



# MANASSAS, VIRGINIA GREATER WASHINGTON ANTIQUES EXPO

Prince William County Fairgrounds  
"A Capital Market"

<b>September 23-24</b>	
Saturday, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. \$4.00 Admission	Sunday, 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. \$4.00 Admission
<i>Rain or Shine</i>	

PHONE DURING SHOW: (703) 368-0173

- 200 indoor and barn spaces, + **best outside facility in DC area.**
- A national event with unlimited potential.
- A level playing field for collectors and dealers. No pre-setup buying by dealers.
- **Free parking/free re-entry w/ticket.**
- Easy access from I-66 or I-95 Northern VA/DC. Convenient to PA, MD, WVA, NC (5 million plus within 1-hour drive).
- **Reasonable rents:** NO reproductions, NO crafts. Antiques & Collectibles only!
- Managed by Heritage Promotions, creator of the famous Shenandoah Antiques Expo at FISHERSVILLE, VA.

**Directions: From I-66:** Take Manassas Exit 47 to Route 234 south 7 miles to Fairgrounds.

**From I-95:** Take Exit 152 to Route 234 north 15 miles to Fairgrounds

**The Potomac Bottle Collectors has reserved a 25 foot by 25 foot outdoor space at the Greater Washington Antiques Expo.** Members wishing to take advantage of this space to sell bottles, jars, stoneware, insulators, and go-withs should read the information below.

- There is no charge to members, but the club would accept donations (say, ten percent of sales).
- The Saturday set-up period begins at 8AM, and some club members plan to arrive at that time.
- There is also a Friday set-up period beginning at 10AM. No club members have announced plans to attend on Friday.
- Tables are not provided by the expo. Please bring any tables you have.
- Club president Phil Godwin is coordinating this activity. Please contact him with any questions (540/338-5243 or [godwindp@erols.com](mailto:godwindp@erols.com)).
- The club has received five dealer passes, and we may be able to get additional passes if necessary. Anyone without a pass would have to pay admission.

**Karl Shipman: A Legacy of Love**

by Henry Fuchs

One bright fall day when I was eleven years old, I set out walking with my shovel and rake to dig for old beer cans in an abandoned cellar hole off of Seven Locks Road just below River Road. Windswept autumn leaves seemed to tag along with their laughter swirling about my feet. The morning was filled with the promise of Indian summer and with the alluring echoes of the past ages I sought to uncover. I could not know that I would be forever changed that day by my encounter with a stranger. The kindness he would bring into the world of a lonely, abused child or the passion for an obscure hobby that would fill my heart with grace and love for a man who became more than a friend and no less than the father I never knew.

He rose out of a tangle of underbrush like a wraith, with forks, tines, and all manner of destructive implements protruding everywhere. He resembled nothing human and was almost too strange for outer space. He wore a gray striped hat and overalls and looked like a railroad conductor gone mad. When he asked me, "Kid, are you going to keep those milk bottles?" I was happy to give them to him. But, when he inquired whether my mother knew I was knee-deep in broken glass and rusty cans, I knew there was something more underneath all that *stuff* (and what were all those aluminum pots and pans hanging off him??). He insisted on driving me home and on the way told me of the thousands of bottles he had. I knew he was nuts then. My mom thanked him for delivering me safely, and I gave him an "Old Georgetown Beer" flat-top can. I never thought I'd see him again, but, as he drove away, I wondered just who was this man with all those dirty bottles. But something moved inside me, and those milks sure looked good to me all of a sudden. I sold my can collection two moths later and got a book on bottle collecting.



He was sitting behind a big table filled with every kind of bottle I'd ever seen. I was 13, and I knew the names of most of them. At the bottle show in Greenbelt, I was the proverbial kid with the sack of bottles – a teal green Caw's master ink and some Ayer's medicines found on my uncle's farm. Karl priced them for me while asking why I never called him. I guess I was a little intimidated, but this was a less garnished version of the man I'd met two years ago – he had traded his overalls in on a sport coat and exchanged the conductor's hat for a ball cap. I warmed up to him. I remember that he made me feel like I mattered and not like the ostracized kid who was about to be made a ward of the juvenile court. Again he asked me to call him, and this time I did.



