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NO. 5

## BEAU GESTE

by  
**P. C. WREN**



**10¢**



**ON SALE  
NEXT MONTH**

*"The Boy Cried*  
**MURDER!"**

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*"The reader's hair will stand on end countless times before he gets to the end of this book . . ."*

Spectator, 11/22/24

**"BEAU GESTE"**

By **P. C. WREN**

*The world famous story of the three Geste Brothers who tried to lose themselves in the ranks of the French Foreign Legion.*



**HORROR WAS IN COMMAND**

at Fort Zinderneuff when the Foreign Legion's relief column found the ramparts manned by dead men! What had happened?

WHO STOLE the \$2,000,000 Blue Water Sapphire? The finger of suspicion pointed to the Geste Brothers, but were they guilty?

You'll find the answers in  
**FAST FICTION'S**  
streamlined version of  
**"BEAU GESTE"**  
a story of mystery and high adventure

**IF YOU WANT action YOU WANT FAST FICTION!**

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FAST FICTION

# BEAU GESTE

By P. C. WREN

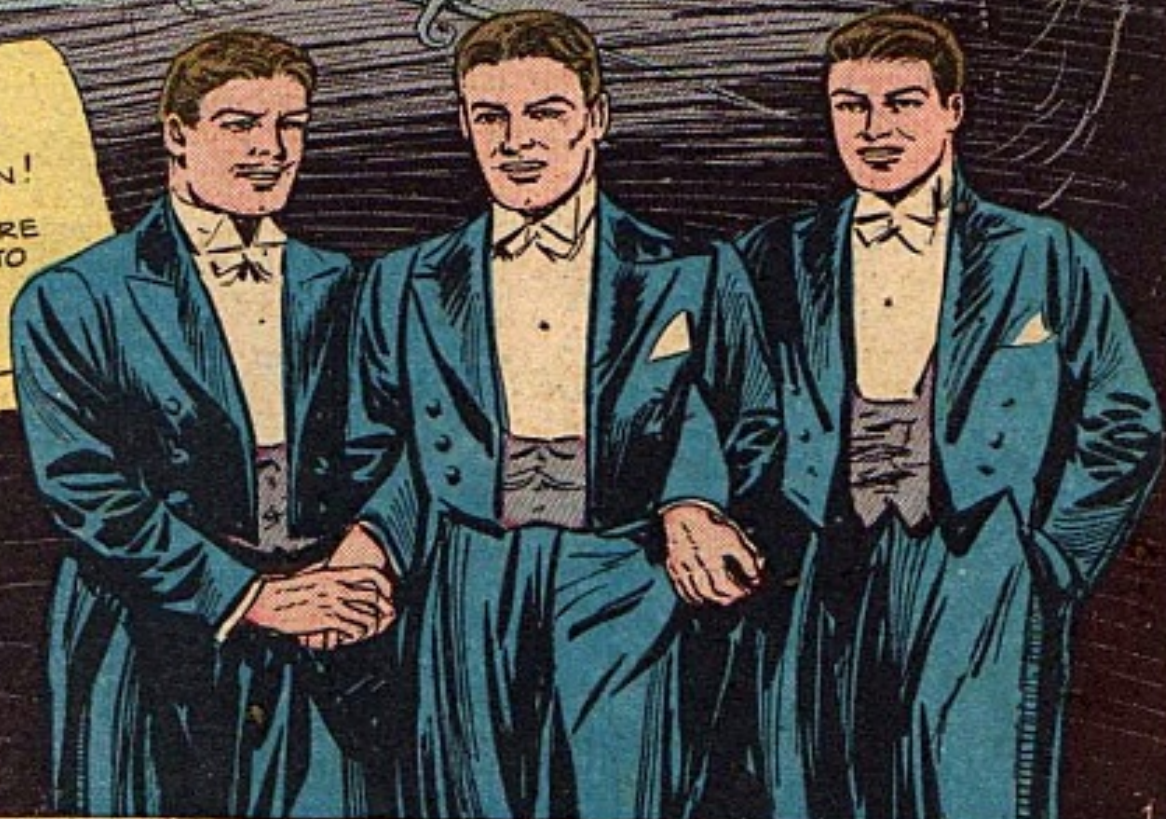
The immortal adventures  
of Beau Geste and his  
brothers.

Story Adaptation by  
**DICK DAVIS**

Illustrated by  
**HENRY C. KIEFER**



**A**N EXCITING  
TALE OF LIFE IN  
THE FRENCH  
FOREIGN LEGION!  
THE LEGION OF  
THE LOST WHERE  
MEN ENLIST TO  
ESCAPE THE  
PAST!



H.C.K.





**T**he report of Major Henri de Beaujolais of the French Foreign Legion ...the amazing events known as Operation **ZINDERNEUF!**

Fort Zinderneuf... isolated outpost of the French Foreign Legion!



# THE MAJOR'S REPORT

My report begins in the middle of the night. A native Goum of a sort which works well with our Legion Devils came to my headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbés.

ARABS ATTACK FORT ZINDERNEUF YESTERDAY! YOU COME RIGHT AWAY!

CALL OUT THE MEN!



My brave lads fell in with a will. They were keen-razor sharp!

FIGHTING HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE DESERT! WE MARCH TO THE RELIEF OF FORT ZINDERNEUF! FIFTY KILOMETERS IN 20 ODD HOURS.



My men were hard, lean fellows... tough as boot nails... ready for battle!

FALL BEHIND AND BE LEFT FOR THE ARABS! SWEET MADEMOISELLES WHO WILL LOVE YOU TO DEATH... WITH A KNIFE!





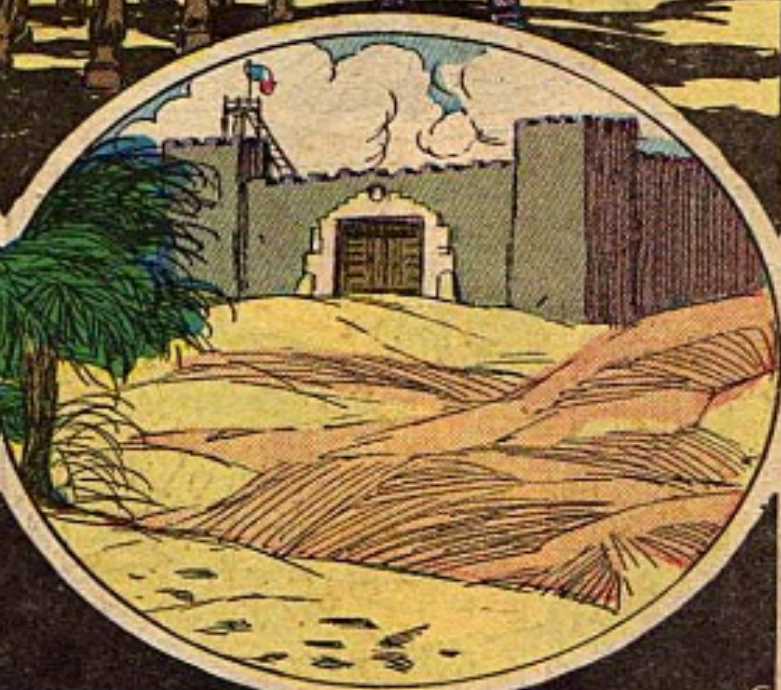
As we rode to the rescue  
of Fort Zinderneuf, in my  
mind's eye, I could well  
imagine what the Arab  
attack on the fort must  
be like...



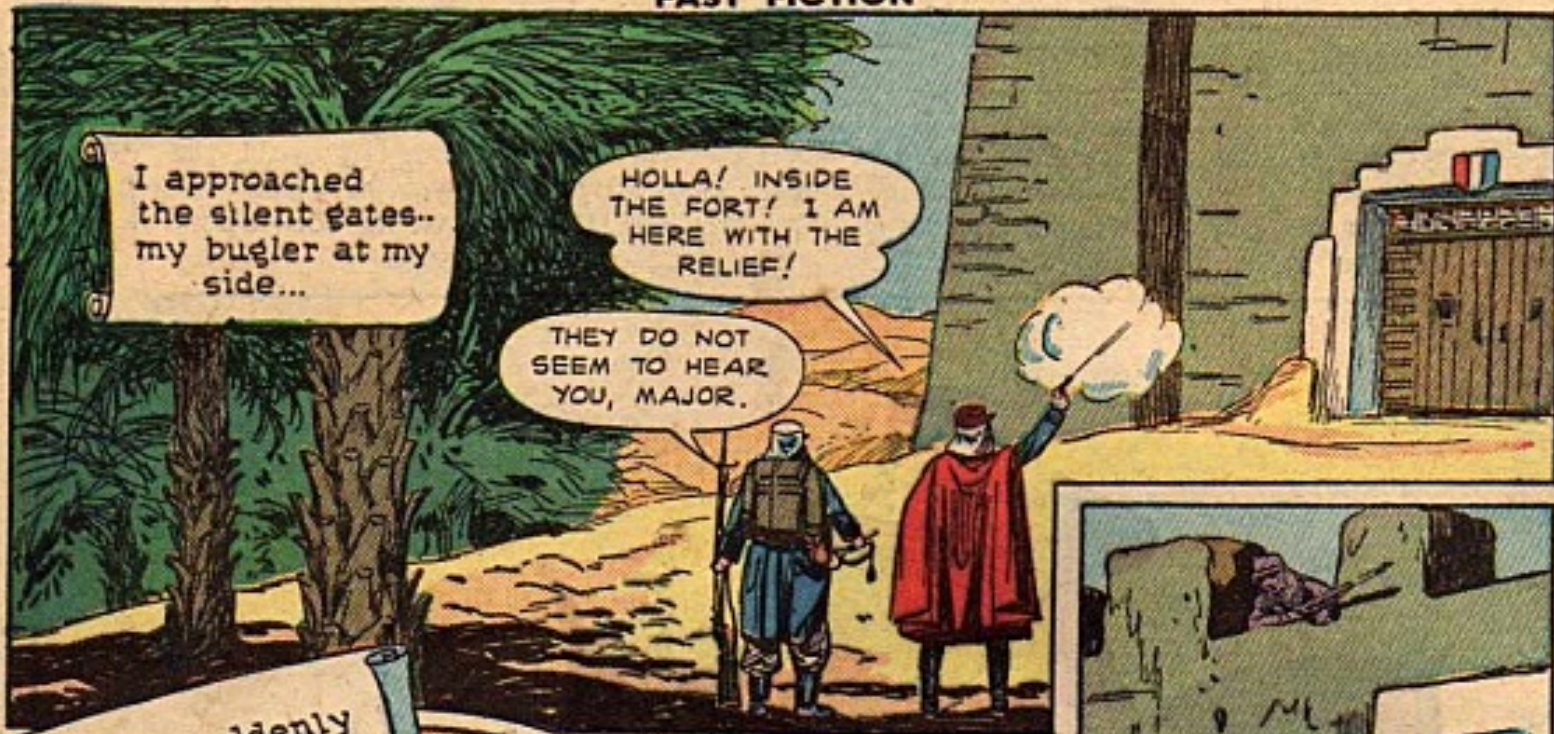


## FAST FICTION

26 hours later, we arrived. But no sign of the Arabs! On the wall, the defending troops stood at their posts. The flag still waved. But stranger than strange... there was no smoke... there was no lookout on the platform! Fort Zinderneuf was as quiet as a grave!







