

...Let's Go

By LARRY MACARAY

There are travelers galore going in every direction this summer. The World's Fair in New York, the International Film Festival in Berlin, the 400th anniversary celebration of Shakespeare's bir th day sion to travel. Somewhat, I throughout the British Isles, and countless other exciting places.

How sad that I cannot join tused to be that a "first time" trip to Europe meant that it supports the decipation of Shakespeare's bir th day sion to travel. Somewhat, I throughout the British Isles, and countless other exciting symbol of the Cadillac a decade ago.

In this day and age, the planning and pure pleasure of the physical act of traveling are sheer excitement—as interesting sometimes as some of the faraway places one always looks for in a foreign land. The second and third trips abroad make one aware of the joy of traveling—especially jet with movles.

STORY BOOK castles are

STORY BOOK castles are STORY BOOK castles are some of the things that I won't be able to see this summer. From the ancient ruins of Irish castles to the pictueresque baronial castles that dot the banks of the Rhine River—Europe is loaded with them.

so what if I can't stop in Bavaria, as I had planned, and go thorugh crazy King Ludwig's famous castle with only one bedroom. I'll just dash over to Disneyland and see the replica of it that Walt Disney so cleverly reproduced.

While I'm at Disneyland.

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and get anything that I want to eat in the foreign dish line.

* * * Rome will be crowded. The crowd running around the crowd running around the complete to take—and it's old and falling apart anyway. Chances are that I can console myself by going on a safari to the



are that I can console myself by going on a safari to the Los Angeles "Colosseum."

Florence is chuck full of old statutes and neatly dressed traffic cops. Their quaint horse and buggy taxis can be exasperating — but charming. And who really wants to see the real statue of David by Michelangelo in Florenceleaf and all!

There'd be fewer broken homes if more people did things together like us, Helen."

when he can drive over to Forest Lawn in Los Angeles and see the imitation — fig





A MAJOR CRISIS . . . The topless swimsuit may be a cause for glee in some cl but the Herald's Pulitzer-Prize winning eartoonist, Reg Manning, took off a few utes this week to wonder how the new development is being greeted in othe cles. Here is the result of his pondering about the effect of the topless suit of industry. It has since been reported that strippers are worried, too. Unfair co tition, you know.

Disney so cleverly reproduced.

While I'm at Disneyland—and as long as I can't go to the most beautiful of all countries. Switzerland, I'll take a ride on the Matterhorn racer and hope that at least I'll hear one Swiss yodeler ast I'r loar fhrough Walt Disney's waterfalls.

VENICE, ITALY has always been a favorite of mine. The so-called garbage filled can als will have to splash along with thousands of gondolaling to Naples (near Long it will be more exciting to Beach) and try their dry canals.

The gourmet has always had a field day in Venice, The food there is absolutely beyond campare—with the exception of Paris and a few other French cities—and the wine is a must.

Of course, I can go to Farmers Market in Hollywood and get anything that I want to eat in the foreign dish line.

COUNT MARCO SAYS

What Happened To Sunday?

What's happened to Sunday? Where did it go? It used to be a day of rest, a day the entire family turned out in what was proudly called "their Sunday best," in respect.

First there was church. Only very special clothes were permitted. There was always a flurry of excitement in the house as preparations were made not only to be on your best behavior but to look it.

After church was the Sunday stroll or a visit to relatives or friends. Late in the afternoon was Sunday dinner, a large, impressive meal with a table setting of which to be proud.

Ah, yes. Sunday was a day to look forward to, a very, special day of the week. But today, what is Sunday? It's the same old day as yesterday, the one on which you crawled out of bed, put your hair up in the same old rollers and draped yourself in a sloppy chenille robe or those quickies, shorts or slacks. Your day was a slouch like yourself.

Your children start their day with whines or protest about nothing important. They are as carelessly dressed as you. The boys wear bleached jeans the dirtier, the bleachier the better. They may own shirts and ties, but they don't know why.

The girls play that childish game, "Monkey see,

monkey do."
"She looks like her mother" is not something to be proud of in this case.

Your Sunday stroll is to the supermarket where you scratch and claw for what you want.

Then comes Sunday dinner, a meal to forget.

The children want to be somewhere else, and your beast wishes he were. Misery in this sad case doesn't want the same company. It seeks its own lower level.

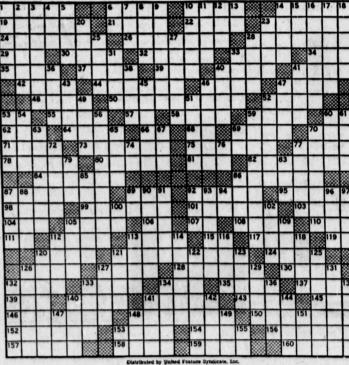
Bring Sunday back to the calendar and to its proper place of importance within your home. When Sunday morning comes around, haul yourself out of bed, brush your hair, put on a bit of make-up and a dash of scent.

Discipline not only the children but yourself. If you set an example they can find little room for complaint. Let Sunday be a day for caring and, if your family can stand the shock, you might just try leading them to church for a change.



TO ATTEND WEDDING . . . Mrs. June Merrifield of 22523 Dalldale Ave. has been named Queen for a Day on the Queen for a Day television program and as a prize will get to attend the marriage of Princess Margaretha of Sweden. Mrs. Merrifield and her husband, Francis, will make the trip, returning to Los Angeles July 5. Mrs. Merrifield, 44, is the mother of seven children. Here, she is crowned by Master of Ceremonies Lock Bailey.

Herald Sunday Crossword



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