I waited on my mother's porch early one Saturday morning. It was cold and clear, and I felt like a little boy on Christmas morning. Watching for a glimpse of the little yellow car, it was as if Santa's sleigh would arrive instead of my new friend, Karl the bottle man. Yet I knew that this special day would wane, and soon I was going to a boys' home. My stepfather's abuse had escalated to the point that he had tried to kill me, and my mother and I had fled. But she didn't know what to do with a troubled teen, and she was giving me up. Perhaps the only person in my world who did know what to do was just then pulling up to so generously offer me a respite: a haven of love and kindness like I'd never known.

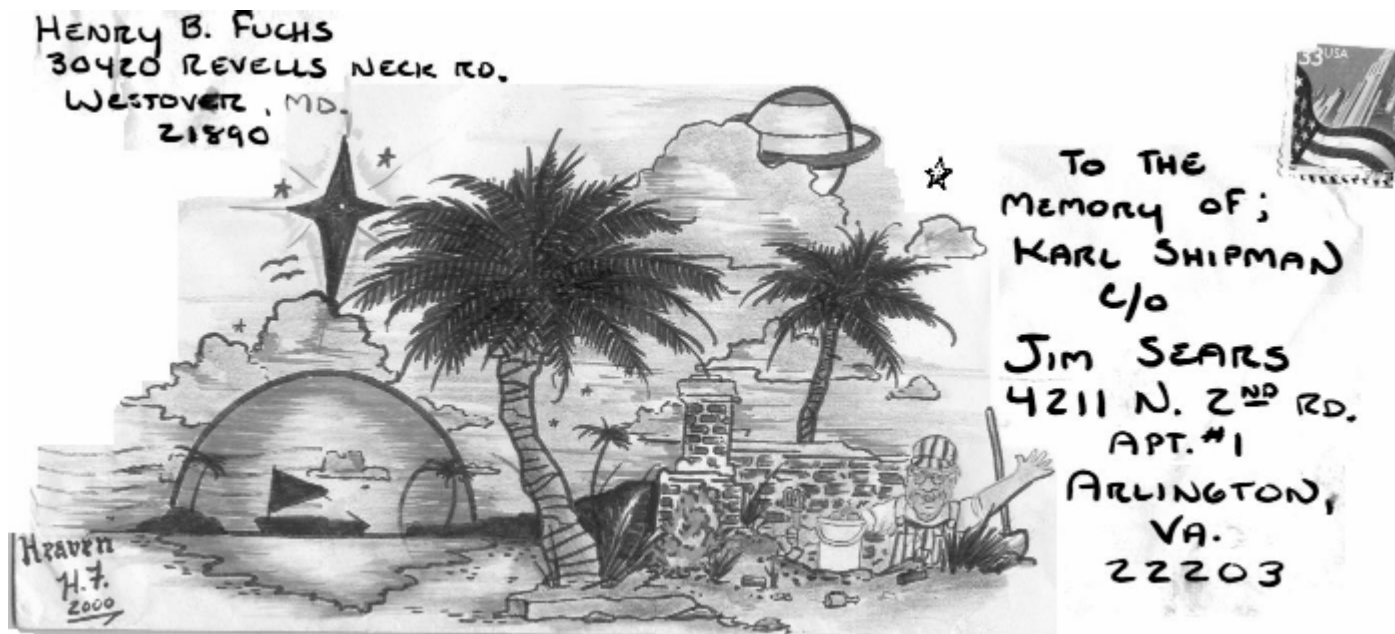
I remember the dumps and things we found together well, but it's the time we spent with each other that really matters. That's what I wish to reflect on. The great finds and the glory holes will pass away. But the love of a great man and the state of grace that were those hours that he shared with me will always be a testimony to a basic goodness that can only come through God: one human

being caring for another where the only agenda is of fellowship and friendship. Karl's love for me came through channels that I could understand – a lunch shared in a quiet forest when I forgot mine, a buddy who let me dig in his hole when I hadn't found anything in mine, a friend who believed in my sense of time and direction even after I lead him into briar patches and hours away from the car at dusk. He never made me feel less than capable or worthy, and he said I was a good kid even when I wasn't.

But more than this, he brought me ethics and a Christian morality when I had little or none. It went beyond respecting people's property and being honest. He taught me that we, as people who love our hobby, are a fellowship and that fairness, integrity, and selflessness were paramount. It was so much more than bottles. It was about people whose common bond brought them together. It was about laughter, sharing, and good company.



