



GREAT-GRANDFATHER MEETS TEXAS JACK

by Charles Stanley

Charles is the great grandson of Buxton McGregor and lives in Palos Heights, Illinois. --eds

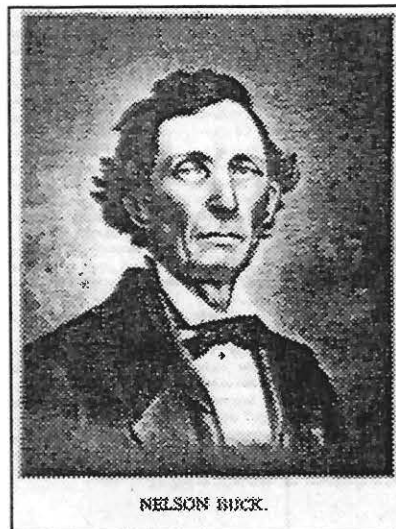
In 1869 Buxton McGregor, 17, was in the midst of having more adventure than he had bargained for when he met Texas Jack. Although his recollections about Texas Jack are sparse, his account of the time they spent on the same cattle drive gives some of the flavor of life in those days.

McGregor had grown up in Pontiac, Illinois, where his father, John, had been the first attorney in town, and an acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln. On one occasion, when a blizzard left a train Lincoln was on snowbound outside Pontiac he was put up at the McGregor home until the tracks could be cleared.

McGregor's two older brothers, Charles and Alonzo, joined the 39th Illinois Infantry during the Civil War. Buxton was too young to serve, but had a keen desire for a similar adventure.

From Illinois to Nebraska

His opportunity came in 1869. Nelson Buck, a surveyor in Pontiac, was awarded a federal government contract to survey land in southwest Nebraska near the border with Kansas. Buck recruited six teen-age young men from Pontiac to join him on the expedition, McGregor among



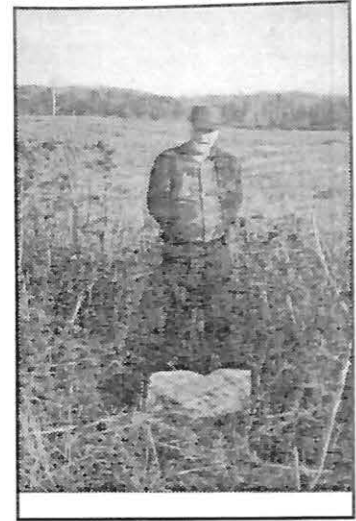
Nelson Buck, the leader of the party destroyed in revenge by Pawnee Killer's men

In This Issue...	
Meeting Texas Jack.....	1
Roundup in Deadwood City.....	6
The Shooting of Wild Bill.....	10
Final Tribute to Texas Jack.....	12
Texas Jack Writes His Brother.....	14
Just Words on a Tombstone.....	15
The Black Hills.....	17
Letters.....	18
Editor's Corner.....	19

... continued on page 3



Glenn Shirley, a U. of Nebraska reprint of a U. of New Mexico 1958 publication. Texas Jack is mentioned three times in the index. What have you found?



John Nees at the Pleasure Hill gravestone of Arabella, Texas Jack's sister, in 1985

Full details on the **Roundup** in Deadwood, South Dakota next June are in this issue. Organizer Martha Sullivan has assembled a particularly rich and varied schedule of events, yet she has also left participants some time to go touring on their own. Registration payments and hotel reservations may be made anytime between now and May 15.

John

John T. Omohundro
Hannawa Falls NY
13647-0299
omohunjt@northnet.org

To register for the Roundup you must be a dues-paying member, and January is **dues** month for our Association, so . . . before you do anything else, take a moment right now to draft a check for \$15 to "Texas Jack Association" and slip it into an envelope addressed to Treasurer Edna Nees.

Edna has won permission from the current corporate owners of **Pleasure Hill**, the property in Fluvanna County, Virginia, where Texas Jack's mother and some of his siblings are buried, to erect a fence and walkway around the old family cemetery at the site.

Your executive committee has authorized Edna to arrange for a wire or chain-link deer **fence** and a gate to be mounted around the remnants of the cemetery, an area of about 1000 square feet. Edna is also lobbying the corporation to formally name their property "Pleasure Hill" and to issue a deed to the Texas Jack Association for the small cemetery plot.

Vice President Julie Omohundro has suggested that the *Texas Jack Scout* compile a **bibliography** of references to Texas Jack in the published literature, especially those appearing since Herschel Logan's *Buckskin and Satin* (1954). This is a tall order for any individual to accomplish, but it helps if all members contribute. Send information to the *Scout's* editor as you find it.

For example, Susan and I recently purchased Joy S. Kasson's *Buffalo Bill's Wild West: Celebrity, Memory, and Popular History* (2000; Hill and Wang). Texas Jack is cited four times in the index. Also, we found a used copy of *Pawnee Bill: A Biography of Major Gordon W. Lillie*, by

The Texas Jack Scout
Volume XVII, number 1
An Occasional Publication of
The Texas Jack Association, Inc.
A Non-Profit Corporation

Subscription is included in annual membership dues of \$15.00. Contact

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

FOUNDERS AND HONORARY MEMBERS

- Frank R. Sullivan, Springfield, IL (deceased)
Founder
- Malvern H. Omohundro, Jr., Richmond, VA (deceased)
Chairman
- The Earl of Meath, Kiltruddy, Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Buffalo Bill Historical Center
- The Earl of Dunraven VII, Co. Limerick, Ireland
- The Knight of Glin, County Limerick, Ireland
Great-grandson of the Earl of Dunraven IV

OFFICERS

- President:** John T. Omohundro, Hannawa Falls, NY
- Vice President:** Julie J. Omohundro, Durham, NC
- Secretary:** Edna Nees, Scottsville, VA
- Treasurer:** R. C. Omohundro, Fork Union, VA
- Director:** Richard L. Omohundro, Jr., Granby, CT
- Scout Editor:** (current issue): John and Susan Omohundro; production by Edna Nees

continued from page 1 . . .

them. Buck made a special promise to McGregor's widowed mother, and the parents of John Nettleton, whose father was a jeweler, to insure their safe return.

On June 19 the group met at Buck's home for ice cream. The next morning McGregor, equipped with an old Springfield rifle and carrying \$30 his mother had given him, and the rest of the expedition departed. They traveled by train to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and then by ferry across the Missouri River to Plattsmouth, Nebraska. At Plattsmouth a team of horses and a wagon was purchased and a teamster and five other helpers were hired. From there the group began walking westward to Fort Kearney, where Buck expected to receive arms, a payment on his contract and a military escort. Buck, even though he was 61, was determined to share his men's hardships and walked with them.

While passing through Grand Island, then just a collection of sod huts, McGregor heard a chilling tale.

The Merciless Indian Wars

"Stopping at the nearest house I asked a motherly looking lady to sell us a glass of milk. We were invited in and given milk for which no pay would be accepted. Noticing a lot of Indian bead work moccasins, arrows, clubs etc., I asked for their history instantly this kindly lady became transformed into a raging tigress. Injuns, she screamed 'I pisoned 'em seven of 'em & I wish I could the whole-----of 'em' they killed scalped and burnt my boy and I will kill 'em. anyway I can I put arsenic in my sugar for them and went away and left it for them thieving Pawnees to steal I got seven of them and their outfits.' I began then to realize what Indian warfare meant for the first time no mercy by white or Red--but death by any means available on both sides."

Hunting Indians

After finally arriving at Fort Kearney, Buck discovered that no funds or arms awaited him, nor were there troops available for escort. Although he was warned about the dangers Indians posed in the area where he planned to travel, Buck had no choice but to move on. After a week of waiting Buck borrowed most of McGregor's money to buy more equipment and provisions and the party set out for its destination along the Republican

River.

Two days later the men were camped when two of the boys from Pontiac - Jim Sager and either Dave or Frank McFarland - changed the group's fortune. All three boys had boasted they planned to kill the first Indian they saw.

"In the morning Sager and the McFarland boy were to prospect around a little, and they saw two Indians coming over the bluff," McGregor later wrote late in his life. "They fired on the Indians. They killed one, and the other got away."

The dead Indian was stripped of his bow, arrows and other personal items, which were brought back to the camp for exhibition.

"Of course, Nelson Buck knew that would lead to trouble," wrote McGregor. "He didn't talk to us much. He told Nettleton and me to go back to Fort Kearney and wait there until we got arms and an escort."

