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RALPH M SNYDER  
R.D. 2 BOX 3040  
MOUNT JOY, PA. 17552

FIFTEEN CENTS

## 'Can't you idiots do anything right?'

Those are familiar words to volunteer firemen and ambulance personnel.

Recently a volunteer ambulance pulled up to a local house. They had gotten a call saying that a woman had suffered a coronary.

The ambulance attendant went to the door and quickly found himself looking down the barrel of a loaded 30-30 deer rifle.

"No one's taking my wife anywhere!" said the man behind the gun.

The attendant didn't like the idea of waiting for the police -the woman might die in the meantime. He talked the gunman into a cellarway, got the drop on him, and locked him in the cellar. Then he took the woman to the hospital.

While not all members of the public are as unappreciative of the emergency service volunteers as the man mentioned above, lack of public support is a big problem for our local ambulance and fire crews, rescue squads, and civil defense... not to mention the Red Cross and the Heart Association chapter. When they make mistakes, people get angry, but no one seems to notice when they do things right, which is most of the time.

In the following article Steve Bailey, a man who is very active in local services, tells his story and expresses some personal thoughts.

Many people ask me how I got involved in the emergency service. That is a hard question to answer. Many tell me that I have to be a little off in the head to run into burning buildings, jump out of a warm bed at 3 a.m. and go out into the cold night to pick up a drunk who has rammed his car into a telephone pole, or to give up my week-end to sit in class listening to an instructor lecture on everything from a sprained muscle to a heart attack. Five years ago, before I got "involved", I would have probably agreed with them.

Looking back over the whole thing I can clearly recall the major events that prompted my decision to get into their field.

I recall a rainy, winter night, while I was sitting in my living room watching television, with a cup of coffee in hand. I recall seeing the flash of red lights in my window and

the wail of the siren. It was a natural reflex to run to the door. I stood on my porch and watched these "nuts" running around, cold and wet, trying to extinguish a garage fire. Possibly it was just the sirens, red lights, and excitement that motivated me.

Not long after that we had a major flood. I remember men I worked with coming to work with two and three hours sleep because their were out all night with the various emergency organizations saving lives and property. This was when I decided to get involved.

I applied for membership in the fire department and was accepted. After I paid my dues and received my membership card, I was very happy. I was a fireman. It didn't take me long to find out how wrong I was. I was a member of a fire department, but I wasn't a fireman. Then came the weekly training sessions. All that fancy, polished equipment on the fire trucks is less than useless if you don't know what to do with it. A big

help were the week-ends at Lancaster County Fire Training School.

