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PUBLISHED BY THE 96th DIVISION INFORMATION AND EDUCATION OFFICE

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We Present.....

...the first edition of DEADEYE Features to the 96th Infantry Division through the courtesy of our comrades, the Air Corps in the body of the 5th Photo Tech Squadron who generously reproduce it for us weekly as long as conditions allow. Our thanks go to them and to the 96th's own Engineer Battalion for the paper on which it is printed and the co-operation they have given in obtaining materials. We also thank Lt. Col. Robert Glenn for providing the Staff with an artist.

This publication is designed to give you a weekly boost in the form of fiction, facts and fun which may amuse you, tantalize your mind and add to your Pacific life.

We print under army censorship so that you may be free to mail copies anywhere. You may find your unit has gained a nickname and the numerical designation discarded for use in this publication. We shy away from naming organizations.

The contents of the Features will vary as you our readers indicate your desire for different or new material in notes to the Editor. The office which publishes the paper, the I&E Office of the Division, is one of the few offices in the Army to which anyone can write without going through channels. We should like to hear your comments and have your stories, cartoons, arguments on world affairs—anything you might write or draw.

This is your paper, officers and men. Help us make it what you want. We hope you find some interest in the Features.

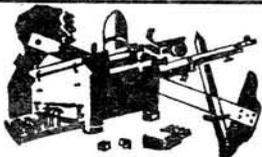
Our first feature begins on this page today in the way of the...

FOR-UM & AGIN-UM

...established to give everyone a chance to air his views on topics of the day. This first question gained a great deal of response and numerous statements have been submitted. We have considered them all and have had a difficult decision to make in presenting the two best arguments.

(Continued on page two.)

DEADEYE *features*



DEADEYE FEATURES

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(Continued from page one.)

The question put was concerned with compulsory military training and we present two letters discussing it.

FOR-UM

I am 33 years old and have held a responsible job with one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Chicago.

I definitely believe that military training would be far more beneficial than detrimental. Our colleges seem to have failed in their primary purpose. Although giving the highest standard of education in the world, the majority come out of college with the opinion that they have completed their education to the nth degree. Such an attitude breeds ill in the business world where experience is also necessary. Such men who have gained experience in the world in civilian life would gain added experiences through military training. The Army is a leveler and takes out egotism, but does not destroy enthusiasm. It also teaches one to live with one's fellow men.

Enough for personal benefits. There definitely should be no man today in the armed services who cannot appreciate the fact that man's greed makes war an always imminent factor. Under no circumstances should the United States ever again be caught as unprepared as we were.

By - Pfc. C. L. Ratzel.

AGIN-UM

We are told that we need a large standing army and huge trained reserves after this war to protect us from future ones. To get them, so they tell us, we have to resort to compulsory military training. Our unpreparedness at the time of Pearl Harbor is held up to us as the horrible example of what must never happen again.

It must not happen again! But to avoid it, we have to look to deeper causes than our lack of battleships or trained

divisions. We were drawn into the war because in the twenty years following the last one we consistently refused to do anything constructive to prevent aggression. Our policy was the result mainly of a lack of interest in what happened in the world. We weren't interested in foreign policy; we weren't interested in the rise of obvious threats to our existence as a free people; we weren't interested when Japan attacked Manchuria, when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia, when Hitler re fortified the Rhineland, absorbed Austria and Czechoslovakia, and finally attacked Poland. Naturally we weren't interested in spending a lot of money on what seemed to us a useless army and navy.

But it is clear that the army and navy, if we had possessed them, still would not have kept us out of war. That could have been accomplished only by stopping the aggressors when they started, though common action with other threatened powers. It could have been done with the small army we then had - but our lack of foresight prevented action. What good is a larger force, if we don't use it effectively?

After this war, our enemies must be completely disarmed. We tried it once with Germany, but then forgot about enforcing her disarmament. This time we must have the intelligence to take the poison fangs away from the rattlesnakes of the world community, and keep them away. To do it, we only need an armed strength sufficiently larger than our enemies'. It is much simpler to keep theirs nil, and our small, than to start a race to see which can get biggest.

Thus it is clear that what we need is a continuous interest in what goes on in the world, a continuous alert against the potential saboteurs of peace. With that attitude, small armed forces will be sufficient; without it, hundreds of divisions will be of no avail.

Understanding this, realizing that their defense does not demand enormous armed forces, the American people can never permit compulsory military training, with all its attendant dangers. The huge expense; the necessity of seizing young men from their homes and educations just at the time they most need guidance in constructive growth, not in the art of killing; the threat to free institutions, admitted even by General Marshall, of a large professional military caste used to discipline and authoritarianism instead of freedom, initiative, experiment and change - these are burdens the American people must not bear if they are not absolutely necessary to self protection. And they are not, for a huge army and navy would only lull us into a sense of false security, and thus deaden the alert that is our first line of defense.