Armed with McGregor's Springfield rifle, the boys walked 36-hours to reach the fort, but upon arriving were told no help was available. An officer at the fort told the boys they needed to provide for themselves. Nettleton told McGregor he had secured a job on a Platte River ferry and borrowed McGregor's last three dollars, telling him they would meet the next day at the river crossing point.

"He never met me," wrote McGregor. "I never saw him afterwards - probably the Indians got him or else he got in quicksand."

Young Cowboy Meets Texas Jack

McGregor got a job with the fort sutler hauling wood from an island in the Platte River to the fort with a wagon and team of oxen.

"I had never driven oxen but I said I had and satisfied the sutler I could by a trial and I won't write the words I used in starting that ox team but they were warm words and I was hired," McGregor wrote. "I learned long after the reason I got that job was that the Sioux always killed the wood haulers sooner or later."

McGregor heard nothing about the Buck party and after about three weeks - sometime in August and before he got killed by Indians - another job opportunity came his way.

"The Evans brothers came along with some 3,000 head of cattle and short of riders so I hired to Mr. Evans for \$30 a month," McGregor wrote. "There were about 60 men in the Evans outfit - scouts (six in buckskin), riders, cook, etc."

"Some of the scouts bore famous names - Texas Jack - a lean sinewy taciturn man in buckskins - Wild Bill was another - Evans himself was

a splendid specimen of manhood - blond bearded and erect on foot or in saddle - a big man in every sense of the word..."

The Cattle Drive

Working on the cattle drive proved to be a challenge in many ways for McGregor.

"It was a tough job riding all day at a gallop and many nights. I was not well liked by my captain and given the worst of it, besides I was shot at in the night a few times. Finally as I came in at noon I saw Billy Edwards reach toward his gun and I pulled the trigger of my old Springfield first and he fell to the ground shot in the thigh I learned later."

"I galloped away about three miles and stopped. Mr. Evans, a splendid specimen of a man, came to me and wanted to know what it was all about. 'Well,' I said, 'That crowd was out to kill me and I will tell you why, I don't know if it is true or not but you will know. They said you

had a lot of gold in the wagon and wanted me to join in the plot to kill you and get away with the money. I did not say yes or no and I guess they concluded to get rid of me or scare me away.' 'Well,' Evans said, 'What will you do?' I said 'Pay me what you owe me and take your pony and I will start east.'

'Well,' he said, 'I will do that', and he paid me my \$30 saying 'I don't like to leave you here. You are too young and with the prairies alive with Sioux.' I said 'I do not fear Indians - but Billy Edwards is deadly and a sure shot'."

The Winding Road Home

"And so we parted ways somewhere on the Colorado line. I walked back to North Platte hiding on islands in the Platte at night and keeping close to the river day times. Heard plenty of Indians and saw a few but managed to avoid them. Swam the Platte at the forks, got a good meal at some log cabin on the north side, hired out to some men who needed a driver for an extra mule team they had and got to Columbus, Nebraska, that way. Got in a freight car there with a bunch of Indians and rode into Omaha free same as all other Indians did in those days. Rode to Chicago and from there to Pontiac getting in

some day in October amid great rejoicing."

In Pontiac McGregor learned that the the rest of the Buck party was considered dead.

The Fate of the Buck Party

When Buck's party was not heard from the army finally sent out a patrol with Buffalo Bill Cody as the scout and accompanied by Buck's son, who had arrived from Illinois. Southwest of present day McCook, in Red Willow County along the Beaver Creek, the patrol found the remains of Buck's camp and evidence of a battle, and the scalped and mutilated bodies of some of the men, which were then buried.

In 1872 Cody wrote to the McFarland brothers' mother about the investigation.

"It pains me to inform you they were killed," Cody wrote. "They died bravely and fighting, and the Indians paid dearly for killing them, for before they were killed, they had killed several Indians."

Three of the Indians were "buried" in trees, and on one of the Indian corpses a letter to Nelson Buck was found.

In 1909, McGregor met with Cody and wrote an account of what Cody told him for the *Pontiac Leader* newspaper.

"He trailed the Indians to their village, killed

quite a number of them - all they could - and dispersed the balance. They found in the village some of Mr. Buck's surveying instruments, so he knew he got the right Indians," McGregor wrote.

The Indian side was a little different.

The Indian Version of the Fight

The winter following the attack, DeWitt C. Poole, an Indian Agent, interviewed an Ogallala brave named Pawnee Killer who admitted to leading the Indians who fought with the Buck party - but said it was in self defense.

"So far as villainy can be depicted in the human countenance, it was to be found in Pawnee Killer's," wrote Poole. "his face has a lean and hungry look; he was long and lank, and reminded one of a prowling wolf... He had a murderous looking set of followers, and all indications pointed to the fact that they had come red-handed from killing an innocent party of white men on

"Some of the scouts bore famous names - Texas Jack - a lean sinewy taciturn man in buckskins . . ."

the Republican River in Nebraska."

"Through the influence of a supply of rations and a gift of tobacco, Pawnee Killer was induced to relate this version of the affair, which was corroborated by his friends. That he, with a number of other Indians, while hunting on the Republican, in Nebraska, during the past summer, had discovered a party of surveyors engaged at work, and nearby their temporary camp, in which were tents and a wagon, which the Indians supposed contained provisions. A man was engaged cooking at a campfire near the wagon, and some of the young men of Pawnee Killer's party approached him with the intention of asking for food, as they were hungry. While they were asking for something to eat, some of the surveying party approached, and, while partially concealed in a clump of brush, fired upon them, wounding one of the Indians."

"This commenced the fight in which eight of the party of twelve surveyors were killed, while the Indians lost three killed. Four of Mr. Buck's party, who had entrenched themselves, they were unable to dislodge, so, after destroying the camp and wagon and such instruments as they could find, they retired from the scene of the conflict. The remaining four surveyors, Pawnee Killer supposed were killed by another party of Indians known to be near there."

"Pawnee Killer excused the act on the ground that the white men commenced the fight, and enraged his young men so that he could not restrain them."

Actually, it is not too difficult to accept Pawnee Killer's story given that the party of white men perhaps had been skittishly awaiting Indians seeking revenge for the wanton murder of an Indian by a

member of the group only a short time before.

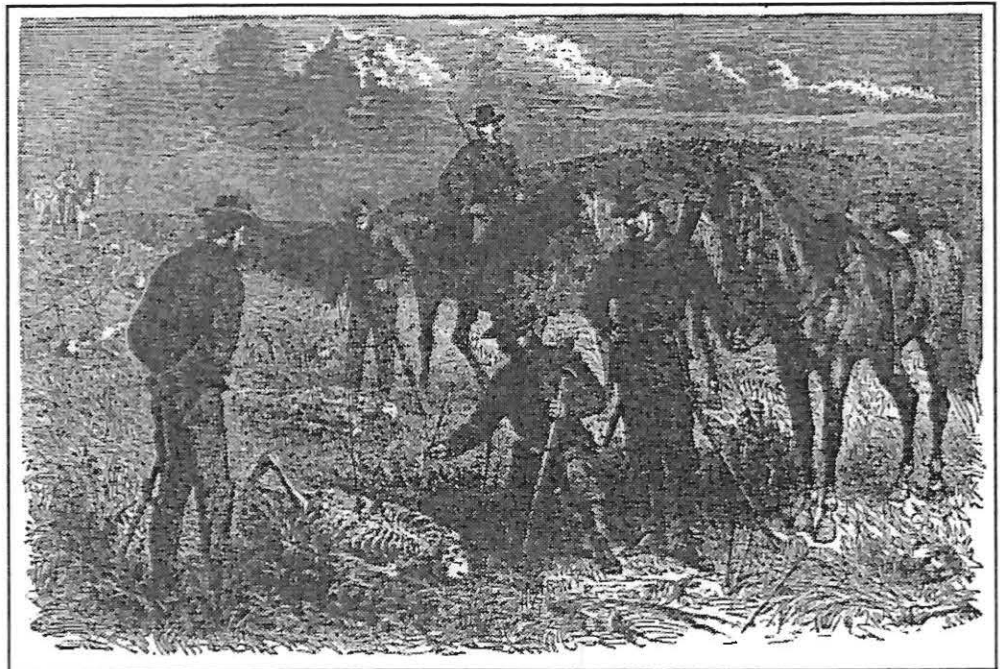
The four men who escaped fled east along Beaver Creek. About 50 miles from the first camp, near present day Hollinger, two more men were killed. Then still further east, the last two men were cornered and killed near where the Beaver and Sappa Creeks converge. Buck was killed while seeking concealment in a plum thicket, and another man was killed several hundred yards further on.

