



# COPLAY ECHOES



*Easter*

*Parade*





## MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 14

Familiar scenes and blue stars in a window bring fond memories of home and mother. Now in her loneliness as she sits and waits out each hour her thoughts turn ever to you wherever you may be. But there is a great day coming. It will be the grandest Mother's Day in all history — when she, who once warmed you under her heart will fold you in her arms in the ecstasy of a happy homecoming. Then will come an end to her watching and waiting and praying.

A Salute to the Mothers  
of Coplay and America



# COPLAY ECHOES



**Volume 1**

**Number 9**

*The Community of Coplay*

**May**

**1944**



# Ransacking The Mail Bag

By Kathryn Fogel

SAMUEL "REDS" LINDENMUTH from somewhere in England thanks "The Staff" for another issue of "Coplay Echoes" he enjoys hearing about all the people from back home and from all the boys and girls in Service. He tells us to "Keep the Home Fires Burning," until the boys and girls return.

*"We'll try to do that for one of 'Our Coplay Yanks' and the best of luck to you 'Reds'."*

\* \* \*

An interesting letter from a former Coplay boy, CHARLES SOFKA, informs us that he received "Coplay Echoes," from his sister and he enjoyed it very much. He is living in New Jersey and serving with the Merchant Marine. He is hoping that he'll meet some of his Coplay friends on his trips.

*"We hope you do meet some former Coplay pals, Charles. We'll put you on our mailing list and we hope 'Coplay Echoes' will give more pleasant memories."*

\* \* \*

A note of gratitude from EDWARD MARINKOVITS, for his issues of "Coplay Echoes." He has completed another course in his training and reports that everything is going swell.

*Congratulations on your progress Edward and we wish you luck.*

\* \* \*

ANTON DECKER dropped us a few lines to let us know that Coplay Echoes is a "wonderful booklet." He is in California to begin has cadet pilot training, he says the training is hard, but very interesting.

*We wish you success Anton and hope to hear from you again.*

\* \* \*

A letter of appreciation came from FRED LEGARHT, he is looking forward to getting his next issues of

"Coplay Echoes," as they are "just what a fellow wants to hear."

*We hope your issues catch up with you, Fred. We'll check up on your address and do our best to get them to you promptly.*

\* \* \*

The Editor and Staff received an Easter Greeting from FRANK J. BODISH who hopes he'll be able to be home for next Easter. Frank keeps us well informed and drops us a line every now and then.

*Keep up the good work Frank, we always like to hear from you. We sincerely hope that you'll be back in Coplay soon with all the rest of your friends and fellow Coplayites.*

\* \* \*

BILL MONDSCHNEIN writes us from Florida that he enjoys the weather a lot but is kept quite busy. He has been going to school up to this time. First in North Carolina, then, in New York where he took a specialized course on the P-47 "Thunderbolt." Now he is in Florida working on planes. He is very much interested in his work and his one aim is to keep his ship flying. He has been stationed at three different air bases but has not seen anything to compare to "Coplay Echoes." He compliments the staff and enjoys getting the news about all his buddies.

*Thank you Bill, we are glad to be able to give you some news of Coplay. Congratulations to you on the successful completion of your course. We know you'll keep them flying and the Best of Luck to you.*

**WRITE  
HOME  
TODAY**





The warm lush breezes of Spring caress the freshly turned gardens of lazy Coplay, as the kids start playing marbles "for keeps" on the velvety hard-packed mud of every alley. Now for a look around the town for bits of news and gossip to put on the Coplay, London, Anzio, Oran, Calcutta, Melbourne, New Guinea, Hawaii, and San Francisco ticker. As we hit the good old Midway, we store up some facts we're told, here goes; we hear that *Grace Silfies*, erstwhile Associate Editor is at the Baltimore City Hospital for a course in practical nursing—*Helen Taniser* also until recently an Associate Editor has taken over clerical duties at County Board No. 3—(watch it now she's "got our number")—the best of luck to both of our former co-workers—*Helen Devetz* is mending nicely after a trip to the hospital for the removal of her appendix—another ex-worker for whom we wish a speedy recovery — *Eddie*, "There's a Girl in Wyoming," *Gorr* is the next one we bump into and he tells of his salesmanship in connection with "Echoes" down at *Macks*—We drop into *Frank Klingler's* barber shop and wait our turn as *S2/c Alfred Lederer* and *S2/c Joseph Klepeiss* get their G.I.'s trimmed, and in comes a veteran of two years in the Army, *Pfc. Solderitch* stationed at Ft. Bragg — "*Blackie*" invites the boys over to his girl's house in Baltimore the next day, since the three of them are going to leave town and the "gobs" are stationed at Bainbridge, Md.—Now out of the shop and down the hill, where we pass under a conversation between *Mrs. Joe Rieker* and *Helen Geist*, the lat-

ter at a second story window in the Eagle Hotel—*Anna Ambearle* sweeping her pavement—*Leonard Moran* off to the store—*Sam Welch* talking it over with a huckster — *George Schwartz*, shining up his car—*Sam Lauser* at work in the garden—the gang at *Steve's* again and then *Rose Gaston* out for a breath of fresh spring air—we notice the stars in the window of the box office at the *Ritz* — and *Edgar Morgan* pulling out with another load of bread, cakes, and pies—*Mrs. Adolph Taniser* dashes across to *McGinley's* store and then, we see the usual gang at *Sodl's*—We attend the dinner *Frank Kukitz* throws in his home for *M'berg's* championship basketball team, and the official family — we dine on moose meat and meet a bunch of swell boys—all in the uniform of the Navy or Marines—it was a real gesture on the part of *Frank*—Now as we write, *Mrs. Ruth Herbster*, a faithful sector worker, comes in with pictures of the mothers in her block, ready to be used in this issue—here goes, back to our notes on our rambles through town

(Continued on page twenty-two)





## V Echoes From The Front ...-



To the Staff:

I just received my mail and among it was my copy of "Coplay Echoes." I want to thank you for making it possible for me and the rest of the Coplay boys to be able to get such a fine book.

It is truly an inspiring book and I want to express my thanks to all of you whom contribute to making this book possible. I have read my copies over and over again and I always look over the copies I have had for months. It brings back many memories to read just what is going on in our great community.

Over here in Italy, thousands of miles from home, this wonderful book is most welcome as it is about the only way I can know just what is going on around Coplay, besides letters from my home. I am looking forward to receiving my next copy with great joy.

Keep up the good work—Best Regards to All.

One of the Boys,

Rudolph J. Ernst.

Dear Editor and Staff:

Wishing to let you know I received my new issue of the "Echoes" always gives me a thrill whenever it reaches me as I know it means some more pleasant reading about the old-home town.

Oh yes, Coplay was our topic for the last twelve days, as I have been over to see my brother in England. It sure was swell to see him again after a year and eight months have elapsed. We didn't get to see many sights as he was on duty every day. He managed to get a two-day pass so we went to Oxford. Usually at night we'd have a jam session in one of the Pubs. I found out, at certain times you can get very good brew and it almost comes up to the standards of American brew. That's only one night in a week. Oh, my, it's good I quit drinking.

Here's another headache for you. My address is changed again and I hope this will keep for sometime. I'm getting tired myself of changing, because it always knocks our mail for a loop, even if it isn't as good as it should be. That's all for the time being.

Cheerio!

Rudy Gollatz.

Somewhere in England

Hello there!

Just finished reading another issue of "Coplay Echoes" and I must say it was very good. But I haven't received my last month's issue. One of these days it'll catch up with me.

Even though I wasn't home for Xmas, seeing the snaps of the tree at our house sorta made me feel better.

England is rather damp and all we do is have the "sniffles." They call it the "E. T. O. Sniffles." Would like to receive the addresses of all the boys that are in England, because this place isn't so big and you can always bump into some one.

Best of Luck in the Future.

Sgt. John Rubasky.

Dear Staff:

I am getting the "Coplay Echoes." I sure enjoy it more than any magazine I could buy on a newstand. To me it's really tops. I realize how hard all of you must work to put out such a magazine and I know every one in the service appreciate your hard work.

I got some extra enjoyment out of your March issue when I looked at the back cover and saw the picture of the school. It brought back memories of a wild tour three Coplay boys took one night. Remember that George. We sure took a razzing for that, for a long time. Things like that make the magazine double enjoyment for us.

I am now in the Ferrying Command ferrying airplanes all over the country and the world. I see a lot of interesting things. On one trip to Arizona who should I meet but Lionel Farney. Boy it sure was a surprise to both of us and a lot of talking was done by both of us. Maybe Coplay isn't so small after all.

I enjoyed very much the picture of my cousin Helen and myself in the February issue. It brought back some more memories of 1942.

Well it's time to sign off. Keep up the good work and the best of luck.

As ever,

Sgt. Harry Kunkle.





## MOTHER'S CLUB . . .

An offspring of the present world conflagration, the idea of a "Mother's Club of World War II" quickly struck a responsive chord among the mothers of Coplay. Our Boro, scored another first, being ahead of all the other small towns in the valley and becoming Unit #2 of Pennsylvania.

