

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Before I came to North Carolina I worked in New York City for a year or two. Office work with Browning King & Company down at Cooper Square. They used to be one of the largest clothing concerns in the country, but after I left them they didn't do so well and a few years ago they went into receivership.

We didn't work on Saturday afternoon and frequently I'd spend that time in wandering about the city, taking in the sights.

On this particular Saturday afternoon I'm going to tell you about. I strolled over to the river front where the big ocean liners were tied up. Ships always have held a strange fascination for me and I'd like nothing better than to be able to take a trip to the strange and out-of-the-way places of the world. It's an ambition I've had all my life, and one of these days I hope to be able to realize it.

Biggest ship of all along the waterfront was the Lusitania. She was a comparatively new ship in those days and I had never seen her. I walked up along the pier until I came to one of the gangplanks. There was no one around anywhere, so I just strolled up the plank and proceeded to examine the craft in detail.

I must have spent more than an hour aboard the ship, going from one end of it to the other. Occasionally I'd run into some officers or members of the crew, but they paid me no mind, so I continued on my way, assured of the fact that it was all right for me to be aboard.

And it was well worth the visit. I'd never seen anything more luxurious than the palatial first-class section, with its beautiful state-rooms, palatial salons, and comfortable lounges. I even went down into the engine rooms and had a look at the powerful motors of the ship.

Finally however, I felt that I had to leave inasmuch as I had to catch a train for Tarrytown. So I went back on deck again and started down the gangplank.

There was a guard on duty. Looked somewhat like one of our Marines. I nodded at him and started

to walk past, but he held out his arm and blocked my way.

"You cannot leave the ship," he informed me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Orders," he replied. "Please go back aboard again."

"But what's the reason I can't leave?" I demanded.

"No steerage passengers allowed to leave until after they have been sent back to Ellis Island again for a final examination."

"But I'm not a steerage passenger. I just came aboard about an hour ago and have been looking over the ship."

"Who let you go aboard?"

"Nobody."

"That's what I thought," he said with a sarcastic smile. "Now then: back up on the deck again, and don't try to leave or you'll get into difficulties with the immigration authorities. There's a strict rule against letting any of you steerage folks leave the ship."

For a moment or so I didn't know what to say. Besides, I was getting scared, and I could see myself being sent to Ellis Island and getting into all kinds of a jam.

"I tell you I'm not a passenger," I told him again, "I work here in New York and I can prove it."

"Have you any letters of identification?" he inquired.

I reached into my pockets but couldn't find a thing.

"No," I confessed, "but—"

"That's what I thought," he interrupted. "Now get back up on deck again before you get into trouble."

I went back up on deck again and stopped a man who looked as though he might be an officer. Excitedly I told him my story; how I had walked aboard the Lusitania thinking it was perfectly all right to do so, that there had been nobody at the gangplank and that I positively was not a passenger.

First off, he was just as dubious as the guard at the gangplank had been. While we were talking, another chap walked up and listened to the conversation.

"You say you work here in New

Mrs. J. P. Dicus Suffers Broken Arm In Fall

Mrs. J. P. Dicus, deputy collector in the county tax office, suffered a broken arm in a fall while painting at her residence, 203 Boundary St., Monday morning.

The misap occurred when a stool slipped from beneath the deputy collector while she was painting the ceiling in an upstairs bathroom.

Mrs. Dicus was admitted to Haywood County Hospital and then taken to the emergency room at Memorial Mission Hospital in Asheville. She is now convalescing at her home.

York?" demanded the newcomer.

"Yes," I told him.

"For whom?"

"Browning, King & Company, at Cooper Square."

"What's your name?"

I told him.

"What a minute, Joe," he told the other fellow.

He disappeared into one of the cabins and, in about five minutes, came back.

"Do you know a fellow by the name of Louis Barth?" he inquired.

"Yes; he's my boss."

"Well, I guess it's all right to let him go, Joe. I called up Browning, King and Company and got Barth on the telephone and when I described this guy, he identified him."

And then turning to me: "Barth said that so far as he, personally, was concerned, we could take you out to the middle of the ocean and dump you overboard. Now beat it!"

I beat it.

Mr. Henry Belk's Life Story is an Amazing Tale of Americana

The biography of the late William Henry Belk founder of Belk's store system, reads like an Horatio Alger story. For from such humble beginnings as wholesome southern farm life in the mid-years of the last century, this forward-thinking man worked and strived unceasingly until today his disciples carry on his successes throughout much of the southeast.

