall, good-looking, excellent at fisticuffs, handy with a gun, and a teetotaler, so the good citizens might trust him to keep the rowdy cowboys in line. Homicide was actually rare in booming cow towns, breaking out primarily among gamblers, cops, and cowboys due to the western male "honor culture," a Southern cultural tradition that traveled west with many of the pioneers.

Fired in Wichita for pummeling a political rival, Wyatt showed up in Dodge City in 1876, having joined the police force. Dodge was a rougher town and Wyatt gained respect for his willingness to face up to troublemakers. The merchants and cattle dealers in town appreciated his efforts to keep the peace so they could enjoy the

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town's growing prosperity as the biggest cattle depot. But Wyatt and his fellow cops had more in common with the population they policed than they did with the population they protected.

Besides policing, Wyatt continued his professional gambler's career, especially by dealing faro, the most popular Western card game, which usually involved some dishonesty to be profitable. Gambling, an important part of antebellum Southern gentleman's culture, became a central element of Western masculinity also, and a distorted reflection of American capitalism in the cow towns.

Wyatt was a lawman in summer and fall, and in the winter he traveled the gambling circuit of the southern plains. On this circuit he met his closest friend, the small, tubercular, alcoholic "Doc" Holliday, a well-educated Philadelphian who came west for his health and drifted into gambling and his own share of mythic fame.

In 1879, hearing of the silver strike in Tombstone, Arizona, Wyatt resigned his post and moved there, joining up with his four brothers in hopes of resuming their old "booty politics" careers. He also continued dealing faro.

### That Famous Corral

Older brother Virgil became Tombstone's deputy U. S. marshal, also chief of city police, and Wyatt was his deputy in these posts. Some of the dramatic achievements he later told his biographers either didn't happen or were done by Virgil, but Wyatt was helpful in posses chasing stage robbers, rustlers, and renegade Apaches.

By 1880, the year Texas Jack died of pneumonia in Colorado, Wyatt was out of office as a lawman, having resigned in a

political maneuver that backfired.

His most famous action in Tombstone was the gunfight at OK Corral in 1881. Wyatt, brothers Virgil and Morgan, and Doc Holliday shot it out with two McLauri brothers and two Clanton brothers. Three of Wyatt's opponents died. Isenberg's book conducts a careful analysis of events leading up to the shootout and a slow-motion review of the fight. In short, it was an honor duel after a failed effort to collaborate with the Clantons in arresting some fellow cowpokes who were rustling cattle. Wyatt had worked the deal to improve his political prospects for election as county sheriff, and it went badly awry.

Exonerated in court, the Earps continued to feud with the McLaurys and Clantons, with guns and lawyers, for a couple more years. Virgil was nearly murdered, and Morgan was killed. Wyatt assembled a vigilante posse and tracked down and shot some of the perpetrators. By 1882, when Wyatt left Tombstone, public opinion there was deeply divided as to whether his clique was justified or not in the brawl.

A footnote: one of Wyatt's vigilantes was a John "Texas Jack" Vermillion, a gambler and Confederate veteran. Also, "Big Tip" (Dan Tipton from Tombstone) made me smile, because my brother's name is Tipton.

### Faro, Fillies, Fighters

The good citizens of Tombstone had had enough vigilante justice, so Wyatt and his gang shifted to Gunnison, Colorado, where silver had been discovered. They set up dealing faro there and used their muscle to protect their gambling territory. Wyatt also opened a saloon in Aspen, Colorado in 1885, and then, in an infant San Diego, California, he bought real estate and created gambling establishments in the waterfront

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district.

By this time, in his late thirties, Wyatt had formed a permanent relationship with a woman, Josephine “Sadie” Marcus, whom he met in Tombstone. He had been married briefly at age 22, but his wife Urilla died within a year of a fever. Until he partnered with Josephine in what was probably a common law marriage, which was very common in the West, Wyatt had a series of briefer relationships with women who worked in the brothels.

In addition to faro, Wyatt discovered boxing and horses as new gambling opportunities. In the late nineteenth century, both types of contests could be rigged, and he worked those angles. He collected and raced horses in southern California until the ‘90s, when his investments in San Diego collapsed and he left town again.

