

Spring 2004  
Issue No. 22

# *Still...Keeping Track*

Penton Owners Group Newsletter \$5.00



The year was between 1952-54. The event was the Tomahawk Enduro in Maryland. This photo shows Boyd Reynolds crossing a stream on his Triumph, while two other riders wait to see if his route is a good way to go.

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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.



**PENTON OWNERS GROUP**

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](http://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**

The year 2004 is off and running and even though the weather here in North east Ohio is not conducive for riding motorcycles, it allows us time to be involved with other things. I have been very busy during the month of February with putting this newsletter together, organizing the Penton display at the International Motorcycle show in Cleveland, and attending the "Penton Day at the AMA".

I would like to thank Boyd Reynolds for submitting the article about his motorcycling experiences and sharing it with us. A couple of years ago he loaned me

(for the club) a bunch of 8x10 photos from the 70's for use in our newsletters. I think I asked him to write a story about himself for a member profile article about a year ago. I did not know him personally or what his background with the Penton family was. All I knew was Doug Wilford knew him well and spoke highly of him. Anyway, his story came totally by surprise and I was very happy to receive it since that meant that I did not have to contact someone to write about and bug them about our deadline for the newsletter. I hope that you enjoy his story as much as I do. It gives a peek back into the time of off-road riding when "real men" rode big heavy street bikes.

Since receiving Boyd's article, I have also received two other articles. One from Denny Bershaw (Oregon) and the other from Ted Guthrie (Ohio). These will be used in our next two newsletters. Thank you guys for providing this information to share with the other members of the POG. This makes my job of putting this newsletter together a little bit easier.

Putting the Penton display together for the International Motorcycle show was a chore for me in that this was the first time that the organizers of the event opened the doors to allow clubs to participate in it. Now that it is over, I am not only relieved, but I am confident in helping our group participate in all the other shows around the

country next year, if the organizers allow us to do so. For this, I will need your help. If you have a desire to carry the Penton banner in one of 13 shows around the country, give me a call before the end of May so that I can start planning for these events. Even though it has not been officially approved by the POG board as of this date, it will be discussed at the March meeting and should be voted on at the April meeting. Depending upon what kind of budget can be put together, along with volunteer responses, will determine how many and which shows we will participate in. Check out the Penton display article on page 16 in this newsletter for more information about this event.

The Penton Day at the AMA was a fun day for me. Since Paul Danik was the organizer for this event, he wound up doing most of the work. I only had to come up with the meeting agenda and run the meeting. My only concern was the weather, which at that time of the year in Ohio can be unpredictable and nasty. However, we were

fortunate again this year to have cold but pleasant weather with the highways being driveable.

Paul Danik did a wonderful job in coming up with topics for the seminars at this year's "Penton Day at the AMA". A report with photos of the event are in this newsletter (page 4 and 19). I especially enjoyed Mike O'Reilly's topic on collecting Penton literature. However, due to time constraints, there is other Penton literature that was not covered in his presentation. The literature that is overlooked right now are the pamphlets, brochures, and newsletters that the POG is producing. This stuff may not have any dollar value right now, but it will become valuable in the future as the Penton name gains more exposure when we start implementing the Penton Future Project that Ed Youngblood is spearheading. You, as our current membership are involved with the historical involvement of this club. Many of the older issues of our newsletter

like the original "Keeping Track" are gone and are desirable from the standpoint of the information contained in each one. It is uncertain at this time if we will reprint the old issues. If we do, most will be reprinted off of a copy of one, since many of the photos used in the original newsletters have been returned to their owners.

Last year the club had 4 postcards printed for distribution to the membership. The first postcard was mailed out with our Winter 2003 newsletter, issue no. 21. You should have found our 2<sup>nd</sup> postcard in this newsletter. The other two postcards will be sent in the next two years. These postcards were made up as a member benefit with the intention of becoming collector's items.

The events and information that the POG is involved in is history in the making. Your participation is an opportunity to make up for what was missed in the 70's and yet still be involved in the continuing Penton story.

## THE WAY IT WAS

by Al Born

### 50 YEARS AGO - 1954

Bill and John Penton placed 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> overall at the Alligator Enduro, riding BSA motorcycles, both scoring 995 points but Bill edged John at an observed check.

### 45 YEARS AGO - 1959

Teddy Leimbach was born on February 15<sup>th</sup>.

### 40 YEARS AGO - 1964

John Penton rode his 250cc BMW to the overall win at the Stone Mountain Enduro in Georgia.

### 35 YEARS AGO - 1969

Results of the Stone Mountain Enduro showed the following: In the 100cc A class, Rick Spangler was champion and Bud Green was in 1<sup>st</sup> place. In the 100cc B class, Al Born was in 1<sup>st</sup> place. In the 101 to 200cc A class, Steve Lindsey was the class Champion, Doug Wilford was in 2<sup>nd</sup> place and Ray Terwilliger was in 3<sup>rd</sup> place. In the 101 to 200cc B class, Harry Filbert was in 2<sup>nd</sup> place and Dennis Hughs was in 4<sup>th</sup> place, all riding Penton Motorcycles. Also, John Penton was 250cc A class Champion on his Husky. Take note of the following entry list for this event: 98 Bultacos, 73 Triumphs, 70 Yamahas, 53 Pentons, 33 Harleys, 31 Hondas, 13 Sachs, 10 Greeves, and 1 Montgomery Ward.

The January issue of the AMA magazine showed the final 1968 Enduro standings as follows: Bill Baird had won his 7<sup>th</sup> straight Championship aboard his Triumph, John

Penton was in 2<sup>nd</sup> with his Husky, and John Young was in third on his BSA. Leroy Winters was 10<sup>th</sup>, Allen Adams was 33<sup>rd</sup>, Tom Penton was 36<sup>th</sup>, and William Brandon was 38<sup>th</sup>, all on Pentons.

John Penton scored a 999 in the Alligator Enduro on his Husky for the overall win, Elmer Towne scored a 992 on his Husky to win the Middleweight class and Al Born was 2<sup>nd</sup> in the B-Bantamweight class with a score of 987.

On Feb 16<sup>th</sup>, Rick Spangler won 1<sup>st</sup> place in the 100cc class at a Moto-cross in Harrison, Ohio and the results also showed John Hedges winning the 125cc class, both riding Penton motorcycles. There were 30 entries in the 100cc class and 25 entries in the 125cc class.

Al Born came home from Daytona with the Eastern United States Hare Scrambles Championship trophy for the 100cc class for 1968, having accumulated points on his Honda 90 and the #003 Penton after installing the 100cc engine in August of 1968. Al also ended up 2<sup>nd</sup> in the National Standings behind Jack Morgan of CA.

In March, our favorite motorcycle newspaper published the following article with the heading as follows: PENTON, OTHER AMA "OUTLAWS" REINSTATED. The AMA has restored membership in good standing to John Penton of Amherst, Ohio and others who were suspended recently as a result of participation in, or promoting Moto-cross events outside of the AMA. In addition,

the Amherst Meadowlarks Motorcycle Club has had it charter renewed by the AMA. The rule permitting suspension of AMA members who advance the cause of motorcycling outside the AMA will be reviewed at the 1969 meeting of the AMA Competition Congress in Oct. &, hopefully, it will be voted out of the rule book.

The March 25<sup>th</sup> edition of Cycle News showed that John Thomas of Morenci, MI, had won the 125cc class at a Moto-cross at Lambertville, MI on his Penton. The Moto-cross was promoted by the Dux M.C. From Toledo, OH.

### 30 YEARS AGO - 1974

Penton Sportcycles introduced their new 250cc Hare Scrambler model.

### 15 YEARS AGO - 1989

Eric Trunkenpolz died on December 29.

### 10 YEARS AGO - 1994

John's brother Hank passed away suddenly on December 25<sup>th</sup>.

### 5 YEARS AGO - 1999

Leroy winters, one of John's closest friends died in February after fighting a long, hard battle with lung cancer.

The mayor of Amherst, OH declared January 23<sup>rd</sup> as "John Penton" day at a banquet held in Amherst in honor of John being inducted into the AMA Hall of Fame. The AMA announced at his banquet that the Penton motorcycle would be the "Featured Marque" for the year 2000 and that John Penton would be the Grand Marshall at both Vintage Days events in California and Ohio.

