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Calamity Jane | A pageant-drama in three acts

John McLain Watkins

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CALAMITY JANE

A PAGEANT-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

by

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. THE PROBLEM</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Definitions of Pageantry</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Characteristics of Pageantry</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statement of the Problem</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Definition of Terms</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Importance of the Study</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limitations of the Study</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organization of the Remainder of the Thesis</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. METHOD OF PROCEDURE</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. RESULTS OF THE STUDY</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reported Events in the Life of Calamity Jane</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calamity Jane</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM

I. DEFINITIONS OF PAGEANTRY

The term "modern pageantry" has been applied to that form of pageantry which evolved through the initial contribution of Louis N. Parker at Sherbourne, England in 1905. Parker defined his contribution as "the representation of the history of a town, in dramatic form, from earliest period to some later point forming a fitting climax."

At least one of Parker's contemporaries shared his concept of the limitations of pageantry and said:

The Pageant is the drama of the history and life of a community showing how the character of the community as a community has developed. Or, the Pageant is the dramatic portrait of a community.

Professor George Pierce Baker considered pageantry in terms of purpose and defined pageantry as "a free dramatic form, which teaches, though not abstractly, by stimulating local pride for that in the past which makes the best incentive to future civic endeavor and accomplishment."

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3 Withington, loc. cit.
Another definition, that of the American Pageant Association, followed the Parker concept of pageantry, with slight modification.4 The definition states that a pageant is "a dramatic chronicle play, portraying the history of a town, or a social idea, presented solely by the cooperation of individuals in that community or social group."5

Beegle, in relating various definitions applied to the term "pageant," noted a dictionary definition stating that a pageant is "an elaborate or spectacular display or exhibition, devised for the entertainment of the public or some well known person."6 She stated further:

The word Pageant . . . has offered such excellent value as publicity that one finds today all forms of entertainment from the small Sunday School Concert to the great Community Drama enrolling thousands, listed and advertised under the name of Pageant.7

On the other hand, Professor Bert Hansen of Montana State University wrote in 1947:

The enthusiasm for the historical pageant in America is based largely upon a desire of the community to glorify its past. Usually the pageant is presented to commemorate an anniversary. The event to be celebrated is reenacted as a colorful spectacle in which truth is sacrificed for effect, realism for sentimentality, simplicity for tomfoolery, and trained judgment for enthusiasm. As a result, the pageant, in spite of its popular

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6Beegle, loc. cit.

7Ibid.
appeal, has fallen into disrepute as a serious dramatic form and as a worthwhile community enterprise.

As may be observed from the preceding definitions and statements, there has been a divergence among the various conceptions of pageantry—a divergence brought about as suggested by Beegle, for practical reasons; or as suggested by Hansen, through a deterioration of the art form from its earlier, more respected position as a form of community drama.

Professor Hansen did not feel, however, that pageantry needed to be subject to such a commentary. He stated further:

There is no good reason why the historical pageant, a community drama based on local history, performed out of doors by local actors, cannot be a theatrically effective medium for truthful community expression.9

In 1945, at the request of members of the Montana Study Group, Professor Hansen guided the people of Darby, Montana, in a dramatic reproduction of the evolution of sociological conditions existing in Darby at that time, for the purpose of community introspection. The type of drama employed by Professor Hansen was one of several types of sociodrama. As stated by J. L. Moreno:

There are versions of sociodrama in which the gathering of information and the form of production differ from the classic, spontaneous-creative version. Information is gathered in many places, at different times and the production is written down piecemeal, conserved, rehearsed and finally enacted.10

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8 Bert Hansen, "'Tale of the Bitter Root': Pageantry as Sociodrama," The Quarterly Journal of Speech, XXXII (April, 1947), 162.

9 Ibid.

Although Moreno, according to Hansen, referred to the art form as "conserved sociodrama," Professor Hansen regarded the form as "community rehearsed sociodrama." The latter term was not, however, satisfactorily in common parlance to allow its use in popularly denoting Professor Hansen's program. Consequently, he sought a term already in common use which might be used synonymously with "community rehearsed sociodrama." The resulting term was "pageant-drama."

Accordingly, Professor Hansen's concept of pageantry is that a pageant (pageant-drama) is "a community drama based on local history, organized and produced by citizens of the community under the direction of an experienced director who has prepared the drama with the vital aid of a local script committee."

Inasmuch as the production of a pageant has not been incorporated in this study, the preceding conception of a pageant is not entirely applicable to the present study. Therefore, the definition to which the present study has adhered is that a pageant is a form of drama based upon local history, written by an individual who has examined the available evidence and incorporated in the manuscript that evidence which is applicable to the subject or theme of the pageant.

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11 Statement by Bert Hansen. Personal interview.

12 "A community may be ... any organization that wishes to face problems of group and inter-group relations." Bert Hansen, "Sociodrama in Community Integration," Sociology and Social Research, XXXII (September-October, 1936), 546-547.

13 Statement by Bert Hansen. Personal interview.
II. SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF PAGEANT-DRAMA

The pageant as an historical dramatization. The definitive limitation that a pageant is based upon local history implies that the script should, in light of available evidence, plausibly reconstruct those events which have occurred in history in dramatic form. Additionally, it limits the subject matter of the pageant to that which is contained within, or has affected, the history of a locale or personage, but does not mean that the events portrayed must be only those concerning the locale as a whole.

For example, a pageant portraying the events leading to the capture of an outlaw leader by the Vigilantes might be centered around the meetings of the Vigilantes, or might portray the life of one of the participants in those events.

Since the pageant is to be based on local history, the pageant writer is, in reality, both a dramatist and an historian. He selects the subject of the pageant, gathers the available evidence, examines that evidence to determine if it probably accurately reports past events, determines the dramatic theme to be employed in the pageant, selects from the compiled evidence that evidence which pertains to the dramatic theme, and finally interprets that evidence by dramatic method.

It is at this point that the pageant writer must determine the purpose for which he is writing the pageant. Should he determine to write as historically accurate a pageant as possible, he then obligates himself to a thorough examination and analysis of the pertinent historical data, with the primary stress of the pageant placed upon the inclusion of as much data bearing a relatively high degree of certitude
as possible. In such a case, the pageant writer would do well to examine the problems confronting the historian.

First he must gather and examine the available source material and establish, as nearly as possible, the authenticity of his evidence. As stated by Johnson:

The appraisal of any historical material involves, first of all, determination of the time when it was fabricated, written or printed, and of the place where it originated; then, the more difficult determination of authorship.¹⁴

In many cases, the determination of time, place and authorship of written source material, for most practical purposes, may be determined through corroboration by independent authorities. However, there are cases involving anonymity of authorship, or possible documentary misrepresentation, which makes the establishment of probable authorship more difficult. There are means, however, as stated by Johnson, by which this difficulty may be lessened.

If a writing has been carefully dated and assigned to its place of origin, many important details about the personality of the author must have come to light. Peculiarities of handwriting, of language, and of composition can hardly fail to furnish clues to his nationality, and perhaps his identity, while betraying personal allusions are almost certain to appear in the text, no matter how carefully an author may try to efface himself.¹⁵

Gottschalk, et al., extended upon Johnson's statement by stating two points of progress in the field.

In the historical type of study there has been progress of two sorts. First, the data derived from personal documents have


¹⁵Ibid., p. 59.
been interpreted in light of data obtained from public documents and from statistical and ecological studies, not only in order to check reliability, but to increase the meaningfulness of the personal documents. Second, the necessity of having the data in such historical studies interpreted by experts from different scientific disciplines has been appreciated.16

Gottschalk made reference to the particular scientific disciplines to be employed in the detection of a misrepresentation.

To distinguish a hoax or a misrepresentation from a genuine document, the historian has to use tests that are common in police and legal detection. . . . The historian also examines the ink for signs of age or for anachronistic chemical composition. Making his best guess of the possible author of the document, . . . he sees if he can identify the handwriting. Even when the handwriting is unfamiliar it can be compared with authenticated specimens. Often spelling, particularly of proper names and signatures, . . . reveals a forgery, as would also unhistoric grammar. Anachronistic references to events . . . or the date of a document at a time when the alleged writer could not possibly have been at the place designated (the alibi) uncovers fraud. Sometimes the skilful forger has all too carefully followed the best historical sources and his product becomes too obviously a copy in certain passages; or where, by skilful paraphrase and invention, he is shrewd enough to avoid detection in that fashion, he is given away by the absence of trivia and otherwise unknown details from his manufactured account. Usually, however, if the document is where it ought to be—for example, in a family's archives, or among a business firm's or lawyer's papers, or in a governmental bureau's records (but not merely because it is in a library or in an amateur's autograph collection)—its provenance (or its custody, as the lawyers call it) creates a presumption of its genuineness.17

Even though a document or other piece of evidence for most practical purposes satisfactorily meets the tests of authenticity, it does not necessarily follow that the information contained in the document is equally reliable. As stated by Johnson:


17 Ibid., p. 29.
No hard and fast line can be drawn, then, between records which may be taken at their face value and records which must be winnowed and sifted before the kernels of truth can be found. The instant that the desire to transmit intelligence appears in source material, the historian must be on his guard.\textsuperscript{18}

Therefore, the historian, according to Gottschalk, \textit{et al.}, has set up four tests by which historical evidence may be evaluated.

(1) Was the ultimate source of the detail (the primary witness) able to tell the truth?
(2) Was the primary witness \underline{willing to tell the truth}?
(3) Is the primary witness \underline{accurately reported} with regard to the detail under examination?
(4) Is there any \underline{external corroborations} of the detail under examination?\textsuperscript{19}

Although Gottschalk, \textit{et al.}, claimed "any detail (regardless of what the source or who the author) that passes all four tests is good historical evidence,"\textsuperscript{20} it should be realized that the "goodness" of historical data is a relative matter. Unlike such disciplines as physics and chemistry wherein a hypothesis may be examined and re-examined under rigidly controlled conditions, resulting in inductive generalizations, the historian deals with matters which, once completed, may never be re-examined under identical, or in many cases, even similar conditions. Therefore, the final inductive generalization made by the historian is, in most cases, less reliable than that made by a discipline employing rigid variable controls and re-examination under identical conditions. However, the historian, according to Gottschalk, \textit{et al.},

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{18}Johnson, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 80.
  \item \textsuperscript{19}Gottschalk, \textit{et al.}, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 38.
  \item \textsuperscript{20}Ibid.
\end{itemize}
has developed the preceding four tests as an aid in the analysis of data for which no method of rigid control may be determined. In the final analysis, most of these tests are dependent upon corroboration by independent observers.

The ability of the witness to tell the truth, according to Gottschalk, et al., depends upon the nearness to the event of the witness; his competence in degree of expertness, state of mental and physical health, age, education, memory, narrative skill, etc.; his degree of attention; the employment of leading questions in the evidence and the factor of egocentrism. Most of these factors may be ascertained through corroboration by independent observers.

In determining the geographical or personal nearness to the event of the witness, the researcher is often dependent upon the witness' own words and corroboration by independent authorities. Lack of such corroboration, or the presence of a contradiction, might tend to lower the reliability of the evidence under examination.

The degree of expertness of the primary witness as a reporter of an historical even is dependent upon the examination of the irretrievable event. However, again a certain degree of surety may be acquired through corroboration.

The state of mental and physical health, the effect of age, the accuracy of memory, and the degree of attention are also among the criteria which would be difficult to evaluate without the witness present

\[21^{\text{Ibid.}}, \text{pp. 38-40.}\]
for examination. Then, too, any negative indication found within the
document regarding any of these matters may be attributable to a lack
of narrative skill or education. However, again corroboration may serve
as an aid in their determination, although the corroborating sources are
equally suspect.

The final three criteria may be examined within the document,
but seem to be dependent upon value judgments made by the examiner. The
narrative skill of the witness may be aesthetically pleasing, but it is
of little value to the researcher unless the data he reports is factual.
The education of the witness, too, is a relative matter and of impor-
tance to the researcher primarily to the degree in which it affects the
relating of evidence. Finally, the factor of egocentrism, although of-
ered as a criterion of judgment, is unavoidable in the document if the
witness is describing the part he played in the event he is reporting.
In some cases the witness might be involved in a major role in the event
under examination and necessarily be egocentrically involved in the re-
port of the event. It may be also that the reporter recognizes that he
is reporting the event from his own perspective and so states his evi-
dence. To help determine the part such a witness played in the event,
the researcher must again turn toward corroborating materials.

In the final analysis, then, the tests of the ability of the
primary witness to tell the truth are primarily dependent upon the
existence of corroborating evidence, although the corroborating sources
are equally suspect.
There are, too, according to Gottschalk, et al., those who consciously or unconsciously relate inaccurate evidence. Here, according to the second test, the historian must become aware of the witness with vested interests, the biased witness, the desire of the witness to please or displease others, the literary style of the witness, social or cultural laws and conventions of the period in which the witness relates the evidence which would affect the presentation, inexact dating on the part of the witness because of the conventions and formalities involved, and the expectation or anticipation of future events by the witness. 22

Here again the researcher is faced with the problem of being unable to bring the witness forth for examination. Therefore, any conclusion that the witness had vested interests, was biased, or was attempting to please or displease others would seem to be a conjectural matter and possibly result from false implications within the documents itself. However, such a conclusion might be somewhat strengthened by corroboration by other authorities, but even then the material therein presented would also seem to be of a value judgment nature.

The literary style of the witness would again be difficult to evaluate due to the change in literary style from one period to another, and the style of a particular document should be evaluated by corroboration with the style of other documents of the same period. By the same token, the social or cultural laws and conventions of the period would be subject to the same type of corroboration, in order to determine the

22Ibid., pp. 40-42.
effect the social or cultural laws and conventions of the period had upon similar documents.

Inexact dating on the part of the witness and the expectation or anticipation of future events by the witness would both be found in the document itself, although in most cases only the former would be corroborable.

In order for the historian to further test a piece of evidence, he must turn to other primary and secondary sources to determine whether the primary witness has been accurately reported with regard to the event and whether or not the information contained within the document is corroborable. If, for the lack of other primary sources, the researcher must turn to secondary sources, a second set of questions are to be considered regarding that evidence. According to Gottschalk, et al., they are:

(1) On whose testimony does the secondary witness base his statements? (2) Did the secondary witness accurately report the primary testimony as a whole? (3) If not, in what details did he accurately report the primary testimony. In so far as it is accurate, he proceeds with it as he would with the primary testimony itself. ... It is acceptable in so far as it can be established as accurate reporting of primary testimony.

Gottschalk, et al., consider several types of corroboration; corroboration by the independent testimony of two or more witnesses, corroboration by silence (i.e., absence of contradiction), and general credibility.

(1) The importance of the independence of the witness is obvious. ... Unless independence as observers is established, agreement may be confirmation of a lie or of a mistake rather than corroboration of a fact.

Ibid., pp. 44-45.
It frequently happens, especially in the more remote phases of history, that diligent research fails to produce two independent documents testifying to the same facts. In such cases, we are obliged to break that general rule, and look for other kinds of corroboration for the statement of a single witness. As we have seen . . . the very silence (i.e., absence of contradiction) in other contemporary sources upon a matter appearing to be of common knowledge may often be a confirmation of it. In other cases a document's general credibility may have to serve as corroboration. The reputation of the author for veracity, the lack of self-contradiction within the document, the absence of contradiction in other sources, and the way it conforms to, coincides with, or fits into the otherwise known facts help to determine the general credibility.

There, then, are the four tests to which a piece of historical evidence may be subjected: The ability of the primary witness to tell the truth; the willingness of the witness to tell the truth; whether or not the primary witness was accurately reported with regard to the detail under examination; and whether or not there is any external corroboration of the detail under examination.

It should be noted, however, that although a piece of evidence may be historically "good" evidence, the "goodness" of the evidence is relative to historical evidence and not that of other disciplines, except in which cases those disciplines have been employed in the analysis of historical data. It should be further noted that simply because a piece of evidence does not pass all four tests does not mean that it is not to be used as historical evidence. As stated by Gottschalk, et al.:

It is evident that for many historical questions—the kind that would especially interest the student of personal documents—there often can be no more than one reliable witness.


The value of the preceding tests of evidence lies, then, in the determination of the relative certitude with which a piece of evidence may be accepted.

After the pageant writer has tested his evidence, he then reconstructs that evidence in dramatic form. If in the process of analysis he has chronologically ordered the data, he will often find that the semblance of a story, or perhaps several stories, is contained within the data. Unfortunately, most often the story is incomplete. There may be many unaccountable days, weeks, or even years. Events may be cited, but the motivating forces for those events may be omitted. In situations like these, the pageant writer who has obligated himself to the inclusion of only historical data would find himself, it would seem, writing a script primarily of narration, lacking motivation, continuity, proportion, and the various components of good drama.

It would appear obvious, then, that the pageant writer must blend historical data with the components of good drama. As observed by Baker:

> Whether the source was an observed or an imagined figure, a character from history or fiction, the problem of the dramatist was like that of Sardou in Rabagas,—to find the story which will best illustrate the facets of character of the leading figure.\(^\text{26}\)

Yet, in selecting the illustrative incidents demonstrating the facets of character of the leading figure, the pageant writer must

beware of employing more incidents or characteristics than necessary. Otherwise the pageant may appear cluttered.

In good play-writing it is not a question of bringing together as many incidents or as many illustrations of character as you can crowd together in a given number of acts, but of selecting the illustrative incidents, which, when properly developed will produce in an audience the largest amount of the emotional response desired.27

From these incidents in the story of his central figures, the pageant writer may develop his plot. Baker says of the plot:

Plot, dramatically speaking, is the story so moulded by the dramatist as to gain for him in the theatre the emotional response he desires. In order to create and maintain interest, he gives his story, as seems to him wise, simple or complex structure; and discerning elements in it of suspense, surprise, and climax, he reveals them to just the extent necessary for his purposes. Plot is story proportioned and emphasized so as to accomplish, under the conditions of the theatre, the purposes of the dramatist.28

Having thus gone from subject to story, story to plot, the pageant writer must now determine which incidents of all those which might fit into his plot outline he will use. Should he choose to use those incidents of high historical reliability, and few others, he would do well to consider the words of Baker.

Another common fallacy of young dramatists is that what has happened is better dramatic material than what is imagined. Among the trite maxims a dramatist should remember, however, is: "Truth is often stranger than fiction." The test for a would-be writer of plays, choosing among several starting points, should be, not, "Is this true?" but "Will my audience believe it true on sight or because of the treatment I can give it?" "Aristotle long ago decided how far the tragic poet need regard historical accuracy. He does not make use of an event because it really happened, but because it happened so convincingly that for

27Ibid., p. 55.
28Ibid., p. 58.
his present purpose he cannot invent conditions more convincing." Facts are, of course, of very great value in drama, but if they are to convince a theatrical public, the dramatist must so present them that they shall not run completely counter to what an audience thinks it knows about life.

Facts, then, in the historical pageant, may range the continuum of strengthening and weakening agents. Should they fit into and build the dramatic scheme, they are of value. Should they make no contribution to, or distract from, the dramatic scheme, they are incompatible with good drama.

Chances are, too, that the pageant writer will find that he has a large number of characteristic incidents which will fit easily into various parts of the plot outline. It is here that the pageant writer must select only those incidents which are necessary to progress the play to its finale, as well as compact it into the necessary play time and playing area.

The essential point in all this compacting is: when cumbered with more scenes than you wish to use, determine first which scenes contain indispensable action, and must be kept as settings; then consider which of the other scenes may by ingenuity be combined with them.29

Finally, as the pageant writer prepares to begin writing he should recall the fundamental essentials of good drama, and employ them in the script.

Accurately conveyed emotion is the great fundamental in all good drama. It is conveyed by action, characterization, and dialogue. It must be conveyed in a space of time, usually not exceeding two hours and a half, and under the existing physical conditions of the stage, or with such changes as the dramatist may bring about.

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29Ibid., pp. 67-68.

30Ibid., p. 128.
in them. It must be conveyed, not directly through the author, but indirectly through the actors. In order that the dramatic may become theatraic in the right sense of the word, the dramatic must be made to meet all these conditions successfully. These conditions affect action, characterization, and dialogue.

Baker also states: "From emotions to emotions is the formula for any good play." He continues:

To paraphrase a principle of geometry, "A play is the shortest distance from emotions to emotions." The emotions to be reached are those of the audience. The emotions conveyed are those of the people on the stage or of the dramatist as he has watched the people represented. Just herein lies the importance of action for the dramatist: it is his quickest means of arousing emotion in an audience.

Yet, for the emotions of the audience to become satisfactorily aroused, the audience must see clearly that about which they are to become aroused. In other words, the pageant, from the opening expository scenes, through the rising action and climax, to the resolution at the end, must be perfectly clear. Similarly, various points selected by the pageant writer must be emphasized. As stated by Baker:

Emphasis is needed not only to keep clear the development of the story and its thesis, if there be any, but also to determine and maintain the dramatic form in which it is cast—farce, comedy, melodrama, and tragedy. If an audience is kept long in the dark as to whether the dramatist is thinking of his material seriously or with amusement, or if they feel at the end that the story has been told with no coordinating emphasis to determine whether it is farce or comedy or tragedy, they are confused and likely to hold back part of their proper responsiveness.

Yet, according to Baker, neither clarity nor emphasis alone are sufficient to maintain interest. Suspense constitutes a third factor.

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31 Ibid., p. 46.
32 Ibid., p. 21.
33 Ibid.
34 Ibid., p. 204.
As the play develops, the interest should if possible be increased. Either to maintain or increase interest means that a hearer must be led on from scene to scene, act to act, absorbed while the curtain is up and, between the acts, eager for it to rise again. Such attention given a play means that it has a third essential quality, movement.

Good movement rests, first of all, on clearness; secondly on right emphasis; and thirdly, on something already mentioned in connection with both clearness and right emphasis,—suspense. This means a straining forward of interest, a compelling desire to know what will happen next. Whether a hearer is totally at a loss to know what will happen, but eager to ascertain; partly guesses what will take place, but deeply desires to make sure; or almost holds back so greatly does he dread an anticipated situation, he is in a state of suspense, for he it willingly or unwillingly on his part, sweeps his interest.

Having thus arranged his scenes and events for the greatest elements of clarity, emphasis, suspense and climax, and movement, the pageant writer is ready to perfect the characterization and dialogue.

How may all this needed characterization best be done? A dramatist should not permit himself to describe his characters, for in his own personality he has no proper place in the text. There the characters must speak and act for themselves. There has been, however, an increasing tendency lately to describe the *dramatis persona* of the play in programs, either in the list of characters or in a summary of the plot. Some writers apparently assume that every auditor reads his program carefully before the curtain goes up. Such an assumption is false: more than that it is lazy, incompetent, and thoroughly vicious, putting a play on the level with the motion pictures, which cannot depend wholly on themselves but would often be wholly vague without explanatory words thrown upon the canvas. Nor can the practice of the older dramatists like Wycherley and Shadwell, who often prefixed to their printed plays elaborate summaries describing the *dramatis persona*, be cited as final defense.

Such characterizing is an implied censure on the ability of most readers to see the full significance of deft touches in the dialogue. If not, then it is necessary because some part of it is not given in the text as it should be, or it is wholly unnecessary and undesirable, for the text, repeating all this detail, will be wearisome to an intelligent reader. The safest principle

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35Ibid., p. 207.
is, in preparing the manuscript for acting, to keep stage direc-
tions to matters of setting, lighting, essential movements, and
the intonations which cannot, by the utmost efforts of the author,
be conveyed by dialogue.\footnote{\textit{Ibid.}, pp. 276-279.}

Baker also claimed: "Unquestionably, however, the best method
of characterization is by action."\footnote{\textit{Ibid.}, p. 283.}

Coupled with characterization is, of course, dialogue, and its
requirements are basically collateral with those of action. As Baker
stated in concluding a chapter on dialogue:

> From the preceding discussion it must be clear that the three
> essentials of dialogue are clearness, helping the onward movement
> of the story, and doing all this in character. Dialogue is, natu-
> rally, still better if it possesses charm, grace, wit, irony, or
> beauty of its own. Dialogue which merely states the facts is, as
> we have seen, likely to be dull or commonplace. Well character-
> ized dialogue still falls short of all dialogue may be if it has
> none of the attributes just mentioned. . . . If the charm, the
> grace, the wit, the irony of the dialogue does not come from the
> characters speaking, that dialogue fails in what has been shown
> to be one of its chief essentials, right characterization.\footnote{\textit{Ibid.}, pp. 407-408.}

It has been the purpose of the preceding discussion to present
some of the basic problems the pageant writer must face in blending
historical evidence with the fundamental elements of drama. It would
appear, as noted in the previous discussion, that several general con-
clusions have been adopted by various historical dramatists of the
past:

1. The dramatist has found through experience that certain
dramatic conventions (\textit{i.e.}, time limits, clarity, exposition, emotion,
conflict, suspense, climax, and resolution) must, for the most part,
be upheld for the audience to be aesthetically satisfied with the
dramatic presentation.

(2) Historical fact which does not conform to dramatic con-
ventions in most cases should not be employed in the drama.

(3) Historical fact should be employed not because it hap-
pened, but because it happened so convincingly that the audience
could not doubt that it happened.

(4) If historical events which result from unconvincing
motivation, dramatically speaking, are to be employed, fictional moti-
vation may be provided.

If these conclusions may be accepted as valid, one final ques-
tion remains to be answered. How may the dramatist make his audience
aware of those scenes which have a factual basis and those which are
primarily fictional?

It appears that one of the more satisfactory methods of accom-
plishing this task would be that of program notes or the publication
of a booklet citing the historical data upon which the pageant has
been based. Narration between scenes offers another possibility, al-
though it would seem that in some cases such a technique might lessen
the continuity and the emotional development from scene to scene.

The pageant and the community. The restriction, as expressed
by various writers, that the pageant must be organized and produced by
local people is an outgrowth of the purposes they have ascribed to
pageantry and the belief that the fulfillment of these purposes may
be best achieved through the use of only local participants. These
writers seem to have felt that the production of a pageant should
produce specific effects upon the community in which it is to be presented. For example, Beegle ascribed to pageantry the general purpose of social service, which she broadly defined as "bringing to the people the opportunity to organize, cooperate and unite in a form of art production readily accessible to them all."^39

Other writers have variously contended some of the purposes of pageantry to be: to employ and further create community consciousness and brotherhood; to stir a community to conscious appreciation of benefits derived from the past; to interrelate the community's past, present and future; to serve as a medium of community expression, organization, unification, and education; and to establish permanent cooperation.

Leland Schoonover, in his study of the educational, cultural and social values of Montana pageantry, listed the following general objectives of pageant-drama.

I. The educational values of the Pageant-drama are of noteworthy importance because they provide a positive approach to democracy:

A. By awakening the community to its rich background of history.

B. By creating a pride in the community that is not easily destroyed; by being able to visualize through the community's background its social, economic, cultural, and educational development;

C. By helping reawaken the spirit of American democracy in bringing together people from all walks of life in the community to work together on a common project that will be enlightening and satisfying;

^39Beegle, loc. cit.
D. By re-creating among the citizens of the community, the senses of patriotism, honor, and justice that were the creeds of the pioneers, and imbuing them with the true spirit of Americanism;

E. By helping build a more democratic attitude in community relations through cooperation on a common project for employment rather than of necessity; and,

F. By giving an opportunity for critical analysis of the community by the people themselves, which is essential to wholesome community living.

II. The values of community enrichment and culture are to be gained;

A. By providing enlightenment through the portrayal of the community's background;

B. By providing a means of self-expression for the people of the community; and,

C. By providing a means of mass community recreation and wholesome entertainment.

III. Economic values to the community are to be gained:

A. By enriching community income for all; and,

B. By promoting community development.  

The actual fulfillment of the purposes of pageantry, as stated, have not, to the knowledge of this writer, been empirically substantiated. Nor has it been definitely stated what these terms are meant to denote, nor the procedure by which the fulfillment of these purposes may be tested. However, Schoonover employed two questionaires in his study with which he surveyed the reactions of the key individuals in the communities selected for research. He did not, however, designate

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which communities were surveyed, nor the number of communities surveyed. The results of the first questionnaire are as follows:

1. Did you participate in the Pageant-drama put on in your community?
   - Yes 92.2%
   - No 7.8%
   - Undecided __________

2. Did you enjoy working on this project?
   - Yes 97.6%
   - No 2.4%

3. Did you see any special educational value in this Pageant-drama?
   - Yes 96.6%
   - No 3.4%

4. Did you feel that the people of the community were better informed after the production?
   - Yes 97.7%
   - No 2.3%

5. Did you feel that you were better informed after this experience?
   - Yes 95.6%
   - No 4.4%

6. a. Did it create a greater pride in the community?
   - Yes 86.5%
   - No 4.8%
   - Undecided 9.7%

   b. Did it leave any feeling about the Pioneers?
   - Yes 95.0%
   - No 3.7%
   - Undecided 1.3%

   c. Did it emphasize the progress of the community?
   - Yes 90.4%
   - No 3.6%
   - Undecided 6.0%

7. Did you see anything of a cultural value about the Pageant-drama?
   - Yes 89.2%
   - No 9.6%
   - Undecided 1.2%

8. Was the Pageant-drama of any special educational or cultural value to the young people who saw it?
   - Yes 97.8%
   - No 1.1%
   - Undecided 1.1%

9. Was the Pageant-drama historically accurate?
   - Yes 86.6%
   - No 7.8%
   - Undecided 5.6%

10. Did working together on this project tend to create a greater degree of harmony among the people of the community?
    - Yes 90.0%
    - No 7.4%
    - Undecided 5.6%

11. Did the Pageant-drama create a greater feeling of civic responsibility?
    - Yes 75.0%
    - No 19.0%
    - Undecided 6.0%
12. Did it create better relations among the service organizations of the community?
   78.0%  15.0%  7.3%

13. Did it create any better inter-community relations?
   76.0%  15.0%  9.0%

14. What did you like best about the production?

15. What didn't you like?

16. Do you think that the community should have another production?
   94.0%  4.0%  2.0%

17. Do you think that the people of the community were more appreciative of the heritage of Democracy as a result of this presentation?
   82.0%  12.0%  6.0%

Although this and the second questionnaire employed by Schoonover seem to indicate that the people of the various communities surveyed are of the opinion that some of the purposes of pageantry attained fulfillment in their community, no study has been made, to the knowledge of this writer, to determine whether such fulfillment had been, in reality accomplished. However, as indicated by the Schoonover study, it does seem plausible that several specifically defined purposes would attain at least partial fulfillment if care were taken by the writer and/or director of the pageant.

For example, it would seem likely that a greater unification of a community (denoting a united effort toward the common goal of the pageant) could be attained if the director would attempt to include people from as many interest groups in the community as possible. In this way, the director of the pageant may bring together people, who,

\[41\text{Ibid.}, pp. 88-89.\]
except for the pageant, might not otherwise have had an opportunity to become acquainted.

In 1958, Professor Hansen directed a pageant in Roundup, Montana. Roundup was at that time, according to Professor Hansen, divided among several nationality factions, two of which, the Slovenians and Croatians, had taken little active part in community affairs. Professor Hansen said that after the final performance of the pageant had been completed, a number of the Slovenian and Croatian population especially thanked him for allowing them to participate in a community enterprise.42

In Stevensville, Montana, Professor Hansen noted outward appearances of a type of unity derived through tolerance.

The chorus used in connection with the pageant was combined choruses of the three local churches. The narrators included the two Protestant ministers and the Catholic priest and, what was considered a triumph of unity, the secretary-treasurer of the Farmer's Union and the Master of the Grange. Father DeSmet was played by a prominent Mason, and Major Owen, a Protestant, by a Catholic. The writing and research committee was composed among others, of a Harvard graduate, a day laborer, a college student, and the wife of a cattle ranch foreman. A dude rancher and his wife did the make-up, and a grand old lady whose youth dates back to the nineties had charge of the costumes. The playing together of white men, who now prosper in the fertile Valley, and the Indians, whose ancestors once roamed that land at will and in freedom, is in itself an example of the tolerance a common effort can create.43

As indicated, it seems possible that a pageant may effect greater unity toward a common goal within a community. However, the converse effect, that of disharmony, may also occur unless the director is alert to personality conflicts within the various groupings.

42 Statement by Bert Hansen. Personal interview.

43 Hansen, "'A Tale of the Bitter Root': Pageantry as Sociodrama," op. cit., 165-166.
It would seem that the purpose of education (meaning the imparting of probably accurate historical data) might also be fulfilled, if the writer of the pageant is careful in the examination of the evidence incorporated in the pageant script and through program notes, or otherwise, designates that of factual basis. For those taking part in the pageant, it seems plausible that the frequent repetition of historical data in dialogue and action would promote understanding and recall of that data at a later time. For those observing the pageant, the same effect may occur to a lesser degree.

However, again the converse effect may be true. If the writer should incorporate as probable fact, evidence which he knows to be inaccurate, and does not so inform his public, both participants in the pageant and those who came to observe it may leave the production having been misinformed.

Professor Hansen described the part he felt pageantry could play in the education of mankind as follows:

It may take years to bring about a socially and culturally integrated world, although if we are to survive we must not wait too long. Until it is done, economic agreements, military commitments, however important, can only rest on an insecure base. In the meantime, we all must work together toward the ultimate goal of "one world." How? Integrated community education. Education that is not an academic exercise performed every morning at nine o'clock in an Ivory Tower, but education for all the people together, masses from all walks of life, in all hours of day and night. Education that places emphasis on cross-section community groups where all citizens may meet, without domination, in face-to-face free exchange of ideas on any and all matters of importance to the welfare of any and all of the people. It is possible, and it is pleasant, to visualize such a society. It could be achieved, if we but will it, and sooner than we have any right not to expect.  

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Frederick H. Koch indicated the belief that the purpose of the interrelation of the past, present and future could be attained by pageantry. He stated that pageantry "becomes indeed a patriotic embodiment of the life story of the people, re-creating their romantic yesterdays, interpreting their stirring day, imaging forth their dreams of yet fairer to-morrows."\(^45\)

Koch's statement seems perfectly feasible in that it is possible to interpret all three elements of time in dramatic form. However, the manner in which the writer may compose his episodes may vary from one pageant to another.

For example, the writer may wish to dramatically reproduce the high points in a community's development, leading to one or more scenes depicting present conditions within the community, and then suggesting various goals to be reached by the community in the future. Or, the writer may wish to employ some other outline.

Although the evidences of purpose fulfillment have thus far dealt with somewhat intangible matters, more tangible evidences of purpose fulfillment have also been observed. Frederick Koch quoted from a personal letter written after the St. Louis pageant.

A tangible result that we have is the formation of the St. Louis Pageant Choral Society, based on the chorus of the Pageant, ... and we find the Pageant spirit to be invoked on all occasions. Three years ago a charter was submitted to our voters, and through a concurrence of conservatism and suspicion was defeated. June 30 of this year (1914) a charter--probably the most progressive and advanced ever submitted to the voters of a large city, was

\(^{45}\)F. H. Koch, "Making 'A Pageant of the North-West'," Quarterly Journal of the University of North Dakota, IV (July, 1914), 335.
adopted by our city. This was twenty-nine days after the close of our Pageant, and it is conceded on all sides that the pageant-spirit carried it through.

Other tangible and permanent results referred to in this letter—a permanent open-air theater, municipal drama, and concerts—time prevents me from presenting. 46

Even though a number of plausible aims and effects may be ascribed to pageantry, it does not necessarily follow that all these aims and effects may be effected by a single pageant. As previously noted, a great degree of responsibility rests upon the director in the establishment of community unity through pageantry. It may be that the accomplishment of this single purpose is so difficult in one community that he must concentrate his efforts toward that end. Still other pageants may lend themselves to the accomplishment of several purposes.

As has been stated, it has been the belief of some individuals that the purposes of pageantry could be best effected through the use of only local participants. It would seem, then, that in most cases, the more participants from the community, the greater would be the effect upon the community as a whole.

A Summary. In this partition of the study two basic characteristics of pageantry have been considered: (1) The pageant as an historical dramatization; and (2) The pageant as a community enterprise.

In considering the pageant as an historical dramatization, it has been stated that the pageant writer is both an historian and a

dramatist. He selects the pageant subject, gathers evidence pertinent to the subject, and then subjects that evidence to four tests to determine the probable reliability of that evidence. The four tests are: the ability of the primary witness to tell the truth; the willingness of the primary witness to tell the truth; whether or not the primary witness has been accurately reported with regard to the detail under examination; and whether or not there is any external corroboration of the detail under examination. Each of these tests, however, is for the most part dependent upon external corroboration for determination. It has also been stated that the "goodness" of historical evidence is relative to historical matters and not necessarily to those disciplines in which re-examination and variable control are possible. It has been further noted that evidence of a low degree of reliability may still be employed in an historical study.

After testing his evidence, the pageant writer adapts the pertinent historical data to the structure and form of drama. The historical data is employed in the dramatic work only insofar as it furthers the dramatic presentation. If the historical evidence is unavailable for certain scenes or incompatible with the dramatic development, fictional characters, motivation, results, or other matters may be fabricated by the pageant writer.

Finally, the pageant as a community enterprise appears to be an outgrowth of the purposes ascribed to pageantry and the belief that the pageant should produce certain effects upon the community, which effects may be best attained, it would seem, by active participation of the members of the community. Although the fulfillment of the
purposes of pageantry has never, to the knowledge of this writer, been empirically substantiated, nor have the purposes been practicably defined, nor has the procedure of evaluating the purpose fulfillment been established, it is conceivable that certain prescribed purposes may be at least partially effected.

III. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

It has been the purpose of this study to present in manuscript form a pageant of selected episodes in the life of Martha Jane Cannary, better known as Calamity Jane.

IV. DEFINITION OF TERMS

Terms needing further clarification may be listed and described as follows.

Calamity Jane. The name "Calamity Jane" has been the sobriquet of Martha Jane Cannary but has been applied to other women of her time. When the name has been used in reference to other women, acknowledgement has been made in the context of the reference.

Corroboration. This term has meant "confirmation by further evidence," and has been used in reference to historical evidence.

Credibility. Credibility has referred to the believability of the referent to which the term has been applied.

47 The surname has been spelled in several different ways. For example: Canary, Cannaray, and Canarie. The spelling has been "Cannary" in the present study as it was the spelling used by Calamity Jane in her autobiography.

Drama. Drama has been considered as "a literary composition that tells a story, usually of human conflict, by means of dialogue and action, to be performed on the stage by actors."  

Episode. The term has denoted "any event or series of events complete in itself but forming part of a larger one."  

Evidence. Evidence has denoted those statements, materials, documents, and observations which tend to support or reject a contention.  

Historical Probability. This term has been used to denote the relative certitude with which historical evidence may be accepted.  

Manuscript. This term, as employed in this study, denotes an unpublished written or typewritten document or composition.  

Pageant. The designation "pageant," unless otherwise defined, has been employed in this study as a form of drama based upon local history, written by an individual who has examined and incorporated in the manuscript that evidence which is applicable to the subject or theme of the pageant.  

Pageant-Drama. Unless otherwise defined, this term has been used synonymously with the definition of "pageant."  

Primary Witness. Primary witness has meant the ultimate source of the detail. It has been applied to historical evidence.  

49 Ibid., p. 440.  
50 Ibid., p. 489.  
51 Gottschalk, et al., op. cit., p. 38.
Secondary Sources. Secondary sources have been considered as those sources which report data about the primary witness or the event. The term has been applied to historical data.

V. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY

Inasmuch as a pageant is a form of dramatic literature, having a permanent value, excellence of form, and great emotional effect,\(^5\) the present study serves as a contribution to dramatic literature. The present study is important, also, as a contribution to historical literature in that it presents a dramatic reproduction of selected events in the life of an historical figure of the West, Calamity Jane.

VI. LIMITATIONS OF THE STUDY

Other than those limitations common to historical and dramatic studies, the present study has been limited to: (1) The brief consideration of several definitions and characteristics of pageantry; (2) The gathering, examination, and presentation of available historical data pertinent to the subject; (3) The sociological purposes of entertainment (denoting a medium of expression through which the observer may temporarily envision himself a part of the events portrayed) and education (denoting the expression or communication of historical data in dramatic form); (4) The preparation of a manuscript of a pageant of selected episodes in the life of Martha Jane Cannary, based upon the gathered historical evidence which met the requirements of drama.

\(^5\)Webster's New World Dictionary, op. cit., p. 856.
VII. ORGANIZATION OF THE REMAINDER OF THE THESIS

The remaining portion of the thesis has been divided into two chapters and a bibliography. Chapter II has been devoted to the method employed in accomplishing the purpose of the study. Chapter III constitutes the results of the method stated in Chapter II. It has been comprised of two parts: (1) A compilation of the evidence from which the pageant was derived; and, (2) The pageant, Calamity Jane.

The bibliography is comprised of an alphabetical listing of the sources from which information pertinent to the study was obtained.
CHAPTER II

METHOD OF PROCEDURE

It has been previously stated that the purpose of this study has been to present in manuscript form, a pageant of selected episodes in the life of Martha Jane Cannary, better known as Calamity Jane.

Although the general procedure to be followed in the writing of a pageant has been previously described, the specific method by which the purpose of this study has been accomplished has yet to be considered.

Generally speaking, the procedure followed in the present study has been the procedure outlined in Chapter I under the heading "The pageant as an historical dramatization." More specifically, the procedure has been: (1) The selection of the pageant subject; (2) the gathering of available evidence pertinent to the pageant subject; (3) the organization of that evidence into a chronological sequence; (4) the preparation of a manuscript citing the evidence examined before the writing of the pageant; (5) the determination, in light of the compiled evidence, of the dramatic theme to be employed in the pageant; (6) the selection from the compiled evidence, those pieces of evidence pertinent to the pageant theme and reconstructable in dramatic form; (7) the reconstruction of that evidence in dramatic form, citing on the first page of each scene, those pages of compiled evidence where supporting data may be found.
Calamity Jane was selected as the pageant subject for the following reasons. (1) She has gained nationwide prominence as a figure of the West through various literary works and motion pictures. (2) Adequate historical evidence to allow a dramatic presentation of various episodes in her life was deemed available inasmuch as two historical studies, as well as a number of other literary works, were found which attempted to separate the fictional reports of Calamity Jane's life from those of factual basis. (3) Various episodes in her life seemed to satisfactorily lend themselves to dramatic portrayal.

Although many other subjects might have been selected upon the same considerations, the final selection was based upon two more factors: (1) The desire of this writer to produce the pageant in Montana or its surrounding states at a later time apart from this study; and (2) the comparatively high degree of interest developed in this writer by the subject of the present study, in contrast with a lesser degree of interest developed in this writer by other subjects considered.

The gathering of the available evidence was accomplished through: (1) Interview and discussion with persons who were in possession of information pertinent to the study; and (2) the formulation of a bibliography of some of the pertinent literature, and the securement and examination of that literature available to this writer.

After the securement of the available evidence was accomplished, the dated evidence was placed in chronological order. The undated evidence was examined for references to events already in chronological order, and placed in the chronological position which seemed to be appropriate. The data for which no chronological placement could be
determined was placed under a "miscellaneous" heading to be employed in the pageant at the discretion of the writer. The evidence thus ordered was only that which reported events.