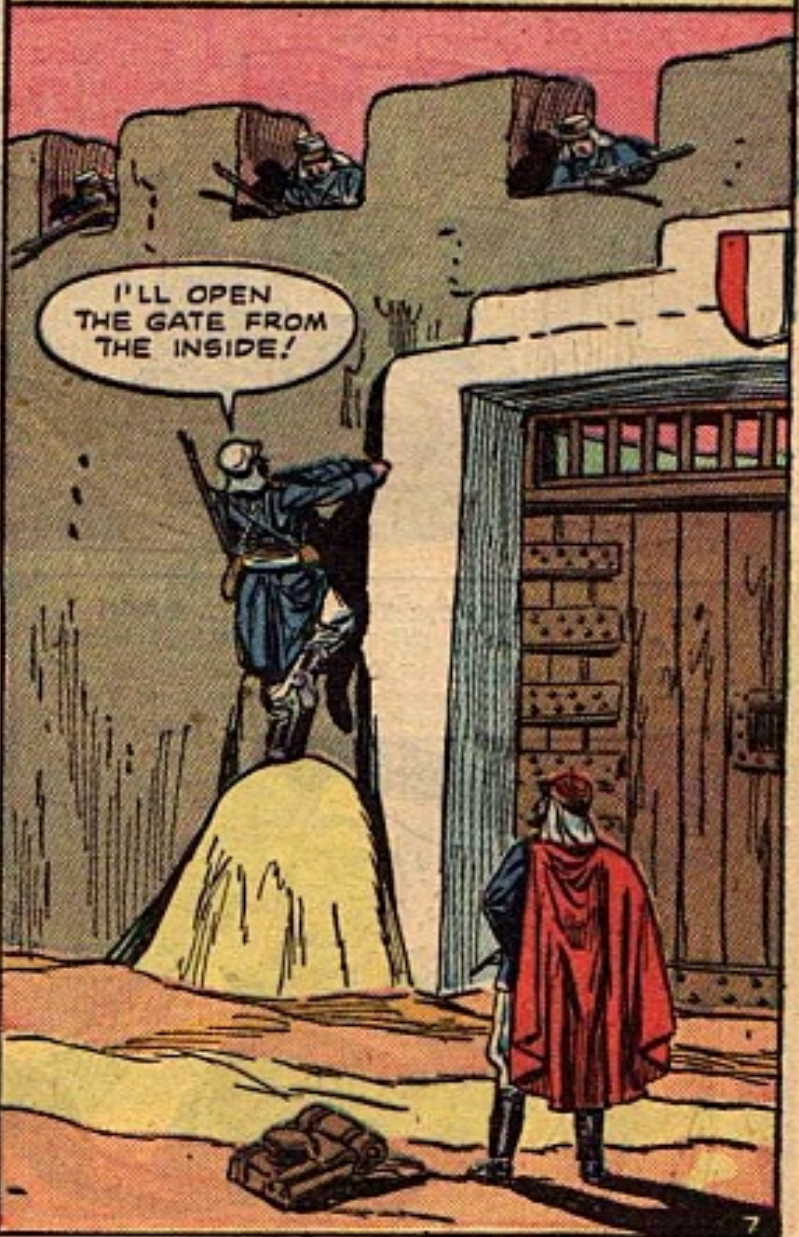


Legion of the Dead ... Ghostly Guard at Fort Zinderneuf...



...dead men stood with rifles in their lifeless hands. I swear this on my honor as an officer of the French Foreign Legion! What horror was this?

The bugler volunteered to go over the wall. He was a brave lad.



DID THE ARABS CAPTURE THE FORT?

YOU ARE STILL GREEN, YOUNGSTER. THE ARABS DO NOT PLAY THIS GAME. THEY SHOOT, KILL... AND TORTURE! THIS IS NO ARAB VICTORY -- BUT DEVIL'S WORK!

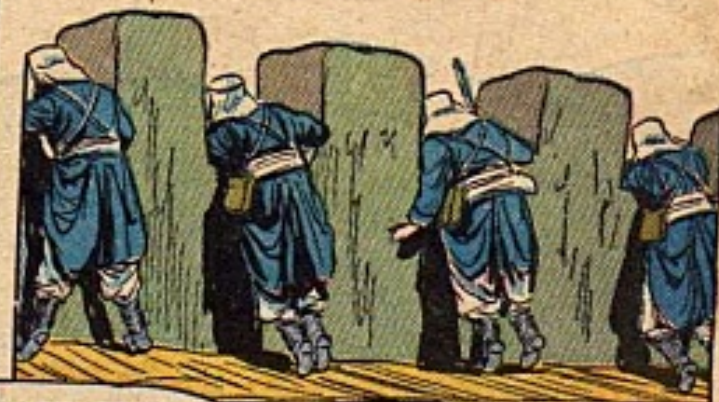






ANY LEFT ALIVE?

I'VE SEEN ONLY GRINNING DEAD MEN!



IF ALL ARE DEAD, WHO FIRED THAT SHOT FROM INSIDE THE FORT?

Each one dead... then carefully posed and made to look alive... while standing in a pool of blood.

HE MAY HAVE BEEN WOUNDED. LET'S LOOK AROUND.



I THINK I CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENED.



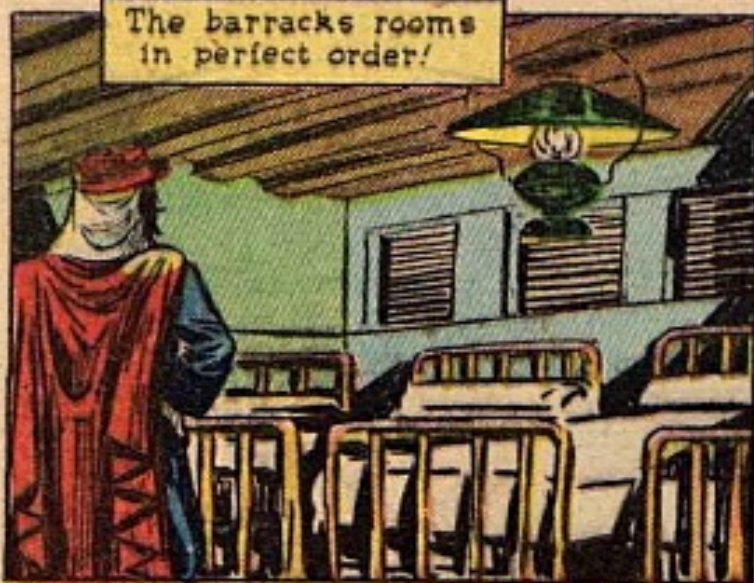
WE WILL SEARCH THE FORT... EACH GO A DIFFERENT DIRECTION. MEET HERE IN FIVE MINUTES. IF ONE OF US DOES NOT RETURN, THE OTHER IS TO BRING IN THE TROOPS!

This was the strangest experience in my army career! You will be stunned to learn, as I was, the following facts!



FAST FICTION

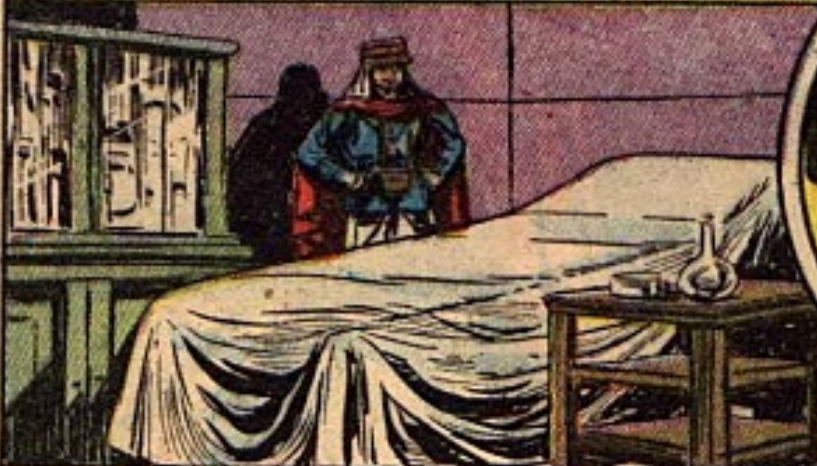
The barracks rooms  
in perfect order!



The arsenal  
was neat--as if  
for general  
inspection!



The morgue was empty! Not one dead body rested  
in the stone room where the dead are placed  
after they fall in battle!



WHAT MADNESS! HOW  
UPSIDE DOWN! THE MORGUE  
EMPTY--AND DEAD MEN ON  
THE FORTIFICATIONS!

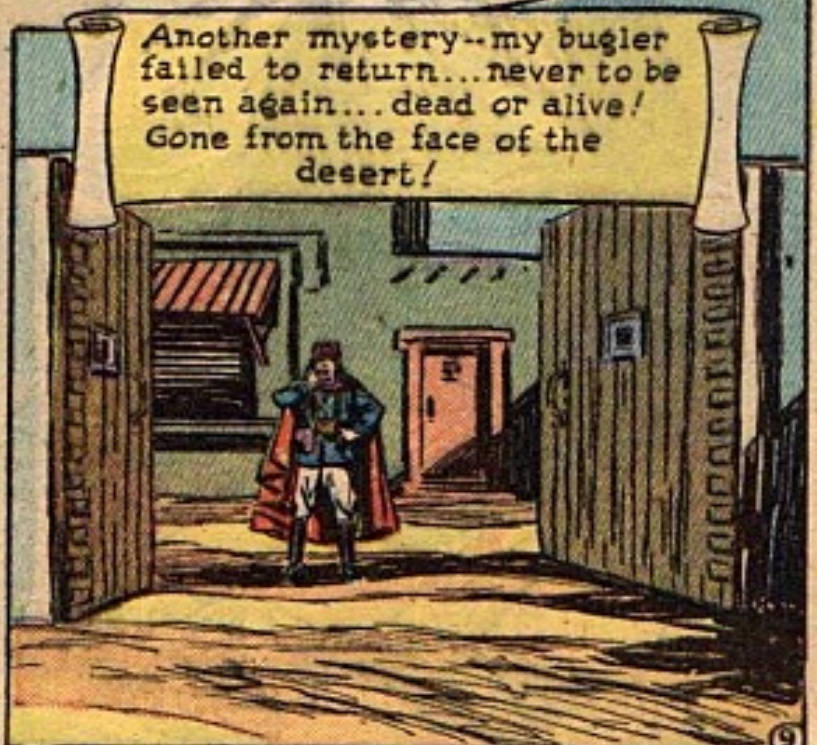


Mess room!

FOOD STILL WARM!  
WINE ON THE TABLE! WHAT DIS-  
ASTER HAS LURED THE BRAVE  
MEN OF THE LEGION TO  
THEIR DEATH ON THE WALLS  
AT FORT ZINDERNEUF!



Another mystery--my bugler  
failed to return...never to be  
seen again...dead or alive!  
Gone from the face of the  
desert!





I stumbled upon a fantastic scene. The Goum who brought the message for help to my headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbes had told us of the death of the Fort Zinderneuf officers, leaving in command Sergeant Lejaune...

SERGEANT LEJAUNE--  
MURDERED!





The puzzle began to make sense for me.

THIS FELLOW WASN'T KILLED BY MY BUGLER. THE BODY'S BEEN COLD AND STIFF FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS OR MORE.



...I figured that the Sergeant had beaten off an Arab attack, but suffered heavy losses. So as each man was killed, the Sergeant placed him back in firing position on the wall... then ran from post to post, firing dead men's rifles at the advancing Arabs... fooling them into believing the fort was defended by living men. Somehow Lejaune was murdered by one of his own men.

One by one, the men had been hit!

Dead bodies were returned to duty by Sergeant Lejaune.



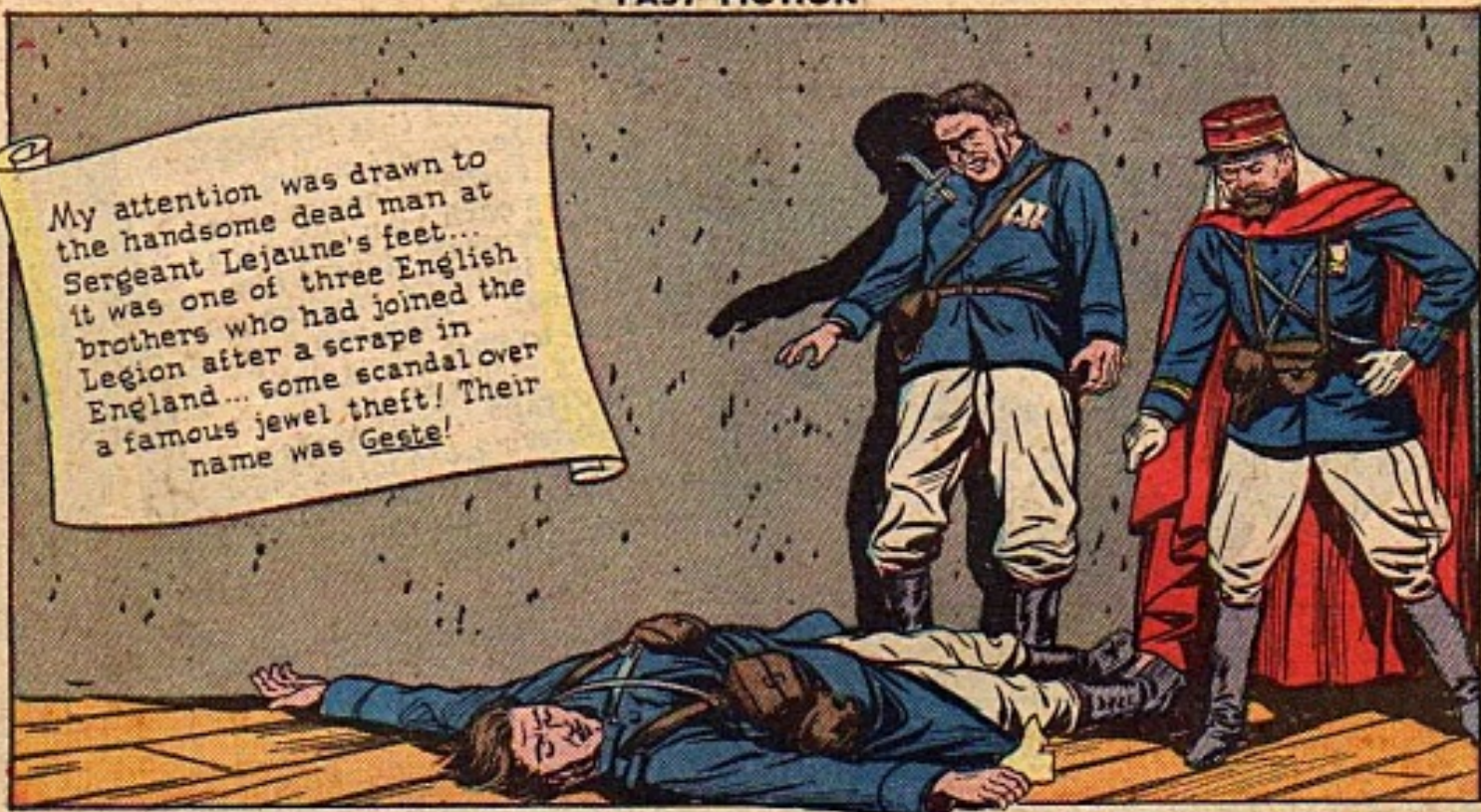
Unwilling to surrender-- Lejaune fired dead men's guns! The Arabs, fooled by his strategy, retreated.



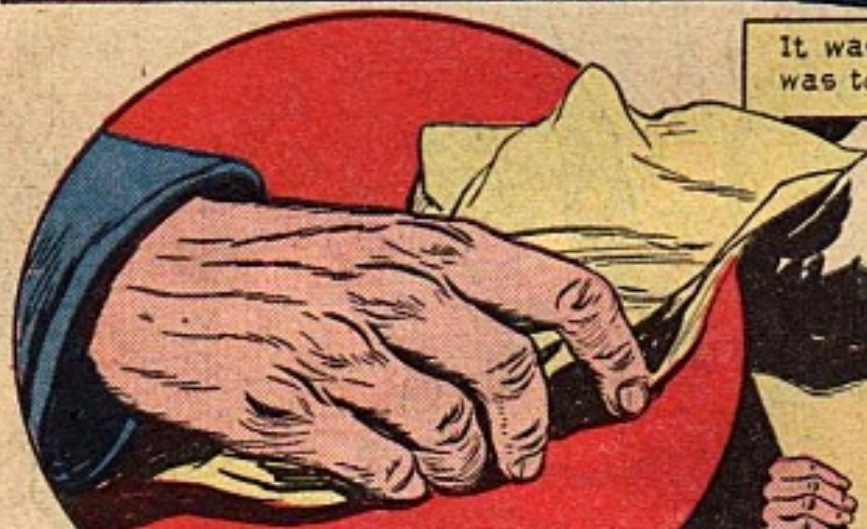
Then the Sergeant was murdered by one of the Legion who had lived with him through the battle! Where was the murderer? Had he slain my trumpeter as well?



My attention was drawn to the handsome dead man at Sergeant Lejaune's feet... it was one of three English brothers who had joined the Legion after a scrape in England... some scandal over a famous jewel theft! Their name was Geste!



It was a confession! But the signature was torn. Which brother was it?



In Geste's hand... was that a death note?



To the Chief of Inspector of Scotland Yard! And all whom it may concern! Confession! Important! Urgent! Please publish! So that no innocent person may be suspected and suffer, I hereby fully and freely confess that it was I, and I alone, who stole the great sapphire known as "Blue Water". Tell Lady Brandon.

Geste



FAST FICTION

The mystery deepens..



Who killed the Sergeant? Who was the murdered?



Where had the bugler disappeared to? Was he also murdered?



Which Geste was dead at my feet? Was he killed in battle? Or murdered?



Where was the sapphire? The Blue Water? The money belt was empty. Was robbery the motive behind this maddening puzzle?



...I had all the clues to the mystery. The key to the riddle was in my grasp. I needed time to think. When the rest of my men marched toward the fort, I told them to about face to the oasis a few hundred yards outside the walls. It was my intention to leave the evidence as it stood and return after the worst of the summer sun had left the desert. Little did I guess what was in store!



That evening...



FIRE! THE FORT IS ON FIRE!

WHO SET THE FORT ON FIRE?

NO MAN OF YOURS, MAJOR. THE TROOPS SAY THE FORT IS HAUNTED! THEY WON'T GO NEAR THE PLACE!



BRAVE SOLDIERS OF THE LEGION-- WHO WILL FIGHT THE FIRE?

THE PLACE IS HAUNTED-- CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS!

YOU CAN GO ALONE, MAJOR!



WHERE IS THE BUGLER? WHY DIDN'T HE COME BACK?

Fear filled their hearts, their eyes, their heads. Action was not possible. Fort Zinderneuf burned, and I was helpless as an Officer of the French Foreign Legion. I have no explanation for the action at Fort Zinderneuf. And so, as far as the Legion is concerned...



OPERATION FORT ZINDERNEUF AFFAIR IS A CLOSED CASE!



I am John Geste. And here are photos of my family taken just one year ago--before the trouble began...

PART

II

This a photo of myself and my two brothers, and Lady Brandon, our Aunt Patricia. She owned the Blue Water Sapphire. A kind woman. Her husband, Uncle Hector--not shown here--was mean and selfish.



This is another picture of the two lads who are my twin brothers -- Digby and Beau Geste. Digby has a mustache...



This is Beau Geste alone. The finest, bravest brother a man could ask for.



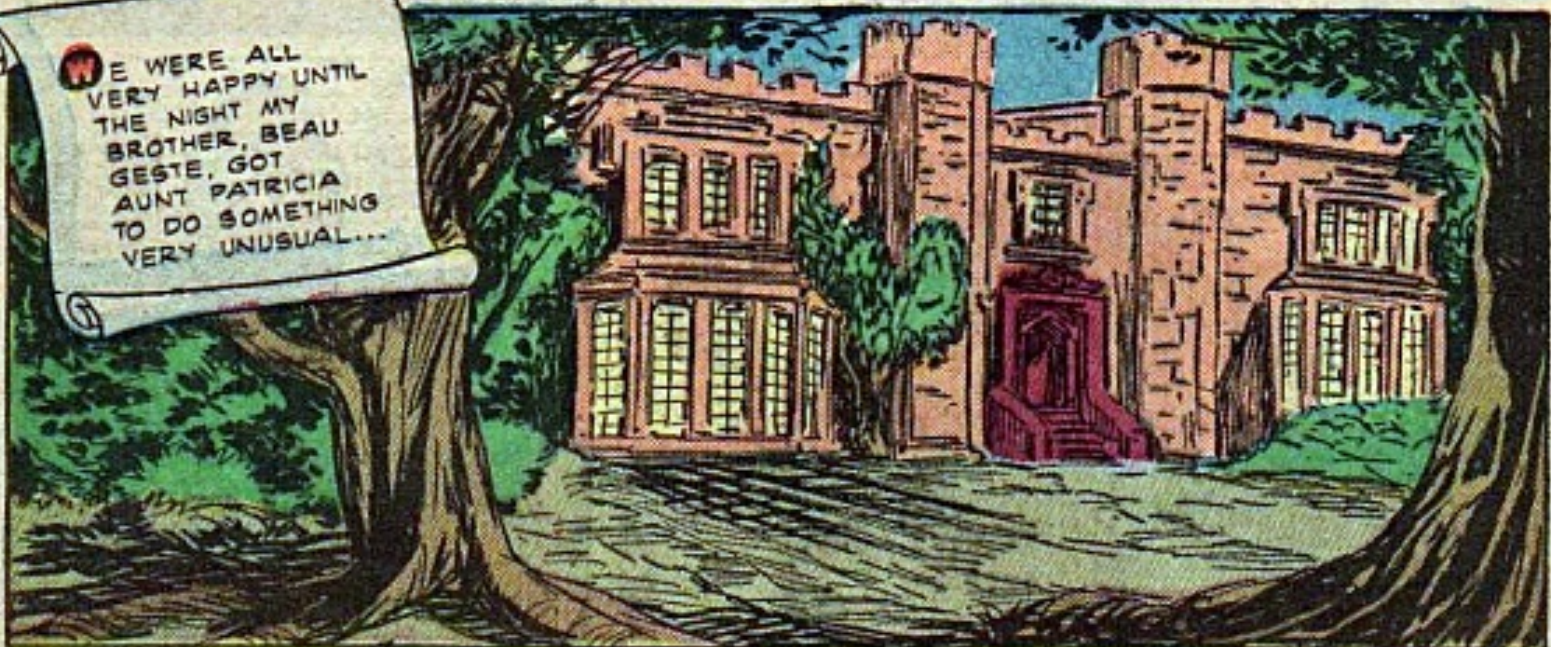
This is Claudia -- in love with Beau...



That's me -- John Geste -- in love with Isobel,



WE WERE ALL VERY HAPPY UNTIL THE NIGHT MY BROTHER, BEAU GESTE, GOT AUNT PATRICIA TO DO SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL...



AUNT PATRICIA BROUGHT OUT HER FABULOUS BLUE WATER SAPPHIRE, A JEWEL VALUED AT A HALF-MILLION POUNDS, STERLING!





**T**HE BLUE WATER-- MOST PRICE-  
LESS SAPPHIRE IN THE WORLD!  
GIVEN TO OUR AUNT BY UNCLE  
HECTOR, WHO WAS AWAY IN INDIA  
ON THAT FATEFUL EVENING. WE  
DIDN'T LIKE UNCLE HECTOR, WHO  
WAS A HARD AND CRUEL MAN!



GOODNESS! IS IT SAFE TO HAVE  
THE BLUE WATER OUT LIKE THIS?



**E**VERYBODY TRUSTED BEAU...

I'M NOT AFRAID, WHEN BEAU  
GESTE IS AROUND.



**W**ITHOUT WARNING... THE  
LIGHTS WENT OUT!

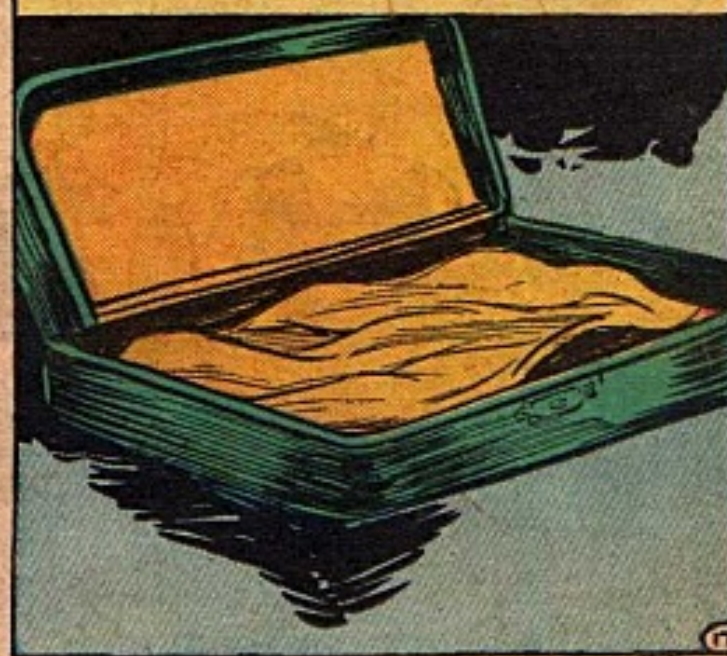


**T**HE LIGHTS FLASHED ON AGAIN!

THE BLUE  
WATER IS  
GONE!



**T**HE GREAT SAPPHIRE HAD DISAPPEARED.  
WAS THIS SOME JOKE?





FAST FICTION

MY AUNT WAS VERY FAIR.

ONE OF US HAS THE BLUE WATER. I'LL TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, AND I EXPECT WHOEVER HAS THE STONE TO PUT IT BACK!



WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, I STOOD BESIDE THE JEWEL CASKET. I WOULD CATCH THE THIEF!

PLACING MY OWN HAND OVER THE JEWEL CASKET, I CAUGHT SNEAKING UP IN THE DARKNESS--A HAND!

STOP, THIEF!

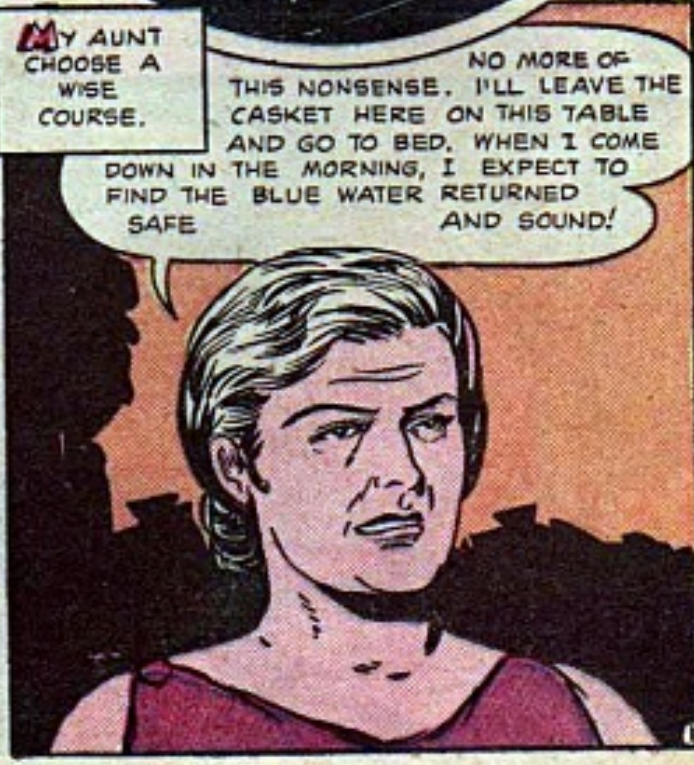


BEAU! WHAT WAS YOUR HAND DOING THERE?

THE SAME QUESTION GOES FOR YOU, BROTHER JOHN!

MY AUNT CHOOSE A WISE COURSE.

NO MORE OF THIS NONSENSE. I'LL LEAVE THE CASKET HERE ON THIS TABLE AND GO TO BED. WHEN I COME DOWN IN THE MORNING, I EXPECT TO FIND THE BLUE WATER RETURNED AND SOUND!







WHAT'S THE ROW?

BEAU IS GONE! RUN OFF WITH THE BLUE WATER!

Dear Dig and John  
 Tell Aunt there's no need to grieve about the Blue Water I took the stone. By the time you receive this note, I will be well on my way to where I'm going. Make up a cock and bull story like you know that Beau Geste needed money.  
 Ever thine,  
 Beau

ALL A LIE! BEAU GESTE IS INNOCENT! BEAU TOOK THE BLAME TO SHIELD SOMEONE.

HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT THE THIEF! WONDER WHERE HE'S GONE!



BET A POUND NOTE BEAU HAS SIGNED FOR THE FOREIGN LEGION. WE ALWAYS TALKED OF GOING TOGETHER!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, I FOUND A LETTER UNDER MY DOOR... BUT THIS TIME ADDRESSED TO ME IN DIGBY'S HANDWRITING!

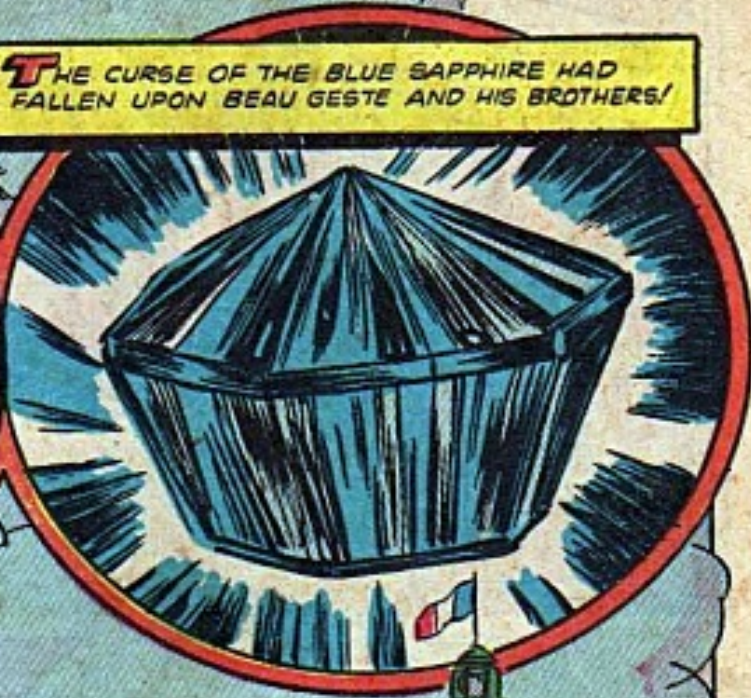
Mr John Geste



**T**HE CURSE OF THE BLUE SAPPHIRE HAD FALLEN UPON BEAU GESTE AND HIS BROTHERS!

**D**IGBY HAD FOLLOWED BEAU ...

Dear John...  
After much thought, I cannot let the innocent suffer for my wrong doing. I took the stone! Beau was wrong in taking the blame for me. If and when you hear from Beau, tell him to come home. I have confessed Ever thine...  
Digby

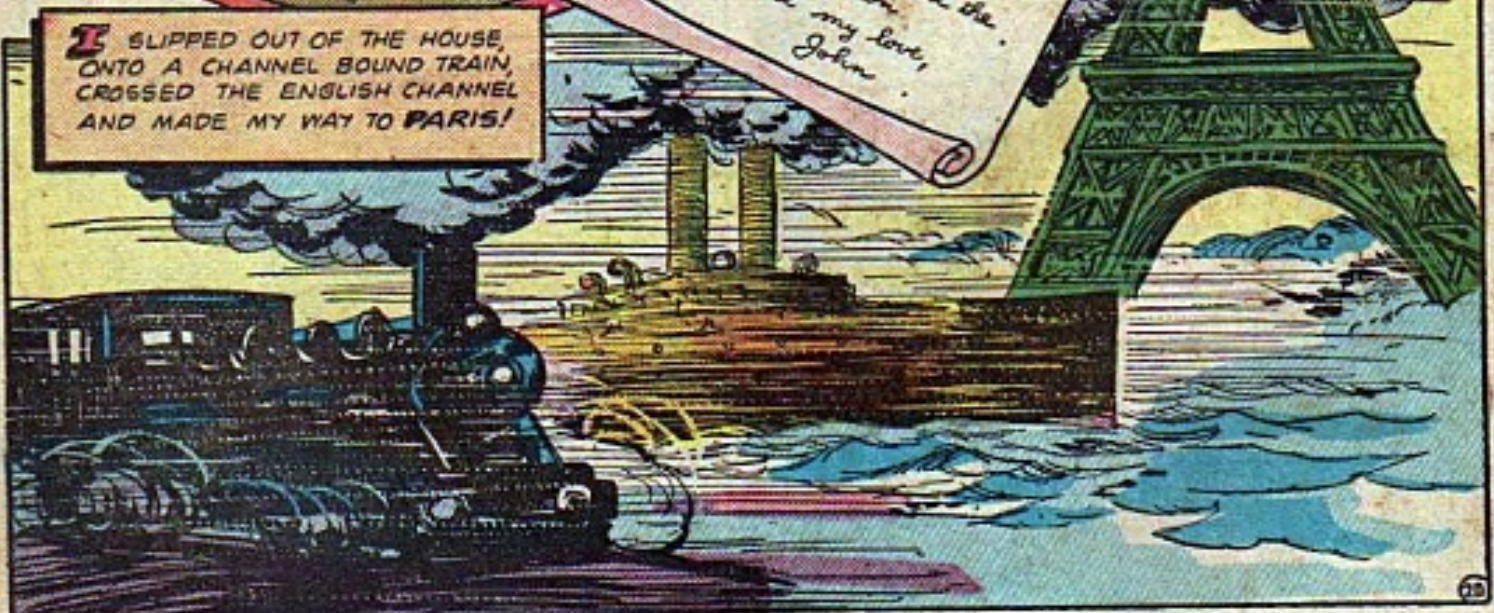


**I**T WAS TIME FOR ME TO ACT. I WROTE TO MY DEAREST ISOBEL...

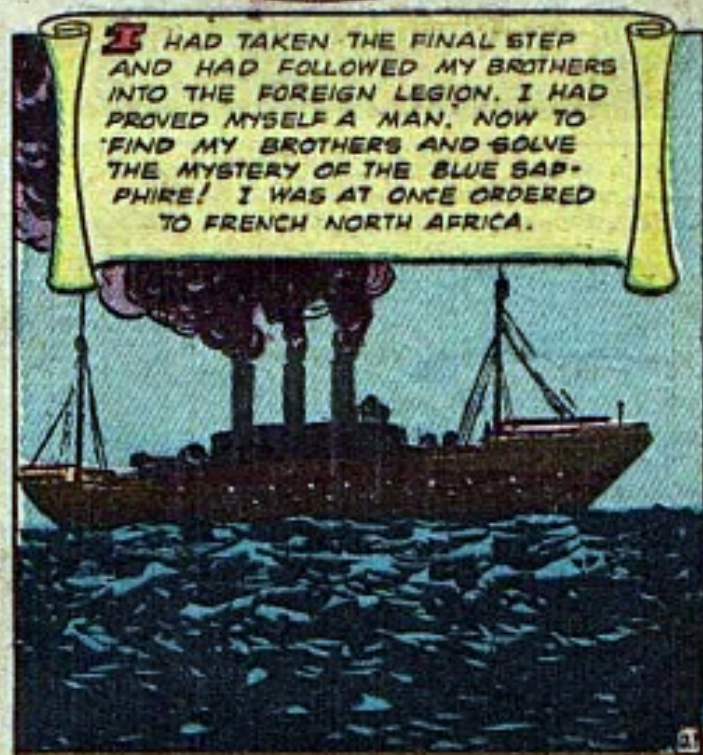


Dearest Isobel  
Until the real thief is found, I must join my brothers. I will write to you as soon as I find them. No detective will suspect you or Claudia, of course. Now all three Geste brothers - Beau, Digby and myself - will shoulder the blame equally until the truth is known.  
All my love,  
John

**I** SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE, ONTO A CHANNEL BOUND TRAIN, CROSSED THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND MADE MY WAY TO PARIS!





