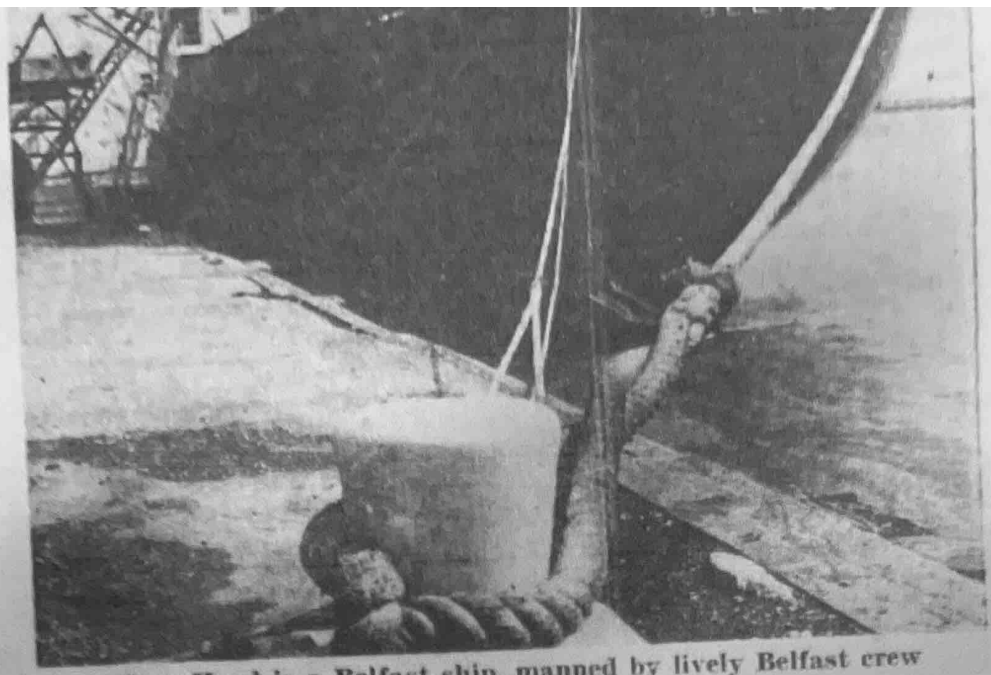


great sport... "So many ports to visit; not the monotony of long weeks at sea."
 There'll be many fine things to tell their friends when the Torr Head returns to Belfast and some of those tales will doubtless be of that fabled city on the Great Lakes where they make all those cars.



Torr Head is a Belfast ship, manned by lively Belfast crew



has its quota of faces

Answer

BILLY GRAHAM
 I am confused which day to worship... of my friends say... Sunday. Would you... me Scriptures as... day is the day to...
 —P. S.

Before Christ... worship was... day out of seven... in contrast to the... teachings of Juda... not just a weekly af... fected all of life. The... that we are to be re... that one day a week... that day be Saturday... Wednesday. Is not in... with the teaching of... to restrict fellowship... to one hour on one... day of the week is near... than Christian in its

we read of the Spirit... Christians: "And they... steadfastly (continuou... apostles doctrine and... and in breaking of... and in prayers... and... added to the church... as should be saved."
 (42-47)

ip God everyday! Pray... Witness for Him ev... Then, when you get to... you will have met God's... ments, no matter which... counted as the Sabbath... 's Day. However, there... cial day that we are to... le for rest of soul, mind... dy. It is a law of God... labor for six and rest... This day should be one... ceation and worship.

JUDD ARNETT SAYS

Ford & Disney, Inc.

BY JUDD ARNETT
 NEW YORK CITY—To this amazing honeycomb of humanity, this Babylon, American style, for a preview of the World's Fair—the first such extravaganza to appear before these eyes since the Chicago undertaking of 30 years ago.

The Windy City had Sally Rand back in those dear, dead days, with either her bubbles or her fans, I forget which, and that shows you what age will do to even a man's most sacred memories. The point is, however, that it is too early to determine what direction sin will take at the exhibition they are now hammering together on a spit of land known as Flushing Meadows. They will come up with something, you can bet on that, for it is the responsibility of entrepreneurs to send the yokels home happy.

In the Meantime . . .

let us be concerned with the theme of this fair — "man's achievement in an expanding universe." In that spirit, Henry Ford II, looking tan and fit, came here to open the Ford Motor Co.'s pavilion, called "The Wonder Rounda," fetching Walt Disney with him. Mr. Ford provided the money for the project while Mr. Disney animated it, and I call it 30 million dollars, give or take a few, well spent.

The Wonder Rounda houses Ford vehicles gathered from



Walt Disney



Henry Ford

around the world, and automobile buffs will enjoy a comparison of American styling with that, say, of West Germany, England or even Australia. Miniature village scenes, in fascinating detail, keyed to the various nations, will also attract a good deal of attention in the two years to come.

But the real eye-bugger comes when you take a ride in a self-guided convertible along "The Magic Skyway." This is where Walt Disney let himself go, combining prehistoric man with audio-animatronics, and the word for it is either fabulous or tremendous, take your pick.

I was particularly fascinated with prehistoric man, as Mr. Disney conceived his beginnings, his struggles, his triumphs. In this show, man seems to have made out all right after he invented the wheel, but up until then it was pure agony.

There is one scene in which a horde of small, brown-skinned characters have trapped an elephant in a pit, and they are having at it amidst trumpeting and

yowlings, with spears and clubs. Meanwhile, atop an adjoining cliff, another bevy of little guys are trying to roll a huge boulder onto the elephant, which seems no worse than even money to win the melee. If that is the way early man had to get his supper, no wonder he devised public welfare.

There are other prehistoric scenes, all animated, big as life, equally dramatic; while the world of tomorrow, as Mr. Disney envisions it, with things going swish and zoom, comes at you like a bat out of a belfry, or someplace.

It is a great show, of which the Ford Motor Co. and all the folks back home and around the world may be justly proud.

This Fair . . .

... incidentally, will be a sell-out, or as nearly so as such a thing can be. To this point, in the early planning, it was estimated that 12 million tickets would have been sold for the first year alone, but the advance already has gone far beyond 20 million, and where New York will put all the visitors has become one of mankind's all-time great problems in logistics.

Busing out to the fair this day, we passed a cemetery where the headstones are erected cheek-by-jowl, with scarcely a hand's width between. It struck me that it will be crowded in New York for both the quick and the dead the next two summers, but it will be fun, even if Sally Rand doesn't wiggle in public anymore.