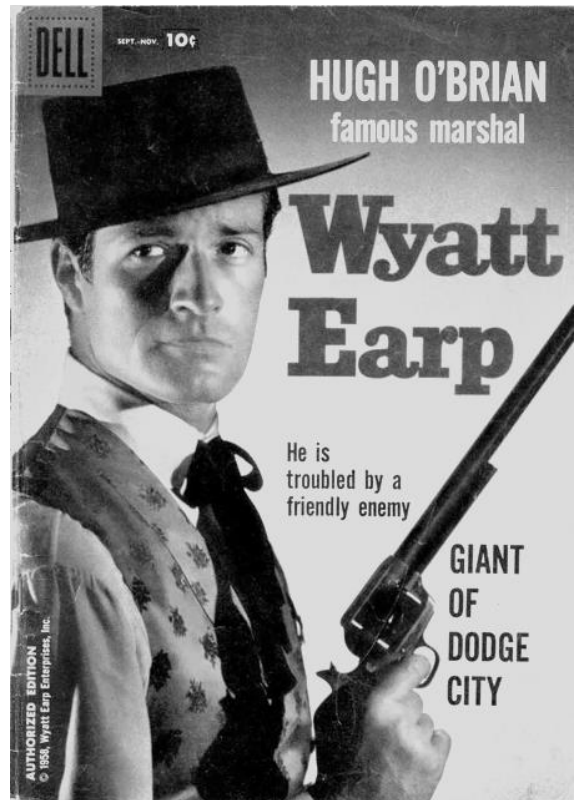
Wyatt next appeared in San Francisco, where in 1896 he agreed to referee a boxing match for the heavyweight title, earning a fee that would pay his debts. The fee was good because he was asked to call the bout for “Sharkey,” who was being trounced through eight rounds by Fitzsimmons.

Wyatt’s problem was that by the end of the century, it was no longer possible to outrun one’s reputation in one town by hightailing it to another. The rigged match led to his troubles in Tombstone and elsewhere coming to light again, so he and Josephine practically went underground, managing saloons in Alaska and Nevada and doing a little mining in the desert in tiny Yuma, California. He worked as a security guard in Death Valley, and continued dealing faro, which got him arrested a few more times. His brother Warren was shot and killed in an Arizona saloon in 1900. Doc Holliday had succumbed to tuberculosis in 1887, and

brother Virgil died of pneumonia in 1905.

### Hollywood Reels

Wyatt thus became the last survivor of the OK Corral gunfight. His longevity greatly helped his reputation, because in his old age he made a connection to the infant movie industry, which was eager for stories of the Old West, regardless of their accuracy, to feed the entertainment machine.

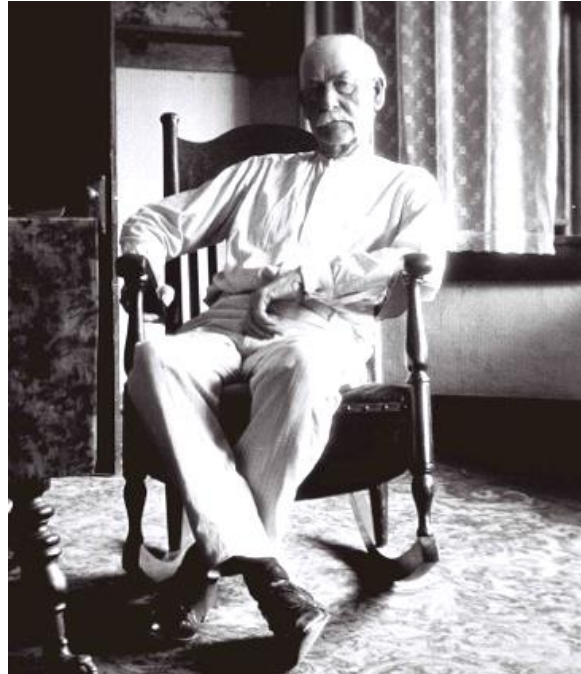


In 1902 Wyatt read Owen Wister’s *The Virginian*, and the book appears to have had quite an effect on him. This was the way he wanted to spin his own tale. He moved to Los Angeles in the ‘teens and befriended writers and directors in the young movie industry. William Hart and Tom Mix, both well-known cowboy stars, were his acquaintances. His first biographer was Forrestine Hooker, but her manuscript wasn’t heroic enough for Wyatt so he

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refused publication. Next was John Flood, but Flood's massive and adoring volume could find no publisher of its purple prose. Walter Noble Burns, the author of a biography of Billy the Kid, worked with Wyatt next. He published a very flattering biography presenting Earp as a paragon of muscular Christianity. But Wyatt never liked the book, preferring to spin his life his own way. Frank Lockwood wrote of him in 1926, but he saw Earp as violent and morally shady.