The club was organized in September 1943 by Mrs. Henry Frantz, mother of two boys in the service and the following officers, selected by the president, were installed by Mrs. William Pfeifer, Pennsylvania State organizer for the National Association of Mothers Clubs:

President.....Mrs. Maggie Frantz  
1st Vice Pres.

Mrs. Alberta Abernathy

2nd Vice Pres.....Mrs. Ursula Ringer

Rec. Sec.....Mrs. Anna Reinhard

Fin. Sec.....Mrs. Eva Snyder

Treas.....Mrs. Jennie Kidling

Historian.....Mrs. Myrtle Balliet

Chaplain.....Mrs. Mable Long

Sgt. of Arms.....Mrs. Helen Schreiber

Color Bearers

Mrs. Rose Legath

Margaret Gilly

Color Guard

Mrs. Mary Zerfass

Mrs. Caroline Paukovits

On February 14, 1944, the American Flag as well as a unit banner were dedicated at an elaborate program in the Coplay Saengerbund Assembly Hall, regular meeting place. Addresses by Rev. Francis Fox, Rev. Richard Keen and Rev. Joseph Mohr of Egypt. Mr. Reynold Ambearle, president of local 14, United Cement, Lime and Gypsum Workers of America presented the Unit Flag in behalf of his organization and Mr. Charles Reichl of the Fur Workers Union presented a beautiful American Flag as a gift from his union. Sgt. Helen Arthur, home on leave from the W.A.C. also spoke.

From its inception the club has been extremely active and bids fare

(Continued on next page)

Pictured above is the Unit Flag, several of the speakers at the flag and banner dedication program, some of the members of the club as well as officers and the oldest mother, grandmother and great grandmother, and Mrs. Kern, and also the mother with the most boys in the service, Mrs. Frank Lentz.



## Mother's Club . . .

(From preceding page)

to be one of the town's most prominent organizations. At Christmas time cards were sent to all of our boys in this country and abroad; later the club assisted in the Fourth War Loan Drive and on March 13, 1944 a check was mailed to the Red Cross to cover the cost of furnishing a reception room at the Indiantown Gap Hospital.

The club boasts a comfortable treasury as a result of numerous bake sales and quilt raffles and its coffers have also been enhanced by a donation of \$25.00 from the American Club.

All Coplay hails a progressive and wide awake organization.

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# WRITE HOME TODAY

## A Soldier's Dream . . .

With pen in my hand,  
I'm writing to you—  
To tell of a SOLDIER,  
Who's home-sick and blue.

He thinks of the days,  
Yes, the days he was home,  
With one thought in his mind,  
Never more, shall I roam.

He dreams of the day,  
When this fear and struggle ends;  
Once more to return,  
To his loved ones and friends.

He thinks of a home,  
One white and small.  
Where there's love—and peace—  
To rule over all.

With a dream-land like this,  
And it's coming in sight,  
He's going to protect it,  
With all of his might.

So with a smile on his face,  
And these thoughts in his heart;  
He starts out once more,  
Just doing his part.

And so it goes on,  
With Joy, Contentment and Sorrow,  
Still he keeps himself happy,  
With thoughts of to-morrow.

Cpl. Burt A. Salter, Jr.  
Son of  
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Salter, Sr.

## Announcement

Because many people of the Borough are saving each issue of "Coplay Echoes," and since this magazine may therefore have some historical significance as years go by, the staff has decided to work toward the end that it be accurate. It has accordingly been decided that beginning with the July issue, we will no longer publish on our "Honor Roll" list the names of ALL persons receiving "Echoes." Beginning with July, only those people who left Coplay for the service or who since have moved here will be included. Only bona fide citizens of the Boro will have their names on the list.

This move will in no way affect the distribution of "Coplay Echoes," it being our policy to mail copies to all people who at one time or another lived here and became attached to our little town. Every effort will be made to make the new listings as accurate as possible, and each case will be decided individually. We trust that this will meet with the approval of all.



# ECHOES FROM THE FRONT...

Dear Members of the Staff:

Before I go into this letter proper, let me take this opportunity to express my thanks to the whole staff of Coplay Echoes for the splendid job they are doing in trying to make us fellows seem a little closer to home, and that is just what this magazine is doing, take it from a fellow who waits for it anxiously every month, that's me of course, and I don't hesitate to say that all the other fellows that are in the service in all parts of the globe join me in saying "Coplay Echoes" is the magazine of magazines, after all it is a home town product, and what more could we ask. All I can say now is, keep up the good work, and like one of the other fellows put it, I only hope it continues for the duration plus six months.

When I received my copy yesterday, the fellows in my outfit saw me come in with it, and I guess they could tell by the expression on my face that it was the magazine that I had been 'sweating out' for sometime, and then you should have heard the yells of "butts on the magazine Mills," no kidding, they, too enjoy reading it, even though it isn't from their own home town, but it makes them feel as though they were from there, yep that town of Coplay is surely getting a lot of publicity, and it's due to "Coplay Echoes."

Most of the fellows marvel at the way the thing is put together, and lots of them wonder how a little town like Coplay can have such a big magazine, well, if they knew what kind of people we have in that little town they wouldn't be a bit surprised at why the Coplay Echoes is as great as it is. All I can say for now is, keep up the good work, it surely is a great little magazine.

I guess you know that Dick Cullin, John Piha, and Keller are also in my outfit, I have been trying for sometime to get them all together at one time and have a group photo taken so that I could send it on to you, but so far I have met with little success, but, one of these days I'll be able to, and then if possible I'll forward a picture to you, yep from the Coplay Fellows down in the Southwest Pacific.

Last month I told you that I hadn't as yet received the last issue of Coplay Echoes, so I started to scout around the camp to see if one of the other fellows had received one, fortunately for me, John Piha did, and, well I borrowed it from him after a bit of coaxing, for he sure as all heck didn't want to give it to me, doesn't that prove that "Coplay Echoes" has something, why, you can't even borrow it from someone.

Must close, so here's wishing you continued success with that great little "Big" magazine,

and I surely hope the next issue reaches me as soon as this last one did, bye for now.

A Rooter for "Echoes,"

Frank "Mooney" Mills.

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Coplay Echoes

To the Staff:

Due to censorship regulations, I cannot reveal my present location, though I can say that I'm "somewhere in England." Being here you can readily see and understand what the "Echoes" means to me. It brings every one and every thing, in Coplay back to me—if only in memory. To say that I appreciate it, no end, would be putting it very mildly, and I hope to continue to receive them.

I want to thank the staff for every one that I have already received. I wish I could do that in person, but times as they are—that would be impossible—for the present at least.

Sincerely yours,

"Scrappy" Rogers.

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Dear Editor:

I received three copies of the Coplay Echoes. Although I'm not from Coplay but the neighboring town, I want to take this opportunity to express my thanks for the Echoes. I received them through my parents.

I want to congratulate you and your staff for the splendid work you are doing in the publication of this booklet. I've showed the booklet to other fellows in my outfit, they all said it was very good, and a morale builder.

May God bless you and the staff with continued success in your endeavor.

A Friend,

Cpl. Marvin A. Fahringer.

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Dear Editors and Staff:

Once more I want to thank all of you for getting my issues of the "Echoes" to me. All of the boys in my hut anxiously wait their turn to read it as soon as I get through with it. They all say if only their home town folks would do something like that, it would really make them happy. That letter which Miss Annie wrote surely made me feel as if I was right back at home. I surely did appreciate it very much. I want to express my appreciation of the splendid work, the staff, and also, the editor are doing. All I have to say is keep up the splendid work, and I am sure all the boys feel the same way as I do. News over here is just as scarce as ever, but still getting along fine. Well I will say so long, and keep the "Echoes" coming as I appreciate it very much.

Sincerely yours,

Julius A. Gollatz.





### Messengers . . .

Two faithful members of "Echoes" staff who do the running around covering the many details necessary in publishing your magazine.

Byron Long, (left) son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray C. Long, Sr., and Samuel Hoanzl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hoanzl, Sr., have worked on the staff since the September issue, and are to be commended for their faithfulness. Pictures of the girls who are messengers will be shown in a future issue.

## Echoes from the Front

Mr. Long:

Raymond, a few lines just to thank you and the whole staff of the Coplay Echoes, for sending it to me for it is the only news I get from home, besides the letters my wife sends me and I don't think there is anything going out to the boys in the services like it. And I do hope you keep on sending this book to the boys for they will never forget it. Well Raymond there is not much news from down here but I do say, it is hot and how. I would like to be back home where I would have to put on my top coat to go out instead of shorts. And when I say back I mean back in the good old town of Coplay; there is no other place in the world like it. And so I say so long to the whole town till I get back and my best regards to all.

Yours truly,

Herbert Garrison.

Dear Staff:

I received my first issue of "Coplay Echoes" two days ago. It was really an unexpected and pleasant surprise. It makes one feel good to be remembered by the old home town. I have shown my copy to my buddies and they all thought it was a fine idea, and wished they had something like it.

