

A TREASURY OF
CELEBRATED LITERATURE

No. 7

STORIES BY

Famous

AUTHORS

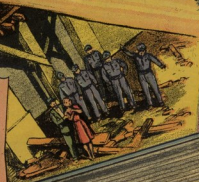
Illustrated

by **CORNELL
WOOLRICH**

The **WINDOW**



AESOP'S
FAMOUS
FABLE...
"The BOY
CRIED
WOLF!"
IN A NEW
AND THRILLING
VERSION.



10¢



Boy Hero of

THE WINDOW

BOBBY DRISCOLL

Twelve-year-old Bobby Driscoll became a full-fledged film star with his wonderful performance of the hunted boy in the RKO picture, "The Window." People are still talking in praise of his acting as the lad who accidentally witnesses a murder and then is stalked by the killer.

Later, when Walt Disney was planning his all-live-action treatment of Robert Louis Stevenson's ever popular "Treasure Island," he knew there was just one boy actor fitted to bring Jim Hawkins, the cabin boy, to the screen, and brown-haired Bobby was the choice. So you'll see him soon again.

In "The Window," Bobby was the hunted. Boys of his age know terror, the terror of the unknown, but in the picture Bobby had to bring out the emotions of a lad facing terrors of a reality in which his own life was involved. In "Treasure Island," he finds himself with a bunch of desperate fortune seekers out to dig pirate's treasure on a far-off island. But there's danger and terror in this role, too, for Long John Silver, head of the pirate gang, becomes the cabin boy's relentless enemy.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

of

THE WINDOW

Cornell Woolrich was born in New York City, and no one is better able to write of the realities of life as it exists among the drab tenements of the teeming east-side. Some years ago there developed in the United States an extraordinary group of mystery story writers, masters of the art of suspense and thrills, and Mr. Woolrich—frequently writing under the name of William Irish—has always been regarded as an outstanding leader in this highly popular field of literature.

Undoubtedly, his now famous story, "The Window," was inspired by Aesop's Fable of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." As a matter of fact, when first published, Mr. Woolrich used the title, "The Boy Who Cried Murder." In 1949 RKO arranged to produce it in a movie version, changing the title to "The Window," and no other mystery play of recent years has met with such great acclaim. In April 1950, Mr. Woolrich was awarded an "Edgar" by the Mystery Writers of America for his part in this outstanding production.



EVERYBODY LIKES FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED

Here, indeed, is a comic you can be proud of. Ask your teachers, ask your parents if they think you should read Shakespeare, Sabatini, or great stories like BEAU GESTE and MACBETH. And most surprising of all—everyone, adults as well as teen-agers, read and enjoy FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED.

COMING NEXT MONTH—SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET"

STORIES By FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED . . . September, 1950, Vol. 1, No. 7 . . . Published monthly by Seaboard Publishers, Inc. Publication Office: 2 Main St., Bridgeport 2, Conn. Editorial and business offices, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription in U.S.A. \$1.00 for ten (10) issues. Application for entry as Second Class Matter is pending at the Post Office, Bridgeport, Conn. Printed in U.S.A. Entire contents of Stories By Famous Authors Illustrated copyrighted 1950 by Seaboard Publishers, Inc. All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this publication or portions thereof in any form. THE WINDOW—Pictorial version of The Window, adapted from the story THE BOY CRIED WOLF by Cornell Woolrich by special arrangement with Cornell Woolrich. Copyright 1947 by Cornell Woolrich.

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY WHO CRIED "WOLF"... BUT WHEN THE TOWNFOLK CAME, THERE WAS NO WOLF! NEXT DAY, THE BOY FOOLED THE TOWNFOLK AGAIN BY CRYING "WOLF!" ON THE THIRD DAY THE BOY REALLY SAW A WOLF... BUT WHEN HE CRIED OUT "WOLF!" "WOLF!"... NO ONE CAME TO SAVE HIM.

...Aesop

the WINDOW

ADAPTED BY DANA E. DUTCH

TOMMY WOODRY

LIVED IN AN OVERCROWDED SECTION OF NEW YORK CITY.

LIKE ALL BOYS, HE CRAVED THRILLS AND ADVENTURE... AND EVERYONE KNEW THAT

HIS TALES ABOUT COWBOYS, INDIANS AND GANGSTERS WERE JUST MAKE-BELIEVE!

THEN ONE NIGHT TOMMY WAS THE LONE WITNESS TO A BRUTAL MURDER! WHEN HE TOLD HIS PARENTS AND THE POLICE WHAT HAD HAPPENED, HE WAS SCOLDED FOR MAKING UP ANOTHER STORY!

BUT THE KILLER FOUND OUT ABOUT THE BOY AND DECIDED THAT HE HAD TO GET RID OF TOMMY!



BAM! BAM!

I GOT TWO OF THE RUSTLERS! HEY YOU... DOWN THERE! DROP! I KILLED YOU!

AW, LAY OFF, TOMMY! IT'S TOO HOT THIS AFTERNOON!

Illustrated by H.C. KIEFER-- Lettered by H.G. FERGUSON

ADAPTED FROM THE RKO MOTION PICTURE "THE WINDOW..." FROM A STORY BY CORNELL WOOLRICH.





WHEN YOU LEAVIN' FOR TEXAS, TOMMY?

WE'RE JUST WAITIN' FOR 'EM TO SHOOT THE INDIANS OFF THE PLACE! WE MIGHT EVEN LEAVE TONIGHT!



TOMMY IS INSENSIBLE TO THE RANK ODORS OF CABBAGE AND STALE TOBACCO SMOKE AS HE LEAPS UP THREE FLIGHTS OF CREAKING STAIRS TO HIS FAMILY'S FOURTH FLOOR FLAT...

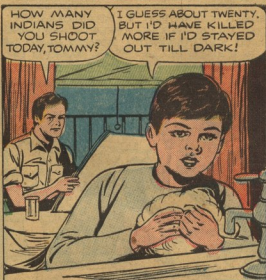
MAYBE THERE'LL BE JUST A FEW INDIANS LEFT ON THE RANCH FOR ME TO CLEAN OUT... GOSH! THAT WOULD BE SOMETHIN'!



HIYA, MOM... HI, DAD!

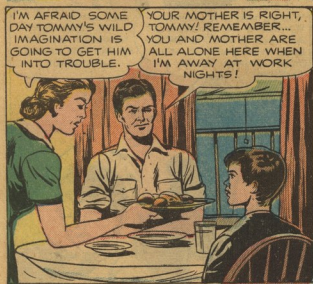
HURRY UP AND WASH YOUR HANDS, TOMMY.

YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY SO HARD ON A HOT DAY, SON!



HOW MANY INDIANS DID YOU SHOOT TODAY, TOMMY?

I GUESS ABOUT TWENTY. BUT I'D HAVE KILLED MORE IF I'D STAYED OUT TILL DARK!



