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Lord D and the Doc or Lord Dunraven's Doctor

By Margaret Lynn Jones

Years ago in the 1970's, PBS broadcast a series called "Ten Who Dared." Narrated by Anthony Quinn, the series featured the life of a famous explorer each week. The obvious great ones appeared: Amundsen, Stanley, Burke and Wills, plus one woman, Mary Henrietta Kingsley, the unlikely Victorian spinster who explored West Africa in corsets, traded with cannibals, and collected specimens for the British Museum. Mary Kingsley caught my attention—I was fascinated and horrified by the alien and unhealthy landscapes she explored and was amazed by her audacity and perseverance in a hostile environment.



Dr. George Kingsley

(Photo above from <http://mmarkmiller.files.wordpress.com>)

Years passed and I found myself in West Africa, working in the shadow of Mount Cameroon, the mountain that Mary Kingsley climbed in 1895. Protected by inoculations and malaria pills, I walked in Mary's footsteps, awed by her bravery and fortitude in a country that is harsh to outsiders, both then and now. Fast forwarding to the present, I returned to the US with my husband, and among other things, joined the Texas Jack Association. In 2010, I re-read Mary Kingsley's biography and found, lo and behold, a Texas Jack Omohundro connection. Mary's father, Dr. George Kingsley, was none other than the personal physician and paid companion of the Earl of Dunraven, whose relationship with Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro is legendary!

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The Texas Jack Scout

from the Editor's Desk...



Great things come in small packages. This issue of *The Texas Jack Scout* is small but mighty. Margaret Jones, with the help of her husband Rob, has given us a wonderful article, packed with information about Texas Jack and his friends and acquaintances. Some you may have read before, but now in a new context. Some you may have never read. What is also fascinating is that Margaret is related to one of the characters in her article.

A big thanks to Aaron aka Driftin' AaronG for his always creative, fun and/or thoughtful cowboy poems that he has written for every issue.

As you will see in the President's Message, I was privileged to visit Randy, Mary, and Edna in June and plan with them for the 2012 Roundup, which will be based near where they live, and near where Texas Jack lived. Their excitement rubbed off on me as they shared the things they have already done and are going to do to make this a very memorable and enjoyable Roundup. I really hope ALL of you will start making plans to come and can set aside July 10 to 15, 2012.

And now, please enjoy this issue of the *Scout*. In it, along with Margaret's article, you will find a graduation, a classic, a cowboy poem, and more.

Linda Omchundro

Co-Guest Editor with Margaret Jones

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Lee's Summit, MO 64081

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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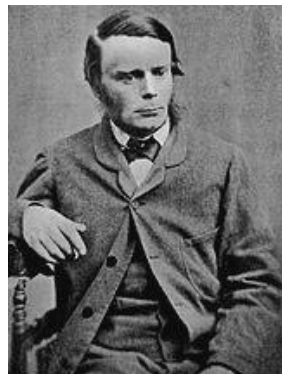
Dr. Kingsley's family is well known to English majors and Anglophiles. Historians can easily follow this "old English family" to the 13th century with subsequent generations of fiery Puritans, an Archdeacon of Canterbury, generals, and Barbados slave-owners. Unfortunately, the Kingsley family make-up lacked a sense "of sound business capacity" and had an inability to retain money.

Mary's uncle, Charles Kingsley, was born in 1819 and wrote novels, the most famous of which being *Westward Ho!*, *Hereward the Wake*, and *The Water Babies*, a well-known children's book. He was also chaplain to Queen Victoria, Canon of Westminster, personal tutor to the Prince of Wales, and Professor of History at Cambridge University.

Another uncle, Henry Kingsley, was born in 1830 and was also a noted and prolific novelist. He attended Oxford University without graduating and headed to the Australian gold fields, where he held a variety of poorly paying jobs. Returning to England, he wrote novels, married badly, and smoked himself to death at age 46.

Mary's father, who would later become Lord Dunraven's doctor, was born in 1827, and earned his medical degree at the University of Edinburgh. His wanderlust began during his university years when he explored Europe during his holidays. After graduation, he became personal physician and companion to several titled gentlemen: the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Duke of Sutherland, and the first and second Earls of Ellsmere. Together, George and his "patients" hunted and fished, with George enjoying the benefits of their large libraries, where he engaged in personal scholarly projects.

In 1862, Kingsley married his cook, Mary Bailey, four days before the birth of their first child, Mary Henrietta. Three weeks later, he left on a solo Mediterranean cruise! His wife, Mary Bailey Kingsley, former cook and innkeeper's daughter, spent the rest of her life in a "social limbo," because of her working class background and "dropped h's." The limbo was a solitary one, as her husband was nearly always away on long voyages with his wealthy patients. Mrs. Kingsley was a kind woman who devotedly nursed sick friends and neighbors, yet took to bed when there was no one left to nurse.



l. to r.
Mary Kingsley
<http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/Wkingsley.htm>

Henry, Charles Kingsley
<http://en.wikipedia.org>

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Daughter Mary, uneducated and untutored, miraculously learned to read and write and spent hours in her father's library when she wasn't cleaning house or nursing her mother. A son, Charles George, was born in 1866. Despite her father's absences, Mary adored her handsome father and inherited his love of travel. From her mother, she inherited her Cockney accent!

After her father's death in 1892, Mary edited a book called *Notes on Sport and Travel*, published in 1900, in which she wove together hundreds of her father's letters home as well as his lecture notes and articles. Comparing her father to Sir Richard Burton, Victorian explorer of Africa and the Nile, Mary gave no hints of the financial burden and emotional insecurity that his absences placed on his family. Mary was a dutiful daughter who loved her father. All quotes for this article are taken from *Notes on Sport and Travel*.

In 1867, Dr. Kingsley embarked on a 3-year journey in the South Seas with the Earl of Pembroke in the Earl's yacht, the *Albatross*, visiting Tahiti, Fiji, Bora Bora, Samoa, Australia, and New Zealand. In a letter to his mother, George Kingsley wrote:

Here we are, yachting in the great Southern Ocean—the first who have tried it in these parts. There was once an aspiring stockbroker who went yachting higher up, but the natives had him for “long pig,” and no one has repeated the experiment since.

The *Albatross* wrecked in the Pacific, and the adventurers found shelter on a small island and were eventually rescued by an

English ship. These adventures were recorded in a book called *South Sea Bubbles* published in 1872 by “the Earl and the Doctor.”

Kingsley's next patient and traveling companion was Lord Dunraven. Together, they hunted and explored Canada and the US between 1870 and 1875. Kingsley's daughter wrote:

. . . in the course of these wanderings they shot not only moose in the forests of Acadia, but also every other kind of living thing that is regarded on the Western Continent as being legitimately shootable, with the solitary exception of their fellow-men.



Lord Dunraven

<http://en.wikipedia.org>

They traveled from Nova Scotia to Winnipeg to Lake Superior. In Chicago, Lord Dunraven came upon the mounted

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head of an American elk, more properly termed *wapiti*, sent to General Phil Sheridan from the commanding officer of a plains Army fort. Lord Dunraven's enthusiasm for the handsome trophy took Lord Dunraven and Doctor Kingsley to Fort McPherson, Nebraska, in the vicinity of where General Sheridan's trophy elk originated. With letters of introduction from the General, Dunraven and Kingsley began their ramblings in the American West.

In a letter to his wife dated November 15, 187? [sic], Kingsley writes from Fort McPherson:

We have been hunting for nearly a month and have had some wonderful sport . . . we cannot hunt without a guard of soldiers for fear of the Indians, who are inclined to be nasty. Our first hunt lasted for fifteen days, out by the wildest part of the Platte River, north of the Station. We killed elk, white-tail and black-tail deer, antelope, swans, immense geese, ducks, and small game without count. This elk running is perfectly magnificent. We ride among the wild sand hills until we find a herd, and then gallop after them like maniacs, cutting them off, till we get in the midst of them, when we shoot all that we can. Our chief hunter is a very famous man out West, one Buffalo Bill. To see his face flush, and his eyes "shoot out courage"—as his friend Texas Jack says—is a sight to

see, and he cheers us on till he makes us as mad as himself. One day he and I had seven elk on the ground at once, of which number he credited me with three, not bad for a beginner. These elk are really the great Wapiti which you and the children have seen so often at the Zoo. The herd out of which we got our greatest number contained quite a hundred and thirty, a most splendid sight. A few days later we saw another herd of at least twice that number. It is absolutely impossible to describe the grandeur of their rush as they go thundering along.

. . . Soon after our return we fitted out again and went south for buffalo. We only found two, both of which we killed, Lord Dunraven one, I the other . . . This buffalo running is very good fun in its way, but I don't think that I shall care about much more of it, the elk running is far finer.

Bear-hunting provided the pair with quite a few hair-raising adventures. Kingsley writes from Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone, on September 20, 1874:

We have had a very poor sport, for though we have been in a country swarming with grizzly bears we have only killed one. I was mousing around by myself

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the other day with the little Ballard [a little, single-barreled rifle] and hearing something smashing about in the willow beds, and thinking that it might be a deer, I proceeded quietly to investigate, when out there lounged the great-grandfather of all the grizzlies. He looked at me for a moment, and then turned and trotted off, and I trotted after him, when he, being suddenly struck with the idea that valour was the better part of discretion, faced round and walked straight at me stopping about thirty yards off. As I only had the Ballard, and was quite out in the open, away from any decently-sized trees, I hardly knew what to do. We stood facing each other thus for a few moments, and I could plainly see his pink tongue licking his lips, and his bright little eyes twinkling with rage, I put up the rifle, but could not cover any part of him where a ball would have been mortal, and if I had only wounded him he would have been at me in a brace of shakes. After interviewing one another thus, he said “hough” and decided to advance, and I decided to retreat, which I did with considerable decision up the thickest sapling in the neighbourhood, hoping, however, that he would

