

Still...Keeping Track

Penton Owners Group Newsletter * \$5.00



Outside view of the Penton display at the ISDT Reunion Ride in Massachusetts in October. Standing L to R - Doug Wilford, John Penton, Jim Borer and his son John. John Borer is our member profile for this issue. - photo by Bill Smith

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STILL ...KEEPING TRACK Newsletter of the **PENTON OWNERS GROUP**

The Penton Owners Group is a not for profit corporation chartered in the State of Ohio and an AMA chartered club. Our Federal tax I.D. number is 34-1860635.

The Penton Owners Group was formed to preserve and share the memories and the equipment of a very special time in motorcycle history. The first Penton motorcycle was manufactured in 1967 and the last in 1977. This was a time when the enthusiasm, ambition and creativity of the original Penton group helped shape a new industry and a new generation of dirt bike enthusiasts. Sport and competition motorcycles played a significant role in this motorcycle history. Our aim is to make the Penton Owners Group a source of information about the history of the Penton motorcycle, the Penton Company and it's many dealers, riders and extended family.

The mission of the Penton Owners Group is to enjoy and share all the memories from the past and the events of the future, as Penton motorcycle enthusiasts.

Club officer names and contact information
have been removed from this document.



Still ...Keeping Track is published quarterly by the Penton Owners Group. Annual membership dues is \$20 per year for US residents (\$25 for foreign membership) and includes a subscription to the newsletter which is not available separately. Manuscripts, photos, drawings, etc. are welcome but no payment is made for material submitted, used, or retained. Please keep duplicates of your submissions, as we cannot be responsible for loss or damage.

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All information furnished herein is provided by and for the members of the Penton Owners Group.

The editor of this newsletter is Alan Buehner

The assistant editor is Al Born

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By Alan Buehner

A few years ago, when I was busy working on getting things together for our Penton Feature Marque display for 2000 Vintage Days at Mid-Ohio, Paul Danik made a comment to help me deal with the pressure. He said that there's a lot of work to do now, but once the event is over, you will see that things will be easier. He was right. After that event was over I was able to let off the throttle and cruise along in 4th

gear enjoying the fame and attention that this club has generated so far in it's short 5 year life span.

All of that came to a screeching halt at our September meeting when Ed Youngblood gave his presentation on "what makes a Classic Motorcycle." He laid out ideas and examples of what needs to be done if this club wants to keep the "Penton" name alive and recognizable for future generations. Ed had my full attention during his talk and I realized during it, that I was facing a challenge for this club

to undertake, that makes the time and effort put into the Feature Marque display look like a simple chore.

The challenge for us is to pass the "Penton" brand awareness, loyalty, and passion that we have, on to our grandchildren and their friends, and their grandchildren. As Ed pointed out, the typical collectors of "things" keep collecting. When one of the collectors dies, the collection is bought up by one or more of the club members. This keeps repeating until the collection

becomes concentrated into the hands of fewer and fewer people until it also dies off because no one outside the club knows anything about the history or value of what was being collected.

The drive home after that meeting had my mind buzzing with ideas to try and meet this challenge. It was obvious that kids of today are our target to keep the "Penton" name alive. But, how do you get them interested in "old" bikes when they have computer games and "new" bikes commanding their attention?

The simplistic answer to this question is exposure. Ed presented a variety of different ways to bring this about.

It's not that we have been sitting back on our laurels and not doing anything. The club has been following its mission statement, "to preserve and share the memories and the equipment of a very special time in motorcycle history", from the day that it was formed. We have been very successful so far in attaining and exceeding our goals and having a strong brand awareness and respect in the vintage motorcycle community, but we are in need of directional help to keep us on course to achieve new short and long term goals that must be identified.

At our November meeting, Ed Youngblood again had center stage. He presented the club an outline for creating a strategic plan to guide the POG. After his presentation, a committee was formed to develop this strategic plan which will take approximately 8 months to compile ideas into a plan and present it to the board for approval. During this 8 months your input is needed (see the "Penton Future Project" under LATEST NEWS in this newsletter.

Some of the ideas that have come to my mind are very simple like taking your Penton to a modern MX race and using it as a pit bike to ride around on or just put it on display. Or ride it around your neighborhood

on the streets if it has lights and a current license plate on it. There is a big demand for 250 and 400 Pentons - if you have one or more of these in your collection collecting dust, consider selling or giving it to someone looking for one to race, especially if they don't own a Penton. The next time you see a Penton up for sale, let the other guy who doesn't own one buy it. If you have several enduro bikes, take your son and or grandson out trail riding. These are not just ideas for you to think about, but things that you can start doing right now!

I am very grateful to have a high powered guy like Ed Youngblood as one of our members. He has picked the Penton brand over all the others that he has had exposure during his career and has a commitment to not just attend our monthly meetings but also volunteer his valuable time and expertise to see this club excel.

I would like to personally thank Ted del Solar at this time for his dedication, drive, and enthusiasm. He voluntarily came up with a 2 part story for this newsletter which is the first of its kind for us to print. Ted is doing his share of exposing his Penton for the world to see.

The ISDT/E Reunion Ride was outstanding. The cold wet weather on Saturday couldn't dampen the spirit of this special 30th anniversary of the first time the ISDT was held on US soil in the Berkshires, it only brought back memories from the veteran riders and comments of "this is the way it *really* was."

If you paid attention to the other people in the shadows of Malcolm Smith, the Pentons, Carl Crank, Billy Uhl, Dick Burluson, etc. you could discover other not so famous people who are just as important. I was able to meet Marie Eames (widow of Al Eames), Marcia Lee MacDonald, and Bob Hicks. If you don't know who these people are, you need to get a copy of this year's

program, read the stories in it and pay attention to the authors of the stories. The club purchased extra copies of the program to sell to our members who could not attend the event. These are being sold along with a DVD of the Penton movie of the 1973 ISDT as a special offer with new memberships and membership renewals. The program book and DVD go hand in hand explaining and showing what happened at the 1973 ISDT. See the LATEST NEWS article in this newsletter for more information.

The highlight for me at the reunion was on Sunday afternoon. I had spent Sunday morning manning the Penton display and took a break to watch the motocross races which had started. When I got over to the lower part of the track, a new race had started and I was excited to see a Penton 125 in the lead with the second place bike on his rear wheel and the other four bikes way behind. When they came around for the second lap, the Penton was in the lead with the other bike right on his tail with the others lagging behind. I then noticed that the other bikes were 250's and that had me wondering just who this Penton rider was. He was cooking! On the last lap he got passed but finished right on the other guy's tail.

The Penton rider turned out to be Jeff Penton! That event was the first time in 30 years that he had ridden a motorcycle and he showed everyone that he still has what it takes to be a champion. He was riding brother Jack's bike which was restored by Kip Kern last year.

It was an event that was well worth attending. But, like the 1973 event, it went too fast and you could not be everywhere at once to watch and be involved with what was going on.



MEMBER PROFILE

John Borer

John Borer is one of the founding trustees of the club. I asked him to write a couple of paragraphs for our ISDT Reunion Ride article, specifically to compare it with the other reunion rides that he participated in. What he wrote was too long for what I needed, but it was too good to edit. So, I asked him to write a few more paragraphs and he would be our "member profile" for this newsletter. Being a "newcomer" to off road riding, he brings an interesting perspective that I hope you will enjoy.

The Beginning

(The things I remember)

First there was a bright light and then some guy grabbed me, held me upside down and smacked me on my ...well, maybe that's a little too far back. I can remember the first time my dad gave me a ride on his 1955 R50 BMW. I think I was all of two or so (1964). He put me on the gas tank and we rode through the fruit trees on our little farm...I was hooked. Our family has always been around motorcycles of some sort, from my mom riding my dad's old NSU that he used when riding the Jackpine enduro (he came in second in his class in 1959...beat JP), to my grandfather and the many bikes and tales he's had over the years.

My first taste of dirt was on a little Honda 50. Your know, one of those "you meet the nicest people on" bikes. My brother picked it up from some buddy of his and we rode the heck out of it in the back pasture. We thought we were cool, I was all of nine at the time. As time went on, for some reason my brothers and I were lured away from the evils of motorcycles and the bodily injuries they can cause, by the sinister organization...the Boy Scouts! ...this probably saved my knees.

Sliding up a few years, I have always been around motorcycles, but they have been more of the street variety. It wasn't until I started going

to the AMA Vintage Days in 1992, at Powell Speedway, that I got the vintage bug. I picked up a 1960 BMW and was happy as a clam. THEN IT HAPPENED! Dale Barris, who bought John Penton's old Honda Dealership, invited me to go riding down in southern Ohio one Memorial Day weekend. Now you have to understand that this is the first time that I had ever been on a modern dirt bike ...aww...ooh...#*&%...oh sss*** ...oh yeah...cool... I was hooked on dirt again.

