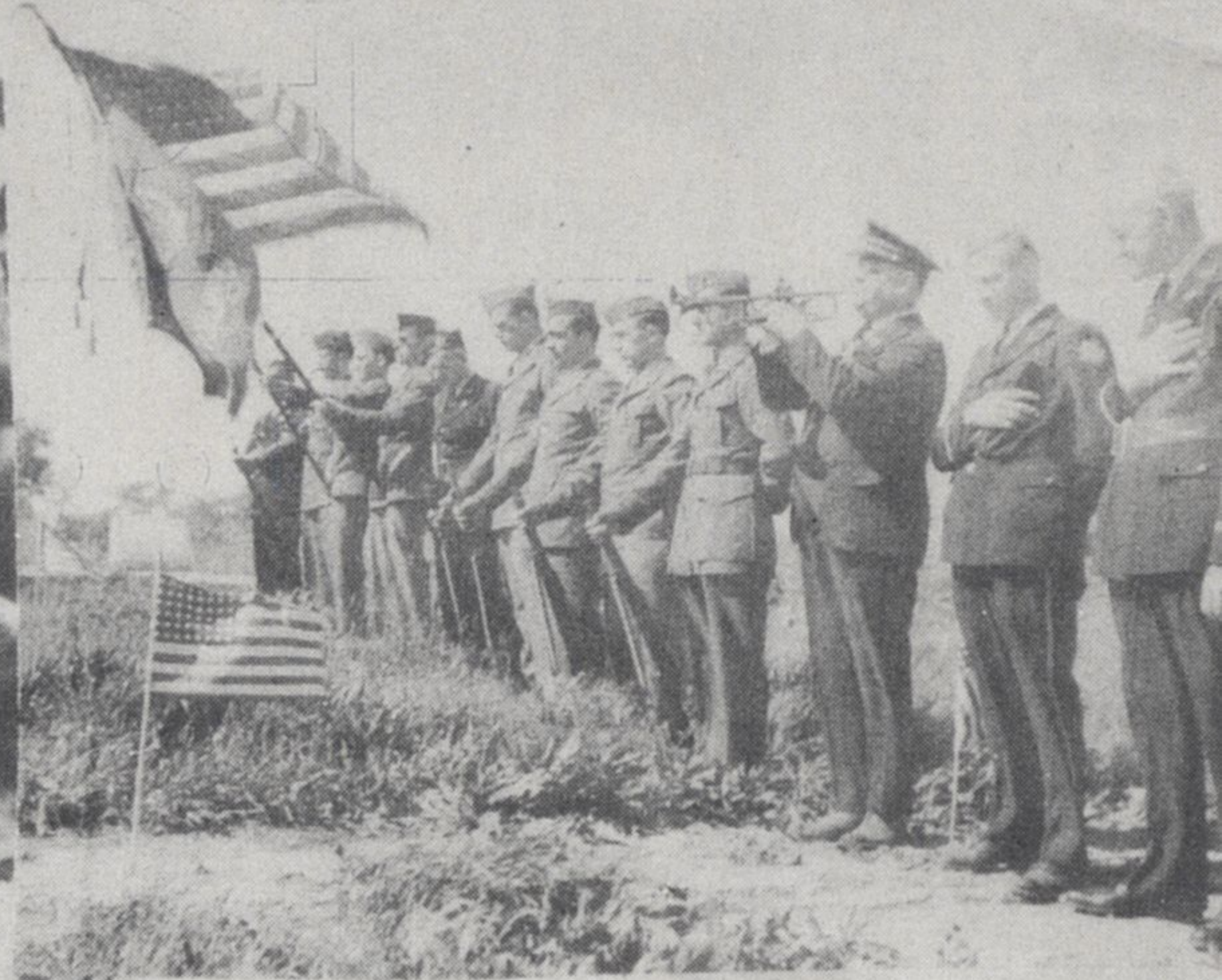




# COPLAY ECHOES

JUNE . 1945







# **COPLAY ECHOES**

The Community of Coplay

**Volume 2**  
**Number 10**

**June, 1945**

TWENTY-SECOND MONTH OF PUBLICATION



We hold out for the first sunshine in June before we gather our thoughts for this column and record little items from here and there around the town—the scene that remains most prominent is of *Katie Lentz* pushing a wheelbarrow home from the High School where she used it in a play called "Deacon Dubbs." Ten-thirty at night is an awful hour for a wheelbarrow to be on the street, but *Katie Lentz* behind it makes it NEWS — from here let's take a look around — there's "Ed" *Kunkle* watching for possible saboteurs in his tomato patch — *Henny Battentfield* shows us souvenirs sent home by *Louie* — *George Silfies* and *Hattie* putting the finishing touches on his house — "Dan" *Yellen* cutting hedge — *Jim Schaffer* surveying his outside display — "Rich" *Peters* clanging by in his truck — *Buster Newhard* stepping into the club — and right along goes me — here we meet *Adolph Sommer* and son — and hear what a great booster *John "Freaky" Sommer* is for "Echoes" — here's a greeting to his gang on 89th St. in New York — at *Wagner's* — where *Coplay* is bragged about no end we'll wager — out again and we see *Sam Kramer* home for a short time from *Harrisburg* — *Lloyd Geist*, tax collector unloading on *Poodle's* porch — *Frank Scheirer* off on a plumbing errand — *Anna Reinhard* telling us about *Karl* being on the way home from the Philippines — *Mrs. Theresa Sommers* working in her garden on Seventh Street — *Stanley Novak* off for a night at the American Club — *Vincent Lang* working in his tomato patch — *Eddie Hobel* all shined up in his new police outfit — *Martin Podorski* out for an

airing — "Doc" *Fox* buzzing along on a call — and now the Memorial Day Parade — *Sadie Schaffer* and "Mam-mie" *Kern* old faithfuls in all parades — "Bob" *Trankley*, "Peanuts" *Bennett*, "Chinka" *Csensits* and *Elmer Meckes* turn out for the School Board — the new Legion band in line for the first time — up on Seventh Street we find *Stangl's* enlarging their store — *Mrs. Caroline Weber* and daughter, *Mary*, on their way to do some shopping — *Mr. and Mrs. John Rivetti* doing their bit of gardening — *Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hobel* are taking their little daughter out for a bit of fresh air — down the way *Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Buckman* are doing some more victory gardening — *Mrs. Minnie Masonheimer* is telling one of the neighbors about *Ruth's* progress as a nurse — *Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Salters* are having a wonderful time with their granddaughter — We hear *Pauline Mayer* takes roses for her teacher every morning (That's how she gets those marks) — The *Herold Hantz's* are just leaving in their car — *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lamm* welcome

(Continued on page 23)

## **Anticipate Decision On War Memorial**

The Copley Memorial Committee, Stanley D. J. Peters, chairman is winding up its deliberations on prospective plans for the Copley War Memorial and is expected to make a formal announcement very soon.

The committee is composed of two delegates from each of the town's organizations and all have pledged a hundred per cent support of the program. Among the plans submitted thus far are a swimming pool, community center, youth center, municipal building, singing tower, enlarged playground facilities and municipal park with monument and provisions for municipal buildings.

At present a temporary committee is making a financial survey of the borough and perfecting ways and means of erecting whatever plan is finally accepted.

---

## **Announcement . . .**

With this issue we are establishing a new policy as far as publication of a list of our staff is concerned. Hereafter, at such times as the masthead or list of workers appears, only those people will be listed who have actually contributed in some manner to the issue in which the list is published. Whenever there is an over abundance of material for an issue, the masthead will be omitted entirely.

This policy is not intended to slight any of our workers who have been faithful in the past and now because of business are unable to be with us. It is done merely in an effort to conserve valuable space.



## **On the Job . . .**

Since last November Miss Catherine Breitfeller has been a faithful and conscientious worker for Copley Echoes. After a few weeks of "getting acquainted" she plunged into one of the most difficult of all the jobs on the Editorial Staff—that of clearing and keeping track of all servicemen's pictures—and what a headache it is. Unidentified pictures, some which stray during the general confusion of getting out an issue, photos taken by the staff—others loaned from various individuals must all be ready at a moment's notice.

This winsome and retiring little blonde has done a remarkable job in keeping the "photos in line" — we could use more like her.

## **Keep Pitching . . . It's the Last Inning!**



## V Echoes From The Front ...-



Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to congratulate you on your fine work. Truly yours is a great task, well taken care of. Your work, well done, makes many a serviceman happy and brings him a little closer to home. Once again I say congratulations and keep up the fine work.

Now I am not from Coplay, but I am a very close neighbor. I hail from good ol' Allentown, long may she live. I have spent many an enjoyable hour in your fair city, so I think I have the right to write you.

A very good friend of mine and former resident of Coplay-receives the Echoes. He is Carl A. Steinhof, we both work in the same shop at Kaneohe Bay in Hawaii. We spend a lot of time recalling the good old days. Each scene is a familiar one, some faces are familiar too. We can hardly wait to return to our beloved neighbors.

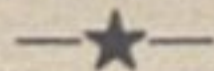
There is but one gripe. Why, for her size and importance can't Allentown put out a booklet such as Coplay? There are many scenes and familiar people even Coplay residents may be interested in. How must one go about to awaken Allentown to the fact, that she too has men and women engaged in the conflict. I would be only too willing to contribute to such a worthy cause, either financially, spiritually or materially. Can something be done?

In closing, I thank you for your time and for your wonderful work. May God keep watching over you and make your task easier. I remain,

Sincerely,

Thomas H. Williams.  
(U. S. Navy)

*Editor's Note — Sailor Williams included a money order with his letter for \$2.50.*



Hello Everybody:

Today's the last of the month and, of course, **payday**. It's the day that all G. I.'s wait for. Yes, three-fourths of the time spent in the Army (Air Forces) is spent waiting. You wait in line for chow, for mail, for pay, for shows, for PX's, for what have you, but it's a lot of fun.

Expect to fly to Shepherd Field, in two weeks, to visit my buddy, Frankie Legath, a rookie in the Army Air Forces. I guess by now he knows what the Army is like.

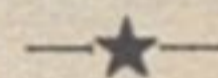
They've still got me fenced in here and will have for at least another month, if not longer. I hope I can get to Gunnery School then. If I wouldn't want gunnery, then they'd give me it, but that I want it, they're sending me to Tech schools and I'm sick of that, since we live too much like civilians — and I'm not kidding.

Well, by the time you all get this letter, Hitler should have a noose around his neck.

God bless you all once and again.

A Coplayite forever,

Ifky.