I'M AFRAID SOME DAY TOMMY'S WILD IMAGINATION IS GOING TO GET HIM INTO TROUBLE.

YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT, TOMMY! REMEMBER... YOU AND MOTHER ARE ALL ALONE HERE WHEN I'M AWAY AT WORK NIGHTS!



YOU KNOW, DAD, I ONCE KNEW A MAN WHO WORKED NIGHTS... HE WAS A **ROBBER!**

ENOUGH OF **THAT**, TOMMY! YOU MAKE UP TOO MANY STORIES!



OPEN THE DOOR, PLEASE!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

IT'S THE LANDLORD!
WHAT CAN HE WANT?



I WANT TO SHOW YOUR FLAT TO THIS COUPLE... SEEIN' AS YOU'RE MOVIN' OUT, MISTER WOODY.

WHO SAID WE'RE MOVING OUT? WE'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE!



B-BUT YOU'RE BOY WAS TELLIN' AROUND THAT YOU'D BOUGHT A RANCH IN TEXAS, AND...

YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE ANYTHING TOMMY SAYS... HE MAKES UP STORIES!

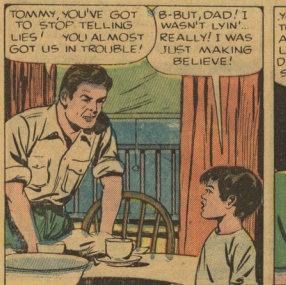
TOMMY!



AND YOU... YOU GAVE THAT OTHER KID A DOLLAR FOR TELLING YOU! I OUGHT TO...

NOW, NOW, MAMIE!

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, MR. SVENSON. IF THAT WOODY BOY WAS MINE, I'D GIVE HIM A GOOD SHELLACKIN'!



TOMMY, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP TELLING LIES! YOU ALMOST GOT US IN TROUBLE!

B-BUT, DAD! I WASN'T LYIN'!... REALLY! I WAS JUST MAKING BELIEVE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO PUNISH TOMMY IF HE MAKES UP ANY MORE WILD STORIES LIKE THAT ONE! ER... YOU DIDN'T FINISH YOUR SUPPER

NO APPETITE... IT'S TOO HOT TONIGHT. GUESS I'D BETTER LEAVE FOR WORK.



IN THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT TOMMY TOSSES IN HIS BED UNTIL ALMOST MIDNIGHT...

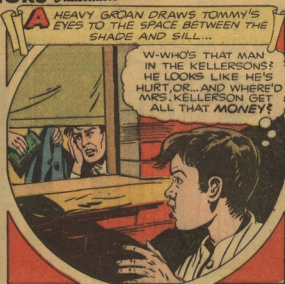


The NIGHT IS ALIVE WITH SOUNDS! AN ELEVATED TRAIN RUMBLES PAST THE ROOFTOPS AT THE END OF THE BLOCK. CAT YOWLS RISE FROM THE MURKY YARD BELOW. BUT NOTHING WARNS TOMMY OF DANGER THAT LIES AHEAD!





THERE'S MORE BREEZE UP HERE THAN DOWN BY MY WINDOW...



A HEAVY GROAN DRAWS TOMMY'S EYES TO THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SHADE AND SILL...

W-WHO'S THAT MAN IN THE KELLERSONS? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HURT, OR... AND WHERE'D MRS. KELLERSON GET ALL THAT MONEY?



JOE! HE DIDN'T PASS OUT! GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!

IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU DIDN'T SLIP ENOUGH KNOCKOUT DROPS IN HIS DRINK! HEY, YOU... TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER!

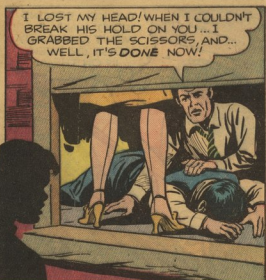


JOE... JOE! HE'S HURTING ME!

LET HER GO, YOU! OKAY... YOU ASKED FOR IT!



YOU... YOU KILLED HIM, JOE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! NOW WE'RE UP TO OUR NECKS IN... MURDER!



I LOST MY HEAD! WHEN I COULDN'T BREAK HIS HOLD ON YOU... I GRABBED THE SCISSORS, AND... WELL, IT'S DONE NOW!

IF WE'RE FOUND OUT, WE'LL GET THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! LOOK...THESE PAPERS IN HIS WALLET, JOE...HE WAS A MERCHANT SEAMAN!

THAT'S A BREAK! SAILORS ARE ALWAYS VANISHING! NO ALARM WILL BE SENT OUT WHEN HE DOESN'T SHOW UP!

NOBODY OUTSIDE, TAKE A PEEK INTO THE HALL. WE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT IF THERE WERE NO WITNESSES!

I DON'T LIKE IT EVEN IF WE DON'T GET CAUGHT! **MURDER** ALWAYS SPELLS TROUBLE, JOE!



NOT A SOUL IN THE HALL, JOE...AND YOU SAY THERE WAS NO ONE OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE...



BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HIM, AND DESTROY ANY CLUES THE COPS WOULD LOOK FOR IF THEY COME AROUND HERE!

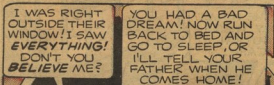


G-G-GOSH! MISTER AND MISSUS KELLERSON ARE REAL MURDERERS!-- BUT WHAT IF THEY SEE ME?



I...I'D BETTER WAKE MOM AND TELL HER EVERYTHING I SAW UP THERE!





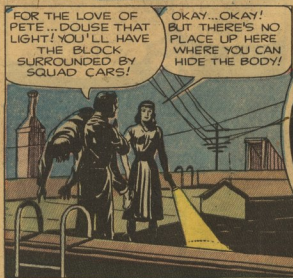


HERE'S A FLASHLIGHT. GO UP THE LADDER AND SEE IF ANYONE'S ON THE ROOF.

YEAH...OKAY, JOE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT BODY OUT OF HERE!



NO ONE UP HERE, JOE! MAKE IT SNAPPY... I'M GETTING THE JITTERS!



FOR THE LOVE OF PETE...DOUSE THAT LIGHT! YOU'LL HAVE THE BLOCK SURROUNDED BY SQUAD CARS!

OKAY...OKAY! BUT THERE'S NO PLACE UP HERE WHERE YOU CAN HIDE THE BODY!



THIS VACANT BUILDING HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY THE CITY, BUT KIDS PLAY IN IT EVERY DAY. THEY'LL FIND THE BODY AND TELL THE COPS!

SO WHAT? THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHO LEFT HIM DOWN HERE!



WHAT WOULD THE KELLERSONS THINK IF THEY CAUGHT ME OUT HERE NOW? THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD THEM I JUST FORGOT MY PILLOW!



NOBODY'S IN THERE! AND THE MAN THEY MURDERED IS GONE! B-BUT I WASN'T DREAMING... I SAW EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED!

THEY'LL BE CAUGHT...
JUST LIKE ALL
MURDERERS! THEN
MOM WILL WISH SHE
HAD BELIEVED ME!

