

# YO-HI ECHOES

NOV. 4, 1966

# 10

## ? JAN? TRUDY? KATHY? ?

Homecoming is just around the corner--TONIGHT to be exact. The classes have nominated their candidates for the various class Princesses and the Homecoming Queen. Here are the decisions of each class: Freshman candidates are Lisa Sweitzer, Donna Barker, Christie Mitchell, and Helene Doerr. Sophomore candidates are Dede Dwyer, Sue Pollard, Priscilla Nicol, Chris Johnson, Gail Herzog, Sue Nathan, Vivian Parker, and Debbie Barker. From the Junior class the candidates are Noel Everett, Sandi Payne, Taffi Malloy, and Kathy Kelly. Last, but definitely not least, come the Senior class Queen and Senior Princess, respectively. The three nominees are Jan Stephens, Trudy Williams, and Kathy McKee.

Homecoming will be held tonight at 7:30 on Beach Field where Yo-Hi will play Zama. Homecoming ceremonies will be followed by the crowning of the Homecoming Queen and the presentation of her court. Following the game there will be a dance held at the Neet Nac Club and entertainment will be provided by the Gremlins.

WHO WILL BE HOMECOMING QUEEN? BE ON HAND FOR HOMECOMING TONIGHT AND FIND OUT!



## CHANGE!



Our sports heroes--and heroines--will be recognized at the fall banquet to be held at the Seaside Club. This annual event, sponsored by the Boosters' Club, will be held at 6:30 on November 7 to honor the achievements of the various teams. Members of the football and tennis teams, cheerleaders and all Boosters' Club members are invited to attend. Tickets are two dollars and today is the last day of the sale. Hungry athletes, don't forget to turn in your money.

Every nine weeks the "Echoes" staff changes and our workers are put on different pages. Below is the line-up for this nine weeks, so any suggestions, complaints, etc, you would like to make, register with the following people and departments: (Underlined are Editors) STUDENTS OPINION- Tabo Garcia, Paula Everett, Bundi Hall, Kevin Kelly. ECHOES' OPINION- Rocky Swan, Tom Dwyer, Bill Harker, Jim Peever, Sharon Loezius. SPORTS- Ronda Hopwood, Ron Creel, Rick Jack, Ted Herrmann, Cindy Jacobsen. FRONT PAGE- Maureen Reagan, Lynn Barry, Jan Stephens, Melisa Akai, Jim Nowe. COLUMNS- Noel Everett, Angie Hoover, David Russel, Pam Gogolin, Jan Stansell. FEATURES- Pat Fennell, Julie Bayers, Laura Finn, Lolita Deleon. TRIDENT- Jean McComish, Marilou Kiefer, Lisa Coffey, and Lee Dunn.

## TRICK? TREAT?

Friday night, lights out, on came the action as the Mysteries got all the teenagers romping and raving. They played "mysteriously" from 7:30 to 9:00. It was then time for the judging of the costumes.

Wait a minute, is it a boy or girl? That was the big question in the boy category. Well, it was defined as a boy. (He sure looked like a girl.) It was Bob Scripko who won going away.

The typists this quarter are Pam Gogolin, Jan Stansell, Pat Fennell, Maureen Reagan, Ronda Hopwood, Tabo Garcia, Lisa Coffey, and Sharon Loezius. New people but the same glorious paper--yours, starting with this issue.

## HAY HA! HA! HA! HA!

In the girls category Diane Murphy won, dressed as "Goldyllocks." In both the girls' and the boys' categories there were eight honorable mentions. We couldn't forget Adrian Lee and John Richardson. Oh, What a Pair They Made. Adrian was the stag and John went as his drag.

Mrs. Gogolin and Mrs. Maris said that the dance was a big success. The decorations were above average. We heard some of the people say the spider webs were almost real, especially the one with the big black widow in it. Mrs. Maris said she really appreciated the help in cleaning up after the dance which some people gave.

## YOU "AUTO" READ THIS! "Echoes"

This past Sunday the 23rd was the date of the Grand Opening of the new Auto-Shop. Special Services opened up this repair shop for the people with sick cars. Now is the time for all you boys to fix up that old Honda, or maybe make some improvements on Dad's old heap. The new shop is open in the evenings and also the daytime. Even if you don't own your own car you can always help work on your family car or help a friend out.

How about helping your girl; some girls are lucky to know where the gas goes in. So next time you are bored why hot drop over to the brand new Auto Shop. It's located directly behind the Golf Course, by the Grandstand to be more exact.

# BEAT ZAMA!

# 3 Cheers 4 a Ski Club

Dear Ed.,

Is it true that there will not be a ski club this year? Many rumors have been floating around our dusty halls on that subject.

Last year, the members of the ski club had a lot of fun skiing. I know the sponsors enjoyed themselves, also.

The fact that there was a little trouble last year with some of the members shouldn't keep this school and its students from having a ski club this year. Should other new ski enthusiasts of YO-HI be punished because of misdeeds of last year's members? Besides, more than half of the offenders have left for the States.

Here, in Japan, a school trip would be the only possible chance of being able to try out the hills for some people. Even though I'm not a newcomer, I feel that those who are, and want to ski, should not be deprived of this opportunity because of others' bad judgement.

I hope YO-HI comes through and some teacher or perhaps teachers will volunteer to sponsor a ski club. They'd have the same fun we the students would have, if not more.

# Immorality-in-

Are our morals lower in Japan than in the States? Many people upon arrival in Japan are shocked by the excess consumption of liquor, unchaperoned parties, the lack of parental control, and weak morals.