When a family of settlers arrived in 1877 to live on the land where Buck was killed they found his scattered bones, a saddle with the name Nelson Buck stamped on the stirrups, some clothing items, arrowheads and bullets. The bones were placed in a box and kept in the family barn until they were retrieved on behalf of the Buck family and taken back to Pontiac for burial in that town's South Side Cemetery.

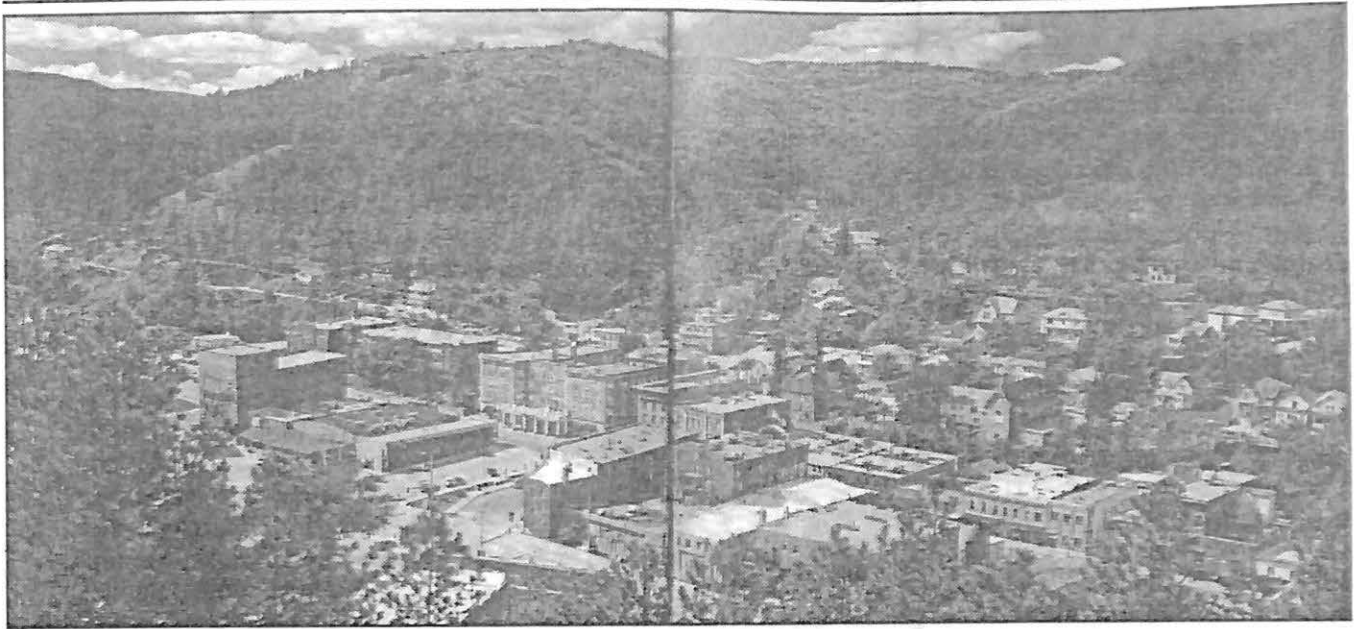


Pawnee Killer, Ogallala Sioux

continued on p. 16 . . .



Finding the remains of the Buck Party



ROUNDUP IN DEADWOOD CITY

by John Omohundro

Plans are nearly complete for the Texas Jack Association's eleventh biennial Roundup, in Deadwood City, South Dakota, from June 26 to June 29, 2002. All TJA members are cordially invited to attend. If you've attended a Roundup before, you know how enjoyable it is to meet other association members and to revisit the life and times of John Baker "Texas Jack" Omohundro.

If you haven't been to a Roundup — here's your chance to participate in a fine one! Organizer Martha Sullivan, daughter of TJA co-founder Frank Sullivan, has assembled a varied and full program of entertainment, history, socializing, and scenery.

Why Deadwood? Texas Jack's prairie pard and co-star James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok was living in Deadwood in 1876 when he was assassinated. Rich in plains history, especially from the 1870's to the early twentieth century, Deadwood is nevertheless distinct from most prairie towns in its environment and history.

The Region

Deadwood is deep in the Black Hills, which have been described as "an island of mountains in a sea

of prairie." Pine-covered mountains, fishing streams, lakes, hiking and horse trails, and scenic gorges make the Black Hills distinctive on the austere prairie. For example, the Hills are home to the largest concentration of free-ranging American Bison in the world.

Historically, the Black Hills are the site of the last great gold rush in the US. Historical figures who have placed their mark on this area include Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, General George Custer, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, Jim Bridger, and Jedediah Smith.

A couple of hours to the southwest of the gorgeous Black Hills are the severe Badlands—a harsh place which migrating pioneers made sure to avoid, but you'll want to head right into them.

Deadwood City

Deadwood may be technically a city, but it's a small one, with just a few thousand permanent residents. The avid and fit can walk from one end to the other— and should do so, because there is an excellent self-guiding historical and architectural walking tour. An inexpensive trolley shuttle service runs up and down town from 7 am until the wee hours of morn.

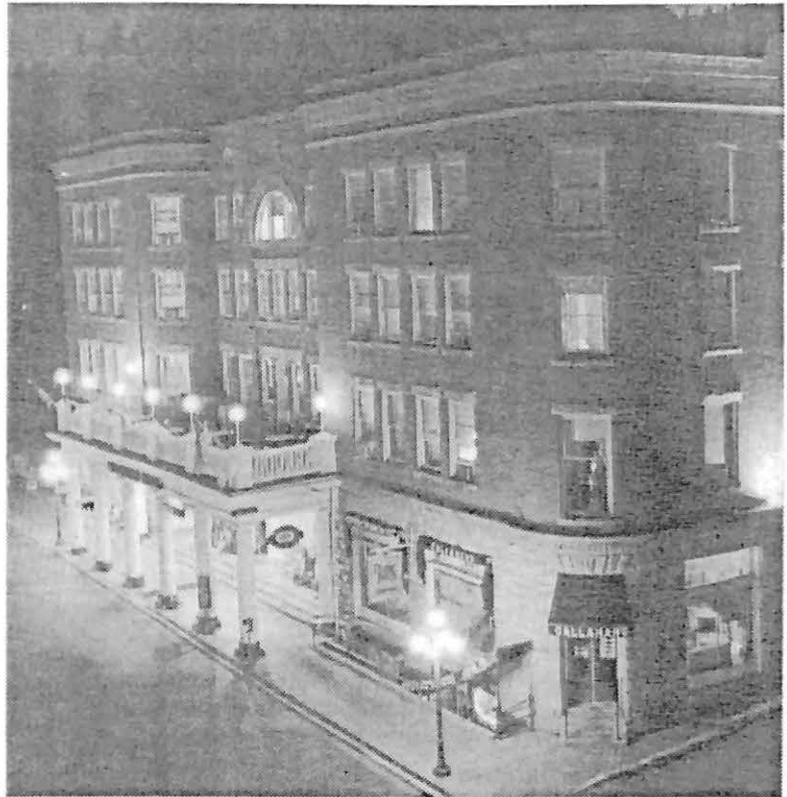
Deadwood City was founded in the 1870s in response to the gold rush at Deadwood Creek,

the last gold rush in the US. It has burned and flooded numerous times but has always been rebuilt, kept alive in part by its railroad, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley RR. The downtown architecture is now carefully restored with funds from the state's gambling income.

Deadwood has been the home of Calamity Jane, California Joe and Potato Creek Bill, and the assassination site of Wild Bill Hickok, who is buried in the cemetery nearby on Mt. Moriah, overlooking the city.

The "new gold" is gambling. Gaming rooms (usually sumptuous Victorian style) are everywhere. There are also two golf courses near Rapid City and another nearby in Sturgis.

To learn more about attractions in the region (other than the many we've placed on your itinerary!) visit www.deadwood.org and www.deadwood.net.



The historic Franklin Hotel in downtown Deadwood

Accommodations

Martha has arranged for the century-old Historic Franklin Hotel, in the middle of "downtown," to be the site of our Roundup, and we urge participants to reserve rooms there. It's an architectural history buff's dream, with many turn-of-the-century Greek neoclassic features. Antiques and original furnishings create a delightful atmosphere. Parking is free.

The Franklin has recently undergone five years of renovation at a cost of \$2 million. It offers 80 guest rooms, including large elegant Victorian suites, small suites, king- and queen-size doubles, and numerous economy motor lodge rooms.

