



## TEXAS JACK AND THE INDIAN CONNECTION!

Excerpts from an interview which appeared in

*SPIRIT OF THE TIMES*

April 14, 1877

*EDITOR'S NOTE: If some of us have a few doubts as to Jack's description of his heritage, we must acknowledge that he was certainly a good story-teller! This interview is undoubtedly the source for the often-referred-to speculation that the Omohundros have Indian blood.*

### "A CHAT WITH TEXAS JACK"

In a prelude to the interview, *Spirit* described Texas Jack as follows:

"Texas Jack has a noble and most sympathetic face, beaming with intelligence and kindness. The peculiarities of two great races are easily traced in its features. The regular and beautiful aquiline profile is French Norman. His mother was a French lady, and, he tells us, reputed a most lovely woman. She died when he was young, hence he does not speak her language. She had seven sons. Texas Jack is the lowest in stature, being exactly six feet high. If you are well acquainted with the portraits of courtiers of the time of Louis XIV, which the brush of Phillippe de Champagne has left in the galleries of Paris, you will at once recognize, when you see Jack, that he possesses the finest type of French face. But in the exceeding breadth of the cheekbones, the peculiar oval of the forehead, and the firmness

and power of the jaw, it is evident that he has Indian ancestors. His father comes of a grand tribe, the Powhattan, to which belonged the famous heroine Pocahontas."

In the interview, Jack says:

"I've seen my uncles on my father's side. They were all men over six feet; indeed, I am the shortest of the family. It appears we degenerate in stature. My grandfather and his people were all of them six feet two and three inches. My father

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RIGHT: Upon arriving at Oklahoma City Airport, one is greeted by this statue of Will Rogers, noted humorist, who "never met a man he didn't like."



Fellow TJA members;

I hope this finds you all safe and happy after the holiday season.

I want to take this time to remind you that the Round-up is just around the corner and this one promises to be a great one. It is going to be held in Oklahoma City, home of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. With Jack and Jane Omohundro, along with Edna de la Houssaye, handling the arrangements, I know the accommodations and program will be great.

For more details on the Round-up, see the article elsewhere in this issue.

I want to wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year, and I hope to see many of you in Oklahoma City.

Sincerely,

**Dick**

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continued from page 1...



*Spirit of the Times*, an “American Gentleman’s Newspaper” that was published in the 1870’s. In addition to this interview, Texas Jack wrote several articles that were published in *Spirit*. One about bears is excerpted elsewhere in this issue of the *Scout*.

and his brothers were not so tall, and, although I’m six feet, and my brothers are still taller, yet none of them reach six feet two inches. It is so with all Indian families; civilization does not seem to agree with them.”

“Do you speak any of their languages?”

“Oh dear, yes, several. But they are really not

beautiful; the perpetual recurrence of the *chi* and *cha* makes them sound just like chatterings.”

“But they are very rich in words, are they not?”

“By no means, they are quite the contrary, very poor. They possess few words, and all these words have double, and even treble, and quite opposite meanings. Hence when they are translated, they have such a grandiloquent sound. I fancy the dialects of the Eastern Indians were finer than the Western, but so much is exaggerated concerning them that to read of their speeches you would think they were so many Miltons; but, I assure you, they talk very common-place talk, and display their ignorance at every turn.”

“Do you recognize French or English words amongst theirs?”

“Occasionally, and even Italian and Spanish, but these were doubtless introduced by the missionaries, and chiefly apply to articles of furniture and agriculture, borrowed from us. They also have words that sound just like English, but have a very different meaning; thus, heart means tongue, and dart eye.”

“My opinion of their languages is not a high one at all. Indeed they are so poor that pantomime is absolutely necessary in order to supply the want of words and sentences.”

“What do you think of the intelligence of the Indians?”

“Some tribes are very clever and sharp. All Indians have marked peculiarities, which are interesting. Nearly all of them are great physiognomists, and can determine your character by your face, and this with surprising ease. I inherit this.”

*The conversation turned to pantomiming. A gentleman, who is well acquainted with the Italian style of pantomime, joined (the group), and began to pantomime with the famous scout.*

"Ah! You are like my wife (Mlle. Morlacchi), you can only do the broad and decided gestures, but I can achieve something far more subtle. Now watch, I will repeat in pantomime any thing you wish me to say to yonder Indian."

*He pointed to an Indian of his company seated at the other end of the room, and both fell to talking by gestures so slight, and yet so expressive, that a long conversation was held by these means, which was afterward interpreted to us.*

"Now you Italian and French people cannot do that sort of thing. You must have Indian blood in you to do it. You can only express broad passions and feelings. We can speak. Even my wife, a pantomimist by profession, and an Italian to boot, cannot do what we do."

"Now I will read your character and tell you the impression you made upon me at first sight, and afterward you will confess to me if I am right or wrong, and pardon me if I wound you, but remember it is your own wish to know, and so you shall."

*Texas Jack then told to (each of them) their characters, in so surprisingly truthful a manner, that it seemed supernatural.*

"That is another Indian gift, and a very necessary one to us, who have to roam the plains amongst all kinds of dangerous men. Think of the life I've led! I am a link between civilization and the other thing. I have to endure hardships, live amongst renegades and savages, and this the kind of life my ancestors led for countless generations before me. Do you wonder (that) I possess, by

inheritance and habit, some peculiar gifts indispensable to a man in my position?

*"Do all Indians have these faculties?"*

"In a more or less degree. Of course they don't all of them understand the traits of civilized men as well as I do, and therefore, are sometimes mistaken."

*Texas Jack was then asked about his acting career, and quickly changed the conversation to his first love – the west:*

"I first acted in Chicago, but have not much experience in the profession even now. I like the plains, and my life there best; I'm going out again soon with an English Captain. You know I was with Earl Dunraven some time ago."



This sketch of Texas Jack was done by a *Spirit of the Times* artist as the interview was being conducted.

*"Did you like him?"*

"Very much indeed. He is a perfect gentleman, highly cultivated, and most amiable. I enjoyed the trip with him. He is so much of a man."

*"The scenery in the Far West must be wonderful."*

"Beyond all power of description, grand and strange. You cannot imagine what it is like. The Yellowstone region is far more beautiful than any fairy scene in your plays here. The coloring is so vivid and surprising, that if you did not see it you would not believe it possible."