follow me at least to the foot of it. I was in no small state of exultation at the prospect of killing my bear singlehanded, but before I was settled, he swerved and went crashing away through the willows, and I saw him no more. He looked as big as an ox. Texas Jack quizzed me tremendously about this on my return, but the very next day he came back to camp with a far-away look in his eye and requested whisky. He too had come across a grizzly. He found him in a patch of trees, covering up the carcass of an elk—they are wonderfully cunning, these bears, and will plaster mud and moss over carcasses they don’t want at once, will even plaster over their wounds when they have been shot. Jack fired. Hit him. The bear gave one tremendous yell—looked round for a moment—then tore up the ground like mad and flew at the trees, sending the bark flying in all directions. Jack lay as flat as a flounder behind a tree, and when, at length, the bear made off, came home a wiser man.



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Mule Packing.

Packing the Earl of Dunraven's mules for the trip to Yellowstone National Park, 1874. Drawing by Valentine Walter Bromley <http://www.wyomingtalesandtrails.com/Yellowstone.html>



McCartney Hotel, Mammoth Hot Springs where Dunraven stayed at Yellowstone <http://www.wyomingtalesandtrails.com/Yellowstone.html>

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Mary then writes:

A few days after his interview with the grizzly George Kingsley was lost for some hours, was indeed nearly lost for ever, in the mountains which rise between the Yellowstone and the Gallatin River. Lord Dunraven, Texas Jack, and he had been hunting without success, all the day long, in the driving wind and rain, and in the evening, when they were returning to camp, the Doctor wounded a deer, and, partly because he had 'visions of fresh venison steaks before his eyes,' partly from motives of humanity, he separated from his companions and followed it alone. The visions soon vanished and his humanity received a harsh reward; he failed to get his deer, and just as the darkness was falling there came to him the feeling—one of the most awful of all feelings, so men who have actually experienced it say—that he was, in the expressive slang of the West, 'turned round,' lost, lost in a vast forest of pines and spruces, at night, in a most fearful storm

. . . he attempted to make a little fire which with its warmth might keep the warmth of his life in until the morning came; but it was a

hopeless task, every twig, every fir-cone was saturated through and through, so he went wandering on again, stumbling and falling, shouting and firing his rifle; when suddenly, to his intense joy, his signals were answered by the shouts of men; Texas Jack and a ranchman named Fred Botcher, who was one of the party, had come in search of him. Lord Dunraven, meanwhile, with no other companion than his dog, had been sitting, protected from the tempest only by an elk's hide stretched between four tree-stems, feeding the camp fire with birch bark and pine splinters, and occasionally emitting a dismal yell to keep the searchers acquainted with its whereabouts. . . .

They brought in the lost man pretty well exhausted for he had been out a long time exposed to the weather, had walked a great distance, and had fallen about terribly in the darkness.

Dr. Kingsley's descriptions of both Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack are enormously flattering:

Buffalo Bill, as to face and feature is a noble Vandyke stepped from its frame. Oh! That I had the pen of a lady-novelist to describe his manly charms! Half hidden by their

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long black fringes, his large lustrous eyes so full of slumbering fire, which flashes into flame in moments of excitement— Jack says that you can “see the courage shooting out of ’em,” when he’s charging Indians—his firm sensitive mouth, his delicately moulded chin, covered, yet not concealed by a pointed beard of silky brown untouched by scissors, his pale morbidezza complexion, and glory of glories, his magnificent hair, sweeping in natural curves over his strong, square shoulders, on which the marble column of his neck is poised with the grace of an Antinous . . .

Really, joking apart, one of the handsomest and the best built men I have ever seen. As for his manners, they are as perfect as those of the Vandyke would have been. I have never met with a more thorough gentleman, quiet, calm, and self-possessed; full of memories of strange adventures, yet never thrusting them too prominently forward, but telling them with a quiet earnestness which gives to them a far greater reality than any highly-wrought description could possibly give. No wonder he has become a western hero . . .

Buffalo Bill has two styles of

dress: the first, which is the one which he usually wears in the Settlements, is of beautifully dressed buckskin, decorated with fringes and lappets innumerable, and gorgeous beyond description, but, as he well knows, worse than useless in the plains; then he, being a member of the House of Representatives of his State, thinks fit to assume at times, a civilian and civilized garb—short black jacket, black pants, and thin kid side-sprung boots, which makes him look like the aforesaid Vandyke nobleman trying to disguise himself as a steamboat steward. For some inscrutable reason he delighteth to hunt in this peculiar rig, adding thereto, however, a white Texan sombrero, which, when the leaves thereof are tied tightly down by a handkerchief knotted under his chin, assumes a prudish and poke-bonnet-like appearance which entirely unprepares you for the noble face and flashing eyes which suddenly appear at the end of its tunnel when he turns the apparatus end on towards you. By the way, the first time that I met Bill and Texas Jack—they had just been burnt off the prairies and were thirsty—they both attired in fringed buckskin trousers and black velveteen shooting jackets of the real old keeper cut . . .