By - Pvt. Joseph A. Kahl.

Since the FEATURES was made up additional articles for the Forum have arrived, some of which will be published in the DISPATCH. The subject for the next Forum will be announced in the DEADEYE DISPATCH.

SONG OF THE JUNGLE

Dreaming of a blood-hued sunset,

Brooding o'er a Southern Sea,

Shall I linger yet to wonder—

Even to sternity?

Yet, beneath the green-ghost stillness

Silvered by a tropic moon

Waiting always - ever watchful

Hovers still - a mystic rune. . . .

David L. Housman,
Hq. Co., Brickbat.

FILIPINO THANKS A DEADSTE



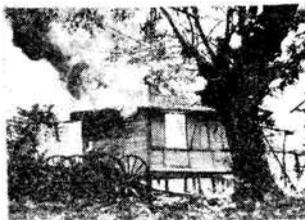
CIVILIANS AWAIT PCMU SUPPLIES



OUR BEAST OF BURDEN



DEADEYE DESTRUCTION



Among Men... Commander



The blow heard 'round the world on December 7, 1941 did more than just throw the United States into war. It also put the hex on a 12-handicap golfer.

You know him as Major General J. L. Bradley, your boss, and you've never seen him on a golf course. He turned his back on his favorite game the day we entered the war and hasn't touched a club since.

And that, Deadeyes, is illustrative of the iron will of the man who has lead you to one victory and will lead you on to others.

While his golf clubs moulded in the closet, General Bradley worked around the clock at the Presidio of San Francisco. During those critical days when we lay wide open to a Jap attack, his job was Chief of Staff of the Fourth Army and Western Defense Command, a headquarters charged both with defending the Pacific Coast and Alaska and training troops for the offensives to come.

By June, the immediate crisis was over and the War Department was scouring its files for competent officers to train and lead new assault divisions. One of these was the 96th - and you know the rest of the story. General Bradley got another star and his own division.

Our General Bradley, like another Bradley of military fame, is a Missourian. He was born in the little town of Doniphan and was reared in Rolla, where his father, who died last spring, was a much-beloved professor in the Missouri School of Mines. His mother still resides in Rolla.

Following graduation from the United States Military Academy in 1914, General Bradley was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry. With the army desperately in need of competent instructors to turn the raw manpower of the nation into soldiers, General Bradley suffered the same fate as many other young West Point men of that period and spent the entire war at the Infantry School passing on his knowledge to other men.

He did see service in Vera Cruz and in the Mexican border campaign, but for all practical purposes, October 20, 1944, was our commander's baptism of fire as well as our own.

Many of you know General Bradley chiefly as the straight-talking officer who stood up before you when you came to the 96th and said, "My name's Bradley. My friends call me Jim." If you were with the Division at Camp Adair and Fort Lewis, you will remember these blunt words:

"Our enemies are tough. We must be tougher. We kill or get killed."

"My reputation lies in your hands. I want no higher command, but I ask you as a personal favor that you so train and work that I may go into battle with you at least once."

We have proved tougher than the enemy. We have killed 20 of him for every one of us that has lost his life. We have gone into battle under General Bradley and have emerged triumphant. Score - 100.

General Bradley's personal post-war program is about as military as yours and mine. It has three main planks:

1 - To spend a little time, for a change, with Mrs. Bradley and their daughter, Mildred.

2 - To go to work on that rusty golf game.

3 - To go back home to Missouri and dabble in local politics as plain Jim Bradley.

So - if you ever see a poster reading, "Bradley for Sheriff" you'll know that there's the guy to vote for. As General Yamashita will testify, he always gets his man.

.. Peruvian

When it comes to carabao, Staff Sergeant Evodio Diaz, a reconnaissance section head in a 96th Division combat engineer unit, will take llama. Only Peruvian in the 96th Division, he believes the beast of burden of his native country much more aesthetic.

Born in Lima, Peru, he came to the United States 12 years ago to study engineering. As a practical exponent of the Good Neighbor Policy, he declares,

"I voluntarily entered the United States Army because I was glad to have the privilege of fighting for democratic institutions and the American way of life I grew to love during my residence in the United States."

A favorite American institution of the 35 year old Peruvian is the Brooklyn Dodgers. Formerly residing in the Flatbush country, he attended Brooklyn Technical High School and Pratt Institute of Science and Technology. Prior to his induction in September, 1942, he lived with his mother in Ozone Park, Long Island.

In a bull session, when Diaz gets wound up in his favorite subject of Pan-American cooperation, he really goes to town. He says,

"World events have proven that no country can remain isolated. The countries of South America are no exception. If democracy is to survive anywhere, there must be an Allied victory."

