

YO-HI Echoes...

...Then and



Yokohama High School Former Students Association

May 2007



Class of '57
Where are you?

Your 50th class
reunion is in October!

2008 FSA Reunion

Somewhere in the
Northwest!

Send your
suggestions or
offers to help to
Larry Rowe.



*Distance and time
may separate us
but friendship and
memories won't.*

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Las Vegas - 2007 FSA Annual Reunion

The Class of 1957 will be the honored guests at the 2007 FSA Annual Reunion held in Las Vegas, Nevada. Hosted by Jim Zinn (59), the reunion will be held October 26-28, 2007 at the Orleans Hotel and Casino, so bring your memories to share. Jim is working on a surprise event for Thursday night.

Since October is the peak season for Las Vegas because the horrific summer heat has ended, the hotel is charging a premium



rate of \$130 per night for the weekend. The rate for the rest of the week for the same room will be \$80 per night with no limit of persons in the same room. So come early or stay late and enjoy the reunion.

For reservations, visit the Orleans Hotel and Casino web site at www.orleanscasino.com and ask for "YO-HI Reunion."

A smoke free hospitality room will be available during the day on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. For more information about activities and attractions in and around Las Vegas, visit the website www.visitlasvegas.com.

More reunion information will be sent out soon. If you have any activities and attractions you would like to see included in the reunion, contact Jim at: (734) 449-5924, or email him at: zcomm@mail.com

Dottie E. Abernathy Memorial Scholarship Winner

The Dottie Ennis Abernathy Memorial Scholarship was established in October 2005 to honor the memory of our "Yokohama Mama" and to be awarded to a graduate of Nile C. Kinnick High School for three years. A scholarship selection committee, which included Ginny (Murphy) Travis (57), Ozzie Olson (58) and Dick Moore (Friend of YO-HI) reviewed the applications and made the selection.

The second annual scholarship will be presented to Jeffrey Galang by Mr David Tran, Principal of Nile C. Kinnick HS, at an assembly on May 31, 2007.

Ryan Goodfell, Jeff's physics teacher, wrote the following: "I highly recommend Jeffrey Galang for this scholarship. He has performed exceptionally throughout the year and this is no exception to either his academic or extracurricular history. Since arriving at Kinnick HS, Jeff has excelled academically, athletically and socially. Jeff's success stems from a high level of motivation, a respectful attitude, and a natural tendency to lead. Each of these traits will undoubtedly help Jeff as he moves on to the next level of his education.

While at Kinnick HS, Jeff's high level of motivation has lead him into challenging classes and a variety of extracurricular experiences. Academically, Jeff has maintained a GPA above 3.5 even in these challenging classes. As I have witnessed in physics class, Jeff continuously strives to not only achieve high grades, but also understand the material presented. He consistently provides interesting insight into class discussions and poses good questions when clarification is needed. Jeff's confidence allows him to ask questions when many other students in the class may just be too timid to speak out.

Jeff's confidence is just one of the qualities that adds to his natural tendency to lead. He has illustrated this leadership ability in both athletic situations as well as an academic setting. As a varsity athlete, he has led the football team as both a captain and quarterback for the last two years. He has also managed to lead through student council in a variety of positions including class president and class representative. As mentioned earlier, Jeff also leads by example as a student in the classroom, and is a positive role model for his peers.



Success for Jeff has not come without certain hardships as well. Like most other military dependants Jeff has moved many times and been forced to give up old friends and work to make new ones. However, upon his father's retirement from the military, Jeff and his family were forced to

begin paying tuition to attend Kinnick HS. At a cost of nearly \$18,000 a year, this was obviously a serious financial commitment. Jeff and his family have made sacrifices to allow him to finish high school here at Kinnick, and I know that Jeff takes these sacrifices very seriously. The respect he shows to the faculty and his peers illustrates just how lucky Jeff feels to be here at Kinnick.. It is a

(See Scholarship on page 11.)

The Devil's Playground

FUJI REVISITED by Patti A. Maxwell - 57 (55-56)



It was an anniversary celebration! 50 years ago, Pat and I began our friendship as Army brats in Yokohama, Japan. Now we were returning to the scene of our youth. The trip idea began with the climbing of Mt. Fuji as one of the things on my I-want-to-do-before

-I-die list. That particular desire did not come from a glorious spiritual quest nor from a romantic idea of recapturing the soul and substance of a teen-ager in Japan. The notion of a 50 year anniversary never crossed my mind. Nope! It was simply that I wanted a Fuji stick. You see, when one climbs the mountain, you purchase a plain wooden walking stick. In route, the mountain workers brand a mark of achievement at each station along the path, culminating in a well-decorated stick upon completion. It is a mark of honor!

My Fuji stick from 1955 disappeared somewhere along the way and I wanted another one. That is all the thought I gave it. The odyssey was set in motion and I began my personal quest believing that I was as healthy and wealthy as I am ever likely to be; do it now or don't do it at all. I invited my YO-HI chums to join in. The 7 of us remained friends since we were at YO-HI together - 5 students and 2 teachers (Pat Andry Klump, Ellen Shively, Sr. Patricia Langan, M.S.B.T., Helen Ramsay, Barbara Edwards, Jo Wierzbowska and I). Pat and Ellen were the only takers on my climbing plan but a severe foot problem caused Ellen to drop out just prior to departure. Thanks in great part to Pat's research with AAA and her son Michael's marvelous sharing of airline points ["You can't ride 14 hours in economy class, Mom."], we flew to and fro in the luxurious comfort of Delta's business class. Upon arrival, we had pre-planned transportation to a 4 star hotel and a Japan rail pass to boot. Left to my own devices, it would have been a stand-by flight with a minimum of 3 connections and find-yourself-a-place-to-stay-upon-arrival and get-there-by-your-own-means. I am forever indebted to Pat & her son. Onward and UPWARD as it were!

