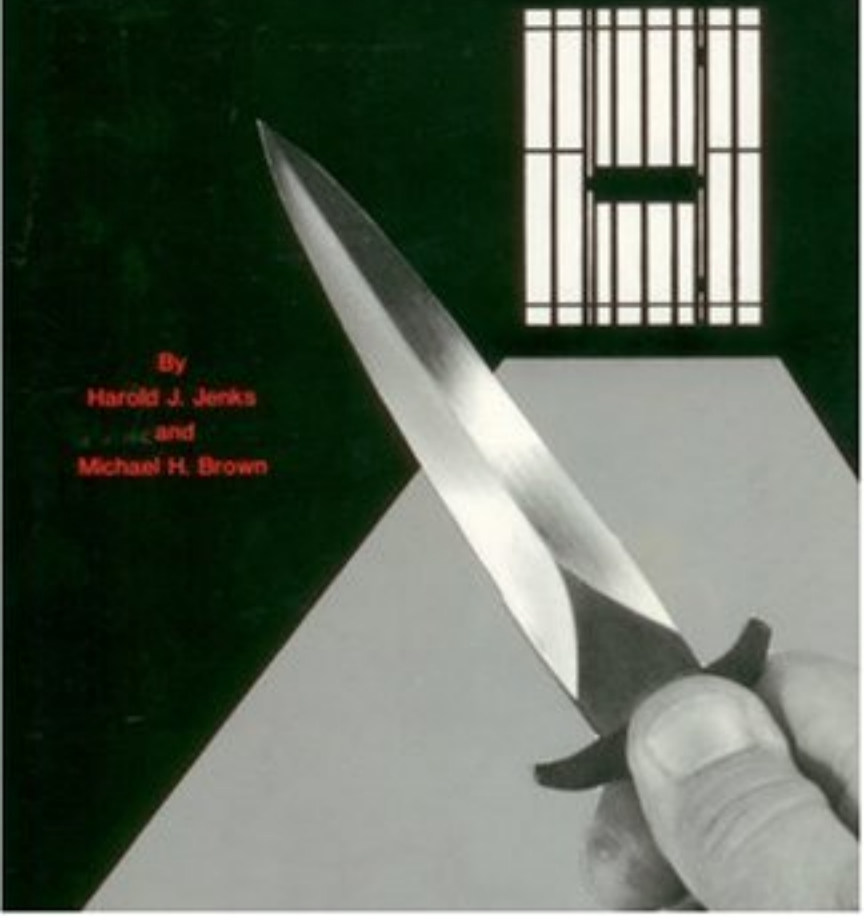
PRISON'S
BLOODY IRON

Deadly Knife Fighting Tactics Revealed



By
Harold J. Jenks
and
Michael H. Brown

AUTHORS

Harold James Jenks

Harold James Jenks practically grew up behind bars spending all of his teenage years in jails, reformatories and prisons. Jenks was not free until he was 24 years old — learned how to fight as a matter of survival. On the "outside" Jenks used knowledge acquired in prison for jobs managing unruly customers in nightclubs, etc. — getting upwards of $500 a day for occassional "trouble-shooting." In addition to knowledge acquired in prison Jenks dealt with knife experts on the streets whose tricks, moves and expertise had been passed down for generations — such as the "twirl" and "moves with the ice-pick grip." Jenks' forte in prison was his ability to command, control and "move" on other prisoners when the occassion required. Jenks is currently the national president of the Iron Cross Motorcycle club, formerly based in Southern California and has served time in Leavenworth, Chillicothe, Terre Haute, St. Petersburg, & NTS.

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Michael H. Brown served in the U.S. Army Airborne, 101st and 82nd (2 years each) 1960 - 1964. Lead paramilitary attack against pro-Communist rioters in San Francisco during 1966. Put scores of Commies in hospital while suffering no casualties themselves. In the Summer of 1967 Mike lead an armed confrontation against the Black Panther headquarters — the Panthers backed down! In late Summer Mike lead 34 men in an attack against over 7500 Communist "peace marchers" putting scores of them in the hospital. Mike founded the Iron Cross Motorcycle Club in June 1968 and served as California president through 1970. Served time in Lewisburg & Terre Haute federal penitentiaries (3½ years) for the August 6, 1974 attempted dynamiting of the United Nations Building in New York City. Mike was introduced to the use of the "shank" (homemade knife) by other convicts in the machine shop at Lewisburg.

PRISON'S BLOODY IRON Jenks & Brown

$10.00

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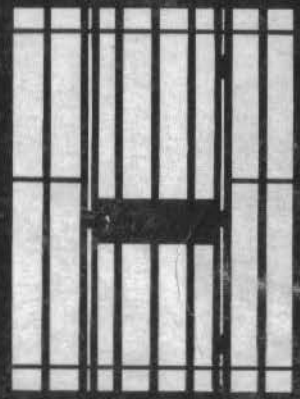

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INTRODUCTION

I'm not aware of any schools of knife fighting in this country, but I graduated from the best, unaccredited, institution of survival operating at that time. It was the National Training School in Washington, DC; the federal reform school. I walked in the door when I was 14 years old and before I walked out again 19 months, 21 days, 9 hours and 54 minutes later I had first discovered and then developed basic moves and techniques with the blade that are still second nature to me. Over the years I've learned a lot more, naturally, but that's where I was educated in the basics.

Security at the training school was such that we never had any street knives, nor sharpened screwdrivers or anything like that. Even if we had, we wouldn't have used them because our fighting wasn't a matter of life or death, it was a sport. Our "blade" was about 1¼ inches long and ¼ inch wide. Square people would have thought it was only the fingernail file attached to the back of a fingernail clipper, but it was our "blade" and we learned to use it well.

Edison Hall held about 60 kids. We were frequently locked up in a day room 60 feet by 20 feet for 8, 10 or even 12 hours a day. The only things in there were two long tables, one ping-pong table and our lockers. Sixty naturally rebellious kids are not about to sit still 10 hours a day in a room with nothing to do. We either fought with our hands, body punching for hours at a time, or we fought with our blades. We weren't a bunch of murderous, blood thirsty, savage children. We were just normal, healthy, bored, competetive kids.

Because we didn't want to hurt each other, and because the fingernail file would bend if you held it by the clipper end, we fought with only the sharpened point held tightly between the thumb and first finger of the knife hand. Victory wasn't determined by death or unconciousness but rather by who had the least number of scratch wounds when you quit. Our only rule was that you couldn't go for the face, and this was strictly adhered to.

We had some good fights, make no mistake about that. I

don't think anybody fights harder that a kid who is "on trial" before a group of his peers. Every new kid that came in had to fight if he ever hoped to be accepted. We learned two things early that help to make a knife fighter good: (1) It is strictly an offensive operation. You've never heard of anybody referred to as the best defensive knife man around, because he isn't around. He's either dead or in the hospital. (2) We learned to take a small scratch wound in order to be able to inflict a much greater one. Pain is not natural to the body and it takes a lot of conditioning before you can stifle the instinctive reaction to withdraw from anything that hurts. This is one of the first things you must learn if you're to survive a serious knife fight.

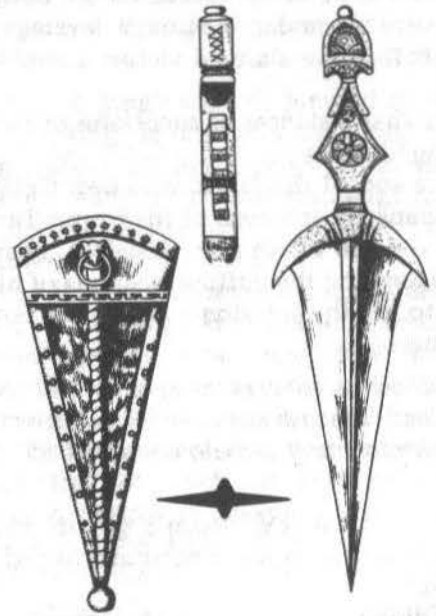
It sounds so obvious, but if I had to list the single most important ingredient in a good knife fighter it would be courage. It doesn't take courage for a mugger or purse snatcher to pull a knife on an unarmed civilian. It does take a special kind of courage for one man to face another, both armed only with a knife.

To determine the victor beforehand in a knife fight with two people who have about the same amount of courage you'd have to know who had the most experience and/or practice. Knife fighting is difficult to learn because there are so few that do it well, and they really don't want to share their expertise.

The trial & error method to obtain experience can be both dangerous and painful. To someone genuinely interested in becoming proficient with a knife I'd suggest that they find a partner and have at it. If they don't want the painful cuts and scratches that a fingernail file would entail then I'd urge them to practice with a rubber knife dipped in watercolors, or felt tip markers. It's only with practice and more practice that you can learn the moves that'll mean the difference between you getting stabbed or just cut. I can't write words on paper that will enable you to distinguish between a feint and a lunge. Only practice will do that, and if you practice enough you will find your body reacting automatically.

Harold James Jenks

KNIFE HISTORY



As a famous man once said, those who will not learn from history are doomed to re-live it. This should be obvious to those determined to become proficient in the use of the short bladed weapon; the knife. Its historical background explains much of what it can be used for — and for the things it can't.

The primary purpose of the fighting knife has always been that of a "back-up" to a larger or longer-range weapon or as an instrument of treachery, allowing the assailant to approach his victim with no weapon visible. Knives were used so often for sending kings and powerful men into immediate, forced, and fatal retirement that the seating arrangements in today's large corporations are an instinctual carry-over from those days. Observe the fellow sitting to the right of the "big cheese" in any corporate meeting; he's usually a minor flunky. The fellow on his left is usually his successor. The reason for this has always been that for a right-handed man

to stab a fellow to his left from a seated position in a crowded room is relatively easy but to stab a man seated to his right involves all sorts of half turns of the body, getting the weapon in position, and not enough leverage to achieve a fatal wound before the alarmed victim scrambles out of the way.

One of the first instances of successful recorded treachery goes something like this:

Absalom, a son of the David who slew Goliath, got fairly bent out of shape by the rape of his cousin Tamar by a half-brother by the name of Amnon. Absalom, being well-versed in palace intrigues and the cutting weapons of his day, set the situation up to get the job done and didn't bother with the "high noon" heroics.

> *And it came to pass after two full years, that Absalom had sheepshearers in Baal-hazor, which is beside Ephraim: and Absalom invited all the king's sons.* II Sam. 13:23

Notice that this fellow doesn't go off half-cocked; he waits until the time to move is right and his intended quarry is off his guard.

The king didn't want to burden his son with dozens of guests and finally settled for sending all his sons, including Amnon. At no time does Absalom mention Amnon specifically to his father. However, he does to his severants:

> *Now Absalom had commanded his servants, saying, "Watch till you see Amnon's heart merry with wine, and when I say to you 'Stab Amnon, and kill him.; be bold and strong-hearted."* II Sam. 13:28

Absalom knew two things, having been trained in the use of the edged weapon; First, one man armed with a knife may not get the job done on the first stroke or two as the victim is subject to bolt or get help from unarmed friends and second, alcohol slows down the reaction time of the imbiber for two or three seconds — enough for half a dozen men armed with cutting instruments to inflict another dozen wounds, insuring the victim will bleed to death in a few minutes even if they miss all the vital organs or

otherwise botch the job.

> *And the servants of Absalom did unto Amnon as Absalom had commanded. Then all the king's sons arose, and every man got him upon his mule, and fled.* II Sam. 13:29

The rest of the king's sons all jumped on their donkeys and rode off, proving, as it always does, that if the move is strong enough, potential interference from third parties is eliminated. Most really successful stabbings in our nation's prisons take place in this fashion even today; the victim dies and all the witnesses flee the scene.

Next in our line of historical examples are the Vikings. They carried a bladed weapon called the Scramasax. No one seems to know what it was, other than a main Viking weapon. Some call it a short sword and others, including several dictionaries, refer to it as a long hunting knife, The Vikings, probably because of their tremendous physical size and strength, were not much on weapons technology and hence ran into a couple of disasters that better weaponry might have saved them from. Most of these problems of theirs took place in the Eastern Mediterranean, where they were not known as "Norsemen" as in Europe but rather "Rus," from whose descendants interbreeding with Khazars, Mongols, Bulgars, and the like we now have "Russian."

Forget the isolated Viking ships you see raiding on the late movie on the glass toilet. Viking raiding parties of 500 ships manned by 100 men each were quite common.

One of their first major disasters took place between 864 and 884 A.D., in a sea battle in which the other side, being armed with "Greek fire" or napalm, gave them a round trouncing. In 910 A.D. the Vikings returned and got their "even" and in the process aggravated the local citizens even more.

In 913 A.D. the Vikings and their short edged weapons met with another disaster. An average-sized raiding party, 50,000 men in their ships, sailed into an inland sea and ran amuck on its shores. Lots of folks fled the seacoast but when the Vikings, or Rus, sacked a city three days' journey inland, the locals had had enough. The Vikings, according to their

usual "modus operandi," had withdrawn from the coast to several islands.

The enraged populace then tried to dislodge them with small boats and merchant vessels somewhat unsuccessfully, though the Rus eventually suffered for their depredations. What follows is a Tenth Century account by an Arab by the name of Masudi:

> But the Rus turned on them and thousands of the Muslims were killed or drowned. The Rus continued many months in this sea. . . . When they had collected enough booty and were tired of what they were about, they started for the mouth of the Khazar river, informing the king of the Khazars, and conveying to him rich booty, according to the conditions which he had fixed with them. . . . The Arsiyah (the Muslim mercenaries in the Khazar army) and other Muslims who lived in Khazaria learned of the situation of the Rus, and said to the king of the Khazars: leave us to deal with these people. They have raided the lands of the Muslims, our brothers, and have shed blood and enslaved women and children. And he could not gainsay them. So he sent for the Rus, informing them of the determination of the Muslims to fight them.
>
> The Muslims (of Khazaria) assembled and went forth to find the Rus, proceeding downstream (on land, from Itil to the Volga estuary). When the two armies came within sight of each other, the Rus disembarked and drew up in order of battle against the Muslims, with whom were a number of Christians living in Itil, so that they were about 15,000 men, with horses and equipment. The fighting continued for three days. God helped the Muslims against them. The Rus were put to the sword. Some were killed and others were drowned. Of those slain by the Muslims on the banks of the Khazar river there were counted about 30,000. . . .

Five thousand Vikings escaped temporarily but were eventually hunted down and destroyed to a man by the Burtas and the Bulgars.

The bladed weapon proved no match for horses and "equipment," whatever that was. Contrast this with the account in Bancroft's "HISTORY OF MEXICO 1516 - 1519" of Hernando Cortez and his squabbles with the Aztec Empire. Cortez, with his steel helmets and breastplates, horse cavalry, muskets, crossbowmen, and disciplined troops

co-ordinated with his edged weapons and their wielders allowed him to run roughshod over millions with only eight hundred men.

Not too long after these misfortunes a large part of the Viking leadership was lured into a bathhouse somewhere in Great Britain under the auspices of "piece and friendship" to be cut to pieces by their hosts, who were not dumb enough to leave their weapons elsewhere as the Vikings did. By 1066 A.D. William the Conqueror had proven at the Battle of Hastings that the Viking tactic of muscling people at knife point was no longer feasible; a maniac with a machete (or its equivalent) was no match for armored, drilled, and disciplined foot soldiers backed up by horsemen, bowmen, spearmen, and various siege engines.

This chain of events shouldn't have surprised anyone. As early as 732 A.D., at the Battle of Tours, a famous Frankish knight who was run through with an arrow remarked, "Cursed is the coward who invented weapons that kill at a distance!," as he lay dying. Things have been going downhill for hand-to-hand combat afficiandos ever since.

Probably the most effective use of the knife as a primary weapon was by a Persian religious sect now known as the Assassins. Basically, their "bag" was politics. The first Grand Master of the Assassins was a man named Hasan-i-Sabbah, who joined a religious sect in 1071 A.D. controlled by a Persian family in Palestine who devoted themselves to the undermining and gradual destruction of every kind of faith by a system of initiation subtly graded for all stages of superstition and belief until the intiate looked upon the leadership as their direct link to the Great Beyond.

Hasan went the Persian family one better. He brought the idea of murder into the political science of his day, not as an insider jockeying for position which, up until that time, had accounted for most political killings, but much as a prisoner might use a hunger strike or a coal miner might use a picket line. The secret garden where he drugged and attached to himself his followers became known through the Crusaders' chronicles in Europe, giving us our word of assassin, or Hashishin.

The evil that Hasan spawned lived after him and within a few years the Assassins controlled some fifty mountain castles throughout Persia and Syria. Their leader was referred to as the "Old Man of the Mountains" and it was somewhat difficult to say unkind things about him even in the lowland. As one professor who did, remarked, after narrowly escaping a fatal stabbing by one of his students (an Assassin, or member of the cult), "Their arguments are too pointed."

The cult survived the Crusades but the Mongols proved to be too much for them. The last fortress of the Assassins fell due to poor planning as they were not defeated in battle nor did they run out of food or water — they were there so long they wore out all their clothes. Unfortunately, the Mongols were not much on scholarship and burned up the Assassin Library along with everything else combustible. Assassin religious writings probably weren't worth much to anyone besides members of the cult themselves but if they ever had any books on how to execute folks in public places and get away with it it would be worth a fortune to the right people today. At one time the Assassins were so well-versed in their art they did a bit of free-lancing and some of them even retired from the profession wealthy men.

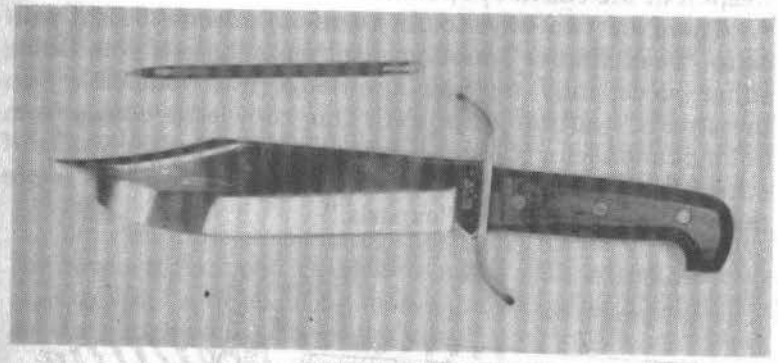
The next extensive use of the knife as a fighting weapon is found in Medieval Europe, known as the Prie A Deux in the French (which translates into something like a can opener) or the Misericorde in Middle English. Basically, it was a back-up weapon used to polish off a fallen adversary since a dagger or knife had no effect except on a fallen enemy, the joints of whose armor might be found and penetrated. It was thin-bladed and the Misericorde was so-called because it was used to give the death or "mercy" stroke to a fallen adversary, perhaps because he was expected to ask for mercy, or possibly because it was Lancelot's (or whoevers') idea of a joke.

The Misericorde went through several technological improvements and by the Sixteenth Century some of them even had holes in the blade for poison to run out when it was driven into the victim.

About this time (the Sixteenty Century) some enterprising fellow got tired of repeated trips to Brooks Brothers to get his coat sewn up because of trying to use it as a shield in one sword fight or another and figured out a system for using a knife to ward off his opponent's blows. How effective this is can be illustrated with a rolled-up poster to make a paper "sword" of about three feet in length and a rolled-up paper of about a foot. Get an opponent of equal size and skill and don't let him use the short roll; just the long one. Then switch "roles" or positions. It makes a difference.

Not too long afterward someone figured out how to stuff a bayonet onto the end of a musket and (though only temporarily) the edged weapon ceased to have any real military significance.

Colonel James Bowie of Bowie knife fame achieved a lot of notoriety for the use of his weapon at the famous Vidalia Sand Bar Duel and one or two other places (unfortunately, what he did with it at the Alamo we'll never know) but the man who was probably the last to use the knife (or, as a Bowie knife should more appropriately be classified as, a short sword) with any real degree of proficiency in wartime was a Confederate soldier named John Hunt Morgan, nicknamed the "Thunderbolt of the Confederacy" and a horseman of the first order.



BOWIE KNIFE

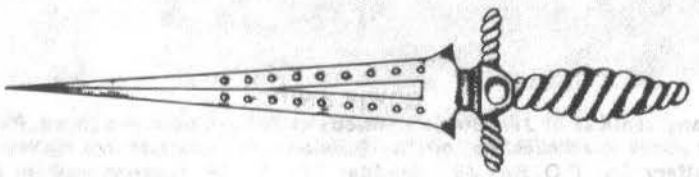
Many replicas of Jim Bowie's famous knife have been produced. Pictured above is an excellent quality Bowie knife manufactured by Western Cutlery Co., P.O. Box 391, Boulder, CO 80306. It serves well for both splitting campfire wood or an assailant.

