

Volume II
Number VI

APRIL 1964

Ferguson
Missouri

Four Faculty Members Form Beatles Rival Group

In keeping astride with the ever changing pace of today's world, the music department of Ferguson Junior High has recently announced their new combo, the Termites, as a group of skilled professional musicians. They will compete with the Beatles of Liverpool, England. Coach Kimpling, the leader and founder of the combo, first organized the quartet last month. Other members of the faculty participating in the group are Mr. Blattel; the drummer, Coach Haenssler; who plays the lead guitar and Mr. Meyer; who plays the rhythm guitar. Coach Kimpling plays the electric bass guitar.

"The discovery of the group was purely an accident," reports Mr. Spindler, who stumbled onto them in the attic of the east building, their secret meeting and practicing place. When asked the reason for his presence in the attic, the 8th grade science teacher replied "I was only searching for a coffee pot for my own use instead of all that complicated lab equipment. You see, I like to have a cup of coffee while grading papers in the classroom after school. And it is so much simpler to use a coffee pot instead of the school's flasks, beakers, etc. Well, anyway, there I was running through all those boxes when I noticed under the dim light of a forty watt bulb, a phenomenal four-some playing rock and roll. After persuading them to give concerts in public, we began to map out a

career for their group." Mr. Spindler will also handle the business management of the quartet.

Mr. Lager, the appointed press agent and spokesman for the Termites, feels that the group just can't miss and will surely be as popular as the Beatles. In his announcement to the public at which several Torch reporters were present he also told us the following information: "The Termites have adopted gold, orange, and red sequined suits with buttonless jackets and continental slacks with high-heeled black sneakers as their official dress. They will also don completely shaven heads, a sharp contrast to the Beatles' haircuts." The Termites' entire contrast to the Beatles' haircuts." The Termites' entire wardrobe will be tailor-made by the sewing classes of Ferguson Junior High.

"We will make our first appearance in the Student Council talent show near the end of school," commented Coach Kimpling, "where you will hear many new songs, all written by Mr. Blattel and myself, that are sure to become future golden records." After their first appearance, the Termites will leave Ferguson on a nationwide tour of thirty-five major United States cities. Torch reporter and photographer Steve Hermeyer asked the Beatles their opinion of the Termites. Their only comment was "Bah, humbug!"

Sponsor Wins Spelling Bee

Our own Mr. Swift, counselor and sponsor of the Torch won first prize in the championship playoffs of the R-2 Intermediate Spelling Bee. His word was CAT which he spelled "kat" but came closer than Mrs. Erlich who spelled it "kate". When asked his plans for next year Mr. Swift said, "After I learn to spell DOG I think I'll edit a textbook."

Science Teacher Changes Looks

An amazing discovery was made by Mr. Essmann, science and biology teacher at school. Mr. Essmann discovered a new formula that stimulates growth processes but he was unaware until Monday that it could change a person's appearance.

Unfortunately he administered a dose to himself. Would you call it an improvement?

Assembly To Feature Choir

Math Teacher Is Head of Esoteric Numbers Racket

Here is the latest news on one of the largest crime waves to hit our fair school.

Mr. Meyer, the head of this racket, is one of the top math teachers in our school. He has been teaching his students how to be very successful at the numbers racket.

In this year of crime teaching, Mr. Meyer has been teaching his students such things as how to figure out percentages (which comes in very handy) how to become a successful bookkeeper and how to figure out the lucky numbers in all the bingo and card parties.

This reporter had had the great success in being able to sit in and listen to some of Mr. Meyer's classes.

To my knowledge I have been the only reporter to be able to go in and listen to one of his classes and come out without any knowledge of what was going on.

Here are a few cautions to you readers in Mr. Meyer's classes who don't wish to learn the numbers racket:

- 1) Get OUT!
- 2) Plug your ears with cotton.
- 3) Don't pay any attention.

These are the only ways you can miss from learning the numbers racket.

AH-SOO SCHOPP

Mr. Schopp, a well known teacher at our school, has left for Hollywood, where he will star in a Chung-king Chow Mein commercial. Selected by a panel, Mr. Schopp was chosen for his originality of his AH-SOO.

