

Featuring **THE BLACK TERROR**, *Nemesis of Crime*

EXCITING COMICS

10¢

NUMBER 10



THE BLACK TERROR

JUNE



GM

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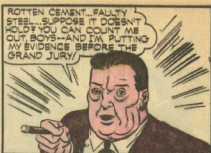
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THE WAY THAT WINDOW-SILL COLLAPSED...
IF THAT'S AN EXAMPLE OF THE MATERIALS
THAT GANG'S USING ON CITY CONSTRUCTION,
THEY'RE ENDANGERING LIVES!
I'M GOING AFTER
THEM!



I WANT TO KNOW HOW THAT MOB OPERATES--
AND WHAT THAT **BIG JOB** WAS THEY SPOKE
ABOUT/ THEY WON'T SUSPECT
BOB BENTON AT COHALAN'S
CLUB--I'LL BE
BACK BY
TEN!

GEE...I
DON'T GET
TO GO NO-
WHERE!

Next
DAY!



SORRY ABOUT THE OTHER
DAY, MR. COHALAN--HERE'S
SOME MONEY I WANT TO
CONTRIBUTE TO THE
CLUB...

NOW YOU'RE
TALKIN'...WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF
YOU/ MIND LEAVIN'
THROUGH THAT PRIVATE
EXIT THERE?



BOB LEAVES--BUT EAVESDROPS!

ONE OF THE CONTRACTORS
IS COMIN' TO MY COUNTRY
PLACE TOMORROW TO PAY
OFF/ WE'LL DISCUSS THE
WHOLE SETUP THERE!

YES...AND
I'LL BE ON
HAND!



HEY...
LOOK!

SPYIN', EH?
BETTER GO
AROUND THE
OTHER WAY AND
TELL THE
BOSS!



THERE'S A GUY
LISTENIN' AT THE
DOOR!

GET BACK TO THE
STAIRS...WE'LL
CATCH HIM BETWEEN
US!

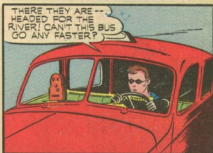


COME IN,
SNOOPER!

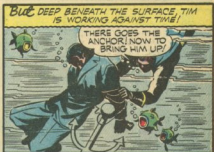
HUH?





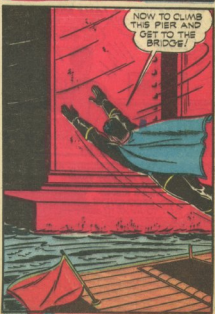
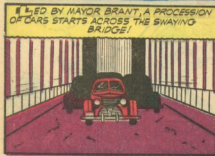


CRASHING TIM, THE GANGSTERS ARE MOWED DOWN LIKE TENPINS!



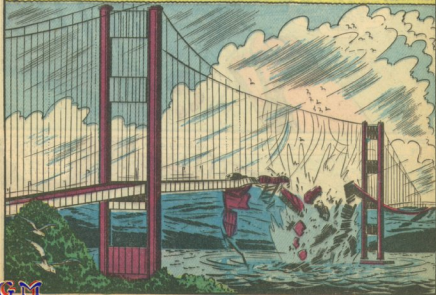








AT THAT MOMENT--A TREMENDOUS BLAST OF WIND HITS--AND SNAPS THE HUGE BRIDGE IN TWO!



RACING ONTO THE BRIDGE THE BLACK TERROR MAKES A TERRIFIC LEAP!

WOW! I CAN'T
AFFORD TO
MISS NOW!

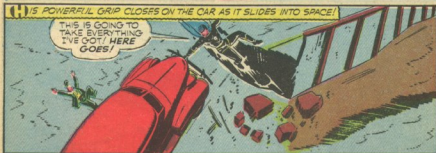


THE MAYOR'S CAR--
AND JEAN'S IN IT!
I'VE GOT TO
SAVE HER!



HIS POWERFUL GRIP CLOSES ON THE CAR AS IT SLIDES INTO SPACE!

THIS IS GOING TO
TAKE EVERYTHING
I'VE GOT! HERE
GOES!



A MIGHTY HEAVE RETURNS THE CAR TO THE WEAVING SPAN!

THAT
DOES
IT!

HURRY! THE
REST MAY GIVE
WAY ANY
MINUTE!





THERE--THERE
GOES THE
CAR!

SO IT'S YOU
BLACK TERROR!
YOU'VE SAVED
OUR LIVES!

