



Moses Henry Ohio's First Gunsmith



By Richard Rosenberger

What little we know about Moses Henry has been found in the few surviving records of the Indian traders and from journals kept by Christian missionaries working among the Delaware Indians in Ohio. Moses was the younger brother of William Henry, Sr. (1729-1786) and the son of John Henry, who died in 1744. A great deal is known about William who served his apprenticeship under Mathias Roesser in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. William was an armorer on the Braddock expedition in 1755, and later with Forbes in 1758. He went on to become a prominent gunmaker in Lancaster, building guns for the Indian trade, the Continental Army and for the United States.

Moses possibly learned his trade in Lancaster - perhaps from his brother, William. He is not listed in the Lancaster City Tax List for 1759, nor in the next available list, 1769. Moses' brother, John is said to have been sent to Fort Detroit to learn the gunsmith trade from his uncle, John Henry, who was an Indian trader.

In "The Pennsylvania-Kentucky Rifle," Henry Kauffman lists Moses Henry as a gunsmith working in Pittsburgh based on entries in the "Fort Pitt Day Book" kept by the firm of Baynon Wharton & Morgan for 1765-1767. There are 17 entries in this ledger for Moses Henry - several of which bear repeating here:

"June 16, 1766. Sundry Acct. D. to Moses Henry Viz.

Alexander Maisonville for stocking & Riffling a Fuzee 20/ & 1 pr.

Whippers 4/ - . . . £1.4.0

Profit & Loss for Cleaning 2 Fuzees & a Pair of Pistols . . . £15.0."

"Oct. 17, 1767. The Crown for the Indian Department, D. to Sundry Accounts Contracted by order of Capt. Murray Since the 1st of June 1766. To Merchants for Sundry Goods Liquors delivered to Indians between the the 1st of September 1767. . . . To Moses Henry for 3 Rifle Guns . . . £25."

"Oct. 24, 1767. Sundry Accounts D. to Moses Henry . . . Merchandise for Stocking & Repairing Sundry Guns for the use of the Trading Store . . . £2.16. -

Entries in other trade ledgers support this Pittsburgh location for Moses Henry, but the Day Book also contains entries for transactions elsewhere, such as this one from July, 1767.

"Shawnees Town Store for a rifle gun sold Mr. Kennedy 25 bucks . . . £9.7.6

One account book from gunsmiths turned Indian traders, Richard and

William Butler has survived. In it they list entries for Moses Henry from January, 1769 through July 4, 1773. The Butlers were prominent traders of that period doing much of their work with the Shawnee on the Scioto River. On January 7, 1769, the following entry was made under the heading Moses Henry:

to a New falling ax at the towns 22/6 . . .
£1.2.6”

This places Moses Henry with the Shawnee during the winter of 1768-1769, possibly earlier.

Moravian Bishop John Ettwein kept a journal of his travels in the Ohio country during 1772. On August 30 he writes:

“Shawanose have 4. towns on the headwaters of the Sioto river, about 100. miles from Schonbrunn: Pichuway, Kischkubi, Michenschay, and Chelokraty (Chillicothe). In this last place lives Wm. Henry’s brother, a gunsmith, with his wife who had been captured by the Shawanose as a child and reared among them.”

When Congregationalist preacher David McClure was in Pittsburgh on March 16, 1773, he wrote:

“Saw a Mr. Douglas, a trader, from the Shawanese country, who informs that Mr. Jones, a baptist preacher, had been among them, and attempted to preach to them, but the Indians were enraged, and would have killed him, had he not been protected by a Moses Henry, a trader, who secreted him, until he found means to escape.

