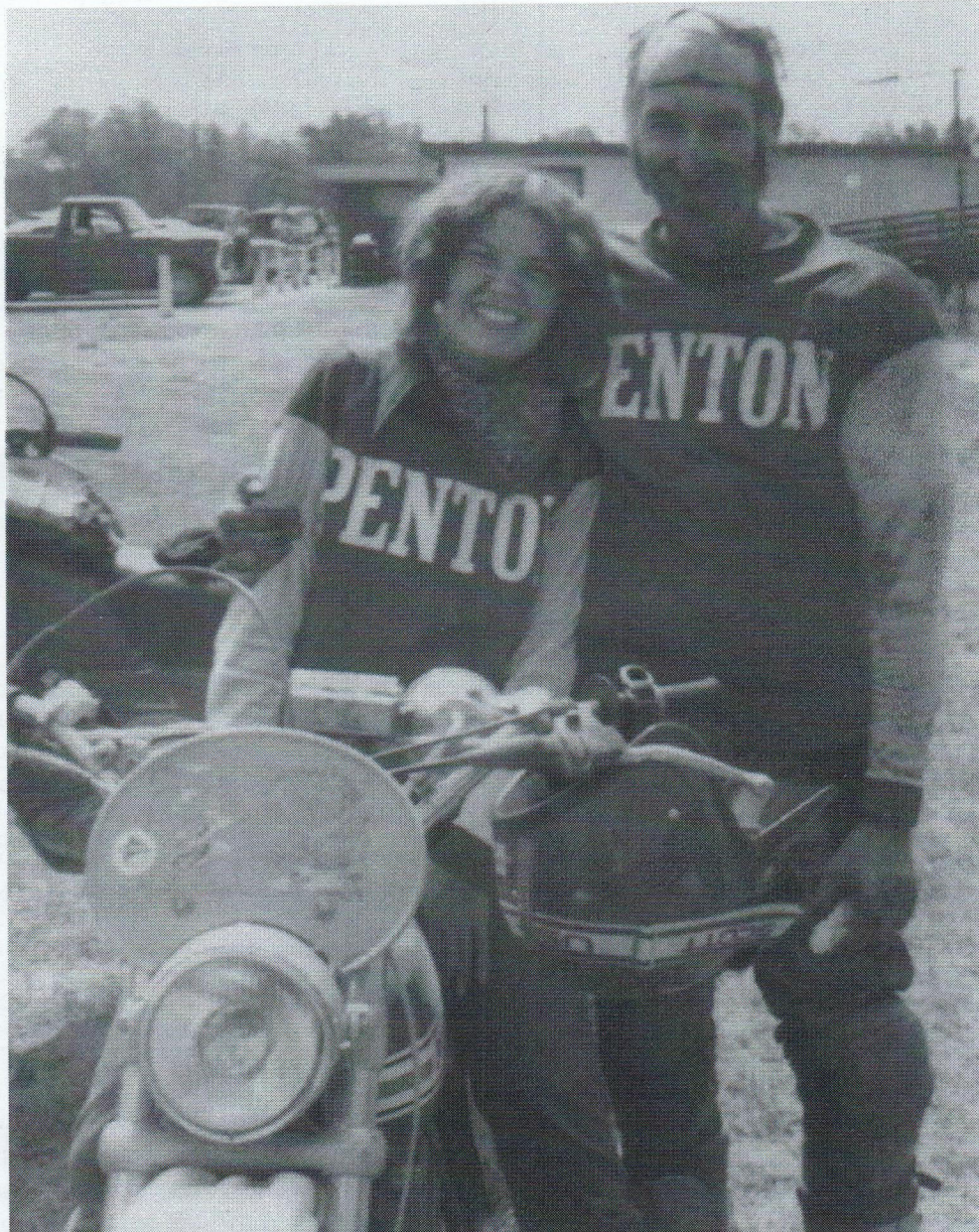


Still...Keeping Track

Penton Owners Group Newsletter \$5.00



Toni Proffer and her dad, Ted after finishing the 1977 Leota Enduro in Leota, Michigan
photo submitted by Toni Proffer (OH)

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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,

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.

Submission of material will be considered as assignment of all rights therein. Check out our web site at: www.PENTONUSA.ORG

Change of address: Give old and new address and notify us as least 6 weeks in advance.

Send address changes to: The PENTON OWNERS GROUP - P.O. Box 756 - Amherst, Ohio 44001

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By Paul Danik

The speed with which everything is occurring these days gives the indication that life is stuck on fast forward. Some evidence of this high speed is the fact that last year's ISDT reunion ride was the 30th anniversary of the "73" event. This really hit home, not only for myself, but also for a number of others that I spoke with. I realize that we can not slow down or stop the flow of time, yet it sure is nice to visit the past through our

mutual interest in the Penton Sportcycle and all of its related history.

Computers have played a large part in speeding up the pace of life, but to us POGGERS the computer has created a way for us to improve the quality of our lives and make friends throughout the world. Can you imagine what it would be like for us to not have the message board to talk Penton on, and to gain the information that we need, or locate that special elusive part? On one of our road trips I mentioned to Mr. Penton the possibility of a POGGER from Australia posting a question about his Penton on

the forum. The answer may come from South Africa and the needed part may be located in Texas all in one evening. He was amazed to say the least. My hat is off to all of you guys for how you not only help each other but also how you take the time to welcome new members to the forum, I guess it's kind of the Penton way. I can remember as a kid going to Penton Dealer School and how the members of the Penton organization really went out of their way to make everyone feel right at home. The tradition lives on!

Speaking of keeping old Penton traditions alive, dealer school was usually held in February at the Penton facility in Ohio back in "the day." Today the POG hosts its own form of dealer school each February and it too is held in Ohio. This year's event will be the fourth annual Penton Day At The AMA. We intend to combine some historical discussions that will offer a glimpse of what it was like to be directly involved with the evolution of the Penton Sportcycle with some timely information on some of today's hot topics. Dane Leimbach will be one of our speakers and if you have ever had the chance to listen to Dane you know you don't want to miss this chance to learn

from him. The new Motocross America exhibit will be under construction when we visit the Museum and we hope to have Ed Youngblood give us a little peek at what will surely be one of the best exhibits ever to be presented by the Museum. More details of the Penton Day At The AMA are located in the Latest News segment of this newsletter.

The New Year will be here before we know it. I don't know about you guys, but I usually don't get too excited about making New Years resolutions, yet this year I'm making one. I hope to get out and ride more often in 2005, I hope to ride more with my son and with as

many of you fellow POGGERS as possible. Trail riding is how most of us got started and hopefully we can all log many more enjoyable miles on our Pentons. If you go on a trail ride and have the urge to write a paragraph or two about your ride, please send it to Alan for the newsletter. Hopefully reading about someone else's trail ride will spur others to get out in the woods and create some memories.

May all of you have a wonderful holiday season and find that Santa has delivered that one last Penton parts order that we all wish for, or if you have been really good, a brand new Penton!

Mailbox

A POG gal's view...

What happened to the "Powder Puff" class?? Ahh, the good old days... I for one, liked the name. The class recognized us a serious competitors, while the name, to me, implied we could race dirt bikes *and* still be ladies. I guess the pressure to be politically correct finally won over and now we have the "Women's Class." I know there is not many of us at the races, and I am grateful they still have a separate class for us, so I will never whine *seriously* about the name, as long as they let us play in the game. But for me... a +40 woman rider, I will continue to consider us gals as dirt-eatin' and mud-slingin'... "Powder Puffs."

You know he might be a keeper when...

On your third date, he invites you over to his garage to see his Penton collection and then fires up his fully restored-to-perfection 1974 Penton Six-Day bike and lets you ride it around in the field.

You know it must be love when...

You ask him to help build you a Penton for racing vintage moto-cross and he puts together the coolest, most impressive race Penton you have ever seen, and then... paints it your favorite color! Penton Yellow!

Toni Proffer, OH

Heribel Bertrand, our POG member in France mailed us a poster and decals of

the 2004 ISDT reunion ride held in Italy. He also sent some photos of himself with his steel tank Penton and 1975 KTM. Thank you for sending these to us, they will be stored with the POG's collection, however, we must plead ignorance in that we are not familiar with the KTM riders that are shown in the photos and the poster. A copy of the U.S. 2004 Reunion ride program has been mailed to Heribel as a token of our thanks for his generosity.

MY PENTON INFLUENCE WAS...

