

## High School News

Items taken from the Current Issue of "The Tiger" Centre Hall-Potter High School Publication.



### AN INTERVIEW WITH TOMMY FARR

By Jack Kirkpatrick

The patient readers who struggled through "My Trip Through the British Isles" last year must have hoped that it would be the last of that trip and of that certain writer but alas and alack as I was walking home from school one day with Mrs. Jamison, our TIGER advisor, I did what most people call putting the proverbial foot in my mouth; as a result you have thrust upon you this mongrel feature-sports interview-editorial.

Now to get down to the story, it seems that we were talking about the Louis and Farr fight, and Mrs. Jamison asked me if I had listened to it. Right away I said, "You bet your life I listened to it, why I saw Tommy Farr last summer!" And ever since I uttered that sentence I have had to try to figure out a way to tell you what little I know about Tommy Farr.

It was during the last week of July in 1936 that we had boarded the bus for Windsor Castle, and after riding through London a few squares a big fellow with a badly scarred face and flattened nose got on at one of the stops and sat in the same seat with my father just in front of mother and me.

Finally after a little inquiry I found out that the man who was his seat mate was none other than Tommy Farr who at the time was a fairly well known fighter in England, however, I cannot vouch for that because I never was much of a sports fan and had not read anything about him; so Tommy was introduced to the rest of the family and autographs were exchanged.

He had spotted us right away as Americans and so the talk was mostly about how good our fighters were and who some of them were. He said that he was going to come to America on the Queen Mary a couple months later and that he was going to start fighting, as far as he knew, in Chicago, and during all the talk seemed to be a modest and very likeable chap.

Then a few stations before we arrived at Windsor Castle Tommy reached his destination and after bidding him goodbye and extending invitations to come and visit us when he came over, we rode on our way little dreaming that we had actually seen and talked to the man who a year later was to challenge Joe Louis for the World's Championship and put up a good fight for it too.

### THE LOST RING.

As she waited impatiently for the carriage to come for her she heard her father angrily protesting to her mother, "You're the one to blame for this, and you'll be sorry."

It was 1837 and girls were being admitted to Oberlin College in the regular academic course for the first time. When Mary Rudd first heard of it, she determined she would be one to attend. Mr. Rudd was very much against it but Mrs. Rudd thought it would do her daughter good to go to college.

This morning she was packing her trunk. She had put in her best dress with the large ruffles on it, her good shoes which laced in front instead of buttoning, her hat with the wide brim and the large green feather, and her coat with the beautiful muff and the large pockets. Now she tucked in carefully a ring her mother had given her and a locket containing her father's picture. She must also pack her simple dresses which she would wear to classes, and six large, white aprons.

The morning when the carriage drew up to the gate, she ran into the house to say good-bye to her mother and father. Her father turned his head coldly as she kissed him on the cheek, but she really didn't care for now she was going to get the education she longed for.

But all was not as she dreamed when she arrived at the college. The duties were hard and the boys made fun of the "coeds." And then, to make her misery complete, she lost the ring her mother had given her. She had taken it off while scrubbing the floor in one of the boys' rooms. It must have rolled out of sight but she had hunted as long as she dared without finding a trace of it.

These first two weeks were the worst ones she had ever endured. Finally in absolute despair she wrote a letter to her mother:

Dear Mother,  
How I long for you and father! I am so lonesome. I cry myself to sleep almost every night. The work is hard and, worst of all, the ring I treasured so much is lost. I want to come home and unless you and father come for me, I will run away. Please come,

for I am just miserable. I've had enough of college.  
Your lonely daughter  
MARY.

Before Mary could post her letter, the bell rang for classes. Now she must read her composition before that horrid, bespectacled, old rhetoric teacher while dozens of amused faces looked on and ridiculed.

She hurried toward Allwood Hall. If only she wasn't late. There at the door was that handsome boy who hadn't laughed when she fell over the teacher's feet yesterday. Could it be that he was going to speak to her? Oh, she would die of shame! But yes, he was stepping toward her and saying "Miss Rudd, this must be your ring. I found it this morning in my room. . . ."

Later that night after she had finished studying, Mary added a post script to her mother's letter:

P. S. I have recovered my ring. John Davis found it in his room and returned it to me. And oh mother, he was so polite and kind. I have never met such a gentleman.

You won't need to come for me after all. I have decided to stay.  
Your loving daughter  
MARY.

—Freda Smith '40.

### CAREERS FOR WOMEN

Before one hundred years ago a woman's work was cook and sew; She had no place in public life; Her only hope, a future wife.

But since the girls are educated it's gone so far they've legislated; They're now becoming engineers, Airplane pilots, and buccaners.

In industry they've found success, That fact we men must all confess, "But give us back the days," we groan,

"When woman's place was in the home!"  
—John Dashem '38

### THEY HAD THE PLUCK

When school first opened to every one, The people all thought they were "tetched in the head."

They had to get up at five in the morn, Two hours before the breakfast horn; They had to shine the men's new boots, And also press their blue serge suits; They stuck to it, tho, till they were thru,

And that's why girls go to school with us too.  
—Lynn Ross '40

### A CONTRAST

The First Coed:  
Bustles and bonnets,  
Hoops and lace,  
A shy smile  
And a blush on her face.

Small tiny shoes,  
A buckle on each;  
A pompadour too,  
Boy! What a "peach!"

Gets up at six,  
Cooks and sews;  
At ten sharp  
To bed she goes.

The Modern Coed,  
Skirts and sweaters,  
Scarfs and socks;  
Just a smile  
And a powder box.

Lively, vivacious,  
Athletic, and gay;  
At twelve o'clock  
She calls it a day.  
—Jean Slack '38

### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

In the Estate of Margaret M. McCommon Haines, late of Centre Hall Centre county, Pennsylvania.

Letters testamentary on above estate having been duly granted the undersigned all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

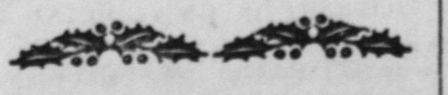
PERRY L. UBER, Executor,  
Butler, Pa., R. 6.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the Estate of ALAMON L. DUCK, late of Gregg Township, deceased.

Letters of administration on above estate having been duly granted the undersigned all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

CHARLES C. DUCK,  
Administrator,  
103 West Market Street  
Lewistown, Pa.



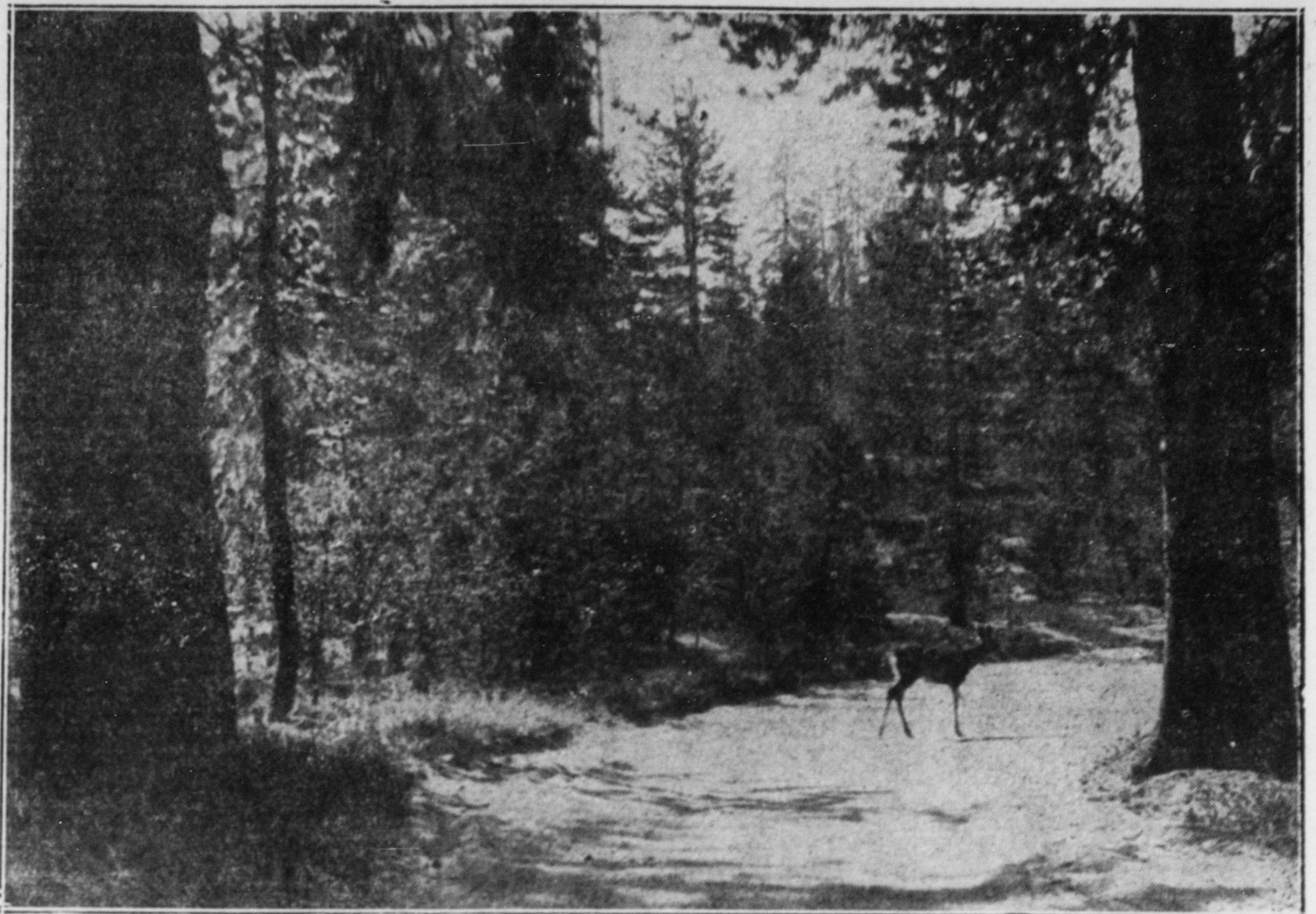
A year's subscription to the home paper for some dear one miles away proves a sensible and much appreciated Christmas Gift.

