

Still...Keeping Track

Penton Owners Group Newsletter \$5.00



Ted Guthrie at the "Penton Day at the AMA", Feb. 2004, in the museum behind Kent Knudson's '74 250.

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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.

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

The editor of this newsletter is Alan Buehner

The assistant editor is Al Born

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

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By Alan Buehner

Changes are coming. New and exciting things are being discussed and are being implemented through the Penton Future Project committee.

New bylaws for the POG have been drafted and should be approved at the June meeting and then be submitted to the state in order to get our non-profit status changed to allow us to have fund raising events and thus pay for the ideas being planned for the Penton Future Project.

After the Mid-Ohio event, I will be stepping down as President of the POG. I have notified the board of Trustees that I would be willing to take on the duties of Treasurer. This will enable us to honor Doug Wilford's notice from over a year ago that he would be stepping down as Treasurer and handle just the memberships. A new President will be chosen to lead us and I view this change as being healthy for the POG. The timing is good with the new bylaws and the forthcoming proposal from the Penton Future Project committee.

Since this is most likely my last comments in this newsletter under the "President's corner", I would like to thank the following people who have helped to make my job as President for the past six years a little easier: Doug Wilford for his unselfish, dedication and willingness to "hang in there" as Treasurer "just a little bit longer." Al Born for his skill and dedication as Secretary and his help in proof reading this newsletter before it is published. Jack Penton for his enthusiasm and behind the scenes help. Barbara Weisman for sharing her time and talents

to make our displays look professional. Paul Danik for his enthusiasm and "ideas" to keep things fresh and interesting. Ron Carbaugh for his kind words that have helped lift my spirit and energy levels. John Penton for his co-operation, help, and enthusiasm. Ed

Youngblood for his talent, enthusiasm, and willingness to help out. All of the Trustees of POG for their commitment to attend all of our meetings so that we always have a quorum to conduct business. And lastly, all of YOU our members who believe in our cause to

keep the PENTON name alive through this organization and support the POG through your membership renewal. I appreciate everyone's support during my term as President and encourage everyone to give their continued support to our new President.

The Mailbox

April 27, 2004

I know my membership is up for renewal. I'm probably late. I've been looking for the form which I misplaced, but, it never appeared. So, thanks for everything. You guys are the greatest. I don't know how I could make it without my Penton motorcycles and this group. It's very enjoyable.

Bob Wardlow, MI

Bob, check the address label that this newsletter was mailed in to see if your membership has expired or is up for renewal. There is a date just above your name on the label which is your membership expiration date. I generally enclose a renewal form and a letter with the newsletter if your membership is coming up for renewal or has expired.

March 8, 2004

Based upon the overwhelming attendance that occurs at the meetings held on Saturdays (AMA & VMD) I would like to propose that the POG officers seriously consider holding Saturday meetings at least quarterly. I raised this proposal to several attendees at the AMA meeting and most were in favor. This would likely double the

typical Thursday evening attendance and would result in broader attendance, participation, and volunteerism. If the POG officers truly want success for the "Penton Future Project", then reaching out to encourage greater participation will be vital.

Sincerely,

Pat Mickevicious, MI

Pat,

Thanks for the suggestion. I will present this to the Future Penton Project committee.

We started the POG meetings at the VMD event in 2000 to give the members from around the country a chance to meet the board members and have a one-on-one opportunity to hear what is going on.

The Penton Day at the AMA was started in 2001 to break the winter doldrums by giving members and other Penton enthusiasts a chance to see the museum and have a day of fun with seminars with a short POG meeting thrown in to update everyone with current activities.

I tried to hold a POG meeting at the ISDT Reunion Ride this past October on Friday night but, with all of the goings on with people trying to get their bikes running and

impounded, I could not get everyone together and we had to cancel it.

The monthly POG meetings are held on Thursdays because it has turned out to be the best day of the week for us to have a quorum of directors available to run our meetings. I and the other board members are very thankful that KTM allows us the use of their meeting room which at times inconveniences one of their employees when our meetings run a little too long.. Trying to hold meetings at KTM's facility on a Saturday (when KTM is closed) would be pushing our welcome.

Our monthly meetings typically run about 2-1/2 hours and can sometimes be a little bit boring. We try to keep the AMA Museum and Vintage Days meetings short and entertaining, avoiding any business matters to keep it so.

We will try and hold another meeting this year at the Antique M/C club of America meet in Davenport, Iowa during the Labor Day weekend.

Alan Buehner

March 3, 2004

Everything A OK, more technical articles and list serial numbers and years periodically.

Thanks, keep up the good work!
Ray Dunaway Jr., OH

PRODUCTION YEAR GUIDE - Part 1

by Bill Smith

The following is a guide to help identify the model and year of the Penton motorcycle. The Penton motorcycle development was an on-going venture. It was not uncommon for changes to be made in the middle of a model year. Therefore, the following material may or may not totally be accurate to a given year. If you find information in the list that you feel need addressing, please contact: webmaster@pentonusa.org. Last update on 5/23/04.

The Steel Tank Bike Era

1968 (starting Serial No. V001)

- 100cc Sachs powered 5 speed Berkshire introduced with gas tank, air box and rear shock body, all finished in red
- 125cc Sachs powered 5 speed Berkshire introduced with gas tank, air box and rear shock body, all finished in green
- All frames are painted silver
- Gas tank is 2.5 gallon and made of steel

- Small white Penton decals with model name and size on upper front sides of gas tank with lettering being straight or angled
- All Sachs engines come with cast iron cylinder and vertical finned (butch) heads or short finned sunburst Sachs high compression head or Puch short finned sunburst head that overhung the cylinder
- Engines came with Bosch point type ignition and 24mm Bing carburetor
- Air box is cast aluminum 10 1/4" tall enclosed frame style – later same year models came with shortened 7 1/2" tall version for better air flow
- Frames came without positive fork stops welded to them, and were equipped with Ceriani steering dampener that contained an adjustable dampener knob on the triple clamp and self-contained fork stops – later same year frames came with frame welded fork stops and no steering dampener unit
- Early models came with twist on/off gas caps – later same year models came with flip top gas caps
- Two piece front engine mount
- Chrome expansion chamber on ten first models
- 15" long seat
- 35mm Ceriani forks with long rubber accordion boots
- Fully covered Ceriani rear shocks finished in chrome with matching model painted, and a 4 bolt rear sprocket carrier hub assembly
- Steel chain guard (20" along top)
- Curved style center stands
- Magura controls with oval shaped throttle – later models are round
- Narrow polished aluminum front fender and tubular steel fender brace with brace having an overall width of 3"
- Skid plate welded to frame
- Non-high breather frames
- Expansion chamber with stinger tip
- Cast aluminum barrel style front and rear hubs
- Chrome spokes
- Aluminum or chrome rims
- Head light is large color coordinated 5 3/4" diameter x 7 3/4" long bullet shape

1969

Same as 1968 except for the following:

- Ceriani rear shocks finished in black with chrome bell
- Shortened polished aluminum or steel chain guard (11" along the top)
- High breather frames
- 8" round air box with gray plastic cover (husky style)
- 6 bolt rear sprocket carrier
- silver painted spokes
- Center stand mounting area is now straight with mounting area angled and flattened
- First Jackpiner introduced was limited to one "experimental" unit only, model finished in bronze with

silver side panels, 175cc Puch engine, six speed gearbox, Bosch point type ignition and 27mm Bing carburetor, Ceriani front fork and rear shocks and Magura controls (Note: This model was never put into production.)

