

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

By JACK REDES

Late one afternoon recently I was starting for home when an ambulance pulled up in front of the police station with more than the usual number of people aboard. Natural curiosity caused me to go over and inquire about the trouble. Inside the ambulance trussed up in plow lines was a young man who was really tied to the stretcher. It was explained to me simply. "He's crazy." Police Captain Glasco Evans was busy trying to find some place to put this "violently insane" man.

Finally it was decided to put him in the county jail where isolation was more possible than in the smaller city jail. I went along to watch the excitement and to see just what was going to be done with this strapped down fellow. After squeezing the stretcher into the elevator and around some close corners in the jail to the door of the cell to be occupied was finally reached and the long job of untying the "insane man" began.

Much to everyone's surprise when the final ropes were removed the young man got up meekly and walked into the cell without the slightest trouble of anykind. Just before entering the cell, however, he did turn and admonish his father rather pointedly, "You'd better get me out of here before Thursday morning, because you know I got to go to Fort Bragg to get examined."

With that revelation I left, musing rather bitterly on the lengths that some people will go to in order to keep from serving in the armed forces. Of course it is fear that will cause a man to grovel so low as to play off "crazy." Funny thing about the armed forces: They won't have a fellow who is playing off even though they realize full well that he is acting and not really crazy. They take the attitude that any man who will stoop to this level is quite capable of getting a lot of other fellows killed if he is placed in a "tight spot."

A young man in my group during the past war made up his mind after getting overseas that he would rather be back in the United States. A sentiment that was shared by each of us. But he, being a practical soul, decided to do something about it. He began sleeping on an ironing board rather than the bed. He refused to use toilet facilities and then one morning he started to open a 500 pound bomb with a

hammer and chisel. He got his "Section 8" and went back to the United States. Not long after he left his squadron adjutant got a letter from this character saying, "I'm working in the Bayonne ship yards making \$85 a week. Who's crazy now?"

Everyone who was in any branch of the armed forces can tell you a similar story. In practically any group of as many as a 1,000 men there'd be one who'd rather accept the "crazy" tag than stay anywhere near the war zone. Courage is about 99 per cent pride. Men charge off to their death, not because they are not scared, but because their pride will not let them act cowardly in front of their buddies.

My personal opinion about men who'd rather be called crazy than to be in a war zone is this: Not to give them a discharge and send them back home but put them on the nasty, filthy work that most soldiers and sailors despise. Cleaning latrines, washing pots and pans, sweeping floors, unloading ships—in short I'd make laborers out of them and at least remove such drudgery from the men who are just as scared but who are still willing to go get killed because they have too much pride to be a coward.

It's absurd to say that a place can't be found for these malingerers. I know perfectly well, that so long as they were willing to be "crazy" they'd be crazy on

government pay rather than outside pulling down fat checks in some war plant. Nothing in my mind is more loathsome than the "smart fellow" who has figured a way to dodge the draft.

Of course a doctor will tell you that a man who is willing to put on such an act is really a mental case—and I agree with that, but I don't think he is enough a mental case to be released. There's another consideration worth comment in this respect. When one of these professionally "insane" characters turn up he should have a can tied to him so everybody can recognize him as such when he runs through town.

Fear is a powerful thing and a scared person is far more dangerous than a mad one. On this principle it might be logical to presume that the most frightened soldier is the best, and to a large degree that is true. But those who have been so scared that they lose their self respect are not fit for anything I can think of at this time.

Charges for baking and retailing bread rose from 7.9 cents a loaf in 1947 to 10.3 cents in 1949. This increase of 2.4 cents was associated with a rise of 1.5 cents per loaf in the retail price of bread and a decline of 0.9 cent per loaf in the cost to the baker of the ingredients.

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RESOURCES

Cash and Due from Banks	\$1,277,400.92
U. S. Government Securities	2,756,490.82
State, County and Municipal	774,324.91
Other Bonds and Securities	324,646.28
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank	9,000.00
Bank Building	84,700.00
Loans and Discounts	1,942,219.35
Furniture and Fixtures	19,268.78
Accrued Interest not Collected	14,529.08
Other Assets	2,562.49
TOTAL	\$7,205,142.63

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 150,000.00
Surplus	150,000.00
Undivided Profits	117,209.99
Reserves for Taxes	10,243.79
Reserve for Contingencies	12,287.00
Reserves for F. D. I. C.	975.00
Unearned Interest	24,157.96
Deposits	6,736,869.69
Interest Due Depositors	3,399.20
TOTAL	\$7,205,142.63

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