The Yellowstone is one of the wonders of the earth, but there are other like places out there

quite as interesting.”

*“I suppose civilization is getting along even there, and changing things greatly.”*

“One thing to be observed is that civilization has plenty of room to stir about (out) there, and I guess it would take a long time to upset things generally.”

“Some one told me that buffaloes were already decreasing. I don’t believe it. I saw last season, herds of many thousands dashing along the prairies.”

“The bears may diminish, by going higher up into the hills, and the snakes might, with advantage, disappear altogether. When I was with the Earl of Dunraven, we shot several huge grizzly bears.”

*“You were, then, out in the Yellowstone?”*

“Yes, and a queer region it is. I can’t attempt to describe it. It is all red, pink, blue and yellow, odd rocks, and hot water springs. There’s one spot so weird and unnatural looking that they call it the Devil’s Home, and the Indians declare bad spirits live in it. Near there is a pyramid seventy feet high, evidently formed by a waterspout. It stands on a level, is small at both ends, and large in the middle. It is perfectly dry, and looks somewhat like a ram standing on its head. I left my lariat one night in one of the Geyser springs, and, lo! The next day I found it turned to stone. A man would be petrified in the same way, if he remained long enough in the water.”

“The Tower Falls in the Yellowstone are splendid, over two hundred feet high, but the Grand Fall is far finer. It rushes over five hundred feet of rock. Imagine, we found a lake, twenty yards

in circumference, of boiling water, and smelling like scalded pigs. Thousands of tons of water were hurled up from its centre, to thirty and forty feet, in lofty spouts. There is little or no vegetation, and of course, little or no animal life in this terrible and fantastic region. It is so strange that I advise anyone to go and see it, for if anyone tells them about it, they will barely believe what they hear.”

*“Is it finer than the Yosemite?”*

“It is nothing like as beautiful. Yosemite is lovely. The Yellowstone is queer, but both are very well worth the trouble of being visited. Earl Dunraven’s book, *The Great Divide*, gives a splendid description of the place and I can assure you the Earl deserves a high compliment on that work, which you should read.”

*“Do you like Florida?”*

“Yes, very much, but it is the climate which makes its chief charm. It is very mild, and yet not enervating. Hunting down there is good, but it is the great Mexican and California range which is most worth seeing.”

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Tom Horn, detective, peace officer, hired killer, in Wyoming. See “Fastest Draw...” page 17

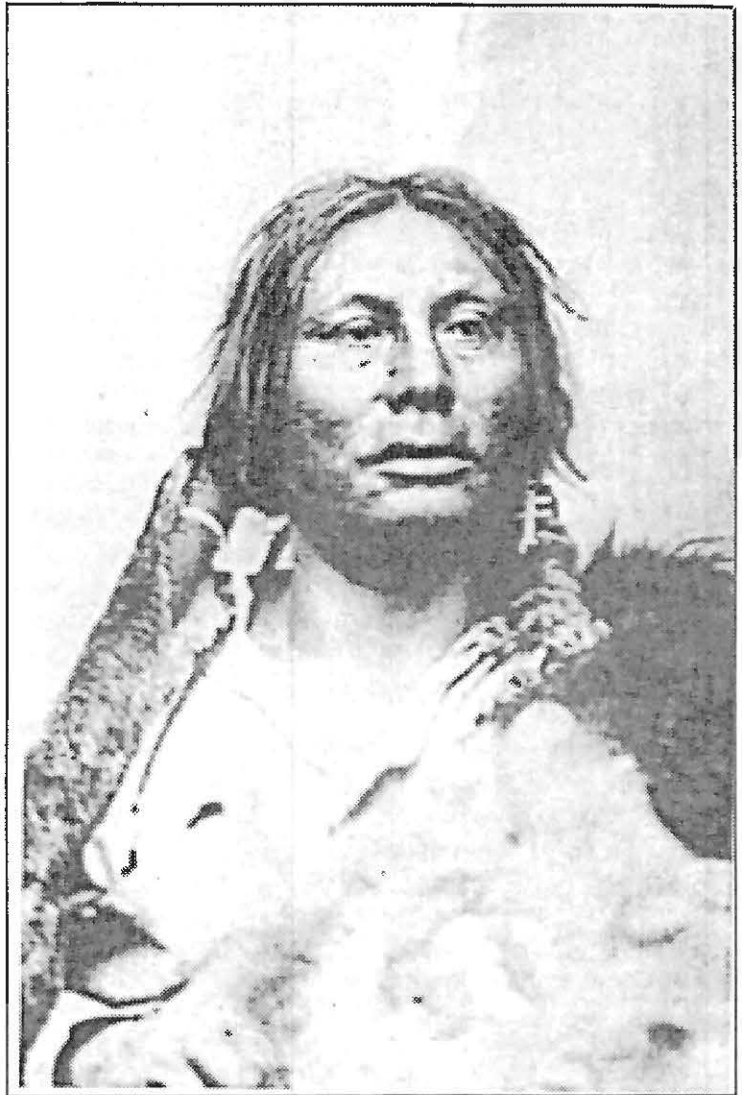
# An Eye-Witness Account of the Custer Battle

by Gall

*“Custer’s Last Stand – The greatest debacle suffered by military forces during the Indian wars occurred on June 25, 1876, on the banks of the Little Bighorn River in southeastern Montana. The utter defeat of Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer’s vaunted Seventh Cavalry came at the hands of a large but tenuous coalition of tribes – principally Sioux and Cheyenne – that had gathered around the charismatic leader Sitting Bull. Unaware that the other elements of his attack had been stalemated, Custer rode north with five companies to cut off the flight of the women and children. Instead, the soldiers were encircled by hundreds of warriors, who rained arrows and fired bullets into the disintegrating company formations.” (Time-Life Books, Warner Books).*

*Gall, an Indian who had taken part in the fight gave this account as reported in a pamphlet edited by Usher L. Burdick, Indian Notes on the Custer Battle, by D.F. Barry. Barry was a well-known photographer of the West. In the company of some Army officers and Indians who had been in the battle, he visited the Little Big Horn battlefield ten years after the event. He reported what Gall said:*

“It took about thirty-five minutes to wipe out this bunch of soldiers (Custer’s), and I never saw men fight harder. They were right down on their knees firing and loading until the last man fell. I never saw any soldier offer to surrender. The smoke and dust was so thick that we could not always see the soldiers. The soldiers were fighting on foot, so finally we rode over them with our ponies.



