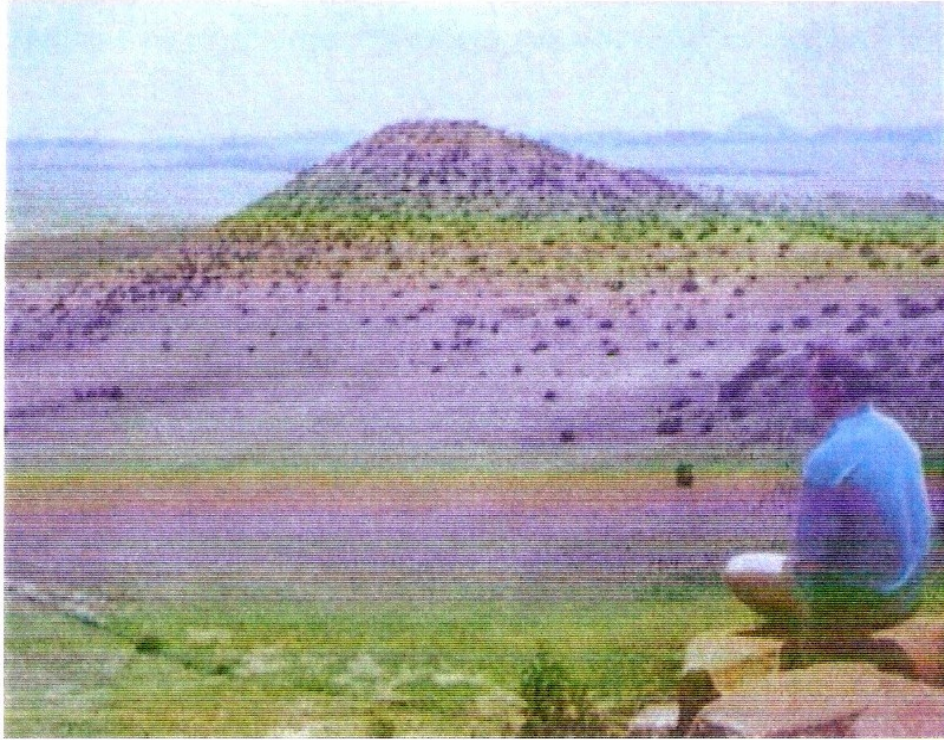


TREASURE TALK

NEWSLETTER FOR SOUTH AFRICAN METAL DETECTOR ENTHUSIASTS
NUUSBRIEF VIR SUID AFRIKAANSE METAALVERKLIKKER ENTOESIASTE
FOURTH QUARTER 2002 VIERDE KWARTAAL



Two photos taken approximately 100 years apart from exactly the same spot near Colesburg of a British campsite at Slingerfontein – see article inside **“On the spoor of the Brits and the Boers”**

Dear reader

One of our regular contributors to Treasure Talk, Dr Owen Timmermans, has sadly passed away earlier this year. Fortunately, quite a few of his excellent articles will still be published in future editions – please also see the letter by his wife in our letter column.

This is the fourth year that Treasure Talk is published in its current format of which this edition is the last for 2002. Because of work pressure, I find it difficult of late to give much attention to the newsletter – if there is anyone out there interesting in taking over the editorship in 2003, please contact me.

This is a bumper issue with great articles and fantastic finds and photos – a big thanks to everyone who contributed.

I wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a prosperous new year.

Pierre Nortje
Editor

Beste leser

Ek is jammer om bekend te maak dat Dr Owen Timmermans, een van ons gereelde artikelskrywers, vroeër hierdie jaar oorlede is. Daar sal egter nog vir 'n geruime tyd van sy artikels in Treasure Talk verskyn – sien ook die brief van sy vrou in ons leserskolom.

Treasure Talk verskyn nou al vier jaar in sy huidige nuusbriefformaat waarvan hierdie ons laaste uitgawe vir 2002 is. My werkverpligtinge is tans van so 'n aard dat ek nie genoeg tyd aan ons nuusbriefformaat kan gee nie. Ek sal bly wees as daar van ons lesers is wat sou belangstel om volgende jaar die redakteurskap by my oor te neem.

Hierdie uitgawe is propvol artikels van hoogstaande gehalte en fantastiese vondste en foto's – dankie aan almal wat bydraes gestuur het.

Geseënde kersfees en 'n voorspoedige nuwe jaar word al ons lesers toegewens.

Pierre Nortje
Redakteur

Letters from our Readers / Briewe van ons Lesers

Geagte mnr Nortje

Dankie vir u brief van meegevoel met die afsterwe van my man. Hy het altyd daarna uitgesien om u publikasie te ontvang en alles daarin te lees.

Ek sal graag dit ook gereeld wil ontvang, aangesien ek dit ook geniet het en dan sal ek dit aan my kleinseun gee, wat nou die metaalverklikker van my man oorgeneem het en net so entoesiasies is.

Lukas van der Merwe was nou al 'n paar keer hier op die plaas en gee raad en advies en praktiese hulp – want alles moet opgeklaar en verkoop word, want dit is nie vir my moontlik om alleen hier aan te bly nie.

As ek van adres verander sal ek u laat weet.

Groete

(Mev.) R Timmermans
Magaliesburg

Dear Pierre

This is the first time I have written to you and I must thank you for a most interesting magazine, which I always look forward to receiving. I hope to start writing a few articles for your magazine in the near future. As I have only been detecting for about a year, its taken some time to come up with some interesting finds to write about.

Keep up the good work

Mike Parkin
Germiston

Beste Pierre

Weereens baie dankie vir jou ywer en Santam se borgskap. Ek stuur hiermee saam vir jou 'n paar artikels en fotos vir publikasie.

John en Erica Mulder
Plettenbergbaai

Pierre

Thank you for religiously providing me with a copy of Treasure Talk every quarter.

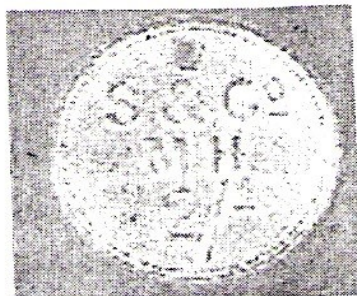
Although not an active Treasure hunter I can relate to the enthusiasm, excitement and enjoyment in making "that find". Also the patience and determination of these "hunters"

I am a collector of tokens, be they bus/tram tokens, trading tokens, bottle store/hotel tokens, milk tokens, in fact almost any old token.

Enclosed are photo-stats of articles I found in old "coin monthly" mags purchased at a sale a few weeks ago.

Happy hunting

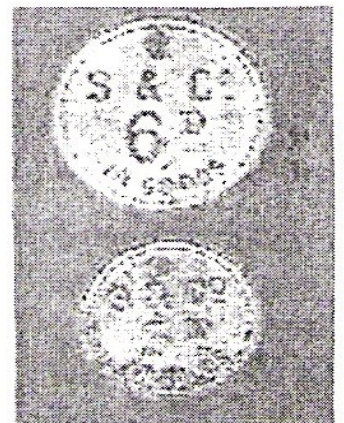
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On the Spoor of the Boers and the Brits

Part 2 : Back to Colesberg

By Lukas van der Merwe

This article was originally written by Lukas van der Merwe in Afrikaans. Pierre did the translating into English as the article was published on the international F.I.N.D.S. website. (www.findsinternational.org). Lukas also took all the pictures.

Monday – August 5th 2002

It is already that time of the year again for our excursion to the Anglo Boer War (1899 – 1902) battle fields at Colesberg - one can hardly believe that a year can pass so quickly. Kobus Nel, myself and a new member, Bertie Rietfeldt, left Johannesburg at 10 o' clock the morning for the long drive to the south. (Pierre and his friends from Cape Town, will only be joining us on Wednesday.

On our way, we stopped at the town of Winburg, for old Bantu fortifications were seen along the road. Kobus (67 years old) decided to stay in the pick-up truck as his knee was bothering him (that is an old trick – as soon as we started finding things, he was like quicksilver out of the truck and sweeping his detector like there is no end!)

After finding a few old (Zulu?) spears dating back many hundreds of years, we were off again.



Map of one of the areas we searched

When we arrived at the farm Arundel at Colesburg late in the afternoon, we could hardly wait to start digging as there was an old British camp on this farm. Just as we started to find some military buttons, Kobus called and said that the farmer called on the cell phone and was waiting for us on another farm (Ventersfontein). We were very tired and after a "wors braai" (sausage barbeque?) and a glass of "baboon soup" (brandy night cap), we were off to bed.

Tuesday 6th August 2002

Kobus made a wonderful breakfast as usual. When the sun rose, we where already at Arunel station were we immediately started to find some buttons, horse shoes, bullets etc. Then I saw Bertie frantically calling and waving to me – I thought that he found a scarce British coin or something (he promised that earlier the morning). It was an even better find – a badge of the 10th Royal Hussars. According to Bertie, he and Kobus found a patch where there were lots of old

bully beef cans lying around on the ground that made detecting very difficult – luckily the badge was also visibly lying on the surface. It was the find of the day.



