With Halloween officially behind us, the Christmas marketing machine is in full swing. Black Friday and Cyber Monday will be joined by other hyped up shopping days - as retailers vie for those precious holiday sales.

The Thanksgiving holiday is at risk of becoming just a speedbump on the road from Halloween to Christmas. This year, it’s particularly timely to count your blessings, and reach out to others in need. We encourage you to celebrate “Turkey Day” with family, friends and your community.

These past months, our country has been hit hard by disasters and tragedies that have shaken us to our core. In times like these, we see you-all stepping up to lend a hand to those who need it. And for that we give thanks.
Dear friends,

We hope you’re enjoying the last bit of Fall. Here in Oregon, we’ve been blessed with an abundance of sunny days mixed with a little rain. That makes for great hunting. We’ve been using the good weather to put the finishing touches on our expanded test garden, allowing us to replicate hunting conditions all over the world.

We’re also happy to introduce our newest M-Series detector, the MX7, which will be rolling off the production floor in the coming days. We’ve been eagerly watching to see what our early testers would find with it, and it’s exciting!

As always, we love to hear from you. We read your Facebook posts, drool over your photos, and still love to get an old-fashioned letter in the mail. And here in Sweet Home, we still say “Merry Christmas”!

Kenneth H. White

REFER A FRIEND. COLLECT A MORGAN.

If your evangelistic love of your White’s detector directly results in your neighbor, mailman, or barber buying a White’s, you could be eligible for a Morgan Silver Dollar from White’s. There are some rules and restrictions, of course, but it’s still a SWEET way to add one of the prettiest, most sought-after coins to your collection.

See all the fine print:
https://www.whiteselectronics.com/refer-a-friend/?lang=us

Test garden is almost complete!
The Journey

The twin engines of the 767 roar to life, and I feel the plane shudder in anticipation of flight as it barrels down the runway. The air folds itself around the steely wing, and, after a moment of breathless suspense, Newton wins again and we go up. I watch Boston disappear below, and soon we’re sailing above a blanket of clouds, the sun glinting hot against the metal. Like explorers from the past we cross the ocean, and when we finally land in the Old World eight hours later, it feels as if we are stepping back into history itself, time as viscous and plodding as the fog over London.

Whitney is a market town in Oxfordshire, England, where narrow roads and alleys crisscross stone buildings flanked by comfortably nestled shops and age-old pubs with artisan beers. The hotel staff greets us cheerfully in proper English, not yet cognizant of our dirt-caked detecting gear that will bespatter their plush carpets over the next few days. We slept the deep sleep of weary travelers that first night, our excited minds finally conquered by heavy limbs and downy comforters.

Day 1

I ask you, dear reader, how could I not order a breakfast dish by the name of “Bubbles and Squeak”? I forked my way through the traditional fried vegetable meal with gusto, narrowly having avoided “black pudding”, which as the waiter proudly proclaimed, consists of blood sausage. Good thing I sidestepped the pudding as it turned out, as our cab ride to the Detectival event amounted to a finely-tuned European engine flying through hairpin turns on the narrowest road I had ever seen, barely dodging oncoming traffic. On the OTHER side of the road, mind you. Abdul, the cabbie, must have noticed my widened eyes and sweaty palms.

“No worries”, he soothed between two particularly bloodcurdling curves, “I will get you there, one piece.” How comforting indeed.

Detectival is an international metal detecting rally held annually where the event coordinators obtain permission to detect thousands of acres of historic fields.

Hungry attendees, every single one deep in the throes of history fever, venture out in search of their holy grail. I gratefully watched the cab disappear in a cloud of dust and set up my drone, following its skyward journey on my cell phone screen to gain an overview.

Dear reader, words can barely describe what I saw. Field upon field spanning from horizon to horizon, at the intersection of two medieval market towns. White tents bloomed in the middle of the scene like a bustling, temporary metropolis of vendors, food stations, campers, and live music. And the fields. Enormous, exposed, lined by ancient stone walls, just there, waiting.

“Well, let’s get on with it, then,” Mark said, already having adopted proper British airs. “I am so chuffed to be here”, I responded, equally British albeit less proper. The three of us, Mark, myself, and our friend Matt, settled the coils of our MX Sport machines on the ground, and with a resolute nod to each other, set out to unearth objects older than any of us ever dreamed of.

Not surprising to those who follow our adventures, Mark soon unearthed our first keeper; a silver sixpence of William III (1690’s), worn smooth by countless hands over countless years.

We soon fell into the lulling rhythm every detectorist knows, our swaying coils a steady pendulum measuring
out parcels of time. We live for the in-betweens though, don’t we, those precious moments when the tranquil hum of our machine suddenly falters and a new, brighter tone, punctuates the routine. One such blip called itself a “pulltab” on my screen. Dear reader, I came up with a rule for myself for this trip. In England, the rule says, we dig every signal. So I dug, down inch after inch of dirt the consistency of clay, to find a little buckle, richly green and gently sloped, a tiny memento from the past.