The Cost is only \$1.50

THE CENTRE REPORTER  
Centre Hall



## Not Only Chickens Cross the Road



Here is an unusual photograph, snapped between two big trees, of a deer enjoying a leisurely stroll across a highway in the Pocono Mountains.

Photo from Penna. Publicity Commission.

### TRANSFER OF REAL ESTATE

I. G. Gordon Foster, et al. to the School District of Borough of -State College, tract in State College; \$6,000.  
Chestie Ann Stover, to Byrd May Stover, of Miles township, tract in Rebersburg; \$1.  
Byrd May Stover to D. Blanche

Small, of Harrisburg, tract in Rebersburg; \$1.  
Harry V. Keeler, to Laura B. Struble, of Boalsburg, tract in Harrisburg; \$225.  
Harry V. Keeler, to Boalsburg Water Co., of Boalsburg, tract in Harrisburg; \$950.

HOME FOR SALE—Double house 8 rooms with modern conveniences known as the Philip Meyer home and located on Main street in center of town. Inquire of Warren A. Homan, Centre Hall, Pa.

FOR SALE Pair of ice hockey skates, \$1. Apply at this office.

## For Beauty and Eye Comfort



## Light Condition your home with I-E-S Lamps

Efficient I.E.S. Better Sight Lamps, designed to specifications which permit the greatest seeing comfort, have also set new standards for beauty. They meet the approval of interior decorators as well as lighting experts.

The day of sombre, dim-lit living rooms is past, and the clever homemaker today strives for color and cheeriness at night. Several I.E.S. Lamps will emphasize the color effects she wishes to achieve and preserve their true tone.

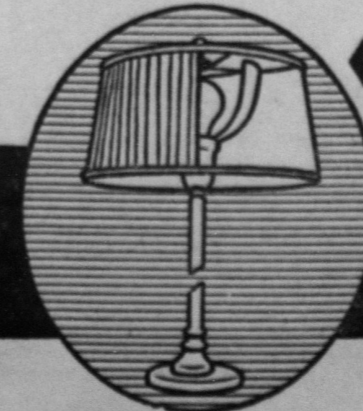
Most dealers have I.E.S. table models for as low as \$4, and floor models, \$8 or so.

You can be sure of having a gift the receiver will enjoy if you give an I.E.S. Better Sight Lamp. Everyone needs one. Everyone enjoys it.



Wide circle of adequate illumination assured by translucent filter bowl, wide shade—white inside, large enough bulb, and right height.

Better Sight



Lamp Dealers