Morgan's attacks usually consisted of galloping into an unsuspecting Union encampment at daybreak with about two hundred men armed with revolvers and Bowie knives. What with all the confusion created whoever didn't get out of the way more likely as not got shot, stabbed, or trampled underfoot. Not too many of Morgan's men ever got hurt as they were geared for close-in fighting, their opponents were usually encumbered with long-barreled muskets or rifles of one shot, and cranking off a round at the departing raiders very seldor resulted in a casualty even with a direct hit since Morgan's cavalry all wore their bedrolls slung over one shoulder and around their backs — which a Minie ball would penetrate only at point-blank range.

Most of the information available on the use of the knife as a weapon these days is highly questionable since the men putting it out are primarily familiar with fencing and have never even seen anyone stabbed; let alone a real knife fight. A fencing foil is not a knife and the same principles do not apply, any more than a rifle can be held in one hand and fired like a pistol with the same results.

The exception to this lack of information in the Twentieth Century is in our nation's prisons, where the "shank" or homemade knife is the favorite and most easily obtained weapon of the convict population.

There are two ways to use a knife in prison: to fight with or to "Pearl Harbor" another man before he gets you. Doing either successfully requires knowledge not obtainable "on the streets" (outside of prison). Our knowledge comes from doing it and seeing it happen; not from studying the works of others from years ago who had no more practical experience than the modern crop of "experts."



COMMONLY TAUGHT NONSENSE

Several years ago Mike Brown's 501st Airborne Platoon had a summer assignment of teaching M-14 marksmanship to West Point cadets. Certain procedures with the weapon had to be followed. The left elbow had to be held directly under the weapon, left hand in a "V" with the fore part resting in it, right tip of the finger resting lightly on the trigger, right elbow held as high as possible (standing position), cheek resting forward on the stock, and, if firing a rifle grenade, leaning well forward to allow the tremendous recoil to push the body two feet back into an upright position instead of breaking a shoulder or suffering the indignity of being knocked on your tail.

What the cadets learned was in turn quite valid and, if memory serves correctly, one of them earned the Medal of Honor in Vietnam in 1965.

This story can be taken a step farther. Suppose several of the West Point cadets taught what they learned to their sons. Then their sons would try to "improve" on what other men, a long time ago, had often died finding out. Lessons learned at Iwo Jima, Normandy, Pork Chop Hill, and other battlefields would be discarded in favor of "new, improved techniques."

Now suppose that one of these practioners of this "new, improved technique" of blazing away with automatic rifles was to write a book, using these same techniques, purporting to teach the combat use of the pistol!

Hold a .45 automatic in a M-14 position and the slide will recoil back, smacking the aimer in the eye. Do the same with a revolver and unspent powder and lead shavings will cause unlimited discomfort and possible injury. In both cases the muzzle blast could possibly rupture the eardrums.

It seems self-explanatory, doesn't it? No one is dumb enough to use a handgun in a rifle position or for that matter to hold a rifle out with one hand and shoot it like a handgun. No — but that is how the use of edge weapons is being taught these days.

Bear in mind it has been centuries since Western Man's primary weapon was a blade with a sharp edge; whether knife, sword, sabre, rapier, cutlass or similar object. Not only has the art of using such weapons been lost to Western Man, so has the way many of them were designed. One example is the Crusader Sword, thought by most to be a large weapon with a straight blade. That's what we thought, too, until we came across a book titiled "SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS" written in 1934. The author had photographs of a group of descendants of the original Crusaders and their weapons — including swords and shields made in the Middle Ages. The sheilds were about the size of large dinner plates, very crude riveting and "Ave Mater Dei" (the Crusader motto) very sloppily engraved on them. The swords, with the exception of the handles, were of the EXACT same configuration as the Japanese Samurai sword, the curve and length of the blade was identical.

At the time "SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS" was written some of the Crusader's descendants were living in an almost inaccessable mountain valley in the Caucasas in almost exactly the same fashion as their ancestors had during the Crusades (legend has it the Crusaders and their captive women were driven there by a larger body of Saracens who wouldn't let them back out, the Saracens couldn't get in, and the Crusader offspring said "to hell with it" and stayed). One of the ancient customs their descendants kept was the duel with sword and shield with, up until 1934 anyway, the children being taught the use of the sword as part of their local Cub Scouts (or whatever) with occassional live combat on a Saturday afternoon over water rights or other such matters that are now settled in other countries by courts, bureaucrats, or some other form of paper shuffling. Back in 1934 the duels were real, too — men died in them and to refuse to fight was an admission of cowardice. At that time

CRUSADER'S ARMOR, SHIELD AND SWORD

that area was under the control of the Soviet Union and probably still is — if it wasn't it would be THE place to go to learn sword-fighting (providing the Russian Bureaucrat hasn't outlawed their culture entirely as being "un-revolutionary" or some such nonsense).

Which brings us to our modern crop of "experts"; analogous to the characters teaching the methods used to handle a rifle only handing their pupils a pistol instead. A knife is not a sabre and the same rules do not apply; there is as much difference in the use of the knife and the sabre or rapier as there is in the handling of the rifle and the pistol. Use the "techniques" with a knife promulgated by men who know how to fence but have never even seen anyone stabbed, let alone a real knife fight, and the willing but poorly instructed student is subject to find himself minus a weapon and a good chunk of his arm. The Japanese solved a lot of this "improvement" nonsense by RITUALIZING everything they did. The moves of the swordsmen in Japan were learned in combat during the wars which swept that island (or group of islands) during the feudal period before the Europeans introduced the musket and bayonet. Because the moves had to be executed to perfection before the student could move up to the next grade or degree (e.g., the black belt) there was no danger of some yo-yo running off and proclaiming himself an "expert," setting himself up a school or publishing company, "improving" the tried and tested methods, biliking the unsuspecting, and sending them out to get their heads chopped off.

A good swordsman does not need a label to let others know he is good, even today. In a Movie shown the Terre Haute prison (Lightning Swords of Death) in 1977 three Ninja (the Japanese version of midnight-sneakers around) jumped from a tree and are promptly dispatched with two strokes from the hero's blade. The move was so well executed and so fast that Mike Brown turned to Harold Jenks and asked, "Can you do that?" To which Jenks answered, "Hell, I couldn't even do that with a .45!"

Unfortunately, what the Japanese learned about knives was not ritualized other than as an adjunct to sword fighting and hence probably lost forever.

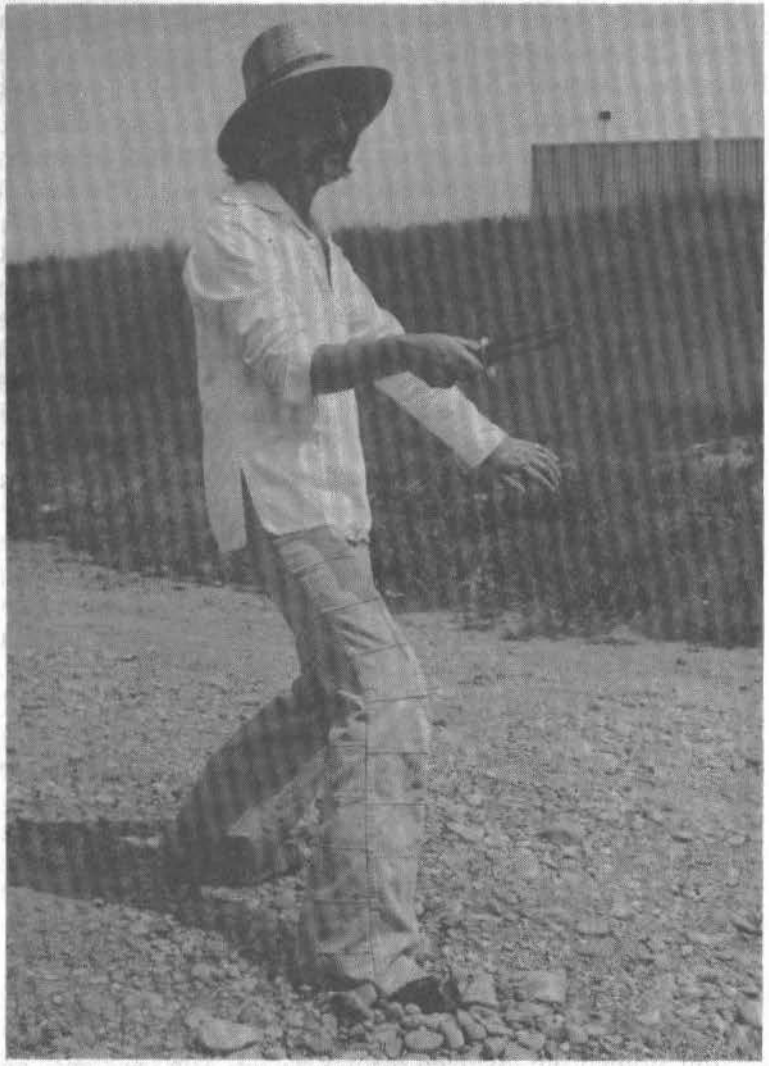
Basically, here are many (but not all) of the premises taught by the modern "authorities" or members of the Saturday Afternoon Knife Club and why they don't or won't work:

1. Standing in the same position as holding a sword, right leg forward, knife up and out. While this is a good position to hold a sword, it is ridiculous to hold a knife like this. With the knife forward of the body it is right out there where the other fellow has a clean grab at the knife wrist, easy to shash, and easy to shove out of the way. The left hand is rendered totally useless since it is at the greatest distance from the altercation. It is almost impossible to grab the wrist of a man swishing a sword around in your face; there's just too much iron in the way and most sword blades are longer than your arm. Back in the days of the knights in dented armor the left foot was forward to support the sheild and the right foot was used for thrusting and standing on tiptoe to deliver the overhand helmet-clanker. What the modern people forget is that a sabre or rapier also doubles as a "shield" or sorts in sport competition. Put a rapier expert in with an accomplished swordsman with shield, sword and left foot forward and the first mistake our modern hero would make would find his head rolling alongside his foil.

   For the purposes of the above we are, or course, assuming the reader to be right-handed. For the left-handed person to stand with left leg forward and left hand holding the knife up and out is equally disastrous — same reasons.

2. The straight thrust toward the opponent from the position described in (1); right leg forward. Supposedly the momentum involved throws the left arm back and the victim stands impaled upon your blade. Actually, this is a good way to get your arm cut off and the reasons why are given elsewhere in this book.

3. Another recommendation is the "head shot." Unless you get lucky and it goes right through your opponent's



The above, currently taught, knife fighting stance might work with a sword. However, to use this stance with a short bladed knife is ridiculous. The left hand is useless because of its being furtherest from the action. The knife hand is in a perfect position to be carved on.

THE STRAIGHT THRUST

The above photographs were overstaged for clarity. A thrust such as this can be avoided by a quick twist of the body. Having avoided the thrust the extended knife hand and arm can be slashed.

eye into the brain you stand a good chance of losing your knife, several tendons in your knife hand, and causing very little damage. The head is primarily bone and more than likely your blade simply won't penetrate (human bone is three times as strong as oak; try sticking your iron through a half-inch board attached to a movable punching bag sometime and you'll see what we mean) and in the meantime your enemy is hacking and slashing away. The neck, of course, is ideal but it's unlikely you're going to get in position to slash it if your opponent has any sense at all and keeps his chin down and body in a "fighter's crouch."

4. The "hand cut." Supposedly this is a sophisticated fencing move that causes the other fellow to drop his weapon and allow the sophisticate to butcher his opponent at leisure. Keep in mind that the tip of a fencing foil is capable of moving much faster than the human hand because of the "whipping" motion involved — try it with a knife and you will find your target is a very small, fast moving object (the fist) that is almost impossible to hit. The inside of the forearm or wrist is a much larger, easier to strike target and the end result is the same. The outside of the wrist should be saved for "free shots" since the large bone located there has the tendency to deflect most anything short of a naval cutlass and your opponent, if he knows what he's doing, may be willing to "take one" there in order to shove one in your guts.

5. The "slash" to the throat. This is ideal if your opponent is a department store dummy incapable of movement but in other cases the cleverly-executed "slash to the throat" is more likely to become the "nick to the ear" or a complete miss. The other man only has to move a couple of inches to get out of the way of the slash you spent a foot delivering. If you're six times as fast as anyone you might come up against then disregard the previous sentence.

6. The "slash" with the arm all the way out from the right-foot-forward position. Again, this is a good way to

THE HEAD SHOT

An overstaged photograph shows the futility of such a move. The head need only be moved a few inches and the thrust misses, leaving the extended knife arm in a perfect position to be attacked.

HAND CUT

Again, a poor choice of targets. The inside of the forearm is a much larger target and the results would be the same.

SLASH TO THE THROAT

Notice how the man on the left has rolled to his right to avoid the slash and at the same time and again brought his knife to play on the attacker's extended forearm.

CROSS-OVER TWO-ARM BLOCK

This commonly recommended defense has one major disadvantage — The defender has both hands and arms tied up leaving his torso totally unprotected while the attacker still has a free hand and arm.

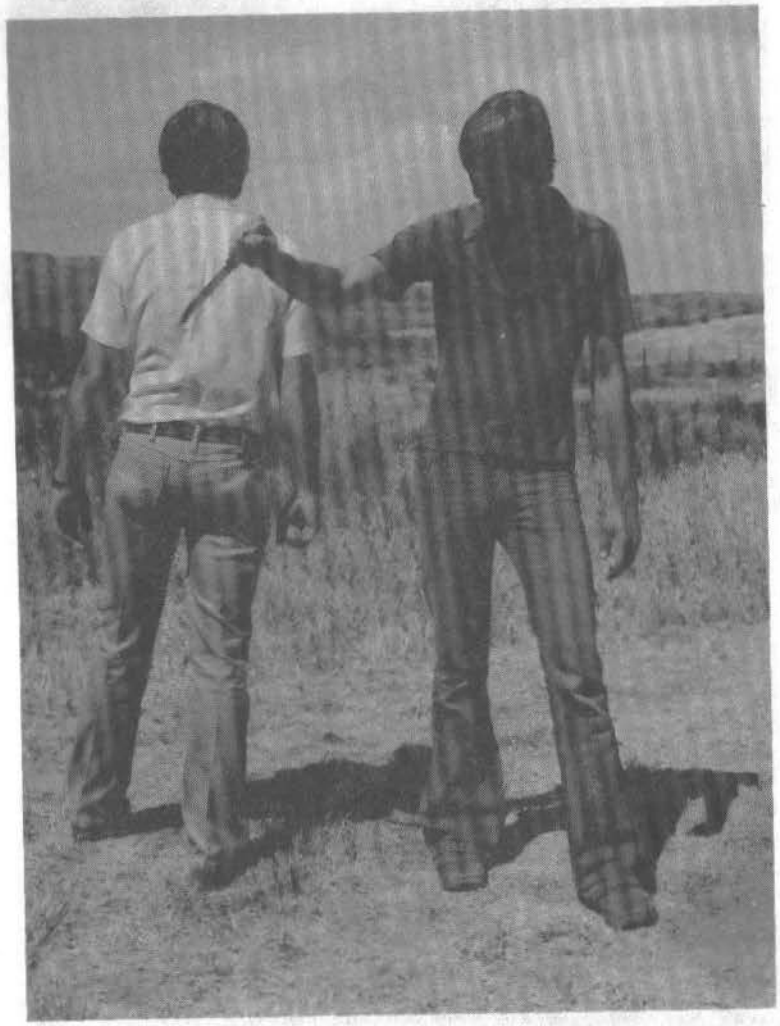
get your arm cut off. With the thrust from this position you may only get hit once — with the slash from this position you will more than likely get cut at least once going, once coming, and three or four times while you're trying to recover and figure out what you did wrong.

7. The low feint, consisting of holding your blade low to (ostensibly) lure your opponent into the same stupidity. this is a good way to give your opponent a couple of "free shots" to your head, arm or torso. This would probably work with a sword on another fellow's ankles but try it with a knife (the entire actual move, not just the feint) and you're subject to be handed your head in a basket.

8. A move known as Passata Sotto in which the knees are bent, the torso leans forward at the hip, and the thrust is delivered with the right hand (from the right foot forward position, naturally). For the third time, an excellent way to lose your arm.

9. In-Quartata, which appears to be the old thrust-straight-forward-from-the-right-foot-forward gambit we described earlier. For the fourth time, an arm loser. Some of these guys writing books on the art of knife fighting must have learned their act from an amputated octopus at Marineland! No human could make so many mistakes in a real knife fight and stay alive.

10. Rex Applegate's famous back-hand assassin's trick. Just try this one with a friend and a rolled-up magazine the next time you're down at the local park. Pretend the rolled-up magazine is a knife. If you can make good solid connection while you are BOTH moving in opposite directions you get a gold star! If you do make the connection with a real knife on a live victim and make no mistakes at all you may have one final problem — when the fellow with the blade stuck in him turns around and cranks off a pistol shot between your rapidly receding but easy to hit shoulder blades. If the victim is as much of a man as some of those we've known he is subject to pull it out and come after YOU with it. Needless to say,



BACK-HAND ASSASSIN'S TRICK

This looks good on paper and has been repeated in so many knife fighting writings that most accept it as the gospel. All we can say is we seriously doubt whether those who recommend this move have actually tried it for real.

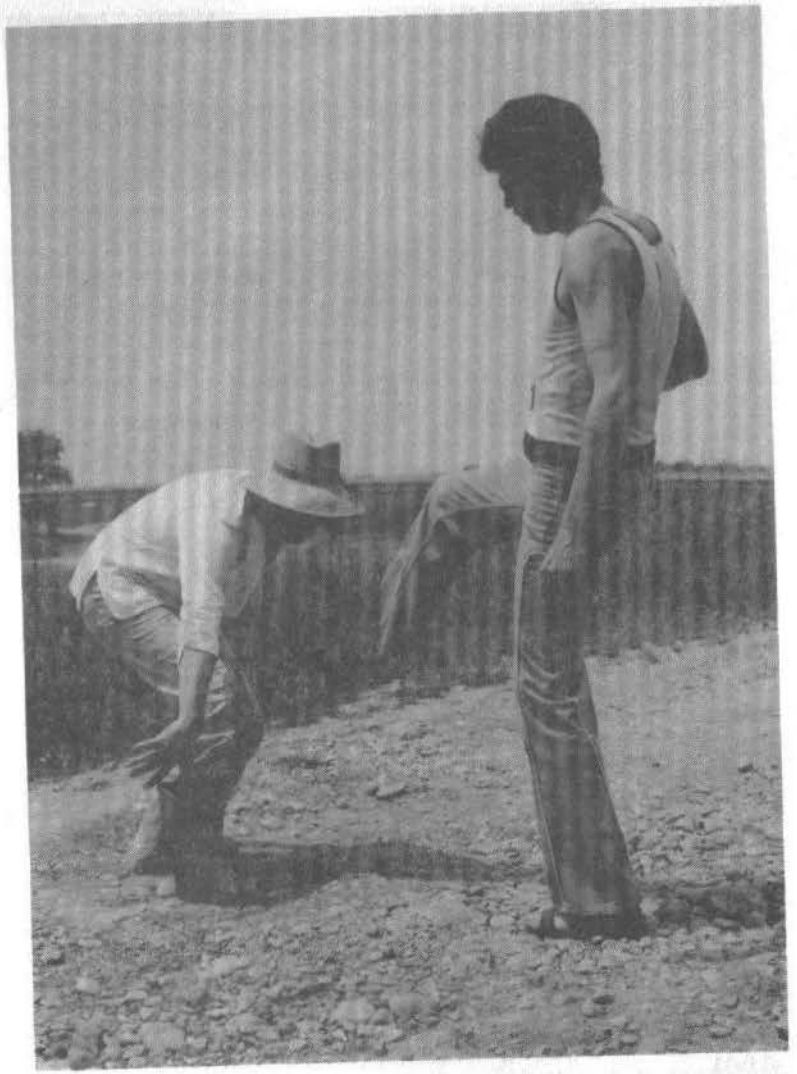
he would most likely be very upset and totally unwilling to talk to your lawyer.

11. The cross-over two-arm block. This is ideal if the fellow has a large club, the attack is from the side and the attackee has a large, vicious friend at his side to grab the attacker around the throat and chastise him severely for his impertinence and bad manners. It's suicidal in a one-on-one knife attack since both arms are tied up in a defensive position and the only way to stop a man with a knife from hurting you is to hurt him worse first.

12. Squatting down to draw a knife from a boot for an immediate altercation. This a good way to catch a boot in the chops. Bending over is equally disastrous as the firm pressure of the other man's hand on the back of your neck allows him to slice you across the back numerous times before you can fumble your way clear. Lifting the leg up makes for considerably more speed but then you're off balance — and people off balance not only are pushed over very, very easily; they have no leverage to stab or slash with enough effect to drop the other man. Once you're on your back warding off blows with arms, legs and handy garbage cans is relatively easy even for the inexperienced — provided only that the other fellow remains standing.

