

**SUPERTRAX**

# NEW YORK SNOWMOBILER

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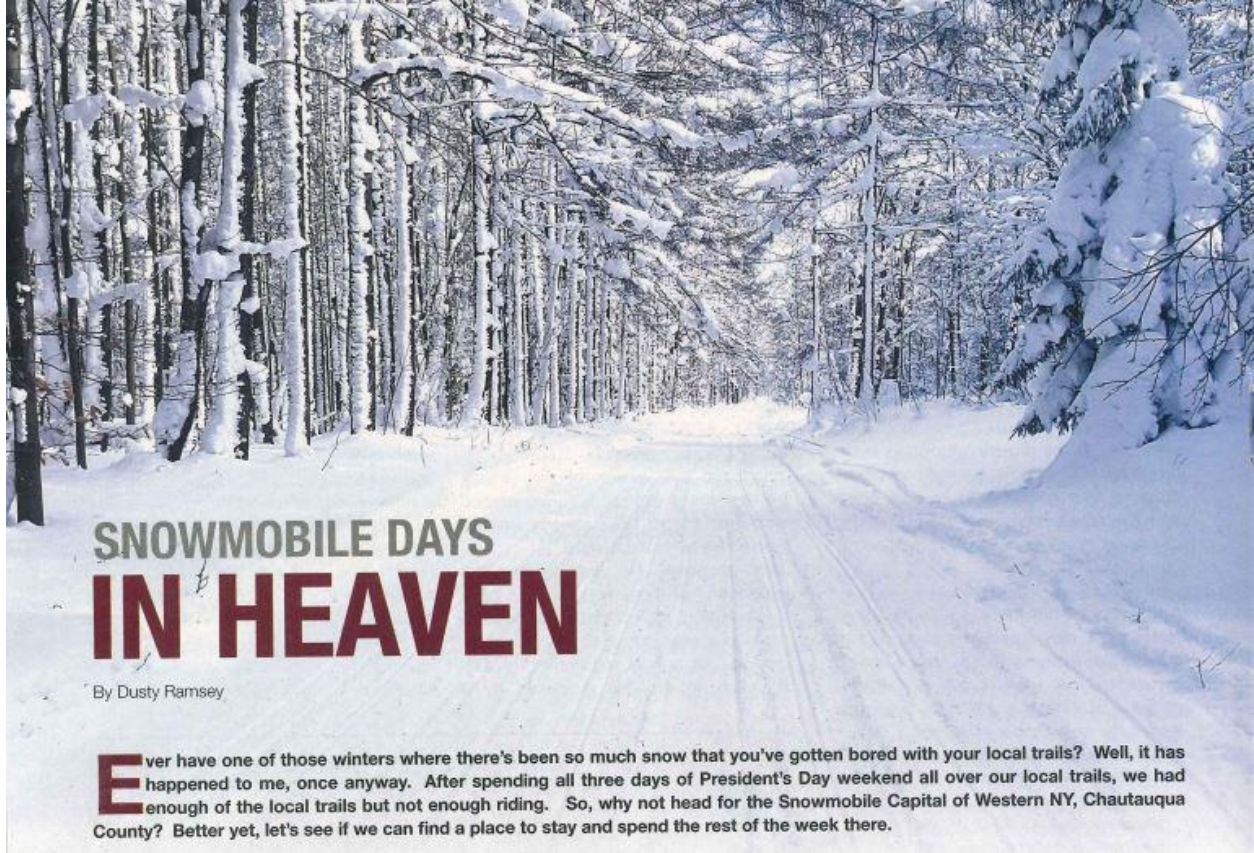
**RIDE NEW YORK**

**CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY:  
SNOWMOBILING  
IN HEAVEN**

PERMIT 3437

The cover features a photograph of two snowmobilers in a snowy forest. The snowmobiler in the foreground is wearing a red and black suit and helmet, riding a red snowmobile. The second snowmobiler is in the background, wearing a black and red suit and helmet, riding a black snowmobile. The background shows snow-covered trees and a bright sky.





## SNOWMOBILE DAYS IN HEAVEN

By Dusty Ramsey

**E**ver have one of those winters where there's been so much snow that you've gotten bored with your local trails? Well, it has happened to me, once anyway. After spending all three days of President's Day weekend all over our local trails, we had enough of the local trails but not enough riding. So, why not head for the Snowmobile Capital of Western NY, Chautauque County? Better yet, let's see if we can find a place to stay and spend the rest of the week there.

