

Day one – Drive to Mt. Chase – Ride the Baxter – 110 miles

The lone warriors departed to claim their legacy being the only 5 time participants of MaineX, even though this year is greatly abbreviated by plan. We arrived at Mt. Chase at around 1PM, and were trailside by 2. The original plan was to do the Baxter Tote Road loop, but we were advised that time was against us. So, we decided to head down the north side until either time or gas reached the point of no return. I hoped we could at least make it to the point that we had previously made it to from the south end. Then we would know we've seen it all. The trail was nice. We took it easy since we saw X-country ski tracks, then stepped it up a bit after passing them. It's not groomed, but bumps are our friends. We discovered that there's not a lot to see if you're confined to the tote road until you reach Ledge Falls. Then it was only another 5 miles or less to Moose Bosom which is the point we made it to from the south. I hear that used to be called Squaws Bosom. Back to Mt. Chase for Stroganoff. Yummy!



Unfortunately, you can't really see that much by sled in Baxter, but this is a good exception. Ledges falls..

Below: The esteemed Mt. Chase mansion. Maybe it's not a mansion, but you'll feel like a king! ..



Day Two – Shin Pond to Madawaska – 174 miles.

Day two was probably the best ride of the trip, but it snowed all day. My ailing 1" track became a major pain. Spin, spin, spin. I was clocking an easy extra 10% in miles than Pete. I'd burn more than a gallon of gas per tank. Also, the new Roetin duel runner skegs turned out to be JUNK. Dart city. After the trip I found the carbides didn't last either. Same money as Woody's. Woody's is way better.

We took ITS 90 to 105 where I thought I was in for major trouble. I hit empty with no gas in sight. Hill after hill after hill, with just another hill. Made it though, and put on quite a dancing spectacle at the pumps! Found Gateway motel NP.



Heaven? Well....Yeah baby!!!!!!



Yeah, those are golf balls. We somehow wandered onto a golf course. In the middle of winter. Go figure. I hope Peg likes this as much as I!

Day Three – Madawaska, New Brunswick, Fort Kent, and back – 175 miles

Day three was to find the big hooraa International Snowmobile Festival and get our \$15 New Brunswick regs. Wasn't very easy to find. Not a lot of hoopla that I expected. But they had great Madawaska stickers, so it was all worthwhile!

On to NB. I can describe that experience with one word, "LOST". Trails not marked. We're digging signs out of the snow. They couldn't figure out that when you're supposed to go straight ahead you put the arrow up. They'd put it right or left where there's no turn. Also, we had no map to speak of. Just a very vague one from the festival. So, that certainly needed improvement. I'm glad we bailed and opted for the short loop. We made it to a club house for a late lunch where they were setting up for evening drag races. But no way were we going to start drinking and try to ride across the border. We got info on how to take the shuttle from our hotel and moved on. The trails the rest of the way were once again confusion from the get go. Again, if I only had a map! We ended up on some unmarked trail going who knows where? I started looking for the smoke at Edmonston. At one point we took a plowed road a little ways and saw the smoke. Hit the streets baby. I'm sure Pete and I were quite the sights riding down Main St. Some guys came out of a bar to offer directions. All in all we made it to the border in less than a mile of street running. Not a Sno-Bud record by far! Hea, wish I had took pictures! It was a pretty classic snafu, but Pete and I had been in similar situations before! Yeah, the army would love to have us!

We finally found our way across, get sniffed by the dog, kiss the ground, and we're on our way! We found ourselves back in Madawaska at only 3PM. What to do? Knowing of the pending rain forecast, we opted to keep riding and rode into Ft. Kent for dinner at the River House Restaurant.

I'll tell ya cause I know, it is a hard ride from Madawaska at 3 PM to Ft. Kent for dinner, but if you're Daniel Boone that's a small matter. We rode to Ft. Kent and had a great dinner. Then we were treated to the sights at night when you ride into Madawaska....At least when you know where you are☺



Tunnel of doom. Come you stupid American. We get you real lost. Stupid Canadian! You're an American too! Sorry, that's racist, ain't it!?!



