

Appendix

Petition No. 8

The full retyped text of petition No. 8

To the Honourable House, of Assembly for the state of Virginia:

The petition of the Distressed Inhabitants of the county of Kentucky, humbly, sheweth that whereas we your distressed petitioners, situate in this remote part, exposed to all the barbarous ravages of inhuman savage, whose savage disposition, being animated by the rewards of Governour Hamilton has enabled them to hold up a constant war this four years which term has reduced many of us so low that we have scarce cattle amongst us to supply our small family's and many of us that brought good stocks of both horses and cows, now at this juncture have not left so much as one cow for the support of our families, which to our great disadvantage may plainly appear to every spectator, we have thought properto present you with a just estimation of our losses in settling and defending this extensive country, which we hope will contribute much to the benefit of the common charge, by virtue of the late act of Assembly, in opening and establishing a Land Office, tho at the same time we your depressed petitioners many of us will be entirely deprived of the opportunity of getting so much as one hundred acres of land, notwithstanding the loss of our properties and so many of our lives which we have expended in Defense of this Country, except we your petitioners get speedy redress by this our petition, (this must be the unhappy event) we must lie under the disagreeable necessity of going down the Mississippi, to the Spanish protection, or becoming tenants to private gentlemen who have men employed at this junction in this Country at one hundred pounds per thousand for, running round the Land, which is too rough a medicine ever to be dejected by any set of people that have suffered as we have, you the Honourable House of Assembly in whom rests our most sacred rights and privileges, justice at this time loudly calls your attention, we your petitioners hope that the extensive distance of our situation will not create a negligence of this nature, but rather a curious reflection, on our inabilities, we think it expedient to show you the reasons why some of us who first settled in the Country will be deprived of getting amends for our losses and troubles first.

That many, of our inhabitants both married and single, have been taken by the Indians and carried to Detroit, others killed and their wives and children left in this destitute situation not being able as yet even to support their indigent family's, some of which never marked or even choose a piece of land in the Country, we your petitioners think four hundred acres too small a compensation, which will be all we have in our powers to procure.

Secondly, those who have settled since the year 1777 who have suffered equally as much as they that first settled, who could only lose their all, is now deprived of the opportunity of securing any land except four hundred acres and that all the

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stated price which is fair from many of our capacities to be able to comply with the terms proposed to us by act of Assembly, by our being reduced so in coming to the Country and losing what we had after we got to it by the Indians.

Thirdly, those who have been in the Country before 1778 and only raised a small cabin perhaps never stayed, three weeks in the Country never lost to the amount of one shillings worth yet they are intitled to their choice of 1,000 acres at State price.

If no alteration be made it had been well for us if we had all been such cultivators and never come to settle in the Country until there had been peace. We have long united on the opening of a Land Office hoping each sufferer to receive some compensation in land for his loss of trouble and risk, and we your petitioners are still in hopes that when this our petition comes under your consideration, and a mature reflection is cast upon the whole, that you will find that our loss is at this juncture to the great advantage of this State.

On a reflection of your justice and mercy we congratulate ourselves that a good cause never suffered in the hands of just men, we cheerfully refer the whole of our grievances to do as you i your wisdom may think right, and we petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray &c.

Signed:

Michael Bedinger
Catherine Boffman
Thomas Bryant(Briant)
John Bullock
Nathaniel Bullock
Flanders Calloway
Eager Calloway
John Calloway
Barton Carter
Ambrose Coffee
Thomas Cradlepaugh
Charles Curd

John Davis
Joseph Doniphan
James Doster
Benjamin Dunaway
Edmund Fair
Samuel Estill
Charles Catliff
David Cass
Peter Hackett
Stephen Hancock
William Hancock

John Harvester
Jesse Hodges
John Holder
John Martin
David McGee
Edward Nelson
Thomas Noel
Wm Patterson
Reuben Procter
Joshua Penix
Michael Stoner

Note: The above petition was written as one paragraph. This writer took liberty to break it into paragraphs to make it a little more readable.

Appendix

Petition No. 9

Full retyped text of Petition no. 9 dated October 16, 1779

The petition of the Distressed Inhabitants of Boonsfort Humbly Sheweth that whereas the late act of assemble has reserved in this country of Kentucky six hundred and forty acres of land for the use of a town that is not to be entered or surveyed by any private individual until a true representation of our case is laid before you the Honourable House of Assembly to be competent judges of the cause, we your petitioners are now laying before you, we your petitioners think it expedient at this time to set forth to you the Honourable House of Assembly the plan and form that this fort and township was first settled on, and also the methods that has been used by some of those gentlemen that first pretended a claim to this country by a purchase from the Cherokee Indians, and also the names of every person killed and taken belonging to the said fort since the time of its being first settled, with the dates as near as can be calculated at this time, which we hope will enable you the Honourable House of Assembly to judge who has suffered in settling this place.

In the first place after Richard Henderson & Co. had made purchase from the Indians they applied to Daniel Boon who was to be their pilot to this country they further desired to know the most convenient place for a town on the Kentucky river said Boon directed them to this place letting them know the length and breadth of the low grounds as near as he could, upon his information it was resolved that this was the spot. They would place the town on, and in coming to the place the company agreed to lay it off into two acre tending lots which was to be given up the next year for the use of a town and town commons, tho at the same time this would entitle every man to draw a free lot in town and also entitle him to his bounty land altho he had made corn on his own entry as the propietors proclamation run thus that every man that made corn in this country in the year 1775 should be entitled to 500 acres of land at this time of all men raised corn here the first year there is now but three at this fort.

After the people that has made corn the first year had gone into the inhabitants and times began to grow somewhat more difficult said Col Richard Henderson had the fence that was made by the people broke and took the rails and fenced in betwixt 20 and 30 acres of the most convenient ground next to the fort which has been taken held under said Hendreson ever since except the value of one or two acres that was taken for guardians for people in said fort, we your petitioners think it a grand imposition that said Henderson should hold such a quantity of ground whilst some of us your petitions have been under the necessity of clearing ground at the risk of our lives and tending our crops round said Henderson's slaves.

In the second place John Luttrell, one of the Gent, propietors entered on the SW side of said township and improved on the land

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first allowed by said proprietors for a town. In the third place Nathaniel Hart another of the said proprietors entered the upper half of the town land which was cleared and fenced by the people who tended corn the first year, there may perhaps be 100 acres within the fence and the one half of that cleared this said Nathaniel Hart finding his entry under said proprietors would not entitle him to the said land said Hart came out last spring to this country and warmly recommended to the inhabitants of this fort to lay off a town which some of the inhabitants agreed to in some measure, they thought it would be well for every man to know his own ground as the land convenient was held by two or three men.

Without the least notice given for an election for trustees the drum beat to arms and these names read over by one of these trustees to wit: Richard Calloway, Nathaniel Hart, George Madin, James Estill and Robert Cartright and these questions was asked: Gentlemen has any of you any objections to these gentlemen to be trustees for this town to which little or no answer was made our silence taken for consent. They proceeded to business.

In the first place they reserved 500 acres of land for the use of a town and town commons; 200 on the south side of the Kentucky and 300 on the north side which 300 acres on the north side is not of the least advantage to this town by reason of a large steep hill that binds all that side of the river opposite to this town and the hill so steep that it will be with great difficulty to get timber down from any place on that side. What could be the motive of these men to reserve land on that inconvenient side.

We are at a loss to know except some private views incited this said Nathaniel Hart in order to obtain the upper half of this town land which said Hart unjustly claims as circumstances seem to make it appear, in the first place it could not be supposed had we been left to our choice that we would have chose men that were entire strangers to us three of these men were and not even settlers in the country and aspecially men that was deeply interested as Capt Hart was, the terms that the tolls were let upon was entirely out of the power of several of them that suffered most for them and especially widows who in justice ought to have the greatest indulgence; there was not the least distinction made, for they that had been here but two days had the same privilege to draw a lot as they that first settled so that they complied with the terms which was, that every lot holder should build upon his lot one house 20 X 16 with hewed or sawed logs with a shingled or clapboard roof with a brick, stone, or mud chimney by the first day of February next, and they that did not comply with these terms was to forfeit their lot, which must certainly be the case with several of us your petitioners who have not left so much as one horse even to draw timber.