After the evidence, thus ordered, had been examined and a tentative script outline prepared, the evidence was prepared into a manuscript to be later used by the reader or observer for comparison with the reconstructed evidence found in the pageant.

In examining the ordered evidence for a possible dramatic theme around which to write the pageant, it was determined that a theme of tragedy could be developed around the events preceding, and resulting from, the marriage of Calamity Jane and James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok. The theme may be stated: The circumstances over which Calamity Jane had no control, resulting from the marriage of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok, and the historical period in which she lived as a figure of the West, caused Calamity Jane to live a life of loneliness and general rejection by those around her.

After selecting the theme around which the pageant was to be written, historical evidence of dramatic quality supporting the theme was selected from the accumulated evidence. In those instances when historical evidence was unavailable or not of sufficiently high dramatic quality, fictional data was inserted. In order that the reader or observer might distinguish those scenes of fictional basis from those based on fact, notations were made in footnote on the first page of each scene referring the reader to those pages of the evidence manuscript citing evidence relevant to the scene. Were the pageant ever produced, it would be the desire of this writer that the evidence
The final procedural step has been the writing of the final manuscript of the pageant.
CHAPTER III

RESULTS OF THE STUDY

I. REPORTED EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF CALAMITY JANE

In an attempt to demonstrate the problems involved in the writing of an historically sound pageant on the life of Calamity Jane, the following data have been compiled and chronologically ordered. No conscious attempt has been made to present evidence supporting any particular trait or point of view on any feature of her life. When contradictory evidence was found, attention has been called to the contradiction.

An album of letters, resembling a diary, purportedly written by Calamity Jane was made public in 1941 by Jean Hickok McCormick in a nationwide radio interview by C.B.S. commentator Gabriel Heater. Inasmuch as the album, letters and an accompanying marriage certificate uniting Calamity Jane and James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok in marriage, of which union Mrs. McCormick claimed to be a daughter, have been declared misrepresentations by various writers, it has been deemed necessary to discuss the various comments relative to these documents before incorporating evidence contained within the documents in this study.

The marriage certificate, of which a photostatic copy may be found in Calamity Was the Name for Jane, by Glenn Clairmonte, reads:
I, W. F. Warren, Pastor, not having available a proper marriage certificate find it necessary to use as a substitute this page from the Holy Bible and unite in Holy Matrimony—Jane Cannary—18 --J. B. Hickok--31.

Witnesses

Carl Cosgrove, Abilene, Kansas
Rev. W. K. Sipes, Sarahsville, Ohio
Tom O'Donnel, Hays City, Kansas

To help determine the possible authenticity of this document, Mumey noted:

A study of the purported marriage certificate of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok was made by an expert, and the handwriting compared with a page from the extant records of the Methodist Church of Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is of the opinion that both were written by the Reverend W. F. Warren who officiated at the marriage of Wild Bill Hickok and Agnes Lake.

To support this claim, Mumey included a reproduction of the handwriting expert's analysis.

However, the basic letter forms, both in the capitals and in some of the small letters, are shown in the writing on the page from the Bible.

He did not join his initials in this writing, later shown as a permanent writing habit, but he may have adopted this habit later. This was a very distinct characteristic in his writing in 1875.

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and '76. When he wrote the abbreviation for 'Wyo,' in the Marriage Record, he made the 'y' high up and sometimes put a cross on it like on the capital 'F'.

You have probably noted that in the enlarged copy of the questioned writing, above the word 'Kansas', there appears the outline—backwards—of the printed word 'Jerusalem'. Also, on the upper margin are the written initials 'W F W'.

Photostatic copy of a double-page 'Marriage Record', giving date, names, residence, occupation, the officiating minister, etc., in the handwriting of W. F. Warren, covering the period October 10, 1875, to August 22, 1876.

Photostatic copy of a certificate of marriage, handwritten on a page torn from a Bible, purportedly by W. F. Warren, Pastor, dated Sept. 1, 1870, of Jane Cannary and J. B. Hickok, while 'Enroute to Abilene, Kansas'.

I have made a careful examination of the writings on the two above described documents, and it is my opinion that both were written by W. F. Warren.

Rowland K. Goddard,
Examiner.

An article entitled "The Real Calamity Jane," contained a copy of a letter, parts of which would tend to support the authenticity of the marriage certificate, as well as reflect the opinion of "We The People" regarding the letters presented by Mrs. McCormick on the 1941 Mothers' Day broadcast.

The letter below, original on file in Billings, Mont., office, Department of Public Welfare, was sent in response to a query from welfare officials as to We The People's opinion of Mrs. Jean Hickok McCormick's identity. This reply and results of other investigations by the welfare department satisfied the Government that Mrs. McCormick was the daughter of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill, and she was deemed eligible for old age assistance on September 6, 1941.

\[55\text{Ibid.}, \text{pp. 141-142.}\]
August 6, 1941

Miss Marion D. Schumacher
Yellowstone County
Department of Public Welfare
Billings, Montana

cc: Mrs. Jean Hickok McCormick
Broadway Hotel, Billings, Montana

Re: 56-3773
McCORMICK, Jean

Dear Miss Schumacher:

We have your letter of July 31 regarding the necessity of establishing Mrs. Jean Hickok McCormick's date of birth.

We have read the diary of Calamity Jane in which it was stated: "September 25, 1877—My dear, this is your birthday and you are four years old today." Later in the diary, we also found: "September 25, 1891—You are eighteen years old today."

Examination of the material that Mrs. McCormick showed us, coupled with our consideration of the character of Mrs. McCormick, convinced us that these writings were authentic and were not forged by Mrs. McCormick. We therefore accept her as the daughter of Calamity Jane and would fix her birthday as September 25, 1873.

A great deal of interest was stirred up by Mrs. McCormick's appearance on our program. Many people refused to believe that Calamity Jane ever had a daughter, due to the fact that Calamity Jane tried very hard to conceal the fact for the daughter's own good. Other people disbelieved that Calamity Jane was ever married to Wild Bill Hickok. There seems to have been several Hickok's in the West—two of them called Wild Bill. The one referred to in Calamity Jane's diary died in 1876, according to the diary.

I should just like to put in here for the records that on April 30th of this year, six days prior to our broadcast on which Mrs. McCormick appeared, a letter was written to us by Miss Ella Warren Axe, Route 3, Box 306, Santa Ana, California—Telephone—Westminster 8262. This letter, from an interested listener, was very gratifying to us as it substantiated our belief in Mrs. McCormick's veracity and the authenticity of the writings of Calamity Jane which she possesses. The entire letter is as follows:
We The People
New York City

Gentlemen:

You may be interested to know in connection with your program next week that my father, Wm. F. Warren, who built the first church in Cheyenne, Wyoming, married Wild Bill (Wm.) Hickok and Calamity Jane. He often spoke of them.

Yours sincerely
Ella Warren Axe

I think the whole story of Mrs. McCormick, of her life, and of the loneliness of her Mother endured through her self-imposed separation from her daughter, is one of the greatest stories in American western history; and I hope that Mrs. McCormick will take good care of her various writings and possessions from her Mother, including a brooch and various pictures, and that she will will them to a worthy museum when she dies.

Very truly yours,
Vivian Skinner
WE THE PEOPLE

Of the marriage certificate linking Calamity Jane and James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok, Sollid said:

Wild Bill's age is given as thirty-one. That does not correspond to the date given by his several biographers, who place his birth date 1837, which made him thirty-three at the time of his marriage.57

Substantiation of Sollid's statement may be found in Coursey, 58 Eisele, 59 and Wilstach. 60 However, it should be noted that none of

57 Roberta Sollid, Calamity Jane (Historical Society of Montana, 1958), p. 44.
these works have listed bibliographies nor footnotes, and it is not improbable that Wilstach and Eisele gathered part of their information from the earlier work of Coursey.

Should Hickok's age be inaccurately reported on the marriage certificate, the document is not necessarily invalidated. Such an invalidation would depend upon whether or not Hickok had a motive for misrepresenting his age; whether Hickok told Reverend Warren, the author of the document, his age, or whether an uninformed or misinformed Calamity Jane gave Reverend Warren the information. It would also depend whether a misunderstanding occurred in the transmittal of the information from speaker to listener. These are only a few of the questions which would arise were an attempt made to invalidate the marriage certificate on the point of Hickok's age alone.

In further discussion of the marriage certificate, as well as the letters presented by Mrs. McCormick, Sollid stated:

The motive for such a forgery could easily be found in Mrs. McCormick's wish to legitimize her descent or received publicity which could be turned into remunerative channels.61

It should be considered, however, that the legitimacy of Mrs. McCormick's descent apparently was not in question, at least publicly, until she brought the matter before the public in the Mothers' Day interview.

Sollid also claimed: "Paine claimed that this paper can be proved to be a forgery, but gave no details."62 This statement

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61 Sollid, loc. cit.
appears to be in contradiction with Mumey's statement of Paine's analysis. Mumey stated: "Paine, who carefully examined the diary, could not arrive at any definite conclusions as to its authenticity, but thought parts were a forgery."  

Mumey also made reference to W. A. Martin, a Wyoming pioneer, who said:

The alleged marriage certificate of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok . . . is not a true certificate. . . . Martin, to substantiate his claim, referred to Heroes of the Plains, by J. W. Buell which has an authentic record of Wild Bill's marriage to Mrs. Agnes Lake on March 5, 1876.  

It should be noted, however, that Hickok's marriage to Mrs. Lake on March 5, 1876 does not necessarily mean that Hickok and Calamity Jane had not been married on September 1, 1870, the date on the Calamity Jane-Hickok certificate. Nor does it mean that Hickok at the time of his marriage to Agnes Lake was still married to Calamity Jane. As noted by Mumey, Mrs. McCormick, Calamity's purported daughter, "had a photostat of a letter said to have been written by Calamity Jane to James O'Neil, her foster father, in support of her claim. It read as follows:

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I now take my pen in hand to let you know I have delivered the pap— (torn) to Bill Hickok—He is free now to marry that woman. I am broken hearted Jim. But he and I couldn't get on together his folks didn't think I was good enough for him. I will be the laughing stock of this country now for sure. You must write of­ten Jim. Your letters help me—the photograph of Janes is cute.
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\[63\] Mumey, op. cit., p. 80, citing Paine, loc. cit.

\[64\] Ibid., pp. 80-81.
How I wish I could see her the lock of hair is Bill's keep it for Jane also photograph album. I can hardly hear to soon.

With love and thank you for the money

Jane

Mumey requested that Rowland K. Goddard, a handwriting expert "who was Chief of the United States Secret Service in this district for many years" examine the album, ruled sheets of paper accompanying the album, and the photostatic copy of the aforementioned letter. Mr. Goddard's conclusions read as follows:

As requested, I have made an examination of the handwriting on the pages of an old photograph album and on the unbound, ruled sheets of paper kept with the album, both purporting to be the handwriting of 'Calamity Jane' and presently preserved as historical exhibits in The Larimer County Pioneer Museum in Fort Collins, Colorado.

I have also examined the photostatic copy of a torn letter said to have been written by her to Jim O'Neil, and now part of an exhibit in the Pioneer Museum.

I have made a careful comparison of the handwriting on the three above mentioned documents and it is my opinion that they were written by the same person.

The same individual writing characteristics, the same variations in letter formations, and other inconspicuous and unusual writing habits appear in sufficient quantity in each of the documents to preclude the possibility they were written by different persons.

/s/ Rowland K. Goddard
Examiner

It should be considered that although Mr. Goddard concluded that the three documents were written by the same person, this does not

65Ibid., p. 80.
66Ibid., p. 83.
67Ibid., pp. 83-84.
necessarily mean the author of the documents was, in actuality, Cala­
mity Jane. If the documents are misrepresentations, they could have
been written by another individual, yet retaining the same individual
writing characteristics. Until these documents are compared with a
known sample of Calamity Jane's handwriting the only conclusion we
may draw, based upon handwriting analysis, seems to be that they were
written by the same individual.

Inasmuch as it seems apparent that there has been insufficient
evidence offered to negate the documents, and there seems to be evi­
dence which tends, with reservation, to affirm the documents, evidence
contained within these documents has been incorporated in the following
compilation of historical data.\(^68\)

Among the more controversial periods in Calamity Jane's life is
the period from birth to her middle teens. In her autobiography, writ­
ten in or around 1896, Calamity Jane claimed:

My maiden name was Marthy Cannary, was born in Princeton, Mis­
souri (sic), May 1st, 1852. Father and mother natives of Ohio.
Had two brothers and three sisters, I being the oldest of the
children.\(^69\)

Some corroboration may be found for Calamity Jane's account.

According to Duncan Aikman, Calamity Jane's father, Bob Cannary,

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\(^68\)As all the letters offered as evidence apparently do not
appear in one source, but rather in two separate works (Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 84-126, and Don C. Foote, \textit{Calamity Jane's Diary and Let­
ters} (No publisher listed, 1951), pages unnumbered) footnotes in
reference to the letters will include the source, and when avail­
able, the date and place of fabrication.

\(^69\)Take from page 1 of a facsimile of the original \textit{Life and}
\textit{Adventures of Calamity Jane} by Herself. \textit{Mumey, op. cit.}, back cover.
This work will hereafter be cited: \textit{Autobiography}. 
bought one hundred and eighty acres of land near Princeton, Missouri.\textsuperscript{70} Although Aikman claimed to have found records of the transaction, Sollid stated: "Inquiry at the County Courthouse in Princeton, Missouri, gave no clue to the records mentioned by Aikman."\textsuperscript{71}

In a letter to Jean Hickok McCormick, whom Calamity Jane referred to as her daughter, Janey, Calamity stated: "May first in 1852 I was born in Princeton, Missouri."\textsuperscript{72}

A later portion of the Autobiography contains a statement that "In 1865 we emigrated from our homes in Missouri (sic) by the overland route to Virginia City, Montana, taking five months to make the journey."\textsuperscript{73}

Statements contained in a letter from Calamity Jane to her daughter tend to corroborate the Missouri origin, the family surname, and the westward emigration.

On this page you will find a photo of your grandmother Cannary, my mother. She and your grandfather came across the plains in a covered wagon when I was just a small child. We lived for years in Missouri.\textsuperscript{74}

In discussing the autobiographical claim that the Cannary family made the trip as far as Virginia City in five months, Sollid reported:

There is nothing strange in that statement. Hundreds were leaving their homes to seek gold or claim land in the West. The

\begin{itemize}
\item\textsuperscript{71} Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 12.
\item\textsuperscript{72} Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 112, citing letter, Sept., 1880, Deadwood.
\item\textsuperscript{73} Autobiography, p. 1.
\item\textsuperscript{74} Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 88, citing letter, Sept. 28, 1877.
\end{itemize}
The journey was arduous and the Cannarys probably did spend five months traveling through Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana to Virginia City.  

A newspaper article, quoted by Sollid, tends to support both the emigration claim and Calamity's birth declaration. The quoted reads:

Three little girls, who state their name to be Canary, appeared at the door of Mr. Fergus on Idaho Street, soliciting charity. The ages of the two eldest ones were about ten and twelve, respectively. The eldest girl carried in her arms her infant sister, a baby of about twelve months of age. Canary, the father, it seems, is a gambler in Nevada. The mother is a woman of the lowest grade, and was last seen in town, at Dr. Byam's office, a day or two since. . . . We understand that the little ones returned to Nevada, where they have existed for some time.

To illustrate the corroboration of Calamity's autobiographical account and the newspaper story, Sollid offered the following comparison:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Newspaper Account</th>
<th>Calamity's Account</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Three little sisters.</td>
<td>Had three sisters besides self.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Age of eldest twelve.</td>
<td>Was eldest and would have been twelve in 1864.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Name was Canary.</td>
<td>Name was Cannary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Mother and father mentioned.</td>
<td>Mother and father emigrated with their family.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

75 Sollid, op. cit., p. 15.

76 Sollid states in footnote: "Nevada was a small town in Alder Gulch a few miles from Virginia City, Montana."

77 Sollid, op. cit., pp. 9-10, citing the Montana Post, Virginia City, December 31, 1864. The Post description of Mrs. Cannary's character, if this family were that of Calamity Jane, is similar to various statements made by Aikman and other writers.

78 Ibid., p. 10.
Crawford reported in Rekindling Camp Fires, the Exploits of Ben Arnold (Connor):

The last time I saw her she was in the town of Evarts, South Dakota, then the end of the Milwaukee Railroad. At first I could hardly believe it was Calamity, as she was old and haggard beyond her years. To make myself sure, I asked her if she knew Bill Bivens at Virginia City in 1864, and she said: "I can go to his grave as straight as an Indian goes to dog soup." Her answers to other questions satisfied me as to her identity.  

Another piece of evidence regarding Calamity's family was cited by Mumey and was taken from a manuscript in the archives of the University of Wyoming. The manuscript was prepared by Tobe Borner, a purported nephew of Calamity Jane, the son of Calamity's sister, Lena. Two pieces of evidence tend to substantiate the Borner-Calamity Jane relationship.

Wadsworth, a former Indian agent on the Shoshone Reservation near Lander, Wyoming wrote that he knew Calamity Jane and that Clementine Cannary was her given name... Her sister, Lena, married a farmer by the name of John G. Borner and lived three miles south of Lander.  

A letter from Calamity Jane to her daughter, Janey, reads as follows:

I took care of another relative awhile back to. They live down in Wyoming where their brat was born. I helped them out because they were to poor to hire a midwife. Don't bother Janey to ever look them up. Their name is Borner and the lieingest outfit you ever saw. I had it out with Toby one day. When I got through he knew what he was.

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79 Lewis Crawford, Rekindling Camp Fires, the Exploits of Ben Arnold (Connor) (Bismarks Capital Book Co., 1926), p. 273.
80 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 34-35.
81 Ibid., p. 123, citing letter, Billings, 1889.
In Mumey's reproduction Borner gives support to the claim that the Cannary (Canarie) family emigrated West, but does not give the point of origin, nor does his account correspond to the number of children in the family as enumerated by Calamity Jane.

It was in the winter of 1864 and 65 that the Canarie family made preparation to go to Salt Lake, Utah, and there make their home. They had heard much of Utah, and what the Mormons were going to do in making it a paradise for the Mormon people. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Canarie and three children, Martha, 12, Lena, 8, and Elija or Lige, 5.

Borner further explained: "Mr. Canarie was a Methodist minister and held services regularly in his home town." 83

Although Calamity Jane's Autobiography does not list her father's occupation, a letter dated September, 1880, mentions her father was a preacher. 84

Although the preceding accounts tend, for the most part, to corroborate one another, a number of other accounts of Calamity's birthplace, lineage, and birth date have been offered as evidence by various biographers. For example:

Mr. Clarence Paine, a recent biographer, found material which convinced him that Calamity Jane came from Princeton, Missouri, before she moved West, but then said she was born eight years prior to the time she claimed, and in Illinois, not Missouri. His evidence was the federal census of 1860 which listed an M. J. Conarray as living with Abigail Conarray, presumably Calamity's mother, in Marion Township, Mercer County, Missouri. 85

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82 Ibid., p. 25, citing Tobe Borner, "Life of Calamity Jane" (Typewritten manuscript in the Archives, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming).
83 Ibid.
85 Various writers claim Charlotte to be the name of Calamity's mother.
M. J. Conarray was listed by the census taker as being sixteen years of age and born in Illinois. A younger sister, aged seven, born in Iowa was also listed. As Paine pointed out, Martha Jane could have made a mistake in her own last name, or the census taker could have mixed up the spelling of Cannary to Conarray. While no male head of the house was listed, there did appear a seventeen-year-old farm laborer, which indicated to Paine that M. J. Conarray was probably reared on a farm.  

A report noted by Mumey also indicated the possibility of Calamity Jane having been born in Illinois. Mumey noted: "The American Guide Series gives the date of her birth as May 1, 1852, and states she was born near LaSalle, Illinois."  

Mumey also noted an issue of the Cheyenne, Wyoming Tribune Leader, which claimed Calamity's birth date to be May 1, 1848.  

A certain amount of corroboration may be found for the Tribune Leader date in that Sollid reports that Lewis R. Freeman stated that Calamity Jane told him that she was born in 1848. Sollid continued: "Her statement to a news reporter in 1887, that 'It hardly seems to me that I was born over forty years ago,' helps to substantiate what she told Freeman."  

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86 Sollid, op. cit., p. 11, citing Clarence Paine, "Calamity Jane, Man? Woman? or Both?", Westerners Brand Book (1945-1946), pp. 77-78.


88 Ibid., p. 23, citing Tribune Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 23, 1940.


90 Ibid., pp. 10-11, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 21, 1887.
Whereas this statement might otherwise tend to discount the previously cited *Montana Post* data, Sollid notes:

Even if she lied about her age in the *Autobiography*, the *Montana Post* data are still just as applicable to the Cannary (Calamity's) family as ever, because the three little girls begging could all have been Calamity's younger sisters.  

Other less corroborable accounts have been mentioned by various writers. Lewis Crawford claimed that Calamity Jane's real name was Jane Somers.

Her real name was Jane Somers, although she appeared at different places under many different assumed names. . . . Jane Somers was born in Princeton, Missouri, in 1851, and came to Virginia City, Montana, in 1864, making the journey overland with her parents, to the Alder Gulch gold camp. 

"According to Brown and Willard," states Mumey, "she was born near Burlington, Iowa, and her father was a Baptist minister."  

Sollid noted an account in a Cheyenne newspaper which may have been the original source of Brown and Willard’s statement. Sollid states:

In an 1877 Cheyenne paper Dr. Hendricks claimed that he knew Calamity Jane before she acquired her epithet. He said that he knew her people well, especially her father, B. W. Coombs who for many years was a pastor of the First Baptist Church in Burlington, Iowa. There she was born in 1847, the youngest of four children, with two brothers and one sister.

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Mumey noted a newspaper account which likened Calamity Jane to one of Bret Harte’s heroines.

Calamity Jane is strangely like one of Bret Harte’s heroines. As she sits astride her horse there is nothing in her attire to distinguish her sex save her small fitting gaiters and sweeping raven locks. She wears buckskin clothes gaily beaded and fringed, and a broad brimmed Spanish hat. She came from Virginia City, Nevada of a family of respectability and intelligence, donning male attire in the mining regions where no restraints were imposed for such freaks.95

Sollid made mention of an account by Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, an Indian agent, but formerly a topographer for the 1875 Jenney Expedition into the Black Hills.

She was born at Fort Laramie in 1860, the daughter of an enlisted soldier named Dalton, and he was discharged from the army in 1861, and with his wife and daughter settled on a ranch on a stream called the LaBontie about 120 miles northwest of Laramie beyond Fort Fetterman. In the fall of that year a war party of Sioux Indians raided that district killing everyone in their path, among them Dalton. Mrs. Dalton was shot in the eye with an arrow, destroying the sight, removing the arrow with her own hand, she placed her one year old daughter on her back and escaped. Traveling nights and hiding by day, subsisting on weeds and roots, she finally managed to reach Ft. Laramie in eight days, a mere skeleton of her former self, her clothing in shreds and in a short time expired.96

After noting the McGillycuddy version, Sollid continued by explaining how this particular version of Calamity’s lineage and birth gained a wide acceptance but also explained that McGillycuddy was not the original source of the data, but rather that he had

95Mumey, op. cit., p. 41, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 14, 1877.

96Sollid, op. cit., pp. 5-6, citing a letter from Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy to the Editor of the Rapid City Journal, October 1, 1924, South Dakota Historical Society Library. Confer Mumey, op. cit., p. 24.
retold the narrative as reported by a Mr. Harry "Sam" Young, "who claimed to have been a teamster with the Jenney Expedition." Sol-lid states that the McGillycuddy account is unreliable since it appears that he copied much of it from Young's account. Yet, it should be considered that it is the evidence which is of importance and not whether or not it had been copied by the researcher in ques-tion. Hence, if the original account is fact, the circumstance that the reporting of that fact has been copied by another researcher does not lessen the reliability of the evidence.

However, Sollid does point out that much of Young's data "is contrary to accepted history," and provides ample support to illustrate her claim. Sollid also pointed out that "Calamity's birth as related by Dr. McGillycuddy was in 1860. He gave an eye-witness ac-count of seeing her in 1875 when she was 'not over sixteen.'”

Other than the fact that Sollid judged that "inquiries in the area on which he reported indicate that some of the doctor's stories suffered a loss of detailed accuracy with the passage of time," she found only one piece of evidence by Calamity Jane which may have pertained to such a history. Calamity Jane claimed on one occasion

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97 Ibid., p. 6.
98 Ibid., p. 7.
99 Ibid.
100 Ibid., p. 8.
101 Ibid.
to be the "child of the regiment;" a sobriquet which might have referred to many events in her early life.

Sollid noted still another author, John S. McClintock, who believed that Calamity Jane's point of departure was Princeton, Missouri. McClintock did, however, include details which do not correspond to other reports. Sollid states:

John S. McClintock . . . believed that Martha Cannary was born in Princeton. Reports received by him which he deemed authentic stated that her father was John Cannary, a hard drinker who was very abusive to his family. They moved from Missouri to Calamus, Dodge County, Wisconsin, and Martha was known to McClintock's informant as a member of the family there in 1866.

As may be observed, Calamity Jane has been reported to have been born between the years of 1844 and 1860, in areas ranging from Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri west to Wyoming and Nevada. She evidently had several sisters and brothers. Of the various reports, the greater weight of evidence seems to be in support of Calamity's claim to have been born, or at least reared, in Princeton, Missouri, as the eldest of several children. The entire family apparently moved west in 1864 or '65, possibly to reach the Mormon colony of Salt Lake City.

Although there appear to be meagre reports of the family's journey westward, there seems to be a certain amount of corroborating evidence that they were in Virginia City, Montana in 1864 or '65. Two

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102 Ibid.

103 Aikman, Mumey, Clairmonte and other claim Bob to be the name of Calamity's father.

such reports are those, previously cited, of the Montana Post and Crawford. Mumey also noted a manuscript of an interview on file in the archives of the University of Wyoming.

Charles W. Bocker met Calamity Jane when he passed through West Bannack, Montana in 1865. He said that she wore men's clothing much of the time, but that it was more regular for her to wear women's clothes when in the occupation she was in at West Bannack—which was a partner with "Madam Moustache," who ran a gambling house and a place of prostitution. Bocker said, "Calamity Jane was a partner in this combination gambling and prostitution business. She was all dressed up as those women were and was wearing her best during the days that I saw her, at which time she was not an elderly woman by any means—in fact she was quite a young woman. . . . Their house was a popular resort and Calamity Jane was everybody's girl. . . ." Mumey also noted a piece of corroborating evidence for the Bocker interview.

Asbury claims that Calamity Jane was with Madam Moustache when she was fifteen years old, and that she was associated with a troupe of girls who accompanied the madam and her gambling outfit around the different mining towns of the West.

Several other writers have located Calamity Jane in Virginia City in 1865, but an examination of the data seems to indicate the original source to be Calamity's Autobiography.

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105 See pages 56 and 57.

106 See page 57.

107 Mumey, op. cit., p. 46, citing an interview by Dr. Grace Hebard with Charles W. Bocker of Laramie, Wyoming, on August 9, 1927. The signed interview is in the Archives, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming.


If the emigration to Virginia City is true, there has been little evidence found by this writer explaining the events occurring during the journey westward. Calamity Jane claims:

While on the way the greater portion of my time was spent in hunting along with the men and hunters of the party, in fact I was at all times with the men when there was excitement and adventures to be had. By the time we reached Virginia City I was considered a remarkably good shot and a fearless rider for a girl of my age. I remember many occurrences on the journey from Missouri (sic) to Montana. Many times in crossing the mountains the conditions of the trail were so bad that we frequently had to lower the wagons over ledges by hand with ropes for they were so rough and rugged that horses were of no use. We also had many exciting times fording streams for many of the streams in our way were noted for quicksand and boggy places, where, unless we were very careful, we would have lost horses and all. Then we had many dangers to encounter in the way of streams swelling on account of heavy rains. On occasions of that kind the men would usually select the best places to cross the streams, myself on more than one occasion have mounted my pony and swam across the stream several times merely to amuse myself and have had many narrow escapes from having both myself and pony washed away to certain death, but as the pioneers of those days had plenty of courage we overcame all obstacles and reached Virginia City in safety.110

No other evidence has been noted by this writer for the period previous to and during 1865, with the exception of those few reports which may for the most part be regarded as imaginative extensions of the facts by various writers employing a type of "historic license."

In her autobiography, Calamity Jane stated: "Mother died at Black Foot, Montana, 1866, where we buried her."111 Some corroboration may be found for the presence of Calamity Jane in Blackfoot. As stated by Sollid:


111 *Ibid.*, p. 2. Blackfoot was located near Avon, Montana. It is now demolished. Only the mine shafts and cemetery remain.
... one incident is related by Tom Brown in his book, Romance of Everyday Life. This story, which is of doubtful validity, states that Brown saw Calamity Jane in Confederate Gulch, Montana, not far from Blackfoot, about 1866. He judged her to be twenty or twenty-two years of age then, when she staged a one-woman stick-up in a grocery store where he was a customer. The motive for her act was to obtain food for some sick miners for whom she was caring.112

McClintock's narrative does much to dampen Tom Brown's story. He says that he was in Confederate Gulch shortly after 1866 where he heard the names of many who were or had been in the vicinity but recalled no mention of this gun-woman.113

It should be noted that it is difficult to determine whether or not McClintock's narrative "does much" to discredit Brown's report. If such an event had taken place it is possible that McClintock may not have recalled the event, although he might have heard of it at one time, or perhaps, due to his associations in Confederate Gulch, he had not been informed of the incident.

Solld also cited two sources which placed Calamity's mother in Blackfoot, Montana, both indicating that Calamity's mother did not die on their journey westward, but rather went on to Salt Lake City and then returned to Blackfoot, or arrived there for the first time, under entirely different circumstances. Solld's report reads:

Two Black Hills old-timers, Jessie Brown and A. M. Willard, perpetuate the story that Calamity was born in Burlington, Iowa. They wrote . . . that she was the daughter of a Baptist minister.114 According to their story, she ran away from home when

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114 Solld states in footnote: "They call him Reverend Canary, not Coombs, as Dr. Hendricks indicates in his story."
very young and became the mistress of any army lieutenant. In
Sidney, Nebraska, she gave birth to a son and his father sent
the infant back East to live with his grandparents. In the mean­
time, Calamity's mother married a retired soldier named Hart and
they crossed the plains to Salt Lake, Utah, picking up the daugh­
ter along the way. Martha left her parents in Salt Lake and went
to Rawlins, Wyoming. In order to get away, she deceived her par­
ents making them believe she was attending school. Later at Fort
Steele, Wyoming, she became an inmate of a bawdy house, well­
known to many soldiers and teamsters. Her mother moved to Black­
foot, Montana, and presided over a house of prostitution known as
"Madam Canary's." The latter story becomes even more colorful
when Aikman describes the mother as red-headed Madam Canary run­
ing a brothel appropriately called "The Bird Cage."

Whereas Calamity Jane had claimed that her mother died and was
buried in Blackfoot, and Brown and Willard and Aikman claimed Cala­
mity's mother ran a brothel in Blackfoot, giving no mention of her
death in that community, a third version is offered by Tobe Borner,
Calamity Jane's purported nephew. Borner states:

Somewhere on this trip to Salt Lake a band of hostile Indians
made a raid on the camp during the night and killed Mr. and Mrs.
Canarie. . . . The Canaries were killed sometime before midnight
and by midnight the soldiers had been notified. . . . Mr. and
Mrs. Canarie were buried and the train moved on to Salt Lake.117

If either the autobiographical account or the Borner account is
true, and Calamity Jane's mother was killed before the wagon train
reached Salt Lake City, the following account of Phillip Landon might
also be true.

Phillip Robert Landon, better known as "Parson Bob," a scout
with Custer who died at the age of eighty-seven, stated he re­
cited the Lord's Prayer at the funeral of Martha Jane's mother,

115Ibid., p. 18, citing Brown and Willard, op. cit., pp. 412­
413.


and when the body was lowered in the grave he looked at the small girl and said, "Ain't that a calamity."\textsuperscript{118}

As stated by Sollid: "Several writers mention a marriage of Calamity Jane to a man named White in 1866."\textsuperscript{119}

White was supposed to have become wealthy and taken Calamity to Denver where she was rigged out in fine clothes, free to enjoy the luxuries of civilization. It is always contended that she soon tired of this, threw the husband over and came back to "little old Deadwood."

Percy Russell, an old timer who knew Calamity describes her marriage to White as follows: "White sold out his property and became quite wealthy. He decided to quit the wilderness. He dressed his wife in the finest of clothing to be had and departed to Denver. A few days of the fancy apparel and classy hotels was sufficient for the wild, untamed spirit of Martha Jane, and she made her escape.\textsuperscript{120}

Mumey states in footnote: "There was another 'Calamity Jane' who masqueraded as the original, causing some confusion in literature. A 'Calamity Jane,' who was also known as Mattie Young, died in Denver in 1878."\textsuperscript{121}

Sollid mentioned a number of other women who may have become confused with the original Calamity Jane.

\textsuperscript{118}Ibid., p. 34, citing a manuscript in the Archives, University of Wyoming Library, Laramie, Wyoming.


\textsuperscript{120}Ibid., citing Percy Russell, "Calamity Jane as Remembered by Percy Russell," unpublished story in possession of Mr. Russell's estate.

\textsuperscript{121}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 33.
It is often suggested that there are so many conflicting stories of the activities of Calamity Jane and descriptions of her person because there was more than one Calamity Jane. One view is that Martha Cannary was confused with other women who dressed in male attire. In those days few women wore trousers and the ones who did attracted attention. . . .

Besides Martha Cannary, there was another Calamity Jane, Mattie Young, in Denver, Colorado. . . . Since Mattie did not dress in men's clothes or roam the countryside . . . but chose to reside safely within the city in her particular district, she could not have been easily mistaken for Calamity Jane Cannary by anyone other than local citizens. . . . Injured in a buggy ride while out with three other persons, the frail lady was taken to the hospital and died a few days later. Her demise came on August 26, 1878, so any confusion of the two after that date is not possible. . . .

In Laramie . . . was Mrs. Opie, alias "Kentucky Belle," alias Calamity Jane, who was sent to Fort Collins. The citizens hoped that she would keep "her ugly mug" out of town for awhile. Livingston, Montana, had a similar situation. An Annie Filmore, called Calamity Jane Number Two, was badly mauled and beaten by a male friend. In Cheyenne, an infamous woman called Sarah was referred to by the local newspaper as "Calamity Sal." Found in an alley under the effects of too much alcohol, she was "toted to the cooler" by the police. The three characters are typical of many others referred to by the newspapers in the 1880's. Readers today have difficulty in deciding whether the lady of whom they read was the real Calamity or just another local troublemaker.

Calamity Jane states in her Autobiography: "I left Montana in Spring of 1866, for Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City during summer. Remained in Utah until 1867, where my father died, . . ." There is little evidence to confirm or negate this statement.

122Sollid, op. cit., p. 22, citing Livingston Enterprise, Livingston, Montana, June 12, 1886.

123Ibid., citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, May 16, 1883.

124Ibid., pp. 20-22.

125Autobiography, p. 2.
As previously noted Tobe Borner, purportedly Calamity Jane's nephew, claimed that Mr. and Mrs. Canarie had been killed in an Indian raid. Borner did, however, claim the Canarie destination to be Salt Lake City.

A Mr. Logan claimed: "Calamity's father was a sergeant at Fort Laramie—went from there to Rawlins and from there to Salt Lake, Utah. I've seen Calamity Jane in the McDaniels' Theatre many a time in soldier's clothes."126

Other sources appear to base their description of this period in Calamity Jane's life upon the Autobiography, excepting those sources which claim that Calamity married White. "In any case," states Nelson, "the legend of Calamity Jane had it's inception soon after her appearance in Salt Lake City in 1867."127 Briggs also stated: "At any rate, it seems generally agreed that Martha Jane was in Salt Lake City in 1867."128 Borner said of the Canarie children's stay in Salt Lake City:

After arriving in Salt Lake in the fall of 1865, Martha sold the ox team and wagon and bought winter clothes for her sister and brother and found a place for Lige and Lena to live. Martha went to work in a boarding house getting as pay her clothes and board.129

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126 Mumey, op. cit., p. 10, citing an interview with Ernest A. Logan of Cheyenne, Wyoming, on September 28, 1936. Agnes Wright Spring Collection, Denver Public Library.

127 Nelson, op. cit., p. 163.

128 Briggs, op. cit., p. 76.

129 Mumey, op. cit., p. 27. Citing Borner, loc. cit.
Clairmonte made general reference to this incident and also mentioned an incident in which a teamster by the name of Smokey Tom was supposed to have taken Calamity Jane to Helena, Montana where she obtained a job in a saloon. She supposedly was dismissed for not "co-operating" with one of the patrons. Clairmonte did not cite any of her sources in footnote and corroborating evidence has not been found to support the story.

Calamity claimed in her _Autobiography_: "Remained in Utah until 1867, where my father died, then went to Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, where we arrived May 1, 1868."\(^{130}\)

Of this statement Sollid claimed: "From her statement that 'we' arrived at Fort Bridger in 1868, it may be surmised that she took her brothers and sisters into Wyoming."\(^{131}\)

Calamity Jane's claim that they arrived in Fort Bridger is corroborated by an article cited by Sollid, although she continues by including a point of possible negation.

A different story based on circumstantial evidence appeared in the _Cheyenne Democratic Leader_ in 1885. It reported that Calamity Jane came to Miner's Delight, Wyoming in 1868 when she was eleven years old. She lived with the family of Major Gallagher. Mrs. Gallagher picked up the girl as they passed through Fort Bridger. The youngster knew nothing of her parents and was a stray from infancy. She was pretty and vivacious but in a short time her escapades shocked the whole settlement. The miners took up a collection and sent her to the railroad where for a few years she became friendly with the most degenerate railroad workers and other elements of the motley population.\(^{132}\)

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\(^{130}\) _Autobiography_, p. 2.

\(^{131}\) Sollid, _op. cit._, p. 17.

Paine does not think that this story can be true. He points out that reports from the local paper in Miner's Delight mentioned only Major and Mrs. Gallagher as coming to that town in 1868. Several months later James Chisholm, an eastern newspaper correspondent, visited there, some of the time as guest of the Gallaghers. In his diary he described in detail their family life but made no mention of anyone else in their home.133

Calamity next stated in her Autobiography: "Remained around Fort Bridges (sic) during 1868, then went to Piedmont, Wyoming, with U. P. Railway."134

Mumey, citing Asbury, who may have used the Autobiography as his source of information, stated:

She made her living by doing a man's work. In 1868, she was in Piedmont, Wyoming, working as a laborer with a construction crew on the Union Pacific Railroad, chopping ties and driving spikes, like any man on the job.135

Solld reported another source which associated Calamity Jane with the railroad camps.

The story of what happened in Wyoming differs considerably with each narrative. One was told to McClintock by a former sheriff and deputy U. S. Marshal in Deadwood, Captain John P. Belding. He claims that he knew Calamity in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1868 when the railroad was being built. She was known as a camp-follower and at the age of sixteen was so dissolute that she and others of her class were ordered to leave town.136

133 Ibid., citing Paine, "Calamity Jane, Man? Woman? or Both?" op. cit., p. 71.
134 Autobiography, p. 2.
Calamity Jane stated in a letter to her daughter that she first met Hickok near Laramie, Wyoming. If the marriage certificate and this statement are true, their Wyoming meeting must have occurred before September 1, 1870.\textsuperscript{137}

Although no date is given for the following accounts and they may or may not have occurred at this particular time in Calamity's life, they at least provide a description of Calamity Jane.

Mary Powell of Laramie, Wyoming, remembered Calamity Jane as a very dirty, untidy woman. Mrs. Dan Reid of Laramie, remembered seeing her at Fort Laramie when she was a small girl. She said Calamity always dressed as any person would around horses—she wore a man's shirt and trousers.\textsuperscript{138}

Miguel Otero, who later became Governor of New Mexico, reported having seen Calamity Jane in Hays City, Kansas, in 1868.

When I used to see her about Hays City in 1868, she was a comparatively young woman, perhaps twenty years of age or thereabouts, and still extremely good-looking...\textsuperscript{139}

After a few years she left Hays City and moved from terminal town to terminal town along the advancing Kansas-Pacific Railroad, until she eventually reached Kit Carson.\textsuperscript{139}

Otero's statement was the only specific reference observed noting Calamity's whereabouts for the year 1869. Calamity described her whereabouts in 1870 as follows:

\textsuperscript{137}Evidence indicates that Hickok was in the West (Colorado) in 1869. See Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell, "Some Notes on Kansas Cowtown Police Officers and Gun Fighters," The Kansas Historical Quarterly, (Winter, 1960), 423. See also Mumey, op. cit., p. 113, citing letter, September, 1880, Deadwood.

\textsuperscript{138}Mumey, op. cit., p. 40.

Joined General Custer as a scout at Fort Russell, Wyoming, in 1870, and started for Arizona for the Indian campaign. Up to this time I had always worn the costume of my sex. When I joined Custer I donned the uniform of a soldier. It was a bit awkward at first but I soon got to be perfectly at home in men’s clothes.

Was in Arizona up to the winter of 1871 and during that time I had a great many adventures with the Indians, for as a scout I had a great many dangerous missions to perform and while I was in many close places always succeeded in getting away safely for by this time I was considered the most reckless and daring rider and one of the best shots in the western country.140

This appears to be the first autobiographical statement of which a definite refutation has been made by Sollid. She states:

The trousers and paraphernalia of a soldier may have been "a bit awkward at first" but still more awkward for the story is the fact that Custer never was at Fort D. A. Russell. He never in his lifetime set foot inside the bounds of Arizona, much less fought in the Indian campaigns there. By a careful check of Custer’s every move it is easy to deduct where he was not.141 In 1870, while Calamity maintained she was scouting with him, he was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas writing his *War Memoirs*. He even obtained leave and with his wife visited New York. In the summer of 1870 he went on hunting expeditions with tourists attracted west by his fame.142

It seems, then, that this portion of Calamity’s *Autobiography* is wholly false. The only other reports of Calamity’s whereabouts during 1870 place her in Kansas. One such report is that of Otero, who claimed he knew her in Hays City in 1868 and several years later she moved to Kit Carson. Mumey claims: "She was also known as ‘The Prairie Queen’ in Hays City, Kansas."143

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140 *Autobiography*, pp. 2-3.


143 Mumey, *op. cit.*, p. 33.
If the Hickok–Calamity Jane marriage certificate is authentic, Calamity Jane was 'Enroute to Abilene, Kansas' on September 1, 1870.\textsuperscript{144} A letter to Janey, Calamity's daughter, explains the circumstances surrounding the marriage.