Probably the knife-in-the-boot business as a fight position originated with the Airborne Divisions in World War II. For paratroops on a jump that position is the handiest one — every place from the top of the head all the way down to the knees is covered with helmet, backpack, parachute, reserve chute, weapons bag, ammo pouches, canteen, first aid kit and other assorted goodies. Mike Brown found this out on an exhibition jump in 1961.

First Platoon, Echo Company, had a reputation for being able to move an entire platoon out of an airplane in 7 seconds (or less) on a jump. On this particular jump Brown was less than six inches away from the man in front of him when he left the plane. He looked up to "check canopy" (a standard procedure) to see if his



KNIFE IN THE BOOT

While this method of knife carrying is very popular and is a good place to carry for concealability it is a poor place to draw a knife during an altercation. As this photo shows, drawing from this position is an excellent way to get a face full of foot.

parachute was open. There was an open parachute above him well enough, only it wasn't his! Brown looked down, saw the other man underneath him, and realized he was INSIDE the other soldier's parachute, surrounded by shroud lines. Thinking himself quite clever and clear-headed, Brown lifted his leg up, pulled his knife out of its sheath, and prepared to cut his way through the shroud lines blocking his way out into clear space on the pendulum-like swing back.

No such grandstand play was necessary as Brown swung unmolested back through the other man's shroud lines into free space clutching a knife he no longer needed, couldn't get back into its, sheath, and dropping at the rate of 18 feet per second (standard drop rate of a military parachute), realized to hit at that speed with an open blade could cause complications. At that point Brown decided to donate his knife to a local farm from an altitude of 600 feet. However, the day wasn't a total waste — the first sergeant landed on a barn roof and slid off into a six foot deep pile of manure only to be later run over by an angry soldier driving a truck.

13. Carrying a knife in a shoulder holster. This is a good way to get killed before you even get started. People might get the idea you're coming out with a .45 and even a nervous cop is subject to fill you full of .38 slugs before he realizes (a) your difference of opinion was with another individual entirely and (b) you couldn't hurt him from a distance of forty feet with a six-inch blade anyway. The defensive moves that can be made against someone trying to draw a knife from an inside jacket position are legion — from pinning the man's hand inside his clothing to simply decking him with a fist.

14. The Sneak Attack, consisting of a thrust to the kidney while pulling the victim back into the blade followed by the quick cut to the jugular vein with the hammer grip. Allegedly, this is the method taught to CIA spooks and the like. Luckily for most of them, they never had to try it.

First, a man stuck in the back is going to start moving

IMMEDIATELY and his neck is not going to be where it was a split second before when you started your move.

Second, pin-pointing a second stroke on a moving target (like the jugular vein) is almost impossible and it's not easy even if the man just stands there.

If you insist on killing people in this fashion at least have enough sense to hold the weapon in the ice-pick grip, palm up, pass the weapon over the victim's head, stop at the neck, and pull back towards yourself and across from left to right. It might be advisable to maintain a gentle pressure with the left hand on the left side of the victim's head to keep him from moving out of the way and spoiling your day. Obviously this move must be made with considerable speed since the instant the blade flicks over the stabbee's eyes he is going to realize something foul is afoot and be making some kind of attempted escape.

What most folks don't realize is that even with a cut throat and all sorts of serious wounds to the torso the victim has a tendency to thrash around and make all sorts of racket. Anyone trying to do something sneaky while performing such an operation is subject to find himself in a very embarrassing situation and often ineligible for further CIA SuperSnoop classes due to the bullet-riddled condition of the torso of the stabber.

Most prisoners know the proper way to make a quiet kill is to bring lots of friends, shove a rag in the victim's mouth, sit on him to keep him from wiggling too much, run the knife at least fourteen times through the chest and stomach, and slit the throat before departing. This technique is used quite frequently at Lewisburg; twice in 1975 alone.

15. "Controlling" your emotions. This is a good trick if you can do it; it's fairly unlikely. When you get in a killing rage you might as well forget it. There is a lot to be said for instinct in such a situation; we call it being "geared up." A prizefighter knows the feeling every time he steps into the ring and starts trading leather for leather, his instinct takes over. Yours will do the same if

you PRACTICE. A man with good natural co-ordination, good health, courage and a lot of the CORRECT type of practice (and we don't mean the Little Lord Fauntleroy prancing style taught by the "experts") can pretty much depend on his emotions looking after themselves.

16. If you strike swift and sure your adversary is going to drop and/or fall over and die immediately. This might be true of a TV actor who can get up and dust himself off right after the scene is filmed; primarily because he knows his "death" is only a temporary thing. The authors of this book have seen more than a score of men stabbed in prison (in almost any given year) and we have yet to see a man keel quietly over and die from a single knife thrust. It simply doesn't happen. We're not saying it's impossible — we're only speaking from years of experience. Even men with fatal wounds and their blood pumping out in rivers seem to be able to run at least fifty yards or so before they fall over and die. In one case in Terre Haute a man was stabbed four times in the lungs (fatal if left unattended), ran down three flights of stairs after being stabbed with the air bubbling through the blood on his chest, and collapsed about five minutes later. He was then rushed to the prison hospital and a quick-thinking prisoner slapped masking tape over the wounds and kept the man alive long enough for the prison authorities to get him to a hospital downtown and away from the incompetent civilian staff in the prison hospital.

In some cases a knifing simply enrages your adversary, since, if your knife is sharp and the victim full of adrenalin, the cuts are not even felt.

Now how would you feel if you had just stabbed a man four times with a knife and the other fellow had a knife of his own (the example previously mentioned was unarmed) and was slicing and cutting on you at the same time? In one case we know of two queers went after each other with knives in the yard and managed to cut each other hard, deep, wide and fast FORTY TIMES each before the prison goon squad got there and broke it up.

We've told you what doesn't work and some of the reasons why — read on for what does.

IMPORTANT

Remember — in a knife fight your knife hand and arm become as important as any vital organ in you body. The loss of use of either could result in your death. Using moves that needlessly place them in jeopardy is suicidal.

JENKS
ON THE FINER POINTS

Year: 1956 — age: 15 years old — place: Edison Hall, National Training School for Boys, Washington, DC.

Next to the biggest and meanest boys, the most mature boys in this Training School are sent to Edison Hall. Been here about three months; — got a two-year sentence for stealing a car; the place is very, very boring — nothing to do. We spend approximately 10 to 12 hours a day in a day room with nothing but two card tables and a ping-pong table. The walls on one side are lined with lockers of which we each have one that holds all of our personal belongings including clothes and cigarettes. There's a bench below it that you can sit on, it's called the "back-bench." On the opposite side of the room are the restrooms, showers and the steps that lead upstairs. There's approximately seventy of us in this place. It's about 50 to 60 feet long and about 30 feet wide.

The powers-that-be believe in physical contact, WITH supervision, which means that we are allowed to fight and in reality we have no choice in order to survive. Weaklings don't make it at Edison Hall. The best thing they can hope for is to get out with all their teeth and get transferred to another unit.

Two of you can walk up to the officer and ask permission to fight, and it will be granted. The officer will stand up in the middle of the room and holler, "Everybody hit the back-bench," and everybody goes and sits down on the back-bench. You take your shoes off, get in the middle of the room, and fight. Just the same as in the boxing room, just like the Queensbury Rules — the only difference is that you don't wear any shoes or boxing gloves, and there's only one requirement: you have to draw blood or you both go to the

Hole. At the same time, they're not going to allow you to be hurt seriously in any way. They'll stop the fight before any serious damage is done, but that doesn't prevent black eyes, brused cheeks, bloody mouths, loose teeth, and bruises from the waist up. If you're not liked, you're subject to wind up out in the middle of the floor 15 times a day. And if you can't fight you are also subject to wind up out in the middle of the floor 15 times a day.

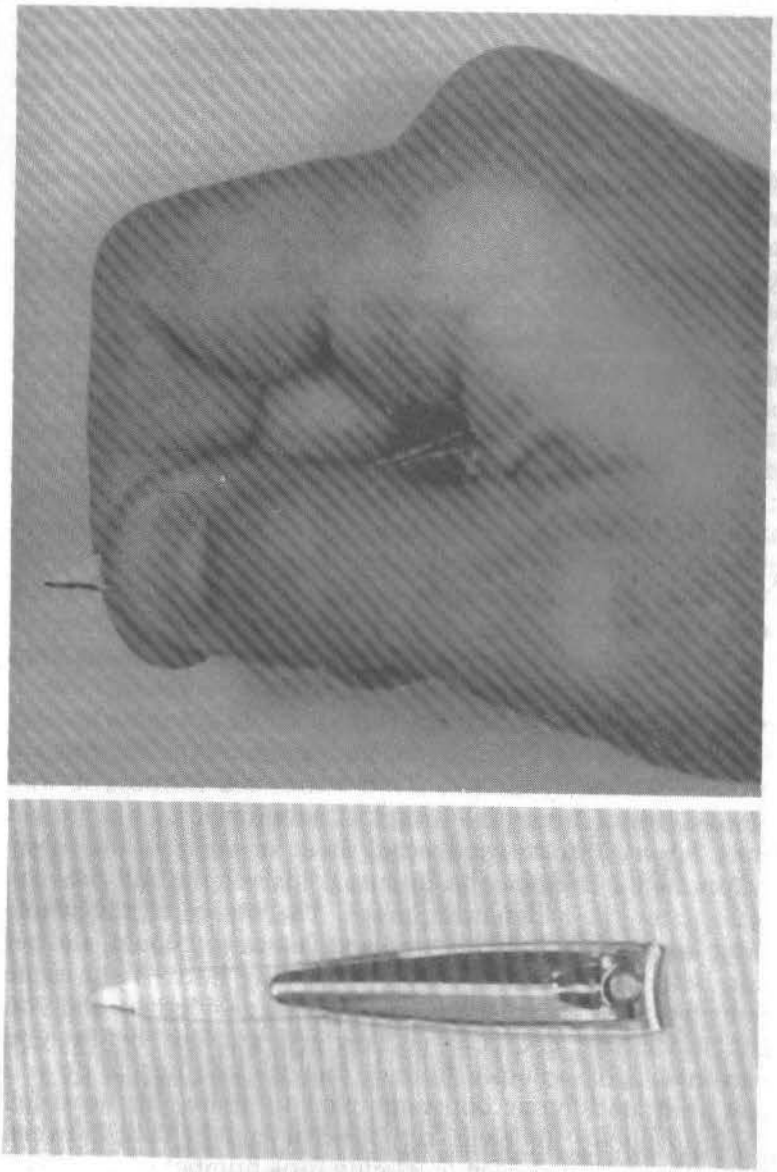
The two legal forms of recreation that we had over and above fighting were the two card tables where we played Bid, Whist and Dirty Hearts, and the ping-pong table, which everybody in the unit was pretty proficient at.

The two main UNAUTHORIZED methods of recreation were body-punching and fighting with sharpened fingernail clippers that we used the same way you would use a knife. It was exciting and dangerous; it tested your courage and skill — your wounds were like badges of honor, and the best part was your opponent always lived and was never seriously hurt. You could always tell who did the best by who had the fewest scratches.

If you notice, on a pair of fingernail clippers, there's a plain tip on the end of the file. That sharpened, is just about as far back as we held. And that's how deep an injury could be if you did the absolute best — which is very hard to do when two kids are going at it hot and heavy and they're both aware of what they're doing and are both pretty good.

I am now 36 years old, and I can still see the scars on my arms and chest when my tan is just right. They don't really show up any other time because you heal very well at that age.

We weren't mean or vicious or anything; we were just bored, and it was a way to have more excitement than even the body-punching, the real fights or anything else, because it was competition, basically between friends. There weren't any grudge matches with enemies or somebody that you disliked. They were mostly with the guys you hung out with, the guys you played cards with or ran with. It was just a way of passing the long, lonely hours. But as far as I know, it's the only school where you could learn knife-fighting, because in essence that's exactly what it was. You learned how to stop



THE EDISON HALL FIGHTING KNIFE
This is the practice knife as used by Harold Jenks. Only the tip (¼ inch) is sharpened. It was held with only this tip exposed.

from getting seriously cut or hurt. You learned how to inflict the maximum damage on your opponent with the least amount to yourself. The only rule was that you couldn't go for the face nor below the belt.

The things I learned then, I've carried with me ever since. I've never forgotten them and they've come in handy many, many times. Basically they taught you two things: defense and offense. And by far the more you know, the more you find out, and the older you become, you find that an offense is ten times better than a defense.

The so-called blade was always held in the right hand. The LEFT HAND was usually OUT FRONT more. You ward off, you protect your weapon, you keep your knife hand free to move in any direction that there is an opening. You really can't take the chance of having your KNIFE HAND swinging OUT IN FRONT of you or making passes with it because, invariably, what's going to happen as soon as you get it out of position, somebody's going to cut your head off!

Using these fingernail clippers you really couldn't sustain a serious injury. We were taught to ward off an opponent's blade with our left hand. Most of the time, if things went right, you would only sustain a minor cut on your left hand, wrist or forearm. But in return you would get close enough to do some serious damage on your opponent; if the move is made right and your left hand covers his weapon, it will, momentarily, allow you to get close enough to him to get two, three or four good cuts, slices or stabs on his body before he has a chance to disengage his weapon and get back into action in a defensive move. The object of the whole thing was to get in, hit as hard and fast as you could, and get out before you had a chance of getting hurt. If the same thing was done in a real knife fight, using real knives, and you got inside and got your cuts in and got out before you personally got seriously hurt — then all you had to do was just wait until your opponent bled to death, his head fell to the floor or his heart stopped beating. In fact, between two of us that had been practicing for a number of months it turned out to be somewhat similar to what you see on television, with the circling and the feints and all that kind of

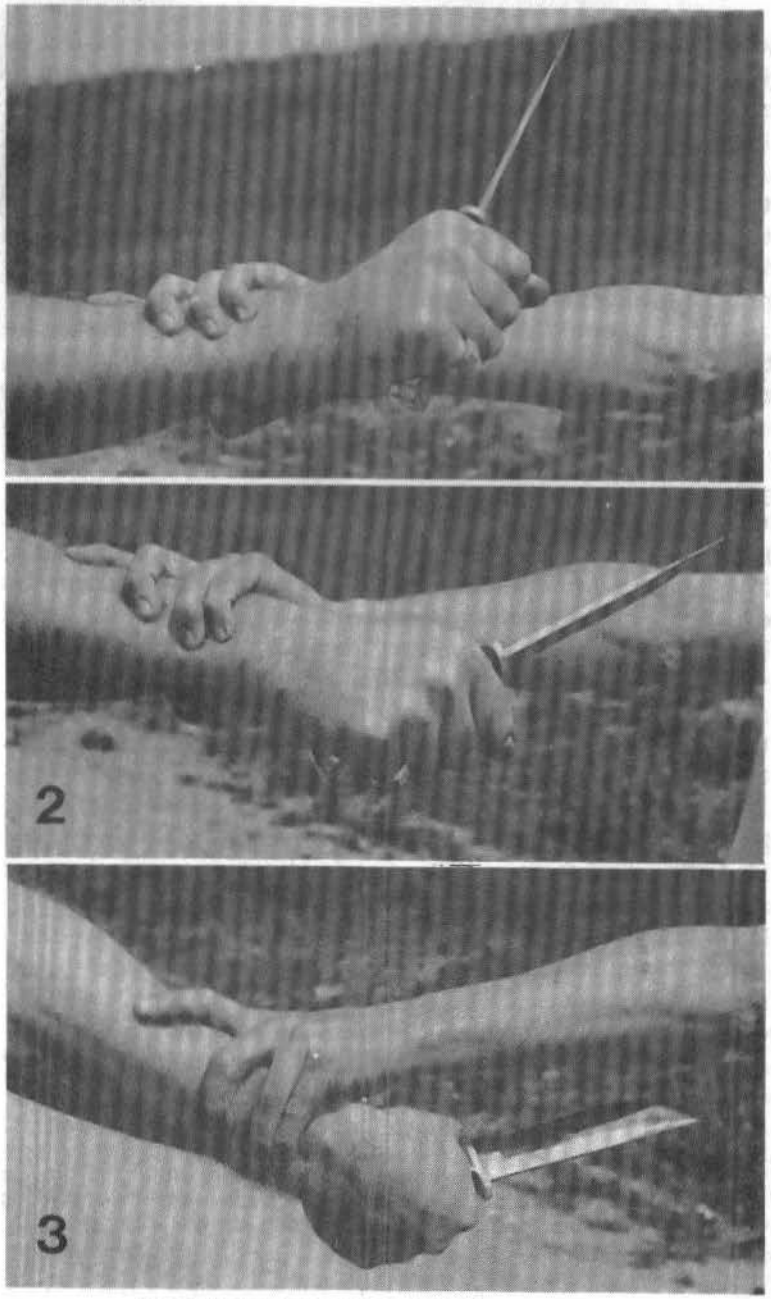
stuff. What you're actually doing is jockeying for position or jockeying for some kind of opening or waiting until the other man makes some kind of mistake and you go through all kinds of different little changes and moves and you test out all different kinds of things (anything that your mind can think of). Every time you make a mistake you know it, because you've got a cut somewhere. Also, every time you try something that works, you know it because your opponent has a cut — like I said, not serious, just minor scratches. But you could definitely tell how well you'd done by the length and the depth of the scratch that your opponent had, or how bad you'd done by the length and the depth of the scratch that you got.

You learned when a man grabbed your wrist how to snap your wrist around and do some serious cutting on his own wrist. A man with a knife or a fingernail clipper could not hold your hand at all, no more than a fraction of a second, long enough for you to snap your wrist around and cut his off. Ideally, what you would want to do is grab his wrist, get it out of the way and move in yourself with your knife-blade cutting, slashing and stabbing, while he is attempting to make his twirl with his wrist to cut you. At that moment, ideally, you would turn his wrist loose and be backing out before he had a chance to cut you.

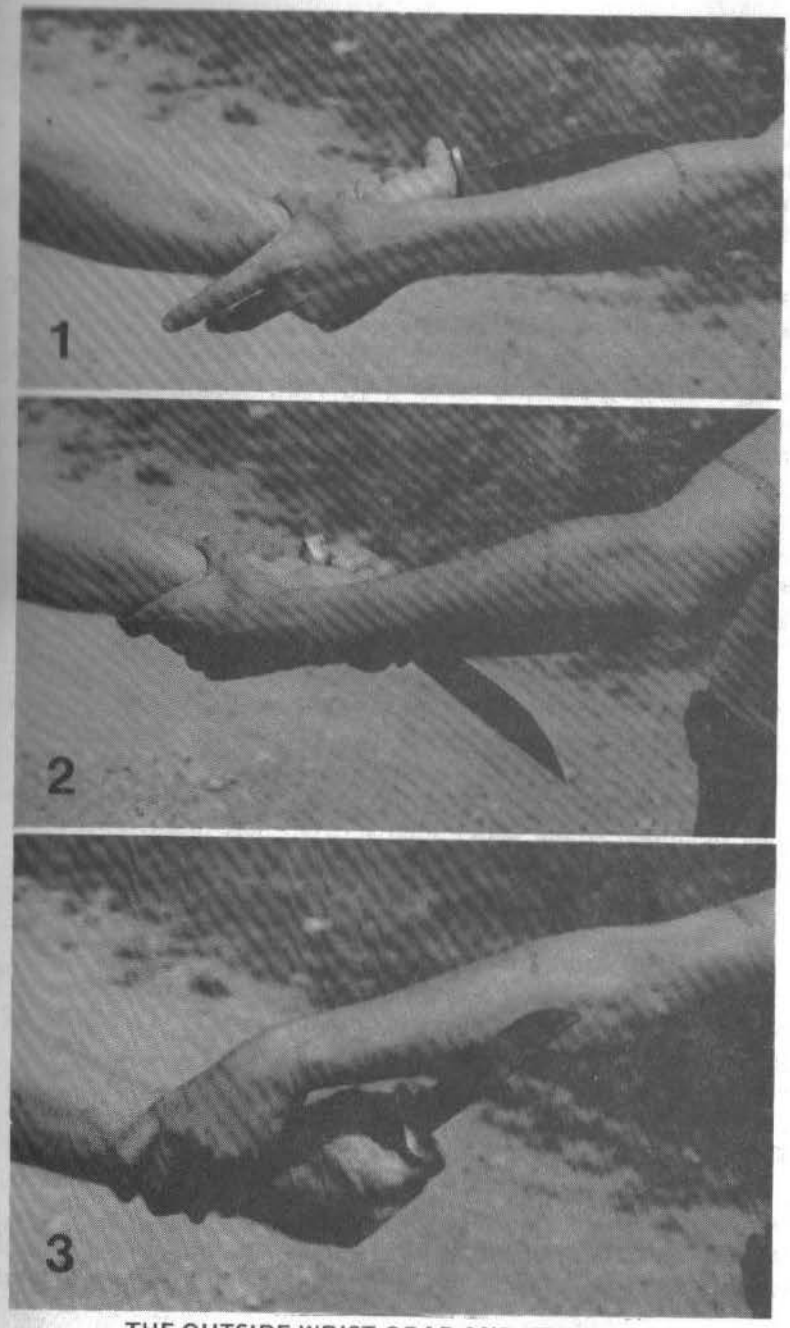
You learned how to automatically protect your vitals, how to put your arm, forearm or shoulder in the way of a blade to stop from getting a serious cut on your chest or stomach — which, by the way, hurts a hell of a lot more and takes longer to heal.

