



It had been a couple months since I had gone bottle digging. The fall and winter weather just hadn't been very cooperative until this week. The weatherman was predicting high temperatures in the 50s and 60s for Northern Kansas. For the first weekend in January that was a great forecast. I had a bad case of cabin fever and the only way to treat it was to get out and dig!

I called Kenny Burbrink and ask him, "Are you ready to dig?" "Yes," was his immediate reply. Now all we had to do was come up with a place to go.

Kenny always seems to have some kind of plan in the back of his mind; this time was no exception. He and Kenny Resser had done a dig in Burlingame, Kansas and on his way home Kenny had passed through the old town of Council Grove, Kansas. Since we never had done a real dig there he thought it might be a good place to try.

When Kenny got home he started studying the Sanborn Fire Insurance Maps for Council Grove. On the 1892 map he noticed a hotel, named The Midland, that sat off by itself, it was one that we hadn't noticed or checked before because it's not on the older maps (it opened in 1888).

When he looked at the Midland's location on Google Earth he noted that it was now a vacant lot and looked like a good spot for a dig. He then went to the Morris County Assessor's site on the Internet and got the owner's name and address.

When he told me the details, I thought it would be a good place to dig. I also remembered that Ed Stewart and I had approached the owner of another hotel site, in Council Grove, for permission to probe and dig but had been turned down. The owner told us he knew the bottles were very valuable and planned on digging it himself! Since it had been quite a few years ago it would be a good place to try again; accordingly, we made plans to meet in Council Grove on Saturday morning and try for permission for the hotel.

After hanging up with Kenny, I called Ed Stewart to see if he might be available to dig the coming weekend. He told me that he would check and get back to me. You might wonder why we would schedule a dig based on one hotel site. The reason is simple: Bottles! Old hotels usually had large outhouse pits, into which were thrown bottles from everywhere! People traveled

with their medicines and then disposed of the empty bottles when they were finished with them.

Lots of liquor bottles always turn up and that means you also get pop bottles that were probably drunk by the tee totalers; anyway, we've always had good success digging outhouses behind hotels and boarding houses. I checked the 1885 and 1887 Sanborn Maps and saw there were several old residences that could also possibly be dug. That gave us other possibilities to get permission should we bomb out on The Midland Hotel site. While waiting for our weekend dig I did a little research about the history of Council Grove.

In 1825, a treaty was negotiated with the Osage Indians for a right-of-way for the Santa Fe Trail, part of which, later became the main street of Council Grove. The treaty took place in "The Grove," which provided the name of Council Grove. During the spring of 1846, the Kanza Indians moved to a new reservation along the upper valley of the Neosho River, near the present site of Council Grove. That same year, Seth M. Hays became the first settler in Council Grove, when he established a trading post to trade with the Indians. He built the first house, a log cabin, on the west bank of the Neosho River. The cabin served as a store and dwelling for Mr. Hays, his adopted daughter, and a freed slave. In 1849, the Methodist Episcopal Church began to build the Kaw Mission at Council Grove. It opened in 1850; however, it closed in 1854. The mission building later became the first school for the children of Council Grove.

The town began to grow, and soon was the last point of trade on the Santa Fe Trail until travelers reached New Mexico. From 1849 to 1854 was a prosperous time for Council Grove and there was talk of making it the Territorial Capital of Kansas, but the land it stood on belonged to the Indians and the Capital went elsewhere.

The first hotel was built in 1856 and in 1857 Seth Hays opened the Hays House, which today is the oldest continuously operating restaurant west of the Mississippi River. In 1858, the town was approved for incorporation by the State Legislature. A townsite was soon surveyed and the settlement had officially opened for business.

I heard back from Ed Stewart that he would be joining us for the dig. Too bad Francis Wiltz couldn't be here; that would have gotten the whole digging gang back together.

With a four-hour drive ahead of me, I decided to drive up Friday

afternoon, spend the night and meet Kenny and Ed on Saturday morning. While, the weather forecast was going to be great for the weekend, it didn't look like it when I woke up on Friday morning. There were about four inches of ice and snow on the ground in Mustang, Oklahoma.