Stuart Lake was Wyatt's biographer to hit the big time. He adored Earp and his book, *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall*, borrowed heavily from Hooker, Flood, and Burns, but gave it all Wyatt's spin. Lake even invented the story of Ned Buntline (of "Scouts of the Prairie" fame) giving a special long-barreled revolver to Earp. In fact, Earp never had such a gun, which wasn't so named until the TV show was on the air in 1957. Wyatt died in 1929, at age 81, one year before *Frontier Marshall* was published, so he missed its popular success. Besides the TV show, numerous films were made that included Earp and his adventures, such as the gunfight at OK Corral, and most drew from Lake's book. Lake was an advisor to the TV show.



So Wyatt was successful in the end. Although he died poor and failed at most of his enterprises except surviving as a gambler in the Wild West (no small feat!), he did manage to generate his legacy, a big western story meant to uphold certain American values and inspire little boys like me. Many interesting characters from the frontier died without their story being told. Texas Jack, even though he was a good publicist, would be much better known had he lived as long as Wyatt. Wyatt's achievement makes him special. 🦮

### ***Reminder:***

At the 2012 Roundup we learned that Silas Omohundro, an ancestor of many of us, does not have a headstone. He is buried in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, VA. We decided at the business meeting to take up donations to buy him a stone. Edna Nees has informed us that only a third of the amount needed has been collected. Ole Silas is lying there totally unknown. He really needs his headstone with his name on it. Please give whatever you can. Mail it to:

**Edna Nees, 213 Coles Rolling Road, Scottsville, VA 24590**



**Texas Jack Association**  
**2014 ROUNDUP**  
**REGISTRATION & MEMBERSHIP FORMS**  
**June 25-28, 2014      Virginia City, NV**

(Roundup participants should make their own Hotel reservations by April 15, 2014)

\_\_\_\_ Adult(s) @ \$150.00/person = \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Student(s) (13 yrs to college) @ \$130.00/person = \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Children (5 yrs to 12) @ \$85.00/person = \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ Children (4 and under) free

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

**\* Please print first and last names of all who will be attending so name tags can be made:**

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

*The Texas Jack Scout*



**MEMBERSHIP**

**\*NOTE:** All attendees must be current members of the TJA. If you are not a current member, please fill out the following:

\_\_\_\_\_ Individual Memberships in Texas Jack Association @ \$25/person = \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Family Memberships in Texas Jack Association @ \$40/family = \_\_\_\_\_

Names on membership:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Junior memberships (under 18) in Texas Jack Association @ \$10/person = \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Senior membership in Texas Jack Association @ \$20/person = \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose a check payable to: **Texas Jack Association** for: TOTAL = \_\_\_\_\_

*Please send completed forms and check to:*

**Rick Omohundro, Treasurer TJA**  
**PO Box 91**  
**Salt Lick, KY 40371**

## Transportation

### Airports:

#### Carson City Airport

14 miles to Virginia City  
<http://flycarsoncity.com/>

#### Reno-Tahoe International Airport

22 miles to Virginia City  
<http://www.renoairport.com/>



702-505-8888  
[www.allegiantair.com](http://www.allegiantair.com)



800-435-9792  
[www.southwest.com](http://www.southwest.com)



800-433-7300  
[www.aa.com](http://www.aa.com)



800-241-6522  
[www.united.com](http://www.united.com)



800-221-1212  
[www.delta.com](http://www.delta.com)



800-428-4322  
[www.usairways.com](http://www.usairways.com)



## CAR RENTALS

### Both airports:

**Avis**—Local #: 775-841-6758, Toll Free #: 1-800-230-4898  
**Enterprise**—Local #: 775-883-7788, Toll Free #: 1-800-261-7331  
**Hertz**—Local #: 775-841-8002, Toll Free #: 1-800-654-3131

### Also at Reno:

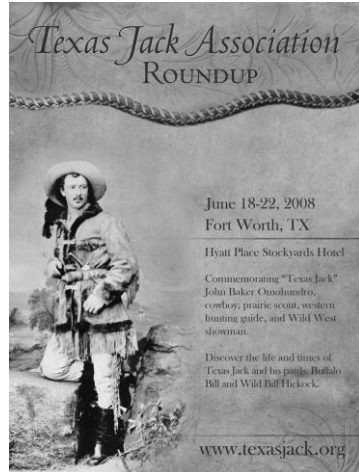
**Budget**—800-527-0700  
**Dollar**—800-800-3665  
**National**—877-222-9058  
**Thrifty**—800-847-4389



# TEXAS JACK GEAR FOR THE ROUNDUP



Posters \$15



2010 Roundup Poster Only \$5



tan ball caps



travel mugs - \$15



ceramic coffee mugs - \$15



Cream Sweatshirts - XXL, XL \$20  
Cream T-shirts - Small - \$15

White short sleeve polo  
XXL, XL, L - \$20



\*Prices do not include shipping.

