"KINGDOM ON AN ISLAND OF THE APES!" PART II.
by Doug Moench & Rico Rival
Page 7

"FINDING THE FUTURE ON THE FOX RANCH!"
How the magicians in Hollywood's dream factory created the Planet of the Apes.
by Samuel Maronie
Page 42

"CHILDREN OF THE BOMB!"
by Doug Moench & Alfredo Alcala
Page 51

APE VINE (Cheerful chattering from you articulate Ape-ophiles!) .......... 4
MARVEL EDITORIAL (Cheerful chattering from articulate Archie Goodwin) .. 6
Greetings oh Keepers of the Apes:
All around I thought #7 was really above the common mob. But such a nit-picker as I can find many things wrong with it.
Starting with the cover. It didn’t show up too much on this month’s writing, but I still think that Larkin’s humans look like overstuffed Barbie dolls! They tend to be very pink, very shiny, and very (not fat) pudgy.
The letter written by Tom Long was well meant, but it was about three months too late. Not that I didn’t like the TV show, it could have been fantastic. But when you kill all day, and then someone says “How much did we do today?” it gets rough. For the most part I thought the show was dying on its feet. Most of the shows were like pudding for the mind.
Haszah! Alcala is doing “Beneath the Planet of the Apes.” Much better than Tuska, (sorry George) and even better, two chapters in one issue!
The review of “Man the Fugitive” was too good for it. One thing about the book that bothered me was the almost constant phrase used to describe Virdon “the blond human . . .”, “blond fellow man . . .”, and “the blond astronaut” for GOSH SAKES, we know he is blond!

Mary Hagan
R3 Box 312
Bloomington, IND
P.S.: I really like your articles, but APES is very limited in the type of articles it can run. If you don’t cut back on the article section pretty soon you’ll be writing about Booth Colman’s uncle’s foot doctor.

Thanks for the fantastic idea, Mary. We’ll get right on it!

Archie and John D. have been looking for new ideas to probe with our articulate articles section and it’s obvious, with Apoafilics such as yourself, sending in such unthought of catalytical concepts, that we won’t ever run out of fascinating material to keep you Apoahound.

Makes you want to bite your tongue (or typewriter ribbon as the case may be), doesn’t it?

By the way, we want to know how come you have the inside information on Astronaut Virdon’s hair color: We were told only his hairdresser knows for sure.

Dear Marvel,
We all must be aware by now that the PLANET OF THE APES TV show has gone the path blazed by MY MOTHER, THE CAR, and LONGSTREET. (If you don’t remember, boy, you are lucky) I make no bones about that. So the question that remains is this: Watcha gonna do with the text articles?
Well, for a couple of nifty suggestions. More than a couple.
1) An interview with Pierre Boulle. Find an interpreter.
2) Merchandising of the APES.
3) A LOT more on that make-up. Maybe a step by step picture article.
4) Future possibilities for the APES’ return.
5) Interview an APES extra. What was it like to be a tree-lance ape?
6) Why was APES cancelled, by Don MacGregor?
7) APES in comics, etc. Were there any APES comics?
8) Differences between book and movie versions.
9) MORE on Roddy MacDowall. Good article in APES #3, but too short.
10) How do the APES fit into the Marvel Universe (Kidraven, fristance).
Scratch your head and think hard, gang. Don’t be afraid of any one article. Don’t go so far as to do one on Roddy MacDowall’s Butcher, but use your imaginations.

Hey! I got an idea! How about one called “Haberdashers on the Planet of the Ape?”
No good, huh? Well, then, till Zira does a Hair commercial, MARIE MINE MONKEY!

Tim O’Brien
1702 Indiana St.
Wheaton, ILL

Boy, the suggestions you readers have sent in will keep us busy for months.
Roddy MacDowall’s butcher! Now why didn’t we think of that!
And “Haberdashers on the Planet of the Ape!”
We love it, Tim. We love it.

Now, as to the frivolous suggestions you mentioned:
1) Some people say we need an interpreter already, but that’s mostly from the chimpanzees in our readership. Pierre Boulle is an excellent idea, incidentally, and one that we are currently working upon to fulfill. Stick around and chomp a banana for a while and see what happens.
2) Are you serious? There aren’t enough pages in this magazine!
3) You’ve got it, Tim, if you picked up APES #8 and
gazed raptuously upon photo after photo of Roddy MacDowall undergoing the transformation ritual from human to ape.
4) We haven’t gone anywhere, we’re still in the same old bungalow. If you mean other media handling Ape’s stories . . . that’s a whole another subject entirely.
5) Sam Maronie did that number quite awhile back, Tim; but don’t worry, we won’t ask an embarrassing question like “Where were you?”
6) There is no such thing as a Don MacGregor, though rumor hath it that a Don MacGregor does lurk in the Forbidden Zone, but he’s such a sweet soul that he’d never consider handling such an expose.
7) You’re asking us? We’re busy enough with the Marvel Comics Convention which draws even nearer as this book goes to press, but you bring up an interesting point and if any of you Ape’s lovers know of any activities, fill us in right here at the Ape-line. After all, that’s what we’re here for.
8) Some of our articles have touched on those
Dear Chimps:

Another letter from that guy that keeps writing about why he doesn't like your magazine that much but waits day by day for the next issue.

APES #6 wasn't bad at all. I'll start from the beginning. First: AHHHHHHHHH. Finally a cover where the characters don't have any strange orange or purple glow coming in from off screen. I like that sharp focus that Larkin has for the ape and gun in the foreground.

At least I could see a photo of Jacobs on the letter page, but I couldn't make it out. Looks like an FBI poster.

Funny editorial.

And now to "Malaguena In A Zone Forbidden," the meat of the issue. Wow! What art! Hannigan and Mooney did a great job last issue, and Moench did his work just fine, but Ploog is really something else! That guy can draw such soft pencil drawings.

The panels at the bottom of pages 9 and 10 and all of the pages from eleven through thirteen, etc., were the best work that I have ever seen published in a Marvel Magazine.

I do have to criticize the cliches you writers use in this Jason and Alexander saga. I read it and think to myself... usually Julius. Walter Brennan, Jason is Jan-Michael Vincent, Mama Lena is Maria Ouspenskaya, Malaguena is Gina Lollobrigida, Grimaldi is Ricardo Montalban, and so on. All this crap about the gay Gypsies dancing to the music around their campfire, and some old gypsy bag sitiin' at the goulash pot, and some jealous lover of the dark and beautiful girl, it's all so puerile.

But any let down in characterizations was made up in otherwise good and steady plotting and art.

"Urko Unleashed" was also another high spot, your best interview. You should have asked questions like this of Ron Harper when you talked to him, because you kept milking Mr. Lenard for information about the show, and this poor guy wasn't even the writer of the episodes! You finally got something.

I enjoyed it all.

"Ape For A Day" had a false title; a cheat. You had some nice makeup shots, but don't you have any stills of the Missile Room set? It amazes me that most those scenes could have been done in a water treatment plant. Imagine the lighting problems; transporting the computer equipment inside of the PLANET OF THE APES, Chapter Six. "The Secret!" was as poorly done as usual. Tuska and Esposito keep the old Marvel standard of rough and quick art. You should have done the series with still photos.

Sincerely yours,

Steven Duhey
2844 N. 98th St.
Milwaukee, WISC 53226

As Gunpowder Julius might say, "We should do thank you for writin' son, but I jest might hafta pull this here trigger and make yuh see the light, if you know what I mean."

You really let us have it, both barrels, Steve, but to me all that we can take is (both the good and the bad) we won't be nary a tear drop from our watery eyes. Rough and quick art? Oh, you are so cruel (and perhaps a we bit biased as there were many readers who enjoyed Miss. Tuska and Esposito's adaptation of the first Ape's movie.)

By the way, we kinda like the idea of Gina Lollobrigida as Malaguena, but then we've been partial to her since she put a rhinestone in her navel for some really epic type movies.

Quick, somebody check and see if Malaguena has a rhinestone in her navel.

Dear Marvel People,

This is my first letter to your group complimenting you on putting out a magazine devoted to the entire PLANET OF THE APES series, TV show, and other APES material. I do have one complaint. In APES #6, you said that Arthur P. Jacobs sold the PLANET OF THE APES. Maybe I didn't understand because I never got #5, but the person who sold the rights of PLANET OF THE APES novel to Mr. Jacobs was the author, Pierre Boule.

Your adaptation of the original APES movie was very amusing and interesting and the script was loyal to the film!!! I know that you people will do a similar job on BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.

Notice that so far there has not been one complaint on the drawings in your mag. I am not a comic book connisseur, I just like anything having to do with the APES. Purely for the social commentary.