I had to spend some time cleaning my vehicle off and loading it with some digging equipment, but about 1:30 p.m. I headed my pickup north to Kansas one more time. The snow rapidly thinned as I drove north and soon there was no sign of it except the four inches still remaining on my pickup's bed cover.

It was almost dark by the time I pulled into Council Grove. I headed to the Cottage Hotel in the downtown area to spend the night. I hadn't made a reservation, but since it was past the holiday season, I didn't expect any difficulty in getting a room.

Sure enough, there was no problem when I inquired about a room. I talked to the lady at the desk and she told me that the Cottage Hotel had originally been built in 1867, with several additions being made over the years. I noticed that the area around the hotel had been paved or I might have been asking for permission to probe for an outhouse. I then drove over to take a look at the vacant lot where the Midland Hotel had been located.

The lot did look good for digging. There was a restaurant, across the street, named The Saddle Rock, that used the front part of the lot for customer parking.



Historic Hays House, circa 1857

I then took a drive to see if I could locate the lot owner's house. My GPS directed me to a large house on the southeast side of town. However, no one answered my knock nor were there any lights burning. Time to get something to eat.

I had supper at the historic Hays House Restaurant just around the corner from my hotel. A sign out front says that it was established in 1857. According to information on the Internet, George Armstrong Custer ate there while passing through Council Grove with his Seventh Cavalry in 1867. Custer apparently like Council Grove as he purchased 120 acres of land there as a speculation.



A view of the Cottage Hotel in Council Grove



The next morning Ed came by my hotel. Kenny had texted me that he was running late so Ed and I decided to see if the lot owner might be home this morning. We took Ed's pickup and left mine parked at the motel. Again, no one answered the door, so we decided to tour the town to check out other potential digging sites. The older Sanborn Maps didn't show much of the residential areas, but we noticed that quite a few houses had brass plaques mounted by the front doors. These probably indicated when they were built and possibly who had lived in them during the early days of the town. Might be handy in figuring out a good digging spot.

After our tour we rechecked the owner's house, but still no one was home. It was beginning to look like we would have to fall back on Plan B. We drove back to the vacant lot. I happened to think, "The restaurant was using part of the lot for parking, maybe they would know how to get hold of the owner."

Ed waited in truck while I went inside to check out my theory.

The Saddle Rock Cafe must have the best food in town as it was very busy. I waited for a short time at the cash register before a girl came over and asked me if she could help. I inquired about the ownership of the vacant lot. She yelled at a lady cooking in the kitchen, "Who owns that lot across the street?" The lady cook looked up and said, "We do." She then came out and I explained what I wanted. She told me that I'd have to talk to her mother.

Soon an older lady came out and introduced herself. I again explained that we wanted to dig for old bottles and she replied, "I guess it would be all right if you fill in your holes." I thanked her and assured her we would leave everything in good shape.

Kenny was standing with Ed when I walked out of the restaurant. I gave them a thumbs up as I approached them.

Ed gave me a ride back to my truck while Kenny started probing. I told Ed that Kenny would have the privy located by the time we returned.

Sure enough when I drove up Kenny was marking off the walls of the pit. He said, "I think it's a rock liner." The pit was located in the center of the hotel lot right on the alley. The dimensions, he had marked off, indicated the pit was about ten feet long and four feet wide. The short probes couldn't hit a bottom so Ed got out his nine footer. It also couldn't find a bottom. Kenny did hit some glass when probing. We were concerned that the pit might have been dipped which might mean a lot of work for very few old bottles. However, the only way to find out was to dig. We spread out a tarp, beside the hole, and started digging.

Almost immediately, we discovered that the outhouse had a large, cement foundation run through the middle of it. This foundation was a lot newer than the privy, having been added much later for some kind of building. There simply wasn't enough room, on either side of the foundation to dig with the foundation in place. That meant it had to go.

