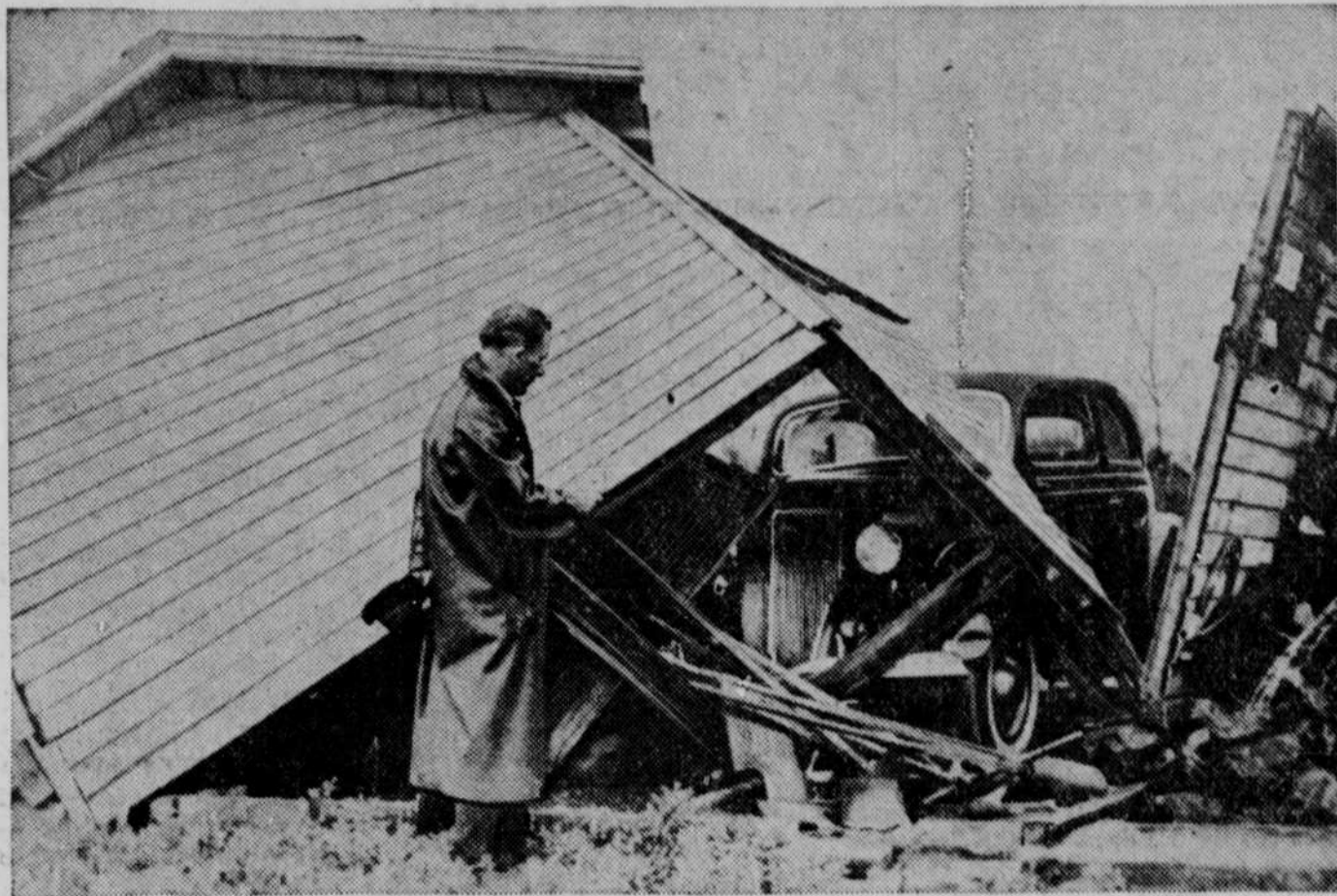
