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OF OHIO
LONGRIFLE
COLLECTORS



FOR THE STUDY AND PRESERVATION
OF THE OHIO MUZZLELOADING RIFLE

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34th A.O.L.R.C.
Marietta Exhibit
April 3, 4, 5, 2009



Contents

President's Letter	2
Memo from the Editor	2
34th Marietta Show	3
A Tribute	4
Ehrenhardt – Earnheart	7
10th Annual Newark Show	10
Ladies of AOLRC News	12



President's Letter



The October show in Newark was another success for the club and Jim Claggett. Our tables sold out and we had a great crowd. The Friday night get together was really a good time for all.

The Marietta show this year will be April 4th and 5th with the Friday night get together on the 3rd. The dress code for the dinner this year will be casual. The speaker at the dinner this year will be Mr. Mel Hankla doing George Rogers Clark. We will be starting to take pictures at the Marietta show for our records and a new book on Ohio gun makers. Our idea is to produce a picture book similar to the "Ohio Long Rifles" volumes I and II by James B. Whisker. Instead of showing only two or three makers from each county we will be looking for guns made by the other makers in the county who are not already shown. It will cost the organization to take pictures, so we will have to decide which rifles we should photograph. So be checking your collections for makers who have not made the books yet and bring them to the Marietta show.

Please make your Marietta table reservations as soon as possible to:

Rod Frazer
11815 Streamside Dr.
Pickerington, Ohio 43147
614-837-1591
RSFrazer41@aol.com

We appreciate the efforts of the membership on writing articles and researching information for our newsletter. Ron Yerian takes pride in publishing a quality newsletter for our members. Please continue to support Ron's efforts by sending him information for publication. The featured gunsmiths this year will be the work of the Humberger family of Perry County. Please bring your Humberger rifles in for the exhibit.

See you at the Marietta show,
Rod Frazer



Memo from the Editor



This may be the first AOLRC Newsletter that does not feature either a gunsmith or an exceptional Ohio Longrifle. I apologize, but there are several reasons for this. First, our stock of unpublished pictures is low; second, the few members who contributed in the past have exhausted their areas of interest; and third, many of you apparently have articles "eighty percent finished" but, for one reason or another, have failed to finish and submit them.

I understand that research is a frustrating endeavor, and that information on 19th century gunsmiths is fragmentary and confusing. It would, however, be a shame if the material which you have gathered but not submitted should be lost. Please send me whatever material you have which may be of interest to our organization – copies of pictures, records, newspaper articles and advertisements, pictures of rifles, unfinished manuscripts – and I will attempt to put the information into an article for the Newsletter. Your name will of course

accompany the article, and you will receive a free annual membership in the AOLRC in appreciation for your contribution.

It is my understanding that there will be a photographer present at the Marietta exhibit. Bring some of your rifles that are not pictured in previous Newsletters or books and, if you wish, I can feature them in the Newsletter with or without biographical information on the maker.

Please bring whatever material you have accumulated to Marietta, or send it to me at:

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3321 West Point Rd., SE
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FAX: 740/746-8960
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34th Marietta Exhibit



As in the past we are inviting anyone who has documented Ohio made rifles produced prior to 1900 to display them. In order to avoid any confusion as far as space allotment is concerned, we are asking interested parties to please let us know how many tables they will need. In doing this the association will be able to provide adequate table accommodations on a first come basis. So, please be prompt. Mail table requests to Rod Frazer, 11815 Streamside Drive, Pickerington, OH 43147.

Remember the major portion of your display must consist of antique Ohio made rifles and accessories. Ohio made contemporary rifles must not exceed more than 10% of your total display. This rule will be strictly enforced and all contemporary rifles must be so marked.

Set up of exhibits will begin a 5:00 p.m. Friday, April 3.