We dug out around both sides of the foundation. I don't know how big the building supported by this foundation was, but it looked big enough to hold up a skyscraper. Kenny discovered that the founda-

tion was cracked clear through about six feet from the south end of the outhouse. That gave us a place to attack the foundation, so we got out the bars to see if we could break up the foundation.

While we were working a pickup drove up, parked and a man jumped out. He looked somewhat agitated as he asked who we were and if we were going to use a backhoe to dig.

The man was, Michael, who was the lot owner. He calmed down after we explained that we were digging by hand and would restore the area when we were done. He explained his wife had told him she had given permission to some guys to dig and he was afraid we were going to dig all over the lot, making a lot of problems for him when he mowed. Michael seemed to be fine with us digging. He watched us trying to break the concrete for a while and then volunteered to get us a sledge hammer.

He returned in a few minutes with a new sledge. Kenny grabbed hold of the handle and started banging on the cement. Small pieces of concrete flew around the area but not much headway was made in severing the concrete so it could be removed.

Finally, Kenny came up with the idea of hooking one end of a strap to the cement and the other end to the trailer hitch on his pickup. He hoped that it would break a piece loose and he could pull it out.

The idea sounded great but it took several tries before the smaller north piece broke loose so it could be pulled out and left laying beside the hole. The north piece was about four feet long, so its removal gave us enough room to start digging.

We were quickly into dirt mixed with ashes so the digging was fairly easy. Four or five feet down we started finding bottles, mostly machine-made, slick corks and crowntop beers.

Kenny did another probe and discovered the privy was ten feet deep!

While we were digging, Michael told us about the Santa Fe Trail. He had actually traveled it from its beginnings in Franklin, Missouri clear to its destination in Santa Fe. He mentioned that the Trail went around any hills where possible. The reason for this was that the large, heavy, wagons, pulled by many head of oxen, would have difficulty climbing the hills and then have a tendency to run away when going down. We were down about seven feet when Kenny yelled out that he had found a Hutch soda bottle! The yell quickly turned to a groan as he told us that it was a slick bottle with a tombstone slugplate!

By this time it was past lunch time so we decided to take time out to eat. Since there was a restaurant just across the street, we voted to give it a try instead of picking up burgers from the local Dairy Queen.

I'm glad to report that the food was excellent, the service prompt and the prices reasonable. I now understand why it is so popular with the locals.

After lunch we discussed what to do next. There was no way we could dig the outhouse with a six-foot piece of concrete hanging over our heads, just waiting to smash us. It would have to be removed.

This second piece was bigger and much heavier than the first piece. We tried several times to pull it out, without success, and then our strap broke.

We had thought about pulling it toward the north end but vetoed that idea when Kenny pointed out that if it fell to the bottom we would never get it out.

The plan we finally devised was to leave the concrete where it was now sitting. We would attach what was left of our strap to the rock and hook the other end to Kenny's truck. The truck would hold it in place while we dug the north end to the bottom. Once we cleared out the end, we would unhook the strap and push the concrete boulder down into the hole. If everything went well it would land on its end and then we could lean the top against the north wall of the privy. We then could dig the south end without fear of being crushed.

With the plan laid out, we started taking the hole deeper.

Michael had been coming and going while the dig was going on. When he saw the piece of concrete hanging over our heads, I thought he might shut us down. However, he simply said, "Guys if anything goes wrong it's on you." To which we agreed that it would be our problem. However, it was a lot safer than it looked. The concrete was sitting on the dirt, which supported its weight and the pickup kept it from starting to slide. However, we still kept a close eye on it as we dug deeper.

Soon it was difficult to throw out the dirt so we resorted to a bucket and rope to pull out the buckets of fill and dump them on the tarp laid out beside the hole.

Ed was digging, when I heard him yell out, "Wahoo." Since Ed hardly ever gets excited, about a find, I knew he had found something great.

Ed's hand was shaking as he handed out a large coffin whiskey flask. I took it from him and saw that it was heavily embossed in a slug plate. It read: PLUMMER & HELLIS/ WHOLESALE/ & RETAIL/ GROCERS/ DENVER, COLO. The bottle was in excellent shape and might be very rare as it was a quart size coffin flask. You don't see very many quart coffins most are pints and half pints.

