

The TEXAS JACK SCOUT

VOLUME I NO. 3

OCTOBER 1985

JOHN B. (TEXAS JACK) OMOHUNDRO was one of twelve children, born to John Burwell Omohundro and his two wives, Catherine S Baker and Margaret A. Shores. According to Malvern H. Omohundro's (Jack's youngest and only half brother) Genealogical Record, Jack's brothers and sisters were: Adelaide V., Elizabeth, Orville C., Catherine M., Arabella A., Richard J, Morton P., Martin W., Seldon B., Manassas and Malvern H. Unfortunately, the TEXAS JACK ASSOC. has not been able to contact as many of the descendants of the above people as we would have liked. Any help from members would be greatly appreciated.



SPRINGFIELD, IL MEMBERS MEET

The Springfield, IL chapter of the Texas Jack Association held it's first meeting on August 11, 1985 in the home of Frank Sullivan. Among those present were (from left) standing: Betty Woods, Frank Sullivan, Hughes Diller and (seated) Yolande Oglesby, Martha Sullivan.



THE JUNE GATHERING OF THE LOS ANGELES, CA chapter included, from left: Stuart Omohundro, Ken O'Mohundro, Judy O'Mohundro, Kirk Brennan, Evelyn Empie, Astrid Omohundro, Sally Rosenberg, Audrey Kamm, Betty Omohundro, Elmer Omohundro, Julie Greene, Ada Omohundro, Marc Stratz, Jack Omohundro, Beryl Caterson, Linda Stratz, Dennis Greene.

TJA RECEIVES U.S. TAX EXEMPT STATUS

On August 22, 1985, the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION was granted tax exempt status by the IRS.

A registered non-profit organization since it's inception, the Association was particularly gratified to receive this latest ruling from the government which allows the Association to receive donations, the amount of which can be deducted from the income taxes of the donor.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Robert Omohundro (Santa Teresa, NM)	October 5
Judith A. Phillips (Newport News, VA)	October 6
Kitty VanLew Wyche (Virginia Beach, VA)	October 7
Carol Horstman (Springfield, IL)	October 14
Betty Woods (Springfield, IL)	October 17
Dr. Henry Doerge (Middleburgh, NY)	October 19
Alex Hendrie (Glendale, CA)	October 20
David Spencer (Willow Creek, MT)	October 25
Linda Stratz (Santa Ana, CA)	October 28
Berryman L. Omohundro, Sr. (Sykesville, MD)	October 29
Paul Granell (Anaheim, CA)	November 9
James Moyer (Vienna, VA)	November 12
Yolande Knight (Aurora, IL)	November 17
Stephen Omohundro (Somerville, MA)	December 10
C.T. Bolling (Goochland, VA)	December 23
Peg Coe (Cody, WY)	December 25
Nancy Jo Gunter (Springfield, IL)	December 26
Evelyn B. Empie (Palos Verdes, CA)	December 28

It has been said by many of his chroniclers that Texas Jack was first and foremost a Cowboy. He, himself, wrote very graphically (and fondly) about the mechanics of that hazardous profession.

It is unfortunate then, that we have very little information about the period in his life that was spent on a Texas ranch and driving herds up the Chisholm Trail.

One of the major aspirations of the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION is to acquire more information about this illusive period in Jack's life. If any of you have anything to contribute concerning these years (or any other period in his life) - please share with us.

In Our Next Issue . . .

- * A complete membership roster, as of December 1st, 1985.
- * The year-end report to the membership from your executive board.
- * A Profile of Mlle. Guiseppotta (Josephine) Morlacchi, beautiful and talented wife of Texas Jack.

CONGRATULATIONS . . .

- * Kitty VanLew Wyche, who recently was initiated into the Delta Kappa Gamma, International Teachers Society. (This is not a sorority but a society comprised of outstanding teachers).
- * Angela G. Wyche, who was recently elected to the Alumni Board of Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, VA. She is the Vice-President for Annual Fund.
- * Kelly Lynn Wyche, daughter of Ben and June Wyche, who received a degree in Marketing and Business from George Mason College, Fairfax, VA. in May, 1985.
- * Mark Greene and Peggy Underwood, who announced their engagement. They will be married in February of 1986.

Please send us your news! We would like to share it with the membership.

THE TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.
A NON-PROFIT, TAX DEDUCTIBLE CORPORATION

Officers:

Malvern H. Omohundro, Jr., Richmond, VA Chairman
 Julie A. Greene, Palos Verdes, CA President
 Dennis J. Greene, Palos Verdes, CA Vice-President
 Angela G. Wyche, Virginia Beach, VA Secretary
 Stuart W. Omohundro, Van Nuys, CA Treasurer
 Martha M. Sullivan, Denver, CO Director
 Mark H. Greene, Los Angeles, CA Director
 Frank R. Sullivan, Springfield, IL Founder
 Nellie Snyder Yost, No. Platte, NE Historical Advisor
 Kitty VanLew Wyche, Virginia Beach, VA... Newsletter Editor
 Frank A. Lydic, North Platte, NE Poet Laureat

Honorary Members:

Mrs. Henry H.R. Coe: Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, WY
 The Earl of Dunraven VII: Grandnephew of the Earl of Dunraven IV (author of "The Great Divide", "Hunting in the Yellowstone" and "Canadian Nights"), County Limerich, Ireland
 Dr. Paul Fees: Curator, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, WY
 Mr. Fred H. Garlow: Grandson of William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, Cody, WY
 The Knight of Glin: Great Grandson of the Earl of Dunraven IV
 Mr. Herschel C. Logan: Author of "Buckskin and Satin" (Biography of Texas Jack), Santa Ana, CA
 The Earl of Meath: Grandson of the Earl of Dunraven IV, County Wicklow, Ireland
 Mrs. Nellie Snyder Yost: Author of "Buffalo Bill", "Medicine Lodge" and "The Call of the Range", North Platte, NE