My life had strayed long before I met Karl Shipman, and it continued to drug abuse and purely Epicurean pursuits. That can be attributed to many things. But, at my worst, I was never abandoned by Karl and Lee Shipman. When I had no home, they provided one for me. They fed me and took me to their church, where I was received with the same warm love and never condemned. Karl became the father that I lost before I could walk or talk and Lee the surrogate mother who stepped in where another couldn't. You see, this isn't a story of bottle collecting or digging buddies; this is a story of my family, one brought to me by the grace of God. No amount of rhetoric or sentiment can sum up something as timeless as love given without condition or expectation to a child and inherited with the same promise by a man who doesn't deserve it. This is the legacy of Karl Shipman. I never gave him anything he didn't already have. He gave me everything – even his family.



## Around the Swamp . . .

### Bottles from our Nation's Capital

by Andy Goldfrank



In mid-July, while returning from a business trip, I was peering out the airplane window as the pilot circled the city to setup for a north to south landing at National Airport. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted construction equipment and raw dirt behind a row of low-rise, commercial structures that appeared to be just a few blocks from M Street. Within a few hours of landing, I headed to Georgetown and secured permission from the site foreman to scout the property.

Commercial buildings lined the front of the property and the above-ground, single-story extensions on the back of the buildings had been removed. About 18-24 inches of soil had been scraped clear by bulldozers and broken artifacts from 1905-1915 mixed with coal ash were in the top foot just under a layer of driveway gravel. I was certain that a privy or two had survived; however, after continuous probing and test digging until well past dark, nothing noteworthy appeared. The probe had hit a thin trash layer covering the entire lot at approximately the 3-foot layer, but this was not appealing after anticipating finding an outhouse pit. That evening, after cooling my frustration with a frosty drink, I studied my historical maps and photos of Georgetown only to discover that the lot had been vacant or housed a large work yard (e.g., rock quarry, lumberyard, recycler area, etc.) until the late-1870s or perhaps into the 1880s.

In my haste to dig that site, I had ignored a basic rule of bottle digging: know the history of the site before turning over any soil. If I had reviewed my historic information resources before I visited the site, I would have learned that the commercial structures on the site were too new to have had privies and that a single work-yard privy would be gone because it would have been located near the entrance where the newer commercial structures now stood. In addition, if I had known that the site contained no privies, I would have been more enthusiastic when my probe hit the trash layer 3-feet down and would have begun to explore the layer right then and there. Instead, I spent the day looking for a privy and had to plan to return to the site another day.

At the close of one work day, Peter Rydquist and I returned to the site to explore the thin trash layer behind the buildings and to excavate the lots across the alley, which were also being developed by the same company. As we dug into the trash layer, we discovered the smashed remains of hundreds of green and light-green squat sodas and short blobs all bearing the name "R.A. Shinn." After digging for an hour in this 3-5 inch thick band and finding no shards bigger than one's fist, we jumped across the alley. The first layer of soil contained predominantly post-prohibition goods which stopped at a thick clay layer at about 3 feet. Discouraged and tired, we elected to quit and return after the mechanical earth-movers had done more work. The site foreman told us that over 15 feet of soil was to be removed. This was good news because research indicated that this alley lot was landfilled which meant that some deeper trash layers most likely existed down below. In addition, there was the possibility that the thin band of broken R.A. Shinn sodas we had discovered up top would expand downslope into a thicker layer (with some whole bottles).

A few weeks later, I revisited the site (while making a detour from an evening out to celebrate my wife's birthday) and saw that about 5-6 feet of earth had been removed from the rear of the alley lot. Layers of landfill were evident: a 2-foot thick strata of post-1915 ash was on top of a 6-inch, coal-black circa 1900 band; then a 3-foot thick cap layer of sterile clay topped a 6-10 inch, compact layer of 1860s to 1880s trash. Two days later, Phil Edmonds, Peter, and I returned. Shoveling into the oldest layer, it was soon apparent that the bottom band was older toward the back of the lot. In the middle of the lot, we found 1880s food jars and bluing bottles, an intact 1870s porcelain doll's head, and a Lafayette fruit jar glass stopper embossed with 1880s patent dates. Digging near the back of the lot, we found pieces of a cabin bitters, pontiled black ales, and an 1864 Indian Head penny. At one point I thought I had excavated a whole aqua short blob-top soda but discovered at the last possible moment that half of the lip was missing. Listed in *Antique Bottles from the Washington, D.C. Area* (3<sup>rd</sup> ed. 1995), this soda was embossed "ARNY & SHINN/ GEORGETOWN, D.C." with an outlined "A & S" on the back. (Beers & Sodas/No. 42.)



