



By Darius Dragon

The time of Christmas cheer is nearly here.

At the approach of the wintry blast, many things are pursued with the cool breath of Christmaside abetting. Around Narimasu, it has been noticed that such clever lures and traps are set as would do justice to any huntsman. I am referring to snares set up by the feminine creatures in order to equip themselves with knights for the night of the Sno-Ball. These were noticeable in the fact that the damsels were much more genial and were induced to conversation more easily. Also they were more readily available for help in time of need. This is as it should be by today's standards, but in my father's time (the *Cro-Magnon* run-around) men "konked" a girl over the head to take her someplace. How much fun it would be to be that beastly now!

It is regretful that the turkey has been capitalized upon to the degree it has. Meaning turkey dinners at the time of good cheer. The poor bird must feel pursued, just as others are, here at this snowy season. Wouldn't it certainly be better to have some traditional dinner of asparagus, okra, and Brussels sprouts? Before you know it the turkey will be sent back to Istanbul, or wherever... or it might become as extinct as we dragons.

Remember, you have to come back after New Year's.

EDITORIAL

Who's Coming For Christmas?

The western world's attitude is one of peaceful progress. At year's end our yearning for tranquility is especially evident. Gaudily so, we think, after a stroll along San Diego's Broadway or Omaha's Dodge Street or Chicago's Michigan Boulevard.

But this is Japan and one may suspect without fear of being far wrong that the tinsel and trappings along the Ginza

are of commercial, rather than Christmas, inspiration.

As westerners with deep religious convictions we would do well at this time of year to make a lie of communist words that say our interests in the east are mercenary and selfish.

How? Well, why not begin by sharing a part of your Christmas with local citizens in some way?

It's really all up to you.

Senior Spotlight

"Typical Teenager"

Senior Tom Elliot was born 18 years ago in Los Angeles, California. Tom is 6'1" tall and he weighs 155 pounds.

"Typical Teenager" Tom likes steaks, girls, parties, Frank's Steak House, beatniks, and Japan.

He has a green '56 Tanaus, a fiendish desire to beat Sterling Moss in a drag, and the ability to talk himself out of anything ("Who, me?").

When he graduates from the University of Southern California, Tom wants to become an engineer.

Confirmed Rebel

Joan Seitz, 17-year old vice-

president of the Senior Class, was born in Takoma Park, Maryland, but she claims Virginia as her home.

She likes cats, blue, piroskis at Mano's, pizza, the Confederacy, excitement, horseback riding, and tall boys (she's 5'10").

Joan dislikes asparagus, boredom, and short boys who stare up into space at her, and say, "Why are you so tall?"

After graduation, she will attend the University of Michigan to become a nurse.

Her words of wisdom to underclassmen concern good old Japan. She says simply, "Grin and bear it." By this, you can tell that her greatest ambition is to return to the States.

OFF THE RIM

... with Tim

Draggin' Wagon

You wouldn't believe it unless you saw it, but Senior Roy Quinn's '57 Volkswagen has only two cylinders, and can do 85 m.p.h. This 30 h.p. terror is a brown hardtop with red leather upholstery and fuzzy brown sheepskin side lining.

It has a floor shift with four forward speeds and one reverse gear. Roy says that this makes it easy to speed-shift when he gets on the highway (Where can you find highways in Japan?)

Although he has plain black tires at the moment, he plans to get whitewalls soon. Other changes he hopes to facilitate are a radio, fuel injection (Good grief! A 140 m.p.h. Volkswagen!), and headlights to replace the ones he now has that blink on and off as he goes down the street.

Roy's seems to have quite a reputation for doing doughnuts in the smallest space available (In school yards, too?). He also claims the world's record for car-packing. Last year, he packed 46 boys in, on, and around it. Before that, he had jammed 28 inside with the door closed.

Santa, Send Me...

Dave Hudson: Elevator shoes. Vicki Johnson: Cash register for all the money collections to which she falls heir.

Travis Beckham: Electric typewriter without keys.

Yvonne and Yvette Miller: Name tags.

Pete Omlansky: Someone nice to carry his little clarinet.

Gary Ponder: Curlers for those long red locks.

Naomi Tokubo: One film contract, any movie studio.

Jim Sawyer: A new car, any brand, model, color, condition, year...

One Anonymous Teacher: Gold plated BX card.

Sherron Nishioka: A handkerchief for those sad English classes.

Lindi Stilger: A "Dear Lindi" letter from the States to place her back in circulation for a wistful junior.

Pat Huber: A monogrammed pitch pipe and a wicker basket.

Brent Goodrich: About six new auto mufflers.

Susan Nishimura: A few pairs of eyeglass frames.

Mrs. Laura Bell: Diamond studded-collar for her French poodle, Fifi.

Mr. John Lay: A black and white ivy-league cap to go with his shoes.



"It was the eternal triangle that ruined us. She and I were both in love with her."

Herd in the Halls

Mr. Fred Dachinger is taking singing lessons.

Coach "Bud" French climbed Mt. Fuji twice in one day last summer.

Susan Weller, wary of trespassers, once ordered from her private beach stroller Charles Van Doren.

Mrs. Arlene Peterson is studying the Japanese language, and can already order boiled octopus in a restaurant... but doesn't like it.

Bus monitors were so thrilled with the receipt of their new badges that they wore them all day long. Craig Norton wore six!

Mr. Al Peterson of the faculty, feeling that singer Eddie Fisher needed some "toughing up," once assigned him to a bone-bruising armored battalion for training.

Have you seen (or heard) the weight-lifting contests at lunch time between Brent Goodrich, Roy Quinn, and Tim Stinson? 1964 Olympics, here we come!

The girls in Miss Reike's first period gym class really seem to stay young... wan't it fun playing "Ring Around The Rosy", "London Bridge Down", and "Farmer in the Dell"?

Student Council President Russell Roberts, while in an elevator on route to the Somerset Maugham exhibit, asked a British gentleman behind him, "Do you know if the British Ambassador is here today?" The man replied, "Yes, I am."

Have you found your "lost" locker yet, Pat?... Pretty big moving job. (Tom!)

Some folks just can't remember their Dad's names—take Charlie Swann, for instance.

Who were the four girls from Washington Heights who were at Mano's at 2:30 in the morning?

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