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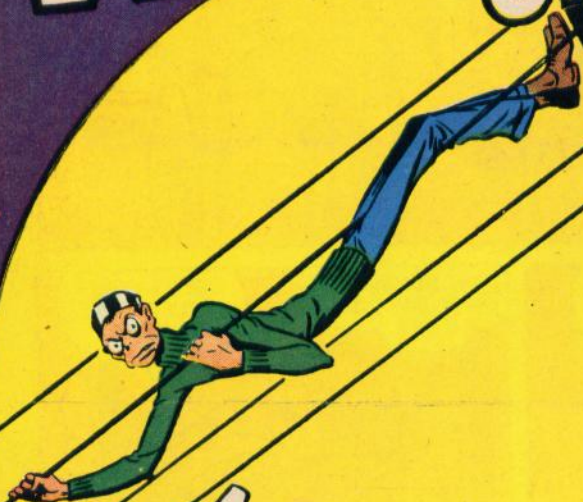
DON WINSLOW

OF THE NAVY

OCTOBER

10¢

NO. 50



The courageous
SEA-COMMANDER
pursues that
wily new comics
villain
THE SNAKE!

FAMOUS SPORTS FLOPS

The TOO-EAGER "BEAVER"

COACH KEEN TELLS THOM McAN ANOTHER REAL SPORTS THRILLER



THIS ONCE HAPPENED IN A BIG EASTERN GAME. THE "BEAVERS" WERE PLAYING THE "WILDCATS"-- WITH ONLY 3 MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY! AND THEN....



GEE, COACH-- GAME'S ALMOST OVER. WE'RE LEADING THE "WILDCATS" 6-0. LET ME PLAY, HUH?



SORRY, FELLOW-- BUT YOU NEED MORE TRAINING!



GOSH! WE FUMBLER! A "WILDCAT" HAS BROKEN LOOSE WITH THE BALL! TACKLE HIM SOMEBODY!!



HEY, YOU-- GET BACK HERE ON THE BENCH!



SAY, DUMBBELL! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

GEE! I GUESS I JUST LOST MY HEAD!



THE "BEAVERS" ACTUALLY HAD 12 MEN ON THE FIELD--AND, OF COURSE, THE OFFICIALS GAVE THE "WILDCATS" A TOUCHDOWN. THEN THEY MADE THE KICK--AND WON THE GAME!

GOSH! WHAT A "BONER" THAT BENCH-WARMER PULLED!



YES, THOM-- TO BE A CHAMP IN ANY SPORT YOU NEED GOOD HEAD WORK AND GOOD FOOT WORK--AND YOU CAN'T HAVE GOOD, HEALTHY FEET IF YOU WEAR SHOES TOO SMALL FOR YOU!!



YOU FELLOWS DON'T WANT TO STUNT YOUR GROWTH--AND, REMEMBER, YOUR FOOT GROWTH MUST KEEP UP WITH THE REST OF YOUR BODY! THAT NEW THOM McAN "GRO-CHART" INVENTION WILL TELL YOU WHEN YOU'RE STUNTING THE GROWTH OF YOUR FEET!



Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES

SOFT YOUNG FOOT-BONES DON'T CRY OUT-- LIKE THOSE OF GROWN-UPS---WHEN SHOES ARE TOO SMALL! SO THOM McAN DEVELOPED THE "GRO-CHART"-- IT GUARDS THE HEALTH AND GROWTH OF YOUNGSTERS' FEET. THE FITTER IN YOUR THOM McAN STORE WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE "GRO-CHART" WORKS!



DON WINSLOW

WITH THE
COAST GUARD



HELP!
WE'RE
SINKING!

WE
HIT
A
REEF!

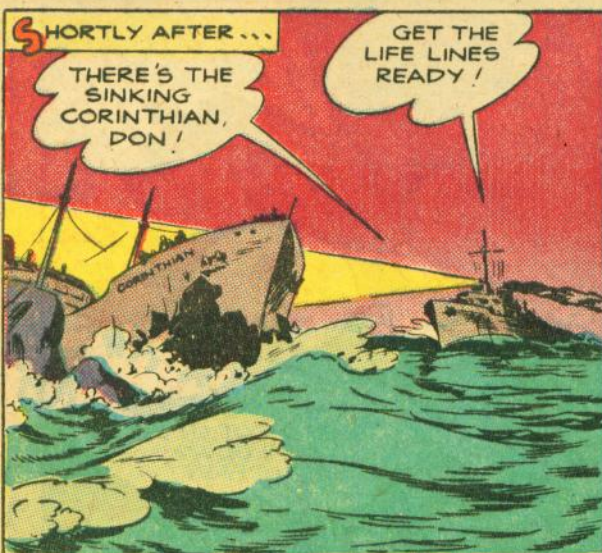
QUICK! TELL
THE RADIO OPERATOR
TO SEND OUT AN S.O.S.!
WE'RE GOING
DOWN FAST!

October, 1947. Vol. 9, No. 50

DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S., POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA

DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Allen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter November 7, 1946, at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1947 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions, and in Canada; foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by international money order in United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Advertising offices: New York 18, 67 W. 44th St.; Chicago 1, 360 North Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles 14, Mr. H. P. Houston, Edward S. Townsend Co., 645 S. Flower St.; San Francisco 4, Mr. Edward S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co., Russ Building. General offices: Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION



8 BUT WHEN THE COUNT IS TAKEN ...

IS EVERYONE
ACCOUNTED FOR,
CAPTAIN?

NO ---
THERE ARE
TWO PERSONS
MISSING!

WHO
ARE THEY,
CAPTAIN?

A COUPLE OF
SMUGGLERS WE WERE
BRINGING BACK FROM
EUROPE TO BE TRIED
IN AN AMERICAN
COURT!



HM-M-MMM!
ONLY TWO
MISSING AND
THEY TURN OUT
TO BE SMUGGLERS!
I WONDER IF
THIS IS A
COINCIDENCE!

I DON'T
KNOW,
COMMANDER!
BUT I DO
KNOW
IT'S VERY
PECULIAR
THAT THE
LIGHTHOUSE
DIDN'T WARN
US OF THE
REEF!

I'VE TRAVELLED THIS
COURSE MANY TIMES,
WINSLOW, BUT THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME THE
LIGHTHOUSE BEAM
WAS OFF!

THERE'S
NO EXCUSE
FOR THAT!



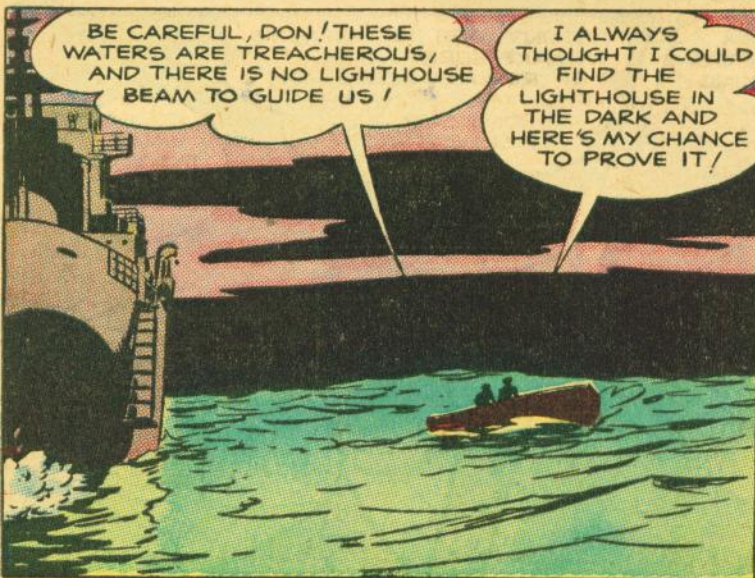
LIEUTENANT KANE,
I'M LEAVING YOU IN
CHARGE OF THE
CUTTER! TAKE HER
BACK TO SHORE!
PENNINGTON AND
I ARE GOING
OVER TO THE
LIGHTHOUSE!

I'LL
HAVE A MOTOR
BOAT
PUT
OVER
THE
SIDE,
COMMANDER!



BE CAREFUL, DON! THESE
WATERS ARE TREACHEROUS,
AND THERE IS NO LIGHTHOUSE
BEAM TO GUIDE US!

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT I COULD
FIND THE
LIGHTHOUSE IN
THE DARK AND
HERE'S MY CHANCE
TO PROVE IT!



THERE'S
THE
LIGHTHOUSE
NOW, DON!



