



Pawnee Bill and his Wild West Shows

By John and Susan Omohundro

Young Gordon Lillie, aged 13 and an avid reader of Buntline's tales of Buffalo Bill, encountered Bill and his pards in his hometown in Illinois in late 1873:

"One day after school, I went on an errand in downtown Bloomington. As I passed along Main Street looking west, I saw a large crowd in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel . . . [T]he thrill I got was the greatest I ever had in my life, for there in the center of this immense crowd sat three frontiersmen, clad in big sombreros, with long hair falling to their shoulders and wearing buffalo robe coats."



They were relating their experiences of the plains to each other. These men were Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill [Hickok] and Texas Jack Omohundro. They appeared that night at Schroeder's Opera House in a play called "The Scouts of the Plains." (from Lillie's autobiography, *Life Story of Pawnee Bill*).

← As a boy in 1873, Pawnee Bill saw his dime novel heroes perform on his hometown's stage. Left to right: Hickok, Omohundro, and Cody. Photo from Steve Friesen, Director, Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave.

The Texas Jack Scout

from the Editor's Desk...



After the boom of westerns in our childhood in the fifties, there was a constant decline of films and television programs for mass audiences. In recent decades, massively influenced by the civil rights movements, it's not so obvious in the show who wears the white hat, who wears the black. The evolution of niche media markets, like HBO, DVD sales, and indie producers, kept westerns alive. The *Deadwood* series, with its emphasis on the grit, was a fascinating postmodern look at the Wild West. The film *Wild Bill* was mostly about loss, not about brave heroes, but I really liked it.

Now we have *True Grit*, a film by the Coen brothers, a re-make of a thirty-year-old John Wayne movie that was also about the end of the Old West. It's very popular, some say because it is about old-time values shining out through the grit and the loss. America always spins its westerns to express the problems of the times, and *True Grit* appears to be right on.

What kind of a stand on the West does *The Texas Jack Scout* make? It varies a lot by issue: sometimes Jack's a witty showman, sometimes he's a brave hunter and guide, occasionally a rowdy drunk. But there is a pattern in the *Scout* of striving to uncover and spread the memory of Texas Jack and his times. I think our desire is more pure, you might say, than the TV producers. The *Scout* strives mostly just to know the man—a relative of many of us—rather than to find a metaphor for the war in Afghanistan or the recession, the way the mass media do.

So this issue of the *Scout* was prompted by curiosity: did everyone in those days consider Indians the bad guys? The answer appears to be yes, most white people did. But here are a couple of influential men who had a different view.

John and Susan Omohundro
Guest Editors

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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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The sketch of Lillie's life that follows is based on a fifty-year-old copy of Glenn Shirley's *Pawnee Bill: A Biography of Major Gordon W. Lillie*, which I found in a used bookshop. Lillie's story caught my fancy because, like Texas Jack, he was a Wild West showman. I have reported on other Wild West operations—particularly the 101 Ranch and Miller Ranch shows—and enjoy comparing them with Texas Jack's and Buffalo Bill's. Also, Lillie became a resident and promoter of Oklahoma, where my father spent his youth, while his mother taught in an Indian school. Finally, Lillie worked closely with Pawnee and other Plains Indians to help them make a viable transition from independent buffalo hunters to farmers and ranchers in a white man's world.



“Major” Gordon W. Lillie, “Pawnee Bill, White Chief of the Pawnees, Wild West Showman, Leader of the Land Boomers, Oklahoma Booster”

From the Oklahoma Historical Society digital archives at okstate.edu

Lillie is the first of two contemporaries of Texas Jack in this issue who made the extra effort to include Indians

in our rapidly-growing nation. Major Richard Henry Pratt, founder of Carlyle School, is the other.

First, meet “Major” Gordon W. Lillie, known as “Pawnee Bill.”

Early Years

Gordon Lillie was born in 1860 in Bloomington, Illinois, at that time the edge of the frontier. His mother was from a Boston banking family and his father was a Scot from Quebec, the proprietor of a flour mill. But young Lillie was steeped in the dime novels and wanted to go further west. He read Buntline's *Texas Jack, the White King of the Pawnees* and saw Jack and his two pards perform in his hometown.

Fate assisted his move west. His father's mill burnt that same year, and the family moved to Wellington, Kansas, to start again. Gordon sought every opportunity to hang out with Pawnee encamped in the area. He decked himself out in buckskin, made friends, and learned to speak the Pawnee language.

In 1875, at age 15, he was ready to leave home for Wichita, where the railroad and the Chisolm Trail joined to become a destination for Texas cattle drives. In Wichita, Gordon met Wyatt Earp, and, even more fateful for his career, Marsh Murdock, the editor of the *Wichita City Eagle* and an avid promoter of settlement in the region. Murdock named him “Bill Lillie,” and that's what we'll call our man henceforth.

Wichita was edging toward civilization, but there was plenty of recklessness. Young Bill had to give up plans to become a schoolteacher and give frontiersman a try as career after a lethal gunfight with “Trigger Jim” Braden. He rode south into Pawnee territory.

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*Pawnee Warriors, photographed by John Carbutt, 1866.
From legendsofamerica.com.*

Living with the Indians

The Pawnee had historically been one of the largest and most prominent plains tribes. They lived along major tributaries of the Missouri River in central Nebraska and northern Kansas. Harried by the Sioux to their north, they had become allies of the Federal government some years before Lillie joined them. They were a mere shadow of their former glory as Plains buffalo hunters. But they tolerated and eventually accepted Bill into their midst, naming him “Little Bear.” He became fluent in Pawnee, and grew his hair out, plainsman-style. He went to work for Trapper Tom as an assistant in his trading post. In 1876, aged only sixteen, he accompanied the Pawnee on their annual buffalo hunt to provision them with shop goods in exchange for buffalo hides and tongues.

That fall, Major Frank North, veteran

of Indian wars with Buffalo Bill, asked the Pawnee for volunteers in a punitive expedition against the Sioux and Cheyenne following the Little Big Horn debacle. Young Bill joined up and saw action among his friends, the Pawnee scouts.

His status was further enhanced the following year when he led a Pawnee party to recover horses rustled by a group of Comanches. The Pawnee held a ceremony naming him “white chief” in recognition of his service. He remained with the Pawnee, now as official interpreter for the U. S. Army, which was trying to teach the people to rely on farming instead of hunting buffalo. The spring hunt of 1879 was the Pawnees’ last. By that time, professional hunters had largely devastated the herds. Bill saw this loss from up close, and it planted in him the idea, to be realized 20 years later, of preserving bison.



Lillie partnered with Pawnee scouts like these in the Sioux punitive expedition and chasing Comanche rustlers. From legendsofamerica.com

At age 20 Bill began teaching on the Pawnee reservation at the Indian school run by the government. One of his pupils cracked his head with a tomahawk, but another, taking the English name Mark Evarts—as students were urged to do in these schools—went on to higher study at Carlyle School in Pennsylvania (run by Major Richard Henry Pratt, the subject of my second profile). Evarts returned to the reservation, took the name Sun Chief, and became a Pawnee leader.