Please make check payable to **The Texas Jack Association** and mail to:

**Mary Golladay**  
93 Coles Rolling Road  
Scottsville, VA 24590

**ME AN' OLD PAINT**...October 2007

By: Driftin' AaronG

Me an' Old Paint, we're two of a kind  
Born different from all the rest, we're not blind  
We rode 'cross the prairie and over ever' hill  
To find our direction we couldn't remain still

It was so long ago that we both rode away  
To be driftin' never wishing to stay

To find our path that we knew awaited us at ever' turn  
Trying to keep a smile while watching our camp fire burn  
It's been a long ol' road ever' where we been  
Wondrin' all this time if we still had any kin

The years have come an' gone, an' we're still on the trail  
Jus' me an' Ol' Paint ridin' over ever' hill an' dale

We both been happy an' sad, but it's all been fun  
Always travelin' together in all the rain and sun

We both feel a little old an' gray now, but I've made myself a bet  
To travel just one more day 'til we reach our last remembered sunset





For those of you living near or above the Mason Dixon line, have you had just about enough winter yet? Has the cold, the wet, the windy, the icy environment filled you with a yearning for temperatures above 60 degrees? I have been searching diligently for Punxsutawney Phil (my grandpa said groundhog was a delicacy) since he dared show his face that fateful February 2<sup>nd</sup>. While we Virginians had experienced a much colder than normal winter, the remaining six weeks (according to Phil) are wreaking havoc on our heating systems, school schedules and road budgets. The snow and ice continue to sneak up on us leaving grumbling adults and joyfully shrieking children in its wake.

Apparently having too much time on my hands has allowed my mind to wander. What did the Civil War soldiers do during the winters? How did they survive? Over 600,000 men died during the Civil War. Only about 20% of them actually perished on the battlefield. Did they freeze to death, starve to death or perish in an icy grave trying to cross rivers and lakes? I imagined them fighting fiercely throughout heavy blizzards and snow squalls. I pictured *Texas Jack* trudging through the waist high drifts and wrestling cannons uphill and down. Doing whatever it took to survive and advance the cause of the Confederacy. In my brief research of winter encounters and encampments during the Civil War, I found a couple of things that surprised me.

First, the war sort of took the winter off. The armies retreated to areas familiar, parts of the territory that offered sanctuary and sustenance. Cabins were built, wounds were healed and stories were told. Both sides eagerly awaited the dawn of Springtime. Many soldiers brought their families to live with them. It was time for renewal of body and spirit. The fighting would resume soon enough.

Secondly, remember I said the war *sort of* took the winter off? There were in fact four encounters during the winters of 1862, 1863 and 1864 that are briefly and sketchily recorded. The battles ensued at Rappahannock Academy, at the Orange County Courthouse, at Fairfields and at Dalton, Georgia. Thousands of soldiers fought valiantly in some cases for days at the time. Casualties recorded were limited to black eyes, a few broken bones and defeated egos. The weapon of choice? The snowball!

It would seem that when boredom raged, Mother Nature complied by sending a few inches to a couple of feet of the white ammunition. It was a matter of a few minutes to an hour before troops were organized, columns formed, strategies relayed and employed. The end result? The expulsion of pent up energy, cold wet soldiers and the authorization of liquid libations to all participants. The latter strictly to ward off the pain and the cold of course!

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While I am sure the winters were harsh and difficult to endure at best, it does my heart good to think that even when conditions were tough, the comrades of *Texas Jack* were spirited enough to engage in a little recreational activity. To me, this is a great example of not letting the toil and tasks of the day get you down. It also speaks of the hope of a better day. A brighter tomorrow. The dawning of Springtime in our heart and souls. A rebirth of man and nature. Something to look forward to.

With that said, I look forward to the warmer weather approaching. I look forward to seeing God bring nature alive again. I look forward to seeing each of you in Virginia City so very soon. I hope you are looking forward to the *2014 Texas Jack Association Roundup* as well. If you're planning on being there, bring a snowball! It will be fun!

Give Thanks, be safe and God Bless You!

