



FOSSICKIN' ROUND

THE SEEKERS' MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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THE VICTORIAN SEEKERS' CLUB INC.
FOUNDED 1980

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Website: <http://mc2.vicnet.net.au/home/seekers/web/index.html>

General Meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month (Except January) at the
Mulgrave Senior Citizens & Community Centre, 355 Wellington Road, Mulgrave, MELWAYS (80, C1).

Meetings start at 8.00 pm sharp, punctual arrival would be very much appreciated.

General meeting dates: Feb 3rd, Mar 3rd, Apr 7th, May 5th, Jun 2nd, Jul 7th, Aug 4th, Sep 1, Oct 6th, Nov 3rd, Dec 1st.

Committee meetings: Feb 2 & 23, Mar 30, Apr 27, May 25, June 29, July 27, Aug 31, Sept 28, Oct 26, Nov 28.

Presidents Report

by Eric Grummett

Well, thirty years has now come upon us and what a ride we have had in that time. Although we haven't any active members left of the original founding membership, we do have several who witnessed the early days. Paul Wilks, Brian Skewes, Robert & John Meadows, Jim & Maureen Laundy, Neville & Leslie Woollard, John & Beryl Douglas, Don Thomson, Bob & Lorraine Hill, Ron Whitling, Lars Lennartsson, Owen Bedford and Jim Lazaro and myself, were all from the 80's.

Our club has accepted people from many walks of life; carpenters, electricians, plumbers, bricklayers, policemen, firemen, engineers, managers, bus drivers, pilots, nurses, hairdressers, and farmers, to name a few. We have members from a wide range of backgrounds. These include Pomes, Germans, Kiwis, Frogs, Yanks, Dutch, Danish, Malaysian, Greek, Swedish, and Polish.

Our founder, David Snelling's idea of a club took off in 1980, when gold prices rose sharply and some large nuggets were being found, which spurred many people on who knew nothing of prospecting for gold to seek out a club for help. The VSC were not the first club in Victoria, the Geelong and Dandenong clubs started some months before us.

The sales of detectors took off in Australia which were available in many outlets all over Melbourne, most of which were unfortunately more suited for coin detecting on the beach than seeking out gold in our very mineralized ground on the goldfields.

Later in 1980, a frenzy was created when the 860 oz. Hand of Faith nugget was found at Kingower.



Hand of Faith nugget

It was almost angle parking only along many forest tracks for a while. All detectors had external speakers in those days; the beeping and screeching of detectors trying to cope with the mineralization were heard throughout the bush. The fauna would take off in fright, returning only when earphones were the go. Only a few members detected gold those days, so most enjoyed searching for coins and relics around the many ghost towns and ruins that were available then, having a ball with many great finds recorded. It took me 5 years to find my first nugget, so new members, be patient. Many of us preferred panning and sluicing in the many dams and creeks about then (this was pre-global warming/drought days).



Kingower November 1992

Eductor dredging was very popular in the 80's with many people making good money in rivers around Gippsland until legislation put a stop to it in the early 90's.

Enter Minelab on the detector scene in 1985 setting up manufacturing in Adelaide to give us a decent VLF detector to suit Aust. conditions, allowing us at last a machine that would be more likely to find gold.

Many models later in 1994 pulse induction was introduced by Minelab, with startling results, creating another rush for gold. Imported detectors were left for dead on the Australian Goldfields and it has been that way ever since. From that day on most members soon found the \$5000 required to join the new rush to find real gold. With regular improvements Minelab have dominated the scene since then.

In all these years of changes to our prospecting methods and focus, the one constant factor has been the desire to have a great sociable time together while camping in the bush, developing a bond between members, which is a recipe for a long life club.

