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Where's Texas Jack?.....

by Matthew Kerns

My love for the WILD WEST began as a young child when my parents loaded me and my brothers into the Suburban in the summer of 1986 and headed out West from our home in Chattanooga, TN - to the cliff dwellings of Gila, NM, the hot springs of Thermopolis, WY, and the summit of Mount Tukunikivatz in Utah's La Sal Mountains to the Little Bighorn, the springs and summers



of my childhood were spent hiking, exploring, and reading about the West. When I wasn't traipsing through National Parks or canoeing the Snake River, I was reading Louis L'Amour or Edward Abby, or collections of Native American folklore (I will never forget the title of Barry Lopez's collection of Coyote stories, ("Giving Birth to Thunder", "Sleeping with His Daughter").

As an adult, I became interested in the historical truth behind the legends of my childhood heroes, men like Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp and Buffalo Bill. I attended the University of Tennessee where I studied English Literature and History with amazing professors like America's foremost blues scholar and historian Dr. Russell Linnemann, who taught me that it is in history's interrelationship with other disciplines that true understanding can be achieved.

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The Texas Jack Scout

from the Editor's Desk...



Greetings from your Guest Editor,

This issue features a story actually written by Texas Jack. It was submitted by our special contributor Matthew Kerns. Matthew also gives us his background and insight on how he found his love for the Wild West. Most of us probably did not know that our Texas Jack was an author!

Mark your calendar now, if you haven't already, and start saving your dollars for the next Roundup to be held in Sacramento, California, June 20 through June 23, 2018. We always try to have our Roundups around the date of Texas Jack's birthday-June 27.

Thank you everyone for your continuing support of the Texas Jack Association and please remember to keep your subscription current, so you can receive *The Texas Jack Scouts* without interruption and attend our fabulous Roundups.

This issue also features three great western poems. One is by our own cowboy poet Aaron Poff, and the others composed by new contributors are about Texas Jack.

Thank you and best regards to you all.

Carole Brown

President and Guest Editor



Sacramento

The Texas Jack Scout

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The Texas Jack Association was founded in 1980 by Frank Sullivan to commemorate John Baker Omohundro, prairie scout, western hunting guide, and Wild West showman.

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

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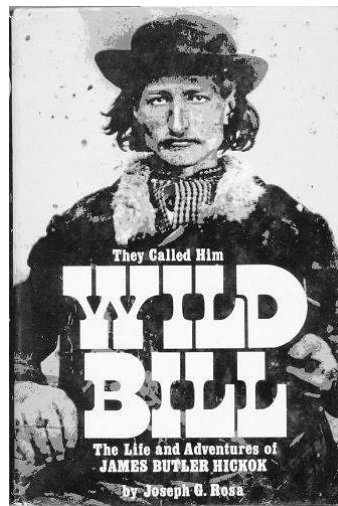
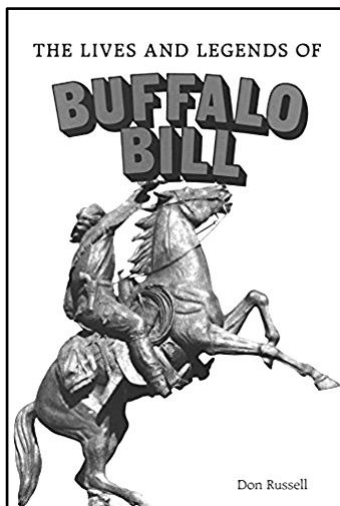
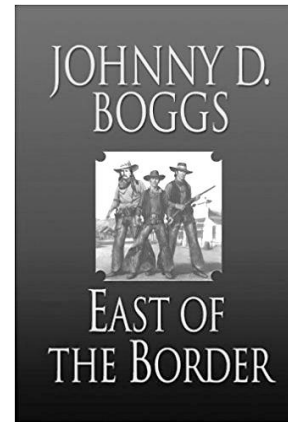
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After college, I found that a certain proficiency or aptitude with computers provided a more lucrative source of income than teaching. After 15 years of pursuing this avenue, I discovered that web design and SQL tables cannot compete in the imagination of anyone whose childhood was replete with the names of men like Crazy Horse, Yellowstone Kelly surrounded by his enemies, and Texas Jack, or quell a longing to explore towns like Truth or Consequences, Meeteetse or Deadwood, nor dull the draw of the vast wilderness that still lies between these towns.

