Geocacher Disagreements
You Can’t Get There From Here
Fellow Travelers
Paws for Adventure
More Than The Sum of The Parts
Planning for a Milestone
Cacher Calf Rescue (Part II)
Taming Hunapú

Plus:
• PodCacher Sound Bytes
• Puzzle Primer
• My Geek Odyssey
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Five Years and Counting

Five years! Wow, time just keeps on slipping, slipping, slipping into the future. As improbable as it seems, especially to a fair number of 2010 naysayers, you are now holding the 30th bi-monthly issue of FTF Geocacher Magazine in your hands. If you are one of the few (300) charter subscribers, you may even have all 30 issues sitting on your bookshelf – congratulations, and thank you! I often receive kudos for having published a successful magazine in a niche market, but I owe it all to the readers who not only support the magazine by subscribing, but provide the highly entertaining content as well! Thank you, my extended geofamily! – Keith Petrus (ckpetrus)

Get Published

We need your stories and photos for the next issue of FTF Geocacher. No topic is off-limits as long as it relates to geocaching. Show us your most creative cache ideas, or nominate others. Share hints, tips, and the latest gadget reviews. Submit stories and photos for publication to: stories@ftfgeocacher.com or via the forms on our website at www.ftfgeocacher.com

Subscriptions

Sign up for a One-Year subscription (6 bi-monthly issues) to FTF Geocacher magazine, and we’ll ship you one of our latest Geo-Cryptozoology Pathtags. Subscribe via Paypal or major credit card online at: www.ftfgeocacher.com

FTF Geocacher
The Magazine for Geocachers

www.ftfgeocacher.com

FTF Geocacher is published bi-monthly (6 issues per year) by Icon Creative Services
3500 Island Moorings Parkway
Port Aransas, TX 78373

For more information, email info@ftfgeocacher.com
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When does my subscription expire?
Check the mailing label on the latest issue to determine your subscription status. You may renew at any time at www.ftfgeocacher.com

Cover Photo: Beat Army – Corpus Christi, Texas.
Where’s Sparticus?

When Sparticus06 joked about somehow getting himself into every issue, we took him up on the challenge. Every issue now includes an image of Sparticus06 hidden somewhere within. Find and report the page number and location of the wily Sparticus06 to ifs@ftfgeocacher.com, and your name will be entered into a drawing for one of our “I Found Sparticus” pathags.

Where WAS Sparticus?

In the September-October issue, Sparticus06 can be spotted on page 22 enjoying a “stroll” along a portion of the Jackson County Heritage Trail. Subscriber PadreJim wonders, “Was he born with that helmet?”

Latest IFS Tag Winners

NYhiker – Glen Falls, NY  
lucia152 – Culver, MN  
dirtlevi – Saratoga Springs, UT  
LVDU – Lagrangeville, NY  
bsa127 – Thurmont, MD

FEBRUARY 2015

S*W*A*G’s Yuma Mega #12  
February 8, 2015 - Yuma, Arizona, USA

MARCH 2015

13th Annual Texas Challenge  
March 14, 2015 - Lubbock, Texas, USA

MOGA 2015  
March 21, 2015 - Jackson, Missouri, USA

APRIL 2015

Bruges Beer V Event  
April 12, 2015 - Bruges, Belgium

MAY 2015

15 Years Geocaching - Mafra - Portugal  
May 2, 2015 - Mafra National Palace, Portugal

The Kent Mega 2015  
May 2, 2015 - Tonbridge, Kent, UK

Mainz Gutenberg 2015  
May 16, 2015 - Mainz, Germany

GeoWoodstock XIII  
May 23, 2015 - Boonsboro, Maryland, USA

Terezinske hry 2015 / Terezin games 2015  
May 30, 2015 - Ustecky Kraj, Czech Republic

JUNE 2015

geoXantike  
June 5, 2015 - Xanten, Germany

MEGA am MEER  
June 20, 2015 - Bremerhaven, Germany

JULY 2015

Berkshire Geobash #4  
July 18, 2015 - Pittsfield, MA, USA

Country Legends 2015 (WestCan5)  
July 18, 2015 - Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada

Event am See 2015 / Event at the Lake 2015  
July 18, 2015 - Hessen, Germany

Piratemania 8  
July 25, 2015 - East Midlands, UK
Reviewer of the Year?
I would love to see geocachers given the opportunity to nominate and explain who they feel should receive the “Reviewer of the Year!” award. I would nominate **MooseMob** from the Las Vegas area. – **kwvers**

**Editor:** I don’t know about turning it into a contest since some reviewers remain relatively anonymous, but I certainly agree MooseMob is great!

Bigfoot is Awesome!
Awesome tag, awesome card, and fitting for an awesome magazine! Thank you! You do believe in

Bigfoot don’t you? You know they are watching you. Whenever you’re deep in the woods and you get that feeling someone or something is watching you. You know the feeling... but yet you don’t see anything... I know I’ve had that feeling. I bet it’s a Sasquatch... Skunk Ape, Swamp Ape – call em what you wish – I’m a believer! – **Flatouts**

Love at First Sight
I LOVE the FTF Magazine and am enjoying my first copy. Thanks for giving me a way to learn more about this activity I love so much! – **nan-d**

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FTFFAQ

**Q** In the last issue, you reported you were changing the subscription renewal process. I am still confused. How am I supposed to keep up with my subscription status?

**A** If all goes as planned, you should be able to check the mailing label on this very issue to see how many issues remain in your subscription. Additionally, assuming you have not opted out of our mailing list, you should start receiving renewal notices via email when you are down to two or three issues remaining in your subscription.

If you find your subscription is nearing its end, you may log into www.ftfgeocacher.com to re-subscribe at any time.

**Q** How do I submit a story and photos for possible publication in the magazine?

**A** You can click on the “Submit Story or Photo” button at www.ftfgeocacher.com for a list of topics from which to choose (with convenient forms) or simply email your story to stories@ftfgeocacher.com.

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Micro Cacher Spotlight

My daughter, **2ter**, has been geocaching with me since 2008 and currently has 460 finds (75 events) that she has logged. She is about 2000-3000 behind in logging because, “That’s no fun – geocaching is what is fun!” She is pretty famous around these parts and we even got to sign the famous **FTF** ukulele at **Geowoodstock**! – **arkfiremedic**

Newbie Tip

**Take the Initiative**

There are some cache repairs you should leave to the CO (Cache Owner), but log replacement is seldom one of them. It’s not uncommon to see several found-it notes in a row reporting a “wet log” that needs replacement. Why not simply carry replacement logs with you? In a pinch, a scrap of notepaper is better than leaving a soggy logsheet. As a courtesy to the CO, post a photo of the old log showing any names that are still visible.
Geocacher Disagreements

Practical Advice and Information Straight from the Groundspeak Help Center

Log Deletion

Trackable Log deletion: We do not reinstate any logs regarding trackables. As trackables are considered private property, the trackable owner has the right to delete logs on their trackable details page as they see fit.

Geocache Log deletion: If your “Found it” log on a geocache details page has been deleted because the geocache owner disagreed with your comments, be the bigger person, repost a neutral log without the commentary. If you have feedback that may be beneficial, you can respectfully contact the geocache owner privately.

Geocaching HQ can only reinstate “Found It” and “Attended” logs on geocache listings. Before sending us a request, please double check that your log is not in violation of our Terms of Use and review our Logging Guidelines.

Other

We want all geocachers to feel safe and comfortable as they pursue their outdoor adventures. If you’ve had a negative experience with another player, you can choose not to engage with them, as contact might only reinforce their behavior. You have the opportunity to be the bigger person and walk away. There are over 2 million other geocaches out there to go find! If you feel that the issue must be escalated to Geocaching HQ, take note:

What we can do – A disagreement must meet all of the following criteria for our Community Team to take action.

Disagreement Occurs on Geocaching.com: The disagreement took place on Geocaching.com, and there are messages or links that you can forward to the Community Team such as photo galleries, posted logs, or messages sent through the Geocaching Message tool.

Terms of Use Violations: If a disagreement clearly violates our Terms of Use (e.g. involves obscenity or hate speech), we may be able to take disciplinary action. Please take a minute to review the Terms of Use prior to contacting us.

Severe and/or Pervasive: The disagreement must be either severe or pervasive for the Community Team to take action.

What we can’t do:

Disagreements that take place off of GC.com: If you’ve had a disagreement with another geocacher in person, through personal email, or on another website (e.g. Facebook, Twitter) we will not be able to take action.

Stolen geocaches or trackables: If you suspect that someone has taken your geocache, please contact your local law enforcement. We do not have the resources or authority to intervene in these cases.

Rude behavior: Annoying or rude comments are not against our Terms of Use.

FTF (First to Find): While FTF is a fun, community-driven aspect of the game, it is not officially recognized by Geocaching HQ or geocaching logging guidelines.

Blocking other geocachers from your profile

Unfortunately, there is no way to block another geocacher from seeing your profile page. Other options to consider are:

• Create a different account with a new email address
• Change your user name
• Do not use Geocaching.com at all if you feel unsafe
• Contact the authorities if you feel that harassment is occurring.
As my wife and I prepared to attend my youngest son’s graduation ceremony in College Station, Texas, I decided to check my Texas County Challenge map to see if there were any counties I needed nearby. Sure enough, there was a cluster of four counties along the route that remained unclaimed.