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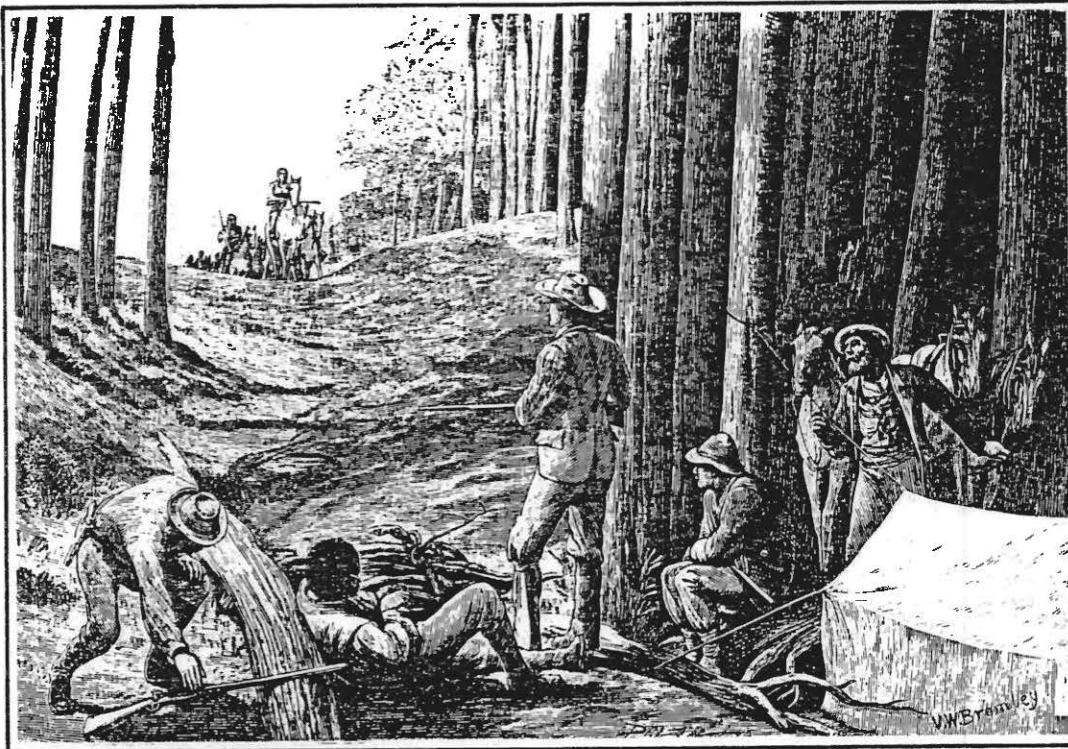
The Texas Jack and Earl of Dunraven Buffalo Hunt.

We are indebted to the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln Nebraska for the following newspaper account of Texas Jack and Lord Dunraven's Buffalo Hunt. It is a letter to the Omaha Bee, published on November 11, 1874.

Cheyenne, W.T., November 2, 1874

Editor Omaha Bee:

Almost the first man to greet us when we left the Union Pacific train at Cheyenne, was the far-famed John Omohundro, or "Texas Jack." Only the day before he had returned, in company with the Earl of Dunraven, Capt. Quinn of the British army, Dr. Kingsley the eminent scientist, and a troupe or retainers, from one of the most remarkable hunting expeditions on record. The Earl of Dunraven had mapped out a route through an unexplored region, teeming with hostile Sioux Indians, and even the famous "Buffalo Bill" had declined to escort the party, unless they had a strong military guard, but Texas Jack, the biggest dare-devil on the plains, was more than pleased at this opportunity for adding another page to the history of a life spent in wild adventure with Indians and grizzlies.



Doubtful Friends

Early in the summer the expedition was organized and started from New York City, with Texas Jack as guide and scout. On the 10th of July the party left Denver, and after "taking in" Salt Lake, Fort Bridger, Corinne, Virginia City and other places of interest, they fitted up a pack train, and started up from Bozeman City out into a mountainous wilderness filled with Indians. All the tribes were disposed to be friendly except the Sioux, who frequently threatened to attack them, but they had a wholesome dread of Jack's unerring aim, and the well-armed and re-

solute little band that were with him; and although they were frequently ordered to leave the Sioux country on pain of having their scalps taken, yet the Indians never dared to fire shot at them. While on the Yellowstone river, Jack had a very close call. The party was following a fresh grizzly trail, and while riding through a thicket they caught up with the huge monster, who instantly turned and sprang towards them with a fierce growl. Jack was considerably in advance of the party, and his horse not being use to seeing such rude strangers reared and fell over backwards. The bear was quick to take advantage of the situation, and springing upon the prostrate plainsman, he dealt him a blow in the breast, and another in the face, which laid him senseless. All this was done in an instant, and before a shot could be fired by any of the party the animal had escaped. Poor Jack was badly hurt, and even now the cuts made by those knife-like claws are scarcely healed, and as long as he lives he will carry the imprint of that bear's paw.

A few days after this, while the party was proceeding up the Yellowstone, they saw a small party of Indians on the opposite side of the river, who were running off a lot of



Making the Best of It

great profusion. One pair of sheep horns weighs 41 pounds, and the elk horns were truly magnificent in size.

All of these, together with a choice assortment of mineral specimens will be shipped across the ocean to adorn the ancestral halls in "Merry England." The Earl of Dunraven was so highly pleased with American hunting grounds that he proposed to remain here for some time yet; at present he goes to Canada to hunt Moose, but will return in January, and with Texas Jack for guide he will spend several months in the Indian Territory and the neighboring plains.

The tall, magnificent form, handsome face and jovial ways of Texas Jack, together with his ornamental buckskin suit, causes him to be noticed wherever he goes, but his reputation as an Indian killer makes some persons rather afraid of him.

These people are, however, mistaken in their man, for Texas Jack is no ruffin, but quite the opposite, and those who know him best unite in saying that he is the best hearted fellow that ever told a story, or cracked a joke, and is withal a thorough gentleman, and although many an Indian has

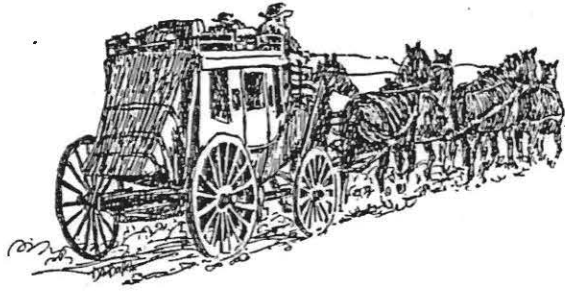
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horses they had stolen from a ranch farther up. Jack, true to his instincts, swam his horse across the river and started in pursuit-- one man after three; but the Indians were well mounted and he never got a shot at them.

After viewing the wonders of the geyser basin, the party started back for Bozeman City; where they arrived safely, everyone well satisfied and highly pleased with their nomadic life in the mountains. They brought back with them, as trophies of the chase, skins of the grizzly and horns of the elk, antelope and Rocky Mountain sheep in

A VISIT TO . . .



ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA. The Old Town area of Alexandria, Virginia is rich in history, with more than 1,000 restored 18th and 19th century buildings. The city gets its name from a Scottish merchant, John Alexander, who owned much of the land.

