



three in one

a bunch of romantics set out for a wintry wonderland as one of the worst snow storms of recent years strikes the US east coast

Who said that Valentine's Day could not include the love for a Land Rover and the romantic setting of the Pocono Mountains?

The Pocono Mountains stretch across central Pennsylvania some one hundred miles north of Philadelphia. With the increase in altitude comes a decrease in temperature, typically a 10-degree difference. The area is known for winter ski resorts and numerous land-locked lakes for sailing, water skiing and the like.

This past winter season has been especially snowy in the northeastern USA and as the weekend approached so did one of the largest storms of the season.

Top: Leading the convoy, the 90 often had to force its way through deep drifts

Inset: Even 4x4s don't get far in these conditions without chains

Our base of operations was to be a traditional hunting cabin dating from the 1920s, located on 2,000 plus acres of private land.



The cabin is able to sleep thirty adults in several bunk rooms and has an enormous open fireplace in the main sitting area – the fireplace being the size of a Land Rover LWB back body.

The primary function of the property is

to offer accommodation to hunters during turkey, bear and deer hunt seasons. For the majority of the year the cabin is vacant, this is when the mice rule the roost.

Having made a preparatory trip several weeks earlier we knew that the 12-15 inches of snow already on the ground was passable. So as Friday rolled in, we signalled the green light that the event was still on... 'come on down'.

An advanced group of thirteen met for dinner in the village of Canadensis. Even though it was Valentine's Day the restaurant was surprisingly empty, however the food was hot, plentiful and terrific value for money. The haddock and fries (that's fish and chips, folks) were excellent, the fish being typical American sized portions.

Having been fed and watered we ventured the short distance up the hill out of Canadensis to the gated trail that would lead us the seven miles into the woods to the cabin.