During the first nine weeks of school, the majority of the student body, here at YO-HI, have figured out the answers for our "immoral existence":

Dear Ed.,

"Why don't we have this, why can't we have that?" That is all you hear around the halls of YO-HI. And I can honestly say that it is mostly the Seniors that are saying this.

They want more Senior privileges but they won't do anything to get them.

The senior class at YO-HI is hurting pretty bad, and when I say this I am cutting myself down, but, believe me, I am taking a lot of people with me.

Fellow Seniors, it is up to you to decide whether you want privileges and will work to get them or whether you will put up with and shut up about what you don't have.

.... Another Gripping Student

## RANDOM COMMENTS

1. He didn't do it, Sandi!
2. What is this, some kind of meat, Nate?
3. Do you have people walking around in your head, Judy?
4. Kevin, are you really out of your tree?
5. What's the hurry, Dean?
6. All right, Prout, open your mouth once more and you've had it!!
7. What's this about grapes, Bunny?
8. Take it easy, Blobsy; it isn't all that bad.
9. Yes, gang! BUZZARD'S GUT, the "IN" drink!

The Gremlins To-nite! at: Neet Nae Club  
THE

# 96 Tears-by-?

TOP TEN # 1

1. 96 TEARS.....QUESTION MARK & THE MYSTERIANS
2. See See Rider.....Eric Burdon & The Animals
3. Psychotic Reaction.....Count Five
4. Over, Under, Sideways, Down.....The Yardbirds
5. Reach Out.....The Four Tops
6. Here, There, and Everywhere.....The Beatles
7. Bus Stop.....The Hollies
8. Taxman.....The Beatles
9. Cherish.....The Associations
10. Last Train to Clarksville...The Monkees

Thanks,

Ina Skier



YO-HI, have figured out the answers for our "immoral existence":

- (1) because of the lack of activities for teenagers, they are inclined to visit the local bars;
- (2) because of the lack of decent girls or decent boys, they are inclined to go to extremes (destruction) for their pleasures.

Aside from this, American teenagers in Japan feel that they are being cheated because they can't have all the lush benefits of their counterparts in the States.

What do you think? Does the above explain the immorality? Justify it?

... Bunni



## (ADVERTISEMENT)

### DID HE DO IT?

No, he didn't do it! Yes, he did! There is talk of him doing it. Witnesses admit there was a little "hanky-panky," but, he didn't do it! What was she doing? There aren't any witnesses, just her solemn word. She thinks he did. He knows he didn't. She's mad at him. He's worried about it. What would you do in a case like this? I'd drink a glass of BUZZARD'S GUT and forget all about the whole thing! Yes, gang! BUZZARD'S GUT, the "IN" drink! (Go out and get a fifth, you worriers!)

# LOVING CARE

Dear Care,

Help! What do you do when a boy thinks you like him and you don't? He comes over all the time and I just can't say "I don't like you."

Troubled Girl

Dear T.G.,

Give him the message politely but tactfully. When he comes over, pretend to be very busy with chores or homework.

... Care

Dear Care,

My boyfriend seems to treat other girls better than me. He knows I am terribly jealous. Can this be the reason why?

Jealous Jane

Dear J.J.,

If your boyfriend opens a door for a pretty girl, you shouldn't get into a fret about it. Remember, a little jealousy is flattering but does poison a relationship.

... Care

SUBMIT ALL YOUR PROBLEMS TO ROOM 308.  
PLEASE BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR NAME.

... Care



Dear Editor:

Well, last Friday the Debate Team got off to an auspicious start. A majority of its members seemed to be enthusiastic and interested in this year's topic, Foreign Aid. Some of its more illustrious members seem bent on the team's destruction. Last Friday in discussion of possible teams these returning members were very adamant about who they would allow on this team and what people would be teamed together.

This bigoted approach got so out of hand that when one of the stronger debaters stated that he wished to team with a person of his choice, the old members were not only unhappy with his choice but actually said they hoped this team will "fall on its face."

Possibly, this is the problem at YO-HI. Students here seem to be bigoted, prejudiced, biased, and every other adjective in this vein.

Possibly, these old members are still angry concerning their loss to Yamato last year in the final tournament. They feel that if this team does "fall on its face" that they will have their satisfaction against this team.

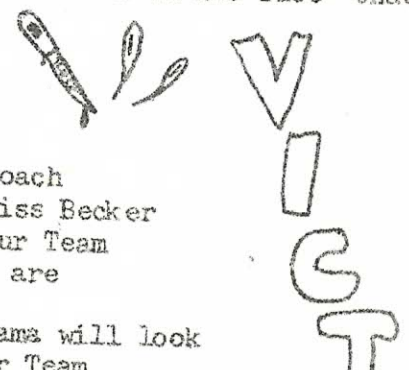
Do we need this attitude at YO-HI?

.... The Hawk

"HITS OF THE WEEK"

Boy-----Fred Wolfe  
Girl-----Chris Bridges  
Teacher-----Mr. Gagnon  
Couple-----Sharon and Larry  
Event-----"Homecoming!"  
Song-----"96 Tears"  
Book-----

H - Hastings like in - Coach  
O - Optimistic like - Miss Becker  
M - Mischievous like Our Team  
E - Energetic like we are  
S - Comical like Zama will look  
O - Onery like Our Team



# BREAKING THE NEWS: Farewell to Arms

A number of YO-HI's illustrious students (those who are always "in" the fashion world) have begun a fad that seems to be growing in popularity. It is really quite simple--all you have to do is run into a wall, trip over your feet, or fall up the stairs with just enough grace to hit a bone and break it. Then you will be in the "IN" crowd, and, accordingly, will be granted the privileges of wearing a cast for a few weeks, or months.