I pulled up Google Maps on my desktop computer and spent an hour or two mapping my route. My goal was to create a custom route that I could load into the Google Maps app on my iPhone, allowing hands-free navigation from cache to cache all the way to College Station. It was simple. I copied and pasted each set of cache coordinates into Google’s “Get Directions” feature and created a full cache-to-cache route. Once finished, I tried to save the multi-stop route... hmmm... how do I do that? It turned out I couldn’t (hate the Google).

Luckily, I had also saved each cache to an offline list in the geocaching app, so I came up with an alternative solution. Instead of having the entire route preloaded, I would just use the geocaching app’s “View on External Map” feature to navigate from cache to cache. Here’s how it worked:

(1) From the cache description page, select “…” to pull up the “more options” menu.

(2) Select the “View on External Map” option from the dropdown menu to launch the Apple Maps app.

(3) The Maps app will open with a pin dropped at the cache location. Select the little blue navigation tab and you will be given route options.

(4) Choose the route you prefer to use or just click on the “Start” button at the bottom of the screen for turn-by-turn visual/voice directions all the way to ground zero. Once you arrive at ground zero, you can switch back to the geocaching app for more detailed close-in navigation by map or compass.

This solution may seem obvious to many of you but I was pretty proud of myself for figuring it out. I usually just use the “Navigate to Geocache” button in the Geocaching app but using the external map feature is a MUCH safer alternative when navigating to a cache over long distances or in unfamiliar territory. It’s also great when caching alone, since you can navigate hands-free from cache to cache. –

If you are working on a county challenge and are looking for a quick way to view a county’s boundaries, just type the county and state name into the search bar in Google Maps.
Record Breaking Geo Art

We often share Geocaching and GPS news items to keep our listeners up-to-date! Recently we talked about a new GPS Art World Record, thanks to a news tip from listener Astronut.

The Guinness World Records website reported on a 6,080-mile-long image created by driving across the length and breadth of Britain’s mainland. The record title is for Largest GPS drawing by a team. The previous record was 4,500 miles.

The GPS artist who drove the car was US-born Jeremy Wood. He is one of the pioneers of GPS art, which combines drawing, travelling and technology to create artwork on a large scale. More than 264,000 positions were recorded by the car’s GPS receiver and then linked together to create an enormous spooky image, just in time for Halloween. Jeremy drove nearly 10,000 miles in 44 days to complete the drawing. It has a jack-o-lantern with a witches hat, a bat, some ghosts and a spider web.

To hear more about this world-record drawing, listen to show 492.

Resurrected TB

One of our listeners, A.Demshar, wrote to tell us about an amazing story of a long lost travel bug: “My friend and his wife recently took a cruise to the Bahamas and spent a few days there. While there, my pal was cruising a beach which bordered a forested area about 30 feet behind the coast, a rather remote area compared to the busy public beaches.

He told me he was sitting there and started picking up some of
On With The Show!

the leaves on the ground when he uncovered a single travel bug dog tag attached to a piece of wire about 3 inches long. My friend doesn’t geocache but is familiar with it through me. He brought the dog tag back to Georgia and presented it to me the next time we met. I immediately logged the dog tag and discovered that it had been lost in the Bahamas back in 2007! I contacted the owners through email and they informed me that they sent that dog tag out with a replica cheese wheel for their granddaughter when she was only 5 years old. The granddaughter is 16 now! They requested I mail the dog tag back to them which I gladly did. I was really amazed at this travel bug resurrection that took place thanks to a chance encounter by a non-geocacher.

To hear this story and more like it, listen to show 493.

International SWAG Swap

Here’s an idea from the UK that should really spread around the world! Listener Richlay from the Geocaching Association of Great Britain (GAGB) wrote to tell us of this special event, “At the GAGB, we are always looking for ways to improve the caching experience for us all. Recently a fairly typical post on our Facebook group, bemoaning the standard of swaps found in large caches, gave way to a discussion about how we can improve the current situation.

We know that the best way of influencing other people is by the behavior we adopt and so for the weekend of the 6th and 7th December, we are happy to announce the very first GAGB SWAG weekend. The idea is simple. Go around the house, empty the kitchen drawers and all the little cupboards of things we can put into caches and deposit them in regular and large caches locally. Post on the cache page that you have done it and that way when the kids break up for the Christmas holidays, people will know which caches have had their contents refreshed and their kids can be delighted with what they find.

We really don’t want to limit this to the UK either - if your listeners from all around the world want to get involved, so much the better! And that’s it, it’s really that simple. A very small amount of effort to enrich the caching experience for somebody else. Perhaps we can grow it into a movement of people doing a little bit for the benefit of our amazing community.”

To hear this story and more like it, listen to show 495.

We invite you to come and join the international geocaching community at podcacher.com!
Fellow Travelers

by GeoJo24

“All of them,” I told my husband after a short pause and a puzzled look. “I would want to find ALL of them.” We were discussing the E.T. Highway Power Trail in Nevada, and my husband had naively asked, “If we go there someday, how many of the caches would you want to find?”

I cannot imagine traveling to the E.T. Highway and leaving after finding only a handful of caches. I would want to cache until I ran out of time, gas, food, water, batteries and/or room in my bladder. My husband’s ideal trip to the E.T. Highway area would involve finding one or two geocaches to make me happy and then driving to have lunch in a small town cafe he had read about on the internet.

Clearly, although he knows all about geocaching, my husband does not share my passion for using billion dollar government satellites to find film canisters at the side of the road under suspicious rock piles. I call him and others like him Fellow Travelers.

The term Fellow Traveler was first used in the Soviet Union after the 1917 Russian Revolution to describe writers who were sympathetic to the Revolution, but not wholeheartedly involved in supporting and promoting Revolutionary ideals in their writings. In the 1940s and 50s the phrase was also used in the United States to describe people who might have had Communist Sympathies, but weren’t “card-carrying” members of the Party.

Fellow Travelers differ from Muggles in many ways but “knowledge of the game” is the great dividing line. Once someone knows about geocaching, he or she can no longer be called a Muggle and falls either into the geocacher or Fellow Traveler category.

Just as the Muggles in Harry Potter’s world had no idea of the witches and wizards living their midst using magic, Muggles have no idea there are millions of geocachers all around the world happily searching for millions of geocaches. Muggles know nothing about the game, and our geocaching world is hidden to them. They have no idea what “those people” are doing walking around the woods looking at their phones. Sometimes they call the police on us for our “suspicious activity” and report our geocaches to the bomb squad.

Geocaching terms are a foreign language to Muggles. Travel bug, pathtag, geocoin, lock-n-lock, DNF, FTF, souvenir, EarthCache, Virtual Cache, Webcam cache, multi-cache, micro, and so on mean nothing to them. People talk a cache being Mugged when it disappears and is feared to have been removed or damaged by an person who knows nothing about geocaching. A geocache, to a Muggle, might appear to be trash, an improvised explosive device, or a drop site for illegal substances.

In contrast to Muggles, Fellow Travelers know about our hobby, might have geocaching.com accounts, and have possibly geocached with us, but they just are not interested in pursuing the sport. Some people “get it” and some people don’t.

We can’t understand why our family members don’t want to hike through the woods to sign their
names on soggy scraps of paper found in plastic containers filled with fast-food toys and random junk, and they can't understand why on earth we would.

**Fellow Travelers** usually know many of the terms used by geocachers. When I explain that I need to stop to find a geocache because I “need to fill in the day on my calendar” my **Fellow Traveler** husband understands what I mean. When my **Fellow Traveler** children are with me on a geocache stop, my daughter - SeaJayeKay - knows to ask about the size of the container. If it’s a micro on a power trail, she might not even get out of the mini-van. If it’s a size 5 with travel bugs listed and a high number of Favorite Points, she is more likely to join in the hunt. My **Fellow Traveler** family members sympathize with me when I report a DNF over the dinner table and congratulate me when I report a FTF, but they have no interest in joining me. My daughter knows enough about geocaching that she could lead a Geocaching 101 Course and can sing along with “Don’t Tell My Wife (I’m Out Geocaching)” by cachingaustralia, but, if you ask her if she likes to geocache, she’ll tell you, “No!” quite firmly.

A **Fellow Traveler** will recognize that someone who is walking around in circles in the woods staring at their phone is quite possibly searching for a geocache. A **Fellow Traveler** might see a Travel Bug decal on the back of a car parked at the side of the road and know that the occupant is probably searching for a cache nearby.

Geocaches found accidentally by **Fellow Travelers** remain in place and might even be tucked a little bit more securely under a rock pile or into a hole in the tree. Fellow Travelers would not destroy caches or report them to the authorities.

There are many reasons why people never become avid geocachers and fall into the **Fellow Traveler** category after shedding the Muggle label. When asked, “Why don’t you like geocaching?” SeaJayeKay claims it’s “boring,” and that I drag her around geocaching too often. In my defense, I have nearly 3 times as many finds as she does, so obviously, to my way of thinking, I’m not dragging her out too often. She remains a **Fellow Traveler**.

**Fellow Travelers** vary in degree in their attitudes towards geocaching. Some **Fellow Travelers** are neutral: My husband, has no geocaching account and does not plan to create one. He is content to stay in the mini-van and read the newspaper while I search an area, but he knows geocaching makes me happy and acts as my designated driver when the chance arises.

Some **Fellow Travelers** are only slightly interested: my son - DumbGuy52 - will search with me on occasion, but geocaching does not rank in his Top 50 favorite activities. Some **Fellow Travelers** are hostile to geocaching to some degree: my daughter SeaJayeKay will often remain in the van to protest being “dragged along” on a geo-outing.

One of my brothers knows too much about the game to be considered a Muggle, but openly announces that geocaching is a stupid waste of time. Yet he will spend HOURS chasing a little white ball around a golf course. I ask you, who’s the sibling wasting a perfectly nice afternoon? There’s no swag in golf and green fees can be exorbitant.