The greatest threat to our existence has been the possible loss of access to most of the goldfield by the introduction of many new parks which could have affected us severely. In conjunction with the PMAV and other bush users, a vigorous campaign was waged to protect our prospecting rights, resulting in many concessions allowing us to continue, although somewhat restricted in some areas. Another threat was liable insurance, with huge increases in premiums which crippled many clubs. With the help of Community Insurance and much fund raising we are now able to cope. In the future clubs may need to amalgamate with the PMAV for a combined insurance deal. Age is also catching up with us and is gradually slowing us down. In the old days, many members brought along their children to outings, enjoying many activities with us. They have now grown up, some having their own kids who are more interested in the modern world, leaving us grandparents to carry on the prospecting tradition. We also now have pressures of having to learn computer skills to operate the new hi-tech detectors. Every new detector creates more challenges. Our club is trying to keep up by having it's own website, and many members who have computers now receive their newsletter by email, - so much for poking about the bush with a pan. Who knows, in another thirty years, if the club survives that long, we could be detecting on the Moon and be called the Extra Terrestrial Seekers Club.

Good luck and best of health in the future, I hope to see you all at the Wheelers Hill pub on 14 February to celebrate with your fellow members.

Christmas Camp Report

Lannecoorie Lakeside Park

by Denise Hegarty

Photos by Geoff Lee



The caravan park is in a natural setting on the lake – ideal for a swim in the lake and a shower after a hot days detecting. Non powered sites were on a head-land overlooking the lake - very pretty and peaceful, except for the mischievous ants and the long walk to the facilities. The powered sites were also grouped together so we had our own little communities. Over twenty camps spread between the sites.

On Wednesday evening Jim Stewart (the Park owner) gave a very informative talk on the origins of gold and the importance of the Indicator in the genesis of nugget gold in Victoria. Jim has many years of experience as a miner, prospector and in metal detector development. The park is 10 minutes from Tarnagulla, 15 minutes from Dunolly and the triangle formed is mostly forest that provides remarkable detecting opportunities.



Nice nugget found near Laanecoorie



Enjoying a drink and a chat at the end of the day.

New Years Eve: a dinner and band was provided by Robyn and Jim Stewart at \$15 each, 120 meals were served during an electrical storm. The rain held off until later and 27 seekers enjoyed the evening. Gold was found by many seekers and one lucky camper found 31 pieces at various sites in the district. The extreme heat drove many members home in the New Year but many stayed on and enjoyed the excellent cooler conditions following the New Years Eve downpour.



New Year's Eve celebrations

A Look Back Over the Years

by Bob Hill

Lorraine and I joined the club in 1986. During that time, I had a dabble for a short time as Editor, Field officer, Secretary and President. Lorraine and I were proud to be honored with Life Membership.

We have been very fortunate to have the Seekers club and its wonderful members as a major part of our lives. Sadly, we have not attended as much as we would have liked lately, owing to several other interests that have taken hold, since we moved to Mornington.



Lew B. showing Bob H. a nugget.

Not being one to be serious for very long, I have decided to remind members of some of the wonderful incidents that I recall happening, during our time with the Seekers. I hope the members that I mention, or the stories I tell, will not offend the readers, or the members concerned. Some examples of how I got myself into trouble.

Eric G arrived at a camp at Erica. Wonderful music was emanating from his car. When his back was turned, I helped myself to several of his CD's. Returned to our van and started to play the same one on full volume. I could hear him outside screaming about some thieving B.....D and threatening to call the police. He eventually made it to our van and commenced to tell me over the music, that someone had stolen his CD's. It suddenly dawned on him, the music he was hearing was his. He called me some terrible names and vowed to get me back.

I will never learn! At Fryerstown, a member handed me a replica of a very realistic looking dog dropping. I placed it on **Eric's** Chair when his back was turned, and commenced to tell him what I thought about dogs not being on leads at camps. He spotted the offending material, let out this unholy scream and language that I can't repeat. Raced into his van, grabbed a paper towel, picked up the offending object, and hurled it as far as he could into the bush. I spent the next hour searching to return it to the rightful owner.

Eric's Revenge. At a later camp fire **Don P**, a little the

worse for wear, asked me how I got on with "collecting the cows poop". He then focused properly, and said "Oops, wrong person." I was soon to find out what he was talking about. Lorraine and I headed off to bed. When we opened our van door, we were hit with a most putrid smell. **Eric** had found a Hospital bed pan in the bush, filled it with cows droppings, poured hot water over it, and placed it under our bed. What he didn't realize, the pan had a hole. I vowed I would never steal his CD's, or put false dog poop on his chair again. '**Eric** uses the real thing'.



Don P

Don P who always seemed to always arrive at camp with part of his house or car port hanging off the front of his van, told the story of being in a non smoking hospital, with broken leg in cast. Sneaked off to the toilet, where his fags were hidden behind the cistern. Leg wedged behind the door 'Lit up', the lighted match fell between his legs. Started a 'bush fire'. S He was screaming and couldn't get out. The nurses couldn't get in. End result, broken leg plus third degree burns around his nether region. At Wedderburn, on a camp two male members relieving themselves in the early hours (holding on as a male do) at the very same time some evil doer was igniting a bomb at the local fish shop. I never did find out the results of their plastic surgery to re attach their pride and joy. **Barry S** was asleep in the early hours when one of his dogs started an unholy commotion outside. **Barry**, investigated wearing only a singlet, that did not cover enough, took off after the dog. Rounded a corner to find **Francine** answering the call of nature. No one has worked out who got the biggest fright. **Francine** with what she saw, **Barry** with what he saw, or the poor dog having to see both of them. The dog went off its tucker for three days.

The late **Harry M** and **Ted C** went on their early morning walk answering the call of nature with shovels in hand Unaware of each other doing the same thing. Down came the rain. Ted bolted, came over a hill to be confronted my Harry still in working mode. Had to hurdle **Harry**. As he departed towards camp Ted could hear Harry calling " Hey, Not even going to stop for a chat **Ted?**"

Continued next page...

A Look Back Over the Years

Continued from previous page

Owen B got his nickname "Ironbark" off me after the night he and **Ted C** decided to demolish the bottle of port Owen won in the raffle. **Ted** was observed trying to prop **Owen** up against an iron bark gum tree. It was hard to work who was helping who. The end result, **Owen** slipped face first down the trunk taking more bark off his face than the tree. Doctor **Eric G** was called. **Owen** looked like an Egyptian Mummy by the time **Eric** finished. Next morning, everyone standing around waiting for **Owen** to get out of bed. Priceless, to see the look on his face, when he saw his reflection in his rear vision mirror. Owen swore off the Grog.



Lorraine, Bob, Dorothy, Lis, John, Ted & Owen

Whilst Editor, I managed in one edition to cause a divorce, have a dog owner not speak to me, and almost had a punch up with an irate member at the following meeting.

The divorce.

I wrote about a bloke who would have to smoke less on his way to the West, on the annual detecting trip because he was in a non-smokers car. He read the article. Told me that his wife was not aware of his smoking habit, and there would likely be a divorce (and there was) .

The Dog Owner.

I was told to remind members to control their dogs at camps. I decided to get a dog to write the article, having it describe each of its mates and their duties at camps. The dog described one canine as a **good for nothing, useless, pampered, lap dog who could not hunt if its life depended on it.** I could not convince the owner that a dog had written the article. She would not speak to me but the dog always made a fuss when it saw me.

The punch up.

I was told to remind members to be more considerate at camps after one bloke a little the worse for wear decided to play his music on full volume in the early hours. I headed the article '**Do unto others**' and did not mention names. At the following meeting the bloke concerned wanted to knock my block off. Luckily **Bob L** was there to referee. The bloke was not sighted again and never re joined. (Good riddance).

I learnt over the years. Never lend **Eric G** your chair. He holds the record for breaking them. Never allow **Jimmy L** to guide you into a camping spot. You are bound to hit a tree.



