

The Susquehanna Times is a day late this week due to the storm. We were snowed in for a day, and couldn't get to the printer on time. We apologize to our readers for our tardiness.

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FIFTEEN CENTS



Lynne Grote, Miss Pennsylvania, was in E-town last week. Here she tries on an imitation mink coat in the Gladell Shop, the E-town clothing store.

Swimming pool for Marietta?

The Jaycees hope to do that and sell hoagies, too

The Marietta Jaycees are planning a hoagie sale and a swimming pool.

The hoagie sale will take place this Saturday, February 11th. Hot or cold hoagies will cost a dollar, and will be delivered in Marietta; or, they can be picked up at the Jaycee Center at 10:30 AM on Saturday.

To order one, call Bill Sload at 426-2142, or Don Pickle at 426-2127, after five.

Proceeds will go toward fixing up the Jaycees' building and turning it into a recreation center. They Jaycees have other ideas for the building as well: They have applied for \$350,000 of Community Development funds in case the hoagie sale doesn't

make that much.

If the money comes through, the Jaycee Center will become quite a recreation center — they plan to put in a junior Olympic size swimming pool in the basement.

The pool would be L-shaped. The longer arm of the L would be 45 feet by 82.6 feet (= 25 meters). The shorter arm would be a diving area. A 20 foot diameter kids' pool would be included in the \$100,000 project.

According to Tom Lavin, the Jaycees' proposal has already passed over the first bureaucratic hurdle and has a decent chance of crossing the finish line.

If funding is approved, fixing up the center would take three years.



Two area residents look over the situation. Apparently Mr. Marmota Monax, featured in last week's Times, was right: spring wasn't just around the corner.

The correct prediction leaves the score: ground-hogs 70, scientists 1.

This latest storm was just as bad, or worse, than the last. But everyone

seemed to take it stride. We're all getting used to the new Jet Stream pattern, which has been causing the colder weather for the last two years.

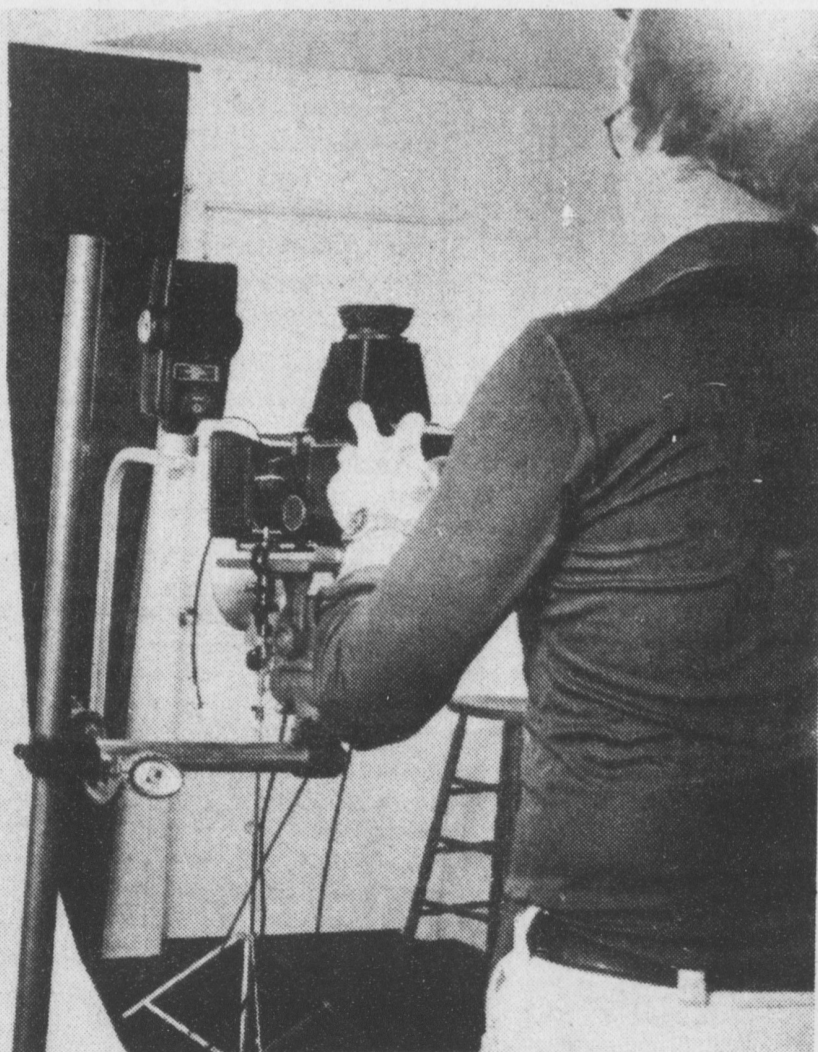
Jet Streams blow the same way for years, high in the stratosphere, at up to 300 m.p.h. Every now and then they shift into another semi-permanent set of paths.



Lynne gets photographed in her gown, provided by the Gladell Shop, in Maurice's House of Portrait. [Maurice, behind the camera, admitted being nervous at meeting her, although he spent ten years as a tough Marine Corps photographer.]

Being Miss PA is a full-time job, says Lynne. She's so busy making appearances, she can't visit old friends.

Her work throws her together with all sorts of people. Most are pleasant, but a few frown or seem to frown on anyone being Miss PA, and are downright rude. "In the beginning," she says, "I felt I had to defend my title." Now she has learned to ignore the ignorant.



She also gets asked lots of silly questions, especially by reporters. When we asked her what her CB handle is, she noted, "That's the sort of question most reporters ask." [Our reporter had been different up to that point.] Other silly queries: "Do the Miss America contestants all hate each other? What's Bert Parks really like?"

By the way, her official CB handle is "Pennsylvania Beauty," but Lynne finds that too pompous. She makes up handles on the spot when driving in her Miss PA car.

Fastnacht Day

Come friends and neighbors, one and all;
Come, gather round the board
And prime your choppers for the feast
In genial accord.

Bring forth the coffee and the cups
And brim the treacle bowls,
And heap the china platter with
The doughnuts without holes.

The kings of France honed for a dish
Of spiced and roasted snails;
Lucullus fared on Naxian wine
And tongues of nightingales;

On nectar and ambrosia
The gods of Hellas fed,
And man has need of viands, too,
Beyond mere meat and bread;

Wherefore with more appropriate fare
To nourish mortal clay,
God plucked a little piece from time
And gave us Fastnacht Day.

Chester Wittell