

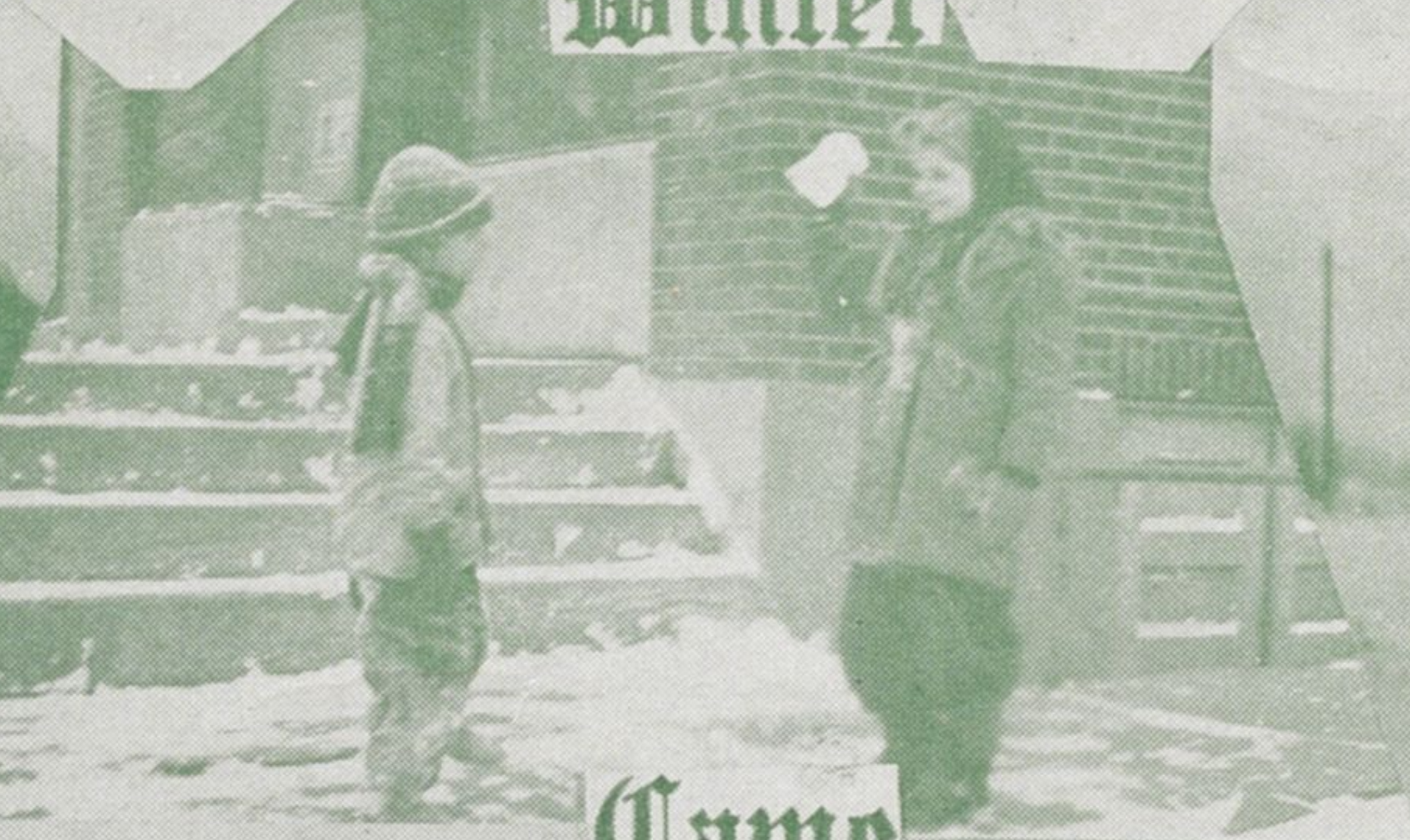




And



Winter



Came





**COPLAY**  
**ECHOES**

**Volume 1**  
**Number 7**

*The Community of Coplay*

**March 1944**

## "COPLAY ECHOES"

Community Publication for the Men and Women in the Service

P. O. S. of A. Building  
COPLAY, PA.

To  
The Readers of Coplay Echoes  
where ever they may be.

In this critical period still confronting us, we find the people of our Borough loyally and zealously supporting war efforts designed to ensure ultimate Victory and lasting Peace.

To hasten the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore" it is necessary that each and every individual on the home-front give unstintingly of his or her time and effort.

We must be ever mindful of the fact that if through united action we can shorten the period of war by a single minute, thousands of lives on the lines of battle would be spared. It is therefore our duty to assume the cares and responsibilities, when allotted to us, through the various agencies, so that this horrible monster called "war" may be speedily exterminated.

It was this solidarity the leaders on our staff hoped for at the birth of Coplay Echoes and with few exceptions it has been maintained.

When you of the Armed Forces of Our Country march home Victoriously, those loyal and unfaltering workers, supporters and subscribers of Coplay Echoes will enjoy an added thrill because of their unselfish effort in your behalf. May it not be said of any of us that indifference prompted the curtailment of our publication.

I BESPEAK, FOR COPLAY ECHOES, CONTINUITY FOR THE DURATION.

God grant that Victory and Peace may soon prevail so that men of good-will may once again dwell together in tolerance, in mutual understanding and in loving kindness.

Sincerely yours,

*Ray C. Long Sr.*

Ray. C. Long Sr.

President of the  
Coplay Booster Club.



Although you may receive this in the balmy sunshine of early March, the keen blasts of Old Man Winter are hitting the home town — As we leave the “Echoes” office and buck the head winds of Hall alley we catch a fleeting glimpse of *Sgt. Louis Battenfield* home on a fifteen day furlough — “*Eddie*” *Piervallo*, out in the blinding snow with his camera under an arm as he pulls daughter “*Connie*” on a sled—He’s been taking some shots, some of which will appear in the current issue—*Eddie* tells us he is planning to sneak some pictures of *Coplay Mothers* hanging up Monday wash one of these days—so beware—Next *Bill “Bronx” Sacks*, a senior at *Coplay High*, goes by. He is sporting those silver wings which mark him as an Air Corps Reserve Student—he expects to leave in July—and there’s *Eddie Sacks* rushing off on a paint job down town—and now we get a big hello and a cheery smile from “*Ruthie*” *Masenheimer*, who recently took a series of exams for the Nurse Corp. The results are not yet known but more power to you “*Maisie*”—*Rev. Keen* drives by and we silently wonder how his new son is coming along. Coming up past *the Saengerbund*, we hear the thundering of ten pins crashing to the floor and the joyous voice of a bowler shouting gleefully, “Strike.” So we take it for granted that things are going pretty smoothly. We spy *Alfred Lohr* heaving huge shovelfuls of snow half way across Fifth Street—and bump into *Gloria Wiessner*, who bounds out of her home in anticipation of a “jive” evening at the *Saengerbund*. There’s *Bill Mond-*

*schein* home for a fourteen day furlough and he tells us about his flight in a B-26 bomber, which reminds us that we are going to lose another member of our staff—she is *Rose Mondschein*, who recently joined the W.A.V.E.S.. She expects to be called sometime this month. We pass *Charlie Lamm*, who just tossed away another package of “Tub” chewing tobacco. A light in the *Krantz* home reminds us that *Mr. Frank Krantz* is rapidly recuperating from a serious illness. Across the street, we notice *Pat Revitti* who also expects to be called out of school into the service. As we sight *St. Peter’s Catholic Church* we remember that the season of Lent is upon us. *Father Francis P. Adams*, now a chaplain in the United States Navy, tells us that the Navy is swell. Across the street we run into our staff cartoonist “*Ifky*,” he is another high school senior that is sporting those silver wings of the Air Corps Reserve. Like *Bill Sacks*, he too expects to leave in July. There’s *Stevie Deutsch*, who was recently accepted for the Army. We recall his having a pretty serious ac-

(Continued on page twenty-one)

## SOUND AND FURY . . .



Hiya Gang:

Just made up my mind to write you a letter and it was brought about by an article that appeared in November's issue of "Echoes." Incidentally that's a hell of a good little magazine, that is those that I got so far. I've gotten but two issues, September and November, where in the heck is October? I sure would like to see it. But to go back to what I started to say, in November's issue you printed a poem sent to you by Lt. Charles H. Rogers, supposedly to have been written by S/Sgt. Clifford Wilhams. I'd say it was rank plagiarism as that poem was written by Cpl. William Ethredge, a boy from California, who was in my outfit. He's been discharged since due to injuries received on the "canal." But that's what gripes me, some are taking credit for something that someone else did, sounds almost like a Marine. You see, I was there when that poem was written, its changed just a mite as it appears in "Echoes." I'm sending you a copy of the original, and I've got the whole 35th Infantry to back me up as to who wrote it. Way back last year sometime in January, the date I've forgotten, it was during an air raid when "Bill" started

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to muse and that was the result. So, will you tell "Rogers" that if he should run into the Sgt. again to tell him about who wrote the poem?

That's that for the poem, but he sure burned me up.

How are things in Coplay? Me, I'm fine, having a wonderful time, wish you were here with me. It's really swell, oh, I forgot to tell you, I'm in a rest camp. Yipe, and women too!!

That's all for now, so, keep 'em getting those mags out, I sure like it.

Just

Mooney Mills.

George, here it is as it was written the first time.

