

FASHION SHOW

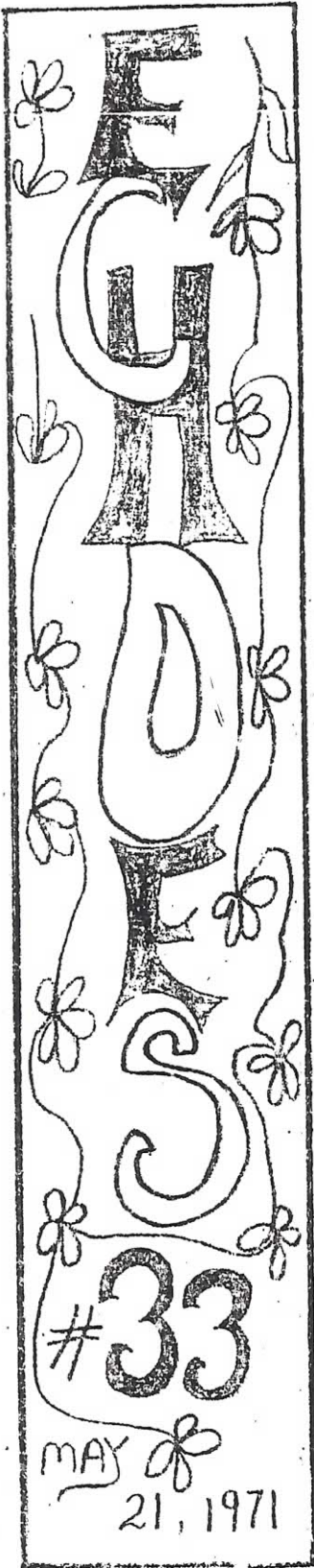
Last Friday, the Home Economics Department of Yo-Hi sponsored its annual fashion show under the direction of Miss Sattre. The girls modeled a few of the many creations they have made this year.

The clothes modeled included dresses (mini and maxi), shorts, hot pants, skirts, yukatas, and kimonos. Also shown were some of the formals worn to this year's prom. A few of the dresses made for the orphans were modeled by some of the children of our community. The "Echoes" would like to say "Thank-you" for a job well done to all of the models and their escorts. To Miss Sattre, we would like to say CONGRATULATIONS for another successful show, and thank-you for all your time and effort.



DRIVERS-ED

For the many of us who have been looking forward to taking a driver's education course, we have bad news. Fleetacts Yokosuka had planned on the classroom part being given after school in Yokohama and then the driving part being administered in Yokosuka. Fleetacts ordered the books and other needed things so that the class could begin May 1st. Since there is a required 20 classroom hours for the course and the books still haven't come in yet, it seems that there will be no chance for the course to be given this school year. Mr. Spaulding said that there might be a chance for the class to be given in summer school if enough people are interested.



This past week the winners of the Junior Literary Contest were named. This contest was sponsored by the Junior Class. Any student was eligible to be in on this. All that was necessary for the contest was for the students to submit short stories or poems to be judged later on. There were two different categories--short story and poetry. The winners for these categories:
1st--short story--Robert Rhodes
2nd--short story--Alan Fujimoto
1st--poetry--Nancy Long
2nd--poetry--Sandra Ike

There were quite a few more entries than just these but the judges decided that these were the best. The judges were members of the faculty, all from the Language Arts Department. They were Mr. Martire, Mr. Grosser, and Miss Hightower. The winners were selected without a point system or anything such as this. The teachers were told to pick the entry that they thought best. The "Echoes" at this time would like to thank all of the people for contributing their work and time and also we would like to thank the judges for their part in making this contest a success.

"Echoes" Staff Writer

BEAUTY CONTEST

This is an interview with Captain Ruebsamen at North Pier concerning the Open House at North Pier this past Saturday. When asked who was sponsoring the gathering, he said, "Commander Sea Transportation Service Far East Headquarters and the United States Army Transportation Corp Far East Japan." The events that help produce a successful gathering were the train for small children to ride, one LST which was open for visiting, the beauty-contest and reception which Japanese civic leaders and Japanese company officials under contract for the Navy attended. It was from 11:00 to 3:00. There was free food and there were about 2,000 people attending. "It was marvelous for we gave away 3,000 hot dogs and about 25,000 cokes," he said. Of course there were games such as basketball shoot, nail drive, parachute ride, and baseball throw. The 2nd place winner of the beauty contest was Colleen Cooney, and 3rd place, Sig Schmidt. There was a fabulous band playing, and, of course, exhibitions. There was an array of flags from over fifty countries. All in all it was a big success for the gathering had something that would interest everybody.