*Randy Golladay*, President  
Texas Jack Association



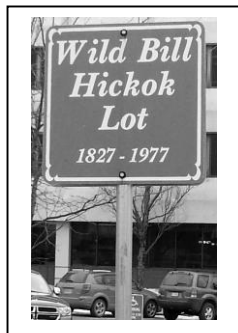
### Why Is a Parking Lot Named After 'Wild Bill' Hickok?

or

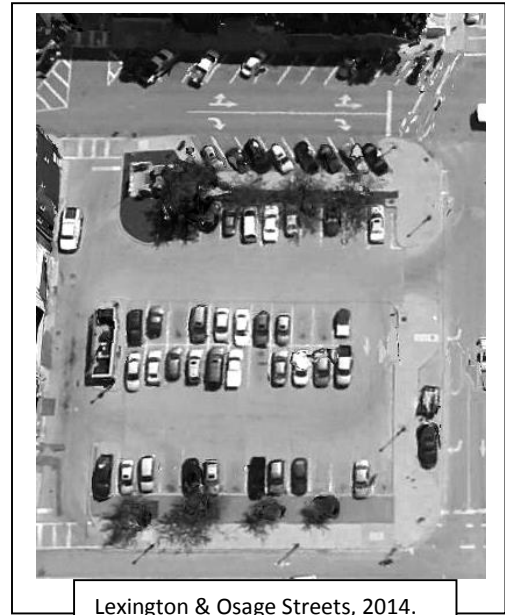
### How Wild Bill Hickok was named

By Larry Tyree

Just off of the west side of the Square in Independence, Missouri, at the intersection of Lexington and Osage streets, is a parking lot bearing the name "Wild Bill Hickock Lot". I have driven by that lot and parked on it for many years. One day I noticed a small sign with the designation on it. At first I was surprised that I had never known about it previously. Then my curiosity got the best of me, and I began to wonder why this innocuous parking lot bore the name of a famous lawman and gunman of notoriety.



I decided to try to keep my senses open to clues and possible historical notes. I wandered through various shops who maintain frontier information for tourists. I looked for maps, and books, and any newspaper reproductions that may exist. It is well known that Independence was a launching point for the various major trails west. These include the Santa Fe, California, and Oregon trails. As such, for a long time, most persons going west



Lexington & Osage Streets, 2014.

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stopped for provisions before the long trek through the plains. A few reproduction prints of maps of the time period are to be found.

An early assumption of mine was that perhaps a newspaper would mention that Wild Bill was passing through town on his way to meet up with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack for the stage out East. I also considered his return back to the West when he parted ways with the "Scouts of the Prairie" stage production. I looked through many microfilm records of 1870s newspapers in Kansas City hoping to find a mention of Wild Bill. A few mentions of him in Denver and Cheyenne in 1873 and 1876, respectively, were all that I found.

### Variation # 1

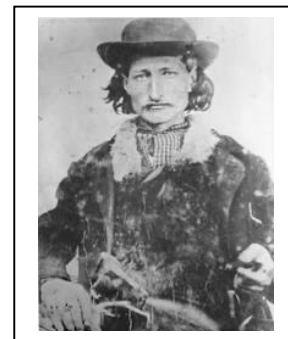
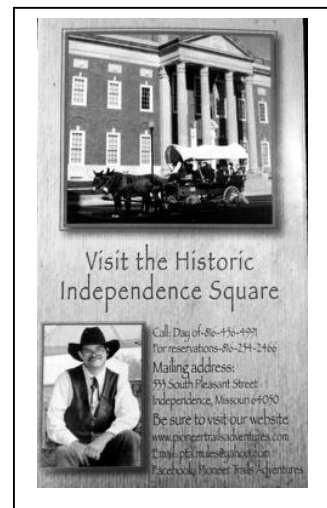
Pioneer Trails Adventures provides rides in an old-tyme horse-drawn covered wagon, with a historical raconteur providing interesting facts about the early days of Independence. I approached the history buff and asked if he knew of a story behind the naming of the parking lot. Here is the tale he related...

*"In old Independence, the south side of Lexington Street, roughly in the location of a present-day modern Professional Building, was the site of a saloon. The year was 1862. One day, a cowboy who had imbibed too many drinks was causing trouble. The bartender, unable to quiet him, resorted to pulling out his shotgun to encourage the man to depart. Instead, the cowboy went for his pistol, and was killed by the barkeep.*

*There had been many who saw the exchange and supported the bartender's innocence. However, the family of the cowboy took issue against the outcome and made it known that they were going to come for him to hang him. Knowing that Wild Bill Hickok was in Kansas City at the time, the bartender sent for the famous man to see if he could step in to assist.*

*On a Saturday afternoon, a lone figure sat outside on the porch to the saloon as a mob of family and friends of the deceased cowboy came up to lynch the bartender. In a loud voice, the man said "Aint no hanging going to happen". Voices in the crowd prodded: And who do you think you are? About that point, a barmaid stuck her head outside of a window saying: 'You tell 'em Wild Bill!' This was enough to disperse the crowd."*

(Story from Ralph Goldsmith, Pioneer Trails Adventures).



