

Here They Are!

THE THRILLING GROUP

of magazines
for every taste and
for every member of
the family—

the best novels and stories being written today by America's most

popular authors—

ASK FOR THEM at your newsstand—low in price, high in quality!

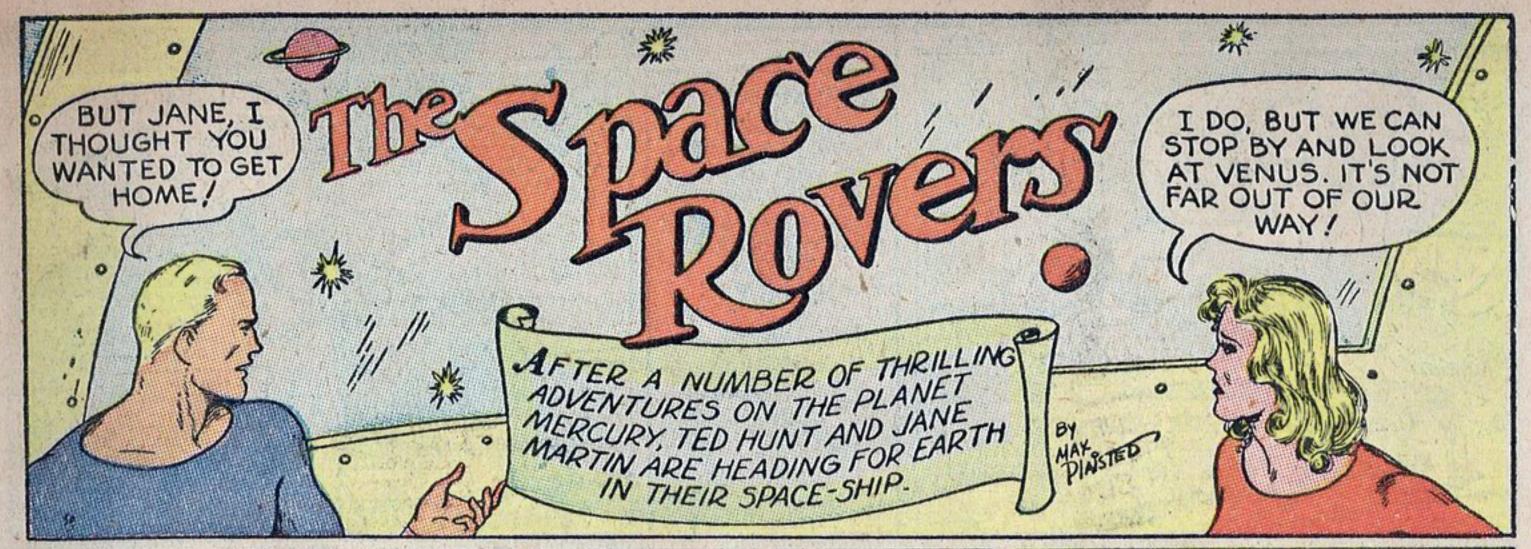
You can't go wrong when you read



The Thrilling Magazines

EACH ONE THE BEST OF ITS KIND!

EXCITING COMICS. Published monthly and copyright, 1940, by Better Publications, Inc., 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Yearly subscription, \$1.20; single copies, \$.10; foreign and Canadian postage extra. Entered as second class matter February 9th, 1940, at the post office at New York, N. Y. Names of all characters used in cartoons, stories and articles are fletitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Vol. 1, No. 3. JUNE 1940. PRINTLD IN THE U. S. A.

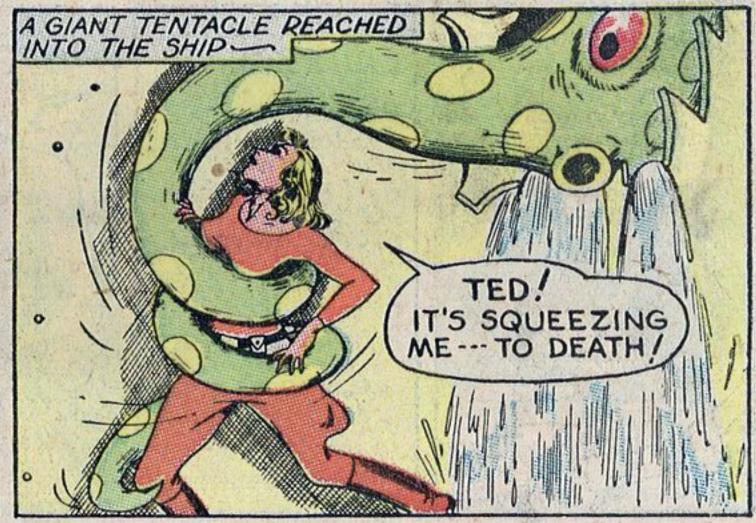






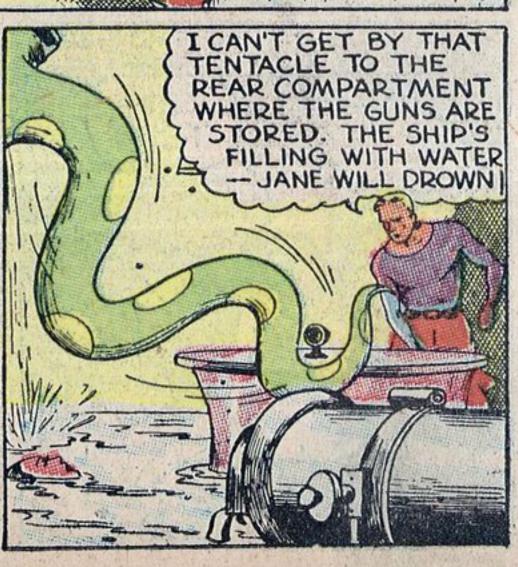


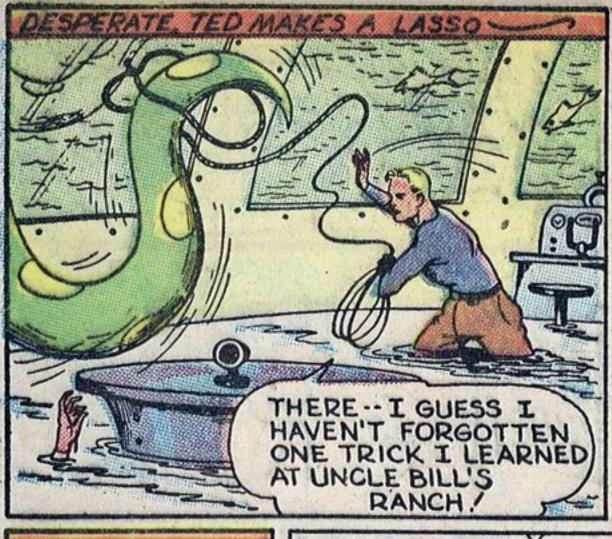


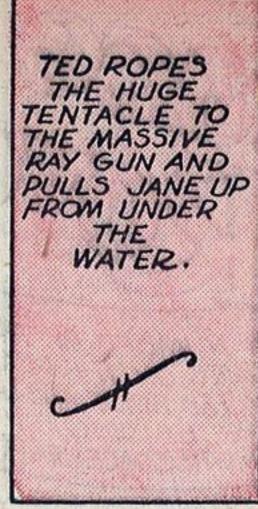


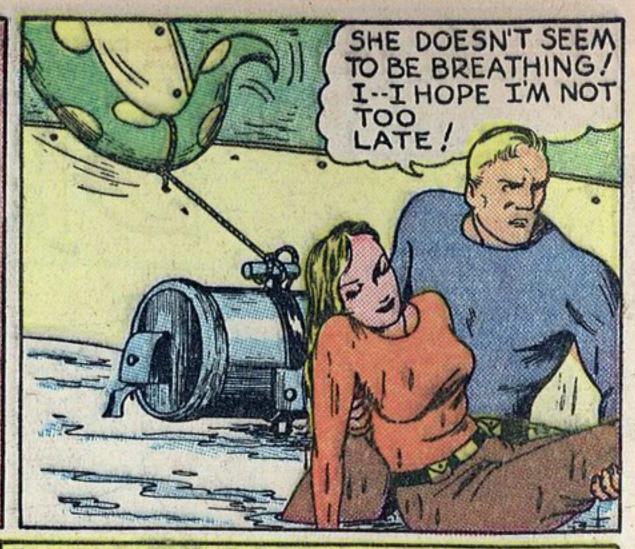






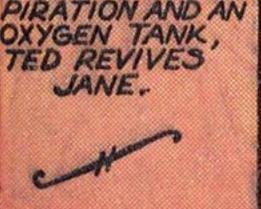






CARRYING JANE INTO THE REAR COMPARTMENT. TED SLAMS SHUT THE WATER-TIGHT DOOR -

THERE, BY MEANS OF ARTIFICAL RES-PIRATION AND AN OXYGEN TANK, TED REVIVES JANE .



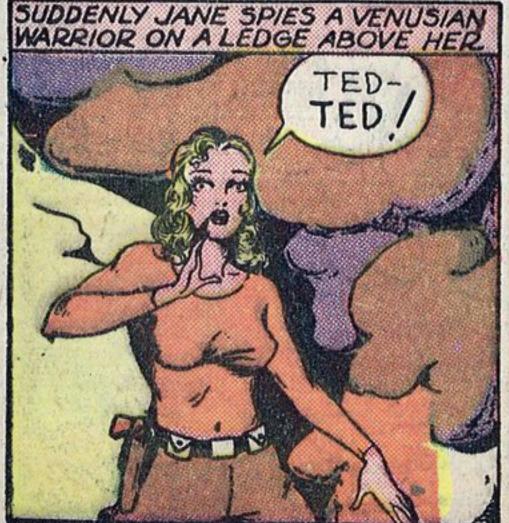


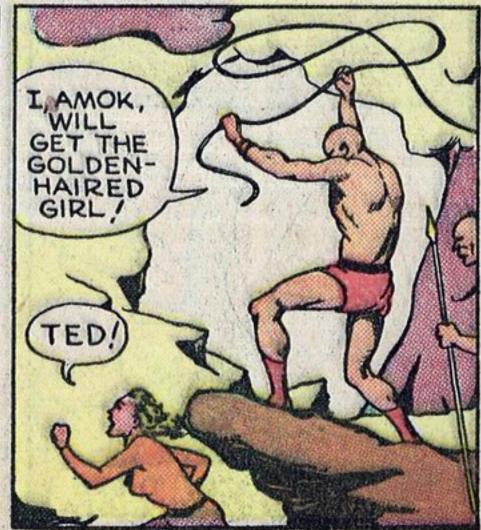


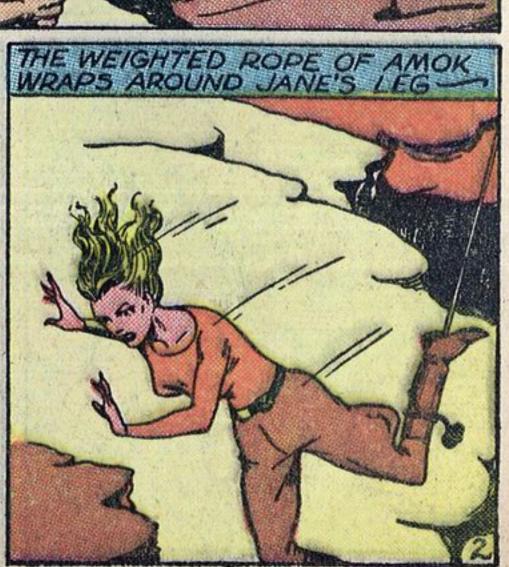


WITH A BLOW-TORCH TED BURNS OFF THE JAGGED EDGES AND THEN WELDS A NEW PLATE OVER THE GAPING HOLE

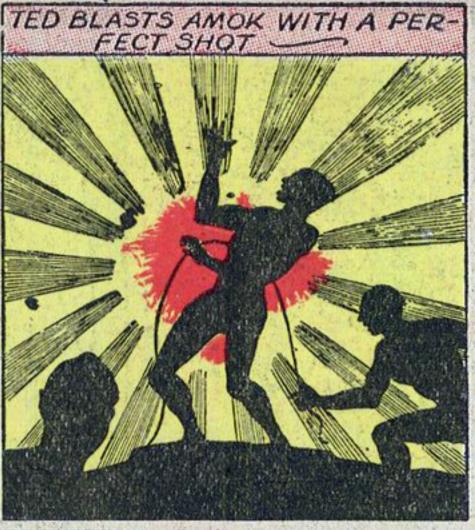




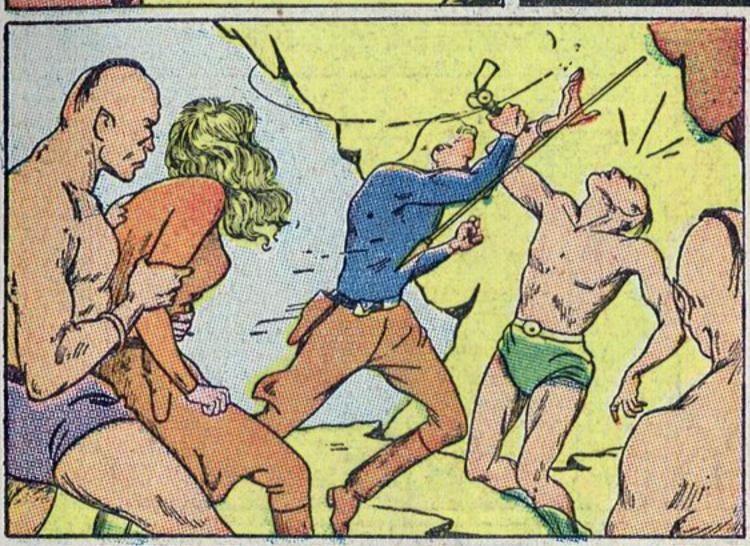


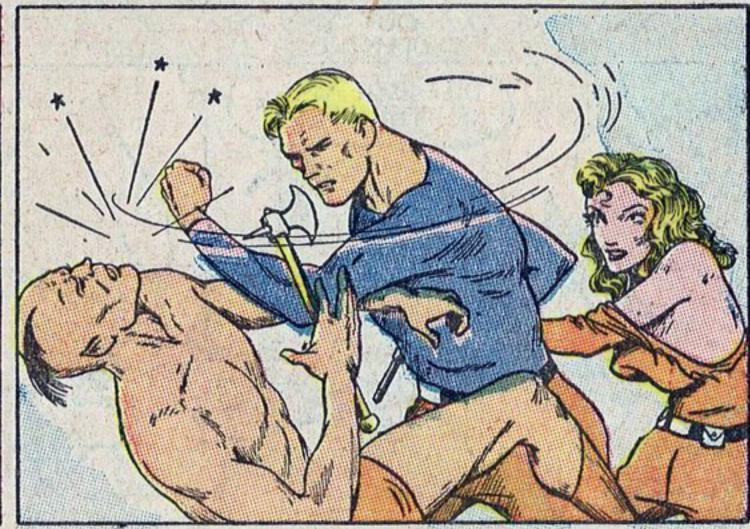






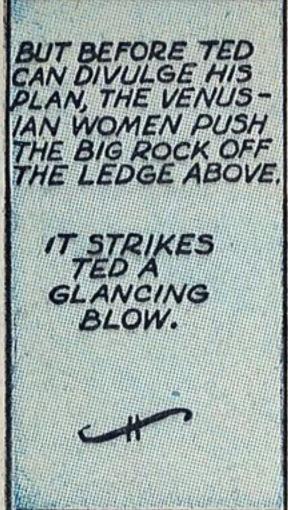




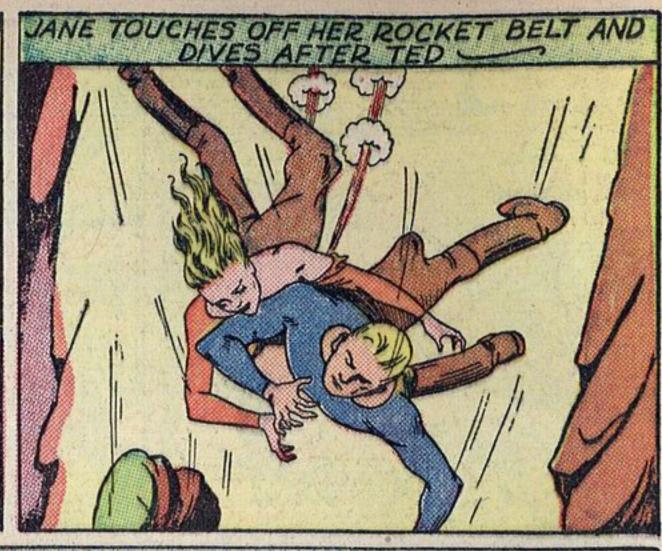


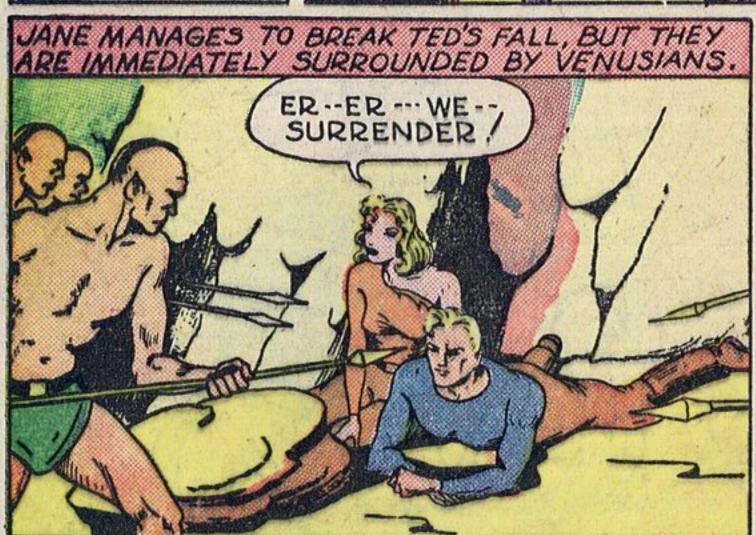


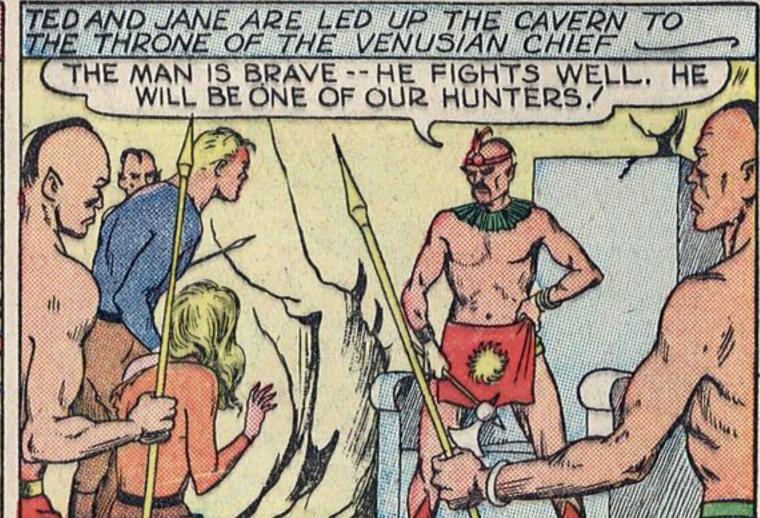




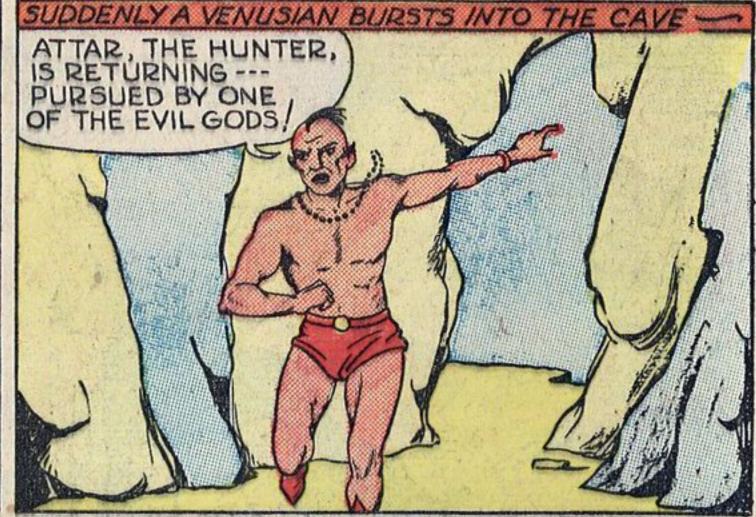




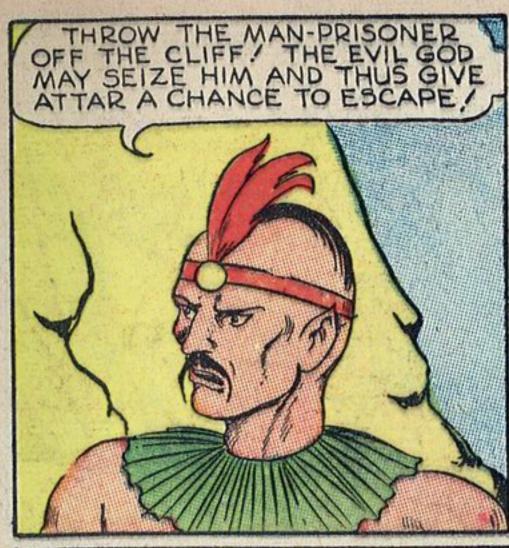








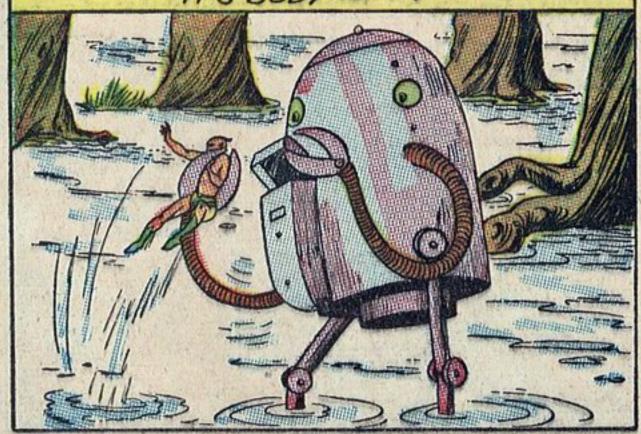






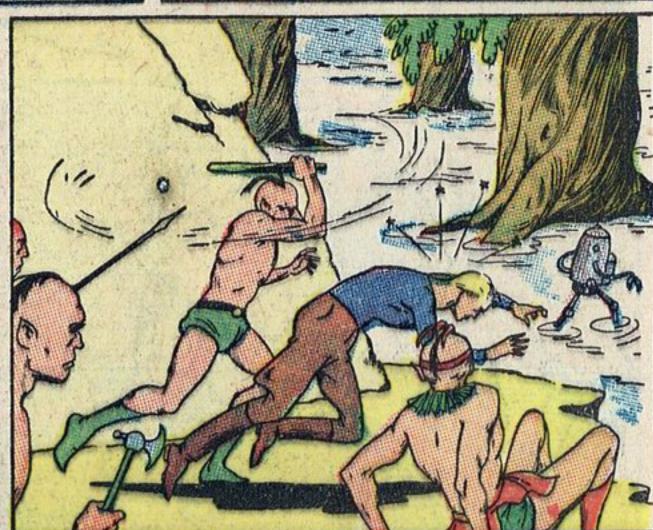


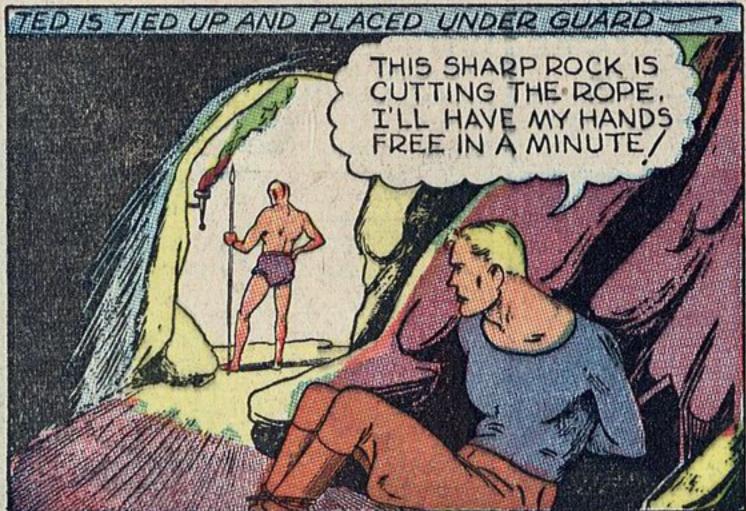


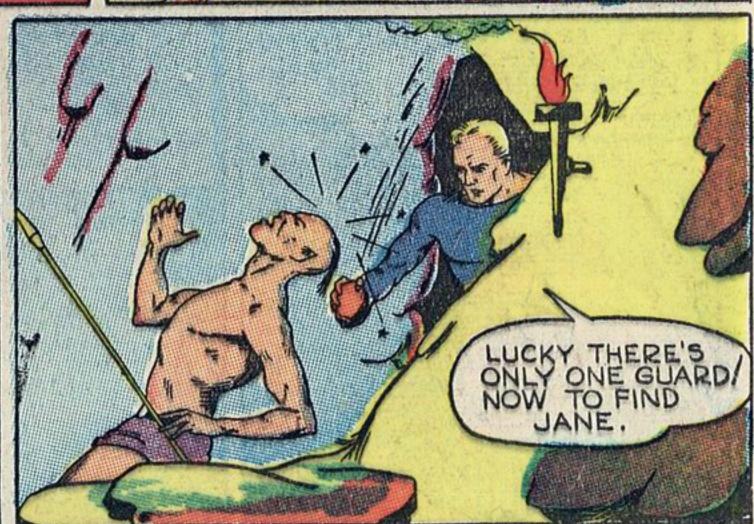


HORRIFIED, TED STARES AT THE HUGE METAL THING AS IT STRIDES AWAY WITH ATTAR IN IT'S POUCH.

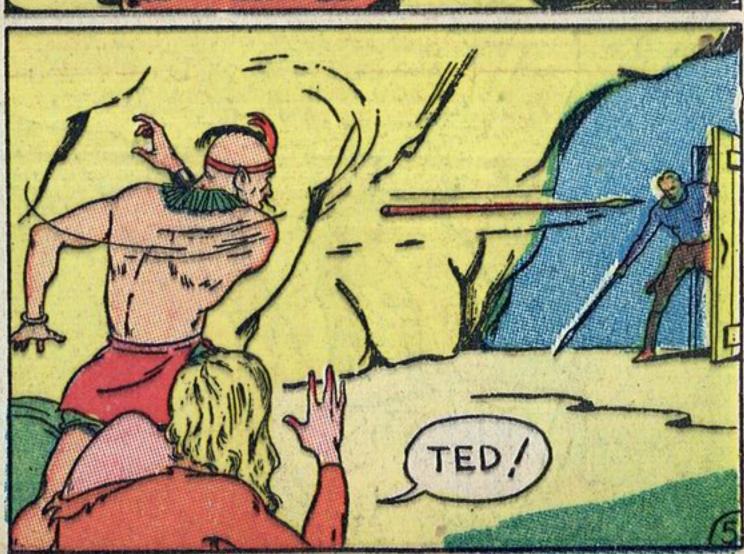
CAUGHT OFF GUARD.

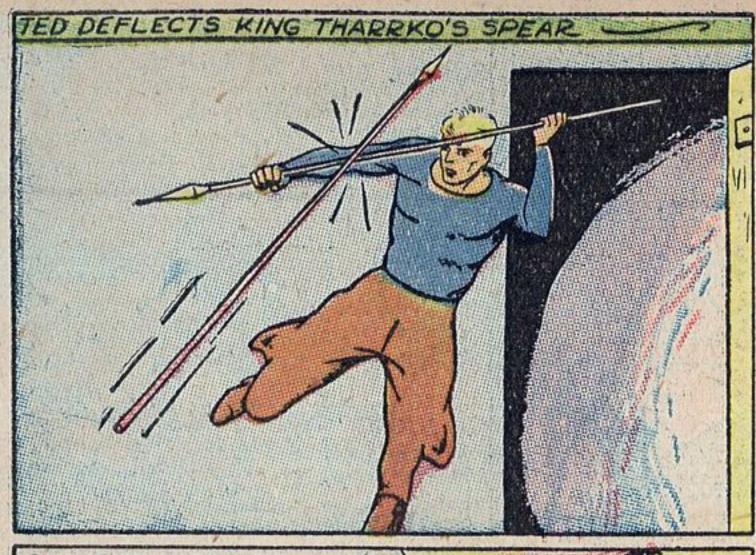


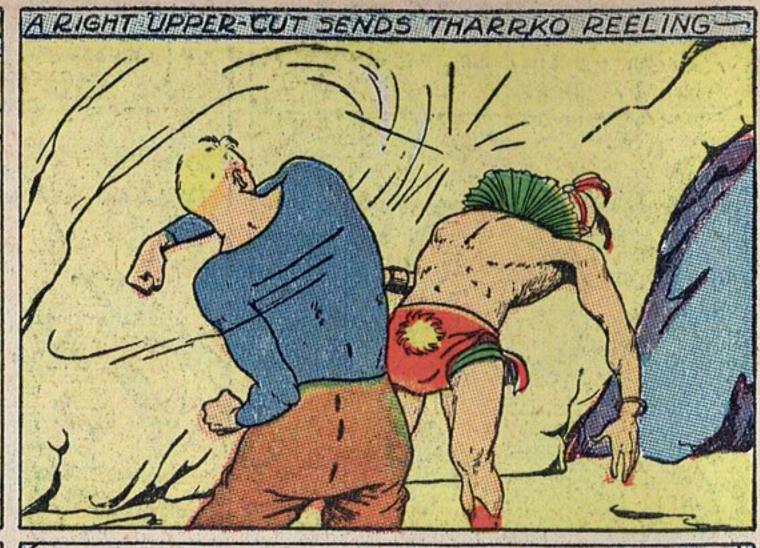






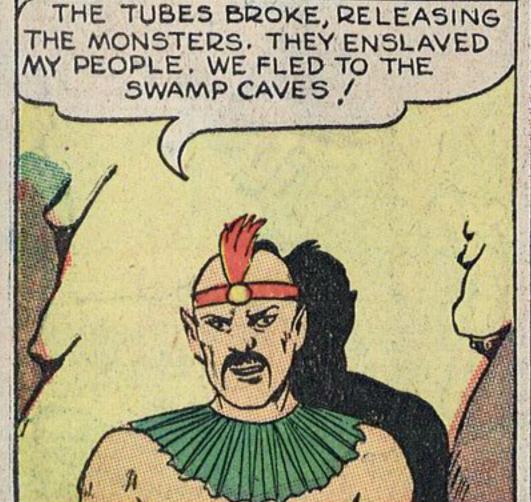




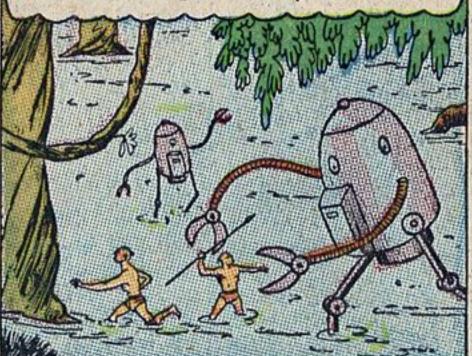








THE MONSTERS HAVE DESPOILED
OUR VEGETATION. OUR CATTLE
ARE DYING OFF. NOW THE
EVIL ONES ARE INVADING THE
SWAMPS IN SEARCH OF FOOD
AND SLAVES!



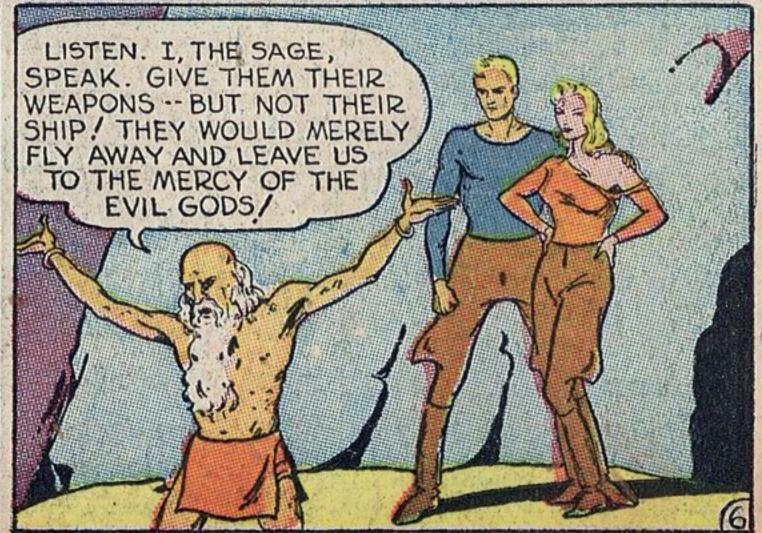
TO OUR HUNTERS. SINCE YOU HAVE VANQUISHED ME IN FAIR FIGHT, YOU ARE NOW KING. WHAT WILL YOU DO?

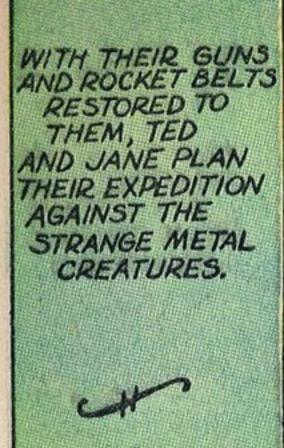
I'LL GET FOOD!
CALL A COUNCIL
MEETING.

NOW WE ARE DYING OF HUNGER.

YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS.



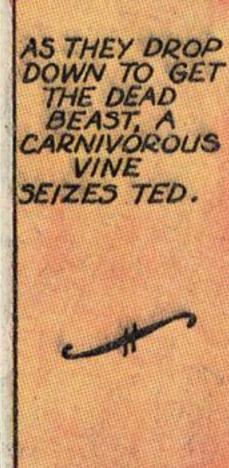




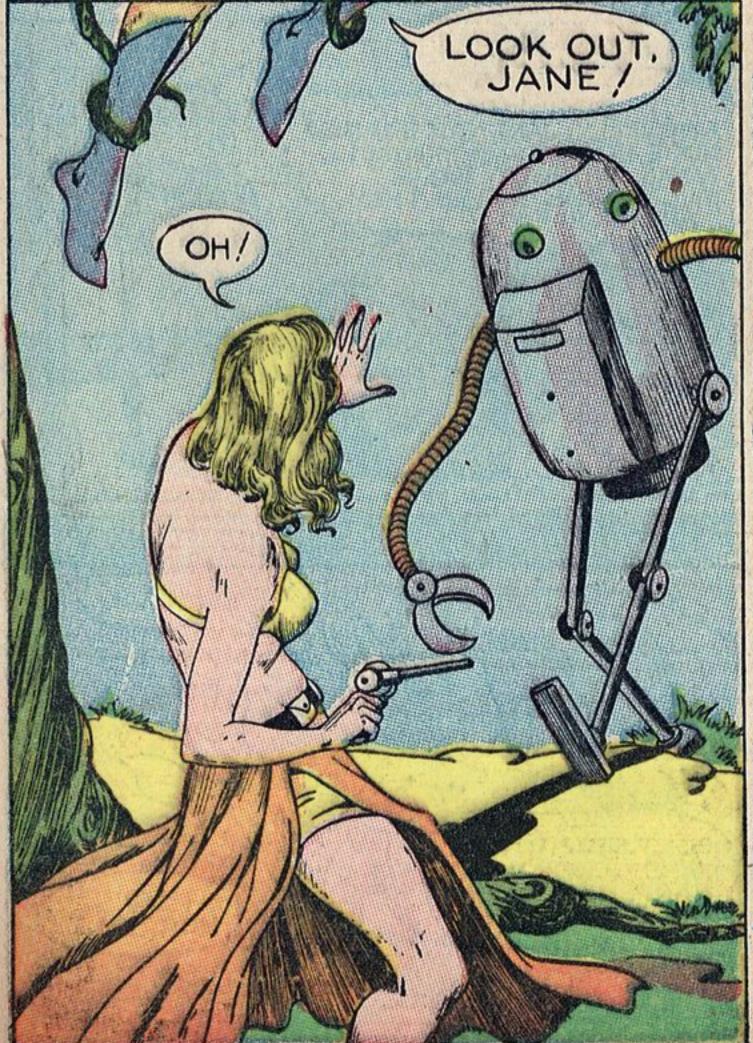




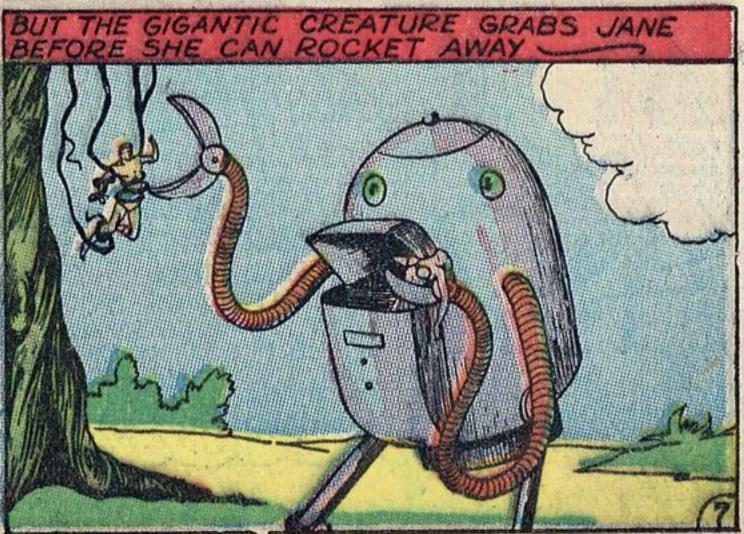


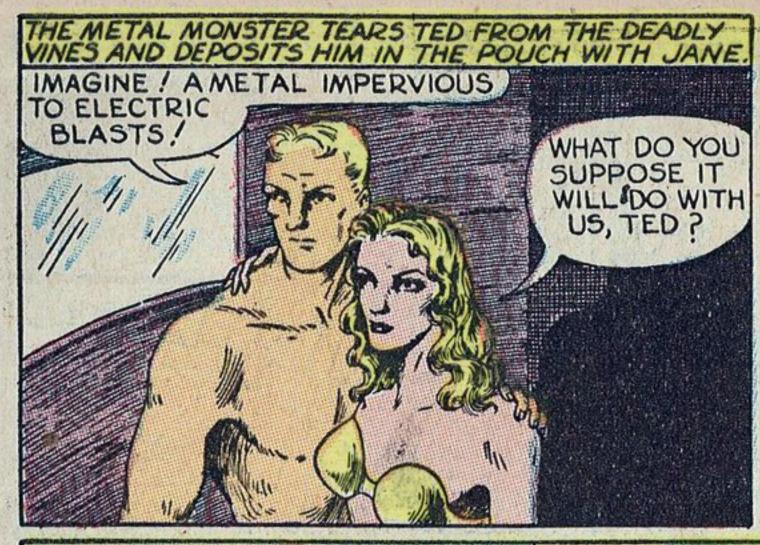




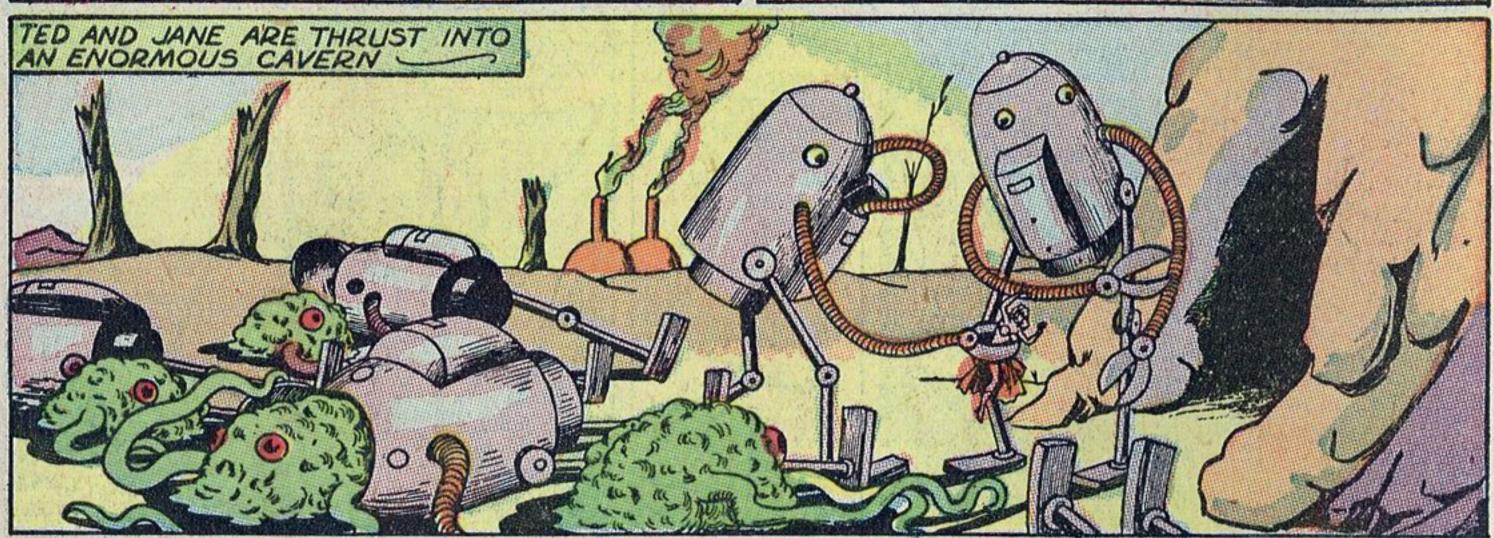


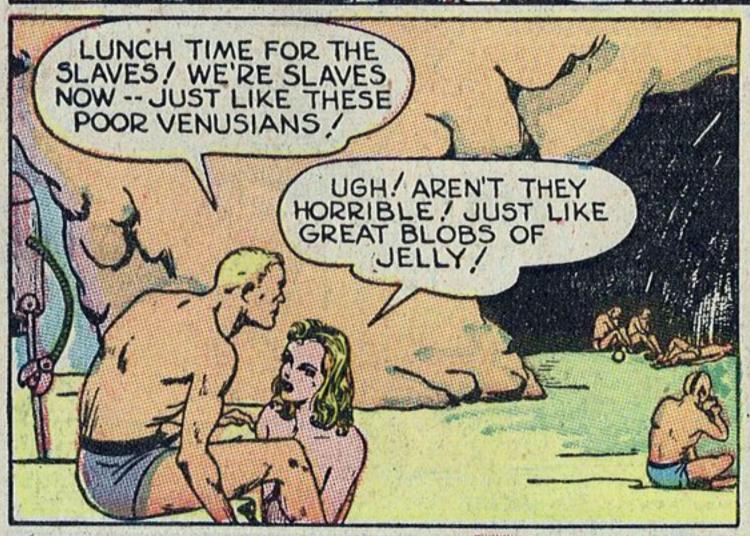


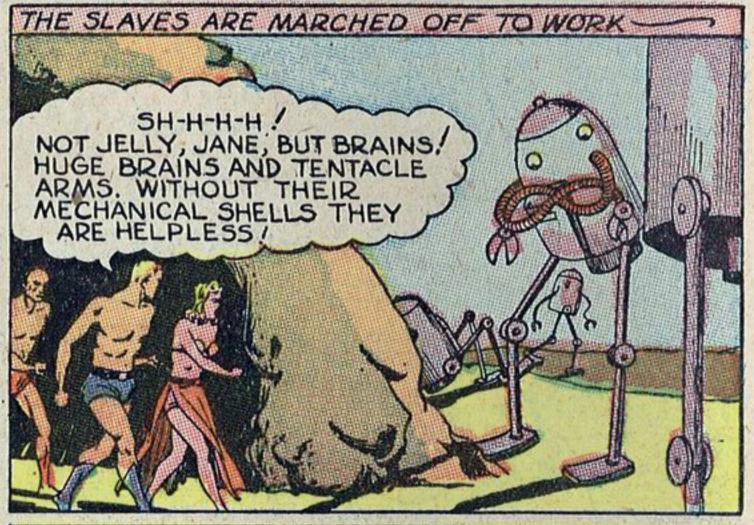


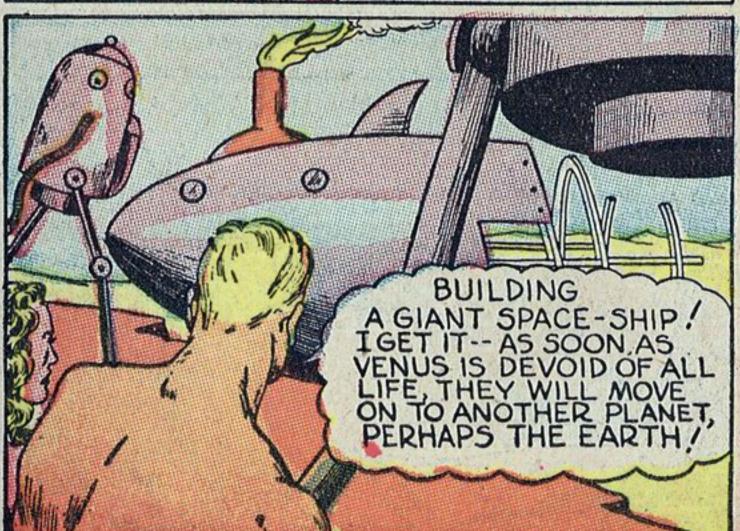


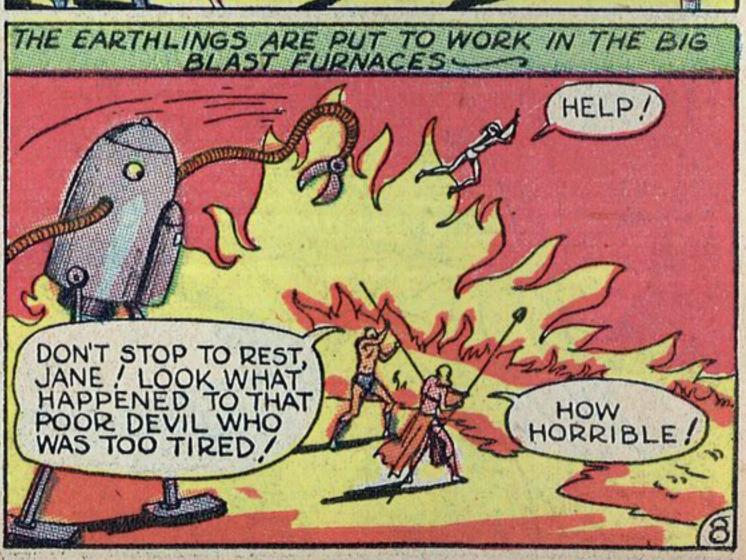


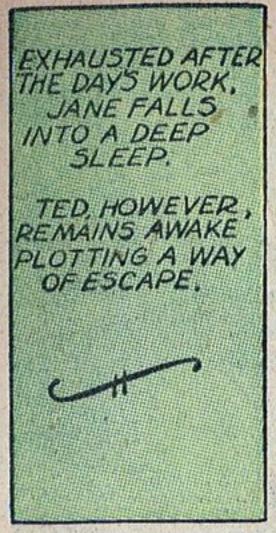




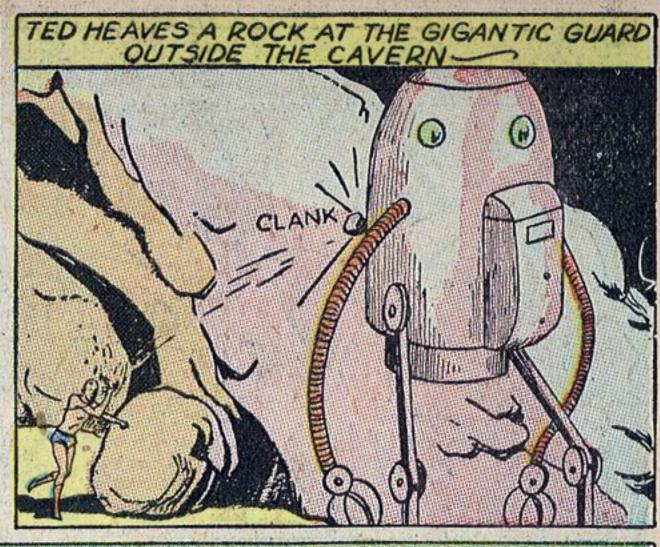


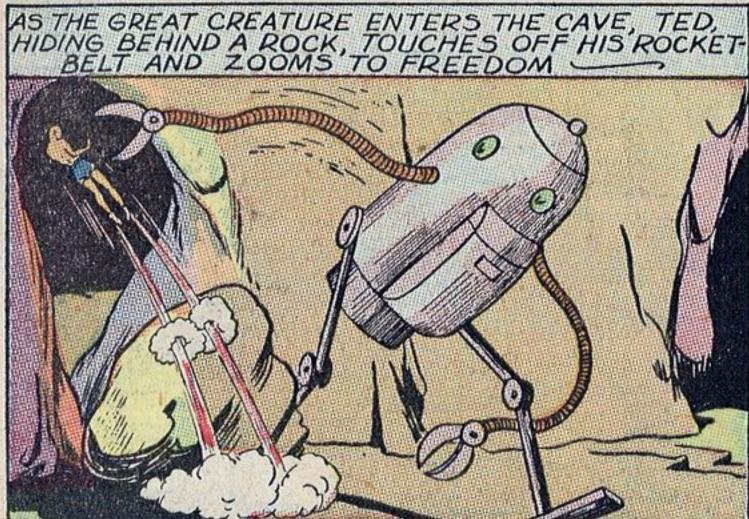




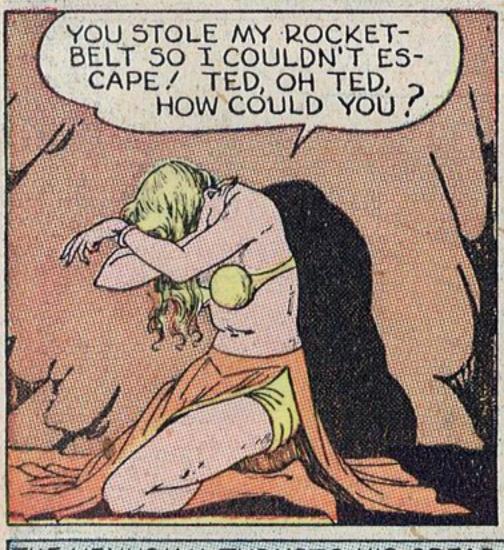




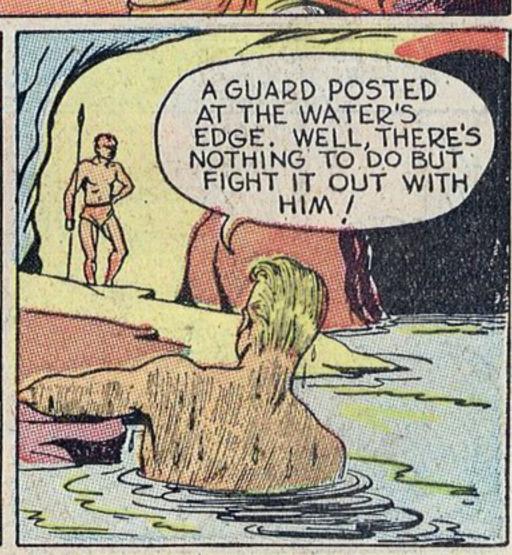


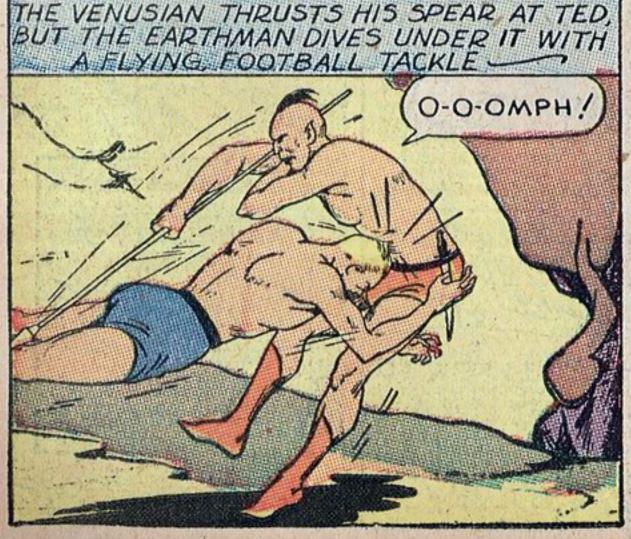






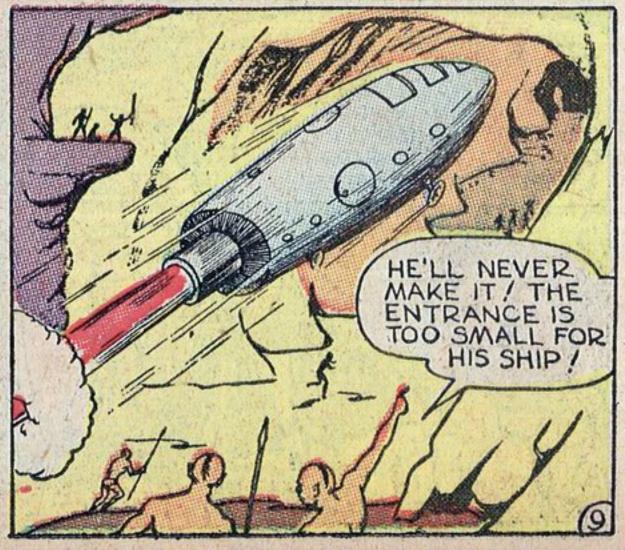


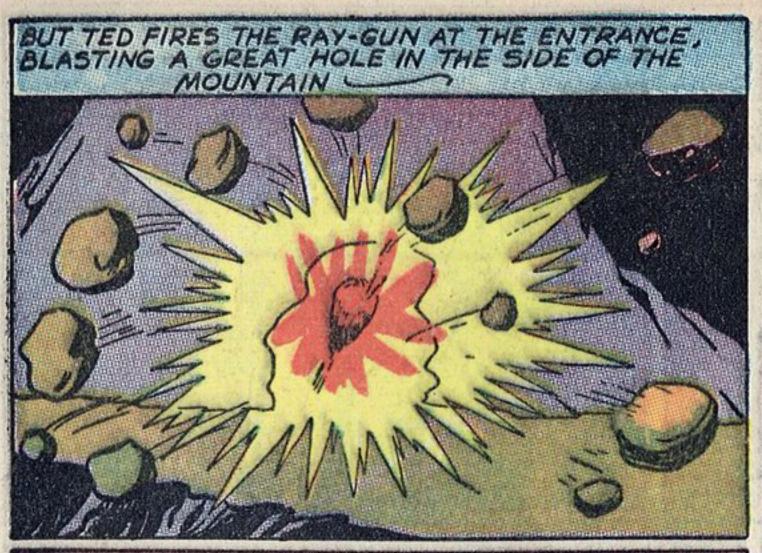




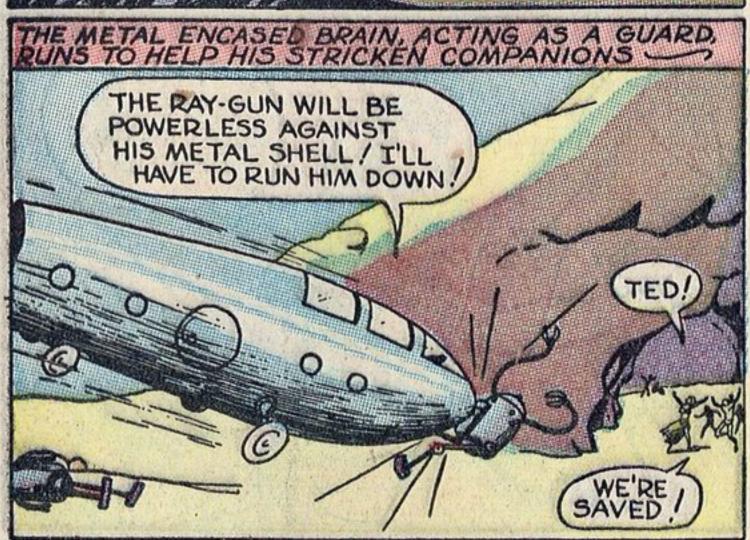
TED GAINS THE SPACE-SHIP BEFORE THE STUNNED GUARD CAN SOUND THE ALARM.

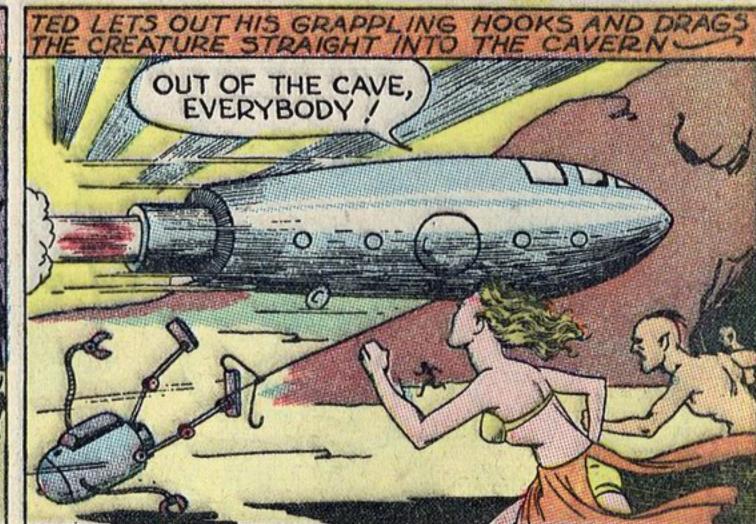
HE HEADS THE CRAFT STRAIGHT UP THE TUNNEL.

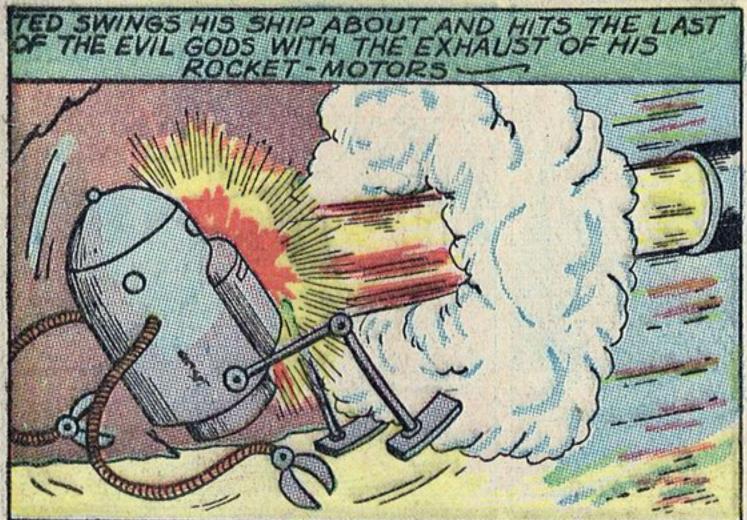










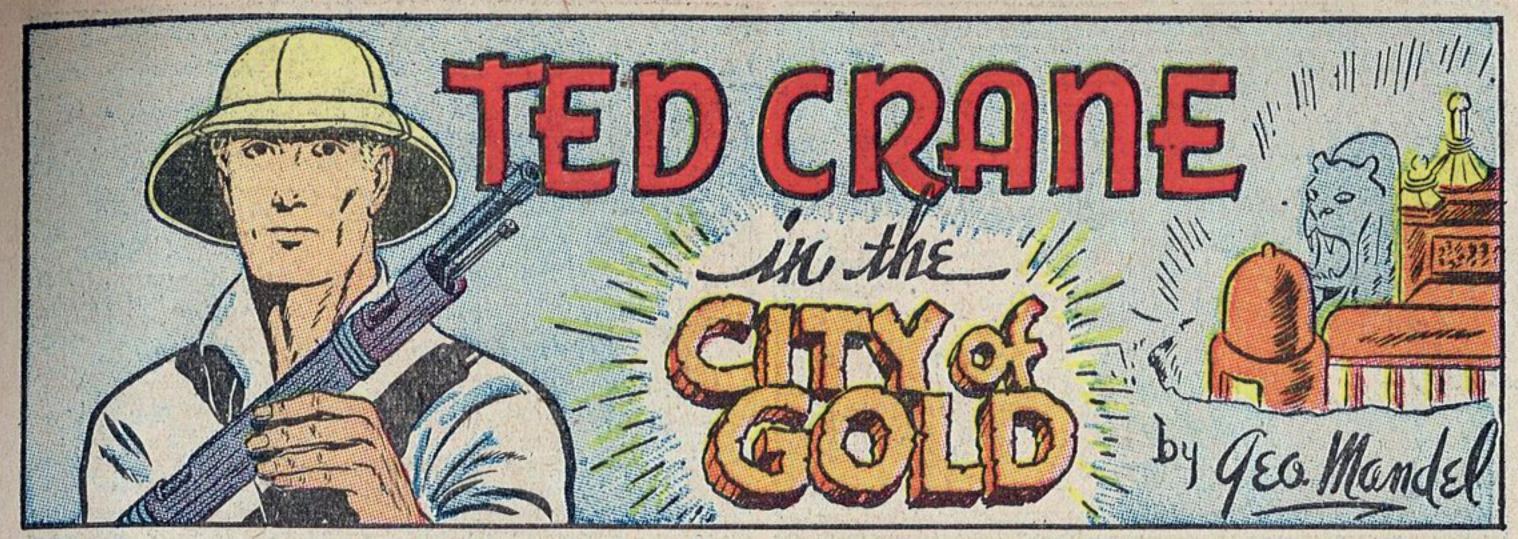


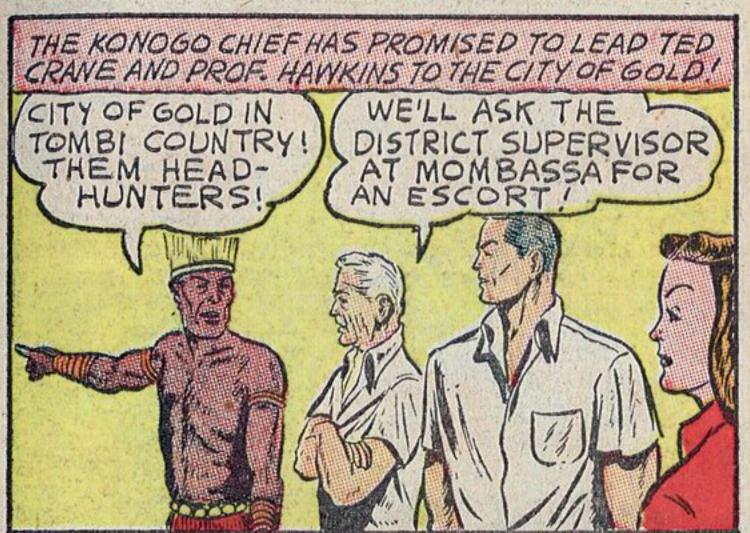




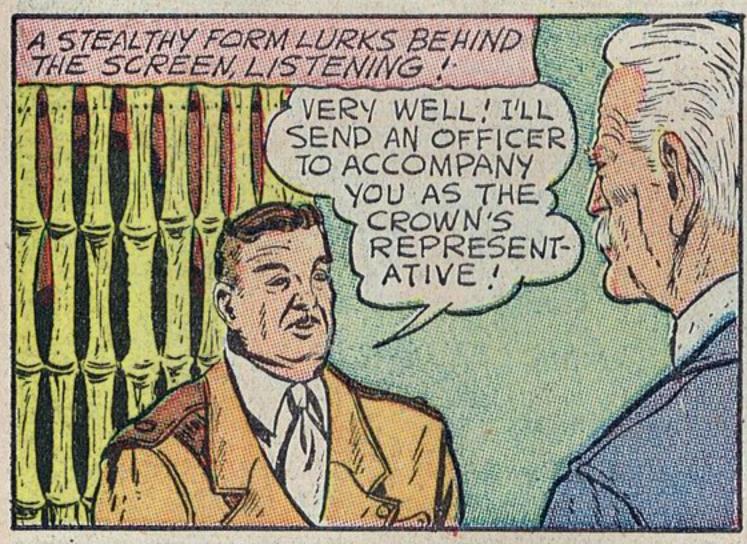














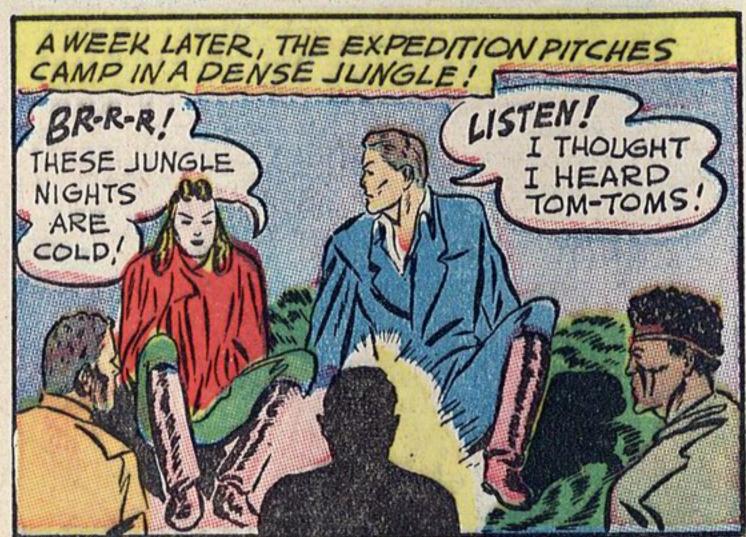




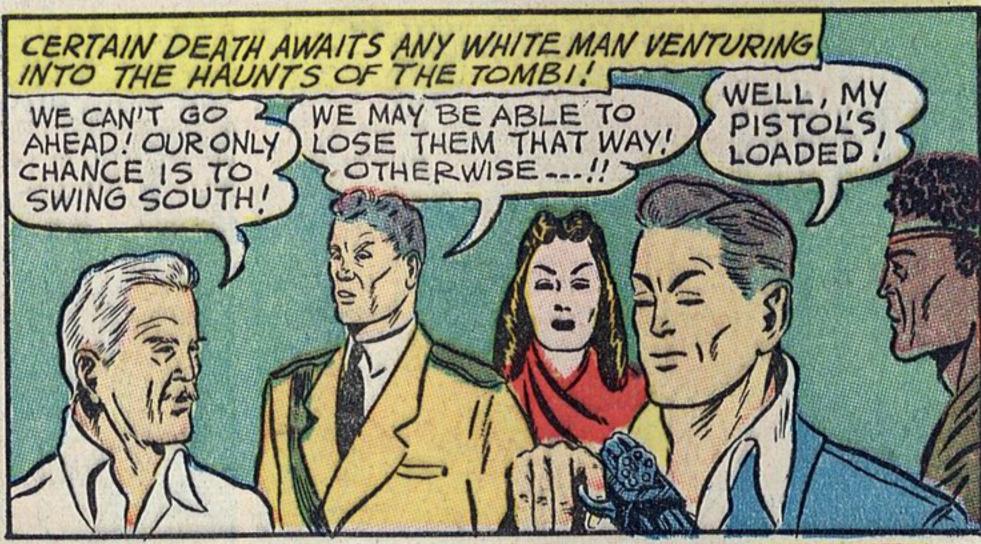




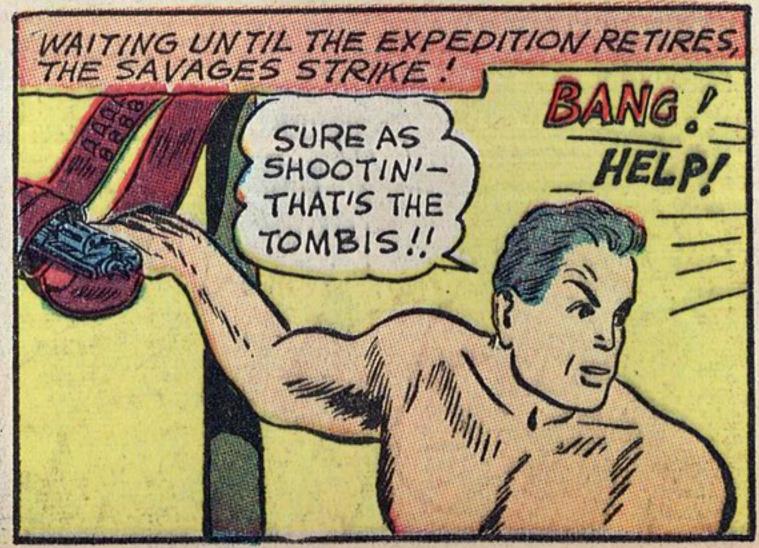














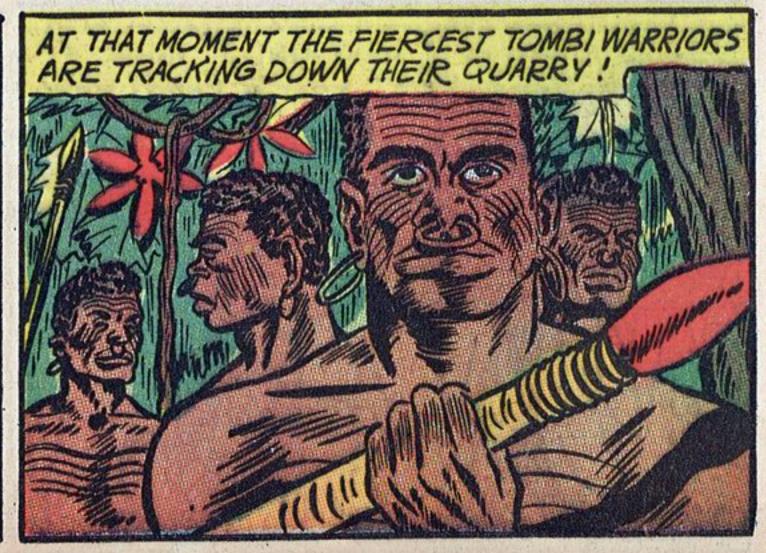






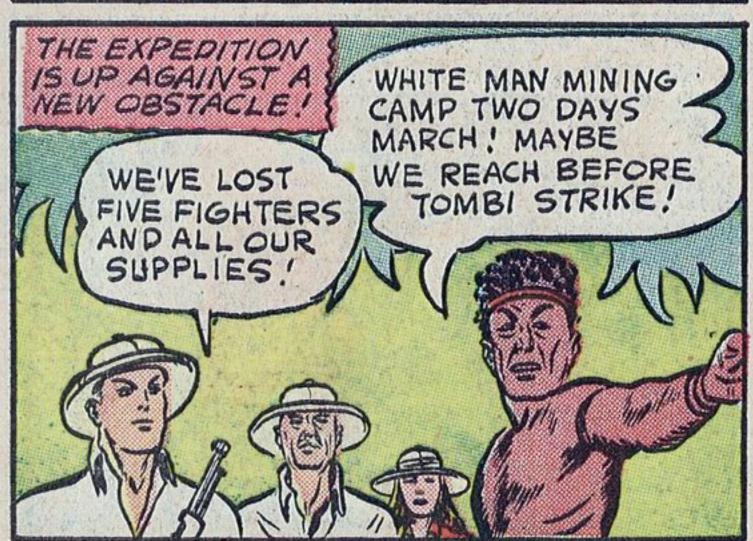


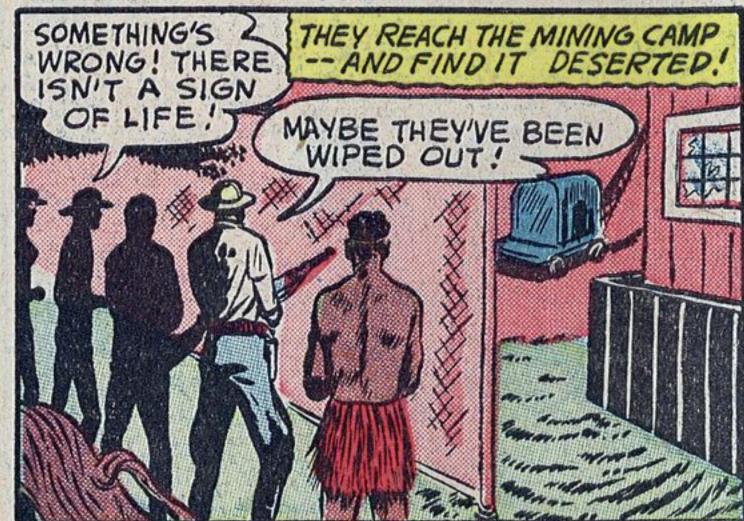




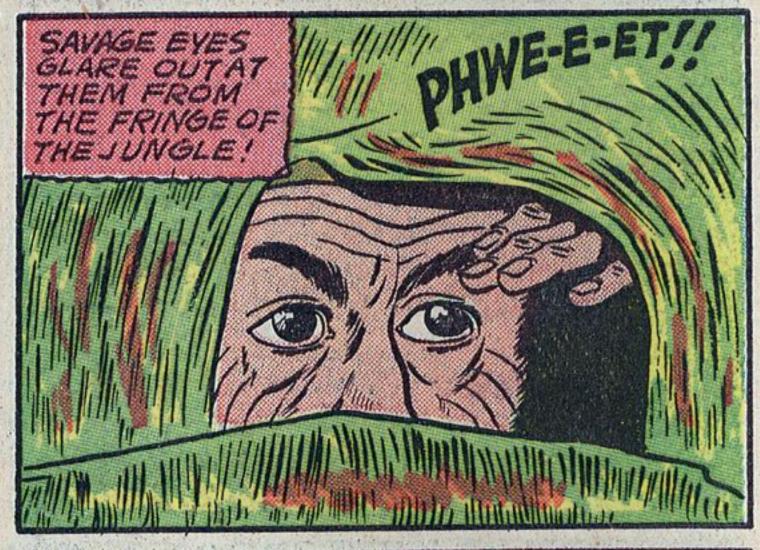


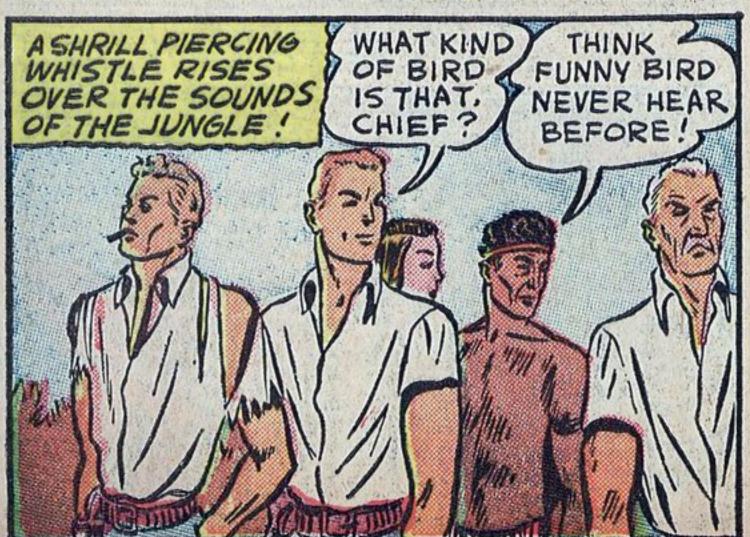




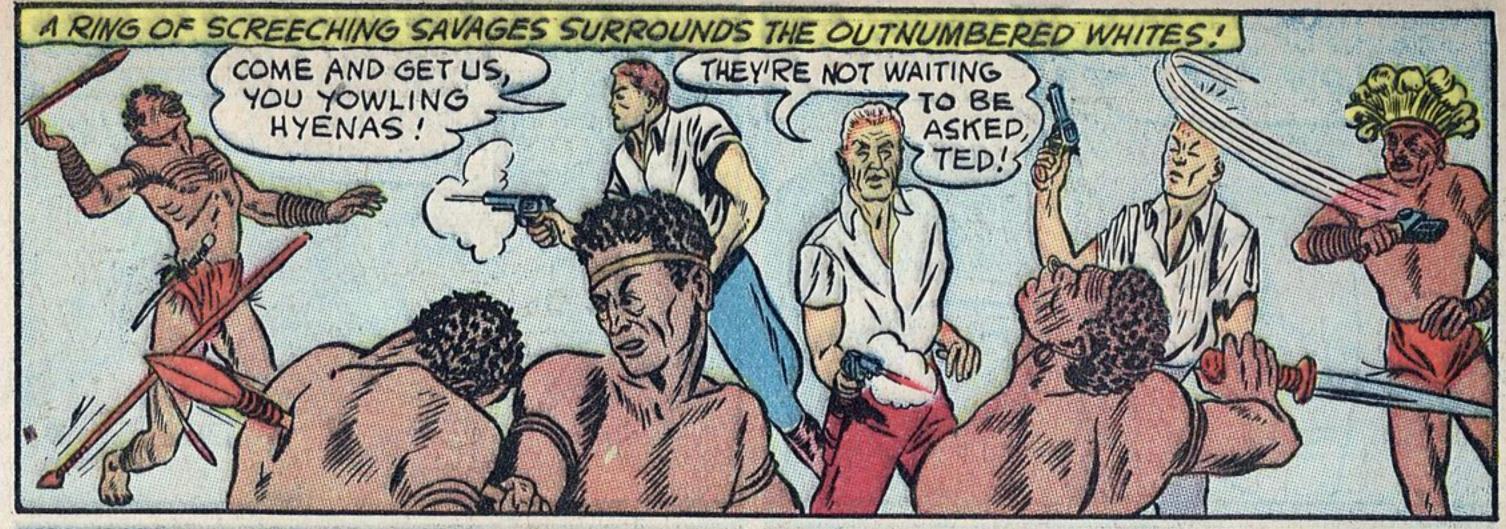








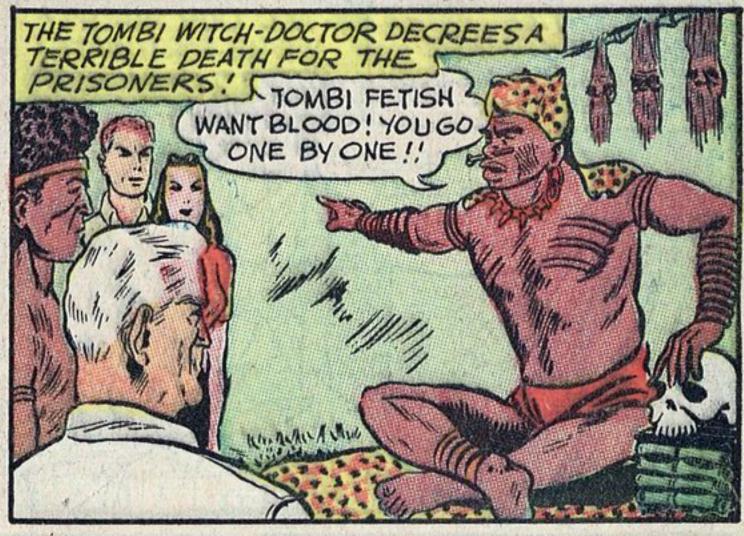




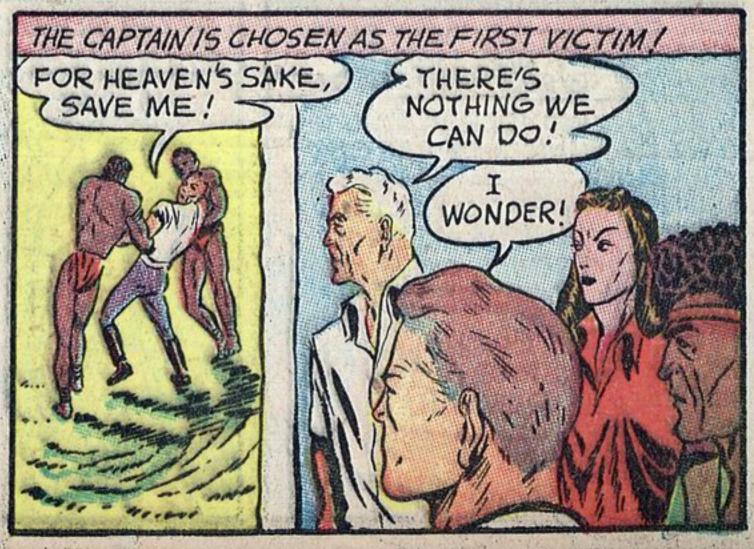








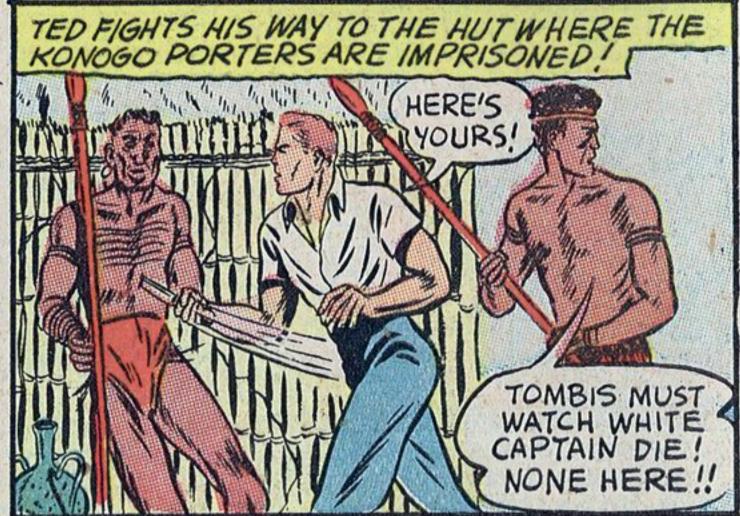


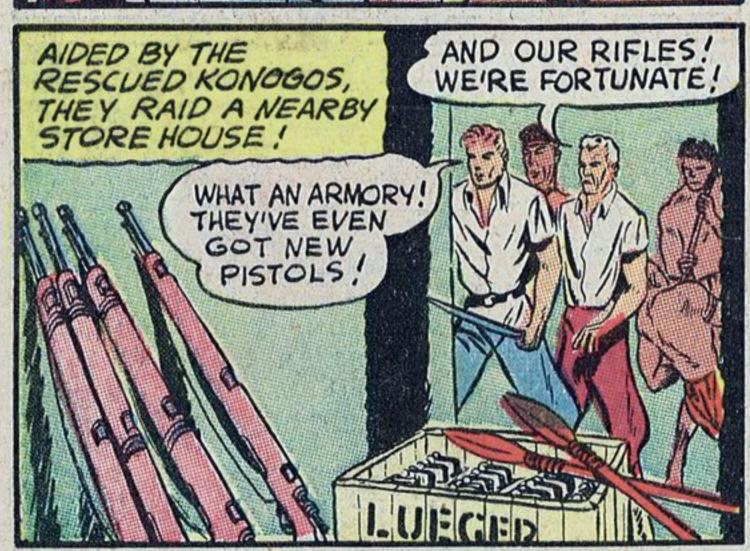




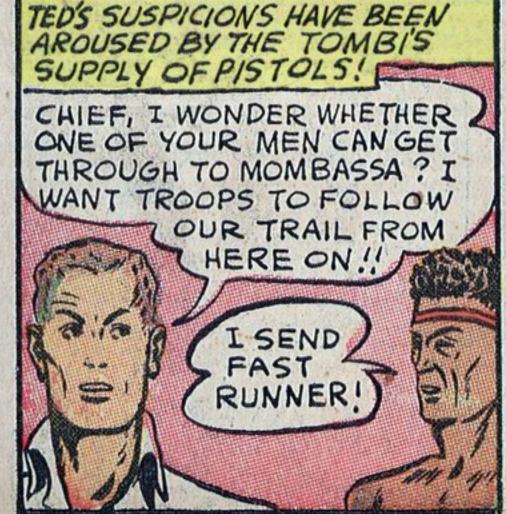




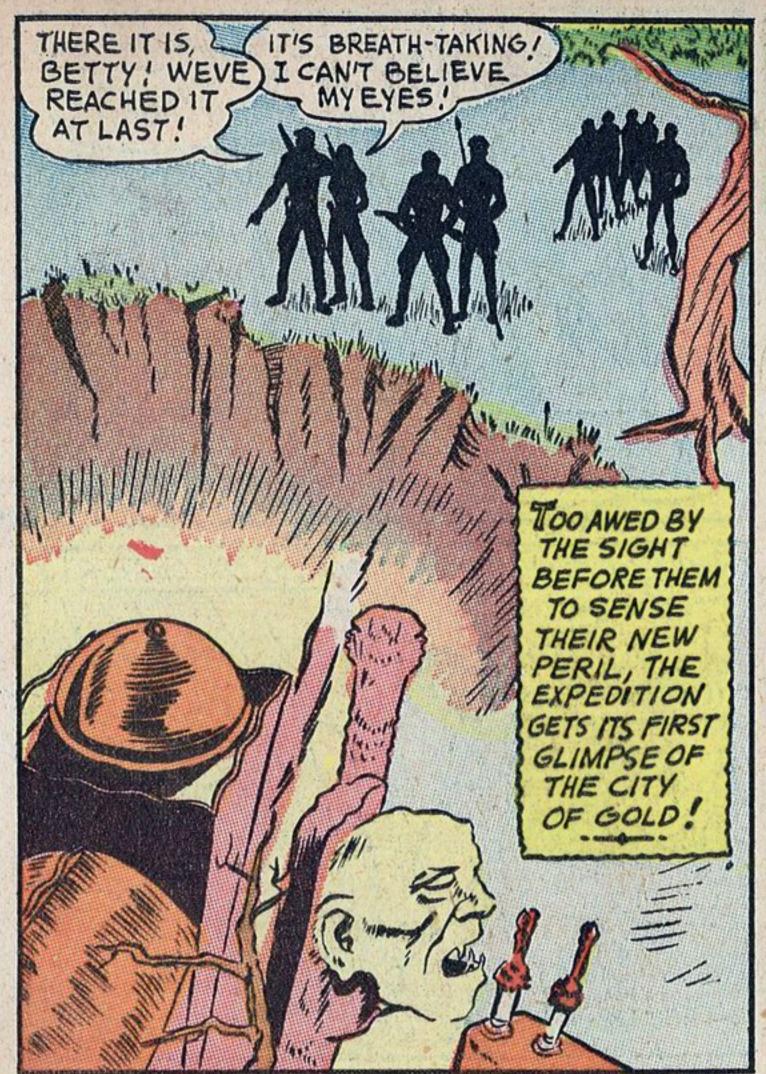


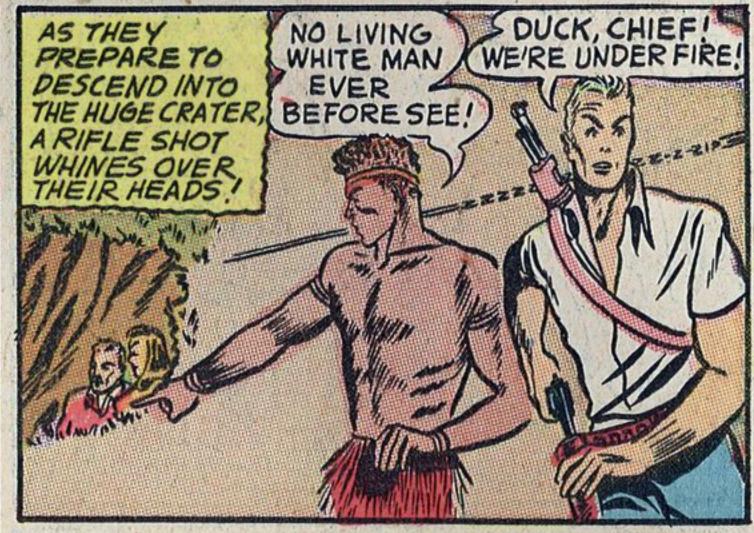




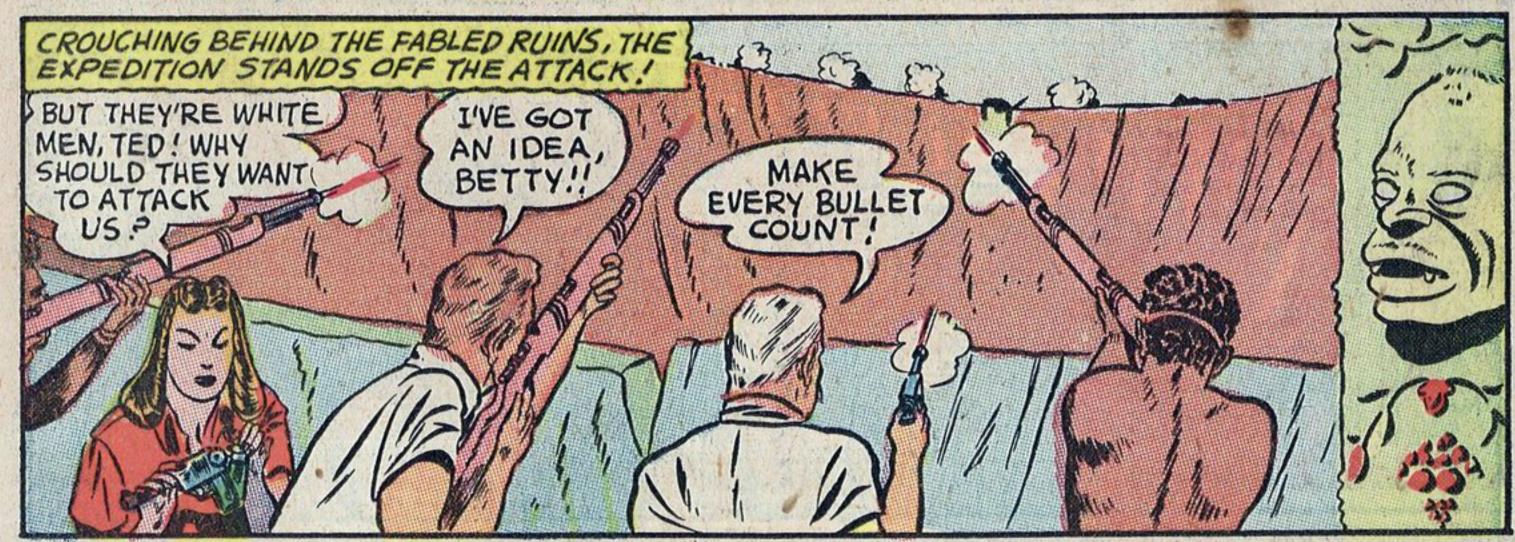


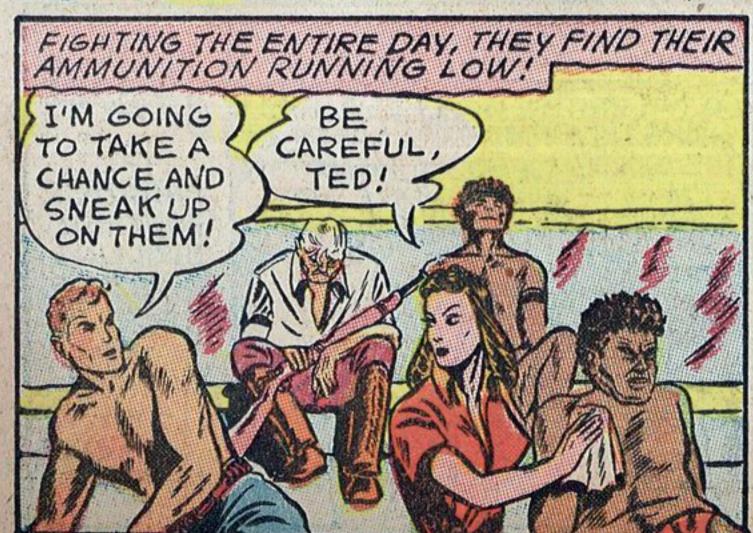


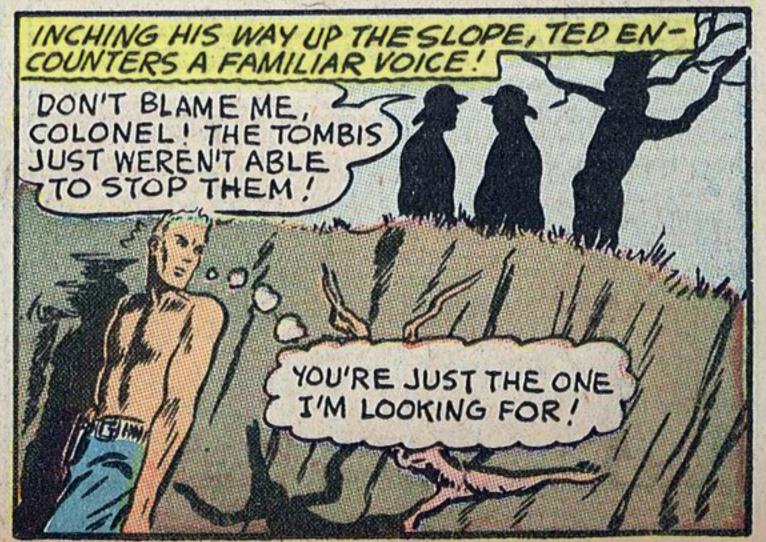


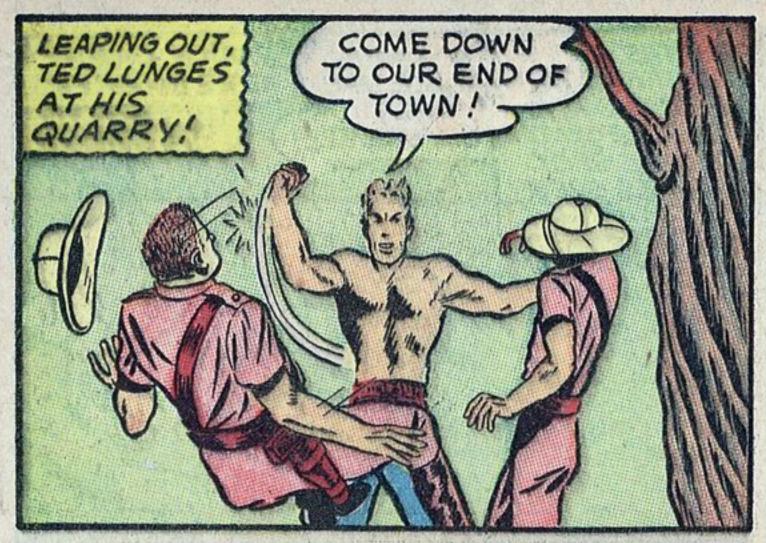




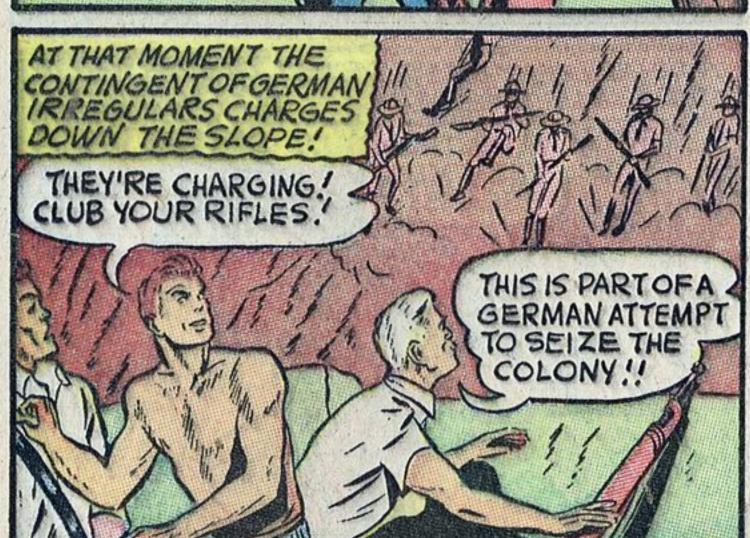






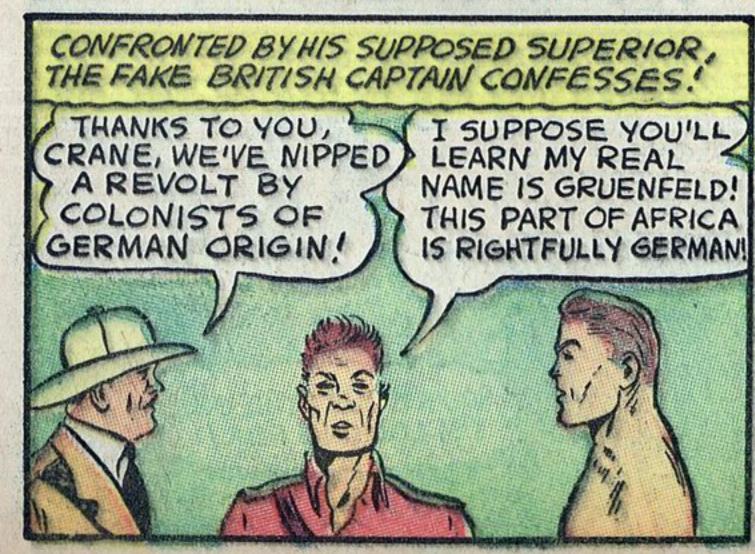




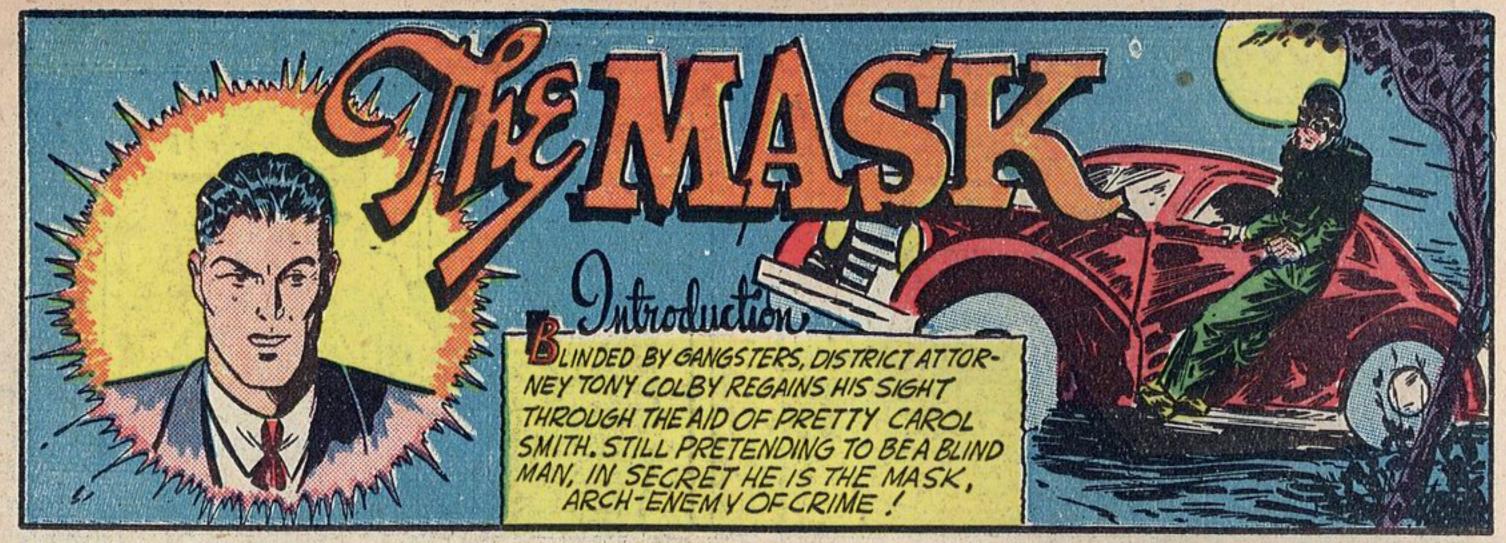


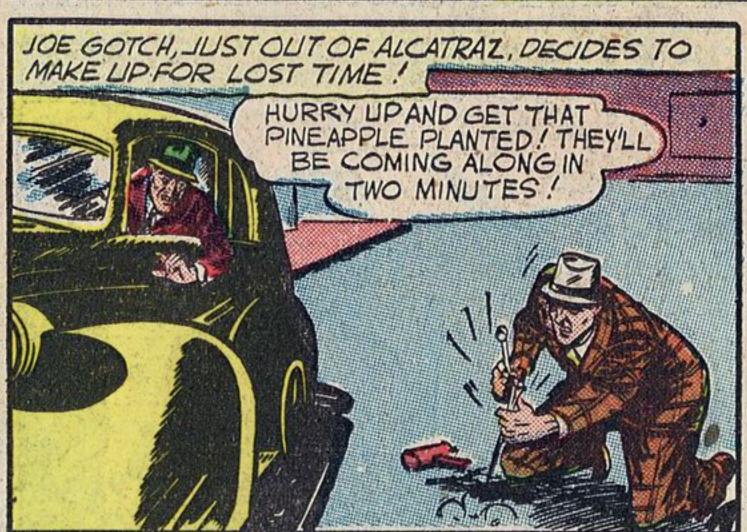


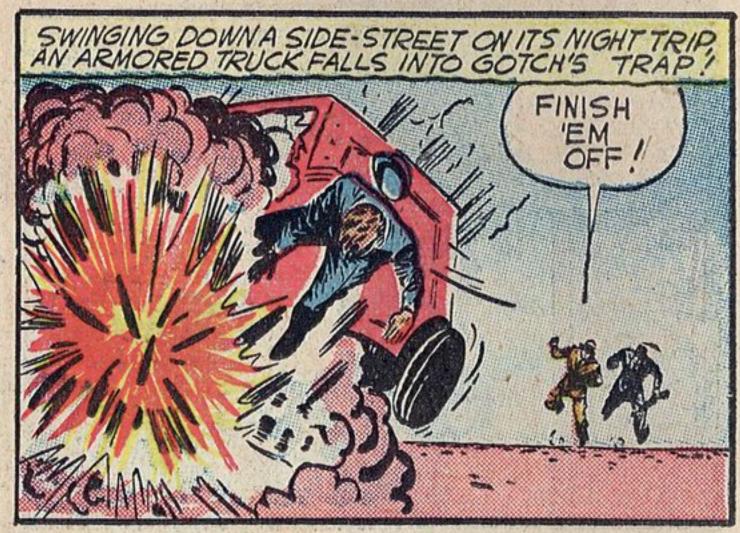


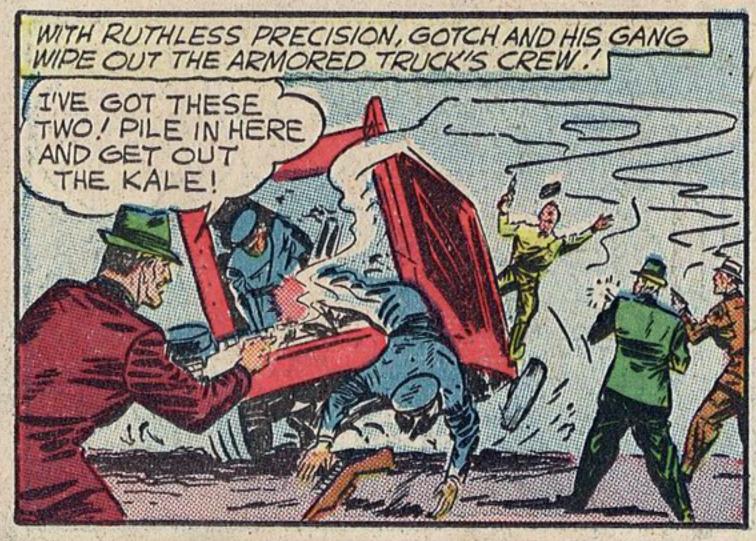


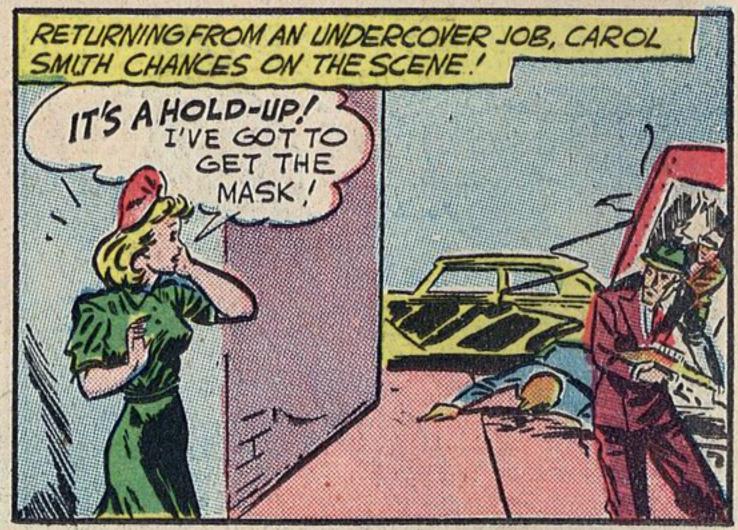


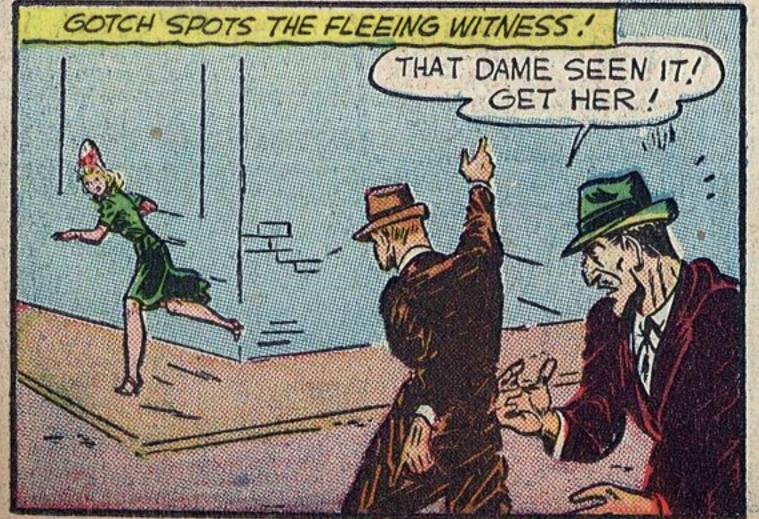


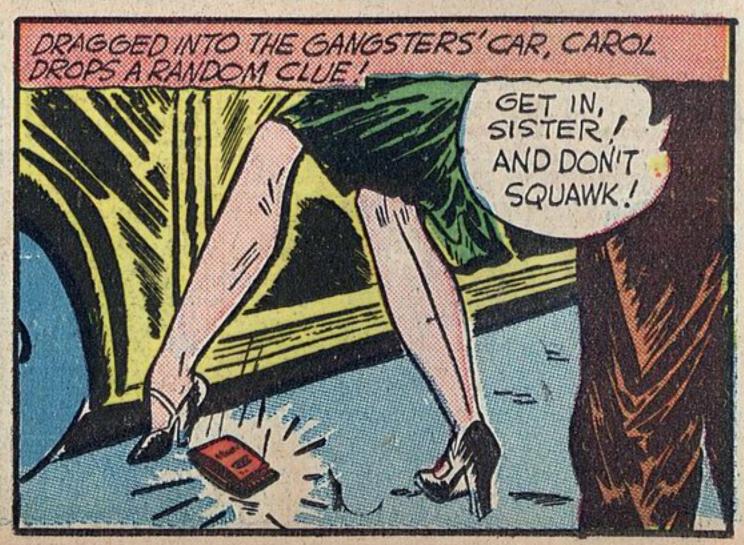


















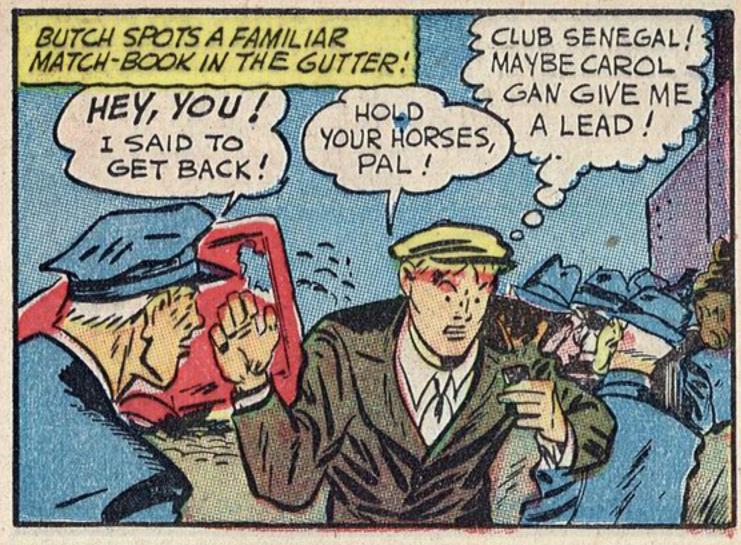




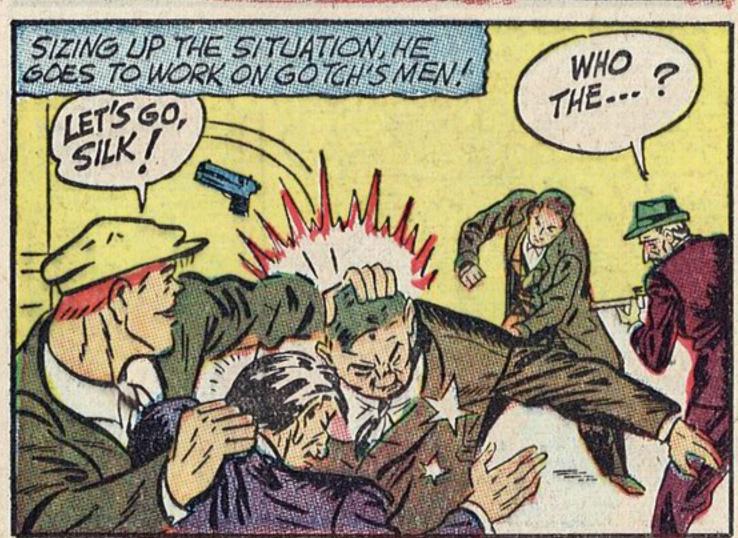






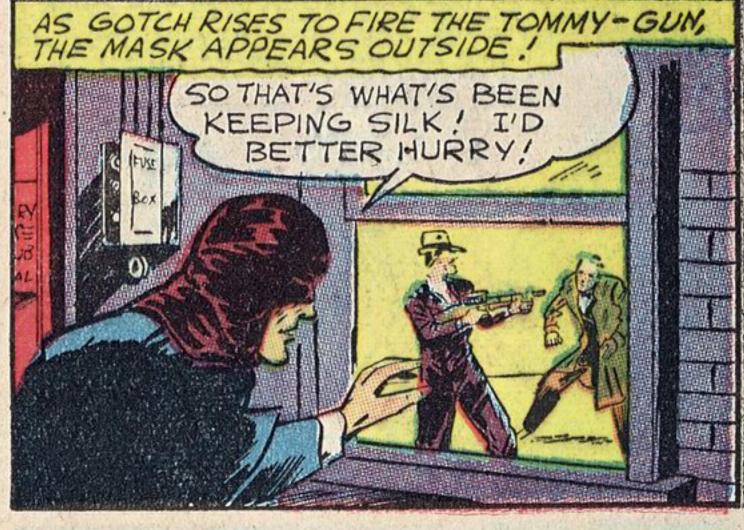








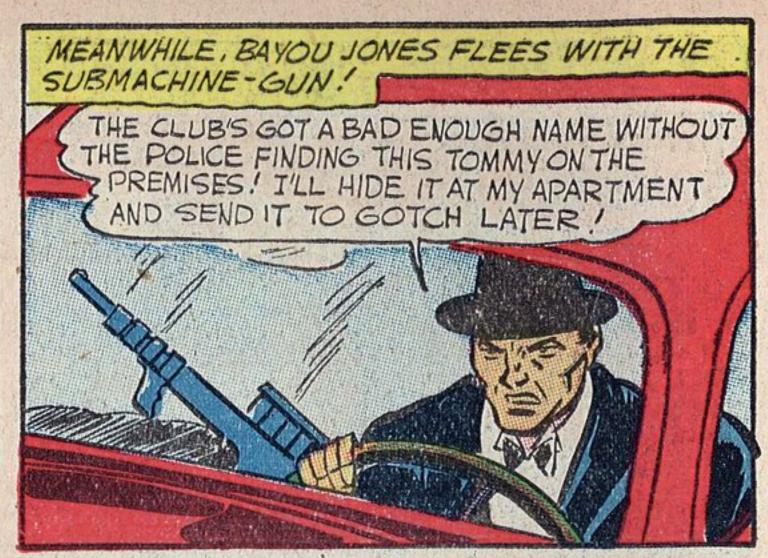






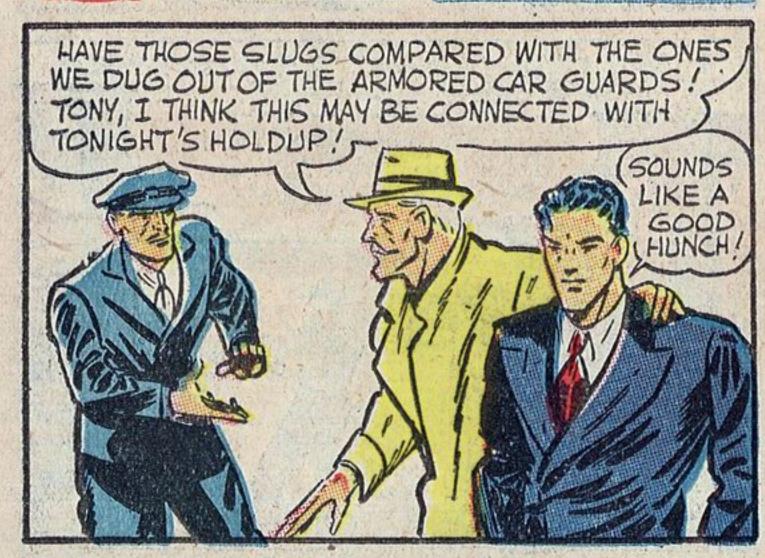


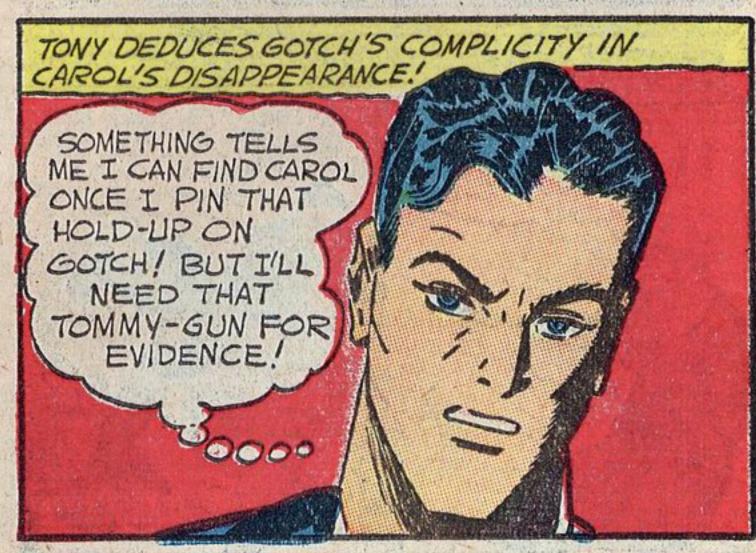






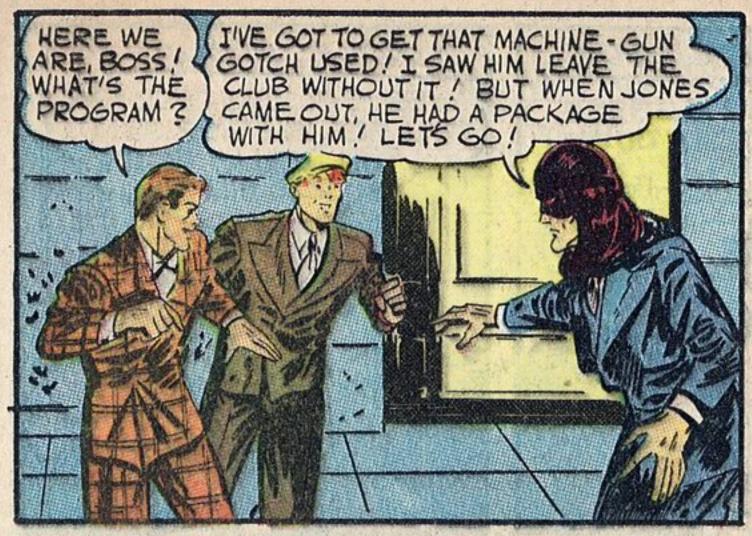










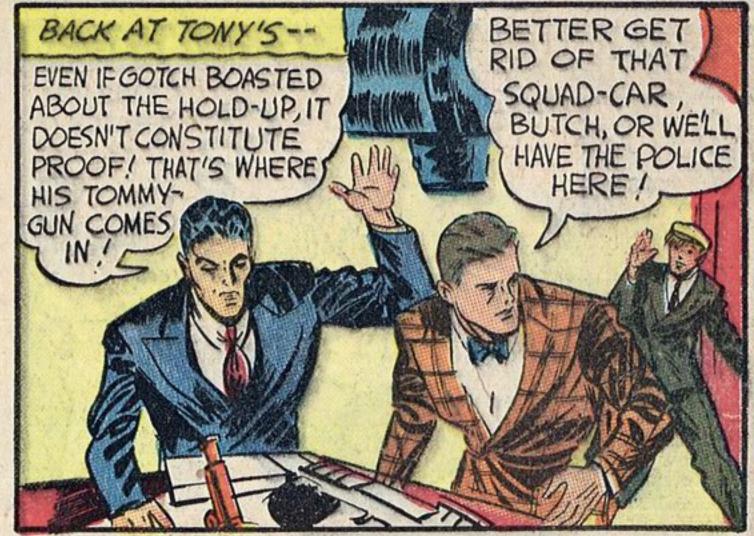






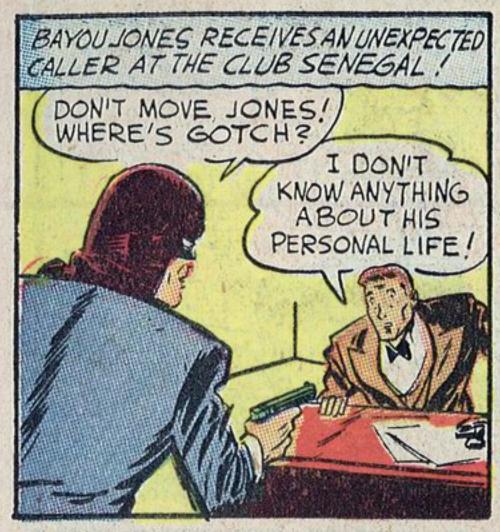










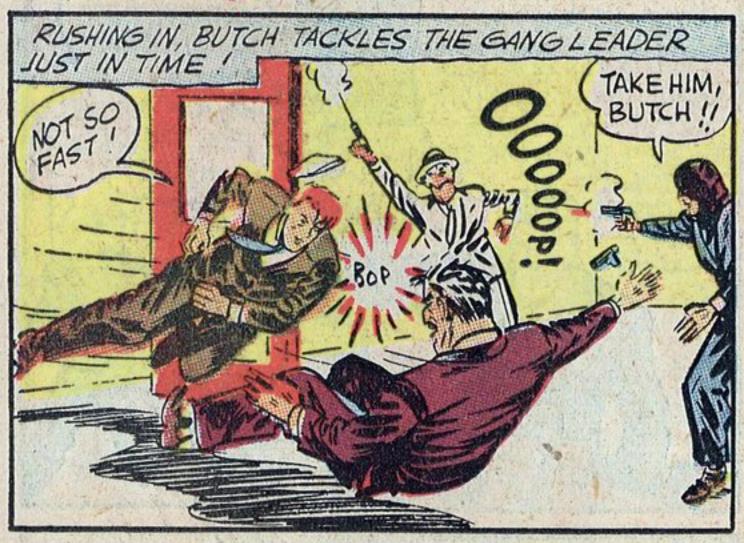












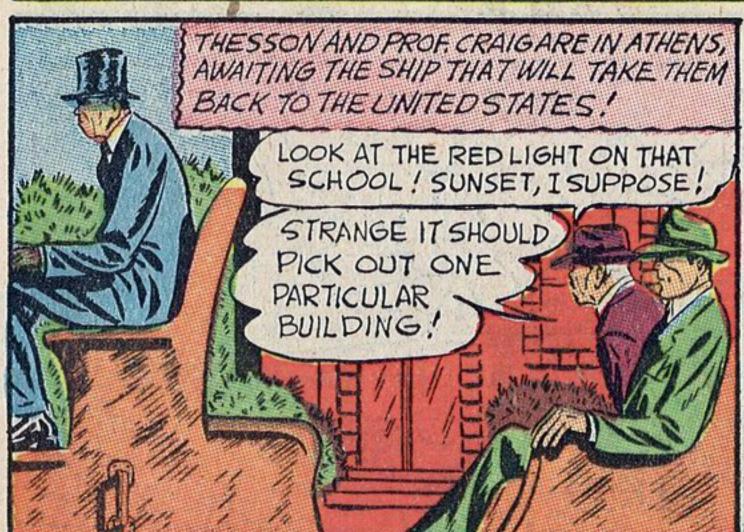




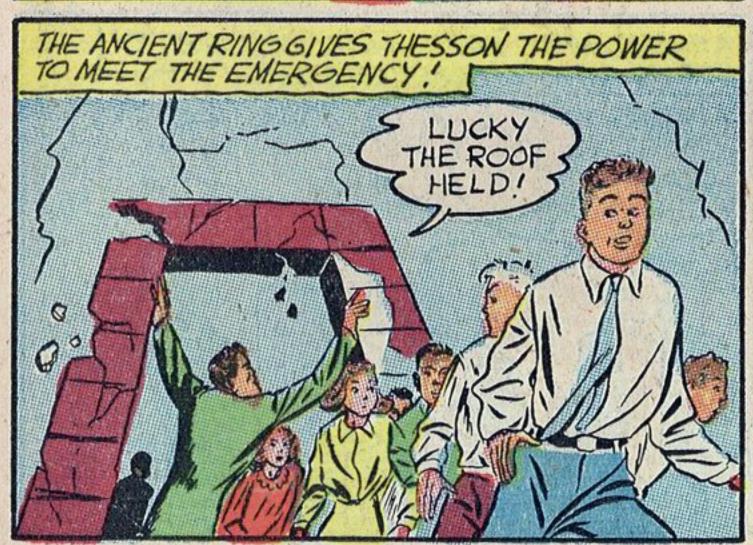




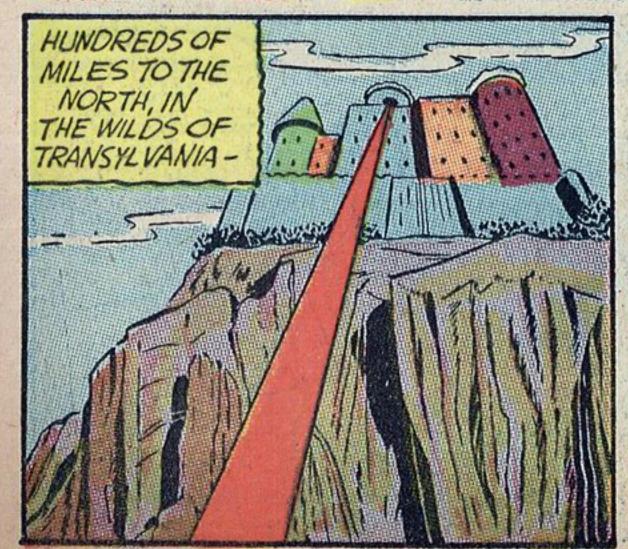


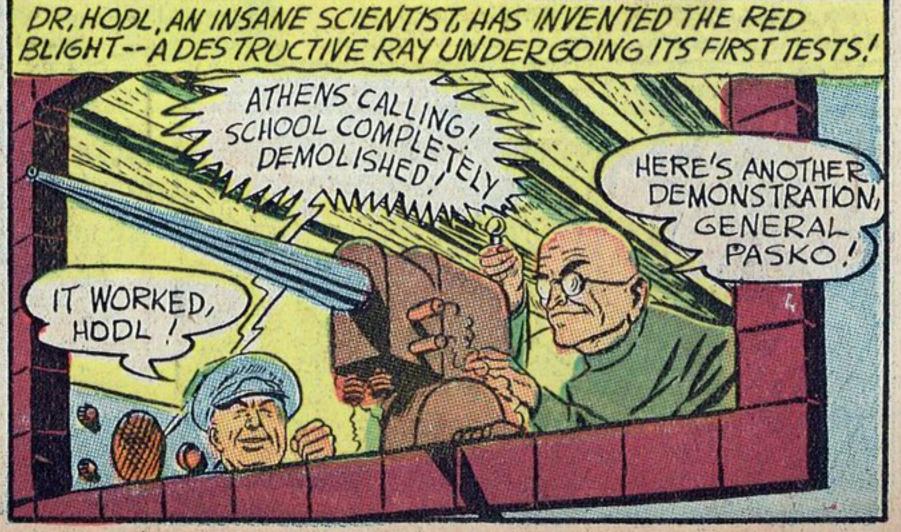


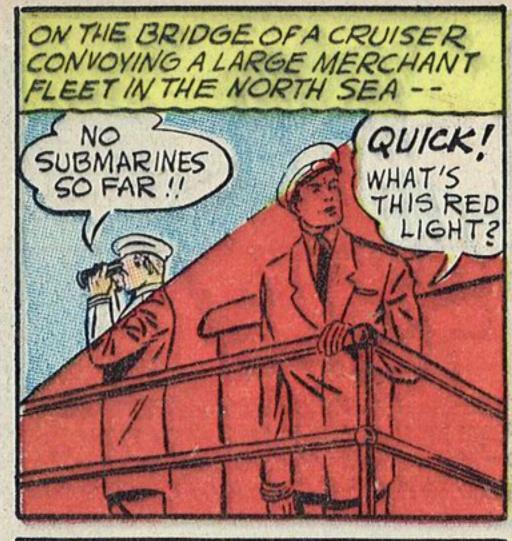


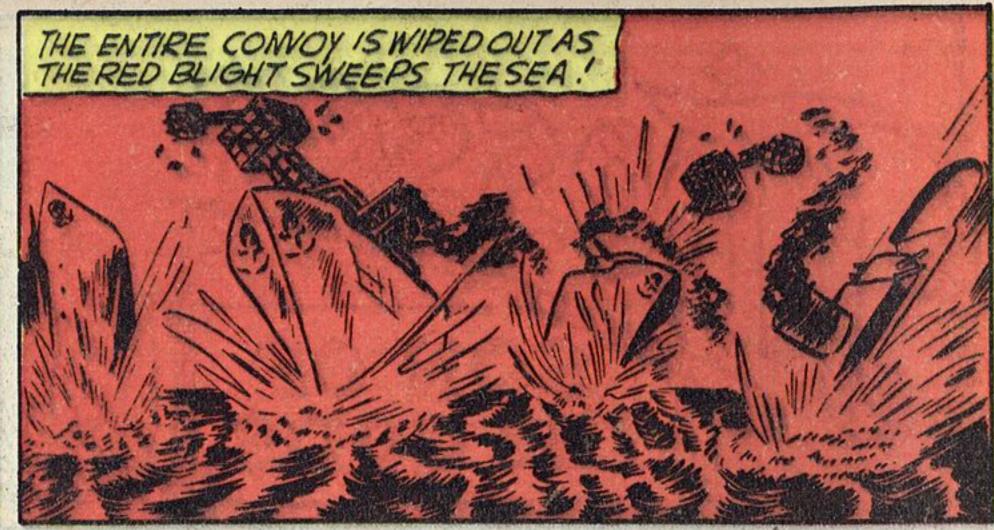








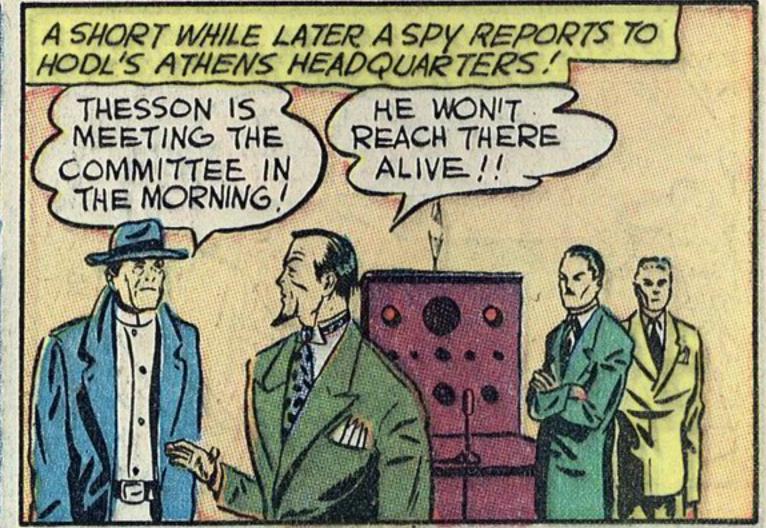


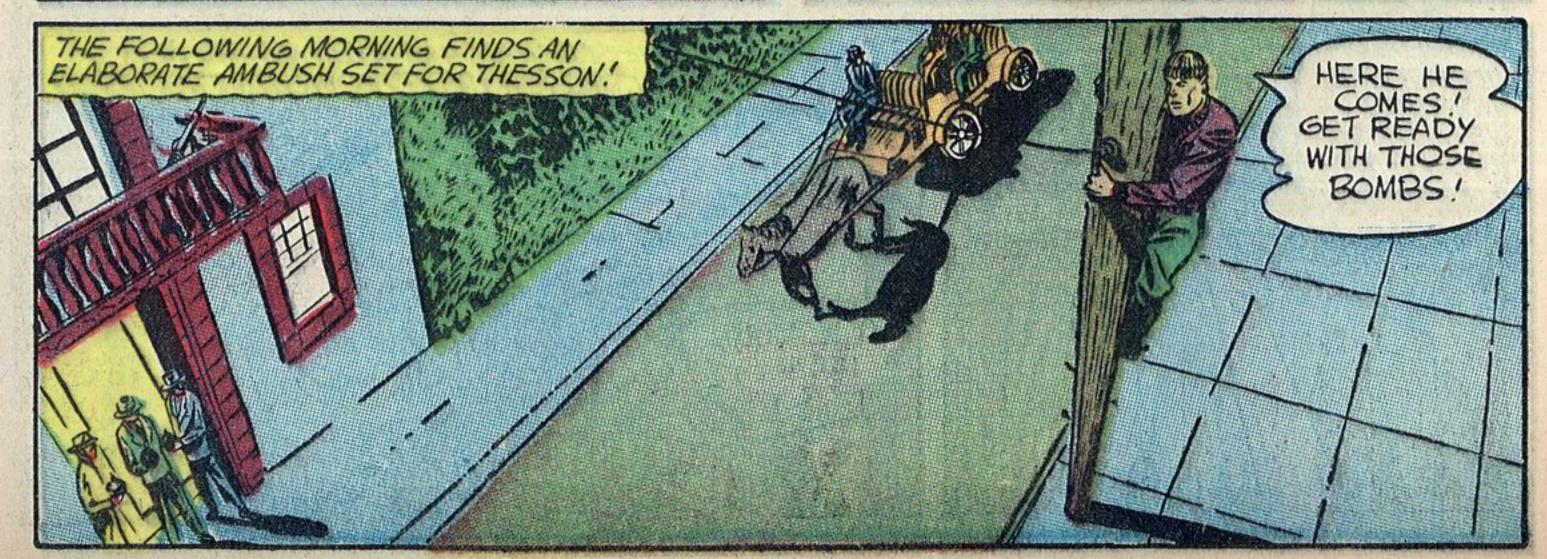


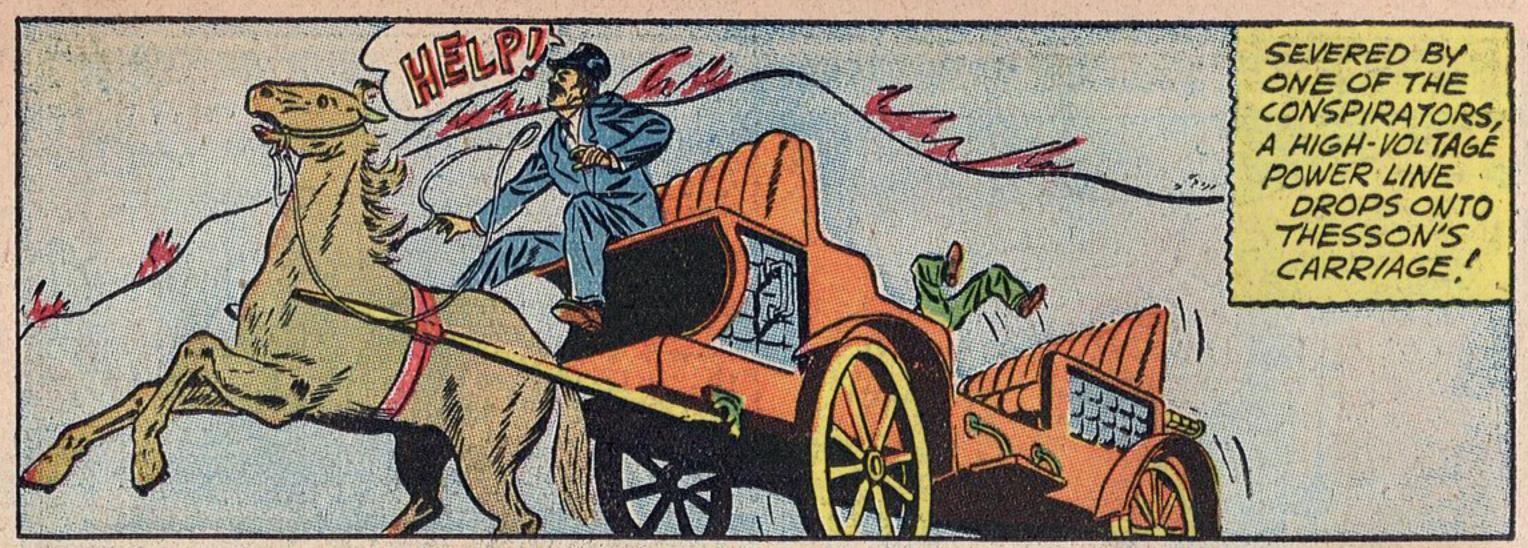








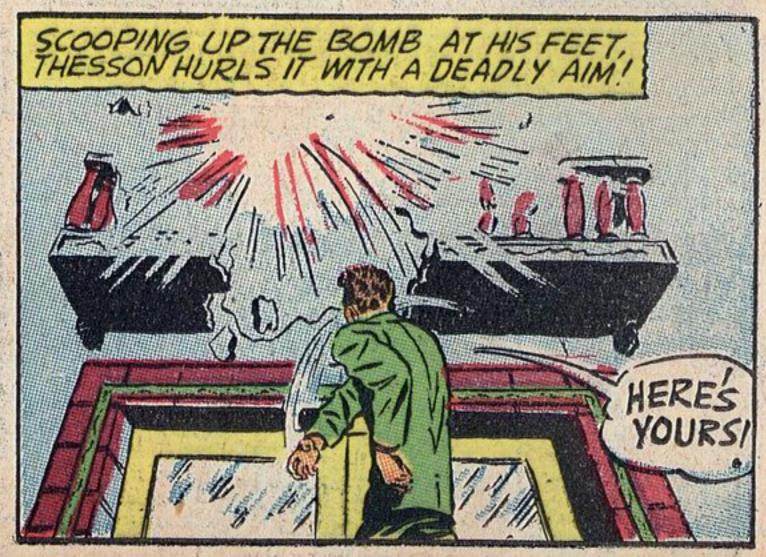






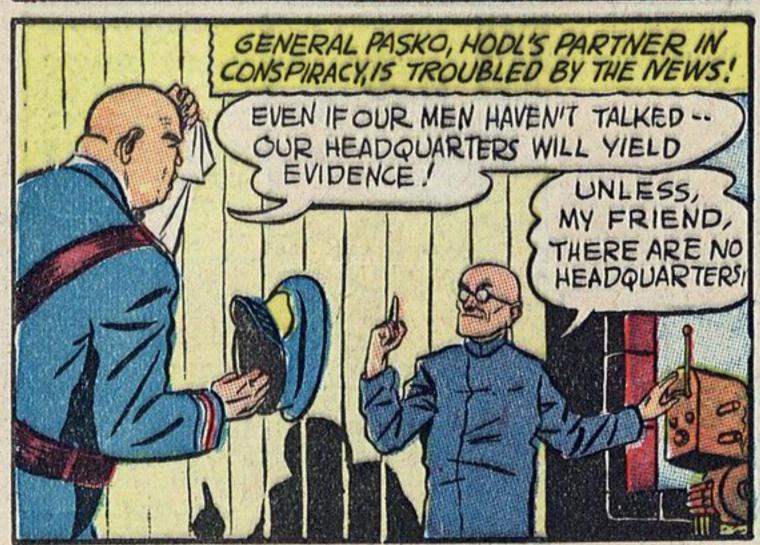








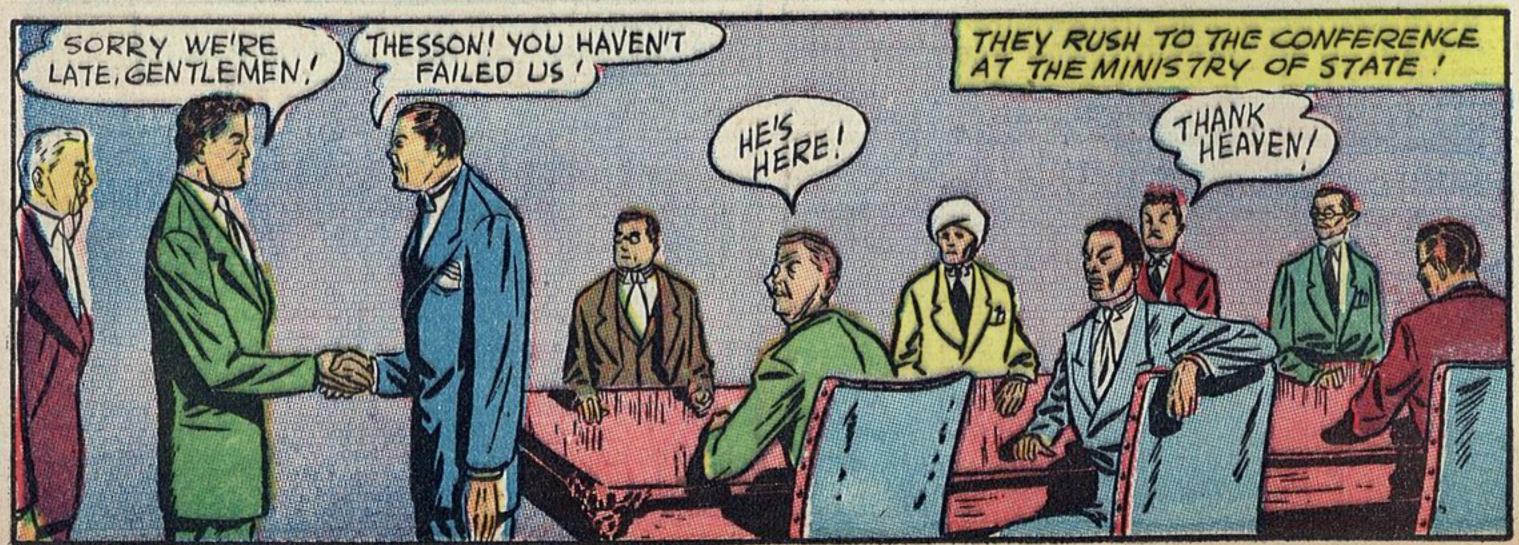




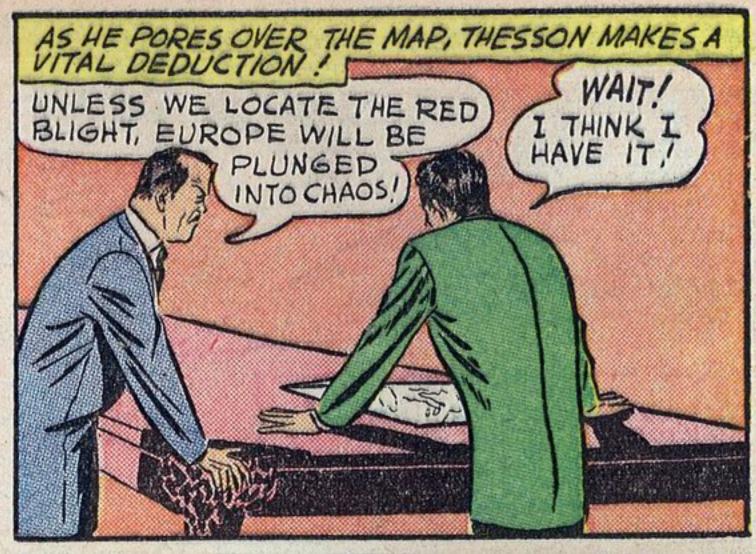


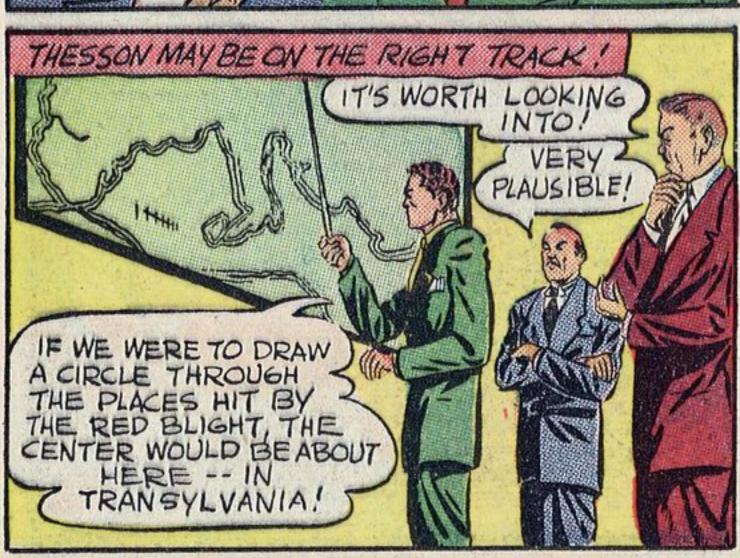




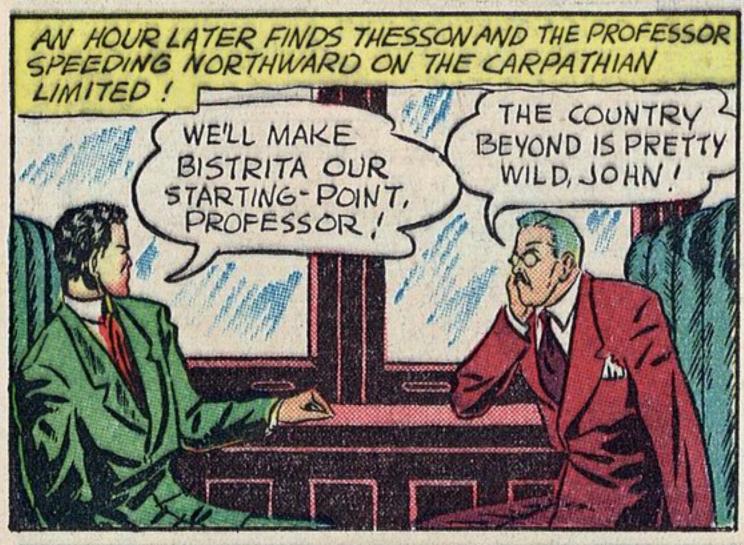




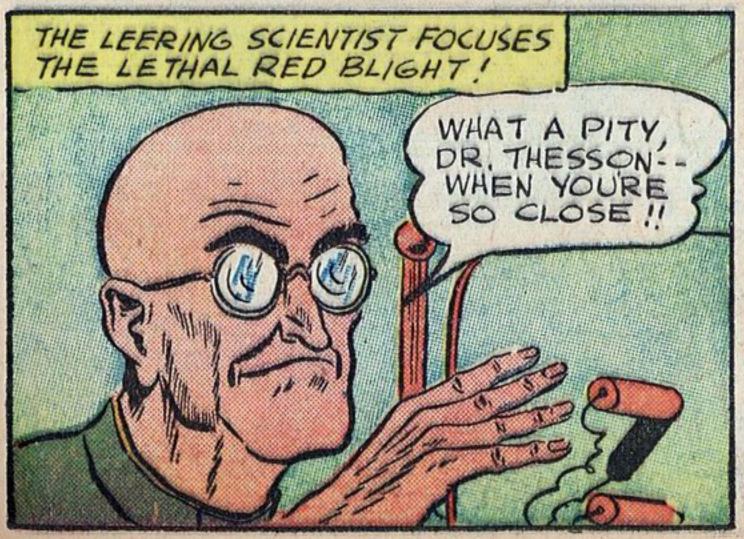




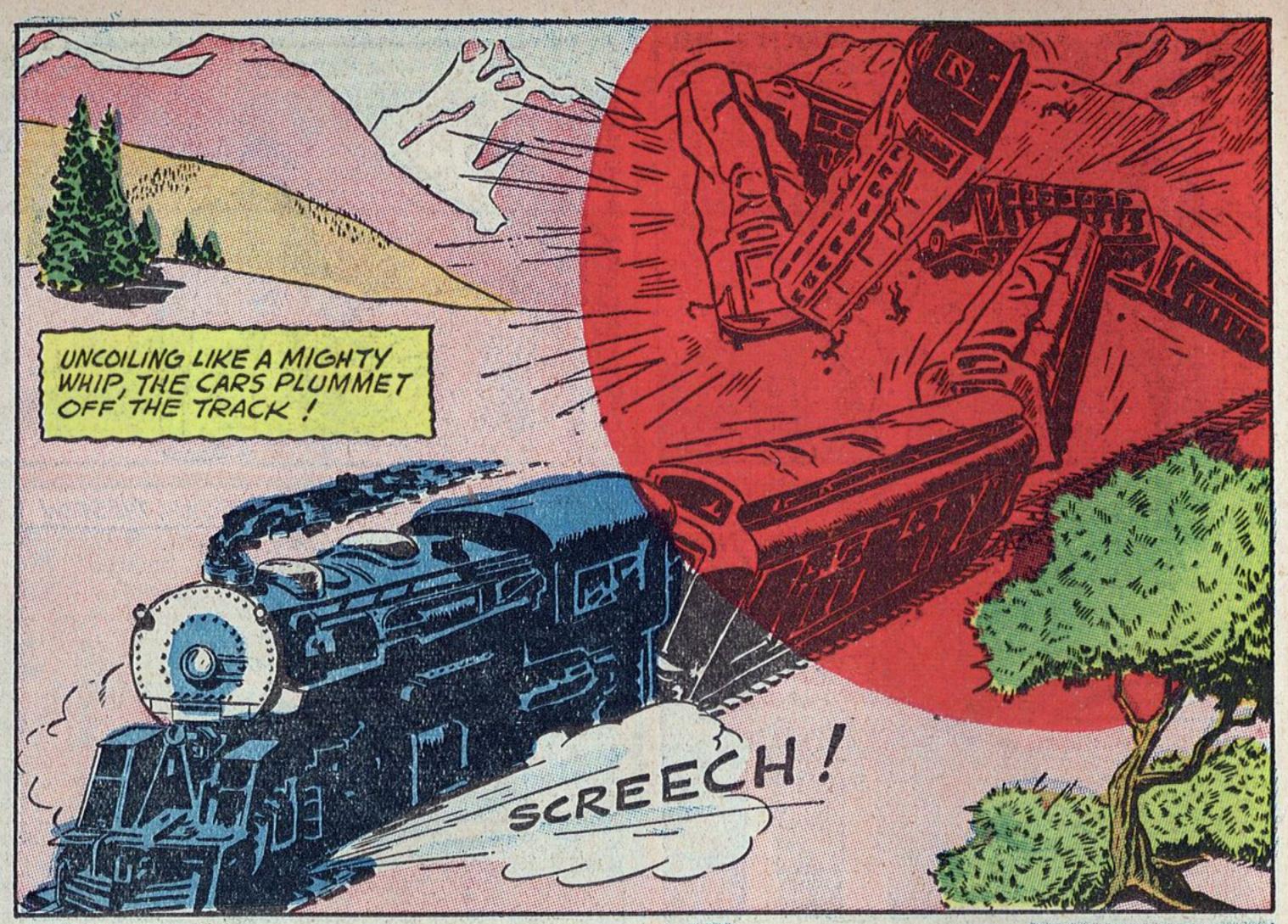


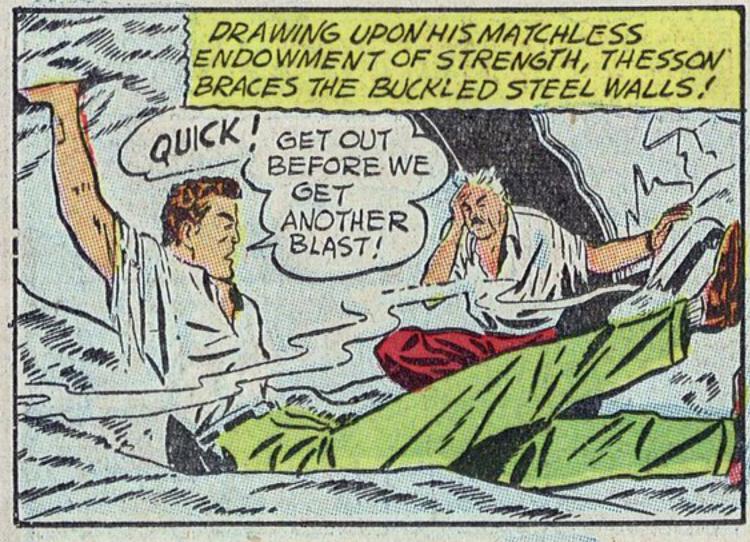


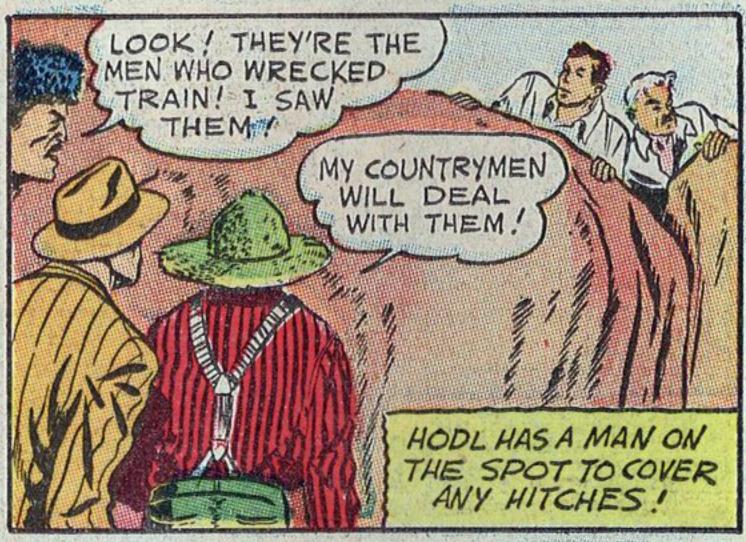






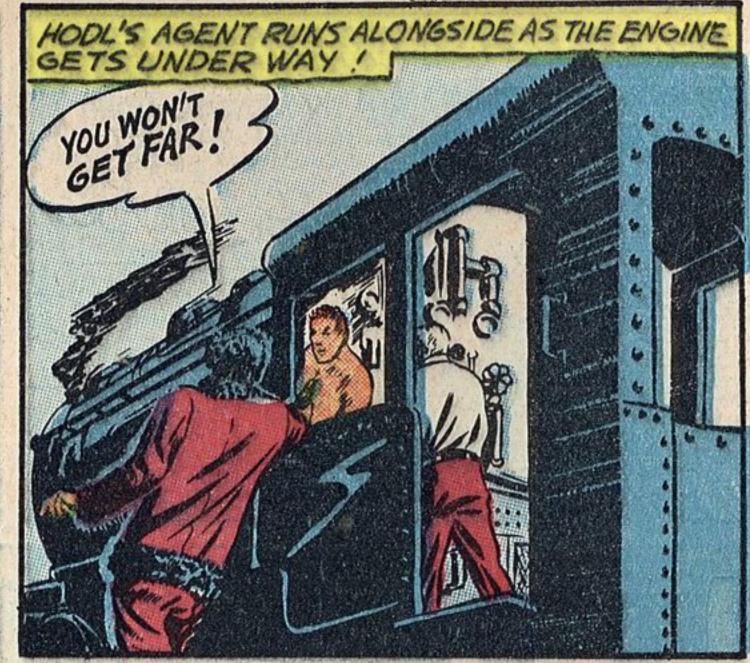




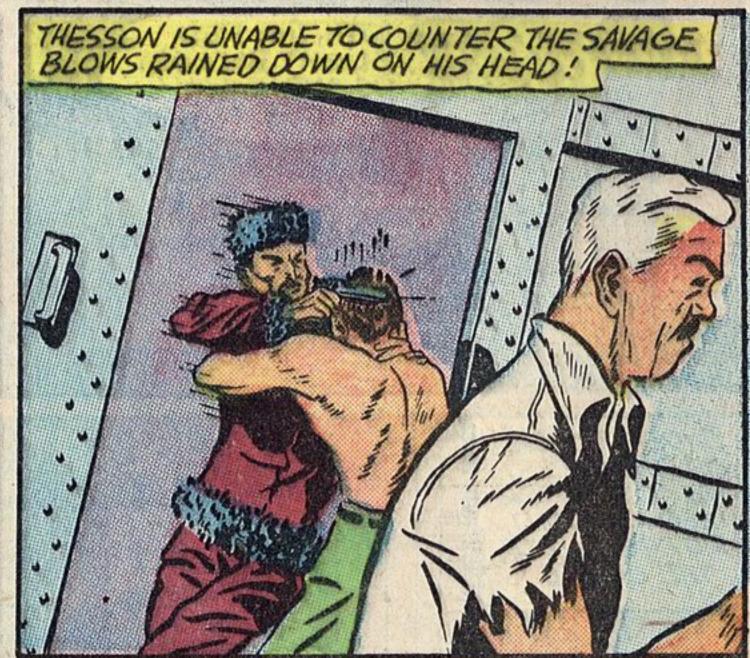






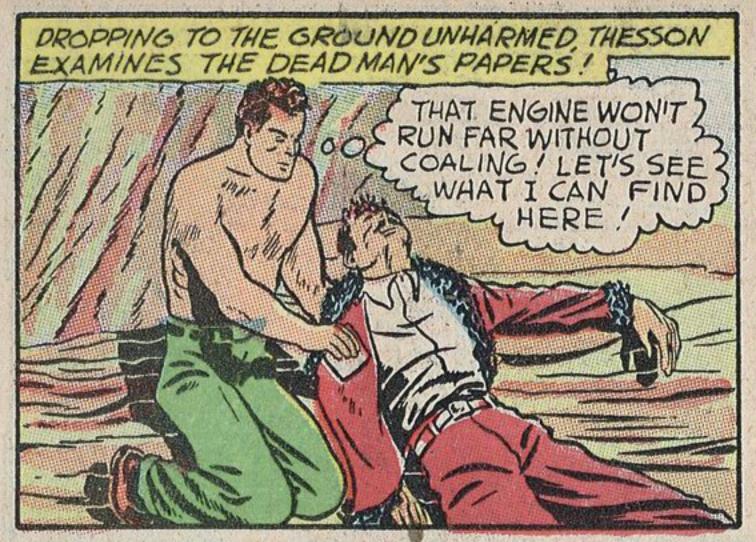


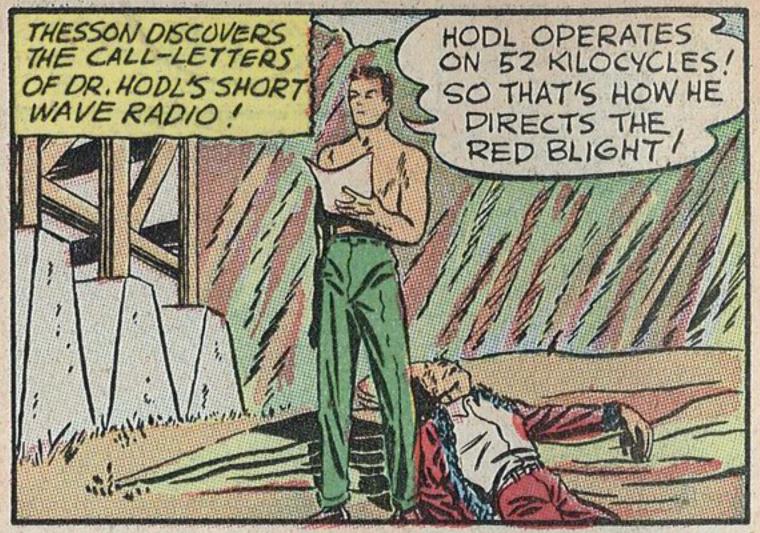




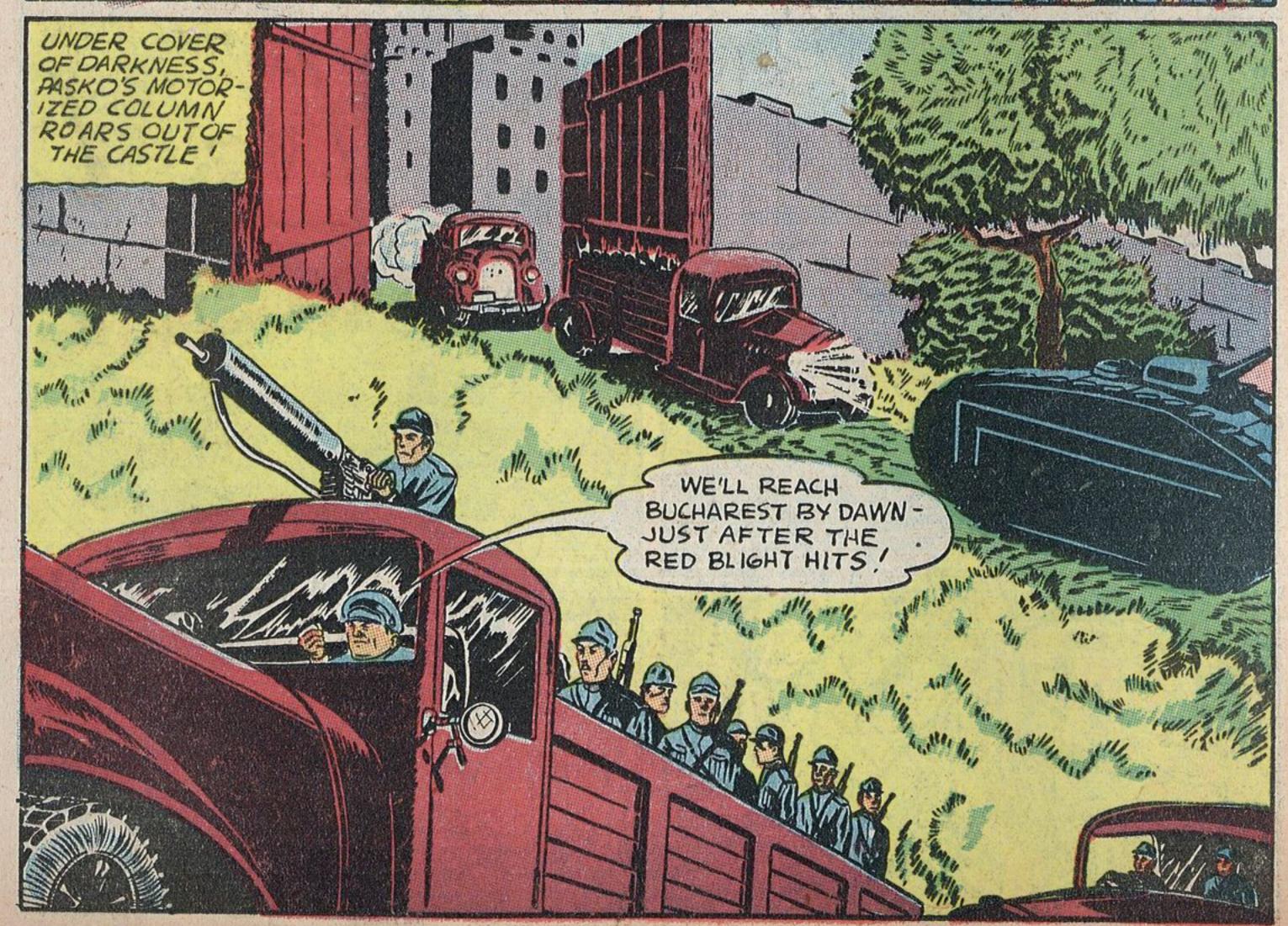


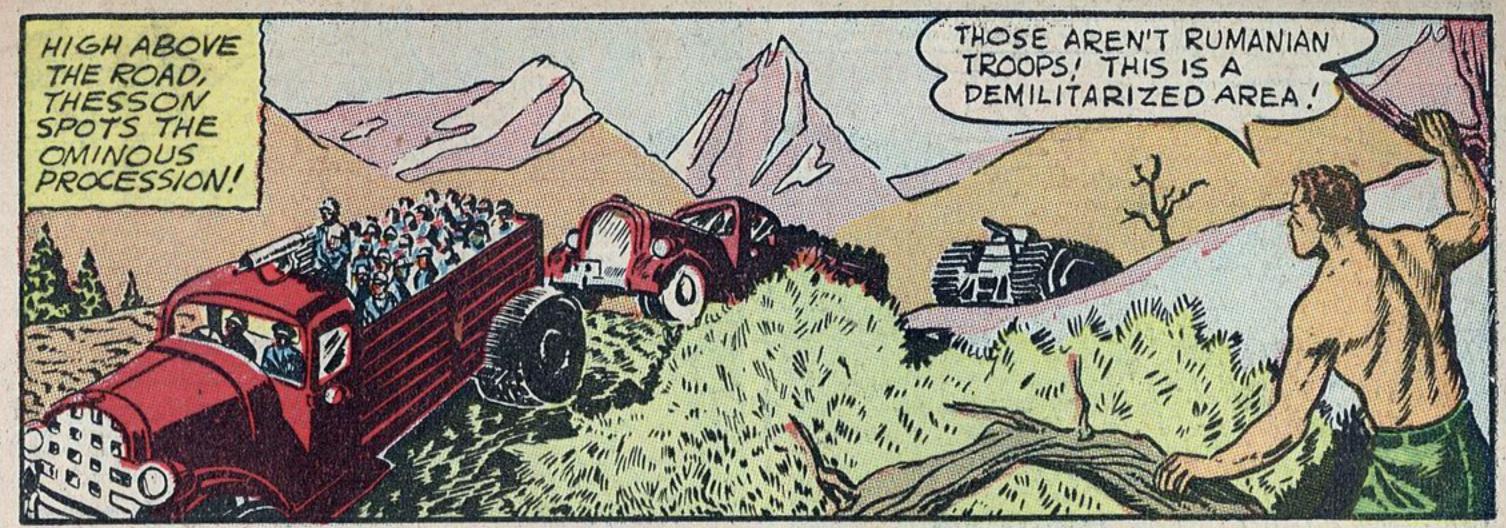




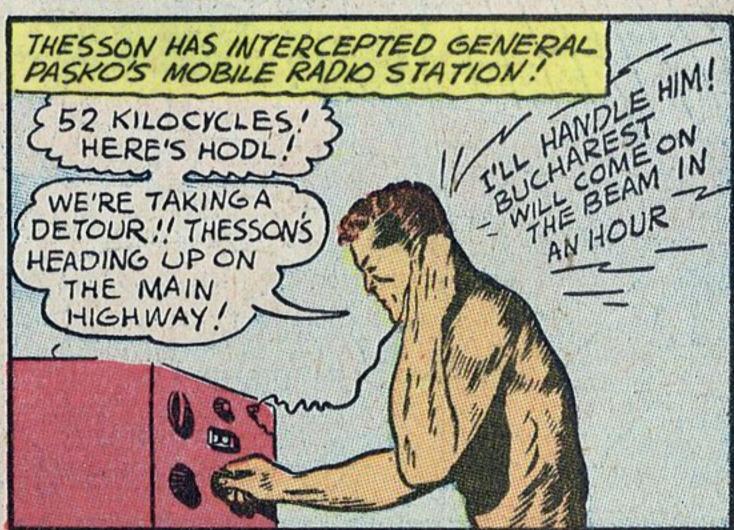


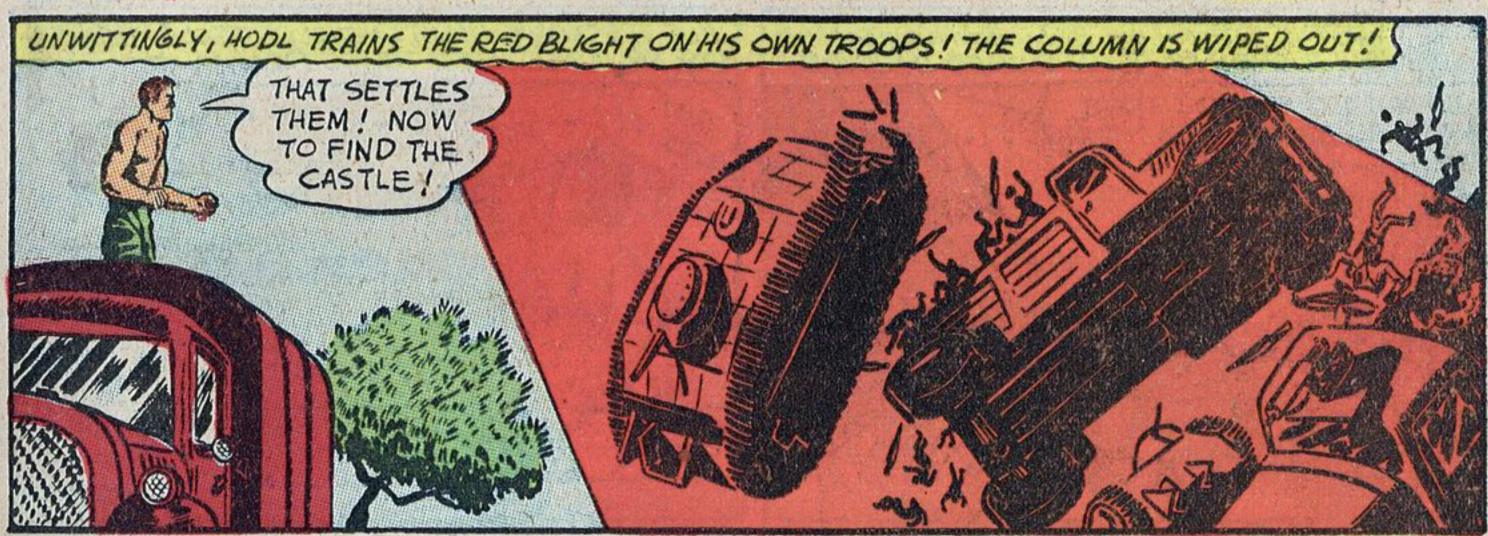


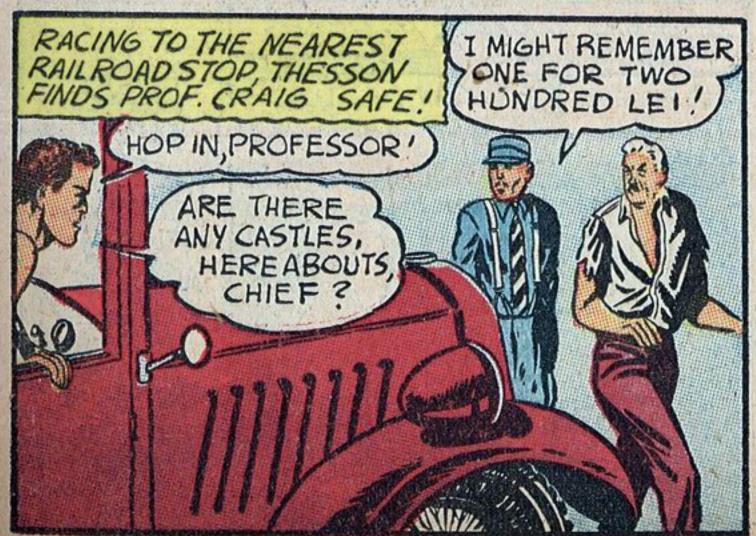


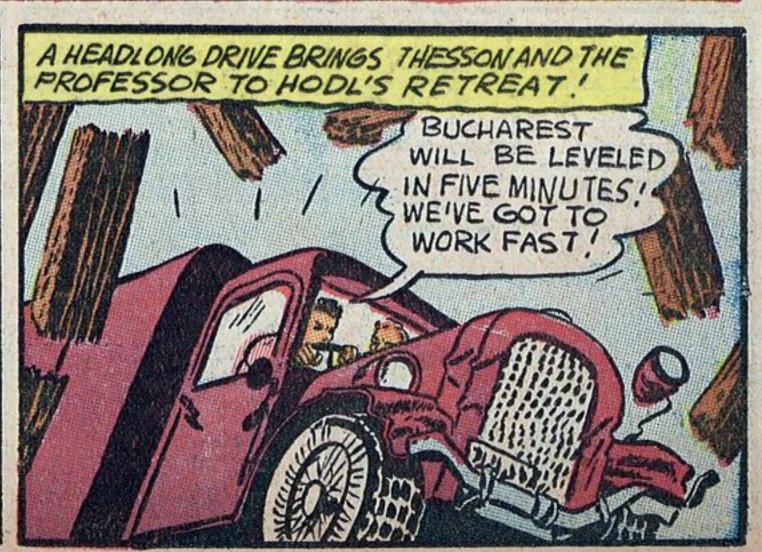




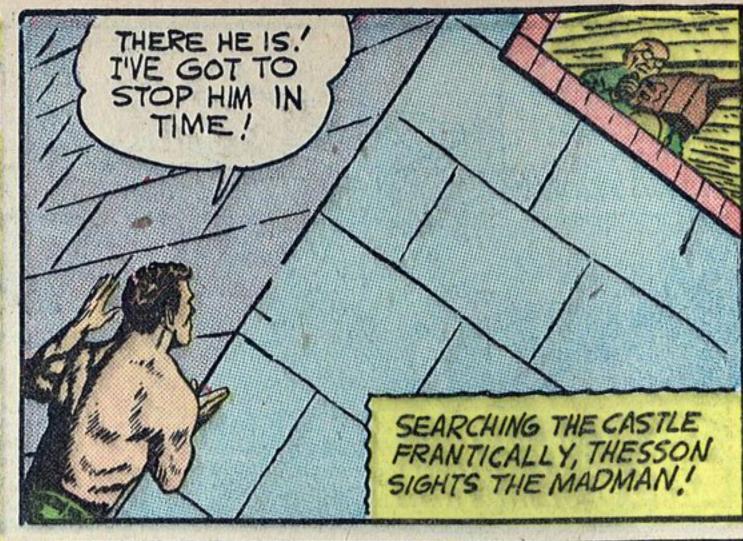


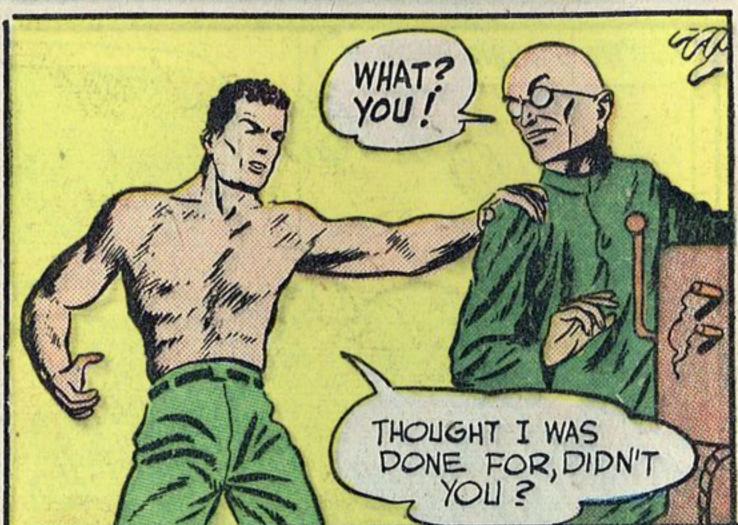








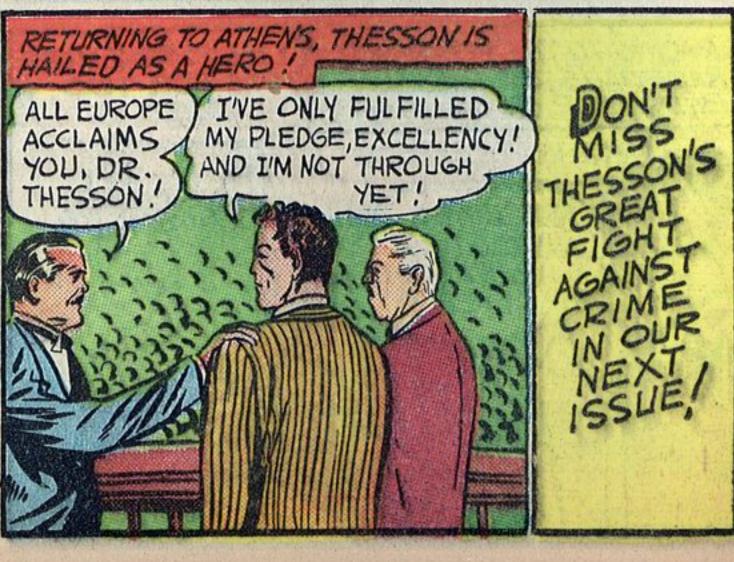


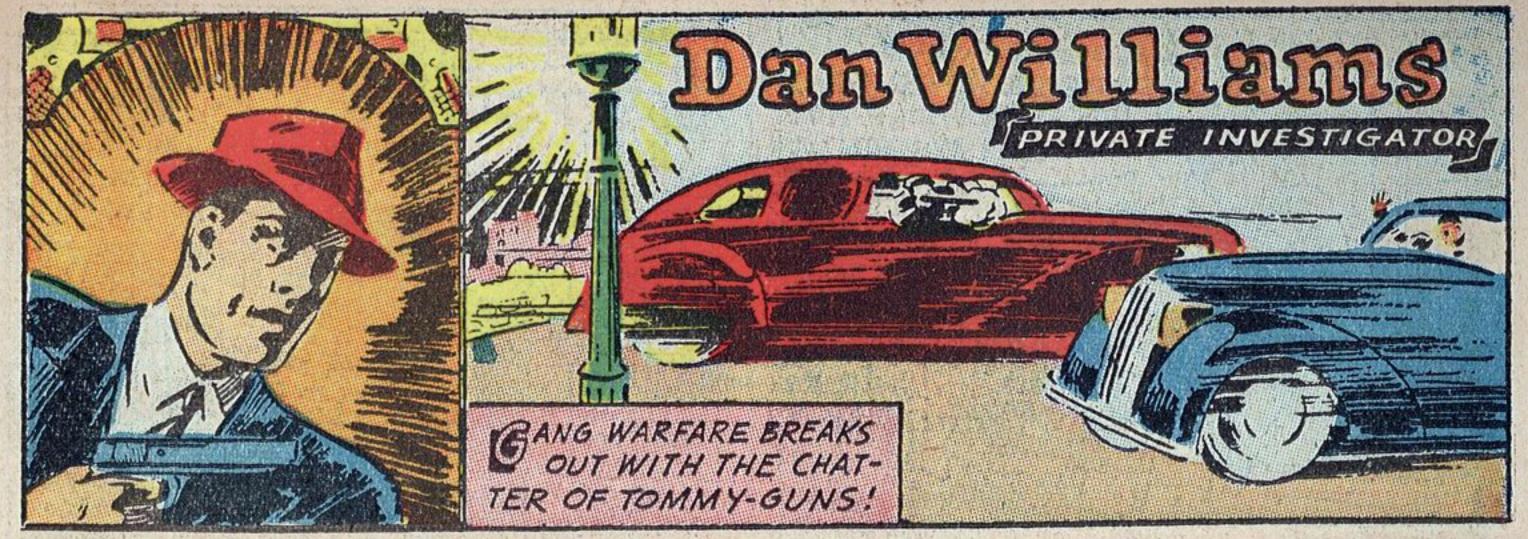




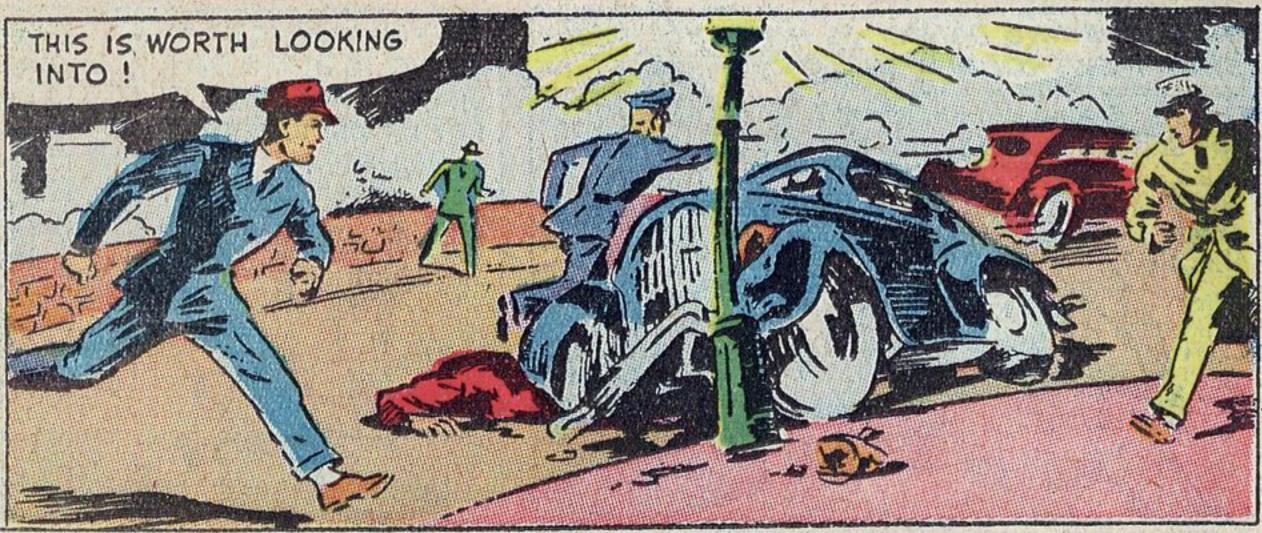








OUT OF CONTROL, ONE OF THE CARS CRASHES! AT THAT MOMENT, DAN WILLIAMS COMES UPON THE SCENE!





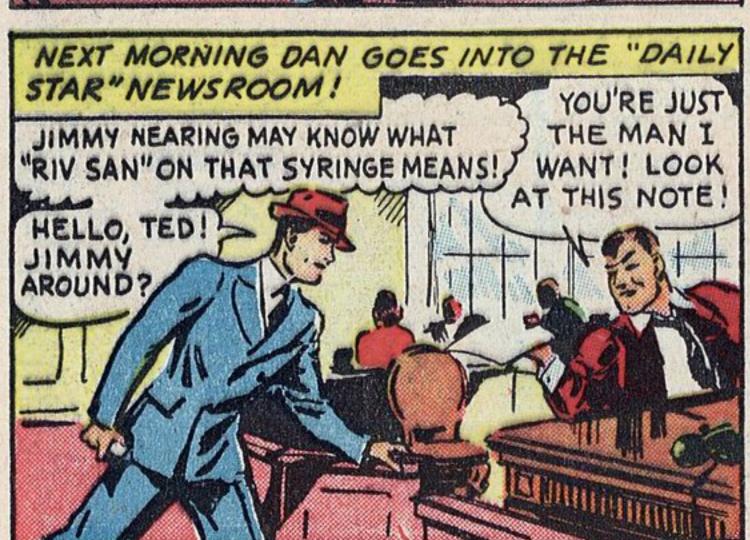












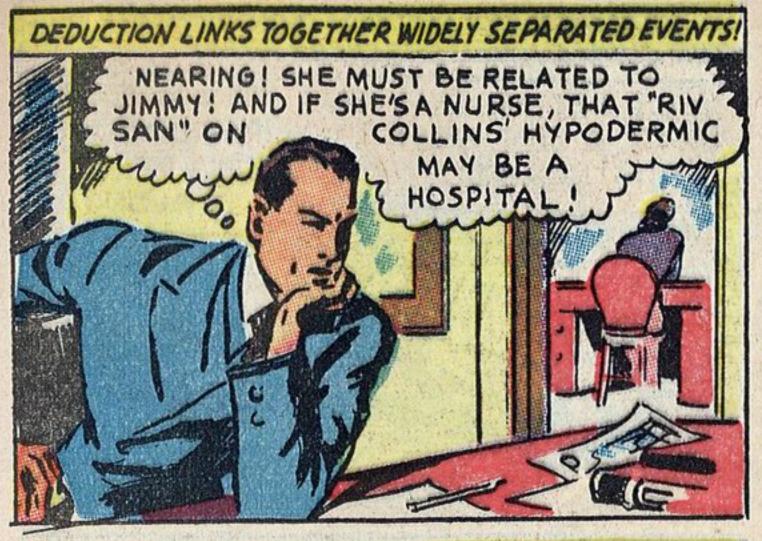


RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE, DAN SEES A GIRL BEING THROWN INTO A CAR!