Prices are remarkably low: from \$79 for large suites, \$59 for small suites, \$49 for two double beds; and economy rooms for as little as \$39. These prices will also apply for three days before and after the Roundup, for those of us who intend to see more of the area. Continental breakfast from 7 to 11 a.m. is included in the room package.

A century has seen the Franklin always in the middle of city life. During the Depression, the hotel housed the only public restrooms in the village, which were maintained by the city. The first radio broadcast in the state was from here. On premises are a fine steakhouse, the 1903 Dining Room, the oldest in town, as well as an

Irish pub and a sports bar. The hotel also operates the Silverado Casino.

Conference registrants are asked to make their own hotel arrangements. The Franklin may be reached at 800-688-1876, or franklin@deadwood.net.

If the Franklin doesn't suit, then alternative lodgings may be investigated at www.deadwood.net.

Itinerary

Wednesday June 26

- 4 - 6 pm - Reception on the Veranda of the Emerald Room, Franklin Hotel. Hors d'oeuvres and cash bar.
- Registration and sale of Texas Jack paraphernalia in the adjoining Fainting Room.
- 6 pm - Dinner on your own. We recommend the 1903 Dining Room in the hotel. *If you request on the registration form, we'll reserve a place for you.*

Thursday June 27

- 9 am - Bus tour of Deadwood and wreath-

laying ceremony at Wild Bill Hickok's grave at Mt. Moriah cemetery, a scenic site overlooking Deadwood.

- Catered gourmet picnic lunch in the city park.
- Afternoon free. Recommended: The Adams House, a recently restored Queen Anne-style residence, and the Adams Museum, a premier museum of the history and natural history of the Black Hills
- Also recommended for the day:
 - 4 pm Shootout at Wild West Cafe
 - 5 pm cocktail social at Old Style Saloon #10
 - 6 pm dinner at Old Style Saloon #10. *If you request on the registration form, we'll reserve a place for you.*
 - 7:30 reenactment of shooting of Wild Bill Hickok
 - 8 pm reenactment of Trial of Jack McCall in Deadwood Theatre

Friday June 28

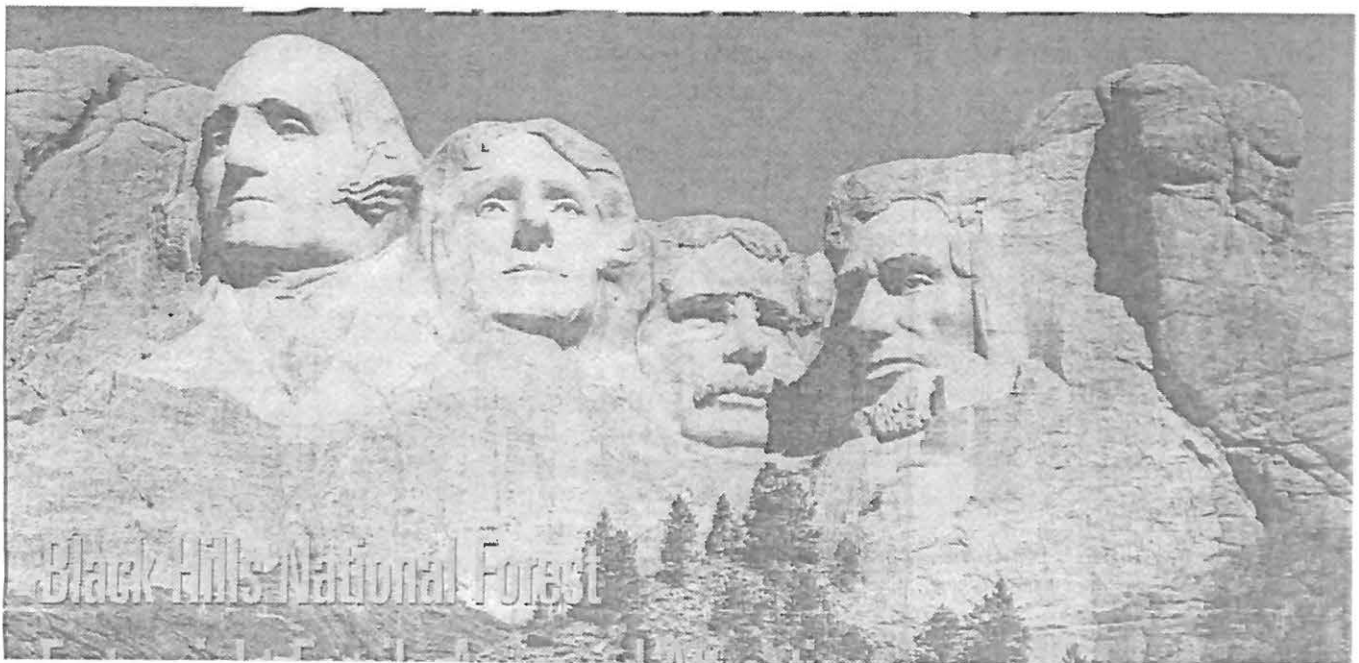
- 8:30 am - begin all-day bus tour of region
- Visit year-round Christmas shop
- Mount Rushmore. Walk the one-mile Presidential Trail to the very foot of the mountain.
- Crazy Horse Monument. So huge that the



The Circle B Cowboys

chief's face covers an area greater than all four of Rushmore's heads together. Fifty years in the making and still taking shape.

- 11:30 am - Lunch at the Alpine House.
- 2 pm - 1880 train ride on Black Hills Central RR, from Hill City to Keystone through beautiful Black Hills scenery
- Visit Borglum (Rushmore sculptor) Museum and prowl Keystone
- 6 pm - Circle B Ranch chuckwagon supper of beef, chicken, beans, and biscuits, and country western show, with Circle B Cowboys.
- 10 pm - return to Deadwood



Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt, and Lincoln at Mount Rushmore

Saturday June 29

- 9 am - Association biennial meeting, private room at Franklin Hotel. Come learn what we do and put in your two cents' worth. All Association members are voting members and their opinions, time and money are what keeps our organization alive.
- Afternoon free. By now you'll have *many* options from which to choose!
- 6:30 - cash bar, private room, Deadwood's Wild West Casino.
- 7 pm - Association banquet in private room, at Wild West Casino Theatre, featuring prime rib (or lemon pepper chicken). Music by Lyndall and Dan Foral.



Lyndall and Dan Foral will provide music at the Saturday banquet.

Getting There

For those flying, the airport is in Rapid City, South Dakota, 45 miles east of Deadwood. We are attempting to arrange a rental car deal at the airport (see the April 2002 issue of the *Texas Jack Scout* for more details.)

For those driving, Deadwood City is in the southwest corner of South Dakota, just south of Interstate 90 and 25 miles east of the Wyoming border.

Weather in late June

According to Deadwood's official website (www.deadwood.org): "Summer comes early to Deadwood. The days start heating up in May, and they stay warm well into early fall. At an elevation of 4,533 feet, Deadwood's July temperatures rarely dip below 60 degrees. Even when you venture a little higher into the Hills, near Terry Peak or Deer Mountain, you'll enjoy these same ideal summer conditions."

Registration

Registration for persons over age 10 is \$135. Children age 10 and younger are \$125. Someone in the household must be a Texas Jack Association member, so join or renew now.

The registration fee includes the Wednesday reception, two bus tours, two lunches, a dinner and the banquet, the train ride, admission to tour sites, and two musical shows. Registrants will need to provide for themselves only two dinners and one lunch during the Roundup. Coupled with the very reasonable rates at the Franklin, this is a fine price for three and a half days of Roundup.

If you wish vegetarian options to the meat dishes in the two lunches and two dinners, please mark that on the registration form.

If you wish the lemon chicken alternative to the roast beef dinner at the Association banquet, please mark that also.

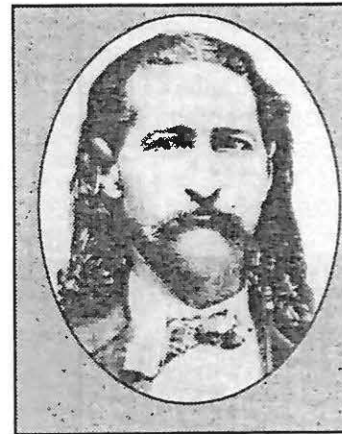
**FILL OUT AND MAIL
THE ENCLOSED REGISTRATION FORM .
DEADLINE: MAY 15**

* * *

THE SHOOTING OF WILD BILL HICKOK

by Thadd Turner

Excerpted from Thadd's article in Wild West, September, 2001. Thadd Turner is a Texas Jack reenactor, competitive shootist, playwright, actor and model. He lives in Deadwood, South Dakota during the summer and in sunny Arizona during the winter. He is an associate member of the Western Writers of America. Thadd released his non-fiction book, Wild Bill Hickok, Deadwood City, during the spring of 2001— just in time for the 125th anniversary of that historic event. The Wild West article was drawn from his new book. Roundup 2002 participants will visit these sites and observe the reenactment of McCall's trial.
--eds



At about 12 noon, Wednesday, August 2nd, 1876, James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, possibly dressed in his favorite frock coat, best linen shirt, and fine dress pants, entered Lewis, Nuttall, and Mann's No. 10 Saloon in Deadwood City, Dakota Territory, seeking entertainment and drinks.

