

# The Potomac Pontil

The Potomac Bottle Collectors Serving the National Capital



## March 2004

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## Meeting March 30

Our meeting will be back to its regular date for the first time in three months. Please join us at 8 PM at the Church of the Redeemer in Bethesda.



## February Meeting

The food at our February awards banquet was definitely worth waiting for, even though **James Knapp** (shown at right) would have preferred speedier service. We also viewed plenty of recent finds including **Peter Rydquist's** show & tell items pictured above.



Meetings: 8:00 PM on the last Tuesday of each month in the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, 6201 Durrobbin Dr., Bethesda, MD 20816.

President: Matt Knapp

Vice President: Henry Fuchs

Secretary: Jim Sears

Treasurer: Ken Anderson

Pontil: Jim Sears (email: [searsjim@usa.net](mailto:searsjim@usa.net), PH: 703/243-2409) & Andy Goldfrank (email: [amg\\_sticky@yahoo.com](mailto:amg_sticky@yahoo.com), PH: 202/588-0543)

Web Site: <http://members.aol.com/potomacbtl/bottle2.htm>

Maintained by Peter Rydquist: [pehruag@aol.com](mailto:pehruag@aol.com)

## Results of Our Annual Contest

### Collector of the Year: Andy Goldfrank

Andy's winning bottle is a brilliant 8-inch tall teal "W.W. HUFF'S / LINAMENT" that was found in a Jersey City, New Jersey privy along with iron pontiled, cobalt sided sodas from New York City. And yes, there is a misspelling in that the second "i" is an "a" in the work liniment. No listing has been found for this size; all listed are smaller size and open pontiled.



### Digger of the Year: Andy Goldfrank

The winning entry is an open pontiled olive green "EAU LUSTRALE // GUERLAIN," which Andy found in a New York City privy along with other artifacts dating from the late 1830s to the early 1850s. Andy is shown holding up his prize bottle at left, and the full story of the dig starts on page 4.

Little is known about the Eau Lustrale bottle, but Don Fadely, formerly a member of the Potomac Bottle Collectors in the late 1980s and author of *Hair Raising Stories*, states that he "believe[s] this was the product of the French Perfumer [Guerlain]. Perfumer Eugene Roussel was selling the product in Philadelphia for a while. It was a Hair Restorative. Because of the fame of Guerlain's brand, many of the early American perfumers sold an Eau Lustral (or Lustrale) of their own."



### Shard of the Year: Al Miller and Andy Goldfrank

Al and Andy both dug and entered attractive shards, and they received equal numbers of votes. Al's entry was a bright yellow-amber panel from a YAGER'S SASPARILLA, which is a desirable Baltimore bottle. Andy brought in the remains of an open pontiled olive-amber "PHOENIX / BITTERS // JNO. MOFFAT // PRICE 2 DOLLARS." The Phoenix was discovered broken in three pieces at the shoulder in a Jersey City, New Jersey privy along with pre-1850 bottles and artifacts.



### Go-with of the Year: Andy Goldfrank



The go-with is arguably the most impressive of Andy's many winning entries. It is an open pontiled teal whimsy cup made from a "HAMILTON // & CHURCH // EXCELSIOR // MINERAL WATER // BROOKLYN" side soda. This whimsy was found in a privy near the Brooklyn Navy Yard in New York along with two intact iron pontiled sodas bearing the same embossing and two pieces of glass slag.

### ***Hot Town! Summer in the City. Back of my Neck Getting Dirty n' Gritty...***

By Andy Goldfrank

Last July and August were relatively mild in comparison to previous summers with the exception of a couple of weeks when the temperature and humidity both hovered near or above 90. Does not ring a bell, huh? Well, then, perhaps you remember August 14, 2003, when the lights went out in a large expanse of the Northeast United States and Canada because high demands for electricity to run air conditioners and refrigerators (along with poor engineering) knocked out the power grid. Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and New York, along with everywhere else in between, were cloaked in darkness. Now one might ask what all this has to do with a bottle digging article . . . we will get there.