The “Shawnee Towns” were located along the Scioto river in present Ross

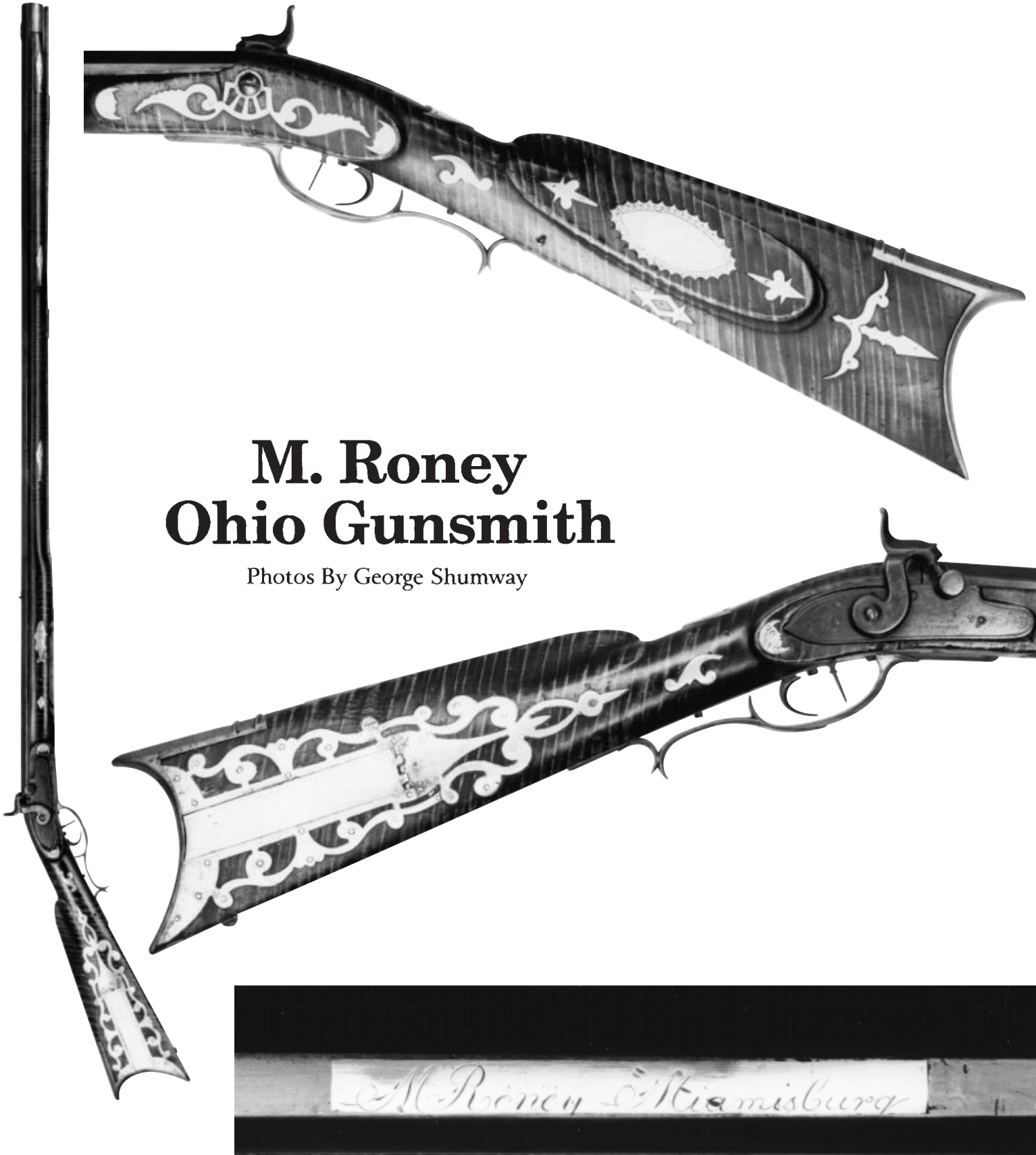
County, Ohio. Many of the Shawnee moved into this area about 1758 when the French abandoned Fort Duquesne. Most of the Shawnee nation lived in the Scioto area until the late 1770’s when attacks from American forces pushed them into more remote locations on the Miami and Wabash rivers.

By studying the accounts of the Indian traders of this period we see that the gun preferred by the Delaware and Shawnee of the Ohio country was the rifle. Their prosperity was dependant on their ability to secure deerskins, the principle item of trade. Alexander McKee (assistant Deputy Agent of Indian Affairs) reported that over 280,600 deerskins were sent from Fort Pitt in the year 1767.

Gunsmiths such as Moses Henry and the Butlers trained in the building and repair of rifles, were of the utmost importance to them.

We have found no record of Moses Henry after 1773. His wife was raised with the Shawnee and must have felt more comfortable living with them. As an adopted member of the tribe, she would have had family to protect her and her husband during times of trouble. Even so, they would have been “caught in the middle” during the war for independence. No public or Henry family records mention Moses Henry, which seems to indicate that he remained with the Shawnee.





M. Roney Ohio Gunsmith

Photos By George Shumway



William Bowman Ashland Co. Gunsmith



By Duane Darling

William Bowman was born near Ankenytown, Knox County, Ohio, Nov. 21, 1838. He started to work at the gunsmith trade for Pete Reinhard in Loudonville, Ohio in 1855, at the age of 17. The shop operated for many years by the name of P. A. Reinhard & Wm. Bowman, until he started a shop of his own in the year 1878, three miles west of Loudonville at the site of Hickory Ridge, known also as McFall Church, Ashland county. He operated his own shop till 1902 then sold out all tools which could not be packed in his trunk and moved to Crows Landing, California and continued gunsmithing for only a short period until his death on May 3, 1903. His guns were easily recognized, being Reinhard style and balance, with his own idea of the brass plate under the nipple cylinder to prevent wood burn; this is found on all Bowman rifles. For some reason he signed his name WM. BOMEN instead of BOWMAN on the barrel, with the Mason emblems on either side, as was Reinhard's. He was a 7th degree Mason in Loudonville, Ohio, lodge.