Probably at his encouragement, Bill's parents joined him on the reservation. His father was a government baker, later a mill owner, and his mother taught Indian girls homemaking skills.

The Cattleman

By age 20, Bill had filled out his 5-foot 8-inch frame, grown a mustache, and sported shoulder-length hair. He wore a buckskin hunting shirt and a broad-brimmed hat. Folks in the Pawnee area had taken to differentiating him from the other Bills around by calling him "Pawnee Bill." His persona was taking shape the same year Texas Jack died young of pneumonia in Leadville.

In 1881 Bill resigned his teaching post and left the reservation after beating up a particularly officious school superintendent. He hauled corn to ranchers in Oklahoma and signed onto cattle roundups. Along the way, he picked up a bullet in the neck from cattle rustlers—which, with the nicked ear from Trigger Jim's bullet, was a souvenir of the real Wild West he carried the rest of his life.

Through Marsh Murdock, the Wichita editor, he became a friend and supporter of Captain David Payne, the leader of the so-called boomers, the farmer-settlers who advocated opening up Indian Territory in Oklahoma instead of renting leases there to cattlemen. He would return to this movement with vigor later in his career.

The Early Show Years

In 1883, Buffalo Bill, partnering then with sharpshooter Doc Carver, took the advice of his masterful manager-to-be, Nate Salsbury, and organized the first outdoor version of his Wild West show. Cody sent recruiters into Pawnee country to hire riders to chase stagecoaches, massacre settlers, and perform other acts of infamy in the arena for paying customers.

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Pawnee Bill was engaged by the Indian Commissioner to accompany the half-dozen braves and their entire families to Council Bluffs to join the show mid-season. Throughout his life, he was known as a good man to work with Indians. Colonel D. B. Dyer, Indian agent and former colleague, said of him, "he is quiet, and that suits them; he is patient, and that suits them better; he is personally brave, and that suits them best of all." Surely also useful was his fluency in the language and familiarity with their culture.



Pawnee Bill's show business career began as a manager of a Pawnee contingent in Buffalo Bill's early outdoor arena shows.

Bill's first view of Cody since he had gazed on his hero in Bloomington was not flattering. "He had been sleeping on the floor of a tent in some hay, his fur coat was missing, his hair was all matted, and he was drunk..." In fact, Lillie's close association with Cody for many years as employee and partner produced a fondness but much

vexation. Unlike the dime novel plainsman, Cody appeared to Lillie as a dreamer, an irresponsible child, and an alcoholic.

At this point in Glenn Shirley's biography, a gross error is committed concerning Texas Jack Omohundro. Shirley reports that when Omohundro and Cody split up their stage show partnership in 1876, Omohundro was "never to return to the stage," but we know from Hershel Logan's *Buckskin and Satin*, that Texas Jack and Josephine Morlacchi created their own stage show and toured for a few years until Jack's death. I can only hope that this was a rare slip in Shirley's well-written and-researched book, which includes a lengthy list of sources, including Logan's.

Enter May

Meanwhile, back in Cody's big new outdoor show, as it traveled east and enjoyed long stays in New York and Philadelphia, Pawnee Bill interpreted for and managed his Pawnee charges, even impersonating an Indian himself.

In Philadelphia he met May Manning, a petite Smith College undergraduate student and daughter of a prominent Quaker doctor. In spite of the improbability of it, Bill wooed May, in person and by mail when on tour, for three years. First he returned to teach in Kansas during the off-season, then he bought cattle from the Choctaw and drove them to Kansas to start a ranch. He rejoined Buffalo Bill's company for the 1884 season, returning to court May when the show was on the east coast. After Buffalo Bill's show went broke from accidents and bad weather in New Orleans, Pawnee Bill returned again to his Kansas cattle ranch.

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The Interior of a Pawnee lodge, from a postcard by Cornish, 1907.



The young marrieds—the miller's son and the Philadelphia Quaker's daughter—remade themselves to show the old Wild West to Americans. Photos from wikimedia.org

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In fall 1885, as a first step to independence, he assembled his own Indian showmen and became the Wild West portion of Healey and Bigelow's grand medicine show touring the nation.

When that tour ended, against the better judgment of her family, Bill and May married. At first, May acted as wife and mother-to-be, and pined away while Bill traveled, but when a medical complication made her unable to bear children, she learned to ride and shoot from his show people. She became an excellent horsewoman, riding sidesaddle, and a crack shot with a rifle. Even more impressive, she became a crack shot from the saddle—hard to imagine, if you've ever sat a saddle—and soon joined Bill's show as a performer herself.

With money from the sale of his cattle, a loan from his father, and encouragement (!) from his father-in-law, Lillie hired a manager and launched his own show in 1886: "Pawnee Bill, White Chief of the Pawnees, and his Wild West Show, with May Lillie, Princess of the Prairie."

Reviews were good, but receipts were disappointing, so mid-season the show combined with Buckskin Joe's show, featuring Annie Oakley, who had left Buffalo Bill's show in a tiff. No mention is made of how the sharpshooting female stars got along.

One bizarre act of many (Oakley shot live pigeons, for example) in the new combination was the reenactment of a wedding between a Kaw chief and a white woman, complete with traditional gift exchanges, a wedding bonfire dance, and a dog sacrifice.



On his first time on tour, Pawnee Bill partnered with Buckskin Joe and Annie Oakley to improve box office receipts.

Now Lillie had come into direct competition with his hero and old boss, Buffalo Bill, who upon his return from a European tour challenged him directly in North American cities. Cody sent his advance men to plaster over Lillie's posters. The Pawnee Bill-Buckskin Joe combination went broke in Maryland; Buffalo Bill was probably less a factor than bad weather and bad contracts, which also plagued Cody's bottom line. For both showmen, income swung between riches one season, bankruptcy the next. Once again, Lillie disbanded and returned to his Kansas ranch to reassess his prospects.



Poster of Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show. From wikimedia.org

Being Boomers

The push to move into Indian Territory in Oklahoma grew intense. President Cleveland passed the Dawes Act in 1887, which made it possible for Indians to sell land to the government for settlement by others. Railroads had expanded in the region, and cities like Wichita ramped up their ambitions. Captain Payne had died, and the boomers approached Lillie to be their leader. He was sympathetic to the cause and saw it as good publicity for his show. He wanted Oklahoma to be occupied by settlers, not ruled by cattle barons with leases on Indian land. His views on what his friends the Indians got out of this deal are not reported, but at least they were paid for these boomer lands.