There were about a half a dozen people in the No. 10 gaming hall & saloon, including Carl Mann, the co-owner of the establishment, Captain William R. Massie, a former Missouri River boat captain and at that time local real estate broker and speculator, and Charlie Henry Rich, a young part time gambler and card dealer whom Bill had met earlier in the year in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The three men were engaged in a game of draw poker cards and quickly invited Wild Bill to join them at the table.

When Hickok entered the game the only available empty seat was near the rear entrance of the saloon and faced the front door. The stool sat between the card table, the open bar, and the rear door.

There was a seat between the card table and the west wall that was occupied by Charlie Rich which afforded a complete unobstructed view of the entire room, including a good view of the front and rear doors, and very importantly,

took advantage of the wall behind the chair, which allowed that person's "back to be covered" by the solid wall. Wild Bill had played cards at this table frequently, and this was his customary seat when gambling in the No. 10 Saloon.

Hickok asked Charlie Rich for his "regular" seat, but was rebuffed by the young gambler, who apparently was winning at this seat location.

Wild Bill had been in a poker game at this same table location, possibly just the night before, with three other gamblers, including a young miner [who said his name was] Bill Sutherland. At some point in the evening, one of the cash pots built up to a point where Hickok made a large one time bet. Sutherland matched this heavy bet by shoving a small gold dust sack, or purse, onto the table to play the hand. Wild Bill won the hand, and the game subsequently ended as Sutherland had no additional funds to play. When the purse was taken over to the gold dust scales and weighed out, the sack was short about \$16 to \$18 dollars.

This of course was not acceptable to Wild Bill, and so the young miner went out to his camp site to return shortly with more gold dust to make up the difference. It was apparent that the youthful inexperienced gambler was broke after squaring up with Hickok, and Wild Bill asked him as

much the same. When Sutherland confirmed that he was indeed busted, Hickok offered the penny-less miner his loose change, about a dollar's worth, for the young man to buy himself some supper or breakfast, which the miner declined to take.

At about 3 pm on this fateful day of August 2nd, [the so-called] Bill Sutherland walked through the front door of the No. 10 Saloon, and was immediately recognized by Wild Bill, who apparently perceived no threat to himself from the young miner and turned his attention back to the card game in play. The very soon-to-be-discovered real name of this 25 year-old man was Jack McCall.

The four men at the card table in the rear of the gaming hall had now been engaged in playing draw poker for almost three hours. Wild Bill was at that moment throwing his own hand onto the table in apparent disgust, as he had just lost the poker hand in play to Massie, and was heard to remark, "The old duffer, he broke me on that hand," when suddenly, less than half a dozen feet from the rear door, McCall abruptly turned and stepped forward to a position within 2 or 3 feet behind Wild Bill, pulled a single action pistol from inside his loose-fitting clothing, lifted it to a point directly behind Wild Bill's head, and pulled the trigger firing one round, shouting, "Damn you, take that!"

The projectile entered the back of Wild Bill's head, just to the right of center, and exited out his right cheek near the bottom of his nose, taking out some brain tissue with it, and knocking loose a couple of upper teeth. He did not say a word, his head moved slightly forward and he was still for a moment, and then Wild Bill fell backward off his stool to the saloon floor. Death was instantaneous.

Captain Massie felt a sharp and intense pain in his left arm just above the wrist, which he had been resting on the card table. As the former river boat Captain began to regain his senses, he realized McCall was standing there with a gun threatening the players and others in the building. The ball that had killed Wild Bill struck Captain Massie in the left arm just above his wrist after exiting Bill's right cheek. Backing toward the rear door, McCall was screaming at the card players and the others in the rear of the building, "Come on ye sons a' bitches," as he began to cock the hammer and pull the trigger again. The pistol failed to fire. McCall finally left the building by the rear door.

Why Jack McCall shot Wild Bill Hickok has never been fully explained. At his Deadwood

City trial held the next day, August 3rd, in the new Deadwood Theatre building, McCall used only one defense on the advice of his appointed defense attorney, Judge Joseph Miller- he claimed that Wild Bill had shot and killed his brother in Kansas two years earlier, so this was a motivated "revenge" killing. The jury of miners, all of whom were trespassing on a Federal Indian Reservation, and thus were part of an illegal miners court with no actual civilian authority, bought into this statement and found McCall "Not Guilty" of the the killing of Hickok. McCall was set free, but immediately left Deadwood in haste for fear of his life from the very real chance of revenge from [Bill's pard] California Joe and Colorado Charlie.

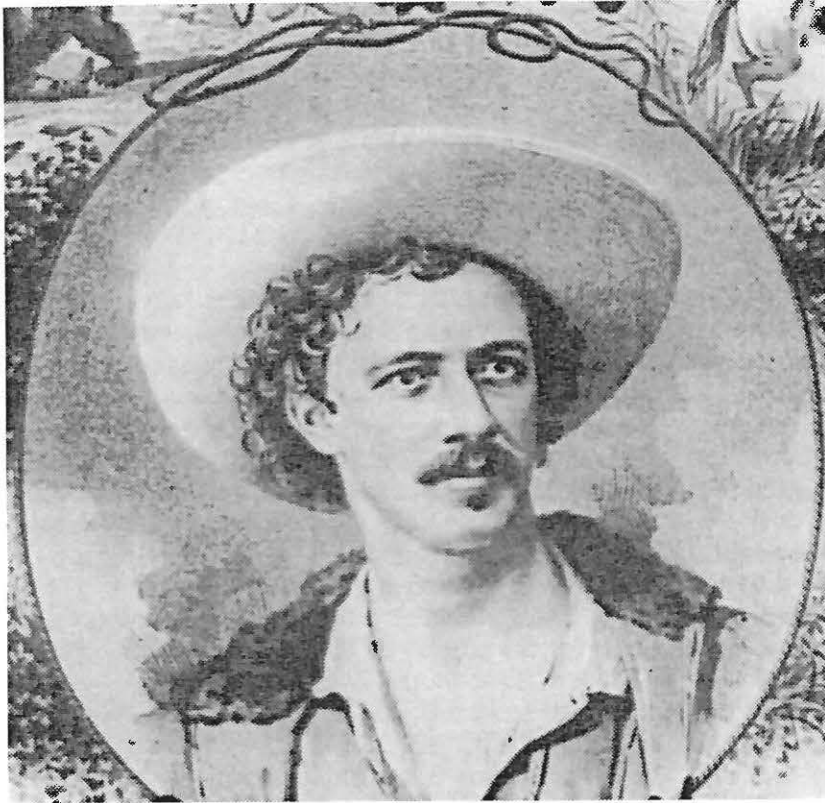
Jack McCall was followed to Laramie City, Wyoming by Colonel George May, the elected prosecuting attorney at the Deadwood trial. May was incensed that justice had not been met. McCall, in an attempt to gain some type of notoriety, was bragging in a local saloon on how he had gotten away with the murder of Wild Bill Hickok. Colonel May was able to obtain a federal arrest warrant against McCall, who was taken into custody on August 29, 1876 by federal authorities in Wyoming Territory.

McCall was eventually tried in federal court for the murder of Hickok in December of 1876, in Yankton, the Dakota Territorial Capitol, where he admitted that he lied at the Deadwood trial about Wild Bill killing his brother. He testified that he only knew Hickok from the few times they were at the same card tables in Deadwood City. McCall was found guilty as charged for the crime of murder, and was subsequently hung March 1st, 1877 in Yankton— the first legal hanging in Dakota Territory. Jack McCall was buried with the hangman's noose around his neck in an unmarked grave in the local Catholic Cemetery.

Interested readers are directed also to Joseph G. Rosa's *They Called Him Wild Bill- The Life and Times of James Butler Hickok*, and Rosa's *Jack McCall, Assassin: An Updated Account of His Yankton Trial, Plea for Clemency, and Execution*.