He would build a gun with a curly maple, half stock, steel barrel and patch box - a fine shooter - for around \$40.00. His shop at Hickory Ridge is still standing and is used as a garage.

This information was given through the courtesy of H. L. Mishey, Logan Road, Mansfield, Ohio, a grandson of Wm. Bowman, who remembers turning the grindstone and forge and also remembers some of his grandfather's trade tricks.

The name Wm. Bowman is not known to many shooters or collectors, but it should be recognized along with the best of the old gun makers who contributed their efforts and knowledge in the stride toward our modern guns.



William Bowman holding the first breech loading shotgun to be sold in Ashland County, Ohio. The photo was taken by Ben McQuaid, one half mile west of Gimlet Point, in 1896, near Lyons Falls.

Reprinted from Muzzle Blasts September, 1944.



Christian Beck Ohio Gunsmith

Photos By George Shumway



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 members lingers on.

Reprinted from Muzzle Blasts - June, 1948

“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 gentlemen -- 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 a 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 life-time of shooting and “fixin’” guns 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 \$.75 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 horn and a mold, plus knowing grins and winks. “The boy must be a liddle teched in the haid.”

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 have 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 Phoershen 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 "Posely, Nelson & Co."

This was my own introduction to that remarkably keen memory which has always amazed his visitors. 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 bet 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 puttered 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-cherried 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 still 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 fixed 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 instruction 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 protegee. This was the beginning of a life-time 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 rifle" 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 piffling 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 not 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 session 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 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 gundom. 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 hoister 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 fling high into the air, its lower edge guttered. And that was that.

Some years later, I new 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.



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.

Selby S. Webb Gunmaker



On page 42 of the March, 1962 Gun Report there was a Powder Flask inquiry concerning an "S. Webb" single action revolver.

Although I remember having seen an S. Webb revolver (also a twenty-two) at one of the Ohio gun shows I had no information on Mr. Webb.

There is a listing in "American Gun Makers" by Gluckman & Satterlee that simply states "Webb S. Unlocated, single action revolvers."

Through the consideration and co-operation of Lester L. Cox, who knew Mr. Webb personally we now have a rather complete picture of Mr. Webb's arms making. The letter from Mr. Cox, although reporting the factual aspects of Selby Webb's work, is infused with the warmth and respect that he held for the old gentleman. The letter is reproduced here verbatim. (Graham Burnside)

In answer to the inquiry in the March 1962 Powder Flask by Morgan Starbuck, Jr.

Dear Mr. Burnside:

In so much as you were kind enough to give me some information on a flint & percussion double barreled shotgun that I had about 2 years ago (and by the way I have remade it) I will give you some information on S. Webb of Warren, Ohio.

He was born in Columbiana Co., Ohio on March 14th 1862 and died on Nov. 14, 1954. His name was Selby S. Webb. He moved to Warren in 1904 and was a machinist by trade and doing some gunsmithing on the side.

In 1928 after having some words with his boss he retired and started to do gun making as a hobby. In 1937 Colt bought one of his guns for their museum. He was the first man to my knowledge to make a copy of Colts S. A. although I understand Hy Hunter has been claiming he was the first.

In all he made 187 guns of all kinds from revolving rifles, tip-up pistols, in both 22 cal. and 410 shotgun shell. He had two boys and one girl that are still living.

When he numbered his pistols I believe that all his Colt replicas were numbered consecutively but I am not sure. His first guns were numbered as of date finished before blueing but on some of his later ones he numbered them thus 3. 14-62 (his birth date) then date of making them and the serial number was underneath in front of the trigger guard. He had no standard method of marking them.

After his wife died I spent quite a few hours with him especially right after her funeral as he was feeling really low then.

His son Harry called me up and said his



Selby S. Webb

father was dying (he had been in Trumbull Memorial Hospital here in Warren around a week at that time) and if I wanted to see him he would meet me outside the Hospital (it was 9 P. M.) and we sneaked up the back way as no visitors are allowed that late, but Mr. Webb was in a coma and died early the next morning. In ending I would like to say he was a gunsmith second to none.

Les L. Cox

William Kail, Gunsmith

In "Gunsmiths of Ohio" by Hutslar, William Kail is listed as "Two rifles known". Not much information and I found out why... It just isn't there.

William Kail is from Tuscarawas County. The first entry for Kail in the deed indexes was in the 1850 - 1859 listing. "Henry Kail Sr. to William and John Kail," Book 42, page 76, 1856.

Henry and Mary Kail, William's father and mother, sold to William and John Kail for the sum of \$2000.00 a total of 120 acres in Range 2, Twp. 6, Section 20 (along the clay and Rush County line).

William Kail farmed, owned and operated a corncracker (hand mill) and a small sawmill on Watson Creek.

His rifles are signed "Wm Kail". This isn't much information but maybe someone can add to it.

William Walker