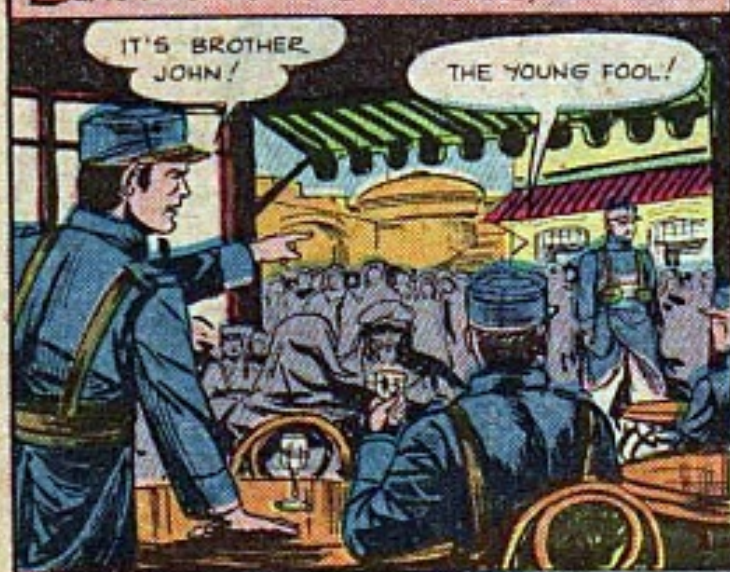






**B**EN SIDI-BEL-ABBÉS,  
STRONGHOLD OF THE  
FRENCH FOREIGN  
LEGION IN NORTH AFRICA...  
QUICKLY UNIFORMED, I  
SET OUT TO SEARCH FOR  
MY BROTHERS, BEAU  
AND DIG...

**B**EAU AND DIG WERE IN A CAFÉ, WHEN ...



IT'S BROTHER JOHN!

THE YOUNG FOOL!

**W**E KIDDED ABOUT THE MISSING JEWELS...



SO YOU'VE COME TO JOIN THE JEWEL THIEVES!

DID YOU BRING THE PRICELESS GEM WITH YOU?

I PUT THE SAPPHIRE IN A MONEY BELT WHICH I'LL GIVE YOU LATER!

**A**T A TABLE NEARBY, AN UNSAVORY MEMBER OF THE LEGION LISTENED TO EVERY WORD SPOKEN TO BEAU GESTE AND HIS BROTHERS. THIS WAS **SERGEANT BOLDINI!**



OH, HO! JEWEL THIEVES! GOT THE STONE RIGHT WITH 'EM, EH? WONDER HOW BIG IT IS?

**B**E CONTINUED TO JOKE WITH MY BROTHERS. EACH OF US THOUGHT PERHAPS ONE OF THE OTHERS HAD THE BLUE WATER...



WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG GETTING HERE FROM ENGLAND, JOHN?

PROBABLY STOPPED AT ROTTERDAM TO DROP IN AT THE JEWEL MARKET FOR A QUICK PRICE ESTIMATE ON THE SAPPHIRE.

I WAS OFFERED A HALF-MILLION POUNDS, BUT I SAID I'D WAIT 'TIL THE MARKET WENT UP!



**FAST FICTION.**



MA FOIS! INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THAT "BLUE SAPPHIRE" THEY CAN'T COMPLAIN TO THE POLICE ABOUT STOLEN PROPERTY. I WILL MAKE "ARRANGEMENTS" TO GRAB THAT SPARKLER!



SERIOUSLY, LADS... NO JOKING... WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE BLUE SAPPHIRE?

WORD OF HONOR, IT WASN'T I.

I'M THE LAST PERSON TO WANT THIS SORT OF THING TO HAPPEN.



WE WERE INTERRUPTED BY A LEGIONNAIRE... ONE JEAN MARIS...

A THOUSAND PARDONS! BUT LOWER YOUR VOICES WHEN YOU SPEAK OF JEWELS IN THIS CAFE!



WE ARE AFRAID OF NO MAN!

PERHAPS NOT, BEAU GESTE, BUT MANY HAVE DIED IN THEIR SLEEP... THROATS CUT FROM EAR TO EAR... FOR A PRIZE OF LESS VALUE THAN YOUR BLUE WATER!



CORPORAL BOLDINI HAS BIG EARS AND MANY ACCOMPLICES.

BOLDINI WILL NEED MORE THAN THAT TO FIND A JEWEL WE DO NOT HAVE.



RETURNING TO THE BARRACKS, WE PUT ALL OUR MONEY IN BEAU'S BELT.

IF BOLDINI KICKS UP TONIGHT, THE GESTE BROTHERS WILL BE READY AND WAITING!



**FAST FICTION**

**THE THIEF WAS A STRANGER. IT WAS NOT BOLDINI!!**

**THAT NIGHT IN THE BARRACKS...**

**HALT, THIEF!**

**WHO'S THE RASCAL?**

**TURN ON THE LIGHTS!**

**HERE'S THE RASCAL! HE WAS TRYING TO FLEECE MY BELT!**

**NO!**

**HAND HIM OVER! WE'LL TEACH HIM TO WAKE US UP!**



**LEGION JUSTICE! THE MEN WERE HANDING OUT THEIR OWN PUNISHMENT TO THE WOULD-BE THIEF!**

**GET THE BAYONETS!**

**NO!**



**MARIS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO HIM?**

**DO NOT INTERFERE! HIS NAME IS BOLIDAR, A PAL OF THAT BOLDINI, WHO WAS LISTENING WHEN YOU WERE TALKING OF THE JEWEL AT THE CAFE!**



**LEGION JUSTICE WAS FEARFUL!**

**THIS IS TOO MUCH!**

**HE STOLE THEIR SLEEP, ALMOST GOT YOUR JEWEL NOW HE MUST PAY! THAT IS LEGION JUSTICE!**





# FAST FICTION

**SERGEANT LEJAUNE PASSED OUT NEW AMMO ... AND KNIVES FOR CLOSE FIGHTING...**

**ONE MONTH LATER--**  
NEWS CAME OF A DIFFERENT KIND OF ATTACK... ARABS ACROSS NORTH AFRICA! MY BROTHERS AND I WERE TOUGH FROM A MONTH'S DESERT TRAINING. DIGBY HAD BECOME OUR COMPANY BUGLER!



CHECK GRENADES!  
... RIFLE AMMO! ...  
SHARP KNIVES!



**AT LAST WE WERE GOING INTO BATTLE!**

TOUGH CHAP-- THIS LEJAUNE!

I WISH WE HAD TEN MORE LIKE HIM!

GOOD THING HE GETS HIS KILLING AS A SOLDIER-- OTHERWISE HE'D PROBABLY BE UP FOR MURDER! DON'T TRUST HIM MYSELF!



THE ARABS AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A HOLY WAR FOR ALLAH!

YOU JOINED THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION FOR ADVENTURE! IT'S WAITING FOR YOU OVER THE NEXT HILL!











DEATH IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!

A BAPTISM OF FIRE FOR BEAU GESTE AND HIS BROTHERS!



**A**FTER THE BATTLE, BEAU, DIG AND I CAME OUT UNSCRATCHED. BUT QUITE A FEW OF OUR ARAB COUSINS WOULD BOTHER THE LEGION NO MORE!

YOU FOUGHT LIKE TRUE MEN OF THE LEGION!



**B**AD NEWS!

GOOD WORK, LEJAUNE. BUT WE MUST NOT REST. THE ARABS WILL RE-FORM AND STRIKE AGAIN!

OUI, MAJOR DE BEAUJOLAIS.

**F**ORT ZINDERNEUF, HELL-HOLE OF LEGION DUTY! THE WORST SPOT IN NORTH AFRICA!

REPORT WITH YOUR MEN TO FORT ZINDERNEUF!

A PLACE OF MADNESS! MEN GO CAFARD... CRAZY!



**S**EPARATION!

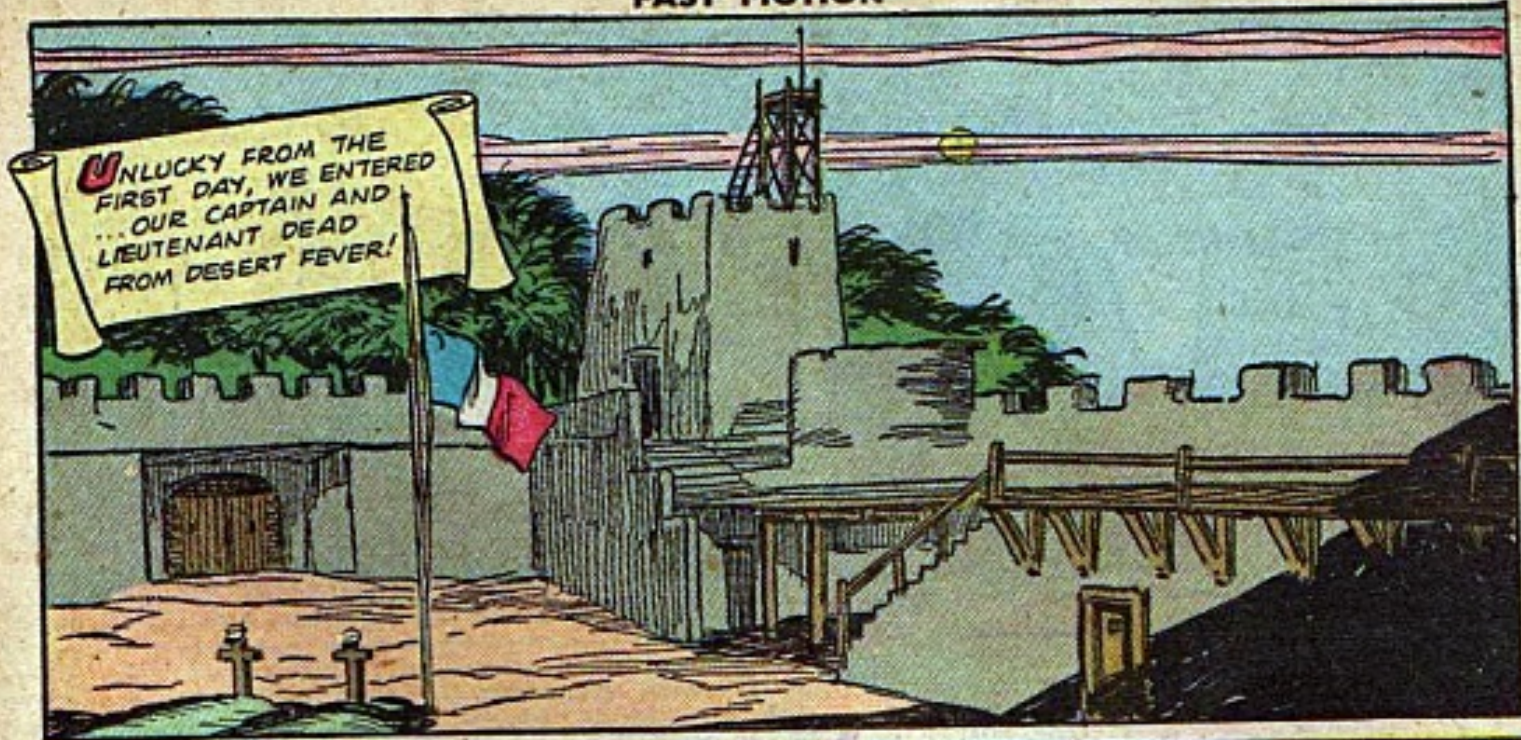
TAKE ALL THESE MEN TO ZINDERNEUF-- EXCEPT THIS BUGLER! I NEED A BUGLER FOR THE TRIP BACK TO SIDI-BEL-ABBÉS!