Contributing his bit in the best spirit of the Good Neighbor policy, Diaz has been doing some outstanding work in his specialty of reconnaissance. On the second day of the Philippine invasion, he and his section discovered an eight inch Jap naval gun, 3 gun turrets, 24 crates of gun parts and a Jap truck which the Japs had no time to destroy, let alone use. A skilled draftsman, he has been invaluable to his battalion in mapping, sketching Jap fortifications, and other S-2 operations.

He joined the "DEADEYES" in February, 1942 at Camp White. Last May at Camp San Luis Obispo he became a citizen of the United States.

In his post-war planning, Staff Sergeant Diaz includes a certain girl in New York City who is awaiting his return. Also on his agenda is a trip back to Peru to visit his father in the town of Huacho.



DEADEYE features



"Snack," said Okayama during a ten-minute break, "since the Americans have landed we haven't stopped running -- backwards."

"Yes," replied the not-so-bright Hiroshima, "if they only would have landed three days later we could have listened to The Lucky Strike Hit Parade. Now, (he added with tears in his eyes) we'll NEVER know what the number 1 song was."

"Shhh, here comes our CO" whispered Okayama. "Whenever chow-time comes along he gives us a pep-talk instead of food. How does he expect us to run if we have to live on coconut juice all the time? It's true the juice makes us run -- but in a very unpleasant manner."

"ATTENTION!" sounded-off a Superior Pvt (who's been bucking for T/5 for the past three years) as the CO approached.

Practically all the troops jumped to their feet immediately in reply to the order. After the CO realized he was reprimanding 6 dead Japs (for the past 5 minutes) for not obeying the order, he turned to his men.

"Men!" said Hino Tukashito, who often wondered if they were men. "You've been retreating beautifully. The Americans are finding it difficult to keep up with us. As you can see (pointing to the assortment of dead bodies littered about), we've already forced them to use Artillery on us. I'm honorably glad to see that half of our company is missing which indicates that they unhesitatingly (?) gave their lives for the Emperor (and also reduces the amount of paperwork for our Orderly Room). But don't worry -- I have a strange feeling that before this is over we'll all have ample opportunity to follow suit."

"How about some chow?" hollered one GI who used to be forward observer for a knee mortar, until their supply of knees became exhausted.

"CHOW?" said Lt. (Jg) H. Tukashito. "Didn't you guys eat last week? What else do you want? Never mind answering that -- we haven't the time. Besides, you guys would gripe if you were shot with a brand new rifle. Now go back to your foxholes."

"Ya know," said the wise Okayama as

they were walking away, "I'm not so keen on this idea of giving my life for the Emperor. The Americans have a more satisfactory idea. Instead of them dying for their country, they're making us die for ours."

"Americans bah" retorted Hiroshima. "Next you'll be telling me that the Americans also have the posthumous system, such as we have. We are promoted two ranks after we're killed in action (a War Department Order said). Heck, why sweat out a new T/O -- this is an easy way to get more stripes."

It was getting late in the afternoon and everybody was gathered around a small radio, awaiting the daily broadcast from Tokyo. The boys were smoking some very ill-tasting weeds and recalling the days before the war when they were able to obtain Camels and Chesterfields, and drink an unlimited amount of sake. Finally, after Japan's National Anthem, The Army's Anthem, and a few other anthems plus three trumpet fanfares (which also serves to indicate an air-raid alarm) were played, the broadcast started.

"THIS is Radio Tokyo bringing to you our (naturally) interpretation of the news. On the island where the Americans have landed, we have been moving at a terrific rate of speed. Although they are continuing to land supplies and troops on their 'narrow beach-head', our planes are bombing them and their air-strips that were put into operation. The Americans lost numerous planes and ships, while we have suffered the loss of a damaged cruiser, an outrigger (rowboat type), and of the 100 planes we dispatched 98 returned safely, 1 returned damaged and the one that failed to return is an obsolete model anyways."

Well, that's the news for tonite. (Besides, I have an early date.) To our soldiers, we say Keep Fighting -- we in Tokyo are right behind you. Good Evening.

"That's a damn good place to be -- right behind us" one GI griped as he left

the area.

"They certainly didn't underestimate us when they said we were moving at a terrific speed" another added.

Still another was heard arguing, "If the Americans only have a narrow beachhead how come we admit bombing air-strips here, held by them?"

Finally, the crowd thinned out. All were now busily engaged in the task of removing the water from their fox-holes in preparation for a few hours sleep. Okayama and Hiroshima decided to use a newly formed bomb crater for fox-holes -- on the assumption that lightning doesn't strike the same place twice, besides, they felt rather lazy. Thinking of nothing better to do, they decided to bat the breeze for a while.

"Ya know, Hiroshima" the ever-thinking Okayama said, "I'm more than a trifle sorry that we bombed Pearl Harbor. This is one time that Tojo bit off more than we can chew. When we were fighting the unexperienced and unequipped Chinese, it was like being on Desert Maneuvers -- but take these American GIs, they're a rough and well-trained determined bunch."

