

May Be True That Dead Men Tell no Tales; But Here's GI Undertaker Who Tells All

By Cpl. John J. Gubelman

"It's the artist in me," says Pfc. Julius Leighty, QM, SCU 1911, when he's asked how come he prefers undertaking and embalming as a way of making a living. He likes it all right, because for 14 years he's been plying his trade in and around Kansas City and Tepoka. The thing that keeps Leighty fascinated is that every case (the professional's polite term for corpse) presents an entirely different problem. Leighty regards his work as a constant and stimulating challenge to his ingenuity. When he does well on an average case, he gathers compliments. When he manages to make an accident case look well, people marvel. All this gets around of course and is excellent, indeed, for business. Another pleasant fact about his trade: "The customer never complains," chuckles Leighty.

Undertaking has its drawbacks, Leighty admits. For one thing a man's time is never his own; it's a 24-hour-a-day job. "Of course, mostly you just wait; it isn't so bad." But every time Leighty washes up to go out of an evening, he maps his time carefully, leaving forwarding addresses and telephone numbers. "Most of them pick between midnight and three A. M., he says—reasonably, not complaining. Apparently this is because the human body is then at a natural low ebb. Every New Year's eve for the past 13 years, except one, Leighty has been called out on a case. In 14 years he has had only 10 days vacation.

Now Flowers for Baby

There are other disadvantages, too. Leighty never sends a girl flowers. The possibility that the flowers—well, it's just too much for the average feminine imagination. No never visits anyone that's sick, no matter how good a friend. For even so Leighty's presence tends to disturb—who knows, it might be an official visit. When Leighty moved from Kansas to Tepoka, he stopped telling his young lady friends what his job was. It was always the same—he would be dancing with some fair cutie; she would snuggle up in a complete cheek-to-cheek. "What do you do?" she'd ask, sweetly—and the mood and the evening were lost forever.

Leighty as an artist is a perfectionist. He strives to make his "cases" as handsome—but as life-like as possible. Thus he gives haircuts, baths, shampoos, shaves—uses cosmetics, even curls feminine hair. When a "case" has never been particularly fastidious in his own personal care, it is a proud but not unusual moment when a friend or relative comments in surprise: "Why, he looks better now than when he was alive." Leighty at funerals wears an attentive and properly gloved expression. But actually he hears little that goes on, for like all the profession, he trains himself not to listen. "After all sometimes I used to go to nine in a day." Occasionally an old lady will approach Leighty. "What a fine ceremony," she will say with restrained enthusiasm. "Madam, one of the finest I've ever heard," he agrees gravely. And then he moves calmly but surely away before specific details reveal his ignorance of what was said. As for the professional's professionally unhappy look. "If the undertaker is really sad, it's because there's no money in the particular funeral," says Leighty.

Beautiful—and a Joy Forever

The average funeral comes to about \$375, exclusive of limousine. Cost depending mostly on the casket. Most expensive casket Leighty

ever sold came to \$2500. Most expensive he ever saw, cost the buyers \$15,000. This coffin of coffins was built of solid copper, and lined with the most luxurious plush and satin. So heavy was it that it took 12 men to carry it empty. The establishment that made the sale featured the casket in their sales-room. Protected by plush ropes like a Rembrandt, bathed in soft reflected light, centered in a large ankle-deep carpet—"it looked like a little mansion," says Leighty, impressed to the point of awe by the very memory of its beauty. The satin that lines the coffin governs funeral costs a great deal, depending on the quality used. Once Leighty considered having a magnificent pair of pajamas made from the best quality—Skinner's satin lining for coffins. The price figured out to \$18 for the satin alone, wholesale at that. Leighty decided to do without. But a coffin salesman friend of his, wishing to make his wife a particularly fine present, had a party dress made up for her out of the satin. "The material cost \$30 wholesale—that show's you what fine stuff it was," Leighty says.

Busy Before Breakfast

Leighty has handled every kind of case during his 14 years at the trade. Once upon a time he was called out on the case of a man who got himself in the way of a train. "I was picking up pieces for a half mile. And I got everything but one arm; never could find that. No, I didn't look too hard. It was too early in the morning and I was too hungry, hadn't had my breakfast yet." Then there was the time that a worker fell 200 feet from a smokestack. Every bone in the body was broken. And the colored boy who managed to hold on, although he was working next to the man who fell, couldn't speak for 30 months. Once a grim fellow downed carboic acid and lured conveniently to Leighty's parlor to die. Leighty rushed him to the hospital—lived to curse out Leighty roundly for saving his life. "But I was probably lucky at that," says Leighty. "I found out later that this guy's wife died two years before and he had never paid the funeral bill. He must have picked me for the next sucker."