Gall, an Indian who fought against Custer’s forces, later told the story of the Little Big Horn massacre. Photo by D. F. Barry.

Our ponies were well rested and fast runners, but the soldiers’ horses were so hungry that they were eating grass while the battle was going on and our braves had no difficulty in catching all of them. While making our way to Poplar River these horses were not much good and we left a lot of them on the Missouri River.

On the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup> away to the East we saw soldiers marching down the divide in our direction. They passed out of sight behind the rough land several miles from the river. Just how these soldiers were divided, I do not know. We never saw the pack train (McDougall’s Command) until it joined Reno on the hill.

We first noticed several companies of soldiers about two miles east of our camp, marching along the bluffs in the direction of the lower end of our camp. These soldiers kicked up lots of dust and they came in

sight the second time about two hours after noon. They were mounted on white horses and it was a nice sight to see this parade across the river to the east. We watched these soldiers and were rounding up our pony herd so we could fight if the soldiers attacked us.



Colonel George Armstrong Custer in an 1873 photo. Photo by D. F. Barry.

The soldiers we were watching were headed for the camp of the Cheyennes. While we were thus watching them, some boys who were out Southeast of camp ran into the Blackfoot camp and told them soldiers were coming from the Southeast and had shot at them. Very soon we heard a great amount of shooting in that direction. Crazy Horse rushed through our camp headed in the direction of the shooting and his men followed. I started that way too, and so did Crow King. We paid no attention to the soldiers marching toward the north end. About two thousand warriors finally gathered down where the shooting was (Reno's Command).

There was one force of Arikara scouts with this band of soldiers and they were on our right as we sped in that direction. We charged them first because it made us mad to see Indians fighting us. They ran first and we never saw them again. We turned toward our left to fight the soldiers. They were hard to drive out because they were on foot and in the brush and grass. We could not shoot them, so we charged them and soon were successful. We ran almost straight east

and crossed the river and got up on a high hill (Reno Hill). We killed many while they were fighting with their horses, and we killed many while they were running as our ponies were more speedy.

As soon as we had chased these soldiers out (Reno's force), we did not fight them again right away. Crow King and Crazy Horse were afraid the soldiers that we had seen march in the direction of the north end of the camp, might kill our women and children. They went back the way they had come; their ponies were racing. Crow King turned to the right before he got to the north end and got in a deep gully and those soldiers (Custer's) could not see the warriors. Ride down there and you will see that this gully is so deep that no one can see you from here. This gully, the upper part, brought Crow King very close to the soldiers. Crazy Horse went to the extreme north end of the camp and then turned to his right and went up another very deep ravine and by following it, which he did, he came very close to the soldiers on their north side. Crow King was on their south side.



Sitting Bull, leader of the Indians. Photo by D. F. Barry.

It was about a little after 2:30 p.m. when this part of the battle began. Crow King shot from the south and Crazy Horse from the north. The soldiers were trying to get back up the hill, but Crazy Horse and his warriors were behind the top of the hill shooting. Soldiers were falling all around; they were on foot and their horses were in the upper end of the ravine where Crazy Horse was.

I saw what was going on and left the hill, Reno Hill, and ran for the battle. I struck the train the soldiers had made as they had marched down to the north end and soon came up to some

of them to the east of where the rest were. [He meant east of Custer]. We either killed or ran over these and went on down to where the last soldiers were. They were fighting good. The men were loading and firing, but they could not hit the warriors in the gulley and the ravine. The dust and smoke was black as evening. Once in a while we could see the soldiers through the dust, and finally we charged through them with our ponies. When we had done this, right here on this ground, just a few rods south of us; the fight was over."

\* \* \*

## The *Other* Omohundro Website

by Julie Greene

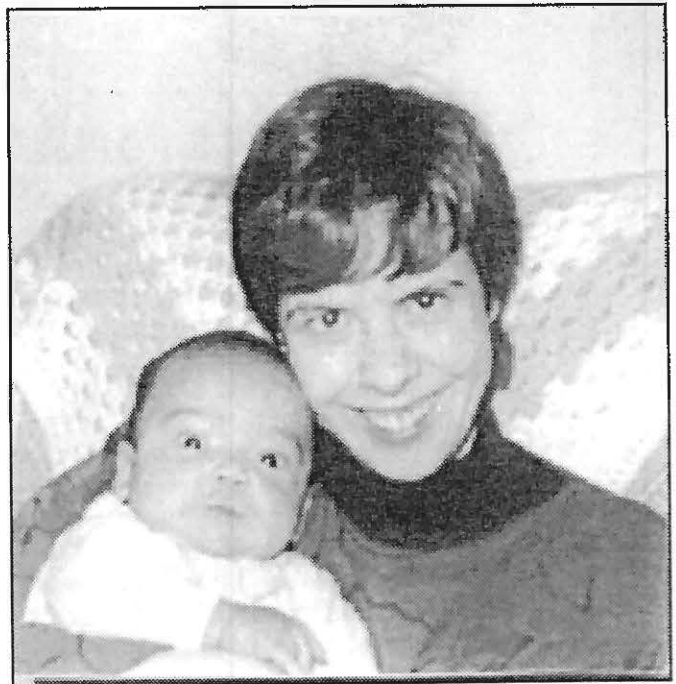
In the Fall 1999 issue of *The Scout*, our president, Richard Omohundro mentioned the detailed and informative new web site created by TJA member, Lorrie Tenos. For those of us who are not fortunate enough to own the original *Omohundro Genealogical Record* by Malvern Hill Omohundro, this site is invaluable for researching our ancestors. The address is:

[www.omohundros.com](http://www.omohundros.com)

I thought perhaps TJA members might be interested in knowing a little more about the site and its creator. So I contacted Lorrie and asked her if she could give us some information about herself and the site. She replied:

"In June 1999 I launched a web site devoted to Omohundro genealogy. The core of this site is a searchable database that includes every name (about 4,600) listed in the *Omohundro Genealogical Record*, published by Malvern Hill Omohundro in 1950-51 after half a century of painstaking research. It also includes links to home pages of Omohundro/Mohundro descendants, a message board, and the ability to add or update information about descendants born since 1950.