My friend Scott Jordan is always scouting out renovation and construction projects in New York City in an effort to salvage the contents of old outhouses before they are destroyed and/or to obtain access to privies previously off limits because they were buried below manicured urban oases. On the third Wednesday of August 2003, Scott left an excited voicemail message at my office asking for a return call as soon as possible. That evening I called him from my cell phone while sharing drinks with my wife Joan and her multitude of girlfriends at their favorite local outdoor bar. Scott proceeded to relay that after numerous visits to a construction job on West 21<sup>st</sup> Street in New York City's Chelsea neighborhood, where the owners of the site (a father and son team) were turning an abused four-story 1830s rowhouse into a seven-story apartment building, he had finally secured permission for us to dig the outhouse. The only hitch was that, despite the ridiculous heat and humidity, the privy had to be dug by the end of the week because the owners' construction crew was going to excavate the rear of the lot for a foundation in short order. Turning around on my stool to look at Joan, who was sitting there with a knowing look since I was talking with Scott in such an animated tone, I received the high sign and was relieved of my social duties for the end of the week. And so right there, in the midst of the heat wave, I accepted without hesitation Scott's invitation to dig a privy in Manhattan on what would be the two hottest days for New York in 2003.

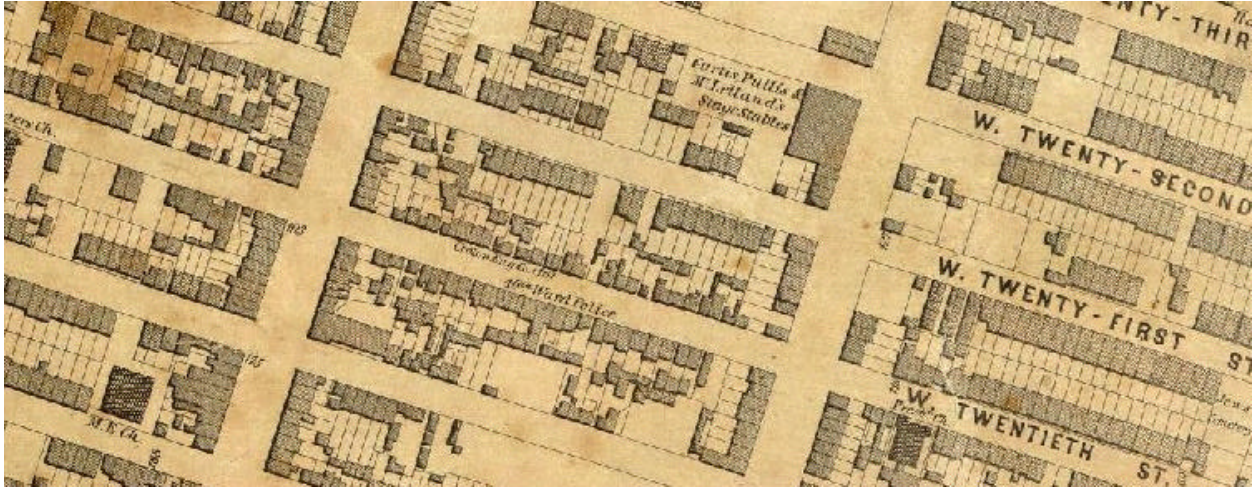
I immediately cleared my work calendar for the next two days so I could set out for New York early the next morning. After a quick bite with Joan and the ladies, I headed for home to pack my bags and load the truck for my trip the next day. Into bed early that evening, I awoke before my alarm (set to let loose at 5:30 a.m.) because of nervous excitement after a night of dreaming about digging a privy laden with

iron-pontiled sodas and open-pontiled rectangular colored medicines. Before 6:00, I was in my truck and headed for the Baltimore-Washington Parkway.

