WHERE MAN ONCE STOOD SUPREME—NOW RULE THE APES

75¢

ALL NEW
THIS ISSUE:
NO ESCAPE FOR MANKIND

THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES BEGINS!
TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES: MESSIAH OF MONKEY DEMONS!
The pulse-pounding conclusion to the Psychedrome saga!
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BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES PART I: THE WEAPONS SHOP OF PARADISE!
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TERROR ON THE PLANET OF THE APES

Deep in a cavern, just outside the blinding mountain-contained Psychedrome, the gorilla by the name of Brutus has just undergone the shape of his own personal dream...

We've found it, Wark! Do you hear me—?? We've found everything we need to destroy every wretched human on the face of this world.

The human female Malagosa knows nothing of our strange and sacred silos, or nuclear Armageddon...

Gilbert, I... I don't think I like this...

Therefore, she speaks underestatement.

...While the singularly menacing snarls of Brutus' dreams loom above her, like sentences of doom...

M-350 Laser
U.S. Ordinance 711-A

Still, she does suspect that one gorilla's dreams may well prove to be mankind's misfortune. And she's right.
Monkey-demons cannot speak. They merely watch and wait.

E'er serving to protect the loathsome keepers of the Psychedrome.

And right now clutching their swords like fingers of pain, they watch Brutus, amidst his dreams.

These tracks, Commander Brutus—

They must be part of a railcar system...

What—? Mutant-drone Zee—? Is Egg correct—?

The probability is 98.3 percent affirmative, Commander Brutus—

Inasmuch as lights are now visible down the tracks, rapidly approaching in complete concordance with the increase in sound-volume!

Much like the transport network which connects our own children of the inheritors...

Who, indeed? Well, the charioteers, maybe, the controls of the car...

I got it, moving, Jason—

But I don’t think I know how to stop it!!

A good person never stops anything...

...but it seems no one is ready controlling the berserk vessel... unit of all night-smith, former harbinger of armageddon and progress...

Who was that ding—?

Stay back. Keep out of sight!

It’s singing like crazy now, Jason—

But I didn’t do a thing!

Ding! Ding!

Yeah—and it’s slowing down. You must’ve figured out how to stop it, Alex...

Huh?!

What was that ding—?
WELL, SOMETHINGS STOPPED US AND NOW THE DOORS ARE SLIDING OPEN—BY THEMSELVES...

Yeah? Well, I don't like it, Jase.

A good person likes everything that happens.

Oh, shut up, Lightsmith!

Hey, Alex. Cook!

What... what are they, Jase...? Wow.

Yeah, and shiny, too...

Big.

Do you think they're from the past—From the time before the great death from the skies—? Or do you think they belong to the keepers—Back in the Psychedrome—?

A good person always says yes...

Maybe these things are from the past—From the time of the great progress and enlightenment that Lightsmith was always talking about, before he lost his mind, anyway...

...But maybe they now belong to the keepers.

After all, we're still pretty close to the Psychedrome...

Huh—? What do you mean, Jase?

Maybe the answer to both your questions is yes...

Yeah, I've got a feeling this is a little too complicated for us...

It's them, Commander Brutus—The human Jason—and his traitorous friend...

Jason!!

Yowitch! Filthy animal! Bit me—!

Run, Jason—It's a trap.

Malaguena—!!

That was Malaguena's voice—!!

Yes, Warko, I can see that it's—
SHUT THE IDIOT UP.
KILL HIM.
A GOOD PERSON NEVER STOPS ANYTHING...

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS!
A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS YES...

AND...

CHUK!

WARKO'S RIFLE SPITS A DRY RATCHETING SOUND, READY TO FIRE...
HHMM...

UHNN!!

- THE WINGED MONKEY-DEMONS DROP LIKE ENRAGED BERSERKERS!

ALEX.. THERE'S MORE OF THEM!!

SHOOT THEM!!

GRAK AK AK AK

KILL THEM!!

WHAT ARE THEY?

I SEE THEM, JASE--!

I SEE THEM, JASE--!

NOW WE'VE GOTTA FIGHT BRUTUS' GORILLAS AND THE MONKEY-DEMONS!!

MAYBE NOT, ALEX-- MAYBE WE CAN JUST LET THEM FIGHT EACH OTHER-- AND ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION!!

A GOOD-- OOFFF!!

COME ON, LIGHT SMITH!!

HUH NY MALAGUENA-- WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!!

IN A MOMENT, JASON!!

GILBERT THE GIANT, FORMERLY MALAGUENA'S PARTNER-IN-PROGRESS IS NOW ARGUING HIS MOUTH FOR OTHER THINGS.

COME ALONG LIKE A 'GOOD PERSON!'

-- GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAY? CAN'T REMEMBER...

...AS SOON AS GILBERT UNIFIES ME!!

WHAT DOES A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAY? CAN'T REMEMBER...
They're too busy fighting each other to notice us, Jason...

But what do we do now—? They're blocking the way back to your railcar...

I know a good person always says something...

But what if it doesn't lead out of...

It's still better than nothing, Malaguena!

You said it, Jason... and it's better than staying here!

They almost look like apes—apes with wings...

Brutus is acting true to form... as usual...

Slaughtering everything in sight...

Yes...

I remember now—a good person always says yes... I think...

With the clamor of battle still exploding behind them, they crest the top of the stone stairwell... to find themselves in another cavern tunnel...

I... I don't know where this tunnel leads, Jason... but somehow I'm not frightened anymore...

Now that we're back together...

Yeah... I'm glad you're all right, Malaguena... I was worried that you might have been...

Malaguena crushes Jason in her arms...

...and feeling a spontaneous urge to join in, their relief, Alex joyously hugs the both of them...

Mmphm!

Impulsively, and with a relief which transcends all inhibitions...

Leaving only quiet, pensive Gilbert in the void of uncertainty. Yet... as he looked with head cocked at the waddling, illumined lightsmith...

A good person probably allows the keepers to think for him...

And wonders what has happened to the once strong, minded guardian of enviable, human intelligence.
Far, far away near the great water which stretches as far as the eye can see, the city bakes under a hot sun...

One can almost grasp the sadness hanging in the air...

How is he?

Not well at all, Scribe Xirinius. I am reluctant to say...

Indeed, I fear the Lawgiver may not like to see the next moon...

That bad...

Come...

See for yourself.

Oh, my, my... He does look bad...

Can you not heal him—?

We are trying to heal him, Scribe Xirinius—but we are merely simple physicians...

Perhaps—but nothing within our powers...

But surely there must be something you can do to save the Lawgiver—some way to heal him...

There are tales—Legends—which claim that the knowledge required to perform medical miracles is stored somewhere in the forbidden zone... but that knowledge is certainly denied to us...

Who would dare to brave the forbidden zone again—after what happened the last time, when the Lawgiver himself ventured therein—?

Hearing these words, a young orangutan attendant nearly drops his towel as his eyes are swollen from tears. "The Lawgiver is about to be killed!"

And he has been unable to visualize the death of that god.
THIS EVEN AS THE GRUVELING ORANGUTAN YOUTH QUIETLY DEPARTS FROM THIS CHAMBER OF GRAVE SICKNESS... YES, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT--ANYONE WOULD BE MAD ENOUGH TO ENTER THE FORBIDDEN ZONE.

--HE KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO.

WHILE, BACK IN THE MOST OF BRUTUS'S TOWERING DREAMS OF DESTRUCTION-- WAIT? WHERE'S THE MANIAC JASON AND THE OTHERS? DAMN THEIR EYES! THEY'VE ESCAPED--AGAIN!!

THE RAILCAR IS STILL HERE, COMMANDER BRUTUS, SO THEY DID NOT DEPART BY THE SAME MEANS THEY ARRIVED.

BRILLIANT OBSERVATION, MUTANT-DRONE EGGS...

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THESE STUPID.

...AND CONSIDERS HIM TO BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

NOW, AS BEE STEALTHILY SLINKS AWAY... IT IS APPEAR NOW THAT HE HAS DECIDED TO TAKE ACTION ON THE DANGER CALLED BRUTUS.

WHAT DOES ONE PUNY HUMAN MATTER, ANYWAY--WHEN I'VE GOT THE MEANS TO DESTROY THE LAST HUMAN ALIVE??!

Mmmm... IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH THESE THINGS... HOW TO MAKE THEM WORK...

--HEAP--APART FROM THE MUTANT-DRONE EGGS HAVE BEEN UNUSUALLY QUIET SINCE HIS SECOND DAY UNDER BRUTUS'S COMMAND.

NATURE...

IT TOOK HIM ALMOST TWO DAYS TO FULLY ASSESS BRUTUS.

CLEARLY, BEE DEADPRONES OF THE GIANT GORILLAS NATURE...

RELIEF AND JOYOUS HUGGING, IT SEEMS, NEVER LAST FOR VERY LONG... WHEN UNCERTAINTY STILL LIES AHEAD...

BOY, THIS SURE IS A LONG TUNNEL... IT IS GOOD TO BE A GOOD PERSON.

WAIT--WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?

IT'S A DOOR, JASON--A LOUSY DOOR!!!

WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE A DOOR--?!

WHY COULDN'T IT JUST BE AN OPENING MADE BY THE WIND--SO WE COULD SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE--

...AND NOT HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT WHO MADE THE DOOR?

WELL, UNTIL WE OPEN THIS ONE WE'RE STUCK IN A DEAD-END. WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE...

GOTTA FIND OUT WHERE THE DOOR LEADS...

I WAS AFRAID... --YOU'D SAY THAT.
Deep within the dreaded FORBIDDEN ZONE, in the caverns of the INHABITANTS, MUTANT DRONE EM,anded to the Supreme Scent Commanders (two of whom are newly-thawed replacements),

"Yes, em? You may now deliver your report...

They have discovered a cache of pre-Holocaust nuclear weapons, and drone bee is convinced that Brutus will eventually precipitate catastrophe and or disaster. He awaits further orders.

Hey! Be Seven-remember, Dr. Strange-Lord? Can you imagine George C. Scott in a monkey suit? Hyuk Hyuk!

"Ya prob'ly got a point there, Be-Seven—remember what happened da last time some idiot-robot got his hands on nuclear warheads...

Yeah, that's why we're stuck here in these ridiculous nutrient-globes—ordinarily exasperated brains without the benefit or luxury of bodies. Hyuk, hyuk!

I fully concur, Be-Seven and Be-Six. There is only one course of action we may take. All other options would be sorely remiss.

Mutant-drone Em, you will dispatch a reply communic to drone bee.

At once, Supreme Be-One!

Instruct drone bee to B#3 B#12 B#22.

Five confused fugitives have just opened a doorway into shock...

Oh nooo!!

The PSYCHEDRONE-We're back in the PSYCHEDRONE!!

Yep—i was afraid of this, too...

Gilbert, stay back—or you'll fall!!
WELL, WE CAN'T GO BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL—BRUTUS AND HIS GOOLLAS ARE STILL BACK THERE WAITING FOR US—AND THE MONKEY-DEMONS TOO...

HOW ABOUT THIS SKYCRAB? JASE? IT'S LIKE THE ONE THE KEEPER USED TO TAKE US TO THE RAILCAR!

I WATCHED HIM AT THE CONTROLS—MAYBE I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO FLY IT!

THERE'S NO ONE INSIDE IT—COME ON, GILBERT, GET IN...

AND MIRACULOUSLY...

--ALEX HITS THE CORRECT LEVER ON THE FIRST TRY!

THE BIZARRE ALIEN SKYCRAB SPINS THROUGH THE TECHNOLOGICAL JUNGLE OF THE PSYCHODROME... JUST AS THE MULTI-FACETED ARTIFICIAL SUN LOCATED IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE JUNGLE...

...GOES OUT...

WAIT—THAT BUTTON I HIT—IT TURNED ON SOME LIGHTS—THIS THING'S GOT LIGHTS ON IT!

YIKES! IT'S DARK I CAN'T SEE...

WELL, SHUT THEM OFF...

WHAAAT??

THIS MAY BE THE FIRST BREAK WE'VE GOTTEN, ALEX—THE DARKNESS WILL COVER US...

ALL RIGHT—IF YOU SAY SO.

A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS SAYS SO...

While back in Brutus' dream...

YES, COMMAND-CONTROL—IS THAT YOU, DRONE EM?

HAVE THE SUPREME BALEST EER COMMANDERS DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION—?

SUPREME BE—ONE HAS DECIDED THAT THE NUCLEAR WARHEADS MUST BE DESTROYED TO PREVENT THE GORILLA BRUTUS FROM PRECIPITATING ANOTHER HOLOCAUST.

THE WEAPONS WILL DO LITTLE DAMAGE IN THEIR PRESENT LOCATION, SO AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY...

YES, DRONE BEE—THIS IS DRONE EM.

YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO DETONATE THEM WHERE THEY STAND.

MUST SACRIFICE YOUR LIVES, BUT WE ARE气候 YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.

OF COURSE, EM, OVER AND OUT.

POOR DUKE.
Night in the Psychedrome...

You're doing it, Alex...

Yeah? Well, I just hope you can figure out how to land this thing by that cluster of buildings up there...

Oh, I think I'll manage, Jase...

I've pretty much got the hang of it by now.

Yip—I don't know how, Jase, but it seems if you pull enough levers and push enough buttons...

...Anything can happen.

Well, manage it, then—because we're just about there, Alex...

All right, here we go...

Stop this thing—take it down—laid it!

I'm trying, Jase—I'm trying!

What's the matter, Alex—? We're not slowing down...

I know, Jase—I know!

Come on, Alex—stop us!!

You said you could control this thing—!!

A good person likes everything that happens... even if he doesn't like it...

I, uh... I guess I was...

Skrash

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!

The obscene, keener whirrs, my eyeballs whipping in shock—

As an alarm goes berserk.
OH, WHY DOESN'T ANYTHING EVER GO RIGHT?
A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS GOES RIGHT...

WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP

GILBERT--MY WEAPON!!
GRAB MY WEAPON--!!

HUH--? WHE--?
WELL, HE SURELY A SPUNKY LITTLE SIBSON, ISN'T HE?

ALL RIGHT, KEEPER--DON'T MAKE A MOVE--UNLESS YOU WANT TO PICK YOUR EYEBALLS UP OFF THE FLOOR.

YOU'RE OUR PRISONER NOW--AND YOU'RE GONNA SHOW US THE WAY OUT OF HERE--BEFORE THAT AKARH BRINGS ANY MORE OF YOUR UGLY MONKEY-DEMONS!!

VERY WELL.

AND THE KEEPER CHUCKLES WITH FOWL AMUSEMENT, AND NO FEAR...

YOU HAVE BEEN A NUISANCE TO THE REGULATED FUNCTIONING OF THE PSYCHODEME, ANYWAY...

FOLLOW ME.

WHOOOp WHOOp

A PORTAL IS OPENED AS IF BY MAGIC...

...AND WHEN THE FIVE FUSTINES FOLLOW THE KEEPER, STEPPING THROUGH THE PORTAL--

HEY--WHAT'S GOING ON? FLOOR IS MOVING--!

OF COURSE--WE ARE ON A SLIDEWALK.

SLIDEWALKS ALWAYS MOVE.

WELL, IT'D BETTER BE MOVING THE RIGHT WAY, EYEBALLS!!

BUT THE MULTI-OBED KEEPER MERELY CHUCKLES AGAIN.

Meanwhile, BRUTUS' DREAMS, GLEAMING Icons OF THE FUTURE...

WHAT THE--???

K-KLANG!

...ARE RUDELY ASSAULTED BY A PRIMITIVE WEAPON OF THE PAST.

BRUTUS COME OUT NOW!

COME OUT AND GIVE ME A CHALLENGE!

THAT MUST BE MASQUERADE COMMANDER BRUTUS...!
THE WALKWAY VANISHES UNDER A PLATFORM OF STEEL.

OPPOSITE THE PLATFORM AWAITS ANOTHER RAILCAR...

WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP...

SEEMS TO ME I'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS EXPERIENCE BEFORE...

IT IS GOOD TO BE THROUGH THIS BEFORE...

NEVERTHELESS, THIS IS THE WAY OUT.

THE KEEPER OBEYS JASON'S ORDER, AND THE RAILCAR 'LUNCHES' INTO MOTION, AND TAKES DOWN THE TUNNEL...

WHOOOP WHOOP WHOOP...

AND THE THIRD MERELY CAUGHT IN THE PULL OF SUCTION...

HEV... WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD...?
MONKEY-DEMONS FLYING STRAIGHT TOWARD US...

WHAT ARE THOSE IDIOTS DOING? DON'T THEY KNOW THEY'LL CRASH INTO US? THEY'LL GET CRUSHED AGAINST THE FRONT OF THIS GO-WORM!

WHOOP WHOOP

A GOOD WORM ALWAYS GETS CRUSHED...

THEM THEY CANNOT HELP THEMSELVES—THEY ARE ATTRACTIONS BY THE LEARN.

NO, NOT IN THIS RAILCAR—IN MY BIOLOGICAL TISSUE IN MY FLESH...

ALL KEEPERS HAVE ALARM SYSTEMS IMPLANTED WITHIN THEIR ORGANISMS DESIGNED TO ACTIVATE SHOULD ANYTHING THREATEN US...

SUCH AS AN UNCONTROLLED SKY-CRAFT CRASHING INTO OUR LIVING QUARTERS.

AND OUR MONKEY-DEMONS MUST RESPOND TO AN ACTIVATED ALARM—WHETHER THEY WANT TO OR NOT.

WOK! WOK!

GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE THEIR JOB...

LOOKS LIKE THE LAST OF THEM JUST SPLATTERED...

DON'T SEE ANY MORE OF THEM UP THE TUNNEL...

OH, JASON, IT WAS HORRIBLE—THE POOR THINGS JUST—

WHAT THE—SOME OF THEM COMING FROM BEHIND...

TERRIFIC.

A WEAPON— I NEED A WEAPON!!

PERHAPS ONE OF THOSE BARS, ALEX...
Chaos explodes in the careening railcar.

Malagueña screams.

Jason whirs his machine-gun in a spurting arc.

Alex rips a support bar free, making of it a club.

“Jason—look out!!”

A good creation never says look out...

And Light-Smith blabbers on.

There he is, Warko...

Brutus bad!!

Brutus cheat. Maguanus want to kill Maguanus. He calls Lightsmith.

But Brutus kill everyone!!

Maguanus is wrong, of course...

But then, it figures.

Maguanus chiefpain of all assassians?

Maguanus not like being cheated of revenge!!

Maguanus make Brutus pay for cheating him!!

Look, you ignorant...

Oooooff!!

Hey...!

Hump!

Gumff!!...

I have a disgrace to every gorilla alive!!

Come down and fight!!

That does it!!

Stupid savage!!

You're a disgrace to every gorilla alive!!
And while Brutus rants and raves, punching and kicking, outside the doomed mountain... Mutant-drove bee-fails to explore the mountain, furtively...

Then walks straight up to the face of doom...

Hey! What makes you?

That sound—like thunder...

What was it?

AHRGG! URGG!

Doom!

Cataclysm!

And the terrible destruction of terrible dreams.

Nuclear Armageddon!

KA-WHOOOM!

Perhaps even the bizarre Psychedrome, lodged in the heart of the falling mountain, will be destroyed. But under all that rubble, it will be impossible to tell...

Cataclysm often buries its own dead.
But the hurtling railcar, it seems, has already passed out of the ruptured mountain, and now streaks through a shattered tunnel five miles away.

Stupid things just keep on comin’...

Brak ak ak ak

They seem to like getting killed!!

A good person likes everything that happens...

...which seems kind of dumb, considering the circumstances.

Right now, Brutus is looking upon the remnants of his beloved dream. He is understandably appalled...

Everything I needed—the means for killing every human in the world...

Crushed...destroyed...ruined...useless...

Maguanus doesn’t have the faintest idea as to what Brutus is blubbering about...

You again, you stupid barbarian dolt!!

Get off of me!!

Shoot the Qaf, Warko.

Yes, Commander Brutus...

I need some time to brood.

K-Ghow K-Ghow K-Ghow!

And in full view of the stunned and walking assassin war-party...

Maguanus is shot.

I can’t be bothered with you now!
SEVENTY MILES AWAY FROM THE HEAP OF RUBBLE WHICH WAS ONCE A MOUNTAIN, THE RIPPLING TREMORS AND SHOCK-WAVES OF NUCLEAR CATASTROPHE MAKE THEMSELVES FEEL...

JASON--THE TUNNEL--IT'S CAVING IN BEHIND US--!!

Yeah, I know, Malaguena... Just be glad it's not happening in front of us...

YOU ALL RIGHT, ALEX--?

I GUESS SO, JASE--AT LEAST WE'VE SAVED THE LAST OF THE MONKEY-DEMONS...

Good question, Alex--Maybe eyeballs knows the answer...

BUT... WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE...

All right, Keeper--What was that big noise all about?

Apparently, the stockpile of nuclear weapons has just been detonated.

I wonder if the Lumenark is still functioning...

PROBABLY NOT. Indeed, the entire Psychedrome has likely been destroyed and I suppose, through some warped system of logic...--I therefore owe you my existence.

NEVER MIND THAT--THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD...

LIGHT... ENLIGHTENMENT... ILLUMINATION... A GOOD PERSON ALWAYS LIGHTS UP.

WHAT IS THAT UP THERE, EYEBALLS?

The end of what--?

Yeah? And what's out there?

The tracks will run out shortly...

CRYSTALLIZED MOUSURITE.
A small, slight figure exits through those gates... A young orphan, gout with wide eyes and a damp forehead.

...lying so still on that cold pallet...

...and his steps quicken, along with his heart.

The city grows smaller at his back...

...and the ground at his feet becomes more dry and barren.

He is alone, and his heart is frightened.

But he is desperate, and he is determined.

He loves the lawyer, and fears for the lawyer's life.

He is thirteen years old, and his name is Thaddeus.

Of all the citizens in the city, only thirty-nine apes and four humans know it...

Of that total number, forty-one (including all four humans) couldn't care less—and none would ever dream of venturing into the forbidden zone.

Thaddeus penetrates ever deeper into the dreaded zone. What he will find is anyone's guess—but he could be the lawyer's last hope for life...

On the other hand, sadly he could be headed toward his own death.
Brutus has brooded long enough to come up with the following conclusion:

JASON--IT HAD TO BE THAT HUMAN WHELP JASON! I KNEW IT! WHO ELSE COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS--??!

I DON'T KNOW NOW HE DID IT--BUT HE'LL PAY FOR IT!!

GO GET THE OTHERS--WARK!--WE'RE GONNA FIND JASON IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!!

AND I'M GONNA KILL HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!!

YES, COMMANDER BRUTUS!!

IT IS NOT EASY TO ACCEPT THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE'S DREAMS.

The tracks have run out. The railcar has halted...

ALL THIS WHITE STUFF--WHAT IN THE WORLD IS IT--??!

CRYSTALLIZED MOISTURE.

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SNOW SINCE MAMA LEEN AND SARABAND LED US OUT OF THE OLD LAND ACROSS THE SEEN. IT'S BEAUTIFUL--!!

IT'S COLD.

WEIRD STUFF STICKS TOGETHER...

SNOW--IT'S SNOW, JASON!

I’M FREEEEE--WE'RE FREE!!

FREE AT LAST, ALEX!! HAHAAHAHA

WE'RE FREE, ALL RIGHT... AND COLD...

AND LAST.

YOMP! WEIRD STUFF BREAKS APART, TOO...

But Alex and Malasueva continue to laugh... as the many-eyed keeper says nothing... seeing everything...
APE OUT-TAKES!

We hope you'll accept our sincerest apologies for the absence of some of our regular features this issue. The first chapter of BATTLE managed to squeeze out the articles and, due to a number of unavoidable circumstances, there is no APE-VINE this time either. We promise to return with these next issue, and, for those who asked, we are planning to return to a permanent two-page letters page in the near future.

Next issue will not only feature the beginning of an all-new Jason and Alexander epic, but will introduce a new artist to the series (new to the series, but hardly new to comics). Tom Sutton, who did such a fantastic job with the Psychedrome saga, has decided to spend more time with the Future History Chronicles, which have become a labor of love with Doug and Tom—and apparently most of the readers as well. For now we're going to save the name of Tom's successor as a surprise!

In the meantime, enjoy these photos—photos we'd be hard pressed to put with any article, but which your batty bullpen thought you'd enjoy!
NORTH AMERICA 2670 A.D.

IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED ALL THAT LIVES.

HIS HAND MOVED THE WATERS OF THE SEAS.

HIS BREATH STIRRED THE DUST OF THE FIELDS.

HE MADE CREATURES TO DIG IN THE EARTH, TO SWIM BELOW THE WATERS, TO WING THROUGH THE BROAD SKIES.

HE MADE WORLDS TO PUT THEM IN.

HE MADE MAN.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!

Story: Doug Moench  Art: Vicente Alcazar & Sonny Trinidad
AND IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME, MAN MADE GREAT CITIES AND Ruled ALL THINGS.

EVEN THE BOUNDS OF TIME AND SPACE GAVE WAY BEFORE HIM.

AND FROM THAT PAST, ONE CALLED TAYLOR TRAVELLED FAR INTO THE FUTURE, EVEN BEYOND THESE PRESENT DAYS, TO A WORLD IN WHICH...

"THE GREAT APES HELD DOMINION.

THOUGH HAVING THEMSELVES BEEN SLAVES, THEY KNEW NO MORE THAN TO MAKE OTHERS SLAVES..."

AND IN THAT FUTURE, THE MADNESS OF APES AND MEN BROUGHT ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

CORNELIUS AND ZIRA THEY WERE, BEST AND WISEST OF THE APES, WHO TRAVELLED BACKWARD IN TIME TO GIVE WARNING OF THE DOOM WHICH AWAITED.

FROM THAT DOOMED FUTURE TWO ONLY DID ESCAPE...

BUT THEY WERE KILLED BY HUMANS IN THE PAST... EVEN AS APES WOULD KILL HUMANS IN THE FUTURE.
STILL, THEIR CHILD WAS SHARED—CEASAR BY NAME...

"...AND HE TO WHOM WE OWE THE FREEDOM OF ALL APES...

"AS HE LED APES TO REVOLT, ALL THINGS HUMAN WERE ALREADY REACHING THEIR APPOINTED END.

"...AND THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH CLASHED IN THE FINAL WAR...

"...BRINGING THAT GREAT CIVILIZATION DOWN TO DUST.

"ONLY A REMNANT OF APES AND HUMANS SURVIVED UNHARMED, LED BY CEASAR FROM THE RUINED CITY INTO THE WILDERNESS...

"...THERE TO FOUND THE CITY OF THE APES.

THE HISTORY OF THOSE EARLY DAYS UP TO THE PRESENT TIME IN WHICH WE LIVE IS A COMPLEX AND TROUBLING STORY..."
THIS, THEN, SHALL BE A NARRATIVE OF THAT HISTORY...

...A TELLING OF THAT STORY...

HIS NAME IS ALDO. COULD HE BUT PERCEIVE THAT THE NAME IS A SYMBOL OF HIS FORMER SUBJUGATION BY HUMAN MASTERS, DOUBTLESS HE WOULD CHANGE IT. BUT SUCH THINGS DO NOT CONCERN HIM.

FOR, TO HIM, IT IS MERELY GOOD TO BE A GORILLA...

...GOOD TO BE FREE TO RANGE THE CONTRASTING COUNTRYSIDE FAR AND WIDE, FEELING THE STRONG PULL OF HIS MOUNT, MASTER OF HIS OWN COURSE.

PART I: THE WEAPONS SHOP OF PARADISE!
BUT HOWEVER GRATIFYING HE MAY FIND HIS SOLITARY PURSUITS, ALDO KNOWS THAT SATISFACTION MAY ALSO BE FOUND IN THE COMPANY OF OTHERS...

...OTHERS OF HIS OWN KIND WHO SHARE HIS PRESENT VIEW OF THE WORLD...

...WHO RESPECT HIM AS A LEADER OF GREAT STRENGTH...

...AND AS THEIR UNQUESTIONED SUPERIOR.

YES, THERE IS SATISFACTION HERE AMONG HIS OWN KIND. IT IS A FEELING HE WOULD LIKE TO PROLONG...

BUT AS MUCH AS HE IS LOATH TO ADMIT IT, ALDO MUST RIDE ON...

STILL, AS HE REACHES A FAMILIAR POINT ON THE RIDGE, HE FINDS TIME TO PAUSE AND REFLECT FOR A MOMENT...

...TIME TO CONTEMPLATE THE TWO CONTRASTING VISTAS SEPARATED BY THE RIDGE, AND BY HIMSELF...

...TO WHERE A FAR DIFFERENT PURSUIT AWAIT HIM.
ON THE ONE SIDE, HE GAZES WITH CURIOUS LONGING OVER A VAST PANORAMA OF BLANK DESSERT AND DESOLATE ROCK... AN EERIE, RAW PLAIN OF NATURE LAID BARE...

THE ANSWERS MAY ONLY BE GUESSED, ENHANCED FAR BEYOND THEIR REALITY BY THE WANDERLUST OF IMAGINATION...

BREATHING A SIGH OF RAPSY SORTS, ALDO TURNS UPON HIS HEEL NOW TO SURVEY THE VIEW ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE... A LUSH VALLEY DAPPLED IN GREENS AND BROWNS WHERE TREES AND FLOWERS JOIN IN UNION WITH A... CITY...

A CITY SEEMINGLY CARVED FROM THE WONDERS OF PEACE AND PARADISE.

BUT TO ALDO, THE SCENE HOLDS TOO MUCH SERENITY, TOO MUCH PEACE AND COMPLACENCY...

HE SNEERS, AND THEN GRUNTS... SEEMINGLY PUSHED TO RELENTLESSNESS BY THE SIGHT OF SO MUCH CLOUTED BEAUTY AND SO LITTLE CHALLENGE...

WHAT MYSTERIES LIE HIDDEN THERE? WHAT SECRETS AND DANGERS LURK BEYOND THAT VAST AND STARK HORIZON? AMONG WHAT ADVENTURES AWAITS HE WHO BRAVES SUCH TERRAIN?...

THEN, WITH A TOO-FORCEFUL KICK TO HIS MOUNT'S FLANKS, HE RIDES DOWNWARD... INTO THE TABLEAU WHICH INSPIRES SO MUCH CONTEMPT WITHIN HIS FIERCE BREAST...

...DOWNWARD, ON THE WRONG SIDE TO THE HATED CITY WHICH IS HIS HOME...

...AND WHICH IS ALSO HOME TO OTHERS NOT OF HIS OWN KIND.

COME ON-- HARDER... PUT OUR BAGS INTO IT...!

WE ARE-- BUT WE'RE STILL NOT READY TO LIFT THIS WAGON WITHOUT SOME HELP...!
SMALL WONDER THAT ONE SUCH AS ALDO SHOULD RESIST THE CITY SHOULDN'T BE ANNOYED BY ITS TRIVIAL PROBLEMS...

...WHEN EVERYONE KNOWS THEY ARE MERELY WEAKLINGS TO BE SCORNED AND DESPISED.

NOW.

BY THE HAIRLESS CREATURES WHICH INHABIT IT, MASQUERADE AS NEAR EQUALS TO ALDO AND HIS KIND.

THANKS, ALDO. WE COULDN'T LIFT THIS WAGON TO SAVE OUR LIVES.

ALDO... STRONG.

BUT MAN IS WEAK--WEAK!

WELL, MAN IS SMART...

GOOD THING YOU CAME ALONG--YOU'RE PRETTY STRONG.

HAAH!

THEN BE SMART...

MACDONALD, I'M GETTING AWFUL SICK OF THAT BIG APE...

BUT DO WHAT WE SAY--!

I KNOW, JAKE. A LOT OF US ARE. I'LL SPEAK TO CAESAR ABOUT HIM.
THE INCIDENT HAS INCREASED ALDO'S RESTLESSNESS. INDEED, IT HAS INDUCED A STATE OF HELPLESS ANGER...

ANGER WHICH IS NOW CHANNELED IN THE ONLY POSSIBLE DIRECTION...

RECKLESS, FURIOUS SPEED.

LOOK OUT -- MOVE--!!

UNNFFF--!!

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO GET IN AN APE'S WAY.

ALDO REACHES HIS UNWANTED DESTINATION. KNOWING THAT THE SPEED MUST COME TO A HALT...

HE ALMOST KILLED ME! I DIDN'T DO A THING AND ALMOST KILLED ME!

SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

"BUT THAT HIS ANGER WILL CONTINUE TO BUILD SUPPRESSED ONLY WITH A SUPREME EFFORT OF WILL."
Why must he come to this place every day? Why is so much importance placed on the meaningless ritual?

What is the value of this routine—of learning to become—

Smart...

You're late again, General Aldo.

But as usual, Aldo ignores the instruction, and seats himself along with others of his own kind. Significantly, the teacher does not object...

Now shall we resume our lesson, Cornelius. Repeat after me: Ape shall never kill—APE.

All right, you gorillas.

Please take your place in the class.

Ape must be quiet and pay attention. You know, Caesar's orders—you are to learn to talk and read and write.

Excuse me, Cornelius, we cannot proceed until we have the attention of the entire class.

Aldo knows that the mention of Caesar's name will quiet his fellow gorillas and force him to follow their example. It does not please him...
AS USUAL, THE YOUNG ONES BURST INTO LAUGHTER... AND ALDO'S ANGER BUILDS TO A NEAR RAGE...

QUIET, CORNELIUS.
QUIET, CLASS!

HA HA HA

JUST THINK-- IF MY DADDY WERE A GORILLA, WE'D ALL BE LEARNING RIDING INSTEAD OF WRITING.

NOW LET'S GET BACK TO WORK, WE HAVE A LOT TO COVER TODAY.

TAKE OUT YOUR PENCILS AND WRITE THE GREAT RULE: APE SHALL NEVER KILL APE.

SOME OF THE PUPILS SEEM QUITE ADEPT IN THE ASSIGNMENT...

AS DO MOST OF THE ORANGUTAN STUDENTS...

BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE SOMEWHAT LACKING IN APITUDE...

CORNELIUS, ESPECIALLY, EXHIBITS A FACILE SKILL IN PENMANSHIP...

...AS WELL AS BASIC SKILL.
IT ENRAGES HIM.

NO! NO WRITE--!!

ALDO -- NOW THAT'S ENOUGH TEMPER. VIOLENCE DOESN'T SOLVE EVERYTHING YOU KNOW. SO JUST SETTLE DOWN.

AND NOW ENFORCED BY THE GROWING DIN OF MASS DEFiance, ALDO RISES... HIS ANGER NO LONGER SUPPRESSED...

YOU NOT SPEAK!

ALDO SPEAK--!

I SAID BE QUIET, YOU GORILLAS...!

DO I HAVE TO SPEAK TO CEASAR ABOUT YOU--?

THIS TIME, THE EXHORTATION OF CEASAR'S NAME INDUCES ANYTHING BUT SULLEN SILENCE...

YOU LISTEN--!!
UNABLE TO BACK AWAY ANY FURTHER, THE FRIGHTENED TEACHER FORGETS HIMSELF... AND BLURTS OUT THREE SIMPLE WORDS...

THE REACTION IS ABRUPT... SILENCE... INSTANTANEOUS...

EVEN YOUNG CORNELIUS IS ASHAST.

But it is his classmate Virgil who breaks the awful silence...

YOU... DID WHAT IS... FORBIDDEN...

I... I'M SORRY...! I... REGRET... I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

And once broken, Aldo destroys it.

ROARR

AND ONCE BROKEN ALDO DESTROYS IT.

NOOO...!!

HELP...!!

HELP MEEE!!!
Aldo has hoped for a moment such as this—waited for it.

He has long hated this hairless, spindly teacher—wished he could crush the life from his bony body with his pounding fists...

And now that the teacher has given him justified cause to do so...

Ufffff!

...there is no power in the world which can force him to—

Stop!

I said stop, Aldo!

No—not now—of all times, why now—?
But him bad! Him do bad thing!

Bad...?

Well, Virgil...? You tell me what caused this!

Well... Teacher used the old words... like a master in the old days!

He said, no, Aldo, no...

The old ways are forbidden!

I... I know that Caesar! Please forgive me.

I... I didn't mean to forget... but...

All right! Let it be forgotten!

All of you go back to class now!

No, the teacher deserves to feel Aldo's beating fists... deserves to die, but Caesar is... Caesar.

But if no one may defy Caesar... then it must also be proved that no one may completely dominate Aldo...

No more school today for us...

That Aldo is a troublemaker. Caesar! I've been meaning to speak to you about him...

Gorillas are simple, MacDonald... and must be treated the same way...
They enjoy playing soldier, but... don't underestimate Aldo! He has a great contempt and hatred for humans...

He hasn't forgotten the old days yet!

I think he'd like to bring them back!

Oh?

Yes—but this time with the roles reversed!

No, MacDonald... we have to go forward, not back!

But what path will you follow, Caesar?... Have you given thought to where Aldo could lead you if he's given the chance?

Eeeeee!!

Look out, Caesar—!!

Perhaps you're right, MacDonald... I think Aldo may be riding for a fall!
LIKE THIS, CORNELIUS...

BANG! BANG!
I GOT YOU!!

AGHH--!

CORNELIUS--!!

CORNELIUS--!!

CORNELIUS: ARE YOU HURT?!
NO, MAAM! I'M JUST DEAD!

DEAD...?

WE WERE PLAYING GORILLA!

PLAYING WHAT?

WELL... WE WERE PLAYING WAR!

CORNELIUS, HASN'T YOUR FATHER EXPLAINED TO YOU WHERE PLAYING WAR LEADS...?

YES, MAAM...

AND HASN'T HE FORBIDDEN YOU TO PLAY WITH GUNS OR TO MAKE A GAME OF KILLING?!

YES, MAAM...

THEN YOU'LL STOP IT AT ONCE! WON'T YOU?

GOOO! JUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T FORGET... AGAIN!

NOW COME ALONG! YOUR FATHER WILL BE HOME FOR DINNER SOON!

YES, MAAM!

YOUR FRIEND ARMANDO--DIDN'T HE TELL YOU WHAT'S KNOWN OF THE FUTURE YOUR PARENTS CAME FROM?
HE TOLD ME VERY LITTLE! I THINK HE WANTED TO PROTECT ME...

THE BEST PROTECTION IS KNOWLEDGE--AND THERE'S A LOT YOU SHOULD KNOW...

AH! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, LISA...

I COULD EAT A HORSE!

A HORSE...?!

YES, YOU REMEMBER, LISA--THEY USED TO EAT ALL SORTS OF THINGS: DEAD CATTLE... DEAD CHICKENS... PIGS... FISH...

I'VE TRIED TO FORGET, BUT HORSES... WHERE DID YOU DRAW THE LINE?

WHEREVER OUR PALATES LED US AND SOMETIMES BEYOND THAT LINE JUST FOR THE ADVENTURE OF IT...

BUT NOW...

WELL, NOW WE LIVE... AND EAT... LIKE THE GENTLE APES, OUR MASTERS?

WE'RE NOT YOUR MASTERS!

MAYBE YOU DON'T THINK SO!

BUT WE'RE NOT YOUR EQUALS!

I CAN'T DENY THAT, MACDONALD! PERHAPS ONE DAY...

CAESAR, HUMAN HISTORY SHOES...

HUMAN HISTORY-- NOT ARE HISTORY!
YOU EXPECT APE HISTORY TO BE ANY DIFFERENT?

YES -- IT WILL BE DIFFERENT! YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE BUILT HERE WHILE MANKIND WAS BUSY DESTRUCTION, APES SURVIVED AND PROSPERO!

NOW WE LIVE IN A PARADISE-- NO COPS... NO HUNGER...

HUMANS BEGAN SLAVERY--!

AND APES WILL END IT!

THAT, AND EVERYTHING ELSE!

BAM!

EVERYTHING?...

THE WORLD ITSELF, AND EVERYTHING ON THE WORLD!

YOU SOUNDED LIKE A PROPHET... BUT I SUSPECT YOU'RE MORE LIKE A POOR SAILING POET OF FANTASY!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME IF YOUR PARENTS -- CORNELIUS AND ZIRA -- WERE TO TELL YOU SO?!

MY PARENTS...?

BUT HOW COULD THEY...?

IN THE CITY, IN THE ARCHIVES, NEAR THE OLD COMMAND POST. I KNOW THERE ARE TAPES -- TAPES OF ZIRA AND CORNELIUS BEING EXAMINED BY THE GOVERNMENTAL OFFICIALS!

I VIEWED THEM, MYSELF MORE THAN ONCE-- WHEN I WAS GOVERNOR BREC'S ASSISTANT!

BUT THE CITY IS DESTROYED -- INCINERATED! THE WAR LEFT NOTHING...
It didn't destroy the command post! That whole area was designed to withstand the impact of a ten-megaton direct-overblast! Then the tapes... are still down there! Somewhere!

I never liked rabbit before!

Yes--and whoever heard of bootleg rabbit, anyhow?

Enjoy it! We have to keep up our folk ways!

So you're really going into the city then...?

Yes! We have to! Caesar's brilliant--but what he doesn't know can get us all killed!

If you ask me, it's those damned gorillas who will be the end of us!
YOU'D BETTER TAKE A GEIGER COUNTER! THE RADIATION MUST BE FIERCE! GOD KNOWS WHAT THEY USED IN THOSE BOMBS!

WHATEVER IT WAS... WAS CERTAINLY EFFECTIVE!

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT-- IF THE CLOUD COVER IS LOW-- YOU CAN SEE THE CITY'S REFLECTION, PULSING... SHIMMERING... AS IF IT WERE BURNING...

BE CAREFUL, BRUCE! IT'S HELL IN THERE-- EVEN WITHOUT THE RADIATION...

AND WHAT'S THE USE? YOU CAN'T MAKE AN APE UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!

I USED TO HEAR THAT SAME THING... ONLY NOT ABOUT APES!

BUT CAESAR CAN UNDERSTAND ANYTHING-- ANYTHING HE'S TAKEN PART IN! IT'S JUST THAT OUR PAST ISN'T THIS!

WHAT CAN HE DO, THOUGH... ABOUT THE GORILLAS?

I DON'T KNOW. WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT WE'RE ON A SET OF RAKS, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF WHATEVER'S LEFT...

DO YOU THINK...?

UNLESS CAESAR CAN BEGIN TO TURN THINGS AROUND!

YES! WHEN HE HEARS HIS MOTHER AND FATHER TELL WHERE THIS ENIGMA IS HEADED, HE'LL ACT THE WAY HE MAY FEEL LIKE AN APE... BUT HE THINKS LIKE A MAN!

AND I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM KNOWLEDGE MAN'S KNOWLEDGE...
NO--- THAT'S WRONG! MY FATHER AND MOTHER CAME FROM SOME FUTURE! MACDONALD SAYS IT WAS A TERRIBLE FUTURE...

CAESAR, WE CAME HERE FOR PEACE AND SAFETY! WE FOUND BOTH!

LET IT BE... PLEASE LET IT BE, DEAREST...

I CAN'T, LISA--- NOT WHEN THAT PEACE AND SAFETY MIGHT BE THREATENED!

I MUST GO!

THEN GOODBYE, CAESAR...

...GOODBYE!

Tok Tok Tok

---

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WHO ARE YOU?
I AM CAESAR
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I COME FOR WEAPONS!
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THEM?

ONLY WHAT IS LAWFUL...
...AND SWEAR TO KEEP THE GREAT COMMANDMENT?
YES, SO LONG AS I LIVE...
APE SHALL NEVER KILL APE!

FOR NINE YEARS I HAVE DREADED THIS MOMENT, CAESAR!
I HATE TO SEE YOU COME...
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE UNGODLY HOUR, MANPEHUS...

THE HOUR MATTERS LITTLE! OLD APES DO NOT SLEEP VERY MUCH, YOU KNOW...
IT'S JUST THAT I'D HOPE NEVER TO BE ASKED TO DO MY DUTY...
NEVER TO PASS ANY OF THESE INFERNAL THINGS OUT!

BUT IF I MUST. WHAT IS IT YOU WILL HAVE, CAESAR? RIFLES? PISTOLS? GRENADES?

GOD KNOWS WHY WE BROUGHT ALL THIS FROM THE CITY. IT CERTAINLY DID THE HUMANS PRECIOUS LITTLE GOOD...

WE NEED AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. MANDEMUS—SUBMACHINE GUNS!

I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT WOULD BE THE WORST! WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY NOT GOING BIRD HUNTING...

IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT...

NOW... WE HAVE TO GO INTO THE CITY!

I WON'T ASK ANY MORE, CAESAR! I DON'T WANT TO KNOW! BESIDES, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR US.... BUT YOU KNOW... I WAS BORN IN THAT CITY... SUCH A LONG TIME AGO. I WONDER... WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE... NOW?

DEAD...

...VERY, VERY DEAD...

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