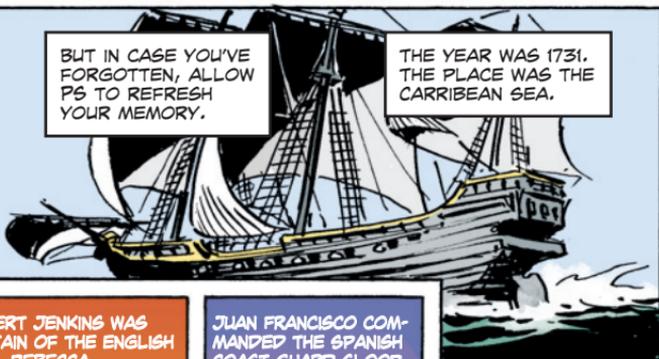


WE ALL KNOW THE OFTEN-TOLD STORY ABOUT THE WAR OF JENKINS'S EAR.

BUT IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, ALLOW PS TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY.

THE YEAR WAS 1731. THE PLACE WAS THE CARRIBBEAN SEA.



ROBERT JENKINS WAS CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH BRIG, REBECCA.

JUAN FRANCISCO COMMANDED THE SPANISH COAST GUARD SLOOP, SAN ANTONIO.



THEY CLASHED IN THE WATERS NEAR HAVANA OVER ISSUES OF SMUGGLING.



**BOOM
BLAM
BOOM**

TEMPERS FLARED.

ANGRY WORDS WERE EXCHANGED. JUAN FRANCISCO DREW HIS SWORD.

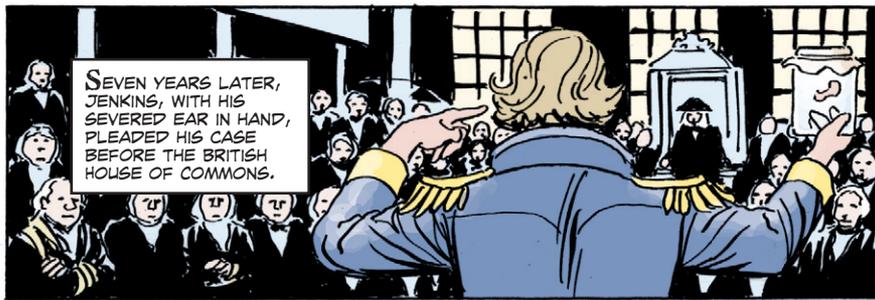


"SWISH" WAS THE SOUND THE SWORD MADE AS IT SLICED THROUGH THE AIR.



"SPLAT" WAS THE SOUND ROBERT JENKINS'S EAR MADE AS IT HIT THE DECK.

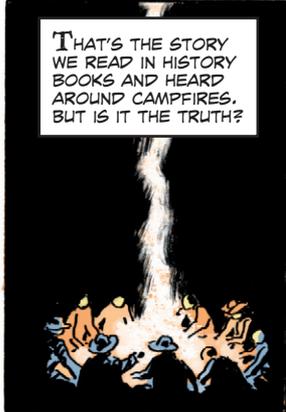




SEVEN YEARS LATER, JENKINS, WITH HIS SEVERED EAR IN HAND, PLEADED HIS CASE BEFORE THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.



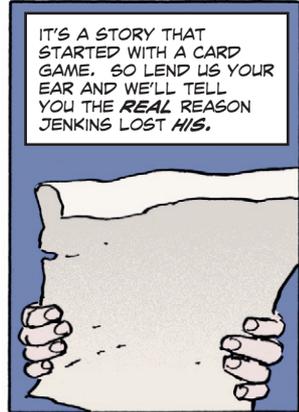
HAVING SUFFERED THROUGH A LONG PERIOD OF PEACE AND BORED WITH IT, THE BRITISH DECLARED WAR ON SPAIN. BY THE TIME IT ENDED IN 1748, THE WAR HAD GROWN INTO A GLOBAL CONFLICT.



THAT'S THE STORY WE READ IN HISTORY BOOKS AND HEARD AROUND CAMPFIRES. BUT IS IT THE TRUTH?

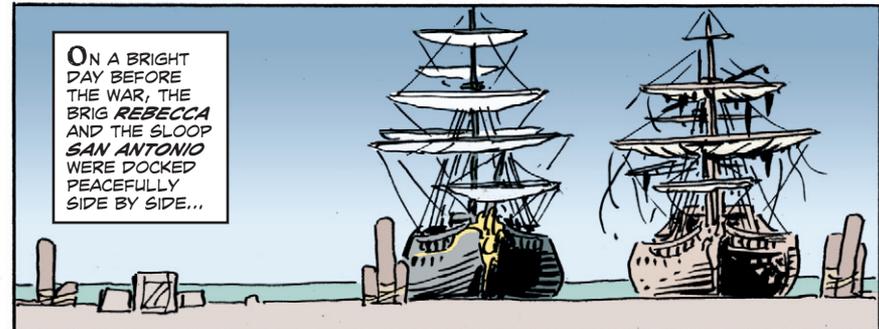


A RECENTLY FOUND DOCUMENT IN A HERMETICALLY SEALED RUM BOTTLE BURIED IN THE SAND NEAR A SEASIDE RESORT TELLS A DIFFERENT STORY.