A big surprise is in store for all the Beattlemania fans here at Ferguson Jr. High. To celebrate April Fool's Day, Mr. Niehaus has engaged the Beattles to sing for an assembly. The performance to be given will be dedicated to our own Fantasia Fink.

The members of the Combo—John Wildermuth, Bill Livesey, Forest Hill, and Bill Hofer—will sing ten of their most popular songs.

Mr. Niehaus will open the assembly by giving a speech on how good and well-liked the Beattles are: The highlight of the assembly will be when Mr. Reid, the mayor of Ferguson, presents them with the key to the city.

Students are reminded that we want to give the Beattles a big welcome and make them feel at home. All girls are encouraged to scream, yell, pull hair, jump up and down, and faint if possible. The boys are reminded to whistle as loud as they can and shoot off the loudest firecrackers that can be bought!

New Star Is Born

Mr. Simmons, today signed a contract with Colossal Pictures to appear in his first movie. It will be called "I Was A Teenage Ditchdigger." Co-starring will be the famous star, Alfred E. Newmann.

The story is about a boy (played by Mr. Simmons) who starts out as an apprentice to Alfred E. Newmann. He rises to great heights (assistant foreman), when he marries the boss's daughter, portrayed wonderfully by Sophie Tucker.

We hope he wins an Oscar for his award. Also watch for his new record album called "Songs to Peel Onions By." Watch for it!



Before



After

INSULTS INC.

Darling, you came to me out of nowhere . . . go back!
You've got a photographic mind . . . too bad it never developed.
I'm forming an attachment for you . . . its fit right over your mouth.

Go take a long walk off a short pier.
I don't know what I'd do without you . . . but I'd rather.
Don't go away mad . . . just go away.
I'd like to help you out . . . which way did you come in?
Three's a crowd . . . so start counting.
Why don't you stop in for dinner sometime . . . if you don't mind imposing.

I like you just the way you are . . . mean, fat, ugly, and stupid.
Please wear my ring around your neck . . . and forget about the chain.

You're a riot . . . it looks like a mob ran over you.
You're as lovely as a rainbow--green teeth, blue face, yellow ears, and purple nose.

Why don't you go over to the Police Headquarters and volunteer as a missing person.

Cheer up you're not completely worthless--you can always serve as a bad example.

Go play in the traffic.

You ought to go to Hollywood--the walk would do you good.
I'd like to compliment you on your work--when will you start?

Act your age but not your I.Q.

When I want your remarks, I'll rattle your cage.

Your mother must have bought you with green stamps.

You look like Kookie, after he crumbled.

You must come over some time--I need a target for my bow and arrow.

You made a beautiful entrance--now try an exit.

Hi, dream boat--not you, shipwreck.

Gee! You look good--have you been sick.

Tell me all you know--I've got a minute.

You have everything--dandruff, cavities, lazy liver, false teeth.

You have all the possibilities of becoming a complete stranger.

Darling, let me say those three little words that will make you walk on air--Go hang yourself!

Doing anything Saturday night? Then why not take a bath!

You must be the flower of your family--the bloomin' idiot!

It's good to see you're back--especially after seeing your face.

You're bound to rise to great heights--you're so full of hot air.

Just because your head comes to a point, it doesn't mean you're sharp!

I've heard so much about you--now let's hear your side of the story.

Human beings I hate . . . you I like!

Go make mudpies in the quicksand.

You have just what it takes to get into the movies . . . 90 cents.

Everything I have is yours . . . wrinkles, warts, hives, blemishes.
You've given me something to live for . . . revenge.
I can see by the shirt you're wearing that you got my CARE package.

Aren't you Lana Turner's sister . . . Stomach Turner?

Or perhaps you're related to Bob Hope . . . No Hope?

Maybe you're Pat Boone's brother . . . Ba Boone!

What a cute skirt . . . what did you make with the rest of the tablecloth?

Last time I saw a face like yours, Tarzan was feeding it bananas.