On the drive northward, I thought about my destination: West 21<sup>st</sup> Street located in the heart of a thriving and vibrant part of Manhattan – Chelsea. This neighborhood is bounded by Broadway to the east and the Hudson River to the west, 14<sup>th</sup> Street to the south and 34<sup>th</sup> Street to the north. In 1750, Captain Thomas Clarke, a veteran of the French and Indian Wars, built a country estate called Chelsea which at the time was almost three miles north of the heart of New York City. Clarke's widow inherited the property and then passed it on to her daughter, Charity, who added it to the holdings of her husband, Benjamin Moore, the Episcopal bishop of New York and the president of Columbia College. In 1813, the couple deeded the land and its buildings to their son, Clement Clarke Moore. The younger Moore started the transformation of the family holdings from a country estate into a suburb of New York. (Moore is perhaps better known as the alleged author in 1822 of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" that starts with "T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring – not even a mouse.")

Moore was also a businessman who understood the benefits of good urban planning and its wallet-enhancing impact upon real estate development. With his friend James N. Wells, a local real estate broker, Moore divided his lands in accord with the new street grid adopted by the City and sold it as residential lots to individuals and speculators. To establish suitable neighbors, in 1825, he donated an entire block to the General Theological Seminary (whose buildings and grounds are reminiscent of Ivy League colleges) and gave land on West 20<sup>th</sup> Street to St. Peter's Episcopal Church for a rectory and a sanctuary. These planning efforts spawned other speculative rowhouse construction in the adjacent blocks stretching north and south of Moore's property and further east to Sixth Avenue. Today the Seminary is surrounded by Italianate and Greek Revival rowhouses in brick and brownstone that date from the 1830s to the 1850s; their mass and style demonstrate the faithful investment of early developers who knew that Chelsea was an up-and-coming New York neighborhood.

Along West 23<sup>rd</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> Streets, Moore and Wells oversaw the construction of a key element in their real estate plan by developing one of New York's premier residences. On the shady West 24<sup>th</sup> Street frontage they built the Chelsea Cottages as wood-framed, two-story structures for working people. In contrast, the entire West 23<sup>rd</sup> Street frontage was improved with 36 grand brownstone rowhouses, all



This 1852 map by Matthew Dripps shows the Chelsea dig area.

set well back from the manure-strewn streets behind hedges and trees. Each dwelling was designed in the Greek Revival style, creating a uniform vista of three-storied pilasters and recessed spandrels with classic Greek key carving. Completed in 1845, the development was called London Terrace. Moore insisted on high-quality construction knowing it would raise the value of his remaining property; consequently, he razed the family manse across from London Terrace in 1853 and likewise sold the land for residential development. On the site, facing the relatively new London Terrace, elaborate rowhouses were built in the Italianate style and quickly earned the nickname “Millionaires’ Row.”

By the 1870s, the neighborhood transformed again into Manhattan's Theater District (before the theaters moved uptown in the 1880s and 1890s to Herald Square and then to Times Square). Little remains of the theaters now, but the Chelsea Hotel that has housed many actors, writers, artists, and bohemians still stands today. Built in 1882 as a luxury cooperative apartment house with New York's first penthouses and duplexes, it never attracted affluent tenants because they were already moving further north on the island of Manhattan. Since its conversion to a hotel in 1905, the Chelsea Hotel has been the undisputed watering hole of struggling, outrageous, and reclusive artists. Mark Twain and Tennessee Williams lived here; Brendan Behan and Dylan Thomas floated in and out during New York visits. Actresses Sarah Bernhardt and Lilly Langtry resided here around the turn of the century. In 1951, Jack Kerouac, armed with a special typewriter and, no doubt, lots of drugs, typed nonstop the first draft of *On the Road* onto a 120-foot roll of paper. The Chelsea Hotel also bore witness to William Burroughs completing *Naked Lunch*, Arthur C. Clarke writing *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and Thomas Wolfe cobbling together one of his indecipherable

novels. In the 1960s, Andy Warhol haunted the halls and made a film called *Chelsea Girls*. Rock and rollers also treated the Chelsea as their home away from home: Jimmy Hendrix, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, Patti Smith, and various members of the Grateful Dead occupied rooms. Bob Dylan wrote songs in and about Hotel Chelsea as did Joni Mitchell who, as a result of her time there, was inspired to craft *Chelsea Morning*.

