

TREASURE TALK

NEWSLETTER FOR SOUTH AFRICAN METAL DETECTING ENTHUSIASTS
NUUSBRIEF VIR SUID AFRIKAANSE METAALVERKLIKKER ENTOESIASTE

SECOND QUARTER 2001 / TWEEDE KWARTAAL 2001



Photo's from finds made by Mike Bull from Springs

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / BRIEF VAN DIE REDAKTEUR

Dear reader

It is double competition time! Firstly, we have our "best article" competition, sponsored by Doculam, Randburg Coin and Bickels Coins. Secondly, it is that time of the year again – our Treasure Talk Find of the Year Competition sponsored (again) by Lukas van der Merwe of Excalibur Mining. This will be our third competition and readers will remember the fantastic participation we had in 1999 and 2000. Let's make this year our biggest yet (regarding the number of entries). Both competitions closes for entries at the end of July, so please let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Enjoy this issue!

Beste leser

Dit is dubbel kompetisie tyd! Eerstens is daar ons "beste artikel" kompetisie wat geborg word deur Doculam, Randburg Munt en Bickels Munte. Tweedens is dit al weer tyd vir ons Treasure Talk Vonds van die Jaar Kompetisie, weereens geborg deur Lukas van der Merwe van Excalibur Mining. Dit sal ons derde vonds-van-die-jaar kompetisie wees en lesers sal onthou die goeie deelname wat ons in 1999 en 2000 gehad het. Kom ons maak hierdie jaar se kompetisie die suksesvolste ooit (in terme van die getal inskrywings). Beide kompetisies sluit vir inskrywings teen die einde van Julie, so laat asseblief so gou as moontlik van u hoor!

Vriendelike groete/ Kind regards

Pierre Nortje (Editor/Redakteur)

Address: Treasure Talk. PO Box 816, Durbanville 7551.

Telephone / Fax: (021) 976-2260

E-Mail: nortjem@iafrica.co.za

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS / BRIEVE VAN ONS LESERS

Dear Pierre

Thank for sending your metal detecting newsletter, Treasure Talk. I enjoyed reading it. I would like to get the video made by Lukas of our trip to England. Please let me know how I can get a copy. I am sending a Christmas card for Lukas to your address. Would you please get it to him? Thanks.

I wish you a happy holiday season and a prosperous New Year

Gus Dombrowski
Michigan
USA.

Dear Pierre

I have to apologize for taking so long to write. Thank you very much for regularly sending the Treasure Talk newsletter. We really look forward to each one. It is very interesting reading.

We have been out with our metal detectors a few times, but all we have managed to find so far is a few Martini-Henry bullet cases and a lot of bottle caps and scrap metal! (We will keep on trying though.)

Keep up the good work with Treasure Talk.

Regards

Mark and Maria Staak
Aggeneys

Dear Pierre

The latest insert in Treasure Talk looks great!

Thanks... Hoping for a great response...

Regards

Grant Steward
Doculam

A Big One that Got Away

By: Peter Batchelor

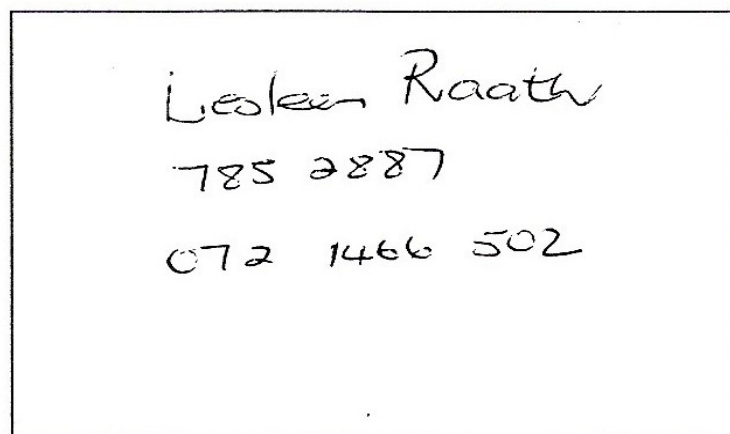
As an introduction to this tale, let me give a little of the background. I purchased a Fisher 1280X from Wolfie Roux in March 2000 and had relative success in finding goodies on our local beaches. I upgraded to a CZ 7a in July of the same year. My finds improved and I was competing on the same “level playing field” as Wolfie and Pierre Nortje. We have all spent many hours “swinging” on the beaches – at least once a week.

My philosophy on metal detecting is simple – I am able to get out early in the morning or late in the evening onto a beach where most times it is unpopulated and quiet. I am able to de-stress and think about nothing other than the “barp”, “wha” or “piep” coming from my machine. Digging pull-tabs is the pits, but as we all know, it is an unnecessary evil. I enjoy the kids that take an interest, as well as the adults asking stupid questions like “are you looking for prawns?”

Most people on the beach think we are totally moggy and don’t know what we are doing and why. If they only knew how relaxing and exiting it really was!

This tale started on Friday just before the schools started their first term of 2001. My job contract had expired and I was unemployed and looking for a new contract. I was stressed to say the least, and suggested we go “walk-about”. My eldest daughter Claire, her boyfriend Stephen and I piled into the car and we all headed for Fish Hoek. This was only my second trip to this beach and was not expecting anything too exiting to happen.

