

# ECHOES

No. 33

YO-HI

May 20, 1966

## THE DAY

That eventful day that all the seniors have been awaiting since the beginning of school is finally in sight--that is, if you can see through the smog of finals. Friday, the third of June, at seven-thirty, the Senior Class of 1966 will graduate from our beloved Nile C. Kinnick High School. At this time 103 seniors will trip down the aisles of the Yokohama Chapel Center while their parents look on with tears of joy (that they are finally getting rid of their senior). Under the watchful surveillance of his four guests, including his parents, each senior will receive his long awaited diploma.

Other than the distribution of the diplomas, the ceremony will be high-lighted by speeches given by Valedictorian Lillian Fittz, Salutatorian Cheryl Schermann, Chris Pearce, Gary Adkisson, and Roary Odneal. These students were selected by the senior class to speak at graduation this year.

Following the ceremony, a reception will be held at the Chapel Center.

## THE NIGHT

The Mystic Knight, the dummy in tin-foil by the castle door, Doctor and Mrs. Thrasher, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, and the Junior and Senior Class Presidents and their dates were on hand promptly at 7:30 last Friday, the 13th, to greet fifty-five couples as they entered a beautiful prom. At the end of the line, pages directed couples to their tables.

The main dining room of the O'Club was decorated with large murals depicting the interior of a Medieval castle. Credit for the excellent job went to the club's excellent artist.

Of the three selections available, the seafood was the best. (The corn was great too.) In addition to the main meal, a sufficient quantity of sandwiches was available near the punch bowl.

Following dinner the Master of Ceremonies, Jim Keys, introduced the entertainment. The first performance was by a lady magician who proved herself to be the envy of all the anglers in the crowd by "fishing" out several goldfish from under tables and netting them out of Mr. Spaulding's jacket. Madeline Meyers again put on a fine performance which went a record length of five songs. Finishing up the evening's entertainment, the Mojoes drew nearly everyone onto the dance floor, even during the fast dances.

Capsule opinion: well done, juniors.

## RECOGNITION

The "Echoes" wishes to congratulate the following boys for winning awards at Tuesday night's Spring Sports banquet.

Golf: Roy Matsui

Track: Captain: Jack Dolan; Most Valuable: Dale Johns; Most Improved: Mike Wirsing

Baseball: Captain: Bill Olsen; Most Valuable: Ken Inamura; Most Improved: Chris Wilson

## Talent

Last week the Art Department held its annual art show. Once again students were given the opportunity to display their talent.

The show had samplings of Batik, etchings, water color, and oil paintings. Prices for the pictures ran from \$.25 to \$75.00.

It was rather refreshing to see that some students actually can spend their time turning out creative works of art.

## SEAMSTRESSES

The Home Economics classes showed their styles last Wednesday in the largest annual fashion show yet to be held at Yo-Hi. Scores of girls displayed clothes they have made for casual, school, and formal affairs. Credit for directing the show goes to Cathy Clements, Ellie Heath, Carleen Paine, and Olivia Elston.

Earlier this year the classes produced a number of very nice things for the children in Vietnam. Yo-Hi is certainly fortunate to have someone as responsible as Miss Satre to supervise the worthwhile activities of these girls.

# THE SNEAKER ... AAIIIEEE!!

Continued from two weeks ago . . .

After a week's vacation, THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!! and the gang forgot where they left off. Remembering it was where Pureheat had just walked in leading his masked stallion, "Thunderbolt The Wonder Colt," to Short Mort's where LaBadge and Short Mort were having an argument over the correct words of the French National Anthem, they were happy.

The story continues:

"Now hold it fellows," says Pureheat sweetly, "I've carefully studied the facts and the tracks of THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!! and come to the conclusion that THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!! has but one leg. This seems to narrow down the list of possible suspects and . . ."

Here he is interrupted by LaBadge, "Now hold on thar, Pureheat sweetie. I think thet by inferring thet your hoss is THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!! you're doin' him a great injustice for which I could report you to the S.P.C.A. Now ef we just back up and go over it agin I think we'll come up with THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!!"

Just then a strange voice comes from out of a picture frame:

"Attention, attention--this is THE SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!! Now that the entire population of Lower Weed Patch is gathered, I have something to say. For many years, I have been robbing the rich, that's you, and giving to the poor, that's me, and now I'm rich. I've been robbing myself. This is getting pretty drab because it isn't hard to rob someone if it is yourself you're robbing . . ."