I'd like to take you home to dear old Dad . . . he hasn't had a laugh in years.

It's so nice of you to give me a piece of your mind . . . you have so little to spare.

Is it true your brother was an only child?

Is that your lower lip, or are you wearing a turtle neck sweater?

I remember the first time I saw you--I was sick for a week.

Into each life some pain must fall, and here he comes now.

You must have been a beautiful baby . . . what happened?

You ought to be on stage . . . there's one leaving in 15 minutes.

You have quite an ear for music . . . I can tell by the rhythmic way you step on my feet.

I live by the cliff . . . drop over sometime.

Stop smiling . . . don't you have enough work to do?

Get lost . . . we have no found department.

As an outsider, what do you think of the human race?

Why I don't think you're two-faced at all . . . You wouldn't be wearing that one if you were.

Why don't you take a powder . . . and may I suggest arsenic?

Come in, we were expecting you--everything is going wrong today!

I love your new hair--do . . . I never realized steel wool could be so becoming.

You should have no trouble at all hooking a boy . . . if you can get a big enough claw.

Fly away with me . . . we'll use your broomstick.

Your heart's in the right place . . . it's your head that worries me.

I'm not hard of hearing--I'm ignoring you.

Some are born beautiful, some are born smart . . . hi, you two-time loser!

You sure are outstanding in your field, and that's where you should be . . . out standing in your field.

Have you ever considered acting? . . . like a human being?

Mistakes will happen, but must you give them so much help?

I don't know what makes you tick, but I sure hope it's a time bomb.

You're one in a million . . . and boy, are the 999,999 others happy!

OBITUARIES



MR. ESSMANN--of sucking his thumb while holding a scalpel.

MR. MEYER--after reciting "Hiawatha" in German in one breath.

MRS. REIMER--of shock when everyone in fourth hour passed her test.

MR. SPINDLER--of drinking his "lab-made" coffee.

MISS GAGNEPAIN -- after being trampled to death by a seventh grader.

MRS. MURPHY--when second hour cooperated with her.

MR. SWIFT--when everyone turned their articles in on time.

MR. LAGER--when no one complained about the temperature of the room.

MR. McCORMACK--when all the sopranos sang on key.

MRS. JEFFARES--after going crazy from listening to the clicking of typewriters.

MRS. LAWRENCE--after dislocating her hip doing the hula

MR. CATES--from swallowing hypo.

FREE PASS
TO MR. LAGER'S
TALK ON "LOVE IS
THE HIGHEST HUMAN
ACTIVITY!"

8th Grade Man of the Month

Breeding mosquitoes for fun and profit is the favorite pastime of this month's eighth grade man of the month, Carpathias Umphroid III. Carpathias stands five feet four inches and has bloodshot eyes. He is currently studying Pig Latin and the various methods of window washing used in foreign countries. Although he tends to be rather shy towards the majority of the student body, he is secretly in love with Zelda Schwartz, a fellow student. He has previously attended the Irving Smeed Institute of Technology where he was voted as the timphen of the year in 1962.

LITERATURE Rapunzalein

If you don't get this, go to Mr. Meyer for a translation.

Ein vitch ben snitchen das babe. She ben kippen poor Rapunzalein in a skinny stonischer casteler, vit vun vinder, and none scissors. Hair she ben growin longischer.

Ach! Poor Rapunzalein throw hairischer don das vinder, and vitch clumb upischer.

Cy! It ben hurten her headischer.

Poor Rapunzalein, she ben veeping vit bidder tires.

But den, Cupidilein ben usin his leadischer and Rapunzalein, she ben gettin a liver--Ach!--don't everyone!--that ben meanin a lover?!

Ein liver clumb upisch das hairischer. Dis liver, he ben gettin ein pocket-knifeischer and ben snipin das hairischer.

Rapunzalein ben weavin ein ladderer, and ben clumbin donischer. Den dem benskeedaddlein--and ben marryischen!

