

Former Pastor Of Presbyterian Church Passes

Friends here have been notified of the death of Dr. Charles Argyle Campbell, 75, a retired Presbyterian minister, who died at his

home in Cleveland, last Thursday. Dr. Campbell, a native of Scotland, was pastor of the Waynesville Presbyterian church from 1904 through 1907. It was during his pastorate that the present building was constructed. The late G. W. Maslin, who established the First National Bank here, was chairman of the building com-

mittee. Dr. Campbell came here from Sanford, Florida. He had served a number of churches at various points in the South. He had been retired for two years, and had been residing in Cleveland. Funeral services were held in Cleveland on Friday afternoon, with the Rev. N. E. Oplinger, pas-

Jack Messer Heads First Aid Red Cross Committee

Jack Messer, county superintendent of education, has recently been appointed chairman of first aid in the Haywood chapter of the Red Cross by Rev. H. G. Hammett, president.

The original plan outlined by headquarters was to have one chairman head the water safety and life saving division and first aid. Ben Sloan was appointed chairman of this group and has been serving until recently.

The national headquarters advised the local chapter to divide the committee into two groups and Mr. Sloan remained chairman

of water safety and life saving and Mr. Messer was appointed in charge of first aid, it was learned yesterday from Mr. Hammett.

Laws and commandments, in the opinion of some, were made to guide the other fellow always.

Haywood Girls Honored At W. C. T. C. College

Misses Ruth Liner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Liner, of Waynesville, and a student at Western Carolina Teachers College, and

Betty Jean Best, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Best, have been elected as two of the seven girls from Moore Dormitory to serve as proctors for the spring quarter.

Janice Smathers, of Clyde, was elected to help serve as proctor in Robertson Hall.

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Blackie Bear

By D. SAM COX

CAN YOU BEAT IT? Story 127

A beautiful, big, round harvest moon, just flooding its soft light over the earth and everybody and everything; a whole lot of your best friends sitting around your table, talking about just anything and everything that is pleasant, while the head of the table is filling everybody's plate with a lot of good supper, sending along with it a big slice of spongy ginger cake and a cup of cider that is five days old—can you beat it? That's the question that Doctor Coon asked the crowd of Creek Folks that sat around Blackie's table, that night, and that brought the answer from all of them in one breath, that sounded a great deal like "NO-OH-OH-OH!"

A lot of things had happened in the Creek Country, during the week, and the Creek Folks seemed to have had the best of every little frolic, so there was plenty of pleasant talk around the table. Just about everybody had had a big hand in putting something through, and each one of them could tell something especially funny that had happened on one of their trips. Everybody got a good laugh out of Reddy Fox's story about shaking that red pepper in the nose and eyes of Rover Dog. And Who-Who Owl had to finish up that story by telling how Rover ducked his head clear down in the water in Hee-Haw's trough to get the fire out of his eyes and nose.

But this same big, beautiful moon was looking down on some more folks in the Creek Country. They were Mr. Man and his wife. They took that half of their own big ginger cake over to Uncle Joe and Aunt Judy, and began telling them the reason for bringing them only half of a cake instead of a whole one, but they didn't get far with their excuses before Aunt Judy broke in. "Well, you came mighty near getting only about half as much cider as you can drink, but the rascals couldn't carry off the big tub, and so we have plenty left to fill your jug. Just look at that bump on Joe's head," and she went on to tell them what had happened while she was over at Mrs. Man's, and while Uncle Joe was asleep.

But now Uncle Joe just had to break in, and he started to talk to Mr. Man. But he didn't get very far before Mrs. Man worked in with: "You had better go and eat your ginger cake while it is hot, and we had better go back home and do the same thing. Come over next week and tell me the rest. I know it was that awful man-as-high-as-a-house that got your cider. Whatever we are going to do about him I don't know. Good-by."

It wasn't any trouble to get Hee-Haw to trip back home, for he wanted his supper, too, even if he couldn't get any ginger cake; and so the Mans were soon eating hot ginger cake, and floating it down with cider, and Mr. Man wanted his wife to tell him if she ever had seen such a beautiful moon. Think of it, and they hadn't even noticed that there WAS a moon, for years, before Blackie Bear came to the Creek.

Even at Uncle Joe's house the Man in the Moon smiled through the kitchen door and window so brightly that Aunt Judy said they had just as well blow out the lamp, for the moon made all the light they needed. That beautiful moon seemed to just put out the fire that was in the hearts and minds of both families, and they soon quit talking about the cuttings-up and carryings-on of Blackie Bear and his gang. The ginger cake and cider and moon seemed to be enough to make up for everything bad that had happened to them, and everybody hated to go to bed and leave it all.

Over at Blackie's house they came mighty near making a night of it, for they decided that they had all done so many things during the week that they were going to lie up all day Sunday, and so they didn't need to hurry to bed. And, with them, too, that moon was hard to beat, even with sleep. (To be Continued)

tor of the Presbyterian church, officiating, assisted by the Rev. J. M. Martin, rector of Christ Episcopal church. Interment was in Christ church cemetery.

Surviving are the widow, a native of Louisville, Ky.; one daughter, Mrs. Preston Barber, of Cleveland and one grandson.



Hey Gang! they're here the new

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