"Oh, oh, there goes their artillery again. Looks as though we don't get any sleep again tonight. Well, I can try to anyways. Good-night my good friend Okay, I'll see you in the morning."

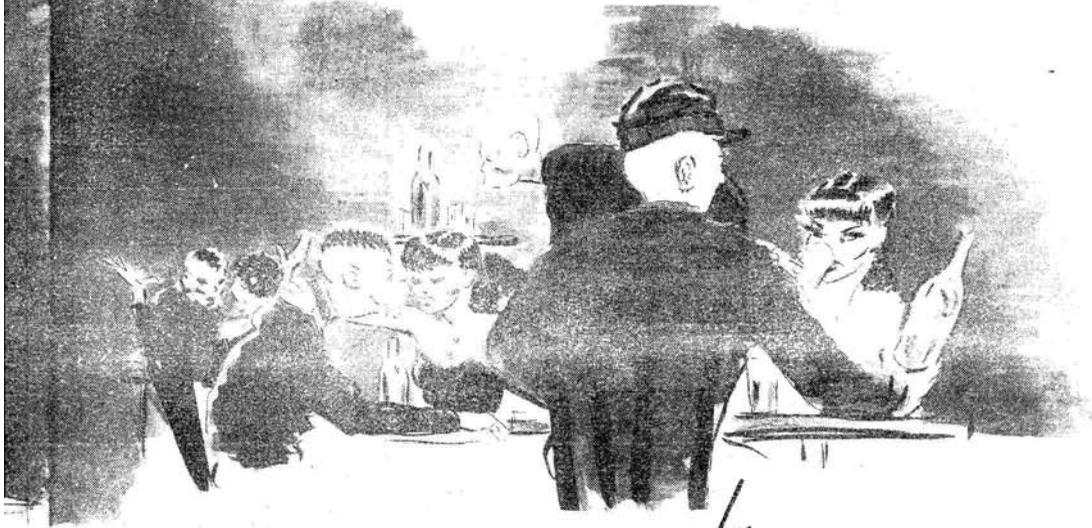
"Hope so, but I doubt it very much if this keeps up" came the lazy reply.

"Wake up, wake up" shouted the company clerk (who wasn't as competent with a pencil in the army as he was with a cactus in civilian life) into the ears of Okayama. "Orders just reached us (through channels) stating you're to return to Japan on the new Rotation Policy. Your five years expired three years ago, but orders just arrived."

So without further ado, Okayama bid farewell to all his buddies and expressed

With American Aid

FICTION



SGT. IRV KERN
DEADEYE SIG. CO.

his unhappiness (?) for having to leave.

Two weeks later his outrigger (you must supply your own transportation on this Rotation System because all available ships have been assigned to the Jap Underwater Fleet, which was rapidly increasing every day) finally reached Tokyo, at which point he disembarked.

The first three hours at home were spent with his foot in the door trying to convince his family that it was he, Okayama, and not a bond salesman from the government. After that, he painted the town red for a month and finally reported to his new assignment with the Imperial Home Defense Command. Here he advantageously partook of the comfortable garrison set-up and was assigned a desk job—polishing officers' desks.

Here, he was introduced to the mimeograph operator who received the Honorable Purple Heart for paper-burns; the head of the morale department who sported a good conduct ribbon with a cluster for good behavior at Nakasaki Lil's "Ten-Yens A Dance Hall"; and the head of the Sports Department who was awarded a medal for being the first wave when the swimming season opened.

"What's the purpose of having that GI blanket hanging up over there with all the medals and ribbons on it?"

"Blanket Hell" came the reply to Okayama's query, "that's the General's coat. He gets an award practically every week for doing away with paperwork. He's already eliminated paperwork emanating from Attu, Kwajalein, Saipan, Guam, and now he's even working on the Philippines. His plan is simple—all he does is 'give' the islands back to the Americans."

"I know what you mean" answered Okayama walking away.

That evening Okayama and his newly made acquaintance Fuji Ouya decided to visit a sake-bar. After having a few and speaking on the usual subject, their con-

versation (not their eyes) wandered from women to Army life.

"You guys that are stationed here all the time don't realize there's a war going on" Okayama griped. "Here, there's plenty of women, an abundance of sake, and many USO Shows. They should ship you into combat, like I was."

"Whaddaya mean ship ME into combat?" The insulted Fuji said as he knocked a glass of sake into Okayama's lap. "I was a pilot up until last week when they reassigned me because our outfit didn't have any planes left."

"Tell me more, tell me more" replied Okay as he attempted to trip the waitress to gain her attention.

"Well," belched Fuji happy to see his story drawing interest, "One night while on CQ, the boys were listening to Radio Tokyo brag about a new airfield we controlled—full of supplies. To make a short story long, our outfit flew over to the air-strip anticipating a good drunk, but after they landed they found it was American controlled. They took our boys prisoners."

"And the planes?"
"You'll never guess what they did with our planes" continued Fuji. "The Americans made bracelets and other trinkets out of them. They always do that! Tell me my good friend Okay—how are the Ground Troops doing?"

"From what I saw, all they seem to be doing is running. In fact things were so bad that our division had to pull Bansai raids without any sake. The boys used to be able to enjoy plenty of food and sake before the raids. Now, they have to die sober, and on an empty stomach."

"Didn't you have any fun at the beginning of the war when Japan took over all those islands in the Pacific?" Fuji inquired as he turned the bottles on the table upside-down to indicate their captiveness to the waitress.

"Fun?" The enraged Okay replied as he tried to pour the last of his drink into his mouth but missed, and spilled it down his collar. "We couldn't have any fun. You see, we brought invasion money with us—loads and loads of money. In fact our AG section had 4 mimeograph machines turning out nothing but money. As a result, prices went sky-high, but our pay remained the same, so our pleasures were very limited. The big shots had the fun. If they needed more money, all they had to do was to submit a requisition (in quadruplicate). Money was easier to get than ammunition."

After completing their fourth trip to the latrine, they returned feeling much better but nevertheless drunker'n hell—Fuji, following his friends example, tried to trip the waitress, but missed. Okay, seeing that, hastily reached out and summoned her in a very un-appropriate manner.

"Listen bud", the waitress exclaimed, "If you're going to order sake that way—cut your nails. Besides, I'm ticklish during working hours."

"Some other time" Fuji said understandingly as he tossed her a handful of change, "Our pass is nearly up now."

Holding each other up as they proceeded to stumble back to their barracks.

"What we should do is to stop manufacturing planes and send bracelets out to the Americans instead—our planes wind up as bracelets anyways. It will save us such trouble and much face. Yes, that's the only solution for our Air Corps. What do you suggest the Ground Troops do, Okay my honorable drunken buddy?"

"I'd let things remain as they are" reasoned Okay. "What our boys want most is to die for their Emperor so they can meet their forefathers. Well, that is one respect the Americans are an aid to us—They're helping our boys fulfill their wishes."

END.

FIVE

DEADEYE features

HOW LONG CAN CHINA FIGHT?

TEC. 4 SID MEYER



Last October, General Joseph Stilwell, one of America's ablest military leaders, was relieved as Chief of Staff of China's Armies and recalled to Washington by President Roosevelt. At that time, China faced her darkest hour. The Japanese Army was laying siege to Kweilin, the seven million dollar air base built with Chinese labor and American dollars. Chinese troops would make another Stalingrad of the city rather than let it fall into enemy hands, but they could not stem the Jap tide in South China.

President Roosevelt explained that Stilwell had been recalled because of personality differences with Chiang-Kai-Chek. This plainly meant that Vinsgar Joe and the Generalissimo had no love for each other. It did not explain, however, why such a competent General as Joe Stilwell had not been able to mould an effective fighting force out of China's Armies.

The answer to the red-hot Stilwell incident soon seeped thru Chinese and American censorship. It became common knowledge that Stilwell had not only to fight the Japs, but reactionaries in Chiang's government who were more interested in their political futures than in the fate of their country. For three years they had smugly refused to give Stilwell the power he needed to develop an effective military machine. Americans learned for the first time that China was on the brink of disintegration and military disaster. The story of how China drifted from the beginnings of unity to this chaotic condition goes back to the year 1926.

During that year, the young Chiang-Kai-Chek, imbued with the thought of a free China, was engaged in a campaign to clean the racketeering war lords out of China's northern provinces. He was flanked by Russian advisors Michael Borodin (now editor of the Moscow Daily News) and General Vasil Bluscher. But his friendship with the Soviets did not last for long, as Chiang began to fear a revolution from the rising power of Communism. A rift developed between him and the Communists and he set up a new nationalist government in Nanking.

The campaign against the war lords was cut short, for Chiang had his own troubles promoting finances in Shanghai to back the government. Meanwhile, under Communist guidance, the peasants took up their own fight against the war lords and a wave of terror swept over China. When they formed bands and roamed the countryside in search of food, the Nanking press branded them as bandits. In reality, they were only a starved and resentful people who had tired of the miserable existence they endured under their despotic rulers.

At no time since that uprising did the Nanking government achieve any degree of national strength or unity. In 1937, when the Japs struck their first blow against China, Chiang's Armies were driven out of Shanghai and a new capital had to be established at Chungking.

During the last seven years, the Generalissimo's government has miraculously held together and marshalled enough forces from China's peasantry to hold the Japs to a slow pace and kill thousands of their troops. Starved, bleeding and without real

leadership, China has made the continental expedition a costly one for Japan. During all this time the Chinese Army fought with a bare minimum of equipment and its soldiers were often forced to forage for their food.