IN SPITE OF HIS HARROWING EXPERIENCE,
TOMMY DROPS OFF TO SLEEP AND
DOESN'T STIR UNTIL MORNING...

BREAKFAST IS
READY! GET
DRESSED, TOMMY!

YOU LOOK
PALE, TOMMY...
DIDN'T YOU
SLEEP
LAST NIGHT?

HE WAS HAVING
NIGHTMARES AGAIN!
AFTER I'D GONE TO
BED HE CAME IN AND
TRIED TO SCARE ME
WITH A STORY HE
MADE UP ABOUT
A MURDER!

TOMMY...YOUR MOTHER AND I
ARE BEGINNING TO WORRY
ABOUT YOU. A LITTLE MAKE-
BELIEVE IS ALL RIGHT...BUT
YOU'RE CARRYING IT TOO FAR!

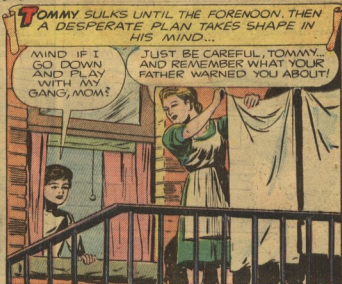
BUT IT'S **TRUE**, DAD!
I WAS UP ON THE
FIRE ESCAPE LAST
NIGHT...I SAW
MISTER KELLERSON
KILL A MAN WITH
A PAIR OF
SCISSORS!

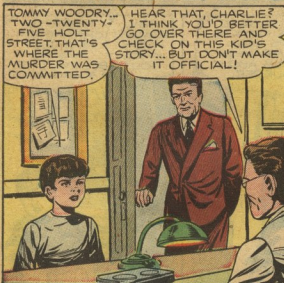
TOMMY! THAT'S
NO WAY TO
TALK ABOUT OUR
NICE NEIGHBORS!
YOU SHOULD
BE ASHAMED!

BUT, DAD! THE
KELLERSONS ARE **NOT**
NICE PEOPLE! THEY'RE
MURDERERS!

STOP, TOMMY!
IF YOU KEEP ON
THIS WAY, YOU'LL
GET US ALL IN
TROUBLE! JUST
FORGET WHAT YOU'VE
TOLD US. DON'T
REPEAT A WORD
TO ANYONE!







CHAPTER 2

CORNERED BY THE KILLER!



IT WAS BAD ENOUGH FOR TOMMY WOODRY TO HAVE BEEN THE ONLY WITNESS TO A MURDER... WORSE WAS THE FACT THAT EVERYONE THOUGHT HE HAD MADE UP THE STORY...

TERROR GRIPS TOMMY AS HE IS TAKEN HOME BY A DETECTIVE WHO IS DEAF TO HIS PLEA FOR PROTECTION...

WHAT WILL THE KILLER DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT NO ONE BUT TOMMY CAN PROVE HIM GUILTY...

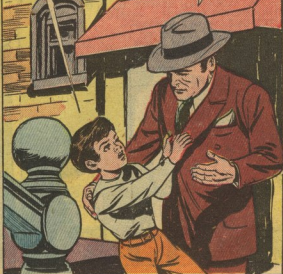
TWO-TWENTY-FIVE HOLT... IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE, TOMMY?

YES... BUT MISTER KELLERSON OR HIS WIFE MIGHT SEE ME WITH YOU IF WE GO UP THE STAIRS! COME AROUND TO THE BACK!



NO... NO! THEY'LL KILL ME IF THEY GET SUSPICIOUS!

AW, NOW, LAY OFF THE DAY DREAMS, TOMMY... WE'RE GOING UP THE FRONT WAY!



I JUST CAME OVER FROM THE PRECINCT HOUSE WITH YOUR BOY, MRS. WOODRY. HE TOLD US HE WITNESSED A MURDER LAST NIGHT.

OH, YES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU... TOMMY IS ALWAYS MAKING UP TERRIBLE STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE BEING KILLED!

A BORN STORY TELLER, EH? IF HE KEEPS IT UP, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR

YES, I'M AFRAID SO. I HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN TO HIS TEACHER.



HMMM! WELL, IT WOULDN'T DO ANY HARM TO GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND. YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!

OH, JOE! I HOPE IT'S NOT... WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHO'S THERE...



GOOD MORNING! SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU... BUT I WANT TO SEE WHAT REPAIRS NEED TO BE DONE TO THIS FLAT SO I CAN GIVE THE LANDLORD A COST ESTIMATE.

B-BUT WE DIDN'T ASK TO HAVE ANYTHING FIXED!



DON'T MIND MY WIFE, MISTER. GO AHEAD AND LOOK OVER THE PLACE. THE WALLPAPER HAS PEELED IN SPOTS, AND THE WOODWORK COULD STAND PAINT.

THANKS! I'LL CHECK ON EVERYTHING THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE!

*The
DETECTIVE
FINDS
NOTHING IN
THE OTHER
ROOMS TO
AROUSE HIS
SUSPICION!
BUT JUST
AS HE
IS ABOUT
TO GO,
HE NOTICES
A DARK
SPOT ON THE
CARPET...*

HUH-HUH! OH, YES... I FORGOT ABOUT THAT! THERE'S A LEAK IN THE ROOF... SEE WHERE THE CEILING IS STAINED?

YEAH... WELL, I GUESS THAT'S EVERYTHING. HOPE I DIDN'T BOTHER YOU TOO MUCH!



WHEW! AM I GLAD HE'S GONE! I ALMOST FAINTED WHEN HE FOUND THE SPOT WHERE YOU WASHED THE BLOOD FROM THE RUG! HE WAS A DICK, WASN'T HE?

YEAH! BUT I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! IF THEY'D FOUND THE BODY, WE'D HAVE HEARD POLICE CARS! MAYBE HE WAS FOLLOWING A TIP! BUT WHO?



A KNOCKING AGAIN! HE PUT HIS EAR TO THE DOOR AND HEARD EVERYTHING WE SAID!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT JOE... I'LL HANDLE HIM!

OH! IT'S TOMMY AND HIS MOTHER!

ER... MRS. KELLERSON... I BROUGHT TOMMY UP TO APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THE TERRIBLE THINGS HE'S BEEN SAYING ABOUT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND!



OH, I GUESS HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, MRS. WOODY. WHAT DID TOMMY SAY ABOUT US?

YOU KNOW! AND I DIDN'T MAKE IT UP, EITHER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH YOU, TOMMY! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

ALL KIDS MAKE UP STORIES, MRS. WOODY. TOMMY CAN TELL ME SOME OTHER TIME... WHEN WE'RE ALONE.

DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU... YOU...



WE UNDERSTAND, MRS. WOODRY... DON'T BE UPSET OVER IT! HOW IS YOUR SISTER OUT ON LONG ISLAND THESE DAYS?