With minimal problems we sailed through Narita-Tokyo airport, met by a lovely & accommodating young lady from the travel agency, who got us onto the bus transportation for a rather long, though comfortable, bus ride to our hotel. The Tokyo Grand Hotel accommodations were wonderful, just rather small. I am not tiny and our rooms were more designed for a short, anorexic person. It was teeny and I feared I might have to enter the room sideways. My suitcase just made it between the bathroom and wardrobe walking space. Nonetheless it had all of the accommodations required plus an absolutely marvelous bidet-toilet that I would have gladly packed and brought home with me. Pat and I wasted no time. We opted to take a bus tour of Tokyo the following morning while allowing our bodies to accustom themselves to the abrupt time change. We took our evening meal at the hotel, Japanese menu, chopsticks included. Pat & I had traveled the streets of Tokyo those many years ago seeking advertisements for YO-HI's year book so we had some knowledge of the city. We wanted to see what we could recognize and what had changed in our absence. Our tour guide, Mr. Sato, was most informative and I learned some history that either I had never learned or had forgotten. We toured the Tokyo

Tower, new to us. It was built to rival the Eiffel Tower in height. The view from the tower was tremendous but due to hazy conditions we could not see Mt. Fuji. The tour took us to the Imperial Palace Plaza but visits to the palace grounds itself were not permitted, so frankly it was a bit of a disappointment as we had seen it before. Outside the bit of history lesson from Sato-san, it wasn't much to talk about. From the palace we were taken to the Asakusa Kannon Temple with smaller Shinto and Buddhist shrines to the side. We made our abeyance at both shrines and gathered the burning incense upon our bodies as well. Had it not been oppressively hot, we would have enjoyed this part of the tour immensely. We wandered down a near-by alley and purchased some delicious Japanese grapes. Our final destination was a visit to Tazaki Pearl Gallery with the accompanying lecture on the making of cultured pearls. No purchase for us; very fine merchandise with equally fine prices attached! All in all, it was a decent tour via a cool bus with a lot of information but too great a rush through the sites we visited. Our afternoon was dedicated to making our arrangements to climb the mountain. What an exhausting ordeal! Apparently it is not a common tourist request and our mutual lack of each other's language left all involved in need of some alcoholic libation. After much sweat and determination, we had our plan. From the train station we went to the Ginza, Tokyo's most famous shopping and entertainment district. Unfortunately the Kabuki Theatre closes for the summer so we did not get a repeat experience of that fine art. We did step inside Mikimoto Pearls just to revisit a site of one of our yearbook sponsors. Our supper meal was eaten at the Rakuza Restaurant, an interesting restaurant about 7 stories high overlooking the major Ginza artery. We could see out, but we weren't seen. [Other restaurants along the way allowed the passerby to look up and see the patrons.] Shoes removed, we were escorted to a small booth with a very low entrance where we did sit on chairs. The meal was sushi in the raw, no rice or neatly wrapped little bite size portions. That was a new experience for me but very tasty nonetheless. We kept getting more proficient with our chopsticks. Home to our hotel and packing for our mountain climb completed our first full day!

Saturday was hot and humid as we walked to the train depot to do more negotiating of our trip to Mt. Fuji. Actually, it worked out rather well and we got to the mountain's 5th station, our starting point, via 2 trains and a bus with minimal problems. With our Fuji stick purchased, we were excitedly on our way up the mountain by 2:30 p.m. Now let me digress just a little here. Foolish as this trip may seem to some, Pat & I are not stupid. We knew what kind of path we would be taking for the climb and we trained our bodies to make this journey. However, the path of 50 years ago is no longer the major route with way-stations [huts with food & drink supplies as well as toilet & rest facilities] along the way. All of those accommodations have now moved to the 'new' path; not as circuitous but a 'little rocky'. Following the advice as we understood it with limited communication all around, we took the 'new' trail. The initial ascent was okay. I was behind everyone as I knew I would be. Pat kept a close eye out for me and we plodded along. After the first rest area, the rocky trail began to contain larger rocks and narrower paths. We struggled, but continued. There was virtually no

(See Fuji Revisited on page 3)

El Cajon Reunion - April 2007

Here's a great recipe for success on any Saturday afternoon. Take one Moose Lodge, fill it up with 23 Red Devils, toss in some old year books, add a dash of oldies but goodies, mix in some good conversation, and you get one heck of a Yokohama High School reunion. Counting the exes and spouses we had 32 in attendance on April 14th, with classes from 1954 through 1962 represented, and one ex-faculty member. Thanks go out to Pat Powers (58) and her husband, Tommy Hunter, for hosting the get together. We now look forward to seeing everyone in Las Vegas.



(Fuji Revisited)