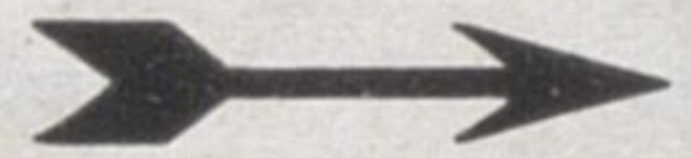
As far as the army is concerned, I am just a rookie, but I am learning plenty fast. I have two more weeks of basic training to put in. I have really enjoyed the training, which is the best course of instruction in any army.

Many thanks again for your fine magazine. I am already looking forward to the next issue.

You people on the staff are doing a fine job, and no doubt by now Coplay is well known as New York because of your efforts. Keep it up!

A Loyal Coplay Booster,

Willard George.



As we face another year of memories we pause to pay tribute to four men who have given their lives in our present conflict.

**Pvt. Louis J. Wonderly** killed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri.

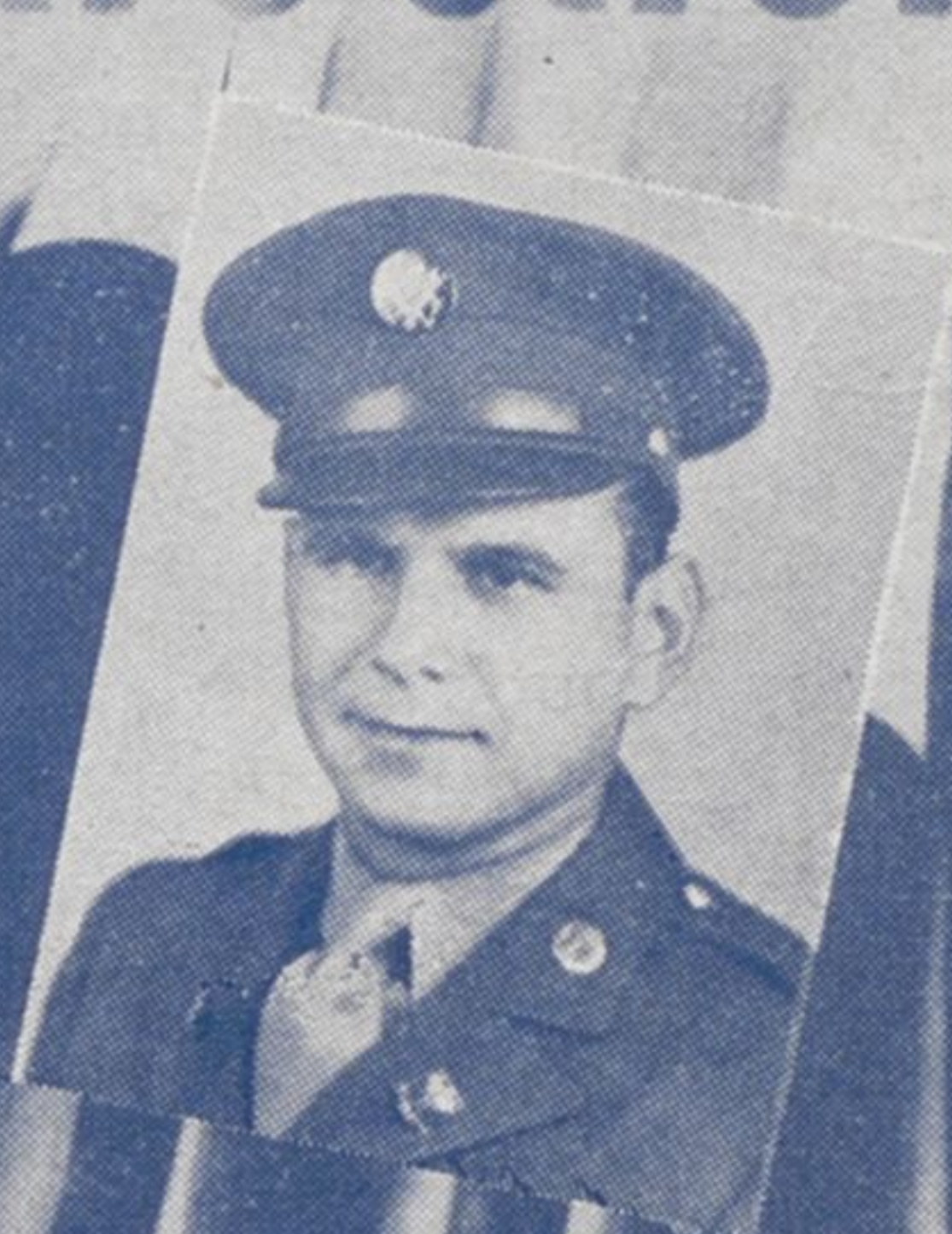
**Petty Officer 1st Class Joseph Tapler**, killed in the battle of Savo Island, aboard the U. S. S. Memphis, August 9, 1942.

**Pvt. Anton L. Hirschman**, killed near Pope Field, N. C., in a plane accident, June 7, 1943.

**Pvt. Louis Kovacs**, killed in action in the Solomon Islands, August 15, 1943.



**UNITED**  
we are strong



*In Memoriam*

**UNITED** we will win



# MORE SOUND and FURY...

## Editor's Note:

*It is our policy to publish the letters of Soldiers, Sailors and/or Marines "as is" if they are not obscene or divulge no military secrets. We are not averse to publishing "digs" at other branches of the service because they feel they are nothing more than good-natured ribbing for which Coplay is justly famous. Now let Pvt. Golomb take a "swat" at "Mooney."*

To Mooney Mills  
c/o Coplay Echoes

I have just finished reading the March issue of the Coplay Echoes, in which your article was placed concerning a certain poem whose author seems to be disputed.

My purpose in writing this letter is not to claim the rightful ownership of that poem but to rebuke you about a statement you made concerning the Marines. You made it sound as if only the Marines are capable of taking credit for something they didn't do, and unless you produce proof of any such cases where the Marines have done so I will ask you to please save your below the belt punches for the Japs.

Even though the Marine Corps Central Pacific was my choice I understood, when I enlisted that it was a branch of the Armed Services of the U. S. and in cooperation with said Army and Navy and when any one makes such a statement as Quote (But that's what gripes me, some one taking the credit for something that some one else did, sounds almost like a Marine) unquote.

I believe it is about time some one as we say it in the Corps, was given the word. Although there aren't enough of us Marines to win the war you can lay your money on the board that the Marines will be there putting in a few knock out punches to end this thing as soon as possible.

I believe I have made myself clear so hereafter when you have any such arguments to settle please leave us out of it.

Sincerely yours,

P.F.C. Geo. Golomb.

## Hello Mom . . .

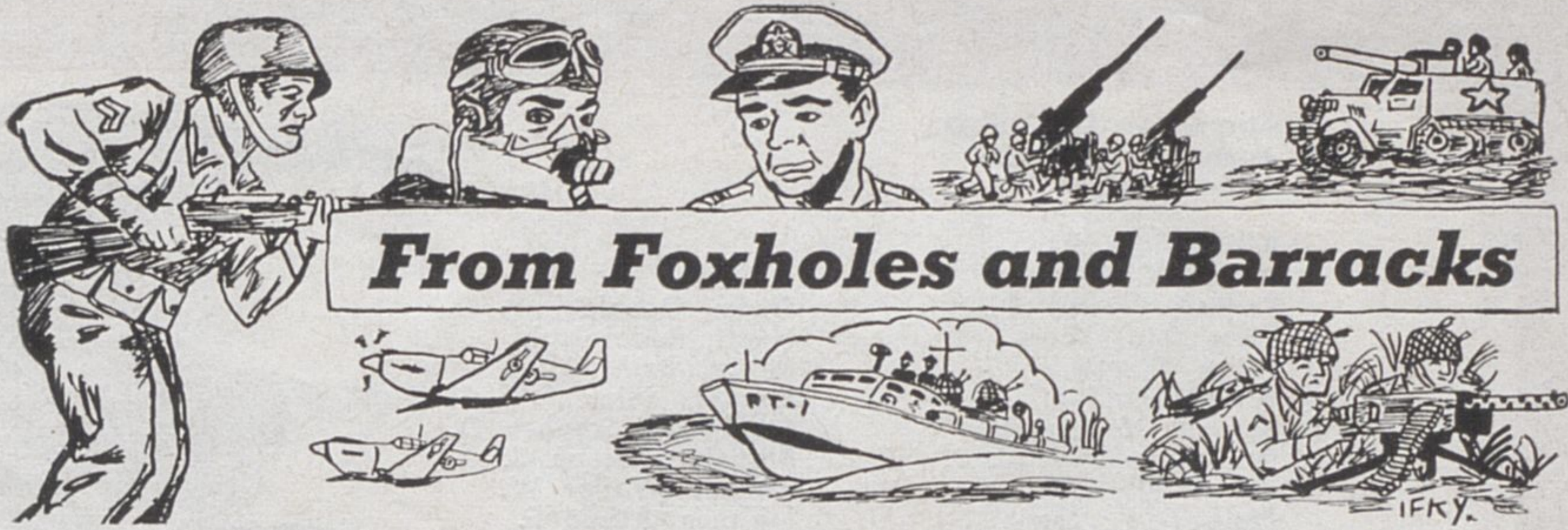
I looked at your picture last night,  
Mom.  
And all of a sudden . . . You smiled  
at me,—  
I don't know why. But I smiled back  
at you  
And winked, and you laughed,  
Such a beautiful laugh, I had to  
laugh too.  
Then you frowned . . . I said, "Why  
are you frowning, Mom?"  
And you said, "Are you sure you're  
all right, Son;  
Are you really as happy as you say  
in your letters?  
Or are you telling me a white lie  
like you used to  
When you were a little boy. I'm  
afraid,  
Son, things are so wrong in this  
world, I'm afraid.  
Then a big tear drop rolled down  
your cheek

