

SIDE GLANCES

by Galbraith



"Radio my office—call all the board members—I have important news!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MT. MCKINLEY

WHICH IS 29,300 FEET HIGH, LOOKS HIGHER THAN MT. EVEREST (29,141 FT.) BECAUSE IT RISES 18,000 FEET ABOVE ITS BASE, WHILE EVEREST RISES 14,000 FEET ABOVE ITS LOFTY PLATEAU FOUNDATION.



IN WEAVING, WHICH THREADS ARE THE WARP AND WHICH THE WOOF?

ANSWER: The warp runs lengthwise of the loom and is crossed by the woof.

THE HOUSE WREN
SINGS A SONG OF ONE SECOND DURATION, AND REPEATS IT AT INTERVALS OF TWO SECONDS... OFTEN FROM DAWN UNTIL DUSK.



GOD OF JANUARY

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured is the god after whom January was named.
- 6 Period.
- 9 He was an ancient god.
- 13 Not to win.
- 14 Hurray!
- 15 Sound of sorrow.
- 16 One who totes.
- 17 Gnawed.
- 18 Surfeits.
- 20 Weeding devices.
- 22 Form of melody.
- 24 Bone.
- 25 Minute particles.
- 27 Red Cross.
- 28 Throbbing.
- 34 On fire.
- 36 Mountain pass.
- 37 Weighing

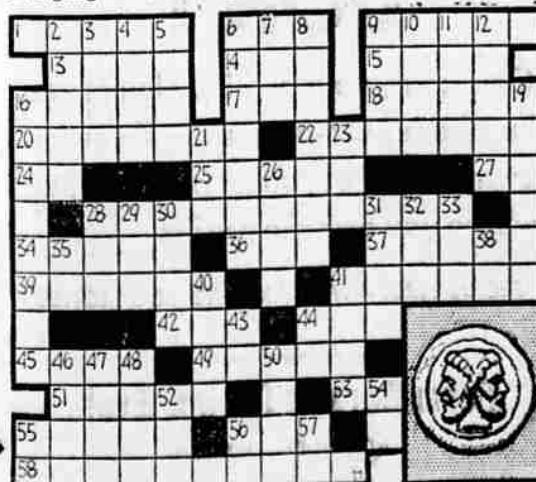
Answer to Previous Puzzle

TURKEY REPUBLIC
OLIO ABLE OAST
EMPIRES COAST
S ODD TAU
S PITATIONS
TOO AGENT
ARID EATER
NASAL RESET
BELODER VA
UP BAD HEM
LESSON CEREBRAL
ISOPIDOLS OUT
TOBACCO DIASER

all — or starts.
39 Wrinkle.
41 Peeped.
42 Plant fluid.
44 To fortify.
45 Flat-bottomed boat.
49 Semidiameters.
51 Keeps afloat.
53 Form of "I."
55 Horse's guide rope.
56 In behalf of.
58 He was god of

VERTICAL
2 Bitter drug.
3 Short letter.
4 Consumed.
5 Withered.
6 Radical in effect.
7 Grain.
9 Warm.
10 Jar.
11 To mangle.

12 Stirring.
16 He is pictured as a person.
19 January was — to him.
21 Light blow.
23 Kiln.
26 Indian.
28 Pastry.
29 Constellation.
30 Fewer.
31 Short article.
32 Native metal.
33 Neither.
35 France.
38 New England.
40 Spikes of corn.
41 Stiffly neat.
43 Papa.
44 Sloth.
46 Piccolo.
47 Ladder round.
48 Ascetic.
50 To repair.
52 Japanese coin.
54 Year.
55 Pound.
56 3,1418.
57 Giant king.



Every Saturday ALLEY OOP--by Hamlin

Plus Extra Features

SIDE GLANCES — CROSS WORD PUZZLE — THIS CURIOUS WORLD

HAVING NO OTHER CHOICE, ULYSSES HAS ENTERED THE PASS FLANKED BY SCYLLA (THE SIX-HEADED MONSTER)... IN HOPE OF AVOIDING BOTH TERRORS, HE HOLDS THE VESSEL TO A MIDDLE COURSE

SCYLLA, THE MONSTER



WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, ULYSSES—ALREADY OUR SHIP IS IN THE GRIP OF THAT WHIRLING CURRENT!

THE WHIRLPOOL



HARD TO PORT! BREAK OUT THE OARS, MEN—PULL!

BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! OVER THERE AWAITS SCYLLA, THE MONSTER!