Founded in 1749 by Scotsmen John Carlyle and William Ramsay, it emerged as a flourishing seaport in the late 18th and 19th centuries. The city's Scottish heritage is honored every summer during the last week-end in July with the Virginia Scottish games. A Celtic country fair, it features piping, drumming, Highland dance, fiddling competitions, old Highland games, traditional Scottish food and Scottish dog demonstrations.

One's visit should begin at the Ramsay House, 221 King St., the city's visitor center. Built in 1724, it is the oldest house in Alexandria. William Ramsay, the city's founder, lived there in the 18th century and the Ramsay tartan hangs on the front door as a sign of Scottish welcome. Here, every visitor receives "A Proclamation" signed by the mayor assuring the bearer of the city's hospitality and welcome. With this proclamation, visitors may park free at any of the city parking meters.

One of the best ways to see this area is on a walking tour operated by Doorways to Old Virginia. Guides dressed in colonial costumes conduct the one-hour tours. The cost is \$3.00.

One may be surprised to find out that George Washington was very closely associated with the early development of Alexandria. As a 17 year old carpenter's apprentice, he helped design the pattern for the main streets and the byways of cobblestone streets and red brick sidewalks. At Stabler-Leadbeater Apo-

thecary on Fairfax Street is a handwritten request from George's wife, Martha, for his "finest castor oil." A marker designates Washington's pew at Christ Church.

The Friendship Fire Engine Company is where Washington volunteered and also bought the original fire engine for the city in 1775 for about \$400.

About a mile up King Street, visitors can tour the George Washington Masonic National Monument and see the clock stopped by his physician at 10:20 PM, the moment of his death. Here, also, is the world's largest one-piece Persian rug (30 x 50 ft).

Many of the city's old warehouses have been turned into shops and restaurants. There are more than 70 restaurants in the historic Old Town.

Alexandria is just across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C., an easy subway ride. It is next door to Washington National Airport. Visitors desiring to visit the D.C. area will find it less expensive and less crowded to stay in Alexandria.



A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF
TEXAS JACK

*From the private collection of Mr. and
Mrs. Dennis J. Greene*

Texas Jack — The Scout. As Seen by the Earl of Dunraven.

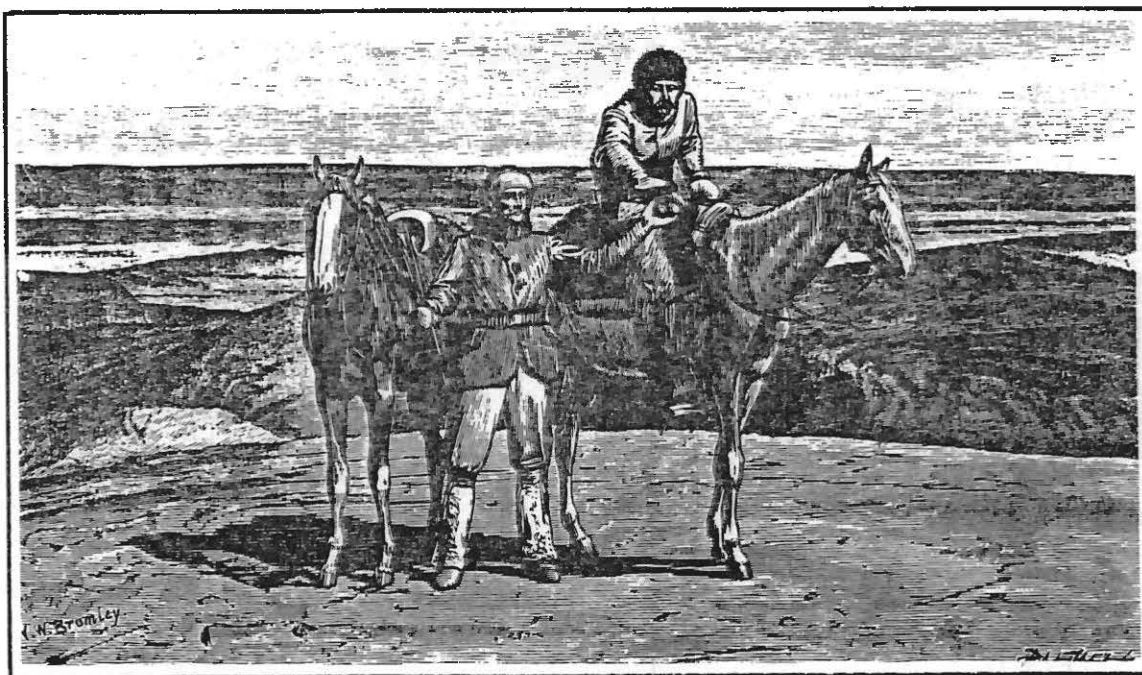
The Earl of Dunraven was an eloquent and colorfully descriptive author. His books describing the hunting expeditions which he took accompanied by Texas Jack give us some of the best descriptions of Texas Jack that we have available to us. Following is excerpts from chapter II of *THE GREAT DIVIDE*, in which the Earl "introduces" Texas Jack to his readers:



"Elk or Indians?"

ever produced; together we once made the most successful run at elk that I have ever heard of, and enjoyed a day's sport such as I shall never see again, but to which I hope to allude to later on in this volume. Many a long day had we hunted together, and been in at the deaths of numerous antelopes and white-tail and black-tail deer;

and many a waggon-load of meat, the produce of our chase, have he and I sent into the Fort. I cannot tell you exactly what fort it was, O sporting reader, because if there be any game left in that locality, which I very much doubt, I want selfishly to reserve it for my own especial benefit, for I hope to shoot there once



"Indians, by Jove!"

again before I die.

I had had plenty of experience therefore of Jack, and knew him to be just the man I wanted; but since those merry days among the sandhills and on the plains, he had settled down in life and married; and whether he could be induced to leave his wife and comfortable home, and to brave the hardships and dangers of a hunting or exploring trip to the far West, I was very much in doubt. I was therefore much pleased one fine day, as I was lying dozing during the heat of noon in my tent, pitched close to the never-melting snows on Long's Peak, to receive a letter from Jack, forwarded from the post-office of the rising little town of Longmont, saying that he was ready for anything, that he would be delighted to come, and was prepared to accompany me anywhere. He added that I should find him at Charriot's Restaurant, Denver, in a couple of days.

Jack was a great acquisition to our party, which consisted, besides myself, of Dr. G. Kingsley; my cousin and good friend, Captain C. Wynne; Maxwell, a gentleman of colour, who fulfilled the important functions of barber and cook; Campbell, my henchman or servant, a limber-limbed lengthy Highlandman, whose legs were about as long as his drawl; and last, but not least, in his own estimation at any rate, if not in mine, the faithful companion of many wanderings, my much-beloved colley dog 'Tweed.'

It was late in the month of July when I got Jack's letter, and acting upon it, I on the following day bade adieu to the happy hunting-grounds of Estes Park and drove down to Denver, the capital of Colorado, a distance

of 60 miles. While still at some distance

from the town I became aware of a great commotion, which I took to proceed from a comet or some other meteorological eccentricity, but which on approaching nearer resolved itself into the diamond shirt-studs and breast pin shinning in the snowy 'bosom' of my friend Texas Jack, who had already arrived from the classic east winds of Boston to share the fortunes of the trip. Pork and beans and pickled cucumbers had failed to sour his genial smile; aesthetic dissipation had not dulled the lustre of his eye. Jack at Denver in broadcloth and white linen was the same Jack that I had last seen upon

the North Platte, grimy in an old buckskin suit redolent of slaughtered animals and bodily deliquescence. How we did 'haver' and talk over old times that night, occasionally making enquiries as to the tenor of the historical telegram sent by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, which I may as well mention is said to have been to the effect that it 'was a long time between drinks.' Far into the night we discussed our future plans, and finally decided that as General Sheridan, who had kindly given me the benefit of his advice in Chicago, would by no means recommend the route via Camp Brown, which he considered dangerous for a small party that year, owing to hostilities having broken out with the Sioux, our best plan would be to take the ordinary road from Corinne by stage.

Having a great antipathy to stage travelling in promiscuous company, I determined, throwing prudence to the winds, to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would allow, regardless of expense; and accordingly I sent Jack on ahead to Salt Lake City to negotiate terms and charter the entire vehicle for our own sole and particular use, while we took our ease in our inn at Denver. On receiving a telegram from him to say 'all right,' we joined him at Deseret, and spent a couple of days in that city of saintly sinners, making a few necessary purchases, such as saddles, buffalo robes, and bridles.

Deseret is a very pretty town, beautifully situated on a plain almost surrounded by spurs of the Wahsatch Range. It looks clean from a distance, and on inspection it justifies its appearance. Perhaps the houses are whiter than the characters of some of its inhabitants. Formerly it enjoyed a very evil reputation; but, allowing for the discordant elements that mingle there, it may be said to be a tolerably respectable, though very peculiar place. It is like a jar of mixed human pickles, the population being composed of a conglomeration of saints and gentiles, elders and sinners, Mormons and Christians, and very much 'mixed' indeed. But there is no occasion now to give any description of Mormonism and the Mormons. Everybody knows all about that.

I enjoyed myself very well, and was introduced by Jack to many estimable acquaintances, and to many curious scenes. But I am not sure that on the whole I benefited much, peculiarly, from his assistance. True, I ac-

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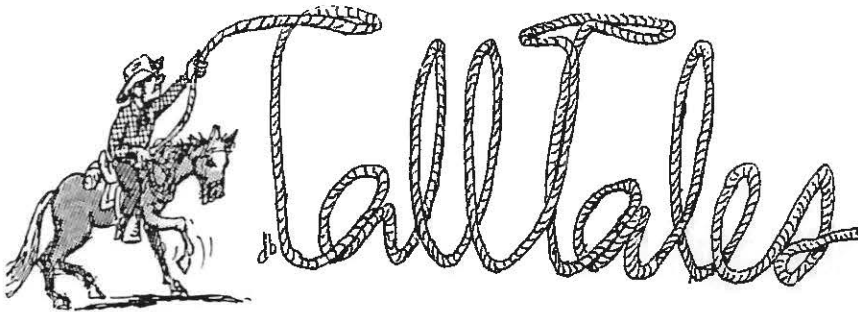
quired a considerable amount of second-hand renown, and, like the moon, shown with borrowed splendour. Jack was dressed in beaded buckskins and moccasins, fringed leggings and broad felt hat. Jack is a tall, straight, and handsome man, and in walking through the well-watered streets of Deseret in his company I felt the same proud conscious glow that pervades the white waistcoat of the male debutant when for the first time he walks down St. James's Street arm in arm with the best dressed and most fashionable man about town. It was obvious to all that I was on terms of equality with a great personage, and on that account cigars were frequent and drinks free. But I don't know that there was any great reduction in buffalo robes and saddles.



An Indian and his Horse

A ranchman's wife died and he reared their only child, a son, out in the great open spaces. The youth grew up, went to town, met a girl with whom he fell in love and they were married. The father helped them to build a cabin several miles from his habitation. Several weeks later, the young fellow rode over to his father's house alone.

"How's your wife?" the old man asked. "Pa, she fell and broke her leg this morning," the husband sadly replied, "and so, of course I had to shoot 'er."



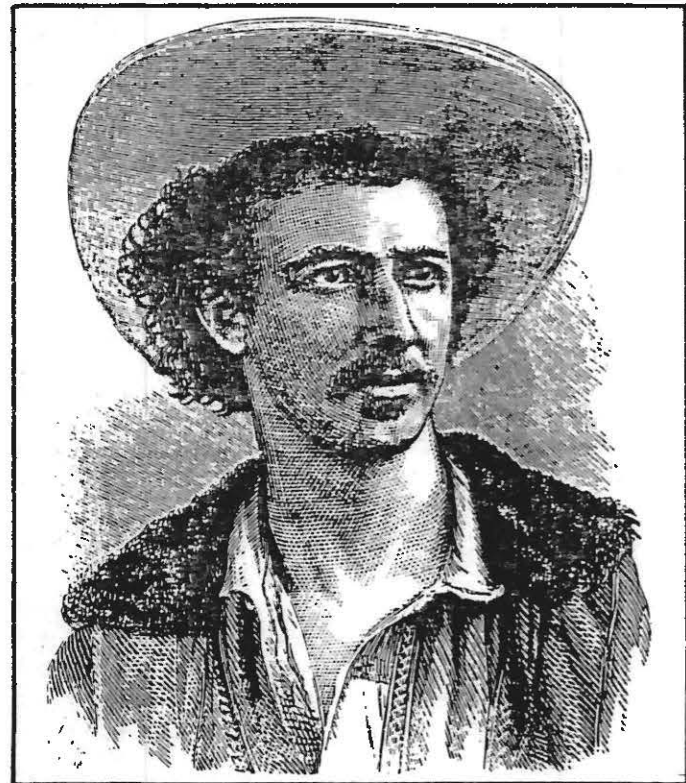
TEXAS JACK, LORD DUNRAVEN BUFFALO HUNT

(from pg. 4)

bit the dust when the smoke curled from the muzzle of Jack's rifle, yet he claims he never harmed anyone, except in defense of life or property. Texas Jack started for Boston last night, for although his life is principally spent as a shot, yet his home is in the East, and he showed us the picture of as sweet and gentle a face as fancy could paint, and very tenderly he said, "this is my wife."