The finds kept coming, a medieval purse clip for Mark, a few buttons and musket balls, another buckle.

We hiked from field to field, fortified by beef burgers with egg (don’t ask) grilled by a farmer who set up his stand in our tent village. We browsed wares, and stood in the glow of an open fire, listening to tunes wafting through the crowd.

Day 2 and 3
Ladies and gentlemen, we had to do it. One can simply not go to England without setting foot in a proper pub. The Three Horseshoes was one such pub. We wined and dined, properly of course, the table with its smooth linens covered with our artifacts. Relics in one hand and phones in the other, we googled our way through centuries, identifying finds and proudly displaying them on social media. The waitstaff soon stopped their sidelong glances, no doubt acclimated to our excited shouts. Before too long, not even a loud “these are the biggest balls ever!” earned me as much as a blink from the waitress in her starchy apron.

For the record, it was the musket balls I was referring to.

The next two days started very much like the first: More bubble and squeaking followed by my tremble and squealing as Abdul tested the limits of his Fiat, no doubt imagining himself hugging the polished concrete of a Grand Prix race, checkered flag in sight.

This time Matt was the winner on the fields by unearthing a fibula, a Roman toga pin, over 1,500 years old. We stood in awe, each of us taking turns holding a relic that last held together a Roman’s clothes.

Mark wouldn’t be Mark if he didn’t find silver, and we time-hopped from the Roman empire to World War II with his 1945 George VI Half Crown. This was followed by more buttons, another buckle, more musket balls, and a watch winder.

May I take this moment, dear reader, to praise the English. Infinitely patient, polite without fail, deliberate in their calm. This includes Abdul, who although barreling down country roads like a raving lunatic, only raised an eyebrow when faced with the inch-thick layer of mud that lined the trunk of his race cab. That eyebrow rose rather poignantly, however.

Homewards
The most enduring of friendships can be formed over shared passions, dear reader. We met countless people at this event who we had never met before, but at no point were they strangers. Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen mingled, language barriers obliterated by metal detecting jargon supplemented with show-and-tell of discoveries made. Priceless finds were reenacted, complete with a pantomimed swing, dig, and joyous dance. People laughed, they clapped, they shook hands.

As the evening settled over tent city on the last evening, the glow of the fire brightened, sending sparks out into the night, illuminating happy faces from all over the globe, but the same nonetheless.

I watch England disappear below, the giant fields soon colored patches on an endless quilt, the quilt soon just a faraway square, the square soon the Atlantic ocean. We dip in and out of clouds, whitecaps dance on the waves below. What a journey, I think as my eyes start to close, of treasures found, friendships forged, and memories made. Cradled to sleep by the gentle current carrying us home, I know that we will return. There is no doubt in my mind.
After the 9/11 attacks and the death of my mom in 2004, I was looking for something to restore some balance to my life. I just couldn’t do any more grieving and needed something positive to do when I wasn’t working.

I made an offhand comment about being interested in metal detecting, after seeing a story about it in some magazine. Under the tree that year was a very low-end detector for me. I was thrilled to get it, but had no clue at all how to use it. Ever so hesitantly, I proceeded to wave the detector over the yard of my circa-1850 Pennsylvania farmhouse.

Bear in mind that this was before any popular digging-oriented TV shows, before I knew about any digging-themed magazines, and way before Facebook became a virtual front porch for the general public.

So I flailed about for a while, finding a few cut nails here and there, and making messy, ragged holes the size of trash can lids in my yard. If it hadn’t belonged to me, I’d likely have been kicked off of it before I finally just gave up in frustration.

Detecting Dejection

I put the detector in a closet, where it sat idle for three years before my itch to try again got the best of me and I dug it back out. This time, though, I really wanted to stick with it. So I went online and found Treasure Time forum, joined and began combing every section for any kind of information that would teach me something.

It worked. I slowly gained confidence as I learned more about low-and-slow swinging, how to listen to the different tones (though my machine only had one), and how to read a property for the most likely productive areas. I began attacking my yard once again, using my new knowledge. Because I work a lot and didn’t get a lot of practice time, it took me three more years to find my first real keeper, a modern penny.

In that same hunt, I also located another penny and a .22 bullet. That was it. I was hooked.

A Little Kindness Goes A Long Way

For the first time, I felt bold enough to take a photo of my finds and share them online. As I think of it now, I can only imagine what I laugh I gave the old-timers with my sorry little take, but they were not only gracious, but truly supportive and encouraging.

