



Volume XL no. 1

www.texasjack.org

March 2025



As part of the acknowledgement of this being the 40th anniversary of *The Texas Jack Scout*, we went back to the first issue and found that a part of this article by Texas Jack himself was in that edition. Our vice-president and celebrated author Matthew Kerns has allowed us to reprint the entire article that he had recovered. Thank you, Matthew! - RAO, President

Matthew Kerns Apr 23, 2021
<https://www.dimelibrary.com/post/the-cowboy-1>

The Cow-boy

From The Spirit of the Times, March 24, 1877. Written by Texas Jack, this piece was included in the show programs for Buffalo Bill's Wild West as an introduction to the cowboy.

The cow-boy! How often spoken of, how falsely imagined, how greatly despised (where not known), how little understood? I've been there considerable. How sneeringly referred to, and how little appreciated, though a title gained only by the possession of many of the noblest qualities that go to form the more admired, romantic hero of the poet, novelist, and historian:

continued on page 3

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

from the Editor's Desk...



It is a pleasure to present to you another thrilling issue of *The Texas Jack Scout*. As always, it brings to mind the historic, exciting, romantic days of yore. To counterbalance, you will also find the real lives of some of our historic heroes, knaves, and everyday folk.

This issue includes a chapter that covers Wild West History regarding the events that led to the Custer Massacre. Buffalo Bill's life was intertwined with the 5th Cavalry over time and he brings a unique perspective on what occurred prior to, and after the massacre. This brings us insight into the life and times of Cody, history at the time, and the world in which Texas Jack also lived. I know that you will find it intriguing!

An issue of the *Scout* does not just throw itself together. As we celebrate 40 years of issues of the Scout, I think of all the historical research, the information about current events of note to the Texas Jack Association, reports on Roundups, and so much more. I am especially grateful for the accumulated hours, days, and weeks of effort that result in each issue. During my first Roundup in 2004 at Charlottesville, an action was approved at the business meeting to produce a volume of all the *Scouts* that had been produced over 20 years. It was good timing in that we could still find a member who had dutifully kept all of her issues of that time. Because of that action, we are able today to bring a couple articles that were in that first issue (from 1985) by Julie Greene, and Texas Jack himself.

Approximately 120 issues have been produced in 40 years. What a wonderful contribution to the memory of Texas Jack Omohundro and his contemporaries. A great *Thank You* to all!!

Larry Tyree, Guest Editor

The Texas Jack Scout

Vol. XL no.1

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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

the plainsman and the scout. What a school it has been for the latter? As "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and tragedians from supers come, you know, the cow-boy serves a purpose, and often develops into the more celebrated ranchman, guide, cattle king, Indian fighter, and dashing ranger. How old Sam Houston loved them, how the Mexicans hated them, how Davy Crockett admired them, how the Comanche feared them, and how much you "beef-eaters" of the rest of the country owe to them, is such a large-sized conundrum that even Charley Backus and Billy Birch would both have to give it up. Composed of many "to the manner born," but recruited largely from Eastern young men, taught at school to admire the deceased little Georgie in his exploring adventures, and though not equaling him in the "cherry-tree goodness," more disposed to kick against the bulldozing of teachers, parents, and guardians.

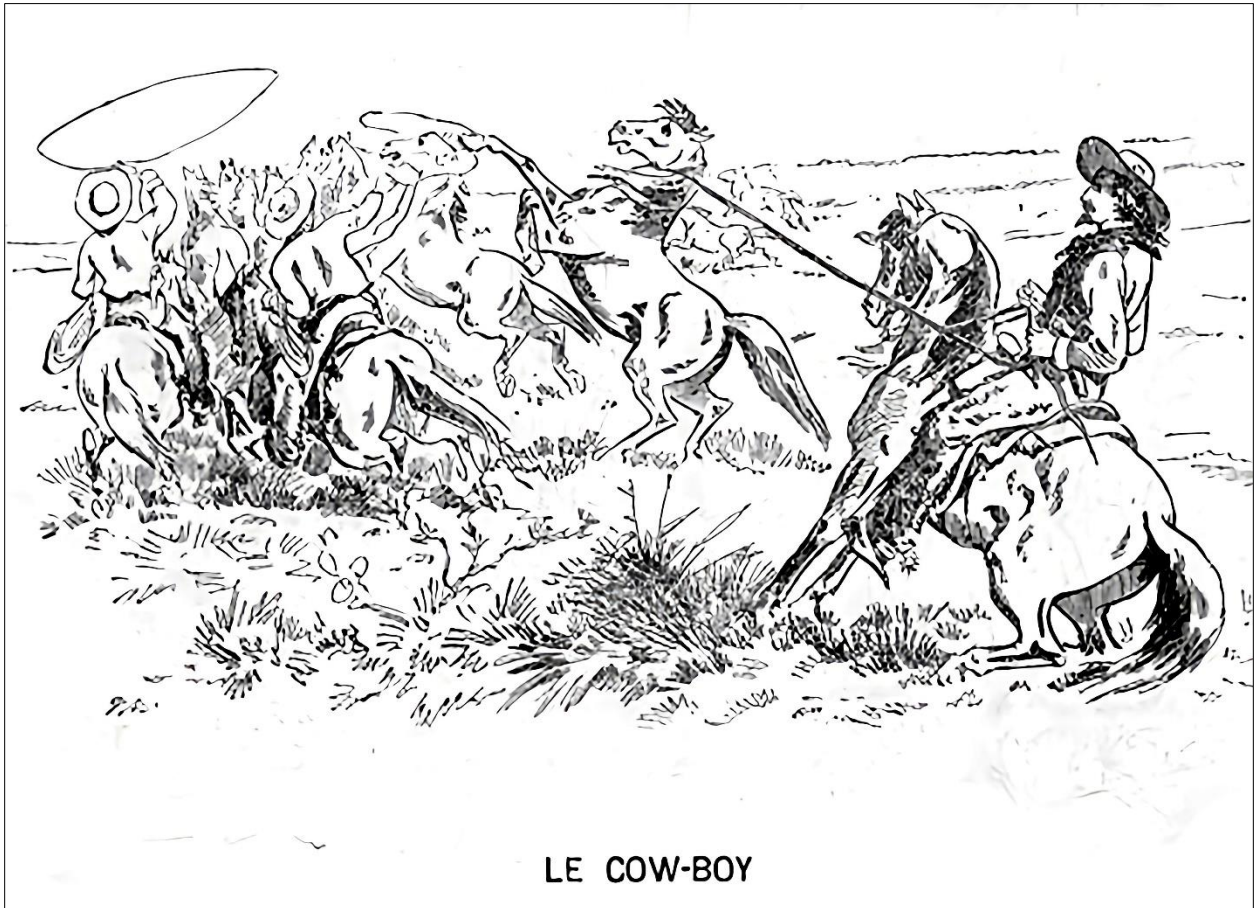
As the rebellious kid of old times filled a handkerchief (always a handkerchief, I believe), with his all, and followed the trail of his idol Columbus, and became a sailor bold, the more ambitious and adventurous youngster of later days freezes onto a double-barreled pistol, and steers for the bald prairie to seek fortune and experience. If he don't get his system full, it's only because the young man weakens, takes a back seat, or fails to become a Texas cow-boy. If his Sunday-school ma'am has not impressed him thoroughly with the chapter about our friend Job, he may be astonished, but he'll soon learn the patience of the old hero, and think he pegged out a little too soon to take it all in. As there are generally openings, likely young fellows can enter, and not fail to be put through. If he is a stayer, youth and size will be no disadvantage for his start in, as certain lines of the business are peculiarly adapted to the light young horsemen, and such are highly esteemed when they become thoroughbreds, and fully possessed of "cow sense."

Now, cow sense has a deeper meaning than it seems to have, as in Texas it implies a thorough knowledge of the business and a natural instinct to divine every thought, trick, intention, want, habit, or desire of his drove, under any and all circumstances. A man might be brought up in the States swinging to a cow's tail, and, taken to Texas, would be as useless as a last year's bird's nest with the bottom punched out. The boys grow old soon, and the old cattle-men seem to grow young; and thus it is that the name is applied to all who follow the trade. However, inside the trade the boys are divided into range-workers and branders, road-drivers and herders, trail-guides and bosses.

As the railroads have now put an end to the old-time trips, I will have to go back to a few years ago to give a proper estimate of the duties and dangers, delights and joys, trials and troubles, when off the ranch. The ranch itself and the cattle trade in the State still flourish in their old-time glory, but are being slowly encroached upon by the modern improvements that will in course of time wipe out the necessity of his day, the typical subject of my sketch. Before being counted in and fully endorsed, the candidate had to become an expert horseman, and test the many eccentricities of the stubborn mustang; enjoy the beauties, learn to catch, throw, fondle—oh! yes, gently fondle (but not from behind)—and ride the "docile" little Spanish-American plug, an amusing experience in itself, in which you are taught all the mysteries of rear and tear, stop and drop, lay and roll, kick and bite, on and off, under and over, heads and tails, handsprings, triple

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somersaults, stand on your head, diving, flip-flaps, getting left (horse leaves you fifteen miles from camp—Indians in the neighborhood, etc.), and all the funny business included in the familiar term of “bucking;” then learn to handle a rope, catch a calf, stop a crazy cow, throw a beef steer, play with a wild bull, lasso an untamed mustang, and daily endure the dangers of a Spanish matador, with a little Indian scrape thrown in, and if there is anything left of you they'll christen it a first-class cow-boy. Now his troubles begin (I have been worn to a frizzled end many a time before I began); but after this he will learn to enjoy them—after they are over.