## PENTON DAY AT THE AMA

by Alan Buehner

The 3<sup>rd</sup> annual "Penton Day at The AMA" was held on Saturday February 7, 2004. This year's event was planned by Paul Danik who co-ordinated with Mark Mederski and Katy Wood of the AMA Museum and Ed Youngblood to make it all possible.

The museum doors opened at 9 am. As club members and other Penton enthusiasts came in, Connie and Ted del Solar handled the sign in table and greeted everyone. It has turned into an international event with there being 4 people in attendance from Canada. In all there were 59 people that signed our guest book.



Some of the Penton motorcycles on display outside being scrutinized by the experts.

The clear, sunny, but chilly weather brought out approximately 12 Penton motorcycles to the event and they were put on display in the car port next to the Museum. There were a good variety of bikes on display that included a Berkshire, Six Days, Jackpiners, 250, Mint 400 and also 2 short track bikes. Most of the bikes were of show room quality and gave a good representation of the Penton brand.

The morning session was started shortly after 10 am with a POG business meeting that lasted about 1 hour (see the minutes of the February meeting in the back part of this news letter).

Al Born presented the first seminar of the day with an accounting of the arrival of the first 10 Penton motorcycles to arrive in the country in 1967. He gave detailed information on the riding of those bikes at the Stone Mountain Enduro in Georgia and the Alligator Enduro in Florida. John Penton shared his knowledge of these events and remarked about some of the problems that were encountered with the "new" bikes and what was done to correct them. Al also showed some slides of the Alligator enduro and the Daytona hare scramble event.



The Corduroy Enduro log trophy was created by Don Charters in 1953. A brass plate, engraved with the year, the winner of the event, and size and brand of bike ridden, is added after every event

Larry Bastedo from Canada rounded out the morning session with a short presentation on the history and facts of the famous Canadian National Corduroy Enduro. He also brought along the Corduroy Enduro trophy "LOG" which was on display in the museum with Mike O-Reilly's Penton literature display. From the first Corduroy in 1953 to 2002, the Cord has been won by 28 Americans and 21 Canadians. The Penton family has won the event 9 times. Penton motorcycles still hold the record for the most times (7) any bike brand has won the event.

Lunch was enjoyed at noon with pizza and soft drinks provided by Buehner Supply Company.



It was standing room only during Kent Knudson's seminar in the AMA Museum board room.

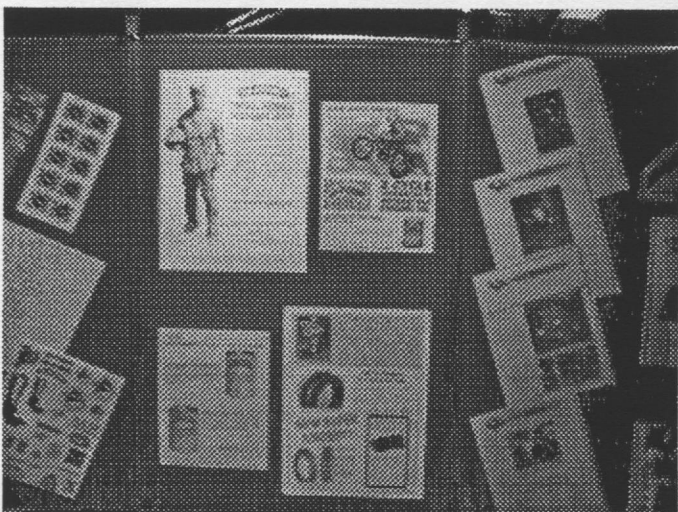
The afternoon session was started at 1 pm with Kent Knudson's presentation of "the Evolution of the KTM Powered Penton". With the aid of an overhead projector, he gave a detailed explanation of the the year by year changes and differences of the Penton Motorcycles starting with the introduction of the Jackpiner in 1972 to the last of the MC5 and GS6 bikes in 1977. Many copies of the old Penton literature was used by Kent to point out the differences and also discrepancies. Matt Weisman

pointed out that many of the brochures on the "new bikes" were made from bike photos provided by the KTM factory before the bikes were built and shipped to the USA. As a result, items such as horns and reflectors which were required on European bikes were never installed on the Penton bikes shipped here. Kent's presentation was ended with a walk out into the museum to look at 4 Penton motorcycles that Kent had on display to point out some of the items covered in his talk.



Kent Knudson (left) pointing out an example of one of the differences to one of the four bikes set up in the museum's exhibit hall.

Mike O'Reilly (from Canada) covered the next seminar with his views on collection of Penton memorabilia. His topic identified what brochures were made for the Penton motorcycles and what the price ranges are right now for these. His research is shocking, because not only were there not that many different type of brochures (only 7)



Mike O'Reilly's literature exhibit that was set up in the museum's exhibit hall for the day.

made up during that 10 year time span, but there were only a limited quantity of each brochure printed for the

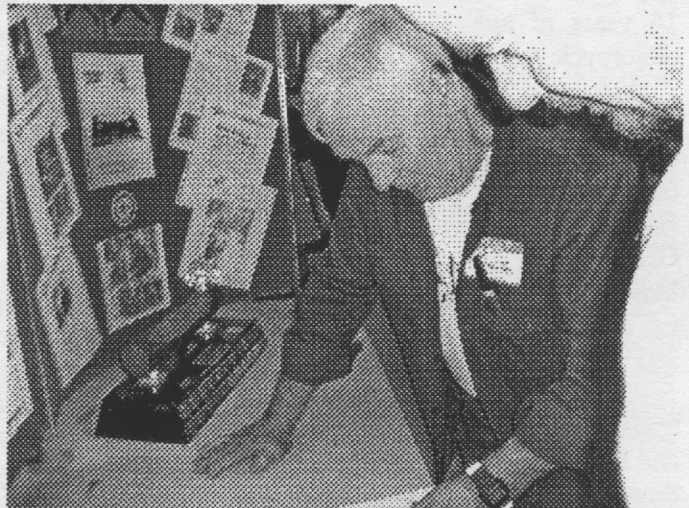
dealers to have in their showrooms. This was confirmed by Matt Weisman who was in charge of producing the brochures during those 10 years. Because of the limited number of original brochures, these items command high prices especially if they are in "like new" condition.

At the end of Mike's presentation, Paul Danik had a drawing for door prizes. Some of the items given away included a rare Penton ash tray, and engraved glasses donated by John Penton, and a large autographed poster donated by Paul Danik,

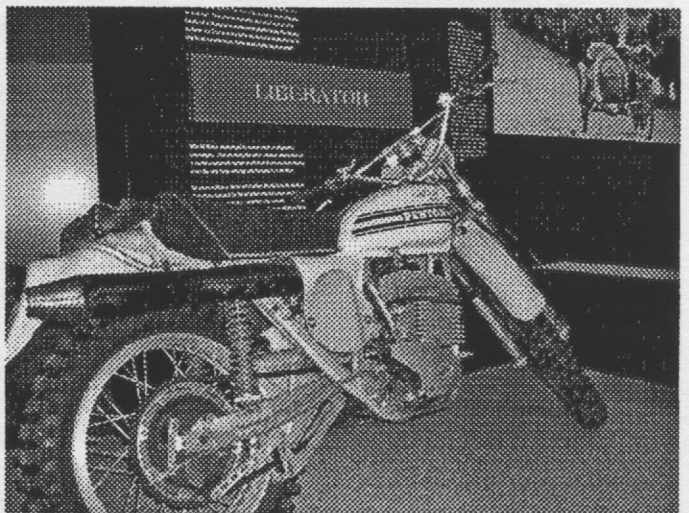
Ed Youngblood was the final speaker for the day. He gave a brief run-down of the Penton Future Project, what it is, and what kind of response it has generated with ideas from the membership.

The event ended at around 4:30 and Ed Youngblood gave a tour of the museum's Harley Davidson exhibit to those interested in it.

Special recognition goes to Lynn Camp for filming the seminars on video for the club.

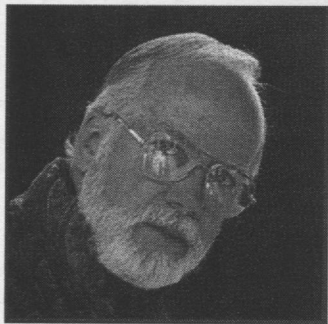


John Penton was in attendance and was kept busy during breaks between the seminars signing autographs.



Kirk Sessions and Kent Knudson provided the bikes displayed inside the museum. This is Kirk's 1974 Mint 400.