Hello again Staff Members:

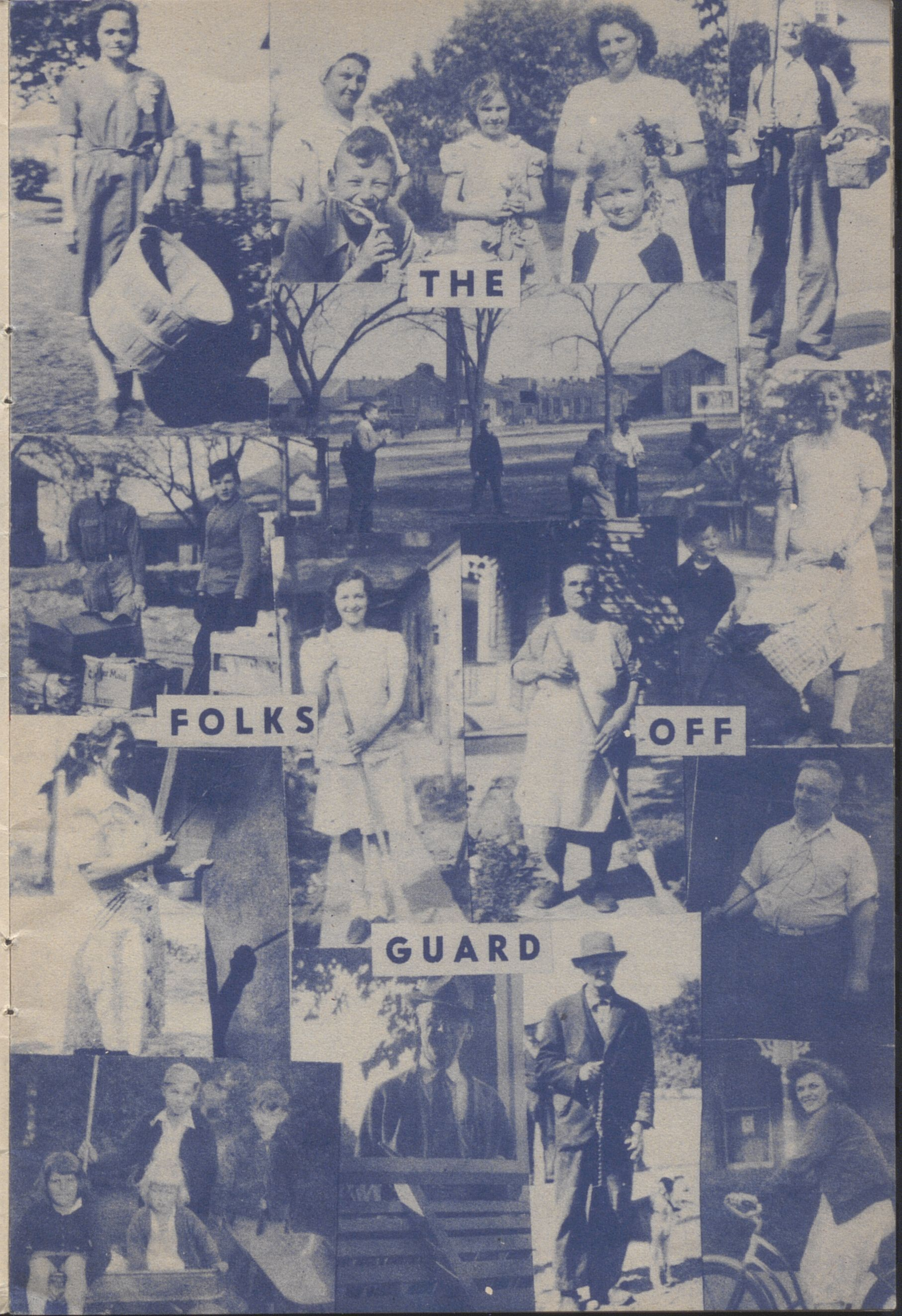
I've just received another issue of "Echoes," and wish to take this opportunity to inform you of a slight mistake in the address. If you'll oblige and remedy the error I'll appreciate it a lot.

Your book is still tops and in my opinion as well as that of some of my shipmates it's the best servicemen's issue in existence. They wait for the next issue harder than I do. One of them told me just now that there are some good-looking girls in it. I hadn't noticed myself, but I guess he's right, now that I took a closer look. I regret that two of the fellows have their big pictures in it, one missing and one dead; but I don't believe it is in vain, because soon we'll have them begging for mercy over here, which we won't have much of, because of the brutality and crimes they've committed. I can disclose a few places I've been to but not all, so here goes.

We left Norfolk and went through the Panama Canal. It certainly is an engineering feat. After this we hit some small islands called Galapagos in the Pacific. From here we went to Bora Bora in the Society Islands and on to Tulagi. From there we went to Manus in the admiralty group and to Hollandia in New Guinea. After a short stay here we hit Leyte. That's all I can say for now except that these places put thousands of miles between home and me and the sooner I hit these places going back the better I'll like the Navy. Thanks for the book and keep up the work.

A Coplayite for life,

Joseph John Klepeiss S1/c.



**THE**

**FOLKS**

**OFF**

**GUARD**

## **Letter from PFC David Stumpp to His Father William Stumpp**

*Famous correspondents have penned undying phrases as they chronicled this war but it is our conviction that the real history will be the simple unaffected tales the boys themselves write — this is the first one we have secured to date.*

*Pvt. Stumpp has been in the service since March 1943 and overseas since November, 1944.*

May 18, 1945  
Gottingen, Germany

Dear Dad:

Received two of your letters in the past few days and am always glad to hear from you. If you noticed the heading of the letter, you will see where we are located here in Germany. We have been here ever since the last few days, before the war ended, and this is the place where we are guarding the prison.

A few days ago a notice appeared on the bulletin board that we could tell everything that has happened to us since we left the States, so this afternoon I shall begin, and try to tell you as much as I can remember since that time.

As you remember, the last time I saw you was Nov. 4th, 1944. I made arrangements to see you again that Sat. but due to the Army's plans that plan had to be done away with, and that night I spent down in Camp Kilmer, N. J., as all you folks thought, but I wasn't allowed to tell you at that time.

The next day we headed for the port in New York. We stayed in port one day, and the 7th of Nov. we sailed for England. The trip on the whole wasn't half bad, but for the first few days I was a little seasick, but not enough to keep me down. On the boat we had life about as easy as I have had it since I have been in the Army, and the trip was enjoyed by most. We had movies and books to read to occupy our time. The Navy also did some firing and it was something to watch because they had some good shooters on board. The weather was nice most of the time with a little rain near the end of the trip. I can't remember the amount of days we had been on the boat, but when we finally did see land again it sure looked swell even if it was England — the Port of Plymouth. This place is a small port with houses all along the shore and in the hills. After we docked we stayed on board until dark and left the ship in blackout fashion. We walked about a mile to the train station and boarded a train, also in blackout; from here on in everything would be blacked out and something new to get used to. The train was one of the old English type, separate compartments holding about 6 or 8 fellows and we got our seats and waited for the train to take us to our

new home in England. When the train finally did start on its way it moved slower than the coal trains move back home, but after about 5 hours we arrived at our new home in a small town called Tidworth, on a hill that was called Windmill Hill. The name really suited the place, because it is one of the windiest places I have ever seen and have yet to see.

Here we spent most of our time in training and getting our equipment in shape for the days that were to come. Our leisure time was spent at movies and trying to keep warm in the tents we lived in. It really was a cold and rainy place, and between us, I hope I never see that place again. We had some good times though, getting used to the English people and their way of living and talking. The drinks were awful and nothing like back home. I had a pass to London and really had a swell time there.

The week before Christmas we spent out on the firing range with our new tanks trying them out. We were away from everything that looked anything like the States, just plain hills and more hills.

The day the news came that we were leaving was a happy one, because we all wanted to see what the Germans were like and couldn't wait until we got there. It took a few days to get everything packed and get on our way. We left early in Jan. and headed for the channel.

On our way there we saw much of England and some of the nicer places, which were quite nice in their own sort of way. The people smiled to us because they knew that we were on our way, some never to return. Well when we arrived at the English channel we drove our tanks on the LST and settled down for a few more days of traveling on water and found it much rougher than the ocean traveling had been, but I didn't seem to mind it and had a very nice time across. The food was good and the sights were something to see after we could see the French coastline. The Germans sure had played hell with the towns and the ports that we passed on the way. We stayed on the boat about three days and landed at port LaHarve. It was rather a big place and the people watched us drive off and head for a destination unknown to us at that time.

We traveled all day and all night and finally stopped at some little place that I can't remember the name of, and had the day off to wash and fix up the tanks — gas and other small things that needed attention. We spent our first night in France living and sleeping in a barn, and from there on all through France we slept in barns. Not a bad place to sleep in during the cold weather and it really was a cold place as long as we stayed and traveled through France.

The people were very friendly and always treated us swell, but as far as talking French I learned very few words. The way we traveled thru France was drive awhile and then stop



off for a few days until we reached one place in France where we stayed for a few weeks. While we were there we did more work and had classes and marched and did some more firing. Here is where we had our first injury due to the Germans. One day when we were going out to do a little practice firing one of the Btrys pulled into position and drove over a mine. One of the fellows had his arm over the side of the tank and had it injured. From then on we were always on the lookout for mines that the Germans had left in France.

Before I forget, all through the drive through France, it was quite cold with plenty of snow, and I believe we suffered more with cold hands and cold feet than the Germans could have made us feel. I hope I never have to be as cold as I was through the drive across France.

One day the Battalion CO called all the Btrys together and told us it wouldn't be long until we would head for Germany and battle. By this time we were all ready and waiting for our first fight and eager to go. But when we loaded on the tanks again we still had to travel through Belgium and Holland. We crossed through Belgium in one day. The people all stood around and watched us drive by. When we stopped for a short rest they brought us drinks and apples and were really very friendly. And then we crossed into Holland. While in Holland we slept in a barn, but we didn't stay there very long. Also while we were there we could hear firing in the distance and knew that we weren't too far from the front lines. The night we left for Germany we were all excited and wondered what it would be like. We pulled out on a blackout march and could see firing in the distance and hear the landing of large shells. It sure sounded bad and also made me feel a little scared, but I soon got over that from the things that happened in the future.

We arrived in a small German town that the people had cleared out of and settled down for a while. Here we really had a swell time because we stayed in houses and did whatever we wished to do there. If you remember from my old letters I told you how we broke up furniture for firewood and broke dishes and everything else we layed our hands on to keep warm. The only bad part was walking guard every night because we knew the Germans were not very far and being green about combat it seemed entirely new to us.

Here we were going to start our first combat, which was to fire across the river at the Germans. But that was delayed a few days and the next thing we were headed back into Holland again.

Here we pulled into position, dug foxholes and dug the ammunition in, and knew that this would be our first real firing. I guess you remember this date from the papers back home Feb. 23rd, when the big drive started to cross the river.

We stayed in this position for a few days and had some return fire, the first we had ever had and I'm telling you it was Hell until we got used to it and could tell if they were coming in close or going over. The battery that was in back of us had one land along side of a half track and one of the fellows inside was killed and the other hurt. When we left this place we crossed the river and were on our way to many more days of close ones and things to remember. I won't tell you all the places we have been and all the things that occurred because some of them weren't so important and just another day as far as the war went.

All along the way we could see dead Germans, some with their legs off, others with arms and heads blown off, something else that we had to get used to looking at because they were laying all over the place, but the only good ones were dead ones because they wouldn't be giving us any trouble in the future.