Two months later in that very warm spring, my take included a tractor gas cap, a couple fishing sinkers, a brass bullet casing, a clad dime, the ubiquitous square nail, and a piece of blacksmith slag. I started my collection jar for dug change, which I would keep until full, when I would clean it all and take it to the bank’s change counter.

The rest of that year, I continued struggling along alone, but with my virtual support network of kind, generous online diggers. And then, my first real game-changer happened.

The First Game Changer

I met a woman on Treasure Time and soon, she invited me to a group dig at her house. I was really daunted at the prospect of digging with a bunch of people I didn’t know, who were all more or less veteran diggers. So for two days, I hunted with and watched ten or so people, asking a lot of questions and probably making a pest of myself, but they never let on if I did. They patiently answered every question, showed me things and passed along tips, both in the field and in the evening afterward, when we all recounted the day’s hunt.

One of the guys even showed me how to dig a decent plug, the first of the major steps up in my field technique. That made me understand I needed to get a much stronger, better digging tool, which was under the tree for me that year. In the beginning of 2010, I somehow made contact with a nearby digger in
my area, D.J. Yost. We’ve tried to remember back how we met, but neither knows exactly. We know it was through Facebook, where both of us were now active. He became my best diggin’ buddy after that, and I have learned so incredibly much from him, I could never repay all his kindness and patience with me.

**Fast and Furious**

From then on, I began to devote more and more time to digging, and the passion grew along with my skill. Soon, the game-changers were coming fast and furious. In June 2010 came the next one: I got a detector upgrade to a multi-tone machine with a digital readout, and that really upped my performance.

Then in July, I found my first really old coin. It was a completely toasted 1800 draped bust large cent. I immediately took photos of it and posted it on the forum, and many there gave me a virtual toast, indicating I’d finally “arrived” a true diggerhood.

The following year, I began to take photos of more of my finds and posting them on the forums, gaining more support and confidence. Facebook was beginning to really take off among diggers, and I spent more and more time there, and finally the forums I used to frequent closed down.

My offline friends invited me to more group hunts, where I learned even more about relic identification and field technique. I also began to get up the courage to ask local friends and neighbors for permission to hunt their properties.

**It’s Time.**

As an historical nonfiction book author, a few years ago, I began considering the possibility of writing a how-to guide for beginning metal detectorists. By that time, there were already a few TV shows about diggers, and the hobby was gaining in popularity. I began seeing newbies who reminded me of myself back when I’d started. I looked around and saw that although there were several very good, comprehensive “bible” type books for metal detectorists, there were no brief “quick start” type guides.

I launched it at the Diggin’ in PA group hunt in Warminster, where D.J., part of the White’s Field Team, helped me get it in front of White’s Electronics management. We struck a licensing deal for an exclusive custom edition, packaged just for White’s. My work also came to the attention of Butch Holcombe, publisher of American Digger magazine and I joined the staff there as a marketing consultant and regular contributor.

Not a bad run for a rank newbie, I guess. It’s only now, after more than 13 years in the hobby, that I’m beginning to feel like I’ve graduated to an intermediate level digger. I must credit my most recent improvements in skill and performance to a move to White’s machines. I started with a two-month sojourn on a Treasure Master, which I was testing for a field review that appeared first on D.J.’s blog. It wasn’t long before I bought a Treasure Pro, for its backlit screen.

Then D.J. got an MX Sport, and I must admit I was coveting his newest score. So, when White’s bought my book, I added one of these waterproof wonders to my arsenal. Though I have loved all my detectors, I’ve hunted more since moving to White’s machines than ever, and I’ve never looked back. I’m about to take my Sport with me on a vacation to Mexico, and look forward to hitting the beautiful, white sand beaches there in my first serious beach hunts.

I hope to be able to report to you that my Sport helped me pay for my vacation with everything I found, but even if not, I’ll sure have fun trying!
# CUSTOMER FINDS

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<td>Randy</td>
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Engineering

White’s Electronics is proud to welcome veteran software engineer Steve Peterson to its growing engineering staff. Steve brings over 37 years of coding experience to the company. He plans to use his expertise to speed up development time on new products as well as use his specialty knowledge to bring next-generation technology to White’s metal detectors.

A local Willamette Valley resident, Steve enjoys shooting pool in his spare time. “I’m not a hustler, but I’m ‘bar good,” he said. After working several contract jobs the past few years, Steve mentioned in his interview that White’s seemed like a good fit for a long term position.

White’s is glad to have added Steve to its roster of talented engineers, and is setting the company’s sights on new product development based on customer feedback and requests.

TDI SUCCESS

Hello,

I have an awesome customer that has been pretty successful of late with his TDI SL. I thought you would enjoy seeing the fruits of his and our labor.

