

THRIFT WEEK
JANUARY 17-23



The Oregon Statesman

WAY BETTER THAN LAST YEAR



SECTION TWO
PAGES 1 TO 8

SEVENTY-SEVENTH YEAR

SALEM, OREGON, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1928

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CIVIC AUDITORIUM NEED IN THIS CITY

Construction of Such Building Would Be Real Thrift Program Here

"I believe that a civic auditorium in Salem would be one of the thriftiest things the city could adopt," says Hon. C. P. Bishop, former state senator, city mayor, and always a civic leader.

"Thrift doesn't mean to hoard your money in the bank or in an old sock or on your person as a temptation to the fop to bump you off at night. It isn't thrift to get one's throat cut for one's savings; a man is worth so much more alive and working than dead and unable to enjoy the flowers they send him. A man ought to work, and make his money, which is that much of his life that he has lived and has not yet spent, work along with him. One can't be thrifty and merely hoard money."

"What's that got to do with auditors? A lot. Many men have made money in Salem. Their families and their businesses are beyond want. Their money was made and grew up here. It ought to work, just as its owners work. How could it work better than in returning to the community some service of a public nature—no charity, but a decent, grateful, long-headed investment for the public good? Like a big auditorium."

"That would be real thrift. It would give Salem a place to hold great political and public meetings of the character that ought to be held in the state capital. There is no adequate place for big conventions, city or county or state or national, that could be held here if we had a place. It isn't quite up to the average small taxpayer to provide such a place; it ought to be the duty and the privilege of that to whom the community has been most kind, to provide such a place."

"No, I don't mean for these men to buy long-time bonds, to be repaid. I mean as a gift for the hall itself, like Carnegie gave his libraries; then the city could finance the upkeep. There is enough surplus money in Salem to finance this deal, without making a ripple in finance, without a wrinkle of anxiety or a quiver of actual financial pain."

"It would be thrift for those who can afford it, to make such a gesture of thankfulness towards the community that has given them so much. Thrift means getting value received; there isn't a man in Salem able to get in on such a deal, who wouldn't thrive mightily in buying and earning the public regard and his own approval, by chipping in."

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS ALLIED

Man's success and happiness are so closely related to each other that it is hard to think of a person possessing one without the other. We think the man who is successful must be happy, and conversely, that the man who is happy must be successful.

The term Success means money to the man who cannot be happy unless he has the good things of this world. It means quite another thing to the man who is satisfied with fewer of the worldly things but depends for his happiness on things of the spirit and lives a life of service.

Thus we see at the outset that because of our individuality, we do not and cannot all use the same definition or "yard stick" in determining whether we are successful or not.

The Lord's word to Joshua in the eighth verse of the first chapter of the book of Joshua contains a spiritual message that we cannot ignore in defining success. He said to Joshua, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success." Just what is meant by "good success" is for you and me to determine.

There is one thing, however, on which I am sure we can all agree. We must all have enough of this world's goods to keep the stalking specter of worry from our doorsteps.

Thrifty American Shows English Friend Methods

Thrift Not Only Means Saving of Money; But the Wise Spending of Money, Time and Effort To Do the Most Good To All

"It was a blasted Hamlet that brought such extravagant returns in comfort for their little cost. Thrift—your money's worth. Another Salemite has needed glasses. 'I ain't going to be an old man,' he stubbornly said. 'I'm going to be young and not wear glasses.' Well, he didn't wear them, but he moped around like the calf when the boys tied the paper sack over its head. He had headaches that made him hate even himself—which was perhaps a just retribution, for he earned all the hate he got. He said he was a kid, or a colt, but he wasn't—he was an old buck who couldn't see well or be comfortable to have around. One always enjoyed seeing him wobble away; he might never come back!"

And then, thrift took him by the scruff of the neck, shook his liver loose, made his heels rattle on his wishbone, and said to him: "You—get those glasses now! Can't fool anybody—you need 'em. Get—them—now!"