Even before the Chelsea Hotel became the residence of choice for reclusive or fringe-living artists, Moore's London Terrace went into steep decline and was eventually demolished in the 1930s to make way for the London Terrace Apartments. The Apartments, designed as two rows of buildings a full city block long and surrounding a private interior garden, had the misfortune of being completed in 1930 at the height of the Great Depression. Despite a swimming pool and doormen decked in London police uniforms, London Terrace stood empty for several years and was not occupied by tony residents for more than half a century. The reason for this relative anonymity was the departure of the Theater District and the flight of wealthy residents to the posh Upper East and West Side neighborhoods (developed in the 1860s on through the turn of the century). Throughout Chelsea, formerly expensive one-family homes were subdivided into rooming houses and tiny apartments; Chelsea did not need a luxury apartment building. From the 1920s onward, Chelsea transformed into a solid lower and middle class Latino and African-American neighborhood in addition to becoming a haven for struggling artists and idealists. On its fringes, and in particular its western and northern edges, Chelsea became the site of large industrial, warehouse, and manufacturing facilities along with a mix of high-rise housing projects.

Today, Chelsea is one of the premier areas of Manhattan and has become a major center of gay and lesbian life in New York. In the late 1990s, as SoHo (a district of 1850s cast iron buildings south of Houston Street and above Canal Street) became more of a destination retail area, many of the art galleries that once thrived there moved north to Chelsea, pushing the neighborhood further west into what had long been strictly industrial and commercial blocks. Many of the buildings have been converted into residential and mixed use. The Chelsea Market Building, where the first Oreo cookie was baked over 70 years ago, is now an important hub for new media companies, including the Food Network and Oxygen Media. London Terrace Apartments is now known as "The Fashion Projects" (per the *New York Times*), as much for its designer, photographer and model residents (including Isaac Mizrahi, Annie Leibovitz, and Deborah Harry) as for its proximity to Chelsea's real public housing projects just to the south and east. Chelsea's main drag is 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue, where the transformation of the neighborhood is most pronounced with the arrival in the last five years of trendy bars and restaurants, health food stores, gyms, bookstores, and clothing shops in response to the needs of the swank new urban dwellers.

The buildings in Chelsea reflect the social, ideological, and architectural changes in New York in the last two centuries. Scott and I had dug many privies in this historic neighborhood, especially as it was rapidly gentrified in the 1990s, including our first dig together back during another hot August week in 1996. The finds in these pits ranged from poor to excellent with the majority being of decent quality and containing pottery and bottles galore. At the same time, I recalled that virtually every pit was a humongous digging endeavor due to the size of the outhouses; most privies took three full days to dig and fill. Scott was hoping to avoid a lengthy dig this time because of the developers' deadline, so he invited two other diggers, Winston Kreiger and Dave Cutler, to tackle what we were sure was going to be another monster outhouse. As an aside, for years Dave has worked where Chelsea's nineteenth century structures meet the modern era, specifically, around the corner at West 22<sup>nd</sup> Street and 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue, in a 1930s art deco style, aluminum-clad eatery appropriately called the Empire Diner. As I cruised past Baltimore on I-95 and then sped along the New Jersey Turnpike, I could not wait to catch the always awe-inspiring skyline of New York; shortly after rush hour my horizon scanning was rewarded and I knew that in less than half an hour I would be digging in a New York backyard surrounded by the masonry walls of dozens of other buildings. Whiling my way through the Holland Tunnel, and then darting uptown, my excitement continued to build.

When I arrived at the front of the construction site graced with six stories of scaffolding, I was impeded by a cement truck pumping concrete through a hose into the building where we were scheduled to dig. I pulled up asked the crew to keep an eye on my truck so that I could go see what Scott and Winston were doing in the backyard. Winding my way through the construction maze, I walked out into a sunny yard and one that was already being trenched! What? Scott greeted me (and told me that he was shocked to see me so early in the day since I had just driven almost 300 miles) and conveyed that the owners were so concerned about staying on schedule that they had decided to commence their excavation for footers that day. We were allowed to dig, however, despite the fact that it was likely our dirt pile would occupy virtually the entire backyard, as long as we did not interfere with the portion of the trench almost completed on the right-hand side of the lot. Winston and Scott had already dug test holes along the back lot line in the center and on the left-hand side of the yard, but with all of the construction debris they had yet to locate any signs of an outhouse and were watching the clock, and awaiting my arrival and my allegedly trusty probing technique.

We decided to unload some of the tools from my truck and park it in a lot before the meter maids could nail me with a ticket. Scott and Winston hauled in my sledge, probe, sifter and some smaller hand tools along with a change of clothes and a case of water. Skirting through the streets, I entrusted my truck to a parking lot attendant (for the princely sum of \$28) and ran back to the construction site. By this time it was close to 10:30 in the morning and the sun was already beating down on the digging crew: Scott was shirtless and glistening with grit-collecting sweat, Winston was beet red and dripping dirty beads of moisture from his forehead, and I was not far behind them. In fifteen minutes, I verified that there was not a privy in the middle or left-hand side of the yard. Twenty minutes later, I confirmed my dreaded suspicion: sitting on the property line and, most importantly, directly under the trench already containing wet cement, lay the walls to our missing pit. It appeared our Chelsea permission was going to be a bust.

As we started to fill in our test holes and prepared to leave, I remembered that Scott said the developer owned the two adjacent buildings, which were also slated for reconstruction. Without hesitating, I wandered into the yard next door and confirmed that the privy we had located did in fact straddle the line. And then, for reasons I do not know, I ventured into the next yard furthest from our botched attempts. Stepping down from a wall, I surveyed the yard and saw that it was paved with concrete as well as covered with piles of construction equipment. Not

wanting to give up, I considered looking for the cistern but then recalled that in this neighborhood most of the cisterns are located inside the buildings. Instead, I wandered over toward the back of the yard. This lot was boxed in by two neighboring structures that abutted the back property line and portions of the right-hand side of the yard. Scanning back and forth for dips in the concrete, I spotted a small hole about the size of a quarter located about 10 feet off the back lot line and 6 feet from the right lot line. I pushed my probe into the opening and almost fell flat on my face. My probe had careened down a stone wall and there was no doubt in my mind that this was the privy.

Now the task at hand was how to get permission for what was a tidy yard being used as a staging ground for construction. I hustled back to where Scott, Winston, and newcomer Dave were corraling the equipment and trying to enjoy an early lunch after figuring we were about to pack it in for the day. Up to that point, I had not formally met the owners so I asked Scott to introduce me. He asked why and I said because we have a pit to dig; Scott then said that he did not think the owner would let us dig the pit in the trench. And with a wide grin, I promptly told them all that I had probed out a privy two houses over and that we were going to dig it – they all doubted that I could have found a privy so quickly. Since the owner was not available at that moment, I escorted them to the other yard and the odd spot where I had probed. Now they were all convinced I was crazy because everybody knows privies in Chelsea are invariably along the back lot line and I was showing them a hole well away from the yard's rear. They were also doubly sure (and Winston particularly) that there was no way the owner would let us destroy the concrete patio. Energized and optimistic, I again asked Scott to introduce me to the owner.

Ten minutes later, the owner and I were chatting about how big a hole I would punch in the concrete so we could excavate the privy; without much ado, he told us to have fun but to remember the site was locked up at 5 p.m. on the dot. This meant we had less than six hours to make serious headway in our pit ... not to mention the fact that I still had to convince my digging companions that this was really a privy and not some odd pipe trench. Grabbing the sledge hammer, Winston and I alternated at starting a hole in the concrete large enough to dig a test hole. Scott and Dave moved the tight-packed construction debris to craft a place to put the dirt we would eventually pull from our hole. About an hour later, we were standing waist deep in the test hole, eventually we were finding shards of kaolin clay pipe bowls and pottery contained in an ash matrix and were able to see that a large area had settled below

the concrete, indicating a stone-lined square box. Finally, the boys were excited and convinced that we were going to be digging a Chelsea privy that day – gone were the disappointed scowls that lined everyone's faces earlier in the day.



Andy holds sledge hammer while Dave and Winston look on.

We enlarged our opening in the concrete just enough (perhaps 3.5 feet by 2.5 feet) to haul buckets out and to exchange diggers. The top few feet of fill dirt, which I had probed through when I found the pit, was a matrix of light ash and household trash. Bottles started surfacing almost immediately. Scott went into the hole and pulled out two different cream sodas, which are similar to miniature blob sodas, from the 1860s. They were embossed "Morgan, Bros. & Co. / 145 W. 35<sup>th</sup> St / N.Y." and "D.L. Ormsby & Son / No. 423 / West 16<sup>th</sup> St. / N.Y." A few minutes later, Scott pulled out a crude aqua medicine almost 8 inches tall that said "Dr. L.B. WRIGHT'S / SCROFULOUS ANTIDOTE / NEW - YORK." My time in the hole produced a large aqua medicine embossed "E.F. COOKE / WETHERSFIELD, CON." embossed in a shield. As



we worked our way down, we realized that the outhouse extended to both the rear and side lot lines, which meant that our pit was about 10 feet long by 6 feet wide and that we were in for some serious digging. With the extreme heat and humidity, we all were beginning to get dehydrated and exhausted.



**Scott holds up a pair of cream sodas.**

Despite our discomfort, with only about an hour left to dig that day and a hole now big enough for two, we decided to put both Winston and Dave into the hole so as to hustle and make substantial progress before it was quitting time. Scott and I would stay on the surface to haul and dump the buckets as fast as possible. This was no easy task because Winston and Dave both kept running into piles of household trash and ash now mixed with clean brown fill. Winston



**Winston hands up an intact bottle, in this case a black glass cylinder from the 1830s or 1840s.**

soon handed up an intact and mint “Congress Water / Congress & Empire Spring Co. / Hotchkiss Sons / C / New York / Saratoga, N.Y.,” and a green squat soda embossed with “DeMott’s” and stars which hailed from across the Hudson in New Jersey. Almost in tandem, Dave passed out a pair of dated aqua sodas from New York – an 1862 “John Hecht” and an 1861 “Morgan Bros.” From the bottles and pottery being brought to the surface, Scott surmised that the privy was filled in the 1860s. This theory was confirmed when the boys in the hole tossed up a couple of criers: a base-damaged internal-thread amber whiskey from Whitney Glass Works and a “Oak Orchard Acid Springs” in amber with loads of shoulder and base embossing indicating the bottle was manufactured by F. Hitchins Factory in Lockport, N.Y. By the time we left the site that evening, we had excavated a cavity under the concrete that was 10 feet long by 6 feet wide by 8 feet deep and were completely exhausted. The guys all headed for Queens and I trekked off to my parents’ house about an hour north of the city. Before separating, we agreed to reconvene at 8 a.m. when the site opened.



**A large cavity is excavated under the concrete cap.**

The next morning, I arrived early and as I removed the covering from the pit, had an opportunity to think about our progress and our privy. In my opinion, we had moved a significant amount of dirt but were still not through the cap dirt and into the nightsoil. It also was apparent to me that this was not a typical outhouse: it was rectangular instead of round, filled with an ash cap instead of clay, and was constructed of brownstone instead of fieldstone. This was a strange beast indeed and, if we could judge the likely depth from prior digs in Chelsea, we were just halfway down into the privy. The only other rectangular privies we had excavated previously in Manhattan were older than the 1820s and were down near South Street Seaport and the Bowery; we were not near those areas in distance nor in age. Winston and Scott soon joined me and said they likewise had



been befuddled by this privy for the same reasons. We all concurred that by the end of the day we would have the answer to the question as to the age of the outhouse but that standing around talking about it was not going to get us any closer.

It was my turn next in the hole. As I prepared to jump through the opening in the concrete, Scott suggested that I take half of the privy down to try and locate the nightsoil layer and perhaps come up with a good bottle. In return, I said that my job was just to fill buckets but if a keeper did pop up I was hoping it would be a colored pontiled medicine. About an hour later, and after all of my clothing (from my socks to my pants to my shirt) was soaked with sweat, I had removed the rest of the ash fill in half the privy and come to a thin band of darker, sterile soil. Below this sterile layer, I finally hit nightsoil and it was chock full of broken bottles and pottery. The first intact bottles, which straddled the sterile soil and the nightsoil, were a pair of smooth-based bottles embossed "Lanman & Kemp Cod Liver Oil." Then a series of intact and broken hair bottles started pouring out of the ground; however, we had entered another age since all of them were pontiled. Although it is hard to recall exactly what intact bottles I found as opposed to what others found in the remainder of the hole, the bottles were the classic aqua hair pontils found in New York privies: "Barry's Tricopherous for the Skin and Hair," "Lyon's Kathairon for the Hair," "Phalon's Chemical Hair Invigorator," and "Cristadoro's Liquid Hair Dye" including a "No. 1" and a "No. 2." As I worked down, the layer quickly became older; more plain utilities and flint glass bottles were showing up as were pieces of black glass ales. We elected not to sort through the artifacts in the hole but instead to sift all of the nightsoil at the end of the dig when filling the outhouse.



Scott and Winston sift nightsoil at the end of the dig.

Unlike most other Chelsea pits there was a greater number of broken than intact bottles. Still I persevered in the hopes of finding a bottle worthy of taking home. Scraping aside some shards of a slip-

decorated redware plate, my digging stick glanced off an intact bottle. Although it was dank, dark and dusty in the hole, at that point I knew this was an unusual bottle. Not only was it thick but it was also a dark color. Extracting the bottle, I lifted it towards the opening in the concrete to show the guys and saw that it was a tombstone shape with beveled corners, olive green with an early snap pontil, and sporting an applied lip. I also could feel through my gloves that it was embossed on the side panels. Not wanting to scratch the bottle, I carefully used the back of my glove to wipe the panels and saw that it was embossed "GUERLAIN / EAU LUSTRALE." My hands were shaking and the guys were yelling at me that it was time to get out of the privy, so I handed up the bottle and scooted out in the hopes of checking the bottle in the daylight. We were all excited but I must admit that everything after that is basically a blur.



Andy's keepers are E.F. COOKE and GUERLAIN bottles.

Our recoveries after my stunning find were not on par but we did manage some other nice relics including a massive brass skeleton key we surmised came from the very house we were digging behind. We also found a nice "Roussel's Shaving Cream by X. Bazin" potlid and base in black transfer, a black hard rubber douche, a number of J. Huel snap pontil flint glass bottles, a few umbrella inks including one in green, and a cobalt pontiled soda also embossed

“DeMott’s.” Winston had the pleasure of digging off the base of the pit his first black glass rum that likely dates from the 1830s-40s and Dave managed to find an amber open-pontiled master ink or utility likely Stoddard, New England or early New York glass works. Scott turned up a high-style fluted and footed cup in flint glass with a ground pontil along with some early black glass and the embossed flint glass utilities. All told we found about 80 intact bottles. Our sifting produced a large amount of pottery shards which Scott later reassembled; the best of the ceramics were some nifty slip-decorated redware plates and an intact early 1830s blue and white egg cup.