Finding this Army & Shinn reminded me of the many Shinn varieties I have found in my meager bottle digging experiences in Washington, D.C., which in turn convinced me that Riley A. Shinn (of Army & Shinn, R.A. Shinn, and M.A. McGowan & Shinn fame) was a prolific and successful bottler. One landfill site I explored, dating from the 1870s to 1890s in Georgetown near Olive and 27<sup>th</sup> Streets, was laden with thousands of broken sodas and beers with the bulk of early ones bearing the name R.A. Shinn. See *The Potomac Pontil* (April 2000). Another landfill site, near the Capitol and Independence Avenue, had broken examples of Shinn containers, including a stoneware beer stamped "ARNY & SHINN/ SUPERIOR MEAD." (Stoneware & Pottery/ No. 4.) (At this site I also salvaged a mixture of pontiled and smooth-based medicines and utility bottles.)

In addition, in a shallow Georgetown privy that I excavated literally hours before the bulldozers would have destroyed it, I found two colored D.C. squat sodas bearing R.A. Shinn's name. Both bottles (one perfect and the other with a fractured top) were light-green with double-tapered lips, embossed "R.A. SHINN/ GEORGETOWN, D.C." on the front and "THIS BOTTLE IS NEVER SOLD" on the reverse. (Beers & Sodas/No. 416.) I rescued these bottles from behind one of Georgetown's oldest wooden houses on South Street that had been occupied by a grocer and tavern keeper from the 1830s until the late 1860s. See *Georgetown Historic Waterfront*, Commission for Fine Arts, 1993. (As an aside, the privy also produced shards of a rare iron-pontiled, half-gallon, emerald-green Alum Water from Rockbridge, Virginia – no whole iron-pontiled, half-gallon has been reported in any sale, but a gallon example did sell for \$12,000 in 1997.)



Just recently, I stumbled upon a site in downtown Washington that had a small cracked-open cistern that was only about 4 feet across and had been mostly excavated by the construction crew. I almost left without digging the cistern because it was concrete (indicating, or so I thought, a recent vintage) and there were 1950s artifacts such as "painted label" Nehi and Pepsi bottles at the top. The pouring rain and fading daylight did not help my motivation, but because the cistern was chopped in half and



only an 18-inch layer remained, I decided to give it a whirl. Digging in between bricks, shoes and wood, I was surprised to see that the very first bottle to roll out was an 1860s, smooth-based aqua soda from New York embossed "T & W/ 141 Franklin St./ N.Y." (and one that I already have!). Thereafter, I extracted a couple of little bottles: a J&IEM turtle ink; a Carter's drum ink; and a fancy pontiled cologne – all 1860s to late 1880s. Then, all of a sudden, out popped another 1860s smooth-based soda. Upon quick examination in the dark, the sturdy bottle appeared to be an aqua D.C. soda! When I returned home and washed my stash, I saved the local soda for last. It was an hour before I realized that the early-1860s "ARNY & SHINN/ GEORGETOWN, D.C./ THIS BOTTLE IS NEVER SOLD" (Beers & Sodas/No. 43) was a nice rich, deep green with colorful bands of oxidation!

The plethora of Shinn bottles I have uncovered prompted me to

undertake research for this article to present a chronology of the various Shinn enterprises. The earliest Washington, D.C., business directory available indicates that in 1862, Army & Shinn operated a mineral waters business at 57 Green Street in Georgetown. (Green Street is the present day 29<sup>th</sup> Street.) The next year, 1863, R.A. Shinn is the only listed proprietor at 57 Green Street, and Army is not located anywhere else in Hutchinson's Business Directory. In the 1864 and 1865 business directories, Riley A. Shinn placed full-page advertisements proclaiming that he was the "Successor to ARNY & SHINN" at 57 Greene Street, the Union Bottling Depot. (Apparently an "e" was added to Green Street.) The list of highly carbonated ciders, porters, ales, stouts, mineral waters, and beers that Shinn carried certainly could account for the numerous squat and short blob sodas uncovered by shovel.

In 1877, R.A. Shinn was listed with a new partner, M.A. McGowan & Co., at 35 Gay Street in Georgetown. (35 Gay Street, the present day N Street, was east of High Street, which is today's Wisconsin Avenue.) The next year Shinn and McGowan were located at a stoneyard on 28<sup>th</sup> Street near K Street (where the expressway now connects Georgetown with Foggy Bottom). A stoneyard is not too far afield from mineral waters and soda manufacturing when one considers that the fizz (carbonic acid) in mineral waters was often created from a chalk (or ground limestone) and

See Index to Advertisements, Page 76.