Bertie's find - Badge of 10th Royal Hussars

I then decided to scan an area that was indicated on an old map as “Signal Hill” In one hole I found four live Lee-Enfield cartridges and soon after a .455 Webley cartridge. A few minutes later I dug up a horse shoe and then after another signal a fantastic find was made – a horse bit with two regimental badges/insignia on the sides. We were not able to identify the unit/regiment.

From there we moved on to Vaalkop where a skirmish took place between the Boers and the Brits in December 1899. Pieces of shrapnel and a fifteen pounder were found as well as Martini Henry and German Mauser (used by the Boers) cartridges. Lidite shrapnel - small lead balls – were also found.



Lukas digging – what could this be?

After walking for 6 kilometers and finding 68 items, I was real tired. After taking some pictures we had the fire going just after sundown. It was cold but with some beef on the coals and some “baboon soup” we talked till late into the night.

Wednesday 7 th August 2002

Tonight, Pierre and his team will join us in our adventures. This morning we are off to Rensburg station where, last year, I found the silver and gold pocket watches in some rocks near the old station where a British cannon stood.

This time, no gold and silver were found, but lidite pieces and Lee-Metford cartridges came to fore. Bertie found the skeleton of a Hyrax (Dassie) that (later that afternoon) he pieced together like a puzzle – see earlier competition “What is this” on FINDS forum by Pierre.



Handfull of Keepers

On the same hill that I found the pocket watches, many buttons and cartridges were found. Bertie also found a piece of a so called “fish plate” that was used to blow up the railway line. At an old rubbish ash-hole, I unearthed some old British bottles. On one of them some label remains “Jack of Hart...? Guinness – Brewed for South Africa”

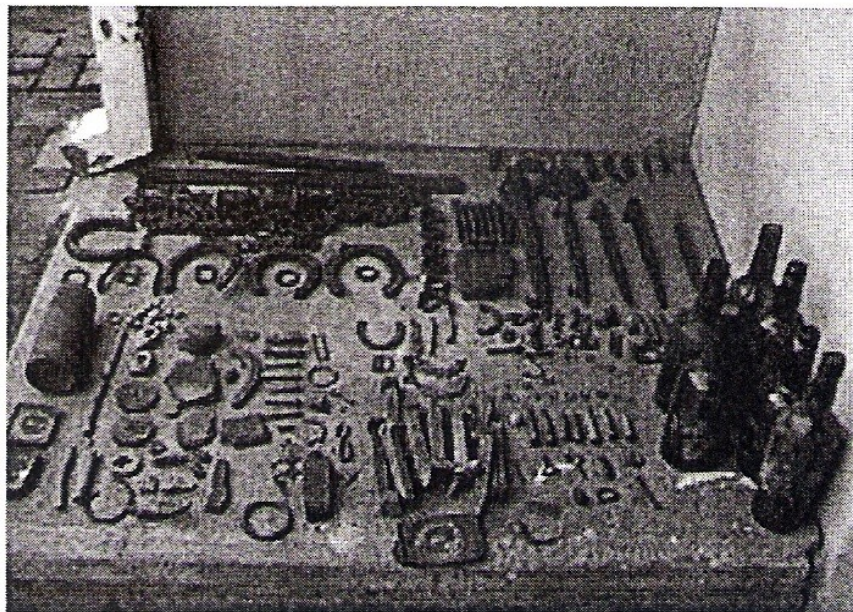
We then went to the museum at Colesberg to get some additional information on the Concentration camp at Norvalspoint where Boer woman and children were interned by the British.

That afternoon, Pierre and Allen Muller arrived at long last.

Thursday 8th August 2002

At eight o’ clock the morning, the farmer met us at Norvalspoint and took us to the site of the old concentration camp. He warned us of some wild ostriches and Wildebeest that were roaming these hills and that we must please be very careful. While searching, a few inquisitive cattle joined us, and Pierre nearly ran all the way back to Cape Town....

For some or other reason, we did not find much at the Concentration camp site – only a few tent pens, a thimble or two, a piece of an old umbrella and some Lee-Metford cartridges. Kobus found a cache of copper tent fasteners.



Assorted items

Driving back to the bridge that crosses the Orange river, we stopped on the side of the Orange Free State Province. On a small hill we saw some military fortifications. Here we immediately found lots of British regimental military buttons – many even lying on the surface. After 100 years it was incredible – could it be that nobody ever visited this site?

After receiving a good signal I dropped to my knees and start digging. After retrieving a small disc shaped object from the ground, I could hardly believe my eyes – in my hand I had a Victorian three pence dated 1881 with the young head of Queen Victoria on the obverse. It was a most welcome find, as coins are very seldom found in the bush. A few minutes later, I unearthed a cache of hundreds upon hundreds of Lee Metford spent cartridges.

Pierre also made an excellent find in a “spear point” that was known to be part of the head gear / kaki helmets of British cavalry officers. (This is difficult to translate – but the Germans in the First World War also had these objects mounted on their helmets – like a pointed spear point)



Kobus and Pierre at the Consentration campsite

After scanning another nearby mountain and finding, amongst other things an unknown British regimental button and a soldiers pocket knife, we were extremely tired and returned to Arundel.

Friday 8th August 2002

After a hearty breakfast we were off to Slingerfontein where a large British camp stood a hundred years ago. We had two pictures in our possession – one taken in 1899 of the camp and the other photo taken recently by the farmer's father. What we thought would be easy in finding the exact camp site turned out very difficult. When the farmer (driving with his motorbike in front of our 4x4 vehicle) showed us the spot, Pierre disagreed with him, and after a while the farmer said that he had made a mistake. Eventually we arrived at the correct spot and started our search. I borrowed a detector to the farmer who enthusiastically joined the rest of us. His dog, however, thought that we were all mad and crawled up under a bush and peacefully went to sleep.

Many bullets, tent pens, buttons, and dubbon tins dated 1897 and 1899 were found. The one had the town name of "Hull" on the front – Allen was very excited – his daughter is married to an Englishman and stays in England – guess in what town? Hull!

Kobus found an artifact that was placed on a smoking pipe to protect the smoker from the ash flying in his face while riding on his horse.

From there we went to New Zealand Hill where 18 New Zealanders were shot dead by the Boers in January or February 1900 attacking the hill where they were lying in ambush. Many cartridges cases and Mauser bullets, used by the Boers were found.

The sun was beginning to set on our last day, and we were a tired but a happy group of relic hunters when we returned for the last night at Arundel. We had a nice barbeque that night and I showed the guys the full video of the few days that I downloaded on my Laptop computer with GPS readings of all our better finds.



L.to R. Pierre, Alan, Lukas, Bertie, Kobus, Anthony

The next morning we said our goodbyes and pledged to see each other again in a years time in Colesberg. Then we were off on the long drive back to Cape Town and Johannesburg respectively. What a few days we had together...and what a hobby!

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THE HAZARDS OF SCUBA DIVING FOR GOLD

By Andy Naude

Forget about everything you have heard about the bends, decompression sickness and the Great White shark or even diving alone. These are not the *real* dangers you will have to face up to when you decide to start using a metal detector under the water. Every dive has its own challenges, but from my experiences the dangers I have encountered have seldom come from within the water itself, but most of the time from outside of the water.

The first danger you are likely to come across is humans. They can present various forms of danger. The first is one of curiosity. They first toss a muscle shell into the water to see what reaction they can get, when there is no reaction it becomes a small pebble and when there is still no reaction it becomes stones and rocks the size of your fist. The best counter measure for this is normally to surface pointing the detector in the direction from whence the projectile came and shout: "Just try that again and I'll shoot!"

Then there are the naughty ones that start throwing the big stones first and then run like hell. No suggestions for this one.

Then there is the brave type, the ones who will show the crowd that they are not afraid of this beast in the water. (I've been referred to as a turtle, a fish and even a shark) One day this guy, who had one too many got into the water with me and pulled me up by holding the back of my buoyancy compensator. There was not much I could do, but I knew then that knives were not just for getting coins and rings out of those hard to get at places.. I never used it, but the thought did cross my mind.

Not all dangers are of an aggressive nature as I have also found. One day I was swimming out to the spot I wanted to dive when I felt something tugging at my one fin. I got quite a fright, as I was not expecting anything out there. When I looked around there was this large ?????????? dog who was trying to "rescue" me. We had a bit of a struggle. I told him I would be OK, but he kept his hold he was totally bent on rescuing me. It was only when I dived down that he let go of my fin.