About a year or so ago, I was talking with my dad, and in the course of the conversation, he remarked how incredibly fascinating it would have been to be in the audience when Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Texas Jack starred in a play. I agreed and thought what a great book it would make – a fun story about the heroes of the West before they traded bullets for blanks and went on the stage. I went home and came up with a "play in play" concept, with an act for each man, telling their life stories through their shared experiences on stage. (I later found out that Johnny Boggs had already done something similar in his book *East of the Border*).



In looking at the three men, I felt like I knew as much as the next guy about Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill. I've been to Lookout Mountain and spent a fair amount of time at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody. I've been to Deadwood. I had read Don Russell's *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill* and Joseph G. Rosa's *They Called Him Wild Bill*. But Texas Jack.....

At some point in the mid 90's my dad picked up a signed lithograph of "Dawn Patrol" by James Omohundro* depicting Texas Jack as a Confederate scout. I knew who he was, or THAT he was, but I knew almost nothing about him. The next stop was a used copy of Herschel Logan's *Buckskin and Satin*. I found it fascinating, but it left me wanting more. What did Jack

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do after he and Cody stopped touring together? If the names of his two friends and partners were so well known, why has the world largely forgotten about the first cowboy star?

A recent resurgence in quality literature exploring the lives and the times of the great western figures and places (Sandra Sagala's *Buffalo Bill on Stage*, Louis Warren's *Buffalo Bill's America*, George Black's *Empire of Shadows*) encouraged me to delve into western history anew, and led to a fascination with another southern boy who felt drawn to the West, and who became a part of the very legend that had begun my love affair with the wilderness, Texas Jack Omohundro. I am drawn to the untold or under-told stories that provide context of the larger events of the time, with a meticulous eye for error and incongruity of narrative. There are echoes of Texas Jack's life throughout.

I would like to share with the members of the TJA, a story I found written by Texas Jack. Previously scholars have dismissed Jack as the author of "Ned Wylde, the Boy Scout", believing that Prentiss Ingraham was that story's author. I have proof (a notice in the Gettysburg Times from February 1877) that Jack visited Ingraham at his home, likely to have his friend review and edit the manuscript he was preparing for publication. The story I reference here, called "The Masked Duel; or, The Fancy Scout at Bay", was printed earlier, on July 1876 in a magazine called Vickery's Fireside Visitor. This is the same publication that featured Buffalo Bill's first story a year earlier.

An interesting aside, the hero of this story (Wild Dare) had a fondness for fine clothing - not unlike Texas Jack himself, and the close of the story strongly suggests Jack's own life and marriage to the foreign, exotic and wealthy Giuseppina Morlacchi. What do you think? 🏔️

*James Omohundro was a member of the Texas Jack Association.

Texas Jack's story follows on Page 5.

Next Texas Jack Scout Information

The deadline for the November 2017 issue of the *Scout* is October 15, 2017. Please send ideas and materials to our Guest Editors:

Julie Greene and Melisa Brown

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Thank you, Ladies!

**The Masked Duel;
Or, The Fancy Scout at Bay
by
"Texas Jack"
J. B. Omohundro**

**from
Vickery's Fireside Visitor Volume 2 Issue 10
July 1, 1876**

Along the entire Texan and Mexican borders Wild Dare was known as the "Fancy Scout," for it was his wont to be a totally different man, when on the trail, from what he was in the town off duty.

On the prairies, or in the mountains, he was splendidly mounted, his bridle and saddle heavy with silver mountings, and his suit of buckskin, moccasins, and sombrero, all embroidered and worked with quills and beads.

His rifle, pistols, and knife, also glittered with silver, and his get-up generally was more that of a fancy masquerader than a scout of the plains.

When in town, off duty for a few weeks, his appearance totally changed, for the dress of a prairie man was thrown aside, and in its stead he wore a suit of as fine broadcloth as could be purchased of the best tailor, while the moccasins gave place to a pair of polished calfskin boots, the broad sombrero to a soft felt hat.

If he carried any weapons of offence or defense about him, they were not visible, and even had not been shown in several affrays in which he had unintentionally mingled while acting the part of a gentleman.

"Wild Dare, the Fancy Scout," men called him, because they knew no other name for him, and at fandangos, or in society, the fair señoritas of Mexico, or the border belles of Texas, were wont to address him as Mr. Dare—and permit me to here say that he was a general favorite with all — friendly with many, intimate with none of his own sex, and the hero of old and young women alike.

'Twas said he won his name by his wild daring, and prairie men had bestowed the title upon him; moreover, men said that no

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truer eye or steadier hand was there in the mountains or upon the plains; but who he was, none knew.

