

# Frazier, Penny Report War From Fort Lewis Sector

(Following is the first of a series of articles written in feature style by our resident correspondents, who describe the pressing morale question on the far-flung Fort Lewis front, where an unrevealed number of American boys are grimly holding their lines against repeated onslaughts by sergeants, corporals, et al, who bring spuds, toilets, floors, etc., to be peeled, cleaned, and mopped. The second article will appear as soon as proper censorship authorities release it.)

**SOMEWHERE AT THE FORT LEWIS RECEPTION CENTER, Oct. 27 (Navy Day)**—(Spazzil)—Morale of two of Uncle Sammie's boys in this war-torn sector was boosted today after they received letters from a group of old college chums, still in civilian territory.

Asked to comment, the two said, "Fine."

One of the boys, both of whom have wimmin friends, recently promised to plight his troth to the old-gal friend in our neighbor-to-the-north. He is Herbert L. Penny, ASN 39312376, 21-year-old son of a couple of parents, and former assistant managing editor of the Oregon Daily Emerald, University sheet.

The other, Private Robert B. Frazier, ASN 39317676, is happily married, and his wife has a darling baby panda. His spirits were high the day this correspondent called on the two because the ball-and-chain had visited him only the weekend before.

He reported that, upon seeing him in military attire, his wife said "Hello, soldier . . . You wouldn't know my old man, would you?"

She did not recognize him in his new monkey suit, he explained.

Greatest boost to the morale of the armed forces at large is mail, both exclaimed exultantly, and "We just adore letters."

After a hard day at the front, dodging bombs and exchanging ball for ball, soldiers enjoy coming back to their fox-holes to read letters from chums.

But army life is not wholly without humor, Frazier revealed, telling of a roll-call a few mornings ago, when the sergeant, disgusted by the almost unpronounceable names of some of the recruits, exclaimed, "Jesus Christ," a recruit with a sense of humor answered, "Here." The recruit was fed to the Italians.

After a grueling gory, soul-tiring stretch as all-army yardbird Private Penny was assigned to the unit Monday of this week. He now holds the rank of "Buck Private," and officers and non-coms will be expected to address him as such.

Private Frazier is still in the initial stage which Private Penny underwent. He has been in this sector only three weeks plus a little, however. He told this correspondent that his hopes of permanent assignment before the end of the war were dim. "But they ain't daid, yet, by grad!"

Primary horror of the Reception Center section of the front

is the barracks bag, whose name isn't "Mazie," as some have been led to believe.

(Ed. note: Mazie is not allowed in the barracks under new army regulations.)

The barracks bag is a contraption, previously unknown to modern man, which was brought to the present-day world by Alley Oop when he returned from Moo, shortly before the war. It has taken the nation by storm since October 15, 1940, until nearly every American now keeps one full of his dearest possessions. Its popularity is rivaled only by the new fall colors of khaki on a background of khaki, with a delicate border of khaki.

This situation does the morale no good, they agreed, but the officers don't.

Attention of the commanding general has been called to the promised arrival of Bob Edwards, prominent University shack-rat. Said the general, "Harrumph."

Sources close to intelligence officers, hinted early today that the high command was planning an all-out assault on the camp beer-hall as soon as Edwards arrive (?).

In the meantime official information was released concerning a reception committee and band to meet Private Edwards.

Plans for a similar reception for Civilian Flatberg were shrouded in the deepest army secrecy and the gaudiest red-tape. Details will be available after G-2 learns the induction date.

Another great morale-lifter, according to both privates, is the flood of Emeralds which Frazier's wife sends them from her home in Portland. They announced they might subscribe (\$\$\$\$\$) to the rag after addresses were permanent and pay received. But they refused to promise nothin.

The Emerald, they told your reporter, is really a good rag, if you like rags. Only they wish they could help, they sobbed. "Sniph," they said.

It was a pitiful sight to see two strong, healthy American soldiers break down and sob like babies after a hard day at the front where they beat hell out of the Japs, the Germans, the Italians, the sergeant's patience, and so forth. But their tears were not tears of tiredness; they were tears of longing for the shack and the press and the resultant low grades and all that and all that.

Their eagerness for news from home was almost pathetic. They asked reporters to carry their regards and all that to Ray, bj, Steve, Frank, Stan, G. Dunc, Ted (has-been) Bush, J. J. Mathews (whose column is good but it ain't like Jam, more's the pity), Jack Billings, Bud Churchill, Edith Newton, Bob Edwards, Penny 5c, Marjorie Young, Betsy Betsy Wootton, Lil Viv H., and dozens of others who apparently didn't attend the party. Tex & Margie, Nels & Corrine, Milly W., Mary W. and absolutely thousands of others. They refused to list more names, because they knew they'd forget somebody and they'd go off in a huff.

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## 'Panic Prevention Rules'

OCD Director James M. Landis has offered the following seven rules for prevention of panic at football games and other large outdoor gatherings; together with the suggestion that guards, police and ushers at these assemblies become familiar with them. The rules are:

1. Keep the people interested by continuing the event which caused them initially to assemble.
2. Start the people singing if necessary.
3. Do not attempt to start to disperse the assemblage, or even make an effort to have a portion of the crowd seek shelter—such an attempt would possibly create panic.
4. Use the public address system to keep people interested; to keep them seated; and to advise them that their best chance is to remain quiet and resolute.
5. If it is a night event (night assemblies are banned in the restricted lighting area of Oregon) lights should be turned out. This is another reason for not permitting the assemblage to disperse.
6. Train ushers to act as wardens for the structure, capable of dealing promptly and effectively with any person who becomes hysterical.
7. Request physicians and nurses in the crowd to report to a central point where first aid might be administered if necessary.

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to supplement letters to the ex-Oregon students now in the service. They'll appreciate it.



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