Modern bikes are great to ride, but they make you a lot better then you may be. With all that suspension and maneuverability, all it takes is "a twist of the wrist"...well that's what I thought. The next year I found myself on the side of a hill, flat on my back, with a clutch lever stuck in my leg. "Call the squad, call the squad" is a phrase that I was misquoted in saying, but will always be reminded of at the bike shop.

The ISDT Reunion Ride

(The thing I remember the best).

I remember the first time I saw the advertisement for the second ISDT reunion ride held in Arkansas. The only thing that went through my head was "I had to ride that event... and where can I get a bike". This was a chance to ride with my heroes; names I had grown up with, but never realized how important they were to the sport.

I quickly found a 74 Penton 250 at Dale's Honda shop. The bike was literally hanging on a wall as a display. I dusted it off, gassed it up, and off I went! Boy, was I in for a surprise, and boy, was I green.

My wife Patty and I set off for Arkansas... 18 hours and 4 wrong turns later we were there. After seeing how mountainous the countryside was on my drive down, I was a bit concerned that I had bitten off more than I could chew. Leroy Winters assured me the trail was easier than the year before and I would do just

fine. Well add in some rain, an unfamiliar bike, a greenhorn like me and you have the makings for a very interesting ride. The trails were tight (bark busters were a must), muddy, rocky, and steep. With my riding skills at the time, well, lets just say if you ever see the book called "Monkey Butt", that's me on the cover! At the end of the weekend and a dozen or so spark plugs, I DNF'd both days. Two years later, I would figure out that the Motoplat was going bad. I didn't receive a medal, but for some reason my wife had a baby girl nine months later (there must be something in that Arkansas water).

The next year I headed down to Arkansas alone, but there was another big difference, the passing of Leroy Winters. He was a man that went out of his way to make you feel like one of the family and personified the ideals of the motorcycle sportsman. I know Leroy was riding with us that weekend. The weather was great, the trails were laid out to accommodate vintage bikes, the Motoplat on my bike never gave me a moments trouble, and I finished with a silver medal... "thanks Leroy".

The fourth ISDTR in 2000 I wasn't as lucky. I finally figured out that my Motoplat was bad. I can tell you it's no fun being towed back to camp in the middle of the morning on the first day... but, I was in luck! Ted del Solar offered me the use of his spare Hare-scrambler bike. After Ted explained a few of the bike's quirks, I was off to the races. I had one heck of a time. I received a bronze medal. Thanks Ted!

They changed things a little, and moved the fifth reunion ride to St. Joe ORV Park south of St. Louis, Missouri. Do you remember "Desert Storm"? Well, that's what Friday felt like, windy and cold! We set off on Saturday morning walking our frost covered bikes out of the impound to the starting line. I can't tell you how many bikes didn't start, but mine did... on the first kick - thank you...

it's a Penton. (If it doesn't start on the first kick something's wrong with it). The trails varied in difficulty from the rock quarry (you never saw so many square edged rocks - most of which would pitch you and the bike any which way, but it was usually to the ground...ouch!) to the sand flats that felt more like the Bonneville Salt Flats (we were supposed to keep the speed down in that area, yea right!). Riding the power lines reminded me of enduros of years past. All in all, I thought the trails were great (tacky, challenging, and open), although a number of riders thought it was a bit tight. I told them they should have been down in Arkansas, now that was tight.

On Sunday just before I had to ride the grass track motocross, they brought my dad in on the back of a bike. He had wrapped his bike around a tree and banged up his right leg. Dad still made me go out and ride the motocross. Boy, was mom going to be miffed when we got home, and after the 12 hour drive home, I was right. Oh, I almost forgot to say, later that Monday afternoon, my wife took him to the doctors. He had 15 fractures of the tibia and fibula at the knee... ouch! I received a Gold medal. Thanks Dad!

Warmer and muddier, that's what I remember most about the sixth ISDT reunion. It was again held at the St. Joe ORV Park, but it had gotten a lot wetter. Gone were the high winds, replaced with some unexpected obstacles...the power lines. There had been a few races that really rutted up the power line trail so the trail was disked-up. Unfortunately the recent rains turned it into a mud slide. I dropped a bunch of minutes that afternoon when I sheared off my right foot peg. Would you believe the only spare I had was for the right side? Lucky me! I finished with a bronze and was very thankful.

Dalton, Massachusetts, the home of the 1973 ISDT and now home to the 2003 ISDTRR, what can you

say...cool. You couldn't have asked for a better Friday check-in, sunny and dry. You could tell by walking around that they had quite a bit of rain in the past few days and we were set to have some fun in the mud. Hey! Did I just see the Penton boys walk by? I have never seen so many vintage riders and vets... very cool!

Saturday morning was a whole different day, cold and wet. I pushed my trusty 250 to the start and waited for my minute. Most of the riders were having no problem starting their bikes, and of course mine fired up on the first kick, it's a Penton. The routes we were using were very reminiscent of those used in 1973 - popping in and out of the woods, riding on paved, gravel and dirt roads... and the mud! the mud made you feel just like you were back in 1973. Take a look at the pictures in that "ISDT Olympics of Motorcycling" book you have hidden away... yup, looked just like that! At the lunch break back at the farm, you could look over on the hillside and see the grass track motocross where riders are being timed... "hey, why is there three riders starting out at the same time? Hey, it's the Penton boys dicing it... cool."

Just after lunch, they sent us back into the woods and back into the mud. Guess what? I bent another right foot peg, dang OEM's. A quick field repair and I was back on the trail (would you believe the only spare foot peg I brought again was the right side?). By the end of the day, I didn't have a dry piece of clothing left. Soon after getting off the trail, one of the workers said that every rider she saw was covered with mud, but each was smiling ear-to-ear. She seemed a little perplexed. I leaned over and said, "crazy people tend to smile a lot".

Sunday, boy I'm glad I packed extra gear, because nothing really dried out in the hotel that night. You should have seen the bikes, they were muddy and a few less in number than the day before. At the start my bike

kicked over on the first try, but there were a lot of riders ahead of me on the trail that picked up penalty points for not starting in their given minute. We only had to do about 40 miles, but I should have been riding a little hotter before hitting the woods. The trail took us through some mud whoops, water hazards, nasty rocks and just on the other side was a checkpoint! Dang, I dropped 4 minutes, but I finished the day, and drier than I was the day before. I received a Silver medal.

Each reunion ride is an individual experience and just as good as the other, and there is not one thing that I would do different. Well, with the exception to my dad's leg. If it wasn't for the forethought of people like Leroy Winters and Dick Mann, the clubs putting on these events (the Razorback Riders, Missouri Mudders, and Pathfinders), the support of the Winters family, and so many others, this event would never happen. For this I say thank you... thank you from someone that just loves to ride and loves the sport.



John and his daughter, Halley, on grandpa Jim's 1958 NSU.

Glenmorr Gathering of Significant Automobiles

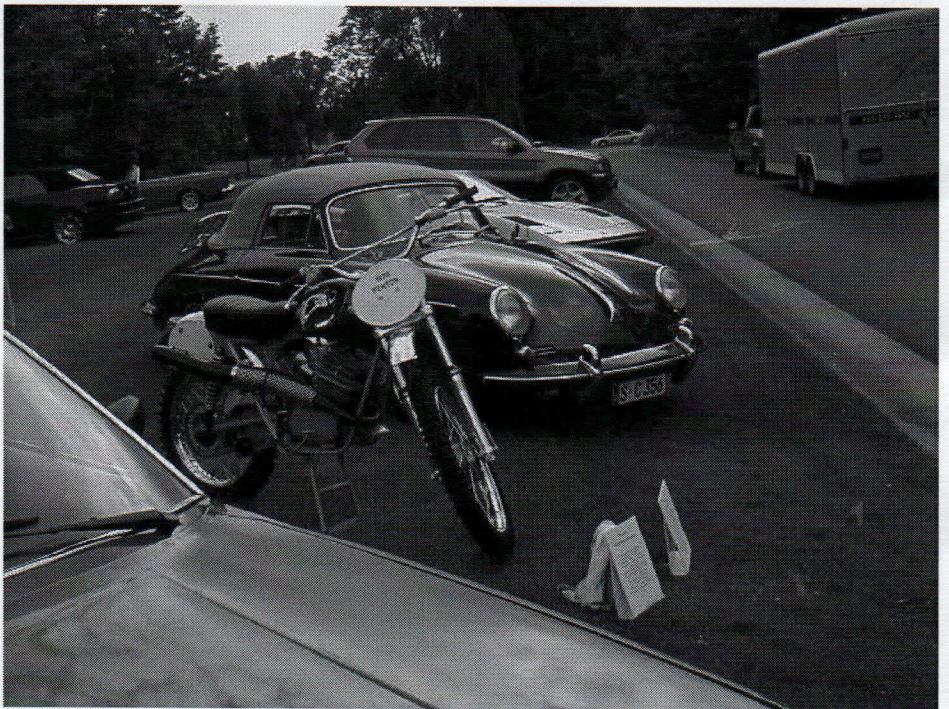
by Doug Wilford

Al Buehner approached me at the Vintage Motorcycle Days in July, saying that a man had left him an application form for the "Glenmorr Gathering of Significant Automobiles" (whatever that is?). The man wanted to know if there was a chance that whom ever owned the Penton on display, with the blue/chrome gas tank, would be willing to show it at their Gathering (event) on September 13-14th 2003 at the Glenmorr Country Club in Canton, Ohio. I had two choices, begin a new chapter in my motorcycling adventures or just bypass it and let it go. To display a Dirt Bike at a sophisticated car show was just too big of a challenge to bypass.

Before filling out the form for invitation, I called and asked a few questions. I found that this event is similar in format to the famous "Pebble Beach Gathering of Significant Automobiles" with an awards drive-by preview, etc. (pretty much first class, I thought), and all exhibitors are by invitation only. So I sent the form and I wondered if I would get the invitation. I did receive the invitation, and learned later that they had turned away about two hundred applications.

I do not think I would have had the nerve to take on this adventure 30 years ago. Even now it was a challenge. Not knowing what to expect, such as what to wear, accommodations, expectations from the organization, etc. Lots of unknown factors, which you know will work out, but hopefully without embarrassing anyone or ourselves.

All pre-event instructions dealt with displaying cars in trailers or cars taking the countryside tour, not for a motorcycle in the back of a van. An open display was to be held on Saturday on the front lawn of the Country Club (see first photo). This



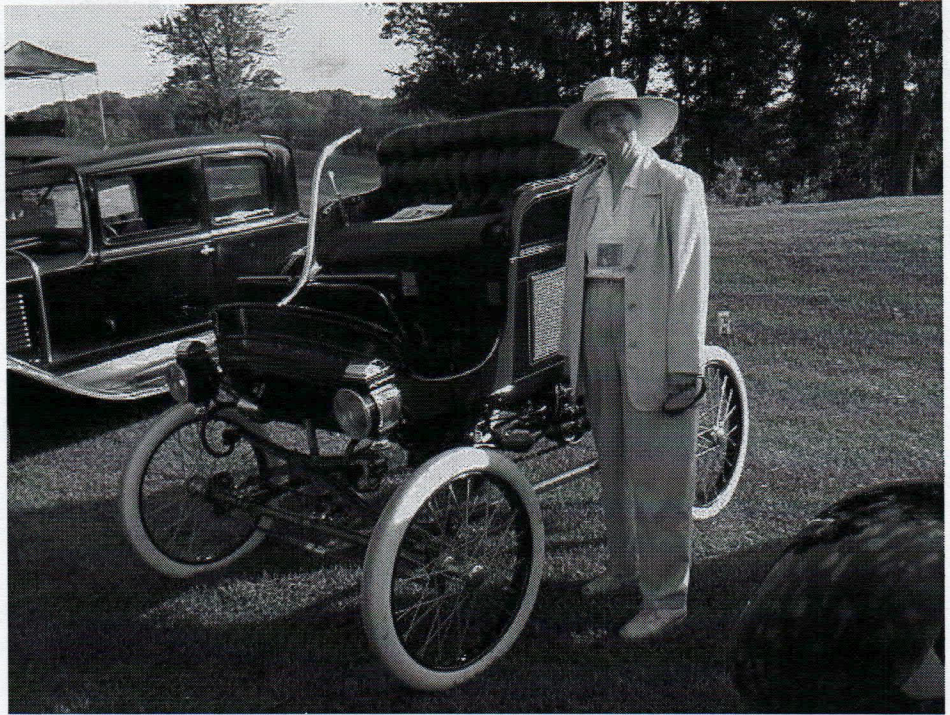
was the only time I could display any signage with the history of the bike. I parked the bike next to a red Ferrari, trying to make a good background for the Penton. Then a beautiful 1964 blue Porsche Spider cabriolet parked next to me and the Penton was in good company for the rest of the day (see second photo). On Sunday, the same front lawn was filled with Ferraries, only about 80 of them.

After parking the Penton in it's designated spot on Sunday, my wife Dot and I took a walk to look at all the beautiful old cars. It is hard to say "Old Cars" when most look better than showroom new. The third photo shows her favorite. Of course she kind of liked the 1979 Rolls Royce Silver Shadow II and the Cord and the 300SL Gull Wing and etc., etc.

Most of the cars were displayed on the Golf Driving range of the Country Club and with the hills and contour of the land it was a spectacular view from where the motorcycles were displayed (on the upper tee of the range).

The Penton won a red, second place ribbon in the motorcycle class (see fourth photo), and I was thrilled. There were only 9 motorcycles displayed, two from the AMA Heritage Hall of Fame Museum (which were magnificent), an original unrestored Indian Hill climber, a 1920 something Triumph, a restored Cleveland (which looked great), and an unrestored WW1 Harley that a guy rode in on. The few bikes that were there were very nice! The first place went to a 1949 Harley Davidson which the original owner, Arthur Caldwell of Burgettstown, Pa, had ridden to the show. Third Place went to a 1964 Cushman Silver Eagle owned by Ken Moravek of Medina, Ohio.

The wife (Dot) and I enjoyed the weekend. the cars were beautiful, the site was beautiful, the weather was beautiful and the Gathering Committee did an excellent job. It would be fun to return next year and go for the Blue Ribbon.



"TIMERS MOMENTS"

A Penton on the MCCCT

part I

by Ted del Solar

My wife Connie has called this "Ted's Dream of a Lifetime", son Bruce said, "The Great Adventure" and daughter Linda added - "go for it Dad". First class support all the way.

"Timer" is a nickname that never caught on and I've decided to use it because I've liked it since eight years of age. It was given to me by my Godmother and in honor of her, I intend to use it in my writing. The moments will be many as I continue on the trail of life. The Penton is of course my friend, companion, teacher and riding partner for 20 some years, a '77 250 GS6. "MCCCT" stands for Michigan Cross Country Cycle Trail. This trail is an arch in the lower peninsula with bases on M-61 (Michigan State route 61) east of the city of Gladwin and on M-20 west of the city of White Cloud with the apex near the city of Indian River.

One challenge for myself and another for the Penton were only part of why I decided to make this ride. I also saw it as a vacation to ride alone with no time restraints, as in an enduro or adjusting to others as in trail riding. There was also a belief that I can accomplish many things I set out to do. My intention was that the belief would not be in vain. There is also a reason you are reading this. I wanted to help Al Buehner with something for "StillKeeping Track". A subject is required and what could be better than a Penton story. The MCCCT was only a partial stranger to me so I checked with some riders that had been on it recently and got their opinions on what I could expect. The next thing was to get the Michigan ORV Trail System maps put out by the Cycle Conservation Club of Michigan, some Department of Natural Resources maps that are larger and have more detail and county maps that the trail

goes through. All I had to do now was figure where to have gas stops that Connie could get to easily and still be about 60 miles apart. Since we don't camp out, motels for the night had to be considered. Dreamer that I am, my figuring was based on 12 hour days at 15 MPH. The bike requirements for riding the MCCCT are an ORV sticker and a license plate for highway use.

Wednesday - Day 1

On August 27, 2003 at 6:52 AM, I faced my fears and lived my dream. The sky was starting to lighten and the orange and black 4 inch equilateral triangles that mark the trail were not easy to see. It took a little adjusting as the area around the parking lot is well trailed out. Although the crossing of M-61 was but half a mile away, it took me four minutes to get there. Once north of M-61, I settled in to enjoy my ride and soon found my natural rhythm, which included checking markers at anything that looked like a trail junction. There are connectors for shorter loops of the ORV trail that will put you back to the starting point - not my intention. I would see deer and squirrels going off in all directions as wet branches gave me their water and drops would form on my visor. The sun was getting higher and in open areas it's warmth was a comfort. I was in euphoria, going through the woods of Michigan on my gravel spitter. In my first hour I covered 13.1 miles. Although this is below my estimate of averaging 15 MPH, you don't start at the top of the ladder. Somewhere along the way, a branch or vine caught my neck and gave me a rash that was still visible 2 weeks later. At the north part of the Gladwin ORV Loop, the MCCCT continues on a small gravel road. As I cruised along at 35 to 40 MPH, a bee nailed me on the left jaw and that swelling lasted a few days. You enjoy the ride but there are consequences to be paid. A pickup approaching was my first contact with any vehicles since the start. We both stopped and had a short visit during

which the driver told me Connie was up ahead waiting for me. That was my first gas stop - 19.2 miles at 8:12 AM.