A THURBER CARNIVAL

Today is the day! Under the direction of Mr. McReynolds, some of Yo-Hi's more talented students will give a performance entitled "A Thurber Carnival," written by James Thurber. It is not one play, but a series of playlets done one after the other. The titles are:

- "If Grant had been Drinking at Appcmatox"
- "The Unicorn in the Garden"
- "The Little Girl and the Wolf"
- "The Night the Bed Fell"
- "The Last Flower"
- "File and Forget"
- "The Pet Department"
- "Mr. Preble Gets Rid of his Wife"
- "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"

The assembly will be held during sixth and seventh periods today. Admission is 25¢ for students and \$1.00 for adults. Don't miss it!

Senior Guy-Bob Carter
Senior Girl-Kathy Shuler

Junior Guy-Brian Harano
Junior Girl-Betty Telesforo

Sophomore Guy-Jeff McMahan
Sophomore Girl-Shirley Waters

Freshman Guy-Earl Boots
Freshman Girl-Connie Baker

GOSSIP



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT....

J.P. and S.R. last Sat. night? Get it on....What about Steve, S.F., nice, Huh?... S.P. has some nice guys, huh?...S.W., the Koolaid is foaming....Hey, did you get one of the notices the school has been sending out? Be careful....K.T., how's L.S....Maria, is your hand tired from writing Calvin? It should be....Well, this closes this week's Gossip Column.

RIGHT ON!... RITE ON!!

BOOKS!

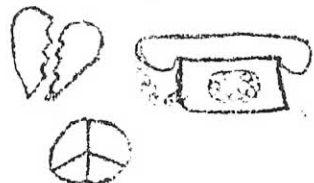
THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE THINGS THAT A FEW OF OUR STUDENTS ARE DESTINED TO AUTHOR. WE HAVE PREDICTED A FEW OF THE TITLES OF THEIR FAMOUS BOOKS THAT ARE SOON TO BE PRINTED:

- Alex Lawrence-"My Life as a Sex Maniac."
- Sylvia Lawler-"How to get Your Man and Keep Him."
- Cindy Hoerr-"Tricks of the Trade."
- Kathy Talbot-"How to be Prim and Proper Without Really Trying."
- Jenny McMahan-"My Life as a President."
- Sharon Welch-"Confessions as a High School Bully."
- Jim McCoy-"My Life as a Squid."
- Conni Nabors-"Me-n-my-Bottle."
- Jeff McMahan-"Confessions of a Queen."
- Warwick Ferretti-"A Life History on the Greatest Track Team in the World, the Fantastic Under College Kids."
- Mark Mayo-"Guerilla Tactics, or How to Return a Gaback."
- Marie Baker-"My Life as an Alcoholic."
- Ralph Bird-"Famous Bird Calls of America."
- Pam Penny-"How to Have a Beautiful Complexion."
- Stephanie Ferretti-"My Life as a WAP."

REMEMBER?

Complaining about the cold? The beginning of the year when the teachers were so sweet? Your first free period? Your first night out? Your first boyfriend? Always wanting a phone of your own? Listening to the Monkees? Digging the Ventures? Crying to Love Song?

AHH-MEMORIES...



DON BOBBY EDGAR
RICHARD
MIKE BRIAN MARK

NAMES AND INTERVIEWS

OPINIONS ON THE FASHION SHOW

What did you think of the fashion show?

Terry Murphy: I thought it was good. It was well organized. Miss Sattre is a very good Home Ec. teacher. She was very patient with all the girls.

Mike Huff: I liked the little kids the best.

Mindy McKenzie: I liked it! It was good and one of the best assemblies we've had this year.

Connie Baker: I thought most of the clothes were very good.

Gabrielle Sessler: I thought it was very good.

GRADUATION



During the last year you are in high school you wonder what will become of you in the future? Then by the middle of the year you have decided what you will do after graduation. Suddenly the big day has arrived, and you're walking down the aisle to receive your diploma; all of the crazy, childish, uncalled for things you did in your past four years of high school breeze through your mind. Now you must realize you're on your own. You've found a job. Now the work begins....

Problems??

Dear Zelda,

I have been going with this guy for three months. He says he loves me very much but I always see him fooling around with other girls. I don't know why, but it makes me feel jealous, even though I think the girls are not good looking. I love and trust him but I just want to keep him.

Worried

Dear Worried,

If he loves you he may wander but he will always return. If he doesn't it is better you lost him.

Zelda

Q W E R T Y U I O P A S D F G H J K L ; ' / ~
C Z X V B N M R H D T U I F \$ % ^ & * () _
A W Q E R T T D O C V Y S R G N
A T W G N S U W M O M S P D T N
Z C X G I I P Y E X B E H I D Y
X Z A M B Y X I E V H O M U N O
X V E B C I M D C P S L M H A G
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F R E N C H A W O O F T E N C H
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X Z C W E S V S A C Q C K O Y D
N M X O S W Q U E X Y O S N M R

CAN YOU IMAGINE?
...Diane Smith weighing 150 lbs.
...Stephanie Ferretti shy and timid.
...Tonya Wagner keeping a secret
...Mrs. Salter without that little piece of paper in her hand.
...Kathy Jacobs in pants.