## MEMBER PROFILE BOYD REYNOLDS



"You have to do something to toughen up the skin in that area. Why don't you go horseback riding" said the doctor. My reply was to not mention horses to me as that was what put me on his operating table at 16 years of age. "Well, go ride a motorcycle then."

Well, that started it all. It was 1948 and when I got back to college at RIT in Rochester, New York (studying photography) I went out to Howard Porters motorcycle shop in Greece, NY., and I bought a 1944 Indian Scout military model, still in the crate packed in cosmolene. I paid \$95 for it and with Howard's help, put it together. That was my only transportation for almost two years and I drove Howard "so nuts" that he threw me out of his shop one day. I sharpened my teeth on that Indian, rode it to Laconia, which took two days to go 400 miles. There was 7 or 8 in the group and somebody was constantly breaking down. Progress was slow in those days. I blew a head gasket twice, I carried a spare, but the second one I cut out of a purchased piece of asbestos with a hammer and a screw driver on the sidewalk by the road in some small town in eastern up-state New York. I borrowed a 2 foot socket arm and I tightened that head down so tight I don't think who owned that bike after me would ever get it off.

I sold the Indian for \$90 and bought a 61 cubic inch Harley and then went off to the Korean war. My

Dad sold the bike for \$350 with which he bought AT&T stock (guess what that's worth today?). While on a radar site in the South China sea, I started writing letters to the editor at Motorcyclist magazine which used to be the official house organ of the AMA. I struck up a friendship with Bill Bagnall, the publisher, and this launched me into what was to be a life long career after 4 plus years in the USAF.

I was shipped back from the far East to Oklahoma City's 33<sup>rd</sup> Air Division, got married and purchased a Harley 74 with which I entered my first Enduro. I rode it to the event, took off the windshield and leather fringe saddlebags and proceeded to bury it in the first creek crossing. Somebody took my picture and put it in the AMA magazine.

In those days we used to have figure 8 enduro's. A short 5 mile course in shape of a figure 8 and the only check was at the cross, as you made 8 to 10 laps. In the middle of one of those we had a flash thunderstorm. I don't know if you have ever been in tornado alley, but when it rains it doesn't last long but you might as well be in a swimming pool with your clothes on because that is how wet you are going to get. And that red Oklahoma clay, well it turns to slick gumbo. After the rain, I had just come out of the woods onto a dirt road, riding I think an Ariel single at the time. Those roads had an extreme crown and it was just like trying to ride on greased blue ice. I slid off into the ditch, got back up on the road crossed up like a flat tracker and went off the other side and into the ditch. After a repeat of this I ditched the bike and walked back to the check. I was 6 inches taller with 6" of gumbo on the bottom of my boots.

There was a gully near the X check and down in that, a small stream along with the rain had several riders well mired in. There was this huge 6"7" red headed,

freckled faced monster guy, named R.C. Dollar, in farmer bib top jeans and a AMA cap with a white visor. He rode a big Harley with a large tractor ribbed rear tire on it. His bike had a steel front fender with two flat braces to the forks, and between those braces was mounted a hand crank winch to which the rope could be wrapped around a tree. There was a hell of a commotion, so I climbed down to watch as two guys on the back, R.C. was in the saddle working the throttle with one hand and winding the crank with the other hand. I can't impress you, the reader of this scene. That mud was the worst I have ever seen anywhere in the world during my years of photographing hundreds of cross country events. It was bottomless red goo that flew everywhere and stuck to anything and anybody within range.

Helmets were just coming on the scene and I wore a plastic and leather Geno helmet, army tank goggles with a leather face mask that covered the lower part of my face to deflect stones and mud from the front tire.

I traded again for a 650 Triumph and then a "55" Triumph Trophy model with which I did a short stint at dirt flat tracking until I decided I could get killed at that. There was a red headed kid named Nixon that also cut his teeth on the cinder track at Moore, Oklahoma. I stripped that bike down, installed a small gas tank, removed all I didn't need, drilled holes in everything and when finished with the flat track, I put a breather tube from the air box up under the gas tank so the bike would run under water, as water crossings took out most DNF riders at that time. I got that Triumph down to 305 pounds and put a 450 x 18 Carlisle California recap tire on the rear and a Pirelli knobby on the front. After working a very short stint for Floyd Clymer, I decided to go back east to college and confine my riding to enduros. Western New York and the

Finger Lakes region was a "hot bed" of enduros and it took me years before I won anything. There were a lot of good riders in that area.

I traveled to events with Julius Kroeger, who with his brother had won almost every event going in those days. He was on a '52 or so "C" barrel Triumph with knobby tires that were bald in the center, a Martin swing-arm suspension and shocks you never heard of. When you sat on the bike and shook the handlebars, the whole bike would shake like it was ready to collapse on the ground in a heap of iron. We would arrive at registration and Julie would ask how many riders they had and pick numbers for 4 or 5 minutes behind the last rider out. This worked out great as we were always late and not ready to go on time anyway. Julie was a class A rider and I was class B. We would start out and just ride as hard as we could, sometimes we were the first ones to finish. Enduros in those days were real machine breakers and much tougher, especially on a 305lb Triumph, and I was a small guy which increased the challenge for me. Hitting a check early was a rare occasion. Anyway I won 18 trophies that season, I was either first in class B or Hi Point at every event.

I rode Jack Pine and took a fifth place. I remember sitting on the side of the trail and Sal Scirpo hauled up and asked what I was doing. Told him I was early and that he was way early. No, he said, you're late and rode off. One thing I learned about keeping time was to go by my calculations and not someone else's, even if he was the defending champion. Guess what, around the corner was the check and there Sal sat, three minutes early. So what, he still won, for the second time. After the 1968 event, I retired to pay more attention to my family and earning a living.

All this time I had been taking pictures and selling them, which

made fair money, but as college was finished, I went to work for Retigraph corp (Xerox) and then on to a big supply house in Albany, NY as an industrial photographic salesman. I then launched into photographing motorcycles "whole hog".

At that time there were only 4 or 5 photo journalists working in the motorcycle market, so the demand for my work was avid. I would get a contact for coverage of a road race from 5 magazines, plus BSA, Triumph, Cosmo, HD, etc. I would hire girls to take lap sheets for me, for which I would write the stories while I was out on the track with a camera. A lot of people couldn't figure out how I could get such an accurate story while being on the track at the same time. Lap sheets told the whole story. I would push my film to 1600ASA and mix my own chemicals and get these great mud hole shots deep in the woods. Other photographers tried flash, which showed the rider, but everything else was black, or they just stayed at the starting line or at checks out on the road to get pictures. Naturally I didn't tell anybody how I did this which increased the demand for my work.

I also collaborated on several books, and did dozens of posters for the manufacturers. Some of the publications, instead of paying photo and word rate would just send me to Daytona or to Checko to the ISDT with all expenses paid. Some times Gary VanVoorhis and I would travel together for Cycle News. Gary told me I sucked as a writer, but I could take pretty good pictures. That's ok, I admired his writing ability, but his camera work was, well, ok!

Along about 1968 or 69 at Jack Pine, I stayed at Dick Galloways house in Lansing along with Eddie Day and Cal Brown who had become California champion by winning the Greenhorn Enduro. He got a flat the first day and DFN'd so he rode with me the second day. Cal could sure handle the sand and would broadside

the dirt road turns, but he went on his face in the mud and rocks. By the end of the day I was a much better sand rider and he was a "mudder" all the way. That same event Malcolm Smith came, I believe his first trip east with several other west coast riders on small cc foreign built Harley Davidsons. They didn't do too good, but the next year they were up near the top of the heap.

Along about this same time Harold Ward, Bob Kircher, and Ernest Kimbal of Rochester, N.Y. took a 45cu. in. and a 74 Harley, cut them off behind the engine and attached a police servi-car rear end with a differential welded so both wheels pulled huge car size knobby tires. They entered the side car class and the monkey straddled a rear section like riding a horse hanging on to roll bars. These things went through the woods like a freight train. When it was all over, I don't remember if it was John Penton or Bill Baird that won the cow bell, but one point down was one of those three wheelers. Right then and there the AMA outlawed them from sanctioned events. I don't know if this was the spark that started the three wheel ATV, but I wouldn't be surprised, not that I think Honda would admit it.