On the following two pages we have photographically shown a very important move known as the "TWIRL". If your knife hand is grabbed by your opponent this move will both free your hand and at the same time, inflict a serious cut to your opponent's forearm.

Since your wrist can be grabbed from either the inside or the outside we must, more specifically, term the move either the "inside twirl" or the "outside twirl." The photographs show how, starting at the top, either wrist grab is delt with.



THE INSIDE WRIST GRAB AND "TWIRL"



THE OUTSIDE WRIST GRAB AND "TWIRL"

Like I said before, when two of us who had been practicing for months got into the middle of the floor and got into our thing, the fights were always even. Size didn't make that much difference. Speed really didn't make that much difference either. Heart had a great deal to do with it and the ability to be able to put yourself in a position where you can absorb a minor wound in order to inflict a serious wound on the opponent, and it worked both ways. Big, clumsy, guys would wind up drilling little, short, fast guys. Almost always, like maybe 90% of the time, the offensive man was the one that won — the man that made the move — the man that MOVED IN — the man that MADE the contact — the man that KNEW what he was going to do and went about doing it, while the other man was trying to second-guess and decide where he should stop it. One of the things that we were aware of (in fact we had seen on television) was switching hands, or switching the blade from hand to hand. As far as we were able to tell, it never worked! First of all, you are always better with one hand than the other. Now I'm right handed and if you put the knife in my left hand I'm not nearly as good with it, and not being nearly as good means that you always wind up getting cut — sure, fast and in a hurry!

The other thing is that when you transfer the knife, it's an opening. If the other man moves right, he'll have your knife hand tied up and be inside and cut you before you have a chance to really make any defensive move. Any time you're changing the blade from hand to hand you've got BOTH hands tied up, so you wouldn't have a chance to ward off anything that he was going to throw at you. The first thing you had to be concentrating on was getting the blade from one hand to the other without dropping it on the floor.

We tried all the tricks that there were — from standing up straight; slightly bent over; all crouched down — the one thing that always came out was that that each one of us had our own natural stance, that we performed better with. We all developed our own little kinds of moves and tricks. Although they were all different little variations of the same, individually they're a lot different when you're having

somebody as an opponent. After you became good and were fighting somebody who was also good, you could fight for an extended length of time and put all your heart and soul into it and never really get seriously hurt, and your opponent never really got seriously hurt either because for me to really hurt him I had to put myself in a position for him to really hurt me.

I was at Edison Hall for almost 19 months and saw hundreds of different guys go through the dormitory. All the kids that did this kind of knife fighting were all within one group. It was not done by a whole dormitory or the whole unit, it was just done by about fifteen of us that lived together. Periodically we'd have a new boy come in that sort of fit our criteria and he wanted to be accepted into our group (either that or he was a smart-ass or a show-off), and he really didn't think that what we were doing was much of anything and that it looked very easy when he saw two guys out there PLAYING like they're knife fighting and nobody's really getting hurt. It makes it look awful easy to an outsider watching. Invariably, before he had a chance to leave, whether he wanted in the group or to be accepted by the group, or whether he was just trying to be a smart aleck, he would wind up being an opponent to one of the guys that was pretty good.

The fights always turned out the same way — Every time, not 99% of the time, but EVERY time they would last no more than 30 seconds! The kid, the new kid, would be cut four, five or six times, deep and solid across his chest, stomach or arms. He absolutely never had a chance because , not being aware of what actually is going on, or the openings that he is leaving, automatically leaves himself open and as soon as he does here comes the old swishing blade and his hand's are tied up for a second and he doesn't know how to snap his wrist to get the hand loose, he doesn't know how to cover himself up and the first thing he knows he's got some maniac on him that's cutting him 40 ways to Sunday.

I've seen their heart and spirit break over the second attack — sometimes after the first attack. I've seen them throw their chest out and say, "Well now, you were lucky.

Let's see you do it again," and invariably it happens. The second time it usually takes no more than 30 seconds and 30 seconds is a long time in a knife fight. Things always turned out the same. The guy that knows what he's doing, that's been practicing for months, DOESN'T get hurt — the new guy, no matter how fast he is, how quick he is, how much natural ability he has or how much heart he has, really doesn't have much of a chance.

The whole thing was seriously frowned upon by the administration and to get caught with the scratches meant an incident report, going to the Hole, loss of movie privileges or loss of cigarette privileges.

You got used to the pain and used to the cuts. After a while it gets to the point that it really doesn't bother you. The pain — it's not that it gets any less, it's just that it doesn't bother you as much. It's like your mind becomes conditioned. Most of the time the ones that did get busted were the new guys that just tried it and really didn't know how to keep themselves covered at all times and didn't automatically keep an eye on the officer. He would wind up getting written up and they'd ask him all kinds of questions like: Who did it? Who were you fighting with? What was it about? All the time they knew it was about nothing and they knew it was just a game — just a way of testing the kids. If the kid never said nothing and nobody else got in the Hole, he was considered all right and when he came out of the Hole he was closer to being part of the group. It was almost like an acceptance. As I said before, there were about fifteen of us in the group and we all fought with him with the fingernail clippers. At the end of the whole thing we were all about equal. There was no one person that was really so much more outstanding than anybody else that he could take on any one of the others without getting hurt himself.

The guys that were a little slower learned different kinds of little tricks. The speed and the size makes a difference in the stance that you use, how you hold your hands, which way you move and which way you use your body. But in the end everyone in our group was about equal.

Sometimes we had kids 15 to 17 years old who came in

thinking that they knew something about knife fighting from the street. Unfortunately for them they were always more than willing to jump out and show their knowledge. It always turned out the same — they never had a chance!

I think the main reason was our practicing. I don't think you can get good at using a knife without practicing on another human being or WITH another human being. There's no way that you can practice on a tree, a piece of paper or against a wall and make it the same way. It is more than just using the knife — it's using your DEFENSIVE hand, which would be your left hand (assuming that you are naturally right handed). It's using your body — offensively and defensively. It's learning how to turn your body to stop yourself from being seriously cut. It's learning how to cut other people. There is just NO way to become proficient at any of these things without some realistic practice.

You might practice with a rubber knife although I think that if you want to really get good it will come to getting a few scratches. However, with a rubber knife you can color it with stamp pad ink. Use one color on the tip (the first 1 inch from the point) and another color for the rest of the blade. You also need someone else who is also interested in knife fighting to practice with. Do it the same way as you would do it if it was for real. By the different colors that you leave on each other's bodies you should be able to see who "won" and how and where you got "hurt" — whether it was a cut or whether it was a stab — whether somebody really slashed your arm off. If your opponent was lucky enough to really sink the blade all the way into you, you should have a smear of both colors of ink. After you become somewhat proficient with rubber knives I think you should go to something that you CAN do each other a slight bit of harm with — by scratches or little minor cuts. Because without an acceptance of the pain, your body automatically has a tendency to back away from it as soon as you feel it. And you really can't do that. You have to ACCEPT what little pain you are going to get in order to inflict more, and a minor wound on the arm is well worth winning a knife fight if you can get to a man and cut his heart out.

One thing that experience has taught me is that a man has NO chance when he goes up against somebody that actually knows what he's doing. Even it both of them have the same kind of knives and if both of them are aware and there is no trickery or hiding or anything, and both men go at each other. The man that has the knowledge is just an automatic winner. But he has to put in HIS fair share of practice and he has to be able to take HIS lumps. He has to know what he is doing and if he does he automatically wins.

Another thing we found out for sure is that if you didn't keep your knife hand protected at ALL times and you left it out in the open or you left it too far out, the first thing that was going to happen is your opponent was going to cut your knife hand off! If he can get a good solid cut at your hand and he cuts off a couple of your fingers, it's pretty hard to hold on the your knife. So you learn to keep your blade closer to your body and you learn to keep your left arm out further in front than the knife blade. You have to keep your knife hand somewhat protected because it is vulnerable. It's the thing that's holding your weapon. If your opponent can get to it and if he can cut you on that hand, it's the same thing as disarming you. If he disarms you, you really don't have much chance of winning the knife fight, do you?

If you took a regular man off the street and gave him a knife and gave me a small club, the man with knife would have no chance at all for the same reason. I would be able to get to him without getting cut myself, and the club is enough to either disarm him, knock him out or disable him in some way without getting seriously hurt myself. Without the practice and knowing the moves and how to protect his body he really doesn't have much of a chance.

I, also, realize and know that when both men have knives you just can't leave your left arm hanging out there for him to carve on, but like I said earlier, it's an OFFENSIVE game, and that in order to win you've got to make an OFFENSIVE move. Since the most expendable part of your body, at that moment, is your left hand or your left arm, that's where you better be sure that you get cut on if you are cut at all and if you are dealing with real knives and real people in a real

world, you better be sure you only get cut on it only ONCE, and at the same time END the fight — which means that you have to get close enough to your opponent to get inside of him where you can do the maximum amount of damage to him with the least amount to yourself.

You hear about all kinds of things to watch. Some people watch the eyes and some people watch the knife hand. Some even watch the feet. All of us from our group (who were about equal in skill) used to watch an imaginary point just below the chest. This allowed our peripheral vision to cover the legs, hands, and alerted us to any moving portion of the other man's body.

BLADE TO BLADE

A knife fight is primarily an offensive proposition — for the winner. Anyone whose moves are confined to the defensive is literally giving away the fight. This doesn't mean you're supposed to go charging in with flailing arms and get your head cut off. There are certain things you need to keep in mind.

You don't move until you know you're making the right move. If a man doesn't leave an opening you don't move in on him. When you run across someone who is pretty good you'll be able to tell, there just won't be any openings for you to move in on. The man will eventually make some kind of mistake, whether you're dealing with a pro or only an amateur. The amateur will give you the opening immediately; as soon as he gives it that is the time to move. If you find yourself faced with an opponent who knows what he's doing you won't be able to move in on him right away. You won't be able to tie his knife up and he'll keep his weapon and body covered where you can't really get into him that easy.

Most of the people you get involved with "on the streets" (outside of prison) can't even be classified as amateurs. They absolutely do not know what they're doing. If you put the practice in and have the confidence in yourself and what you're doing then you'll win without much trouble and you won't get hurt.

We've seen a lot of knife fights since we've been locked up. Actually, they haven't really been knife fights because almost every time only one man has a knife. Every time we've seen a stabbing or killing the attacker usually doesn't know any more about the proper use of a knife than a three-year-old. All they do is stab somebody and they really aren't very good at that. The biggest majority of people who have been stabbed or cut up in penitentiaries would not have

been hurt anywhere near as badly as they were if they had known what to do and how to protect themselves. Most of them don't think of anything but covering up, bending the head, trying to push the knife away, retreating, backing up, or trying to run; in which case, if the other fellow runs faster, the stabbee will wind up getting cut in the back. A man who will stand and fight is (usually) going to get hurt less than if he tries to run.

If a man is coming after you with a knife and there is absolutely nothing you can pick up, concentrate on nothing but the knife. Force yourself to ignore such indignities as a punch in the snout, your only concern is the KNIFE. Try and get your hands on his knife arm and hope he doesn't know how to snap it lose.

If you both have knives, that's a different ballgame altogether. If he can poke you in the nose before you have a chance to do anything he'll be inside and cutting on you before you have a chance to get your head back together.

In either case, if you can get your hands on anything substantial at all (a rock, brick, ashtray, or similar heavy object) things even out in a hurry.

You may not ever get a chance to use the knowledge in this book since it's not something you need to know on a daily basis, but it has already saved the life of Harold Jenks at least once and that's more than enough payment for all the work and scratches he did and got when he was a kid. This instruction is sort of like fire insurance; it's better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it.

There have been a lot of years go by since Harold Jenks' days in the training school. He's older now and nowhere near as good as he was then and probably any one of the kids in that group (if it still exists) could beat him right now — he's not used to making the moves and not used to fighting with someone who knows what they're doing. However, even a prizefighter, when he gets to be 90 years old, still knows the moves even if he can't get back into the ring, and he still has a tremendous "edge" over the average "Joe."

Nowadays any time you run across a man with a knife in his hand you just about know you're up against someone

who doesn't know what he's doing. This should give you enough self-confidence to feel comfortable and feel assured that you have an excellent chance of coming out on top.

Neither of us think we could win a knife fight with a professional or even come close, but as far as we know there aren't any professionals around. There aren't any schools that teach it and it's an "art" that has been dead for centuries. If there are any "pros" around they aren't running around pulling knives on people because they would be in jail for murder. However, there are a lot of yo-yos around who carry knives and do pull them on people. With these yo-yos you have more than a fair chance of coming out on top.

One of the things tried at different times in the training school by everyone there was a straight jab or thrust (as taught by the "experts") — an attempt to stick the other kid, straight on, in the chest. What happens is if the other fellow knows what he's doing you'll never quite make it, he'll turn sideways, protect his body, and his left hand or arm will ward off your blow.

More important, his knife hand will go into action immediately — not to your chest or vital organs — what he'll go after is your knife arm. Extend your arm all the way out and he only has to move a few inches to be contact with you. In a real knife fight this is a good way to go out with a knife-in-hand and come back with a bloody stump, unless, of course, you are six times quicker than your adversary.

In the training school the kids had some real bad cuts and slices on their hands and forearms and got them by trying to slice or stab without making the preliminary move first — **getting the opponents knife hand out of the way.**

The photographs on the next two pages show this important first move — getting your opponent's knife hand out of the way or momentarily tied up. Only after this first move should you make a move with your knife.

In the first set of shots the man on the left is using his free hand to parry his opponent's knife out of the way before bringing his knife to play.

In the next set of shots the man on the left is using an available object to parry with. In this instance he is using a zippered carrying case although any number of objects could have been used.

Another move to get your opponent's knife out of the way can be the grabbing of his clothing and quickly pivoting his body in a direction that gets his knife hand out of the way long enough to use yours.

Getting the other man's knife hand out of the way is an absolute and first, basic move. Do it any way you can, wrap a coat around your hand if one is available to deflect the other blade. In the training school the kids used to wrap towels around their arms. If you don't do something to keep the knife hand away from you you're going to get cut and if the guy is any good you're going to get cut every time.

If the move you're using won't work with a fingernail file it won't work with a knife either. You can't afford any cuts on your knife arm with a real knife. It will cut through tendons, arteries, and everything else. Sustain such injuries and your knife hand is going to be worthless. It would seem like, with a man having long arms, the opponent's face would be a very effective target — like the use of a left jab — but, if you ever watch two fighters in the ring one throws jabs and most of the time they're dodged, warded off or blocked. Muhammed Ali was the best in the business and most of his jabs never put anyone down. With the knife being so short any time you're within range of cutting somebody your whole arm is within reach and sometimes large parts of your body, too.

Any time you make a move with a blade try for economy of movement. If you're slicing from left to right your next move is a slice from right to left. Whatever you're doing should be a continuous movement, coming in, backing out, or moving sideways. You don't let your body or your knife hand remain motionless for any length of time. Real life isn't like the late show on TV with carefully choreographed moves by the director and lots of spectacular moves performed slowly enough to keep the viewers from missing anything. Real life is more like a catfight — all the spectators see is blood and flying fur.

Whether you're playing or fighting for your life anything you can get in or around your left hand is an advantage. Even a light book to block with will help, an ashtray, or anything at all. You don't want anything too heavy to slow up your speed. Anything you can grab with your left hand, grab it! If the object is not suitable for protection throw it at him. Throw it at his face, throw it at his knife hand, or anywhere

to make him move and do something out of the norm to allow you to get close enough to use your own knife. Out in the open try to pick up some dirt if nothing else is available, and use it to attract his attention away from what you're trying to do with your knife. Picking up dirt was improved upon by one man at San Quentin who knew that the man he was facing also knew that trick.

Instead of putting himself in the position of having to stoop down and give away his move, he filled his pockets full of pepper in the prison mess hall, walked out on the yard with his iron, and threw the pepper in the other man's face. The other man didn't have a chance. This is something you might want to keep in mind the next time you're in downtown Chicago, where dirt is not available by the handfull.

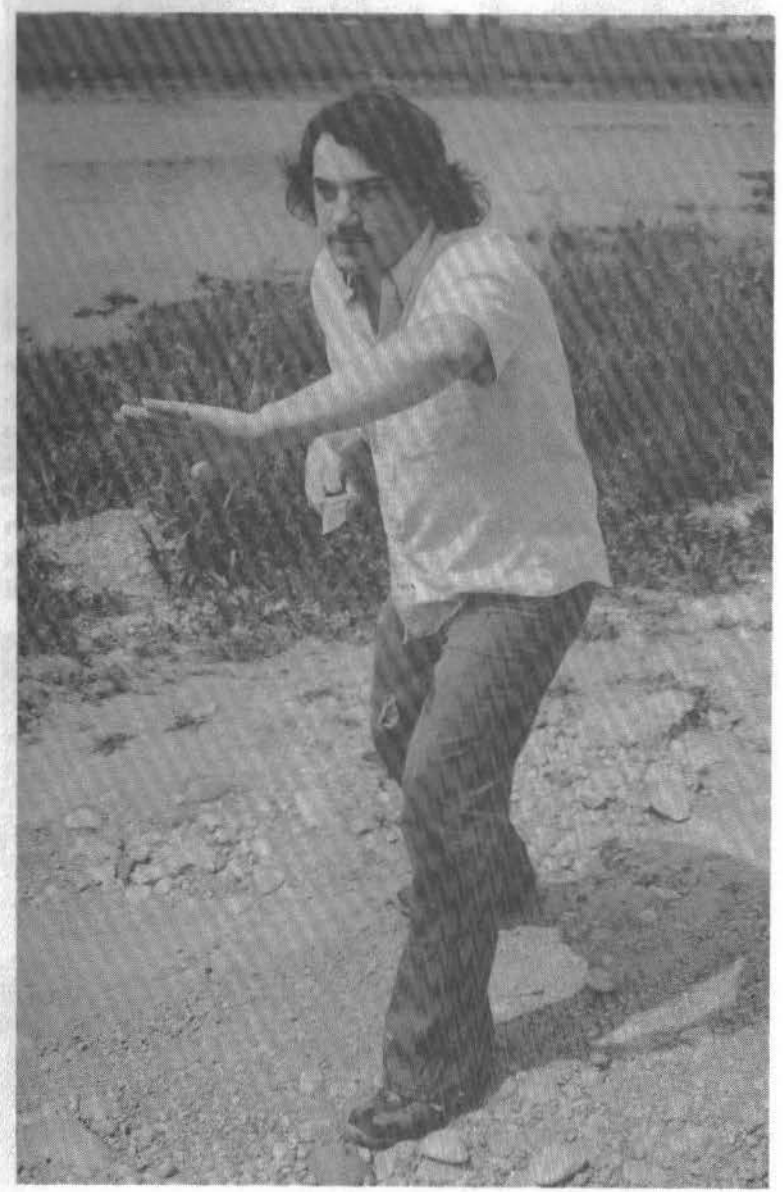
Do anything possible to make your opponent aware of your left hand, fake a throw with the dirt or pepper, or throw it so he has to duck to keep from being momentarily blinded. Your primary worry is his knife hand and the object is to, one way or another, get his knife in a position where it can't cut you for an instant. When you get it in that position that is where you want to make your move. It doesn't make any difference how you achieve getting his knife hand out of the way, it simply has to be done. Again, that's an absolute!

It really doesn't do you any good if you kill each other and it's a hollow, shallow victory if you kill your adversary and, at the same time, he cuts your arm off or makes it useless for the rest of your life. With a fingernail file you can take dozens of cuts and punctures — a lot of punishment — but in a real knife fight the cuts would be too serious. You'd be maimed in some way. The moves and concepts with the fingernail file are identical: protect your vital organs and take the smallest amount of punishment that you can in order to inflict the MOST that you can on the man you're fighting.

Another thing to keep in mind is that knife cuts are usually not painful. A toothache or having the fingers and toes smashed hurts much worse. In addition to not hurting much, cuts are easy to care for, they're easy to clean, and they heal up very well. Stab wounds are a lot different but cuts, even if they're deep and wide, you know at once how

serious they are. You know if the tendons have been cut or whether an artery has been sliced and if you get cut on the arm and you can still move all your fingers and you don't see any pulsating blood coming out of the cut it's not serious, even if it does look ghastly.