While all this space filling is going on, Pureheat is deep in thought. About four feet deep in thought, in fact. "Hmmm, I've got it! I've got it!!" screams Pureheat, "Grab the horse. I have a few questions to ask it, or him."

The entire assembly departs.

Later, Pureheat, LaBadge, Heathcliff's mother, Heathcliff, and Short Mort are in the Weed Patch Bar having a few beers. LaBadge is first to speak.

"Yup, Pureheat, that was pretty clever of y'all (or is it yule) to suspect that hoss."

Pureheat chugs and speaks, "You know LaBadge if I hadn't sent that hoss to ventriloquists school, myself, I would have never have guessed."

LaBadge nods in agreement. "He's shore smart, for a hoss."

"Hoss," laughs Pureheat, "Shucks, he isn't a hoss. He's two forty year old midgits that I found in a horse outfit on Halloween night nigh on to twenty years ago. Well, guess I'll be burnin' up the trail. (Get that, Pureheat "burnin' up the trail?")"

# THE SNEAKER CHATTER

Well, this is my last full day of writing in on the "Pop" scene in Japan! Boo-hoo. I know you're all gonna miss me and all that rot, so I decided to write plenty of articles to fill in for me after I leave. Gosh darn. How lucky can ya be, huh?

Did you know that . . .

. . . Zal Yanovsky (Lovin' Spoonful) and Danny Doherty (Mama's and Papa's) worked together in a group called the Halifax Three?

. . . Chad Stuart of Chad & Jeremy is trying to obtain American citizenship?

. . . The Dave Clark 5 have been on the Ed Sullivan Show more than any other pop group--a total of ten times?

. . . Herman got an offer to replace Tommy Steele in the Broadway musical "Half a Sixpence," but had to refuse because of previous commitments?

. . . Ron Elliott of the Beau Brummels recently got married?

. . . Sonny Bono and George Gershwin have common faults, both compose in the key of C?

. . . Jackie De Shannon went down the aisle with Bud Dain, an executive with her record company?

Watch, Look, and Listen to:

Mama's & Papa's who are really going to be going places. They live in a nutty world of semi-existentialism. There are four of them and they come in all shapes and sizes. Their names are John, Denny, Michelle, and Cass.



"Wait just a dern minute," says LaBadge. "I have the unpleasant duty of takin' Mother Heathcliff in for buyin' us this -booze. Accordin' to the law, she's contributin' to the delinquency of majors. My date of rank is right here on my dog tags.

DUM DA DUM DUM: so ends the SNEAKER AAIIEEE!!!

ONLY 1 WEEK !!

# OLD NEW GOSSIP

"006"

Has anybody noticed the new "67" written on the gym roof right next to the "66"? It looks like the juniors can't come up with anything original.

Speaking of "66"'s, quite a few have been seen around school done in red chalk. How infantile are these people who want "privileges."

Hey, Ric and Danny, how come it takes you guys 30 minutes to shower? Or is it that you don't like second period class?

"Grab your partner by the hand...." Well, it might be a new phase in the gym classes—square dancing no less. Some people don't like it. Said one, "The square dancing will have to go; it's too personal."

D.J.R. did it again. "There I was, see, doing 80 k's in third. I slammed the clutch down, shifted to overdrive, hit the accelerator, popped the clutch and hit 120 k's in ten seconds. Not bad, huh?" That's not bad at all, D.J.R., considering your car has an automatic transmission.

Ron Blair must like jewelry. He has two rings for each finger, two bracelets, and a neck chain. But don't worry, Ron, you can have twenty-two steady girl friends.

Hey, gang, ole Harry Hill isn't going to Harvard. It seems that one of his friends couldn't resist playing a practical joke on him in the "Echoes". No, Harry is going into the Army. Says Harry, "Harvard doesn't need me; the Army does."

How was the Zama Prom, Eric and Chris? I still think Yo-Hi babes are better, but it's a matter of opinion.

G.D.A. is a member of the M.B.A. fan club.

Seems that everyone knew that Taffy Malloy and Roger Osland were going to the Prom before Taffy and Roger knew. How come?

Those of you who were at the Prom probably noticed that the Zama, Atsugi, Sophia people turned up in full force.