Born in 1862 in Lancaster County, S. C., young Henry grew up in the post-Civil-War days when times were truly difficult. His father was drowned by Sherman's men in 1865 and his mother was left to raise and educate three small sons — all under six years of age!

In 1873 the Belk family moved to Monroe, North Carolina — and Henry, at the tender age of 14 years, felt his responsibilities to Mother and brothers and went to work in a dry goods store at a salary of \$5 per month. It is said that at the end of three months he had saved \$14.85. Later, in appreciation of his service, he was raised to \$25 per quarter of a year, and then to \$50 per quarter. Finally, at the end of 11 years of hard, faithful work, when he had become head man in the store, confidential clerk and buyer, he was raised to \$40 per month. At the end of 12 years in that work, when he was 26 years old, he decided to establish his own business.

With this small capital and the slogan, "Belk Sells It for Less," the ambitious young man launched his new business in Monroe, North Carolina, on May 29, 1888. At the end of seven months he had repaid the \$500 he had borrowed, was in the clear on salaries, rent, etc., and had shown a clear profit of \$3300.

In early youth W. H. Belk had helped his younger brother, John M. Belk, secure a medical education — but now that he had proved his foothold in the "storekeeping" business, he persuaded the already-successful physician to join him in his venture and together they worked as a team from 1891 until the death of Dr. Belk in 1928.

Their policy . . . totally unheard of before the turn of the century . . . was to mark merchandise clearly and to sell at that price. Belk's policy was to sell good merchandise and, whenever possible, to sell it for less. To this he added courteous service and a genuine desire to please his customers and see that they were satisfied in every respect. It wasn't long before people in the Monroe trading area realized that when they bought an article at Mr. Belk's store they could depend upon the quality being as represented and the price as being fair.

As the years went on, new Belk stores began to fan out through the southeast. Mr. Belk followed a consistent plan of watching for promising young men, many of whom like himself came from the country, and who were honest, willing to work, and striving for a chance. With few exceptions, his judgment was uncannily accurate. And by linking his name and his support to each business — each one independent and separate — he helped it on to successful service in its own home community.

Someone who observed this program intimately once remarked that the training of so large a number of good solid business men in many communities of the South constituted one of the great outstanding services of Mr. Belk's life.



NEW OFFICERS of the Haywood County Classroom Teachers Club, installed Monday night during a banquet at The Lodge, were (left to right) Mrs. Oral L. Yates of Crabtree-Iron Duff, president; Mrs. Bill Swift of Bethel School, secretary; Mrs. Alma Jackson Williams of Waynesville High School, retiring president. Absent when this picture was taken was Mrs. Bonnie Shook of Clyde School, vice president.

Haywood County Teachers Group Installs Officers

Mrs. Oral L. Yates of Crabtree-Iron Duff School was installed as the new president of the Haywood County Classroom Teachers Club at a banquet at The Lodge Monday night.

Also installed were: Mrs. Howard Shook of Clyde School, vice president; Mrs. Bill Swift of Bethel School, secretary, and Mrs. Troy Boyd of Central Elementary School, treasurer.

The slate of new officers was presented by Bill Swift, chairman of the nominating committee.

The principal speaker was Miss Lois Edinger, state president of Classroom Teachers, who spoke on "Teach To Inspire, and Inspire to Teach."

Also a guest at the banquet was Mrs. Hazel Curtwright, Western District president of Classroom Teachers.

Mrs. Alma Jackson Williams of Waynesville High School, the retiring president of the Haywood unit, was in charge of the meeting.



PVT. GRANT E. E. HARRISON, son of Mr. Mrs. Frank Nah of Clatsop, is shown with the Marine Division Hawaii, P.O. for service from June, 1954 and received his training at Parris Island, S. C. Camp Pendleton, Calif. He was for Hawaii in March.

Report Courteous

OMAHA (AP)—A five-year neighbor lad was visiting a labor woman while she was at the cupboards. She found a wooden spoon which she gave him and the following dialogue resulted:

Boy: "I'd like something with the spoon."

Housewife: "What would like?"

Boy: "I can't ask for you to eat because that isn't I'll eat whatever you give me."

He got a big helping of cream.

Want Ads bring quick results. Want ads bring quick results.