Coming back to the keeper of this sweaty dig, little is known about the Guerlain bottle but Don Fadely, formerly a member of the Potomac Bottle Collectors in the late 1980s and author of *Hair Raising Stories*, states that he “believe[s] this was the product of the French Perfumer [Guerlain]. Perfumer Eugene Roussel was selling the product in Philadelphia for a while. It was a Hair Restorative. Because of the fame of Guerlain’s brand, many of the early American perfumers sold an Eau Lustral (or Lustrale) of their own.” The one thing I do know is that despite those who would label me foolish for digging on those two steamy and disgusting days, getting all dirty and gritty, it was an absolute pleasure to dig with Scott, Dave and Winston and the rewards were



Dave, Winston, and Scott are hot in New York.

immeasurable. Frankly, I will always accept any invitation to dig a privy in New York City even on the hottest days of the year.

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

## Upcoming Area Bottle Shows

### APRIL 17 – RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA (Tentative)

The Southeast spring show (7AM to 3PM) at the North Carolina State Fair Grounds. Contact **REGGIE LYNCH** for more information. PH: (919)789-4545, Cell: (919)612-0259, email: [southeast@antiquebottles.com](mailto:southeast@antiquebottles.com)

### APRIL 25 – HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

The Historical Bottle-Diggers of Virginia’s 33rd Annual Show & Sale, (9 AM to 3 PM) at the Rockingham County Fairgrounds, U.S. Rt. 11 South, Harrisonburg, VA. Info: **SONNY SMILEY**, 1025 Greendale Rd., Harrisonburg, VA 22801. PH: (540) 434-1129 or email: [lithiaman1@yahoo.com](mailto:lithiaman1@yahoo.com)

### MAY 16 – WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Washington County Antique Bottle Club 30th Annual Show & Sale, (9 AM to 3 PM), at the Alpine Star Lodge, 735 Jefferson Ave., (I-70 exit 17), Washington, PA. Info: **RUSS CRUPE**, 52 Cherry Rd., Avella, PA 15312, PH: (724) 345-3653, email: [heidirus@mlynk.com](mailto:heidirus@mlynk.com)

### JUNE 4 & 5 – LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA

The Robeson Antique Bottle Club Annual Show & Sale, (Fri. 3 to 9 PM & Sat. 9 AM to 3 PM), at the Farmer’s Market & Expo Center, Exit 14 off I-95, Lumberton, NC. Info: **RICHARD STEPHENS**, 1830 Riverside Blvd., Lumberton, NC. 28358. PH: (910) 738-6075, email: [rhstep@nc.rr.com](mailto:rhstep@nc.rr.com) or **PAUL VALENTI**, PH: (910) 738-3074, email: [cbaxley@nc.rr.com](mailto:cbaxley@nc.rr.com)

### JUNE 6 - MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY

The Federation of Historical Bottle Collector’s Annual Wheaton Village Antique Bottle Show (Sun. 10 AM – 4PM) at Wheaton Village, 1501 Glasstown Rd., Millville, New Jersey. INFO: **WHEATON VILLAGE**, 1501 Glasstown Rd., Millville, NJ 08332, PH: (856) 825-6800 ext. 2735.

### JUNE 27 – CHEVERLY, MARYLAND

The Potomac Bottle Collectors Annual Show & Sale (Sunday 9 AM to 3 PM) at the American Legion Post 108, 3608 Legion Drive, Cheverly, MD 20785. Info: **JIM SEARS** 4211 N. 2<sup>nd</sup> Rd., Apt. 1, Arlington, VA 22203. PH: (703) 243-2409, email: [searsjim@usa.net](mailto:searsjim@usa.net).

### JULY 17-18 – ADAMSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Shupp’s Grove 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Bottle Festival (6 AM – dark Sat. & Sun.) at Shupp’s Grove in Adamstown, Pennsylvania. Info: **STEVE GUION**, PH: (717) 560-9480 or **JERE HAMBLETON**, PH: (717) 393-5175, E-mail: [affinityinsurance@jazzd.com](mailto:affinityinsurance@jazzd.com)

The March 7<sup>th</sup> Baltimore Show was a great success. Check out the photos at [www.baltimorebottleclub.org/show.htm](http://www.baltimorebottleclub.org/show.htm)