LE COW-BOY

As the general trade on the range has often been written of, I'll simply refer to a few incidents of a trip over the plains to the cattle markets of the North, through the wild and unsettled portions of the Territories, varying in distance from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles—time, three to six months—extending through the Indian Territory and Kansas, to Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and sometimes as far as California. Immense herds, as high as thirty thousand or more, are moved by single owners, but are driven in bands of one to three thousand, which, when under way, are designated "herds". Each of these have from ten to fifteen men, with a wagon driver and cook, and the “king-pin of the outfit”, the boss, with a supply of two or three ponies to a man, an ox team, and blankets, also jerked beef and corn meal—the staple food; also supplied with mavericks or "doubtless-owned" yearlings for the fresh meat supply. After getting fully underway, and the cattle broke in, from ten to fifteen miles a day is the average, and everything is plain sailing, in fair weather. As night comes on, the cattle are rounded up in a

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small compass, and held until they lie down, when two men are left on watch, ridin' round and round them in opposite directions, singing or whistling all the time, for two hours, that being the length of each watch. This singing is absolutely necessary, as it seems to soothe the fears of the cattle, scares away the wolves, or other varmints that may be prowling around, and prevents them from hearing any other accidental sound, or dreaming of their old homes, and if stopped would, in all probability, be the signal for a general stampede. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," if a cowboy's compulsory bawling out lines of his own composition, such as these:

Lay nicely now cattle, don't heed any rattle,
But quietly rest until morn.
For if you skedaddle, we'll soon give you battle.
And head you as sure as you're born

Can be considered such.

Some poet may yet make a hit,
Of the odds and ends of cow-boys' wit.

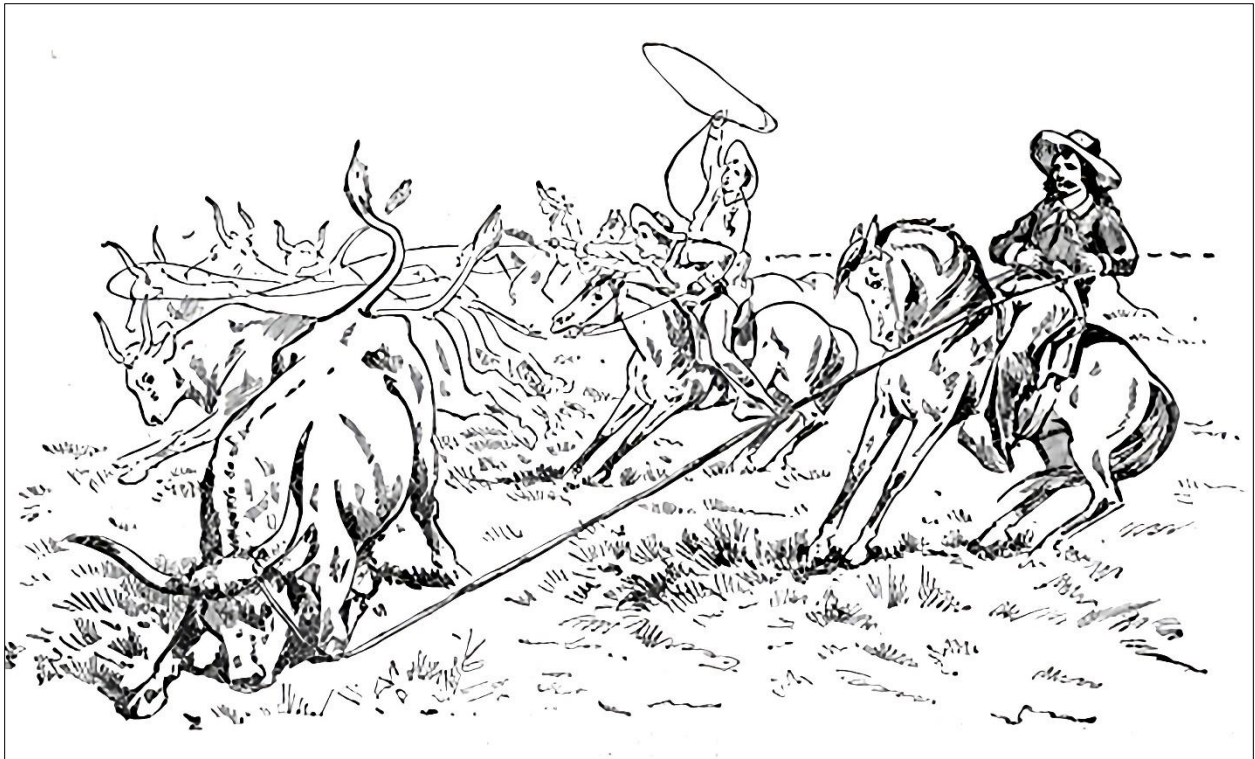
But on nights when old "Prob." goes on a spree, leaves the bung out of his water barrel above, prowls around with his flash box, raising a breeze, whispering in tones of thunder, and the cow-boy's voice, like the rest of the outfit, is drowned out, steer clear, and prepare for action. If them quadrupeds don't go insane, turn tail to the storm, and strike out for civil and religious liberty, then I don't know what strike out means. Ordinarily, so clumsy and stupid-looking, a thousand beef steers can rise like a flock of quail on the roof of an exploding powder mill, and will scud away like a tumbleweed before a high wind, with a noise like a receding earthquake. Then comes fun and frolic for the boys!

Talk of "Sheridan's ride, twenty miles away," that was in the daytime, but this is the cow-boy's ride with Texas five hundred miles away, and them steers steering straight for home; night time, darker than the word means, hog wallows, prairie dog, wolf, and badger holes, ravines and precipices ahead, and if you do your duty three thousand stampeding steers behind. If your horse don't swap ends, and you hang to them till daylight, you can bless your lucky stars. Many have passed in their checks at this game. The remembrance of the few that were foot loose in the Bowery a few years ago will give an approximate idea of three thousand raving bovines on the warpath. As they tear through the storm at one flash of lightning, they look all tails, the next flash all horns. If Napoleon had a herd at Sedan, headed in the right direction, he would have driven old Billy across the Rhine.

The next great trouble is crossing streams, which are invariably high in driving season. When cattle strike swimming water they generally try to turn back, which eventuates in their "milling," that is, swimming in a circle, which if allowed to continue, would result in the drowning of many. There the daring herder must leave his pony, doff his toggs, scramble over their backs and horns to scatter them, and with whoops and yells, splashing, dashing, and didoes in the water,

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scare them to the opposite bank. This is not always done in a moment, for a steer is no fool of a swimmer; I have seen one hold his own for six hours in the Gulf after having jumped overboard. As some of the streams are very rapid, and a quarter to half a mile wide, considerable drifting is done. Then the naked herder has plenty of amusement in the hot sun, fighting green head flies and mosquitoes, and peeping around for Indians, until the rest of the lay-out is put over—not an easy job. A temporary boat has to be made of the wagon box, by tacking the canvas cover over the bottom, with which the ammunition and grub is ferried across, the running gear and ponies swam over after. Indian fights and horse thief troubles are part of the regular rations. Mixing with other herds and cutting them out, again avoiding too much water at times, and hunting for a drop at others, belongs to the regular routine.



Buffalo chips for wood a great portion of the way (poor substitute in wet weather), and avoiding prairie fires later, varies the monotony. In fact, it would fill a book to give a detailed account of a single trip, and it is no wonder the boys are hilarious when it ends, and, like the old toper, "swears no more for me," only to return and go through the mill again.

How many though never finish, but mark the trail with their silent graves, no one can tell. But when Gabriel toots his horn, the "Chisholm Trail" will swarm with cow-boys. "Howsomever we'll all be thar," let's hope, for a happy trip, when we say to this planet, adios! ¶

J.B. Omohundro

J.B. Omohundro

Texas Jack

Texas Jack

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

40th
Anniversary



The Texas Jack Scout 1985-2025

From the first *Texas Jack Scout*, April 1985, Volume I No. 1

The President's Message

In February, we launched our official membership drive. Although the Texas Jack Association has been a Bonafide and incorporated organization since 1980, we have never had an "official" membership. The enthusiasm generated at our September '84 Cody, WY meeting, where 11 of us became the initial Charter Members, was the start of our growth and expansion into a viable group. We have made definite strides since then!

Of course, this is just the beginning! We expect (with your help!) to continue to expand our number, for that is an important step in achieving our goal: To make the name J.B. (Texas Jack) Omohundro well known, and to bring to him (belatedly) recognition as an important figure in American history. Naturally, we expect to have a lot of fun along the way as well as educate ourselves and others about that important but brief period of our history that marked the opening of the western frontier.

Our next general meeting will be held in August or September of 1986 in North Platte, Nebraska.* This will be a three-day convention, and already a lot is being planned for your enjoyment at that historic site where Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill met and became fast friends. The exact dates will be announced in plenty of time for you to make plans, but do mark your calendar, and make every effort to attend. I promise you; you'll be glad you did!

