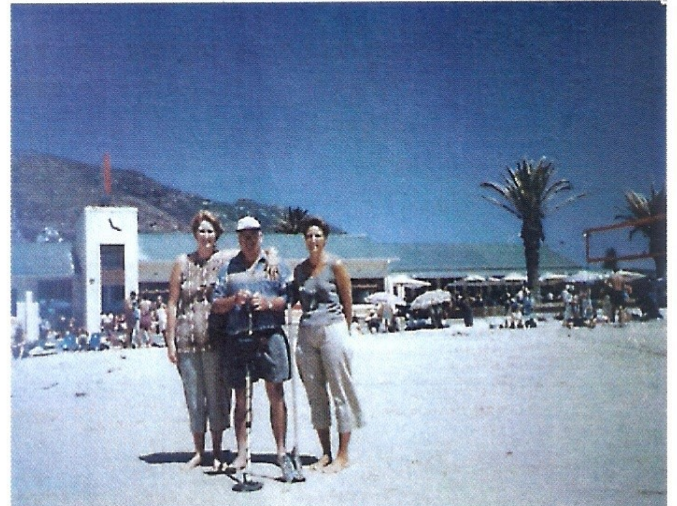
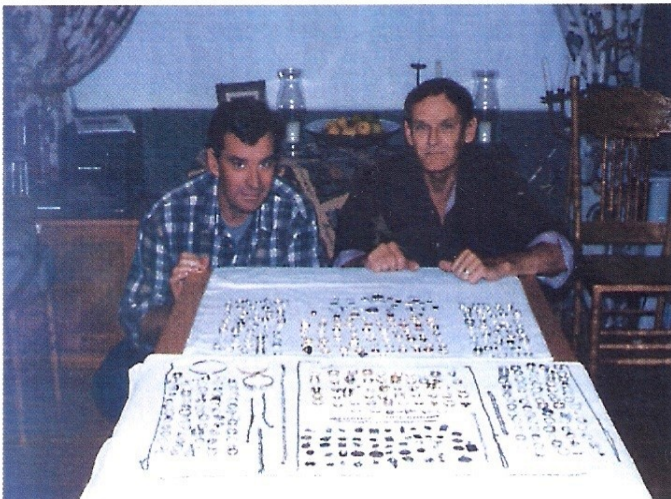


# Treasure Talk

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

First Quarter 2002 Eerste Kwartaal

Photos from our archives / Fotos uit ons argiewe





LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / BRIEF VAN DIE REDAKTEUR

Dear Reader

I hope that you enjoyed your summer holidays and that you are well rested for the year ahead. I also hope that this year, regarding our wonderful hobby of metal detecting, will be a great one.

I am glad to report that Santam, as sponsor of our newsletter, sportingly agreed to sponsor some great prizes that will be awarded to the "best" article per issue. For this issue, the winner of a beautiful Parker pen is Owen Timmermans. His article, "Early Start" tells of his first experiences with treasure hunting as a nine year old boy on the tropical island of Banka, east of Sumatra, south of Singapore, in what then was the Netherlands East Indies. That was in 1928, more than 70 years ago... Thinking about it, this gives a new meaning to the term "veteran treasure hunter" Well done Owen!

Enjoy this issue.

-----

Beste Leser

Ek hoop u het u somervakansie geniet en is lekker uitgerus vir die jaar wat voorlê. Ook hoop ek dat hierdie jaar sommer 'n GROOT jaar gaan wees wat die skattejagtery aanbetref.

Ek is bly dat ek 2002 met goeie nuus kan afskop: Santam, die borg van hierdie nuusbrieff, het goedgeunstiglik 'n paar pryse geborg wat ons gaan toeken aan die "beste" artikel wat per uitgawe gepubliseer word. Vir hierdie uitgawe is die wenner van 'n pragtige Parker pen, Owen Timmermans. Sy artikel, "Early Start" vertel onder meer van sy eerste kennismaking met skattejag as negejarige kind op die tropiese eiland van Banka, oos van Sumatra en suid van Singapoer, wat oorspronklik as Nederlandse Oos Indië bekendgestaan het. Dit was in die 1928, meer as sewentig jaar gelede... As 'n mens mooi hieroor dink, kry die benaming "veteraan skattejagter" nuwe betekenis. Wel gedaan Owen!

Lekker lees en geniet hierdie uitgawe

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## LETTERS FROM OUR READERS/ BRIEWE VAN ONS LESERS

Dear Pierre

It was a wonderful surprise when I heard that I had won the find of the year competition. With all the fantastic items that were entered this year, I count myself very fortunate to have won.

My sincere thanks to the sponsors, Fisher metal detectors who donated the 1225X machine. Believe me it will be well used. Especially to Lukas and to all the people who voted for my entry. I received a letter recently from the Colonel attached to the Somerset Light Infantry in England. He confirmed that the soldier, Private G. Hill whose I.D. plate I found, had returned to England in 1902 with his regiment. He received the Queens medal and Kings medal with 5 bars for his service in South Africa.

Finally I want to encourage all the metal detectorists out there to send in articles about their finds and stories attached to our fantastic hobby. Keep up the good work Pierre, my detecting friends and I really look forward to receiving Treasure Talk.

Regards to you and your family

Mike and Carol Bull  
Springs

Pierre

M'n excuses, 't is heel lange geleden sinds ik geschreven heb, maar de toestand in het labo is tegenwoordig zeer druk voor mij. Ik moet nu niet alleen voor mijn eigen project zorgen, maar ook voor dat van een collega die plotseling ontslaag heeft genomen. Ik wilde gewoon u op de hoogte stellen dat ik heb slechts twee dagen geleden de stembrief voor de Treasuretalk 'beste vondst' wedstrijd ontvangen- bijna twee manden te laat om deel te nemen! De laatste tijd heb ik zeer weinig metaaldetectie uitgevoerd wegens gebrek van tijd en omdat we een zeer natte herfst hebben gehad, alhoewel ik geniet nog steeds van Treasuretalk te lezen. Ik hoop dat de omstandigheden zijn voor jullie wat gunstiger geweest.

Het beste,

Steve Raiguel  
Zemst Weerde  
België



Hello Pierre

I just received this copy of an article, which ran in Norwich, England's newspaper, "The Eastern Daily Press" back on November 2nd. This will give you some idea of the rarity and quality of that little golden beauty that I was lucky enough to find in August of this year. Needless to say, it was and will probably remain to be the most exciting find I have ever made. Hope you enjoy the article. The front of the coin depicts a long legged Wolf with gaping jaws so they tell me. The coin is from the Iceni Tribe and was struck about 65 BC. I found it in a field in Norfolk, just outside Norwich, England. The reverse of that little beauty features a wild boar with bristled back. This is one of the first coins ever struck by the Iceni Tribe and one of the few that features animals on both sides. There has been only one other coin found that is even similar to this one. It is very rare indeed. I get goose bumps just thinking of the day I found it. You should have been there. I am donating it to the Castle Museum. Don't know the value yet but the archaeologists say it is priceless as a historical item.

Mike Martin  
USA

## Tiny gold coin a vital find for history of Iceni

By GILL JENKINS



### **FIND: The small gold coin found in a field.**

Measuring just 12mm across, a gold coin unearthed in North Norfolk is smaller than a 1p piece. But despite its size, experts are heralding the find as extremely important, representing new evidence about the use of coins in Iron Age Britain. The coin dating back to before Boudicca's time was discovered in a field in central North Norfolk by metal detectorist Mike Martin. The exact location is being kept a secret to stop others from visiting the site, but Mr Martin made the find during a survey organised by Discovery Tours. Dr John Davies, keeper of archaeology at Norwich Castle Museum and Art Gallery, said the coin was one of the first to be made by the Iceni, the Iron Age tribe that lived in the eastern region. It was produced as early as 65BC – more than 100 years before the Roman conquest of Britain – and features designs of animals on both sides. On one face there is a wild boar with a spiny back and on the reverse, a long-legged wolf with wide, snapping jaws. "This is an exceedingly rare and beautiful little coin. Only one other of a similar type has ever been recorded," said Dr Davies. The coin has been donated to Norfolk Museums and Archaeology Service and is set to go on display in the next few weeks.



Hi Pierre

Thanks for the Treasure magazines, which I have been receiving in Perth this year – great stuff lies underground, hey? Just to inform you that I am changing my address from Perth to Bright, Victoria... Yep, that's the gold fields!

Best regards

George Davidson  
Australia

Hello Pierre

Baie dankie vir jou laaste Treasure Talk. Dit is 'n eersteklas uitgawe. As daar nog artikels oor meteoriete is wat jy nog nie gepubliseer het nie, sal ek dit waardeer as jy dit vir my kan pos of fax. Mag ek twee voorstelle maak:-

- Wil jy nie die uitgawes vir ons nommer op die oorblad nie – bv. Volume xx / Uitgawe yy of Jaar 2001 / Nommer 3. Daar verskyn soms uitgawes tussen kwartale en dan weet ek nie of ek almal ontvang het of miskien verloor het nie!
- Ek wil soms 'n vorige artikel raadpleeg en dan moet ek verskeie vorige uitgawes deurlees – wat van 'n kort inhoudslys op die voorblad of agter op die voorblad?

Soos jy weet is ons al weer druk besig om te soek na 'n maand oorsee – en sommer gelukkig ook – die diamant ring waaroor ek in 'n volgende artikel sal berig het darem 'n R500 fooi ingebring! Groete.

John en Erica Mulder  
Plettenbergbaai

Dankie vir jou voorstelle John. Wat voorstel 1 betref, sal daar voortaan slegs vier uitgawes per jaar verskyn, so sal daar sal nie verwarring kan wees nie – die uitgawes sal duidelik kwartaal 1,2,3 en 4 gemerk wees tesame met die jaartal. Wat voorstel 2 betref, sal ek vanaf die volgende uitgawe 'n kort inhoudsopgawe per uitgawe gee. Voorstelle soos hierdie word hoog op prys gestel. (Redakteur)

Dear Pierre

I am sorry that my voting/address form is late but I have been overseas for the last three months. Please still forward on the newsletter as I value them immensely.

MGA Pitt  
Bloubergstrand



Dear Pierre

Thanks a million for the latest "Treasure Talk". I loved every article and look forward to future issues in anticipation. As I am new to detecting, I thought I'd write a few lines to tell you how I found my first ring. While holidaying on the Natal South Coast recently, I wrote the enclosed parody, half as encouragement to convince myself that "my" ring was out there somewhere.

### DIE KOORS

Vandag! Vandag!  
My hart, die fluister sag  
En ek wil hom so graag glo

Hou aan! Hou aan!  
Goud is daar, soek nou man  
Jy's op die regte spoor!

Vandag! Vandag!  
Jy maak my lag  
Sê die duiwel, ewe nors

Die windjie suis  
En die golwe druis  
Saam met die piep-piep in my oor

Krap hier! Krap diep!  
Iets wink na nog 'n piep  
En ek hoor die hemelskoor!

Ek voel nou heel benoud  
Want 'n ringetjie van goud  
Staar terug in my oë!

Well, within 45 minutes I had found it! It is a rather poor, wee specimen, but I guess we all have to start somewhere, right? I obviously have a lot to learn. The search went like this:- Recent rains had caused the local spruit to scour the beach in an unusual way, leaving a high bank winding across the main beach. I decided to get my feet wet in the lagoon mouth and soon got a signal. I dug down about 15 cm and found the signal had moved to the "tailings", which contained the ring. Due to the depth of the beach scouring, (approx. 1.2 meter), I want to believe that the ring had been there for many years. The ring is made up of two wires twisted together – see diagram hereunder.

I certainly hope to have more interesting tales to tell in future.

Very best regards

Jeff Baxter  
Glenada



PS. I sure would appreciate any tips in future issues of Treasure Talk that you experienced chaps may be willing to impart. A detectorist friend of mine said recently that even with the best detector, you still have to know where to look.



## EARLY START

By Owen Timmermans

The urge to search, discover, collect ---- is it an in-borne instinct or the outcome of early impressions experienced by a child in his formative years? No ready answer can I offer but to emphasize that the urge strongly courses through my veins.

How I remember the thrill of my first discovery at the age of nine. At the time we lived on the tropical island of Banka, east of Sumatra, south of Singapore, in what then was the Netherlands East Indies.

The island's rich tin deposits had been known for centuries in the Far East. It had prompted the early Portuguese navigators to land, build strongholds and mine cassiterite, the principal ore mineral of tin. The Dutch, equally adventurous and greedy followed suite.

Such ancient strongholds built by the old navigators gripped my imagination. An old Malay had visited one in his early youth – he gave me detailed descriptions on how to find it. And one early morning my journey of 'Discovery' became a reality.

Hours of struggling along narrow, wildly overgrown jungle trails paid off for there in the sombre light filtering through dense crowns of tropical forest giants I saw the high stone walls of an old fort. Rounding a corner took me to what must have been the entrance. Traces of the old moat were still evident.

My gaze rested on a square structure of thick high lichen and moss covered stone walls, pierced at several places by loopholes, in some of which wild orchids had made their home. Spooky to whisper the least, with snakes constituting a tangible danger. I entered, hoping to find something worth while taking home.

Overturning rocks which time had dislodged from the fort's high walls, scratching moss off the walls — no nothing. But what was that? Taking a closer look at the far wall, I couldn't suppress a cry, for there lodged in a crack was a coin! Indeed, it was a coin. Wiping it gingerly, then looking closely, I recognized the capital letters V.O.C. A coin of the old Dutch 'Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie' A Dutch firm once trading in the Far East.

At the time, the valuable tin mineral cassiterite was concentrated by pumping the run-off mine ore - a sandy eluvial slurry - into sloping wooden launders. The lighter worthless minerals such as quartz were thus washed away leaving the heavy cassiterite concentrate on the launder's bottom.

On a number of occasions old Portuguese coins reported with the concentrate. Not only copper and silver but also the less frequently found tin coins were amongst the treasure thus recovered. The noble metal's yellow streak was never reported.

Keen treasure hunters in those early days made use of the universally available, cheap method of eye-balling. And that's what I did on examining the miles and miles of snow white, sparkling, coconut palm girted beaches.

Tropical shells are beautiful things worth collecting, even without thinking of the pearls they might carry. A boy collecting shells, thus found the Southern Cross Pearl in 1883 near Broom in the north of Western Australia.



And what about ambergris, one of the most valuable raw materials used by the perfumers. Large numbers of small pieces are collected on the shores of various tropical beaches.

Let's not forget shipwreck treasures lifted out of their dark, deep graves by forces of wind and water.

There was indeed plenty to look for but eye-balling is a not very promising way of searching for treasure. The year was 1928, long before man captured the elusive electron to make it work for him.

Metal detectors? I had never heard of! Moderns don't know their luck.

The prospector's pan was there though the scientifically designed 'gravity trap' wasn't even a twinkle in its creator's eye yet. Pans available worked alright and many a pleasant day I spent cassiterite panning on the banks of small streams.

The mineral is easily reduced to metallic tin by mixing it with copious amounts of crushed charcoal and heating the mixture contained in a fire-clay crucible in a small furnace. I cast tin soldiers which sold well.

On a hill overlooking the Klabat Bay, the natural harbour of the island, I discovered two bronze ships cannon dating back many centuries to the days of Portuguese occupation. Strategically positioned they were ready to give freebooters and other uninvited visitors a hot, and dangerous welcome!!



What used to be the Dutch East Indies — Land of Beauty and Adventure



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## Sunday Times

### Experts pour cold water on Kruger Millions

By Bobby Jordan  
10 Jun 2001

Fat chance! That's the bad news from historians for treasure hunters hoping to cash in on the "Kruger Millions". But the good news is that the missing fortune is much bigger than the few hundred coins that were apparently found on an Ermelo farm over the last few years and made headlines this week. The Kruger Millions are thought to have been gold coins and other valuables spirited out of Pretoria as British forces shelled the city during the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902. No one knows for certain if the hoard ever existed or, if it did, where it was hidden. Newspaper reports claimed this week it had been discovered in Ermelo. "I have no doubt that a treasure was found on that farm, but I doubt very much whether it is the main Kruger Millions," said historian Rob Milne, an expert on the Anglo-Boer war. The real fortune consisted of about 3 500kg of coins, gold bars and artefacts rescued from Pretoria and worth an estimated R240-million at today's prices - not the kind of loot you leave buried in the middle of nowhere, Milne said. Another historian and gold coin expert, Eli Levine, believes the Ermelo find is a hoax. "They might have found something there but, if so, they are vastly exaggerating it," he said. Levine said he imagined Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal republic, took the fortune with him when he fled overseas after the war. "If they were buried anywhere by anybody they would have dug them up long ago," said Levine. Historical accounts suggest that Kruger, a religious man, wasn't interested in gold, and more than likely gave it away. Records show that a large amount of the gold was paid to Boer soldiers at the end of the war. The coins uncovered in Ermelo may have been a Boer soldier's share of the much larger fortune. They may also have been buried before the war by someone who never lived to collect them.

**BEELD** Vrydag 8 Junie 2001

### Is Kruger se miljoene gevind?

Ermelo se stadsraad het 'n noodvergadering gehou ná gerugte dat 'n deel van die gesogte **Kruger miljoene** op 'n nabygeleë plaas gevind is. Veiligheidsmaatreëls is tydens dié vergadering bespreek om die boer en plaaswerkers te beskerm, berig The Citizen. 'n Zoeloe-gesin in die gebied het glo minstens 4 000 **Kruger**-ponde sowat drie kilometer van die plaas van mnr. JJ Scholtz opgegrawe. 'n Standbeeld van Paul Kruger is verlede maand ook hier ontdek. Die muntstukke is ontleed en daar is blykbaar vasgestel dat hulle in 1898 gemunt is. Die vermoede bestaan dat daar nog duisende Kruger-ponde êrens op die plaas begrawe is. Mnr. Athol Stark, 'n raadslid en hoof van die toerismeraad in Ermelo, het gesê die skat is reeds in 1960 deur werkers ontdek. Hulle het glo al minstens 400 Kruger-ponde vir R200 000 aan 'n man in Tembisa verkoop. Sapa



# TRANSVAAL ...HIER KOM ONS!

Pierre Nortje

Vroeg in November verlede jaar, het ek en my vrou besluit om vir 'n naweek by vriende van ons in Roodepoort (Gauteng) te gaan kuier. Soos die geluk dit wou hê, was my vriend Wolf Roux en sy vrou ook gedurende daardie tyd op vakansie in die noorde. Wolf het 'n nag of twee by Lukas van der Merwe oornag, en ons het afgespreek om die Saterdagoggend almal saam te gaan "grou". (Laasgenoemde is die woord wat Transvalers gebruik wanneer hulle na metaalverklikking verwys!) Ek het ook 'n kollega van my wat in die noorde woon en werk, Gerhard Genis, saamgenooi om ons te vergesel. Dit sou die eerste keer wees wat hy 'n metaalverklikker gebruik het...

Die Saterdagoggend het Gerhard my dou voor dag in Roodepoort opgetel en is ons twee deur na Lukas se huis in Krugersdorp. Ek was nie seker waar ons die oggend sou gaan soek nie, maar dit sou duidelik nie 'n strand wees nie – die naaste was seker minstens 'n duisend kilometer van ons! By Lukas se huis aangekom, het ek tot my verbasing gehoor dat ons wel 'n swemarea gaan besoek – of sal ek liever sê 'n gewese swemarea. Lesers van hierdie nuusbrieff sal 'n vorige artikel van Lukas onthou getiteld "**Skop die Muntstukke uit**" (Treasure Talk Oktober 1999) waar hy vertel het van hul wedervaringe by Robinson meer. Ek haal die volgende uit sy oorspronklike artikel aan:

"Die gedagtes hardloop so deur my kop terwyl die een na die ander muntstuk deur die rooi grond opkom om die daglig te aanskou na jare se water en slyk wat hulle oorweldig het. Robinson-meer bestaan al amper 'n eeu lank. Dit het sy ontstaan gehad in die begin van die eeu toe die goudmyne hulle krag self opgewek het deur gebruik te maak van stoom turbines. Die kragstasie se warm water is in die meer ingelaat waar koue water weer vanaf die meer in die stasie ingepomp is om die dit koel te hou. So het dit gekom dat die myn die meer beskikbaar gestel het vir die publiek in die vroeë 1900's vir 'n vakansieoord. Die water was deur die jare warm en is deur duisende mense daagliks besoek... Die meer is in die vroeë tagtigs vir die publiek gesluit en is later leeg laat loop."

Terwyl ek, Lukas, Wolf en Gerhard so op pad was na die meer, het ek juis aan Lukas se artikel sit en dink – veral waar hy vertel het dat hulle na 5 besoeke sowat 26 goue ringe, tesame met honderde ou munte uitgehaal het. Ek moet egter erken dat ek 'n bietjie besorgd was, en wel na lesers van ons tydskrif ook die artikel gelees het en intussen daar gaan soek het. So het Mnr P A Fisher (Treasure Talk tweede kwartaal 2000) byvoorbeeld geskryf:

"Thank you for the article on Robinson Lake, why although much was taken out in a very small area by the LIONS with their modern detectors, then the HYENAS, dozens of them, I the VULTURE flew in, now in November and picked the bones, 18 coins, a ring and 20 lead sinkers – and there's more! 'Agter os kom ook in die kraal'. I am going back, this Friday 9<sup>th</sup>, thanks to you – a 1929 penny and more... "



Dit is juis die woorde “and picked the bones” wat my laat wonder het of daar enigsins iets oor sou wees vir ons viermanskap – indien “dozens of them” voor ons daar was, wat sou vir ons oorbly?

Gelukkig meer as wat ek verwag het...

Lukas het op pad van Krugersdorp na die meer in Randgate, eers vir ons sy versameling artefakte in sy privaat museum gaan wys by sy besigheids-perseel. Ons was stomgeslaan: Ek twyfel of ek al by enige plek in hierdie land – en ek besoek museums gereeld – ‘n beter bewaarde, versorgde en beskryfde uitstalling van historiese (metaal-) items uit die Boere-oorloë gesien het. ‘n Mens kan maar net dankbaar wees vir persone soos Lukas wat op eie onkoste soveel doen om ons geskiedenis te bewaar. Hopenlik sal ek in ‘n latere artikel meer hieroor berig.

Maar terug na die Robynson meer. Ter agtergrond kan ek net meld dat die drooggelegde meer ‘n baie groot area beslaan – seker so groot soos 20 of meer rugbyvelde. Die area waar die mense in die ou dae geswem het, is egter baie kleiner – ongeveer so groot soos een rugbyveld. Daar is nog die oorblyfsels van ‘n ou duikplank se betonpilare wat so 50 meter van die wal sigbaar is. ‘n Loopbrug wat van die wal na die duikplank op staalpilare gestaan het, het intussen ingestort. Dit is in hierdie area waar Lukas-hulle met vorige besoeke die meeste muntstukke en juweliersware uitgegrawe het. Met hierdie besoek het ons ‘n bietjie verder van hierdie area af gesoek, aangesien ons aanvaar het dat eersgenoemde area al deurgesoek is.

Daar gekom het ons haastig ons verklikkers uitepak, aangeskakel en is met ‘n drafstappie die drooggelegde meer in. Ek het seker so tien tree gegee toe ek my eerste sein gekry het – en daar het ‘n silwer halfkroon van 1928 te voorskyn gekom! Ek kon dit nie glo nie, sou die soektog so maklik wees? Ja en nee – vir die volgende paar minute het ek slegs yster seine gekry, en toe ek begin moet verloor, kom die volgende goeie item na vore, ‘n ou koper pennie uit die veertiger jare. Ons het seker so 15 minute gesoek toe Lukas vir my skree waar hy so 20 meter verder van my af gesoek het: “My eerste goue ring!” Ja-nee, daar het dit in sy hand gelê; ‘n goue mansring met ‘n gemonteerde tieroog-steen.

Met nuut gevonde energie het ons ander drie weer ons verklikkers begin swaai. Sowat 20 minute later het Lukas weer beduie dat hy iets interresants gevind het, en jou werklik waar, weer ‘n pragtige goue mans-ring! Ek en Wolf, as gereelde “strandlopers”, kon dit nie glo nie – hoeveel dae loop ons nie in die Kaap op die strand sonder enige noemenswaardige vondste nie – en hier kom wys ‘n Transvaler hoe Dawid die wortels moet (uit-)grawe. Ek het nog so hier en daar ‘n munt gekry toe my CZ20 ‘n duidelike goue sein gee. Uit ondervinding het ek geweet dat die sein dieselfde klink as ‘n “pulltab”, maar gelukkig was daar geen van hierdie aaklighede in die meer nie. (Ongelukkig het die veelvoudige sinkers daarvoor opgemaak). Maar jou wraggies, daar het ek ‘n pragtige ou goue seëlring uit die rooi kleigrond uitgekrap. Ek was besonders bly omdat dit my eerste goue ring was wat ek in die binneland, d.w.s. weg van die see/strand, gevind het.



Ek het 'n rukkie later oorgestap na Gerhard Genis om te sien hoe hy vorder. "Net sinkers, sinkers en nog sinkers" was sy antwoord. Sy vasberadenheid om 'n munstuk te vind het egter nie getaan nie, en 'n rukkie later het hy my trots sy eerste vonds kom wys, 'n moderne 20c - die eerste en enigste munt van die moderne reeks wat nog ooit in die meer gevind is - ons het gespot en gesê dat dit seker uit een van ons eie sakke moes geval het! Hoe ook al sy, 'n rukkie later het Gerhard met 'n brieë glimlag aangestap gekom en my 'n ou silwer t kie gewys wat hy uitgegrawe het. Die ys was gebreek en deur die loop van die oggend het hy nog 'n paar ou silwer muntstukke gevind.

Wolf het nie sy eie metaalverklikker saamgebring van die Kaap af nie, en het 'n masjien by Lukas geleen waarmee hy nie baie vertrouwd was nie. Hy het maar gesukkel, en toe ons so twee uur later op die wal gaan sit het vir 'n ruskansie, kon hy maar net so vyf munte vir sy poging tot op daardie stadium wys. Ons ken mekaar al lank, en hy het dit nie ernstig opgeneem toe ek en Lukas hom spot met sy skrapse vondste nie. "Ek en Lukas het al drie goue ringe tussen ons, en hier sit jy met amper boggerol!" het ek tong in die kies gesê. "Watch my maar net" was sy antwoord. En soos ek Wolf ken, het ek hom geglo, want ek ken bitter min entoesiaste wat wanneer dit by die vind van goue ringe kom, vir hom die loef kan afsteek...



Pierre, Lukas en Gerhard besig om vondste skoon te maak. Die foto is deur Wolf geneem

Nadat ons lekker koeldrank gedrink en broodjies geëet het wat Lukas se vrou vir ons ingesit het, is ons weer vort die drooggelegde meer in. Naby die wal het ek weer 'n ring gekry, maar ongelukkig was dit nie goud nie. 'n Rukkie later het ek nog so met die verklikker al swaaiende voor my gestap toe ek 'n silwer halfkroon oop en bloot bo op die kleigrond gesien



lê het. “Kom kyk hier” het ek vir Wolf geroep wat so ‘n entjie van my af tussen die droë biesies gesoek het. Ons kon dit nie glo nie, hoe was dit moontlik dat iemand nog nie voorheen die munt raakgesien het nie?

Dit was nie vyf minute later nie, toe Wolf vir my aangedui het dat ek iets daar by hom moet kom kyk. “Ek lag dit is nog ‘n munt wat bo op die grond lê” het ek hardop gesê terwyl ek nader gestap het. Raai wat? ‘n Goue ring het vir ons lê en loer tussen die biesies. “Ek het ‘n goue sein gekry en toe ek afbuk om te begin graawe sien ek die boonste randjie van die ring wat uitsteek” het hy my opgewonde vertel en het van oor tot oor geglimlag – dit was ook sy eerste goue ring wat hy in die binneland opgetel het.

Lukas het ook kom kyk, en wys ons toe een van die vondste wat hy toe pas uitgegrawe het. Dit het gelyk soos ‘n Victoriaanse vyfsjiellingstuk, maar Gerhard het die ergste aanpaksels afgevee en van nader beskou het ons gesien dat dit ‘n Victoriaanse oorlogsmedalje is wat waarskynlik uit die Anglo Zoeloe-oorlog (circa 1879) dateer. Daar was nog monteerknippies om die medalje, en ons aanvaar dat dit as ‘n borsspeld deur iemand gedra is toe dit in die meer verloor is. Anders as die silwer en koper munte wat ons uitgehaal het, was die toestand van die medalje nog uitsonderlik goed – dit is werklik ‘n pragtige item.



**Medalje gevind deur Lukas**  
(Pte M. Kirwan. Grahams Tn. Voluntary Rifles)

Die oggend het vir ons te vinnig verbygegaan, en teen 12h00 het ons besluit om op te pak, maar eers is die vondste uitgetal en foto's geneem. Ek het oor die 50 ou munte uitgehaal - wat silwer munte betref is die volgende deur my gevind - vier halfkrone, vier tweesjiellings, twee sjiellings, vier sikspense en agt tiekies. Wat koper munte betref het ek ook baie ou pennies, halfpennies en oortjies uitgehaal. 'n Mooi silwer St Christopher hangertjie is ook gevind asook twee ou Britse pennies, onderskydelik gedateer 1903 (Koning Edward V11) en 1920 (Koning George V). In totaal het ons vier saam, nagenoeg 'n honderd ou munte uitgehaal asook vier goue ringe en heelwat ander interresante items.

Dit wil voorkom asof daar geen einde aan die skatte in die Robinson meer is nie. Ons het 'n lekker dag daar in die Transvaal gehad en die “strandlopers” sê dankie aan Lukas. Nou wil ons net weet: Is daar nie dalk nog 'n paar drooggelegde mere daar naby die goudvelde nie? Soos dit vir ons lyk is daar in die noorde dalk meer goud bo-op die grond as daaronder!

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# THE CAPE OF STORMS

By Andy Naude

One of the early navigators, Bartholomew Diaz, who was so impressed by the violence of the waves when he was swept passed the Cape, called it the Cape of Storms. On his return to Portugal he was told by John 11, king of Portugal, that it would sound a whole lot better if it was named the Cape of Good Hope as the Cape of Storms would deter other sea fares who may attempt to find a sea route to the East. We who live in Cape Town know that it is a mixture of both and if you are a detectorist even more so.

During August 2001 the newspaper headlines read "Worst storm to hit Cape in 50 years". Sea swells were reported to be 17 meters at times. Two ships ran aground. Roads were flooded and more rain had fallen than in the past 40 years. We had had a very, very wet winter, but it was good in some ways because we had had water restrictions during the past year and we needed the rain.

I had heard stories of what happened to the beaches when there had been a heavy storm, but had not personally experienced it since I had started metal detecting. More recently I had heard various reports from other detectorists who had been doing fairly well after the storm, but I had not yet tasted the fruits of the rough seas.

Sunday, September 16, 2001 I was up early as the tide was low at 8:36 am. I passed one of the tidal pools and saw that the wall had been washed into the pool, possibly a two to three ton chunk of concrete was lying in the pool. The level was therefore rather low due to the newly created hole in the wall, but I thought I would give it a try. It was a pleasant dive and I managed to find two 9-ct gold rings with my Fisher CZ 20. I was feeling great as I too had now joined the gang who could claim finds as a result of the storms.

Monday, September 17, 2001 was a beach day. The tide was low at 9.06 and would be spring tide at its best and I was working night shift. So I decided to go for a walk rather than a dive. My thoughts told me that the West Coast was a good bet. I was on the beach at 8:30. It was a beautiful day, the spring sunshine was warm and it was great to be out, even just for the stroll on the beach.

From a detecting point of view it was not going well and I was cursing myself for having chosen this particular beach. At 9:15 I had one R2 coin to show for my efforts. I was packing it in. Driving towards home I came to my senses and realised that the opportunities were still there. I had made a poor choice in choosing a beach, but it was not too late to try another spot. I remembered a small beach I had been to before and arrived there at 9.30.

I started searching as close to the water's edge as possible. The tide would be coming in soon and then I would move back to the beach area. It was still very uneventful. I found sinkers and (ironically) 13 coins, one of which was a ticky and the other a penny. The rest were a few coins from the previous (nickel) series and the balance was from the newer series.



The tide was now starting to push so I moved closer to the dry sand area. It was 11:15 and I decided that 11.30 would be "time - out" for me. I was now in an area, which I held little hope for, but thought that I would waste my last 15 minutes there. Then came a high pitched tone, it was a sinker, I checked the hole again and then came the medium tone signal. After walking for close to three hours and only finding a few coins one looses the enthusiasm that was such a characteristic during the early morning. I dug with my small spade and what a pleasant surprise, a 9-ct gold gents ring. I was very happy, my ratio of coins to gold was really bad, but what the heck, I would not be going home empty handed.

I heard yet another signal which I did not bother digging and then another medium tone, it had to be a pull-tab. I dug with the spade, but the signal was still coming from the hole. I bent down and removed some sand and small stones with my bear hands. I listened ... the signal was now on the side of the hole. There was not much sand so I knew it could not be a ring. My enthusiasm was low. I took some of the water that had seeped into the hole and washed the sand away. I could see a very thin line of gold. I can hardly explain the feeling. I started to tremble and my hands were shaking as I grabbed the gold object from the sand. I grabbed my detector and spade and started running to my car. I forgot about the basics like switching the machine off or even checking the hole again. I was still trembling some 15 minutes later from the shock.

In my hand I was holding an 1899 Victorian Sovereign - my first gold coin. I could not believe that it was in such good condition. It looked as though it had been lost just yesterday.

And so it was that the Cape of Storms once again showed us, if only for a brief moment, what was hidden beneath our beaches and that it could so quickly change to the Cape of Good Hope!



**My first gold coin, an 1899 “old head” Victorian Sovereign**



The other two varieties of Victorian Sovereigns that I still wish to find, the “Young head” (picture left), and the “Jubilee head” (picture right)



DUBBEL DIAMANT WEEK - 7 MEI 2001

Dit is nie dikwels dat jy twee diamant ringe in een week vind al moet jy soms 'n ring in uiterste moeilike omstandighede vir iemand gaan soek.

VINNIGE FANIE? FAST GUN? NOEM MY WAT JY WIL, NOG IS HET EINDE NIET

Ek het nou al 'n geskiedenis om vinnig verlore ringe te vind, selfs in die branders, en as sake so voortgaan sal ek bekend word as die "fastest gun on the beach".

Op Sondag 6 Mei ontvang ek 'n oproep van Dick wat vra of ek Maandag sy vrou se diamant/emerald verloofring in sy tuin kan kom soek. Hy het Saterdag die heining gesnoei en sy het die snysels versamel en oor die muur gegooi - 2m hoë muur en afgrond met fynbos en kranse daaragter. Hulle het Saterdag ure lank vrugtelos na die ring gesoek.

Eintlik moes ek vir hom sê "it is not outside, it is on top" soos die Cremora-advertensie want wie kan nou in fynbos op kranse met 'n metaalverklikker soek, maar nou ja, "cowboys don't cry in front of their horses", veral nie 'n "fast gun", en uitdraai kans is daar ook nie.

Erica ly erg aan hoogtevrees en sy besluit om in die tuin op gelyk grond te soek waar allerlei ondergrondse seine die CZ7 soos 'n Kaapse klopse orkes laat klink. Dick het seker gedink daar is 'n juwelierswinkel onder sy grasperk.

Met behulp van 2 lang lere is ek letterlik en figuurlik oor die muur en loop op 'n smal lysie oor die afgrond na benede en kyk. Voetjie vir voetjie beweeg ek vorentoe en skop die droë takke oor die kranse en wonder of die ring ook doer vêr onder lê waar die takke val, en of ek liever 'n valskerm moes aanhê ingeval ek ook ondertoe sou gaan.

Af en toe kry ek 'n sein maar as ek die klippe wegskop dan sien ek die sein kom onder die grond uit - miskien die staal in die muur se fondasie!

Na 'n paar treë kry ek darem 'n sein op die rand van die afgrond en toe ek die los klippe oor die afgrond die ewigheid instuur, sien ek daar staan die geel ring regop in 'n gleufie tussen twee geel klippe maar met die groen en wit stene wat soos blink oë vir my loer - net twee minute nadat ek die Fischer Impulse aangeskakel het. Dick het nog by die leer oor die muur staan en kyk en wonder wat ek doen, toe ek omdraai en vir hom sê "I've found it!"

Van al die soektogte tot dusver was dit die soektog waarvoor ek die minste hoop gehad het en ek was ongelooflik gelukkig dat ek teen alle verwagting die ring kon kry.

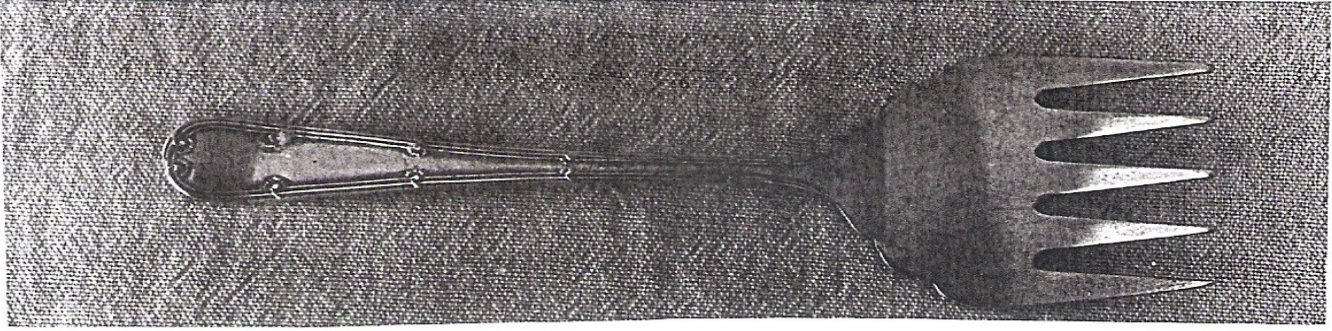
Die onbeskryflike verligting wat ek ondervind het met die sukses van die soektog was meer werd as die groot tjek wat Dick my aangebied het.



Breë glimlagte na die suksesvolle soektog - John Mulder en Sue.



Bydrae deur die Mulders  
VICTORIAANSE SARDYNVURKIE



Hierdie besondere vurkie het ek by Somerset-strand in die nat sand gevind op 10 November 2000 en dikwels gewonder waarvoor dit gebruik was.

Op 5 Mei 2001 doen ek toe navraag by Jill's Antiques die silwerdeskundige van Plettenbergbaai en sy deel my mee dat die vurkie dateer uit die Victoriaanse era, ongeveer 1890, toe dit bekendgestaan het as 'n "sardine fork" wat saam met 'n klein ovaal bordjie gebruik was om sardyne mee te eet.

Die vyf skuins tande en die besondere wydte van die vurkie (38mm) het die hantering van die sardyn vergemaklik. Dit is 133mm lank en die stempel agterop lees EPNSS - die tweede S verwys na die vervaardiger. Na meer as 100 jaar het bitter min van die silwer platering oorgebly.

DIE ALICANTE VAN SUID-AMERIKA

'n Legendariese voël van die Inca-era in Peru. Sy vlerke vertoon goud- of silwer-kleurig, afhangende van watter metaal hy sou gevreet het.

Indien die voël sou agterkom dat prospekteerders en skattejagters dit dophou om te sien waarheen dit vlieg om te gaan vreet, dan vou hy sy vlerk in vlug en verdwyn in 'n oogwink.

Net jammer hulle kos is so duur anders kon jy 'n paar aanhou om te help soek op die strand - hou maar eerder die Mulders dop.

OU MUNTE BY BUFFELSBAAI

Ons besoek Buffelsbaai-strand sedert 1999 en het vir die eerste jaar net huidige series munte uitgehaal maar dikwels gewonder waar is die nickel munte van die vorige jare, om nie eers van die silwer te praat.

Soos die strand nou nog geleidelik wegspoel het die huidige R5 series al minder geword en is deur die vorige nickel series oorskry.

Sedert laat 2000 kry ons nou ook gereeld munte van die silwer series en het op 9 Mei weer 'n halfkroon, sikspens, twee tiekies en twee 1963 geel sente gevind.

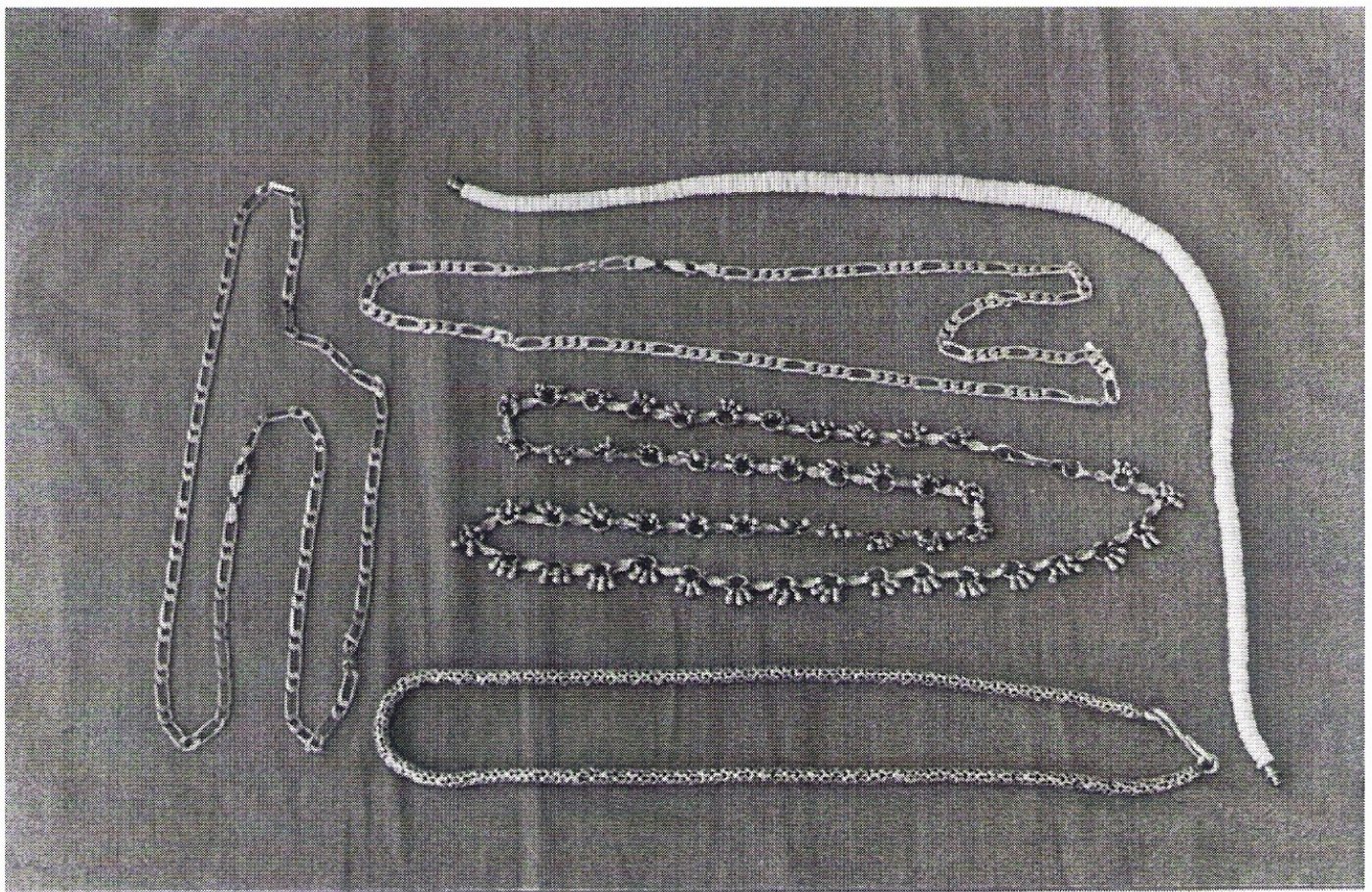
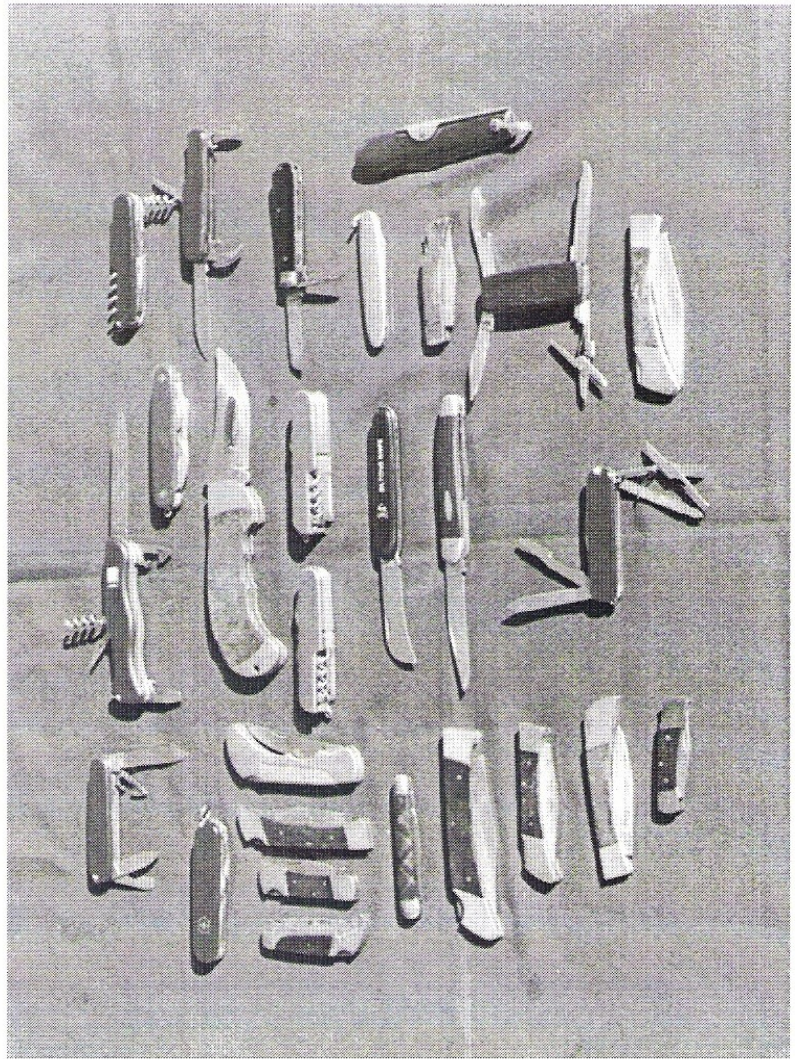
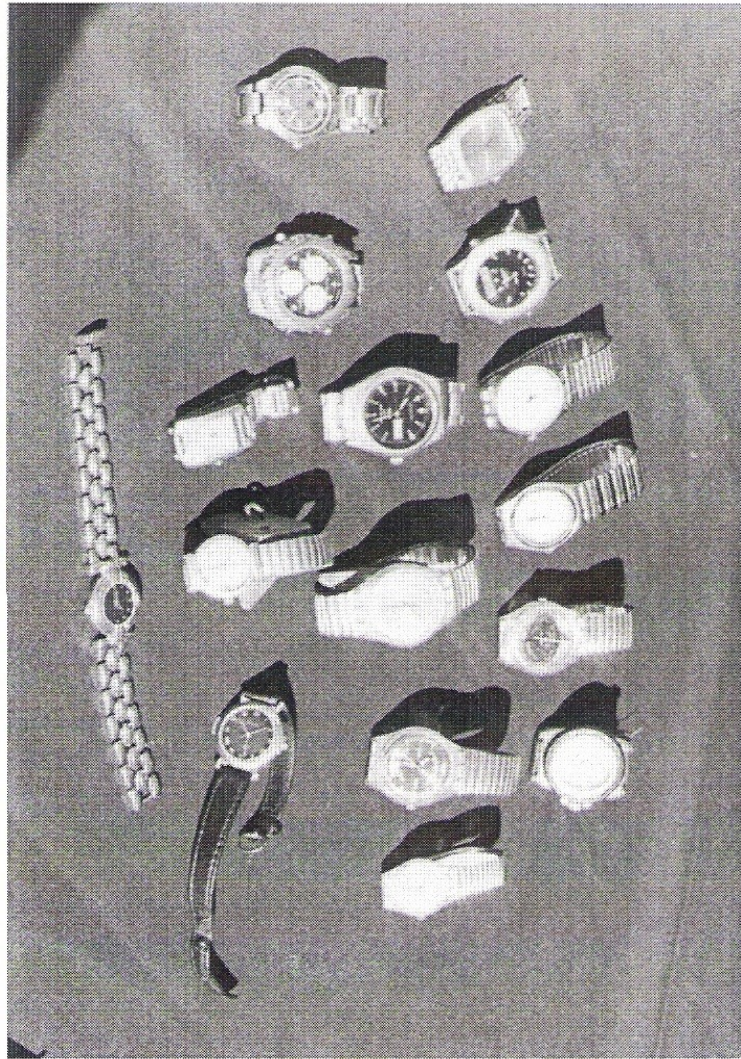
Die een tiekie dateer 1926, die vierde bestaansjaar van ZA munte en gee 'n blik op die geskiedenis van Buffelsbaai, hoe lank Buffelsbaai reeds deur die publiek as vakansie-oord gebruik is.



(Foto met vriendelike vergunning van Randburg Coins.)



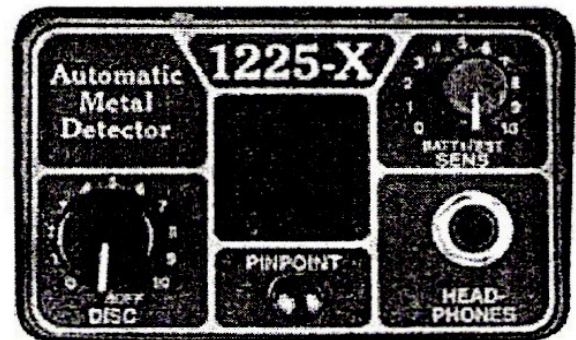
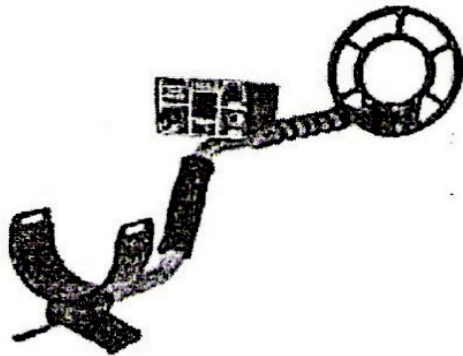
Horlosies, messe en kettings gevind deur  
John en Erica Mulder van Plettenbergbaai





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# TREASURE HUNTING AND ME, PART 4

By Clarence Coetzer

Several strange occurrences have befallen me during the years in my involvement with metal detecting and treasure hunting, and today I often sit and ponder as to whether or not I dreamed or imagined those events. I know that I most certainly was never drunk, as I am a teetotaler.

My folks moved to a small farm, "Ellen's Rest" at Gables Halt near Mooiplaas in 1968, where my father made extensive building alterations to the farmhouse, a building reputed to be haunted. And boy, were there strange goings on in that place. The farm was spread up one side of a hill and over the top, and strangely enough, had a "ditch" or "voor" running along the crest of the hill, a completely inexplicable feature. Also, when my father ploughed a certain piece of ground, the plough would not stay in the ground, but would rear up and run on the surface for a while, before digging in again after a while. And snakes! My swaer ploughed up a "hen" puffadder at the site which was a shade over 2 meters long!

The previous owner, a Mr. Nepgen, had died on the farm and was found under a tree, lifeless. My youngest brother Barry, and I, decided to try our hand at "dowsing" or divining, using a forked stick. We followed the stream that the borehole had been drilled into, and got a number of interesting "pulls" which seemed too deep to dig, until we reached a certain spot, where the stick almost tore itself out of our hands and twisted the bark off it. We decided to dig, and dig we did!

About 150 millimeters down we hit metal! Carefully clearing the area we uncovered the top of an old money box; the type painted black, with red and gold decorative lines and about 22cm by 12cm was what we could see. It was late, about 5.30pm and the sun was starting to set, and we had not dug the box out yet when my mother called us, saying that she needed us urgently. We asked her to hold on for a few minutes to check out our "find" but she insisted on us coming immediately to help her. We carefully covered the box, made careful note of the spot and were to return the following morning. The next morning we could not find the spot, let alone the cash box! Our markers, cross-reference points, etc were all gone! We were told that that had been the approximate spot where Mr. Nepgen had been found.

Shortly thereafter I got a "Treasure Tracer MK 11" working, and still found no cash box. However, I had been to the library and had seen on a map of the area dated 1867, a farmhouse shown on our land and the "ditch" was shown as the old Military Road to Transkei. I checked the site of the old farmhouse and found the remains of an old dress ring, white gold, without a stone and at that stage evaluated at R5 or R6. Today, how much? I also found a British general service button, in service ± 1835 to 1848, and the front wheel-bearing dust-cap from a 1918 Overland, and other bits and pieces, all in the "ditch". This was actually an eroded section where the action of the wheels and tyres chewed out the ground, and the wagon wheels actually chewed ruts into rocks in some sections.



In 1972, when my son Jonathan was only about 6 months old, we went to Fort Murray for a few hours one Sunday. I had my homemade TT MK11 with me as usual and I spent a pleasant couple of hours following the storm water drains and finding metal buttons and other metallic bits. I, being naughty, decided to try my luck in the inside of the old buildings.

Room 1 brought nothing, but room 2 gave a good signal in the middle of the floor. These floors were of flat river stones paving the place. I thought that it was mineralised rock giving me a reading, so I decided to move the rock. Signal still there! Now the old BFO detectors would give a rising tone for ferrous metals and a dropping tone for non-ferrous or vice-versa. The tone I got was for ferrous metal, but I dug anyway.

What showed itself as I scraped away the sand and dust but **an old time black, red and gold cash box!**

My heart was pounding, and I was almost choking with excitement, as I feverishly started to uncover the box, only to hear my wife call out that a car had arrived and that I should hide the detector, which I did. I, under great duress, battled to kill time until the other visitors left, by which time it was late for Jonathans feed, and darkness was close. I grabbed the machine and left, vowing to come back in 3 weeks. There was no sign that anything had ever been disturbed in that particular room, nor could I get any reading in any of those rooms. Ghosts?

By this time my father had passed away, and my brother Errol and I had to return a plough we had borrowed from a farmer friend in the Komga district. We took the plough back, but having taken the detector along (the old TT MK11), took a detour past the Humansdrift road and where Mr. Krull had found his 200 gold pounds.

We arrived at the spot at about 5pm, and being in a valley, the sun was already weak. We parked the truck and Errol and I "checked the place out" and found it to be very dark and eerie, with trees growing close to the walls and very low. There was an eerie presence at that place, and the hair was standing on the back of my neck. I put on a brave face as older brother and starting pulling out all sorts of bits and pieces of metal, when suddenly Errol grabbed my arm and shakily said, "Clarry, lets get out of here, fast". I did not need a second invitation and we were gone like the proverbial "Dirty Shirty". It was a while before Errol could talk coherently again, and when he could, he was eloquent in his description of his fear of that place. Incidentally, Mr. Krull, who was in excess of 7 feet tall, was murdered a short while after he found that cash. I have not been back to that particular site since, but still wish to.

I believe that in all those cases I was meant to have dug up the cash boxes, and that I am still meant to go back to that old building, because from young I was gifted with Extra Sensory Perception, a gift which has since been ruined by anti-epileptic drugs.

Now, can anyone there tell me if I dreamed all this, or is it a bulldust story? I know that I lived through all of it even if it does not seem possible.

0o0



# ONS METAALVERKLIKKER MENSE

Deur Dawie Berg

Ek loop op Margate strand en sien 'n lewensredder wat na my toe aangestap kom. Nadat hy my gegroet het vra hy my of ek nie daar na hulle kantoor toe wil kom nie. Hy het gister 'n vyfrand daar verloor – daarmee gesit en speel toe dit deur sy vingers glip, met die platvorm afrol en in die sand val. Drie van hulle het in die sand gesoek maar kon niks vind nie.

So geselsend stap ons na die plek en hy vertel my dat sy pa ook baie in metaalverlikkers belangstel, maar dat dit darem baie duur is – hy weet wat die prys van 'n nuwe Fisher CZ7 is. Ek vertel hom dat die CZ7 nie die enigste masjien is wat deur Fisher gemaak word nie – daar is ook goedkoper modelle wat baie goed werk. Hy vra my toe ook uit oor ander handelsname en ek vertel hom van die Garrett Treasure Ace 100 en 200 wat ook sogenaamde beginnersmasjiene is, maar hul baie goed van hul taak kwyd. Al reik hulle nie so diep soos die duurder masjiene nie, kan 'n persoon net so veel of selfs meer uit hulle haal as jy hulle reg aanwend.



Margate se strandgebied

Ek en die lewensredder ken mekaar al vier jaar en hy vertel my dat in die jare wat hy al op die strand werk, het hy al baie mense gesien met metaalverklikkers wat items sommer vlak in die sand vind. Ek vertel hom toe dat die meeste items wat die vakansiegangers hier verloor, binne reik van die kleiner masjiene is. Laasgenoemde kan deur die meeste mense wat in die stokperdjie belangstel, bekostig word.

Al geselsend kom ons toe by die plek waar hy die munstuk verloor het. Maar dit is toe soos ek verwag het – dié area van die strand is daar net die een “pull tab” op die ander – net soos by 'n bekende gedeelte van Uvongo strand. Ek laat hom toe in die oorfone luister hoe die geluid van 'n “pull tab” klink. Hy vra toe hoe ons ooit die munt



gaan vind – die masjien skreeu dan aanmekaar. Ek verduidelik toe dat die munt 'n skerper geluid sal maak, en ook dat ek die masjien kan stel om alles behalwe silwer munte te ignoreer.

Ek begin toe na die muntstuk te soek maar kry niks nie – weer verseker hy my dat die munt wel in dié betrokke kol moet wees – maar ek vind dit nie. Ek stel toe die masjien terug sodat ek na alle geluide kan luister en hoor. Op 'n plek kry ek 'n medium toon en sien op die skerm dat die masjien dit as “foil” identifiseer. Ja nee, so is dit dan ook met 'n bolletjie blink papier wat ek toe uitgrawe en in my sakkie plaas om later saam met al die ander gemors wat ek uitgrawe, weg te gooi. Op Hiberdeen, het ek een dag ses hoeke uitgehaal en in my sakkie geplaas. Die plaaslike lewensredder het dit gesien en was baie beindruk. Nou moet julle weet daardie mense sal nooit weer kla as hulle my daar sien loop nie – hulle weet ek lewer 'n gemeenskapdiens deur die strand skoon en veilig te hou van gevaarlike items soos glasstukke, hoeke en geroeste blikke.

Wel, toe ek die stukkie blinkpapier in my sakkie plas, swaai ek weer die verklikker oor die gat, en daar sing my masjien silwer! Die lewensredder moes seker die uitdrukking op my gesig gesien het, want hy vra my toe opgewonde of dit sy muntstuk is wat ek hoor. Ek buk om die item uit te haal, en sowaar, daar lê sy vyfrand in my hand! Dit wys jou net, wanneer jy iets uithaal, swaai jou spoel weer oor die gat want die kans is daar dat 'n tweede of selfs derde item gevind kan word. Wanneer daar blikkies lê, en jy klaar langs hulle gesoek het, tel dit op en soek op die plekke waar hulle gelê het – moontlik kan dit net wees dat die “grote” daar vir jou lê en wag.

Wanneer jy 'n strand besoek wat jy nie ken nie, of lank laas besoek het, en jy kry 'n paar munte wat groen en aangepak is, moet jy bly wees – dit beteken dat daar nie onlangs ander persone gesoek het nie. Dit is dan jou kans om die strand deeglik te fynkam en die munte en ander items te vind.

Wat die skoonmaak van aangepakte munte betref – dit is weer 'n ander storie. Ek maak hulle gewoonlik met sout en asyn skoon – so 'n halwe koppie asyn in 'n bakkie, met een of twee teelepels sout. Binne 'n paar sekondes sal van hulle al begin skoon word, maar ander neem weer langer. Moenie verskillende kleure/soorte munte in dieselfde bakkie gooi nie – silwer munte wat met koper munte gemeng word, sal byvoorbeeld verkleur. As ek dan die munte uit die asyn haal, borsel ek hulle met 'n koper borseltjie skoon. Ek plaas die munte op 'n lang plank waarop ek spykers in 'n sirkel vasgeslaan het. Dit keer dat die munte rondskuif as ek hulle skoon borsel. Ander kere gebruik ek weer 'n smal tangetjie om die munt vas te knyp as ek borsel.

Soos wat ek al voorheen vertel het, het ek nog nie baie by skole en parke gesoek nie. Ek het darem seker so 60 uur in totaal daar deurgebring, en hou nogal daarvan. Maar dit is nie die strand se sagte sand nie... Op grasperke en by skole moet 'n mens mooi “pinpoint” – jy moet so na as moontlik aan jou skat kom as wat dit moontlik is voordat jy begin grou. En onthou om jou gate netjies toe te maak. Die gouste manier om in die toekoms toestemming te verloor om in 'n bepaalde area te soek is as jy orals onooglike gate los. Probeer altyd die area in 'n beter toestand agterlaat as wat jy dit gevind het.

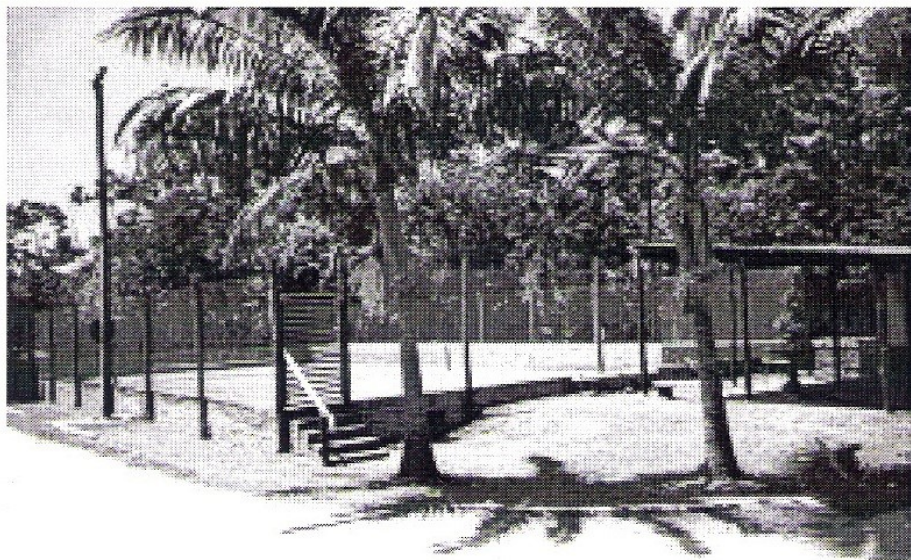


Ek het onlangs by Margate se swembad vir twintig minute gesoek en onder meer twee silwer ringe uitgehaal. Na afloop van my soektog was sleg drie plekke sigbaar waar ek gesoek het – so ek het alles in my vermoë gedoen om die plek netjies agter te laat. Hoe doen ek dit?



Uvongo strand

Ek probeer my beste om te “pinpoint”, dan druk ek ‘n dun skroewedraaier in die plek waar ek dink die item is. Partykeer druk ek hom so ses tot agt keer in die grond. Dan as ek die munt of item voel, maak ek die gat groter en haal dit met die skroewedraaier en my vinger uit. As ek nie die item onder die grond kan voel nie, neem ek die sesduim skroewedraaier en druk dit so teen 45 grade in die grond in en lig dit dan op. As die gat dan te groot word voordat ek die item kry, los ek dit. Onthou daar is ‘n verskeidenheid plekke waar gesoek kan word...skole, parke, karavaanparke, langs riviere waar mense piekniek hou, en vele ander. Daar is dus meer as genoeg plekke om te gaan soek, ek het al selfs twee kerk-terreine besoek.



Speelarea in Hibberdene se karavaanpark



In die binneland, behalwe as jy op slagvelde gaan soek, is goedkoper metaalverklikkers idiaal. Die meeste van die items wat jy daar uithaal is binne hul bereik. Terwyl ons van diepte praat, vir dié wat moontlik 'n tweede verklikker wil koop, of 'n eerste masjien wil aanskaf, is die vraag eerstens waar jy wil gaan soek. Vir persone wat nou en dan parke en skole en moontlik een keer per jaar langs die strand wil gaan soek, is daar niks verkeerd om 'n goedkoper masjien aan te skaf nie.

As jy egter ernstig slagvelde wil besoek, dan soek jy diepte. Alhoewel al hierdie items nie noodwendig diep lê nie, is daar tog gevalle waar gesogte items dieper kan lê en daarvoor het jy 'n beter verklikker nodig.

Ook as jy net strande wil doen, en ook onder die water wil soek, het jy 'n duurder masjien nodig, soos byvoorbeeld die Fisher CZ20. Daar is ook ander make soos Garrett wat goed is. Hoe ook al sy, gaan vir die meer bekende handelsname, 'n mens kan nie bekostig om 'n groot som geld te spandeer as daar nie tegniese ondersteuning ("back up") is nie. In Amerika het daar in die afgelope 10 jaar verskeie handelsname op die mark gekom, en net weer so verdwyn – so wees asseblief versigtig met die aankoop van 'n nuwe masjien.

'n Vriend van my, Ron, gebruik al 10 jaar lank sy masjien, en stel nie in 'n nuwe belang nie. Hy ken sy verklikker goed, en ken elke piep wat dit maak. So weet ek van ander persone wat al jare hul masjiene gebruik met geen probleme nie.

Ek geniet my stokperdjie, en of ek nou die dag met veertig sent of veertig rand by die huis kom, maak nie werklik vir my saak nie. Dit bly maar altyd vir my lekker, en die lekkerste is dat jy nooit werklik weet wat die volgende item is wat jy gaan uithaal nie!

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

## **DANKIE / THANK YOU**

I wish to thank all our regular contributors, like Dawie Berg, John Mulder, Clarence Coetzer, Mike Bull, Andy Naude, Owen Timmermans and a few others, for their regular contributions to this newsletter. It is people like you, and not me, that keep Treasure Talk alive.

Let us make this year a great year for our wonderful hobby, so please keep up your support by sending in those articles, letters and other newsworthy snippets.

**Gesels met ons! // Talk to us!**



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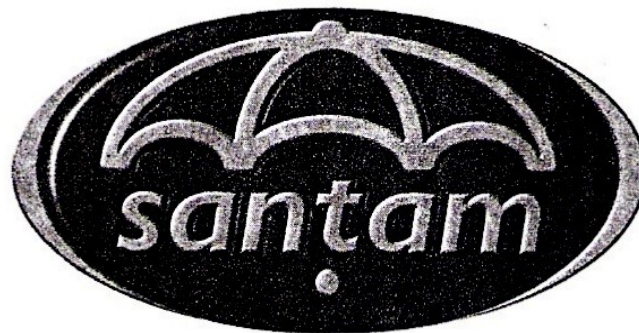
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