Upon information that the late Act of Assembly intituled the

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inhabitants of this township to 640 acres of land we your petitioners assembled ourselves called upon Col Richard Calloway being one of the trustees in the first appointment and desired that a fair election should be held and that he would still serve as a trustee but he utterly refused to serve any other way, than by the first appointment and seemed much disaffected at our proceedings; however, as it is impossible for some of us your petitioners to subsist with our families unless we have some convenient piece of ground allowed us at this township we your petitioners pray that the said 640 acres of land be established for the use of this said township by the name of Boonsborough and that you appoint James Estill, Capt.; David Cass, Capt.; John Holder; John South; Pemberton Rawling; Stephen Hancock and John Martin Trustees for the same being unanimously chosen for that purpose we your petitioners further pray that every actual settler at this township may be entitled to draw a free lot and in the limitation of three years make such improvement as before directed; the lots to consist of one half acre in lot and five acre out lot as the Indians is so frequent amongst us that we cannot settle any other way than in forts or townships at this time and whereas several single men from convincing circumstances have resided with us with no other motive than to give their assistance that we might not become a prey to our enemies which was nearly the case with all the assistance we had in September of 78 when the Indians laid close seige 11 days to our fort.

We your petitioners pray that every such single man be entitled to a lot upon the like terms upon applying to the trustees for the same we petitioners pray that the said 640 acres of land allowed to the inhabitants of this said township be laid upon the south side of the Kentucky river and that the lines may be directed by the late trustees elected as the land at this township lies much incommoded by hills and that we your petitioners may have the privilege of running the land as may be most convenient for the use and benifit of said township as there is no claim prior to the township claim and we your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray.

Endorsed October 16, 1779 and signed by the following:

Daniel Asby	Ben Dunaway	Joshua Penix
Josiah Burton	John Dunn	Nicholas Proctor
John Baugh	Edmond Fair	Samual Robson
Jacob Baugh	Samuel Estill	Samuel Sanders
Michael Bedinger	Richard Girey	Bartlett Searcy
Daniel Boone	Ancel Goodman	John Smith
Misny Boon	Daniel Goodman	Thomas Smith
Nathaniel Bullock	Wm Hancock	William Stagge
William Brooks	Peter Harper	Frederick Starns
Samuel Brooks	Edward Harrod	Jacob Starns
William Beasley	Richard Hines	Joseph Starns
John Bullock	Jesse Hodges	Wm Twetty

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David Bundan
Eager Calloway
Elizabeth Calloway
Flanders Calloway
Francis Calloway
James Calloway
Ambrose Coffee
John Cross
Joseph Doniphan
James Doster
John Dumferd

John Holley
Joseph Jackson
Jacob Johnson
Benjamin Kelly
George Lincoln
James Mankins
Michael Martin
John Morton
William McWhinney
Alexander Neeley
John Newby

Wm Humphreys
Walter Welch
Ambrose White

The propositions set forth in this petition were considered reasonable by the House of Assembly.

Note: Extra paragraphs were added for readability.

Appendix

Dash up the Sebu River

This page is a copy of a newspaper article about the dash up the Sebu River by the ship that Archie was serving on during World

This "Steve" Brodie Took Chance on, Not Off, Bridge

On His Third Try He Pushed Ship Through Net,
Dodged Fire and Captured Lyautey Airdrome

(EDITOR'S NOTE—One of the most daring actions of the war is described for the first time in the following dispatch by Walter L. Cronkite, only newspaperman to witness the American attack on Port Lyautey.)

By WALTER L. CRONKITE
United Press Atlantic Fleet Correspondent

SEBU RIVER, PORT LYAUTEY, French Morocco, Nov. 10 (Delayed) (UP)—This Steve Brodie took a chance, too.

But instead of jumping off a bridge, this Steve Brodie stood on the bridge of a stripped down old American warship and pushed her through the mud of the shallow Sebu River to capture the Port Lyautey airdrome.

Today is the deadline for Lieut. Commander Robert Brodie Jr., Washington, D. C.—known in the Navy as Steve. He has 122 officers and men under him and their assignment is to drive their little ship through the big net that guards the mouth of the Sebu River.

Steve has made two runs for the airdrome. But the French have a series of 75s on the banks and both times the fire has been so thick that the warship has been forced to turn back. But American planes need the airdrome and they need it badly. Ground troops are stymied and the whole operation depends on Steve getting up the river and landing a party to attack the airdrome.

Lieut. James W. Darroch and six men have gone up to the net in a small boat and weakened it with wire cutters. Now Steve is ready to make his third run.

"We're going to ram the net," he messages Admiral Monroe Kelly, who is waiting on the flagship outside the river

A few minutes pass and then Brodie messages again: "We're through the net."

Now his ship is in the Sebu River and is catching hell from machine gunners and riflemen on both banks.

"We're being fired on and have returned the fire," Steve messages. The guns knock out a machine nest and scare away an anti-tank battery that had been holding up the American advance from the beach for two days.

* * *

The ship's keel begins to scrape bottom. A month ago Steve had been ordered to lighten the ship by getting rid of everything except essentials, but the river still is so shallow that the engines threaten to pound through the sides.

"The engine room called up and said we were turning at near full speed," said Lieut. John Ferguson, executive officer. "I looked over the side and we were barely moving. All the time the enemy was shooting at us and we were crawling on our belly through the mud with the old lady threatening to stop for good in the middle of the stream."

The old lady made it, though. She plowed on up to where some troops, tired and hip-deep in mud, were trying to attack the north side of the airfield. Some of them had lost their helmets and guns in the mud, and they were getting ready to go back to their rubber boats when the old lady sailed into view.

"Steve"

Raggedy Ann Crew Does Itself Proud

Continued from the First Page

"Hell, men, there's the Navy," one of the soldiers yelled. "If they can do it, we can."

The soldiers turned back for another try at attacking the airport.

At the same time Steve sent his raiders, headed by Lieut. Quetin Hardige of Madden, Mass., over the side on cargo nets into tiny rubber boats. Machine guns opened up and the rubber boats paddled 300 yards through machine gun fire. On the east side of the river 75s opened up against Steve's ship. One shell clipped the aerial and others sprayed shrapnel across the deck. But the only casualty was Lieut. D. H. Mathers, Jacksonville, Fla., the ship's doctor who was injured early in the trip up the river. He slipped and sprained his ankle.

* * *

Hardige's raiders landed with tommy guns spitting at the defenders of the airport building.

"We didn't lose a man crossing the river," Hardige said later, "and when we hit the opposite bank the Moroccans came out of the airport buildings with their hands up."

Steve Brodie is passing compliments among the crew tonight.

"She's a Raggedy Ann ship and a Raggedy Ann crew," he said, "but we think we helped turn the tide of battle and we're pretty damned proud of it."

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1. 29 December 1891 - W. W. Penix paid \$100 for $\frac{1}{2}$ acre lot owned by George and Lucy Gregory, who bought it from W. R. Williams, in Olympia, Ky bounded on the west by Clell Shultz, east by Jeff Jackson and WW Penix property on the north - Deed Book 45 p 622
2. 27 Feb 1896 Nancy Penix exchanged two acres in Menifee County to Henry and Mary Jackson who bought the lot from James Case. Bounded on the south by W. W. Penix and on the E by Bat Cabinet. (Nancy probably inherited the two acres in menifee from her father Jacob pierce who received a grant of 50 acres in Morgan (now Menifee) County in 1840).
3. 9 July 1896 W. W. Penix paid \$135.00 to Rose Run Iron Co. for $13\frac{1}{2}$ acres near John Wright and the Wooley heirs. #52,p573
4. 4 Jan 1917 WW Penix paid \$25.00 for land from the Rose Run Iron Co. #78,p534
5. 4 Feb 1917 W. W. Penix bought M. L. Staton property b 79,p249
6. 21 June 1920 W. W. Penix bought for \$250 land from Honor and Oscar Jackson
7. ~~**-----~~W. W. Penix bought $27\frac{1}{3}$ acres for \$250.00 from G. B. Swartz and Bertha Wells who acquired it from Durrett Ballard. - b 71, p. 47
8. July 22 1902 W. W. Penix paid \$100.00 to Mary Jane Ballard for a portion of Durrett Ballard Estate (20.35. acres) Bk 58, p. 633
9. 16 October 1903 W. W. Penix paid \$37.50 for 27 acres; Nancy Wills' portion of Durrett Ballard Division.