"Our idea is to sell goods just as cheap as we can and at the same time make a small profit. When a fellow buys something he knows he can bring the goods back if he finds out they aren't what he wanted, and get his money back. That's our idea and we found that it worked."

WILLIAM HENRY BELK

THE IDEA THAT WORKED

Mighty down-to-earth philosophy — and more than just words! This is a man's promise, so full of cracker-barrel truth that it's spanned sixty-seven years of busy yesterdays . . . will live on amid the tomorrows of superonics, electronics, atomics and pushbuttons! Grand old Mr. Henry's solid farmer-boy beginnings gave him an especially sharp appreciation of what goes into hard work — and what hard work goes into fathering the beliefs that are the foundations of our American way of life.

"Honest dealing, and good old-fashioned friendly service" . . . a man has a right to expect this any time he steps into a store, William Henry Belk believed. That's what is sometimes called customer confidence. And it's the faith that comes of knowing where to find a real bargain that still keeps our customers coming back again and again!

We've gone a long way since this store's first seedling was planted 67 years ago, back in Monroe, North Carolina. Over the years there have been many changes, to keep up with the changing times. We have built and rebuilt, renovated and improved, grown and grown — and we're still growing. But inside our doors, our founder's first two-point credo continues to be our guiding light:

"Honest dealing, friendly service!"

We look to tomorrow and tomorrow with the same young-hearted, burning enthusiasm that led Founder Belk through a lifetime punctuated by long, tedious hours of work. We pledge continued devotion to the substance and spirit of our sixty-seven-year-old principles of value — and forecast our future together will be brighter than ever!

JOIN US IN OUR 67th FOUNDER'S DAYS CELEBRATION

Starts Thursday, April 21.

Values for men, for women, children — your home! Be sure to shop every department . . . you'll save! The greatest show of good old-fashioned bargains this town has ever seen!



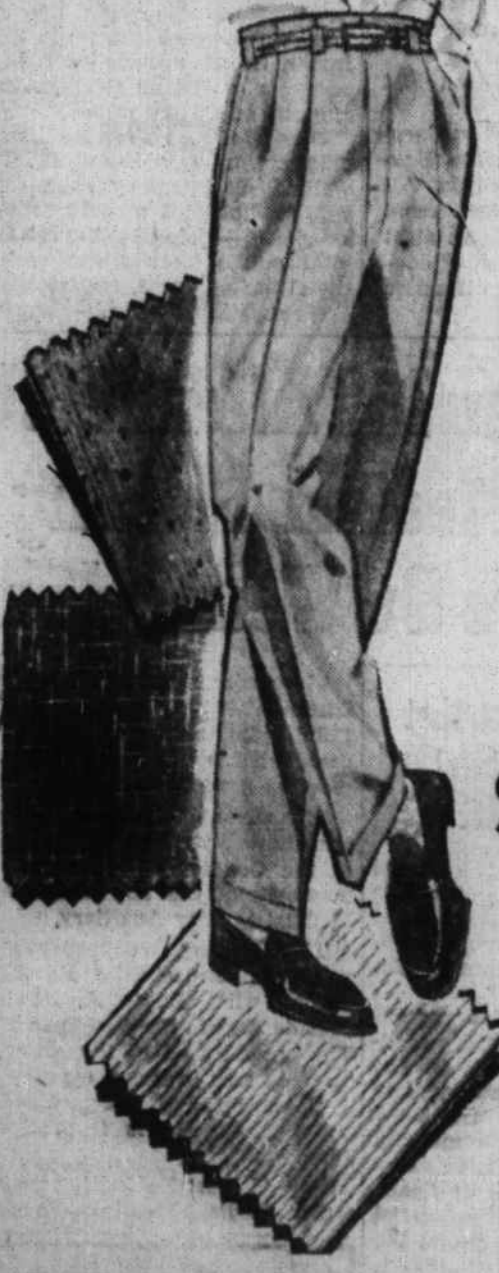
OUR 67-YEAR-OLD PLEDGE TO YOU:

Buy anything at Belk's, secure in the knowledge that:—

"Every purchase made at Belk's is guaranteed for quality, for value, for performance."

Nothing could be fairer!

STEP INTO
SLACKS
THIS SPRING!
HUGE SELECTION OF FABRICS AND COLORS!



Choose here from a stunning array of the newest, smartest fabrics in distinctive patterns and colors to mix and match with your sport coats.

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RAY'S DEPT. STORE