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Come forth! Oh Texas Jack, known in the “sorf [sic] south” before the war as J. Mahondro, Esq.; and would that a better hand than mine were here to paint your portrait! If Buffalo Bill belongs to the school of Charles I., pale, large eyed, and dreamy, Jack, all life, and blood, and fire, blazing with suppressed poetry is Elizabethan to the back bone! He too is an eminently handsome man, and the sight of him in his fringed hunting buckskins, short hunting shirt decorated with patches of red and blue stained leather, pair of delicate white moccasins embroidered by the hand of some aesthetic and loving squaw, with his short, bright brown curls covered by a velvet cap with a broad gold band around it, would play the very mischief with many an eastern girl’s heart. He, however, has his love and his longings out here, the pale maiden who lives down on the Median River [the Medicine Creek], who rides like a chipney [gypsy?], writes poetry by the yard, shoots pistols as well as Jack himself—and he is the best shot in the territory—and is altogether the proudest, tenderest, coldest, lovinest, most inscrutable darling to be found on “God-a-Mighty’s footstool.” I thought also that this wild huntress of the

plains lived only in the romances of Mayne Reid and the “dime” novels, but here she is, warm flesh and blood, as wild and as strange and as full of contradictions as the most Bourbon-inspired novelist ever dreamt of. I have long had a fancy that one could find everything that one can imagine somewhere in the world, if one could only search long enough, and the more I travel the more do I find myself becoming convinced of the truth of my own theory, which is not the case with all theorists, I think.



*Buffalo Bill, Giuseppina Morlacchi, John
“Texas Jack” Omohundro*
<http://commons.wikimedia.org>

A note from this writer: It is most likely that Dr. Kingsley is referring to Ena Palmer

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Raymonde, a Georgia native who homesteaded on the Medicine Creek of Nebraska during the 1870's and has been featured in several past *Texas Jack Scouts*.



Ena Palmer Raymonde
Photo from the Nebraska State Historical Society

Ena, a cousin of this writer and a recognized poet and author in her day, would have been thrilled to be included in a book about a distinguished English gentleman. Unfortunately, she died in 1884, years before the memoir was published, as did Texas Jack.

Naturally, the Indian situation of the American West was of great interest to the visiting sportsmen. All conversations on the plains eventually turned to this subject:

. . . how they [Indians] come down in the spring, and lie in wait in the willow beds ready

to snap up any straying horse or carelessly protected scalp, and then off and away with them far into the desert, long before the troopers are half-way through their preparations for a pursuit. These troopers—most of them Germans and Irish, but with a few deserters from our own army—have, indeed, no earthly chance with the nimble, quick-witted Indian. The only men who can cope with him are men like our friends Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, who know every double and turn of his subtle twisty and twiny mind, and hunt him as a nobler species of game, in whose killing there is infinite credit. . . .

Jack, being a southern man, thinks it necessary to suppose that he has Indian blood in his veins, a very popular idea in those parts. If he has, he is rather rough on his relatives, for he is deadly on Indians. Indian hunting is, in fact, the real profession of both Jack and Bill, they being retained as trackers, aye, and as fighters too, in the case of horses being run from the neighbourhood of the Fort; though, from time to time, they are put in charge of a band to see that it does not exceed limits of its Reservation, and to lead it out to the hunt as a shepherd leadeth his flock to the pasture. They have the


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strangest feelings about Indians, these two. Though, when on the war path, they would no more hesitate to shoot down an Indian of his Reservation, than they would hesitate to throw a stone at a felonious chipmunk, they have a sympathy and a tenderness towards them infinitely greater than you will find among the greedy pushing settlers, who regard them as mere vermin who must be destroyed for the sake of the ground on which depends their very existence.

The travels of Lord Dunraven and Dr. Kingsley in North America ended. His daughter wrote:

After his wanderings in the Americas with the Earl of Dunraven, [Dr. Kingsley] crossed Newfoundland, was away in Frobisher's Straits, down in Cape Colony, went round the world again, visited Japan, revisited New Zealand and Australia, and so on; but none of these things was considered by him to be more than a mere stroll, and quite incomparable with the experiences he had when

with Lord Pembroke and Lord Dunraven.

In 1884, Dr. Kingsley and his family moved to Cambridge where his son George attended Cambridge University. In his 60's, the Doctor's traveling days were over and he enjoyed a life of routine. He died in 1892 and his wife months later. Shy Mary explored Africa and became a writer, celebrity, lecturer, and expert on African affairs. Her reputation easily eclipsed that of her father. She died in 1900 in Simonstown, South Africa, of typhoid while nursing Boer prisoners. 



Mary Kingsley
<http://en.wikipedia.org>



Mt Cameroon

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In June I had the privilege of attending my 50th high school reunion in Lynchburg, VA. And yes, I'm that old! Lynchburg happens to be only an hour away from Scottsville, VA, where our Historian Edna Nees and our Vice President Randy Golladay and his wife and Edna's daughter Mary all live. Dick and I had the joy of spending a day with them to plan the 2012 Roundup and visit many of the beautiful bed & breakfasts in the area.



