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FIFTEEN CENTS

Why the new fire house?

Mount Joy's Friendship Fire Company #1 and its ambulance service are soliciting funds for their new fire house right now. The public is being asked to give, and some people are wondering, Why? What's wrong with the old fire house?

For one thing, the new fire house will be an investment in the future. The building which now houses the fire equipment is in its 85th year of use, and getting older. A new one will be needed eventually, and the firemen point out that a new one will be cheaper now—building costs rise each year, as do all other costs.

The present structure is also just too small—too small for engine repair facilities, too small for training, no room for ambulance equipment. Although complete plans of the new fire hall have not been made public, the new structure is planned to be much larger than the old one. When the rumors are dispelled through newspaper articles in the following weeks, you can see for yourself that the new fire house is planned for the future growth of our area as well as meeting today's needs.

Until now Friendship Fire has relied on bake sales and the like to raise

funds. But bake sales are not highly profitable ventures, and the new fire house will cost \$300,000. That's a lot of bread. When you are asked to give, think: How much would your taxes rise if Mount Joy one day set up a municipal fire company with full-time paid employees, because the volunteer companies just couldn't perform their job adequately anymore, because of lack of space, equipment, training—in other words, money?

The fire and ambulance volunteers all over our township have worked for years without pay to pro-

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A letter from Sadie Brooks says Mount Joy's gifts arrived May 1st at Honduras orphanage

contributed by
Fredine Bednarzick

It may have been May Day here, but it was Christmas high in the mountains of Honduras!

A letter recently brought that good news to the people of Glossbrenner Church, Mount Joy townspeople, and others from more distant towns who helped provide Christmas for children living in an orphanage or hospital in the mountains of Honduras. The plight of these children was brought to the attention of the people at Glossbrenner United Methodist Church through letters written by Sadie Brooks, who is again in Honduras on a medical mission.

The gifts did arrive on May 1, coinciding exactly with Sadie's arrival! Here are excerpts from her letter of thanks:

"The Christmas gifts you so lovingly and generously provided back in October have finally reached their destination. There was much excitement as the truck pulled into our drive-

way.

"Certainly our Lord must have a special place in His heart for all who made this bonanza possible.

"I wish each of you could have seen what I saw. Your hearts would have been warmed because you helped make this project such an overwhelming success.

"I saw the names of many dear friends as I helped play 'Santa.'

"If you can recall the confusion in your own home as your few children received their gifts, you can imagine what it was like here with each reaching for his package first!! Quite a few packages were opened for inspection as they went through customs three times, and names were lost and last minute substitutions had to be made. So, will you please understand if you do not receive a 'personal' note from the child who received your gifts. Their gratitude was very evident in the may hugs and kisses and the 'Gracias, muchos gracias.' So I send them to you.

"I'd like to say which of the gifts were appreciated most, but I doubt if there was much difference. The bicycle is used by several children as transportation to school, about ¾ mile away. The bicycle pump and tire patches are a much-needed item. These stone roads are hard on tires. The soccer and volley balls have been the center of many a lively game in the evening after work is done. The hospital children love the tricycles. The red wagon was given to the kindergarten children. It is constantly in use. The carton of musical instruments will be the basis of a small orchestra, and the suitcases in which many of the gifts were packed fill a real need. They serve in place of a dresser, as a storage place for a child's precious possessions.

"May I express my heartfelt appreciation and love to you, dear friends, who have made all of this possible. I'm proud to be a member of Glossbrenner Church and the Mount Joy community."

A Presidential nudge; First Brother signs beer can, falls in pool "There'll never be another party like this in Georgia"



Loretta Portner holds the First Brother's invitation card; Joe exhibits the autographed beer can; and son Dean displays a souvenir of the South.

Local couple meet the Carters

His friend told him he couldn't meet the girl or her father either—but Joe Portner made up his mind he would meet both of them.

He introduced himself to the girl first. "Get your father to sign this beer can," he told her, "and I'll dance at your next wedding."

"That's just an expression," he later explained to a reporter. "I didn't even know she was getting married."

Joe, who lives at 25 Essex Street in Marietta, has a son Dwayne who collects beer cans. He knew his son would prize an autographed can of the brew, even though two of the man's signatures were already on it: the beer was "Billy Beer," and the man whose signature he did eventually get was Billy Carter, the "First Brother" himself.

As readers of the front page of the Lancaster papers know already, Joe was in Americus, Georgia, on business, staying at the Best Western Motel, where Billy's daughter Jana was a desk clerk. She not only got her famous father to sign the beer, but also invited Joe and his wife Loretta to her wedding.

When the invitation arrived, the Portners were a bit surprised that it really had come. After some nervous deliberation, they decided to attend the ceremony, held Sunday a week ago.

Joe had met the First Brother at the motel, but had not seen his brother the president before. He did meet Jimmy in an unusual manner.

At one point during the festivities, it started to rain, and everyone ran under a shelter. Joe heard someone say, "Excuse

me," as he was nudged aside. He turned to see that the nudger was Jimmy Carter.

"I was speechless," he recalls.

The Times asked Joe if he got to dance.

"A lot of people have asked me that," he replied. "As a matter of fact, there wasn't any dancing. They don't seem to dance at their weddings down there. They just drank a lot of alcoholic beverages and ate."

The wedding was unusual in several respects. First, the Secret Service was very much in evidence. "They were standing around with their arms folded," says Loretta. "You were afraid to reach into your pocketbook." The entire property on which the wedding took place was surrounded by Georgia

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