### We Found Lodging!

We left Franklinville early Tuesday morning with both sleds loaded like pack mules. We took everything needed for four days, plus spares of critical items, except for fuel and food. It took a while to adjust to all that weight, which added a few hundred unexpected feet to the first part of the ride westward. We zipped right through Ellicottville, Little Valley and Randolph and finally stopped at the local trailhead for Bemus Point. Conditions were so good, with absolutely no other sled traffic, that we were not only well ahead of schedule but way up on fuel economy. So, onward to Mayville. It was a bit longer than we thought and we just managed to make it on fuel.

Turned out to be a good thing. Otherwise, we would have headed right past town to the motel and missed something cool. It turns out Mayville's Winter Festival was Monday, and the ice castle was still standing right on the snowmobile trail through Lake Shore Park.

After exploring the ice castle we headed around the south side of town for the motel and missed the trail turnoff to their parking lot and added a few more good miles to the ride.

The motel was another surprise. Appar-

ently, it did not get its name for nothing. Snow Ridge. Unlike most motels, you don't leave the office and walk outside to your room. There is a fully enclosed walkway from the lobby to the rooms and each room has its own outer door directly to the parking lot from that as well. Great idea for getting into your room without snow blowing in with you.

Once everything was unloaded, we decided to head back to a local eatery advertised on the trail. We get there to find out it was closed, so it was back to Mayville. Maybe not, there was another bush-hidden advertisement, always a good sign. Well worth the stop, but I can't tell where to find it in the real world. Warning, either choose



Ice castle at Mayville Winter Festival.



something really light of the main course or don't order dessert! The trip back was a lot slower but allowed us to spot another restaurant sign saying "Open at 6 AM for breakfast". It sounded like a good destination for the next morning.

Backtracked to the turnoff for breakfast. Very much a secondary trail and not yet broken open after the overnight snow. An interesting route through abandon logging tracks, farmer's cattle corrals and a country club on the way. We finally ended up in a place called Dewittville and we ate at Village, not The Village or Village Restaurant, just Village. As it turns out, all they serve is breakfast, along with excellent service, good local supporters who are mostly snowmobilers, and an owner who knows everything snowmobile related in the area. She provided us with an abundance of local information, good suggestions and breakfast. We went there every morning for the rest of our stay. She also told us to go straight up the street and we would hit the main trail and save ourselves seven miles of little-used trails. She also has a good memory and had our preferred morning beverages on the table as soon as she saw our entering the parking lot. Not that either of us are very memorable, more like it was the

fact we road to the area rather than trailering there like most others.

Back to Mayville and our planned loop for the day. Everything was freshly groomed, as it turned out to be every morning. We headed almost due south via the main trail all the way to the PA border then backtracked to a place called Clymer for fuel. Clymer isn't very big and we got to see all of it before we found the GAS PUMP.

For the northward trek, we wound our way through the state forests. Great riding, actually too good, I missed a turn and we got to see much more good forest trails than planned. We actually cruised through two State Forests. As usual, it turned out to be a good thing as we were easily able to cover many more miles than we planned and would have had a lot of time to spare before supper otherwise.

Another day, another trip south but with a westward jaunt toward Ohio for the return run. Got a grand view of the Peek'n Peek Resort as part of the trail is actually the service road for ski slopes. Then it was flat and fast farm country to Findley Lake. From there through Mina and Sherman and back to the motel. It was our last full day, so we decided to make a night ride to cap off the adventure. We headed northeast to Cassadaga to visit the Whisky

Hill Saloon, the best hand-made burgers in the county, mostly on old rail beds. We were making excellent time until getting lost in the Stockton Fair Grounds. We ended up in the mountains somewhere off toward Brocton. Wow, excellent mountain switchback trails that go on forever, but we were forced to turn around and get back on course.

The last morning's repacking of the sled was a bit tough. We had to brush more than a foot of new white stuff off of the sleds. It was so cold my sled refused to start with the key and had to be fired with the old-fashioned pull start. We said Good Bye to our favorite breakfast host and decided to take the longer northern route through Cherry Creek, South Dayton and Cattaraugus back to Franklinville. It was fun but not exactly the best choice of the day as it crosses the Chautauqua Ridge, famous as the dumping point for most of Lake Erie's moisture. We are very familiar with this route, but that didn't keep us from making several unintentional off-trail excursions and getting nasty stuck. Definitely the longest transit time ever for this route.

Beat and tired and ready to do it again, but next time the northern part of Chautauqua County and those fabulous mountain trails.

● *DRR, Franklinville Snowmobile Club*