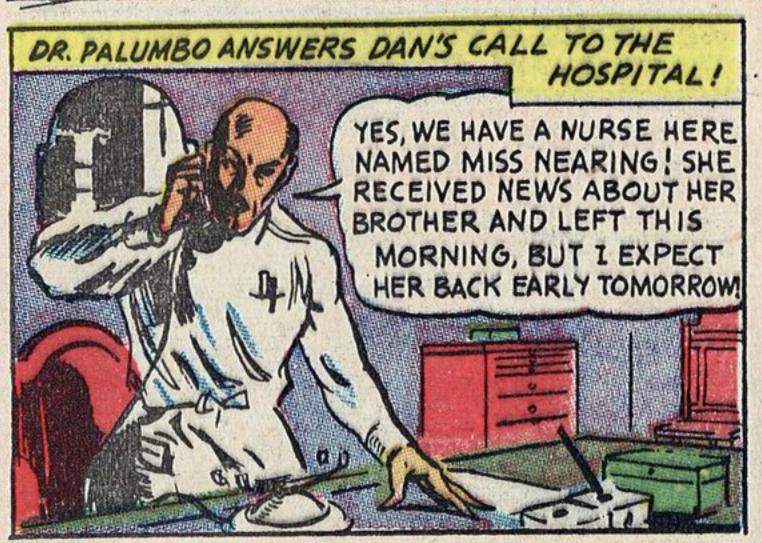
















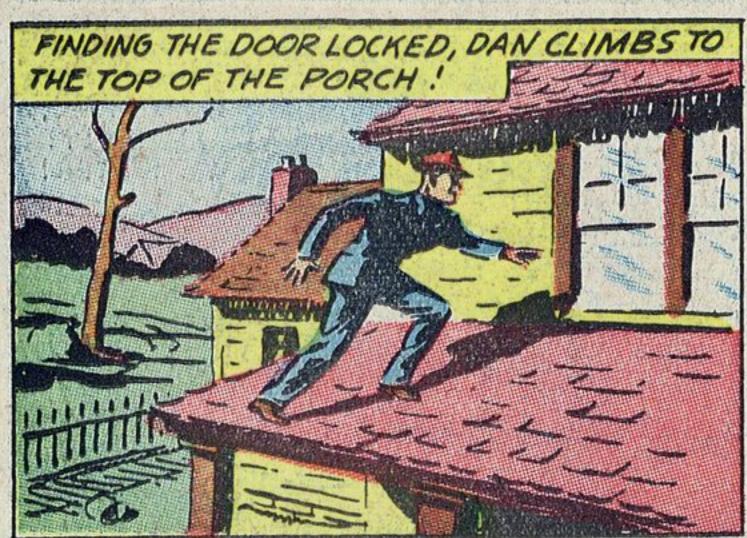




















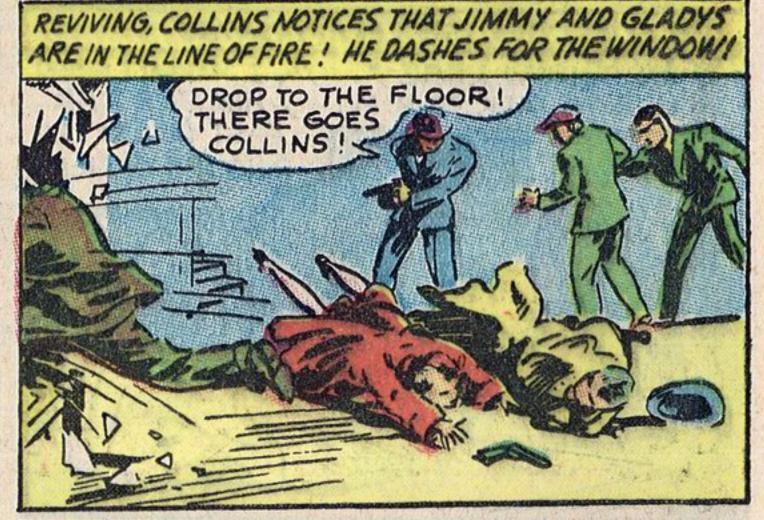


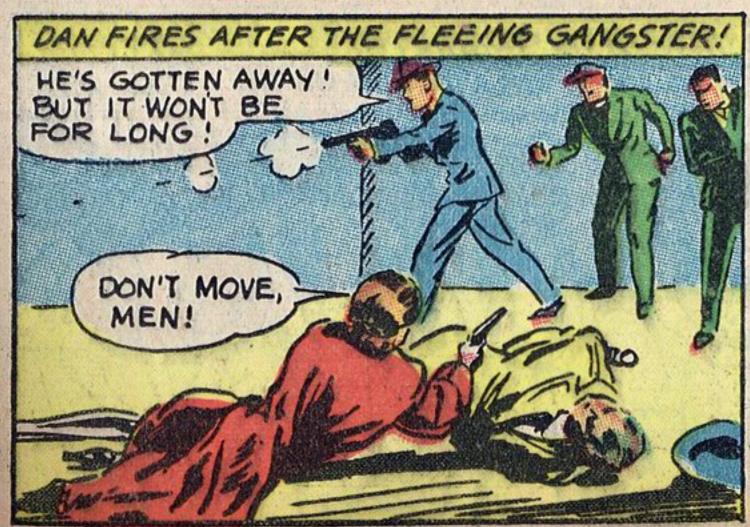


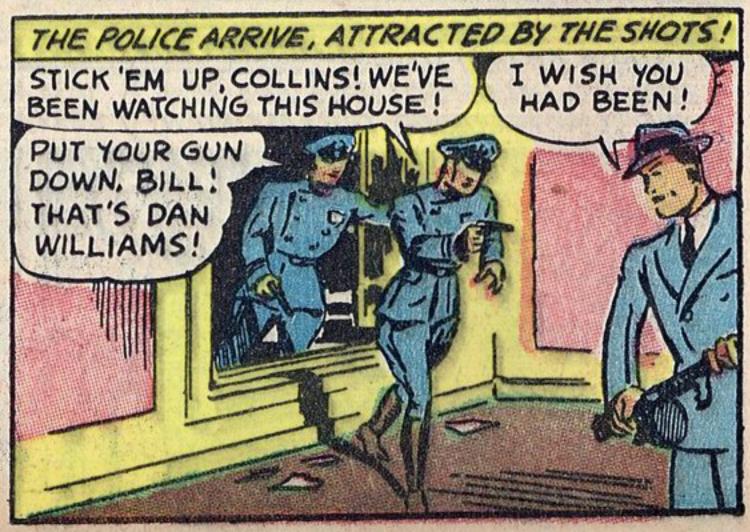




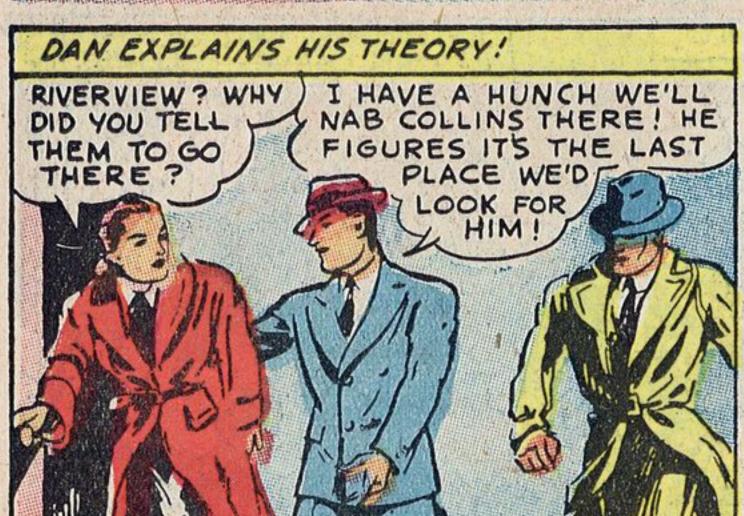


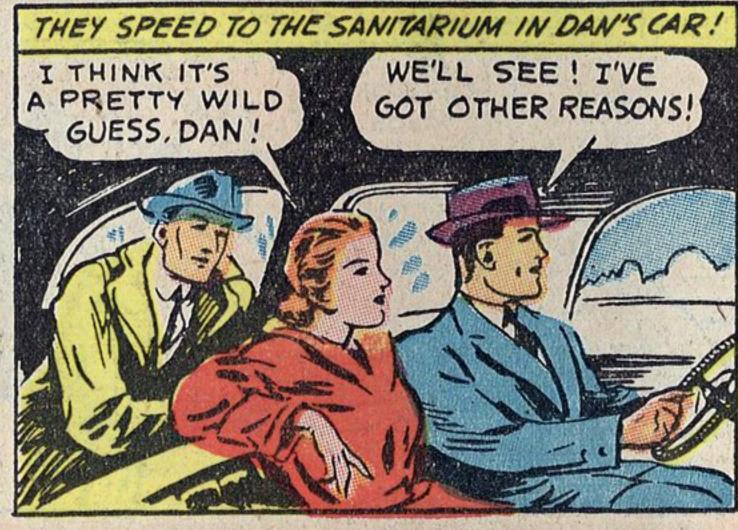














Carried Livery



















Special Detective

A Newsboy Turns Sleuth Just in the Nick of Time



ET your latest papers, read all about it." Tim March shivered as he stood on the street corner selling the evening papers. It was cold and it certainly did get dark early on winter evenings like this. "Get your papers, read all about it."

He was thinking that he would like to be a detective just like his friend Detective-Sergeant Bill Casey. There

was a lot of excitement to a job like that. Hadn't Casey told him about the time the ser-

geant and two other detectives fought it out with the men who were robbing the warehouse? It was about time for Casey to come along now, as he did every evening, to buy a paper from his little newsboy friend.

Tim sold a few papers and then his eyes lighted up as he saw the big man walking toward him along the busy street. Here was Sergeant Casey coming to get his paper now The newsboy looked surprised as two men stepped out of the crowd and walked along on either side of Casey. Tim didn't like the looks of those men, but it might be they were friends of the sergeant.

"Hey, Sergeant," called Tim as the three men started to walk right by. "Aren't you going to

take your evening paper?"

Casey said something to the two men. One of them nodded and all three stopped while the sergeant took the paper and placed something in Tim's hand.

"Keep the change, Tim," said Casey. "And remember what you always wanted to be."

The three men hurried away, going up Broadway. Tim looked at what Casey had put in his hand. It was the sergeant's detective badge! Tim studied it for a moment

"Gosh," he said, "I better do something

about this. Casey is depending on me!" He bundled up his papers and ran after the three men. He hadn't gone far when he saw a green and white patrol car with two uniformed officers riding in it draw up to the curb.

Tim jumped on the running board of the car, and just as he did so he saw the sergeant and the two men get into a black sedan further down the street.

"Those two men in the black sedan have taken Sergeant Casey with them," said Tim. "They're crooks, and I think they're going to take the sergeant for a ride and kill him."

"We'd better investigate," the driver of the

police car said. "Get in, Kid, we'll take you along with us."

Tim climbed in and the patrol car speeded after the sedan with its siren wailing. It was the most exciting ride Tim had ever had. Then when the men in the black sedan started shooting at the police car, he knew that he had been right-the two men had taken Sergeant Casey a prisoner!

The criminals were so busy trying to kill the pursuing police that the sergeant saw his opportunity - and acted with

lightning speed. Casey hit the driver over the head, knocking

him out, then grabbed a gun from the unconscious man's pocket. With this weapon, it was easy for him to hold his captors at bay.

"Nice work, Tim," said the sergeant later. when the two thugs were safely in custody. "Knew you would realize there was something wrong when I gave you my badge instead of the money for the paper."

"Sure, I did," said Tim. "And I followed right away when I recollected that you said, 'remember what you always wanted to be,' because that was-a detective!"

"You were a special detective that saved my life," said the sergeant with a grin.