If you are like me, there are some very special people from your past that greatly influenced your passion for the Penton. For many of us it may have been a relative, your dad, brother or uncle that rode a Penton or bought you your first Penton. It may have been a local Penton dealer or a neighbor down the road that let you take your first ride on a Penton. Maybe it was a local racer that impressed you week after week on a Penton. It is because of these *original Penton buyers* and *original Penton riders* that the current POG group exists. After all, it is their past Penton motorcycles that we all desire finding to ride or restore. It was their enthusiasm for the Penton motorcycle then, that drive us Pogggers now to keep the Penton heritage alive.

We are very lucky that many of the great men that influence folks on Pentons originally are the same ones that got POG started and still keep it going

today. However, for may POG members, the people that most influenced us were not names you ever read about or photos that you say in Cycle news. And unfortunately, many of them have passed away. They never got to know about POG and maybe never got to know that they influenced you the way that they did. I thought it would be great to thank these past great Penton riders and make sure they get the credit they deserve. If you are a current POG member, and have someone in your past, (living or passed away) that drove you to have a Penton passion, send in your name and their name(s) along with how they influenced you. Or even better, if you have a picture of them, sent it along. What better way to honor your Penton hero, than by having their name or photo forever recored in the pages of an issue of "Still ...keeping track." I know I would enjoy reading the names or seeing the pictures of these special people and it might be very interesting to see if you remember any of the names that are submitted by other current POG members.

It will only take a minute of your time and there are no rules. There are so many genuine, living Penton legends and so many that are now in "POG Heaven" (I can only imagine the story telling that goes on at *their* monthly meetings). So dedicate as many names as you want, and let's have some fun with this!

Toni Proffer, OH

MEMBER PROFILE

TONI L. PROFFER

POG Member #234

Al Buehner has graciously offered to print my profile as a rider and some my experiences with Penton motorcycles, as well as the story of a very special motorcycle shop, which was located in Flint, Michigan, near where I grew up. Those stories follow. However, first, are these comments on a story that appeared in the summer, 2004 issue of "Still Keeping Track."

I have been around bikes my whole life; first as a kid growing up in Michigan where my dad raced enduros, then as an adult living in northeast Ohio and running a bike shop, called Dirt Works, from 1982 to 1999, and in my role as a race promoter (Proffer Promotions) for those same years.

With so many years of involvement in our sport, quite often when my copy of *Still Keepin' Track* arrives, there will be a familiar name or something in it from an old customer. It always brings a smile to my face to see a name from the ol' Dirt Works shop gang appear. To me it is like hearing from family. You can imagine my delight when issue No.23 arrived with the picture of Ted Guthrie on the cover. Yes, Ted was one of my great customers, and had been for years. He had even helped out on several occasions at my races, helping mark and cut trail and course marshaling on event day.

When we sold the shop in 1999, I moved from the area and lost touch with most of the people there, including Ted. Anyhow, when I read his *Adventures in Enduros* story in that same issue, I not only smiled, I literally belly-laughed out loud from start to finish, and felt compelled to share a few more details about that weekend.

THE MICHIGAN ENDURO

To tell this story, I must start at the beginning. The reason the gang

was headed to a local Dist.14 Michigan Enduro all the way from Ohio was because my mom and dad belonged to the motorcycle club, which hosted the event. My dad did much of the course work, arrowing, cleaning trail, routing mileage, etc., while mom prepared the route sheets, worked sign-up and tallied scores. So, it was my idea to drag the hill-climbing, rock and clay-tempered, Ohio riders up to run a Michigan sand enduro, which was a first for many of them. For Michigander POG's, the enduro started at the old, iron Jonesville Bridge, just outside Leota, Michigan.

I am quite sure that all of the Dirt Works riders were told that they would need spark arrestors and lights to run this event. Apparently, however, the message didn't get to all of them (or being Ohio hare scramblers, they just didn't believe me) In my defense, the ill prepared, running late, shop owners part was true, but that is not my fault. Getting a bunch of dirt bike buddies all together is like playing den mother to a bunch of kids, it is not always easy.

Ted's report of the forest fire is TRUE! That part was horrifying! I was back at camp moving all of our riders' bikes down to the roadway, while the others were busy moving tents, gas cans and the like. All of the guys were out in the woods with blankets and towels trying to assist the fire dept. I remember this part so well because my dad was out in those woods alone, riding a final route check and we were very worried about his safety. He did return safely to camp, but not until many hours after the fire was out. He had been trapped on the other side of it, unable to get around, and so remained out on the trail to begin rerouting some sections for the next day's event, which had been destroyed by the fire or would be unsafe to pass through.

Tech inspection was a "hoot". The ride-saving spark arrestor that Ted referred to in his story, that his dealer had brought as a spare, was one of only a few I had grabbed last minute from the shop, just in case.

The funny part (and I'm not proud of this) is that one guy would mount it to his bike, go up to tech and get inspected, bring it back to camp, then we would have to pull it off and put it on the next bike so it could go pass inspection. Dad knew it was going on, so I didn't feel so guilty. The rider's meeting was conducted by an old family friend, and yes, he felt it necessary to give us Ohio riders a scolding, mostly as harassment to me. This is one time where knowing the right people helped, as all of our guys were allowed to run their (not so) enduro-legal bikes. Dad and the other members knew none of them would be taking points from any of the serious enduro riders and by morning all of the bikes had legal spark arrestors. The event itself was so much fun! To me, there is nothing like "carving" through Michigan pines.

Our Ohio gang did have its share of winners. As Ted mentioned, the shop owner's son won overall. That was actually my stepson. It was his first enduro, and being on a shop owner's budget, we committed another huge no-no. He raced using his dad's AMA card-figuring that it wouldn't matter since they had the same name. Well, when he won high-point B rider, you can imagine the comedy in that his father, not he, would be moved up to an "A" rider. So again, we had to confess to my dad what we had done. Dave Junior was disqualified and Dave Senior's B-class status remained intact. I did manage to win the women's class that day, yes with my own AMA card, and on my fully legal KTM enduro bike. However, it was not because of rider ability or fine time keeping. I won by default, as none of the other women entrants finished. If nothing else, I have fortitude on my side and I am very proud of that first place Powder-Puff plaque from the Bulldog M/C Leota Enduro.

This was many years ago, and I am so glad to know that it was all remembered so well by a now-fellow POG member. So Ted, thank you so much for taking me down that memory lane, it was a very fond one, and

mostly thanks for sharing it with all of our fellow POG's. Your story was enjoyed and appreciated.

FLINT INDIAN SALES

Now, on to my story: It was our new POG president, Paul Danik, who convinced me, while at Mid-Ohio this year, to share my story, about "my first Penton". It will be hard to make this brief, and I hope that I don't bore my fellow POG members, but I must admit that writing about it still gives me a warm fuzzy feeling.

I was lucky enough to have been brought up in a dirt biking family. I was born and raised in Michigan and was breathing Hi-Point 2-stroke mix before I was talking and was at my first enduro long before I was walking. I grew up with two older brothers; I was the youngest, and the only girl in the family. My dad's cousins owned Proffer Cycle Sales in Flint. They sold Kawasaki, Yamaha, Suzuki, and Ossa. In the sixties, it was still pretty much a given that the garage, and definitely the bike shops, were off limits to girls. But when I showed a real interest in being with my dad and his bikes, he welcomed me in. My mom was totally supportive of my decision to become involved in dirt bikes. Mom has always, and continues to this day, to play a huge part in dad's racing and riding.

At a very young age, I can remember sitting on an old bucket or milk crate, alongside of my dad, while he tinkered on his motorcycle. I enjoyed learning each of the different tool's names and where to use which ones. It was a weekly task for dad to have to repair and patch the fiberglass bodywork of his Ossas and a never-ending job trying to keep my brother's Bultacos running (a tough task for even the most experienced mechanics). But by the time dad brought home his first Penton, I was old enough to appreciate how much easier it was to work on and maintain. Definitely easier than the old iron we had been servicing, like the Greeves and CZ's still in the garage. By that time, I was old enough and responsible enough to

install the oiled air filter onto the cage and apply a nice even coating of grease to the lip of it, before handing it over to dad to put back into his impressive Penton. Soon enough, I was learning to help out with more work too, such as wire brushing the rust from the wheel hubs, and sanding the glaze off the brake shoes of dad's bike. I was so proud, and bragged to any one who would listen, that my dad raced a Penton. (Word of warning here dads; by nature, little girls really are chatty-we can't help it) I hung out on Friday nights with my dad at the bike shops, long after store hours, sitting and listening to the bench race stories of my dad's older riding buddies. *Just a small note here to the mothers who might be reading this: Not to worry, as I still had time between trail rides to discover boys, shopping and clothes, and my mom made very sure I never went anywhere with grease under my fingernails.*