Yes. Not all dangers are from outside of the water. The couple of times my heart has nearly stopped have in fact been from sharks. Not from seeing them – that's still OK, but from touching them when you least expect it. The sharks I am referring to are the "sand sharks". They don't get very big here; the biggest I have encountered may be a meter or so in length. They have this nasty habit of burrowing themselves just beneath the sand with only their eyes and nostrils protruding. With this excellent camouflage it is impossible to spot them when your concentration is on the detecting. Then it happens - you move forward and

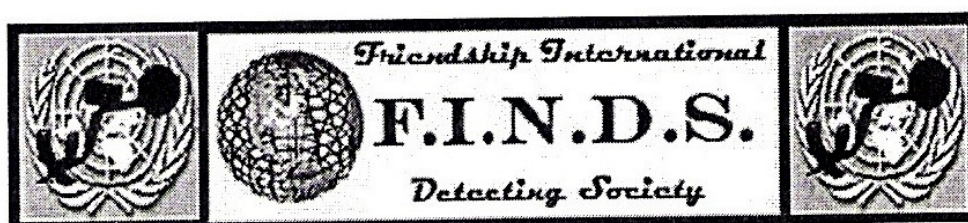
put your bear hand (because you don't wear gloves, gloves only hinder the fanning) on the shark, the shark moves like lightning and I'm never quite sure who got the biggest fright. Was it me or was it the poor shark. I think it must be me, at least he must have seen me coming.

Then there was the day I was on my own in the tidal pool. I had not been in for long and was getting my fair share of signals. With one of these signals I put the detector down and fanned away. It was a coin. So I took hold of my detector to continue with my swim, but alas my detector did not want to budge. I tugged and tugged and only then did I see the two black tentacles. At first I thought it was a rock lobster, but then I saw the other tentacles tightly wrapped around the shaft of the detector, yes you guessed – it was an octopus who thought that lunch had just dropped by and was beneath the rock where I had place my detector. He must have been very disappointed when we left without offering a substitute meal.

Then there was yesterday. I arrived in Hermanus where I have wanted to go again for some time. We had planned to make quite a day of it with a picnic basket and all. The weather was really great and I lost no time getting into the sea. It was a very shallow dive and the water was very clear. I was really having plenty of fun when I heard this tremendous thundering noise getting closer and louder all the time until it was just above me and did not want to go away. I surfaced to see what fate awaited me. I should not have been surprised when I saw this helicopter hovering above me with the policeman hanging out the door and showing all the signals he had ever learned. After a short confrontation, no words, just signals, I showed him my metal detector. (Not quite the go-off or I'll shoot tactic I've used in the past), but it worked – he believed me. They were out on a routine patrol keeping a look out for abalone poachers in the water when they spotted me in the "wrong" spot. At least I did not get arrested and was allowed to continue with my dive.

So do take all the hazards that you have been taught seriously, don't take chances, but when you are out there, especially when you are on your own, please keep an open mind about where the next surprise will come from.

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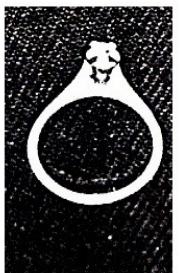
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Finding Trish's Ring

By Bob Boggis

"Trish" phoned me late in the evening full of tears and very sad. It is sometime since I used my Garrett Freedom Ace CDC Series and as you see from her affidavit my first efforts were somewhat rusty. However I was quick to realize that elimination of pull tabs is not always the best option – The find didn't give me as much pleasure as I got from returning the ring to Trish... only ever find another ring in 15 years and I think I know why!

Trish wrote "...I was cutting the lawn and tipping the cuttings into a barrow, and then onto the compost heap. That evening I found that my ring was missing. Bob came around on Sunday and did a sweep of the compost heap with no results. We then went over the cut grass. I placed my wedding ring (gold) on the grass and Bob realized that he had not adjusted the sound (discrimination?) correctly. Back to the compost heap, and within two minutes I was in tears. My engagement ring has been found. Thanks to Bob and his magical machine I now have my 30 year old solitaire diamond engagement ring back"



The Compost Heap and Ring

Fluit-Fluit

Deur Marius en Estienne le Roux



Hierdie fluitjie is ongeveer op 'n diepte van 25cm op 'n verlate klipperige strandjie naby Gansbaai gedurende Desember 2001 gevind.

Volgens 'n metaalkenner is dit moontlik dat die item uit die 18e of 19e eeu of vroeër kan dateer. Die fluitjie kan ook vermoedelik van 'n gestrande seilskip afkomstig wees aangesien dit in 'n gebied gevind is naby Danger Point waar daar heelwat ou skeepswrakke aangeteken is.

Was die fluitjie miskien vroeër jare op skepe gebruik saam met byvoorbeeld die skeepsklok, om deel te vorm as kommunikasiemiddel tussen skeepsoffisiere en bemanningslede?- of kon dit dalk deel uitgemaak het van lewensreddings-toerusting wat in daardie tyd gebruik is?

Volgens die SA Vlootmuseum het skepe in die 13e eeu al reeds van blaaspype en/of fluitjies gebruik gemaak wat verskeie vorms aangeneem het, veral in die tyd van slawehandel.

'n Mens kan maar net bespiegel wat die werklike oorsprong van hierdie vonds was.

00000000oooooo00000000

Follow my Intuition

By Dave van Rensburg

My wife and I have been metal detecting on Durban beach for the last three years. We have had many interesting experiences on these beaches and have learned a lot over the three years. Experience is the best teacher and one learns to sum up a beach at a glance. Where the wash has taken place, how much sand has been moved off or added to the beach and how has it changed since the last visit? All this from experience. What about intuition?

Sometimes a feeling of urge to change the usual “modus operandi” of your detector can also pay off. I recall just such an incident that payed off. We had been detecting on Battery Beach and signals were few and far between. We moved a kilometer north to Oasis Beach and encountered the same story. Bottle caps, pull-tabs, wire and some cans were all we could find. We decided to pack it in and walk to the car at Battery Beach and go home.

We switched our detectors off and started off for Battery Beach. We were walking along chatting when about midway between beaches something made me say to Wendy. “I feel I must put my detector on and do some sweeps as we walked on” She laughed and said “What for? The beaches are sanded up and you won’t find anything”. I replied “I do not know why but something tells me to do some sweeps ahead”.

So I put on the earphones and proceeded to do wide sweeps as we moved forward. Wendy watched with amused expression. I had only swept five meters ahead when I received a very loud signal. Another cool drink can? I decided to dig. My first thrust I felt something and on the second my digger lifted and automatic pistol out of the sand. I could hardly believe my eyes. I had never found a pistol before and with shaking hands I rinsed it off in the water. It was a CZ83 9mm Parabellum in good condition. I gave Wendy a smug smile as she watched wide-eyed. It was an even more exciting find as I had followed my intuition and it had paid off.

The police checked its serial number and it had been stolen and dumped in the sea. They were pleased to have it back out of circulation amongst thieves. That is what I call following up on intuition, one of those strange incidents that are hard to explain. The exact place on thousands of square meters of beach and at that particular point a feeling that I must use the machine. So fellow detectorists, don’t ignore that feeling or hunch – it may well pay off. Happy hunting to you all!

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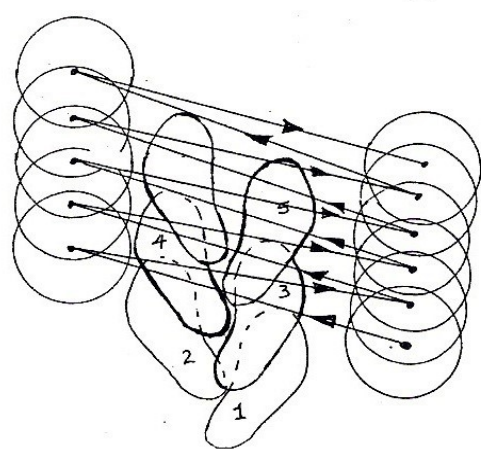
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Treasure Hunting and the Beginner - Part Two

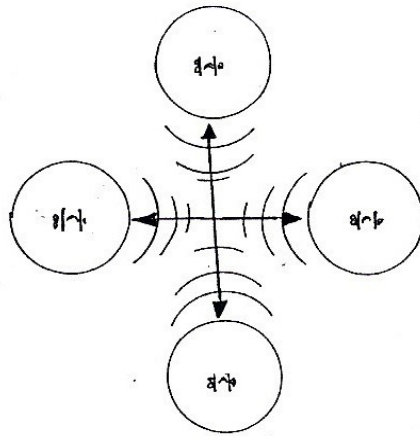
(Continuing from previous issue)

By Clarence Coetzer

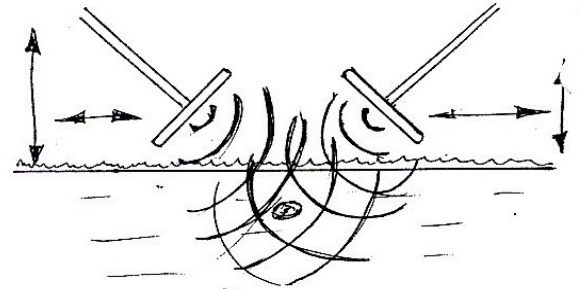
Right enough, the detector made its noise over there, but exactly where? Take the machine, slowly and calmly, and sweep the area again, until you find the strongest signal and lightly mark the spot with a "fore/aft" (front to back) line. Now, sweep the detector from left to right to that line and do a "side to side" line, crossing the first line at right angles until the strongest signal is found and a mark is made (a cross is now evident on the ground). This is "PINPOINTING" and your target is directly below this cross. This is not easy at first and needs practice.