I met James Butler Hickok, "Wild Bill," in 1870 near Abilene, Kansas. I heard a bunch of outlaws planning to kill him. I couldn't get to where my horse was, so I crawled on my hands and knees through the brush past the outlaws for over a mile and reached the old shack where he was staying that night. I told him and he hid me back of the door while he shot it out with them. They hit him, cutting open the top of his head and then they heard him fall and lit matches to see if he was dead. Bill killed them all. I'll never forget what he looked like with blood running down his face while he used two guns. He never aimed and I guess he was never known to have missed anyone he aimed at, I mean, wanted to kill, and he only shot in self defence. Then he was quite sure. I nursed him several days and then while on the trip to Abilene we met Rev. Sipes and Rev. Warren and we were married. There will be lots of folks doubt that we were ever married but I will leave you plenty of proof that we were. You were no woods colt Janey. Don't let any of these pus gullied (obliterated) ever get by with that lie.\textsuperscript{145}

Calamity Jane, whose autobiographical claim to have been with Custer in an Arizona Indian campaign from 1870 until the winter of 1871 seems to have been discounted by Sollid, continues:

After the campaign I returned to Fort Sanders, Wyoming, remained there until spring of 1872, when we were ordered out to the Muscle Shell or Nursey Pursey Indian outbreak. In that war Generals Custer, Miles, Terry and Crook were all engaged. This campaign lasted until fall of 1873.

It was during this campaign that I was christened Calamity Jane. It was on Goose Creek, Wyoming, where the town of Sheridan is now located. Capt. Egan was in command of the Post. We

\textsuperscript{144}See page 38. According to Miller and Snell, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 428, no evidence has been found locating Hickok between the dates of April 29, 1870 and the spring of 1871.

\textsuperscript{145}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 109, citing letter, Sept., 1880, Deadwood.
were ordered out to quell an uprising of the Indians, and were out for several days, had numerous skirmishes during which six of the soldiers were killed and several severely wounded. When on returning to the Post we were ambushed about a mile and a half from our destination. When fired upon Capt. Egan was shot. I was riding in advance and on hearing the firing turned in my saddle and saw the Captain reeling in his saddle as though about to fall. I turned my horse and galloped back with all haste to his side and got there in time to catch him as he was falling. I lifted him onto my horse in front of me and succeeded in getting him safely to the Fort. Capt. Egan on recovering, laughingly said: "I name you Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains." I have borne that name to the present time.\footnote{146}

Although Calamity Jane's account seems perfectly reasonable in narration, Sollid succeeds in negating the complete account.

In 1872 and 1873, the Nez Perce Indians were stolid and placid, roaming around at home in Idaho. Those were not war years but revival years when missionaries were busy preaching to their people and baptizing them at a near record rate.\footnote{147} The Nez Perce War lasted from June, 1877, until October of the same year.

Generals Howard and Gibbon and Colonels Sturgis and Miles were the leaders in the attack on the Indians, not Generals Custer, Terry, and Crook as stated by Calamity Jane. Custer, for example, was not encountering Indians in 1872 and 1873 and, during the time that the Nez Perce fighting was going on in 1877, he had been dead for one year. Likewise, Crook had nothing to do with the Nez Perces. From 1871 through 1875 he dealt with the fierce Apaches in Arizona and, during Chief Joseph's retreat, he was busy trying to put the Sioux agencies into respectable shape. There are similar time discrepancies for Terry and Miles in 1872-1873 so it can be concluded that she did no know who was in charge of the Nez Perce War.

Chief Joseph did not lead his people nearly so far east as to the post where Calamity Jane claimed she was stationed. From Yellowstone Park in western Wyoming the Indians went nearly due north into Montana, while Calamity was in central Wyoming on the eastern side of the Big Horn Mountains. So many errors in geographical

\footnote{146}{Autobiography, p. 3.}

\footnote{147}{Sollid, op. cit., p. 36, citing Kate C. McBeth, The Nez Perces Since Lewis and Clark (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1908), pp. 73-83.}
location, dates, wars and military leaders show that the Goose Creek incident could not possibly have taken place, and since it did not, the inception of the name Calamity Jane could not have occurred in the way the Autobiography states.  

Sollid also mentions several other accounts which tend to discredit Calamity's claim that her sobriquet originated through the Egan incident.

One historian has an informative sidelight about the "rescuer" and the "rescued." He wrote that "her only traceable relation with Egan was when she laundered his uniform, while he remembered that he ordered her and another woman off the reservation because of their bad influence on the men." Captain Jack Crawford, one time chief of scouts in the United States Army, refuted the Egan theory when he said that he "was with Captain Egan and his White Horse troop and helped patrol the roads between Fort Laramie and Red Canyon, and no such fight ever took place, nor was Captain Egan wounded."

The only other report of Calamity Jane's whereabouts during 1871 came as a result of an interview with Mrs. Wilford Griffing of Billings, Montana. She stated that her father, Frank S. Whitney, was a peace officer in Cheyenne, Wyoming during the years of 1871 and 1872. She claimed that Calamity Jane had stayed all night at her home nursing her sick brother. The following day, however, Calamity Jane became so drunk and unruly that Mr. Whitney was forced to put her in jail.

148 Ibid., pp. 36-37.
149 Ibid., p. 35, citing Briggs, op. cit., p. 80.
150 Ibid., pp. 35-36, citing Rapid City Journal, Rapid City, South Dakota, no date. Sollid states in footnote* "Context tells that it must have been a few weeks after Calamity Jane's death, August 1, 1903."
151 Statement by Mr. Wilford Griffing. Personal interview.
It is also possible that this incident may have occurred during 1872, as Mrs. Griffing was uncertain of the date, but recalled that the Whitney family had left Cheyenne after 1872. If this incident did occur during 1872, it is the only evidence found of Calamity's location, other than the refuted autobiographical account and possibly an account by Tobe Borner placing Calamity Jane in Wyoming during the early 70's.

In the early 70's, gold was found in paying quantities in the South Pass and Miners' Delight areas in Wyoming. South Pass became a real gold mining camp and caused much excitement.

It was about that time that my father, John G. Borner, met Martha Jane Canarie while she was working in a boarding house in the South Pass mining camp. Johnnie Borner, as he was known at that time, was running a four horse team and wagon between Salt Lake and the miners. He would load with clothing and groceries at Salt Lake and sell or peddle on the way to the mines taking back to Salt Lake a load of coal on his return trip. Coal was in good demand there. . . .

She made the trip with little or no trouble and brought back a load of goods for the camp.

Johnnie Borner, not being able to use his leg, let Martha make a second trip. The two trips took about six weeks. By this time winter was coming on and Borner was able to take the outfit back. Martha visited with her brother and sister while in Salt Lake. . . .

On one return trip Borner brought the two younger Canaries. After visiting for a week at South Pass, they finished their trip to Fort Washakie, Borner agreeing to take care of Lige. Lena went to work for Mrs. Patten at the Indian Agency. . . .

Lena Canarie continued to work for Mrs. Patten at the Agency and Johnnie Borner kept the trail pretty well broken to that spot.152

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Other than Calamity’s autobiographical account that the Nez Perce campaign lasted until the fall of 1873, only one explanation of her whereabouts during this period was found. By combining several accounts reporting the same event, it is possible to gain a somewhat more complete account than might otherwise be presented.

Clairmonte, who claimed all incidents reported in her book to be based upon historical evidence, claimed that Calamity Jane gave birth to a daughter, Janey, on September 25, 1873 in a cave in Benson’s Landing, near the present site of Livingston, Montana. Soon after the birth of the daughter, the father, Wild Bill Hickok, deserted Calamity Jane and the baby, leaving them in the cave ill and monetarily deficient.  

Some corroboration may be found for her claim in the previous discussion of the authenticity of Mrs. McCormick’s documents, as well as a report by Dr. John Nelson of Livingston, Montana, who claimed that he had heard of the cave near Benson’s Landing as early as 1935, six years before the incident was made public by Mrs. McCormick. He also claimed that the cave was a root cellar.

According to Clairmonte, not long after Hickok had deserted Calamity Jane and her baby, a James and Helen O’Neil stopped at the

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153 Clairmonte, op. cit., p. 116. Sollid, op. cit., p. 45, stated: "Because there are no facts to prove what either Calamity Jane or Wild Bill was doing between 1870 and 1873, no real denial can be made to Mrs. McCormick’s tale."

154 Statement by John Nelson. Personal interview.
cave and suggested that they adopt the child and take her back East with
them. The reason that the O'Neils had come West was not stated,
but Mumey noted: "There was a James O'Neil who entered the Black
Hills in the spring of 1875, according to Father Rosen." Father
Rosen's statement reads:

Early in the spring of 1875 a party, among which were Wade
Porter, William Coslett, Thomas Mannahan, Robert Kenyon, Richard
Wickham, H. F. Hough, James O'Neil, Alfred Gay . . . John Ber-
deau and another French half-breed, the last two acting as guides,
started from Spotted Tail Agency and went directly to French
Creek, reaching the Witcher and Gordon stockade the latter part
of April.

If the McCormick account is authentic, Calamity Jane's deci-
sion concerning the O'Neils and the adoption of the baby, Janey, was
apparently in the affirmative.

When baby Jane was one month old, in October 1873, her mother
whose marriage to Bill Hickok had not been made public due to
displeasure of the Hickok family, took her baby and started for
the nearest railway station. The trip took several months by
ox team and it was in March 1874, that Calamity Jane was met by
the James O'Neils who took the baby to the East where they
raised her as their own.

Another report of Calamity Jane's location in 1874 comes from
her Autobiography.

We were afterwards ordered to Fort Custer, where Custer city
now stands, where we arrived in the spring of 1874; remained
around Fort Custer all summer and were ordered to Fort Russell
in fall of 1874, where we remained until spring of 1875; was

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155 Clairmonte, **loc. cit.**

156 Mumey, **op. cit.**, p. 83.

157 Peter Rosen, *Pa Ha Sa Pah* (St. Louis: Nixon, Jones Printing

158 Mumey, **op. cit.**, p. 76, citing Meldrum, **loc. cit.**
then ordered to the Black Hills to protect miners, as that coun-
try was controlled by the Sioux Indians and the government had to
send the soldiers to protect the lives of the miners until fall
of 1875 and wintered at Fort Laramie.\textsuperscript{159}

Sollid said of this portion of Calamity Jane's autobiographical
account:

\textbf{Since Fort Custer was not built until 1878 it is hard to ima-
gine just how or why Calamity was ordered there in the spring of
1874 to remain until that fall. (Editor's note: There is some
possibility that Calamity's reference to Fort Custer may be to a
very temporary camp which General Custer used during his Black
Hills expedition.)}\textsuperscript{160}

Mumey made note of an account placing Calamity Jane in Fort
Laramie, Wyoming in 1874.

John Hunton, a Wyoming pioneer, recalled the period when E.
Coffey and Cuny had a trading post located five miles west of
Fort Laramie on the north side of the Laramie River. They sold
goods and ran a saloon, and in 1874, they constructed eight
two-room cottages which were occupied by ten women, one of whom
was Calamity Jane.\textsuperscript{161}

If the Hunton account is accurate, Calamity may have wintered
in Fort Laramie as she claimed.

According to Sollid, there is some indication that Calamity
entered the Black Hills in some capacity or other with the Jenney
Expedition.\textsuperscript{162} Several accounts found by this writer seem to be based
on the \textit{Autobiography} or the account of Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy.

\textsuperscript{159}Autobiography, p. 3.

\textsuperscript{160}Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 24, citing Edgar M. Ledyard, "American

\textsuperscript{161}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 49, citing John Hunton, "My Recollections

\textsuperscript{162}Sollid, \textit{loc. cit.}.\phantom{0}
We shall have to start with her at Fort Laramie in the spring of 1875. Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, of the Government, saw her there as a good-looking girl of about seventeen, "well built, dark complexion, with black eyes and short hair"—the original flapper.  

McGillycuddy tells of seeing Calamity Jane on the parade grounds of Fort Laramie on May 20, 1875, when an expedition under the direction of Walter P. Jenny was being organized. Colonel Dodge told him she was the regimental mascot. She joined this expedition at the age of twenty-two by wearing the uniform of a young soldier who was homesick and riding in the ranks. She was not suspected until she went swimming. After she was discovered, she was put to driving a bull team in the commissary section.

Professor Walter P. Jenny of the United States Geological Survey went to the Black Hills in 1875 to investigate the rumors of gold discoveries. A detachment of federal troops was sent along to protect the expedition. Sergeant Frank Siechrist provided an army uniform for Calamity Jane, who accompanied them. However, this experience was brief, for she was discovered and sent back to Fort Laramie. It was stated that she went with the expedition as a cook, an arrangement made by an officer by the name of Harry Young.

She visited many places, and when the Union Pacific reached Corinne, Utah, she went thither and traveled up and down the line till 1875 when she went to Cheyenne and to Fort Laramie, and from there, dressed in male attire, she accompanied the mule teams that hauled the supplies for the army escort under Colonel Bradley from Fort Laramie. This is the same escort that took over Professor Jenny who went to make geological explorations of the Hills.

Solld presented a rather lengthy discussion of the Jenny (Jenny) expedition and Calamity's association with it.


Walter P. Jenney was commissioned to undertake this work. Henry Newton was to act as assistant while V. T. McGillycuddy, M. D., late of the Lake and Northern Boundary Surveys, was appointed topographer. Thirteen other men ranging from astronomer to cook made up the civilian personnel. As military escort there were four hundred men with a train of seventy-five wagons under Lieutenant Colonel R. I. Dodge. The two groups assembled near Fort Laramie May 24, 1875, and began the journey which covered the entire area of the Black Hills between the forks of the Cheyenne. On October 14, 1875, the expedition returned to Fort Laramie, having met no Indians during the five months in the field. It was with this group that Calamity is supposed to have made her first trip into the Black Hills.

Dr. McGillycuddy, the topographer, has related a rather long circumstantial story of Calamity Jane's part in this expedition. He always insisted that she made the entire trip. He later remembered that, according to her, Colonel Dodge had refused her permission to go. She then had appealed to the topographer to put in a good word for her, but he had explained it would be useless since he had nothing to do with the personnel assigned to the party. Calamity was determined, for her then current lover, a Sergeant Shaw, was a trooper in the cavalry detailed to Colonel Dodge's assignment. Dressed like a trooper she went with the expedition.

Four days out from Laramie, Calamity Jane was discovered when striding from the soldiers' section past the officers' quarters to the sutler's store at the other end of camp. Unfortunately, she met the officer of the day to whom she rendered a snappy salute. He acknowledged it and passed on, only to find several soldiers snickering at him. He demanded to know the cause of their merriment and was told that he had just met and saluted Calamity Jane. The incident was reported to Dodge who knew that he must get rid of her. It seemed heartless to send her back sixty miles through the wilderness to Fort Laramie. But discipline had to be maintained and he ordered her to go. As the expedition pulled out the next morning Calamity, standing with her pony by the trail, watched the troops pass by her. She was not worried, however. As the wagon train and train guard brought up the rear, she turned her pony in among the lead horses, slipped under a wagon bow and disappeared from sight. The next day she was discovered and ordered away again. The ceremony was repeated during the whole trip.

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169 Ibid., citing Julia McGillycuddy, McGillycuddy Agent (Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press, 1941), pp. 30-34.
Sollid extends upon Mumey’s reference to Holbrook and the swimming incident.

While the Jenney party was being formed and equipped at Fort Laramie, one of its enlisted men, Sergeant Frank Siechrist, met up with Calamity Jane . . . and got her rigged up in the baggy, shapeless clothes of the enlisted man of 1875, and away she went to the Black Hills. . . . At some stop along the way, after the party had camped one evening, an officer strolling near a stream to watch the soldiers swimming was struck dumb—"we can presume"—for Jane was right in there with the boys and she had troubled herself no more than they about a bathing suit. She was promptly sent back to Fort Laramie.\textsuperscript{170}

Sollid concluded: "Evidence supporting neither of these stories is conclusive, and indeed there is no absolute proof that she made the trip at all, even as a camp-follower."\textsuperscript{171}

Another account, that of Bocker, placed Calamity in the Black Hills region in 1875, but not in reference to the Jenney expedition.

Bocker also said that when he saw Calamity Jane in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1875, she had a house of prostitution. She also played some kind of musical instrument at the time, although Bocker did not know what instrument it was. He also claimed that at this time Calamity Jane was the mistress of "Wild Bill" Hickok, even though she immediately took up with other men after his funeral. . . . \textsuperscript{172}

According to Borner, Calamity Jane was in South Pass, Wyoming in 1875.

In November, 1875, Lena Canarie and Johnnie Borner left Lige to care for the ranch and rode to South Pass and were pronounced man and wife by Justice of the Peace, James Kime. Martha was making

\textsuperscript{170}Ibid., p. 27, citing Holbrook, \textit{loc. cit.}

\textsuperscript{171}Ibid.

\textsuperscript{172}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 47, citing Bocker, \textit{loc. cit.} According to most reports, Hickok and Calamity Jane arrived in Deadwood in June, 1876.
her home in South Pass and was gaining quite a reputation as a nurse, taking care of the sick at the mine. She naturally was very apt in caring for the sick.\textsuperscript{173}

Calamity Jane's autobiographical account for the early part of 1876 reads:

In spring of 1876, we were ordered north with General Crook to join Gen'ds Miles, Terry and Custer at Big Horn river. During this march I swam the Platte river at Fort Fetterman as I was the bearer of important dispatches. I had a ninety mile ride to make, being wet and cold, I contracted a severe illness and was sent back in Gen. Crook's ambulance to Fort Fetterman where I laid in the hospital for fourteen days.\textsuperscript{174}

Solld states: "There is positive evidence that Calamity Jane was with the troops on this expedition."\textsuperscript{175} She continues: "On February 21, 1876, I. N. Bard\textsuperscript{176} wrote in his diary:

Very pleasant all day. Left town at 9 a.m. Made a short call at Pole Creek. There is six or eight Black Hills teams here. Drove over to Fagans. He is crowded full. Calamity Jane is here going up with the troops. I think there is trouble ahead. Everything is crowded here. There is seven Companies on the road.\textsuperscript{177}

Although the single account of Bard does not constitute "positive" evidence that Calamity made the trip, as stated by Solld, it certainly serves to raise the reliability of Calamity's account. Solld continued:

\textsuperscript{173}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 28, citing Borner, \textit{loc. cit.}

\textsuperscript{174}\textit{Autobiography}, pp. 3-4.

\textsuperscript{175}\textit{Solld, op. cit.}, pp. 27-28.

\textsuperscript{176}Solld states in footnote: "Bard worked for John (Portugee) Phillips at Chugwater, Wyoming. Later he owned Bard's Ranch on the Little Bear. The 'town' referred to is Cheyenne."

\textsuperscript{177}Unpublished diary in the Agnes Wright Spring Collection, Denver Public Library, Denver, Colorado.
When Crook's expedition returned without accomplishing anything, General Sheridan ordered three separate columns to advance into southeastern Montana near the Big Horn region. . . . In command of fifteen companies of cavalry and five companies of infantry, General Crook moved out from Fetterman on May 29, 1876, heading northwest. . . . Before June 14, Lieutenant Bourke, aide-de-camp for Crook noted in his diary that it was whispered one of their teamsters was Calamity Jane. Her sex was discovered when the wagon-master noted that she did not cuss her mules with the enthusiasm to be expected from a graduate of Patrick and Saulsbury's Black Hills Stage Line, as she had represented herself to be. 178

Solld found corroboration for this account in My Story by Brig. General Anson Mills.

His explanation was that, in organizing the wagon train, the wagon-master had inadvertently hired Calamity who was not discovered until the outfit neared Fort Reno. After her arrest she was placed in improvised female attire and carried along until a force was organized to carry back the wounded, with whom she was sent. 179

Solld continued: "Both accounts seem logical enough and might be accepted if it were not for a Cheyenne newspaper at that time."

On Sunday, June 10 that notorious female, Calamity Jane greatly rejoiced over her release from durance vile, procured a horse and buggy from Jas. Abney's stable, ostensibly to drive to Fort Russell and back. By the time she had reached the Fort, however, indulgence in frequent and liberal potations completely befogged her not very clear brain, and she drove right by that place never drawing rein until she reached the Chug fifty miles distant. Continuing to imbibe bug-juice at close intervals and in large quantities throughout the night, she woke up the next morning with a vague idea that Fort Russell had been moved but being still bent on finding it, she drove on, finally sighting Fort Laramie, ninety miles distant. Reaching there she discovered her mistake, but didn't show much disappointment. She turned her horse out to grass, ran the buggy into a corral, and began enjoying life in camp after her usual fashion. When Joe Rankin reached the Fort,

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several days later, she begged him not to arrest her, and as he had no authority to do so, he merely took charge of Abney's outfit which was brought back to this city Sunday.\textsuperscript{180}

Sabin apparently combined the two preceding accounts and claimed that Calamity had borrowed the buggy in order to reach Crook.

General George Crook, the Gray Fox—"Rosebud George"—organized against the Sioux, in the spring of 1876, for a summer campaign. Calamity overtook him at Fort Laramie, having driven there in a hired buggy, from Cheyenne.\textsuperscript{181}

Vaughn, basing his account on that of Mills, also claimed Calamity to have been connected with the Rosebud battle.

As the command approached Fort Reno, a woman known as "Calamity Jane" was found dressed like a man and driving a team in the wagon train. When first discovered, she claimed to know Captain Anson Mills, much to his embarrassment.

"In organizing the wagon train at Fort Fetterman," writes Mills in My Story, "the wagonmaster had unintentionally employed a female teamster, but she was not discovered until we neared Fort Reno, when she was suddenly arrested, and placed in improvised female attire under guard. I knew nothing of this, but being the senior Captain of Cavalry, having served as a Captain for sixteen years, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I had become somewhat notorious (for better or worse).

"The day she was discovered and placed under guard, unconscious of the fact, I was going through the wagonmaster's outfit when she sprang up, calling out 'There is Colonel Mills, he knows me,' when everybody began to laugh, much to my astonishment and chagrin, being married.

"It was not many hours until every man in the camp knew of the professed familiarity of 'Calamity Jane' (as she was known) with me, and for several days my particular friends pulled me aside, and asked me 'who is Calamity Jane?' I, of course, denied any knowledge of her or her calling, but no one believed me then, and I doubt very much whether they all do yet."

\textsuperscript{180} Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 29-30, citing \textit{Cheyenne Daily Leader}, Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 20, 1876.

\textsuperscript{181} Sabin, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 332.
"We carried her along until a force was organized to carry our helpless back, with which she was sent, but she afterwards turned out to be a national character, and was a woman of no mean ability and force even from the standard of men. I learned later that she had been a resident of North Platte, and that she knew many of my soldiers, some of whom had probably betrayed her. Later she had employed herself as a cook for my next door neighbor, Lieutenant Johnson, and had seen me often in his home, I presume."

Calamity Jane was kept at the supply camp during the Rosebud battle and was returned to Fort Fetterman with the wagon train several days after the battle. She later became quite a notorious frontier character.182

Sollid, who had claimed that there was "positive" evidence that Calamity Jane was with Crook's earlier expedition, found considerable fault with accounts implicating her with the Rosebud battle.

It is comparatively easy to point out how palpably incorrect are the statements "by herself." A few of the following errors (in the Autobiography) plus the above newspaper quotation show without doubt that Calamity Jane had no part in the Battle of the Rosebud. It was General Gibbon, not Miles, whom Crook was to join. . . . Further, the scouts were named by Lieutenant Bourke as Frank Gruard, . . . Louis Richaud and Baptiste "Big Bat" Pourrier . . . . A courier named Harrison undertook the dangerous job of carrying official communications back to Fetterman. This fort was on the north side of the Platte, which meant that no one need cross the Platte to get from Crook to the fort. There were no written dispatches between Crook and Gibbon, because the Crow Indians supplied the news. Up until the end of June, no word was received from General Terry and his command.183

Calamity Jane reports in her Autobiography that after her fourteen day stay in the hospital in Fort Fetterman, she "started for Fort Laramie where I met Wm. Hickok, better known as Wild Bill, and we started for Deadwood, where we arrived about June."184


183 Sollid, op. cit., p. 31, citing Bourke, op. cit., pp. 290-301.

184 Autobiography, p. 4.
According to Sollid: "There is some question about when the two arrived in Deadwood, but most authorities have settled upon sometime in June, 1876."\(^{185}\) Sollid continues:

Since most of the newspaper files of that town were destroyed by fire in 1879 and the rest stolen, exact information is hard to obtain. Despite the fact, the date of their arrival can be narrowed down to between June 15 and July 15, 1876. An outside source, the Cheyenne Daily Leader of July 30 carried a four-word news item from the Black Hills Pioneer of July 15, which said, "Calamity Jane has arrived."\(^{186}\)

Sabin claimed: "He traveled from Cheyenne with 'Colorado Charlie' Utter. They pulled into Deadwood in June, 1876, and the arrival of the famous gunman created quite a flutter."\(^{187}\) Richard B. Hughes added several more to Sabin's list of Hickok's travelling companions.

Hickok had made a spectacular entry into Deadwood the month previous, accompanied by four others,—also of considerable notoriety, but who basked chiefly in the reflected glory of their leader. They were: "Calamity" Jane, Charley and Steve Utter, brothers; and Dick Seymour; the last named being known as "Bloody Dick."\(^{188}\)

Sollid referred to an account of the entry into Deadwood given by McClintock.

McClintock wrote that he saw the party come into Deadwood probably sometime in the month of June, 1876. It consisted of Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok, Kittie Arnold, Colorado Charlie Utter and his brother Steve. Calamity was dressed in a new, elegant

\(^{185}\)Sollid, op. cit., p. 41.

\(^{186}\)Ibid.

\(^{187}\)Sabin, op. cit., p. 244.

Calamity Jane states in her autobiographical sketch that she
served as a pony express rider during the month of June, 1876.

During the month of June I acted as a pony express rider carrying the U. S. mail between Deadwood and Custer, a distance of fifty miles, over one of the roughest trails in the Black Hills country. As many of the riders before me had been held up and robbed of their packages, mail and money that they carried, for that was the only means of getting mail and money between points. It was considered the most dangerous route in the Hills, but as my reputation as a rider and quick shot was well known, I was molested very little, for the toll gatherers looked on me as being a good fellow, and they knew that I never missed my mark. I made the round trip every two days which was considered pretty good riding in that country. Remained around Deadwood all that summer visiting all the camps within an area of one hundred miles. My friend, Wild Bill, remained in Deadwood during the summer with the exception of occasional visits to the camps.  

According to the Deadwood Pioneer, Calamity Jane was nursing a man by the name of Warren on July 13, 1876.

The man Warren, who was stabbed on lower Main St. Wednesday night is doing quite well under the care of Calamity Jane, who has kindly undertaken the job of nursing him. There's lots of humanity in Calamity, and she is deserving of much praise for the part she has taken in this particular case.

"On the 2nd of August," states Calamity Jane, "while setting at a gambling table in the Bell Union saloon, in Deadwood, he (Hickok) was

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189 Sollid, op. cit., p. 42, citing McClintock, op. cit., p. 117.
190 Autobiography, p. 4.
191 Sollid, op. cit., p. 66, citing Pioneer-Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, June 20, 1951.
shot in the back of the head by the notorious Jack McCall, a desperado. Calamity Jane continues:

I was in Deadwood at the time and on hearing of the killing made my way at once to the scene of the shooting and found that my friend had been killed by McCall. I at once started to look for the assassin (sic) and found him at Shurdy's butcher shop and grabbed a meat cleaver and made him throw up his hands; through the excitement on hearing of Bill's death, having left my weapon's on the post of my bed. He was then taken to a log cabin and locked up, well secured as every one thought, but he got away and was afterwards caught at Fagan's ranch on Horse Creek, on the old Cheyenne road and was then taken to Yankton, Dak., where he was tried sentenced and hung.

J. W. Buel described the murder of Wild Bill Hickok and the subsequent events as follows:

On the 2d day of August, 1876, Wild Bill was in Lewis & Mann's saloon, playing a game of poker with Capt. Massey, a Missouri river pilot, Charley Rich, and Cool Mann, one of the proprietors of the saloon. The game had been in progress nearly three hours, when about 4 P. M., a man was seen to enter the door and pass up to the bar. Bill was sitting on a stool with the back of his head towards and about five feet from the bar. When the man entered, Bill had just picked up the cards dealt him, and was looking at his "hand," and therefore took no notice of the newcomer. The man, who proved to be Jack McCall, alias Bill Sutherland, after approaching the bar, turned, and drawing a large navy revolver, placed the muzzle within two inches of Bill's head and fired. The bullet entered the base of the brain, tore through the head, and made its exit at the right cheek, between the upper and lower jaw-bones, breaking off several teeth and carrying away a large piece of the cerebellum through the wound. The bullet struck Capt. Massey, who sat opposite Bill, in the right arm and broke the bone. At the instant the pistol was discharged, the cards fell from Bill's hands and he dropped sideways off the stool without uttering a sound. His companions were so horrified that several moments elapsed before it was discovered that Capt. Massey was wounded.

The assassin turned upon the crowd and compelled them to file out of the saloon before him. After reaching the street he defied

192 Autobiography, pp. 4-5.
193 Ibid., p. 5.
arrest, but at five o'clock he gave himself up and asked for an immediate trial. Deadwood was, at that time, so primitive that it had no city officers, and there was no one legally competent to take charge of or try the prisoner. During the same evening, however, a coroner was chosen, who impaneled a jury and returned a verdict to the effect that J. B. Hickok (Wild Bill) came to his death from a wound resulting from a shot fired from a pistol by John McCall, alias Bill Sutherland.

Having proceeded thus far, it was determined to elect a judge, sheriff and prosecuting attorney to try McCall on the following day. Languishe, the lessee of McDaniel's theatre, offered the use of the theatre for the purposes of the trial, which was arranged to take place at 9 o'clock on the following morning. Three men were sent out in different directions to notify the miners in the neighborhood of the murder, and to request their attendance at the trial.

Promptly at the time appointed, the improvised court convened, and Joseph Brown, who had been chosen sheriff, produced the prisoner. F. J. Kuykendall, the pro tempore judge, then addressed the crowd in a very appropriate manner, reminding those present that the court was purely a self-constituted one, but that in the discharge of his duty he would be governed by justice, and trust to them for a ratification of his acts. His remarks were greeted with hand-clappings of approval. The prisoner was then led forward and conducted to a seat on the stage to the right of the judge.

Never did a more forbidding countenance face a court than that of Jack McCall; his head, which was covered with a thick crop of chestnut hair, was very narrow as to the parts occupied by the intellectual portion of the brain, while the animal development was exceedingly large. A small, sandy moustache covered a sensuous mouth, and the coarse double-chin was partially hidden by a stiff goatee. The nose was what is commonly called "snub;" he had cross eyes and a florid complexion, which completed a more repulsive picture than Dore could conceive. He was clad in a blue flannel shirt, brown overalls, heavy shoes, and, as he sat in a stooping position, with his arms folded across his breast, he evidently assumed a nonchalance and bravado which were foreign to his feelings, and betrayed by the spasmodic heavings of his heart.

The selection of a jury consumed all the forenoon, as it was next to impossible to select a man who had not formed or expressed an opinion concerning the murder, although but few who were in the panel had heard of the tragedy until a few hours before. A hundred names were selected, written upon separate scraps of paper, and placed in a hat. They were then well shaken, and the committee appointed for the purpose drew from the hat one name at a
time. The party answering to the name then came forward and was examined by the judge touching his fitness to serve as an impartial juror. Ninety-two names were called from the panel before the jury was made up. Following are those who were selected and served: J. J. Bumfs, L. D. Brokow, J. H. Thompson, C. Whitehead, Geo. S. Hopkins, J. F. Cooper, Alexander Travis, K. F. Towle, John E. Thompson, L. A. Judd, Edward Burke and John Mann. The jurors being sworn, they took their seats, and testimony for the prosecution begun.

The first witness called was Charles Rich, who said that he was in the saloon kept by Lewis & Mann on the afternoon of the 2d, and was seated at a table playing a game of poker with Wild Bill and several others, when the prisoner, whom he identified, came into the room, walked deliberately up to Wild Bill, placed a pistol to the back of the deceased, and fired, saying: "Take that!" Bill fell from the stool upon which he had been seated without uttering a word.

Samuel Young testified that he was engaged in the saloon; that he had just delivered $15 worth of pocket checks to the deceased, and was returning to his place behind the bar when he heard the report of a pistol shot; turning around, he saw the prisoner at the back of Wild Bill with a pistol in his hand which he had just discharged; heard him say, "Take that!"

Carl Mann was one of the proprietors of the saloon in which Wild Bill was killed; was in the poker game; noticed a commotion saw the prisoner (whom he identified) shoot Wild Bill.

The defense called for the first witness, P. H. Smith, who said he had been in the employ of McCall four months; that he was not a man of quarrelsome disposition; that he had always considered him a man of good character; that he (the witness) had been introduced to Wild Bill in Cheyenne, and drank with him; that the deceased had a bad reputation, and had been the terror of every place in which he had resided.

H. H. Pickens said that he had known the defendant four years, and believed him to be a quiet and peaceable man. Wild Bill's reputation as a "shootist" was very hard; he was quick in using the pistol and never missed his man, and had killed quite a number of persons in different parts of the country.

Ira Ford had known the defendant about one year; "like a great many others, he would go upon a spree like the rest of the boys." Wild Bill had the reputation of being a brave man, who could and would shoot quicker than any man in the Western country, and who always "got away" with his antagonist.

The prisoner was called upon to make a statement. He came down from the stage into the auditorium of the theatre, and with his
right hand in the bosom of his shirt, his head thrown back, in a harsh, loud and repulsive voice, with a bull-dog sort of bravado, said: "Well, men, I have but a few words to say. Wild Bill threatened to kill me if I crossed his path. I am not sorry for what I have done. I would do the same thing over again." The prisoner then returned to his place on the stage.

The prosecution then adduced testimony to prove that Wild Bill was a much abused man; that he never imposed on any one, and that in every instance where he had slain men he had done so either in the discharge of his duty as an officer of the law or in self-defense.

The case having been placed in the hands of the jury, the theatre was cleared, with the understanding that the verdict should be made known in the saloon where the murder was committed. The prisoner was remanded to the house where he had been imprisoned during the night. At 9 o'clock the following verdict was read to the prisoner:

DEADWOOD CITY, Aug. 3, 1876.—We, the jurors, find the prisoner, Mr. John McCall, not guilty.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD, Foreman.

Although several novelists have based a considerable amount of the reports of Hickok's death upon Calamity Jane's account, other reports do not seem to connect Calamity Jane with any part of the apprehension of McCall or the subsequent events. Sollid noted:

The Pioneer related only that "Jack McCall was captured after a lively chase by many of the citizens." McClintock, who was on the street when McCall ran from the saloon, said that the assassin "was found by Ike Brown and others." He added that "no report was current at that time of him resisting arrest nor were there 'ten men armed with rifles' making the arrest." Because of these reports the only conclusion that can be drawn is that the autobiographer was not telling the truth about her part in the drama. If Calamity went into the Belle Union Saloon to find the murdered Wild Bill, she must have been sadly disappointed. His corpse, according to the same news item mentioned above was not there, but at the hall of Nuttall and Mann.  

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Grinnell introduced a sidelight into the Hickok murder episode.

He stated:

California Joe was a noted scout and guide, a close friend of Wild Bill Hickok and well known to Jim Bridger and to Carson. He was in Deadwood about the time Wild Bill was murdered and was very outspoken in his views as to the gang of gamblers that he believed responsible for Hickok's death. Some people thought that this same gang caused Joe to be murdered.¹⁹⁶

Other accounts observed by this writer for this period in Calamity's life tended to be general descriptions of her behavior. They did, however, tend to support Calamity's autobiographical claim to have remained around Deadwood until the spring of 1877.

I remained around Deadwood locating claims, going from camp to camp until the spring of 1877, where one morning, I saddled my horse and rode towards Crook City. I had gone about twelve miles from Deadwood, at the mouth of Whitewood creek, when I met the overland mail running from Cheyenne to Deadwood. The horses on a run, about two hundred yards from the station; upon looking closely I saw they were pursued by Indians. The horses ran to the barn as was their custom. As the horses stopped I rode along side of the coach and found the driver John Slaughter, lying face downwards in the boot of the stage, he having been shot by the Indians. When the stage got to the station the Indians hid in the bushes. I immediately removed all baggage from the coach except the mail. I then took the driver's seat and with all haste drove to Deadwood, carrying the six passengers and the dead driver.¹⁹⁷

Sollid noted several newspaper accounts relating the same incident, none of which associate Calamity Jane with the incident in any way.

Deadwood City, March 26.

A bold attempt to rob the Cheyenne & Black Hills stage, bound north, was made near here last evening. As the coach was coming


¹⁹⁷Autobiography, p. 5.
down Whitewood canyon and about two and a half miles from Deadwood, five masked men, walking along the road before the stage, suddenly wheeled, ordered the driver to stop and instantly commenced firing on the coach. At the first fire Johnny Slaughter, the driver was killed and Walker Iler of Deadwood, was slightly wounded in the hand and arm. The horses started suddenly, throwing the driver, Iler and another passenger off the coach. The stage was not stopped until it arrived in town, leaving the driver on the road dead. About twenty shots were fired at the coach, but all the passengers, except Iler, were unhurt. A party went out and found the driver with a charge of buckshot in his breast. The robbers got no booty. 198

... had it not been for the stage team taking fright and running away, in all probability the ten passengers would have shared a like fate with the driver. 199

Solld made a comparison of the facts contained in Calamity's account and the newspaper accounts.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Calamity</th>
<th>Newspaper</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 One morning.</td>
<td>Last evening.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 About twelve miles from Deadwood.</td>
<td>About two and a half miles from Deadwood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 I saw they were pursued by Indians.</td>
<td>Five masked men, walking along the road from the stage, suddenly wheeled.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 The six passengers.</td>
<td>The ten passengers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Found the driver ... lying face downwards in the boot of the stage ... and drove to Deadwood, carrying ... the dead driver.</td>
<td>Leaving the driver on the road dead ... A party went out and found the body of the driver.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Solld concluded, "The comparison proves beyond doubt that Calamity Jane was not at the spot when the hold-up took place." 201

198 Solld, op. cit., p. 101, citing Cheyenne Daily Sun, Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 27, 1877.

199 Ibid., citing Cheyenne Daily Sun, Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 30, 1877.

200 Ibid., p. 102.

201 Ibid.
Several general comments were noted by Mumey which demonstrate the wide range of Calamity's travels during 1877.

In 1877, Calamity Jane was reported to have married and settled down in Custer City. C. P. Meek, early freighter in the Black Hills, said he saw Calamity Jane in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1877, and that she was caring for the small pox victims there. Mrs. J. J. Underwood of Cheyenne, Wyoming, saw Calamity Jane on the seat of a stagecoach, handling the team, in the summer of 1877.

Jack Ledbetter, a pioneer mining man of Saratoga, Wyoming, came up the Texas trail with cattle in 1877, and saw Calamity Jane dancing in a dance hall in Abilene, Kansas.

When the Cheyenne-Black Hills stage was in operation, Hunton saw her at his ranch at Bordeaux, which was twenty-seven miles from Fort Laramie on the Cheyenne road. Calamity Jane stopped there in 1876, 1877, and 1878. He also saw her at Fort Fetterman in 1877.

According to two Cheyenne, Wyoming newspapers, Calamity Jane was in Cheyenne on July 7, 1877.

Calamity Jane arrived here yesterday from the Black Hills. She called at Terry and Hunter's and asked for a rig, but Frank Hunter refused it, for he remembered that when she left once before she took a horse and buggy from another stable, ostensibly to ride to Fort Russell, but did not stop until she reached Fort Laramie. She was indicted for larceny, but the prosecution did not press the case.

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202 Mumey, op. cit., p. 55, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, January 26, 1877.

203 Ibid., citing interview with C. P. Meek, Upton, Wyoming, in 1938. (Agnes Wright Spring Collection, Denver Public Library, Denver, Colorado.)

204 Ibid.

205 Ibid., p. 54, citing interview with Jack Ledbetter by Agnes Wright Spring in 1939.

206 Ibid., p. 49, citing Hunton, loc. cit.

207 Ibid., p. 55, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 7, 1877.
Calamity Jane called at the office of the Leader in a cavalry uniform with a bull whip in her hand. She said, "I want to see the fighting editor. I am Calamity Jane. I'm just in from the Black Hills. Be you the fighting editor?" And she cracked her whip at a big fly on the ceiling, hitting it in the left ear and knocking it out of time.

"He's out," was the reply, "I'll call him." The editor climbed on his desk and escaped through the skylight. When he returned later his office was in a mess of confusion. A note was on the door which Calamity made the office boy write for her. It read as follows: "Print in the Leader that Calamity Jane, the child of the regiment and pioneer white woman of the Black Hills is in Cheyenne, or I'll scalp you, skin you alive and hang you up to a telegraph pole. You hear me and don't forget it. Calamity Jane."208

Solld noted an account which read: "The return of the well-known frontierswoman, Calamity Jane, to Cheyenne, which took place yesterday, was one of the few events of a dull sultry July day."209

A Sidney, Nebraska newspaper located her in Sidney on August 4, 1877.

August 4, she appeared in Sidney, Nebraska. The Sidney Telegraph reported: "Calamity Jane has arrived from the Black Hills. She received promotion on the road as assistant wagon boss."210

Under a chapter heading of "Husbands," Solld included more from the Nebraska newspaper.

She has now gone west with a bull-whacker to learn the trade. Her husband is not a violent mourner. She is a stubby customer, American and cussed. If she has any conscience she took it with her, and if she had any virtue her husband didn't know it. The child is now in good hands, and the painter is happy.211

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208 Ibid., p. 61, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, loc. cit.
209 Ibid., op. cit., p. 36, citing Cheyenne Sun, Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 7, 1877.
210 Ibid., citing Sidney Telegraph, Sidney, Nebraska, August 4, 1877.
211 Ibid., p. 46, citing Sidney Telegraph, loc. cit.
The Cheyenne Daily Leader of August 7, 1877, reported that "Ca­
lamity Jane was 'tripping the light fantastic toe' in a dance hall in
Deadwood, South Dakota, in August, 1877." 212 The Daily Press and Dakotian said of Calamity Jane, "the old madam was not generous with her
when she cast the die that moulded her." 213 Mumey noted an undated
event which occurred during 1877.

In 1877, small pox broke out in the camp at Deadwood and Jane volunteered to nurse eight men who were quarantined in a shack on the side of a mountain. She pulled up supplies by a rope from the foot of the slope, cared for the sick men, and cooked their meals. She acted as an undertaker for three of them who died. Jane called to the men below to dig a grave, then rolled the pox-infested bodies in a blanket and carried them down to the place of interment where she administered the last rites by reciting a prayer for a funeral oration, and buried them. 214

Most writers tend to place the small pox epidemic during the sum­mer of 1878.

Mumey also noted a newspaper item which stated that Calamity Jane, or at least someone fitting her description, had arrived in Dead­wood on the Cheyenne stage on September 19, 1877.

Among the passengers on the Cheyenne stage last evening was a young woman in man's apparel. She was from Hat Creek, home of our Robin Hood, and immediately on arriving here she struck for a bar. In the course of time she got drunk, drunker than a boiled owl, and kicked up a considerable rumpus on the streets, the matter coming to the ears of Sheriff Bullock as he grabbed her and lodged her in jail, where she is sleeping off her drunk at last accounts. This is the first case of a woman being

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212 Mumey, op. cit., p. 53, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Chey­
enne, Wyoming, August 7, 1877.