Find the following classes in the above puzzle and turn them in to Mr. Grosser.

- Typing
- Chemistry
- Spanish
- Electronics
- French
- Home Ec
- Drama
- P.O.D.
- PE
- Band

PUZZLE
PUZZIE
PUZZIED??



RAMBLING

Rambling Roadmasters

ROADMASTERS

Here's an event for you bikers to look forward to this summer. It's the Motorcycle Rodeo sponsored by the Roadmasters Motorcycle Club Yokosuka. It will be held on the 4th of July on Yokosuka base. The proposed site is the grinder in front of the old Marine Barracks (new school site) after the parade.

Talking to Bob Toy, chairman of this Rodeo, we learned that the Rodeo will consist of four races and will be divided into two classes--a street class and trail class. All bikes must be street, legal, and are not to be altered in any way for the race. The races will be the pole bender egg, keyhole race, pole bender rescue, and barrel race. There will also be a race for those who can't win any other. It will be called the show race. There will be a dollar entry or a quarter per race depending on whether you want to participate in all four races or just a few. These races are not spud races but skill races to test how well the rider and the bike work together. There will be awards for the first three places in each race. For a day of fun and excitement plan to make it to the Motorcycle Rodeo on the 4th of July.

THE STORY

Withering Heights

Withering Heights is the tragic love story of Catherine and Heathcliff. Set in the bleak moors of England, Cathy and Heathcliff grow up together and love each other. Heathcliff is a poor dirty gypsy boy brought home one evening by Cathy's father.

Mr. Earnshaw, Cathy's father, dies and Heathcliff grows more and more vicious each day until one day he leaves when he hears that Cathy is getting married to Edgar Linton, a rich aristocrat. Three years later Heathcliff returns but with a small fortune.

Heathcliff and Cathy have an affair but in revenge for what Cathy did to him, he runs off with Isabella, Edgar's sister.

Cathy gives birth to Heathcliff's daughter but both die.

The movie is somewhat like the book. It has an ending that hits everyone in the face.

If you have a chance to see this movie, don't miss it!

C. Reed, the president of the Roadmasters Motorcycle Club Yokosuka. In talking to him, we learned that the club has been in existence for about seven months. The club house has just been moved from the old N.S.D. Transportation Yard, to the Old Sebees' Transportation Office. He claims that the move has been for the better. There is more space at the new club house. We also learned that the club is at present involved in a safety campaign which will end in June. They are also planning a Motorcycle Rodeo for the 4th of July to coincide with the other festivities of the day. When asked what he thought about the Club his reply was, "It's been a lot of work and then there is still more to be done, but, we're getting there."

Thank you Mr. Reed for your time and hospitality.

For the past few months, a group of students have been meeting every Wednesday and Friday during lunch in Mr. Dawson's room. "They discuss anything that is on the students' minds," says Mr. Dawson, who decided to form this group after some kids at the Chapel Center suggested it.

Mr. Dawson says that when students get into a subject, they "reveal the 'selves' behind their social masks." This group has amazed Mr. Dawson, "with their mature thinking on love, life, giving, etc.."

These students search for answers and put their ideas on the line to get them. When an idea is knocked down, they think a bit and try again. The main thing is... "THEY THINK."

Life was... A FAROUT TRIP!

- A warm breeze on my face
- Fluffy white clouds in the sky
- A dewy spider weaving his lace
- A young sparrow learning to fly.

Life was... The cool green grass beneath my steps

- The cry of a hawk o'er the mountains
- The splatter of rain in tiny flecks
- Cool streams in rushing fountains

That's what life was.

Life is... Dense clouds of stagnant trash in the air

- Dirty gray skies showing death's pallor
- A white swan blackening in oily lairs
- Sluggish sewers killing flowers.

PLANS

What are you planning to do this summer?
Stephanie Ferretti: Work in the P.X., get lots of coins, and pull plenty of jobs on the people I hate!

John Yukubowsky: Work for half the summer and play the rest.

Sue Collister: Go to the world and see my friends. Work and get a tan.

Linda Enga: Go all around Japan. But as for the money for traveling, I'll work the first two months. But first I have to find a job.

Lyndsey Johnson: Stay in Japan until July or August, then go live with grandma until next school year.

Judi Kissinger: Go to the States for a short visit then to Europe. Then we return to Japan for the rest of the summer.

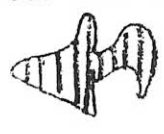
Brian Marano: Go to work and probably spend the remaining time going to Hokkaido.

