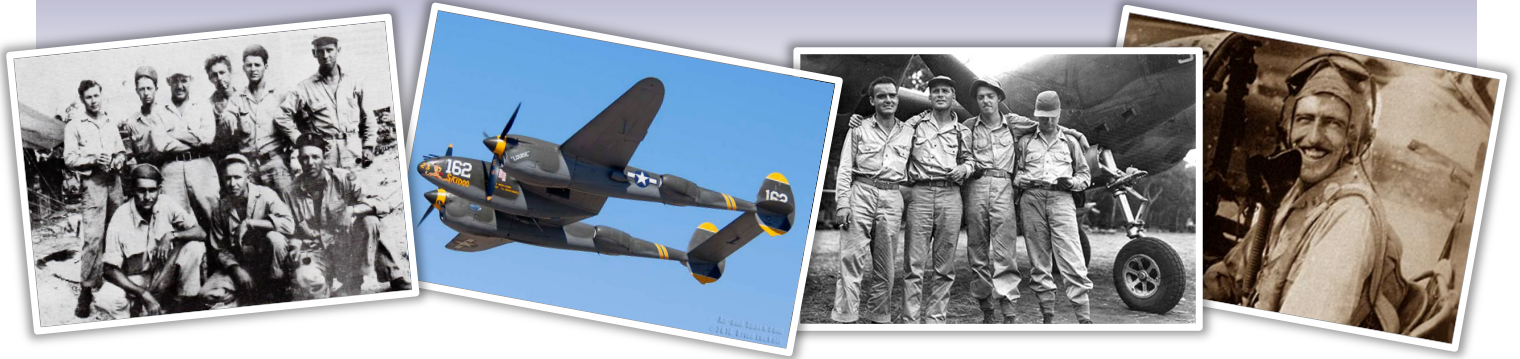


By a New Guinea Waterfall



Down by a New Guinea Waterfall one bright and sunny day, beside his shattered P-38, the young pursuiter lay. His parachute hung from a nearby limb, he was not yet quite dead; so listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright, where whiskey grows on telegraph poles, play poker every night. Haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing, and all my crew are women... Oh, Death where is thy sting?"