My folks belonged to the Millington Bulldog M/C club, many of whose members raced enduros with my dad. Our family spent the weekends camping, sitting around camp fires and running gas with these great people, and I was closer to them than anyone. They were my family. It was then as it is now - the best people you will ever meet are dirt bike riders and their families. Many of the guys in the group were riding Pentons from Flint Indian Sales-the owners of which, Herb and Lucy Kunze, were members of the Bulldog Club. They were like an Aunt and Uncle to me when I was growing up. Herb loved Penton motorcycles. I spent a lot of time with my dad at this shop, which was a museum of old motorcycles and collectibles. Herb Kunze was a true motorcycle-enthusiast, in every sense of the word. The shop was nearly a city block long and located on Saginaw Street in a rather bad part of downtown Flint. While other stores around Herb were boarding up and moving out, Herb liked his old place. It was where his father had started out, selling Indian motorcycles. Beneath the old squeaky hardwood floors of the

shop was a dirt-floored basement, complete with bare hanging light bulbs and rusty, dripping water pipes, which we regulars referred to as "the dungeon". The Dungeon was packed full of retired race bikes, all of which had been traded in. It was a collection that would make any vintage bike collector's heart rate quicken, all sitting there, slowly rusting. Behind the shop was Herb's best kept secret, a three story warehouse with hardwood floors and no moisture. Not even dust got into this building. Hidden away in it were many, many, very old, but brand-new motorcycles, many of them still in crates, and a parts inventory that would make the manufacturers of these machines jealous. One of the very many amazing things about Herb was his uncanny ability to seem to know every single thing he had in stock. These bikes were not for sale. In fact, Herb would even deny there was anything in that warehouse if a stranger were to ask. If this makes it sound as though Herb was a bit crazy, then he was good crazy. He was "motorcycle crazy." He sold only those brands and bikes that he loved and believed in, and he chose to keep at least one of each of them for himself. The building was full of complete line-ups of Greeves, AJS, Matchless, Zundapp, Norton, Puch, Premier, DKW, Moto Guzzi, KTM, Sachs and yes, Penton motorcycles, all new. Believe me, this is a very incomplete list. I have named but a few, to provide an idea of what the place contained and where I got to hang out. To those who did not really know Herb, he had the reputation of being a bit of a miser. He was known never to give any deals in his bike shop. Whatever retail was, that was the price, no discussion. But, if you were one of the lucky ones to get to know the real Herb, you would love him. When it came to his motorcycle family, Herb was actually quite the softy. I know for a fact he never resold any of the Pentons that his favorite shop riders traded in because of sentimental value. It was not uncommon for Herb to host a club get-

together after store hours. He would bring out old reel-to-reel motorcycle movies for everyone to enjoy, complete with hot, buttered popcorn, served from his big theater-style popcorn popper. It was with Herb and Lucy that my family went with to see "On any Sunday" when it was released in theaters, a memory no motorcycle fan would ever forget.

When I was still very young, Herb promoted an annual enduro poker run for club members. It was held each year in November and was called the Turkey Run. Winners would receive frozen turkeys for the holiday, in place of trophies. This is an event near and dear to me, as it was the annual event where I would get to ride buddy class (double up) with my dad. I remember that when my legs were too short to reach the buddy pegs on Dad's Greeves, I would just wrap my legs around his waist and off through the woods we would go. Long after Herb had quit racing and even riding, he continued to come to every enduro that the guys raced in. He was pitman, mechanic, and cheerleader all wrapped into one big, bald, loud, jovial package. He was a great storyteller and I never tired of hearing Herb tell old motorcycle and race tales. He never quit supporting the sport that he loved so much.

To many northern riders, winter was considered the off-season, but not to us. We spent many cold, winter Sundays on the frozen ice of Lake Potter at ice races with our Bulldog Club family. One year, Herb's wife, Lucy, and my mom decided they wanted to race in the sidecar class. Dad and Herb fixed them up an ice racer, complete with side hack. This was before ice screws, and mom and Lucy spent more time spinning in circles than they ever did going forward. Lucy also rode a beautiful, red, Moto Guzzi street bike. She too, loved motorcycles.

My mom was in charge of the concessions at the club events. She enjoyed it and was great at it and when I was tall enough to see over the counter I worked with her, wrapping

hot dogs and counting out change. But it was obvious even at a very young age that my place was not in the kitchen, so mom turned me over to Lucy and the other sign-up gals of the club. Lucy taught me how to score and clerk motocross. Lucy would tell me about the motorcycle dealer shows that her and Herb would travel to each year. She always enjoyed them, and I can remember as a young teen, hoping that some day I could go to a dealer show. It sounded like a dream world there.

Herb loved his practical jokes, and it was a given among our group that if a prank were pulled at a race or club function, Herb was behind it. In later years, after I had moved to Ohio, I would stop back at the shop and visit Herb on my trips home to Michigan. Lucy had by now passed away from cancer and Herb was having health problems himself, but he was still at the shop every day. On one of my last visits with Herb, he gave me some things from the store that he wanted me to have. He honored me with some old (new) Penton jerseys and jackets, a brand new, still in the box, pair of leather Hi-Point pants, and a pair of very old, NIB, Hi-point boots. As you can imagine, these gifts are now among my most cherished Penton items. I have proudly displayed a few of the Penton jerseys at mid-Ohio, which some of you may have seen. The only non-Penton vintage bike in my collection is what was one of Herb's personal race bikes - a 1970 AJS Stormer. Before he climbed aboard the Pentons, Herb always claimed that this was his favorite bike. It still has his race numbers, made out of black electrical tape, on the number plates. Herb passed away in 1992, and everything in his shop and in the warehouse was auctioned off by the famous motorcycle auctioneer, Jerry Wood. I have been told by many that it was one of the largest private motorcycle collections ever auctioned. I am not surprised. There were folks in attendance from AJS, England, and from companies like Domi Racer. No one who attended had expected or even

dreamed of all that this one man had accumulated. There is still talk about the complete Indian, with original sidecar, that was included in the auction. Although it was very sad and emotional to see everything sold, it is rewarding to know that only serious collectors and motorcycle buffs acquired Herb's priceless bikes. He definitely would have wanted it that way, as he wanted them only in the hands of other enthusiasts. Herb always did things his way and for his own reasons. He lived a very humble life, compared to what he could have, had he ever started selling his collection of bikes while he was alive. He kept them around because he wanted to and because he could, and luckily for those of us that knew him, we got to enjoy and marvel at bikes we otherwise never would have seen in person.

The impact that Herb and Lucy of Flint Indian Sales had on me is reflected in my life as an adult. At age 21, I opened a dirt bike shop, and for nearly 20 years sold the brands that I love. In 1982, I began promoting an annual charity harescramble race in East Palestine, Ohio. For the next 15yrs, every November, with the help of many great friends, I held the Toys for Tots *Turkey Run*. And if you haven't already guessed, I gave out frozen turkeys to the winners in place of trophies. Even now, after selling the shop and retiring from race promoting, my enthusiasm for Penton collecting, restorations, and vintage racing is in large part because of Herb's influence and his fondness for the Penton brand.

I know that I've gotten way off track from my original story about my first Penton, but I feel it was a detour worth taking. I believe that stories about folks like Herb and Lucy, with their contagious enthusiasm for motorcycles deserve to be told and shared. There are so many people from this great group in my past and I wish I could name them all, but then I would be compelled to tell some riding tale or story about each of them and I

would just go on and on. Many of these folks have since passed away, but it is with the fondest of memories that I remember them and their love and dedication for the sport.

MY FIRST PENTON

This is just the base of my love of the sport, but my other true passion for the Penton motorcycle came from the Pentons themselves. As a kid, my favorite enduro every year was the Jackpine. That was back when it was a 2-day, 500 mile national. Dad and I would go up early on Friday to get a good camping spot and mom and my brothers would come up later. I can remember going to the entrance and waiting for hours for the Cycleliner to arrive from Ohio. I would be so anxious, and once I saw them pull in, I would run back to our camp yelling, "the Pentons are here, the Pentons are here." Yes, it was always that big of deal to me. The family and the motorcycles created so much excitement!

By far, the biggest Penton-influence in my life is my dad. Dad raced CZ's, Bultacos, Greeves, and Ossas-but once he switched to Pentons, he stayed with them, and I consider riding a KTM as remaining a faithful Penton rider.