### ***This Could Happen to Anyone***

Somewhere in the South Sea Islands,  
Where the Sun is like a curse—  
And each long day is followed,  
By another, slightly worse—

Where the coral dust's blown thicker,  
Than the desert's shifting sand—  
And the white man dreams of a finer,  
And a slightly cooler land—

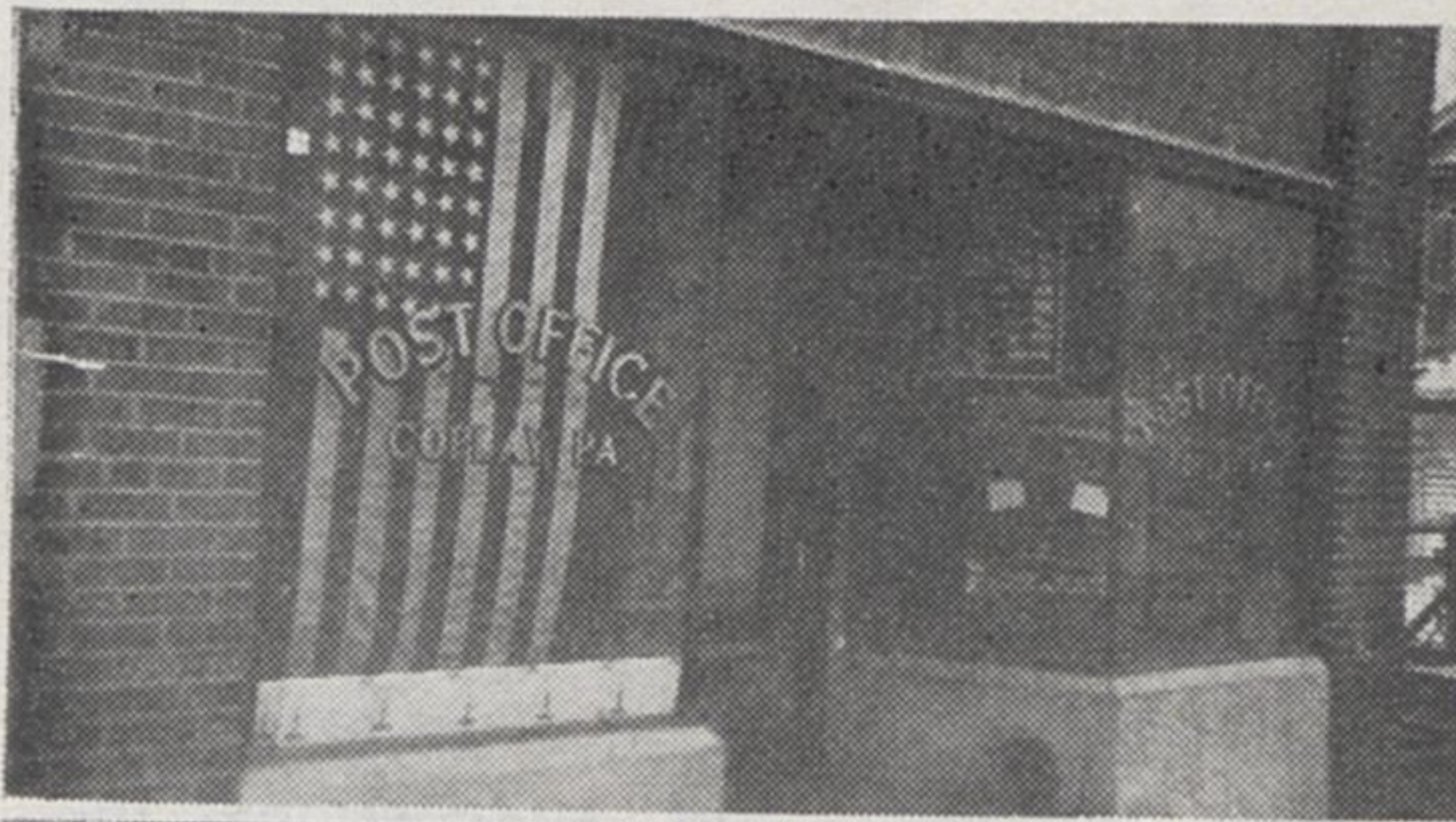
Somewhere in the South Pacific,  
Where a woman's never seen,  
Where the skies are never cloudy,  
And the jungles are always green.

And where "Maytag Charlie" nightly  
Robs a man of blessed sleep,  
And where there's no beer or whiskey  
To sooth this cursed heat.

Somewhere in the blue Pacific,  
Where the mail is always late,  
And even last years magazines,  
Are considered up to date.

Somewhere 'neath the Southern Cross,  
The gooney's moan and cry,  
And malaria mosquitoes bite,  
And wait for us to die.

Oh take me back to 'Frisco,  
The place I love so well,  
For this God forsaken Island,  
IS TOO DAMNED CLOSE TO HELL.



"Mail Call" — ah that's the phrase that every boy and girl in the Services waits for. It means some re-assuring thought from home or some bit of news that the fellows were waiting for. "The mail must go through," has long been an idle phrase to many. You boys now realize the value of a postal service. Today with many loved ones away, people are taking to letter writing. Letter writing has just recently been "discovered." I mean that! It's a new department for many, especially high school students. Very often many fellows themselves never touched a pen outside of classes. Today that is not the case, people receive letters, post them, get an answer and write another answer. So goes this fascinating circle. It means contentment for people, and with our rapid postal service it is almost as though you were actually conversing with that person you miss so much.

Yes, it makes us happy to get a letter. It is like a refreshing talk with a friend, but did you ever stop to think of the "middle men"? After all, who gets the mail, sorts it, and starts it on its way to you? Copley has an efficient postal system. Surely the pictures on this page bring back many happy memories for all. All the towns-

**Neither rain  
nor storm  
nor sleet  
nor snow  
- - - shall  
keep them . . .  
from their  
appointed rounds.**

men remember Harry Rinker. He's the fellow that sees that all our mail starts on the primary leg of its journey to you. Harry always has a good load when returning from the station. In the picture you see part of the mail the "ECHOES" receives. Multiply that by millions and you have some idea of what the postmen of America have to go through every day. There's a picture of the old Post Office. Ha, you remember that place, of course you do. That's the place where you used to post those letters to your first "heart-throb," or where you would send away two box tops and a dime for some prize.

Behind the wicket in the Post Office stands Bill Walker or Allan Shoemaker, always ready to start some letter on its way. They have a new war time job, and it is quite a big one at that. These "servants of the public" are now selling War Bonds and Stamps. They are really doing a landslide business on both. Like everything else, postmen are being called off to the war. Although many may not think this, a postman is a skilled person in his profession. Not everyone possesses his abilities and it takes a long time to train a person to fill some postman's shoes. Carolina Meyle is doing a splendid job helping on rushed days and on Saturdays. Your letters pass through hundreds of hands, and it helps a lot if you have the correct address. It is of great inconvenience to have to return a letter because of a wrong address. Let us urge you townsmen to issue the correct address of your son or daughter in the service, to the Copley "Echoes." It will mean time and work saved, and you know how ardently that loved one waits for this small publication of ours.

And for the Postmen — keep 'em busy.



### **We Appreciate . . .**

These comely young ladies, Helen Taniser (left), and Grace G. Silfies have been connected with our publication since its inception. Their faithful efforts were a prime factor in making *Coplay Echoes* the success it has been. We deeply regret that other activities and interests have forced them to relinquish their ties with "Echoes." All are confident however that they must feel that their efforts for and in behalf of our magazine have received fair recompense in the words of gratitude and appreciation contained in letters from our boys and girls scattered all over the globe.

### **We're Right Behind You**

During this month Coplay again will be given an opportunity to show how much and to what extent it is behind its sons and daughters in the service when the Annual Red Cross Roll Call is made. William T. Shetlock is president of the local chapter and Rev. R. J. Keen is Chairman of the drive. We are quite confident that the workers will be met with an open heart and a generous hand.

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## **PLEASE DON'T!**

This office recently received an anonymous letter, written no doubt in good faith by a person from town. Why his or her name was not signed is more than we can fathom. "Echoes" has received several letters containing constructive criticism in the past, but signed by the person who wished to call something to our attention. The thoughts and suggestions included in these missives were thoroughly gone over and steps were taken to either remedy whatever was criticized or action consummated, in a direction that the staff felt was best for our publication:

We are indeed sorry that someone had to go and write a letter of this type. Our publication was brought into being, because we wanted to do something for our boys fighting Nazism and Fascism, and every type of sneak underground methods of doing things. American methods are traditionally open and above board, "Coplay Echoes" is conducted that way. We have no hard and fast rules or policies, no one with constructive criticism, written or oral has been ignored. Our paper is democratic to the degree, that the boys with titles on it are just as much obliged to do detail and humdrum tasks, as are those whose names are lost in the crowd of names, designating the sector workers.

We frankly do not like unsigned letters. They're not American. They're not worth considering. Mind you, criticism just for the sake of criticizing will meet with some good stiff arguments. We do not promise you that we'll accept any suggestions you make. We promise only this—we'll show you the courtesy of a *signed* letter or we'll speak to you personally about it.

So please *sign your name* — the soldiers and sailors do — why can't you?





## V Echoes From The Front ...-



New Guinea.

Dear Editor:

The September, October, and November issues of "Echoes" have reached me. Every issue increases my sincere admiration of the publication and the efforts of you people behind it. It is an outstanding community effort. It is the first mouthpiece Coplay has developed—may it long endure!

The journalism of the magazine is really "grown up." Although it is built around the home town, your field is not limited. Fellow officers have read my issues with interest—even though they know nothing of Coplay. The form and layout of "Echoes" is mature, too. I have seen few community papers for servicemen, and none of them compare to a patch of "Echoes." This is not flattery—but sincere appraisal and praise. Other towns and cities could well follow the example of our "hometown" and use "Echoes" as a model. Every one of the staff and supporters is to be congratulated.

As you know, New Guinea is now my "home." It is a rather beautiful place of rugged hills and mountains and deep valleys. The heat is ever with us, but every now and then, there are a few days of cooler weather for respite. "Cooler weather" is somewhat like July at home. For the second time, I have spent Christmas in a climate resembling Fourth-of-July-weather back home. Christmas afternoon I had a very enjoyable swim in the warm waters of the bay. But, gladly, would I trade this for snow on the hills of Pennsylvania.

Work continues to be interesting and full. That makes time fly past rapidly—it will be two years away from U. S. soil soon. The Nipponese are still being nipped—and I hope the nips may soon be big bites. In time it will be "Hello States" again, and that is a moment all of us over here dream about.

Well—enough of this chatter. But, before I go, thanks again, to all of you for the "Echoes" and, again—

Congratulations!

Karl Reinhard.

P.S. Uncle Sammie gave me Chief Warrant Officer as a Xmas gift.

Dear Staff:

I would again like to express my appreciation for the Echoes which I received a few days ago. Even though I received it later than usual, it was, nevertheless, most welcomed.

I have been on the move a good bit recently and my present address will again be changed shortly. I'll try to let you know as soon as possible after publication.

I can assure you and all your co-workers that I feel proud to receive so splendid a booklet. I have seen a number of other publications received by my shipmates, but none can compare with the Echoes. All of those who have seen it, think it is about the best thing they have looked at. That in itself makes me feel proud of the people from Coplay and of the old home town. It is indeed a worth while project and I sincerely hope that the folks back home will not let us down for the duration.

In my year and a half of service I have traveled a good bit and visited many foreign ports—places that I knew existed only through my readings and study of geography. I can truthfully say that there is no place like the good old U. S. A. after seeing all these places and its people. I'm quite sure that most of the fellows in the service will agree with me on that point.

I had the good fortune of meeting one of the Coplay boys in North Africa a few months ago. The meeting was a surprise to both of us, but a most welcome one. It's too bad that you cannot publish the addresses of the fellows who are over-seas, because I'm sure there could be many more such meetings. By the way the fellow I met was Pfc. Stephen Klucharits from Chestnut Street.

I'll have to call it quits for this time, but will keep in touch with you whenever possible. I sincerely hope that you and your staff will continue with the good work and when the war is over, all of us will be back to say, "Well Done."

Sincerely,

Joseph Mondschein, Ph.M. 2/c.

XVI DISTRICT  
OSCAR JACOB TALLMAN  
530 HAMILTON STREET  
ALLENTOWN, PA.



Senate of Pennsylvania

January 24, 1944

George J. Miller, Editor-in-Chief  
Coplay Echoes  
Coplay, Pennsylvania

Dear George:

I want to congratulate the people of Coplay, the staff and you, as Editor-in-chief, for publishing "Coplay Echoes". Such a splendid community enterprise deserves highest praise.

The letters of appreciation from the men and women in the service ought furnish warm satisfaction to everyone in anywise connected with "Coplay Echoes".

With all the men in the service of our country anxious always to hear from home, it is my sincere hope that your fine community method of visiting with them will continue.

Sincerely yours,

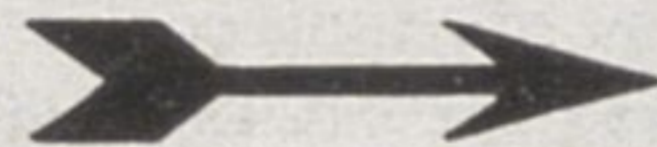
*O. J. Tallman*

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### One in a Million . . .

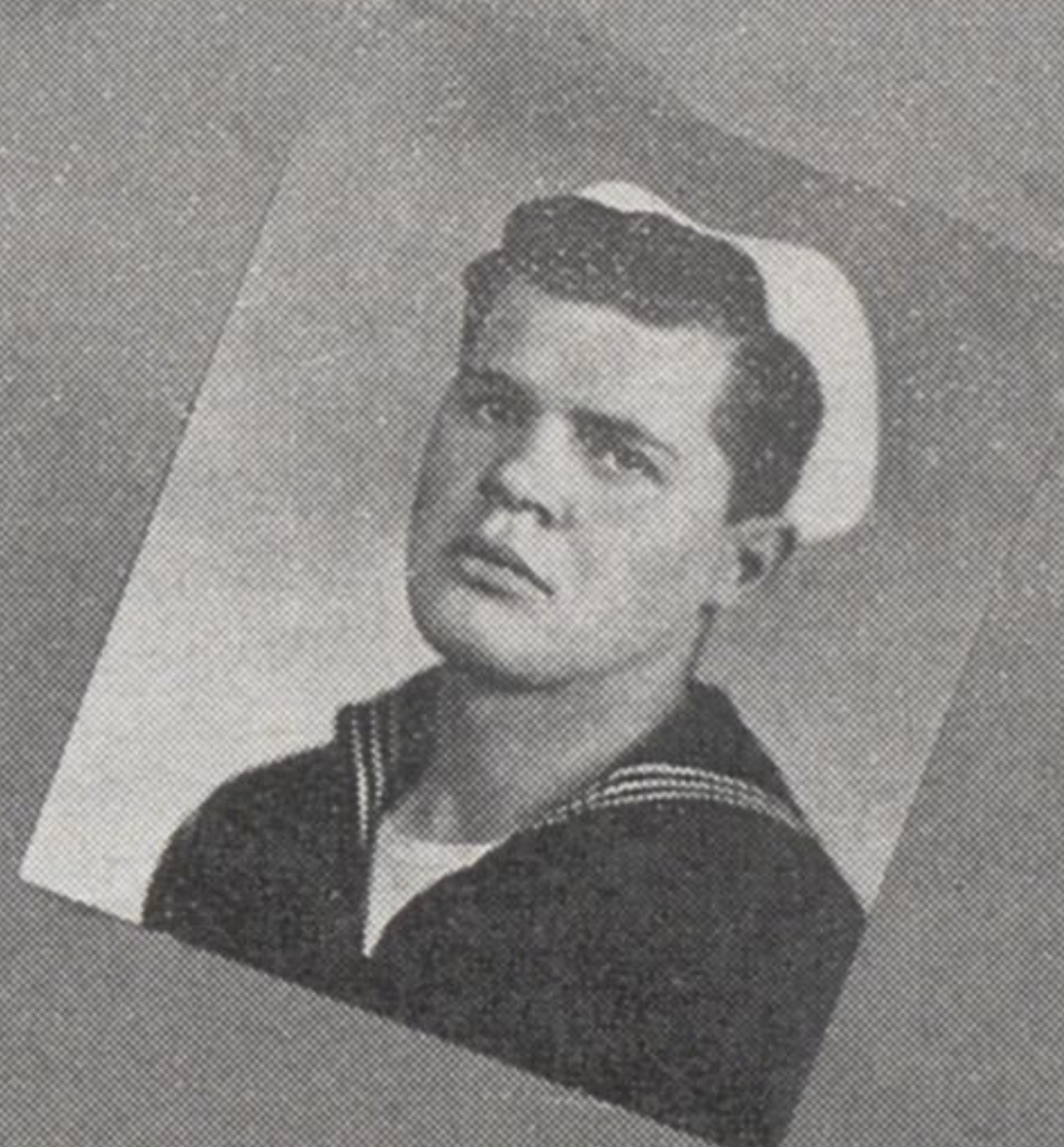
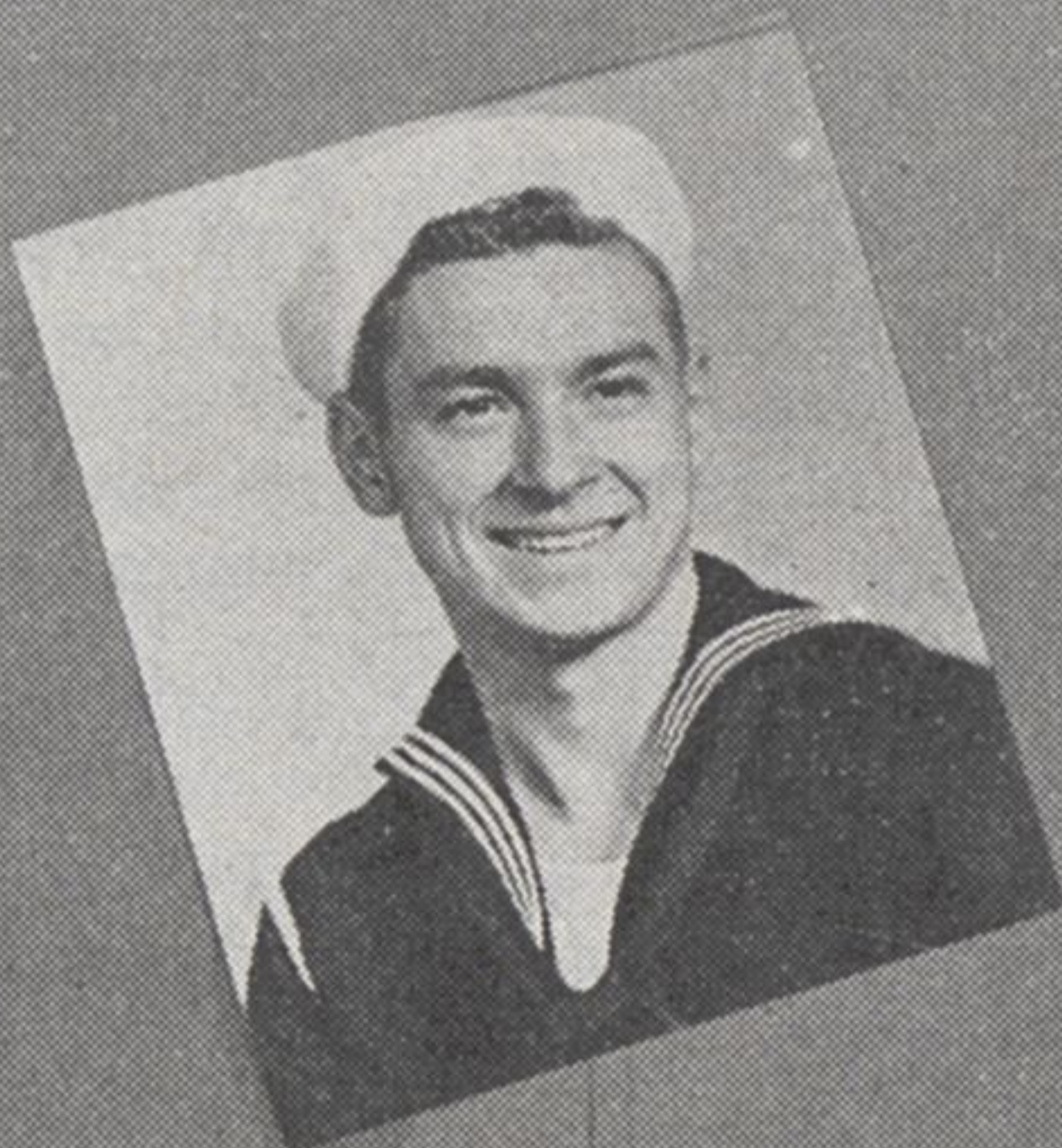
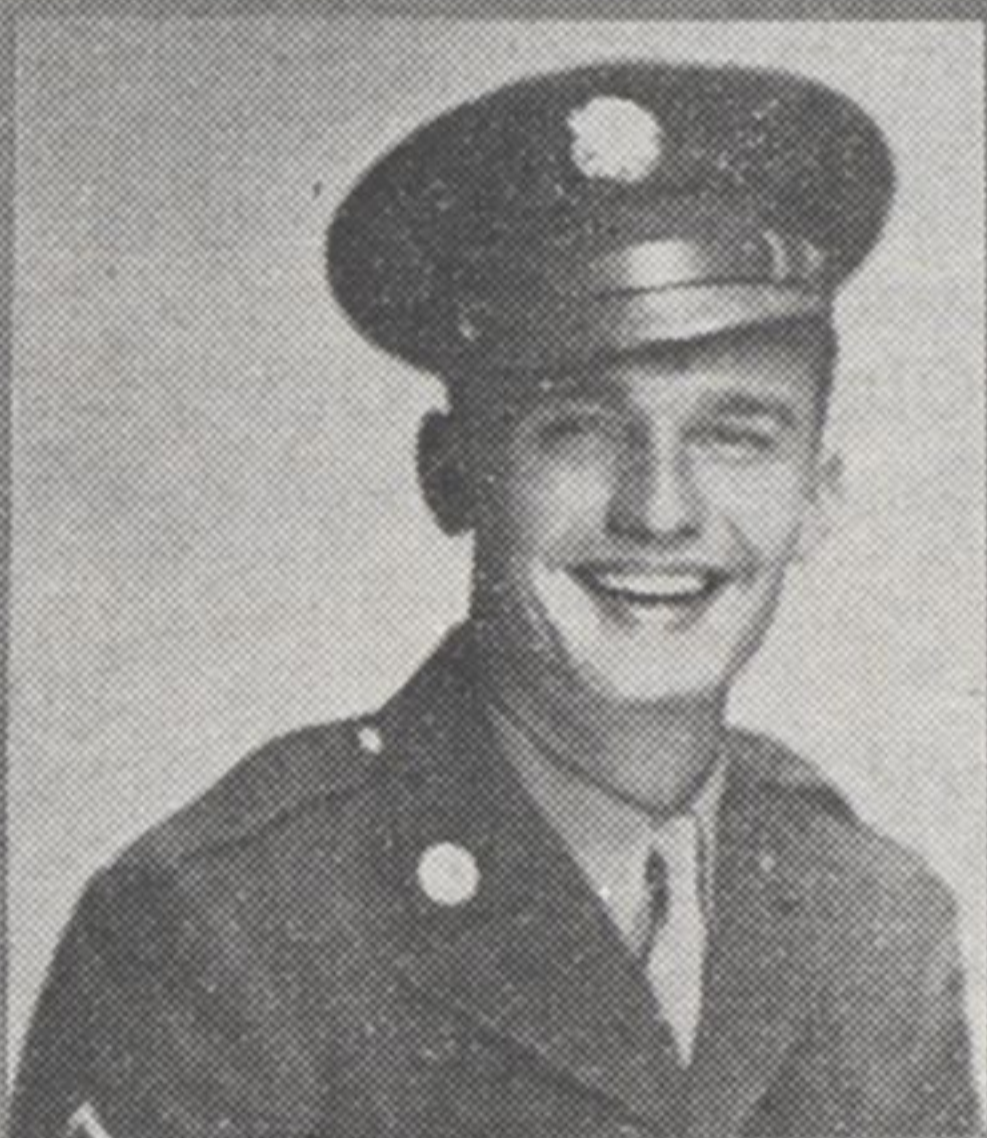
A detachment of marines board a transport bound for overseas, one of them spies a familiar figure, there's a shout and a joyful reunion as two brothers are thrown together for a "trip across." This was the experience that befell Pvt. Joseph Beslanovits of the 20th Marine Engineers who made his trip to the battle area aboard the ship upon which his brother, John Beslanovits, S 1/c is now serving. The occasions when Coplay boys have met overseas have been rare but when brothers happen to meet while crossing the ocean it's one for the books.

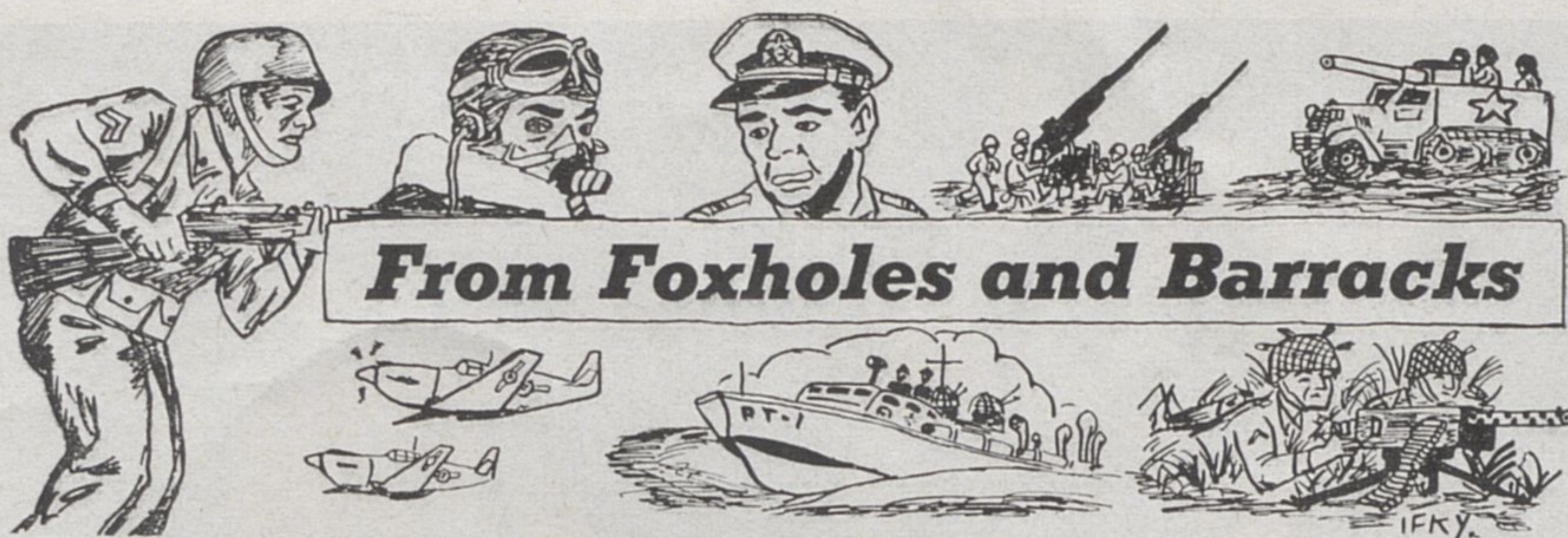
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(Left to right) top to bottom:

Private Rose E. Thompson	(WAC)
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grace	
150 South Second Street	
Sgt. Helen Arthur	(WAC)
Daughter of Anna Heckman	
54 North Fourth Street	
Cpl. Joseph J. Schnecker	(Army)
Son of Mrs. Theresa Schnecker	
117 Maple Street	
Walter J. Knerr, S.K. 1/c	(Navy)
Son of Mrs. Minnie Knerr	
6 South Fourth Street	
Pvt. Henry E. Eisenhauer	(Army)
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller	
209 South Front Street	
Franklin S. Krause, S 2/c	(Navy)
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Krause	
34 North Fifth Street	
Pfc. Anthony Gutleber	(Army)
Son of Mrs. Russell Frantz	
Wescovesville, Penna.	
Frank Sinkavits, S 2/c	(Navy)
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinkavits	
Maple Street	





## From Foxholes and Barracks

After a lapse of several months, we must again open this column because of the ever-increasing volume of mail coming to our office. Keep 'em coming boys—tell us odds and ends of your experiences away from home and don't forget pictures.

A message from RUDY J. GOL-LATZ somewhere in Ireland told us of his great joy on receiving his December issue two days after Christmas, and that it was really the only cheer he had at that time. He told us also that he is well and seeing a lot of Ireland. He also expressed the hope that he might get across the channel and that he expected to see his brother. He mentioned the fact that more and more fellows stand in line to ready his copy of "Echoes" although many of them aren't from Pennsylvania.

\* \* \*

A letter from MALCOLM WERLEY, somewhere in Africa, informs us that they have quite a few Coplay boys over there and that they think "Echoes" is swell. Malcolm also informed us that they write poetry for the Yank newspaper, "Stars and Stripes." Mal offered to send us some poems for publication, send 'em on boy, we'll try and use them, and when we are finished with them we'll return them to who ever you wish us to. I bet a lot of people didn't know that we had writers in Africa. Yes sir, "Echoes" has complete coverage on all the war fronts of the world.

\* \* \*

Here is something from LOU STUMPF'S letter; it reads as follows, "This present crisis caused numerous families, friends, and neighbors to be disunited, but that friendly, inseparable spirit and feeling toward the community of Coplay shall never die. One can readily see this by paging through "Echoes."

Well, Looie, all we can say is thanks,  
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and if you feel that way towards "Echoes," as I'm sure you do, then we have accomplished our purpose!!

\* \* \*

A pleasant greeting from FRANK J. BODISH, tells us that he is stationed at the S. U. R. School in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He tells us that he expects to go overseas soon. Among his thanking us for "Coplay Echoes" he managed to tell us he is doing a lot of studying in order to become a First Class Petty Officer.

Here's hoping you get that crow on your sleeve Frankie.

\* \* \*

CPL. LEE REINHARD stationed somewhere in Texas wrote us recently and mentioned that to him "Echoes" is just page after page of fun and true fact about the town of Coplay.

Glad you like our "rag" Cpl. Reinhard, and how about writing a little more often.

\* \* \*

A letter from JULIUS BODISH somewhere in the Pacific was recently received and among his congratulations and thanks for Echoes he says, "I haven't had any snapshots from home, but I don't need any. Why? Simply because my Dad's picture appeared on the cover of your magazine."

Thanks Johnny, we hope you see a lot more of your friends on the cover.

\* \* \*

A friendly note from PVT. STEPHEN SCHLEDER tells us that he is "Deep in the heart of Texas." Stevie also made mention of the fact that he has received all of our issues in fine condition. Pvt. Schleder hopes that God blesses us all and aids us in our work.

Thanks Stevie, with you boys behind us how can we have anything else than a successful mag.



### ***“That’s Me Behind the Bushes” . . .***

Pfc. David Cullin, (seated, extreme right) saw Coplay last the day he was inducted. From the damp and the dank of Guadalcanal he sends greetings to all his townsmen.

This master of bafoonery is noted for his non-informative letters in which he kids us all by saying that life in the South Pacific is just like a story book—beautiful native maidens to wait upon you, warm trade-winds and exotic scenery, but we know better.

“Dick” ran into a couple of bad breaks having contracted malaria and a foot infection while on combat duty. Our last message from him seemed to convey that he’s once more on the mend.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Cullin proudly display the star that means “Dick ain’t home.” He’s married to the former Ruth Minnich of Allentown.

He’s hoping we’ll see him soon.

## **Attention!**

Because of the new Selective Service Regulations it will be increasingly difficult for our staff to publish the names of men or women leaving for the Armed Services. We therefore urge everyone receiving notice to leave for a Replacement Training Center to report this immediately to “Coplay Echoes” at our office in the P. O. S. A. Building so that their names will appear on our “Honor Roll” in the next succeeding issue.