I remember that big tear drop — I  
had seen it many  
Times before. It made me sad yet,  
There was something happy about it.  
Happy because I knew you cared.  
Cared for your little boy who was  
so far away.  
I said, "Mom, don't you worry about  
me,  
I'm really happy, but of course I  
miss you so.  
But outside of that thing, just think  
of the reasons  
Why I'm so far away." Your smile  
slowly came back  
And you said, "I know Son, I know;  
but I can't help it.  
I love you so so very much, but I  
will try."  
And then I put your picture back on  
the shelf,  
And said Goodnight, until tomorrow  
Sweet dreams, forever and ever and  
ever.

Taken from the Stars and Stripes

Submitted by Pfc. Malcolm Werly





## From Foxholes and Barracks

By L. Kathryn Fogel

PFC. MALCOLM WERLEY, somewhere in North Africa on Easter again continued a little custom of sending a money order to Rev. A. A. Koch, St. John's Lutheran Church. This money he instructs, is to buy flowers to be placed in the chancel of the church in tribute to his mother, Mrs. Florence Werley, South Front Street. It's a great thought Werley and we congratulate you on it. Here's something else we like:

(Continued on page eighteen)

**Bowls with Champs**

**PRIVATE STEPHEN SCHLEDER**

A former bowler with the Coplay Juniors at the Log Cabin alleys, Private Stephen Schleder, who was known as "Steve Slater," is a member of the Fort Bliss, Tex., championship bowling team.

Private Schleder made the bowling team of his battery at Fort Bliss, and then after winning the title in their own league, bowled the same night and won the Fort Bliss championship.

At Coplay he bowled on a team with "Addy" Kohler, Freddy "Legs" Leghart, Johnny Kukitz and Johnny Schrampf, and was a protege of Carl Mensinger, when the latter was instructor at the Log Cabin.

The above picture and article explains itself. We wish to congratulate "Steve" on his fine accomplishment.

From 55/2537

MRS. FLORENCE WERLEY  
Post Office Box #380  
COPLAY, PA

Per Malcolm WERLEY  
62nd Military Police Co.  
APO #600, 76 P.M.  
NYC NY 48th 44

*Love to Mother*

IT MAKES ME HAPPY, JUST TO THINK  
THIS WISH WILL SOON BE GOING,  
TO FILL YOUR CUP OF HAPPINESS  
I HOPE, TO OVERFLOWING—  
A WISH THAT COMES FROM FAR AWAY,  
FOR HAPPINESS AND PLEASURE—  
ON MOTHER'S DAY AND EVERYDAY—  
WITH LOVE BEYOND ALL  
MEASURE!

God bless you & keep you safe.

With Lots of Love & Good Health.  
40 for Love Love

V-MAIL



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

\*Blose, 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, Edward  
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.  
Eisele, Ralph A.  
Eisenhauer, Henry  
Erkinge, Alfred  
Erkinge, Charles  
Ernst, Rudolph J.  
Failer, Frank P.  
Falk, Howard G.  
Farney, Lionel  
Farino, Anthony

Brown, Donald  
Hanzl, Rudolph J.  
Keiser, Ruth  
Keppel, Peter  
Kerbacher, Stephen D.  
Klepeiss, Joseph J.  
Kramer, Walter W.  
Meixner, Alfred F.  
Moser, Albert G.  
Moser, Edwin P.

Farney, Robert  
Fenstermaker, James  
Fidler, Julius  
Fiedler, Frank  
Frantz, Forrest H.  
Frantz, Sylvester B.  
Fruhwrth, 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.  
Gilly, Charles  
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



## LEST WE

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  
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Kratzer, Stephen

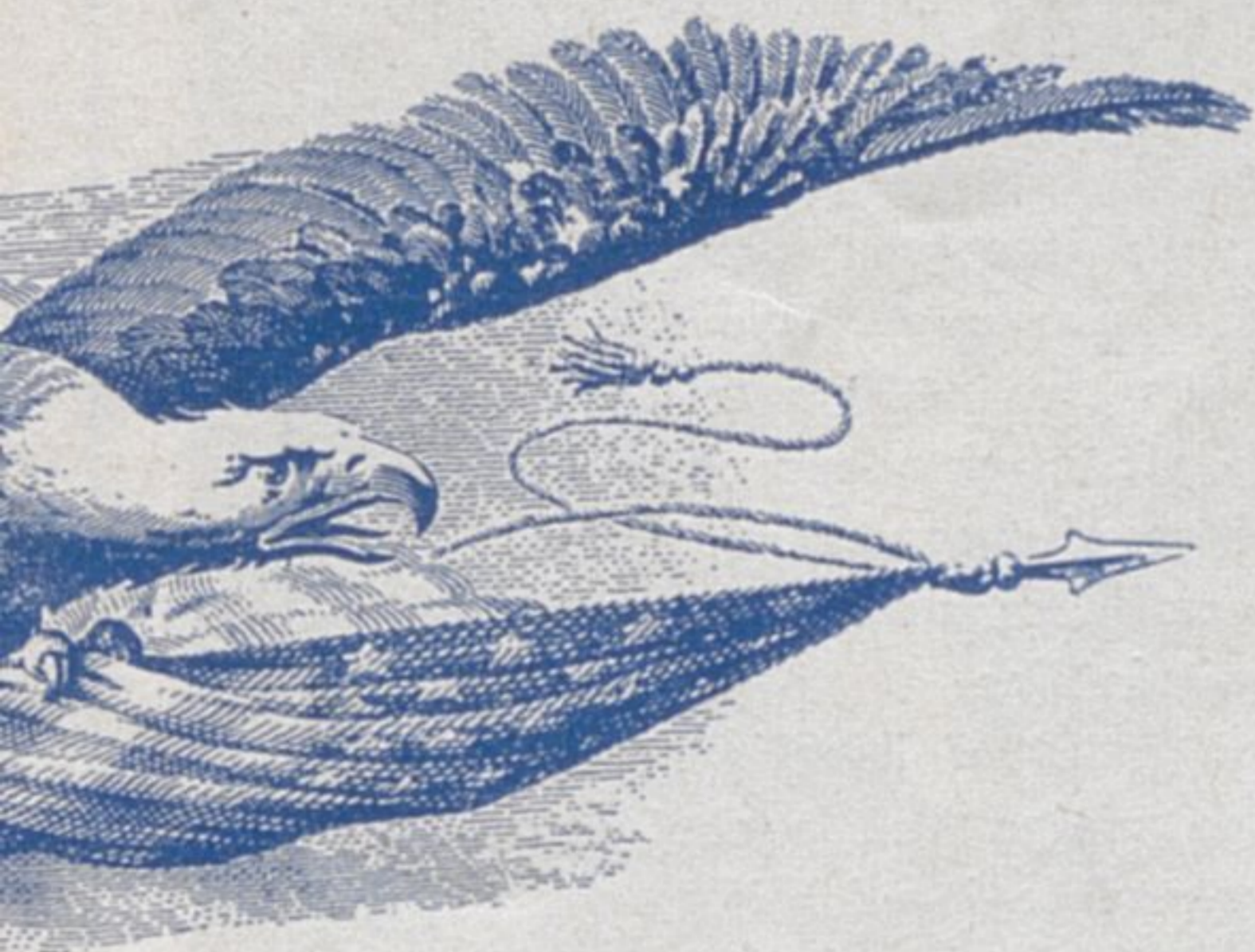
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Kropf, Antho  
Krug, Julius  
Kukitz, John  
Kunkie, Ernest  
Kunkle, Harry  
Lakovits, Her  
Lansky, Timot  
Laubach, For  
\*Lauser, Willia  
Legarht, Fred  
Leitgeb, Fran  
Leitgeb, John  
Lendl, Joseph  
Lentz, Antho  
\*Lentz, Donald  
Lentz, Edward  
Lentz, Frank  
Lentz, John  
Lentz, Joseph  
Lentz, Raymo  
Lewis, Geralt  
Lewis, Roland  
Liebezeit, Ru  
Lilly, Allen L  
Lindenmuth,  
Long, Carson  
Lorenz, Fran  
Lorenz, John  
Luizer, John  
Luizer, Josep  
\*Lutes, Glen