Banquet

Our annual membership meeting and banquet will be held April 4 at 8:00 p.m. in the LaFayette Hotel. This meeting will be preceded by a hospitality hour at 6:00 p.m. and a banquet at 7:00 p.m. Dinner will consist of prime rib, stuffed chicken breast, or maple glazed pork loin and all the trimmings with tickets costing \$20.00 each payable to the secretary no later than March 28. Banquet space is limited and will be on a first come first serve basis. Please get your reservation in early. The entertainment this year will feature Mr. Mel Hankla as George Rogers Clark.

Lodging and accommodations

The LaFayette Motor Hotel has been generous enough to provide exhibit space for our show. They have also offered our membership a generous discount on their room accommodations. We strongly urge our membership to take advantage of this special rate and the fact that the show, the banquet, and the membership meeting will be held in the same location. For reservations telephone 740/373-5522. Be sure to mention that you are coming to the AOLRC Exhibit.

For security reasons, no rifles may be brought into the exhibit hall after 9:00 a.m. Saturday, or leave before 3:00 p.m. Sunday, unless prior arrangements have been made with the sergeant-at-arms.

Also, no rifles may be brought into the exhibit hall during public hours without first getting permission from the sergeant-at-arms.

Friday, April 3

5:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m. Set up for exhibit

7:00 p.m. – 11:00 p.m. Reception for all exhibitors and members. Cash bar and hors d'oeuvres.

Saturday, April 4

8:00 a.m. Exhibit hall opens to exhibitors and members only.

9:00 a.m. Show opens to public.

5:00 p.m. Exhibit closes.

6:00 p.m. Hospitality hour.

7:00 p.m. Banquet.

8:00 p.m. Membership meeting. Entertainment.

Sunday, April 5

9:00 a.m. Exhibit hall opens to the public.

3:00 p.m. Exhibit closes.

PLEASE NOTE

Our featured gunsmiths this year will be the Humberger family of Perry County. As per last year the hotel will be providing glass cases for this exhibit. We will fill these on a first come basis. Please bring your Humberger/Humbarger rifles this year for the public and the membership to see.

A TRIBUTE by WALTER E. HEIGHTSHOE

A long life ends but memories of a grand old man who mixed service and genuine love with his friendship for untold membersingers on.

"Old Daddy Long has passed on!" So come messages from far and near to tell the going of another of the Grand Old Men of the Muzzle Loading Rifle. And with the death of this fine old Christian gentleman—and he was all of that and to the core,—as all of us who have known him will testify, there has come a distinct sense of loss as well as sorrow. He was an unique character whose memory will remain with us who really love the old rifles, so long as we live.

Had he lived until next August 29, he would have rounded out just 90 years of a life which for fullness, varied experiences, enthusiasm for living, and ability to impart that cheer to others leaves us all "a mark to shoot at." Paradoxically, the most eloquent tribute to his memory comes to me today from a very great hypocrite who writes: "If my own life can be as well-lived as his, I want to live to be 89."

I suspect that I am, in point of time, probably his oldest friend among the members of the N.M.L.R.A., having been his intimate friend for about 35 years. Most of us who have visited him at his old gunshop near Thornville, O., recall him as the youngest "old man" they had ever met. It has been my own good fortune to have known him when he was still in his prime—at 55.

For the benefit of the younger members and for those members in other states who have never enjoyed a visit to his shop and museum, I think that some of the facts concerning Daddy Long and his long lifetime of shooting and "fixin'" funs should now be told. This is in no sense any eulogy. He needs none. It is a simple statement, expressed in my lame way, of things which I knew about him when he was at his best, and of experiences which I have shared.