He had turned up on the prairie one day and joined a party of hunters, and his handsome face and elegant appearance generally had won their admiration, while his reckless daring in the first Indian fight they had, was something that they long loved to talk about.

One day Wild Dare was riding slowly across the prairie in company with a train of traders, when suddenly there was descried in the distance several horsemen rapidly dashing along.

"By heavens! Those fellows belong to the Rio Grande Bandits—if we had time we might give chase," said Wild Dare, glancing at them through his field glass, which he always carried.

"Ha! They have a captive, and it is a woman! I am off on the trail," he continued, quickly.

Dismounting, he readjusted his saddle, took from one of the wagons a haversack of provisions, slung his rifle on his back, and was off, followed by half a dozen daring plainsmen.

Like the wind the small party flew over the rolling prairie; but the steed of Wild Dare had no equal on the plains, and quickly flew away from the rest of his companions, and in an hour's ride had left them miles behind, while he had greatly lessened the distance between himself and those in his front, whom his master saw were seven in number—six men, evidently Mexicans, and a young girl—all pressing on at the full speed of their horses.

Gradually the half dozen followers of Wild Dare gave up the chase and returned to their train; but not so with the Fancy Scout.

His blood was up, and he was upon one of those expeditions where he meant "do or die."

Steadily he gained upon the party in front, whom he now felt certain were Rio Grande bandits, and, though alone, he determined to attempt the rescue of the maiden, who twice had cried out to him to save her from her captors.

At length night fell upon the prairie, but still Wild Dare urged on his tired steed, for he would not lose them in the darkness; yet, fearing a trap, he was ever on the alert, and carried his rifle well in hand.

Presently the trap was disclosed—a flash, a report in his front, where one of the bandits had lain in ambush for him.

But the flash had not darkened ere there came another, and the ringing rattle of Wild Dare's rifle was heard, followed by a loud cry of pain.

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Instantly the Fancy Scout spurred forward, and, as had expected, found his would-be destroyer caught in his trap—he lay dead upon the prairie.

"Now for those other fellows," he muttered, and leaving the dead man where he had fallen, he rode cautiously on, for he expected another leaden messenger.

He was not disappointed, for soon came the flash and crack of a rifle from the prairie grass, and Wild Dare tumbled heavily from his horse to the ground.

Instantly there was a shout of joy from the bandit, who rushed towards him with rapid steps, crying in Spanish, as he bent over the prostrate man,

"I'll be promoted for this—I, Carlos Aquero, the slayer of the Fancy Scout."

"Will you, Señor Carlos Aquero?" said a stern voice in his ear, and a clutch of iron was upon his throat, while the same voice continued:

"Now, Señor Carlos Aquero, tell me the names of your companions, or I will drive my knife into your heart."

"Mercy, señor!"

"That is not their names."

"No, señor; it is the chief, El Sol, and his band."

"So I thought; El Sol is there in person, is he?" asked Wild Dare, who spoke Spanish fluently.

"Si Señor, El Sol, and Manton, and Murroy."

"Buenas! Now, my esteemed friend, you came near ending my life; but I'll forgive you, if I catch El Sol—if not, I'll promote you—to the limb of the tree in yonder matte," and Wild Dare pointed to a clump of timber a mile away.

"Now get your horse up, sir, and follow me—if you attempt to escape I will kill you, and you know I never miss my aim."

The frightened man called to his trained steed that was lying down in the grass, and was soon in the saddle, but unarmed.

"Now keep directly behind me and come up."

So saying, Wild Dare also mounted, and as if disdainful to ask where El Sol was, kept rapidly on in the direction of the matte, the Mexican following like a faithful dog close behind.

The quick eye of Wild Dare saw the fugitive ahead, and he turned to his captive and said:

"Now, sir, tune up that voice of yours and do some lying for me."

"Si, señor."

"Sing out that you have killed me—you understand?"

"Carramba!" answered the bandit; but feeling that he was in the power of his captor, he cried out:

"Hold, Señor El Sol!—I have killed him."

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Instantly there was a shout of joy, and a stern voice cried:

"Where is he?"

The scout at once lay down on the neck of his steed, and said:

"Say you have me here."

"Here, señor, tied to his horse."

Another shout of joy came from the party in advance, and at a motion from Wild Dare, his prisoner rode on, while he dropped back to the position of a led horse.

A moment more and the tall form arose in his saddle, and rapidly his revolver rang out its death knell upon the bandits, three of whom fell from their saddles, while the fourth seized the rein of the steed ridden by his captive, and attempted to fly.