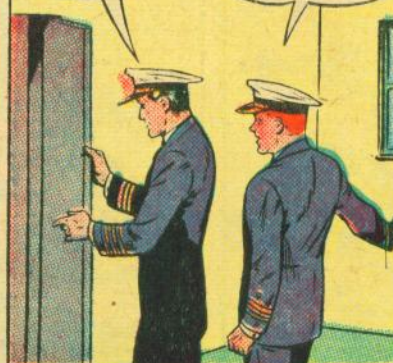


THEY PROBABLY HAD A HENCHMAN FORCE THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER TO TURN OFF THE BEAM -- AND THEN KILL THE MAN! WHEN THE CORINTHIAN HIT THE REEF, THE SMUGGLERS ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION BY JUMPING OVER!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE HEADED FOR SHORE OR WE WOULD HAVE PASSED THEM!

BUT WHERE COULD THEY BE HIDING? THERE'S NOBODY HERE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE!

THEY COULD BE ON THAT SMALL UNINHABITED ISLAND NEAR HERE! I'LL TAKE THE LAUNCH AND CHECK THERE! YOU STAY HERE AND WORK THE BEAM, RED!



MEANWHILE...

WE CAN'T HANG OUT HERE MUCH LONGER, FLETCH!

SHUT UP, HARPIE! WE'RE LUCKY WE SPOTTED THOSE TWO COAST GUARD GUYS BEFORE THEY SPOTTED US!



THAT'S RIGHT, HARPIE! IF WE DIDN'T GET OUT OF HERE IN TIME WE'D BE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE STATES TO BE TRIED FOR SMUGGLING RIGHT NOW!

THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT WE'RE HERE! IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SINK OUR BOAT WHEN WE LANDED! WE CAN USE THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S ROW BOAT TO ESCAPE!



THEY'LL THINK WE'RE STILL DRIFTING OUT THERE SOMEPLACE!

THERE GOES ONE OF THEM TO LOOK FOR US NOW!



RED'S ON THE BEAM! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW IT TO REACH THE ISLAND!



THERE'S
THE
ISLAND!



I'M NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES! MEN WHO WILL
SINK A SHIP TO AVOID
FACING A COURT,
WON'T STOP AT
ANYTHING!



THE IMPORTANT THING
IS TO SPOT THEM BEFORE
THEY SPOT ME!



SMOKE...AND IT'S
COMING FROM THERE!
THE SMUGGLERS AND
THEIR HENCHMEN
MUST BE IN
THAT CAVE!



COME OUT
WITH YOUR
HANDS UP...
OR I'LL
SHOOT!



D-D-DON'T SH-SH-SHOOT!
I DIDN'T D-D-D-DO
ANYTHING!

HUH!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

I COULDN'T FIND
AN APARTMENT IN
THE CITY, SO
I MOVED OUT
HERE!





WAIT A SECOND...
THAT BEAM IS FLASHING
ON AND OFF---NOW
I'VE GOT IT--
IT'S AN S.O.S.
SIGNAL--



--- RED MUST
BE IN
TROUBLE !



WHILE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.....

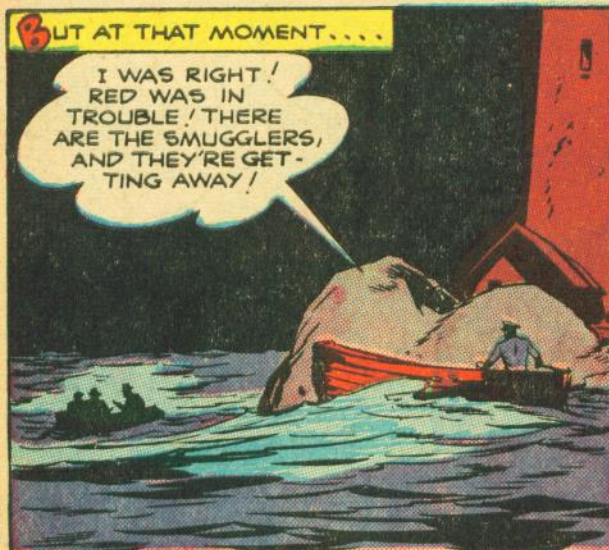
WITH THE BEAM
OFF THAT GUY,
WINSLOW, WILL
NEVER FIND HIS
WAY BACK TO
THE LIGHTHOUSE !

AND
EVEN IF HE
DOES, WE'LL
BE MILES
AWAY BY
THEN !



BUT AT THAT MOMENT....

I WAS RIGHT !
RED WAS IN
TROUBLE ! THERE
ARE THE SMUGGLERS,
AND THEY'RE GET-
TING AWAY !



QUICK---
PLUG
HIM !

BANG!
BANG!



THIS IS
NO TIME
FOR A
GUN
BATTLE !



I KNOW A
QUICK WAY TO
TAKE CARE OF
THEM !

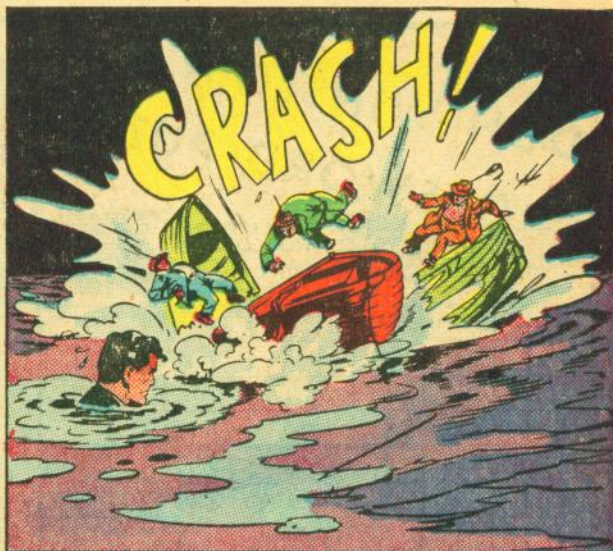
BANG!
BANG! BANG!



DON HEADS THE SPEEDY LAUNCH DIRECTLY
FOR THE SMUGGLER'S ROWBOAT !

THIS IS
MY EXIT
CUE!

HELP! THAT
LAUNCH IS
HEADING RIGHT
FOR US!



THERE SHOULD BE
NO TROUBLE IN
ROUNDING THEM UP!
THERE'S NO FIGHT
LEFT IN THEM!



LATER...

...SO YOU GOT
THEM TO SEND OUT
THE S.O.S. THEMSELVES
WITH THE LIGHTHOUSE
BEAM, EH? THAT
WAS QUICK THINKING,
RED!

IT STILL
WOULDN'T HAVE
DONE ME ANY GOOD,
DON, IF YOU
WEREN'T AROUND
TO ANSWER
THE CALL!

TRUE or FALSE?

① THE BROOKLYN
NAVY YARD WAS THE
FIRST YARD ACQUIRED
BY THE U.S. NAVY AFTER
IT WAS ESTABLISHED ON
APRIL 30, 1798.

② FIVE UNITED STATES
MEN-OF-WAR
HAVE FALLEN INTO
THE HANDS OF
MUTINEERS.

③ JOHN BARRY WAS THE FIRST MAN TO BE
APPOINTED A COMMODORE.

④ S.O.S. STANDS FOR "SAVE OUR SOULS."

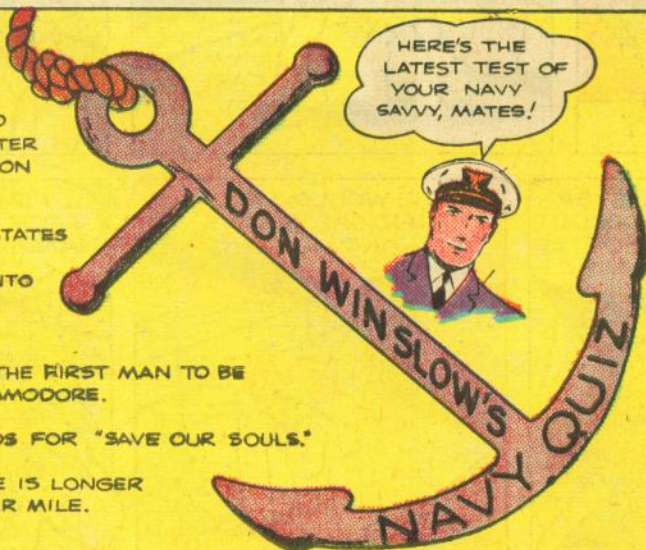
⑤ A NAUTICAL MILE IS LONGER
THAN A REGULAR MILE.

HERE'S THE
LATEST TEST OF
YOUR NAVY
SAVVY, MATES!