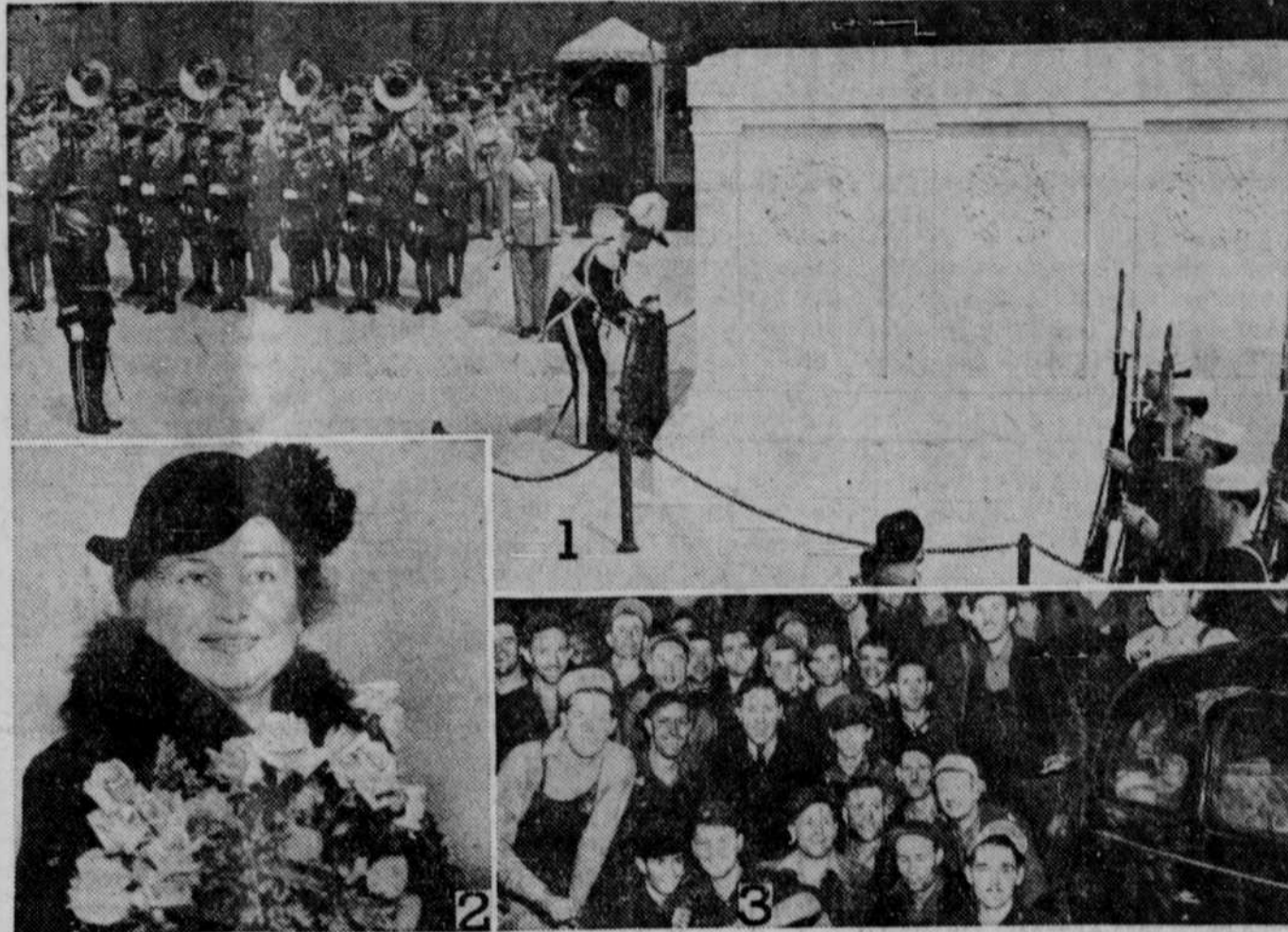


