

STUDENTS OF TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL, T. N. T. STAFF, '22

A FAREWELL

(By Dewey Quigley) Farewell to Torrance High School. My high school career as all earthly things, has come to an end. I shall never forget my four years in Torrance High. During those four years I have had many happy times, yes, and some hard work. I have gone to many schools since I first began, but I must say that I have never met such fine teachers, or such fine and friendly students as I have in T.H.S.

As president of the Senior class of 'twenty-two' I take this opportunity to say on behalf of my fellow seniors that we are all very sorry to leave the grand old T.H.S. As each one of us goes out into the world and tackles greater things, I feel that each and everyone of us will always be proud to stand up and say we graduated from T.H.S. We all hope to become prominent people in the world some day and be graduates of which the T.H.S. will be proud.

As we leave good old T.H.S. the Senior class wishes progress and success to the school and to all the students.

TORRANCE HIGH

Here's to the school. O may it be Ever kept true By it's pupils, we!

'Tis the best school, That ever was known True love for it Has ever been shown

So may we all Be true as steel For Torrance High Through woe or weal.

LATIN

Albert Isenstein, Clairvoyant for Caesar.

Torrance alta academia in quatuor partes divisa est. Prim a et infera "fresh" viros continet qui saepe "Frosh" appellati sunt. Secunda Sophomores qui omnia intellegunt tertia, Juniores qui in vestigis Seniorum sequuntur. Quartam et extremam partem nobles Seniores praesunt.

Post quattuor annos "Frosh" Seniores fiunt et scholeam finem faciunt Hoc anno septem Seniores scholam relinquunt His reliqua schola optimum omnivolunt.

Miss Parks—"Karl, what are the principle parts of do?" Karl—"Flour and water."

Magister—"Si omnes ice statim solvit quis accidit?" Discipulus—"Omnes aquae revertentur."

"Nos viri non sunt quis eramus." "Cur non?" "Bene, pueri eramus."

A good motto—"Carpe diem". Seize the opportunity.

A very interesting thing to note is that the modern words, "Kaiser", "Czar", and "Tsar" come from the great Roman—Caesar.

For sale—1 Good Caesar's Commentaries, translation between lines. Owner in front of school at three o'clock. First come, first served. (Advertisement).

Have you ever stopped to think how many words are derived from the Latin? More than two-fifths of all English words are taken directly or indirectly from it. Knowing the Latin root of a word enables a person to quickly understand its full meaning. This is one of the many aids of Latin to the average person.

Ignorantia legis neminem excusat.

Miss Parks had a Freshman class— In Latin it was a scream, And every time Miss Parks would talk, The pupils all would dream.

Boyibus kiasibus sweeti giriorum. Giribus likibus, wanti someorum.

Inibus lapibus sili giriorum Thenibus boyibus kiasi someorum.

Papibus seeibus sweeti giriorum And kicibus boyibus out of door-orum.

Queen Anne is a good school We all know, Ask George Hannan, He'll tell you so.

About The Faculty

(By Ruth McKenzie)

Mr. Barnett, our principal, is grieving very much about having to go to summer school during vacation.

Mr. Mowry, our Junior-Senior class teacher, plans to stay at his home in Torrance most of the vacation.

Mrs. Yeoman, our French and 2nd year history teacher, will spend her vacation at Independence and in the high Sierras. We are all glad to know that she will be with us again next year.

Miss Settles and Miss Collar are both going to Alaska to spend their summer vacations. We hope it is only gold they are seeking.

Mr. Cruzan, our Manual Training teacher, left for the east and will not return to us next year.

Mrs. Myrick, our ninth year history teacher, will not be with us next year, as she is moving to Hollywood where her husband, Mr. Myrick, will teach.

Miss Hostetter, after summer school is out, will spend the remaining part of her vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Mills, our English and Gymnasium teacher, will spend part of her vacation at Camp Seelye.

Mrs. Thomas, our Commercial teacher, formerly Miss Sherman, will spend the entire vacation on her honeymoon. She will not return to us next year.

Miss Parks, our Latin teacher, has not yet decided where to spend her vacation, but says she will be away most of the time.

Miss Thompson, our Art teacher, plans to spend her summer vacation at Donaldson's summer school.

Miss Griffin, our Music teacher, plans to take a trip east for her summer vacation.

MRS. YEOMAN

Of all the news, 'twas the best Mrs. Yeoman said we'd have no test But things were not as they had seemed. 'Twas only something I had dreamed —A.I.

MRS. MYRICK

Mrs. Myrick, teacher of History 9, Knows about Greece, and Gaul and Rome, She says those countries were very fine, But I think she'd rather live here at home. —C.J.

MISS GRIFFIN

How dear to my heart are the songs of my childhood. When vigorously led by Miss Griffin's baton. —I.B.

MISS THOMPSON

Of all the words from tongue or heart, The brightest are, "Miss Thompson's Art!"

MISS PARKS

Of all the teachers in the school, Who try to follow the Golden Rule, The one great fisher for "Latin Sharks."

Is a very great favorite called— Miss Parks. —I.B.

MISS MILLS

Sing a song of sixpence, Everybody "holler." It takes a good one thousand Mills, To make a silver dollar. —I.B.

MR. MOWRY

Tell me not in mournful slumbers Geometry was an awful dream, For the Guy is alive that numbers And 'tis Mowry that I mean. —I.B.

MISS STETLER

Miss Stetler, our diligent librarian, Who looks about with care, To see what books are missing, Just about this time o' year. —I.B.

MISS COLLAR

Hooray for Miss Collar! Our teacher of cooking, For her equal in that There's no use of looking. —I.B.

MRS THOMAS

Cupid's bow has shot once more, It went right through the typing door. Miss Sherman was the lucky one, Now Cupid's work is fitly done. —I.B.

And giribus cryibus, "kiasi no moreorum".

Boyibus standibus to eat soup-orum.

And cryibus, "When can sitorum?" By Juliorum Shakespearibus.

Will of The Senior Class

We, the Seniors of the Torrance High School, City of Torrance, County of Los Angeles, and State of California, do hereby, this twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-two, bequeath as follows:

(1) TO THE Freshmen Class, all rights and privileges of running and maintaining the Torrance High School that we have heretofore enjoyed.

(2) TO THE Sophomores, the pleasure of bluffing the Faculty, talking back to the principal and in general making themselves liked by all.

(3) TO THE Juniors, the dignified, venerable, and much-envied position of Seniors.

(4) TO THE Faculty all the notes, messages and epistles that were passed among members of the Senior Class during that quiet and impressive period of Study Hall, and that may not have come under the eyes of said Faculty. These notes to be divided and shared equally by them, and to be delivered by Tolson's delivery trucks only at the demise of Seniors heretofore mentioned.

WHEREAS, in addition to the above, we, the individual members of the class do hereby bequeath the following to our dearest and most cherished friends, who might have helped, aided or assisted us to become the marvelous seniors we now are.

TO WIT:-

(1) I, Dewey Quigley, bequeath my love for the ladies to any lower classman interested. My sweet disposition I leave to Mrs. Yeoman.

(2) I, Virginia Watson, bequeath all claim to my Titian beauty rights over Earl Condeley, and William (alias Blondy) Yendall to Miss Gwendolyn Miller, a stunning Titian flapper. (N. B.—Every one has been stunned who has seen her.) All my 4's in Latin I willingly submit to Miss Mary Alice Davis.

(3) I, Karl Von Hagen, M. D. bequeath my worthy and noble presidency to Miss Ruth McKenzie, a serious-minded Sophomore. I leave my "height as "basket-ball center" to George Watson, the tallest Freshman ever exposed to the eyes of myself.

(4) I, Virgil Pratt, bequeath my noisy conduct in Study Hall to the quiet and demure Carl Burmaster. My rouge and lip-stick I will to Miss Loretta Condeley, the natural beauty, or Miss Stetler, our charming English teacher. Each shall take the article she finds necessary for her particular type of beauty, or if they so choose, they may divide the two articles between them, to be used with discretion.

(5) I, Ralph Beall, bequeath my low C laugh to Edith Sappington to be used in captivating curly-headed brunettes, including Dale Gipe. I also nobly sacrifice my sense of humor to Miss Stetler, who only laughs when William Yendall speaks rapidly or moves with great acceleration.

(6) I, Helen Neill, bequeath my position on second base to Miss Marion Wright (a brilliant new flapper) who is the only girl in the Torrance High School who thinks she can play ball better than anyone else. Also my soon-to-be-shorn locks to any recent flapper who wishes to regain her lost splendor.

(7) I, Katherine Burmaster, bequeath my splendid Study Hall etiquette to any of Miss Mills' pet students. My curls, dimples, and bangs to the blushing bride of last month.

(Signed:) DEWEY QUIGLEY, President. VIRGINIA WATSON. KARL VON HAGEN, M.D. VIRGIL PRATT. RALPH BEALL. HELEN NEILL. KATHRYN BURMASTER, Secretary.

L is for Latin,

A language of old,

T is for teacher, whose patience still holds,

I is for ideals of the ancient Greek

N for the note books that are due this week.

Here's to Latin, the class I like best.

The tongue of the ancients both happy and blest.

—GERALDINE MILLER.

WHAT WOULD SHE WEAR?

If Minnie Sota hadn't made an ill noise, Miss Ippi would have Stolen Miss Ourlis' New Jersey

Then, what would Dela ware?

A Senior Prophecy May Come True

(By Kathryn Burmaster)

As head-buyer for the Ville de Paris of Los Angeles, I was sent to New York City on a business trip. After finishing my business, I decided to indulge in a little pleasure before returning to Los Angeles. As I had never seen Wellesley College my first plan was to visit it. Upon arriving I learned there was to be a tennis match between Miss Helen Neill, a brilliant Wellesley senior and the champion of the world. I walked over to the court and—why, it was the same Helen Neill who had graduated from Torrance High in 1922. She played a splendid game and won the championship cup. After the game I walked up to congratulate her and she actually condescended to give me her evening. (The girl whom everyone expected would soon become a Duchess!) We couldn't decide where to spend the evening, but as we walked toward the administration building we noticed a large placard with the following inscription, "Hear the second Mary Garden sing at the G— Opera House tonight, etc." Our curiosity was aroused so after dinner we went there. Whom do you suppose this brilliant singer was? None other than Virginia Watson. Although she had many admirers about her, she gave us a half hour in which we talked over Senior days.

The next day I had to start for California but as I had a two-day stop over at Chicago I attended an entertainment at the M— Auditorium. Glancing at my program I caught the name of Dr. Karl Von Hagen, with an explanation that he was the youngest physician who had ever been granted an M.D. in the United States, and was already world-famous. Of course I had heard of him, but had not connected him with the Karl Von Hagen I knew. His lecture was a great success and after I had extended my congratulations he suggested we attend the races the next day as there was a "mystery" car to be entered with an "unknown driver."

The "mystery" car was the De Quig Special and the driver proved to be Dewey Quigley. He was always rather a speedy Senior but I couldn't feature him winning the cup in a race. But don't think he won it all alone, for Ralph Beall was his mechanic, and proved to be a very efficient one, too. While we were talking to the winners, Ralph told us he was making a car which he was going to enter in the next year's races, and he was going to win with it.

Dewey suggested a dinner before returning to California so we radioed Helen Neill and she aeroplaned from Boston to Chicago. Such a wonderful time as we had. Our only regret was that all of the Seniors could not be present.

Boys receiving baseball letters were: Clifford Simpson. Clarence Mills. Karl Von Hagen. Dale Gipe. George Watson. Edward Mason. William Mullen. Gerard Fisher. Fred Reeve. Joe Webb. William Mullen was selected by the basket ball team as their captain for next season while George Watson will captain next year's base ball team.

To a priest came a young woman one day, who had an exaggerated idea of her charms and who confessed she feared she had a "besetting sin." "And what is it?" asked the priest, kindly. "It is this," she replied, her eyes cast down. "Every time I pass a mirror I think of my beauty." "Faith, daughter," said the priest, "that's no sin, no sin at all. Just a slight mistake, daughter, just a trifling error in judgment."—Richmond Christian Advocate.

Athletic Team Receives Letters

The boys who received letters for their services on the basketball team are: Karl Von Hagen. William Mullins. Dale Gipe. Clifford Simpson. Kingsley Tufts. Ralph Beall.

Senior Class of 1922

(By Dewey Quigley) The Senior class of twenty-two, That's the class for me and you. This year it consists of only seven. Some year it hopes to attain eleven. Now there is Virginia Dare (Dear), The seniorette with the Titian hair, Now next in line is Helen Neill, One glimpse at her and your heart will reel.

The next fair dame in the Senior class, Is demure little Kathryn with pillows en masse. The last fair maiden is Virgil Pratt.

This above all, she always knows where she's at. Now I must tell of the Senior boys, The husky three who produce all the noise.

First in line will be Karl Von Hagen, The stately gent who keeps all our girls ravin. Then comes the genius, Ralph K. Beall, With eloquence that would make an ocean swell.

Last but not least comes fair Dewey Quigley, Who hopes in the future to out-class William Wrigley.

Now this is the summary of our senior class. With girls and boys no school can surpass.

We are upright and honest, and will ever be true. To our beautiful class colors, the White and the Blue.

We all know that a certain young fellow who works at Dolley's is feeling blue since a certain Junior left school.

A Toast To The Seniors

(By Wm. Yendall)

The first Senior that comes to my mind is Miss Virginia Watson, who has stayed to graduate with our number. Oh! how she can sing! With what grace and ability she pours forth her sweet strains. "Oh! Kid!" her favorite saying shows only too well her winning way.

Next is Dewey Quigley, who came to us from the wilds of Canada. Dewey is a sort of a conscientious fellow, but nevertheless he is a master of his studies and has won quite a name in the mechanical drawing department for using the round square.

Miss Katherine Burmaster is a tall, stately girl with sweet unassuming ways, always on the move, full of pranks, yet serious at times. Her interests are varied and she is well liked by all her fellow students.

Ralph Beall came from the far east. His favorite pastime is talking, and this privilege has not been denied. To make a complete recitation in class has been his constant aim. It may be safely said that he can juggle words with the ability of a Webster.

Karl Von Hagen: "He's always good, and does all he should." His ability as a student cannot be questioned. He has worked hard to attain a high standard of scholarship, and we may be proud some day to have had him for a classmate.

Virgil Pratt seems to be a bashful girl, but nevertheless she is a master of her studies. No matter whether it be French or History, she is always ready, and we wish her much success as she leaves us to climb the ladder of fame.

Last of all is Helen Neill. Helen has won friends right and left with her smile. As she passes into this busy world let her success be greater than ever and her friends be broadened to the fullest extent.

SENIORS

Here are a few sayings given by members of the graduating class:

Katherine Burmaster, "When do we eat?"

Ralph Beall: "The less said the better."

Dewey Quigley: "Don't blush; it's bad form."

Helen Neill: "Leave me with a smile, but don't fall to leave."

Karl Von Hagen: "Don't fall in love."

Virgil Pratt: "If you are naturally simple, strive to be simply natural."

Virginia Watson: "On with the dance."

Junior Gossip

William Yendall, our blond, tells us he is going to work this summer in Pomona. If he likes it, then perhaps he will stay and if he does not he plans to go East, probably to Ohio.

Helen Tiffany expects to spend the greater part of her vacation in Santa Monica, with relatives and friends.

Our friend, Mr. Condeley expects to work this summer, although he hasn't yet decided just where he will be employed.

Mary Jessome has not been with us for several weeks. Mary has had the household duties to attend to since her mother left for the East.

Bertha Fix and Loretta Condeley going to be ladies of leisure so they say. They will need a rest after the strain of the banquet is over.

One of our members is leaving us for good. At least that is what she says, although we cannot see the good in it. Marie will leave for Texas next week to be with her father, whom she has not seen for two years. It is not known whether she will return to California or not. We hope she will for our class cannot afford to lose her.

T. H. S.

Here's the grand old T. H. S. The school without a worry or care.

The Seniors wish them true success. And hope their growth is trebled each year. —QUIG.

Junior-Senior Banquet

Tuesday evening, June 20, the Seniors had the pleasure of being royally entertained by the Juniors with a banquet.

The color scheme was yellow and white, artistically carried out in the flowers, place cards, candlesticks, shades and streamers.

A delightful program was arranged including toasts given by Mr. Barnett, William Yendall, Loretta Condeley, Frank Higgins and Katherine Burmaster; Marie Patton acting as toast mistress. Mr. Barnett announced that Helen Neill, as a reward for her splendid work during her four years of high school had been elected by the Faculty to membership in the Epehebian Society.

During the evening Mr. William Sykes entertained by giving a Radio Concert which was indeed very interesting.

A jolly good time was enjoyed by all and the Seniors sincerely appreciated it, and wish to thank the Juniors for setting such a worthwhile precedent for future Juniors.

Freshman Frases

A number of Freshmen were represented in the Operetta. Every one said that it was "great."

George Watson has been absent from school this week. We hope he hasn't been sick.

We have had two visitors from the Redondo Union High School. They are Mary Staplefeld and Turner McLain. Mary expects to attend the T.H.S. next year.

Queen Anne is a good school We all know, Ask George Hannan, He'll tell you so. —A.I.