For next year's Roundup we will be based at the scenic James River Inn (left). <http://www.jamesriverinn.com> We will also have a choice of the many bed & breakfasts nearby to stay in. They are all close to the location of our big "doings" Saturday afternoon and evening and close to the birthplace of Texas Jack and where his family lived.

No worry about everyone calling all the b&bs. We will have a coordinator to insure that everyone is happy.

He/she will be acquainted with what amenities each bed & breakfast has and will know which will be the best fit for your family and also which ones are filled up. We have already talked with most of the owners, toured the facilities, and acquainted them with Texas Jack and the Texas Jack Association. We will be able to reserve the whole facility in each location for our Roundup.

The smaller b&bs have the customary hot breakfast each morning. The James River Inn has a continental breakfast available 24/7. It also has a conference room, a small beach, a large dining room/gathering room, a fitness room/children's play room, a beautiful view (right), and many other amenities.



For those like Dick & I who like to rough it, there are two campgrounds nearby with full hook-ups.

Mary and Randy are hard at work making calls and visits and gathering information for entertainment, meals, transportation, and tours. In spite of their overwhelmingly busy schedule, they are making our 2012 Roundup a priority. We appreciate their gracious hospitality,

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welcoming us into their home, in between cutting hay, caring for the horses, and performing weddings. They seem to know everyone and every place in the whole area, which is a great help in the planning.

Two other venues for the Roundup will be Richmond and Appomattox. Both have many sites involving the Civil War, in which Texas Jack fought. We have allowed plenty of time for touring and learning about the Civil War and Texas Jack's involvement.

As always, we would really like you all to let us know when something exciting or memorable happened with you or your families. This issue includes the graduation and accomplishments of Meghan Banton, a descendent of Texas Jack's sister Arabella. If you have news just send your information to the next guest editor or to me at omohndro@sbcglobal.net .

We are always looking for new information about Texas Jack and his historical era. After all, that is one the purposes of the Texas Jack Association and the *Scout*—to “publish 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.” We really appreciate the offerings of research and writing of our Guest Editors and other members who over the years have contributed to this purpose.

Linda Omohundro, President



We Miss You

To all those *Texas Jack Association* members whom we've heard from in renewing your memberships for the 2011 year, we'd like to say “Thank You”. There are many of you we've yet to hear from, and we hope to do so soon. You are the *Texas Jack Association!* We need your continued participation and support in keeping the legacy of Texas Jack alive.

Plans are being made for the 2012 Roundup in Virginia. Information is coming your way regarding accommodations and activities. We hope to continue sending you the *Scout* as a way of keeping you informed of plans, activities, and new discoveries.

Take care, God Bless you, and I hope to talk to you soon.

Randy Golladay, Vice-President

Graduation Announcement of Great x 3 Niece of Texas Jack

Meghan Elizabeth Banton graduated Summa Cum Laude from Longwood University on May 14, 2011. Ms. Banton received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Anthropology and History and a minor in Biology. She is a member of the Cormier Honors College and Phi Kappa Phi national honor society, Phi Alpha and Theta national history honor society, and was president of Lambda Alpha, the international honors society in anthropology.

Ms. Banton will continue her studies this fall at University College London (UCL). Ms. Banton has been accepted into the MSc Skeletal and Dental Bioarchaeology program, which involves working with human remains. Banton, from Meherrin, Virginia, was among eight students who completed Senior Honors Research, a two-semester, six-credit hour, student-initiated, non-classroom research project. Students who successfully complete the program are publicly recognized at graduation for their exceptional academic achievement. Longwood's Senior Honors Research program was established in 1930 and was the first such program in a Virginia college or university. Dr. Leigh Lunsford, associate professor of mathematics, chairs the Senior Honors Research Committee.

Banton's project, in anthropology, was "Form and Function of the Colonial Plantation: Recreating the Cultural Landscape of Nomini Hall." Banton's research examined life at Nomini Hall, in Westmoreland County on Virginia's Northern Neck, where the Longwood Archaeology Field School has dug since 1994. "Nomini Hall was owned by Robert 'Councillor' Carter who possessed some 60,000 acres of land on 19 plantations, owned approximately 600 slaves, and served on the Governor's Council in Williamsburg for 18 years, but his real claim to fame was the fact he freed his slaves in the largest private emancipation in American history," said Banton. "Unlike many of the plantations that surround Nomini Hall on the Northern Neck, there are very few visual markers left to remind visitors that the property was once a thriving colonial plantation. A lot of the information that is known about the colonial landscape of Nomini Hall is therefore based on primary resources and the work by the Longwood Archaeology Field School.