In the meantime, we can be in touch through this newsletter, "*The Texas Jack Scout*." It is published for you, so, don't be a stranger, let us hear from you! *Julie Greene*

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*Editor's note: **Our** next Roundup in 2026 is NOT in Nebraska.

In the "**From the Mail Pouch**" section of **Volume I No. 1** is this letter, "...For a number of years, I was a member of the Civil War Roundtable. (My wife said she never thought I was that old!). It was an organization composed of people particularly interested in the two decades that comprised the most important developing years in our country's history (1850-1870). Now do you think a history buff and cowboy-western painter like me is going to pass up a membership in something like the Texas Jack Association? Y'crazy, man!! Enclosed is my check for membership." - Dan Balkin, Sherman Oaks, CA

May this letter from Dan be an inspiration to spread the word about the Texas Jack Association and its newsletter *The Texas Jack Scout*!

NEXT SCOUT ISSUE INFORMATION

The deadline for the July 2025 issue of *The Scout* is July 1, 2025. We currently do not have a Guest Editor for July!

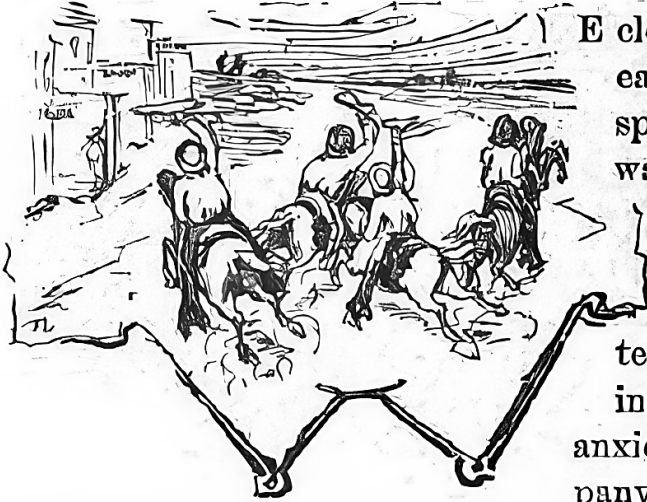
If you would like to contribute an article about Texas Jack and his life and times, including his contemporaries, or events of his time that would be of historical interest, please #1-get started, #2-contact:

Linda Omohundro omohndro@sbcglobal.net or
Robert Omohundro robert.o1h8i2j@gmail.com

Future Guest Editors are: Nov.'25-Rick Omohundro,
Mar'26-Matt Kerns,
July'26-Linda Omohundro

Events Leading to the Custer Massacre

Excerpted by Larry Tyree from
Story of the Wild West and Campfire Chats, by W.F. Cody
Chapter XXI, "Scouting With the 5th Cavalry" *

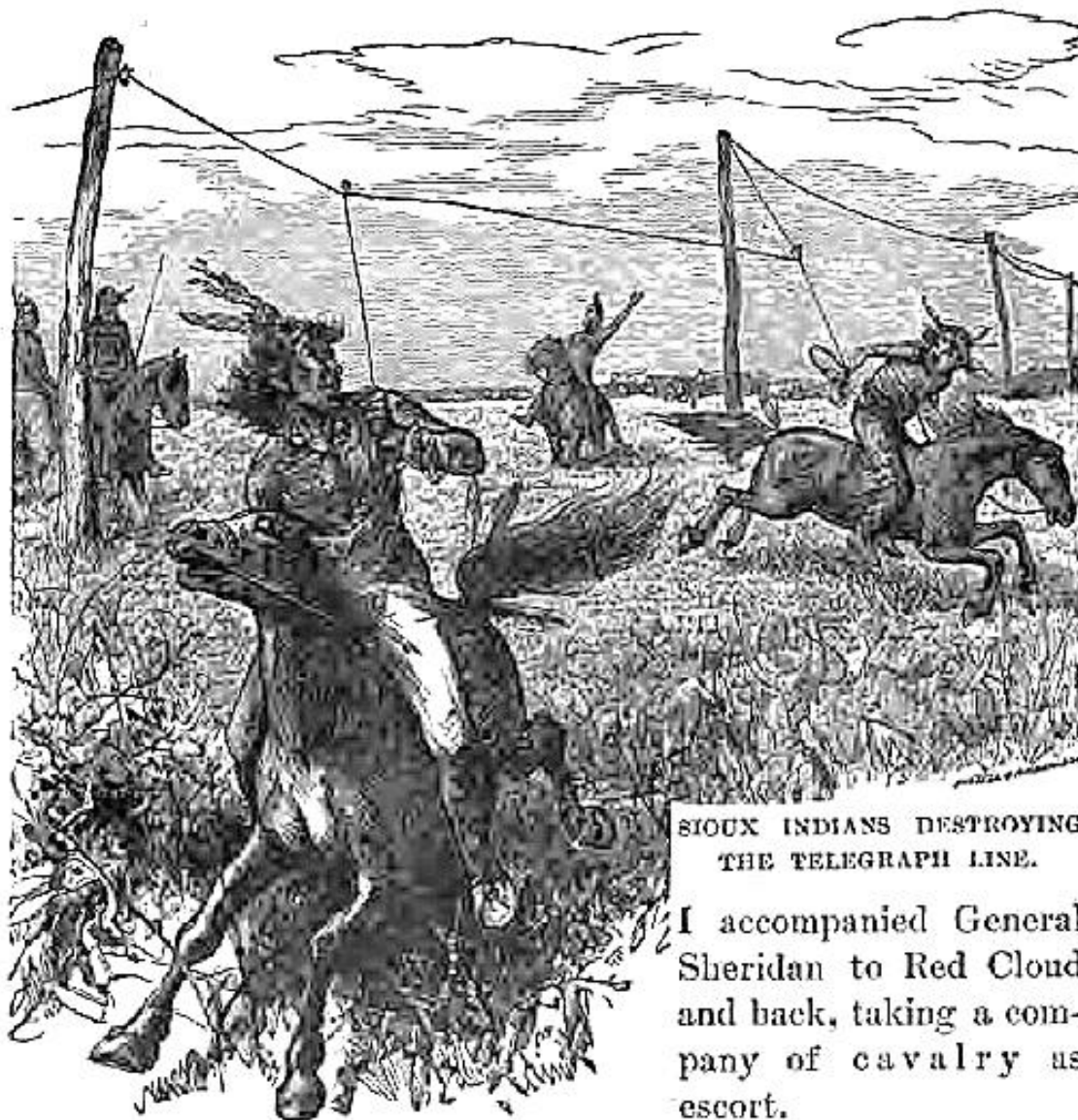


I closed our theatrical season earlier than usual in the spring of 1876, because I was anxious to take part in the Sioux war which was then breaking out. Colonel Mills had written me several letters saying that General Crook was anxious to have me accompany his command, and I

promised to do so, intending to overtake him in the Powder river country. But when I arrived at Chicago, on my way west, I learned that my old regiment, the gallant Fifth Cavalry, was on its way back from Arizona to join General Crook, and that my old commander, General Carr, was in command. He had written to military headquarters at Chicago to learn my whereabouts, as he wished to secure me as his guide and chief of scouts. I then gave up the idea of overtaking General Crook, and hastening on to Cheyenne, where the Fifth Cavalry had already arrived, I was met at the depot by Lieutenant King, adjutant of the regiment, he having been sent down from Fort D. A. Russell for that purpose by General Carr, who had learned by a telegram from military headquarters at Chicago that I was on the way. I accompanied the lieutenant on horseback to the camp, and as we rode, one of the boys shouted, "Here's Buffalo Bill!" Soon after there came three hearty cheers from the regiment. Officers and men were all glad to see me, and I was equally delighted to meet them once more. The General at once appointed me his guide and chief of scouts.

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The next morning the command pulled out for Fort Laramie, and on reaching the post we found General Sheridan there, accompanied by General Frye and General Forsyth, *en route* to Red Cloud agency. As the command was to remain here a few days,



SIoux INDIANS DESTROYING
THE TELEGRAPH LINE.

I accompanied General Sheridan to Red Cloud and back, taking a company of cavalry as escort.

The Indians having recently committed a great many depredations on the Union Pacific railroad, destroying telegraph lines, and also on the Black Hills road running off stock, the Fifth Cavalry was sent out to scout the country between the Indian agencies and the hills. The command operated on the South fork of the Cheyenne and at the foot of the Black Hills for about two weeks, having several small engagements with roving

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bands of Indians during the time. General Wesley Merritt—who had lately received his promotion to the Colonelcy of the Fifth Cavalry—now came out and took control of the regiment. I was sorry that the command was taken from General Carr, because under him it had made its fighting reputation. However, upon becoming acquainted with General Merritt, I found him to be an excellent officer.

REPORT OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE AND CAUSES LEADING THERETO.

The regiment, by continued scouting, soon drove the Indians out of that section of the country, as we supposed, and we had started on our way back to Fort Laramie, when a scout arrived at the camp and reported the massacre of General Custer and his band of heroes on the Little Big Horn, on the 25th of June, 1876; and he also brought orders to General Merritt to proceed at once to Fort Fetterman and join General Crook in the Big Horn county.