In the early '70's, I had mentioned to Jack McClain (National enduro champ that year) one day, that a little 90cc Honda I saw a guy riding in the pits, looked like the perfect way for me to hop scotch the trail to get great photos by loading and unloading a tiny bike in and out of my van. I had take hundreds of pictures of Jack over three years or so, and when magazines returned the pictures after they did coverage, I would just give the prints to Jack's dad. I came home one day to find a crate in my driveway. Wow! I was mobile again on the trail and when I went to Jack Pine I asked Oscar Lenz and Harold Farnum for a map of the course. They refused and it took some tall pleading and promising that no one

would see the map, but they finally agreed. Needless to say, I got pictures like never seen before. Magazine coverage was super and when I was riding the Alligator Enduro at Daytona that winter I came upon Oscar and Harold running a check and they were persistent that I come back next year to cover the Jack Pine championship enduro.

I quit working as a photo salesman and took over management of a Kawasaki/snowmobile/ski shop for a year and moved on to be general manager of Albany Honda and started riding competition again, upgrading to a 125 Honda and then an XL250. By this time I also was riding with Al Eames. For two years Al and Bill Haskins and I worked the Berkshire hills. I would be on trail every morning, then ride the hour back to work at Albany Honda. This close association with Al built a life long friendship and admiration. He was an exceptional man.

I remember one day on an impossible, rocky, abandoned road up the side of a mountain, I was on foot marking when Al came along and asked me where my Honda was. I told him it was at the top and to go ahead, I would hike up and catch up. "Hop on" he said and he hauled me double up that trail, with my legs flailing in the air. Diabetes or not, he was a strong, exceptional rider.

When the ISDT came along, I quit my job, as did Al from his position at Crane paper and worked full time on the ISDT. I spent many hours crawling around the living room floor with Marie pouring over this huge, glued together survey map, plotting out routes for photographic crews to short cut the trail route. Every weekend the yard was full of vans and trailers, and Marie fed and housed tired and muddy riders that came from all over New England and N.Y. to work. When I started, I had limited riding gear (came with a limited income) so one wet day when I had to ride back to Albany, Marie gave me

her belstaff jacket, which I borrowed and returned so many times that she finally told me to keep it, and I still have it packed away somewhere.

For over a year or so, I had been talking to Chilton publishing for whom I had previously collaborated on a school book "The Motorcycle" with Tim Firth Jones to do a book on the ISDT. It was to be a large coffee table type book and be completed within a month after the event. No publisher had ever produced a book this fast so it was a publishing milestone. They hired a New York firm to do the physical layout production with my assistance. With few exceptions, all the black & white photos in the book I took and they hired a Swiss team to do the color. I set the photo crew's daily schedule in a meeting each evening at the Holiday Inn and arranged for bikes to buddy carry them to locations along the trail using those routes Marie and I had mapped out. Then when the AMA press corps fell apart, I picked up part of that job doing news release each evening and working with the visiting press to outline locations for them to go to each day. "The Olympics of Motorcycling" wasn't a big book, but for me it was a labor of love.

Shortly after the ISDT and going to several other ISDT's in Europe, assisting Al when he was USA team manager, my oldest boys started riding enduro's. #2 son, Kevin, became quite proficient on a 125 Penton, while his big brother was in Turkey in the USAF. I, by this time had owned over 20 bikes, all 4 strokes except one Jawa that I bought in a peach basket. I rode one enduro with it and after I had to push it up every hill because it either didn't have enough power or it just dug a hole, I went back to a 4 stroke. The boys finally convinced me to buy a 175 Penton, but I soon came to the conclusion that it would take a complete retraining to learn to

"ride on the pipe". Needless to say, you can't change an old dog in his habits of standing up and clonking over the rough stuff. My current dirt bike is a '01 Beta Alp, a street legal trials bike. Yeah I know, a two stroke, but with a 6 speed gear box (there are only 50 in the USA, looks just like a trials bike with a seat and head and tail light) it plonks over anything. And at 74 (years old) when I drop it, I can pick it up. For a 350cc it weighs only 165 lbs.

After the '73 ISDT I went to work for Beck Arnley as a road salesman in Pennsylvania for five years before I went independent and moved back to New England with the original Rocky Cycle as my main supplier. We, my wife and office manager, finally settled on working for 15 companies and over the years we worked, were fired by, or quit the best in the motorcycle industry, but we built a very profitable business of from 2 to 5 employees. I had always been a skier and a National ski patroller for years. During this period I tackled the most competitive and fulfilling event of my life. It took two years of hard training, working world cup races under frigid conditions on Whiteface Mt. to be on the 1980 Olympic Ski Patrol at Lake Placid. Here again, I was the official NSPS photographer as well as working as a mountain EMT.

In the early 90's I launched into studying the apparel on the market for the road rider and took on Motoport and it's German parent company, Difi, who at that time were years ahead of anything available in this country. Working the trade shows and doing lectures and seminars was a delight as I was passionate about the product line. All this time I had Kevin's old 125 Penton with a blown engine in pieces out in the shed. When I sold the house in the Berkshires and moved into a 25' RV, I sold the Penton to Bob Hogan in Agawam for \$50. Yeah, I know, but looking back, we all do some dumb things at least

once or twice. I understand somebody in Indiana bought it to restore, and after I said that somebody will pop up to acknowledge that they have my old 125 and that now it's worth a small fortune. As to my kids, Peter the oldest is president of the Boise Ridge Riders, for the third time, rides a 250 KTM and is the head honcho of the Idaho ISDT qualifier. Kevin is VP of Mechanixs Wear and a darn good (I think so anyway) observed trials rider. He also carries on the tradition of doing test ride articles and coverage of trials events in Southern California. The other two, well lets say they are too busy raising babies or building houses. Although when back in Pennsylvania, my daughter hopped on my BMW and tore up the road like it was only yesterday that she did the same on that 125 Penton and disappeared into the woods. I remember that day, she came to visit in Massachusetts, and asked if she could ride the Penton. I told her it hadn't been started in over a year. She wheeled it out of the shed, cleaned off the cobwebs and leaves, kicked it twice and was gone up the trail.

I now divide my time between my son's yard (living full time in a RV) in Boise and a lot with a RV pad and necessities up at 8,000 feet west of Pagosa Springs, Colorado. I do a lot of touring and camping on the BMW and I work hard at fly fishing with a life-long friend. When the snow is good, I'm on the mountain every day skiing. Motorcycles have given me a good living and a lot of friends.

**Top Photo -**

Harold Ward (driver) at the 1958 Jack Pine Enduro on the home-made 3 wheel ATV made from a 45cu.in. Harley and a police servi car rear end. It won 1<sup>st</sup> place in the side car class.

**Bottom Photo -**

Boyd on his 72 Jackpiner, showing off some of his skills.



## THE MAIL BOX

Friends, I have been asked by Al Buehner to provide a brief history about me. How did this happen? Actually it was a request by him in response to my request for John Penton's autograph to my 1972 Six Days LH side panel.

For my youth, I became excited about having something that was a silent force of happiness; a motorcycle. My first real ride was aboard a TACO minibike. From that one, two minute, ride I was jazzed!

I grew up in Santa Monica, California, which presented unique opportunities that later unfolded with many trips to the desert and local riding areas. Along the way I enjoyed Palmdale, Holiday, Gorman, and Mohave, all on a DKW 100. Out of shame and true to like, I TA'd my pants at Palmdale and had to stop and use my britches to wipe my "you know what". Well I pity the one whom should have happened upon my soiled after-parts along the trail. Heck, what did I know? I was only a snot-nosed kid, and happy to be out on my DKW 100!

Well things and times have changed. I became aware of the Vietnam War and what it did to our country and my fallen friends. To this very day, I can claim no ISDT medal, I can claim no Supercross championship, I can claim no enduro championship, but I can claim to be a very proud Penton Owner and Racer and will continue to support our organization.

Thanks Al Buehner

**Tom Brosius**, Colorado  
[dkwracer@conen.net](mailto:dkwracer@conen.net)

Ted Guthrie, of Ohio, submitted an article about his first Penton and his adventures in enduros. This will be used in our next newsletter for our member profile. Thanks Ted!

*The following comments were noted on the membership renewal forms and submitted by our Treasurer, Doug Wilford.*

**Mark Wessek** (Wisconsin)  
member #324

Keep up the good work guys, someday I will come and see you.  
Thank You.

