

## ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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MARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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### Greatness in the Ranks

BECAUSE all men seem to be  
born with some mechanism  
which periodically produces an  
impulse to guide others, words di-  
rected to "followers" rarely find  
any listeners. The followers are al-  
ways the other people.

Consequently the chances are  
that recent remarks of the presi-  
dent of an eastern college died in  
his listeners' minds before the  
echoes died on the air. He simply  
observed that "equal to the call of  
leadership is the call to the com-  
pany of those who follow."

Obviously, there are no leaders  
without followers. The leader is  
powerless without allegiance, and  
he is at every follower's mercy. He  
is made by his following, and he  
is broken by it.

There is little individual glory  
for the follower, and this is a pity  
in those times of spectacular lead-  
ers. Man thrives on dreams of  
glory, and if every man could be  
made to recognize the power that  
is his simply as a follower, and  
every leader's and follower's de-  
pendence upon him, more great  
leaders would arise and there  
would be more following done in  
the right direction.

"To have great poets," Walt  
Whitman reminded, "we must  
have great audiences, too."

### Black Turns White

WHEN the outward aspect of a  
man's daily environment  
changes as rapidly as it does these  
days, the transience of familiar  
things becomes a matter of little  
emotional content. It takes a par-  
ticular kind of change to produce  
the feeling of instantaneous aging  
that Pop experienced when he  
started missing the sight of horses.

It now appears that another one  
of those changes may be on the  
way. The classroom blackboard is  
being seriously threatened.

Somewhere claims that the black-  
board absorbs enough of the light  
in a room to cut down on the stu-  
dent's vision. And somebody else  
declares that black chalk on a  
white board has a better psychol-  
ogical effect than white chalk on a  
black board.

So chalk that isn't chalky, and  
blackboards that are whiteboards  
are going to be tried, and people  
all over the nation are making  
clucking noises and wondering  
where the world is heading.

### Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

can sell, at a moment's notice.  
Stock gamblers don't worry  
much about whether business im-  
provement is going to be perma-  
nent or only of the temporary,  
shot-in-the-arm kind, for they fig-  
ure on selling before the shot in  
the arm wears off.

THE new spending spree really  
should make business better  
for the present. The stock market  
has started upward, and the coun-  
try always feels better when stocks  
are going up. If people FEEL BET-  
TER, business will BE BETTER—  
at least as long as people con-  
tinue to feel better.

So let's throw up our hats and  
cheer WHILE THE CHEERING IS  
GOOD.

Arrive From Montana—Miss  
Helen and Jack Lloyd, of Butte,  
Mont., have arrived here to spend  
the summer months visiting their  
uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred  
Renner in Happy Valley.

## SACRAMENTO LOSES TO OAKLAND, 5 TO 3

Seattle Defeats San Diego,  
Stars Down Portland  
Third Straight.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24.—  
(AP)—Bob Bitter, in and out  
pitcher of the last place Pacific  
Coast league Acorns, had at least  
one good game in his system.  
He set the league leading Sacra-  
mento Senators on their ears  
last night, fanned 11 of them and  
limited them to seven hits to give  
the Oaks a 5-3 victory and their  
29th win of the season.

They gave Fernandez, Seattle's  
Hawian catcher, a traveling bag  
and to show his appreciation he  
smacked a home run in the fourth  
inning with one on base to give  
Seattle its margin for a 4 to 3 win  
over the San Diego Padres. San  
Diego kicked Barrett for 10 hits,  
but lacked the scoring punch when  
needed.

Babich fanned eight men and  
pitched eight innings of score-  
less ball as the Hollywood Stars  
won their third straight from the  
Portland Beavers, 4 to 2. In the  
ninth Babich walked three men  
and bowled two hits good for two  
runs before retiring the side.

Los Angeles Angels defeated the  
second place San Francisco Seals,  
9 to 7 in a slugfest.

### KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

### REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—"State Fair," MBS.  
4:30—20 Fingers of Harmony,  
MBS.  
4:45—Fernau's Orch., MBS.  
5:00—Crosby's Orch., MBS.  
5:15—"The Children's Hour,"  
MBS.  
5:30—"The Coach," MBS.  
5:45—Ray Kinny.  
6:00—Pop Eye, MBS.  
6:15—Jan Garber.  
6:30—Pres. Roosevelt's Fireside  
Chat, MBS.  
7:00—Hansen Motor Co. News.  
7:05—News Flashes.  
7:15—Congressional Manual Cel-  
lars, MBS.  
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.  
8:00—American Family Robin-  
son.  
8:15—Symphony.  
8:30—Crosby's Orch., MBS.  
8:45—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.  
9:15—Auntie's Radio Show.  
9:30—Zinn Arthur, MBS.  
9:45—"The Blues & the Blues," MBS.  
10:00—Jack Benny Orch., MBS.  
10:15—Sign Off.

