

Introducing;
the DHS
newspaper
(see page 16)

Harold M. Snyder
R. D. 2
Mount Joy, Pa.

More flood
photos inside

SUSQUEHANNA BULLETIN

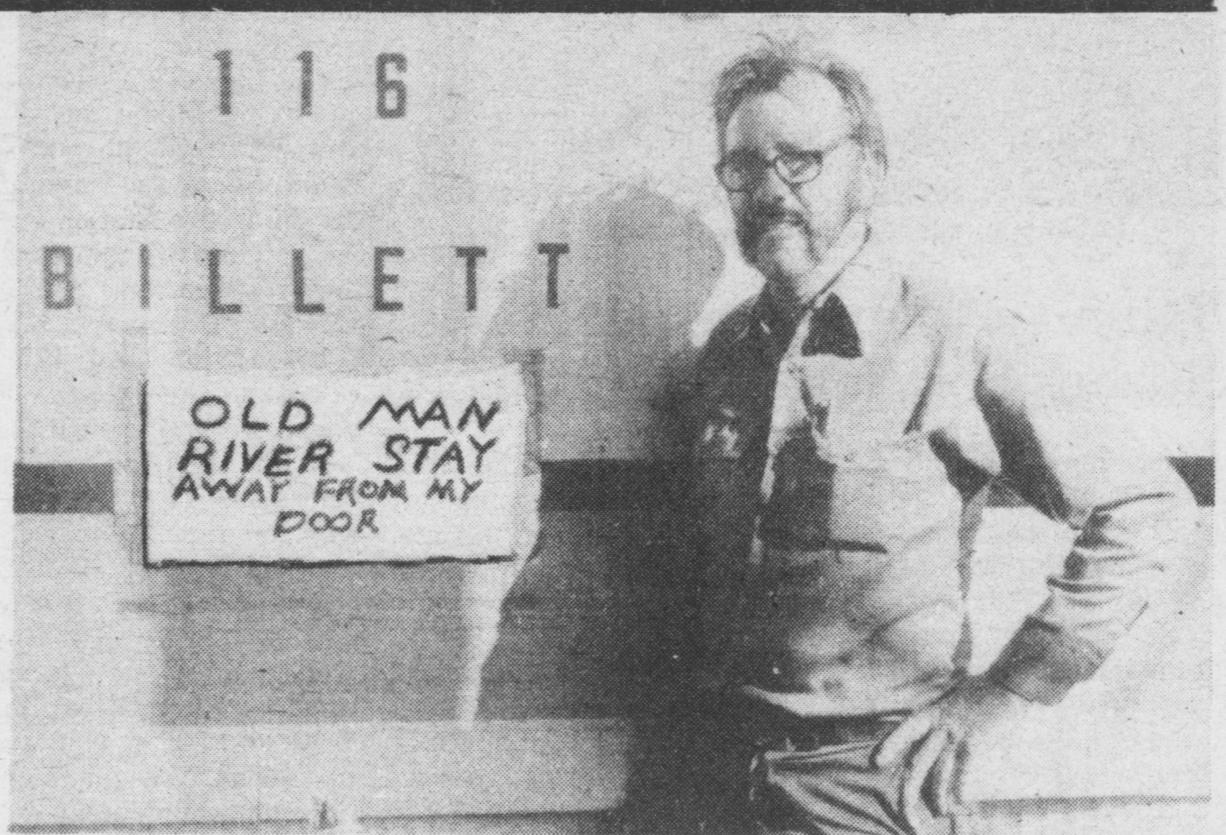
Susquehanna Times & The Mount Joy Bulletin
MARIETTA & MOUNT JOY, PA.

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Ten Cents



A new mode of transportation on Front Street



Edward Billet posted a no trespassing sign on his house.

Marietta residents were prepared for Eloise because they had already met Cousin Agnes

They were cousins, Eloise and what was that other girl's name? Oh, yes, how could we forget her - Agnes.

When we first heard of this Eloise, tearing into Puerto Rican towns and knocking them about like a Lizzie Borden, we had a hunch she was another Agnes, and when she hit Mobile, Alabama, we were sure of it.

The rains came ahead of her, sprinkling us, then pouring on us, getting us ready for the Big Dunk.

Every day it rained, sometimes soft, sometimes hard, but always raining. Every morning we woke up and heard that steady downpour, just like the rains that preceded Agnes.

Friday came and it was raining harder than ever. We tuned our radios to

WSBA and when we heard announcers' frantic voices describing disastrous floods in York County, instead of the usual kids' rock music and questions about whether we "believed in WSBA" - we knew the end of the world had come, and that Agnes' cousin had arrived in Susquehanna country.

Friday afternoon the name "Agnes" was written across every face in Marietta. On Front Street people were shoving their belongings into the trunks and back seats of their cars, and after they had done that they shoved themselves in and drove off.

At borough hall all the officialdom of Marietta was there: Mayor Barney McDevitt, Police Chief James Millar, Pioneer Fire Company President Ken Geesey, Civil Defense Director Bill Breckline and Assistant Director Harold McElroy; they all had their heads together and were planning how to cope with Eloise. You could tell they knew how to handle her; they had met her cousin three years before. And what an impression she had made!

They were contacting the National Guard, the Red Cross, the sheriff's office in Lancaster, neighboring fire companies, etc. They were moving together like the Miami Dolphins.

The forecast was that the inflated Susquehanna was going to reach its bursting point sometime Sunday morning. Already on Friday afternoon it was beginning

to seep back into the sewers and was making big puddles on Front Street.

By Saturday morning a stream the size of the Little Chiques was flowing down Front Street; when some canoers came by Marietta looked like Venice.

Most of the morning the stream on Front Street deepened, pouring into all the basements.

Then toward noon it stopped rising. But, still, the predictions were that the crest would come tomorrow. There must be a tidal wave up the river bearing down on us.

The rain had stopped. The sun shone warmly.

People stood in the warm sun and stared at the steady stream down Front Street—watching, waiting.

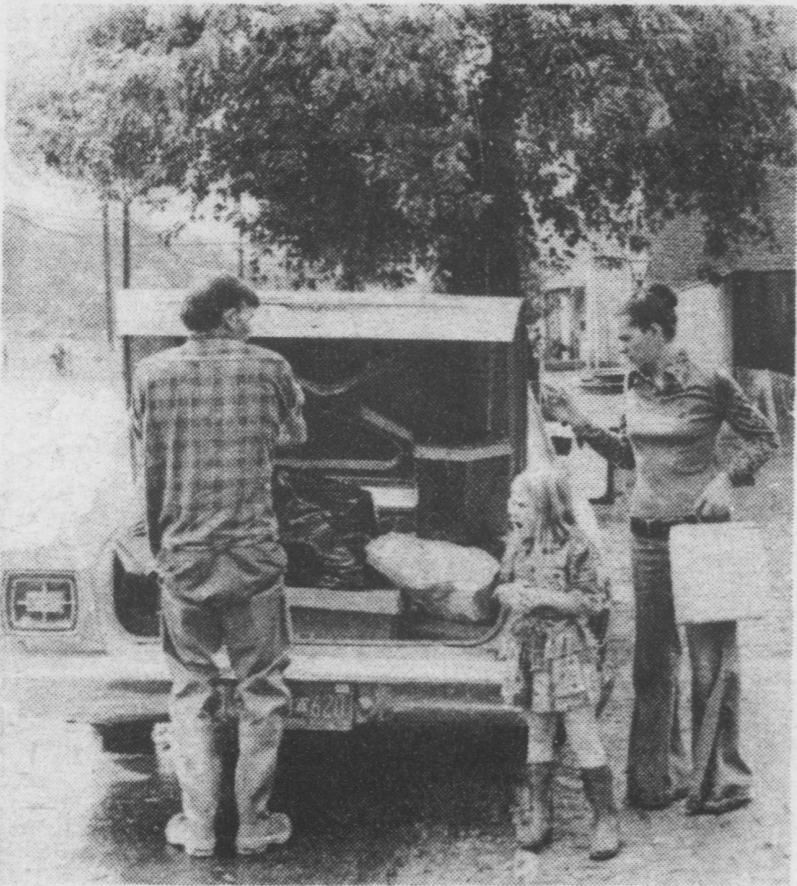
Just before nightfall Front Street Creek seemed to lose some of its flow.

By midnight, Saturday, it had gone down a lot.

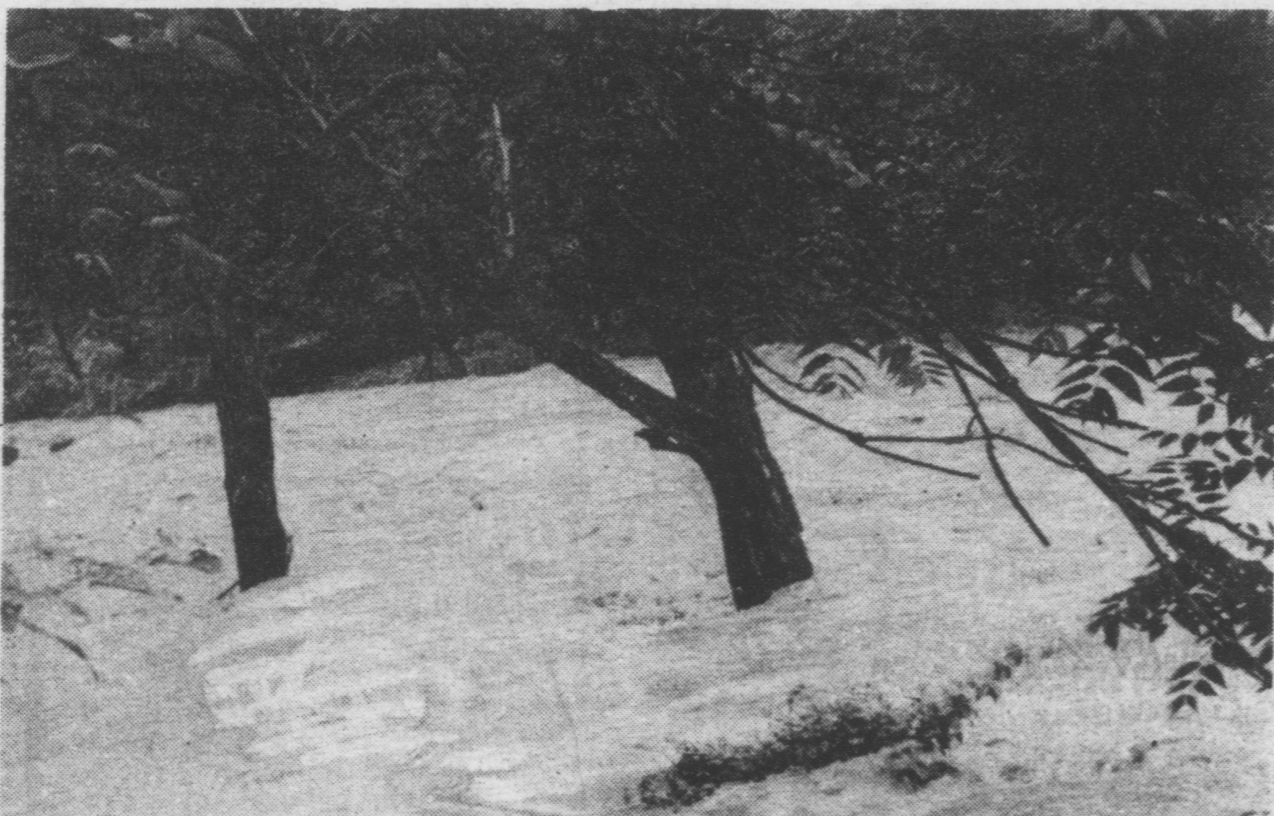
Word came that the crest had passed.

They were related alright—Eloise and Agnes.

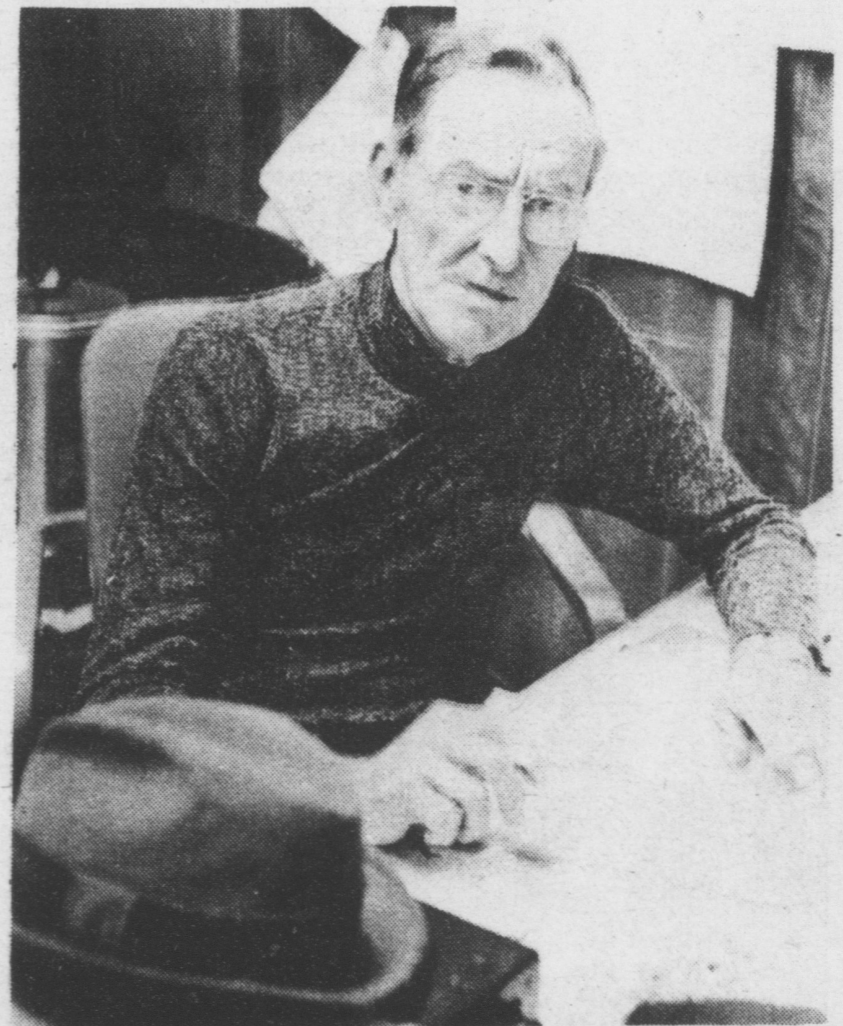
But Eloise wasn't as wicked a woman as her cousin.



Family on Front Street getting ready to leave home in a hurry



Water in Chiques Creek building up



Hat off, Mayor Barney McDevitt works intently in Borough Hall to foil Eloise