The chase trip for Connie to that point was easy and uneventful. She had maps showing my route, county maps highlighted with her route and a route sheet I had made up that gave the fine points. Finding the exact place I would come out of the woods was not always easy, so she had to do some turning around and question asking at times. This of course gave her the chance to tell what I was up to. She was in her glory!

After the Penton and I took on fuel, it was off for about 20 miles of easy back roads riding before getting to the woods again. It was only easy to a point. At a right turn there were markers and a 6x8 inch black and white turn arrow. Two miles later the road ended in thick brush and locked, private drives on both sides. I doubled back to the last marker I could find. I checked my map and came to the conclusion that plowing into the brush was the way to go. Plow I did and I found signs of a narrow 2 track. There were water holes, logs, deer drinking and high grass. It was slow and cautious going. Too slow when I stalled in a hole and had the rear tire buried in mud with the bike at about a 30 degree angle. It was my hunch that another bike had not been through there all season. That part can be easily bypassed on M-30.

At the Roscommon county line I stopped to chat with a road grading crew having a break. They asked about the Penton - it always draws attention - and we had a pleasant talk covering the ride and what was ahead. The 2 track started at mile 42 and by 46.2 it was a complete new trail section. It was too new for the triangular markers, but pink ribbons did a fine job. I could see where a quad had knocked down the grass and I was able to follow the trail in 2nd gear most of the time. In some spots a tight 180 around a bushy tree, 1st gear was a must. The quiet and pleasure of this new trail came to an

end shortly before going under Interstate 75 at 54 miles at 10:46 AM. Back on established trail again, mother nature had managed to put a tree across the trail at mile 57.5. This required scouting right and left on foot to determine the best way around. Little did I know at the time that I would become an expert two days later. Although it was a slight delay, the deal was not that big. At 59.2 miles there was the junction of what is called the Cross Connector. This runs from St. Helens to Fife Lake and gives options for riding the MCCCT.

After going through Ogemaw Hills Trails I knew the MCCCT would cross Fairview Road three times north of West Branch. Since all road crossings are not marked by name, you don't know for sure which one you are at. When the trail came out on a blacktop, seeing nothing to indicate otherwise, I turned left. Another blacktop soon joined on the right, both are marked. A check of names, map and sun told me that I'd missed a turn and cut about 2 miles off of the MCCCT trail. To say I did not ride the complete arch of the MCCCT is correct. However, no one has said it diminishes what I eventually accomplished.

Not long after this, I was cruising along a two lane bulldozed road and after a while got the feeling something was wrong. I did a 180 and, playing detective, soon spotted a yellow sign in the woods. Checking things out, I eventually found a trail marker. The next thing I know, I'm at Ambrose Lake parking area and no signs or markers. A highway crew steers me to the stop sign crossing Fairview Road. I arrive there, look left, look right and 50 yards away I see the Chevy van, Connie, and a rider with his bike parked in the road. This was not a scheduled gas stop but I logged in at 82.1 miles at 1:15 PM.

Going through West Branch was familiar for Connie as we've been there many times over the years. She went north on Fairview road, did not see the first two crossings but spotted

the third and waited. The sound of a bike told her it wasn't the Penton. It turned out to be an XR Honda. The rider asked if she needed help and of course her glory came forth. When asked who her husband was, his reaction was - "You mean Young Ted?" I had to ask his name and on hearing Bob Stepanian, it brought back memories. He rode enduros when I kept points for that District 14 division. The feeling of meeting such people in the middle of nowhere is beyond description. In our visit he explained about new trails and poor marking, advising me to skip the 300 yard mess in that corner. Later in the day I found out from Ron Sape, original owner of my gravel spitter, that new trail was being put in and the old markers had been taken down. "Shades of the backwards motorcycle." Ron took the blame and apologized.

There wasn't much excitement after crossing Rose City Road. The trails in this area see a lot of use and are well established. It is at times like this that my mind is doing double duty. You have to pay attention to what is around you and keep the right wrist coordinated accordingly. On the other hand I'm thinking of many assorted subjects, such as what I've done during the day and how I'm going to write this. When it comes right down to it, I'm simply recalling thoughts now and putting them down on paper. I don't know if anyone else does this and I certainly can't tell you why or how I do it.

It wasn't long before I found myself on a blacktop at a junction and no markers. There were houses nearby so I figured it would be easy to ask directions. The asking was easy but the man couldn't show me on the map where his house was or in what direction the road went. Had I followed my hunch, I would have found markers sooner on my own. Was fatigue starting to set in? Could be, because I was looking forward to crossing M-72 and was getting thirsty. Thinking I

could get by OK, I did not carry anything to drink or eat on the trail. As is said - learn the hard way - and I did. At 116.5 miles at 5:21 PM I finally crossed M-72.

Some pleasant trails, two tracks and gravel roads soon brought me to the Muskrat Lake parking area at 6:50 at 137 miles. What a welcome sight the van was. This would be the end of riding for day one. I had planned on doing bike maintenance next so as to get an earlier start in the morning. All I wanted to do was load the bike and move out. Let the maintenance go until morning when fresh and full alert.

Connie's ride up was rather easy but also amusing. She was to stop at the Mio Motel on the way and get a room. That was easy enough and visiting with the owner was enough to get a discount. When his directions to Muskrat Lake didn't match the ones I had for her, he called his son. Lo and behold, the son said exactly what I had written down for Connie. However, she missed the entrance to the parking area and had to make a tricky turn around on the gravel road. This is the reason I opted not to use the trailer.

Thursday - Day 2

August 28th saw me on the trail at 7:15 AM. This was a familiar area as I had been riding here the previous October. About two hours along the trail, signs of an earlier heavy rain began to appear. An X sign on a tree, the standard danger sign for enduros, brought me to a halt. The area was somewhat flat logged over 2nd growth with larger trees along the edges. The danger I saw ahead of me was real. The trail went down a hill that was washed out into a canyon. One part was about 18 inches wide and had an 18 inch vertical drop into it. A four foot bank on one side made it a definite trap I was staying away from. My decision was to bull dog down the left side through grass and saplings. Should the bike get away from me, I would be away from the canyon. That danger sign was the only one I saw,

but it was in the right place. The MCCCT can be, and is ridden by many on dual sport bikes. It is not the equivalent of enduro event trail, only close in some places.

At 166.9 miles I left the Hunt Creek Loop behind and continued north on rarely used, but established, single track. Here again it was a time when I'm in extra thinking mode. You have to keep thinking, as when in the presence of extraordinaire chain pullers, Paul Danik and Doug Wilford. Let your guard down and you are sure to be yanked. Shortly after crossing M-32 west of the city of Atlanta, I was on gravel road winding through trees when a lake appeared on my left. The sun was bright, the air calm and I stopped to "drink in" the peace and serenity. Out on the lake were two fishermen enjoying what I was, but of their own choice of avocation. This is part of my battle to keep public land open to all. A few more miles of two track and I met Connie at the M-33 crossing north of Atlanta. It was 11:30 AM at mile 188.4.

By now we were experienced at meeting for fuel and food. This did not remove Connie's fears that something might happen to me on the trail. She could only know approximately where I would be. Up to this point I had not met another rider out in the woods or even seen tire tracks. I know there is an axiom that says never ride alone. My answer to this is that if you have never broken a rule, fault me, otherwise, maintain silence.

Not a stones throw from leaving M-33, I had to come to a stop. Mother nature had dropped a tree across the trail, so it was the routine again. I didn't get going on the trail enough to settle in and it was halt for another tree. Later I learned a good sized storm had been through the area on the previous Monday. Things behaved OK as I was going through elk country. Didn't see any, just plenty of black squirrels. The MCCCT is part of ORV trails and routes in the area, so it gets a reasonable amount of use. At one point

I missed the trail and got on the route. I realized the mistake right away and doubled back to the two track where I met two riders. The greeting was- "Are you still riding that Penton". Under helmets and goggles I could not recognize who they were and it was obvious they knew me. As soon as they gave me their names, Paul Hibbard and Mike Hempstead and said the Preparation H team, the lights went on. I remembered them from my points keeping days. The team name comes from the members surnames all starting with H. They were checking trail for an event and would be returning on the MCCCT after reaching M-33. I told them Connie would be there waiting for me, and we went on our separate ways. Sure enough, we met again before I got to M-33. They told me Connie would be on the trail to get a picture of me doing a wheelie down the hill. No way.

