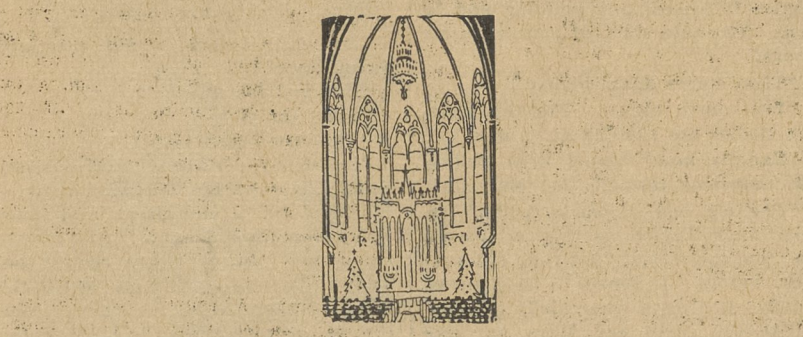


RATE RISE LOOMS

POST SCRIPTS

JOHN SMITH CHRISTMAS 1928 CHRISTMAS 1930 CHRISTMAS 1933 CHRISTMAS 1934

CHRISTMAS, 1928: John Smith, president of Allied Tycoons, Inc., rose from behind his mahogany desk and gave final instructions to his blonde secretary. 'Call up Jake and have him make that ten cases instead of seven. Mail him a check. Have the Christmas bonuses distributed yet?'



AND THERE WERE in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'

'For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

'And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host praising God, and saying.

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.'

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.'

-St. Luke, Chapter 2:8-17.

Toby's Creek In Knight's Exhibit

Artist Spends Two Days Along Banks Of Stream

Humble Toby's Creek, long-time bane of Back Mountain existence, found its way into a distinguished art exhibit this week.

With the same skill with which he captured the lush picturesqueness of his Normandy and the rugged beauty of the Pacific Coast, Aston Knight, noted American painter of landscapes, has depicted with oils and brush the transition of Toby's Creek during the last 200 years.

The paintings are among those being exhibited at Wyoming Valley Woman's Club this week.

First, Mr. Knight set up his easel at Huntsville and spent Monday reproducing the beauty of the creek as it must have been in early winter before man built along its banks.

Then, on Tuesday, he moved downstream to picture the creek where the drab blackness of East Boston Colliery looms in the background. He portrayed in fine detail the debris jutting out of the water and the breaker towering above, and relieved the unsightliness with touches of warmth where the sun's rays fell.

While he was painting on Tuesday a group of youngsters watched him critically. (Continued on Page 2.)

9 Local Men On List Of Jurors

First 1935 Panel Called For Term Starting January 14

Among the jurors who have been called to serve during the three weeks of the first 1935 term of Common Pleas Court at Wilkes-Barre are a number of men from this section.

Nearly 250 names were selected. Among them are the following local men:

- Week of January 14. Dallas—Robert J. Allen, foreman. Lehman Township—E. P. Parrish, farmer. Week of January 21. Kingston Township—Sherman T. Frantz, grocer; Rev. S. R. Nichols, minister; Guy E. Woolbert, contractor. Dallas Township—Olin Kunkle, farmer. Dallas Borough—George C. Nobel, hardware; Charles F. Terry, laborer. Week of January 28. Kingston Township—Kenneth J. Woolbert, clerk.

Young People To Sing

On Christmas Eve a group of young people from the Epworth League of Trucksville M. E. Church will sing carols throughout the community. After the singing the group will go to the home of Miss June Palmer.

Utility's Report Stresses Need For Higher Rates To Pay Improvement Costs

VIGOROUS OBJECTION FROM LOCAL RESIDENTS FORESEEN

Lengthy Report To Be Presented To Commission January 4 Analyses Weaknesses Of Distribution System And Recommends Plan To End Shortage of Water In Local Homes

STATE ENGINEERS TO MAKE OWN REPORT

The necessity for an increase in local water rates if the problem of inadequate water distribution facilities here is to be solved is stressed in the report which the Dallas Water Co. will make to the Public Service Commission at its hearing on Friday, January 4.

The measures which the company believes necessary for permanent improvement would cost \$7,100 the report says, and, since the property is being operated carefully and with a minimum of expense, the raising of rates would be the only method of covering the cost.

The addition of an annual amount of \$4 to the flat rate is suggested in the report.