One friend knows all about my geocaching passion but does not understand the draw and asks me about the monetary value of the swag I find and wonders how it can be difficult to find the container if the GPSr leads me right to it.

However, here’s the ironic thing: my **Fellow Traveler** family members are often better than me at finding difficult caches. It’s become a joke in our family: if I can’t find a cache, I simply need to take one of them with me and we’ll have the cache container in our hands within minutes.

I haven’t settled on a term that I feel accurately describes myself and others: avid geocacher? crazy geocacher? obsessed geocacher? passionate geocacher? I do know, however, that “Fellow Traveler” describes my family members and some of my friends more precisely than “Muggle.” 

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855-454-SCGA (7242) or visit: www.scgastore.com
Liz and I always try to get the most out of our travel experiences, including layovers. Recently we had a flight from Singapore to New Zealand that included a stop through Sydney, Australia with a 9 hour layover. Normally we wouldn’t want to have a 9 hour layover, but since we had never been to Sydney before, this seemed like the perfect chance to explore a destination that we had always wanted to visit... and do a bit of geocaching in Australia for the first time!

Our flight from Singapore was an overnight flight, so we arrived in Sydney first thing in the morning. Having nine hours in the middle of the day seemed like the perfect amount of time, almost a full day to explore! Luckily the Sydney airport had lockers. We could lock up some of our belongings so that we didn’t have to haul it all around town. This is an important consideration if you want to go geocaching during a layover.

After stowing our gear, we hopped on the train that took us from the airport into the city. We asked around and were told the best place to exit the train would be Circular Quay station, in the heart of town and near all the attractions, like the famous opera house. We had previously downloaded OpenStreetMaps to our Garmin Oregon 650T and even downloaded some caches in the Circular Quay area. We were ready to see what geocaching Australia was about.

After exiting the train in downtown Sydney, we followed the Garmin directions to the first cache. It took us on a walk through a very historic district of Sydney called “the rocks.” This is one of the first areas settled in Sydney so long ago, when the “convicts” were brought here to colonize. We enjoyed strolling through the area and reading some of the historical signs, as well as admiring the old architecture.

The walk eventually led us to the Sydney Harbor bridge, and we realized that the cache was up on the bridge. We were lucky to have such a beautiful spring day in Sydney, and we really enjoyed the view as we walked across the bridge. The Harbor Bridge overlooks the beautiful iconic Sydney Opera House. But being such a nice day, there were many people out enjoying this perfect weather; so we had to be a very discreet in our search while the joggers and walkers were passing us by. We searched around for the magnetic cache for a bit, then finally found it. Our first cache in Australia. “YES!” we shouted.

After taking a couple of pictures of the cache in the middle of the bridge with the Opera House in the background, we were off to continue exploring this historic area of the city. You know the feeling – after finding one cache you just want to keep going! So we looked up another cache on our way back down. It was tucked away in a small area with a couple of benches. We decided to go for it.

It was supposed to be a quick and easy grab, but we were having difficulty being inconspicuous because there were a couple of business ladies sitting on the benches enjoying their lunch break. After exiting the train in downtown Sydney, we followed the Garmin directions to the first cache. It took us on a walk through a very historic district of Sydney called “the rocks.” This is one of the first areas settled in Sydney so long ago, when the “convicts” were brought here to colonize. We enjoyed strolling through the area and reading some of the historical signs, as well as admiring the old architecture.

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It was supposed to be a quick and easy grab, but we were having difficulty being inconspicuous because there were a couple of business ladies sitting on the benches enjoying their lunch break. After a bit of time, it was obvious that they were eye-balling us, especially when we approached the area where they were sitting, so we confessed to them what we were doing.

They were super intrigued about the whole concept and began asking a lot of questions. After a bit,
they even began to help us look for the cache! Now that they were in on the hunt, we didn’t have to be so sneaky in our search. It didn’t take us long to find the cache, very cleverly disguised too! The two ladies were amazed! They loved the idea that you can geocache all around the world, and they even posed for a photo with us and the cache!

After showing them what was inside and explaining a bit more about our geocaching adventures, we said our goodbyes and were off again.

Our next stop was the main Sydney Harbor area. This area was buzzing about with street performers and lots of outdoor cafes. Walking around the harbor, Liz and I kept saying how cool it was that we were in Australia – after all, it wasn’t our ultimate destination on this trip. So to be able to stand in front of the Opera House knowing that we were in Australia was a great feeling!

Walking around the harbor on such a beautiful day was just perfect. We even decided to stop at one of the outside cafes for lunch. Now, keep in mind that Sydney is extremely expensive... especially this area. Regardless of the price, we happily enjoyed an enormous (and tasty) burger, fries, and a local craft beer while sitting outside soaking up the sun and gazing out at the harbor. After a couple weeks in Thailand eating rice and noodle dishes, that was the best tasting burger – and the view was amazing!

After our lunch we walked to the other side of the Opera House and into the Royal Botanical Gardens Park. This is an enormous park area, with a quite a lot of things to look at, and there is a lot of history all around the area. From famous speeches, to important landings of settlers and dignitaries on the continent. But best of all, this park it is completely free to explore! Not only was this beautiful park full of rich and vibrant flowers, it was also full of some great geocaches.

We walked around the water’s edge to the other side of the small bay in search of a couple geocaches. As we walked further, we noticed the views of the opera house and harbor bridge getting even better. This walk in the park was exactly what we needed to enjoy Sydney during our layover.

Soon, we arrived at an area where some caches were hidden, so we began our search for a couple of park-themed caches. These guys were all a little different, from small nanos to small tupperware containers. There was a great EarthCache there as well that had an amazing view!

After finding a couple of caches around the park, we enjoyed just sitting back and relaxing while taking in the views of Sydney. The park was just beautifully manicured and full of unique trees and colorful flowers. It was such a gorgeous sight, and to have the iconic Sydney Opera House and the Harbor Bridge as a backdrop made the perfect setting. We had to keep pinching ourselves that we were in Sydney, Australia.

After a lovely stroll around the park, it was time for us to head back to the airport to catch our flight to another beautiful country, New Zealand. We hopped back on the train to the airport, stopped at our lockers to pick up our gear, then headed through security and to our departing gate. With plenty of time to spare, we felt like we made the most out of our time in Sydney during our layover. Not only were we able to get out and stretch our legs after a long flight, but we were able to see the iconic sights of Sydney and even grab a few geocaches!

We highly recommend that if at all possible when booking flights, give yourself a long layover in a new city so you are able to get outside the airport to explore. But you MUST do your research well in advance.

Check for adequate transportation to and from the area you want to explore, download good maps so that you don’t get lost (and bring a paper map just in case). Also, if you are traveling internationally, check regulations to see if you are even able to leave the airport, and if you need a visa.

We loved our short time in Sydney, and while we didn’t get to see everything that it had to offer, we did get to experience a lot in just 9 hours. +

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**GeoSnippet**

The Canadian town of Bon Accord, Alberta (pop. 1488) uses Geocaching to attract tourists to their small community. – *Steve ’n’ Nancy*
Paws for Adventure
by surfsupdiverdown

I am making a call to arms. Well, a call to four legs and paws to be exact. When you head off on your next adventure, take your fur-kids with you! So often I meet new friends on the caching trail. They laughingly greet my early alarm system, exclaiming with a smile about how GOOD he is (Bos’n) and how funny my little girl is as she runs in circles around us. I always ask if they have fur kids and the reply is the same... “Oh yes, but they’re at home.” I have to ask myself, “Why?”

Caching with your fur kids can bring so much more to the experience! First, with your trusty pup by your side, you are never alone! Mine have been known to carry pathtags, promo codes, directions and extra pens! (You’d think I’d have them carry spare logs too, but come on, the human should do SOME of the work!) Thanks to a neat contraption called the “Poo vest,” they even carry that too – in a separate pocket, of course!

Dogs make GREAT muggle cover! – “Sorry, the pups needed some exercise” (as you drag them into the scrub). My shelties won’t roam far, so I can even “drop” the leash and make up all kinds of stories as to why I am crawling in the brush like I do. Hold the GPs up like a camera and have your canine companions “sit” at ground zero. Works every time.

Dogs are good ice breakers. – Yes, in Maine they occasionally get into trouble for it, but they bring a lot of fun and laughter to the adventure as well. “Hey!” I hear called across the quiet of early morning at Flagstaff Lake during Kayaking Loon’s Getting Useless in Eustis event... “That lady has a DOG in the kayak.” With a saucy grin, I angle the kayak a bit and Bos’n stands up. “Correction! She has TWO dogs in there!” I think that is one of my favorite calls. Breagha will yip, Bos’n will wag his tail and I will wiggle my paddle in the air in salute before continuing after one of Kayaking Loon’s Bachelor Challenge island caches. OK... so the downfall might be one gets noticed when you cache with dogs, but they bring a lot of fun and laughter to the adventure as well.

Yup. Between sun, water, mountains or anything else caching can throw at me, I’ve always got my buddies along. I will never understand the people who leave their pups at home. My advice? Let them join the adventure! Pack up their vests, find some towels for the kayaks, but most importantly... take them with you! Even fur kids want adventure and socializing. What better way to satisfy them then to let them become a part of your caching team!
**Geo Book Release: How to Puzzle Cache**

*How To Puzzle Cache* features 300 pages of tips, tricks, hints and lessons beginning with examining the cache page, and continuing through the various types of puzzles including orienteering, codes, ciphers, photo based puzzles, math, music, indexing puzzles and more.