IDEAL SEARCH PATTERN.
NOTE OVERLAP OF FOOT
STEPS, COIL SWEEPS.



PINPOINTING: NOTE
FORE/AFT AND SIDE
TO SIDE PATTERN.

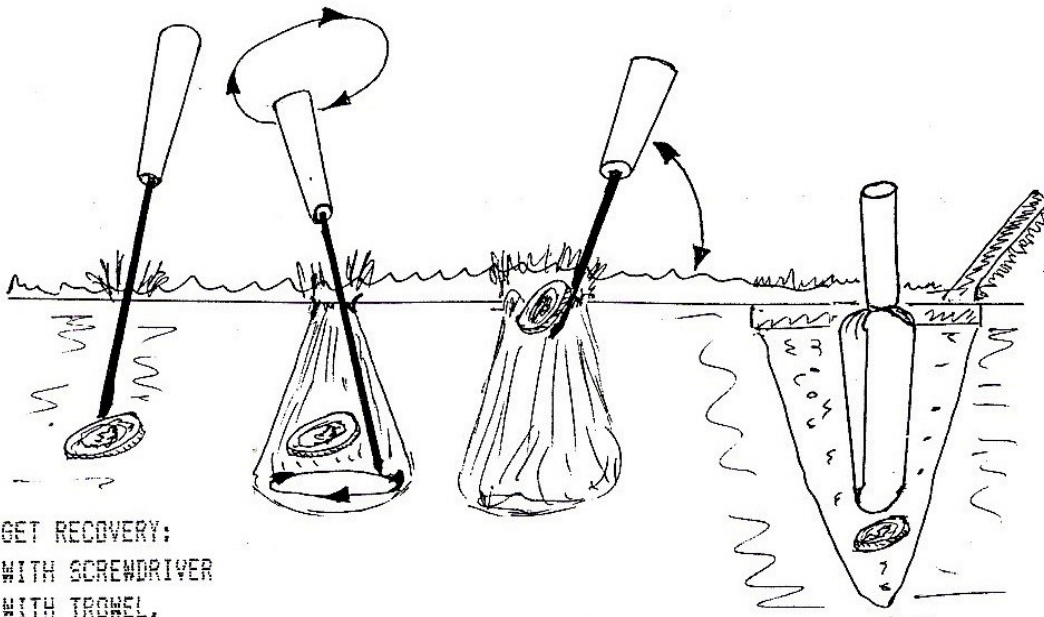


DEPTH FINDING: NOTE
POSITION OF SEARCH
COIL AND DIRECTION
OF MOVEMENT.

Now you want to know how deep your target is, don't you? This is also possible to work out too, using a similar method to the above. You have your target "cross" marked, ready to dig, so all that is required, is to take up your position at the mark as before and set your machine so that the search head is at 45 degrees to the surface. You then move it up and down (at 45 degrees to the ground) until you get the strongest signal, and you do this from both sides, noting the height of the coil above the surface each time. You can do this in the direction you are walking on both sides of the target. If you look at what has happened, you will see that you have an included angle of 90 degrees and experience will show you that your target is directly proportional to the height the coil is above the surface.

Now why did I tell you not to use the shovel? Well, the environmentalists will not like it, the land-owner will not like it and some-one could trip and break a leg and then you are in for a law suit, so use the smallest possible instrument to remove the soil above the target and be certain to replace it so that it will grow back without making a blemish. The usual method of finding small items in ground is by using a screw-driver, but your pinpointing has to be spot-on. Otherwise a very narrow, sharply pointed trowel is

useful. Your spade and pick and shovel is only useful when you have found Dom Paul's Millions! Do not use them unnecessarily. They can only cause you grief.



TARGET RECOVERY:

A: WITH SCREWDRIIVER

B: WITH TROWEL.

The screwdriver method is simple. You use the long, thin screwdriver as a probe to first locate the target (if you have one of those new-fangled machines that identifies your target you will know what you hope to recover), then you rotate the screwdriver around and around the target in a circle, loosening up the soil, until the screwdriver can be inserted under the target to work it to surface. The target also rises towards the surface as you rotate the screwdriver.

The trowel is a little simpler to use. It is used to cut a circle in the ground or grass, but only three quarters of the way around the target and the surface grass is then lifted like a flap or trap-door. The soil below this is then removed and placed on some plastic sheeting until the target is recovered. When the target has been removed, the soil from the plastic sheet is poured back into the hole, tamped down and the grass plug put back in place and patted down. Dump any rubbish found. In sandy conditions, use a sandscoop which will allow the sand to sift through and back into the hole. Level or smooth the surface and again, dispose of any rubbish, i.e. glass, cans, paper, foil, etc.

A couple spots that you might just be interested in working at some stage or other are as follows: -

RIVERBANKS: When working a riverbank, consider the flow of that river. Look at whether it flows straight, or the river curves. If it flows straight wait for "low water" or when the water level is low and work from the bank down towards the water. If the area is used for recreational purposes it can be lucrative. If the river has a curve, work along the inside of the curve, on the "slip off slope" as it is known. Heavy items would be deposited there during the

heavy flow of the stream, while lighter items end up in the deeper, faster flowing channel.

BEACHES: If you work Beaches and want to try something different, try this. Carefully observe the area in question and look for places where a lot of stones or heavy shells and flotsom and jetsom is washed out by the sea. If there is an old wreck in the immediate vicinity the chances are, although the odds may be tall, that SOMETHING could have been washed out there and MIGHT STILL BE THERE. A PIECE OF EIGHT or DOUBLDON are not to be sneezed at. It does happen that heavier items are pushed out by the sea at such places. I once found a small bit of silver at Bloubergstrand doing iust this.

REMEMBER! SET AND TUNE your machine for optimum results - an out of tune and maladjusted detector is of no use to man or beast.

WORK TO A PATTERN - haphazard searching seldom gets results, unless you are very, very lucky.

DO RESEARCH. LOCAL HISTORY AND OLD TIMERS CAN HELP YOU BE AN ACE TREASURE HUNTER.

OVERLAP YOUR SWEEPS by at least half the width (but preferably more) of the search head.

PINPOINT YOUR TARGETS CAREFULLY - it makes recovery of the items so much easier.

DISTURB THE AREA YOU SEARCH AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE. You may want to return some day and not be allowed back because of being inconsiderate in the way the site was left.

LEAVE THE SITE AS YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIND IT, OR BETTER. Even if the place is in a mess when you arrive, tidy up and dump any rubbish. Take it home if necessary.

NEVER BE INCONSIDERATE TO PEOPLE (NON DETECTORISTS) WHO MAY BE USING OTHER AMENITIES WHERE YOU MAY WHISH TO WORK, i.e., the Beach, Parks, Sports Fields and so on. Do not be pushy. They have more right to those areas for their recreation than you have. Come back later or after hours to do your thing.

NEVER TRESPASS! ALWAYS GET PERMISSION BEFORE WORKING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY. THIS ALSO APPLIES TO SCHOOL GROUNDS, SPORTS FIELDS, PARKS, etc. I believe most Municipalities would be sympathetic if approached correctly, for permission to work their Parks and open spaces.

I TRULY HOPE THIS GIVES THE NEWCOMER THE INSPIRATION AND HELP THAT I NEVER HAD WHEN I STARTED OUT AND WILL PUT HIM ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESSFUL TREASURE HUNTING.

Vonste van Jacobsdal

Deur Piet van Zyl

In Desember verlede jaar het ek met my Coinmaster 4/DB naby Jacobsdal in die Vrystaat gaan soek. Ek het onder meer 'n Britse goue pond (Sovereign) uit die Victoriaanse era gekry – langs 'n ou blokhuis. Dit lyk of daar 'n Britse kamp kon gewees het. Daar lê byvoorbeeld baie ou blikke en bottel stukke wat dateer uit die Boere-oorlog tydperk. Dan is daar ook name van Britse soldate op klippe uitgekrap. Die datum van die goue pond is 1881. Die Martini Henry doppies is ook in dieselfde omgewing gevind.



THE PAIN IN SPAIN

After all the stories and rumours we heard about treasure hunters being terrorised by beach cleaners and Spanish police on Spain's beaches it was with great uncertainty and anxiety that we eventually decided we would take one metal detector with us on our visit to Porto Banus.