I've noticed that your readers submit ideas on possible further apes adventures after "Terror on the Planet of the Apes." I have an idea, perhaps you've seen the STAR TREK episode "Mirror, Mirror" where Kirk and the gang are transported into an alternate universe. Well, I was thinking of an APES adventure with Jason, Lawgiver, Alexander, a gorilla successor to Bruto named Hannibal, a female friend for Jason, and a mutant, who enter a time disturbance to a parallel time. This time could be the reverse of their own. "Where once Apes stood supreme, now rules Man." Mutated Apes, a human Cornelius and Zira, Zira. Anyway, I think you could come up with something.

Arthur Perez
171 Jersey Street
San Francisco, CA.

We have come up with something, Arthur, and we think it's going to excite you and a whole slew of other people. In APES #12, Doug Moench teams with artist Tom Sutton for a new series of stories concerned with "The City of Nomads." Tom has already delivered a huge, we said HUGE, double page spread that is one of the most magnificent pieces of art we've laid eyes on in some time, and it depicts the entire, fantasmagorical ship (that's right, we said ship) that houses the city in the above title. We'll say nothing more at this point on the Ape folkløre that believe us, Doug has come up with another startling twist in Marvel's new additions to Ape folkløre. And when they talk about Ape folkløre, this is one of the stories they'll most likely be talking about.

And don't any of you Mike Ploog fans despair, nor you defenders of Jason and Alexander, for they'll still be with us. Following this issue, Tuska says that Tom will be drawing. This will give the persistent Mr. Ploog the time he needs to pencil those perilous periods in Jason and Alexander's lives.

Something to please everyone, we hope. As for your question about the selling of the PLANET OF THE APES, the answer is quite simple.

Mr. Boule did sell his property, the original Ape novel, to 20th Century Fox for filming. In the event that the movie company (or sold them on the idea to buy the novel) that APES was a viable product as well.

Excuse us for interrupting your letter column space, but we feel this is important. Lately we've been getting a number of missives from Apo-ophiles out there chastizing Marvel for cancelling the PLANET OF THE APES series on T.V. What these people don't realize is that, sadly, we have no influence whatsoever with such decisions. In fact, we have no connections with 20th Century Fox at all, other than those licensing the Apes name and concepts for our own purposes. So send your petitions and protests to: CBS-TV, Director of Programming, 51 W. 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019. But, if you haven't already heard, PLANET OF THE APES will be back on the video screen— in an all-new animated form. We can't give you any details now, but keep watching future issues of this mag! Nuff said!

Dear Roddy,

My name is Karen, and I am writing to Hollywood Squares because I don't know where else to write for a picture of you. If you know where I can write for some pictures, please do tell me.

Love,

Karen Freitag
C/o The Summit School
112-15 71st Road
Forest Hills, NY 11375

For all you Roddy MacDowall fans, we'd suggest you write to 20th Century Fox (see box elsewhere on this selfsame letters page) and see if they can help you with obtaining photos. Tell 'em Marvel sent you. They'll LOVE that.

But, Karen, we can't help but ask: What do Hollywood Squares and Marvel's PLANET OF THE APES have in common?

Yes, they both squeeze bananas even when you ask them not to, we know that; but other than that little similarity, we can't think of a single thing. So why are you writing to Hollywood Squares? And if you ARE writing to Hollywood Squares, why is your letter here at Marvel Comics?

Do you know something that we don't?

Hmmm ...
Last issue I used this space to introduce myself as new Editor of PLANET OF THE APES. This month, I’m introducing a new Associate Editor. I hope that’s the end of it. It’s a nice way to fill out an editorial page, but I don’t want to turn it into a series. Actually, our new Associate Editor shouldn’t be all that new to you—not if you’re into scrutinizing our mixed-up mastheads—he’s John Warner, and he’s been with us as Consulting Editor since APES #5. John and I go back even further. During my stint as editor for another comics company, I was lucky enough to be able to buy some of John’s first professional scripts. It’s a pleasure to be working with him again.

John is taking over from David Kraft, who is moving on to a new editorial position with Seaboard Periodicals. Dave’s duties included handling our Contents and Letters Pages, and—most importantly—guiding, editing, and generally riding herd on our myriad articles projects. We feel he did a fine job and wish him luck with future endeavors. Dave set some high standards for us. John’s already hard at work on future articles material, making certain those standards are maintained, and, perhaps with time, even surpassed.

One standard that we seemed to have maintained (but hopefully won’t be surpassing) is that of the typical Madcap Marvel Bullpen Boner. If you read last issue’s next issue ad (and if you’re not already completely confused by that bit of syntax), you may recall a plug for Jim Whitmore’s “Glossary of the Planet of the Apes” article. Having recalled that, you may also have noted that it doesn’t seem to be in this issue. Uh huh. We did it again. Or more correctly, I did it.

The glossary was scheduled for this month’s book, but that was before our articles people (John and Dave) learned that I’d neglected to inform them about the extra number of pages needed for the concluding part of the Moench-Rival “Kingdom on an Island of the Apes.” By the time they did learn, it was too late to correct the next issue ad. The glossary is quite a piece; if you’re into Apes at all (and if you’re not, I’d be curious to know why you happen to be this far into reading an Apes editorial), I think you’ll find it a must-read and must-save item. But it needs our full amount of regular articles pages, and that we just didn’t have this month. Fortunately, Sam Maronie’s look at Apes locations fit the space perfectly and hadn’t been scheduled for another book. Foresight, planning, and dumb luck saves us again. But rest easy. The glossary will be appearing soon, with the space to do it justice. It’ll be worth the wait.

Besides making some adjustment necessary in the articles department, our closing part of “Kingdom on an Island of the Apes” also required a brand new opening page (“Splash” page to all the comics aficionados among you). As I went into last issue, Kingdom was originally designed to run complete in one PLANET OF THE APES SPECIAL. But the Special was scotched when the decision was made to make the book monthly instead. Not wishing to drop an episode of our “Beneath the Planet of the Apes” movie adaptation, I had to split Kingdom into two parts. That necessitated having a new splash page done for the second part. Time—as always—worked against having said splash page done by Kingdom’s artist, Rico Rival, since he resides in the Philippines.

Obviously, as a swift eyes right reveals, we do have a splash page. That we do is courtesy of the artistic talents of Walt Simonson. Walt is a friend and has bailed me out on several occasions when I’ve presumed upon him for an emergency drawing or two. He’s also a damn good artist, ready and able to try anything new or a little bit different. In last year’s Academy of Comic Book Arts awards, he tied with Jim Starlin for the Outstanding New Talent honors. Hopefully someday, I can coerce him into doing an Apes story completely on his own. Meantime, we thank him for a big assist in a moment of need.

And speaking of needs (and exhausting our last segue), we need your comments, be they praise or criticism, on all aspects of the Apes book. In particular, I’d appreciate knowing if there’s any sort of background material on the PLANET OF THE APES magazine that you’d like to see covered in this space. We produce it, but it’s really your magazine. Let us hear from you.

Thanks,

Archie Goodwin, Editor
MY NAME IS DEREK ZANE. 2000 YEARS AGO, I WAS A MAN WITH A DREAM. A DREAM NO ONE ELSE SHARED, NOT MY GIRL, MICHELLE. NOT THE OFFICIALS OF NASA. MY DREAM WAS ABOUT A TIME MACHINE, AND TRAVELING TO THE FUTURE IN SEARCH OF FOUR MISSING ASTRONAUTS...

ONLY WHEN I REACHED THAT FUTURE, I FOUND MY DREAM WAS A NIGHTMARE! A NIGHTMARE WHERE MEN WERE HOUNDED AND HUNTED LIKE DUMB ANIMALS...

...AND APES RULED!

CHAPTER 3: THE CITY!
HIDING, I WATCHED THE PARTY OF GORILLAS WHO'D BEEN AFTER MY SCALP. THEY HEADED TOWARD THE LARGEST DOME OF THEIR INCREDIBLE CITY.

I FIGURED XIRINIUS HUNG HIS SIGN IN THERE. FROM THE WAY THEY TALKED ABOUT HIM, HE WAS PROBABLY THEIR CHIEF...

I WAS RIGHT. THE BRUTE WITH THE SCAR AND EYEPATCH—GOROON, THEY CALLED HIM—DISMOUNTED IN FRONT OF THE LARGE DOME, SAID A FEW THINGS TO HIS PALS, AND THEN ENTERED...

HE WAS CARRYING SOMETHING. HAD TO BE MY TOOLBOX AND KNAPSACK...

But I couldn't very well march down there and demand their return. No, I'd have to wait for darkness...

...And the best place for waiting seemed to be in the concealment of a small copse of trees and shrubs...

The sun was high...probably a little past noon. I estimated some six hours of wait and decided to fill it with observation.

The first thing I noticed was an outdoor pen filled with some of the primitive humans. So positions were completely reversed, and man had now become the caged beast...

But was it a zoo...? Were humans treated like pets?...