I was in my office, sitting behind my desk, looking out the window, when a tall girl walked by. How did I know she was tall? Because my office is on the third floor. She walked in.

"Your name Hill?"

"That's right, lady."

"I need your help."

I looked her over. She wasn't bad looking except for a blemish between her ears. She had BO so bad the kids used to tip her for Halloween. She had a definite odor about her...like the Detroit Lion's dressing room at half time. She needed my help all right.

"What's your problem, lady?"

"Somebody stole my car."

"What kind was it?"

"A '58 Edsel."

"That's a hard car to find, lady. Quite a few on the road. Cost you double."

"It's a deal."

As soon as she left the office, I reached into my desk and pulled out my lighter gun. I checked to see if it had fluid in it and took off... my smoking jacket. (I had to change clothes.) I put on my golf shirt (it has eighteen holes) and left.

I thought I would check the license office to see how many Edsels there were in town. I was astounded by the number...none.

My next hunch was to get some dinner. I stopped off at Sam's Bar and Grill and ordered a seven course dinner...a hot dog and six brands of beer. While I was eating a '58 Edsel went by. I ran out the door, hopped into my car, and followed it. I followed the car for about an hour when it suddenly stopped.

continued some other time....

Oh, no ....

Did you know...

- ...Joyce Teshima snores?
- ...Jan Simmons talks about cutting her hair in her sleep?
- ...Summer school is free this year? (NO KIDDING)
- ...Bonnie Strunk mumbles in her sleep about...?
- ...Sue Salyer completely demolished a nylon and forgot how?
- ...Mr. Grosser never gets mad?
- ...Linda Philips got chile all over the back of her Prom dress? (She sat in it)
- ...Ed Harvey is going to turn over a new leaf?

## MATRIARCHAL SOCIETY??

I have been probing a question that has long tormented my mind. Why do all the girls seem to have so much more money than the guys around here? Could it be that the guys are always broke because they are considered the "providers?" All these cokes after school and paying for cabs mounts up, not to mention how much "dinero" it costs to take a girl to a movie and dinner. Who ever started this vicious circle that has man up to his chain in debts.

The female may not appreciate this blurb, but just think, guys-- wouldn't it be great to just go anywhere you want and have the girl pick up the tab for a change?

Male Editorial Writer...

PLEASE - -

# NOT A GIRL SPORTSWRITER

The end of baseball season has arrived for this year. A great thanks is given to all of the guys who worked so hard to bring Yo-Hi to the standing we achieved. Also I think that the spectators should be given some recognition. (But, seeing as there were many faithful watchers only the most outstanding will be able to appear here. Trudy Williams, we all know that your enthusiasm was appreciated, but did you have to balance on the green fence to prove it, or just what was it you were doing on the green fence....After all the game was over....And just what was it that made you fall off. Did you see something?)

Our team consisted of:

Pitchers: (These are the guys who fight to see who can balk the most--right, Bill?)  
Bill Olson: big blue eyes, muscular, a big smile, a very nice person when he is not grumbling

Ron Sparrow: bigger blue eyes, the tall, dark, and handsome type

Rich Allison: brown hair and eyes, nice personality, if you can get him to say "Hi"

Roy Matsui: black hair, brown eyes, all around decent guy

Catchers: (These are the guys who have to be coordinated, and also have the ability to catch--hence the name, "catcher.")

Alan Hardy: the big, rugged handsome type who has the habit of throwing the mask off every time he goes after the ball (or, are you supposed to do that?)

Ken Miyasaki: the one who caught that fabulous fly ball in one game only to exchange it for a telephone pole (Why is that, Ken?) He can also be seen throwing stones at poor Trudy.

First base:

Crispy Critter: alias Chris Wilson (Tell us, Chris, how did you get that extraordinary name?)

Second base:

Chick Redmond: the wild one who hit that pop-up into the stands and almost killed poor Tree (What were you trying to do, Chick?)

Kiyomi Colvin: who got his ears pierced by a loud scream from Coach Hill in one of the games (What were you doing there anyway, Kiyomi?)

Third base:

Hideo Tanaka: who made that fabulous HR. I was very glad to see that the ball wasn't dropped and Hideo called safe as in the Yamato game when they were trying out that new Umpire(?)