NOT YET! COME ON--
WHILE THERE'S
STILL SOMETHING
TO HANG ONTO!



INCH BY INCH, THEY WIN THEIR WAY ACROSS THE WIND-TOSSED WRECKAGE!

I WAS WONDERING
IF I'D EVER SEE
YOU AGAIN--AND
HOPING!

YOU'RE NOT SO HARD
TO LOOK AT
YOURSELF!



WON'T YOU TELL US
WHO YOU ARE --
SO I CAN THANK
YOU PROPERLY?

NEVER MIND THAT! IF
YOU WANT THE MEN
RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS
DISASTER, YOU'LL FIND
THEM AT BOSS COHALAN'S
COUNTRY ESTATE!

Safe!



LATER--
YOU'RE SO
EXCITED JEAN!
DID SOMETHING
HAPPEN?

THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU...
MOPING HERE WHILE BIG
THINGS GO ON! I'VE MET
THE **BLACK TERROR** AGAIN--
AND HE **SAVED MY LIFE!**



HE'S THE SORT OF
MAN I'VE DREAMED
ABOUT! OH, BOB...IF
YOU WERE ONLY LIKE
HIM!

ME? NOT A
CHANCE!



WHEN JEAN LEAVES--
SOME DAY THAT DAME'S
GONNA GET A
REAL SUR-
PRISE!

MAYBE, TIM...WHO
KNOWS WHAT THE
BLACK TERROR
WILL DO NEXT?



THERE'LL
BE A BRAND
New

**BLACK
TERROR**

in the
NEXT
MONTH'S

EXCITING
COMICS!



AT RIO DE JANEIRO, WAITING TO TAKE OFF ON A SCHEDULED FLIGHT, LARRY CHATS WITH BETTY HARMON, STEWARD-ESS ABOARD THE CLIPPER.



STRANGELY ENOUGH ONLY ONE PASSENGER ARRIVES FOR THE SCHEDULED FLIGHT.



WITH ITS LONE PASSENGER, THE GREAT PLANE HEADS NORTH OVER THE TRACKLESS BRAZILIAN JUNGLES.

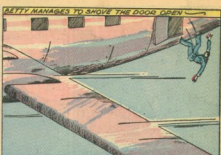


LATER -- AS BETTY STEPS OUT OF THE KITCHEN --



WARNED, LARRY WARDS OFF THE BLOW.





TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME. I'LL LOCK MYSELF IN THE KITCHEN WHERE HE CAN'T GET AT ME OR HIS PRECIOUS BRIEFCASE!



MEANWHILE, THE NAZI AGENT, BELIEVING HE HAS KILLED LARRY, STEERS THE PLANE OFF ITS COURSE, DEED INTO THE JUNGLE

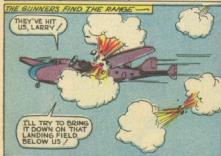
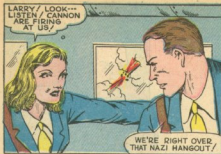


SETTING THE CONTROLS THE NAZI RETURNS FOR THE BRIEFCASE



LARRY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS





THEY ARE LED BEFORE THE COMMANDER

NAZI NERVE CENTERS
"HEIL HITLER"

HE IS REALLY THE PILOT /
I KNOCKED HIM OUT AND
STOLE HIS UNIFORM, BUT
HE HAD ALREADY DES-
TROYED MY PAPERS!

HE LIES -- THE ACCURSED
YANKEE / I AM VON
BULOW, SENT BY DER
FUHRER, HIMSELF!

LOCK UP ALL THREE OF THEM! I'LL RADIO BERLIN
FOR A DESCRIPTION OF THE MESSENGER AND
SOME MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION!

LARRY, BETTY AND THE NAZI ARE PLACED IN A CELL

I VON BULOW, RANK HIGH IN NAZI COUNCILS /
I WILL NOT FORGET YOUR SO CLEVER TRICK,
PIG OF AN AMERICAN! SOON THE RADIO FROM
BERLIN WILL IDENTIFY ME --- I WILL HAVE
YOU SHOT --- THE GIRL, TOO --- UNLESS SHE'S
NICE TO ME!

THAT MEANS
WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE ---
QUICKLY!

THANKS FOR TIPPING ME OFF, YOU TEN
CENT FUHRER / NOW DREAM ABOUT
THE VATERLAND!