SHE'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, BUT WE'RE STILL WORRIED ABOUT HER.

WHY DIDN'T YOU ACT LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN, AND APOLOGIZE TO THE KELLERSONS?

NOW THEY KNOW I SAW THEM! THEY'LL KILL ME THE FIRST CHANCE THEY GET!

DON'T YOU DARE GO OUT THAT WINDOW, TOMMY! WHEN YOUR FATHER WAKES UP WE'LL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOU!

THE KELLERSONS ARE PROBABLY DECIDING RIGHT NOW HOW TO GET RID OF ME!

YOU THINK THAT KID WAS OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE LAST NIGHT? SOMETIMES HE SLEEPS OUT THERE!

I DIDN'T SEE HIM... BUT IT'S CERTAIN HE KNOWS SOMETHING! AND IF WE DON'T WANT TO GET THE CHAIR...

YEAH... I KNOW! GOOD THING HIS OLD MAN WORKS NIGHTS! I'LL WATCH FOR A CHANCE TO CATCH TOMMY... ALONE!

YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL, JOE! DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU WITH THE KID!

MEANWHILE, AT THE POLICE STATION...

HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT OVER THERE ON HOLT STREET, CHARLIE?

JUST AS WE FIGURED... THE KID MADE UP THE STORY. I LOOKED IN ON THE KELLERSONS... THEY'RE A QUIET, RESPECTABLE COUPLE.

WHAT DID THE KID'S MOTHER SAY ABOUT HIS MURDER STORY?

JUST THAT HE HAD MADE IT UP! THE KID'S BEEN GIVING HER A HARD TIME. I SUGGESTED SHE TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR!



LATER, THAT AFTERNOON, WHEN HIS FATHER GETS UP...

TOMMY...YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE VERY WORRIED ABOUT YOU! YOU'D BETTER STRAIGHTEN OUT OR WE'LL HAVE TO PUNISH YOU SEVERELY!

I DIDN'T MAKE UP WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE KELLERSONS, DAD! YOU'VE GOTTA BELIEVE ME!



I'LL BELIEVE YOU, SON...WHEN YOU TELL THE TRUTH. TRY TO BE A GOOD BOY!

BUT GEE, DAD! I'M TRYING! AND I WASN'T LYING TO YOU AND MOM!



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MRS. WOODRY... BUT A MESSENGER PUT THIS TELEGRAM UNDER OUR DOOR MY MISTAKE.

OH! OH, THANK YOU, MRS. KELLERSON!



IT'S FROM BILL. MY SISTER HELEN HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE! BILL WANTS ME TO GO OUT TO LONG ISLAND AND SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HER.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT LEAVING TOMMY ALONE... MY HUSBAND AND I WILL SEE THAT HE'S ALL RIGHT!



NO! NO! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE TONIGHT! THEY'LL KILL ME!



STOP THIS NONSENSE, TOMMY! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOUR MOTHER IS UPSET OVER AUNT HELEN? THERE'S ENOUGH TROUBLE AROUND HERE WITHOUT YOU MAKING MORE!

THAT TELEGRAM IS A PHONEY! MR. KELLERSON SENT IT TO GET MOM AWAY FROM THE HOUSE WHILE YOU'RE AT WORK TONIGHT!

OH, LORD! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS BOY?

PLEASE, TOMMY! LISTEN TO REASON! WE'LL GO DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE AND PHONE UNCLE BILL. THEN WILL YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT THE KELLERSONS?

YOU'D BETTER CATCH A BUS AFTER WE PHONE. I'LL SEE TOMMY BACK UPSTAIRS...THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

JUST WAIT! THEY'LL FIND OUT UNCLE BILL DIDN'T SEND THAT TELEGRAM!

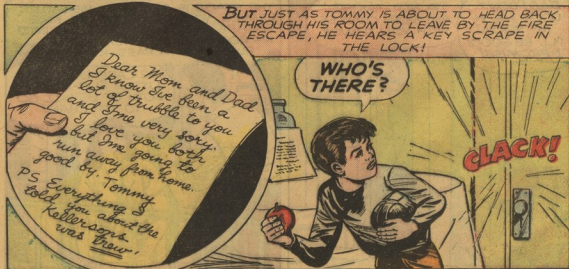
HERE, TOMMY. I HAVE UNCLE BILL ON THE WIRE...

UNCLE BILL! YOU DIDN'T SEND THAT TELEGRAM, DID YOU?

WHY, OF COURSE I DID, TOMMY!

WELL, SON... I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED THAT THE KELLERSONS AREN'T GOING TO HARM YOU!

I DUNNO... B-BUT MAKE SURE YOU LOCK THE DOOR WHEN YOU GO, DAD!





JOE BETTER WORK FAST! WE'LL BE SUNK IF THE KID STARTS YELLING FOR HELP!



THEY'RE COMING FOR ME...AND THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME TO ESCAPE!! I'M TRAPPED!



I CAN'T FOOL THEM! THEY KNOW I'M IN HERE SOMEWHERE!



THEY'LL JIMMY OR SMASH IN THE GLASS...I'VE GOTTA FIND A WAY OUT!



THEY'RE GOING BACK UP FOR A HAMMER AND SCREW-DRIVER. I'VE SURE GOT TO WORK FAST!



I'LL POKE THE KEY OUT OF THE LOCK AND REACH UNDER THE DOOR AND SNAG IT BACK WITH THE COAT HANGER WIRE!



BUT TOMMY'S LAST AVENUE OF ESCAPE IS SUDDENLY CLOSED!

MOST OF THE TENANTS ARE OUT TONIGHT. WE'LL GO THROUGH WITH THIS WITHOUT A HITCH!



NOT A SOUND! I GUESS THE LITTLE BRAT MUST BE HIDING... PERHAPS UNDER HIS BED!

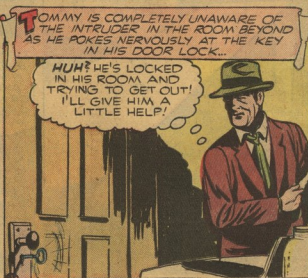
AH! THIS IS PERFECT! THIS NOTE TELLS THE WHOLE STORY... IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING!



TOMMY DIDN'T FORGET TO MENTION US! BUT NOBODY WILL KNOW WHEN I'VE DESTROYED THIS TORN STRIP...

TOMMY IS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE INTRUDER IN THE ROOM BEYOND AS HE POKES NERVOUSLY AT THE KEY IN HIS DOOR LOCK...

HUH? HE'S LOCKED IN HIS ROOM AND TRYING TO GET OUT! I'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE HELP!





NO! I'D BETTER NOT PLAY CAT AND MOUSE WITH TOMMY! EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!



THERE IT IS, KID... NOW DO YOUR STUFF!



GOT IT! I'LL BE TEARING DOWN THE STAIRS BEFORE THEY COME BACK DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE!



HELLO, TOMMY! SURPRISED TO SEE ME? I CAME DOWN TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU!



YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE LAST NIGHT, DID YOU, TOMMY? YOU JUST HAD A **BAD DREAM!**

THAT ISN'T SO! I SAW YOU KILL A MAN!

WHY, TOMMY! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT! LEAVE ME ALONE ... YOU **MURDERER!**



NOW YOU MUSTN'T BE STUBBORN, TOMMY! WE DON'T MEAN ANY HARM. WE JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO TELL LIES ABOUT US!

I'M TELLING THE **TRUTH!** I SAW YOU WITH MY OWN EYES!



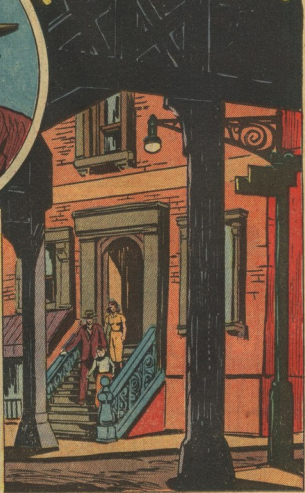
WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY HE FEELS, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... WE'LL WALK TOMMY OVER TO THE POLICE STATION.

TOMMY CAN'T OBJECT TO DOING THAT.



FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS TOMMY IS CONFUSED... HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HE HAS PLAYED RIGHT INTO THE KILLERS' HANDS!

ATTABOY, TOMMY! I KNEW YOU'D PLAY SQUARE! DON'T WORRY, TOMMY... EVERY THING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT!



CHAPTER 3

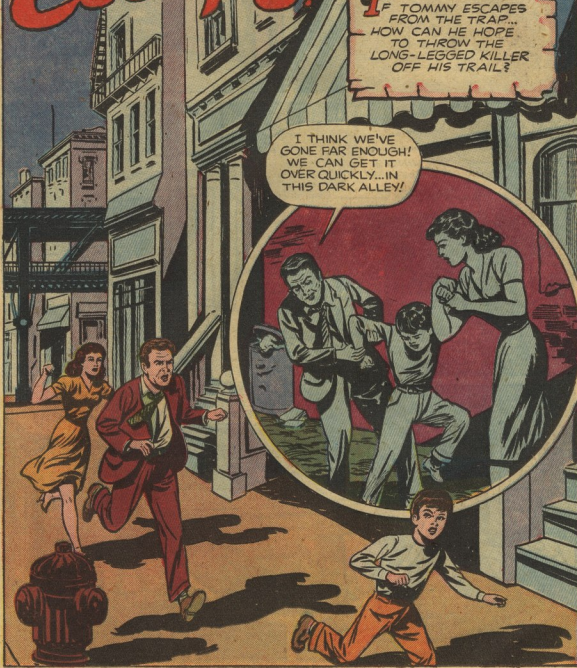
NO WAY TO ESCAPE!

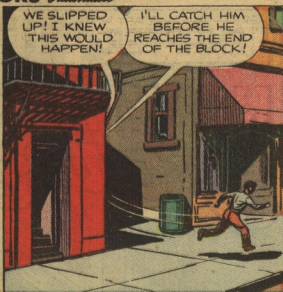
TOMMY WOODRY WAS LOCKED IN HIS ROOM THE NIGHT AFTER HE SAW A MURDER IN THE FLAT ABOVE...

HIS PARENTS AND THE POLICE HADN'T BELIEVED HIS STORY, BUT THE KILLER CAN'T FEEL SAFE UNTIL TOMMY IS DEAD!

IF TOMMY ESCAPES FROM THE TRAP... HOW CAN HE HOPE TO THROW THE LONG-LEGGED KILLER OFF HIS TRAIL?

I THINK WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!
WE CAN GET IT OVER QUICKLY...IN THIS DARK ALLEY!



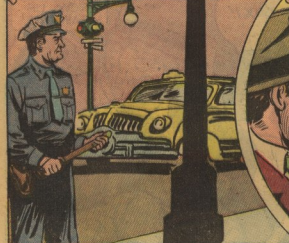


TOO LATE! DOORS CLOSING! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!





AS THE DRIVER BRAKES FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT TOMMY SPOTS A POLICEMAN...





CHEER UP, ME BOY! IT WON'T HURT AFTER IT'S OVER!

B-B-BUT WAIT!



SO YOU DID GO TO THE COPS... YOU LITTLE SQUEALER!

NOT SO LOUD, JOE!



THIS WILL KEEP HIM QUIET! OKAY, NOW...



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE HE MADE... NOW HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP!

YEAH... AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A KID?



CAREFUL! DON'T DISTURB HIM!

DON'T WORRY! HE WON'T WAKE UP FOR A LONG TIME!



WHEW! WELL, NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

AN IDEA JUST CAME TO ME! TOMMY'S GONNA HAVE A FATAL ACCIDENT!

WORRIED BY TOMMY'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR, HIS FATHER HAS TAKEN TIME OFF TO COME BACK AND CHECK UP ON THE BOY...

HIS MOTHER WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM. HE'S PROBABLY SOUND ASLEEP... BUT I'LL FEEL BETTER IF I MAKE SURE...

GREAT SCOTT! AFTER ALL THE PRECAUTIONS I TOOK, HE GOT OUT ANYWAY!

OH, SAY, OFFICER! DID YOU SEE A BOY ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD WANDERING AROUND THE BLOCK? MY SON IS MISSING FROM OUR APARTMENT!

YOU SEE, WE HAD TO LEAVE HIM ALONE TONIGHT. HIS MOTHER WENT OUT TO LONG ISLAND TO HER SISTER'S!

DON'T WORRY... HE'S PROBABLY GONE LOOKING FOR HIS MOTHER. HE'LL SHOW UP!

PATROLMAN DELANEY LEAVING HIS POST TO LOOK FOR A MISSING BOY! BETTER SEND A RADIO CAR OVER!

IF WE DON'T FIND HIM IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, I'LL HAVE THE RADIO CAR TAKE YOU OUT TO LONG ISLAND THE BOY'S PROBABLY ON HIS WAY THERE NOW!

WHILE WE'RE WAITING, I'LL GO BACK UPSTAIRS JUST TO MAKE SURE!

BUT JOE KELLERSON ISN'T WASTING ANY TIME WITH TOMMY!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S PLAIN HORRIBLE!

WHY NOT? TOMMY'S STILL OUT COLD! HE'S GOING TO TUMBLE OFF WITHOUT ANY HELP! A FIVE STORY FALL SHOULD FINISH HIM!



LOOK AT HOW I BALANCED HIM THERE! TOO GOOD! I GUESS HE NEEDS A LITTLE PUSH TO GET HIM STARTED!

NO, JOE! I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT!