I still have the deeds given to my brothers when they bought the "Sour Springs" farm. It consisted of 0.50 acres and then my father added some acreage to it. The "Wright place" was given by Grandpa to my father when he got ill and could no longer farm. It consisted of $13\frac{1}{2}$ acres and my father added $13\frac{1}{2}$ more acres to it. At the divorce between my mother and father it was equally divided. When my father died, my brother bought the $13\frac{1}{2}$ acres that my father owned and has now deeded it over to his son Eric. The rest of the property was sold and divided equally among all of us children; allowing Fred the $13\frac{1}{2}$ acres in lieu of \$1,000.

The home place and lot of my grandfather was deeded to his Daughter Ruth if she would pay taxes on it and any other of his expenses such as Masonic dues. She died the same year and the property was immediately sold by her children.

Land exchanges in Bath County by the Penix family as summarized by Jesse Underwood. To this list can be added that W.W. Penix purchased property from Batt and Julia Cabinet, a black couple from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a piece of land on 2-10-1921 for \$21.00.

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¼ Feb 1889 to Monroe Wells for \$1200 on Broke Leg Fork of Black Water Creek Near Jonathan Quicksall.

12-7-1887 W. W. Penix from G. W. McCormick a track on Sugar Cr. Branch.

3/12/189¼ James from Sarah W. Pierce a lot

William from W. T. Rothwell personal property 10/3/189¼

W. W. Penix from John T. Nickell & wife 33 a 9/3/1886

W. W. Penix from H. C. Murphy and wife 2/9/190¼ 300 acres

W. W. Penix from John Back, etal Comrs. house & lot Frenchb 11/27/1886

W. W. Penix from Jim Murphy and wife 12/10/192¼ 2 acres on Pugh's br.

James Penix from T. D. Perry & wife 11/20/1875 50 a Broke Leg Cr

James Penix and Nancy to Charlie Pierce 3/24/1877 Black Water Cr 500 a

James Penix from F. G. Lyons & wife 30 a Black Water cr 8/27/1878

W. W. Penix to Wm Osborn house and lot 4/5/ 1881

W. W. Penix sold personal property 10/3/189¼

W. W. Penix to Wm Smith 1/18/1919 81 a on Stone Quarry Br.

James Penix from John J. Byrne 6/20/1888 a lot in Frenchburg

James and Nancy Penix to Monroe Wells 2/4/1889 125 a Black Water Cr.

James Penix from John Wells 11/24/1885 9 acres Broke Leg Falls

Nancy C. Penix to Thomas T. Copy 1/5/1869 80 acres

James Penix from G. W. McCormick 128 a 8/8/1887 Tolland Branch

W. W. and Callie to James and Nancy to George Lyons 2/5/1889 80 acres

W. W. and Caroline to James Wells 12/24/1891 15 a on Broke Leg Falls

W. W. to Headwig O. Vogalman 3/17/1891 13 acres Frenchburg.

W. W. Penix to Lo Back, etal Sheriff's deed 9/16/1892 40 a Beaver Cr

W. W. to M. S. Brown 1/30/1900 Silvermine Br

James of Bath C for 150 dollars sold on Walnut St Frenchburg 1/1/1898

James Penix to Leona Williams 2/19/1895 lots /to M. T/ Jackney

James Penix from Thomas Greenwade estate 5/26/1888 4 acres

W. W. Penix to J. F. Osborn 1895 house & Lot

James Penix to M. T. Hackney 6 a Frenchburg 12/30/1897 Frenchburg

Bath Co. News Outlook Feb 25 18

Sam P. Swartz has bought an interest in Penix's store at Olympia and will take possession in a few days.

Land exchanges in Menifee County as summarized by Jesse Underwood

Appendix

~~Elizabeth Ferguson was born December 1824~~

At Cliff Mills RECORD in 1826
 with the second husband J.
 Elizabeth Penix ^{BIRTH} Candell (John)

Isaac Penix, son of Joshua
 Penix, and Amy Penix, his
 wife was born August 7th
 1777 1870

Elizabeth Penix daughter of
 Isaac Penix, and Sarah his
 wife was born May 10th
 1826

James Penix son of Isaac
 Penix, and Sarah his wife
 was born February 18th 1830

Nancy Pierce daughter of
 Jacob Pierce, and Barbara his
 wife was born December 6th 1830

W. W. Penix son of James
 Penix, and Nancy Penix his
 wife was born March 21st 1857

Stanley Collins Penix son of W. W. Penix born
 Dec. 11th 1899

A copy of a page of the family bible showing births for the family.

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Ruth E. Penix daughter of N.M. & W.C. Penix was born
 May 7, 1896

Elizabeth Penix daughter of N.M. & W.C. Penix was born
 N.C. Penix was born June 21st 1891
 FLOW. GUNCKLE. J. sons of N.M. & W.C. Penix
 was born Apr. 6th 1893

FAMILY RECORD

BIRTHS.

J. W. Penix, son of W. W. Penix, and M. C. Penix, his wife, was born March 12th 1879
 J. M. Penix, son of W. W. Penix, M. C. Penix, his wife was born September 27th 1878.

Ella May Penix, daughter of W. W. Penix, and M. C. Penix, his wife was born January 29 - 1881. d 11-3-1986

Mrs. J. W. Penix, Penix & Penix
 W. W. Penix was
 d 1887 1888. d 1896 Penix Amittage Penix
 (10-12)

Mrs. J. W. Penix, Penix & Penix
 d 1886 (10-24)

Charles Leon Penix son of N.M. & W.C. Penix was born Apr 25th 1889
 Benjamin Frank Penix son of N.M. & W.C. Penix

Mary Penix
 Penix
 1918

Another page of the family bible showing births.

Appendix

FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

James Penix, and Mary
Pierce, married. May 1st
1856.

W. W. Penix, and W. C.
Quicksall, married June
the 17th 1875.

J. M. Penix and Mary Sofe Kim Reid married
October 10, 1896.

Lucien Elizabeth and James Hoover male
married 1910

B. F. Penix and Ann Virginia Young
married June 28 1911.

John M. Penix and Lillie Smith married
Jan. 14, 1912.

Ruth Emily Penix and Silas Tinsley
Daniel married Apr. 26, 1913.

Thomas Quicksall Penix and Grace
Syck married June 10 1915.

Stanley Callum Penix and
Mary Frances Stigge married
Dec. 28, 1920.

A copy of a page from the family bible showing family marriages.

Appendix

The Jacob Cassell Story

The following five pages were written by Robert Darrell castle. This story is about Jacob Cassell (Castle), his family and the New River Flood of 1749. A descendent of Jacob Cassell married Catherine Penix who was a daughter of Joshua and Anna Penix.

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The Jacob Cassell Story

J A C O B C A S S E L L
AND THE NEW RIVER FLOOD OF 1749
BY
Robert Darrell Castle

IN 1742, Jacob Cassell (Castle) moved to Foster Falls on the New River on land near Nathaniel Wilshire and Isreal Lorton. He moved to this area from the Hawksbill, a tributary of the Shenandoah River, which was then in Augusta County, Virginia. He had come to the Hawksbill and settled near its mouth, from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1738. At this time he purchased land from Jacob Stover, in the German Settlement that Stover had established near Staunton, Virginia. In 1738 he purchased 200 acres of land at the mouth of the Hawksbill, a stream that entered the South Branch of the Shenandoah River. He lived on this land for two years and started a trading post for both the Indians and the German settlers. He built a log cabin and raised some of his family there. On June 26, 1740, Jacob sold 75 acres of this land to Jacob Coger, who was a recent German immigrant to this area. Jacob saved his money and after traveling to the New River to hunt, returned to his cabin, with the idea of "taking up" land on the river at a place that would become known as Foster Falls. He continued to be interested in this New River land and in 1742, he sold the remainder of his land (175 acres) to Elizabeth Downs. (Chalkley: III, 1974, P. 304). This was on September 23, 1742. By the time he had sold the last portion of his land he had relocated his family on the New River.

In the fall of 1742, Jacob, with Nathaniel Wilshire, Isreal Lorton, and George Draper moved to the New River, with his family. These German families were perhaps the first to settle at what was known as Draper's Meadows. This settlement grew and prospered and in 1744 was increased by the Harman Family and finally in the fall of 1745, a group of German brethren from Ephrata, Pennsylvania, lead by Samuel and Isreal Eckerlin, came to the river and founded the settlement of Mahanaim.