Indications that there will be a vigorous objection to any attempt to raise the local water rates were evident yesterday when The Post informed officials of the Taxpayers' Association of the company's recommendation.

'It is my opinion that the Taxpayers' Association will fight strenuously any attempt to increase the water rates,' one official said.

In its report, the water company admits to high rates here now in this paragraph: 'Present rates at Dallas are high, as compared to the average built up community (\$16.00 is the minimum flat rate) the direct result of the scattered residential area, with wide variation in served elevation, and difficulty of obtaining supply.'

Five Steps

The new rate schedule is one of five steps proposed by Robert Hall Craig, general manager, in a report which covers thirteen pages.

The other proposals to be carried out immediately are:

- (a) Install a six-inch main on Monroe Street. (b) Meter commercial and industrial customers. (c) Connect golf club spring line. (d) Conduct fixture leakage survey as recommended by Pitometer Survey. Mr. Craig also suggests that shortly after the end of the 1935 calendar year the company install a reservoir close to the distribution system with one day's storage and install a six-inch line leading from the reservoir to the distribution system. For the future, the company suggests cleaning or enlarging the transmission mains as necessity demands and installing additional gate valves and pressure reducing valves, if possible.

Goal Of Service

In endeavoring to follow out the instructions of Attorney Herman J. Goldberg, Public Service Commissioner, to give adequate relief locally, the company described the degree of service which should be rendered as follows:

'The goal of service at which the company will aim is a reasonably constant service, with but few interruptions due to uncontrolled causes, and with a volume of water available to all customers for normal needs, delivered at pressures which will reach all portions of all buildings in the areas served.'

It is stressed in the report that the supply of water is adequate and that the demand is such that friction losses occur in the transmission and distribution mains of such intensity as to cause excessive loads on pumps, or cause a reduction of pressure at the distribution system high points. Such being the case, one or more of the following three remedies could be provided:

- 1. Increase delivery head by increasing pumping pressures. 2. Base the flow in transmission and distribution line by enlarging the mains, paralleling the mains or cleaning existing mains. 3. Decrease the demand by metering, and reduce wastage and leakage. The element of wastage or leakage is apparent in the figures which indicate that in certain parts of the borough the per capita consumption is extraordinarily high.

Cost To Company.

In estimating the cost of the improvements suggested the company lists first the metering of commercial and industrial units at a cost of \$500 and the installation of the Monroe Avenue main at a cost of \$1,500. These improvements to service could be accomplished with the present supply facilities.

As a solution to the shortage in Shrine View and Dallas Township the company suggests connecting the abandoned Golf Club Spring Line with a four-inch Sylvius main. This would cost about \$200.

Then, the company suggests, a steel storage tank that could be erected at a cost of \$4,000 and a six-inch main leading to the tank that could be installed for \$900.

Company's Finances

The company has already submitted as evidence a statement showing an operating loss for the twelve-month (Continued on Page 2.)

PICK-UP TEAM DEFEATS HIGH SCHOOL, 6 to 0

Dallas Borough High School's football team was defeated, 6 to 0, by a team made up of former school stars and other local athletes last Monday afternoon.

The game was a benefit promoted by friends of Clarence LaBarr. Bob Hislop made the winning touchdown for the town's team. The school team threatened to score repeatedly, once driving to within two yards of the goal.

'Digest' Points To Sprague's Record

Seminary President Wins Mention In National Magazine

Dr. L. L. Sprague, president of Wyoming Seminary and who will observe his ninetieth birthday on Sunday, has been the subject of a number of articles in magazines and newspapers recently.

The most recent tribute to the venerable educator appeared in The Literary Digest last week in a department called 'They Stand Out From The Crowd'.

The Digest said: 'Dr. L. L. Sprague, president of Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pennsylvania, is believed to be the oldest secondary school administrator in the country in years of service. He has taught continuously for seventy-three years and is completing his fifty-second year as Wyoming's president and his sixty-eighth year as a member of its faculty. Doctor Sprague, who will celebrate his ninetieth birthday on December 23 devotes at least four hours a day to office duties and attends all campus activities.' Dr. Sprague was the subject of a long article in The Philadelphia Record a week or so ago.