rest for the weary. Ten minutes with our backpacks off and a swig of water and we were off again. Between the 6th and 7th major stations, we were creeping along and pulling ourselves up boulder-sized rocks with the help of metal chain links [such as one might see on a ship's anchor] that were attached to the boulders. It was brutal! We reached the major 7th station at dusk and begged for a place to stay the night. Ahh! No room in the inn. Dejectedly, we forged on after purchasing cotton gloves to protect our hands from the rocks and putting on our layered apparel against the approaching cold. We also donned head flashlights to enable us to see the path or lack of same. By this time I had used up every prayer in my memory and just told God that any utterance from my mouth was a prayer. I needed all the help I could get. Darkness set in. The path was steeper, narrower and less discernable than ever. I would literally throw my stick across the rocks to a forward point and crawl on all fours over the boulders. We were tearful, fearful and breathless. About 5 young Japanese men decided to come to our rescue and began directing, lifting, pushing and encouraging us up the final 200 yards or so to the 8th station. Then they even offered us a tiny tank of oxygen. We must have seemed in tremendous distress. It was around 9:30 p.m. or later. This time my pleading paid off. or better yet, we paid dearly to secure 2 spots on a tatami-covered floor with sleeping bags. [Our space was shared by 50 or so others.] We would have been deliriously grateful had we any strength to feel any emotion or anything else other than painful exhaustion. We lay in relative warmth and quiet until 4 A.M. when we were awakened and hurried outside... think of rusted bodies trying to sit or bend to replace our shoes/boots that had been removed the night before. There was just enough time for a quick squatty potty break and off to the trail of decision; onward or return back down. It didn't take much encouragement to join the other folks going back down the mountain. If the climb up was rough, it was nothing compared to the tedious slip and slide, heel-toe descent. Many complained that their knees gave way, but for me, it was my thighs. I would walk a interval pattern of 1-2-3-4-1, 1-2-3-4-2, etc. until 1-2-3-4-15 and then I would stop, breathe, say a prayer. Then start the pattern all over again in like manner. When my legs wouldn't lift one more time, I would stop and relax against a rock or ledge. Pat would often lift off my back pack so I could get to some gum or a few drops of the precious water that we had left. [We neglected to remember that there we NO facilities for water or nourishment on the descent.] Pat was always ahead waiting for me, ever vigilant and patient. She would not leave me behind. There were several times that I could see no end to the torture and felt in great despair of ever reaching the bottom. Somewhere around 2/3 of the way down, a British climber literally took my 'knapsack' and carried it the rest of the way to the 5th station. Whereas I never felt the weight of the pack to be a problem, I must say it was much easier going without it. Around the same time, Pat gave me her Fuji stick to use with mine and I did a ski walk which helped immensely. Neither of us fell, though others around us did. Closer to the bottom we passed horses and donkeys, but I eschewed riding them. Further on we spied a horse drawn carriage and opted to ride that. Immediately another 8 or 9 climbers jumped in for

the final stretch home. What a relief to reach the flat of the 5th station. The trip back to the hotel was a reverse of our transportation to Mt. Fuji. We were relieved to sit in relative comfort of the cool trains and buses. [The train stations were not air conditioned and the sweat ran while we were there.] Two tub soaks got the lava dust out of my feet. The socks will never see white again! And, oh, the pain to just lower my body to sit on the commode was excruciating for the next 30 hours. Somehow we managed to head for Yokohama the next morning. We decided to forgo any tourist stuff and try to revisit some home spots. By now Pat & I had become rather adept at maneuvering through the Japanese train system which was a great relief. Since we had lived in Yokohama those many years ago, we sought familiar places. With nothing more than our Yokohama map we left the train station and intuitively began climbing the bluff to Yamate-cho, where we found our Japanese cathedral. We did get some help from an Australian 'ex-pat' lady who crossed our path on the way up the bluff. From there we located the areas of our homes although the houses themselves were long gone. A Japanese girls' school across the street from my home still exists as does the Swedish Embassy home that was next door. From our backyard we had a view of a Buddhist shrine and cemetery which remains as I remembered it. Down from the bluff was Motamachi-dori [once known as Motamachi-cho when it was a little street], still a shopping district, but now one of upward European influence. We made a few purchases, found Chinatown for lunch and then back to our trains for a final destination of Kamakura, the home of the Great Buddha. Pat & I fairly ran through the Shrine Park and the shops surrounding it. Again this was much as we had remembered. Surprisingly we were able to pack for our trip home with relative ease. We made all the right connections to Narita-Tokyo airport thanks to the wonderful Japanese help. Again we sang Michael's praises as we returned with the same airline comfort as our inbound flight. Fourteen hours later found us in Atlanta and home bound! Did I really go for the Fuji stick? Yes, I really did. Am I disappointed that I didn't get to the top of Mt. Fuji? Yes, I am a wee bit saddened, but it did not ruin or even diminish a wonderful adventure. I met all of my goals. Would I do this again? Not on your life! Oh, my greatest disappointment was that we never got to 'see' Mt. Fuji in its majestic splendor. There was just too much cloud cover.

Sayonara to Japan once again!



Reunion Passports



Remember when you traveled overseas with your parents, and everyone was required to have a current passport. Every time you entered a different foreign port they took your passport, and would stamp the name of the country you had just entered.

Now you can get a YO-HI reunion passport, and every time you attend a reunion, your

passport will be stamped with the name of the city where the reunion is being held.

Louise (Simon) Carlson (58), our dear friend and classmate who passed away in March, and her husband, Bob, designed a "passport" book, and a seal for each reunion with the date and graphic.

Bob has regularly attended the reunions and feels that he is part of our group. As a "Friend of YO-HI", Bob has graciously agreed to continue to be the "keeper of the pass-

ports".

You can buy your passport books at any reunion or by contacting Bob Carlson. The books are \$3.50 each (plus 2 stamps for mailing) and the reunion seals are free. Let Bob know which reunions you have attended and he will send you the correct seals.

Contact Bob Carlson at: 501 Emery Street, Longmont, CO 80501 - (303) 774-1977 or email: loubobC62@worldnet.att.net.

DO YOU LIKE BEING OLD?..... Author Unknown

Old age, I decided, is a gift. I am now, probably for the first time in my life, the person I have always wanted to be. Oh, not my body! I sometimes despair over my body ... the wrinkles, the baggy eyes, and the sagging butt. And often I am taken aback by that old person that lives in my mirror, but I don't agonize over those things for long. I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, my loving family for less grey hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become more kind to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I don't chide myself for eating that extra cookie, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but looks so avant-garde on my patio. I am entitled to overeat, to be messy, to be extravagant. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging. Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 a.m. and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love... I will.

I will walk the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the

bikini set. They, too, will get old. I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten, and I eventually remember the important things. Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when a beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turn grey, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver. I can say "no", and mean it. I can say "yes", and mean it. As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong. So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be, but will continue to rejoice in what was.

SOME REUNION HUMOR

Submitted by: Adie Muirhead (56)

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table.

My wife asks, "Do you know her?"

Yes," I sighed, "She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since! ."

"My God!" says my wife, "Who would ever think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

WHERE ARE THEY?