213 Sollid, op. cit., p. 20, citing Daily Press and Dakotian,
Yankton, South Dakota, August 8, 1877.

214 Mumey, op. cit., p. 60.
imprisoned in the Hills. Her examination has not yet been called for hearing, as she is under surgical treatment.  

On September 21, the **Black Hills Daily Times** said of Calamity Jane:

That Heroine of the Hills who figured so largely in the local columns of our contemporary this morning, didn’t 'pan out' very well upon investigation. She is a low down idiotic sort of a prostitute who has been herding with Indians, Negroes and soldiers for the past year. The statement that she is prepossessing in appearance is the merest balderdash. She looks more like the result of the gable end of a fire proof and a Sioux Injun, than anything we can think of at the present writing. She contains mighty thin stuff for a heroine. Instead of leaving town on a high mettled steed, as described by the romantic local of the **Pioneer**, she repaired to Chinatown and got drunk. She was met there last evening with a bloody nose, and upon being asked where she was going, answered, 'God only knows, I don’t.' That’s the kind of heroine she is.

The reason we failed to discover the peculiarities of the **Pioneer**’s 'Heroine of the Hills' is easily explained. We refused to cultivate the same intimacy with her that the presiding genius of that romantic sheet did.

The preceding newspaper comments seem to corroborate Calamity’s location as given in her first letter to her daughter, Janey, which reads:

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Deadwood
September 25, 1877

Please give this album to my daughter, Janey Hickok after my death.

Janie Hickok—
My dear this isn’t intended for a diary and it may even happen this will never be sent to you, but I like to think of your reading it someday page by page in the years to come, after I am
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gone. I would like to hear you laugh when you look at these pictures of myself. I am alone in my shack tonight and tired. I rode 60 miles yesterday to the post office and returned home tonight. This is your birthday. You are four years old today. You see, your daddy Jim promised me that he would always get a letter to me on your birthday each year. Was I glad to hear from him. He sent a tiny picture of you. You are the dead spit of myself at your age and as I gaze on your little photo tonight I stop and kiss you and then remembering tears start and thank God to let me make amends somehow someday to your father and you. I visited your Father's grave this morning at Ingleside. They are talking of moving his coffin to Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Deadwood. A year and a few weeks have passed since he was killed and it seems a century. Without either of you the years ahead look like a lonely trail.

Tomorrow I am going down the Yellowstone Valley just for adventure and excitement. The O'Neill's changed your name to Jean Irene but I call you Janey for Jane.

Three days later Calamity Jane added another letter to her album.

Sept. 28, 1877

Another day has gone dear. In fact 3 days have passed since I wrote last. I am sitting beside my campfire tonight. My horse Satan is picketed nearby. You should see him with the light from the campfire playing about his sleek neck and satiny shoulders of muscle, white feet and diamond of white between the eyes. He looks like an object of all beauty. I am so proud of him. Your father gave him to me and I have his running mate King. I use him for a pack horse on long trips but I haven't got him with me on this trip. I can hear coyotes and wolves and the staccata (sic) wail of Indian dogs near their camp. There are thousands of Sioux in this valley. I am not afraid of them. They think I am a crazy woman and never molest me.

217 Mumey states in footnote: "According to Buel, Wild Bill Hickok's body was removed by Charley Utter and Louis Shoenfield to Mt. Moriah on August 3, 1877. . . . Wilstach gives the date . . . as August 3, 1879. . . . Eisele also gives the date as August 3, 1879. . . . According to McClintock . . . the date was September 1, 1879."

218 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 84-86.
I followed a new trail today. It must be the new mail route being built by Bozeman trail blazers. I expect to catch up with them tomorrow. They are on a dangerous mission and it won't hurt anything to be nearby just in case they need someone to help to clear away the Sioux. I guess I am the only human being they are afraid of.

On this page you will find a photo of your grandmother Canny, my mother. She and your grandfather came across the plains in a covered wagon when I was just a small child. We lived for years in Missouri. Your daddy Jim sent me a pen and a bottle of ink so I could write to him sometimes. He is one man who has some respect for your mother even if others don't. This pen was made in Ireland. I carry it with this album tied to my saddle and the ink in my pocket so I can write to you beside my camp fires. The O'Neils changed your name to Jean Irene but to me you are always Janey.

Calamity Jane's next autobiographical claim again places her temporarily with the cavalry.

I left Deadwood in the fall of 1877, and went to Bear Butte Creek with the 7th Cavalry. During the fall and winter we built Fort Meade and the town of Sturgis. In 1878 I left the command and went to Rapid city and put in the year prospecting.

Although no corroborative material was found locating Calamity Jane in Fort Meade or Sturgis at this time, Briggs noted a letter printed in the Deadwood Daily Champion.

As far as her solid merit is concerned, she is a fraud and a dead give away. A hundred waiter girls on mop squeezers in this gulch are her superior in everything. She strikes out and lays around with a lot of bullwhackers or road agents like an Indian squaw. But everybody in the Hills knows her, largely through newspaper accounts that have made her famous. Her form and

219 Mumey states in footnotes "The Bozeman Trail . . . was used again in 1876 by the Crook Expedition. It was a new road running north from the North Platte River at Fort Laramie to the mines of Idaho and Montana."


221 Autobiography, p. 5.
features are not only indifferent but are repulsive. It makes me
tired to see so much written about such a woman.  

Mumey located Calamity Jane in Cheyenne, Wyoming in May of
1878.

Calamity Jane was arrested in 1878, with a soldier at Camp Car- lin and taken to Cheyenne, Wyoming, on charges of grand larceny. Deputy Sheriff T. Joe Fisher had her in custody. Shortly before her trial it was discovered she did not have suitable clothes to wear in the court room. Mrs. Fisher loaned her a dress to wear, although this caused the sheriff's wife embarrassment when Cala- mity Jane walked down the street in her clothes.  

Two other pieces of evidence cited by Mumey also locate Calamity Jane in Wyoming. One instance is the previously cited statement of John Hunton, who claimed that Calamity Jane had stopped at his ranch on the Cheyenne road in the years of 1876, 1877, and 1878. Another account reads:

According to Johnny Mills, who was a barber in Laramie, Wyoming, in 1878, Calamity Jane hit him over the head with a water pitcher. She was stooped over with her head in a water basin, when some one hit her for a joke. Thinking it was the barber, she grabbed a water pitcher and broke it over his head.

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222 Briggs, op. cit., p. 81, citing Deadwood Daily Champion, Dead- wood, South Dakota, November 7, 1877.

223 Mumey states in footnote: "On May 6, 1878, the District Court Proceedings of Cheyenne, Wyoming, show a record of the case of Maggie Smith, alias Calamity Jane, charged with grand larceny. The jury re- turned the verdict of 'Not guilty' and the defendant was dismissed."


225 Ibid., p. 49, citing Hunton, loc. cit.


227 Ibid., p. 64.
Calamity Jane was also located by Mumey in Leadville, Colorado in 1878.

Sands[^228] stated that Calamity Jane recovered $600 which was stolen from him in a saloon in Leadville, Colorado, in 1878. She was employed as a lookout, caught the thief, and turned him over to the marshal.

The remaining accounts referred to by this writer place Calamity Jane in Deadwood, South Dakota. The majority of the accounts associate her as a nurse during the small pox epidemic. Abbott, who later claimed he knew her in 1907, four years after her death, stated:

> The first time I ever saw her was five years before this, in the Black Hills in ’78, when I went up there from the Platte River with that beef herd. I didn’t meet her then, but I got a good look at her, when she was at the height of her fame and looks. I remember she was dressed in purple velvet, with diamonds on her and everything. As I recall it she was some sort of madam at that time, running a great big gambling hall in Deadwood.[^229]

The various accounts of Calamity Jane's contribution as a nurse during the small pox epidemic read as follows:

> In 1878 a small pox epidemic broke out in Deadwood, hundreds were bedfast from the scourge, and many died. It was here that this outcast woman, true to the better instincts of her sex, ministered day and night among the sick and dying, with no thought of reward or of what consequences might be to herself.[^230]

> In 1879, fire swept Deadwood, and a little later, smallpox ravaged it. Calamity Jane laid aside her guns and became a nurse—an awkward one, but endlessly gentle and patient. Out of her own small resources, she took money for food and medicines for those too poor to buy their own. She worked long and bravely,


[^230]: Crawford, op. cit., p. 274.
going constantly from one house to another on her errands of kindness.\textsuperscript{231}

Some phases of Martha Jane Cannary rechristened Calamity Jane are to be passed. But she it was who, while the small-pox ravaged Deadwood in 1878, like a Florence Nightingale of the battle-field week after week nursed from bed to bed and bunk to bunk throughout the gulch, took risks that no one else would take, and asked nothing in return. Deadwood never forgot this.\textsuperscript{232}

In the year 1878, eight men came down with smallpox, they were quarantined in a little shack on the shoulder of the mountain called "White Rocks." Calamity had volunteered to care for these men, of whom three died. She would yell down to the placer miners in the gulch below for anything she needed, and throw down a rope by which to send supplies. They would bring her what she required to the foot of the hill and she would haul them up over hand. Her only medicines were epsom salts and cream of tartar. When they died she wrapped them in a blanket and yelled to the boys to dig a hole. She carried the body to the hole and filled it up. She only knew one prayer, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." But her good nursing brought five of these men out of the shadow of death, and many more later on, before the disease died out.\textsuperscript{233}

A final report of Calamity Jane in 1878 was contained in a Deadwood newspaper. It stated:

Calamity Jane was a passenger by the outgoing Bismarck (sic) coach last evening. Her destination is not known by this reporter but she probably went down to see the boys in blue.\textsuperscript{234}

Calamity Jane stated in her Autobiography for the year of 1879:

In 1879 I went to Fort Pierre and drove trains from Rapid City to Fort Pierre for Frank Witcher, then drove teams from Fort Pierre

\begin{footnotes}
\item[231] Connelley, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 188-189.
\item[232] Sabin, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 339.
\item[233] Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 60, citing D. Dee, \textit{Low Down on Calamity Jane} (Rapid City: No publisher listed, 1932), p. 4. Sollid refers to several other accounts in a chapter entitled, "Nursing."
\item[234] Briggs, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 81, citing \textit{Black Hills Daily Times}, Deadwood, South Dakota, September 24, 1878.
\end{footnotes}
to Sturgis for Fred Evans. This teaming was done with oxen as they were better fitted for the work than horses, owing to the rough nature of the country.\textsuperscript{235}

There is a substantial amount of data to support Calamity's claim. Sollid noted:

There may be some truth in that paragraph. Calamity was in and around Fort Pierre during 1879 and 1880. Several short newspaper items prove that she was no stranger there. The \textit{Yankton Press} noted that she had left that city on the steamer, Dakotah, for Fort Pierre\textsuperscript{236} and, a year later, the Fort Pierre local commented that she had just come in from the Black Hills.\textsuperscript{237}

Her reference to Fred Evans is entirely in line with the facts. As early as June, 1877, and for several years after, the papers ran ads for his freight line which was in the area where Calamity Jane claimed she worked for him.\textsuperscript{238}

Mumey claimed: "In 1879, Calamity Jane bought a ranch at Fort Pierre with the $16,000 she received from her quartz claims in the Black Hills."\textsuperscript{239}

Mumey also referred to Calamity Jane as a freighter during 1879, or soon thereafter.

In 1879, Calamity Jane carried the mail between Custer, Montana, and Deadwood, South Dakota, for about a year. Her next employment was with a freighting firm operating out of Westport Landing across the plains. She drove a six-mule team for four years.\textsuperscript{240}

\textsuperscript{235} \textit{Autobiography}, p. 5.


\textsuperscript{237} \textit{Ibid.}, citing \textit{Weekly Signal}, Fort Pierre, South Dakota, July 21, 1880.

\textsuperscript{238} \textit{Ibid.}, pp. 69-70.

\textsuperscript{239} Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 55, citing \textit{Cheyenne Daily Leader}, Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 6, 1879.

\textsuperscript{240} \textit{Ibid.}, p. 52.
In July, 1879, Calamity Jane wrote a third letter to her daughter, Janey.

July 1879

Dear Janey—I sometimes find it impossible to carry the old album to write in so you will find now and then extra pages. My ink has been frozen so many times it is almost spoiled. It is precious to me because your daddy Jim sent it to me. You are getting to be such a big girl now, almost six years old. It only seems such a little while since I met your daddy Jim and mother Helen O'Neil and gave you to them. Some day I am going to see you. I felt so bad when I heard of Helen's death. You are destined never to have a mother to live with. May God keep old Mammy Ross with you darling. I am looking after a little boy. His name is Jackie, he is five years older than you, his father and mother were killed by Indians. I found him the day your father was killed. He thought your father the greatest hero on earth and saw him shot. He is a nice boy and will be a great man someday. I went to the battlefield after Custer's battle and I never want to see such a sight again. In a house which had been dismantled was the carcass of a man apparently hidden there to escape the Indians seeking revenge. The squaws had cut legs and arms from the dead soldiers, then heads were chopped, then eyes probed out. You see, Custer had molested an Indian village, running the squaws and children from their camps, so one can't blame them for getting even in their own way. Your Uncle Cy was in that battle, Janey, I found him hacked to pieces, his head in one place, legs and arms scattered about. I dug a grave and put his poor, poor old body in my saddle blanket and buried him. I can never think of him without crying. Good night dear till next time.241

The only records of Calamity Jane's location for the year of 1880 are three letters to her daughter, Janey. They read as follows:

July 1880

Coulson

Dear Janey—I am here in Coulson. It has been one year since I have heard from your daddy Jim. You should see Coulson. I met a man here today from Deadwood who knew my best friend there, Mr. Will Lull. I was sick with a fever of some sort while rooming at his hotel. The hotel Baby Face Lull took over from a New Orleans man, Porter, and Lull was so good to me. He knows his business. I like him very much. He always greets me with, "Howdy

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241 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 104-106. A letter from the Custer Battlefield to this writer stated there was no record of a Cannary with Custer.
Jane, little girl. Keep a stiff upper lip, remember you're a good girl." He and your daddy Jim are the only two men who have faith in me. I went up stage to Cheyenne awhile back and had quite an exciting time. The stage is run by Luke Voorhees. He is a relative of Clark—Lewis and Clark—we had quite a conversation. He was so interested in the time your father and I went by horseback to Deadwood Gulch from Abilene. We stayed all night in the old station in Virginia Dale. I dressed in men's pants and posed as Wild Bill's partner, the Jack of Diamonds. Before we got away we had a shooting contest. I beat them all and it sure filled me full of hot air. Then the change driver was killed and I took his place. Everyone blamed the Indians but they were white men who did the killing and murdering and robbed the boys of gold dust.

Your father dared me to drive the stage that trip after the killing. I did and found myself in one hell of a fix Janey. The outlaws were back of me. It was getting dark and I knew something had to be done, so I jumped off the driver's seat onto the nearest horse, then on my saddle horse which was tied to the side and joined up in the dark with the outlaws. Your father was bringing up the rear but I couldn't see in the darkness, but after they got the coach stopped and found no passengers but heaps of gold dust they got careless. Your father and I got the whole bunch. There were eight of them and of course they had to be shot for they wouldn't give up. Your father counted three with their right arm shot through. He said, "That's your work, Jane. You never aim to kill." The other five he shot to kill. He never seemed to mind killing, but I do. I've never killed anyone yet, but I would like to knock some of Deadwood's women in the head. There is only one woman in that mess of crums and that is Mrs. Baulder. Deadwood is full of crums, but Mrs. Baulder is different. I hope some day you can come to this country then you will know how I had to exist. In two more years I will go to see you dear, then I know I will feel better about you. Perhaps then you will think of me sometimes, not as your mother, but as some lonely woman who once loved and lost a little girl like you. I shall take you on my lap and tell you all about that little girl. Of course you won't know its you. I have been trying to educate myself so I can spell and read and write ever since your daddy Jim gave me the school books and dictionary to bring home with me that time in Omaha. Giving you up nearly killed me Janey. Your folks named you Jane for me. That is why I call you Janey. I take one book at a time and look in the dictionary for every word I don't know the meaning of. I only went as far as the third grade in school, and although I have had those books to study it is no easy task.

242 Mumey states in footnote: "Virginia Dale was a stagecoach station on the road to Laramie, Wyoming. It was out of the way en-route from Abilene, Kansas to Deadwood, South Dakota."
I want to be able to act like a white person when I do visit you. Everybody thinks I can neither read or write even my name, so I just let them think so. It is better, so I find it. Your grandpa and grandma were educated even if I was not and it wasn't their fault that I ran off the first chance I got. You see your grandpa was a preacher. He was like Preacher Smith, he thought he could fight the whole Indian nation with a Bible instead of a six-shooter. Give me the six-shooter every time. The Bible is alright to take along but those redskins know the six-shooter speaks law and obedience. I'm not afraid of them as long as I have two guns in my belt, but I'd sure as hell hate to face them with a Bible under my arm instead. You will understand all this some day. Good night Janey.

Deadwood
Aug 1880

Darling Janey

I am back here in Deadwood for a few weeks. I hate the women here. The majority of them are no better than I am but they cross the street rather than speak or pass me. If they only knew that I know about their father's chuckling over the notches on their shot guns that another one of their daughters is married, they would sure hate to own up that a woods call was on the making, and these same trollups point me out calling me Jane Hickok with a sneer on their coyote faces. One smell under their arms would be enough for me were I a man. I make an exception of Mrs. Bauder. She is sweet and good. I hope if you ever come out here that you will look up some of the crumps if they are still on earth and give them a damn good (obliterated) for your old mother's sake. When I want a drink of wine or whiskey I walk in a saloon door and get it but these nasty nice crummy women sneak behind doors to do their drinking but they don't hesitate to stalk the married men. That is the unpardonable sin in my mind and if I ever take a spell of talking I'll sure show up the old saying "It's a wise father who knows his own child." Maybe I'd better quit now before I say too much.

My writing is getting worse all the time.

I often wonder whose hands these pages will finally fall into. Somehow I believe (the next page and a half of the diary were obliterated by water marks.)

January, a letter from your daddy Jim came today and another picture of you. Your birthday is this month, you are seven years old. I like this picture of you, your eyes and forehead are like your father, lower jaw, mouth and hair like me. Your expression in your blue eyes with their long black eyelashes are exactly like your fathers. It is nice that you don't have to attend a public school. You are lucky to have a man like Capt. O'Neil to give you so much of everything. I had nothing Janey and when I think of you being on board ship with your daddy Jim with a teacher all your own and lovely clothing and he says you are taking lessons on the piano. Be nice to him darling, and love him forever for all he has done for you. When he had you write your name on his letter to me it was so kind of him. You write such a nice hand, it made me ashamed of mine.

Your picture brought back all the years I lived with your father and recalled how jealous I was of him. I feel like writing about him tonight so I will tell you some things you should know. I met James Butler Hickok, "Wild Bill," in 1870 near Abilene, Kansas. I heard a bunch of outlaws planning to kill him. I couldn't get to where my horse was, so I crawled on my hands and knees through the brush past the outlaws for over a mile and reached the old shack where he was staying that night. I told him and he hid me back of the door while he shot it out with them. They hit him, cutting open the top of his head and then they heard him fall and lit matches to see if he was dead. Bill killed them all. I'll never forget what he looked like with blood running down his face while he used two guns. He never aimed and I guess he was never known to have missed anyone he aimed at, I mean, wanted to kill, and he only shot in self defence (sic). Then he was quite sure. I nursed him several days and then while on the trip to Abilene we met Rev. Sipes and Rev. Warren and we were married. There will be lots of folks doubt that we were ever married but I will leave you plenty of proof that we were. You were not a woods colt Janey. Don't let any of those pus gullied (obliterated) ever get by with that lie.

I am ashamed of this writing but I can't do any better. I must tell you about this marriage certificate of ours. Your father planned to have it transferred to a real one, printed. I may get it fixed up someday like he wanted it. Even if I do always keep this one Janey, anyway. It may not look as nice but it was the only way Rev. Warren and Rev. Sipes could fix one up so far from civilization. You will find a photograph of your father's parents in the album, also a gold pin in the shape of horseshoes which belonged to your father's mother.
He gave them to me. Take care of them darling. They are so old too and will be valuable as keepsakes when you are old. The gun I am keeping for you was one your father gave me. He bought this ring for my wedding ring. I shall put it among my treasures for you. It was bought at Abilene, Kansas while I was there with him. I was so jealous of every woman there. One I always called his common law wife was Mamie Werly, a dance hall girl. I used to get mad and call her that to him. He would only laugh and say, "Foolish Jane, lets kiss and make up." He would never quarrel about Mamie Werly and paid no attention to her, but I was jealous just the same and imagined lots. Don't let jealousy get you Janey. It kills love and all the nice things of life. It drove your father from me. When I lost him I lost everything I loved except you. I gave him a divorce so he could marry Agnes Lake. I was trying to make amends for the jealous times and my spells of meanness. If she had loved him she would have come out here with him, but she didn't and I was glad to have him again even if he was married and she so far away. I always excused our sin by knowing he was mine long before he was hers. A man can love two women at one time. He loved her and still he loved me. He loved me because of you Janey. That first picture which your daddy Jim sent your father wanted. I gave it to him and it was in his pocket the day he was killed. His family thought I wasn't good enough for him. That and my jealousy was all our trouble. When he came back after marrying Agnes Lake I thought I would snub him, but we met again one day and both found we still loved each other better than ever. I forgot everything when I was near him. No one else ever knew. If any one hinted such to me I hauled off and knocked them down and he denied it also. We both lived a life of lies. He was meant for me, not Agnes Lake, or he would have stayed back east with her instead of coming back to me. He told me once that the biggest lie of all ever told about him was that he ever went on the stage as an actor. Another man played that part. He was never that big a fool he said he started to be in the public eye that wasn't like him. Your father was no showman like Bill Cody. Buffalo Bill liked to show off with lots of bragging and conceit and lies, but not Bill Hickok. He was a different breed Janey, even if they were friends. Your father was fifteen years older than me. May first in 1852 I was born in Princeton, Missouri. Your father was born in 1837 in Troy Grove, Ill. He never told me the month. A little less than a year after he was killed a post office was established in Deadwood, April, 1877. Till that time I had to meet expeditions coming in to the Black Hills so I could hear from your daddy Jim about you. I have so much to tell you darling, but I don't seem to be able to connect it correctly. I wake up nights and think of some things I should tell you, then forget it when I do get a chance to write again.
Whenever a letter is handed to me by Sol Starr at the post office he looks so knowing and says, "Got a sweetheart in England, eh Jane?" I always say, "Hell yes." One day he was reading a letter and didn't see me waiting, so I said, "Well Sol, when you get through reading my letter I'd like to have it." He jumped like I had shot him. I sometimes get letters from General Brisbane. I can go into the Sioux and Cheyenne camps where a man couldn't go without being killed. They think I'm plain batty, so I go unmolested among the savages. They all call me Calamity Jane. Your father gave me that name, he and Captain Eagen, but your father called me that when I heard those outlaws planning his death and I warned him. He was the first one to call me Calamity Jane. We first met near Laramie, Wyoming. My life with your father I shall always know was the happiest days of my life Janey. In my aimless wandering I met him. He got his nickname Wild Bill at Rock Creek, Kansas because he killed a bunch of murderers in self defense becoming famous as a crack shot with either hand. Outlaws hunted for him in numbers, always a half dozen or more would sneak up on him. Remember Janey, his name will never die as long as the sun shines. As long the years pass over mens heads the world will remember your father. He didn't like Deadwood any to well but he liked the excitement here in those days and the only reason I come back here is because of my life here with Bill Hickok. I always passed as his partner, the Jack of Diamonds. The two gold horse shoe pins belong to Ann Hickok, your grandmother. You resemble her a lot so your father told me. They will have to claim you some day for you have their resemblance.

Good bye for now.

The only reference noted stating Calamity Jane's location in 1881 was a statement made in her Autobiography.

In 1881 I went to Wyoming and returned in 1882 to Miles City and took up a ranch on the Yellowstone, raising stock and cattle, also kept a way side inn, where the weary traveler could be accommodated with food, drink, or trouble if he looked for it.

245 Father Rosen noted a Sol Star among the first city council of Deadwood. Rosen, op. cit., p. 399.


Some corroboration may be found for Calamity's Miles City claim. Sollid noted:

A few years later from Montana came a tale of a husband and a new baby. The announcement read:

Calamity Jane has settled down to domestic life on a ranch in Yellowstone Valley, below Miles City. She lives with her husband and has been blessed with a fine boy baby which she calls "little Calamity." 248

When another paper carried similar news and added, "The Deadwood papers are eulogizing Calamity Jane and the recently born little Calamity," 249 it seemed that at last some real evidence could be found about a child belonging to this notorious woman. A thorough search of the Deadwood papers for several months previous to the notice uncovered no mention of "little Calamity's" birth. 250

Mumey noted an account placing Calamity Jane in Buffalo, Wyoming.

Burnett 251 states that Calamity Jane ran a saloon in Buffalo, Wyoming, in 1882. It was located in the southwestern part of the town. Burnett said: "She was a hard drinker herself. She was quite at home in a round-up at the bar and was good company. Always had something apt to say and could josh with the best of them, and they could not get her rattled. She was generous and a free spender.

"One bar room scene I remember will illustrate her character.


249 Ibid. Citing Yellowstone Journal, Miles City, Montana, November 25, 1882.

250 Ibid. Sollid states in footnote: "The Yellowstone Journal of December 12, 1882, three weeks after the notice had appeared about the birth of Little Calamity, noted that Calamity was running a hurdy-gurdy house in Livingston."

251 Edward Burnett, (manuscript in the Colorado State Historical Society, Denver, Colorado).
It was a crowded bar room and there were some mill hands who were rather shy about mixing with the crowd. She was 'setting them up' and turned to them and said, 'Come on up here you Lumber Jacks.' Now this was not funny, but it does show her nature, human, chummy, and good sportsmanship.252

The final piece of evidence to be included for 1882 is a letter dated January, 1882. It is the feeling of this writer that this letter was mis-dated 1882 for January, 1883. The reader is referred to the content of the letter and its relationship to the letter dated April, 1883. The letter reads:

Coulson January 1882

Another year has gone. Nothing of any importance has happened to write about. The Northern Pacific railroad is nearing completion. A new town has sprung up but I told you about that in the album. I am going to see you soon. I can hardly wait. I am gambling these days to get enough money to give your daddy Jim for your education. I want to corner the N P. officials when they come here and it wont be but a little while before they arrive. I am planning on having a game with them and then I will be going to old Virginia to be with you awhile. I miss my friend Will Lull to stake me. He was always willing to stake me. One night he loaned me a five spot and when I saw him the next morning I had a thousand dollars, but it goes Janey. Easy come easy goes. I always find some poor damn fool worse off than me and help them to a grub stake or buy some God for saken (sic) family of children clothing and food. I couldn't eat a mouthful if I saw some poor brat hungry. I always think of you darling and away goes my money. Then I start all over again. I don't figure it's any feather in my cap to act the way I do. I sometimes get a little tipsey Janey, but I don't harm any one. I have to do something to forget you and your father, but I am not a fancy woman Janey, if I were I wouldn't be nursing and scouting and driving stage. That is what Deadwood and Billings call me. To hell with them too. Pot can't call kettle black in either town. A box of books just came from your daddy Jim. He sure is bent on making me learn something. Among them is a few novels. Of course I'm just batty enough to grab them the first thing. I sure

252Mumey, op. cit., pp. 64-65.
like M. J. Holmes novels and like to read them like a pig going for his swill. You will have to excuse your mother Janey, she knows she's queer and half baked. I am going to see you soon now but I've got to get into a poker game and win $20,000 before I can go to you. I am looking after a girl and boy and I must tell you Jackie went to Alaska. These two are older the girl is 16, the Indian boy is 18. I am going to take them east with me when I go to see you if I win the poker game with the N. P. The boy wants to attend a medical school and the girl wants to go to a school of elocution. She is pretty and wants to be an actress. I will give them both their chance if I win. Goodnight dear till after the game.

A letter dated April, 1883, seems to offer the follow-up of the preceding letter. It reads:

April 1883

Darling Janey -- The poker game is over. I won my $20,000 and paid back the $500 I borrowed from Abbott to start with. Will tell you more about Abbott later. I am so excited over winning, for now I can go to see you in style. I want to look like something once in my life. Becky and Jimmie will go to New York City with me. They are so stuck on each other it is a shame to see them part, but I think a few years apart will give them both different ideas of this mess called love. They will find out one can live in this old world with out love or without a home of any sort. This is the last note of mine in this till I return to this country again which may be never. Goodbye till then.

Although Abbott speaks of knowing Calamity Jane and associates himself with her on several occasions, he makes no reference to the $500 loan.

In Miles City in the fall of '83, I had met her and bought her a few drinks. We knew a lot of the same people. So when she came into the hotel lobby where old man Fuller was, I went over and told her about him, and said: "I'll give you two dollars and a half if you'll go and sit on his lap and kiss him."

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253 Ibid., pp. 114-115.

254 Ibid., pp. 115-116.
And she was game. She walked up to him with everybody watching her, and sat down on his lap, and throwed both her arms around him so his arms were pinned to his sides and he couldn't help himself—she was strong as a bear. And then she began kissing him and sayings "Why don't you ever come to see me anymore, honey? You know I love you." And so forth.

I told him: "Go ahead. Have a good time. It's customary here. I won't write home and tell your folks about it."

The old man spluttered and spat and wiped his mouth on his handkerchief. And he left the hotel and that was the last we saw of him that night.

Later that winter I met Calamity Jane again at Belly-Ups stage station, which was the first station out of Miles City on the Miles-Deadwood stage line. They named it that in honor of the buffalo hunters, who all went belly-ups in the winter of '83 because the buffalo was all gone. Anyway, I met her there, and I borrowed fifty cents from her to buy a meal. I wasn't broke, because I had plenty of money at the ranch, but I blowed all I had with me, so it come to the same thing.

I thanked her for the fifty cents and said: "Someday I'll pay you." And she said: "I don't give a damn if you never pay me." She meant it, because she was always the kind that would share her last cent. 255

Calamity Jane states in her Autobiography: "Left the ranch in 1883, went to California, going through the States and territories, reached Ogden the latter part of 1883, and San Francisco in 1884." 256

There is little or no corroboration for this statement.

Solld noted:

Under the head of "Cullings from Territorial News" an amusing short notice appeared in a Miles City newspaper in 1883

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255Abbott, op. cit., pp. 88-89

256Autobiography, p. 6.
that "Kibble and Calamity Jane, charged with selling liquor to
the Indians, got free owing to a technical error in the com­
plaint."\textsuperscript{257}

Mumey noted an account which seems to indicate that Calamity
Jane might have been in South Dakota for part of 1883.

John Boland,\textsuperscript{258} who knew Calamity Jane, saw her in 1883 or
1884 at Viewfield in Elm Creek Valley, sixty miles east of
Deadwood, South Dakota. She had thirty ox teams, of ten oxen
each, freighting between Fort Pierre and the Black Hills.

Sollid noted a possible piece of corroborative evidence for
the Boland account.

\textit{Mrs. M. J. Schubert}, who came to Pierre from Wisconsin in
1883, remembered that several times she saw Calamity walking
down the street beside the teams with her whip in hand.\textsuperscript{259}

If the album of letters is authentic and Calamity Jane did
win enough money to go back East to see Janey, as she stated in her
aforementioned letter of April, 1883, a letter dated "May 30," but
not stating the year, may also have been written in 1883. If such
is the case, it would appear that Calamity Jane left for Virginia in
early April and returned to Billings, Montana in late May.

\textit{May 30}

\textit{Billings}

\textit{O Janey, I did hate to come back here. Why couldn't I have
stayed with you and daddy Jim? Why didn't he ask me to stay?}

\textsuperscript{257}Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 83, citing \textit{Yellowstone Journal}
Miles City, Montana, March 3, 1883.

\textsuperscript{258}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 56, citing \textit{South Dakota Historical}

\textsuperscript{259}Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 73, citing personal interview with
Mrs. M. J. Schubert.
I was so in hope he would, but darling your mother is a misfit in a home like you have -- or what can be wrong? I had such a lovely time there. Why can't I ever be anybody worth while? I likely will end up in the poor house in my old age. I am so discouraged. One consolation I shall always know you are alright and I thank God for your daddy Jim. I gave him $10,000 to use for your education. There will be more in that old gambling tent for me when Luck again comes my way. I met Abbott on the street. He asked me for the price of a meal. I gave him my last fifty cents. My pocket book looked so empty where only such a short while ago there could have been counted thousands that I tossed it out in the street. Abbott promised me a job at Deadwood so I'm hitting the trail for that place soon. I'll never forget that party and will always think of you when I got my first glimpse of you that day when your daddy Jim called you in to meet me and when you asked me why I cried and I told you that you reminded me of a little girl I once knew and I told you of how she sailed away on a big ship and never came back to me and you said "My daddy Jim and I sail on big ships too, across the ocean lots of times. Once Mammy Ross and I went with him to Singapore, thats in China you know, and we gave the beggar children American gold, poor little starved things. Their clothes were all rags and I could see their ribs sticking out and their hands were like little bird claws and their faces looked just like a starved kitten daddy Jim's sailors found in the steerage. I couldn't eat my dinner that night. They made me feel sick for their eyes were poked out."

Then your daddy Jim left us alone, remember Janey, and you told me about the women on your daddy's ship and you mocked them making eyes at him. Oh, you were so comical then. And when I asked you where your mother was and you said, "My mother is dead. She died a long time ago. She was Mother Helen O'Neil," and I said, "Oh, I see," and then it was that I held you close Janey and it seemed for one moment I was back again with you in those terrible heart breaking days in Yellowstone Valley, facing life without your own father, a future black and tragic for you darling. Then your daddy Jim came. I know God sent him to me. And there I was in Omaha and watched the train carrying you away and then that letter from Helen O'Neil telling me you had gone out of my life forever for they had gone to England. I thought that was the end and that I would never see you again and there I was in your home in Virginia with you in my arms. You were such a little lady, darling, and I have never seen a little girl with so many pretty dresses. Oh, I shall always remember when I looked back after I got in the cab and saw your daddy shutting you from my sight. It will be years, so many of them, before I will ever see you again. Be good to Mammy Ross. She is so nice to you. That is what I wanted to tell you but didn't.
There will never be for you the awful loneliness of empty years ahead, Janey, never as long as you have Mammy Ross and your daddy Jim. How I wish I could say I had seen those countries where he has taken you. I hope you will think of me sometimes and of the things I told you so you would remember the woman your daddy Jim called Jane and of the man I told you about we called Wild Bill Hickok, and you said, "What a funny name," and when I showed you his picture you said, "He isn't handsome like my daddy Jim." There is nothing in this world quite so wonderful as the faith a child has in one they love. When you said your prayer that night to me you added, "God bless Jane Hickok and that man who was shot in the back, wherever he is. Bless him because Jane loved him." I wondered how you knew that I loved him.

Goodnight little girl and may God keep you from all harm.

Calamity Jane's next autobiographical account extends from 1884 until 1889.

Left San Francisco in the summer of 1884 for Texas, stopping at Fort Yuma, Arizona, the hottest spot in the United States. Stopping at all points of interest until I reached El Paso in the fall. While in El Paso, I met Mr. Clinton Burk, a native of Texas, who I married in August 1885. As I thought I had travelled through life long enough alone and thought it was about time to take a partner for the rest of my days. We remained in Texas leading a quiet home life until 1889. On October 28th, 1887, I became the mother of a girl baby, the very image of its father, at least that is what he said, but who has the temper of its mother.

Of Calamity Jane's claim to have been in El Paso during 1884, Sollid states:

From the fall of 1884 until August, 1885, when Calamity said she was in El Paso and when anyone would assume her courtship with Mr. Burk was taking place, three short newspaper items from far-off Wyoming prove that she was a good seven hundred miles from her beloved in the Lone Star State. A Cheyenne paper under the column, "Local Mavericks," noted:

Calamity Jane, the noted female rustler of the Rocky Mountain

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region, who spent several months this summer in Buffalo (Wyoming), has again been heard from. She is leading a quiet life at Fort Washakie (Lander, Wyoming) this territory.\textsuperscript{262}

A month later Calamity must have made a little excursion to Rawlins, because the paper said that "Calamity Jane, the noted and notorious, made famous by Ned Buntline, the border novelist, is in Rawlins."\textsuperscript{263}

Calamity Jane's claim to have been in Texas in 1885 seems to have been discounted also by various reports noted by Mumey and Sollid. Sollid stated that "Frackelton mentioned that she had appeared in northern Wyoming in 1885, where she lived with a man named Frank King on a ranch on Powder River."\textsuperscript{264} Mumey noted: "In 1885, Calamity Jane, the once noted 'Heroine of the Black Hills,' settled in Lander, Wyoming."\textsuperscript{265} He claimed that she ran a laundry there. Jack Ledbetter, according to Mumey, reported seeing Calamity Jane in Rawlins, Wyoming, in 1885.\textsuperscript{266} An article of July 25, 1885, might serve as substantiation of the report.

\begin{itemize}
\item Miss Mattie King, the great and only Calamity Jane, became endowed with the ambition to meet any and all comers in the fistic arena last Saturday, and accordingly loaded up with a
\end{itemize}

\textsuperscript{262}Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 51, citing \textit{Democratic Leader}, Cheyenne, Wyoming, November 25, 1884.

\textsuperscript{263}Ibid., citing \textit{Carbon County Journal}, Rawlins, Wyoming, December 20, 1884.


\textsuperscript{265}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 56, citing \textit{Cheyenne Daily Leader}, Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 21, 1885.

\textsuperscript{266}Ibid., p. 54, citing interview with Jack Ledbetter by Agnes Wright Spring in 1939.
more than average supply of 'Elbow Crooker' and started out. The first one to share honors with her was Blanche Daville, whom Calamity sent to the grass in the first round. The next comer however proved too much for her, it being none other than one of the guardians of the peace, who placed the gentle Maggie in durance vile until Monday morning, when Judge Edgerton scooped in the stakes and gate receipts, amounting to $19.95. 267

Sollid noted that "according to an elaborate account in the newspaper 'the hideous ruin' was settled in Lander" 268 in October or November of 1885. An account noted by Mumey placed Calamity Jane in Meeker, Colorado during 1885. 269

According to various accounts, Calamity was still in Wyoming and Colorado during 1886. Sollid noted:

... she picked up a Mr. Steers as her paramour, and ran into court difficulties in Meeker, Colorado, when she charged him with beating her up. 270 Immediately after that the two appeared in Rawlins, where Calamity complicated her marital status by posing as Mrs. Martha King 271 while living with Mr. Steers but, according to her story ten years later, having actually been Mrs. Burk. 272

Her post office name may have been Mrs. Martha King, according to the Carbon County Journal of September 18, 1886, but the same

267 Ibid., p. 67, citing Carbon County Journal, Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, July 25, 1885.

268 Sollid, loc. cit., citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, November 3, 1885. (Special correspondent from Lander, Wyoming, October 30, 1885.)


271 Ibid., citing Carbon County Journal, Rawlins, Wyoming, September 18, 1886.

272 Ibid.
paper seven weeks later referred to her as Calamity Jane Steers. 273

Mumey noted that Calamity Jane had bought some merchandise from Mrs. Jack Ledbetter in Rawlins, Wyoming, in 1886. 274

According to Mumey, "in 1886, Calamity Jane was in Rawlins, Wyoming, as is shown by the following two newspaper items:

Calamity Jane is in town. Her post office name is Mrs. Martha King. She left Meeker some time since as will be seen in another column, accompanied by her 'best man' who deserves a hangman's knot. Calamity is not half as bad as the human ghouls that abuse her. The victim of passion, with generous impulses, this poor pilgrim has been made the scape goat of the outlaw, the assassin, the tin horn, and at last the outcast of man. Kind Christians, what will you do with her. 275

Calamity Jane is now stopping at Hotel Rankin. 276 Her best man, Steers, a miserable stick, hit her over the head with a manly wrench. With a red handkerchief tied around her head and blood streaming down her face, she went into the Senate saloon and began to raise a commotion. Andy Johnson put her out. She threw rocks and broke some of the windows. 277

Mumey also mentioned two additional reports placing Calamity Jane in Wyoming.

Mokler 278 said that in 1886, Calamity Jane made a trip from

273 Ibid., pp. 52-53.
274 Mumey, op. cit., p. 54, citing Ledbetter, loc. cit.
276 Mumey states in footnote: "Rankin was the sheriff at Rawlins, Wyoming."
278 Ibid. pg. 68, citing Alfred James Mokler, History of Natrona County, Wyoming (Chicago: Donnelley and Sons, 1923).
Fort Fetterman to Douglas, Wyoming, by stage, which was operated by Jeff Crawford. She occupied the seat over the front boot of the coach, and had a supply of whiskey which she drank to wash the dust from her throat while eating grapes. She wore a dress dotted with red flowers, set off by a straw hat with a red feather. When the stage forded the Platte River near Fort Laramie, the water came up to the seat and Calamity Jane got wet. A combination of dust, grapes, and the faded colors of a wet dress, set off by a sunburned face, untidy hair, and red eyes, made her an object of jest among the men at the Fort.  

A description of Calamity Jane was given by Kimball, who knew her in Douglas, Wyoming, in 1886. He saw her in Tucker's dance hall dressed in a colorless calico "Mother Hubbard" dress that almost touched the floor, worn without a belt, with course black shoes, and a man's black slouch hat. According to various newspaper reports noted by both Sollid and Mumey, Calamity Jane was apparently still in Wyoming, at least intermittently, during 1887.

It were pitiful in a whole city full, friends she had none; but Calamity Jane didn't care for a mere trifle like that. The old time character, a wreck of what might once have been a woman, is with us again. She has lived in Laramie so long it seems like home. Calamity Jane has been spending the winter in Douglas, but the whiskey of that village was not flavored to her taste and she says the society was below her standard. But to say that the old girl has reformed is somewhat of a chestnut. She was gloriously drunk this morning and if she didn't make Rome howl she did Laramie. Her resting place is now the soft side of an iron cell. Judge Pease will deliver the lecture and collect the fine in the morning.

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279 Ibid.


281 Ibid.

282 Ibid., pp. 68-69, citing Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming Territory, February 28, 1887.
Two weeks later Calamity Jane was reported by a Cheyenne newspaper to be in Cheyenne.

After an absence of ten or eleven years, the notorious Calamity Jane who used to figure so prominently in police courts and circles in this city, has again made her appearance in Cheyenne, but in a very dilapidated condition judging from what is said by those who have seen her. She was first seen here on Wednesday of this week and again on Thursday, but yesterday as far as could be established she did not show herself on the streets. Calamity has had a checkered career and has for years been well known not only here but at Deadwood, South Dakota and many other towns in the far west, and it has only been a month ago that her picture appeared in one of the New York illustrated police papers.²⁸³

According to Mumey, Calamity Jane left Cheyenne on March 20, 1887.²⁸⁴ A Cheyenne newspaper of June 21st did, however, give an account of an interview during her earlier visit.