* * *

A Final Tribute Paid to "Texas Jack"



by John Hockett
contributed by Gloria O. Palmer

Gloria unearthed this article from the Thursday, August 3, 1967 issue of the Rocky Mountain News published in Denver, Colorado. We offer it here in abbreviated form.

The newspaper editor's note states: "A colorful Colorado story by a Leadville 10th grader took fourth place honors in the annual Colorado Day Essay Contest, sponsored by the Central City Opera House Association, and the Colorado Day Committee. John Hockett, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hockett of Leadville, titled his essay, "A Final Tribute to 'Texas Jack'." -eds

John B. Omohundro, famous hero of the plains, was laid to rest on June 28, 1880, in Leadville, Colo. This great man was second only to Col. William F. Cody, Buffalo Bill. Texas Jack, as John B. Omohundro was known, was outstanding

at anything from being a cowboy to being an actor.

In the early spring of 1880, Texas Jack came to the boom town of Leadville with his celebrated wife, Mlle. Morlacchi. She was to perform in the new and beautiful Tabor Opera House. John (Texas Jack) wanted to come to Leadville for several reasons. First, his health was failing, and he wanted to try to improve it. Next, he had heard of all the get-rich-quick ideas and wanted to see if they were true.

John was feeling better, until he took a cold late in May. He did not pay any attention to it, but when he began to take care of it, it was too late. In his delay the cold had turned into pneumonia and finally into rapid consumption. Despite efforts by Dr. Henry Cook he lapsed into unconsciousness and at 7:30 Monday morning, June 28, 1880, the great plainsman, scout and Indian fighter

died.

Edwin F. Knowles, manager of the new Tabor Opera House, immediately offered the use of it for the funeral. The services were conducted by the Rev. Thomas J. Mackay, Episcopal chaplain of the Tabor Light Cavalry.

A choir was composed of part of the Fay Templeton opera company. The procession was led by a 50-piece brass band, followed by the Tabor Light Cavalry, under the leadership of H. A. W. Tabor, then lieutenant governor of Colorado, and Rev. Mr. Mackay. The service was ended by the firing of a military salute and the sounding of taps.

The first tombstone for Texas Jack was a simple wooden structure with these words inscribed on it:

Sacred to the Memory
of
Texas Jack
(J. B. Omohundro)
Died, June 28, 1880
39, Pneumonia

On Aug. 31, 1908, Major John M. Burke (Arizona John), a close friend of Buffalo Bill, visited the city. He drove to the Evergreen Cemetery and placed flowers on Texas Jack's grave.

In 1908 Col. William F. Cody came to Leadville to pay tribute to his old "pard" of the plains, and with him came his entire Wild West circus troupe. At the impressive ceremony Cody was the principal speaker with the Wild West band playing appropriate musical selections.

.... Col. Cody ended the ceremony with these words:

"Jack was an old friend of mine and a good one.

Instead of this board which now marks his grave, we will soon have erected a more substantial monument, one more worthy of a brave and good man.

May he rest in peace."

A prayer was said, and a band played "Nearer My God to Thee." The world famous Buffalo Bill had not forgotten his old friend and comrade, John B. Omohundro, Texas Jack.

* * *

**BUFFALO BILL' AT
GRAVE OF HIS OLD
FRIEND 'TEXAS JACK'**



Buffalo Bill beside Texas Jack's first grave marker in Leadville; newspaper clipping from Herschel Logan's *Buckskin and Satin*. Portrait on facing page is from "Texas Jack Combination" poster.

In Memoriam

Richard A. Omohundro died Saturday, October 13, 2001 at his home "Gypsy Hill Farm" in Goochland. He was the survivor of the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Malvern Hill Omohundro of "Brightly" in Goochland. He was born in Richmond but moved to Goochland with his family in 1916. Mr. Omohundro was a real estate broker, developer and investor for many years. Mr. Omohundro was the general manager and partner in the Old Dominion Real Estate Company. After WWII, he and his late brother, Thomas Bransford Omohundro, formed the Omohundro Brothers Real Estate Company. They were later joined by their late brother, M. H. Omohundro, Jr.

Mr. Omohundro enlisted in the Navy Seabees in September of 1942. He was sent to the Pacific where he spent three years with the 57th Seabee Battalion on various islands. He was discharged in 1945. Mr. Omohundro was a life member of the VFW and the American Legion.

Mr. Omohundro was a member of the Huguenot Society of the Founders of Manakin, Va., and the Texas Jack Association. He was a former member of the Sons of the American Revolution and Farmington Country Club.

He is survived by his wife of over 59 years, Ellen L. Omohundro; his daughter, Elizabeth Omohundro Harwood and her husband, Charles Douglas Harwood; his grandchildren, Charles D. Harwood, Jr. and Otway P. B. Harwood II. He is also survived by seven nieces and nephews, including Miss Julia Phillips and Colonel John Burwell Phillips of Richmond, Ben Wyche Jr. of Arlington, Malvern Hill Wyche of Virginia Beach, Mrs. Dennis Greene, Jack Omohundro and Randolph McKinney, all of California.

Richard Omohundro was buried in Hollywood Cemetery on October 16.

from the obituary published in the Richmond newspaper.

Dear Brother, Wood.

(Texas Jack's letter to his brother Woodville)

Edna Nees has a letter that Texas Jack wrote to his younger brother Wood in 1875. "Wood" (christened Martin Woodville), nine years younger than John, was born in 1855 in Fluvanna County. Although this letter makes it seem that 19-year-old brother was casting about for a means of livelihood that his older brother was not going to provide, Wood did go on to success in life. Like his older brothers Orville and Moten, he moved to Nashville, Tennessee to make a fresh start. In 1889 he married Sarah Ethel Lena Davis, a Tennessee woman who was a cousin of Jefferson Davis. A photograph shows them as a handsome, prosperous couple. They had four children. He died in 1913. The transcription of John's handwriting is our own.

-eds

Billerica Mar 16th 1875

Received your letter glad to hear from you all but sorry I am so situated in business that I can not give you a positive answer about the Poultry yard. I intended to have it going by this time but I have to go to N. Y. City this week & will be there perhaps for two months that will stop all of my present calculations. I have to attend to my wife's business now as well as my own I think you had better go on with your affairs at home as you intended & when I have got things arranged as I want them will let you know in time for you to settle your business. I do not intend to give up the project but may change location & go further west where my Place will improve faster. I will start first on small scale & want you to take charge of the job if it pays will increase the capital & give you a chance to make something. I may not get started before late in summer the way things look now but will give you the first chance to come with me hope you will get this in time so as not to conflict with your arrangements for this spring. Make what you can this summer & I will be sure to have you some thing better by fall. I would like to have you now but my wife's sister is kinder to get along with & am afraid you might not like [?] she remains at home all the time & we are away most of the time tell Papa I will answer his letter so [o]n I shall be very busy for the next week or two times are duller & money scarcer here than it has been since the War. I am afraid they are not going to be better in our day we are coming to the system of the old countries not to use much money love to all.

*Your Brother J. B. O'Connell
Texas Jack.*

Just Words on a Tombstone

by Edward Jordan Lanham

Mr. Lanham ("Eddie") has graciously undertaken to commemorate Texas Jack's Civil War service with a stone at Jack's gravesite in Leadville, Colorado. See also the "Mailbag." --Eds.

As a child growing up in rural Griffin, Georgia, several events occurred that greatly influenced my life. As an infant, so I'm told, I was baptized in the First Presbyterian Church of Griffin. Years later, I discovered that the poet Sidney Lanier, and the legendary folk hero Doc Holliday, were also baptized and attended church there.

During my teenage years, my fascination with gunfighters greatly outweighed any interest I had in poetry. I was obsessed with Doc Holliday, our hometown western hero. However, the movie "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," as well as other western movies, raised questions in my mind. Were the stories of Doc Holliday's life true? What really happened? Not until I was grown did I have the resources and patience to learn the truth about this Southern gentleman. In time, my research resulted in a greater understanding of the man, the myth, the legend, and the truth.

Several years ago I became interested in "Texas Jack," another western hero. However, he died too early in life to become as well-known as his famous friends, even though his life was interesting as theirs. I also soon learned that his grave was not marked with a veteran's headstone.

My hobby is finding, researching, ordering, and setting headstones for veterans of our early wars. It is amazing how many famous people I find who do not have markers displaying their service record. I recently set two markers in Texas, one for my relative Col. Robert Glover Lanham, 6th SC Inf. Reg. and one for Samuel Willis Tucker Lanham, last Confederate veteran to be Governor of Texas.