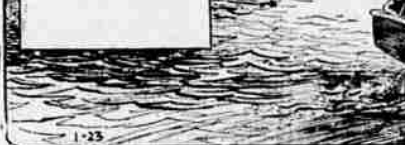


ONE THING AT A TIME, MY FRIEND--WE'LL WORRY ABOUT SCYLLA AFTER WE GET BY CHARYBDIS--

-- IF WE GET BY!



CAUGHT IN THE TREACHEROUS OUTER CURRENTS OF THE WHIRLPOOL, ULYSSES AND HIS CREW BATTLE MIGHTILY AGAINST AL-- MOST CERTAIN DISASTER.



GOSH, DOC, AIN'T THERE SUMPIN' WE CAN DO TO HELP?

YES, OOP--IT'S UP TO US TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR SCYLLA, SOMEWHERE UP THERE IN THOSE CLIFFS!



HO-MEN, HEAVE! HO-MEN, HEAVE, HO!

IF AND WHEN OUR MEN WIN FREE OF THIS CURRENT, WE'LL BE AT THE MERCY OF THAT SIX-HEADED MONSTER



SIX HEADS? GOLLY! IF THERE REALLY IS SUCH A CRITTER, D'YA THINK WE COULD KEEP IT OFF?

WELL, ALLEY, I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'VE A NOTION WE'LL SPOIL HER APPETITE



HOW WE DOIN', SKIPPER?



WE'RE GAINING, OOP AND IF OUR LUCK JUST HOLDS OUT, WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS WHIRLPOOL IN A JIFFY!

HOORAY! WE MADE IT!



YES, WE'VE MADE IT--RIGHT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE!

YOU SAID IT! THERE'S YER GONDANGED SILLY MONSTER... SIX HEADS AN' ALL!



SCYLLA!

ATTA BOY, DOC! LET 'IM HAVE IT!

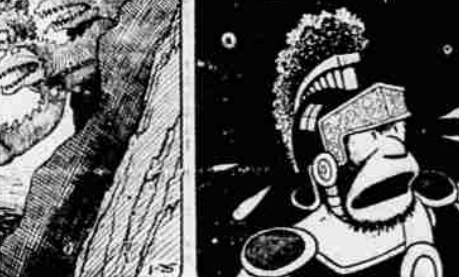


NICE GOIN', DOC! YOU GOT TWO OF 'EM... THREE... FOUR...



...FIVE... LOOKOUT FOR THAT SIXTH ONE--IT'S COMIN' IN FAST!

GOOD NIGHT! WHAT A TIME TO RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION!



POOR OLD OOP--HE'S A GONER NOW

HEY, WHAT DID YA STOP SHOOTIN' FOR NOW??

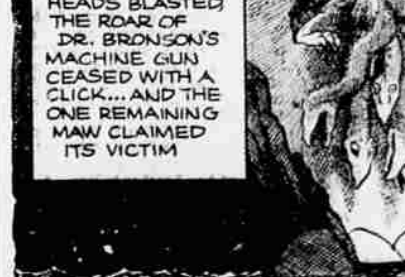


WELL, MY STARS! THE MAGAZINE IS EMPTY!

IF DOC COULD SMEAR FIVE OF 'EM, I GUESS I CAN HANDLE ONE!



WITH FIVE OF SCYLLA'S HORRIBLE HEADS BLASTED THE ROAR OF DR. BRONSON'S MACHINE GUN CEASED WITH A CLICK... AND THE ONE REMAINING MAW CLAIMED ITS VICTIM



GOODBYE OOP, EH? I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW MY BOY, FRIEND!



WELL, WHAT DO Y'KNOW ABOUT THAT?

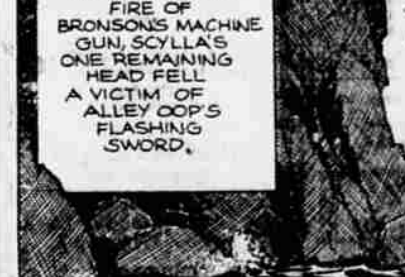
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...



WELL, I'LL BE...!!



HAVING SURVIVED THE WITHERING FIRE OF BRONSON'S MACHINE GUN, SCYLLA'S ONE REMAINING HEAD FELL A VICTIM OF ALLEY OOP'S FLASHING SWORD.



GOODBYE OOP, EH? I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW MY BOY, FRIEND!



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WELL, I'LL BE...!!