My first bike was a well-worn Ace 90 Hodaka-handed down after my mom and my two older brothers had already learned to ride on it. I wanted to start riding so badly; my dad had told me that when I could sit on the bike and touch my toes on both sides, I could start riding. Just recently, dad told the story that every single night I would make him come to the garage to see if I was touching yet. Finally in 1969, (I was 8) he gave in, and even though it was on tiptoe, I got my first lesson on the Hodaka. A year or so later, I tried some scrambles, but the old Hodaka was getting way out-powered by the bigger 100's and 125's and so I got a Suzuki 125. I raced it for a few years, but never liked scrambles or the Suzuki. I could not wait until I was old enough to ride enduros.

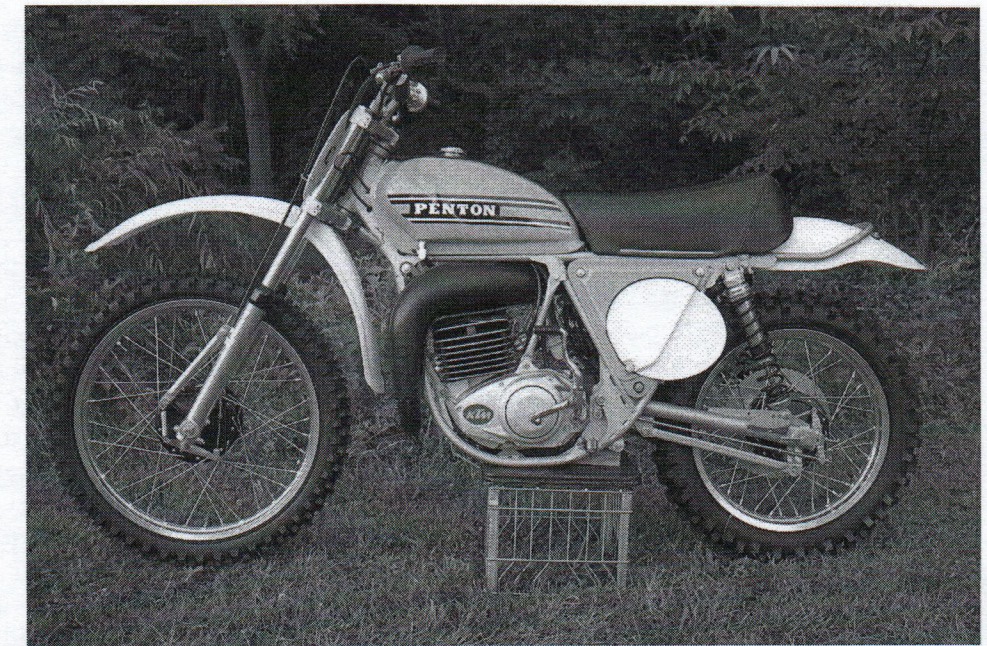
My dad had started a family tradition with my brothers; when we turned 16, he would get us any bike we wanted, but it would be the last bike that he would buy for each of us. My oldest brother turned 16 in 1971 and he chose a 360cc American Eagle street bike. In 1974, my other brother picked a 250cc Gringo flat track bike (he was a very talented flat tracker and half-mile racer at the time). He now lives in Lake Elsinore, California, and still does some trail riding. In 1975, when I was 15 years old and had my driving permit, dad said it was time for me to start thinking about what kind of bike I was going to want. Well, there was no "thinking" about it... the only bike I wanted was a 125 Penton. Dad said he could buy me a new PE175 Suzuki or an IT175 Yamaha, but if I was sure I wanted a Penton, it might have to be a used one. I told dad that I didn't care if it was used, I would rather have a used Penton than any other bike made.

One spring afternoon, dad and I got in the truck and drove about half an hour to some house I did not recognize. A man came out of the house and opened up his garage door

and there it sat - a 1974 125cc Penton Six-Day. I looked at my dad to see if this meant what I hoped it did. Dad and the man did some bench racing and tire kicking, while dad looked over the Penton. When Dad asked me if I was still sure this is what I wanted, I remember telling him "I want it more than anything!" Then Dad told me "If you can start it, we'll take it home." I climbed up onto a milk crate, said a little prayer, kicked it over with all that I had, and the Six-Day fired up on that first kick. With that, we loaded it up.

I was so proud of my Penton. It just amazes me how I can still remember that afternoon like it was yesterday, and here it is almost 30 years later. I raced the bike in quite a few enduros. I don't have the natural ability that so many good riders are blessed with and I didn't win a lot of races, but I sure had fun.

My absolute favorite and most memorable times on that Penton were spent trail riding with my dad. I have bought and sold way too many bikes over the years to even begin to keep track of them all, but none will ever be as special to me as "...my first Penton."



Toni's "yellow" Jackpiner - as mentioned in "A POG gal's view" in "The MAILBOX". Page.

PENTON DISPLAY at the AMCA MEET in DAVENPORT, IOWA

by Alan Buehner

One of the largest meets of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America is held each Labor Day weekend in Davenport, Iowa at the county fairgrounds. Only motorcycles that are 35 years or older, and parts for these bikes are allowed at this event. Since the early "steel tank" Pentons now qualify as being "antique", it was planned by the POG to set up a "Penton" display at this predominant Harley and Indian event.

Our plan was to meet at 7:30 a.m. on Thursday morning at John Penton's house to load up the trailer for an early start for the projected 10 hour drive. Scott Brogan volunteered the use of his Ford pick-up to pull John Penton's "Hi-point" trailer and carry 4 passengers. The 7:30 meet was delayed a half hour when Scott was tied up in rush hour traffic getting from his house to John's place. Al Born, Paul Danik, and Ollie Martin were waiting around the trailer when I arrived just before 7:30. As we were waiting for Scott to arrive, John drove up in one of his cars to tell us that he was going to his office to finish some paper work and would be back shortly. Jeff Borer came with his NSU. When Scott showed up, we hitched up the trailer and started loading the bikes in the trailer. Normally this is an easy procedure when you have only 3 or 4 bikes, however, we were loading 4 bikes at John's house and needed to go to KTM's warehouse to pick up 2 more bikes in storage. The 4 bikes had to be carefully arranged in the trailer to allow the other 2 bikes to fit. Even though we had enough tie downs, the only brackets to connect them to were on the floor of the trailer and there were only enough for 4 bikes and none of us were familiar with the procedure to do this without the aid of any hooks on the walls or ceiling. We finished securing the 4 bikes and loading the back of the pick-up with our gear when John came back from his office. He

was heading over to his house to pack up his clothes for the trip and we instructed him to meet us at KTM. Jeff Borer and Ollie Martin headed to work and Paul Danik, Al Born, and I headed to KTM with Scott Brogan in his truck. One of the things I learned from the guys is that when going on a trip with John Penton, don't get concerned about not "leaving on time" or being late. Things will work out. This trip proved to be no different from any other.

The plan we had worked out with Jack for getting the 2 bikes out of the KTM warehouse was to have one of the KTM employees use a tow-motor to lift a pallet up to the 2nd floor storage loft so we could roll the bikes onto the pallet and have them lowered to ground level and then load them into the trailer. When we arrived at KTM we were informed that the tow-motor operator was busy for the next hour. We tried to find Dane Leimbach to see if he could assist us with one of the spare tow-motors. Dane was out of town, so we did what any other dirt bike rider would do, we took charge of the situation and muscled them down the stairs which was fast and easy with 4 people.

While we wrestled with strapping down the 2 bikes in the trailer, John's wife, Donna, drove up with John and his gear. A last minute check by John made him realize that he had forgotten something and Donna headed back home to retrieve it for him. It was after 10 when we finally had everything loaded up and Donna returned with John's item. We picked our spots in Scott's truck, John in the front passenger seat (riding shotgun for Scott), Paul, Al, and I in the back seat.

We were finally on our way to Davenport, WRONG! Scott remembered that he had forgotten his camera, so we made a side trip to Norwalk, Ohio to see Scott's neighborhood and have a demonstration of his driving skills with a trailer. His house is near the end of a short dead-end street and he easily pulled into his driveway next to his house and was back with us within a

minute with his camera. Anyone else would have spent at least 10 minutes backing out of that drive onto the narrow street, but Scott bragged about how he does it all the time with trailers and he easily maneuvered the trailer out of his driveway and we were back on the road to Davenport.

We made good time along I-80. We spent the time talking about a variety of subjects. Al Born was our entertainer. As soon as someone would close their eyes to do some deep meditation, he would pull out his harmonica and start playing a Lul-a-bye next to them. It was a pleasant trip, but you just couldn't relax too much.