On most weekends, my wife and I seek out cemeteries in our motor home, scouring winding streets, country roads, and ceaseless

subdivisions with a self-trained eye. In the ever-expanding sprawl of development, we search for history that hides in the folds of today.

We are looking for the dead, the buried. We look for the pioneers, settlers, soldiers, and lost loved ones. More often than not, we find them.

As years slipped by they were laid to rest in family cemeteries, churchyards and

community burying grounds throughout our country. We find them behind long-forgotten fences, under overgrown brush and between houses, sometimes finding their tombstones stacked like rubble. We find them penned carefully in corners of commercial property. We find them paved over by asphalt, trapped under shopping centers.

As of this date we have found countless graves in forgotten cemeteries and have set over 750 headstones, from Texas to South Carolina, marking the graves of soldiers from the Revolutionary War, Cherokee and Creek Indian Wars, War of 1812, and the War Between the States. Last year we marked the graves of all the soldiers buried where we live, in Fayette County, Georgia, who were veterans from those early wars in our nation.

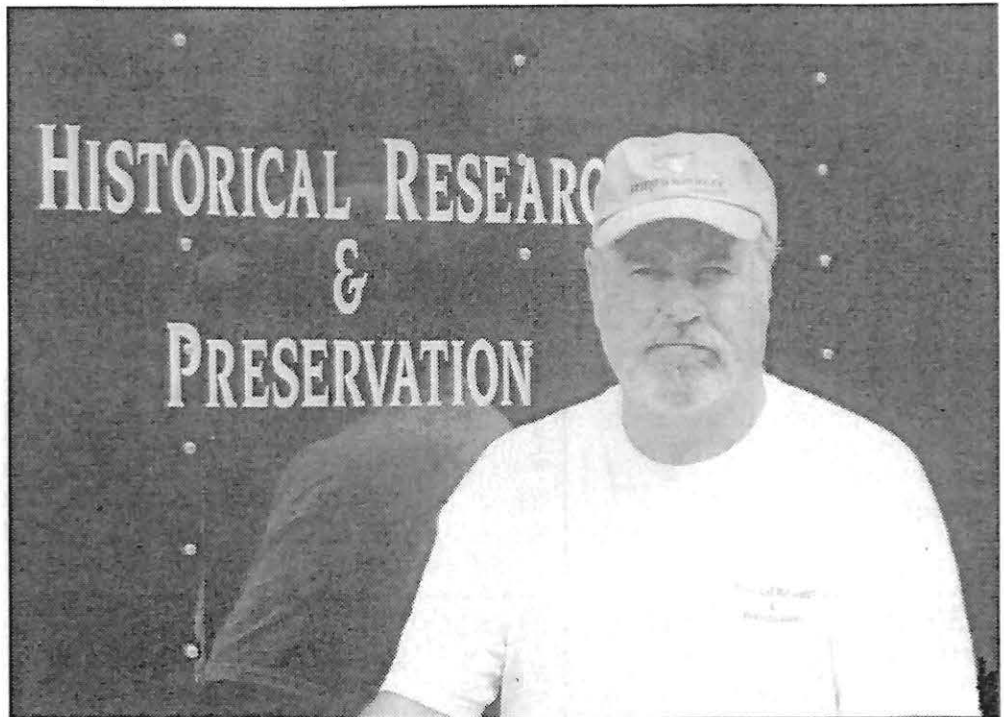
Also, as a member of the Sharpsburg Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, I have assisted, along with other members of the camp, in setting an additional 900 headstones on Confederate veterans' graves in Coweta County, Georgia.

Texas Jack is dead, but the spirit of the old West still lives in the memory of the present generation. His name will forever be remembered. Soon, Texas Jack will also have his grave marked. He was proud of his Southern heritage and his service in the Confederacy under the famous J.E.B. Stuart. Jack left that heritage to you. His headstone will read:

John Baker Omohundro
7-26-1846 - 6-28-1880
5th VA (Stuart's) Cavalry, Co. G
C.S.A.

Words on a tombstone may appear to be just words, but those few words can open our minds to remember and imagine. Many people believe that cemeteries are only places for the dead. There are those of us that know otherwise. Cemeteries have interest for the living also. We place monuments over our departed so that they will always be remembered. There are stories in those stones; Texas Jack's is one of those.

* * *



Eddie Lanham beside his trailer. Submitted by the author, 2001.

continued from page 5

Cody reported in Chapter XVII of his autobiography, *The Life and Adventures of Buffalo Bill*:

“When we returned to Fort McPherson we found there [Willard P.] Buck, whose father had been killed with his entire party by Pawnee Killer's band of Indlans on the Beaver Creek. He had a letter from the commanding officer of the department requesting that he be furnished with an escort to go in search of the remains of his father and the party. Two companies of cavalry were sent with him and I accompanied them as a guide. As the old squaw, which we had captured, and of which mention is made in a previous chapter, could not exactly tell us the place on Beaver Creek where the party had been killed, we searched the country over for two days and discovered no signs of the murdered men. At last, however, our efforts were rewarded with success. We found pieces of their wagons and among other things an old letter or two which Mr. Buck recognised as his father's handwriting. We then discovered some of the remains, which we buried; but nothing further. It was now getting late in the fall and we accordingly returned to Fort McPherson.”

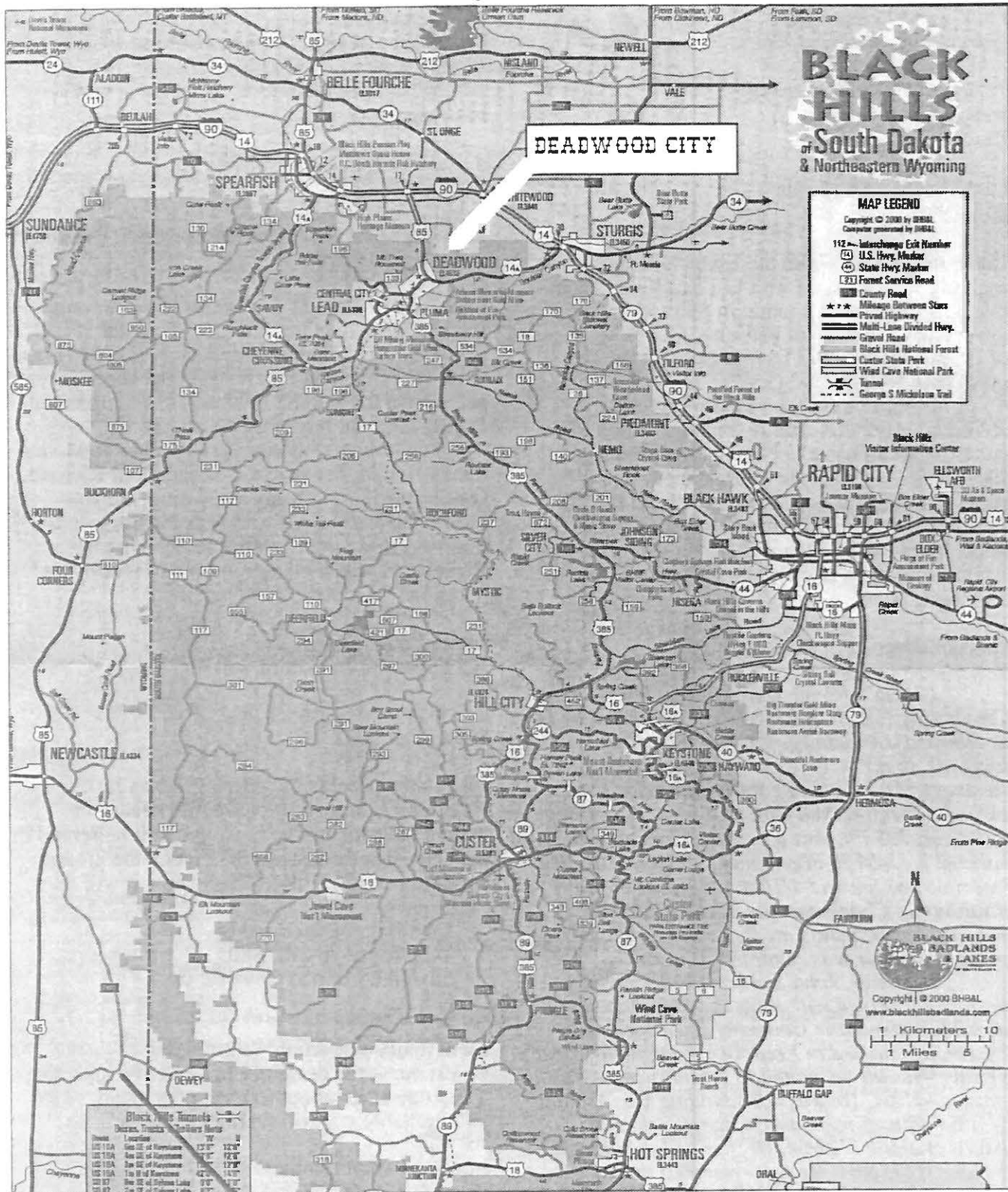
Over the years three markers were erected in the memory of the Buck surveying party. Several years ago they were consolidated in one location. They can be found about 1.5 miles west of Marion, Nebraska, on the south side of US Highway 89. The Beaver Creek of the first fight is just to the south of the markers. There is a large marker with some minimal narrative text flanked by two smaller markers. There is a small selection of items relating to the Buck surveying party at the Cambridge Museum, 612 Penn Street, Cambridge, Nebraska.