### SATURDAY, JUNE 25

7:00—"Early Birds."  
7:30—News-Review Newscast.  
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.  
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.  
8:00—"This Wonderful World," MBS.  
8:15—Tall Corn Time, MBS.  
8:45—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.  
9:00—Morning Melodies.  
9:15—Man About Town.  
9:30—Organ Recital, MBS.  
10:00—"The Spotlight Review," MBS.  
11:00—Country Church of Holly-  
wood, Copco.  
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.  
11:30—Palace of Varieties, MBS.  
12:00—Phil Levants Orch., MBS.  
12:30—Noontime Melodies.  
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.  
12:50—News-Review of the Air.  
1:30—Old Boy Day, MBS.  
1:40—Palm Beach Golf Tourna-  
ment, MBS.  
2:45—Livingston Orch., MBS.  
2:50—Hobby Haynes Orch., MBS.  
2:55—Schemes That Skin, MBS.  
3:00—Summer Swingtime, MBS.  
3:05—Marshall's Orch., MBS.  
3:15—Charlottes, MBS.  
3:30—Louis Rich Entertainers, MBS.  
4:00—Hans Across the Sea, MBS.  
4:30—Robin Hood Dell Concert,  
MBS.  
6:00—Sammy Kaye.  
6:15—Reveries, MBS.  
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.  
6:45—Interlude.  
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.  
6:55—News Flashes.  
7:00—Tiny Hills Orch., MBS.  
7:15—Boston Symphony.  
7:30—Sheep Fields Orch., MBS.  
8:00—Rancho Grande, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.  
9:15—Skinsay Enns Orch., MBS.  
9:30—Anson Weeks, MBS.  
10:30—Sign Off.

### SUNDAY, JUNE 26

8:00—New Poetry Hour, MBS.  
8:30—Symphonic Strings, MBS.  
9:00—Voice of Prophecy, MBS.  
9:30—Morning Varieties.  
9:45—Old Time Tune, MBS.  
10:00—"The Lamplighter," MBS.  
10:15—Romance of the Hiways, MBS.  
10:30—Knickerbocker Symphony.  
10:45—Charlie & Jean Entertain-  
ers, MBS.  
11:00—Baptist Church Services, Rev.  
J. R. Turnbull.  
12:00—Poems From the Tower  
Room.  
12:15—Wanda Armour at the Organ.  
1:00—Dance Melodies.  
1:30—"The Fate of a Hero," MBS.  
2:00—30 Minutes in Hollywood,  
MBS.  
2:30—Stan Lenox, MBS.  
2:45—Shen Fields, MBS.  
2:50—Hawaii Calls, MBS.  
3:30—"The Brown Sisters," MBS.  
3:45—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.  
4:00—Will O'Brien Orch., MBS.  
4:30—"The Angels Hour," Dr. C. A.  
Edwards.  
5:00—Jan Garber.  
5:30—Everett Hoagland, MBS.  
5:45—N. Y. State Symphony Band.  
6:00—"The Marines Tell It to You,"  
MBS.  
6:30—Good Will Hour, MBS.  
7:00—L. A. Symphony.  
7:30—Old Fashioned Revival, MBS.  
8:30—Sons of the Pioneer, MBS.  
9:00—Newspaper of the Air, MBS.  
9:15—Ayns Orch., MBS.  
9:30—Sign Off.

Move to Mill Street—Mr. and  
Mrs. Carl Raffel have moved from  
Miller's addition to Mill street to  
make their home.

## OUT OUR WAY



## HOLDUP HONEYMOON

BY EDWIN RUTT Copyright 1938, NEA Service Inc.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOSEPH SANDHAM—hero; he thought he was on top of the world until he snuggled into  
KELLY ARCHER—heroine; she thought she was headed for the altar until she snuggled into  
JOE—The WASATCH—gunster; he thought he was headed some-  
where, too, but affairs somehow  
got mixed up.

Yesterday: Joe wakes up after  
his wreck, finds himself facing a  
red-headed girl who tells him she  
is on her way to Boston to be  
married.

### CHAPTER II

Kelly sighed. "Questions. Nothing  
but questions. What is this,  
the third degree?"  
"Well, you're the girl that knows  
all the answers. And I've been  
out with the birdies for the Lord  
knows how long. Come on, lady.  
Was there a fire in Boston?"  
"If you've got to know, I was  
on my way to Boston. Cambridge,  
rather."