--"Ranger" (John H. Pierce)

The pen and ink drawings in this issue, depicting life in the wilderness were created for the Earl of Dunraven to illustrate his book "THE GREAT DIVIDE". In his preface he says: "Of the illustrations in which Mr. Valentine Bromley has so graphically carried out my ideas, I will say nothing. The reader will agree with me that they speak for themselves."



Texas Jack

A PROUD INDIAN CHIEF BECOMES THE SLAVE OF THE WHITE MEN!

TEXAS JACK and the VANISHING CHIEF

9.

TWO OF THE TOUGHEST WARRIORS OF THE GREAT PLAINS OF THE WESTERN UNITED STATES WERE TEXAS JACK, THE CHIEF OF SCOUTS OF GENERAL CUSTER'S FAMOUS 7th CAVALRY, AND THE REDSKIN CHIEF CRAZY HORSE, LEADER OF ALL THE WARLIKE TRIBES IN THE TERRITORY. DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY OFTEN FOUND THEMSELVES ON OPPOSING SIDES, THE TWO MEN HAD GREAT RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER.

GREETINGS, CHIEF CRAZY HORSE. ARE YOU HUNTING TODAY?

GREETINGS TO YOU, NAGONA. YES, I HOPE TO BRING BACK A FINE FAT ANTELOPE...

NAGONA WAS THE NAME BY WHICH ALL INDIANS KNEW TEXAS JACK...

GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU, CRAZY HORSE. IF ALL YOUR BRAVES WERE LIKE YOU, THERE'D BE A LOT LESS TROUBLE IN THESE PLAINS.

BY MIDDAY, CRAZY HORSE CAME UPON A STREAM RUNNING THROUGH A LITTLE-KNOWN PART OF THE PLAINS...

A HERD OF ANTELOPE DRINKING AT THE STREAM! FORWARD, MY MUSTANG!

(Continued on next page)

CRAZY HORSE'S MOUNT REARED UP IN TERROR!

BUT SUDDENLY, THE DRY CLATTERING OF A RATTLESNAKE STUTTERED FROM BENEATH THE HORSE'S HOOVES... AND CRAZY HORSE'S MOUNT REARED IN TERROR!

AAAGH!

THE HORSE BOLTED. CRAZY HORSE LAY UNCONSCIOUS WHERE HE HAD FALLEN...

IT WAS NOT UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON THAT CRAZY HORSE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS... BUT WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, ALL HE SAW WAS A SEA OF BLACKNESS!

AAAGH!

THE FLAMING, SEARING HEAT OF THE SUN BLAZING DOWN ALL DAY ON THE BACK OF CRAZY HORSE'S UNPROTECTED NECK HAD CAUSED SUNSTROKE, THE MALADY THAT BRINGS BLINDNESS AND LOSS OF MEMORY!

UNAWARE WHO HE WAS, THE BLINDED CHIEF STUMBLERD FORWARD UNTIL HE FOUND A POOL OF BRACKISH WATER...

WATER... WATER... UGH!

HE FELT THE EVENING BREEZE, COOL AGAINST HIS FACE. INSTINCTIVELY, HE CRAWLED TOWARDS IT...

AT LAST, WORN OUT, HE FELL ASLEEP... BUT NEXT MORNING, HE WENT ON HIS WAY, STILL KEEPING HIS FACE TOWARDS THE WIND...

32

TEXAS JACK BEGAN A TIRELESS SEARCH OF THE VAST COUNTRYSIDE!



ON THE EVENING OF THAT DAY, A GROUP OF HARD-BITTEN GOLD PROSPECTORS WERE HAVING THEIR EVENING MEAL ROUND THE FIRE, WHEN—

HEY! LOOK! OVER THERE!

IT'S AN INJUN... AND HE LOOKS IN A BAD WAY!



IT WAS CRAZY HORSE. ROUGHLY, HE WAS CARRIED TOWARDS A RICKETY LOG CABIN...

THIS VARMINT'S HALF DEAD!

HE'LL PULL THROUGH. THESE SAVAGES ARE TOUGH. IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, HE'LL BE FIT TO GO TO WORK FOR US. HE CAN WORK FOR HIS FOOD... I AIN'T PAYIN' NO WAGES TO A DIRTY INJUN!



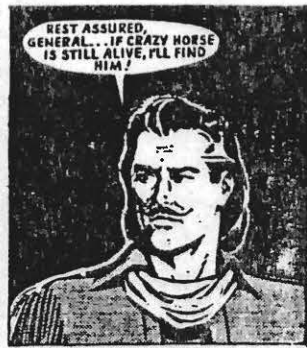
BACK AT FORT STARKE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE 7th CAVALRY, TEXAS JACK SPOKE TO GENERAL CUSTER...

NO, JACK... HIS WARRIORS HAVE SEARCHED THE PLAINS AND FOUND NOTHING. THEY HAVE DECIDED THEY MUST APPOINT ANOTHER CHIEF TO TAKE HIS PLACE.



THAT MEANS WAR THEN, GENERAL! ONLY CRAZY HORSE'S INFLUENCE HAS KEPT THE SIOUX FROM THE WAR-PATH THESE LAST MONTHS... A NEW CHIEF WILL CERTAINLY START TROUBLE!

IF THERE IS A CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT CRAZY HORSE IS STILL ALIVE, HE MUST BE FOUND, JACK!



REST ASSURED, GENERAL... IF CRAZY HORSE IS STILL ALIVE, I'LL FIND HIM!



AND SO TEXAS JACK BEGAN HIS SEARCH... THE SEARCH THAT MIGHT HAVE TO COVER VAST, LIMITLESS TRACKS OF COUNTRY...



BUT JACK WAS LUCKY. ON THE TWELFTH DAY, HE FOUND THE FIRST CLUE TO CRAZY HORSE'S DISAPPEARANCE. IT WAS NEAR THE BANK OF A LONELY STREAM...

CRAZY HORSE'S HUNTING LANCE...

JACK FINDS TELL-TALE MARKS IN THE DRIED MUD!