Abernathy, Richard D.  
Adams, Francis P.  
Arthur, Helen

Bair, Wilfred  
Balliet, Carl  
Bartlett, Jerome Q.  
Battenfield, Louis  
Belick, Joseph  
Beltz, Raymond  
Bennett, Norbert E.  
Beslanovits, Adolph J.  
Beslanovits, John  
Beslanovits, Joseph  
Betts, Roland  
Betz, William  
Bierman, Albert  
Billera, Frank  
Billera, Joseph  
Billera, Louis  
\*Bloese, William  
Blozinsky, William A.  
Bodisch, Julius  
Bodisch, Richard  
Bodish, Alfred  
Bodish, Edward  
Bodish, Frank  
Bodish, John  
Bodish, Lou  
Bodish, Walter  
Bogary, Fred  
Bortz, Vernon  
Brandt, Robert  
Brem, Rudolph  
Buchman, Robert  
Burnatowski, Bernard  
Burnatowski, John  
Busits, John  
Busits, Louis

Celip, John  
Churetta, John Jr.  
Csensits, Frank  
Cullin, David

Decker, Anthony  
Deichmeister, Frank  
Derkits, John L.  
\*Deutsch, Adolph  
Deutsch, Charles J.  
Deutsch, Frank  
\*Deutsch, Frank J.  
Deutsch, John  
Deutsch, John  
Deutsch, Joseph  
Deutsch, Louis J.  
Deutsch, Robert  
Domitrovits, John  
Domitrovits, Joseph  
Dotter, Elwood  
Dragovits, Julius  
Dreisbach, Robert  
Duldt, John Jr...  
Duldt, Joseph  
Dutte, James Jr.

\*Eby, Charles  
Eby, Frank  
Eby, Louis C.  
Eisenhauer, Henry  
Erking, Alfred  
Erking, Charles  
Ernst, Rudolph J.  
Failer, Frank P.  
Falk, Howard G.  
Farney, Lionel  
Farino, Anthony

Farney, Robert  
Fenstermaker, James  
Fidler, Julius  
Fiedler, Frank  
Frantz, Forrest H.  
Frantz, Sylvester B.  
Fruhworth, Edward

Galgon, George  
Garger, John F.  
Garger, Joseph  
Gartner, Alfred  
Garrison, Herbert  
\*Gaston, Louis  
Gaston, George  
Gaugler, Alvin  
Geiger, George  
Geist, Frank  
Geist, Leonard  
George, Myron  
George, Willard H.  
Geosits, John  
Gilly, Alfred J.  
Gollar, Paul  
Gollatz, Julius  
Gollatz, Raymond  
Gollatz, Rudolph  
Goller, Alfred  
Gollatz, Rudolph J.  
Golomb, George  
Golomb, Michael  
Graf, Adolph  
Graf, Frank  
Greenhagen, David L.  
Groller, John  
Groller, John J.  
Groller, Joseph J.  
Guntleher, Anthony

Hacker, Frank  
Haines, Henry  
Haines, William  
\*Haller, Charles  
Hallman, Harry S.  
Hanzl, Herman J.  
Hantz, Richard  
Heller, James D.  
Hessinger, Edward  
Hessinger, Walter  
Hessinger, Raymond  
‡Hirschman, Anthony  
Hobel, Joseph  
Hoffman, Herman  
\*Hoffman, Kenneth  
Holetz, Charles

Honsel, John  
Horn, John L.  
Horvath, Gabriel  
Horvath, John  
Horvath, Edward E.  
Huetter, Karl  
Hunara, George  
Hunara, Steve

Ifkovits, Martin C.  
Ivankovits, Charles

Jandrasits, John  
Johnston, Charles  
Johnston, Russel B.

Kail, Julius  
Kainz, Steve  
Karoly, Charles  
Karoly, Stephen  
Keglovits, Frank P.  
Keglovits, William  
Keller, Anthony  
Keller, George  
Keller, John  
Keller, Joseph  
Keppel, Frank  
Kerbacher, Daniel S.  
Kern, William M.  
Kern, William M.  
Kidling, Gerald  
Kidling, Lawson  
Kleckner, Ernest  
Klepeiss, Frank  
Klingler, Leonard  
Klucharich, Steve  
Klucharich, William  
Klucsarits, Frank  
Klucsarits, John  
Klucsarits, Joseph  
Klucsarits, Stephen  
Knerr, Walter  
Kohler, Adam Jr.  
Koller, Edward  
Kopfer, Frank  
Korsak, Karl  
Kovacs, Gabriel  
†Kovacs, Louis  
Kovacs, Margaret  
Kovacs, Rudolph  
Kovacs, Zoltan  
Kratzer, Edwin  
Kratzer, Raymond  
Kratzer, William  
Kratzer, Stephen

Kratzer, E.  
Krause, F.  
Kropf, A.  
Krug, J.  
Kukitz, J.  
Kunkle, E.  
Kunkle, H.

Lakovits, I.  
Lansky, T.  
Laubach, J.  
\*Lauser, W.  
Legarht, J.  
Leitgeb, J.  
Leitgeb, J.  
Lendl, J.  
Lentz, A.  
\*Lentz, D.  
Lentz, E.  
Lentz, F.  
Lentz, J.  
Lentz, J.  
Lentz, R.  
Lewis, G.  
Lewis, R.  
Liebezeit, J.  
Lilly, A.  
Lindenmu, J.  
Long, C.  
Lorenz, F.  
Lorenz, J.  
Luizer, J.  
Luizer, J.  
\*Lutes, G.

Magazzu, J.  
Marek, V.  
Marek, V.  
Marinkov, J.  
Marx, A.  
Marx, R.  
Marth, F.  
Marth, J.  
Martince, J.  
Mashburn, J.  
Matis, J.  
Matis, J.  
Mayer, J.  
Mayer, J.  
Meckes, J.  
Meixner, J.  
Mertz, J.  
Meyers, J.  
Michael, J.

# COPLAY





# 'S FINEST

Emer R.  
Franklin  
Anthony  
Julius  
John  
Ernest  
Harry

Herman  
Timothy  
Forrest  
William  
Frederick  
Frank  
John  
Joseph  
Anthony  
Donald  
Edward  
Frank  
John  
Joseph  
Raymond  
Gerald  
Roland  
t, Rupert  
Allen L.  
Smith, Samuel  
Carson  
Frank  
John  
John  
Joseph  
Gl

u, Andrew  
Vincent  
William  
ovits, Edward  
Alfred  
Rudolph J.  
Frank  
John  
ek, Stephen  
urn, Ednamay  
John  
Joseph  
Edward  
Julius  
John  
Robert  
r, Carl  
Edwin Jr.  
Frank  
l, Harry

Michler, Alex  
Miklos, Francis  
Miklos, John  
\*Miklos, Joseph  
Miller, Frank  
Miller, Joseph  
Miller, Lewis  
Miller, Paul  
\*Miller, Percy  
Miller, Sterling  
Miller, Sterling N.  
Miller, Warren  
Miller, Henry  
Mills, Frank  
Mills, Emma  
Mohr, Harold  
Mohr, Ralph  
Mohr, Martin T.  
Mondschein, Joseph  
Mondschein, Rose M.  
Mondschein, William  
Morgan, Russel  
Moritz, Charles F.  
Mullner, Frank  
Mullner, Joseph

Nemeth, Charles  
Nemeth, Frank  
Nemeth, William  
Newhard, Leonard  
Newhard, Robert  
\*Newhard, William  
Nickisher, Joseph  
Novak, Edward

Pammer, Frank  
\*Parvel, Joseph  
Patrick, William  
Paukovits, Frank  
Paul, John  
Peters, Stanley  
Piescienski, Frank  
Piescienski, John  
Piha, Charles  
Piha, John  
Piscetelli, Andrew  
Piscetelli, Tony  
Poandl, Frank  
Podorski, John  
Pohranechne, Alex  
Ponchalek, Joseph  
Prisnock, Louis  
Prockl, William  
Proctor, George  
Raber, Samuel

Radon, John  
Radon, Michael  
\*Radon, Stanley  
Reichl, Franklin  
Reichl, John  
Reichl, Joseph  
Reinhard, Karl  
Reinhard, Lee  
Reppert, Allen  
Reppert, Luther  
Reppert, Raymond  
Resh, Thomas  
Ringer, Paul  
Rinker, Donald N.  
Rinker, Harry Jr.  
Rogers, Charles  
Rogers, Raymond  
Rogers, Richard  
Rogers, Sterling  
Rogers, Alvin J.  
Rose, Karl  
Rubasky, John

Sakaschitz, Alex  
Salters, Burt  
\*Scheirer, Frank  
Scheirer, Kenneth  
Scherr, Charles  
Scherr, John  
Scherr, Joseph  
Schleder, Stephen J.  
Schmall, Anthony  
Schnecker, Joseph  
Schrampf, John  
Schreiber, Daniel  
Schreiber, Elda  
Schumi, Frank  
Schwartz, John  
Schwartz, Stephen  
Seier, John  
Seier, Leo  
\*Semler, John  
Shoemaker, Brooke  
Shiffer, Harold  
\*Sidor, Joseph  
Silfies, Edgar  
Silfies, Frederick  
Sinkovits, Frank  
Slanovits, Joseph  
Slanovits, Louis  
Snyder, Clarence  
Snyder, Robert  
Snyder, Stewart  
Sodl, Anthony  
Sodl, John

Sodl, Herman S.  
Solderitch, John  
Sommers, Alfred  
Sommers, Alois  
Spaits, George  
Spanits, Frank  
Stanko, Michael  
Steckel, Preston C.  
Stefany, Wallace C.  
Steiner, Frank  
Steiner, Gustav  
Steiner, Joseph  
Stelzman, Steve  
Stelzman, Frank M.  
Stetch, Michael  
\*Stewart, Roy  
Stock, Paul  
Stranzel, Louis  
Stranzel, Louis  
Stranzel, Stephen  
Strauch, Frank Jr.  
Stumpf, Alfred  
Stumpf, Frank  
Stumpf, John  
Stumpf, Louis  
Stumpf, Mathias  
Stumpf, Rudolph  
Stumpf, William F.  
Stumpp, David  
Szivos, Frank

Tabernigg, Arnold  
Taniser, Louis  
Taniser, Adolph A.  
Taniser, Charles J.  
Tapler, Aloysius  
Tapler, John  
†Tapler, Joseph  
Thierer, Edward  
Thomas, John J.  
Thompson, Rose  
Toth, Frank  
Toth, George  
Toth, James  
Trankley, Allan  
Trankley, Edwin  
Trankley, Raymond  
Trively, George  
Tshudy, Nathan H.

Walakovits, Frank  
Walakovits, John  
Walakovits, John Jr.  
Walakovits, Joseph  
Walczuk, Joseph  
Walczuk, Stephen  
Walczuk, Zavier  
Wehr, Robert  
Weres, James  
Werley, Malcolm  
Wiessner, Edward  
Wiessner, Raymond  
Wiessner, William  
Williams, David  
\*Windish, John  
Woodward, Charles  
Wonderly, Frank  
†Wonderly, Louis

Yandersits, Edward  
Yoo, John  
Yoo, Joseph  
Yoo, Rose

Zeiner, Milton  
Zerfass, Raymond  
Zsigovits, Joseph  
Zwickle, Edward

† Killed in Action

Discharged



## Oldtimers Eleven

Although football season is still far away we couldn't help but publish this Coplay Tigers team of 19 years ago. The huskies you see in this picture were the champions of the valley in that year. Coached by "Archie" Witt, then a star and captain of the team at Muhlenberg College this outfit wrote football history for Coplay when many of the boys in the service were in either diapers or knickerbockers.

Dear Friends:

Received your Echoes and sure glad to receive one. I was home when we got the Service Flag and was glad to be home. It sure was a nice ceremony.

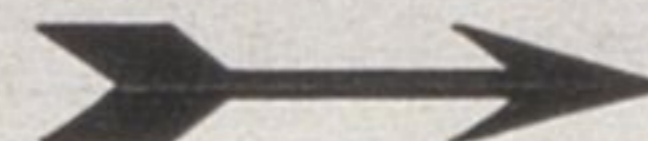
I looked at some of the pictures and saw Ray Zerfass's picture, I took my basic training with him. He went one way and I the other. After that I hit the 106th Sta. Camp and still with it.

Left the states to do my share, hit Africa. In Africa I met Gerald Louise in the Red Cross, sure brought home town memories back again. We saw each other quite often. Left Africa and am somewhere in Italy, a nice place and things are fine here. I haven't met a home town friend yet. I saw my brother's picture in the book and sure was glad to see it. We'd hoped that I'd hit England, but didn't; may meet some day.

Sure glad to receive the Echoes and thanks a million and wish you all lots of luck.

Yours truly,

John Scherr.



(Left to right) top to bottom:

- Private Joseph Nickisher** (Army)  
Son of Mrs. Johanna Nickisher  
140 South Front Street
- Warren P. Miller, S 2/c** (Navy)  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller  
157 South Front Street
- Elwood A. Dotter, MM 2/c** (Navy)  
Son of Mrs. Elmer Krause  
Fifth Street
- Private Walter Hessinger** (Army)  
Son of Mrs. Theresa Hessinger  
1124 Poplar Street
- Pfc. John E. Mayer** (Army)  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Mayer  
127 South Fourth Street
- Sgt. Joseph Scherr** (Army)  
European Theater  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scherr  
222 South Front Street
- Anthony K. Kropf** (Navy)  
Son of Mrs. Charles Kropf  
24 South Front Street
- S/Sgt. John Celip** (Army)  
Pacific Theater  
Son of Mr. Andrew Celip  
32 Bridge Street

November 16, 1943.

Dear Editor and Staff:

It gives me great pleasure in expressing my thanks again for the swell edition of "Coplay Echoes." Again I'm sorry time didn't permit, to express the same for the second edition. At any rate, they just can't be beat, in regards to the "Good Old Home Town."

By the way, I was lucky enough to be able to walk on it's streets not so long ago, and I really enjoyed every moment of it. As you know, time is rationed on a furlough, especially so, when you have to spend half of it on the train, so I just "didn't get around much anymore." Ha! Ha!

I'm anxiously awaiting the fourth edition, but I guess it will be quite some time before I receive that. You see we're scheduled for a move and there will be a change of address. I'll try to let you have the next address as soon as possible. (You can bet your boots on that.)

I got the surprise of my life when I read a certain letter from Desert Training, Calif. in this last issue. I was sort of a big shot this afternoon and drove two officers to Palm Springs. When I came back it was dark and I found the "Echoes" on my bunk. So I picked it up and went to the P. Ex., bought me a few (3.2 potato water) brew and commenced to read. Well, when I came to this certain letter, I could hardly believe my eyes, to think that my first letter to you would be published. Well anyway, thanks a million for the honor, and also for my picture. I guess my helmet won't fit my head for a few days. Ha! Ha!

Time is limited tonight, so I'll have to close, bidding you all a pleasant "Good Night."

Coplayite,

Rudolph J. Gollatz.







## Shades of Tarzan . . .

The handsome "bruiser" pictured above will no doubt make many a female heart flutter. "Fats" is one of two sons of Mrs. Anna Walakovits now serving Uncle Sam. From all appearances life in the Army is agreeing with "Fats," although he'd look much better to us leaning against "Sechler's" porch.

To all you guys and gals of the "Coplay Echoes":

Your very interesting copies arrived in excellent shape here in New Guinea. Many thanks.

Keeping up on the home news is a must with me. I get a big kick out of reading where various friends and relatives in the service are and what they're doing.

I noticed the article and picture of the 1918 vets. from post No. 426 on page four. Just ask them what it means to us away from home to get news of it.

The present time is supposed to be the rainy season and summer. Not much rain but you can sure say summer again. That old man sun tries

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his best every day to beat us down but the guys over here are plenty tough.

Believe it or not, we have a family now. A mother cat dropped in on us November 1 and immediately there were six. Four males and one female. One was a casualty after living a month so at present we have four kittens.

You should see me now. We take attrabrine tablets as a Malaria preventative and they give us a yellow tinge. Would almost pass for a Chinaman. With my working experience since I've been in the army and my yellow tint I'm seriously thinking of opening a "Chinese Laundry" right on the corner of Second and Chestnut. How "abood" that?

An in case you're interested these native women don't look anything like what Hollywood says they do.

Pictures are almost an impossibility here. We do have cameras but can't get films. But you'll find enclosed one of myself. It's the best I can do at the present. If it's possible I'll surely send a better one later.

Thank you again for the "Coplay Echoes" and am looking forward to the next issue.

Hope this finds you all well and happy.

Very truly yours,

John Walakovits.

## Acknowledgment

A majority of the pictures shown on the cover of this issue were made with the camera of Rev. J. J. Ostheimer, who also has once again demonstrated his keen interest in *Coplay Echoes* by developing the film used. We deeply appreciate acts of this kind of lightening the ever-increasing load placed upon the workers of the staff.

## L'ENVOI . . .

Our pride overcomes our regret in announcing the enlistment of Rose Mondschein in the WAVES. Rose began her work with *Coplay Echoes* long before the first issue went to press and she has remained ever faithful, having given up a great deal of her time in assisting in the editorial department of the magazine. No assignment was too menial nor any too difficult for this shy and retiring gal whom we salute as one who was willing to sacrifice much while she was at home and now has also answered the "call to colors" as have two of her brothers, "Joe" and Bill."

We have importuned her to send us a photo of herself in her "blues" as soon as possible

To whom it may concern:

To be sure, I received your December edition of the *Coplay Echoes*. My kid sister wrote to me about that but I never knew what she meant. The copy is right fine. Didn't know there were so many boys in the service from Coplay. A nice writeup. It has everything.

I have never lived in Coplay. Mother has moved there a few months ago. Darned if I can recall where she lives. So I should try for a leave, huh? But no, the Navy has just made me an Aerial Gunner and gunners are needed out there. I'm in the Naval Air Force. A wonderful outfit.

Now for a brief description of South Texas: Only a fool or newcomer here would try to forecast the weather. Some fog, sun, and more fog. Evening comes with a shower. At night it gets quite cold. The people aren't very nice. The younger folk aren't any good. Many young girls come from different parts of the country seeking romance in this Navy town. They leave broken-hearted. The many Mexicans we have here are very dirty. A few can't speak English but hang around the corners to be picked up. Maybe I'm insulting these people, but that's the truth.

I'm expecting your January issue. So please do mail it soon.

Am in a hurry as a certain Wave wants to see the "Stage Door Canteen" and I can't let her down.

As there isn't more to write, I'll soy so long. Keep up the good work. Some day I expect to visit my home in Coplay and be proud of it.

Cheerio,

Johnnie Burnatowski.



## Any Ice Today?

Coplay's counterpart of the much misaligned purveyor of the "Old Freeze," is August "Gusty" Hobel. Friend of the housewife, listener to the woes of all, he's the most popular man in town as far as kids are concerned. To pilfer a piece of ice from "Gusty" on a hot July day is the youngsters' idea of a real good time. In weather like this he falls into disrepute and must take the other extreme, and deliver coal to keep the home fires burning.

Exorbitant prices were offered to destroy the above picture, but finally with a resigning air, the good old iceman said that maybe his brother, *Pfc.* "Joe" Hobel might get a kick out of seeing his picture "in harness." *Joe* incidentally is now somewhere overseas.

It's back on the job again for "Gusty" as his calls of "Ice" bring epithets down on his head for going over freshly scrubbed walks or 'wakening the baby. To the fellows in the service who haven't seem him *Gus* sends the message that even with the man shortage he hasn't "thawed out" toward the ladies — he's still very much a bachelor.



**It's still rolling in . . .  
Coplay remains  
scrap-conscious!**

To the Editor and Staff Members:

It is a privilege, as well as a pleasure, to be receiving the Coplay Echoes and I take this opportunity to express my thanks and appreciation to everyone who plays a part in making this paper possible. It brings us just a little bit closer to the many friends that we have left behind. This is especially true for those of us, who have never had a chance to come back on leave since our entry into the service.

For a long time I have been trying to find out where most of my friends were and not until I received your paper has it been possible.

Again I say thanks and will be looking forward to your next issue.

Yours truly,

Alfred M. Bodisch.

H. G. Falk, A. M. M. U. S. N.

Dear Sirs: or (sirlets) or whatever have you,  
I hope I'll be forgiven for opening my letter

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that way, but I just had to try to make someone laugh. Excuse me.

I received your copy of Coplay Echoes today and I'm wasting no time in putting in a chit of thanks. You'll never know how much I appreciate it. Not only due to the fact that it's material from home but also just knowing that someone back there is taking time out to write it. Four O is what we call it in the navy. O. K. is what you call it back home. It makes a guy feel good to get news from his home town in such a bulk.

Thanks a million.

Among the letter which I have read in the Echoes I came across one that mentioned something about a Coplay Pin-up girl. I'm sure most of us are in favor it. Here's hoping.

I'm painting a picture which symbolizes our men in the air. I'll send it to you as soon as it is complete. Don't expect to see it too soon. Pictures like that one take quite a lot of time of which I haven't very much.

Glad to have heard from you, hoping same will take place ditto.

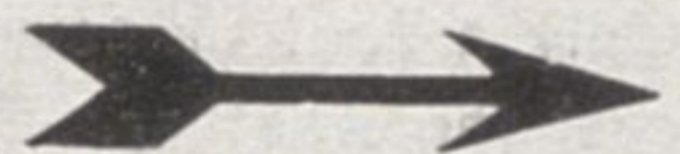
Give my regards to everyone but the draft board.

Where I am and what I'm doing is strictly confidential. Keep 'em flying.

I have a favor to ask of you, Eddie Pavalo has a picture of me and a guy from Northampton. It's a football picture with four of us on. It is from when I was in Jax. playing with the Naval Air station. If he wants to put it in the next issue he can but, please send it to me when you're finished with it. Al Hewko, Jimmy Noble, Vic Fushia and myself are on the picture. Thank you.

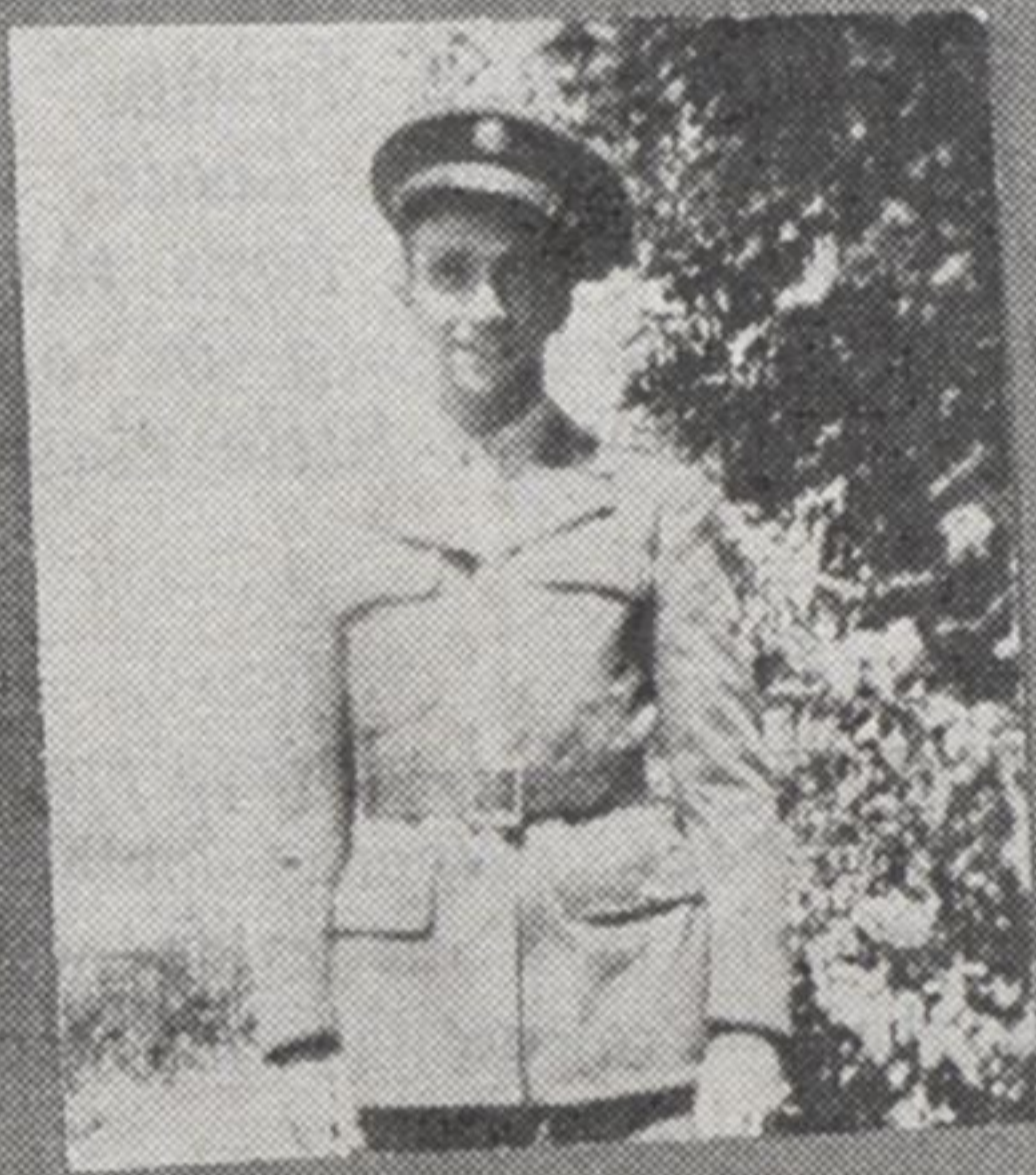
I remain a Coplayite.

Howard G. Falk.



(Left to right) top to bottom:

- |   |        |
|---|--------|
| <b>Pfc. Sterling Miller</b>                                 | (Army) |
| Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller<br>209 South Front Street |        |
| <b>Cpl. Lee N. Reinhard</b>                                 | (Army) |
| Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reinhard<br>45 North Third Street |        |
| <b>Pfc. Louis J. Deutsch</b>                                | (Army) |
| Son of Mrs. Karolina Deutsch<br>257 South Second Street     |        |
| <b>Sgt. Carl L. Balliet</b>                                 | (Army) |
| Son of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Balliet<br>48 North Third Street  |        |
| <b>Pvt. Harry S. Hallman</b>                                | (Army) |
| Son of Mr. Wayne Hallman<br>52 South Third Street           |        |
| <b>1st Sgt. Anthony Farino</b>                              | (Army) |
| Husband of former Irene Bammer<br>Fourth Street             |        |
| <b>Pfc. Ernest Kunkle</b>                                   | (Army) |
| Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kunkle<br>39 South Second Street    |        |
| <b>Pfc. John Walakovits</b>                                 | (Army) |
| Son of Mrs. Anna Walakovits<br>154 Maple Street             |        |



A recent letter of thanks from CPL. RAYMOND WIESSNER in the California desert, tells us that he enjoyed reading the sports flashes, and that they reminded him of the days at high school when Ben Wolfson would say, "Get in there boys, and give them everything you got."

*Well Ray, since you like the flashes so much, perhaps we can get a few more columns of sports news.*

Another para-phrase from CPL. WIESSNER'S letter says, "Boy-oh-boy, what full moons we have here in 'Enchanted California Desert.' They would really be used up by Coplay lads if they were here."

*Well Corporal, our moons aren't being used here with all you fellows away.*

\* \* \*

A very informative letter from PVT. ADAM KOHLER, JR., tells us that he has now been overseas for eighteen months and has the credit of being in two major engagements against the Japs, in the South Pacific. Adam tells us that very shortly after they came over they entered the combat zone, and that they were members of task force X that was on the way to attack Guadalcanal last February. Adam refreshes our memory to the fact that that story about the task force X was in the Saturday Evening Post. He also mentioned that his outfit really distinguished themselves in battle. A piece of Pvt. Kohler's letter says, "I also read that part about Louis Kovacs. I know where he is buried, but I can't name the island. They really have him in the cemetery you described in your book."

*Thanks, Private for that little piece of news!*

Adam also mentioned that he met several Coplay boys out there, among them, John Gossick, Yost, Greb, and Lou Seiser. He says he also knows where Frank Mills, John Keller, and others are stationed.

In closing his most interesting letter Pvt. Kohler says that the Japs in the South Pacific are getting just what they are looking for.

*Good luck Pvt. Adam Kohler—and get one of those slant eyed devils for "Coplay Echoes."*

page twenty

We received a letter from JAMES DUTE, JR., somewhere in Italy and he informs us that while in Africa he was hurt when a truck over-turned. He received a slight injury and a fractured spine. Jimmie is now up and around in Italy although he tells us that the pain has not yet left him.

\* \* \*

S/SGT. WALTER M. BODISCH writes us from somewhere in Ireland that he read "Echoes" through several times, and is awaiting the next edition. S/Sgt. Bodisch's letter is only one of the hundreds that say they read and re-read "Echoes."

*Good luck Walter and watch those Irish lassies.*

A letter from LOUIS J. STRANZEL made us feel pretty good for he claims, "I'm glad to say that "Coplay Echoes" had done much to keep me abreast of the times back home and in informing me as to how my friends in the various services scattered throughout the world, are doing."

*Thanks for the compliment Looie, if "Echoes" can do that for you boys then we feel that we are succeeding in our purpose of linking you boys a little closer together.*

\* \* \*

The cartoon below is on O. W. I. release made available to "Coplay Echoes." When something of "Ham" Fisher's appears in a magazine—well then we can brag that we're getting the top-notchers.

P.F.C. JOE PALOOKA SAYS:

by HAM FISHER

I REMEMBER A GUY ONCE ... I HAD 'IM ON THE ROPES AN' HE DROPPED 'IS GUARD ... I FIGURED HE WAS LICKED, SO I STEPPED BACK ... THEN HE LET ME HAVE ONE THAT ALMOST PUT ME DOWN FOR THE COUNT. THAT'S WHAT THOSE GUYS MEAN WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT NEGOTIATED PEACE. NO SIR, NOT FOR US! THIS ONE LASTS TO THE FINISH—GERMANS AN' JAPS!



## Echoes From The Front

Dear Staff:

Just a few lines to let you know that I have received this months "Coplay Echoes." I can't thank you enough for sending it to me. It's a splendid magazine and it really makes a guy feel good to read the news of the "old home town."

The Echoes is also very popular with the guys around the barracks. It sure gets passed around a lot. The fellows agree that Coplay must be some town to edit such a grand magazine for the fellows.

Well, I'll have to close now. Thanks again for the Echoes. I'll be waiting for the next ones.

A fellow Coplayite,

John J. Jandrasits.

## What's Cooking?

(Continued from page three)

cident last summer, when a machine he was operating caught and mangled him. Up further we meet "*Lechtie*" *Moyer*, who is looking as chipper as ever. He tells us that he expects to have a good fishing season this year. Next we notice *Granville Brown*, another Coplay man that takes a great deal of pride in his chickens. As we pass *Doc Fox's place* we recall that he recently purchased another farm and a new dog—a cocker spaniel. Hitting Chestnut, we see *Charlie Haller* smiling from ear to ear, and showing off his most recent purchase—a second hand 1936 Chevy sedan. On our way again, we see *Mrs. Ruthie Lynn* returning from a day's work at Mack's. We cast a fleeting glance at *Hobel's coal yard* which is just about complete. Continuing our journey up Sixth Street, we see *Anton Hirschman* preparing for tomorrow's delivery rounds. Oh yes, *Johnny Erking*, a Coplay High junior, is doing a fine job of helping to deliver the milk to our door. Next door, we saw "*Butch*" *Moyer and his wife*, about to start counting those ration points. On Seventh Street we ran into "*Mr. Fink*" and we silently know that a lot of you fellows

remember him as your Senior High English teacher, across from Mr. Fink's home we notice *Norton Bush* who has quite a breed of rabbits. Getting back out to Chestnut Street we see the *Honsel girls* on their way to church, as are a lot of other people these days. We hail *Ray Long* and inquire as to the health of his mother-in-law, "*Mammie*" *Haas*, who had a narrow escape when her home on Maple Street filled with gas fumes due to a faulty furnace. We are glad to hear that she is coming along fine now. We see the *Coplay Athletic Field*, and that reminds us that Coplay High intends to have a baseball team this spring. Up further a block, we meet *Dick Burke*. Many of you fellows remember as the "*Baker*." Now he's working at the Trojan Powder Works. We take a bus ride to the West End and as we alight we meet "*Gusty*" *Rhodeutsch*, saw under arm and hammer in hand,—another odd (Carpenter) job completed—and then we see *Thomas Paul and his daughter Mary* on their way to the bus stop—*Joe Sodl*, his hands full with his farm work, greets us and *Frank Bauer* and *Bob Steckle* on their way to an Air Raid Wardens meeting—"Dutch" and "*Goosie*" *Baliet* trying to get some farm machinery in order and *Charlie Mills* and the *Gilly girls* sticking close to home. Then we pass "*Mack*" *Spanits'* house and wonder how he is doing in the army—the *Frisch girls* coming back from the movies greet us and then *Walter Thompson* hustles into his house for some snow removing utensils and now the long cold stretch down Chestnut Street again and we meet "*Lefty*" *Nemeth* coming home from the American Club, his head buried in his over-sized overcoat collar—*Julius Schrampf*, a new officer in the Boro hustles home to the store and *Kathryn Spak* turns in at

(Continued on page twenty-four)

# "Echoes From the Front"

Dear Friends:

I want to thank its people from Coplay and its staff officers. I found it most interesting to read and on behalf of the boys within my hut believed it to be an ideal copy to receive. Its photos within the Coplay Echoes certainly looked tops. To its committees, as so well selected, I want to thank them especially for their splendid cooperation and partnership in making the Coplay Echoes a success. From a hometown paratrooper I want to thank every one who made the Coplay Echoes possible.

Since my arrival over here in Great Britain I certainly had a wonderful experience in the Atlantic Ocean. To my surprise I met Louis Stumpf somewhere out on the Atlantic. Being on the Liberty ship we tried to smuggle a few pieces of steak but never succeeded. We were together for a time being, but it so happened that their ship pulled out before nightfall.

The biggest surprise of it all was that I met Lt. Toth from Cherry Street aboard my own transport ship. It wasn't until the latter part of my trip that we met looking at each other so surprisingly. Too bad I never tried any means of contacting him, as regards to the time I met Louis Stumpf. Well anyhow we had some swell chats of good old Coplay and how we would enjoy being back there once again.

As you all know of the second front coming into existence I most naturally believe I'll be there in giving it a helping hand, with Lt. Toth right behind me. I guess we'll be working in pairs after we land on our successful mission, I hope. To my surprise I haven't met Lt. Toth for the last five months, so I'm looking forward to seeing him once again.

Just lately I've visited London and Piccadilly Square. I really found it quite interesting, but not too pleasing. I've visited the Rainbow Club where the 502nd paratroopers and the 26th division fought for championship in the ETO boxing tournaments. I imagine Lou Bodish will have a few bouts there and I hope to meet him some time in the near future.

From a friend of Coplay, I'm wishing everyone the best of luck and health.

A Paratrooper,  
Louis Stranzel.

To the Staff:

The day after Xmas I received the October issue of the Echoes. This has been the first issue I've received. The September issue must have been delayed because of improper address. The correct address can be found above.

This Home Town news is tops in any man's language. It has been a long time since I got a "Blow by Blow" description of the home town

news. About the only thing missing is a Sport Page, however I would like to congratulate everyone connected with making the Echoes an excellent home town news report.

Keep 'em coming,  
We'll keep 'em falling.  
Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Korsak.

Dear Editor:

Many thanks to you and all concerned for your successful edition of "Coplay Echoes." I wish there were other means of showing my appreciation, than by just a letter. The "Echoes" rates high among my main interests and I'm looking forward to the future issues.

Thanks again and best wishes for a successful future.

A Coplayite,  
Cpl. Steve Klucharich.

Editor and Staff,  
Coplay Echoes:

I regret to say that to present I have been one of the lesser fortunate members of the community and as such have not as yet had the pleasure to submit for publication my opinion regarding the edition of "Coplay Echoes." I can assure you that I have completed a fairly considerable amount of travel since the beginning of the war and have thus been able to study publications of several foreign countries. To this I would like to add my assurance to you that I have failed to find a better edition than the one printed in my own community, namely Coplay Echoes. Considering the fact that neither of the members of the staff had any prior publishing experience, one might refer to the actual publishing as "unbelievable."

My unexpected arrival in Coplay plus the unusual garb for one in the military service has caused considerable comment by a few of those of the community. I cannot think of a better opportunity than the present to assure those persons that I have been with the service for some time now though my exploits are not for publication and will never be. I might add that I have seen quite a bit of this world in its present condition and feel that I may see a lot more before I will "lay down arms."

Again, my most sincerest appreciation for the editions I have received and to conclude may I again say that "Coplay Echoes," is an open expression of faith by a peace loving community to those peace loving members of that community who are now striving to uphold the traditions of that community.

Remaining, I am,  
Fred Galler.



## Train Invasion Force Medics



*From an article appearing in  
The Allentown Morning Call.  
Cpl. Klucharich is in the cen-  
ter above.*

Two soldiers from this area have arrived in England from Africa with a group of Medical Department soldiers, all of whom have seen extensive action in the Mediterranean theater of war, to help train other "medics" now preparing for the second front invasion. They are Private First Class Frank Defiore of Allentown R. 60, and Corporal Stephen C. Klucharich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klucharich, 108 Chestnut Street, Coplay.

In North Africa these men evacuated casualties in the most hazardous and difficult terrain. In one sector they worked in steep mountain ranges thick with heavy underbrush, with very little overhead cover and almost complete absence of roads. Vehicles were of almost no value in the for-

## Echoes From The Front

North Africa.

Hello Staff:

Your third copy of "Coplay Echoes" finds me for from Coplay, but seeing that familiar envelope of "Echoes" brings my memories right back to the old town.

I intended writing you sooner showing my appreciation to your staff for such splendid work which you are doing in "Echoes." I feel sure for everyone in the service receiving "Echoes" that it is a wonderful way the town folks of Coplay are remembering us by.

I wonder if you can do me a little favor when it comes again in wanting things which I would appreciate more than ever. Knowing that you have a list of the fellows over here in the European theater of war, I wonder if you can send me a list of II addresses (or at least most of them).

Seeing that "Echoes" reaches servicemen everywhere, I would like to add a tip to servicemen overseas, who have addresses of friends situated in War Theaters of their own.

A "Machine Record System" is set up in various towns of men from the states in various theaters. If and when anyone wants to know the exact location of his friends whereabouts he must present the rank and army serials number of the person he is looking for and in a short while his friend's address will be presented to him.

Thanking you and staff for all your trouble, I hope I can keep on receiving "Echoes" as long as you make them. So until then I remain,

Yours sincerely,

"Shorty" Tapler.

ward areas, and most of their supplies had to be hand-carried.

Because of enemy air activity, night evacuation of the wounded was necessary. During the day the wounded had to be cared for in slit trenches. In one 24-hour period there were more than 30 enemy raids.

Weather was another obstacle. During the day it was unbearably hot and the air was filled with swirling dust and sand. At night the temperature dropped so suddenly that men in the front lines had difficulty in keeping warm.

Corporal Klucharich has been in service since November 10, 1941. His basic training was received at Camp Lee, Va. He is a graduate of Coplay High School.

## What's Cooking?

(Continued from page twenty-one)

Sixth Street—we see *Margaret Poder-ski* struggling with her “half-mile” of pavement shoveling and now we wend our way past *Doc Fox's place*, *Taniser's Store* and *Schaeffer's Store*. We make a turn up Third Street. You must remember the old *Taniser home*, *Balliet's* and the old *Post Office*. We bound back to our office to shake off the effects of old man Winter. By this time we are all chilled to the marrow. We get a cheery smile from *Mrs. Muriel Miller* that warms us plenty, so grabbing another pencil and a tablet, we again hit the open road. Using a little shoe leather we hit Second Street via Hall Street. Looking up and down Coplay's “main street” we see few cars and fewer people. Our bet is *Sodl's*—the one time hang-out of most Coplay boys. Once inside the store we notice a whole new gang—not many of the old crowd around. Behind the bar we see *Louie Ivankovits*, “Prunes” *Beslanovits* and “Dicka” *Sommers* who is helping out for the evening. We see a Hokendauqua sailor, *Mike Harakl*, a former Coplay Legion ball player, at the end of the bar. So far no one has played the juke-box, so there's no dancing. Everyone seems to be from Northampton or from Hokendauqua. Most of the girls are all doubled up, with all the fellows gone. *Mr. William Kunkle* just dropped in for a quart of ice cream. As the wind blows so does *Joe (Eagle Scout) Kroboth*, *Johnnie Sommers*, and *Frankie Schwartz*.

Now we drop over to the skating rink. Hmmm, they have a pretty large crowd here tonight. They also seem to come from any place except Coplay. Say fellow, who's that nifty blonde over there? Hay!! That's page twenty-four

beside the point. The rink is being run capably by *Mrs. Charlie Taniser*. Her husband left for the Army last month. We noticed that *Chester Hoffman* has recently cleaned out the space that houses the fire truck. *Frank Scheirer*, the plumber, is hurrying off to repair someone's frozen water line. *The Student Council* of the Coplay High School sponsored a Pre-Lenten Dance which was held on Monday night (Feb. 21) in the High School Gym. Also on that date the girls of the Senior Class were addressed by an F. B. I. representative who offered them positions in the Identification Bureau, in Washington D. C., upon the completion of their senior year. The girls of the Class of '44 were quite pleased with this chance. Just how many will take advantage of this opportunity is not yet known. The offer was also made in surrounding high schools. *The Coplay Council* discussed plans for the erection of a Municipal Building after the war. We know that everyone would surely like to see that. We also hope that their plans will someday (soon) materialize. That winds up things for this month.



# COPLAY ECHOES

Published at Coplay, Penna. by the People of Coplay for and in behalf of their fellow townsmen in the Armed Forces of the United States of America.

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