Just outside of Gary, Indiana, our smooth sailing on the turnpike was interrupted with both sides of the road closed and all traffic directed off at one of the exits. We weren't sure which direction to go as no one had a map with them. The lady at the toll gate said to go south but we decided to use the manly man's sense of direction which was to follow the semi in front of us, which went north. After following the semi past a couple of exits along that divided highway and finding ourselves now in Michigan, we decided to pull off the next exit before going further north. We then continued west along a state route for a few miles until we came to a small truck stop. Since it was around noon time, we decided to inspect the rest room and grab some lunch. One of the clerks informed us that the turnpike was closed because a truck carrying cooking oil leaked his load along the highway and it was being repaved to correct the damage. Scott is experienced at driving asphalt trucks and told us that oil will dissolve asphalt and it has to be removed. The clerk also told us that the southern detour route was tied up with a traffic jam because of an ice cream truck that crashed into a house. We were sure happy to be where we were, and not sitting in that traffic jam.

We grabbed an empty table in the crowded dining room but didn't sit there long when John observed that there was only one table that had food on it, there was only one waitress, and

everyone else was waiting for a menu. We decided to leave rather than wait to be served and headed back to the pickup. Within a few minutes we were back on an interstate and thereafter reconnected to I-80 and on course to Davenport. We located a Denny's restaurant and enjoyed lunch there without a long wait.

We pulled into Davenport some time after 7 pm and found the county fairgrounds without any trouble. We were in awe driving through the fairgrounds to locate our spot. We were surrounded by hundreds of old bikes, mainly old Harleys and Indians. It was like being in a museum only with a lot of the objects running and being ridden.

We found our spot in a flat grassy area and dropped the trailer there. Since there was about an hour of daylight still left, we decided to take a walk around and check things out. Within 10 minutes we found Bill Smith who arrived there in the morning. His comment to us was that he had checked all of the vendors out and there were no Penton items to be found and that most of the items being sold consisted of old Harley and Indian bikes and parts.

We were intrigued with all of this "old stuff" on display. Scott was in his glory when we discovered a 1947 "Brogan" mini bike with a Briggs and Stratton engine. He was sure happy to have his camera with him as he took pictures of it. He is the only other member of the POG besides the Pentons to have a "motorcycle" named after him and he now has proof of it.

Within a half hour of meeting Bill Smith, Paul Danik eagle-eyed some Penton literature on a vendor's table and wasted no time in snatching it up. Although dirt bike parts were extremely hard to find at the meet during the weekend, our group managed to find a Penton gas tank, a Ceriani front end, and some brochures.

Some of us spent the rest of the daylight tagging along with John Penton. I for one was amused at seeing John stop and identify certain old bikes and parts. He was caught up in this time warp and I could only imagine the

memories that were going through his head. I could not comprehend the history that was surrounding us because it was before my experience with bikes and it left me with the feeling of having missed a special time in history. At one display with an old Harley, John stopped and just stared at the bike for a time before telling us that that was the identical bike that his brother Bill rode the Jackpine on in 1947.

It was getting dark when we decided to head out and find our motel. After following the directions which seemed to take forever, to the outskirts of town, we located it, secured our rooms and found a restaurant for dinner. Paul Danik was the first one to "crash" in the hotel room. He was up since 3 am to meet us at John's house. It's a long way from "Mars" but was worth the trip for him.

Friday morning we were up at dawn and while waiting for Al Born and John to finish eating breakfast, Paul, Scott and I walked around the motel parking lot to check out the street bikes. We struck up a conversation with one of the riders who turned out to be a professional photographer and was on his way to the AMCA meet. We informed him of our intentions of setting up the Penton display and he promised to check it out.

We arrived at our display to find Ted and Connie del Solar waiting for us at the trailer. After exchanging greetings, we set to work unloading the trailer and setting up the E-Z ups. Scott came up with a new idea to display the framed photos with stretch netting. This worked out so well that we left the metal screening in the back of the truck.

It took some time, but we arranged the display with Jeff Borer's NSU on one side of the display surrounded with John Penton photos and posters and the Penton bikes on the other side surrounded with a Penton banner. Paul's ISDT Six Days bike was placed in the back corner surrounded by his framed medals and photos of ISDT riders. Al Born's no. 3 Penton was placed in the center of the display.

Rod Gorzny showed up with his Steel tank bikes and our display was ready to show.

The NSU was our main traffic stopper. Most people walking past the display would stop to look at it. This gave us a chance to talk to them about it and explain the significance of it in regards to John Penton winning 3 national championships on it, and it's role in the eventual development of the Penton motorcycle.

If the NSU didn't stop them, the Penton motorcycles did. Although most people at the event were street bike enthusiasts and had no idea what a Penton bike was let alone any knowledge of dirt bikes in general, there were a few people there who recognized the name. They either had owned a Penton or had ridden with buddies who did and they were totally caught off guard when they were invited to meet John at the display. One fella spent a considerable amount of time talking to John claiming to have named his first born son after him.

Ed Youngblood showed up at the display on a BMW motorcycle. He parked it near our display and was in and out checking on what was going on.

Later in the morning, one of the guys came back to tell us about the bike show in one of the buildings. He noticed that some of the bikes on display had tags on them indicating that they were not to be judged and were only on display for show. Al Born went to check it out and received permission to put his bike on display in the building for show only. This gave us double exposure for the Penton brand especially in the building which was very busy with activity the whole time that we were there.

Bill Smith was in and out of the display all day Friday and Saturday. He arrived on a very nice 1977 125 MC5 and spent a good deal of his time taking photos and riding his bike to and from who knows where.

Jeff Borer showed up on Friday afternoon to check out the display and look for NSU parts.

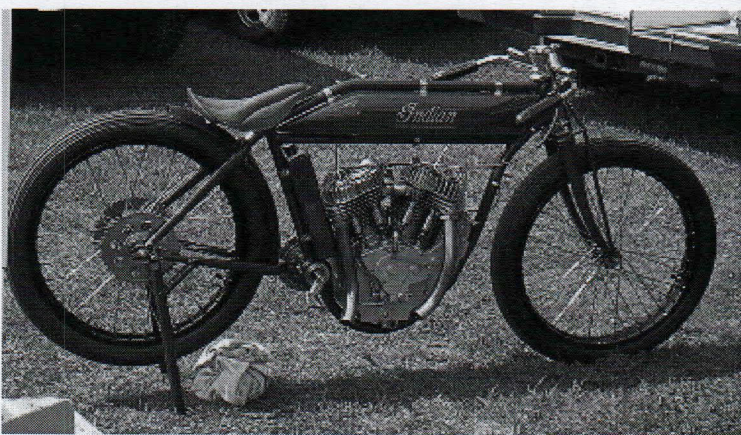
Friday night is the AMCA's dirt



The Penton display at the Davenport, Iowa meet. Jeff Borer's NSU was parked under the E-Z Up on the right surrounded by photos of John Penton. The steel tank and CMF Pentons were parked under the E-Z Ups on the left. The 1975 125 and the Penton Jr. Crosser were parked under the center E-Z Up.



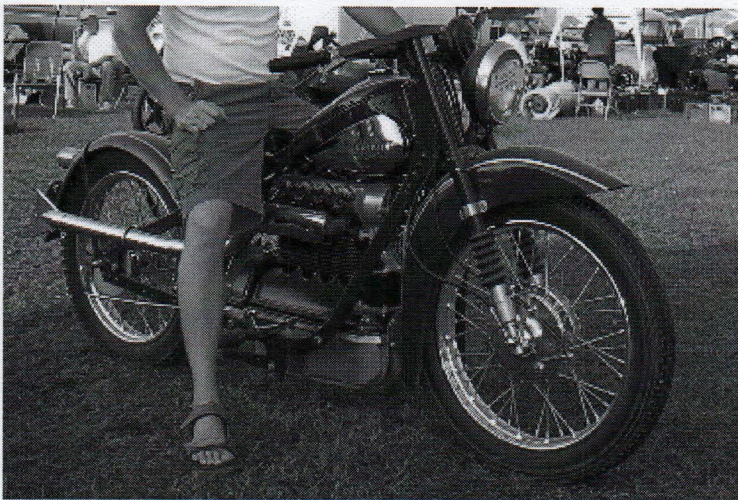
Paul Danik's ISDT Penton Six Day bike on display with his ISDT helmet on the tool bag. His bike was surrounded by photos of Penton ISDT riders.



A very rare Indian board track race bike that was beautifully restored and on display in the swap meet. This was an exception in that the average bike found in the swap meet were like those found at Mid-Ohio, stripped down and rusty, but much older.



Ted del Solar trying to take his daily afternoon nap as Al Born plays him a lul-a-bye on his harmonica.