**Jeff Reid** (North Carolina)  
member #471

Would like to see more articles and photos of bikes and projects. Need more events or bike show gatherings.

**Tim Brown** (Georgia)  
member #435

I am interested in purchasing more Pentons. I would like to have more tools in which to do so, (ie. Classifieds, web sites, e-mails, ect.)

**Spencer Balentine** (Kentucky)  
member #186

It would be neat to have a club jersey to ride and race in, white with red crest, something different. I do all the AHRMA CC nationals on a Jackpiner and would buy a couple.

**Alex Bub** (Wisconsin)  
member #132

I have some photos and articles. I will send you copies from 1979 when I won the WERE 410cc National Roadrace Championship on my 1978 KTM/ Penton 400cc Enduro for your archives. A copy of my Championship Trophy has been on display at the KTM offices since 1980. Please go to [superbikers2.com](http://superbikers2.com) and look under local legend. You will find some of the photos there.

**Bob Hugo** (Washington)  
member #563

More maintenance information please. Just bought a 1974 Jackpiner from an estate sale, one owner/ rider. Shows little use and starts/ runs great! Now with two Jackpiners, my son and I can get back to trail riding together. Thanks and Merry Christmas to all of you keeping the Penton still out front, in the world of fun. Happy New Year.

**Steve Tanzella** (Massachusetts) is a Firefighter and welder/ fabricator.

He has been riding bikes since he

was a kid, but never got into racing. He rode his first enduro in 1998 and loved it. In 1999 he won the NETRA C-Heavy Class. As a kid he would hang around Cape Ann Cycles and dream about owning a 125 Six Days. Then he would go home and ride his Suzuki 90. He has since fulfilled his dream with an assortment of different sized Penton motorcycles.

A big welcome to our first European club member, **Bertrand Heribel**, of France.

He is involved in restoring any KTM for KTM France (meetings - exposition). He is also a member of Retro Enduro club De France (it's web site is- <http://endurotro.free.fr>).

His special interest with Pentons is that "Penton is a big name of the motorcycle." He has several KTM CMF bikes with the most notable being a 1973 250 with a motor serial number 3-54-00098.

You can welcome him at his E mail - [hbpa@wanadoo.fr](mailto:hbpa@wanadoo.fr).

Another new member to the club is **Terry Daniszewski** of Ohio.

One of his hobbies is restoring cars and trucks. He is skilled in painting, welding and doing his own body work. He rebuilds auto engines and has drag raced (Quaker City in Salem, Ohio) cars and cycles.

He is also a member of "Triumph" Riders Club, Riders Association of Triumph, and past 7 year member of the BMW Riders Club. He has attended many "rallys" and has rode 23,000 miles in 6 month, twice. He finished 4<sup>th</sup> 2 times in a (BMW) contest for mileage.

He started riding Hare Scrambles in 1980 riding a Husky 125, Husky 430, and a KTM 495 up until 1990. He rode an enduro in 1993 on a KTM 300EXC.

His special interest with Pentons has to do with meeting the great people who have owned one in the past, ect. He owns a 1974 Jackpiner and a 1975 Hare Scrambler.

## "TIMERS MOMENTS" A PENTON ON THE MCCCT

part 2

By Ted del Solar

*This is the second of a two part article that Ted del Solar wrote to share of his experience riding almost 600 miles of the MCCCT (Michigan Cross Country Cycle Trail) in 2003.*

### Friday - Day 3

Looking out the window on Friday morning, there were puddles in the parking lot and what looked like the end of an overnight shower. By the time we got to the trail head the rain was over and after a more thorough bike check, I was on the way at 7:40 AM. A rain on the sandy soil of Michigan only eliminates dust and gives good traction, so I sailed in good shape on a trail I had ridden before, the Tomahawk A Loop. At 6.5 miles out, the sailing came to an abrupt halt – tree across the trail. There was no point in counting how many downed trees there were and at times I could see more than one. Luckily they were single, not in groups. For some I went around, propping branches up to make a tunnel, sometimes laying the Penton down and dragging it under the trunk and once backing into the branches and pulling the bike a few inches at a time. Between the water on the branches and the exertion involved, I was soaked. After an hour of this I had covered the total distance of 1.5 miles. When I got to Reams Road, I took a well deserved rest for a while and thought I was now below the storm path. After all, from Indian River it's downhill. Past the Tomahawk B & C Loops trailhead the MCCCT follows some fire roads, two tracks and some single track. There were downed trees here also, but a snap compared to what I had been through. With the ground on either side being relatively level, I could simply go off the trail without having to scout a path. Even went around one in 2nd gear.

When there is no more state or federal land for the trail, you simply follow seasonal, gravel or little used blacktop roads. This is what it would be for a while. South of Thumb Lake Road, a gravel road turned into a seasonal one. Seasonal means it isn't plowed in winter and can be washed out on hills at other times. Next thing I know there is an SUV poking along trying to get through washed down sand. When they stopped because of a rocky

washout ahead, I saw the room I needed to go around and was on my way. Back on a gravel road I started seeing orange diamonds and "STAY ON THE TRAIL" signs, but no MCCCT triangles. Antrim county, for some reason is different. Near Elmira I missed a turn and had to double back before getting to US 131. Without a map of some kind you could wander a lot trying to find the trail.

At US 131 the trail picks up an old railroad bed between a current track and the highway. Except for stops at driveways and cross roads, it was 6th gear at 30 to 35 MPH for 7 miles to C-42 at Alba. This was the days first gas stop at 320.6 miles arriving at 12:09 PM. There was no van in sight but 3 boys came over to me as though I was a magnet. The wind was cold so I got out my jacket and the emergency cell phone. No signal, so one of the boys took me to his house to use a regular phone while the other two would watch the Penton. Got through to Connie OK and she would be there in a few minutes.

"Connie's account of what happened was an adventure in itself. Straits Highway and Old 27 are the same road, so she double checked in Wolverine to make sure she'd end up on Thumb Lake Road. Her route sheet covered where the trail followed Thumb Lake for a mile and she found where it came out. At that point the shoulder was narrow and dropped off somewhat steep. The ground was soft from the rain and the van was stuck. A utility company man tried to pull her out but made it worse and went off to get a tow truck. Two pickups and a van stopped, seven men got out, one took charge, and the van was back on the road. The tow truck couldn't come for two hours – forget it. She realized she was now late and headed for the town of Alba".

There was a discrepancy between the Department of Natural Resources map I was using and the CCC maps Connie used, and I failed to catch the difference. I had come out on Thumb Lake down the hill around the bend west of where Connie was. A little more thought on my part would have avoided the situation.

So now it was back to the regular gas stop procedures. While checking the chain, I saw what I had feared would happen before finishing the ride. The counter shaft sprocket teeth were pretty well gone. I had brought what was required for the situation but opted to tighten the chain and finish out the day. At the end of the day I would have the comfort and convenience of a garage. Gamble – no, confidence – yes.

Lest we forget, I'm riding with my long time partner – a Penton gravel spitter. In the ten miles of easy riding heading to the top of the Kalkaska A Loop, I saw a fresh tire track. Must be getting close to civilization again. Along a power line I met a rider coming towards me and we only exchanged a wave. When the trail went into the woods, the two tracks came together in a 180 and I was back to being first one through since the last rain.

Whoever takes care of the Kalkaska A and B loops does a fine job of marking. Junctions are numbered and have a map posted. You know exactly where you are. There are other places along the way that also have similar set ups. Eliminating the wondering of where you are makes the riding a joy. The MCCCT leaves the west side of the B Loop and continues west heading for the Leetsville trails by way of more back roads. At one point along the way the MCCCT has been relocated since the maps were printed. You simply have to keep thinking and play detective, which is good. Thinking is right because at the approaching gas stop it will be decision time with respect to the counter shaft sprocket. Going across the Leetsville loop must have been routine, as I made no notation of anything special. In another sense though, every mile was special, as was the entire ride. I crossed US 131 north of the city of Kalkaska in heavy traffic and got to the van on Beebe Road at 3:36 PM with 357.9 miles completed.

"The drive down from Alba was probably the most uneventful one of all for Connie. It was a straight shot down US 131 and around the corner to Beebe Road away from the traffic. No doubling back, no questions – just a mother's natural concern if everything is OK".