After the excitement had died down, Kenny took over the digging. He hit a layer of bottles and was handing them out so fast, that he decided, it was easier, to have Ed lower the bucket and he would fill it up for Ed to dump away from the hole. The pile of bottles beside the hole continue to grow larger. As we dug, we tried to separate the bottles into two piles, embossed and slicks. The bottle ages were 1890s and 1900s so the biggest pile was slicks.

Some of the embossed bottles were as follows: a DR. KING'S/ NEW DISCOVERY, a DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY COMPANY, a DR. A.P. SAWYER/CHICAGO, a FELLOWS & CO./CHEMISTS/ST. JOHN N.B., a ST. JAKOBS OEL/ THE CHARLES A. VOGLER COMPANY, a HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL, two CHAMBERLAIN'S/ COUGH REMEDY, and a DR. W.W. WATKIN'S & CO/LINIMENT.



Kenny attaches the strap to the large cement rock.



Kenny digging while Ed pulls buckets





This view shows the large piece of cement with the strap attached to one end.

Kenny then pulled out two brown crock jugs, a half gallon and a one gallon. The larger jug even had a pour spout. He handed out the two jugs and returned to his digging.

It wasn't long before I heard Kenny yell, in fact most of the neighbors probably heard him, as he waved a small drugstore bottle over his head. "Guys, I got a Council Grove drugstore!" When he calmed down he handed it out to Ed. It was embossed: D.A. STEBBINS/DRUGGIST/COUNCIL GROVE, KAN. and the first drugstore from Council Grove I had ever seen!

While Ed and I were admiring the bottle, we both heard Kenny yell, "I've got a hutch soda!" Then he added, "It's a Burlingame hutch and it's in good condition!" The bottle was embossed STAIR & KARR/BURLINGAME/KAS. and was only the second one known!

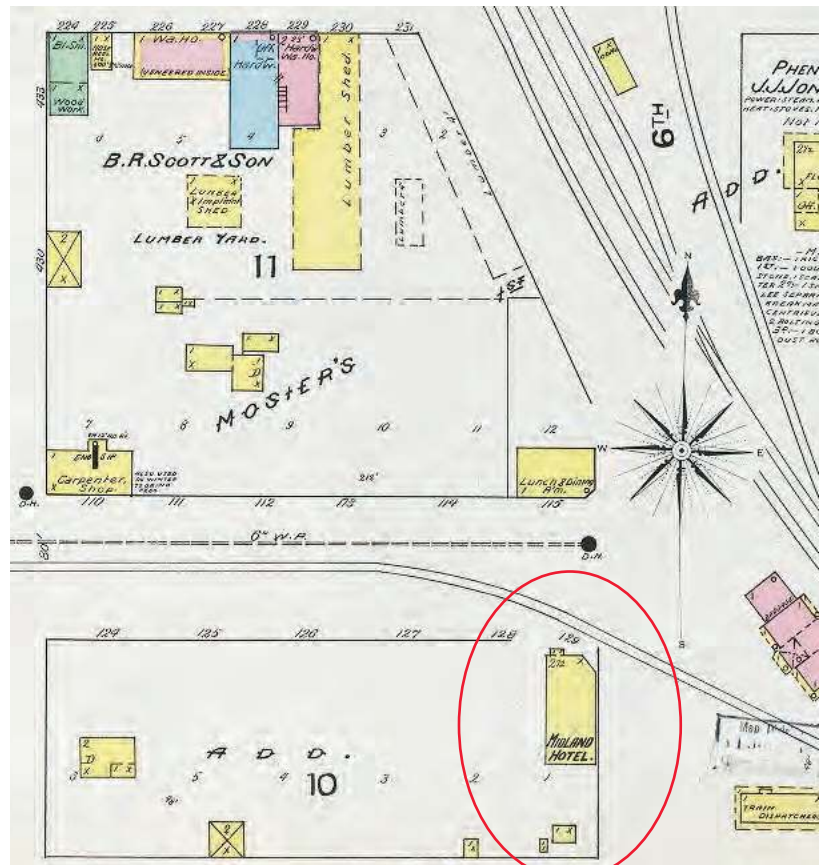
After Kenny admired the bottle for a while he gave it to Ed. I ask Ed to hold both bottles up, so I could photograph them. While we were doing that Kenny yelled again, "I got another hutch and it's from Council Grove!"