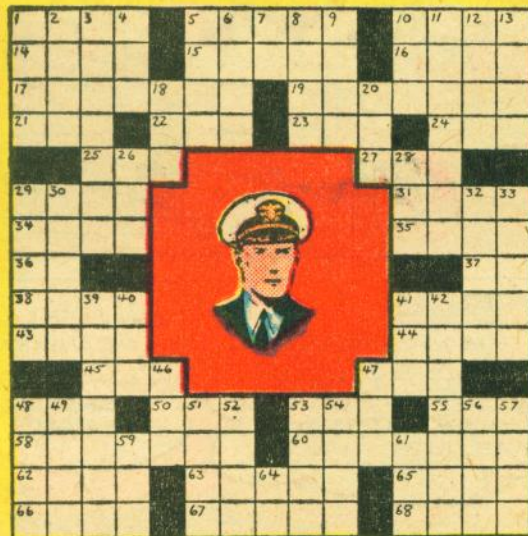
Answers

- ① FALSE. PORTSMOUTH
NAVY YARD, N.H., WAS
THE FIRST YARD.
- ② FALSE. NO U.S. MAN-
OF-WAR HAS EVER
BEEN IN THE HANDS
OF MUTINEERS.
- ③ TRUE.
- ④ FALSE. THE LETTERS
ACTUALLY HAVE NO
MEANING.
- ⑤ TRUE. A NAUTICAL
MILE MEASURES
6080.2 FEET, WHILE
A REGULAR MILE IS
5280 FEET.



DON WINSLOW'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SOLUTION
FOLLOWING
LAST STORY

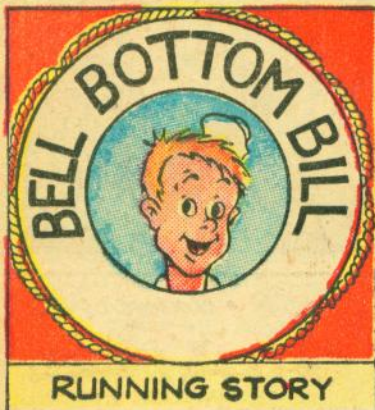


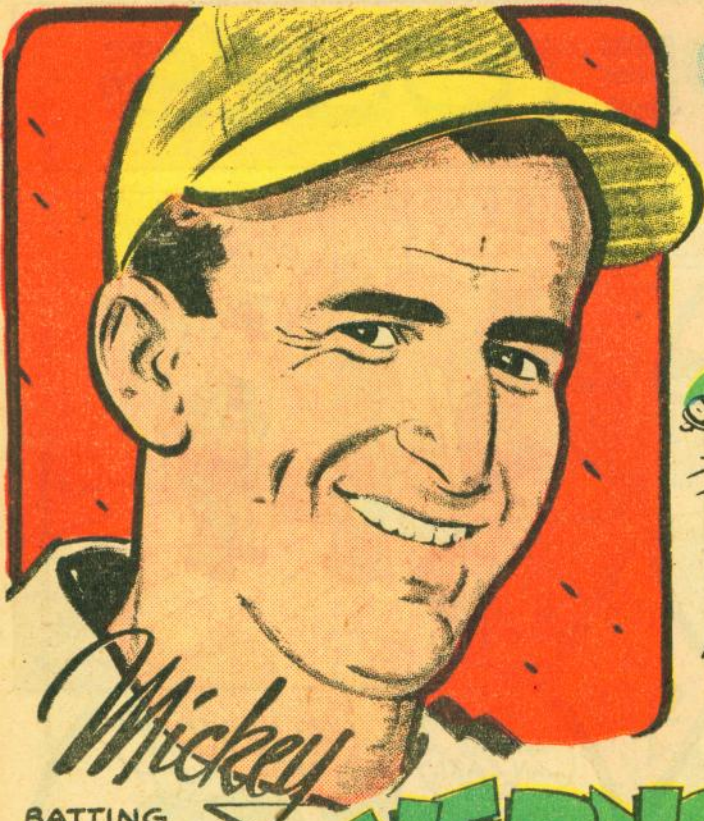
ACROSS

1. Actual thing or event
5. Be covered by heavy seas
10. Quick indrawn breath
14. Actor Ladd
15. Ocean passenger vessel
16. Section
17. Master of a ship
19. Shellfish seafood
21. Sibilant letter
22. Secret agent
23. Couple
24. Irritate
25. Some inside information
27. Woman soldier
29. Any mast or gaff
31. What sailors wigwag with
34. Rope to a sailor
35. Relate
36. Man's nickname
37. Baton Rouge is the capital of this state: abbr.
38. Tie a small vessel to a buoy
41. Cupid
43. Wire used to steady a mast
44. Feed for horses
45. Name; reputation
47. Conclude
48. Donkey
50. Inhale chow
53. Masculine pronoun
55. Political creed or belief
58. What navigators box
60. Instruct
62. This has leaves and branches
63. America's bird
65. American Indians
66. Transmitted
67. Fragrance
68. Livens up

DOWN

1. Physiognomy
2. Cry of woe
3. Revolving drum that helps raise the anchor
4. HE (high explosive)
5. A ship's berth between two wharves
6. Like light fermented beverages
7. Article
8. Thaw
9. Stem of a vessel
10. Fuel for planes
11. Thing or object
12. Fortune teller
13. Landscaped woodland
18. Snake
20. Opposite of stern
26. Anger
28. Rear section of a ship
29. Bangs
30. Man who steers ships through the harbor
32. Portion out
33. The barometer, as sailors call it
39. Rowers
40. Grain
41. Eternity
42. Send forth beams
46. Vegetable
47. Australia's national bird
48. Behaves
49. Tender
51. Adrift on the deep
52. Ex-ruler of Russia
53. Ship's wheel
54. Thought
56. Sturdy, hollowed block supporting a mast
57. Meal, at sea
59. Favorite
61. Drinking vessel
64. Get moving

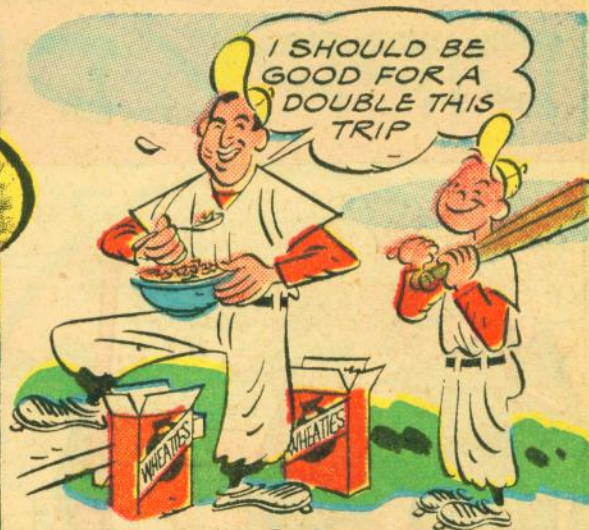




BATTING
CHAMPION OF THE
AMERICAN LEAGUE

VERNON

"**THEY HIT THE SPOT.**" THAT'S WHAT MICKEY VERNON SAYS ABOUT WHEATIES. "I EAT A BIG BOWLFUL ALMOST EVERY MORNING," SAYS THE CHAMPION SLUGGER. "AND MY TIP TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES GOOD EATING IS — GET NEXT TO WHEATIES"



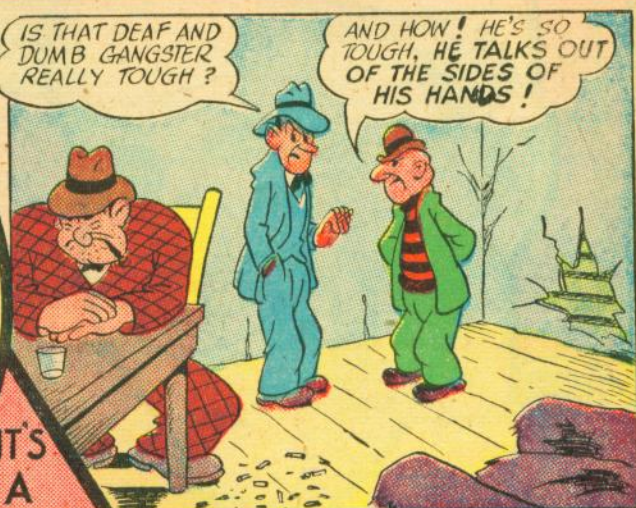
VERNON'S .353 AVERAGE WAS TOPS FOR HITTERS IN THE JUNIOR CIRCUIT DURING 1946. HE WAS CHAMP IN THE "DOUBLES DEPARTMENT," TOO — DROVE OUT 51 TWO-BASE HITS



AT THE START OF THE 1946 CAMPAIGN, MICKEY WAS GOING HITLESS. BUT ONCE HE STARTED TO CLICK HE JUMPED TO NUMBER ONE ON THE HIT PARADE — PACED THE LEAGUE'S FAMOUS SLUGGERS PRACTICALLY ALL SEASON

WHEATIES' BREAKFAST CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

DIPPY DETOURS



MARY MARVEL'S

IMPORTANT BACK TO SCHOOL MESSAGE

UJACK BINDER

MADAME ADELE PROMISED ME SUPER-VALUES AND EXTRA LOW PRICES FOR MY BACK-TO-SCHOOL CLOTHES THIS YEAR!

