



been found, pointed the way through the trees. Turning right at 'whiskey bottle', we rounded a snowdrift and saw the moonlit silhouette of another cabin.

Most of the cabins are left unlocked to offer a safe retreat to anyone who gets lost in the woods. Even so, it was a weird feeling of 'breaking and entering'.

Through the darkness we heard an enthusiastic invite 'come see the DUCK!'

Everyone's torches (flashlights) were trained on a collage of metal resembling a motor vehicle. The star was an ex-Ford Bronco with the axles welded direct to the chassis. The driver's seat was made from a beer keg, we believe empty.

This homemade transport is used around the camp to haul logs and trash.

Back at our cabin the kids rushed in to

verbalize our short adventure. "Hey, mum we've just been to Seese's cabin and we've seen THE DUCK".

We were ALL sent to bed.

On Sunday morning we woke to another clear crisp morning. A weather station report had confirmed that a large storm was already dropping significant snow in Maryland and Delaware, several hundred miles to the south.

As the breakfast crew prepared the pancakes and venison sausage, we started to clear the cabin and load the vehicles.

Ten o'clock and still no sign of falling snow, however some of

our group had return trips to Virginia and Maryland, so made tracks for civilization.

Getting to the gate unscathed we all de-chained in preparation for returning to a hard road. Back in cell phone range,

various reports of increasing snowfall and 'white out' conditions prompted the departure of our most southerly group.

The remaining troopers decided to have a 'hobbit style' second breakfast at the local diner before heading into the anticipated snowy trek home.

Personally our timing was perfect. The snow started ten miles from home so the only inconvenience was unloading our stuff from the Range Rover.

Phone calls and emails later that evening confirmed that everyone returned home safely, however John Bradshaw (Virginia) lost the use of the heater in his Range Rover and Bill Bettridge (Maryland) had a propshaft collapse.

The weekend was over and, as we sipped on our first cup of tea on the Monday morning, we reflected on the three events in one - Valentine's Day, Spruce Cabin Camp and the largest snow storm for years.

Now back to reality and 20 inches of snow in the driveway.

LRM

**the impact caused extensive damage, but luckily the brakes and radiator were undamaged**