Late 1969

- Second Jackpiner introduced in limited numbers having a blue gas tank with white side panels and a white "Penton Jackpiner" decal on upper front sides of gas tank (Note: Blue tanks have been found with Six Day decals on sides.)
- Jackpiner is powered by 152cc cast iron cylinder conversion kit on existing Sachs engines
- Jackpiner models were basically converted Berkshire models that were not selling
- 100cc and 125cc Sachs engine introduced with cast aluminum alloy cylinder, and sunburst head
- Engines came with Bosch point type ignition and 27.5mm Bing carburetor
- Expansion chamber with removable muffler for Sunburst head and cylinder
- Inner corner gussets added to swing arm
- Head light is large 5 3/4" diameter bowl shaped

1970

Same as 1969 except for the following:

- Most came with newer 20" long seat
- Same 35mm Ceriani front forks but without accordion boots
- Center stand mounting area is now straight
- Front fender brace overall width is widened to 5"
- 7" long horizontal tubular frame extension on bottom left side of frame to attach optional down swept MX expansion chamber
- 4 threaded holes on top of gas tank for optional tool bag
- Bars added under side number plate to support rear frame loop
- One piece front engine mounting
- Removable skid plate
- Frame tabs enlarged for swing arm pivot bolt

1971

Same as 1970 except for the following:

- Triangular gussets between top of rear engine mount and frame
- Head light is large 5 3/4" bowl shape or 4" diameter small bullet shape

Part II Production Year Guide

will be continued in the next newsletter.

It will cover:

The Chrome Moly Frame Era – 1972 – 1975

The Chrome Molybdenum Frame Era – 1976- 1977

Frame Identification

KTM Engine Identification

PENTONS at OLEY

by Ed Youngblood

With over 10,000 members, the Antique Motorcycle Club of America is one of the nation's most important protectors of America's motorcycling heritage. Its members specialize in the location, identification, retrieval, and preservation of antique motorcycles and artifacts related to the history of the American motorcycle sport and industry.

In pursuit of its goal, the AMCA bases all of its activities on a strict definition of "antique," which it identifies as 35 years old or older. This means that 1968 and 1969 steel tank Pentons now qualify to be displayed and entered for judging at AMCA national meets. To celebrate this fact, the Penton Owners Group set up a display at the AMCA national meet at Oley, Pennsylvania over the weekend of April 24th. Motorcycles owned by Bob Gilman

and Jim Rhodes were displayed. These included two motocrossers, an enduro model, and a Mudlark trials bike. In addition, Gilman decorated the tent with his collection of vintage Penton jerseys.

Lightweight two-strokes like the Penton are an unusual site at AMCA meets because the club has traditionally been involved with older American brands, such as Indian, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, and Henderson. Of course, the landscape is changing and will continue to change, since we are moving into an era when lightweights, two-strokes, and Japanese and European brands revolutionized the American motorcycle industry some 30 to 35 years ago.

Based on the reaction of visitors at the Oley meet, the POG display was an unqualified success. The tent was frequently busy with people looking at and discussing the Pentons on

display. Many talked about once owning a Penton, having friends who owned a Penton, or wishing they had owned a Penton. Some made inquiries about acquiring or restoring a vintage Penton, many asked questions about the historical connection between Penton and KTM, and many took brochures with an intention to learn more about the brand and the POG through its web site.

The POG's experience at Oley will be reviewed and evaluated by its board of directors in consideration of possibly mounting a major display at the AMCA's largest annual meet, which will take place in Davenport, Iowa over Labor Day weekend. Any members of the POG who might be interested in displaying their 1968 or 1969 steel tankers, or volunteering to work the booth at Davenport should contact Penton Future Project chairman Ed Youngblood at Ed@motohistory.net.



Paul Danik (PA) left, and Bob Gilman (MD) right, standing behind a steel tank Berkshire 100 at the Penton display.

MEMBER PROFILE TED GUTHRIE

My first direct exposure to Penton motorcycles came by way of a visit to Lisbon Cycle Center in the spring of 1974. Located in Lisbon, Ohio, the shop was owned and operated by John Hochmann and Dale Burton. In addition to Pentons, John and Dale sold Hondas and Husqvarnas as well.

For a sixteen-year old kid, who at the time was riding a '71 Yamaha DT1, the shop was nothing short of paradise. Sure, the new Honda Elsinores were sitting there on the floor, and the Huskys had their own mystique, but lined up along the north end of the showroom was a whole row of enduro ready Pentons.

For someone like me, who had grown up wanting nothing more than to ride in the woods, those bikes were perfection on wheels. They were the bikes designed and ridden by the Pentons themselves, for "cryin' out loud!" Unfortunately, considering my financial resources, they were as far out of reach as a new Corvette.

However, patience and a dedicated savings plan allowed me to return to the shop two years later ready to purchase my first Penton. I still did not have the funding to buy a brand new bike, but Dale led me into the back and pointed out two '75 250 Hare Scramblers and a '75 Husky WR250, the three of which represented his entire used bike inventory at the moment.

I considered the Husky for all of about three seconds, then picked out the cleaner of the two Pentons. Dale let me take it down the side street behind the shop and across an open field back there to try it out. On the way back, I wheeled the bike the last hundred feet, stopped it at the back door where Dale waited, and told him I would take it.

That Hare Scrambler turned out to be one of the best bikes I have ever owned. The power was so perfect, the balance spot on, and with its exceptional chassis and suspension, I

could do no wrong on the bike. In addition to doing a lot of riding on the bike in Ohio, I took it along with me for a couple of winters in Florida and rode it in the sand virtually every day.

The Penton was really something special to me. Its uniqueness among the Japanese dirt bikes my friends rode gave me a particular kind of pride. In fact, I was so proud of my association with the brand by virtue of ownership that, as an art student, I began signing my work with a variation of the Penton name.

However, when the bikes assumed the KTM brand, they just didn't seem the same. I missed the Penton name and the connection with my heroes – the Penton family themselves, and so many of the riders who so exemplified the Penton era, such as the Leimbachs, Gary Younkens, Kevin Levoie, Frank Gallo, and Carl Cranke, among others.

After selling the Hare Scrambler, I rode Yamahas again for a few years, before turning back to the Austrian-built bikes. Since then, I have owned numerous KTM's, every one an exceptional bike, all of them outstanding performers. However, as good as each of those more modern bikes have been, nothing in my mind will ever quite match that old, red 250. Thanks John, you truly did create a modern legend.

Ted Guthrie (Ohio)

ADVENTURES IN ENDUROS

by Ted Guthrie

Most of the racing I have done has been hare scrambles events, for the simple reason that they were there. Being an off-road kind of guy, motocross never appealed to me that much. Too much standing around just to ride twice for 15 minutes or so. Nah. With hare scrambles, you get a minimum of two solid hours in the saddle. Of course, after about an hour and a half into it, much of the desire to continue has long since gone, but that's beside the point. Bottom line is, there were numerous hare scrambles events close

by, so naturally that was our primary venue.

However, what I really longed for was to compete in enduros! Key time about 8 am or so, finish up about three in the afternoon. Now that's some riding! Problem was, no events. Oh sure, there were those on the east coast and the SETRA series, but that would have involved considerable traveling and a support crew and ...I just couldn't see it happening.

But then we were blessed with the opening of a local KTM/Husky race shop. They supported motocross and hare scrambles, sure, but one of the owners was from Michigan, with a big-time enduro background. Our informal "team" still did hare scrambles primarily, but it wasn't long before we made plans for a trip to the big M's upper peninsula for an "honest to gosh" enduro!

The KTM 250 I was riding at the time was the E/XC model, but it's full complement of enduro equipment consisted of one item – a headlight. No problem! I rigged a taillight, got an ORV tag, hung a bicycle horn on the bars and I was ready! I was also fortunate in that my next door neighbor and fellow "team" member, Ken, had a laid-out pickup and brand new Hi-Point trailer, assuring us first class transport.