There were essentially three settlements made in close proximity on the New River, on land known as the Great Grant. There was the Harman Settlement in the Horseshoe bend of the river, the middle German Settlement, and Draper's Meadow. John Buchanan visited the New River in the winter of 1742-43 and found mostly German trappers on the river. (Johnson:1983, p.89). They settled on the land before James Patton obtained the Great Grant (1745) from the Virginia House of Burgesses. Patton claimed all the land on New River, but he respected the claims of the early German settlers. Jacob settled at Foster Falls, which is near where Reedy Creek enters the New, perhaps three years before the Harmans came to the valley. Probably Nathaniel Wishire, George Draper, Isreal Lorton, and Jacob were the first settlers in the

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The Jacob Cassell Story

valley since all four left the German Settlement on the Shenandoah in the fall of 1742.

The German Settlement of Mahanaim, was made by the Ephrata brethren from the Sabatarian Cloister at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. (Johnson: 1983, P.91). This group was lead by Samuel and Isreal Eckerlin, Alexander Mack, and Jacob Hohnly. (Johnson: 1983, P.91). It appears that the reason for the exodus was because of political friction between the Eckerlin brothers and the leadership of the Cloister.

Jacob Cassell and Nathaniel Wilshire settled at Foster Fall. Jacob "took up" fifty acres of land on what was to be the James Patton grant in 1740, but did not move his family until the fall of 1742. In 1740, he built a trading post on this land before he actually moved to it. This post was located near what would become known as Fort Chiswell and near a large deposit of lead ore. This trading post was used to trade with the local settlers who came to the New River. He also traded with the Indians who came to that area from time to time, to smelt the lead for shot. Patton honored Jacob's title to the land, but later on it was surveyed by (1746) William Preston and Jacob paid a "quilt rent" to Mr. Patton.

In 1749, Jacob moved his family to this trading post and lived there in peace, with some disruption of this peace, by occasional feuding with the Harmans. By 1748-49, this feud erupted into open hostility, when Adam Harman accused Jacob of "threatening to go settle on the Mississippi River" and since the Mississippi was in French territory, this was considered treason at this time. Actually, Jacob was planing to go to the Clinch River in Virginia, for in 1748, he had established a temporary hunting lodge there, with his Shawnee Indians relatives. For he had married a Rispogogi (Rispokotha) Shawnee, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in 1736 before moving to the Hawksbill. Jacob's wife's Indian name was Sowega, the Swan, but she soon changed her name to Mary Elizabeth. Waupaathes is swan, in Shawnee, and therefore Sowega must denote some effeminant action of a swan; perhaps "gliding swan" or "swimming swan". The Shawnee had thirty-four tribes (gens or clans) or name groups, as they are sometimes referred by. The Shawnee child is named by the elder of the tribe or gen of that particular division of the Nation. In this case it would be the Rispokotha. "They generally bestow a name descriptive of some act of the animal or bird which is the totem of the infant named". (Trowbridge: 1939, p.26). "Women receive names that within their totem" (gen) "convey an idea of softness or effeminacy". (Trowbridge: 1939, p.26). In general Shawnee "names are always more or less descriptive of some event which has occurred, or of particular anticipated points in the character of the person, or of the animal which is their totem or name group". (Towbridge: 1939, p.27). So it is safe to assume, that Sowega is a name that identifies some effeminant nature of behavior of a swan.

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The Jacob Cassell Story

By the way, Jacob's Shawnee name was Taumee or Taumee-Elenee. This name has been anglicized to White Tassel, however, the actual meaning is Corn Man. This name was bestowed, no doubt because of his white silky hair, which reminded the Indians of corn silk. His slender stature also contributed to the reason for the name. He was slender like the corn stalk.

While living at Foster Falls, one of the many tragedies that occurred to Jacob's family unfolded. This was the loss of his youngest child, Elizabeth Catherine, during the great flood that struck the Southwestern Virginia frontier on August 25, 1749.

On a clear August 24th, the weather was calm, yet threatening, when Jacob got up early in the morning to get to his chores. He hurried and completed his chores, feeding the pigs and the cattle and of course, his pair of Roan horses, that he had purchased from Mr. Wilshire, a kindly old gentleman, who was his neighbor and friend. He was a trusted friend who did not fear Jacob's abnormal coloring. It is true that a great many, including the Harmans, were superstitious and thought that Jacob, with his red eyes and white hair was evil. Also the fact that Jacob was considered a forest spirit by the Shawnee, and had very good relations with them, no doubt rubbed the Harmans the wrong way. For the Harmans were not Indian lovers and in fact the family had been raided several times by the Indians and the Harmans had accused Jacob of leading them in the raid. In February, 1748-49, Jacob had been hauled into court by the Harmans and was acquitted of treason charges in May of that year. Still the Harmans did not give up and at one time Adam and another of his brothers, Valentine, were imprisoned for "violently robbing Jacob's trading post". (Chalkley: I, 1974, p. 433).

During the morning, the rain seemed to be imminent and was not going to hold back long. Just before noon it began to rain, at first slowly and continued slowly throughout the afternoon. Since, Jacob and his family could not work in the fields nor around the cabin they went to visit their neighbor, Peter Kinder (Kinter), for supper. Mr. Kinder lived just over the hill from Jacob and closer to the River. Mr. Kinder was a kindly man, who had been a friend of Jacob's for many years. They had been friends in Lancaster County, and he had come to the German Settlement on the Shenandoah River with Jacob. He had moved to the New, two years after Jacob settled there. Jacob and Peter were good neighbors, who had helped each other in the fields many times. Peter considered Jacob "odd" but not evil. The two men had gone on many a hunt together and Jacob had proven his friendship many times. The fall before this event occurred (1748), Peter and Jacob had hunted together on the Big Sandy River, in Eastern Kentucky. It is believed that this hunting trip was on Johns and Paint Creek. The two men were accompanied by Phillip Cable and John Lamme. Cable, Lamme, and Kinder, as well as Jacob, were members of that famous group of hunters, known as "long hunters".

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The Jacob Cassell Story

While the Cassell Family was at the Kinder cabin, the "great inundation" struck and we are indebted to Klaus Wurst, writing in the Journal of Roanoke Historical Society in 1970, for supplying us with eyewitness details on the events that befell both the Cassell and Kinder families. (Johnson: 1983, p.63).

In his account, Wurst quotes a letter from Samuel Eckerlin, who lived in the area, to a friend that was back in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, in the Cloister of Lutheran Brothers. In the letter, Eckerlin states that the flood struck "August 25, 1749, at a little past midnight". It was wide-spread, covering a large portion of Southwestern Virginia. Mr. Eckerlin indicated that the flood was very much evident on "the Roanoke and the area northeast of it". "Our river as well as the Little River were also very high but nobody here suffered mentionable damage". He also states that in "other near-by places there was much damage". He mentioned in his letter that "in several spots, entire hills were swept down and leveled and several tracts of bottom land, all inhabited, were filled with so much gravel and sand, they can no longer be lived on".

Eckerlin also cited the fact that houses, barns, and other buildings were "carried away and with them a great deal of the crops". He states that "one mile below Tobias Briet a man and a child were lost" and "a woman managed to save herself on a tree". He reports that "Henrich Braun's house was torn up and Mr. Braun and his family were forced to flee in their night shirts". His three cows were carried a mile down stream "where they gained firm land alive".

The Cassell Family arrived in early evening at the Kinder log cabin, which was located over the dividing ridge between the New and Roanoke and close to the latter, in a open field. The house was surrounded by fields of new corn that was beginning to ripen and other garden crops that were due for their last picking. Jacob was accompanied by his wife and children and his mother, who had recently joined her son after the death of his father, Peter. The two families were making merry and enjoying themselves, with "corn spirits" supplied by the host. The celebrants did not notice the steady increase in the amount of rain beating against the shanked roof of the cabin and the restless noises of Mr. Kinder's stock in the barn. Mr. Eckerlin, in his letter, states that "they were not yet asleep but had been drinking together, were in good cheer, and thought of no danger till the water suddenly rose up to the house and no more escape was possible".