He got them. Now he can see. His headaches and his family's heartaches and his own barked shins are all simultaneously gone. He's well; his glasses do not make him old, but young. Neighbors come to the house, who used to sneak by as if it read "Small Pox" or "Biting Dog."

Thrift! Not hoarding his money, but spending it for a good purpose. Fifteen dollars worth of glasses has bought the family a hundred dollars worth of comfort. But in the bank the money would have paid only 4 per cent.

Those two Salem men are enormously typical of the America that thinks of thrift only in terms of saving money or time, until the truth gets under their skin that thrift is really the wise investment of time or money or effort.

Of course, they had to be thrifty enough to work, and to raise the price of the corn-razor and the glasses. But the real thrift came in wise spending.

Maybe you have a pet belief that you like to nurse and coax and be scared about? You? Be thrifty enough to see if it isn't a fraud that ought to be thrown out into the alley.

PERSON PRACTICING THRIFT OBTAINS AID PROMISES TO PAY SHOULD BE HONORED

Who gains by Thrift Week and what it implies?

A very devout man who was asked to join in the Thrift Week campaign, by speaking for thrift as a spiritual uplift, said, in effect:

"It seems to me largely a banking move, to get everybody to save more money to put into more banks so they will have more to loan. No, I believe I can't join."

And yet thrift built the church where devoutly he helps spread the doctrine of the Master who saved broken lives, who gathered up all the crumbs at the table lest any food be lost. The thrift of unselfish people who save their money for this purpose, keeps the church going. Thrift pays his church benevolences—the ministerial salary, retiring fund, the poor fund, hospitalization, Christmas cheer for the out-of-lucks, everything that the church does or even thinks.

Thrift might indeed put some money into banks; but again, it will take cheap money out of the bank and invest it in industries that pay wages and keep men and women and children alive. It is no more a banker's affair than it is a doctor's, or a farmer's; it does not necessarily connote saving money any more than it connotes saving wood or coal or shoe-leather, or paper scraps for the junkman, or frazzled nerves for the housewife, or rheumatism for the laborer.

Bless you, it's all thrift—to stop wanton waste and turn resources into assets. Thrift has decreed that the big employing industries shall put up machine guards to make their factories safe; the death and cripple rate has dropped amazingly since life-thrift laws came into being. Thrift says that Salem should buy a lot more fire-fighting machinery, the most expensive because the best machines to be had, to save against the peril of fire. Thrift says to build churches, gymnasiums and parks instead of encouraging saloons and brothels to grow; not to save money in the bank, but to spend it for better cities and better people. Money for parks, gyms, churches, schools, the splendid Salem band concerts, isn't bank money; but it's the highest form of thrift, in that it buys something worth while.

National Thrift Week

National Thrift Week is a movement based on the fact that Thrift is an important factor pointing toward the attainment of success and happiness. It is a movement which aims to teach the principles of Thrift to every man, woman and child in every community all over the United States. This campaign on behalf of a more thrifty nation is fostered by the Y. M. C. A. and endorsed by forty-seven of leading civic, industrial, educational and religious organizations of the country.

National Thrift Week has an historical background of significance. It always begins on January 17—the birthday of our great American apostle of thrift, Benjamin Franklin. Each of the days which follow are devoted to some specific thrifty enterprise.

Proclamation

January 17th, 1928, will mark the two hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, who in his private life and his public activities consistently practiced and advocated the principles of frugality, foresight and self-control. It is a fitting tribute to his memory that we should, during the week following his birthday, give particular thought and attention to the precepts and policies which guided him in his personal achievements and in his devoted and statesmanlike services to our country.

Civilized mankind is distinguished from primitive savagery by a willingness to exercise present self-denial in order to insure future self-development and self-respect. Industry and pride of possession have, throughout history, been powerfully conducive to the welfare of the individual and the advancement of society.