Kenny read the embossing to us. It said: GEO. SMITH/COUNCIL/GROVE/KAS. and was the second or third one known. It took longer for Kenny to send the bottle topside this time. Three extremely rare bottles in under five minutes, that's the kind of record everybody likes to set. I managed to take my photograph of Ed holding the three bottles without having Kenny yell again.

Kenny asked Ed if he wanted to get in the hole for a turn, but Ed told him he could keep digging, just keep the bottles coming. More bottles surfaced, but they were just plain old ordinary bottles and not worthy of any yelling. There was an L.H. THOMAS & CO. CHICAGO ink or paste bottle, a S. GRABFELDER & CO./DISTILLERS/LOUISVILLE, KY. whiskey bottle, a THE L.D. MIX/OIL & NAPHTHA CO. with FAVORITE on one side and CLEVELAND, O. on the other side, a CHAMBERLAIN/COLIC CHOLERA AND/DIARRHEA REMEDY, a PISO'S CURE/FOR CONSUMPTION/ HAZELTINE & CO. and a nice AYERS/SARSAPARILLA/ COMPOUND EXT/LOWELL/MASS

Finally, Kenny got out of the hole and let Ed take his place. Ed promptly handed up a small embossed drugstore that said: ALLEN'S PHARMACY/ ST. L., a St. Louis bottle. Ed reached the bottom of the outhouse and then enlarged the hole to make sure we had plenty of room for our big rock. While digging out the fill he found a few more embossed bottles. They were two JAPANESE/GOLD/PAINT, a cone ink, two SALT RHEUM ETC. (side) HOLMES/FRAGRANT/ TRADE MARK FROSTILLA (front) FOR CHAPPED HANDS (other side), a FRAGRANT SOZODONT/FOR THE TEETH/AND BREATH and two MRS. WINSLOW'S/SOOTHING SYRUP.

With the north end cleaned out to the bottom we were ready to slide the big rock down into the hole. Ed unhooked the strap from the rock and



This section of an 1892 Sanborn Map shows the Midland Hotel. The hotels construction was started in 1887 and finished in 1888.



then, using a pry bar, started the big rock sliding. Everyone held their breath as the six-foot-long rock slid into the hole, ending up standing upright on its end.

Kenny and Ed sat down in the top of the hole and used their feet and legs to push against the rock. After some effort the top of the rock rolled over against the north end of the privy. Our plan had worked exactly like we wanted it to.

We also had the benefits of the big rock being useful as a stepping stone to get in and out of the hole and as a place to stand while pulling buckets. More digging was done in the bottom of hole before daylight ran out and we were forced to quit for the day. Michael had told us that it would be alright to leave the hole open as long as we strung yellow caution tape around the hole, so no one would fall in during the night.

I found a couple pieces of conduit, for two of the corners and then using Ed's probe and big bar for the other corners, I rigged up caution tape barrier around the open pit. Kenny and Ed headed home while I headed back to the Cottage Hotel to spend another night.

The next morning, I got a text from Kenny saying he was again running late. When Ed arrived, we decided to eat breakfast at our new favorite restaurant in Council Grove. While we were eating Kenny arrived. He had his 15 year-old-son, Owen, with him who was going to help dig today. After we finished eating we all headed across the street to start the days digging. While yesterday

had been a very nice day, today it was cloudy, windy and chilly.

Owen jumped down in the hole while Kenny started pulling buckets for him. Bottles started to make their appearance, but they were all slicks until Owen held up an embossed whiskey bottle that read: S. GRABFELDER & CO./DISTILLERS/LOUISVILLE, KY.