Jim and Maureen L

Never allow **Ian S** to guide you anywhere in the bush. Once he led Lorraine and I to Christmas Mine. Left us to find our way back. We were lost for 2 days. There are a lot more warnings I could give but you will have to learn the dangers yourself.

The club has lasted 30 years. A lot of people have put in a great deal of hard work behind the scenes over the years to make the club the success it has been. Lorraine and I have many wonderful memories, made many great friends.

Thank you for the experience. May there be another 30 years.

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Reeling In The Years - A Photographic Tribute



Ted C at 6 am Fryers-
town - Easter 1991



Win and Colin's nuggets - 1992



Panning Kingower- Eric G. and Bob



? & Peter D



Bluey - Moonlight Heads
1992



Francios & Francine



Bruce & Margot P



John K.and his trommel



Virginia & Bob L



John D



Ted & Eric slicing at Homebush 1994



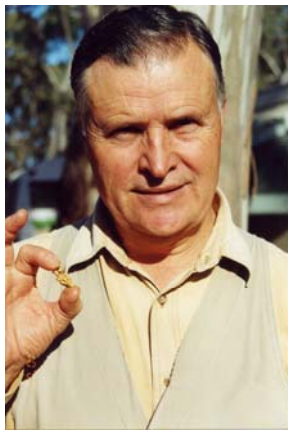
February 2010



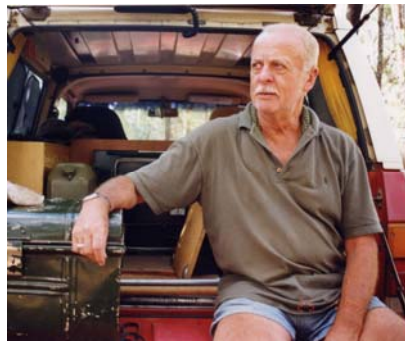
Don P and nugget
Fossickin' Round



Thomas M.



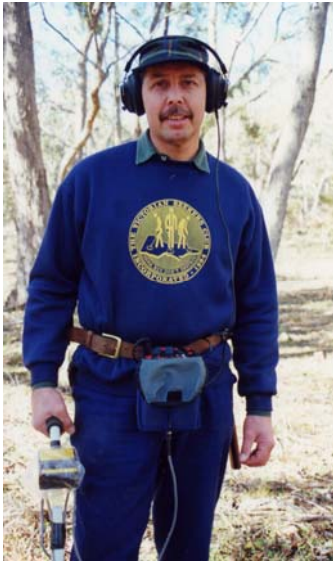
Lindsay T



Ron W



Marty & Jan.



Alan A



Brian S



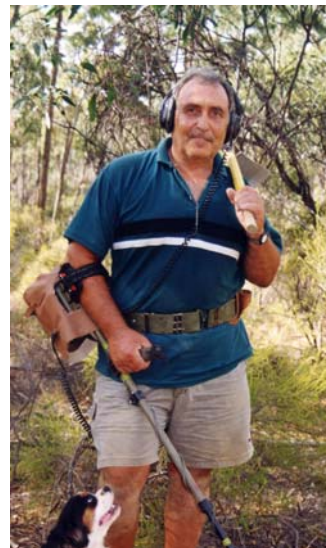
Graeme M



Don & Joan H, Keith R.



Dennis S.



Con.



Warren & Robyn.



Trip to WA Goldfields



Eric G., Bob L., Ted C., Paul W., & Ian G.

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Contact John on PH 5463 2129

THE VICTORIAN SEEKERS CLUB
INCORPORATED - 1984

**30th
Anniversary
Lunch**

Wheelers Hill Hotel
14th Feb 2010
at 12.30 pm

Come and enjoy a lunch with fellow members.
There will be presentations, Door prizes, Video Highlights,
Special Anniversary Talk and a chance to mix and meet.
Join us for this special Anniversary Day.

Please let us know if you are coming:

If undeliverable return to: