

Treasure Talk Sa

January - February 2017



Boer War Hunt with Dave!

Annual Hunt 2016 - Continue

World War II Hunt - Michael Johansen

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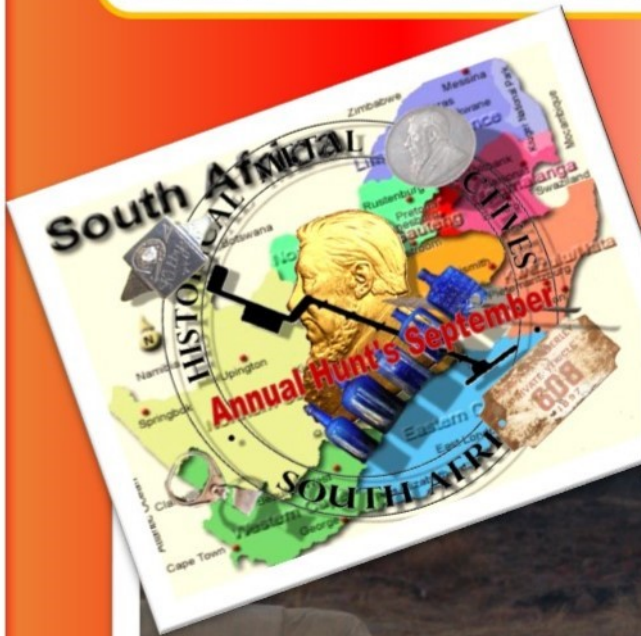




FROM THE EDITOR VAN DIE REDAKTEUR



Last year was a great year for Treasure Hunting and some nice finds were surfaced . Also thanks to all those who entered the Treasure Talk Find of 2016 and congrats to the Winners



A Special edition of a hands on story of a Great
Treasure Hunter—Oom Dave

From page 9.....33 !



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World War II Hunt

by Michael Johansen

I had been looking for long to find any WW2 site in our country and I found out about a site by a friend (David) who invited me to go search an area near Middeburg. It turned out to be the Old Training grounds of the military back in the day. The site was so polluted with Metal it was entirely impossible to swing your detector there. I would hit around 20 signal in one swing so I decided to just put my machine back and go for a



the surface so didn't need to actually do a lot of digging. We found RS Cartridges, Massive spent Mortars, Grenades left over, Gun parts still in their pouches. I also found massive Bullet casing piles. I had been back to my car about 8 times to empty out my pouch which was too small. We also found some Old WW2 Helmet's and many live rounds. We didn't take any of the live stuff as we know its unsafe and illegal. Find also included were Remains of parachute back packs, Tons of Buckles. So we walked around the area for a good two hours and then left to dig at a Local Beer war site about 15 minutes away. I am truly thankful to the guys who joined me. Arnu and Greg. It was one of those Belle hunting days we struck it rich. We felt like kids in Toy store. Free for all...Thank for an amazing time gents. I have a Youtube channel where I'm going to post all the vids I recorded should be up soon. You Tube Channel name Mighty Mike



Walk. What I had found that day was truly one of the best sites I have ever been on. The objects where on

My Story - Dave Janse van Rensburg

Oom Dave is very special for me—like a Dad on the Treasure Hunting fields and also someone that will walk the mile with you. If you are looking for Dave...like an older Jono...busy all over in the field and also first on the highest point. Also coming back with the Best find—Oom Dave I salute you—Red



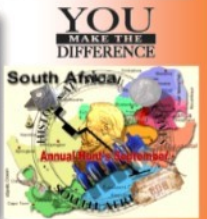
Goeie Werk!



Marnaud Nel se skool op Cradock het my gemader om n skopkran op te spoor. Hy het sy Ace 250 ra uitnaweek saamgeneem en vandag, binne 10 minute, dit opgespoor. Geluk ou grote, deel in jou suksesvolle "hunt"



A Swedish woman discovers her wedding ring on a carrot growing in her garden, 16 years after she lost it.



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Goeie Werk - Marnaud Nel

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facebook 

Hein En Bijanka Nortie
Metal Detector SA Club



Kevin Campbell Baito
Hi Mike dit is n voorbeeld van n su kuffie metal

Kevin Campbell Baito
Merde is net n grater weggevoer



Hi Mike, Blackie Nortie
Wouf Di het verdrag content n Lucky Packet gekry. Bala bly

David A. Babin
"Very nice" identify lol
Kulias Neil
Hi Mike I belong to the Royal Canadian Infantry
Michael Bull
Hi Kulias You Are Correct. Google Says The Button Is "The Royal Canadian Reg
ment (VR) In Leth Victoria Regime (approx). The Crown Is Durgine
Clayton Mike
Kulias Neil
Pleaseee Mike!

facebook 



Wolfgang Roux/Metal Detector SA Club

Still going through "Pandora's Box" and cleanen up this Button Plate found in the British Camp
at Colenso in
1899 Added a few of my favourite button finds to illustrate the use of the plate

Michael Bull
You Were Fortunate To Find The Plate In Original Condition They Are Usually Broken. Mike.

Michael Bull
Hi Wolfgang My W.W.1 Bayonet Has 22 Marked On The Blade. The Arrow And 1207 . The Frog
Stamped 1906. Mike.

Wolfgang Roux
Hi Mike, Yes they usually are and with 5041 which is most probably a recruitment number
stamped on it, so special, and it has military history attached!!!

John Hawkins
Like that for sure... you still have the digger I gave you? I've worn about two plus inches off of
the one I bought after.

Wolfgang Roux
Hi John I would not part with it for anything and often think of you when using it. Stay safe my
friend!!!

Michael Bull
Hi Wolfgang. The Makers Name is Sanderson. The S is Not Clear. Cheers Mike.

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World War II Hunt

by Michael Johansen

I had been looking for long to find any WW2 info in our country and I found out about a site by a friend (David) who invited me to go search an area Near Middleburg. It turned out to be the Old Training grounds of the military back in the day. The site was so polluted with Metal it was entirely impossible to swing your detector there. I would hit around 20 signal in one swing so I decided to just put my machine back and go for a



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World War II Hunt



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BREAKING NEWS



Beach Finds



Coins



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Club News



More about my Find ?



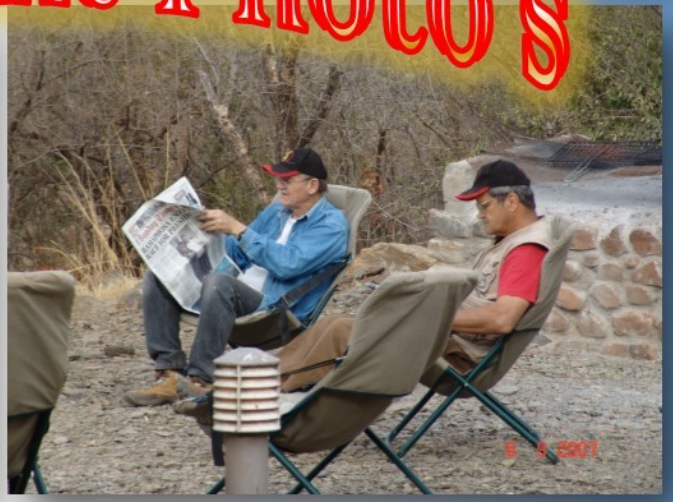


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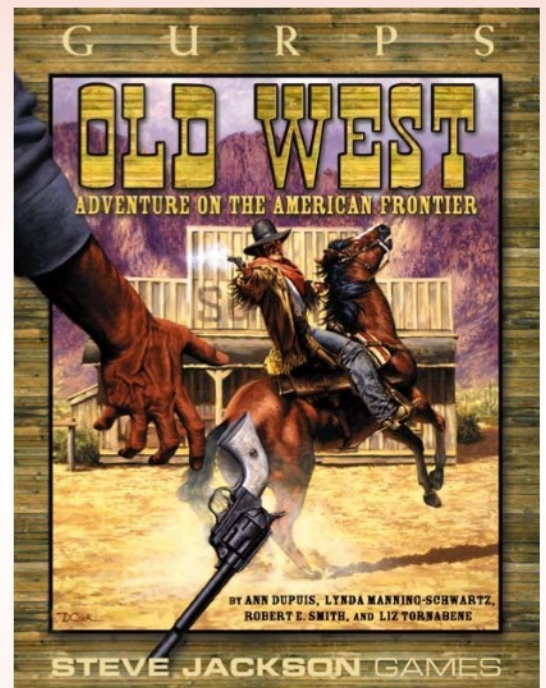


Annual Hunt Photo's



March 1996 and we were resident at Penny-Bain in Georges Valley Tzaneen. High up on the mountain overlooking Georges Valley, with the Wolkberg mountains opposite us! Our farm had been bought by Taiwanese who wanted to quarry black granite on the farm and we were in a state of semi-retirement. My health was not good and after tests I was diagnosed with Myalgia encephalomyelitis (chronic fatigue syndrome) this meant a protracted treatment of diet, vitamins, Lactobacillus Acidophilus and antioxidants. Also injections of immunoglobulin. A long and trying time of rehabilitating my immune system to control the chronic fatigue virus.

As a schoolboy I had seen adverts and articles in the American Magazine "Old West" and "True West" I was always sceptical about the claims made in these articles. I was intrigued and not due to my health status decided to obtain a metal detector and see for myself. I contacted Lukas van der Merwe on the reef and purchased a Fisher 1225X from him. So on a day in March 1996 Wendy, my wife came to me bearing a parcel slip. The detector had arrived and I felt a surge of excitement. Now we would see what a detector could achieve. Little did I know that I had discovered the most fulfilling and amazing hobby of all.



I rushed to the post office and collected the oblong box and took it home. After reading the booklet I put the batteries in the machine, set the sensitivity and discrimination and was ready for action. Not only was this hobby fasci-



nating but in my condition at the time, very therapeutically. Chronic fatigue can be very depressing but with this new interest it was a healing medium in my life. After much practice I came to know the 1225X detector and spent many hours using it. There are so many stories to be told concerning this hobby it would take a book to cover them all. In this account I will touch on some of the more

interesting stories concerning finds.

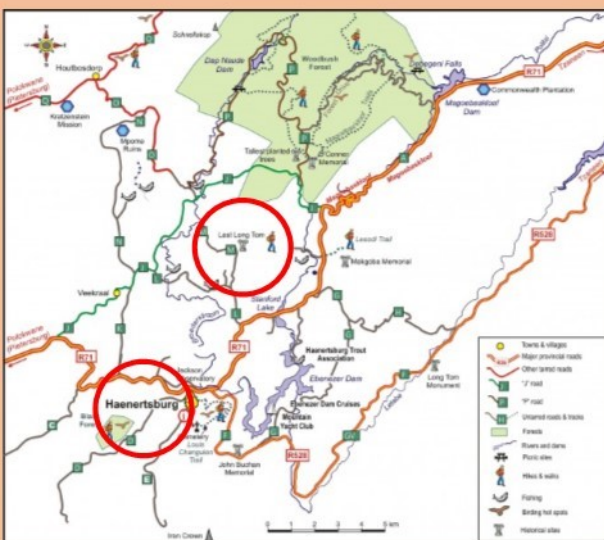


One of the earliest lessons to learn is that where there have been the presence of people you will find traces of them. Our area, with much indigenous bush and forestry plantations was an example of this. Having searched our large garden and finding odd pieces of metal and tap parts I noticed a footpath winding down the hill through the forest. Footpath means people walking, people walking means dropping coins my mind told me. So I worked this and other footpaths in the area around my home. A sharp signal and out came a silver sixpence, more signals and some silver ticeys (3d) and a shilling. That was more like it and I worked all the paths in the area.

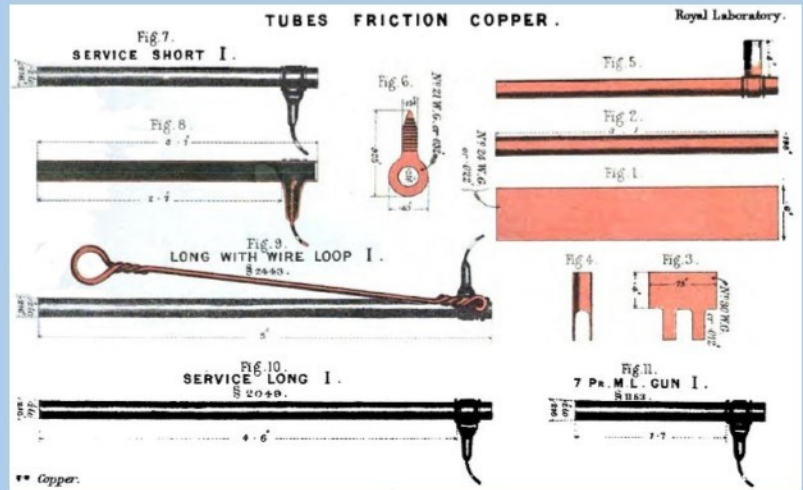


The history of the area is important. A ruin of an old shop yields odd coins and lots of junk. But have a look and that big flat topped shady tree close to the old shop has a story to tell. The place where people after a long walk to the shop would sit and rest, chat and prepare to walk home. There under that tree are coins to be found....fascinating. The history of your area over our property and down the mountain, still faintly visible was the old coach road. I worked this road and only found a few musket balls of lead. Another lesson.... People seated in a coach don't lose much outside the coach.

We lived about 5km from Haenertsburg and on doing some research learned that during the Anglo Boer War the Boers and the British had quite a few skirmishes in the area. The Boers under Kommandant Beyers were held up in the Stryjdpoot Mountains. The Boers moved above the Haenertsburg area and were always one step ahead of the British. I discovered that there was a hill in the vicinity where the Boers had one of their creusot guns, Long Tom as it was called. This gun was firing on the British until they ran out of ammunition. The Boers spiked the gun and blew it up before fleeing on Horse-back.



I located the hill and found the area overgrown with wattle. On the top of the hill was a Long Hole in the ground and I recognised this as the place the Long Tom had stood when it was blown up. I set to work with my detector. A lot of nails and odds and ends came to light. I moved closer to the oblong scanning the ground and dug out a small piece of metal. About 3" long and 1.5



long and 5mm wide and I realised this was a firing fuse for the Long Tom. I carefully searched the immediate area and dug out five more fuses. Not too bad I thought proof that the Long Tom had stood on this hill and was also destroyed here too.



No more signals I decided to set my discrimination lower and sensitivity up in case there were any small signals. I moved around the perimeter of the hole, slowly and carefully. The 1225X gave a hard signal, I carefully marked the spot and dug into the ground. About 3" down out came a Brass Cylinder with a looped wire attached I looked at it approx. 2"

I started moving out and further away from the hilltop. The wattle was quite dense but open areas between strips of wattle I found lots of small pieces of steel but nothing significant. After a few hours I came to the realisation that there was not much to find here. On the way back to my bakkie I swing my coil just in case. Suddenly a hard signal.... I pinpointed it and dug. It sounded to me like a tin can. Then my spade struck metal, too big for a tin can, with a surge of excitement I dug the metal open. It was 11 foot long and 7" wide. I lifted it out of the hole a beautiful piece of the Long Tom Barrel, curved and with rifling on the one side. That was more like it, I searched the area some more but no more finds. I finally packed up and left the area. A very interesting morning!

I next heard from one of the locals that the British had located a Cache of Martini ammunition and they had dug it out and blown it up. I was given instructions how to find this location and a depression in the ground was still visible. I was told that after all these years no plants grew in this depression I was intrigued and one day decided to explore the site. I set out and where a pine plantation started I turned into the access road on the edge of the trees. I followed this down into the valley and where the pine trees ended parked my bakkie. There was a stream with some bush on the edge of the trees. ????????? I scouted around, was this another wild

sive scar but it must have been where the ammunition was uncovered. Removed and stacked ready for destruction. I searched around the hole and found nails and some flat tin pieces. Obviously some



cases of ammunition???

Must have been opened to prime???

The cartridges in preparation for destruction.

The hole must have been 3m x 3m and so much ammunition???

Must have made an impressive explosion.

The flat tin was also interesting when I search an area of interest I always search around big trees. I do this because such trees are markers for concealed goods. I kept finding flat tin, folded and stamped flat and was at a loss as to their origin. Now it made sense. A case of ammunition was enclosed in a tin case. These cases skilfully concealed under big trees was a constant supply

of ammunition for the Boers. Find the tree, dig the case take the ammunition, flatten the tin box and bury the tin again and no clues as to where the ammunition had been concealed.

I found these tin caches at mission stations, and other prominent building or place. Always at the base of large trees. I spent some more time there and except for some more nails nothing more was forthcoming. I returned to my bakkie and left for home. A good day with much to think about

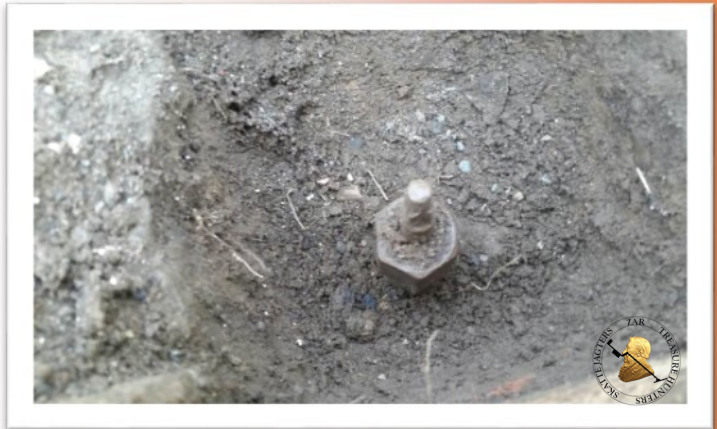


goose chase? Then I saw it, a distinct hollow in the ground. Devoid of any plant growth this must be it. I fetched the 1225X detector sit it and switched it on. Almost immediately I found a signal, out came an exploded Martini Henry doppie, then another and more and more came to light. I started looking for undamaged casing but they were few and far between. I found Martini casings up to 100meters from the point of explosion. This gave me an indication of how big an explosion it must have been. Later in the bush itself I found a hole had been dug, not an explo-

Goeie Werk!



Marnaud Nel se skool op Cradock het my genader om n stopkraan op te spoor. Hy het sy Ace 250 na uitnaweek saamgeneem en vandag, binne 10 minute, dit opgespoor. Geluk ou grote, deel in jou suksesvolle "hunt"



A Swedish woman discovers her wedding ring on a carrot growing in her garden, 16 years after she lost it.

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DIFFERENCE**



I bent down and carefully lifted it clear of the soil, another complete cartridge. I put it in my bag and checked close to the point where I had removed the cartridge. Another signal and then another and I dug up two more cartridges. I moved to some big square rocks forming a natural refuge and at the base of the rock I dug a signal. This time I found a .455 Webley Revolver cartridge. A nice change and it went into the bag of finds. Even though I had found evidence of the skirmish I could not word out how this action had unfolded. The substation had covered a large area of Iron Crown and the adjacent slopes were covered with wattle trees. I did not find any .303 casings or 7mm Mauser casings so it was extremely difficult to know how this skirmish unfolded. I worked the most likely areas all around the substation fence but found nothing more. Likely positions on the higher ground were covered in wattle trees. I gave the ridge one last sweep and found no more signals. Time to go home. We climbed into the Jeep



and bade Iron Crown farewell.

Back home I thought about all the activity in our area. Concealed ammo, destruction of the ammo dump blowing up the Long Tom Cannon and the Skirmish at Iron Crown. This activity meant a presence of Boers and British patrols. I did some researched and the name Strijdpoot Berg came to light. Local knowledge indicated that a battle took place in these Stijdpoot Berg Mountains. The date of this battle in 1902 was arguably the last battle of the Boer War. I had read much literature on the Boer War but had never come across an account of this battle. Kommandant Beyers was holed up in the Strijdpoot Mountains in a farmhouse in a deep valley. To reach this valley one had to cross Beyersnek, a very steep, difficult route to cross the mountain to reach the valley. A dry riverbed Malipsriver ran through the mountains last of Beyersnek called Strijdpoot. This natural poort is a narrow channel and has a natural barrier of rock 5" high cross it. This effectively stopped any British incursions as the Boers had schanzes above the poort. The valley itself was easily defended and has another poort going south out of the Valley and through the mountains. This was an escape route if need be and known as Bewaarskloof.



Christiaan (CF) Beyers
(1869-1914)

This area in Beyersnek overlooking the Strijdpoot ??? and up the mountains to the west and east had many strangers and schanzes. With an excellent viewpoint to the north overlooking the valley to the south it was an excellent bolt hole for Beyers and his men. Then of course it need to be the escape route Southdown Bewaarskloof.

The British under Colonel Johan Colenbrande were posted in Pietersburg.



Colonel Johan Colenbrande

They did patrols into the Haenertsburg area and were frequently attacked by Beyers men. The Iron Crown

skirmish being one such attack. The Boers with their concealed ammunition and good local knowledge were a thorn in the side of the British. Colenbrander tired of these constant attacks decided to attack Beyers in his hideout in the Strydpoort mountain range. There followed a fierce battle in Beyersneck and on the mountain. Having uncovered this information I knew I had to locate this Battlefield. I was told if I travelled on the main road to Pietersburg I would pass Boyne the Black Zionist Church headquarters. When opposite Boyne if I looked at the mountains to the south I would see the Strydpoort Berge and the Strydpoort would also be visible. I got into my bakkie and drove to Boyne and surge enough, there was the mountain range with the distinct poort visible. It seemed a long way away and decided I would try and

reach the site from the south. From Cuniespoort ??? side and try to move up the Bewaarspoort into the Valley where the farmhouse was situated.

At this time I knew nothing about the actual layout of this battlefield but was determined to find out for myself. I left home and headed towards Pietersburg. I passed Boyne eyeing the poort and Strydpoort mountains. I turned off to Chuniespoort???? And found myself on the Southern side of the Strydpoort Mountains. I drove until I found what appeared to be a poort through the mountains. A track led into the poort and I drove in as far as I could. I explored it no dice it soon turned in the wrong direction so I abandoned it.

I drove back towards the Pietersburg road and saw another likely Poort into the Mountains. The track seemed better and I carefully drove into the poort. This was a real ravine and the direction was right. After a while the track became overgrown so I stopped and walked along the track. After sometime it became obvious this was Bewaarpoort and it also became obvious that it was one hell of a long passage through the mountain. It was getting late so I abandoned the idea of moving through Bewaarpoort. I went back to the bakkie and on my way back looked at the elusive Strydpoort berge. I noticed some black settlements part of Boyne and knew that I would have to find a way through them to approach the battlefield from the north. I drove on home and left Strydpoortberg for another day.

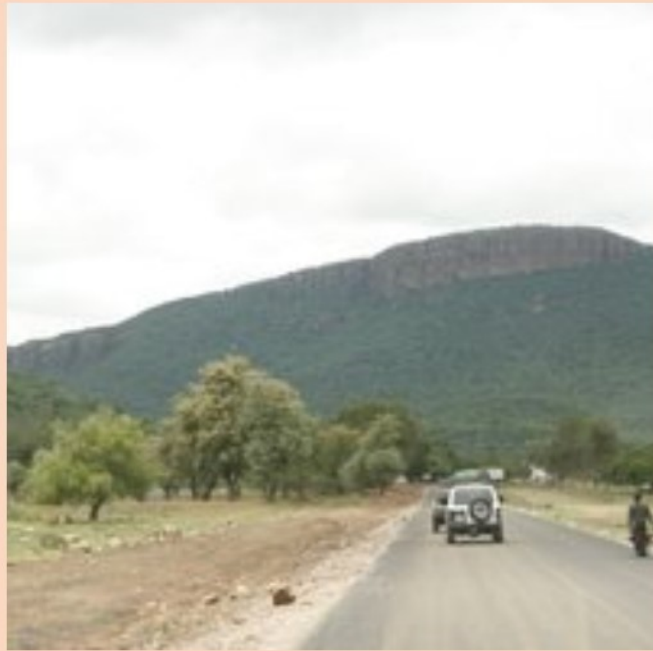
The alarm jarred me awake 04h30 in the morning time to dress and go.



I felt a surge of excitement today I was going to find the route to the Strydpoortberg Battlefield. I packed a rucksack, water and milkpowder,

mountains. I turned down the last line of houses and the Strydpoortberge were now closer, still a long walk but feasible. I saw some

set out for the Strydpoortberge.



Strydpoortberg

muesli and other essentials loaded my detector and rucksack on the bakkie and was on the road at 5am. I drove towards Boyne, and just before Boyne took a left turn along a straight gravel road that bypassed Moriah the Zionist Headquarters and led me south towards Strydpoortberge. I found a track to the right crossed a dry stream bed and entered a village. Now followed a hit and miss journey along gravel roads until finally I came to the nearest village tot the

people in the yard of the nearest house I stopped and asked them if I could park my bakkie in their yard wailst I walked to the mountain.

After a chat we had an arrangement I would bring fresh bread and milk each time I came and they

would keep my bakkie safe while I walked to the mountains. I asked them about the mountains and some of the people grazed cattle there. I asked about sangers and schantzes and they told me they were there. A new surge of excitement welled up in me and picking up my rucksack and my detector I

I headed towards the poort in the mountains. Still a long walk but spurred on by the thought of what may lie ahead I walked with a purpose. After 40 minutes of follow the various paths I ame onto an old road at the foot of the mountains. I followed tahir towards the poort and now I was much closer to my destination. Just before the poort a well defined path went off the road and up the mountain. This must lead to Beyersnek, I thought. I turned off the road and moved onto the path. It was very steep and rocky.

Ater a while it joined up with what looked like an old road. This must be Beyersnek I



thought and Pressed???? on with the climb. Every know and then I searched with my detector but there were no signals. In my state of health

I would climb this old road by counting off 200 steps, stop and eat some of my muesli mix, rest a while then do the next 200. There were 4 stops so that made it 800 steps up this steep road. I have climbed many mountains in my time and believe me this was steep. I wondered how anyone, other than on foot could use a road such as this. After the 800 steps the road entered a shallow ravine. There was a flat area ahead I saw the first sanger. This must be it! Beyersnek!! Where the climb ended to the side of the road

was a big heap of soil and stones.

Strange,

I thought what purpose could that have in this whole set-up. It was about 5" high and looked like an old heap of gravel. It was convenient to sit on and rest. This heap was to turn out to be fascinating for time and again when I stopped here, before moving on I would give it a

quick scan with the detector.

Several coins came to sight some under the stones on the surface and others deeper into the heap. Mainly pennies and half pennies going back to the 1930's. one coin an American dime, was also found as well as 60's coins. It had a hole drilled in it and it must have been used as a necklace. There was lots of smaller, loose stones in the heap and any coin lost would fall out of



sight between the stones. This heap was intriguing and I always gave it a check-up on the way past, even packing loose stones aside to search for signals. Somehow there was always a coin to be found. I believe I was not the only one to rest on this mound and cattle boys and other

climbing this Beyersnek used it to rest on. I reached the sanger, took my pack off and prepared to explore Beyersnek and its surroundings. It was with



great excitement I noticed more small sangers and schantzes on the steep slopes each side of the nek. I decided to work the top of the road and the nek itself first, put on a dry shirt and started detecting. Right across the flatter area were 5 schantzes and I decided to work them first.

With mounting excitement I set the machine and switched on. I moved along the nearest Schantz and the going was difficult next to the wall as the stones had fallen down. No signals and I thought to myself, "was there ever a battle here?" one thing one learns at this game, don't be in a hurry and think about what took place here.

These schantzes were built across the nek and would



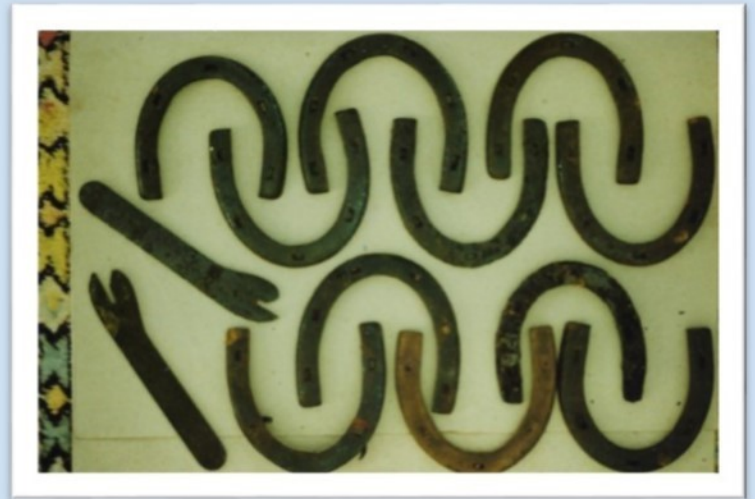
Lee Metford Cartridge

give no cover from the sangers and schantzes on the slopes above. I stopped and moved to the side of the nek until I was in cover from the fortifications above. Almost immediately a signal and I dug out a Lee Metford cartridge casing. Now I knew I must be on the edge of the battleground. More signals and more .303 casings then a rifle butt plate. I looked at it and again was amazed to think it had lain here for over a 100 years. I worked the edges of the nek where cover existed and found many casings then suddenly I found a dust cover plate for the breech of a Lee Metford Rifle. The British

must have forced this nek to get at the Boers above. I looked at my finds, casings, dust cover "Butt plate" tiny horseshoes from British Boots, metal liners from front of the boot sole, nails. The time had caught up with me and I had a long walk back down the mountain and across the the veld to my bakkie. I packed up and moved out thinking to myself: "the battlefield lay ahead up both slopes from the neck" I don't think anyone had explored this place as it was too isolated. I looked forward to many more trips up Beyersnek and who knows what lay concealed there. With these happy thoughts I reached my bakkie and drove home. This was only the beginning.

By this time I could see that metal detecting was all that people proclaimed it to be. Now I had uncovered Strydpoort Battlefield and

the sky was the limit. Due to my problem with my health I decided to visit the Battlefield once a week on a Thursday. So on the next Thursday early I was on the road again. The route was much quicker now as I had discovered the quickest way to the starting point. I arrived at the house delivered milk and fresh bread and was ready to go. I covered the walk to Beyersnek with ease now and started my ascent 200 steps rest and eat some muesli and milk. Up, up I went pacing myself until I was on Beyersnek again. I searched once more on the flat



ground between the schantzes. Nothing except a few nails. I then turned my attention to the schantzes on the slopes to one side of the nek. Not very large but enough to cover a soldier.



Hein En Bijanka Nortje
Metal Detector SA Club



Kevin Campbell Esplin

Hi Hein dit is n voetstuk vir n ou koffie meul

Kevin Campbell Esplin

Hierdie is net n groter weergawe



Hein En Bijanka Nortje

Wow! Ek het vandag omtrent n Lucky Packet gekry. Baie bly



David A Eden

Very royal infantry.lol

Kobus Nel

I think it belong to the Royal Canadian Infantry

Michael Bull

Hi Kobus You Are Correct. Google Says The Button Is The Royal Canadian Regiment VRI Is Latin Victoria Regina Imperatrix. The Crown Is Guelphic Cheers Mike.

Kobus Nel

Pleasure Mike!



I started finding Lee Metford casings and some buckles, all British. I moved higher and whilst carefully sweeping a sanger found a faint signal next to the wall of the sanger. There was a gap under the bottom stone of the wall. I pushed the detectors coil into the gap and received a hard signal, another cartridge casing? I dug into the soil under the stone rechecked the hole, dug some more and to my delight out came a penny an 1860 Queen Victoria Penny. I rechecked the hole another signal and I dug out an 1898 coin from India. (These coins came with the soldiers that were stationed in India - red)I was amazed. A British soldier must have either lost or concealed these coins under the stone. Once more I looked at them. Over 100 years in the soil on the battlefield and I dug them out. The thrill of finding these relics makes

this this hobby so satisfying and after many years still find it a thrill to dig up an old relic. Some regimental buttons also came to light, still in fine condition.



This slope rose steeply from the nek with many small sanders. All the cartridge casings were Lee Metford



and I wondered where the Boers were firing from. Must be on the opposite slope that ended in a rocky ridge. Also sangers there but I had not explored there yet. I moved up the slopes I was on and came to the top op the mountain. A spur overlooking Srydpoort on the

flat were a few more sanger had a great view over the nek and opposite slopes. Perhaps a lookout sanger. I checked it but many rocks had fallen down and I could not check it too closely so I left it with the thought I would pack it up some-time and then give it the attention it deserved. Once on the slope above the nek I started to find a lot of old tins. All British and water tins.

I moved along the crest away from the lookout sanger. A few more Lee Metford casings and when I moved into a position where I was looking down onto Strydpoort I dug my first Duitse Mauser casing. The rifles 7mm casing with the date 1896 on the rear. Unmistakable and it was lying in the soil behind the cover of a square stone that meant good cover from Strydpoort below.



British Soldier Water Bottle

This was a thrill as I felt a connection with the Boer who fired this cartridge in 1902. I moved along the crest overlooking Strydpoort and dug up about 12 Duitse Mauser casings in all. This made sense firing into Strydpoort but I was still confused at how the British took positions in the sangers on the slope with no evidence of Boers fighting back, all well early days this battle will unfold with time. I swept my way across the crest, down pass the sangers back onto the



Duitse Mauser

nek! Some more Lee Metford casings, buckles and another button. Time to walk back down the mountain and to my bakkie. My finds bag was almost full with buttons, buckles, cartridge casings, nails, boot irons, coins etc. a good day and on my way home thought about what had transported. Still a mystery

to solve. Where had the Boers made their stand, maybe the other slope leading up to rocky ridge will tell a story. With these thoughts in my mind I drove home.

Thursday came soon enough on my way to Beyersnek I decided to visit the lookout sanger first, pack the stones back up and check it out.

The usual trek and I stood once more on Beyersnek. I walked up to the sanger and all the fallen stones I could manage to pick up I packed back from the wall. Bigger ones I simply moved back from the wall. It was hot work,

and with the sun up now I sat down in some shade and admired my building progress. I stood up and started searching, out came a Mauser casing. Then right up against the wall I get a loud clear signal. I dug down carefully about 5" then I saw it, falling over in the soil a flash of silver and rounda coin....i picked it up in my hand and

looked at a perfect image of Paul Kruger on the silver. It was astounded it had lain in the soil under a fallen stone for over 100 years. It was shiny silver and had no patina on it. I was confused that the Boers have a medal such as this. I discovered later that it was what they called a field medal. The Boers would take a Kruger Silver 2/6 and carefully file off all writing leaving the Paul Kruger image intact. Now four wedges were carefully filed out to leave a medal like cross. (Trench Art—red) I was really excit-

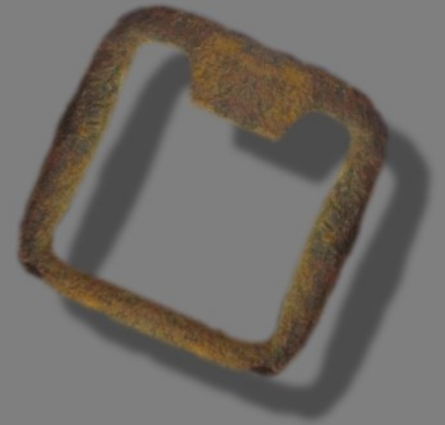


ed by this find and tied it up in a handkerchief for safe-keeping. I continued the search and another signal came from the machine. I dug out the back of a pocket watch. This must surely have been a lookout where Boers watched for British Troops.

A lot of slack time on their hands and so filing a coin or opening a watch helped pass the time. I wondered how these items could have been lost here did they have to leave in a hurry? All part of the riddle. I was almost finished searching the sanger when I received a signal on the opposite side of the wall. I had to push my coil right against the edge of the wall to pick it up yet it was not nice and clear. I moved the coil some more and did not get a nice clear signal. I wondered if there wasn't a tin in the wall itself. I turned the coil sideways on the wall and suddenly received a hard signal. I



got down on my knees and felt in the gap between the stones. There was something there, I packed stones down out of the wall until I reached the flat stone above the object in the sanger wall. I lifted the flat stone and there was an enamelled coffee mug. I could hardly believe my eyes. This must have been concealed with the idea of retrieving it at a later date. Before the onset of the battle and never retrieved again. What



a find and I wondered who the owner could be. I held it in my hand. It was perfect, no chips or rust and in the same condition as when the owner last sipped coffee from it. I was thrilled to have been the one who uncovered this relic after all this time. Amazing and just reinforced my love of the hobby of metal detecting.

On my way home I thought about the day. I had worked the sangers on the slope some more. Tins, odd buckles and buttons but nothing more. I could see a picture unfolding. The British had been pinned down in these sangers, hence the cartridge casings. I still had to discover where the Boers had taken position. Time would tell it had been a good day with the field medal my pride and joy. My next trip I decided to sleep over on the mountain and do the opposite slope. So I took extra water and a sleeping bag along plus some extra dry rations. I arrived on Beyersnek once more and walked up the opposite slope. I found a flat area and just short of the slope itself. Here was a line of sangers and I thought that this must be the line of defence for the Boers although it was only 150metres from the sanger on the other slope. I packed stones clear of these sangers and started to find



Duitse Mauser cartridge casings. I found only a few and also found ration tins again. Above me was the stone ridge and above that the mountain slope ran up steeply about 500 metres to a formation of rocks. Too far away to be part of the battle I thought. I finished searching around the line of sangers. Nothing significant as far as the Boers were concerned. I found more Lee Metford casings and some buckles and lots of ration tins. The few Mauser casings made no sense as they were too few to indicate a battle.

I moved up the slope to the rocky ridge. All along this ridge were sangers of different sizes. I found Lee Metford casings in the sangers and mostly on the edge facing the mountains slope. I looked at the slope and the distance to the rocky out crop and thought to myself, too far away. I slept that night on the bench near one of the sangers I had searched during the day. It was a full moon and it was an eerie experience as I could almost hear the sound of battle that night. I could not get to sleep as I was excited by the fact that I was here on this battlefield. All alone with the ghosts of the battle. I got up, put my boots on and made for a slope I had not fully covered that day. It was strange to be detecting in the moonlight and after about 20min got a good signal. I dug into the ground, checked then dug some more. A piece of metal cache out the ground. I picked it up and could see in the moonlight that it was a broken spur. I was thrilled as this was the one and only spur I found on the Battlefield. I returned to my sleeping bag and once comfortable drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I started searching again. All signals came from places that were sheltered form the ridge above or so I thought. In these places I found tins, buttons and buckles. I came to one such sheltered hollow and started digging casings (Lee Metford) again. Then I got a nice signal and saw a round domed metal object about 10mm wide sticking out of the ground. I had no idea what I was looking at and dug it out carefully. It was my first badge, an Innis killing badge. My heart leapt in my chest as I looked at it in my hand. My first badge and I felt very proud with the find. I moved onto the ridge itself and expected to find Mauser casings. No Mauser casings but a few more Lee Metford casings. Where had the Boers fired from. I was confused none of it made sense I searched the ridge and the sangers on the slopes leading up to the ridge. Wherever there was cover and in the sangers too I found Lee Metford casings, some British buttons and buckles and the inevitable ration tins. Obviously a battle was fought here and I looked down into the valley below me and behind the Strydpoortberg. I could see the old house where Beyers has his headquarters. The slopes behind the house were a mile or more away too far for the exchange of Rifle fire. My time was up and I started back down the mountain. I glanced back at the steep slope leading up from the ridge. I could see the rock formation where the slope ended, a good 400-500 yards away. I am missing something here I thought as I walked back down the mountain. On my way home it suddenly struck me. Those rocky formations above the slope needed to be searched. It was a long way up and very steep but I decided that next time I would climb up and check it out. On the way home I thought about the time I had spent on the mountain. The sangers on the ridge where I had found so many Lee Metford casings were of interest. In their vicinity and even between them I had dug up so many pieces of cast iron pots and also found pieces of porcelain Demi-Johns on the surface of the soil. The only explanation I could think of was that the Boers having to leave those positions in a hurry, had smashed their cast iron cooking pots and water Demi-Johns, to prevent the British from getting their hands on them. I still could not think where the Boers were situated during the Battle. All well next time I would climb the long slope and see if I could find an answer to the riddle.

Thursday came again and I stood in Beyersnek. I looked up the slope past the rocky ridge to the towering slope beyond. Was the rock formation growing this slope too far? Was I wasting time climbing the mountain. I thought it would be a good vantage point to see more of the area. Just do it I said to myself and started up the slope to the ridge. It was steep when I was on the long slope up and up I went resting ever so often until finally I could see a sanger showing in the scrub on top of the slope. A surge of excitement swept over me. I paused and looked back down the slope at the ridge and Beyersnek. With excitement I realised that this was the obvious vantage point to pin the British down below. I climbed through some bushes and found myself on a flat area with sangers showing on the edges overlooking the north, east and south. West of this natural fortress the mountain continued in a long ridge up to the skyline. This must be the escape route off the mountain, I thought.

I took off my pack and started detecting. On the flat area I started getting signals. I started finding round lead balls and pieces of shrapnel. So this was it, the British shelled this area so the Boers must have held this position. Now I was really excited and moved to the semi-circle of sangers. Here too I had to pack stones up to clear sanger walls. Signals revealed Duitse Mauser casings and also clips for loading Mauser bullets. A few Martini Henry casings as well on the north side facing Boyne. I came across the body of a shell. It was the larger naval gun shell. I stashed in a sanger wall maybe I would carry it down later. One sanger facing north was of special interest. I packed stones up and there were signals inside. I dug up a clip of Mauser bullets. All the casings had exploded but the damaged casings were still in the clip. The actual bullets had entered an earth bank on one side of the sanger. This was interesting as the Boers seldom lost their ammunition. This clip had fallen out of a bandolier and veld fires had exploded. The cartridges this to me was an indication that there might have been a hasty retreat from this position as well. This meant the slopes approaching this position from the north would have to be swept.

Between this sanger and the one next in line was a ledge with sheltered by a square rock 12" high. I moved onto the ledge to get a signal. Maybe another lead ball from the shrapnel shells bursting overhead. I was finding quite a few of them. This signal was harder than those made by lead balls. In the soil on the ledge I dug out a perfect Duitse Mauser cartridge undamaged and because of the shelter of the ledge the bullet had not even rusted it was a perfect bullet in the same condition as when it was lost. The casing a brown colour from the dating of time what a nice find, my first complete Mauser round. I searched the area and found more lead balls and scrapnel. On the north side facing Boyne was a steep slope and I decided that I would have to search this slope next time. All indications were that an assault came from this direction. I picked up my pack and looking at the last slope up to the skyline with the long Stoneridge knew that I was not done here. I would have to search all the way to the top. The ridge I was looking at must have been the escape route taken by the Boers. With that thought in my mind I make my way down the mountain.



[Wolfgang Roux Metal Detector SA Club](#)

Still going through "Pandora's Box" and clean up this Button Plate found in the British Camp at Colenso in 1899 Added a few of my favourite button finds to illustrate the use of the plate

[Michael Bull](#)

You Were Fortunate To Find The Plate In Original Condition They Are Usually Broken. Mike.

[Michael Bull](#)

Hi Wolfgang My W.W.1 Bayonet Has 22 Marked On The Blade. The Arrow And 1207 . The Frog Stamped 1906. Mike.

[Wolfgang Roux](#)

Hi Mike, Yes they usually are and with 5041 ,which is most probably a recruitment number stamped on it, so special, and it has military history attached!!!!

[John Hawkins](#)

Like that for sure... you still have the digger I gave you? I've worn about two plus inches off of the one I bought after.

[Wolfgang Roux](#)

Hi John I would not part with it for anything and often think of you when using it. Stay safe my friend!!!

[Michael Bull](#)

Hi Wolfgang. The Makers Name Is Sanderson. The S is Not Clear. Cheers Mike.



Thursday morning and once more I stood on Beyersnek. A short rest and on up the ridge to the long slope. Finally I reached the stangers where the Boers had made a stand. I looked down the mountain slope a good 400-500 yards and was reminded again at how accurate the Boers 7mm German Mauser was. I shrugged off the pack and made my way up the north facing stangers. I could see Boyne in the distance. I moved on to the slope below the stangers. More scrapnel and lead balls deposited by shells that had exploded overhead with time fuses. I had also found some of these timer rings on the fuse situated on the front of the shell. I had also dug out pieces of rifle rings and by comparing these estimated that there were properly 4x3" guns firing on the Boer position. Each gun has its own rifling pattering and by comparing all the rifling-ring pieces one can get an idea how many guns there were.

I moved down the slope, it was steep and I did not want to move to far down as it meant a whole new climb again to the top. It was very steep so I moved down about 100times and finding the occasional lead ball and nothing else. I decided to return to the stangers. On the way up I noticed where the soil on the slope had slipped and formed a small landslide. I made my way to this area and halfway up picked up a good loud signal. I dug into the soil and about 8" down struck metal. I opened the object and out came a perfect shell point. It was intact with timing mechanism still in place. I cleaned the soil off it and noticed the lead ball still in their epoxy inside the front of the shell. What a find!! I was thrilled as I put the shell point into my finds bag. I searched the area where the shell point came out. Dozens of lead balls pieces of the internal fitting of the shell and the shell body itself. This shell failing to explode, ploughed into the side of the mountain and disintegrated. I made my way up back to the shangers finding a few more lead balls.

I placed the shell pieces in my pack, relief as my finds bag was taken strain with the xtra weight of the shell pieces. A nice found I thought as I sat on a boulder admiring the view around me. I looked at the final slope with the stone ridge running up above to the top of the Strydpoort mountain. This must have been the line of the retreat of the Boers. The sangers and schantzes below in the east on Beyernek artillery and troops to the north below the sangers, expose slopes back into the valley where the farmhouse was situated. As I sumped up the situation I noticed a spur running off the ridge of stones leading up to the skyline. This spur lead off in a northerly direction and had dead ground behind it. It was a shorter distance than the mountain ridge running up to the skyline. It also faced the area below the sangers where I had dug the shell. I wouldn't tackle the slope and ridge leading up to the skyline today. So I decided to check the spur I had noticed. I left my pack where it was and I started out for the spur. I reached it and noticed what a good situation it was. A line of boulders with a gully behind ideal place to take cover with a backdoor to slip away. I started to search and between the boulders got a strong signal. A Martine Henry casing. Best situation gave cover to a rifle-man yielded a casing or two. All along this ridge I dug out Marine Henry casings. I wondered if these marksmen with Martini Henri rifles were put here to protect the Boers in the sangers flank.

I searched in the dead ground behind the boulders other than one more Martini henri casings there were no more signals. It was time to make the long walk back down to my bakkie. I fetched my pack and started the descend. I glanced back at the last ridge going up to the skyline. Next Thursday I will search it right up to the top of Strydpoortberg with that thought I my mind I started down.

Today I was going to explore the final slope where I believe the Boers made their retreat from Strydpoortberg. Being out man and outgunned they must have retired and rode off. The spur where the Martini Henri casings where deposited showed that they covering fire was properly laid down. To cover such a withdraw. I arrived on the top of the long slope and I had to catch my breath and then made my way up the final slope. I walked next to the ridge and could see a schantz about 20yards in length. A little higher up was a sanger just below the crest. I thought to myself, "this must be the backdoor and escape route for the boers" I searched the slope and in and out the rocky ridge. No signals and I stopped and sat on a rock. I looked around me I was in full view of the schantz and the sangers. Then it banded on me if the British moves up the slopes they would not have moved as I was in full view of the schantz and the sangers above. I moved over the rocky ridge just out of side of the emplacements above.

Almost immediately I got a signal, I dug it out and it was a boot hill iron. My heart jump in my chest this was the route the British took. I

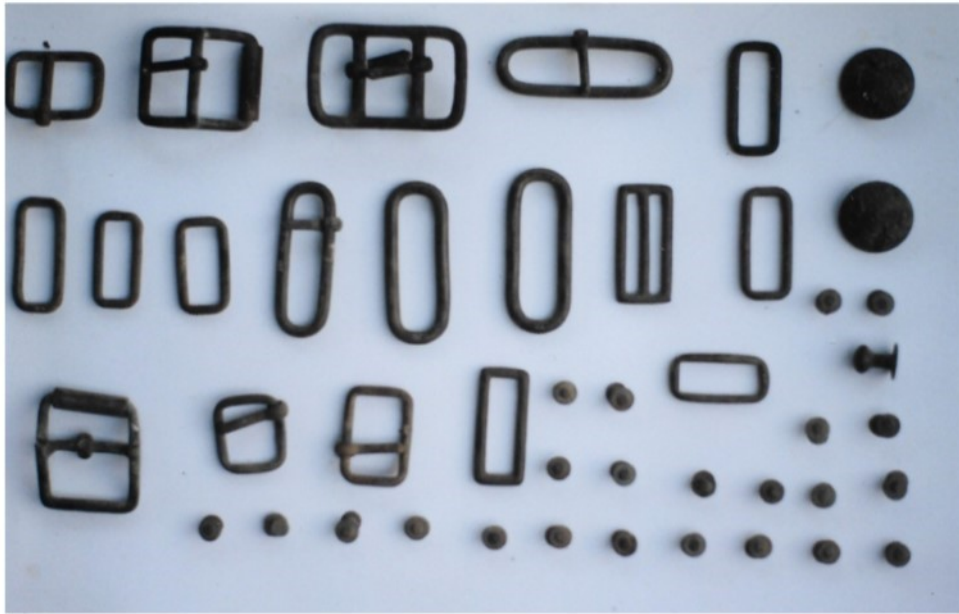
searched carefully on abend about 30' wide, the area concealed from above by the rider. Nearer the ridge in places where you could see the schantz and sangers but still has to cover. I found Lee Metfords casings and also odd life rounds. More boot irons trouser buttons, buttons, buckles coming out of this dead ground. That's more like it. I thought. I found one pertucular spot on the ridge with good cover where I dug out 13 Lee Metford cardridges. Did the soldier dump then or lose them I wondered. I worked my way up the slope until I came to the last formation of the ridge. A rocky bank about 3 feet high. I searched this area and found more Lee Metford casings. Below this rocky edge where a few large boulders. I moved over to them and while searching around them I saw a large flat stone.

Duitse Mauser



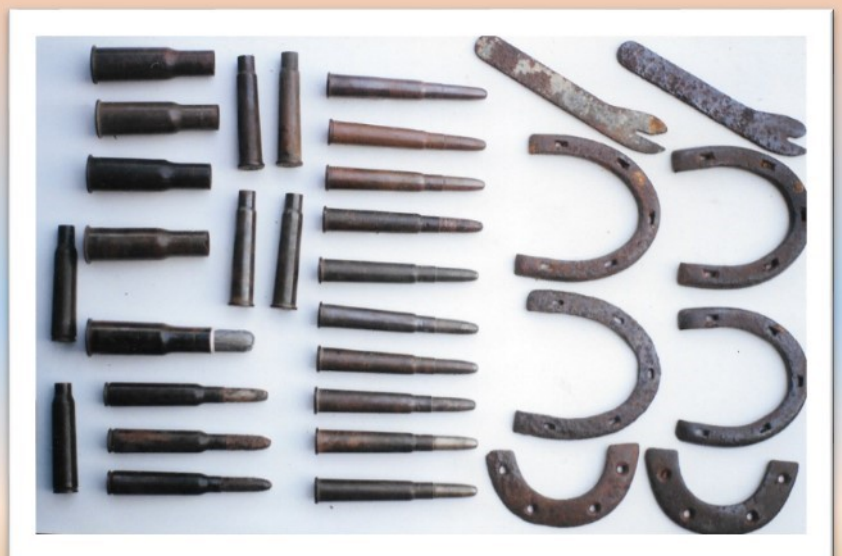
I searched up to the edge of the stone. I got a weak signal. I thought it must be a nail or a rustic piece of tin. I moved around the edge of the stone and kept getting weak signals. I dug a hole and even then the signal persist I found nothing. I looked at the stone about 3 feet x 9 feet and 6 " thick. Then it dunned on me the object was under the stone and when I swung

the coil it was only picking up a partial signal. I put the detector down and dug a hole under the edge of the stone. I grapped the edge and strained upwards. The stone shifted slightly a second time and the stone came loose, I pulled it and it lifted and I pushed it clear. I grabbed the detector with a new excitement what could it be? I got a signal loud and clear. Not another a



tin! I dug into the soil and out came a buckle. I checked the hole and another strong signal. I dug some more, two buckles my excitement level rose. Was that a cache of swords?? I pulled my digger through the soft soil where the stone had lay more buckles so I settle down on the flat stone and carefully search and dug each signal in the soil.

At one stage I dug out a belt-buckle two parts with "in God we trust" marked on one part. I was amazed, what was this all about and how did all this relics come to be under the flat stone. I dug some more until finally there were no more signals. I looked at the cache and had packed out on the flat rock unbelievable there was a belt-buckle, a brass shirt stud, 90 buckles and 23 small rivets. Every item was brass. The buckles were all sizes. There were 8 different type of buckles and I could recognize some of that. I recognize a bandolier buckle with sharp points and there was one of those four long rifle sling-buckles, one large double buckle and 2 large single buckles, 11 smaller buckles. The rivets were small and I only think they came from the inside of a pith helmet or a bandolier.



I put the cache into a plastic bag so they would not mix with the other finds. I was wildly excited as this was a real bonus so high up in Strydpoortberg. This was the thrill of metal detecting never knowing where or when the detector will bring to light a find such as this. A mystery however why had the British concealed these items under a stone was the helmet and webbing, belt and rifle slings the uniform of one or two wounded or killed British soldier? These items must have been concealed so that the Boers could not find them. Why was there no trace of the actual webbing on the buckles? Could this webbing have rotted away or ants have cleaned the webbing of the buckles? Over a 100 years under the ground who knows what could have happened.



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pened.

I put the finds away and made my way to the last rock bench. Now I could see the schanz and the sanger above. Rising up put me in deadly peril from above had there been Boers behind the Schantz. Perhaps the items under the stone came from a British soldier shot on or near where I stood now. Food for thought. I walked up to the Schantz. It was low and no stones had fallen from it. Now to find the proof that the Boers had been here. I swung my coil along the Schantz, no signals. How I was confused I had been so certain that this was the final position of defence. I sat down on a stone completely confused. Where had the Boers returned fire when the British were climbing. Behind the ridge up the mountain. The ridge on that slope had yielded bullets and casings, all Lee Metfords. To the right of the Schantz I noticed that there was a rocky ridge. I decided to check it out.

I walked to the start of this ridge may noticed that it gave good cover from below. I started searching and each time I found a good spot for a rifleman got a signal. Out came Mauser casings all along this ridge. If felt good to have solved the problem. There were no more lead balls or shrapnel this high up. Maybe too high up for the British cannons. I looked at the Schantz and thought how crafty these boers were. They preferred natural cover to man-made cover. I wondered how many British rifles would have fired on the Schantz without locating the true position of the Boers Duitse Mausers. This battlefield was certainly proving to be mighty interesting. I looked back at the sanger below the final crest of the mountain. The distance to an obvious path up the final slope was approx. 30metres. The rim of the mountain top was made up of a ring of boulders. This path led through a gap in the boulders and on the top was a long Schantz overlooking the slope below.

I climbed up to the top. Now I was well and truly on top. What a magnificent view and as I looked back down the slopes realised how exposed advancing British soldiers must have been. I swept the Schantz and found Duitse Mauser casings. This must have meant covering fire for retreating???? Boers. The whole set-up on this Strydpoortberg Battlefield showed me how the Boers used field craft and how the British must have battled to drive the Boers off Strydpoort berg. On the flat on the crest I noticed where a fireplace on the ground had been used. Out of sight from below so I thought that at times this was a lookout point as the clear

view of the road from Pietersburg warn the Boers of any British patrols, winding away from this lookout point was a very prominent path. Here I thought is the escape route on horseback.

I searched the flat and when I came to the old fire place started getting signals. I dug out several brass pieces of a primus stove. This reinforced my idea that this was a lookout point. I also found some pocket watch pieces. More evidence of a prolonged presence here. It always an indica-

tor where the Boers spend time that watches are opened for one reason or another and abandoned at such places. Perhaps they are not very good at repairing watches, I thought. I looked out over the scene below. The British must have taken Beyersnek and the Boers retreated up the slopes to the west of Beyersnek.

Once on top of the steep slope they moved into the sangars to make a stand. Outmanned and but gunned they kept the British at bay over 400-500 yards. A section of Boers were put in position on the ridge running north. They provided a defence on the right flank to facilitate their withdrawal up the final slope. A section took up positions near the final slope and gave covering fire to the withdrawing Boers. And finally a section of Boers manned the Schantz right on top of the mountain giving final cover to the retreating Boers. A fine lesson in movement and covering fire. I could only admire the skill and field craft of the Boers. Outmanned outgunned but not out manoeuvred. They certainly knew how to make use of the terrain and almost never were concerned and forced to surrender. My metal detector had brought back to life the details of this Battle.



It truly was an eye opener and re-in forced my love for this hobby. As I stated earlier these trips once a week gave me a new interest in life even though at times it was truly a hard battle to get back to my bakkie again. The physical effort took it out of me but my mental approach to my chronic fatigue became stronger. I can recall one particular day coming down the mountain from the very top. I started cramping and had to force myself down the slopes, find a tree and collapse against the trunk onto the ground then grab both boots and pull till the cramp passed.

This happened on every slope and that day I wondered if I would get back to the bakkie. I



recall one day when I was crossing the veld at the base of Strydpoortberg. The path entered some scrub when was about 12 feet high. It was on the old road and as I walked through the scrub on the path I heard something rustling in the dead leaves up ahead. I stopped be-

cause from experience I knew this could be a snake. I looked up ahead when suddenly a black mamba reared up. It was very big and had lifted its thick body a good 6feet off the ground. It was gazing intently in my direction and I was frozen to the spot. Having had experience with mambas I knew just how hazardous this situation was. I was alone and a good 30min from my bakkie. The snake knew of my presence and was not yielding. Which meant I could not move away.....what seemed like ages I stood watching this menace but he made no effort to depart the scene.

I had to get past this danger somehow. I noticed a round stone about the size of a tennis ball near my foot. I bent down slowly watching the snake all the while and picked up the stone. Now slowly I came upright again. From past experience I knew if I could distract the mamba by lobbing a stone behind it it may just drop down and leave the way open. I held the stone behind my back and lobbed it grenade fashion to where I thought it would strike the ground behind the mamba. Up went the stone and I could see I had lobbed it short and it crashed to the ground on top of the mamba. The mamba, far from dropping down and leaving, started lashing about in a frenzy. I took some big steps got off the path and managed to bypass the hysterical snake. I stopped my heart thumping in my chest and giggled nervously. The danger past and I felt relieved. I believe my stone must have struck the snake to get such a reaction and was truly relieved it was over.

I did visit the house in the valley. It was a long tiring slope down the mountain and I knew the best way to search this isolated spot would be to camp at the farmhouse. I only did this walk once and really battled to climb back up to Beyersnek. The slope was very long and a constant slope that really tired me out physically. The house was made of dagga bricks and only 4 or so walls still stood. I found two sangers one in each side of the house. I searched the immediate area but other than junk from the houses roof found nothing of interest. Around this house I could see where gardens had been laid out and irrigation furrows leading into the gardens. This furrow went up the kloof and I did not explore it as my time was limited. I believe that should one camp here and give the area a thorough search that there

must be caches of sorts as the Boers used this site over a long period. The mountain especially where the furrow came from, was steep and there could even be caves there.

History tells us that Beyers was wounded in the leg during the Battle and was holed up in the house. They must have left the house in a hurry and escaped out of Bewaarskloof as Beyers was not captured here. This meant concealment of any useful items,

to be fetched later once the British departed. The war ended within months of this battle so that could mean undetected caches.

The mountain behind the farmhouse must also have had defences. To this day I feel that there is more to find but unfortunately we left Georges valley before I could finish my search of the whole area. This experience I had on Strydpoort Battlefield was unique. I believe that I was the only one to use a detector there. I and the whole Battlefield to myself and I doubt anyone else had searched it. The isolation of this place plus the fact that it had not been documented has kept it free of other relic hunters. I experienced the fascination of uncovering the events of that Battle over a century ago and feel very blessed because of it.



31st Annual Free State Treasure Hunt 2 - 8 September 2016



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Monday
5 September 2016
First Session



PETRUS STEYN



Petrus Steyn was established on 11th October 1912 on the farm Sterkfontein under the Elandsokop and is also the origin of the Renoster River. Petrus Steyn is the second highest town in the Free State and is approximately 200 km from Johannesburg. The town lies in the agricultural hub of the Eastern Free State producing potatoes for Lays and Simba and other suppliers. Interesting geological sights can be seen in areas from Sasolburg to Rosendal on the Riemland Route. The following is found in these areas namely Molteno Rock formations, Fossilised forests, Listresaurus fossils, Dinosaur fossils and other newer species of fossils such as the extinct buffalo and animal species. You will find a wide variety of wild flowers and plants in the area as well as many indigenous species of birds





Monday
5 September 2016



TWIN MOSIA



Gold medal award winner, Twin Mosia, comments

Admin October 30, 2016 Uncategorized

Good day

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the chairman, members of the board, organizing committee for everything that they have done for us this past weekend at the Heritage Association of South Africa 16th Symposium.

I would also like to thank the Historical Homes for sponsoring our attendance as it would have been very difficult for me and my partner to attend what was a very wonderful gathering.

I am equally excited about the award and looking forward to working with HASA in many of the projects I'm involved in pertaining heritage conservation in Petrus Steyn and becoming affiliates!

I would also like to thank Jacques Stoltz who drove us safely to and from the event, the wonderful and helpful staff at the Mission Station, the accommodation/ eat out establishments who provided exceptional services throughout our visit.

The Symposium opened another door for me personally and I learned a lot thorough the presentations and discussions! I am looking forward to lure you to Petrus Steyn come 2019 when I believe our museum will be established and the whole town ready to host you!

I will be engaging with you once I get home.

Please pass my gratitude and humble greetings to every member who were part of this event.

Warm regards

Twin Mosia

Curator : Elandskop Museum

Founder : The Ingredients Productions

Petrus Steyn, Free State





Monday
5 September 2016
First Session



Twin Mosia invited us to explore his area Petrus Steyn



Twins house in Petrus Steyn



Lana..show me the money !



Twin - Kid on the way to school !



Piet and Twin - our next move ?



Twin recieved his Go Find sponsored by Minelab



Time for a refreshment !



Greg and Lana discuss their finds !



Leka Greg !

Dis-Chem
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Monday
5 September 2016
Elands Kop - Petrus Steyn

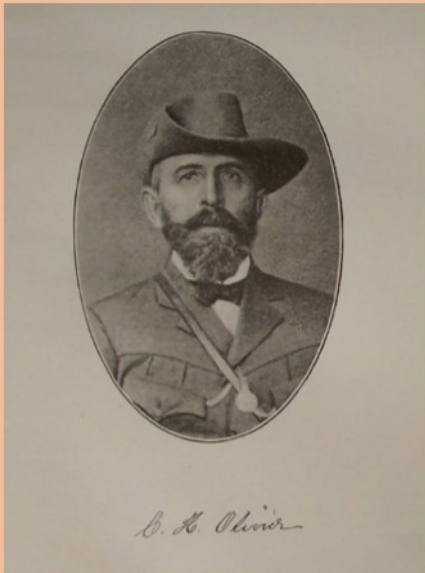


The estimated terrain elevation of this hill is 1721 metres above seal level and it became famous as a heliograph station used by both the Boers and Brits during the Anglo Boer War (South African War 1889-1902). It was also utilized as a base by the Boer General C.R De Wet during the later stages of the war when the British unleashed the "scorched earth policy" and the famous drive to capture, which the general eluded, thanks to his intelligence at Elandskop and surrounding hills! One could see as far as Vereeniging district at that time





Monday
5 September 2016
Generaal Cornelis H Olivier



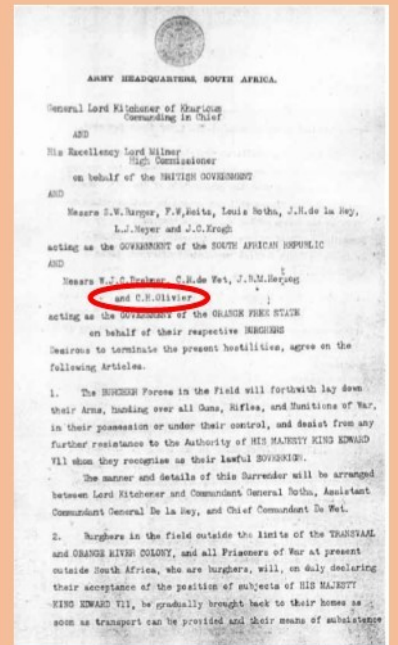
Die Volksblad en Ons Boere Se Trotse

Geskiedenis:

BETHLEHEM het sy genl. Rooi Michael Prinsloo. Paul Roux het sy 'spookgeneraal', genl. Mannetjies Mentz. Ficksburg het sy genl. Johan Fick.

Niemand het egter ooit vermoed dat Petrus Steyn ook 'n eie generaal van aansien het nie. Jare al lê sy oorskot in die ou kerkhof onder

'n grafsteen waarop Generaal Cornelis H. Olivier geskryf staan. Hoewel die grafskrif in die ou kerkhof op die dorp aan die voet van Elands-kop erg deur die tyd en elemente verweer is, kan 'n mens dofweg uitmaak dat hy dalk op 3 Mei 1851 gebore is en op 1 September 1924 op 73-jarige ouderdom oorlede is.



Hoewel die oorlogsmuseum 'n redelike goeie rekord van al die generaals het wat aan die Anglo-Boereoorlog (ABO) deelgeneem het, is Petrus Steyn se generaal die enigste generaal oor wie die museum nog nie inligting kon opspoor nie, sê mnr. Jan Minnie, skriba op die dorp, wat navraag gedoen het.

Volgens mnr. Johan van Zyl van die Oorlogsmuseum is daar geen dokument, brief of boek met enige inligting oor genl. Kerneels Olivier nie, behalwe in Boereoffisier van Jaques Malan. Malan skryf: "Toe genl. A.P.J. Cronjé in Junie 1900 na die Engelse oorloop, is C.H. Olivier in sy plek tot lid van die Vrystaatse Uitvoerende raad verkies.

"In hierdie hoedanigheid het hy die vredesoorenkoms te Vereeniging onderteken."

In die Heldealbum waarin net op drie bladsye na hom verwys word en daar 'n dowwe foto op bladsy 402 is, kan die afleiding gemaak word dat hy deel was van die Vrystaatse regering te velde en altyd saam met Steyn getrek het: "Die generaal en sy rol in die oorlog bly egter 'n geheim





Monday 5 September 2016 Best Finds



**A lot of History Today
Thanks Twin for Taking the History to a next
level !**



Day 3 - 1 st Best Finds Winner - Fred



Day 3 - 2 nd Best Finds Winner - Lana



Day 3 - 3 rd Best Finds Winner - Greg



Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Vredefort Weg



Die Vredefort Konsentrasiekamp is geleë naby Greenlands waar baie moeders en kinders hulle lewens verloor het tydens die Boereoorlog.

Die Regering het voorsiening gemaak vir die in orde hou daarvan, maar nou behoort dit aan Kopjes N.G. Kerk, wat met geldelike hulp van die Regering, dit in order hou.

Daar is 'n kommissie onder voorsitterskap van Mnr. Tomlinson (Vredefort), wat pogings aanwend om geld in te samel om daar 'n monument op te rig.



Piet Charlotte



Relike geskenk deur "Annual Hunt" Groep



Die Groep

Dis-Chem
PHARMACIES
Pharmacists who care

Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Vredefort Weg



Dit is die hak op die saal waar die
stubeel in en uit
hak !



Safe the Rhino "



Wade Charlotte Fred David



**Drone foto van die
Konsentrasie Begraafplaas**



In een Gat !



David op die " Hotspot "



Greg Charlotte David Lana Wade



Greg - " Silver " Charlotte



**Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Vredefort Weg**



**Sho - Dankie Charlotte vir die
Lekker T - Bene
Spesiaal van Koppies
Slaghuis**



Eugene



Lana David Tanya Fred



Greg

Wade



Piet

Eugene Charlotte



Lana

David



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Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Britse Ashoop - Konsentrasie Kamp



Wade Fred Tanya



Charlotte Wade Fred



Piet Charlotte Lana



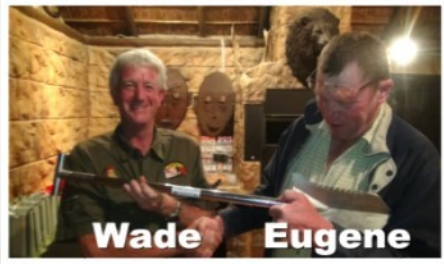
Lana



**Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Prys Uitdeling**



Day 4 - Best Finds Winner - Wade

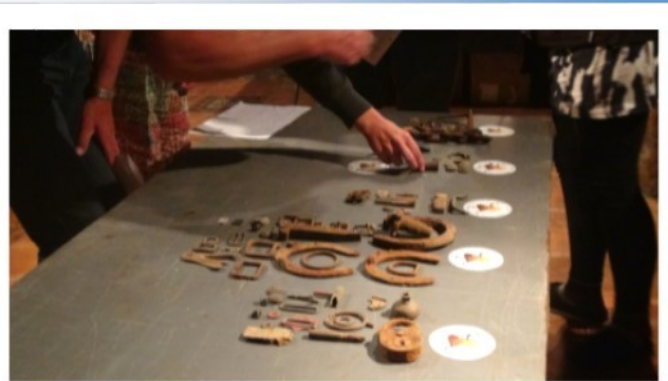


Day 4 - 2 nd Best Finds Winner - David



Vandag was weer n lang dag en drie plekke het baie relike opgelewer—Gregory met sy silver vondse het die pap dik aangemaak. Baie dankie ook vir Piet en Charlotte wat die dag vir ons gereel het. Die T—Bene was uitstekend en Eugene as braaier het dit net mooi afgerond. Dankie ook vir ons donateurs vir hulle skenkings vir die beste vondse gevind

Day 4 - 3 rd Best Finds Winner - Greg



To Be Continued in Next Issue !

**Dinsdag
6 September 2016
Prys Uitdeling
Donateur**

93 Villiers Road
Walmer
6070
Port Elizabeth
South Africa

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**Dankie Henry Clapton vir die
Skenking vir Vonds
van die Dag !**





I WILL ALWAYS CHECK LOCAL LAWS BEFORE SEARCHING. IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY TO “KNOW THE LAW”

I WILL RESPECT PRIVATE PROPERTY AND WILL NOT ENTER PRIVATE PROPERTY WITHOUT THE OWNER’S PERMISSION. WHERE POSSIBLE, SUCH PERMISSION WILL BE IN WRITING.

I WILL TAKE CARE TO REFILL ALL HOLES AND TRY NOT TO LEAVE ANY DAMAGE.

I WILL REMOVE AND DISPOSE OF ANY AND ALL TRASH AND LITTER THAT I FIND.

I WILL APPRECIATE AND PROTECT OUR INHERITANCE OF NATURAL RESOURCES, WILDLIFE AND PRIVATE PROPERTY.

I WILL AS AN AMBASSADOR FOR THE HOBBY, USE THOUGHTFULNESS, CONSIDERATION AND COURTESY AT ALL TIMES.

I WILL WORK TO HELP BRING UNITY TO OUR HOBBY BY WORKING WITH ANY ORGANIZATION OF ANY GEOGRAPHIC AREA THAT MAY HAVE PROBLEMS THAT WILL LIMIT THEIR ABILITY TO PEACEFULLY PURSUE THE HOBBY.

I WILL LEAVE GATES AS FOUND.

I WILL BUILD FIRES IN DESIGNATED OR SAFE PLACES ONLY.

I WILL REPORT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES ANY INDIVIDUALS WHO ENTER AND OR REMOVE ARTIFACTS FROM GRAVES AND MONUMENTS.

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ALFRED
LEEJE

I WANT YOUR STORY

FOR THE NEXT

"Treasure Talk"