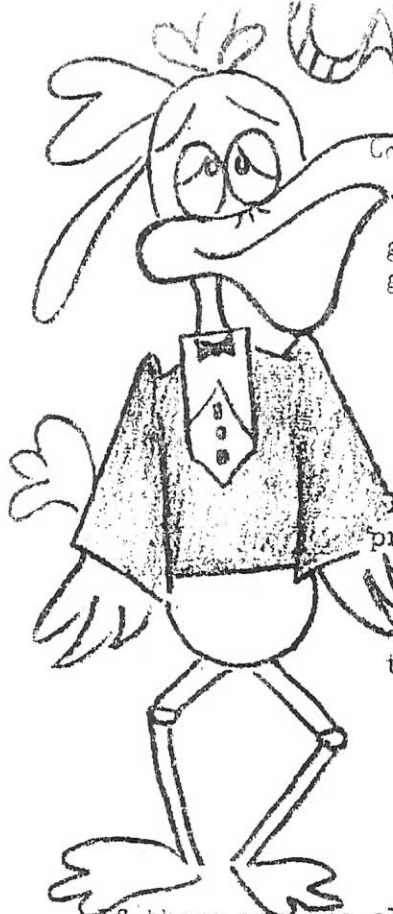
DAVID C. REED ★

This week we had the opportunity to interview David C. Reed, the president of the Roadmasters Motorcycle Club

WEND?

WHAT'S ON YOUR





What kind of cereal do you prefer?

Shredded Wheat,
Corn Flakes, Wheaties,
Honey Comb?
All these cereals
give you that extra
get-up-and-go powers
that one needs to
get through the
day. This
vital energy
will help you
last till lunch!

It gives you the
protein that you need.
So for you Yo-Hians
who are worn out when
only half the day is
through, pick up some
cereal and see if it
doesn't give you the
energy to run
the day out.
The Road-Runner

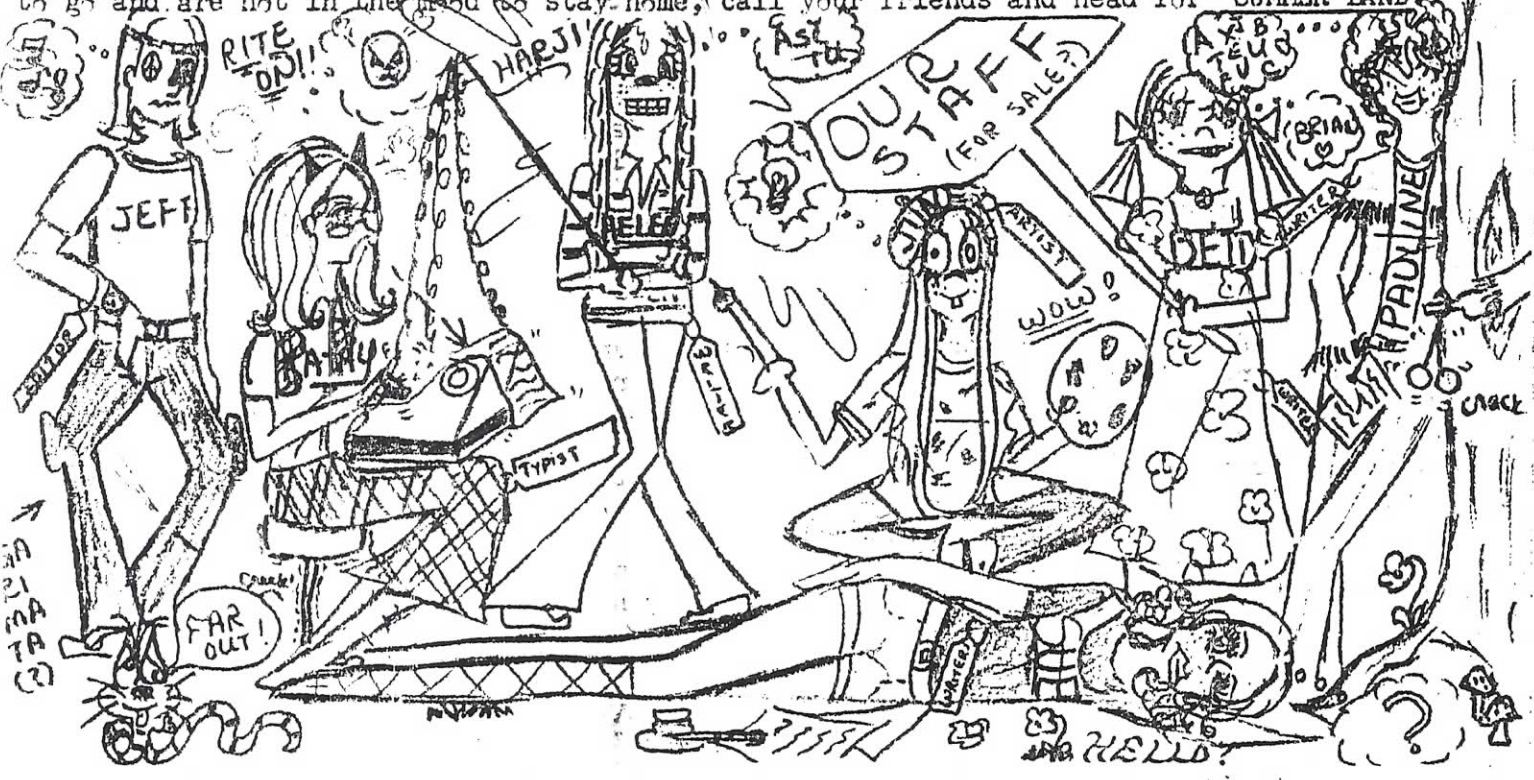
If there was one class you could drop,
which one would it be and why?