STANCE & STYLE

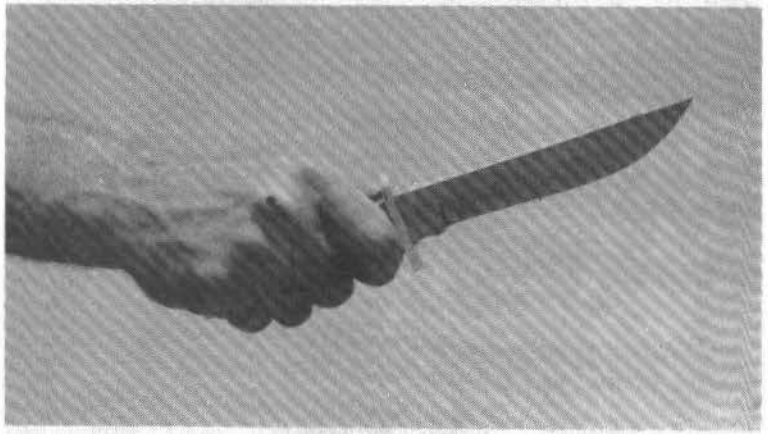


No one can teach you a "style" with a knife, all we can do is show you the moves and with practice, you'll pick up a way of doing things all on your own. No one taught any of the heavyweight boxing champions their style, they simply learned the basics and went from there to become sluggers, skilled, or trap-setters; sometimes a combination. Mostly what a prizefighter does is PRACTICE.

If the fingernail file is a bit too painful to start with try a couple of rolled-up magazines. Especially if you, the reader, are a girl. We don't want you looking like you've been in a catfight when we come around to autograph your book. . . .

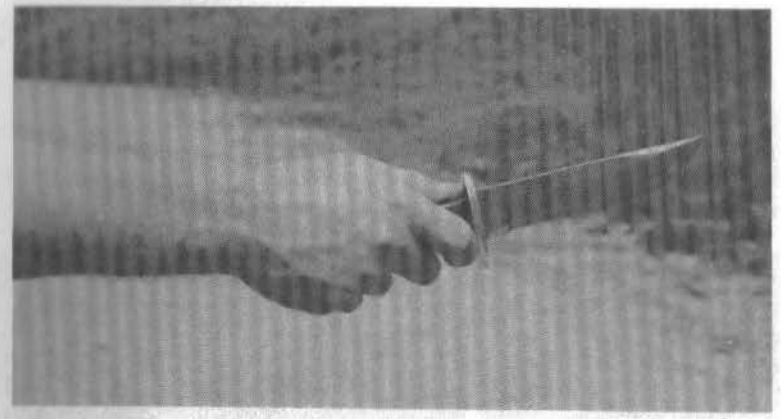
The stance should be something you fall into easily and automatically. Left foot forward, left arm out to ward off blows or grab the other man by the coat or arm and move him in the desired direction, chin tucked in (but not exaggerated), torso leaning forward slightly and hunched over to protect it. Try it — it should feel natural — it's an almost instinctive "fighter's crouch."

Try the "right foot and knife hand forward" position taught by the "experts" with the same rolled-up magazines and you'll see the insanity of such a stance. Try it in a real knife fight and somebody will have to pick up your pieces!



RECOMMENDED GRIP

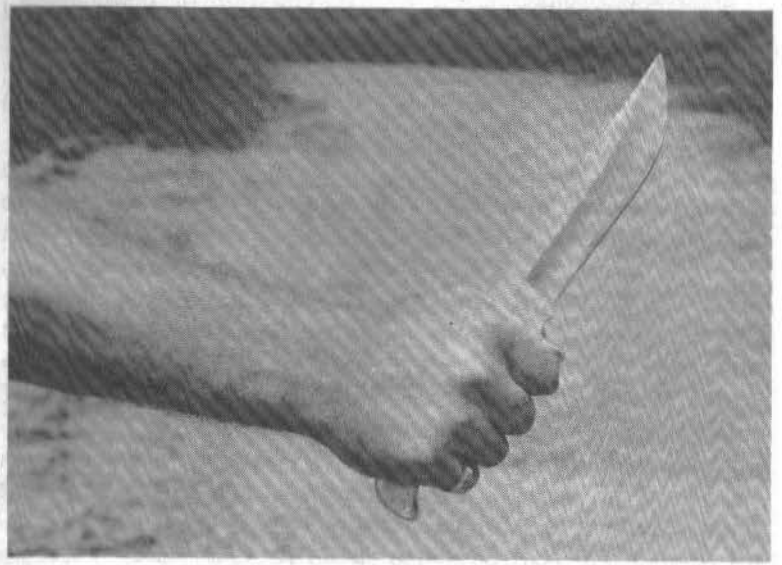
For another view of this grip refer to the picture on the preceding page.

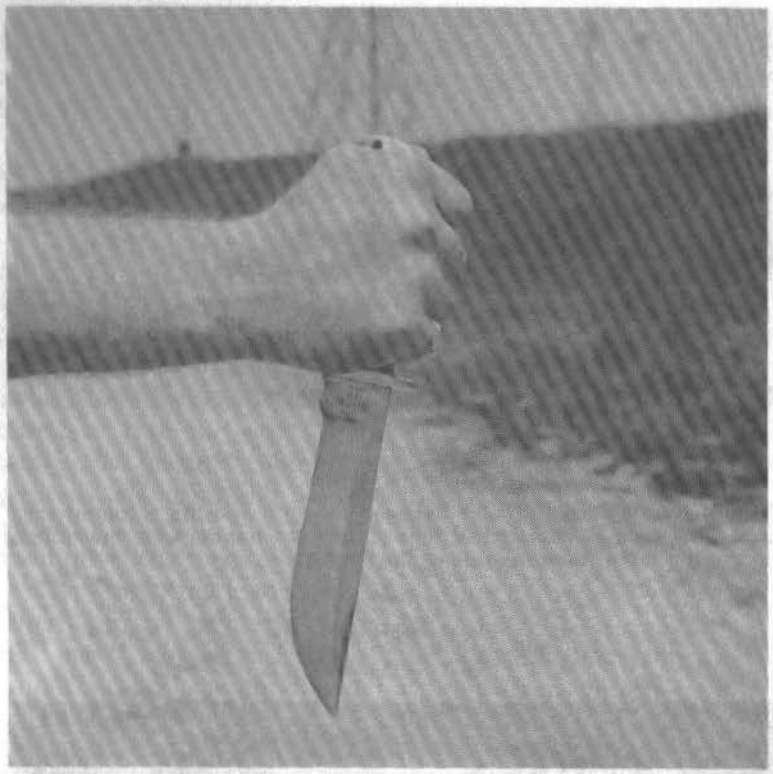


SABRE GRIP

Carefully note the difference between this grip and the recommended grip. The hand is wrapped further around the handle with the thumb on the top rather than the side of the handle.

HAMMER GRIP





ICE PICK GRIP

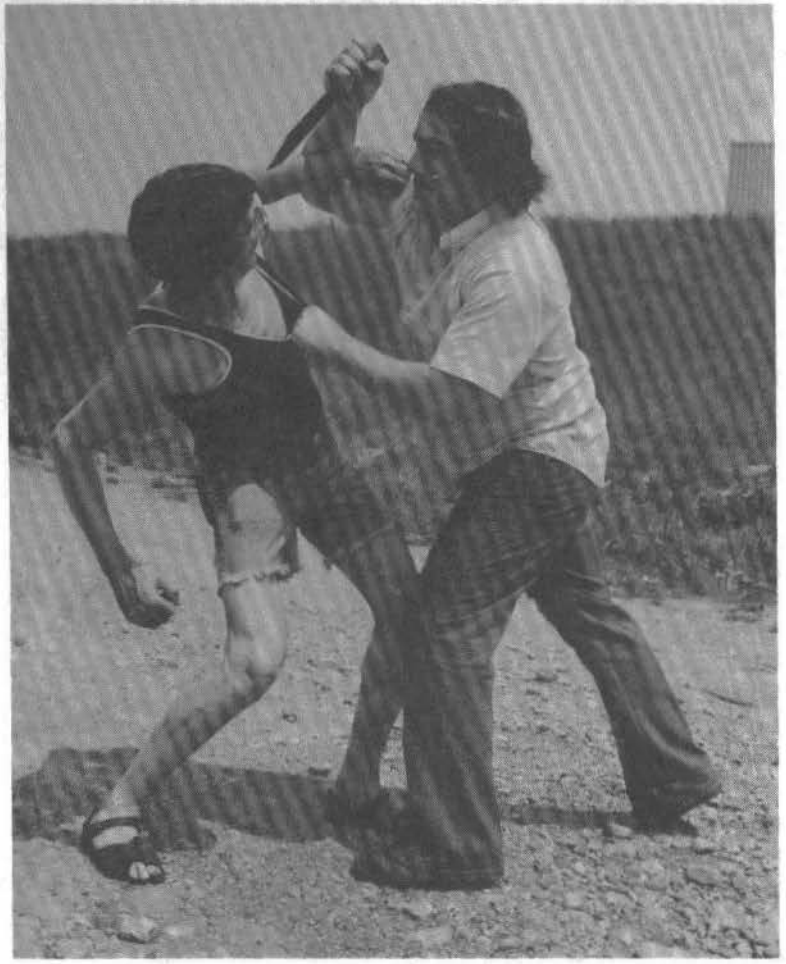
Before you repeat any of the cliches about this being the grip of an amateur, read about it in the chapter entitled "Moves With the Ice Pick Grip."

MOVES WITH THE ICE PICK GRIP

Supposedly, according to some of the "experts," the ice-pick grip is the mark of an amateur. It was the typical Indian fighting grip and there either must have been something to it or the Indians caught on awfully slow. According to the "experts" moves in that position were limited and the Mountain Men could have done them in every time with the regular "sabre" grip. Somebody forgot a minor detail or two!

First, the American Indian had a reputation for treachery that made such a grip ideal, as we shall illustrate. Second, given the Indian penchant for fighting in close quarters involving large numbers of men such a grip makes even more sense. In a crush of bodies with the combatants packed backside to elbow, folks grabbing each other from behind, in front, and from the side. With smoke, dust, gunpowder, blood and flying horse manure the standard grip almost becomes impractical.

The downward stroke with the knife is known to everyone. For punching through heavy clothing, leather, some armor, and similar things, it is relatively effective. Unfortunately, its effectiveness depends to a large extent on whether one's adversary is sliding off a horse and horizontal to the ground, allowing the blow to be delivered straight down to the torso. Theoretically a killing blow can be delivered to a standing individual by aiming at the large artery in the neck. The problem here is that folks having large, visible knives descending on them have a tendency to do all sorts of aim-spoiling little manuevers; not the least of which is stepping half a foot or even an inch or two forward or backward, causing the blade to glance off a shoulder blade, collarbone, or rib of some sort. A blow, delivered from the rear to the



What started out as a killing blow to the neck artery is running amuck. Large, descending knives cause people to do all sorts of aim spoiling manuevers.

victim's back, is not advisable unless the blade is at least six inches long. A short-bladed knife stuck in a man's back often merely causes a stinging sensation and no end of complications if the other fellow is armed and the assailant's weapon is out of reach in the victim's back.

One use of the knife in the ice-pick grip is as a club, bringing the pommel up vigoruosly to the opponent's jaw. As they teach in the use of the bayonet; try to stab the soft spots and club the hard ones.

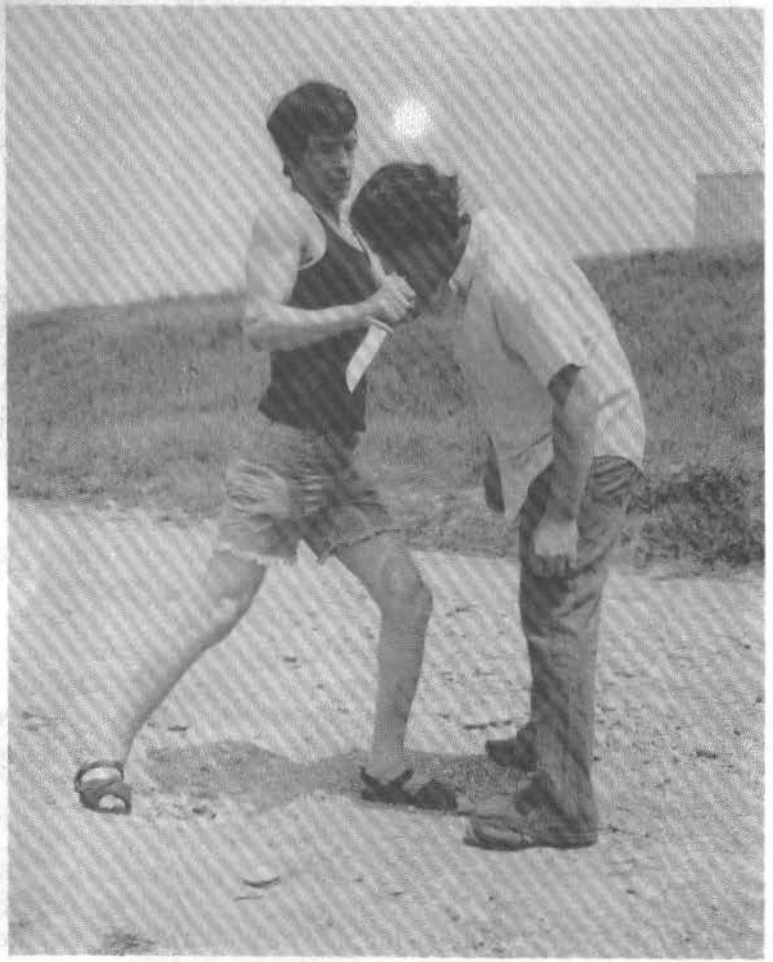
Another use is the stab to the rear. The problem with using a knife is that the victim's friends can get close enough to terminate the debate by grabbing the arms from the rear and pinning them to the sides. This doesn't work with the ice pick grip since the grabbee is then in an excellent position to slice off the gonads, some thigh muscle and other bits and pieces of the grabber's anatomy.

A third use is to be able to carry an unsheathed dagger through a crowd without being obvious about it, keeping the blade parallel with the wrist and the handle cupped in the palm, making it invisible to all but the most observant and ready for instant use.

From this grip a number of unique and very effective moves can be made. Bear in mind the blade is not readily observable and other folks would think the carrier unarmed. These moves are especially effective against rapists and other characters who go grabbing other people in attempts to drag them off.

The first move is the wrist grab; its success is dependent upon the attacker grabbing the (armed) attackee's wrist. As the attacker's hand closes over the wrist the attackee's hand is moved quickly in the direction of the bicep, thumb uppermost. Even if done in the most amateurish fashion the tendons in the attacker's hand stand a good chance of being cut clean in two; totally immobilizing that hand and more than likely causing him to grasp the wrist of the injured hand in an instinctual effort to stop the bleeding and pain. Usually a fellow in such a position is in more of a hurry to get medical help than to finish what he started.

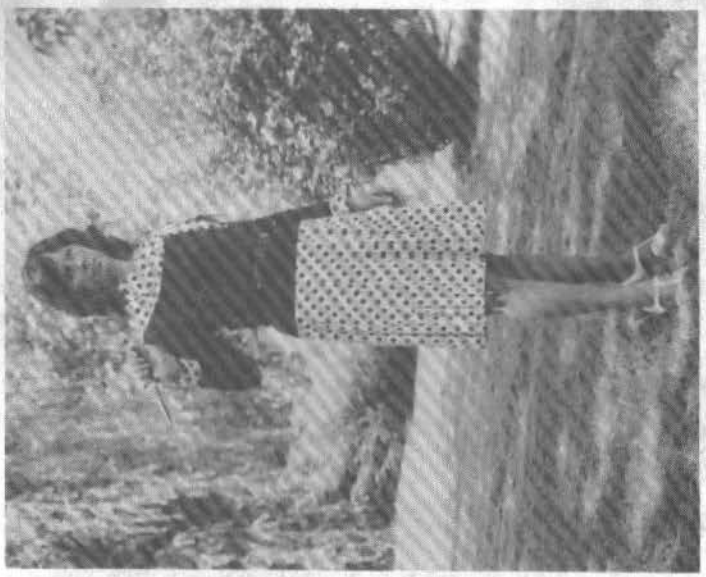
If the attacker grabs the wrong wrist the rocking slash



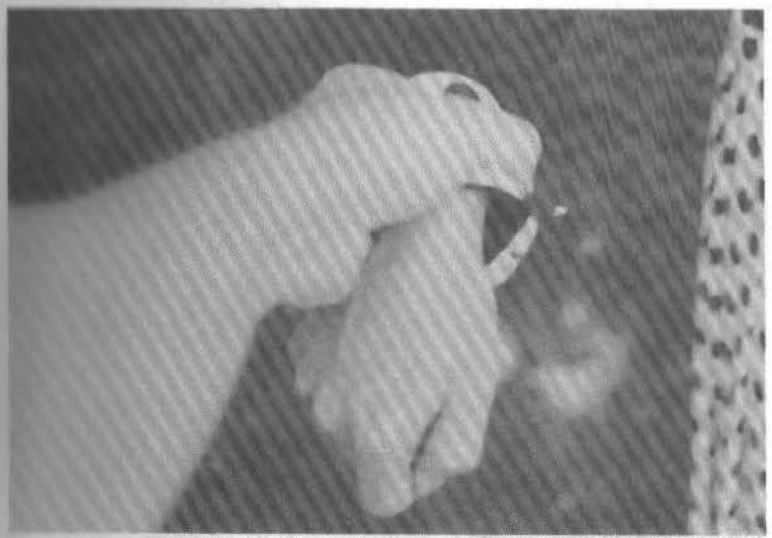
One use of the knife held in the ice pick grip is as a club, bringing the pommel up into the opponent's jaw.

This Lady has a knife in her hand . . . . . .

. . . . . and you won't see it unless she wants you to!



She is carrying a dagger concealed thusly . . . . . which can be brought into use by a flick of the wrist.



In the photograph above our well prepared lady has her wrist grabbed by an assailant who wants her to accompany him to place or places that she doesn't care to go.

To better get the message across to her ill mannered assailant that she wants no part of him, all she has to do is rotate her wrist as shown above. With any luck at all our ill mannered friend will have several badly cut fingers with the possibility of a few cut tendons thrown in.

Instead of running as expected our gal, shown above, quickly positions herself to drive her Gerber Mark II into the creep's gut — only by this time he has decided that her company isn't as desirable as he thought.

This assailant wasn't smart enough to run and is about to take one in the midsection from this gal who is determined to make the point clear that she wants him to leave her alone.

across the chest can be used with the (armed) free hand. As long as the hand can be put between the torso of the attacker and attackee the blade can be rocked back and forth by wrist action, cutting deep, wide and painful. Normally anyone getting chewed up in this fashion will let go in a hurry. The wounds inflicted usually aren't anywhere near fatal but they are spectacular. Blood seeps and drips everywhere and even sends uninvolved third parties scrambling for safety. If the attacker leaves his throat exposed, cut it. Most folks don't and a slash to the jaw or chin is relatively ineffective.

Once the attacker lets go a half-turn can be executed, retaining the ice-pick grip, and the large muscles of the upper back used to drive the iron in as far as it will go. Most men don't expect this as a half-turn is the movement normally performed to flee (from the cops, rapist or whatever) and are not expecting the erstwhile victim to lean back and drive a knife in up to the hilt. This is about the only grip and method that will drive a blade all the way through the rib cage. If the fellow's arm gets in the way just yank it out and try again. Be sure to keep a good grip on the handle as all the blood running about will tend to make it somewhat slippery.

From the upward limit of this stroke the knife is now brought back from left to right in a stabbing move to his throat area.

If the assailant grabs her left arm the knife can be brought up from the concealed position, in a right to left rocking motion, cutting him across the chest.

Our assailant wised up and tried to attack this girl by grabbing her from the rear. She swings her dagger down from the concealed position and is about to go to work on the family jewels.

Don't be overly concerned about fingerprints. Unless a Bowie is used and/or the stabbee gets hit in the heart he will live and snitch anyway. In the case of attempted rape, who cares? Let the creep croak if at all possible. Meaning: if there are witnesses, drive to the hospital or police station to get help. Take the scenic route, it takes a few minutes to bleed to death and a quick telephone call might prevent it.

UNARMED DEFENSES

It is common knowledge among the "street wise" that a small person is better off with a knife as opposed to a large person who is better off with a club. Large people with knives and small people with clubs are generally classed as amateurs. And an amateur can be disarmed even if he does have a knife. As we have stated elsewhere professionals with knives are so rare you really don't have to be concerned with them.

As we have also stated elsewhere, controlling the knife hand is the most important move that has to be made. There are several options available to a victim larger or the same size as the man with the knife. There are only a couple available to someone smaller and weaker than the man with the knife.