My first meeting with "Old W. J." as he was called, was in the fall of 1913. I was then a young squirt of 18 or so, who lived on the poorest farm in Perry County, Ohio, about ten miles south of Mr. Long. I had been for a number of years keenly interested in the muzzle-loading rifles which in those days seemed to be in every farm house. I already had garnered eleven of the old long rifles, all of them purchased at farm sales, and at prices which now seem fantastic. The cheapest one cost me .75c and the choicest specimen cost all of \$1.75. There were no bidders. I always raised the first bid a quarter and got the rifle. Also with it sometimes went a nice powder



Daddy Long in his workshop near Thornville, Ohio, where he labored for over a half century making gun lovers happy—and making friends with gun lovers.

horn and a mold, plus knowing grins and winks. "The boy must be a little teched in the ha'd."

I had just gotten a long and heavy Humbarger rifle about a week before which seemed to be in exceptionally nice condition, but the nipple was missing and the hammer would not stand cocked. The last owner had experimented with DuPont bulk shotgun smokeless taken from a "yaller" shell and the nipple had gone out whooping, slamming the hammer back and breaking the bridle screws. This I did not know at the time.

I had saved up two silver dollars that summer. Do not laugh at this. There was no money in circulation in 1913. Times were hard as in 1933. I cut corn for neighboring farmers, 12 hills square, for two cents per shock. Good pay for a boy. Men with families worked for \$1.50 per day—and liked it!

It was a fine, bright morning in September when I started out with my long rifle to walk the ten miles from near Somerset to Thornville to try to find Mr. Long and get the "fixin'" done. I had never met him and did not know where he lived, as this was strange country to me. I walked all the way through woods, thickets, and along creeks, bearing generally northwest. I got well lost and came out far on the wrong side of the little town. By asking I

was directed toward the Long farm on the other side of the village and finally reached it, tired to exhaustion and also very hungry. It was then high noon.

As I walked up the steep lane which led into his farm home, I met a spryly moving man of past middle age, just coming in from the corn field where he had been cutting corn. He was sweat-begrimed from his labor and just coming in for dinner. Without waiting for any preliminaries on my part he took the initiative. His eyes twinkled with interest the moment he saw the long rifle across my arm. "Well, well, young feller, what have you got there?" he exclaimed and reached for the heavy rifle which I was only too happy to release. I muttered something about it's needing work done on it, and how much it would cost. I was very bashful in those days. He seemed not to hear but was keenly scrutinizing the rifle from every angle when he suddenly exclaimed, "Land o' Goshen! (his standard and only profanity) What are you doing with this old Copperider rifle? I knew this rifle about 35 years ago. I saw it in Old Phoesrhen when I was a young fellow about your age. I think I shot it once on a time."

And then he at once launched into the history of the old rifle. It had been made by Peter Humbarger (the 3rd) in his shop in Hopewell Twp. sometime before the

Civil War for another old timer, Peter Copperider. He had heard that "Old Pete" didn't want to make it with such a heavy barl, but to satisfy his customer, who wanted it just so, had ordered the barrel from the East. And sure enough, stamped in fine letters near the breech. Left side of the breech was the name "Posey, Nelson & Co."

This was my own introduction to that remarkably keen memory which has always amazed his vistors. A face or a name was never forgotten. This was also true of the guns on which he worked. It has been said that over the span of half a century during which he gunsmithed, most of the guns in Perry Co. had at some time or other passed through his shop. He seemed to remember all of them. Certainly all of the muzzle-loaders.

The next, "I'm mighty hungry and I ber you are, too. We'll eat our dinner and then we'll look at the old rifle some more." I demurred. It was a reception I had not anticipated. But it was not altogether my fault in having come in on him at the precise moment to be invited, and I too could use a dinner. All through the substantial farm-made meal, he talked about the old muzzle-loading rifles. He seemed as eager as I to get down to business, and although it was Saturday, and I knew that he would be going to town for the weekly trading, he seemed glad to postpone everything to play with this new toy.

Then we went out to his old shop. The old red-painted shop with the tin siding which will remain a high spot in the memory of so many. He first re-examined the rifle, noting aloud the defects which needed remedy. The threads of the nipple seat had been stripped when the nipple blew out and he thought that while he was at it, a new drum would be the thing. Then he unbreeched the barl keerfully and getting a long hickory rod and steel wool, set me to scrubbing it out from the breech while he pattered among his supplies.