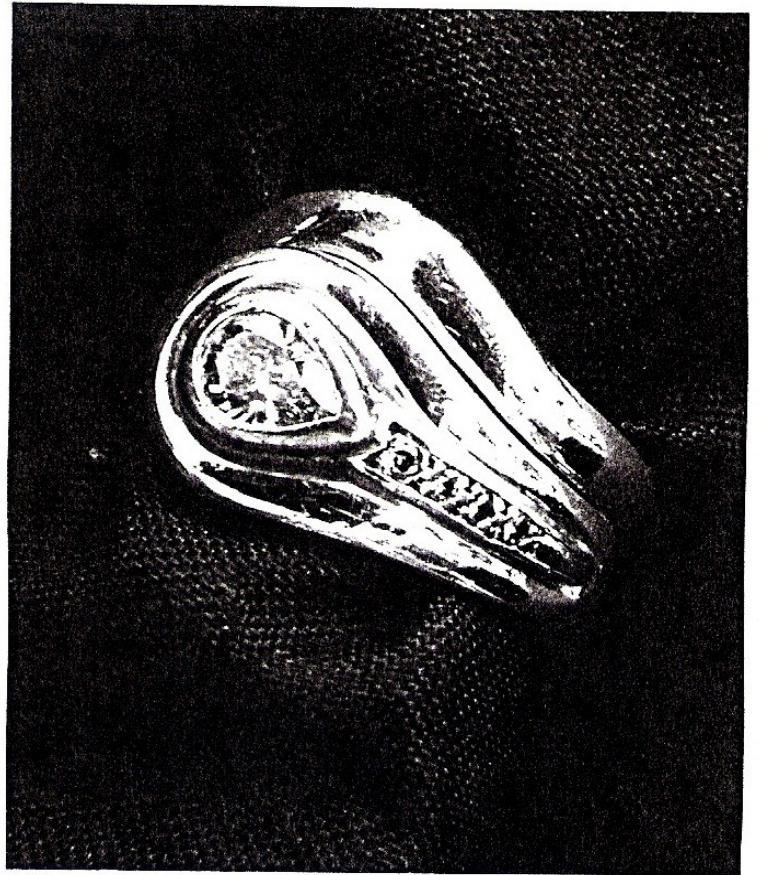
On arriving at the beach, they went their way and I went mine. The beach was crowded as it was a stunning day. A few coins, pull-tabs and then “wha”, a 9ct gold ring with a tiny diamond chip. I was over the moon. The local kids were following me and chattering away when a lady – Lesleen Raath came up to me and related the misfortune that her sister had on the day before Christmas. She had lost her wedding/engagement ring in the surf. We spoke about it for a while and then went on our separate ways. It was about six in the evening when Lesleen came up to me and dropped a piece of paper with her name and telephone number into my pocket. “Just in case” she said.



The piece of paper – “just in case”

It was not even ten minutes after she left when “wha” and this beautiful ring appeared in the sand. When I picked it up and studied it my knees became a little wobbly. This was the BIG one.

On the way home, Claire put the two gold rings on her fingers and asked jokingly “Can’t I have them Dad?” Then I remembered the note in my pocket. When we got home I phoned the number on the piece of paper. I asked Lesleen to describe the ring. She did, and at that point I knew that my collection would be without this lovely ring. What convinced me was that the wedding band and the engagement ring were joined. The following day I had the ring valued to make sure the stones were diamonds, and that evening I phoned the Raath’s. I spoke to Ian and gave him my details.



The following day I was in touch with Sunette van der Merwe and she was very excited about my find. A few days later I received an e-mail saying that Sunette had to come to Cape Town for family reasons. We arranged to meet on Fish Hoek beach on the Saturday. Lesleen and Sunette found me on the beach. When I handed her ring to her I wish I could explain the expression on her face – it was priceless.

I requested Both Sunette and Lesleen to give me an account of their experience regarding the ring, and their accounts follow.

By Sunette van der Merwe

My Ring

26 January 2001

“The story that I’m about to tell really happened, and because of the outcome, I feel that I have more faith in my fellow man.

In 1992 my boyfriend and I decided to have an engagement ring made. We went to a jeweller in Johannesburg and he made a ring for me. I still remember the day I had the collect my ring – a friend of my boyfriend drove me to Kempton Park. On the way back I had my ring on my finger and kept my hand out of the window where the sun made the diamond sparkle. I was the happiest woman on earth at that moment, because I had a beautiful engagement ring and I was going to marry the man I loved.

At that time, Adriaan (my husband) and I had known each other for 7 years. I grew up in Kommetjie and he in Phalaborwa. We had met in December 1985, when we were both starting matric the following year. He and his family were on holiday in Kommetjie – we met, and from then we knew we were made for each other.

We got engaged on my birthday in May 1993, and we got married on the 11th December that same year in Fish Hoek. I moved to the Transvaal and we settled on a farm near Louis Trichardt. Because my entire family still lives in Cape Town, we go there every December.

We now have two children, boys, aged 2 and 4 years. On the 20th December 2000 we all flew down to Cape Town to spend the Christmas holidays with my family.

On the 24th December, I went to the Fish Hoek beach for the morning with my children, my sister and her children. I hardly ever take my wedding ring off. (I have had the engagement and wedding ring combined in the mean time.) And that morning I unfortunately made no exception. It was a lovely sunny day and the water was ideal for swimming. I went in the water with my children – they had their Bentley belts on, as they still cannot swim.

At one stage I was carrying my eldest in my arms and we were enjoying the waves. He wanted to swim on his own, so I pushed him away from my body, but my hand got entangled with his Bentley belt and I felt my ring slip off my finger. It was the most helpless feeling I have had in a long time – I could feel my ring fall off my finger, but I could not see it. I literally tossed my son away from me and started scanning the sand around me. It was approximately 13h00, and the tide was coming in. I would feel with my feet and then stand still to let the sand settle and try to see if I could find it. Nothing!! A terrible sense of loss had hit me and I just felt like crying.

My sister and a few people around me also started searching for my ring. I was looking down into the water, when all of a sudden a fishing boat was upon me. They were catching fish with a net – suddenly there were a whole lot of people trying to help this boat pull the net through the water. That was when I realised I would not find my ring, because all those feet could have pushed the ring deep under the sand.