**I**F DIG'S LEAVING HAD BEEN PREVENTED! IF ONLY HE COULD HAVE GONE WITH BEAU AND ME TO ZINDERNEUF, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!

SO LONG, JOHN... CHEERIO, BEAU! IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, I'LL COME!







ANOTHER LIEUTENANT... A VICTIM OF DESERT MADNESS... SUICIDE! SERGEANT LEJAUNE TOOK COMMAND AT FORT ZINDERNEUF...



THREE WEEKS AFTER OUR ARRIVAL, CORPORAL BOLDINI MADE AN OFFER...



WILL YOU JOIN US? ARE YOU PIGS OR BUTCHERS?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN -- PIGS OR BUTCHERS?



THE MEN WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS TERRIBLE FORT! I'VE BEEN ASKED TO LEAD THEM. IF YOU ARE WITH THEM, YOU ARE A BUTCHER! IF YOU ARE WITH SERGEANT LEJAUNE, YOU WILL BE A PIG-- A DEAD PIG!



YOU PLAN MUTINY?

WE PLAN TO ACT WHILE WE HAVE LIVES TO SAVE! THINK OVER WHAT I HAVE SAID WE WILL STRIKE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



FAST FICTION







WHY DO YOU TELL US THIS?

AFTER I KILL BOLDINI, LEJAUNE WILL KILL ME TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE OF HIS PLOT!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE OUR SKINS.

WE'LL WARN BOLDINI THAT THE PLOT IS KNOWN.



WHY SAVE THAT RASCAL'S SKIN?

NO MUTINY MEANS NO OPPORTUNITY FOR BOLDINI TO SHOOT JOHN AND ME. THEN YOU NEED NOT SHOOT BOLDINI... AND LEJAUNE WILL NOT SHOOT YOU!



THAT NIGHT...

YOUR PLOT IS KNOWN, BOLDINI! ONE FALSE MOVE FROM YOU AND LEJAUNE HAS A LEGAL EXCUSE TO KILL US ALL!

SWINE! LEJAUNE HAS GONE CAFARD... DESERT CRAZY! I WILL SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE MAD SERGEANT LEJAUNE APPEARED IN THE BARRACKS. HE MUST HAVE HAD A SPY LISTENING...



NO FUNNY BUSINESS, BEAU GESTE! GIVE ME THE BLUE SAPPHIRE!

AS I WAS ABOUT TO GO TO BEAU'S AID, A CRY RANG OUT!



ARABS! ARABS ATTACKING!

THE SENTRY!



FAST FICTION

**T**HE ARABS  
HAD LAUNCHED  
A DAWN ATTACK!

YOUR RIFLES!  
EVERY MAN TO  
HIS POST!

**B**OLDINI WAS SENT TO THE  
MOST DANGEROUS POST! THIS  
WAS LEJAUNE'S WAY OF GET-  
TING BOLDINI OUT OF THE WAY!

UP THERE WITH  
YOU, BOLDINI! TAKE  
THE LOOKOUT!

**L**ATER IN THE DAY, AS THE BATTLE  
CONTINUED, THE ARABS SEEMED TO  
RETREAT...

ARE THEY  
QUITTING?

NO, THEY  
ARE DIGGING IN  
AROUND THE TREES.  
THEY'LL TRY AND  
PICK US OFF--  
ONE BY ONE!





**M**UTINY WAS FORGOTTEN AS THE MEN FOUGHT OFF THE ARABS!



THERE GOES BOLDINI! WHO'LL LEJAUNE GET RID OF UP THERE NOW?



SOLIDAR! UP THE PLATFORM!



HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!

WHAT WAS MORE HORRIBLE...

CLEVER MADMAN! THE ARABS DON'T HAVE FIELD GLASSES. THEY'LL THINK HE'S PUTTING UP LIVE REPLACEMENTS!



**I**T WAS HORRIBLE! LEJAUNE WAS WIPING OUT HIS FAKE MUTINY LEADERS ON THE LOOKOUT PLATFORM...



**L**EJAUNE RAN TO EACH MAN AS HE WAS HIT!

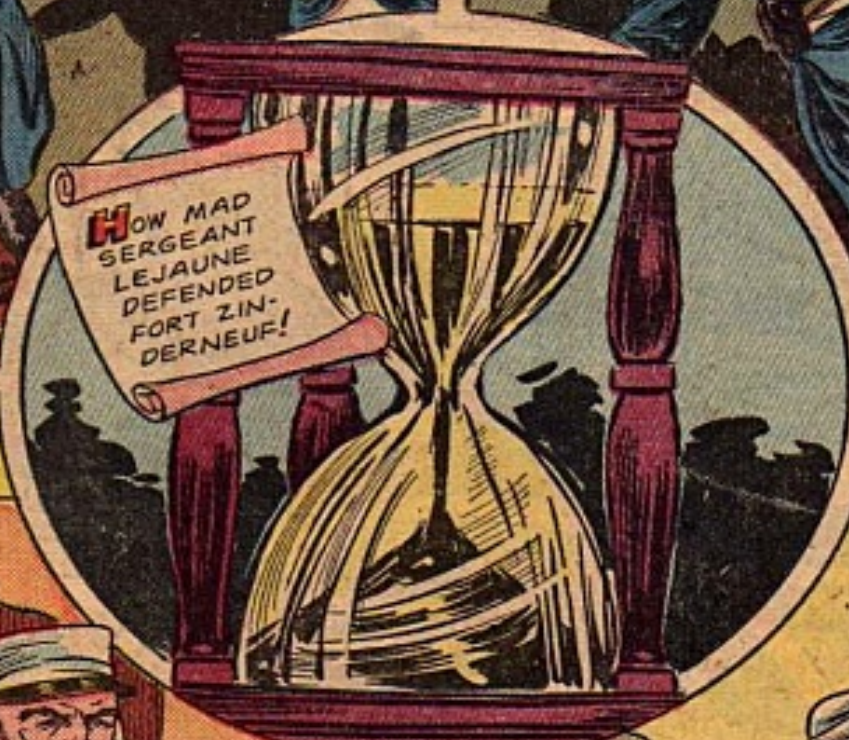


**H**E THREW HIM BACK INTO THE BREECH!

EVERY MAN AT HIS POST... ALIVE... OR DEAD!



**H**OW MAD SERGEANT LEJAUNE DEFENDED FORT ZIN-  
DERNEUF!



**L**EJAUNE WAS FIRING FOR A DOZEN DEAD MEN!

**H**OUR AFTER HOUR, HE KEPT AT IT!

WE DO NOT SURRENDER!

FIGHT ON, MEN OF THE LEGION!





FAST FICTION

NIGHTFALL FOUND ONLY THREE OF US LEFT ALIVE ON THE WALLS. BOLIDAR WAS STILL ON THE PLATFORM...

WE ARE SAFE UNTIL DAWN. ARABS DO NOT ATTACK AT NIGHT.

ONE MORE DAYLIGHT ATTACK WILL FINISH US!



I HAVE SENT TO SIDI-BEL-ABBÉS FOR RELIEF!

WHO WENT?



LAST NIGHT I HAD TWO NATIVE GOUMS STATIONED OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE FORT... AN OLD TRICK IN THE LEGION. GOOD PROTECTION AGAINST MUTINY. THEY HAD ORDERS TO RUN FOR SIDI-BEL-ABBÉS AS SOON AS A SHOT WAS FIRED!

LET'S HOPE THE GOUMS GOT THROUGH TO SIDI. THEY ARE OUR ONLY CHANCE ... IF WE LIVE THROUGH SUNRISE!





THE ARAB ATTACK DID NOT COME AS WE EXPECTED IT. THE CRAFTY WARRIORS HAD RETREATED, LEAVING A GUARD OF THREE RIFLEMEN IN THE TREES OUR RIFLE FIRE OF THE DAY BEFORE MUST HAVE COST THEM HEAVY CASUALTIES

MAIL THIS LETTER FOR SURE I'VE A FEELING THIS IS MY LAST BATTLE

JUST NERVES, THAT'S ALL! KEEP DOWN!



AN ARAB BULLET FOUND A NOBLE MARK!

BEAU!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

LEJRUNE WAS AFTER THE BLUE WATER SAPPHIRE.

STAY AT YOUR POST, SWINE!



THERE GOES BOLIDAR!

SO-- BEAU GESTE'S PRECIOUS JEWEL! I HAVE IT AT LAST!







MY FORTUNE IS MADE, THANKS TO YOU THE ARABS STOPPED THE MUTINY BY WHICH I HAD PLANNED TO GET THIS SAPPHIRE. NOW EVERYONE IS DEAD- EXCEPT YOU. AFTER KILLING YOU, I WILL WAIT FOR THE LEGION TO RESCUE ME! NEAT, EH?



I DIDN'T KNOW THAT MEN CREPT AROUND AFTER A FIGHT AND ROBBED THE DEAD. THIEVING CUR! YOU SHOULD BE PICKING OVER THE GUTTERS OF

FINE FUNERAL ORATION FROM A JEWEL THIEF! ANY MORE SENTIMENTS BEFORE I BLOW OUT WHAT BRAINS YOU HAVE?

YOU AND THESE ACCURSED DOGS WILL GET A HOLE IN THE SAND. FOR ME... CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR... A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION... A TRIP TO PARIS TO RECEIVE THANKS AND A PARADE FOR MY MAGNIFICENT DEFENSE OF FORT ZINDERNEUF!



AT PARIS, I'LL SELL THIS LITTLE SAPPHIRE TRIFLE-- THE BLUE WATER! I'LL BE A RICH MAN-- THANKS TO THIS DEAD ONE!



YOU VULTURE--

I SHOOT TO KILL!



FAST FICTION





FAST FICTION

**E**VEN IN DEATH, BEAU INSISTED ON SHOULDERING THE BLAME...

To the Chief of Inspector of Scotland Yard!  
 And all whom it may concern!  
Confession! Important! Urgent! Please  
publish! So that no innocent person  
 may be suspected and suffer, I  
 hereby fully and freely confess that  
 it was I, and I alone, who stole the  
 great sapphire known as "Blue Water."  
 Tell Lady Brandon

Great

Dear John...  
 Make sure that my  
 confession reaches the hands  
 of the authorities. If I die  
 first, I want full blame for  
 the theft of the Blue Water  
 Sapphire. Deliver the sealed  
packet to Aunt Patricia. The  
 contents are hers to do with  
 as she wishes.  
 Ever,  
 Beau

**I** WAS THE LONE SURVIVOR TO FORT ZINDERNEUF!

IF THE ARABS ATTACK AGAIN--  
 WHAT OF THESE MESSAGES? WHO  
 WILL CARRY THE PACKET TO AUNT  
 PATRICIA? WHAT DO I DO NEXT?



