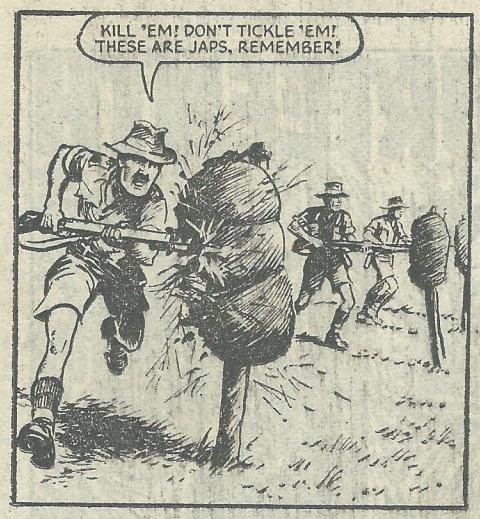
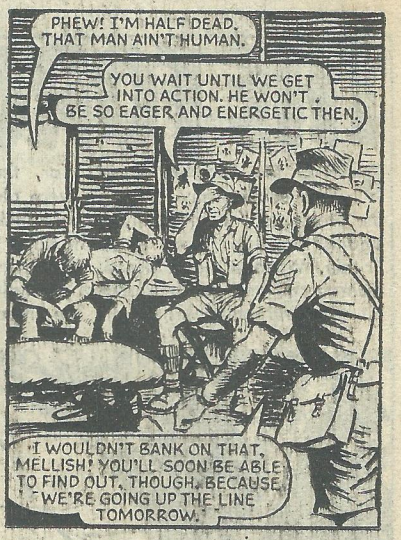

KILL 'EM! DON'T TICKLE 'EM! THESE ARE JAPS, REMEMBER!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! WELL DONE, YOU TWO MEN. WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN AND WE'LL GET A WEE BIT FASTER THIS TIME!


PHEW! I'M HALF DEAD. THAT MAN AIN'T HUMAN.
YOU WAIT UNTIL WE GET INTO ACTION. HE WON'T BE SO EAGER AND ENERGETIC THEN.
I WOULDN'T BANK ON THAT, MELLISH! YOU'LL SOON BE ABLE TO FIND OUT, THOUGH, BECAUSE WE'RE GOING UP THE LINE TOMORROW.

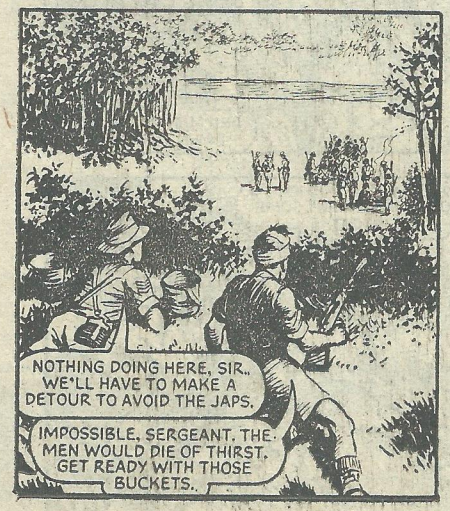
Next day—
ONE LAST CHARGE, LADS, AND GIVE 'EM ALL YOU'VE GOT. AND IF YOU DON'T—YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME LATER!

FIRE ONE MORE MAGAZINE, SERGEANT. THEN GET BACK. I'LL HOLD 'EM A FEW MINUTES LONGER.
RIGHT, SIR!

COME ON, THEN, YOU SLANT-EYED YELLOW-STREAKED RATS!

When the battle was over, Major Mills still expected parade-ground discipline from his men.
SMARTEN UP, THERE! COME ON—SHAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR BOOTS. WE'RE STILL SOLDIERS.
JUST LISTEN TO THE TWERP, HE STILL THINKS HE'S ON PARADE!

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THERE'S A STREAM JUST AHEAD. WE'LL GO FORWARD AND SCOUT.
WE MUST GET WATER, SIR, ESPECIALLY FOR THE WOUNDED!


NOTHING DOING HERE, SIR. WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A DETOUR TO AVOID THE JAPS.
IMPOSSIBLE, SERGEANT. THE MEN WOULD DIE OF THIRST. GET READY WITH THOSE BUCKETS.

GET THE WATER, SERGEANT. I'LL GET THE JAPS!

COME ON, YOU YELLOW DOGS, MAKE A FIGHT OF IT!
AIEEE—
COR! WHAT A FIGHTER!