"The purpose of my thesis was to combine these primary resources and the past/current archaeological research to create an interpretation that would consolidate and evaluate what is currently known about Nomini Hall's cultural landscape and how it was utilized by the people who occupied the plantation, such as owner, slaves and overseers. The primary resources I consulted were the journal of Philip Vickers Fithian, who was the tutor of Carter's children from 1773-74, a single watercolor of the original great house by E. Maund, deeds and wills from the Westmoreland County Courthouse, and the Robert Carter Papers from the Library of Congress. I

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also visited several other plantations to study their cultural landscapes to understand what was and was not common for colonial plantations. I also attended and participated as a docent at the Cultural Landscapes of the Northern Neck Symposium at Stratford Hall in October 2010.” Banton’s faculty director for her research was Dr. Jim Jordan, professor of anthropology.

Ms. Banton is a 2008 graduate of Prince Edward County High School and the daughter of Edna Marie Nees Banton and Steve Banton of Meherrin. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Edna Napier Nees and the late John S. Nees and Mrs. Marie C. Self and the late Lumford L. Self, all of Scottsville, Virginia. She is also the great great granddaughter of Texas Jack Omohundro’s sister Arabella Omohundro Nees.



PLEASE VISIT THE TEXAS JACK
ASSOCIATION WEBSITE!
<http://www.texasjack.org>
PLUS - FACEBOOK AND OUR BLOG!

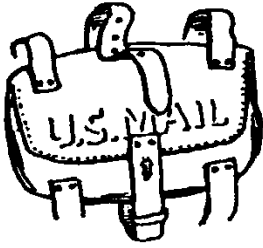
NEXT



ISSUE INFORMATION

The deadline for the July 2011 issue of *The Scout* is **October 15, 2011**.
Please send ideas and materials to our Guest Editor:

K.B. Chapman
7167 Viewpoint Road
Aptos, CA 95003
karunachapman@comcast.net



FROM THE MAILBAG

Thu, April 21, 2011 11:52:02 PM
Fwd: Buffalo Bill Cody Days in Jamestown, New York
From: <ltyree5353@cs.com>

I just got this email today.... interesting!

-----Original Message-----

From: Lee Harkness <lharkness@discoverjamestown.com>
To: info <info@texasjack.org>
Sent: Thu, Apr 21, 2011 3:04 pm
Subject: Buffalo Bill Cody Days in Jamestown, New York

Good Afternoon Ms. Omohundro—I have been working with Dr. Suzanna Cody and Ron Hills of the Buffalo Bill Foundation Board to produce the Cody Family Reunion in Jamestown, NY in 2012. This has all come about because of the collapse of a wall that unveiled one of Buffalo Bill's original show posters that has since been restored and this exhibit hangs in our local, restored elegant theater and civic center. We want to produce an event, along with this reunion, that has never been produced before. I have started to work with Dr. Cody on this event and we have found a great interest by many people. The event would be held in the summer of 2012 and it would be a week long. Dr. Cody has suggested we get others, of the old West vintage, to take part. Considering this we are contacting organizations that have been associated with friends of Buffalo Bill. Our goal is to make this a grand celebration like none before with the theme of the "Old West". It will be educational, western art, entertainment, rodeo, Wild West shows and all kinds of activities. We would very much like to have your organization involved with all of this. I am contacting you to see if you would be interested in taking part. We certainly look forward to hearing from you as we have begun planning sessions and will be working on this event more in depth this summer. We certainly look forward to hearing from you and if you have any questions please feel free to contact me at any time. "Texas Jack" was very much a part of "Buffalo Bill" and to have you involved with this celebration would be of ultimate importance. Thank you. Lee D. Harkness Executive Director Downtown Jamestown Development Corporation 19 W Third Street Jamestown, NY 14701 Phone: 664-2477, ext.223 Fax: 483-6175 www.discoverjamestown.com

The Texas Jack Scout

Fri, April 22, 2011 11:09:49 AM
Buffalo Bill & Texas Jack
To: lharkness@discoverjamestown.com

Dear Ms Harkness,

Thank you for contacting us about the Cody Family Reunion in Jamestown, NY. It sounds very interesting and fun. I have forwarded your email to the Board of the Texas Jack Association.
<http://texasjack.org>

We need to know first what the dates are. We have a Roundup every other year. Our next one is July 10 to 15, 2012, at Charlottesville, VA, near where Texas Jack was born. I sincerely hope your event is not at or near the same time. Please let me know.

Linda Omohundro
President, Texas Jack Association
omohndro@sbcglobal.net

Fri, April 22, 2011 1:58:43 PM
RE: Buffalo Bill Cody Days in Jamestown, New York
From: "Greene, Stephanie" <s.greene3@umiami.edu>

It sounds like it would be interesting, and an opportunity to find like minded people who might be interested in getting involved with TJA.

Stephanie

Ed. We haven't heard back yet.

From: "Palmer's" <palmers@nccn.net>
Date: February 20, 2011 10:18:40 PM EST
To: "John Omohundro" <omohunjt@northnet.org>
Subject: Omohundros in Europe

Hi John,

I just found an interesting website that claims the highest concentration of Omohundros in Europe is in Walloon, Belgium.

worldnames.publicprofiler.org

In the US, the highest is Wyoming, then Texas.
I thought you would be interested.