What precious equipment did arrive from the United States was diverted by corrupt Chinese Army officials. They traded American food, clothing and medical supplies to Indian merchants for silks and fineries. These goods were in turn sold to Chinese merchants so that the Army middlemen came out with a handsome profit. During the two years preceding China's great famine, the Army's leaders high-pressed the farmers into giving up large quantities of grain. Came the famine, and the farmers had no food. They acquired a fierce hatred for the Army and often disarmed Chinese troops.

Laboring under these handicaps, the Chungking Armies managed to hold the Japs away from Central China until the autumn of last year. By then, Jap General Yasuji Okamura was ready. For months his agents, disguised as Chinese merchants, had crossed the front lines freely, scouted the Chinese defenses, talked to the officers and men to feel the people's pulse. When Okamura struck in the autumn of 1944, he moved quickly. Changsha and Hengyang soon fell to his forces and finally strategic Kweilin. The Chinese General commanding the defending armies issued field orders; Chungking countermanded them. While the Japs advanced, the Chinese quarreled over strategy.

Large bodies of Nationalist Government troops were kept in the north to blockade the Yen-an Communist Government. These troops were urgently needed to stem the Japanese tide, but Chungking so mistrusted the Communists, it insisted on an armed ring to guard them in the north. Meanwhile, the Communists themselves, clamored for a coalition government and were willing to forget differences for the duration.

It was only last month that the Chinese turned the tide by halting the Japs in Kweichow Province and throwing them back into Kwangsi. There the Japs will have to re-group and winterize their troops before they can resume the offensive to the south. But though some of the lost ground was regained by the heroic Chinese troops during the last month, China is now suffering from a deeper wound than the territory lost thru the Jap offensive. Okamura has split wide open the crack of China's disunity.

Even before Okamura's drive, the outlying provinces had often defied Chungking openly. These were not the Communist provinces of the north, but members of the Chungking Nationalist Government. Since, Okamura split free China in two, the dissident leaders have united to form the China Southeast Council. Today, the Council still holds its meetings in secret, but little separates it from the final step of renting a headquarters and hiring a military staff.

The Council finds active support in the thousands of starving, destitute people throughout the Provinces.

And so today, even though the Japs have been pushed back to Hochin, in Kwangsi Province, the world is wondering if China will have time to pull herself together. She is now approaching her final crisis. That crisis will come when the Jap invader is ready for another lunge to the south. The big question today is: "How long can she still render aid to the United Nations?" Here are some of the reasons why she still has a chance.

Contrary to popular belief, China's GI Joe is one of the world's best fighting men. Known in China as the bing, he's a short, stocky little fellow who weighs around 110 to 120 pounds. He's always grinning and joking under conditions that would evoke loud gripes from our own GIs. And his everlasting "Ting Hoo", which means, "Everything is swell", can be heard throughout the Burmese jungle and the plains of Central China. Although his average age is 21, he is often 16 or 17, and a few sneak into the Army as young as 13.

Tanks who fought in Burma tell the story about the Chinese GI. On a black, miserable night in the Burma jungle, the Japs were laying down a heavy mortar barrage. The swift crump-crump-crump of the mortars pinned everyone to the ground except the medics, who were effecting the slow, painful evacuation of the wounded. Then, a new, incongruous sound drifted thru the jungles, the sound of laughter and the strange quarter-tone falsetto of Chinese folk-music. The Americans, still in dreadful silence, saw Chinese kitchen boys carrying large, black camp pots on the ends of bamboo poles. They were bringing boiling rice to their front line soldiers and singing gaily as they pushed forward. Balls spat into the boiling water, but the bings sang and jabbered merrily as if oblivious to the whining machine gun bullets and bursting mortar shells. These boys were happy to be feeding their own comrades. They would not allow a few Jap bullets to detain them, for the rice must reach the troops steaming hot.

Although the bing in Burma is usually a volunteer and therefore an outstanding example of China's manpower, the average young fellow who is drafted from the country's Rice Bowl is just as hardy and uncompaining. Of course, he has his gripes. He resents the fact that his pay, a mere dime a day, will buy less and less due to inflation. And he isn't happy about his officers selling Army supplies for their own benefit. But given proper leadership and organization, he will make a tough opponent for the best men the Japs can put into the field.

Soon, the Chinese soldier will be receiving more and more supplies from the new Burma-Ledo Road. What has amounted to a trickle from the transport planes flying the hump will increase to a steady flow when the last Japs have been cleared from the Road.

For the faltering Chungking Government, Chiang has appointed an able group of administrators to streamline the whole structure. The new premier, in effect, is his brother-in-law, T. V. Soong, long China's Alexander Hamilton of finance and one of its ablest administrators. He has always been the most enthusiastic exponent of Chinese-American cooperation and is on the terms with out own ambassador Patrick Hurley as well as WP Coordinator Donald Nelson. Soong's is no easy task. It is the task of coordinating and streamlining the government, stepping up production, promoting constitutional reform and healing the breach between political factions.