But too late, for the Fancy Scout was upon him with a shock that sent the three horses to the ground in a heap.

Unhurt himself, Wild Dare sprang to his feet, and fearing for the maiden, quickly raised her from her perilous position, and placed her a short distance off on the prairie.

Then he looked for his enemy, whom he had recognized as El Sol.

But that worthy was nowhere to be seen—he had decamped with all speed, springing upon the steed of one of his slain men, for his own had been severely injured in the fall.

Another glance, and Wild Dare beheld that Señor Carlos Aquero had also made tracks, and far off on the prairie the indistinct forms of the two fugitives could be seen.

At first it was Wild Dare's intention to follow El Sol; but the maiden called to him not to leave her, and he at once changed his mind, and approached her.

What was his surprise to recognize in the bandit's captive the Señorita Nita Camilla, the daughter of a wealthy and prominent Mexican Don.

He had often seen the señorita, as he rode by her elegant home, and great was his delight at having rescued the lovely daughter of one of the richest Mexicans on the border.

After a short conversation with the happy maiden, and a thorough search of the dead bodies of the bandits, Wild Dare placed Nita in her saddle, and, mounting his own splendid steed, sat out upon the return to the train, full twenty miles away.

As they rode along Nina told Wild Dare how she and her brother José had been going to their father's hacienda, a few leagues from town, and had been set upon by el Sol and his followers.

Poor José had been struck down and left for dead, while she had been hurried away, and all day long kept at a rapid pace.

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"Poor José, I fear he is dead!" said the maiden, sorrowfully.

"I hope not," replied Wild Dare, who knew "poor José" as a fast, extravagant young Mexican, disliked by all who knew him, on account of his overbearing manners.

It was after midnight before the two reached the train, which had encamped in a grove of timber, and Nita was utterly worn out, and at once sought repose, for Wild Dare gave her the most comfortable quarters he could arrange.

Then around the campfire he told the story of his adventure, and all laughed heartily at the trick played upon Señor Carlos Aquero, and to "poor José" gave no sympathy whatever, for they disliked that fast youth, as much as they loved Nita, whom all knew possessed a lovely disposition and most generous heart, besides being kind to rich and poor alike.

Refreshed by her rest, Nita was up at an early hour, and after a substantial prairie breakfast, mounted and rode on with Wild Dare, for her home was not more than seven or eight leagues distant.

At length, Nita arrived at her home, and was welcomed joyfully by her aged father, who was going to start in pursuit of the bandits, at the head of a Mexican regiment of lancers, for José had come in severely used up by the blow he had received, and reported that his darling sister was in the hands of the noted El Sol.

The joy of Don Camilla, at the return of his daughter, the idol of his heart, and his thanks and gratitude to Wild Dare, cannot be expressed, for he at once told the Fancy Scout that he should ever be an honored guest in his home.

So charmed was the old Don Camilla at the restoration of the fair Nita to his arms, that he gave a grand mask ball in honor of the event, and, of course, Wild Dare was to be there, for the old Mexican was delighted with the American, and wished to exhibit the brave scout, who, single-handed, had pursued El Sol, the desperado, and five of his reckless followers, and rescued from them their lovely and helpless captive.

The night of the ball came round, and in mask and domino Wild Dare set forth and soon arrived at the destination.

Nina was not long in penetrating the disguise of her rescuer, for love's eyes are keen, and already had the Mexican beauty lost her heart to the brave American, who seemed deeply infatuated with her.

During the evening Wild Dare kept his eyes constantly upon two individuals, wearing masks and dominos, and observing his close scrutiny of them, Nita said:

"One of those gentlemen is José, my brother, señor; the other is Don Waltero Alvez, a Cuban planter."

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"And lover of the fair Señorita Nita, is it not so?"

"He may love me, señor; but I do not like him, although he is a great friend of my brother, and my father would like to see me marry him."

"Believe me, that shall never be—I would rather see you marry me than Don Waltero," and the scout seemed to speak half in jest, half in earnest, while Nita bent upon him a look that would have touched the heart of any man.

At length the Fancy Scout bade the fair Nita adios, and took his departure, without unmasking, and, arriving at a deserted corner, quietly lighted a cigar and halted, as though waiting for someone.

He had not long to wait before he saw two men approaching down the moonlit street.

As they drew near he stepped out from behind the stone fountain that had concealed him, and said, sternly:

"Halt, señores!"