The barl turned out to be surprisingly smooth and sweet inside in spite of all the dirt. He matched and set up a new drum and nipple, letting me put back the breech plug, cautioning me how to do it without leaving any tracks. Then he started in on the lock. All it needed was a couple of new bridle screws, some slight adjustment and oiling. Now the rifle was together. I was seething with happiness over my new-found friend who seemed to be a boy like myself.

Next, he looked at the decrepit mold which I had. No good. Lopsided ball and too small anyway. Hunting among his large assortment of cherries, he finally picked one which he thought might do with a thinner patch. He found an old mold which was sound and tight, re-cher-

ried it a mite and then melted some lead in his little forge to run a few bullets. I molded the bullets, about two dozen, necked and scraped them "down the seams." This was nothing new to me, at least.

"Well, I guess we can see what she will do. It's a Humbarger and she ought to shoot." But "she" didn't shoot. Not for awhile. We took turns with the old rifle at about 60 yards, varying the charge and the patching, but she was till contrary. The gunsmith thought aloud as he experimented.

"I think we are underloading all the time," he said. He was right. Gradually raising the charge to about half again the amount with which we started, "she" suddenly began to speak with a different crack and lay them right in together. Finally he laughed and said that he thought that was about what Old Peter would have used and we might as well quit, now that she was behaving. He struck the rear sight a gentle tap with a brass punch and a very light hammer and fired one more shot. A dead center, this time. He handed me the rifle along with the new mold and a brass cartridge case, an old .38-55 cut down to the determined size to hold the charge with which we had stopped and admonishing me to be careful with it as it would throw a ball a powerful ways, and never, never, to set any muzzle loading rifle against the wall or in a corner, as they would sooner or later slip and crack the stock in falling.

I was learning fast that day. I knew then that I had been shooting all my ten other muzzle loaders with undeveloped charges, which accounted for the poor results I had had. I had burned a lot of dearly-earned powder the past three or four years, but with no instructian as to the niceties of patching, using ready cut patches and un-worked-up charges had accomplished really nothing. Also, I had not learned (as all of us have learned and usually the hard way) that a muzzle-loading rifle is the most temperamental and sensitive of rifles.

It is with a nostalgic pang that I now look back over nearly 35 years to that golden autumn afternoon. That was probably the high spot of my life. Here was a simple farm-boy, plumb nuts about the long rifles, but not only no money but no one whatsoever who had the slightest interest in rifles, being taken "under the wing" of probably as well qualified instructor as has lived anywhere. Not only that, he seemed delighted to have a protege. This was the beginning of a lifetime friendship which has now been broken by his death.

It was now time to settle up and go home. I fingered my two silver dollars and rather fearfully asked him how much he would charge for all the work he had

done. His eyes twinkled as he said: "Well, I think a dollar will about square the bill. You know this wasn't all work." It was with a lot of relief that I gave him the cartwheel. I was sure that all this would amount to much more. Here I had taken more than two hours of his time and experience and had enjoyed a good dinner to boot, had a good mold and a proper charger made up and only a dollar charge.

I know now as I thought then, that he actually lost money on the job. But I also know now that this was only one instance. He was always happy to help out anyone and apparently just aimed at breaking even on a lot of his work. He took his pay vicariously. He has left more friends than any of us will leave.

So I took up the heavy rifle and started on my long walk homeward, my heart singing within me. How I wished I had him for my father. This was the afternoon when I saw the weir-fox. But that is another story which must wait. Not now.