During the meet, all kinds of old, unusual and one of kind bikes were being ridden around the fairgrounds. The bike shown above is a 1950's Nimbus 4 cylinder motorcycle that was made in Denmark. The owner of this bike graciously stopped to talk with us about his bike when we hailed him.



Changing a flat tire on a trailer is no job for just one person. Luckily, Scott Brogan had plenty of assistance. Jeff Borer, John Penton, and Paul Danik are shown supervising.

track race night right there in the fairgrounds 1/2 mile dirt track stadium. We closed up the POG display around six to grab something to eat and watch the races. John's stomach wasn't in a mood for the gourmet food being sold by the vendors outside the stadium, so he, Jeff Borer and I opted to walk over to the McDonalds across the street from the fairgrounds to eat. Along the way John talked about the NSU and what a precision built machine it was. He could ride it "wide open" without worrying about the piston seizing or gears breaking. He also made a comment that 99% of the people at the meet did not know who John Penton was, how to pronounce his name, or what a Penton motorcycle was. It seems that he was doing an informal survey during the day when he was walking around checking things out. I did not take his survey lightly and accepted it as a need for us to find more ways of educating our new Antique motorcycle family since we are after all the "new kids" at the meet.

We caught up to the rest of the guys inside the stadium just as the last of the qualifiers was run. For me the most exciting race was the one where 3 antique board track bikes were raced. They were run about 8 laps around the track with the two bikes in the lead playing tag with each other. It wasn't until the end of the race that they announced that the winning racer was 80 years old, he was retiring from racing, and that was his last ride. That explained why the 2nd place rider was dropping back and speeding up on the straights but never passing during the race. I thought that that was the way you had to ride those bikes and the riders were adjusting the manual ignition advance entering and exiting the turns. But, it didn't matter. Just seeing those bikes being ridden and hearing their unique sound (amazingly, they were a lot quieter than the other dirt track bikes even though they were running with their shorty straight pipes) was worth the admission price to be there.

Saturday was busy in the morning but there was a lighter crowd than on

Friday. Since we did not have any bikes in the bike judging, which was to be held on Sunday morning with the event to officially end at noon, we decided to leave on Saturday afternoon.

The photographer we met on Friday morning at the hotel showed up at our display and was impressed with it's professional look. On a scale of 1 to 10 he gave us a 9.

By 2 o'clock, most of the vendors were in the process of packing up or had left. Since we still had people stopping by to look at our display and talk to John we held off taking down the display until around 4. This gave everyone a chance to take one last look around.

Ted del Solar tried to take a little snooze in the early afternoon and this gave Al Born an opportunity to get some more practice on his harmonica. This provided some entertainment for anyone standing around the display and provided a chance to take a picture. Unfortunately for Ted, he did not get much sleep.

Packing up the display took a couple of hours. It wasn't for the lack of help, thanks to the POG members, we had plenty. It was trying to get the 6 bikes back into the trailer and figure out how we tied them down getting there. Upon inspection of the trailer we found a flat on one of the tires. Ted used an electric pump to inflate it while the trailer was being loaded.

We said our goodbyes to Rod Gorzny and Bill Smith and headed out. John Penton, Al Born, and Paul Danik went with Scott Brogan in the pickup, I went with Jeff Borer in his Jeep, and Connie and Ted del Solar followed in their van. We stopped at a gas station to gas up then headed east on I-80.

At sundown, we exited the freeway to get some dinner at John's favorite restaurant, Wendy's. Coming out of the restaurant, we noticed that the tire on the trailer was looking flat again. A check with a tire gage showed that it was losing air pressure. We decided to do a tire change rather than risk putting more air into it and have it go

completely flat and self destruct. How many people does it take to change a trailer tire? In this case it was 2 mechanics and 6 supervisors. We pulled the spare out of the trailer and found it to be low on air. Ted pulled his compressed air tank out of his van and inflated it to the proper pressure. Luckily Scott found a wrench in his tool box to fit the lug nuts. We didn't set any NASCAR records but managed to finish in about 20 minutes. We said our goodbyes to Connie and Ted and headed back onto I-80 again. Connie and Ted went their way and we went east to Ohio. We made good time with no delays or detours and arrived at John's house around 3:30am.

Overall it was a trip that was worth making. We saw some unusual bikes at the event, some were even being ridden around the fairgrounds. I found the event to be casual and more laid-back, unlike Mid-Ohio which is noisier and chaotic with all of the different things like the crowds and races going on the whole time. There was more artistic creativity evident there with an Antique bike on display with an 8 cylinder motor that looked original but the originals only had 4 cylinders. Or the beautifully restored Indian dirt tracker that was in the display behind us which was owned by a young guy who did the restoration and looked to be no older than 30. Another guy had a steam powered bicycle that he built along with a working model of in-line-four Tecumseh motor.

Some of the officials of the Black Hawk motorcycle club (the organizers of the Davenport meet) had stopped to see our display and were impressed with what we did. This has given them ideas to try and get other clubs to attend and set up displays, but they need to find more space at the fairgrounds to do it. They have invited us back next year and want to know if we would like the same spot. We have notified them that we will be back again next year and are looking forward to seeing more of our members attending.

LATEST NEWS

In case you haven't noticed or heard, the POG has a new line-up of officers. Nominations for officers was held at the September meeting and elections were held at the October meeting. Paul Danik is the new President, Scott Brogan is the new Vice President, Al Born is still Secretary, and Alan Buehner is the new Treasurer. Doug Wilford has continued with the handling of memberships.

Our new bylaws provided 2 new openings for board members. At the October meeting, Bill Smith (MI) was elected to fill one of these openings. The other opening will be held vacant for the immediate future.

This change will help spread the duties and responsibilities of the officers and give some a chance to relax a little. It is a positive move that will benefit the POG in the years to come as it keeps growing.

The November 2004 issue of "Walneck's Classic Cycle" magazine has a nice interview article about Ed Youngblood along with some interesting photos of him. Anyone that has met Ed knows that he is a low-key down to earth individual who as President of the AMA has traveled all over the world. He has met and knows many famous people. From this article I can see why he was inducted into the AMA Motorcycle Hall of Fame. The POG is truly fortunate to have him actively involved with us.

The Penton Day at the AMA will be held again on Saturday, February 5, 2005 at the AMA Museum in Pickerington, Ohio (just east of Columbus, Ohio off I-70).

The doors to the Museum open at 9 am. Admission is \$5, but if you show your AMA, AHRMA, or POG membership card you can save \$1 off the admission price.

Don't forget to bring a bike or two to display outside in the open garage next to the Museum.

Every year the Motorcycle Hall of

Fame Museum prints up and mails out an annual report to its contributors. The POG received a copy of the 2003 report in September. All annual reports contain the yearly facts and figures of "Assets", "Liabilities", Income, and Expenses which by law must be sent out to keep everyone informed about the financial health and welfare of the organization. Most reports are flat-out boring. Some have some nice photos to grab your attention, but this report is a work of art. It has 30 pages of photos and print on glossy stock in color. Just past several pages of a story about the "Heroes of Harley Davidson" exhibit in the museum is a photo of Al Born's son's Penton steel tank Berkshire with a mention of the Penton Owners Group's meeting at the museum each February.

Almost all annual reports wind up in the round file. This one though is a keeper and was placed the "Penton collection box". If you would like to receive a copy of next year's annual report, mail the museum a \$100 or more contribution and become a supporter.

Also, for you pin collectors, the museum also mails out a "supporter" pin each year to its contributors. A nice memento for helping them out.

The POG will not be setting up any displays at the upcoming International Motorcycle Shows this winter. The "Club House" space that was held at each of the shows last winter by the promoter is not being held this season. If you are planning on attending any of these shows, wear your Penton long sleeve t-shirt to promote the Penton brand awareness. This is an easy inexpensive way for you to do your part to bring the "Penton awareness" to the event.

The POG has come up with the idea of having a theme for each year. For the year 2005 the theme will be the Jackpiner motorcycle. All displays for the year will be focused on the Jackpiner. Although all types of Penton motorcycles are welcomed to

be displayed at events, we will be encouraging you to bring your Jackpiner to display.

In conjunction with the Jackpiner theme, Paul Danik, Bill Smith, and Will Hentges are working at designing and selling Jackpiner t-shirts for the POG during the year. This will be a limited edition run, available during 2005 only. In the upcoming years, other limited edition t-shirts will be produced based on a Penton motorcycle being used as the theme for that year. The design of these shirts was made by Will Hentges. He gave a power point presentation of his designs at the November POG meeting for input and approval from the board that knocked my socks off. These t-shirts are like nothing you have ever seen and will command attention whenever you wear one. They will truly do justice to the Penton marque and project the POG's hallmark of doing things professionally.