A number of interesting things can be done once the knife wrist is gotten ahold of. One of these was done a number of years ago by Mike Brown when another man smaller than he was went after him with a knife. The man lunged with the knife, Brown grabbed him right hand to right wrist, pulled him forward, and slid into a full nelson, lifting the knife weilder off the ground and keeping an eye on the blade at the same time. The knife man knew he was playing a losing game and dropped his weapon to keep from getting hurt. The full nelson, though it is a very simple and unexotic hold, is deadly if applied with much force. It is not permitted in AAU wrestling for the reason that a number of men have been paralyzed from the neck down because of that hold, a "snap" of the holder's arms and all the nerves in the neck separate from the spinal cord.

The figure-four armlock used in professional wrestling can be used for overhand attacks where the victim does not want to injure the prospective stabber, as in domestic disputes. For those who want to disable the attacker and cause

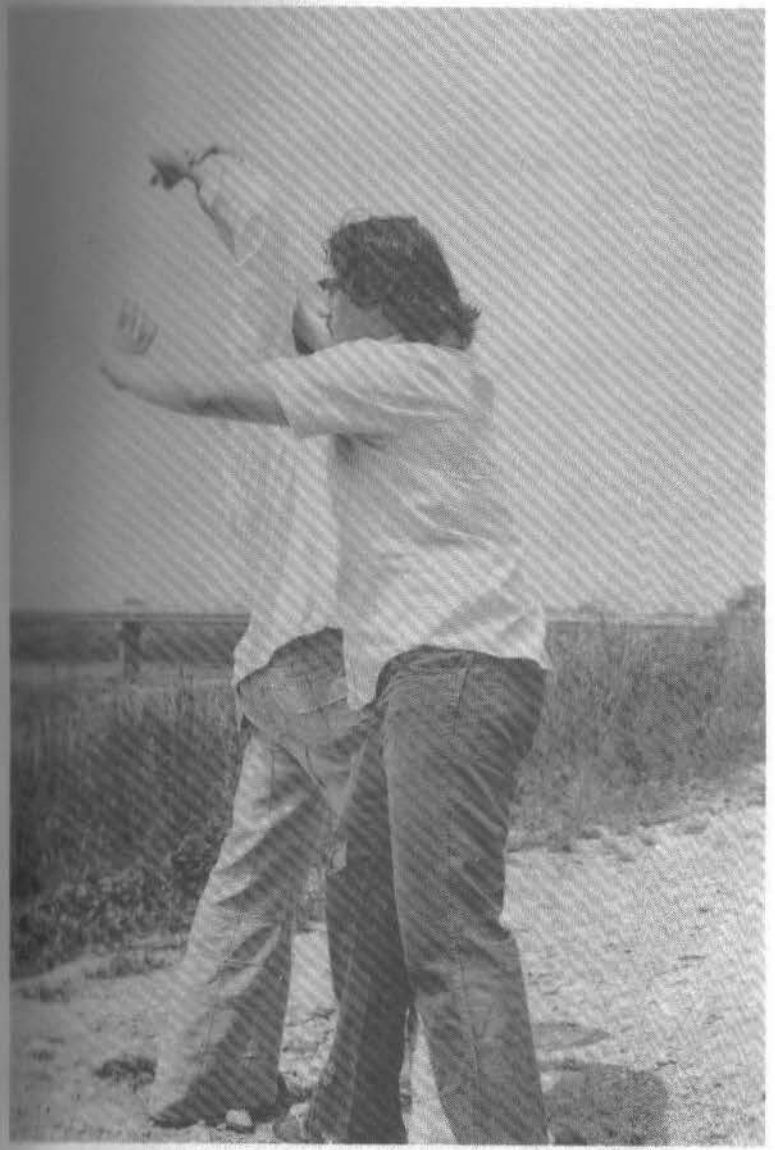
Controlling the knife hand is the most important move that has to be made.

The man here pulls hard to his right . . . . . .

. . . . . .and slips into a full nelson.

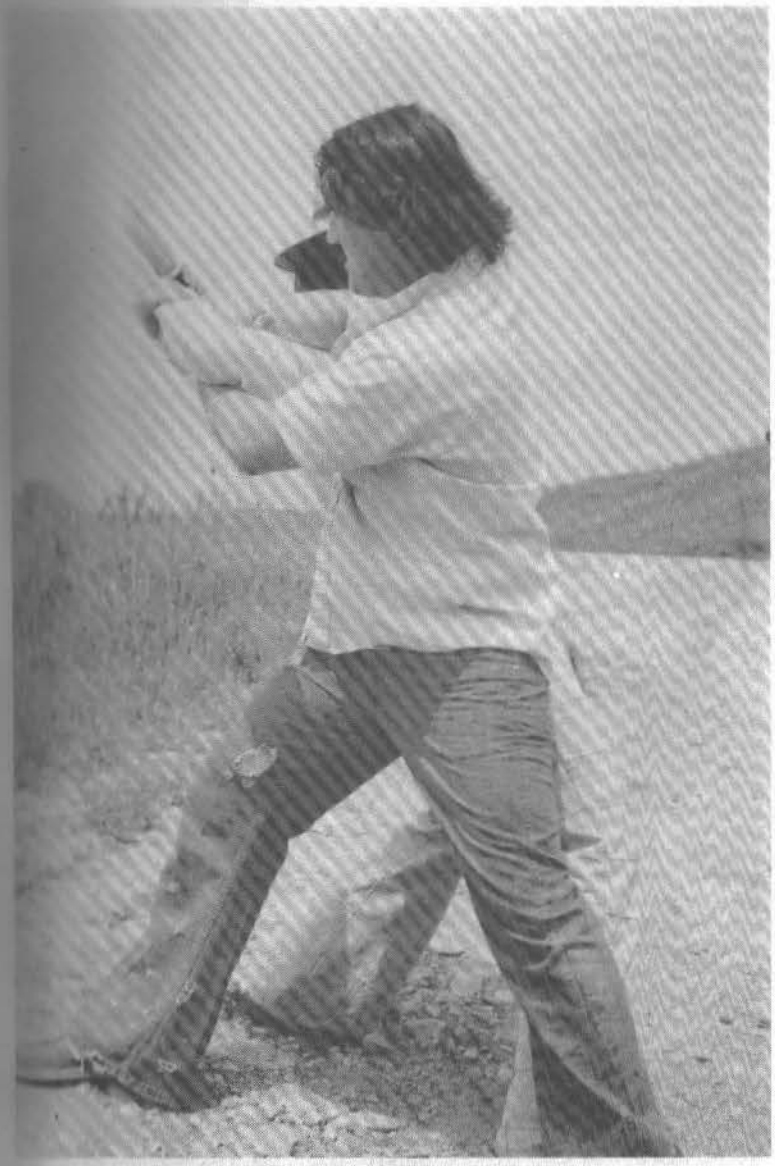
Enough pressure in this position can sever neck vertebra, resulting in death.

The beginning of the Figure 4 Armlock. The assailant's knife hand is grabbed as early in the downward stroke as possible.



The unarmed man above places his right leg behind the right leg of the assailant and throws his weight forward.

The unarmed man now places his left arm through the assailant's bent arm and grabs his own right wrist.



The assailant is now off balance and the unarmed man has the leverage to easily break his knife arm.

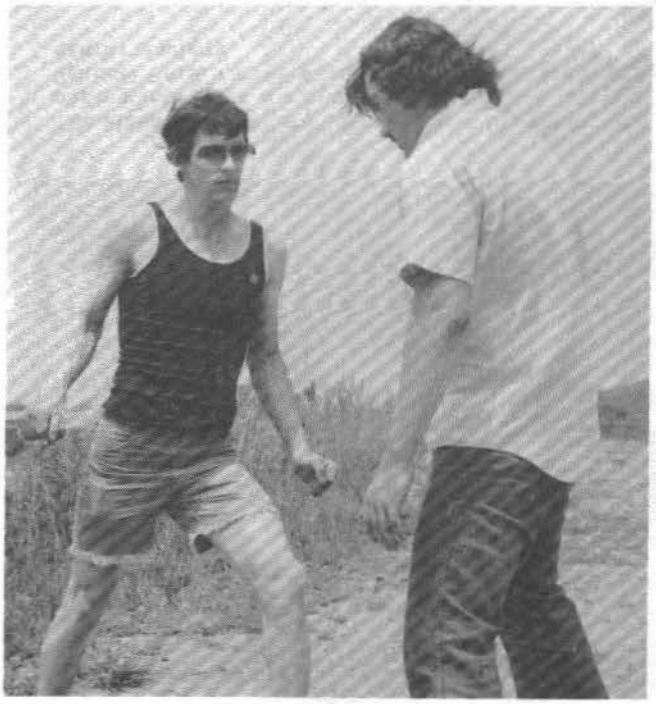
The moves shown below and on the preceding page illustrate yet another unarmed defense against a knife coming at you from a lower angle.

1. Our unarmed man grabs the knife arm and . . . . . .
2. He quickly rotates his body to his left while thrusting his right arm under the knife arm and placing his right leg behind the assailant's right leg.
3. In this position the unarmed man can now throw the assailant and break his arm if desired.

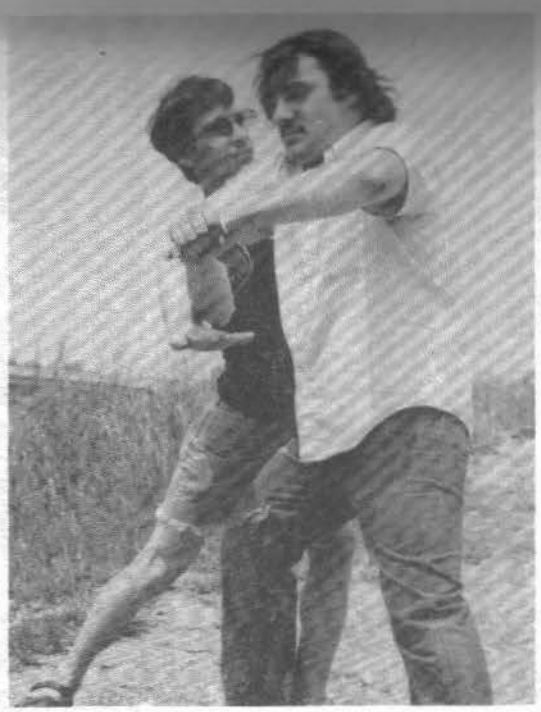
A hard forearm blow to the bicep can be used to paralyze the knife arm.

Get his throat or juglar vein in your teeth and rip back hard. He may get the idea that you would rather he left you alone.

The Mandible Hold. Would you believe the girl in the photograph above is a graduate of the UCLA Dental School? Brush carefully, use dental floss and see your dentist regularly.



The Cross Over Arm Bar. Here the unarmed man will grab the knife arm with his left hand . . . . . .



. . . . . and thrust his right arm OVER the assailant's arm then back under it . . . . . .

. . . . . where he grabs his own left wrist. Such a hold can easily break the arm of the knife weilder.

him such pain that he will terminate the altercation on the spot the crossover arm bar is a good one. And a sharp blow to the bicep will cause momentary paralysis, causing the assailant to drop the knife (usually). The blow is delivered with the edge of the heavy bone on the forearm making it harder to miss than if a fist were used.

If help is on the way laying on the back and kicking the feet sometimes works. The legs can get pretty badly cut up but the vital organs are way out of range. Mike Brown saw this done once by a Mexican who had made the mistake of selling another Mexican a dime bag of sugar and telling him it was heroin. The victim (of the knifing, not the sugar trick) fell on his back and grabbed a trash can for protection until the guards came and broke it up. In March 1978 a man was stabbed in his cell at Terre Haute by three animals, thirty times, and managed to stay alive only because he was kicking with his feet.

By far the most effective method for small victims is the "mandible hold", or the sinking in of the teeth. If, for example, a lady is attacked by a man with a knife her best move is to grab the wrist of the knife arm (without getting cut), sink the teeth savagely into the forearm, and hang on. More than likely the knife will drop as the only thing the man will then have on his mind is getting the woman off his arm without losing a good chunk of it is the process. Obviously he's not going to yank her off and let her pull the forearm muscle with her. In that position he usually doesn't have the leverage to deliver a really effective blow and while he's trying to figure out what to do, the girl should go for the knife. If she can get it and knows what she's doing with it she just booked a winner. If she can't get hold of it and can sink her teeth in his throat she will probably come out a winner anyway.

A lot of self-defense "experts" teach standing on one leg and kicking with the other — which is a good way to get knocked over since nobody can brace themself on one leg. Learn five or six good, upright, unsophisticated moves that can be applied instinctively, practice them, and they should do for you if and when you need them.

3 ON 1 KNIFE FIGHT: AN ACTUAL HAPPENING

Practicing with a knife will sometimes help you, even when unarmed. The problem of traveling with a knife on your person is that in most states it is illegal and even if it isn't, using it will almost always result in an "assault with a deadly weapon" charge. However, the knowledge obtained in practice can be a definite help: just because one man has a knife and the other doesn't; the winner of the fight is not necessarily a foregone conclusion. If the man with the knife is inept and the man without a knife knows what he's doing the man without the knife would win.

Any move against a knife has got to be strictly offensive, whether you have a knife or not. You can't wait until a man cuts you, you have to go to him and STOP him from cutting you. There is almost always something handy you can get in your hand; a glass ashtray, a trophy, a beer bottle, a drinking glass, a piece of metal, not necessarily a large object, anything small and solid will do, anything that, if you hit someone in the head with it hard, will put them down or at least do some serious damage.

The rest of this chapter is a description of an actual fight involving 3 men with knives and Harold Jenks that took place in a nightclub called the Crystal Pistol in Fairborn, Ohio in 1971 and can be verified by police records dating from that time.

The Crystal Pistol was a country-western oriented club, had its own band called the "Pistoleers," and featured many big time stars from Nashville's Grand Old Opry. The head of the band, a singer by the name of Dave Evans, was a polite, easy going sort of man, but in the nightclub business it's not too easy to get along with everyone. On Friday nights

the band had a whole routine they went into for someone's birthday and occassionally, when the house was crowded, would go through the same routine for different people four or five times in a single night.

One Friday night a truck driver and his wife came in. The truck driver's wife asked Dave to sing "Happy Birthday" to her husband and Dave agreed. The place was overly crowded that night and Dave forgot about it. After the next "set" (group of songs) Dave came down off the stage and the truck driver's wife asked why he hadn't done as he said. Dave apologized, put his arm around the woman's shoulder, and promised he would do so the next set. He, again, forgot about it and that was the last "set" of the night.

The woman with her husband, who was now somewhat inebriated, approached Dave and again asked why he didn't sing "happy birthday" for them. Dave again apologized and offered to buy them a drink. The truck driver, who was both drunk and mad, told Dave he had "disrespected" him and he was going to come back and cut Dave's heart out. The man was about 6'2", 230 lbs, pot belly, but built fairly well.

The next night the man did come back, along with his brother who was also about 6'2", 230 lbs, heavy build, and another buddy who was about 6'4", 190 lbs and wiry built. All three were truck drivers.

The three approached Dave in the front bar, grabbed him, put a knife to his throat, and were getting ready to cut him.

Dave wasn't a fighter and tried to talk his way out of it since it was such a silly thing from the beginning anyway.

It was time for Dave to go on stage again and the waitresses were told to find him. They, not seeing the knife and not knowing what was going on, just ran up and grabbed him by the arm and said, "Dave, You've got to be on stage now, come on."

The girls dragged Dave away from the three but not before they told him when he came down off the stage they were going to get him. Dave went back up on the stage.

At the time Harold Jenks was unaware that anything out of the ordinary was going on when Dave called him up to the stage. Jenks thought it was only a minor misunderstanding.

In the meantime the three men had moved into the main room where the dance floor was, gotten a table, and sat down. Dave pointed them out for Jenks.

Jenks walked over and asked them if he could join them for a minute. They asked who he was and he informed them he was the manager of the club. They asked what he wanted to sit down for. Jenks explained he was trying to clear up a misunderstanding. The three became loud, boisterous and abusive. Jenks sat down, tried to talk to them and offered to buy them a drink. The only thing they were interested in was whether Jenks was going to do the fighting for Dave.

Jenks told them all he was trying to do was avoid problems. The man whose birthday it was then offered to take him outside. Jenks told him he wasn't interested in fighting and was only interested in keeping the peace. The man's brother then said that if Jenks was afraid, then he, the man's brother would go outside with him. Jenks said he really didn't want to go outside with him either. At that point the third man said the same thing.

The next thing that was said was, "what if all three of us just whip you right here?"

The waitress then showed up with the drinks the three had ordered and Jenks told her to take them back to the bar, he was going to have to ask them to leave.

The place was crowded, the tables were close together, and it was not a place to fight in. Jenks' main concern was to get them out of the main room. He told them to leave.

The man with the birthday jumped up, pulled a knife on Jenks, and told him they could finish it right there. Jenks just motioned for them to follow him, turned his back on them, and started walking away out of the crowd. The club had a long hallway entrance and the idea was to get them at least into the hallway away from all the people sitting at the tables. Jenks glanced back and they were following him.

One of the waitresses ran up to Jenks on his way out and told him all three were carrying knives, holding them down at their sides. Jenks had a Colt .32 Automatic pistol in his belt which he pulled out and held to his front, out of their sight, on the way out. His only intention was to put the pistol on them and force them to leave.

For some reason he couldn't release the safety on the pistol which meant that all he had in his hand was a piece of steel. Jenks didn't believe in bluffing when his life was at stake. He took two quick steps into the hallway and put his back to the wall. One man was in front of him and one on each side. Jenks moved into them before they had a chance to get started or to get set. The first two clubbing blows with the pistol dropped the two brothers; from right to left on the first stroke and from left to right on the second stroke, one continuous move in the form of an "X". The third man saw it coming and moved back just in time and was only grazed. Jenks saw the fear in the man's eyes for a split second as he brought the knife up. The months in the training school paid off. Jenks pushed the man's knife hand out of the way, stepped to the right, and brought the pistol down on the man's head, all in one motion. The man went down.

While this was happening another man who worked at the club had picked up the first man Jenks hit and was holding him with his arms pinned to his sides. The man was still full of fight, had his knife in his hand and was trying to cut the legs of the man holding him who threw the man and knife away from him. The man landed on Jenks' back, getting in one good cut before Jenks knew or had any idea of what was going on. Jenks was cut on the back and the man reached over to stab him in the chest. Jenks grabbed his arm and threw him over his shoulder, following that with two more smacks with the pistol, knocking him out.

Jenks grabbed the tall man and threw him out into the street. The other brother had gotten out into the street ahead of his friend and was taunting Jenks, daring him to come out in the middle of the street. It was the hallway scene all over again.

As soon as the man brought the knife up to where Jenks could move it out of the way Jenks did just that, moved in on him, and brought the pistol down on his head again. He dropped, still holding the knife. Jenks kicked it out of his hand and went back inside to straighten up the club.

As Jenks was heading back the first man ran out the front door, knife still in hand, Jenks went after him. He ran down

an alley with his brother and the tall man already in front of him. Jenks and his people thought that was the last of it.

Jenks went back to the club and it was only then that he noticed the blood running down the back of his neck. He went to the hospital and received forty stitches.

About four o'clock the next morning the owners of the Crystal Pistol showed up at the club. Jenks had returned from the hospital and it took them a long time to convince him to go down to the police station and file a report. The police had already been out and wanted to finish the report in order to protect the club owners from a potential lawsuit. They didn't wish to file charges on anyone.

Jenks was taken to a classroom at the police station and there was blood everywhere. All over the floor, the walls, and big puddles of it on the desk. It seems the three men had gotten to the end of the alley by the club and didn't know what to do. They then proceeded to break into a house to get to a phone, called the police to come and get them, and gave statements.

While Jenks was at one hospital getting sewn up the other three were at another hospital. The man who started all the trouble remained there for six months and had to have a steel plate put in his head. His brother was in for three weeks. The tall man got out the same night wearing an enormous white bandage on his head.

The employees of the Crystal Pistol found out later that the three men were extremely well-known trouble makers, considered tough, extremely dangerous and would definitely use knives on people. They had cut people before and were noted for tearing bars apart form one end of town to the other. They received no sympathy from the police or anyone they could turn to, were completely in the wrong, and were lucky they didn't get killed. A lot of rumors circulated that they were coming back to get even but they never did.

Jenks had a bandage on his neck for a couple of days which was somewhat uncomfortable but the cut itself never caused much of a problem. Jenks believes that, without the training he had as a kid, he would have wound up dead. If the man trying to help him had had the same training he would

have known to have gotten the fallen man's knife away from him FIRST.

The newspapers these days are full of accounts of people stabbed with knives and in the present age the law-abiding individual should practice some form of self-defense, such as we have discussed in the this book. The knowledge comes in handy even without a knife. To use an analogy, a prizefighter learns how to fight with gloves on in a ring and according to a set of rules, however, if you run into him on the street he still knows how to fight; where he isn't bound by rules any more than you are.

KNIFE THROWING

This is something we do not recommend. In the movies, not only does the knife stick in the villain every time, the bad guy falls over and croaks on the spot. Life should be so simple!