Magazzu, An  
Marakovits, C  
Marek, Vince  
Marek, Willia  
Marinkovits,  
Marx, Alfred  
Marx, Rudol  
Marth, Frank  
Marth, John  
Martincek, S  
Mashburn, E  
Matis, John  
Matis, Josep  
Mayer, Edwa  
Mayer, Juliu  
Mayer, John  
Meckes, Rob  
Meixner, Car  
Mertz, Edwin  
Meyers, Fran  
Michael, Ha

† Camp Casualty

\* Honorably Disch





# FORGET

Moser, Robert S.  
Piha, Frank  
Sofka, Charles  
Sofka, John  
Sommers, Joseph F.  
Gollatz, Edward  
Hess, Robert  
Miller, Franklin E. Jr.  
Thomas, Frank J.  
Yandersits, Joseph

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  
Yandersits, William  
Yoo, John  
Yoo, Joseph  
Yoo, Rose  
Zeiner, Milton  
Zerfass, Raymond  
Zsigovits, Joseph  
Zwickle, Edward

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  
Rieker, Joseph  
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  
Schaadt, Louis C.  
\*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, Frank  
\*Sidor, Joseph  
Silfies, Edgar  
Silfies, Frederick  
Sinkovits, Frank  
Slanovits, Joseph  
Slanovits, Louis  
Snyder, Clarence  
Snyder, Robert  
Snyder, Stewart  
Sodl, Anthony

† Killed in Action



## Correction . . .

*Somewhere in Italy*

Dear Staff:

Just received my February issue of the Coplay Echoes and I want to thank you for the cooperation you people really have back there. In this issue there was a picture of a German Stuka and on the bottom of the picture it said that it's a plane my outfit brought down in Sicily. Well I'm sorry to say that picture was taken outside of Tunis on the way to Dippean after the assault was over. So if you will please, in your next issue, state the fact, that, that plane was not shot down by my old outfit but I merely had a picture taken with the plane. Although I did see some get knocked out of the air. But as the thing stands I would like to say that I'm no glory finder because most of the fellows that have been over nineteen months have seen all they wanted to see and hardly like to discuss the things they have seen. So if you would do me a favor please make a correction of that as soon as possible.

Right at the present time I'm transferred into another outfit, which I like better than the one I was in.

I didn't have the chance as yet to meet anyone from my home town (I meant to say Coplay.) I did meet John Luizer in Africa but never saw him since.

So far I received six issues of the "Echoes" and believe you me I sure do wait hard for the next copy to come. All my buddies in the tent don't even give me a chance to read it right away. They also think it's a grand and swell expressed book I think all of the boys really appreciate it because it's one of the finest things in the world.

Well I guess I'll have to close and hope this thing they call war will wind up soon. Good Luck and Best Wishes to all.

Sincerely,

S/Sgt Julius Mayer, Jr.

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## Echoes from the Front

Dear Staff:

How in the hell is the town squire? Are you getting the income tax forms ready for Uncle Sammy, you know we need it damn bad.

Why the hell I was put in the Signal Corps I don't know, that's the \$64.00 question. Everything at the present is confusing excepting learning to march and things of that sort.

One thing you learn quickly to move on the double and wait in line.

We're getting a lot of injections here of late, they don't mind giving you a shot in the arm, after all they're not paying for it.

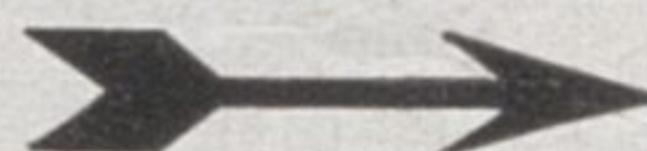
The weather at this camp is damn bad as it's damp continuously and we are within a quarter mile of the ocean however in summer time it will be ideal, the only thing, by that time we will be shipped the hell out of here to some other place.

Had a letter from John McGinley and he tells me the town is dead, cripes the way they're coming in, if they soon don't stop they'll have my old man here.

Might get a 6 hour pass within the next two weeks, can't wait till I get to see my other half. You don't get off the post where I am at as they are damn strict with basics.

Yours,

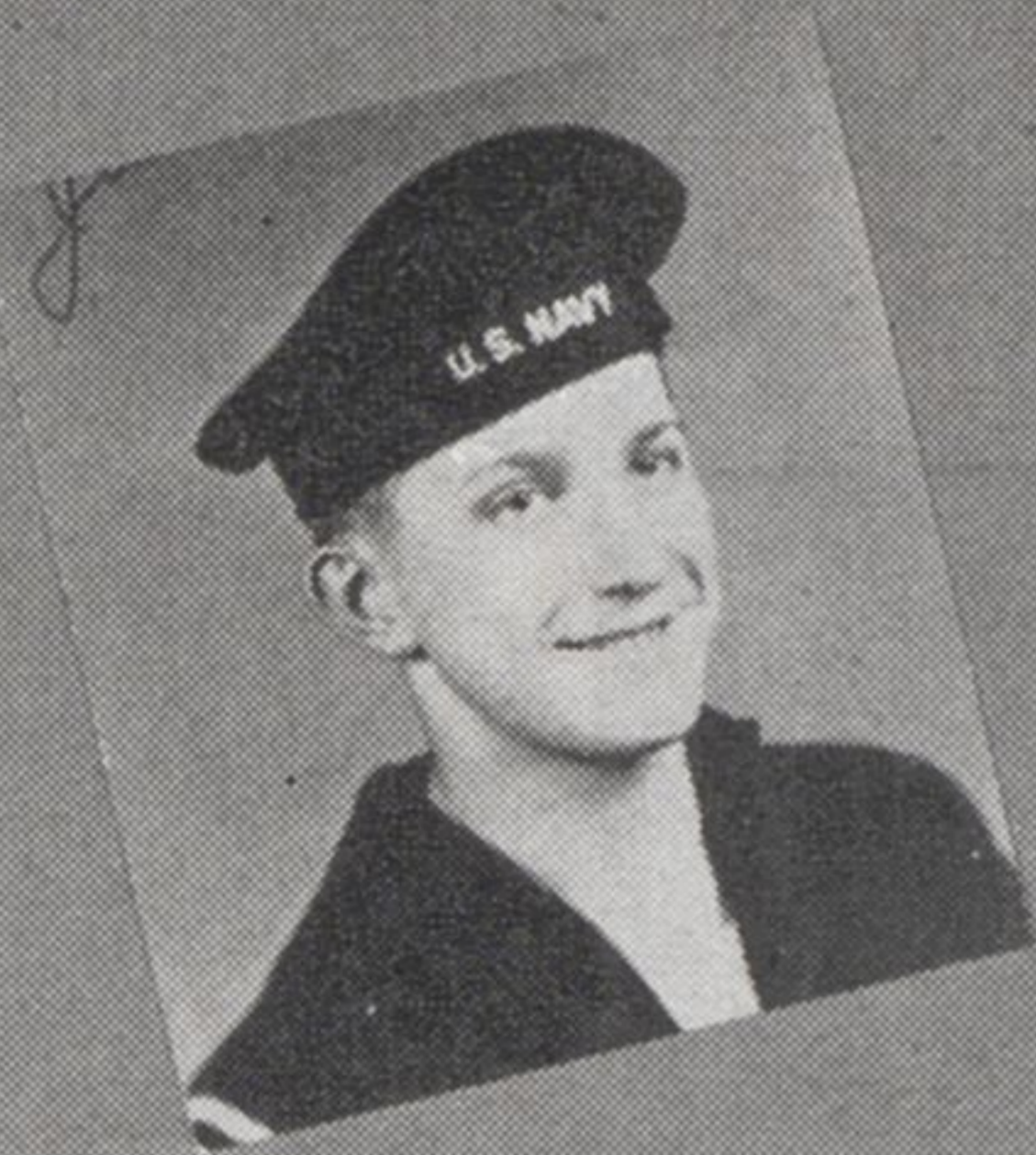
Alvin "Jake" Rogers.