Oy! Ein vitch ben coming back and she ben singin, "Rapunzalein, Repunzalein, put das hairischer outen de vinder!" Poor Vitch!--she can't get in de castle-isch (She ben singin somethin elseischer).

She ben clumb up un her broom-sticker and she ben huntin and huntin for Rapunzalein and her liver, in das forest. But oy! Her can't see in de forest fer dem trees, she fall don and go BOOM-ischer, and she ben breakin her broomsticker!

Moral:

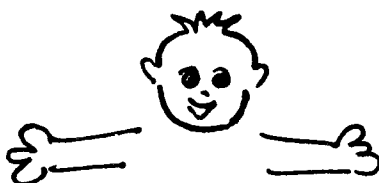
Don't trow yer hairischer outen de vinder

or

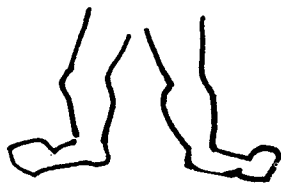
Ven viding on a broomsticker watch out for dem trees!

7th Grade Good Guy of the Month

Tall and lean and always seen is Ozgood Z'Beard, our seventh grade good guy of the month. Standing at a towering three feet two and seven sixteenths inches, he can easily be recognized in his Beatle haircut. Oz possesses many strange and interesting hobbies such as underwater bubble blowing and collecting used tricycle tires, the latter of which he is absolutely crazy about. His favorite sport is competitive high jumping, of which he has hopes of making his career.



I ain't got
no body



Duds & Doodads

Have you seen the two most fashionable characters around F.J.H.? Want to know who they are? Why, none other than our own Fantasia Fink and her latest crush. Fantasia is giving her guy the eye with her stunning plaid skirt and her gorgeous polka dot blouse. Her outfit couldn't be considered complete without her purse (suitcase size), sweater, and hair ratted to the ends.

Sylvester may not look like he's attracted to Fantasia, but just wait! You know how the boys are at F.J.H., it takes them a while but once they've caught on . . . With his attractive monster on his sweat shirt and those tight levis of his, he'll probably put Fantasia in a trance before long. He finds that bubble gum and hair loaded with that Greasy Kid's Stuff are just the things to add to his "special personal appearance".

If you keep your eyes open, some day you may see Sylvester and Fantasia romantically listening to his transistor walking down the school halls.

How To Sign Birthday Cards

The question has arisen by some of our students on how to appropriately sign a birthday greeting card. Our staff has looked into the matter and has come up with these solutions----

A friend
An enemy
A friendly enemy
Someone who cares
Someone who cared
Someone
Your greatest fan
Your only fan
Your only friend
Your salve
Your psychiatrist
My psychiatrist
Your favorite teacher
Your favorite pupil
Your brilliant son
Your big problem
Your cage cleaner
A classmate
A cellmate

Your Keeper
Your kissin' cousin
Your beautiful sister
Your handsome brother
Your steady
Your ex steady
Your future steady
Your fan club
The police Department
Your parole officer
My parole officer
The school board
The school bored
Your bookie
My bookie
An old friend
A young friend
A fiend
me

- Trash Box -

Dear Torch Box,
Is it true that there is going to be bowling alleys in the buses?
Don Carter

Dear Don,
I haven't heard anything about that, but I've heard they're putting them in the halls at school.

Dear Torch Box,
When are the new escalators going to be put in?
Lazy

Dear Lazy,
April first.

Dear Torch Box,
Is the school going to divide the classes next year into cold-people and hot-people?
Mr. Lager's Friend

Dear Friend,
No, they're just putting the cold-people in the boiler room.

DAFFY NTIONS

Bodysnatcher---life guard
Walk the plank---surfing trick
Dog fight---weiner roast
Skin diver---mosquito
Ice cub---stuck up girl
Disaster area---girl's purse
C.O.D.---call off date

Poor Robert's Almanac

Babies are not Americans, they are inhabitants of Lapland.

Everyone hates people who talk behind their backs, especially at the movies.

Banjo players have easy pick-ins.

It's a good thing barbers aren't paid by the word like authors.

If you want noise of silence, the drum is an instrument you can't beat.

No big men have ever been born in small towns, only little babies.

If a man bites a dog, he's probably eating a frankfurter.

A boxer is the only person who wakes up and finds himself rich.

When a boy marries, his mother thinks he's throwing himself away, and his sisters think the girl is.

Ants always work, yet they still find time to go to picnics.

It's never too late for a woman to keep an appointment.

Archeology proves that you can't keep a good man down.

The average man must be the lowest form of humanity, everybody thinks he's above him.

The aviation industry is always on the up-and-up.

Flowers have more scents than people.

9th Grade Gasser of the Month

Gagool Transvyogel better known as "Yahms" among all the girls is this month's freshman swinger. She is best known around the campus for her fabulous work with the Flying Swingle Weasers of our own school. "Yahms" enjoys her Phoenecian history class more than the other subjects in which she is currently studying, and always looks forward to seeing her favorite teacher there, Mr. Umbopa. She has blonde hair, which she thinks she will give her more fun than her natural brunette color, green eyes and is five foot nine and forty-four hundredths inches tall. She enjoys playing her collection of records by the Roaches.

Teacher's Desk Raided

It was on a damp, dreary Friday night when Bob Jinkerson led his famous threesome of explorers into Mr. Clark's room during a commando raid on his desk. The janitors had just left the building and had gone home when the group gained entrance through a basement window of the east building. Cautiously they dropped into the "dungeon" one by one, taking every possible precaution to prevent their capture by the janitors.

As they reached the room, Irving Smeed, the club's locksmith, produced a skeleton key which was to open the doors and unlock the desk drawers. At least they were in his room. Ha! And to think that they said it couldn't be done!

During an interview with Mr. Clark, he reported the absence of the following items:

100 used razor blades; 12 used pipecleaners; 7 cans of Metrecal; 8 issues of Mad magazine; 1352 bubblegum wrappers; 1 Mousketeer beanie; 2 Nixon-Lodge stickers; 1 Tootsie Roll Pop; 19 feet of fishing line; 1 Beatle wig; 9 ash trays; 3 pipes; 1 chess club; 1 mile recording tape.

TILLY TORCH

My dearest Tilly,

Where do you live? I want to ask your father if I can marry you. I know I don't compete with Paul, John, and George, but I can play the drums.

Love,
Ringo

Dear Tilly,

Your eyes are the color of the sea and your voice is as gentle as the waves. Yes, Tilly, you and the ocean are twins. You're both all wet!!!

April Fool

dear mis tilly

i luv yoo. yu al weighz giv soch goud advis. plez sind me yur pitcher cuz i got a crush on yoo.
luv,
gorge

hi Tilly,

Tilly, darling, you are the light of my life. Every morning when I awake I read some of your advice. It brightens my day to think about you. Would you like to go to the Cinema Friday night (dutch)?

Love and kisses XXX,
John

Coaches Have Nightmares

Ferguson students will be glad to hear that Coach Kimpling emerged the victor in the Physical Education Nightmare Contest. Competing against the other coaches in the R-2 District, he had the winning nightmare titled "Ropes to Nowhere."

To accomplish this feat he had twelve dill pickles, three glasses of lemonade, and six banana-mayonaisse sandwiches.

Boys Win Awards Over Girls

Students of FJHS have unanimously chosen ninth grade Steve Montigne as "Loudmouth of the Year." Second place was won by Ed Krueger who gave Steve rough competition. Surpassing all the gossip girls, Steve was voted to have better qualities.

A few of the qualifications were: to always be seen with your mouth open; interrupting all conversations; overhearing secret conversations; and, best of all, repeating said conversation to everyone, adding a few of his own details.