Harold Jenks put in a lot of practice throwing a knife. He practiced, basically, at ten to twelve feet and got pretty good, becoming able to stick it ten out of ten times. It had to be thrown the same way every time. If he varied the speed or the amount of force it bacame that much harder to stick. The blade moves in a circle and has to hit point first in order to stick. At fifteen feet he had to practice all over again to stick it, just like starting over. That was throwing the knife overhand. Try it underhand and again, it was like starting over from scratch.

A knife has to be thrown awfully hard to stick in a piece of wood. To kill a full grown man it has to be thrown much harder. It has to be thrown hard enough to penetrate the rib cage and hit the heart, which is 3 to 4 inches further back. Men just don't die as easily as you see in the movies.

We suggest you keep your knife in your hand You're less likely to get killed when the fellow you scratched on the chest with a throwing knife, picks up a brick and attempts to smash your skull in.

CHOICES & EDGES

There are a lot of different places to carry a knife and a lot of different types of knives to carry. Confusion in the field of selection is almost epidemic — one character recommends carrying a blade in a shoulder holster, another hacks two inches off the blade of a commando knife to make it more "functional," ad nauseum. And, as usual, nobody seems to know what they're doing.

Back in the time of Cortez, when the use of the dagger in disagreements with the Indians was almost a weekly event, the weapon was carried attached to the belt, horizontal to the ground, with the point toward the left and the pommel toward the right, making it relatively easy to draw with a "whipping" motion of the right wrist.

The bayonet used by the American military was mounted on the right side of the combat field pack in the days of the "horseshoe" roll set-up; before some genius in the Pentagon moved the backpack down to the soldier's butt. Such an arrangement allowed the soldier to reach a few inches past his right ear with his right hand, position his rifle with his left, and with a flick of the wrist and a click of the bayonet stud, be up and running with the modern version of the ancient pike. Try it with the "new, improved" field gear our fearless leaders have saddled the military with and you had better hope the man you're trying to stick is a long way off. Getting a bayonet off a belt is a chore. Especially if you're flat on your belly trying to avoid artillery rounds, machine gun fire, and other fragments of flying iron. Move the bayonet over a few inches to the left, shorten it, and you have a knife sheathed behind your neck in which the same flick of the wrist can be used to bring the weapon in front of the body. No one draws a pistol from this position and it may look like you're just scratching your neck when you go for it.

In some photos we've seen the knife or new short bayonet is mounted on the left webbing suspender upside down for right-handed soldiers. The economy of movement and the speed with which the weapon can be palmed and stuck on the M-16 is self-evident. As usual, the brass designs something to go one place and the enlisted men who actually have to use it put it some place much more practical. Ease and speed of access are always THE primary consideration with short-range weapons. If you have to fumble around half the morning to get a weapon out, better you should call in an air strike or artillery. If you live that long!

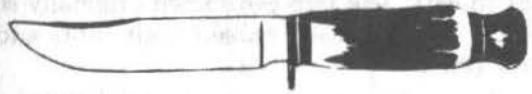
Our choice for carrying positions are behind the neck and up the forearm. With the handle toward the wrist on a forearm sheath the knife can be drawn quickly, with a flick of the wrist, and before anyone knows what you're doing. This is possibly where the expression, "what have you got up your sleeve?" comes from. Most other positions, while often great places to stuff a handgun of one sort or another, are usually not practical for a bladed weapon for the same reason the same positions are not tenable for a rifle — they are just too long and tend to hinder movement. With the exception of the folding-blade or pocket knife, which you're never going to be able to get out and use anyway if the other man is close enough and knows what he's doing.

Basically, there are four types of knives in use in this country (we're ignoring the Malaysian kris, our own design called the Crowd-Pleaser, belt knives, and others that you simply can't walk down to your corner hardware store and buy) consisting of:

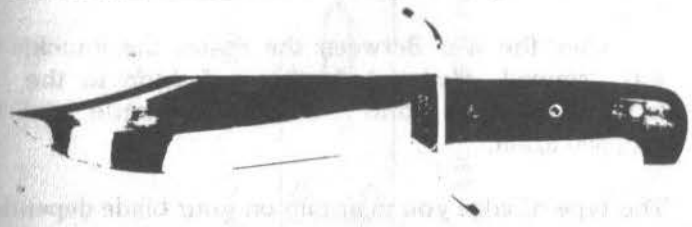
1. The pocket or folding knife. Primarily for utility and ease of carrying. Such items have been common in this country since before the War of 1776. Daniel Boone

carried one that looked like it was made out of used horseshoes, almost a foot long, and currently on display in the Berea College Library in Berea, Kentucky.

2. The stilletto. Popular in the time of the Borgias, those fun-loving Italians who, during the time of the Rennassance, introduced poison into the political science of their day much in the way the Assassins did the knife several centuries earlier. It appears to have been a modification of the earlier misericorde. The blade was designed to slip between the ribs of the unsuspecting and fashioned to keep blood from gushing out of the wound and alerting passerby. Very popular with the youth gangs and motorcycle clubs of the 1950's, now practically legislated out of existence.



3. The hunter or "commando" knife, sort of a cross between the old Misercorde and the butcher knife your great-grandfather used to slice the mutton with. Most of the ones manufactured nowadays were designed on the basis of false assumptions, erroneous conclusions, and total ignorance of what a knife is capable or not capable of doing to another human being. Much better to have than a naked fist in time of trepidation, however.



4. The Bowie. Actually more of a short sword but designed by a man who knew what happened with under-sized iron. From the clipped point designed for the

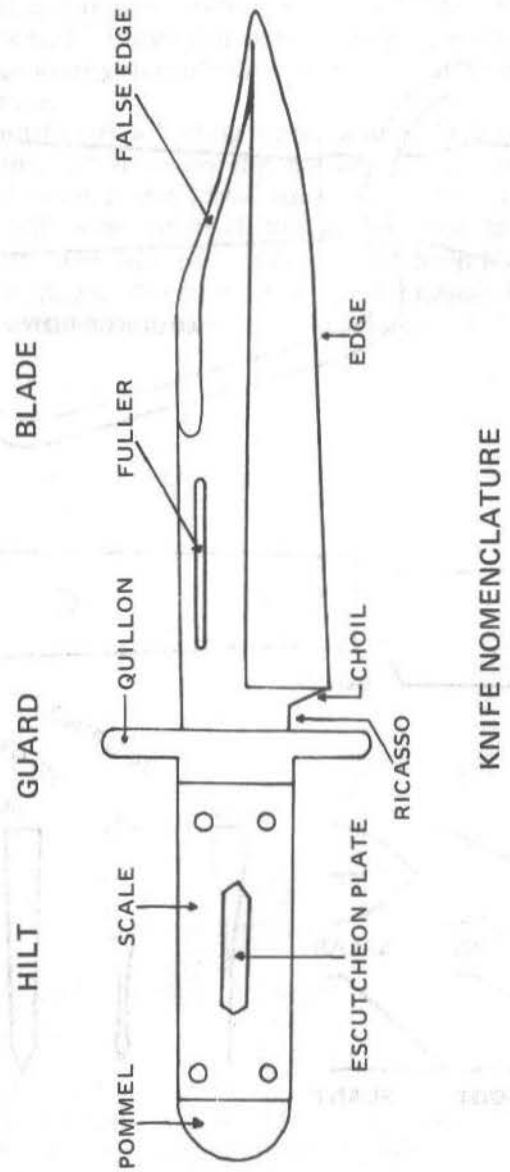
upward thrust to the heart to the large quillons meant to catch the adversaries weapon and the thick steel blade for maximum shock, the Bowie is about the best "knife" available. Unfortunately the Bowie is almost impossible to conceal due to its tremendous size and you might want to go to something smaller to keep from scaring all the little old ladies off the sidewalk and irritating the local cops.

In 1827 Bowie was shot by a Major Norris Wright while acting as a second in a duel between two other men after which Bowie, with a bullet in him, fell to the sand and was immediately run through with a sword cane by the same Major Wright. Bowie, with a bullet and a blade both in him, grabbed the Major with one hand and disembowelled him with his huge knife held in the other. Wright died there on the Vidalia Sandbar where the duel was fought. The two gentlemen originally scheduled to do each other in each missed their shots and walked away unscathed.

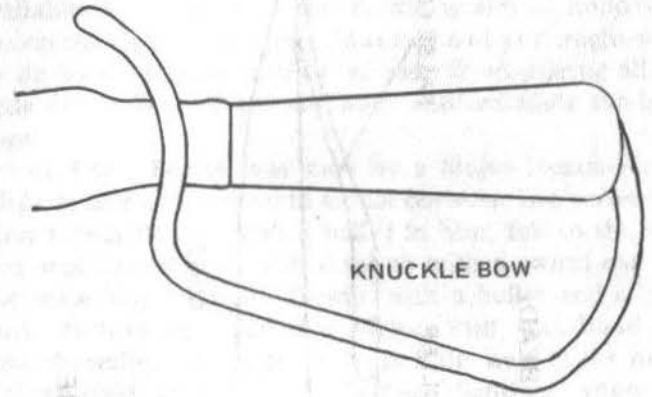
The Bowie remained relatively unchanged up until the War Between the States when Confederate soldiers added the knucklebow and used some of them as bayonets. We can assume the soldiers of the Confederacy knew their weapons; for four years, outnumbered almost five to one, with weapons and ammunition hard to come by, they did more damage to the Union Army with muskets and bayonets than Germany and Japan did in the Second World War with airplanes, submarines, tanks and a hundred other modern engines of destruction.

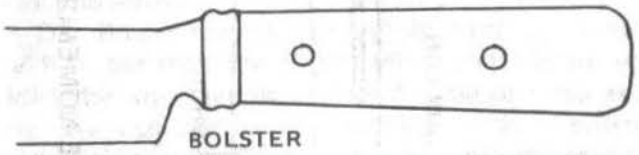
After the War Between the States the knuckle-bow was dropped, resurrected after a fashion in the brass knuckles of the World War I trench knife, and then dropped again.

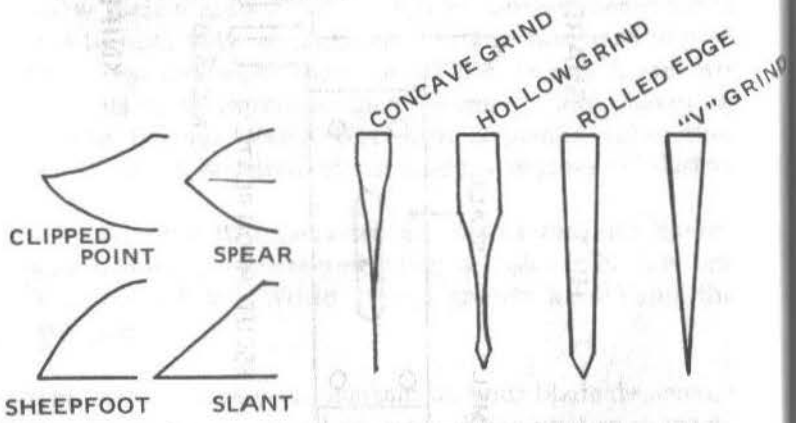
The type of edge you maintain on your blade depends, of course, on how you intend to use it. Keeping it so sharp you can shave the hair on the back of your arm with it is very dramatic but not very practical. You don't cut meat with a



KNIFE NOMENCLATURE







razor. You want a rougher edge to cut muscle, gristle, tendons, and one that the other fellow will "feel" when you whack him with it. Blows not perceived are almost the most dangerous (to you) you can deliver. Only complete misses are more dangerous.

If you must carry a folding knife, pour a pinch of pumice and lubricating oil between the bolster and the blade and work the blade back and forth. An hour or two of this and the pumice will wear down all the rough edges, the oil will keep it smooth and an accumulation of grit from building up and a large folding knife can then be opened simply by a hard flick of the wrist and the weight of the blade.

CREEPING & STICKING

There is a saying attributed to the pyschology professors that goes to the effect that a man who has spent more than five years in prison is "institutionalized" and no longer capable of existing in free society. Without arguing the pros and cons of this statement, there is a valid reason for making it.

The prisons, especially the federal ones, exist in a world totally alien to the rest of the 20th Century United States. If you had a time machine and were looking for a similarly-structured society you would probably not find anything like it until you arrived in Middle Europe in the Dark Ages. A man raised as a serf in Medeival Europe, were he to be brought forward in the same time machine, would not last a week in Chicago. In Lewisburg he would be right at home.

There is more to it than the lack of mechanical conveniences. Prison politics are identical to those in vogue in the days of the feudal kingdoms. The warden is king, the assistant wardens are his advisors, the caseworkers and counselors are the court hangers-on having no discernable function, and the prisoners are the serfs.

Intrigue, evil and deception are just as much in vogue in the federal prison system as they were in any feudal fief. The guards bring in narcotics for sale to the prisoners, informers infest every cellblock, paranoia is the norm, and violent, bloody death is commonplace.

In such an atmosphere a prisoner can learn things as a matter of daily living that an outsider never hears about. One of these things is how to stay alive. the other is how to kill.

Stabbing someone really isn't knife fighting, any more that the man who shot Wild Bill Hickock in the back was a gunfighter or a man who kills another at a distance of three feet with a sawed-off shotgun is a marksman. However, the

knowledge of how to get within range to ambush another may some day save your life. The Japanese booked a (temporary) winner at Pearl Harbor not because they were better fighters; but because nobody knew they were coming. The expressions to "Jap" or to "Pearl Harbor" somebody, are still with us today.

Certain lessons learned inside the penitentiaries can be applied to your own situation on the street and some can't.

One lesson learned in prison that has been forgotten since the time of Cortez is that of wearing body armor. In the age of gunpowder armor has largely fallen out of favor (unless you want to drive around in a tank) but that is not true in a prison environment where there are no guns. Even the guards must leave their artillery outside the prison walls. The penitentiary protective coating, or armor, usually consists of paperback books or boards sewn inside the lining of a field jacket or coat (federal prisoners wear surplus U.S. Army clothes) or a large dictionary taped under the heart. This costume is not obvious to the other prisoners or guards if done right and if the armor-wearer is ambushed he usually can get away before his attacker realizes his blows are having no effect on the torso and tries to cut something else. If the man wearing the armor is also armed, his attacker may have a problem.

It takes a considerable amount of time to sew up a jacket properly and if the man is in a hurry he can tape a dictionary over his sternum, his ribs will protect the rest, and a couple of paperbacks over his kidneys. We recommend thick paperbacks for the street — if you get busted by the cops you'll have something to read while waiting for your bailbondsman and large ones like James Clavell's SHO-GUN will stop almost any pistol bullet up to but not including a .357 magnum.

Another lesson to be learned in prison is that almost every "stand-up" convict has friends who will come to his aid, even if they are unarmed, if they see him being stabbed. Prisoners, often for mutual protection, run in packs. In one case in Terre Haute six men ambushed one man in the breezeway leading to the laundry. The stabbing had just begun when a friend of the victim, barehanded, waded in and

tried to break it up. Both men, without weapons, were cut badly but managed to escape since those with the weapons were unable to react quickly enough to interference from an outside source.

One man solved the third-party problem in an unusual way; we were so impressed with his performance we patterned our own "Crowd-Pleaser" after his idea.

What this convict did was to take two files and sharpen them to a point on both ends and then grind the sides down to make blades. What he had then were two knives that could be used to stab in either direction, or four points. To insure that he didn't lose them in the scuffle he taped both handles to his hands, giving himself the option of stabbing, slicing or being able to open his palms without losing his weapons and grab his adversary.

The man with the iron then walked out into the dayroom of his cellblock and proceeded to windmill away. He didn't kill the man he was trying to although he did literally slash him to ribbons and a friend of the victim received serious injury when he tried to grab the attacker from behind, making him let go in a hurry. The attacker was unscathed.

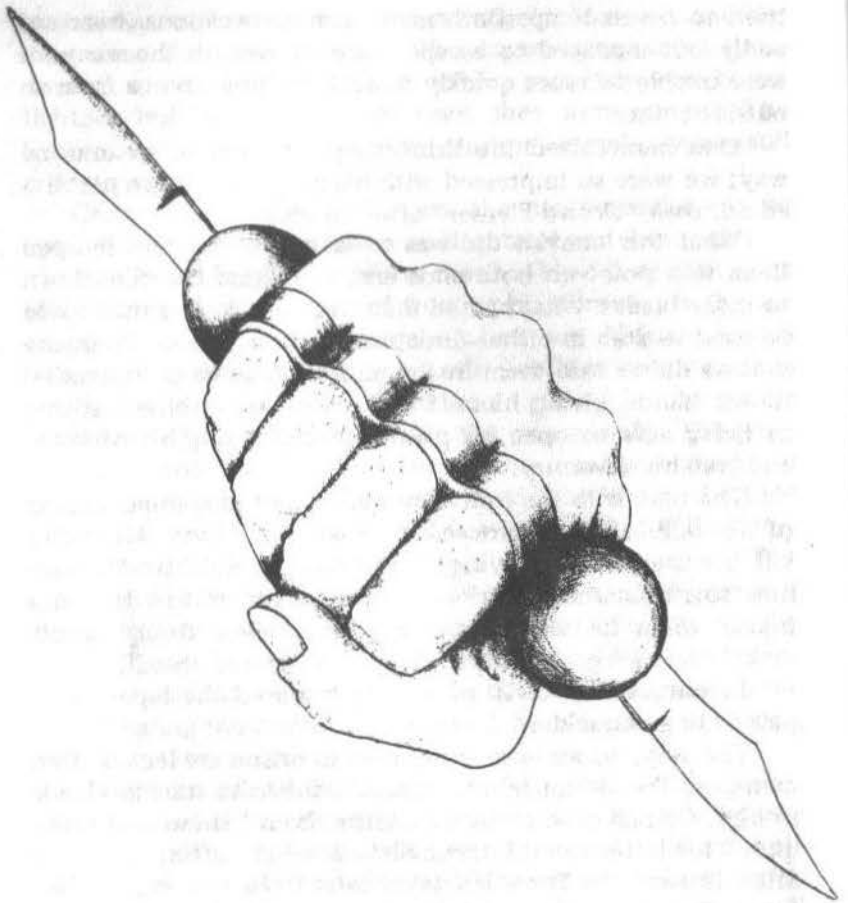
In our version of it we simply replaced the tape with a pair of brass knuckles.

The ways to ambush other men in prison are legion. Two men grab the victim by the arms and the third runs the blade in him. Or one man grabs the victim from behind and holds him. This latter event happened to a weight-lifting friend of Mike Brown's in Terre Haute in late 1975 over a gambling debt. The men who nailed him only stabbed him once because they knew he wouldn't snitch on them; they wanted him to live and pay up and knew that going to court wasn't going to be a problem.

A man can get hit in his sleep or even when his back is turned by another man throwing a blanket over his victim's head. Nobody knows who hit him.

Old timers in prison often don't wash their face or shampoo their hair in the showers. Too easy to get hit while momentarily blinded.

Others watch themselves on the toilet. A man stabbed



THE JENKS · BROWN "CROWD PLEASER"

Artist concept by TERI MAISTERRA

while sitting on a commode usually has his pants down around his ankles, making fight or flight almost impossible.

But a man asleep is the most vulnerable. It usually takes two to three seconds for a man to be able to move with any real degree of comprehension once his eyelids come unstuck. Since it takes almost two seconds to open a cell door and get to the victim alone some prisoners bring another along whose only function is to open the iron door while the attacker "runs in" on the victim. A man who sleeps on his stomach is even more vulnerable since he has no arms or legs available to block with once the stabbing starts.

This method was used in Terre Haute on a practicioner of the martial arts. Three men ran in on him with knives made from bed rails of about 2 inch width and over 1 foot in length, stabbing and cutting him at least 14 or 15 times. The victim walked out of his cell in a daze.

He had a pair of pants in his hands, lifted up one leg to put the right leg into them, and fell on his behind. For another six seconds or so he kept trying to put his leg in the pants. Blood was spurting out all over. His lungs were visible and large pieces of them hung out, his internal organs were visible, and the bones of one arm could be seen quite plainly.

The cellblock was deathly quiet. The man was looking around like a child looking for his mother or hoping for a friend but nobody touched him.

There is a good possibility the man would have lived if the guards had put him on a stretcher and gotten him to the hospital in time. It was five minutes or more before the prison medical assistant got there (a distance of about fifty yards) and as a consequence he bled to death on the cellblock floor. In the view of the prison administration he was merely another expendable serf.

On May 12, 1977 a convict known only to the authors as "Shorty" was stabbed in his cell in F Unit in Terre Haute prison by two other inmates who ran in on him as soon as his cell door opened in the morning. The attackers were never caught — they were both wearing masks.

"Mind games" occassionally are played upon the victims. We don't recommend this procedure because unless the

character you're dealing with is an absolute rumpkin or an informer with no friends you're subject to get hit first.