From the way they'd callously and remorselessly shot the female I'd seen earlier, I doubted it...
A CRUDE BUT STURDY LOOKING WAGON APPROACHED THE PEN...

THE APES SEEMED TO SPEAK GRUFFLY AND LOUDLY. STRAINING, I COULD HEAR WHAT WAS NOW BEING SPOKEN...

ORDERS FOR SIX OF THEM--AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

MORE TARGET PRACTICE...?

YES, THE LAST GROUP BARELY LASTED THE MORNING.

COME ON, YOU STUPID BEASTS--QUIT STRUGGLING!!

CAREFUL THAT SMALL ONE DOESN'T BITE YOU--HE LOOKS TO BE CARRYING THE DISEASE--!

YOU SMUG SOLDIERS HAVE A RIGHT TO TALK--! ALL YOU DO IS SHOOT THE STINKING VERMIN-RIDDEN--!

DIRTY ANIMAL BIT ME--!!

AS I WARNED IT WOULD, BUT DON'T BEAT THE THING TOO MUCH--THEY NEED SOME SPIRIT TO MAKE GOOD TARGETS ON THE RANGE...
I'd heard enough--enough to sicken me. Then I remembered a scene from my childhood--the neighborhood bully, Frankie Peters, tossing pebbles at squirrels to make them run before shooting them with his 8-8 gun... how much difference was there... from this side of the dark looking glass...?

I shifted my attention to Xirinus' dome. After several minutes, Gorodon emerged, carrying... nothing...

That settled it. My escapade as a cat-burglar was now compulsory...

...and began at nightfall.

I slipped down the hill, actually feeling like a cat on its slinking midnight prowl...
...AND IT WASN'T UNTIL MY STOMACH GROWLED--

EH--? WHO'S THERE--?

WUMP!

--THAT I REALIZED I HADN'T EATEN IN MORE THAN A DAY.

IT WAS TOO BITTER.
I reached Xirinius' place without further mishap...

...and like any self-respecting cat-burglar, snuck around back...

...to the rear window.

So that was Xirinius. He was orange... an orangutan, I supposed, at least the inter-species were integrated... even if humans were treated like dogs.

But where were my precious possessions...?

There—resting on a table in plain view...

NOK NOK NOK
COME IN...

GORODON--! I TOLD YOU THIS AFTERNOON THAT THE MATTER WAS SETTLED--.

YOU TOLD ME MANY THINGS THIS AFTERNOON, XIRINUS...

FOR EXAMPLE: THAT IT IS PHYSIOLOGICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR A MAN TO SPEAK...

...BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD DISAGREE WITH YOUR ASSESSMENT, HONORABLE XIRINUS...

...THAT YOU, REVERED XIRINUS, ARE A LIAR!

I'VE JUST COME FROM A VISIT WITH DR. CASSIUS. IN HIS CAPACITY AS A SURGEON, HE HAS HAD OCCASION TO PERFORM EXPERIMENTAL DISSECTION ON MORE THAN A FEW HUMANS--

...AND IT IS HIS OPINION THAT THE HUMAN LARYNX IS MERELY ATROPHIED--AND THAT IF PROPERLY DEVELOPED AND TRAINED, MAN MIGHT VERY WELL BE CAPABLE OF SPEECH.

THAT'S HERESY AND YOU KNOW IT--!!

YES--AND WHY IS IT HERESY, XIRINUS? BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR STAFF OF ORANGUTAN ADMINISTRATORS HAVE DECLARED IT HERESY--!!
AND A MOST CONVENIENT DECLARATION IT IS-- ONE WHICH ABSOLUTELY FORBIDS ANY INVESTIGATION INTO THE SUBJECT. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID SUCH INVESTIGATION MIGHT UNCOVER, XIRINIUS?  

GENERAL GORDON, I TOLD YOU-- YOU TOLD ME LIES, XIRINIUS! YOU TOLD ME THOSE ITEMS ON THE TABLE WERE WORTHLESS ARTIFACTS-- JUNK FROM A PAST AGE OF APES.

AND YET YOU WERE INSISTENT ON KEEPING THE ITEMS FOR YOURSELF. COULD IT BE THEY ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN YOU ADMIT--?

YOUR JEALOUSY OF MY OFFICE HAS DRIVEN YOU MAD, GORDON-- YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THOSE ARTIFACTS! YOU JUST WANT TO USE THEM AS AN ISSUE TO DISCREDIT ME-- AS TOOLS TO OUST ME FROM MY POSITION AS MINISTRATOR OF THIS CITY--.

OF COURSE.

IT WOULD BE THE FIRST TIME A GORILLA HAS ATTAINED A POSITION OF SUCH POWER.

I THINK I WILL ENJOY IT...

GET OUT! GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!!

NOT YET, VENERABLE MINISTRATOR... NOT UNTIL I'VE DONE WHAT I CAME HERE TO DO...

YOU SEE, THE NEWS OF THIS TALKING-- AND POSSIBLY EVEN INTELLIGENT-- MAN HAS PRESENTED ME WITH A MOST FORTUITOUS OPPORTUNITY.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT WE HAVE TAKEN MYSTERIOUS AND PERHAPS MAGICAL POSSESSIONS FROM HIM... AND THAT THESE POSSESSIONS ARE BEING RETAINED IN YOUR CUSTODY, XIRINIUS...
STAY AWAY FROM ME, GORDON...
I... I WARN YOU...

SHUT UP, XIRINIUS, AND ANSWER ME THIS...

WHAT CONCLUSIONS DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD BE DRAWN WERE THE MYSTERIOUS ARTIFACTS TO BE FOUND MISSING IN THE MORNING--AND YOUR DEAD BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR??

Y-YOU'RE MAD...!
ABSOLUTELY MAD...!

NOT AT ALL, FOR WHAT HONOR DO YOU IMAGINE MIGHT BE BESTOWED UPON ME ONCE I HAVE BROUGHT YOUR HUMAN MURDERER BACK TO JUSTICE...?

...THOROUGHLY DEAD, OF COURSE.

NO, GORDON... I SEE YOU--YOU MUSN'T...!

YES, XIRINIUS...

AND HE KILLED HIM, AS SAVAGELY AS ANY BEAST IN THE JUNGLE...

...AND AS SADIS-
TICALLY AS ANY PSYCHOTIC IN THE CITY...
THE MINISTRATOR IS DEAD

...LONG LIVE THE MINISTRATOR.

--OR I'LL BLOW YOUR FUR FROM HERE TO THE BRONX ZOO MONKEY-HOUSE.

FREEZE, BUSTER--

YOU... Z!

SURPRISE, SURPRISE. YOU KNOW THAT STUFF YOU'VE GOT THERE BELONGS TO ME...

...AND WHERE COME FROM, POSSESSION IS NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

OF COURSE, I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO OBSERVE THE FINER POINTS OF ANTIQUATED LAW AFTER MURDERING THAT POOR MONKEY THE WAY YOU DID...

BUT STILL, I THINK I'LL REPOSSESS MY GEAR ANYWAY...

TOOL BOX

BESIDES, I NEED THE ROPE IN HERE.
I Told him I'd blast his pug-ugly nose off if he so much as let out a peep while I tied him into pretzel-knots...asking questions the whole time...

So you've never heard of any other talking humans--and the names Taylor, Dodge, Stewart and Landon don't mean anything to you? 

You dirty, stinking son of a--

Swump!

You know something? You remind me of Michelle--with just a touch of that NASA jerk tossed in for good measure.

Now hold still like a good boy while I gus you...

I Told You I don't know what you're talking about, animal--!

Yeah, sure...

Someday you'll die for that human--I swear it!!...

...Before or after you swat at triplanes from the top of the Empire State?

Rahrrmphrr!!

First thing I've heard you say that's in character...
THERE WAS STILL ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

COME ON, YOU IDIOTS... YOU'RE FREE...

BUT THEY WERE TOO STUPID AND FRIGHTENED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR FREEDOM...

...UNTIL I'D RETREATED A SAFE DISTANCE INTO THE BACKGROUND...

THE ANIMALS ARE ESCAPING!!

ALL GUARDS AND SOLDIERS--THE ANIMALS ARE LOOSE!!

THREE THINGS GAVE ME THE IDEA...

THE FIRST WAS THE GENERAL PANDEMONIUM CAUSED BY THE ESCAPING HUMANS...

THE SECOND WAS THE ATTRACTIVE PROSPECT OF TRANSPORTATION...

AND THE THIRD WAS THE TORCH...
FIRE!!
HELP...
FIRE...

THAT SHOUT CAME FROM JUST OUTSIDE!!

HURRY, THEN--BEFORE THIS PLACE GOES UP IN FLAMES TOO!!

WAIT A MINUTE--DO YOU HEAR THAT--?