Erica thought it wise that she leave her Fisher at home so at least she could bail me out in the event that they locked me up in Spain.

It is against this background that we spent the first few days carefully observing the activities on the beaches at Porto Banus before deciding the coast was clear to risk our appearance on the scene:-

- Tramps Beach, one of the nearby beaches, boasts a threatening signpost which reads ... No food or beverages may be consumed on this beach unless purchased from this restaurant. We did not think we would be welcome here.
- We did not see any other treasure hunters during these first few days.
- We did however notice that the beach cleaners seemed to tidy up and collect the mattresses from the sunbeds before sunset.
- Everybody was off the beach well before sunset.

The Spanish beaches are highly commercialised and it appears as if the owner of the trading licence for a particular section of a beach exercises a "right of admission" as to who is welcome on his portion of the beach, and what they may or may not do on that part of the beach.

So on the fourth day of our stay at Porto Banus, around sunset at 9:30pm we walked down to the beach with our gear well camouflaged:-

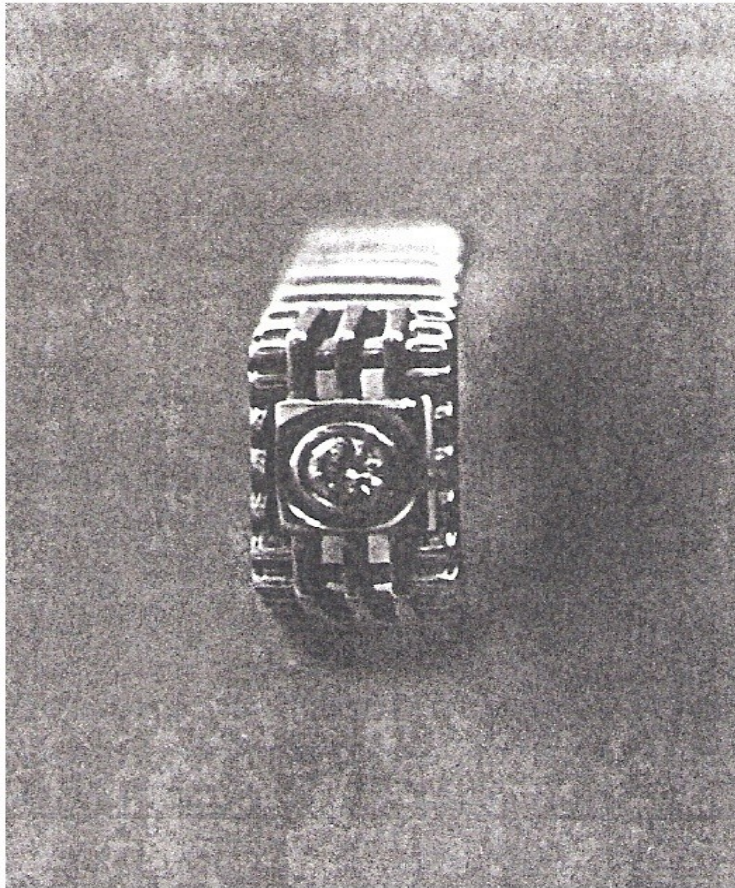
- The scoop in a plastic bag;
- The coil and control box of the Impulse also covered in plastic bags.

At first I only worked the wet sand and the edge of the dry sand, but as nobody seemed to take any interest in my doings, I gained courage and on the days thereafter, after sunset, got brave enough to venture amongst the beach umbrellas and sunbeds.

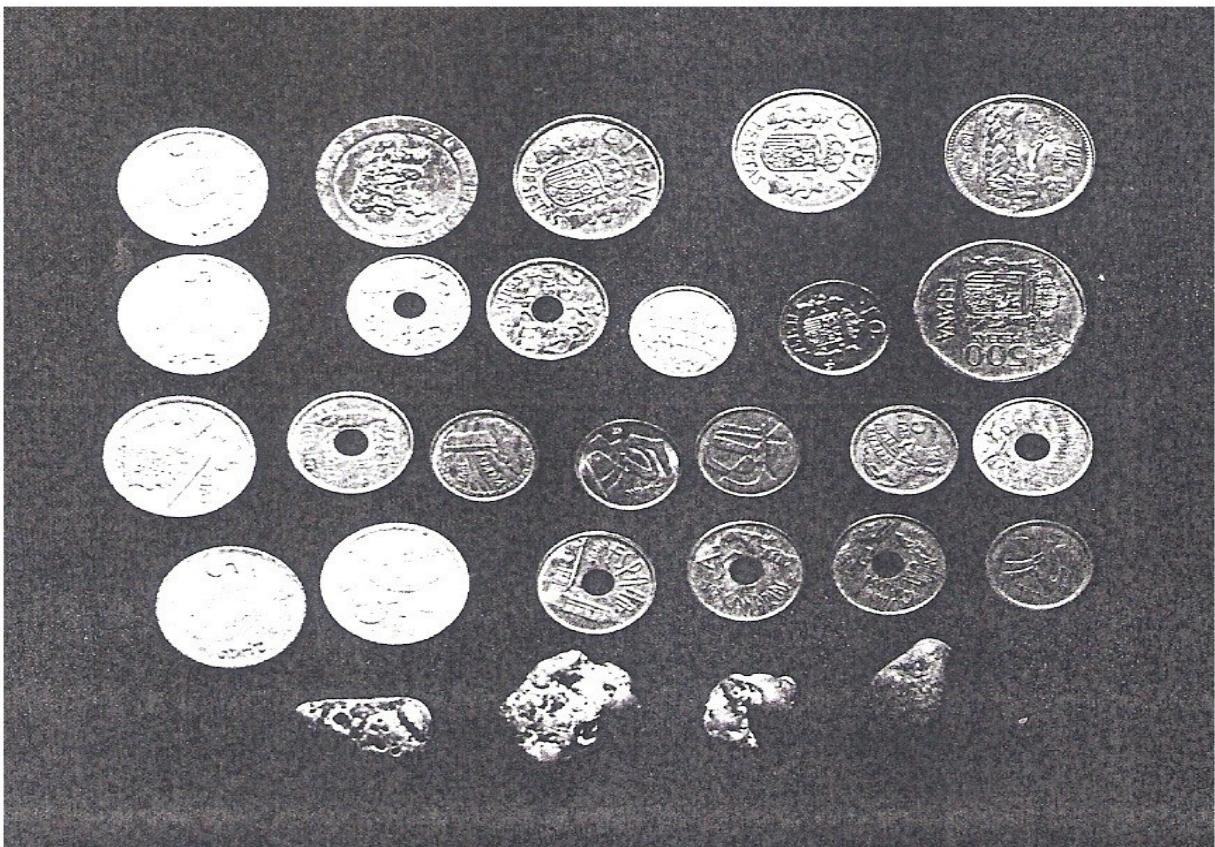
Since I was not exactly walking on coins and treasure, I soon got the feeling that even though I never saw another treasure hunter, somebody else must be working these beaches.

Then on the third day, suddenly I hit two birds with one stone - two other treasure hunters on the beach with their Fishers - but they were Spanish and could not speak a word of English, so all I knew was that my suspicions about other treasure hunters were now confirmed. I also noticed they were searching all over the beach, even amongst the sunbeds and in full view of the last beach cleaners, as if they owned the place. This really made me feel much more relaxed, like I am at home, but not realising the potential danger I was actually facing (see later).

It was nice finding Euros (€1 and €2) knowing that they were worth R10 and R20 respectively. Same for the Pasetas 500/200/100 coins which could be exchanged at the beachfront bank for Euros until June 30. Thereafter no matter the denomination of the Pasetas you found and how valuable they appear to be, they were as useless as bottle tops and pull tabs.



Nine carat gold ring set with Cubic Zirconia



Spanish coins and some melted metal pieces – not sure what they are

I found a lot of troublesome items in the water - pieces of red tile, wires, hot rocks/lava?, aluminium nuggets, nails and what appeared to be bits of bombs from the Second World War. So I spent most of my time on the dry sand.

During the total search time of ten hours over five days I managed to recover €60 and Ptas 3000, one gold ring set with CZ, two silver rings, one broken watch, three junk silver chains and 100 or more other small coins. Interesting to see that the gold and silver rings were stamped on the outside of the bands.