When the weekend of the event finally arrived, our plan was to meet at the shop on Friday evening, drive all night, arrive early Saturday morning and have all day to get signed up, do tech, relax, and maybe even sneak in a little riding. Ken and I had been prepped for two weeks and we arrived plenty early to find, ... an empty shop. Nobody around. We waited. And waited.

They must have left without us! Now what do we do? Just as we were about to strike out on our own, another team member arrived. Alright! How soon before everyone else gets here? Let's get going! Showing no concern or sense of urgency at all, our most recent arrival calmly unloaded his bike and started

working on it in the parking lot. Others eventually arrived and did likewise. The owners arrived and opened the shop. Ken and I looked at our carefully prepped bikes and at each other. It was shaping up to be an interesting weekend.

Hours later, we finally hit the road with a sizable caravan of four or five trucks, vans, and trailers. Not an hour into the trip, however, one vehicle peeled off, headed in a different direction. Shortly after, we all pulled into a rest area. "What's up with the defector?", we asked. "Oh, he's going to pick someone up at the airport", came the nonchalant response. "He'll be back." Hours of waiting followed. It was during this time that I noticed one of the trick, wide, high performance tires mounted on the custom, after-market rims of Ken's tricked-out truck, was completely bald. Bringing this to his attention, he said casually, "Huh, guess we better put the spare on." I guess you could say the members of our race team were not a highly stressed bunch.

Well, we did finally get going, did drive all night, and did arrive at the event location early Saturday morning. Beautiful area! We were way out in the country, camped right at the starting area, clear running stream nearby, paradise! Man, we kicked back, did some swimming, lounged in the sun, it was great! Good thing we had the stream to dip in though, because it was really hot. Had been very dry in the area too, we were told. Hmm, wonder what's with all that smoke off in the distance?

Just about this time, two forest ranger-looking guys in a jeep pulled up and one of them, who could have been Joe Friday's brother says, dead seriously, "We're calling for every able-bodied man to come help fight this forest fire." We stood there with blank looks. The guy repeated himself. Standing there in nothing but our swim trunks and sneakers, we could not imagine the guy was serious. He was. Still not believing what was happening, a bunch of us

piled into a pickup truck and headed up the road toward the smoke.

We followed the rangers until they stopped about a mile from our camp. "What do you expect us to do?", we asked. "Just go out into the woods and pull down branches away from the fire line", they instructed. So, we walked into the woods until we came to where the fire was. Now, this was nothing like the huge and horrible wild fires I witnessed ravaging the Everglades when I lived in Florida. This was more like a grass fire, except it was moving through the pine forest, burning everything on the ground, but not the trees. The flames were only as high as a good bonfire, but stretched off into the woods as far as you could see. Pretty weird.

Anyway, we started doing as instructed, trying to move downed branches away from the approaching flames. It didn't seem to be doing much good, but we kept trying. After about a half hour, I noticed that my buddies were no longer around me. There were other people about, but no one from our group. I walked back to the sand road to where we had driven in. No truck. So, my "buddies" had abandoned me to the flames. Nice guys. Among the gawkers standing around doing nothing, I spotted a kid with a CR125. "Hey!" I said as I approached him, "I need a ride back to camp, fast!" All I got from him was, "i, uh, eh ..." Then a voice behind me, booming like the Lone Ranger, says, "I'll give you a ride!" I turned to see a mature guy on a four stroke Husky. "Thanks, guy!" I said, and swung on behind him. Now remember, I'm wearing shorts, sneakers, and that's it. My new pal, on the other hand, is in full riding gear, and proceeds to haul butt back down that road, and I think he forgot that I was on the back. What are those big bore Huskys geared for? About 90? You know the cramps you get in your legs when you are riding on the back and there are no buddy pegs? Yeah, well this time the ground was going by so fast I was afraid that

if I relaxed for a moment and allowed a foot to touch down, it was going to get torn right off, cramps or not. Some fun.

Arriving miraculously intact back at camp, I find everyone taking down tents and loading up bikes and gear. They are abandoning camp, expecting the fire to reach the area. I join in and soon we are safely out on the paved road. There, we watch as an aircraft flies over dropping chemicals on the fire. Then, two big rigs pull in, hauling bulldozers. Soon, they have cut firebreaks and the fire burns itself out. Before nightfall, we are back in our untouched camp, safe and sound.

Tech inspection, delayed by the day's unscheduled activities, takes place. I roll in, totally ignorant of what to expect, and find that I am missing one critical, absolutely necessary piece of equipment. Something I never even thought about when racing hare scrambles. A spark arrestor! Egad! A mortal Sin. I am in despair. Did I come all this way just to be denied the chance to ride? Not so. To my aid came our bizarre but well equipped team. A complete spare silencer and spark arrestor assembly is produced. I quickly mount it and pass inspection. Whew!

A solid night's rest followed. Not too difficult, since we had been awake for 36 hours. Next morning, I am ready to ride. Much of the rest of the team, however, is not. After loafing virtually all day Saturday, they are again working on their bikes. Fresh tires are mounted. Tubes are pinched. Last minute jetting changes are performed. Jets are dropped in the sand. Much searching follows. One fellow discovers he has left his air filter at home. This, after riding the bike for an hour or so yesterday. Ours is surely a strange team.

The rider's meeting includes a stern admonition from the hosting club, about certain groups of riders from a neighboring southern state showing up with inadequately prepared machines. Apparently, I was not alone in my violation. We were

also informed that the source of the forest fire was traced to a dune buggy that had possibly backfired and did not have a "you-know-what."

Nonetheless, we were permitted to line up with the properly prepared home-state guys. Ken and I, having post-entered, had real late numbers, starting virtually in the last rows. I noticed that sharing my minute is a guy on an XR Honda, sporting one of the brand new (at that time), factory enduro computers. Hot dawg, I thought. This is my ticket. I'll just ride with this guy and let him keep time. This was about the only way I had any hope at all of staying on my minute.

Remembering my KTM's lack of enduro equipment? Well, I had no computer. Had no route chart, had no speedometer, no odometer. What *did* I have? I had a watch on. Hey, I just came to ride. I wasn't fooling myself. I would just follow the arrows through the woods and have a good time, and if I could do so while following Brainiac on the XR, all the better.

Our minute comes up and we take off and start splitting down the trail. In mere moments I conclude that this is the best riding I have ever done in my life. I love Ohio, but to ride off road in our terrain you have to be a bit of a masochist. Between the sticky, clay filled mud, the rocks, and endless tree roots, it beats you up, especially in hare scrambles. Michigan's sandy trails, by comparison, were smooth, fast, and pure fun. Fantastic single track byways, winding through seemingly endless pine forest, bright sunshine filtering down from a clear blue sky, with my own personal XR guidance system leading the way. Does it get any better? I was loving it!

About five miles into the ride, we pull out onto a wide, sand road. Time to take it slow. There's probably a check around here somewhere and we don't want to overcook it on this easy section. I take the opportunity to pull alongside my time keeping buddy. He is looking down at the bar-mounted computer. "We're slow!", he calls out,

waving at me to follow as he accelerates. I follow his lead. He continues peering at the instrument as he rides. Now he is waving again. "No! We're fast!", he says, slowing dramatically. Then he stops completely, still staring at the Honda's electronic display. I wait patiently. He says nothing for, like, a full minute. I watch him. His eyes do not leave the computer. I toe into gear and take off down the road, leaving him to his studies. So much for "Plan A".

We turn back into the woods just up the road and Mr. XR goes tearing by, looking like he's on a mission. Maybe he finally figured the thing out. I follow him for a while, but am eating dust big time. The heck with this, I think. I zap back past him and wick it up a bit. Son of a gun if the guy doesn't come forcing his way back past! Cough, choke. Lots of dust. Man, is it dry here! I am in a good rhythm now and don't want to back off, but the dust is killing me.

