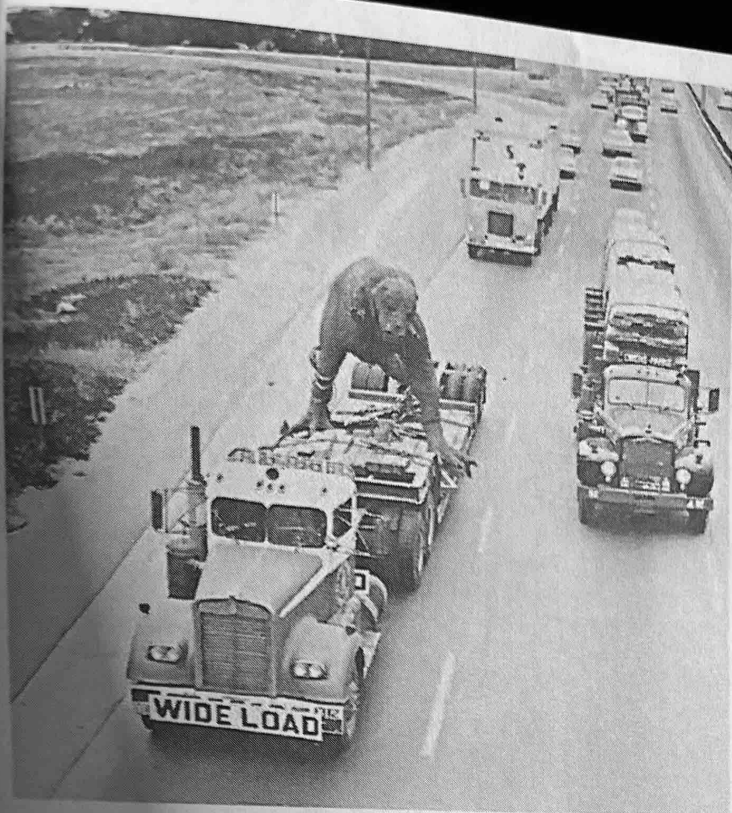




The Disney World

AUGUST 1966

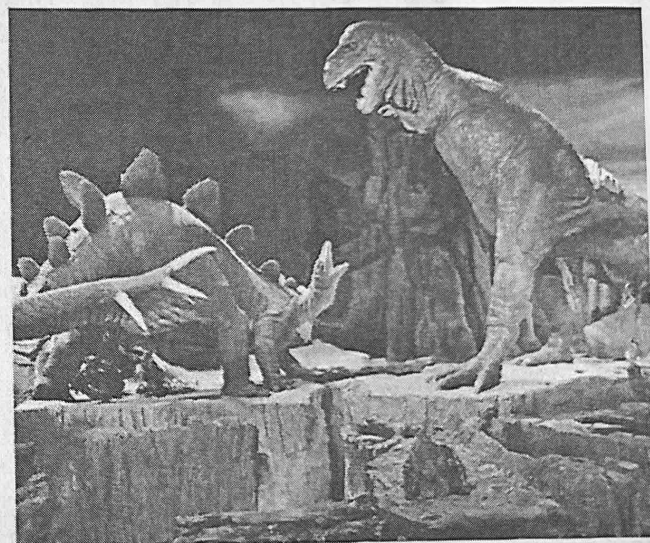




Truckin' on down the Santa Ana Freeway, Rex cuts a mighty imposing figure . . .



For all the citizens riding south toward . . .



Disneyland, where the tall dinosaurs play .

REX ON FREEWAY: Tyrannosaurus' Trip Terrifying To Travelers

California freeway drivers are a hardy lot, used to pretty near anything, but to hear a dinosaur honk his horn twice, then see him pass on the right, is enough to put the hardiest of the boys back on the wagon for the duration.

The monster, hightailing it along on the groaning floor of a low flatbed trailer truck, was a pretty frightening facsimile of Tyrannosaurus Rex, per-

haps the most feared predator of all time, built at the Studio of Audio-Animatronics stuff, and on his way to a lifetime job of fascinating customers who ride the Santa Fe through Walt's new Primeval World, Disneyland's fiftieth adventure.

Rex, if you fancy nicknaming a dinosaur, wasn't born yesterday, however. He spent two years in the Ford Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

Then, that stint done, he returned to the Studio for a bit of refurbishing before proceeding on down Anaheim way to rejoin forces with others of his ilk, Audio-Animatronic all, like the pteranodons, triceratops, ornithomimuses and, last but not least, the two-brained, armored stegosaurus with whom (with which?) old Rex battles incessantly for benefit of the passing trains.