

Poo! Foo!

Joe Brown is from the States, as are the majority of students in the Tokyo American High School. He is well liked and is a fairly good student. Joe is familiar with things too—nobody could tell you better than he about the different pools, movies, clubs, and other American facilities in the surrounding area.

Don't ask him about Japan, though. He couldn't tell you much about it. Joe isn't really interested, for he's "going home in a year or two, so why put out any efforts?" as he says. Why see Japan's shrines, or hear its legends? Why learn any of the language or become familiar with its people, their ways, and their customs?

Joe has been in Japan for two years but he's never seen the Buddha at Kamakura, nor gone to a cherry blossom festival at Nikko. He has seen Fuji, but has never climbed it. And chopsticks are completely foreign to him.

Sure, Joe is in Japan, but he is not really living here. He has a wonderful opportunity, but he never bothers to put forth the effort to enjoy it.

Staff Shots

The room behind those forbidding words, "OFF LIMITS TO ALL STUDENTS," is occupied by Mr. Tsunekatsu Tokuhisa, our laboratory assistant. He is in charge of the printing equipment and supplies for the chemistry and biology classes.

Although he was born in Nagoya, Mr. Tokuhisa is now making his residence in Tokyo, where he graduated from Meiji University. He was married two years ago, and now has a son.

He has been associated with Narimasu for seven years.

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MEANWHILE BACK IN THE STATES

Robert Pierce, student at Bayside High School, Bayside, Long Island, will hear an electrifying countdown at Montauk Point this summer when the Army assists as he launches his eight-foot seven-inch homemade rocket.

The neophyte scientist, who first experimented with rockets two years ago, began working on this, his largest missile, over a year ago.

The rocket, result of a \$200 investment on Robert's part, is designed to carry either a radio or a small animal and a motion picture camera. It is powered by a solid fuel pellet which will be put into the rocket by ordinance authorities.

The missile is controlled by a pendulum device that serves as a gyroscope to keep the rocket on its course. It will travel at a speed of approximately 460 miles per hour, and is expected to reach a peak altitude of five miles.

From the clear, intent expression on the faces of the boys grouped around the receiver, it was obvious they were completely engrossed in the odd, shrill sounds coming from it.

The boys were members of the radio club of Central High in San Antonio, Texas, and this was a typical afternoon code-practice session. This club is an organization with a farsighted purpose. Members are aided in obtaining an amateur operator's license and in improving their techniques and operating skills.

Ten boys in the club have already obtained their licenses and some of them have six-

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Senior Spotlight

Cute, pert Peggy Hopkins, who is 5'5½" has brown hair and hazel eyes, is the female subject of Senior Spotlight. Peggy, who hails from Washington, Georgia, first made her appearance in this world on June 30, 1942. She has been at Narimasu for her junior and senior years and was a homecoming attendant this year.

Peggy likes steak, Bill, blue, people (any kind), stuffed animals, green eyes, blond hair, all sports and toboganing(!!!). She dislikes mineral baths(!), snobs, and liver.

In closing, we would like to add that she is grateful for Nish's jacket (very!), Bill (what, again...?), and friends...

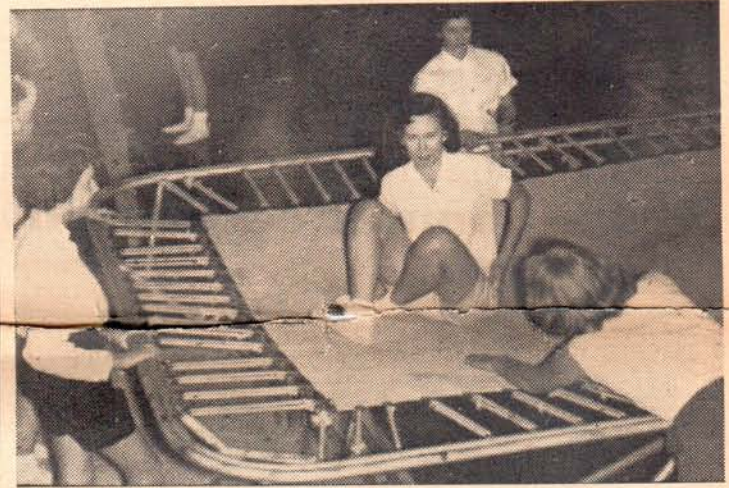
Pretty kool gal, huh?

If it were not for a certain person called "Smokey" (James Thomas) Edwards, this school would probably be lots quieter but a lot less fun than it is now.

Smokey, who was co-captain of our varsity football team, has green eyes, sandy brown hair, and stands 5'9½". He was brought into this world on July 20, 1942 in Rosepine, Louisiana.

Smokey's likes include girls, money, motorcycles, S.W., and cards(?). He dislikes snobby girls, unfriendly people, and loud pants. He's grateful for friends, football, and graduation, but can't stand YO-Hi, getting beat, and ... cheerleaders who make mistakes ...

You can always tell when he's coming down the hall by the sound of "hmmmm....."



Oops who put the tack there!

"The Little School Boy"

(with apologies to Eugene Field)
The little school lock is red with rust

But sturdy and staunch it stands,
And the little school boy is determined or bust—

To open it with his hands
Time was when the little school lock was new

And would open with nary a care

And that was the time that our little school boy

Bought it and put it there.

"Now don't you open for anyone else," he said,

"And lock up all my books."
So, troddling off to his classroom cares

He thought of his girlfriend's good looks.

And as he was dreaming a teacher approached

And thumped him on the head.
"Go out and get your books, my boy...."

He quickly did as was said.
But as he was struggling to open his lock

A horrible thought did occur—
Oh! his woes were many,
His woes were long,
For the wrong lock did he secure.

Aye—wrongly did he lock his books

With a lock he could not force,
So down to the office he quickly ran

To tell Mr. Marshall, of course.
Now he wonders (with books in his lap)—

Those problems: he's trying to solve 'em.—

Why did the office have that saw

To help him with his problem!
—Jill Collings

ATTENTION ALL CAMERA BUGS

How many of you like to take pictures. Well, you'll want further details about a leading film company's new contest for high school students, which closes March 30. You can win as much as \$400 and gain national recognition and salon prestige. This year color photography will be accepted, as will as black-and-white pictures. A notice is being posted on the bulletin board in front of the library. Miss Walling has further details.