Calamity Jane (Mary Jane Steers) arrived in Cheyenne on Easter Sunday (1887). Here is what she said: "It hardly seems to me that I was born over forty years ago. Still I've enough life to have lived a century. When I first came to Cheyenne there wasn't a respectable shelter in the place and the proprietor of a tent was a lucky person indeed. In Bismarck I was courted by a pretty little army officer who didn't have brains enough to dirty a handkerchief, but Lord he was merry, and one day challenged another officer who spoke to me to a fight a duel, and those two fools actually went across the river and shot at each other until one of them was killed. The dead man happened to be a great favorite at the fort and it began to look as though the soldiers and bullwhackers would lynch the other fellow and myself. I became nearly frightened out of my wits and started at once for Deadwood, dressed in men's clothes and riding a broncho. I tell you that was a tough trip. I lost the road, and for six days ate nothing but a couple of biscuits.

²⁸³Ibid., p. 69, citing The Democratic Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 12, 1887.
"I finally reached the Hills and was pleased with the way in which I could get around in men's clothes. I bought a new suit and started out to find work. I didn't happen on to anything in Deadwood that suited me, and finally went to whacking mules between Deadwood and Cheyenne. I made fully ten trips and no one ever knew that I was other than just what I appeared to be. I became used to this life, and embarked in a business that you nor no one else will ever learn anything about from me; but I will say I became well acquainted with a road agent who helped to hold up a Black Hills stage coach. Like anthing else I became weary of that business although there was enough of excitement in it, and lit out for Lander and wasn't in that town over twenty-four hours before a drunken cowboy killed a storekeeper on my account. Of course I was sorry but I couldn't help it. Then I went to Rawlins and was in that town when the Utes attacked the place at midday and remember well the night when Larey and Opium Bob were strung up at the stockyards. I married Mr. Steers in that town two years ago and have lived there most of the time. We have been visiting my husband's family back in Wisconsin and are on our way to Rawlins. I wanted to go to Lusk as I hear that is a lively town, but Mr. Steers says we had better go home."

It appears then, that the last newspaper account indicating Calamity's whereabouts in 1887 placed her in Cheyenne in March. However, a letter fabricated in Clark City, Montana, appears to have been written previous to September of 1887, judging from various comments in the letter.

2 years later

Dear Janey -- Here I am in old Clark City not far from where you were born. There is nothing here for me. I have a friend's baby to care for. She left it with me and has not come back for it. I took care of her when the baby was born and now I have got it to pay me for my trouble. Everybody asks about this baby girl and I tell them "Oh she's mine, didn't you know I had one." Then again I tell someone else, "Oh she's my grand­
daughter." I have them all on pins and needles with my lies about my many children I am supposed to have given birth to.

285Ibid., pp. 69-71, citing Cheyenne Daily Leader, Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 21, 1887.
You are the only one I can truly call mine, and now you are fourteen years old in September. I am going to see you again when you are eighteen. I am going to find a home for this baby girl. I can’t work and care for it at the same time.

Becky and Jimmie finished their training but they have both forgotten me in the excitement of their careers. They fell out of love also. Becky is a good actress in New York. She is becoming famous and never thinks of the woman who gambled all night to get the money which put her on Broadway. That is gratitude, Janey, and this baby’s mother is another one who will likely give me a kick in the pants. I am going to get a job of some kind. For awhile I worked in Russells saloon. Abbott got me the job. They want me to drive stage coach again. For when I worked at Russells the good virtuous women of the town planned to run me out of town. They came into the saloon with a horse whip and shears to cut off my hair so I would have bob hair like the fancy women in Paris have to wear their hair to keep them in their class with their own ear marks. Well, Janey, I fixed them in my own way and didn’t leave town either with bob hair or marks from their whip. I jumped off the bar into their midst and before they could say sickem I had them all howling. I cut off one of the bitches old black locks and thrashed the whip over their heads and had one hell of a good time and was in hopes that I had killed a few when Abbott and Rev. Sipes came in and the dust settled and there they all were with their scalps still on their heads minus a few wads of hair and no harm done except having been dragged around on the dirty floor their dresses half torn off with a petticoat missing. Queer how these nasty nice women forget to use a handkerchief and blow their snotty noses on their petticoats. I bet their petticoats would stand alone if they tossed them in a corner. You should have seen the men. They all got out of the way but they didn’t miss the sight. Someday I’ll finish the job. You see, I wear pants so I can get around while these petticoated females yell for help. One of the aristocrats, Net Sims, still wears hoops. You should have seen her when I jumped off the bar. I grabbed her hoop skirt and 3 petticoats and flung them all up over her head. She couldn’t fight back so I had her just where I wanted her. I tore off her long pantaloons and left her standing in her birthday bloomers for the men to get a treat. Then I took the pantaloons with its rows of crocheted lace and wrapped them around another woman’s neck who was beating me over the head. I saw her tongue was hanging out then started on another. If Abbott and Sipes hadn’t showed up just then I would have had them all in their birthday gowns. A man by the name of Scott started to help me when the fight began, but he knew we would have to knock them down so I told him to give me time and room enough and I could do it alone. He was too much of a gentleman to be knocking woman down so he stood and
watched me getting my share of scratches and slaps. Some of them even bit me, but I was so damned mad I didn't feel any of it till the next day. Now that's Deadwood for you and when you come out here, if you ever do Janey, and any of them stick up their nose at you because of your parents, and if they bury me beside your father you move our bodies to Abilene, Kansas or wherever you wish to on the other hand if they treat you decent. Remember, Janey, I want you buried beside us when ever your time comes to cross the great divide. I'll never live to be very old Janey. I can't stand this awful life very many more years. I sometimes think I'll be married again and then the thought of being tied to one man's shirt tail sickens me. I wish things were different and I could live on through the years knowing I would someday have you with me, but you will marry some time and you may be an old woman before you ever learn who your mother really was. When you come here Janey there are a few people I call friends I want you to look up.

This is all for this time. You know I love you darling.

Always your mother

Jane Hickok

The last notice of Calamity's whereabouts in 1887 comes from a Livingston, Montana, newspaper of September 17, 1887. It states:

Calamity Jane, who a few years ago was a conspicuous character in Livingston and other Yellowstone points, has again been made the counterpart of a thrilling story of the dime novel order, recently written and published by the wife of Senator George Spencer. The first writer to weave Calamity's character into a story of this kind, we believe, was Harry Horr of Cinnabar, the same appearing in the New York Ledger. A complete and true biography of the life of Calamity Jane would make a large book, more interesting and blood-curdling than all the fictitious stories that have been written of her, but it never would find its way into a Sunday school library. At last accounts Calamity was on a ranch down in Wyoming trying to sober up after a thirty years' drunk.

No reference was found to Calamity Jane's whereabouts in 1888,

286 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 118-121.

287 Livingston Enterprise, Livingston, Montana, September 17, 1887.
with the exception of some arrest papers for Calamity Jane and a
Charles Townley. As stated by Sollid:

... in November, 1888, some arrest papers showed that she
and a man named Charles Townley, both unmarried were booked for
fornication. They were judged not guilty by a jury, but that
did not mean that they were not living together. 288

A letter from Calamity Jane to her daughter, Janey, apparently
written in Billings, reads:

Billings 1889

Dearest Janey -- Here I am in the town of Billings again.
That woman never did come back after her baby. I hired a woman
to keep her in Billings so I can work. She is only a baby yet.
Her father lives at Lewistown but he is poor. Between the two
of us we manage to pay for its keep. I am planning to take her
with me. Her father don't want her for he can't work and care
for a baby and he is not very well. I am a fool to ever bother
my head over her. As I said before, I'd get a kick in the
pants and I've already got that from them all. I took care of
another relative awhile back to. They live down in Wyoming
where their brat was born. I helped them out because they were
too poor to hire a midwife. Don't bother Janey to ever look
them up. Their name is Borner and the lieingest outfit you ever
saw. I had it out with Toby one day. When I got through he
knew what he was. They don't know anything about you Janey.
They aren't fit to mention your name to, and neither is this
baby girl's mother, I'm ashamed. You may wonder where I got
this note book to write in. A man by the name of Calhoun gave
it to me. He saw me writing in the old album of your granma (sic)
Cannary's and asked me why I didn't use something like this and
put the extra pages in with the pictures. He lives in Deadwood.
He came in on a free for all fight one time, took my side
against a man who was nasty and insulting that had made me mad
even to land an upper cut on the jaw, which knocked him down.
Calhoun laughed at him. Another thought, God sure (three words
obliterated) here in Deadwood treats a woman who minds her own
business and I mind mine. I tell them all kinds of lies just
to hear the knotheads wag their rotten tongues. I even deny
having been married to your father or divorced from him. I even
deny having had you. What they don't know is what ails them.

288 Sollid, op. cit., p. 49
You and your daddy Jim are the ones who really will ever know and thats all I care about—just you and daddy Jim O'Neil. I would like to square things for your father, Janey. I know now that it was Deadwood's frame up to kill him. Sol Shose told me they didn't want law and order and interested having a U. S. Marshal with guts.  

Mumey noted that a Mrs. G. P. Dow saw Calamity Jane in Wyoming in 1889.

Mrs. Dow saw Calamity Jane in the spring of 1889 at a store in Tubtown, driving an ox team. She wore a brown skirt, a buckskin hunting jacket, a man's felt hat, and heavy laced shoes. She was of medium height, raw-boned, with large hands, and tanned skin resembling leather. She stopped at the store, looked at some pink china silk and said, "My, how pretty that would be for a wrapper." She purchased fifteen yards, went out, took her seat on the wagon, popped her long bull whip over the backs of the leaders and went down the road. As a bullwhacker she could lash out with her voice as well as her whip.

Calamity Jane was reportedly in Laramie later on during the summer of 1889.

Two women, both well known characters, were before Justice Tohren this morning charged with drunkenness. One was known as "Old Mother Gladdis," and the other as "Calamity Jane." They were given eight and a half days each and are now in jail.

On November 30, 1889, Calamity Jane purportedly wrote a letter to James O'Neil, Calamity Jane's daughter's foster father.

\[289\text{Mumey, op. cit., pp. 123-124.}\]

\[290\text{Personal reminiscenses of Mrs. G. P. Dow, Newcastle, Wyoming, in 1939.}\]

\[291\text{Mumey states in footnote: "Tubtown was located two miles from the present town of Newcastle, Wyoming."}\]

\[292\text{Ibid., p. 53.}\]

\[293\text{ibid., p. 71, citing Daily Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming, August 30, 1889.}\]
friend Jim:

I now take my pen in hand to let you know your last letter came in due time. I am sorry you let Janey take that trip alone. You can't lie to me Jim. I know you are worried. Excuse this paper—aint got any other.

I met up with Jessie James not long ago. He is quite a character—you know he was killed in '82. His mother swore that the body that was in the coffin was his but it was another man they called either Tracy or Lynch. He was a cousin of Wild Bill. You wont likely care about this but if Janey outlives you and me she might be interested. He is passing under the name of Dalton but he couldn't fool me I knew all the Daltons and he sure aint one of them. He told me he promised his gang and his mother that if he lived to be a hundred he would confess—you and me wont be here then Jim. To make it strange Jessie sang at his own funeral. Poor devil he can't cod me—not even with long hair and a billy goat's wad of hair on his chin. I expect he will start preachin. He is smart maybe he can do it. Beginning to snow and I have a roaring camp fire. I hope that Janey never has to live like I do. As long as you live Jim she will always have a good life. She wont have to live beside camp fires with a saddle for a pillow and very little to eat.

Take care of yourself.

Regards—

from Jane

Only two pieces of evidence were found locating Calamity Jane during 1890. In an interview of Mary Richard Hiette remarked to her grand-daughter-in-law, Mrs. Viola Wood of Livingston:

I came to Montana with my folks about 1890. About six months later we moved to Livingston.

I and my husband John Bonebrieght were working for the W. D. Ellis Company when our oldest daughter Elsie was born. One day shortly after Elsie's birth Calamity Jane, newly married

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Footnote, loc. cit.
to Dorset, came to dinner. She looked more like a man than a woman. After dinner they both got into a sulkie for the return trip to Livingston. They sure did look funny those two big people in that little sulkie. This was the one and only time I ever saw Calamity Jane.

Sollid made reference to Calamity's marriage to Dorsett, but placed the date in the middle 1880's.

There is ample evidence that during this period, Calamity Jane was mixed up in some manner with a young man named Robert Dorsett. In Livingston, Montana, as late as the middle of the twentieth century, she was remembered as living with him. Two old men, alive in 1951 and reputed to be honest citizens interested in history, plainly recalled Calamity and Dorsett. When one of them, Mr. George Simon, was asked if Calamity were married when he knew her in Livingston, he replied that she was and to a Charlie Dorsett. . . . A second Livingstonian, Mr. Fred Sumner, younger than Mr. Simons, had more specific facts to give. . . . In 1886, Sumner was working for the Miles Company, where Calamity Jane bought supplies for her string of race horses. One day he took her order for some feed to be delivered to the fairgrounds. Calamity rode with him, he recalled and "talked as nice as any lady he ever saw—not rough at all." When they arrived at the fairgrounds Dorsett was there with her outfit and she introduced him to Mr. Sumner as her husband. Mr. Sumner surmised that about 1880, Dorsett was fourteen, making him twenty when Calamity claimed him as her husband. She was then approximately thirty-four herself, fourteen years his senior. There is no reason to doubt the general truth of the story except perhaps the dates.

In October of 1890, Calamity added another letter to her album for her daughter, Janey.

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295 Interview of Mary Richard Hiette by Mrs. Viola Wood.

296 Interview with Mr. George Simon by Roberta Sollid.

297 Interview with Mr. Fred Sumner by Roberta Sollid.

298 Sollid states in footnote: "It is doubtful if Calamity Jane ever owned any race horses. She may have claimed such or given that impression."

The years are going fast. So many things have happened since I last wrote in this book. More than anything I cherish my visit to see you and your daddy Jim. He is such a fine man, that Jim O'Neil, and I am so glad you have such a nice home. I am driving a stage coach these days. Some mighty awful experiences I've had since I started this kind of work. Rev. Sipes and Teddy Blue Abbott got me the job. They seemed to think it was better than being a saloon hostess. You see your mother works for a living. One day I have chicken to eat and the next day the feathers.

I ran into Jack Dalton yesterday. He is supposed to be an outlaw but down deep in his heart he's good. He would divide his last penny with any of his old cronies. He looks like a (obliterated). A few scars remained of some of his scraps. He was in the saloon when your own father was killed in Deadwood. A turbulent career of your frays he would boast of but he is no braggart. This is all for tonight.

In 1891 another letter, constituting the only evidence observed for this period, was written in Billings, Montana.

Billings 1891

Darling Janey -- Here I let my plans slip along and you are 18 years old and I will be seeing my little girl again. This is near the last page in Calhoun's notebook, so from now on I will write in the album. I don't like their little girl belonging to that woman. She is just like her mother and is doomed to be a nobody. She won't mind, is sassy and wicked. Her father won't take her because he hates her mother. I will have to put her in the orphans home while I am gone. Your daddy Jim wrote that you were engaged to a man by the name of Oakes. I hope he isn't that awful Jack Oaks I know. Goodbye dear.

Your mother

Jane Hickok

300 The previous letter in the album was dated Sept. 28, 1877.

301 Mumey, op. cit., p. 88

302 Ibid., pp. 122-123.
Of them all it beats hell how ashamed one can get of trashy relatives. This baby's father came from a good family back east, but he had to marry the mother. Then I was ass enough to help out. Just you wait and see how they will throw mud at me some day and you to someday if they get the chance, but don't you stand for that messy awful lies. Remind them of the skeletons in their closet and tell them I told you about it. Keep your chin up Janey, and tell them all to go to hell. In 2 more years I'll see you again. I'll tell you a lot in making my plans dear.  

The second letter, for which no place of fabrication is mentioned, reads:

Sept. 25, 1891

I saw a sight today. A number of Cheyenne Indians were off a ways from the coach. I dismounted and found the dirty devils cutting the tongues from range cattle. I did the only thing I could—went tearing down on them. All they could say was, "heap good cow tongues." The suffering animals were bleeding to death. I got so damned mad I shot one Indian, not to kill him, and then I took them prisoners, locked them in the stage coach and took them to Deadwood. Also took the tongues along to prove it.

This is your birthday. You are eighteen years old today and a letter came from your daddy Jim, dear old Captain. I love him so Janey. He has been such a wonderful father to you. It makes my heart ache to think of all the years he has gone on without his wife. Why does God let such things happen? Sometimes I wonder if there really is a God.

I did a most crazy thing. Some time ago I married Charley Burke. He got me in a weak moment and we were married. He is a good man, honest and on the square, but I don't love him dear. I am still in love with your father Bill Hickok. But Charley is near my own age, dark haired, blue eyes. Marriage isn't all a romance either. We were married down by the river under a clump of cottonwood trees. Janey the sunshine crept softly down between the tree branches seeming to spread a glory of radiant light about the group of friends gathered there.

303 Ibid., p. 123.

304 Burk (Burke) will be discussed after his arrival in Deadwood with Calamity Jane in 1895.
The sunshine was like a benediction. Of course I cried. I'm always bawling. I know you are enjoying your trip. I envy you. Good night dear.

The only piece of evidence noting Calamity's whereabouts in 1892 was a last will and testament quoted by Mumey. Inasmuch as Foote dates the last will and testament as 1898, and a letter of Calamity Jane's to her daughter, fabricated July 25, 1893, refers to the will as being yet unwritten, the last will and testament will be quoted as having been written in 1898, and included after Calamity Jane's death.

Calamity Jane stated in her Autobiography that after she and Burk left Texas they ran a hotel in Boulder, Colorado until 1893. They then traveled through Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, then back to Montana, then to Dakota, arriving in Deadwood October 9th, 1895, after an absence of seventeen years.

Mumey made reference to D. Dee, who claimed that Calamity did operate a hotel in Boulder, but there is a possibility that D. Dee's original source was Calamity's Autobiography.

Calamity Jane purportedly wrote three letters to her daughter during 1893. They read as follows:

May 10 - 1893

Coulson isn't as prosperous as when I first began writing this

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305 Mumey, op. cit., p. 89.
306 Ibid., p. 128.
308 Autobiography, p. 6.
diary, but we still have Junction City and Billings. You should be here in this country, Billings is some lively town. It supports about fifteen hundred toughs. These are hectic days—like hell let out for noon. These human parasites prosper, both men and women. The respectable citizens of the town are powerless, they can't even control the elections and the police figure they would risk complete annihilation by attempting raids on the dens running at top-steam—block after block appropriated entirely to saloons and sporting houses. In the center of this whirlpool of saloons and dives may be seen the house of Madam Feeley. —the hub may be seen from which lesser spokes in the wheel radiates. Any old timer in the Yellowstone valley can tell about Feeley's house. It is a large building with brilliantly illuminated windows. A force of professional bouncers are maintained by the establishment to preserve a degree of peace. Madam Feeley reigns supreme. She is an anomaly—a mighty attractive woman neither ruthless nor unscrupulous. She exercises a fascination which appeals to her girls. I heard the other day about a man by the name of Anderson has been hanging around Feeley's joint as a big shot. One day he ran off with one of her girls. When Feeley caught up with him she crushed him as calmly as she would a fly, for she found out his wife and children were cold and sick and hungry so she ordered groceries, fuel and a doctor to care for them till the Anderson family got on their feet. Feeley never let it be known who the benefactor was. If rip-roaring, drunken glory is what the men want, they get it.

Their hot money burns holes in their pockets but it goes into other joints beside Feeleys.

Located near the Yellowstone river is an inferior spoke in the wheel. In its basement are evil, dirty smelling, poorly lighted dens, small, vile, and dangerous where a trap door opens directly into the river to accommodate those who just can't take it. More often they are robbed and dumped in because the gang thinks they're spies or stool pigeons. I am telling you this because I want you to know the sort of a world we have here.

Some people think the world owes them a living, but it does not owe any one a living, never has and never will. I am planning on taking up a homestead west of Billings, up Canyon Creek. My horse, Satan, is dead. I had him buried up in the hills near Deadwood. He was so old, too. Nothing ailed him except old age. He did so many cute things. Used to kneel for me to dismount, would shake hands, and understood everything I said to him. I had a sack of oats—he came to my door for a basin of them every day. I would empty them before him from the sack. One day he came, I showed him the empty sack and told him there were no more. He started for the hills nearby and never again
came back after more. He knew. He understood. Well, here I am wetting this old album with my tears over my poor old faithful pal—Goodnight, Janey, till next time.  

July -- 1893

I experienced the worst hail storm today that I ever saw in this country and never expect to see another like it if I live to be a hundred. I was driving the stage. Hail stones as large as a coffee cup struck the top of the coach and I hurried the horses into the shed. It helped a little but the rear end of the coach had to stand in the storm. I wasn't soon enough getting into the shed for it was all over I noticed one of the horses had been struck hard enough with a hail stone to put out one of his eyes. The Indians as well as the Whites suffered losses. I saw hundreds of cattle and horses floating down the river. I had a letter today from Bill Cody asking me to go with his Wild West Show. The next time I write in this I will be a long ways from here.

July 25, 1893

I am leaving next week to join Bill Cody's wild west show. I suppose you will wonder what I will be doing there. I ride a horse bare back, standing up, shoot my old stetson hat twice after throwing it in the air before it falls back on my head. I will do all kinds of tricks on horse back, shooting stunts and soon when the show gets cast maybe you and your daddy Jim O'Neil will be there to see me. Of course you won't know who I am but I will know you are my own little girl, although you are grown up. I must tell you something. I just bought from Joe Stager 320 (¼ section) (320 acres) up Canyon Creek seven or eight miles west of Billings. I have a cabin of logs on it. I paid one dollar per acre to Joe for it. I have always wanted a home to come back to, a roof over my head that I can call my home. There is a shack not very far from my hut and a bunch of outlaws living there. I cook lots of things for them. They pay me well for every thing. What they do is none of my business. I don't disturb them any, let sleeping dogs lie, is my motto. Some people say they are horse thieves. If they are I am not running any risk snooping. I baked them two dozen loaves of bread this week, eight cakes, fifteen mince pies. They paid me fifty cents a pie, twenty cents a loaf for bread, and one dollar a cake. I am going to write down my receipts for you. Maybe some day you might like to know if I could cook or not. I am proud of my cooking, es-

309 Ibid., pp. 90-91.
310 Ibid., pp. 91-92
particularly of my fish dishes, cakes and pies. I make up receipts and try them out on these outlaws across the way. First I will give you my —

**Twenty Year Cake**

- 25 eggs beaten separate
- 2 lbs. sugar
- 2 lbs. flour
- 2 lbs. butter
- 1 lb. seeded raisins
- 1½ lbs. citron cut very fine
- 5 lbs. currants
- pint brandy
- 1/4 oz. cloves
- 1/2 oz. cinnamon
- 2 oz. mace
- 2 oz. nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons yeast powder or
- 1 teaspoon soda and 3 cream tartar

This cake is unexcelled and will keep good to the last crumb twenty years. Pour over cakes while still warm the pint of brandy. Seal in tight crock. This will make 3 cakes eight lbs. each.

And now for my yeast which I make the best bread in the world. Sometime you try this for yourself and think of me. I call it —

**Best Yeast in the World**

Monday morning, boil one pint of hops in two gallons of water for one half hour. Strain in a crock and let stand till luke warm add 2 teaspoons salt and half pint flour also half pint brown sugar. Stir well.

On Wednesday, add 3 lbs. boiled mashed potatoes and let stand till Thursday, strain into stone jugs, leave corks loose stirring occasionally and keep near fire. Must be 2 weeks old before using. Then keep in cool place. It improves with age. Shake jug before using but remove cork before shaking and hold paul of hand over spout to prevent yeast escaping. This receipt makes the grandest bread.

And now for my horse radish sauce. A cup grated horse radish, 2 table spoons white sugar, half teaspoon salt, 1½ pts. cold vinegar. Bottle and seal and to make the sauce take 2 table spoons of the above, add desert spoon olive oil or melted butter or vitan and one spoon prepared mustard.

This sauce is delicious.

In making omelets, beat 4 eggs—12 strokes is the magic number,
too much beating makes the omelet have a thin look. Add 3 tbs. milk for each egg—add to yolks the salt, pepper and lastly the whites beaten stiff. Have skillet hot. Never use but four eggs to an omelet. Make as many as necessary but only four and add to the whites 1 teaspoon baking powder. When ready to serve add chicken, ham or any kind of ground meat between the folds—previously cooked and hot. or vegetables may be added between the omelet folds—cooked and ready to serve. Grease pan with butter before frying or baking omelet—Butter size walnut. Add baking powder to whites.

Some friends brought me from Missouri pecan nuts which I shell and roll into tiny pieces and often I sprinkle the nut crumbs between the omelet folds or in a pan cake dough and call them nut and potato cakes. I use 1/4 cup mashed potatoes, 1/4 cut broken nut meats, 2 eggs 1 1/2 cups milk—enough flour to make batter in which has been sifted 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder. Everybody likes these served with real maple syrup and butter and fried ham or bacon. If you want to put away a ham—for some time after cutting off some—rub it with corn meal, and it will keep without becoming rancid. When fixing mackerel or salmon pour fish in baking dish, cover with cracker crumbs and heavy cream and bake 30 minutes in hot oven. This fish I call Mackerel Supreme or Salmon High Brow. All biscuit or bread should be pricked with a fork before putting in an oven. I can't think of any more receipts just now but later on I must tell you about John Tinkler—recorder—He is a very kind man and said he would help me with my will whenever I want to make one for you. I haven't much but I want you to have my ranch up Canyon Creek also a few keep sakes and pictures. You are all I have. Now next time I will write from some where in the east with Buffalo Bill Cody. Good night darling. How I wish I could see you and your daddy Jim O'Neill. God bless him. When he dies the world will have lost a man with a heart of loyalty and sincerity.

My dear. Someday you may come out here in this West and will hear a lot of lies about your mother. Just remember when you hear about Bell Starr that she is no relation of mine. Always remember. I can't tell you why. I warn you only that some say we are. She is old and wicked.

Your father, James Butler Hickok, left me after you were born and to spite him I let the O'Neils adopt you. He was afraid of that common law wife of his and left me alone and sick.

I want to tell you about a young kid I met the other day. These old cow pokes like to torment him. If he lives to be an old man and you come out in this country and ever find a real honest to God man who you ever hear speak a good word for me you ask that
man his name and I bet it will prove to be Ben Greenwugh. He isn't so low minded that he gossips about your mother like some of these men do. You find him some day and tell him thanks for his kindness. I like him very much. He is young and green now but someday I wouldn't be afraid to stake my all on Ben Greenwugh. It is a good thing that you don't know how your mother has to live out here these hectic days. I mind my own business but always remember that is one thing the world hates is a woman who minds her own business. They are telling awful things about me. None of it is true. Every man I ever speak to I'm accused of being an immoral slut. Just because I took several different young boys under my wing to help them while sick like the Stewart boy and Ben Greenwugh the tongues wag. I like to hope some day you may know them too Janey.

These other women who talk about me have bastards and shot gun weddings. I have nursed a number of them during child birth with my pay only a kick in the pants when my back is turned. They know what I know about them and they are trying to find extenuation for their own sins by lying about me. They are pot bellied, hairy legged and look like some thing the cats dragged in. But they wag their tongues behind my back. I wish I had the power to damn their souls to hell.

I suppose now that I am joining Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show they will know for sure down deep in their hypocritical hearts that I am bound for hell.

Bell Starr is no kin of mine. I would be ashamed if she was. She's bad. But she's becoming famous.

Mumey noted an account by D. Dee which placed Calamity Jane in Chicago in 1893. The account given by Mumey reads:

In 1893, she was engaged by a midway concession holder in Chicago and appeared as the "Wild Woman of the West." Jane had persuaded a friend to get her a quart of whiskey, and had been drinking during her appearance on the small stage. Some man spoke up and said she was a fake and not the real Calamity Jane. She

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311 Mumey states in footnote: "The name was not legible; it could be Greenwugh, Greenough, or Greenwaugh."

312 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 92-98.

313 Citing Holbrook, op. cit., pp. 31-38.
leaped from the platform saying, "I'll show you who I am," and with both revolvers drawn she began shooting at the sides of his feet, shouting, "I'm the real Calamity Jane, a howling coyote from Bitter Creek, the further up you go the bitterer it gets. Now apologize before I shoot the toes off your damned feet."

The spectator and the rest of the audience were convinced that she was real. She proved to be too wild for the people of Chicago and was dismissed, drifting back to the West again.314

As may be recalled, Calamity Jane claimed in her Autobiography that she and Burk arrived in Deadwood on October 9th, 1895.315 Of this event, Sollid states:

From 1890 to 1895, little or nothing is known of Calamity Jane. When she did reappear in 1895, it was in Deadwood, South Dakota, as Mrs. Burk. When and where she joined company with Burk is hard to say, but, as her former unions were of short duration, a likely supposition is that it had not been long before reaching Deadwood.316

Mumey quoted the Deadwood Pioneer of October 5, 1895 as stating of Calamity's return to Deadwood:

Mrs. Jane Burk, known to fame and literature as "Calamity Jane," arrived in the city yesterday (October 4, 1895) after an absence of sixteen years, during which time she has been living quietly with her husband in southeastern Montana. They drove across the country to Belle Fourche, and Mrs. Burk came to Deadwood to do a little shopping and renew "auld acquaintances." She held an informal reception on the sidewalk in front of Casey's and all her old friends called to pay their respects. The pleasure of the meeting was mutual. Those who knew her greeted her with unfeigned cordiality, and those who knew her only by reputation stared at her in open-mouthed amazement, as though she was one of Barnum's curios. Those who came after Jane have heard so much about her that they were anxious to see her, and one of them was heard to say a short time ago he would give $5 to see her. Although she has grown considerably stouter

314 Mumey, op. cit., pp. 128-129.
316 Sollid, op. cit., p. 54.
she retains her spriteliness and good nature. Whatever her faults may have been she was always the first to lend a helping hand in time of sickness or distress. She is the 'Calamity Jane' of literature and real life.”

The Black Hills Daily Times of the same date also made reference to Calamity's return to Deadwood. Sollid commented:

- The competing daily mentioned a little daughter with Calamity about nine years old. Calamity gave her own name as Mrs. M. Burk, the mother of two "bright little girls." She was reported to have been living the past summer with her husband on a ranch about fourteen miles from Ekalaka, Montana, but she did not like that kind of life.

- In 1895, on her return to Deadwood after an absence of sixteen years, the Black Hills Daily Times gave her a hearty welcome and the following review of her reputation:

> She did not wait for an introduction, but reached out her hand for a friendly grasp and was glad to see us. This is her disposition. She has always been known for her friendliness, generosity, and happy cordial manner. It didn't matter to her whether a person was rich or poor, white or black, or what their circumstances were, Calamity Jane was just the same to all. Her purse was always open to help a hungry fellow, and she was one of the first to proffer her help in cases of sickness, accidents, or any distress.

Sollid commented on Calamity Jane's relationship to Burk in the following manner:

> McClintock gives a good account of Burk who, he said, came to Deadwood in company with Calamity and a bright little girl nine or ten years old. Burk found a job as a hack driver and proved himself competent. However, he soon became an embezzler by appearing to trust his customers and making excuses for not turn-

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317 Momay, op. cit., pp. 71-72, citing Deadwood Pioneer, Deadwood, South Dakota, October 5, 1895.

318 Sollid, loc. cit., citing Black Hills Daily Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, October 5, 1895.

ing in his cash receipts. When he had accumulated one hundred seventy dollars in that manner he absconded and was never heard from again. . . .

The most provocative angle rising from the Burk-Cannary liaison is the one involving the daughter. If the child was about nine years old in October, 1895, as the Deadwood Pioneer-Times reported, the fact would fit well with Calamity’s claim that she and Burk had a girl baby born October 28, 1887. But since that possibility has been shown to be remote, the best guess is that the child was Burk’s daughter by another woman. Calamity insisted that the girl was her own, and stuck to that story even on her deathbed, when she talked of a daughter in North Dakota and hinted of an estrangement with her.320

The day after her return to the Deadwood vicinity, Calamity Jane was reported to have been drunk in Lead, S. D.

The day after she made her triumphant return to Deadwood in October, 1895, she paid a visit to the adjoining town of Lead. After patronizing a saloon she had to be bodily assisted into a hack by an officer to whom she used vile language.321 Shortly after that she gave a drunken exhibition on the streets of Hot Springs. After attempting to take a ride on a saddle horse which did not belong to her, Calamity yelled revolting names to a young lady passing by, and had not a gentleman interfered it is possible she would have struck the lady. Although she carried on here in a high-handed, wildwest manner she was not arrested. However, the editor of the Hot Springs Star concluded in a disparaging paragraph about her conduct that “the disreputable outcast . . . should have been locked in the cooler.”322

Calamity Jane described her reception by the people of Deadwood as follows:

My arrival in Deadwood after an absence of so many years created

320 Ibid., pp. 54-55. The daughter might also have been the baby referred to in Calamity’s letter of 1887.

321 Ibid., p. 86, citing Black Hills Daily Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, October 6, 1895.

322 Ibid., pp. 86-89, citing Black Hills Daily Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, November 14, 1895, citing Hot Springs (South Dakota) Star.
quite an excitement among my many friends of the past, to such an extent that a vast number of the citizens who had come to Deadwood during my absence who had heard so much of Calamity Jane and her many adventures in former years were anxious to see me. Among the many whom I met were several gentlemen from eastern cities, who advised me to allow myself to be placed before the public in such a manner as to give the people of the eastern cities an opportunity of seeing the Woman Scout who was made so famous through her daring career in the West and Black Hill countries. 323

In early 1896, it would appear from her Autobiography and other accounts, that Calamity had entered show business.

An agent of Kohl & Middleton, the celebrated Museum men came to Deadwood, through the solicitation of the gentleman who I had met there and arrangements were made to place me before the public in this manner. My first engagement began at the Palace Museum, Minneapolis, January 20th, 1896, under Kohl and Middleton's management.

Hoping that this little history of my life may interest all readers, I remain as in the older days,

Yours,

Mrs. M. Burk, (Dorsett.)

BETTER KNOWN AS CALAMITY JANE
(cas 1896) 324

Briggs wrote of Calamity Jane's engagement with Kohl and Middleton as follows:

Soon after her arrival in Deadwood, Calamity joined Al Swearengern's mining camp burlesque at the Gem Theater, but was dismissed for improvising lines and for action that was objectionable to her employer. She signed a contract with Kohl and Middleton, operators of a string of dime museums, who thought their public might be interested in seeing a woman scout and Indian-killer. Dressed in a suit of buckskin and with two well-polished guns in her belt, she appeared in the Palace Museum in Minneapolis, later going to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. She gave a brief lecture on her career and sold her autobiography,

323 Autobiography, pp. 6-7.
324 Ibid., p. 7.
but failed to make a success of her new position, because she objected to the attitude of the sight-seers and their jokes at her expense.  

Nelson, who apparently based most of his account on that of Briggs, stated:  

Upon her return to Deadwood in 1896, Calamity, who by this time had become a western institution, became a member of the burlesque troupe at the famous Gem theater, but her stay was brief. The manager objected to her conduct, as well as to her disconcerting habit of improvising bawdy lines at random moments during the performance. She next signed a contract to exhibit herself in Kohl and Middleton's circuit of dime museums, where she gave a short lecture on her adventures, peddled photographs of herself, and hawked copies of her autobiography.  

Solld presented a lengthy discussion of Calamity's career with Kohl and Middleton.  

Mr. Middleton of Kohl and Middleton's Palace Museum went to Deadwood in person to persuade Calamity to tour through various cities exhibiting herself to the curious public. Quite probably, as she said, she attracted his attention after the enthusiastic reception she received upon her return to Deadwood the previous October. Her garb for the act in which she appeared was a handsome male attire of buckskin trousers and jacket. In addition, she was rigged out with all imaginable accompanying wild west accouterments. John Sohn, a local Deadwood shoemaker, had the job of shoeing the aspirant museum heroine. When Middleton visited the shop to see about ordering some appropriate boots, Sohn proudly exhibited several pairs which he thought were excellent samples. Middleton explained that he wanted boots with very high heels. Sohn showed the highest ones he had but still they were not high enough. When he remarked that Calamity could not walk if he made the heels any higher, Middleton assured him that it did not matter since all she had to do was stand. Her performance required no walking. The shoemaker made the boots for eleven dollars but was not surprised when Calamity did not pay for them. Many months later one of her friends who owned a local jewelry store settled the bill. He hated to see Sohn stuck for the boots, and as a longtime friend...  

325Briggs, op. cit., p. 78.

326Nelson, op. cit., p. 166.
of Calamity Jane he wanted to put her credit in good standing.\textsuperscript{327}

When the word of this venture of Martha Cannary broke in Dead-wood some considered it a joke but all made comments. The papers bustled with news. One account told that her itinerary included Minneapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and other cities, her appearances not exceeding two weeks in each. Mentioning that she did some splendid shooting when she practiced with a Winche-
tester rifle, the newspaper went on to brag that although it was fifteen years since she had handled a gun, at one hundred paces she put five bullets out of eight shots in a six-inch bull’s eye.\textsuperscript{328} A week later another item told of a contract for eight weeks with a fifty-dollar-per-week salary and all expenses. Calamity and her husband, Mr. Burk, left Deadwood January 15 to open her engagement at the Palace Museum in Minneapolis five days later.\textsuperscript{329}

That Calamity Jane spent some time in show business is amply proven by a small advertisement on the theater page of the Minneapolis Journal. Alongside a tiny sketch of a ferocious looking woman appeared these words:

\begin{center}
KOHL & MIDDLETON

PALACE MUSEUM

WEEK BEGINNING MON. JAN. 20
\end{center}

The famous woman scout of the Wild West. Heroine of a thou-
sand thrilling adventures. The Terror of evil-doers in the Black Hills! The comrade of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. See this famous woman and hear her graphic descriptions of her daring exploits.

A Host of Other Attractions

A Big Stage Show

That’s All—One Dime—That’s All\textsuperscript{330}

\textsuperscript{327}Sollid, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 76, citing interview with Mr. John Sohn.

\textsuperscript{328}Ibid., pp. 76-77, citing \textit{Black Hills Daily Times}, Deadwood, South Dakota, January 9, 1896.

\textsuperscript{329}Ibid., p. 77, citing \textit{Black Hills Daily Times}, Deadwood, South Dakota, January 16, 1896.

\textsuperscript{330}Ibid., citing \textit{Minneapolis Journal}, Minneapolis, Minnesota, January 20, 1896.
Just how long Calamity Jane stayed at the Palace is hard to determine. The following week the museum advertisement in the newspaper ballyhooed another woman, Mademoiselle Peanka who did amazing feats in the cage with fierce man-eating African lions. Whether Calamity remained as one of the performers included in the "Host of Other Attractions" is anyone's guess.

If it be assumed that Calamity continued on her circuit, the next logical jump was to Chicago, geographically the closest large city. One newspaper article in Deadwood earlier made the statement that Calamity would open in Minneapolis December 13 and in Chicago January 15. Although those dates were changed, it shows that she originally expected to stay in Minneapolis two weeks and then go on to the next stand. With that in mind, a thorough search was made through the files of the Chicago Tribune for any mention of Calamity Jane's appearing in a dime museum there or of some gossip concerning her. Nothing was found. This lack of evidence might mean that Calamity Jane bypassed Chicago on her way to points east, although that is unlikely, or that she lost her major billing and continued without any publicity. But those familiar with her personality would probably agree that her name could not be found because of the Minneapolis engagement was the last of her dime museum career. The chances are that she was not able to stay away from liquor and conform to the restrictions imposed upon her by the management. One writer of Calamity stories wrote that she invaded not only Chicago but St. Louis, Kansas City and many other stations. Where he obtained his knowledge he did not reveal.

The first authentic news that she was back in her old haunts appeared in a Deadwood paper of June 6, 1896. The notice mentioned that she had returned from the East and planned to reside permanently in Newcastle, Wyoming. It stated that youths who had devoured nonsensical yarns about her exploits had found an opportunity to "feast their eyes" upon her. The article went on to say that the public had gazed at her, simply an ordinary woman, and had lost its interest in her. It ended with the statement that she had filled all of her engagements in the eastern

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331 Ibid., citing Minneapolis Journal, Minneapolis, Minnesota, January 27, 1896.

332 Ibid., p. 78, citing Black Hills Daily Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, December 12, 1895.

333 Ibid., citing Aikman, op. cit., p. 119.
According to some reports, Calamity Jane wrote two letters in her album during 1896. They read as follows:

New York City 1896

Dear Janey—Here we are in New York City. The show is a success. Such crowds yelling and applauding their heads off. We are going from here to Richmond. I am planning on seeing you dear. We will be there next Thursday night, and soon we will go to Europe. I wish I could go on the same boat with Capt. O'Neil and you if it so happens we leave on his schedule time. This is all for tonight. I am tired. Simply live on my nerve. Buffalo Bill is so good to me. He and your father were great friends. He knows his west, knows it well enough to make a fortune out of it.

Good night, darling.

One week later -- Richmond

Dear Janey—How beautiful Richmond is. How I wish I could stay here forever—Well, I saw you to-night and you saw me too—but you do not know that the woman you watched standing and shooting on a bareback horse was your mother. I saw admiration

\[\text{334} \text{Ibid., citing Pioneer-Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, June 6, 1896.}\]

\[\text{335} \text{Foote dates the letter 1893.}\]

\[\text{336} \text{Mumey states in footnote: "An item appearing in the Daily News of Des Moines, Iowa on October 5, 1896 said: Miss Oakley bears the distinction of being the only white woman with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and is one of the best rifle shots in the world."}\]

\[\text{337} \text{Mumey states in footnote: "Cody had his show there in 1888, and again in 1889."}\]

\[\text{338} \text{Mumey, op. cit., p. 98.}\]

\[\text{339} \text{Mumey states in footnote: "The Salsbury scrapbooks in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library fail to give an account of Calamity Jane being with the show. Neither does Walsh mention her as being a part of the troupe. See: Walsh, Richard J., The Making of Buffalo Bill, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1928."}\]
and wonder in your eyes—I rode as close as I dared to you and Jim. And after the show he told me how proud he was of you. He surely dresses you mighty swell. I am so glad. And to think his boat sails the same date as the one chartered by Bill Cody. And I can go on the Madagascar with you. I would crawl on my knees just to be near you. I hope that the man with you tonight doesn’t mean much to you. But I am afraid he does. It is 3 A.M. must get to bed. This is my second trip here in Richmond. When I was here so many years ago you were just a little girl. Oh Janey, the years too soon have robbed me—Yes, the years have robbed me of you. I wanted nothing else but you all these years. Perhaps some day after you have lost every thing you have ever loved and are an old woman yourself—then perhaps you will know how I feel. Ten more years of hardship will be my finish. Your old mother is going down hill. If you ever (sic) marry and have a little girl I am going to steal it. I need a little grand daughter. She would be my most precious possession.

You will hear lots of lies which I have told concerning my own affairs. It is better so.

In her Mother’s Day interview, Mrs. McCormick told of the various events which took place on the ship during the Atlantic crossing.