After Owen got out of the hole using Kenny's handy dandy ladder, I used the same ladder to get into the hole to see if I could uncover any embossed bottles. I found still more slicks as I moved across the bottom of the hole heading for the south wall of the privy.

Finally, I pulled out an embossed drug store bottle. Rubbing off the dirt, I was hoping for a Council Grove, but it read: EKSTRAND'S PHARMACY/SVENSKT APOTHEK/OPPERA HOUSE, SALINA. We had dug a broken Salina, Kansas drugstore earlier in the dig and here was a whole one. Too bad it wasn't from Council Grove but we'll still take it.

We dug twenty-five or thirty bottles while cleaning out the south end, but the whiskey and the Salina drugstore were the only embossed bottles found. Kenny checked the last two corners and pronounced the hole done. Now it was time to refill the massive pit.

Everybody worked as quickly as possible and soon we had gotten the hole about two-thirds filled. Now it was time to replace the large piece of foundation we had removed at the beginning of the dig. Ed and Kenny both got their pry bars and working the piece around they man-handled it back into the hole.

Now it was a simple matter to replace the rest of the fill, laying on the tarps, back into the hole. The dirt was moist so it packed down pretty good so we ended up a little short on dirt. Luckily there was a pile of dirt just off the alley about thirty feet away. We borrowed some, using our buckets to transport it and then Kenny tamped down everything level.

The lot looked pretty good when we were done, especially when you consider how much dirt we had moved. Putting down the tarps certainly helped keep everything neat. Kenny called Michael to let him know we were done. He drove up a few minutes later as we were picking up our tools, folding the tarps, etc.

Michael complimented us on the job we did refilling the pit. We



This nice Denver quart whiskey flask was dug



The Whiskey flask after it was cleaned.





Ed Stewart holding the two Council Grove and one Burlingame bottles

had picked up a milk bottle case on the lot. It was a good size, so we used it to put some bottles and a jug that we were leaving for Michael.

We thanked Michael for allowing us to dig the outhouse pit for the Midland Hotel and certainly will be back to eat at the restaurant the next time we're in Council Grove. Kenny had to take Owen to the bathroom (the restaurant was closed) so Ed and I had a discussion about what to do next. We got in Ed's truck and headed out to take a look around our area.

We made a couple of turns and quickly ended up beside the old building that was the location of the Iowa Hotel in the 1880s.

Ed and I had visited with the owner ten or so years ago, but we had been turned down when we asked for permission to check for and then dig the old privy if we could locate it. Carl, the owner, had told us he knew that old bottles were valuable and he planned on digging the outhouse himself.

We had nothing to lose by checking again so Ed waited in the truck as I went to front door and knocked.

The door was opened by a man and I ask if he was Carl. "No, Carl is inside." I followed him through the dark house and saw a bearded man, without a shirt, sitting in a chair, he was Carl. I quickly learned that he had lost a foot, after a bout with diabetes.



Stair & Karr, Burlingame Kas. and Geo. Smith, Council Grove Kas. Hutchinson bottles, both hard to get



Allens Pharmacy, St. Louis and O.A. Stebbins Druggist, Council Grove, Kan. two Pharmacy bottles found





Caution tape was strung around the hole to keep the hole safe from people walking through the lot.



This view shows the present look of the old Iowa Hotel in Council Grove, Kansas.





Kenny digging the "sloppy" hole at the Iowa Hotel.

I ask Carl about digging the outhouse. He remembered me and admitted he wasn't in any shape to do any digging, however, he had promised another guy that he could probe and dig the outhouse.

The age of the house was discussed, and Carl thought it went back to 1863. However, Kenny had done research that indicated the building had been constructed in 1880 and had originally been called the Neff House. The name was changed to the Iowa Hotel with an addition added in 1884. During the 1890s the addition was removed and the hotel became a private residence.

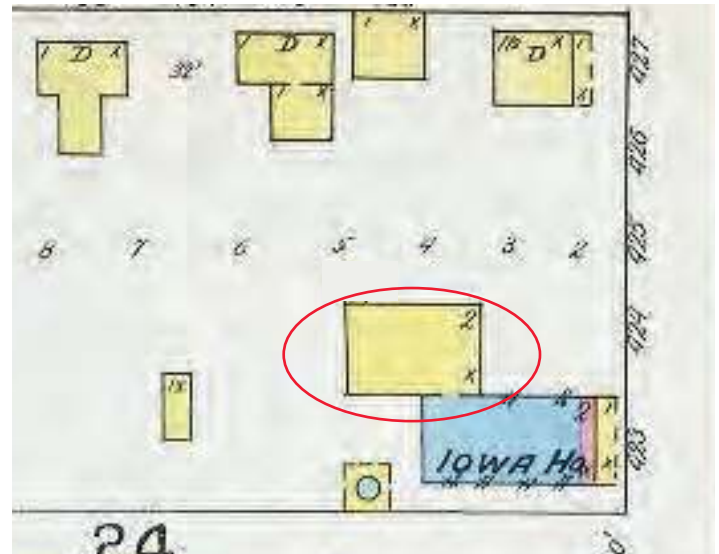
We talked for a while and finally Carl said, "I gave the guy permission to dig a long time ago and he has never come by; why don't you go ahead and do it."

That was good enough for me. I thanked him and headed out front to tell Ed the good news.

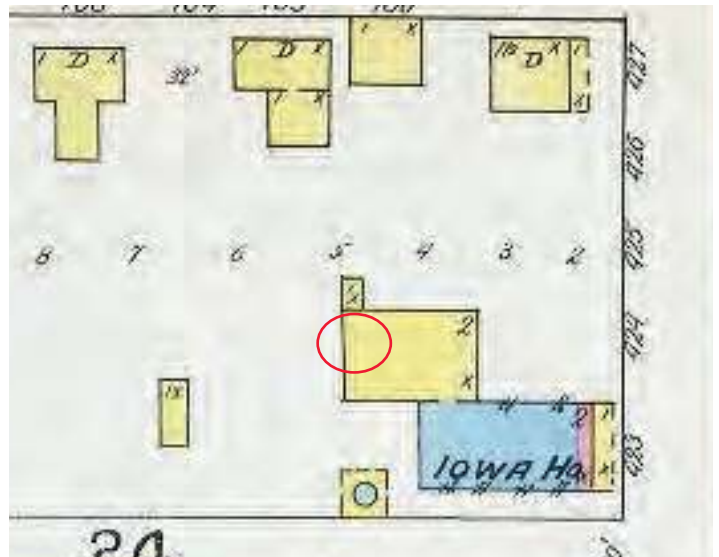
We went back to get my truck and while enroute, I called Kenny to let him know where we would be probing. Soon we were all gathered in front of Carl's house. Everyone got their probes out of the trucks and headed for the back yard to start a search.

It was very rough with lots of logs and firewood laying around.

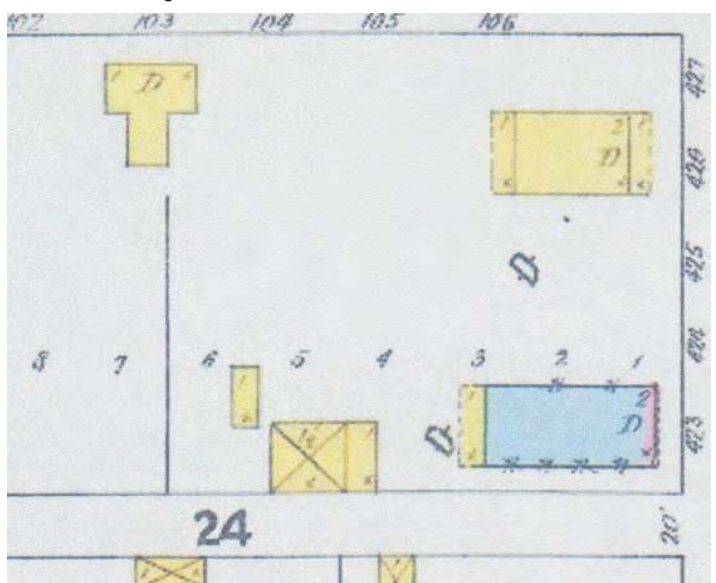
We probed for a few minutes before Kenny said that he had found a pit along the back fence. There was another shallow pit with lots of glass in the bottom several feet away along the same fence.