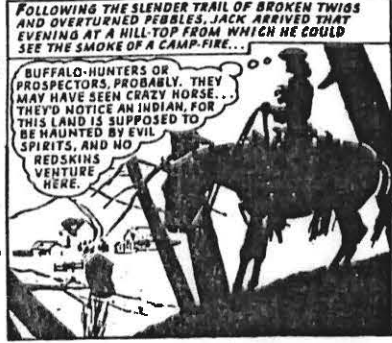
IN THE DRIED MUD NEAR THE STREAM WERE DEEP MARKS...

HE CRAWLED DOWN TO THE WATER AND DRANK... THEN DRAGGED HIMSELF UP THE BANK...



HOURS LATER, JACK FOUND A SIOUX MOCCASIN...

I'M ON THE RIGHT TRAIL, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF CRAZY HORSE WAS CRAWLING... CAN HE BE HURT OR INJURED?



FOLLOWING THE SLENDER TRAIL OF BROKEN TWIGS AND OVERTURNED REEDS, JACK ARRIVED THAT EVENING AT A HILL-TOP FROM WHICH HE COULD SEE THE SMOKE OF A CAMP-FIRE...

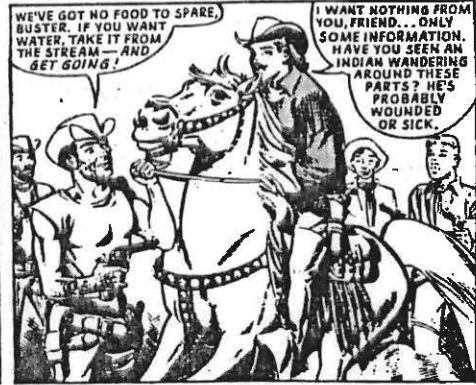
BUFFALO-HUNTERS OR PROSPECTORS, PROBABLY. THEY MAY HAVE SEEN CRAZY HORSE... THEY'D NOTICE AN INDIAN, FOR THIS LAND IS SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED BY EVIL SPIRITS, AND NO REDSKINS VENTURE HERE.



MINUTES LATER—

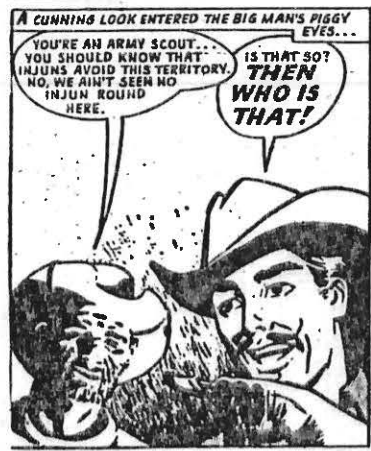
OUT GUNS, FELLERS. THERE'S A STRANGER!

WE'LL FIX HIM. WE FOUND THE GOLD IN THIS STREAM, AND WE AIN'T SHARING IT WITH NOBODY!



WE'VE GOT NO FOOD TO SPARE, BUSTER. IF YOU WANT WATER, TAKE IT FROM THE STREAM—AND GET GOING!

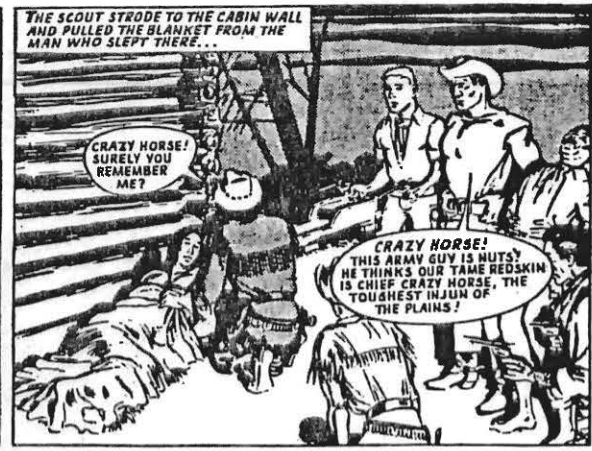
I WANT NOTHING FROM YOU, FRIEND... ONLY SOME INFORMATION. HAVE YOU SEEN AN INDIAN WANDERING AROUND THESE PARTS? HE'S PROBABLY WOUNDED OR SICK.



A CUNNING LOOK ENTERED THE BIG MAN'S PIGGY EYES...

YOU'RE AN ARMY SCOUT... YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT INJUNS AVOID THIS TERRITORY. NO, WE AIN'T SEEN NO INJUN ROUND HERE.

IS THAT SO? THEN WHO IS THAT!



THE SCOUT STRODE TO THE CABIN WALL AND PULLED THE BLANKET FROM THE MAN WHO SLEPT THERE...

CRAZY HORSE! SURELY YOU REMEMBER ME?

CRAZY HORSE! THIS ARMY GUY IS MUTS. HE THINKS OUR TAME REDSKIN IS CHIEF CRAZY HORSE, THE TOUGHEST INJUN OF THE PLAINS!

THE BIG MINER KICKED THE HELPLESS INDIAN!



CRAZY HORSE... IT IS I, NAGONA...

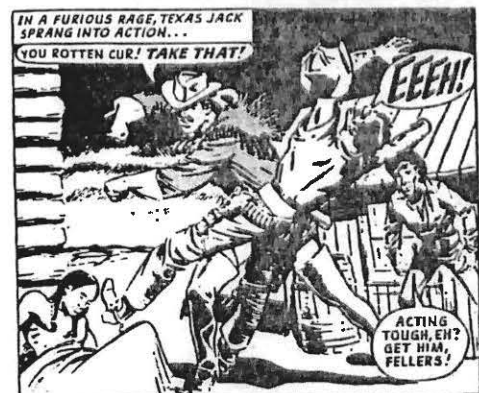
NAGONA... NAGONA... I KNOW NO ONE NAMED NAGONA...



THE BIG MAN KICKED THE RECUMBENT FORM...

HE'S STUPID... AND BLIND, TOO... GET ON YOUR FEET, YOU LAZY PIG. THERE'S ANOTHER TON O' BROKEN ROCK FOR YOU TO SHOVEL! GET GOING!

HAW! HAW! YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO TREAT INJUNS, SAM!



IN A FURIOUS RAGE, TEXAS JACK SPRANG INTO ACTION...

YOU ROTTEN CUR! TAKE THAT!

ACTING TOUGH, EH? GET HIM, FELLERS!



SOON A WILD BATTLE WAS RAGING...