Back Story:
My customer, (who would like to remain anonymous is a Southern Oregon Gold Dredger that loves to be out in our mountains all year round. He spends his summer weekends in the water with his dredge. A few years ago, he decided to try his hand at metal detecting the ground he has been traipsing over for 25 or 30 years. We discuss his options. He has had an MXT for years, but for Placer Gold it just wasn’t going to avoid the hot rocks and cover the tough ground that he wants to look in. I sent him out with my demo GMT and my personal TDI SL. Clearly the TDI SL was the right choice for his highly mineralized ground. So the machine was decided. He also wanted the right coil for HIS ground. He works a lot of shallow bedrock, also right on the edge of the creek and up the bank often following bedrock. He decided on the SMALLEST folded mono coil we could find with the elliptical shape. His terrain is tough, rocks and trees in all the right places/wrong places, depending on if something is found.

Fast Forward 2 Years:
He has had a very exciting year. Finding the smallest picker first and getting bigger each time.

He has purchased a second coil to cover more ground and get the optimal depth.

Please enjoy the pictures of your successful product!
Sam
Armadillo Mining Shop, Grants Pass, Oregon

This spooky clown, western singer and devil were all part of our annual Halloween contest.
The right detector. The right price.

Packed with advanced features and class-leading performance, the MX7 is a lightweight, rugged metal detector built for demanding hobbyists looking to step up to the big-leagues without the sticker shock.

At only 3.5 lbs, the MX7 delivers exceptional depth, recovery speed, and ergonomics at an unheard-of price.

For the “beep and dig” types, get started with six preset programs (Coin and Jewelry, All-Metal, Beach, Prospecting, Relic, and High Trash) and easy-to-access threshold, gain, ground, and pinpoint modes. Pressing the Options button accesses more controls, with user-adjustable Volume, Threshold, Depth Units, Backlight Level, Frequency Shift, Salt Track, Program, Self-Adjusting Threshold, Iron Grunt, VCO, Reject Volume, and Discrimination Mask.

The included 9.5” Concentric coil makes pinpointing targets easy, and offers incredible depth in mild to moderate soils (optional accessory coils include all Sport coils). Due to its 14kHz operating frequency, the MX7 excels at locating smaller targets, such as hammered silver coins and small gold earrings.

The MX7 features a robust transmit circuit (15kHz) compared to other models in its price range, and is capable of extreme depths on coin-sized objects. As a relic-recovery device the included Reject Volume can easily identify iron patches as well as help unmask very deep or hidden targets in stubborn sites.

A high-powered onboard speaker, rear-mounted 1/4” headphone jack, and large, backlit display complete the design, complimented by the high-visibility black and orange color scheme. IP 54 rated - Dust and weather-resistant.

$599.95 MSRP
“I think I started searching and exploring with a metal detector around 1970. My name is Ruud (but Rudy suits too) de Heer and I live in the Netherlands, Western-Europe.

In those early days I had a very stressing job at a bank and I was happy when I came home, because going into the fields together with dog and detector was my relaxation.

In those days I think there were very few people searching with a metal detector, maybe a 100 in the Netherlands. So you can imagine that I found a lot of nice things. One sweep sometimes gave 10 signals...believe me, it's true.

There honestly were days I did find 100 coins and other stuff from all ages—really unbelievable.

And it was almost on the surface because in those days ‘detector depth reach’ was maybe 10 cm. I have been everywhere in Europe, had a lot of adventures and beautiful finds. See the photo’s in this article.

Farmers asked me many times “What are you doing?” Of course I told them and talking with them gave me many more interesting spots. And sometimes they thought they knew the answers “Is that a mole catcher...or......are you measuring the radioactivity?” Also, when people saw me, they stopped, told me about great spots and asked me “Where do you buy such a device?” Of course, I told them and my local dealer became happy because of me. However, I noticed that there became more and more people asking me and one day in the mid-1980’s I decided that my bank-job was not my passion. I switched as bank employee to independent detector trader (our name became Detection Systems Holland) and started selling detectors.

But I did not want to stay a dealer. I was very fond of White’s and tried to become the distributor for White’s in the Netherlands and Belgium. It took a couple of years before I convinced the General Manager of White’s UK (George MacRea) and around 1990 he took me into the Whites family. So I created my own business with my own dealers and that is still my business today. White’s UK gave me truly a good life, and have been always loyal to me and above all...They respect their dealers.

Now I am 68 years old but I still have that special White’s drive to sell this great detector brand.

White’s gave me a good life. I did meet strange people, had great and challenging adventures, found amazing stuff and looking back...Did not want to have missed it for the world and hope for more to come.”
1945 George IV Half Crown found by Mark Durrant at Detectival in England

DISCOVER MAGAZINE
White’s Electronics, Inc.
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