Larry Rowe needs help in locating the following exes that were found and are lost again! Please search your memories, and help us get these "lost" exes back on

board.....
Charles "Chuck" Colby (59), Susan Conland (56), Marilyn Crockett (59), Bob Decker (56), David Holdren (56), Barbara "Bobbie" Johnston (62), Albert Mays (55), Jerry (Miller) Hall (58), Carol Nelson (59), Jeanne Pinard (58), Sandy (Podbleiski) Verdugo (57), Michael Sow-

ers (60), Daniel Standaart (59), Dollie (Stidham) O'Sullivan (57), Landon Waggoner (56), Maude Zimmerman (FAC)

It doesn't take much to keep in touch!

BRATS - OUR JOURNEY HOME

The "BRATS FILM TOUR - Our Journey Home" is underway! This is the first-ever documentary about us - about growing up a BRAT - and how that has profoundly affected our lives. The next screening will be held in Montgomery, AL - May 17, and Fayetteville, NC - May 19.



Do you have any movies of the YO-HI football or basketball games during 1954-56????

Bill "Pinky" Hart (56) would love to see how good or bad the teams actually were way back when. A few years ago, Dan Lavery (58) shared some old movies of our football games that were taken by his Dad. He

had the old movies transferred to VHS tape. Pinky said, "They were fun to watch, but I'd love to see even one of our basketball games. Maybe then we'd be able to confirm that the older we get, the better we used to think we were." If anyone has any movies of the YO-HI football or basketball games during 1954-1956, contact Bill "Pinky" Hart (56) at (330) 478-9605 or email:

Civilian vs. Military Friends

Once in the Military, always in the Military. I am proud to call all of you my MILITARY FRIENDS.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Call your parents Mr. and Mrs.

MILITARY FRIENDS: Call your parents Mom and Dad.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Borrow your stuff for a few days then give it back.

MILITARY FRIENDS: Keep your stuff so long they forget it's yours.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Would knock on your door.

MILITARY FRIENDS: Walk right in and say, "I'm home!"

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Are for a while.

MILITARY FRIENDS: Are for life.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Have shared a few experiences...

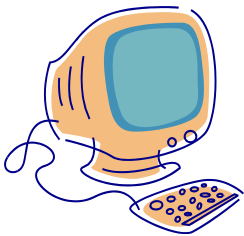
SENIOR CITIZENS ARE VALUABLE

We are more valuable than any of the younger generations.
 We have silver in our hair. We have gold in our teeth.
 We have stones in our kidneys. We have lead in our feet and . . .
 We are loaded with natural gas!

. . . . Sam Barker (58)



COMPUTER TIPS



Picasa Software

This software makes it easy and fun to view, organize, edit and share the digital photos on your PC. Picasa won't delete your pictures or put them on line without your permission. Download: <<http://picasa.google.com/download/thanks.html>>Free The download itself contains only the Picasa 2 software. Picasa will not uninstall other programs or add any non-Picasa programs or files to your computer. This software is Windows® compatible. Enjoy!

Security Tip

If you'd like to send out an email to a large number of people, so that all the personal email addresses don't show, here's a quick & easy way:

- Put your OWN email address in the "To:" space.
- Then put all the email addresses you want in the "Bcc:" space. ("Blind copies", not "Cc:")

Note: Be sure to put commas between each address.

- Select: "Send Message"
- To test it out, put your own address in the "Bcc:" space. The email will come back to your inbox the same way it went to others.



What Did You Want To Be When You Grew Up?

Did you ever wonder what ever happened to that student in school that was the Valedictorian, or was so good in athletics, or maybe played in the band? Most of us noted in the yearbook what we aspired to be after graduating, but did we actually

