PINEHURST NEWS

den House honoring Mrs. W. A. Brief Mention Wright and her fiance, J. Stephen

is their first child. Mrs. Wilson is where he will be until August 28. Lt. and Mrs. Colin McKenzie,

announce the birth of a daughter, born Tuesday at St. Joseph-of-Browne spent this week with her home Sunday from a month at the-Pines Hospital. They have a mother, Mrs. Cabot McMullen, on Camp Morehead at Morehead

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd stationed.

Becker of Baltimore, Md., who visiting his daughter and son-in- and daughter-in-law, Mr. and plan to be married August 1 in law. Mr. and Mrs. John von Mrs. Milton A. Lyons, at their Washington, D. C.

Schlegell, for ten days, has returned to his home in New York

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J.

City. Mrs. von Schlegell's son, Al
Homes, Inc., Thursday at the Wilson, a son, Stephen Wheeler, fred Smith, left Tuesday for Camp John Marshall Hotel in Richmond, on June 17 at Odessa, Texas. This Susquehannock at Brackney, Pa., Va.

has been stationed at Aberdeen to Fort Bragg where he is sta-Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Miller Proving Grounds in Maryland.

VACATIONING!

THE SHEARWOOD TRAVEL SERVICE Will Be Closed July 2 - 9 Inclusive

REOPENING JULY 77

Shearwood Travel Service

SHOP THIS WEEK

TOTS' TOGGERY

-and-MRS. HAYES SHOP

We will be closed

By MARY EVELYN de NISSOFF P. Tate, a daughter, Nela Cannon, two weeks ago at the hospital two weeks ago at the hospital tage. Mr. Sledge is employed at the hospital tage. Mrs. Henry H. Harper enterin Blowing Rock. They have a tage. Mr. Sledge is employed at tained Sunday afternoon at Linson Jock and a daughter Kathy. Incorporated. Mrs. Thomas C. Lyons of

Alfred S. Bourne, who has been Scranton, Pa., is visiting her son

the former Dorothy Cheney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Cheney who are presently in at Disaplinary Guard School, and Cheney who are presently in the former Dorothy Cheney.

Where ne will be that Tagget It. and Mrs. Colin McKenzie, Jr., and their small son, Seawell, who have been visiting Lt. McKenzie's parents here, have gone that it and Mrs. Colin McKenzie, Jr., and their small son, Seawell, who have been visiting Lt. McKenzie's parents here, have gone

son, Donald, and a daughter, their way from Newport, R. I., to City, where he was a junior counselor. When their way from Newport, R. I., to City, where he was a junior counselor. He left Wednesday for a visit in Blowing Rock with his uncle, F. C. Page, Jr., and his

> Mrs. George Bishoff of Antwerp, Ohio, is spending a month digging weather. They they dishere with her daughter and sonin-law, Mr. and Mrs. James E.

family.

Mrs. S. A. Hennessee and her daughters, Mrs. John Barry and Mrs. C. A. Huntley, and their children Johnny Barry and Andy knew some celestial navigation, and Tommy Huntley, leave Sunday for a month at Myrtle Beach,

Mrs. Washington Innes-Taylor and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rob- miles away. He did not make it. ert Washington, and Robert The other three men, one dead, Washington, Jr., left yesterday to the others nearly so, were discovreturn to Fredericksburg, Va., ered by the pilot of a private after a week's stay with Mrs. plane near the broken-down jeep Hargrave Vail.

N. I. Sloan, and her two daughnearby March Air Force Base. ters Ursula and Vivien Douglass, A search party discovered the and Miss Margaret Courtner, all body of Wilson Saturday mornof Oklahoma City, Okla.

Belinda Gilbert and Linda Hin- jeep. son are spending a fortnight at Wilson had lived in California Camp Keyauwee near Sophia, N. about 20 years, and was promi-

Asheville and Frances Campbell gress several times as an indeof Chapel Hill are spending this pendent, and was also in a numweekend with their parents, Mr. ber of local races. He was vice and Mrs. Herman A. Campbell. chairman of the 42nd Assembly

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Sledge Calvert Wilson, Former Resident Of Southern Pines, Dies In California

Succumbs In Desert While Seeking Help For Stranded Group

Calvert Wilson, 49, formerly of cuthern Pines, died an agoniz-Mojave Desert.

Frank H. Wilson, Saturday, and ensuing press dispatches, he was plies. one of a party of four men which went out Wednesday across the have taken a half a day, to survey some land for possible develop-

Their four-wheel drive jeep utive, James R. Thompson, 75, of two daughters, Brenda Alice, 14, Joshua Tree, who succumbed to and Tamara Dawn, 11. wait until nightfall for cooler covered their differential had broken, and they would not be able to drive out.

They had brought water in bags, but no food. Wilson, who them all. He planned to follow the stars to a highway about 15

Friday. They were brought to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gouger Twentynine Palms, near the edge have as their house guests Mrs. of the desert, in a helicopter from ing, about five miles from the

nent in the business and political Misses Nancy Campbell of life of that State. He ran for Con-

District Democratic committee. with his family to Southern Pines cemetery, Southern Pines. He was a close friend of Roderick when a child. He attended South-

ing but heroic death last week in bank, Calif., called the House of on acceptance in a flight school Calvert, and just before the ill- at March AFB, but his poor vision fated desert expedition had mov-caused him to lose out there also.