"And why, señor?" asked one of the men, wearing a heavy beard, and with the upper portion of his face concealed by a mask.

"You are, señores, Don Waltero Alvez and the Señor José Camilla, are you not?"

"Yes; and then—?" continued the first speaker, Don Waltero.

"I heard you remark tonight that you intended bringing the Fancy Scout to bay—I am called the Fancy Scout, and I am at bay, señores."

As Wild Dare spoke he quickly drew a revolver in each hand and covered both men.

"Would you shoot us down, desesperado?" cried Don José, in alarm.

"No, señores—I would give you a chance.

"Don José—most despicable coward that you are, take your stand there; Señor Waltero, stand there, and at the drop of your handkerchief we will fire."

Would you draw us into a street affray?" cried Don José, anxiously.

"I offer you the same chance for your lives that I have, señores; if you refuse to meet me now on my terms, I will shoot you down like dogs; or, what is worse, a call of mine will bring a band of good Americans who will string you up by the neck, if I so bid them."

"Let us meet the fellow, José," said Don Waltero, seeing no other alternative, and hoping that a luck shot might end the American's day ere he got a shot at him.

Making a virtue of necessity, the Señor José took his stand and drew his revolver.

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"Now, Don Waltero, lay your weapons at your feet, for you are a tricky fellow, and I do not care to be under two fires."

The Cuban did as ordered—in fact he could not do otherwise, for the scout had the drop on him.

"Now raise your handkerchief, and when you drop it we will advance towards each other firing."

Don Waltero muttered something to the Señor José, held out his handkerchief, let it fall, and two pistol shots rang out—the Fancy Scout firing the quickest, and his bullet piercing the brain of Señor José, who fell dead in his tracks.



"DON WALTERO HELD OUT HIS HANDKERCHIEF, AND TWO PISTOL SHOTS RANG OUT."

"Now, señor, take up your weapon, and advance upon me, firing," cried the Fancy Scout, his words ringing out stern and clear.

Instantly Don Walter stooped, seized his weapon, and ere he raised to an upright position, fired.

"Ha! I might have expected treachery from you—take that!"

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As Wild Dare spoke he fired, and Don Waltero fell back as a dead man.

Quickly the Fancy Scout darted away, leaving the two dead forms where they had fallen, for the town was alarmed by the shooting.

A hasty run brought him to the house of Don Camilla, who was just retiring, but granted an audience with his favorite.

"Señor, tonight I have done you a favor, and at the same time you may think an injury; but you shall hear.

"When I rescued the Señorita Nita from El Sol, I captured that villain's horse, and in the saddle pocket found that he was known in Mexican society as *Don Waltero Alvez*—"

"*Madre de Dios!*"

"True, señor; but the worst is to tell; for not content with palming himself off as a Cuban gentleman, he leagued himself with a young Mexican of good family, who was a fast youth and a spendthrift.

"Having lost a considerable sum of money to El Sol, which he could not pay, this youth entered into a contract with the robber to let him capture his sister, and hold her in his power until the old Don, their father, paid an enormous sum for her recovery—the sum to be divided between the two renegades."

Don Camilla had, at a glance, seen all, and, with a groan, sunk back in an easy chair, while Wild Dare continued:

"Here are the letters that I took from El Sol, and you will see and recognize your own son's writing, and can read the whole diabolical plot."

"Señor Americano, I believe your word without such evidence.

"José, my son, shall go to the prison for this, and that robber shall—"

"Hold, señor; you threaten the dead."

"What mean you, Señor Dare?" cried the old man, in alarm.

"Simply that I did not care to have you disgraced by an act of your own son, and his sister dishonored in the thought of having such a brother, so I took the matter in my own hands, challenged both of the señores to a duello, and left them dead half an hour ago."

"Carramba! Did you do this, señor, Americano?"

"I did—hold! A letter, dropped near them, will show that Señor José suspected Don Waltero of being the robber El Sol, and followed him to his lodgings to attempt his capture, when, in the affray, both were slain, and Señor José will be honored for the part he took, and lauded for killing the noted bandit leader."


Old Don Camilla could not speak for emotion, and a moment after a crowd arrived, bringing the dead body of the Señor José,

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and stating that he had been killed in an affray with El Sol, who was recognized by many as soon as his false beard and mask were removed.

Don Camilla bore his grief well, and kept his secret better, not even making the sad story known to Nita, who was consoled for the loss of a brother by finding a husband in Wild Dare, the Fancy Scout.