Once more I go past my buddy. Up ahead I see this tiny little hill. The course has been flat as a pancake up to this point. No problem, I'll just blip over this little bump and maybe loose Mr. XR in the bargain. Zoop, blop, and I'm on the ground. What the heck happened? Angry with myself, I pick up the KTM while XR-type sounds recede in the distance. Ken does not go by while I struggle to get restarted, and in fact has been absent since the start. I'm not worried, as he is famous for taking wrong turns, and may by now be riding last year's course or something.

I can't believe the tiny little hill dropped me. I have bigger hills than that in my driveway! Now I'm fired up. The Katoom is singing and I start coming up on earlier numbers. Hey, These guys move over when they hear me coming. Thanks guy! I wave. Thanks! Wow, this is fun! These guys are really nice. So courteous! The only time anyone lets you by in a hare scramble is if he has

crashed or you scream at him so loudly that he fears for his life. Hey, passing people is always fun, and this is a race, right? And the object of a race is to pass people, right?

Alright, maybe I was being a jerk, but I had lost my timekeeper and had no idea what I was doing. For all I knew, these guys could have been dropping points left and right and maybe I was the only one on time. Until I got to a check. The checkers looked at my number, and looked at me. I looked back, blankly. A bit of head shaking, then they marked my card and waved me through. I took off down the trail again and passed more riders. Lots of riders. Mr. XR was probably in there somewhere, but I wasn't counting. I had my pace going and wasn't slowing down for anyone. By the third or fourth check, they started trying to explain that I was, like, thirty minutes early. One checker actually pulled me off to one side of the trail, instructing me to stay there and that he would signal me when it was time to go. As soon as he turned his back, I took off. Speed is what it's all about, and I was riding faster than I ever had in my life.

The day had become really hot, the temperature heading for the 90's. At the first checks, they would point down the trail to where water was available. Some guys stopped. I didn't. Later the water was available right at the check. I declined. By late morning, the check crews weren't even asking. They would just pour it into you. I had finally lost some of my drive, and was wondering where in the heck the gas stop was. Crossing a big open field, I saw a rider stopped. Influenced by all the consideration I had been shown on the trail all day, I pulled over to see what's up. The guy is on a 390 Husky and he is out of gas. What the heck, I think. I'm about 45 minutes early and have burned the checks so badly that the only award I could possibly get is low score, or "stupidest". I whip out my trusty parachute cord tow rope. Light and unbelievably strong, it folds up into the tiniest space. Only problem

is, it pulls into knots so tight that you can't loosen them. I started with about 75 feet and just kept cutting the ends off. I'm still carrying the same piece I've had for years and still have enough to keep a good 20 yards between tow-er and tow-ee.

"How far to the gas stop?" I ask the Husky rider as we prepare to start out. "Just across this field!", he hollers back, confidently. Well, I'm glad he didn't overestimate the distance, because I must have towed him two or three miles. I hate to think how far it would have been if he had said it was quite a ways. Finally, we arrive at the gas stop and pass between the assembled crews. His buddies burst out and greet him like he's a Spitfire pilot returning from battling the Luftwaffe. They express great appreciation to me for bringing their man in. Many pats on the back. "Can we get you a beer?" "No thanks, my crew is around here somewhere." Yeah, but where? Five minutes of searching and all I find are some lonely gas cans with our numbers on them. Where the heck is everybody? I'm dry as a fart and there's nothing to drink.

Glumly, I fill the KTM's tank and hit the trail. A couple more hours and I am getting seriously tired. The trails are just as great, but they keep going on and on. I didn't think there was this much pine forest on the entire planet. Maybe we're just running in circles. Everything looks the same. It is bloody, bloody hot and despite getting water at each check now, I feel dehydrated. Late in the day, we ride through the area that burned on Saturday. A very large area. The trail takes us through several miles of blackened forest.

The entire course has been totally dry the whole run, but as I round a curve, what do I see but one bathtub-sized mud hole, and who would you believe is stuck in it? Mr. XR. Yep, in over one hundred miles of trail there is this one tiny little mud hole, and he is actually in it. Buried up to the hubs too. I should have stopped and helped

him. I really should have, but I was smellin' the barn and looking for that home stretch.

At last, I hit the final check and am done. We had run 123 ground miles. My biggest off-road day ever. Ken pulls in a few minutes later and the team is complete. We downed any and all liquid in camp, even melted ice water in the coolers. Everyone had a good day. No injuries, no DNF's. Two of our guys had a great day. We had one class winner and the shop owners son took the overall. He didn't even know it and hadn't bothered to go to the trophy presentation. Someone from the sponsoring club just shows up in camp and hands him this huge trophy. All that remained was the long drive home. We had started out right after work Friday night and arrive home just in time to take a shower and head back to work Monday morning. Hard to believe we could do stuff like that back then.

That was my first enduro. We did more after that. In fact, during the heyday of our "team" we would

travel to out of state events en-masse, sometimes with more than a dozen entrants representing our shop. Every one was a great experience for me. Unfortunately, enduros, as I understand, are suffering from land use problems and the logistics of putting on such complex events. I know well how much effort it takes to put on a hare scramble – a closed course event, in a confined area. Enduros obviously require substantially more in organization, and manpower.

If you are a serious off-road enthusiast and have never ridden an enduro, get yourself out there. Unlike me, however, you might want to supplement your effort with an odometer and route chart at the very least. Regardless, though, they are great, great fun. With all the problems our sport is experiencing, this type of event may not be around forever. Take advantage while there is still time. Enjoy one of these great motorcycling competition adventures. I'm certainly glad I did.

Ted Guthrie (Ohio)



Ted standing next to his '84 KTM 250 E/XC. Check out the white bike and gear. What were we thinking back then?

AMA VINTAGE DAYS AT MID-OHIO

Mark your calendar for July 16-18 which will be the AMA Vintage Days event at Mid-Ohio. BMW will be the featured marque this year.

AHRMA's Vintage MX races will be held on Saturday and the post-vintage races will be held on Sunday. Both of these are pre-entry only and should include admission to Mid-Ohio. If you are planning to compete in these, check the AHRMA web site (www.ahrma.org) for application forms and entry deadlines.

The Penton owners group will have a 20'x20' tent again this year to house our display of Penton memorabilia. It will be in the swap meet area in section G 1 thru 8, the same place we have been at for the last 6 years. Look for the green PENTON banners.

There will be bike judging this year for the following categories:

- Best Early Penton (steel tanker)
- Best CMF
- Most Original Penton
- Best Penton of Show
- Ted Penton Technical

Members are encouraged to bring their bike(s) to display outside the tent. However, you do so at your own risk. The club is not responsible for damage or theft. When dropping off your bike, pick up an I.D. Tag to put on your bike so that the bike judges will know who the bike's owner is.

Security at Mid-Ohio will be just like last year. No vehicles will be allowed into the swap meet area

without a permit. If you are bringing more than one bike to display call Al Buehner (216-651-6559) before the event to make arrangements to obtain a temporary pass.

You may have a problem trying to transport your bike to and from the display. **Please read and follow the Mid-Ohio rules printed on this page!** Try to drop off your bike Thursday afternoon (after 4 pm) or Friday morning (before 10am). Drive your vehicle past the swap meet area over to the shower area to park and unload your bike, then push it to the Penton display. Do not ride your bike unless you have a license plate on it. Please pick up your bike on Saturday afternoon before 4 pm if you will be racing on Sunday. All bikes must be picked up and removed before 3pm on Sunday.

Tent Camping and motor home camping is available at Mid-Ohio. Passes are sold at the gate on a first-come, first-serve basis.