YOU'LL SURELY AGREE I KEPT MY PROMISE. HERE THEY ARE! A JACKET-BLOUSE AND SKIRT OF BEAUTIFUL PIN-WALE CORDUROY... WASHABLE TOO!

GOLLY, I CAN MIX OR MATCH THE COLORS ANY WAY I LIKE. AND I CAN WEAR THE JACKET-BLOUSE OVER MY SKIRTS AND SLACKS OR TUCKED-IN LIKE A BLOUSE!

"I KNOW MOTHER WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO LET ME HAVE THESE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT MARY MARVEL VALUES ARE UNBEATABLE!"

PRE-WAR QUALITY

AT PRE-WAR PRICES!

Yes, corduroy is the smartest thing for school this year. Here's your chance to buy the jacket-blouse and skirt separately or as a complete outfit, in matched or contrasting colors. Both are beautifully styled by Millbrook with all the nice details you like: button-cuffs on the jacket-blouse, a nice long zipper on the skirt. Order your favorite fall colors: red, brown or hemlock green. Girls sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Skirt \$3.49. Jacket \$4.49. A second color choice will be appreciated.

CORDUROY
CORDUROY
CORDUROY

WEAR OVER SKIRT

TUCKED-IN LIKE A BLOUSE

SKIRT
\$3.49

JACKET
\$4.49

MARY MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC.
215 West 40th St.,
New York 18, N. Y.

MARY MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC., 215 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me articles checked below. When they arrive, I will pay the postman the prices as advertised above, plus postage charges, in full payment. If, for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I may return any of them within 5 days for full refund. All merchandise guaranteed.

ITEM	QUANTITY	COLOR	SIZE	2nd COLOR CHOICE
JACKET-BLOUSE				
SKIRT				

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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JETSAM JOE

"HELP! HELP! HELP!"

I'M GETTING
BOW-LEGGED, CAP!
THIS IS TOO MUCH
WORK FOR ONE
MAN!

YES, JOE!
YOU NEED
HELP!!

PUFF!
PUFF!

GO TO THE SEAMEN'S
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
AND HIRE HELP!
YOU'RE WORKING
TOO HARD!

I'M GOING TO MY SISTER'S
HOUSE FOR 2 WEEKS!
WHEN I GET BACK THE
SHIP MUST BE LOADED
AND READY TO SAIL!

WHAT
KIND
OF HELP
SHALL
I GET?

OH, STRONG MEN,
AMBITIOUS, AND
OVER 21!!
DON'T FORGET!
NOW, SO LONG,
AND GOOD LUCK!

SO LONG,
CAP!

LET ME SEE, NOW! THE CAP SAID STRONG, AMBITIOUS, AND MORE THAN 21!

SEAMEN'S
EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY

CAN YOU FILL
MY NEEDS?

SURE! SIT DOWN AND YOU
CAN INTERVIEW THEM!

PERSONNEL

WELL,
TWO
WEEKS
HAVE
PASSED!
THE
CAPTAIN
SAYS
"SO
LONG"
TO HIS
SISTER

SO LONG,
BROTHER!

SO LONG, SIS!
I'LL DROP IN ON
MY NEXT TRIP!

CAPTAIN

NOW TO GET BACK
TO THE SHIP! IT
SHOULD BE LOADED
BY NOW!

CAPTAIN

JUMPING
JELLYFISH!
WHAT A MOB
ON MY SHIP!

JOE
MUST'VE HIRED
A WHOLE ARMY!
THERE'S NOTHING
FOR THEM TO DO!

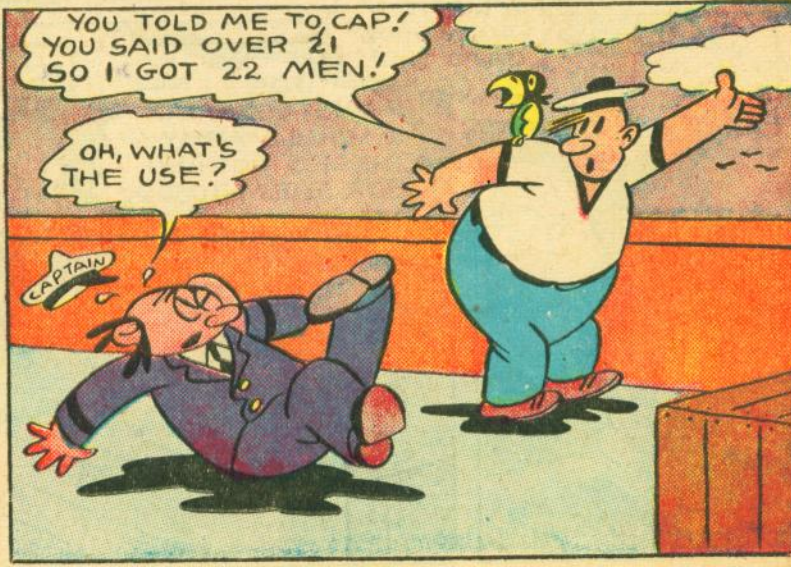
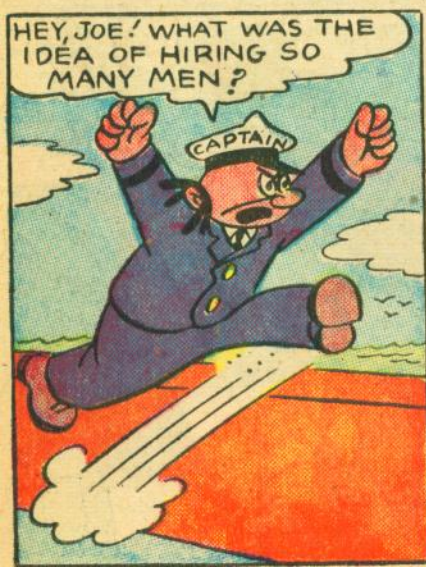
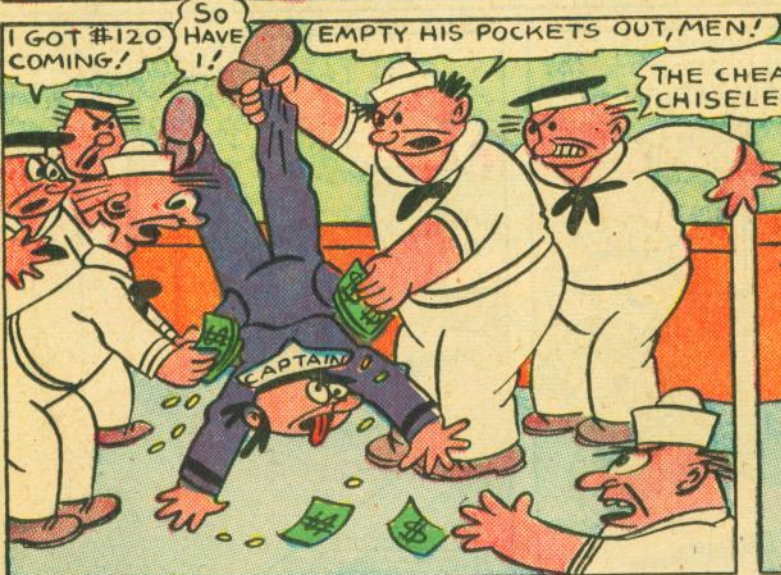
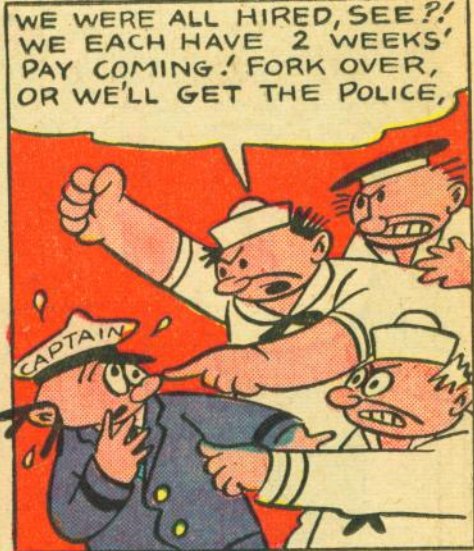
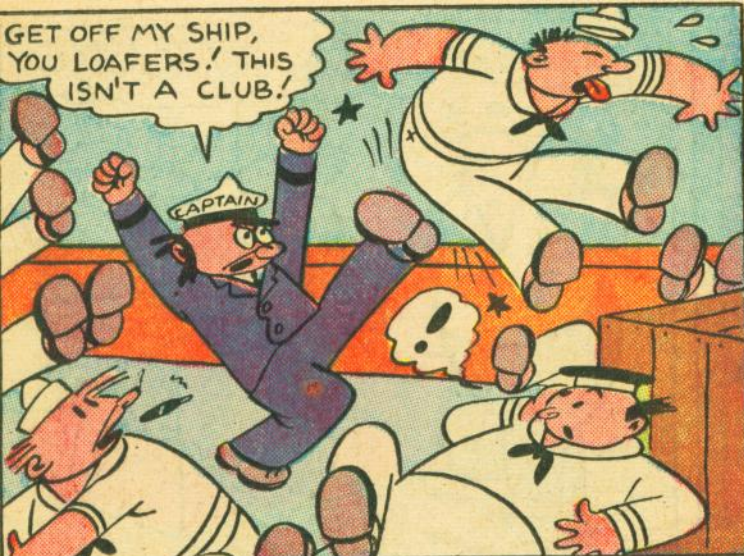
CAPTAIN