Storms and Hurricanes Are Nemesis of Mr. Purcell



Henry M. Purcell doesn't like storms. Three times in the last ten years he has been their victim. He went through the Miami, Fla., hurricane in 1926, moved to Palm Beach afterwards, but was caught in the "big blow" of 1928. Then he moved to Montgomery, Ala., but the storm which struck there recently wrecked his garage and blew it down on his car. He is undecided where to go next.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general of Canada, shown putting a wreath on the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier on recent visit to Washington. 2—Helen Keller, who overcame blindness and deafness, as she embarks for the Orient on a lecture tour. 3—Sit-down strikers in Ford Kansas City plant, who returned to work following a brief demonstration.

Roscoe

By RICHARD H. WILKINSON
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WNU Service.

LATE in the afternoon the wind had swung into the northeast bringing rain and sleet and cold weather. We didn't care much; the earlier part of the day had yielded good fishing; the open fire inside the lodge was warm and cheerful. There was a snug evening ahead—and Rufe Saffron was there to tell us a story.

"I'll tell you about Roscoe," Rufe said. He puffed at his pipe and crossed his legs close up to the fire.

Roscoe (he went on) and I were boys together. Brought up in the same town, attended the same school, lived on the same street. We liked each other and spent a lot of time in the woods.

There was nothing extraordinary about Roscoe, except that he was always wrong.

Roscoe couldn't help being wrong. He had a reverse complex, if you know what I mean. He'd call me up of a crisp autumn evening and say: "Rufe, let's you and me take a hike up along the Ridge tonight. There's sure to be coon there." And so we'd tramp up to the ridge and never see hide or hair of a single coon. He'd suggest fishing up in Cutler's cove, because he was positive the trout were biting, and we'd fish all day and never get a nibble.

At first it was amusing and we kidded Roscoe about it a lot. Later, when it became evident that he wasn't going to outgrow his reverse complex, we began to take it more seriously. We worried about it, and so did Roscoe. It looked like the thing was going to be a drawback in whatever undertaking he might set his hand to. And that's the way it worked out. When Roscoe was twenty-four he went into business for himself. He stayed in business seven months—found he couldn't make a go of it because he made so many wrong decisions. His natural instincts, his sense of judgment—things upon which every man must more or less depend—proved to be just the opposite of what they should be.

After failing in his business enterprise, Roscoe secured a position with a construction company. He stayed with the outfit four months—fired because he'd made a wrong guess about a strike that was pending. Next he tried selling insurance—lost his job because of his decisions about taking risks.

After a while it got so Roscoe couldn't get a job anywhere—or at least anywhere he was known. However, he had a little money saved up, and he began studying nights. He figured he'd learn a trade, migrate to some land where he wasn't known and begin all over again.

Noble spirit, and all that, but it didn't do any good. Roscoe came east and worked at three jobs in a single year, from all of which he was fired for making wrong decisions. Tough. Pitiful. It began to look as though the thing were a curse which he couldn't shake off. More years passed, and Roscoe didn't change. Everyone felt sorry for the boy, and Roscoe himself began to get discouraged. Presently he found himself definitely out of a job, with little hope of obtaining another. The depression was getting under way; Roscoe had fallen in love with Mary Randall and wanted to get married. The future looked pretty black. You can't ask a girl to marry you when you have neither money nor job, and you can't ask her to keep her faith in you when you've been fired from more than fifteen positions in a quarter as many years. It was all very sad.

Rufe stopped talking and stared into the fire. The wind had increased in volume, rain lashed against the windows. For a moment we were silent, and then Vic Read said: "Gosh, that is tough, and queer, too. Tell us, what happened to Roscoe? Didn't the poor chap ever get rid of the complex?"

"No," said Rufe, "he never did."

"And what became of him?"

Rufe looked up in some surprise. "Wha—oh, shucks! I thought you knew." He smiled and stood up and crossed to the radio, glancing at his watch as he did so. He spun the dials and music filled the room. Presently the music stopped and an announcer's voice was heard, directly followed by another, which said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Roscoe Dix speaking. I will now bring you the weather report. For central New Hampshire, fair and a trifle warmer tomorrow."

Rufe snapped off the radio and turned to us, grinning. "Roscoe came to New England and got a job reporting the weather. Now, then, you men are all New Englanders, you ought to know what I mean."

The wind howled around the lodge. We listened to it a moment, and Vic Read said: "Why, gosh, the wind's shifting to the northwest, sure enough! That means it'll be fair and warmer tomorrow. So Roscoe finally found something in which he was right, eh?"

"No," said Rufe, "he found something in which everyone is always wrong. The weather can change quicker in New England than anywhere in the world—so quick, in fact, as to make Roscoe's reverse decisions come out smack dab 100 per cent right. He makes out his charts and reads the opposite of what they tell him, and he's never missed yet."

President Gets First Buddy Poppy



President Roosevelt shown receiving the first buddy poppy of the 1937 Buddy Poppy sale conducted by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, from little Ruth Joyce Bradish. Miss Bradish admires a part of the collection of animals on the President's desk, after the presentation.

OGPU CHIEF JAILED



Genrikh G. Yagoda, former chief of the dreaded Russian OGPU (secret police), who is the latest celebrity accused of plotting against the life of Josef Stalin. Dismissed from his post of commissar of posts and telegraphs recently, he is reported now a captive in one of Moscow's grim prisons.

MAKES MEDICAL FIND



Dr. Harry Goldblatt, associate director of the institute of pathology of Western Reserve university in Cleveland, whose recent discovery of the cause of high blood pressure may prove the most significant in modern medical history. High blood pressure, or hypertension, as medical men call it, is the world's chief cause of death. He discovered that it is caused by an insufficiency of blood in the kidneys.

Badminton Stars in Title Meet



Badminton made its debut as a big-time American sport when players from all parts of the country met in Chicago for the first national championship tournament. The popularity of the game among women was indicated by the large number of feminine entries. Among skilled competitors were, left to right: Helen De Peyster, New York city; Patience Radford, Boston; Naval Hitch, Chicago; Zoe Smith of Seattle.

SHE USES 3,800 WORDS



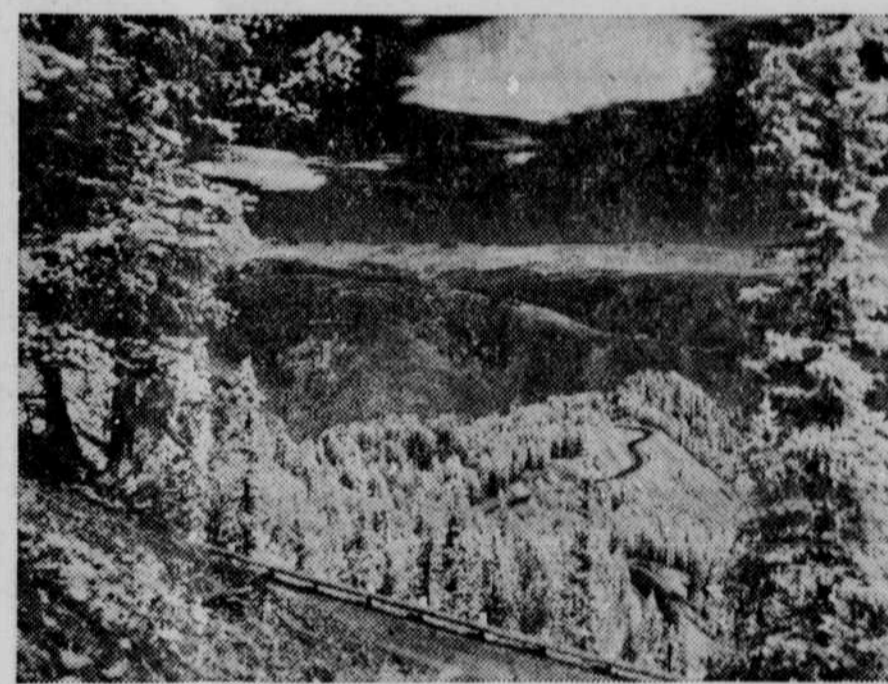
Mary Christine Dunn, twenty-eight-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Dunn, of Bonne Terre, Mo., who, according to scientists of Washington university, has an intelligence quotient of 185. This is 45 points higher than the I. Q. normally attributed to genius. Mary's parents say she has a vocabulary of more than 3,800 words.

Pity the Man at the End!



Imagine the feelings of the man at the end of this recumbent line of members of the Royal Signal corps if the trick motorcyclist underestimates the length of the jump. It's the end man that's ridden over roughshod. Everything turned out all right, however, in this test made near London.

"Mae West Curve" on Mountain Road



Mountain scenery is recorded at its most impressive stage through the lenses of an infra-red camera. In the center may be seen Mae West curve on the new Red Lodge (Montana) highway to Yellowstone park—a fitting monument to a comely movie star.

HEADS WEST POINT



Lieut. Col. Charles W. Ryder, now on duty with the army general staff, who has been appointed commandant of cadets at the United States Military academy.

Film Girls Attracted to California Beaches



With the coming of warmer weather many of Hollywood's starlets keep in trim by daily runs on the nearby beaches. Photograph shows, left to right, Lillian Porter, Gloria Brewster, Marjorie Weaver, Barbara Brewster and Lynn Bari taking their daily run on the nearby Santa Monica beach.

Art Students Pay Tuition by Working as Janitors



Paint all day and mop all night is the rigorous schedule these youths follow. They are students at the Chicago Art Institute who work their way through art school by doing janitor work in the institute after classes. There are 25 of the students who seize mops and pails and clean up rooms and corridors after their day in class.