The water came suddenly and without warning, and covered the entire area from hill to hill, leaving no escape route to the hill that separated the Cassell cabin from that of the Kinder's. There was no other choice but to go to the loft of the cabin, where the Kinder children slept. "No sooner had they reached it than the water rose up to them". It became apparent that some other haven had to be sought in order to escape the raging water.

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The Jacob Cassell Story

It appeared to them that their one chance was to move to the collar beam on the eaves of the roof and there they retreated. "They placed boards on the collar beam and sat on them". No sooner had the celebrants reached the collar beam than the water reached them and they began to loose heart that they would survive the inundation. The first to be disheartened was Mr. Kinder, who "lost heart and told his people, that he believed that this was another deluge and the last judgement had come". He was convinced that there was no hope for him or the others and "asked his wife for a kiss", and as they embraced "both slid from the boards and into the water". With the Kinders, the youngest of Jacob's children, also went into the water. This little child was sitting "on Peter Kinder's wife's lap".

Jacob, the remainder of his family, and the Kinder children, remained on the collar beam and the cabin was swept down the river. It rode roughly in the water, and at every minute the survivors felt it would be torn apart and so it was after a time. The roof separated from the log walls and the upper portion with the survivors was carried away. It was carried "for a mile into some woods". Jacob and the other survivors then "found a rope and tied it to a tree so that they would not be carried any further until the water subsided or someone would come to their rescue".

After daybreak, Jacob could tell that the waters were quickly receding and he made plans to get the survivors to high ground as soon as the water was low enough. The waters did recede enough in the late afternoon for Jacob to swim to the nearby high ground and he pulled the others to safety by using the rope. Jacob and the survivors made their way over the dividing ridge to Nathaniel Wilshire's cabin and after recuperating and drying out, the Kinder children were taken to the fort at Dunkard's Bottom.

Eckerlin states that "after a few days, Peter Kinder's wife was found dead and naked hanging on a tree with one arm". "Several days later" Peter was also found. But he had no more head and only one arm". Eckerlin did not mention if the Cassell child was found or not. It is believed that she was and was buried behind the cabin in the family cemetery.

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Appendix

Strange Romances

The following pages are a reproduced copy of an article about Elizabeth (Queenie) Penix that appeared in the Strange Romance magazine several years ago. This magazine no longer exists but, since the price was given, from the cost of the magazine (ten cents) I assume that the article was printed many years ago. Elizabeth was the daughter of William Washington Penix and the sister of John Penix. The article was written before Elizabeth married for the sixth time.

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Even from childhood there was something abnormal about Elizabeth Penix—something aside from her delicate beauty that men were unable to resist all the days of her amazing life. Psychologists who have studied her case declare bluntly that she was "over-sexed".

Whatever was the cause of Elizabeth Penix's mysterious nature it is plain enough from the records of her five marriages and the lurid "love triangles" in which she became embroiled that she could never be satisfied by any one man.

This bewitching creature began life in the small town of Olympia Kentucky. She was nicknamed "Queenie" by her father, a kind-hearted old gentleman who may have sensed even when Elizabeth was a child, that this doll-like flaxen-haired lass would one day reign as queen in the hearts of many men.

When Queenie Penix ran away from home for the first time it was one of those warm nights of spring with a clean breeze carrying the fragrance of pine and honeysuckle from the low Kentucky hills near her home.

Queenie was fourteen at that time and she had a very special reason for running away --she wanted a man.

A quirk apparently had developed in her childish brain. Man she reasoned was made for the sole purpose of satisfying the desires of woman. She was a woman at least she called herself such. She resolved to get a man even if she had to use wiles, trickery or force.

With such a philosophy at fourteen it is not strange that "man" was the quarry that this dainty little blonde girl stalked, brazenly and relentlessly through the long tragic years ahead

As twilight came to Olympia that evening Queenie made preparations for the quest. She quietly left the supper table and hurried to her bedroom where she removed her dress. Then proud as a peacock she studied her body in the long mirror.

She caught a glimmer of creamy white

She caught the flash of a pair of blue eyes that smiled impishly.



"Queenie" Elizabeth Penix Hovermale Rasseau Davis Droubay DeWitt married for the first time at the age of sixteen. This shows her in Utah State Prison where her fifth and last husband to date fell in love with her.

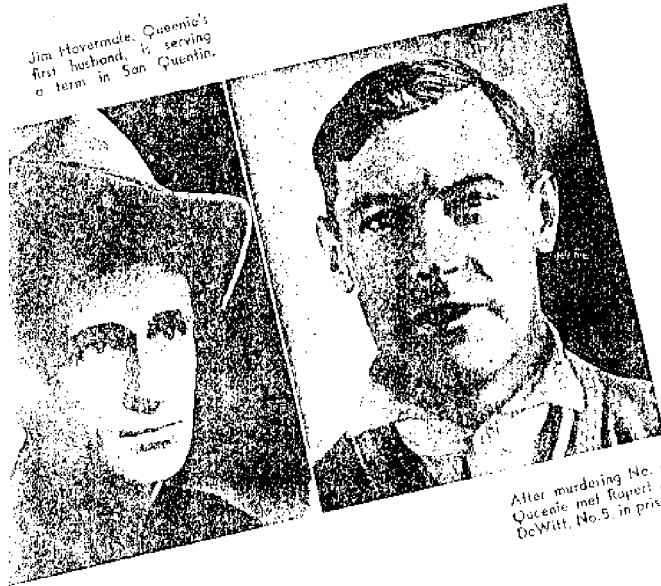
FIVE HUSBANDS FELL CAPTIVE TO THE CHARMS

skin, fulsome curves that would have done justice to a girl of twenty, a half-moon of platinum curls and an unusually pretty face.

"I am a woman " she whispered softly "and I'm going to get a man tonight. No one's going to stop me, either."

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She dressed hastily in a pair of waist overalls and a boy's shirt. Then she thought of the big pistols that hung on the wall in her father's bedroom. For weeks, Queenie's thoughts had centered around Jim. Once she had asked him if he would run away with her, and Jim had been confused as his eyes dropped bashfully. But he didn't say no.



bedroom.

Old Man Penix had taught her to shoot his pair of huge .44's and bragged to neighbors that "my Queenie can shoot straighter than I can." It was natural for Queenie to think of taking these pistols with her, for, although she wanted passionately a man of her very own, she also wanted adventure.

She crept into her father's bedroom and buckled the cartridge belt, with its heavy dangling guns, around her slender waist. She then slid noiselessly from the bedroom window and started out afoot for Jim's place.

Jim Hovermale lived with his parents down the

Queenie reached the hedge surrounding the Hovermale yard, she hid in the shrubbery and whistled three times. Presently, a skinny youth appeared at the front door. Queenie whistled three more times. Then Jim Hovermale wandered out to the hedge.

"It's you, Queenie!" he gasped, when he discovered the girl huddled low against the ground.

"Sure, it's me," the girl replied. "You knew I'd be a-coming, didn't you, Jim?"

"where you going to, Queenie?"

"I'm running away."

"Had a fuss with your ma?"

a-going away. You're coming with me, ain't you, Jim?"

"Me?" said the boy, startled. "Oh, I couldn't, Queenie. Pa'd lick the tar outta me if I left home."

"You big baby," the girl said with disdain, "'Fraid of your pa?"

"Well--what'd we do, Queenie? Where'd we go?"

"We're heading out West," she explained. "You see, I've got my dad's forty-fours, so we can fight our way through the Indians."

Jim Hovermale turned pale, as he peered through the gathering darkness and saw that Queenie was armed with the huge pistols.

"Oh, no, Queenie! We couldn't do that!"

"Course we could, you big sissy. What's the matter? Are you yellow?"

"I couldn't, Queenie-- I wouldn't dare."

The little blonde girl eyed her companion narrowly.

"I could kill you if I wanted to, Jim," she said tensely.

The lanky boy fidgeted. Just then his mother came to the front door, and called: "Jim, fetch me a bucket of water."

Queenie jerked Jim to the ground behind the hedge. She clutched him desperately in her arms.

"I gotta go!" the boy cried.

Queenie held him closely and kissed him on the cheek. Her whole body was

OF THIS WOMAN WHO WORE SIX-GUNS AND USED THEM

road about half a mile. Jim was fifteen, a spindling farm youth who still had the

"Course I ain't been fussing with Ma!" She answered sharply. "I'm just

trembling with a strange new feeling that swept through her like fire.

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"You--you feel like I do, Jim?"

The youth wriggled and broke from Queenie's grasp.

"I gotta go," he gulped hoarsely--"honest I have!"

"I won't be your girl any more," Queenie snapped. "Go on, you big baby. Go to your ma!" Her eyes were blazing as she added: "I ought to take a shot at you just to see how far a baby can jump."

Jim fled to the house, ashamed and frightened. He was ashamed because he wanted to go with Queenie, but didn't dare. He was frightened because he knew that Queenie had a furious temper and might kill him when they met again.

The next afternoon the town of Olympia buzzed with the news that Queenie--"that wild little Penix brat"-- had been captured and returned to her parents by a constable fifteen miles west of Olympia.

For a while she had defied the officer with her pistols, but finally surrendered when the wizened old constable tempted her with a "store meal" at a nearby restaurant. She explained to her captor that she was headed for out West, "where all the cowboys and all the real men are."

This account stirred young Jim's imagination, but it left him conscience-stricken. He brooded and refused to eat his meals. Queenie wasn't a wild, bad girl like everybody said. She was sweet and good. He

remembered that one frightening kiss as Queenie held him in her arms. He remembered that it scared him - and thrilled him.

"I wish I had gone with Queenie," he, told himself miserably, as he envisioned a big, burly officer forcing her to surrender.

The timid boy was startled by his own bold declaration. The next morning he looked into the kitchen mirror and caressed

had fled from home, only to be returned. The busy-bodies made much ado about how that "brazen little Penix hussy pulls that skinny Hovermale kid around by the nose"; and that "she ought to be put in the reform school."

The only thing about the marriage that Jim Hovermale didn't like was that Queenie made no pretense of turning her charms exclusively upon him. Whenever he made timid mention of this subject, Queenie flew into a tantrum and told him where he could go if he didn't like it.

Her spitfire temperament was a sharp contrast to the honey-sweet, clinging vine technique that she employed on the robust swains of the Kentucky hills. With her coquettish eyes and her innocent lit baby face, it seemed easy for Queenie to arouse in men the desire for forbidden fruit.

Never more than five feet in height, Queenie appeared to be just a big, beautiful child. Although a mature woman, physically, she was at

heart a badly spoiled child who knew that she had something --a small, perfectly-shaped, sensuous body--that men wanted.

Shortly after the marriage, the young husband made an attempt to solve this vexing problem by moving to Oklahoma. Although she was soon to become a mother, Queenie was thrilled at the prospect of this adventure.

She was even more



Queenie with Fire Captain C. Edson Droubay, her fourth husband, whom she brutally murdered.

the down on his chin. "Ma," he said, "d'you think pa would care if I used his razor?"

Jim and Queenie were married two years after that first time that Queenie ran away. They married because their folks didn't like the way people were talking.

Thrill-loving Queenie, in the meantime, had challenged her parental authority numerous times and

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thrilled when her father presented her with the two .44 pistols that had been her constant companions throughout girlhood days.

How different Queenie's life might have been if she had not learned to rely upon those dangerous guns to achieve her selfish ends!

In Oklahoma, Jim Hovermale was unable to locate the kind of farm that he wanted, so he moved on west. He had heard of new land that was being opened to homesteaders in Teton Basin of eastern Idaho. There he journeyed with Queenie in a Model T.

Queenie was delighted with Teton Basin, which, in those days just before the World War, was one of the wildest spots that remained in the West.

Bordered on the north by massive ranges in Yellowstone Park and on the east by the majestic Teton Peaks, the Basin was an emerald sea of waving grass almost lost among those lofty peaks.

The Basin had a colorful history that intrigued Queenie. It was a rendezvous for outlaws during those stirring early days when the six-gun was law. Queenie listened by the hour as housewives, country storekeepers and cowboys recounted tales of such outlaws as Hugh Whitney, Ed Trafton, and other renegades who once made the wild haunts of Teton Basin their home.

Queenie liked to imagine that the Basin was as wild as it had ever been, and she liked to dream of riding the pony trails with an

outlaw-lover.

She had only one disappointment during those first few weeks, but it was soon forgotten. Her child, a baby girl, was born dead..

Jim Hovermale filed on a homestead near the town of Felt, which was a mere wide spot in the wagon road that led from St. Anthony to Driggs, the county seat of Teton County.

It was a long cry back to that never-to-be-forgotten night when Queenie had kissed him on the cheek and begged him to run away from home - not in years, but in the changes that those few years had wrought in Jim Hovermale.

Now he was a mature man, lean and strong as the mustang that he rode in tending the small herd of cattle which he had put on his land. Jim had grown to be a quiet and moody man. When he drank raw whiskey at the saloons of Felt and Tetonia, he usually drank alone.

Ranch women of the Basin attributed the gloomy, grim expression on Jim Hovermale's face to Queenie's unconventional antics. These women disliked her intensely, for Queenie never passed up an opportunity to flirt with their husbands and grown sons.

At the fiddle dances, held every Saturday night in Tetonia, she invariably "cut up" with playful glee while her husband sat on the sidelines as silent and as expressionless as a sphinx. His face never even showed a flicker of emotion when Queenie would fall playfully and "accidentally" into the arms of a male partner while

a quadrille was in hilarious motion.

Fist fights over Queenie's attentions at these dances were common and Jim rarely intervened. But when he did it was with a few quiet words that settled the Trouble in short order.

Whenever such trouble arose the gossips whispered: "That cheap little flirt is going to make trouble for Jim one of these days. He's a fool to put up with it."

Queenie was smart enough to know that there was "talk." Whenever she saw a group of hardened ranch women whispering in a huddle, she openly made grimaces at them, and, more often than not, thumbed her dainty nose at them.

Some said that Jim Hovermale wasn't afraid of anything, and some said that he wasn't afraid of anything except Queenie. Nearly always she wore those wicked-appearing .44's and she lost no opportunity to show off by displaying her expert marksmanship

Once, at a dance in Tetonia, Queenie shot the gasoline lights from the ceiling. She fired from the hip, observers later related and, in no time at all, every light in the hall was out.

Everyone was acting a bit mad that night, for word had just come that the United States had declared war against Germany.

Yet, Jim Hovermale was highly displeased with Queenie as a result of this shooting episode. After he drove to the ranch that night, he said: "Queenie, what was the idea of showing off with them damn guns

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tonight? It's bad enough for you to wear 'em."

"What's the matter, Jim? You scared of guns?" said Queenie.

"Damn right, I ain't!"

"You would be if I turned them on you and trimmed your toenails," Jim's petite bride countered.

An impish smile played about Queenie's painted lips as she studied her wrathful mate who at last had broken the long silence of years.

He said: "Like hell I would."

"You're yellow, Jim, and scared," said Queenie deliberately, "else you wouldn't be kicking up a fuss about a little shooting. Shame! A big fellow like you, 'fraid of guns!"

"Queenie, that's a lie and you know it."

"Then if you ain't 'fraid of guns, why don't you go to war?" Queenie suggested with sudden inspiration.

A strange light came to Jim's eyes. His lips became hard and thin. Determined lines formed on his leathery face.

Without uttering another word he packed an old suitcase and walked out into the night.

When Jim Hovermale went to war, his neighbors said that he was a lucky man to have a good excuse to leave Queenie. They counted to Jim's credit that he had left his wife amply provided for. Prices were good and, with the spread of cattle that he had built up, Queenie would fare all right.

Of course, none of the neighbors expected Hovermale to have a wife when and if he

should get back. And if he didn't have little Queenie waiting for him, they figured that he would be twice a lucky man.

Oddly enough, Jim did have a wife when he returned from France. One cold day in December, 1919, he disembarked from the train at Tetonian and Queenie was waiting for him on the icy platform.

"Glad to see me, Queenie?" Jim cried, grabbing his wife in his arms.

"No, I'm not," said Queenie, eyeing him narrowly. She pushed him away. "I don't want you to come to the ranch, Jim."

The lean man in khaki stared at Queenie in astonishment. Then suspicion and anger flared in his face.

"Why not?" he asked grimly. "It's my ranch, ain't it?"