Buxton McGregor lived into his 80's. In his later years he wrote several accounts of his Nebraska experience and was interviewed about the Buck expedition for newspapers. After he died his remains were interred in the same cemetery as Buck's.

Sources:

The Buck bust on p. 1 is from *The Biographical Record of Livingston County, Illinois*, 1900, Chicago, the S. J. Clarke Publishing Co. The finding of the remains on p. 5 is from Chapter 17 of Buffalo Bill's 1879 autobiography, *The Life and Adventures of Buffalo Bill*. Pawnee Killer on p. 5 is from <http://webhome.idirect.com/~mikeha/namericans/Pawneekiller.html>

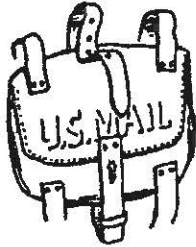
THE BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA



Wyoming's right there, pard, and Nebraska is right there . .

From the Mail Pouch . . .

Gloria responded to last issue's guest editor Tip Omohundro's request for additional information on Texas Jack's Civil War regiment, the 5th Virginia Cavalry.



Grass Valley, California
Nov. 2001

Using the article "From the Editor's Desk" [Tip's request] I had a friend who is a qualified genealogist do some research while in Salt Lake City. I am enclosing a copy of her letter as well as pages of the new book, *5th Virginia Cavalry*, which gives both John B. and Orville.

It looks as if John B. has no further record after 6/20/64. But if someone wants to be certain one can write to National Archives. [Herschel] Logan's date of enlistment (cited pages 3 and 6 of *Texas Jack Scout*) and the last mention of June 1864 correspond with [Driver's] book. I feel both Logan and Driver used National Archives records, and that this was the extent of their service.

Gloria Palmer

Gloria's friend Maria found 5th Virginia Cavalry, by Robert J. Driver, Jr., published by H. E. Howard, Lynchburg, Va., in 1997. Civil War buffs will find it helpful. Driver provides a summary of all available information for each individual who served with that unit. According to Driver, John B. was a private, Company G, enlisted 2/15/64 in Fluvanna County, age 18. He was noted as present 4/1/64, absent sick with disability in Charlottesville hospital 6/20/64. Thus the records indicate that John's official role in the Civil War was relatively minor.

However, John's older brother Orville, born 1843, served with some distinction, ending as a 2d lieutenant in Company E. According to Driver, he enlisted in Fredericksburg 4/1/63 as a private. He was promoted to 2nd sergeant. Was present 4/1/64. He was commanding Co. Ashland 5/31/64 with 45 men and 36 horses. He was issued clothing 7/24/64. He signed for forage for 18 horses 7/31/64. He was wounded in action (right ankle) at Winchester 9/19/64 while commanding Company E. He was promoted to 2nd lieutenant for gallantry at Winchester effective

9/19/64. Paroled at Columbia Va. 5/3/65.

According to Driver, other Omohundros who served in the Civil War in the 5th Virginia Cavalry included George E., a 4th Sergeant, John M., a private, Thomas A., a private conscripted in Albemarle County, Thomas Miles., a private from Farmer's Fork, and William H., a private who enlisted at Tappahannock. All of these men were in Company G.

* * *

April 2001

This letter was forwarded to us by past President Jack Omohundro:

I am a descendent of the Omohundros through Elizabeth Rachel Omohundro, daughter of Col. Ellis Putney Omohundro and Mary Dillon Turner.

I am very interested in the origin of the surname, and also in tracing the line back further than the 1600's. Do you have any proof that the Omohundros were descendents of the De Mohun family? Also, if you're a descendent of Richard Omohundro II and Mary Browning, are you aware that Mary Browning was the daughter of Thomas Browning II whose father Thomas Browning I was a planter in both Maryland and Virginia?

James Langhorne
JCLanghorne@aol.com

* * *

September 2001

I am in the process of ordering Texas Jack a Veteran's Administration marble headstone thawill have his name, rank, and unit he served in the CSA. The headstone lies flat on the ground and is about 12" X 24". This is how it will read:

John Baker Omohundro
7-26-1846—6-28-1880
5th VA (Stuart's) Cavalry, Co. G
C.S.A.

I will notify you when we are going to set the headstone at the cemetery in Leadville, Colorado. The stone takes about four months to get, so we will probably wait till warm weather returns.

Edward Jordan Lanham
Historical Research & Preservation
200 Carrington Ln., Brooks, Georgia. 30205
770-719-8583 ejl.dixie@juno.com

**Texas Jack Association
DUES AND REGISTRATION**

Dues

_____ memberships in Texas Jack Association @ \$15 = _____

**Registration for Roundup
Deadwood City, South Dakota
June 26-29, 2002**

(Participants make their own hotel arrangements - see *Scout* p. 7)

_____ persons over 10 years old, @ \$135 = _____
(There must be at least one current membership in household to register for Roundup)

_____ children 10 and younger, @ \$125 = _____

Enclose a check to "Texas Jack Association"
for dues and Roundup total:: _____

Send this completed form and check to :
Edna Nees, 213 Coles Rolling Rd., Scottsville, VA 24590

Name:

Address:

Phone: ()

email address (optional):

Anticipated date of arrival _____

Anticipated date of departure _____

_____ number of persons requesting a vegetarian alternative at the two scheduled lunches and two scheduled dinners

_____ number of persons requesting the lemon chicken instead of the roast beef at the Association banquet

optional:

Please reserve spaces for _____ people in the 1903 dining room for the on-your-own dinner Wednesday, June 26

Please reserve spaces for _____ people in the #10 Saloon for the on-your-own dinner Thursday, June 27

from the Editor's Desk...



by John and Susan Omohundro
P O Box 299
Hannawa Falls, NY 13647-0299
omohunjt@northnet.org

There seems to be a lot about tombstones, deaths, and burials in this issue. Pawnees and reckless cowboys, Will Bill, Texas Jack in two contexts, and our contemporary, Richard Omohundro of Goochland, Virginia, are all discussed in *requiem*.

Please, don't let that depress you! History buffs, genealogists, family and friends all benefit from frequent remembrance of the dead.

I'm not sure whether it's still true that there are more dead Americans than living ones, but it is true that many who are worth knowing are gone. Hence publications like *The Texas Jack Scout* exist to remember them.

Many writers have noted that compared to other peoples, Americans are not very interested

in history except their own family histories. That is because we are so forward-looking, so eager to make the future that we don't believe we have the time to look back; perhaps we think we'll lose our momentum if we "dwell on the past."

Well, sure—you have to keep your eye on the road ahead. But cars are equipped with three mirrors for keeping an eye on what's behind us, too.

The Scout is like one of those mirrors. Are your dues paid for 2002?

Deadline for materials for the second issue of Volume XVII is March 1, 2002.

send to us at the above address.

John and Susan

Welcome, New Members!

George Hunt
Rapid City, South Dakota

Lawrence Tyree
Lee's Summit, Missouri

The Texas Jack Scout

The Scout publishes articles that provide information about John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro, the times and places in which he lived, or individuals who have contributed substantially to maintaining his memory.

Any published text, photos, or illustrations offered for publication here should be identified in sufficient detail for an historical researcher to locate the original.



IT'S A BARGAIN!

- Support the organization which promotes the memory of John B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro
- Receive the *Texas Jack Scout* three times a year
- Be eligible to attend the Roundup in Deadwood

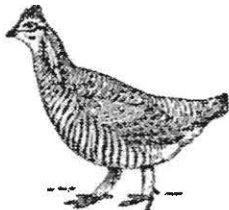
Join or renew today

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

FIRST CLASS



To: Lawrence Tyree
256 Sumpter Dr.
Lee's Summit MO 64063 2001



Prairie chicken