The bridal tour of the happy pair was to the United States, where, in a grand old home, lived the aged parents of Wild Dare, whose real name was Wilbur Dashwood, and who had preferred a wild life on the prairies to the counting-house of his father, who, with his mother, believed that their thoughtless boy would come to some bad end.

But they changed their minds when he brought back his beautiful Mexican bride, with a dowry double their own fortune, and welcomed the noble son, and his Mexican wife, with true parental joy and affection. 



Be sure to visit our website www.TexasJack.org as it is continually evolving and improving.

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Warm greetings to all TJA members and friends!

I would like to invite and encourage all of you to come to our next Roundup in Sacramento, CA, June 20 – 23, 2018. Peggy Greene and I are organizers of this Roundup. We're planning lots of new and exciting events as well as displaying many pieces of authentic Texas Jack memorabilia and collectibles. Also, at our banquet, we are planning a silent auction of Texas Jack and related western items. I would like to inspire you to contribute items for our fundraising auction. All proceeds will go directly to the Texas Jack Association. Please email or call me if you'd like to contribute something or have any questions or ideas.

Here's update on our Texas Jack Facebook page. We currently have over 1400 followers and thousands more have viewed our page. Wow! This venue is certainly getting his

name out there! I'm not sure if it has generated any new members to the Association, however it appears there is a lot of interest in the history of the good old Wild West!

We have a special contributor in this issue of *The Texas Jack Scout*. His name is Matthew Kerns. Matthew is an aspiring author whose love of the Wild West led him to a growing interest in Texas Jack, and subsequently to the Texas Jack Association.

Enjoy your summertime everyone, spend it with the people and things you love most!

Your president,
Carole Brown
805-722-9232
barnlion@gmail.com



AND NOW—THREE POEMS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

[A Poem by Chuck Parsons, on Texas Jack Omohundro]

Texas Jack

Two Bills – J.B. “Wild Bill” Hickok, and
William F. “Buffalo Bill” Cody. . . .
Two men we know as Bill today.
Everyone knows them today, decades after their passing.
The former known as a great gunfighter,
The latter known as a great showman.
What if I had been known as “Texas Bill”
Instead of “Texas Jack”?
Would I be as famous now as they? Perhaps.
But perhaps not.
No such luck.
Who am I?
Who is Texas Jack Omohundro?
I was born in 1846 in Virginia.
It was the perfect year to be born to fight in the Civil War.
If Lady Luck would have smiled I would have become a hero,
A hero of some glorious battle,
A hero fighting the Yankee invader of our homeland.
No such luck for me fighting the Army of Northern Aggression.

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I was however a scout and spy for “Jeb” Stuart.
But no one ever recorded my exciting actions there,
Fighting for my native land
Perhaps better to be forgotten in such situations.
But then to Texas!
Gone to Texas I scribbled on my door and left for new adventures.
Gone to Texas, a cowboy for to be, as some poet wrote.
The scouting had held excitement, and for some it was glamorous.
But pushing long horned cattle north to Kansas?
There was a little excitement, but there was no glamour.
Indeed, there was little excitement and less glamour.
The only excitement was if those longhorns stampeded.
That was dangerous. Your galloping horse could step in a prairie dog hole.
Lightening could strike.
You could drown crossing a swollen river.
There were lots of ways to die on the cattle trail.
But what was most exciting was the day I met Buffalo Bill.
Bill Cody was then scouting for the army.
He convinced me to join him and we both became scouts.
Now scouting wasn’t dealing with Yankees,
But dealing with Indians.
My job was scouting and avoiding Indians.
My job was to avoid getting captured, tortured and killed.
I kept my scalp alright!

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Buffalo Bill and I became fast friends.

Then we went into show business, so much easier than scouting!

To add to the marquee we added another Bill to join us.

He was not really a Bill, but James Butler Hickok.

Everyone called him “Wild Bill”, although he wasn’t that wild really.

He didn’t like the stage, as he preferred the reality of the plains.

So then in the 1870s “Buffalo Bill”, “Wild Bill” and I played the stage.

The crowds loved us, even though it was all a sham.

“Wild Bill” considered it foolishness.

But acting was so much safer than driving longhorns or scouting.

What was the worst that could happen?

Boos and cat-calls? Hisses? No arrows or stampedes!

All went well for me. Life was good.

Then our manager, Ned Buntline, brought a woman into the act.

She was an Italian beauty, a genuine beauty – Guiseppina Antonia Morlacchi.

She was a beautiful 26-year-old dancer and actress.

Not only was she beautiful but she was talented.