Wild Bill ca. 1863

## ***The Texas Jack Scout***

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Because of that story, and in order to commemorate the event, the parking lot bears the name of Wild Bill Hickok. See also the historical note at the end of this article.

There are a number of variations of the story however. Some of them claim to be the first time that the moniker "Wild Bill" stuck with Hickok

### **Variation # 2**

"Some people attribute the sobriquet to an early 1862 incident in Independence, Mo. He and his brother Lorenzo apparently helped stop a lynch mob, and a woman called one or both of them 'Wild'. Or it might have been just J.B. Hickok stopping an angry mob outside an Independence saloon and a woman subsequently saying, "Good for you, Wild Bill."

From: [Western.Freeservers.com](http://Western.Freeservers.com)

### **Variation # 3**

The year is now 1861 and Hickok, recovered from his injuries, joined the horror known as the Civil War. After the Rock Creek incident Hickok went to Leavenworth, Kansas, and enlisted in the Union Army. He enlisted as a civilian scout. He took part in the battle of "Wilson Creek" in Missouri. The Union side lost this battle, and their commander was killed. In a letter to his brother, Hickok admitted that this was the first time, under fire, that he was scared. Although the historical records are scarce, they do exist and incidents of Hickok's bravery are numerous during his



war duty. By 1862 he was made the "chief wagon master" in his unit. During this period of time an incident occurred that, it is claimed resulted in the "Wild Bill" sobriquet. While wandering around the town of Independence, Missouri, Hickok noticed a large crowd gathered outside a saloon. Apparently, a local bartender had bested a group of local toughs in a fight. Friends of the beaten toughs now wanted to even the score and had attracted a large crowd of sympathizers. According to the story, Hickok placed himself between the crowd and their intended victim. He then drew his revolvers, fired over the heads of the mob, and stated he would shoot the first man to move. The entire mob instantly suffered from an inability to move forward, and gradually the crowd dispersed. At the conclusion of the incident a woman's voice was heard to shout, "Good for you Wild Bill"! --By John P. Richard (Adapted from Joseph G. Rosa's book *They called him Wild Bill, the Life and adventures of James Butler Hickok*)... From: Kansas Heritage.org website.

### **Variation # 4**

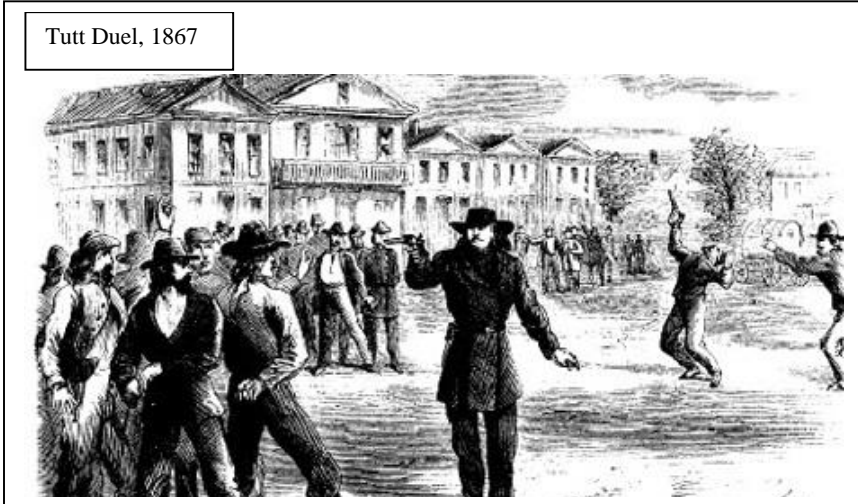
During his stay in Independence a bartender friend, who had killed a drunken teamster, asked Hickok for protection. When several of the dead man's friends entered the saloon, Hickok drew his revolver and pointed it at the crowd: "Leave or there will be more dead men around here than the town can bury," Hickok warned them. The teamsters hesitated. They could have rushed him but the cold eyes of the man behind the gun never wavered. And, of course, they had heard the story of Rock Creek. After a few jeers and curses they turned away. A large crowd

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had gathered to silently watch the outcome of what had looked to be a lynching party. When Hickok holstered his gun a woman called out: "Good for you, Wild Bill."