The 37 miles from Alba didn't add any noticeable change to the sprocket and chain condition so it was off towards Fife Lake in good spirits and feeling fine. A mile down the gravel road I thought the trail turned left and I wound up in a horse riders staging area. Doubled back and saw that I should have gone straight ahead into the bushes and saplings. Picked up two tracks and went into easy cruise mood. It started to get rather cool not being on a single track, and rather than tough it out, I stopped to put my jacket on and be comfortable. At the M-186 crossing there was the van again. It was the end of the days riding at 5:38 PM with 388.4 miles under the belt or whatever other expression you like.



After getting the bike loaded I noticed some marks in the dried mud next to where I had first stopped. Took a second look and saw it was a note for us. It was from Bob DeVolder, the photographer that took the pictures on the covers of issue #16 of Still...Keeping Track. We would be staying at his home that night and it was later than I had guessed my ETA a week earlier. Having been at his home before it was like being at your own home. Unloaded and headed for the shower, second soaking of the day, while Bob got supper ready and Connie took care of the rest. We have known Bob for 28 years and visiting is like old home week. His hot tub was next, soaking number three, and a half hour of that seemed to do wonders. First thing in the morning I got after the sprocket and with Bob's help had it done in short order. It was suggested that I take a day off and rest up. Although we were at an umpteen star location, I didn't want to break the rhythm, so got ready to hit the trail.

#### Saturday – Day 4

It is Saturday August 30th and I'm on the way at 10:20 AM., waving "so long" as I start off on a two track. At mile 394.3 the Cross Connector joins in from St. Helens. This is the west end of the trail mentioned in day one and is at least 125 miles long. Different parts of this trail were used for the Jack Pine two weeks earlier. At this time my interest is in going south on the MCCCT arch. I feel refreshed, in good spirits and enjoying the usual variety of

what the trail has to offer. Here again is an area that I'm familiar with, as it has been used for enduros over the years. I recognize such things as a swampy area on one side, an uphill on the other and a pallet bridge to cross a wet spot. When I get to the railroad track, I know exactly where I am because close by is the spot that gave me a cracked rib a few years ago. This was the worst injury in all my years of riding off road. The end of the state forest means it's back to gravel and blacktop riding until I get to the junction at M-42. This will be first gas for the day and I arrive at 11:43 AM and mile 416.1.

This location was a snap for Connie. We had been there on a previous trip to the area for this exact purpose. This is where she saw what markers looked like and how turns were supposed to be marked.

Here the trail takes a half mile jog east and picks up a straight and level two track going south. Although there are trees on both sides, I can see far enough ahead that it is one of those times where you roll it on and hope the deer are laying down. I have been told they do so at 9AM. After some seasonal and gravel roads the single track comes back before the crossing at M-115. Since I had to wait for traffic to clear, I recorded my time at 12:22 and the mile at 424.9. You cross the highway and the change is like night and day. The trail, in enduro terms, becomes tight and technical. Most of the time I can only use 2nd gear. This section would be the tightest of the entire trip and is the

equivalent of an enduro event trail. Challenging and fun both receive a yes. A non rider will probably not be able to understand how so much work could be fun. The key for me is that work is the best play there is. When I get to the crossing of M-55 at 1:56 PM, and mile 442.8, the night and day change returns.

The trail has now opened up enough that I'm able to run in 3rd gear comfortably. This area gets a reasonable amount of traffic as it leads to the Caberface ski area and other nearby services. It is simply a joy to be riding through the woods in comfort and a type of isolation with a good partner. As I enter a small clearing there is another rider coming out of the woods towards me. I stop to let him go by, but he stops to tell me there are three more behind him. (This is a courtesy of trail riding. If you don't stop, you raise a hand and show fingers as to how many are following.) I tell him I'm alone. What I hear next is a shock. "Are you the 72 year old riding the whole MCCCT on a Penton". I make the correction that the number is 75. By now the other three have pulled up. This is how I met Scott Barnhard, Rich Santose, Bob Kuchai and Randy Sneller. I have to ask where the information came from. It turned out they were at another riding area earlier in the day and I was mentioned to them by another rider. Word has a way of getting around. Last year after trail riding in Michigan, I did a little dance on a picnic table. Six days later in Indiana at an enduro, a rider is telling me he heard about it from a fellow at work. There isn't much I can do in the off road community in Michigan without it being known. Paul, do you suppose I could use Mars as a hideout?

The ensuing visit was one of admiration, stories, laughs, fun and much more. In a way I was so out of it that the time, mileage or camera never came to mind. The best part though is that I did get their names. We shook hands and said the "so longs", somehow knowing that "good bye" was not right. (A month later four of us met by chance at a trail head farther south near Baldwin, Michigan.) They followed my tire track and I now had four to follow. The most I'd seen so far. On my own once more, it started to sink in what I had just been through. The best I can do is say that the feelings were deep and strong. I would like to return to that location on what you might call a pilgrimage. Perhaps even place a marker of some kind and of course take pictures to augment the ones in my mind. That meeting was not only the

highlight of the ride but also one in my life. To those who want to ban us from using public lands for our avocation, I ask this question. Who has the right to take away such pleasures of life?

It wasn't long before I got to the creek bridge at the top of the Lincoln Hills Loop and was in the midst of quads and bikes. I stopped for a few minutes to talk to a couple of current enduro riders, but didn't record the names. At times we could not hear because across the creek quads were doing circles at full throttle. It was 3:55 PM and mile 455.9, time to move on.

Since it was Labor Day weekend and the trails from here on are more accessible, to expect more traffic was a given. So I took it easier and kept a closer eye on everything around me. The MCCCT follows the north part of the Lincoln Hills Loop, then drops down to the west side of the Little Manistee. These are wide easy ORV trails, which I have ridden before. There is also the ORV route that basically parallels the trail, crossing back and forth. Quads ride the route with what I consider complete abandon, and that makes me extra cautious. You hear an engine screaming, but can't see where it is coming from. I finally leave the ORV trail and head west to the crossing at M-37. The van is there, it is 5:43 PM, at mile 479 and I call it a day.

My original plan called for doing the ride in four days and I could have stopped right there. However, I'm an enduro rider, not a quitter. After all I'd been through and being so close to the end, I was determined to finish or go down trying. To succeed would mean a great deal to me. This would be the mental energy that drives the physical part of you.

"With about 35 miles of state highways and 4 hours time to the next gas, it was relaxing time for Connie. She found the right place after checking out those that did not cross M-37 and parked to wait for me. A sheriff's deputy stopped to check if help was needed. It was past my ETA, so concerns were raised because of how much daylight was left. The deputy took down enough information in case a search became necessary. Not a comforting thought, to be sure. She notified the sheriff's office that I had arrived OK, and it was off to find out where we would spend the night. There was nothing available in the Baldwin city area so we wound up 30 miles away in Reed City".

#### Sunday - Day 5

I start out on Sunday, August 31st at 7:30 AM. From here on the MCCCT is in the Manistee National Forest or on public roads. It seems that different jurisdictions have their own way of doing things, for now there are still orange triangles but with different lettering. It is an adjustment you simply have to make. The trail is well established, and I have ridden the Little "O" before, so some places I do recognize. After 22 miles you switch over to the Big "O", and it becomes "swing and sway with Sammy Kaye" as I roll with the curves in the trail. Some of the curves are banked so much you can lean perhaps 45 degrees or more. If there is headroom to the nearest tree on the inside of the curve, crank it on. No one is out this early and I have a good time moving along at a fast pace, for me anyway. I meet Connie on Masten Road at 9:33 AM and mile 510.3. The headlight isn't working, the wires behind it are OK, so it must be burned out. After changing it and getting ready to leave I see a broken wire under the tank. My first thought is to take the time to make the repair. The second thought is to forget it and run without a light because there are many other bikes on the trails that do not require a working headlight. I give the Penton's starter a kick and we're off once more.

"Getting to Masten Road was a little on the nutty side for Connie. The maps have Carrs Road on them but she couldn't find a sign with that name on it. Checking at a gas station, the answer was to go out 7th Ave., follow left on Cherry, and right on 52nd St. That jogs left and you are on 56th St. So it appears that Carrs Road was given other names for some reason or other. It is just another thing that makes life interesting".