SOMETHING'S DISTURBING THE HORSES!!

WHAT IN THE--
HYAAAH!!

HALT OR--
KRAK--

- UHNN--!

BLAM!!
A few more shots...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

I forced the horses to a gallop throughout the rest of the night, using the time to mentally take stock of my situation...

Gordon was ignorant to the existence of the missing astronauts, but that didn't necessarily mean they weren't here. This bizarre age of 3975 wasn't exactly equipped with global media communication...

...which meant the astronauts could conceivably be wandering around less than fifty miles away and nobody'd be the wiser. I'd keep searching, then...

...but just after dawn...

—I rode up against a dead-end spelled ocean. I must admit that despair was my first reaction...but then I began thinking about the apes' primitive technology and their natural aversion to water...

There was an island out there...

...and maybe the apes wouldn't know how to get to it...

...but I did...and I'd use the same method to get off the island -- from the other side...
I set the horses free, hoping they'd make plenty of decoy tracks for Gorodon and his posse to wild-goose chase...

And then I made fast use of my toolbox bag of tricks. A cluster of small trees by the shore made an excellent foundation...

...and I figured the bottom of the cart would make an equally excellent platform to fit on top of the logs.

But as I was unloading the cumbersome barrels...

I figured there was no sense in letting good gunpowder go to waste, and launched the raft...

Lacking only the traditional bottle of champagne.

The current was good... the makeshift paddle mediocre...

Everything had gone perfectly... until I tried to reach the raft on my newly claimed island of security...

Avant, varlet!

...and the voyage about twenty minutes in duration.

Huh?
FOR WHAT PURPOSE
DOST THOU BREACH THE
SHORES OF FAIR
AVEDON?

OH, BROTHER.

TALKING APES I'D ALMOST COME TO
ACCEPT... BUT THIS DUDE WAS
PUSHING IT. I BEGAN CONSIDERING
SUNSTROKE AGAIN...

CHAPTER 4

THE ISLAND OUT OF TIME

MY PURPOSE--3
WELL, ACTUALLY
I'M JUST
SIGHTSEEING,
YOU SEE, AND I...

Uh...

I DON'T
BELIEVE I
CAUGHT YOUR
NAME.

THOU ART
CONFRONTING
SIR GAWAIN,
ROYAL KNIGHT
OF THE COURT
OF KING
ARTHUR.

SET THEE INTO
YON FOREST
KNAVE. 'TIS MY
HONOR-Bound
DUTY TO CONDUCT
THEE TO MY
LIEGE.

FAIR
ARTHUR
WILT
DECIDE
THY
FATE.

I SUPPOSE I COULDN'T TAKE A POTSHOT
AT HIM--BUT A DENT IN HIS ARMOR, AT LEAST.
BUT HE SEEMED MORE ECENTRIC THAN
DANGEROUS, AND WHAT THE HEY--3 I'D
NEVER MET A KING BEFORE...
...so I grabbed my gear and went peacefully, hoping I hadn't left the frying pan for the flame...

until we reached the moat.

Watch-keep—!
'Tis Sir Gawain—!

Lower you draw-bridge—!

I envied this gorilla Gawain his magnificent white steed throughout the entire six-hour trek...

But my grumpy knight in shining armor remained uncompromisingly silent...

Aye, Sir Gawain— at once!

Hallelujah! A human who spoke—!
Maybe I wasn't doomed after all.

...so, with somewhat higher hopes I—20th century Derek Dane—crossed the draw-bridge of an incredible medieval castle...

...to be led through a courtyard filled with peacefully mingling humans and mortals both of whom could speak!, and finally came to meet...
-- HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, KING ARTHUR.

DEREK ZANE,
YOUR MAJESTY...
BUT DEREK'LL DO...

AS FOR MY
BUSINESS, I SEEK
FELLOW... UH...
COUNTRYMEN...
AND FLEE A VICIOUS
GORILLA NAMED
GORDON FROM
THE MAINLAND...

A LIE...
HE HATH
INVADED
THE
SHORES
OF
FAIR
AVEDON...

WHAT IS THY
NAME AND
BUSINESS,
STRANGER TO
AVEDON?

--AND MAYHAP
PLOTS E'EN NOW
TOWARD THY
ASSASSINATION,
MY LIEGE--

WE MUST
FORCE HIM TO
SUFFER THE
HEADSMAN'S
AXE WITHOUT
DELAY!!

NOW, NOW, SIR GAOWAIN--
THY HOT BLOOD AND
HAST EMBROILED
THEE IN SORRY TROUBLE
ON MORE THAN ONE
PAST OCCASION. WE
MAY NOT EXECUTE
ANY MAN OR APE WITH-
OUT JUST CAUSE...

THE KING'S RIGHT,
YOU KNOW...

BESIDES,
YOU CAN'T
EXECUTE
ME...

ECCENTRIC OR NOT, GAOWAIN WAS
GROWING MORE DANGEROUS BY
THE SECOND...

WHERE THE DEVIL WAS THAT
LOUS' FLARE--I T WAS CERTAIN
I' collision AT LEAST ONE...

AN--! AND JUST IN THE DRAMATIC NICK OF TIME...

"...FOR I AM
A MOST
POWERFUL
WIZARD!

YOU
SEE--?
THIS IS
MY
MAGIC
WAND..."

BEHOLD--!

Sssssss
WON'T YOU KNOW IT? EVERYONE IN THE THRONE ROOM WAS GREATLY IMPRESSED BY MY ROAD-FLARE. EXCEPT GAWAIN...

WITCHCRAFT!! VILE MAGIC TO CAST US ALL INTO THE PIT!!
HE IS A DEMON! WE MUST BURN HIM AT THE STAKE!!

NOT TRUE--NOT TRUE! I'M A GOOD WIZARD--A BENEVOLENT MAGICIAN WHO CAN HELP YOU.

ON MY HONOR AS A STRANGER TO THE SHORES OF FAIR AVEDON, I SWEAR IT--

MMM... A DECISION WHICH PROVES SORRY VEXING...
WHAT SAYEST MY COURT?

MILORD--I CHOOSE TO BELIEVE IN THIS MAN'S GOOD INTENTIONS--AND BESEECH THEE TO GRANT HIM A CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF.

HOW SO, LADY ANDREA? HOW SHALL HE PROVE HIMSELF?

HERE MY WILD-EYED DREAMER'S LIFE WAS ONE STEP AWAY FROM A FLAMING STAKE AND ALL I COULD DO WAS GAWK AT THIS GORGEOUS CREATURE CALLED LADY ANDREA--A FAIRY TALE PRINCESS IF EVER ONE LIVED AND BREATHED...

BY PERFORMING THAT TASK WHICH WAS TODAY APPOINTED TO SIR GAWAIN--AND WHICH GAWAIN HATH FAILED TO PERFORM.

BY SLAYING THE DRAGON WHICH E'EN NOW RAVAGES OUR FAIR LAND.

A DRAGON--7?!

MILORD--I DID NOT FAIL TO SLAY THE DRAGON--I WAS BUT DISTRACTED FROM MY ORIGINAL PURPOSE BY THE DISCOVERY OF THIS DEMON IN OUR MIDST--!

Calm Thyself Sir Gawain. Ye HAST NOT BEEN ACCUSED--WRONGLY OR OTHERWISE, AND THE LADY ANDREA'S PROPOSAL IS A FAIR ONE...

I HEREWITH ADJURE THEE TO ENLIST A SCORE OF KNIGHTS TO ACCOMPANY THE STRANGER IN HIS APPOINTED TASK...

GORGEOUS, ALL RIGHT... BUT NUTS.
A DRAGON.

I was certain I recognized it as a normal earthly lizard of the 20th century... but one which had somehow gotten his paws into a mighty big bottle of growth-pills.

IT CHARGED.

...and inflicted minor injuries to several of the stalwart knights...

...before I had a chance to pump four slugs through its huge jelly-globe eye...

...and right into its brain. It died on the spot and I was a bona-fide hero...
A hero now qualified to become one of the boys...

Thus, for services rendered unto King and adopted country, I bestow upon thee the title of knighthood...

...and I dub thee: Sir Derek!

I challenge thee to a joust on the morrow—and consign thee to imprisonment until such joust will commence.

Imprisonment? But you can't do that...

Though it sorely grieves me to inform thee, Sir Derek... he can, until such time as a newly christened knight doth prove himself by defeating another in tournament...

Any established knight may protest the christening by ordering consignment to the...

--Dungeon, the dirty, wretched, stinking, filthy, squalid, gloomy, rat-infested, vermin-swarming dungeon.

What a revolting predicament as somebody— or other used to say...

But then, after two or twelve hours—

A visitor requests thy audience, Sir Derek.

Huh...?

All the rats and vermin fled. It was the lady Andrea...