It was good after firing for a few days to drive through the towns and see the damage that our shells had done to the German people who had it coming to them just as much as the soldiers because they helped them in one way or another. About the worst battle that our division had been in was the battle at Rhineburg. They expected it to be another easy place to take but before it was over we had a pretty tough time and the Infantry and tankers had lost some men and tanks but these things are to be expected because it was war and they were trying to keep the good old Germany for themselves but we sure took it away from them.

We had some close ones and about the worst we had was about two weeks before the war ended. We followed the tankers and Infantry down a main highway and they were spread out because the Germans were still firing on the road. They called for artillery support and we had to pass everything on the highway and pull into position. We pulled into an open field and got everything laid and ready to fire. No sooner had we let one go when they started coming back at us and they weren't playing either because they were landing too darn close. This kept up for some time, some close and some over our heads, wondering if they would get the range and start putting them right in the gun position.

When it was time for chow we ate as usual. So many left from the tank at one time and by the time we got to the mess truck we were pretty dirty from hitting the ground while the shells were coming in. I remember getting up a few times and could still hear the pieces hitting the ground. After finishing eating, the same thing back to the tank again, but coming just a bit closer and then it happened. No. four tank got one about two feet away from them and one of the fellows was working on the ground, got the one that had his number on it and a few more

(Continued on next page)

were injured. So we moved back a few hundred yards, but they still kept coming in. I guess they really had us marked in that day, but after a while it stopped and we started giving it back to them again and no more came in anymore so we knew they were finished with or either it got too hot for them and they moved out.

About our last week of fighting we spent at the same place. The army figures everything out and our job was to sit in this position and stop anything that they might try to get through this spot. We had it pretty good because we didn't have to do too much firing because they were just about finished and after that we left for this place and don't know how long we will stay here or where we will go from here.

I saw one of the concentration camps that you read so much about back in the papers and magazines and they were awful. In one of the positions we occupied, there was a camp

that they had just left before we got there and most of the prisoners hadn't as yet taken off. Some were a sight to look at, half starved and beaten. They were really glad to be free and didn't know how to act unless someone was behind them with a whip or a club. But I guess you know pretty much about the treatment they received from all you have heard and read.

On the whole I can't understand the German people because they lived like we do, nice homes, nice farms and nice cities. But they wanted more and now they have nothing. The country is something like back home, large mountains and beautiful farming land. But now they have what they deserve, nothing, and I hope they never have anything again.

Well Dad I hope I have given you a pretty good idea of what it has been like over here and when I get home again, which I hope won't be too far away, I can tell you more about this place and what I have seen.

Love, Dave.



### **Echoes from the Front . . .**

Dear Members and Staff:

Just a few lines to let you know I received another issue of the Coplay Echoes and was very glad to receive it.

I was in England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany since I'm overseas and I've seen plenty. I am now back in Holland, and we are running a hospital. Quite an interesting job. Nice to help out fellows who are hurt and injured. Hope this war is soon over because it is doing plenty of damage and causing many people sorrow and hardships. It will be nice to get back to good old Coplay again. Please send me the address of Cpl. Nathan Tshudy. I used to work with him in Allentown and would like to write him. Once again, thanks for the issues of the Echoes

page eight

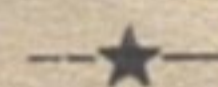


### **Doin' the Town . . .**

In the above picture Pfc. Robert Gaugler rides "India Style" and it's free of charge too. (So he says.) Robert (seated on the left) tells us the people treat our boys nicely but he doesn't quite like their climate. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gaugler, 251 Second Street (rear).

and keep up the good work. My best regards to you all.

One of the boys,  
Cpl. Alfred Wiessner.



Coplay Echoes:

Have not received the February issue of the "Echoes" as yet, but believe the delay is due to our recent movement. My APO No. is 75 now. The rest of the address remains as is.

This is a very interesting place to be, but they sure must have raised the devil here. This place here is really shot to pieces. The natives really have some wierd stories to tell. Will send Jap "propaganda book" later. Very interesting.

Yours,

Pete Keppel.

# STRICTLY G-I

The following were seen at home recently: GEORGE TOTH (Marine), JOE SEMLER (Army), BILL SOMMER (Army), RUDY STUMPF (Marine), HERMAN FRISCH (Army), PAUL MILLER (Army), FRANK POANDL (Army), FRANK SINKOVITS (Navy), WALTER NOVAK (Navy), WALTER BODISCH (Army), PAT RIVETTI (Navy), ALBERT SEIER (Navy), PUNK SCHERR (Navy), FRANK PAUKOVITS (Navy).

\* \* \*

The following are stationed together at Sampson: JOHNNY SOMMER, CARL KROBOTH, "PUNK" SCHERR, "BAILEY" BESLANOVITS, ALBERT SEIER, "WIFFY" KRATZER.

\* \* \*

JULIUS MAYER popped into town — a discharged veteran after 5 years in the service. During this time he took part in the invasions at Casablanca, Sicily and Salerno. He is the son of MR. and MRS. JULIUS MAYER, SR., 53 S. Fourth Street.

\* \* \*

CPL. FRANKLIN REICHL (Armored Division) has been awarded the Purple Heart. No other details are available. He was stationed in Germany and is the son of MR. and MRS. JOHN REICHL, 113 S. Second Street.

\* \* \*

The June meeting of the Coplay Booster Club was honored with the presence of two men home from the battlefield, Sgt. John Yagerhofer and M/Sgt. Julius Mayer Jr.

When called upon for remarks their response was modest and unassuming but both agreed that above all they were glad to be home.

\* \* \*

As this goes to press Sgt. Albert Bierman drops in after twenty-seven months overseas. He's got an interesting story to tell of the many places he visited from here to Persian and points thereabouts.

## Hy'a Pal! . . .

It's a small world after all, at least that's what Capt. "Shorty" Johnson and Pfc. "Buzzy" Morgan thought when "Shorty" paid "Buzzy" a surprise visit while Buzzy was in a rest camp — close enough so Shorty could go to see him.

Shorty found Buzzy sleeping under a tree in Okinawa. Imagine Buzzy's surprise when he was awakened by his old school chum Shorty.

They talked for hours — all thoughts going back to dear old Coplay.

It sure was a treat for both fellows — since neither had seen anyone close from home.

Capt. Johnson has been overseas 15 months and Pfc. Morgan has been over 12 months.

\* \* \*

The following is an excerpt from the post news known as Sknews Salvage at New Guinea. MISS ROSE THOMPSON is the daughter of MRS. ETHEL GRACE, 150 S. Second Street, and has been in the service two years:

### NO LOVE, NO NUTHIN' CLUB DISBANDS

With a final week's landslide of five points, "Downbeat" Della Rocco took the coveted title of "Standup Champion" away from little Jimmy Previti. When interviewed "Downbeat" said, "These dames don't appreciate my Latin type of beauty. Back home in Brooklyn, I was a real hep character with all the chics. "Downbeat" owes his success to Rose "Tommy" Thompson. She gave him more points than Carter has pills.

Jimmy Previti, the runner-up, gave the champ a rough go of it for a time. "Dispatcher" Hardy, helped Jimmy to acquire his tidy sum of points during the run of the contest.

# DONATIONS FOR PERIOD ENDING JUNE 17, 1945

## 50 cents or less

Mrs. Samuel Hansel  
 John Ssensits  
 Stephen Yandersits  
 Joe Hammel  
 Mathias Graf  
 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stumpf  
 Mrs. John Semler  
 Mrs. Ida Steckle  
 Mrs. Ursula Ringer  
 Mrs. Sarah Schaffer  
 Master Dickin Keen  
 Mrs. Helen Geist  
 Mrs. Mary Schlager  
 Mrs. Robert Brandt  
 Mrs. Irwin Reppert  
 Mrs. Victoria Devets  
 Mrs. Julia Gollatz  
 Helen Morgan  
 Mrs. Robert Fisher  
 Mrs. Anna Miller  
 Mrs. Elmer Meckes  
 Mrs. Amos Peters  
 Bernice Rice  
 Mrs. B. A. Salters  
 Mrs. Harry Masonheimer  
 A Friend  
 Mrs. Frank Gilly  
 Mrs. John Geosits  
 Mrs. George Toth  
 Minnie Gernerd  
 Mr. Stranzel  
 Sam Santee  
 Sadie Schaffer  
 J. Bower  
 Rev. A. A. Koch  
 Dorothy Alexander  
 Mrs. William Wiessner  
 Mrs. Helen Dugan  
 Saengerbund  
 Mrs. Frank Kroboth  
 Mrs. Harold Hantz  
 Husky Bodish  
 Mrs. Wayne Hallman  
 Mrs. Sam Walbert  
 Percy McQuilken  
 Mrs. Allen Reppert  
 Joseph Steirs  
 Mrs. D. Murtaugh  
 Mrs. Catherine Spak  
 Mrs. John Luterspeck  
 "Primo"  
 W. Klein

## \$1.00 and more than 50 cents

Grace Silfies  
 Mr. and Mrs. George Silfies  
 Evelyn Mackner  
 Mrs. Rose Lentz  
 Mrs. Carrie Cullen

Mrs. Helen Schreiber  
 Mary Steckle  
 Mrs. Henry Battenfield  
 Mrs. Thomas Paul  
 Mrs. A. Sommers  
 A Friend  
 Lee Seiger  
 Mr. and Mrs. John Reichl  
 Joe Prescinski

## \$2.00

Rose Laner  
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bodish  
 Mr. and Mrs. Steve Weiner  
 Mrs. August Hobel, Sr.

## \$2.50

Thomas H. Williams, A.M. 2/c  
 Allentown, Pa.