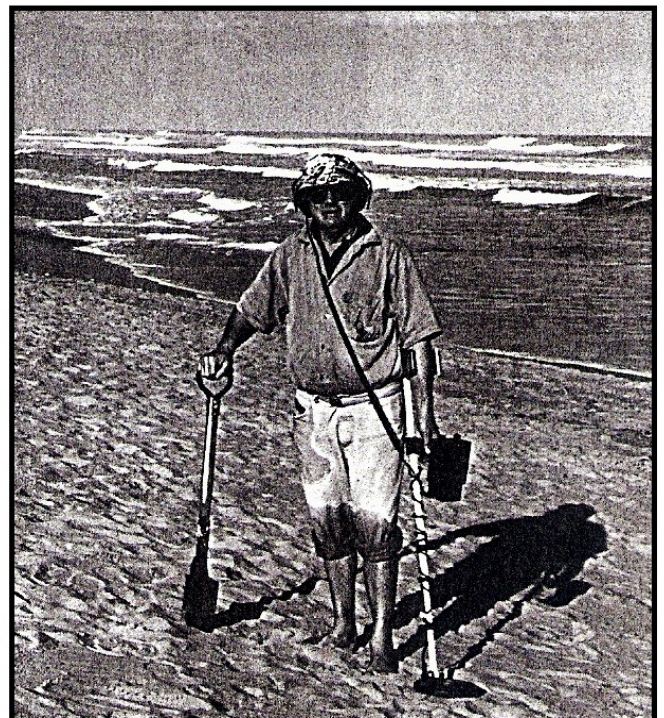
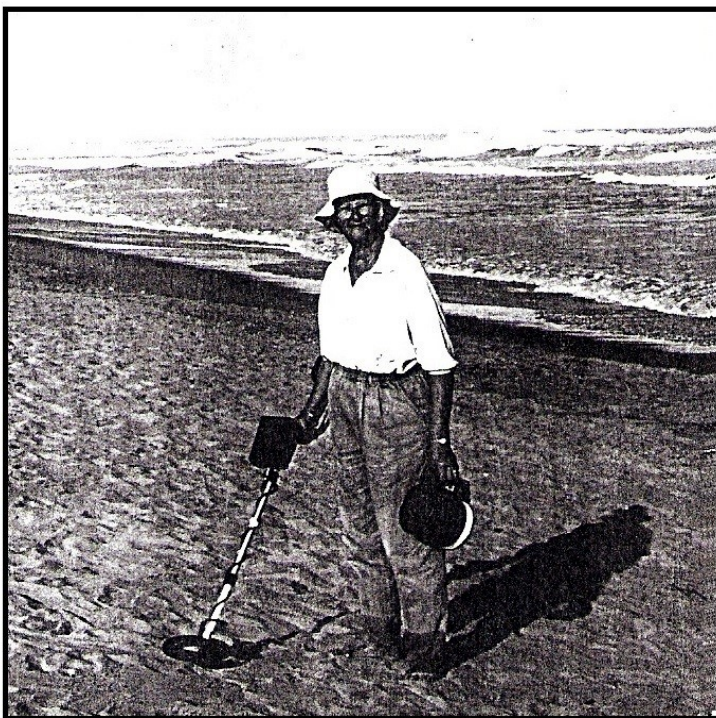
Then our time was up and we went to London City where I bought the July issue of Treasure Hunting and on page 31 read the dreadful story of the three Brits who went to Majorca and had their metal detectors confiscated by the Spanish police and came close to being charged in court - for no real/good reason except maybe because they were detecting in the waves near some Spanish anglers. If the police were acting within the law, then why did the case not go to court?

In retrospect, after all the stories I have heard and read about overseas treasure hunters getting into trouble in Spain with beach cleaners and the police, it suddenly became very clear to me what may be going on. It all amounts to xenophobia and brotherhood, call it what you like.

- If you are a Spanish treasure hunter you may search where and when you want, but
- If you are a foreigner and you go anywhere near another Spanish treasure hunter, or angler, or on the beach near their fishing boats or sunbeds, in other words the entire beach, then you are looking for trouble.

So I won't go to Spain again, the risk of being handicapped on the first days of your visit, them confiscating your equipment and threats of having to appear in court, is too much of a muchness.

JOHN & ERICA



RELIC ENHANCEMENT

by Owen Timmermans

Some time ago, a newspaper report discussed the exploits of a British historian who learns about war by digging up old battlefields.

Relics discovered by him are deliberately kept in the "as found" condition.

"It's more evocative", he explains.

Of course that's one point of view, but many would prefer their relics properly cleaned.

Non-ferrous items found on old battlefields are mostly made of one of the following alloys:

Cartridge brass, a 70% copper, 30% zinc alloy.

Bronze, a 90% copper, 10% tin alloy.

Gun metal, a zinc bearing bronze with the composition 88% copper, 10% tin and 2% zinc.

Pure soft copper. This metal was used for driving bands on 15 pounder shells.

Bronze relics, such as timing mechanisms on certain shells need little special cleaning. The alloy, though superficially tarnished is quite stable under most climatic and soil conditions.

Brass usually does not fare so well:

I have found 0.303 Lee-Enfield casings, where they had fallen to the ground, one hundred years ago. The original shiny brass surface now changed to a truly magnificent green patina of basic copper carbonates. Such finds are exceptions to the rule!

Brass items, thickly covered by blackish-brown corrosion products, often accompanied by a multitude of ugly pimples erupting through the dark brown skin, are what meets the finder's eye.

Methods for beautification of such objects do exist.

A good hot water soak and rub with fine steel wool are essential preliminaries. Careful rubbing of the base of a cartridge will reveal the head stamp and enables identification.

Steel wool treatment of the relics removes all loosely adhering dirt but does not disturb the tightly held corrosion products.

Brass relics suffer from what is rather descriptively called 'Brass Disease'. This condition is the result of a preferential oxidation of the zinc in the alloy, leaving a porous surface layer enriched in copper.

Methods will now be discussed for removal of these unsightly surface layers.

A very effective approach is to treat the relics in a 0.5% aqueous solution of sulphuric acid kept at a temperature of 30 to 40 degree C. A reaction accompanied by the

evolution of bubbles will take place.. About 10 minutes later, depending on the degree of corrosion of the relics, the reaction will have subsided.

The items should then be removed from the acid bath and thoroughly washed under the tap.

Brass relics will then probably show a pink colour, because of being covered by a more or less adhering deposit of powdery metallic copper. Some of this deposit can be removed by careful rubbing with fine steel wool. A subsequent buffing operation will result in mirror-like finish. The surface will seldom show the original yellow of brass, but will be pinkish instead.

There is no need to resort to buffing! Final cleaning can be carried out more efficiently by electrolysis.

Connect the acid cleaned relic to the anode and a thin piece of stainless steel sheet to the cathode. The cathode makes contact with the negative pole, the anode with the positive pole of your D.C. supply.

Dissolve 5 grams of ammonium-sulphate per 100 mls of dilute sulphuric acid of 0.1% strength. Using this solution as your electrolyte, adjust the voltage to get a current of about 1 ampere. A reading of 3 to 5 volts should give you this current strength.. If not, you have a bad contact!

Remove the relic when the yellow colour of brass shows up, wash under the tap and dry properly.

Live cartridges may be treated in a similar fashion, but should never be buffed as the considerable local heat evolved during this operation could cause an explosion. These old cartridges may still be very much alive as witnessed by the bangs one sometimes hears during a veld fire.

Certain relics may find the initial treatment in 0.5% warm aqueous sulphuric acid solution a bit too harsh. I am here thinking of old brass service buttons.

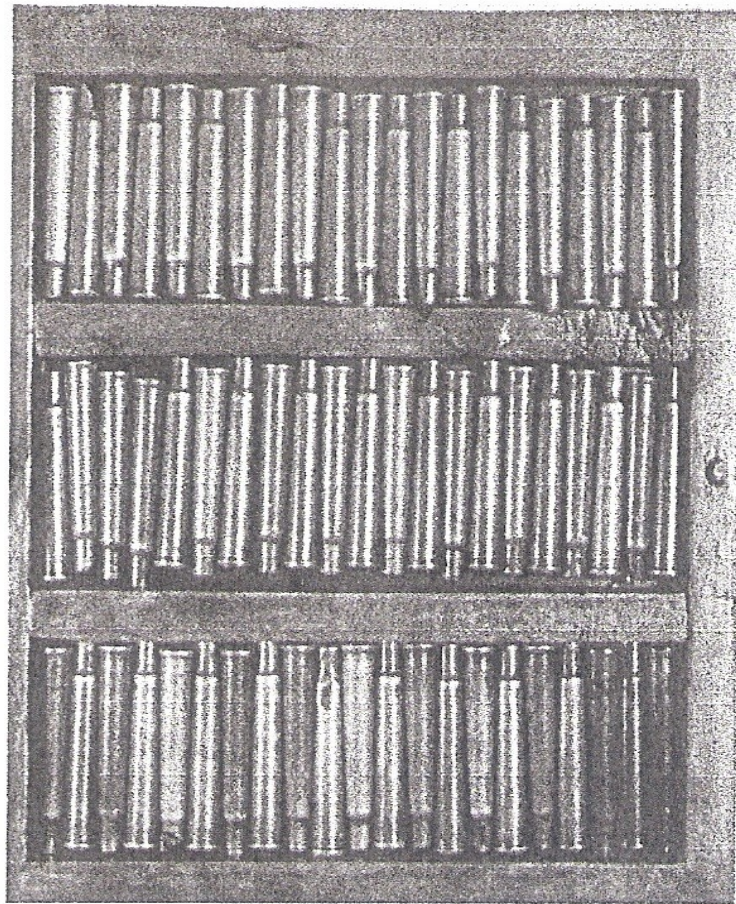
After removal of loosely adhering dirt by means of an old toothbrush and warm soap suds, the rinsed button is suspended in the electrolyte described above.