Z-Z-Z

HO-HUM

Z-Z-Z

HO-HUM



NO WONDER THEY CHOSE BETTY FOR CHEER LEADER!



Cheer leading's fun, but you almost have to be an acrobat like Betty to do the best job. That's where good shoes really help. They help in any active fun. Ball-Band Canvas Sport Shoes—like Betty is wearing—fit right, they're built right inside and out. They're washable, and the soles don't mark floors. Both boys and girls cheer for them. Just try on a pair! Go to the store where you see the Red Ball trade-mark.

TRADE
MARK

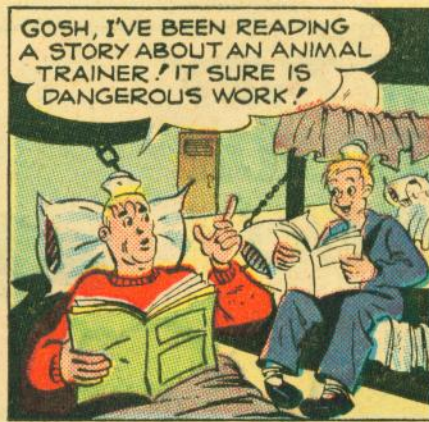
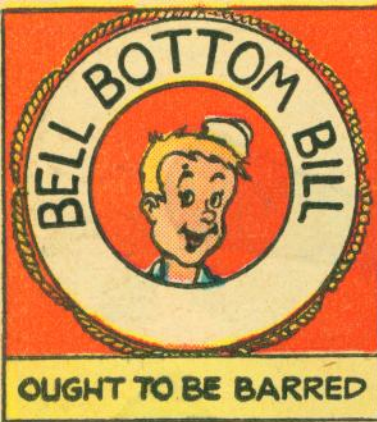
Look for the Red Ball in
the Store and on the Sole
of the Shoe.



Ball-Band

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.,
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Ball-Band Canvas Sport
Shoes are made for both
boys and girls.



BOWLS US OVER



YIPES!
BOY, WHAT
SUPER BUBBLES!
GIMME
Yanks!

LOOKIT! Yanks
MAKES A BIGGER
BUBBLE!

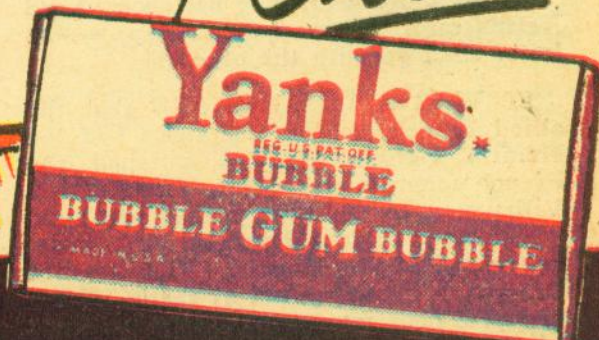
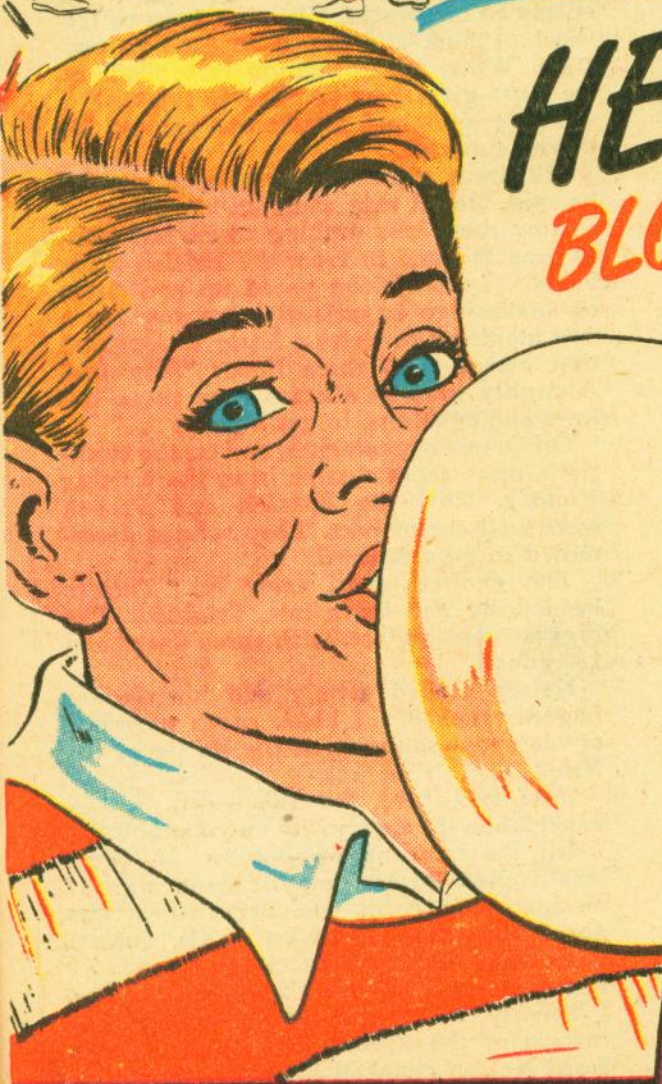
KIDS! BE SURE YA
GET Yanks FOR
BIGGER, BETTER
BUBBLES!

NO KIDDIN', FELLOWS!
THOSE BUBBLES ARE
TERRIFIC...
I'M GETTING Yanks



HEY KIDS,
BLOW BIGGER,
BETTER
BUBBLES

Chew



DEATH AT TRAFALGAR

A "Warriors Of The Sea" Yarn

By Richard Kraus

*'Mid battleshot and thunder
Each sailor bowed his head
Tearful was the victory
Lord Horatio Nelson was dead!*

LORD HORATIO NELSON stood on the bridge of his flagship, the *Victory*, surveying the calm seas through a telescope. It was the eighteenth day of October, 1805, and, fifty miles to the east, the combined French and Spanish fleets, Lord Nelson knew, waited in the port of Cadiz.

For almost a month now, the British fleet had patrolled the coast off the Straits of Gibraltar, waiting for the enemy to come out of hiding. And now, with fine weather and an easterly wind, the signal had come from an inshore frigate: "The French and Spanish are coming out of port. Be ready!"

Lord Nelson put down his telescope. Below him, on the deck, the signal officer, Lieutenant Pasco, was speaking to a young midshipman. As Nelson watched, Pasco stamped his foot with irritation.

"What's the trouble down there, Lieutenant?" Lord Nelson called.

The signal officer looked up.

"It's the coxswain, sir" he replied. "He was so busy receiving and getting off mail bags that he forgot to post a letter to his own wife. It's still in his pocket."

The admiral looked astern, where the mail packet was under sail, beating her way through the seas. He considered a moment . . .

"Hoist a signal to bring her back," Lord Nelson said. "He may die tomorrow—his letter shall go with the others!"

IT WAS A LONG CHASE that the allied French and Spanish fleets had led Horatio Nelson. He had pursued the French commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, to the West Indies and back.

But now, at last, he knew that Villeneuve, with the Spanish Vice-Admiral Gravina, was coming out of Cadiz, with a powerful fleet, numbering thirty-five ships of the line, five frigates and two brigs.

Though the British were out-numbered and out-gunned, Nelson eagerly awaited the battle.

"My battle orders, Captain Blackwood, are these," Nelson said to one of his trusted subordinates, "We will form a body of eight fast ships of the line, to attack the enemy in his center. We must keep to leeward of him, and attack as soon as possible. When the formation is broken up, we must give them no time to reform!"

The gray-haired Blackwood saluted his young superior.

"I'll issue copies of the plan of attack," he said, "to all ship captains."

Now there was nothing to do but wait, as reports came in from the British scout vessels. Lord Nelson paced up and down on his bridge impatiently, pausing for a few moments to write a letter to England that closed with these lines: "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a peace . . ."

On October nineteenth, and on the twentieth, more reports came in to the waiting *Victory*. Now the Spanish and French were well out of port. They seemed determined to go westward.

The excited word came in, "They're headed by the *Santisima Trinidad*. The biggest vessel afloat, with three decks and 130 guns!"

Nelson smiled grimly and his slender fingers touched the black patch over one of his eyes—souvenir of the Battle of the Nile.

"We will head for 'the south, Blackwood," he said slowly, "to cut them off."

On the morning of October 21, there was a great swell from the west, sign of an oncoming storm. The British fleet was about ten miles northwest of the enemy, with Cape Trafalgar barely to be seen in the distance. This was the time to strike!

Swiftly, as he saw the spread-out formation of the French and Spanish ships, Lord Nelson changed his battle plans. He ordered the British ships into two columns of attack. Captain Collingwood was to command a column aimed at the southern flank of the enemy, and Nelson himself

spearheaded a thrust at a point a few ships north of center. His intention was to overpower them from this point to the rear of the fleet. With the wind lying as it did, it would be difficult for the other enemy vessels to tack about and engage him.

Meanwhile, as the *Victory* moved forward in the early morning light, its crew could see the distant French ships drawing closer together.

"That's Villeneuve for you, son," a grizzled gunner's mate said to a young cabin boy.

"We fought him in the Mediterranean and he got away from us there. But he'll not escape this time."

At 9:30, the first enemy shot whined over the *Victory*. They were six miles away. Now the moments dragged by as the gap narrowed and the waves grew more turbulent. It was 11 o'clock, and Nelson clenched his fist.

"Lieutenant Pasco," he told his signal officer, "Send this signal to every ship in the fleet as we go into battle. Tell them—England expects . . . that every man . . . will do his duty."

Now the enemy sails loomed up big and white to the oncoming British. Advancing under a faint breeze, the *Victory* took a hail of shot through her main-top gallant sail, and a storm of round shot that swept the decks.

"Sir!" A breathless midshipman saluted Nelson. "Your secretary—Mr. Scott—he was killed by that last volley!"

Lord Nelson's lips tightened. The *Victory* forged slowly ahead. The mizzen topmast was shot away and eight marines killed by a single shell. Still the *Victory* kept forward, Captain Hardy at the helm. Her target was Villeneuve's flagship, the giant *Bucentaure*.

At one o'clock Hardy put the British flagship past the *Bucentaure*'s. Thirty feet away, Nelson shouted:

"Now! Give them double shots, men!"

His command touched off a tremendous volley of double-loaded guns. Smoke covered both ships, and the shattered *Bucentaure* reeled away, having lost twenty guns and almost four hundred men in the single discharge!

Having pierced the French line, Nelson had the *Victory* put her helm up, turning to the right, to attack the *Redoubtable*. As the guns of both ships cannonaded in an ear-shattering exchange, Admiral Nelson and Captain Hardy walked back and forth on the quarter deck.

High in the rigging of the French vessel, keen marksmen climbed, with primed mus-

kets. One of them poised precariously next to the mainsail, waiting for a shot, waiting . . . waiting . . .

Suddenly the thin crack of the sniper's rifle sounded!

Horatio Nelson whirled about and collapsed to the deck. Captain Hardy knelt, to catch the choking words, "My backbone . . . it's shot through."

Grimy-faced tars carefully carried their fallen commander below, making a bed for him in the cockpit. Surgeon Beatty hurried to him there. A hasty diagnosis showed that the musketball had passed through his shoulder, pierced the lung and spine.

Nelson lay there in mortal pain, as the others brought him cooling drinks and prayed for him. It was all, the doctor said, that they could do.

The young Admiral's face twitched, as he listened to the waning and growing sounds of battle overhead. An hour after he was hit, Nelson heard a great shout go up overhead, and he motioned painfully to his signal lieutenant.

"Pasco," he whispered, "what was that?"

"Another French ship has struck her colors, sir!"

"Good, good." Nelson smiled faintly. "Bring Hardy to me!"

At five after-two, Villeneuve surrendered the *Bucentaure*, and, one by one, the French and Spanish ships surrendered to the relentless British attack.

Soon after, Captain Hardy strode, breathless, into the cockpit. He knelt before his chief, and read the question in his eyes.

"A few have escaped to sea or port, Lord Nelson, but we've captured eighteen of them!"

"That is well . . ." Nelson said, every word a stab of pain. "I had bargained for twenty . . ."

He looked up at Hardy.

"I wish I had not . . . left the deck—for I shall soon be gone . . ."

THE GREAT VICTORY at **Trafalgar** meant the defeat of the forces of France that, under Napoleon, had threatened to dominate all the civilized world. It was a triumph notable in the pages of history, but it cost the life of the man who had planned and won it.

At half past four, three hours after being wounded, Horatio, Lord Nelson, passed away. His last words were faint, but a few men there in the cockpit heard them.

"... for ... God . . . and . . . my country . . ."

WHIPPERSNAPPERS!

BAD
LUCK
BLUES

GOSH, IT'S RAINING
"CATS AND DOGS"

WITH MY BAD
LUCK, I BET IF I
WENT OUTSIDE, I'D
STEP INTO A
"POODLE"

CHEER UP, MAYBE
YOU WERE BORN
UNDER A LUCKY
STAR.

IF I WAS, IT MUST
HAVE BEEN ON A
CLOUDY NIGHT!

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
YOU'RE SO
UNLUCKY?

I WAS FRIENDS WITH
A WHOLE BUNCH OF
DOCTORS AT A MEDICAL
CONVENTION AND **I**
DIDN'T GET SICK!

DON'T WORRY,
OPPORTUNITY
WILL KNOCK
AT YOUR
DOOR.

SOME CHANCE!
THE ONLY THINGS
THAT KNOCK ON
MY DOOR ARE
THE BILL
COLLECTORS!

POOR MAN,
YOU LOOK
DOWN IN
YOUR LUCK.

THAT'S NO LIE, MA'AM
I'M THE UNLUCKIEST
MAN ALIVE.

OH, DON'T
SAY THAT!

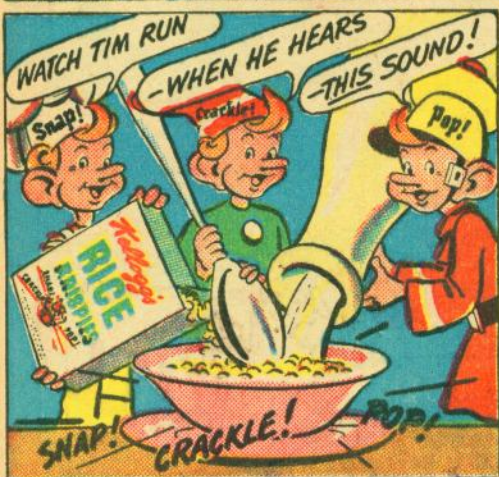
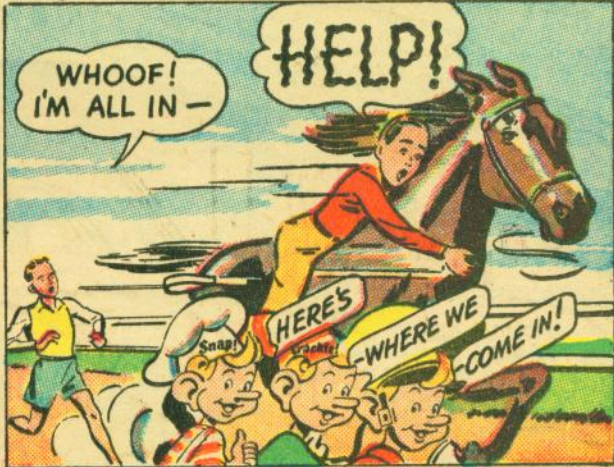
BUT IT'S TRUE, WHY,
MA'AM, IF A TIN OF
SARDINES WERE THE
ONLY THING BETWEEN
ME AND STARVATION--

---I WOULDN'T
HAVE A CAN OPENER



Snap! Crackle! and Pop!

Help Tim Halt a Runaway



DON WINSLOW

THE NAVY



"THE VENOM OF THE SNAKE!"

ATTENTION

NAVY INTELLIGENCE

F.B.I.

YOU HEARD THAT / I'M ASSIGNING YOU TWO TO THE CASE! BRING IN THE SNAKE--- DEAD OR ALIVE!