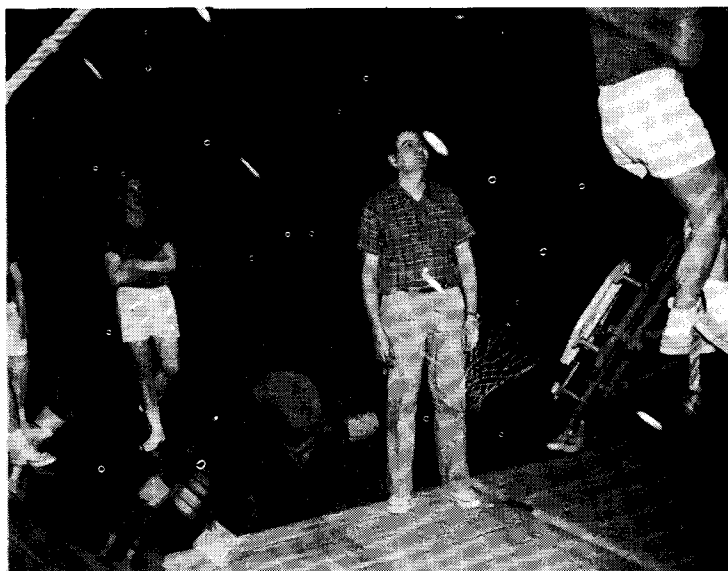
On April 5, Steve will be awarded a plaque bearing the inscription "Loudmouth of 1964." Ed will be awarded a silver plaque saying "Open Cavern of 1964."

Let's everyone have plenty of gossip for Steve and Ed to spread, as anything they hear is spread around the school in one hour.

Ballet Squad Receives Letters

Letter awards were given to the boys on the freshman ballet squad, on March 13. The boys were judged on their poise, and their graceful execution of the roles. The boys who lettered were hand-picked by the two coaches, Mr. Meyer and Mr. Jones.

Those who lettered are: Rich Schultz, John Kammeier, Jim Mikulin, Dave Martin, Mark Evers, Mike Fischer, Brian Correll, Tim Travis, Mark Trotta, Doug Dix, Matt Larigan, and Jim Thornsberry. Dave Martin and Rich Schultz were chosen as captains for the team, while Mark Evers, Mike Fischer, Brian Correll, Tim Travis, Mark Trotta, Doug Dix, Matt Larigan, and Jim Thornsberry. Dave Martin and Rich Schultz were chosen as captains for the team, while Mark Evers was elected the most graceful ballet star of the 1963-64 school year.



COACH KIMPLING AND HIS WINNING NIGHTMARE

Tennis Team Has Troubles

Ferguson has been blessed with an interesting tennis team this year. Coach says he is a little afraid of playing them against other schools due to the casualties that might be caused as a result of this (on our own team). One of the main problems is the loss of tennis balls which are either bashed down someone's throat while trying to return a slam or slammed over the fence by an overly eager participant. If only the players could learn to keep their mouth's shut but they insist on making war cries while playing the game. Coach is working to abolish this habit. Another problem is the increasing amount of broken knee-caps and teeth lying on the courts. This is attributed to the players leaping over the net and catching their foot in the holes. Coach will eliminate this by putting up lower nets. So all in all this season's tennis program ought to be a smear and we hope a doctor is present at all of the matches.

Library Gets New Books

The library has some new books in this month, and if any of you are interested in checking these books out, some of the books to look for are:

Fenced In -- Bob Wire
Facts About Haystacks -- Alfalfa Wheat

How to Pickle Tongues -- The Pig Brothers

What Every Toad Should Know -- Bud Wart

Washing and Curling Feathers -- Tweetie Pie

Drama Club Gives "Streetcar"

The semi-bi-annual production by our talented drama department took place on March 34, at 3 a.m.

This year the department presented "Streetcar Named Desire" by intellectual playwright Tennessee Williams. Bette Bosch was very realistic in the lead role, while Dave Martin took the part of the decadent clod, and portrayed him very competently.

Both the acting and the direction by Mr. Quigley was smooth and professionally amateur. Everyone who attended was interestingly entertained.

School Extended By Supt.

"Schools, being noble institutions, should be open much longer," said V. C. McCluer, School Superintendent at the last meeting of the PTG. After a unanimous vote it was decided that all students will be required to attend school on Saturday.

TICKET
GOOD FOR 10
GOOD OL'
SCHOOL LUNCHEES