From: Lissa Larer, Lady Belle's Outlaw Hideout website

Tutt Duel, 1867



### Variation # 5

Hickok moved on again, landing in Sedalia, Missouri, where he signed on with the Union Army as a wagon master and scout on October 30, 1861. The military records of his service give very little information regarding his services, but we do know that Hickok received the

nickname "Wild Bill" while he was serving in the Union Army. As the story goes, he was in Independence, Missouri, when he encountered a drunken mob with intentions of hanging a bartender who had shot a hoodlum in a brawl. Hickok fired two shots over the heads of the men, staring them down with an angry glare until the mob dispersed. A grateful woman was allegedly heard to shout from the sidelines, "Good for you, Wild Bill!"

<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/we-billhickok.html>

From: [Legends of America, Famous Lawmen](#)

Obviously there are many aspects of the story that are quite similar, but some of the variations, too, while interesting, are different. One can see that the majority of accounts seem to settle around the following basic facts which run a common thread in them all:

- ◆ The event happened outside of a saloon.
- ♠ A group of people were intent on lynching a local bartender.
- ♣ Wild Bill was present to stop a hanging.
- ♥ Someone yelled out "Wild Bill" in what may have been the first use of the moniker.

### Sources:

Wyeth Drawing, and 1863 tintype from [en.wikipedia.org](http://en.wikipedia.org)

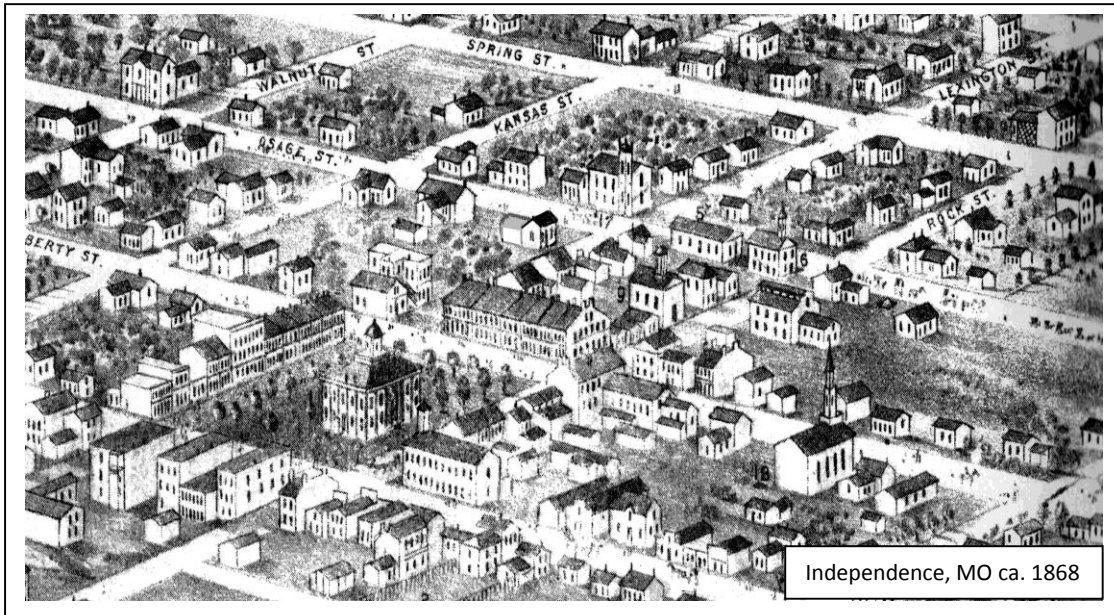
Bird's Eye Map of Independence, Missouri, ca. 1868, from Jackson County Historical Society

Tutt Duel Drawing, 1867 from [Findingdulcinea.com](http://Findingdulcinea.com)

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### \* Historical Note:

Records from the 1867 Missouri State Gazetteer lists a saloon run by a J.F. Hitchcock near Depot, the first railroad west of the Mississippi. The location of that depot and saloon are on exactly the opposite side of the modern day parking lot on the north side of the lot-- in the 200 block of West Rock (now West Maple) where Dave's Deli is today. So, the likely location was at the intersection of Osage and Rock Street. And, interestingly, directly across the street from the probable saloon is an Engine House (#6) and Market House (#5), where teamsters would drive goods in their wagons. 🗡️