This 1887 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows the Iowa Hotel with an addition (circled) on the north side of the existing house.



This 1892 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows the small building attached to the addition (circled) that we suspect was the outhouse we dug.



This excerpt from an 1900 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows that the addition is gone and the building is now a residence.



The two holes were started, with Kenny and Ed digging the deeper one while Owen and I dug the other. The hole Owen and I were digging wasn't very deep and we soon determined that the glass, we were hitting, was just window glass. We decided it probably was just a trash pit.

We refilled it and then went probing for another spot to dig.

I found a spot along the alley, not far from the house, that probed pretty well. Kenny, who was looking at the map, told me that there was a windmill at that spot. I decided I had probably found the well so I continued my probing. Kenny left Ed digging and helped me with the probing. We found a third pit along the north fence line that appeared to be stone-lined.

The 1892 Sanborn Map showed the Iowa Hotel had a large addition built along the north side of the existing building. The map also showed a small building attached to the side of the addition. It matched up perfectly with the location of our stone lined pit. Owen and I moved our digging operation to the new pit and started opening it up. Carl came out to see how many bottles we had found. Kenny showed him a couple of slick, 1910, whiskey bottles they had pulled out of their pit, but they were only in the fifty-cent range and not the valuable bottles Carl was hoping we would find. Soon Carl had enough digging and went back in the house where it was warmer.

Kenny and Ed soon reached the bottom of their hole but were

disappointed to find the five-foot-deep pit had contained only a few 1910 liquor bottles and several bricks in the bottom. They soon had filled the pit and joined Owen and myself.

The stone liner Owen and I were digging- probed about six feet deep, which was shallow for a stone liner. The bottom also had a foot of water in it and to make matters worse the sticky clay in the hole kept sticking to the shovel. We soon decided it was easier to dig until the shovel was loaded with dirt, hand it to a person beside the hole who would give them a freshly cleaned shovel to continue the dig while the dirty shovel was being cleaned.

I was digging into the water and mud when I saw a small drugstore bottle float to the surface. I snagged it with the shovel and lifted it up. It was an 1880's drugstore bottle but was a slick.

Kenny took over the digging and started opening up the hole.

To combat the water problem, a bucket was utilized to dip it out and then dump it away from the hole. The water appeared to be rain water that had collected in the hole, so the level dropped as the digging continued. Darkness was approaching as we continued the dig and find more small, slick drugstore bottles in the bottom of the hole.

We decided that this pit had been dipped. Kenny digging the "sloppy" hole at the Iowa Hotel.

This 1887 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows the Iowa Hotel with an addition (circled) on the north side of the existing house.

This excerpt from a 1900 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows that the addition is gone and the building is now a residence. There weren't any larger bottles or other debris that you usually find in an outhouse, just the smaller bottles in the corners. Finally, we decided it was time to give up on the hole because it was just too sloppy and we weren't finding much. It was too late to start any more pits, so we decided it was time to call it a day

I talked to Carl and told him that we'd like to return and continue the search and he said that would be fine. We gathered up our digging tools and loaded up our vehicles. We then moved down to a parking lot on Main Street to do our bottle split. Everybody got some nice bottles to take home, plus we had a great time digging and breaking the winter doldrums. When the weather warms up, we will be back to try another dig and maybe cure another case of cabin fever. Just hope the big rocks stay out of our holes in the future. This 1892 Sanborn Fire Insurance Map shows the small building attached to the addition (circled) that we suspect was the outhouse we dug. A group of happy diggers, before the bottle split, show off some of the finds.



A group of happy diggers, before the bottle split, show off some of the finds.