## RILEY A. SHINN,

Successor to ARNY & SHINN,

MANUFACTURER OF

### PREMIUM MINERAL WATERS,

Bottler of the Choicest Domestic

## PORTER,

## ALE AND BROWN STOUT

CRAB APPLE AND CHAMPAGNE CIDER,

AGENT FOR

### MASSEY, COLLINS & CO'S PHILADELPHIA DRAUGHT ALE

AND

### J. P. BALTZ'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER:

AND ALSO

### Turner Brothers' Ginger Wine,

### BLACKBERRY, RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, GINGER AND CHERRY

## BRANDIES;

### Stomach, Stoughton, and Forest Wine Bitters, &c.

All Articles which intend to give Satisfaction.

Goods Delivered in all parts of Washington and Georgetown Free of Charge

TERMS: Cash on Delivery.

### RILEY A. SHINN, "UNION BOTTLING DEPOT,"

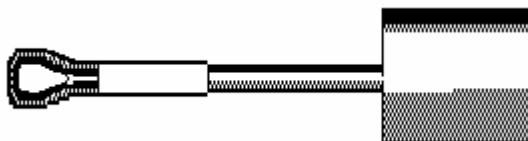
### 57 Greene Street,

### GEORGETOWN, D.C.

acid mixture. However, there is the possibility that Shinn may have been shifting away from the mineral water business altogether and into construction. A set of townhouses at 1058-1066 30<sup>th</sup> Street in Georgetown, known as the McGowan & Shinn rowhouses, were owned and built by these two men in the 1870s. In any event, Shinn was evidently on his way out because by 1879 his name is altogether gone from any retail establishment or other listing.



The known Shinn bottles confirm this chronology. Occasionally, iron-pontiled Army & Shinn sodas are seen; one dark-green, iron-pontiled example is embossed "ARNY & SHINN/ GEORGETOWN, D.C." in a rectangular slug plate with "DYOTTVILLE GLASS WORKS, PHILAD<sup>A</sup>" on the reverse suggesting a pre-1860 date. Army & Shinn's pottery beer, including the one that I found with pontiled material, is indicative of a pre-1865 manufacturing period -- the two listed variants are Spruce Beer and Superior Mead. (Stoneware & Pottery/ Nos. 3 & 4.) In comparison, there are only smooth-based versions of R.A. Shinn bottles known. One unusual and rare variant has an odd-shaped top with "A. B. C. Co., New Haven, C<sup>T</sup>, Pat Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1864" on the reverse. (Beers & Sodas/No. 417.) The artifacts associated with the Shinn bottles that I have discovered also support this time table: Army & Shinn containers are pre-1863 and R.A. Shinn bottles are from 1863 to 1878.



Hope you enjoyed this column. Any comments, suggestions, or questions, please let me know either by calling me at 202/588-0543 or by emailing me at [amg\\_sticky@yahoo.com](mailto:amg_sticky@yahoo.com). Good luck searching, Andy.

## Bottle Show Reports



**Delmarva:** The new Lewes, Delaware site for the Delmarva Antique Bottle Club show provided room for 101 dealer tables. The club managed to fill all but about three of these tables with a good assortment of antique glass during its September 10<sup>th</sup> show. The show seemed to run very smoothly, considering that it was new to the location. The only problem we noticed was that one corner of the room was rather dark due to a failing light. The timing of the show provided a nice combination of warm weather with off-season hotel rates. Most of the dealers seemed to be enjoying themselves, and we observed a large amount of dealer-to-dealer trading. While members of the public were also seen to buy a few good bottles and jars, most of those who came through the door appeared to be casual passers by. The show seemed generally successful, and the Delmarva club has the potential to build greater future public participation if it holds its show regularly in Lewes.

**Winchester:** The National Guard Armory at Winchester, Virginia only has room for about 50 dealer tables, and the September 17<sup>th</sup> bottle show in the armory felt like a local affair. As a local show, it certainly seemed successful. The dealers brought a good assortment of milk bottles and fruit jars and White House vinegar containers, and relatively few of these items appeared to be leftovers from previous shows. The only disappointment was that the show offered almost no truly rare bottles. The best bottles we saw changing hands were part of a pre-arranged deal taking place in the parking lot.