The most "IN" bone you can break is one in your arm or hand. For that, you receive a cast either all the way from your shoulder to your fingers or from below your elbow to your fingers. Since I am a novice in the art of bone-breaking, I have interviewed some experts to see how it is done.

Ann E. -- "Co-ordination is getting a 'basketball' finger by catching a softball!"

Ric E. -- "I broke it on an Everitt!"

Stew H. -- "Don't ever fall off the top of a truck."

Of course not all of the people who break bones are malcoordinates. Some are heroes, like John R., who can claim that he broke his arm for the glory of the football team.

So, any way you can, break an arm for YO-HI and get in the top "caste."

# Yo-Hi Strikes AGAIN!

Yo-Hi got by a determined Narimasu by only a touchdown in last week's game. Keeping this in mind, with the fact that Zama has come on strong ever since their encounter with Yamato, I feel that the Trojans are going to give us an exciting game for homecoming.

If I was given the power to decide what school had the most improved team this year, I would without a doubt pick Yo-Hi after their poor showing last year. But I would give Zama my seal of approval for the most improved team during the actual playing season. I realize that this is the Yo-Hi "Echoes" and that I am building up Zama like I did Chofu, but the fact remains that Zama has come back strong after their slaughter from Yamato. They scored 27 points against Johnson, lost to Narimasu by only one point and beat Chofu last week 6 - 0.

Since this is my last prediction of the season, I'm going to try to make it a good one. There is no chance of an upset, because Coach Hastings has worked our boys hard this past week. Zama is going to be ready for us, but the question is will we be fully ready for them? Rule out another 32 - 0 score over Zama because they have become better organized.

Yo-Hi will win the homecoming game sneaking by the Trojans 22 - 13. Look for early scoring by Yo-Hi and late scoring by the Trojans.

... Tedd ...

Britian challenged America to a race for a valuable old trophy. We came out with the fast sleek schooner called "The American." That year, after sailing our boat across the ocean, we brought the trophy home. Since then the American Cup has become the most coveted trophy in sailing history. We have won every race since 1832 except during World Wars I and II, when the races were discontinued.

# Powder Puff

There it was, the football team. A rather large one with a weight average of 120, and height average of 5'4". Yes, there they were, the Yo-Hi powder puff football team.

The powder puff is the only football game in which the average "long bomb", is 15 yards and the average punt is 10 yards. But it is certainly one of the most interesting and funny games.

In past years Seniors have won, but maybe this year there will be

# Defeat Over Narimasu

Last Saturday afternoon was our second clash with Narimasu.

The Devils kicked to the Dragons to start the game. Narimasu, trying feebly to move the ball, was forced to kick from their own thirty yard line. Yo-Hi, after receiving the ball charged up the field to make a William's style touchdown. The rest of the first half turned out to be goof-offs, leaving the half score, Yo-Hi 8-- Dragons 0.

The Devils came storming out the second half. A touchdown by Robertson brought a 14 - 0 lead over the fumble plagued Dragons. The Dragons in the fourth quarter tried to put out the fire in Yo-Hi's eyes, but ran short of time, making the deceiving final score, Yo-Hi 14, Narimasu 8.

# Dancing? Anyone

This past week the girls' gym classes have begun a great adventure into the world of dance. It was rumored that the boys' classes would join them in the gym for an hour of waltzing but instead the girls have the privilege of dancing with one another. They will learn folk dances, square dancing and if they are really conscientious they will be able to do the Cha-Cha, Rhumba, Fox Trot, and maybe even the Big Apple and the Black Bottom. Twenty-Three skiddoo, molls.

# A SAILING

Sailing is one of the oldest modes of transportation in the world. It has been used in wartime as well as in peace, as a way of spanning the oceans. In 1832 Great

# Tennis Tournaments

This Saturday the mighty tennis team charges up to Tokyo. It's tournament time again. Everyone is hoping for some fine outcomes.

The boys and the girls both finished second in League play this Fall season. They expect to do better this Saturday.

Coach Carpenter stated, "This is unquestionably the finest, most well trained, most dedicated, best conditioned, most mentally prepared, alert, sharp, enthusiastic, buoyant, conscientious group of athletes ever assembled. We may win something tomorrow."

# GOOD-BYE, JAPAN?



"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Do you remember being asked that a long time ago by some withered old relative, right in the middle of the party, with all the other guests listening eagerly for the cute remarks of that "darling little child over there?" If you do, you probably also remember answering, usually between hysterical giggles, that you were going to be a cowboy, or a fireman, or, if you are a girl, a nurse, or a cowgirl.

This week we asked a number of Seniors what they were planning for after graduation. Those who didn't blush, giggle, and say cowboy, fireman or jet pilot had some fairly interesting answers.

For instance, when we asked one Tedd "Theo" Herrmann, he replied in a proud voice, "I'm going to be the best garbage collector in New York City." We found something that may be of interest to you, Tedd. The title of "Supreme Garbage" is presently held by Moe Debronski, a native of Harlem. We do wish you the best of luck, however, and hope that your rise to fame will be a swift and sure one.

Yo-Hi has raised a (to say the least) somewhat odd Senior Class this year, and two of its strangest members are Ron Creel and Pat Fennell. The dudley duo of transients plans to head down under to the land of koala bears, wombats and platypuses ("Don't forget the kind birds," quipped Ron), Australia. Ronald intends to make bumming around with the kangaroos a career, but Pat apparently has plans later on for a certain redheaded Senior here at Yo-Hi.