Twenty years later I took the old gentleman to Portsmouth to attend one of the first meetings of the little group of muzzle-loading bugs which was in time to become the N.M.L.R.A. In fact this was the time when at the first of the organization meetings in the old N. & W. Y.M.C.A. the name National Muzzle-Loading Rifle Association was at my proposal, adopted in place of "Coonskin Club" or "Knights of Daniel Boone," as had been suggested. I think Daddy Long was No. 4 man on the so-called "charter" but am not sure. We were together and I recall that I was No. 3 on that historic document. We took down the first "bull rife" ever shot at those early matches and Daddy Long laughed many times over our riddling Bull Ramsey's armor-plate backstop which had formerly graced the side of a N. & W. locomotive firebox. It had somehow been provided as a backstop by Old Bull, the famous procurer. It had stopped the piffing little pea-balls of the 60-yard matches, but it looked like a sieve after the slug rifles of Reinhard and Siebert had worked out on it.

One of the high spots of that early organization meeting and rifle match will no doubt be always recalled by those who attended. Notably, Bill Large, the now nationally known barrel specialist; Win Woods, of no less celebrity; E. M. Farris and Bull Ramsey and other lesser luminaries. This was the three-cornered bull sesion held almost without intermission by the late George Brammer, Win Woods and Old Daddy Long. These three master gunsmiths of an almost-lost art kept their heads together almost continuously for the two days of the matches.

We tyros looked on from a revent distance, surmising what was going on

(Continued on page 17)

A Tribute

(Continued from page 7)

amongst the high priesthood of muzzle-loading rifledom. Were they reminiscing or were they devising some new group-tightener? And so might Harry Pope, Maj. Ned Roberts and Pop Neidner, in a higher plane perhaps, converge upon the age-old problem of putting them all into one hole.

In his later years, Dad Long suffered acutely from a bronchial condition, as well as from an arthritic affliction. But nothing could dampen his jovial spirit. I could now, from a greater distance visit him only occasionally, but I never failed to take him a jug or bottle of my reliable soothing syrup. This smooth medicine he considered and used strictly as medicine, rationing it with Spartan fortitude to only relieve his annoying bronchial trouble. In every respect he was a strict temperance man; temperate in everything as he was rigidly honest and religious in all his actions and dealings.

He never allowed any Sunday shooting at his rifle range, either indoors or outdoors. His Sundays, after his regular Church attendance were given over to entertaining his certain-to-come visitors. I do not recall having ever been to his shop on Sunday when there were not at least a dozen other people there, many of whom had come great distances to see this remarkable old gentleman and his gunshop filled with curios. All who have been there will remember his register wherein each visitor was politely but firmly urged to sign up.

This was a curious foible of his which he carried through perhaps forty or more years. He had stacks of ledgers dating back to at least 1900 wherein a couple of generations had signed their names. A perusal of these old registers reveals an amusing parade of signatures. Here will be found the names of the great, the near-great, the meek and lowly, the stuffed-shirts, the vandals and the parasites of gun-dom. Many signers have been long dead.

As an example of Mr. Long's rigid honesty and moral fibre, there is the instance when he was persuaded to trade some Indian relics for a very large batch of assorted files, which he badly needed. He showed me the files later, most of them being in dozen lots, originally wrapped and bearing the name of a large corporation. He said that he was sure that these files had been stolen, that he wished heartily that the man would take them back and that he would himself never use any of them. He never did. I think that they are still wrapped.

One thing, and which I believe is not generally known except to a few of his closer friends, is that Dad Long was, in

his better days, a most deadly pistol shot. In fact, the most deadly I have ever seen. Not a paper-target champ, but a practical shot who could leave one gasping. On August 29, 1926, this being his 68th birthday, he performed a feat which was published with a photo by the Newark, Ohio, Advocate. I have the clipping on file.

With a Smith & Wesson (1869) American Model .44 he took the head nearly off a large woodchuck at a subsequently measured distance of 408 feet. This is just 136 yards. I went down to see him a few days later and left convinced.

