

Vacant Lot

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A year ago the long empty lot south-east corner of Dayton and Mississippi was attacked with massive dirt moving vehicles. Went on for weeks, the piles and holes, here and there, seemingly without purpose, especially when the same piles and holes kept repeating.

Was anybody in charge?

And of course the childish question; were these just big boys playing in the dirt, just as his mates did in the 1930s where he lived?

Those days empty lots were in just about every block of his city, places where neighbor children could play games, and even more interestingly, simply dig holes, fill them, and dig another and another, etcet-a-rah, etcet-a-rah.

One game a more inspired created, when other were not around, to go to an existing hole, dig it a foot deeper, then bury some trinket, knowing one of the next adventurer would find it and eureka, keep digging, searching for more valuables.

The most outrageous.

That was when one more imaginative mind dug a particularly deep hole, planted a gueue, (a wig, copy of the Chinaman's braided hair, that flowed down the back) covered it in a hole, then waited. Everyone had mentioned digging until they came to the surface of the opposite side of the world in China. So, when that Chinese hair piece was found, there would be a clamor that day in our block; let us go all the way to China, step out and visit with those children in that far away land.

Then the queue was found.

There were so many volunteer diggers that the hole had to be enlarged, allowing multiple arms, pails to collect and discard removed dirt, and digging spoons attack the task. Then they began considering, how they would talk to their new friends? One whose dad spoke several languages, said that "Hello" was used everywhere. Conversion between equals, and between beginner and veteran diggers continues for what seemed hours.

It was going well; heads could no longer be seen when one Mom called her prodigy to dinner. Listening to that adventure, she forbade that child to return. And worse, notified several other parents .. the kids could topple the sides of the hole onto one another, become injured, or worse.

Back to the giant dirt moving at Dayton and Mississippi. Play with dirt continues to today, but now there are roads and houses growing, where last year it was acres of weeds and really ugly elm trees.

The big machinery is gone; the lesser digs today is done by man with shovel. And one unidentified hole remains at the very corner; was this dug just to have us really old kids wonder, could we dig there, find a Chinaman?

Then again, perhaps not.
Our holes never had a name.
These serious diggers call their digs Heritage.