"It's my ranch," said Queenie, "and, you ain't coming there. I hope you get that straight, Jim Hovermale. I'd hate for there to be any shooting and have you get all messed up, especially after you've fared so well in the war."

"I get it," her husband answered quietly. "You've got someone else there. Now ain't you, Queenie?"

"That's my business." The tiny woman studied the crestfallen features of her husband before she continued with her unreasonable ultimatum. "There's another thing," she said pointedly. "I want you to get out of the country. Clean out of it."

Jim Hovermale had started to walk away. and when he heard Queenie's words

they bit into his ears like a lash. He whirled, anger blazing in his eyes.

"So you and some damn two-bit lover want me to get clean out of the country, do you?" He laughed fiercely for a few moments before he added: "Queenie, you can go straight to hell."

"Jim, I'm giving you exactly three days to get out of the country," the little blonde woman said, tapping the butts of her pistols significantly. Wherewith she turned to a pony tethered to a hitching post nearby and rode away.

JIM HOVERMALE'S eyes held to the horse and its slender rider until both disappeared from view behind the snow-covered knoll on the earth road from town.

"she's lovely," he murmured to himself. "More lovely than when she was first my girl. You need taming, my Queenie just as you did when we was kids and you wanted me to run away. Because I love you and want you--I'm calling your bluff."

The next day Jim Hovermale opened a blacksmith shop in Felt just across the street from the general store. The first Two days were uneventful. Jim settled down to work and ranchers dropped in to wish him well in his new venture.

The third day was December 19--a date that will be long remembered by residents of Teton Basin.

On that day, for the first time since more than a score of years before when the Basin had been a hide-out for outlaws, the bark of six-guns was heard again in one of the most sensational gun

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duels that the historic town of Felt ever witnessed..

Dusk was falling when two horsemen appeared down the north road. Both were small and slender and pistols dangled from their hips. They looked neither to right nor left as they trotted their horses down the main street to Jim Hovermale's blacksmith shop.

Ranchers along the street recognized the smallest rider as Queenie. Her blonde curls peeked from beneath a five-gallon hat cocked at a rakish angle. Her face was tense and white.

The other rider was a tall, spindly youth dressed in rough cowboy clothes. His face was pale, too, beneath the deep tan. He was an eighteen-year-old youth named Myron Beach, who worked for Queenie at her ranch.

Jim Hovermale saw them coming and he was standing in the door of his shop when the armed pair reined in their horses.

Queenie said: "Jim, I see you ain't gone."

Jim said: "I see I ain't, too."

"Then you better get going, feller, or I'll blow the dust out of your pants!"

Queenie jerked out her huge .44's with the nimbleness of a professional gunman. She aimed the pistols at Jim Hovermale's heart.

The discarded husband faced the pair with calmness. "I didn't know you meant what you said the other day," he said. "I'll get out. My clothes are in Thompson's there. Let me go get them and then I'll go."

He indicated the David

Thompson residence which set back from the street only a few yards from his shop.

"All right," said Queenie, "get over there and make it snappy before I run a little lead through your belly."

Hovermale hurried into the weather-beaten house. For a moment, a very brief moment, the tension that gripped Felt's "main street" was broken.

Suddenly Jim Hovermale appeared on the porch of the Thompson house. Couched in his hands was an army rifle!

"I ain't going, Queenie," he drawled.

Young Beach's claw-like arms ripped his pistols from their holsters and lead splattered against the front of the old frame house.

Almost at the same instant Queenie's blazing guns went into action.

Jim Hovermale raised his rifle and fired. He scored a hit, directly between the Beach kid's eyes. The kid tumbled from his horse, dead.

Another thunderous explosion--and Queenie tumbled from her horse. Jim's bullet didn't touch her, but it ripped through her large hat and knocked her to the ground.

Queenie scrambled to her feet and took refuge behind her horse. She opened up a blast of gunfire, aiming around the front of the animals neck.

Jim Hovermale fired just one more shot. The rifle ball passed through the horse's neck, then ripped through Queenie's left breast and on through the fleshy part of her arm.

The horse and the woman fell together.

Three growing pools of crimson formed in the white snow.

Jim Hovermale saw the job was done. His footfall creaked upon the porch as he entered the house. He went straight to the telephone and called the sheriff's office at Driggs, seventeen miles away.

"come and get me," he said. "I've just killed my wife and her lover."

he had overestimated his deadly marksmanship. Queenie was not dead. She lay upon the snow bleeding for nearly an hour, completely unattended because of community sentiment against her, then she rode to her ranch.

Alone, she dressed her wounds. Six weeks later she was well enough to ride into Driggs where she filed suit for divorce against her husband, charging "cruel and inhuman treatment."

Hovermale didn't contest the divorce for he was locked in jail, facing a murder charge. When he appeared in court for the trial he pleaded self-defense and was acquitted. A tribute to his gallantry, he made no attempt to attack the morals or the character of the woman who was the direct cause of Beach's death.

When Jim Hovermale walked from the courtroom at Driggs, he was a free man. But something must have snapped in his mind during those torturous days before a jury when his life hung in the balance.

Maybe some of the threatening letters sent to

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him by Queenie had something to do with the bitterness that now filled his heart. Many times Queenie had written: "I'll get you. I'm going to kill you."

At any rate, Jim Hovermale was a gunman after the killing of young Beach. He turned to robbing banks and trains.

Soon afterward, he was tried but acquitted of the \$4,500 robbery of the Hazelton, Idaho, bank. The evidence against him was too thin.

Later, Roy and Russell Smith, with Hovermale as their leader, held up and robbed the Pasadena Short Line train in Los Angeles. They escaped officers in a running fight, but were later captured, convicted and sent to San Quentin for long prison terms.

Throughout these bandit years, Hovermale received periodic letters from Queenie, who had but one message for the man whom she once loved: "some day, Jim. I'll catch up with you and kill you."

Strangely do the Fates spin their web in the lives of people. Instead of Queenie's catching up with Jim, Jim caught up with Queenie. He found her in Salt Lake City after he served seven years in San Quentin.

He meant to kill her. Instead he again fell under the bewitching spell of the blonde temptress who once said, and now said again: "Jim, I want you to run away with me."

In the ten years that had intervened, Queenie had been married to three more

husbands. After the Beach killing in Teton Basin, Queenie returned to her folks in Kentucky. Soon she picked up with a man named Rasseau, Nevada, after they were married. Whatever their troubles were, nobody seems to know, but Queenie divorced Rasseau after five months on grounds of cruelty.

Husband No. 3 was a circus performer named Davis, but this married romance lasted only two weeks. One day Queenie chased her acrobat husband out of the tent with a butcher knife and he never returned.

In the year that followed, Queenie herself became a circus performer, entertaining with the same guns that her doting father had trained her to shoot in Kentucky. In 1922 she left the circus in Salt Lake City and obtained a job as a parachute jumper, working with Lieutenant Pangrin and Captain Ulric, the English ace.

While still in Salt Lake City, Queenie met the man who was to become her fourth husband. He was C. Edson Droubay, a handsome young fellow who, at twenty-five, was a fire department captain. He met Queenie and immediately fell in love with her when she came to live at his mother's boarding house.

Queenie was thirty-one, six years older than Droubay. She was a glamorous woman whose powers to allure men were at their height, and it is little wonder that Captain Droubay succumbed to her charms.

At his mother's objections, he married

Queenie after he had known her only a few weeks. Within a month he realized that he had made a ghastly mistake.

the trouble, as might be expected, was that Queenie's monogamous impulses were still lacking.

Much to her husband's distress, she liked to "fool around" with other men. She loved parties and entertained as lavishly as Captain Droubay's income would permit.

At such parties it was her habit to throw her arms around men who were almost strangers to her, sit upon their knees, and in general behave like an irresponsible adolescent.

Once during a party in their Emigration Canyon home near Salt Lake City, she kicked a man because he told her to "be your age." She followed up the kick with a dash for her guns, but her husband intervened.

The years that followed were stormy ones for Captain Droubay. He finally refused to accompany Queenie anywhere because of the embarrassment that she caused him, which left Queenie to drift alone, unencumbered by any one particular male.

Queenie liked this arrangement with her husband. One day, shortly afterward, she revealed her fickle nature to a woman acquaintance. "doesn't it," asked the much married blonde, "bore you to death to sleep with the same man, night after night?"