- *James Buntyn (54)* - Professional baseball player - Had a 20 yr Army career & worked for an insurance company.
- *Connie Dodson (55)* - Forest ranger; became a Publications Mgr for the Hewlett Packard User Group - still active as a substitute teacher for the local high school.
- *Ray Melchiorre (56)* - Dentist - Spent 9 years in the Army Medical & Dental Corp.; then was the head trainer for several professional basketball teams: Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Boston, Houston, and Los Angeles for 28 yrs; Currently the head trainer at Northland Christian HS in Houston.
- *Mike Smith (57)* - Policeman - Became a fireman.
- *Carolyn Miller (58)* - Navy nurse - Became a wife and mother; also worked in Special Education Napa/Sonoma County for 18 years.
- *Rex Gallaher (59)* - Aeronautical Engineer - Became a Mechanical/Industrial Engineer for the US Postal Service.
- *Mary Nock (60)* - Go to college - She did & became a homemaker.
- *Terry Brown (61)* - Multi-millionaire - Never quite made it but did work as a Mechanical Engineer for 38 years.
- *V. Alan Werner (62)* - Electrical engineer - He did.
- *Colin Browning (53)* - Veterinarian, a farmer, zoo worker, lawyer - Became a Wall Street banker (not too different from working in a zoo)
- *Elsa Ayers (54)* - Nurse - she did after graduating from Johns Hopkins School of Nursing.
- *Ross "Bill" Crossley (55)* - Graduate from college - retired from the Army as a Brigadier General & then founded an export development company.
- *Judy Bigelow (56)* - Teach English - married a Naval Academy Graduate & had a family.
- *Tex Lavery (57)* - Artist or teacher - taught school K through college.
- *Linda Love (58)* - Airline stewardess - became a library technician.
- *Rich Jewett (59)* - Architectural Engineer - became a math/physics teacher (10 yrs), HS principal (5 yrs), JUCO math/computer science instructor (4 yrs) and JUCO computer center director (until retirement.)
- *Shari Hartzell (60)* - Attend college - taught high school English.
- *Ed Canell (61)* - Join the Navy - stayed in the Navy to go from E-1 to O3-E in 21 years.
- *Steve Radford (64)* - Master criminal - settled for a career in Law Enforcement & retired in 1993.
- *Dan Flower (53)* - Engineer - attended Stanford, getting a BS and MBA in Industrial Engineering. Spent 4 ½ yrs in Air Force ROTC, before joining Ford Motor Company for 32 years.
- *Lea Collie (54)* - Wasn't sure but was good at languages - became an ESL teacher
- *Bob Karrer (55)* - Had an interest in flying - graduated from The Citadel, grad school at John Hopkins, and retired from the US Army in 1989 after 28+ years.
- *Sharon Moring (56)* - Journalist, or a high school English teacher - worked as a copywriter for eight years, then as a Special Education teacher for another 32.
- *Carol Wittmaack (57)* - Get married and raise a family - She did.
- *Marshall Hart, Jr. (58)* - Federal Detective/Secret Service - retired from UPS after 20 yrs & Anheuser-Busch after 18 yrs.
- *Marilyn Johnson (59)* - Get married - she did; also became a teacher, counselor, and foster parent.
- *Jerry Merritt (60)* - Lawyer - became a lawyer and judge for the last 40 years.
- *Vikki Gard (61)* - Get married and have children - she did.
- *Johnny Haley (62)* - Teach school and coach - coached for 5 yrs; now works in the Utah State Prison.
- *Danah Van Keuren (63)* - Missionary - it took 30 years but her first mission trip was in 1994 (China); last 6 summers, has been going to Albania.
- *Melinda Fortney (64)* - Spend life working with horses - Was educated against her will but, after deciding it was so bad, went to grad school; worked in corporate communications and bought a horse!; married a vet and ended up in the practice; retired and lives on a ranch in CA. Goal met!
- *Bruce Burpee (53)* - Briefly attended college, but really didn't have an idea of what he wanted to do; so he spent 28 years in the Army, then another 20 years with the US Postal Service.
- *Claudette DeCory (54)* - Wanted badly to be an interior decorator, or a nurse, but her Mother wanted her to become a teacher; earned a BS from Indiana University, and a Masters from the University of Utah. Taught high school for two years, and then became a guidance counselor at the high school level for 23 years.
- *Jim Richardson (56)* - Wanted to be an electrical engineer; worked in the computer industry in main frame maintenance, software maintenance and various administrative jobs in Greenland, Salt Lake City, Orange County, CA., and Santa Barbara. Retired in Solvang, CA. Appointed to the City Council, and up for election in November.
- *Bob Coker (55)* - Wasn't sure - Joined the Navy, retired, got an MS from George Washington University in Telecommunications Operations; Began a second career with the Navy Department in Washington DC, retired, bought a boat and now does a lot of fishing.
- *Tom Temple (57)* - Dentist - Became one and spent 35 years in the US Army Dental Corps - the last two years as Army Deputy Surgeon General.



BALI ADVENTURE with Bruce Eastley (56)

"Find a better bargain" is Bruce Eastley's challenge to anyone. He is planning a "Bali Adventure" from June 5 - 18, 2007 (13 days and 12 nights) for the low price of \$1649 (per person dual occupancy). Bruce is working as a travel agent with a tour operator in San Francisco who also has an office in Bali. These very low prices are possible since Bruce takes no compensation for his services except the love of travel with his friends. Bruce's friends pay the same as he does for the trip. For more information, contact Bruce at (916) 393-0151, or email: beastley@softcom.net.

LOST CLASS RING ...submitted by Larry Rowe



Recently I received an e-mail message from a retired Marine Sergeant, named Franklin O. Gray, living in Athens, TN. He mentioned that he'd found a 1958 Class Ring from Yokohama High School. The ring had been found in 1967 while he was attending Corrosion Control School in Tachikawa AFB, Japan. It was during the Viet Nam War years, and he sent it home to his wife, who put it in her jewelry box. The ring recently resurfaced, and he thought it was time to get it back to the rightful owner. The ring had no engraved initials, fit his little finger, but was too big for his wife's hand. So, he asked for my help. I contacted all of the exes from the Class of 1958, who had e-mail. I left out the part about where the ring had been found. Three people contacted me - one had lost her ring in the San Diego area; another applauded the Sergeant's

act of locating the person the ring belonged to; and the third was the Senior Ring Committee Chairman who gave a short history of the ring. After a couple of days, I drew up a list of those exes from 1958 who didn't have e-mail, and started to call them. The first person I called was Lana Bea Ruffin, who now lives in Hephizibah, GA. She informed me that she married right after graduation, and she and her husband moved to Tachikawa, AFB and lived there from 1958-62. The ring was too big for her hand, so her husband wore it. One day he took it off while washing his hands, and left it in a bathroom on base. I contacted Sergeant Gray, and he packed it up and mailed it to her the next day. I don't know where the ring was for those five years between 1962-67, but I do know that it's back on the hand of the original owner now.

JAPANESE TRIVIA

- * The Japanese colloquialism for "policeman" is "omawari," which means "thing idly standing around."
- * The newspaper with the highest circulation in the world is the Yomiuri Shinbun, with a daily circulation of 14.5 million copies. Compare that with the highest circulation of an English language newspaper, The Sun in Britain, which sells less than 4 million copies.
- * Japan's automobile emission control standards are imported, from California.
- * The Japanese eat a dish in which fish are cooked whole in blocks of tofu. The live fish and the tofu are placed in water over a fire. The fish burrow into the tofu to escape the heat.
- * People in Japan never sleep with their bodies aligned so their heads point north; this is how corpses are laid out.
- * A common name for pet dogs in Japan is "John." (No kidding)



Future of the YO-HI Website

Jim and Iva Hyatt (48) have decided to retire as Owners/Managers of the YO-HI website that they started in 1996. Thanks to both of them for a job well done. Because of their efforts, we were provided with the opportunity to explore our past through the music, stories, and pictures that they posted on the website. They will be missed....but not forgotten. Jim and Iva wrote the following: *"The time has come to step off the YO-HI journey and let it proceed into the future as it surely will. We are pleased that it will continue to evolve and incorporate more alumni as the years go by. Iva and I wish to thank the multitude of alumni who assisted in the creation of the 'YO-HI Home Town' and made it possible for thousands to relive the great adventure of being a 'brat' in Japan. What great medicine it has been for us. Thanks for the memories! Sayonara."*



Ownership of the website will be taken over by Bill Sims (68) & Jan Bready-Sims (70). They explain that *"it is with a great deal of excitement that Jan and I have agreed to become the new caretakers of the YO-HI website. The historical value of the information that Jim and Iva have compiled cannot be measured. They have set the bar extremely high and one of our goals is to maintain or exceed those high standards. The transition should be fairly transparent to all of you. Once that transition is complete, we will begin working through the site, a section at a time to put a new and exciting face on it. We hope to hear from all of you about what you would like to see on the sight. We can't promise that we will be able to do it all, but we will certainly consider and implement as many of your ideas as we can."*

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY ?

Foye Hall (55) has been writing for quite some time, and has published "The Story of Ste Foy" which is sold in the bookstore at the Ste Foy Abbey, Conques, France, and also on-line at amazon.com. Look for her book in the Religious Section under the name of Foye Brewer. She also has written, and hopes to have published the story of the early years of her mother's life; four books about the escapades of her little Chihuahua mix dog, Peanut; and a true story about ducklings hatched at the Pentagon and the upheaval they caused.

Neal Holland Duncan (57) has informed us that he has written his fourth and final published book, "Carnival of Souls".

New Orleans is a carnival empire cloaked forever in fabled myth. It survives, no matter how tenuously, because it is New Orleans, and in New Orleans, dreams have a way of outlasting change or the new. Carnival of Souls is drenched in another time. Not easily classifiable by any particular genre, and heavily influenced by the author's own upbringing, the novel is richly ambitious in scope, style, and structure. It is a tribute to a city that will never be the same, filled with off-kilter characters who discover that, while they cannot overcome adversity, they can cope while they search for something of grace and redemption. The prose is alive with strong descriptions of an intense three-week affair between Sudduth

Meadows Spencer and a married Philadelphian whose husband wishes to be a part of the closed corporation which is New Orleans. Carnival of Souls completes the middle of a trilogy that began in 1989 with Baby Soniat: A Tale From The Jazz Jungle and Naked In The Rhododendrons, 2005. Mr. Duncan is also the author of She Came Of Decent People, 2002. "Baby Soniat, sometimes disjointed, sometimes quirky, but always involving first novel about 1960's New Orleans society and, in particular, one beautiful woman. ... Suddie and Baby are shallow and curiously dated, like flaming youths from an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel.

But Duncan makes them believable and even sympathetic- and presents a fascinating portrait of their slice of New Orleans." -- Kirkus Review

"...Baby Soniat evokes its era effectively, capturing a dying moment in Southern Culture." -

- Publishers Weekly

A fourteenth generation Washingtonian/Virginian, Neal Holland Duncan is an Anglican and a member of numerous clubs and hereditary societies including the Society of Cincinnati, the Scions of Colonial Cavaliers, 1640-1660, and the Society of the War of 1812. He lives in Arlington, VA and Palm Beach, FL. His previous novel, Baby Soniat, penetrated the closed world of New Orleans Society whose deepest roots reached back almost three centuries to the very foundation of the city itself. -- Amazon.com



YOU MIGHT BE A MILITARY BRAT if you.....

- * Have spent more time on a military base than in a real town even though you've been a civilian all your life.
- * Ever got restricted to quarters or put on KP duty as a kid.
- * Had a father who was always telling you to "Go police up your room!"
- * Know what "the land of the big PX" means.
- * Have ever had to have an ID Card to get back home from "down range."
- * Have ever asked "CPT Smith, can Tommy come out and play?"

"EXPLORING OUR JAPANESE ROOTS in 2007" with Dr. Philip McLaren (58)

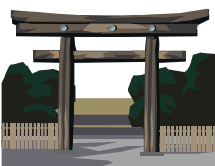
Japanese culture has evolved greatly over the years, from the country's original Jomon culture to its contemporary hybrid culture, which combines influences from Asia, Europe, and North America. You are invited to explore your educational heritage and your common Japanese experience with your

YO-HI FSA group on a terrific trip to Japan from October 6-18, 2007.

Highlights of the trip will include opportunities to explore Tokyo's cultural wonders (e.g., Tokyo Tower, Meiji Shrine, Asakusa Kannon Temple); visit the Yamate Cho Foreign Housing Museum; enjoy the sites of Niko; walk through the Tsurugaoku Hachimangu Shrine; travel aboard the bullet train

to Kyoto for performances of traditional Japanese music, dance, drama and a tea ceremony at the Gion corner; tour the Atomic Bomb Museum and Peace Park; and participate in a variety of formal and informal facilitated discussions. Land and air cost per person is \$5547.00 and includes: all in-country accommodations, transportation, international air from Detroit and a west coast location (to be determined), internal train travel, expert local guide, activities and most meals.

Ten people have signed up for the tour and there is room for six more. For more information on this wonderful trip through your past and present, contact Dr. Philip McLaren at (617) 745-3554 or email: mclarendoc@aol.com