- Dede Dempsey--Typing--because I'm good enough already. I don't need to take lessons.
- Karen Sanders--Biology--I can't stand the smell.
- Marge Ursettie--Chemistry--I'm flunking; why else?
- Carol Ruebsamen--French
- Khirsten Traaen--Spanish
- Jeff McMahan--French
- Walter Wire--French

(The reasons given by those who would give up a foreign language are that these are the classes that require the most concentration in class and the most work out of class.)

PLACES TO GO

As the school year comes to an end and summer is right in front of you, the excellent place to go would be Summer Land right near HACHIOJI. This place not only has an indoor pool but an amusement park as well. The building where the pool is located is nice and warm in the winter. The amusement park has the salt and pepper shaker, go-carts, ghost house, roller coaster, and many others in which you can have fun. So when you don't have any place to go and are not in the mood to stay home, call your friends and head for "SUMMER LAND"



Song of the week

Joy to the World

Jeramaya was a bull frog,
was a good friend of mine,
I never understood a single word he said,
But I helped him drink his wine,
And he always had some mighty fine wine.

Chorus: Singin' joy to the world,
All the boys and GIRLS,
Joy to the fishes in the deep
blue sea,
Joy to you and me.

If I was the King of the world,
Tell you what I'd do,
I'd throw away the cares and the bombs
and the wars,
And make Sweet Love to you.

Chorus:
You know I love the ladies,
Love to have my fun,
I'm a highknight,
And a rainbow rider,
And a straight shootin' son of a gun.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- Born to--Joe Ross--Tony, 200 lb. Orangutan
- Brought to--Jeff Rose and Sheryl Sundeen--
a book on "smotching."
- Born to--Bonnie Schaeffer--Eddie Pasa-
tiempo, junior.
- Born to--Jenny Harada--laughing Hyena.
- Brought to--Guy McFarling--another one
of the things you get from your second
period teacher.
- Good-Luck-to--Richard Yamanaka--get them
growing!
- Born to--Brian Harano--a smiling chim-
panzee.



Early Hate--R. Rhodes

(Junior Literary Contest--First Place Award)
Short Story Section



Although it was late in the year, the sun was out and the air was only refreshingly cool instead of the chilling cold one finds in late November. A festival air hung over our house. A Saturday, Christmas and New Years were near, a week of school already gone by, children were running around in the yard, playing tag, galloping, laughing, shouting; the tables were laden with food and candy, for the people, fifty or so, invited guests, some not even invited, just came to loiter around, talking, laughing, gossiping. A man was happily taking color pictures of everyone in sight. Flowers flooded every corner of the living room, the house, and especially the deceased's bedroom.

Everybody came to the funeral. Two nights ago, on Thursady, nine o'clock at night, the news spread. My grandmother, Bess, pioneer Christian missionary in Japan, the goddess of mercy, reincarnation of Mary, the saint was dead.

She had died of pneumonia, after having been in a state of vegetable existence for two years. Her condition was known as the softening of the brain, a disease of old age, which causes the breakdown of the nervous system. As a result, the victim could not move any of her voluntary muscles (such as those of her arms and legs) and was permanently confined to bed. Furthermore, the patient lost her ability to talk.

So, chatted the Japanese ladies in the yard, it is a terrible life, living a condition like hers and it seems better--well, better to die. Don't you agree, Mrs. Suzuki? The women talked, falsely concerned about the dead, which is worse than outright contempt.

But standing in the yard, watching the funeral progress, watching the preacher talk, watching a mother crying about grandmother's death, I agreed with the ladies. She should have died. Although it was not my sympathy with her condition that made me say this. You see, although my grandmother may have been a saint outside the house, she was totally different inside.

Grandmother was a grossly fat woman, white-haired and 79 when she died. She was undoubtedly a good missionary, but I could not get along with her. She was arrogant, smug, and acted as if she was better than anybody else around her. If anyone dared deny what she said, she would stare them silent with her piercing blue eyes. She thought she could make no mistakes, for, she loved to quote, "God is on my side."

Grandmother was a sixteenth century religious fanatic; she looked down on anyone who did not share her vision of peace on earth. Which made her especially prejudiced towards me, for although she tried hard to raise me to become a good Christian, I was a semi-atheist. I came to hate--even dread--sitting in the same room with her; her every remark, her every gesture, gave her contempt of her grandson away.

(Next Column)

Then she came down with her paralyzing disease, and moved into our house. Living under the same roof as grandmother made my hatred grow deeper and darker. To cover up my guilty conscience I tried to rationalize that my hatred came from the nurse, who lived in to take care of her. I hoped grandmother would die; I would even have prayed for it if I had been religious enough to believe in prayers.

Thursday night was clear, cloudless, just like any other November night. True, grandmother had a slight temperature, but that was nothing, she had had the same temperature for the last three nights. Besides, the doctor that lived close by had promised to rush over if there was any real trouble. I locked the door to my room and buried myself in Time.

It was about seven o'clock. I put down my magazine; from my isolated room, I sensed something different in the house. There was a quiet commotion charged with tension. I opened the door and peeked down the hall. I heard a telephone whirl--a hurried desperate conversation my mother poured out. A rasping voice tugging for air was floating from grandmother's huge room at the end of the hall.

I suddenly knew what was happening. Somebody was dying right next to me. Grandmother was dying. And I knew she would be dead tomorrow.

I felt myself panicking. Somebody dying! I felt clammy. I had never expected to see death, at least not of someone I knew. Shocked, I fell down on a chair. But this was exactly what I was hoping for months--the death of someone I hated profoundly. How many times I had dreamed of her death! And how sweet and joyful I had expected it to be! But reality was different--at that very moment, when death was so near, I wanted no death, I prayed and cursed for it to go away.

I stood up. I was thirsty, and the small room was squeezing on my mind. A coke was what I needed. I opened the door and walked out to the kitchen. On the way, I could vaguely see the commotion in grandmother's room. Although I do not remember clearly, I felt the room chaotic, mother fumbling with towels and ice cubes, the nurse giving artificial respiration--the dying lungs were stuck and could not inhale. I knew what I had to do: I had to go help. Somehow I had to keep grandmother alive, even though I did hate her. She was life and life had to be preserved. It was that simple. But I dared not enter the patient's room, fearing death, going near death, seeing death attack someone in my arms. I just could not bear to see someone die in front of me.

I did not enter.

There was a cold can of Coke in the refrigerator, I opened the can; it was freezing

(Next Page)

COLLECTED FROM PREVIOUS PAGES!

God Is Human

Nancy Long

(Junior Literary Contest--1st place)

Poetry

in my throat. As I hurried back to the shelter of my room, I saw my sister through the open door of her room. Disguising my panic with a faint smile, I entered her room. My sister hated grandmother too. And she was also realistic. "Hi," she said, as I came in. She was sitting on the floor, a cigarette between her left-hand fingers, comic book in her right. She flicked ashes carelessly into a soupbowl lying to her side. Between puffs of smoke, she drank Coke out of a bottle.

I sat down next to her. A wheezing sound filled the room every moment.

She had planned things out. Grandmother would die--she was certain of that. Then she'd move into the dead woman's room. Her own room is much too small--and that one is larger. She would repaint the walls orange, hang psychedelic posters, get some modern new chairs like the ones she saw on TV...

Disgusted and guilty, I snuck back to my room, sat down and tried not to listen. The sounds still battered nearby--confusion, chaos, people running. I sat at my desk, gazing at the design of the Coke bottle.

Suddenly, outside my window, a car sputtered and screeched to a halt. The doctor had arrived. He and his wife, who was a nurse, rushed into the house, carrying a two-foot long cylinder (oxygen, I found out later). Saved! Grandmother was saved! I sighed in relief, the doctor had come.

But at the same time, I began to feel disappointment. Someone I hated, who I had hoped would vanish, would still live and haunt my life. Those eyes! Damn, why does she have to live! Yet I felt relieved, convinced death could not happen that night.

Mother came into my room. I tried to appear nonchalant as if I was totally unaware of what was going on. But I was still cold-scared.

"Go get some ice. We don't have any more at home--it's all used up--and the doctor needs it. Take a taxi." She gave me a five hundred yen bill and I called the cab on the phone.

The streets were dark, a fit scene for dying. The taxi whizzed through the surrealistic black. The headlights knifed at split-seconds on the jagged scenery outside the windows. We found an ice shop--a large slab of ice cost 50 yen. I bought two, and jumped back into the waiting cab. The headlights again spotlighted the streets. We returned in twenty minutes.

The atmosphere back home was tense, much more tense than it had been. Ordered chaos churned in the patient's room. I put the ice slab in the kitchen sink and went back into my room. No, it could not happen! The tension mushroomed, the confusion of murmurs mounted, the chaos treadmilled faster. Suddenly someone shouted out "Obachan, Obachan!" Immediately, three other voices chorused in, "Obachan! Obachan! Obachan! OBACHAN! OBACHAN!" Then--

Silence.

A calm stillness settled on the house. There was no noise, just silent tranquility. The doctor's wife opened the house door and walked out. Standing outside the window of grandmother's room, she clasped her hands and bowed a bow.

The doctor came out, with Mother, talking to her, saying, "Tomorrow, I'll come again and see that everything's in order." Mother bowed and said, "I am sorry to have caused all this trouble, thank you very much."