Detective-Sergeant Casey

Short Story by FRANK JOHNSON





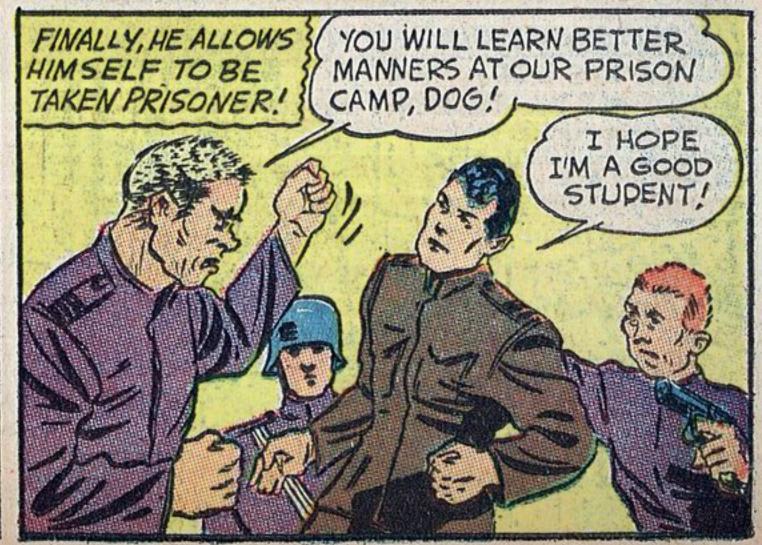












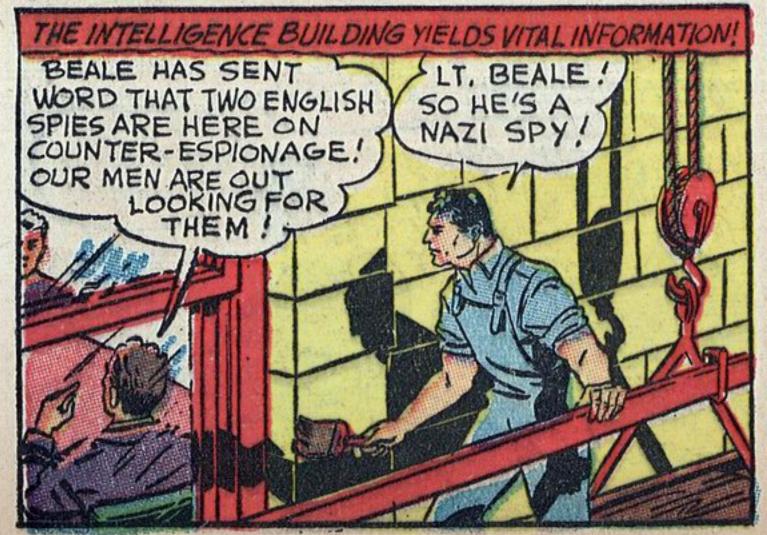




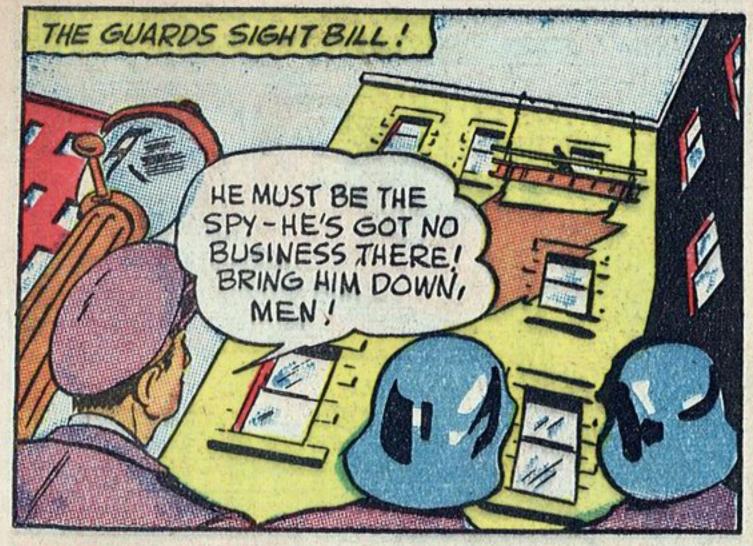








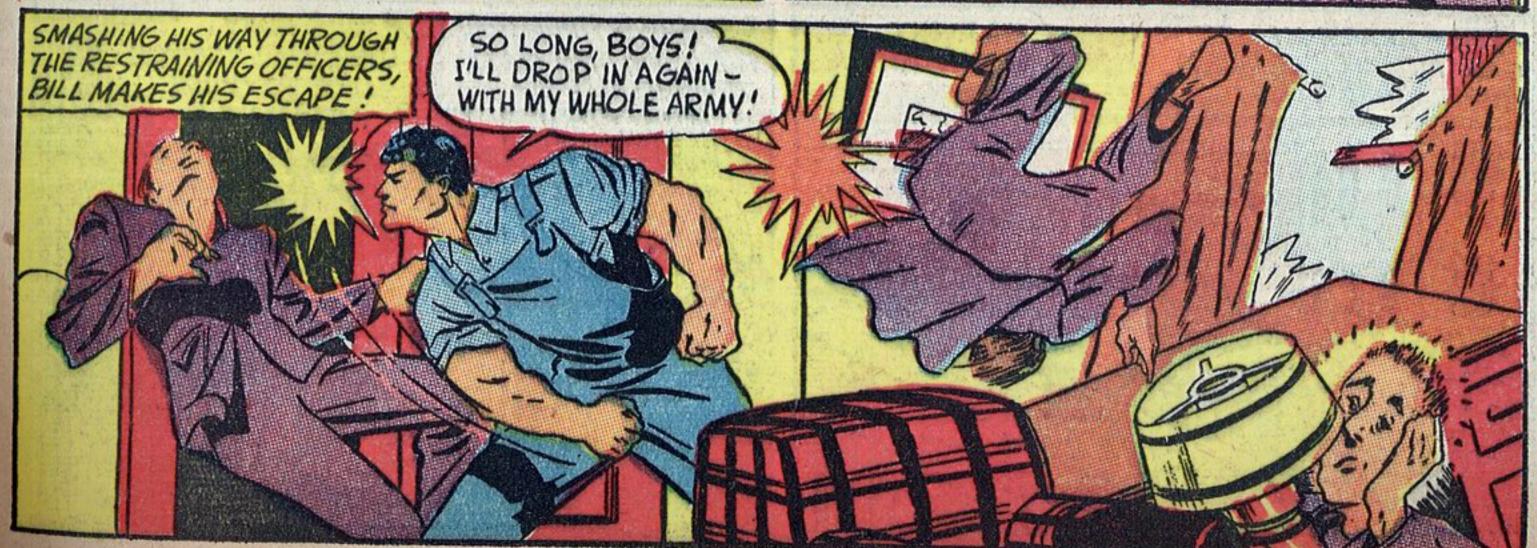




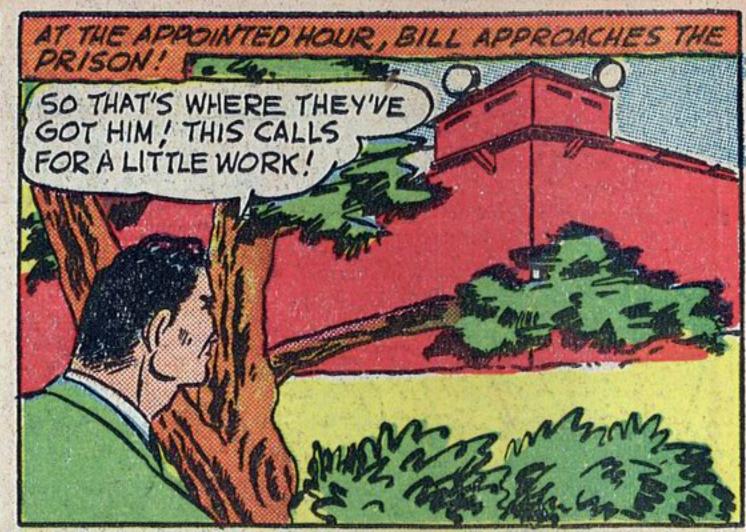


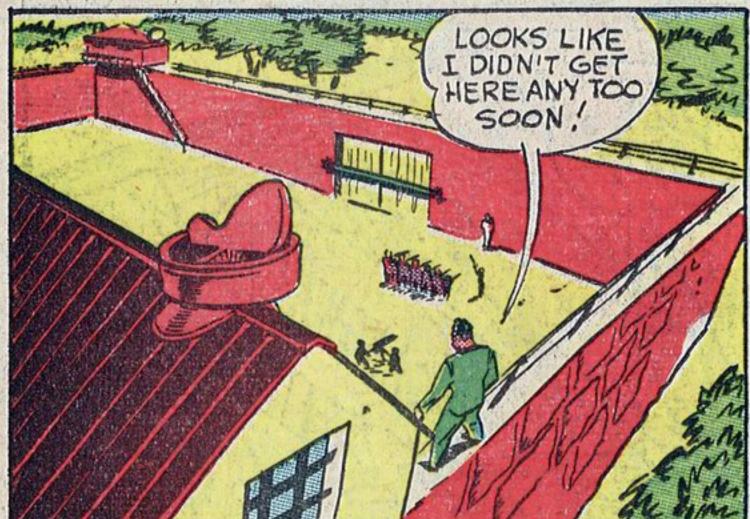


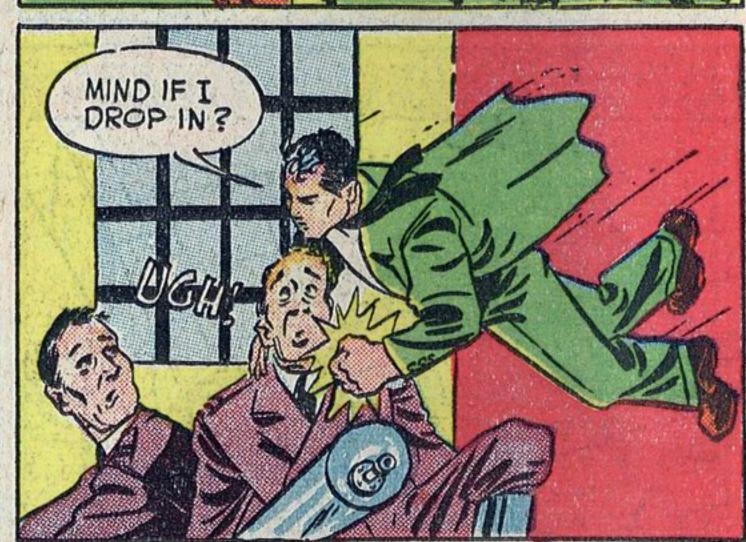


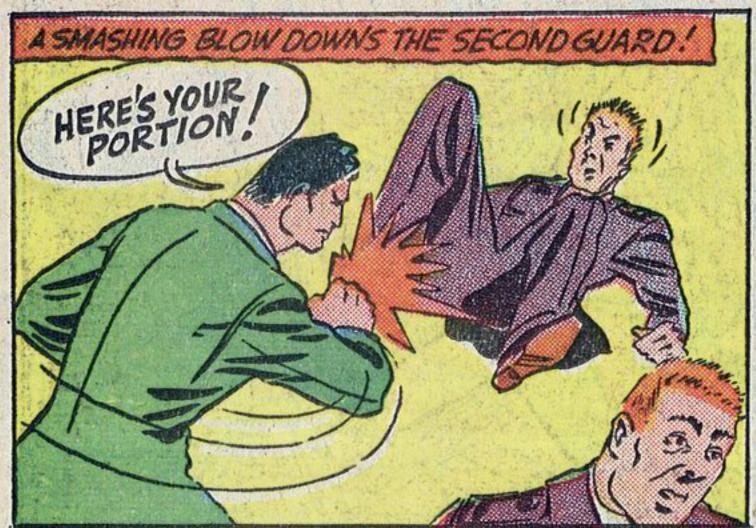


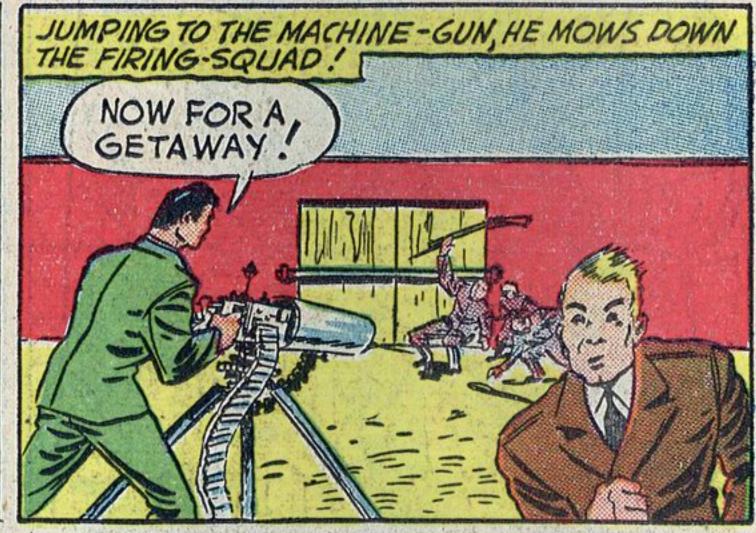




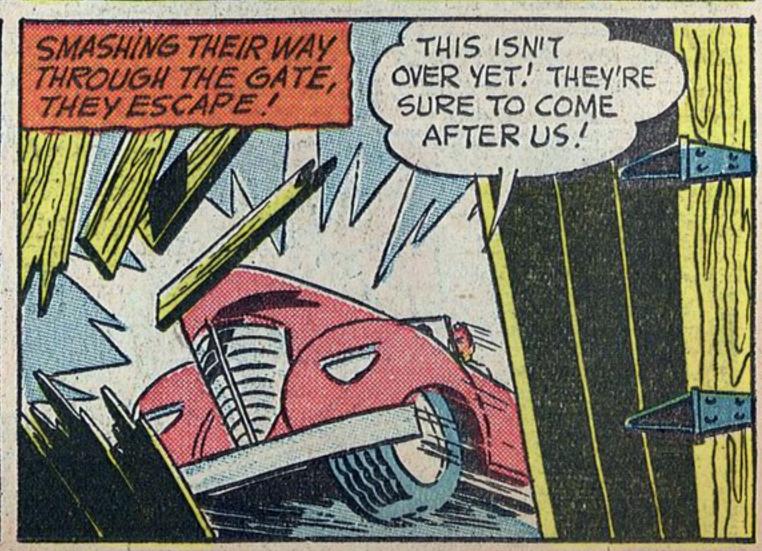




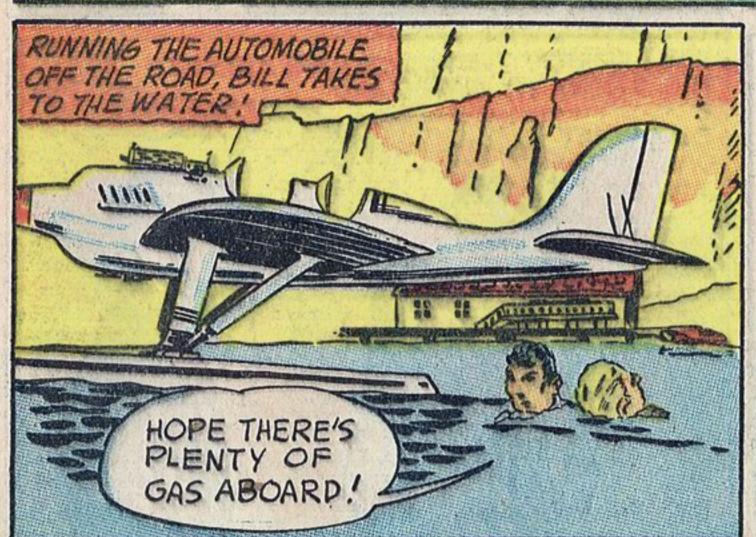










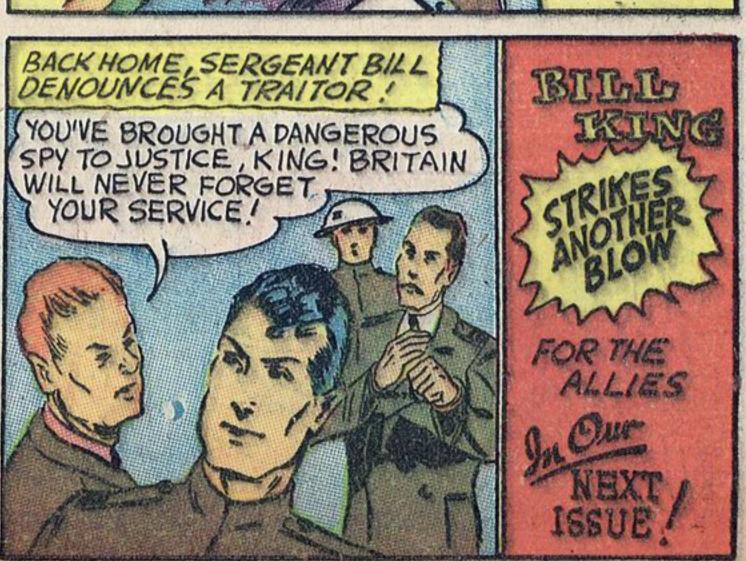


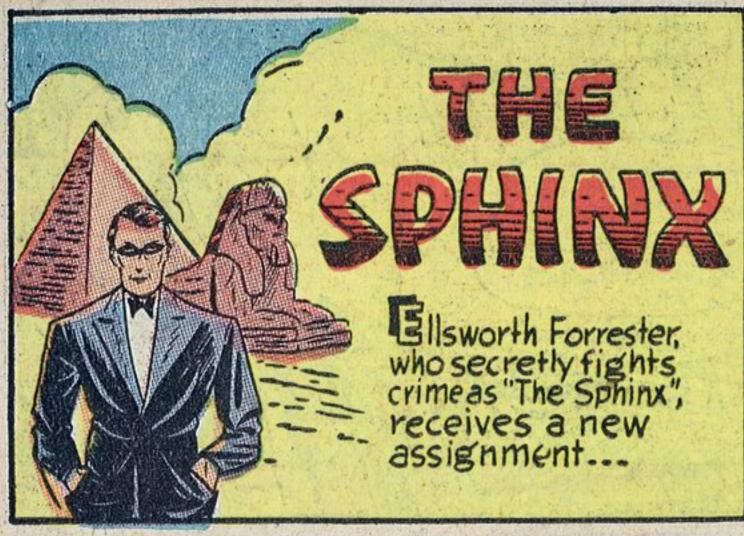


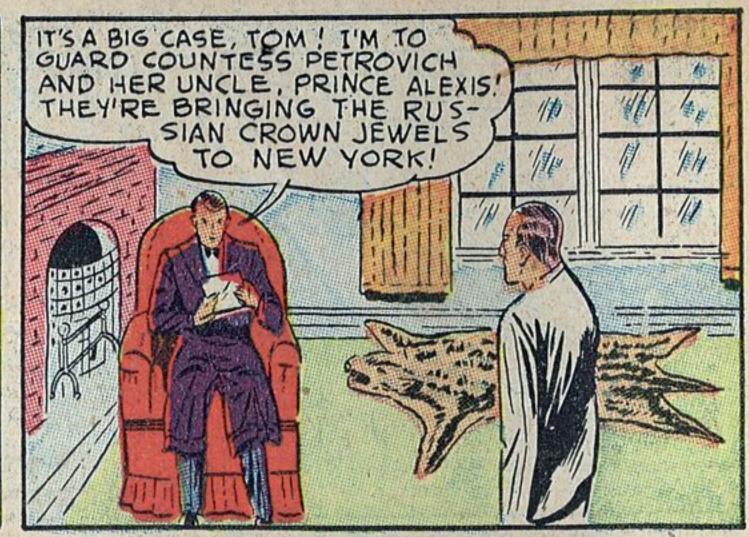


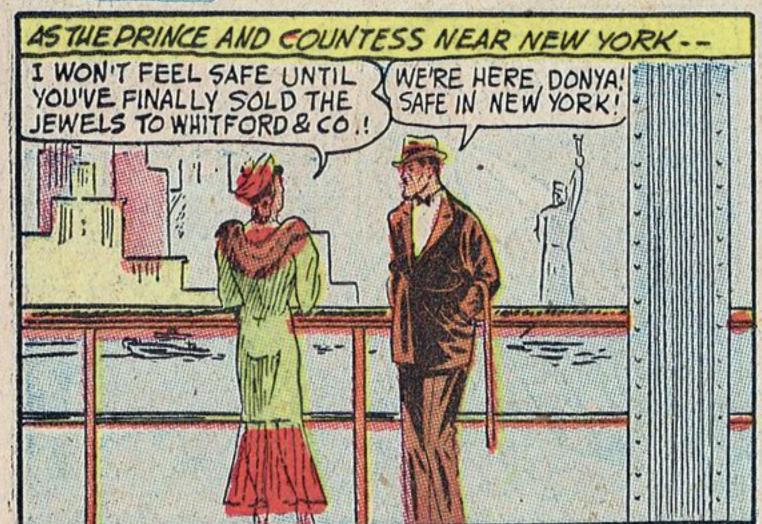
























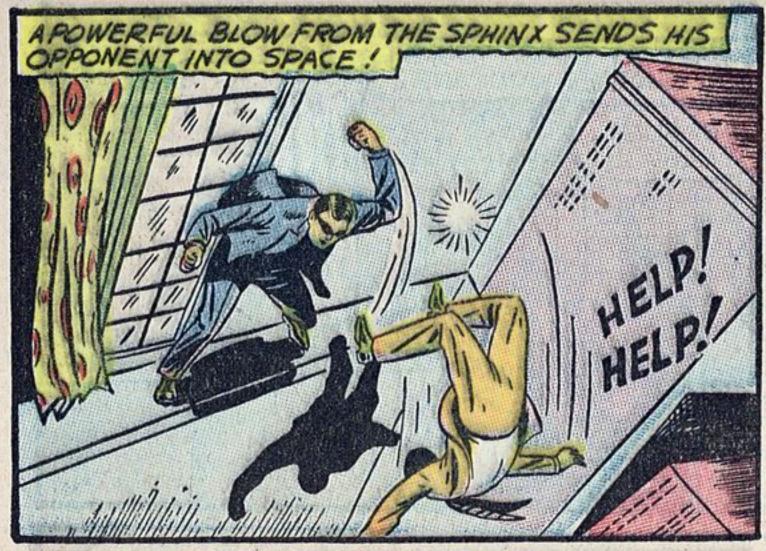








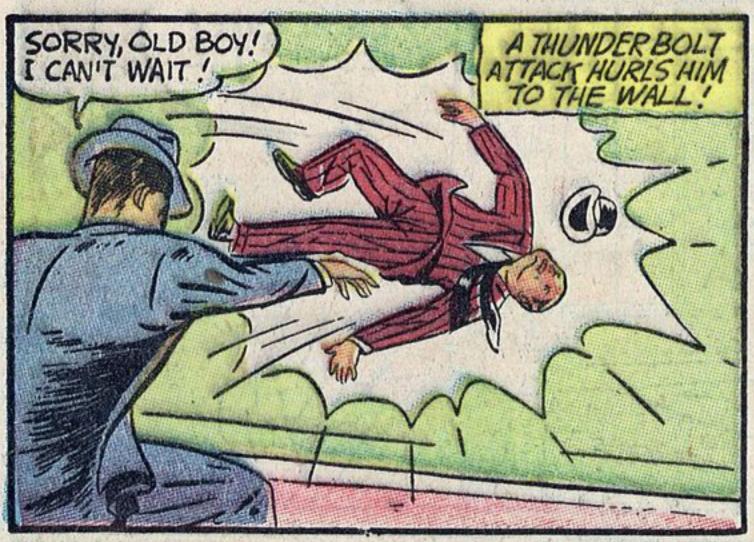


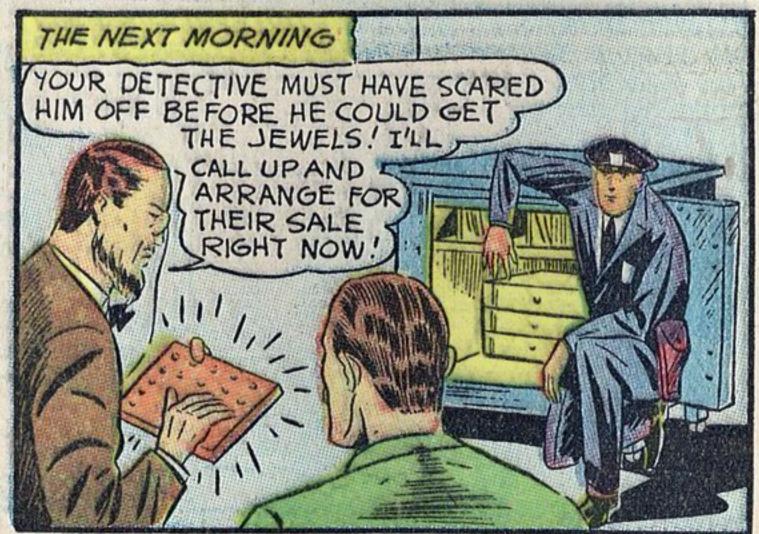




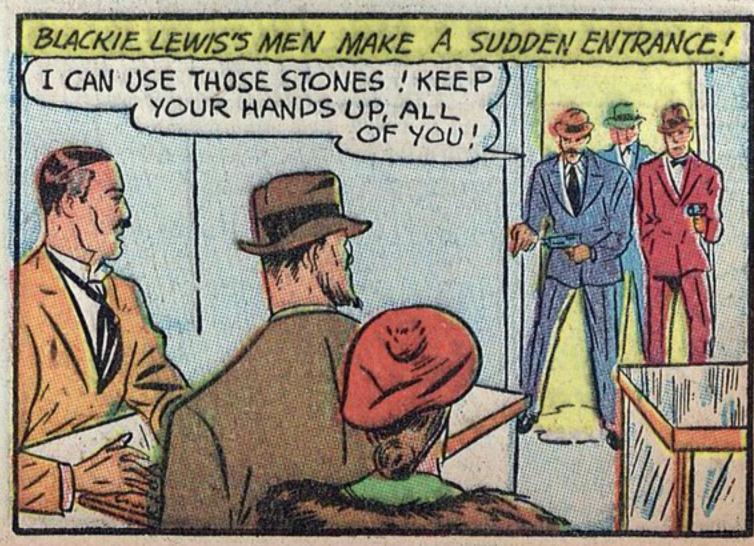
















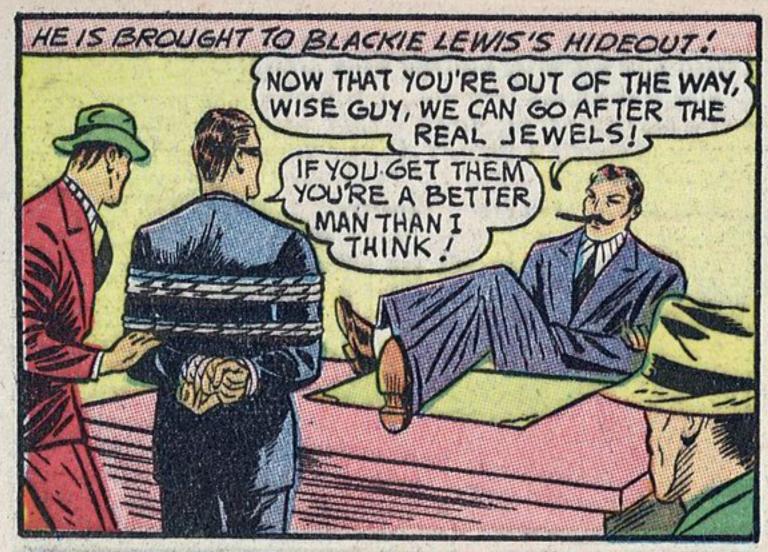










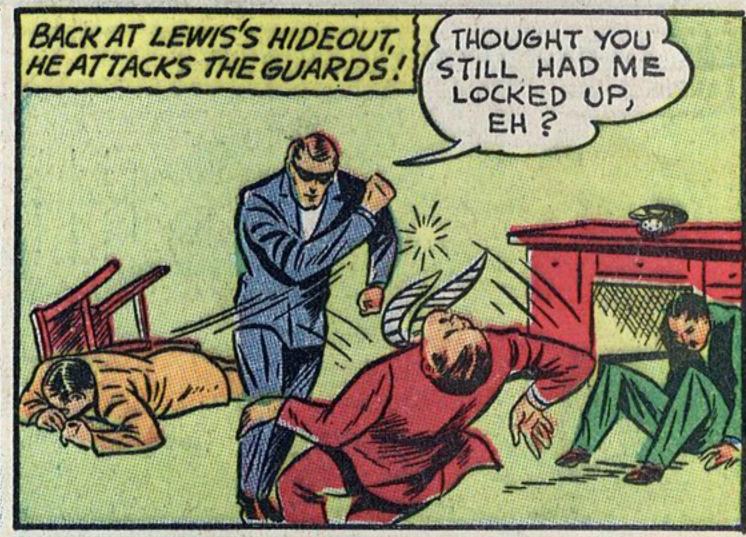








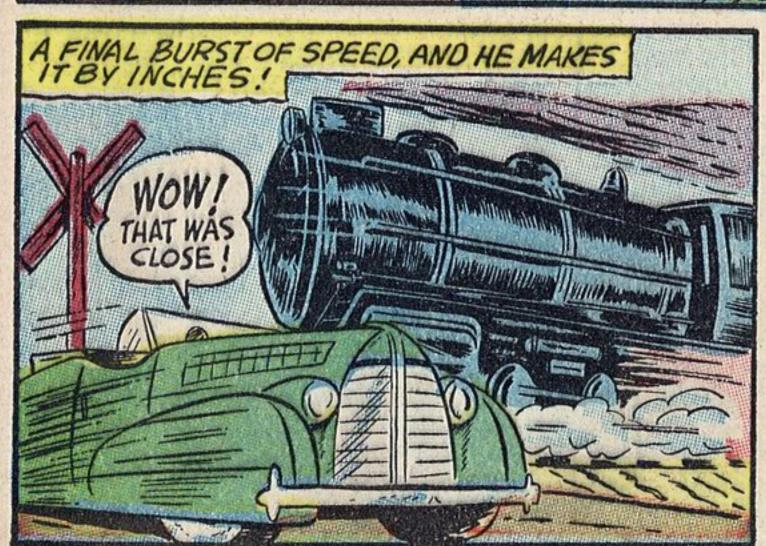


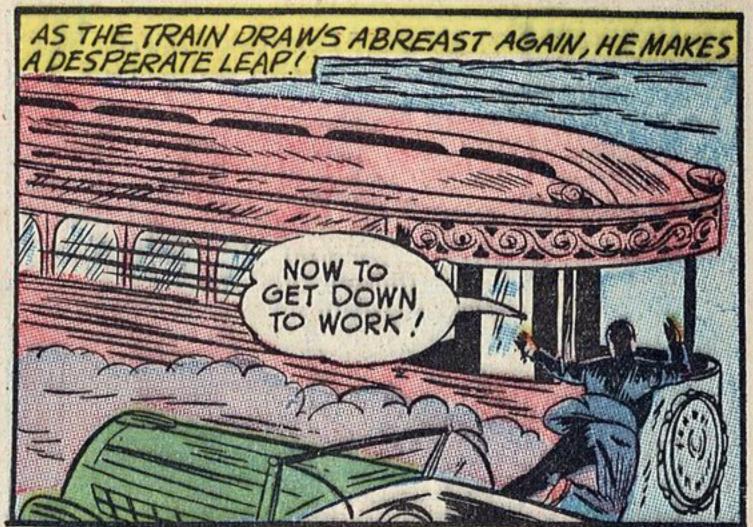


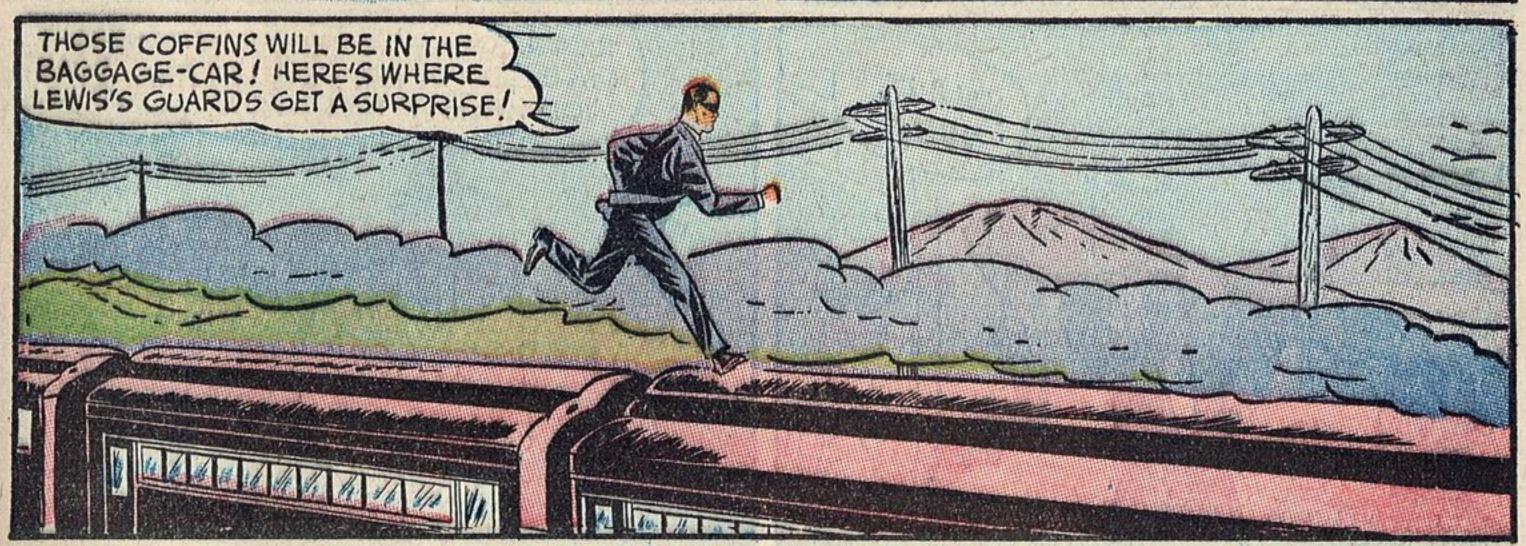












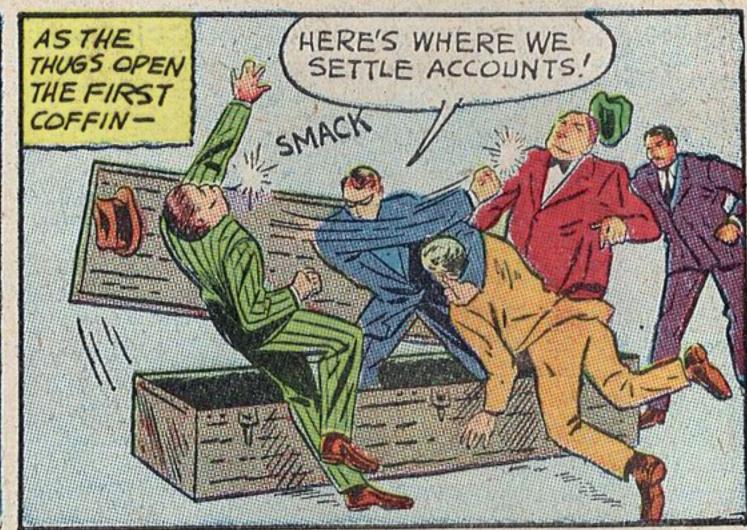


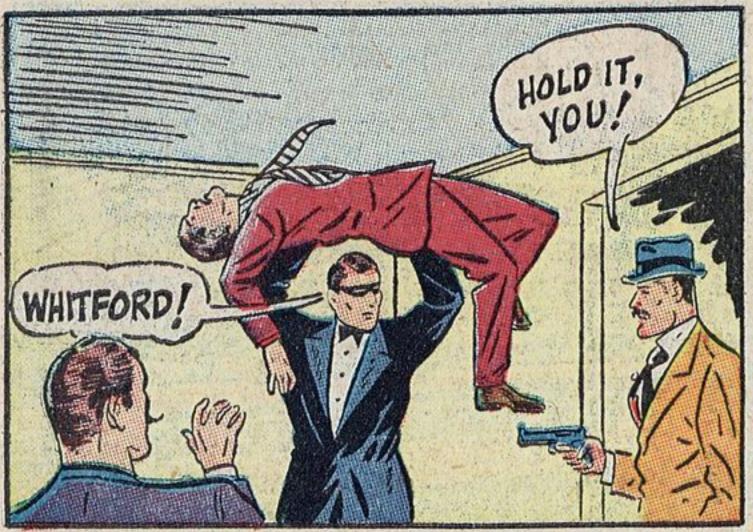


















Robbers Boots sam Brant



OHNNY BLUE of the Bar 8.

was startled when he heard
the two shots. He reined his
little cowpony and sat in the
saddle listening intently.

"Sounded like those shots came from around old Hap Nelson's cabin," said the boy to himself. "Hope that old friend of mine isn't in

prospector friend of mine isn't in trouble."

Johnny urged his little horse forward, heading for Nelson's cabin as fast as he

could go. He whirled his horse into a clump of trees when he was in sight of the cabin. Three hard-faced men with guns in their hands had just come out of the square building made of logs that was Hap Nelson's home.

"Three of them," exclaimed Johnny as he watched from his hiding-place. "They have guns in one hand and bags of gold in the other. They're robbing Hap Nelson, that's what they're doin'."

Johnny didn't want to cry out, and couldn't make any

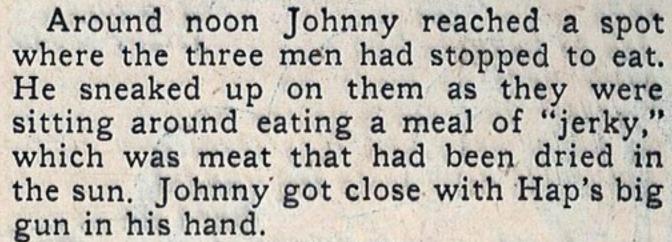
attempt to stop the three robbers, for he was without a gun. He just waited until the three men swung into the saddles of their horses and rode away, laughing and talking.

As soon as they were gone Johnny rode up to the open door of the cabin and slid out of the saddle. He dropped the reins in front of his horse's head so they dragged on the ground. That way his cowpony, Cotton, thought he was ground-hitched and wouldn't move.

"Oh, Hap, are yuh hurt bad?" asked Johnny as he went into the cabin and saw the old prospector lying on the floor.

"Shot me in both legs so I couldn't follow them," answered Hap Nelson. "Here, Johnny, take my gun—get those coyotes."

Johnny took the big old Colt gun that Nelson handed him and ran back to his horse and rode away. The robbers didn't expect anybody to trail them so their horses' tracks were very plain, as it had rained early that morning and the ground was still soft.



"Put yore hands up!" he ordered, just letting them see his hat and eyes and the gun over the edge of a rock. If they knew he was just a boy they might not believe that he really meant what he said. "I've

got yuh all covered."

The three robbers raised their arms high above their heads, and they looked mighty mad about being caught that way. Johnny was thinking fast—he had to take these three men to the sheriff five miles away—and that was a big job for a boy of ten.

"Take off yore boots," he ordered. "Hurry up!" He fired a shot over the men's

heads.

The three men hastily removed their boots. Thin cotton socks were on their feet.

"Now unfasten yore gunbelts and let them drop to the ground,"

commanded Johnny.

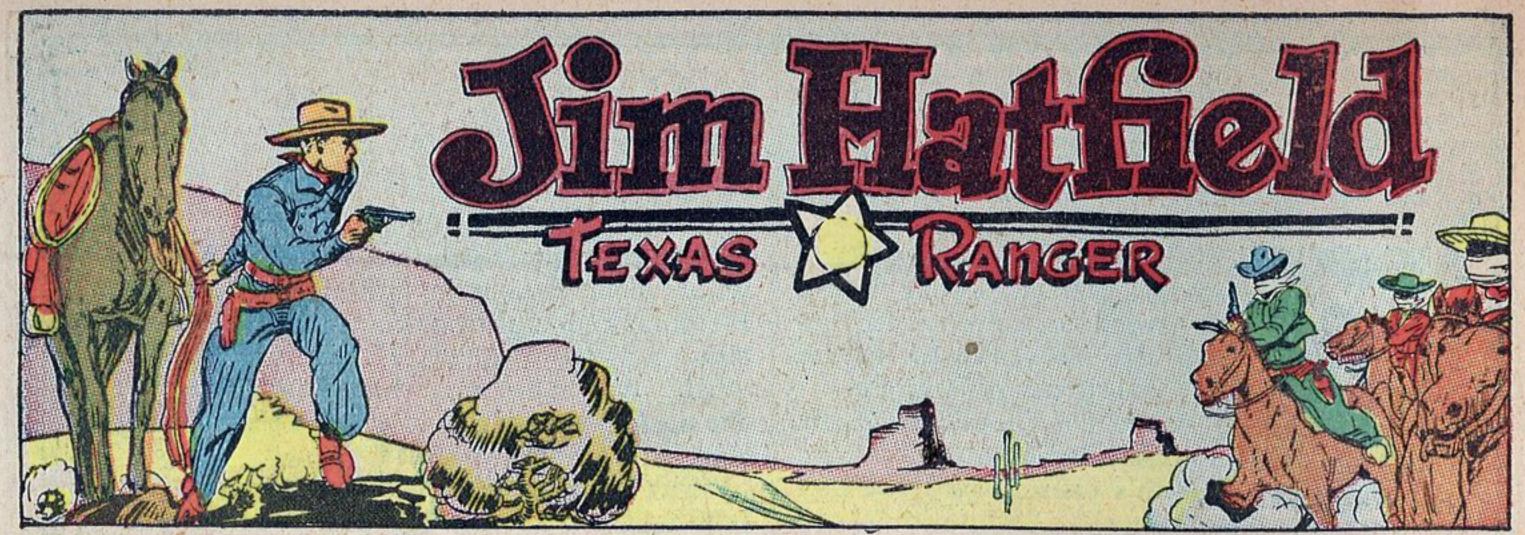
The robbers did what they were told—and then when he had made them move away from the spot where their guns were, Johnny stepped out so they could see him. They were surprised and angry when they saw it was just a boy who had captured them.

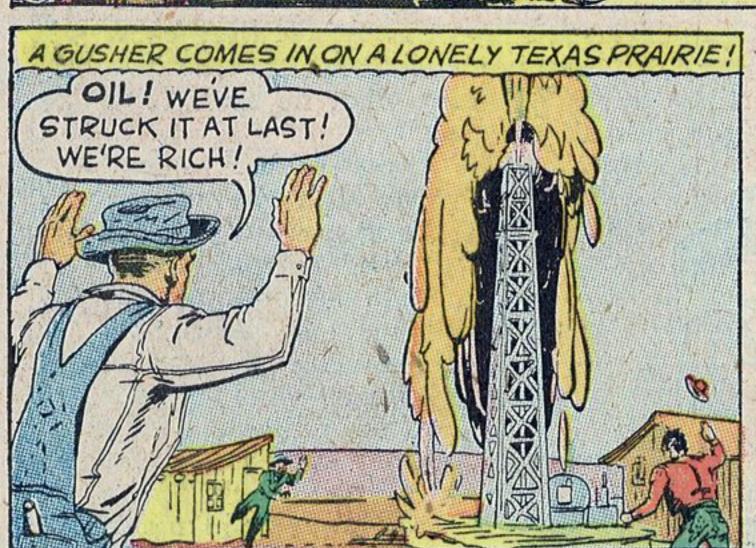
hobbled painfully into the little town five miles away—behind them came a boy mounted on a cowpony who drove the three robbers ahead of him at the point of a gun. Five miles of walking over rough country in their socks had proven so painful to the three big men that there wasn't a bit of fight left in any of them.

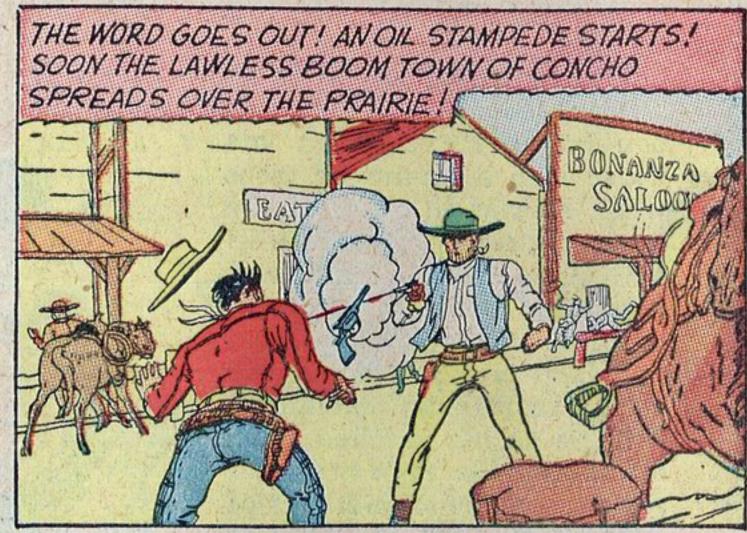
"Making them take off their boots was shore smart, Johnny," approved the sheriff as he locked up the three men. "They were so busy thinking about their feet they didn't get a chance to try and get

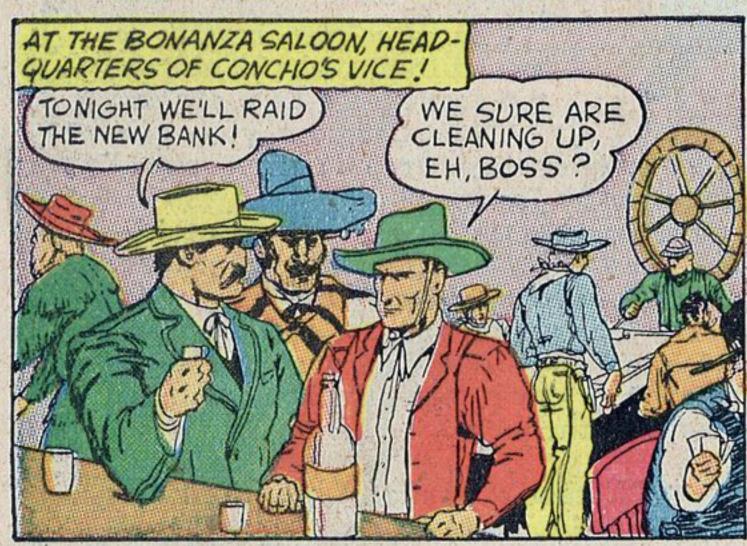
away from you."

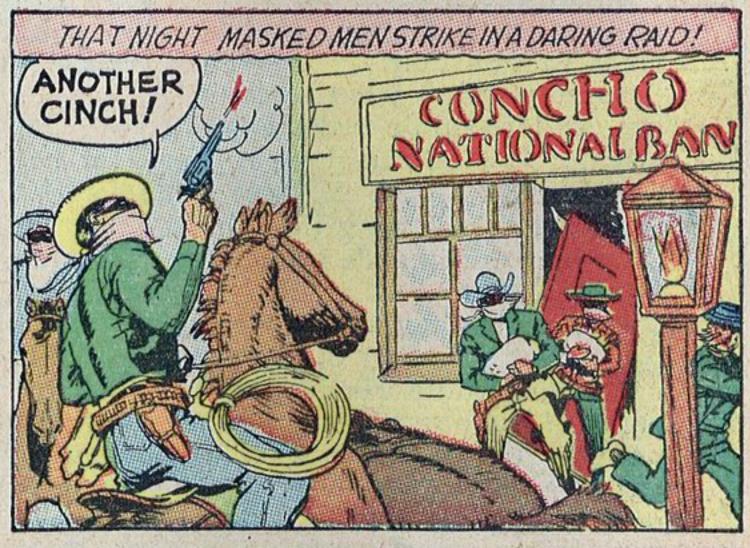
A Small Boy Takes on a Big Job of Outlaw-Catching!