In Memoriam

- * **Arthur F. Bell (1951)** - Passed away after an extended illness on March 30, 2007 in San Antonio, TX. A retired Chaplain, Col. Bell dedicated his life to serving God after graduating from the Southern Baptist Seminary.
- * **Terry Brown (1961)** - His wife, Kristine Brown, reported that he passed away on March 17, 2007 after fighting cancer for almost two years. Terry was at home in his bed, alert and hopeful until he slipped into sleep early Saturday morning. He displayed his Navy breeding and upbringing through it all. There were no complaints, very few requests, always a Please and Thank You. Hopeful and positive, he was a gentleman to the end. It was a joy and a privilege to be his friend and wife.
- * **Ann "Corky" Cornelius Nobel Fatheree (1958)** - Through genealogical research, Larry Rowe reports that she passed away on February 24, 2006 in Amarillo, TX from lung cancer. Her obituary indicated that she had attended Southern Methodist University and Rollins College in Winter Park, FL. She was preceded in death by her husband, Warren Fatheree, in 2002.
- * **Anne Marie Irwin (1959)** - Her brother, Allen Terry Irwin (55) reported that she passed away from cancer in 1997. She graduated from high school in Hartford, CT and from the University of Connecticut.
- * **Bob Kirchoff (1953)** - His wife, Patsy Kirchoff, reported that Bob passed away on Friday, April 6, 2007, at 8:15 p.m. at Hope Hospice (Healthpark) in Ft. Myers, FL.
- * **Louise Simon Carlson (1958)** - Her husband, Bob, reported that she passed away after a long battle with cancer on March 1, 2007. He said "She did it with dignity, spunk and never quit trying. Be comforted that she was in no pain and, as time progressed, she became more and more peaceful and rested, and looked like the girl I fell in love with 46 years ago."
- * **Bernie Sloan (1951)** - His wife, Clarice Sloan, reported that he passed away on January 10, 2007 after having heart surgery. He also had surgery for a brain tumor last fall and did not respond well after that.
- * **Wilfred Yamaguchi (1951)** - Elaine (Yamaguchi) Chun reported that he had been in poor health for some time and died February 3, 2007.

2008 Reunion in Seattle?



We need your help!!! We need someone to host the 2008 FSA Annual Reunion in the Seattle, Washington area. However, some input from you is needed. For those planning to attend the 2008 reunion or if you are even

thinking about attending, please give some thought to the following questions?

For most of you, transportation to a reunion is a significant expense even before the hotel costs and registration fees have been added. Take this in consideration when you are answering the questions.

1. Location of Hotel and Price Range - What hotel room price range would you prefer - \$89-99, \$99-109, \$109-119? Is there a price range that would definitely keep you from attending? Hotels in downtown Seattle are expensive, and several of them do not have space for large banquets, however, they are within walking distance of Pikes Street Market, Space Needle, Convention Center, and the waterfront. Also, keep in mind that October is a big convention month for Seattle. There are hotels in the surrounding area (12-20 miles out) that do have lower room rates, and rooms for banquets, etc. The drawback is you will need transportation to see the sites. The hotels located around the SeaTac Airport do have shuttle bus service to and from the airport, and some do provide shuttle service to the downtown area for large groups.

2. Friday and Saturday Night Dinners - Would you prefer a buffet, or seated dinner? A seated dinner usually costs more than a buffet, and that additional price would be added to your registration fee. Would you like to see a Sunday morning breakfast?
3. Registration Fee - Usually your registration fee goes toward the dinners, music, photographer, nametags, mail-outs, goody bag, etc. Would you prefer to pay a registration fee of about \$130.00 per person for the above mentioned items, or a lower price, and cut back on some of the amenities? Reunions are for visiting with friends from the past.
4. Thursday Night Trip - If a Thursday night trip could be planned, what sites would you like to see while in Seattle? Here are just a few: Pikes Street Market/Wharf/Aquarium, Space Needle/Seattle Center, Rock & Roll Museum, Pioneer Square, Dinner Train, Tilakin Island, Fishing in the Sound, Air/Space Museum, Mariners Park Tour, Indian Casino.



Contact Larry Rowe at (325) 651-5890 or email: ijnrowe@wcc.net with your responses.

CLASS NEWS

Classes of 1962 & 1964

The Slattery family was a Navy family, enjoying San Diego and northern California before moving to Yokohama in 1960. They enjoyed Yokohama with father, Commander Tom Slattery, who became President of the PTA, as well as being in charge of the Teen Club.

Kerry Slattery (62) started her junior year as Class Secretary and a member of the Annual Staff. In her senior year, Kerry climbed to be the editor of both the weekly "Echoes" and YO-HI's new monthly "Trident". In her senior year, she was elected Homecoming Queen and "Personality Plus". Many of us remember that Kerry was an actress, and she traces that back to her first stage play at age 13. In YO-HI, she was a star in the Senior Play. In '62, the family sailed back to the States, and Kerry launched her full-time professional acting career. She appeared in many plays during the next 20 years, including 4 major tours in such plays as "Barefoot In The Park" and enjoyed seeing many former classmates in the audience. Kerry was also in over 100 TV commercials. Along the way, Kerry was married for 11 years, and she got her BA at Cleveland State and her MA at UC San Diego. In 1996, along with ten partners, many from the entertainment industry, Kerry formed Skylight Books in Los Angeles, near

Hollywood where she has been General Manager since the beginning. She remains very busy, typically working 50-hour weeks, managing a staff of 14. Search the Web on "Kerry Slattery" and "Skylight" and you'll see over 100 websites, many with interviews of Kerry. One site has Kerry's picture with the store cat, Lucy. Another describes using Skylight Books as a setting for movies, but she chooses "to leave the store because I get so nervous seeing them move things around."

Mike Slattery (64) is in the Internet's spotlight, too. Search on "Mike Slattery" and "Grubb & Ellis", Mike's current employer, and you'll find dozens of websites. Mike was in the YO-HI Letterman's Club, thanks to being on the "winning-est" YO-HI baseball team in '61-'62. He was also on the golf team and JV basketball. Back in the US, Mike graduated from Point Loma High School, San Diego and entered the entertainment field as saxophone player in an R&R band. Climbing the academic ladder, Mike got his BA degree at San Diego State, where he was involved in varsity baseball and the



Sigma Chi fraternity. At college, he met his future bride Patti and they were married in 1969. Officer Candidate School was next on the agenda, and he served 3 years in the Marine Corps. The entertainment bug was biting him, in particular Country & Western Music, and in 1974 he got a job at KSON, San Diego's premier Country Music radio station. But, that was a mere stepping stone. Within a year Mike was hired by the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, and quickly

rose to become Manager of the Grand Ole Opry House, booking and promoting innumerable concerts, even rock music concerts in the Opry House. But California dreaming lured Mike & Patti back to San Diego, where Mike got his MBA degree. He entered the commercial real estate business and now specializes in investment sales and leasing of retail, office, and apartment properties in San Diego County's coastal areas. Mike's wife, Patti, worked for several San Diego mayors, and they raised two wonderful children, Christine and David. Kerry and Mike's parents, Tom and Betty Slattery, lived in north San Diego County until Tom's recent death. Mike has spent lots of weekends as caregiver for his parents, and his mother Betty continues to enjoy his visits.

Reunion.....and Life by Melinda Fortney-Boehringer (64)

I turn 60 tomorrow. I should be looking forward to many more years of the incredible life I have been blessed with, but I will wake up to bittersweet feelings tomorrow. My darling husband was recently diagnosed with lung cancer, and the prognosis is not optimistic. He has small cell carcinoma, commonly associated with smoking. He quit smoking 24 years ago, but it caught up with him. I am so wounded by this development that I cannot even get angry. Overnight, I have become more tolerant and compassionate for my fellow travelers, and am completely focused on making Bruce's journey my journey...our last experience together. I am telling you this to underscore what has been said a million times...reconnect with your past. Keep in touch. Go to a reunion. If that doesn't sound appealing, contact the friends you have found via the internet and get together. Spend time, listen to the music of your memories, tell each other what you meant to one another, look deep into each others faces and see the children we once were. It's a gift we must give ourselves. We are already experiencing losses in our families, and among our ageless friends from that special island in time. If I may also use my pain as a platform...if you smoke, stop. Don't whine about it being hard, just do it. You don't have to look far to see someone who would be devastated to lose you...even if it's your dog. Bruce's cancer is particularly nasty, but could be curable if caught early. That's the problem...this one has no warning signs. Sometimes it is picked up early in a chest x-ray for some other purpose. If your HMO does not support a pre-emptive chest x-ray, pay for it yourself.

My hope for you is that you will read this and immediately tell someone close to you that you love him/her. She/he probably knows, but hearing it will be special. We simply don't know what tomorrow will bring. For me, it will bring my birthday. I am happy to be spending my milestone day with the man who has made my life so special.

Love to you all...



(Scholarship)

pleasure to recommend Jeffrey Galang for this scholarship. His potential is great and hopefully he will continue to develop at the next level of his education. His ability to lead, motivation to succeed, and respectful attitude will certainly make him an asset wherever he ends up."

In his application, Jeffrey wrote that he needed "this scholarship to ensure that I am able to pursue a higher education.. In my freshman year, my father retired from the US Navy and we were forced to move to the Philippines. This was one of the worst years of my life for I was too "Americanized" to enjoy the Philippines. My family then decided to move back to Japan as my father took a job as a Naval Contractor which pays well, but does not have the many benefits that active duty members receive. One of these benefits was for the employee's dependants to go to school at the local Dept of Defense school. My brother and I were forced to be home schooled for we could not afford to go to Kinnick HS. My older brother graduated from Kinnick HS and was attending San Diego State University at the time. My parents decided to enroll us into Kinnick in my junior year believing that we had saved enough money. It was one of the happiest moments of my life when I was able to go to school with my friends and become part of the Kinnick community. Shortly after, I realized how much it was costing my family for me and my younger brother to attend Kinnick while my older brother attended a California university. The combined tuition for all of us to attend school was over \$40,000

per year plus my brother's living expenses at college. It was a given that we had to make sacrifices and sacrifice we did. We live in a one bedroom apartment off base while trying to cut down on many expenses and items that normal military kids would consider everyday items - we considered them luxuries. My mother is forced to work 7 days a week at two jobs for more than 12 hours a day at the local commissary.

As a senior about to graduate from Nile C. Kinnick High School, I am proud of my accomplishments and at the same time am afraid of my future. I need this scholarship to ensure that I can pay for schooling back in California while my parents try their best to support me and my two brothers. Receiving this scholarship is a way for me to thank my parents for all they have sacrificed for me and my family. It will also help me achieve my ultimate goal in life which is to become a certified physical therapist and to reimburse my loving mom and dad."

Ed. Note: Thanks to all of you who contributed to the scholarship fund. You made a difference in a life. If you wish to make a contribution, send a check to Carol Wittmaack Cope, YO-HI FSA Treasurer, P.O. Box 2182, Joshua Tree CA 92252. Indicate on your check that it is for the scholarship fund.



Treasurer's Report



Carol (Wittmaack) Cope ('57) submitted the following financial report for the YO-HI FSA organization for October 1, 2006 through April 30, 2007.

The current balance in the account is \$15,152.69.

Annual dues of \$10.00 are used to publish and mail out the ros-

ter, newsletter and membership cards. They are also used to give reunion startup funds to the hosts for the next reunion.

To pay your dues, use the 2007 Dues form below.



Yokohama High School Former Students Association - 2007 Dues Form

Name _____ Maiden Name _____

Year of Graduation _____ Years at YO-HI _____

Spouse's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

Phone _____ Email Address _____

Make your check payable to: **YO-HI FSA**

Mail your check and this form to:

Carol Wittmaack Cope
P.O. Box 2182
Joshua Tree, CA 92252

Check if personal information has changed.

Contact Information

YO-HI FSA General Chairperson

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Julie (Sadilek) Moore ('59)
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Got News? Contact your Class Representative....

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(808) 396-4784 email: Luvm8s@hawaii.rr.com

Class of 55

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Class of 56

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Class of 57

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Class of 59

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Class of 60-61

Rosanne (Santorelli) Barone ('60)
(908) 272-5232 email: rosannesb@verizon.net

Class of 62-63

Bert Donaldson ('62)
(619) 224-3095 email: bertdonaldson_1@yahoo.com

Class of 64-FAC

Steve Radford ('64)
(909) 584-9750 email: rad2@charter.net

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Overseas Brats

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