One of our POG members in Canada, "Speedy" Clasen has written and published a book on KTM mopeds and motorcycles. It is a reference book showing a color photo and description of the different styles and models of bikes that were built by KTM from the 1950s thru 2005. Each photo is also accompanied by technical information. The only draw back to the book is that it is written in German. He is selling this book on his web site. More information about it can be found on the POG web site in the forum section. It will definitely be a hot topic with discussions centered on how to get "Speedy" to reprint it in English.

One of our newest members, Rich Winkler of N.Y. Was interviewed and written up in the November 22 issue of Cycle News. His company, Dirt Wurx, builds the Super Cross tracks held in the stadiums around the U.S. The article tells what is involved in setting up a track and there is more to it than just bringing in truckloads of dirt to make hills and jumps.

THE WAY IT WAS

By Al Born

55 YEARS AGO---1949

John Penton finished 2nd overall at the Jack Pine Enduro on a BSA.

50 YEARS AGO---1954

Bill Penton won the overall at the Jack Pine Enduro on a BSA.

45 YEARS AGO---1959

The Oct. 24th issue of the Columbus Star had a picture of John Penton on the trail at the Cord Run. John won the Overall with a score of 957, giving him the Canadian National Championship. Some of the other higher scores went to riders on 500 cc BSAs, a 250 cc Dot and the Heavyweight class was won by a 55 c.i. Harley Davidson. The side-car class winner went a "long " 148 miles on an AJS.

The Amherst Meadowlarks Motorcycle Club became incorporated on Nov. 17th.

35 YEARS AGO---1969

The AMA magazine described the Jack Pine as one of the finest trail rides ever, even though many riders failed to follow instructions in their packet or at the riders meeting, therefore getting to a check way early. After all was said and done, John Penton prevailed as the Overall Winner with a score of 969, which helped him to become the AMA's National Enduro Champion. For icing on the cake, Penton riders won five classes. Bud Green riding a Penton was second overall with a score of 964 and Doug Wilford on a Penton was the Bantamweight champion with a score of 946. The above riders, as a team clinched the team trophy for the Amherst, Ohio team. Also in the A Flyweight class, Dave Mungens placed second and the B Flyweight class showed John Bomby in 1st and Paul Capistrant in second place. The A Bantamweight class showed Ray Kussmaul in 1st and Rick Spangler in 3rd place, and in the B Bantamweight class, Daniel Bell was 1st and Ronald Sape was 3rd, all on Penton motorcycles.

On Sept 14th, a 100 mile Enduro at Killbuck, Ohio showed the following results: Gary Snider on a Yamaha won the overall with a score of 981. Dale Claridge rode his Penton to the A

Lightweight class win with a score of 975, which was good enough for second overall. In the B Bantamweight class, Paul Kaser was 1st and Ted Novak placed 2nd in the B Lightweight class, both on Pentons.

The Oct. 21st issue of Cycle News had two pictures on the front cover that was taken at the 6-Days in Germany. One was a German village with a large mountain in the background, the other being of Ed Schmidt of St. Louis, a silver medal winner, crossing a stream on his Penton. A large caption stated that the scoring showed that Penton Six-Day motorcycle riders had won a total of 7 gold, 9 silver and 4 bronze medals. The USA Vase B team consisting of Bud Green, Dave Mungenast, Leroy Winters and John Penton had won a Silver Replica, placing 9th in the World standings. Leroy Winters placed 9th overall in the 100 cc class and in the 125 class, Arnaldo Fariola from Italy was 4th, John Penton was 29th, Ron Bohn was 40th, Dave Mungenast was 44th and Bud Green was 48th overall, all on Pentons.

Results from the Sandy Lane National Enduro showed the following: In A Lightweight, Rick Spangler was in 1st place, in B Lightweight, Gordon Razee was 1st and Tom Rossi was 3rd, all on Pentons. The article stated that John Penton lost as much as a half hour thrashing around in the cranberry thickets looking for the trail, as someone had removed some of the arrows.

Cycle News reported that on Oct. 12th, our own Matt Weisman promoted a Professional MX at Klamfoths MX Park that drew 40 riders, 18 in the 250 cc class and 22 in the 500 cc class. The 250 cc class results showed the following: 1st was Dick Mann on an Ossa, 2nd was Gunnar Lindstrom, 3rd was Bill Wetzel, 4th was Geo. Schroyer and 5th was Bob Schroyer all on Huskys. In the 500 cc class, Gunnar Linstrom was 1st, Ron Moore was 2nd, Carl Bergren was 3rd, Ronnie Rall was 4th and Jim Wetzel was 5th, all on Huskys except Ronnie Rall who was riding a Greeves. The article noted that Bruce Maguire, a noted rider from N.Y. had his license suspended and was pulled from the line-up by the AMA officials for having

ridden in a non AMA MX at Pepperell on June 29th.

Also on Oct. 12th, Jeff Penton scored the overall win at a Hare Scramble at Mathias Raceway that was promoted by the Akron Enduro Riders. Jack Penton, Don Knelly and Don Mathias placed 1,2 and 3 in the 100 cc class and Dallas York took 1st place in the 125 class, all riding Penton motorcycles.

On Oct 19th, the results from a MX held at Ashtabula, Ohio showed the final results of the day as follows: 100 cc class was won by Dane Leimbach followed by John Mishko, C. Henline and S. Brunner, all on Pentons. In the 125 cc class Jack Penton was the winner and Floyd Beattie was 4th both on Pentons. Jack Penton also rode his 125 Penton in the 250 cc Expert class and stopped Bill Wetzels {Husky} winning streak at this track. Bill finished 2nd and Gerry Pacholke was third on his Bultaco.

On Oct. 26th, Lars Larsson riding a Penton took 1st place in the 125cc class at the Mid-States Inter-Am at Larue, Ohio. Jeff Penton had led Lars for several laps before a fall put him out of contention. Jack Penton was running in third place until he fell, resulting in a broken ankle. The results showed Floyd Beattie in 4th place and Doug Wilford in 6th place, both riding Pentons.

On Nov. 16th the results from a very muddy Hare Scramble at Mansfield, Ohio showed that the 100 cc class was won by Don Knelly and 3rd went to David Beasley. In the 125 cc class, 1st went to Phil Devoe, 2nd to John Hochstetter and 4th to Ollie Martin, all riding Pentons.

The Nov. AMA magazines front cover had a picture of Dick Mann riding moto-cross on an Ossa with the following caption: DICK MANN, AMA'S VERSATILE PRO.

The Nov. 18th issue of Cycle News had a very nice article written by Ted Penton titled "Teds View of Pepperell".

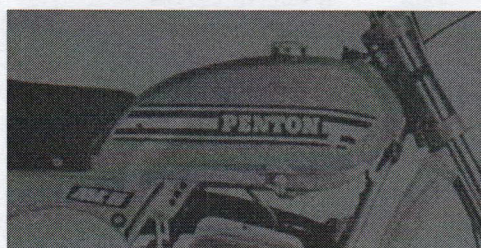
Doug Wilford on a 125 cc Penton was the "overall" winner of the Busted Piston Enduro which was the final National Enduro of the year. This Enduro had over 500 entries and only 3 finishers. Talk about an "IRON MAN".

Tech Tips

What's The Difference? Post-vintage Tanks & Decals

by Alan Buehner

Since many of our member are expanding their vintage racing into "post vintage" and are looking for and restoring 1976 thru 1981 KTM built bikes, I am listing some photos of these bikes showing the style of gas tanks and what decals were used on them.



1976 MC-5

The fiberglass gas tanks were painted orange and came in one size that held 1.8 gallons.



1977 GS-6

The fiberglass gas tanks were painted orange.. The 1977 models used a redesigned tank to fit the all new frame with the massive hi-breather backbone. It's tank is curved in the back by the seat which distinguishes it from the MC-5 tanks. The 125's & 175's came with smaller 1.8 gallon tanks and used the same decals as the MC-5.



1977 MC-5

Fiberglass tanks were standard equipment and painted orange. They look the same as the GS-6 tanks except the tank is flat in the back by the seat and has a short extension sticking out. Fuel capacity is 1.8 gallons.



1978 MC-5 & GS-6

This was the last year for fiberglass tanks and they were painted white and redesigned. to fit the new 1978 MC-5 frame. The GS-6 tanks are curved in the back by the seat and the MC-5 tanks are flat.



1979 MC-80 & GS-80

The plastic gas tanks were white. The moto cross bikes and 125 & 175 enduro bikes came with 1.8 gallon tanks. The 250, 400, and 420 enduro bikes came with 3 gallon tanks.