LAY OFF ME! HE CAME TO! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

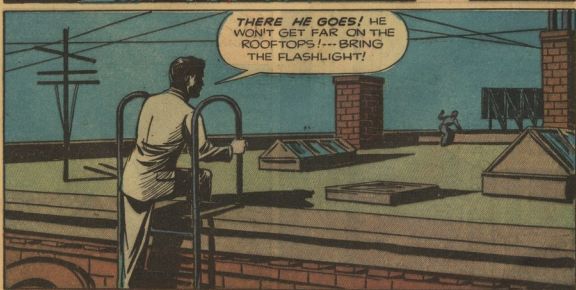
OKAY! BUT PIPE DOWN, WILL YA, JOE?



THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME AGAIN!



THERE HE GOES! HE WON'T GET FAR ON THE ROOFTOPS!--- BRING THE FLASHLIGHT!



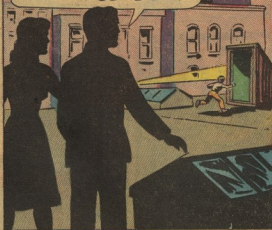


BUT TOMMY IS AWARE THAT HIDING BEHIND CHIMNEY POTS IS A LOSING GAMBLE...

SOON AS THEY LOOK THE OTHER WAY... I'LL MAKE A DASH FOR THE STAIR SHED OF THAT VACANT BUILDING!

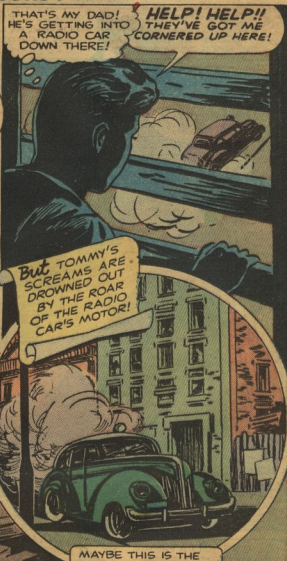


HE'S HEADING FOR THAT STAIR SHED! I WAS THINKING OF DRAGGING HIM DOWN THERE, ANYWAY! **COME ON!**



STARK TERROR FREEZES THE BLOOD IN TOMMY'S VEINS AS HE RUSHES FRANTICALLY IN SEARCH OF A HIDING PLACE!





THE CLATTER OF TOMMY'S FEET
BREAKS THE HEAVY STILLNESS...
BUT OFF IN THE EMPTY ROOMS ABOVE
HIM SOUNDS A HOLLOW CHUCKLE!

HEH-HEH-HA!
FLASH THE LIGHT
ON THE STAIRS...
I'M GOING DOWN
FOR HIM!



I THINK I HEAR
HIM SNEAKING
DOWN THE NEXT
FLIGHT OF
STAIRS, JOE!

YEAH! COME ON
DOWN TO THE HEAD
OF THE STAIRS AND
GRAB A STAVE
OF WOOD WE'RE
CLOSING IN
ON HIM NOW!

WHO DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE KIDDING? I'M
MAKING NO DEALS WITH
YOU, MR. KELLERSON!
YOU ONLY WANT
TO KILL ME!

I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK,
TOMMY! IF YOU STOP
PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK
WITH ME! YOUR FOOT-
PRINTS ARE IN THE
DUST... I CAN
FIND YOU!



GOSH! IT'S A THREE
STORY DROP TO THE
BASEMENT! THIS
BUILDING MAY COLLAPSE
AT ANY TIME!



DANGER LURKS ON THE FLOOR ABOVE, BUT TOMMY KNOWS HE CAN NOT TURN BACK AND MEET JOE BY THE GAPING STAIR WELL!

I'VE JUST GOT TO BEAT HER TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS ... AND DUCK PAST HER!



BUT THE ROTTING WOOD BREAKS AWAY UNDER JOE'S POUNDING FEET, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING CREAK THE STAIRS SWING OVER THE GAPING WELL!

EEEEEE!



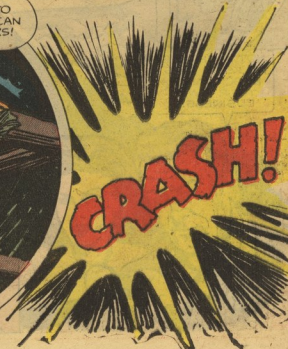
HELP!

GIVE ME A HAND... I CAN'T HANG ON MUCH LONGER!

HANG ON, JOE! TRY TO CHIN YOURSELF SO I CAN GRAB YOUR SHOULDERS!



CRASH!



WHEW! THAT WAS AN
AWFULLY CLOSE
CALL FOR BOTH
OF US, JOE!

YOU'RE TELLING
ME! I THOUGHT
I WAS DONE
FOR... SURE!



YOU GO SEARCH THE
FRONT ROOMS... I'LL
LOOK FOR HIM HERE
IN THE BACK OF
THE BUILDING!



WE'D BETTER HURRY! IF THE
NEIGHBORS HEARD THE
STAIRS CRASH, THEY
MIGHT CALL THE POLICE!



NOT A CHANCE!
FOLKS IN THIS
BLOCK MIND
THEIR OWN
BUSINESS!



TOMMY CAN'T DODGE US
ANY LONGER! THE STAIRS
HAVE FALLEN, AND THE
LADDER TO THE ROOF
IS DOWN! THERE'S NO
WAY HE CAN LEAVE
THIS FLOOR!



SUDDENLY TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF
CORNERED IN A ROOM! BUT
BEFORE THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM
CAN PICK HIM OUT, HE BACKS
SILENTLY INTO A CLOSET!

HE'S LOOKING FOR
MY FOOTPRINTS IN
THE DUST ON THE
FLOOR! HE'S
COMING CLOSER...



CHAPTER

4

The PLUNGE TO DOOM!

HEH-HEH! SO TOMMY DOESN'T WANT TO KEEP COMPANY WITH A CORPSE!

THE SHADOW OF DEATH MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO TOMMY WOODRY, TRAPPED IN A CONDEMNED BUILDING BY A DESPERATE KILLER, TOMMY'S LAST HOPE FADÉS!

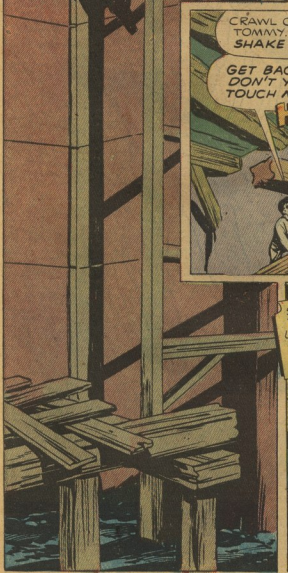
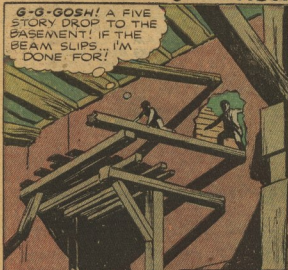
BUT SUDDENLY TOMMY'S FEAR TURNS TO STARK HORROR! HE FLEES FROM HIS HIDING SPOT TO THE MOST PERILOUS PLACE OF ALL!

EYEWOW!

LET ME OUTTA HERE!







STOP PUSHING AGAINST
IT! IF THE BEAM I'M
ON SLIPS...YOU'LL BE
THROWN OFF!

JOE'S TERRIFIED
SCREAM FILLS THE
GAPING STAIR WELL...
AND TOMMY FINDS
HIMSELF MAROONED
ON A PERILOUS
PERCH!



THAT'S A **TERRIBLE** WAY TO DIE! B-BUT IT'S NONE TOO GOOD FOR A MURDERER LIKE MR. KELLERSON!

WITH AN OMINOUS GROAN, TOMMY'S BEAM STARTS TO BREAK AWAY!

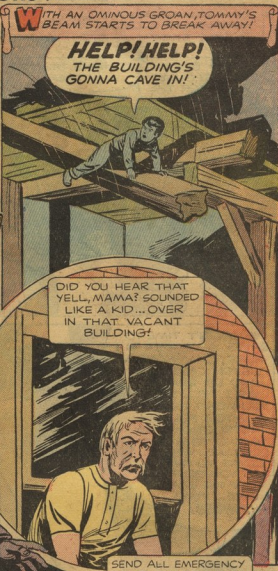
HELP! HELP!
THE BUILDING'S GONNA CAVE IN!

DID YOU HEAR THAT YELL, MAMA? SOUNDED LIKE A KID... OVER IN THAT VACANT BUILDING!

YES! I THOUGHT I HEARD A CRASH BEFORE, TOO! ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN IN THAT DREADFUL PLACE!

I'LL RUN DOWNSTAIRS TO THE GRAHAMS' AND PHONE FOR THE POLICE!

SEND ALL EMERGENCY EQUIPMENT TO HOLT STREET... A BOY IS TRAPPED ON TOP FLOOR OF BUILDING! DANGER OF CAVE-IN...



IN A FEW MINUTES POLICE EMERGENCY CREWS AND A CROWD OF CURIOUS PEOPLE SWARM IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING ...

STAND BACK EVERYONE! CLEAR A PATH FOR THE AMBULANCE MEN!

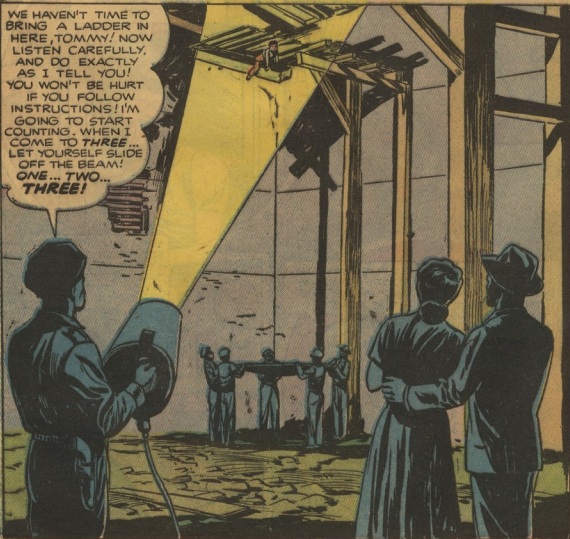
TOMMY'S TRAPPED IN THERE!



SURE HE'S DEAD! YOU EXPECT A GUY TO GET UP AND WALK AWAY AFTER FALLING FIVE STORIES!



WE HAVEN'T TIME TO BRING A LADDER IN HERE, TOMMY! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, AND DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU! YOU WON'T BE HURT IF YOU FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS! I'M GOING TO START COUNTING. WHEN I COME TO **THREE** ... LET YOURSELF SLIDE OFF THE BEAM! **ONE... TWO... THREE!**





I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'M GOING TO **FAIN!**

BE BRAVE! IT WILL BE OVER IN A MINUTE! **THERE!** HE'S SLIPPING OFF!

JUMP, TOMMY! WHY DON'T YOU JUMP? HURRY! IT WILL BE TO LATE IF THAT BEAM STARTS TO GO!



SURE! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! HE'S A BRAVE KID!

IS HE ALL RIGHT? OH, TOMMY... **TOMMY!**

ATTABOY, TOMMY! I KNEW YOU WEREN'T AFRAID! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A BULL'S-EYE!





YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, TOMMY! NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

GOSH, DAD... I'M SORRY FOR ALL THE TROUBLE I MADE!

I'M SURE I SAW A WOMAN UP THERE!—GO UP ON THE ROOFS, RILEY, AND SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T GET AWAY!



IT'S MRS. KELLERSON! SHE AND HER HUSBAND WERE CHASING ME ALL NIGHT... TRYING TO KILL ME!

DON'T WORRY, SON! JOE BEAT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THE HARD WAY... BUT SHE WON'T!



OOPS! A WHOLE SQUAD OF 'EM! BUT THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



THAT'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE? WHY DID YOU TRY TO JUMP?

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF, COPPER!



LET'S TAKE THIS LADY DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS... AND ASK HER!

HEY! I FOUND A DEAD MAN DOWN THERE IN A CLOSET! I WONDER HOW HE GOT THERE!



I GUESS TOMMY DIDN'T MAKE UP THAT STORY ABOUT THE MURDER AFTER ALL! YOU WON'T MIND GOING DOWNTOWN TO CLEAR UP A FEW QUESTIONS?

NO, OF COURSE NOT, SERGEANT! AND I'M SURE TOMMY WILL BE THRILLED!

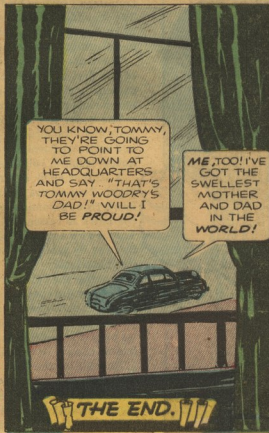
GOSH!

POLICE



YOU SEE, DAD, I DID TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THE KELLERSONS! BUT I PROMISE I'LL NEVER MAKE UP ANY MORE STORIES!

OH, TOMMY! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO SCOLD YOU SO HARSHLY... PLEASE FORGIVE US!



YOU KNOW, TOMMY, THEY'RE GOING TO POINT TO ME DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS AND SAY... "THAT'S TOMMY WOODRY'S DAD!" WILL I BE PROUD!

ME, TOO! I'VE GOT THE SWELLEST MOTHER AND DAD IN THE WORLD!

THE END.

EXCITING SPORT

The First Dive Bombers

If you see a friend wearing heavy gauntlet type gloves and you are told that they were made of rhinoceros hide, don't assume that the gloves are worn for protection against a pet tiger or alligator. And, if your attention isn't drawn completely by the strange hand protectors, you may hear the tinkle of a bell coming from the sky.

The explanation of this strange sight and sound will introduce you to a fascinating but almost forgotten sport. The heavy gloves are standard gear for falconers, and the bell you heard was attached to the neck of a trained falcon so its owner can follow it by sound as well as by sight.