He told me the story of the remarkable shot, then backed it up with a bang. In fact, three bangs. He had started across a pasture to put out salt for the cattle and was carrying his old S. & W. in a holster. He had spotted a woodchuck den on a hillside and veered off to investigate. There was a large chuck apparently asleep in the entrance. As he was stalking it with the old .44 the chuck suddenly raised its head. We all know what that means. But it was too late. The S. & W. had cracked and the head was in the way. Mr. Long had very carefully measured the distance with a length of twine. Binder-twine not stretched, so he told me. It was exactly 408 feet. It happened that on that very day, a newspaperman from Newark came out to get some local color for a feature article. He could not have come at a better time, so he wrote it up in style.

Dad and I walked out to look at the place where this had happened. He showed me the den and showed me where he had stood when he fired. The exact spot, which he had marked. It was all of 135 yards. I had taken along an old gallon oil-can which I carried in my car. It was now about the color of a woodchuck and approximately the size so we set it up very solidly in the mouth of the den, to simulate a chuck. The yellow dirt formed a good background.

He had brought along the big old S. & W. in its worn leather holster and he politely offered me the first three shots. He had only six cartridges left. In those days, I was, or thought I was, traveling in some fast company as a pistoleer. I took the old and smooth Smith to show him how it should be done. The result was deserved and most chastening indeed.

"Shooting by the book" I made three clean misses, nicely lined up, but all over a foot high. This was at the measured distance of 136 yards. Grinning but saying not a word, Old Daddy took the big Smith and firing fairly rapidly but quite unhurriedly, he smacked the first two shots into the can, and with his third and last shot scored a 6 o'clock ricochet which sent the can flying high into the air, its lower edge guttered. And that was that.

Some years later, I knew the answer. Poking around his shop, I found in an old box more than a peck measure full of empty brass .44 S. & W. American cases, all reloaded to destruction and uselessness. This fine old gun, now worn so brown and smooth from constant use, had been eating hand-made food for forty years or more. I believe that he told me he bought it new in 1882. It was mechanically gilt-edge and perfect inside. Just the finish worn very smooth from years and years of constant use. He had practiced with his hand loads so long that literally this gun was a part of him.

Those of us who have seen him in pistol action, Barsotti, Cherubini, Knowles, Ramsey and others, can vouch for the smooth facility with which he used a handgun, the seemingly effortless action with the chilling suggestion of a latent speed in reserve. I have frequently heard it remarked with a question as to what a great name he would have made in the Old West, and how he would have stacked up against Hickock, Earp, Bonny & Co. My own answer to this would be a flat "No." He lived in the era but he was not the type. Environment may be important, but the breeding would have told. He was a "natural" as a pistol shot, but he was of a different fibre. He had character.

During the depression, being hard up, he sold this gun. I believe it was bought by a Newark, Ohio, man. The serial number is 641. Somewhere, sometime, the owner of this fine old Smith & Wesson may read these lines and look with new eyes upon the old gun, knowing what it has in it when the right man is twisting its tail.

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EHRENHARDT – EARNHEART FAMILY FIRST THROUGH SEVENTH GENERATIONS

Submitted by Warren Offenberger

1st. Hamman Ehrenhardt
Born 1630 in Ilbesheim, Germany
Died 12/29/1722 in Ilbesheim, Germany

2nd. Hans Counrath Ehrenhardt
Born 5/1/1660 in Ilbesheim, Germany
Died 2/22/1747 (48) in Ilbesheim, Germany

3rd. Johannes Ehrenhardt
Born 1689 in Ilbesheim, Germany
Died 1767 in Northhampton Co,
Pennsylvania
Arrived in Philadelphia USA in 1744

4th. Johan Jacob Ehrenhardt, Blacksmith
Born 3/12/1715 (16) in Rheinhessen,
Germany
Died 2/7/1760 in Northhampton Co.
Pennsylvania

5th. Johannes Ehrenhart, Blacksmith
Born 10/18/1750 in Lehigh Co.
Pennsylvania
Died about 1828 in Hocking Co. Ohio
Sometime before 1810 he moved with
his family to Pickaway Co. Ohio.
He moved to Hocking Co. Ohio in 1828.
Johannes Earnheart his son stayed in
Pennsylvania and worked as a
gunsmith and lockmaker.