The Pawnee Bill Oklahoma Colonization Company was formed. In the spring of 1889 Lillie organized great camps of colonists on the border, facing on the other side the U. S. Cavalry, which had orders to send them all back and arrest Lillie if they crossed. The danger of violence lifted when at the eleventh hour Congress passed the bill permitting settlement.

The “run” occurred on April 22 at noon. Over 65 thousand people (not counting the thousands of “sooners” who had slipped in early to make claims) galloped into Indian Territory looking for land. Lillie made no claim himself but reaped fame from the event. In 1893 he bought a ranch and settled in Pawnee, Oklahoma, which became the headquarters and showplace settlement for him that Cody, Wyoming was for Buffalo Bill.

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On to Europe

The show was re-organized as “Pawnee Bill’s Historical Wild West, Indian Museum, and Encampment.” It included his friends the Pawnee, plus Cheyenne, Comanche, and Sioux. This show carried an extensive collection of Indian and western paraphernalia. May remained a shooting star, and his trick-riding brother Al was “Oklahoma Al, King of the Cowboys.” Bill’s and May’s fame had made them heroes in the paperbacks, such as “Pawnee Bill’s Shadow, or May Lillie, the Girl Dead Shot,” by Paul Braddon in the Five Cent Wide Awake Library of New York.

The show traveled to Belgium in 1894, but lost money when it toured the small towns outside of Brussels; it recouped glory and profits when invited to extend its visit into Holland and France.

The next few years, abroad and in the states, were lucrative. Lillie invested some of his gains in the Arkansas Valley Bank of Pawnee, becoming what newspapermen called the “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the West”: a banker sometimes and a Wild West showman at other times. I am reminded of Cody’s and Omohundro’s similar split, spending their winters touring eastern cities as showmen and then in the spring hurrying west to resume the genuine plainsmen’s life.



Blue Hawk Ridge, Lillie’s impressive Arts and Crafts lodge on his ranch in Pawnee, Oklahoma, is justifiably still a tourist attraction. From the Oklahoma Historical Society digital archives at okstate.edu

For the Buffalo

Pawnee Bill now was able to act on his dream of rescuing the plains bison. He bought 2000 acres near his Pawnee ranch and bought a small herd from the remaining 400 purebred bison left. By 1906 with much care his herd had reached 60. His conservation efforts expanded to protesting sport hunting of bison and lobbying in Congress for a national bison preserve in the Wichita Mountains in southwest Oklahoma, eventually winning President Teddy Roosevelt's support. Americans' attention to conservation, closely related to their romantic memories of the recently-tamed Wild West, contributed to bison protection. By 1926, purebred bison in America had increased to 6376.

Coping with Cody

Bill's new show matched Buffalo Bill's in glamour and profit, if not in size. His show employed 587 people and traveled in 40 railroad cars, yet Cody's was even bigger. In 1906, in an effort to keep up with Cody's show, which had expanded to include international acts, Bill added "The Great Far East" to his western extravaganza, bringing in costumed acts and horsemen from Australia, South America, and Africa.

His publicity people promoted him to "Major" Gordon Lillie. He declined invitations to run for high office in Oklahoma, but in Pawnee he and his troupe hosted a grand celebration of statehood in 1906.

Bill was running up against the "Circus Trust" of Bailey and Ringling, who owned the Cody operation and controlled who showed when in the big cities of the

continent. The front lines of battle were the advance men, who entered a town often months before a show, contracting for the best venues and plastering the town with posters of their employer (usually over the top of the competition's). Lillie refused to divide the territory, abandon his parades, or enter any secret agreements.



At the turn of the century, Pawnee Bill was the biggest competition for the Ringling and Bailey "circus trust" and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Poster of 1903, from Wikimedia.org

Fortunately for him, the Trust contained severe internal strains, so it split apart under financial troubles in 1907. Cody

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needed a partner, so Pawnee Bill bought out his creditors and the “Two Bills Show,” as it was informally known, opened in Madison Square Garden in 1909. “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West and Pawnee Bill’s Great Far East” offered five good years of entertainment there. By 1909 the show had made enough that Pawnee Bill bought it all and incorporated to protect it from Buffalo Bill’s personal debts, which were extensive. May Lillie disapproved of the merger and retired from show business to manage the ranch in Pawnee.



For four years, Cody and Lillie combined shows for a stormy and only occasionally profitable partnership. Buffalo Bill (sitting with Pawnee Bill (left), and Charles A. “Buffalo” Jones at right with lariat. From wikimedia.org, Matthew Brady studio, c. 1908

In 1910 they launched Buffalo Bill’s three-year “Goodbye Tour” and made buckets of money. They were now the only Wild West show of consequence—(so biographer Shirley reports, but I’m sure that the 101 and Miller Ranch show was a major spectacle also). In any case, Cody continued to hemorrhage his share of the money, and when some of his mining investments failed, he sold his ranch, Scout’s Rest in North Platte, Nebraska, and the Irma Hotel in Cody, Wyoming, to Pawnee Bill. Cody then mortgaged his company to the Sells-Floto Circus, which offered the prospect of getting him out of debt.

It wasn’t enough: in Denver in 1913, creditors attached liens to the Two Bills Show, and it closed ingloriously. Each showman retreated to his family to reassess his prospects. Buffalo Bill invested in motion pictures, briefly toured with the Sells-Floto Circus and the 101 Miller Ranch shows, and died in 1917. Pawnee Bill reflected, “Time smoothes everything. Buffalo Bill died my friend. He was just an irresponsible boy.”

After Show Business

Lillie also anticipated that motion pictures would squeeze out the big arena spectacles, so he retired his Wild West show and returned to his Pawnee, Oklahoma ranch. He and May adopted a boy in 1916, but the child died in an accident in 1925.



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Lillie put his show business profits into land, oil, and livestock in Oklahoma, all of which appreciated.

He put his show business profits in real estate, oil, and livestock. He helped establish the Pawnee Bill Refinery in 1918. He tended his buffalo, experimented with cattle breeds, and developed a new breed of white-faced swine. His ranch, where extensive collections of Indian and western relics were

displayed, was operated to preserve the memory of the old prairie life. To expand that effort, he established on his ranch in 1930 a tourist attraction, "Old Town and Indian Trading Post," of settler and Indian communities, employing many of his friends and show staff.



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Frontiertown, on Lillie's ranch, in Pawnee, Oklahoma. From the Oklahoma Historical Society digital archives at okstate.edu



Lillie (left) after retirement with Zack Miller, a proprietor of the other Oklahoma-based Wild West Show and probably the last one to tour.

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Civic duties, politics, and regional development also drew his attentions. Lillie donated land for a camp to the new Boy Scout movement, and created another youth group, called the Mounted Troops of America, in 1927. He was a prominent supporter of Kaw Indian Charles Curtis, Herbert Hoover's running mate in 1929. He headed up the Highway 64 Association to create US 64, which runs across the northern part of the Oklahoma and into the panhandle.