One convict in El Reno even went so far as to recite poetry to his victim:

Pox upon thee, tall thin fellow
Creep & Snitch, with stripe of yellow
With thy frightened, shifty glance
And thy trembling in thy stance
Mind the compounds, dark open mouth
Mind the convicts leaning close
Pay heed to soft, careful sounds
Cautious footfalls on the ground
Watch and wait and snitch with fear
For in the dark I, your killer, am near.

An hour later the poet got his man in the laundry line and probably would have gotten away with it except that the victim lived.

What the poet did was to stuff a pillow in his coat and wrap towels around his arms inside the coatsleeves to make himself look much heavier, pulled a cap down over his ears to hide the color of his hair, donned a pair of polaroid sunglasses to disguise his facial features, and ground a butter knife to a razor edge.

The man with the knife stood three men behind his victim, kept his head down without looking at anyone, and when he heard his prey speak moved eight feet forward and ran the knife from the back of the man's neck through his throat. In the confusion and pandemonium resulting the poet simply walked away leaving his weapon sticking in the victim.

The victim was paralyzed but not enough to keep his attacker from getting another five years. Had the attack resulted in death the poet would have gotten away with it since there either were no other witnesses or no-one else wanted to get involved.

The "don't get involved" bit may work on the street if you're wearing a suit and tie when you do your bit (people watch too much TV and think everyone with a suit and a weapon other than a .38 is the Mafia) but if you go around

dressed like a hood everybody and his brother will rat on you.

One word of caution — If you must creep on someone, and something other than a blade is available, use it. Bloody iron really sends judges and juries up the wall!

PHYSICAL CONDITIONING

Physical conditioning is as important as any other factor in a knife fight, and in some cases is the most important in deciding the victor. There are three basic reasons for this:

The first is the position of the internal organs.

The second is the size and strength of the participants. There are no "weight classes" in a fight to the death with knives as there are in boxing or wrestling, nor can a knife fight be compared to fencing as some of the current crop of "knife fighting experts" would have others believe.

The third is the endurance and recovery ability of the men involved. The man who runs out of breath is at a definite disadvantage; the man who can keep coming after receiving a dozen stab wounds and forcing his opponent to run out of gas is usually holding all the aces.

To a large degree the type of training an individual should have depends on his height and bone structure. A man over six feet tall and 200 pounds in bodyweight would do best to increase his size and strength since all he is doing is building a natural advantage. A man under 5'7" usually does best training for endurance since his advantage stems from not having as much weight to lug around. Weight is a decided disadvantage after the individual is exhausted.

The reason for the concern over the internal organs should be self-evident. The heart and lungs are protected by the rib cage on a young, healthy fellow. This is not necessarily true of men in their late twenties and older for the reason that most of them in our society earn their living from paper shuffling or assembly line work involving a lot of sitting or working in confined positions. Confining the lungs and rib cage by bending over a desk or assembly line results in large parts of the lungs remaining inactive. The percentage of people who know how to breathe properly and take care

of their internal organs in a civilized society is quite small and the percentage of factory and office workers who do so is almost non-existent.

The average man starts off in his early twenties hunched over a desk or workbench, rounding his shoulders and narrowing his chest. From his lack of exercise the chest muscles begin to relax their contractile strength, letting the vital organs (lungs, heart, liver, etc.) sag down upon the stomach and intestines. By his early thirties the deterioration of the internal organs and further weakening of the supporting muscles cause the head to pitch forward slightly and the internal organs sag a little more. In the early forties the knees begin to bend a little and the large colon winds up half a foot or more lower than it is supposed to be. Little by little the vital organs slip out from under the protective shield of the rib cage. A good example of this is given in the 3rd Chapter of Judges:

> *But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man lefthanded; and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon the king of Moab.*
>
> *But Ehud made him a dagger which had two edges, of a cubit length; and he did gird it under his raiment upon his right thigh.* **Judges 3:15-16**

Although the length of the knife was described as a "cubit length" we have to assume this was a rough approximation used by the writer to show the relative size. It might have included the hilt also. A knife with an 18 inch blade would have been impractical to carry and readily use concealed in such a manner. In all probability the blade was not over 9 inches. Given the fact that Ehud was left handed and the knife was positioned on his right thigh it is probably safe to assume the weapon was positioned on the inside of his leg with the handle toward the ground. (A place for a woman to carry one these days, perhaps.)

> *And he brought the present unto Eglon King of Moab; and Eglon was a very fat man.* **Judges 3:17**

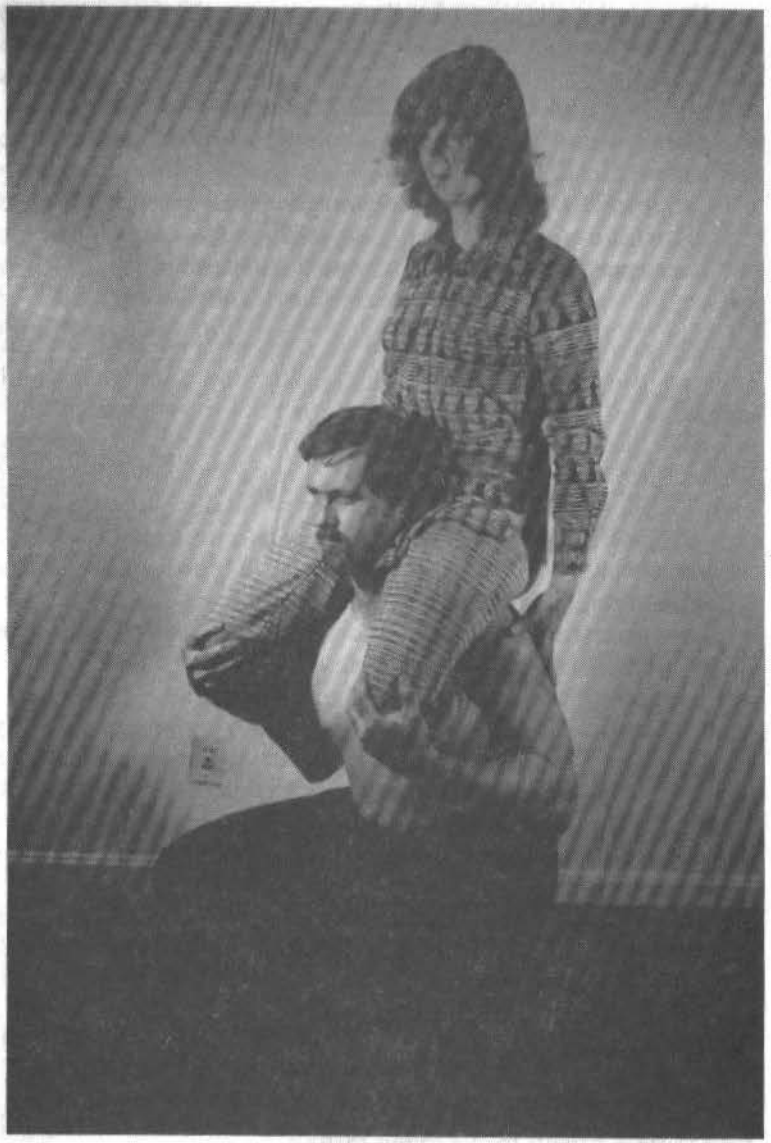
The description of how the stabbing took place should be carefully noted:

> *And Ehud put forth his left hand, and took the dagger from his right thigh, and thrust it into his belly:*
>
> *And the haft also went in after the blade; and the fat closed upon the blade, so that he could not draw the dagger out of his belly; and the dirt came out.*
>
> **Judges 3:21-22**

We can assume that, had the excrement and fat not covered the handle of the knife, Eglon had enough strength left after he was stabbed for some sort of move; drawing the weapon back out of himself, perhaps. Luckily for our hero Eglon didn't have a .45 automatic close by. Give an armed man three seconds to react in, even if fatally wounded, and he's subject to take you with him. A man in excellent physical condition is probably going to have a lot more than three seconds in any event.

Also, since the author of Judges was not writing a treatise on how to stab people or anatomy we have to make a couple more assumptions to prove our point. First, since Eglon was a king it is unlikely he was a teenager. We could probably safely assume he was middle-aged; an average age of kings in that day. Second, given the fact that he was obese, it is probably safe to assume that his internal organs had flopped down to where a normal healthy man's wouldn't be. The king of Moab didn't seem to have made enough racket to alert his servants. The logical conclusion from this might be that Eglon was stabbed directly through the heart, as that is about the only stroke that will drop a man at once. Nor is it always fatal. At Terre Haute Federal Prison, on Aptil 19, 1977, a man was ambushed and stabbed in the heart in L Unit. He fell back into the arms of a guard and was taken to the prison hospital dying only after receiving the wrong medical injection from a prison civil service flunky.

So if your internal organs are starting to sag (or you even think they are) here's how you correct it; a couple of exercises done twice a week and you should notice the difference



If you can't afford a set of barbells use a 100 to 120 pound girl. She can also fetch cold drinks and fan you when your'e through.

Watch for low ceilings and chandeliers!

within ten to thirty days, depending upon your present condition. A barbell set is not necessary, but it is more convenient to have one.

The first exercise is known as the "breathing squat." Years ago a fellow named Roger Eells from Columbus, Ohio cured himself of TB from its use; he was the originator of the exercise. Done properly, it not only forces the internal organs back into their natural positons, but also adjusts the metabolism, increases the appetite, and improves the assimilation of food.

Place a barbell or small individual on the shoulders. Take three, deep, rapid breaths. Hold the third in the lungs as if water was chest deep and then go into a deep knee bend or squat. Exhale on the way up. On about the tenth time up begin taking in six deep, rapid breaths. Start off with enough times (or repetitions) to become slightly dizzy, usually about a dozen for beginners with a seventy pound weight. The increase in strength and cardio-vascular efficiency in this exercise is often phenomenal and progressing from ten repetitions with a hundred pounds to twenty with two hundred in three months is not uncommon. If training for bodyweight and strength gains stay at twenty repetitions and add weight. For endurance do not work up to over 100 to 140 pounds and go for repetitions.

As a corollary to the "breathing squat" do an equal number of repetitions in the straight-arm pullover. Lie parallel to the floor, face up, grasp a light weight in the hands — never over 25 pounds — and inhale as the weight is lowered from over the chest back over the head to the floor. Concentrate on stretching the rib cage and intercostal muscles.

Throughout the day put a finger over one nostril, inhale, exhale through the mouth, a few times on each side. Areas of the lungs high in the rib cage very seldom used will be activated with a "drawing up" effect on the lower organs.

BULKING UP IS EASY

Very few men ever make really substantial gains through weight training. The average trainee lasts about 90 days.

After busting his butt an hour or two a day, three or more times a week and winding up with a five pound bodyweight gain, if no one notices, he figures it's just not worth it. He's probably right.

On the other hand, if the same individual gains thirty pounds the first three months he's likely as not to become a dyed-in-the-wool iron pill addict, even if it takes him another year to gain the next ten pounds.

And gaining thirty pounds for a novice bodybuilder is worth busting his hump for three months. It's progress you can see. How is it done?

First, it is not done the way most people think — lift lots of iron and guzzle lots of protein. It doesn't work. Someone who isn't used to lifting can very easily wind up working on his nerves instead of his muscles. If your hands are trembling after a workout not only are the muscles being overtaxed but the digestive system quits functioning. The nerves in the hands go to the stomach — and if you don't believe it hit your thumb with a hammer and see how quick you get sick to your stomach. The powdered protein usually only makes it worse. It may build muscle, but only if it's taken with cream or another fat. Protein burns up one and one third its own weight in fat. If you want to reduce, it's great.

Some of the more sophisticated trainees discover dessicated liver. Their strength goes up, their endurance increases dramatically, and in the first three months they gain eight pounds instead of five. So how do you gain thirty pounds in three months? It's easy.

Ever see those big hairy individuals who can swill down almost any sort of slop and make fantastic gains on top of the tremendous natural size and strength they already have? Obviously if they can grow on swamp water and moldy potatoes their body chemistry is somewhat different than the rest of us. Probably they secrete more or better digestive enzymes.

Milk is an excellent bulker-up if you can handle it, although 30% of the American public cannot digest milk. In addition to the folks who simply cannot digest milk a lot of others, while they can handle it in small amounts, simply

cannot digest large quantities of it. If you're one of those unfortunates who gets a runny nose and/or a shortness of breath after drinking a quart or so, if the shoe fits, wear it.

All it takes to develop a "cast iron" stomach is an orange after each meal. The chemicals in the orange break down the food in your stomach. The food then enters the bloodstream more quickly and efficiently. Try this experiment. Drink a quart of milk every morning for three days. Don't eat anything until noon. If you're a typical weightlifter by noon you won't have much of an appetite and you'll have felt loggy and sluggish all morning. Then the next three days drink a quart of milk at the same time only follow it with a big juicy orange. Stay away from dried up or bitter ones. Thirty minutes after you eat you won't even feel the quart of milk sloshing around inside you. Two hours later you'll be hungry again.

We know this works. For six months Mike Brown drank a quart of milk and ate half a head of lettuce before going to bed. His body weight didn't fluctuate more than five pounds. For three months he substituted the orange for the lettuce. During that time his weight went from 185 to 215 pounds. Maybe he just had a vitamin C deficiency. It's easy to tell. If your bruises take a long time to heal and your teeth or gums bleed when you brush you have a vitamin C deficiency and it's pretty hard to gain muscular size when the vitamin C to build the blood vessels that feed the muscles isn't available.

Second, most lifters eat too much. They read somewhere that "six small meals a day" is good for quick gains and keeping the waist small. Six small meals a day is a pain in the butt and if you gain, you gain all over. Why someone six feet tall weighing 140 pounds would worry about losing his "definition" is beyond us. If you're bulking up rapidly and you gain an inch on your arms you better figure on adding another two inches to your pant size. When you gain it's like a balloon — you can't tell the air (or food) where to go.

Third, most lifters don't know the more exotic but really result producing dietary aids. Two of the most effective are coconut mash and Irish mash. Coconut mash is coconut meat and milk liquified in a blender. The fellow who taught us

about the coconut mash discovered it in 1958. On the equivalent of a gallon a day of this stuff his body weight went from 180 to 225 pounds in six weeks and his bench press increased from 180 to 360 pounds. Irish mash is a type of seaweed that grows off Jamaica. It's boiled with linseed (not linseed oil), strained through a cloth to catch the seeds, and then cooled into a pudding. The guy we learned this one from went from 155 to 210 pounds in six weeks eating one bowl of it a day in addition to his regular meals. Irish mash is primarily used as an aphrodisiac and, since he wasn't lifting weights, all he got was horny and fatter. As close as we can figure out what the stuff does is provide all the trace minerals all of us are deficient in thanks to our "civilized" food. Trace minerals can be absorbed through the skin if you wade around in the right mud hole but we can't get too far afield — after all this is a book on knife fighting!

TRAINING FOR ENDURANCE

You have probably all seen the movies and TV shows where the Desert Apaches run for fifty miles and then spit out the mouth full of water that they started with — impressive feat. There aren't too many men today who can duplicate it but you can if you want to and are willing to train for it. Certain basics have to be followed.

First, you have to remember that the Apaches ran barefoot. That may seem like a relatively trivial matter but in fact it's a major factor. The nerves in the feet travel to all the major organs of the body and the gentle pressure of grass and dirt on those nerves as you run tends to "adjust" those nerves and consequently the internal organs in much the same way a Chiropractor manipulates the spinal column for other problems. The bare skin on the bottom of the feet also tends to absord chlorophyll from the grass and trace minerals from the dirt (or mud) and said goodies then work themselves into your bloodstream. Always check your running area over very carefully. Rusty nails and doggie poop can also get into the bloodstream. Golf courses are a good place to run if you can

get there early enough in the morning to avoid disgruntled security personnel and flying golf balls.

Second, when you are going for a maximum distance, you have to develop a "rhythm" — that is, run at the same speed that feels like a natural movement and maintain that speed exactly. You can often run twice as far "in the groove" as opposed to varying your speed. You can prove this to yourself by running two miles or more at the same speed and then walking. Your legs will, of their own volition, continue the same movement pattern they had while you were running. What happens is the muscles and the organs that feed them (heart and lungs) tend to "co-ordinate" with each other to conserve energy. You'll notice most of those Apaches had a long, loose stride and none of them would have won the hundred yard dash.

Run for distance once a week. Train two days. The other day you train run at different speeds, run sideways like a crab, and backwards. If you run only in one direction at one speed that is all you will be capable of. Mike Brown made that mistake and got up to a 4 mile run with a rythm and then found to his embarrasment that, running as fast as his fat little legs would carry him, he couldn't make it even 400 yards.

When you start running out of time and your training is taking too long get yourself a weighted vest or even a set of wrist weights. Never put weights on your ankles. It's too easy to pull the long inner thigh muscles between the knee and the groin by so doing. Put just enough weight in the vest to where you can barely feel it — like a pound at a time. When you can run five miles with a pound of excess iron then add ONLY one pound more. When you can run five miles lugging fifty pounds and, your diet, other exercise program, and rhythm is right, you should be able to run 50 miles non-stop (there's a 70 year old Los Angeles man by the name of Fred Grace who, occassionally, runs non-stop to Las Vegas when he isn't writing articles for Iron Man Magazine. If he can run this distance, so can you).

Two days a week is not the whole exercise program. You'll need some work with a barbell and a set of iron boots

or a dumbell. One of the best conditioners for distance running is high repetitive breathing squats — 100 or more non-stop. A marathon runner years ago did only this one exercise during the winter and won everything he entered in the spring.

Swimming is another good exercise for endurance training but you need professional instruction — otherwise you'll never get the rhythm right. Once you become proficient swimming you can get yourself a boat or something to tow around to increase your power. Don't use weights for obvious reasons.

Dessicated liver should be a part of any endurance diet but there are a couple of things that need mentioning. For a 50 mile run you're going to have to work up to ¼ pound of dessicated liver and 8 oz. of honey a day. If you intend to test your endurance by seeing how far you can walk across country rig up several 8 oz. honey bottles in an ammo pouch and sip honey and water once an hour as you go — you should be able to march five days without sleep and cover about 300 miles. The Roman legions used to travel like that and in addition carried four basic grains (corn, barely, wheat and rye) that they munched on while on the move.

Anyone contemplating an involvement in life or death situations on any sort of a regular basis would do well to consider the properties of dessicated liver, available in any health food store in either powder or pill form. It is advisable to avoid the pills as there are excipients and binders holding the product into the pill shape that interfere with digestion.

The liver is a remarkable organ; the only organ that can regenerate itself like the tail of a salamandor. A lot of men have taken half a dozen stab wounds to the liver and sustained no permanent damage.

What dessicated beef liver does is increase endurance to a degree unheard of by the average man. The fellow who discovered the properties of it did so by experiments with three controlled groups of rats. The first group was fed on the normal American diet for three months. The second group was fed on the same diet for the same period of time with 10% B vitamin supplement added. The third group was fed the

same as the first, only with 10% dessicated liver added to their diet. All three groups were dumped into tubs of water to see how long they could swim before they drowned. Group one drowned in 15 minutes,. Group two drowned in 30 minutes. Four hours later the experimenter got tired of looking at the third group and took them out of the water.

While on your endurance training program stay away from all fat meat, starch and milk. Fat meat keeps you from digesting lots of other good stuff, the starch mostly doesn't digest at all (if you swallow an open safety pin the recommended procedure for dislodging it is to eat white bread, the stuff forms a lump around the pin and passes out of the system), and milk tends to react with the smog in the atmosphere in your lungs and makes it hard to breath. You won't notice it until you are breathing hard — and it feels horrible. Mike Brown found this out the hard way while he was working for Arrowhead Water Co. in Los Angeles in about 1968. He would start humping 60 pound water bottles up and down stairs about 8 in the morning, feel fine at 10, grab a quart of milk at 10:05 and gulp it down, and by 10:15 have to lay down in the cab of the truck to catch his breath. An occassional glass the night before shouldn't hurt but any more than that is going to cut your wind.

Go heavy on the fresh fruits and vegetables and light on the water. Despite all the "six glasses a day" nonsense the fact is that water washes stuff right our of your system — including but not limited to protein, vitamins, minerals and all the rest. Drink only when you're thirsty; never force it.

And remember, those Apaches weren't built like Mr. America either. You're subject to lose weight. Size and strength is for those who have to stand and fight. Endurance is for those who might want to leave squabbling to others. They, at least, have an option the short-winded monsters don't.

Knife-fighting, if it were a recognized sport, would probably be closer to boxing and/or wrestling than any other endeavor. Many of the moves are similar and the thrust upward to the chest cavity with a knife is almost identical to the uppercut to the solar plexus used in boxing.

Barbells and running are familiar to everyone, a third method of training is very effective but seldom used: chest expanders or "cables."

Mike brown, above, is shown working our on the "Samson" cable set that he developed and now manufactures.