## \$3.00

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stewart

## \$5.00

Lt. Myron M. George, U.S.N. (20 Feb.)  
 Hon. James F. Henninger, P.J.  
 Mr. D. J. Uhle  
 Stephen Martincek, Boatswain 2/c  
 August Hobel, Jr.  
 Anonymous Contributor

## \$15.00

Alfrom J. Moyer

---

### Top to bottom, left to right:

EMIL MATEICKA S 2/c (Navy)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fateicka  
 South Fourth Street

PVT. JOHN IFKOVITS (Army)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ifkovits  
 Fifth Street

CLIFFORD SILFIES F 2/c (Navy)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. George Silfies  
 North Fourth Street

PVT. JOSEPH SEMLER (Army)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Semler  
 Cherry Street

PVT. MARGARET GOLLER (W.A.C.)  
 Daughter of Mrs. Cecelia Damweber  
 South Front Street

CLARENCE GILLY F 1/c (Navy)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilly  
 South Sixth Street

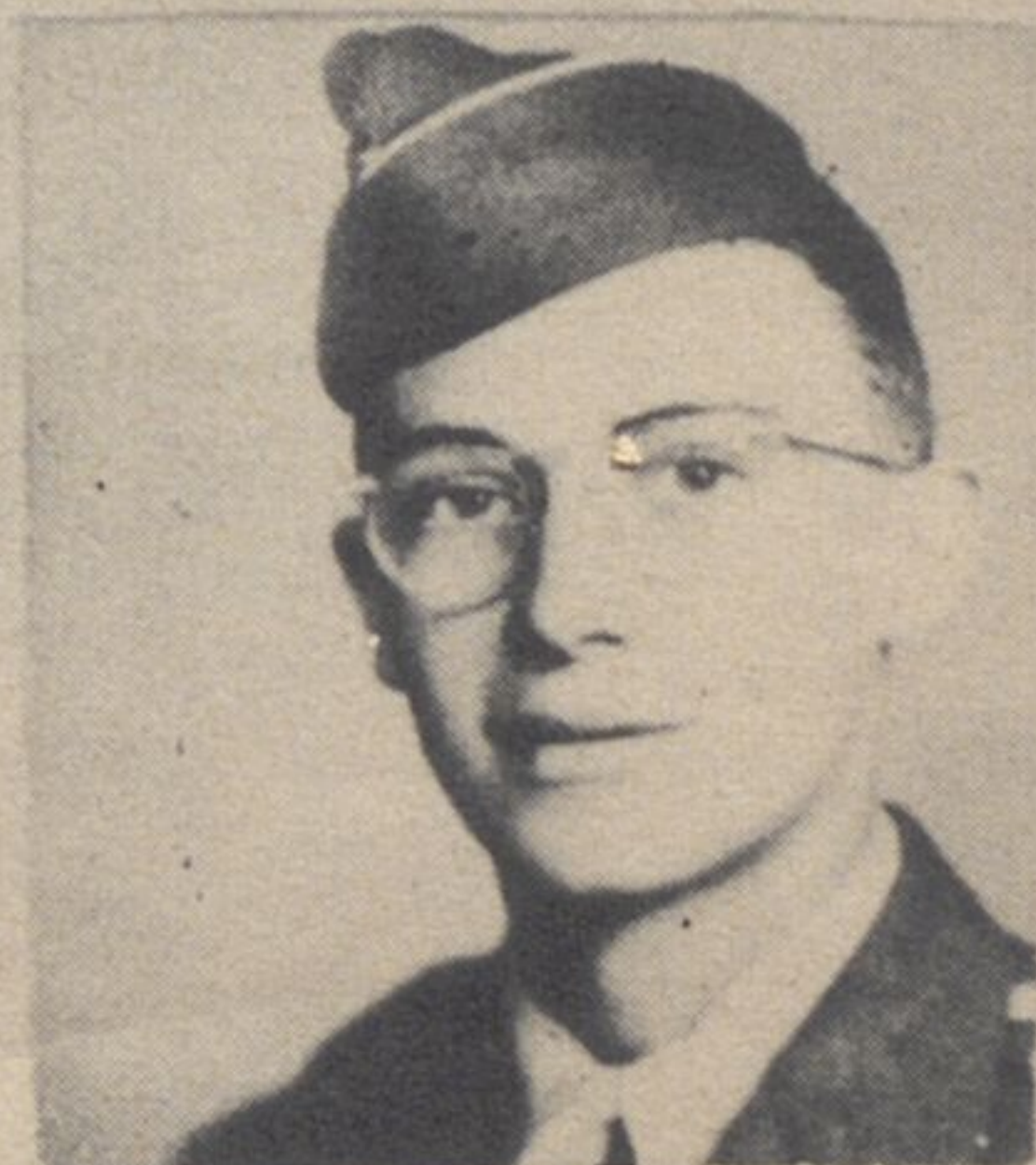
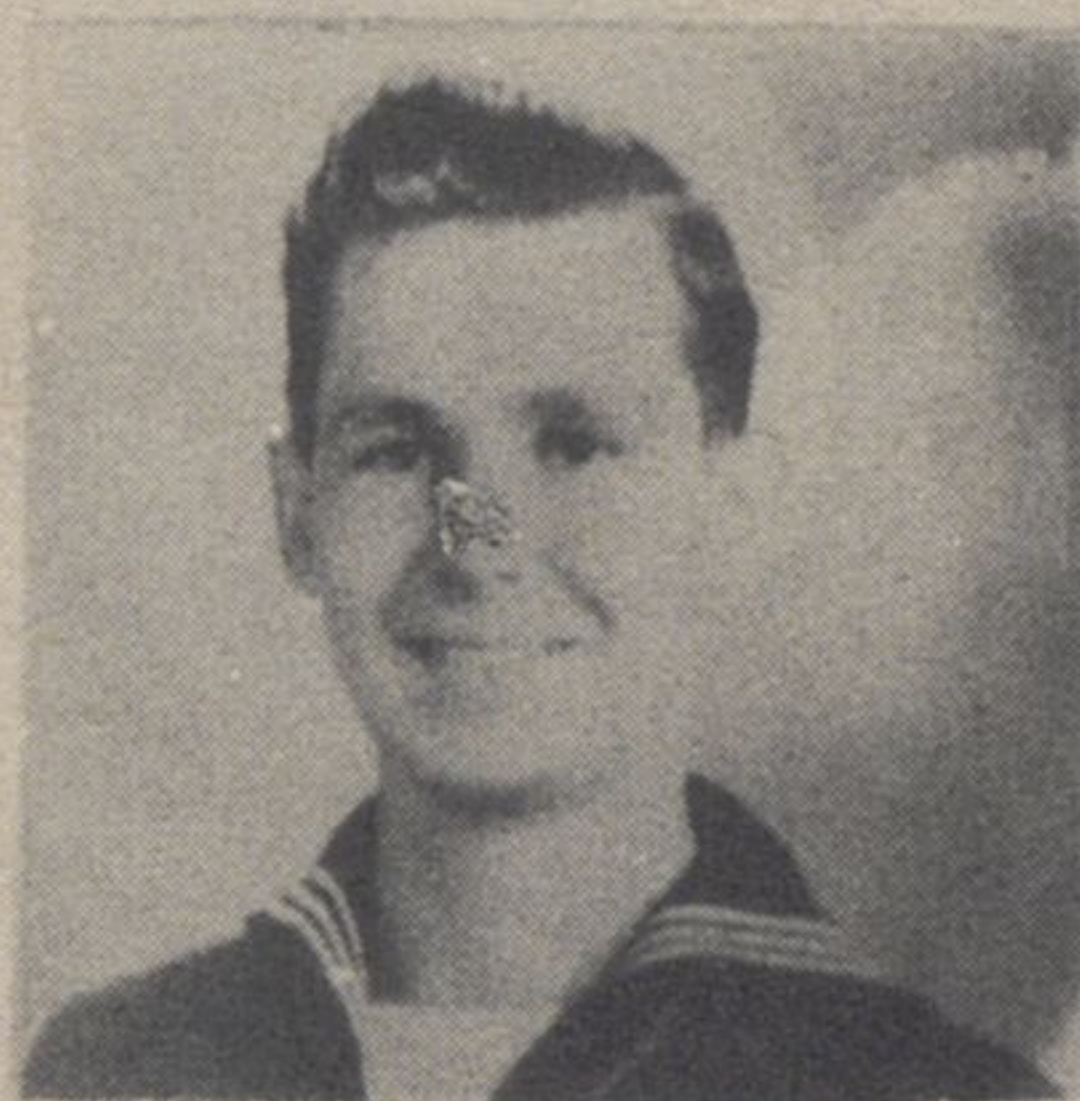
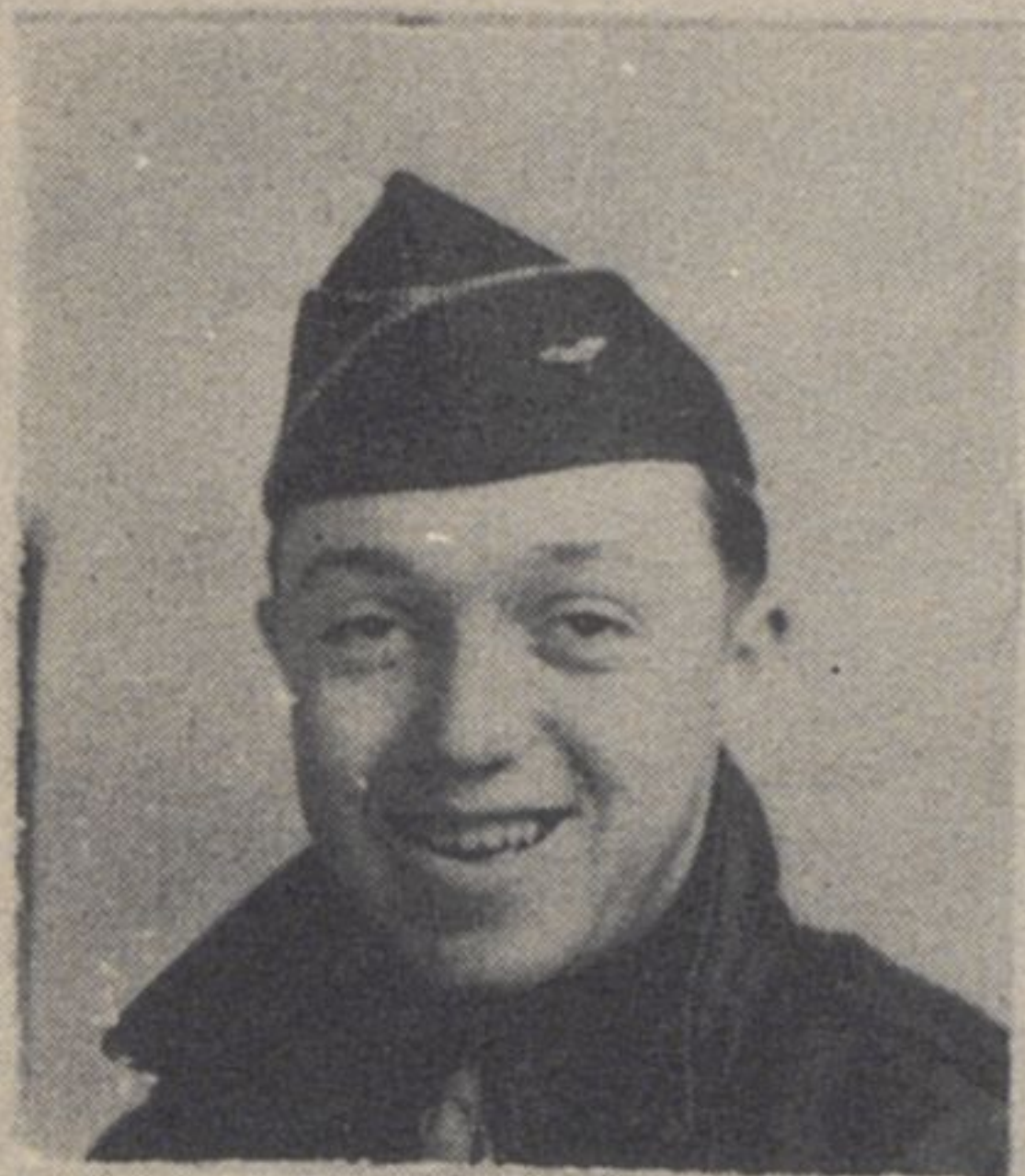
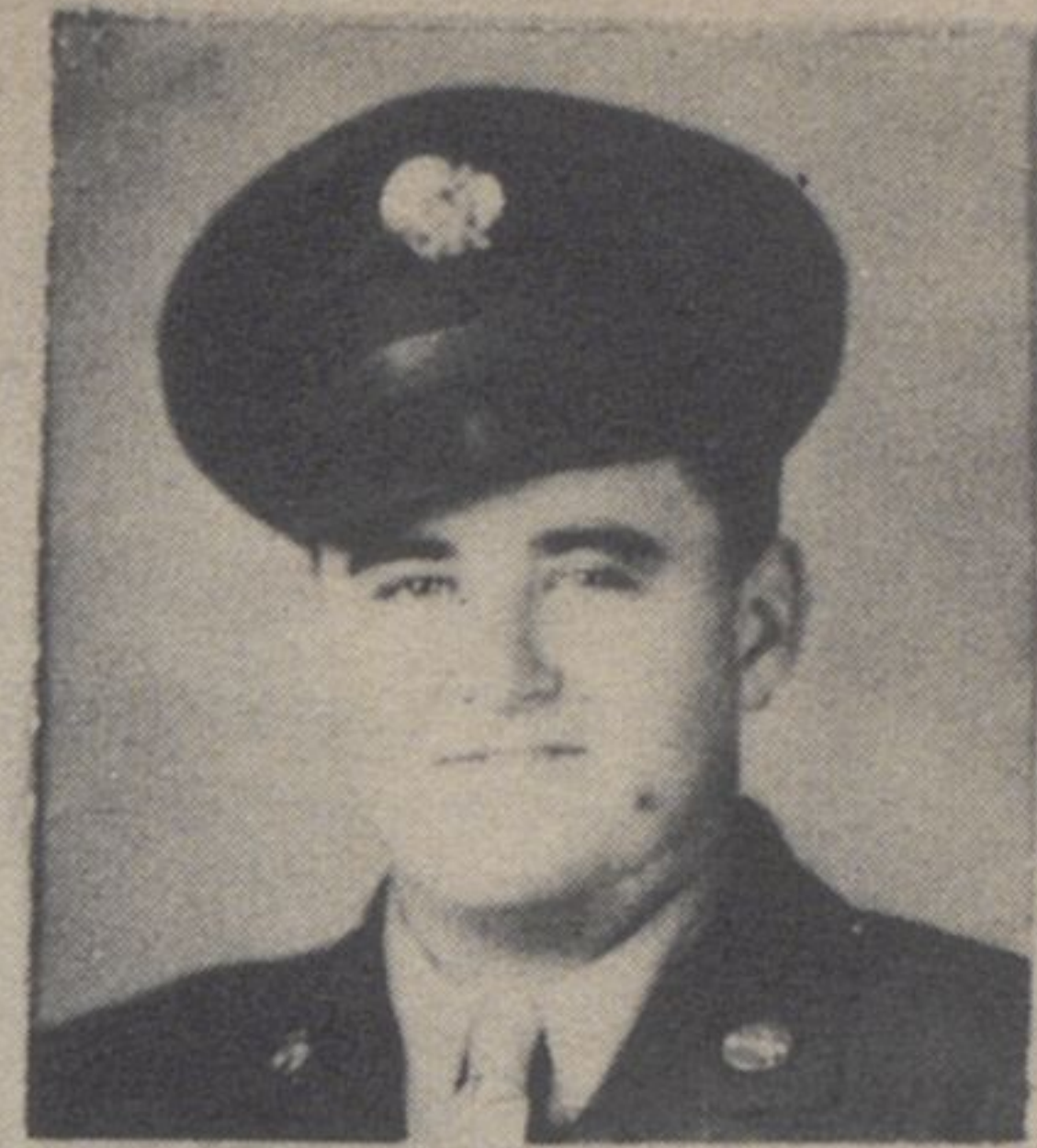
PVT. FRANCIS KLINGLER (W.A.C.)  
 Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Klingler  
 Coplay Street