IT'S A STORY THAT STARTED WITH A CARD GAME. SO LEND US YOUR EAR AND WE'LL TELL YOU THE REAL REASON JENKINS LOST HIS.

THE TRUE STORY BEHIND The WAR of JENKINS'S EAR



ON A BRIGHT DAY BEFORE THE WAR, THE BRIG REBECCA AND THE SLOOP SAN ANTONIO WERE DOCKED PEACEFULLY SIDE BY SIDE...



IN THE CABIN ABOARD THE REBECCA ARE CAPTAIN JENKINS AND CAPTAIN FRANCISCO...

GOT ANY THREES?

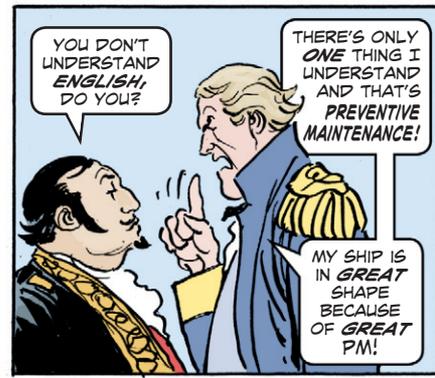
GO FISH!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE CARD GAME, D'YOU?



ARE YOU CALLING ME A LOWDOWN SCALLYWAG?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, DO YOU?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I UNDERSTAND AND THAT'S PREVENTIVE MAINTENANCE!

MY SHIP IS IN GREAT SHAPE BECAUSE OF GREAT PM!



LOOK AT YOUR SHIP, FRANCISCO, IT'S FALLING APART!



YOU INSULT MY *SHIP*, YOU INSULT *ME!* WE DUEL AT DAWN!

I'VE GOT A *BETTER* IDEA: LET US RACE AT DAWN.

MY PM-STRENGTHENED BRIG AGAINST YOUR PM-DEFICIENT SLOOP.



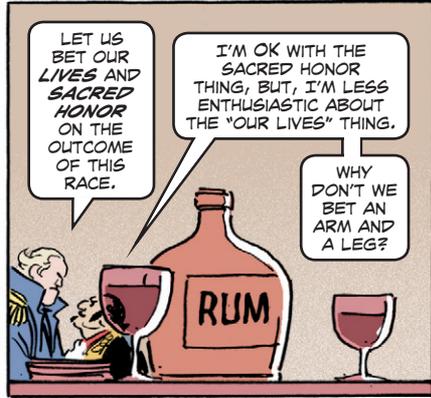
AGREED! SHALL WE RACE FOR PINK SLIPS?

WHITE, PINK, BLACK - WHATEVER THE COLOR LINGERIE YOU CHOOSE IS FINE WITH ME!



ARE YOU *SURE* YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP?

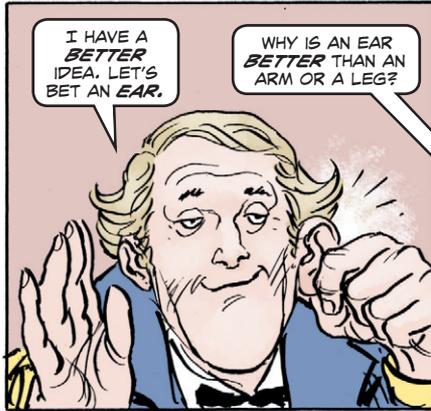
AGAIN YOU INSULT ME.



LET US BET OUR LIVES AND SACRED HONOR ON THE OUTCOME OF THIS RACE.

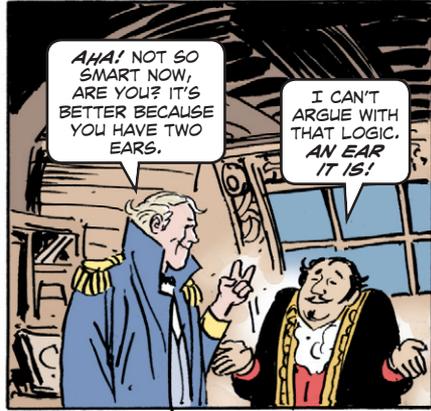
I'M OK WITH THE SACRED HONOR THING, BUT, I'M LESS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE "OUR LIVES" THING.

WHY DON'T WE BET AN ARM AND A LEG?



I HAVE A *BETTER* IDEA. LET'S BET AN *EAR*.

WHY IS AN *EAR* BETTER THAN AN ARM OR A LEG?



AHA! NOT SO SMART NOW, ARE YOU? IT'S BETTER BECAUSE YOU HAVE TWO EARS.

