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The first book I ever read on mini bikes back in 1973. I got it at the Library. I bought the kids a mini bike for Christmas several years ago, [Sarah loved riding](#) and I got back into mini bikes. Hence, the name of our FaceBook page and Website...

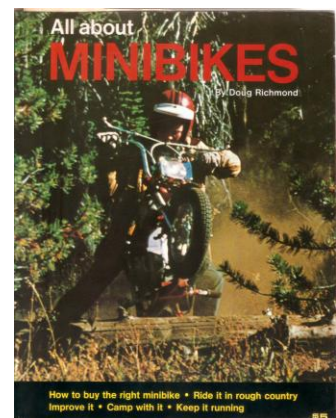
"All About Mini Bikes" thought you might get the connection.

Thanks for your patronage in our hobby and feel free to write us anytime at Przyojski@Yahoo.Com

Your Mini Bike Friends,

Dan & Sarah

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Pee Wees Storm Disneyland

LOOK OUT, MICKEY, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN MOUSE



The lull before the storm—lining up for the assault.

WHAT DO YOU DO on a beautiful, warm California Sunday when there isn't a race to be run? You pack up 15 Pee Wee racers and invade Disneyland. What else is there to do? The youngsters were winners of the first all Pee Wee race ever held (See *MA* February 1975). The fact that the top 15 riders would win a trip to Disneyland really kept those youngsters flying over that race course. A trophy is nice, but when you have lots of trophies it is nice to have something different to win.

The racers ranged in age from four to eight years with the exception of Billy Keefer who is a 13-year-old "little person." It is difficult to realize just how much is lost by the adult mind until you accompany very

Carlos Licon and Kurtie Henricksen sizing up their next attack.



young children to a special place such as Disneyland. So many things taken for granted by oldsters become an incredible wonder to the Pee Wees.

The entrance to Disneyland was a sea of Indian Motorcycle shirts, and varying sizes and shapes of humanity as we started our invasion. Of course, the first important thing was a mass potty stop and then... Mickey Mouse, look out! We brought the Mouse McCoy gang.

They snuck up on Tomorrow Land but were ambushed at the pass when the Monsanto exhibit sucked them into the center of a snowflake and shrunk them to microscopic size. When you are only four, you don't doubt that voice that says "you are growing smaller and smaller and..." Just ask Carlos Licon.

Ted Moorewood of Cycle Town in Norwalk, California had made reservations at the Golden Horseshoe and everyone filed into the old-time saloon and upstairs to the balcony tables. The floor show was colorful and lively and the youngsters really enjoyed the comedian whose routine was easily understood by all ages in attendance. The Golden Horseshoe show had something for everyone.

The Haunted House was twice as scary when several pairs of little hands hold on tightly. But the tension is broken when a little voice pipes indignantly, "Don't you sit on my shoulder you old dummy ghost."

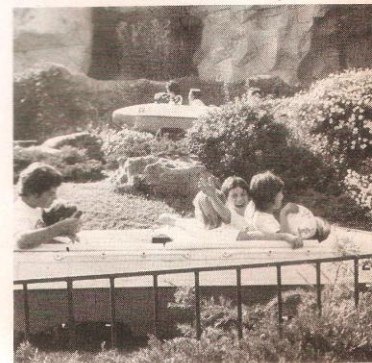
America Sings caused lots of com-

ments. When three ducks dressed in striped shirts and straw hats swung out to sing in barber-shop harmony, someone shouted "It's Shakey's" (pizza parlor). There were two leather clad foxes riding a mini-chopper, too. This excited the comment, "Hey, Kurtie (Henricksen), is that your next bike?" Of course, the rag-time playing pig who had no trousers was dubbed "The Streaker" and so it went.

The Merry-Go-Round and the Tea Cup ride were great fun, of course. The fact that everyone had just had their second hamburger stop for the day didn't stop our group from riding the spinning, twisting Tea Cups twice. Needless to say, the absence of green-faces was happily accepted by the adults.

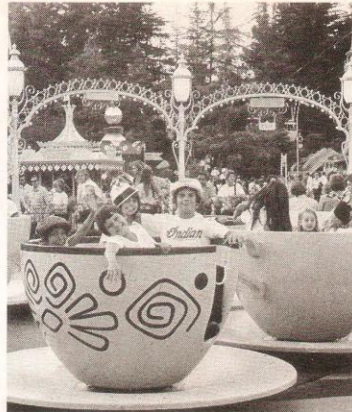
The Matterhorn was a must on the

Lance Moorewood (brave chaperon) at the end of the Matterhorn run.





Should I try another hamburger or should I try the hot dogs?



A favorite ride—go around in circles for five minutes and then throw up!



Mouse McCoy—only took him a minute to eat the whole thing.



Counting noses in a sea of Indians.

list of go-fast rides. Our chaperones had to accompany the Pee Wees on this ride. For these "older children" it was an excuse to thoroughly enjoy the screams, jerks, shouts and final relieved sighs of the most famous ride at Disneyland.

A trip down the Amazon River on the Jungle Cruise was definitely not a dull one. Everybody knew it was going to be different when our guide shouted to his fellow-rangers for an armed bodyguard. After some of the souvenir-rifle toting youngsters assured the guide that they'd protect

Okay, just hold it gang . . . it'll all be over in a minute.

him from harm, they were off to explore the wonders of the deepest, darkest jungle in the world. The Pee Wees successfully fought off lions, charging hippos and crocodiles and everybody arrived safely back at dockside in time for another, much needed, potty stop.

On many of the rides, the guides are helpful in keeping groups together so that all may enjoy a ride with their friends. However, their usual groups consist of from two to six people. When they asked the head of the Pee Wee group, "How many in your party, please?" the answer of "twenty-five" usually got a gulp of indecision and a frown of uncertainty. Every effort was made to keep them all bundled together but one wonders if that wasn't for the preservation of the park, more than the convenience of the group? Oh, well. . . .

The day seemed to go quickly for the youngsters but the adults were more than ready to go home. There was an average of three hamburgers, two orders of french fries, five cokes, three ice cream bars, two bags of popcorn and a lot of potty stops for each child. There is more, but let's not get gruesome. The adults were suffering from coffee nerves and sore feet. It had been a perfect day, California coming through with one of her 80° beauties.

An unforgettable time was experienced by all concerned; fifteen Pee Wees (three girls and twelve boys), seven adults and three teenagers. However, there were two giant Disney characters who met our Pee Wees head on—and lost. Somewhere, in Anaheim, California, Goofy and a distraught chipmunk are still hiding from that band of Indians. ●



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