THEY PLACE THE UNCONSCIOUS VON BULOW ON THE
BUNK AND LARRY CALLS THE GUARD

I HAVE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO PROVE MY IDENTITY.
TAKE ME TO THE COMMANDER AT ONCE. IF
YOU REFUSE I'LL HAVE YOU BROKEN AND
SENT BACK TO THE LABOR BATTALIONS!

THIS IS
MOST IRREGULAR
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
LOSE MY COMMAND!

THE GUARD UNLOCKS THE DOOR LARRY CHARGES OUT

O-O-OMPF!

A HOME-RUN ---
HANK GREENBERG
STYLE!

THEY BIND AND GAG THE NAZIS AND CHANGE INTO THEIR UNIFORMS



LARRY HASTENS TO THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE

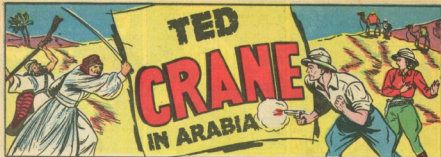


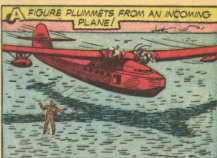
BUT THE GARRISON, AROUSED BY THE SHOTS, HEADS LARRY OFF BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE PLANE



AS BETTY LEVELS OFF AND LOOKS UP AGAIN SHE SEES A SIGNAL FOR LARRY









LATER...

THIS NOTE FROM
DR. BARTHOUX
WILL
EXPLAIN!

THERE ARE MORE
PASSENGERS THAN
I EXPECTED--

--BUT I'M READY TO
TAKE OFF! STEP IN!

HERE WE GO,
BETTY!

THE PLANE DRONES OVER AFRICA---

THEY'RE ASLEEP...I'LL
SEND WORD TO TROMPA
TO EXPECT QUESTS!

MEANWHILE...

THE DIGGING'S GOING
WELL, TROMPA...
BUT I NOTICED
IBRIM SPYING
AGAIN!

I'LL TEACH
THAT DOG!

YOU WERE
WARNED!

SIGNOR
TROMPA!

PIERO HAS TRICKED THREE
OF BARTHOUX'S FRIENDS
INTO FLYING HERE WITH
HIM!

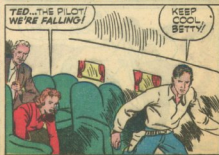
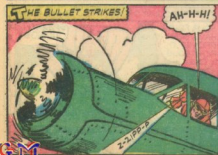
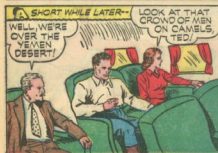
WE'LL BE
READY
WHEN THEY
LAND!

BY ALLAH! HE
SHALL PAY FOR
THOSE LASHES!

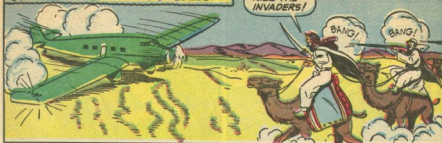
AT THE COURT OF IMAM HAMID EL-DIN, AT SANA

YOUR FEARS
HAVE BEEN
PROVED, O
RIGHTEOUS
ONE!

SPEAK! WHAT
TIDINGS?



TED PANCAKES THE PLANE SAFELY...BUT--





THE MASK

DISTRICT ATTORNEY TONY COLBY, BLINDED BY GANGDOM, HAS SECRETLY REGAINED HIS VISION. UNKNOWN TO ALL, HE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF THE MASK, SOURCE OF CRIME!

AT THE HOME OF CARTER DWIGHT, WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MAN--

SORRY THIS WAS YOUR OFF-NIGHT, PARKINGS!

THAT'S EIGHT GRAND YOU OWE US, PAL!

JUST TO SIMPLIFY THINGS--I'LL MAKE THE CHECK OUT TO DWIGHT!

AFTER PARKINGS LEAVES--

LET'S HAVE THE SHEKELS, DWIGHT!

SURE, WEEMS--AS SOON AS IT'S CASHED!

JUST PUT YOUR J.H. ON IT, CHUM... AND I'LL CASH IT!

IF YOU INSIST!

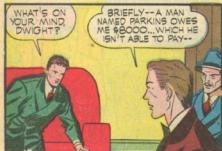
WHAT! PAYMENT STOPPED?

YEAH! BUT I'VE HANDLED WELCHERS BEFORE!

BETTER GO EASY! IF WE RUN AROUL OF TONY COLBY--

I'M BANKIN' ON THAT! AND YOU'RE FIXIN' THINGS WITH THE D.A.!