The button is first made the cathode, a piece of stainless steel sheet the anode.

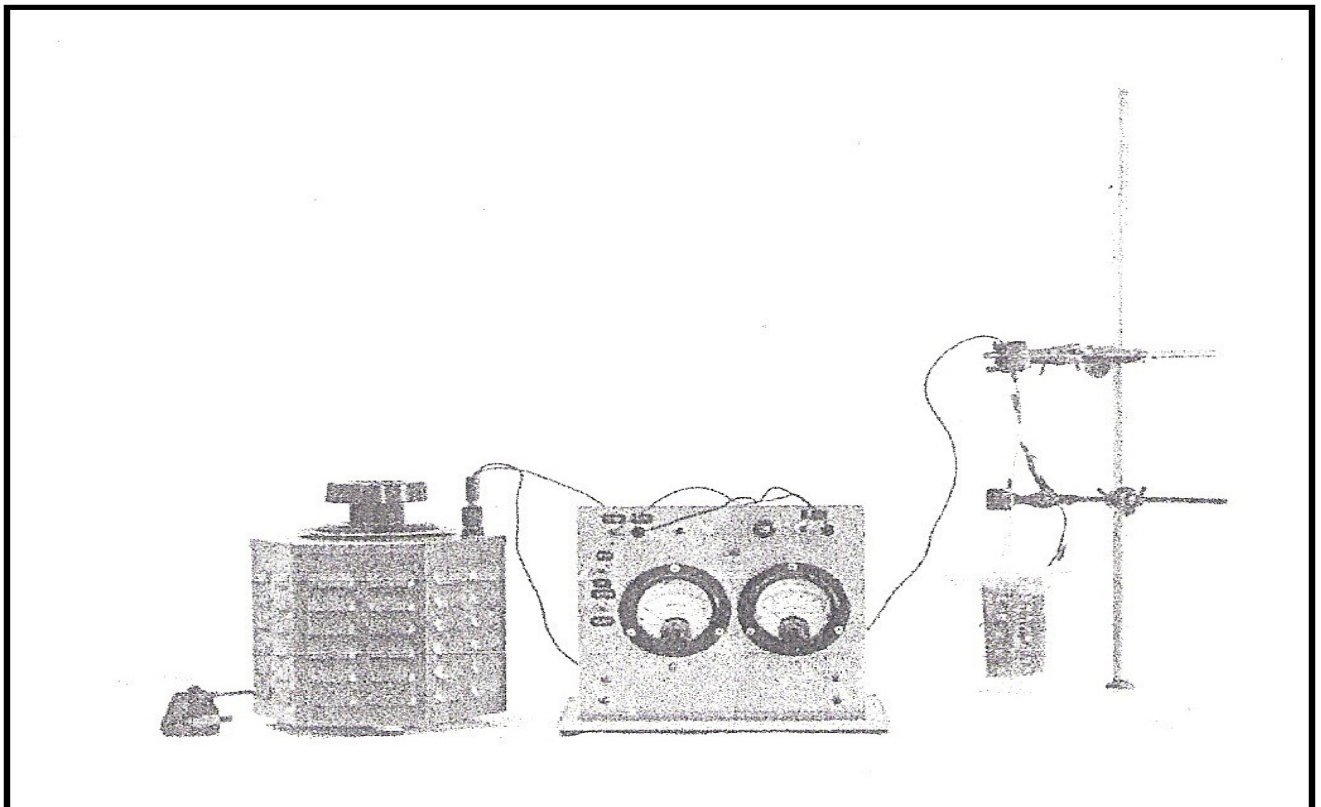
After about 10 minutes, the button is removed, washed and further cleaned with the old toothbrush. It is then replaced in the electrolytic circuit, the current reversing switch pressed to make the button the anode and the stainless steel the cathode. Ten minutes later, the button should have assumed the yellow colour of brass.

Remove, wash, dry and polish with a soft dry cloth.

One draw-back to the electrolytic method of cleaning, is the limited number that can be handled at once. A faster method would consist of a final cleaning, after initial acid immersion, by mechanical attrition in a tumbling mill. This method is however not suitable for fragile relics but works well with cylindrical objects such as cartridge cases. Before tumbling, hollow sections should be filled with a catalytic hardening material such as polyester resin. It strengthens the relics, reduces chipping of this



Cleaned Cartridge Cases

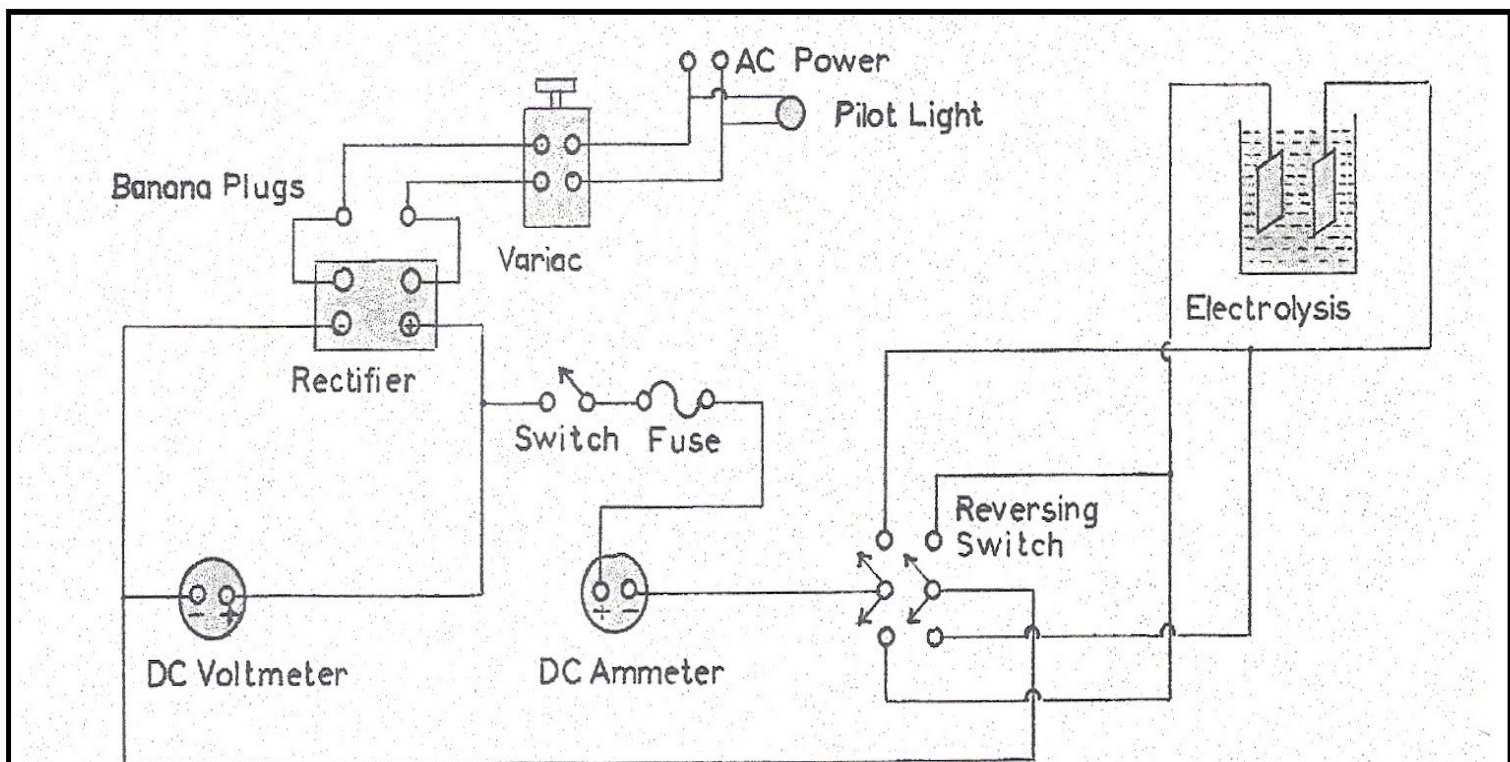


Electrolytic Cleaning Set

walls and prevents grinding media from tightly packing the inside of hollow sections. I found tumbling in a suspension of ball clay in water to which some -600 mesh polishing medium had been added, very satisfactory. The high viscosity prevents over grinding of larger sections as shown by the uniform removal of pink, high copper corrosion coatings. The final product has the true yellow colour of brass.