Car Leaves Road, Runs Into Harvey's Lake

A coupe owned and operated by John Sisko, 38, Lake Township, left the highway around Harvey's Lake on Tuesday and ran into the lake. The car stopped in shallow water and Sisko was not injured. The accident was the most serious of a number which occurred throughout this section as a result of the sleet which covered highways.

Shavertown Pastor To Broadcast Sermon

Rev. Fred M. Sellers, pastor of Shavertown M. E. Church, will broadcast a message from Station WBAX at Wilkes-Barre on Sunday night at 9:15. The Junior Choir of his church will sing on the same program, which is one of a series being sponsored by the Methodist Episcopal churches of this section.

THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR OLD EDITORIAL TO LITTLE VIRGINIA O'HANLON OUTLIVES MAN WHO WROTE IT

Only infrequently does a piece of newspaper writing outlive the newspaper on which it is printed.

Occasionally, however, there appears in some newspaper somewhere, an article which becomes a part of a nation's literature and is remembered long after the writer has died.

A bit of writing like that is the editorial Frank P. Church wrote for the New York Sun on September 21, 1897. So great an impression did that editorial make thirty-seven years ago that requests are received almost annually by newspapers to reprint the editorial.

It is in response to such requests made to The Post for the famous editorial that it is reproduced here: 'We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun.'

'Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'if you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus? Virginia O'Hanlon'

'Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They

think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence and knowledge.

'Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginia. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, no make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in the sense and sight. The eternal light which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.'

'Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus but that is no

sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. No one can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unceasing in the world.

'You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.'

'Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the super beauty and glory beyond. It is all real. Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else so real as abiding. Yes, Santa Claus lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood.'

There is an interesting sequel to the Sun's editorial. Virginia O'Hanlon grew up, as little girls do, and today she is teaching in the slums of New York City.

CHRISTMAS, 1930: John Smith turned around gruffly as his blonde secretary came into the office. She'd probably heard him ordering a gallon of alcohol and a bottle of gin flavored.

'I thought you'd gone' he said. 'I wanted to finish these letters.'

'I'm glad you came back. Will you send slips to Mr. Grover and Mr. George and John telling them we'll have to let them go after the first of the year. I'm sorry—but we'll have to do it.'

The secretary made a few notes and turned to go. Mr. Smith called her. 'I feel badly that we can't give bonuses this year. How do the boys feel about it?'

'They appreciate your position, Mr. Smith, I'm sure.'

'We'll be on our feet by next Christmas and we'll try to make it up. This has been a bad year for all of us.'

Mr. Smith put on his fur-lined overcoat and went out a side door. It was cold. He pulled the collar high about his neck and walked toward the subway entrance.

CHRISTMAS, 1933: John Smith lifted himself wearily out of his chair. 'You'd better go, now' he told his secretary 'it's quite late.'

He called a telephone number. 'Hello Marge. I'll be home soon. No. I'm not very hungry. No. I couldn't get much. A little over \$10. I know, but it's hard. You can't realize it. Yes, I know. Yes, I know that, too. I'm sorry. Well, he'll have to work. Alright, if that's the way you feel!'

He banged the receiver bitterly. John Smith put his arm gingerly into the sleeve of his fur-lined coat. You had to do it just right to miss the torn place in the lining. He knocked a dent out of his derby and walked out, shoulders hunched against the biting cold, handkerchiefs accented him but he walked on and on, eyes staring ahead.

CHRISTMAS, 1934: John Smith finished his talk to the new men. 'And now if you'll help yourself to a handful of these cigars we'll call it a day and get home to our families.'

The men filed out and the blonde secretary began to gather her papers. 'How's your mother, today?' Mr. Smith asked.

'She's not very well, I'm afraid.'

Mr. Smith reached into his pocket. 'Here's five dollars. It's not very much. Get her a present or use it for the doctor bill.'

The secretary hesitated. 'I'm not sure that I should take it, Mr. Smith. Are you sure you can afford it?'

'Let me worry about that. You'd better skip on home. I'm going to leave early, Merry Christmas!'

The telephone rang. Mr. Smith answered it. 'Yes, Marge. That's fine. I was just ready to leave. The kids are home. That's great. Yes, I'll wait here for you. Alright, Marge. It's snowing outside. It looks like a real Christmas.' Mr. Smith got his new topcoat and held by his window as he put it on. Somewhere chimed were playing. Light was casting purple shadows on the snow on the roof tops below (Continued on Page 4.)