Edmonston.. Here's the tip. If you're lost. Look for smoke! Yeah, we're smart Americans.

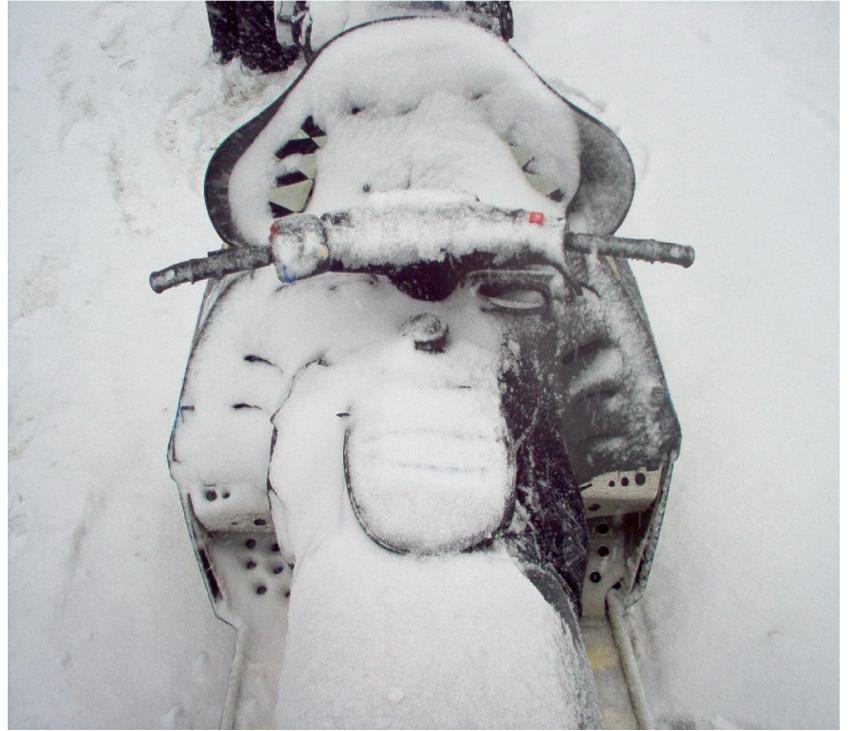
Madawaska. I guess either you know what I mean, or you don't know what the hell I'm talking about.



Day Four – Madawaska to Shin Pond - 156 miles

As expected day 4 was mainly torrential downpour all day. OK, maybe I'm not being very clear. We're talking RAIN man. But you have the people that load up their trailers and go home, and you have us tough guys thatwell have no choice. I admit, I would have jumped in the truck if I could have, but instead I had a fun day of riding despite of the conditions. We decided to not chance riding down to Houlton and rode back to Mt. Chase. Our clothes worked just like wet suits. We were soaked to the bone, but warm. My sled showed its dissatisfaction and broke it's rear trailing arm mount on the way. Oh, and my saddlebags self destructed. Well, you know it's the light weight dudes that are the worst on the equipment.

Rick and Sarah at Mount Chase had a warm welcome for us, with racks set up in front of the fire to dry our clothes and a steak dinner! We enjoyed the super bowl and tucked ourselves in rather early.



Yeah. That's not a friendly site

There's a 2 fold message here. On the one hand, it's wicked bad weather. On the other hand, it ain't no thang. Translation: It isn't much. Sit, I'm bean racist again.



Day Five – Load up and go home.

Having a broken sled, the next days task amounted to just driving our butts home. It was a good thing that we had lot's of daylight since we had TWO flats on the trailer. A good somatarian made the first one more painless. The old guy across the street came over and offered to lift my trailer up with his front loader. We gladly obliged and backed into his driveway. The second flat forced us to leave the trailer on the highway and go hunt down a 2nd spare. Fortunately, the Ski-Doo dealer was only about 10 miles down the road.



The price was conversation.