

# A Dump of Epic Proportions

*Are you into the ‘moood’ for a Holy Cow digging story?*

By Eddie DeBlock

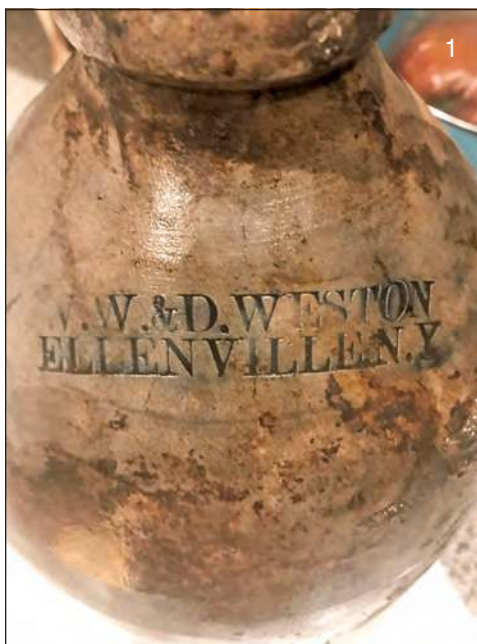
**H**ave you ever come up on one of those places — like a great dump — that really throws you back? Well, this is one of those places, where you never know what you’re going to find. We’ve all envisioned it, probably had dreams of what the ground grips beneath your feet. Gets your adrenaline flowing of the possibilities of finding that one-of-a-kind bottle or artifact.

This dump came to me on a tip from a good friend of mine, Joe Senese, aka the Train Man or Joey Train as fellow digger and frequent writer Ricky Weiner calls him. My first time arriving there was about four years ago. I was in awe of all the glass as far as you could see. At first, nothing spectacular, but patience and persistence would prove otherwise.

For the most part, the majority of what we dug were milk bottles from the ’teens, turn-of-the-century meds and pre-Prohibition beer bottles from a variety of brewers and pharmacies. As the weeks and months went by it got better. Soon enough, we were hitting the good stuff (to us anyways). Oddball things like porcelain bisque doll heads and blob top beers were popping out of the holes. This place was vast and old.

**PHOTOS 1-3:** W.W. & D. WESTON stoneware jug from Ellenville, N.Y., dug by Steve Cowles.

**PHOTO 4:** A NEW PARAGON fruit jar dug by James Stilson.





ABOVE: Sarasina Bitters dug by Eddie DeBlock.



Unmarked two-gallon stoneware dug by Eddie DeBlock.

Soon enough we would find out. I brought in a friend, James Stilson, aka Jimbo, and we got into some serious digging, sometimes spending the whole weekend away from our families in pursuit of treasure.

Jimbo is a guy who may as well have a rabbit's foot in his pocket all the time, but not that he didn't earn that luck. We were finding good stuff together as well. Nice early blob tops and Hutch bottles were almost commonplace at each dig. We really couldn't be in a better dump. And just when you think you've found the oldest thing, *BAMM!* Something older pops out. Ahhh, the proverbial "late-throw" scenario. Ricky Weiner was the first to remind me of that. Great guy who I consider a friend, with a vast amount of knowledge. I respect his opinion, but this place would prove his theory wrong. Not right away, but over the next two years. So I extended an invite to Ricky and his partner-in-crime, David the Badger Kern, and the stage was set.

The first time they arrived, Badger left with three huge backpacks filled with whatever you could think of. There were other diggers there and Ricky did more of a history talk than dig. Still, we persevered and I kept in contact with Ricky and Badger as well. Badger would make a few more visits over the next year or so and learn the potential of this place.



An ELECTRIC FRUIT JAR, dug by James Stilson.



The above piece of stoneware in the field.