**S**UDDENLY A SHOT RANG OUT! THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION HAD COME TO THE RESCUE! THE ARAB REAR GUARD HAD FLED!

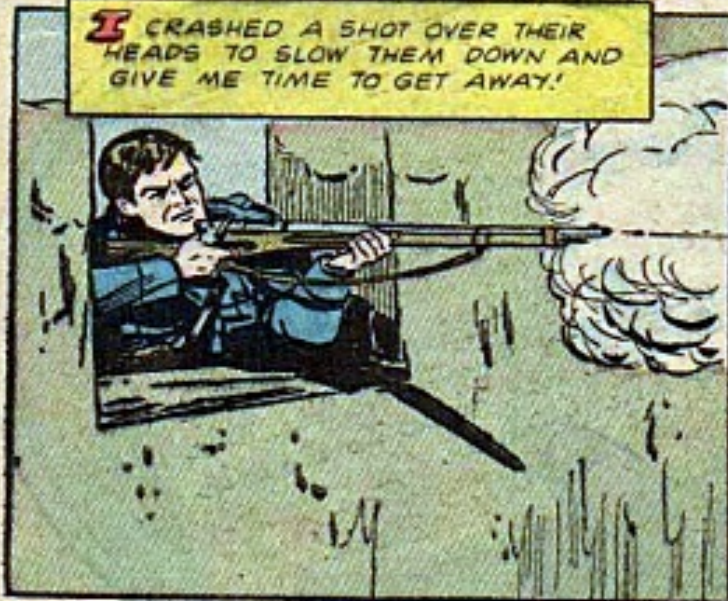
IF I'M CAUGHT HERE, I'LL BE TRIED FOR THE MURDER OF SERGEANT LEJAUNE. THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THAT HE WAS RAVING MAD, A THIEF-- ABOUT TO MURDER ME! I MUST GET OUT OF ZINDERNEUF!





FAST FICTION

**I** CRASHED A SHOT OVER THEIR HEADS TO SLOW THEM DOWN AND GIVE ME TIME TO GET AWAY!



I'LL HIDE IN THE SHADOW OF THE SAND DUNES UNTIL NIGHTFALL. MAYBE I COULD STEAL A CAMEL.

**A** SECRET ESCAPE DOOR LEAD OUT INTO THE DESERT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF FORT ZINDERNEUF...

**T**HE OFFICER HAD BEEN LET IN THROUGH THE GATE BY THE BUGLER, WHO HAD CLIMBED THE WALL. NOW THE OFFICER WAS ALONE, MAD WITH CURIOSITY, NO DOUBT. THE BUGLER HAD DISAPPEARED.

THE OFFICER AND HIS BUGLER ARE ALMOST IN THE FORT. HOW PUZZLED THEY MUST BE.



**T**HE OFFICER CAME OUT ALONE AT DUSK. HE SIGNALLED TO HIS MEN TO SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE OASIS. I DIDN'T BLAME HIM FOR NOT WANTING TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE FORT OF THE DEAD. BUT WHAT OF THE BUGLER?

**S**UDDENLY, THE FORT BURST INTO FLAMES!





**A** MAN LEAPED OFF THE BURNING FORT... IN MY DIRECTION!



**W**HOMEVER IT WAS CHOSEN TO HEAD IN MY DIRECTION...



**I** HAD TO GET HIM BEFORE HE GOT ME!



IT WAS DO OR DIE!

EASY, OLD CHAP! YOU ALWAYS WERE EXCITABLE!

DIGBY, MY BROTHER!





FAST FICTION



I CHECKED OVER THE DEAD. I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU OUT HERE!

IT'S GOOD TWO OF US ARE STILL ALIVE!



HOW'D YOU GET AWAY FROM THE FRENCH OFFICER? WHERE'D YOU DISAPPEAR TO WHEN HE LEFT THE FORT?

WHERE HE NEVER THOUGHT TO LOOK! I HID IN THE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT DUNGEON!

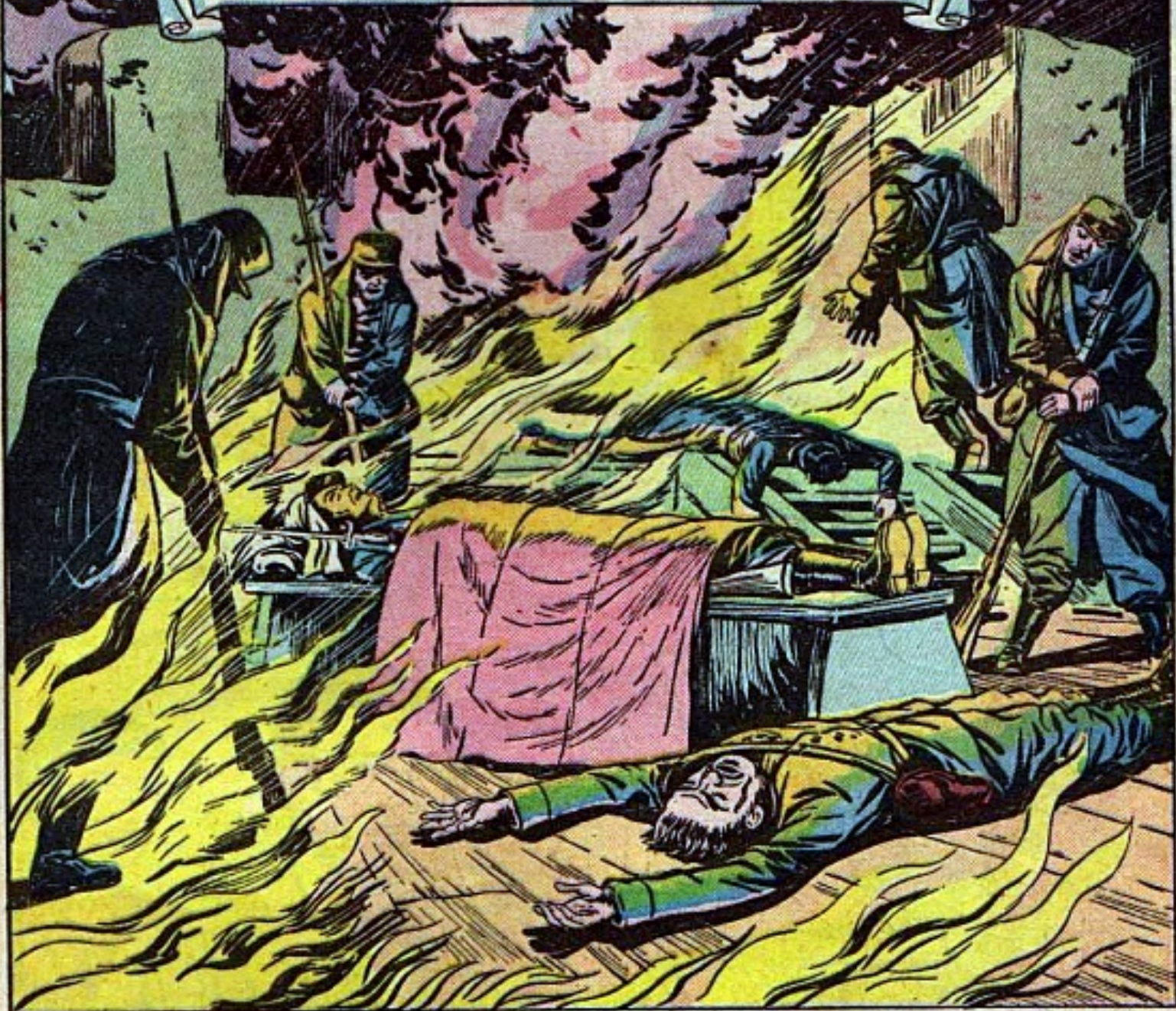


AND YOU SET FIRE TO THE FORT, DIGBY?

YES, BUT I HAD MY REASONS. BEAU GESTE WAS A GREAT WARRIOR. I GAVE HIM A WARRIOR'S FUNERAL... WITH A DOG AT HIS FEET!



**B**EAU GESTE'S WARRIOR FAREWELL... AMID A GHOSTLY  
GUARD OF FIGHTING MEN OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION...  
WITH A DOG AT HIS FEET-- THE CUR LEJAUNE...



WE'VE GOT TO  
GET TO ENGLAND! BEAU  
LEFT A PACKET FOR  
AUNT PATRICIA.

WE'LL "BORROW"  
TWO CAMELS FROM  
THE LEGION AND HEAD  
FOR THE BORDER  
TONIGHT.





**B**RANDON ABBAS, ENGLAND...  
THREE MONTHS LATER!



ISOBEL,  
DEAREST!

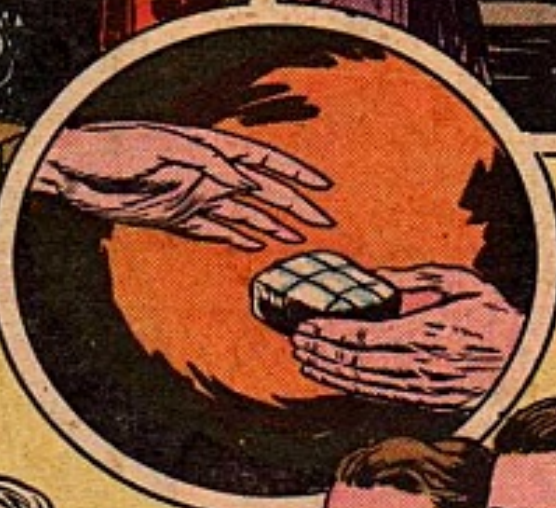
OH, JOHN! DIGBY!  
AUNT PATRICIA IS  
WAITING FOR YOU  
IN THE LIBRARY.

**A**UNT PATRICIA SEEMED  
AGED WITH WORRY.



WHY HAVE YOU  
RETURNED?

BEFORE BEAU  
DIED, HE ASKED  
ME TO 'GIVE' YOU AN  
IMPORTANT  
PACKET.



READ THE LETTER,  
AUNT PATRICIA!

THE BLUE WATER  
SAPPHIRE!





BEAU GESTÉ'S LETTER TO  
AUNT PATRICIA...

BELOVED AUNT:

I DID WHAT I THOUGHT BEST AND NOW THAT UNCLE HECTOR IS DEAD, I CAN TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE SAPPHIRE. I KNEW THAT YOU HAD SOLD THE GENUINE BLUE WATER TO AN INDIAN MAHARAJAH...



MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN MY BROTHERS AND I WERE YOUNG BOYS, YOU MADE THE SALE IN THE HALL WHILE UNCLE HECTOR WAS AWAY IN INDIA...



CONCEALED IN THE HALL SUIT OF ARMOUR, (DIG, JOHN AND I WERE PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK) I HEARD THE WHOLE ARRANGEMENT AND AFTER YOU HAD SOLD THE REAL SAPPHIRE, I SAW YOU PUT AN IMITATION GEM IN YOUR JEWEL CASE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE REAL ONE.



I DO NOT BLAME YOU. I KNEW YOU USED THE MONEY YOU GOT FOR THE REAL JEWEL TO HELP THE POOR TENANTS ON YOUR ESTATE-- PEOPLE WHOM UNCLE HECTOR WOULD HAVE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES AFTER FORECLOSING THEIR MORTGAGES...

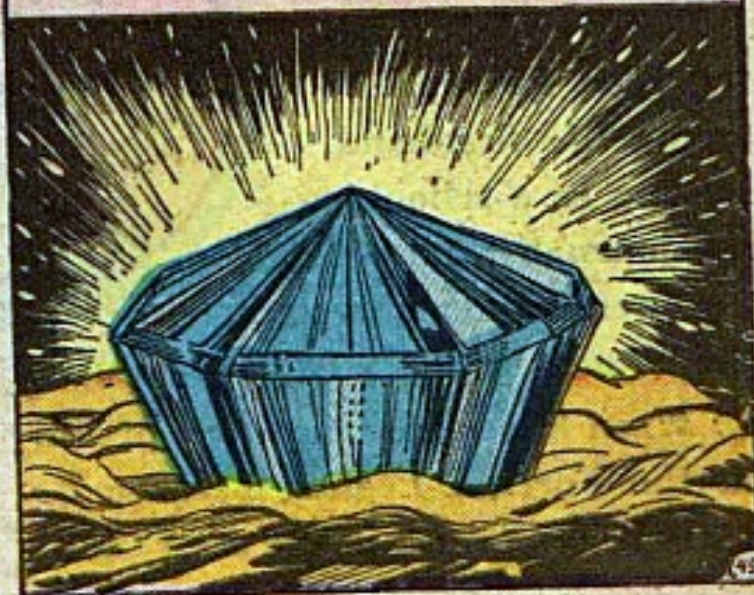


I FEARED THE DAY WHEN UNCLE HECTOR WOULD LEARN THAT A FALSE IMITATION SAPPHIRE HAD REPLACED THE BLUE WATER. SO, DEAR AUNT PATRICIA, I ARRANGED AN APPARENT THEFT OF THE IMITATION STONE

SO THAT UNCLE HECTOR WOULD NEVER DISCOVER WHAT YOU HAD DONE.

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT JOHN AND DIG INSISTED ON FOLLOWING ME WHEN I JOINED THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

YOUR LOVING NEPHEW,  
BEAU GESTÉ





# The Life of P.C. WREN

P. C. Wren's full name was Percival Christopher and he lived a life of action and thrilling adventure, much in the manner of his famous hero Beau Geste.

P.C. Wren was born of a famous family—a descendant of the famous architect Sir Christopher Wren whose artistry and imagination was responsible for many of England's most famous and beautiful churches and public buildings.

Young P. C. Wren was born in Devonshire, England, in the ancient house where the famous author, Charles Kingsley, laid the scene of Amyas Leigh in his novel "Westward Ho!" But despite this literary beginning, young Wren did not begin to write until after he was graduated from Oxford University.

For five years Wren travelled the world, seeing life first-hand, serving as a schoolmaster, journalist, farm hand, explorer, hunter and soldier in the French Foreign Legion. Yes, P. C. Wren knew the true story of life in the Foreign Legion, because he himself had served under the Flag of

France in regiments of the most desperate men in the world. His adventures with the Legion in French North Africa furnished the true background for his stories of the Geste family.

Percival Christopher Wren has been described as having been as handsome as Beau Geste, himself. Tall, soldierly, with blue-gray eyes, the author was one of the most popular literary personalities of his time. And it is to be remembered that he wrote about adventure as he knew it. P. C. Wren was no parlor scholar. In addition to serving with the French Foreign Legion, he served with the British Cavalry and the Indian Army in East Africa.

Readers of all ages have enjoyed books by P. C. Wren. Among the other famous titles which appeared under his name are: Beau Sabreur, Beau Ideal, and the Good Gestes. These books are available at most local libraries.

Read them and enjoy them, in the knowledge that you are reading adventures written by a man who lived a life of high adventure, Percival Christopher Wren.





# THE MOHAMMEDANS

The religion and code of life followed by the fierce Arab tribesmen who fought the French Foreign Legion on the hot sands of French North Africa, is called Mohammedanism. It is practiced by millions of followers in almost every country on the earth.

Mohammed was born in Arabia around the year 570, and during his youth he travelled for many years with the desert people who were to become his most fervent followers. They came to regard him as a Prophet of God, or Allah! And as the Savage tribesmen thundered into battle on their swift desert camels, cries of "Allah! Allah!" split the desert air.

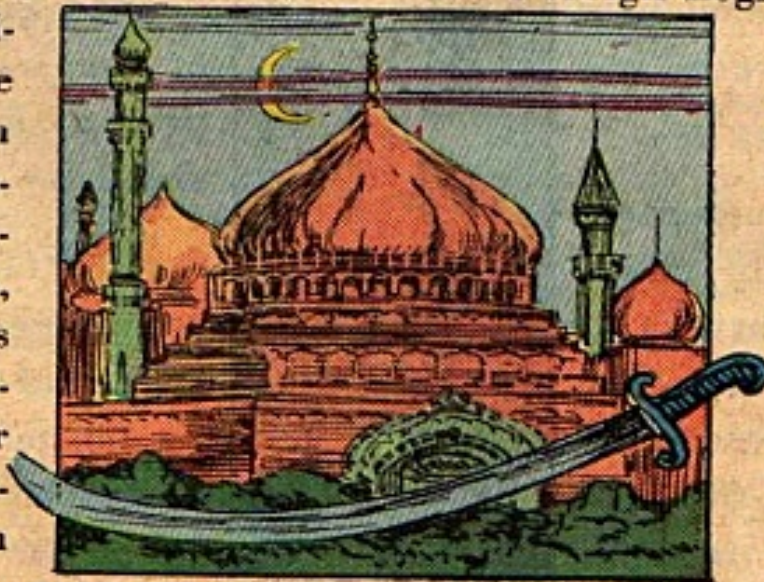
Mohammed preached a warrior's creed and his followers performed unbelievable acts of bravery, without regard to danger to life or limb. The Moslems, as they were called, believed that a glorious death in battle would assure them of a place in Paradise. Thus strengthened by their faith, the desert warriors became feared adversaries. Their weapons were almost the finest in the world, particularly their swords, forged in Damascus by a secret pro-

cess, the details of which are still unknown by modern scientists.

After the death of Mohammed, early in the Seventh Century his beliefs were carried to other countries; Syria, Persia, Egypt and Africa. Arab Armies invaded Spain, where even today art and architecture reflect the influence of the Moorish Invasion, as it was called. In the distant East the Turks became believers and their attack upon Constantinople shook the Western World.

Mohammed forbade his people to drink wine, and he encouraged them to bury the blood feuds that had kept them weak and disorganized. Mecca became the Holy City of the Moslem world, and believers were encouraged to journey there and renew their faith.

The desert tribesmen who fought the Foreign Legion were brave men,



descendants of warriors' families that had lived by the sword for some thirteen centuries. It was inevitable that they resisted the European invasion of their native North Africa. They met the invader

with traditional bravery, and died with the name of Allah on their lips.



# Thrilling Sports — MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Mountain climbing is one of the most thrilling sports known to man.

And did you know that every rock mountain is slowly falling to pieces? That's a fact, and when you're climbing you are constantly aware of the possibility of falling rocks that can carry you to your death thousands of feet below.

For centuries men have sought the tops of the great mountains of the earth. Mountain climbing as a sport dates back to 1854 when an Englishman, Sir Alfred Wills, climbed the Wetterhorn in the Swiss Alps. And although by 1910 every Alpine peak had been mastered, the greatest mountain of all remains a challenge; Mount Everest has not been conquered.

The hazards of mountain climbing are falling rocks, falling ice, avalanches of snow, crevasses, and the weather when you're way up there. This means that the mountain climber must be properly equipped and whenever possible, accompanied by a guide. It is

customary for members of climbing parties to rope themselves together with thin light rope. Sometimes silk is used. Crampons, special footgear, are used to prevent slipping on ice. An ice axe is used also, it is an axe with a metal point in the handle which makes it possible for it to serve as a walking stick and a sounding rod for bad ice. A sharp rap with the axe will produce a peculiar sound, if the ice is unsafe.

Proper clothing is designed to save your life. It should be weather-proof: as warm as possible, and as light as possible. Smoked glasses are a "must" because of the glare of the snow which can deprive a careless climber of his sight.

For a fascinating first-hand account of mountain climbing, read *The White Tower* by James Ramsey Ullman. It will give you a thrilling close-up of one of the most fascinating—and most dangerous sports—engaged in by man.





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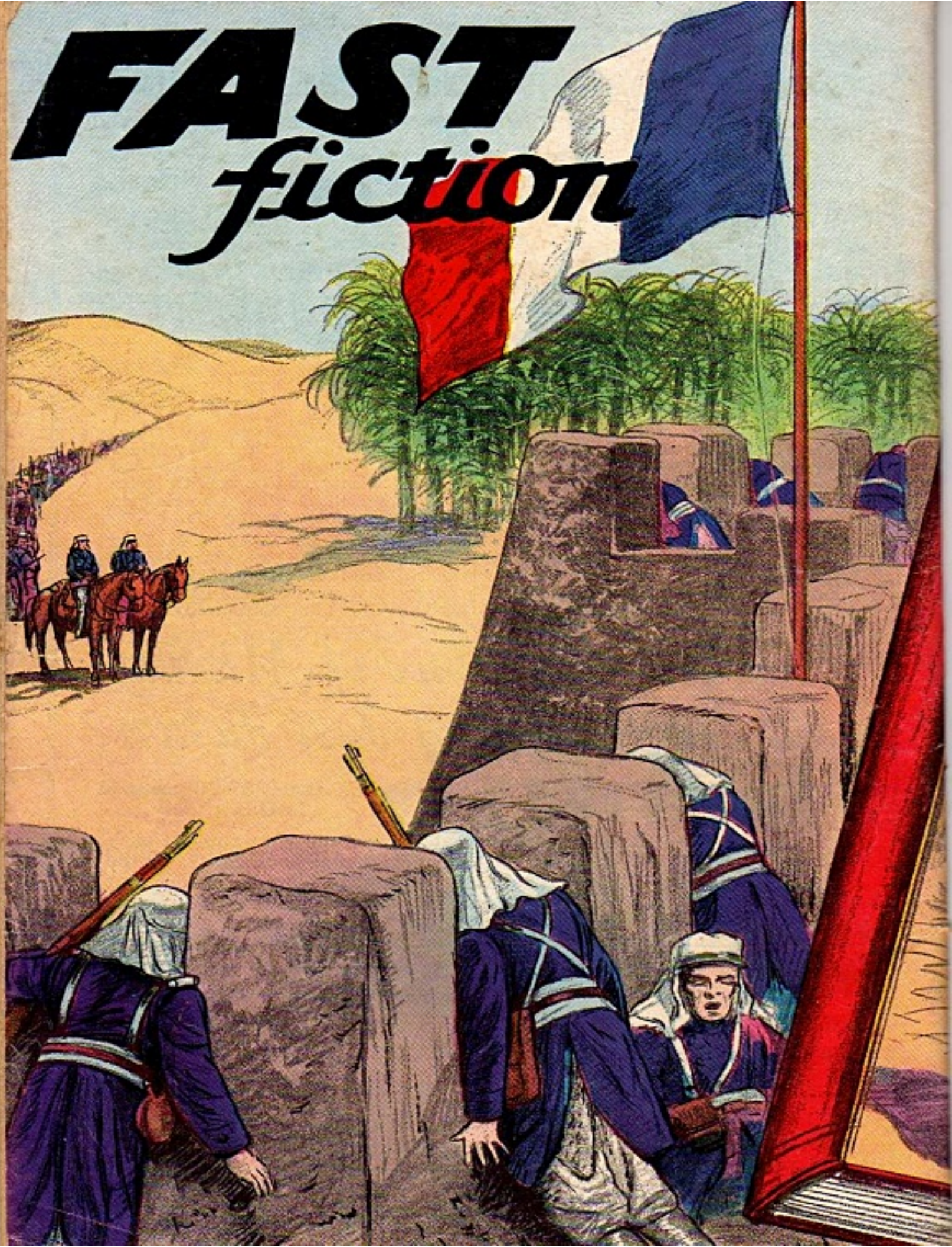
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