May died in a car accident in 1936, and Bill passed away in bed in 1942, aged 82.

Looking Back

Pawnee Bill seems to me much like Buffalo Bill, but more sober and wiser with money. I see in him also a touch of Teddy Roosevelt, another small feisty man who, after a sickly childhood, went west and

became an avid outdoorsman and important conservationist. Lillie was a true plainsman, and a genuine white chief of the Pawnee, but he was at the tail-end of that era, being sixteen years younger than Texas Jack. He prospered showing the extinct western ways of Indians and plainsmen to Americans who had, with few exceptions, wanted the west transformed. He taught Indians western ways in school and on the farm, and he advocated for settlement of "unused" Indian territory. Today some of his accomplishments are criticized by scholars, Native Americans, and others, but it is a tricky business judging our predecessors by today's standards.

It is likely that my father and his sisters knew of Lillie in the 1930s, because they were high school- and college-age residents in eastern Oklahoma. That connection makes me feel just a bit closer to him— and to the boyhood heroes he met.



Oops!

- In the July 2010 issue—credit was not given for "Golden Time in Leadville." It was written by President Larry Tyree.
- In the November 2010 issue—the "colophon" contains the wrong issue designation; it should say Vol. XXV, no. 3.



Gloria Omohundro Palmer October 9, 1921 –
October 16, 2010

Gloria Omohundro Palmer of Grass Valley passed away on October 16, 2010 at the age of 89.

Mrs. Palmer was born October 9, 1921 in Elsberry, Missouri, to Jay and Alice Omohundro. She met her future husband, John, in the first grade, and they were married 15 years later in 1943. As a Marine Corps wife, she lived in China, Hawaii, and all over the continental U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer settled down in Santa Ana, CA, and lived there for 30 years before moving to Grass Valley to be near their son, daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren. They had been married for 65 years when John passed away. Gloria earned a B.A. degree from Lindenwood College in St. Charles, Missouri, and then taught elementary school for many years. She enjoyed genealogy and was an active member of DAR and other genealogical groups. Her friends and family enjoyed her warm hospitality and generous nature, and remember her as an excellent cook. She enjoyed staying in touch with lifelong friends in all parts of the country. For those nearby, she always had a cup of tea and homemade baked goods on hand to offer visitors.

Gloria was a deeply loved wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. She will be missed by her son and daughter in law, John and Sandy, grandchildren Emily, Sarah, Jonathan, and Christopher, and great-grandchildren Jonathan, Thomas, and Josiah. A private graveside service was held in Santa Ana, California.

Ed.: Gloria became a valuable correspondent of many of us Omohundros as she completed her impressive *Descendants of Spottswood James Omohundro, Sr.* genealogy in the 1980s. Spottswood was a second cousin of Texas Jack and this [John O.] editor's great-grandfather. Gloria's genealogy brought the line up to date from Malvern's 1951 work.



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Ann Omohundro Milstead

Ann Omohundro Milstead, of Palmyra, Virginia, died on Wednesday, November 24, 2010. She was the wife of 46 years of William C. Milstead Jr.

Ann was born on December 12, 1937, in Morgantown, West Virginia, the only child of the late C. Robert and Gladys Watkins Omohundro. She attended West Virginia University and graduated from Western Reserve University with a Bachelor of Science Degree in nursing. Later, she received a Masters Degree from Hood College.

Ann was employed by University Hospital at Western Reserve University as a nurse in Intensive Care and Recovery and as the Head Nurse in Labor and Delivery. She was then employed as a Nursing Instructor in the Francis Payne Bolton College of Western Reserve University and as a Nurse Education Coordinator at the Parma Community Hospital.

Following an 18 year absence from the nursing profession, Ann resumed her career as a nurse in the Frederick Maryland Memorial Hospital Labor and Delivery Unit for two years before being employed at Mount Saint Mary's University as a student health nurse and at Hood College as a student health nurse and health educator.

Following her retirement from the nursing profession, Ann acted as a volunteer interpreter at the Ivy Creek Natural Area and at Humpback Rock on the Blue Ridge Parkway National Park. She followed this with three seasons as a Seasonal Interpretive National Park Ranger at the Peaks of Otter in the Blue Ridge Parkway National Park. She also worked as an instructor in the education department at Monticello.

As a small child, Ann greatly enjoyed nature and being out-of-doors. She enjoyed camping and traveling with her family. She and her husband visited most all of the major United States National Parks, all 50 states, and 13 Canadian provinces.

Ann was a member of Grace and Glory Lutheran Church where she knitted prayer shawls for the Prayer Shawl Ministry.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Jane Sheets and her husband, Bob; a son, Rob Milstead, and two grandsons, Daniel and Andrew Sheets, all of Palmyra.

Mrs. Milstead was a long time member of the Texas Jack Association.



Evelyn Livingston Furman

Born April 1913 Died February 16, 2011



With deep sorrow, the family of Evelyn Livingston Furman announces the end of her life here on earth. Evelyn now resides in her Heavenly home where she rejoices with Jesus her Savior, her family, and friends.

Pioneer spirit was the “steering wheel” of her life. The road map included significant stops along the way:

- a *young woman* seeking a college degree
- a *young woman* taking a summer job with the family of a geologist to travel from the prairies of Minnesota to the majestic mountains of Leadville. The geologist was working on a mining venture with the now famous “Baby Doe Tabor”
- a *young woman* now deciding to stay in this spectacular, historical city and make it her home forever marrying a miner...Gordon Furman and living in a miners cabin not far from Baby Doe and the Matchless Mine

- a *young woman* going door-to-door selling first one Maytag washing machine then two, finally building a furniture and appliance business with her husband who had just lost his right arm in an ore crusher.

Her aptitude for business now unleashed, success in this area generally reserved for men was guaranteed. Interest in the Tabor family history grew through the years, and when the Elks Lodge decided to sell the Tabor Opera House in 1955, this woman found a way to purchase it and preserve its history. During the summer months the Tabor was the highlight of her life as she shared the past with visitors from all over the world before tourism was an important part of Leadville. Then the author in Evelyn appeared as she wrote four books about the infamous Tabors. This was a woman who didn't know or even care to know what discrimination was, she simply saw a need, took up the challenge, and fought her way to a successful completion of each venture. One of the first two women to vote, she proudly cast her vote in Leadville. This country with its freedom to pursue dreams was fiercely important to her during the almost 98 years of her life.

Evelyn treasured her family and gave from her heart all that she had to give. She is survived by one daughter, Sharon Bland (Bill), two grandchildren; Heather Cumpston (Ted), and Richard Krueger. Great grand children; Nikole Cumpston, Marc Cumpston, and Kyler Krueger.

Through Sharon's marriage to Bill the family wrapped its arms around Bill's son Jeff Bland, daughter Jackie Hunt (Brian) and

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three more great grandchildren; Josh, Bethany, and Austin.