1980 MC & GS

The plastic gas tanks were white and redesigned with a distinctive hump at the gas cap. They came in 2 sizes, 8.3 and 10.3 liter capacities.



1981 MC & GS

The plastic gas tanks were white. They came in 3 sizes, 7.3, 8.3, and 10.3 liters. They are identical to the 1980 tanks except the 7.3 & 10.3 liter tanks used screw-on KTM plastic plates. The 8.3 liter tank used the KTM decal.

8TH ANNUAL LEROY WINTERS ISDT/E REUNION RIDE

by AL BORN

After spending a week-end visiting relatives and friends in Kentucky followed by 3 days in Branson, we took a little detour down through Arkansas before heading toward the Tulsa/Sand Springs area for the 8th annual reunion ride. As we drove into Tulsa, we encountered a heavy rain storm with some lightning and thunder. In fact, it rained so hard that most traffic was slowed to around 35 miles per hour. We drove right to the motel in Sand Springs that Jack Penton had reserved rooms from back earlier in the year. As we pulled in by the office we noticed Ted Del Solar's van sitting there with a big Penton sign in the window, and before we could get parked, Ted and Connie came out so we chatted with them for a few minutes before checking in. It was a nice big, clean room but the maid had left a used towel hanging on the bathroom door. Margie mentioned it to Connie and before you could blink an eye, Connie was there with the very apologetic maid who retrieved the used towel. It seems that Connie has a way of looking out for all of her "Penton Friends".

We followed Ted towards the Zink ranch but about a mile and a half out, he missed the right turn onto Rt. 97 North. We waited a couple minutes and went around the block once but did not see them. Now I know how they ended up in Vermont while returning to their motel when we were in Mass. last year for the reunion ride, but Ted being the "Enduro Rider" that he is soon found the "trail" and arrived at the ranch on time which was around 3:00 p.m. There was many people at the camping area near the Fire Hall and we found Ted Landers and Phil Ketchum, with the help of Rosemary doing the "tech" inspections inside the large building as it was still raining lightly. This building also served as a cafeteria, as well as having a nice area that displayed several off-road motorcycles, pictures and other interesting items and other areas where the riders picked up their packets and

where they sold the programs, t-shirts and caps, etc.

This building also had nice indoor restrooms with a shower. They had a limited supply of t-shirts and would not sell any until they were sure all the entrants received theirs. After eating and visiting for a while, we headed back to the motel at approximately 7:00 p.m. It rained continuously as we drove back to Sand Springs and when we pulled into the motel lot, there sat a white Sport Trac and a trailer with an old Penton and a Allouette in it. Who else could that be but Ron Carbaugh, so we talked to him for a while. It was still raining when we went into our room, but the weather channel said that Saturday was to be sunny and 83 degrees and Sunday was to be sunny and 87 degrees. Now that was a forecast that was very hard to believe, but this time the weather man was "right on".

The continental breakfast room was full of Penton folks by 7:00 a.m., including the Rudders, Wilfords, Dane Leimbach, Carl Cranke, Fred Cameron, Dave Mungenast, Larry Maiers, Paul Busick and several others including John Penton. The day dawned sunny and cool {around 46 degrees} but soon began to warm up and by the time most of the riders had left, most people had removed their jackets and it was a beautiful day.

The Zink ranch is a beautiful place for an event such as this as it consists of between 31,000 and 33,000 acres, depending on which story you read. The impound area was a beautiful sight with the sun shining on all of the nice clean motorcycles except for one. One certain Rokon that I noticed had a large "cow pie" on the seat and another small one on the front fender. Luckily the pies were well done, enough so that some new green grass was sprouting up through them. Some mischievous cow must have put them on there during the night. Most all of the motorcycles started pretty well and it was not long after the last rider left that the first ones out were returning. There was not much mud on the bikes and most of the riders had big smiles on their faces. I'm sorry to say that one rider, Phil Ketchum came in just a little "mixed up" as he had crashed somewhere on the trail and received a concussion. Phil was able to attend the banquet and Sundays ride but was not in

any condition to ride. He had considerable memory loss but I have heard that he is doing well now, so we are all thankful for that.

After having some lunch along with some delicious blackberry cobbler, I went over by the moto-cross track where they were just starting the acceleration/braking tests and their timed one lap around the MX track. I noticed that one previously smiling face had turned very serious, that being of John Borer as his Penton would not start. We changed spark plugs a couple times and checked for loose wires but it still had no fire. John waited until nearly all the other riders had finished their tests and he proceeded to push his Penton down the acceleration area around the big round hay bale and back to the braking area, then headed to the MX course, stating that he refused to take a DNF so he could ride on Sunday. John started pushing around the course when a four-wheeler came along with an old piece of garden hose which was used as a tow rope. They pulled him around near to the finish line then let him push it across the line, After a short breather, I helped him push his bike back over to the campgrounds and he changed the motoplat ignition and it fired right up. Johns pushing paid off as he was given the "Iron Man" trophy at the banquet that evening. This is a new award which was presented by the Tulsa Trail Riders. Those who were not camping at the ranch headed to their motels to get ready for the banquet that was held at the Zink museum that evening beginning at 6:00 p.m.

The museum was a perfect setting for a banquet with plenty of space. In fact, it accommodated so many people that they ran short of food and had to quickly have more brought in. The museum had two former Indy racer cars and some other modified race cars as well as a few motorcycles, including the Yamaha that was the overall winner of the Six-Day meet held there in 1994. After a very good dinner, Bart Winters spoke briefly, thanking everyone for attending the Reunion Ride that his father Leroy and Dick Mann started 8 years ago. Bart and Larry Maiers then auctioned several items that had been donated. I don't know why, but it seems John Penton buys a lot of items when Larry is doing

the selling????? Mr. Jack Zink was called on and he spoke briefly about his connections both to automobile and motorcycle racing.

At this time, the following awards were presented by Bart and Larry: the Bud Ekins award went to Dave Mungenast, the Al Ames award went to "Speedy" Clasen, the Winters family presented the Leroy Winters award to Jeff Debell, the John Penton award went to John Greenrose, the Marsha McDonald award went to the Tulsa Trail Riders and as mentioned earlier, the new "Iron Man" award went to John Borer. A few others came forward to tell about some of their most interesting Six-Days, including Carl Cranke and Jeff Fredette.

After the awards presentation, a short time of visiting was enjoyed before everyone left to get some rest in preparation for day 2 of the event that would soon be there. Sunday proved to be another beautiful day as the sun was getting warm by 10:00 a.m. Most of the bikes started real well on Sunday with the exception of one Rokon, but I went

tell who the rider was, as it did finally start. All of the riders came in again with a smile on their face except for a couple, one being Doug Wilford who fell and hurt his ribs and he found out on Tuesday after he got home that three ribs were broken. Also, John "Iron Man" Borer's Penton had another dead moto-plat and he was unable to ride the moto-cross race. The moto-cross track was dust free and 99% mud free for some very interesting racing.

It was good to see Dick Mann again and see him doing so well health-wise. In my book, Dick is the best and most versatile rider that I have ever seen. It was also good to see the Winters family again. Mike, Bart, Robin and uncle Bobby all rode some of the event and I'm sure that Mike, Bobby and Robin all finished. I really had a lot of respect for Leroy and I learned a "few" things from him back in our Honda 90 days.

The Good Lord was good to us weather-wise this week-end as the rain on Friday prevented any dust problems and the previously dry ground absorbed

enough of the rain that there was not too much mud either. I heard one rider remark that the Tulsa Trail Riders had picked all the rocks from the trail but they had left them lying right beside the trails in the grass. Vern Street and his wife Sara seemed to be everywhere tending to whatever needed done and Paul Rodder, the trail master was very busy but seemed to handle everything very well. In fact, I thought that the whole atmosphere seemed to be at a nice, smooth and relaxed pace and I know that if they ever sponsor this event again, I'm ready to go, and on behalf of the Penton Owners Group, I would like to thank the Tulsa Trail Riders for the fine event they put on and even more "thanks" go to Mr. Jack Zink for so generously letting them use his property.

P.S. The only complaint I could possibly make is that by Saturday morning, they only had XX Large t-shirts left and I did not get one but Margie was happy because she can't get all my t-shirts in the drawers now.

Meeting minutes have been removed from this document.

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MY PENTON INFLUENCE WAS... my dad, Ernie Roach. This picture is of my dad crossing a river in a Southern Ohio enduro on his Penton. Dedicated in memory of him. **1935-1997**
Photo provided by POG member Gary "Gig" Roach – Belpre, Ohio.