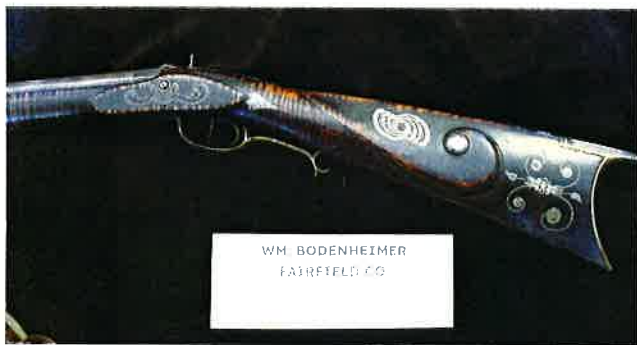


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Fancy William Bodenheimer rifle; side plate side, full-length view.



Obverse cheekpiece with mother of pearl inlay; smaller volutes and floral designs, all associated with traditional ideas of the life force.



Close-up of lock on fancy Bodenheimer rifle.



Volute cheekpiece and floral design composed of engraved inlays and silver wire.

Wikipedia, "Eye of Horus"

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eye_of_Horus

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Mr. Ash holding the exquisite Bodenheimer rifle at the Marietta Show, Spring 2023.



Lock and volute of plain Bodenheimer double-keyed half stock described in article.



Double stamped signature of plain "W. Bodenheimer" rifle.



Picture of an Ionic capital at the Erechtheum, Athens, Greece, 5th century BC. (Wikipedia)

MUZZLELOADING MATCHES SINCE 1812

December, 1939

MUZZLE BLASTS

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Muzzle Loading Rifle Matches Since 1812

BY WM. McQUERRY

Those people who still have any regard for the old customs and traditions of our forefathers may be interested to know that there is an organization of men who meet on the first and third Sundays of each month to keep alive the old and romantic cap and ball muzzle loading rifle match, so necessary to the well-being of the pioneers and their families.

In 1608 Jonathan Mitchener came from Pennsylvania and marked the boundary lines of a large tract of land near Canal Fulton; with him came Joseph Hobson whose daughter later became the wife of Mitchener.

After marking out the tract of land they went back to Pennsylvania and Mr. Mitchener got his possessions together and returned to Ohio and built himself a large cabin below a spring which flowed through his cellar; the cellar was large enough to accommodate all the live stock in time of Indian trouble.

However, the Mitcheners and Hobsons being Quakers, they had very little trouble with the red man; in fact, two braves by the names of Tomoko and Little Cow, of the Lenape tribe and belonging to the Turkey clan, were great friends of Jonathan Mitchener.

Mr. Jonathan Mitchener always tried to keep a supply of baked potatoes on hand as the Indians were very fond of them. Many matches were held between the white men and Indians. The white men almost invariably won as they had better rifles than the Indians; also, they took better care of their guns and did a lot more shooting.

Even though the Indians lost the matches, they always enjoyed them, and an Indian camping ground on the Mitchener place near the old Beaver dam was very popular.

Today the red man no longer follows the old trail, which later became a cross country stage line, and is still plainly visible.

In the year of 1812 enough settlers were on hand to form a protective group and muzzle loading rifle matches became one of the most popular sports, and was participated in by almost every able-bodied man and were encouraged by the older men, as good marksmanship was very necessary for protection as well as a full order. A man's family often depended almost altogether on his hunting ability for something to eat, as stores were very far apart.

Within view of the original site of Jonathan Mitchener's home, and now occupied by his grandson's wife (a very gracious lady who has lived long and seen much), is a rifle range maintained by this group of men today who shoot muzzle loading, cap and ball rifles exclusively. The hardy sons of the old Pioneers are still

proud of their heritage and do not intend to let the old customs and traditions become a thing of the past. On the first and third Sundays of each month Matches are held for merchandise.

In the fall several old-time Turkey and Chicken matches are held. A large annual match has been held on July 4th for a good many years. However, interest has grown by leaps

Fulton have taken great interest in this sport and are probably responsible for keeping it alive more so than anyone else.

This is the only club in the U. S. where the old rifles have been used in matches continuously for so long a period.

At a rifle match on the Armitz farm in 1897, Charlie Myers and his brother Glaz attended and shot for a beef, one quarter in each round. Glaz, the oldest (he is now seventy-six), won one front quarter, Charlie won the other three quarters, also the hide which he proceeded to put up against one dollar and take all corners. He won the hide back thirteen times, also thirteen dollars; plenty of living witnesses were there and testify to this. A lot of famous gun makers lived within 10 miles of Canal Fulton; Shantz, Glaz, Wernitz, Walls, Swartz, Avrostutz, of Swiss extraction. Note the names ending in "z."

Also Biddle, Snyder, Pammel, Kittinger, and others made the old-time rifles in this district.

Whiskey sold for 12c per gallon, and a drink could be had at any of the old-time matches for 3c per gill. Many exercised this privilege and lost matches.

The old-timers did their shooting at wood boards, with a cross carved in the center, until paper became more plentiful.

One trick of unprincipled competitors was to drop a small piece of rosin down a brother shooter's gun barrel, rendering the gun unfit to hit the side of the proverbial barn, and as ordinary cleaning methods would not remove it, the owner was out of luck for that day.

However, we are glad to say such low practices are a thing of the past. Everyone interested in seeing a lot of fine old guns and fine old men are invited to come out.

Visitors are always welcome and ample parking room is available.

(Canal Fulton is north of Massillon, Ohio. Anyone there can direct a visitor to the range.—Ed.)

Karl Harper and the editor had heaps of fun at Logan's shoot, the final day of their wreck of sports events. Our turkey match—at the paper bird—brought us a surprise, when the Chamber of Commerce delivered two live birds for the competition. Mr. Matheny attached himself to one with some neat grouping and the modest typist of these notes somehow got the other. Harper got the cup—also by liberality of the Chamber of Commerce—for aggregate. Logan really staged a great week of a variety of events. . . . President Bots and the secretary were glad to have had a part in the doings. We hope to see a muzzle loading club at that point very soon—there's a lot of ability being wasted up there!

POEM

BY R. D. BLOCK

Gold Springs, Indiana

(Dedicated to Ben Johnston and his Muzzle Loading Rabbit Hunters)

A man who found each day the same;
Who thought his life was much too tame.

Decided he would hunt some game—
Down in Old Kentucky.

He got a gun from his grand-dad,
Who swam it since he was a lad.
No male could kick you half so bad—
Down in Old Kentucky.

Through the cap he made his way;
He stubbed his toe and stopped to say
He was a so-and-so, that day—
Down in Old Kentucky.

A rabbit dander in the sun
Decided it was time to run
Before the man could cock his gun—
Down in Old Kentucky.

Across the field it made a dash;
The hunter saw it in a flash
And thought he would have rabbit-hack;
Down in Old Kentucky.

His aim was good—his stance was not,
So that is why he missed the shot
And landed on the softest spot—
Down in Old Kentucky.

He lost his hat in a briar patch;
Wiped the blood from a briar scratch
And said some words I did not catch.
Down in Old Kentucky.

The rabbit ran across the hill—
It ran right by the old saw-mill.
In fact, I think it's running still.
Down in Old Kentucky.

and bounds; and for the last three years a two-day shoot has been held. This year it lasted three days.

There are matches at all ranges for all types of muzzle loading rifles. Many beautiful trophies and medals are given the winners of the different events.

Some of the members of the club are more than eighty years old and still able to shoot the center out with the old time guns. For more than a century the Myers family of Canal