The extraordinary and sorrowful interest attaching to the destruction of Custer and his brave followers, felt by the whole civilized world, prompts me to give herewith a brief description of the causes leading thereto, and some of the details of that horrible sacrifice which so melts the heart to pity.

When the Black Hills gold fever first broke out in 1874, a rush of miners into that country resulted in much trouble, as the Indians always regarded that region with jealous interest, and resisted all encroachments of white men. Instead of the Government adhering to the treaty of 1868 and restraining white men from going into the Hills, Gen. Custer was sent out, in 1874, to intimidate the Sioux. The unrighteous spirit of this order the General wisely disregarded, but proceeded to Prospect Valley, and from there he pushed on to the valley of the Little Missouri. Custer expected to find good grazing ground in this valley, suitable for a camp which he intended to pitch there for several days, and reconnoiter, but the country was comparatively barren and the march was therefore continued to the Belle Fourche valley, where excellent grazing, water, and plenty of wood was found.

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Crossing the Fourche the expedition was now among the outlying ranges of the Hills, where a camp was made and some reconnoitering done; but finding no Indians, Gen. Custer continued his march, skirting the Black Hills and passing through a country which he described as beautiful beyond description, abounding with a most luxurious vegetation, cool, crystal streams, a profusion of gaudy, sweet smelling flowers, and plenty of game.

Proceeding down this lovely valley, which he appropriately named Floral Park, an Indian camp-fire, recently abandoned, was discovered, and fearing a collision unless pains were taken to prevent it, Custer halted and sent out his chief scout, Bloody Knife, with twenty friendly Indian allies to trail the departed Sioux. They had gone but a short distance when, as Custer himself relates: "Two of Bloody Knife's young men came galloping back and informed me that they had discovered five Indian lodges a few miles down the valley, and that Bloody Knife, as directed, had concealed his party in a wooded ravine, where they awaited further orders. Taking E company with me, which was afterward reinforced by the remainder of the scouts and Col. Hart's company, I proceeded to the ravine where Bloody Knife and his party lay concealed, and from the crest beyond obtained a full view of the five Indian lodges, about which a considerable number of ponies were grazing. I was enabled to place my command still nearer to the lodges undiscovered. I then dispatched Agard, the interpreter, with a flag of truce, accompanied by ten of our Sioux scouts, to acquaint the occupants of the lodges that we were friendly disposed and desired to communicate with them. To prevent either treachery or flight on their part, I galloped the remaining portion of my advance and surrounded the lodges. This was accomplished almost before they were aware of our presence. I then entered the little village and shook hands with its occupants, assuring them through the interpreter, that they had no cause to fear, as we were not there to molest them, etc."

Finding there was no disposition on the part of Gen. Custer

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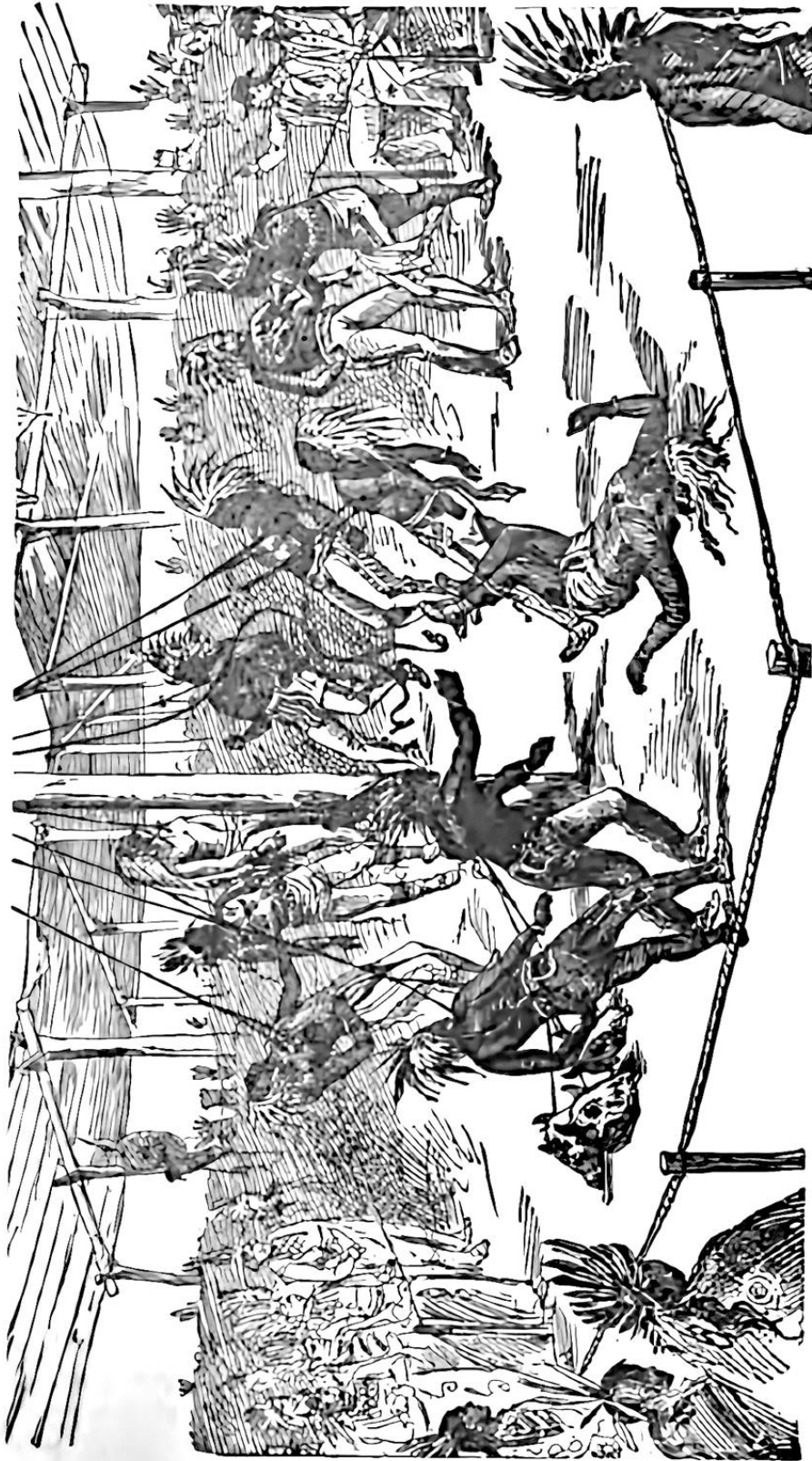
to harm them, the Indians dispatched a courier to their principal village, requesting the warriors to be present at a council with the whites. This council was held on the following day, but though Custer dispensed coffee, sugar, bacon and other presents to the Indians, his advice to them regarding the occupation of their country by miners was treated with indifference, for which, he observes in his official report, "I cannot blame the poor savages."

MINERS IN THE BLACK HILLS.

During the summer of 1875 Gen. Crook made several trips into the Black Hills to drive out the miners and maintain the government's faith, but while he made many arrests there was no punishment and the whole proceeding became farcical. In August of the same year Custer City was laid out and two weeks later it contained a population of six hundred souls. These Gen. Crook drove out, but as he marched from the place others swarmed in and the population was immediately renewed.

It was this inability, or real indisposition, of the government to enforce the terms of the treaty of 1868 that led to the bitter war with Sitting Bull and which terminated so disastrously on the 25th of June, 1876.

It is a notorious fact that the Sioux Indians, for four years immediately preceding the Custer massacre, were regularly supplied with the most improved fire-arms and ammunition by the agencies at Brule, Grand River, Standing Rock, Fort Berthold, Cheyenne and Fort Peck. Even during the campaign of 1876, in the months of May, June and July, just before and after Custer and his band of heroes rode down into the valley of death, these fighting Indians received eleven hundred and twenty Winchester and Remington rifles and 413,000 rounds of patent ammunition, besides large quantities of loose powder, lead and primers, while during the summer of 1875 they received several thousand stand of arms and more than a million rounds of ammunition. With this generous provision there is no cause for wonder that the Sioux were able to resist the government and



THE SUN, OR TORTURE DANCE.

Among the curious ceremonies practiced by some of the Northwest Indians, particularly the Sioux tribe, is the Sun Dance, which, however, is very rarely performed. Once in a great while some of the more courageous, to show their bravery and endurance, inflict upon themselves such tortures as are shown in the illustration, in which condition they remain sometimes for days, and until either completely prostrated, or the flesh is torn out.

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attract to their aid all the dissatisfied Cheyennes and other Indians in the Northwest.

Besides a perfect fighting equipment, all the Indians recognized in Sitting Bull the elements of a great warrior, one whose superior, perhaps, has never been known among any tribe; he combined all the strategic cunning of Tecumseh with the cruel, uncompromising hatred of Black Kettle, while his leadership was far superior to both. Having decided to precipitate a terrible war, he chose his position with consummate judgment, selecting a central vantage point surrounded by what is known as the "bad lands," and then kept his supply source open by an assumed friendship with the Canadian French. This he was the better able to accomplish, since some years before he had professed conversion to Christianity under the preaching of Father DeSmet and maintained a show of great friendship for the Canadians

WAR DECLARED AGAINST THE SIOUX.

