

Sensu Snaps Wary Frosh!



With the expert help of Mr. Kenichi Shiba, Narimasu's student body was able to have photographs taken recently for publication in Sensu, school yearbook. Pictured is Pat Froude, freshman, outstarting the lens.

It Matters . . .

Here HE comes—that hideously cheerful soul who delights in reciting, "It matters not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

No statement, even those floating above the speaker's stand at election time, could be any further from the truth.

After a football game have you heard anyone ask, "Who played the better game?" Of course not. What they want to know is, Who Won? (Imagine a newspaper reading, "Yokohama Plays Better Game But Is Flayed 52-0".)

Naturally no one steams onto the gridiron of life purposefully to lose; however, there are some who, because of recurring setbacks, have lost the will to win. It is these to whom we give epigrammatic consolation in their misfortune.

If you do not think it matters, just ask anyone from Yamato.

What Price Muscles?

The gain from physical fitness tests? Probably little. It is silly to take a fitness flyer that will no more encourage one to be physically fit than a waltz record would aid a twist party.

Any sport one is interested enough in to follow—football, table tennis, swimming—will do more for one physically than huffing away over a three-day period to conclude fitness exercises.

It is a waste to take the exams in an hour, after six weeks of no demanded exercises and followed by a few months more of no mandatory exercise before the next muscle-thumping session.

Gained, then: knowledge of how to add and subtract push-ups scores and the location of seldom-used muscles.

But perhaps the answer is to continue one's program at home! 'Ask not what your muscular system can do for you...'

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Literary Dept.:

He Searches For A Fix!

The hour was late; the time well suited to the task before the shabbily-clad man. He cast a look about him through the gloom; the policeman on the other side of the street disappeared around the next corner. Night leaned emptily against him like a dead man's shoulder.

Chilled suddenly, his fingers searched the torn overcoat pocket—yes! It was still there, wrapped carefully in the one clean handkerchief he had left!

A shadowed doorway would serve to protect his shaking hands for the tiny operation. His eyes watered more, now; he felt an alarm bell sound within him and knew panic for a moment—he should have gotten this fixed back there in the warm subway station, but that crowd, and the curious eyes...

A gust of wind followed him into a deserted entry and grated dust in his eyes when it found there was room for only one. A blown newspaper slid in; it slapped at his leg as if to punish him for what he was about to do.

A final look about. He expertly flicked open the bundle, wiping a grimy hand against a dirty trouser leg. There it lay; the little tube, precious fluid, syringe, 20-gauge needle.

Now or never! He fitted the needle to the syringe, trying not to be messy with shaking, clumsy fingers. Next the needle

"I Love Him"

A man whose might
Holds my heart in his hands,
Guides me through storms in
any foreign land.
A thought away am I from
him;
Alas, a temple I worship
therein.
Each word he speaks lasts
through time,
Fortunate am I there can be
no other;
Only a few know he is my
brother.

by Shirley Keomalu

to the fluid in the little vial... a sob escaped his parted lips as the plunger slipped down—and it was done! His fountain pen cartridge was again filled with ink for night class at the school around the corner.

Beetle Is Toy

The Japanese beetle causes destruction. However bothersome, it has been a toy for Japanese children for centuries. You have not likely seen city children playing with beetles, but in the country it is ordinary.

Japanese children tie a string around the beetle's neck; holding the opposite end, one throws the beetle into the air. The insect will fly around on the string, executing aerobatics.

DR Exposes Joneses?

On September 23, 1779, John Paul Jones defeated the British warship *Serapis*, aided by a decrepit bathtub called the *Bonhomme Richard* generously French-donated, thereby slighting Pierre's Junk Yard. The French claimed she was seaworthy; if she was all right for William the Conqueror, then she was all right for John Paul.

England at this time was mistress of the seas giving one an idea of what went on aboard ship. When J. P. sighted the "Serapis" off England's coast, he issued his famous order, "Darn the torpedoes (this story is designed for family reading), full speed ahead." This statement is confusing, for torpedoes were not invented until 1866. However, when a war hero or famous statesman utters a line popular among the masses, it is considered unpatriotic to question its logic.

The two ships lay hove to; the battle commenced. Marine sharpshooters were stationed in *Bon-*

homme Richard's crow's nest, thus originating the saying, "The Marines have landed..." After several hours of combat the American ship was severely damaged, her mizzen-topmast mainsail staysail shredded; her foreroyal hanging over her fore-skysail, and you should have seen her flying jib! The commander of the British vessel asked whether the Americans surrendered. Jones, who had probably been reading *Bartlett's Quotations* that day, replied, "I have not yet begun to fight." An American sailor griped he had better hurry up, for they were already knee-deep in the Atlantic.

The battle waged on and became very taxing. Finally, the British surrendered and the joyful Americans scurried onto the "Serapis" as the "Bonhomme Richard" became a submarine.

Although historians have written much about this famous battle, one point remains to be settled. Were John Jaul and Davy Jones really brothers?