Indeed she was beautiful.

And she was single, and so was I. . . .

She – a beautiful and young and oh so beautiful.

We met, we fell in love.

In 1873 we were married and settled down.

We found a beautiful place in Lowell,

A northern place in Massachusetts.

The Texas Jack Scout



But we were both too young to really settle down.
We were full of love and life.
We were young and in love.
Settling down and forgetting the stage and the two Bills –
All that could wait for our old age,
For our “Golden Years.”
Yes, our home in Lowell was beautiful,
But we also had a home in Leadville.
Leadville, in Colorado!
How different from Lowell.
And how different from the stage in New York. . . .
And the plains of Kansas, and the hills of Texas.
Cold in the winter.
So high up in the mountains.
You could almost look down on “Mile High Denver!”
But sometimes one could scarcely breathe.
That altitude does things to a person not used to it.
It was there that I caught a cold.
A cold! A common cold!
One can be young and healthy – but still catch a cold.
But then it got worse. The cold turned into pneumonia.
No matter how much love Guiseppina gave me,
No matter what the Leadville doctors did –
The Grim Reaper came for me.

The Texas Jack Scout

We both knew it would come.

The Grim Reaper came on the 28th of June of 1880.

Guisseppina was by my side . . . but then I was left alone.

In death, I remained in Leadville.

At first I was in an unmarked grave.

But then “Buffalo Bill” remembered me.

He and some friends marked my grave.

Although “Buffalo Bill” and “Wild Bill” had the fame,

That fame which will keep them from being forgotten,

I had, for a few years, Guisseppina.

I had Guisseppina for those few years!

She was worth to me more than all the fame those two Bills ever had.

And the grave now?

There is the handsome stone now.

And at its base a flat stone marking my service in the C.S.A.

And beside it a small Confederate flag, waving in the wind.

Yes, the winters are rather cold,

The summers rather warm.

Spring is refreshing . . . and fall is beautiful.

So in spite of being forgotten, compared to the two Bills,

I rest content now. Very content, for

I had Guisseppina!

I had Guisseppina.



Chuck Parsons

The Texas Jack Scout

WHISKERS AN' THE COWBOY ...February 2011

By: Driftin' AaronG

*I was born on a bright clear spring mornin' along about two years ago
I was the handsomest stud colt born an' boy howdy did I put on a show*

*My legs an' body just quivered as I stood up nearly falling over each time I tried
But it didn't take me long before I figured it out an' stood up tall not wantin' to hide*

*Within a few days I was runnin' ahead of all the other colts an' fillies in the herd
The stallions an' mares looking on with smiles an' not saying a word*

*I grew up fast an' strong more than all the rest
I had a sense of humor an' all the other stallions I could best*

*By the time I was nearly two years on my homegrown range
I was running farther from all the rest checking everything that seemed so strange*

*It was on one of these days that from the herd I saw this lone cowboy first
Of all the strange things I ever saw this cowboy had to have been the worst*

*It was said that this cowboy had been hanging around the herd for about a week
The story that came from the mares was that a favorite horse he wanted to seek*

*He was big, tall an' ugly as he walked bowlegged an' carrying something strange in his hand
He stopped and sat it on the ground and stood watching me as I made a proud stand*

*He stood his ground and whispered something soft at me
I stayed back unafraid of him as if what he said was meant to be*

*I reared up on my hind legs to let him know I was free an' wild
Then he whispered again an' let out a low sounding whistle as if I were a
child*

*I galloped around him in a wide circle to let him know I was a king
His eyes were steady on me as if he was saying his touch would not sting*

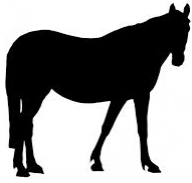
*Cautious I was as I looked him straight in the eye
He looked at me with his gentle eyes as if to say "come on fella you won't die"*

*But I was nervous an' my body did quiver and shake
For I knew this cowboy for me was here to take*



The Texas Jack Scout

*His hand he held out an' he spoke so soft an' had a friendly smile
He's trying to bribe me I thought an' ran off about a mile*



*“He's not such a bad fellow” I thought and ran back near his side
I could tell all he wanted was a good hearty ride*

*So I stepped a little closer to see what he had to say
He didn't budge or move at all as he stared softly at me that warm sunny day*

*I ran off and didn't return until the next morn an' there he stood with his hand stretched out to me
What kind of cowboy is this I asked myself as I trotted around and around like a buzzin' bee*