Leftovers

Miscellaneous facts from Leighty's treasure-store of civilian memories. Contrary to popular folklore, the hair and fingernails do not grow after death; the skin recedes and shrivels. The people who "carry on" the most at funerals make the quickest recoveries. No longer can anyone be so low as to steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes; cotton or paper is now used to keep the lids down. Bodies sometimes last only six weeks, sometimes years. Leighty was present at the disinterment of a woman who had been in the grave for 19 years. She looked alive. Her clothes were perfectly preserved. Her hair still retained its natural wave.

"Sure, I'll be back at the same job after the war," says Leighty. Business depressions don't mean a thing in my line."

YOKUM HOKUM
From the
337 QM. Depot Co.
by
Pvt. David Rosenfeld

The following appointments and ratings are announced effective February 1, 1943.

To be Staff Sergeant: Tech 5th Gr Paul E. Nagel.

To be Sergeant: Cpl. Alfred J. N. Dinger.

To be Technician 4th Grade: Cpl. Wilmer C. Stolpe, Tech 5th Gr Edward L. Arterburn, Tech 5th Gr Ervin C. Quist, Cpl. Fred J. Miller.

To be Corporal: Tech 5th Gr John R. Karnap, Tech 5th Gr Lalo A. Cordova, Tech 5th Gr Frank Templeton.

To be Technician 5th Grade: Pfc

Insurance
AUTO ACCIDENT
FIRE LIFE
BURGLARY
and all others
Reliable Stock Companies
Elmer Patrick
INSURANCE & BONDS
Elks Bldg. Phone 142
Corvallis, Oregon

HOGG BROS.
for
Quality Furniture
and Appliances
At Moderate Prices
Terms
260 State St. - - - - Salem

Theodore, The Timber Wolf



Aaron B. Collins, Pfc William L. Vick, Pfc Hill M. Welton.

To be Privates First Class: Pvt Kenneth R. Anderson, Pvt Manale B. Lamp, Pvt Raymond L. Blevins, Pvt William M. Maroney, Pvt David R. Rosenfeld.

Some of the boys are inclined to disbelieve Corporal Irving Berger's denial that he tripped the light fantastic (married) while on furlough. He looked too happy and contented on his arrival back to camp. At any rate his stay at home seemed to have made a much happier man of him. She is the girl that sends the "Green Envelopes."

Making the rounds the other evening, the O.D. came upon Pvt. Steiner on guard duty. The O.D. asked Pvt. Steiner, "What is General Order No. 6?"

"Don't know," replies Pvt. Steiner.

The O.D. tries again, "What is General Order No. 4?"

"H—, I don't know," he answered.

"What did the Corporal of the Guard tell you?" asked the O.D.

"He said, 'Watch out for the O.D. He's a sour puss.'"

Poet Corner

Our Mess Sergeant has little hair
From worrying, no doubt,
Let's all chip in—buy him a wig
Then watch him pull what's left
all out.

Be brave little man, don't you cry,
You'll get a furlough by and by—
The war can't last forever.

We certainly got a thrill when we tuned in over the radio the past week and heard the name of our distinguished Officer, Lt. Norris announced as a judge in a recently conducted quiz. Talk about celebrities, yes sir, we have them.

We regret, though it's not our fault, that two members of our Company who qualified as "Sharpshooters" were omitted from the list in last week's column. Those honored were Pvt. Clyde Boze and Pfc Walter R. Cochran.

FLASH!! Just as your's truly predicted, Miss Jeanne Cohen, of Portland, Oregon, has announced her engagement to Staff Sergeant Sol Seeman of Brooklyn, New York. Congratulations and best wishes. Probably his buddy, Staff Sergeant A. Schwartz, in his loneliness, will be the next to take the fatal step.

Last Tuesday, January 27, an announcement was a forthcoming from our Commanding Officer, Captain R. O. Campbell, during noon mess. A silence fell over the entire Company, and there was not a question of a doubt that if a tornado had struck the Mess Hall at that time, it would have left no deeper wounds; when he informed us that he was to be relieved of his command of the Company and was being transferred to Ft. Lewis, Washington. Our association with Captain Campbell has certainly a most pleasant one and we fully realize that his leaving us at this time will surely be felt throughout the entire Company. We are confident that our loss will be another Company's gain.

We take this means of expressing our gratitude for all that Captain Campbell has accomplished for us in making this Depot Company one of the best outfits on the West Coast.

Good luck to you, Captain R. O. Campbell. With the Lord's blessing, we sincerely wish you God-Speed and success in your new venture.

We take this opportunity to welcome our new Company Commander, Captain L. A. Bentley, to the 337th QM Dtpot Co. There is no doubt, whatsoever, that he will

Military Affairs Body Shown Combat Tactics

(Continued From Page 1)

Wells, Mrs. Stella A. Cutlip, C. L. Lieuallan, Walter J. Gearin, Mrs. Anna M. Ellis, John Hall, Stanhope S. Pier, Fred Perry, John Snellstrom; Col Elmer E. Wooten, Mrs. Lee Patterson, Mrs. W. H. Steiwer, Mrs. Wm. M. McAllister, Mrs. C. L. Lieuallan, Miss Kathryn Gouley, Mrs. F. H. Dammach, Kenneth Martin, Mrs. Keith Hall, Miss Maxine Kent, Capt. Fred Brunner, Mrs. Kaye Meyers.

All guests were given luncheon at the various officers' mess halls at the conclusion of the tour.

Camp Readies to Cope With Nasty Gremlins

(Continued From Page 1)

soldier, he still pursues his former career during his spare hours.

"Are there any gremlins here?" we asked him.

"Heh heh, don't mek me leff!" replied Dr. McPheep. "Of course there are gremlins here. They is ebbewhere. Why, only last night—"

"Just what kinds are common hereabouts?" we said, interrupting him.

"Wal," said the learned man, "I have found that there are three disgremlins in and around Camp Cooke." And as we eagerly leaned forward in order to not miss a word he said, he continued:

Three Varieties Around

"There are three varieties of gremlins in and around Camp Cooke. They are: The giant splay-footed gremlins, the tooter-lipped type and the common garden variety, the bubble-puss gray."

"The giant spray-footed, Spleyoficus Verbatima, is the true Armored Force gremlin, rarely being found outside an armored encampment. Its peculiar build and habits fit it nicely for the type of work necessary among tanks, half-tracks, peeps and other vehicles.

Firstly, it has huge splayed feet. With these, one of its favorite tricks is to precede a motorized column, and by running back and forth in front of it, stir up dense clouds of dust, which of course delights the drivers of the vehicles no end.

Many times the playful little devil will scoop up a foot-ful of dust and, jumping nimbly upon a vehicle, throw it square in the face of the unsuspecting driver. One striking fact about this gremlin is that TBA allows it 1 each shovel, w/handle and 1 each pick-mattox w/handle.

Bedevel Soldiers

With these fiendish instruments of torture, they manage to bedevil soldiers in an infinite number of ways: they dig deep holes for unsuspecting peep drivers to smash into; they excavate pits for marching troops to step off into; they throw sand under and around wheeled vehicles so that they become stuck, though the shovel handle—just as he is passing the regimental commander and preparing to render a smart salute. They use the sharp point of their pick-mattox to puncture tires and to jab holes in gas tanks and to accomplish many other sly little peccadilloes.

"Then there is the tooter-lip, Cacophonibus Screechibo, that is familiar to all radio operators. They dearly love to jump into an FM set and disturb its mysterious inner workings, make horrible screeching noises come out of the headphones and jumble code until it can never be deciphered.

Garble Phone Calls

Great numbers of them can be seen perched on telephone lines carrying on outlandish conversations with innocent persons at one end or another. One of their favorite gags is to make "fie-eev" sound like "nie-yen," consequently playing hob with dates made by soldiers and their honeys. The tooter-lip also has an extremely nasty habit of appearing out on the parade ground, and at a crucial moment (just after the company commander orders "Eye-ees right!)" he screams out, "Th'-rearp, Hotch!"

"Now, the bubble-puss gray, Thanetue Ildnoees, is the most common species found in this section. Scads of them live in the barracks with the men and spend all their time thinking up ways and means of heckling Uncle Sam's nephews. They love to sprawl out on a newly-made bunk one minute before inspection. They take a soldier's equipment and misplace it, putting his pistol belt and canteen down in the bottom of his barracks bag, taking his shelter half from its usual place and stuffing it between his bed and mattress. They set up a man's candy and cookies sent from home and carefully hoarded against the maraudings of other soldiers.

Are Forgers Too

They like to open a soldier's mail before he gets it and with as neat a bit of forgery as you ever saw,

sometimes writes some of the most disturbing things between the lines like—"I went out with one of the cutest boys you ever saw the other night. He took me dancing, dining and then we went out to the Purple Parrot—"

Occasionally these gremlins wander over to the orderly room just to poke around a little. They mess up the files and cunningly jumble up the names on the KP roster and whisper tantalizing suggestions into the first sergeant's ear. And then sometimes they slip up to one while he is typing and hit the wrong keys and xqx (get out of here, you little rascals!)—and do many, many other things of a like nature.

"Ah, they're great little creatures, though. At times we may find them a little bothersome but after all, what would life be without its little ups and downs?" (CRASH! BANG!)

Now, who the hell pulled this chair right out from under me?

Ada Leonard Troupe Here for 3-Day Show

(Continued From Page 1)

was featured in the Broadway show "Too Many Girls."

Lynn Russell and Marion Farrar—comedy song satirists, whose numbers were written by Eddie Davis, who is Eddie Cantor's writer. One is a beautiful blond, one a ravishing red-head. If it matters enough, the advance script declares their costumes are lovely.

Elinor Sherry—singer, who comes to the circuit direct from the Roosevelt hotel in New Orleans. A distinct personality girl.

Red Cross Tells Saga of Growth

(Continued From Page 1)

in months of 1942, \$6311 was repaid. Only \$135 had been written off as uncollectable—and this was due to changes in circumstances of the men, not because of unwillingness to pay.

Important among other services rendered, more than 1400 knitted garments (mostly sweaters) were issued through commanding officers, to soldiers whose work demanded exposure to inclement weather. The garments were knitted by Red Cross volunteers and sent to the Field Director for distribution.

Poor Soldier Must Pay; Income Tax Dope Here

(Continued From Page 1)

come tax; a staff sergeant, \$63; technical sergeant, \$97; master sergeant, \$149.

But Not Officers

The \$250 deduction is not allowed for commissioned officers, therefore their income tax is proportionately higher. A second lieutenant will pay approximately \$214 income tax; a first lieutenant,

We Tailor Officers' Uniforms . . .
ARMY Portland, Oregon
Rolla Gray 515 PARK ST. Clothes



Your Portrait In Uniform—
-o-
Have it made RIGHT HERE on the POST
The Ball Studio
PX No. 1 Main Bus Terminal

\$249; a captain, \$318.

The return must be filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue for the district in which the taxpayer maintains legal residence.

The legal residence is usually not the soldier's Army post but where he lived before he entered the Army.

Tax may be paid in full March 15, or in quarterly installments on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

Owners of War Bonds, in making an income tax report, can either report the increment in value when received, or treat as income in each year the amount by which their bonds increased in redemption value. For the average soldier, the former course is not only cheaper in the long run but much easier to figure.

WANTED OFFICE MACHINE REPAIRS
By holder of Federal and State Repair Contracts.
Complete Service at
ENGELSTAD'S
New location—414 Madison
PHONE 240

FARMERS AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE
Symbol of Superior Service
W. Guy Parker
District Mgr. Phone 1142
215 Monroe St., Corvallis, Ore.

Flowers By Wire
Across The Country in a Flash
The Perfect VALENTINE

But—Please order NOW. If you place your order early, the florist will save out what you order. Delay may make substitution necessary.

Delivery is guaranteed only on orders placed early.

We have a beautiful assortment of cut flowers and plants for your "Valentine" in Corvallis.

RUSSELL'S FLOWER SHOP
Next to Hotel Benton, Corvallis

Important Notice To Service Men, Camp Adair

Beginning Saturday, Southern Pacific Railroad Company will operate one special train for service men Camp Adair to Portland, handling Portland passengers only, leaving Camp Adair 1:30 P.M.

Round trip, \$2.00 — good on special train only. Tickets available at Main Bus Terminal and at Wellsdale station.

Oregon Motor Stages, for lack of equipment and inability to secure adequate equipment cannot render adequate transportation service to service men in Camp Adair, especially the Portland traffic, and we earnestly solicit and urge all service men desiring to visit Portland over the week-ends avail themselves of the service to be rendered by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and endeavor to arrange for their passes or furloughs sufficiently in advance to make use of this special train service.

Your cooperation to this extent will enable Oregon Motor Stages to render more complete and greater frequency of service between Camp Adair, Albany, Corvallis and Salem.

For the return of service men to Camp Adair, this special train will leave Portland on Sundays, at 7:30 P. M.

Shuttle busses will operate on Saturdays between hours of 12 Noon and 1:30 P.M. serving SP Railroad Depot. South-end shuttle bus will operate in reverse direction during these hours.

Your cooperation in this matter is greatly appreciated.

OREGON MOTOR STAGES