The author, New York City geocacher Cully Long (*childofatom*), is responsible for a very well reviewed series of puzzle caches around Central Park collectively known as *The Gates of Central Park*.

“After seeing the rise of Facebook groups centered on helping people solve geo-puzzles, puzzle solving classes and series, I thought there was a market for a truly in-depth manual on puzzle solving.”

The book includes step by step instructions for things like looking at source code in the four major browsers, and making changes to coordinates at the [geocaching.com](http://geocaching.com) website.

The book is available in two editions, spiral bound and standard paperback binding. Visit [www.howtopuzzlecache.com](http://www.howtopuzzlecache.com) for more information or to order your copy.

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**Geocaching with a Smart Phone**

With the constant app upgrades on your smart phone, it can be easy to miss great new features. In my case, I somehow missed the “New search from here” button on the Geocaching iPhone app. The button appears after hitting the “Find Nearby Geocaches” button on the main search screen - allowing you to quickly scroll around the map looking for caches outside the perimeter of your original search. – *ckpetrus*

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**Ask iThe EXPERT**

Q&A by Lynn Storton

There is a geocache that one has to belly up to a cliff and reach down arm’s length to retrieve the container. Should we not publish dangerous caches like this?

Yes they are allowed, just as the existing geocaches that require rappelling, scuba diving, and even walking though rattlesnake/alligator/poisonous insect infested areas. Since each of us have our own level of expertise and comfort zones, geocaches cannot be judged for adequate safety. You need to be aware of your own skills and abilities and pass by those caches that you are not comfortable attempting.

Lynn Storton has been geocaching since 2004 and a Groundspeak volunteer since 2005. He has caching experience that spans the globe. Please send your questions to: *CacheExpert@gmail.com*

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We all like to Geocache, that’s a given. So, even a bad day caching is usually better than a good day working. Every now and then though we have those REALLY GOOD days caching. This experience was marked by a perilous trek into the mountains using Jeeps and hiking on foot. This at first is what would seem to be the thing that made this a GREAT experience, but this was just the obvious answer. The deeper answer was waiting below the shiny surface of dirt roads and Jeeps. This account of one of those REALLY GOOD days actually starts with a disappointment.

I was scheduling my days off to link up with a guy named RedMozi out of Cody, WY at an event he set up called A Hike to a Windy Peak. As the event got closer he sent word that the event was canceled because it seemed no one was able to attend and some guy (me) never posted a note on the page to say I would attend! Bummer, I was really looking forward to that trip and hike. I was bummed out and a bit disappointed when I then received a message from RedMozi and Smilemakers asking if I wanted to jump in on an impromptu Geocache road trip to a cache called Mount Natrona. Awesome, caching back on! I quickly cleared the schedule and a few days later we were off. RedMozi would have to come from Cody, Smilemakers from Thermopolis and myself from Lander, WY. By the way, if you want to cache in many parts of WY you have to be up for some long distance driving which means early starts and long days, so you have to be pretty dedicated sometimes.

We agreed to meet at a town called Shoshoni, WY where we would divide ourselves between the two vehicles comfortably. RedMozi was bringing a friend who was trying caching out and simply looking for something to do. Once we linked up at the gas station in Shoshoni, we did a quick map recon and decided which routes we would take and that the Natrona Mountain cache would be the priority find. If there was time, we would find others. Most of the area we were headed to was gravel roads leading up into mountains and possibly some 2 track trails – perfect for Jeeps!

Soon enough we reached our first turn off which lead into the wilds of Wyoming! The first road was a dirt county road leading north through numerous oil and gas leases. Washboards and dust were tolerable but perhaps that’s because we were the lead vehicle?

Somewhere along the way we stopped at a BLM (Bureau of Land Management) informational sign and quickly discovered a cache nearby that we made quick work of.

We made good time up the rest of the roads and slowly the terrain started to change from sagebrush, flats to sandstone hills with actual trees and then it was mountain country with granite rocks and pine trees. The roads got steeper and smaller and the terrain change was fantastic to watch as we drove north and gained elevation. It was hard to drive and look around at times as the scene was so big! I’m not sure but I think I heard my Jeep giggle as we started crossing small streams and the road got worse. Soon we were nearing a decision point where we would have to turn off on a smaller trail or hike in from the road.

We almost missed the turn and we quickly decided no one had been this way in quite some time. We found a grown-over 2 track leading uphill into a stand of pine trees after it passed through a gate. Gates could be bad as that may be an indication of private land. Perhaps we had come at this one from the wrong direction and now would have to backtrack 50 miles to get in the correct way! As we neared the gate bumping down the trail we noticed a sign so we jumped out to read it. Whew, it was not private land, so through the gate we went. The trail got bumpier but it was no problem for either Jeep as we bumped slowly uphill along the 2 track. I swear I heard that giggling noise again from my Jeep again!

We reached a small open area and parked there as we only had a 1/2 mile to GZ. This is where the best and most unexpected part of this trip really started for me. The Jeep driving and massive scenery was great but below the surface was something much better, I just did not recognize it yet. Soon we were geared up with backpacks, camel backs and snacks so
we were off to hike the rest of the way in. As we journeyed through the trees we discussed numerous cache ideas, favorites, and challenging puzzles we had seen, done, or knew about in Wyoming. We also discussed our backgrounds, jobs, and life in general. I soon realized we were all very different and it was highly unlikely we would have ever met each other outside of Geocaching. It was very enjoyable to connect with people through a shared interest even though we were all from such different backgrounds. I suddenly realized the importance of this connection and of linking up with other people every now and then.

As we hiked on we saw many cows grazing on sweet high country grass and marmots on the rocks checking us out. Further on we saw a herd of elk and soon the wind picked up and we saw melting snow drifts in pockets on the hill sides. As I paused momentarily on a flat rock to take in the scene I realized again how cool this all was and how BIG the terrain was. It was hard to take it all in. We trekked on to the rocky summit.

The summit was windy and actually a little cold even though it was summer. Wyoming is funny that way! Soon we were all doing cursory searches as we dropped bags and gear to better our ability to really get into the nooks to search. I thought I sensed a little bit of competitive spirit as each person searched a different rock outcrop near GZ.

RedMozi quickly discovered the mountain's summit log. It was exciting as we thought it was the cache, but nope, just the summit log. The search was still on. 30 minutes later no one had any luck and we all started comparing ideas and thoughts on the cache description and the one previous log hoping for some enlightenment. 45 minutes on and still nothing as the frustration was setting in – and the wind was not helping anyone's patience. The previous log was from several years back so we all theorized the cache must be missing now. Snow, animals, wind, rain – who knows what could have happened to it, right?

The plot was about to thicken as 

RedMozi started reading the summit logs and announced that the previous cacher had signed the summit log, not the geocache log! That meant this could be a First to Find! Energy was renewed and intensity focused we resumed our search. Soon, frustration set in again and a couple of us suggested leaving and chalking it up as lost. We had significantly widened our search at this point and were all a bit spread out when RedMozi announced he could see it! Wait, see it, not found it? What did that mean?

We all scampered over to RedMozi's position. He was looking intently into a foot and a half wide crevice trying to shield his eyes from the sun. We all peered into the crevice and sure enough, there was a small pill bottle wrapped in tape about 4 feet down.

Suddenly elated, we now HAD to figure out how to retrieve this item. Obviously something had happened and it ended up washing or falling into this crack. No one could reach it from the top and it was a tight fit to get into. I decided to climb down the side of the rock and enter the crack from the side. As I squeezed in, I exhaled and gained the last few inches to be able to reach it. It was a creepy feeling to momentarily be jammed in this crack with no breath. It was okay though as I had the backup of 3 other cachers. There is no way I would have done this by myself!

I suddenly realized the importance of caching in a group like this. I handed the cache up to Smilemakers and extricated myself from the crevice.

Smilemakers opened the cache and confirmed it WAS the actual cache and there were no logs in it. WOW! We were the FTF years after the cache was placed!

Soon we were back in our Jeeps traveling down side roads grabbing easier caches en route to the highway. As we drove along, I reflected on how a group can sometimes accomplish much more than a single person. This is especially true when the group is accepting of each other and has a common purpose. Every step of our journey had been made easier because of each other – simple things like help with navigation and conversation to pass the time, more eyes to search and each person encouraging the other. Of course it's nice to have a group in the mountains for obvious safety reasons as well.

Again, Geocaching has surprised me with something I never paid much attention to – the importance of the group and the unique experience that it brings. It's awesome to know there are others like me out there and to have Geocaching bring us together for EPIC adventures where we become more than the sum of our parts. +
Leafblower, who hides caches in the Reno, Nevada area of the United States, emailed in to ask, “Hi, I’ve been wanting to do a puzzle involving Braille and/or binary numbers. Would using these as a code for the coordinates be challenge enough, or should it be more difficult? If so, how?”

First, thanks and congratulations for being the first to get a question to me, and a good one at that!

So many thoughts raced through my head as I read that question. I was so excited to see it for many reasons. My oldest daughter is blind, so Braille means something to me. And I thought immediately of a now-archived cache by Mrs. Captain Picard called Touchy-Feely (GCV57V). Yeah, it says it’s a multi but it could also have been listed as a puzzle. Works either way.

Before I get into possibilities for the cache, let’s get into creating and solving the Braille and binary. How difficult is it? As you would imagine, there’s an app for that. Bunches of them. Web sites too. That part is easy.