His companions on the trip he remained in California. were two other Sunfair business- He was twice married there. desert on a journey which was to men—Chester Buner, 67, a real His first wife was killed in an estate developer, and Lyle W. automobile accident. He was di-Robertson, 49, hardware store vorced from his second wife, owner and rancher, who surviv- Elaine, of Burbank, only last ed; and a retired business exec- week. She was the mother of his

pitalized after their ordeal.

Calvert Wilson was born in Germantown, Pa., and moved J. Wilson (no relation), Demo- ern Pines schools and graduated cratic candidate for Governor in from Georgia Military Academy.

a student at Annapolis for two NEWS WEEKLY. He headed a wholesale restau-years, but left because of color-According to information reached to Sunfair and opened a relaing his parents, Mr. and Mrs. ted business, selling linen suprine during World War 2, from a base on Okinawa. After the war,

sunstroke sometime Thursday. | Surviving also are his parents Robertson and Buner were hos- Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wilson, and one sister, Mrs. Clyde Phipps,

of Southern Pines. Tentative plans were being made for his burial at Mt. Hope

SUBSCRIBE TO THE PILOT 1953, and was active in his camwhere he prepared for entrance to the U. S. Naval Academy. He was



Call Fayetteville 2-6731 Coll.

week of July 11th

FROM THE VISIONS OF SOULCRAFT: A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

A man owns a business, inherited from his forebears. For a num- pulses with which Jones is dealing. A man owns a business, inherited from his forebears. For a number of years he has known reasonable prosperity. But the business tempo of the country slows. Markets dry up. Capital is hard to get. Yet the man's expenses know no lessening. He discharges certain workers and assumes their work himself. This is called "cutting expenses." But it means more labor devolving on himself. He works early and late. Lines of anxiety and care begin to show on his face.

I pulses with which Jones is dealing.

Jones really could say to himself at any point in his emotional paralysis, I'm fooling everyone but myself. I could command myself up and out of this as readily as drawing a breath, but what's the use? What compensation can come to me? Better to lie inert thus, and have the family and neighbors pity me. At least they don't expect me to get up and battle with ruthless circumstances, making a silly the proposed and the prop

His eyes have an harassed expression.

Finally comes the morning when he fails to appear at the office.

The doctor's car has been in front of his residence half the night. "Poor Jones," says the man next door. "He's been working under

a terrible strain the past few weeks. Now he's cracked up."
"Cracked up?" cries a sympathetic friend. "What do you mean,

"He's reached a nervous breakdown."

"What's a nervous breakdown?"
"Everybody knows what a nervous breakdown is. His nerves have

gone haywire."

"What dò you mean haywire?"

"I don't know. But they have. The doctor gave him sedatives and told him he'll have to stay home for at least a month. Which may

mean that his business goes bust in his absence."

What actually has happened to Jones, the harassed one? Viewed from the angle of true enlightenment, it is not enough to say that he has driven himself beyond the breaking-point. Nerves do not break in the sense of something like a knife blade severing them so they cannot perform their functions. Jones has simply arrived at a point of sustained ordeal where the profits from life fail to balance his appropriations.

He has decided the flame is not worth the candle. To the capabilities of the spirit he has bowed out in a huff.

The moment of his letting-go seems to be the moment of "breakdown."

There is really no "breakdown," of course. His body is still lying weak and spent upon his bed. The nerve-strands and the cells are still in place. But something has suddenly refused to function. His spirit has refused to put driving-force into nerve-performings. His spirit has refused to put driving-force into nerve-performings. His

spirit has suddenly decided that it has no incentive to do so. Jones was not personally responsible for the national economic state that made it impossible for him to conduct his business further at a profit. Conditions came upon him over which he has had no control. Nonetheless he has suffered them. He resents this injustice. Deep in the heart of every human is the understanding that one is strictly responsible for his own acts, and when one suffers grievously

for conditions that have in no wise come about from one's acts, the effect is rebellion, a challenge to the law of celestial compensations.

Jones' way of rebelling is to idle his own organism in so far as he Jones' way of rebelling is to idle his own organism in so far as he can, to withdraw itself from the race of endeavor until times get better. A sort of spirit-induced paralysis descends over him, which is rather a spirit with-drawing of vital content that nerves and muscles may no longer waste themselves futilely . . . meaning without compensations of any sort. He lies inert and inept on his bed, exulting in the realization that he has found a way to get back at circumstances by doing nothing. True, a paralysis of a sort has seemingly been precipitated. But that is merely Jones thumbing his nose at mortal activity and saying within the depths of his own being, "I'm not buying anything more until I receive some compensating value for my pursations."

The funny thing about it all is, that it's entirely legitimate and sensible. Jones could have quit his worrying, accepting that his business was heading to the dogs anyway, gone home, gotten into bed, and announced that he was going to sleep around the clock and let anyone disturb him at his peril. He would have had a moratorium from hecklement just as effective but not so dramatic.