ARMY INTELLIGENCE

POLICE HEADQUARTERS

THE SNAKE HAS ESCAPED!

BE ON THE LOOKOUT!

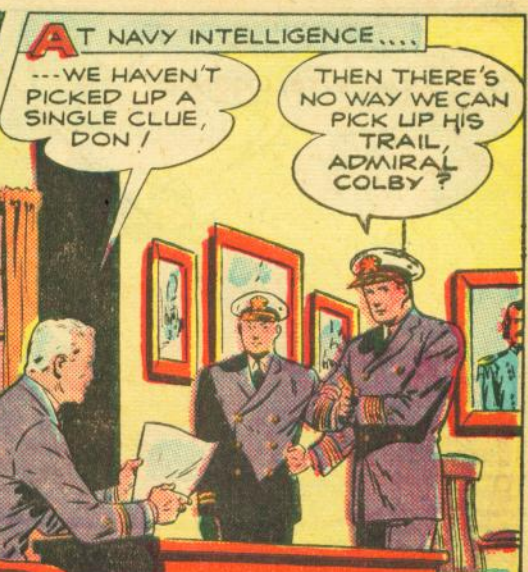
SHOOT TO KILL!

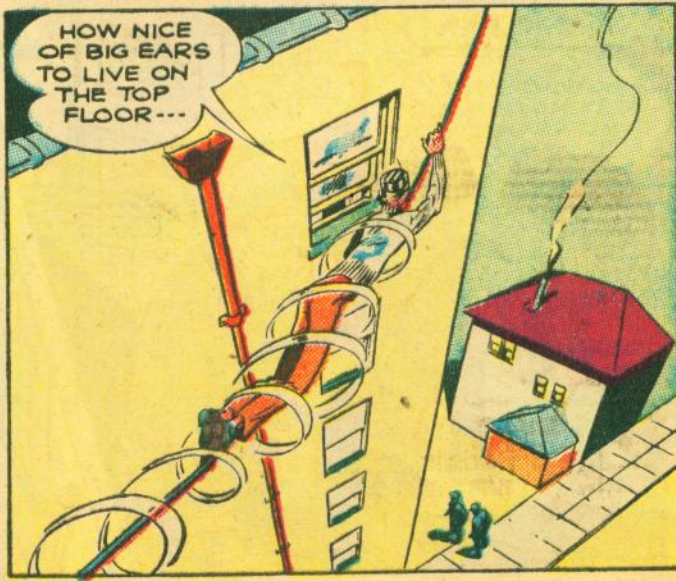
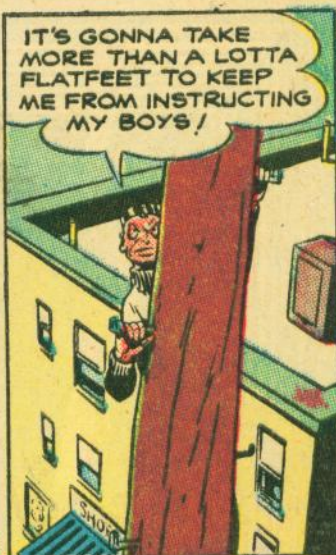
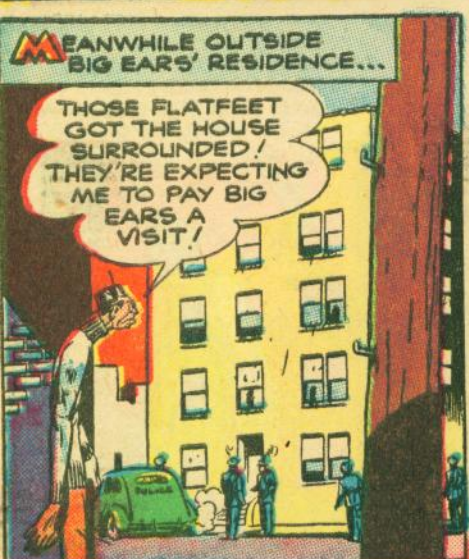
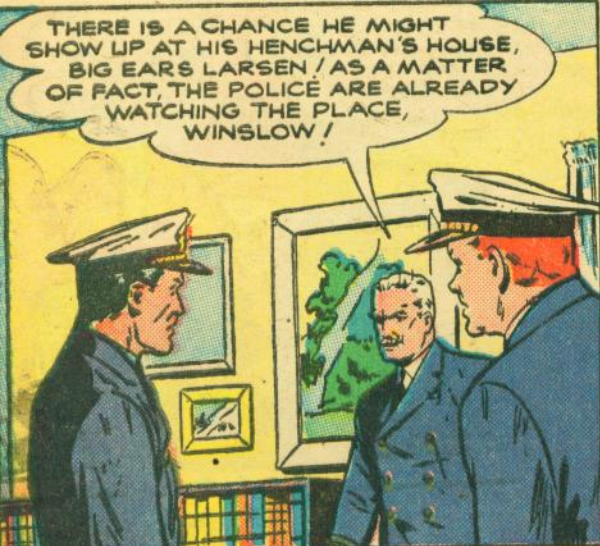
ARMY INTELLIGENCE IS ASSIGNING YOU TWO MEN TO TRAIL DOWN THE SNAKE! THERE'S A PROMOTION IN STORE FOR YOU IF YOU CATCH HIM!

UNLESS THE SNAKE IS CAUGHT IMMEDIATELY, NOBODY IN THIS CITY IS SAFE!

POLICE DEPT.







...IT MAKES
EVERYTHING
SO
CONVENIENT!

HELLO,
BIG
EARS!

SNAKE!
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING
HERE?

OUR RACKETS
HAVE GOT TO
GO ON AS
USUAL, EVEN
WITH THE
WHOLE TOWN
ON MY TRAIL!
YOU'LL PASS
ON MY ORDERS
TO THE BOYS!

IF THE COPS FIND
THE SNAKE HERE
THEY'LL KNOW I'M
TIED IN WITH THE
SMUGGLERS!
I'VE GOT TO GET
RID OF HIM!

LEMME THINK!
THERE MUST BE
SOME PLACE I
COULD HIDE
YOU OUT,
SNAKE!

AND THIS
IS IT...
OUT THE
WINDOW!

WHEN THE COPS FIND
HIS BODY HE'LL BE DEAD!
HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO TELL THEM I'M
CONNECTED WITH
THE DOPE RING!



THIS IS
BIG EARS'
APARTMENT!

TAP!
TAP!



WINSLOW
AND
PENNINGTON!
WHAT DO
YOU TWO
WANT?

WE'RE
LOOKING
FOR THE
SNAKE!
DID YOU SEE
ANYTHING
OF HIM?



SNAKE?
HOW SHOULD
I KNOW WHERE
HE IS? I NEVER
SAW HIM IN
MY LIFE!



BIG EARS IS SOON
GOING TO FIND OUT YOU
CAN'T KILL THE SNAKE SO
EASILY / CATCHING THIS
DRAIN PIPE SAVED MY
LIFE AND SOON IT'S
GONNA COST
BIG EARS
HIS!



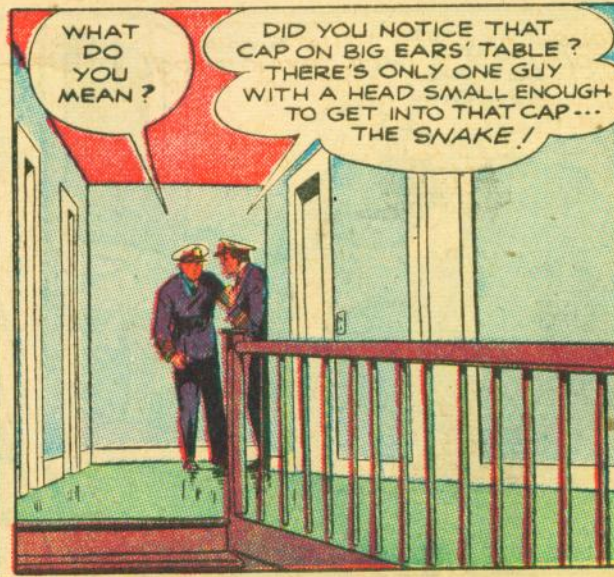
I AIN'T IN ANY
MOOD FOR
CONVERSATION,
SAILOR BOYS!
GOOD-BY!

WINSLOW
AND
PENNINGTON!
I'LL JUST WAIT
TILL THEY
LEAVE!