Do you have some time to help out during the event? We can always use some help in manning the display to answer questions and sign up new members. Volunteers are needed from 7:30 in the morning thru 7 in the evening on Friday and Saturday, and from 7:30 in the morning thru 2:30 on Sunday. The display will be taken down and packed up at 2:30pm on Sunday. Volunteers can mark their name on the duty roster in the display tent when they arrive at Mid-Ohio.

On Saturday evening there will be a cook-out at the Penton Display

provided by Buehner Supply Co. and All Custom Fabricators. Bring a chair and spend some time to relax, chow down and enjoy some fellowship and tall stories with your Penton buddies. We will start serving around 5:30 pm.

Immediately following the cook-out will be our annual July POG meeting. Hear the latest update on our "Penton Future Project", some "tall tails" about John's exploits, and cheer for the recipients of our bike judging awards.

Tickets for entrance to Mid-Ohio can be purchased on line at - www.midohio.com or by calling 1-800-MID-OHIO.

MID-OHIO RULES

No bicycles, pets, alcohol, or open fires are permitted.

Any motorcycles being ridden must have a valid license plate.

Anyone riding a motor vehicle must have a valid drivers license.

No children will be allowed to operate any vehicles.

The speed limit in the swap meet area is 5 MPH. Pedestrians have the right of way. Only motorcycles with special passes will be allowed to be ridden in the swap meet area.

Anyone caught breaking these rules will be asked to leave. No warnings and no refunds.

Sorry, no Sunday night camping.

For your convenience - shuttle buses will be operating throughout each day to transport people to various areas around the Mid-Ohio grounds.

IN MEMORY

John R. Cobb passed away in October 2003 at the age of 57. John worked for John Penton for a few years in the mid seventies at the machine shop on Elyria Ave in Lorain Ohio. He was a mechanic and worked with Ted Penton doing motor rebuilding.

ALL DUMB LUCK

by Denny Bershaw (Oregon)

I received a phone call from Denny and he was talking about some of his past history involving motorcycles. After listening to some of it, I asked him if he could write it down and send it to me for use as an article in one of our "Still ...Keeping Track" newsletters. Even though he is not a member of the Group, he agreed to do so.

I hope you find these "behind the scenes" stories as interesting as I did.

Alan Buehner

December 21, 2003

Dear Al:

When we talked a few weeks back, you thought I had some good stories. Well, here's the inside story of how I got involved in off-road motorcycling, became the slowest factory-supported rider ever, met some of the greats in the enduro game on both sides of the Atlantic, and came up with the idea of the Trask Mountain Two Days.

And it was all dumb luck.

First, in 1963, Dirty Dave Longtin, one of my classmates, rebuilt a basket case Triumph at one end of the dining room in our fraternity. When the bike was together, he took me for a ride in the woods. I was hooked, bought a sort of motorcycle-looking Honda 50 and rode it to work and most other places the following summer.

Second, I met Chris Prentice. Her father had ridden dirt bikes - Harley 45s, no less - before the war, and when he came back from the Pacific Theater, he was put in charge of the Motorcycle Reconnaissance Training Center at Fort Carson, Colorado. We have movies of his motorcycle years. He was fairly wild, doing ramp jumps, riding down the highway standing on his seat, ripping through the Oregon woods, etc.

Chris and I began dating, got married, and I applied for a

commission in the U.S. Army toward the end of my senior year. At this point, my father-in-law was a Major General, so in the fall of 1965, off we went to Schweinfurt, Germany, with our year-old daughter and a Triumph T-100C (the woods model).

In the spring of '66, my wife saw an ad in English in the local paper, the Schweinfurter Tagblatt, for a rental home. I rode the Triumph over to the house and met the owner, Claus Waker, head of the Versuchsabteilung (Research and Testing) for Fitchel & Sachs. He introduced himself, walked around the Triumph, looked it over, shook his head sadly, and said, "You should have one of ours". After we closed the deal on the rental, he went on to explain that Sachs had just acquired the Hercules and Zweirad Union (Express, DKW, and Victoria) manufacturing facility in Nuremberg, and were looking to get into the U.S. Market. He clearly thought that I was a real off-road motorcycle guy, and I never told him any different. I might ride a Triumph, but I was not Bill Baird.

He found a nice used 50cc Hercules for \$100, and his staff dismantled and rebuilt it in our garage. Our house was only a block from the factory, and every morning on my way to work I saw the test riders going out to the woods on their bikes.

For a small bike, the Herc was amazing. Herr Waker set me up with rides with the factory testers, some of whom were faster than hell, one having been over-all winner at the ISDT. I'd played basketball in college, was then playing with a German Club team, and was in fairly decent shape, so I didn't embarrass myself too much. When the reports that I might not be too bad a rider filtered back to Herr Waker, in 1967 he put together a 1966 75cc works bike and I started competing on that in the amateur class.

Let me say at this point that you have never lived until you've been passed on a heavily wooded two-track

by a BMW ridden by a guy who could have been a younger version of the new governor of California.

* * * * *

About this time, mid-'67, my wife was training at a horse facility near Schweinfurt, and one day she met a guy riding with a western saddle. He turned out to be Hands Reitz, the head of Domestic Engine Sales for Sachs. Hans had spent five years in the States, his wife was American, they were about our age, and we started hanging out together. Hans was very much in the mold of a young U.S. Business hot-shot. Most of the people at Sachs were very old-world and courtly in their presentations, but Hans was aggressive, and he and his staff sold the hell out of Sachs engines.

In early 1968, Hercules was trying to cut a distribution deal with Ted Lapidakis out in California. After years of reading every off-road publication I could get my hands on, I knew who Ted was, knew he had a reputation as a smart businessman. Herr Waker asked me to write Ted, who was coming to Germany to visit the factory in Schweinfurt. I was more than happy to comply, getting the job of guide, as it were. Ted responded with a warm and lengthy letter, and my importance to the Germans went up a tad.

Then Hans found out that Hercules had some of the 1967 works bikes stuck in a basement in the factory in Nuremberg. They supposedly had all been destroyed, as the FIM/OMK/ADAC required, and he immediately figured that he could lever one out of the factory. "You've gotta have one of those," he told me, and a few weeks later, on a sunny Wednesday, we were in his BMW sportwagen heading down the Autobahn for the factory.

We walked into the office of Georg Riess, who was the honcho for competition for Hercules and Victoria. I was introduced as "Herr Doktor Bershaw," and Riess, a very large, polite, and totally Germanic

fellow, called down to the competition department to have someone come up to take us around.

A stocky, blond, crewcut guy in a blue lab coat (the German factory uniform at that time) knocked and entered a few minutes later, and I met Ferdinand Schmalz for the first time. Ferdl had begun his off-road career as an observed trials rider, but he was currently the go-to person for practical mechanical solutions for the works bikes. He'd been a support staffer at the 1967 ISDT in Poland when one of the Victoria riders had crashed in the parking lot while warming up his bike, about five minutes after the German team arrived. Losing a bike was one thing, but losing a rider to a broken leg before the event began was another. Reiss decided Schmalz, the only support guy with a FIM license, should ride the now-orphaned bike. Ferdl rode excellently, finish well up in the 125cc class on Gold.

So, after introductions, Reiss asked Schmalz if there are any bikes left from '67. Ferdl shook his head. "No, they were all destroyed, as regulations require."

"Herr Schmalz, I should now mention that Herr Reitz and Dr. Bershaw are from Fichtel & Sachs."

Schmalz looked us up and down, still very serious. "We have five machines remaining," he admitted.

"Please help these gentlemen select the best one for Dr. Bershaw."

By now, Ferdl had to be wondering who the hell these people were. I hadn't said enough for him to realize I wasn't German, but he'd never heard of me, and here he was going to send me out the door with one of his precious – but somewhat illegal – motorcycles.