Binary, also known as Base 2, is counting with 0’s and 1’s. Counting from 0 to 10 in binary would be 0; 1; 10; 11; 100; 101; 110; 111; 1,000; 1,001; and finally 1,010.

Want to know how that works? Wiki is your friend. Those 0’s and 1’s can be represented as Off and On. Braille is a pattern of dots that represents numbers, the alphabet, grammar, math – basically anything that can be written. For the blind and visually impaired, being able to feel the dots keeps the world of reading available.

I have seen plenty of caches that use Braille and binary on the cache page. But I challenge you to do more like MCP did with Touchy-Feely. As I remember it, she had an ammo can chained to a pipe. In the ammo can was a block of wood attached so that you couldn’t remove it or turn it. Routed into the board were the coordinates for the final. Cachers had to reach into the can and under the wood to feel the numbers. You could do something similar with Braille or binary. You could use a router and cut in the coordinates. You could use pegs, nails, or screws to have them raised. Or you may use something other than coordinates.

If you find you’re going to attempt a field puzzle that involves Braille, the easy way to solve (as I stated earlier) is with an app. However, the way that could be more fun is take someone with you who actually uses Braille. Who knows, besides solving the puzzle, the person may find the cache for you as well! +

Do you have a puzzle question? Email it to ewb@ftfgeocacher.com. I can’t guarantee I’ll have the answer you need, but I’ll do my best.
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Members of the Geocachers of Central Kentucky (GEOCKY) had a blast doing the phoon at the 12-13-14 @ 15:16 Flash Mob (GC5FGD6) event held by UK Hoops Fans in Lexington, Kentucky. – Ground Fox (photo by Moontwig)

A small group including Ground Fox, Biblemanrick, Cachemaster Yoda, GR8CACHERS, and SpongeBob CachePants, gathered for the Hardy Hiker’s Breakfast Event (GC5FBBB) before making an 18 mile hike on the Pine Mountain Trail from southwest Virginia to the Virginia-Kentucky border. The hikers who made the trek (l to r): Cachemaster Yoda, GR8CACHERS (Rodney), SpongeBob CachePants, and Biblemanrick.

The last chance to have a flash mob by the numbers. This event was held in Richland, Michigan at 10:11 on 12/13/14 for 15 mintues. We were 36 strong sporting noise-making Santa beards. – JeePSer
milestone noun: *an important point in the progress or development of something: a very important event or advance*

In life, it could be a new job, graduating, or a point in the development of a nation. In geocaching it is a significant number reached. It could be days in a streak, finds in a day, FTFs or in many cases a new significant total.

Every milestone means something to someone – ten, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, ten thousand, and so on.

Does it matter? Is it important? The beauty of geocaching is just that. You can make your own rules when it comes to numbers and their importance. What number is important to you, and what is the best way to celebrate that achievement? I see some cachers get excited about their 100th find, or their 50th virtual. It is all part of the fun.

So how do you prepare for finding a milestone? What do you do to make it special, memorable? What numbers do you memorialize? Do you make a plan for finding number, 666,999, 1500 or 2250? Do you make a sign, hold an event? Do you plan to get to that milestone by grabbing a power trail? Do you start planning when you get close or do you plan the milestone as part of a trip or vacation?

I’ll tell you my story, but I would love to hear others. I like to make every thousand a find that I will never forget. It doesn’t always work out that way, but for the most part we have been able to do that. When I get within a couple hundred I look at my travel schedule to see where I might be in the next few weeks or month. If it works out that I am going to be near an ocean, the desert, a canyon or a mountain I start looking for a cache to make the find. Usually it’s atop an overlook or in a national park, at the end of a long climb or a three day hike!

If I’m not traveling, I sometimes plan a trip just to find that special cache. As I get closer to that trip I may have to hit a power trail to find 30 or 40 caches in a short time. Sometimes I have to stop at 999 and not cache for a few days (less desirable alternative).

I am going to Portland, Oregon on business so I planned my 9000 find at Geocache 7/21/2000 (GC17). It is an old heirloom cache near Mt Hood and the last placement date I need to fill my Jasmer grid out.

This week I went to a local event and made that 8999. Now I won’t cache until I go for the milestone, six days from now. I will get off the plane, rent an SUV and snowshoes, and drive on plowed roads as close as possible before making the 1 to 2 mile trek to the cache. The cache is at 5400 feet, and 600 feet above where I’ll park. I’m sure it will be a worthy milestone! After taking pictures with my homemade sign, I might make a Pathtag or get a milestone Geocoin to commemorate the accomplishment. Of course I’ll call Podcacher and tell FTF Magazine too!

So how do you do it? What is your madness or method? How do you celebrate or does it even matter? Man, I love this game!
In a recent issue of *FTF Geocacher* magazine, a story was printed about a geocacher calf rescue on North Elkhorn Creek by several cachers – wvmikeiepar, jbgrug, Allysmom24, Nuggie99 and Cteam. Their logs described their hour long struggle to hoist a calf entangled in an old fence back up the muddy creek bank from where it slipped. Little did we know that an additional geo calf rescue would take place a few months later near the same spot where the first rescue occurred.

It started as a typical geocaching paddle on North Elkhorn Creek, but it was all but that for Ellen Doerres Placier (lil_ellie), Debbi Putman (LadyGrace331) and her dog Cassie (TheLittleBigDipper). Debbi had broken her wrist during our 2014 Spring Paddle Mix and wanted to return to the creek to seek out the new paddle hides.

Everything was going smoothly until they approached 21 North Elkhorn – Ninetyeight Creek (GC57K83). They heard a loud moaning and saw what looked like a gray and white wolf near the edge of the water. It actually turned out to be a newborn baby calf that had fallen into the creek from a nearby pasture. It still had the afterbirth and umbilical cord attached and the mother cow was in a panic above the steep bank.

Without their intervention the calf surely would have drowned. After carefully maneuvering their kayaks to the edge of the creek they managed to tie Cassie’s leash around the calf’s middle and secure it to a large exposed tree root.

They called 911 for assistance on a cell phone and while waiting for the fire department crew to arrive, they calmed the calf and lifted its head clear of the water. Cassie comforted the calf by licking it and staying close to its side. After the fire crew arrived, the battalion chief returned the calf to its mother after a 15 minute struggle up the muddy creek bank.

Often the heroic rescues and heartfelt actions of geocachers go unnoticed, but this one was not meant to be like that. Word got out about this rescue and it was featured as a cover story in the local newspaper. Once the story broke, a local TV news crew from Lexington featured their story on the evening news segment. Soon everyone was shouting out about the geocaching calf whisperers on Elkhorn Creek.

How I Got Hooked on Geocaching

In April of 2012, my niece and her fiancé talked about an activity they had tried (geocaching). They thought I would be interested and promised to take me, so I went to the website and created my name (*hello-pittie*) and waited, and waited. In May of 2013 the three of us were on a cruise and went into town, walking around even though it was raining. My niece found the first cache, so I said I wanted to find the next. All three of us circled the area (only one GPS) when I noticed something funny about the different colors of the three objects. I shouted, “I found it” and was immediately hooked.

After the cruise, all I wanted to do was go caching. I had shoulder surgery twice in 2013. Both times I told my niece we had to leave early so I could cache on the way to the hospital. When I am out of the office for more than one day, GPS coordinates are posted on my office door to let everyone know where I am going. My office workers have tried several times to have geo-interventions (unsuccessfully). They finally gave up and actually go with me at lunch now.

It took me a year to reach 1000 and I recently had my first breakfast event. I’ve placed more than 20 hides. There are so many awesome things that geocaching has brought to my life – being outdoors and walking (I deliberately park far away from GZ), getting others to “drink the Kool-Aid,” planning and attending events, the thrill of pursuit, and one of the best things, getting together with other cachers.

– *hello-pittie* (Austin, TX)
This trip started back in February when my wife asked me if I would like to accompany her to Guatemala. I know what you are thinking, and I didn’t say yes right away. The first thing I did was check out the Geocaching map to see what caches were close to where we would be going – like all obsessed geocachers.

There are seven caches within walking distance of our hotel – five traditional, one puzzle, one multi and (what really got my blood pumping) two caches that had not been found (GC45DEK) and (GC45K2B). One was an earth cache, and the second was a traditional. They had both been placed in early 2013, and were waiting for me to claim the FTF.

The only problem I could see finding these two caches was 1) both caches were atop a massive 3,760 meter volcano, and 2) reports of numerous robbers on the only trail leading to ground zero.

The first thing I needed to do was convince my wife that it was safe for me to go. I started by reminding her of some of the close calls I’ve had caching in and around our home, like hunting for a night cache in a park that I am not familiar with and ending up upside down in the bottom of the ravine, or getting stuck in the sand on an abandoned railway track with no cell coverage and the temperature in the 30’s.

Looking back on my adventures, I could’ve won a Darwin Award on more than one occasion. Surprisingly, I talked her into it, but I know she was never overly happy about it. She knows how uncoordinated I can be on level ground, so a narrow trail up the side of a volcano could be dangerous.

My next step was to book guides and security to get up and back down the volcano safely. With one week to go before departure, my guide and security guards are all booked and paid for. There was no going back, and my anticipation was growing. I was looking forward to visiting a new country and all that goes with that, but who am I kidding, it’s all about the FTF’s.

We are off. I checked my bag for the last time to ensure all the caching supplies are in place - “Spot GPS” so my wife will know where I am on the volcano, two regular GPS’s, spare batteries, paper printouts of the cache descriptions in case I have a GPS malfunction, and hiking poles.

We arrived in Guatemala City at 7:30 p.m. It was a hot and humid night in the city. I made a quick find of a cache by the hotel – one more counter for my caching map.