I came to cheer you up, Mr. Zane.
CHEER ME UP--? MISTER ZANE--? WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE TREES AND GRASS AND ARTS AND DUTIES AND WILTS--?

OH, THAT'S JUST POLITE COURT SPEECH. WE DON'T ALWAYS TALK LIKE THAT.

NOT IN PRIVATE. WE JUST USE THE BAROQUE FORMS FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE AWARE THAT IT'S A PUT-ON--? AFFECTED--?

OF COURSE. OUR WHOLE STYLE OF LIFE IS AFFECTED--PATTERNED AFTER DESCRIPTIONS IN OLD BOOKS... DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST...

YOU... DON'T?

YES---THE FIRES AND GREAT DEATH WHICH RAINED DOWN FROM THE SKIES TO DESTROY THE ANCIENT CITIES AND TO CREATE THE FORBIDDEN ZONES...

HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF THE HOLOCAUST--?

NUCLEAR WARFARE! ATOMIC Fallout--RADIATION... AND MASSIVE MUTATIONS... TALKING APES... STUPID HUMANS... GIANT LIZARDS AS BIG AS DRAGONS--!

AND WE--THEIR DESCENDANTS-- LOVE AVEDON JUST AS MUCH AS THEY DID. IT'S COMPLETELY SELF-SUFFICIENT... SHALL WE LEAVE?

WE'VE BEEN TAUGHT WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS EVIL AND THAT TO SURVIVE IN LOVE AND PEACE WE MUST ADOPT AND MAINTAIN THE ATTITUDES AND INDIVIDUALITY OF THE PAST.

UH YES... I'VE HEARD OF THE HOLOCAUST...

TELL ME, LADY ANDREA, HOW IS IT THAT HUMANS HERE CAN SPEAK? THE HUMANS ON THE MAINLAND ARE ALL MUTE, AREN'T THEY--?

ARE THEY? YOU CAME FROM THE MAINLAND AND YOU CAN SPEAK. ANYWAY, I WOULDN'T KNOW. OUR ANCESTORS CAME TO THIS ISLAND AND FOUNDED AVEDON AND ITS TRADITIONS BECAUSE THEY DISLIKED THE MAINLAND AND WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO IT...

FASCINATING--BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE WORKED WITH THAT BRUTE GWAIN. HE'S NOT IN LOVE WITH ME...

YES, THERE IS HATRED HERE, MR. ZANE--BUT IT'S ALWAYS DEALT WITH FAIRLY, AND SWIFTLY, LIKE THE JOUST TOMORROW. EITHER GWAIN WILL KILL YOU--OR YOU'LL KILL HIM.

YOU'RE A GREAT HELP?
But I have faith in you, Mr. Zane. You killed the dragon.

After such a feat as that, how difficult can it be to defeat Gawain—?

And now I must go...

I smiled, knowing there'd be no more dreams about Michelle, and already the wheels were turning in my head...preparing for the big day...for...

—The Tournament. And a brutal one it was. I'd never imagined the impact of a lance against armor could resound so forcefully. Just watching Lancelot (an orangutan oddly enough) and Justin (human) gave me the willies...

...especially since Gawain had already made it clear that he didn't want me using my pistol.

Sir Gawain hast already chosen the lance, Sir Derek.

Wilt thou choose lance, sword, mace, and chain, or axe—?

Ah well, I didn't want to kill him anyway...

Sir Derek thou hast...
THE WAY GAUVAIN FIGURED IT, THE FLASHLIGHT WAS A RIDICULOUSLY SMALL CLUB... THE ROPE WAS A HARMLESS GIGGLE... AND I WAS CRAZY...

THEN IT WAS OUR TURN AND THE GALLERIES WERE SUDDENLY RIPE FOR PIN-DROPPING. I THINK THE HUSH MADE ME MORE NERVOUS THAN THE HUBBUB OF MINUTES BEFORE...

... BUT THIS JOUST BODE WELL TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL. IT WAS ALREADY ANTICIPATED AS THE FEATURE ATTRACTION, ANYWAY...

I GLANCED OVER AT ARTHUR'S SPECIAL BOX-SEAT. THE LADY ANDREA WAS NEARBY.

I TOOK COURAGE IN THE FACT THAT THEY WERE ROOTING FOR ME...

... AND THEN THE OFFICIAL LOWERED THE FLAG.

OUR HORSES SURGED FORWARD LIKE IDIOTS-- ACTUALLY EAGER FOR THE CLASH...

THE HORSE WAS JARRING ME TOO MUCH. IT WAS TOO HOT. BUT INSIDE... I SHUDDERED.

AND THEN I SUDDENLY COMPREHEND THE INCREDIBLY ABSURD INSANITY OF THE STUNT. I WAS HOPING TO PULL OFF IN ABOUT SIX SECONDS. I THINK I EVEN GULPED...
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT CHANGING HORSE IN MIDSTREAM...?

FLICKED ON THE FLASHLIGHT...

ZAPPED HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE VISOR...

...AND DID MY WILL ROGERS IMITATION FOR HIS BLIND BENEFIT.

BINGO--!

I ANCHORED THE ROPE TO THE POMMEL OF MY SADDLE...

...YANKED...

SHRASH!
IT WAS LIKE YANKEE STADIUM WHEN BABE RUTH HIT HIS LAST HOME RUN.

I RODE SLOWLY THROUGH THE CHEERS TOWARD ARTHUR'S BOX...

...AND WHEN THE NOISE SUBSIDED TO A MILD ROAR...

SIR DEREK, I PROCLAIM THEE THE CHAMPION OF THIS TOURNAMENT...

...AND DECLARE THEE A FULLY CHRISTENED KNIGHT OF THE--

DEREK--LOOK OUT!!

IT SEEMED GAWAIN WAS SOMETHING OF A SORE LOSER...

SEIZE THE VILLAIN--!!

AND BRING HIM AT ONCE TO THE--
--THRONEROOM--

"THY ONEROUS AND UNCHIVALROUS CONDUCT HAST RENDERED THEE UNFIT TO DWELL IN THIS COURT A MOMENT LONGER, GAWAIN..."

THUS, I HEREBY CAST THEE INTO PERMANENT EXILE!

A PRETTY STIFF SENTENCE... EVEN FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER...

WHERE WILL HE GO?

"TIS NOT A SMALL ISLAND, SIR DEREK..."

THERE ART VILLAGES... AND MANY OTHER PLACES...

WHERE A SHAMED HERMIT MAY ABODE...

...ELEGANT DANCING...

...LAUGHTER...

...AND EXHILARATING HUNTS...

THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED SWIFTLY.

THERE WERE SUMPTUOUS FEASTS...
But most of all, there was the fair lady Andrea...

In fact, I saw quite a bit of lady Andrea those few weeks.

I suppose you might say—

—I courted her.

There is where we will find Xirinius’ murderer!

There, General Gordon—across the water—? But how could a human cross that much water...?

By floating, you fool.

Wood floats. Those stumps there... the trees were felled recently—by the human...

He made a platform of wood... and floated across the water on it...

You will ride to the city at once. I want a full regiment of warriors on this shore within the day—!

They will be armed with axes as well as rifles—and they will be prepared to fell trees—!

Y-yes, sir...
The scout had burst into the throne-room out of breath and full of a story about gorillas felling trees on the mainland. The day had come...

My raft is still beached on your shore. Send some knights with carts to retrieve the barrels they'll find on that raft...

...and maybe we can surprise Gorodon.

I supervised the knights in the planting of the gunpowder barrels...

...and then retreated to the castle for the siege.

They showed up some five or six hours later—an entire regiment of them, in full warrior leather-regalia...

The siege lasted all of five minutes.

Gorodon was anxious.
I signalled the crossbow archers to discharge the first volley of flaming arrows…

A few of the charging gorillas dropped…

…but every last arrow had missed the real target.

The second volley was hasty…

…but emphatically more accurate.

Still, the first missed volley had hurt us. About a third of the regiment had safely passed the hidden trench before the gunpowder barrels blew the others to kingdom come.

CHAPTER 5  BATTLE
EY HAD GRAPPLING HOOKS-- AND USED THEM UNDER THE COVERING RIFLE FIRE PROVIDED BY THEIR BUDDIES.

AND THEY SCALE THE ROPE LIKE YOU-KNOW-WHATS.

BLAM BLAM BLAM...

IT SEEMED AS THOUGH GORDON HAD SUCCEEDED IN BECOMING THE TOP BANANA OF HIS CITY...

WHO ELSE WOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH-- OR CRAZY ENOUGH-- TO SACRIFICE AN ENTIRE REGIMENT TO PURSUE A PERSONAL VENDETTA--?

I RAN OUT OF BULLETS WITHIN TEN MINUTES--

SNAP SNAP

TRAP! MY RIFLE! T'LL SWORD.

WE WERE TAKING LOSSES, BUT GORDON'S GROUP WAS BEING SLAUGHTERED. THE EXPLOSIONS HAD CRIPPLED THEM...

BUT STILL THEY SWARMED OVER THE DRAPETS LIKE DEMONS IN A FRANTIC RACE TO HELL...

THEN SATAN HIMSELF CRESTED THE BASTION... BRISTLING HATRED GLARED FROM HIS SINGLE EYE.

WE FROZE... BOTH OF US... FOR A SINGLE TIMELESS INSTANT... KNOWING THAT THIS WAS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH ALL THE DEATH AROUND US WAS BUT A PRAISE...
HE MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION TOO, FOR HE HELD HIS CARBINE LIKE A CLUB AS HE SNARLED AND LUNGED...

THIS IS THE DAY YOU DIE, HUMAN!!

I FIGURED I'D HAD IT. WHAT KIND OF A MATCH WAS IT FOR A FULL-GROWN SAVAGE GORILLA?—?

BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO GO DOWN TRYING...

THE KICK WAS GOOD.

BUT THE PUNCH--

--DIDN'T EVEN FAZE HIM. HE LEERED AND PREPARED FOR AN EASY KILL...

DEREK--!!

IT WAS LADY ANDREA, AND I'D TOLD HER TO STAY DEEP INSIDE THE CASTLE WITH ARTHUR...

BUT SOMEHOW, I DOUBTED WHETHER I'D REPRIMAND HER FOR DISOBEDIENCE...

AGHK-K--!!
I was relieved, 'Yeah, but I was also just a little sick...

Amazing what a few days of things back to normal ('whatever normal is in this crazy court of King Arthur) will do for a man-or even for an ape...

Even more amazing is what a few days with the Lady AndREA can do for me...

Andrea, I've been thinking...

Yes, Derek...?

...with Thy hand, in marriage, Milady?

Will you--

That is... Wilt thou honor me...

You see, I'd found what I was really searching for. I'd found my time--my dreams... and that was all that mattered...

Besides, I plan to do a little exploring in the future. Maybe I'll run into Taylor and the others yet...

I wonder if they're wild-eyed dreamers, too...
HAVE NO FEAR

DOC SAVAGE

IS HERE!

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!

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FINDING THE FUTURE ON THE FOX RANCH!

By Sam Maronie
They call Hollywood ‘The Dream Factory’, and one reason of Tinsel Town has won this title is due to the fact that movie-makers have become experts at transforming drab surroundings into exotic, far-off locales. For example: tables, chairs, and some strategically-placed French signs can convert a little-used studio alleyway into a colorful Paris sidewalk cafe; false building fronts propped on the backlot will effectively double for a bustling street in New York, Los Angeles, or practically any other major American city. Sometimes a big budgeted project will allow the crew to pull up locks, stock and camera in order to film their story in an authentic setting—be it the bottom of the Grand Canyon or the ruins of Ancient Rome.

But where in the heck can you go to find an honest-to-goodness Ape City? The problem is, you can’t find one. And that means you have to build your own.

Both John Chambers and Dan Streible successfully licked the complex make-up problem for Planet of the Apes (‘Problem’ being a somewhat mild word—the entire success of the picture hinged on attaining a believable simian appearance); and now plans called for a modern, up-to-date city reflecting the unique Ape culture.

Starting with references in the Pierre Boulle novel, the artists set to work researching the styles of other architects and developing ideas of their own for the construction of a practical—yet economically feasible—village of the apes.

Producer Arthur P. Jacobs wisely employed the services of modernist set-designer William Creber as Planet’s Art Director. When Creber began his preliminary sketches of the simian city, he kept with the modernist style of habitations which Boulle described in his book. But as time went on—and production costs continued to mount—the idea of such a complex setting was abandoned in favor of the simple, less-complicated but dwellings. To the average movie-goer, whether the apes lived in houses, caves, trees, or WHAT made little difference to their enjoyment of the film; but to the always cost-conscious studio front office, this decision allowed for a couple of million dollars to be shaved off the already astronomical budget—which isn’t exactly loose change by anyone’s standards! That’s an awful lot of ticket sales!

Once a workable design was achieved on paper, Creber & Co. were faced with the next major task: bringing the structures into a workable reality. Fortunately, around that time Twenty-Third Century-Fox’s Art Department was experimenting with a special type of polyurethane foam—a chemical mixture resembling bread dough—which could be sprayed from a gun and easily molded into any desired shape. Pleased with the texture and durability of the substance, the set designers fashioned the polyurethane over skeletons made of pencil-thin metal rods and heavy cardboard. The result was a speedy, economical and realistic village constructed on the Twentieth-Fox Ranch in Malibu.

To achieve a totally convincing effect, the art directors had to take every factor into consideration, even if it meant adapting the ecology of a particular area to suit their needs. So another ‘set’ which had to be assembled on the ranch grounds was not a building; for scenes depicting the Apes chasing the animal-like humans through the forest brush, a special quick-growing species of corn was used to simulate the jungle growth. Also, a man-made outdoor pool was constructed, complete with plumbing—in which the astronauts swam.

Desiring a more ‘alien’ impression for the locations, a decision was made to shoot some sequences in the Utah desert. And in the early minutes of the film when the astronauts were roaming about the rocky countryside, a special cameraman followed them on a sand sled as they skidded down a steep bluff. While the location filming effectively conveyed the aspects of a desolate, man-made environment, the 100 degree-plus temperatures, coupled with the lights and reflectors necessary for photography, made wearing the simian appliances unbearable for the ape actors! Though even toting in an air-conditioned stage can be stifling, as well.

The Planet of the Apes production team managed to crack government security for the filming of Charlton Heston’s sinking spaceship. This scene was shot at a military installation near Lake Powell in Page, Arizona—the first time a movie crew had ever been allowed in the top-secret confines.

So that’s basically how Planet of the Apes was packaged, produced and put-together. The task had provided a challenge—and at times, fun—for the creative people involved; but once shooting was completed, the craftsmen found themselves busy with other projects, and their work on Planet became just another memory of a job well done.

But the public was not quick to forget.

Thrilled by the adventures on the hairy, scary Planet of the Apes, cinema fans clamored for more. And when a large group of ticket-buyers started talking, the studio bosses listen in rapt attention. Twentieth Century-Fox commissioned Arthur P. Jacobs to prepare a sequel to his successful feature, and the enterprising producer immediately began to reassemble his talented staff for a second go-round.

While most sequels are usually made much more cheaply than their predecessor (the logic being that the popularity of the original effort will hopefully carry the economy version on its winning coattails), Beneath the Planet of the Apes was allocated a respectable budget of several million dollars. Again, most of the finances went for the expensive cosmetic effects.

The village sets of the Ape City were still standing on the Fox Ranch, and a little tidying and trimming of the rough edges made them as good as new for location scenes in Beneath. The original interior sets of the Ape Council Chambers, the ‘Veterinary Clinic’, and various ape domiciles were salvaged and reassembled on studio soundstages for use. So in some respects, Beneath the Planet of the Apes was a ready-made film. That’s one good thing about a movie studio: they never throw anything away! Would you believe there are still some sets standing from a 1941 flick How Green Was My Valley, on the Fox Ranch? Viewing these remenants must have been a nostalgic trip back in time for actor Roddy McDowall; it was in this film that the simian
performer won his first fame—as a child star!

Unfortunately—or fortunately, depending at which end you’re on—writers will often let their imaginations run so far in a movie script that the effect they are trying to convey on film just can’t be duplicated in real life. But when the authors called for an Ape City—the technical folks went right out and built them one. Now in Beneath, they weren’t asking just for another simian city—but scenes of a centuries-old world ravaged by atomic war—fear—and an underground mutant kingdom, as well! The designers began to ask themselves why things weren’t ever easy!

For the sequences depicting the twisted, sub-surface passageways of the New York Subway System, the Grand Central Station set from the 12 million dollar turkey, Holly, Dolly! was used—of course, after it was thoroughly aged several hundred years. For scenes in the mutant “tribunal chamber” the plush Harmonia Gardens Restaurant set from Dolly was sprayed with liberal amounts of polyurethane foam; as an added touch, the structure was riged to convey an asymmetrical, off-balance look.

These sets, combined with several well-executed matte paintings, gave Beneath a range of impressive locations. However, the script left much to be desired and Beneath the Planet of the Apes remains the least-liked of the five ape-adventures, despite an overwhelming impact at the box-office. So overwhelming, in fact, that a second sequel was sent into production for the following year’s release.

By all respects, Escape from the Planet of the Apes should have been the least complicated of the series to film. By moving a trio of apes back 2,000 years in time to contemporary Los Angeles, there was no need for the elaborate Ape City, underground mutant headquarters, or any such elaborate creations. Just a very simple movie to shoot in a very simple setting.

Wrong!

Accustomed as Hollywood residents are to watching movie crews at work on outdoor locations, the sight of an ape couple selecting fashions at Georgio’s Dress Shop and Dick Carroll’s Store for Men in the heart of Los Angeles was sure to cause problems.

Surprised motorists were so rattled by the sight of an anthropoid duo promenading about the LA streets, that a several-car collision took place blocking traffic for many blocks. Residents of the posh Beverly-Wilshire Hotel were more than a trifle nervous when they found simians traipsing about the confines of the prestigious establishment.

Whenever filming took place in a public thoroughfare, large crowds would invariably gather to catch a look at Kim Hunter or Roddy McDowall in their ape alter-egos. However, the film makers did get some privacy when they shot scenes of the apes ‘splashdown’ in their renovated space capsule on the Malibu Coast. The crew also took advantage of a day that the Museum of Natural History was closed to complete some additional sequences.

Aside from the Los Angeles Zoo and other environs, portions of the Signal Hill oil fields were utilized for an exciting manhunt—or apehunt, if you will—for Cornelius and Zira who have escaped their human captors. The final showdown between the apes and the men took place among the rusting derelicts in LA Harbor. Considering the many locales featured in Escape, it looked as if the travelers from earth’s future got the proverbial Zee tour of Southern California!

Perhaps the simplest location of the film was for the traveling circus of Armando (Ricardo Montalban)—one of the simian couple’s few human friends. The wagons and animal cages were located on a golf course, just across the street from Twentieth Century-Fox Studios!

The third sequel, Conquest of the Planet of the Apes was set in the year 1990, and the technical crew must have all gritted their teeth in frustration: “Not another ‘future’ picture!” As many problems as they met with the present-day situated Escape, the thought of designing an environment several decades hence was not a particularly welcome one. But Art Director Phillip Jefferies and his production team rolled up their collective sleeves and went to work converting Los Angeles’ most modern structures into a futuristic, city-state decor.

In some aspects, Fox reclaimed some of its former backlot territory for use in the production of Conquest. Several acres which had once been a part of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios on the outskirts of Beverly Hills was sold to a real estate development agency, and in its place now stands ultra-modern Century City, a spanking-new business-commercial-amusement complex.

Usually the proprietors of such locations are more than happy to cooperate with studios that wish to film on their property; but when the script calls for hundreds of apes armed with guns, knives, and meat-cleavers battling police, securing a ‘go-ahead’ from the Century City management was quite a difficult task! But secure them they did, and the sprawling subdivision was drafted into use!

The riot scenes were shot over a period of seven days and six nights at the Century City Shopping Mall. Hundreds of extras and 26 stuntmen were on hand for the elaborate fight sequences. The movie crew agreed to stop all gunfire at ten each evening, although the crew and cast worked dusk until dawn for a couple of weeks. Special fire-fighting teams stood by, but there was no spread of the controlled flames. The result proved to be an exciting war between man and ape, set behind a realistic backdrop which could not be duplicated on any soundstage! While filming DID inconvenience a few surprised shoppers, it also attracted huge crowds which resulted in additional business for the merchants!

Other scenes featuring the ape ‘auction block’ for the simian slaves and other modernistic outdoor locales were shot on the campus of the University of California at Irvine. Again, crowds of students and other curious onlookers gathered to watch the ape-adorned actors at work. Despite a nasty rumor circulating at the time, none of the University professors appeared as simian extras—even though some students swear that they did!

The ape training complex, the offices of Governor Breck, and other interior sets were constructed at the Fox Studios. Arthur P. Jacobs’ brilliant production team could congratulate themselves on another top-notch piece of work!

The sites for the 4th and final sequel, Battle for the Planet of the Apes reflected a post-atomic war period in which the apes were dominant over their former human aggressors. For most of these locations, the venerable Fox Ranch was again pressed into service. Since Battle took place after Conquest and ‘before’ Beneath and Planet in the Ape Chronology, the production was unable to use the still-standing Ape City from the previous films; so an arboreal, tree-dwelling community was designed to suit the new storyline. Crude huts for the human slaves
and other livestock added to the agrarian habitat. After completing work on the simian Shang-ri-la, a special effects team levelled the structures to the ground in an explosive-filled battle between the apes and the disfigured ‘mutant’ army. Oh well, easy come—easy go!

Another bizarre site for filming was the Hyperion Water Treatment Plant, a winding, labyrinthine series of dark corridors and passageways located near the beautiful Plaza Del Ray Beach, in Los Angeles. This facility represented the underground headquarters of the mutants, and after the set-decorators added an atomic doomsday missle, wrecked machinery, and other futuristic paraphernalia, the overall effect was frighteningly convincing. The only problems were posed by the temperature—it got blamed COLD down there! maybe that’s why Roddy McDowall caught the flu—which was a major discomfort for the actor (Have you ever tried blowing your nose with all that makeup on? It’s impossible! Also, the continual noise generated from arriving and departing flights at nearby Los Angeles International Airport wreaked havoc with the film’s sound track—most of which had to be redubbed at the studio.

A nearby field of sand dunes (originally a location in the 1921 production of The Sheik with Rudolph Valentino) represented the area between the Ape Village and the Mutant City crossed by McDonald (Austin Stoker), Virgil (Paul Williams) and Caesar (Roddy McDowall) in search of the mutant stronghold.

The field of rubble which represented the remains of a destroyed city was assembled (with the help of some matte paintings) on the 20th Fox lot, as were interior sets of the ape and human domiciles.

When the Planet of the Apes teleseries went into production, the stringent budgets of the video entry did not allow for any costly set building, and location scenes were kept to a mimimum, and at that the crew stuck close to the home studio. Most outdoor scenes were lensed at the ranch, although at least one episode was filmed on MGM’s old ‘New York Street’ backlot which, like most of Leo the Lion’s old stomping grounds, is in a state of near ruins.

So there it is: the abitations of a now-extinct group of cinema apes that were indigenous to Southern California. The set designers and art directors deserve a large amount of commendation for their inventiveness and skill in realistically bringing the ‘PLANET’ of the Apes to our theatre screens.

But for now: Is anyone out there interested in one slightly-used Ape City?—Cheep?!
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ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL,
ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL...

...THE GOOD BOMB MADE US ALL?

HE GAVE US EYES TO SEE WITH, AND LIPS
THAT WE MIGHT TELL HOW GREAT THE
BOMB ALMIGHTY, WHO HAS MADE ALL THINGS WELL.

AMEN.

WE... WE AREN'T... WEARING MASK.
MAY THE BLESSING OF THE BOMB ALMIGHTY AND THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY FALLOUT DESCEND ON US ALL, THIS NIGHT AND FOREVERMORE.

THE OVERHEAD LIGHT DIMS...

...GROWS DARKER...

...NOT UNLIKE DAY SOFTLY, INEVITABLY TURNING TO...

...NIGHT.

AMEN...
I trust our simple ceremony convinced you of our peaceful intentions...?

I found it... INFORMATIVE.

Then your cooperation has had its reward...?

It's only reward...?

When may I hope to be set FREE...?

You may hope whatever you want, Mr. Brent...

...and now, I trust you will have pleasant dreams.

Come along, Mr. Brent...

After all, how can we set you loose on the eve of a war?

You might go back to the APES...
...and that would prove inimical to our existence.

You know far too many of our secrets...

Like your friend.

Brent...? How in the...?!

Taylor!!

It's really you, Taylor...!

Yow...!!!
Well, you're about two thousand years late, friend.

Service never was much good.

Is your commander with you?

Then how--?

He's dead. Went blind--and blew a lung on re-entry.

Now round me.

She's here? Where is she?

They separated us... thank God.

They were trying to make me kill her...

Come to think of it, why haven't they killed you?

Come, come, Mr. Baint. You know why...

Why "thank God"?
WE'RE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE.
WE DON'T KILL OUR ENEMIES...

WE GET OUR ENEMIES TO KILL EACH OTHER.

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL.
WITH WHOM WOULD YOU QUARREL,
MR. BRENT...

...WHILE YOU WERE ALONE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

TAYLOR-- I DO KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT... AND YOU'D BETTER--

AHGGK-K--!!

BRENT-- WHAT THE DEVIL'S WRONG WITH YOU?

I... AM FIGHTING AN ORDER!

I... AM... FIGHTING--
...TAYLOR--!

HIS EYES. TAYLOR ... OPENED....!
YEAH...

...I NOTICED.

YOU SPOKE, NOVA...

...AND BECAUSE OF IT, WE'RE ALIVE.

SLHHH!

TAYLOR...

LOOK AT THE DOOR. IT HAS NO HANDLE...

IT WAS DESIGNED TO BE OPENED BY THOUGHT ONLY. WE'RE LOCKED IN...
WHAT ABOUT THIS -- ? THERE'S AIR COMING THROUGH IT...

NO USE -- I'VE ALREADY TRIED. WE'RE NEAR A MAIN AIR-CONDITIONING VENT, THAT'S ALL.

IT'S COLD...

JUST AS WELL WE MAY BE IN FOR A LONG STAY -- AND I'M ALLERGIC TO THE STINK OF DEATH.

NOW LET'S TALK SOME MORE, AND MAKE IT QUICK.

THEY HAVE AN ATOMIC BOMB -- OPERATIONAL -- AND THEY INTEND TO USE IT.

WHAT TYPE?

THAT'S JUST IT -- I DON'T KNOW: IT BELONGS TO A SERIES I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE...

...MAYBE BECAUSE I DON'T RATE TOP CLEARANCE AS YET.

I DO.

YOU MEAN YOU DID -- TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

DID YOU SEE A SERIES NUMBER -- ?

YES... ON ONE OF THE FINS -- EXCEPT THEY WEREN'T NUMBERS.

JUST TWO GREEK LETTERS -- ALPHA AND OMEGA...

ALPHA AND -- MAY GOD HELP US ALL, BRENT... AND DAMN US WITH HIS SAME BREATHE.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO THE LETTERS MEAN?

DOOMSDAY BOMB, COBALT CASING, THE LAST WE EVER MADE. THE ONLY ONE -- ANOTHER WOULD HAVE BEEN A JOKE.

THE IDEA WAS TO THREATEN THE ENEMY BY THE MERE FACT IT EXISTED. A BOMB SO POWERFUL IT COULD DESTROY NOT JUST A CITY -- NOT JUST AN ENTIRE NATION -- AND NO, NO JUST EVERY LIVING CELL ON EARTH, EVERY INSECT, AND EVERY LAST DAMNED GRAIN OF GRASS...

THE ULTIMATE BOMB. BUT A BOMB WHICH COULD SET NUCLEAR FIRE TO THE WIND -- TO THE AIR ITSELF... SCORCH THE WHOLE PLANET INTO CINDER...

... AND LEAVE NOTHING BUT THE SMOKING END OF A BURNT MATCH.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO. URSUS KNOWS ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

SOUND THE ADVANCE.

YES, SIR!

TOOOO RAAUWW!

HELP... US... 

...PLEASE...
Fwooom

YAAPAHHH!

YAAAPAHHH!

YEAEEEEE!

YEAAPAHHH!

YAAPAHHH!

YEEEEE!

YEEEEE!

YEEEEE!

YEEEEE!

YEEEEE!

URUS, I WARNED YOU! LOOK WHAT WE ARE FACED WITH... I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD WAIT?

WHOEVER DID THIS WILL PAY HEAVILY, ZAIUS... AS I TOLD YOU.

NOW BE SILENT.

NO, I CANNOT LOOK ON A SIGHT SUCH AS THIS AND REMAIN SILENT--!

IF YOU HAVE ANY PITY, AT ALL, ORDER YOUR SOLDIERS TO SHOOT THEM...

I CANNOT ORDER WHAT THE LAWGIVER HAS FORBIDDEN. APE SHALL NOT KILL APE.
Prepare to attack? Attack what and whom--?

The Lawgiver--!!

He will avenge our crucified brothers!

Vengeance!

Hold your positions!!

He bleeds--!
THE LAWGIVER BLEEDS!!

FLEE--THE LAWGIVER IS DYING!

WE ARE DOOMED--!

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAWGIVER STILL LIVES! WE ARE STILL GOD'S CHOSEN!! THIS IS JUST A VISION--A TRICK--!!

IT IS A LIE!!

WATCH ME--AND I WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT IT IS FALSE!!

HE'S MAD! HE RIDES TO HIS DEATH!!
SHUFFF!

HE HAS ... KILLED HIMSELF...

BWA- RHOOOM!
COME FORWARD, FELLOW APES. THE WAY IS CLEAR!
I HAVE SHOWN YOU THE WAY TO TRUTH!!

SHALL WE OBEY HIM, GENERAL URSUS...

YES... BUT I AM THE ONE WHO IS ORDERING THE ADVANCE.

YES, SIR.

RHEE-AUUUW!
WAIT A MINUTE...

COME HERE...!
LOOK AT THIS...!

THERE ARE WAYS DOWN?

DO YOU KNOW THE RANGE OF THEIR CITY?

YES.

THEN SET IT IN THE MECHANISM... ...AND PRIME THE BOMB.

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It doesn't make any difference whether you are short, tall, skinny, fat or just plain average. We don't care if you've lost every fight you ever fought. We'll teach you how to defend yourself and those you love against one, two, or even three attackers with complete self-confidence. By taking our revolutionary new audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG FU & KARATE you'll be able to face ANY MAN, ANYWHERE without the fear of being physically hurt or embarrassed.

WE'LL PROGRAM YOUR MIND TO MASTERY ALMOST ANY SELF DEFENSE SITUATION

No rigorous or boring exercises are necessary. You learn in the comfort and privacy of your own home, either alone or with a friend, by looking and listening with our simple, effective audiovisual technique. You merely follow the pictures in our lesson book as you listen to each lesson on our SPECIAL LONG PLAYING 12" RECORD. What could be easier?

By playing this record over and over, the lessons become buried deep in your subconscious. Your mind is conditioned in the ancient Oriental disciplines of KUNG FU & KARATE—it develops a memory bank of specialized fighting knowledge. If you are attacked, you'll find yourself springing to action almost automatically, using this knowledge to defend yourself and those you love.

YOUR BODY BECOMES A POWERFUL WEAPON OF DEFENSE

We'll teach you how to use your hands, feet, arms, legs, elbows and knees as powerful weapons against any attacker. You'll learn the KUNG FU & KARATE techniques of the thrust punch, hammer fist, X & U punch, knife hand, spear hand, palm heel strike, snap kick, thrust kick, stamping kick, knee kick, elbow strike, back fist, X block, sweeping block, high and low blocks, and much, much more. You'll learn nerve centers and pressure points—where, when and how to hit effectively and avoid being hit yourself. You'll learn all the essential secrets of these two Oriental fighting arts—ancient secrets that have allowed smaller, weaker men to defeat larger, more powerful men with ease.

A NEW, CONFIDENT YOU

Take this course and feel like a new person. Never be afraid to go anywhere ever again—ball game, beach, school yard, bar, dance, tough neighborhood, back alley or parking lot at night! Gain self-confidence and win the respect and admiration of those you love. You cool, confident steel-like gaze will show others you are no person to fool around with. Feel a new power come over you—-the power to master almost any self defense situation!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

Our long playing 12" 33½ RPM instruction record which contains 35 complete, separate and distinct lessons. It was specially produced to make the learning of the essential self-defense techniques of KUNG FU & KARATE as inexpensive and easy as possible.

Complete picture lesson book containing over 150 photos and illustrations. While you are coached by the lesson record, each defensive movement is shown to you step-by-step by our instructor, TOYOTARO MIYAZAKI, BLACK BELT, 5th DAN from the world famous KENKOJUKU DOJO in TOKYO, JAPAN.

Complete nerve center and pressure point chart showing all vital areas of defense.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY ABOUT THIS COURSE:

"Next to taking lessons in dojo, this home study course has to be the best way available for learning self-defense Kung Fu and Karate."

R. Richards, Black Belt, 1st Dan

"At last! A home study course that is more than just a book or manual. This course is, without a doubt the easiest most effective home study program I have ever come across."

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ALL THIS FOR LESS THAN 16¢ A LESSON

It's hard to believe, but it's true! People across this country pay up to $10.00 for a single lesson in KUNG FU or KARATE—more than the cost of this entire home study course. Only today's modern technological advances in audiovisual learning, and mass production techniques make it possible for us to bring you this complete course at such a ridiculously low price! Yes it's absolutely true—you get 35 complete lessons for only $4.98 & 50¢ for postage and handling—that's less than 16¢ a lesson!

Don't delay! Order this complete home study course today. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

10 DAY NO RISK MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If after ten days of examining this home study course, you are not completely satisfied that this is the easiest, most effective way possible to learn self defense, KUNG FU and KARATE at home, you may return it for a full refund of your purchase price.

USE THIS RUSH COUPON TO ORDER:

Yes, this is for me. Rush me your complete audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG FU & KARATE. I enclose $4.98 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (totaling $5.48) as payment in full. I understand that this course was designed to teach me how to use KUNG FU & KARATE to defend myself. I promise never to use these techniques as an aggressor. Send cash, check or money order to: Demaru, Inc., Dept. M7 667 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021

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when I planned to
retire before fifty
this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Hailey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn’t do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn’t do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn’t see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn’t see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn’t take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn’t match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefits of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It’s Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It’s an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it revitalizes and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for a profit over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that’s the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That’s the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that’s the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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