

FIRST TIME LUCK?

By Dominic (Nic) Queen

A friend of mine was at my home to celebrate the holidays and seemed fascinated by my semi-vast display of milk bottles. I had suggested that the next time I go, she comes along to see what this digging thing is all about, which she agreed.

That next Saturday it was to be in the high 60's and clear, damn near perfect weather. She arrived at my house all ready to go, with bottled water and snacks in hand, hiking boots in tow, this was her first time out. We walked through some local woods slated for near future development. We illegally parked the truck, crossed the road as if we were doing something "bad" and infiltrated a "posted" area.

There were many trash piles in the area, most of which I really just ignored due to most seemed to be "new" trash. After about an hour or so she called out "Hey, there are some bottles over there!" Well I walked over to the pile, looked down and before I could pick up what ever was at my feet, She says "look at this, is it something I should keep or is it trash and look there is more over here?". Well,, what does she have? What does she have???! But a perfect Dunloggin Dairy baby's head cream-top milk!!

And lying there at her little hiking boots but about 3 more! Right on the surface! Well my jaw hit the ground like a ton of bricks. After the initial shock I looked in the vicinity and found several early Greenspring and Western Maryland dairy bottles and about a half dozen broken baby heads. Then she goes on to say well I did not know you wanted me to call out when I saw bottles, because there was some more over there.

Well "over there" held some more early milks, some had purpled nicely out there in the woods. I

felt slighted in some weird way. THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO ME! Well, I picked up all my backpack could hold and headed back to the truck. Well that was a great day in my book. I said that we should come back again, because I'm sure there is more out there. She stated she was free the next day.

We set out the next day on our trek to the same area. This day was somewhat different, high in the 40's cloudy and a threat of rain. This did not stop the beginners luck.



We got to the site and she found more than a few signs of a pile that may date back to the 20's and this area was much larger that I originally thought. We dug for a period of time. She found several keepers and some milks that had aged a very nice rose-ish color.

But on both days I found no real keepers, run of the mill junk not even a cracked Fairfield milk but a few pieces of blue glass possibly from the forties. On our way back to the truck we ventured down a side trail, where she stumbled upon an 1858 mason and a broken blob Phillips Bro's. Again right on the surface.

This reminds me of one of the first few times I went digging with Tom Robusto and found not one but two good crock bottles. This again has shown me that there is such a thing as "beginners luck," AND THERE IS PLENTY OF GOOD FINDS STILL IN THE WOODS.

Rain and darkness were upon us, so we headed to the truck. In my mind I thought to my self this area needs to be investigated! But I'm just not sure if I want to bring "HER" again...and the saga continues.

I probably will.