The 10 mile drive up M-33 was a snap for Connie and she had no trouble finding the trail crossing. Like many things in life, you get better the more you do it. Since this was not a scheduled gas stop, I didn't figure an estimated time of arrival and "Preparation H" showed up about the time she started to wonder where I was. I arrived at 2:26 at mile 211.6. While going over the recent events, a pickup pulls in beside the Penton and the driver starts a conversation. He had spotted the bike and turned around to come back. A Penton in use always draws attention. I am well aware of this and also very proud of it. "Thank you," John Penton for making the best sport motorcycle ever to see a trail. In a way, the bike and I were on the biggest test of our lives. We've been together so long and through so much, you could say we're like an old shoe. Yes, I also talk to the gravel spitter when starting the engine, riding along and at the end of a day or ride. Me crazy? No argument.

On the west side of M-33 you pick up Canada Creek Highway and I had been warned things were not well

marked. Taking it slow and looking for markers, I found none. I checked out a good looking two track, but not the right way. Finally stopped a local couple on small Honda's and asked for help. They thought they knew where there were markers, so I turned around and followed. Success was at hand as I waved thanks and carried on. A winding two track with some puddles, some single track, back across Canada Creek and we're on the way to the city of Tower for gas. I'm cruising on a 3 mile straight gravel road, still south of Tower when I see the van at a corner. Something happened so I log in anyway at mile 230.4 at 4 PM.

A storm in the area was enough to take out the bridge on M-33 in Tower. The route sheet for Connie didn't cover unknown detours and she couldn't get to the roads I had given her for the gas stop. A lady at a store called her husband, who worked for the county, and got directions on how to get to where I would be. All kinds of help is readily available. In the short time I spent gassing up, 2 or 3 vehicles stopped to check if we needed help. One of the men knew about the trail and where it went. He told me the only bad spot might be where beavers cause some flooding.

A few back roads of this and that north of M-33 and 68 and it was back into the woods on single track through 2nd growth. Some degree of fatigue was setting in so I took it slow and was looking forward to get to M-33 for a cruise into the city of Indian River. However, a tree across the trail tested my coordination., to go right or left would require getting over many downed trees on a hillside. The depressed trail put the top of the trunk some 18 inches high. No thanks. By getting off the trail I would have only 8 inches of trunk to go over. The front wheel did fine until it hit a log and stopped me straddling the trunk. I simply didn't turn the bars left far enough to clear the log. As I moseyed along the single track, the beaver flooding had me wondering how much

mud there would be. I was in no mood for even the slightest amount. It turned out the meaning of the word "bad" depends on the speakers "point of view." All the flooding turned out to be was puddles on a two track. Duck soup for an enduro rider. After getting to M-33, it was all back roads to the I-75 crossing on M-68. The side roads around Indian River got me to the trail head on Straits Highway south of town at 6:21 PM at mile 268.8. It was the scheduled end of the day, but no van in sight.

This was just a minor thing. Connie had stopped in town to load up with gas and get a room at a motel. The trail head was about a mile away but I had put it down as Wilson Road and there was only a "White Road". To make sure it was the right place, she doubled back to check mileage and that's when I showed up.

.... to be continued.

TOP PHOTO:

Three members of the team - Ted, Connie, and Davie "The Gravel Spitter".



MIDDLE PHOTO:

Ted's bike at Debchamps Lake on day 2.

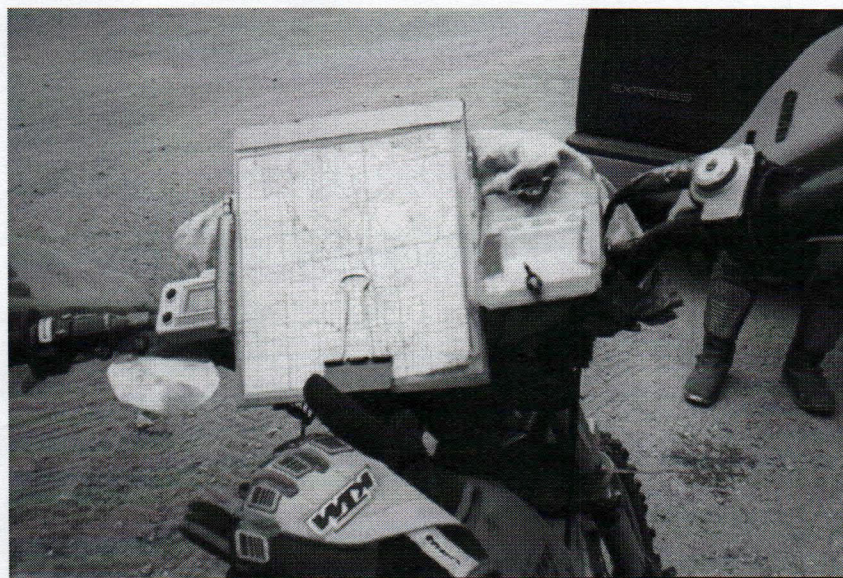


BOTTOM PHOTO:

The guide and control panel on Ted's bike - an ICO odometer on the left and clock on the right.

A detailed (county) map book of the MCCCT is available for members of the Cycle Conservation Club of Michigan for info call - (517) 569-9999

A "Michigan's Off Road Vehicle Guide" provides detailed explanation of ORV laws and indicates where to obtain maps of the ORV trail system. Annual ORV licenses are \$16.25. Call the DNR at (517) 335-3272 or check with a participating ORV dealership to obtain a copy of the guide or buy a license.



Views of the 2003 ISDTRR

The following comments are from a some of the people who attended this year's ISDT reunion ride in Massachusetts.

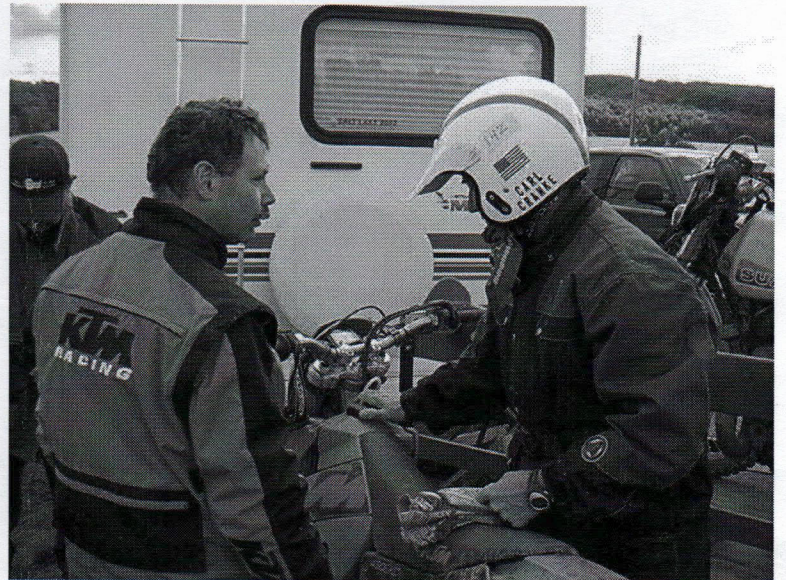
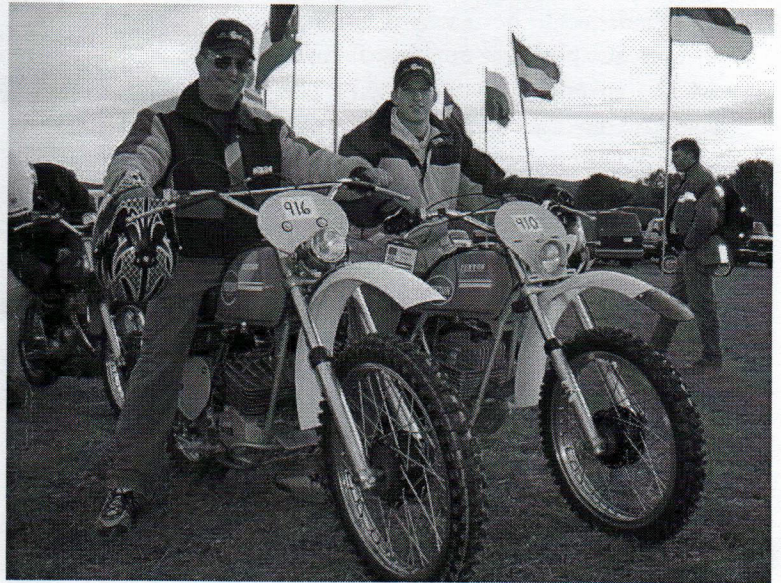
Doug Wilford

Back to the Berkshires of Mass, for a trail ride! That alone was enough to get me excited. This years "Leroy Winters annual ISDTRR", plus the 30th Anniversary of the 1973 IDST, made for the best attendance (so far) of ISDT/E Veterans and an unbelievable atmosphere, set on the picturesque farm of Jim Hoellerich and family. Dot and I spent 5 days and nights in the original Hoellerichs' farmhouse at the center of most of the activities, thanks to the invitation of Jim. We went to Cheshire early (Wednesday) to help Jim finish the clean up of his Museum which he had just had an addition added to. When we got there, he was emptying his last dust pan of dirt, leaving nothing left to be done except to look around in awe at all the neat stuff he has in his museum. A "must see" place if you are ever in the weteren part of Massachusetts.

