

# Shocking Revelations of the T-Hunt

Saturday, February 25, 2012

## The secrets T-hunters never tell!

What is a T-hunt? T is for *transmitter*. One member of the T-hunting club hides several transmitters around the state—even nearby states—with the goal of making them hard to find. Each one transmits a short unique signal at unpredictable intervals. T-hunters use direction-finding antennas to home in on the hidden transmitters. One...by...one...by...one. In this competition, huge lies are told, tricks are played, trucks get stuck, and oil pans part from engine blocks. This joy endures for one to three days. The goal is to find them all in the least time and mileage. Winner gets to hide them for the next hunt. (For this reason, second place is more coveted than first.)

Nice rack!



This tie-down system helps manage troublesome locals and officials who become unnecessarily conscientious and inquisitive about strange trucks bouncing around federal land.

An interesting road!



Some roads, such as this one, hold an innate and compelling lure for the experienced T-hunter. Deep within his exploring soul, the T-hunter is lured constantly onward by the pioneer's eternal inner voice: "Maybe if I just keep going a little farther...."



“To the peaks! On the meanest road possible.”



This quotation is not the motto of a hardy Scottish Highlands clan, but the T-hunter's unspoken motto. Many roads have picturesque names left over from early American settlers or tribes. This one is Bent Driveshaft Trail.

5100 feet. No more road. No transmitters.



Transmitters can be elusive. The carefully planned benefit of ascending this peak was to verify it held no nano-watt transmitters, while being able to hear nine transmitters hidden in a nearby, inaccessible valley. There were, however, only seven transmitters.



“Brush” strokes on Man’s painted surface



Formerly a shiny painted truck door, this surface is now Nature’s canvas. Dismounted and preserved per the federally funded PAAWN (Protected Accidental Art in Wildlife and Nature) Act, this work’s tentative title is: “Man’s futile self-portrait.”

T-hunter takes a time out



N6MI (not his real name) surveys conquered territory on our drive eastward, northward, westward, then a bit southward, now eastward again, a smidge northish, south-southeast, back north-northwest. For novices, N6MI clarifies his strategy: “I recognize that cactus.”



Where on Earth is Carmen Transmitter?



Among millions of square miles of brush, spiny things, oilpan- and ankle-slicing rocks, somewhere in this vista lies a transmitter. Oh, yeah. At the last minute, they tell you to find it by "sniffing."

The "T" we hunt!



Lancelot would kveil. This quest ended with finding seven (really!) transmitters variously fastened to yucca, cacti, rock, and one particularly mobile and snappy Gila monster, soon to be a belt. [KJ6SSY, not shown]