"This web site began with a smaller and less interactive web site focused on my great-grandfather, Edward Elmer Omohundro ([www.kattare.com/~nomad/omohun.html](http://www.kattare.com/~nomad/omohun.html)). After creating that web site, I received numerous



Lorrie Tenos, with a friend's baby.

e-mails from relatives I didn't know I had. Many of you have asked for more information about tracing your lineage back to Richard Omohundro 1A. Hopefully the Omohundro Genealogy web site will help descendants to research their lineage and to learn more about their family history.

"Initially I became interested in the gene-



Lorrie's grandmother, Margaret Omohundro Raisbeck, whose maiden name encouraged Lorrie to start the website.

alogy of my grandmother's maiden name because of the curiosity surrounding it. It's an unusual name, and no one knows its ethnic origin. I hope someday the mystery of where Richard Omohundro (1A) came from will be solved.

"As a web developer, creating this web site gave me the opportunity to work on something that interested me. At the same time I was learning a programming language called Cold Fusion and with the Omohundro genealogy site I was able to learn more about what I could do with Cold Fusion. In the future I'd like to add dynamically created lineage charts. My goal was that this site would be a kind of online, interactive family genealogy. I hope it will be used as a tool to provide a new way to communicate with each other and to keep the family history current. Please feel free to e-mail me (texlorrie@yahoo.com) with suggestions, ideas or comments."

Lorrie, who was born and raised in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, graduated from Kent State University, and went to work for the faculty union at Kent State while doing graduate work in "nonprofit management" at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

Moving to Washington D.C., and later to Pittsburgh, Pa., she continued her graduate studies while working in the medical field - all the while teaching herself how to design web sites.

On January 2, 1997, she arrived in Austin, Texas with a car full of books, her computer and two cats. She now has three cats and works as a web developer.

Lorrie's Omohundro lineage, of which she is very proud is: Dorothy Raisbeck Tenos 1J; Margaret Omohundro Raisbeck 3I; Edward Elmer 1H; Sidney 5G; Silas 3F; Richard 7E (pictured in the Fall '99 *Scout*); Richard 1D; Richard 1C; Richard 4B; Richard 1A.



Lorrie's great, great grandfather, Silas Omohundro (1807-1864)

# YEAR 2000 TEXAS JACK ROUND-UP

Now is the time to start making plans for the year 2000 Round-Up to be held in Oklahoma City, OK.

Jack and Jane Omohundro, from Crowley, LA have been working hard to plan a memorable get-together for this first meeting of the Texas Jack Association in the new millennium – one that you will not want to miss! Here are the particulars:

## THE ROUND-UP

Registration Fee: \$90.00 Adults, \$75.00 Children under 16.

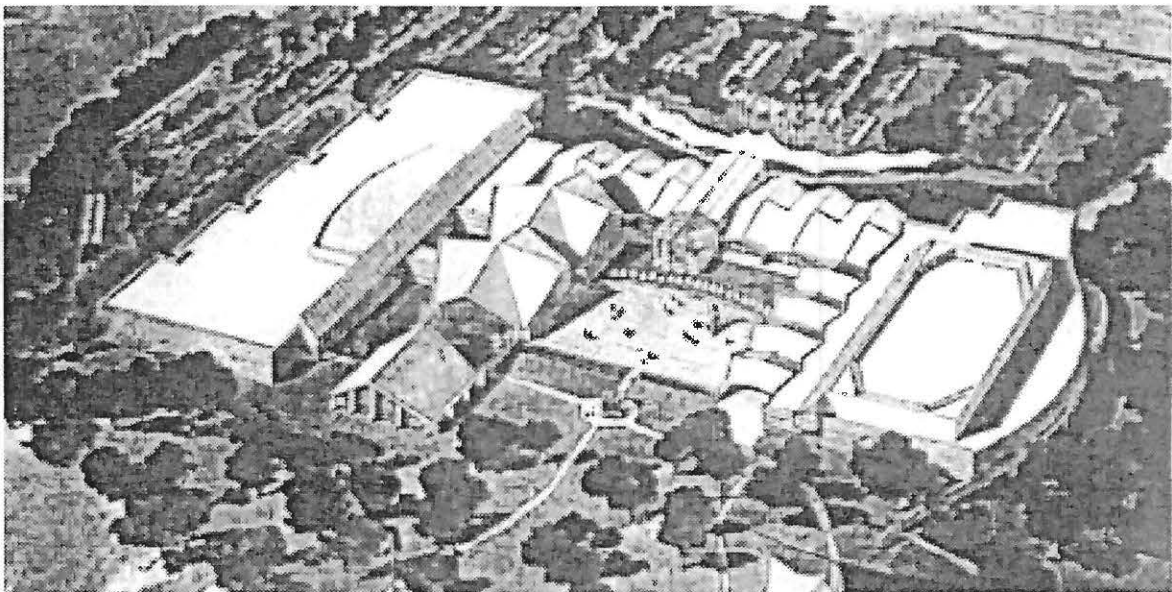
Make check payable to: The Texas Jack Association, and send to: Edna Nees, 213 Coles Rolling Rd., Scottsville, VA 24590

## WHEN

Wednesday, June 14<sup>th</sup> through Saturday, June 17<sup>th</sup>: (sign-in after 3PM on Wed., departure before 12 Noon Sun.)

## ACTIVITIES INCLUDED IN THE COST OF REGISTRATION

- A full day tour of Oklahoma City with lunch at The Cattlemen's Café on Thursday.
- A guided VIP tour of THE COWBOY HALL OF FAME, with buffet lunch at the Hall on Friday.
- A farewell banquet at the hotel on Saturday night
- Use of a hospitality suite at poolside during our stay at the hotel.



Artist's bird's-eye rendering of the newly expanded national Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Of course, we will hold our business meeting (probably on Saturday morning), and will have some free time on Saturday afternoon to lounge by the pool or sightsee on our own.

WHERE

The Hilton Oklahoma City Northwest  
2945 NW Expressway  
Oklahoma City, OK 73112  
Tel (405) 848-4811, 1-800-HILTON  
Fax (405) 842-4328

Hotel rates: \$69.00 single/double/triple/quad, for a standard room in the hotel.  
\$79.00 single/double/triple/quad, for "cabana" room, poolside.  
Each person is responsible for his/her own hotel reservations

These are SPECIAL rates for us, so be sure to mention you're with the TEXAS JACK ASSOCIATION when making your reservations. A block of rooms is being reserved for us until June 1<sup>st</sup>. After that date, all rooms will be open to the public. So, Don't be disappointed – book early!