In the 90’s and before Jane’s marriage, Buffalo Bill’s wild west show was going to London. Mr. O’Neil, the foster father, was at the time Captain of the Cunard ship Madagascar and it was arranged for Calamity Jane to make the crossing on this ship and to sit at the captain’s table where she was in the company of her daughter Janie, who was also aboard.

Remarkining about the crossing in the diary, Calamity Jane says that she was right in sending her to be brought up in the East not knowing of her true parents and she hoped that she would always be as happy as she was when they had been together on the ship.

Mrs. McCormick remembers a good deal about the trip and especially the ball aboard the ship when Calamity Jane wore a beautiful black velvet dress and was the queen of the party. She recalls that Calamity Jane said at that time, “What ever else happens, this is my night.” That Calamity Jane considered it one of the high spots of her life is shown in the fact that she kept the dress and it was among the keepsakes later sent to her.

daughter. The dress is of black velvet fashioned with a skirt made very full by shirred gores, a basque waist, and with tiny rosebuds as the only trimming. The sleeves are long and there is a touch of gold lace at the neck.  

There were no reports found concerning Calamity's life during 1897, and only one report, a letter, during the year of 1898.  

July 1898  
Deadwood  

4 years later  

The years have slipped by and I am back in Deadwood. I am tired and feel so old. I am nursing again. I can always fall back on that. I got so lonely for our old west and so disgusted with gadding all over the world—Lord! how I did hate England, with its snobs, its good for nothing women, with their put on airs and brogue. They forget they were thrashed by a handful of Americans not so long ago. I felt like shouting it from the tree tops. I never saw so many human parasites as there are in England, especially the women with their blokes. Just because they have handed down from one generation to the next some old bed buggy estate they get the idea they are aristocrats or in plain words just plain paupers. If you ever get this then you will know who the woman really was on board your daddy Jim's ship. When you told me that you thought you might someday marry that man Jim and I didn't like it nearly floored me. But there is no use telling any one not to or to tell one of your own experiences to help one to see the right thing to do. One has to learn from experience so I kept my mouth shut. That young man your own age is the one I would like to see you married to. My eyes are bothering me a lot these days. I am going by horse back down in Wyoming; will be down there for a year or two. If I can only keep my good health and my sense of humor I'll be alright. The Spanish American War is on. If I wasn't so old I would get to nurse our boys who are sick and dying in that awful country.  

I always miss out on these wars. I was only ten at the time of the Civil War and now I'm too old for this one with Spain. Excitement is running high. I'm glad I haven't any sons to go. I will write next time from some where in Wyoming. I have a beautiful saddle horse but none can compare with the one I called Satan. If there is a heaven for horses I am sure he is there where there  

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341Ibid., pp. 76-77, citing Meldrum, loc. cit.
are no cold winters or lack of feed.

Good night Janey

Gen. Allen is a friend of mine. Be sure and find him. I have no women friends.\textsuperscript{342}

Only three reports of Calamity's whereabouts were noted for 1900; no reports were noted for 1899. According to Mumey:\textsuperscript{343}

Burnett, who was in Chicago in 1900, saw Calamity Jane in a freak museum on State Street. The following sign was outside the establishment.

"Original Wild Woman of the West; General Crook's head scout; Noted Indian fighter; the one and only Calamity Jane."\textsuperscript{344}

The admission was ten cents to see Calamity Jane, dressed in her usual western buckskin outfit, wearing revolvers, and seated on a throne talking to the audience about her life.

It would seem possible that Burnett had mistaken the year, as other reports have placed Calamity's eastern stage exhibitions in 1896 and 1901.

Calamity Jane purportedly added another letter to her album on Nov. 17, 1900.

\textbf{Nov. 17 -- 1900}

My darling Janey -- Here I am in Colorado, have been treated like a queen while here on the Collins ranch. They are nice people and I shall never regret coming here. Have been up in the Big Thompson Canyon on a hunting trip. I like it here in Colorado, and if I had my chance this would be my state to live in. My writing is getting worse all the time, Janey. My hands and arms are so numb at times I can hardly write. I told these

\textsuperscript{342}Ibid., pp. 99-101.

\textsuperscript{343}Ibid., p. 129, citing Edward Burnett, "Calamity Jane," The Westerners' Brand Book, April, 1941, p. 10.

\textsuperscript{344}Ibid.
people here about the frame up on Wild Bill at Deadwood, and don't forget it was all out, and to get him out of the way hired that idiot McCall to shoot him, but they concluded it would not look so good if they let him escape the second time, so they hung him. He told me he was paid one thousand dollars to do it. He said he cached the gold in one of the dirty shacks in the gulch. I never looked for it, for it made me sick to even think about it. He said Floyd and Frank Smith, Hank Simms and Tom Cockill, Shorty Burton, Rufe Dougal—half brothers of the two McCougals, were to take aid to the Charles boys. Ned Per (obliterated) here all to pay $1,000.00. I had nothing to do with the offer he made me. 345

Mumey noted that Calamity Jane sold a copy of her Autobiography to L. J. Covington at Billings, Montana in 1900 for thirty-five cents. 346

Calamity Jane apparently wrote a letter to Janey from Miles City, Montana on January 20, 1901.

My dear Janey—Here I am in Miles City. This is quite a town, busy as a cranberry merchant. Everybody here minds their own business. I like the place far better than Deadwood, but I don't like any place very long. Just keep on the go. I am broke most of the time now, and my eyes are bothering me. All I can do now Janey is to bear going blind, and I hear you are having troubles to—losing your little girl. That was the worst that could happen to you dear if it must be a living death. Do you suppose Oakes had something to do with it. Really believe he had, often wonder how you and Burkhart get along. I'll bet a pretty that it won't be long and you will be questioning him. You are just like me Janey. I am going into the Bad Lands to ride the range for an outfit not far from Fargo, north of Turg I mean. When that job is through then I'll be finished with Burke. Look up the McLelans if you ever come to Fargo. I see where there will have to be a shot gun wedding with that girl whose mother never came back. She is crazy about a man. 347

Sollid noted a report in the Anaconda Standard of February 13,

345 Ibid., p. 125.
346 Ibid., p. 131.
347 Ibid., pp. 124-125.
1901, which stated:

Calamity Jane's name at this time is Mrs. Dorsett. She married a man of that name in Livingston some years ago and they parted soon afterwards. ¹³⁴⁸

Briggs noted: "In her old age, Calamity denied the sweetheart episode (Hickok) and told Ellis T. Pierce, who interviewed her in Livingston, Montana, in 1901 that the Hickok story was a lie." ³⁴⁹

Sollid contributed a lengthy discussion on Calamity's participation in the Buffalo, New York Pan-American Exposition in 1901.

Calamity Jane's next venture as a show attraction was in 1901. In that year the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, New York, was in full swing. The promoters for the midway planned to add to their attractions a wild-west woman straight from the cow country. They sent Mrs. Josephine Brake, novelist and newspaper writer, to Montana to inveigle Calamity into going East to assume the role. The editor of the Livingston Post accompanied the journalist to Horr, where they found Calamity lying on a dirty-bunk in a negro house of ill repute, sick and half-dead from a long drunk. If Mrs. Brake had known what she was letting herself in for she would have turned around and traveled home alone, a happy woman. Instead, she talked Calamity Jane into going to Buffalo, evading the real issue and promising her plenty of money, a palatial home and good company. ³⁵⁰ Mrs. Brake and her charge rode the Northern Pacific on the trip between Livingston and St. Paul. Calamity, who knew how to take advantage of a situation and always liked to play the part of an untamed frontier woman, had a wonderful time. She promised Mrs. Brake that she would not take a drink without first telling her chaperon, and she kept her word. Every time she took a drink she told Mrs. Brake. The only trouble was that the telling became more frequent as the journey progressed. When the two arrived in St. Paul, Calamity was still going strong, but Mrs. Brake showed signs of considerable strain. Reporters met them at the hotel and had a field day.


³⁴⁹ Briggs, op. cit., p. 80.

³⁵⁰ Sollid, op. cit., p. 79, citing Livingston Post, Livingston, Montana, August 6, 1903.
interviewing the strange pair.  

In what capacity Calamity Jane thrilled, frightened or shocked her audiences on the midway at the Buffalo Exposition is known either from accounts written years after the exposition or from hearsay. An old-timer, Mr. W. H. Newcom of Miles City, saw her performance and described it thirty-three years later in the Miles City Daily Star. He told vivid details about the Barker who introduced the act. This master of ceremonies, speaking through a large megaphone, captivated the audience with tales about the famous character who was going to perform. After a great fan-fare and bugle calls Calamity "came 'tearing into the ring' on horseback, buckskins, boots and guns, 'and stole the show'."  

Mr. Newcom attended this exhibition with some pious eastern relatives. Learning that the cowgirl was a former Montana acquaintance of his, they insisted upon meeting her. Worried and trembling at what this western character might do and say to startle his sedate relatives, Newcom led them back stage for an introduction. All ended well for Calamity put on a most ladylike act.  

A different story is told by Wilstach. According to him, Calamity began her eastern career in a small house built on the electric route to Niagara Falls. Here she sold her Autobiography and to advertise her scheme she drove an eight-horse team through the streets of Buffalo. For some reason the plan did not turn out well, so she appeared in an act on the midway of the exposition.  

An article about her death in the Livingston Post on August 6, 1903, had a brief note concerning her work at the exposition. It read that "at Buffalo, Calamity was given a job driving a six horse team to a coach in the midway."  

The reason why Calamity "resigned" from her position to head west again is unknown. It might have been trouble over the royalty from the sale of her Autobiography, more likely it was too much drinking and squabbles with the authorities. One account recalled that after imbibing a little too much she "knocked out a
Buffalo policeman. She was arrested but was shortly released. An even more picturesque version reported that "drunk and fighting to the last gasp with the exposition officer Calamity was shooting the midway up." Buffalo Bill was quoted by a Bozeman newspaper as having said: "I expect she was no more tired of Buffalo than the Buffalo police were of her, for her sorrows seemed to need a good deal of drowning." He went on to say that "she wanted money to get West again. Well, of course, she was one of the pioneers. For old time's sake, you know." The implication was that he bought her a ticket or at least gave some financial help. Being the great showman that he was, Buffalo Bill would no doubt make a bid for this kind of publicity, whether or not it was true. At least he let it be believed that he had furnished her with a ticket and expense money for her return to Montana. Reportedly she made things lively at several stops along the way.

There is no way of telling just when she left the Exposition City. A newspaper of October 2 noticed her in Chicago, so her departure from Buffalo probably was sometime in September. This item reported that several Montanas saw Calamity on the midway at the exposition. She had a chance meeting in Chicago with an old acquaintance from whom she begged carfare back to Montana. She had placed herself on exhibition in Chicago trying but failing to earn enough for train fare, hoped that the friend would pity her. However, if he refused her she was prepared to return "hobo fashion." To give Buffalo Bill benefit of the doubt concerning his charitable gift to a "lady in distress," it may be said that her financial distress in Chicago does not mean that he had not given her more than ample funds for the whole trip. She could well have spent the entire amount while in Chicago and then started either working or begging.

On Thursday, April 24, 1902, the Livingston Post noted that

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354 Ibid., citing Livingston Post, Livingston, Montana, August 6, 1903.


356 Ibid., citing Avant Courier, Bozeman, Montana, August 7, 1903.

357 Ibid., citing Montana Weekly Record, Helena, Montana, June 3, 1902.

358 Ibid., p. 82, citing Fergus County Argus, Lewistown, Montana, October 2, 1901.

359 Ibid., pp. 79-82.
Calamity Jane had returned from the East.

Calamity Jane is home again from her wandering far and wide; she longs no more for the eastern shore and the surge of the rushing tide; back to the hills of her stamping ground she has come to settle down, leaving the glare of the heated east for the mountains' restful brown; here among her friends once more, honored and revered yet, she comes to stay and spend her days --inside out of the wet. Like the prodigal son she sings a song, a song of troubled verse, with a drink and a dirge, a curse and a prayer, a cow horse and a hearse. "The fatted calf was dressed for me," she sings in mournful strain, "but the husks have a greater zest for me, and I'm off for my stys again." ³⁶⁰

Several items of corroborating evidence have been noted placing Calamity Jane in the Livingston area in 1902. Sollid noted:

At the age of fifty, just a year before her death, Calamity still was experiencing that familiar sensation of sleeping in a cell. In the summer of 1902 she made an involuntary overnight stop at the Livingston jail. The trouble all started when officials brought the old girl into Livingston to provide her with a berth at the county poorhouse. Her violent protests and promise to leave town brought release. Having a small amount of money she purchased a train ticket to Lombard, but missed the train and spent the layover drinking her favorite liquor. The station master, unable to put up with such a drunken nuisance, escorted her to the customary stronghold for the night. ³⁶¹

Sabin made several comments about Calamity's general appearance and acknowledged her presence in Livingston.

In the summer of 1902 she was sodden and down and out, in Livingston far up the Yellowstone River in southwestern Montana. Now at fifty-three the "Heroine of the Plains" was a sorry relic of her Wild Woman days in the Wild West. Most emphatically she was "Calamity" Jane, for calamity had over-borne her. But she still clung to scout buckskin, from which she eased, between times, into more shabby skirt and waist, and she still was gay.

³⁶⁰ Livingston Post, Livingston, Montana, April 24, 1902.
³⁶¹ Sollid, op. cit., p. 89, citing Livingston Post, Livingston, Montana, June 5, 1902.
of heart and was spending or giving away every cent that came to her.  

According to Briggs, Calamity Jane did spend some time in the county poor house at Bozeman, Montana.

She became ill at Bozeman, Montana, and being without friends or funds spent a week in the Gallatin County poorhouse. Late in the fall of 1902 she returned to Deadwood ill, worn out by her hard and careless life, dressed in an old shabby coat, the cheapest of hats, a frayed and faded skirt and broken shoes.

An undated letter contained in the album tends to corroborate Briggs' statement of Calamity's illness.

I've been sick Janey--had to go to the county for help. I only fear the future now darling. One can't go back. I don't want to accept death. Remember, love isn't passion--our hope, but days and years you will find it so.

Solld noted that Calamity Jane was in Billings in November of 1902.

In Billings . . . she rated a sixty-day sentence as guest of the county on a charge of disturbing the peace. As she was in poor physical condition, the judge thought it a good idea to keep her away from temptation. It could have been that she turned out to be more of a problem in jail than out, for twenty days later in a somewhat "jagged" condition she boarded a train for Deadwood.

There are a number of reports concerning Calamity's final year of life, 1903.

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362 Sabin, op. cit., p. 341.
363 Briggs, op. cit., p. 79.
364 Mumey, op. cit., p. 126.
365 Solld, loc. cit., citing Billings Gazette, Billings, Montana, November 25, 1902.
366 Ibid., citing Billings Gazette, Billings, Montana, December 16, 1902.
Calamity Jane returned to Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1903, remained there for a short time, finally going to Belle Fourche, South Dakota, taking a position as a cook for a dance hall and boarding house.\textsuperscript{367}

According to Foote, Calamity Jane made two additions to her album of letters to be left to Janey in 1903.

Deadwood
April 1902

Dear Janey -- I guess my diary is just about finished. I am going blind, can still see to write this yet but I can't keep on to live an avaricious old age. All hope is dead forever, Janey. What have I ever done except to make one blunder after another? All I have left are these little pictures of you and your father. I can't go on blind and the doctor told me yesterday that in 2 months I would be absolutely blind. Oh, how I wish I had my life to live over.

I hate poverty and dirty and here I shall have to live in such in my last days. Don't pity me Janey.

Forgive all my faults and the wrong I have done you.\textsuperscript{368}

Two months later --

I am sick and haven't long to live. I am taking many secrets with me Janey. What I am and what I might have been.

I am not as black as I am painted. I want you to believe that.

My eyes have cheated me out of the pleasure I could get from looking at your photos. -- Can't see to write any more.

I must tell you something. If you ever come out here fix up my old home and be sure to find General Allen of Billings. He was a good friend.

There is some thing I should confess to you but I just can't. I shall take it to my grave, forgive me and consider I was lonely.

\textsuperscript{367}Foote, loc. cit. Mumey dates the letter 1902.

\textsuperscript{368}Ibid., pp. 102-103.
Forgive me Janey. If they fail to bury me beside your father, will you see that it is done, should you ever get this.

I am often asked where my daughter is. I tell them lies. Don't you think God will forgive me. I can't tell anyone the truth about it all.\textsuperscript{369}

At approximately the same time as the preceding letter was written, if Foote's dating of the previous letter is correct, Calamity Jane was observed in Sundance, Wyoming.

Calamity Jane was visiting Sundance (Wyoming) last week, for the first time in the history of the town. She rode into town on the hack from Alladin and the people became very much interested as soon as they found who their visitor was. There were a few who had known her in the early days and to these the rest looked for verification as to the genuineness of Calamity. She was given a warm reception while in Sundance. She has been in the Hills several months this trip, passing from one camp to another and subsisting on the bounty of her pioneer friends and it was but natural that she should include Sundance in her itinerary.\textsuperscript{370}

Solld contributed a rather lengthy discussion of Calamity's last days.

After the turn of the century, Calamity Jane's seemingly rugged health began to fail. Her friends noticed that she was not as robust as she once had been.\textsuperscript{371} Her boisterous past was catching up with her.

If she herself realized this she did not show it, for early in 1903 Calamity went back to her old haunts in the Black Hills country. Traveling from town to town and camp to camp, she renewed acquaintances with her old pioneer friends and sold her little Autobiography and scouting pictures. Her life was a gay one and seemed to be made up of one drunken carousal after another.

\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{369}Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 103-104.
\end{flushright}

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\textsuperscript{370}Ibid., p. 128.
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An amusing incident took place as she rode a hack from Aladdin to Sun Dance, Wyoming. The episode was of a more temperate nature than many in which she had figured, but it illustrates the personality and character of this frontier woman, then in her early fifties. Riding across the hills she yelled at everyone she met, asking for a drink of whiskey or a smoke. She passed two fellows herding horses who were sitting on the ground playing cards. "High, Low, Jack and the game," she shouted. "Got a bottle?" When they informed her that they had no bottle she asked for a smoke. Their negative reply brought a request for a chew. One of the men produced a plug of Climax and she took a chew "that would have made a Kentuckian ashamed of himself." That was Calamity Jane as she neared the end of the trail.

Early in July of 1903 she spent some time in Deadwood and on one occasion expressed a desire to re-visit the grave of Wild Bill Hickok. A prominent man, Percy Russell, who lived until 1957, hired "Wim's Hack" for her and the two went up to Mt. Moriah Cemetery. Attired in a long black dress and broad brimmed hat, Calamity posed for a picture by Hickok's grave. This photograph has long been used on post cards sold each year to tourists.

For the next few weeks the movements of this wandering woman are uncertain, but in the last week of July she went from Spearfish to Terry, a small mining town eight miles southwest of Deadwood. Complaining that she was sick and weary, Calamity Jane told friends that her time was near to "cash in." There, in Terry, she was cared for by Mr. H. A. Sheffer, proprietor of the Calloway Hotel. Her characteristic spirit was displayed in her reception of the attention of her physician. She showed a rebellious disposition when her doctor tried to give her medicine. Luckily for Dr. Richards, her weakened physical condition kept her from carrying out her numerous threats. The day before her death the editor of the Terry News-Record visited Deadwood to solicit aid for this impoverished old woman from members of the Black Hills Pioneer Society. Several old friends called on her at the hotel where she was staying. To them she spoke of a married daughter living in North Dakota, but would not reveal any details about how she was getting along or why the two had

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372 Ibid., citing Pioneer-Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, June 25, 1903.  
373 Ibid., p. 106, citing interview with Percy Russell.  
374 Sollid states in footnote* "Most accounts state that Calamity died in Terraville, South Dakota. It is a town less than a mile from Deadwood."
quarreled. Her "dying request" was that the funeral be held under the auspices of the Pioneers. She wanted her remains to be buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Deadwood beside those of Wild Bill who was murdered twenty-seven years before in Deadwood. Her demise occurred at five o'clock in the afternoon of August 1, 1903. The immediate cause of her death was recorded by the doctor and undertaker as inflammation of the bowels, but over indulgence in alcohol over a period of many years was undoubtedly a contributing cause.

Mumey offered a report of Calamity's death which conflicts somewhat with that of Sollid.

In August of that same year, she was in a barroom chair "sick, sicker'n all hell's fire," she groaned. Later she was found on the way to Terry, South Dakota, in a weakened condition from an illness. She was taken to the Callaway Hotel in Terry where she died from pneumonia on August 2, 1903 at 5:00 p.m.

Sollid described the events acceding Calamity's death and preceding the funeral.

The body was brought to the undertaking parlors of Charles Robinson in Deadwood. Calamity had taken care of Robinson one winter when the boy was only seven years old and throughout the years a sort of friendship had continued. While she lay on the cooling board, many curious women, who would have scorned her on the street, came to look at the face of the dead woman. They clipped locks of her hair for souvenirs, and so disgusted was a

376 Ibid., pp. 105-107.
377 Mumey, op. cit., p. 133., citing Brininstool, loc. cit.
378 Sollid, op. cit., p. 107., citing interview with Mrs. Mary Robinson.
former crony of hers with their vandal-like actions that he had a wire screen put over her head.\footnote{Ibid., citing Brown and Willard, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 418.}

According to Mumey, the pallbearers at the funeral were George S. Hopkins, Curley Simmons, L. R. Baxter, George Hoosier, and William Hanley.\footnote{Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 136.}

Solld described the funeral proceedings as follows:

To this day Deadwood has seldom seen such a funeral. The services were held in the First Methodist Church on August 4, and the building was packed with old settlers as well as many morbidly curious citizens. Dr. C. B. Clark delivered the sermon and Mrs. M. M. Wheeler and Miss Elsie Cornwall sang, accompanied at the organ by Miss Helen Fowler. After reading the Ninetieth Psalm and making a few remarks upon the uncertainty of life and the level to which death brings everyone, the Reverend Dr. Clark reviewed the history of Deadwood and the part which Calamity Jane had played in its development . . . .\footnote{Solld, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 108., citing \textit{Deadwood Daily Pioneer-Times}, Deadwood, South Dakota, August 5, 1903.}

Mumey included the description of the sermon as stated by the \textit{Pioneer-Times} of August 3rd or 4th.

\begin{quote}
We are reminded today of the beginning of things in Deadwood and vicinity. You walk today amid the improvements which have cost the labors of twenty-five years. You are fearless in all your enterprises today. In the other days you could not venture from your log cabin without the rifle or the revolver with which to defend yourself. You are surrounded by schools and churches and appreciate these elements of a higher civilization.

The romance of the Black Hills has never been written. Some time there will come a writer who with breadth of mind sufficient to comprehend the work you have done and the stirring events which have attend your labors, will write the romance of the Black Hills. When that romance is written whoever may be the heroes, Jane Burke will, in all the deeds which kindness and charity dictated in those early days, be the heroine.
\end{quote}

How often amid the snows of winter did this woman find her way
to the lonely cabin of the miner, who suffering from the diseases incidental to those times, felt sorely the need of food and medicine.

When the history of this country is written too much can not be said of the results of this woman's labor in helping you to build and complete the work you had undertaken. As I think of her labors and voluntary sacrifices I hear the voice of Christ as he said: "Even as much as ye have done unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Her labors were unknown but to you. But He who knows the value of the smallest act of kindness would say "Even a cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward." You can never reward this woman but He who reads the secrets of human hearts, who is too good to do harm, and too wise to make mistakes will see that she is rewarded.

To the pioneers the doctor said: "You have done your work well. Those who have followed since you came appreciate the value of your labors. Your number is growing less every day. It can not be increased. Like the Grand Army of the Republic, this faithful band is slowly fading away. As you did your work well in other days, and as the superstructure built upon the foundation you laid is the pride and delight of the state, so let your ideals of life rise to the proportion of the improved conditions that surround you. The old soldier was brave in defense of the flag and you want him to be true to the genius of truth and righteousness which prevades (sic) our civilization. So may you, my fellow citizens, so live that your last days may be your best days, that you may be enabled to crown the heroic efforts of the past twenty-five years with lives consecrated to the highest good of humanity and the glory of God. Then shall it be said by the men who come after you to enjoy the fruits of your labors: 'These men did what they could.'"

Solld cited the following incidental events which occurred after the funeral.

As the people filed out of the church they noticed that a man who had been attracting their attention by his weeping and wailing throughout the service was still kneeling and sobbing bitterly. No one knew him, but someone touched him on the shoulder and asked if he were a friend of Calamity Jane. "Yes," he said be-

\[382\]Mumey, op. cit., pp. 134-135., citing Pioneer-Times, Dead-
wood, South Dakota, August 3rd or 4th, 1903.
between sobs, "I was her first husband. She was the finest woman that ever lived—the kindest."

Sons and daughters of the Pioneers still remember that incident as told by their parents in after years. One lady laughingly said that her mother recalled a remark by Seth Bullock on the subject of the stricken spouses: "The Methodist Church could never possibly house all of Calamity Jane's so-called husbands." While no one was interested enough at the time to find out more about this man, they assumed that he was some imposter trying to get a few dollars from the Pioneers. He did, and was never seen again.

Calamity was conveyed in the hearse down Lee Street and up to Mt. Moriah Cemetery. She was escorted by many of the old settlers and the band which always came out in full dress for such an occasion. The road leading to the cemetery winds around and up some five hundred feet above the town. The grade is so sharply steep that tourists often ask how Deadwood buries its dead there in the icy winter.

In compliance with her dying request, she was deposited beside Wild Bill Hickok after a brief ceremony. Of the five pall-bearers one, George S. Hopkins, was still living in 1950, a bartender in a popular tavern. The Old Pioneers provided a handsome casket and purchased the desired burial lot. Sympathetic friends sent masses of floral offerings that all but concealed the casket. The tombstone which today marks her grave is a small simple stone slab with the inscription:

CALAMITY JANE
MRS. M. E. BURKE
DIED AUG. 1, 1903
AGED 53 YEARS

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384 Sollid states in footnote: "Seth Bullock was the first sheriff of Deadwood, U. S. marshal... and one of Deadwood's most outstanding citizens in the early days."

385 Sollid, op. cit., p. 109., citing Deadwood Daily Pioneer-Times, Deadwood, South Dakota, August 2 and 8, 1903.

In a last will and testament noted by Mumey, Calamity Jane left all her worldly possessions to her daughter, Janey. Although Mumey reports the date of the composition of the last will and testament as April, 1892, Foote states the date to be April, 1898. The latter date appears to be the more reasonable in light of subsequent evidence. The will, according to Mumey, reads:

Billings, Montana
April, 1892

This is my last will and I bequeath to my only heir—my daughter Janey Hickok O'Neil all my possessions namely—my ranch on Canyon Creek with log cabin, my saddle, trunk of keepsakes, and this diary, wedding ring and brooch of gold with pearls. The brooch has a history—it was used in smuggling dope from the Orient. It was my mothers.

My two witnesses are the two men who are signing their names below.

Jane Hickok Burke
John Tinkler
Joe Stager.\(^\text{387}\)

Calamity Jane also left a confession, the contents of which have been reported in "The Real Calamity Jane" by Kathryn Wright.

I, Jane Hickok Burke, better known as Calamity Jane, of my own free will and being of sound mind, do this day June 3, 1903, make this confession. I have lied about my past life. To help clear up my daughter's birth-right and my sister's daughter's birth, I am making this confession to James O'Neil to make public or to keep to himself. I was born in Missouri. I had several sisters, but only one is to be mentioned in this. People got snoopy, so I told them lies to hear their tongues wag. The women are all snakes and none of them I can call friends. All letters and information given prior to this are lies except the diary I have kept for Janey since 1877.

\(^{387}\)Mumey, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 136-137.
The only lie in that is where I said Bell Starr was no kin of mine. She was my sister, raised by Ben Waddell and his wife. They were killed in the Eighties, in Oklahoma. They never knew our relation. After their death, Bell came to me under the name of Starr. She married William Hickok, cousin to my daughter's father, James Butler Hickok. I lied about having a daughter born to me in 1887; I nursed my sister Bell at that time. She gave birth to a girl whom she named Jessie Elizabeth. Then Jack Oakes came from Fort Pierre. Hickok believed the worse of his wife. He was ashamed of her doings and refused to live with her. She lived with Jack Oakes, and to them was born a son, Charley Oakes. Jessie Elizabeth was born October 28, 1887, near Benson's Landing where Janey was born September 25, 1873.

Bell posed as my daughter and Jessie Elizabeth as my granddaughter. They were neither, for Bell was older than I am. Charley's father murdered a man in Fort Pierre. I have been called the common-law wife of King, Sonors, Wilson and Dorsett. I was legally married to Hickok and Burke. I dare anyone to deny these facts.

(Signed) Jane Hickok Burke

Those who signed as witnesses were James O'Neil, R. R. Ryan, and N. K. Sipes. 388

Mumey quoted Meldrum’s list of those items which Calamity Jane left to her daughter Janey.

Calamity Jane died in 1903 and her confession, her diary, her wedding ring, her crucifix, a brooch which had come down to her through the Canary family, her guns, and other keepsakes were sent to James O'Neil to be given to her daughter at his death. 389

An article in the Livingston Post of August 6, 1903, called attention to Calamity’s passing, the life she was reported to have led, and constitutes one of the final contemporary summaries of her life.

In Terry, S. D., a few miles from Deadwood where were enacted many of the stirring scenes of her frontier life, Calamity Jane, the most unique character the great west has produced, died last

388 Wright, loc. cit.

389 Mumey, op. cit., p. 79, citing Meldrum, loc. cit.
Saturday of inflammation of the bowels. Her last request was that her remains be interred in Mount Moriah cemetery, beside those of "Wild Bill" Hickox (sic), friend of her youth and companion on many a scout and dangerous expedition.

Calamity Jane was a many sided character. She possessed many of the sterling qualities of the pioneer and a great number of vices of the cowboy of the western frontier. She was brave, generous and charitable, yet dissipated and reckless, almost entirely lacking in that high moral sense possessed in a great measure by the majority of womankind. Naturally of a simple, kindly nature, years of dissipation and hardship made her shrewd and designing. During the latter years of her life, she lived entirely upon the bounty of friends of the early days and curiosity of tourists who would purchase a little pamphlet, written by herself, purporting to give a history of her life.

Calamity Jane's maiden name was Martha Canary, at least that is what is stated in her little history of her life. She came west with her people in the early '60's, settling in Virginia City. She took to the wild life of the plains as a duck to water and soon became a female cowpuncher and scout. She could shoot a rifle with deadly precision and was quick with a six shooter. Under General McCook she served through the Indian wars as a scout. She was associated in this work with Buffalo Bill and many other noted western characters.

In her little pamphlet she relates how she came by the sobriquet of "Calamity Jane." During an Indian fight on Goose Creek, Wyoming, near where the city of Sheridan now stands, she rescued Captain Eagan from death at the hands of the aborigines. Single handed, she broke through a line of Indians, swept at full speed up to the place where lay the wounded officer, swung him onto her saddle and carried him to safety back to his troops. Recovering from his wounds, Captain Eagan named her "Calamity Jane." This title stuck to her through thick and thin and soon became the only name by which she was known.

As a rider for the Pony Express company out of Deadwood, Jane earned the name of being the hardest proposition for Indians or outlaws that rode the prairie. Her unerring aim with rifle and six shooter and her daredevil bravery made her one of the most valuable employees of the company. On one occasion she saved a stage and six passengers from murder by Indians. Riding her route one day she was overtaken by the Deadwood stage. The driver was lying in the box, shot through the shoulder; the horses were on the dead run without a guiding hand upon the reins. A horde of naked savages were in full pursuit. Jane mounted the box and brought the stage in safety to Deadwood, having organized the
passengers, berating them for their lack of nerve and bullying them into making a fight for their lives.

Afterward she effect the capture of Jack McCall, the assassin of "Wild Bill" Hickox (sic). Calamity held up McCall with a meat cleaver and made him come with her to jail, from which he was afterward taken and lynched.

When the frontier had been cleared of Indians, Jane's occupation was gone. She went to Miles City and opened a little hotel and bar room where, as she puts it in her book, "the weary traveler could find rest, food and drink or trouble if he wanted it."

In the early 80's Calamity played a museum engagement in Minneapolis. After this she went to Texas, where she married a man named Burke. A daughter was born of this union and now lives in North Dakota.

In the early '90's, Calamity came to Livingston. She married a young man named Robert Dorsett, with whom she lived a short time only. Traveling around the state, stopping at Billings, Miles City, Glendive and other towns, Calamity put in six or seven years. Finally she returned to Park County and settled at Horr. From this place she was taken to the Buffalo exposition by Josephine Winifred Brake, a novelist, who pretended to desire taking good care of the old woman, until her last days. The editor of the Post went with Mrs. Brake to Horr and induced Calamity to go east. The Buffalo woman evidently wanted Jane as sort of speculation, but any sort of life, where she could have decent food, a comfortable home and be kept from whiskey, was better than the life she was leading at Horr.

When found in that camp by the Post man and Mrs. Brake, Calamity was lying on a dirty bunk in a negro house of ill repute, sick and half dead from a long continued debauch. Mrs. Brake induced the old woman to go east with her.

At Buffalo Calamity was given a job driving a six horse team to a coach in the midway. One night Jane got hold of some real money and spent it for whiskey. She knocked out a Buffalo policeman and shot up a saloon during her blowout. She was arrested, but was shortly released. Buffalo Bill gave her money to return to the west and she came to Livingston. Remaining here but a short time, she pulled out for Deadwood, near which place occurred her death last Saturday.

Many were her faults and vices but these will be forgotten by the old timers who knew her when she was doing a great work upon
the frontier. Her bravery and daring saved many an expedition from failure. Her presence in the hospital tent was a boon to many a wounded soldier. Sick and feeble as she was when living at Horr, the old woman walked every day over a precipitous mountain in order to carry fruit and other delicacies to a friend in the hospital at Aldridge. When she agreed to leave Horr and go to Buffalo, it was only upon the condition that Mrs. Brake would employ someone to take the daily portion of fruit to "Jack" in the hospital over the mountain.  

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390. The Livingston Post, Livingston, Montana, August 6, 1903.
ACT I

Scene I*

(HELENA, MONTANA -- WINTER OF 1867) (THE SCENE OPENS WITH DANCING GIRLS ON THE STAGE OF A SALOON. A CROWD OF MINERS AT THE BAR AND TABLES SHOUT AND CHEER AT APPROPRIATE TIMES DURING THE NUMBER. AT THE CLOSE OF THE NUMBER CALAMITY JANE AND SMOKEY TOM DRIVE UP ALONG A SIDE STREET NEAR THE SALOON ON A WAGON LOADED WITH CRATES AND BARRELS. THERE ARE HORSES PICKETED ALONG THE HITCHING RAIL IN FRONT OF THE SALOON.)

TOMs: (JUMPING FROM WAGON) Well, Martha Jane, this is it.

CALAM: Can you 'imagine me workin' in a place like that!

TOMs: Don't just sit there gawkin'. Come on!

CALAM: (CLIMBING DOWN, EYES INTENT UPON THE SALOON) I've been in places like that, but I never thought I'd be wearin' one o' them fancy dresses myself.

(THEY BEGIN WALKING TO THE BOARDWALK, TOM SEVERAL PACES IN FRONT. CALAM HESITATES.)

TOMs: Well, are ya comin'?

CALAM: This isn't like that place in Bannack is it, Tom? I mean where the girls have ta...

TOMs: I told ya, this isn't one o' them pig pens. It's a respectable place. All ya gotta do is look pretty.

(FLINT SHOVES A DRUNK INTO THE STREET. HE LIES PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND AS FLINT TURNS AROUND TO RE-ENTER THE SALOON.)

*For historical basis see page 63.
TOM: Hey, Flint!

FLINT: Who is it? I can't see in the dark!

TOM: It's me! Smokey Tom!

FLINT: Well it's about time you were gettin' back this way. C'mon in and I'll buy you a drink.

TOM: I could sure use one.

**AS THE THREE ENTER THE SALOON** TOM GREETs OLD FRIENDS AT THE VARIOUS TABLES ON THE WAY TO THE BAR. **IN THE MEANTIME A DRUNK IN THE STREET STAGGERS TO his FEET, TO THE BOARDWALK, TRIPS, GETS TO HIS FEET AGAIN, EXITS FROM THE SCENE BY BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST THE BUILDING AS HE STAGGERS. AS THE DRUNK EXITS, THE THREE HAVE REACHED THE BAR AND THE BARTENDER HAS SERVED THE DRINKS.**

FLINT: What are you haulin' this time, Tom?

TOM: Mostly flour and salt . . . and my passenger here. Flint, meet Martha Jane Cannary.

FLINT: (NODS) Miss Cannary.

TOM: She's lookin' for work. Now that her maw and paw's dead she's got ta support the younguns.

FLINT: I'm sorry to hear that, Miss Cannary. You look pretty young to be supportin' a family. How old are you?

CALAM: (HESITATES) Goin' on twenty.

TOM: Goin' on what?

CALAM: Well most people think I'm twenty! (CHAGRINGED) I'm goin' on 16.

FLINT: (POINTING TO MINERS) Well, Miss Cannary, if you can make them think you're twenty, I think Belle can find a place for you here.

CALAM: Did ya hear that, Tom? He wants me ta work here!
TOM: That's why you came, ain't it?

FLINT: Belle!

(BELLE, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING A FARO GAME, Crosses TO THE BAR.)

BELLE: Ya, Flint?

FLINT: Get this girl a dress.

BELLE: Her? Takin' 'em kinda young, ain't ya, Flint?

FLINT: How old were you when you started here?

BELLE: Eighteen.

FLINT: She's twenty. Now get her a dress.

BELLE: Come with me, honey.

(BELLE AND CALAM EXIT OUT DOOR AT FAR END OF THE BAR)

FLINT: (A LITTLE CONCERNED) She is pretty young.

TOM: She'll do all right.

FLINT: Been around men before?

TOM: Rides and shoots like one.

FLINT: But has she acted like a woman around them?

TOM: Not that I know of.

FLINT: Well, she'd better learn damned fast then. (POINTS TO STAGE)

Watch this. We got a new gal from back East last week. Not bad.

TOM: What do ya mean, she'd better learn fast? She isn't going to have to . . . ?

FLINT: Hold it, Tom. Watch this.

(THERE IS A MUSICAL NUMBER ON THE STAGE. THE CROWD RESPONDS AS BEFORE. AT THE END OF THE NUMBER BELLE AND CALAM, WEARING A LOW-CUT DRESS, APPROACH FLINT AND TOM.)
FLINT: Not bad, eh, Tom? (NODDING TOWARD THE GIRLS) Hey, look at this! Now that's more like it.

CALAM: How do I look, Tom?

TOM: Prettier than your maw ever thought o' bein'; God rest her soul.

CALAM: What do I do now, Mr. Flint?

FLINT: Get to know the men.

BELLE: It's not hard, honey. You'll be old friends before you know it. C'mon. I'll show ya around.

(BELLE AND CALAM WALK TO A TABLE OF MINERS PLAYING CARDS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SALOON.)

BELLE: We winning, Jack?

JACK: Where ya been, Belle? I haven't had a good hand since ya left? (SEES CALAM) Well, hello there, honey. My luck's changin' already. (PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER. CALAM SEEMS UNCOMFORTABLE.) C'mon girl, give me a kiss for luck. (PULLS CALAM ONTO HIS LAP AND TRIES TO KISS HER. SHE RESISTS.) You're a toughy, aren't ya? Well, let's see how much fight ya got.

CALAM: You drunk slob! Let go o' me! (FREES HERSELF AND PUSHES HIS CHAIR OVER BACKWARDS. THE CROWD LAUGHS. AS JACK GETS UP MENACINGLY, CALAM BACKSTEPS TOWARD THE BAR.)

JACK: So ya want to get rough, eh? (AS HE APPROACHES, CALAM BACKSTEPS. THE OTHER MINERS HAVE MOVED FROM THE AREA.) Let's get rough, then.

(AS JACK LUNGEs, TOM HITS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE NECK AND SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR OUT COLD.)

FLINT: You'd better get her out of here, Tom.

(TOM TAKES CALAM BY THE ARM AND THEY EXIT FROM THE SALOON.)
FLINT: Back to your tables, everybody. It's all over. Back to your tables.

(AS THE MINERS RETURN TO THEIR TABLES, TWO MEN CARRY BILL OUT THE BACK DOOR AND TOM AND CALAM CROSS TO THE WAGON.)

CALAM: I shouldn't have done it, should I, Tom?

TOM: I didn't think that would happen in Flint's place, Martha Jane.


TOM: Find yourself a man. God knows there's enough of them around.

CALAM: No man's gonna hitch up with me if he's gotta take the younguns, too. No. I gotta get me a job an' try to keep the family together. At least until they're old enough to fight for themselves.

TOM: Be sensible, Jane. What can ya do but cook an' keep house for someone. There's no money in that.

CALAM: I'll do what I have ta do, Tom. Whether it be cookin' or anything else.

TOM: If you was a man, it would be easy, what with the railroad goin' through. But a woman's place is raisin' a cabin full o' younguns. Well, let's get this wagon unloaded an' head back to Salt Lake.

CALAM: But what about this dress?

TOM: I got some old clothes ya can wear on the way back. You earned the dress.

CALAM: Tom. You know what you was sayin' about me bein' a man?

TOM: I remember sayin' ya wasn't a man.

CALAM: Well . . . with that railroad an' all . . . maybe I could work like one.

END OF SCENE
ACT I

Scene II*

(ABILENE, KANSAS -- LATE EVENING IN THE EARLY FALL OF 1870) (AS THE
SCENE OPENS THE TOWN IS VERY ACTIVE. A COVERED WAGON AND FREIGHT
WAGON PASS ON THE STREET; A NUMBER OF MEN WALK ALONG THE BOARDWALKS.
SEVERAL MEN ENTER THE SALOON AS OTHERS LEAVE AND RIDE DOWN THE STREET.
SOON CALAM, DRESSED IN BUCKSKINS, RIDES INTO TOWN AND STOPS AT THE
RAILWAY DEPOT.)

(AS THE ACTION BEGINS IN ONE PLAYING AREA, THE PEOPLE IN THE OTHER
AREAS ASSUME A TABLEAU POSITION OR EXIT FROM THE SCENE.)

CALAM: (AT DEPOT WINDOW) Payroll ready yet?

CLERK: Been ready over a week.

CALAM: Got some money there for M. J. Cannary?

CLERK: Sorry, lady, but Mr. Cannary will have to pick up his wages
himself.

CALAM: I'm M. J. Cannary.

CLERK: I'm sorry, lady. Mr. Cannary will still have to pick up his
own money.

CALAM: Listen, you little weasel! I've done more work on this rail-
road the last three years than any three gandies you've got.
Now do I get my money or do you get trouble?

POTTS: (RIDING UP) Hey! Martha Jane! What kinda hell you raisin'
now?

CALAM: Come here, George! Tell this weasel who I am so I can get my
money!

POTTS: Give her the money, Ben. She's earned it same as the rest of
us.

