

**Turbo Rally XXI -  
The Ice Cream Social**  
July 8-10, 2011  
Blakeslee, PA



A very ominous, very black sky greeted the turbo riders arriving at the Blakeslee Inn on Friday afternoon. Sagas of an hours worth of oversized raindrops, four hours of hard rain, and dodging those black clouds were told more than a few times.



Tim (CX500T) from Maryland was seen drying out his riding (cowboy) boots after enduring rain all the way from Maryland. Dino (CX650T) had the skies open up on him just north of Scranton after missing the turbulent weather all the way from Toronto, and Paul (PC800) was the lucky one to out run it all.

That evening, turbo riders, Jim (Celica GT) from New Jersey, and yours truly along with Mort (FJR1300) and Chris (C14) spun tall boisterous tales and tried not to be kicked out of the motel

as the midnight hour approached. It was then that Robert (C14) from Delaware appeared out of the damp, drizzly, night and soon afterward the days stresses gave way to the overpowering thoughts of a comfortable bed and tomorrow's ride.

On Saturday morning, Jim showed up on his all-black, stealth model CX500T and Tom



(ZX750E) from nearby Stroudsburg joined me and my XJ650L for a ride to the Sonestown Inn for lunch. The 85-mile ride would have us following Horace Greeley's advice as we went west on the backroads through Hickory Run State Park on PA 534, cross-country on a few unmarked roads to Hobbie Mountain where we enjoyed numerous back to back "S" turns and some hairpin corners. Then it was sweet sweepers from Shickshinny to Benton on PA 239.

There, we stopped for refueling and all the riders immediately went into "tire kicking" mode and it took a half-hour to get them restarted (a common occurrence at this event beginning in the motel parking lot that morning). More of those sweet PA 239 sweepers were consumed on the way to Muncy Valley and a short ride up US 220 North to the Sonestown Inn

where a couple of surprises awaited the riders.

We filed into the inn and found we had the place all to



ourselves. Apparently, calling ahead for Turbo Rally reservations, our group of mild mannered Easy Riders were mistaken for those faux outlaws you see wearing new black leather jackets and chaps with dangling chains riding shiny new American V-Twins with loud pipes. Seemingly, all the patrons had cleared out anticipating our arrival.

No sooner had we sat



down, then Steve (ZX750E) from New Jersey and Tony (CX500E) from Pennsylvania walk in. We were hoping Steve had ridden his XN85 so we would have a full slate of factory Turbos



(something we haven't had at a rally in a long time), but we soon learned it wasn't to be (next year?).

We soaked in the cool and dark dining room atmosphere over hot sandwiches and cold beverages after a blue-sky morning that was turning into a warm afternoon.

After an hour and a half of "tire kicking", it was off to Wyoming State Forest's High Knob Overlook and one of the best mountain top vistas in the state. We wound our way to the overlook's entrance only to be turned away by a washed-out road. However, the day was not lost as screams of *"Don't forget the ice cream"*, filled the air and the promised stop in Eagles Mere for some hand-dipped Hershey's was kept.

There we encountered the town's biggest event, their annual Regatta, but much to our relief the crowds were at the lake so we didn't have to elbow anyone aside at the ice cream counter.

At 3:30 p.m. we reversed course down the mountain through Muncy Valley for a return ride along the sweetness of PA 239 where a beat up old pick truck lead us through the twisties at a sporting pace. Apparently he didn't want to be passed and the riders were content to let that truck driver be the bear attractant.

Back in Benton, Steve and Tony needed fuel so an anticipated short stop turned into



another "tire kicking" session - this one lasting forty-five minutes (maybe it's just me, but the older we get the more tire kicking we do).

Then we made like Willy and rode a straight shot to Schickshinny, across the Susquehanna River, and up and over Hobbie Mountain again. Through the sleepy burgs of Drums, Conyngham, and Freeland had us dipping and curving under the majestic overhanging trees in Hickory Run State Forest. The hot, dusty,



riders couldn't resist a stop at the Pocono Tap House for refreshments where large plumes of smoke were emanating from the backyard. Some thought it was a BBQ pit, some thought they were burning leaves, but past Turbo News Editor Steve made us all nervous when he said it looked like the kind of place where they burned Japanese bikes for fun.

Luckily, it was just leaves, but we were told to stop back next week for the Japanese bike burning.

Dinner was at the swanky, for the Poconos, Murphy's Log Cabin Restaurant complete with sun room, under the stars seating, and a covered outdoor pool. We drank and supped to our content or until we were too tired to lift our mugs, whichever came first.

Much to my dismay, there was no late night, in front of the motel, leaned back on chairs, moto discussions. It



seems our advanced ages had overcome the "tire kicking" of our youths. Beds and pillows trumped beers and bikes - a first for any Turbo Rally.

Thanks to everyone who showed up and to all those who expressed an interest, but couldn't make it here. Things were looking a bit grim on Friday evening, but the True Turbo Believers' Spirits shone through and made this another, but somewhat tame, Turbo Rally.