PVT. EDWIN ERNST (Army)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Ernst  
 North Seventh Street

PVT. ROBERT BRANDT (Army)  
 Husband of former Helen Reppert  
 Second Street

OLIVER MOSER S 1/c (Navy)  
 Son of Charles Moser  
 Northampton, Pa.

PVT. RICHARD HOWER (Army)  
 Son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hower  
 South Front Street



Abbott, William  
 †Abernethy, Richard  
 Adams, Francis P.  
 Arthur, Helen  
 Bair, Wilfred  
 Bair, Franklin  
 Jalliet, Carl  
 Bartlett, George  
 †Bartlett, Jerome Q.  
 Battenfield, Louis  
 Belick, Joseph  
 Beltz, Raymond  
 Bennett, Norbert E.  
 Berg, William  
 Beslanovits, Adolph J.  
 Beslanovits, Alfred  
 Beslanovits, John  
 Beslanovits, Joseph  
 Betts, Roland  
 Betz, Edward  
 †Betz, William  
 Bierman, Albert  
 Billera, Frank  
 Billera, Joseph  
 Billera, Louis  
 †Blose, William  
 Bloszinsky, William  
 Bodisch, Julius  
 Bodisch, Richard  
 Bodisch, Walter  
 Bodish, Lou  
 Bogary, Fred  
 Bogosian, Margaret  
 Bortz, Vernon  
 Brandt, Robert  
 Brem, Rudolph  
 Buchman, Robert  
 Richard Burke  
 Burnatowski, Bernard  
 Burnatowski, John  
 Burnatowski, Stanley  
 Busits, John  
 Busits, Louis  
 Celip, John  
 Csensits, Frank  
 Cullin, David  
 Damweber, Francis  
 Damweber, Julius  
 Decker, Anthony  
 Deichmeister, Frank  
 Derkits, John L.  
 †Deutsch, Adolph  
 Deutsch, Charles J.  
 Deutsch, Daniel  
 Deutsch, Frank  
 Deutsch, Godfried  
 †Deutsch, John  
 Deutsch, John  
 Deutsch, Joseph  
 Deutsch, Louis J.  
 Deutsch, Russell  
 Deutsch, Stephen  
 Domitrovits, John  
 Domitrovits, Joseph  
 Dragovits, Julius  
 Dreisbach, Robert  
 Duldt, John Jr.  
 Duldt, Joseph  
 Dute, James  
 †Eby, Charles  
 Eby, Frank  
 Eby, Louis C.  
 Eisenhauer, Henry  
 Erkinger, Alfred  
 Erkinger, Charles  
 Ernst, Edwin  
 Ernst, Rudolph J.  
 Fahringer, Ernest  
 Faller, Frank P.  
 Falk, Howard G.

### Killed in Action

Gladish, Michael  
 Haines, William  
 Groller, John J.  
 Kovacs, Louis  
 Schwartz, Stephen  
 Scheirer, Kenneth  
 Tapler, Joseph  
 Deutsch, Robert  
 Nemeih, Frank  
 Schwartz, John  
 Keller, John  
 Stumpf, William  
 Churetta, John Jr.  
 Mortimer, Thomas G.

### Died at Sea

Bodish, Edward

Farino, Anthony  
 Fidler, Julius  
 Fiedler, Frank  
 Follweiler, Edward  
 Frantz, Forrest H.  
 Frantz, Sylvester B.  
 Frisch, Herman W.  
 †Frisch, Joseph  
 Fruwirth, Edward  
 Galler, Alfred  
 Galgon, George  
 Garger, John F.  
 Garger, Joseph  
 Garrison, Herbert  
 Gartner, Alfred  
 Gartner, Jacob  
 Gaston, George  
 Gaugler, Alvin  
 Gaugler, Robert  
 Geist, Frank  
 Geist, Leonard  
 Geosits, John  
 Gerner Ross  
 Gessitz, George  
 Gilly, Alfred J.  
 Gilly, Charles  
 Gilly, Clarence  
 Gleason, Jack E.  
 Gollatz, Edward  
 Gollatz, Julius  
 Gollatz, Raymond  
 Gollatz, Rudolph J.  
 Goller, Margaret  
 Golomb, George  
 Golomb, Michael  
 Graf, Adolph  
 Graf, Frank  
 Graf, Herman  
 Greenhagen, David L.  
 Groller, Joseph  
 Groller, Joseph J.  
 Gutleber, Anthony  
 Hacker, Frank  
 Haines, Henry  
 †Haller, Charles  
 Hallman, Harry S.  
 Hantz, Richard  
 Hanzl, Herman J.  
 Hanzl, Rudolph J.  
 Heller, James D.  
 Heller, William  
 Hessinger, Edward  
 Hessinger, Raymond  
 Hessinger, Walter  
 Hobel, Joseph  
 Hoffman, Herman  
 †Hoffman, Kenneth

†Honorably Discharged



## A Hotfoot

Holetz, Charles  
 Honsel, John  
 Horn, John L.  
 Horvath, Edward E.  
 Horvath, Gabriel  
 Horvath, John  
 Hower, Richard  
 Huetter, Carl  
 †Hunara, George  
 Hunara, Steve  
 Ifkovits, John  
 Ifkovits, Martin C.  
 Ivankovits, August  
 Ivankovits, Charles  
 Jandrasits, John  
 Johnston, Russel B.  
 Kail, Julius  
 Karo, Gisella Ann  
 Karoly, Charles  
 Keglovits, Frank P.  
 Keller, Anthony  
 Keller, George  
 Keller, Joseph  
 Keppel, Frank  
 Keppel, Peter  
 Kerbacher, Daniel S.  
 Kerbacher, Stephen B.  
 Kidling, Gerald  
 Kidling, Lawson  
 Kistler, Frederick  
 Kleckner, Ernest  
 Klepeiss, Frank  
 Klepeiss, Joseph J.  
 Klingler, Calvin  
 Klingler, Frances  
 Klingler, Leonard  
 Klucharich, Steve  
 Klucharich, William  
 Klucsarits, Frank  
 Klucsarits, John  
 Klucsarits, Joseph  
 Klucsarits, Stephen  
 Klucarits, William  
 Kohler, Adam Jr.  
 Kollar, Edward  
 †Kopfer, Frank  
 Korsak, Karl  
 Korsak, Paul A.  
 Kovacs, Gabriel  
 Kovacs, Rudolph  
 Kovacs, Zoltan  
 †Kratzer, Edwin  
 Kratzer, Elmer  
 †Kratzer, Raymond  
 Kratzer, Stephen  
 Kratzer, William  
 Krause, Franklin

Krobot  
 Krobot  
 †Krobot  
 Kropf  
 Kropf  
 Krug  
 Kunkle  
 Kunkle  
 Lakovi  
 Lansky  
 Lauba  
 Lauba  
 Ledere  
 Legart  
 Legart  
 Leitge  
 Leitge  
 Lendl  
 †Lentz  
 †Lentz  
 Lentz  
 Lentz  
 Lentz  
 Lewis  
 Lewis  
 Liebez  
 Lilly  
 Linden  
 Long  
 Long  
 Lorenz  
 Lorenz  
 Luizer  
 Luizer  
 †Lutes  
 Magaz  
 Marak  
 Marek  
 Marek  
 Marink  
 Marks  
 Marth  
 Marth  
 Martin  
 Marx  
 Mateic  
 Matis  
 Matis  
 Mayer  
 Mayer  
 †Mayer  
 Mecke  
 Meixne  
 Meixne  
 †Melton  
 Mertz



# for Hirohito

Carl  
Joseph L.  
Joseph  
Anthony  
John  
Julius  
Ernest  
Harry  
Herman  
Timothy  
Forrest  
Leonard  
Alfred F.  
Frank  
Frederick  
Frank  
John  
Joseph  
Anthony  
Donald  
Edward  
Frank  
John  
Joseph  
Gerald  
Roland  
Rupert  
Allen L.  
Nuth, Samuel  
Carson  
Raymond  
Frank  
John  
John  
Joseph  
Glen  
Andrew  
vits, Charles  
Vincent  
William  
vits, Edward  
Alfred  
Frank  
John  
Stephen  
Rudolph J.  
Emil  
John  
Joseph  
Edward  
John  
Julius  
Robert  
Alfred  
Carl  
Edma May  
Edwin Jr.

Meyers, Frank  
Michael, Harry  
Miklos, Francis  
Miklos, John  
†Miklos, Joseph  
Miller, Frank  
Miller, Joseph  
Miller, Lewis  
Miller, Paul  
†Miller, Percy  
Miller, Sterling  
Miller, Sterling N.  
Miller, Warren  
Mills, Emma  
Mills, Frank  
Miskowsky, George  
Mohr, Harold  
Mohr, Martin T.  
Mohr, Ralph  
Mondschein, George  
Mondschein, Joseph  
Mondschein, Raymond  
Mondschein, Rose M.  
†Mondschein, William  
Morgan, Russel  
Mullner, Frank  
Mullner, Joseph  
Nemeth, William  
Newhard, Joe  
†Newhard, Joseph  
Newhard, Leonard  
Newhard, Robert  
†Newhard, William  
Nickisher, Joseph  
Nicholas, Joseph  
Novak, Edward  
Novak, Walter  
Pammer, Frank  
Parvel, John  
Parvel, William  
†Parvel, Joseph  
Patrick, William  
Paukovits, Frank  
Paul, John  
Paul, Joseph J.  
Peters, Stanley  
Piescienski, Frank  
Piescienski, John  
Piha, Charles  
Piha, Frank  
Piha, John  
Piscitelli, Andrew  
Pitts, Jack  
Poandl, Frank  
Poandl, Helen  
Podorski, Joseph  
Podorski, Eva

Pohranechne, Alex  
Prisnock, Louis  
Prockl, William

Raber, Samuel  
Radon, Edward  
Radon, John  
Radon, Michael  
†Radon, Stanley  
Reichl, Franklin  
Reichl, John  
Reichl, Joseph  
Reinhard, Karl  
Reinhard, Lee  
Reinhard, Philip  
Reppert, Allen  
Reppert, Luther  
Reppert, Raymond  
Resh, Thomas  
Rieker, Joseph  
Ringer, Paul  
Rivetti, Pat  
Rogers, Alvin J.  
Rogers, Charles  
Rogers, Raymond  
Rogers, Richard  
Rogers, Sterling  
†Rose, Karl  
†Rothdeutsch, Frank  
Rubasky, John

Sacks, William  
Sakaschitz, Alex  
Salter, Alton  
Salter, Burt  
Santee, George  
Schaffer, Randolph  
†Scheirer, Frank  
Scherr, Alfred  
Scherr, Charles  
Scherr, John  
Scherr, Joseph  
Schlager, Ludwig  
Schleder, Otto  
Schleder, Stephen J.  
Schmidt, Frank  
Schnecker, Joseph  
Schrampf, John  
Schreiber, Daniel  
Schreiber, Elda  
Seier, Leo  
Selady, Helen  
†Semler, John  
Semler, Joseph  
Shoemaker, Allan C.  
Shoemaker, Brooke  
Sickar, Edward  
Sidor, Frank  
†Sidor, Joseph  
Silfies, Clifford  
Silfies, Edgar  
Silfies, Frederick  
Sinkovits, Frank  
Slanovits, Edward  
Slanovits, Joseph  
Slanovits, Louis  
Snyder, Clarence  
Sodl, Anthony  
Sodl, Herman S.  
Sodl, Joseph  
Solderitch, John  
Sommers, Alfred  
Sommers, Alois  
Sommers, John  
Sommers, Joseph F.  
Sommers, William  
Spangler, Kenneth  
Spengler, Kenneth  
Spengler, Willard  
†Spanits, Frank  
Stasko, Michael

Steckel, Preston C.  
Stefany, Wallace C.  
Steiner, Frank  
Steiner, Gustav  
Steiner, Joseph  
Stelzman, Frank M.  
Stelzman, Steve  
Stetch, Michael  
†Stewart, Roy  
Stock, Paul  
Stranzl, Louis  
Stranzel, Louis  
Strauch, Frank Jr.  
Stumpf, Alfred  
Stumpf, Frank  
Stumpf, John  
Stumpf, Louis  
Stumpf, Mathias  
Stumpf, Rudolph  
Stumpp, David  
Szivos, Frank

Tabernigg, Arnold  
Tabernigg, Edgar  
Taniser, Adolph A.  
Taniser, Charles J.  
Taniser, Louis  
Tapler, Aloysius  
Tapler, John  
Thomas, John J.  
Thompson, Rose  
Toth, Frank Jr.  
Toth, George  
Toth James  
Trankley, Allan  
Trankley, Raymond  
Triveley, George  
Walakovits, Frank  
Walakovits, John  
Walakovits, John Jr.  
Walakovits, Joseph  
Walczuk, Joseph  
Walczuk, Stephen  
Walczuk, Zavier  
Weber, George  
Wehr, Robert  
Weres, James  
Werley, Malcolm  
Wiessner, Alfred  
Wiessner, Edward  
Wiessner, William  
Wiessner, Raymond  
Williams, David  
†Windish, John  
Wonderly, Frank  
Wonderly, John  
Wonderly, Michael  
Wonderly, Rudolph  
Woodward, Charles  
Yandersits, Joseph  
Yandersits, William  
Yandrisevits, Louis  
Yoo, Helen Patricia  
Yoo, John  
†Yoo, Joseph  
Yoo, Rose  
Zeiner, Milton  
Zerfass, Raymond  
Zsigovits, Joseph  
Zsigovits, Theresa  
Zwickle, Edward

Camp Casualties  
Hirschman, Anton  
Wonderly, Louis

*T/4 Wallace Stefany, presently stationed somewhere in the European Theater sat down during some leisure hours and put into writing some of his musings and memories. It is presented herewith exactly as he wrote it, as a bit of writing we are sure will quicken the memories of many a boy who went to school with "Wally."*

## **Remember?**

My sister let go of my hand long enough to give me a reassuring pat on the seat of my brand new, rusty-brown, itchy wool knee pants. "This is my brother, Mrs. Sleppy," she said, "he's going to start school today." Bending down she told me to "be good" and then she left the room.

The teacher's smile and nod were permission to choose my seat in this oh-so-large room. So the itchy brown suit walked and walked until a great wall with many windows confronted it and it could go no further. Then it sat down behind a black-haired boy with a very short haircut and in front of a girl whose flushed face looked out from under a shock of brown hair.

Curiosity and the itchy suit wouldn't let me sit up straight and quiet like a good first-grader should. The same predicament must have faced the boy in front and the girl in back before long the three of us were acquainted and talking busily. The boy was called John, the girl, Cecelia. He lived near the Pastime Theater, she was from West Coplay. Johnny Duldtt and Celie Gilly were the first ones I came to know in this big room with a lot of desks and oily floors.

The seat in the back of the room was inconspicuous and away from all my few friends. Our too frequent whispers had put me here, and it was Johnny Lorenz who would look back and enjoy my plight.

Fair week had come and gone but forty small tongues were still wagging with the excitement of it. Some of the pupils hadn't been able to go and these were given scissors, paste, and colored paper, to produce, under teachers' direction, the picture of a man selling balloons. For a moment I wondered whether or not it was worth while to have attended the fair. These paper balloons looked far more attractive and the idea of making them all by yourself was even greater reason to be envious.

But that day, as every other day came, went and was forgotten. The big room with the many seats again soon took its place as the center of attraction.

By some miracle my conduct had improved enough to warrant not just any front seat but the first seat in the first row. And reflecting now I cannot help but think that "miracle" is the only word that applies here.

Sitting across the aisle with his straight, red hair always hanging down until it just touched his eyebrows was Edward Theirer. Unmistakably he was a cowboy for every recess, letting imagination run amuck as all of us did, he would dream up a horse and go galloping to Maple Street, to Cherry Street, to Bernhard's store, to the cannons in front of the school building, to anywhere.

In my first Hallowe'en party at the old Engineers' Hall my rec. dress with the many bells on it marked me as a gypsy. The junkman who walked beside me pulling a truck on a string and yelling, "Rags, bones," was the now black-faced Edward. But burnt cory and tattered clothes demanded a new name for him so on the spot "ABIE" was born.

Such a combination indeed bore watching. My new friend's "Mom" and his "Mammy," who baked those delicious doughnuts, did this ably.

On the other side of Abie sat a laughing tyke garbed in a soldier's uniform. This fellow was getting along wonderfully with teachers the morning I noticed him. He was talking about Betty. Betty going on three, he never fought with Betty, Betty was this, Betty was that. I gathered that this little G. I., Burt Salter was quite fond of Betty, his little sister.

I doubt whether I was the only one who wished he had a "soldier's suit." If we haven't the curly hair it's??

The cowboy, the soldier, the itchy brown suit all sat in the front row of this room with the long blackboard. The room didn't seem as big anymore as it had that first day.

There are many incidents like the following one which come to mind occasionally.

At the end of one recess period a very small fellow (I don't remember his name) carrying an oversize paper lunch bag, tried to take the shortest distance to his seat. His route sand-



wicked him between a pair of conversing teachers and he stepped unerringly upon the foot of one of them. Seizing the opportunity to further school him in the ways of a gentleman she asked, "Now, what must you say?" He was on the spot but never let it be said that he didn't try. He gulped, then bravely answered, "Thank you," and ran away.

Day by day the big room with its smell of chalk dust came to feel smaller, cozier, not at all frightening as it had seemed at first. There were lots of new things to do. Now we could read all those good books on the shelf in the corner. And by the window that opened onto the fire escape was the sand table that afforded no end of fun.

The pin-up favorite then was Betty Priscock in a red dress with white trimmings. Every noon hour until it was time for class she would pick out a different boy to sit with and read to him. The rest of the very young men could do nothing but envy the lucky fellow.

That in part is the first grade as I remember it. There are, of course, other things I can recall such as the time when as last man in a game of "Crack the Whip," I lost my grip and literally "bit the dust." In that little skirmish I traded two front baby teeth for a mouthful of gravel. With young John Rubaski's help at the drinking fountain beside the stairway, the gravel was washed out instead of eaten.

The first visit from Mr. Harry Steckel, our music teacher, was another memorable experience. Even with Mrs. Sleppy's thorough instructions about using "Sir" when addressing Mr. Steckel, more than just a few uncertain yes ma'ams were heard in our timid replies to him. We had grown accustomed to answer Mrs. Sleppy in this way.

However, our little faux pas went unnoticed and we got down to the delightful business of singing. Music class was one of our favorites for in it we learned things in a different way. We learned history from historical songs, humor from funny songs, sympathy from sad songs, folklore from songs that told a story. For a certain few, number one on the hit parade was "Old Dog Tray."

I haven't seen the classroom for a long time. On my last visit it did

not seem too different than it had been the first time I saw it. The pictures of George Washington and Thaddeus Stevens still hung in their places over the blackboard. Between them was the same flag to which so many of us pledged allegiance every morning after the first bell sounded while we stood in the aisle beside our desks. But when I tried to sit again at the little desk in the first row it was a hopeless fit.

Many of the pupils that once sat in that room are very far from their desks now. And I hope, as I know you must, that someday soon they will return to the classroom to the familiar streets, to their homes, to their friends, to Coplay.

---

Dear Friends and Staff of Coplay Echoes:

It's been quite a long time since I last wrote and showed my appreciation for the wonderful work you're doing in getting that **great little book** of Echoes on its way. I consider myself really lucky in receiving all copies to date, although at times they arrive two editions at one time. The old saying "better late than never" sure holds true for Echoes.

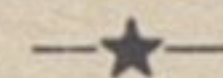
At the present time I am being stationed in Naples, Italy. But before long its going to be somewhere in the Pacific, if plans hold true as planned here in the last few days. Anyway here's hoping if I do go, that I go by the way of the States, and can say hello to quite a few of my old friends.

In Italy I had been quite fortunate in meeting a great many of the boys from home, which made things seem not too dull for me. Enclosed with this letter, you will find a few snapshots of these so called get-togethers, with the boys, and get-togethers they really had been.

Well, this is it, not having anything else to say, I'll be signing off.

Sincerely,

John "Shorty" Tapler.



Dear Friends:

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm receiving the Echoes and I sure am thankful for them. I have a new APO now; it's 70 so be sure next time when you send my Echoes that you have it changed. I sure look for it every month. My brother Louis is back in the States for some time now. He went back in December 23, 1944. I sure miss him but some day I'll be home too; I hope soon. My brother Joseph is on his way home from overseas too and look where I am! I'm overseas now for nineteen months and I'm making the best of it. I will say bye for now and keep sending Coplay Echoes. I sure look for them. I will say bye for now from

S/Sgt. Frank Billera.



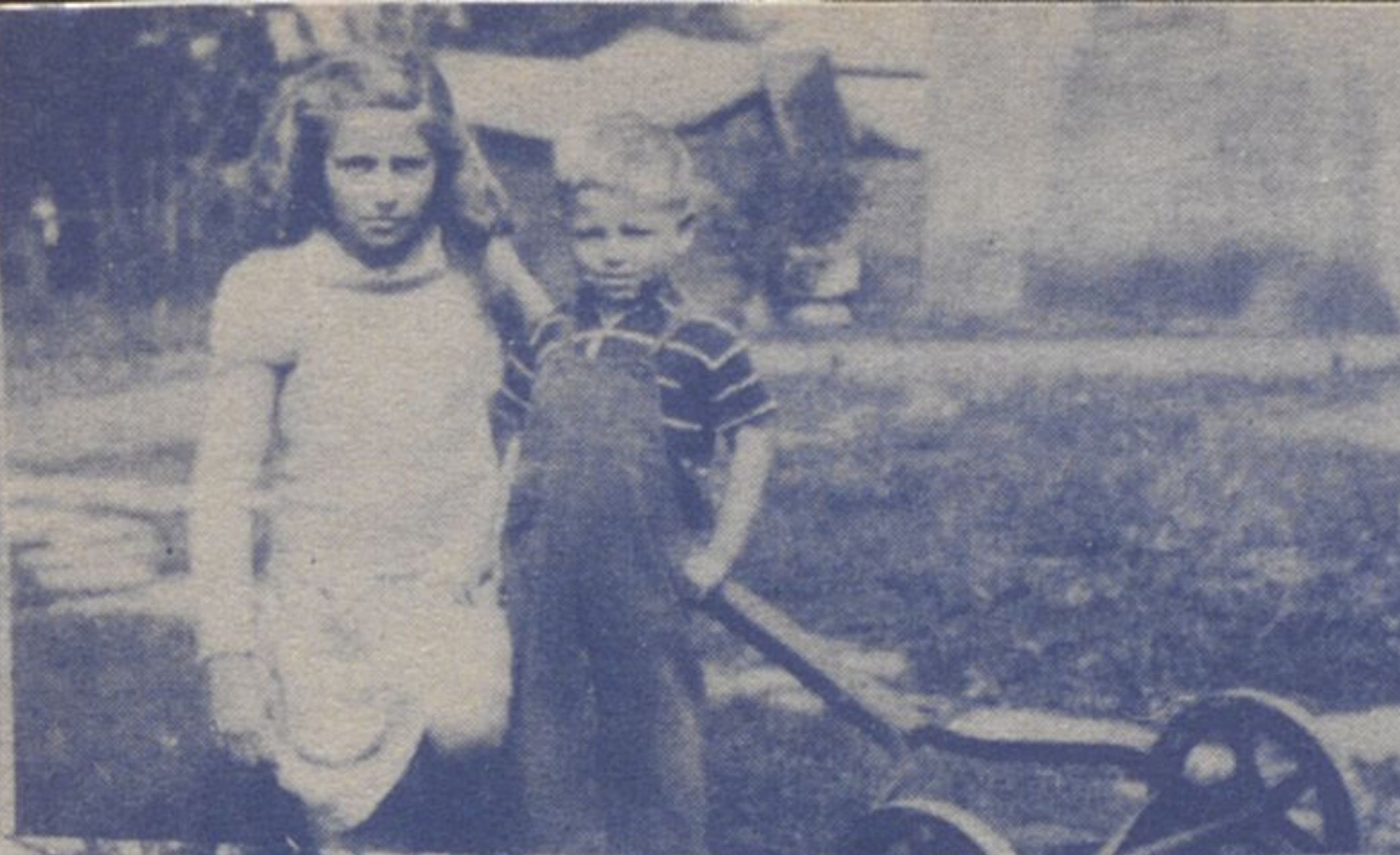
### ***Faithful from the Start***

Pictured above are two young ladies who have distinguished themselves as most capable and efficient workers for "Echoes"; Shirley Geist and Evelyn Davies have had charge of the address file and mailing of our magazine from the very first issue. A smooth working team, they have developed a system that demonstrates its own efficiency by the negligible number of magazines returned because of incorrect addresses.

To keep track of 500 boys and to see that they get their Echoes in good shape and on time is no child's play, yet with all the responsibility placed upon them they attack each new job with a vim that is contagious and their lively dispositions brighten up many an hour for the staff.

Shirley's husband is 1st Sgt. Frank R. Geist, who left for the service December 5, 1940 and has been overseas since October 1942.

## **WELCOME HOME 85 POINTERS!**



**THE**



**FOLKS**



**IN THE**



**GARDEN**





## Home Sweet Home . . .

One of our first prisoners of war to return to Coplay was Pvt. John Yagerhofer, who resides at 120 S. Front Street. He has been in service two years, and was sent overseas in October, 1944. He was taken prisoner at Forback, France, on January 10, 1945. Sent to Camp Stalog 9A, which was about 20 miles south of Kassel, in Germany. He spent three months at this prison and in that time lost thirty pounds.

When he was liberated, he went by plane to a rest camp named "Lucky Strike" in La Harve, France, where he stayed until he was returned to the States. He arrived in the U. S. A. May 5, and got home May 7th. He is having a swell time and enjoying his mother's cooking very much.

After a 62 day leave, he will return to Hotel Dennis at Atlantic City. He will stay there for a rest and then get a reassignment.

While under the German rule they were treated fairly well, but had very little food. Their daily menu was very meager. At 7:00 a.m. they received tea or ersatz coffee. The tea was slightly colored water

and the coffee was burnt barley or oats cooked in water. At noon each one had a canteen cup of soup, and at 4:00 p.m. they were given one loaf of bread for every six men.

There were no medical supplies given by the Germans, and the Americans had to get along as best they could. There were some French prisoners at the same camp. They had been there five years. Sometimes they got Red Cross packages and they divided what they got with the Americans.

The barracks were bare and not very clean. They contained three deck bunks, with wooden slats and excelsior for a mattress. Each man had two blankets. There were two stoves, one at each end of the building, but the men had to get their own fuel if they wanted a fire.

When the Germans realized that the American Army would soon capture the camp, they escaped and left the camp in charge of an American officer. The camp was liberated by the 3rd Army on March 30, 1945.

—★—

### Editor's Note:

*Pfc. Paul Miller, another liberated prisoner of war, originally reported missing in action has not been contacted as yet but we hope to give his story in an early issue.*

Dear Staff:

I'm beginning to get my Coplay Echoes. I've received about four now since I've been out here. But I'm glad to get them since it sure makes me feel at home. Still haven't met any of the boys from Coplay. I heard from Freddy Legarht. He was out here some place but couldn't get to see him for this place is plenty big. I've done quite a lot of traveling around the South Pacific and hope to run into some one I know. I know it isn't any fault of yours that I don't get my Echoes. I've been on the move all the time and the mail is still being sent to the ship. I'm sending you my address and hope you keep on sending me my Coplay Echoes. I got my Jan. and Feb. issues. The boys sure think a lot of the work you all are doing for the boys out here. What I'm working on now I can't put in writing but my wife can tell you about it so wishing you lots of success and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

J. Nicholas Mo M 2/c.

Dear Staff:

I just received my latest issue of the Coplay Echoes. April, to be exact, and was sure glad to get it. I thought I'd never get it. I want to thank you all for sending me all the issues that I have missed, and I sure did appreciate them. So — up to now I am pretty well caught up on all the issues, but can't wait 'til I receive the next issue. Every time they come they seem to be getting better than the ones I already got, so keep up the good work.

Well, George, I have sort of a surprise for you, on my whereabouts here in Italy. I guess every one back home would like to know where either their son or daughter is, so now that we don't have to keep any secrets from you, we can tell you a bit of the place over here. I am stationed here in Bari, Italy, along the Adriatic Coast, and quite a nice place to. The harbor here is set up pretty nice, with the help of the U. S. Army. It wasn't damaged any too bad. I am only a few hundred feet from the harbor itself, but it isn't like the ones we have back home. They are still back in the old Roman days, and still have the same old religion as they did before. Here is something that you all might of read back there in the newspapers not so long ago, you all heard about the big Bari explosion when three ammunition ships blew up. Well I happened to be there at the time and what a blast it was. I assure you I didn't know what the heck was coming off. At first I thought that the Jerries were over, and made a direct hit on the city, but later found out what it was. I was in our office at the time it happened, but later found myself laying out in the hall right outside the office. And can't figure out how I ever got out there. The blast was so heavy it broke every window. A few G. I.'s got hurt pretty bad and killed quite a few Ginnes. (Italians.) The city itself looked a mess. And so did our hotel where we were staying. I would like to tell you more about it but it's too long a story and I hate to think about it.

I guess you all want to know when I'll be coming home too now that the war over here has come to an end. I guess you heard all about the point system back there, and I got up as far as 72 points, and the limit is 85 to get discharged. So you can imagine how I stand, I was awarded an extra star for the Bologna Campaign, which gave me the extra 5 points. But all the good that did, so I am still sweating it out, I am still a Limited Serviceman, so there is some talk about them going home. But when that will be is hard to tell. Sure hope it will be soon.

And now I see my time is just about up, I have quite a bit of work to do yet. We still have a war to finish up yet, and hope it won't be any too long 'til it is all over in the South Pacific. There wasn't any too much of a celebration over here. We were just darn glad it

was all over. And now from the Penna. boys that are in my outfit wish to put their two cents in it too, and they want to say they never seen such a book as the one called Coplay Echoes. But want to know where all them good looking girls are. So get on the old ball, as we call it in this man's army. So take care of the old town and hoping to see you all soon. And thanks again for the Coplay Echoes. I'll be able to send you a few snap shots now of the town and also women. But don't get any ideas George, I got one waiting for me back there. And a very sweet one too. So keep them Echoes coming, and good luck to you and the staff for your wonderful work.

I remain as always,

A Coplayite,

Pfc. Malcolm Werley.

—★—

Dear Staff:

It's been several months since I dropped you a few lines, hope you'll notice my change in APO and city. Presently I may state that I'm on an island somewhere in the Pacific, so you may guess.

I have already received the February and March issues of Coplay Echoes, and this morning was very happy indeed to see the April issue laying on my desk.

The weather is sort of nice here, springtime, every day in the year, with an occasional typhoon. We sure do get a lot of rain, hardly a day passes without any rain, and when it does rain, it comes down by the buckets-full.

I suppose you've been reading in the news about our B-29's, 500 strong, just pounding the hell out of Japan's larger industrial cities.

We get to see a few stage shows, had the opportunity of seeing Gertrude Lawrence, the singer, Dennis Day, remember him on the Jack Benny program, Tommy Riggs with his impersonations of Betty Lou, also a radio star, before he joined the Navy, Jackie Cooper at his drums, Claude Thornhill pianist. However we missed Betty Hutton's appearance over here merely by days.

Possibly in my next letter, I may be able to give you a full account of the past several months, itinery and sights I have seen.

Coplay Echoes has been arriving regularly and promptly so let me express my heartfelt thanks for your excellent work, and the speed with which you get the current copies, on their way, to those who are waiting each and every issue, of the best little home town periodical, published "The Coplay Echoes." The score at the present time is two down, one to go, here's hoping it don't take too long, the boys here in the 20th AF, are really doing more than their share to get the third partner of the Axis down.

Best of luck, to everyone on the staff.

Pfc. Joseph P. Belick.



### **Somewhere in Italy . . .**

From somewhere in Italy Pfc. John Scherr sends this picture to give us an idea of what happens in his spare time. Here he is (second from the left) dining with a group of his friends. In one of his recent letters home he writes about meeting up with Johnny Reichl, Second Street. Pfc. Scherr is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scherr, 222 S. Front Street.

---

### **Ransacking the Mail . .**

they continue with it. He impatiently awaits the next issue.

A note from *Frank Piesciensi* informs us of his change in address and also that he enjoys receiving "Echoes."

*Alfred M. Bodish* writes that he is grateful for his Echoes and thanks the editor and staff. He has completed his tour of duty on the Islands and has been assigned to the States. While overseas he received "Echoes" regularly and hopes they'll continue now that he is in this country.

From Natal, Brazil, *Eddie Lentz* sends greetings to the staff and everyone else connected with "Coplay Echoes." He hopes they'll all keep up

the good work.

A letter of thanks from *Pfc. George A. Geiger* tells how he appreciates Echoes, as he happens to be in a lonely jungle outpost. He sends his regards to all in Coplay.

*Frank Lorenz* sent a contribution to Echoes and says, "It is not near enough for what you are doing for us over here." He thanks the staff for "Echoes" and is always happy to receive it.

"Doc" *Gilly* heard that the *Mon-schein* twins were near where he is stationed so he is busy looking for them. He is always eager to receive "Echoes" because it does a great job as a morale builder.

Dear Staff:

It has been rather a long time since I have last expressed my "thanks" for your swell magazine.

By chance on board the same ship with me is Frank Miller. He and I went through school together and it was a lucky break to meet some one from my hometown on the same ship. We haven't seen much of each other for we both have different duties at different places.

The new March edition came a few days ago and for a while I thought I wasn't going to get mine for Frank's came before mine. He told me about his coming and I was afraid that I would have to wait for mine for I had just been moved. I have just finished going over that article by Bill Troxell. It's really something. Did you know that there are some people so ignorant in this world that they haven't heard of a Pennsylvania-Dutchman or don't even believe there is such a language as Pennsylvania-Dutch?

I always wished that I could speak the language better than I do but it takes practice. There is only one place you can get that sort of practice and how I wish I were there.

By the way I was able to get home to Coplay for a day but didn't get time to stop in. In fact I saw very few people at all.

But I must finish off this letter and "hit the sack." Keep up the splendid work and if you get a chance, work in another Pennsylvania-German page. I believe many more boys will echo the same opinion.

Yours truly,

Philip C. Reinhard.

P.S. In my last letter I "griped" about Oklahoma beer now it's no beer at all.



Staff and Members:

Excuse me for not writing sooner but I'm sure the reason is understood. I've been running around Coplay for some time and thought it was quite unnecessary.

Again as usual things didn't turn out according to my expectations, but I guess it's just as well. In fact I think it's better this way.

Coplay can soon expect to set eyes on many European War Vets. There will be many happy families in the ole home town.

Before I continue, I should express my sincere gratitude for your kindness in keeping me on your mailing list. I enjoyed every issue very much and I shall now be looking forward to receiving the Echoes more than ever. It's really a very pleasant gift to its recipients, take it from one who knows. But I guess there is no need in proving it since so many fellow-servicemen expressed their appreciation before me.

Nothing more to write so I'll just say good night until I hear from you I remain as always,

One of the many,

Frank Sidor.

## What's Cooking . . .

(Continued from page 2)

their V-E Day Baby Boy — *Margaret Sacks* is still busy as ever — *Catharine Breitfeller* didn't like the recent storm. It blew down her cherry tree and can't get anyone to do away with it — *Betty Salters* (our new help) gets thirsty in the middle of typing a letter — *Elsie Toth* and *Erma Devetz* are making their regular trip over to *Eddie* for pictures — *Evelyn Davies* still gets the mail for all the girls down at the bus stop — *Shirley Geist* is taking her regular hike across the bridge each morning — *Mary Schneck* tells of the nice time she had on her latest trip to New York — *Mary Frubwirth* and *Mary Klucharits*, two of our Cadet Nurses, gave a talk on nursing at a recent meeting of the Coplay Sodality — *John Sofka* is recuperating after a tonsil operation — Little *Bertie Taniser* enjoyed a free meal at *Schnecker's* — *Burke Taniser* and family are spending their Sunday afternoons under the Apple Tree — The *Mortimer's* are leaving Cherry Street in favor of Eighth Street — Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. David Rossie* who were just married. *Mrs. Rossie* is the former *Margie Selady*.

Now for a look at the pony to be "chanced" off at the Memorial Association's big auction and Country Fair on July 4 on the Athletic Field — a beautiful animal and one that anyone would be lucky to own — "hosler" *Emory Reppert* who harbors him in a makeshift stall in his garage reports him as a swell guest with a million friends (all kids) — and now to press for this, our 22nd issue — thank God there won't be twenty-two more — Solong.

BOOST THE

MEMORIAL

page twenty-three

# 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.

**Business Manager**  
Ray C. Long, Sr.

**Editor-in-Chief**  
George J. Miller

**Circulation Manager**  
Thomas B. Bennett

Mary Anthony

**Assistants to the Editor-in-Chief**

Anna Musser

## Editorial Staff

### Reportorial

Martin Anthony  
L. Kathryn Fogle  
Anna Anthony  
Helen Lohr  
Elsie Toth  
Catharine Breitfeller  
Marie Schleder  
Theresa Schneckner  
Erma Devetz  
Betty Salter  
B. Alvin Salter

### Typists and General Office

Mrs. Ruth Lilly  
Mrs. Shirley Geist  
Evelyn Davies  
Mrs. Althea Ritter  
Grace K. Kramer  
Carolyn Rieck  
Alice Koch  
Mrs. Dan Yellen

### Camp Directory

Esther S. Peters

### Staff Photographers

Edward Piervallo  
Assistant—Edwin Newhart  
Assistant—Leonard Parvel

### Cartoonist

"Ifky" (John Ifkovits)

### General Business Staff

#### Finance Committee

J. S. S. Steckel  
Dr. V. P. Hohl  
S. D. J. Peters

A. L. Miller  
W. J. Schaffer, Treasurer

**Mimeographer**—Henry C. Stefany

### Typists and Mailing

Esther Peters  
Catherine Frickert  
Althea Reppert

### Messengers

Hilda Honsel  
Elsie Honsel  
Marilyn Schaadt  
Vera A. Salter  
Byron E. Long  
Samuel Honsel

### Subscription and Sector Force

Mary Yoo  
Mrs. Alice Korsak  
Miss Doris Korsak  
Theresa Schlager  
Miss Elda Deutsch  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Horvath  
Miss Dorothy Miller  
Mrs. Arthur Miller  
Mrs. Stella Reichl  
Miss Ruth Trankley  
Mrs. Jennie Reinhard  
John Censits  
Mrs. Bessie Hannis  
Mrs. Beatrice Newhard  
Mrs. Irene Reinhard  
Miss Shirley Reinhard

Miss Shirley Pitts  
Mrs. Bessie Mortimer  
Mrs. Jennie Kidling  
Mrs. Rose Lansenderfer  
Miss Ruth Beidleman  
Miss Evelyn Beidleman  
Elizabeth Lorenz  
Mrs. Ruth Herbster  
Mrs. Ervin Hoffman  
Mrs. Wm. Schaffer  
Mrs. Amos Peters  
Mrs. Evelyn Schaadt  
Frank Mondschein  
Theresa Mondschein  
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peters  
Anna Klutcharich

Mrs. Ruth Bennett  
Mrs. Roy Stewart  
Mrs. Ray Long  
Rose Anthony  
Anna Anthony  
Hermina Musser  
Agnes Bodish  
Anna Schadl  
Anna Steiner  
Anna Steckel  
Mrs. Anna Reinhard  
Mrs. Lillian Reppert  
Mrs. Frank C. Scheirer  
Frank C. Scheirer  
Hilda Buchfeller  
Mrs. Mary Balliet  
Theresa Stranzl