Well, I was pumped, and it showed. Herr Schmalz turned out to be personable and very outgoing. The three of us had a blast touring the factory after seeing what they had tucked away in that roomy basement, including a blown DKW road racer from the late '40s-early '50s. I ended

up with Gunter Dotterweich's 125cc Gold medal ride, primarily because Dotterweich was "very easy on his machines!"

Coincidentally, the weekend when Ted Lapidakis came to Schweinfurt was the annual 'Schwere (difficult) Steigerwald Gelandefahrt,' put on by the club I rode for (in Germany, you had to belong to a sanctioned club to compete). We walked one of the Special tests, a soggy, rutty, two-track, while the riders were blasting through, and he was impressed, maybe as much by the hundreds of spectators as by the riders. I agreed to come down to San Pellegrino in early October to translate for his Hercules-sponsored Checkers Team.

Was that a no-brainer, or what?

Next, in August, on a Tuesday evening, my landlord called. "Do you have tomorrow afternoon free?" I did. "Come to the factory and bring your riding clothes."

When I got there, Herr Waker, Herr Kaiser (supervisor of the test riders, a wizard with engines, and genius cheat), and several of the younger engineers and technicians were standing in a circle regarding a small motorcycle with its seat and tank removed. I'd seen the KTM ad in Cycle World in late 1966, knew that John Penton was designing a bike for KTM to produce with the Penton name on it, and here it was.

The Germans looked very concerned, with long faces and distressed expressions. Herr Waker turned to me as I approached, shook my hand and announced, "The welds are terrible." Everyone grunted agreement at the poor state of Austrian workmanship, pointing out clear defects all over the bike. It was obvious they were worried that their nifty, newly-designed engine was going to be placed in sub-standard machinery. Unmentioned was the fragile gear-shift mechanism, which, from rider feed-back, everybody knew as a problem.

"OH," I replied, nodding

knowingly. This always worked with Germans.

"The frame may break under you," Herr Waker declared solemnly. More grunts from the assembled techs.

"The welds are lumpy and ugly," Herr Kaiser pointed out, "but the frame is not poorly-designed and all the running gear is of excellent quality."

There was silence. In its way, his statement was heresy to a bunch of Polytechnikum and Universitat-educated techs. Herr Kaiser was a boot-strapper, a grease-stained, common sense man who made things work. You could see yourself on the polished surfaces of the transfer ports on engines he prepared. Only one of the engineers, Edgar Hehn, rode motorcycles at all (but he was damned quick in the woods).

During the foot-shuffling and uneasy silence, Herr Kaiser looked at me reassuringly. "The machine will be fine. You may try to break it."

Subdued laughter all around.

Kaiser and Hehn put the tank and seat back on the bike, and off I went through town and into the forest on a brand-new Penton. With twelve-and-a-half torque PS compared to the ten PS of my 75 the thing flew through the tree-lined trails. I loved it, hated to bring it back after only three hours.

Herr Kaiser was waiting when I swung through the entrance to the outdoor test machine area, wiping his hands on a shop rag. "Aso," he said, grinning. "it did not break?"

I shook my head as I got off the bike and removed my helmet.

"This man Penton, he is a good rider?" Kaiser asked as I rolled the machine inside the shop.

"Yes," I replied, having read Lynn Wineland's article about John, "and he is apparently practical and tenacious." (Germans really talk this way, and I'd learned). Herr Kaiser was about John Penton's size, with shoulders like a pig farmer. If the two men never met and talked, they should have. His eyes twinkled for a moment as he said "Then I expect him to be

successful."

Six weeks later, I hopped on a train and went to Milan, Italy, then took another train to Bergamo. When I got off the train at the station in Bergamo, I happened to look up toward the rafters. On a steel plate, about ten feet up a support post, was a Checkers MC sticker. Another was on the side of the bus I took to San Pellegrino Terme', several more at the bus station there. I hadn't met Al Rogers yet, and we were already getting acquainted, though I didn't know it.

Off the bus, the first obvious American I saw was Don Watkins, one of the Checkers. I introduced myself and we went to find the rest of the Californians. On the way, I asked Watkins what the deal was with the stickers. "Al did that all the way from California. He even put one on the side of the jetliner. It was still there when we got off." He grinned at me. "You get to room with Al."

We found Herr Kaiser, his son Horst, the Fischers, and Ferdl Schmalz at the Hercules compound. Schmalz had been spending too much time with the Californians, had even resurrected his grade-school-level English. "Hello, my name is Dick. My sister's name is Jane. Our dog is Spot. He may piss on your leg!"

This set the tone for the week. I rode about 150-175 miles a day Monday through Friday, arriving at the checks before the Hercules riders so I could relay their problems to the German support crews. Lapidakis, Watkins, and Bob Arison dropped out within the first three days, but Rogers rode impressively for a Silver, and Bob Ewing and Jim Camaret finished on Bronze (conventional knowledge has it that none of the Checkers finished, as stated in Ron Schneiders' 1973 ISDT book, Ed Youngblood's book about John, plus Ron Sutton's IDST website, but, in fact, three medals went back to California).

During the week I met John, Tom, Leroy, Dave Mungenast, and the rest

of the Penton riders. With the exception of Leroy, and to a lesser extent Dave, they were all business. The Germans, as expected, were impressed with John, and they thought Tom was fantastic. They weren't used to serious Americans. On the other hand, Al Rodgers dazzled them, drifting the corners, popping wheelies, and coming into every check but one extremely early.

On Thursday or Friday, probably Friday, John cut a little too close to a steel stake tying down a tent or banner. The head of the stake had been mushroomed while it was being driven, and it sliced through his boot and into his lower calf. He impounded his bike, poured the blood out of his boot and trudged over to the hospital to get sewn up. Well, after being stitched back together, they wanted him to stay longer than he wanted to. Here the stories vary a little. John either shinned down a drainpipe, snuck out the back door, or simply walked out. We may never know, but he finished the event. And again, the Germans were impressed.

A brief pause for a Leroy Winters story. We were getting some ice cream at a sidewalk cafe in downtown San Pelligrino. Me, with Watkins, Cameret, Smaltz, Horst Kaiser, and Horst Fischer at one table, Dave Mungenast and Leroy at the next table. Leroy had his T-shirt sleeves rolled up, a pack of cigarettes in one, and the rolled-up sleeve revealed a tattoo of a monkey. Two rather nice-looking young ladies sat at an adjacent table, one facing Leroy with her knees spread a bit too much, and her dress hiked up over her knees. She smiled at Leroy, pointed, and said, "I can see your monkey!" Leroy smiled back. "I kin see yore monkey, too."

Sound Familiar?

The final Special Test was a road race at Monza. The East Germans all changed into racing leathers and everyone else wore their regular riding gear with clean jerseys.

When that was over, the bikes were loaded up, we drove back to San Pellegrino, showered, ate dinner, then went to the closing ceremonies. Rogers, half-blitzed, woke me up at two Sunday morning to look at some eight-by-tens an Italian photographer had sold him. Some really nice pictures, I think I remember.

Sunday morning I went down to the Hotel dining room a little earlier than Al, and discovered Dave Mungenast and Erik Trunkenpolz at a table near the entrance. Dave, being himself, waved me over, and I ate with them. Trunkenpolz seemed very reserved, but a nice-enough guy.

The Germans left for Schweinfurt around noon, and I rode back with them, staying overnight in Austria. Got home the next afternoon, and we flew back to the States and Fort Riley, Kansas, ten days later, my one and only Six Days experience over.

In 1969, while at Fort Riley, I rode three enduroes in Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma. The courses were fine, fun to ride, but the time-keeping aspect just bored me. I didn't want to think that much. Except for the Berkshire, though, there weren't any European-style events, so when I got out of the Army in 1970, and went back to Oregon, some part of my head wanted an ISDT-style competition in the Northwest.