Mike Sergent: also found defending this base

Tracy Williams: who got this position because he was short and was able to stop all of the balls that came by in the area (I hear that Tracy and Bill Olson had a special signal. What was it?)

Outfielders:

Paul Beck: a blond, blue-eyed guy who was really a good hitter.

Gary Adkisson: the one who ran after that ball which the Umpire declaired foul, but (after three Yamato players scored) called legal, hence the score of that game in Yamato's favor (So was the Ump.)

Ken Imaiura: another good Yo-Hi hitter, but then Ken is good at everything he plays

Dale Bennet: quite a nice guy who is a lot of fun to be with (Good luck next year Dale, and I'm glad you'll be here to carry Yo-Hi on to victory in the year to come.)

Phil Moreland: tall, blond, and handsome guy who can be heard from any point in the school

That's the team. The managers, Ken Rice and Dave Brown were to be seen running around the dugout receiving helmets from the players without thanks. (I was shocked when one of the ungrateful guys on the team threw a helmet angrily at poor Ken and shouted, "Why don't we get some new helmets?" Two words proceeded this statement, but they are censored.)

The most fascinating figures on the field, though, were Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Mr. Hill, better known as Coach Hill, is a most handsome man with big brown eyes. He has really done a lot with our team and stood beside it through victories and losses. I think we all owe him a great deal more than just thanks.

As a spectator and a student of this school I want to thank all of the team, the manager, and the coach for their efforts to produce the winning team we had this year in baseball, and I think I speak for the whole student body.

Yo-Hi Girl

# OUR PROM

*Doodle*

This year as usual, the junior-Senior Prom was held at the Officers Club at Bayside Courts. Those who attended were greeted by Dr. and Mrs. Thrasher, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Sandy Eguchi, Jane Jeppson, Chick Redmond, Lynn Fallz and Trudy Williams.

The theme of this year's Prom was "Mystic Knight" and the interior was well suited for the occasion. Our four pages, Jill Oswalt, Cathy Kelly, Chris Johnson, and Jennie Umstead did an excellent job of escorting couples to their tables as they entered.

Among the honored guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Saurman, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. Manspeaker, and finally, the junior class sponsor, Mr. Hough.

The food, which was much better than the food at the Senior Banquet, included Soup, Salad, Turkey, Ham, and Sea food. Punch and Sandwiches were also available for those who desired to quench their appetites as the evening progressed.

The entertainment included the Swing Masters, who played light music until about 11:00, the Mojoes, who took over at 11:00, Miss Naomiya, who did a magic act, and Madeline Myers, who sang five very fine solos.

The highlight of the evening came when the Queen and Princess were crowned. This year's Queen is Sue Shepard and our Princess is Connie Contratto. Jack Dolan was pronounced Prom King, Senior princess, Sue Jones.

Approximately ninety couples attended this enjoyable occasion and most considered it a great success.

We would also like to say that Jim Keys did a very good job as Master of Ceremonies.

...Roger Osland...

Being a page writer for the "Echoes" presents many problems at times and one problem is the doodle space. You readers may feel that the "Echoes" reporters are too lazy to write an article whenever you see a doodle space, but you are completely wrong. Often there are some real interesting and valid reasons behind a page's empty spaces. One such reason is condensations. It's really surprising how a writer's long article can be condensed to practically nothing when the teacher or page editor gets ahold of it. Looking over the different articles, the typist wonders whether or not he'll have room for all the copy, but after the proofreading the typist and editor both wonder what to do with all the ugly white space on their page. As you know, the brilliant decision usually ends up being, to give our dear readers a doodle space.

Another problem that gives reason for a doodle space is when two writers on the same page write about the same subject. (Great organization, huh?) Well, since most articles are turned in so early (?) there is just so much time to compose a new article that as a result, a doodle section is used to fill the space.

Finally, there is the difficulty of the censored articles. These are subjects which are written about, but for fear they will corrupt the students minds they never make the news (yea, Seniors). Since these type articles are not worthy of the high writing standards of the "Echoes" a doodle section is substituted. So you see dear readers, we "Echoes" writers are not being lazy when we give you a doodle space, we are just victims of circumstances. By the way what do you think of this space filler?

...Linda Phillips...

# BATTLEBALL

For quite a while a game of some renown has been going on in P.E. The name of this test of athletic skill is called Battleball. It consists of the "coach" dividing the "class" into teams, one of which stands blood thirstly on one side of the gym while the other half retreats cowering to the other side.