6th. Johannes Earnheart, Gunsmith,
Lockmaker
(Brother of William Earnheart)
Born 11/03/1776 in Bucks Co.
Pennsylvania
Died 1825 in Philadelphia Pennsylvania

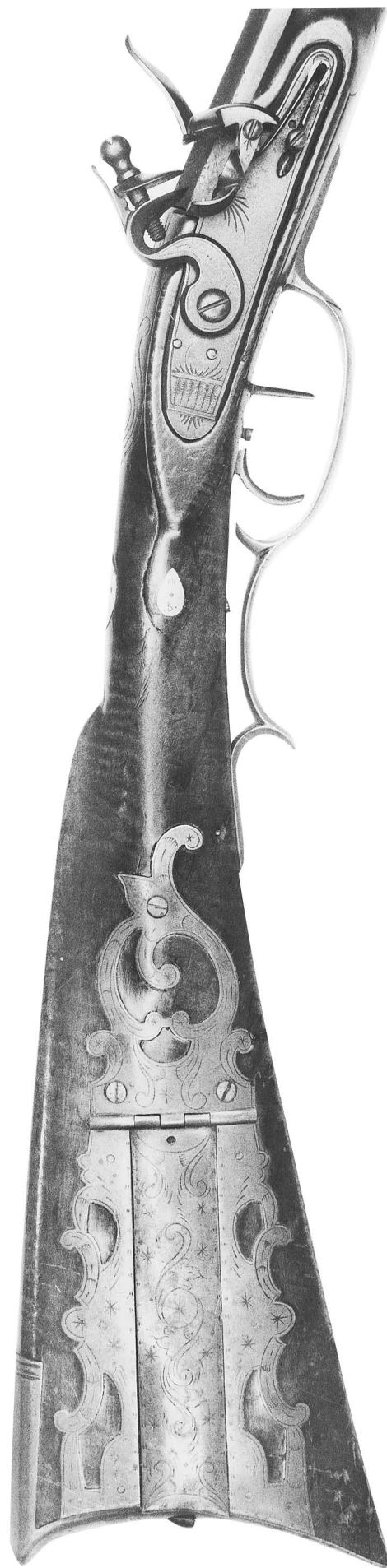
John William Earnheart, Gunsmith
Born 10/4/1784 in Bucks Co.
Pennsylvania
Died 1/16/1843 in Pickaway Co. Ohio
John William arrived in Ohio before 1810

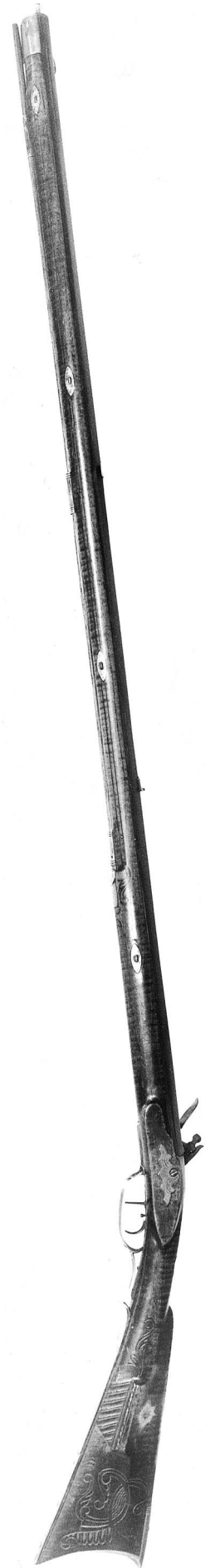
7th. John Earnheart, Gunsmith
Born 8/12/1810 in Pickaway Co. Ohio
Died 11/4/1887 in Noble Co. Indiana

Johannes Earnheart and his brother John
William Earnheart probably learned the
gunsmith trade in Bucks Co. Pennsylvania in
the late 1700's.