We still searched for a while, but later decided it was hopeless. While I was walking out of the water, a young man said to me “Don’t worry, somebody will find your ring and give it back to you.” I was not as optimistic as he was.

Then come the hard part – having to phone my husband to tell him that I had lost my ring that he had bought for me 9 years earlier. The ring we got engaged with, and the ring we used to seal our wedding vows.

He was not very pleased, but understood that it was something that “just happened”. I did not do it on purpose.

Of course it was the worst Christmas I ever had. I told everybody I talked to, that if they went to the Fish Hoek beach, they must please build a sand castle – and hopefully they would dig up my ring. I didn’t expect to ever see my ring again. I thought that someday a child would play in the sand and dig up my ring, and he would make his mother very happy.

Before we came back to the Transvaal, I went to the police station to report the loss. My ring was insured for R19 000. When I gave all this information to the sergeant who took my statement – he could not believe that I hadn't used a metal detector to find my ring.

My sister had actually told me that she often sees a man on the beach with a metal detector. But, unfortunately, that week, he was not there. We did not know where to locate a metal detector.

Back home I had claimed for my lost ring. I knew that any other ring would not have the same meaning and sentimental value as the one I had lost.

About a month later, my sister phoned me. She had promising news. She was on the beach that day and had seen a man with a metal detector. She told him about my ring and showed him roughly where I had lost it. She had given him her phone number and name on a piece of paper – ever hopeful. That evening he phoned her to say that he had found a ring, but she had to describe my ring to him. She could not remember the exact detail of the ring, but could tell him it contained a pear shaped diamond.

I then got in touch with the gentleman, and faxed him a drawing that I had done of my ring. According to him, he was 99% sure that the ring he had found was mine.

Unfortunately another sad happening had brought me to Cape Town for the weekend. My sister's father in law, Chris Raath had died, and I came to attend the funeral.

My confidence in human kind has been restored. After giving the assurance that I would cancel my insurance claim for the ring, Mr Peter Batchelor, agreed to return my lost ring to me.

I want to express my very deep felt gratitude towards Mr. Batchelor."

*By Lesleen Raath
26 January 2001*

What a coincidence ?

"On Friday 19 January, we went down to the beach for a swim. I saw a man walking around with a metal detector. I went over to him and asked him whether he comes to the beach on a regular basis, he said no and that it was only his second time on Fish Hoek beach. He wanted to know why I was asking and I told him what happened about my sister's ring. He had a ring with him and asked it was that one, I said no and explained what the ring looked like. It was about 6pm when my husband wanted to go home, and I decided to give my name and telephone number to the man, you never know, he might pick up another.

Later that evening, at about 8pm the phone rang and it was the man from the beach. He said that he had picked another ring and could I just explain again what the ring looked like. I tried my best, he also asked whether there were any other diamonds besides the pear shaped one, but I wasn't sure. I said that I would phone my sister and then phone him back. He did not want to give me his telephone number. I phoned my sister and explained to her what had happened but that she must not get her hopes too high. The man said he would phone me back the next day. I was convinced that he would phone but everybody said that he would not.

Saturday came and I waited all day, at 6pm he still hadn't phoned. I was busy making a salad and prayed, "Please God let this man phone". I went to the shop a little later and when I got back my husband was speaking to the man. He was convinced that it

was my sister's ring. He gave my husband his telephone number and e-mail address. My husband said to him, now where do we go from here?

All he wanted from my sister was proof that she would cancel the insurance claim, a story from her on how she had lost the ring and a story from me on how I met him at the beach.

My sister phoned him on Sunday and he said that he was 99% sure that it was her ring. The rest of the organising I left to my sister.

I want to finish by thanking Peter Batchelor for his honesty. I also want to thank God that there are still people on the earth like Peter Batchelor"



From the left - Sunette van der Merwe, "Pull-tab" Pete Batchelor, Lesleen Raath

This tale is not one of chance. It was meant to be. Think on this – Unemployed, only second visit to that beach, a month had passed, thousands of people, Lesleen on the beach that day, the size of a ring on a beach that size. What is the lesson?

OP DIE STRAND : DEEL 2 (Wat jy saai sal jy maai)

Deur Dawie Berg

Vir die wat nog nie 'n metaalverklikker het nie... watter een om te kry? Om die vraag te beantwoord is nie so maklik nie want metaalverklikkers is baie duur. En 'n mens wil nie koop en weer koop nie. Natuurlik is dit die beste om die duurste een te kry, maar is dit regtig so? Ja, ek glo so, maar ek glo ook dit is goed om eers met 'n goedkoper een te begin ... so 'n "pipskweek"! Maar nou mag jy vra: mors ek nie my geld nie? Nooit nie, ek glo nie om een te koop is 'n mors van geld nie, nie vir al die ure van plesier en die wonderlike goed wat jy uithaal nie.

Neem nou maar die Garrett Ace 200 of die Fisher 1225X – klein lig en goedkoop. Maar kan hulle die werk doen? Maar natuurlik! Die meeste geld wat ek uithaal was nie diep nie, beslis nie buite bereik van die "kleiner" masjiene nie. By skole en parke is die munte ook nie diep onder die grond nie ... dié wat wel dieper is, is deur die jare deur die gras na onder gedruk, maar tog is die meeste binne bereik van metaalverklikkers.

'n Paar jaar gelede het ek met 'n baie goeie masjien geloop terwyl my seun met 'n baie goedkoper masjien geloop het. Glo dit of nie, elke keer as ek 10 munte uithaal, haal hy 20 uit, vir elke 20 vir my, kry hy 40, ensovoorts. So gebeur dit keer op keer. Hy het dan net gelag en gesê "dit is die man en nie die masjien nie." En dit is waar, jy kan die beste masjien in die wêreld hê – en in 80% is dit die man wat die sukses bepaal en 20% die masjien. Loop soos 'n gek en jy sal nooit regtig iets kry nie.