A final tumbling in dry finely ground peach kernels will crown your brass relics with a satin smooth finish.

Quick dip of the dry relics in a metal lacquer prevents ugly tarnish reappearing. The International Copper Research Association developed a lacquer for this very purpose. 'INCRALAC' is the name.



ELECTROLYTIC CLEANING

CIRCUIT DIAGRAM OF MACIBRE'S ELECTROLYTIC EQUIPMENT.

A Blindman`s tale (Metal Detecting: Coping with a disability)

by Timothy Adams (Germany)

For those of us able bodied hobbyists endowed with the full compliment of the usual five senses, we tend to take them all for granted. Some of us may wear aids to improve our various shortcomings, specs, contact lenses or hearing aids but generally these wont impede our ability to enjoy our favorite pastime. Of all of our five senses, I would place a keen sense of hearing & good eyesight uppermost, a loss of either having a major impact on the way we live our lives.

Little more than eighteen months ago a friend of mine, a lifetime diabetes sufferer and detectorist of more than twenty years, unfortunately began to lose his sight in both eyes. After extensive surgery it was apparent that he would not recover any vision and was eventually officially registered blind. Without going into the details of my friend`s personal tragic dilemma, he eventually came to terms with his situation and started to deal with the day-to-day aspects of living with his disability. One of the first and major hurdles for him to overcome was how was he to continue metal detecting now that he had lost his sight.

The necessary equipment modifications had to be thought through, and after many overseas telephone calls Joan Allen Electronics were able to modify Paul`s brace of Fisher 1266`s. The insertion of marker pins on the Disc 1 and 2 knobs now enable Paul to determine the disc settings by touch. (Thank you, all those involved in the workshop at J. Allen UK.) The next obstacle encountered was target extraction, our small club searches in the main forest and wooded areas, only occasionally venturing onto ploughed farmland. Luckily the majority of our searches are made in a region where the bedrock lies close to the surface, and as such the soil is a thin carpet of pine needles and leaf mould only giving way to a deeper loam in places. With practice Paul found he could locate and tidily remove targets as well as the next man, he is however fully reliant upon a handheld pin pointer backed up with a Supamag hi-powered magnet to hook out the odd iron find. It was also quite surprising to discover the amount of so - called non-ferrous targets that apparently contain an element of iron especially amongst coins that we had classified as purely cupro nickel and bronze.

Site selection was our priority, something that now needed careful planning, taking into consideration Paul`s needs. The rough terrain of some of our sites would be far too hazardous to expect Paul to be at ease searching on, we didn`t want him dropping off the side of a cliff or into an open sink hole. Living this far inland away from the coast in Southern Germany meant that we didn`t have access to nice wide expanses of safe beaches on our doorstep and restricting our searching to our too few ploughed sites would have bound us to an agricultural calendar. After much discussion we all agreed that priority one was to keep Paul safe and a solution was finally found. We all bought short-range walkie-talkies for around 30 quid a throw which could be switched to a common channel. The units have a two to three kilometer range, more than enough for our group needs and it has to be said, they have proved to be worth their weight in gold, especially when hunting upland woodland and forest areas where the topography means you can rapidly lose contact with your colleagues. Paul now had the added security of knowing that help was at immediate hand should he so require it. We further take it in shifts, one member always keeping Paul in visual an hour at a time to avoid unnecessary accidents.

Another advantage was that Paul could now be remotely directed if he wandered into undergrowth or unsuitable search areas instead of just bashing off trees or rocks as he had to suffer in the past. We used the walkie-talkie radio link effectively for the first time at the Czechoslovakian National Metal Detecting Championships in Takov in 2000, much to the amazement of the locals, Paul earning himself a trophy in the process.

A further problem was later encountered, one that we initially hadn`t taken into account. This was Paul`s inability to hold a bearing or a straight course through a forest search area. (Farmland

wasn't a problem as he could orientate himself using the ploughed furrows) Pretty obvious really Paul having nothing to go on when commencing a hunt would gradually arc off into the classic circle. Constant course corrections were needed via radio just to keep him on the straight and narrow if we heading in a specific direction, something that really began to frustrate us all. Paul humbled me after one particularly frustrating session by coming on the radio and saying " If you think this is easy for me, just close your eyes and start detecting". I didn't need to be told twice. The internet came up with the solution for this sticky problem, with a bit of surfing we managed to locate a company on the net in Austria that sold talking compasses. We bought one and Paul can now take a couple of bearings at the start of a session and can with a fair bit of accuracy hold a straight line through even the most uneven terrain. Its not foolproof but its a 100 percent improvement over just pure radio control and it does mean Paul can monitor his own progress without having to reach for the walkie talkie every time he's feeling a little uncertain.

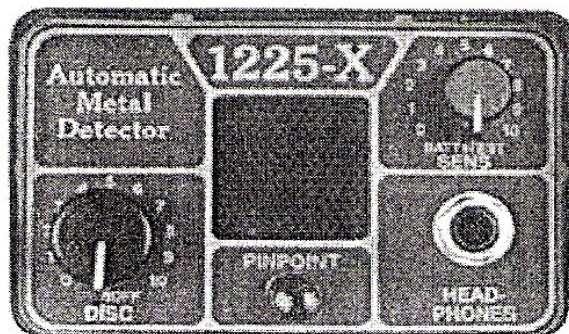
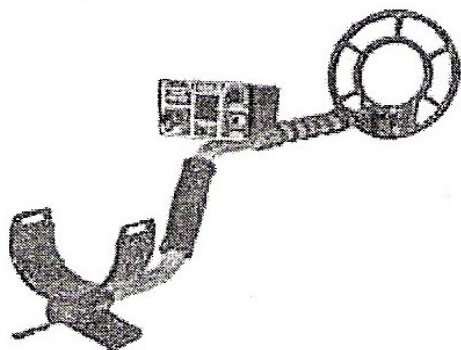
Things haven't all been rosy though as you should never disregard the unexpected. As happened this year in October while beach hunting on the Adriatic in Italy Paul managed to drop his walkie-talkie when digging a target. It was ten minutes before he'd realized it had gone and the beach was huge, I had him in view but he was at least 500 yards away and we were just losing daylight. I was on the radio trying to talk him inland off the shoreline and he was wandering around yelling something intelligible, I finally gave up trying to use the walkie-talkie and joined him. Once I'd realized what had happened I spent the next 10 minutes sniggering as we attempted to locate his errant walkie-talkie by calling it with mine, luckily it has a fairly loud alarm tone and I eventually found it about five targets back. (Good things beaches, you can see from the footprints exactly where someone has been). You do however have to remember that you have the radio on your person and have your brain in gear, as one of our number (who shall remain nameless) decided on the spur of the moment while beach hunting to try a spot of water hunting with the radio in his finds pouch.

The resulting torrent of expletives were heard for many kilometers along the Italian coast much to the amusement of the rest of the group, who on the same channel witnessed the drowning. The damage caused by its accidental immersion was deadly, the salt water completely stripped the printed circuit board. Far from having to adapt our search methods and strategies, as Paul becomes more confident and accustomed to his situation it is now more of a case of him learning and adapting. One of the aspects of the hobby where his blindness does not put him at a disadvantage is water hunting. It seems that we are all at the same disadvantage when working the wet stuff and we now have a better appreciation of Paul's prevalent searching conditions. That aside it must be said we all discovered the joys and the hidden potentials of water hunting relatively late. It was only a chance wedding ring loss that roused our interest three years back, a local detector dealer putting us in contact with the ring's unfortunate loser. One and half hours spent searching the lake bed on site resulted in nearly 20 rings and suddenly the interest was born. The ring we originally intended to recover has up until now however not been located.

What we did discover though was the need for a completely different set of equipment and kit requirements, decent water recovery scoops and wetsuits being the first items on the list. The additional gear outlay was worthwhile, everyone recouped their expenditure, Paul even managing to recover his first ever gold coin, an American two and a half dollar piece, his first ever goldie in more than twenty years detecting. We now have more of a problem convincing Paul to try other kinds of T/H'ing as he feels so at home in the drink. Paul's biggest hassle is with the casual passerby who upon spotting his "blindmans" armband will go to extraordinary lengths to try and rescue him, people don't seem to be able to comprehend that a blind person could possibly be out treasure hunting anywhere " apparently" on his own, let alone water hunting up to his armpits in a lake. The funniest closest call he's had to date occurred when a woman bystander walking around the edge of the lake we were searching eyeballed his "Blind man" armband, saw him waving what she thought was his white stick and was convinced he'd wandered into the lake by accident and was seconds away from calling the Police / Mental Health Institution on her mobile phone. Well-intended rescue attempts aside he is coping rather too well with his disability and still regularly beats the pants off of his sighted companions.

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