The Motorcycle Activities Club (the precursor to the Trask Mountain MC) put on a couple-three observed trials in 1970, then, when the AMA became the FIM affiliate in the United States, in November we applied for a sanction for a one-day. Seemed harmless enough at the time, but then Mike Vancil called me at six in the morning in January of '71 and asked if we could stage a two-day qualifier. We agreed to do it without having much more of an idea of how than the AMA did. They didn't even have a rulebook. I had the rules for our club event in Germany, so we translated those and went with them, and the Trask Mountain Two Days was born.

Dog Dual-sport website has the definitive history of the event, including the winners each year, and this coming summer I hope to add the names of all the finishers for all the years.

My single regret concerning the U.S. Qualifiers is that the AMA never really got behind the effort, never re-structured the Enduro rules to those of Europe, and just let the series limp along without any real direction and very little support. On the other hand, had they been even a tiny bit organized, they would have been ready with other events in 1971, and there wouldn't have been any Trask, so perhaps I shouldn't complain.

* * * * *

So there it is, a tale of incredible luck and serendipity. For a considerable number of years, I was in the right place at the right time every time. Nothing to do with riding skill, intelligence, or brilliant insight, just luck. Meeting the right folks, having people smarter and more organized than me kept the event working, and marrying the right woman, of course. No substitute for that. I'm sure you agree.

As Leo Keller observed; "It sounds like a fairy story." And it does.

Riding is still fun. Five of us dual-sported cross-country from Washington to California this past summer. Over eight hundred miles

across mountains and desert in four days, then three hundred miles back home from Lakeview to McMinnville.

Need to do more of that.

Anyway, thanks for the listen. Figured this was better than an expensive phone call. Hope the holidays were good for you, and thanks so much for the Penton Owners Group. I got several copies of the 1973/1965 DVD for Christmas gifts, and have to say there needs to be more of this sort of thing. Just terrific stuff.

Have a great 2004

Denny Bershaw, Secretary
Trask Mountain MC

THE WAY IT WAS

By Al Born

75 YEARS AGO—1929

Bill Penton was born on April 3rd.

45 YEARS AGO—1959

On April 19, Al Born won his first of approximately 300 trophies riding a 500 cc BSA in a Scramble race at Norwalk, Ohio, finishing in third place behind a Matchless and an Ariel.

John Penton won the Little Burr National Enduro riding his 175 cc NSU.

35 YEARS AGO—1969

On March 16, at a MX race held in Pomeroy, Ohio, Larry Pierce of Chauncey, Ohio was listed in 3rd place on his Penton in the 100 cc class and the 125 cc class was swept by Pentons ridden by John Toth of Nelsonville, Oh., Tom Ziegler and Barry Bolins, both from Athens, Ohio.

On March 23rd, results from a MX race held at Sidney, Ohio showed Jim Low on a Penton in 2nd place in the 101-175 cc class and the 250 cc class showed Dick Burlison in 1st place on a CZ, Tom Faulkner in 2nd place on a Bultaco and Matt Weisman in 3rd place riding a Yamaha.

On March 30, at the Curly Fern Nat. Enduro in New Jersey, the 125 cc A class was swept by Pentons ridden by

Doug Wilford of Amherst, Oh., Robert Brooks from Lansing, Mi. and Bud Green from Columbus, Oh. Tom Wendt from Norristown, Pa. was 1st in the 125 B class on a Penton and John Penton was 1st in the 251-500 cc class on his Husky.

On April 13, Al Born won the 100 cc class riding a Penton in the Hare Scrambles at Mansfield, Oh. and Loren Spellman from Canton, Oh. and Harry Filbert from Amherst, Oh. placed 2nd and 3rd respectively in the 125 class, both riding Pentons.

April 20th—Results from the 3rd Annual Lonesome Pine Enduro held in Abingdon Va. showed that Bob Armstrong won the 100 cc B class on a Penton, Bud Green won the 100 cc A class, followed by John Sims in 2nd place, both on Pentons. The 101-200 cc B class showed Don Hocott and Daniel Bell in 1st and 2nd places on Pentons and in the 101-200 cc A class, Phil Rader was 3rd on his Penton and John Penton won the 250 cc A class on his Husky.

April 27th—Results from the Tompkins County Nat. Enduro in Newfield, N.Y. listed Bud Green as 100 cc A class champion, Doug Wilford as the 101-200 cc A class champion and Ray Terwillinger placing 2nd, all riding Pentons. John Penton won the 351-600 cc A class on

his Husky.

On May 4th, at the Amherst Meadowlarks T.T. race, Jack Penton was in 1st place and Al Born 2nd in the 100 cc class and in the 125 cc class Jeff Penton, Ed Reed of Elyria and Floyd Beattie of Lorain Ohio cleaned house, all riding Pentons.

On May 11th at North Fairfield, Oh., Al Born placed 2nd in the 100 cc class and Ed Reed won the 125 cc class, both riding Pentons in a Scramble race.

During the month of May, John Penton was the overall winner of the Burr Oak Nat. Enduro with a score of 969, riding his Husky. Hi point B rider was Craig Maxwell on a Penton and 2nd place in B Lightweight class went to Pete Fagan also on a Penton. Also, William Bradon placed 3rd in the A Lightweight class on a Penton.

May—At the Berkshire International 2 day trials, Jeff Penton, riding a Husky became the events top scorer. The 125 cc class was swept by Penton riders, Gordon Razee, Bud Green and Al Born. The Penton Team comprised of Tom Penton, Doug Wilford. Leroy Winters and Al Born again won the Manufacturers award and the Club Team trophy went to the Amherst Meadowlarks team that consisted of Jeff and John Penton, Tom Janocik and Elmer Towne, all of Amherst, Ohio.

Tech Tips

What's The Difference?

Sachs A & B Motors

by Alan Buehner

The Penton motorcycles from 1968 thru 1975 were equipped with 100cc and 125cc Sachs motors. Since the 100 and 125's used the same bottom end they could easily be switched over by changing the piston, cylinder and head.

The early Sachs motors (from 1967 thru 1971) were classified as the "A" motors which came with a large diameter crank and thin selector rod with a 8mm selector key. Because of problems with over shifting and not being able to adjust the shifting mechanism, the motor was updated around 1970.

The "B" version was equipped with a smaller diameter crank and a thicker selector rod with a 10mm selector key.

All Sachs motors came with a serial number I.D. Tag which was riveted to the top part of the ignition cover. However, because all ignition covers are interchangeable and the ignition covers were subject to damage if a chain was thrown, you cannot go by the the I.D. tag to identify which version motor that you have.

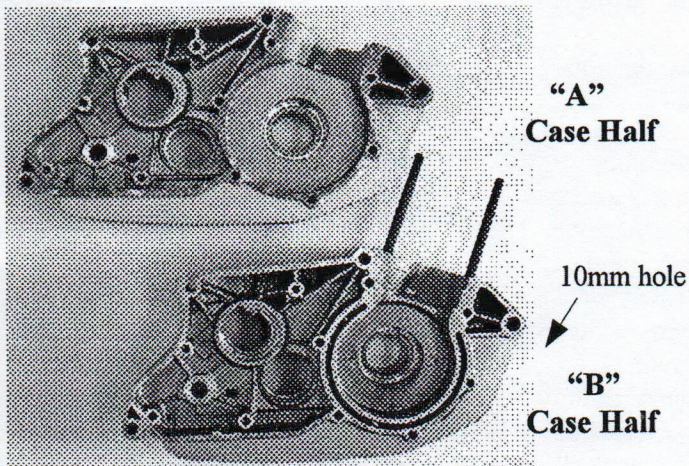
The following photos show the differences.