This part of the trail has been used so much for so long that it is wide and very easy to ride. Wide enough, that I even met a four wheeled vehicle with three people on it. I use the words 'on it' because there was no semblance of a body. Nothing but seats on an open frame. At another point, there was something coming towards me at a slow pace and taking up what trail there was. It turned out to be two boys and a dog on a golf cart. They were so relaxed they didn't see me stopped in the trail until within ten feet. It would have been easier for me to pull off the trail and let them by but they pulled off instead. Their explanation was that they weren't supposed to be out there anyway and I therefore had right of way. Maybe so, but what is wrong about two boys and a dog out enjoying the woods? The world is

waking up and I stop to talk with a group of seven riders that had stopped for a break. One of them mentioned that I ride hare scrambles too. He saw the bar code on my helmet and knew why it was there.

If there is anything special about riding the Big "O" down the west side, it has to be the lack of markers at intersections. In some places in the woods I can see two markers at a time but when I come to crossing a two track, there are two trails on the other side and no markers in sight. So it becomes an exercise in explore and double back more than once because you don't go far enough to find a marker. After a few miles of enjoyment, I get to a blacktop and again it is a case of which way now. A bridge to the left looks promising but a stop sign at the following T is of no help. Doubling back to a couple fishermen I had seen, I asked for help. The decision was to make a right at the T and keep going. I made it back into the woods once more and was on the right trail.

When I met a father and his two boys, the visit was heart warming. My riding was the main part of the conversation and when I answered the father's question on how many miles I had come, the boy's reaction was of wonderment, that you could ride 525 miles was a little beyond them. The important point here is that a parent is with pre-teens spending time enjoying life and staying out of trouble. When it was time to move on, the boys raised the RPM's and dug a little dirt as they took off. So this time my question is - would the dirt they disturb while riding be more damaging than what those before the judge have done?

At mile 540.8 the Big "O" goes back north and I go somewhat south on the MCCCT. It is peaceful and quiet since there are no easily accessible trail heads close by. When I come out on a gravel road angling left, it appears that the trail goes that way. After not seeing markers and checking with a pickup driver, it is best to return to where I came out of the woods. Looking real close I found where the trail did go back into the woods on the other side of the road. Then it became two tracks crossing the same gravel road several times before going back to single track. The wandering and looking for markers is over and I come out to 11 Mile Rd. and the van for gas #13. It is 1:58 PM and I have covered 561.5 miles.

"Connie was so experienced at finding her way now that it was almost routine. Almost, because at one point the name on the sign didn't match her map. She

checked with two men grilling lunch and they had a good laugh. The other side of the sign did have the name she was looking for. Far from boring”.

I had heard that it was nice trail from here on and it was true for about the first ten miles. It was in this area that I met three riders going north and stopped for a short visit. One of them, Andy Vandenberg, was fascinated by the Penton, had a digital camera and wanted to get a picture. While doing so, his bike decided to take a nap. How often do you see a left side kickstand bike layover to the right? The visit came to an end when it was suggested to bend a choke rod straight. That might help the engine run better. It was one of those times when anything is said for a laugh. When the trail reaches the part that is open to quads, it becomes a different world. Compared to what I had been through, they were everywhere. At times I was satisfied to just follow them but when they slowed down too much for my comfortable pace, I'd find a way by. Quads just don't pull over like bikes when someone is behind them. At one point I got by one when the right wheel dropped in a hole, the rider was on his feet holding the quad essentially on its side. That left enough room to the tree for me to get by.

When I again have the trail to myself, a peek at the odometer tells me it isn't far to the end. There is a degree of internal excitement that I'm almost finished but also one of peace and satisfaction that I'm about to reach the goal. So now I try to guess at what numbers the odometer will read. The trail has enough elevation that I am able to see a clearing ahead. My hope is that it is the trail head at the end of the MCCCT. A feeling of tiredness settles in as I come down the slight grade into the M-20 parking area at 4:34 PM after covering 584.7 miles. Stopping behind the van, I take off my gloves and helmet. To those that say men don't cry, I will answer, if you can't cry you are not a man.

#### TOP PHOTO

At a gas stop in Alba on day 3. The Penton was like a magnet for the boys as Ted was performing some maintenance.

#### MIDDLE PHOTO

At the end of day 3's ride at M-186 near Fife Lake. Bob De Volder left a note scratched in the drying mud puddle next to Ted's foot.

#### BOTTOM PHOTO

Ted at the end of his ride.



## Tech Tips

### What's The Difference?

#### FRONT FORKS

by Alan Buehner

The Penton/ KTM motorcycles were equipped with the best front forks available at the time. As time went on, technology changed and improvements were made primarily in the length of fork travel. As these changes were made, they were included on the latest model bikes being sold at the time.

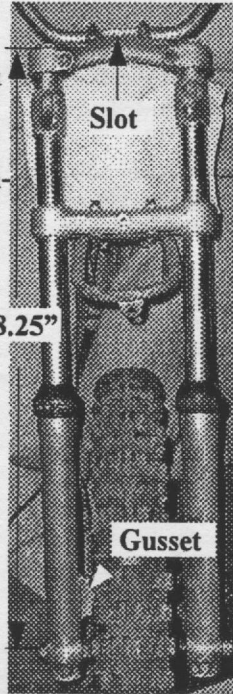
As a result of the changes made over the 10 year life of the Penton motorcycles, there are a variety of different styles and a couple of different brands that were used. Unless you have a garage full of Penton bikes, you would have no idea of what to look for. This article is being written for our members who only have one or two different models of bikes to help them identify a Marzocchi from a Cerianni and a 32mm from a 35mm.

From 1968 thru 1971 the steel tank Penton motorcycles came equipped with 35mm Cerianni forks. These are easily identified by 3 visible features. The first is the rectangular shaped gusset sticking out on the side of the right fork leg. This gusset fits into the slot of the backing plate of the front brake. The second feature is found on the top fork plate. It has a rounded slot formed in it, that the bottom part of the handlebars fit in. The third feature is the top of the fork tubes, which is squared off (there is no taper). Another feature is the top of the fork legs. The fork boots slide down over the leg and are held in place with a clamp.

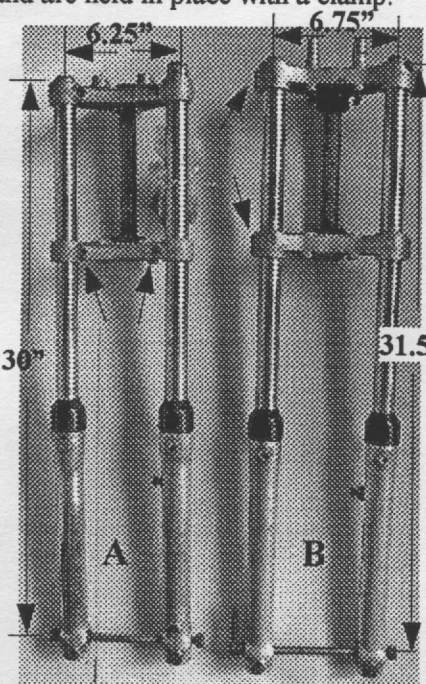
The 1972-73 Pentons were equipped with 32mm Cerianni forks. There were 2 styles, the narrow version (A), and the regular version (B).

The narrow version is identified by the single allen head bolts on the fork plates that pinch each fork leg. These bolts are visible on the front side of the fork plates.

The regular version is identified by the double allen head screws on the fork plates. These are visible on the sides of the fork plates.



35mm Cerianni



32mm Cerianni forks

The 32mm forks are both easily identified by the drilled and tapped round gussets on the front and back side of each fork leg to which a fork brace can be bolted to.

The 35mm Cerianni forks were installed on the 1973 Penton Hare Scramblers. In 1974 they came as standard equipment on all of the Penton motorcycles.

This newer version of the 35mm Cerianni is easily identified by the rounded, tapered sides of the fork plates that circle the fork tubes.

The top of the fork tubes are tapered. This matches the taper on the top fork plates. There are no pinch bolts used on the top fork plate to secure the fork tubes. The tubes are locked in place with the fork tube nuts which are in the shape of an oversize hex head.

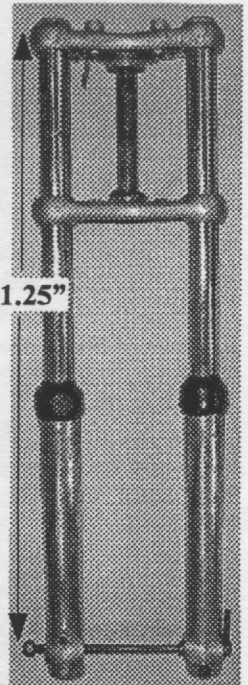
The lower fork plate has one allen head bolt to pinch each fork leg. These two bolts are located on the back side of the fork plate.