War against the Sioux having been declared, brought about by the combined causes of Black Hill outrages and Sitting Bull's threatening attitude, it was decided to send out three separate expeditions, one of which should move from the north, under Gen. Terry, from Fort Lincoln; another from the east, under Gen. Gibbon, from Fort Ellis, and another from the south, under Gen. Crook, from Fort Fetterman; these movements were to be simultaneous, and a junction was expected to be formed near the headwaters of the Yellowstone river.

For some cause, which I will refrain from discussing, the commands did not start at the same time. Gen. Crook did not leave Fetterman until March 1st, with seven hundred men and forty days' supply. The command was intrusted to Col. Reynolds, of the Third Cavalry, accompanied by Gen. Crook, the department commander. Nothing was heard of this expedition until the 22d following, when Gen. Crook forwarded from Ft. Reno a brief account of his battle on Powder river. The result of this fight, which lasted five hours, was the destruction of Crazy Horse's village of one hundred and five lodges; or that

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is the way the dispatch read, though many assert that the battle resulted in little else than a series of remarkable blunders which suffered the Indians to make good their escape, losing only a small quantity of their property.

One serious trouble arose out of the Powder river fight, which was found in an assertion made by Gen. Crook, or at least attributed to him, that his expedition had proved that instead of there being 15,000 or 20,000 hostile Indians in the Black Hills and Big Horn county, that the total number would not exceed 2,000. It was upon this estimation that the expeditions were prepared.

The Terry column, which was commanded by Gen. Custer, consisted of twelve companies of the Seventh Cavalry, and three companies of the Sixth and Seventeenth Infantry, with four Gatling guns, and a detachment of Indian scouts. This force comprised twenty-eight officers and seven hundred and forty-seven men, of the Seventh Cavalry, eight officers and one hundred and thirty-five men of the Sixth and Seventeenth Infantry, two officers and thirty-two men in charge of the Gatling battery, and forty-five enlisted Indian scouts, a grand total of thirty-eight officers and nine hundred and fifty-nine men, including scouts.

The combined forces of Crook, Gibbon, Terry and Custer, did not exceed twenty-seven hundred men, while opposed to them were fully 17,000 Indians, all of whom were provided with the latest and most improved patterns of repeating rifles.

On the 16th of June Gen. Crook started for the Rosebud, on which stream it was reported that Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were stationed; about the same time a party of Crow Indians, who were operating with Gen. Crook, returned from a scout and reported that Gen. Gibbon, who was on Tongue river, had been attacked by Sitting Bull, who had captured several horses. Crook pushed on rapidly toward the Rosebud, leaving his train behind and mounting his infantry on mules. What were deemed accurate reports, stated that Sitting Bull was still on the Rosebud, only sixty miles from the point where Gen. Crook camped on the night of the 15th of June. The command traveled forty

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THE LAST ONE OF CUSTER'S BRAVE BAND.

600

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miles on the sixteenth, and when within twenty miles of the Sioux' principal position, instead of pushing on, Gen. Crook went into camp.

ATTACKED BY SITTING BULL.

The next morning he was much surprised at finding himself attacked by Sitting Bull, who swooped down on him with the first streaks of coming dawn, and a heavy battle followed. Gen. Crook, who had camped in a basin surrounded on all sides by high hills, soon found his position so dangerous that it must be changed at all hazards. The advance was therefore sounded with Noyes' battalion occupying a position on the right, Mills on the right center, Chambers in the center, and the Indian allies on the left. Mills and Noyes charged the enemy in magnificent style, breaking the line and striking the rear. The fight continued hot and furious until 2 P. M., when a gallant charge of Col. Royall, who was in reserve, supported by the Indian allies, caused the Sioux to draw off to their village, six miles distant, while Gen. Crook went into camp, where he remained inactive for two days.

In the meantime, as the official report recites: "Generals Terry and Gibbon communicated with each other June 1st, near the junction of the Tongue and Yellowstone rivers, and learned that a heavy force of Indians had concentrated on the opposite bank of the Yellowstone, but eighteen miles distant. For fourteen days the Indian pickets had confronted Gibbon's videttes."

Gen. Gibbon reported to Gen. Terry that the cavalry had thoroughly scouted the Yellowstone as far as the mouth of the Big Horn, and no Indians had crossed it. It was now certain that they were not prepared for them, and on the Powder, Tongue, Rosebud, Little Horn and Big Horn rivers, Gen. Terry at once commenced feeling for them. Major Reno, of the Seventh Cavalry, with six companies of that regiment, was sent up Powder river one hundred and fifty miles, to the mouth of Little Powder to look for the Indians, and, if possible to communicate with General Crook. He reached the mouth of the Little Powder in five days, but saw no Indians, and could

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

hear nothing of Crook. As he returned, he found on the Rosebud a very large Indian trail, about nine days old, and followed it a short distance, when he turned about up Tongue river, and reported to Gen. Terry what he had seen. It was now known that no Indians were on either Tongue or Little Powder rivers, and the net had narrowed down to Rosebud, Little Horn and Big Horn rivers.

Gen. Terry, who had been waiting with Custer and the steamer *Far West*, at the mouth of Tongue river, for Reno's report, as soon as he heard it, ordered Custer to march up the south bank to a point opposite Gen. Gibbon, who was encamped on the north bank of the Yellowstone. Accordingly Terry, on board the steamer *Far West*, pushed up the Yellowstone, keeping abreast of Gen. Custer's column.

Gen. Gibbon was found in camp quietly awaiting developments. A consultation was had with Gens. Gibbon and Custer, and then Gen. Terry definitely fixed upon the plan of action. It was believed the Indians were at the head of the Rosebud, or over on the Little Horn, a dividing ridge only fifteen miles wide separating the two streams. It was announced by Gen. Terry that Gen. Custer's column "would strike the blow."

At the time that a junction was formed between Gibbon and Terry, Gen. Crook was about one hundred miles from them, while Sitting Bull's forces were between the commands. Crook, after his battle, fell back to the head of Tongue river. The Powder, Tongue, Rosebud and Big Horn rivers all flow northwest, and empty into the Yellowstone; as Sitting Bull was between the headwaters of the Rosebud and Big Horn, the main tributary of the latter being known as the Little Big Horn, a sufficient knowledge of the topography of the country is thus afforded by which to definitely locate Sitting Bull and his forces.

Having now ascertained the position of the enemy, or reasoned out the probable position, Gen. Terry sent a dispatch to Gen. Sheridan, as follows: "No Indians have been met with as yet, but traces of a large and recent camp have been discovered twenty or thirty miles up the Rosebud. Gibbon's column will

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move this morning on the north side of the Yellowstone, for the mouth of the Big Horn, where it will be ferried across by the supply steamer, and whence it will proceed to the mouth of the Little Horn, and so on. Custer will go up the Rosebud tomorrow with his whole regiment, and thence to the headwaters of the Little Horn, thence down that stream."

Following this report came an order, signed by E. W. Smith, Captain of the Eighteenth Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, directing General Custer to follow the Indian trail discovered, pushing the Indians from one side, while Gen. Gibbon pursued them from an opposite

CUSTER'S LAST SHOT.



direction. As no instructions were given as to the rate each division should travel, Custer, noted for his quick, energetic

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movements, made ninety miles the first three days, and, discovering the Indians in large numbers, divided his command into three divisions, one of which he placed under Major Reno, another under Major Benteen, and led the other himself.

CUSTER STRIKES THE INDIANS.

As Custer made a detour to enter the village, Reno struck a large body of Indians, who, after retreating nearly three miles, turned on the troops and ran them pell mell across Grassy creek into the woods. Reno over-estimated the strength of his enemies and thought he was being surrounded. Benteen came up to the support of Reno, but he too took fright and got out of his position without striking the enemy.

While Reno and Benteen were trying to keep open a way for their retreat, Custer charged on the village, first sending a courier, Trumpeter Martin, to Reno and Benteen with the following dispatch: "Big village; be quick; send on the packs." This order was too plain to be misconstrued. It clearly meant that he had discovered the village, which he intended attacking at once; to hurry forward to his support and bring up the packs, ambulances, etc. But instead of obeying orders, Reno and Benteen stood aloof, fearful lest they should endanger their position, while the brave Custer and his squad of noble heroes rushed down like a terrible avalanche upon the Indian village. In a moment, fateful incident, the Indians came swarming about that heroic band until the very earth seemed to open and let loose the elements of volcanic fury, or like a riot of the fiends of Erebus, blazing with the hot sulphur of their impious dominion. Down from the hillside, up through the valleys, that dreadful torrent of Indian cruelty and massacre poured around the little squad to swallow it up with one grand swoop of fire. But Custer was there at the head, like Spartacus fighting the legions about him, tall, graceful, brave as a lion at bay, and with thunderbolts in his hands. His brave followers formed a hollow square, and met the rush, and roar, and fury of the demons. Bravely they breasted that battle shock, bravely stood up and faced the leaden

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hail, nor quailed when looking into the blazing muzzles of five thousand deadly rifles.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

Brushing away the powder grimes that had settled in his face, Custer looked over the boiling sea of fury around him, peering through the smoke for some signs of Reno and Benteen, but seeing none yet thinking of the aid which must soon come, with cheering words to his comrades, he renewed the battle, fighting still like a Hercules and piling heaps of victims around his very feet.

Hour after hour passed and yet no friendly sign of Reno's coming; nothing to be seen saving the battle smoke, streaks of fire splitting through the misty clouds, blood flowing in rivulets under tramping feet, dying comrades, and Indians swarming about him, rending the air with their demoniacal "hi-yi-yip-yah, — yah-hi-yah."

THE MASSACRE.

The fight continued with unabated fury until late in the afternoon; men had sunk down beside their gallant leader until there was but a handful left, only a dozen, bleeding from many wounds and hot carbines in their stiffening hands. The day is almost done, when look! heaven now defend him! the charm of his life is broken, for Custer has fallen; a bullet cleaves a pathway through his side, and as he falters another strikes his noble breast. Like a strong oak stricken by the lightning's bolt, shivering the mighty trunk and bending its withering branches down close to the earth, so fell Custer; but like the reacting branches, he rises partly up again, and striking out like a fatally wounded giant lays three more Indians dead and breaks his mighty sword on the musket of a fourth; then, with useless blade and empty pistol falls back the victim of a dozen wounds. He is the last to succumb to death, and dies, too, with the glory of accomplished duty on his conscience and the benediction of a grateful country on his head. The place where fell these noblest

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THE FINDING OF CUSTER'S BODY.

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of God's heroes is sacred ground, and though it be the Golgotha of a nation's mistakes it is bathed with precious blood, rich with the germs of heroic inheritance.

I have avoided attaching blame to any one, using only the facts that have been furnished me of how Custer came to attack the Sioux village and how and why he died.

When the news of the terrible massacre was learned, soldiers everywhere made a pilgrimage to the sacred place, and friendly hands reared a monument on that distant spot commemorative of the heroism of Custer and his men; collected together all the bones and relics of the battle and piled them up in pyramidal form, where they stand in sunshine and storm, overlooking the Little Big Horn.

Soon after the news of Custer's massacre reached us preparations were immediately made to avenge his death. The whole Cheyenne and Sioux tribes were in revolt and a lively, if not very dangerous, campaign was in prospective.

*If you are wondering where the "W" from the first word of the story "We" is, look at the accompanying drawing. The artistic W is in the image as was the custom at that time in many publications.



<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Sitting-Bull>

<https://www.nps.gov/people/george-armstrong-custer.htm> >

¶



THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT



For some of us, Spring has already sprung with various fruit and nut trees already blossoming and/or starting to leaf out. But for many of us, Punxsutawney Phil has correctly forecast the longer Winter we are still in the middle of. Here at the *Scout*, it's sort of a birthday celebration. This edition marks the 40th anniversary of the very first *Scout*, published in 1985. A truly remarkable achievement fulfilling the chartered mission to promote the history and legacy of John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro.

In recognition of this milestone, we are republishing the very first President's Message from Julie Greene, and we are republishing the main article from that issue, this time in its entirety, an article about the Cowboy from the pen of Texas Jack himself. A real treat to be sure. Many thanks to our vice-president Matthew Kerns for giving us access and permission to it. Also, we have a special poem from Aaron Poff that he composed just for the 40th Anniversary.

We are also privileged to have an article from the pen of Jack's scouting pard and friend, Buffalo Bill Cody. This is about the causes and events leading to the Custer massacre. This arrives from the research of our friend and past-president Larry Tyree. Many thanks.

But wait there's more! We also have another chance to benefit from the author and researcher and friend of the *Scout*, John T. Omohundro about the life of Indian Agent John Clum, a contemporary of Texas Jack.

So, whether you are sneezing from the blossom pollen or just finished plowing a trail to the mailbox at the curb to get this out for your entertainment, please take a break to enjoy the continued contributions from your friends and the layout artistry of our intrepid editor Linda Omohundro.

Best regards,

Robert Omohundro, President TJA



2024 End Of Year Financial Report

Rick Omohundro, Treasurer

Money In: \$937.07

Money Out:-\$1,764.77

Net Total:-\$827.70

We began 2024 with \$5921.33 and ended with \$5093.63.

In 2024 we had 6 individual, 19 senior, 9 family, and 2 honorary memberships paid.

We, so far, in 2025 have 2 individual, 5 senior, and 1 family memberships paid.

\$ If you haven't paid your dues for 2025 for the Texas Jack Association, PLEASE DO! \$

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

Excerpted from the **Los Angeles Times** By Linda Omohundro

Will Rogers' Ranch House Consumed by Palisades Fire

Jan. 8, 2025 7:39 PM PST

California State Parks Director Armando Quintero acknowledged Wednesday the total loss of Will Rogers' historic ranch house, consumed by the fire that has spread nearly 16,000 acres and devoured an additional 300 structures, including homes and businesses.

Among the carnage wrought by the devastating Palisades fire was a piece of California history dating to a bygone era.

Will Rogers' historic ranch house, owned by the famous social commentator, actor, and performer, was victim of the fires that have wreaked havoc throughout Southern California over the last two days, according to California State Parks Director Armando Quintero.

Jan. 10, 2025

"California State Parks mourns the loss of these treasured natural and cultural resources, and our hearts go out to everyone impacted by the devastating fires in the Los Angeles area," Quintero said in a statement.

The structures were part of the damage sustained throughout Will Rogers State Park as fire destroyed state employee residences, along with more than 30 other structural losses.

Will Rogers, known toward the later part of his life for his political commentary, was once one of Hollywood's highest-paid actors. He started his career in Texas Jack Omohundro, Jr's Wild West show, then as a vaudeville performer and a famed humorist.



<Texas Jack, Jr., his common law wife Lyle Marr, Clarence Welby Cooke, and Will Rogers.

During the 1920s, Rogers purchased land in Santa Monica, developing what became a 359-acre ranch that overlooks the Pacific Ocean in what is now Pacific Palisades.

The actual ranch home consisted of 31 rooms, with an adjacent guesthouse, a stable, corrals, a golf

course and hiking trails.

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

Rogers died at the age of 55 in a plane crash in Alaska in 1935. His widow, Betty, eventually donated the ranch to the state in 1944, and it became the historic state park.



https://www.koamnewsnow.com/news/joplin-news-first/palisades-fire-destroys-will-rogers-state-historic-park-and-rogers-home-in-california/article_bb424bd6-ce2f-11ef-87eb-37bbccbd0ab.html

The family said in a statement Wednesday that it was deeply saddened that Rogers' historic home and the "the Barn that Jokes built" were destroyed.

"While the loss to the Will Rogers Ranch is devastating, it pales in comparison to the loss of the property and businesses and, more importantly, the lives of those in the surrounding area," Jennifer Rogers, a Rogers family representative, said in a statement.

Rogers was born to a Cherokee family in Oklahoma and was regarded as "among our most beloved Cherokees," said Principal Chief Chuck Hoskin Jr. of the Cherokee Nation. "The ... loss of Will Rogers' historic home is certainly a tragedy, and the entire Cherokee Nation is sending our thoughts and prayers to great-granddaughter Jennifer Rogers-Etcheverry and family," Hoskin said in a statement.

January 12, 2025 at 6:00 AM EST

"It is a mass erasure of heritage," said Adrian Scott Fine, chief executive of the Conservancy, a nonprofit dedicated to historic preservation. "We haven't seen anything like this before." As with Altadena, the Palisades lost a mixture of privately owned historic properties and famed public spaces, perhaps none more beloved than Rogers' ranch home.

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The 31-room residence, built by the vaudevillian-turned-movie star in the 1920s, was situated within Will Rogers State Historic Park. The home has served as a museum, housing a collection of artwork, western memorabilia and a library centered on Rogers.

The California State Parks system, which oversees the property, said it saved certain items, including art.

* * *

Comments from Reddit:


"They saved some of the interior features and some of the collection, but not much,"

"That is an epic loss. You can't talk about the Palisades without talking about Will Rogers."

"State Parks was able to evacuate the horses and some of the cultural and historical artifacts, including artwork, at Will Rogers SHP ahead of the fire."

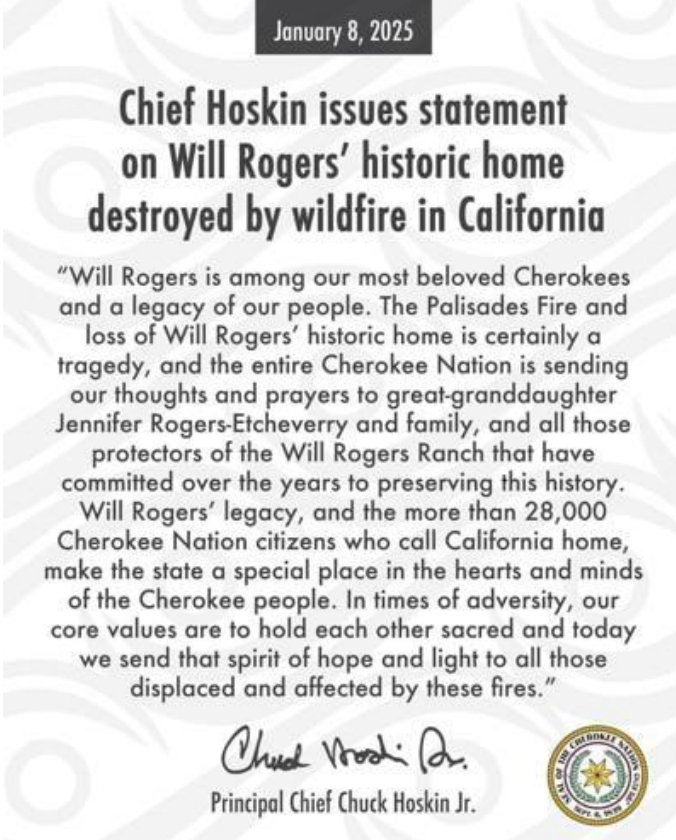
"The house was a wonderful time capsule. A great tribute to Will Rogers, old west cowboy artifacts, and old Hollywood. You can't replace that history. Very sad."

"That ranch is one of my spiritual anchor points. Been hiking there for over 35 years. I used to love visiting that house and looking in through the window, imagining all the life lived there back in the day. It was a snapshot of a different time and it was pristine, irreplaceable. This is devastating and a huge loss of history and culture."

https://www.reddit.com/r/socalhiking/comments/1hwuem8/the_structures_at_will_rogers_state_park_are_gone/ 

Statement on the right from:

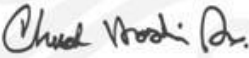
https://www.koamnewsnow.com/news/joplin-news-first/palisades-fire-destroys-will-rogers-state-historic-park-and-rogers-home-in-california/article_bb424bd6-ce2f-11ef-87eb-37bbcccebd0ab.html




January 8, 2025

Chief Hoskin issues statement on Will Rogers' historic home destroyed by wildfire in California

"Will Rogers is among our most beloved Cherokees and a legacy of our people. The Palisades Fire and loss of Will Rogers' historic home is certainly a tragedy, and the entire Cherokee Nation is sending our thoughts and prayers to great-granddaughter Jennifer Rogers-Etcheverry and family, and all those protectors of the Will Rogers Ranch that have committed over the years to preserving this history. Will Rogers' legacy, and the more than 28,000 Cherokee Nation citizens who call California home, make the state a special place in the hearts and minds of the Cherokee people. In times of adversity, our core values are to hold each other sacred and today we send that spirit of hope and light to all those displaced and affected by these fires."


Principal Chief Chuck Hoskin Jr.



THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

John Clum, Indian Agent...and More

By John Thomas Omohundro

In his short life, Texas Jack Omohundro lived in many places and engaged in many occupations: from Virginia to Florida to Texas to Nebraska to Massachusetts as teacher, shopkeeper, cowpuncher, hunting guide for Pawnee and royalty, Cavalry scout, stage star, and real estate investor, among others. Had he lived as long as John Clum, his contemporary, no doubt he would have traveled more and explored more careers.

I became interested in Clum (1851-1932) because I recently edited an issue of the *Scout* including Mike Foster's fine article on the role of Indian agents with the Pawnees (Vol XXXIX, issue 2, March 2024). When the agents weren't venal, they were often ignorant; in our issue, Fort McPherson agents led the buffalo-hunting Pawnee into an apparently avoidable massacre at the hands of the Sioux.

John Clum, on the other hand, appears to have been an honest, progressive, and (somewhat) successful Indian agent when he served in the Arizona territories with the Apache. He was also a newspaper publisher, a weather observer, a mayor, a postmaster, a real estate speculator, and a citrus farmer, in locations ranging from Washington, D.C. to California and Alaska. What follows is distilled from online sources as well as his son Woodworth's *Apache Agent: The Story of John Clum* (1978) and Gary Ledoux's *Nantan: The Life and Times of John P. Clum* (2007).

Reservation Years

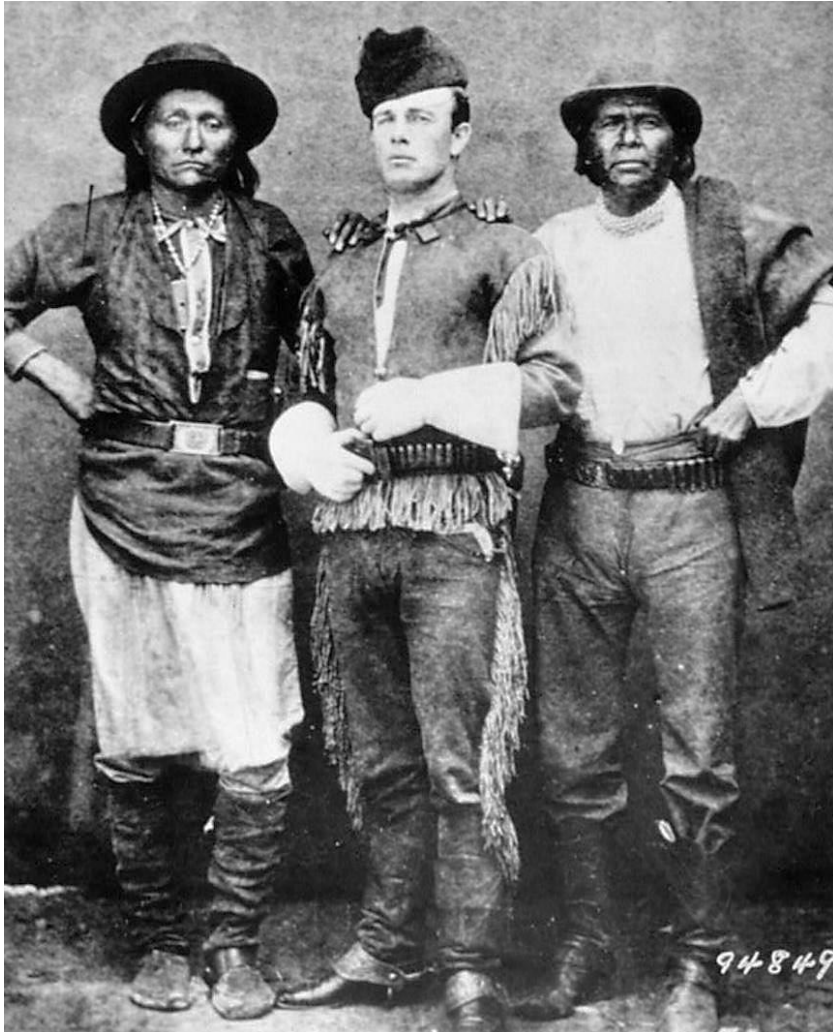
Born in the western tier of New York in 1851, thus five years Texas Jack's junior, John completed two years of education at Rutgers before dropping out due to bad health. He enlisted in the army's new Signal Corps, was trained in meteorological measurement and appointed Observer Sergeant, and then dispatched in 1871 to Santa Fe, Arizona Territory, to set up a station. The army's intent was that weather observers would telegraph local conditions each day so a broad regional weather map could be assembled. While reporting the weather, Clum also started the first English language school in Santa Fe. He also briefly filled in as Territorial Governor for Marsh Giddings while the latter was traveling to Washington.

Relations with the Apache had been bad since the 1850s when miners entered the territory and the army responded to resistance with violence. President U. S. Grant created the San Carlos Apache Reservation in 1872. At that time Indian agents already had a bad reputation, because federal funds directed to them for care of their charges were being diverted into their pockets and those of military officers. Grant decided to enlist Protestant churches to supply the agents. As a member of the Dutch Reform Church at Rutgers, Clum was recruited in 1874 to administer San Carlos.

He tackled the job with energy and innovation by establishing an Apache police force and courts and encouraging farming and cattle raising. He acquired the Apache nickname *Nantan*, "Boss with High Forehead," because of his baldness. (His enemies among the Apache called him "turkey gobbler" because he had a tendency to strut.) These were very hard times to be trusted by

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Indians, because the Plains Wars between the Army and the Sioux were at their hottest, and Custer had just suffered a calamitous loss at the Battle of Big Horn (see page 9).



<Indian Agent Clum about 1876 on San Carlos Apache Reservation with leaders Diablo and Eskiminzin.

Clum's administration was so successful, however, that he grew the San Carlos population from 800 to 5,000 because Apaches at four other reservations either moved there voluntarily or were consolidated by him. The Chiricahua Apache Reservation south of San Carlos, for example, was collapsing from intratribal tensions and bad agents, so Clum was ordered to round up residents and move them to San Carlos. Among the Chiricahua were rebels Geronimo, Victorio, and others, but they escaped the move and continued raiding white settlements.

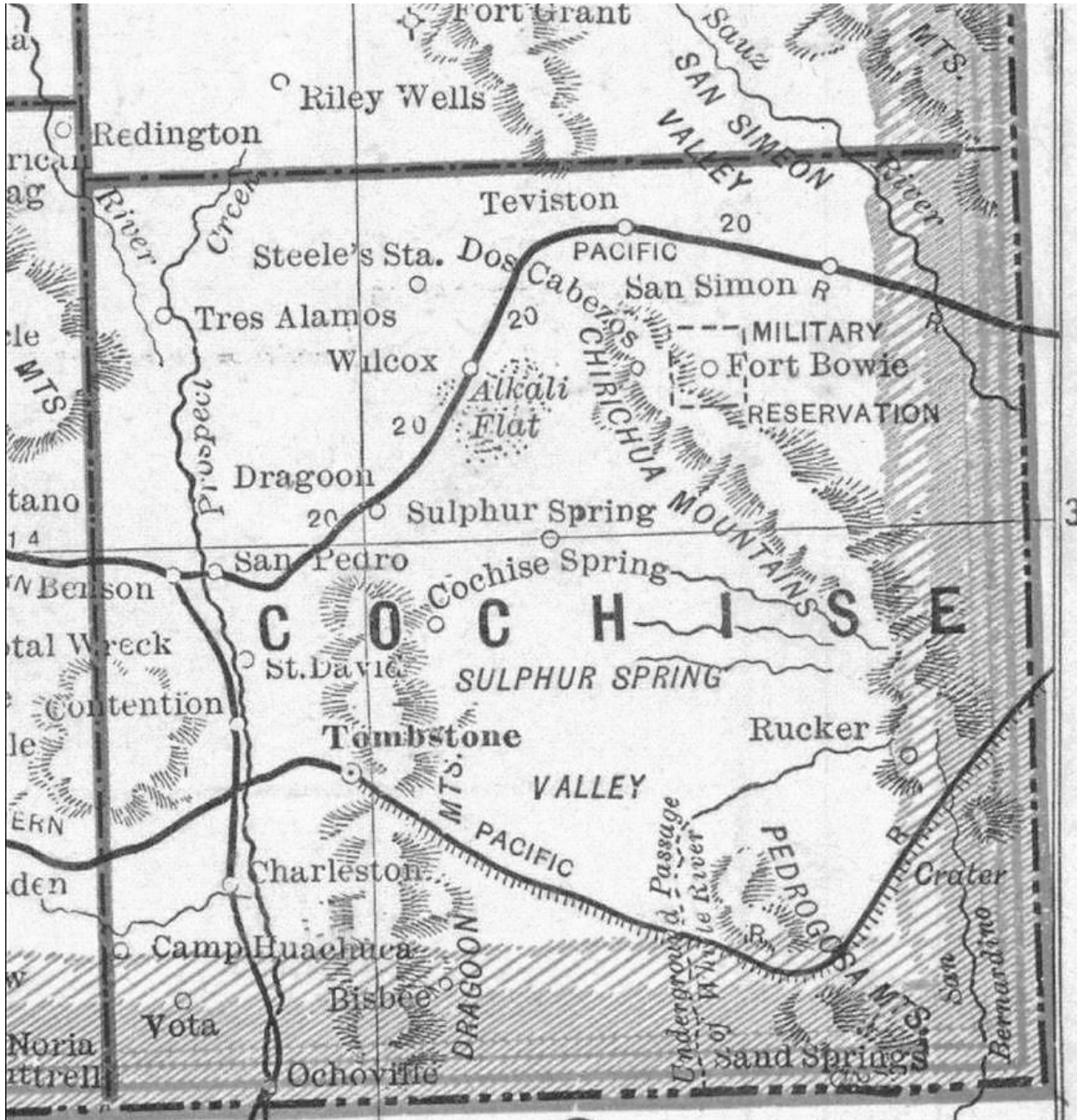
Clum was ordered to capture Geronimo, and surprisingly, he did so, in 1877, without bloodshed. He laid a trap with Apache police on the Mescalero Apache Reservation and rounded up the rebel and six of his allies.

Still surrounded by corrupt agents and army officers, Clum petitioned Washington for a raise, more Apache police, and less interference from the army, but he was ignored because the gravy train benefited politicians, too. In disgust, he resigned in 1876, was talked into resuming for a while, but failing to see improvement, he resigned again in 1877.

That same year, Geronimo and his allies were released from prison, to spend another 15 years causing mayhem among settlers in the Territory. Depending upon whom you read, Clum's successor released the prisoners, or Clum released them himself under pressure from a delegation of Apache leaders. In his biography, Clum expresses regret he didn't persevere as agent so he could have seen Geronimo tried in the territorial capital, Tucson.

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

Toward the end of his tenure as Indian agent at San Carlos, John married Mary Ware, of Ohio, in 1876. Traveling to her hometown for the wedding, he was accompanied by a troupe of 22 reservation Apaches who performed shows along the route to help pay travel expenses. Sometimes it seems that every westerner was in show business!



Partial Map of Arizona Territory, which included New Mexico, 1884. This portion is southeast Arizona and shows Tombstone and the San Carlos and Chiricahua regions. Globe, to which Clum built a road, is due north.

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

Newspaper Years

John and Mary moved to Florence, Arizona in 1877, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He decided he preferred journalism, so they bought the *Arizona Citizen* and moved it to Tombstone, as word of its silver boom spread. They renamed the paper the *Tombstone Epitaph*, which proudly is still being published today. Clum's editorials were highly critical of the army and the federal government for their mishandling of natives and the Indian Bureau. In 1878 he was appointed territorial road commissioner and built a road from Globe to the San Pedro River. To add to his accomplishments, he became the postmaster in 1880 and was elected mayor in 1881.

Residence in Tombstone was shortened by Clum's aggressive position as a law-and-order journalist in a rough town. He railed against the Clanton-McLaury gang and supported the Earps, Tombstone's law officers. After the lethal gunfight at the OK Corral between the Earps and the gang, harassment of Clum increased. Mary had died in childbirth in 1880, so Clum left for Washington, D.C. in 1882.



In the 1890s postal inspector Clum traveled thousands of miles of back country in Alaska establishing and equipping post offices.

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT



John Clum (R) with his old ally Wyatt Earp. Earp ran the Dexter Saloon in Nome where Clum was the postmaster.

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT

Civil Service

In the nation's capital Clum was employed in the office of the chief inspector of post offices and married again, to Belle Atwood, in 1883. In 1884 they returned to Tombstone, where he was appointed postmaster and elected city auditor in 1886. The area's silver was played out and the town was in decline, so Clum headed to San Bernardino, California, where he sold insurance and speculated in real estate. He bought a citrus grove, the fruits of which he promoted in the New York City Fair of 1890.

The couple probably would have stayed in the burgeoning California valley, except John got a call in 1898 to serve as postal inspector in Alaska, a US possession since 1857. He traveled thousands of miles in simple modes like dog sleds to establish and equip post offices over the territory. For a time, he operated a large post office in booming Nome, where he re-united with Wyatt Earp, who was running the Dexter Saloon there. He also managed the post office for a while in Fairbanks.

By 1909 Clum was retired from federal civil service, but he didn't slow down. He rounded off his career as a public lecturer about his adventures in the West (shades of Texas Jack!) and as promoter of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which connected his western investments with the East. After Belle died he married a third and final time in 1914, in New York City, to Florence A. Baker. He died in his California garden in 1932 at age 81, having drafted much of his memoirs. His son Woodward edited these memoirs into his biography.

Afterword


So, there *were* talented, dedicated, honest Indian agents. That's not an oxymoron—there just weren't very many of them. John Clum was one of the best, working with people who had every right to hate white settlers. Unlike Texas Jack, whose posthumous fame had to wait until Herschel Logan wrote his story in *Buckskin and Satin* in 1954, and partly thanks to his son, who finished and published his memoirs for him, Clum got picked up soon after his death by the cowboy mythology machine. He is portrayed in ten films and television series, the most well-known probably being the 1956 film, *Walk the Proud Land*, based on Woodward's biography and starring Audie Murphy as Clum. So, there's no telling what-all our man Texas Jack might have got up to if pneumonia hadn't stilled him in Leadville in 1880. **tj**

Where is this beautiful city?
And what does it have to do
with the Texas jack
Association?

Answer in the July and
November 2025 *Scouts*.



THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT



Texas Jack, the Man, the Legend ©...March 2025

By: Driftin' AaronG

Texas Jack, born, John Baker Omohundro, Soldier, Texas Cowboy, Frontier Scout, Actor and Star

He traveled the American Plains of the West on his great steed, always going far

*Oh, what memories we all proudly share
His spirit open and fearless like a giant grizzly bear*

*From the very first stories when John B Omohundro was born being wild and clever
Through thirty-three years building his legacy that would live on forever*

*This man, this legend of many talents, just a few on the prairie, the mountains and on the stage
Texas Jack as he became known, built a legacy that folks knew about, though he died at an early age*

From the very first edition of the Scout, published by the Texas Jack Association a vision was born

That vision was to carry the legacy and memories of Texas Jack, as all knew he was no greenhorn

Texas Jack, a man of great courage and honor was known for his many exploits throughout the West

And on every known occasion always throughout his life gave his very best

*From serving in the Confederate Army, to taking a herd of cattle up the Chisolm Trail and back
To protecting women and children from marauding outlaws, which he had a special knack*

*A few of his many deeds were taking cattle to a starving town from Texas to Tennessee
And then holding off a tribe of attacking Indians single-handed, a tough man anyone would agree*

On March 18, 1994, because of the Texas Jack Association, Texas Jack earned his final great name

He was inducted, along with many others like, John Wayne and James Stewart, into the Cowboy Hall of fame

*Texas Jack Omohundro, Soldier, Texas Cowboy, Frontier Scout, Actor and Star
Remains to this day as the earliest born man and first stage actor to receive this honor from afar*

*The first printing of The Texas Jack Scout, by the Texas Jack Association came in 1985
Its stories of Texas Jack are true accounts of his legacy and fame, and of all his early adventures when he was young and alive*

THE TEXAS JACK SCOUT



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The Texas Jack Scout
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TO