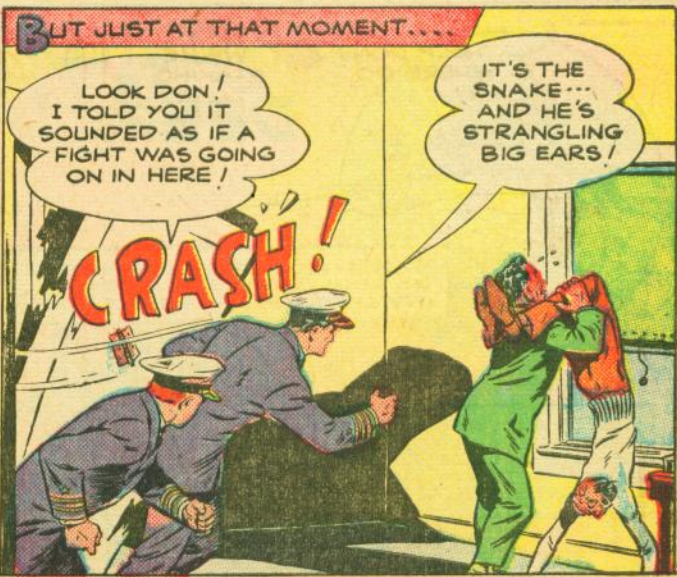
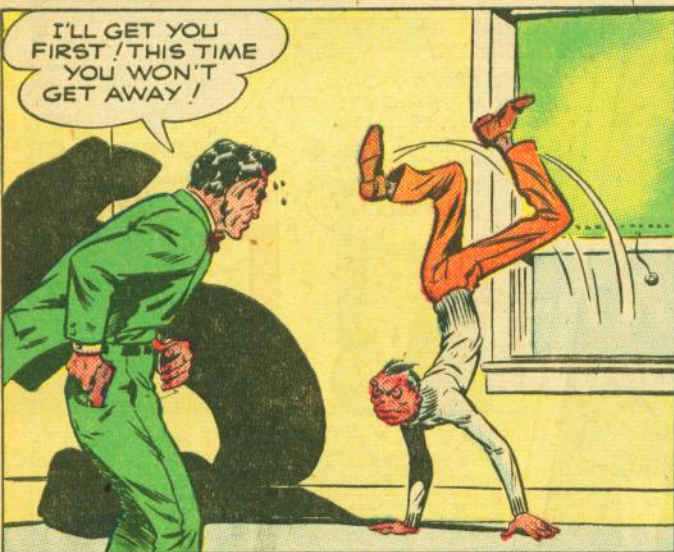
WELL, HE
WASN'T MUCH
HELP, DON!
WHERE DO
WE GO NOW?

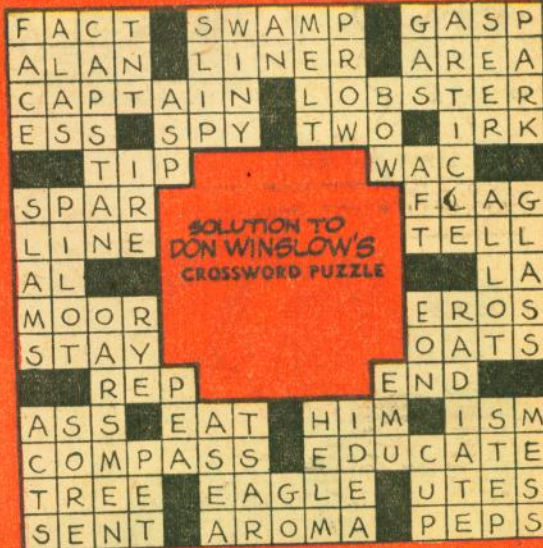
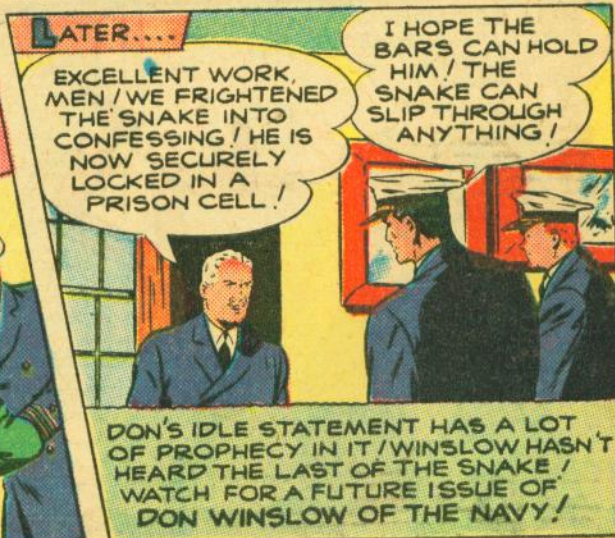
NO PLACE,
SON!
WE'RE
STAYING
RIGHT
HERE!



WHAT
DO
YOU
MEAN?

DID YOU NOTICE THAT
CAP ON BIG EARS' TABLE?
THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY
WITH A HEAD SMALL ENOUGH
TO GET INTO THAT CAP---
THE SNAKE!





THE CASE
OF THE
KIDNAPPED
HEIRESS

IT'S ONE A.M. AS SAM AND EFFIE DRIVE PAST THE HOUSE OF WEALTHY BANKER HIGGINBOTHAM

The Adventures of DASHIELL HAMMETT'S SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. evg. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM...LOOK!
THEY'RE ELOPING--
ISN'T IT
ROMANTIC?

THAT GAL'S NOT ELOPING--
LOOK AT HER KICK! SHE'S
BEING KIDNAPPED!

WAIT HERE
EFFIE!

NO USE, SAM. HE'S
DUMPED HER INTO
HIS CAR

ROOT
OIL
OR
HAIR
WILDRÖOT INC.

WILDRÖOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF
WILDRÖOT CO., INC.

HOLD ON,
SWEETHEART--
WE'LL CRASH
HIM ON THE
NEXT TURN!

COME OUT
OF THERE
YOU LUG!

LOOK OUT, SAM---HE MAY
HAVE A GUN!

WAIT!

HE'S NO KIDNAPPER!
HE'S TRYING TO MAKE
ME MARRY HIM---AND
I WOULD IF HE'D BE
MORE NEAT--ESPECIALLY
ABOUT HIS HAIR

SO THAT'S IT---EFFIE, HAND ME
THAT WILDRÖOT CREAM-OIL

SAM SPADE SUGGESTS YOU TRY WILDRÖOT CREAM-OIL. IT
MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWELL. MAKES IT FEEL GOOD,
TOO. GET IT AT ANY DRUG OR TOILET GOODS COUNTER

HERE--GET SOME
WILDRÖOT CREAM-OIL
ON YOUR HAIR--MAYBE
SHE'LL CHANGE
HER MIND

WILDRÖOT
CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC
FORMULA
LAVENDER

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE
DANDRUFF
WILDRÖOT CO., INC.

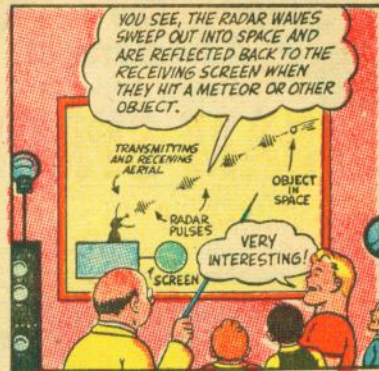
GEE, SPADE, WIL-
DRÖOT CREAM-OIL
MAKES ME LOOK SO
GOOD--SHE SHOULD
BE KIDNAPPING ME!

WELL,
I LIKE
THAT!

LOOK, PAL! SHE'S
A BANKER'S
DAUGHTER AND
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
"CREAM-OIL" OR NO
"CREAM-OIL"---I
WOULDN'T PLAY
HARD TO GET!

Tootsie and the RADAR RESCUE

BY G.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



*"It'll be terrific!
And, remember, we'll all want prints"*

Kodak

Wonderful snapshots coming up! Fish story—picnic story—vacation story . . . the story of all good times. Everybody likes those pictures—and why not? They're real . . . they're the gang, without frills.

For crisp, clear snaps use America's favorite film, Kodak Verichrome. It takes the guesswork out of picture taking . . . you press the button—it does the rest. With a strong assist, of course, from the camera—any of the famous cameras by Kodak. The Brownie Reflex, for example.



Kodak Cameras and Film

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

NEW EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

*Now last 93% longer!**



Drive 7 Goals with a Flashlight Cell?—Yes!

Properly released, the electric energy in one tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell could drive a polo ball the full length of the field — 300 yards — and do it 7 times, to score 7 goals!

● It takes POWER to make light. And it takes power-packed new "Eveready" flashlight cells to make *your* flashlight give you *better* light, longer! Today, with *energy* and *value* nearly doubled, "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries are first choice everywhere for l-a-s-t-i-n-g LIGHT! Plenty available—good dealers have them—no price increase!

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 Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC



High Energy

**MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT.
 LONGER LIFE**