The excitement was beginning, Don Stover and his wife was already here from California. They arrived the week before with their camper, and a couple of others had dropped their trailers and were staying in town and visiting the surrounding areas. We helped Jim put the International flags up by the Parc Ferme and the farmhouse. I scouted out a place for the POG Display, but there was not much else to do until some of the Pathfinders showed up. Dot had already started to make friends with Jim's brother Roy and his wife Flossie who are still running the dairy farm, about 100 head of cows to milk at 5:30 AM and PM.

I will let the others tell about the trail ride and the event. Dot and I had so much fun, meeting just about all of the Hoellrich family, visiting with a lot of people we haven't seen in thirty years, staying in the old farm house, and keeping our dog Coco from chasing the cats through the dairy barn. Each day Roy would ask me if Coco had gotten her exercise for the day yet (kind of a polite way to say it is okay as long as she doesn't catch any of the cats).

Staying in the house with us was Ed Youngblood, Bill Berroth and his son from California, Charlie Vincent and his son from Maine, Paul Busick got a room without a bed and Friday evening Al Buehner and Bob Wardlow joined us using the sitting room. Camp Sargent, (house Mom) Dot, had to make a few house rules about dirty feet, muddy clothes and not letting the dog out, but we all enjoyed our stay and the 5:30 AM Dukin Doughnuts and coffee that Roy and Flossie would bring before getting to their chores.



Paul Danik

Can it really be thirty years since we rode in Dalton? I asked myself that question numerous times as we headed to the ISDT reunion. Back then the bikes were hauled to Dalton from Amherst in a tractor trailer, this time I had my bike in my trailer and Judy and Chad were with me. This time was also different as Chad was riding in the event on his Jackpiner. The one constant for me was my bike. I was going to ride the same 125 Penton in the reunion ride as I had ridden in the 1973 ISDT.

As we made the turn onto the road that the Hoellerich farm is located, I knew this event was going to be spectacular. The banners and flags that surrounded the main activities area created a feeling of pageantry and excitement, just as the Parc Ferme area did in 1973. The mix of machines was just incredible, Jawa, Rokon, Triumph, BSA, Husky, Penton and many other marques were represented and a good many looked as good as the new machines did in 73.

If you came to the reunion wanting to get the real "feel" of the 73 event, you had your wish come true. On Saturday morning it really rained. The rain really made the riding more difficult, but it also rained in 73. Being an off road rider is like being a lucky tourist who gets to see areas that the "normal" tourist never gets to see. No, I don't mean the endless mud holes and ever present rocks of New England, I speak of the forest ponds with the stone overflows, the old foundations of long ago family homesteads, and large Hemlocks and Pines that we weave through. A lucky bunch we are!!!

In 73 I was in awe at being in an event with riders that were my heroes and the reunion ride was no different. It was great to see not only the guys who rode the event back then, but also the guys who have always supported the sport but were never able to ride in an ISDT event. These guys call themselves the "wannabees", but to me they are the strength of this event and the vintage movement in general.

A big thanks goes out to the Pathfinders for all of their efforts. I am sure that Al Eames was smiling down on this whole group who came together to relive the past. Who knows, he may have requested the rain!

Al Born

I am sure that I will always have many good memories of the 2003 Leroy Winters Six-Day Reunion Ride held in Cheshire, Mass. The farmland setting used for home-base was absolutely

Photos by Bill Smith

Facing page - Top - Paul Danik (left) and his son Chad, on their Penton motorcycles, Friday afternoon before impounding them.

Middle - Jack Penton checking with Carl Cranke to see if he was satisfied with the KTM Carl was riding.

Bottom - L to R - Al Born and the Penton boys, Tom, Jack, and Jeff.

This page - Top - Mark Annan (MO.) on the oldest Penton ridden at this and the past 2 events. He finished with a Silver medal.

Bottom - Kip Kern at the start line (Saturday) showing off a starting technique that he learned from Ted del Solar.



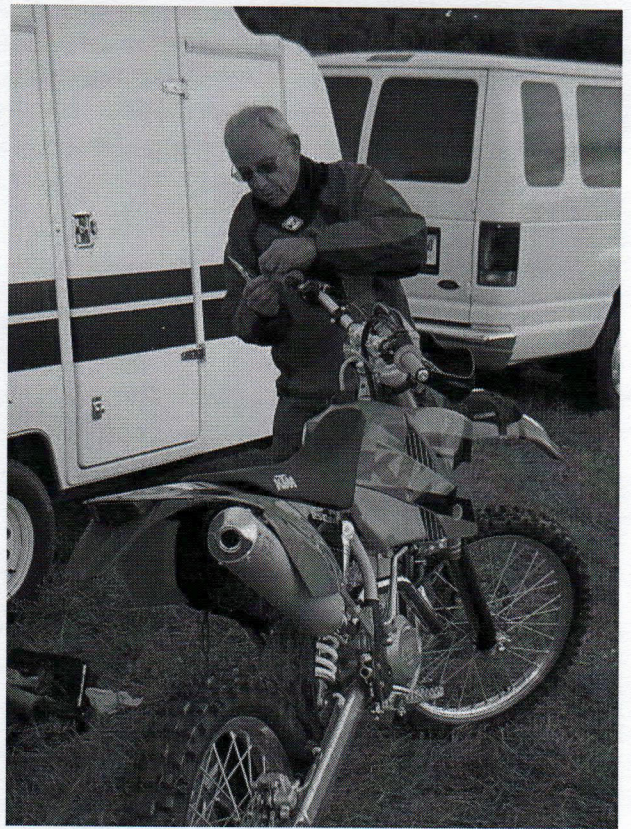
beautiful with the grass looking more like it was May than October. It was a perfect set-up with the large hillside pasture field, which was used for the Moto-cross, that had fantastic viewing, located across the road from the Parc Ferme, starting line, registration, display and food service areas. The ride seemed to have been very well organized by the Pathfinders Motorcycle Club. It was plain to see that there had much planning and work done in order to make the ride, including the "Special Tests", the banquet, the program and the displays, such a special event. I really liked all the flags that were flying in the starting and parking areas.

Luckily, it was not very cold on Saturday because it rained the entire day, but no one rally seemed to mind as everyone was smiling. I am sure that the nice setting, including Jim Hollerich's museum and the good food prepared by the local Fire Department helped keep everyone in such a good mood. I feel that we all should be very thankful to Jim for opening up his farm for this event. His pretty fields got cut up pretty bad and when I made a remark to Jim about that on Sunday, he just grinned and said that he would run his disk over the rutted areas and then throw some grass seed down and by this time next year no one would ever know there had been any ruts in his fields. What an unselfish attitude!!!

It was a pleasure getting to see and visit with Leroy's family once again, as well as many other friends. Likely, the memory that will be the most touching for me was a statement that Jack Penton made to me on Saturday morning at the end of the timed "Cross Country Test". After the three Penton boys came through the check, we did some adjustment on Jack's brakes and I ran over to our truck and got a bottle of water for Tom as he wasn't wearing a "Camel-Pack". In the meantime, I asked Jack if he was having fun. His reply was that he sure was, but he said he was having trouble seeing. I asked him if it was because of the raindrops and he grinned at me and said, "no Al, its because of the tear-drops in my eyes, because it is so much fun riding with Tom and Jeff again". As a matter of fact, seeing the three of them all riding together again brought a couple of tears to my eyes too, as I had lived in the apartment over the Penton Bros. Machine shop for four years. During those four years I watched those boys go from playing with a 50cc Honda to becoming International Six-Day riding stars. I am thankful for having the pleasure of spending a lot of time with those boys, both on and off the track and trails. I would just like to say that this Reunion Ride was very enjoyable and memorable for me and I am already looking forward to next year, wherever it will be held.

photos by Bill Smith

Top Photo - Malcolm Smith adjusting the clutch lever on his KTM, Friday.
Bottom Photo- Billy Uhl came all the way from Idaho. He was able to borrow a modern Kawasaki to ride at the event.