TRANSPORTATION

The Hilton Hotel offers a free shuttle service to and from the airport, and they will also provide shuttle service to various places in the city like "BRICKTOWN," or shopping malls.

For those who wish to rent a car while there, the Hotel suggests that we deal with Enterprise Auto Rentals. In order to make it easy for us, they will deliver cars to the hotel and pick them up before we leave. You can then take the shuttle to the airport. The costs are not finalized as yet, but Jack is negotiating a flat corporate rate with 200 free miles for a mid-sized car. Again, be sure to mention the TJA when reserving a car.

If you're driving your own car, there is ample free and safe parking at the hotel.

ARRIVE EARLY – STAY ON

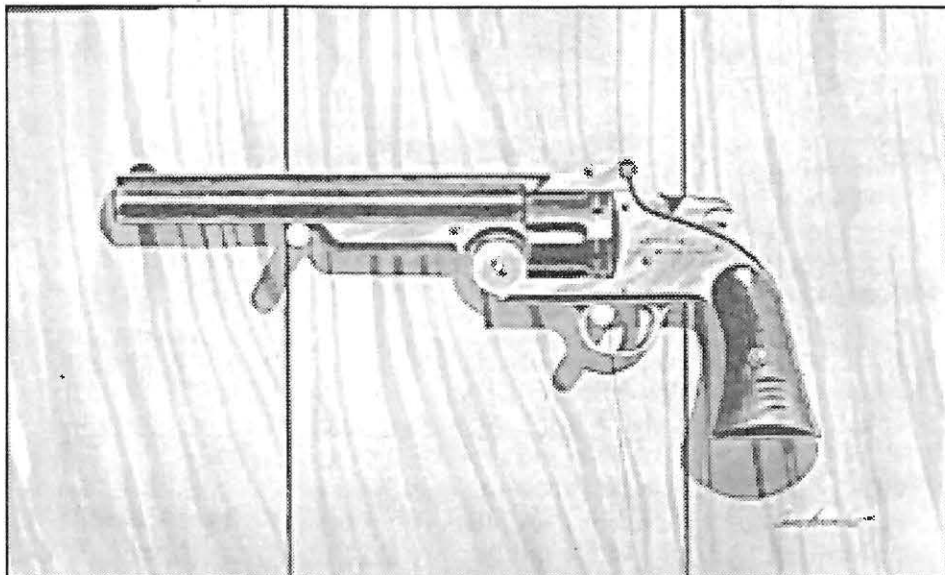
For those of us who wish to come early, or stay on after the Round-Up, the hotel has agreed to extend these special rates for two days before and two days after the official dates!

In addition to the NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME, there are many things to do and see in and around Oklahoma City. To name but a few:

- OMNIPLEX: One of America's top science museums with nearly 300 exhibits.
- OKLAHOMA FIREFIGHTERS MUSEUM: Equipment dating from the turn of the century
- THE OVERHOLSER MANSION: A Victorian Gothic landmark in historic Heritage Hills.
- REMINGTON PARK: A world-class state-of-the-art pari-mutual race track.
- SPACE MUSEUM: Exhibits and aircraft from Kitty Hawk to Mars.
- THE HARA HOMESTEAD: A Land Run-era farm with one-room schoolhouse.
- ENTERPRISE SQUARE USA: Exhibits demonstrating the principles of free enterprise.
- THE OKLAHOMA STATE CAPITOL: The only one in the world atop an oil field.
- 45<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION MUSEUM: Featuring Oklahoma's military history from the 13<sup>th</sup> Century to Desert Storm.
- HISTORIC STOCKYARD CITY: The home of the largest stocker and feeder cattle market in the world.

For details concerning the foregoing, as well as information about additional sites of interest, and special events occurring during the time of your visit, contact:

OKLAHOMA TOURISM & RECREATION DEPT.  
P.O. Box 60789  
Oklahoma City, OK 73146-0789  
1-800-652-6552



Jim Omohundro's watercolor of Texas Jack's revolver

## Texas Jack's Revolver

by Julie Greene

*"While engaged upon some research in 1951, preparatory to writing an article on the "Royal Buffalo Hunt" for the American Rifleman magazine, I chanced, quite by accident, to acquire an interesting revolver. On the left side of the frame is engraved the following 'TEXAS JACK COTTONWOOD SPRING 1872.' This would be interesting enough for the average person, but to an arms collector of many years standing, it was a thrilling bit of good fortune in that it offered an ideal incentive to delve back into history.*

*Upon completion of the article, the question as to the identity of the man whose name appeared on the side of the gun became uppermost in my thoughts. Something about it seemed to intrigue and to lead me on in my quest. The results of that search uncovered what to me is a most absorbing story, of not only one but two inherently modest young people who preferred to let others bask in the spotlight of public acclaim—even though their own accomplishments were such as to reserve for them a place among the immortals of the plains and stage."*

So wrote Herschel C. Logan in the Preface of *Buckskin and Satin*, his biography of Texas Jack. Indeed, it was that chance discovery and his subsequent acquisition of the nickel-plated, Smith & Wesson .44 caliber revolver that was

instrumental in Herschel's lengthy research, which resulted in the re-discovery and documentation of Texas Jack Omohundro's life.

Now, Jack's kinsman, fine artist Jim Omohundro from Lexington, Kentucky, has replicated this famous gun in a 12" x 16" watercolor, which he is graciously donating to the Texas Jack Association to be included in the auction traditionally held during the Round-up. It is certain that this beautiful painting will become an heirloom to be treasured for years to come.

Jim Omohundro has devoted his life to his art, and has many paintings and prints of his paintings hanging in galleries throughout the country. He had recently retired from painting full-time, and is getting more involved in his second love: horses. He still paints, though, and the Texas Jack Association is indeed fortunate to be the recipient of this gift.



Jim Omohundro, artist



This formidable bear was depicted in an etching of the 1800's. Imagine running into him on a lonely path in the woods!

*Editor's Note: Dennis & I recently had an occasion to visit the beautiful Yosemite National Park.*

*While there, we were surprised to hear and see so many warnings about bears who tend to make destructive and dangerous nuisances of themselves. It seems that if even a tiny piece of food or drink is left in a car, there is a good chance that a bear will smell it and break a window, or even tear a door off a car to get to it. Well, it looks like times haven't changed much . . . following is Texas Jack's description of his experiences with bears .*

"Elk, buffalo, deer, wolves – you do anything to frighten them, fire a gun or come upon them suddenly, and they will run away. BUT A BEAR WILL GO FOR YOU!

Old hunters don't want to have any truck with bears. They are always spoiling for a fight, and are so strong and cunning, and swift, and hard to kill that a man is pretty sure to get the worst of it if he tackles one of them. It was just true what California Joe said that 'The best place to hunt bears, was where there wasn't any.'

A grizzly will stand in the middle of the

## AN "UN-BEAR-ABLE" ENCOUNTER!

BY JOHN B. (TEXAS JACK)  
OMOHUNDRO

Excerpted from an article published by *Spirit of the Times*, February 10, 1877

road, growling and getting his mad up, when there isn't a live creature within forty miles of him.

If you meet one and turn out for him, he will probably leave you alone; but if you say a word, look out for him. Many a time I have to just make some such remark to a bear as "Where are you going, Tommy?" And in an instant his arms would be up, and be ready to tear me to pieces.

No, sir, we don't go bear hunting very much, and are willing to cry quits with those fellows. You see they can run as fast as a horse, and you have to put a bullet into just such a place to kill them, and until they are dead they are dangerous.

Tom Sun got tree'd on a rock by a grizzly once, and the old loafer just waited there at the foot of the rock for twenty-four hours before he made up his mind to walk off. Tom didn't dare shoot, because his rifle was a light one, and he was afraid he might fail to kill the bear, who would then have quietly wiped him off the rock and clawed him to bits.

They are the most impudent beggars, and presume on their privileges. Often a big grizzly will walk into a camp, as unconcerned as you please, stroll up to a tree where the game is hanging, help himself to what he wants, and go away. Nobody interferes with him. If he is satisfied to go off with the meat, the hunters are satisfied to let him. I have seen a bear walking along, with an entire elk carcass, with the antlers on, weighing as much as eight hundred pounds, tucked under his arm."

## A BEAR IN A RANCH

"Sometimes one of these fellows visits a ranch when the party is out hunting, and then, I tell you, he makes a mess. They are all as mischievous as monkeys, and have no end of curiosity.

Likely the first thing he tackles is a cask of syrup. He gets a little of the dipping from the spigot on his paw, tastes it, says, "That's good," whacks in the head of the cask, and pulls it over his head and shoulders, sticking himself all up, but most of the syrup gets into his stomach.

Then he finds some tobacco, tastes it and says, 'No good,' and scatters it over the floor.

Next comes a sack of flour. He bursts through the cloth with his paw, tastes it, says, "Pretty good," but he don't like it much, so he spreads that all around amongst the tobacco.

Then he adds to the mess blankets,

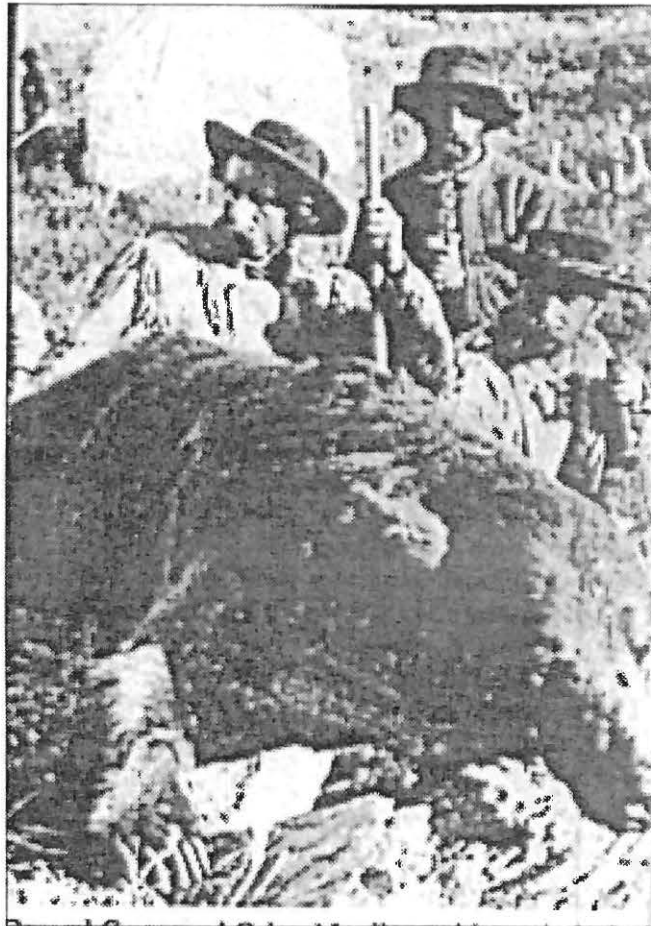
clothes, everything there is in the hut. By and by his stomach gets uneasy from too much molasses, and he lies down and takes a roll, and gets himself all plastered over with flour and tobacco.

About the time the hunters come home, perhaps he has got ready to go, and they meet him in the road, the most comical looking beast you can imagine.

He knows he looks queer, but he walks along as much as to say, 'No matter what I look like, I'm a bear, and you had better leave me alone; I've got my belly full of sorghum, and don't want any meat, but clear the road for me, or there'll be trouble.'

When you get inside, you find there is no comfort there, and likely have to travel fifty miles to get something to eat. He has ransacked everything, and spoiled everything."

\* \* \*



General Custer and his friend Col. Ludlow with a grizzly bear killed during the Black Hills Expedition of 1874-75. Photo by W. H. Illingworth.

## A DAY IN THE GLAMOROUS LIFE OF AN ARTIST

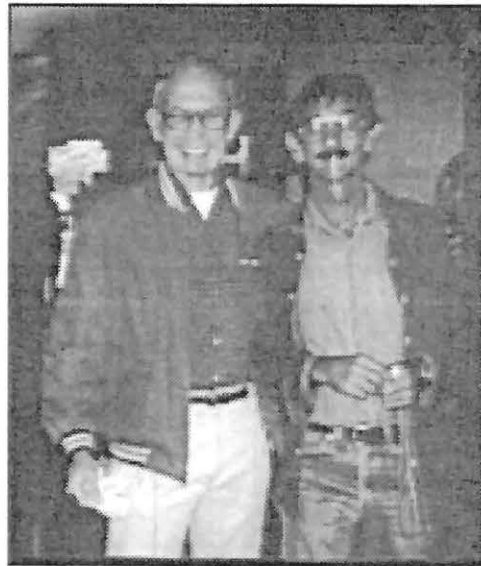
(or, "Score Another One For The Indians!")

by Jim Omohundro

Editor's note: *Jim Omohundro (see "Texas Jack's Revolver" elsewhere in this issue), TJA member from Lexington, Kentucky, has recently retired from his art/print business, and is still trying to get used to his new "life of luxury." When I asked him what has he been doing, he sent me this vignette:*

I was given my usual morning wake-up call by my beloved tabby cat, "Miz Kitty" . . . a formidable feline of 20 plus pounds who has all the charm of a drill sergeant.

After feeding "her Grace" I turned to my ever-faithful hound, Whitefoot. As I was giving him his breakfast, I smelled something ghastly and I followed my nose to the back of the yard where I found a murdered possum in the final stages of decomposition . . . which I shoveled into



Jim Omohundro and Carl Cox at the horse track.



A memorable day at the races.

a bag and disposed of . . .ruining my appetite in the process.

My duty to the pets completed, I then returned to the kitchen, poured a cup of coffee, grabbed the newspaper and retreated to my studio for some peace and quiet.

After a sip of cold coffee and a drag on a fresh cigarette, I spotted a horse in the sports section, which I knew could win and had fairly decent odds. So I decided to let another artist paint the "Great American Painting" today since this one was headed for the track.

Upon arrival I breathed deeply, savoring the crisp fall air mixed with the scent of equine perfume emanating from the stalls behind the grandstand and walked toward the sound of the bugle, filled with confidence. A clerk greeted me with "Hi, Exactaman!" (I was once given that name when I won 14 exactas in one day).

I spotted my buddy Carl Cox (a decorated war hero and a full-blooded Crow Indian) - a superb horseman and probably the best handicapper around. We got coffee and began to play the ponies. He has acquired the title of "Superfactaman" because of his uncanny ability to call the first four horses in a race.

Our methodology is different - he is a walking databank who can scan a program and dissect everything in a race within a minute whereas the things tend to confuse me. As an artist and professional observer, I tend to be a "sight feeder." I look for what is there, what is not there, conformation, gait and attitude . . . then let my instincts go from there.

Needless to say, a healthy competition exists between us. Whenever one of us hits a

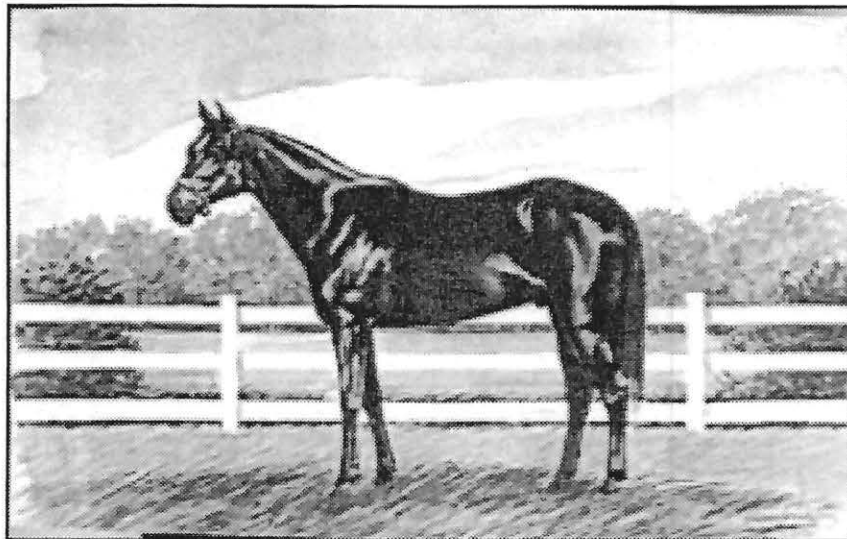
winner that the other missed, the loser gets a sideways look and a grin from the other, as if to say, "If you weren't so dumb, you could have had that one!"

It was all over when Carl hit a \$9,000.00 superfacta on a \$1.00 key bet. The normally stoic tactician Carl came out of the chair and screamed like an eagle when the long shot came in on top.

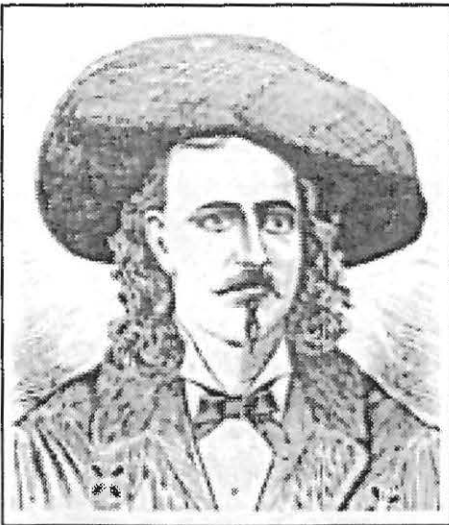
I returned home, a beaten man, to find my dinner had petrified to the point where it was beyond microwaving, so I gave it to the dog and fixed myself a bologna sandwich.

I then walked upstairs to the studio and painted a watercolor of a racehorse.

\* \* \*



After the races, Jim painted this watercolor of "A Kentucky Thoroughbred."



John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro,  
scout and showman



J. B. "Wild Bill" Hickok

## THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST (And he drew them all!)

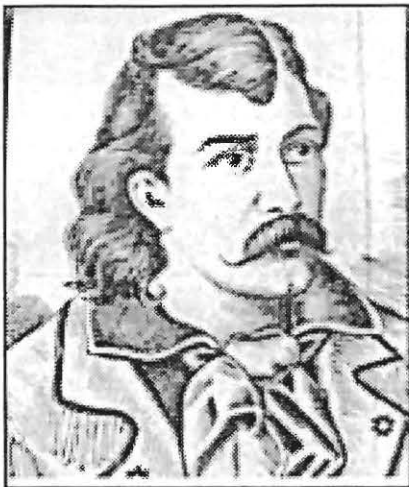
by Julie Greene

I'm sure that few people have ever heard of an artist named H.O. Rawson, but almost everyone has seen reproductions of his drawings.