MOTOR CASES

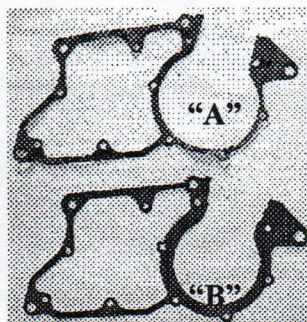
The top motor case is an "A" motor with a 8" diameter crank opening.

The lower motor case is a "B" with a 7" diameter crank opening. Note the double wall around the crank area. Also, the opening in each is deeper to hold the thicker crank.

NOTE: Check the front mounting hole. Early "A" motors have an 8mm hole. Some "A"s and all "B"s have a 10mm hole.



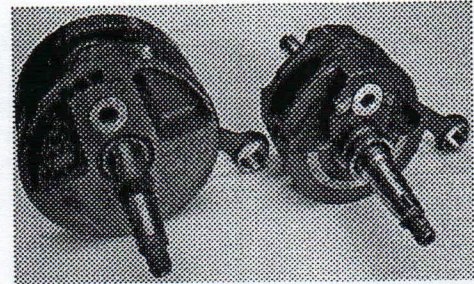
The difference between the "A" and "B" motor cases is obvious when you see the center case gaskets. The "B" center case gasket is thicker around the crank area to match the double wall construction.



THE CRANKS

The "A" crank (left) is larger in diameter than the "B" crank (shown on right). Some "A" cranks came equipped with aluminum rods, however both can use the same steel rod with the only difference being the length of the lower pin. Both cranks use the same size M-20 crank bearings.

"A"
Crank
4.25"
diam.



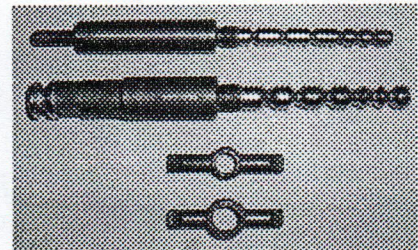
"B"
Crank
3.5"
diam.

SELECTOR RODS AND KEYS

The "A" selector rods are thin in diameter and have a threaded end for attaching the shift linkage. When compared to the "B" selector rod, you can see the problem the early "A" motors had with over-shifting because of the smaller grooves for the pins to catch.

The selector keys as shown are not interchangeable because of the difference in diameter.

"A" rod
"B" rod
"A" key
"B" key

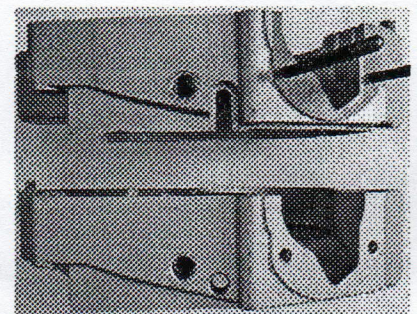


IGNITION WIRING

There is only one way to identify a "B" motor case without having to split the cases, and that is by the cast slit in the case to route the Motoplat ignition wiring (see top motor case in photo). The "A" motors came equipped with Bosch points and condenser ignitions and it's loose individual wires were routed through a round rubber grommet through the round hole in the motor case as shown. Because Sachs built their motors to accommodate the bike builders, there are several versions of cases. There are "B" cases with round ignition wiring holes! Some motors were still being equipped with the Bosch ignitions even though the Motoplats were available.

Case with slot
for sure a "B"

Case with hole
"A" and "B"



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 Fax: 1-216-651-1620

FOR SALE

Children's T-Shirts, printed with "My Grandpa Rides a Penton". Available in children's large size. \$5 each
Ted del Solar (IL) 1-630-325-1859

Inventory reduction - Frames
1972 - 175, 1973 - 175, 1972 - 100/125
Contact Doug Wilford for pictures and prices - 440-988-2605
dougwilford@hotmail.com.

Reproduction Penton & KTM decals
for tanks and side panels.

MC5 "world champion" decals.
Skip Miller (TX) 817-798-KTM1

POG NAME BADGES, round 2-1/4" diam. pin style. Each badge personalized with your name. \$3 ea.
Ted del Solar (IL) 1-630-325-1859

Repro Stencils & Stickers, "Made in Austria" stickers - "Penton/KTM" seat stencils - "Penton" black name tags for Sachs engines - "Special KTM Tuning" Sachs engine stickers.
Randy Kirkbride (OH) 740-819-4481

SERVICES

SACHS MOTOR REBUILDING
100cc & 125cc
Doug Wilford (OH) 440-988-2605

Cylinder Re-sleeving/ Boring
Crank Repairs for Sachs & KTM
Forest Stahl (IN) 765-284-7653

MOTOPLAT testing
PVL - Penton Imports (OH)
Dane Leimbach 440-988-4474

KTM motor rebuilding
Bobby Lucas (TX) 817-483-7346

KTM & Sachs Motor Rebuilding
Complete bike rebuilding
Kip Kern (IN) 765-668-8038

PARTS

NOS and Reproduction parts for Pentons - Books, Videos & T-shirts
Alan Buehner (OH) 216-651-6559

NOS Penton parts
Jake Fischer (PA) 412-781-6309

KTM DEALERS

Dale Barris - (440) 282-5108
On The Edge - Amherst, OH

Denny Laidig - (330) 253-7455
Holeshot KTM - Akron, OH

Jim Koenig - (913) 334-2410
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

LATEST NEWS

RIDE YOUR PENTON AT THE PINE CONE ENDURO, THE JACK PINE, OR BOTH

Arrangements have been made with the Lansing Motorcycle Club so that Penton Riders can start after all the other riders, at both events. The events will start at the Jack Pine Lodge on Johnson Rd in Moorestown, Michigan on August 21st and 22nd, respectively. The Pine Cone is called a kids run because it is at 12 MPH average over easier trails that a child under 10 can handle and is approximately 50 miles in length. A licensed bike is not required. The Jack Pine is of course a regular District 14 Enduro Series event at 24 MPH and about 100 miles in length. This requires lights, horn and mirror. It should be street licensed or not blatantly illegal in appearance.

If you would like to take part in this opportunity to ride your Penton with others, I'll be there with my GS6. Let

me know by August 14th at 630-325-1859. This gives the Lansing Motorcycle Club time to get late riding numbers set aside.

Ted del Solar

Penton Display in September

Ed Youngblood is putting together a Penton display at the Antique Motorcycle Club of America meet in Davenport, Iowa from September 3 to 5th. The POG has approved the buying of space at the event at the May 6th meeting. Steel tank Penton motorcycles of show quality will be put on display and one or more will be entered in their bike show for judging. More information about this event will be entered on the POG website and in the next newsletter.

Penton Exposure on TV?

Arrangements are being made to obtain some cable TV exposure on Greg's Garage (Speedvision). A

Penton t-shirt will be sent to him to wear on one of his programs along with some promo material about the POG and John Penton. With a little luck who knows how far it could go.

WEB SITE BIKE REGISTRY

Our web master, Bill Smith (MI), is putting together a revised update to our old bike registry on identifying the Steel Tank Pentons and it should be up and running by the middle of June. The information accumulated from this registry will be used in the upcoming Steel Tank Penton bike book that the Penton Future Project committee has talked about and the POG approved at the May 6th meeting. It will be a long term project of about 2 years (minimum) of research before we have a finished product to sell. All members with 1968 thru 1971 Steel Tank Pentons are encouraged to go on line and list the information about their bikes.

Bike registry information concerning all other Penton motorcycles (1972+) will be listed on the website later in the year.

Meeting minutes have been removed from this document.



PENTON OWNERS GROUP



Doug Wilford (right) on his steel tank Penton 125 at an unknown northeast enduro in 1970? Check out the enduro bike on the left. Photo by Boyd Reynolds (ACTION SPORTS)