



Cobalt Drake's Plantation Bitters

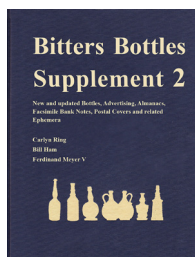
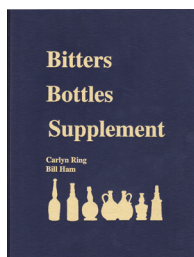
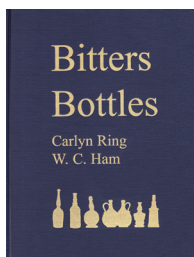
I noticed something unusual after setting my Drake's on a table facing the morning sun. It appears that the bottom and corners of the base are colorless, yet when held at normal eye level, there seems to be color, almost like the ruby red flashing used to mimic more costly red batch glass often used for cheap souvenirs at world fairs back in the day. If the Drakes hadn't been sitting at a certain angle, it's doubtful I would have noticed. I used a modern fantasy "Perrine's (apple) Ginger" cobalt bottle for comparison and an old 1870s cobalt square with the same result. I then reflected on the presentation by Treg Silkwood and how the Drakes were created, and I remembered his description of a new method they came up with for coloring the glass, which was brilliant. Anyhow, I would like to know if I have an oddity or if all the others show the same anomaly. It's rather cool, like a hidden signature, if you will.

Jack Klotz
Louisiana, Missouri

Bitters Bottles Supplements 1 and 2

Ferd & Elizabeth, Thank you! Santa Claus brought me the *Bitters Bottles Supplements 1 and 2*. They are fabulous!! I know this was a passion of yours and is quite evident. The color plates are spectacular and I suspect many, if not all of the bottles are yours. Thank you for your contributions to this hobby! I daily look at my cobalt Drakes and must say it is one of my favorites despite being a new bottle. If the original Carlyn Ring was updated with all of the materials noted in Supplements 1 and 2, I would be interested in adding it to my collection. LMK. Merry Christmas! I hope that 2025 brings you joy and good health!

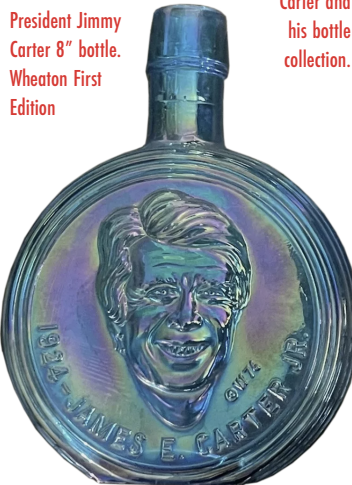
Bernie Bach
Keswick, Virginia



Jimmy Carter was a collector of antique bottles

Dear glass collector. On the occasion of President Jimmy Carter's death at the age of 100, I wanted to take a moment to tell you about a lesser-known aspect of this person. Ever since his youth, he had been an avid collector of historic 19th century utility bottles, which made him a pioneer in collecting antique utility bottles in the United States and far beyond. On this, see an article published in the Federation of Historical Bottle Collectors (FOHBC) magazine *Bottles and Extras*, March-April 2008, pp. 20-22. [Editor: Cover pictured below. You can also read on the FOHBC.org website Editors' Picks and in the archived magazines and articles in the members portal.] Bottles were also made in the United States to commemorate Jimmy Carter as president. As you can see, any bottle collector can become President. With kind New Year's greetings.

Willy Van den Bossche
Schoten, Belgium

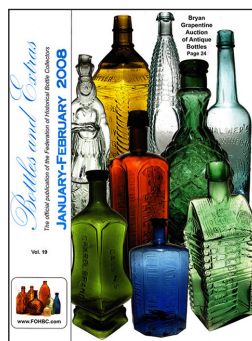


President Jimmy Carter 8" bottle. Wheaton First Edition

Jimmy Carter and his bottle collection.



Commemorative soda bottles.





Commemorative Drake's Christmas

Ferdinand, Merry Christmas. This is our son Danny, pictured at the FOHBC 2016 National Antique Bottle Show in Sacramento and another in 2024 where he added the blue Drakes to his collection. One of his gifts, he loves it. I wish I took a picture of him opening it as he was smiling from ear to ear. Then we watched the video of how it was made. He is very proud to own one.

Sheryl Anderson
Castle Rock, Colorado

Barber Bottles

Hello, I am a barber bottle collector from Pennsylvania and am interested in the book that I saw you post about on Facebook! I am always looking to purchase barber bottles if you know anyone that may be selling. I have attached some photos of my collection to give you an idea of the bottles I am into! Thanks so much. [Editor note: See both pictures in Member Photos this issue]

Trevor Reed
Pennsylvania



Big Jim & Me

Jim Burns, a native of Warsaw, New York, and a Greater Buffalo Bottle Club member, has been persistent and adamant about digging a privy with me. Well, the opportunity finally arrived. I met Jim the day after Thanksgiving, aka Black Friday, in Waterloo—halfway between his residence in Oneida and mine in Akron, New York. We were meeting at an 1840 Antebellum brick house. Jim hadn't even entered the backyard, and I had already probed the privy. "There's no way you already found it," Jim said in disbelief. "See for yourself doubting Thomas," I rebuked. "You're right—it sure feels like a privy," Jim remarked. I then stuck the probe in and showed him the black ash on the tip. It's not rocket

science, gang; there was standing water at the top in a low spot. I got out the garbage cans and asked Jim to start bucketing the water while I got out all the digging tools. We laid out two tarps, one for sod and one for the dirt. Once I cut out the sod, we began digging. It was a mix of ash, clay and water.

The first bottle out was a slick (no embossing) squat soda, followed by another and yet another. Ugh. Next was a gorgeous crude blob beer from Buffalo, "George Roos Excelsior Lager" embossed on both sides. Wow! Roos was in business from 1874 to 1887, and then the concern became Iroquois Brewery. Jim hopped in and pulled out a Philadelphia squat soda. Jim, a retired corrections officer, is a muscular, big guy you wouldn't pick a fight with. As I dug, Jim talked about his wrestling career, winning sectional titles. He had been recruited by several colleges and wrestled for Alfred State. He went on to compete in the Pan American Games competing in El Salvador and Germany.

As I dug, I had to stop and bucket water, which Jim dumped into the garbage cans. You want to save the water because it takes up space, and if you dump it in the yard, you will end up dirt shy when you go to fill it. When the water level was lowered, out came a "Spencer" fruit jar from Rochester, New York—followed by a "Coe's Dyspepsia Cure." Jim shouted, "Look out, Pete!" as one wall started to slide in. We had dug the whole square but were fighting a losing battle due to the moisture content and soil conditions. The mix of ash, clay and water created quicksand. Both of my feet were buried, and I had to dig them out. Even though I had just dug out a broken Drake's Plantation Bitters, we had to cease operations and fill in the hole. No bottle is worth an injury. No sooner had I gotten out of the hole when one of the garbage cans fell in. We will revisit this yard when it's drier and try to find the elusive pontiled pit.

Peter Jablonski
Akron, New York



"The Hole"