*And suddenly I stopped and knew I no longer had to be leery
“Cause this cowboy with a smile was so very warm an' cheery*

*So I slowly stepped up so he could pet my mane
An' in his hand he had some tasty grain*

*Then he called me Whiskers an' I let him up on my back
An' we rode off across the prairie just like we were on a race track*

*We were friends from that time on and as we rode I gave a soft sigh
I'm called Whiskers an' on my back is my cowboy as we ride off waving a
happy goodbye*



“Texas Jack” Omohundro

One of the Best Wild West Showmen


Before the Civil War, many men headed west,
Crossing rivers and prairies became their test.
Many were Texas cowboys or army scouts,
But only a few enjoyed stage acting bouts.

William “Buffalo Bill” Cody was the best,
Gained fame as a scout while out west.
Ned Buntline’s novels bragged on Cody’s skill,
Offered him a stage act as “Buffalo Bill”.

Jack Omohundro, a Virginian from Pleasure Hill,
As a teen, showed character and strong will.
He learned to ride hard and shoot straight,
Joined the militia as courier, another added trait.

Jack joined the Confederacy at age seventeen,

The Texas Jack Scout



A courier and scout at various battle scenes.
He decided to enlist in J.E.B. Stuart's command,
Served as scout where there was the demand.

After the war, traveled to Texas without fail,
Gathered up horses for the Chisholm Trail.
Drove to Tennessee to supply beef they lacked,
Without a name, they called him "Texas Jack".

In 1869, "Texas Jack" traveled to Fort McPherson,
While there, he met "Buffalo Bill" in person.
Together, they scouted and hunted on the plains,
Europeans hired them as they arrived on trains.

In 1872, Chicago debuted their first stage show,
"Scouts of the Prairie", opened with a glow.
"Texas Jack" was first to use a rope on stage,
The success of their act made the front-page!

"Wild Bill" Hickok joined them one year later,
He found that stage acting was a deflator.
The stage show continued for several more years,
But Hickok left due to drinking and jeers.

In 1877, "Texas Jack" formed his own group,
Selected various talent to make up his troupe.
Wrote articles for magazines and the newspapers,
Described his hunting trips and scouting capers.

Three years later, "Texas Jack" got gravely ill,
During a stop at a place called Leadville.
Pneumonia soon developed and "Texas Jack" died,
"Buffalo Bill" showed up later at his graveside.

After "Texas Jack" died, Cody started his show,
It included Bison, Indians and wagons in tow.
Joined by Annie Oakley and scout "Pawnee Bill,"
Red Cloud and Sitting Bull added to the thrill.

Wild West showmen were unique and rare,
They shared their prairie skills with a flair.
Crowds around the world were educated,
History of the West had been elevated!

"Doc" Shores

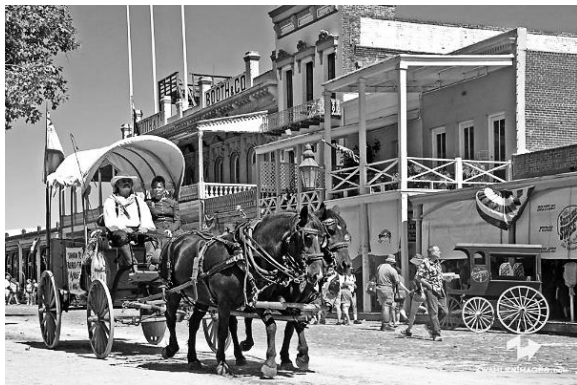
INTERESTING HISTORICAL PLACES TO SEE IN SACRAMENTO



Photo credit: Jason Mondel

www.oldsacramento.com

Experience a one of a kind visit to Old Sacramento. The unique 28-acre National Historic Landmark District and State Historic Park is located along the beautiful Sacramento River. Bustling with activity, the district is alive with shopping, dining, entertainment, historical attractions, and world-renowned museums set within the time of the California Gold Rush and the Transcontinental Railroad.



<http://pabloalfarocostaricapuravida.blogspot.com>

People in Old Sacramento ride in stage coaches being pulled by horses. Scenery actually feels like it was the 1800's and 1900's, even their "talk" sounds like from a different time era.



<https://www.theclio.comps://www.theclio.com>

The State Historic Park features the Stanford Mansion, once owned by Leland Stanford, Governor of California from 1862 to 1863, U.S. Senator from 1885 to 1893, railroad tycoon, member of the Big Four and founder of Stanford University.



The Texas Jack Scout



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The Texas Jack Scout
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TO: