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FISHER RESEARCH LABORATORY  WORLD TREASURE NEWS  ©

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Welcome to Fisher World Treasure News, the publication which showcases the ordinary people who, with a Fisher detector, help to form the extraordinary world that is treasure hunting. Fisher is proud to showcase these “Fisher Folks” for their tremendous finds and detecting talents, their incredible generosity and character, and, gratefully, their loyal and dedicated support of Fisher detectors.

As Fisher enters its 74th year as the world’s first metal detector manufacturer, one can find a Fisher detector used to find treasure in every corner of the world. Just turn on your TV set and one can see a Fisher in the hands of an archeologist searching for a Roman coin on The History Channel, or treasure hunters recovering Spanish gold on The Travel Channel.

Flip through a magazine and there is a Fisher featured with a criminal science investigator in a promotional photo for the popular TV series, CSI.

If one had looked at the front page of a newspaper after the shooting on the White House lawn, one would have seen a secret service agent searching the grounds of the capital with a Fisher metal detector.

Clearly, after all these years, Fisher detectors are a big part of many people’s lives. It is in their honor that Fisher World Treasure News was created, and it is our privilege to dedicate this issue to our many loyal users and last, but not least, to Dr. Fisher himself, whose very first patented metal detector started it all over 70 years ago.

Please enjoy & happy hunting!
— The Editor

Fisher wishes to thank the many outstanding individuals who took the time and effort to contribute their stories and photos to Fisher World Treasure News. We sincerely wish we could include all the many, many submissions. Please remember that if your treasure tale is not included this time, check back for our next edition. Until then, good luck and happy hunting!
Children Find History in Relics

Perhaps the most valuable part of treasure hunting is not finding treasure, but sharing it!

by Fisher Labs with Bill Ladd

“The greatest ground finder to ever walk the earth,” wrote one child.

Who can argue with that? Certainly not us, because this Fisher user is not just a very successful treasure hunter with many rare relic finds to his credit, he also shares these finds and his collection of Fisher metal detectors with children.

In his free time, Bill Ladd from Rhode Island, not only hunts for treasure; he shares it, its history and the exciting world of treasure hunting with countless young schoolchildren.

It all began when Bill appeared on the famous PBS Antiques Roadshow with two artifacts from the historic time of slavery. These “slave tags” were found with a metal detector and were appraised at $15,000. Bill’s “15 minutes of fame” has led to talks and seminars for many different organizations around the New England area.

But Bill attests that his favorite stops have been in front of third and fourth grade students, sharing the many relics he has recovered.

“I make their history books come to life by giving kids the chance to actually touch a piece of history for a day,” Bill said. “From a cannonball fired in the Civil War, or a 7000-year-old Indian tool, to the rare slave badges themselves, the kids’ eyes just light up.” It does not take long for Bill to warm up his audience.

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Second Day Out
One Great Find!

What other hobby actually pays you back in cash!?

by Mike Fulmer

While all up and down the Florida coast, newsmen and weathermen lamented about the effect of late-season Hurricane Michelle on the beaches, folks like me, with a gleaming, 3-week-old Fisher Impulse standing by, were putting on our slickers and heading for our favorite beach accesses, even as the outer rain bands, tropical storm-force winds and waves were still re-sculpting the dunes along our “Treasure Coast.”

With some trepidation, I stepped into knee-deep water from the normally high and dry wooden steps of the dune crossover. Large hunks of beachfront decks and other flotsam surged in and out with the ultra-high tide surf. Only a few brave souls were in sight as my buddy and fellow detectorist, Chas, and I headed north, slowly and carefully checking the eroded seaward edges of the dunes, dodging most of the fast-moving logs and planks, some sporting six-inch nails, surging around us.

It is amazing how a good, strong hit with the Impulse can distract you, even under these circumstances!

While scooping up just such a hit, which turned out to be yet another modern spike from a destroyed deck, Chas caught a surfing 4x6 in the shin. It made a good-sized dent in his shin, but hardly dampened our resolve to get some 1715 Spanish silver — or gold — into our goodie bag.

Many hits and scoops later, alas, we dragged our exhausted butts back to the access with no treasure to show for our efforts. Meeting up with two other familiar beach hunters at the parking lot, we were treated to the sight and feel of a fine, chunky silver Reale that one of them had found that morning. This bolstered our spirits as only holding newfound treasure can do.

The following morning, I headed to a favorite area well south of our hunt the day before, alone, due to a dentist appointment Chas had made previously. It would turn out that Chas would regret not rescheduling that appointment in the worst way!

Michelle was moving out past the Bahamas. Surf and wind were only a shadow of the force the day before. On continued on page 23
20 Years, A 1,000 Coins, & One Cent to Remember

by Gerry McMullen

The metal detecting hobby and I became acquainted in the early 1970s. At 9 years old and loving the outdoors, I immediately knew this hobby was for me. So I have been fortunate to be swinging a detector every since.

I remember that as a youngster, Saturdays were a family day together. We would go to an old school and spend the day together beeping for old coins, mostly wheat-back pennies, silver dimes and an occasional silver quarter or even rarer, a silver half. Dad always had the red book in the detector case to check the dates of the coins and look up the values.

I was always looking for a wheat-back cent to add to my collection. My intention was to put them in the blue paper coin holder books, with dreams of one day filling the books with a complete set of wheat-back pennies.

Jump ahead to the mid-1980s. I was still metal detecting and trying my hardest to find a wheat back to put in my book. I had pretty much filled most dates and mint marks, with just a few left to find. I had even filled the second book with dates from 1941 until they stopped making the wheat cent in 1958. But I needed the first book filled to be complete.

Then in the early 1990s, I managed to find all of them but one. This particular one has the lowest mintage of all wheat cents. It is the 1909-S VDB. It was the first year issued from San Francisco and it had to have the VDB (Victor D. Brenner) on it, or it was just another wheatie.

I had found at least a half dozen 1909 wheat cents and a couple were even the 1909-S, but not the rare one that included the 1909-S and had VDB.

After 20-plus years of enjoyable detecting and finding thousands of wheat cents, I finally came to the conclusion that this goal would probably never be fulfilled. So I broke down and paid $1,000 for the elusive penny. Yes, now my collection is complete. Even though it was not found with a detector, my bought sent still has purpose.

Now, jump to the present. I am detecting an old yard with a Fisher CZ-5 and finding many old wheat cents. In one hole alone, I find four of them. I glance at the dates quickly and notice they are all dated in the early teens but one. It is a 1929. I wonder why and look again.

Wait a minute — it is a 1909. That makes more sense. I also noticed that it

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Wife Unearths Rare Finds When Husband’s Back is Turned!

by Gerry McMullen

My wife, Michelle, and I were in England, all the way from Boise, Idaho, on a metal detecting tour. I had convinced Michelle to try a new detector, a Fisher 1270, that day.

At first, we worked side by side, comparing signals and digging targets. After Michelle found a couple 17th century buckles, a 1669 token and a couple bronze Roman coins, I decided she was doing well enough for me to go to another field. Who could imagine what she would find after I left!

Her first exciting find in that field turned out to be a Roman Republican Silver Denarius of Pompeius. The archeologists working on the site dated it at 46-45 B.C. Everyone was excited except me, as I was off in another field.

Michelle’s next find got everyone excited again. She dug up what appeared to be a bronze cross. She took it to a group of three archeologists in the field for identification. One screamed and took off running with it. The other two stood in shock.

What Michelle found was a fifth-century early Saxon Cruciform brooch. Usually, only fragments of these are found, but she found one almost completely intact.

The excitement did not stop. On closer examination, it was noted that there was cloth still attached to the back of it. This find was determined to be of historical significance, and though an actual value has not been determined for it, the archeologists and local museum considered this priceless for its historical value.

The brooch also made Western and Eastern Treasure’s list of the “Best Finds in 2001.”

Even though Michelle could have kept this item, she donated it to the local museum, where it is going through preservation and will be put on permanent display in the museum for others to see and enjoy.

When I returned from the other field, I noticed my wife still detecting and did not think anything of it, not knowing of Michelle’s finds yet. So one of the archeologists had to show me what she found while my back was turned.

I get that real lightheaded feeling and start getting knots in my stomach. I realize I need to turn the coin over and look for the rare VDB. I can barely breathe. It just cannot be. I have found thousands of wheat cents and never found the one. Heck, I even had to buy it and it cost more than my detector.

Well, I have to check it anyway. I turn it over and gently rub the bottom with my detector.

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Sometimes treasure hunting offers more surprises than originally bargained for.

by Richard Anjelico

The radio crackled and Hy’s voice came through: “I’ve got a 24-pounder!”

We were hunting in an area where I had dug up a cannon ball a few weeks ago. Hy was determined to get one as well, perhaps more determined than I thought.

The week before, he had dug three 3-pounders in one day and after I snapped his picture with his new 24-pound “baby,” he said, “Well, I gotta find two more.”

So off he went. Later, he carried the ball through the woods and set it on a fallen tree that I had been using as a bench for many, many weeks. Oh, how I hate that tree! Why? Well, it has this very big rusted iron cable next to it, sticking out of the ground and all tangled up. Every time I passed the tree, I swept my coil under the log and so would get this iron signal. Of course, there is an iron cable there right?

So Hy’s ball is sitting on the log. I decide to bury it under the log and hide it. But then I think, “No, he’ll have a stroke.”

I behave myself and continue hunting. I stack some iron fragments on the log, sweep my coil under it again and get the same old signal. Of course, there is an iron cable there right?

“Yep,” he said. “How did you know?” How do I know? Sweet Mary Mother! Thoughts of detectorcide now swirl through my head.

When I told him about sweeping my coil over that spot for the past few weeks, he cracked up. “I saw you sweeping your coil here earlier,” he said. “I got the same signal, thought it was the cable too, then checked it in disc and it said zinc penny. I couldn’t figure that out, so I dug it to see what it was and out pops the ball!”

“I saw you sweeping your coil here earlier,” he said. “I got the same signal, thought it was the cable too, then checked it in disc and it said zinc penny. I couldn’t figure that out, so I dug it to see what it was and out pops the ball!”

What can I say? I did not check it in disc and I did not bury his own ball, which was sitting right over the one in the ground. Can you imagine me digging a hole to hide his ball and digging up that other one! What a story THAT would have been.

Anyway, my hat is off to Hy.
The Great Ganes Creek Gold

An Alaskan Fisher dealer proves once again that everything really is bigger in Alaska.

by Steve Herschbach

Ganes Creek has produced over 250,000 ounces of gold as well as some of the largest gold nuggets ever found in Alaska. Our goal was to search the tailings piles for some of the nuggets that were lost. The main problem with the tailings was lots of iron trash.

I decided to give my Fisher Gold Bug-2 with 14” coil a try. Since we were hoping for large nuggets, I put it in Iron ID mode, which I normally have not used before.

The Gold Bug-2 has been my favorite detector for small gold. I normally use it in the all-metal mode. My theory is simple: there are large nuggets in the area and I wanted them.

So tuning up for the little ones was not my idea. I did not want to waste time trying to recover small nuggets and digging lots of worthless iron trash would be a waste of valuable time.

There was a lot of ground to cover, but a couple days of detecting proved very successful for all of us. My Gold Bug-2 worked flawlessly in the Iron ID mode. I found 14 nuggets, weighing a total of 3.23 ounces, including a couple .75 ounce nuggets. But we were nearly out of time. We had to leave at noon the next day and I had not found a nugget over one ounce yet. My father was the big winner, with a very nice 3.5 ounce nugget, his largest ever.

It was late, so off to bed we went. Everyone had gold. Brian’s nugget was the biggest he had ever found. Jeff’s was his largest and my father had hit the jackpot.

I was happy, but my largest nugget just tied with one I detected in the Fortymile, and still not larger than a 1 ounce. nugget I dredged in 1998. I slept poorly that night, waking constantly.

I woke at 4 a.m., and after lying awake for an hour, decided to get up. It was still light, as it stays light all night at this time of the year, so time passes slowly staring at the ceiling. I figured I might as well do a little detecting while I waited for everyone to get up around 7 a.m.

I wandered up the creek, mainly wanting to get far enough away so I would not disturb anyone. I went to the first big tailing pile I came across and covered it pretty well, but nothing at all. I wandered up the road a bit and came to a wide set of tailings that appeared to have been pushed into a pile by a bulldozer.

I started scanning. Near the top of the pile, I got a strong signal. I dug, and then peeking out of the soil lay a little gold potato! I gazed at it in disbelief as I picked it up. It was caked in dark soil, but I knew I had finally found the big one I had looked for all these years!
I live in Independence, Mo. Last summer, they drained an old swimming lake in town. When I first heard about it, I went there with my Fisher CZ-5 to see what I could find. Luck was with me that day and I found three class rings. One was from Chrisman High School, Class of 1961, my wife’s class. When I got home, I asked my wife to get her yearbook out so we could see if we could find who owned the ring.

When we looked him up my wife said, “You’re not going to believe this, but I got an email from him this morning.”

It seems that he was working on their 40th class reunion and was getting in touch with everyone in the class.

We called him and said, “We have something to show you.”

We went to his house and showed him his class ring. He looked like we had just told him he had won a million bucks. He was so excited, he could hardly talk. When he finally calmed down, he told us the story.

His family could not afford to buy him a class ring, so he worked as a busboy for 25 cents an hour to pay for the ring. He had the ring for two weeks when he lost it while swimming the summer of 1960. He said that every time he went back to the lake that summer, he tried to find the ring but to no avail. So he gave up hope of ever seeing his ring again.

Even after being underwater for 41 years, the ring still looked new. He was so excited about getting it back, he called the local newspaper, which did a front-page story on the event.

The second ring I found also was from Chrisman High School, but for the Class of 1954. One of my coworkers had a sister who graduated that year. She gave me the address of the girl who lost that ring. She now lives in Southern Missouri and when I contacted her, she could not believe that I had found her class ring. She had lost it the summer of 1954 and once again, it looked as good as the day she lost it.

The third ring came from Butler, Mo., Class of 1960. It took a while to find the owner of this one. Butler High School did not have a record of anyone with this person’s initials who graduated in that year.

The newspaper ran a story on it however, and I received a call from a fellow who might have known who lost the ring, a woman who turns out, lived only two miles from me. When I called her, she told me the whole story.

Her father bought her the ring in 1959. Then he found out that he was dying. The family moved up to Independence so that he could be with the rest of his family when he died. Then the girl graduated from Chrisman High School in 1960. I could not find her in Butler because she graduated right here in Independence!

The class ring was her last connection with her father. When she went swimming that summer in 1960, she took the ring off and tied it to the strap of her bathing suit so that she would not lose it. But the bathing suit strap came loose and the ring sank to the bottom of the lake.

She said that she prayed for years to get her ring back. So I guess I was finally able to answer a girl’s prayer.
One Way to Save the Day - 10,000 Times Over

A lost $10,000 ring and a desperate owner make this tale definitely not “just another ring story.”

by Fisher Labs with Tom Becker

With all the hot summer weather, water hunters have been harvesting rings like corn!

Tom Becker and several of his friends hit Lake Michigan beaches as often as possible. Warren Dunes, one of the most crowded beaches on Southern Lake Michigan, is one of Tom’s his favorite spots.

On July 24th, the crowd was already thick by the time Tom showed up with his detector. He no more than got out of his truck when he heard a story that spread like wildfire through the crowd. A $10,000 platinum and diamond ring had been lost.

As Tom walked down to the beach, other treasure hunters filled him in on the details. A deputy sheriff had been called to the search and he recruited someone with a metal detector. This first hunter received some details about the minutes leading up to the loss, then started hunting.

It seems the ring simply dropped from its owner’s finger as she sat in her beach chair.

Later, Tom learned that this first hunter became rather put out by being asked to help search for the ring. He seemed rather annoyed by the whole thing. He barked out instructions that the chair be moved because it disturbed his detector. So before he began searching, the beach chair and other valuable landmarks had been completely shuffled around, making the precious ring even more lost.

After the first hunter gave up the search, yet another detector operator offered his help. The search went on and on, with no success. The crowd of onlookers began muttering their baseless theories, which only added to the victim’s grief.

One commented that the first hunter actually found the ring and slipped it into his pocket. Others felt he found it, but moved it out of the area so he could return to fetch it later. These, and other hurtful theories, brought the ring’s owner to tears. Instead of finding good Samaritans to help her, she looked at these treasure hunters as predators or opportunists.

Tom walked a long distance down the beach with his detector in hand to the location of the lost ring. The ring’s owner was easy to pick out from the crowd because Tom could see by her face she had been crying. She looked at Tom carrying his detector, but did not make eye contact and

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It was one of those days where, due to life’s events and demands, I had been deprived of time, “Detecting time.” It had been nearly a full month since I had last detected. The fever was extraordinarily high, the temperature was cool and the time was finally available. Good sites were becoming increasingly sparse, but my attitude that day was: “I’m POSITIVE, I will succeed”. The attitude you carry into the field can make all the difference in the world. And indeed, on this particular hunt, “positive attitude” fully validated itself.

The area was a 4 acre field in Oak Hill, Florida where I was informed a country store once stood. The store burned down in the Fall of 1920, was never rebuilt and the property abandoned/uninhabited since then. I had detected the property twice before, fairly extensively, to no avail. Only a few clad coins were found, speculating from passer-by transient hunters. I was certain of the tip that I received in 1997 from a man who was born in 1911 and worked at the store in 1919 & 1920 as a helper.

In fact, in 1997, it was my CZ-6a that verified a ton of charred nails in the ground, exactly where the man claimed the structure once stood. I could not successfully detect where the structure once stood because the volume of nails were excessive and anything else would be completely masked.

As I walked a path directly away from the iron nail pit, the amount of detectable signals in my headphones diminished rapidly – to the point of virtually pure silence about 60 feet away from where the structure once stood. Only a few very deep mid-tone trash items existed along with a few sparse rusty nail signals; exceptionally quiet soil. I recall being surprised with the silence of nearly no metal objects in the ground, yet I wrote it off in my mind as a target-poor, clear site.

Flash-forward to February, 2004. Armed with a new CZ-3D and a positive and demanding
I love metal detecting as a hobby. But these days, finding a good place to hunt takes a little help from the elders.

For example, an old man from town told me about a dance hall from the 1900s. It had been gone for years as it burned down in 1929. He said he thought that would be a good place to hunt, but I would have to find out who owned it.

I stopped by an old farmhouse next to the site and asked who owned the pasture. Come to find out the owner is a friend of my family. So I went to see him and mentioned the old dance hall. He knew right where it stood.

“Alan, you hunt all you want,” he said. There had been a couple other people who hunted the area for coins 20 years ago, but he believed they had not found anything. I told him I had just bought a new Fisher CZ-7a Pro. There is nothing like a Fisher! But he laughed and said I would not find many coins because people back then did not have much to lose. I just smiled and said I would see him tomorrow.

The next day, I drove back to the site right beside the highway. “Great,” I thought. “It is a horse pasture with grass 4” tall. It doesn’t get any better than this!”

I crossed the fence and began to hunt. Right away, I found a mercury dime at 4 inches. I moved a little and found a Barber dime at 6 inches. I could not believe that someone had hunted this place, given what I found.

As I hunted further into the field, I got a strong hit on silver. BINGO! I found a 1889 Barber quarter six inches down. I knew I was in the middle of a silver mine. As I went on, I found more mercury dimes, whiskey caps, lipsticks, bullets and a silver ring, scattered over 25 acres. I could not believe what I was finding.

The next morning, I met with the owner and he could not believe what I found. He said that was a lot of money in those days, and that someone must have drank a lot to have lost that much money. I offered to give him the coins, but he told me to keep them.

“You and your machine must know what you are doing,” he said. “Go ahead and hunt it out.”

The next day, I put on a 10 1/2-inch loop and found more coins at a deeper level. This was in mid-October, with the weather just above freezing, so actually warm for this area.

I continued to hunt all winter. I was mighty lucky to be able to hunt this site. It was very exciting, especially when I found a child’s compact with a 1929 Buffalo nickel wrapped inside. I also found a 1917 standing half dollar 4 inches deep in the horse’s trail.

So far, I found over 120 coins! It all started with a little help from my elders.
Treasure Tale

What gets a pro started treasure hunting? You might say it’s “Impulse.”

by Clyde Kuntz

I started metal detecting back in late 1995 while living in Sebastian, Fla. I first moved to Sebastian directly from college in 1989 and never once knew about the history that made Sebastian and the surrounding area so famous. Up until then, I would see people working the beaches after storms and never once thought about what they were doing.

Then I met a young man wearing a coin around his neck. I asked where he acquired such a strange-looking piece, which is how it all began for me.

I began talking with people about the different metal detectors that beach goers used. It seemed to me that Fisher was a strong player in the area, well made, long-lasting battery life, a sturdy and rugged design, latest technological advances, decent price and worked well on the different conditions we experience during the storms and beach cuts. I would always see the hardcore hunters and many of them had Fishers.

So my father bought me a Fisher Impulse with 10 1/2-inch coil, with hopes of maybe finding some of this Spanish treasure for ourselves.

I heard all the stories from the guys who had been hunting for years. They said it takes a good cut on the beach to produce the Spanish booty, and some guys have been doing it for years and have yet to find anything Spanish.

I worked the beaches for hours at a time, learning the areas where Spanish artifacts had been found. I watched the old hands at work and asked many questions of the local hunters, receiving some honest and not-so-honest answers about the sites and how to hunt them.

Finally, I found my first Spanish Reale a month-and-a-half later, to the surprise of many post-storm hunters. I just worked at it and learned how my Fisher Impulse worked. It paid off.

Up until March 1996, I found several Spanish pieces with the Impulse. But I will always remember the March 1996 storm, as well as the man who helped me that day.

The wind blew from the northeast for days, so slowly, but surely, the beach began to cut. With the winds blowing, I left work to hunt with my Impulse. Earlier that morning, I found some small silver cobs and returned to work. I showed them to my assistant and he wanted to go with me later that evening to check it out. He did not want to hunt, but instead, I would find

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I always admired the solitude of lifestyles typified by the cowpoke on cattle drives as well as ranch-type living. As an adult, I was a big-city cop, witnessing the worst of humanity, and the inhumanity of man towards our fellow beings.

Now, ready to retire, I looked for a way to escape the insanity of life in the big city. I decided I would prospect for gold, which would put me out away from people and into the natural elements.

To search for gold, I decided to try metal detecting for gold nuggets. I researched for the right type of detector to suit my needs. After reading several articles, I purchased a Fisher Gold Bug-2.

The night I got my new Gold Bug-2, my wife, Chelli, and I went to a local park to see if we could figure out how it worked. We found all the usual stuff: a few coins, pull tabs, a jack, a gold earring, and the like. It was fun.

So the next night, we went to another park, where we unearthed a few more coins, a sliver charm, a child’s gold bracelet, and the usual pull tabs, nails and screws.

Of course, we decided to make a collection of coins and other things we thought would be a little unusual, whether they were valuable or not.

I was able to locate another detector enthusiast and made a few trips into the local mountains and desert in search of gold. After several trips, the only gold we found was specks that could only be seen with a loop, and they were too small to even be picked up with tweezers.

A few weeks after I got my detector, Chelli and I took a trip to the central California coast, taking the Fisher Gold Bug-2 to try it out on the beach.

We headed to Cambria, which is a beautiful little artsy town north of Morro Bay on Hwy. 1. We took Josh along. Josh is a teenage boy that is like an adopted nephew to us.

While playing at the beach, I decided to get the Gold Bug-2 out to see what I could find. Soon, the three of us were digging in the sand. Not finding anything of real interest, however, we headed back up the hill to a picnic table to rest a bit, and then continue our search.

Moving the detector around the table, we got a solid hit. We dug about half an inch and found the most unusual item we had come across. It took a few seconds to realize that the little object we scooped up was a gold tooth. It even had some of the tooth still attached. We speculated how it might have come to be left beside the picnic table.

We do not know how and probably never will, but finding a gold tooth has to be one of the most unusual finds we will ever make while detecting.

A side note: Josh insists he was using the detector at the time we found the tooth, so he said the tooth is his. However, Chelli also insists she was using it at the time, so she should get the tooth. But I say it is my detector that found the tooth, so the gold tooth should belong to me!
Several years ago, I recovered four gold rings, two silver rings and lots of change, all in one day!

Finding four gold rings in one day seems incredible, and for me, my personal best record, a record I thought I would never beat. Then, on Nov. 13, 2001, at the same place I hunted before, I tied my record of four gold rings found in one day. Do you believe that?

What is interesting is that the area I detected was considered “worked out.” This area has been searched so extensively, the dry river bottom is riddled with hundreds of pockmarks, the telltale signs left by previous detectorists.

Normally, people who use metal detectors take the extra effort to fill in the hole left after digging for a detected object. In this case however, the river does it for you. Within a couple seconds after water flow is restored, all traces of any digging are usually completely erased.

When I detect, I use a Fisher 1266-X. With its good ground penetrating capabilities, it is my experience that the results are fantastic.

I found my first gold ring Nov. 13, 2001, which was an alumni class ring from Notre Dame. It was very heavy with a large blue stone. The owner’s name was inscribed on the inside of the ring, along with the year 1963.

After getting home I borrowed my mom’s computer to search for the owner. Searching state by state, she found only four matches. I talked with one person but had no results. I left messages on answering for the other three.

The next day, the owner of the ring called. As things turned out, Henry Kiley had lost his ring while tubing on the Salt River in 1964. The ring had laid there for 37 years!

After a quick cleaning, the ring looked good as new. Kiley graduated from Notre Dame in 1963, then moved to the Phoenix area to train as a fighter pilot at Luke Air Force Base. After flying in Vietnam, he went on to fly commercial jet airliners for over 30 years and had recently retired.

Kiley was very grateful to get back his ring and showed a lot of appreciation, which I appreciate.

I suppose the moral of this story would have to be that there is no such place as a worked-out area, especially when detecting a river bottom.

If you go Salt River, the beauty and scenery is well worth the trip, as is the abundant wildlife and good fishing. Watch your lunch carefully however, because a raccoon or ringtail cat will enjoy it. They sure did mine!

Bring your camera, your binoculars and your detector, and I will see you there!
Detecting: Gone to the Dogs?
by Steve Stinnett

A couple of years ago, I purchased a Fisher Cz-5 metal detector. I used it around a few local parks and found only the normal coins and a fortune in scrap metal. I have yet to find a Rolex watch or diamond ring, but we detectorists must always keep looking.

A few months ago, my wife and I got a miniature wire-haired Dachshund named Lexie (yes, this is a metal detector story). She is the sweetest dog I have ever seen.

The vet recommended “crate” training her, meaning putting her in a pet carrier during the day while we are at work. But I could not bring myself to put her in a small crate for six to nine hours a day.

So I built her pen using two existing walls in our basement. I placed a piece of hardwire cloth, a heavy duty screen wire with mesh, about a foot square over a cutout in the door to let her out. This worked very well, until one day when I came home, she had clawed and chewed a 4” hole in the screen.

Miraculously, she did not suffer any injuries, except a scratch or two on her gums. But as I inspected for further damage, I could not account for all the wire that covered the hole in the screen. Since she had clawed and chewed the screen, it became obvious that she ingested some of the wire.

I got my CZ-5 out and scanned the dog. Sure enough, she swallowed some of the wire. I called our vet immediately and told her what happened. She has us cut a cotton ball into pieces, soak them in milk and feed them to the dog. The wire was supposed to imbed itself in the cotton ball pieces and pass through her digestive system.

I did and it worked like a charm! Each day I scanned Lexie, and each day, found less and less wire in her system. After the third day, Lexie was wire free.

Without my CZ-5, I am sure we would have had a very expensive vet bill.

The “Salt”-ed Beaches of Hawaii
by James Smith

My wife and I spent one week vacationing in Oahu, Hawaii. Our hotel was a block-and-a-half from the beach and I spent approximately six total hours metal detecting with my Fisher 1280-X.

During my last hunt, as I scanned the beach, a gentleman approached me inquiring as to how I was doing and wanting to know if I was doing better than usual. I replied I was doing all right, so he went on his way. As I resumed searching, I started finding one coin after another.

Then it dawned on me that the beachgoers were salting the beach, throwing coins on the beach ahead and behind me. When I passed the salters, I would turn around and make another pass in front of them to get a new supply of coins they pitched out. I kept hunting approximately two hours and picked up over six dollars, compared to the one to one-and-a-half dollars I got from my previous two hunts.

When I quit, I stood center front of the people salting the beach, made a bow and thanked them. I enjoyed finding the coins as much as they enjoyed pitching them into the sand. But you should have seen their mouths drop open when I said that. Apparently, they were shocked that I actually knew what was going on!
Duo Makes A Difference With Their Detectors

Can the hobby of metal detecting make the world a better place?

In the case of Frank and Jean Schilling, “The Beachcombers” of Ontario, Canada, it sure can. The Schillings use the finds from their four Fisher detectors to support many worthwhile causes, such as the Cancer Society, the Alzheimer’s Society, the Lung Association, the Arthritis Society, and various local hospital and scout troops.

From 1990 to 1998, they gave over $6000 to these organizations. They also made lots of friends and earned a lot of gratitude in the process. In addition to these charitable efforts, they also specialize in helping people find lost items.

The Beachcomber motto is: If we find a sentimental item and can find the owner, what a perfect day. We could not agree more.

Walter and Barb Lacy sold their estate in Pennsylvania, and bought a motor home, trailer, and two ATVs. They hit the road in America, becoming nomads eager to find treasure and gold in their retirement.

Being detectorists for 10 years, they found, through trial and error, that virtually nothing beats the Fisher detector’s performance and durability in the field. So they decided to become roving dealers for Fisher.

In the three years since their retirement, they made many new friends and found an abundance of nuggets, along with an iron pot used for cooking by cattle drivers in the old days, along the Mexican border. Since this pot had an iron lid, the Fisher Gold Bug-2 found it easily in an old adobe that was being torn down.

This place was full of money, much in Mexican pesos of different denominations. It

Continued on page 27
ID Excel Coin & Relic Finds

**George Kollmer, FL**

In just one month while using the CZ-3D this veteran treasure hunter found 249 quarters, 278 dimes, 151 nickels, 824 pennies, 9 silver rings and 1 gold ring while beach combing the area where he lives in Pasco County Florida. Says George; “The CZ-3D is truly an amazing, deep seeking detector and one of the best I have ever used during my forty plus years of treasure hunting. And for a backup I use my 1280-X, over 16 years old and it’s never failed me once.”

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**Bill Ladd Coin & Relic Finds**

Bill Ladd with the latest addition to his arsenal of Fisher Detectors, the ID Excel, and (below) a sampling of his recent EXCELent finds. Incredibly, all were found over the course of a few weeks while field testing the unit. To read the free field test and the story behind these great finds call us today 209.826.3292 or visit or website www.fisherlab.com. As Bill has proven with his success: “For relics or coins, finally there’s an affordable target ID unit that can hunt with the big boys!”
**FISHER finds**

**Gold Nuggets**

*Mike Severance, OR*

More than a mouthful and then some! Dedicated nugget hunter Mike has many impressive finds to his credit. These are just a few of the beautiful gold nuggets he found using his trusty Gold Bug-2.

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**1847 $5 Gold Coin,**

*Tony Mullen, NC with daughter Suzanne*

While hunting with his CZ-7A, Tony found this very rare Charlotte, N.C. mint $5 gold coin to add to his daughter’s collection. Tony noted that it is the “oldest and goldest” coin he has found. “It was like a fat guy stomping out a brush fire. What can I say? It was my first gold dance!” We all wish we could dance to that same “golden tune.”

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**2,000 - 7,000 year old**

**Bronze Spear Points & Tools**

*Jim Sheppard, Canada*

These very old and unique finds were found while searching the river banks around Fort Francis, Ontario with a CZ-7.
Royal Canadian Air Force Bracelet
*Rod Edwardson, Alberta, Canada*
Found with a CZ-7, this bracelet has the airman’s name, rank and serial number. After some research, Rod learned that the pilot had been shot down over Europe in 1943.

Platinum Wedding Ring
*James Bird (left), MI*
James found a platinum wedding ring with his 1280-X. Luckily, the owner, Richard Foote, put the wedding date and his initials inside the ring. After many hours of searching, James tracked Richard down. Richard lost the ring just two months after the wedding and the ring had been gone for over four years. When James gave back the ring, two news stations and the local media were on hand. James even received a telephone call from “Good Morning, America.” Since returning this ring, James has been lucky recovering three gold rings.

2 British Cartridge Box Badges, circa 1781
*Richard “Dick” Donovan, FL*
Dick has been treasure hunting for close to 30 years. In that time, he has found an amazing amount of relics. In the swamps of the Southern United States, he found these badges. One is a rare 19th Soldiers of Foot Grenadiers badge. This impressive find is ranked as one of the 10 best finds of the year by a popular treasure hunting magazine.
15th Century Tribal Armlet

Warren Dobbins, NH
Using a Gemini-3, Warren found this relic at three feet down while detecting on the treasure coast of Florida. As part owner of Dogbones Treasure Company, he has recovered numerous shipwreck artifacts, even donating some finds to the Mel Fisher Museum, where he continues to impress the archeologists with finds such as this one.

1707 1 Escudo

Jimmy Smith, Diver
- Joe Shepard, Captain, FL
Joe, owner and captain of the treasure boat The Royal Fifth, shares this very rare coin from the 1715 Spanish Gallons, found off of Fort Pierce, Fla. One his divers, Jimmy Smith, found it using an Impulse.

Brass Arrowhead

Ron Galyean, CO
Found with a 1265 on a vacant lot in Rico, Colo. On the reverse side near the tip is engraved “Robbins Company, Attleboro Mass.”

Gold Nuggets

Milburn Fountain Sr. & Jr., CA
The Milburns were kind enough to drop by our factory to share a treasure tale or two and show some of their great gold finds using a Gold Strike and Gold Bug.
Great Find, Now What Is It?

John Murek, NC
While detecting at a site known to be a retreat for executives of a large corporation during the 1910-1930s, John came across this brass figure. It stands about 1.75” and has the letters “CHIN” (possibly China) under its base. He thinks this is an early version of Felix the Cat, but after much research, no one has been able to identify it. Everyone has a different opinion of what it might be, but no one has every seen anything like it. Anyone out there have an answer?

500 Anglo-Saxon Silver Pennies circa 1030-1066
- Bert Douch, England
Described as the most significant find of late Anglo-Saxon coins to be made in England this century, Bert was swinging a 1266 when he unearthed this magnificent hoard.

40 Cal Glock Pistol,
Steve Phillips, AL
Steve, of Southern Skin Divers’ Supply, a Fisher dealer, shares this interesting find. While out diving for Civil War relics, he found this pistol.

George Washington Button,
Richard Buturlia, MA
Found with a 1280-X along with many other colonial relics.
Barbara Manifest, PA
Her very first find! Barbara found this gold ring set in her first week of detecting, using a 1212 on her family property.

Rick Vickery, TN
During a career in the Navy, Rick made many nice finds, but this is his first gold coin, found in the Knoxville, Tenn. area using a 1265-X. Also among his big finds for that day were an 1853 quarter, an 1838 large cent and a 1903 dime, which he added to his collection. Other coins found that day brought him $200 for only seven hours of enjoyment.

Diamond & Platinum Ring Set
Appraised Value $17,875
Ken & Madeline Stone, ON, Canada
This incredible ring set was recovered at a beach. Along with this amazing find, Ken and Madeline’s three-year total (1999-2001) included 26,185 coins worth over $2,700. They found coins from 23 countries as well as a fair collection of gold and silver jewelry.

Gold Ring Set
Barbara Manifest, PA
Her very first find! Barbara found this gold ring set in her first week of detecting, using a 1212 on her family property.

1895 $5 Gold Coin
Rick Vickery, TN
During a career in the Navy, Rick made many nice finds, but this is his first gold coin, found in the Knoxville, Tenn. area using a 1265-X. Also among his big finds for that day were an 1853 quarter, an 1838 large cent and a 1903 dime, which he added to his collection. Other coins found that day brought him $200 for only seven hours of enjoyment.
ONE HOT CZ!

Bob Pattelli of Illinois shared this photo with us. We know that our friends in the colder parts of the country get so frustrated waiting for the snow to melt, that they will resort to any means necessary to get their machines out in the field. However, this is a first!

**Above:** Dr Fishers Garage at 1508 Byron Avenue in Palo Alto, site of his early work on the M-Scope from 1931-1936. This is where Fisher Research Laboratory was first founded and the birthplace of the first patented metal detector.

**Left:** The historic Fisher Research Laboratory complex on University Ave. in Palo Alto. Recently, the National Register of Historic Places named this a significant site, according to its criteria. This complex is associated with the rise of Silicon Valley as a worldwide center for the electronics industry, with Dr. Fisher himself making lasting and significant contributions to science at a national and international level.

The March 30, 2001, issue of *Entertainment Weekly* featured the TV show *CSI*. Among the promotional images was this one, featuring the actors Fox and Dourdan. Anyone recognize the detector in her hands? No wonder they always seem to “find their man.”

**Below:** 1931 photo of Dr. Fisher with another famous scientist, Dr. Albert Einstein.
Above: Miss M-Scope 1964, from an early promotional postcard.

Pulltabs Really Valuable After All?!
Most treasure hunters are usually not very excited when they detect pull tabs instead of treasure. But one Fisher hunter let us know that this should not be the case. For instance, some medical centers have an agreement with their local Ronald McDonald’s house to pay for a one-night hospital stay for each gallon of pull tabs given in a patient’s name. So check your local area and save those pull tabs! In this case, one man’s trash is definitely another man’s — or child’s — treasure.

Children Find History - Continued from page 1
“I begin by showing the Roadshow video, which gives me the credibility that I am really someone from television,” Bill said. “By the time I ask for questions at the end, often, most every hand will go up. I demonstrate how a metal detector functions and show many other pieces of history to one class or even an entire grade. I have been compensated in the past, but the many letters I have received from the students has been payment enough for my time.”

Due to Bill’s commitment to the children in support of this great hobby, his willingness to share his obvious expertise in the field, and finally, his faithful loyalty to our company, Bill was asked to provide his support to Fisher’s Marketing and Research & Development sectors.

Fisher is proud to include individuals like Bill, who go out of their way to give something back to a hobby that has given them so much, into our “Fisher Family.”

Second Day Out - Continued from page 2
arrival, I scanned the shore from the dune line and noted with satisfaction that the beach was indented in several places, with “cuts” well into the beach, resulting from the wind-driven high tides and turbulence of the previous 48 hours. These have uncovered many a Spanish Reale and Escudo in the past for lucky treasure hunters, and I wanted badly to join their

Continued on following page >
I headed to an area locally referred to as the “Christmas Tree.” This marks the approximate center of a 1715 Spanish shipwreck just offshore, which is called the Douglas Beach wreck. Almost immediately, my Impulse signaled hits that turned out to be the usual modern metal debris collected and removed from our beaches by treasure hunters who do not want to find it again.

Three hours flew by, and with a sizeable collection of aluminum scraps, pull tabs, nails and whatnot, I worked my way back towards the parking lot. I searched along a 4-foot sand ledge, marking the earlier high tide, when — WHAM — the Impulse alerted me to a strong hit two feet from the ledge.

Scooping down six inches in the wet sand, I was elated to find a big, beautiful 8 Reale! My first beach treasure finally in my hand, it was more than I had even dared hope! The coin was pretty sulfided, but even still, the cross and the obverse shield were plainly visible.

Fifteen minutes more searching in the immediate area produced no more hits, and I could no longer resist the urge to head back and call Chas to tell him about my incredible luck.

A thorough search the next day turned up no more silver Reales, but I still was smiling from the previous day’s fortune. Chas unearthed two nice-sized chunks of what appeared to be copper hull sheathing from the treasure galleon, which we had seen in the past during dive operations, but had never found on the beach.

So, you never know what will send your detector into a frenzy on these Treasure Coast beaches!

On my knees in an old yard a few blocks from my house, tears coming down my cheeks.

I thank God for letting me find this great rare treasure that has eluded me for over 20 years. This one cent is only one of 484,000 minted. It is the rarest and most sought after wheat cent that was made for public use.

Now I own a complete set of Lincoln Wheat Cents, two 1909-S VDB cents, and many lasting memories.

Some of the best memories of my life have taken place while metal detecting and swinging a Fisher metal detector. Thanks Fisher, for helping a grown man fulfill a little kid’s dream.

What was so wild about the whole thing was that I had essentially given up finding “the big one” this trip, as we were out of time. And talk about the early bird catching the worm!

I found every nugget but one with my Gold Bug-2 with 14” coil set in Iron ID mode. It ignored most trash except for old rusted cans and larger steel items, such as oversized bolts. I dug a pocketful of bullets and shell casings, but they are not so common as to be annoying.

All in all, I developed new respect for the machine. It performed superbly. And it produced the find of a lifetime!
instead, quickly looked away.

So Tom approached the lady and asked if he could help. Having already given up and partially convinced that her lost ring was actually stolen, she said, “Sure.” After all, what could it hurt?

Tom quizzed her on where she was sitting and how things had been arranged. Again, she started to cry as she explained that everything had now been rearranged several times.

With no place to begin, Tom took his Fisher 1280-x with its large coil and started sweeping the ground. The ring's owner continued to pick up her gear with every intention of leaving both the beach and her ring for the long drive back to Chicago. In her mind, the ring was gone forever.

As she thought over the events of the day, she barely heard Tom speak. As if in a trance, she did not really hear his words.

So once again, Tom said, “Is this your ring?”

She looked at the ring and for a second thought this was just part of her daydream. But no! This was real!

She said “Yes,” to herself, but instead of answering Tom with a verbal yes, she threw her arms around the treasure hunter and started to cry again, but with different tears. She cried tears of joy for indeed Tom found her ring!

“The lady kept hugging me and hugging me,” Tom said. “Then she stepped back and looked at the ring, then started hugging me some more! What really made me uncomfortable was that her husband was looking on with a big smile.”

After she finally finished hugging Tom, she started digging through her purse, looking for a reward.

“As soon as I realized this, I stopped her,” Tom said. “The only reward I want is a picture of the ring so that I can show it to the club in our ‘Find of the Month’ contest.”

It has been Tom’s dream to find a really great ring worth some big bucks. Well, in the last two months, he has done just that — twice! In both cases, he returned the rings.

His friends have started teasing him by labeling him a “do-gooder,” but Tom shared that he is uncomfortable with that term. But he should wear that like a badge of honor. What this world so desperately needs today are more “do-gooders,” like Tom.

Great job, Tom!

Unforgettable - Continued from page 9

attitude, I went back to this pounded site. Positively knowing there just had to be something worthwhile at this site that would be indicative of the era, I began hunting.

I started the search about 70 feet away from the nail infested area where the building once stood. Targets were few and far in-between in this area, and mostly consisting of sparse low-tone nails. Then I detected a very weak, nearly consistent high-tone (zinc penny) reading. In my headphones, the target sounded very deep and also large; about the size of a crushed beer can. Nearly certain it was a piece of tin or copper roof flashing from the old building, I decided to dig it out of the way anyway.

As I began to dig, I suddenly remembered that I had started to dig this exact same target in 1997, but changed my mind due to the fact the older CZ-6a read the target as a trash mid-tone at a labor-intense depth. The CZ-3D read high-tone, so I dug a 12” x 12” x 12” cube of sod out of the Earth. Sweeping the coil over the removed plug yielded nothing. Dunking the 8” coil into the hole, the detector would then report an expected large target in the bottom of the hole. Digging about another half-foot of dirt out of the hole, then sweeping the coil in the hole once again, the detector now reported many broken signals. Realizing that I had hit the roof flashing with my shovel and broke it apart, I decided to router out the hole a bit more. Dunking the coil once more, down into the Earth, I then heard only one weak,
short beep. Most of my error and mess would now be in the excavated dirt pile.

I swept the dirt pile and heard my multiple errors. I decided to remove each piece of roof flashing out of the dirt pile, one at a time. In a visually induced adrenaline depleting experience, the first target was a Indian Head penny. Then a 'V' nickel. Then another Indian Head penny. Then ANOTHER 'V' nickel. Then a Barber quarter. Then 3 more consecutive Indian Head pennies. Coin spill of era! -The dirt pile was now sans metal. BUT, the hole still had one more weak signal. In my unsuspecting, haphazard digging efforts, I had no idea of the critical information as to the exact depth of which these coins were at, but now I would be much more cautious.

Much success comes from being intuitive to specific soil signatures; a critical part of detecting intelligence. Fortunately, the one remaining target was not in the loose dirt in the bottom of the hole, rather, it was deep in the sidewall of the hole. Sweeping the coil from the surface of the Earth, the target was not detectable due to excessive depth. It was only detectable with the coil deep down in the hole and to the West sidewall. I decided not to scrape out the sidewall, rather, I would carefully dig another plug from the surface of the ground and meticulously ascertain an exact depth of where the target was at.

At exactly 16", I yielded 2 more Indian Head pennies stuck together! These pennies were located about 14" away (outward) from the main spill. Realizing I was in a large field in the middle of nowhere, I knew I could ethically dig a moon crater and no one would care. So, I removed 10" of top soil in a 4 foot radius. This labor intense effort yielded yet another Indian Head penny at 16" deep. Physically exhausted, I covered my hole and returned home.

Carefully cleaning the coins, I analyzed each one with heavy scrutiny. The newest coin was a 1908 'V' nickel. Although somewhat corroded, it was nearly mint-condition new. I surmise the coin spill took place in 1909. All of the other coins seemed to support this datum. The country store was built in the early 1880’s and had seen nearly 40 years of service. Sixteen inches = 1909 strata soil. If not for a large target coin spill, I would have never detected these coins individually.

It was not until July, 2004 (5 months later) when I realized that I should try the 10.5” coil in the remote areas surrounding the once-standing structure. I had ‘written-off’ the area as undetectable as the wanted targets were at inaccessible depths. The large coil would give up to 15% more depth in Florida’s mineral-free soil if used properly; however, I was fairly certain this would not be enough of a depth boost to ascertain success. Needing 16” depth capabilities on single pennies and dimes would be asking slightly too much from the large coil. It is a normal occurrence for the 1909 soil strata to be at a 16” depth in Florida; in fact, it is actually categorized as “stable soil conditions” in this tropical State.

I arrived on site in the early morning and after a hard rain. As long as iron targets were not abundant, the wet ground would help detecting capabilities slightly. For a good starting point, I began detecting right at the infamous coin-spill spot. The ground seemed to ‘come alive’ quite a bit more with the larger coil. With the 8” coil, the ground was silent. With the 10.5” coil, the headphones became busy with targets. Because of the era of the site, my intent was to recover all mid-tones and high-tones (everything that was non-ferrous). Most of the mid-tones would turn out to be crushed buttons, suspender clasps and fired shotgun shell casings.

Within the first two minutes of detecting, I received a very deep high-tone signal, less than 5 feet from the coin spill spot. This particular signal was so weak that if I were to raise the coil about 3/4” above the target, all intelligible data would be lost. Being careful not to damage the target and also to ascertain a exact depth measurement, I found ANOTHER mini coin...
the targets with the Impulse, then he would dig for them.

It was late afternoon as we approached an area of the beach that appeared to have already been worked over by many hunters, with many dug holes exposed everywhere. We began to get targets, which turned out to be nail after nail, until my friend tired of digging nails.

We were close to calling it quits for the day when we decided to dig two more signals. I centered the Impulse over a target as the shovel went deep into the sand. We stood shocked at what lay in the pile of wet sand. We brushed away the sand and with hands shaking, we picked up a Spanish Escudo from the 1715 Fleet!

It looked as brilliant as the day it was struck. So brilliant, we both froze for a moment, just looking at it and smiling. I think I was more excited as I thought about it, because I knew I had the “treasure fever” from all my reading and work on the beaches in the previous months.

Here I had been only metal detecting for a short time and had already found what many have spent years searching for, some yet to find a prize as fine as a gold Escudo from the 1715 Fleet.

My Impulse found it for me. I still have that Impulse and it still works as strong as the day it found that first 1715 Fleet Escudo. I can honestly say that Fisher builds one of the best machines out there.

On the Road - Continued from page 15
also had about 900 hundred American coins. Among these were a few gold coins, which made for an exciting find.

The Lacys travel and hunt mostly the 11 western states, but also explore a few other parts of the country, learning the trade of their hobby as they go along.

Who knows? Maybe some day, you will spot the Lacys and their Fisher RV in your hometown! ❭

Unforgettable - Continued from previous page
spill. At 15-1/2”, I recovered a 1917D Walking Liberty Half Dollar which was almost directly on top of a pair of Standing Liberty quarters; a 1919 & 1920. The 1920 quarter was almost completely Uncirculated with nearly full mint luster. To date, this is the best condition quarter I have ever recovered. The 1919 quarter was About Uncirculated. I believe that I can safely say that these 3 coins were lost in the Spring of 1920.

Approximately 7 feet away from this spot, I received an even weaker high-tone signal. This particular signal was within 1% of the detectors maximum depth capabilities, as the coil could not be lifted 1/10” above the ground, or the target would be completely lost. The target sounded like ground chatter, but it was repeatable ground chatter and in one specific pin-point location. At 15-1/2”, I recovered ANOTHER 1917 Walking Liberty Half Dollar. And four feet to the West of this spot, I recovered ANOTHER Half Dollar at 15-1/2” depth, again. This time it would be a heavily worn 1908 Barber Half Dollar. That’s 3 Half Dollars and 2 quarters ($2.00 face value) in less than 10 minutes; a record-breaker for me.

It is such a rare occurrence that soil conditions are so clean and clear, so as to allow unconditional maximum depth capabilities on targets at such extreme depths with no target masking (which would prevent the detection of these deep coins). I am quite certain that all of these coins were lost in a moments time, by the same person. And $2.00 in 1920 was more than one days wages for many folks.

I continued to hunt for an additional 6 hours and had no further success. I should have turned the detector off and went home after the 1908 Barber Half Dollar. Hindsight! In retrospect, I recovered only large coins of substantial mass and coin spills.

Smaller coins; dimes, pennies & nickels are less than half the mass of a large Half Dollar. In fact, a dime is exactly 1/5 the mass of a Half Dollar (by no accident). And at 15-1/2” 1920...
A
nyone who has ever used a metal detector and had the thrill of finding an old coin, a relic or a gold nugget, owes a debt
of thanks to Dr. Gerhard Fisher and, of all things, a dirigible.

In the 1920s, Dr. Fisher worked as a research engineer in Los Angeles. He obtained the first patent ever issued
for radio detection finders. His work attracted the interest of another famous scientist, Dr. Albert Einstein. After
meeting with Dr. Fisher, Einstein enthusiastically and correctly predicted the now-worldwide use of radio detection
finders in the air, on land and under the sea.

During the 1930s, the U.S. Navy hired Dr. Fisher to install a radio detection
finder aboard the dirigible, the USS Macon. It was aboard the Macon that
Dr. Fisher discovered that large metal buildings and mineralized mountains
cancelled out the instrument direction-finding capabilities, leading him to
invent the very first metal detector.

Dr. Fisher went on to found Fisher Research Laboratory in 1931, in a
garage behind his home in Palo Alto, Calif. He and four employees began
producing the “Metallascope,” a rugged, easy-to-use metal detector.

By today’s standard, it was an ungainly device. But it soon captivated the
imagination of the country and within a short time, the world. By 1936, sales
increased to the point where the garage became too small, leading to moving
Fisher Research Laboratory to a small building in Palo Alto.

Shortly after, Dr. Fisher received a patent for his Metallascope, the
first patent issued for a metal detector. The Metallascope was soon
nicknamed the M-Scope, which became an accepted standard for all
types of electronic metal detection. In 1939, just prior to World
War II, Dr. Fisher moved to a larger building in Palo Alto. During
World War II and the Korean conflict, the country called upon
Dr. Fisher’s company to contribute its technical expertise to
the war effort.

With the increasing popularity of the M-
Scope, and with the patent rights expiring,
numerous competitors began producing similar
equipment. But Fisher maintained its position
of solid leadership with a concentrated focus on
technological advancement and by keeping close
contact with countless loyal users, who gave their
vast field experience to help design new models.

In 1961, Fisher moved to Belmont, Calif., and in 1967, Dr. Fisher retired, having firmly established his name in the annals of electronic history.
The company continued to grow. In 1974 the company moved to downtown Los Banos, California. During the following years the company grew by
leaps and bounds, producing detecting instruments for the hobby, industrial and security markets. Fisher products continue to set the standard today.

In 1990, Fisher built a spacious, modern manufacturing plant in the Los Banos Industrial Park, where the world’s oldest metal detector manufacturer
now resides.

What else is in store from the first name in metal detectors? The sky is the limit. It just took a dirigible to get there.

From Dr
Fisher and
the original M-
Scope to Thomas
J Dankowski and the
advanced instruments of
today. Find it - with Fisher.
Number 1, since 1931

Unforgettable - Continued from previous page

soil strata, 16” 1909 soil strata, and a suspected
17” 1890 soil strata, all of the smaller coins are
still perfectly safe, deep inside the Earth awaiting
a future generation, deeper technology metal detector. Current technology is preventing
anyone from ever accessing these coins.

I sure would like to rent a Bobcat and scrape
off the first 13” of topsoil in a 200 foot radius
surrounding where the building once stood,
and detect the sight all over again. I suspect
there are approximately 200 coins (pennies,
nickels, dimes & quarters) still remaining in
the ground at this particular site; lost during
the period from the early 1880’s to the Fall of
1920.

The older gentleman of whom gave me the
tip; the knowledge of where to hunt, had since
passed away sometime after 1997. It would
have been a deep honor to share these finds
with him, as this specific place on the Earth
was much a sacred part of his memorable life.
— Godspeed.

Happy Intelligent Hunting

Back Cover, Thomas J Dankowski with the CZ-3D >