What he was really trying to do was let his jaded senses have a chance to replenish themselves. Everything concerning his body was going out and precious little coming in. So what? Parking the docitor's car outside and having a woman in uniform hop around at a cost of \$15 the hour, really has buttered few therapeutic parsnips. He's still got the country's economic doldrums to face and whip.

"Poor Jones, he's 'broken-down'," say the neighbors.

"Poor Jones, he's declared a moratorium on unmerited worldly treatment," would be the more accurate way of describing it.

Jones is feeling very, very sorry for himself, would be the true way of describing it. He is executing this self-pity in a type of starvation of nerve cells and bloodstream. True, he may have every legitimate reason for feeling sorry for himself, but the fact remains that his physical frame has gone static and his wife is weeping fitfully that "daddy has broken down."

fully that "daddy has broken down." Jones truly is playing a colossal canard on the whole of them. He wants a holiday from burdens heavier than he thinks he can carry. So he goes inert upon himself, saying to the whole darn cosmos, "I

won't play ball any more till you make matters easier for me."

Cosmos doesn't get excited about it. A lot of overburdened

Joneses may lie inert till Kingdom Come if they please, what is it to

Cosmos? So after a time, Cosmos paying no particular attention to him, Cosmos and Jones go their separate ways. Cosmos keeps the processes of life operating. Jones decides that he's had a long enough holiday, calls for his trousers and gets up.

Everybody is glad to see him back at the office . . . where the firm has lost \$1,300 because of his absence.

Jones doesn't indulge in a second or third break-down.

Break-downs are too expensive . . .

Nervous prostration is precisely what the term implies. The nerves have become prostrated by too heavy a load of emotional remonstrance upon them. Prostration means reclining on the ground in either humble adoration, or thrown down and fallen prone, otherwise laid low. It means complete exhaustion, submission, impotence or defection. But all of these things have first befallen Jones in his

Exhaustion means that vital force has failed to deliver at the point where it was expected or most needed. Jones really has sold himself on the fact that he has little or nothing to live for. Nothing in the way of awards and merits could possibly be equivalent to the effort that must be expected to obtain it. These are all strictly spiritual im-

show of my incompetence.

But of course the moment comes when Jones says in the depths of his own subconscious, "What's all this really getting me? I've got to face the earthly situation and vanquish it. I've had my holiday from

my fatiguing emotions."

The neighbors thereupon get the doctor's bulletin, "Mr. Jones is responding to treatment from Dr. Imayja Grunt, the celebrated nerve specialist." Jones bestirs himself and gets upon his feet. He has recovered miraculously from "nervous prostration." Actually he's wasted enough time feeling sorry for himself and decided to battle onward, just to see how the contest comes out. Dr. Grunt submits a bill in three figures. Lenes can't wire. The bill contest to me with him. bill in three figures. Jones can't win. The bills catch up with him,

coming and going. . . .

But the real contest has transpired in his own mind. He has wanted a vacation from care, responsibility, and strain, and he has had it. Fair enough. Now it's time to come back to realities and pick

The same nerves and nerve-cells function anew, as they were always ready to function at spirit's behest. Jones has simply inhabitated them in his rational mind. NOBODY SUFFERS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN WHO DOES NOT WANT TO SUFFER A NERVOUS BREAK DOWN.

What they're truly after is a holiday from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. . .

THE POINT to register is, that spirit is not required to undergo anything that it does not wish to undergo, even though the wish embrace nothing more than surcease from ordeal. The most "prostrated"

man who ever lived—and flopped suddenly on his chin—has secretly been able at any instant of the bogus coma to declare unto himself, "I can quit this stalling any instant that I choose, . . . only for a time yet I do not wish to choose. I merely wish to lie supine and REST. A nurse comes in at \$15 the hour and administers this nostrum or that nostrum. Jones continues passive, feeling very sorry for himself. Ultimately he will snap out of it, meaning that he will bestir himself, yawn, put his soles upon the floor and bellow for his bath-

All of which has accomplished very little for his ailing business,

yet nevertheless has given Jones a respite of nerves and nerve expenditure to exhibit his physical self as very hot and bothered.

The funny thing about it all is, that it's entirely legitimate and sensible. Jones could have quit his worrying, accepting that his busi-

still got the country's economic doldrums to face and whip.

There was precious little satisfaction in any of it, but of course,

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree Discussing things as they're said to be. Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two, There's a certain rumor that can't be true. That man descended from our noble race— The very idea! It's a dire disgrace. No monkey ever deserted his wife, Starved her baby and ruined her life. Starved her baby and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her baby, "That's sure the bunk."
Or pass them on from one to another
'Til they hardly know who is their mother.
And another thing! You will never see
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste
Forbidding all other monks a taste.
Why, if I put a fence around this tree
Starvation would force you to steal from me Starvation would force you to steal from me. Here's another thing a monk won't do, Go out at night and get on a stew Or use a gun or club or knife To take some other monkey's life. Yes! Man descended, the ornery cuss, But, brother, he didn't descend from us!

(This space purchased by the author)

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