The Texas Jack Scout

Best,
John Palmer
(proud grandson of Jay H. Omohundro of Elsberry, MO)

Thu, February 24, 2011 7:17:19 AM
Fwd: Omohundros in Europe
From: John Omohundro <omohunjt@northnet.org>
To: Linda Omohundro <omohndro@sbcglobal.net>
Cc: Palmers <palmers@nccn.net>

Linda:

Cousin John sent this finding; it might make a nice note in the letters to editor of some upcoming issue. I'm asking him for permission to use it. Perhaps a guest editor could pursue the idea and write a little more after John's letter.

John Omohundro
Hannawa Falls, NY

Fri, February 25, 2011 5:13:39 PM
Re: Omohundros in Europe
From: John Omohundro <omohunjt@northnet.org>
To: DICK & LINDA OMOHUNDRO <omohndro@sbcglobal.net>

I think that website is calculating percentage of Omohundros for the population; in that case, a couple of Omos in Wyo would win. Lots of people in Va. dilute the percentage.

To be frank, I don't make much of these data anyway. But some people might want to explore it further. Belgium? Geez.

John Omohundro
Hannawa Falls, NY



His daddy was a Montana hyper burst an' his mama was a Texas twister
 He was hurled into Montana without any brother or sister
 Montana Slim was his name an' he was a mighty little man
 Was tough as Wang leather an' could fight better 'an any man can
 He took a rope an' whirled himself to find a wild mustang herd
 A dusty gray wild one he found all full o' spirit an' flighty like a wild bird
 An' they became like one as they road across the Northern plains
 A searchin' for adventure, wild times, an' fun-filled games
 Montana Slim and his mustang pony headed for the Dakota Territory
 He'd heard about Dakota Sal, an' ever' one told a different story
 Now Dakota Sal was a smilin' cowgirl all wild an' tough
 An' was waitin' for her special man to come along that had the right stuff
 It was on a hot dry day when it all began to happen close around noon
 The cowboys an' cowgirls were watchin' an' waitin' an' knowin' Montana Slim'd be there soon
 Dakota Sal was gettin' impatient jus' waitin' for her challenge to arrive
 An' Montana Slim knew without a doubt he'd be there like honey from a beehive
 It was late in the day when he finally rode in to see this Dakota Sal
 He stopped his horse in front of all the cowboys and cowgirls an' searched for this wild gal
 "I'm right here cowboy," she said as she walked smilin' an' a little wildly toward him
 He sat there on his dusty gray mustang an' said, "Howdy, I'm Montana Slim"
 He stepped down from his saddle, took off his hat an' said Howdy again as calm as you please
 Her voice quivered with excitement at this mighty lookin' little man who stood quietly at ease
 He studied her a moment an' said "We're headin' for Montana if you're ready to saddle up an' ride"
 She looked him up an' down an' smiled, then mounted up on her paint horse an' rode to his side
 "I'm ready cowboy," she said with a warm smile an' a fluttering heart
 So Montana Slim an' Dakota Sal rode off in western history never to be apart
 The old-timers often talk about this story from the old days gone by
 An' of the two wild ones that fell in love an' rode off toward the western sky

By: Driftin' Aaron G

A MIGHTY LITTLE MAN...January 2010



The Texas Jack Scout

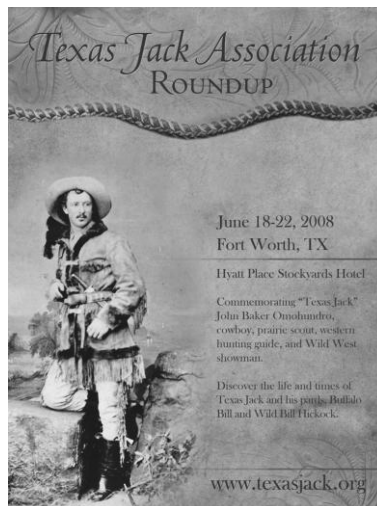
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Please make check payable to the **Texas Jack Association** and mail to:

**The Texas Jack Association
% Rene Tyree, Treasurer
244 NW Whitlock Dr.
Lee’s Summit, MO 64081**

The Texas Jack Scout

The following is a classic article from *The Texas Jack Scout*, October, 1986, in response to inquiries we have had about Texas Jack, Jr.

TEXAS JACK, JR.