"Wait," you say, "surely the teams would be even."

"Alas and alack, this is not the case, for it seems that no matter how hard he tries the "coach" never can seem to remember whom he put on which team, so it ends up that you have the monsters on one and the 98lb. weaklings on the other.

Things proceed and pretty soon your mentor has place six volleyballs on the court after which he blows a whistle and you proceed to hurl the balls at one another as hard as your little arm can.

Now there are two things that can happen after you've been hit: You can either be reprieved from having something else damaged by being called off the court, or you can scurry over to the other side as quickly as you can to have another go at it. It all depends on the degree of sadism the mind of your mentor has reached at the moment.

There are two possible outcomes facing a battleball crazed youth, either he becomes a P.E. major and goes through life wishing to cream somebody with a volleyball or he becomes an executioner.

...Jack Dolan...

RIGHT HERE PLEASE

# HAVE SOME REASON!

It has come to my attention that some students, who are due to go back to the states this summer, have taken pictures of our school during the reconstruction period and are now going to use the pictures as a proper representation of Yo-Hi. What kind of an attitude is that?

There are some things about Yo-Hi worth complaining about but seeing our school in shambles during last fall and winter was not one of them. Students keep complaining about the appearance of our school; but when some sort of action, regardless of how small, is finally taken, they use it as just another excuse to gripe. These students can't be satisfied. All they want to do is find a scape-goat to blame for lousing up their tour in Japan. Man has quite a reputation for denying his own faults. As long as a person has this attitude his faults will never leave; for the simple reason that he refuses to admit them.

## FUN IN THE SUN

Are you planning to go to the beach tomorrow? Are you planning to lie on the nice warm white sand of the beach and listen to the waves crashing on the shore, to the cries of the birds of the wild sea? Are you planning to lie there and soak up all the wonderous sun of the orient? Well, friends, BEWARE.

If you are planning on doing all of this, be sure you get a good night's sleep the night before. Take it from experience that the nice warm sun and all of the surroundings will put you to sleep like a baby in no time at all. And, oh baby, when you awaken you will be baked like a lobster.

You should take the sun in small doses like you would medication. While you are out in the surf, put on a T-shirt or something to protect you from the blazing sun.

Well, keep an ear out for the weather and pray for good surf tomorrow. See you there.

... Joe Kain ...

## FAITH

The wind at night in frail flight  
Does much more than I can see;  
For as many arms in fright  
Can't help but brush a tree.



It shuffles leaves, bends the bows,  
Breaks the twigs, its strength, a pride;  
Frees the seeds, and then allows,  
With a sigh, each one to ride.

You would think there was a command,  
For if not, the seed would wonder who,  
After all would stop, and they would land,  
Had left them all the morning dew?

But how can all of this be so  
For I'm sure I heard it said,  
After all it's "in," you know,  
My gosh, that's right; God is dead.

...FV...

## PROM PATTTER

The Prom was all kinds of fun. All The kids looked great--it was really hard to believe that these were the same kids you look at every day.

The Scandia Restaurant turned out to be "the" place to go. Everyone wound up there sooner or later.

Other places invaded by the prom kids were the Astor, Silk, and Prince Hotels, The Three-Nations, The Chrysler Club (ask about that), and a few other un-printable places.

For the first time in years it did not rain prom night. We set a record this year. (It wouldn't dare rain on the class of Sixty-Six.)

Connie and Phil match--just ask'em how. Could that be the reason you are on restriction, Phil?



Last Saturday night a few of Yo-Hi's citizens professed to seeing UFO'S over the bay. The first report, from Anne Umstead and Sandy Eguchi, placed the time at about 8:15. They were nearing the Bill Chicker-ing Theatre when, over towards Kawasaki, they saw a thing with a reddish glow slowly descend to the left of them and disappear.

Later that same night, Richard and John McCool and their mother saw an object with red and green lights glide slowly back & forth across the bay for about five minutes, and then, on one of its crossings, glide away.

This helps promote the feeling that the recent sightings throughout the states have been not weather balloons or cloud formations but objects from other worlds.

A consensus of Yo-Hi students would show that many more people have seen strange unexplainable objects.

## 8 MORE SCHOOL DAYS