(Left to right, top to bottom)

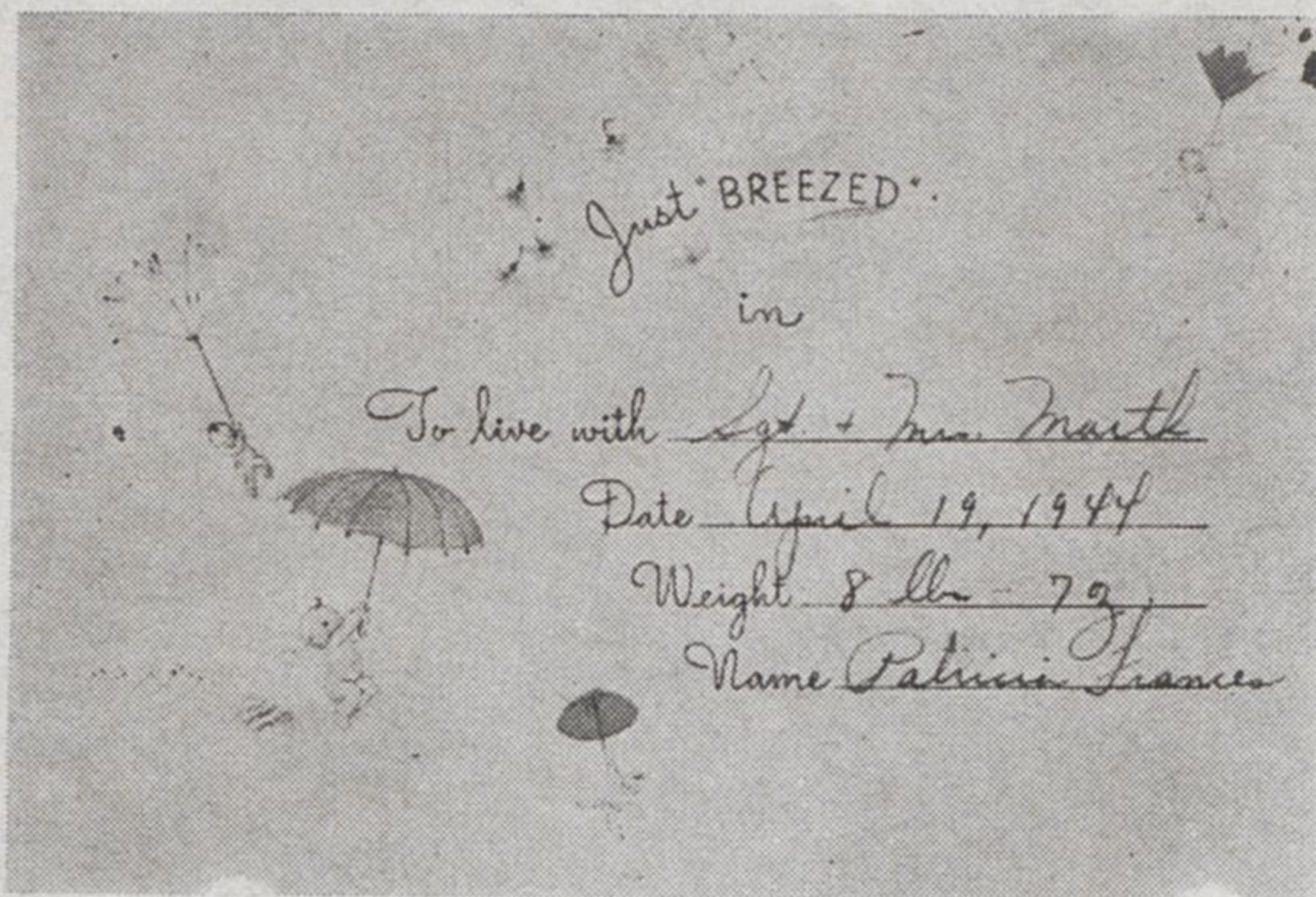
Julius J. Dragovits, S2/S	Navy
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Dragovits 106 North Front Street	
Stephen Kratzer, Jr., a/s	Navy
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephan Kratzer, Sr. 3 East Coplay Street	
Pvt. John Derkits	Army
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Derkits 40 South Second Street	
John J. Jandrasits, S2/c	Navy
Son of Mrs. Anna Jandrasits 106 Chestnut Street	
Harold B. Shiffer, S1/c	Navy
Husband of the former Alice Shaffer Fourth Street	
Pvt. Peter Keppel	Army
Husband of former Hilda Leitgeb Oak Street	
Pvt. Leonard Klingler	Army
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Klingler 55 North Third Street	
Pvt. Michael J. Gladish	Army
Son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Gladish Stiles, Pa.	
Alfred Erkinger, S2/c	Navy
Son of Mrs. Catherine Erkinger 150 South Front Street	
Pvt. James Fenstermaker	Army
Son of Mrs. Jennie Fenstermaker 108 South Second Street, Allentown, Pa.	
Pvt. Daniel Kerbacher	Army
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kerbacher 203 South Second Street	







# Congratulations . . .



Sgt. Frank Marth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Marth, has been in the service since April 2, 1942. He is married to the former Mary Copkovic of Allentown. "Pat" and "Mommy" are doing fine sez pop.

## ECHOES FROM THE FRONT...

Somewhere in Italy.

Dear Friends:

Received my first edition of Coplay Echoes, a swell magazine. After getting it I read it word for word till I got through with it, even broke an Army regulation (after lights out). Big deal, eh? I'm sure all of us boys appreciate the work you and the staff are doing, keep it up. There were two articles I got a big kick out of . . . Mooney Mills still beating his gums and Gusty Hobel still on ice. Gusty, how about coal? How about giving old Mandy Sechler (Fresh Out) a going over, while over here met one of the Coplay boys, Joe Scherr.

Will close now with many thanks to Echoes and Staff, give my regards to all the boys.

I'll be waiting anxiously for April issue.

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Anthony Schmall.

Coplay Echoes:

I've been getting every issue of Echoes including the January copy, which I enjoy reading immensely, and therefore am enclosing my new address so I won't miss any of the future issues.

I would like to receive the complete addresses of Johnny "Shorty" Tapler, and Charles "Slim"

page sixteen

Erkinger, somehow I have lost contact with them in the last couple of months.

I'm still in the states on the East Coast, and not in N. Y. C., but my address hereafter will be as stated, our location is a secret and our mail is censored.

Thanking you a hundred fold for your past and future copies of Echoes, I remain

Respectfully yours,

P.F.C. Joseph P. Belick.

Hello George!

Just recieved the "Coplay Echoes" and was very glad to get it. I'm giving my thanks to you and all the makers of the magazine. In reading the book is just like being at home, and seeing all them friendly faces.

Today it was raining so I took the opportunity of writing a letter. To let you know that it was written in my dug out and that is a pretty good place to be over here especially when Gerry starts shelling the place and which there is plenty of. So I guess that's about all for this time, I will be looking forward for the next issue.

A friend,

Cpl. Hacker.





## Poet's Corn(er)

SENT TO ROY MILLER

Coplay Hotel Prop.

by Pfc. Harry Wells

### Take Me Out Of This Sand

I want to get out of this dseert,  
I don't want to be burned to a char,  
There are plenty of better places  
than this,  
And those places aren't so far.

Take me to Los Angeles,  
Or some City by the sea,  
Just any old place, where there's  
water to drink,  
Neath the shade of a beautiful tree.

Take me away from the convoys'  
dust,  
From the smell of their gasoline,  
Away from the rumbling tanks at  
night,  
That break my peaceful dreams.

I want to get away from the "Chow"  
line,  
Where the food all comes from the  
can,  
Where you get half a portion of meat  
and beans,  
And a portion and a half of sand.

I want to get away from the cactus,  
That pierce my clothes and skin,  
Away from the burning rays of the  
sun,  
And away from the blistering wind.

I hate to ride all day and night,  
Without a wink of sleep,  
With only half enough water to  
drink,  
And nothing at all to eat.

Let's leave the desert for the rattle-  
snakes,  
The lizards and scorpions too,  
There's plenty of room elsewhere in  
this world,  
For me and also for you.

I would rather be on the battle-front,  
Where I could hear the bullets sing,  
Than to be out here in this desert  
sun,  
Where I can't accomplish a thing,

Take me over to Italy,  
To Australia or Japan,  
I would rather face Typhus and  
floods,  
Than to face this desert sand.

I am willing to fight for my country,  
For the freedom of the land,  
But let's get in where the battle is  
real,  
Instead of shaming in this sand.

Let's all go over and finish this job,  
To the last, for once and for all,  
We will get the guys that started this  
war,  
And hang their hides on the wall.

I will do anything you want me to do,  
My dear old UNCLE SAM,  
But I have one favor to ask of you,  
Just take me out of this sand.

(Continued on page nineteen)



# From Foxholes and Barracks



**JOHN SCHERR — JULIUS KAIL**  
Neighbors meet somewhere in Italy.

At a large Boxing Benefit for the American Red Cross at Mt. Hope Stadium, Panama, SGT. STANLEY I. PETERS, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Peters, Fourth Street, won a war bond of \$1,000 face value. With thousands in attendance, Lt. General George H. Brett picked the winning number—3106 within a dozen of the correct population of Coplay. General Brett is commander of the entire Carribean area. Sgt. "Dunner" had the bond made out in his mother's name and sent it as a Mother's Day gift. In a letter accompanying it he says that "it's in part payment of my debt to you, I hope it makes you as happy as me, and wish it were a million."

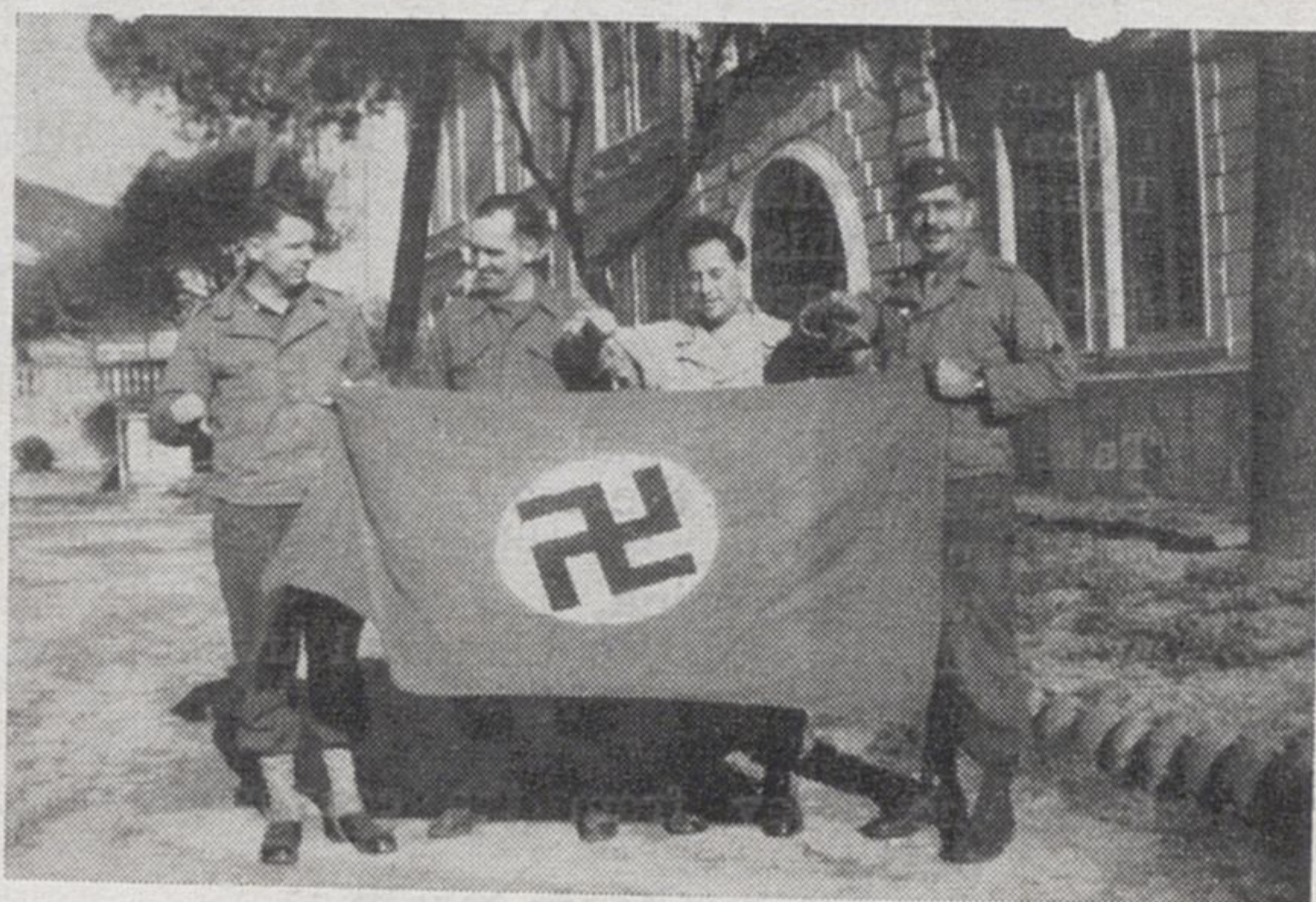
\* \* \*

Word from SGT. LOU BODISH says he has engaged in nine bouts in England, winning six by knockouts and three decisions. On April 19, Sgt. Bodish fought again but we have not as yet received the results.

page eighteen

Friends and neighbors in Coplay, SGT. JULIUS KAIL and JOHN SCHERR—they now pal around together in Italy. Although the picture is a bit dull it was hardly taken under conditions, such as those at home and the excellence of the picture lies in the smiling countenances of two of "our boys."

The picture below shows Julius with a tablecloth or doormat he'll keep around a long time—It's one that won't wave over the Nazis anymore—except perhaps when they're prisoners. Information reaches us too, that Julius has just been made a Master Sergeant. Congratulations!



Violet "Vi" Hendrickson, Madison, Wis., spent several days recently with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ringer. The Ringers' are the parents of RM3/c PAUL RINGER of the U. S. S. Santa Fe. Putting two and two together we would say that Paul and "Vi" know each other but that's as far as we'll go.

---

**WRITE HOME TODAY**



## POET'S CORN (er) . . .

(Continued from page seventeen)

Submitted by "Mooney" Mills

HERE'S ONE WRITTEN BY A LT.  
IN OUR OUTFIT, I'VE FORGOT-  
TEN HIS NAME.

### *The Setting of the Rising Sun . . .*

A bunch of Nips were whooping it  
up,  
In the sky above this island of,  
well???  
And the Nip who was handling the  
bomb release  
Was cheerfully giving us hell.

The searchlight boys "were cooking  
with gas"  
And showing them up, quite clear,  
While the Ack Ack boys were firing  
like hell  
And their bursts were coming quite  
near.

When out of the clouds, that were  
as black as pitch,  
And into the din and the glare,  
Flew a damn fast crate, a P-Thirty-  
eight,  
With all six guns aflare.

As he muscled in on that slant-eyed  
crowd,  
He caressed his stingers of death,  
He flew like a man on a hell of a jag,  
And every Jap there, held his breath.

His ship was as black as the night  
itself,  
And the hate within him burned,  
As he flew his crate with all his  
might,  
And those Japs had plenty to learn.

In his Yankee way, he wanted to  
"Play,"  
With any Jap that wanted to fight,  
He handled his crate like the Hand  
of Fate,  
To endeavor to show them the light.

The Ack Ack stopped, we all stood  
alert,  
As the night fighter pounced in the  
dark,  
The sparks they flew as his aim was  
true,

And every shot found its mark.

Then with might and main and a  
scream of pain,  
The Jap plane started to zoom,  
And with a burst of fire, like a fu-  
neral pyre,  
He disappeared into the gloom.

The fields lights came on, the fighter  
returned,  
Well satisfied with his run,  
While down on the ground all twist-  
ed and torn,  
Was TOJO'S "SETTING SUN."

---

### *Communique I*

Now that the final blood-soaked  
ridge is taken,  
Now that the smell of victory is  
sweet,  
Never forget the boys no bells will  
waken,  
Sprawled on the cliff, spread-  
eagled in the wheat;  
Salute our heroes who survived the  
slaughter—  
Randazzo and Troina and Taor-  
mina—  
But hail no less the lad who moaned  
for water,  
And died, remembering hills far  
from Messina.

It is too simple, when the sun is kind,  
When speeches, drums and salvos  
boom and bark,  
To be as deaf, oblivious and blind  
To Joe or Mike or Johnny in the  
dark;  
That quiet kid from your own city  
block  
Whose courage stains some high  
heroic rock.

—Joseph Auslander.

**BOOST**

**ECHOES**



# SPORTS FLASHES . . .

By Martin "Deanie" Anthony

One of the most interesting, exciting uncertainties the sport has ever known faces baseball as it is about to begin its third war-time season.

This year it is anyone's guess how the race will finish. Several sports writers have attempted to make predictions subject to revision. None of the big league clubs appears strong enough to take a big lead and close finish can be expected.

Many old timers who had hung up their gloves and spiked shoes will be attempting a comeback. Among some of the veterans are Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons and the Waner Brothers. Gaps caused by induction of some of the stars are being filled with 4-F's, discharged men from the services and in a few instances, boys who have not as yet reached the draft age. The caliber of play will be lower than in normal times but the competition will be just as keen.

Local collegiate and scholastic teams have been hampered by rainy weather all spring. In the East Penn League, Reading High is after its fifth title in six years. Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton are the other members of the league. In the only scholastic game in this section to date, Bethlehem defeated Allentown 6-1. Other Lehigh Valley High Schools will open their campaigns in the near future.

The Legion League will open up after the close of the scholastic season. Meetings already have been called and another successful season is anticipated. Sam Balliet already is out scouting the various high schools of the neighboring communities for players for his local Legion

team and he also predicts another successful campaign.

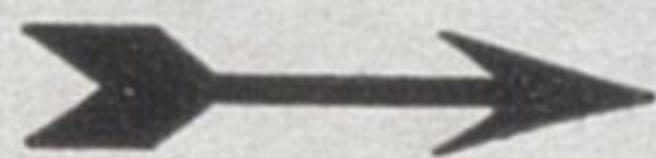
Baseball this year will not only be for the folks at home, much more important are those away from home eager to know how the various clubs are faring and thanks to the "Echoes," I will try to bring you the sporting news of local and national interest.



## Acknowledgment . . .

We wish to thank the following for donations during the past month:

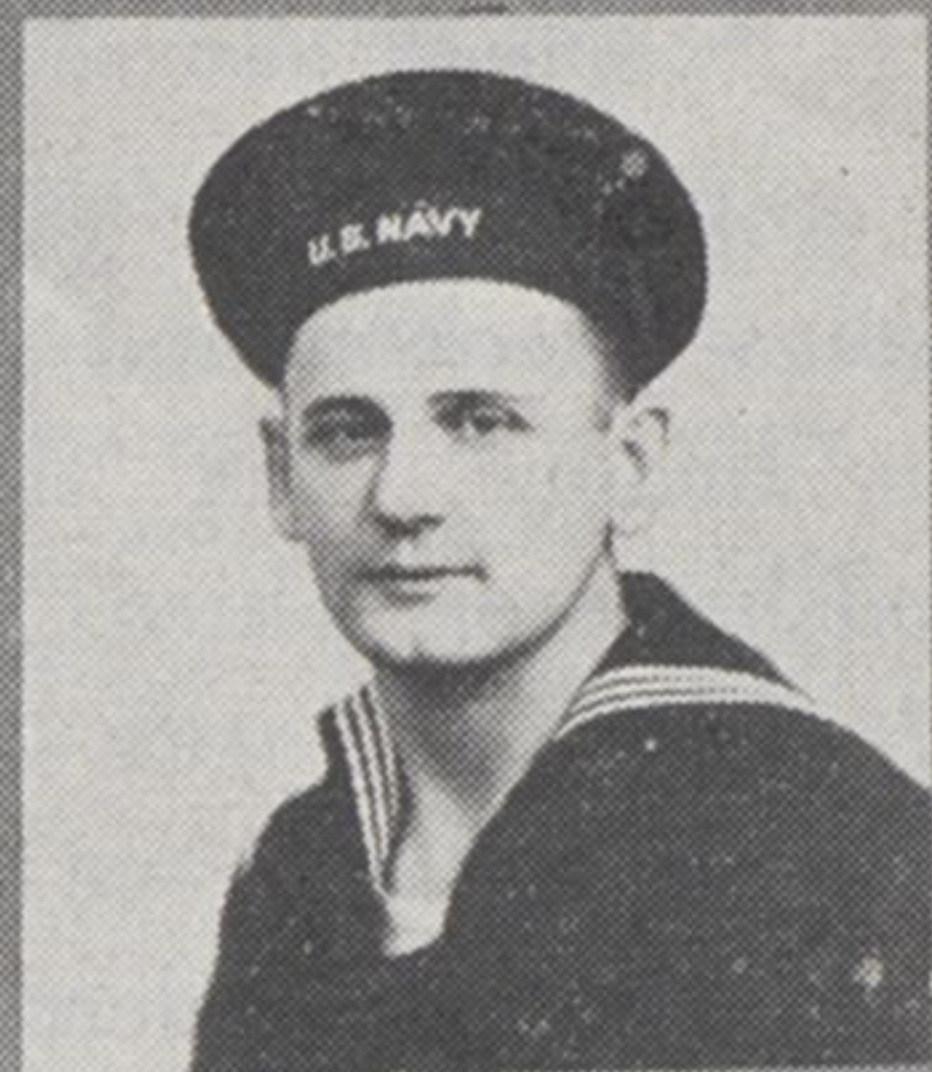
Charles Van Der Weghe.....\$10.00  
Mrs. Anna Reinhard ..... 1.00



(Left to right, top to bottom)

<b>P.F.C. George J. Spaits</b> Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spaits 235 South Second Street	Marines
<b>William A. Bloszinsky, A/S</b> Husband of former Mary Rosenkranz Maple Street	Navy
<b>Lt. Charles F. Moritz</b> Son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moritz 111 South Front Street	Army
<b>Pvt. George S. Proctor</b> Son of Mrs. G. Proctor Front Street	Army
<b>Pvt. Frank Graf</b> Son of Mathias Graf 129 North Second Street	Army
<b>T/4 Frank Strauch, Jr.</b> Husband of former Mamie Bair Front Street	Army
<b>Pvt. John A. Horvath</b> Son of Mr. Gabriel Horvath 114 North Front Street	Army
<b>Pvt. Martin C. Ifkovits, Jr.</b> Son of Mary and Martin Ifkovits Chestnut Street	Army
<b>Bernard A. Burnatowski, Mo. MM3/c</b> Son of Mrs. Eva Burnatowski 116 Coplay Street	Navy







## What's Cooking . . .

(Continued from page three)

we stop of an afternoon to see "Manny" Sechler and when we mention Income Tax there's almost bloodshed—on Third Street, we see Sally Walbert with two of her grandchildren and see Frank Keglovits getting his ladders in shape for the painting season—down the street a little further Wayne Hallman is out on the front porch—Helen Hantz goes strolling down the street while Harry Schaadt and son "Butch" patch up some concrete work on the pavement—"Louie" Prisnock tells us he's getting ready to move and we see "Sophia" Lewis standing near her two star service flag—Mrs. Annie Beltz wears a broad smile—she's a grandma again—a boy to Sgt. and Mrs. Raymond Beltz (the former Marge Knerr and son are doing fine)—A wave from "Wes" Williams as he passes on his Plymouth—Joe Stumpf lumbering up Fourth Street—Peter Marth on the way home from work—a brand new grandpa—Pauline Mayer cleaning up the yard—Joe Groller looks his car over and now up to Fifth Street where we see Frank Wiessner, busy as usual—John Lohr touching up his orchard—then Henry Christman (remember how he could tickle the ivories)—Mrs. Stephen Kratzer on a trip to the grocer—Alton Gorr planning to build ten stories on his building—Joe Hutter out on the porch looking them over—so we could go on for hours recounting the scenes with which we're all familiar—and now until next month then, when baseballs will be out, fights at the Fairgrounds will be started, and the kids will be swimming, we'll bid you a fond so-o-olong.

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## Echoes from the Front

Dear Staff:

Today is a rainy, stormy day and it's cold too, but today, come what may, I don't care, for I just received another of Coplay Echoes—this little magazine is "terrific," again, let me congratulate you and your staff on the wonderful work you are doing, it makes me damn proud to be a Coplayite.

A few days ago I was very pleasantly surprised. Frankie Szivos walked into our camp looking like a million bucks—then we went to see Johnny Scherr, and from there we went to see Shorty Tapler, all of us are stationed close by and what a bull session we had. Can you imagine four Coplay boys getting together thousands of miles from home—It certainly was one of my biggest days since arriving overseas fifteen months ago. The next time we can arrange to get together we are going to do some real honest to goodness celebrating (a bottle of Dago red).

I'm sorry to hear about young Tommy Laubach, he was one swell boy. I'm sure he did not die in vain.

In the Echoes I see where Frank Geist, Ray Trankley and Lou Taniser are also in this neck of the woods. I sure would like to get in touch with them and I would appreciate it, if you would send me the name of the outfit they are in. We might as well make a party of it.

There is work to be done, so, solong for now. Keep the Echoes coming, sometimes it feels like it will never get here. Once again let me compliment you and yours on the splendid work you are doing. Soon I hope we will meet again on the sidewalks of dear old Coplay. Until then Good Luck.

S-Sgt. Julius Kail.





# ECHOES FROM THE FRONT...

Dear Staff Members:

I want to thank you very much for sending me the "Coplay Echoes" magazine. I can tell you one thing that I've found out from experience that it's good to get something like that from the old home town.

My work here is very hard and in another half hour I go on duty and I have to put 10 hours in. By morning I'm just about dead and I'm not kidding. I start at 9:00 o'clock tonight and go off duty tomorrow morning at 7:00 o'clock. I work in the Nursery and I love it, but there's loads of work connected to new-born babies.

Well, I'll say so-long for now and thanks again for remembering me.

A Coplayite,  
Grace Silfies.

Hello Staff:

Writing again, letting you all know I'm in the best of health and just received the 7th issue of "Coplay Echoes" and each time I get one issue I get the rest of them out looking them all over again. Who wouldn't, if it's such a grand magazine showing a lot of snapshots of all those in the service from my home town and also the familiar pictures in and about the borough. Damn near make one homesick but I'm about used to all that. I'm going on my third year overseas, time sure flies and hoping to hit some part of the states soon. Once again I've moved to another one of those islands, a ten day trip and sure covered lots of distance. Plenty of wonderful scenery and all colors of birds and parrots . . . also very busy with our work. My whole outfit does its own laundry using mostly rain water off our tent and caught in containers. A swim each day in the ocean sure helps to cool us off. About all of the news I've got so I'm thanking the whole staff of "Coplay Echoes" for what they've done to all of us in the service. Adios and success to you all.

Sincerely yours,  
P.F.C. Harold Mohr.

Dear Editor and Staff:

I have been receiving our town publication of Coplay Echoes, for quite some time now. Only, after all this time, I wish to thank you for sending it monthly.

I look forward to its arrival every month,

for somehow it keeps me near home. It not only keeps me in contact with the town's progress, but offers me quite a bit of entertainment, especially that "What's Cooking Section."

Say, even the fellows who stay in the same barracks do get to read it. They too think it is quite a publication. Although sometimes they get peeved when I start to give them a "soap box" chat on what a beautiful little town I live in.

Before I close I wish to congratulate you, the Editor, Mr. George Miller and the staff for your splendid work.

I hope some day I can again go back to that place called COPLAY and HOME.

I remain, as always, a

Coplayite,  
Walter A. Hessinger.

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## WRITE HOME TODAY

### SEND A PICTURE



I KNOW THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO SAVE GAS, BUT WE CAN STILL HAVE JUST AS MANY BATHS WITH LESS HOT WATER!"



# 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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## Echoes Goes to an Egg Hunt

with apologies to Life