Fulfilling Evelyn's wishes, the funeral was held in the Historic Tabor Opera House, Sunday, February 20th at 2:00 PM. The services were webcast live.

Janice Fox, librarian at the Leadville Library, added: She was able to visit the Opera House recently and see the amazing work her daughter and son-in-law, Sharon and Bill Bland, have put into the upstairs museum. She was very happy about it. I hear she walked up the stairs, herself. She was afraid to be carried. She was the most remarkable woman.



You will find this issue of *The Texas Jack Scout* a very informative and entertaining one with three historical articles about the contemporaries of Texas Jack. John and Susan produced three well researched articles for us that very well fulfill the purpose of the Texas Jack Association.

Larry and Rene Tyree have been putting in many hours to make Paypal payments possible for us. There are simple directions included in these pages for you to use.

I was privileged recently to be asked by our members Margaret and Rob Jones to write an article for the *Civil War News* about the beautiful ceremony that we experienced in Leadville at Evergreen Cemetery during our 2010 Roundup. Since Texas Jack was in the Civil War, the editor was pleased to include it. She did not know much about Texas Jack, and when she learned more was very impressed with him and his role in history.

If the article is published, I will put it into the *Scout*.

In our Mailbag is an excerpt about a talk I was asked to give about Texas Jack for a local service club. I would like to encourage our members to take opportunities to talk or write about Texas Jack for other organizations. It's scary if you are not use to it, but worth it!

In looking over *Scouts* from the past, I noticed many notices about accomplishments and awards that our members received plus announcements and mentions of family events. It would be great if we could revive that feature. If you have something like that you would like to tell our members about, just contact the guest editor or me.

Linda Omohundro
President

Red Man's Moses: Richard Henry Pratt
By John and Susan Omohundro

In Texas Jack's time, the nation's military leaders in the West, all veterans of the War Between the States, executed their unpleasant duties ruthlessly. General William Tecumseh Sherman wanted to eradicate every Indian man, woman and child with the same thoroughness that he burned his way through Georgia. General Philip Sheridan, speaking to Choctaw in Indian Territory, Oklahoma, in 1869, was overheard to say, "the only good Indians I ever saw were dead." And then there's George Custer.

I began to wonder whether there were military leaders engaged on the frontier who held a different view of Indians. Major Frank North, Buffalo Bill's officer in the Indian Wars, was such a soldier, and he deserves to be reported in these pages. Another is General Richard Henry Pratt. Seven years Texas Jack's senior, Pratt spent most of his long military career attempting to integrate Indians into the dominant society. His early career was in Oklahoma Indian Territory, as was Pawnee Bill's, and he also met Buffalo Bill (as we shall learn). Like Texas Jack, he spent some time in Florida, but their sojourns there did not overlap.

Pratt took up the Indians' dilemma—how to survive as a minority among those who took their territory—and he energetically pursued a solution that was controversial then and remains controversial today. Although a contemporary of Pawnee Bill and sharing some history with him, Pratt's aims for Indians were very different.



*Captain Pratt in cavalry uniform, 1879, the year of the founding of Carlisle School.
Photo from wikimedia.org*

Young Pratt

Richard Henry Pratt was born in 1839 in Genesee Valley, near Rochester, New York, but his family moved to frontier Indiana when he was six years old. His father became a forty-niner, seeking gold in California, and was murdered for his claim when Richard was 10. At 13 years he left school to work in shops to help support his mother and siblings.

In 1860 he enlisted in the Union army, ending in the 11th Indiana Cavalry, fighting in Chicamauga and Nashville. By 1864 he was promoted to corporal and assigned as a

The Texas Jack Scout

recruiter in his home state. He married there in that year, was promoted to second lieutenant, and sent back to the front to battles and to ever more important responsibilities. He ended the war a captain.

In 1867 he reenlisted, and the Army sent him, his wife, Anna Mason Pratt, and their two small children to Indian Territory, western Oklahoma, to assist with pacification. He spent eight years there, leading a company of the cavalry's Tenth Regiment composed of 103 former slaves, known as "Buffalo soldiers," and a party of Cherokee scouts. He became post adjutant at Fort Arbuckle, under Sherman, in which he supervised pacified groups such as the Caddoes and Wichitas.

About the time Texas Jack was flourishing on the Wild West stage in the east, Pratt's company was stationed for a while on Oklahoma's Canadian River, on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reserve, in partnership with a federal Indian agent, a Quaker who impressed Pratt with his progressive views of the Indians as people rather than enemies. Pratt wrote, "...talking with the Indians, ... Their intelligence, civilization and common sense was a revelation, because I had concluded that as an army officer I was there to deal with atrocious aborigines." Pratt cut out the graft with contractors of bad provisions and threw the bootleggers off the reservation.



Pratt (R) with Cheyenne policeman and warrior in Oklahoma. Photo from buffalosoldier.net.

General Sheridan, too, visiting the reserve in 1875, told him, "We have now got these Indians subdued and broken down. You have the greater task: to build them up." He took that directive very seriously. That year Pratt was assigned to lead 72 war prisoners,

acquired during the punitive expeditions of his cavalry, to Fort Marion, in St Augustine, Florida, for rehabilitation.

He tackled his task with characteristic energy, by improving living conditions at

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the fort-prison and outfitting his men so as not to be “curios” for the locals. He lived among them. He put them in wage work polishing seashells for tourists and working in orange groves and packinghouses. He taught them English and taught some to read. He saw that they got religious instruction.

And he petitioned Washington to expand his experiment, but was denied, so his prisoners were released in 1878, most to return to Oklahoma reservations. Seventeen, however, were enrolled as the first Indian students in Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, a boarding school for African-Americans.

Carlisle School

Pratt was finding his calling. The Indian Service directed him next to the Dakota Territories to recruit 50 young Nez Perce for Hampton School. After a short time settling them in, he appealed to the Secretary of Interior to start his own school at an army barracks in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Given permission in 1879, he returned to the Plains to recruit 86 young Sioux. He intended to train these students to move into the majority society as full citizens. He wrote, “In Indian civilization I am a Baptist, because I believe in immersing the Indians in our civilization and when we get them under holding them there until they are



Pupils in front of Carlisle School, 1885. Photo from buffalosoldier.net.

thoroughly soaked.” Some of his Hampton graduates came to work for him.

Carlisle school was run on military lines. Students were issued uniforms, ate army rations, performed drills, and followed martial discipline. English was required, a rule he facilitated by mixing roommates from different tribes and having rule-

breakers beaten. Since he had no precedent, he made up his curriculum. Half a day was spent in study of basic elementary and middle school subjects, and half a day was for work in shops or the school farm, learning mechanical skills or homemaking. Pratt and his family lived on the school grounds, and he knew and “parented” all his charges. He urged them to stay in touch with

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their families on the reservation, and allowed periodic family visits. He planned for his graduates to attend high schools of the dominant culture, so as to speed up integration, but in fact he had only a small percentage of graduates. Most of his pupils stayed at the school for about five years, the standard contract “term.” Some ran away.

Carlisle supported a popular brass band that toured the country beginning in 1880. It was a hit at the Great Columbian Exposition of 1892 in Chicago. The school is probably best known for its football team, coached by “Pop” Warner, which regularly defeated university teams. Jim Thorpe, 1912 gridiron star, was one of the players.



Students working in the Carlisle School Laundry. Photo from Library of Congress.

Pratt’s greatest innovation was the “outing,” what we might call an internship or co-op today. Older students were sent out to work with farm families, shops, blacksmiths, and other skilled trades. A half or more of their wages were banked for them by the school. The first outings involved 24 students, but by 1904 over 900 were placed in the dominant society.

Carlisle grew rapidly from 200 students to 1000, with 68 tribes represented. Carlisle and Hampton inspired 25 others to open, so that by 1880, the year Texas Jack died, 7000

of the 50,000 Indian youths in the country were enrolled somewhere.

Sometime in the 1880s, Buffalo Bill’s Wild West show set up its tents outside town and Cody extended an invitation to the students to attend. As a teacher at the school recalls:

“Although Captain always opposed such displays of Indianism, he accepted the showman’s invitation to the whole school, and at the head of the long brigade we all marched... through town to the show grounds. It was a merry affair, and he was as jolly about it as the rest of us!”

Cody and Pratt may also have encountered each other in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition.



Carlisle pupils working in the tin shop. Photo from Library of Congress.

The Integrationist

Pratt remained an active military officer during his long career at Carlisle. He retired as a Brigadier General in 1904. In fact, he was nudged out by T. Roosevelt’s administration for his continued harsh criticism of the Indian Service. He lived to the age of 85, dying in 1924, never easing up on his message, which was “Kill the

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Indian, but save the man.” Carlisle school had an enrollment of about 1,000 at the time of its closing in 1918. Most boarding schools like Carlisle were closed by the 1930s.

Throughout his career Pratt pointed out the problems experienced by military men assigned to the Department of Interior’s Indian Service, and his old friend General Sherman did, too, saying to Pratt, “Those fellows will down you in time!” Pratt was always an outspoken critic of the Indian Service; he wanted the Indians to integrate so they could get free of the Service and the reservations. He was critical of any efforts by missionaries, the government, or the Indians themselves, that set them apart from the dominant society.

He firmly believed that “separate is not equal.” In his day many Americans were still not sure that Indians could be civilized (or, shall we say, changed from their former ways). However, Pratt was certain, for anthropological and religious reasons, that an Indian could and should become just like him, and only then would he be accepted in America. Hence the short hair, the starched collars, the mechanical training, the English, and the Christianity were essential. Indians needed to be citizens, not wards of the state. He didn’t allow his students to “demonstrate” Indian dances or make Indian artifacts for sale (he softened on that taboo later). He didn’t approve of Buffalo Bill’s shows of “wild Indians.” He opposed missionizing on the reservations or native schools there or teaching people to read in their native tongue, because all these efforts just distinguished the Indians from white Americans, who would never accept them for their differences.

While Pawnee Bill led the charge on the

Oklahoma land boom in the ‘90s, Pratt was very upset that the result would be that western cattle barons and rough “sooners” would take over the tribe’s land. And they did. Pratt didn’t approve of anthropologists trying to “rescue” the memory of traditional Indian culture because he wanted the reservation resident to put that culture behind him. He advocated intermarriage of Indians with others, and recommended America support hyperdescent: children of mixed marriages would be classified as “white,” which is the opposite of the practice in this country. (Look at how Americans classify President Obama and Tiger Woods.)


In his day, Pratt was controversial because he was so outspoken in his criticism of everyone else’s handling of Indians—Pawnee Bill, President Grant, the Indian Service, the Jesuits — and his insistence that Indians could be anything white men could be. Today, Pratt’s desire to convert Indian youths into regular American youths by eliminating their native culture is just as controversial. What Pratt did some call “cultural genocide.” Many Indians have written memoirs of the horrors of boarding school. Yes, it’s probable that there were some very unhappy pupils at Carlisle. Pupils died there, it is reported. But some arrived very sick, too. We wouldn’t approve of the way that school was run today, but we probably wouldn’t approve of the way white boarding schools were run then, either.

The testimonials to Carlisle from its alumni are impressive. Life on the “rez” was worse, much worse. I end my tale being impressed and intimidated by General Pratt, not judging him; I wish we could sit down together at the school and debate what we should have done, what we should do.

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Sources:

Most of what I know comes from Elaine Goodale Eastman's *Red Man's Moses*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1935. I also used some information from Dickinson College, Buffalo Soldiers, and Wikipedia websites. I thank Dr. Susan Stebbins, coordinator of the Native American studies program at SUNY Potsdam, for this idea and for her comments on this essay.

Stebbins adds, "*There is definitely still a cemetery at Carlisle, which is now Army Intelligence School (I think that's what it's called). [Our colleague at SUNY Potsdam] Denise White... attended a program there and got permission to do a ceremony.*" 

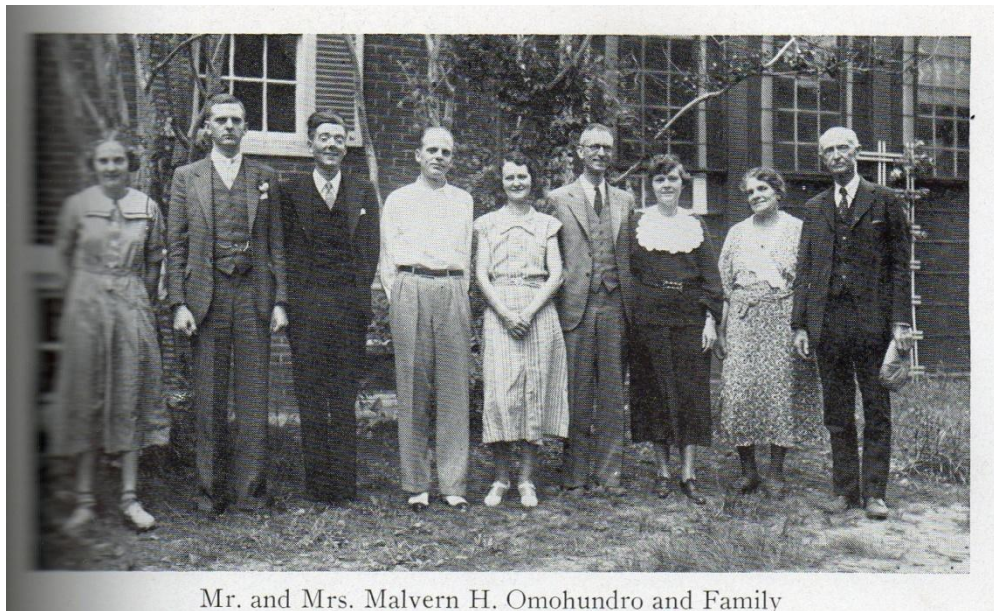


Portraits of Native Americans from the Cherokee, Cheyenne, Choctaw, Comanche, Iroquois, and Muscogee tribes in American attire. Photos dated from 1868 to 1924. From Wikipedia

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Dan Omohundro, of Fairfield, Connecticut, passed along this reminiscence of Malvern Hill Omohundro, the author of the massive Omohundro genealogy and father of M. H. Omohundro, Jr., one of the founders of the Texas Jack Association. It was sent to Dan by his first cousin Linda Omohundro Andrews, who got it from her mother-in-law in Williamsburg Landing. It was written by Pat Kendrick and appeared in The Tatler: News From Williamsburg Landing, Vol. 24 No. 8, September 2009. —eds.

O-MO-HUN-DRO



In 1943 the College of William and Mary and the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation inaugurated the Institute of Early American History and Culture and now jointly sponsor its work. In 1996 the College and Colonial Williamsburg added Omohundro to the Institute's name in recognition of a generous endowment bequest pledged by Mr. and Mrs. Malvern Hill Omohundro, Jr.

Sometime after coming to the Landing, I read with regret the obituary of Malvern Hill Omohundro, Jr., who, the account stated, had been a generous alumnus of William and Mary. He undoubtedly was known by some Landing residents.

The Omohundro family played a large part in my childhood years. They lived at Brightly, a large estate in Goochland

County. Mr. Omohundro, Sr., had practiced law in Richmond for a number of years, but a severe gastric ailment undermined his health to such an extent that his doctor advised a complete change, country air and plenty of rest.

He bought Brightly, a farm with a spacious, old brick home, built in 1842, capable of housing his wife, Daisy (whom he called Dee), and seven children. John was their oldest, Julia, Margaret, M. H., Jr. (always called M. H.), Dick, Tom and Virginia (called Dim by her brothers, although she was far from dim). She was my schoolmate and companion in mischief.

Mr. O. had amassed a small fortune in real estate. During the Florida real estate boom in the 1920s he corralled local carpenters and workmen and set up business

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in Miami. Some of the outstanding real estate developments in the state at that time were the result of his efforts.

He had real estate holdings in Richmond and when his health permitted, he drove his 1928 Cleveland (with side curtains) into the city, 20 miles distant, to his real estate office. Getting him on the road took many hands urged on by him to Daisy. "Now, Dee, make haste, I must be off." Dee would have prepared a bottle of warm water containing a generous amount of bicarbonate, which he drank for his restless stomach. His books and papers, scattered over the house and his "office," were hastily collected and stuffed into a battered suitcase.

The rolling grounds of Brightly were dotted with small whitewashed buildings, one an ice house [for] ice cut from the pond in winter, and Mr. O.'s "office," which contained an assortment of articles not unlike those found in a country general store: hoes, rakes, plows, axe handles and other farm implements, animal feed, barrels of potatoes, apples, turnips, and baskets of eggs. When eggs were needed in the kitchen at the big house, the cook was required to come to the office for the exact number, and the date and number of eggs were recorded in an old yellow notebook. The office emanated an aroma coming from an old leather couch piled with dingy pillows and quilts, a rolltop desk stuffed with papers and books, an antique typewriter, and old chairs with sagging bottoms.


Like other men of wealth, Mr. O was frugal in his habits. He wore odds and ends

of clothes his boys cast off, often worn and frayed. His sons trudged to school barefoot even in bitter weather, to "toughen" them, their father said.

After 35 years of work and research, Mr. O. had published a complete record of his large and widely-scattered family which he distributed among them. With Dee and his secretary he had traveled over 30 states visiting county clerks' offices, cemeteries, and every place he felt he would find information for his book.

With a diet he created for himself, Mr. O. claimed he had overcome his stomach difficulties by adhering to it. As he said, "I eat a lot of honey. It prolongs life. I eat the yolks of eggs, but the whites make me sick. I drink buttermilk – it suits me better than sweet – I drink nothing but water and milk, and all my food must be warm." He liked cake, but refused to eat it unless the icing was pink and no flavoring was allowed. His food was a most important consideration and a headache to the cooks who came and went there.

At 93, an illness kept him confined and a doctor called, doctors not often thought necessary in the O. family. While he was ill, Dee sat by his bed reading the day's mail, which included the telephone bill. "What is that bill for, Dee?" he asked. "Just the telephone bill," she replied. "How much is it?"

When she mentioned the amount, he said in a strong and firm voice, "That's too much. I'll have the damn thing taken out tomorrow!" 



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Dan Omohundro conducted some research on the source of the family name and has this to report, supporting previous speculation (Scout Vol. 20 no. 2, July 2005) that the name Omohundro is derived from Mohun. –eds.

My most recent genealogical research convinces me that Richard Omohundro I was born Richard Mohun in Throwleigh, Devon, England, and that he changed the name to get out of England with his head intact during the Cromwell craziness. Richard Mohun was a direct descendant of William Mohun (nee Guillaume de Moion or de Moyon) who came to England from Normandy with William the Conqueror in 1066 and was awarded vast properties in Devon and Somerset, including Dunster

Castle. The fact that William Moxley (Anne Moxley's father) was also from Throwleigh lends credence to this wild theory. I am planning to hire a professional genealogist in the UK to pursue this connection.

We hope that Dan is able to solve the longstanding mystery of the derivation of the unusual (at least for colonial Virginia) name "Omohundro."

It is supportive and provides context to learn, from David Hackett Fischer's Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America (1989, Oxford U. Press), that the mid-1600s saw a major migration to Virginia of Cavaliers, many of whom were based in the Devon area. Cavaliers had supported the restoration of the monarchy and were escaping Cromwell. 🏰



Welcome new members of 2010!

**Mary J. Omohundro
Erick & Carmen Magness
Randy & Mary Golladay
Lavonna Zurligen
Katy & Aaron Zimmerman
Matt & Andrea Tyree
Colette Chenault
Chris, Elizabeth, Max van der Stokker
Rob & Grace Omohundro
Alan Poff & family
Andrew Poff**

THE COWBOY WAY...July 2010

By: Driftin' AaronG

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

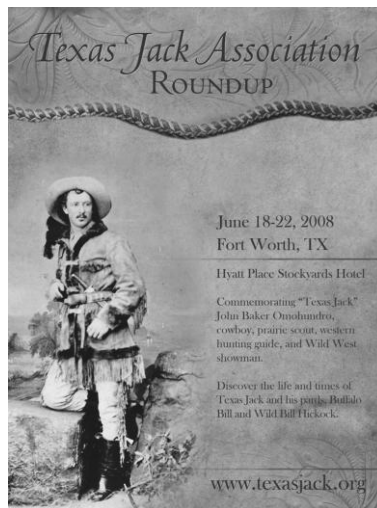


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Please make check payable to the **Texas Jack Association** and mail to:

The Texas Jack Association
% Rene Tyree, Treasurer
244 NW Whitlock Dr.
Lee's Summit, MO 64081

Registration for TJA ONLINE!

by Larry Tyree

A long-awaited online method to register with the Texas Jack Association is now a reality! Primarily due to the hard work of Rene Tyree, we as members and potential future members now have a very easy and quick way to register with the association. For those of us who may feel bewildered... with internet navigation... here are some easy steps.

1. Go to the internet with your favorite browser (Internet Explorer, or Firefox, or other).

2. Type: www.texasjack.org and this will take you to the primary webpage, as shown on the right and select "Join/Renew".



3. The membership page is shown at the right and you are then directed to click on the logo of Texas Jack in the middle of the page to continue...



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4. You are now directed to choose either...

- * New
- * Renewing
- * Renewing but new members on form


This last category is for when a family decides to add new persons to their registration.

5. Now, check which payment method is desired, either by check, or paying online. For the convenience of paying online, a small surcharge is added. (One saves on postage, envelope, and the need to go to a mailbox too.) Then click “Continue”

6. Next, one chooses the type of membership that is desired, if it is being paid as a guest membership or not, and the amount category.


The Texas Jack Scout


7. One is next led to the payment cycle and the choices include paying online or by check in the mail. This still allows a person to register online (not having to fill in the paper form)... However a check is still needed to be mailed. This is a convenience, although most people will probably want to pay online too.



THANK YOU FOR JOINING JACK!

Your payment options:



CHECK IN MAIL 

 Make payable to Texas Jack Association

Rene Tyree, Treasurer
Texas Jack Association
244 NW Whitlock Dr.
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OR

NEW! PAY ONLINE

-  **NEW!** Pay online via PayPal or credit card. Note that a small convenience surcharge will be added for online payments to cover the cost to the Association.
-  **NEW!** Optional online donations when you register. Because you've asked, we've added the ability for you to make an optional donation to the TJA at the time of your membership renewal. Donations are tax-deductible.

Finally one arrives at the selection of the membership and amount of charge which corresponds. This is added to the "cart", and then one proceeds to pay through Paypal either with a regular credit card, or if they have a Paypal account. Either method works well and is secure.

 **PAY ONLINE**

Select Member Type (and optional donation)



Name of Primary Member

Donation in memory of

Add to Cart

Payments are processed by PayPal so are secure.

Another option is available to those who wish to make a tax-deductible contribution to the Texas Jack Association due to our 501 (c) 3 non-profit tax exemption status. Once again, contributions may be made online with the same secure technology, or by check.


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Please indicate if you would like for you donation to be in memory of someone.

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Rene Tyree, Treasurer
The Texas Jack Association
244 NW Whitlock Dr.
Lee's Summit, MO 64081

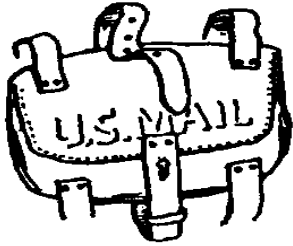
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If persons have questions about any of the above, or wish to make any comments or suggestions, these are welcome at ltyree5353@cs.com or renetyree@gmail.com





From the Mailbag

Nov. 13, 2010

Hi Rene,

I wanted to pass along unfortunate news of my grandfather, Jack H. Omohundro's passing last month. I believe there are some Texas Jack members who are aware of this, but I wasn't sure how many. I would be pleased to write a bio on my grandfather to be included in the next Texas Jack Scout, if you would like.

I know he was an active member and one-time president of TJA. He saw to it that my annual subscription was always renewed!

Best Regards, Jack M. Omohundro
Colorado Springs, CO

Ed. We included the obituary of Jack in the November, 2010 *Scout*. Right is a memorable photo of Jack and his wife Jane at the Cody Roundup. They will truly be missed.



Ed. The following is an excerpt (mostly unedited) from the University and Northwest Sertoma Club of Columbus, OH, newsletter. Sertoma is an international service club.

Linda Omohundro was our speaker today [January 13, 2011]. She is the President of the Texas Jack Association, that is, Texas Jack Omohundro, Dick's second cousin, four generations removed (0.195% common genes). Dick sort of looked like him when Dick was younger, although Texas Jack was much taller than Dick. Texas Jack was born as Jack Baker Omohundro in 1864 in Pleasure Hill near Palmyra, Virginia in 1864. Texas Jack was best known for his role in Buffalo Bill's "Scouts of the Prairie" and the Texas Jack Dime Novels published about his life in the 1880s and 1890s. But, there was much more to his life. Texas Jack was one of the true original cowboys. He was a scout in the Confederacy during the Civil War. After the war, he went to New Orleans and intended to go to Texas, but due to a storm he ended up on the Gulf Coast of Florida. There is briefly taught school before riding to Texas. Once in Texas, he started to herd/drive cattle for

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cash up the Chisholm Trail. One time, he drove cattle to Tennessee during a drought there. That is when he became known as “Texas Jack.” He also saved the life of a young man and he taught him how to twirl a rope. That young man became Texas Jack, Jr., who in turn, taught comedian/philosopher (the Jon Stewart of his time) Will Rogers how to twirl.

During the Utah War of 1872, Buffalo Bill Cody went to the Secretary of War to get a special bill passed through Congress to allow Texas Jack to serve as a scout. (He wasn’t allowed in the Army because he was a former Confederate.) The Indian tribes accepted Texas Jack. They called him Whirling Rope and White Chief. Texas Jack saved Fort McPherson. He infiltrated some desperados who wanted to attack, he informed on them, and then turned on them. He received a \$10,000 reward. He also helped the Earl of Dunraven explore Yellowstone Park.

Texas Jack was then recruited by Buffalo Bill to be part of “The Scouts of the Prairie.” He enjoyed acting. He also met Wild Bill Hickok, who was not a good actor in the play. There, Texas Jack met and married Giuseppini Morlacchi from Milan in 1873. She brought the can-can to the United States. After that Texas Jack lived and died of pneumonia in Leadville, Colorado in 1880. She never remarried and died of cancer at 39. Buffalo Bill Cody erected a tombstone in Texas Jack’s honor that you can find in Leadville, Colorado today. 🦖



**PLEASE VISIT THE NEW AND
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ASSOCIATION WEBSITE!**

<http://www.texasjack.org>

NEXT



ISSUE INFORMATION

The deadline for the July 2011 issue of *The Scout* is June 15, 2011. Please send ideas and materials to our Guest Editors: Margaret Jones and

Linda Omohundro
5256 Abel Merrill Road
Columbus, OH 43221
omohndro@sbcglobal.net

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