NEXT DAY...





THE SPHINX

POSING AS A WELL-TO-DO IDLER, ELLSWORTH FORRESTER STALKS CRIME AS THE SPHINX... DARING SECRET AGENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE!



ELLSWORTH FORRESTER MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AT HIS CLUB---

TURNED OUT A BEST-SELLER YET, DEXTER?

I'M WINDING UP MY NEW BOOK NOW, ELLSWORTH!



"WHO'S WHO IN MURDER," EH? SOUNDS LIKE DYNAMITE!

IT IS! BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT TELLS THINGS THE POLICE DON'T KNOW!



THE ROSCOE BRASER CO., FOR EXAMPLE! I'VE LEARNED IT'S JUST A FRONT FOR THE REEVES GANG!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE SCORED A BEAT!



I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON DEXTER! HE'LL BE SUNK IF REEVES KNOWS HE HAS THE FACTS!

CHECK R



MEANWHILE...IN THE VISITORS' ROOM OF AN UPSTATE PRISON...

I WOULDN'T TALK, SEE? SO THE WARDEN TAKES THIS WRITER GUY INTO THE NEXT CELL---

A WRITER, HUH? WHAT'S HIS NAME?

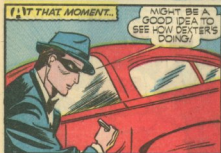


DEXTER! AND HE SURE GOT THE LOW-DOWN ABOUT REEVES FROM THAT RAT NEXT TO ME!

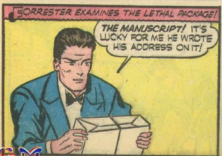
YEAH? WELL, IT AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU'LL EVER SEE IN PRINT!



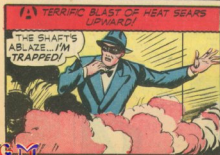
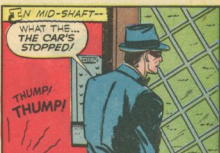
WHAT NIGHT...AT REEVES' HEADQUARTERS...

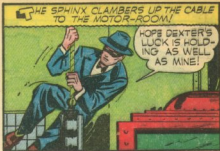












Jimmy Saves the Limited

A Jimmy Blue Story by SAM BRANT



THE clicking of the train's wheels rolling over the rails was music to Jimmy Blue's ears. It was his first long trip alone by train and he was quite excited about it all. He was going East to visit his friend Monty, who lived in New York. Jimmy had spent all of his life on the big Bar B Ranch out West, so this journey was quite an event to the thirteen-year-old boy.

It grew dark as the train tore on across the country, and Jimmy sat peering out the window at the lights flashing by. They were still traveling through wild Western country so the lights did not appear often. Suddenly the train came to a quick stop.

From outside there came the roar of guns, and the shouts of excited men.

"Holdup!" cried a trainman as he dashed through the car in which Jimmy was seated. "Don't try to fight them or you will be killed."

Jimmy had encountered badmen out on the range and he wasn't afraid of them, though he was too wise to give them a chance to hurt him if he could possibly help it.

He grabbed up the package that contained the real rawhide lariat that he was taking with him as a present for Monty and then slipped down

to the end of the car. In the excitement no one paid any attention to the little boy dressed in range clothes.

It was dark when Jimmy reached the end of the rear car and he climbed down the steps and ran across the tracks to the brush on the other side of the train.

The shooting had stopped so he was sure that the train robbers had convinced the



passengers and the train crew that it was dangerous to fight. Jimmy wanted to help some way but he couldn't decide just how. After all he was just one boy against a lot of armed bandits and he didn't even have a gun with him.

"That's it," said Jimmy to himself as he heard a horse whinny. "Their horses!"

HE went in the direction of the sound and discovered one man was guarding the ten horses that belonged to the train robbers. Jimmy unwrapped the lariat in the

package and shook out the rope. He flung the noose and it landed over the head of the man guarding the horses.

"Got him!" exclaimed Jimmy as he gave the rope a quick jerk and drew it tight around the man's neck.

The man fell as the rope tightened, and struck his head on the hard ground, being knocked unconscious. Jimmy quickly unfastened the reins of the horses, which had been tied to a long pole that the robbers had found near the track. He waved his hat and shouted and all the horses except one went galloping away.

Jimmy caught the single horse and swung into the saddle. He rode madly to the next station about a mile away along the tracks. Here he told of the holdup and the sheriff and a posse started out at once with Jimmy riding with them. They reached the train just as the robbers discovered their horses were gone and were trying to force the engineer to start the Limited and take them back into the mountains.

With guns roaring the posse captured the outlaws.

"Never would have caught them if it hadn't been for this boy," said the sheriff, pointing to Jimmy. "He told us how he frightened the horses away and rode to get us."

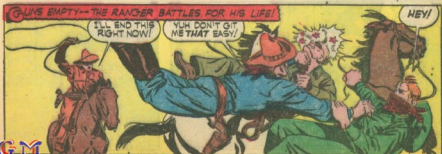
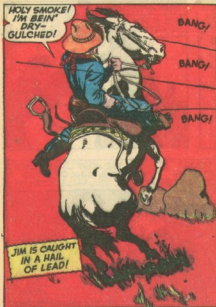
This Daring Range Lad Sure Can Swing a Lariat!







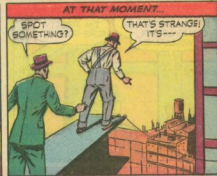


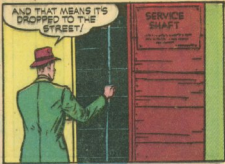


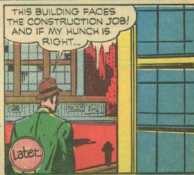


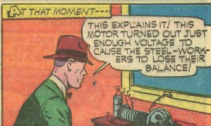
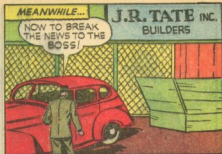














3. T TATE'S OFFICE ---



The Spirit Drum

A Jungle Adventure Story by KERRY McROBERTS



THE booming of the native drums was a sinister sound in the darkness of the African night. Bobbie Green listened tensely for he

knew that somewhere back there in the jungle two white men were being held prisoners by the savages. One of those men was big Tim Larkin, stationed at the army post two miles up the river.

"The drums sing of war, Bwana," said the little native boy who crouched beside Bobbie in the brush. "Looks bad for man that beats big drum."

"I know," said Bobbie. "I can tell there is something wrong. Little Simba. But we've got to save Tim Larkin and the man with him some way."

The natives had captured Larkin and Smith just as the two soldiers were unloading a big bass drum that had been shipped to the fort by river steamer and then carried through the jungle by native bearers. The bass drum was needed for the regimental band at the fort.

The natives had suddenly turned on the two white men and captured them while they were traveling through the brush. Bobbie and his little native friend, called Little Simba—which meant small

lion—had been playing in the jungle and had seen all that had happened.

They had followed the natives and their prisoners, planning to go back to the fort and tell what they had seen as soon as they learned where the savages had taken the two white men. But the trail had been a long one and night had descended before the two boys realized it.

NOW Bobbie and Simba were close to the place where the natives had camped. On the trail, they found the



packing case containing the big bass drum.

The boys unpacked the drum and brought it along with them—though neither one of them knew exactly why. It was just a nice big drum and they didn't want it to get lost in the jungle and destroyed there.

"Those natives not my tribe," said Little Simba. "They bad. Maybe we find some way to get evil spirits after them. Those men much afraid of spirits."

"Oh, they are," said Bobbie. "Then I've got an idea."

Later that night Bobbie Green bravely rolled the big bass drum right into the camp of the natives. He saw the two white men tied to trees—but he pretended not to notice them.

"What come boy here for?" asked a chief who could speak a little English as he saw Bobbie. "What bring big drum?"

"Drum spirit," said Bobbie. "Drum tell me come here. Say you let white men go free."

"Not believe," said the chief. "Drum not speak."

"The drum speaks with the wisdom of the great spirit of the river," said a voice in the native language—a voice that came from inside the drum. "I speak and you listen!"

"I—I listen, O Drum," said the chief, trembling with fright. "I hear and obey."

At the command of the drum the natives released the two white men. At Bobbie's suggestion Tim Larkin picked up the drum and the two men and the boy hastily departed. When they were safe on the way back to the fort—they stopped and took off one of the drum heads and there was Little Simba inside the drum. He had pretended to be the spirit voice and had frightened the natives so that they had released the prisoners.

"But it was your idea, Bwana," said Little Simba. "And I wish you had been inside drum—for it make me very sick to be rolled around like that so that I am upside down half of time."

A Brave Boy Outwits An African Native Chief!





AS THE TRIGGER IS PULLED--

HOLY
SMOKE!

BAM!



IT... JUST
SEEMED TO
GO UP... IN
MY HANDS!

HM... AN
EXPLOSION
LIKE THAT...
THERE'S
SOMETHING
FUNNY
GOING ON!

NONSENSE, KING!
IF THE MAN HAD
KEPT HIS GUN CLEAN,
IT NEVER WOULD
HAVE HAPPENED!



THAT EVENING, AS BILL HEARS THE ARSENAL--

WHAT THE--! THAT GUY'S
GOT NO BUSINESS HERE!
HEY, YOU!



TRYING FOR A
GETAWAY, EH?

OOF!



YOU'RE NO SOLDIER!
WHAT ARE YOU
UP TO?

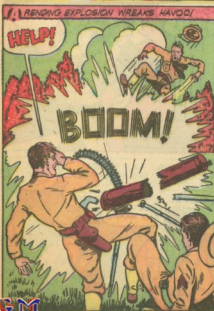
IT'S ALL RIGHT! I...
I'VE BEEN VISITING
THE COLONEL!



YOU CAN ASK
HIM! THERE HE
COMES NOW!

WHERE?







LATER-

IT'S AMAZING! I'VE JUST GOTTEN A REPORT THAT BULLETS CONTAINING HIGH EXPLOSIVE WERE PLACED IN THE ARSENAL! I WANT YOU TWO TO LOOK INTO IT!

I'LL SAY WE WILL!



I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST A PLAN! LOAD IN A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF AMMUNITION, AND LIEUTENANT DANBY AND I CAN STAND GUARD NIGHTS! A LARGE GUARD WOULD SCARE THOSE RATS OFF, BUT WE MAY TRAP 'EM THIS WAY!



THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! HERE'S A LAYOUT OF THE ARSENAL--KING AND I CAN COVER IT EASILY!

GO AHEAD, BOYS---AND LOTS OF LUCK!



THAT NIGHT---

EVERYTHING SET, LIEUTENANT?

JUST CALL ME 'LEFTY', BILL-- WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER! SUPPOSE WE PATROL SEPARATE SECTIONS!



NOW'S MY CHANCE!

NOTHING EXCITING SO FAR!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, HERO?

WHAM!

OH-HH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

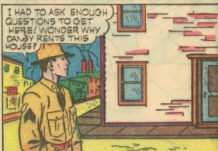
AM I GLAD I CAME ALONG! THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!

WHAT HAPPENED?



THERE WERE FOUR OF 'EM! I FOUGHT 'EM OFF BAREHANDED... COULDN'T USE MY GUN ON ACCOUNT OF THE AMMUNITION! THEY ESCAPED BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANY HARM!

GOOD FOR YOU!



ALLYING...THE OFFICER DRIVES BILL BACK!

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE--I'LL MAKE THIS A DOUBLE-HEADER!

OOF!



BUT THE SERGEANT'S TERRIFIC POWER PREVAILS!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT IN YOU, YOU RAT! TAKE THAT!!

OW!



YOU'RE THE REAL LEFTY DANBY--I'LL BET MY LAST DOLLAR ON IT!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?



I KNOW YOU GOT THAT NICK-NAME BECAUSE YOU'RE LEFT-HANDED--AND WHEN I SAW THAT IMPOSTOR HOLDING A PENCIL IN HIS RIGHT HAND--

YOU'RE A GOOD DETECTIVE, SERGEANT!



THAT RAT'S KLAPPER OF THE NAZI INTELLIGENCE! HE KIDNAPPED ME WHEN I GOT HERE TO REPORT--AND KEPT ME ALIVE IN CASE HE MIGHT NEED MY SIGNATURE TO HELP HIS IMPERSONATION!

HE MUST HAVE FIGURED HIS WORK WAS THROUGH!



KLAPPER WAS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN ARMY MORALE! FINDING THAT TIME-BOMB CLINCHED MY CASE AGAINST HIM--THAT AND HIS NEAT APPEARANCE AFTER CLAIMING TO HAVE FOUGHT OFF FOUR MEN IN THE ARSENAL!

GREAT WORK, KING!



Watch FOR Sergeant **BILL KING'S** EXPLOITS

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

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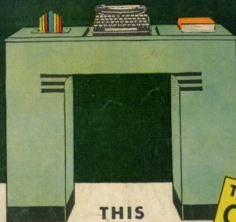
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