Queenie was Captain Droubay's problem child. He coped with Queenie's unstable character with intelligence and considerably more

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patience than most men would have mustered in a similar situation.

But he was entirely unprepared to cope with the whirlwind romance between Jim Hovermale and Queenie in 1932, nearly ten years after Queenie had led Jim to the alter for the first time.

In March of that year, Hovermale was released from San Quentin. While in prison he invented a sugar beet digger and secured a patent for it. He and his brother, Arch, came to Salt Lake City to raise capital for its manufacture.

It was there that his path crossed for the second time with the woman who had been his childhood sweetheart and who had steered him into the secrets of love.

Jim Hovermale told close friends that he had come to Salt Lake City for two reasons--one of them was to kill Queenie. Bitter and vengeful, he believed that Queenie would hunt him down and kill him unless he beat her to it.

Quite unexpectedly, they met at a Salt Lake City night club. Jim was drinking straight whiskey in a dark corner when Queenie saw him and went to his table.

"It's good to see you, Jim," she said.

Jim Hovermale looked into a pair of childish blue eyes and all the bitterness ebbed from his heart. The same impish smile that had lured him and enslaved him when he was a boy, and held him in chains until finally he drilled a hole through the head of a suspected lover, now came into play again as Queenie's eyes looked into

his own.

"It's good to see you, Queenie," Jim said.

Love and hate must be half-brothers. Before that night was over Queenie and Jim were locked fiercely in one another's arms, whispering and caressing, and recounting the happy memories of childhood days.

Captain Droubay saw very little of his wife that Summer. He knew that something special had come into her life. Rumors soon identified that "something special" with Jim Hovermale, Queenie's husband No. 1.

The new brick home which Droubay built for Queenie went neglected more and more as the Summer days ripened into Autumn. More than one night the lonely husband paced the floor until morning, wondering and at the same time knowing, where his spouse was.

Late in November, Droubay decided that he couldn't put up with Queenie's apparent unfaithfulness any longer. He consulted his attorney to arrange for a divorce.

On November 29, the attorney notified Queenie by telephone that her husband was filing suit for divorce. Droubay was at home when Queenie received the call.

She whirled upon her husband like a tigress and drove him from the house with a broom.

Droubay didn't come home from the fire station that night. On the following day Queenie went to his office at Station No. 2 dressed in an expensive outfit that she had purchased that day.

"So you're going to divorce me, are you?" cried the irate blonde. "Not until you pay for these clothes, you don't. I charged them, and a lot more, to you."

Then she flew at the fire captain with clenched fists.

Droubay ducked and grabbed the woman, pinioning her arms from behind. Queenie kicked his shins until she broke both heels of her slippers.

Captain Droubay didn't release Queenie until she was thoroughly exhausted. Then he raced to their home at 515 Columbus Street to pack his clothes before his wife arrived.

The luckless fireman was too late. While frantically packing a suitcase, Queenie burst into the house with a glinting automatic in her hand. She advanced on Droubay with a mad gleam in her eyes.

"Don't, Queenie, for God's sake, don't!" cried the man, and he fled toward the kitchen. Queenie followed, firing as she ran. Once, twice the automatic barked.

Droubay lunged down a stairway leading to a basement garage with Queenie hot on his heels.

Another thundering shot. The fleeing fireman shrieked an echo. He staggered through the garage door to the front lawn where he collapsed.

Two men unloading furniture from a truck across the street rushed to Droubay's side.

He was clutching his stomach and blood was spurting between his fingers.

"Take me to a

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hospital," he groaned. "My wife--shot me!"

The two men carried the limp form to their truck and hurried to the Police Emergency Hospital. As Police Surgeon Henry Raile worked over the wounded fireman, Queenie fluttered into the room, and cried: "Daddy! Daddy!"

Droubay turned his head.

"I don't want to see you again," he mumbled weakly.

Policemen dragged the hysterical woman from the room and locked her in a cell. She screamed and pounded her tiny fists upon the bars when detectives questioned her about the shooting.

"I didn't shoot him! she shrieked desperately.

Curiously, the victim of her fury backed her up. "It was an accident," Droubay told detectives. "Forget it."

But it wasn't the police's duty to forget it. Especially after Droubay died, exactly one week following the tragic episode.

Grim-featured detectives theorized that Queenie had shot down her husband in cold blood, despite her own and the victim's story to the contrary.

The motive that they reconstructed into the bizarre case was ghastly. They believed that Queenie had plotted the death of Droubay weeks before to get his life insurance so that she could finance Jim Hovermale's invention, that before she had time to carry

out her plans, Droubay announced his intention of divorce.

That announcement, police believed, drove Queenie into a mad frenzy. The divorce would upset her murder plans--and the insurance. So, in her intense anger, she killed Droubay for upsetting her plans.

Certainly the killing was not an "accident." The investigators found evidence that the automatic had been fired not once, but at least four times. But they found no evidence of a struggle.

The most incriminating evidence of all was that the bullet which killed Droubay entered his back, indicating that he was probably fleeing for his life when Queenie's accurate aim cut him down.

"I know nothing about a gun, and I couldn't hit anything," Queenie sobbed, when she was confronted with the deliberate murder theory.

Which was a lie, of

day that she killed her husband, and put a hole through a one-inch water hose at a distance of twenty-five feet with the automatic that she used in the fatal shooting!

That was ample evidence to convince officers that Queenie was then getting in trim for the cold-blooded assassination of her mate.

In court a few months later--in February, 1933--Queenie testified that she had purchased the gun and practiced shooting it so that she would be prepared to scare away prowlers on nights when Droubay was away at the fire station.

But she admitted that her life with Droubay had been a hectic one, and that they had quarreled and fought frequently. She even admitted that her husband suspected her and charged her with numerous infidelities.

In answer to District Attorney Calvin Rawling's question as to what caused quarrels with her husband, besides triangle situations, Queenie replied bluntly: "Sexual relations." The point was not elaborated.

On March 3, a Jury found Queenie guilty of murder and the judge sentenced her to life imprisonment in Utah Prison.

The murder trial had made Queenie an old woman. It caused her to lose much of the glamour which, for the most part of her forty-one years, had made men want her with hungry passion.

Yet, even behind prison walls, this amazing

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course. Persistent sleuths learned that Queenie stood in the kitchen door of her home, on the very morning of the

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woman found romance!

She was assigned to be the warden's housekeeper.

Within three weeks she had the love and undying devotion of one Robert A. DeWitt, a willowy little man who was a cook in the warden's quarters.

Five years before this, DeWitt had been sentenced to a life term for bashing in the head of his wife with a heavy iron coupling pin in their Ogden, Utah, home as she lay sleeping in bed at his side.

After his grisly crime was discovered, he told Detective-Sergeant C. K. Keeter of the Ogden police: "I don't know why I killed her...She was laying there in bed so peacefully, and snoring a little. I walked out onto the back porch, got that coupling pin, then I batted her on the head until she stopped wriggling..."

This man--another mate killer--was Queenie's prison lover!

They exchanged sentimental poetry in which love eternal was vowed.

One year after Queenie started serving her life sentence, DeWitt was paroled from his "life" term, after serving exactly six years and six months for the brutal murder of his wife.

He lived for only one purpose following his release--to get his sweetheart pardoned. For four long years he labored for Queenie's freedom. In May, 1937, he at last achieved success. The husband-killer was released after serving exactly four years and two months of her "life" sentence.

Within two hours after she walked through Utah Prison gates, she was standing at DeWitt's side promising a preacher that she would love, honor, and obey--her fifth husband. That same day the couple left for an Idaho mining camp to begin life anew.

Queenie's first love, Jim Hovermale?...

He again turned to crime after Queenie went to prison. Having squandered all the capital that he had raised for his beet digging invention on party-loving Queenie, he began counterfeiting to replace this money. Snared by Secret Service operatives, he was sent to McNeil Island federal penitentiary. He was paroled before he finished his sentence, and straightway San Quentin authorities picked him up for a parole violation in connection with the Los Angeles train robbery job.

Jim Hovermale is still in San Quentin. He has told San Quentin inmates: "I still love Queenie madly...When I get out of here, she will come to me, or I will go to her."

Some time within the next five years Jim Hovermale, Queenie's childhood sweetheart, will probably be released from San Quentin. What turn then will come in the strange life of the over-passionate blonde who wore six-guns?