I'LL TEACH YOU DOGS TO MAKE A SLAVE OF THE FINEST REDSKIN WHO EVER LIVED!

GET HIM! GET HIM!



A MAN RAISED A RIFLE BUTT BEHIND THE SCOUT... BUT JACK WHIRLED, AND—

NO YOU DON'T!



BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO HEAVY, EVEN FOR THE FIGHTING SCOUT. NEXT SECOND, TEXAS JACK FELL...

WE'VE GOT THE COYOTE NOW. FINISH HIM OFF WITH A BULLET!

AAAGH!

(Continued on next page)

CRAZY HORSE FOUGHT WITH ALL HIS OLD COURAGE!



PUMMELED BY THREE MEN, JACK FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM THE MAN WITH THE RIFLE. THEN, SUDDENLY, A CRY BROKE FROM HIS LIPS...

YAAA-HEEE! GOKANEY!



AT THE SOUND OF THE CRY, CRAZY HORSE LEAPT TO HIS FEET...

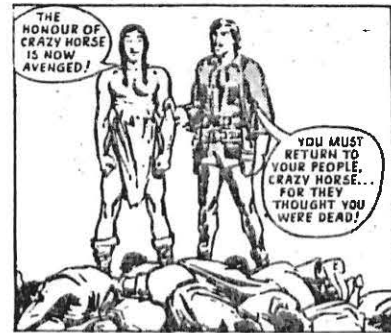
THE WAR-WHOOPS OF THE SIOUX... MY TRIBE... NOW I REMEMBER ALL!



AND A MOMENT LATER, CRAZY HORSE WAS AMONGST THE BRUTAL PROSPECTORS LIKE A RAGING TORNADO...

YAAA-HEEE! HOKANEY! NAGONA SHALL NOT DIE WHILE CRAZY HORSE LIVES!

BLIND THOUGH HE WAS, CRAZY HORSE FOUGHT WITH ALL HIS OLD COURAGE... AND SOON THE TWO COMRADES HAD FINISHED THEIR UNCONSCIOUS OPPONENTS...



THE HONOUR OF CRAZY HORSE IS NOW AVENGED!

YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE, CRAZY HORSE... FOR THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!



GREAT, TOO, WAS THE GRATITUDE OF THE SIOUX TO TEXAS JACK, THE MAN WHO HAD BROUGHT THEIR CHIEF BACK TO THEM...

THE THANKS OF MY PEOPLE AND MYSELF GO TO YOU, NAGONA. WHILE WE TWO ARE AS BROTHERS, THERE SHALL BE PEACE IN THIS LAND.

THEN LET US STAY BROTHERS FOR EVER, CRAZY HORSE!

THANKS... TO SKILLED MEDICAL ATTENTION, THE GREAT CHIEF SOON RECOVERED HIS SIGHT... AND GREAT WAS THE REJOICING WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE CAMP OF THE SIOUX INDIANS...

NEXT WEEK: A MYSTERY MAN TRIES TO KILL TEXAS JACK!

Introducing . . .



Texas Jack Association Honorary Member

THE KNIGHT OF GLIN

Desmond Fitzgerald, the Knight of Glin, was born in Ireland in 1937. He is an Irish Art Historian who studied art history at Harvard Fogg Art Museum where he was a teaching fellow and received an M.A. in 1962.

He was formerly Deputy Keeper of the Department of Furniture and Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Today he is Christies' (the fine art auctioneers) representative in Ireland. He is the Chairman of the Historic Irish Tourist Houses Association, Vice President of the Irish Georgian Society, a Director of the Castleton Foundation and a Director of the Irish Architectural Archive. He has published extensively on furniture and the decorative arts in various magazines, including *Antiques Magazine* from the U.S.A. He also has written numerous books. With his wife, Olda, he runs an extensive dairy farm at Glin.

The Knight of Glin is the 29th generation to have lived at Glin Castle in Ireland. The family has owned the estate for nearly eight hundred years. The castle is a paste board Gothick house with notable neo-classical interiors. In it, one will find a fascinating collection of Fitzgerald portraits and some distinguished eighteenth century Irish mahogany furniture. Glin Castle is open to the public by arrangement and many U.S. cultural groups visit the house in the spring and summer.



GLIN CASTLE



THE KNIGHT OF GLIN

The Knight of Glin travels to the United States almost yearly on lecture tours. As the great-grandson of Lord Dunraven IV, who was quite influential in Texas Jack's life, we look forward to the time that he will be able to join us at one of our conventions. In a recent letter the Knight said, "perhaps some day I can come over and give you a lecture on the subject" (of Dunraven and his adventures in the great northwestern region of the U.S., as well as elsewhere).



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IV

We were very kindly provided with this photograph, originally published in 1904, by THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

Custer Controversies

by
Frank A. Lydic

Frank Lydic, whom we know as the Poet Laureat of the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, is also an avid historian who's verses are historical narratives which not only reflect his considerable talent, but offer the reader an education in history. CUSTER CONTROVERSIES has a bibliography of some 25 books, and explores the different versions concerning the controversial life of General George A. Custer. (Printed here with permission of the author).

More than a century has passed,
Since George A. Custer breathed his last.

But lusty charge and countercharge
Still rage as tales of him enlarge.

From Custerphobe and Custerphile,
One shouts, "Hero!" One cries, "Vile!"

Let us examine some of these.
Ane check them close for falsities.

Confusion reigns for one who looks
At what is written down in books,

For they by whom the tales were spread,
Have long been numbered with the dead.

Some have said, "Yes!" but others, "No!"
Each year the varied stories grow.

Some accept for bad or good,
Versions filmed by Hollywood.

Now let us build a random list
Of tales about him that exist.

Some are pro and some are con.
The lengthy screed goes on and on.

A scrutenizing of the tales,
Proves, often little truth prevails.

During the War Between The States,
There was a "Whopper", which relates,

That Custer, while at home on leave,
Showed pistol skill hard to believe,

Played havoc with electric lights,
By lining his revolver sights,

With insulators on their poles;
So this tall tale of him extols;

Was dead drunk when he did it too,
At least one claimed that this was true.

And, best of all, the feat was done,
While shot from horseback on dead run.

This hefty story was supplied,
By one 'who never, never, lied.'

However, truth this tale soon blights.
That town had no electric lights,
Until fourteen years had sped,
After the General was dead.

Through years of peace and material strife,
He was dead drunk but once in life.

Did Custer shoot himself from fright,
During The Little Big Horn fight?

Some have said, "Yes!" but, others "No!"
Alas! None of the living know.

When in the fray was Custer slain?
Here controversy flares again.