### **NEXT SCOUT ISSUE INFORMATION**

The deadline for the November 2013 issue of the *Scout* is **July 15, 2014**. Please send ideas and materials to our Guest Editor:

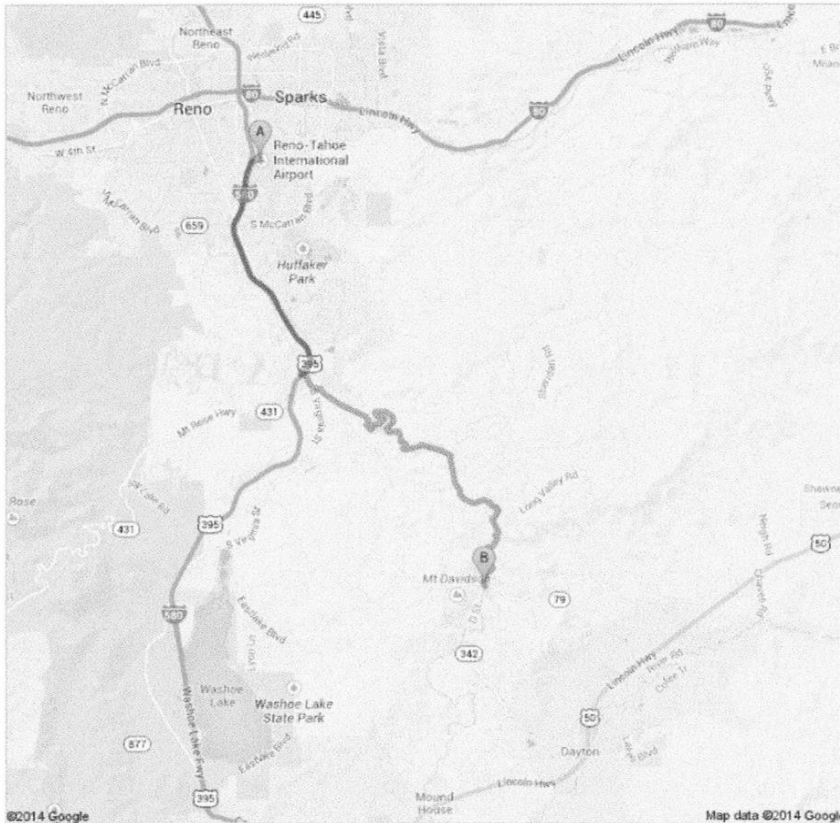
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*Thank you, Kitty*

# The Texas Jack Scout

Google

Directions to Silverland Inn & Suites  
100 N E St, Virginia City, NV 89521  
22.4 mi – about 34 mins



Here are a map and directions if you need them to get from the Reno airport to the Silverland Inn in Virginia City.

The directions are easy to find with Google. Just type Reno Airport, Click on the map, On the left click directions, Type in Silverland Inn.

We really hope to see all of you there. Mary Golladay and others have worked very hard to make this the best Roundup ever!

**A** Reno-Tahoe International Airport  
2001 E Plumb Ln, Reno, NV 89502

1. Head north  
About 1 min go 0.4 mi  
total 0.4 mi
2. Take the 1st right onto East Plumb Lane  
About 1 min go 0.2 mi  
total 0.6 mi
3. Turn left at Matley Ln go 52 ft  
total 0.6 mi
4. Turn right to merge onto I-580 S  
About 7 mins go 7.5 mi  
total 8.1 mi
5. Take exit 57B for Old U.S. 395 S toward Virginia City/Carson City/So Lake Tahoe go 0.5 mi  
total 8.6 mi
6. Slight right onto S Virginia St go 0.5 mi  
total 9.0 mi
7. Keep left to stay on S Virginia St go 400 ft  
total 9.1 mi
8. Take the 1st left onto NV-341 E/Geiger Grade Rd go 0.2 mi  
total 9.3 mi
9. At the traffic circle, continue straight onto NV-341/Geiger Grade Rd  
Continue to follow NV-341  
About 20 mins go 13.0 mi  
total 22.3 mi
10. Turn left onto State Rte 79/Mill St  
About 57 secs go 164 ft  
total 22.3 mi
11. Turn right onto D St go 43 ft  
total 22.4 mi
12. Take the 1st left onto E St  
Destination will be on the left go 469 ft  
total 22.4 mi

**B** Silverland Inn & Suites  
100 N E St, Virginia City, NV 89521

**The Texas Jack Scout**



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**The Texas Jack Scout**

*The Texas Jack Scout*  
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**TO:**