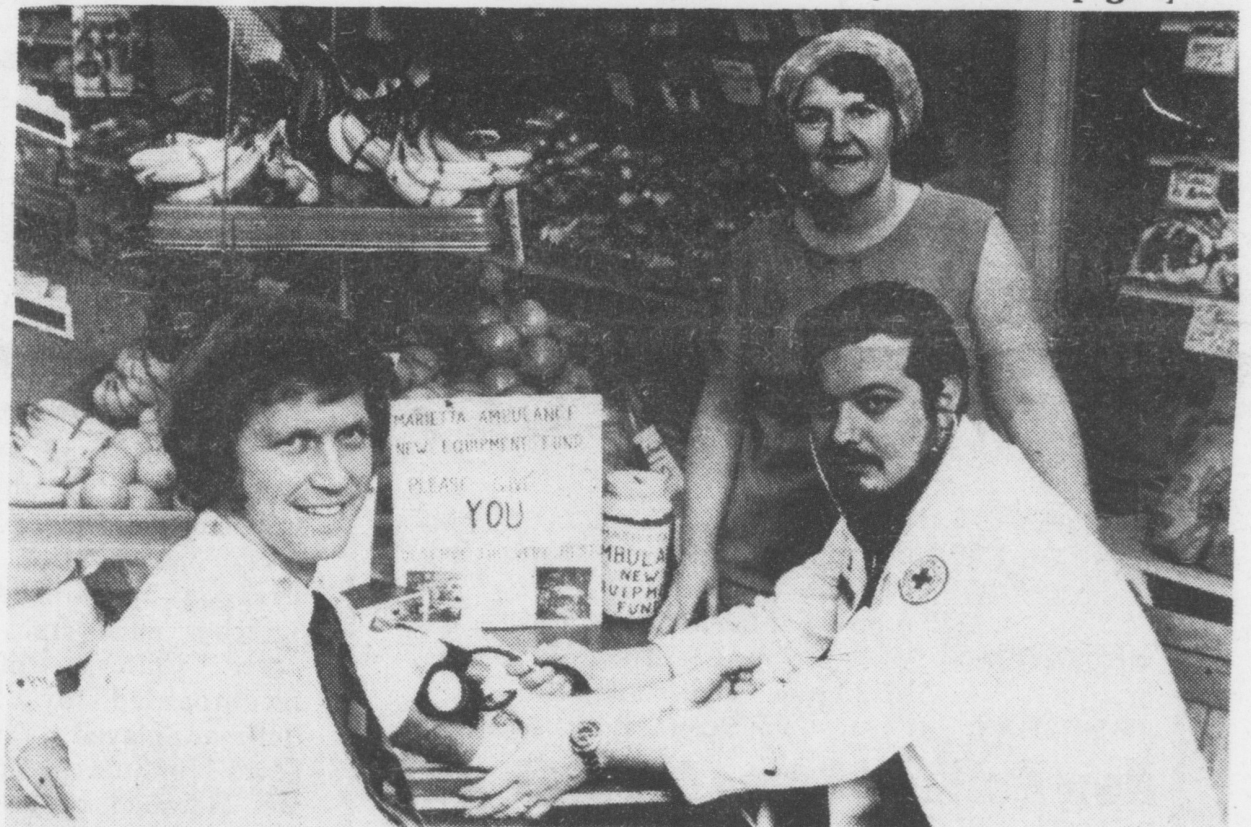
Many people asked me the big question, that I hear so often, "What do you get out of it?" In terms of money, nothing. But it trains me to use the equipment. "Of what use is that?" Someday I may save someone's life, or even my

own. I was, slowly, on my way to becoming a fireman. After that things just seemed to snowball along.

I recall the night I was sitting at home when I heard the call come over my newly purchased fire and ambulance monitor. The dispatcher's words stuck in my head—"10-45 I"—that meant traffic acci-

dent with injuries. At the scene, I remember feeling totally useless, as the highly trained ambulance personnel worked on the victims.

After we returned to the firehouse, I asked the ambulance chief how I could get involved in ambulance service. First you must [continued on page 4]



Ted Schreiber, manager of the Market Kart, gets his blood pressure checked by Steve Bailey, sitting on the right. Rose Derr stands in the Background. Steve and Rose were at the Market Kart on Friday night, hoping to raise money for supplies.



Photo shows, left to right: Dr. Brown, bio teacher; Jim Zuck, earth science teacher; Greg Lindemuth, Reserve Champ at the recent Science Fair; Cindy Emenheiser,

Grand Champ; Emerson Stehman, bio teacher; Jay Breneman, environmental science teacher; and William Loercher, chemistry/physics teacher. Congratulations!

## Donegal sweeps county science fair

Donegal High was the outstanding school at the Lancaster County Science Fair, held last Thursday night at Hempfield. Local students took two of the top three prizes and all the prizes in three of five divisions.

Grand Champion was Cynthia Emenheiser with her project, "How Fresh is Fresh Fish?" Reserve Champion was Greg Lindemuth, with "An Analysis of Snow Drifting." Both will travel to Cleveland, Ohio, for the week of May 9th and 14th to compete in the International Science and Engineering Fair there.

Cynthia won two trophies: one for herself, and one for DHS. Greg, while number two young scientist in the country, had the consolation of winning a total of six different prizes to Cynthia's one.

Other prize-winners were:

Biology: Barbara Landis (1st prize), Greg Zimmerman (2nd), Dean Bricker (3rd), and Lucretia Truett (Honorable Mention).

Chemistry: Jacob Sherk (1st), Phyllis Shope (2nd), Karen Albright (3rd), and

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