The next morning I visited Lago de Atitlen – one of the most beautiful lakes in the world according to Newsweek, Time, and National Geographic. It was time for some R&R and a test hike up a small volcano. An hour later I was at the top panting and waiting for my lungs to explode.

Looking down at Santa Maria de Jesús, our starting point. Guatemala City is off in the distance.
and looking at my prize, I started thinking I needed to take up a less physically demanding pastime like basket weaving. Who am I kidding – I love the hunt!

At 8:00 a.m., we were off to Santa Maria de Jesus to meet our four armed policemen and get our permit of 20 Quetzals (about $2.50). At 8:30 a.m., we began our hike to the summit.

Wait a minute, don’t get ahead of me. We had to do a little road building before we headed up the trail, and for all their hard work throwing rocks into holes we only made it about a quarter of the way up. We abandoned the 4x4, and left two of the four policeman at the truck waiting for our return.

We started hiking at 2100 meters above sea level, which was not bad, but the trail was pretty rough with rocks, mud, and a whole lot of garbage. This was no leisurely hike. My guide was just trotting up the trail like it was a walk in the park. I was panting hard, my lungs were on fire, and we were only 2300 meters up, with a mere 1400 meters to go to the summit.

I had decided to record short messages on the way up to remind me of things to add to this article. Listening to them back at the hotel the next morning, it sounded like the ramblings of a madman.

What made me even more frustrated was looking at the police officers in their black uniforms, waist belt with handgun, shotgun, night stick, hand cuffs, flashlight and radio. They hiked all the way up without drinking any water. They didn’t have energy bars, and they barely broke a sweat. It’s just not fair. I on the other hand had lots of water and energy bars, and looked like I had just finished two triathlons.

I’m not going to bore you with the pain in my knees and ankles, and my delusional thoughts of having one of the policemen shoot me to put me out of my misery.

What am I saying – there’s a FTF at the end of this ordeal. Let’s get going!

As we approached the summit, the clouds were so thick I couldn’t see anything. After all that work I was standing at the summit in a cloud, with one FTF in the bag. The summit wasn’t that exciting – a bunch of old disused cell towers, a couple of old stone buildings, an outhouse, and of all things a soccer pitch. Dammit, I didn’t bring a ball! I’m not sure who would play soccer up here. It’s more a case of dodge rocks on the field as opposed to the opposite team.

It was now 2:30 p.m. and my guide was beginning to get concerned about us getting down the volcano before dark.

We sat on the rim of the crater and he opened his backpack to reveal the makings of one of the best picnics I’ve ever had. He didn’t hike up carrying just a sandwich and a pop. He carried full picnic equipment like plates, knives, forks, hand sanitizer, and a six pack of juice. Those were the best vegetables, cheese, and refried beans I’ve ever had. But then again, I’ve never eaten any food sitting on a rock at 3760 meters. After finishing our lunch, we were well fortified for the downhill trip. We left the volcano summit at 3 o’clock.

With sunset approaching, Agua2.0 (GC45K2B) would have to wait for some other foolhardy cacher. All the way up I kept thinking it’s got to be easier going down – big mistake. The only thing that saved my knees on the way down were my hiking poles, maybe the greatest invention ever, but I’m thinking a helicopter would help me more.

We had just made it back to the gorge when the clouds seemed to part, allowing some spectacular views. I could see right across to Guatemala City and all the small villages surrounding the volcano. I’ve never seen anything quite like that. To look down on other volcanoes is just amazing.

The hike down took us 3 1/2 hours. When all was said and done, this was one of my most spectacular days caching ever. We managed to get back to the truck with only half an hour of walking in the dark, which seems to come on instantly. One minute we were walking in the light and then it was dark.

I got a ride back to my hotel and was greeted at the door by my wife. I pretended to be excited to see her, but honestly, it was the bed over her shoulder I was so happy to see. Luckily I know she won’t read this magazine.

By the next day I had fully recovered so I spent a few days geocaching around Antigua. I wandered around every day visiting churches and sites, and never felt threatened at all. I would recommend a trip to Guatemala to any adventurous geocacher. The people are beautiful and warm, and the country is spectacular.

I have not let my wife know yet, but I hope to return to Guatemala to find that one cache that eluded me at the top. The only thing I would do differently would be to visit during this summer when the weather is clear. If that is not an option, I am looking at doing the Ape cache in Brazil. If you’re looking for a caching companion, I’m ready! +
Befuddled

The first CITO I had ever attended was 2012 MGS CITO (GC3QVVF) at Greenbelt National Park. The CITO was a huge success. The park ranger mentioned that 2 months’ worth of work was done in one morning. After the CITO we had a picnic in one of the shelters at the park, grilling hotdogs and hamburgers.

10 new geocaches had published within the park so, after the picnic, a group of cachers headed over to the Azalea Trail to do the first five. My son and I drove to the picnic area and checked all around. Lpyankeefan had just finished cleaning the area and I mentioned that I lost my Magellan. We retraced my steps again and checked near the picnic tables, recycling containers, and restrooms. We went back to my car and checked the inside of the car one more time.

At this point we decided to head over to the Dogwood Trail and catch up with the other geocachers. Afterwards, my son and I returned to the vehicle and I preceded to check inside the car again. Still no GPS’. We drove the 45 miles home to our house in Mount Airy and all the while I was just befuddled as what happened to the Magellan. It was like I had it in my hand one second, and the next it disappeared.

When we got home, I literally took everything out of the car and checked once again but still no GPS. At this point, I started to think that the Magellan was gone for good.

The next day was Sunday, so in the morning we drove the 10 miles to church and back. Since it was a gorgeous day, and my wife, Yellowrose70, could not attend the CITO yesterday, she wanted to go hiking. She even let it be my choice. I picked Piney Run Park which was about 20 miles away from our house. I had grabbed most of the caches at Piney Run Park, but on the undeveloped side of the park there were several more geocaches, and I wanted to take some readings to place caches there in the future. Yellowrose70 was fine with that, so off we went. We parked at the designated parking area and headed off on the trail. I was able to take coordinates for three future caches, but it took longer than I wanted because I had to figure out how to get coordinates on her Garmin. I was so used to my Magellan.

When we returned to parking, I was walking ahead of my wife. I got to the car first and all of a sudden yelled, “Oh my God!” My wife thought I had encountered a snake or worse, yelled, “Believe in Magic!” My wife thought I had encountered a snake or worse, but this is what I saw:

Yesterday, when I got out of the car at the picnic area, I had placed my Magellan on top of the car and it slid into the nook of the luggage rack. Unbelievably, it settled loosely into the nook for nearly 80 miles. As frustrating as the experience had been, I was certainly glad to have my Magellan back! – deepdish23
First To Fight – 2TF

On 22 October, at about 2200 hours, I was driving through West Texas on the hunt for a newly published cache. I was hoping to get another FTF! About 5 miles away from the cache location, my friend, James and I came across a house fire.

We immediately turned around to go back to this house. James had to drive down the road to get a good signal to dial 911 while I ran towards home to check and see if people were home. The fire had just started in the bathroom of the home and was spreading quickly. I checked the doors, the windows, all around the house to see if anyone was home. Everything was locked up tight.

I ran to the nearest neighbors house, banging on their doors to see if they knew their neighbors whereabouts – they didn’t know. All we could do at this point is wait for the Bon Wier and Newton Texas Volunteer Fire Departments to arrive while we continued to check for anyone inside of the home.

The Fire Department arrived and nearly half the home was in flames. With only 2 trucks and 2 firemen on scene, I decided that I needed to help as best as I could. The Firemen and I rolled out the hoses and attempted to combat the fire while we waited for the rest of the trucks to arrive.

I’m a 911 dispatcher for the Ft. Polk Directorate of Emergency Services. We dispatch Police, Fire and Medical for Ft. Polk, Louisiana. I normally tell the Fire Department where the fire is. I am never the one actually holding the hose and fighting a fire!

Another person on scene was able to tell us that the homeowners were staying with family and not inside their home. We all breathed a sigh of relief but still needed to put the house out.

James was helping with traffic and ensuring that we were all okay and I helped the firemen until it was no longer safe for me to be near the house. Unfortunately, the home was a total loss, but the family was safe and we had done our good deed for the day.

After our assistance was no longer needed, James and I went off to get the cache, Picnic Park (GCSF40Q), and wouldn’t you know it, I was SECOND to find. I have never been happier about a 2TF before. – msmustache

Can I sell answers to my puzzle cache for charity fund raising?

Technically, you can give your puzzle answers to anyone. Charging for it may be against Groundspeak’s TOU (Terms Of Use). Keep in mind that you cannot mention charity or any sales of answers or additional clues on the cache page. Also the puzzles need to be solvable with information on the cache page. With these two requirements in mind, an ‘impossible’ puzzle with answers provided for a fee will be strongly scrutinized by your reviewer and Groundspeak.

With regard to difficult existing puzzles, you will likely get some negative feedback from folks that have already solved them.

In other words, selling answers is not a good plan.

Lynn Storton has been geocaching since 2004 and a Groundspeak volunteer since 2005. He has caching experience that spans the globe. Please send your questions to: CacheExpert@gmail.com

This information is presented as a geocaching public service. Opinions are personal and do not reflect that of Groundspeak or FTF Magazine or the respective staff.
TBs With a Cause

We began our Geocaching Adventures in August of 2006 and have enjoyed this hobby ever since.

We have released over 300 travel bugs so far and love to watch their travels around the World. Our favorite TBs to watch are our 12 Pinky Ducks – TBs With a Cause we call them.