More photos by Bill Smith - can be seen on the POG web site.

Tech Tips RESTORATION or PRESERVATION

by Alan Buehner

res-to-ra-tion 1. The act of restoring a person or thing to a former place or condition. 2. The bringing back of a building or work of art as nearly as may be to its original state; also, the restored building or object.

pre-serve 1. To keep in safety; protect from destruction, loss, death, or detriment. 2. To keep intact or unimpaired; maintain. 3. To keep from decomposition or change.

At last year's "Penton Day at the AMA", Mark Mederski, Director of the AMA Museum, pointed out three Harley Davidson motorcycles from the 30's that were on display. One was a restoration, with bright chrome and shiny new paint. The second bike was all new, built from the ground up with new old stock parts. The third was a used unrestored bike that had all of the original parts on it which was obvious with the dull chrome parts and faded painted parts.

Mark pointed out that the third bike was the more valuable of the three because of it's "original" condition. It was a historically correct example of what that particular model bike looked like. The paint colors are correct and all nuts, bolts, and body parts are intact and accurate. The unrestored bike also serves as a reference model for someone in need of restoring a bike to see what parts and colors are correct and needed for that bike to be accurate.

Mark explained that the three bikes were on display to show the difference between them. There is an argument going on in the collecting world as to: when do you restore and when do you not restore and just preserve a bike? The argument also extends to the value of restored vs. preserved bikes.

This argument extends also to the Penton motorcycles, however it is obvious, in my opinion, that preservation of an unrestored Penton will command the highest price. Yeah, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but 80% or more of these bikes are in need of restoration if they haven't been restored or modified already.

Let's face the facts. These were dirt bikes, built for competition, not street bikes that were routinely washed and waxed once a week. They were purchased for off-road racing through mud, water, trees and rocks. They were built under John Penton's specifications to be dependable. They were too dependable and as a result the average rider did not treat them like race bikes by performing the required maintenance after every use and just kept riding them until they finally broke or they were parked because a newer model bike was bought to stay competitive with the new innovations that came out every year.

Some of these "parked" bikes were rediscovered after a few years of sitting idle and were desecrated by new riders who continued riding them until they became beat to death because they did not know anything about maintenance, repair manuals, or where to buy spare parts. These are typically the bikes that we have been finding for the past ten or more years. The frames are all rusted, body parts are missing or busted, and the motors are worn out, broken, or torn apart.

During the past year I have received a few phone calls from some "new" Penton owners that had come into possession of that rare "like new" Penton motorcycle and are calling me for advice on paint colors and parts availability to restore their new found pride and joy. After asking them questions about the condition of these bikes I have to plead with them NOT to restore it. This is a tough argument to get across to most of you guys because shiny new paint does attract attention which goes hand in hand with pride of ownership.

The Penton brand of motorcycles are very collectable in the vintage dirt bike world. Placing a value on one of these depends on year, model, if it runs, and if it is all there. However, future value will also be based on the unrestored condition just like you see on the Antiques Road Show. Someone brings in some furniture and is shocked when they find out that by restoring it they devalued it by thousands of dollars.

"Like new" Penton motorcycles are still out there. They are the bikes that someone bought because their buddy bought one, they tried it and didn't like it or got hurt, so they just parked it in their barn or garage and forgot about it. The

crazy thing about these bikes is that if you discover one, the owner will just give it to you or sell it dirt cheap to get it out of their way.

Preservation is the way to go with bikes that have obvious signs of little or no use. I talked to Mark Mederski and he offered the following recommendations:

The first step is to clean the bike thoroughly with detergent and water.

Motor, nuts & bolts - clean with kerosene or mineral spirits. Apply with a spray bottle and brush.

Painted surfaces - clean with mineral spirits and a brush. Use lacquer thinner on a rag to clean up tight spots, like frame gusset joints. Scratches and chips can be repaired by applying touch up paint with a brush (do not use spray paint from a can). Use a retarder in the paint to slow the drying speed. Use a pure paste wax to seal and protect.

Upholstery - clean with a vinyl cleaner.

Chrome & Alloy - use super-super, fine bronze or brass wool to clean off oxide (check furniture refinishing suppliers for this) - do not use steel wool! Use a pure paste wax to protect finish.

Tires - clean with "Miracle Crystalline Wax". Apply it with a clean scrub brush. It is a museum quality wax with neutral chemicals that seals the rubber against decomposition.

Note: Do not clear coat any parts on the bike. Stay away from using brake fluid as a cleaner. When in doubt, ask for information. Do not rush through the cleaning process - take your time and think it through. If your bike has stickers or decals on the gas tank and fenders, consider leaving them on - they are a representation of the time period and show that it was a race bike. Preston Petty fenders also represent the time period and can be cleaned and shined up with polishing compounds specially made for them.

Storage - make sure that all fuel is drained from tank and carburetor (today's gasoline might contain some form of alcohol which attracts moisture). Exposed metal parts should be coated with a rust preventive such as "LPS-3". Make sure that the motor is vented (tranny and ignition area) to prevent condensation build up. The motor can be drained of motor oil but inside should be coated with a rust preventive such as "LPS-3".

PENTON CLASSIFIED ADS For members by members

Ads are for POG members to buy or sell Penton related parts, items, and services only. Members are allowed up to 3 items per newsletter (max. 30 words per item) at no charge. Ads must be received 2 weeks before publication of the newsletter. Please type or print clearly, and include your name, address, and phone number. Ads must be mailed or faxed to: Alan Buehner, 5818 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, 44102
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The Way It Was

by Al Born

55 Years Ago - 1948

John Penton entered the Jack Pine Enduro for the first time on a Harley Knucklehead and his younger brother Bill entered for the second time on a Harley WLA. John did not finish. Immediately after the event, he, Ike, Ted and Bill opened their motorcycle dealership, selling BSAs.

45 Years Ago - 1958

John Penton son both the Jack Pine and the Corduroy Enduros on his trusty little 175cc NSU. In October, John's picture was on the cover of "The American Motorcycling" magazine. During October and November, John takes a trip to Mexico on a BMW.

40 Years Ago - 1963

John Penton won the Corduroy Enduro on his 250cc BMW.

Repro Stencils & Stickers, "Made in Austria" stickers - "Penton/KTM" seat stencils - "Penton" black name tags for Sachs engines - "Special KTM Tuning" Sachs engine stickers.

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On The Edge - Amherst, OH

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Letko Competition - Kansas City, KS

Mike Lewis - (580) 355-2636

Mike Lewis Inc. - Lawton, OK

Richard Sanders - (281) 353-1705

Cycle Shack North - Conroe, TX

Frank Reaves - (281) 392-8850

Wild West KTM - Katy, TX

35 Years Ago - 1968

On Oct. 26 and 27th, John Penton, and Dick Mann, along with Edison Dye promoted an International Motocross at New Philadelphia, Ohio. It starred 13 Europeans, 4 Canadians, 1 Hawaiian and 14 Americans, including such stars as Torsten Hallman, Roger DeCoster, Joel Robert and Dick Mann who all raced on Sunday. On Saturday morning several of the stars held a Moto-cross riding school. On Saturday afternoon, they ran 125cc, 250cc and 500cc class support races. There were 28 entries in the 125 class, 14 of them riding Pentons, including POG members Rick Spangler and Al Born. Jeff Penton was also entered in this class. The 250 class had 49 entries, including POG member Matt Weisman. These riders hailed from Illinois, Mich. Pa., Indiana, and Ohio. The 500 class had 31 entries from Mich., N.Y., Mass., Indiana, Illinois, Pa., Georgia, and Ohio and included Dick Burleson,

Chuck Boehler, John Bettencourt, Bob Wetzel and Forest Stahl.

Cycle News showed that on Oct. 20th, the Medina Wheelers M.C. held a Moto-cross with Tom Penton winning the 100 class and Jeff and Jack Penton and Floyd Beattie finishing 1,2,3 all on Pentons in the 125cc class.

A November issue of Cycle News told of American teams finishing 10th and 14th in the ISDT in Italy with Tom Penton finishing as the top American with a silver medal and John Penton and Dave Mungenast both winning bronze medals. Leroy Winters dropped out on Day 4 with bad wheel bearings. John started the run with a broken collar bone and he fell on day 5 cutting his knee badly enough to require 32 stitches. At the end of the sixth day, several of the stitches had to be put in again.

Cycle News showed that a Sportsman Moto-cross held at New Philadelphia, OH had the following results: Dan Bale from Xenia, OH

won the 100cc amateur class on a Penton. Al Born placed 2nd in the 100cc expert class on a Penton. In the 125cc amateur class, Pete Clark of Albany, OH and William Elkins from Columbus placed 1st and 2nd. In the 125 expert class, Floyd Beattie of Avon, OH and Steve Stephan of New Philadelphia., OH took 2nd and 3rd respectively, all on Penton motorcycles.

By winning his class in the Mansfield, OH Hare Scramble in September, Al Born became the 100cc and the 125cc class champion for the year as well as the Overall Track Champion for 1968. He won his class in all four races, once on his Honda 90, twice on his 125cc Penton and lastly on his Penton "#003" with the 100cc engine. On the same day, Garry Murry of Wellington won the 125cc class on his Penton.

In October, the Sportsman M.C. of LaGrange held their last T.T. race of the year. Al Born on his Honda 90 (with 164 1/4" holes in the frame) edged Jack Penton on a Penton for 1st place in the 100cc class. Ed Reed placed 2nd on a Penton in the 125 class. The article was written by our own POG member, Matt Weisman.

Penton riders won the team trophy at the Corduroy Enduro. Who knows who the team members were???

The Nov. AMA magazine showed Al Born leading the Eastern Regional Hare Scramble points chase and was 2nd to Jack Morgan from California in the National Standings.

30 Years Ago - 1973

The 1973 ISDT American Trophy Team consisted of Tom, Jeff and Jack Penton, Dane Leimbach, Carl Cranke and Billy Uhl who were all on

Pentons. They all won gold medals except Tom who won silver and Jeff winning a bronze medal. Other POG riders winning gold medals on Pentons were Doug Wilford, Joe Barker and Paul Danik. Out of the 300 entries, 45 of them were riding Pentons and 20 of that group won gold medals - "Way to go Guys".

Doug Wilford left Penton Imports in November of this year.

15 Years Ago - 1988

In October, John Penton was inducted into the Amherst Schools Distinguished Alumni Gallery of Success.

Jack Lehto leaves KTM, USA.



THE MAIL BOX

Sept. 22, 2003

Please keep up the great work. Would like more maintenance information: like the three parts on improvement. Also, more on originality photos. Thanks.

Bob Hugo, Washington

Thanks for the encouragement Bob. I try to get a variety of tech articles during the year to cover all the bases, however it takes time and someone with experience to write these. For now, I take and print what I get. Any old photos of "new" Pentons are always welcome from our members. Check your photo albums and send them in. I will be happy to mail them back to you.

Oct. 10, 2003

Lets continue to reach out to new lines and areas to reach new people (or people who always wanted to own a Penton). The best example is Doug Wilford attending the car show and explaining the Penton he displayed.

Ron Carbaugh, Texas

Oct. 10, 2003

Al

Thanks for your help with the parts. Sorry I didn't talk to you for longer, but it was 6:30 in the morning and the rest of the family was asleep. Hope you had a great time at the ISDT reunion. Will look forward to an article in Still Keeping Track.

As a suggestion, can membership dues be paid by credit card, as money orders are a hassle and appear to be becoming less secure. Will talk to you later.

Bill Campbell, Australia

Oct. 27, 2003

"03 ISDTRR"

To look back on the outstanding moments from the "03" Reunion Ride will forever generate wonderful memories. Constantly in those three days I spent there on the farm, I was bombarded with the feeling that what was happening here was something very special, epic, and historical.

There were certain times when I would get just a look from a friend, and then we'd both grin. You just knew they were thinking the exact same thing you were, that it just didn't get any better than this.

Here's a few things that stood out as moments that really moved me:

- Rolling up to the site for the first time, sensing the historical importance of the location, and the beauty of the terrain.

- Seeing the same cast of men and machines in the impound area, on the trail, and at the banquet, so cheerfully reunited after thirty years.

- The sight of Doug Wilford with all of his gear on, walking his Penton out of the impound, on to the start. It was so darn trick! At that moment, I knew I was missing my camera.

- Last, but not least by any means was meeting Tom and Jeff Penton, Carl Cranke, Billy Uhl, Joe Barker, Jim Hollander, and gaining even more respect for all the ISDT/E riders.

Thanks POG.

Bob Wardlow, Michigan

LATEST NEWS

Penton Future Project

The Penton Owners Group has established a long term goal to identify, create, and encourage the next generation of Penton owners, collectors, and enthusiasts. If the Penton motorcycle is to achieve true classic status among the other great legendary brands, enthusiasm for ownership and understanding of the Penton legacy must continue beyond the lives of the founders and current members of the Penton Owners Group. To achieve this ambitious goal, the club has launched a strategic planning project. A planning committee has been formed, and Ed Youngblood has volunteered to facilitate the work of the committee. Every member is encouraged to participate in this project by sharing his or her ideas about how to cultivate the next generation of Penton enthusiasts and club leaders. We are especially interested in ways to reach young people with the exciting story of the Penton legacy. Send your suggestions to: Ed@motohistory.net or mail them to Ed Youngblood, Box 1426, Westerville, Ohio 43086.

Penton Day at the AMA

Mark your calendar for Saturday February 7, 2004. This will be our 3rd annual Penton Day at the AMA event which will be held at the AMA Museum in Pickerington, Ohio (just east of Columbus, Ohio off I-70). Besides an opportunity to see the museum and it's current exhibits there will be a full day of activities. Some of the seminars will include:

Motorcycle restoration techniques
and philosophy

Evolution of the KTM powered
Penton

The future of Penton by Ed
Youngblood

An outside Penton Display - be sure
to bring your bike.

The doors to the Museum open at
9 AM for coffee and conversation. Our

first meeting will start at 10 AM. Admission is \$5, but you can save a \$1 if you show your AMA, AHRMA, or POG membership card.

Pizza and soft drinks will be served for lunch.

The Museum is located at:

13515 Yarmouth Drive

Pickerington, Ohio

(east of Columbus, Ohio off I-70, the
2nd exit east of I-270)

Penton Movie on DVD

The 1973 ISDT event was filmed by Barb and Matt Weisman during the event which was held in the Berkshires of Massachusetts. It was filmed for sales and promotion of Penton motorcycles during the time period and was paid for by John Penton.

A copy of the 35mm movie was transferred to VHS by Matt and was shown continuously at our feature marque display in the year 2000 at the AMA Vintage Days at Mid-Ohio. Members have been asking for copies of this movie and it was finally converted to DVD to sell at the ISDT Reunion Ride in Massachusetts this past October. They were sold at the event for \$20 each.

A special offer has been put together for POG members when they renew their membership. For an extra \$20 you can buy the DVD and you will also receive a copy of the official "7th Annual ISDT Reunion Ride" program. The club will pay for the shipping which will save you \$8. The program goes hand in hand with the DVD with it's articles about the 1973 event, Al Eames, and the Berkshire Enduros.

Order forms for this special offer is on the new renewal form which is included with this newsletter, or it can be obtained from our web site.

POG at Motorcycle Show

The International Motorcycle Show is offering a "Club House Program" at all of their shows this year. The Club House is an area

designated for local clubs to display club information and literature to attendees, and meet with club members at the shows.

The POG has voted to participate in the OHIO show in Cleveland, OH at the IX Center (next to Hopkins Airport) on January 30 - February 1, 2004. This show is their second largest show in the country and we will be buying display space during this show to see what this Club House program is all about and what kind of attention we can attract with our Penton Display.

Results from this will determine whether we should expand our attendance at all of the International Motorcycle Shows next year and if so, how we will go about doing it.

If you are planning on attending the show in your area, take a notepad with you and mark down your observations of where the "Club House" area is situated, how many clubs are set-up, what they are doing to attract attention, and how big of a crowd is in attendance. Send your comments about your show along with what day(s) and time you would be willing to work next year's show to: Alan Buehner or Doug Wilford.

ISDT Reunion Ride Movie

The Pathfinders Motorcycle Club (sponsors of this year's Reunion Ride in Massachusetts) selected Duchin Productions to capture this historic event on Digital Video. The documentary includes interviews with riders and spectators, bikes at speed, technical inspections, a tour through Jim Hoellerich's Vintage Trail Bike Museum, plus much more. Copies of this will be available on VHS and DVD Check the Pathfinders web site for ordering information.

2004 ISDT/E Reunion Ride

Next years event will be held Oct. 22 to the 24th in Skiatook, OK (North of Tulsa) at the John Zink Ranch (site of the 1994 ISDE).

Meeting minutes have been removed from this document.



PENTON OWNERS GROUP