

Good Thing Is Overdone

Away from the train station and out of the roaring traffic, the Japanese are the politest people in the world. They are grateful for the slightest favor received and sorry for the smallest inconvenience inflicted.

These characteristics are illustrated in the manners observed in Japanese restaurants. In America, the waiter is usually ignored, treated as one doing a job he is paid to do. In Japan, even in informal places, the patrons always thank the person serving food with a "Domo, sumimasen", which would be translated, "Thank you, I am sorry to have troubled you."

Where the Americans would automatically expect a favor, the Japanese have definite rules of procedure. On a recent ski trip, a small Japanese boy took a bad fall in which he injured both ankles. The boy's uncle, fearful of spoiling the day for others, told only one member of the party.

When others eventually learned of the tragedy, they naturally offered help in carrying the victim and his skis down off the mountain. The uncle was humble: "Thank you very much for your kindness. Please forgive the boy and myself for troubling you so, but this kind gentleman has offered to take him down in his toboggan." The fact that the "kind gentleman" referred to was a paid first-aid staffman did not exclude him from the uncle's appreciative remarks.

Although the humble manner is a virtue that far too many Americans lack, the Japanese use it to an extreme. In the case of the injured boy, a would-be American helper is concerned that one must be more worried about inconveniencing others than the welfare of a suffering boy.

by John Heaney

Student Speaks

How many queens does Narimasu have this year? Three. How many crowns does Narimasu have? One. The same crown was used three times this season.

After the Homecoming dance the coronet was plainly battered; now it is worse. It's been pressed into service so many times your lips automatically pucker every time you slip it on.

Should the queen not be given her crown for a souvenir?

Crime Does Not Spray!

Slowly the long trembling fingers reached into the depths of the cold water. The hand felt slimy metal gradually give way with a tug. The pistol was an automatic; wet, it still could shoot.

Cautiously the humped figure pulled back the trigger. Yes, this was the way the man in the store had showed him... but should he do this monstrous thing? What about an escape? Did he stand a chance?

Thoughts, constricted with panic, coursed along the darkening hall-ways of his mind. He peered around the corner and glanced along the dingy street. What he saw tore a sob from his twisted thin lips. Now!

"Bang!" he screamed as the stream of water shot from the water gun. Then Jimmy turned and ran. He grinned mirthlessly, his mouth a defiant snarl. He had actually squirted the bully of the block.

—by Lou McAllister

World Ends!

We know it's the end of the school year when the water fountains all work properly... teachers give up their perpetual clean-up campaign against gum wrappers and old math papers on hallway floors and staircases... yearbook staffers wear the canary-stated cat look... food in the cafeteria doesn't seem to taste half bad... a senior smiles, even managing a nod of greeting to an awed but elated Frosh... two departing junior girls sit on the rotunda steps and cry: their orders are cut; they're going to Louisiana without their yearbooks on their knee... you enter the nurse's office and she wearily reaches for the hypodermic syringe... the fire alarm rings and eight guys take off at double time for the snack bar... a bird song filters into study hall and four freshmen fall in love... and one more senior goes to sleep.

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Fumiko Visits; Zen Writes



For Miss Fumiko Ouchi a visit to Narimasu proved a big event.

The high school graduate, a resident of Kichijoji, spent several days visiting classes at Narimasu while waiting for her own freshman university days to begin at Seiki University in Musashino-shi.

"One hears your work is easier in American schools than in ours," Fumiko indicates, "but your assignments are more difficult than I had imagined."

She liked visiting Miss Margaret Yamato's US History section; she mused she would like to discuss social problems.

Narimasu students will remember former Dragon's Roar staffer Zenaida Castillo, now a staff member of the Columbia prizewinning paper **Crossed Sabres** and a junior at Washington and Lee High in Arlington, Virginia. "Zen" has encountered former Dragon's Laura Leichter and Vilia Adaniya.

Zenaida, who will be moving to the Philippines this summer, finds that though America is beautiful, she really misses NHS. As she says, "I would give anything to be back there." Friends may write her: Washington & Lee High, 1300 No. Quincy St., Arlington, Virginia.

Karen's Korn

by Karen Iverson

Immigrant Irving Berlin, employed as a singing waiter in a Chinatown saloon, wrote his first song, "Marie From Sunny Italy." After that he worked in a cafe and wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band." He made further success with such melodies as "White Christmas," "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody," "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "God Bless America." From a singing waiter on the Bowery he progressed earning \$15,000,000 with his own show, "This Is the Army." One can truly say, "God Bless America."

A silly question asked by many people is, "How do you feel?" This question is most often posed when one passes an acquaintance. It is often used to remove the awkwardness of making the opening statements of a conversation. If a person appears like unpainted "papier mache," wrapped in bandages from head to foot, it is then plausible to ask that question. But when a person is actively searching for his car keys or polishing off a seven-course meal, such information is not necessary. His reply is most often "Fine" but now he is unsure. He worries about it until finally he has acquired some psycho-somatic disease. When someone asked eighty-year-old George Bernard Shaw this question he said, "At my age you either feel all right or you are dead."

Why is it that Italians have always received a "bad press"? Reports of bootleggers, mobsters, and gangsters have been flashed in headlines across front pages for years. In crime books, comics, magazines, television and movies the Italian has been stereotyped as a gangster. Despite the obvious truthlessness of this identification, the Italians have, as yet, done nothing to prevent this crime. They continue leisurely eating "good spaghetti, singing "O Sole Mio" and becoming leaders of Tammany Hall."

When Mr. Roebuck was being interviewed by a **New York Times** reporter, he replied to the question concerning his longevity this way: "Son, I sold out to Mr. Sears; Mr. Sears made ten million dollars and now he's dead. Mr. Sears sold out to Julius Rosenwald, who made three hundred million dollars and now he's dead. All I want you to tell your readers is that, on his ninetieth anniversary, Mr. Roebuck took his usual walk in Central Park."