In December of 2006 we started releasing pink Breast Cancer Awareness Rubber Ducks. The last one released in December of 2007.

We love to read the logs of cachers touched by breast cancer in their families... so touching. Don't Duck A Breast Exam is the perfect slogan for our Pink Ducks. One of our very first ducks was picked up by a local nurse who sent us a mammogram of our TB. How “Cool” is that? We put the picture of the Mammogram on every Pinky Duck TB page.

In January of 2013 we were contacted by Lookin Good, a caching couple that had found our Pinky Duck #9. They had seen that we had logged a “Will Attend” on the 2013 Yuma Mega Event and they also had plans of attending. We met them at the Event and were able to see our TB again after almost 6 years and 29514 miles of Travel. How Exciting! – Steve ‘n’ Nancy

You Got Mail

When Jim of Jim and Jan suggested we take a trip around the Olympic Peninsula in Washington state, all we could think of is, “where are we going to spend the night?” It turned out he wanted to make it a day trip.

12 hours, 450 miles, and 10 caches later we arrived back at his house. It was a great day for the trip, and being late in the fall we only saw a few people around. The ocean was spectacular as well as the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The sun was out for most of the trip, which is rare, as this cache is in the middle of a temperate rain forest.

You Got Mail (GC5CWWE) was a real highlight, not only because it was really well done, but the utter remoteness of the cache placement, where you can drive for many miles without another cache around. It was nice to find something other than a tin attached to a guardrail. This was an easy puzzle cache that we found before we left so we had no idea what to expect. If you ever get a chance to make it around the “loop” of the Olympic Peninsula make sure to save this one in your list of must finds. – seod42

The Spot

My goal was to finish all the states east of the Mississippi before the end of 2014. I took a road trip with my husband zugzwang to accomplish this. I also wanted to get the oldest cache in each state. The oldest cache in the state of New York is The Spot (GC39). We found it on a beautiful fall day in October 2014. Imagine my surprise to find it contained the ORIGINAL log book from May 2000, in great shape for being outside in an ammo box for over 14 years! – go-purdue

You Might Be a Geocacher...

...if you keep the BIG bottle of Tecnu in the shower. – TravelingGeek –
On Safari

In August 2013, I was lucky to live out my dream of going on Safari for 10 days in the Serengeti. It was the most amazing adventure I have ever experienced.

On my way out of the Serengeti, we stopped at a ranger station to sign out and of course there was a cache there – the second one I found while in Africa. After all, I was there to experience the animals in their world and not cache. Not that there are a lot of caches there, but just to grab one or two is a must.

While I was waiting for our guide to come back, I had a few bugs with me – mine, a friend's whose just wanted to travel far, and a mini view master with pictures of safari animals. Its goal was to go on a real safari, so of course I brought it and my own personal Giraffe travel bug. I lined them up on this wall for a photo op and as I was backing up to get the shot, this beautiful bird flew down to investigate them. It studied them for quite a long time. We actually had to wait for it to fly away before I could gather them up and leave.

Just another amazing experience in the Serengeti. – MS.Blonde

Geocache Matewan Launches River of Blood Geocache Series

Matewan, WV, might sound a bit familiar. This year it was the site of the Hatfield-McCoy Geo Trail (HMGT) Ill mega event.

In keeping with the theme of the historic Hatfield-McCoy Feud, HMGT co-founders, SpongeBob Cache Pants (SBCP) and Wendy assisted in the co-writing of a grant with the town of Matewan which was awarded special grant money in “Turn this Town Around.” In their combined efforts to promote tourism in southeast Kentucky and southern West Virginia, SBCP and Wendy created the River of Blood series consisting of 46 geocaches accessible by water.

The Blood on the River event (GCSE1GY) kicked off the series. The caches are located on both the Kentucky and West Virginia borders of the Tug River which separates the two states in this area.

During the inaugural launch, six geocachers grabbed their kayaks and were on an adventure filled with lots of laughs and FTF’s, as well as the opportunity to explore the area from a different perspective.

The Matewan, WV, area is rich in history as well as geocaches, so keep this area in mind for a geocaching road trip destination! – GR8CACHERS

We want one for our Cachemobile! – Steve ’n’ Nancy

We try to put out a tribute letterbox hide when we notice a cacher giving back to the caching community and SpongeBob CachePants definitely deserves this one. Check out our SpongeBob CachePants Subterranean Letterbox (GC5BN71). We even got the chance to visit Bikini Bottom GZ with him! – Ground Fox
10,000 · Chausson

When I first started geocaching I found the cache *Site historique “la maison Dumulon* (GC1VKW4) in Rouyn-Noranda. This cache is located near my great grandfather’s General Store that he opened in 1924 – the first general store in Rouyn-Noranda. What a great milestone to visit a historic site related to my family with my cousin FamiliegB and my father-in-law Samsong097. We made a 4 day road trip and found geocaches along the way. (Quebec City, Quebec, Canada)

3000 · texdoc56

As I was approaching find #3000, I knew I would be in the Colorado Springs area and wanted to make it special. I searched the area and found the perfect target: *Pikes Peak Summit* (GC4P5BM). I set out with my brother hammerhead53 very early in the morning and we were first to arrive at the summit. We hopped out of the car and encountered a bone chilling single digit windchill in August. We found the cache pretty quickly. As we replaced the cache with near-frostbitten fingers, a park ranger came clambering over. We told him we were geocaching. It turns out he thought we were looking for the NGS benchmark at the summit – just 20 feet from the cache. This was the highest altitude find for both of us and we also scored an earthcache, *Pikes Peak Granite* (GC3P9RH), and a virtual, *Pike Never Made It!* (GC659F). On the way down the mountain, we found three more caches above 10,000 feet. This was definitely one of our best caching experiences and it’s gonna be hard to top! (Pennsylvania)

3000 · geoken

Geoken logs find #3000 at Bailey’s Hide (GC46JQA) on December 30, 2013 and then proceeds to lose the camera until just recently! (New Minas, Nova Scotia)

2000 · Potter Trekies

We logged our 2000th cache at the virtual Don’t Give Up The Ship (GCAE4F) in Erie, PA (Victor, New York)

2000 · beckyanddiane

We chose Super Heroes (GC51Z3F) as our 2000th find. The cache owner is someone who has mentored us since we were “baby cachers” and who we consider our super hero and FRIEND! (Vermillion, SD)
500 · zmaninok
Hit 500 with *Caching Onward into the Sunset* (GC39ZQP) by 4flyingrockets who introduced me to this great game. I had to be sure and include everyone who has helped me at one time or another in reaching this milestone. As I near my third caching anniversary I look forward to beginning the journey to 1000! (Oklahoma City, OK)

400 · BMT417
Here I am, BMT417 (left) with Fold at *I am Cancer Free* (GC5388J) for my 400th find. I choose this cache because I am in my sixth year of being Leukemia free! Many thanks to my bone marrow donor Patrick, who just happens to live near Geocaching HQ! (Fort Worth, TX)

5000 · DePhogration
For this milestone I decided to do a 6 stage multi (one stage for every 1000 finds with one to grow on) put out my a local cacher well known for clever hides. mobywv’s cache *By the Power of Grayskull!* (GC4ZVRJ) became my goal. The cache stages wandered through a local wooded area across multiple fallen trees spanning a wide winding stream. It involved climbing, steep descents, precarious balancing and many wonderful fall views. At the final stage lay the cache and the Sword of He-Man. Two hours and 2.5 miles later I had sword in hand, and 5000 in the bag. (Woodbridge, VA)

100 · Daddy-O 777
My daughter (Rugdance) and I started geocaching in December 2013. It took us seven months, but we finally got our 100th find on in July. We chose one of zzbob’s *Blues* series and it did not disappoint. (Las Vegas, Nevada)

100 · Linzfish
I wanted to get my 100th find with my Aunt (Daddy-O 777) since she introduced me to geocaching. I spent two great days geocaching with my husband, my aunt, my cousin (rugdance) and her husband. They told me that my 100th find needed to be a Mr. Bison cache by Zzyzx989 because they were so clever. (Riverside, California)

10,000 · rtmyss
I’m standing at the remaining column of one of the 7 Wonders of the Ancient World, The Temple of Artemis (which I spell rtmyss). I just found #10,000 at Ephesus spontan (GC48F38) in the ruins at Ephesus, Turkey, the city dedicated to the “Goddess of the Hunt.” (Corvallis, OR)
The recent rise in popularity for caching has some downfalls. True, many new and young people are taking up the activity, but they bring with them too many new ideas. After they have found a few hundred caches they become bored. Then their young minds imagine ways to spice up things. For the life of me, I couldn’t find fault with placing a cache in an interesting location and having others go find it.

Not too long ago someone came up with the idea of a **Challenge Cache**. It can involve almost anything. For the most part, one needs to spend hours on the computer trying to prove they qualify to complete the cache. Personally I would rather be out finding caches than stuck in the house staring at a monitor. Some challenges were made easy by **Groundspeak** when they put your **statistics** on your profile. There was the “dates placed” challenge where you needed to find at least one cache for each calendar date. For that, I simply cut and pasted from my statistics and that was that. So, I do look to see if the challenge can be quickly met before I toss it into my ignore list.

There is one challenge that I should ignore but for whatever reason I can’t. That is the **Fizzy Grid Challenge**. It’s the one where you must do at least one of each of the terrain difficulty possibilities. There are eighty-one combinations. Of course the 1/1 is the easiest and the 5/5 is the hardest. I guess I would not have had any interest in the challenge if we did not get the 5/5 done so quickly. Someone had placed a 5/5 cache and when I looked at it I was surprised to find the difficulty part was to listen to **Morse Code**. When I was in the Army many years ago, I had been trained to listen to the code and decipher the message. So with the cords in hand, we drove to the park in Jenison. It was a beautiful sunny summer day. The park has a nice small lake and sandy beach. There is a boardwalk which goes across the middle of the lake. Halfway across the boardwalk, we found ourselves at the GZ.

We stood staring over the railing into the murky waters. It turned out the five terrain meant it was under the deep. As we gazed, three young men clad in swim trunks walked by and asked what we were doing.

**Me:** “We’re geocaching.”

**Young man 1:** “What’s that?”

**Young man 2:** “I’ve heard of that. Isn’t that where people hide things and you try to find them?”

**Young man 3:** “I have too. I always wanted to try it.”

A light went off in my brain.

**Me:** “Well there’s no time like the present. The cache we’re looking for is about six feet below us. Naturally, I would dive down myself, but as you can see I’m not dressed properly. If you would like to try I would not mind if you retrieved the cache for us.”

The young man was putty in my hands. He quickly jumped over the railing and within seconds brought the prize out of the deep. We signed
The CO who placed the cache is named RDC4106. The cache is a three-stage named Rocks and Trees. With that name I should have had an inkling of what I was getting myself into. I found a great place to park near the first stage. We quickly walked to the GZ. There were several large boulders underneath a big tree. Taking into consideration the name of the cache, we figured the rocks would have something to do with the stage. There was a large tree branch a few feet above one of the rocks.

Me: “Do you think we have to climb on top of that rock? I see a knothole in the branch directly above it.”

Wife: “I’m sure you’re right. Go for it.”

Being of an elderly nature, “Go for it” is not in my realm of abilities. I just couldn’t get on top of the darn thing. It wasn’t as though the slippery thing had hand or footholds. Every time I would get a few inches off the ground I would slide back down.

Me: “I can’t do it. Let me boost you up.”

I have to admit the wife was game. She doesn’t weight much so it was very easy to get her in position. Once on top she searched the knot hole and made the find for the cords to the second stage. I helped her down and off we went.

Me: “That went well. We made a great team, don’t you think.”

Wife: “Nothing to it. I’ll bet we’ll have this done I no time.”

Our confidence could not have been higher. As we walked to the next stage we were greeted by Fairy Circles. They are large capped mushrooms that took it into their heads to grow in a perfect circle. No one knows for sure what causes them but they are looked on as either bringing good or possibly bad luck. Knowing my luck, my confidence was soon replaced by doubt. When we arrived at the second stage I could see my luck was not about to change. Standing before us was a monster of a tree. It had a large branch near the ground that went parallel to the earth for about fifteen feet. Then the stupid thing decided to change course and go skyward. As it grew it developed hundreds of off shoots making a tangled mess.

Me: “You know it has to be up there.”

Wife: “I’m sure you’re right. Are you going to try to get it?”

Me: “It does look manageable. I’ll give it try and if I can’t find it I’ll just come back down.”

I started the journey very cautiously. Weaving my way through the jungle of small branches. Safety, not speed, was the word of the day. I admit a young boy or girl of six would have been up and down in a fraction of the time, but I am not a young boy of six. A few days later after weaving my way through the Brillo pad of branches I reached the bison tube which contained the cords to the final. I read the cords aloud to the wife as she entered them into the GPS. When that was finished I started back down. I guess I became lax. My hand slipped and the next thing I knew I was plummeting to my demise. As I was giving my soul to the Lord I felt a sudden jerk on my ankle.

Me: “Don’t take that tone with me. I’ll just leave you there.”

Me: “Alright, alright, just get me out of here.”

Wife: “That’s better. Don’t go anywhere I’ll go find help.”

I wanted to point out the unlikelihood of my going anywhere but she seemed testy and I did need some help. I was mumbling to myself as she disappeared in the direction of the car. It seemed I had been hanging upside down for a very long time when I heard a truck approaching. To my amazement a Consumers Power truck with a crow’s nest on it was making its way through the brush. Once in position the wife and two young men jumped out. The men quickly got to work and in no time I safely on the terra firma. I thanked them profusely and they were on their way. As the wife and I walked back to the car I realized we hadn’t found the final.

Me: “Do you think we should try to get the last stage?”

Wife: “Oh, didn’t I tell you, I already did it.”

Me: “When?”

Wife: “The GZ was right on my way out so I grabbed it on my way to the car.”

Me: “You mean you left me hanging in a tree while you went caching?”

Wife: “Quit being such a baby. Instead of complaining, you should be thanking me. If it wasn’t for my quick thinking you’d still be dangling in the tree.”

After that I became less interested in the Fizzy Challenge. Especially when on the ride home the wife had the gall to say…

Wife: “Wasn’t that fun?”

The cache was formula for 4.5/4.5 Fizzy Grid. It was very easy to get her in position. She doesn’t weight much so it was manageable. I’ll give it try and if I can’t find it I’ll just come back down.”

"That went well. We made a great team, don’t you think."
Little White Kia
by Hatch Clan

As I had to drive right up the gun barrel of Idaho into Canada for work, I took a little side trip to Montana to get a geocache (one of the remaining states in which I need to find a geocache). As I left the beaten path towards Bonners Ferry Idaho, and headed east, my cell phone service went out, as did my data, so geocaching would not be possible until it picked up again. It also meant I was in the mountains, in the cold, in the middle of nowhere, with no communication and super long walk if anything happened. But I really want all 50 states geocached some day and this may be my only chance at Montana. ONWARD!

I drove 15 minutes to the Montana Border – still no service. I figured I would drive no more than 20-30 minutes into Montana to see if I got a cell signal, and HOPE there was geocache near where the signal popped up. The road winded downhill, and every 500-1000 feet there was a little white cross or two on a post. These crosses meant someone died there. This went on for next 20 miles! No service... alone... and the sun was setting. The nearest real town was maybe a hour away.

Suddenly, on a flat stretch I got 2 bars of service and a GPS signal. It was flaking in an out, but it was something. I pulled over near the town of TROY (no joke - hows that for weird) population like 50, and looked for a geocache that showed up on the phone. It was in a small graveyard that had a much, MUCH higher population than the town. I didn’t find that one so I went to the next one on the list, out in the woods near the graveyard – in the bear, wolf, and cougar filled cold snowy woods of Montana.

I found it near the airport (by airport I mean a helicopter pad or short puddle jumper strip used only for emergency pickup for citizens – citizens that were probably mauled by bears, wolves or cougars. It bordered the cemetery so I assume most people don’t make it to the airport alive and just get buried there (pretty convenient). I dropped all my trackables but 1, signed the log, and lost my cell signal... as darkness was closing in.

I walked back to the car, and headed back toward the town of Bonners Ferry 45 minutes away – back up the long winding DEATH ROAD to Idaho. My cell service was gone again and there was a huge cloud overhead. It got pitch black... I mean like in a CAVE black... and all I had was my headlights... which lit up DEER that seemed intent on scaring the crap out of me every 2 miles at the side of the road.

I started having fears of hitting a grizzly bear... not sure what to do if I hit a grizzly bear... do I get out and check it so Amber Dyer Hatch knows I tried to help the injured bear... or drive for my life? I decided if I do get out, I’ll set my phone up to record it so people know I died trying to help the bear and I will be immortalized on YouTube for being stupid and as a warning for generations to follow. I might even get a Darwin award.

So I continue up the Death Road, white crosses and deer wanting to jump out – all reminding me of my mortality... with the lack of a cell phone... when it starts to snow... and not just snow... but cold blowing wind picks up to 20-30 MPH. Yup - it’s a Blizzard on the Death Road!

So Dark, Deer, Bears, Wolves, Cougars, Blizzard with no cell phone on the Death Road in Montana. At least I have the Airlift/Cemetery option close behind me.

That’s when the huge jacked up pickup straight out of Texas Chainsaw Massacre came speeding up behind me with his brights on. Now I am thinking, “Oh great, maybe this explains all the crosses on the Death Road – some serial killer that runs people off the road to increase his cross collection.”

And did I mention I am driving a little WHITE Kia in a blizzard? Oh yeah, I am driving a little WHITE Kia in a Blizzard on the Death Road. The fact the truck actually saw me and didn’t drive over me is a miracle.

He drove around me. Whew. Wait... nope... there is ANOTHER huge jacked up Chainsaw Massacre pickup right behind him – always nice to have a buddy when you are out running cars off the road to increase your cross count!

So now I am sandwiched between 2 possible serial killer trucks, in the dark, in the Bear, Wolf, Cougar cold snow filled woods of Montana, in a blizzard, in a little white Kia on a Death Road with deer every couple miles wanting to jump out – all without a cell phone.

I am singing to the Lord at this point – as normal praying just wasn’t cutting it – while running through my Eagle Scout Wilderness Survival skills in my head.

Thankfully the serial killer trucks drove past me and the hill leveled out. The white crosses and deer went away and I make it to Bonners Ferry.

However, it was quite an adventure – embellished here for your amusement. Have a Good day!” +
Pathtag Spotlight

RIP Spike n Dad
ID# 29707

My dad passed away in 2001. That was not long after the photo below was taken of him holding my puppy “Spike.” The joke was that they both had the same goatee. When Spike passed away in 2013, I knew this tag had to be made. My father loved dogs and actually named Spike, who comforted him while he was sick. – Kim Runion (meandmydogs)
There must be a cache around here somewhere.

– Beetsprouts –