T. V.'s biggest job is the settlement of China's civil war. At this writing, he has been unable to reach an agreement with

DEADEYE features

HOW LONG CAN CHINA FIGHT? (Cont'd from p. 6)
the Communists, even with the assistance of genial American ambassador Major General, Patrick Hurley. The Yenan government insists that Chiang will not relinquish his one party dictatorship and it refuses to join forces with Chungking until it can be adequately represented as a political party in that government.

But our own Donald Nelson, who has become China's big boss, is not waiting for any such settlement. He has already gone to work and eliminated a large amount of red tape from China's civil administration and keyed every government agency to one purpose—the building of a strong well-equipped Army.

There are those who will say these reforms undertaken at Uncle Sam's pressure are only a beginning. They point out that a mere shuffling of cabinet posts cannot restore to China enough vitality for the fight ahead. But Donald Nelson and Henry Wallace have convinced Chungking that China must fight hard and by itself if it is to survive as a nation. They have also informed Chiang that the U. S. will neither fight Russia nor back the Kuomintang in a civil war against the Chinese Communists. This realization that her back is against the wall may yet pull China thru.

Miracles will not be performed overnight. All the inequalities in China's land problem, her unjust taxation, the inflation, the inherent graft and corruption cannot be rooted up all at once. Nor can

she hope for a perfect understanding with the Communists at this time. Right now, the military problem is the most pressing. The big job is to whip the army into fighting shape for winter months. If that can be done, China may hang together for another year and effect her internal reforms at a later date. With Nelson's assistance, the Army Program is being rushed thru at high speed. There is close harmony between him and all of China's leaders, so it looks like the fighting man at the front will at last receive the arms and food and clothing he needs.

With these advantages, the Chinese might at least hold off Japan's twenty odd divisions in South China in the same way the Allies have pinned down a larger segment of German armor in Italy. And there is always the possibility that the little fellow who fights China's war, once properly led, may surprise us and push the Japs back to the China coast—and into our arms.
END.

Does He Chew Gum?
At Seanning, Ga. (CNS) — Cpl. Tobias Blade, Keeping 4th Infantry, is going to retire soon after 20 years of Army without a day off. He has never missed a company formation of meat and does not drink or sweat.

The Wolf

by Sansone



He has a peculiar hold on women!

DON'T BUY TUBA! BUY WAR BONDS!

BUT IF YOU MUST BUY TUBA, BUY IT FROM US, SO WE CAN BUY WAR BONDS.

DEADEYE QUARTERMASTER, Distributing Agent.



THE BIRD

INTRODUCING: THE BIRD THE GI AUTHORITY ON COMBAT INTELLIGENCE, IN HIS NEW "HOW-TO-DO-IT!" SERIES. HELPFUL HINTS FOR LUXURIOUS LIVING IN THE PHILIPPINES



by J. FOREMAN

AND — HIS ASSOCIATES

1st SGT TOBIAS BLADE, ALSO PA SUPPLY CO. CLERK, AND MESS SGT

CAPT. WEN WELCHER, HIS COMMANDING OFFICER — A HARDER MAN!



SGT. O.G. WHATABREEZ, OPNS SGT AND ACTING BATTALION BUGLER

CPL. STONEWALL AND TEC'S LES NOIZ COMMUNICATIONS MEN TO THE CORE!

LT FRILLY — THE ONE-MAN COMMANDING RAID — WATCH FOR NEXT WEEK'S THRILLER!

Male Call

by Milton Caniff creator of 'Terry and the Pirates'

ON Y'WAW, SOLDAT! I'M HERE TO PRESENT MISS LACE WITH A NAZI FLAG I BROUGHT HER — AND NO HOT WEATHER DOSSAGE IS OWNA RED LINE ME!

FALL BACK AND GROUP UP WITH YER MAM-ZELS, MUD-EATER! THERE WASN'T NO DAMES ON MY ATOLL. A-TALL AND I AIMS T' PRESENT THIS JAP OFFICER'S SWORD TO THE DREAM SCHEME THAT KEPT ME OUTA SECTION EIGHT.

WAW-WAW ONE HAND I COULD... SAY IS THAT A SURE ENOUGH, SEN-NOO-WINE JAP SWORD'S... HAVE A COOK DOUBLE O AT THAT NAZZY FLAG...

HERE IT IS... BUT BEFORE I HANG Y' TEEB ON Y' NORT' BRAY, LEAVE SWOORD! HEINE FLAG...

SEESST — THE OLD BROTHER... WOULD GO NITS' OVER THIS HERE... A BOOT OUTA SUMMER-RYE (A CAPTURED SWOORD)... HEINE FLAG...

SAY AW, HOW ABOUT A BEER... TALK THIS OVER?... I MUD JUST ABOUT T' SUGGEST THAT YER GANE TRUNK!



Kipling Didn't Know American Soldiers



VISIONS



NOW AND THEN HUMANS DO THINGS JUST FOR THE
 SHEER JOY OF DOING THEM-----EVEN THOUGH THEY
 ARE SPENDING ENERGY THAT THEY MIGHT OTHER-
 WISE SLEEP OUT OF THEIR BEING. THIS PAGE
 IS THE OUTCOME OF A HIDDEN DESIRE TO BE
 MORE THAN WHAT WE ARE, TO GIVE MORE THAN
 THAT WHICH WE HAVE, TO EXUDE THAT WHICH
 IS BELOW THE SURFACE OF.... OURSELVES
 IN ORDER TO INSURE IN OUR READER
 A REEXAMINING OF PERCEPTIONS.....
 WE SKILL NOTHING, BEING NOT SALESMEN
 BUT PHILANTHROPISTS, WE ASK NOTH-
 ING BUT ARE GLAD TO RECEIVE THE
 SCALDING CRITICISM OF THE MULTI-
 TITUDE WHEN IN THE FOCKHOLE THE
 MIND IS RIDDEN BY OUR FANTAS-
 IES. WE ARE, THEREFORE, OBJEC-
 TIVISTS TRYING TO RELAX, PRE-
 SERTING KATE TO CHICKEN MARK,
 SILK HOSE TO CHICKEN PIE;
 THUS WE ARE SURREALISTS OF
 THE OUTWARD IMPRESSIONIST
 SCHOOL JOINING REALISM
 WITH ROMANTICISM.....WE
 ARE THE EMBODIMENT OF
 MODERN CARICATURE, ,
 BEING TO SANCTIFY WHAT
 AN ORTHOGRAPHIC PRO-
 JECTION IS TO A GER-
 TRUDE STEIN TONE
 POEM....WE ARE MORE
 THAN DELIRIOUS...
 WE ARE A PERSONIF-
 ICATION OF THOR'S
 FANTASIES ROLLED
 IN MUD, AS WE
 CARRY THE STARS
 AND STRILES ON
 TO VICTORIOUS
 BATTLES AND
 CONQUER THE
 B L A C K
 DRAGON!

DOLORES MORAN
 It was between showers as we lay
 into the pool of water by the pubent a
 breeze rustled the palms and a feather
 sprinkled of rain disturbed the sensual
 waves around the blond beard on our
 chin she came with unmerciful speed she
 left but she was there softly with
 barely torn lips I saw her I saw her



There
 is an in-
 sect eating,
 tree-climbing,
 lizard here called
 a Tiki but most sol-
 diers think it is a bird.
 The soldier who wrote the
 parody thought so and called
 it a Dungus Bird. The char-
 acteristic sound of the Tiki
 bird awakens us all from our dreams.
 Translated into English "uk you".

Then I saw this fearful creature, with
 a sneer in every feature,
 That had caused all the commotion, and
 the change in my emotion,
 Which wasn't prone to woo, this ancient
 bird of yore,
 That ate bananas by the score, and
 muttered oft, "Uk you".

 But thinking he would be of aid, if I
 kept him empty paid,
 With shots of five crown tube, I had
 bought in the town of Fuba,
 Tell me I implore, I am in nervous
 haste,
 "When do we go back to the States?"
 To which he replied, "Uk you".

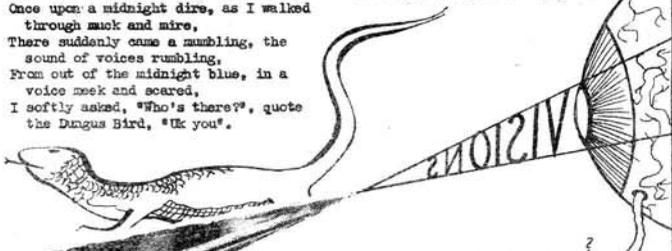
WE WRITE FOR GENERALS
 WHO PRIVATELY FOR POETS
 WHO DOLLARS & DREAM
 BOTOUS FOR
 BANK LIND-
 ED

"THE DUNGUS BIRD"
 A Parody

 Once upon a midnight dire, as I walked
 through muck and mire,
 There suddenly came a rumbling, the
 sound of voices rumbling,
 From out of the midnight blue, in a
 voice meek and scared,
 I softly asked, "Who's there?", quote
 the Dungus Bird, "Uk you".

THE
 BLACK
 DRAGON

 PAGES OF SOLDIERS' DREAMS AND
 WIVES... I WILL HAS A DREAM WORLD --
 MAY WE WE REBORN OUR ETC...
 FLASHED OCCURRENCE WITH NO
 SHAS AND NO
 ROWING OF
 HEADS



This page must not be considered to be
 connected in any way with a civilian pub-
 lication of View Inc. We do not claim such a
 distinction although our names will go down in history
 as excellently murderous Viewers.

Additional Note: Dynamic symmetry was not used in the design of
 this page as anyone can easily see.