*For historical basis see pages 66-67 and 102.
CLERK: Well, if you say it's all right, Mr. Potts. I just didn't know we had a woman working for the railroad out there.

POTTS: Hell, Ben. She's one o' the best we had.

CLERK: Here you are, Miss Cannary. Three hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty-three cents.

CALAM: About time. Thanks, George. No tellin' when I woulda got it if you hadn't showed up.

POTTS: It's the least I could do for the way ya helped me an' the wife out in Wyoming. We'll never forget ya for that, Jane.

CALAM: Well ya better forget it long enough ta have a drink. My pockets are loaded an' my belly's empty.

POTTS: There's a saloon right across the street there. That your horse?

CALAM: Ya, I got ta bed her down after we tip a few.

(AS THEY CROSS TO THE SALOON, THE PEOPLE IN THE SALOON BECOME ACTIVE. A NUMBER OF MEN ARE DRINKING AT THE BAR. OTHERS ARE SEATED AT THE VARIOUS TABLES. SOME MEN AND GIRLS ARE STANDING AROUND A TABLE (DRC) WHERE WILD BILL HICKOK AND TWO OTHER MEN ARE PLAYING POKER. HICKOK IS FACING THE AUDIENCE AREA, WITH A SIZABLE STACK OF MONEY IN FRONT OF HIM. A CONSIDERABLY LESS AMOUNT IS BEFORE RILEY, TO HICKOK'S RIGHT; AND ONLY A FEW BILLS IN FRONT OF JENKS, TO HICKOK'S LEFT. THE ACTION IN THE SALOON BEGINS AS SOON AS CALAM AND POTTS LEAVE THE DEPOT.)

1ST MAN: (TO BARTENDER) How long they been at it, Frenchy?

FRENCHY: 'Bout twelve hours. Been here since I came this mornin'.

2ND MAN: Hey there, Marshal! Don't you ever quit?

HICKOK: (PICKING UP HIS HAND) Sometimes ... if I'm broke.

1ST MAN: If I had your luck, Marshal, I'd give up freightin' and do nothin' but gamble.
HICKOK: Better stick to freightin', Mister.

JENKS: You in this game or not, Hickok?

HICKOK: Sorry, Jenks. Didn't know you was in a hurry. I'll keep these.

RILEY: Two.

JENKS: Three. (TAKES THREE)

(CALAM AND POTTS ENTER THE SALOON AND WALK TO THE BAR. AS THEY ENTER VARIOUS MEN GREET POTTS. THOSE AROUND HICKOK'S TABLE REMAIN INTENT ON THE GAME. DURING THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION THEY CONTINUE WITH THE GAME.)

POTTS: Hey, Frenchy! Ya got two more!

FRENCHY: Right with ya, George.

CALAM: Looks like a big game.

POTTS: Prob'ly the marshal.

CALAM: (APPROVINGLY) Good marshal.

POTTS: Don't let that fool ya none. He's already done more to clean up this town than the whole Vigilance Committee.

JENKS: (PUTTING HIS LAST BILL INTO THE POT) I can't go that high, Marshal. That's the end of it right there.

RILEY: Want to finish it on the side, Marshal?

HICKOK: Might jest as well. Sure you can't handle it, Jenks?

JENKS: Not unless you want to take gold dust.

RILEY: It's all right with me.

HICKOK: How much you got, Jenks?

JENKS: (PULLING OUT A POUCH AND TOSSING IT INTO THE POT)

Sixty dollars.
RILEY: You raisin'?

JENKS: It's in there, ain't it?

RILEY: (ADDS TWO BILLS) Marshal?

HICKOK: I'm in. (ADDS THREE BILLS)

(THEY LAY THEIR CARDS ON THE TABLE.)

HICKOK: (SCOOPING IN THE MONEY) Thank you, gentlemen.

JENKS: That cleans me out.

RILEY: I've had enough for one day, too, Marshal.

HICKOK: (AS THEY RISE) You completely broke, Jenks?

JENKS: Don't worry, Marshal, you got it all.

HICKOK: You better take this back, then. (OFFERS HIM THE POUCH)

JENKS: I don't need no charity.

HICKOK: It isn't charity, Jenks. Just a grubstake. You can pay me back later.

JENKS: Well . . . I'll see that ya get paid in full, Marshal. (TAKES THE POUCH) Ready ta go, Riley? (THEY EXIT. RILEY TURNS RIGHT AT THE CORNER, JENKS TURNS LEFT.)

ROSIE: If you need any help spendin' that money, Marshal, you know where to find me.

HICKOK: I'll remember that, Rosie.

(AS THE CROWD MOVES TO OTHER TABLES AND TO THE BAR, CALAM GETS HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MARSHAL.)

CALAM: (SURPRISED) Is that your Marshal?

POTTS: That's him. Wild Bill Hickok.

CALAM: Hey, Hickok! Kinda far East for a scout, aren't ya?

HICKOK: What? . . . Wait a minute! I know you. You're the girl in
Fort Laramie.

CALAM: That's me, an' this here's George Potts.

POTTS: I know the Marshal already, Jane.

HICKOK: Good ta see ya again, George.

CALAM: So they got ya totin' a badge now.

HICKOK: Only till things get cleaned up a bit. How 'bout you?

CALAM: A little freightin', a little scoutin'... just to tide me over now an' then.

HICKOK: Gonna be in Abilene long?

CALAM: Depends how the wind blows. Maybe a day, maybe a week. Never know for sure.

HICKOK: I expect I'll be seein' ya 'round then.

CALAM: Sure will. May be here a month if you're around.

HICKOK: 'Night, George, Miss Cannary.

POTTS: 'Night, Marshal.

CALAM: See ya, Wild Bill.

(HICKOK EXITS FROM THE SALOON AND TURNS LEFT AT THE CORNER.)

POTTS: I didn't know you knew the Marshal.

CALAM: Oh, I knew him some in Wyoming. (RATHER ADMIRINGLY) Sure a lot o' man under that hat.

POTTS: He's proved that right here in Abilene. And he sure done himself up proud in Hays City. Right, Frenchy?

FRENCHY: Sure did. George and I saw him get into it with Sam Strawhorn in a saloon in Hays City a while back.

POTTS: You should have seen it, Jane. Strawhorn came ridin' into town one day swearin' ta get back at the Marshal for interferin'
in a fight 'tween him an' a lawman in Ellsworth.

FRENCHY: Strawhorn walked into that saloon big as blazes while the Marshal an' me was talkin' at the bar. Strawhorn walked up to the end o' the bar an' before I knew it the Marshal had whirled an' shot 'fore Strawhorn had his gun half out o' the holster.

POTTS: Got him right 'tween the eyes. Prettiest bit o' shootin' I ever saw.

CALAM: If I told you half o' what I know about Hickok, you'd be here till mornin'.

JAKE: (SEATED AT A TABLE WITH TWO OTHERS) Hey, Potts! Why don't you and your friend get in the game? We got room for two more.

CALAM: Go ahead, George. I got to get old Bess bedded down.

POTTS: Sure ya can't play a couple hands?

CALAM: I'll be around a while yet. (FINISHED DRINK) I'll take your money later.

POTTS: (CROSSING TO TABLE) See ya here tomorrow, then.

CALAM: (EXITING) See ya, George, Frenchy.

FRENCHY: See ya, Jane.

(CALAM EXITS FROM THE SALOON, CROSSES TO BOARDWALK ACROSS THE STREET. AS SHE WALKS ALONG THE BOARDWALK TOWARD BESS, SHE HEARS A CONVERSATION TAKING PLACE IN A BUILDING ALONG THE BOARDWALK. AS SHE REALIZES WHAT IS GOING ON, SHE STEALTHILY MOVES TOWARD THE WINDOW.)

KRESSIG: What's wrong with you men, anyhow? He can't get all five of us at once!

DEVLIN: You go ahead if you want, but count me out. Hickok's no ordinary lawman. He's too fast for any one of us.
JENKS: You didn't see what he done to Strawhorn, did you, Kressig?

    Well I heard about it, an' I don't want no part o' this deal.

QUADO: Listen, Jenks! You been playin' poker with him all day, ain't ya?

JENKS: Ya.

QUADO: Well, right now he's home sleepin'. All we gotta do is move in on his cabin an' get him through the window.

JENKS: I'm not so sure it'll be that easy.

KNOX: Hey! Close that damn window! You want the whole town to hear us?

(CALAM RUNS AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE.)

JENKS: (LOOKING AROUND) There isn't anyone out here.

KNOX: Well there could have been. Now close that window an' let's get this figured out.

(JENKS CLOSES THE WINDOW. CALAM STEALTHILY MOVES BACK TOWARD THE SALOON. AS SOON AS SHE REACHES IT A MAN EXITS FROM THE SALOON.)

CALAM: Hey, Mister. Where does the Marshal stay?

MAN: You in trouble, Miss?

CALAM: No, he is! Where's he live?

MAN: (POINTS TO CORNER) Down that street about a quarter of a mile.

CALAM: Thanks, Mister. (SHE RUNS TO THE CORNER AND TURNS LEFT.)


HICKOK: (REACHING FOR HIS GUN-BELT) Who is it?
CALAM: Open up, Hickok! It's me, Martha Jane.

HICKOK: (OPENS DOOR) C'mon in, Miss Cannary.

CALAM: (ENTERING) Close the door, quick! That fellow Jenks an' four others are plannin' ta kill ya tonight.

HICKOK: That's a pretty big tale even for you.

CALAM: Listen, Hickok. Either you turn out that light or this town's gonna be needin' a Marshal.

HICKOK: Jenks hasn't got the guts to try a shoot-out.

CALAM: Maybe not alone, but he's got four others with him.

HICKOK: How did you find out.

CALAM: They were in the big store on the corner. The window was open.

HICKOK: Kressig's store. I ran a few of his friends out of town last month.

CALAM: Well, don't stand there talkin'. Get that light out!

HICKOK: Get behind the door, Jane. I don't want you takin' any chances.

CALAM: Now wait a minute, Hickok. There's five of them. You better let me take a window.

HICKOK: Get behind the door. I can look out for myself better than two of us.

(CALAM RETICENTLY STEPS BEHIND THE DOOR CASING. HICKOK TURNS DOWN THE LAMP AND PICKS HIS GUN-BELT OFF THE CHAIR. AS HE DOES SO A SHOT RINGS OUT. HICKOK FALLS TO THE FLOOR, GUNS IN HAND.)

KRESSIG: I got him!

QUADO: We better go in an' make sure.

(THREE MEN ENTER THE CABIN.)

DEVLIN: Somebody light a match.
KRESEIG: I've got one.

KNOX: I'd like to see Jenks when he hears about this.

(AS SOON AS TWO MATCHES ARE LIT, FOUR SHOTS ARE HEARD, THE FOUR MEN FALL TO THE FLOOR.)

CALAM: Bill! Thank God you're alive. I thought they killed ya.

HICKOK: (LIGHTING LAMP) So did they. Let's see who they are. (TURNING BODIES OVER) It's Kressig all right. Quado. Devlin. Knox.

CALAM: Where's Jenks?

HICKOK: I told you he didn't have the guts for a shoot-out.

CALAM: What you going to do now, Bill?

HICKOK: (DRAGGING A BODY OUTSIDE) Get these things out of here.

CALAM: You gonna leave 'em out there?

HICKOK: (DRAGGING A BODY OUTSIDE) They won't get any colder.

(CALAM AND HICKOK DRAG THE OTHER BODIES OUTSIDE.)

CALAM: Better tell someone, hadn't you?

HICKOK: (CROSSING TO BASIN) Who should I tell? I'm the marshal here. (DIPS CLOTH INTO THE BASIN OF WATER AND WIPES SIDE OF HIS HEAD.)

CALAM: What's the matter?

HICKOK: Kressig creased the side o' my head.

CALAM: Is it bad?

HICKOK: Coulda been a lot worse. Thanks for the warning, Jane. It's sure good ta have ya around in a calamity. (LAUGHS) Maybe I oughtta call ya Calamity Jane.

CALAM: Call me whatever ya want, but ya better let me clean that out for ya. You ain't gonna stop the blood that way. (SHE TAKES
THE CLOTH AS HICKOK SITS DOWN, AND STARTS WASHING THE BLOOD FROM THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.)

HICKOK: A man could use a woman like you to take care o' him. How come you ain't hitched up yet?

CALAM: You're the first man I've seen worth hitchin' up with.

HICKOK: I didn't expect that!

CALAM: There's a lot that you ain't been expectin'.

(HICKOK, SURPRISED, TURNS AND LOOKS AT HER.)

END OF SCENE
ACT I

Scene III*

(A WATER HOLE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN HAYS CITY AND ABILENE, KANSAS --
SEPTEMBER 1, 1870) (AS THE SCENE OPENS, CALAMITY JANE AND WILD
BILL HICKOK ARE AT THE WATER HOLE WATERING THEIR HORSES.)

CALAM: (FILLING HER HAT WITH WATER) How much farther? Bess is
      gettin' pretty tired. (TAKES A DRINK AND EMPTIES REST ON
      GROUND.)

HICKOK: 'Bout another four hours. Should make it by nightfall.

(FOUR RIDERS ARE SEEN COMING TOWARD THEM.)

HICKOK: Riders comin'? (TAKES RIFLE FROM SCABBARD ON HIS SADDLE)

CALAM: Two of 'em look like preachers.

HICKOK: Maybe.

(THEY WAIT UNTIL THE RIDERS REACH THEM.)

WARREN: If this is a hold-up, I'm afraid we have little to interest
      you.

HICKOK: Who are you?

WARREN: I'm Reverend Sam Warren. This is Reverend Sipes, Tom
      O'Donnell and Carl Cosgrove. And you're Wild Bill Hickok.

HICKOK: You know me?

WARREN: Certainly, Mr. Hickok, you're much too well known for me
      not to know you.

CALAM: He's right, Bill.

WARREN: I don't believe I've met the young lady, though.

HICKOK: Oh ... This is Martha Jane Cannary.

*For historical basis see pages 67 and 102.
WARREN: Oh, yes. So, you're Martha Cannary. Some of my parishioners have told me how helpful you've been to them on occasion.

CALAM: There may be a lot o' things they ain't told ya, too, Reverend.

HICKOK: Water's not bad here, Reverend, if you'd care to rest awhile.

COSGROVE: Sounds like a good idea, Sam.

O'DONNELL: It wouldn't hurt me none, either.

WARREN: 'Twenty minutes wouldn't hurt anything I guess. Thank you, Mr. Hickok.

(They dismount and lead their horses to the water hole.)

CALAM: (Pulling Hickok aside) Bill . . . I been thinkin'. Why don't we get married?

HICKOK: What!

CALAM: Hell, we're almost common law married anyhow. Might jest as well do it proper.

HICKOK: (aghast) We can't get married. It would be too risky for you.

CALAM: Why?

HICKOK: Well . . . uh . . . Look, Calam! I've killed a lot o' men in my time. An' for every one I've killed there are two gunnin' for me. If they can't get me, they'll try ta get the person closest to me. We jest can't risk it.

CALAM: Hell, Bill. I ain't afraid. I'd be proud ta be with ya when ya was in trouble.

HICKOK: I want to marry you, Calam, but I jest can't do it.

CALAM: (spitefully) Sure it's me ya worryin' about? Sure it ain't
that common law wife o' yours, Mamie Werly? Or maybe it's that fancy circus woman, Agnes Lake?

HICKOK: (HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS) Foolish Jane. You're always so jealous. You know I haven't had nothin' ta do with Mamie Werly. An' Agnes is married to that famous clown. Now let's kiss an' make up.

(HEY EMBRACE -- CALAM IS DEFINITELY MORE PASSIONATE THAN HICKOK.)

CALAM: I know ya love me, Bill. Every time I kiss ya I know ya love me. Can't we get married now? Now's the perfect time. No one would have ta know.

HICKOK: (DISGUSTED) I told you why we can't Calam. (REALIZING A POSSIBLE "OUT") Anyway, the Reverend wouldn't marry us out here.

CALAM: How do you know? Ya ain't even asked him.

HICKOK: He hasn't got his things with him.

CALAM: Bill! If I promise not to tell anyone we're married, an' if the Reverend will marry us here where no one will ever know, can't we get married?

HICKOK: You're sure enough a Calamity Jane. You won't give up, will you? Well ... if you can get the Reverend to marry us here and promise not to tell anyone, an' you won't tell anyone . . . all right.

CALAM: Ya mean that, Bill?

HICKOK: We'll have ta get married here an' now, though. We can't have no church weddin' where people will know about it.
CALAM: He'll marry us here, Bill! I know he will!

HICKOK: Now, Janey . . . don't go buildin' your hopes too high.

CALAM: I know he'll marry us, Bill! He's got to. (RUNNING TO WARREN)

Reverend! Reverend Warren!

(WARREN AND OTHERS LOOK UP AS CALAM APPROACHES.)

CALAM: (ALMOST OUT OF BREATH) Reverend! We wanta get married!

WARREN: When's the happy day?

CALAM: Today! Right now!

WARREN: Now? Here?

CALAM: Right here! We want you to marry us.

WARREN: I'm sure this marriage is important to you, but couldn't you wait until we reach Abilene?

CALAM: No! It's gotta be right now! Here!

WARREN: But I don't even have my vestments.

CALAM: We don't want a fancy weddin', Reverend, just a weddin'. Please?

COSGROVE: Why don't you, Sam?

O'DONNELL: Go ahead, Sam. I haven't been to a wedding in a long time.

WARREN: But I'll need a marriage certificate. What would you do, Reverend Sipes?

SIPES: They seem anxious enough. But it's up to you, Sam.

WARREN: How old are you, Miss Cannary?

CALAM: Eighteen.

WARREN: And Mr. Hickok?


WARREN: Well, it won't be very fancy, but I'll make it as nice as I can. Tell Mr. Hickok I'll be ready whenever you are.
CALAM: Thank you, Reverend Warren! (AS CALAM RUNS TO HICKOK, WARREN GETS HIS BIBLE AND WRITES ON THE FIRST PAGE.) Bill! Bill!
He's gonna donit! (HICKOK JUMPS UP FROM THE LOG HE HAS BEEN SITTING ON.) He's gonna do it, Bill! (FLINGS HERSELF INTO HIS ARMS)

HICKOK: (PULLING HIMSELF FREE -- HIGHLY AGHAST) You mean he's gonna marry us?! Here?!

CALAM: Right here! (HUGS HIM IN ECSTASY) I'm so happy, Bill!

HICKOK: Calam! I didn't think . . .

CALAM: He says he's ready anytime we are! Come on, Bill! (SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND ALMOST PULLS HIM TO THE OTHERS.)

WARREN: Well, Mr. Hickok. Reverend Sipes and Tom and Carl have consented to act as witnesses and I do have my Bible with me, but I'm afraid I can't make it any more official than that without a marriage certificate.

HICKOK: (ALMOST HOPEFULLY) You mean we won't really be married?

WARREN: In the eyes of God, yes. In the eyes of man, no. That is until you have an official marriage certificate.

HICKOK: (SOMEWHAT RELIEVED) I see.

WARREN: But don't be concerned. I've already prepared a temporary certificate on a page of my Bible. After the ceremony the witness will sign it and you can exchange it for a regular certificate in Abilene. Now, if you will stand here Mr. Hickok. And you here, Miss Cannary.

CALAM: Here?
WARREN: Yes, that's fine. Now if each of you will place your right hand on the Holy Bible. (THEY DO SO) Mr. Hickok, what is your full name?

HICKOK: James Butler Hickok.

WARREN: James Butler Hickok, do you take this woman, Martha Jane Cannary to be your lawfully wedded wife? Say I do.

HICKOK: (HESITANTLY) I do.

WARREN: And you, Martha Jane Cannary, do you take this man, James Butler Hickok, to be your lawfully wedded husband?

CALAM: (QUICKLY) I do.

WARREN: Then I pronounce you man and wife.

CALAM: You hear that, Bill! We're hitched! (THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIM AND KISSES HIM)

(THEN MEN CONGRATULATE THE BEWILDERED HICKOK.)

WARREN: This certainly hasn't been the fanciest service I've conducted, but it's been one of the most enthusiastic. Well, if you men will sign the certificate, I think we'd better be on our way. (THEY SIGN.)

WARREN: (TEARS THE PAGE FROM THE BIBLE AND HANDS IT TO CALAM) There you are, Mrs. Hickok. Now be sure you exchange this for an official certificate in Abilene.

CALAM: Listen to this, Bill. "I, W. F. Warren, Pastor, not having available a proper marriage certificate find it necessary to use as a substitute this page from the Holy Bible and unite in Holy Matrimony, Jane Cannary, age 18 and J. B. Hickok, 31."
(AS WARREN'S PARTY MOUNTS) Oh, thank you, Reverend Warren.

That's beautiful!

WARREN: Hold on to him. You've got a good man there.

CALAM: Oh, I know I do, Reverend.

HICKOK: Oh, by the way, Reverend, we'd be grateful if you wouldn't say nothin' about us gettin' married.

WARREN: Most people want everyone to know about it.

HICKOK: Well, you see; with my reputation, I'm afraid someone would try to get back at me by harmin' Jane.

WARREN: I understand. You have my word. And by the way, be sure to have that certificate exchanged when you get to Abilene.

CALAM: We will, Reverend. And I'm sorry about Bill pointin' the gun at ya that way.

WARREN: I've conducted weddings with people at gun-point before, but this is the first time it's been pointed at me. (HE AND THE OTHERS WAVE AND RIDE AWAY.)

CALAM: I'll make ya a good wife, Bill, I promise. (NOTICING THE CERTIFICATE IN HER HAND) Oh! You better take this an' fix it up.

HICKOK: Oh! That's right. (NOT TOO ASSURINGLY) I'll do it when I can. Don't suppose there's any real hurry.

CALAM: We're married -- that's what counts. (THEY EMBRACE.)

END OF SCENE
ACT I

Scene IV*

(A CABIN SOMEWHERE IN WYOMING — LATE SPRING, 1873) (AS THE SCENE OPENS HICKOK IS SEATED AT A TABLE WRITING A LETTER. SOON CALAM ENTERS, HER ARMS LADEN WITH A BEDROLL, RIFLE, GUN-BELT, BULL WHIP, ETC.)

CALAM: (ENTERING) I'm back.

HICKOK: (WITH INDIFFERENCE -- INTENT UPON THE LETTER) Heard ya ride up.

CALAM: Ain't ya glad ta see me?

(HICKOK, INTENT UPON THE LETTER, NODS.)

CALAM: (TOSSING GEAR IN THE CORNER) Guess who I saw.

HICKOK: Later, Jane. I'm trying to write.

CALAM: (CROSSES TO HICKOK AND PUTS HER ARMS AROUND HIM FROM BEHIND)

Bill, I missed ya.

HICKOK: (FIRMLY AND DELIBERATELY) Jane, I'm trying to write.

CALAM, VISIBLY HURT, CROSSES TO GEAR IN CORNER, TAKES GUN-BELT AND BULL WHIP AND HANGS THEM ON A PEG ON THE WALL NEXT TO HICKOK'S GUN-BELT, THEN PUTS RIFLE IN CORNER.

HICKOK: (FOLDING LETTER AND PUTTING IT IN THE POCKET OF HIS COAT, WHICH IS HANGING BY THE DOOR) Now what was ya sayin'?

CALAM: (COOLY) Wasn't important.

HICKOK: How was the trip.

CALAM: All right

HICKOK: No trouble with the wagons?

CALAM: No.

(A MOMENT OF TENSE SILENCE)

*Primarily of fictional basis.
CALAM: Saw Johnny Borner.

HICKOK: Your sister's husband?

CALAM: They got a son now. Named him Tobe.

HICKOK: Oh?

CALAM: He asked when I was gonna get hitched up.

HICKOK: (SUDDENLY CONCERNED) What did you say?

CALAM: (ALMOST HAUGHTILY) I told him I was married to Wild Bill Hickok.

HICKOK: You told him?!

CALAM: Hell yes, I told him! He didn't believe me anyway.

HICKOK: I told you not to tell anyone!

CALAM: We gotta start tellin' people sometime!

HICKOK: Well, not yet!

CALAM: When are we gonna tell 'em, Bill?

HICKOK: Not until I say we can!

CALAM: Bill! We been married almost two years now an' your own maw don't even know it.

HICKOK: (CALMLY BUT FIRMLY) Jane, sit down.

CALAM: I don't wanna sit down.

HICKOK: Sit down, Jane.

CALAM: All right! (SITS AT THE TABLE)

HICKOK: Jane, I never asked a lot of ya. An' I've been pretty satisfied ta let things be as they are. But ya gotta understand this. I come from a good family, an' my mother wants things to be proper an' all. We haven't been proper, Jane. And if my mother heard that I haven't been livin' proper, I'm not
sure what it would do to her.

CALAM: Proper! You talk about livin' proper an' you ain't even got our marriage certificate fixed up yet!

HICKOK: I'll get it fixed up.

CALAM: When?

HICKOK: Sometime.

CALAM: (CROSSES TO WINDOW) It better be soon.

HICKOK: It'll be soon enough. Why?

CALAM: (PAUSES) Cuz I ain't been feelin' right.

HICKOK: What's the matter with you now?

CALAM: Well ... it ain't gonna be the two of us much longer, Bill.

HICKOK: What are you sayin'?!?

CALAM: I'm goin' ta have a baby!

HICKOK: Don't you dare!

CALAM: I'm goin' to, Bill!

HICKOK: You're jest tryin' ta threaten me, Jane! You jest want that marriage certificate! It won't work, Jane. I ain't gonna be forced inta nothin'!

CALAM: I'll tell ya this, Bill Hickok! I've taken the last damned excuse I'm gonna take! I want that marriage certificate, an' I want it before this baby's born! You make our marriage legal or I'll write your maw!

HICKOK: (THREATENINGLY) Don't you ever write my mother!

CALAM: I'm gonna have a baby -- your baby, Bill Hickok! It ain't gonna be no woods colt, an' I ain't gonna say it's paw got killed by injuns! It's your baby an' it's gonna be named Hickok!
HICKOK: Listen, Jane! This trick of yours has gone far enough! If we were gonna have any kids we'd o' had 'em a long time ago. So don't try an' tell me you're gonna have one now!

CALAM: It ain't for me ta say when I'm gonna and when I ain't. I ain't lyin', Bill. I'm gonna have a baby. Whether you like it or not, you're gonna be a father; an' ya better be a better father than ya been a husband!

HICKOK: What do you mean!?

CALAM: I've done a lot o' changin' in the last two years. I ain't the wet-nosed kid I was when we got married. You think I don't know how you been frettin' over that circus woman?!

HICKOK: Agnes?

CALAM: Yes, Agnes!

HICKOK: Agnes has nothin' to do with this! She's a good woman an' don't you go sayin' she isn't.

CALAM: I ain't saying she ain't! But you're married ta me, an' I'm gonna have your baby, an' don't you forget it.

HICKOK: When we got married you promised that no one would ever know 'bout it, an' don't you forget that! If you tell another person we're married or name that kid after me, it will be the last time you see me.

CALAM: (TAKING HER GEAR OFF THE PEGS AND FROM THE CORNER) All right!

HICKOK: Where you going!?

CALAM: Out!

HICKOK: You got another man?!

CALAM: If I do!?
HICKOK: (THREATENINGLY) I'm warnin' you, Jane!

CALAM: I'm goin' out an' get drunk! Get outta my way!

HICKOK: An' get thrown in jail again?!

CALAM: You're damned right! It's a hell of a lot better bein' in jail drunk than livin' in the same place with you! (EXITS, SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.)

END OF ACT.
ACT II

Scene I *

(BENSON'S LANDING, NEAR LIVINGSTON, MONTANA -- OCTOBER, 1873) (AS THE SCENE OPENS, JIM AND HELEN O'NEIL DRIVE THEIR WAGON UP TO A ROOT CELLAR DOOR.)

JIM: Want to stop here for a while?
HELEN: Do you think we should? We're not far from Benson's Landing.
JIM: A few minutes won't make any difference. Might as well stretch while we can.

CALAM: (EXITING EXCITEDLY FROM THE ROOT CELLAR) Bill! Oh! I thought you were Bill Hickok. (REGAINS COMPOSURE) Somethin' I can do for ya?

JIM: We just wanted to stretch our legs for a few minutes. We didn't know anyone lived here. Do you mind?
CALAM: No. Step down. 'Fraid I can't offer ya nothin', though, 'cept maybe some cold water.
JIM: (JUMPING DOWN) Oh, that's all right. We just need a litter exercise. (HELPS HELEN FROM WAGON) We've been riding all day.

I'm Jim O'Neil and this is my wife, Helen.

CALAM: Glad to know ya. I'm Jane Hickok. Where ya from?
HELEN: We left Helena yesterday. We're going back East.
CALAM: Didn't think you was from here. You work for the railroad?
JIM: No. I work for a shipping lines.
HELEN: Jim's captain of a passenger ship.
CALAM: I've heard about them things. Never saw one, though.

*For historical basis see pages 71-72.
HELEN: They're a beautiful sight. Of course you have beautiful things out here, too.

CALAM: Hell. You ain't seen half of 'em yet. There's a place two days south o' here with water comin' out o' the ground like hell let out for noon. They ain't sure whether God made it or the devil.

HELEN: I've heard of that place.

JIM: There's talk of making it into some kind of national park, isn't there? That's what I've heard.

CALAM: Oughta make somethin' out of it. It's got the injuns scared, so it's good for somethin'. (BABY STARTS TO CRY INSIDE THE ROOT CELLAR) Oh, oh. There she goes again. (EXITS INTO THE ROOT CELLAR)

HELEN: Jim! She has a baby in there!

JIM: Sounds like it, doesn't it?

HELEN: But that's no place to keep a baby.

JIM: Maybe she's just taking care of it.

HELEN: But even so, it must be cold and damp down there.

JIM: It's none of our business, Helen.

HELEN: It is our business. We can't just stand by and watch a baby catch the croup.

JIM: Be careful, Helen. She'll hear you.

HELEN: I don't care if . . .

CALAM: (EXITING FROM ROOT CELLAR) That will hold her for a while. I gave her some water.

HELEN: Don't you have any milk?
CALAM: Ran out of milk three days ago.

HELEN: The poor child! *Doesn't* your husband have a job?

CALAM: Ain't got no husband.

HELEN: (RELIEVED) Oh, you're just taking care of the child.

CALAM: Janey? No. She's mine.

HELEN: (UNCOMFORTABLE) But I thought you said . . .

JIM: Helen!

CALAM: Hell. It's all right. I been married. It just ain't been made legal yet. That's why Bill run off.

HELEN: He left you with the baby and everything?

(CALAM NODS.)

JIM: I hope he comes back.

CALAM: I thought you was him when ya drove up. Shoulda known it wouldn't be. He ain't comin' back.

HELEN: But what will you do?

CALAM: I been alone before. I can make out.

JIM: Do you have any place you can work?

CALAM: I'll start freightin' again. Somebody's always lookin' for a good freighter an' I can drive with the best of 'em.

HELEN: But what about the baby?

CALAM: I don't know. I can't take 'er on the drives with me.

JIM: Is there someone who would take care of her while you're gone?

CALAM: Nobody's gonna want ta take care o' no woods colt.

HELEN: But if you were married . . .

CALAM: I was. But it ain't legal. 'Sides nobody's gonna take care o' no kin o' mine, not with the way people been talkin'.
JIM: How old is she?

CALAM: Little over a month. Just a little thing.

HELEN: Jim! We could take care of her!

JIM: How? We can't stay here. We promised Henry we'd be in Omaha by Thanksgiving.

HELEN: But just to have a baby for a little while, Jim. It would mean so much to me.

CALAM: You ain't got any younguns, eh?

JIM: Not yet. We've been wanting one for some time now.

CALAM: Strange how things happen, ain't it? Those that has 'em don't want 'em, an' those that want 'em ain't got 'em.

HELEN: Please, Jim?

CALAM: Hell. I can't ask ya ta stay an' look out for Janey. We'll get along just fine.

HELEN: But you haven't any money.

CALAM: I been broke before. Some days I eat chicken an' some days the feathers, but I always get along.

HELEN: But how long can your baby live like that?

CALAM: If she takes after her maw, quite a while.

JIM: I wish we could stay and help you, but if you'll let me lend you some money, we could still be of some help.

CALAM: No. I been payin' my own way all my life. I ain't gonna start ownin' people now. Anyway, you just met me. Don't go offerin' your money to strangers.

JIM: Any woman who has put up with as much as you have deserves all the help she can get.
CALAM: No. I can't take your money.

JIM: Well, take it for the baby then. She can't live on just water. (OFFERS HER A BILL)

CALAM: (HESITATES) ... Well ... I'll see that ya get it back. (TAKES THE MONEY)

HELEN: Jim, maybe ... well, maybe we could take her back to Bos­
ton with us. She could find a job and I could take care of
Janey for her.

JIM: (TO CALAM) That might be possible. Then Janey could go to
school when the time comes and play with children her own age.
I'm sure we could find a job for you ... that is, if you'd
like to go.

CALAM: Hell, I don't belong back there. I'd be 'bout as welcome as
a hawk in a robin's nest.

HELEN: But your daughter. (INDICATING THE STORM CELLAR) She needs
more than this.

CALAM: (HESITATES) It ain't the best place, I s'pose ... I don't
know ... I gotta think it over ... How soon ya gotta know?

JIM: We'll be in Omaha until late March. If you decide to come you
could meet us there.

CALAM: Boston ain't no place for me, but maybe with Janey an' all . . .
Well, I'll let ya know.

HELEN: (AS THEY CROSS TO THE WAGON) We'll be staying at Henry Bishop's. Ask anyone. They'll know where he lives.

JIM: (HELPING HELEN ONTO WAGON SEAT) Think it over, Jane.

CALAM: I will ... Henry Bishop's, you said?
JIM: Good-bye.

HELEN: Yes. Don't forget, Henry Bishop's in Omaha. Ask anyone.

CALAM: I'll remember.

(AS THEY DRIVE AWAY, CALAM DEJECTEDLY CROSSES OVER TO THE DOORWAY OF
THE ROOT CELLAR. SHE LEANS AGAINST THE DOOR CASING, LOOKING AT JANEY.)

CALAM: What am I gonna do with ya, Janey? Your paw don't want ya.

'Least he don't seem to. But he ain't seen ya, Janey. He
don't know how pretty ya are. . . It ain't fair to ya, Janey.
You come into the world all wrong. Ya got the wrong paw, the
wrong maw, the wrong everything. Them's the kind o' kin ya
shoulda had. They'd give ya everything, Janey. I can't
give ya nothin'. But they couldn't love ya more than me,
Janey. (EXITS FROM VIEW INTO ROOT CELLAR) They couldn't
love ya more than I do. (CALAM'S AND JANEY'S CRYING BLEND)

END OF SCENE
(LARAMIE, WYOMING -- JUNE, 1876) (AS THE SCENE OPENS, CALAM ENTERS A
STORE TO FIND THE STORE KEEPER READING A LETTER, HIS BACK TO THE DOOR.
SHE SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM.)

CALAM: (IN CROCHETY FALSETTO VOICE) Steaming open my mail again,
Mr. Crips?!

CRIPS: (JUMPING UP AND HIDING THE LETTER BEHIND HIM) Oh, no, Mrs.
Fenster, I . . . Calam! Blast ya! Ya nearly scared me bald!

CALAM: (LAUGHING) Someday it won't be no joke, Crips. An' she'll
beat ya bald when she catches ya.

CRIPS: Would ya believe it, Calam? Mrs. Fenster's been writin' to
some cattleman in Texas. An' at her age!

CALAM: Since when ya gotta be young ta want a man?

CRIPS: But Mrs. Fenster! If the Ladies Aid heard about this there'd
be a hangin' sure.

CALAM: Then don't go tellin' no one.

CRIPS: Don't worry, I ain't. Say! I been savin' a letter for ya.
Keep forgettin' ta give it to ya.

CALAM: Where's it from?

CRIPS: Back East some place. I'll get it. (BEGINS LOOKING THROUGH
THE MAIL BOXES_ I put it away special so's I'd know right
where it was. Ah! Here it is. Real thick one, too.

CALAM: What's it say?

CRIPS: Oh no. I ain't been openin' your letters. It's risky enough

*For historical basis see pages 80-82.
readin' Mrs. Fenster's. (HANDS HER THE LETTER)

(CALAM OPENS THE LETTER. A PICTURE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.)

CRIPS: Dropped somethin'.

(CALAM PICKS IT UP AND STARES AT IT.)

CRIPS: Picture?

(CALAM NODS.)

CRIPS: Can I see it?

(CALAM HANDS CRIPS THE PICTURE AND STARTS READING THE LETTER.)

CRIPS: Sure a pretty little girl. Relative of yours?

CALAM: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP FROM LETTER) Sorta.

CRIPS: (HANDING PICTURE BACK) There's a chair in back if ya wanta sit down an' read the letter.

CALAM: (TAKING PICTURE) Thanks, Crips. Good idea. (SHE GOES TO BACK OF STORE AND SITS DOWN; SHE FACES THE BACK OF THE STORE.)

(AS CRIPS SITS DOWN READING MRS. FENSTER'S LETTER, HICKOK AND CHARLIE UTTER RIDE UP TO THE HITCHING RACK IN FRONT OF THE STORE.)

UTTER: How long ya gonna be, Bill?

HICKOK: Just wanta see if there's any mail before I leave.

UTTER: I'll go down an' tell the rest we'll be leavin' in about ten minutes. I'll meet ya back here.

HICKOK: About ten minutes, then.

(UTTER CROSSES TO BOARDWALK AND TURNS RIGHT AT THE CORNER. HICKOK ENTERS THE STORE AND WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER.)

HICKOK: Hey, Crips.

CRIPS: (STARTLED, JUMPS, HIDING LETTER BEHIND HIS BACK) Oh! It's you, Mr. Hickok.
HICKOK: Any mail for me?

CRIPS: A letter from your wife.

HICKOK: From Agnes?

CRIPS: Yes, sir. (HANDS HIM THE LETTER)

HICKOK OPENS IT

CRIPS: When's she gonna quit that circus an' come West, Mr. Hickok?

HICKOK: Prob'ly any time now.

CRIPS: Must be tough havin' her back there an' you out here.

HICKOK: Ya get used to it.

CRIPS: I guess ya would.

(HICKOK AND CRIPS BEGIN READING THEIR RESPECTIVE LETTERS. CALAM, HAVING FINISHED HER LETTER, GETS UP, PUTS IT IN HER POCKET AND STARTS FOR THE FRONT OF THE STORE. AFTER SHE HAS TAKEN A FEW STEPS SHE RECOGNIZES HICKOK, WHOSE BACK IS TOWARD HER, STOPS ABRUPTLY AND BACKS TOWARD THE REAR DOOR. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND IS ABOUT TO EXIT, BUT HESITATES, CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN AND WALKS TO THE REAR END OF THE COUNTER. HICKOK AND CRIPS REMAIN INTENT UPON THEIR LETTERS.)

CALAM: (WITH MARKED COMPOSURE) Howdy, Bill.

HICKOK: (STARTLED, TURNS) Jane!

CALAM: Been a long time.

HICKOK: Ya.

CALAM: Crips! (CRIPS, STARTLED, TURNS) 'Bout time to pick up the mail, ain't it?

CRIPS: Stage don't get in for another hour yet.

CALAM: Might be early today. Ya better go see.

CRIPS: I'll be lucky if it's on time.

CALAM: (HER EYES STILL ON BILL) Crips. You better go see.

CRIPS: (SENSING SOMETHING AMISS) Ya. Maybe I'd better. (PUTS ON GREEN
EYE SHADE: I'd hate ta miss seein' it the first day it's early. (HASTILY EXITS)

(HICKOK AND CALAM STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT, NEITHER MOVING. UNTIL INDICATED, BOTH REMAIN IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POSITIONS AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE COUNTER.)

CALAM: How ya been?

HICKOK: Fine. (PAUSE) How 'bout you?

CALAM: Same. (PAUSE) How's Agnes?

HICKOK: Doin' fine.

CALAM: She out here now?

HICKOK: No. Back East.

CALAM: Oh.

HICKOK: I wanta thank ya, Jane.

CALAM: What for?

HICKOK: The divorce.

CALAM: Wasn't hard. Weren't married legal anyway.

HICKOK: No. Guess we weren't. (PAUSE) Saw Reverend Warren again.

CALAM: Oh. Where?

HICKOK: He married Agnes and me in Cheyenne.

CALAM: Oh.

HICKOK: Asked me how you were.

CALAM: What did you say?

HICKOK: Told him you were fine.

CALAM: Oh.

HICKOK: The youngun with ya?

CALAM: She's back East.
HICKOK: Give her up?


HICKOK: When?

CALAM: Couple years ago.

HICKOK: Nice folks?

CALAM: Seem ta be.

HICKOK: That's good.

CALAM: Ya.

(PAUSE)

HICKOK: Seen her since?

CALAM: No. Got a picture of her, though.

HICKOK: (SHOWING SOME INTEREST) Ya have?

CALAM: Got it today.

HICKOK: Can I see it?

CALAM: (TAKING PICTURE FROM HER POCKET AND CROSSING TO HICKOK) Sure.

Here. (HANDS HIM THE PICTURE)

HICKOK: (LOOKS AT IT FOR A MOMENT) Pretty ain't she?

CALAM: I think so.

HICKOK: (SMILING) Looks sorta like me, don't she?

CALAM: That's what I thought.

HICKOK: You know who she really looks like don't ya? My mother.

CALAM: Don't know. I never saw your mother.

HICKOK: She looks like you some, too, Jane.

CALAM: A little bit.

HICKOK: (HANDING HER THE PICTURE) Well . . . here.
CALAM: No, you keep it.

HICKOK: No. They sent it to you.

CALAM: They'll send me another one.

HICKOK: You're sure.

CALAM: Ya. I'm sure.

HICKOK: Sure is pretty. (STARTS TO PUT IT IN HIS POCKET, THEN LOOKS AT IT AGAIN.) Want ta see it again?

CALAM: No. You go ahead.

(HICKOK PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.)

CALAM: You livin' here now?

HICKOK: No. I'm leavin' for Deadwood in a few minutes.

CALAM: What ya goin' there for?

HICKOK: Lots o' gold up there. Oughta be some for a gambler.

CALAM: Ya. Guess there should.

(PAUSE)

HICKOK: You got roots here?


HICKOK: Wanta go to Deadwood?

CALAM: What about Agnes?

HICKOK: Agnes? Well . . .

CALAM: 'Course, if somebody else was goin' along.

HICKOK: (HASTILY) Oh, there is. Charlie Utter an' his brother are going. 'Nother woman, too.

CALAM: Well . . . maybe . . . well, all right.

(U T T E R, WHO HAS BEEN APPROACHING THE STORE, OPENS THE DOOR.)
UTTER: Hey, Bill! Let's go!

HICKOK: (CROSSING TO DOOR WITH CALAM) Jane here's goin' with us.

UTTER: (AS THEY EXIT FROM STORE) Have the whole town with us pretty quick.

HICKOK: (AS THEY'RE ABOUT TO MOUNT) She's an old friend.

UTTER: Oh. How come ya ain't talked 'bout her before?