Many Seniors are interested in bettering themselves after graduation. Sharon Oliver plans to go to work in Tokyo for six months, and then head for San Francisco--to attend a beauty college. ("So I can get married," she explained.) Jean McComish is also going to work in Tokyo--for a year. She then hopes to make a career of touring Asia, specializing in Russian Labor Camps. When asked if that was all she had planned, she said, "No, I suppose I'll go to college eventually--when I'm 83 years old, I think."

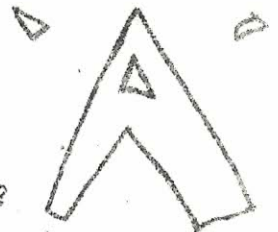
Our hero and spokesman, the HAWK, is fascinated with the "Radcliffe scene" and plans to chase a few undergrads until his 124th birthday, then go into retirement, spending the rest of his days writing poison-pen letters. We think that his first idea should be a broadening experience (yes, Charlie, just for you).

Among the college-bound Seniors (yes, there are a few), we found an odd parallel--Lynn Perry plans to go to New Hampshire or San Diego State and start in on the night life. Her statement to this effect was: "No curfews, no M.P.'s, no Yokosuka!" Tabo Garcia wants to get out of Japan and return to San Diego to surf his life away and maybe see Sandi--oh, yes, he says he'll try to squeeze in enough time to attend classes at S.D. State College. Nancy Parker hopes to go back to California and room with Chris while studying to be a psychologist. "Then I can psychoanalyze Chris," she said.

And there you have it, a cross-section of the Class of '67, ready and willing to meet the world. But wait, you say, is everyone deserting dear old Japan? Not quite. Some of the Senior Class is staying on in this Far Eastern Paradise. For example, Charlie Ballenger is staying; he's planning to go to Sophia.

## Would You Believe that....

- .....Patti Mosman can't cook hot dogs?
- .....Ted Lang is shy, Kathy?
- .....Bob Scripto didn't read chapter six in USH?
- .....Jim Howe got an "A" in Journalism?
- .....Jeff Borges can frown?
- .....Janis Froat lost her voice?
- .....Steve Moreland doesn't talk in his sleep?
- .....Cathy Stanley's father's a wrestler?
- .....Mike Henderson can be serious?
- .....Chris Bridges could never ride a tricycle?
- .....Kevin Kelly's parents were home at that last party?
- .....Sally was seen without Tracy?
- .....Kevin, Finn & Roary were without O'Mally?
- .....Chris Wilson can hold two okies?



# THE

# SCENE



## ALCOHOLICS OBNOXIOUS

You know, you can learn a lot about people and the world, and, in particular, about the ways in which humans socialize, by observing the daily occurrences around you--on the streets, on buses, and in stores. Yo-Hi, too, can serve a useful purpose in teaching you of the idiosyncracies of man. For this school is a world of its own, with good guys, and villains, the whole brimming with tradition and the consequences of social properness. This series of articles was conceived in the hope that by presenting a close-up of various groups in the school, you, the student, might come to better understand life and society.

Our first subjects are the social drinkers of Yo-Hi. Of course, it was impossible for us to reach all the representatives of this group, but we have tried to present a fair sampling, ranging from the not-quite-teetotaler to the roaring drunk.

Our first interview was conducted, deep in the murky reaches of the Yokohama Teen Club, with shaggy-haired, shy and reserved Bustin L. Bustin wanted to make one thing clear from the start, and he said "I am not a drinking man." He quickly clarified this by saying "However, I am what one might call a social drinker."

When asked his favorite drink, he replied "Scotch and water, I keep away from hard liquor because it's bad for the system." Bustin was momentarily undecided when we asked him who he liked to drink with most of all. He told us: "Now, drinking with the Big HER is a lot of fun, but I like to drink with The Troopers, too, 'cause you're always sure of a brawl if you're drinking with a Trooper. But then, I like to drink with my dad, too. For instance, when I took that patron drive thing home, he said to me, 'Son, I'll tell you--we can either give up our case of beer this week and patronize your yearbook, or we can give up the yearbook.' I like drinking with the old man."

We found the Hawk, sitting forlornly, one wing down, at the bottom of The Golden Cup. He at first declined to answer our questions, as he was staring intently at the posterior of a certain barmaid as it moved around the room. After some time, however, we did manage to extract several statements from this beleaguered soul. When asked why he indulged, he said, "I just drink for the enjoyment of it, it eases my mind." He went on to admit that he was a heavy drinker ("The only kind there is."), and told us that his taste favored Vodka Collinsses. He made it clear that the Hawk does not drink alone ("I'm no sot!"), and told us that his two favorite drinking partners were B.S. and B.A. Before he passed out on the floor, he managed to gasp out one more thing: "Prohibition was fine to keep all the Junior High brats away from the booze, but when it affects the big boys, that's too much to stomach."

To get this third interview, we had to forge our way through clouds of cigar smoke until we stumbled upon the cleverly concealed lair of that ubiquitous, all-knowing, all-seeing form, the Big HER. When we asked him how his taste in liquors ran, he replied, a sly grin rippling across his sodden face, "I never touch that weak stuff like straight Gin or Johnny Walker--I go in for the man's booze, like Lucky Lager, or Hamm's." He casually informed us that "the big stuff separates the men from the boys." Some of you may remember that the Big HER was little more than a pilgrim in his early high school days; however, since the beginning of his Senior year, he has quickly established a reputation as being a true lover of the "heart-warming spirits." His final statement was, "I particularly like drinking with the Hawk or Bustin L., but, and this proves that I believe in the equality of man, I'll drink with anybody, anytime, anyplace."

"Samurai Cocktail; that's it, man--the end." The Guzzler set down his glass and spun around on the stool a few times. "I mean, if you're a good drinker--a heavy drinker--you always end up with one standard drink. I'm no gutter drunk or wino who'll take anything that's at least 25% alcohol. I mean, some of those guys'll drink Listerine and get high. I'm not that bad off--yet. And drinking makes you see life in a new light, you know what I mean? Here in the Monkey's, well, it's like a second home to me. You make close friends with the people you drink with--they're the ones who won't let you down. My usual guzzling comrade is R.O.N.--I trust him." Thank you, Guzzler.

"Of course I drink! Doesn't everybody?" The Coxman vainly attempted to dance a little jig, and, finding the attempt far too complicated a maneuver for his present state, he continued to shuffle along as walked away from Tina's bar, where I had found him ("You

Complete in this issue, a Mighty Milford Epic: "The Idols of the Queen"  
 (No relationship to a poem of vaguely similar title written by Alfred Lord Tennyson--  
 apologies, however, to James Thurber, Walter Mitty, et. al.)

Dawn. The Mighty Milford set his goggles squarely over his eyes, and, sniffing resolutely, settled comfortably into the familiar pilot seat of his faithful 155 h.p. Nieuport biplane. A soldier, wearing a ragged military overcoat as the only vestment of uniform, stepped up to the side of the plane and saluted.

Milford smiled. "Dash it all, Cromwell, you don't have to do that. I'm not part of your army, you know that--think of me as a mercenary, will you, old boy?"

Cromwell frowned, then assumed a more relaxed attitude. "Sorry, sir. Dense cloud cover today--may have a rough go of it, I'd say."

He was right, of course. Reconnaissance was always a nasty job, and this wasn't going to help matters. But it was a job that had to be done.

"What day is this, Cromwell?"

"It's November fourth, sir. Be bloody pleased when '16 is over, I will, though I don't expect things will improve much next year."

Milford forced a smile. "It's a dirty war, mate. And that's certain. Ready to give 'er a go?"

"Contact, sir?"

"Contact!"

Within seconds, our hero was airborne, manipulating his fragile craft with the finesse expected of a flying ace.

He flew leisurely in a south-easterly course, casually taking notice of the country-side spread below him, and trying to ignore the dark clouds that hid the sky from him on all sides. "I should reach the Somme within an hour," he remarked aloud. He often talked to himself on these dawn observation flights--helped to relieve the boredom.

He turned his attention back to the land beneath him; the rolling, green French farms looked as inviting as ever. But as he flew on, nearing his destination, the signs of the fierce contest being waged became more apparent: the land was pockmarked with craters and burned-out patches of grass, up-rooted trees and an occasional deserted, flamed-out shell of a tank. And sometimes, if he flew low enough, Milford would see small mounds of earth, some with a helmet, or a rifle marking them, and he would try to concentrate on his flying, and not think of what lay beneath those piles of earth.

Without warning a harsh droning accosted his ears and, his eyes anxiously sweeping the unbroken cover of clouds, Milford searched for what he feared most of all. Suddenly, to the right and slightly above him, seven powerful Fokker Triplanes, the pride of Deutschland, appeared and dived in formation straight for his lone craft.

Milford cursed softly. "Elast it, it's the Black Duke, and all six of his evil corps. So, you would kämpfen mit mir, eh, Duke Ribblehopfen? Well, come on, then, I'm ready!"

It was at this point that Milford reached the stunning realization that his plane was unarmed--he was defenseless. (He remembered his fateful words the night before in the warmth and safety of the club, a brandy in his hand: "The Black Duke and his henchmen around here? Balderdash! They're somewhere down along the Marne; I won't even need a gunner tomorrow, let alone an escort--I'll fly alone.")

About this time a burst from the machine gun of the leading German plane ripped through the fabric of his left wing, narrowly missing a strut.

If all else fails, thought Milford, I'll ram that blighter Duke, and through my death, rid the skies of the terror of his name.

Six of the German planes had drawn off to one side, and only the Duke continued to dive at the tiny Nieuport. "I have the advantage of maneuverability, at any rate," said Milford, gritting his teeth in the tension of the moment.

A second burst caught him squarely in the right shoulder. Pulling the red muffler from around his neck, he tucked it under his shirt to check the flow of blood.

As the German plane roared over his, Milford caught a glimpse of the Duke's face, which was largely hidden by the thick red beard the man sported. He shouted what must have been a taunt and then turned the large triplane for the final dive--the kill.

I'll ram him this time, thought Milford, grimacing with the pain from his shoulder wound. "If I can only hold on a few more seconds..."

As the German aircraft neared, our hero imagined he could hear the taunting voice more clearly. He seemed to be saying....

"Will you all please quiet down? We have a lot to discuss at this meeting."

Senior meeting. The Mighty Milford halted his mental deliberations temporarily and slid quiet back into the drudgery of reality. He was sprawled in a small, schoolroom-type chair, his tanned feet propped up on the back of the chair in front of him. *Cont.*

With an irritated wiggle of his toes, he glanced around the room. He was surrounded by students, of all shapes and sizes, most of whom were strangers to him. "The Senior Class," he snorted loudly.

Leo Mainly taught Latin; that was all. He had never asked for the job of sponsoring the Senior Class--as a matter of fact that was the last thing in the world he wanted to be honored with, because, you see, Leo Mainly was afraid of children. Even as a child, in Massachusetts, he had never been able to fit in--to function smoothly even in a children's society. Sometimes, on cold and windy nights, he would recall with horror that awful day when he had discovered that his fifth grade class had renamed him "Boston Cream Pie," apparently in honor of both his accent and his virility.

Yes, I'm afraid of you, he mused, as he surveyed the sea of faces before him, but I've learned how to dominate you.

And he had. For Leo Mainly, through his mortal fear of revealing himself to his students, had perfected and honed his style of speaking until he had achieved what could have been conservatively called a high degree of eloquence. Through his speaking, he had learned to control and change a person's thoughts, all the while appearing confident and charming.

"Well, better get on with it," he muttered, as he turned again to the eager, laughing faces.

"Could we get started now, people?" He spoke easily and confidently; already they were falling under his spell. He continued. "You Seniors were assembled here today to perform the duty that has been the traditional responsibility of the Senior Class at this school for the past three years, since we first decided to have a Homecoming: that is, the nomination of three Senior girls to vie for the title of Homecoming Queen; the two runner-ups in next week's election will be..."

"You mean the Sea Hag--Sea Hag number four, don't you?" said a booming voice in the back of the room.

Mainly staggered back, one hand over his heart. The spell was broken, the influence of his words lost--who had done it? His eyes searched the back of the room, frantically seeking the one person who had failed to succumb to the power of his words.

Then he saw him. A tall, deeply-tanned boy, rather handsome, and wearing... (Mainly pulled off his glasses, rubbed his eyes, and quickly returned his gaze to the figure in the back of the room.) ...wearing a sleeveless sweatshirt that failed to conceal the powerful muscles it covered, ragged and soiled white trousers of some sort, with the legs cut off below the knee, revealing a pair of incredibly hairy legs, and...and bare feet! Mainly, astounded, stood for some time gaping at the boy, until he realized that the room was filled with students, all of whom were staring quizzically at him. Regaining what composure he was still able to muster, he began speaking again, although a good deal more slowly.

"Indeed. In the past, some students, in a feeble attempt at humor, have referred to the Homecoming Queen as the 'Sea Hag.' I would like to think that the Seniors, in deference to the solemn dignity of the title, will continue to address her by her proper title, thereby setting an example for the rest of the student body."

A loud clapping issued forth from the back of the room for only a moment, then it was followed by silence. Mainly shuddered with the shock of the intense wave of anger that passed through him, and then went on.

"Now, if you would all settle down, I would like to get on with the nominations. Do I hear a motion that the nominations be...."

The Mighty Milford, bored by the tedious proceedings of the meeting, shifted his attention to those students seated around the room, his eyes darting from one to another, hesitating occasionally at the sight of a pretty or familiar face. Far on the other side of the room from him, sitting unobtrusively in the corner, was a girl--Melba Toast. Milford turned his full attention on her, shifting in his seat so as to obtain a better vantage point from which to see her. He searched his labyrinthical Senior mind for any scraps of information about the girl that he might have picked up and stored for future reference. He could find none. It was odd, certainly, how she had affected our hero. Try as he would, he could not get her out of his mind for long periods of time; she kept popping up again--in his dreams, during class, and at even stranger times (He remembered how a vision of her had caused him to almost lose that drinking bout with Herr Coile the week before.). She had a good figure, of course, and she was actually very pretty. Milford wondered how soft that long blond hair would be to the touch. But then, there were other girls in the school as pretty as her; it was something else, a mysterious aura around her that he couldn't quite pin down.

It was while he sat, meditating upon the petite figure of the girl who was still a stranger to him, that he hit upon a plan--the most wondrously ingenious plan he had ever devised. Or so he thought. Without considering it further, he leapt to his feet, waving his arms, and shouted "I nominate Melba Toast! Yes, that's right--Melba Toast for Sea Hag!"

Leo Mainly stared moodily into the depths of his half-drained glass of whiskey. His dark reflection, a circular extension of him cut from his face; stared laconically back.

Cont. →



As he continued to gaze into the drink, it seemed to blur, and his reflection changed. He saw instead of the clean-cut, smiling face he was used to, a haggard, leering wreck of a man, eyes sunken in despair. He shivered, and quickly downed the last of the whiskey, paid the bartender, and hurried out into the night.

As he walked along the empty streets to his small but well-furnished apartment, he imagined that the darkness was closing in on him, and he hurried faster, wishing for the warmth and safety of his room. Slowly, inevitably, his mind turned to thoughts of the Senior Meeting, thoughts that he had failed to drown with a bottle. "That boy!" he cursed to the wind. "That crazy boy in the back!" How had it happened? For years he had been able to hold the minds of large numbers of students wholly under his sway, completely in command of their every thought. But today... Years of work, perfecting his talent, his power, gone in a puff of air from some poorly-dressed lunkhead. The second time was what had done it; when that fool jumped from his chair, upsetting it and three others nearby, and bellowed out his nomination. Yes, that had finished him--it completely shot his confidence; he had just barely been able to finish out the meeting without breaking down entirely, and he knew that he would never be able to get up in front of a group of students again. "Funny thing," he said to a lamppost. "I don't even know his name."

Lunch. Another battle in the war for supremacy in the cafeteria was fought as students methodically pushed and shoved, gave and resisted; the fateful moment when the unmovable meets the irresistible--chaos.

The Mighty Milford elbowed his way roughly past a group of freshmen, paid for a hamburger and a coke, and went hunting for a table. The acquisition of this prize caused one hapless underclassman to have six stitches in the head and frequent dizzy spells for months afterwards, but Milford brushed aside any remorse he might have normally felt; he had no time to consider the equality of men--there was an election to be won.

He sat, sipping the coke, and pondered the events following the nomination. She had turned, when he said her name, and when he looked in her eyes, she had smiled. That was all. At the close of the meeting, she hurried out the door, without so much as a glance in his direction. He had tried to follow, but the crowds of students had slowed him, and he lost her. "Oh, well," he mumbled, "I'm sure she'll thank me when I get her elected."

He planned the campaign strategy carefully, examining every detail and every possibility over and over again. After rejecting several possible courses of action, he finally decided upon a daring one that seemed almost foolproof. The first step was to establish how good a chance Melba had of winning.

The next day, before his first class, Milford decided to initiate step one of the master plan. He waited in the hall until he found a student who looked to him to be average. A scrawny arm snaked out through the masses in the hall, and returned with a small, visibly shaken freshman, one Hugo Bender, in its grasp. Milford held him, suspended a foot or so off the floor, and smiled into the quivering face. "Hello, there. I'm glad you stopped, because, you see, I have this problem, and I think you may be able to help me. Did you know that the elections for Homecoming Queen are next week?"

The terrified boy, now turned very white, managed to squeak out a faint yes, sir, and Milford smiled happily.

"That's fine. Just fine. Now, would you mind telling me who you're planning to vote for?"

The boy, somewhat calmed by the Bronzed Behemoth's friendliness, said, a bit louder, "Well, sir, I thought I'd vote for that Judy Hampe, she's...AAGGHH!"

The freshman was cut short as Milford whirled him around and slammed him up against the wall, holding the boy there firmly with one sinewy hand. Milford spoke, a hint of concealed fury evident in his voice. "I'm sort of hard of hearing, my boy. Would you mind repeating that? Oh, by the way, I am the campaign manager for one of the candidates--Melba Toast." "URECHHLB!"

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry! That must have hurt. Here, let me help you down." Milford set the boy gently back on to the floor. "Now, what was it you said?"

The thin boy straightened his pale and fragile frame as best he could, and, sniffing a little, looked our hero in the eyes, and said, "Excuse me, sir; I said I was going to vote for Miss Toast--she's so lovely."

Milford chuckled. "A wise choice, my lad. I thank you for your trouble."

He shuffled on down the now deserted hall, whistling his own version of the second movement of Schubert's String Quartet in A Minor, as he marked down in a small black book the first answer to his poll. "One vote for Toast--no jelly. Well, who shall I ask next?" He continued on his way down the hall.

Election day: homeroom. The long days of campaigning were over--the time of decision had come.

The Mighty Milford, shaking his shaggy head wearily, stumbled to the back of the room and sank into the comforting confines of his familiar old chair. He had felt the tension mounting within himself all through the morning, and now he had reached the point where

Cont. ---

a man could kill a friend for the slightest provocation, even one in jest.

He had conducted an active campaign for Melba, he knew that; he had done everything he could—the rest was up to the students.

A tiny bead of sweat formed on his upper lip as he watched the teacher go through the motions of passing out the ballots. That's odd, he thought, I've never been cursed with perspiration in the past. He took his ballot and unfolded it slowly. The three names were there, printed in large black letters; a small square was drawn at the left of each name.

And then he saw it. He leaned back weakly in his chair, let the ballot fall to the floor, and then quickly snatched it up again. There they were, all right: the three names...he whispered them heatedly under his breath. Marie LaPorte, Judy Hampe, and Connie Slikker! Milford rose slowly and majestically from his seat, his unbelieving lips forming the words that echoed in his heart.

"What's going on?" roared an awesome voice as the Mighty Milford, head pounding in anger and despair, leaped for the entrance to the room, and, in a flash, was gone.

He ran, murderous thoughts of revenge racing through his brain, blindly down the hall, not knowing where but with the set determination that he had to get there. As he rounded a bend in the hall, he ran headlong into Mr. Leo Mainly, who was walking, head down, in the opposite direction.

Our hero had the man pinned against the wall in an instant, a brawny fist shoved into the protruding abdomen. "Why don't you watch where you're going, mate!"

Suddenly recognizing the Senior Class sponsor, Milford withdrew his hold on the man, and quickly apologized. "Sorry about that, sir—I didn't recognize you. But now that you're here, I think you may be able to answer a question that's been bothering me for some time."

Mainly, backed up against the wall, shivered as he recognized the boy from the meeting of a week before. "You're that boy—the one at the Senior Meeting." There was nowhere to run—he would have to face him.

"You see, Mr. Mainly, I just saw the ballot, and it seems that the name of the girl I nominated, Melba Toast, was removed. I'm afraid I don't understand."

"It's his eyes, thought Mainly. If you look straight into them, you start to lose control, to drift. I can't fight something like that. "What's your name, son?"

"It's Merchant, sir. Milford Merchant...the third."

"Well, uh, Milford, you see, Miss Toast removed herself from the running."

Our hero, a fiery arrow piercing his heart, managed to say, "But why? She was a cinch to win!"

"It seems that someone, in the name of her campaign manager—in reality she had no campaign manager—used pressure tactics on the other students in the school. Threats of some sort, I believe. But what finally made her decide to decline the nomination was the group of lecherous, lewd and generally uncouth campaign posters that appeared around the school last week, backing her election to Homecoming Queen. One of the ugliest of these posters went something like this: "You Will vote Toast for Sea Hag #4, if you want to continue to function normally." Miss Toast was so embarrassed that she withdrew her name immediately; the fourth nominee took her place on the ballot.

He rambled on, but Milford soon ceased hearing his words, and, a single tear running down his face, he turned away, and walked down the hall, and out and away from the school.

After much meditation and many hours spent in silent remorse and quiet pondering of his mistakes, Milford decided that he would go to the Homecoming Dance after all. He felt that he had lost Melba forever; his wildest dreams had come crashing down from the sky. "Perhaps I can lose myself in the dance, and maybe some of the happiness and gaiety will rub off on me," he said quietly, as he walked slowly through the door and into the crowd.

He was standing off to one side, nursing his sorrows in the darkness, when he felt a soft tapping on his shoulder. He turned, not caring, to the face of Melba, glowing in the darkness, the girl for whom he had sacrificed his innate dignity, his "cool." She smiled shyly.

As they moved out through the shadows onto the dance floor, Milford brushed by a darkly-dressed, helmeted figure. He grinned a welcome to his old friend, saying "Herr Coile! How are you? How was the Homecoming football game?"

Somewhere beneath the mound of hair, a lumbering brain stirred, and after a moment a voice came from beneath the thick black beard that hid the face of "The self-made Fascist."

"We lost."

Milford laughed, loud and long, and his laughter resounded off the walls, permeating every corner of the room. He danced.

END.....  
(to be continued)

## Three Mighty SENIORS

Omaha, Nebraska, is this week's first senior's hometown. Kathy Lombard tells the "Echoes" she dislikes the guys around here always cutting down girls. She says no one is perfect. She likes typing II, shorthand, Omaha, and Frank P. All Kathy wants to do is get out of school and Japan and be an X-ray technician at Creighton University. She comments, "It's always good to see Maureen in the halls day in and day out, day in and day out."

The senior scientific literature expert, Gene Novak, has consented to this interview only under certain conditions: 1) we don't cut down Bentlyville, Pa., where he was born; 2) we don't talk about the way he dances; and, 3) we pay him five dollars per word. Needless to say the "Echoes" is now somewhat in debt. However, we learned: Gene has an immense dislike for immature people, slacks and colloquial Spanish. He does like long hair on girls, diving, and motorcycles. Gene's statement for the press. "Japan is not as bad a place as people make it out to be."

Donna Mills from Honolulu is this week's last senior. She dislikes cold weather, curly hair, Japan and people who think they're better than anyone else. She likes Hawaii, straight hair, tomato-rice soup, and Tahiti import bikinis. Donna's ambition is to get a good secretarial job and have lots of money. Donna says, "I'm crazy about guys in Hawaii. The bus ride from Yo-Hi to Yokosuka could be made more pleasant if we had more rights on the bus." Got any suggestions, Donna?

gentlemen, we'd be more inclined to be ladylike. How do you expect us to look feminine and act like a lady when all the guys around us are talking dirty, cussing, and generally treating us like "one of the guys"? The "Gentlemen" is practically extinct at YO-HI. Your "problem" of finding girls who are ladylike would be remedied by getting the boys in this school to act like gentlemen and grow up a bit!

About fifty percent of the boys in this year's senior class, for example, act like they're fourteen. Nothing against fourteen year olds, but, when you are seventeen, or eighteen, you should act like it.

There is room for criticism on both sides, but before you guys start telling us about our faults, take a good long look at yourselves.

By-the-way, Rocky, there has never been evidence that either sex is more intelligent than the other.

## Both Need Improvement!

Dear N.P., C.B., and L.K.,

I'm afraid I must agree with you on two counts.

First, you're absolutely right about the practically non-existent gentlemen here at YO-HI, but few people expect high school teenagers to be gentlemen and ladies. This isn't what I had in mind. There's quite a bit of difference between being ladylike and being just plain decent! Decent is what I'm talking about.

Second, some boys do act like they're fourteen but maybe it's the influence the girls who act twelve have exerted on them.

As for the more intelligent of the two sexes, the male has always come first in important matters of history but then again the female has always stood behind.

As far as I'm concerned, this argument has pretty well exhausted itself.

Let's just call it a draw and say that both sides need improvement--only the girls more than the boys.

## More Parking Space

Dear Editor,

One of the present school rules prohibits students from parking motor vehicles on school property. In the past this rule was readily complied with as few students owned cars or motor cycles. At present, however, the visitors' area, as well as the faculty parking lot, is over-crowded. In fact some of the commuters have to park their wheels elsewhere than the visitors' area. Although the school has been lenient enough to allow student parking in the visitors' area, there still isn't enough room. Is it possible to convert the grassy area adjacent to the tennis courts into an extended parking lot for both students and faculty?

Commuter Computer

Dear C.C.,

The faculty and administration agree with your suggestion and have been trying to get the same area converted; however, this all takes money as you, and the Navy, know. I must comment, however, that the motorcycle problem is not a new one. The only suggestion I can make is to continue following through on your suggestions.

Ed.

## YO-HI GIRLS ARE GREAT!!!

Dear Editor,

Every year someone has to cut down us girls. "The grass is greener," it seems, everywhere else. YO-HI boys get all turned on over Zama "babes." (Did you ever notice how many Zama boys go with YO-HI girls?)

Like most YO-HI girls, we are getting pretty sick of hearing about how most of us are ugly hags or look like tramps. Just what is your definition of looking like a tramp? Short skirts? Sorry, kids, that's the style.

Still, if YO-HI boys would act like gentlemen, we'd be more inclined to be ladylike. How do you expect us to look feminine and act like a lady when all the guys around us are talking dirty, cussing, and generally treating us like "one of the guys"? The "Gentlemen" is practically extinct at YO-HI. Your "problem" of finding girls who are ladylike would be remedied by getting the boys in this school to act like gentlemen and grow up a bit!

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...Rocky

Nancy Parker  
Chris Bridges  
Linda Krusick