This story of TEXAS JACK'S namesake is not one that is widely known. Herschel Logan, in his biography of John B. Omohundro, unfolded it through his research in THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILL ROGERS, correspondence with the WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL in Claremore, OK, through letters from Texas Jack's youngest brother, Malvern H. Omohundro, and the October 19, 1940 issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Tradition has it that Jack had several brushes with the Indians, cattle thieves and renegades during his cattle days on the Texas plains. It was while returning one day from another encounter with hostile Indians that he came upon a pioneer home which had been ransacked and pillaged but a few hours before. Nearby lay the still bodies of a young man and woman, slain defending their home. After inspecting the scene, and as he was about to mount his horse, his sharp ears detected a slight whimpering sound. Investigation disclosed that before the father and mother had sold their lives so dearly they had hid their four or five year old boy in a small hole under the floor with the warning that he was not to make a sound. When his parents failed to appear after the shouting and shooting had ceased, the little fellow, frightened as he was, could contain himself no longer. It was the muffled sobs that Jack had heard.

Years later, in Charlottesville, VA, this young lad then grown to manhood told the story to M.H. Omohundro, an only half-brother of Jack's. He told how Jack had rescued him and how he had taken him to Fort Worth on horseback. Here he was placed in good hands and provision made for his care and raising. Not knowing his own parents' name, the boy in appreciation had taken the name of his benefactor. At the time of his visit with Jack's brother he was with a show troupe billed as "Texas Jack."

Twenty years after the death of his idol, the boy Jack had befriended had become a noted showman. He owned his own circus and had performed in many important cities around the world. In 1903 while the show, "Texas Jack's Wild West Show and Circus" was showing in Ladysmith, South Africa, he was approached by an energetic young man who explained that he was looking for a job and would like to go to work with a lasso. The youth was promptly hired and billed as "The Cherokee Kid" - later to be admired the world over as America's own Will Rogers.

Will wrote home from South Africa that he had heard of this Texas Jack and wanted to meet him for three reasons:

1. To inquire if he was an American.
2. To find out if he was from Texas.
3. To see, if by any chance, he knew any of his friends in Texas.

He found the answers and stayed with the show troupe for many months. His association with Texas Jack was regarded by Will Rogers as one of the most important periods of his life. He thoroughly admired the skill and experience of the showman from Texas, and in



TEXAS JACK JR. EARLY 1880's
(Obtained from Malvern H. Omohundro)

The Texas Jack Scout

turn Texas Jack took a genuine liking to the kid from Oklahoma. He gave him much attention and help in perfecting new tricks and in polishing up the old ones. Judging from Will's letters home, Texas Jack was a man who never drank, smoked or gambled and preferred that his showmen follow his example. Later in life Will Rogers paid this tribute to his employer and tutor:

Texas Jack was one of the smartest showmen I ever met. It was he who gave me an idea for my original stage act with my pony. I learned a lot about the show business from him. He could do a bum act with a rope that an ordinary man couldn't get away with, and make the audience think it was great. So, I used to study him by the hour and from him I learned the great secret of the show business - learned when to get off. It's the fellow that knows when to quit that the audience wants more of.

Thus does history record how the Boy Jack Omohundro befriended, later became the noted showman from whom the matchless Will Rogers said he learned so much. He, too, was a young man, around forty, when the grim reaper struck him down in Kroonstady, South Africa in 1905. It is one of the ironies of fate that he also lies in a silent grave, far removed from his homeland.

* * * * *

Photograph obtained from Will Rogers Memorial Collection. It is a page from an English publication entitled "Prominent People." In the verse, note how he refers to his "noble namesake." The verse reads as follows:

I was raised among the cowboys, my saddle is my home.
 And I'd always be a cowboy no matter where I roam;
 And like my noble namesake, my help I'll volunteer,
 And try to be of service to the Western Pioneer.
 I am a roving cowboy, I've worked upon the trail,
 I've shot the shaggy buffalo, and heard the coyote wail,
 I've slept upon my saddle, and covered with the moon,
 And I expect to keep it up until I meet my doom." - *Texas Jack*

TEXAS JACK. A NOTED AMERICAN SCOUT.

"I was raised among the cowboys, my saddle is my home.
 And I'd always be a cowboy no matter where I roam.
 And like my noble namesake, my help I'll volunteer,
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TEXAS JACK — Born in Texas, he imbued at an early age a love for the wild roving life of the cowboy, and before he was out of his teens had become so proficient in the tricks of the trade that his name became a household word amongst American scouts. Jack has given his remarkable exhibition of expert shooting and rough riding in nearly every city of the world, including San Francisco, Honolulu (Sandwich Islands), Auckland (N.Z.), Sydney (Australia), Java, India, Egypt, Paris, London, and New York.

TEXAS JACK A Noted American Scout.

(Following is the text written above:)

TEXAS JACK - Born in Texas, he imbued at an early age a love for the wild roving life of the cowboy, and before he was out of his teens had become so proficient in the tricks of the trade that his name became a household word among American scouts. Jack has given his remarkable exhibition of expert shooting and rough riding in nearly every city of the world, including San Francisco, Honolulu (Sandwich Islands), Auckland (N.Z.), Sydney (Australia), Java, India, Egypt, Paris, London and New York.

Ed. - Sorry this page was not able to be straightened.

The Texas Jack Scout



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The Texas Jack Scout

The Texas Jack Scout
244 NW Whitlock Dr.
Lee's Summit, MO 64081

TO: