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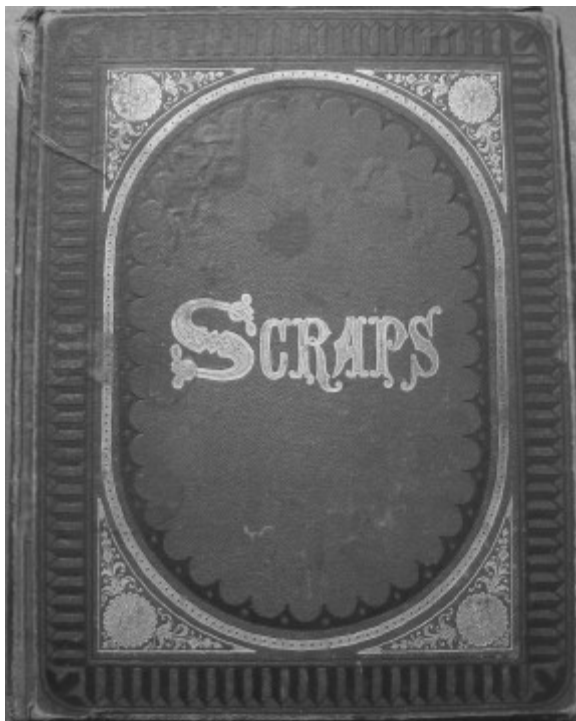
www.texasjack.org

November 2005

Inside An Old Scrapbook

By David Gindy

I was browsing in an antique shop in Miami 15 years ago, when I came across this lovely old scrapbook in remarkably good condition. Curious, I opened it and was amazed to discover that it contained articles and advertisements related to Texas Jack, Josephine Morlacchi, and *Scouts of the Prairie*. The shop owner had never heard of Texas Jack, but, as a long-time Western history buff and collector, I certainly had! I am happy to have this opportunity to share some of these items with the members of the Texas Jack Association:



- An ad for the Original Scout Combination, which featured Texas Jack, Josephine Morlacchi, and Buffalo Bill, appearing in “Life on the Border” at the Savanna Theatre is shown on page 10, along with a wonderful picture of Texas Jack.
- A newspaper article written by Texas Jack himself, describing the 1874 buffalo hunt with the Earl of Dunraven, begins on page 11. I am not sure if it has ever been published before. In *Buckskin and Satin*, Herschel Logan quoted extensively from two first-hand accounts of this hunt, but they were written by the Earl of Dunraven and Dr. George Henry Kingsley, another member of the hunting party.
- A newspaper clipping with an enthusiastic review of a recent performance by the Buffalo Bill Combination, which included Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Josephine Morlacchi, is shown on page 15. The evening’s performance included an opening comedy starring Mlle. Morlacchi and the western drama, “Life on the Border.”

From The Editor's Desk:

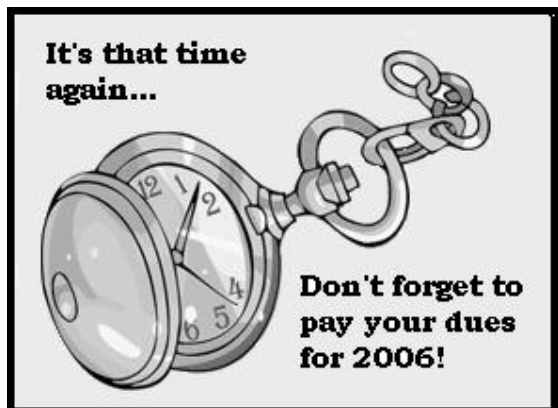
This is the first time I've been a guest editor for an issue of the *Texas Jack Scout*. It has been a very entertaining and educational experience!

I think you will enjoy the articles submitted by three collectors of Western memorabilia who generously agreed to share their stories and photos with the Texas Jack Association. While admiring the wonderful photos they submitted, I couldn't help but wonder how many other Texas Jack items are out there, and we don't even know they exist.

I hope more Texas Jack memorabilia will come to light one of these days, especially those that tell us more about the life and character of Texas Jack. For example, looking at the beautiful gentleman's walking cane he gave as a gift to a business associate, I realized that, in addition to being a daring and rugged frontier scout, he must have also been a true "gent," one who had a generous nature and excellent artistic taste.

As you read through the pages of this issue, I hope that you will gain similar insights about "the forgotten scout."

Julie Omohundro
Durham, North Carolina



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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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A Special Gift from J.B. Omohundro

by James J. Mangan III

My grandfather, James J. Mangan, worked for the Buffalo Bill Wild West show as a cowboy and roustabout whenever the show played Chicago around the turn of the century. I am certain that this is one reason I became a Western cowboy and Indian fanatic, and a collector of Western memorabilia.

In the early 1970s, I purchased this beautiful walking cane at a gun show in Pennsylvania. It carries an inscription indicating that it was a gift from Texas Jack to a J.H. Booth in 1873. My research indicates that Booth was a lawyer and theatrical promoter.

I've always loved this cane. It truly is spectacular! It is about three feet long and has an elaborately carved dog's head for its handle. It appears to be made of whale bone, which would have been readily available in the Boston area at the time, and has been scrimshawed or carved with names and symbols from the play, *The Scouts of the Prairie*, including "M'lle Morlacchi the Beautiful," "Ned Buntline, An Extraordinary Man," and "Arizona John" Burke.

Because of the heart carved next to Josephine's name, I've wondered if Jack might have carved this cane himself. He would certainly have had plenty of time to hone his carving skills, as many cowboys did, during long nights around the campfire while out on the range.

Until now, I've shown the cane only to friends and to one cane dealer, who was literally speechless with appreciation! I'm delighted to have this opportunity to share its beauty and history with the members of the Texas Jack Association.



Jay Mangan holding the walking cane that was once a special gift from Texas Jack



Historical Note

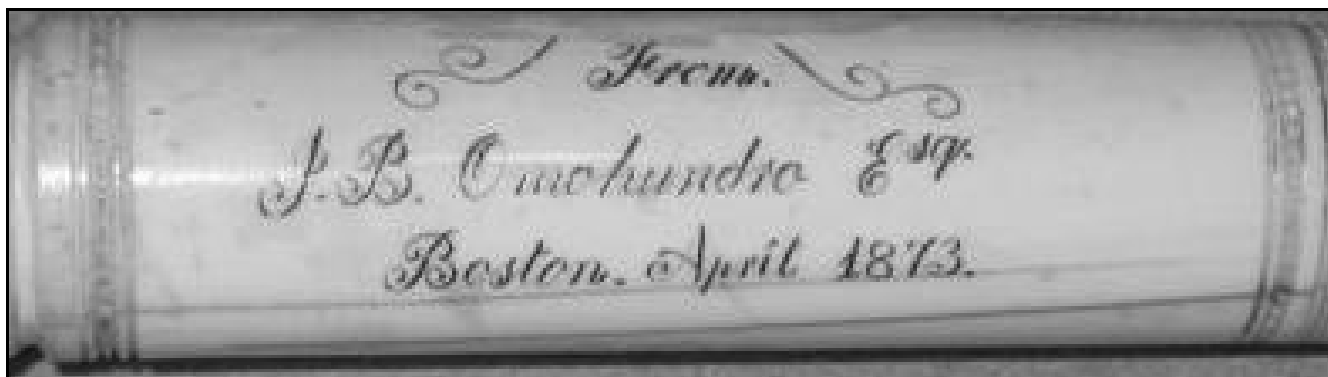
The gentleman's walking cane became a fashion item during the 18th century. By the late 19th century, the fashionable American gentleman was often in possession of several canes for different occasions and social events, with the more splendid pieces confirming the high social status of their owners. The custom of presenting canes was a mark of individual esteem and admiration.

SOURCES: CANES CANADA AND WIKIPEDIA

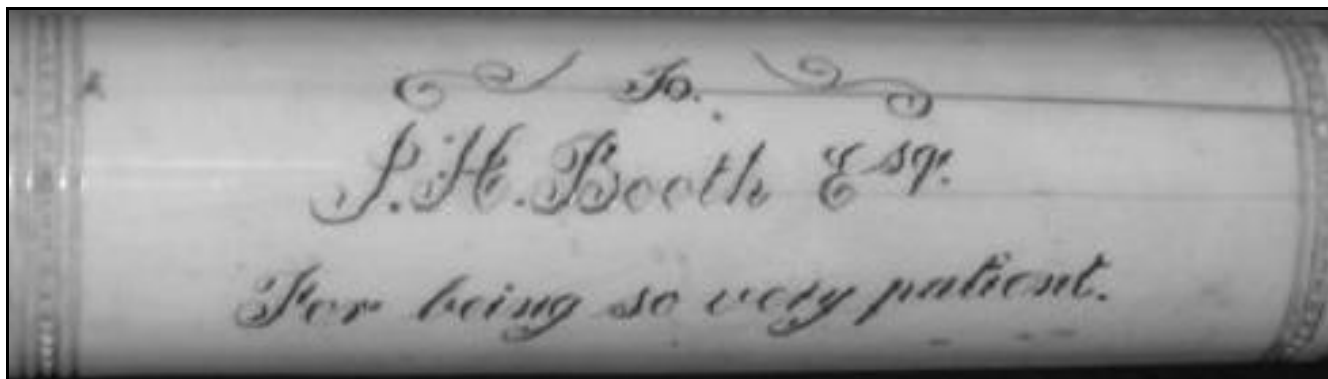




The cane's handle is an elaborately carved...and rather intimidating!...dog's head.



Beneath the cane's handle, two inscriptions identify the cane as a gift "from J.B. Omohundro Esq., Boston, April 1873" on one side...



...and "to J.H. Booth Esq. for being so very patient" on the other side.



Texas Jack made his stage debut in *Scouts of the Prairie*, a Western play that opened to a sold-out house in Chicago on December 16, 1873.



Texas Jack met his future wife, Josephine Morlacchi, when she appeared with him in *Scouts of the Prairie* as the lovely Indian maiden, Dove-Eye.



Ned Buntline was the "extraordinary man" who is said to have penned the script for *Scouts of the Prairie* in a mere four hours.



John Burke, who went by the nickname, "Arizona John," was the publicist and producer for *Scouts of the Prairie*.

How I Got Texas Jack's Gun

by Mike Harvey

I am the proud owner of Texas Jack's Wild West Outfitter in Fredericksburg, Texas. It is a great Old West mercantile, with more than 6,000 square feet of 1870's cowboy gear, both new and original. The store is housed in an old livery stable and forge, originally constructed in 1889, which once served as a stop for the stage that ran from San Antonio to Llano.



Texas Jack's Wild West Outfitter, Fredericksburg, Texas



The Gun Department at Texas Jack's Wild West Outfitter

The store is also a monument to Texas Jack. Life-sized enlargements of original photos of Jack, Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline, Wild Bill, and others, posing in their Wild West outfits during the stage plays in 1872, are mounted on the walls. Some framed original Texas Jack billboards are also displayed in the store. At times, a collection of original photo cards of Jack, Josephine, Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline, and other friends of Jack's is also on display.

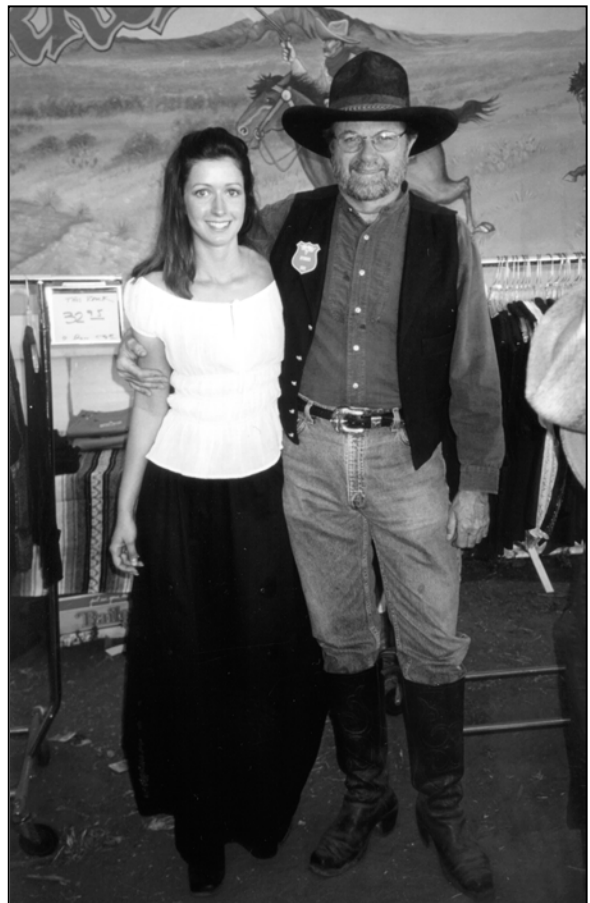


Two large posters inside the store showing Jack and his “pards.”

I am also a member of the Single Action Shooting Society (SASS). Members are required to choose an alias of a character out of the Old West or to make one up. With 60,000 members, the good names got taken early. I was very happy to be able to get *Texas Jack Omohundro* as my alias!

I have known about Texas Jack’s gun since the early 1980’s, when I first read *Buckskin and Satin*, Herschel Logan’s book about Texas Jack and Josephine Morlachchi. Fifteen years ago, I drove to California to the Gene Autry Museum to see Texas Jack’s gun. I was terribly disappointed to find that the gun had been removed from display and returned to its owner. I never, ever thought that some day, *I* would be the owner of Jack’s gun! I always thought it would end up stored away in some museum and would never be available for sale. Even if the gun did surface again some day, I never imagined that I would be in a position to buy it.

Then one day a friend called and told me that Texas Jack’s gun was about to be put up for auction. That’s when I learned that it was still in the possession of a private collector in California, someone who also had a large collection of guns once owned by the likes of William F. Cody, California Joe, Capt Jack Crawford, Pawnee Bill, Pat Garret, famous generals, etc. A few years ago, this great collection, combined with valuable Winchesters and famous Bowie knives, was offered in an auction of 300 or 400 items worth a total of \$30 to \$40 million. At the time, the economy was poor and the stock market was hitting historic lows. There were simply more great items for sale on that particular day than the market could bear. Most of the items went for half of what they



Mike Harvey, owner of Texas Jack’s gun, and his daughter, Jamie

would have brought a couple years earlier. I bid on Jack’s gun by phone. I set a price that was the absolute maximum I could afford. The gun sold for exactly my price. I understand that I paid half what the owner had paid 10 years earlier. Even so, I could have bought a small house instead!



Texas Jack’s Smith & Wesson Revolver



US Cavalry Barrel Marking



Texas Jack Cottonwood Springs 1872



Serial Number 2008

This is the revolver that first piqued Herschel Logan’s curiosity about Texas Jack, leading him to research the story of “the forgotten scout,” and ultimately write Jack’s biography, *Buckskin and Satin*. The gun belonged to Texas Jack while he was serving as a U.S. Government scout, stationed at Fort McPherson in Nebraska. It is a U.S. Cavalry-marked, Model 3 Smith & Wesson, 1869 nickel-plated, American single-action, .44 center-fire cartridge type six-shooter, with the serial number 2008. It is inscribed “TEXAS JACK - COTTONWOOD SPRINGS - 1872.”

Please send articles and news for the March Scout to:

Kelly Wyche

637 North Abington Street

Arlington, VA 22203

kwyche@comstockhomes.com

The deadline for submission is **February 1, 2006.**




This is the last issue of *The Scout* for 2005. As we end the year and look forward to 2006, it is time to start thinking about making plans for the Association Roundup to be held July 1-5, 2006, in Cody, WY. The next issue of *The Scout* will have complete details, but I wanted to give folks a "sneak preview" of the plans, courtesy of Edna Nees. In particular, I want to give everyone plenty of time to make hotel reservations at the Holiday Inn. **YOU MUST MAKE YOUR OWN ROOM RESERVATIONS.**

The Holiday Inn is one of the nicest places to stay in Cody, and is centrally located near downtown Cody, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, and other attractions. The hotel will be holding a block of rooms for us until May 15.

We've had two previous Roundups in Cody, and if you've been to one or both of them, then I don't have to tell you how beautiful that part of the country is, what a nice little town Cody is, or how fantastic the Buffalo Bill Historical Center is. And, since we'll be there for Independence Day, we'll get to watch the Cody Fourth of July parade and fireworks show. If you haven't been, then you owe it to yourself and your family to go! **Please mark your calendar** and start making your plans.

You can get there by air via the Yellowstone Regional Airport in Cody, with connections through Denver and Salt Lake City. If you have the time and the inclination, it's a beautiful drive across the Great Plains, coming from the east or south, or across the Rockies coming from the west. The Roundup officially begins Saturday evening, July 1st, and culminates with the banquet on Wednesday, July 5th. However, our discount rates at the Holiday Inn extend from June 29 through July 8, 2006, should you want to extend your stay.



When organizing the Roundup, we always have to strike a balance between scheduling group activities whose cost is included in the Roundup fee, and optional activities that are paid separately. It's almost impossible to please everyone, because some people may not want to participate in all the included activities, and some people may want other activities, but I think Edna, Richard B. Omohundro of TN, and Rick W. Omohundro of KY have done an excellent job! Costs of everything have risen substantially in recent years, but they have worked hard to keep the overall cost as low as possible.

The next issue of *The Scout* will have full details, along with the registration form.

I hope you and your family have a wonderful and safe holiday season. **God bless you all, and we'll see you in 2006!**

--Rand

These items were found in the old scrapbook described on page 1.

Savannah Theatre.

Hon. W. F. OGDEN, Buffalo Bill's Production and
 J. B. OGDEN & SONS, (Texas Jack) Managers
 JOHN E. OGDEN General Agent

NOTICE.

This Company has never appeared before a Savannah audience.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!!
ENGAGEMENT FOR THREE NIGHTS
 and
Saturday Matinee,
 Commencing Thursday, November 1, of the
Original Scout Combination!

TAKE THEATRE! NEW DRAMAS! NEW ENTERTAINMENT!
 Will be presented to the friends and patrons of the
 Great Western Exhibition.

BUFFALO BILL!
 (W. F. OGDEN)

Texas Jack!
 (J. B. OGDEN)

Who, supported by the great Illinois Dancers, Vocalist and
 Artists, the

PEERLESS MORLACCHI!
 and
Specially Selected Dramatic Company!

Will appear in their new Romance of Romance in the Fox Hunt, by
 Henry Kobbins, which is pronounced the most intensely
 interesting and thrilling Drama of the Day.
 (See First Act, printed.)

Life on the Border!

New and original plot, new effects, new characters, new songs, new
 scenes, new lions, new dramas, new tableaux.

BUFFALO BILL, by the great original! Hon. W. F. OGDEN
TEXAS JACK, by the great original! J. B. OGDEN

George Reed	Thomas B. Ogdren
Sebastian Donnellson	Charles Walker
Captain Hartley	J. V. Adlington
Old Wood	Harry Minton
General Denton	J. R. Johnson
Grasshopper Jim	Harry Marshall
Truffler Ben	J. N. Smith
Jim Reynolds	C. T. Robinson
Lieutenant Mallard	Fredrick Hawley
Wally Dick	B. Bennett
War Eagle	Miss Louisa Fay
Tom Mulvey	Miss Ellen White
Mr. Reynolds	Miss Lida Farnsworth
James Reynolds	

NOTE.—The bear skin used in Act IV of this piece is the skin of a grizzly bear that killed Dan Miller, a celebrated Huntsman and sportsman of Buffalo Bill, on his expedition up the Big Horn last summer. Mr. OGDEN was too late to save his friend, but killed the bear and preserved the skin. The same is intended to represent this animal tomorrow. The bear weighed 300 pounds.

The performance will commence with the
PEERLESS MORLACCHI!
 In the charming Linguistic, Musical and Topographical Comedietta
 and
THRICE MARRIED!!

Don't forget the Matinee on Saturday at 2
 o'clock, for Ladies and Children.
Matinee Prices, 50 and 25 Cents.
CHANGE OF BILL EACH NIGHT!

This ad for an appearance of the Original Scout Combination includes an interesting note that is barely legible beneath the cast listing. It states that a bearskin used as a stage prop in Act IV is the skin of a bear that killed a friend of Buffalo Bill's. It goes on to explain that Bill tragically arrived at the scene too late to save his friend, but in time to kill the bear.



This handsome photo was probably used to promote Jack's theatrical performances or to illustrate articles about him in newspapers or stories about him in dime novels.

This story was transcribed from a newspaper clipping found in the old scrapbook shown on page 1.

(Written for the Boys of the World)

TEXAS JACK'S EXPERIENCE

OF
Three Months in the National Park,
IN
THE YELLOWSTONE REGION

His experience of that marvelous country
after a hunting expedition there with
the Earl of Dunraven and others.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

I left New York August 1st, 1874, to go as guide and hunter for an English party, among whom were the Earl of Dunraven, Doctor Kingsley, and others.

I joined the party in Denver City, Colorado, and, after a few days of recreation there, started alone to Salt Lake City, where I met the superintendent of the Overland Stage Line, and succeeded in chartering a coach to carry us from Corinne to Virginia City.

My party came up the next day to Salt Lake and, after seeing Brigham Young and other curiosities, we hurried on to Corinne.

The next morning the coach was at the hotel ...[illegible]...at seven "sharp"...[illegible].... I would say, and guns, pistols, dogs, servants, scouts, English lords, and other bundles were tumbled in promiscuously, and before we could get half a view of the beautiful country, our driver shouted "all aboard," and away we went at breakneck speed.

We reached the first twelve mile station before I had got comfortably seated, for there was such a confusion of baggage in the coach, one would have thought the Grand Duke and Prince of Wales were along, and here our first trouble began, for, to "cap the lay out," one of the dogs had taken sick, for Salt Lake hash did not seem to agree with that canine's English stomach; but then we only had four hundred and forty-eight miles to go, and, as a

little thing like that wouldn't amount to much, I chucked the dog on top of the coach, and had just time to jump astride of a ten-gallon keg of whiskey when the driver shouted, "hoop la!" and away we went again.

I had given the driver a drink, and that settled it, for in vain did I cry out to him to make the horses pace so that we might go easy over the stones. He took my wailing for cries to make better time, for all that is said to these Western drivers they understand to mean go faster and make time.

At this rate we soon pulled up in the next station, where we got in a balky horse. He would not budge, and the driver called for some of us to get out, and throw a stone at his head.

I only got to throw one at old balky when back went his ears, and out came his two hind feet at my head, and off like a shot went coach and horses.

The remainder of the trip to Virginia City was made under similar circumstances, we arriving there in four days and a half after leaving Corinne; for a wonder everybody alive, and nobody robbed.



In vain did I cry out to him to make the horses pace so that we might go easy over the stones...

The next day I hired a team, and the earl and myself drove on to Sterling, distant twenty-nine miles, and on the way we passed Alf Slade's old ranch.*

Sterling is a place that started upon "quartz" prospects, but, like the butcher's call, it "kinder gin out."

Here we expected to meet George Ray, one of the noted hunters and trappers of the Yellowstone, for he was to join us at Sterling.

*Alf Slade was one of the most noted characters on the plains, and Mark Twain has given him a conspicuous place in "Roughing It."

After leaving Baseman I shot a small bear on Trail Creek—first blood of the trip.

The next day we entered the great and wonderful Yellowstone Valley, striking the river at a point about a hundred miles below Yellowstone Lake.

The valley here is wide, the rolling hills extending back some distance to the main range, and the country grandly beautiful.

Buying some ponies, we rode on to Baseman City, distant ninety miles, and on the way we passed through Gallatin Valley, which was by far the prettiest country we had seen thus far.



...the tents were soon pitched in a nice little grove, and things began to look to me like old frontier times...

Baseman is a nice little town, situated on a tributary of the Gallatin, and three miles from Fort Ellis, and here it was I bought my outfit of saddle ponies, pack-mules, and other necessaries, the earl going, in the meantime, in the company of some officers of the fort, to visit the Crow village and see a war-dance by some Indians of that friendly tribe. Here we met some friendly Indians of the Banack tribe, who were hurrying back toward the Gallatin, as they said there were Sioux across the river. These tribes have long been deadly enemies. They admired my Winchester and Remington rifles greatly, and when I told them that Dr. Evans, of Lewiston, Maine, was making me a gun that shot thirty-five times without reloading, they were immensely tickled, and also curious, one of them saying:

“Me habee that gun me stay here and kill ‘em heap Sioux every time.”

A few hours ride brought us to Bartlet’s ranch, the last regular settlement up the river. It was late when we got here, but the tents were soon pitched in a nice little grove, and things began to look to me like old frontier times.

Mr. Bartlet came to see me soon, a stout, healthy-looking, American-born Dutchman, who had spent his life in the mountains, and from him we heard nine good bear stories, while he showed us signs of where one had gone off with a good piece of his left leg. Also he told us that there were plenty more bears around his ranch, and as I knew this to be a good part of the valley for that kind of sport, we concluded to stay here a short while hunting, and trout fishing in the streams.

The next day some of the party went into the hills on a deer hunt, and I took to the river for some fish, and had landed, perhaps, a couple of dozen trout and white fish, when I discovered a band of ponies coming a full speed down the opposite side of the stream.

Satisfied that they were Indians, running off stock, I didn’t hesitate an instant, but dropped the fishing tackle, seized my rifle, mounted, and swam across the river, which at that point was a hundred yards wide.

Reaching the other banks, I headed off the ponies, and they turned into the hills, and in pursuit of them were several Indians, to whom I gave chase, but soon drew off, as after ten minutes I discovered they were too well mounted for me to overhaul them.



Satisfied that they were Indians, running off stock, I didn’t hesitate an instant, but...seized my rifle, mounted, and swam across the river...

As I turned to ride back, I saw a lone Indian coming up in my rear; but he was out of range, yet I fired a shot at him just for luck, and after returning the fire he dusted, and was soon out of sight.

Returning to the river I re-crossed, and was soon back in camp.

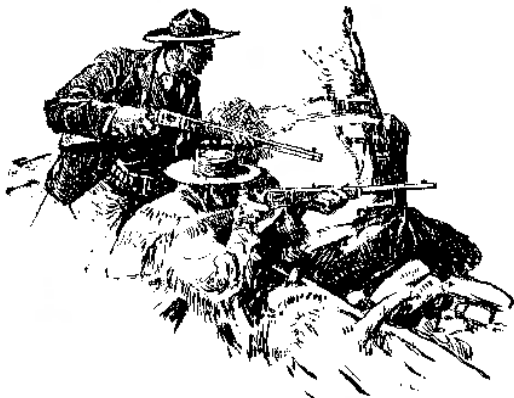
The next morning we moved up the river, and turned into the rough mountains, where we ran upon a band of elk, killing four or five before they got out of range, and had plenty of fresh meat.

Camped that night on the edge of a small brook, and had just started to pitch tents when we heard the whistle of an elk close by.

Every one sprang for his rifle, and the earl took the first shot, and brought him down nicely, and we soon had his hide and horns in camp, the antlers being an exceedingly fine pair.

Before we finished supper we could hear bear growling at the remains of the elk, and several of the party who had not seen grizzlies prepared to surround the place and take a shot at them; but I gave it as my opinion that grizzlies were nice little pets, and should not be disturbed at a nice little lunch at so late an hour, and Mr. Bartlet, who was with us, hoped they would make out a meal on the elk as he had no more legs to spare.

Thus we decided to wait until the morning; but no bears were in sight at that time, so we divided into two parties, and started out on a hunt for one.



Every one sprang for his rifle, and the earl took the first shot...

Owing to the rough country it was impossible to keep together, and soon each man had to look out for himself.

One of the party soon found a large grizzly, but, being alone at the time in a dark valley, he concluded to climb a tree before he opened fire...a very wise conclusion, by the way.



I knew I had hit him hard; but my hair raised a little as he started directly toward me, and quickly I reloaded

After seating himself comfortably on a convenient limb, about seventy-five feet from the ground, he got his rifle ready, and found that the bear had moved camp; but, being unused to bear tricks, he concluded to hold his position and await the return of Bruin, and there he might have been yet, perhaps, if I had not happened to pass the place, and assured him that there was no bear at the root of the tree.

Climbing down he started straight for camp, saying he "hadn't lost any bear, anyway." Guess he had already found one too many.

Taking a tramp through the hills, I was approaching camp late in the evening, and it had come on to be rainy and disagreeable, and put me in a bad humor.

Suddenly I came on a tremendous grizzly, picking the bones of the elk the earl had killed the day before.

It was the first big game I had seen during the day, and I was determined to tackle him alone, and at once endeavored to get as near as possible before I fired to make a sure thing of it.

Stripping myself of hat, coat, and boots, I crawled within thirty yards, for it was getting dark, and I could not see well at a longer range.

At the crack of my rifle the old fellow raised up on his hind legs and hit his side angrily. I knew I had hit him hard; but my hair raised a little as he started directly toward me, and quickly I reloaded and gave him another shot squarely in the breast, and again he assumed the position of a soldier, and, with open mouth and terrible growl, rushed upon me.

A climb for it was now my only chance, and with no time to lose, I started up the nearest tree; and in none to big a hurry, you bet, for with one blow of his huge claw, he stripped the bark off within one yard of my feet.

It was sixty feet to the nearest limb, and that was too small to bear my weight, so knowing I could not hold on a great while, I clung well with my legs and left arm, and opened on Mr. Bruin with my six-shooter, and although he was bleeding from two bad wounds, I still had him bleeding from six more, and yet he haunted the foot of that tree as if he had business there.



...again he assumed the position of a soldier, and, with open mouth and terrible growl, rushed upon me...

Wondering what chance I would have in a tussle with a grizzly with my knife, and feeling that it had come to that, I was thinking of coming down, when the old fellow staggered off to a little pond of water near by, and commenced rolling in the mud.

Then I slipped down the tree, seized my rifle, slipped in a cartridge, and gave it to him through the head from a distance of five yards, and this rolled him over dead.



Mounting, I rode in, and the bear soon rose up in front of me with a growl and a rush...

Just then, several of the party, attracted by my firing, came up, and soon we had him out of the pond, and found he was a twelve-hundred pounder.

Being too late to take his hide, we returned to camp, the earl greatly lamenting that we could not enjoy another encounter with a bear; but I told him that it would likely snow during the night, as it threatened it, and then he should have all the bear-hunting he wanted.

As I anticipated, there was a snow, and the ground was covered white in the morning, so we all set off on another hunt and soon struck a fresh trail.

We soon discovered the bear was not far abroad, for he was circling the spot where he intended to lay down, a habit of caution which grizzlies have.

Sending the party on the trail, the earl and myself cut across and came up on the other side of the hill, and in five minutes we heard a snarling in the brush, and instantly we jumped behind a big boulder, just as the largest sort of grizzly came out in full view, not more than fifty yards distant.

The earl carried a double-barrel Dougall, and I told him to give Bruin both shots, which he did, after a long ????.

Instantly the bear set up a terrible howling, and started down the mountain, but turned as he saw us coming.

Having reloaded, the earl gave him another double shot, I holding my fire for emergencies,

and determined to let my lord and the bear "fight it out on that line if it took all Summer."

Then the bear started toward us, but seeing the rest of our party coming up, ran down the mountain and hid in a willow swamp.

Instantly we surrounded the thicket, into which we could hardly see ten feet, and I ventured in, but finding that on foot I would have no chance if attacked, came out, and sent to camp after a pony, which soon arrived, the man who brought him taking care to dismount near to an easy tree to climb. It was the same fellow that hadn't lost any bear the day before.

Mounting, I rode in, and the bear soon rose up in front of me with a growl and a rush.

The pony became frightened, reared up and fell backwards, rolling over me. I was not hurt, but sprang to my feet in a second, and found the bear...[illegible]...I could easily see by his open mouth and glaring eyes.

I gave him a shot from my revolver in a twinkling, but he had aimed his blow, and his right paw grazed my cheek—I have considerable—and falling upon my chest, knocked me out of time.

It was some time before I remembered any more about the fight, and when I did, thought the bear still had hold of me, for I felt awfully cramped; but the bear was no where near, and I was happy, because I had begun to consider about passing in my checks.

I heard the boys yelling to know if I was hurt, but I had no strength to answer, and soon I heard the party coming toward me, for they had all determined to risk their lives to get me out.

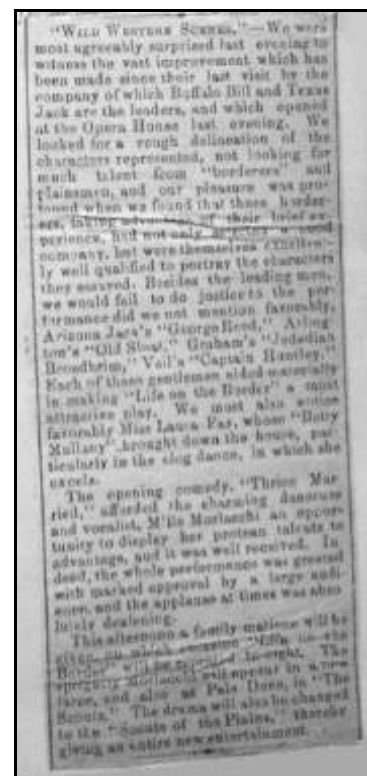
No more of this story appears in the scrapbook, but it seems safe to assume that Jack lived to fight another day...and the bear did not!



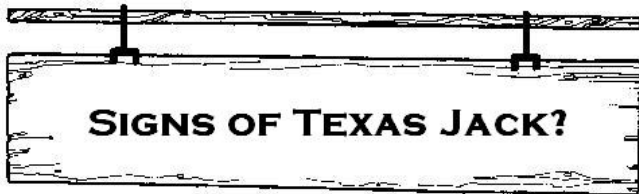
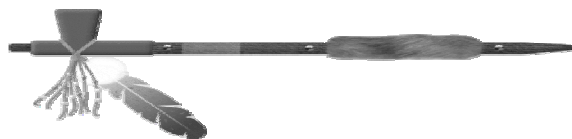
This review of a performance of the Buffalo Bill Combination, which was found in the old scrapbook described on page 1, reads in part:

"WILD WESTERN SCENES." We were most agreeably surprised last evening to witness the improvement which has been made since their last visit by the company of which Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack are the leaders, and which opened at the Opera House last evening. We looked for a rough delineation of the characters represented, not looking for much talent from "borderers" and plainsmen, and our pleasure was [illegible] when we found that these borderers, taking advantage of their brief experience, were excellently qualified to portray the characters...

...Indeed, the whole performance was greeted with marked approval by a large audience, and the applause at times was absolutely deafening.



Sara O. Johnson of Tampa, Florida, sent us this unusual photo collection of street signs bearing Texas Jack's last name.



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS:

Gladys O. Tyree
3408 S. Trailridge Drive
Independence, MO 64055

William "Rick" Talbert
509 Foster Street
Monroe, LA 71201

Virginia Sealey Boehringer
11631 Deer Forest Road
Reston, VA 20194

Bland B. Omohundro
1002 Blue Jay Lane
Graford, TX 76449

George C. Omohundro
2500 Appian Court
Alexandria, VA 22306

Anne O. Dunlap
704 23rd Street
Virginia Beach, VA 23451

We are thrilled to welcome you aboard. Enjoy the Scout, and hope to see you next summer at the Roundup!



Lakeland, Florida



Lincoln County, Missouri



Nashville, Tennessee



Rockport, Texas



Norfolk, Virginia



The Texas Jack Reader

The Grand Buffalo Hunt

Joseph G. Rosa

Kansas History, Spring 2005

Reviewed by Julie Omohundro

With special thanks to Margaret Jones
for bringing this article to our attention

An entertaining story of an unusual buffalo hunt in the service of an imprudent business venture.

In 1869, the owner of a museum located on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls decided that an event involving live buffalo would serve as a major attraction, although, as the author notes, “It is doubtful that he knew much about the problems associated with the capture and control of them.” In the article, Rosa, a historian who specializes in Wild Bill Hickok, reviews a number of letters to the museum owner, with the goal of determining the nature of Hickok’s involvement in the affair. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were also involved, and some of their letters are quoted.

One of the letters from Cody, written in North Platte on March 29, 1869, may document his first meeting with Texas Jack. Informing the museum owner that he and Jack would capture and deliver the buffalo, he notes, “I have just met Mr. Omohundro.” Given that he and Jack first met in the North Platte area at about this time, this statement might be true in the absolute. Cody might not have merely conferred with Jack before writing the owner; he might not have known Jack at all prior to that meeting.

The article describes the many setbacks suffered by the museum owner in his efforts to get live buffalo to his museum. Thus, three years to the day after Cody’s letter, Texas Jack writes to assure the museum owner that the project will be “a perfect success” and that “I have made up my mind to come through with the buffalo to take care of them over the road and to play any part in the hunt that you may wish.” Moreover, Jack adds, “perhaps I will join you in the exhibition.” Had he done so, the exhibition would probably have been his first stage performance, rather than *Scouts on the Prairie*. Even though Jack finally decided not to appear in this particular performance, it is clear that it was only a matter of time before Jack would try his hand at performing: “I can play Indian or white man as you may wish. I have always intended to go into something of this kind...”

From this point, the arrangements to capture the buffalo moved forward at a reasonable pace, and the date for the hunt was set so that the buffalo would be available for a July 4th celebration. A correspondent from the *Lincoln Daily State Journal* reported that “They started...early Sunday morning, 9th June...and, before noon the eight bulls were prisoners, and loaded on wagons.” The journalist includes the following first-hand description of Texas Jack’s efforts that morning:

After Texas Jack had lassoed an uncommon large ugly old bull, and before any one could secure his leg, he turned short and charged, caught the horse, and pitched both into a gully. Here the grit and action of a true western hunter became apparent; his well-trained horse waited for its rider...the rope was not even dropped, but man and horse were together, again following the buffalo, until he was finally captured. To read of such things is all very well; but to do them is quite a different thing. For my part...I had rather go through the Battle of Chicamauga again.

Although Texas Jack did his part to capture and deliver the buffalo, the live exhibition was not successful for a number of reasons, and the museum owner suffered significant financial losses.

The article is well written, seemingly authoritatively researched—the author takes issue with J. W. Buel’s account of the same hunt as based “more upon hearsay and a fertile imagination than fact.” It would seem to be a must-read for any dedicated Texas Jack fan!



From the Mail Pouch

To Susan Omohundro:

I am looking over some [of my] old papers on genealogy. I have cleared out all but 15 of 60 boxes! I had hoped to find our nationality, and I spent lots of time and money in research, but now I doubt if that will happen in my lifetime. Good luck!

Here is a copy of a paper that I had started some years ago. The paper begins:

"The following is a theory first presented by Mrs. Val Speed of England who has "gone the extra mile" in helping me solve the problem of the nationality of my maiden name, Omohundro. That may never happen in my lifetime, but perhaps things which have been done in the process may be helpful to future generations.

A parish named Moxley was found in England. Since our first Omohundro in Westmoreland County, Virginia, was married to a Moxley, it seems reasonable to also research that surname and that parish. Parishes were called hundreds.

Darlston, of which Moxley is a part, was first an ecclesiastical district, and was the Hundred of Offlow when Ormus de Darlston was Lord of the Manor. William Orme was a Captain of the Horse of the Hundred of Offlow in the Civil War of 1642. The Ormes were supporters of Charles 2nd and had their lands taken from them by Oliver Cromwell. When the king was restored to the throne he gave lands in Virginia to those loyal supporters.

Could the "hundred" of "Ormus" (Ormus hundred) have become OMOHUNDRO? This

was Mrs. Speed's question to me, which led to my research in all of the following avenues.

Gloria Palmer
September 2005

Gloria then describes her investigation into the Moxleys, which gave inconclusive results. Still, it's an intriguing idea, that Jack's surname is a corruption of "Ormus hundred " or "Orme's hundred." Perhaps someone would like to continue that line of investigation.

To Edna Nees:

I was Frank R. Sullivan's secretary for 22 years, from 1960-1982. I was with him at the start of TJA. He was the greatest and so intelligent and loved History.

Nancy Gunter, Illinois

To Edna Nees:

Elizabeth (Mrs. Malvern Hill Omohundro, Jr.) is now 89 and resides at Sanders Assisted Living in Gloucester Virginia. M. H. would have been 100 on September 25. We enjoy the Scout.

Mary Hyde Berg
Libby O' niece



Texas Jack Association members have volunteered to pursue five special projects:

TJA Bookmark. John T. Omohundro designed a TJA bookmark and had 1000 printed. He sent bookmarks to Edna Nees, TJA Secretary, for distribution to members as they paid their dues, to each of the four officers, and to six other members. He sent the remaining bookmarks to Julie Omohundro, chair of the Special Projects Committee.

This project is now completed. Expenditures for bookmarks and postage totaled approximately \$100.

Texas Jack Stamp. Dennis Greene wrote an article for the March 2005 issue of the Scout, asking members to write the Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee, petitioning them to issue a stamp commemorating Texas Jack.

TJA Advertising. Margaret Jones is researching the cost and feasibility of ads publicizing the Association in Western magazines.

There have been no expenditures on this project thus far.

Website Links. Julie Omohundro arranged for TJA and True West Magazine (www.twmag.com) to trade links on their websites.

No expenditures are anticipated for this project.

Omohundro Mass Mailing. In Fall 2005, over 200 special appeals to join the Texas Jack Association were sent out to persons with the Omohundro surname who were not currently members. Linda Omohundro searched online databases for "Omohundro," "Mohundro," and "Morlacchi." She identified over 240 names, 215 with mailing addresses. John Omohundro prepared a four-page special edition of *The Scout* for this appeal. Larry Tyree printed and mailed the edition.

This project is now completed. Expenditures for printing and postage were \$225.

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**Give “Texas Jack”
for Christmas!**



Mug \$15

- Sweatshirts \$20**
- Polo Shirts \$20**
- T-Shirts \$15**
- Posters \$15**

Make check payable to the Texas Jack Association and mail to the address below.

The Texas Jack Association
 Edna Nees, Secretary/Treasurer
 213 Coles Rolling Road
 Scottsville, VA 24590-3916

TO: