



The oldest of these bottles dates from 1870.



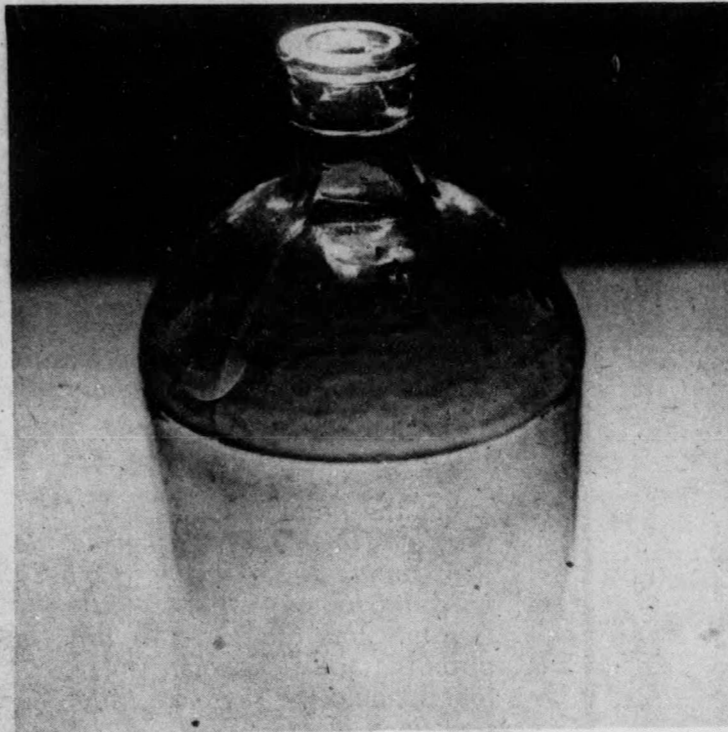
Dr. Findlay holds a ginger beer bottle in front of part of his collection.



Bottles such as the six in the window may have contained such patent medicines as "Dr. Wilson's Deadshot Wormstick".



The "Buffalo on the Rubbing Rock" bottle was made to commemorate the Manitoba Centennial.



This bottle exhibits characteristic whittling from some of the early bottles.

Dr. Findlay's bottle collection:

a fascinating array

By SHERYL WRIGHT

Dr. R.D. Findlay of Electrical Engineering has a bottle collection. He became interested in collecting bottles one year when he was on sabbatical. In one of the photographs, he is sitting in front of part of it, holding a stoneware ginger beer bottle, filled by the Dolan Company of Saint John. This particular bottle dates back to 1896, four years after the company began.

The unique bottle called "Buffalo on the Rubbing Rock" was made to commemorate the Manitoba Centennial of 1970 and contained rye whiskey. Only two thousand such bottles were made and this one is now worth about a hundred dollars. Each of the bottles in the photograph of seven is made of

stoneware. The one on the far right was made in Montreal by the Munderloh company which produced pottery bottles extensively. It was filled with ginger beer in Fredericton at the Enterprise Company and was reused often.

There were very few extensive pottery bottle manufacturers such as Munderloh in Canada until after the turn of the century because it was not a profitable business. Often they were produced in smaller quantities as a "backyard operation" and sold to local bottlers.

Some of the remainder of the stoneware bottles in the photograph were supplied to S.H. McKee, who operated from King Street, Fredericton, from "backyard" bottle makers. Dr. Findlay states that the earliest one dates

from 1870, at a conservative guess.

McKee started producing ginger beer in 1853 but did not state this on tax records until much later. For tax purposes he listed himself as a cooper (barrel maker) while at the same time advertising his beer, validated by a doctor as safe for one's health.

The whitest bottle in the photograph was manufactured in England by Price and was used as ballast on the ship crossing the ocean.

Chemists' bottles are exhibited in the photograph of the window display on the top shelf. Bottles such as these may have been used by druggists of the 1880's, such as John W. Brayley, who also dispensed such delicious patent medicines as "Doctor Wilson's Deadshot Wormstick", which

photos by:
jerome kashetsky

would cure both humans and animals of just about anything. He may also have bottled "bitters", such as "Burdock's Blood Bitters." These bitters were often very potent alcoholically. One analysis states that one type of bitters contained 60 per cent alcohol.

The bottle with the crook in it was filled with seltzer by J.J. Tune of Ontario and was used primarily in taverns.

The miniature of the Nonsuch was made in Nova Scotia recently and contained whiskey. The bottle is worth the original sales price, with or without the booze.

The single bottle photographed exhibits the characteristic whittling

from some of the early mold-blown bottles. This is a chemist's bottle, dated approximately 1880, and was made in a three-part mold with applied top. Bubbles apparent in the bottle were caused by the glass-blower who did not blow the glass to perfection. As this type of bottle was stock and trade, they were not made as carefully as the decorative pieces.

The twenty-five members of the Fredericton Antique Bottle Club meet once a month in the winter usually in the Archives. The next meeting will probably be held February 11. If you are interested, bring your bottle!

'Penny or Venny— Who Cares?'

My Answer to his Thoughts

As I read Matthew's article, my heart went out—I've never heard such blarney or seen so much baloney being sliced. The marks bit was true, to an extent. I got back my six courses - blank! I found out only in class how I'd done! More on that later.

Little Brother has a singular habit of exaggerating his verbal banter with an extrapolated extremity of exaggerated excrement, the type of which proceeds from beasts of the quadrupedal herbivorous variety (male gender) domesticated for the purpose of

producing voluble protein substances. I rejoice in being unburdened of such an intolerable vice, thanks to Professor D., my English prof.

Life has been fair to me, so far, but sooner or later, this year, I'll go home and Mom will meet me with the clippers or an order to see Con at the local tonsorial emporium (barber shop for uneducated freshmen). My hair must be an unprecedented eight inches in length! What a loss that'll be! After all, what self-respecting

young man of 20 wants to be bald?!!

I've been sitting here, at home, writing my fingers to the bone. I'm nearly done in a sci-fi novel, and professor D. has me on sonnets (see "My Love Doth Bloom"). I even wrote an episode for M.A.S.H., but that'll never see use in a million years! But, then, what beginner ever writes a million-seller? If this is seen by anyone, I'll be quite lucky.

It seems to me that there should be a happy note in this. Speaking of

notes, a certain teacher-trainee and I have been having clandestine meetings to make beautiful music together (me on piano and her singing). La Belle Musique Ensemble, pour les gens qui parlent francais (Professor M., that's how much French I got out of Fren. 2200).

It's twenty to five, time for supper, so I guess I'll go cook supper, before I begin to eat this article (I'm ravenous!).

P.R. Penny, Ed. 2
the Mad Professor's Worst enemy!