Loop stadig, oorvleuel jou spoel met tussen 30% en 50% met elke tree en luister (of kyk) wat jou verklikker vir sou probeer sê. Elke keer voor jy grou, sê vir jouself wat jy dink in die grond is. In die begin klink alles vir jou dieselfde, maar na 'n paar kere as jy goed luister gaan jy die verskil hoor. En dit is daar, silwer gee byvoorbeeld 'n skerper geluid as baie ander metale. Luister net mooi, en as jy later vir jou 'n duurder masjien koop, het jy mos reeds die ondervinding.

Verlede Desember was hier op die Suid kus baie vakansiegangers met metaalverklikkers – ek het 13 getel. Elke dag was hulle hier op Margate en omliggende strande. Diep in Januarie kry ek 'n oproep van 'n vrou wat haar ring in Ramsgate verloor het – sy sê sy het al die ring die vorige maand verloor... en dit is nie al nie, sy het hom in die water verloor. Gelukkig het sy my telefoonnommer by die lewensredders gekry. Laasgenoemde was van mening dat dit 'n verlore saak sou wees aangesien die see die ring intussen tyd ver kon intrek of selfs op 'n ander plek kon uitspoel. Nogtans het sy my gebel en gevra of bereid sou wees om vir die ring te gaan soek. Ek het geweet my kans is maar skraal en daar was, soos ek gesê het, intussen baie mense met metaalverklikkers op die strand.

Hoe ook al sy, vir twee dae het ek op die nat sand op en af gesoek. (Sy kon gelukkig presies aan my verduidelik waar sy in die see haar ring verloor het). Soos die golwe in en uit beweeg het, het ek ook saam beweeg. Die masjien wat ek gebruik het, was nie 'n

onder water masjien nie. So ek moes maar versigtig wees. Die spoel en steel kon ek onder die water gebruik, maar as die golwe my sou vang, is my verklikker weg... net een druppel water op die verkeerde plek en ek sou groot probleme gehad het.

Dit was nou die derde keer wat ek na die ring kom soek. Elke keer met laagwater maar hierdie keer was dit springgety. Ek het ook besluit dat dit die laaste keer sou wees...

Ek was so 'n halfuur daar toe skree die masjien vir die eerste keer. Ek was so kniediep in die water, en besef as die volgende golf sou kom, die water ver bo my heupe sou wees. Ek het dus terug gestaan vir die volgende golf. Toe die golf terug trek het ek dadelik gegrou. Met die eerste skoop is daar niks nie... ek skep vinnig 'n tweede keer. Met die skoop vol sand en die verklikker in die hand maak ek vinnig vir die strand.

Op die strand gooi ek die sand uit, onwetend of ek enige iets raak geskep het. En dadelik sien ek die ring ... hy blink pragtig op die sand! Presies soos die vrou hom beskryf het lê hy daar – een groot diamant in die middel met sewe kleintjies aan die kante.

En wat 'n ring was dit nie? Maar eers toe ek by die huis kom en hom vir my vrou wys besef ons watter besonderse ring dit was. Ek skakel dadelik die vrou wie die ring verloor het en gits, hoe bly was sy nie? Sy sê dat hulle oor twee weke sal afkom nadat ek my adres aan haar gegee het. Dit blyk toe dat die ring ten minste R14 000.00 werd is. Hulle kon nie glo dat ek nie die ring gehou het en niks gesê het nie. Maar ek glo wat jy saai sal jy maai. Ek het 'n beloning van R2000.00 ontvang wat ook glad nie te versmaai is nie.

Wat 'n stokperdjie!

SHELLY BEACH

Miracle ring find delights owner

THE chances of finding a lost ring on Ramsgate Beach were a million to one, according to Oom Dawie Berg of Marine Drive.

Oom Dawie, who owns a metal detector, was called to assist Gauteng holidaymaker, a Mrs Law, in finding the valuable ring she had lost there. A large scale search was conducted on December 26 and 27 but the ring could not be found.

At first light on January 13, Oom Dawie searched along the water's edge, running up and down as the tide ebbed and flowed. He had almost given up when his detector went off. He dug down into the sand where,

to his amazement, he found the lost ring.

A thrilled Mr and Mrs Law will be at the coast this weekend to fetch the ring and thank him personally.

Recently retired, Oom Dawie spends his days on the beaches with his metal detector. He not only finds valuable items, but also rids the beach of dangerous metal objects such as rusted nails and fish hooks. He can be contacted at 03931-57293.

Neighbourhood news

Ring owner thanks Dawie

Remember Oom Dawie Berg and the valuable lost diamond ring which he miraculously found with his metal detector? Well Mrs Pam Law of Gauteng came down to Shelly Beach to collect the ring and just couldn't thank him enough. Call Oom Dawie, if ever you lose anything valuable, on 57293. SSS



SHELLY BEACH 21 572 93

KRISMIS OP DIE STRAND

Pierre Nortje

My vriend Wolf gebruik altyd die uitdrukking dat indien dit die dag goed gaan met die soekery op die strand, "is dit Krismis". Nou ja, soos almal wat bekend is met ons stokperdjie sal weet, is dit nie altyd Krismis nie – daar kom tye wat 'n mens amper wil moed opgee en die verklikker vir 'n onbepaalde tyd in die Wendy huis wif toesluit.

So was dit dan ook met ons soekery gedurende Desember 2000 in die Strand. Wolf het vroeg in Desember 'n masjien verkoop aan 'n persoon wat onlangs van Gauteng hier na die Tygerberg getrek het. Ons het hom dan ook genooi om naweke saam met ons te gaan soek. Die eerste paar kere het ons by Somersetstrand (Die Strand) gaan loop, maar watter mislukking was dit nie. Die Strand het vir een of ander rede besluit om niks op te lewer nie. Ons het die eerste Saterdag letterlik niks, nie een enkele muntstuk, gekry nie – die eerste keer wat dit ooit gebeur met my en Wolf.

Slegter kon dit nie gaan nie, maar ook nie eintlik beter nie – die res van Desember was dit een teleurstelling op die ander. Wolf het darem een of twee goeie vondste gemaak, maar dit was op ander strande hier in die weskaap. Die Strand self was so toe soos die spreekwoordelike klei-os se agterend.

Hoe anders was dit nie vroeër die jaar gedurende Julie en Augustus nie? Dit was, soos Wolf sou sê, "KRISMIS!" Op Vrydag 27 Julie is ek, Wolf en Peter Batchelor een middag na werk deur na die Strand om vir 'n uur of drie te gaan stap. Die voorafgaande weke het dit maar so-so daar gegaan en ons het nie werklik veel hoop of verwagtinge gehad nie. Toe ons die motor teenaan die keerwal parkeer, het ons oë byna uitgeval; waar daar die vorige week nog 'n lang wit strand was, was dit nou net klippe waar jy kyk – die Strand het oopgespoel soos wat ons dit nog nooit gesien het nie!

Haastig het ons die masjiene gereed gekry en gedrafstap om op die klipperige strand te kom. Die spreekwoord "stadig oor die klippe" het beslis nie vir ons gegeld nie!

My eerste sein was 'n diep, maar duidelike silwer sein, en gou-gou het ek dit uitgegrawe – in my hand het ek so wraggies 'n silwer Victoriaanse halfkroon vasgehou, gedateer 1899. Ek wou nog die ander in kennis stel, maar toe ek opkyk was hulle so besig om te grawe dat ek maar my opgewondenheid vir my self moes hou. Hierna het die "sports" begin... een munstuk na die ander het gevolg, asook 'n verskeidenheid van juweliersware en ander interresantheide. Ek het die dag afgesluit met oor die 120 muntstukke waarvan ongeveer 20 ou silwer munte was – beide van Suid Afrika en Brittanje. Ook Wolf en Peter het goed gedoen, maar snaaks genoeg is geen goue items gevind nie.

Alhoewel baie moeg, kon nie een van ons daardie nag gou aan die slaap raak nie – die volgende oggend was 'n Saterdag waarvoor ons natuurlik nie kon wag nie! Vroeg-vroeg is ons uit die vere, en toe die son opkom, is ons reeds druk aan die soek op die strand. En wat 'n dag het ons nie beleef nie? Vir ses ure het ons die verklikkers heen en weer oor die klipperige strand geswiep en een na die ander item is uitgehaal. Ek was die gelukkige een wat die eerste goue ring gekry het, maar kort daarna het beide Peter en Wolf ook so gemaak! En toe vind ek nog een, en nog een...

Die ouer silwer en koper munte het ook een na die ander te voorskyn gekom, met 'n verstommende (vir my altans) 7 Victoriaanse pennies – die vroegste gedateer 1870. Wat ouer Suid Afrikaanse munte betref het ek 3 Halfkrone, 1 Sjielling, 10 sikspense, 12 tiekies, 3 pennies, 1 halfpennie en 2 oortjies uitgehaal. 'n Pragtige Britse George V sjielling en 13 ander ouer Britse munte, asook ander oorsese munte, is ook gevind. My groot totaal vir die dag was 271 munte asook 'n groot verskeidenheid van ringe, horlosies, oorbelle, wapentjies en wie weet wat nog alles.

Wat verbasend mag klink, maar tog verstaanbaar is, is die lae ruilwaarde van die moderne munte wat ons uitgehaal het, my totaal was maar R39.83. Die verklaring lê egter daarin dat die moderne munte oorwegend van die vorige reeks was, en bitter min R1, R2 en R5 munte is gevind – die meeste dus 1c tot 50c stukke. Hoe ook al sy, ons was bitter moeg teen 12H00 daardie middag, maar hoogs tevrede met ons vondste.

In die daarop volgende week of drie het ons die Strand gereeld besoek en ons voorspoed het gelukkig gehou – die strand het nie dadelik toegespoel nie. In daardie paar dae het ek amper meer ou munte uitgehaal as my totaal vir die voorafgaande jaar. Hier volg 'n opsomming van my vondste tydens die "Krismiss" in die Strand...

Moderne munte

Item	Getal	Bedrag
1c	188	R1.88
2c	155	R3.10
5c	175	R8.75
10c	79	R7.90
20c	90	R18.00
50c	31	R15.50
R1	68	R68.00
R2	39	R78.00
R5	7	R35.00
Totaal	832	R236.13

Ander items

6 Goue ringe	12 silwer ringe	5 silwer hangertjies	2 silwer kettings
6 ander ringe	5 hangertjies	1 ketting	1 armband
7 oorbelle	3 borsspelde	8 horlosies	4 wapentjies
4 honde lisensies	1 gedenkmedalje	1 kroon	3 halfkrone
4 2Sjiellings	10 sjiellings	25 sikspense	27 tiekies
3 silwer 20c	1 silwer 5c	13 pennies	3 halfpennies
3 oortjies	13 Groot sente	13 Groot Halfsente	2 1970 Halfsente
1 Britt . Halfkroon	2 Britt Sjiellings	3 Britt. Sikspense	1 Britt. Tiekie
12 Britt. Pennies	3 Britt Halfpennies	1 Britt. Oortjie	1 Australiese 1915 2Sjielling
7 ander munte			

Watter tyd het ons nie gehad nie, maar dit bly nie altyd "krismis" nie... Toe ons ons oë uitvee, het die strand weer toegespoel en het 'n tyd van droogte aangebreek.

Soos ek gesê het, in Desember maand het hierdie droogte sy hoogste punt bereik met selfs sente en twee sente as welkome vondste! Ek gaan egter nie soos Job op die ashoop sit en my verklikker in die Wendy huis toesluit nie, want wie weet wanneer Kersvader weer kom en al die sand van die strand af kom haal – of is dit dalk Klaasvakie?

(Artikel geskryf Desember 2000)

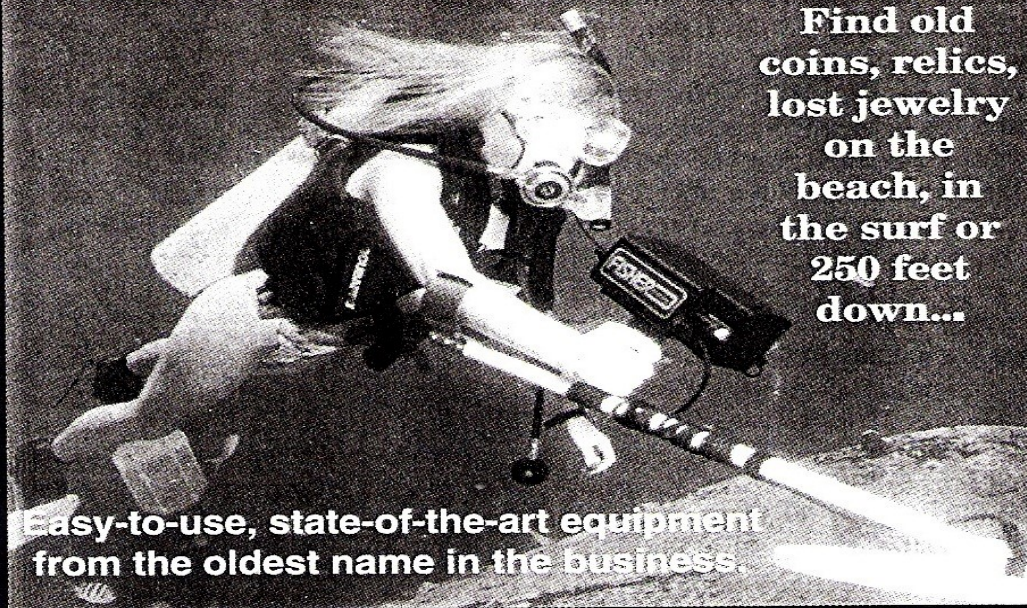
Voorbeelde van items opgetel

(Jammer vir kwaliteit van fotokopie)



Items nie in enige spesifieke volgorde: SA Vyfsjiellingstuk (1952), Victoriaanse Halfkroon (1899), Australiese Twee Sjielling (1915), Britse Sikspens (1920), SA Gedenkmedalje (1947), Silwer brosspeld met skoentjie, Sterling silwer wapentjie met goud oorgeblaas in middel, Goue 9 karaat ringetjie met hartjie.

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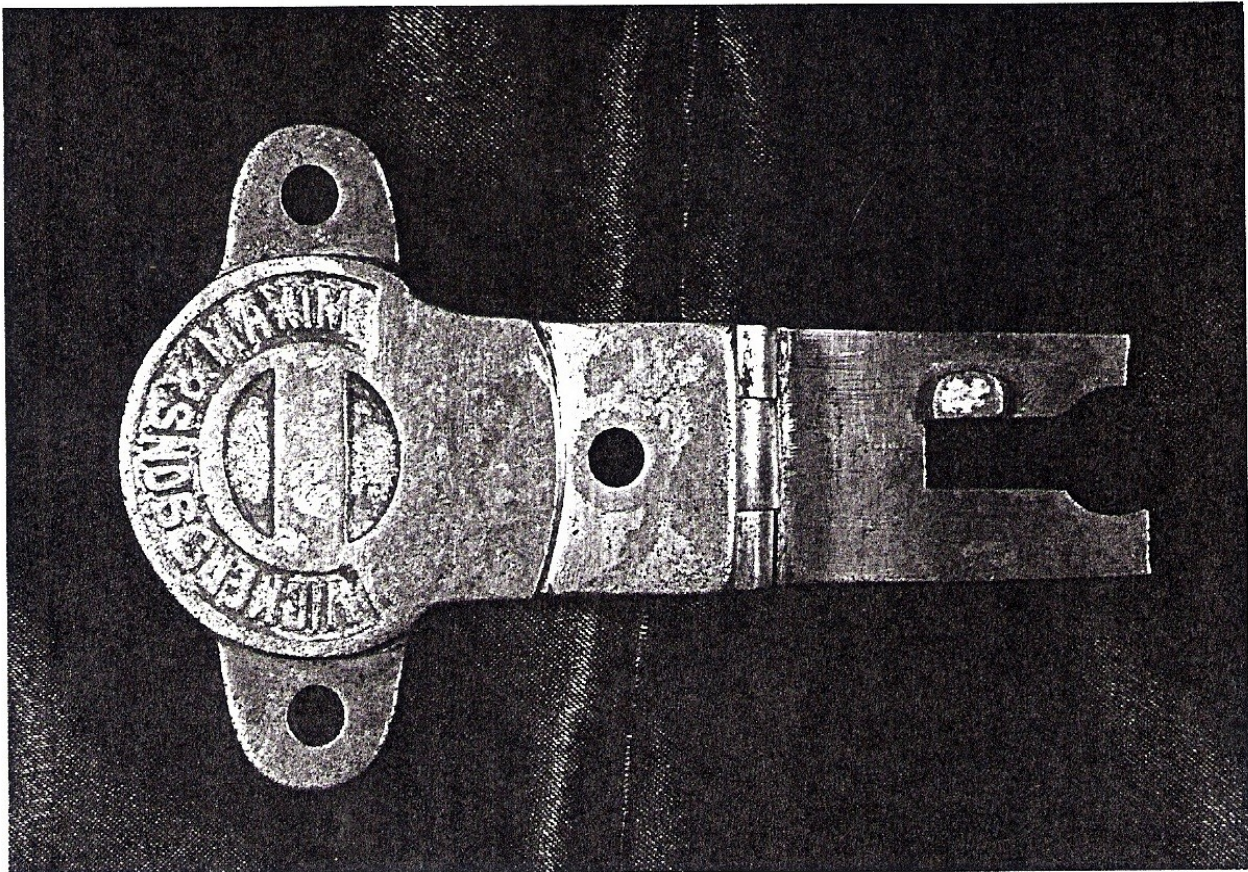
DETECTING ON TWO CONTINETS

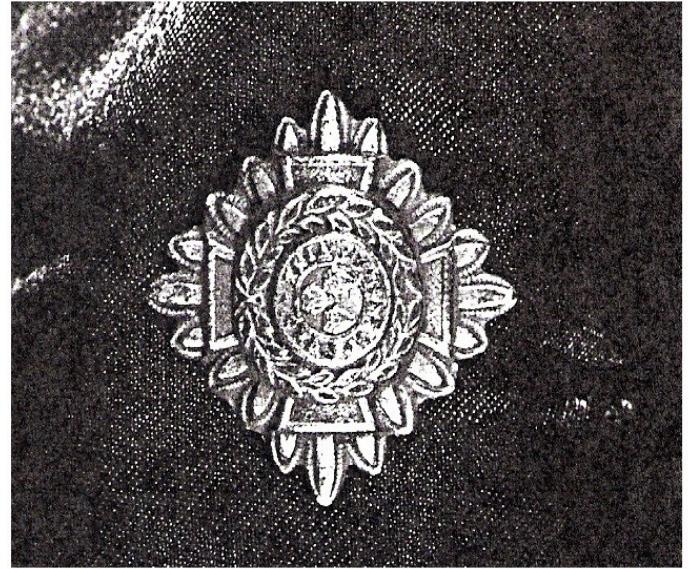
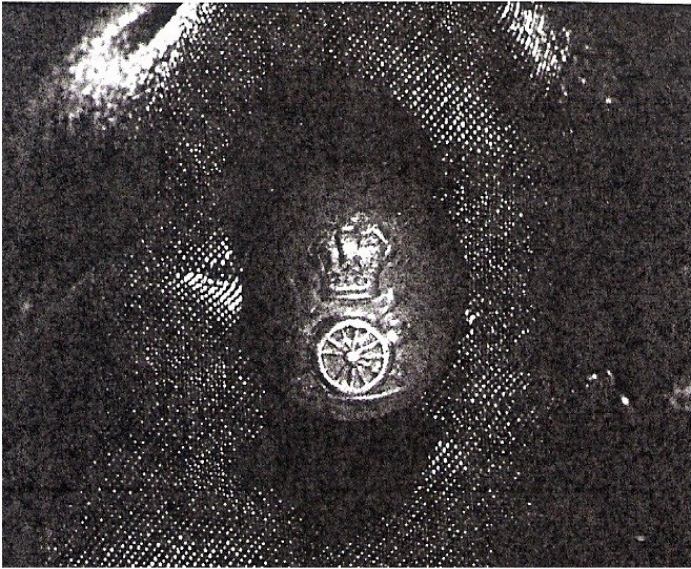
By Mike Bull

My wife Carol and I were fortune to visit our relative's farm in England during November last year. Of course my trusted detector came with me. The weather was terrible – it rained all day every day, and detecting in mud takes a lot of dedication. I decided to search my brother's field at the back of his farmhouse. The grass was quite short and within a few minutes I received a coin of French origin, a 50 Franc. Soon afterwards I found a Belgian 1 Franc coin.

Within the next 2 hours I unearthed 88 coins consisting of French, Belgian, German Dutch, American, Irish, Jersey, East Africa and of course English origin. What an amazing two hours I had, all the coins were within an area of a few squire meters. The dates on the coins range from 1837 Napoleon 11 to 1951. How they found their way into my brothers' field is one big mystery. Most of them are in a very good condition and I am busy cataloguing them.

Since returning to South Africa, I have had the opportunity of visiting some of our sites in Heilberg (Guateng), and I have enclosed some of the photographs of the finds I have managed to unearth. The brass nameplate was a great surprise. I am sure it comes from the Vickers Maxim "Pom Pom". Maybe one of readers can confirm it for me.





The round button is a rare mounted artillery button. The badge I have not been able to identify. I have an idea it is an officer's rank badge worn on the shoulder.



One of my favorite finds is the helmet plate used with the spike probably for ceremonial purposes.

Another nice find was the badge worn on the sleeve of a bandsman. The photograph of the winged Pegasus horse is one of the few non-military finds discovered on the campsites. (See front cover for photographs)

It has been very hot here in Gauteng and detecting saps the energy within a few hours. However, along with my two friends Mike Parken and Chris Turner we have found quite a few new sites around Heidelberg and had some great times and interesting finds.

I would like to close by telling of perhaps the best find of my detecting career (eyes only). Last Saturday on my way back to my car, I found a small folder containing all my credit cards, driving license, medical and library cards. The folder must have dropped out of my shirt pocket when digging. Can you believe it? ... in an area of a few kilometers I was able to find them again.

I gave a lot of thanks to the Almighty, as you can imagine trying to replace all those cards.

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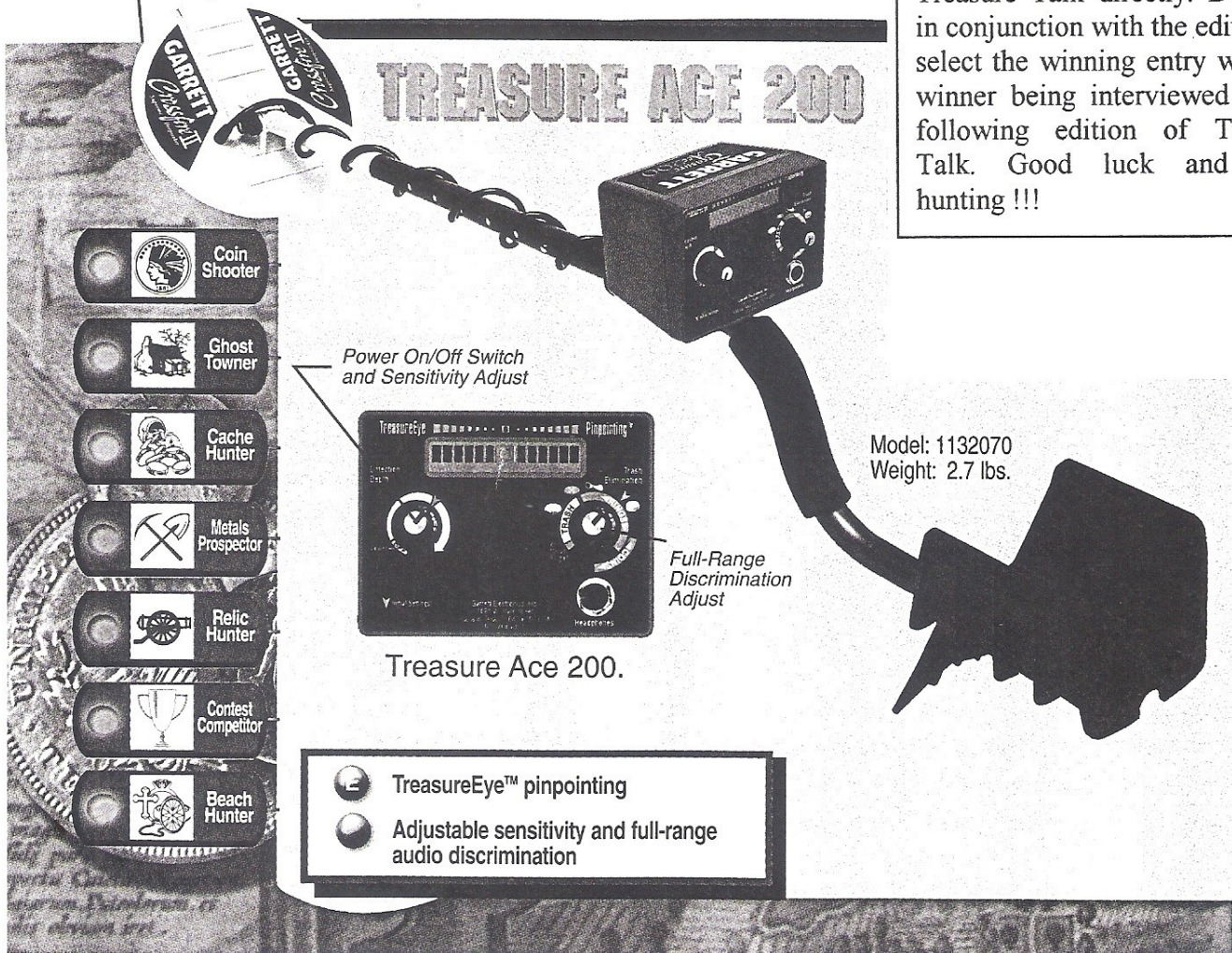
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Doculam in conjunction with Randburg Coin and bickels are offering a fantastic Garrett Treasure Ace 200 to the best article on hobby detecting. There are no limitations to what the article may be about, we'll leave it up to you! The article must be of general interest and all submissions up to the closing date of 01 July 2001 will be considered. All submissions to Treasure Talk directly. Doculam in conjunction with the editor will select the winning entry with the winner being interviewed in the following edition of Treasure Talk. Good luck and good hunting!!!



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TREASURE TALK COMPETITION! / KOMPETISIE!

FIND OF THE YEAR / VONDS VAN DIE JAAR

Treasure Talk has decided to launch our third Find of the Year competition. The first prize will be a FISHER 1225X METAL DETECTOR, sponsored by Excalibur Mining, the sole importers and distributors of Fisher metal detectors in South Africa. All finalists will receive certificates.

Treasure Talk het besluit om ons derde Vonds van die Jaar kompetisie te loods. Die wenprys is FISHER 1225X METAALVERKLIKKER geborg deur Excalibur Mining, die alleen-verspreiders van Fisher metaalverklikkers in Suid Afrika. Sertifikaat sal aan alle finaliste toegeken word.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION	REELS VAN DIE KOMPETISIE
1. The item must have had been found in the past 12 months within the borders of South Africa with a metal detector.	1. Die item moes oor die afgelope 12 maande binne die grense van Suid Afrika met 'n metaal-verklikker gevind gewees het.
2. The entry form – included with this newsletter – must be completed and sent to us <u>before</u> August 2001.	2. Die inskrywingsvorm - ingesluit by hierdie nuusbrieff - moet volledig voltooi word en ons <u>voor</u> Augustus 2001 bereik.
3. A photo or photo copy of the find is not compulsory, but will be very highly appreciated!	3. 'n Foto of fotokopie van die vonds is nie verpligtend nie, maar sal baie waardeer word!
4. You can submit as many entries as you like.	4. Daar is geen beperkings op die getal inskrywings per persoon nie.
5. The winning entry and runners up will be decided by the editor and will be published in our newsletter later this year.	5. Die wen-inskrywing en troosprysweners sal deur die redakteur aangewys word en in ons nuusbrieff later hierdie jaar gepubliseer word.
ENTRIES TO / INSKRYWINGS AAN: TREASURE TALK, PO BOX 816 DURBANVILLE 7551	