*(Editor's note: The picture files of the AOLRC
contain photos of several very fine flintlock
rifles by William Earnheart. Most have been
published before, either by the AOLRC or by
James Whisker in one of his many books. I am
including photos of two Earnheart rifles that I
believe have not been published. If they have,
I apologize, but they are excellent examples of
Ohio flintlocks.)*









10th Annual AOLRC Antique Gun and Arms Show



The 10th Annual Antique Gun and Arms Show, held on October 25, 2008 in Newark, was an outstanding success again. This fifty-table show, limited to muzzleloading firearms and related antique and contemporary items, continues to attract more visitors each year. The 11th Annual Show is scheduled for October 24, 2009. Tables are available on a first come first served basis, and are not limited to AOLRC members. Items are available to attract everyone from beginners to advanced collectors. The editor thought that some pictures from the last show might be of interest.







Ladies of AOLRC News



Wow! Spring will soon be here and before we know it we will be gathering in Marietta for fun and fellowship. Where does the time go?

Our Friday night gathering will have a slight change this year. We will still have the carving station for sandwiches, and chips, salad and drinks. There will also be an open bar again. Our one slight change will be the birthday cake. We have decided to move that celebration to Friday night instead of Sunday. So now we will have dessert with the gathering. This is always a good way to begin the fun with setting up the tables, checking out the trade and sale items and catch up on the past year's stories.

Our dear friend, Lavaun Rice, will be greatly missed this year. She passed into her heavenly home this past fall. Her smile and warmth touched us all. Our sympathy continues to be with her husband and friend, Jim.

The Saturday activities for the ladies remain about the same as we planned last April. We will meet in the lobby of the Lafayette at 10:30, and then walk to the Levee House. (We will carpool and drive if it is raining). At 11:00 we will board the trolley for a tour and narration of the town of Marietta and its history. Following the tour we will have a buffet luncheon of pasta, salad, dessert and drink at the Levee House. We should conclude the trolley tour around noon and eat around 12:15. Following lunch we will have a short meeting.

The cost for the trolley is \$175. Approximately 26-28 people can be accommodated. We will divide the cost by the number of participants. I will need an idea as to the number of people interested in the guided tour. If we need more space, I will see if we can book another tour after the lunch or

even at 10:00. Please email me or send in the enclosed reservation sheet with the number of participating.

Our lunch price will be approximately \$8 or \$9. That will include everything except the tips. Also email me or return your reservation card with the number attending the lunch. You can attend the lunch without taking the trolley tour and vice versa. Just indicate your choice on the reservation card or email.

Mel Hankla will be returning for our Saturday night entertainment. It promises to be another entertaining evening as it was two years ago when Simon Kenton visited with us.

The coloring book is still a work in progress. I will bring the parts that have been completed for you to critique. Hopefully they will be ready for distribution at the fall show.

Jean Yost of the Marietta Chapter Sons of the American Revolution emailed us. They are sponsoring 5 Days with Patriots and Pioneers of Washington County – Marietta and the Northwest Territory Celebrates 221 Years of History. The dates for this are April 3 through April 7, 2009. We hope to have a list of their activities to pass out Friday at our show. One thing we do know is the Fearing House will have tours on Sunday April 5 from 1-4 as well as tours at the Oliver Tucker Museum in Beverly at the same time. We will discuss these activities at our meeting.

We are looking forward to our reunion on April 3-5 in Marietta for a fun weekend. My email address is ronyerian@greenapple.com if you want to send an email for your reservation and you can mail your response to Judy Yerian, 3321 West Point Road SE, Lancaster, OH 43130 or telephone me at 740-746-8965. See you soon.

Judy

A Note about Dues:

Payment of 2009 membership dues must be made by April 1, 2009.