The top part of each fork leg has a groove in it into which the fork boot snaps, eliminating the need for clamps.

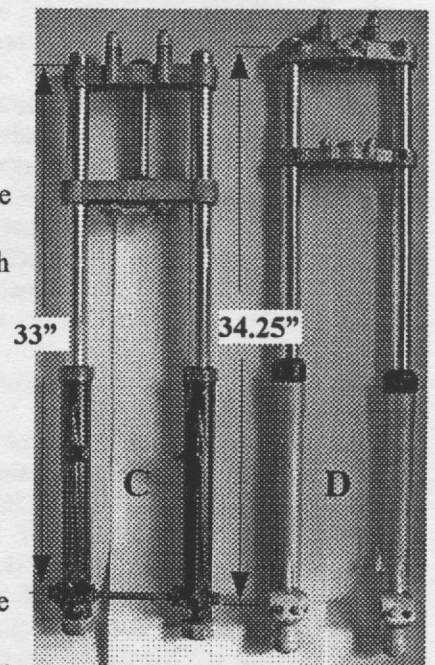
In 1976 the leading axle forks were introduced on the MC 5 model Penton motorcycles. These were the 35mm Cerianni brand forks which were switched over to the Marzocchi brand forks by 1977 at which time they were installed on all the bikes sold.

Cerianni leading axle forks are easily identified by the large oversized hex head nuts on the bottom of the fork legs. Another identifying mark is the fork tube nut which is shaped into a hex nut for removal with a wrench.

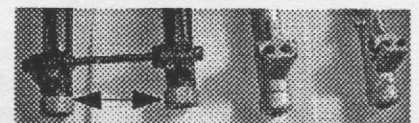
The Marzocchi fork legs bottoms are not threaded and do not have a hex nut. The bottom of each fork leg is not round all the way around and each one has a flat spot on the inside and outside part at the bottom, below the axle. Another identifying mark is the fork tube caps which have an allen head slot in the center. An 8mm allen wrench is needed to remove these.



35mm Cerianni



C - 35mm Cerianni fork  
D - 35mm Marzocchi fork



Cerianni lower legs (left) have large hex head cap nuts.



## PENTON DISPLAY AT THE INTERNATIONAL MOTORCYCLE SHOW

by Alan Buehner

On November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2003, the officers of the club voted on buying "club space" at the International Motorcycle Show in Cleveland, Ohio from January 30 to February 1<sup>st</sup>, 2004. The cost of the space was \$300 for a 5ft x 10ft booth space which included a 4ft table, 2 chairs, and 6 badges. This was an alternative to the "Club House area" at the show which was a 30ft x 20ft area with tables and chairs for club members to share, however, you could not bring in a bike to display in this area.

The "Club House" idea was new this year at the show and was sponsored by the organizers of the event, Advanstar Communications. Since this was not done in the past, the POG had no idea as to what this "Club House" concept was and how it would play out. We opted to go for the optional booth space for \$300 in order to display a bike and increase our exposure to the attendees. Our findings from working the Cleveland show (which is supposed to have one of the largest attendance in the country every year) would provide us information on whether or not to have a POG presence at all of next year's shows.

I was in charge of making the arrangements and setting up our display for the Cleveland show. Our information package with our booth number, rules and regulations of the show and convention center did not arrive until 2 weeks before the show. This put a lot of pressure on me to try and co-ordinate the volunteers who offered to spend time to work the show.

John Borer designed a tri-fold color brochure for us to hand out at the show for anyone with an interest in more information about the club or Penton motorcycles. He produced about 1,000 of these which he donated to the club. Thank you John! They were great! Plenty of photos on it with the Club's mission statement on our Web Site on the back.

Ed Youngblood and Scott Brogan worked the Friday evening hours from 4 to 9 PM.

Paul Danik and Doug Wilford worked the Saturday morning shift from 9 AM to 2 and Al Born and Scott Brogan worked the Saturday afternoon shift from 2 PM to closing at 9. Dane Leimbach, Karl

Schneider, and Randy Kirkbride worked the Sunday 9 to 5 shift. I worked all 3 days of the show off and on to open and close the display and give the volunteers a chance to walk around and check out the other displays.

Volunteers were required to wear either the green Penton long sleeve T-shirts designed by Scott Brogan or the short sleeve POG dress shirts designed by Doug Wilford.

The display was designed to be fast and easy to set-up and take down, yet be attractive and easy to recognize. A Penton banner was hung on the curtains in the back of the display, a Penton motorcycle was brought in and "cardboard John" was set against the curtain in the back of the display. Photo albums were brought and placed on the table along with a few of the brochures provided by John Borer.

My original intent was to have a Steel Tank Penton as the display bike, but due to the show rules regulating set-up and take down times, I opted to bring in my 74 Jackpiner. It wasn't until I arrived at our space during set-up on Friday that our 5x10ft space became a 10x10ft space giving us more room (I could have brought in another bike to display).

Overall, the show was a success for us. The display attracted a good response. Typical responses that we received from those that stopped to look at the bike or the photos were "I used to have one of those" or "my riding buddy used to ride one of those" or "I always wanted to have one of those".

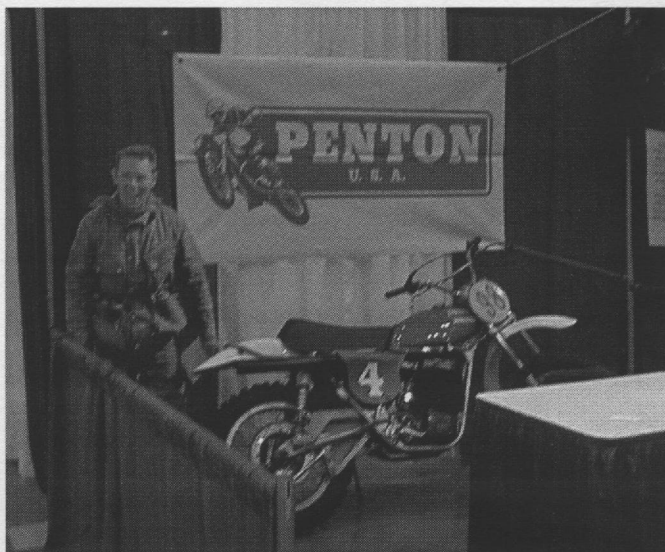
A couple of young boys came directly to the table during one of the times I was at the display. One of the boys started pointing at a photo of a Steel Tank 125 telling the other boy, "my dad had one of those then he got one of those"

pointing to a photo of a Jackpiner. You could always spot an old Penton rider by the smile on their face as they would pause in the aisle and stare at the Jackpiner.

Ed Youngblood had these observations during his "duty" at the display. "Many people stopped to talk, ask questions, and describe their personal experience with Pentons. The most common question among young people was how Penton was connected with KTM. Many knew there was some connection, but were not sure what it was."

The POG's participation in next year's round of 13 shows around the country will be discussed at our March meeting. Even though the Cleveland show was successful this year I cannot justify the club spending \$300 for each of the 13 cities that the show is held at. The club will most likely buy display space for cities where you, our members, show the most enthusiasm and support by having 6 or more members in a particular city committed to set up and man a display booth. For the other shows, volunteers would have to work the "Club House area" which would be no expense to us, but allow us to hang a Penton banner and hand out literature.

In the last newsletter I mentioned these motorcycle shows and suggested that any member going to one of these shows pay attention to the "Club House" area at the show to see who was there and what was going on. If you have an interest in doing volunteer time at next year's shows, give me a call at (216) 651-6559 so I can put you on our list of contacts for next year. Volunteers will be provided with a listing of show rules and regulations, and POG guidelines.



**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  
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**Repro Stencils & Stickers**, "Made in Austria" stickers - "Penton/KTM" seat stencils - "Penton" black name tags for Sachs engines - "Special KTM Tuning". Sachs engine stickers.  
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Denny Laidig - (330) 253-7455  
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Letko Competition - Kansas City, KS

Mike Lewis - (580) 355-2636  
Mike Lewis Inc. - Lawton, OK

Richard Sanders - (281) 353-1705  
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Frank Reaves - (281) 392-8850  
Wild West KTM - Katy, TX

Meeting minutes have been removed from this document.

