

Turbo Rallies Revisited –  
Persistence Pays  
by Robert H. Miller  
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One Turbo rider's  
unrequited desire for a Turbo  
Rally was satisfied on Friday  
August 31, 2019  
when Canadian Jeff S. and three  
fellow Canucks made the nine-



hour ride from Ontario province  
with their four most prized  
possessions in Bruce P.'s enclosed  
trailer pulled with his immaculate  
Ford F-250.

Inside were Jeff's BMW  
K100RS Special Edition, Bruce's  
Gold Wing GL1500, Gordon's  
C14 Kawasaki, and Gary's shiny,  
rumbling H-D FXRS?  
Headquartered at the rustic  
Murphy's Loft, they wisely opted  
for the only combination classic  
roadhouse, good restaurant, and



within drunken walking distance  
(about 100 feet) accommodations  
anywhere near Blakeslee,  
Pennsylvania.



With anticipations stoked  
by visions of mirror-flapping  
Turbo roads in their heads, they  
were here for a week of riding  
northeast Pennsylvania's finest  
roads and they did it – 1200 miles  
worth. On Sunday, they motored  
westward for a Turboville photo  
op followed by a visit to Bill's  
Old Bike Barn in Bloomsburg  
where they received a personal  
tour from (Old) Bill himself.  
Then it was dodging the  
raindrops and into a Dunkin'  
Donuts to wait out the storm and  
a mad dash back to Murphy's for  
Yuenglings (local lager) and  
steaks until the bartender dimmed

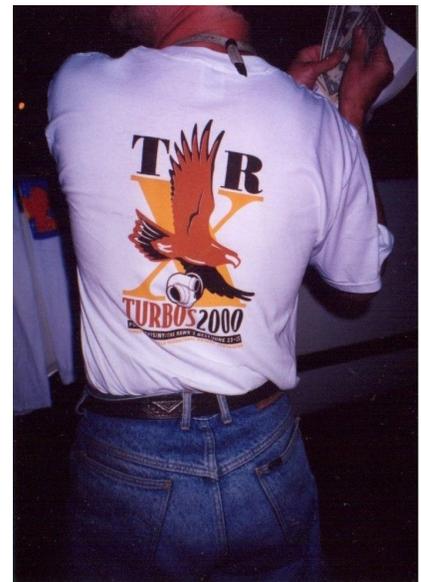


JULY 16-18 2010 BLAKESLEE, PA

the lights to indicate last call.

Monday was rainy, but  
that didn't stop them and they  
enjoyed more of NEPA's  
mountains and valleys. Tuesday  
they ventured north to TRXX's  
(2010) route to Hancock, New  
York followed by a quick jaunt

past Pepacton Reservoir and onto  
Margaretville where they skipped  
lunch just to ride more roads and  
to take NY Route 97 along the  
east side of the Delaware River  
(part of TRX's – Turbos 2000!  
route where John M. and his  
CX500T led the way south  
followed by a few Turbos, a  
GSXR, a Ducati, the Jerzey Boys  
and New York's finest). Then it  
was back to Murphy's for  
Yuenglings and steaks until the  
bartender dimmed the lights to  
indicate last call. Yours truly  
wasn't able to ride with them, but  
joined them for dinner where



tales of a buck jumping over  
Gary's head followed by a cow in  
the road transformed, after a few  
beers of course, into a leaping  
cow and a buck in the road. It  
was decided 4-1 that Gary shall  
forevermore be known as "The  
Cow Whisperer".

On Wednesday, yours  
truly was able to guide the Turbo  
Rallies Revisited group on a 120-  
mile local ride to Jim Thorpe, up  
Broad Mountain, into Weatherly,  
over to Lehig Gorge, through

Hickory Run State Park, past Big Boulder to Jack Frost Mountain, and over to Frances E. Walter Dam. After a stop at the Bear Creek Waterfall, it was an



hour of twisties via Buck Mountain Road into Thornhurst and south onto Locust Ridge Road followed by a short distance on PA Route 940 East to Stony Hollow Road and past Pocono Raceway on Long Pond Road.



There, after much pleading, the Canucks, who apparently don't eat and ride – they just ride, were convinced that it was time to stop

for lunch (at 2:30 pm) and the riders turned onto PA Route 115 North and then South on PA Route 903 to Penn's Peak Restaurant and Roadhouse where they enjoyed a (very) late lunch and one of Pennsylvania's finest overlooks. Then it was back to Murphy's for Yuenglings and



steaks until the bartender dimmed the lights to indicate last call.

On Thursday, the riders opted for a revisit of the last last Turbo Rally XXI's (2011) route north toward Sonestown Inn via PA 87 and 487, among others. Later that day, yours truly joined



them for dinner back at Murphy's for Yuenglings and steaks where tales of a leaping cow and a buck in the road just wouldn't die out until the bartender dimmed the lights to indicate last call.

The next day the Merry Pranksters loaded their trailer and headed north to Ontario, but not before a reported shortage of



Yuenglings in NEPA. Many thanks to the North of the Border Boys for being persistent. It took eight years, but they made it with miles of smiles all around.