"Not at all."

The doctor and his wife got in their car. He started the engine, and rammed the vehicle down the street. And they were gone.

i almost talked to God today it hadda be him. oh, he wasn't dressed in a sheet and a halo heck no just a fortyish guy in the super-market almost bald, growing wisely and widely plump

i almost taked to him. we were in the jangled and noisy check-out line and he gave me his place. i was surprised and kinda mad. people don't do that, ya know especially not chubby old men. they usually sigh and impatiently shove their wrinkled groceries on the tired moving checking table jingling their car keys.

but this guy was weird cause, he stood, straight as a pencil, and he held his box of angel food cake like a treasure.

i stared and glanced embarrassedly at my box of devils food cookies but still he stood and breathed his

gentle eyes upon us all. that was when i thought i heard church music piped all over the scratchy p.a. system and the purple fluorescence of the

burnt gold (the lady at the stand gave him an extra twenty green stamps and the bagger actually put eggs on top) and he left. sorta floated across the dizzy parking lot and started to climb into his car (white of course with kentucky plates) but then he turned around where i had touched his holy arm. i couldn't speak. i never really saw God before and the parking lot was ablaze with magic and a tinkling chime-like mist. i only stood open-mouthed as he smiled. he smiled and then he drove away (down to the intersection, past esso)

(i almost talked to God, ya know, it hadda be him) all around now people moved slowly back to their restless same lives and we were all gyped and somebody hit somebody's fender but still i stood there watching as the road narrowed, hoping he got home all right wishing i had had a more suitable farewell party for the Lord at stop-n-shop.

On on on on on on on on on on on

BYE BYE TRACK

Well it's all over for this year. That is, track, not school. Saturday was the last day for the track team as the KPSSAA finals were held at Tachi West on the big nine-lane track.

The meet began at 10:30 with all teams assembled and ready to go. After two hours of qualifications for the finals and so on, the real thing began at 12:30, starting off with the hurdles (JV) and then on to the other events. It was a record breaking day for the Devils as three records were broken and one tied. Here is how the cards fell for the Devils at Tachi West: High Jump: Freisen jumped 6'4" and broke the FarEast record, and took 1st; Huang took 3rd and broke the school record with 5'8"; Low Hurdles: Yamato 1st; Huang 4th; Mile Relay: Yamato 1st, Yo-Hi 2nd, breaking the school record, taking eight seconds off the old record; 880 Relay: Yo-Hi 1st (Ellis, Clark, Wira, Huang).

These are the team standings: 1. CAJ, 2. Yamato, 3. Chofu, 4. Johnson, 5. Yo-Hi, 6. Zama, 7. Narimasu, 8. St. Mary's, 9. ASIJ.

BANQUET

The Spring Sports Banquet was held Tuesday night, May 18th, at the Yokohama Officers' Open Mess. This event took place to especially honor the various outstanding members of the track, baseball, wrestling, basketball, and gymnastics teams, along with all the participating players.

Starting things off was the master of ceremonies, Mr. Albers, who began by introducing Mr. Hurst of the J.V. basketball team. Coach Hurst gave a short speech, and gave out three awards. The first was to Jim Johnson who received the M.V.P. award. Mark Mayo was awarded the M.I.P. and Greg Valdez the Captain's trophy. Next up was Coach Dawson of the Varsity basketball team. Mr. Dawson talked about the season and then awarded Jim McCoy the M.V.P. and Chris Witt the Captain's trophy. After the basketball awards the wrestling awards were given. Coach McFarling presented the Captain's award to two of his men, Ralph Bird and Skip McFarling. They reciprocated with a beautiful trophy for Coach McFarling and a plaque for their student sponsor, Mr. Woodman, and their strongest supporter, Mrs. Cantrell. Mr. Miller, the coach of the track team, was up next. After reminiscing for a while, he awarded Mark Ellis the M.I.P. award and Cheng-Yu-Huang with the M.V.P. trophy. In return, the 1971 track team presented Mr. Miller and Mr. Hurst trophies. Mr. Yurick was the next attraction. After telling a very funny joke which applied to the baseball team, he proceeded to present the M.V.P. award to Don Roper and the Captain's trophy to Tim Traaen, who represented the whole baseball team in giving Coach a softball and a card, both signed by all the baseball players. Mrs. Heintzelman cheerfully and enthusiastically presented awards to her gymnastics team. The M.V.P. trophy went to Lona Manu, the M.I.P.'s went to Ann Schwartz and Spring Kittleson. Arlyne Tanashiro, Lyndsey Johnson, and Lona Manu were given championship patches for placing either first, second or third in the finals at Tachi. Mrs. Heintzelman, obviously much admired by her team, was given a beautiful basket of red roses, a name plaque for her house, and a humorous gift of toilet paper, which we're sure has some meaning behind it. And last but not least, although they were not officially recognized, the 1970-1971 cheerleading team presented several gifts to their sponsor Mrs. Cantrell, and with that the Spring Sports Banquet was concluded. Congratulations!

BETZBOL

The Yo-Hi Devils baseball team finished its season last Saturday, losing both games of a double header to Zama, giving the Trojans the league championship. Had Yo-Hi won, Zama's Trojans would have been forced into a playoff against the St. Mary's Titans, but the Devils fell, 5-0, and 4-0, to a fine Trojan team, giving the Devils a season record of 2 wins 2 losses.

Playing on their home field the Trojans played the sharp, heads-up baseball game that carried them to 1st place.

None of the Yo-Hi pitchers, Roper and Rose in the first game or Bettencourt in the second game, could hold the Trojans down. Plenty of Devil errors and strong pitching by Zama played a big part in the Trojans' victories.

Yo-Hi finished the season in 5th place. This year's Devils' team was plagued by crippling errors, and never quite seemed to put it all together.

SPORTS PAGE

ANSWERS TO M.A.S.
#1 GOT McFarling
#2 Mark Ellis

This week's mystery athlete is a Sophomore from El Cajon, California. He stands 5'8" and weighs 145 lbs. This track star can usually be seen practicing the one mile and 880 relay or sunning himself on the hill during lunch. He is in the middle of two brothers living in Japan. Can you guess our first mystery athlete?



(see bottom of page)

Athlete

Our second mystery athlete is a tall blond sophomore track star. He hails from sunny Santa Ana, California and is anxious to return. He runs the 880 and mile relay and the 220. He has been around fellow Yo-Hians like Cheng, Sells, and McCoy all of whom live in Yokosuka.

This boy has a sister attending Yo-Hi in the 11th grade. Can you guess who it is?

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In less than three weeks, summer will greet you with many opportunities. Will you take advantage?

Imagine yourself roasting under a blazing hot sun and just relaxing for a change. All you can think about is what kind of exciting night life you'll have instead of worrying about finishing that term paper.

M-m-m, Ah, that sun feels so good you can lavish on some more baby oil. After a yawn or two you put down that book that you saved for this summer and doze off to sleep. And you dream on, waiting for inspiration...

...Inspiration for finishing that dress you started sewing, for making plans to go to Hakone, for taking that swimming course, getting that grass cutting job or finally getting around to writing those letters...someday but not now.

All of a sudden you feel a little restless and a twitch of boredom, so you decide to turn over. Your eyes are so heavy but you just don't feel like doing anything. Guess you'd better go back to sleep. After all, what are summer vacations for?

If you're still dreaming why don't you start planning right now for an exciting summer or you might end up dreaming like this all summer... and get a bad sunburn too!



YO-HI'S BEST

Yo-Hi is a striking school. The people are very friendly and the atmosphere is relaxed. One of the things about Yo-Hi that strikes me the most is the liberal dress code. Perhaps this is because I come from a private school. In my other school, we were forced to wear our dresses long. Boys were not allowed to wear blue jeans. Shirts were always worn inside the pants. Also, we had a hair code to follow. The girls were told to keep their hair always neat. No outlandish styles were permitted. The boys were told to keep their hair short, or it would be cut for them.

All this is different at Yo-Hi. There are girls walking around the school in midis, maxis, minis, jeans, and hot pants. The male students have long hair. In short, we may dress as we please. Everyone is comfortable when they come to school, and it shows when they are in class. I feel that the relaxed dress code tends to create a better learning atmosphere. There is no more squirming around trying to get comfortable in your freshly starched shirt. We students can now concentrate on the real purpose of school--not acquiring good dress habits--but **LEARNING**.

DRIVERS ED FIASCO

In two separate interviews, the "Echoes" has gone about investigating a subject that interests all dependents of driving age.

Under a program developed by CFAY and FWC, Yokosuka, students drivers who were 16 years of age would be able to obtain, after classroom and behind-the-wheel instruction, a license to drive on base. For some reason, after a brief flurry of activity, it flopped. Why? That's what we went to find out. Hence:

Captain Burfield, CO, FWC—"In cooperation with CFAY, I made cars and instructors available for the teaching of a behind-the-wheel driver education course. This was to follow a classroom course given at Yo-Hi. The drivers have been ready for three weeks, but no students. I have only heard that the classroom course was never offered."

So, one-half of the course is ready. We now take you to the other end of the job, the classroom administration of the program, to be administered by our Principal, Douglas M. Spaulding:

Mr. Spaulding: "I was contacted by CFAY with a request that I make available a teacher to give classroom instruction in driver education. Knowing how much the students wished this, I agreed, and persuaded a teacher to teach this course. This was all quite a while ago. We did not have, however, the materials to teach the course. So we ordered them through NSD, and were told to expect them May 1st. They have not yet arrived. It is now so late in the year that even if they arrived today, we would have to teach the course in summer school." So, that's the story. All effort is being made, but until NSD comes through with the goods, prepare to spend the summer hoofin' it.

