

SUSQUEHANNA TIMES

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MARIETTA AND MOUNT JOY, PA

FIFTEEN CENTS

Champs



Splain boots a point after touchdown.

Pete Splain rushed 150 yards; Brian Ney passed for 150 yards; and the Donegal Indians clinched at least a co-championship in section 3 of the Lancaster-Lebanon football league with a 34-0 win over the Annville-Cleona Little Dutchmen last Friday night.

After two lackluster games against lackluster opponents, the Indians caught fire for their final home game of the season. The Little Dutchmen were fired-up, too. In fact, they were overheated, boiling mad, and so anxious to hit that they sometimes forgot to stop when the whistle blew.

"Hot night," a sweating official commented to a photographer, after an errant block sent him nose-diving into the turf. Actually, the weather was pleasantly cool.

The men in the black and white suits dumped 150 yards worth of penalty flags on the game, without visibly cooling off either side.

Annville stayed fired-up throughout the first quarter, even after Scott Jones, in an omen of things to come, zig-zagged through the line and accelerated 60 yards for a touchdown. Both sides kept trying a bit

too hard; Annville fumbled the ball to the Indians, then got it back as Ney allowed his second interception of the year. Penalties abounded, including one which canceled a long touchdown pass to Scott Adams.

Things began to calm down in the second period. The Indians began playing a more cool-headed, but still ferociously aggressive, kind of football. The Dutchmen simply cooled off—their fire went out.

Ney and Adams repeated their touchdown pass, and this time it counted. A-C went nowhere, and another Indian drive ended when Mummau pulled in a quick pass from five yards out.

Splain added the last two Indian touchdowns, with runs of 43 and 14 yards. In the final period, the second string almost added another TD with a steady drive which ended within spitting distance of the goal when the clock ran out.

Next week, the undefeated Indians will finish their season against 3d place Elco, a team which has traditionally beaten the Indians on the Elco field. If the Indians break that tradition, they will become the first team in 25 years of DHS football to finish a season without losing a game.

Traffic light plans get flashing yellow from PennDOT

Richard Forry explores every avenue and some dead ends

The next time you're sitting at a red light at three o'clock in the morning, with no other cars in sight, wondering why some idiot put a stop light in front of you, you may recall this article. It's the story of a stop light.

This light has not yet impeded a single motorist—and it probably won't for some time. This light may save a life some day, as well as irritating people; whatever it does, it will be there as a result of a long and painstaking process.

The hero of our tale is Richard Forry, secretary to the Mount Joy Township Board of Supervisors. After a Donegal High School student was killed at the intersection of Rte. 230 and Cloverleaf Road west of Mount Joy (the intersection where the Tropical Treat and the Farm Diner sit), the supervisors decided they wanted a light there. Richard Forry's job: to get the light.

His first step was to write to PennDOT (Pennsylvania Department Of Transportation). PennDOT

says yea or nay to each and every light, traffic sign, and speed limit in the commonwealth. Your local municipal government can only beg for permission; PennDOT steps in, grinds its wheels of government, and, if a "Yes" pops out of the bureaucratic box, the local people can go ahead, according to their specifications.

Strangely, the actual design of the lights are left up to the municipality, although their number, size, placement, orientation and signal pattern is dictated from one of PennDOT's regional district offices, district 8 in this case.

When Richard Forry first contacted PennDOT, they told him to write them a letter, asking that they come to Mount Joy and make a traffic count at the intersection. He was also told that they would require about half a dozen copies of a topographical map, centered on the intersection and showing everything (including trees, houses, and so forth) within 500 feet of the junction.



Richard Forry with some of the paperwork

"I don't know why they need so many maps," says Forry. The maps, now being drawn up by a surveyor, will set the township back about \$1000.

PennDOT has already started their investigation. They sent two agents to the township office to look through all the accident reports for the last three years and note those that happened at Rte. 230 and Cloverleaf Road. It didn't

take them too long, Richard says, because there aren't that many accidents in the township. However, the two investigators also pored through all the accident reports in the local State Police barracks, which probably took them an entire day.

If the PennDOT people get their six maps, traffic counts, and accident reports together and decide

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The ultimate den

Steve Bailey has color organ, 590 watts of power, and a ceremonial beheading sword

Steve Bailey, well-known in Marietta for his work with the ambulance and fire company, recently spent several months building his version of the ultimate den in his basement. Jammed into his cramped, but dry and cozy basement, are enough electronics and lights to turn downtown Boise, Idaho, into Times Square on New Year's Eve, and enough wattage to blow chunks out of the concrete floor.

"I call it 'The Grease Pit,'" explains Steve, "because my friends and I are into the old 50's stuff—it's 'grease' as in 'greaser.'"

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Steve Bailey relaxes in the middle of 590 watts and color organs