Geocaching, Rugby and Drunken Debauchery

This spring break, our assignment was to find a geocache wherever we went this spring break. Sounds easy. Well, unfortunately, I was with the rugby team in Greenwood, VA this spring break. We stayed at Chiswell Estate, which is owned by the parents of one of the members on the team. It was a beautiful estate. I say that we stayed there unfortunately because there was no internet access at the place. I tried to contact Kevin to get some geocache coordinates for the area where I was staying, but I wasn’t able to. So, what to do? Wait until I get back to Princeton. I noticed that there was a geocache around Palmer Stadium. The geocache was a multi-stage one, where the first stage was divided into choosing one of two set of coordinates. Problem is that only one of them is correct. So, Kevin and I decided to go and see if we could find the first set of coordinates. When we got to where we were just slightly north of the first set, we see that we are directly north of Lake Carnegie. We surmised that the first set of coordinates was in the lake. So, we decided to go and find the second set of coordinates. We got to the correct latitude, but we found that we were still a whole minute off of the longitudinal coordinate. Well, Kevin had first aid practice and I had to get to my job, so I decided that I would register a geocache with geocaching.com. We agreed that I would hide my geocache, which was a Red Hots Box, and that Kevin would go online, find it and then hide and register the coordinate changes with geocaching.com. Well, the problem is that it takes at least 36 hours before geocaching.com. Oh, how to remedy this problem. I know. I told Kevin the coordinates of where I hid the geocache, and he said that he would register the change in coordinates when the geocache appeared on the website. So, when I went to work, I found out the coordinates for the smoking cigar Indian out front of the humidor and placed the geocache there and registered the cache with the website. I then took the GPS and coordinates and gave them to Kevin at his dorm. He then went to find the cache. Next day, I woke up and there lying on my desk were the GPS and the coordinates to where Kevin hid the cache. So, I set off to find it. It turns out that the cache was in the parking lot just north of Lake Carnegie sitting on a rock. So, I took it, wrote in the log book, and plan to hide it for another student or geocacher. I will then register the new coordinates when my cache is up on the website. I hope this counts, because we both did go and find a geocache that only fails the requirement of being on the site before class starts on Monday. Small error on my part. Oops. Now, there is another geocache for a student to find without having to travel the United States or the globe.