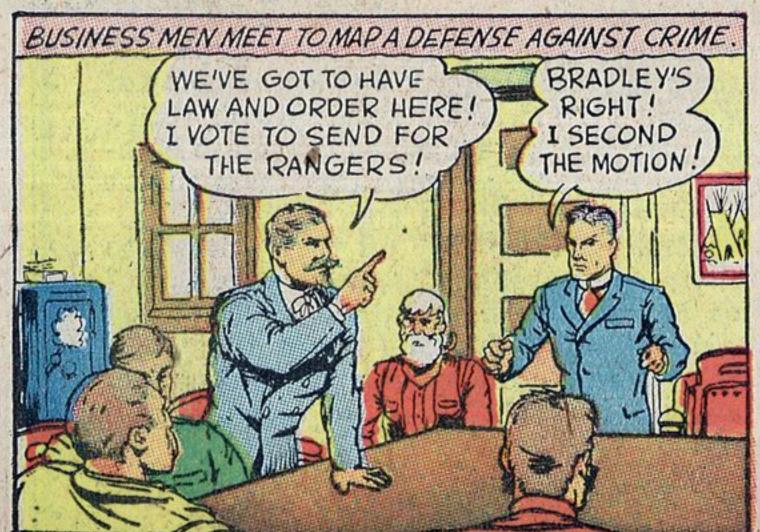




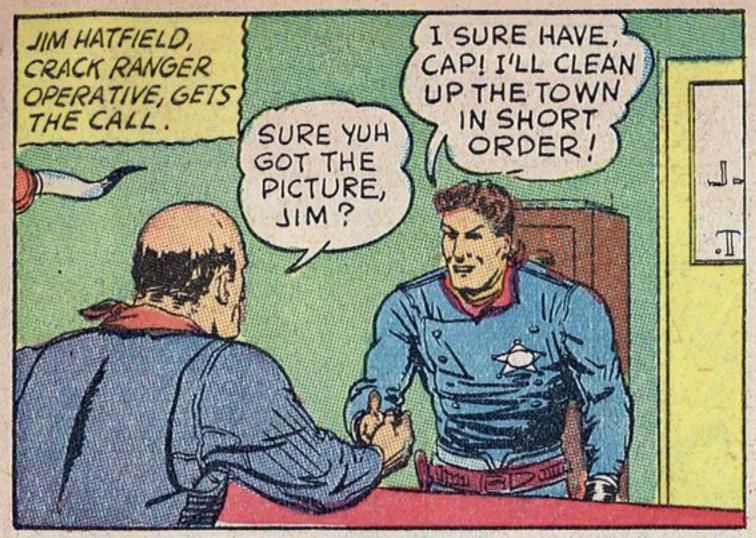




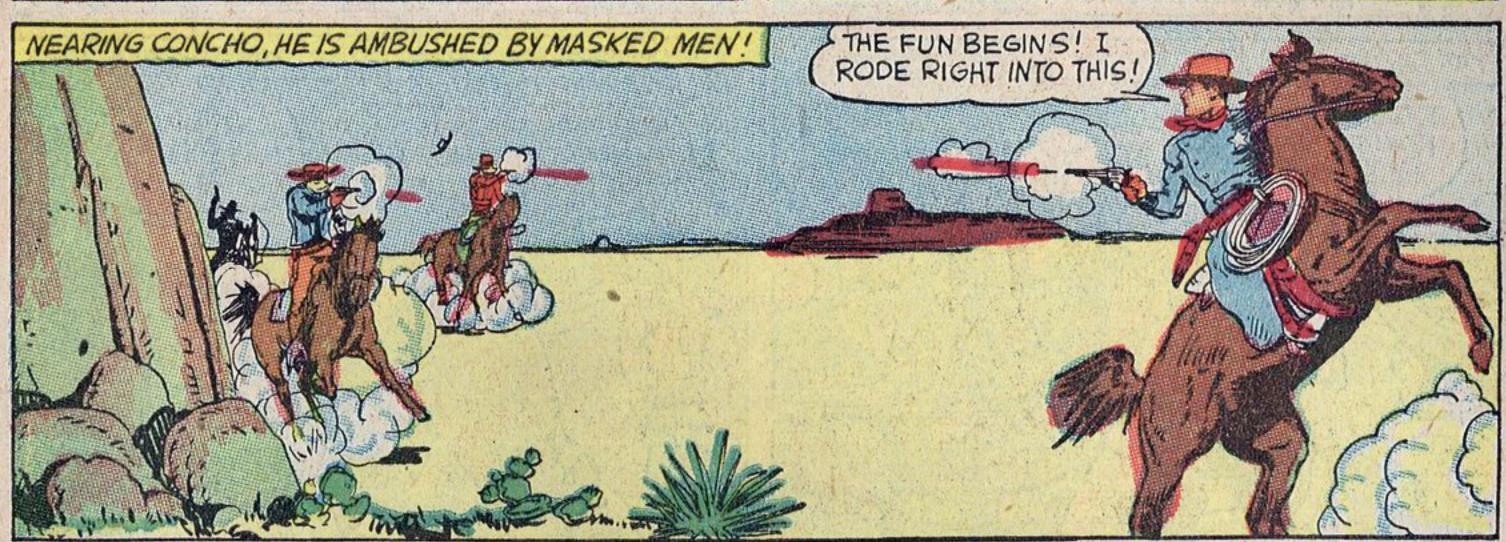


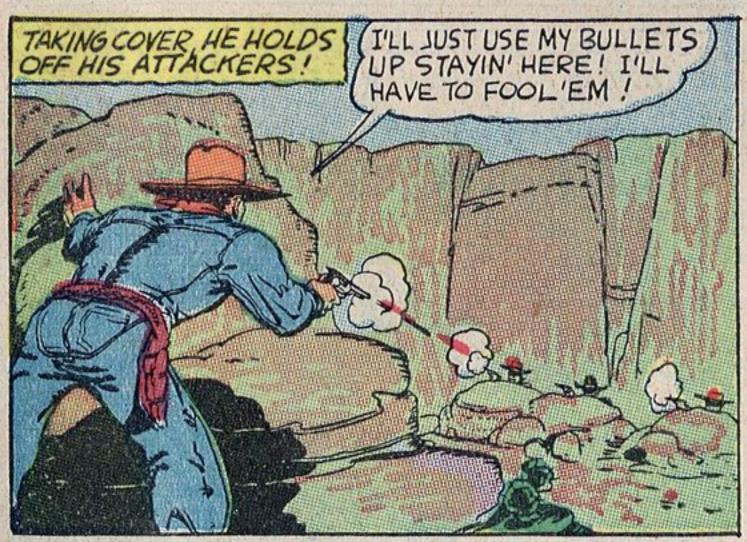




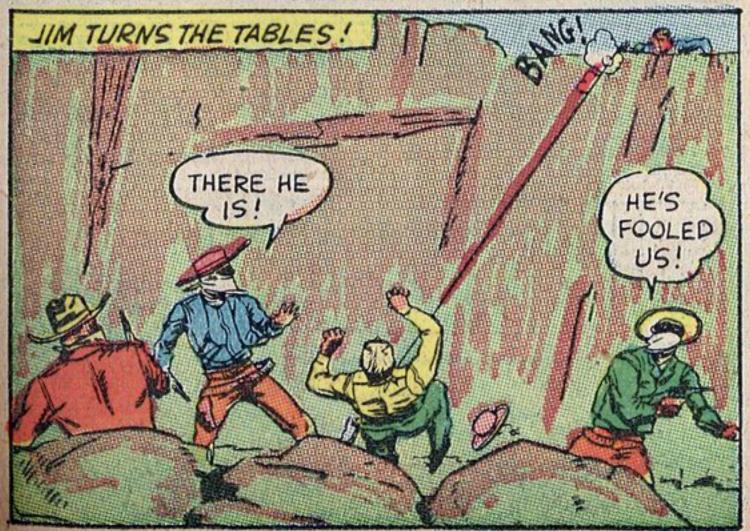


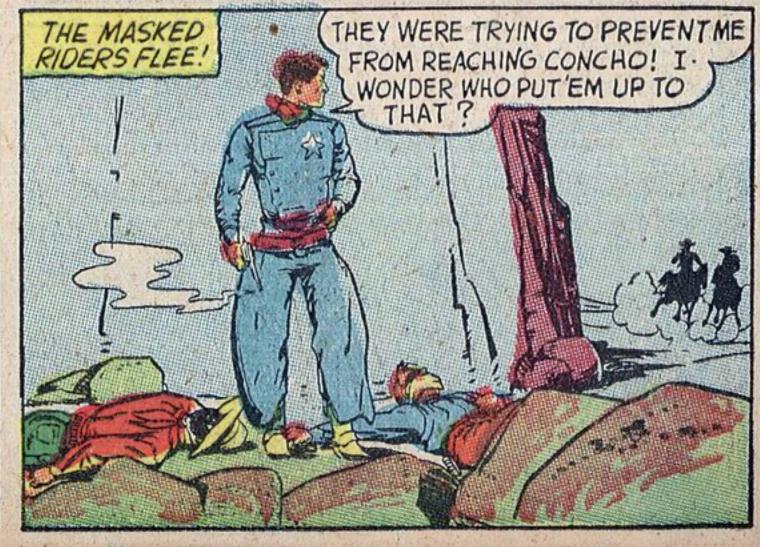


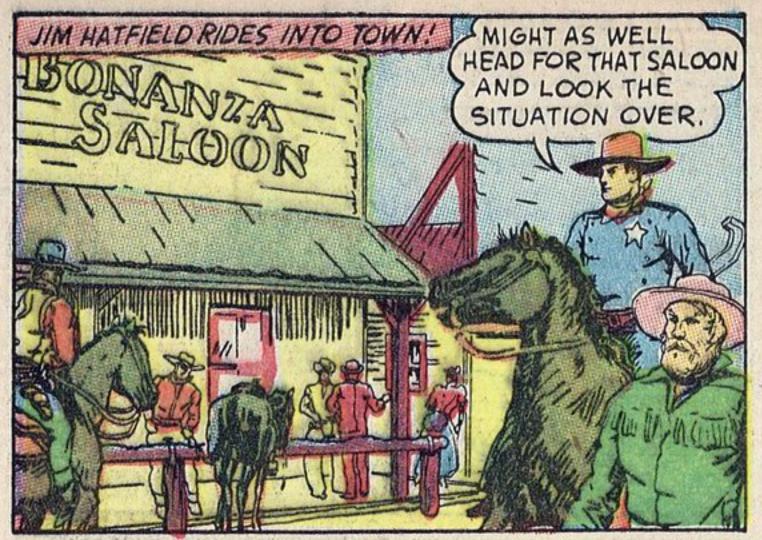


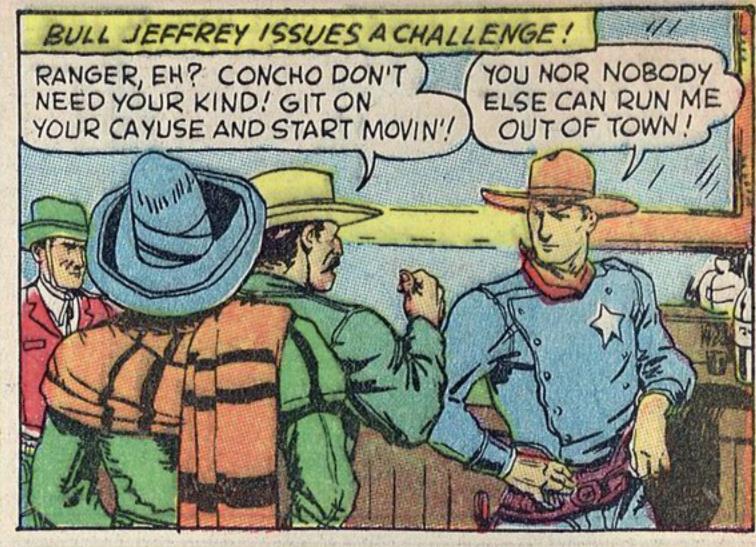








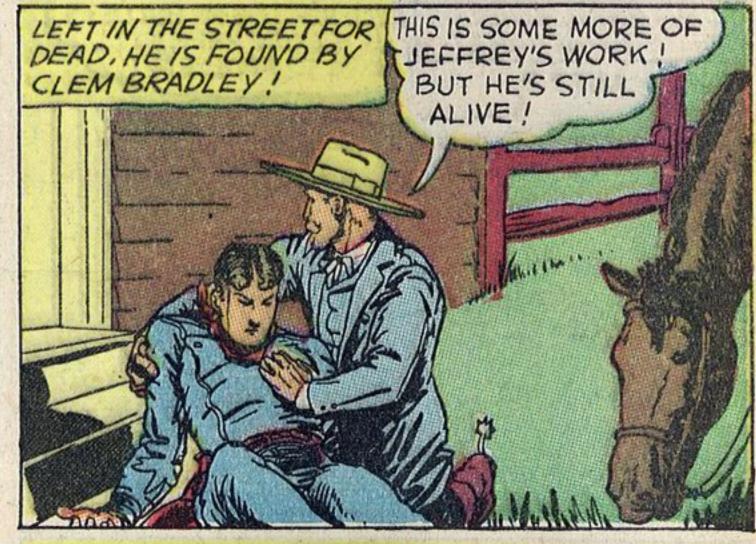


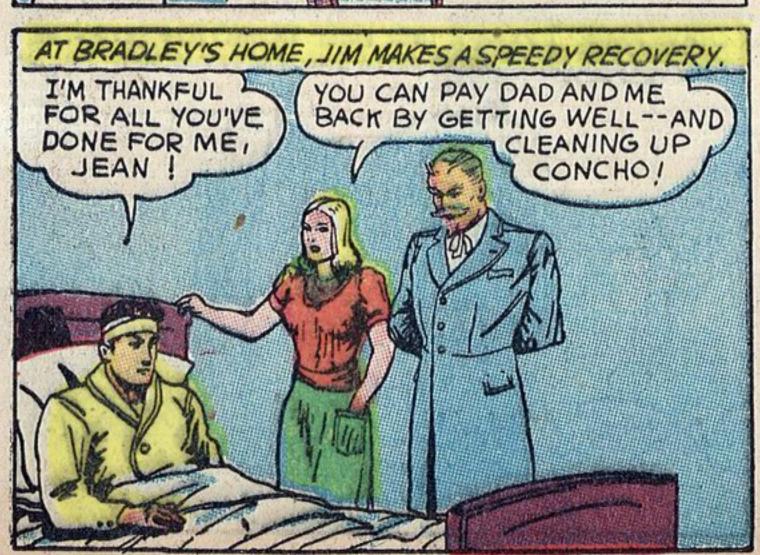


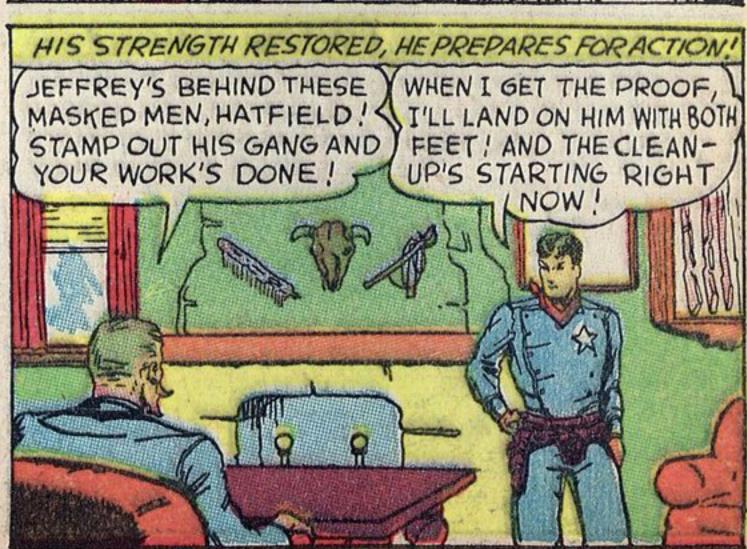




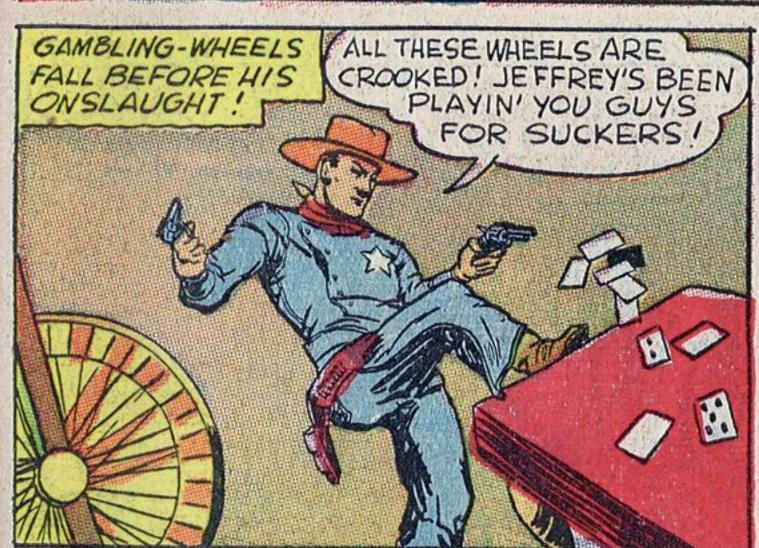


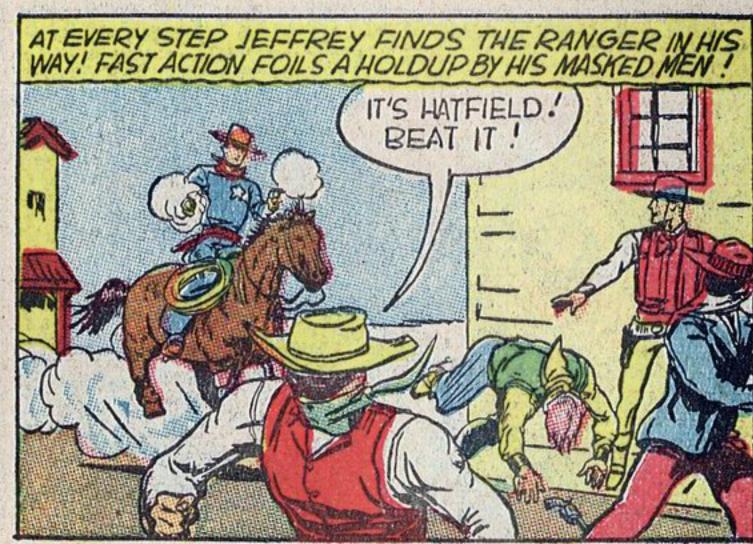


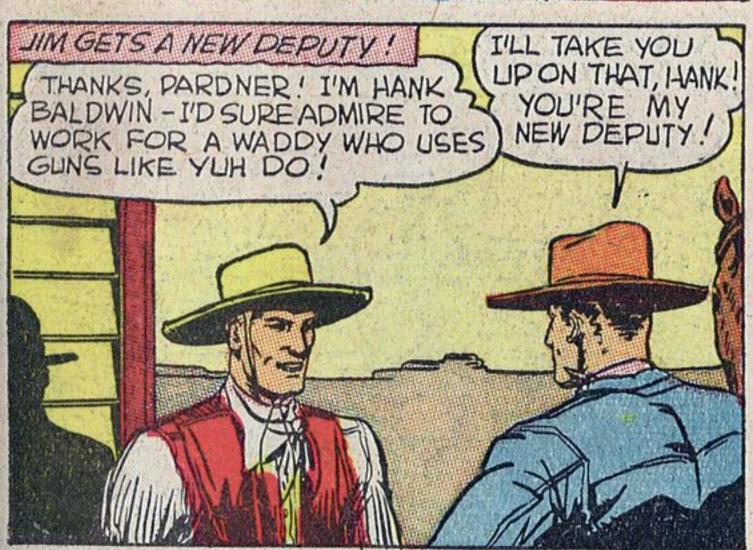


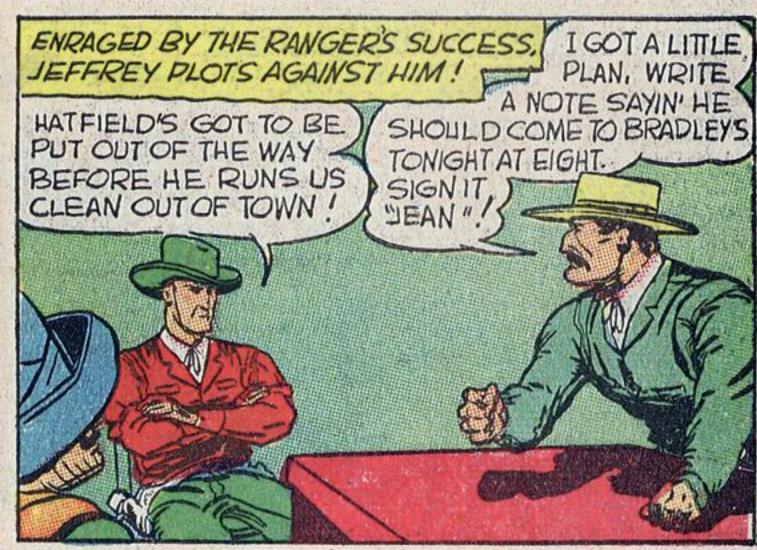


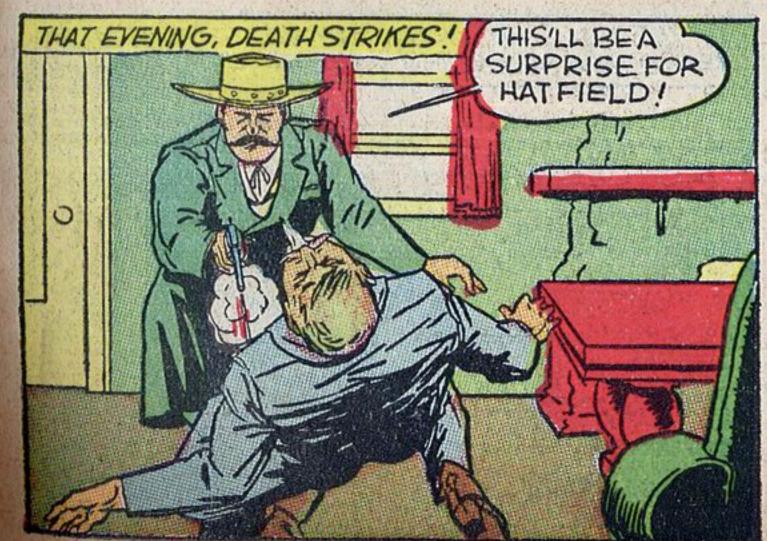




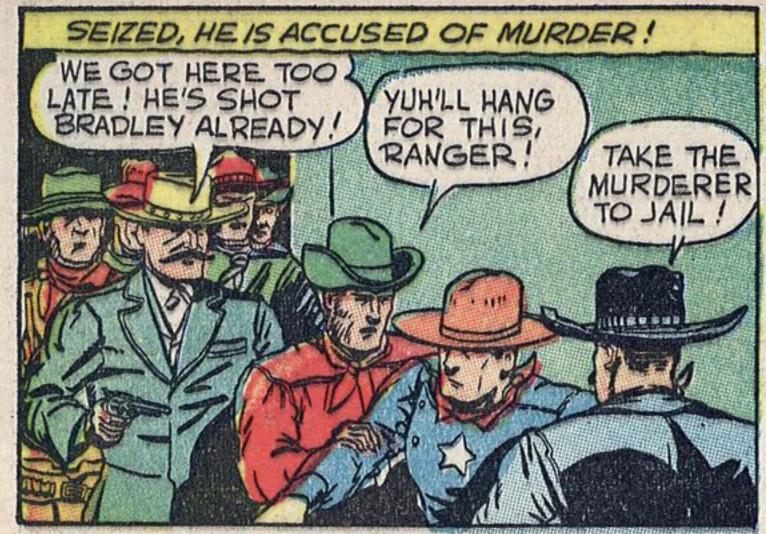






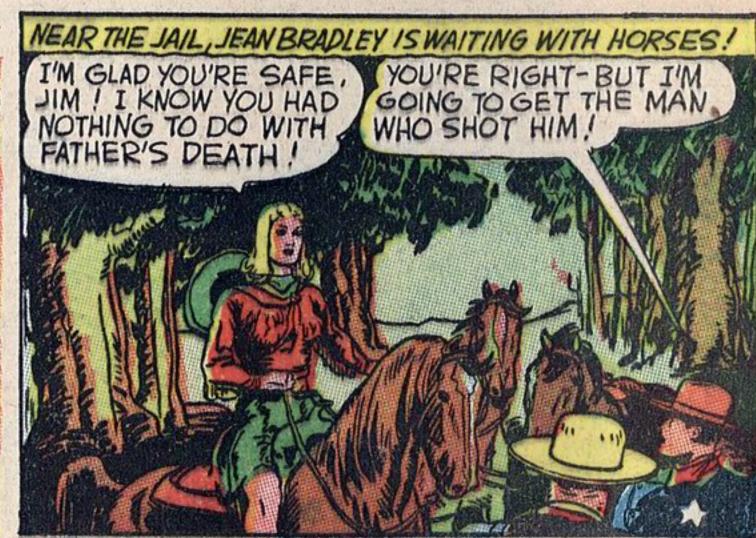


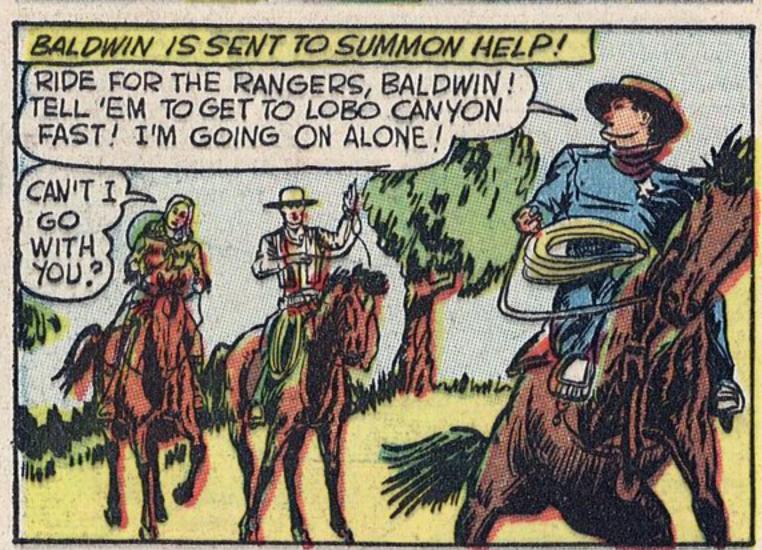


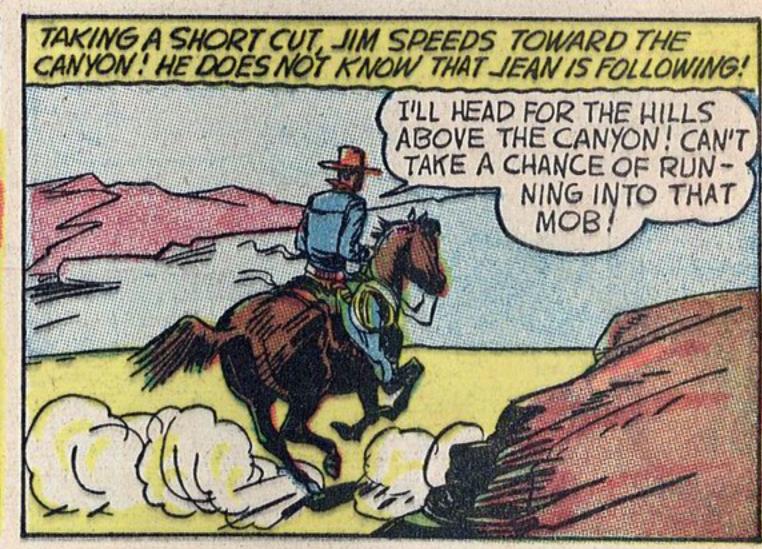


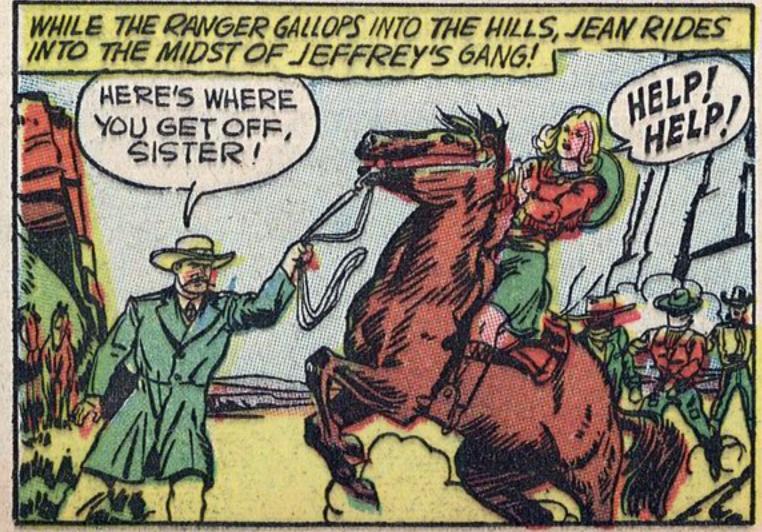


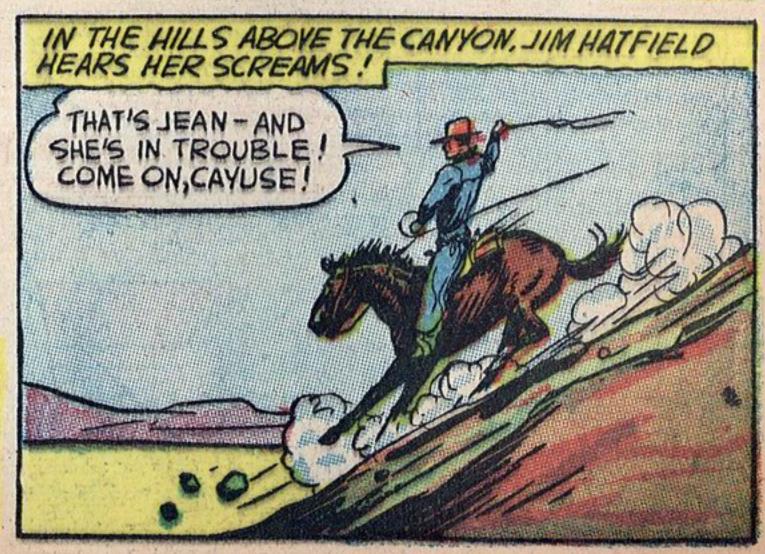


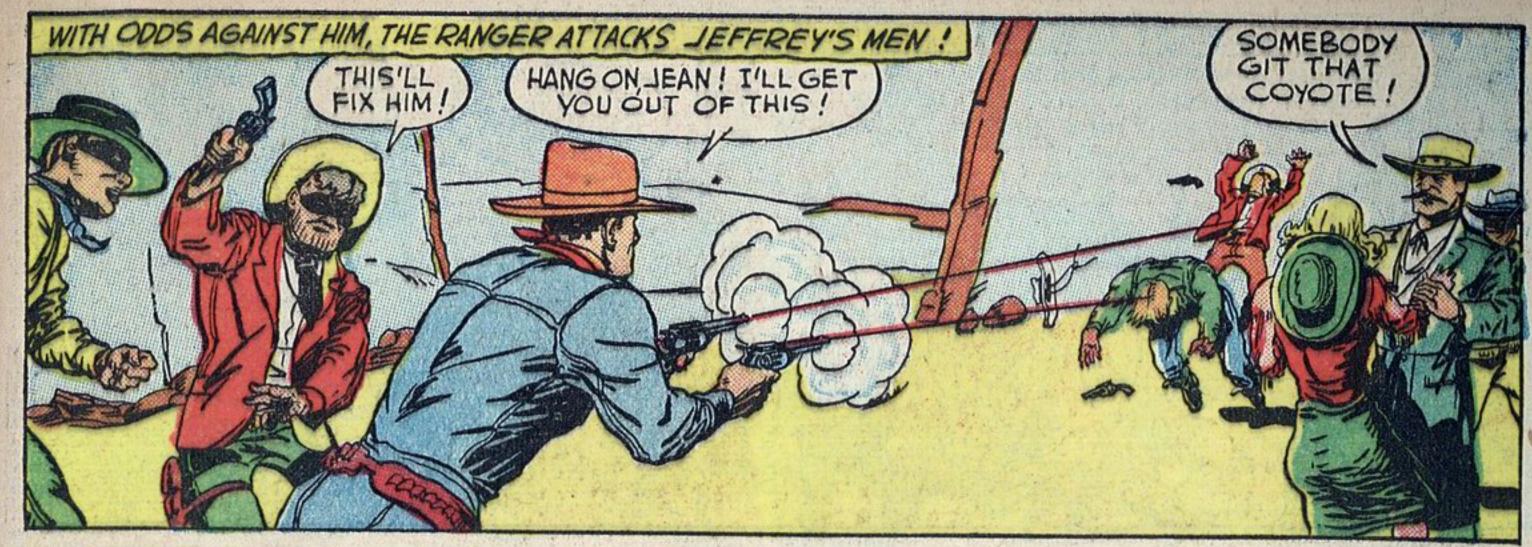


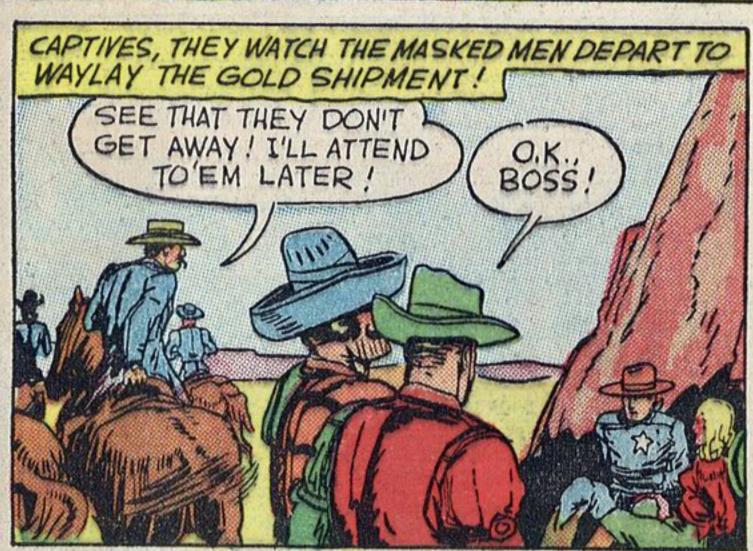




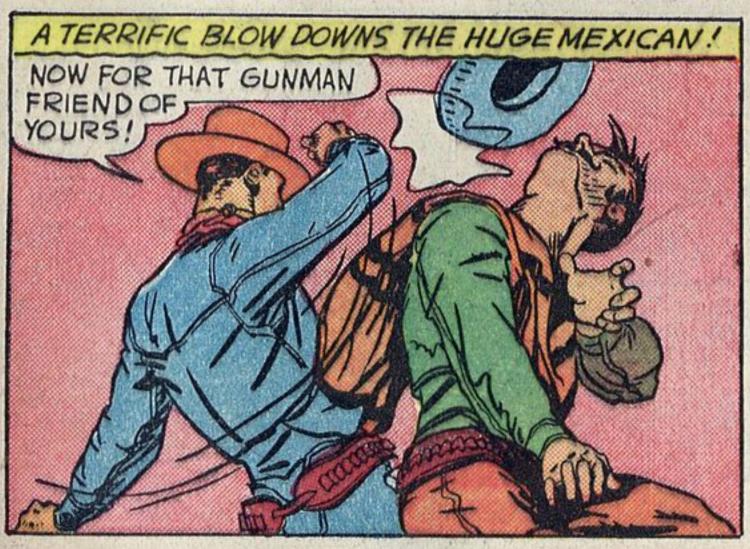


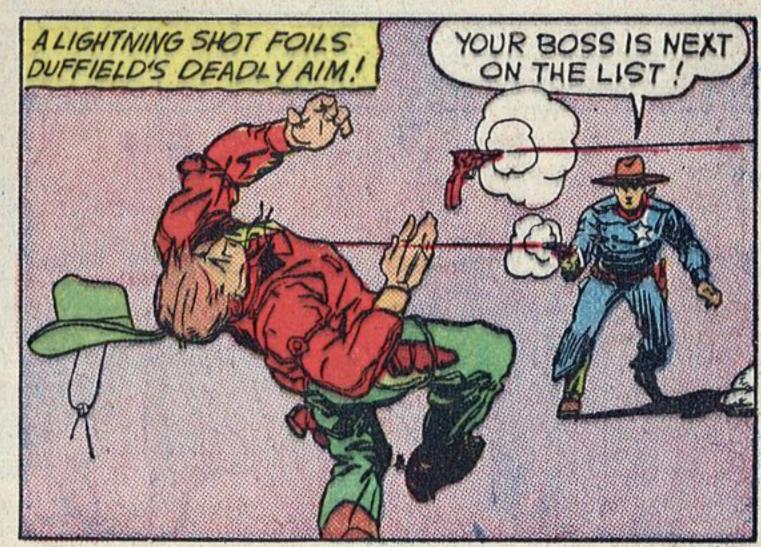


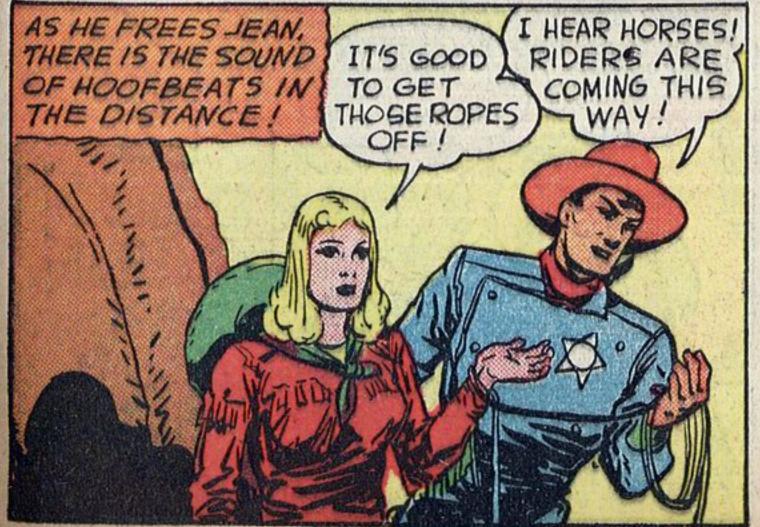




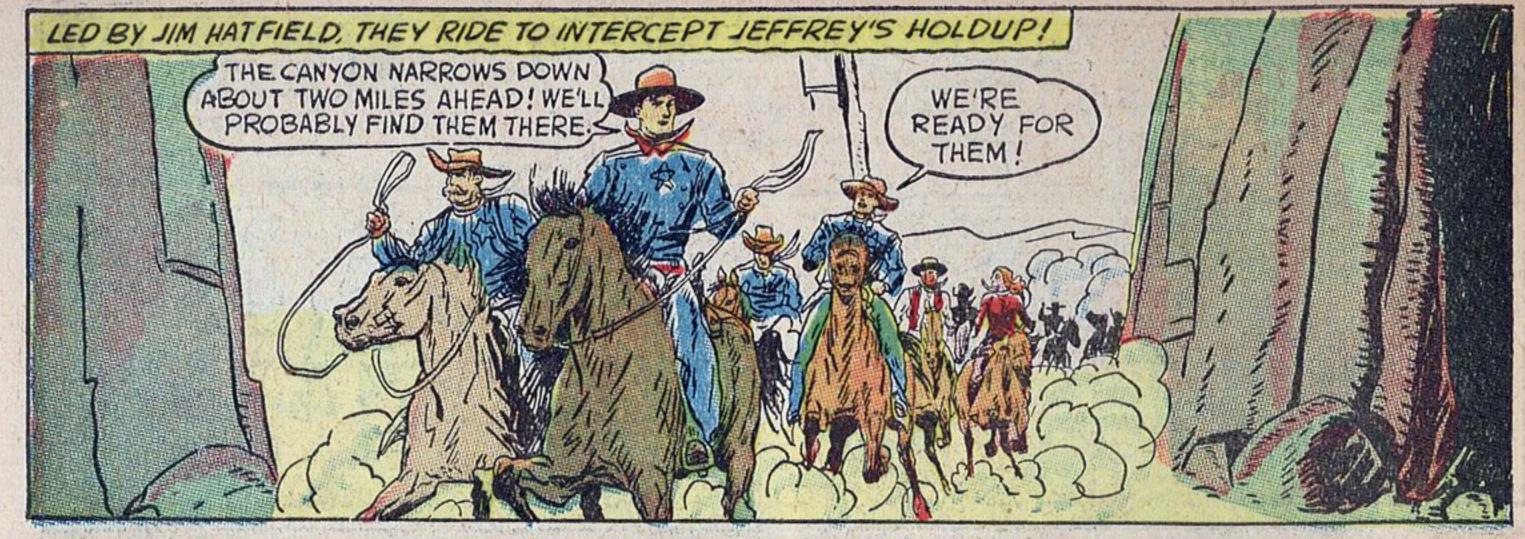




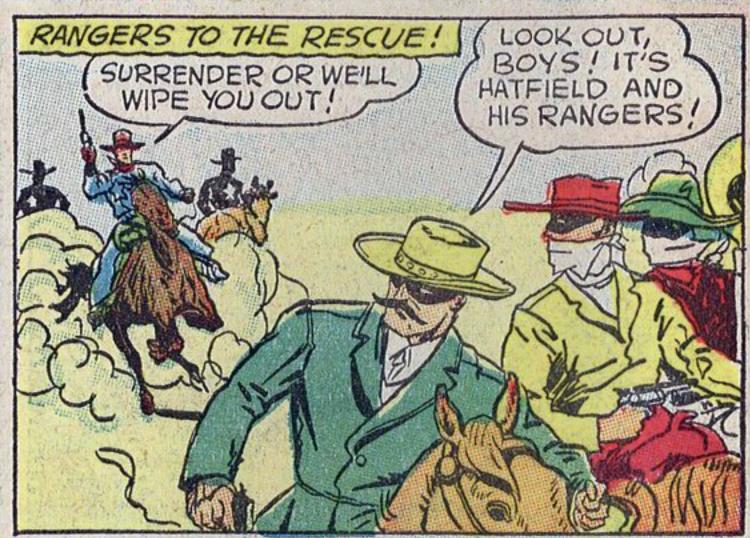




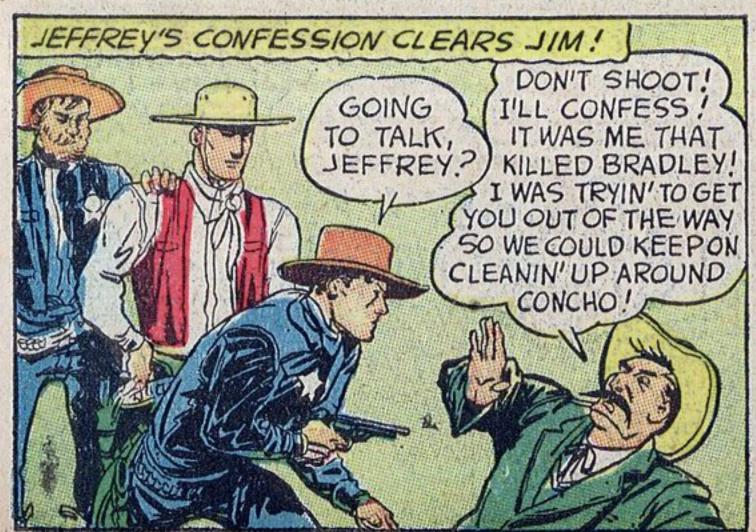




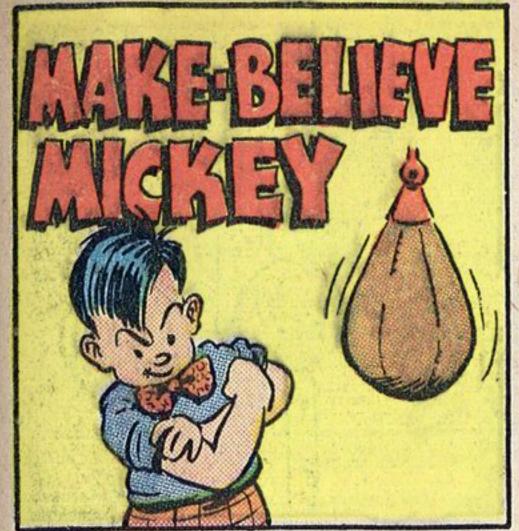




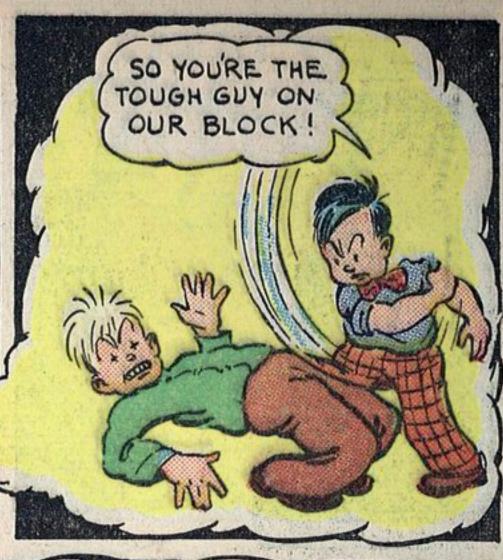




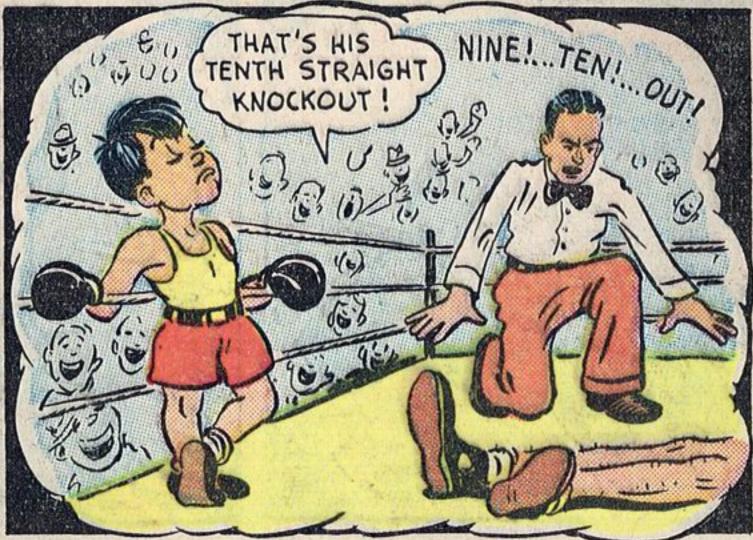


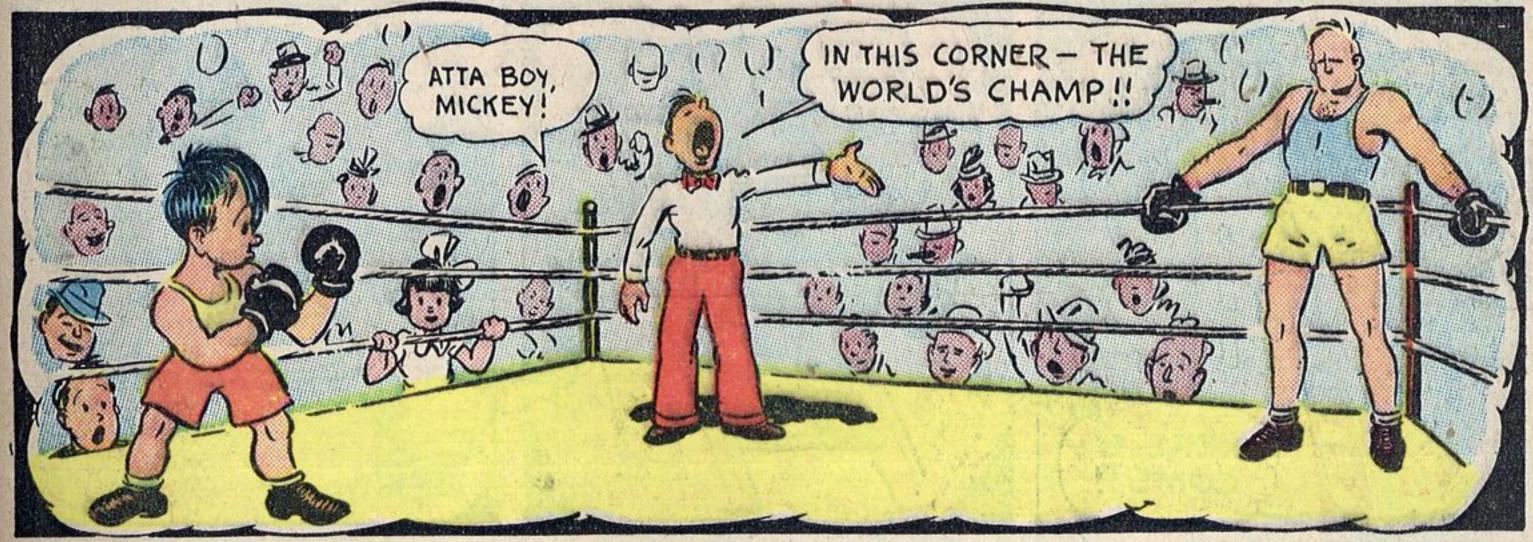




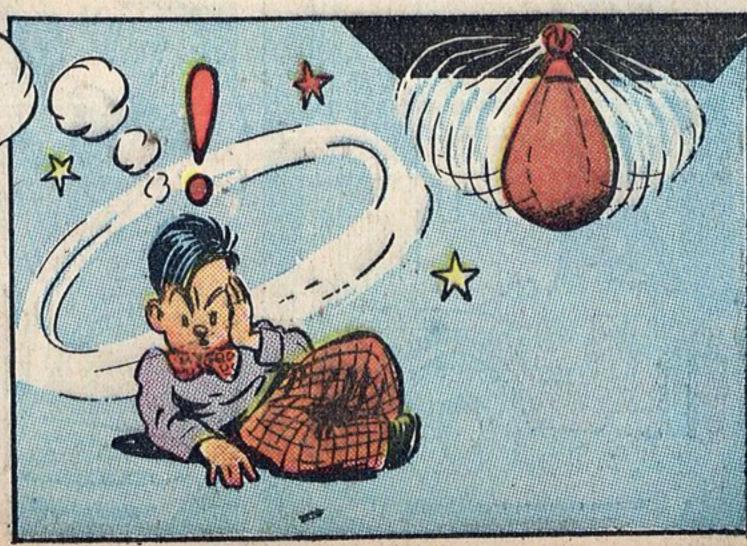


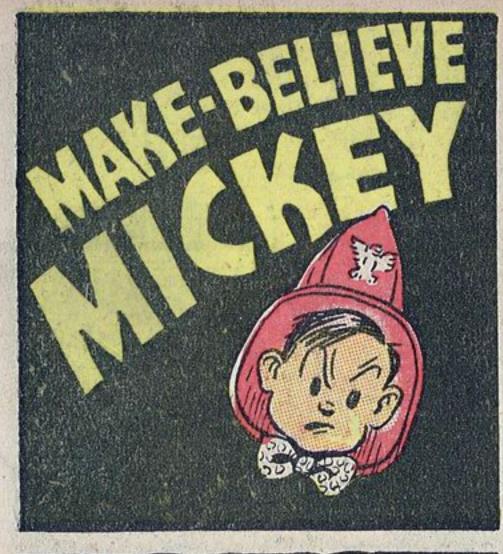






















LOOK

MICKEY

MICKEY, YOUR'E A









MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a duet by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too, Can Make Your Own Records if You Sing or Play an Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and play-back unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen. (24 sides).

OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON! START RECORDING AT ONCE!

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RE-CORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed ... everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, often check new arrangements on Home Recordo.

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$9.98 INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY

HOME RECORDING CO.

Studio DX

11 West 17th STREET.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOME RECORDING CO.
STUDIO DX, 11 WEST 17TH ST.
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 twosided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)

Send...... additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen. (24 sides.)

Name .

Addres

City and State.....

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$3.50 cash with order.



A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trail, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



Remington Rand Inc. Dept 426-7 465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address....

City......State.....