HICKOK: Well . . . you see . . . uh . . .

CALAM: What he's sayin' is we used ta be partners.

UTTER: Oh. What in?

HICKOK: Uh . . .

CALAM: Gamblin'. We played for some pretty high stakes.

UTTER: Surprised ya didn't tell me 'bout it, Bill.

CALAM: Well, that was a long time ago. Almost forgot about it myself.

UTTER: Well, glad ta have ya along, Jane. Bill can use a good partner.

HICKOK: We better get goin'. We got a long way ta go.

(THEY MOUNT AND EXEUNT)

END OF SCENE
ACT II

Scene III*

(DEADWOOD, S. D. -- AUGUST 2, 1876) (AS THE SCENE OPENS, HICKOK IS IN A POKER GAME IN LEWIS AND MAN'S SALOON #10. CAPE. MASSEY, A MISSOURI RIVER BOAT PILOT, IS SEATED ACROSS FROM HIM, CHARLEY RICH AND SAM YOUNG ARE AT HIS LEFT, CARL MANN IS AT HIS RIGHT. HICKOK IS SEATED ON A STOOL WITH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD TOWARDS AND ABOUT FIVE FEET FROM THE BAR. THERE ARE SEVERAL MEN PLAYING AT A TABLE NEAR THE DOOR: A LITTLE BOY, JACKY, IS WATCHING THE GAME. THERE ARE TWO MEN AT THE BAR. THE FIVE AT HICKOK'S TABLE ARE JUST FINISHING A "HAND". JACK McCALL, STANDING ON THE UPSTAGE CORNER ACROSS THE STREET, STARTS TO CROSS THE STREET TO THE SALOON.)

MASSEY: Game's going too high for me. I fold. (THROWS IN HIS CARDS)

MANN: Same here. (THROWS IN HIS CARDS)

HICKOK: I'll see your ten, Sam, and raise ya fifteen.

RICH: Too steep for me. (THROWS IN HIS CARDS)

HICKOK: It's you an' me, Sam. Ya stayin' in?

YOUNG: Will ya take pocket checks? I'm good for 'em.

HICKOK: For how much?

YOUNG: Enough ta see ya.

HICKOK: I'll take em. (LAYING THE "HANDS" ON THE TABLE) Three ladies.

YOUNG: It's yours. (THROWS CARDS INTO POT) I better get to work any­way. (GETS UP, CROSSES BEHIND BAR AND WRITES OUT A POCKET CHECK)

JACKY: Hey, Wild Bill! Ya win again?

HICKOK: Sure did, Jacky.

JACKY: You sure win a lot!

(McCALL, WHO HAS NOW REACHED THE DOOR OF THE SALOON, LOOSENS HIS PISTOL

*For historical basis see pages 83-87.

41
IN IT'S HOLSTER AND ENTERS THE SALOON. HE IS UNNOTICED BY THOSE IN THE SALOON. AS SOON AS HE ENTERS, YOUNG CROSSES FROM BEHIND BAR TO HICKOK'S SIDE. McCALL CROSSES TO BAR.)

HICKOK: Your deal, Carl.

(MANN SHUFFLES THE CARDS, MASSEY CUTS THEM AND MANN DEALS THE FOUR "HANDS".)

YOUNG: (AT HICKOK'S SIDE) Here's my check.

HICKOK: Thanks, Sam. (HE PUTS THE CHECK INTO HIS POCKET AND PICKS UP HIS "HAND").

(McCALL, NOW AT THE BAR, WATCHES YOUNG AND HICKOK UNTIL YOUNG CROSSES BACK TOWARD THE BAR. HE THEN CROSSES TO HICKOK'S BACK, DRAWS HIS NAVY REVOLVER, PLACES THE MUZZLE A FEW INCHES FROM THE BACK OF HICKOK'S NECK AND FIRES. AS SOON AS THE SHOT IS HEARD, MASSEY GRABS HIS RIGHT ARM, WHICH WAS HIT AFTER THE BULLET PASSED THROUGH HICKOK'S HEAD. HICKOK DROPS HIS HEAD TO THE TABLE AND HE SLOWLY SLIDES OFF THE STOOL TO THE FLOOR. THE OTHERS, IN STARK AMAZEMENT, STARE IN DISBELIEF.)

McCALL: All right! The rest of you! Stand up and drop your gun-belts! Drop 'em easy!

(JACKY, NEAR THE DOOR, HIDES BEHIND THE MEN AT THE TABLE.)

McCALL: I said drop 'em! Young! You and Tippy come out here! (THE MEN DROP THEIR GUN-BELTS. YOUNG AND TIPPY SLOWLY CROSS FROM BEHIND THE BAR.) All right! Kick 'em over here! (THE MEN KICK THEIR GUN-BELTS TOWARD HIM.) You two! (THE MEN AT THE BAR) Get over there with the others!

(JACKY SNEAKS AWAY FROM THE MEN AND CRAWLS UNDER THE SWINGING DOORS.)

McCALL: I'm gonna walk outta here, but you're goin' out first. Take 'er slow an' easy. The first one ta run fer it gets a bullet in the back.

(JACKY, WHO IS NOW OUTSIDE, RUNS TO THE STORE ACROSS THE STREET.)
McCALL: (CROSSING TO STAND NEAR THE DOOR) All right! (TO MEN AT THE TABLE BY THE DOOR) You first! Keep those doors wide open! I wanta see every one of ya standin' out front!

JACKY: (TO STOREKEEPER ACROSS THE STREET) Wild Bill's got shot in the back! You got a back door?!

STORE KEEPER: Right back there!

JACKY: I gotta tell Calam! (EXITS OUT BACK)

(The store keeper runs to the street to find the last of the men exiting from the saloon, McCALL following them out.)

McCALL: Hey you! Store keeper! Stay where ya are! (STORE KEEPER HALTS) I'm gettin' outta here now. (STARTS CROSSING DOWN BOARDWALK TO CORNER) Hickok had it comin' to him. So don't nobody come after me. I'll shoot the first man who tries. (AT THE CORNER, HE TURNS AND RUNS DOWN THE STREET.) THE OTHERS RUN BACK INTO THE SALOON AND GET THEIR GUNS AMID A FURY OF OATHS AND EPITHETS.)

A MAN: Somebody stay an' take care o' Hickok!

2ND MAN: George an' I will.

(AS THE REST RUN DOWN THE STREET AFTER McCALL, TWO MEN CARRY HICKOK'S BODY OUT THE BACK DOOR OF THE SALOON.)

YOUNG: (TO MASSEY, WHO HAS REMAINED BEHIND) Aren't ya goin' after him?

MASSEY: (HOLDING ONTO HIS RIGHT ARM) The bullet went through Hickok and got my arm.

YOUNG: (LOOKING AT THE WOUND) Looks like it went clean through to the bone. Come out back. I'll see what I can do for ya. (THEY EXEUNT)
(THE LIGHTS DIM ON THE SALOON AREA AND COME UP ON CALAM'S CABIN. CALAM IS ASLEEP ON THE BUNK, A BOTTLE AT HER SIDE. SOON THERE IS A POUNDING ON THE DOOR.)

JACKY: Calam! Calam!

(CALAM GROANS, ROLLS OVER AND KNOCKS THE EMPTY BOTTLE TO THE FLOOR.)

JACKY: (POUNDING ON THE DOOR) Calam! Open up, Calam!

CALAM: (CRAWLING OUT OF THE BUNK -- GROGGILY) I hear ya. I hear ya!

JACKY: Open up, Calam!

CALAM: (OPENING DOOR) Oh! It's you.

JACKY: Wild Bill's been shot.

CALAM: (GROGGILY) He's what?

JACKY: He's dead! Jack McCall shot him!

CALAM: (UNBELIEVINGLY) He's dead? Bill's dead?

JACKY: I thought you'd want to know, since ya rode inta town with him an' all.

CALAM: (STAGGERING TO A TABLE FOR SUPPORT) Bill's dead? ... Not Bill ... Please, not Bill!

JACKY: (RATHER AFRAID OF THIS REACTION, SLOWLY STARTS TO EXIT) Well ... I better go now. (SLOWLY BACKS OUT OF DOORWAY AND THEN RUNS.)

CALAM: (STAGGERING OVER TO DOORWAY) First ... Janey ... (LEANS ON DOOR CASING) Now ... Bill. (SWINGING OUTSIDE ON DOOR CASING) Oh, God! (EXITS)

END OF ACT
ACT III

Scene I*

(RICHMOND, VIRGINIA -- APRIL, 1883) (AS THE SCENE OPENS, THE DOORBELL RINGS. MAMMY ROSS, A NEGRO SERVANT, ENTERS (UC) AND CROSSES TO DOOR (L). AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR SHE FACES CALAMITY JANE.)

MAMMY ROSS: Mrs. Hickok?

CALAM: That's me.

MAMMY ROSS: Please come in. Captain O'Neil will be down in a few minutes.

CALAM: Thank you. What do I do with my bags. They're in the cab.

MAMMY ROSS: I'll have the driver bring them to the back. It will be closer for him. May I take your wraps?

CALAM: My wraps?

MAMMY ROSS: Yes'm. Your coat and hat.

CALAM: Oh. Ya. Sure. (TAKES OFF HER COAT AND HAT AND HANDS THEM TO MAMMY ROSS.) Thanks.

MAMMY ROSS: I'll tell Captain O'Neil you've arrived. (STARTS TO EXIT)

CALAM: Oh! Wait a minute.

MAMMY ROSS: Yes'm.

CALAM: (HESITANTLY) Janey ain't comin' down with the Captain, is she? I mean right away.

MAMMY ROSS: No, Ma'am. The Captain thought you might wish to talk with him alone first.

CALAM: (RELIEVED) Good. Much obliged.

*For historical basis see pages 87, 101, 106-107, and 109-111.
MAMMY ROSS: Yes'm. (EXITS)

(AFTER MAMMY ROSS EXITS, CALAM STARTS WALKING AROUND THE ROOM, RUNNING HER FINGERS LIGHTLY OVER THE FURNITURE. SOON SHE NOTICES A PICTURE OF JANEY ON THE MANTLE AND LOOKS AT IT INTENTLY. SOON CAPTAIN O'NEIL ENTERS, THEN QUIETLY CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND CROSSES TO THE TABLE (C) WHERE HE REMAINS FOR A MOMENT, STILL UNNOTICED BY CALAM.)

JIM: Lovely, isn't she?

CALAM: (STARTLED) Jim! How long you been standin' there?

JIM: Just a few minutes. (CROSSES TO HER AND THEY SHAKE HANDS)

I'm glad you could come, Jane.

CALAM: I just had to come, Jim. I just hope I ain't puttin' ya out none.

JIM: Of course not. We've been looking forward to a visit from you.

CALAM: I'd o' come before this, but I just couldn't save enough money.

JIM: Things have been pretty rough, huh?

CALAM: Wasn't that so much. It's jest every time I'd win some money I'd find some poor damn brat that needed lookin' after.

JIM: Still looking out for everybody but yourself, aren't you?

CALAM: Hell. Any one o' them youngsters coulda been Janey ... if you and Helen hadn't come along.

JIM: You don't know how many times I've been thankful we did come along, Jane. At first we adopted Janey for Helen, but now that Helen's gone, I don't know what I'd do without Janey.

CALAM: I was awful sorry to hear 'bout Helen dyin', Jim.

JIM: Well! Let's not talk about the past. (CHANGING TONE) Janey's becoming quite a little lady now. We had that picture taken on her ninth birthday.
CALAM: It's hard to believe she's the same little girl I nursed back there at Benson's Landing.

JIM: It is, isn't it.

CALAM: I wanted to thank ya for all the pictures you been sendin' me, Jim. I told ya I gave that first one to Bill, didn't I? It was in his pocket the day he was shot.

JIM: Did they ever find out why that fellow McCall did it?

CALAM: Oh, he gave 'em some cock-an'-bull story 'bout Bill killin' his brother. But I found out the truth. He was paid a thousand dollars to kill Bill.

JIM: You mean he was hired to do it?

CALAM: Ya. A bunch of gamblers and toughs chipped in.

JIM: Couldn't you do something about it?

CALAM: I didn't have no proof. McCall sure wasn't goin' ta say nothin' about it; if he had, they'd o' hung 'im sooner than they did.

JIM: But what about the money? That would have been proof enough, wouldn't it?

CALAM: He didn't have it on him. He stashed it away in one o' the shacks up the gulch. I never coulda found it.

JIM: No, I suppose not. Well! Shall I call Janey?

CALAM: (QUICKLY) No! . . . I mean . . . not yet.

JIM: (CONCERNED) Is something wrong?

CALAM: Just give me a few minutes ta get used ta the idea. (TAKE A DEEP BREATH) You'd think after nine years I'd be anxious as
hell, wouldn't ya? And I have been ... up till now. (TAKES
ANOTHER DEEP BREATH) But now, for the first time in my life .
... I'm scared.

JIM: Of Janey?

CALAM: (HESITANTLY) I don't know how ta act, Jim. I don't know how
ta act with my own daughter.

JIM: Act like you would with any nine year old girl. She doesn't
know you're her mother.

CALAM: No ... but I do. I've got to make it up to her some how,
Jim. I can't go on another nine years knowin' I run out on
Janey same as Bill run out on me.

JIM: It wasn't the same way, Jane. Not at all. Let me call her.
You can see for yourself.

(CALAM NODS.)

JIM: (CROSSING TO BELL CORD BY THE FIREPLACE) Mammy Ross will bring
her in. It will be a few minutes.

CALAM: (NODS — THEN SUDDENLY) Oh! (REACHES INTO HER PURSE) I got
some money for ya.

JIM: Forget it, Jane. You don't have to pay me back.

CALAM: (HANDING HIM A BROWN ENVELOPE) There's a little over ten
thousand dollars in there.

JIM: Ten thousand dollars!

CALAM: I won it gamblin' with some N. P. bigshots. That's ta pay
back what I owe ya an' the rest is for Janey's schoolin'.
There woulda been more 'cept I took a couple kids ta New York
with me. One of 'em wanted ta be an actress. She was real
good, too. The boy wanted to be a doctor.

JIM: But what should I do with the money?

CALAM: I don't care, s'long as Janey has plenty for her schoolin'.

(A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

JIM: Here she is. We can talk about the money later. (HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR)

(JANEY AND MAMMY ROSS ENTER AND CROSS TO WITHIN TEN FEET OF CALAM.)

JIM: Janey, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Hickok. She'll be visiting with us for a while.

JANEY: (CURTSYING) I'm very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Hickok.

(CALAM STARTS TO SNIFFLE.)

JANEY: Are you all right, Mrs. Hickok? Did I do something wrong?

CALAM: (STRUGGLING TO REGAIN HER COMPOSURE) Oh, no, Honey. It's just that you remind me of a little girl I used to know. You're an awful lot like her.

JANEY: Is she at your home now?

CALAM: No. She sailed away on a big ship and never came back to me.

JANEY: My Daddy Jim and I sail on big ships, too, across the ocean lots of times.

CALAM: Do you like sailin' on them big ships?

JANEY: Oh, yes. Once Mammy Ross and I went with him to Singapore. That's in China, you know. (UNSURE) Isn't it, Daddy Jim?

JIM: No, Honey. Singapore's in the Malay states.

JANEY: Oh. Well, anyway, we gave the beggar children American gold, poor little starved things. Their clothes were all rags and
I could see their ribs sticking out. And their hands were
like little bird claws and their faces looked just like a
starved kitten Daddy Jim's sailors found below in the steerage.
I couldn't even eat my dinner that night, they made me feel so
sick.

JIM: Janey, Mammy Ross and I have to leave for a few minutes. Will
you stay and keep Mrs. Hickok company?

JANEY: (LOOKING AT CALAM) If Mrs. Hickok wouldn't mind.

CALAM: (QUICKLY) Oh, no! I'd be obliged if you'd stay.

JIM: We'll be back pretty soon. (THEY EXEUNT.)

CALAM: Well . . . uh . . .

JANEY: Did you have a pleasant trip, Mrs. Hickok?

CALAM: Ya, sure did. It's the first time I've been this far East.

JANEY: Did you come by train?

CALAM: Part o' the way. Rode stage part o' the way, too.

JANEY: I think those stages must be very uncomfortable. I'd much
rather travel by ship.

CALAM: What do you do on them big ships?

JANEY: (DELIGHTEDLY) Oh, I watch all the fancy people. Mostly the
women. (MOCKING EACH MOVEMENT) They always do everything
so carefully. They twirl their parasols and drop their
hankies so some man has to come along and pick them up for
them. They're so helpless. It's funnier than anything, Mrs.
Hickok.

CALAM: Call me Jane, Honey.
JANEY: Do you think I should?

CALAM: Why not?

JANEY: Daddy Jim told me never to call anyone by their first name.

CALAM: I don't think he'd care this time.

JANEY: Well . . . maybe when Daddy Jim isn't around.

CALAM: Good. Where's your mother, Janey?

JANEY: My mother's dead. She died a long time ago. She was Mother Helen O'Neil.

CALAM: (HURT) Oh, I see. (AFFECTIONATELY) Come here, Janey. (CALAM DRAWS HER CLOSE AND HOLDS HER TIGHTLY.)

JANEY: (ADMIRINGLY) Oh, you're awfully strong.

CALAM: (CONCERNED) Did I hurt ya, Honey? I didn't mean ta hurt ya.

JANEY: (WITHDRAWING) Oh, you didn't hurt me. But you sure hold me awfully tight. How did you get so strong?

CALAM: Ya gotta be strong to live where I live.

JANEY: Are you really from out West?

CALAM: Sure am.

JANEY: With cowboys and Indians and everything?

CALAM: That's the West for ya, Honey. We got everything.

JANEY: Gosh!

CALAM: Say! D'ya like horses?

JANEY: Oh, yes!

CALAM: Well I got the smartest dad-blamed horse in Montana. Come here an' sit on my lap an' I'll tell ya about him.

(JANEY CLIMBS UP ONTO HER LAP.)
CALAM: Well! Let's see. He's all black, 'ceptin' for his feet, an' they're white. An' he has a big white diamond right here in the middle of his head. Right 'tween the eyes. An' he's got a real sleek neck an' his shoulders are nothin' but muscle.

JANEY: What's his name?

CALAM: Satan. An' he's smart as most o' the women I know, too. Leastwise them around Deadwood. He does a lot o' cute things. He kneels right down so I can dismount, an' he shakes hands with me, an' he understands everything I say to him.

JANEY: Everything?

CALAM: Everything. There was once when I had a sack of oats an' he'd come to my door every day for a bucket full. I'd empty 'em inta the bucket so's he could see me do it. Then one day he came an' I showed him the empty sack an' he started for the hills nearby and never came back after more. He knew I didn't have no more for him.

JANEY: (CONCERNED) Didn't he ever come back?

CALAM: Oh, he come back all right, but not for oats. He knew I didn't have none for him. Pretty smart, huh?

JANEY: I wish I had a horse like that.

CALAM: Maybe you will some day.

JIM: (ENTERING WITH MAMMY ROSS) It's your bed time, now, Janey.

JANEY: (CLIMBING DOWN FROM CALAM'S LAP) All right, Daddy Jim.

CALAM: I've been tellin' her 'bout my horse, Satan. She says she wants a horse, too.
JANEY: May I, Daddy Jim?

JIM: We'll talk about it later, Honey.

JANEY: Will you be here tomorrow, Mrs. Hickok?

JIM: Yes, Honey, she'll be here for quite a while.

JANEY: Oh, good! Then you can tell me more about the West.

CALAM: I'll tell ya more right now, if ya want.

JANEY: (DISAPPOINTEDLY) Daddy Jim says it's time for me to go to bed.

JIM: Well, if you hurry and get ready for bed, maybe there'll be time for one more story.

JANEY: Oh, I'll hurry! Come on, Mammy Ross!

MAMMY ROSS: I'm comin', child. (THEY EXEUNT.)

JIM: It looks as though you made quite a hit with her, Jane. I haven't seen her this excited in a long time.

CALAM: I haven't been this excited either, Jim. Not since those last days in Deadwood with Bill.

JIM: I'm glad, Jane.

CALAM: Those were wonderful days, Jim, so very wonderful. Then all of a sudden it was over, and I lost everything. First my brother, and then Bill.

JIM: Your brother?

CALAM: Ya, him, too.

JIM: What happened? Or if you'd rather not talk about it.

CALAM: It was one o' the most horrible sights I ever seen. I went ta the battlefield after Custer's battle with the Sioux. The
first thing I saw was a house the injuns had wrecked. Inside
I found a carcass of a man who'd hid there. Then I rode on
an' found the battlefield. Bodies everywhere. The squaws had
cut legs and arms from the dead soldiers, an' then chopped
their heads an' dug their eyes out.

JIM: It must have been horrible.

CALAM: (NODS) My brother, Cy, was in that battle. I found him hacked
ta pieces, his head in one place, legs and arms scattered about.
I dug a grave and put his poor old body in my saddle blanket
and buried him. (SNIFFLES) I can never think o' him without
cryin'. I'm always bawlin' about somethin'.

JIM: I'm sorry, Jane. I never should have asked.

CALAM: (REGAINING HER COMPOSURE) No. It's all right. I jest been
livin' too much o' my life in the past, not enough in the
here an' now.

JIM: What do you think of Janey?

CALAM: She's quite a little lady, Jim, like you said she was. I
never coulda done for her all you done. (SORT OF LAUGHING
TO HERSELF) Ya know? After you left I didn't know what ta
say. An' all of a sudden she starts askin' me questions an'
I'm rattlin' on like the guest of honor at a hangin'. I
don't know how ya done it, Jim.

JIM: I think most of the credit goes to Mammy Ross. She spends a
lot of time with Janey.

(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)
JIM: (CROSSING TO THE DOOR) Good Heavens, she's never been this fast before. (OPENS THE DOOR)

JANEY: (IN LONG HOUSECOAT, ENTERING WITH MAMMY ROSS) I'm ready for bed.

JIM: You sure are. You must want to hear that story pretty badly.

CALAM: Well, come here, then. I'll tell ya about the best gun-fighter in the whole West. How's that?

JANEY: (SITTING DOWN AT CALAM'S FEET) A real gun-fighter?

CALAM: They don't come no better. His name was Wild Bill Hickok.

JANEY: (LAUGHS) What a funny name.

CALAM: That's his name all right. Wild Bill Hickok. I even got a picture of him. Ya wanta see it?

(JANEY NODS HER HEAD EAGERLY.)

CALAM: (DIGS INTO HER PURSE AND FINDS THE PICTURE) Here. That's him.

JANEY: (TAKES THE PICTURE AND LOOKS AT IT FOR A MOMENT) He isn't handsome like my Daddy Jim.

CALAM: (SMILING, LOOKS AT JIM) No, I guess he ain't. (TAKES PICTURE BACK) But he was sure a gun-fighter, though. One day back in Kansas I saw him shoot four men faster than you can blink your eyes.

JANEY: He must have been an awfully mean man.

CALAM: No, Janey, he was the most wonderful man I've ever known. He never killed no one unless they was tryin' ta kill him, an' he never got drunk, an' he never smoked. I never even heard him cuss.
JANEY: What happened to him?

CALAM: Well, one day he was in a poker game . . .

JANEY: What's a poker game?

CALAM: That's where ya play cards for money. He was in this here poker game when a man came up behind him an' shot him in the back. He never knew what hit him.

JANEY: He killed him?

CALAM: (NODS) He died the same way he lived -- by the gun.

JANIE: Is that the end of the story?

JIM: It is for you, young lady. It's time for bed. Do you want to say your prayers to Mrs. Hickok, and then we'll take you up to bed.

JANEY: (KNEELING AT CALAM'S FEET) All right, Daddy Jim. Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my Soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my Soul to take. God bless Daddy Jim, Mammy Ross, and God bless Jane Hickok and that man who was shot in the back, wherever he is. Bless him because Jane loved him. (SHE RISES) Goodnight, Mrs. Hickok.

CALAM: Good night, Honey.

JIM: I'll be back down in a few minutes, Jane.

(CALAM NODS. JANEY, CAPT. O'NEIL, AND MAMMY ROSS EXEUNT. CALAM AGAIN WANDERS AROUND THE ROOM, RUNNING HER FINGERS ACROSS THE FURNITURE. SOON SHE CROSSES TO JANEY'S PICTURE ON THE MANTLE.)

CALAM: I wonder how she knew I loved you, Bill. I wonder how she knew.

END OF SCENE
ACT III

Scene II*

(LIVINGSTON, MONTANA — 1901) (AS THE SCENE OPENS THE EDITOR OF THE LIVINGSTON POST IS SEATED AT HIS DESK IN HIS OFFICE. SOON MRS. JOSEPHINE BRAKE ENTERS. THE EDITOR CROSS TO THE COUNTER.

EDITOR: May I help you?

MRS. BRAKE: Yes. I'm looking for the editor.

EDITOR: I'm the editor.

MRS. BRAKE: I'm Josephine Brake. I've been told you might be able to give me some information.

EDITOR: I'll certainly try.

MRS. BRAKE: I'm trying to locate Calamity Jane. I was told she is living in this area now, is that right?

EDITOR: Yes. She's living in a little town just north of here.

MRS. BRAKE: Do you think I might have an opportunity to see her?

EDITOR: You could if you would like. But Calamity has had quite a bit of hard luck lately and she's been drinking a lot more than usual. I'm afraid she doesn't appreciate tourists coming up to see her very much any more.

MRS. BRAKE: Oh, I'm not a tourist. I've been authorized to offer her a job with the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York.

EDITOR: A job?

MRS. BRAKE: We've been trying to develop an exposition that is representative of the various parts of the country, and it

*For historical basis see pages 144-147 and 159.
It was generally agreed that Calamity Jane should be one of the attractions from the West.

Editor: Well, to be perfectly honest with you, Mrs. Brake, if I were you I'd get someone else instead. Calamity Jane has been relying pretty heavily on the bottle lately. I think you might have a rough time breaking her of it.

Mrs. Brake: I'm sure if we took the proper precautions, her drinking wouldn't prove too much of a problem.

Editor: Well, just so long as you know about it.

Mrs. Brake: How do you get to her place?

Editor: (Getting hat and coat) If you'd like I can take you out that way.

Mrs. Brake: Thank you very much. I certainly would appreciate your help.

Editor: (As they exit) I'm afraid you're not going to see a very pretty sight. I think you'll probably need some moral support.

(They cross to the boardwalk behind the office. Soon there is a loud knock on Calam's cabin door, but there is no response from Calam, who is asleep on the bunk. After knocking loudly several more times, Mrs. Brake and the editor enter the cabin.)

Editor: (pointing to bunk) There she is, the fallen "heroine of the plains."

Mrs. Brake: Do you think she's ill?

Editor: Sleeping off a drunk, I'd say.

Mrs. Brake: (Looking around) How can anyone live in a place like this?

Editor: She's had to live in dirt and filth most of her life. I guess she's used to it by now.
MRS. BRAKE: How long will she be like that?

EDITOR: I'll see if I can wake her up. (CROSSES TO BUNK) Calam! (SHAKES HER) Calam!

MRS. BRAKE: Do you think we should come back later.

CALAM: Ooooooh!

EDITOR: She's coming around. (SHAKES HER AGAIN) Calam! Wake up!

CALAM: Ooooooh! Le' go, damn ya! Le' me sleep!

EDITOR: Still want to talk to her?

MRS. BRAKE: I'm not going to turn back now.

EDITOR: Calam! Wake up! You've got company!

CALAM: (SITTING UP GROGGILY) Who is it?

EDITOR: This is Mrs. Brake from Buffalo, New York.

CALAM: (SARCASTICALLY) And you want to meet Calamity Jane.

MRS. BRAKE: I'd like to talk with you for a little while.

CALAM: (DISTINCTLY MEMORIZED) My maiden name was Martha Cannary, was born in Princeton, Missouri, May 1st, 1852. Father and mother natives of Ohio . . .

EDITOR: No, Calam. Mrs. Brake isn't a tourist. She wants to offer you a job.

CALAM: (LOOKING UP WITH A START, IN DISBELIEF) A job? (CROSSES TO THE WINDOW) Me? A job?

MRS. BRAKE: If you're willing to take it.

CALAM: What kinda job?

MRS. BRAKE: I'd like you to go back East with me and work at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.
CALAM: Why me?

MRS. BRAKE: Because the people back there know about you. They know how much you've done for the West.

CALAM: (POURING HERSELF A DRINK -- THEN BITTERLY) Do they know about this place? Do they know what my life is like?

MRS. BRAKE: They'll never have to know about the tough luck you've had lately.

CALAM: Do they know what people say about me? Every man I speak to calls me an immoral slut. Just because I took some young fellows under my wing to look after them and send 'em back East for a proper schoolin'. (TAKES A DRINK) And these women who talk about me . . . they all had shot gun weddin's. I know. I nursed a lot of 'em through child birth. They're pot-bellied, hairy-legged, an' look like somethin' the cats dragged in. (BITTERLY) I wish I could damn their souls to hell.

MRS. BRAKE: (SOMewhat EMBARRASSED BY THE OUTBURST) This will give you a chance to get away from their lies. And you'll be riding like you used to, with a large audience to appreciate your skill.

CALAM: Oh, that's it! Ya want me to be an actor! (FINISHES DRINK) Nooooo, thanks! I tried that before! People starin' and gawkin' at you an' makin' those damned jokes about the way ya look. Oh, no, lady. I'm happy right where I am.

MRS. BRAKE: I'm sure it couldn't have been that bad. I know there must have been a lot of others who loved your show.
CALAM: (REMINISCING) No, they weren't all like that. There was a girl in Richmond. Her name was Janey. (PAUSE) She saw me standin' and shootin' on a bareback horse. There was admiration and wonder in her eyes. I rode as close to her as I dared -- just to get a good look at her. (ABOUT TO CRY) Sorta made up for all the jokes the others poked at me.

MRS. BRAKE: There are a lot of other little girls that would enjoy seeing you just as much.

CALAM: No. She wasn't a little girl anymore. That was back in '96. She was twenty-three. Married, too. But she'll always be a little girl to me.

MRS. BRAKE: This might give you a chance to get back East and renew your old acquaintances. And this time you would have a nice home, and all the food you could eat and everything else you need.

CALAM: (HESITANTLY CONSIDERING THE IDEA, THEN ABRUPTLY) No! I couldn't anyway. There wouldn't be no one ta look after Jack.

EDITOR: Jack who?

CALAM: He's an old guy who's sick an' ain't got no one ta come in an' see him.

EDITOR: I think you should give yourself another chance back East, Calam. I know you could make good if you tried.

CALAM: I been tryin' ta make good all my life. Don't suppose my luck's gonna change none when I get back there. My place is here with people like Jack. Don't know what would happen
ta him if I was to go.

MRS. BRAKE: Somebody will take care of him.

EDITOR: I'll see to it, Calam.

CALAM: (HESITATES -- THEN THINKING OUT LOUD) With a place like that, I could even have Janey an' her man over for a drink . . . or coffee or somethin'.

EDITOR: It sounds like a very good opportunity, Calam. I'd hate to see you throw it away.

CALAM: You mean what ya said 'bout gettin' someone ta look after Jack?

MRS. BRAKE: Well, I'm sure there are nurses who could take care of him.

CALAM: Jack wouldn't want none o' them fancy nurses flittin' around.

EDITOR: I'm sure something can be arranged.

CALAM: Will ya or won't ya?

EDITOR: I will.

CALAM: Then I'll go.

MRS. BRAKE: Good!

CALAM: (PICKING UP THE BOTTLE) Well! Let's celebrate!

MRS. BRAKE: Oh! There's one thing I forgot to mention. I'm afraid you'll have to tell us every time you take a drink.

CALAM: Now don't worry about that none. I'll tell ya every time.

EDITOR: Well, Mrs. Brake, I expect we had better get back to town and arrange for someone to take care of Jack.

MRS. BRAKE: When can you be ready to leave, Calamity Jane?

CALAM: Soon as you get someone ta look after Jack.
MRS. BRAKE: I'll be around at three o'clock then. Goodbye.

CALAM: S'long.

(THE EDITOR AND MRS. BRAKE EXIT.)

CALAM: I don't know if I'll see ya, Janey. Maybe it's better if I don't. But I gotta try, Janey. Oh, God, I've gotta try.

Please help me.

END OF SCENE
ACT III

Scene III*

(DEADWOOD, S.D. -- AUGUST 5, 1903) (AS THE SCENE OPENS A CHURCH BELL IS RINGING. THE STREETS ARE TEMPORARILY VACANT. A MERCHANT, CY, EXITS FROM HIS STORE AND STANDS BY THE DOOR, TALKING TO HIS WIFE INSIDE.)

CY: Martha, hurry up! We'll have to hurry if we're going to get there on time.

MARTHA: (INSIDE) Did you lock the back door?

CY: Yes. C'mon.

MARTHA: All right. I'm coming. (EXITING FROM THE STORE) You know I don't like funerals.

CY: No one in Deadwood does, but they're not going to miss this one.

(SARAH AND FRANK TURNER, ALSO DRESSED FOR THE FUNERAL, TURN THE CORNER (URC). DURING THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION SEVERAL MORE GROUPS OF PEOPLE CROSS TO THE CHURCH (DLC) AND TAKE SEATS.)

CY: Good morning, Sarah. Frank.

FRANK: Good morning, Cy. (TIPS HIS HAT) Martha.

MARTHA: Are you going to the funeral?

SARAH: Yes. Shocking, wasn't it, the way she died.

CY: We didn't hear much about it, just that she had passed away.

SARAH: She just collapsed in the middle of the street.

MARTHA: Here in Deadwood?

SARAH: A little town just south of here, Terry, I heard.

FRANK: Yes. She tried to get a room in a hotel. She told the clerk she wasn't feeling well.

MARTHA: Then why did she leave the hotel?

*For historical basis see pages 152-155.
FRANK: She didn't have enough money to pay for the room.

SARAH: That's disgusting! Some people won't do anything for anybody unless they're paid for it.

CY: And after all she did for everybody else, no one would even give her a proper place to die.

FRANK: You can't blame the clerk too much. He was a young lad.

CY: Humph! I can remember the day when no one could help but know Calamity Jane.

FRANK: Times have been changin', though, Cy. Calam isn't as famous as she used to be.

SARAH: We'd better talk about it on the way to the church. There isn't much time left.

FRANK: The church is probably almost filled already.

(AS THEY CROSS TOWARD THE CHURCH, A WAGON STOPS ALONG THE STREET. A LITTLE BOY, PETER, AND GIRL, ELIZABETH, JUMP OUT OF THE BACK. THE FATHER, FRED, HELPS THE MOTHER, AMY, FROM THE WAGON.)

AMY: Fred, you'd better speak to the children.

FRED: Peter. Elizabeth. Come here. (THE CHILDREN CROSS TO HIM)

Now children, when we get inside the church I want you to be perfectly quiet.

ELIZABETH: Is it going to be like a wedding, Daddy?

FRED: No, honey. This is our way of saying good-bye to an old friend who died.

PETER: Is she going to Heaven, Daddy?

FRED: Let us hope so.

AMY: Come along, now children. And remember to be perfectly quiet
in the church.

(AS THEY CROSS TOWARD THE CHURCH, CURLEY SIMMONS LEAVES A BUILDING AND CROSSES TOWARD THE CORNER (ULC) WHERE HE MEETS THEM.)

FRED: Morning, Curley.

CURLEY: Morning, Fred. Amy.

AMY: Good morning, Curley. Aren't you going to the funeral.

CURLEY: Yes, I'm a pall bearer. I'm just going to meet the others.

FRED: You knew Calamity Jane fairly well, didn't you, Curley?

CURLEY: Don't s'pose anybody ever knew Calamity very well. She never did tell nobody much about her personal affairs.

FRED: I understand they're burying her in Mt. Moriah cemetery beside Wild Bill Hickok. Rumor has it they were married or something.

CURLEY: I don't know for sure. Some say her last words were some­thing about buryin' her next ta Hickok.

AMY: Do you think there's any truth in it.

CURLEY: Might be. At least that's what the rumor says. Don't really know for sure, though. Some people are sayin' that she's just tryin' ta live on Hickok's reputation.

FRED: Do you think that's what it was?

CURLEY: Maybe . . . maybe not. Seems ta me Calam had reputation enough herself without havin' ta tie herself up with Hickok.

FRED: That's sure true enough. But it wasn't always the best rep­utation to have.

CURLEY: You mean her drinking?

FRED: That and other things.

CURLEY: You know, I was just talking to the Doc yesterday and he was
tellin' me that they think there are some people that have
ta keep drinking once they start. It's some sorta disease
like small pox but it ain't catchin'. He says Calam mighta
been one o' them people. He had a fancy name for it, like
he always does -- alcoholics, or somethin' like that. Any­
way, he says maybe Calam couldn't help drinkin'.

FRED: Maybe so.

CURLEY: What puzzles me, though, is if her and Hickok were married,
why didn't nobody know about it for sure? That's a marriage
the whole country woulda been talkin' about.

FRED: They were together a lot here in Deadwood.

CURLEY: I know. But Hickok was married to some woman back East then.

FRED: Maybe it was just one of Calam's yarns.

CURLEY: If it is, it's the biggest one she ever pulled. Nobody's
ever gonna be able ta prove different with both of 'em
dead and gone.

FRED: Are they definitely going to bury her next to Hickok?

CURLEY: That's what I hear.

FRED: Well, it looks like someone believed her.

CURLEY: Oh, I don't know if it's that so much. But it was her last
request, and most folks figure if that's the way she wanted
it, that's the way it's gonna be. Well, I better get along.

Only a few minutes before we have to be up at the church.

AMY: Yes, we'd better be going too. It's been very nice talking
with you, Curley. Good-bye.
CURLEY: (TIPPING HIS HAT) Amy. Fred.

FRED: I'll see you after the funeral, Curley. And if you ever should get out our way, you're always welcome.

CURLEY: Thanks. I'll remember that.

(CURLEY TURNS THE CORNER AS FRED AND THE FAMILY CROSS TO THE CHURCH. OTHERS ARE STILL CROSSING TOWARD THE CHURCH AS THREE RIDERS COME INTO TOWN DRESSED IN WORK CLOTHES. THEY HALT AND SURVEY THE NUMEROUS GROUPS OF PEOPLE CROSSING TOWARD THE CHURCH.)

1ST RIDER: Get a load o' that! I never seen so many fancy dressed people in my whole life!

2ND RIDER: What d'ya reckon it's all about?

3RD RIDER: Be hanged if I know.

1ST RIDER: Looks like they're headed for the church.

2ND RIDER: Today ain't Sunday is it?

1ST RIDER: Not unless we got crossed up in our figurin'.

3RD RIDER: Then what's everybody headed for the church for?

(BY THIS TIME THE CHURCH HAS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING AND ONLY ONE LAST MAN IS HURRYING DOWN THE STREET.)

1ST RIDER: Well I aim to find out. C'mon.

(AS THE THREE RIDE TO THE HITCHING POST ALONG THE (R) SIDE OF THE STREET THE SIX PALL BEARERS TURN THE CORNER ON THE (L) SIDE OF THE STREET AND CROSS TO THE CHURCH. THE 1ST RIDER DISMOUNTS AND STOPS THE MAN ON THE STREET.)

1ST RIDER: Hey, mister! Where you going in such a hurry?

MAN: Haven't you heard? Calamity Jane's died! The whole town's gone to her funeral.

1ST RIDER: (STARTLED) Calamity Jane! Not the real Calamity Jane!

3RD RIDER: It must be another one. The Calamity Jane you're talkin' about went back East with that big show a few years ago.
MAN: That's the one! She died Saturday.

2ND RIDER: What was she doing back here? I thought she was back East to stay.

MAN: She got in some sort of trouble back there. I guess she got drunk and knocked out a peace officer or something.

1ST RIDER: That's her all right. You know . . . now that I think of it . . . I sat down next to this old girl in Livingston about a year or more back. . . . She said she was Calamity Jane an' I laughed at her. But ya know . . . I bet it was her. She sorta rattled on 'bout bein' back East ta see a little girl or somethin', an' b'fore she knew it she was put on a train back ta Harlowtown, Montana. . . . She damn near cried an' said somethin' 'bout that bein' her last chance an' she ruined it, or somethin' like that.

MAN: Well, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I'm late already. The pall bearers just went into the church.

1ST RIDER: Listen. That's not just anybody in there. That's Calamity Jane. An' dressed fer it or not, I'm gonna pay my respects.

2ND RIDER: I guess your right.

3RD RIDER: Calam never cared how a fella dressed, anyway. I guess she wouldn't care now.

CLARK HAS ALREADY BEGUN THE SERVICE AND IS CONTINUING HIS SERMON AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON THE CHURCH AREA.)

DR. C. B. CLARK: ... And so ... We are reminded today of the beginning of things in Deadwood and vicinity. You walk today amid the improvements which have cost the labors of twenty-five years. You are fearless in all your enterprises today. In the other days you could not venture from your log cabin without the rifle or the revolver with which to defend yourself. You are surrounded by schools and churches and appreciate these elements of a higher civilization.

The romance of the Black Hills has never been written. Some time there will come a writer who with breadth of mind sufficient to comprehend the work you have done and the stirring events which have attend your labors, will write the romance of the Black Hills. When that romance is written whoever may be the heroes, Calamity Jane will, in all deeds which kindness and charity dictated in those early days, be the heroine.

How often amid the snows of winter did this woman find her way to the lonely cabin of the miner, who suffering from the diseases incidental to those times, felt sorely the need of food and medicine.
When the history of this country is written too much can not be said of the results of this woman's labor in helping you to build and complete the work you had undertaken. As I think of her labors and voluntary sacrifices I hear the voice of Christ as he said; "Even as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Her labors were unknown but to you. But He who knows the value of the smallest act of kindness would say, "Even a cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward." You can never reward this woman but He who reads the secrets of human hearts, who is too good to do harm, and too wise to make mistakes will see that she is rewarded.

You, the pioneers, have done your work well. Those who have followed since you came appreciate the value of your labors. Your number is growing less every day. It can not be increased. Like the Grand Army of the Republic, this faithful band is slowly fading away. As you did your work well in other days, and as the superstructure built upon the foundation you laid is the pride and delight of the state, so let your ideals of life rise to the proportion of the improved conditions that surround you. The old soldier was brave in the defense of the flag and you
want him to be true to the genius of truth and righteousness which prevades our civilization. So may you, my fellow citizens, so live that your last days may be your best days, that you may be enabled to crown the heroic efforts of the past twenty-five years with lives consecrated to the highest good of humanity and the glory of God. Then shall it be said by the men who come after you to enjoy the fruits of your labors: "These men did what they could."

(At the close of the sermon the six pall bearers rise, cross to the casket, close it, and carry it up the aisle of the church. The funeral director clears the church pew by pew. After the pall bearers have left the church they carry the casket up the aisle of the auditorium, the entire congregation follows. As the last of the congregation enters the auditorium aisle, the lights on the church and entire setting fade to oblivion.)

End of Pageant
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H. Interviews

Interview with Mrs. Wilford Griffing by John Watkins.
Interview with Bert Hansen by John Watkins.

Interview with John Nelson by John Watkins.