At this time when the pressure of population is beginning to make inroads upon the traditional abundance of our natural resources, it is desirable that we should pause to give thought to the uses of thrift, which go far beyond the saving of money. Thrift implies a wise and constructive employment of all possessions, both private and public, in order that they may yield the largest and most desirable returns. New aspects of the importance of personal and public thrift appear daily, and we have abundant evidence of waste and disaster which might have been averted by intelligent foresight and careful planning.

Now, Therefore, I, L. L. Patterson, Governor of Oregon, do hereby proclaim that week of January 17th to 23rd, 1928, as "Thrift Week," and urge that during this period our schools, churches, and all other civic and educational agencies give consideration to the importance of the thrifty husbandry of private possessions and the careful conservation of public resources.

In Testimony Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the State of Oregon to be hereto affixed this 9th day of January, A. D. 1928.

I. L. PATTERSON,
Governor.

SAM KOZER
Secretary of State.

Health One Essential Thrift Qualification

Good Hobby May Often Be Used With Beneficial Results; Proper Course To See Physician and Follow His Advice At All Times

Health is Thrift. The average life span today is about 58 years, and it is raising with astonishing rapidity. Fewer people are victims of infantile diseases; fewer die of the old-time epidemics; industrial accidents are reduced by factory laws concerning safe working conditions; hazardous occupations are made innocuous by science; and people laugh more and live longer therefore. It's going to be more of an old people's world than the one old people dreamed—young and old, people who defy the grim reaper and live on towards the century mark.

But there are for too many sick and infirm. Too many worry themselves and their families and friends into the grave. Too many train their own nerves to kick them in the slats or tramp on their corns or gouge them in the eye, for the sake of being invalids and getting a little notoriety. If Hickman the murderer has any streak of insanity, it must be the uncurbed desire for notoriety that led him into horrible crime; not all, perhaps, with the thought of his being arrested and hanged in public, but for the self-approval of being a criminal that the police couldn't catch.

It's all the same spirit with the invalid that imposes on others with stories of "operations" and aches and pains, tormenting himself with the imaginary pains until he becomes a pest. It isn't always "He," the mania for self-pity and self-imposed ill-health is common gender.

One might be a fool to say off-hand that there are no broken aged, hardened arteries, sightless eyes; certainly these happen as facts and not as phantasms. But most people could be healthier and

more comfortable to friends and neighbors, and to themselves, than they are. The grouchy who could stop his grumbling that ruins the family comfort and drives the kids out into the street, may be no less of a criminal than Hickman who said that his victim died of fright.

The doctor can tell you most of the things that are wrong. A good book of jokes may help on the things that the doctor can't see with physical eyes. A good hobby—collecting stamps, guns, plants, flowers, reading up on Africa, the study of snakes—Roosevelt was one of the greatest snake authorities in the world, and one great engineer loved him for just that, because it was the engineer's hobby—oh, anything can be made a hobby. It's good medicine; only, that one doesn't want to keep it by the barrel-fu or the hayrack load, standing around in other people's way and being worse than the old grouchy.

Here's about the proper course for the thrifty health that makes lives sweet and long:

See the doctor; one, a dozen times; the best doctor you can get.

Do what he tells you. Do it, and believe in it.

Keep doing it.

Think just how you impress others; try yourself on the dog, in the mirror, in the microphone. A pleasant voice, a pleasant look, a decent attire, help a lot.

Pick a hobby that can interest others besides yourself. The mere crank hobby is only another idiosyncrasy, not a saving grace—the lone wolf who insists on howling alone is everybody's prey.

Be thrifty of other people's nerves, as well as your own.

Health is Thrift.

Miracle of Honest Habit Witness in Buying Home

Thrift Is Big Game and One Needs Training To Play It Clean and Hard; Idle Money No More Thrift Than Idle Men

(An Interview with D. W. Eyre, President United States National Bank)

"He showed me his account book where he had bought a home, and had paid for it in installments. The payments ran over a period of years, with almost monotonous regularity—the first of every month, a new entry of exactly the contract price."

"I said 'monotonous,' but it wasn't really that. It was more of a miracle; the miracle of a habit of honesty and faithfulness that will let nothing stop its orderly course."

"What did the bank do when he talked over a loan to set him up in business? What do you suppose it would do? What do you do when the spring comes—do you say 'Now, there ain't goin' to be no crops this year—I won't plant a danged seed, won't drive a single cow to pasture, won't set a single egg?' You do nothing of the sort; you say, 'aha, here's another spring! There have always been springs, and after them comes seed time and harvest and something to eat for the winter that is sure to follow! Me, I'll plant a bigger crop than ever; for the coming of the seasons simply can't fail—they always come!'"

"That's what the bank did. That's what all banks do, all the time. They're looking for men; not for million-dollar deposits from gamblers or freaks who may go broke or go crazy any minute, but for the business, however big or little, of the men who are steady on the job. The thrifty men, who save their own time and energy by being on time with their promises; who provide for their bills, and whose word is good under whatever conditions. One doesn't need a lot of cash in hand to be thrifty enough to attract a banker's attention; he may be spending it all as fast as he gets it, but if it's in a thrifty way, getting value received, in property, in service, in community or humane uplift, he is a good risk."

"Thrift gets to be a game, like solitaire, or golf, or any other game. It gets to be a habit to try to beat Old Man Extravagance, Old Man Ignorance. In buying worth while bargains from the counter of business. It is thrift to get a better school than one had expected for the tax money; it is thrift to add a little more paving on the road that used to be an impassable mudhole. Idle money is no more thrifty than idle men standing around waiting for, but too cowardly or too lazy to ask for, or accept a job. Thrift is the game of getting value received out of every thing one does; of encouraging a worthy business that needs a lift, setting of a new mark of efficiency of any kind. Can I do it? Have I the stamina to do more and better and more honest and helpful business than I did last year? Can I make my community better? Can I help my church or lodge or street or state to be a bit more prosperous in any way?"

"That is the game of Thrift. One has to train for it, as one trains for football, golf, ring, 'rassie' or anything else. One has to note and live up to vital factors of regularity, of enough exercise to earn a win. The young man who had paid his house bill so regularly, was only typical of Thrift; the student who tries to earn his grades, without a dollar to spend, is likewise important in the eyes of the bank or any other honest judge. He's playing the game, clean and hard; and he can be Old Man Thrift and all his family without having a million in the bank."

"For Thrift is not banking alone; it is always the man himself."

CHURCHES BUILT MOSTLY BY THRIFT

Thrift built the splendid old First Methodist Church of Salem, rated as one of the most imposing buildings of its kind in America, in a time when men worked for a dollar a day and sugar cost up to 15 cents a pound.

But the money wasn't wasted; it did cost a tremendous heart-breaking sum. It was invested in a better community, in better laws, better schools, safer investments, the industries of today.

It could have been spent for booze, or for gambling, or for any vice or folly or gim-crack that a community could buy. Doubtless the men who did not help build the church, said to those who did, "Hey, you fellows, what do you get out of saving for a thing like that? Why don't you have a good time with your money like we do? What's the use of saving just to give it away and get nothing for it? If you ain't a-going to spend it like we do, why don't you save it? You ain't got the first idea of Thrift!"

A few years ago a Turkish giant wrestler came to America, where he fairly wrecked and all but butchered every wrestler who dared meet him. He was so thrifty that he put all his winnings into gold coins, that he carried in a belt around his waist. Going home, one of the richest men of Turkey, the ship was wrecked. The boats failed, the men had to go overboard. The giant wrestler, so thrifty that he couldn't trust banks or anything but himself, was so loaded with gold that he sank like a lump of lead; perhaps he's going yet, he was so heavy. He lost his own life, and all the money he had hoarded for his family.

Thrift is not hoarding money; it may be spending it to the last cent. Thrift means a proper balance between income and outgo; a proper balance between cost and worth. Buying a junk car for ten dollars may be idiotic; buying a good one for a thousand may be real thrift—if one needs that class of car. Neglecting food and health and clothing in order to save money, and be spend-thrift where spending enough to keep the body strong and well is supremest thrift.

Frazzling the nerves to get an education, or to save a little cash in store or home or anywhere, is terribly wasteful. It is the falsest kind of economy. Russia has bought \$11,000,000 worth of Fordson tractors, to replace the women and the dogs and the men who have heretofore drawn the plows in Russian field. Eleven millions looks like a lot of money.

SYSTEMATIC SAVINGS
Ten important steps toward financial success follow:
1. Work and earn. 2. Make a budget. 3. Record expenditures. 4. Have a bank account. 5. Carry life insurance. 6. Own your own home. 7. Make a will. 8. Invest in life securities. 9. Pay bills promptly. 10. Share with others.

COLLEGE GRADUATE DOES REAL LABOR

Systematic Work and Thrift Enables Him To Continue With Studies

It is a more or less prevalent custom among certain self-made critics, to say that the average college graduate comes out into the world with not a glimmer of an idea as to useful work, and no more of a glimmer of the obligation he owes to Humanity to do it. Here is a little thrifty story of one Willamette graduate, a Salem high school boy, who has grown up right here in town.

Working his way through high school and college, by cannery or sawmill in summer and carrying a paper route in winter, he finished Willamette without owing a dollar. There was no white-collar job clamoring for his collegiate diploma, the summer after he graduated; so he and another young college boy took a job on the highway. They wheeled "hot-stuff" on one of the state highways; a hard job, so that most of the men quit because they couldn't stand it—big, work-trained men, the kind who say that "College ain't worth a dam—it takes us fellows to do the work of the world while their shirkers loaf." The two collegians did their work so well that they got a bonus price; and then, the others who hadn't been scared off by the hard job, quit because the boss was "favoring" the collegians.

The graduate got a whiter-collar job, that fall, teaching as he had prepared to do. He saving his money. Next summer, he had enough cash to finance a house; and he had gained enough skill in the high school manual training department to get carpenter's wages on his own job. The next year, he did the same thing, with a bigger house, selling the first with enough down payment to help finance the second.

With enough money saved each year from teaching, to finance his living and the two buildings, he sold the two on contract, with monthly payments that are easy for the buyer and safe for him. With this money assured—his two summers' teaching saving, his two summers' carpenter work, and his owner's profits—he is now financing his master's degree in one of the great universities of America. He never owned a car! Couldn't afford it!

But at the big university, he had the money to buy a hundred dollars worth of grand opera and oratorio and orchestra tickets, the big things that one never sees in the little towns. Big, world-famous productions, that thrill the soul, that captivate the imagination. His master's degree comes with enough fine things that the "poor" man couldn't afford, to make the two postgraduate years a life-long pleasure, besides what they bring in ability and training for a world-wide career.

"I couldn't afford a car," he says. "Needed the other things. Anybody can buy a car, or borrow it or even steal it. I'll have a car, of course, when I get out of the university; every man should have one, or two. But I needed my money for a more important present use, and so I saved it. It is buying for me the same kind of education that almost any young man can have. The fellows on the highway and in the sawmill used to say they never had a chance. A man who says he has no chance, says of himself, 'I am a fool, a loafer, a liar, and I'd rather lie out of work than do it for what it would pay.'"

One can save for a worthy purpose, and still keep human.

GIGANTIC WORK IN THRIFT WEEK

National Thrift week is sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. Naturally enough, the local associations spread throughout every state of the Union, are leaders in the work. Today, it is true that many other organizations co-operate. In some instances, the Chamber of Commerce, the Realtors, or other groups similar in character have taken over the direct management. This is as it should be. National thrift is a gigantic endeavor; so big that there is room for everyone. Yet is an inspiration to note, as the report of each year's work is made out, that the originators of this enterprise are still the prime movers.