Falcons are common everywhere in the world, and the ancient sport of hunting with these wonderful birds can be enjoyed by anyone with the patience to catch and train a falcon.

Catching a young falcon in New York City had better be left to steeplejacks because the birds nest on such inaccessible spots as the towers of Brooklyn Bridge and skyscraper spires. It's a lot easier to catch a hawk of this type in suburb or farm districts.

The peregrine falcon, found in most parts of the world, is the favorite hunting bird but other hawks such as the prairie falcon can be trained with like success. Strangely enough, you'll have better luck taming and training a yearling bird than one taken from a nest and raised in captivity. The yearling has learned by itself to hunt birds and rabbits, and only needs to be tamed and taught to bring back its kill. Female falcons are bigger so naturally better hunters than males.

There are many books on training and hunting with hawks. In fact, some of the first books printed were on falconry. Of course the latter are now extremely rare and reprints have not been made, but you will find modern books easier to understand.

The books tell all you need to know about the sport and how to make your own "furniture." Don't let that last word fool you! Rocking chairs and sofas are furniture of another kind. Hawk furniture consists of jesses, hoods, leashes, bells, bewits, gloves, Halsbands and swivels.

A leather hood, covering head and eyes, is worn by a hawk when not in flight. This serves the same purpose as blinders on a horse, keeping the hawk from becoming excited. Heavy gloves are necessary, for in hunting the hawk is carried to the field perched on the falconer's hand or wrist. The hawk's talons are long and extremely sharp, and more often it kills its prey by raking it with these vicious talons rather than by tearing with its sharp beak.

Leaving the falconer's hand, the hawk flies often higher than the eye can follow. Its eyes magnify images on the ground far below. When a hawk spies a rabbit, pheasant or quail, it folds its wings tightly to its body and plummets toward the target like a dive bomber. Barely a few feet above its prey, the hawk uses its wings as air brakes. The startled bird or rabbit has no chance to escape.

Rushing to the spot, the falconer lets his hawk pluck at the kill for a few moments before picking it up. Then the hawk is flown again, but usually three kills are enough for a day's sport. Back home the proud falconer rewards his bird with a handful of diced raw steak—with a few chicken feathers thrown in as roughage.



DAREDEVIL FUGITIVE

Fist fights in Colonial times were more common and often more serious than present day brawls. But even then if an opponent died as a result of blows, the law called it murder. And in those days justice was swift!

Simon Kenton knew the law and feared justice a long time after that day in 1771 when he knocked down another young man in a street corner fight. Kenton didn't even wait to examine his victim. He ran before one of the witnesses returned with a constable.

Fleeing across the Blue Ridge Mountains, Kenton changed his name to Butler. As Sam Butler, he joined a hunting and trapping expedition that roved the wild Ohio River for two years. His companions marvelled at his reckless courage. His nerve never failed when he faced a charging beast or an Indian scalp-hunting party. The only thing he feared was the noose that hung on a scaffold back in Virginia!

Kenton joined other groups of trappers until Daniel Boone heard of his fearless reputation and hired him as a scout. When hostile Indians swooped down on Boonesborough, it was Kenton who saved the famous frontiersman's life. Soon afterward, when Boone retaliated against the Indians by attacking Chillicothe, Kenton was captured and sentenced to death by the savages. He was saved first by Simon Girty, and when recaptured by the Indians he was spared by a reprieve from the Mingo tribe's chief.

Still trying to forget the trouble he had left behind in Virginia, Kenton fell in with a wily Canadian trader and worked his way north. The British who at that time held Detroit, threw him in jail on suspicion of spying for American revolutionists. This gave Kenton little cause for worry. He was still a long way from that hangman's noose back in Virginia!

In a short while Kenton broke out of the jail, joined General Clark of Ohio and commanded a company of volunteers who defeated the Indians at Piqua. Seasoned veterans as well as greenhorns were amazed by "Sam Butler's" daredevil acts. And this led to such exaggerations as his feat of dodging arrows in flight and killing three Injuns with one rifle ball!

Eleven years after he had fled from Virginia, he joined the Kentucky Militia in its campaign against marauding redskins. After this expedition he learned to his amazement that the fellow he had beaten in the fist fight was far from dead!

Under his own name, Kenton hastened back home to his family. They failed to recognize him at first, for he had been gone so long that they assumed he had been killed in a frontier skirmish. And the fellow he had knocked out in the fist fight had completely forgotten about the incident!



Post Office Words

By Francis Colby



Ever since its establishment by the Continental Congress in 1775, the unofficial slogan or motto of the Postal Service has been, "The mail must go through."

Have you ever wondered why we use the term "mail"? The word comes from the French word *malle*, meaning "a bag, wallet, or trunk." Since postal service is of comparatively recent origin, there was no general word with which to designate all the collective letters, dispatches, parcels, and other articles carried and distributed by the postman. It was only natural, then, to call this postal matter by the name of the pouch in which it was transported.

The postage stamp got its curious name from the fact that in the early days of mail service the amount of postage was not attached but stamped or imprinted on the wrappers of letters or parcels. The adhesive stamp was not used in the United States until 1847.

The post office pen has long been the butt of jokesmiths, and perhaps not without reason. But imagine using post office pens in the days when they were made by hand from quills or wing feathers. It is interesting to note that the word pen, from the Latin *penna*, means "feather; quill." And in modern French, the word for writing pen is *plume*, which also means plume, or feather, as in English.



The word pencil is from the Latin *penicillum*, meaning "a little tail," for the first pencils were fine brushes of hair or bristles. Incidentally it would seem to be a far cry from pencils to the wonder drug penicillin. But the words pencil and penicillin are about as closely akin as two words can be, for the drug name penicillin also comes from the Latin *penicillum*. A kind of mold found on decaying bread, cheese, fruits,

and so on, was given the name *penicillium* because under the microscope the mold is seen to consist of little tufts, or tails, and the drug which is made from this mold is called penicillin for that reason.



Incidentally, the "lead" of lead pencils isn't lead at all, but is graphite, a pure carbon. However, it is not unlikely that early lead pencils did have a core of real lead, for the soft metal will make fairly dark marks on paper. Paper is from the Latin word *papyrus*, a reed from which Egyptians made a kind of crude paper.

The word post, in the meaning of mail, as in post office, postal, postman, etc., is from the French word *poste*, "a fixed position or station." The mail of early days was carried from post to post by couriers. Some rode horses, some traveled on foot, while others rode the swaying, rumbling coaches from stage to stage (hence the name "stage coach").

You may not believe it, but there is a real Santa Claus who every Christmas brings us presents. He doesn't wear a red suit; he has no white beard nor round belly; he doesn't ride behind Prancer and Dancer nor slide down chimneys. He is simply the trudging, tired, gray-clad United States postman, whose integrity and devotion to duty are fittingly symbolized in the inscription of the main Post Office of New York City, which is a free translation of the tribute paid by Herodotus to the messengers of Persia:



"Not snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

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