I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT LOGIC. AN *EAR* IT IS!



CAPTAIN FRANCISCO RETURNS TO HIS SLOOP WITH HEAD DOWN...

WHY SO GLOOMY, MI CAPTAIN?



I AM AFRAID I HAVE MADE A *FOOLISH* BET!

I HAVE BET MY *EAR* THAT MY *SAN ANTONIO* CAN OUTFRIN THE *REBECCA*.



BUT, I SEE NOW, BECAUSE I HAVE NOT KEPT UP WITH PM, THAT MY SHIP WILL LOSE THE RACE.

SIR, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO DO PM.



WHAT IF THE SHIP HAS *SUNK*?

WELL, THEN IT IS TOO LATE.

BUT, UNTIL THAT TIME ...IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.



YOU AREN'T RELATED TO CAPTAIN JENKINS, ARE YOU?

NO, SIR. BUT, I DO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT PM.



MAY I SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN WIN THE RACE?

IF YOU CAN DO THAT, YOU CAN MARRY MY DAUGHTER!



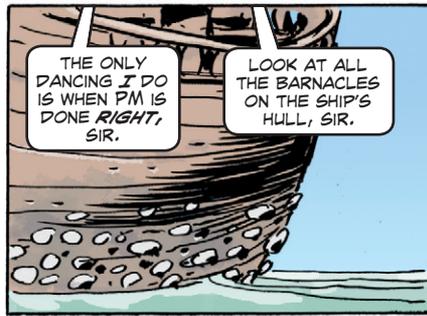
HOW ABOUT I SHOW YOU AND NOT MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER?

DARN!



SORRY, MATILDA. I TRIED.

ARE YOU SURE? SHE'S A GOOD WALTZER.



THE ONLY DANCING I DO IS WHEN PM IS DONE RIGHT, SIR.

LOOK AT ALL THE BARNACLES ON THE SHIP'S HULL, SIR.



IT SAYS IN THE TM THAT IN ORDER TO OBTAIN MAXIMUM SPEED YOU MUST KEEP THE BARNACLES SCRAPPED OFF THE HULL.



YOU! SEAMAN GUILLERMO! OVER THE SIDE AND SCRAPER THOSE BARNACLES!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



IT SAYS IN THE TM THAT THE RUDDER MUST BE INSPECTED DAILY AND REPAIRED AS NEEDED.



YOU! SEAMAN COOPER! INSPECT THE RUDDER AND REPAIR IT AS NEEDED!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



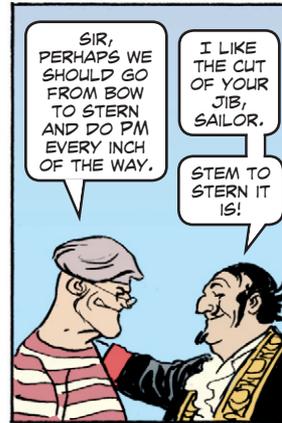
THE TM SAYS THE SAILS SHOULD BE CHECKED FOR HOLES AND THE HOLES SHOULD BE SEWN OR PATCHED AS NECESSARY.



SEAMAN! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

TAYLOR, SIR.

PERFECT! REPAIR THOSE SAILS!



SIR, PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO FROM BOW TO STERN AND DO PM EVERY INCH OF THE WAY.

I LIKE THE CUT OF YOUR JIB, SAILOR.

STEM TO STERN IT IS!



BOW, SIR!



NO, SIR... I MEANT-

NEVER MIND! LET'S DO PM!!



BACK ON THE REBECCA, CAPTAIN JENKINS IS STILL OCCUPIED...

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO ON CAPTAIN FRANCISCO'S SHIP?

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE DOING PM, SAH.

MAYBE WE SHOULD BE DOING PM, TOO.



NON-SENSE! WE DID PM LAST MONTH. WHY DO IT AGAIN?

PM, SAH, IS NEVER COMPLETE. IT'S A JOB THAT MUST BE DONE EVERY DAY.



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

BUT, I'M STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS FOOL CARD GAME!



THE DAY OF
THE BIG RACE
ARRIVES...

...AND THE *SAN ANTONIO* WINS
BY A MILE.



THE TWO CAPTAINS
MEET TO SETTLE
THEIR BET...

TO THE VICTOR
GOES THE
SPOILS!

SWHEW! I
WAS WORRIED.
I THOUGHT WE
BET AN EAR!



THE
SPOILS
ARE AN
EAR!

I THINK
YOU
MEAN
THE
SPOILS
IS AN
EAR.



THE DEBT
IS PAID!

WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?



LISTEN UP!
NOT DOING PM
WILL *ALWAYS*
COST YOU. IT
MAY NOT COST
YOU AN EAR...
IN FACT...

...IT *MAY*
COST YOU
MORE!

*DO PM
EVERY DAY
AND NEVER
LOSE AN
IMPORTANT
RACE!*