Some say, he was the first to die.
"He was the last one.", others cry.

Benteen and Marcus Reno Too,
Are seen from varied points of view.

Among the writers, some infer,
Each was a hero, some a cur.

Nor do Custer and his men,
Alone, face argumentive pen.

Because "Comanche", Keogh's steed,
Is controversied, for indeed,

He did, at least from one report,
Ride on two boats to Lincoln's Fort,

When braves had finished with their kill,
Upon that place called "Custer Hill".

Though others claim, when this was done,
That he was passenger on one.

The tale of him is more complex,
When one disputes "Comanche's" sex.

Then, What about "Black Kettle's" fate,
On Washita in Sixty Eight?

Some have clung to the belief,
That Custer killed a friendly chief.

They claim that he with lethal plan,
Dispatched a peaceful, old Cheyenne.

But if "Black Kettle" was no scamp,
Why was a white scalp in his camp?

Why were white captives also there,
If his record was so fair?

Did Custer sire a half breed son,
After the Washita was won,

And was it with a Cheyenne maid,
That he performed this escapade?

And is it true as some have cried,
The child was blond and azure eyed?

If that is true, then it must be,
A record for brief pregnancy,

For it appears, she did "beget",
Some two months after they had met.

And they who saw the baby then,
Maintained that he was pure Cheyenne.

Although conflicting views prevail.
Most view it as an "old wife's tale."

Custer was restive, it appears,
During late adolescent years.

The West Point records show that he,
While at that famed academy,

Showed his contempt for army "brass",
Was at the bottom of his class.

There he at minor pranks excelled,
And almost had himself expelled.

He tamed a noisy rooster too,
By changing him to chicken stew.

He also was court martialed there.
His sin, promoting an affair,

Of fisticuffs by two cadets,

An act that caused him some regrets.

Hazen, Officer of the day,
Caught him encouraging the fray,

Had him arrested, there and then.
Court martial proved his guilt, but when

That courts records have been scanned,
They show he took no reprimand.

Just how did Custer come to be
A General at twenty three?

Some have maintained that this was wrought,
Mistakenly by Winfield Scott.

Old Scott, at least so they proclaim,
Propelled him quickly into fame,

Commissioned him mistakenly,
Straight from West Point Academy,

Made him a general, no less.
At least that view some still profess.

Claim it authentic, for the scene,
Was flashed upon a movie screen.

It takes slight knowledge to detect,
That this tall tale is incorrect.

All the commissions Custer bore,
During and after Civil War,

For all his levels of command,
Were signed by Presidential hand.

And all of them may be revealed,
In files at Custer's Battlefield.

Throughout four years of civil strife,
Custer led a glorious life.

Many a Union Victory,
Much honor to the Cavalry,

Came as those blood stained years ensued,
From battle tactics he pursued.

From battle smoke of First Bull Run,
Until the conflict had been won,

He battled in a hundred frays,
From nearly all accruing praise.

But while these winnings brought him fame,

Detractors tried to smear his name.

And there were many moved to rage,
To be out-ranked when twice his age.

Some of the conflicts he essayed,
Were won with orders disobeyed.

This was a not unchallenged claim,
By those who would be-cloud his name.

All his victories, verve and pluck,
Were minimized as "Custer's luck."

This charge some one was known to bring,
"He hanged war captives! Saw them swing!"

However there is room to doubt,
He saw the sentence carried out,

Because on execution day,
He was found forty miles away,

Also beyond a mountain range.
Is not such vision truly strange?

It takes no courage, it is said,
To kick a lion that is dead.

So his accusers loudly bray,
Some tales that still persist today.

Not every writer derogates,
"He won the War Between The States."

At least two people made this claim,
Who would en-shrine the Custer name;

Because on Gettysburg's third day,
He was the winner in a fray,

With Stuart's force at Rummel's farm,
Which saved Mead's men from lethal harm.

For Stuart had planned to attack,
The Union army from the back,

But Custers sudden, bold foray,
Kept the Confederates at bay.

So, un-embattled from the rear,
Each rifleman and cannoneer,

Fired only to their front and then.
Soon sealed the doom of Pickett's men.

From then until the ending neared,
Custer's crack cavalry appeared,

On battle fields, where their attack,
Forced the enemy to fall back.

In one of that war's final gains,
He captured Lee's provision trains.

Poor Lee could but surrender then.
He had no food to feed his men.

Then Custer stole, some have opined,
The table where the terms were signed.

Louisiana, Texas too,
When The Civil War was through,

Learned that troops of his command,
Quickly came to understand,

That young Custer would impose
On them, just treatment for their foes,

And that troopers who thus sinned,
Would be roughly disciplined.

This strict decree, when carried out,
Soon aroused a wrathful shout,

Among the anti Custer band,
Opposing him on every hand.

But Custer firmly stood his ground,
Turned his troops' attitude around.

He drilled and drove them hard, but then
Made them respected fighting men.

And so the Custer tales amass,
From West Point to The Greasy Grass.

Was he a hero or a brute?
Some now declare the question moot.

Though those who still take sides today,
Are battling savagely away,

While patiently, the research sleuth,
Attempts to ferret out the truth.

Who knows? Perhaps this verbal brawl,
Shall rage 'til times last bugle call.

Then, Peter may adjudicate,
The matter at The Golden Gate.

'Til then, perhaps the wisest plan,
Is, Read both sides. Judge best one can.

Membership Drive Continues

Do you know someone who has an interest in THE OLD WEST?...who might like to become more aware of men and women who took part in that century old saga but whose stories have seldom been told?

We would really like to expand our family of members - to both those who have a desire to learn as well as those who have information, stories or ideas to share with us.

If each of us members of the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION were to bring in just one additional member, we would most certainly be able to reach, or even exceed our goal by the end of 1985.

We will be very happy to send information about our organization, a brochure and one of our recent newsletters to anyone whom you may recommend. Just send us the names, or pass along this application to your friend. OUR GROWTH DEPENDS UPON YOU!, so please, won't you help?

I would like to join the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION as a:

_____ Charter Member (\$50.00)

_____ Active Member (\$10.00)

Enclosed is my check for: \$50.00 _____ \$10.00 _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone No. () _____

Birthday _____

Please send an application and brochure to: _____

Return to: TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.
P.O. Box 7000-185, Redondo Beach, CA 90277



WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

We would appreciate knowing how you feel about the newsletters that you have been receiving. Do they contain information that you find interesting? Or not? Do you have any suggestions or contributions? If so, we welcome them, and we need them!

TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION, INC.

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