



B R O M O S E L Z E R P L E A S E!

He had a strange appearance. A light shone from his eye that had never been seen on land or sea. His hands trembled as with twitching fingers he grasped at a sheaf of papers, waving them in the air, and yelling like a mad man. We were sure he was going wacky. "They can't do this to me!" he screamed, but apparently "they" were intent on doing their dastardly deed, despite all his objections.

We watched him heave a sigh of despair. Now he was muttering in an almost inaudible tone, "Take Sec. C para. 3-iii subtract all you can, deduct Sec. 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ at 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ %, demand a recount," His pencil traced queer figures on a ream of papers. It seemed as though a quick death was the only release for people who had reached this state. His eyes became glassy, his muscles tensed, he drew himself erect, a ferocious look seized this condemned man. It was the first time we had ever seen a doomed man passing through his last brief hours. He cried out passionately: "I'll never do it again. Oh if they would only give me another chance, if they would only give me but a few more hours." Never were we so emotionally stirred as we were by the hideous, blood curdling outcries of this repentant procrastinator.

Great though our sympathy might have been, we had to leave this tortured soul to his certain ultimate fate. We had seen a man pass through suffering worse than death. We had learned an unforgettable lesson. Never more would we want to watch F/O. "Pappy" laugh, or any other legal officer, fill out their income tax returns. There is still ringing in our ears the refrain so pathetically repeated by the doomed flight commander of two Squadron: "Sherman was right. Sherman was right. Sherman was right."