"Not a rendezvous with some  
gent from fair Harvard?"  
She nodded. "Sort of."  
"What do you mean, sort of?"  
"Well," said Kelly, "I was on my  
way to meet Gilbert."  
"Gilbert, eh? Who's Gilbert, for  
Pete's sake?"  
"Gilbert Mallow. My fiancé.  
You know, the man I'm going to  
marry."

Despite the riveting operations  
that were going on in his head,  
Mr. Joseph Sandham bounced to a  
sitting position. For some minutes  
now a great truth had been slowly  
dawning upon him. With Kelly's  
words it crystallized in his brain.  
This red-headed girl with the trick-  
syes was a cold knockout. He was  
a clump not to have perceived it  
right at the start. She had  
everything it takes and enough  
left over for a rainy day. And he,  
Joseph Sandham, was nuts about  
her. Completely nuts. Knocked  
for a loop in the first few minutes  
of play. Yes, realized Mr. Sand-  
ham, he was bit wrapped up, tied  
with red ribbon, and labeled  
"Property of Miss Kelly Archer."  
And unless he could steer her into  
a church ere many moons were  
passed, life was going to be a total  
flop. And here she sat calmly in-  
forming him that she intended to  
marry some man named Gilbert.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Say that  
again."  
Kelly said it. Joe shook his  
head.

"Wrong," he said. "All wrong."  
"What do you mean, wrong?"  
"Wrong, that's all. You can't  
marry this Gilbert for the simple  
reason that you're going to marry  
me. I won't have my wife going  
around committing bigamy."

Kelly looked at him as if he  
were an escaped lunatic.  
"Marry me?" she repeated in-  
credulously.

"You've got it," said Joe.  
She uttered a laugh of pure  
meritment. "Why on earth would  
I marry you? I tell you, I'm en-  
gaged to Gilbert Mallow."

Joe took a breath. "I guess  
we've got to plumb the ABC's.  
Listen, Miss Archer, don't you  
honestly see that the gods have  
been building up for this since two  
weeks before Time began?"

"Afraid I don't," said Kelly.  
"Well, what did you think that  
smashing last night was?"  
"Just a plain ordinary garden  
variety of automobile accident."

"You're off your rocker. Why,  
gosh, that was Kismet, Allah, Fate,  
Predestination and a couple of  
other guys. Ain't you got no per-  
ception?"

"I perceive," said Kelly, "that  
you're an imbecile."  
"Imbecile? Ha! Hard names  
won't get you anywhere. What  
you've got to do, young lady, is  
disengage yourself from this tramp  
Gilbert."

"He's no tramp. He's a darling."  
"That's what you think now.  
But wait! You look in my society  
a while. Gilbert will appear  
laughable to you."

"Quite so. If it hadn't been for  
you and that crackpot car of yours  
I'd have been in Boston by now.  
And married to Gilbert."

"Married to Gilbert?" roared  
Joe. "Do you mean to say you  
were on your way to marry the  
tomato? Lord, this is terrible."

Kelly waved her hand. "Listen,"  
she said. "See if you can  
get this straight. Last evening I  
had a horrible fight with my fam-  
ily. They said things to me and  
about—well, about Gilbert that I  
can never forgive or forget. So I  
simply and walked out. I  
wired Gilbert that I was ready to  
elope with him now. He—he's  
been deviling me to for a year,  
and I got into my car and started  
for Cambridge just as fast as I  
could go. And everything would  
have gone according to Hoyle if  
you hadn't been woolgathering on  
the wrong side of the road. Well,  
you made me lose my car. And  
if you've got to know, I was  
on my way to Boston. Cambridge,  
rather."

"Not a rendezvous with some  
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But wait! You look in my society  
a while. Gilbert will appear  
laughable to you."

"I don't intend to bask in your  
society. For any longer than it  
takes you to drive me to Boston."

Joe jumped. "Boston?"

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you and that crackpot car of yours  
I'd have been in Boston by now.  
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laughable to you."

### Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

No prize that is greatly  
worth having may, as a gen-  
eral rule, be attained without  
struggle and effort. That may  
be one of the reasons why some  
of us never secure many that  
are greatly worth having. Life  
offers many rewards and makes  
a varied appeal to each one of  
us. Some of its so-called good  
things we may take in our  
stride, but they are not worth  
any tremendous effort to get.  
But we ought to have some-  
thing, at least, that call forth  
and deserve something like the  
best that is in us. We thank  
Thee, our God, for the example  
of the great Apostle to the Gen-  
tles, who set up before Him-  
self great ideals of service and  
helpfulness and moved toward  
their realization with such  
steadfastness, purpose and de-  
votion. Do Thou help us to  
learn great lessons from Him.  
Amen.

Sandham. Who did you think?"  
Joe heaved himself up, keeping  
under the protection of the bed-  
covers.

"Attababy," he said. "You'll  
make a wonderful wife. Beat it  
now, while I dress."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Jo-  
seph Sandham stood in the drive-  
way belonging to Mr. Tyler Ar-  
cher and surveyed his car. He  
was pleased to note that it had  
come through the collision prac-  
tically unscathed. The radiator  
was dented a little and the front  
left fender looked like a discour-  
aged doughnut. Otherwise it  
seemed sound in wind and limb.  
Joe got in and drove it a few  
feet down the driveway. It steered  
well and the tires were okay.  
Satisfied he descended from the  
driver's seat and stood looking  
pensively at the starboard side of  
the car which bore, in gilt and  
black, the legend:

Chocolates  
CHANDLER & SANDHAM  
Caramels

Without going around to port  
Joseph knew that the inscription  
there read:

Bonbons  
CHANDLER & SANDHAM  
Confections

From the house came the ap-  
petizing aroma of bacon, crisping  
in a fryingpan. Joseph lifted his  
head and sniffed, like a hound.  
And at this point Kelly popped  
her head out of a kitchen window.

"First and last call for break-  
fast," she said.

Mr. Sandham leaped like a  
spearhead grampus and the leap  
carried him all the way into the  
kitchen. Kelly was infesting this  
place, charming in a sea-green  
apron.

"In there," she said, indicating  
a breakfast nook which held forth  
beyond the open door of the pan-  
try. "Go make a feast of your-  
self."

"Gee," said Mr. Sandham, "you  
can cook? Fancy that."

"Of course, I can cook," said  
Kelly scornfully. "What do you  
think I am, an orchid?"

No suitable comeback occurring  
to him, Mr. Sandham went into  
the breakfast nook and overpow-  
ered a double orange juice. Just  
as it said "Uncle Kelly appeared,  
he crumpled, this buried it under  
sugar, drowned it in cream and  
took it in his stride. Followed  
bacon and eggs, the eggs scram-  
bled to a beautiful pale-yellow  
consistency. Mr. Sandham went  
to work with coffee which would  
have drawn commendation from a  
pernickety Arab. Kelly stood over  
him, refilling the cup.

"This guy Gilbert," said Joe,  
with his mouth full of bacon and  
eggs, "would have lived high if  
I hadn't come along."

(To be continued)

## LOUIS NOW ALONE ON BOXING HEIGHTS

Baer, Next Foe, Regarded  
Poorly; Schmeling May  
Never Again Fight.

By GAYLE TALBOT  
NEW YORK, June 24.—(AP)—  
Max Schmeling is in a hospital  
across the street from Madison  
square garden—the same one in  
which Ernie Schaefer died after a  
clubbing by Primo Carnera—and  
with the passing of the German as  
an active threat to the heavyweight  
title the fight game abruptly has  
hit a sort of "dead-center."

Two days ago, before Max walked  
into a crushing first-round de-  
feat by Joe Louis at the Yankee  
stadium and received the spinal in-  
jury which probably has closed his  
big-time career, the boxing business  
was booming better than Wall  
street in the lush days.

Now, suddenly, the bubble has  
burst. Louis stands alone, with no  
opponent in sight except Max Baer,  
a man once whipped brutally by  
the young negro.

Baer Poorly Rated.  
Promoter Mike Jacobs is nego-  
tiating for another Louis-Baer fight,  
either in September here, or next  
summer in San Francisco. But  
Mike doesn't have his heart in it,  
and Baer is willing to face the mu-  
sic again only because of the money involved.

Maxie made a pitiful showing the  
other time he was exposed to the  
Louis blasts. Since then he has  
done nothing more notable than get  
married, croon to his first-born and  
split two decisions with Tommy  
Farr. It will be extremely diffi-  
cult to drum up big interest in an-  
other Louis-Baer scrap.

Louis is back in Chicago today,  
starting to enjoy a long loaf. He  
and his wife are thinking seriously  
of making a boat trip all the way  
to Europe next month, though pass-  
ing up Germany as a point of in-  
terest.

Louis didn't evince much inter-  
est in Max's condition, leading ob-  
servers to the conclusion that Joe  
really was no more fond of the Ger-  
man than he had acted in the ring  
on Wednesday night.

Max Must Stay Abed.