## Upcoming Area Bottle Shows

**September 23-24 (Saturday 9AM to 5PM, Sunday 9AM to 4PM) Manassas, Virginia:** The Greater Washington Antiques Expo at the Prince Williams County Fairgrounds.

**October 7 (9 AM to 3 PM) Richmond, Virginia:** The Richmond Area Bottle Collectors Association 29<sup>th</sup> Annual Show at the Showplace Annex, 3002 Mechanicsville Turnpike (next to the Big Antique Extravaganza).

**October 15 (9 AM to 3 PM) Bedford, Pennsylvania:** Bedford County Antique Bottle Club 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Show & Sale at the Bedford High School gymnasium, 330 Bedford St.

**November 5 (9AM to 3PM) Elkton, Maryland:** The Tri-State Bottle Collectors and Diggers Club, Inc. 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Antique Bottle & Collectibles Show and Sale at the Singerly Fire Hall in Elkton, MD (I-95, Exit 109A).

**November 19 (9AM to 3PM) Baltimore, Maryland:** The 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Great Mid-Atlantic Bottle Show & Sale at the Maryland State Fairgrounds in Timonium.

Richmond Area Bottle Collectors Assoc.  
29<sup>TH</sup> Annual

# ANTIQUÉ BOTTLE and collectables SHOW & SALE

50/50 Drawings

Certificate  
Giveaways!



50% of all show  
profits go to  
Sargeant Santa!

**Saturday October 7, 2000**

**9 a.m. to 3 p.m.**

*NEW! EARLY ADMISSION T.B.A.*

Showplace Annex — 3002 Mechanicsville Turnpike  
Richmond, VA 23223

*(Next door to the Big Antique Extravaganza)*

Contact: Judy Foles, 12275 Cedar Lane  
Ashland, VA 23005, (804)798-7502

*Bring your old bottles for free identification and value estimation!*

**Directions**

From North: I-95 to I-295 East to Exit 37B (Route 360), 4 miles on right  
From East/West: I-64 to Exit 192 (Mechanicsville), 6 blocks on left  
From South: I-95 to I-64 East to Exit 192 (Mechanicsville), 6 blocks on left

Our members are  
affiliated with



## 28<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL ANTIQUÉ BOTTLE & COLLECTIBLES SHOW AND SALE

Table Top Antiques – Advertising

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2000**  
9:00 a.m. – 3:00 p.m.



**SINGERLY FIRE HALL**  
Routes 279 & 213  
(I-95, exit 109A)  
Elkton, Maryland



**DONATION - \$1.00**  
Children under 12 Free

Contact: Dean Shippy (302) 368-0549

TRI-STATE BOTTLE COLLECTORS AND DIGGERS CLUB, INC



The Potomac Bottle Collectors (PBC) is a non-profit antique bottle club serving collectors from the District of Columbia, Northern Virginia, and the Maryland suburbs. The club was founded in 1972 and continues to be a dynamic, active organization. While some club members are diggers and general collectors of old glass, others specialize in areas such as fruit jars, inks, insulators, milk bottles, or pontiled medicines. Anyone with an interest in antique bottles, from junior collector to national expert, is encouraged to join the club.

The club meets at 7:30 PM on the last Tuesday of every month, at the Church of the Redeemer, 6201 Dunrobbin Drive, Bethesda, Maryland. An important feature of PBC meetings is the presentation by a guest speaker. Past speakers have included museum curators, local historians, and club members with expertise in various aspects of the hobby. Another highlight of the evening is "show and tell," where members show off recent acquisitions and old favorites. The PBC is dedicated to increasing enjoyment in the hobby as well as to preserving and disseminating historical information. Therefore, much club business is relegated to separate business meetings, which all interested club members may attend. Visitors are always welcome at the regular monthly meetings.

In addition to monthly meetings, club activities include an annual swap meet and picnic, an annual awards banquet, and publication of the monthly newsletter *The Potomac Pontil*. The PBC also publishes an identification and price guide to bottles of the D.C. area. For additional information, please visit our web site: [members.aol.com/potomacbt/bottle2.htm](http://members.aol.com/potomacbt/bottle2.htm). Club dues may be paid at any club meeting or mailed to Ken Anderson, 4028 Williamsburg Court, Fairfax City, VA 22032-1139.

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### Potomac Bottle Club Membership Application

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone #: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Collecting Interests: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Dues are \$10 per year for individual or family. Make checks payable to Potomac Bottle Collectors.