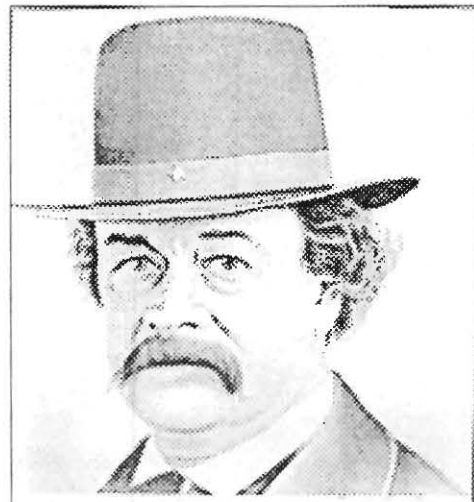
In the early 1900's he set out to make sketches of every western personality of importance – outlaws, sheriffs, Indian chiefs, army officers and other men and women identified with

the West. He worked mainly from authenticated photographs, but some of his drawings were made directly from life.

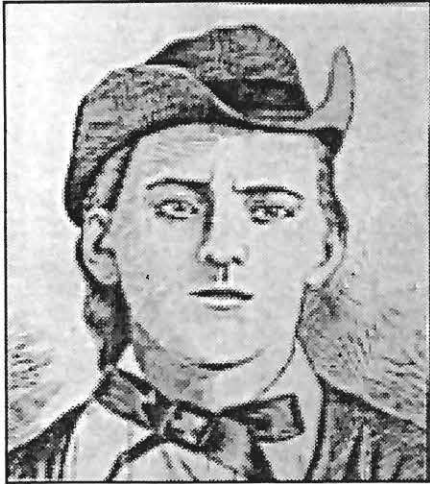
These drawings were published as a series of cards, which had a very large circulation. A comparison of his sketches with known photographs indicates his amazing accuracy, and it can



Texas Jack's "pard," Arizona Joe



"Ned Buntline," Col. E. Z. C. Judson



Jesse James, the youth



Doc Holliday, gambler and gunfighter, in Tombstone

be assumed that sketches of personalities whose photographs no longer exist were also accurate and true pictures.

In addition to desperados and lawmen, he drew scouts and showmen – everyone who contributed to the story of the Old West. That, of course, includes Texas Jack Omohundro.

In his book, *The Great American West*, author James D. Horan pictures many of Rawson's drawings, a sampling of which are shown here. About the early western showmen, of which Texas Jack was one, Horan writes:



Belle Starr, "Queen of the Bandits," associate of Cole Younger

### "THEY TOLD THE STORY"

"The excitement, drama, humor and glamour of the West was excellent material for writers. The public clamored for accounts, stories and shows about the fabulous West, and they got it. Desperadoes, marshals, Indian chiefs, generals, scouts, stage-drivers, cowboys and even horses were portrayed as heroes capable of fantastic achievements. Also desperadoes, Indian chiefs, rustlers and cowboys were portrayed as vicious villains, capable of the cruelest of crimes.

"Probably the widest circulated of this immensely popular and quite inaccurate school of writers was Ned Buntline (Col. E.C. Judson), whose name is virtually synonymous with Western dime thrillers. He is reputed to have written over a thousand novels, but that is undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is true, however, that thousands of such stories about the West were published and they helped to create the popular image of the West that persists even until now."

\* \* \*

## from the Editor's Desk...



by Julie Greene

I've always felt that one of the nicest things about having an interest in the Old West is the wonderful and helpful people you meet. One such person is SANDY SAGALA. Sandy's current project is doing research into finding out where Buffalo Bill Cody was every day during the years he traveled with his Combination troupe (quite an undertaking!). In the course of her research, she comes across information concerning Texas Jack, which she always copies and sends to me.

I met Sandy, a talented writer, when she wrote an excellent article for *The Scout*, entitled "Dashing Texas Jack and the Peerless M'lle Morlacchi on Stage with Cody and Hickok," which appeared in the Vol. VIII No. 2, Oct/Nov 1993 issue. Since that time, we have kept in touch, and she has sent me copies of numerous published references to Texas Jack.

One of those ("A Chat with Texas Jack," published in the *Spirit of the Times*) appears in this issue. I think you will agree that it's great! (Of course one wonders if ol' Texas Jack didn't get a bit carried away with his "story telling"!).

I asked Sandy, who was born, raised, and still lives in Erie, PA, how she got interested in things western:

"I can't say I've been a fan of westerns all my life, though my mother did have photographs of me on a horse at about six months of age and one of me in a cowgirl outfit when I was about 5. My interest in Wild Bill Hickok and from him on to Buffalo Bill Cody began when I saw my favorite actor Ben Murphy play Hickok in a made-for-TV movie titled "This Is the West That Was." I found the interview with Texas Jack in *Spirit of the Times* which I was perusing in the course of research into my current project."

So, a big THANK YOU, to Sandy... and to Lorrie Tenos, and to Jim Omohundro, and to all you other wonderful people who contribute

articles and information to help us "one time editors" of *The Scout*. Without your input, this editor, at least, would never be able to "get it all together."

I also want to extend a special and personal thank you to the dedicated folks who contribute their special talents for every issue – they are John and Susan Omohundro (layout editors), and Edna Nees (production editor).

Finally, it sounds like Jack Omohundro has planned another fabulous Round-up in Oklahoma City in June. We wouldn't miss it... and hope to see many of you there!

'Til then,

*Julie*



Sandy Sagala, placing flowers at Texas Jack's grave, September, 1999



Kitty Wyche Pelkan  
6021 37th Ave. SW  
Seattle WA 98126  
1999

To:

*The Texas Jack Scout*  
Edna Nees  
213 Coles Rolling Road  
Scottsville, VA 24590

### Artwork galore...



Allan Pinkerton, founder of the Pinkerton Detective Agency



George Parker, "Butch Cassidy," leader of the Wild Bunch

... And all the news on the upcoming **Round-Up 2000!**