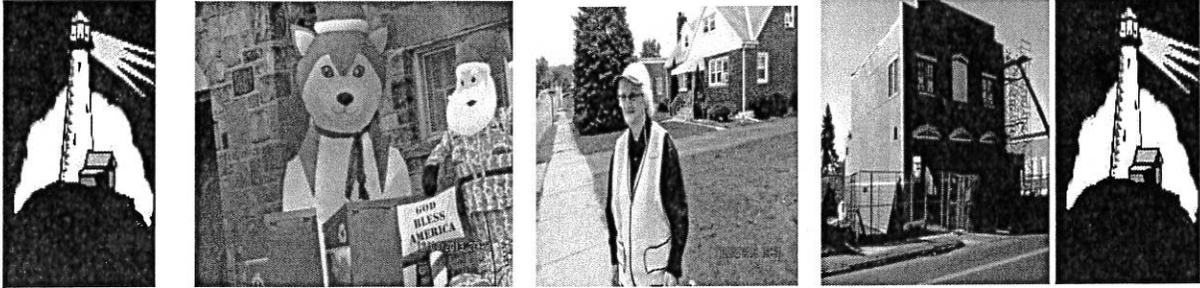


# EARN FRONTIER (December 16, 2013)



**EAST ALLENTOWN RITTERSVILLE  
NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION**  
P.O.BOX 1136, ALLENTOWN, PENNA. 18105  
Web Site: [Eastlehighearn.com](http://Eastlehighearn.com)  
NEIGHBORHOOD PRESIDENT and EDITOR DENNIS L. Pearson  
TEL. # (610) 434-1229...EMAIL: [dpearson@enter.net](mailto:dpearson@enter.net)

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## Welcome to the EARN Frontier

Please Note --- Regularly Scheduled Neighborhood Meetings(Caucus) are held on the Third Monday of the Month at 7:00 PM ... The Location for our meetings is the St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church located at 1933 Hanover Avenue...

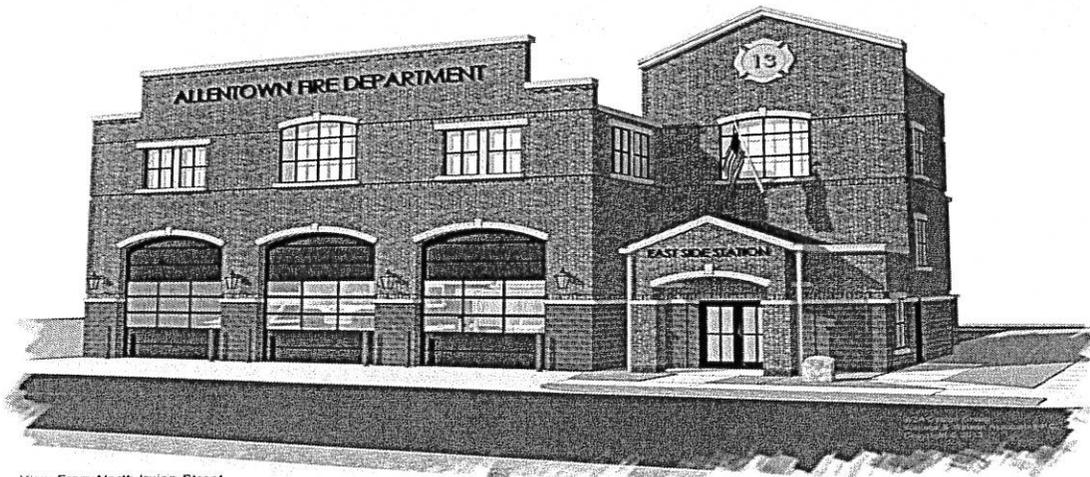
- Next Neighborhood Meetings
- Monday, January 20, 2014
- St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran Church
- 1933 Hanover Avenue, Allentown PA 18109

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### ○ **We are the Lookout for the Neighborhood**

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- President - Dennis L. Pearson
  - Vice President - Denton Kriebel
  - Secretary - David Schell
  - Treasury - Robert Jacoby
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View From North Irving Street

## ALLENTOWN FIRE DEPARTMENT EAST SIDE STATION



609 Hamilton Street Suite 200 Allentown, PA 18101 P (610) 437-4450 F (610) 437-2817 [www.w2adesign.com](http://www.w2adesign.com)

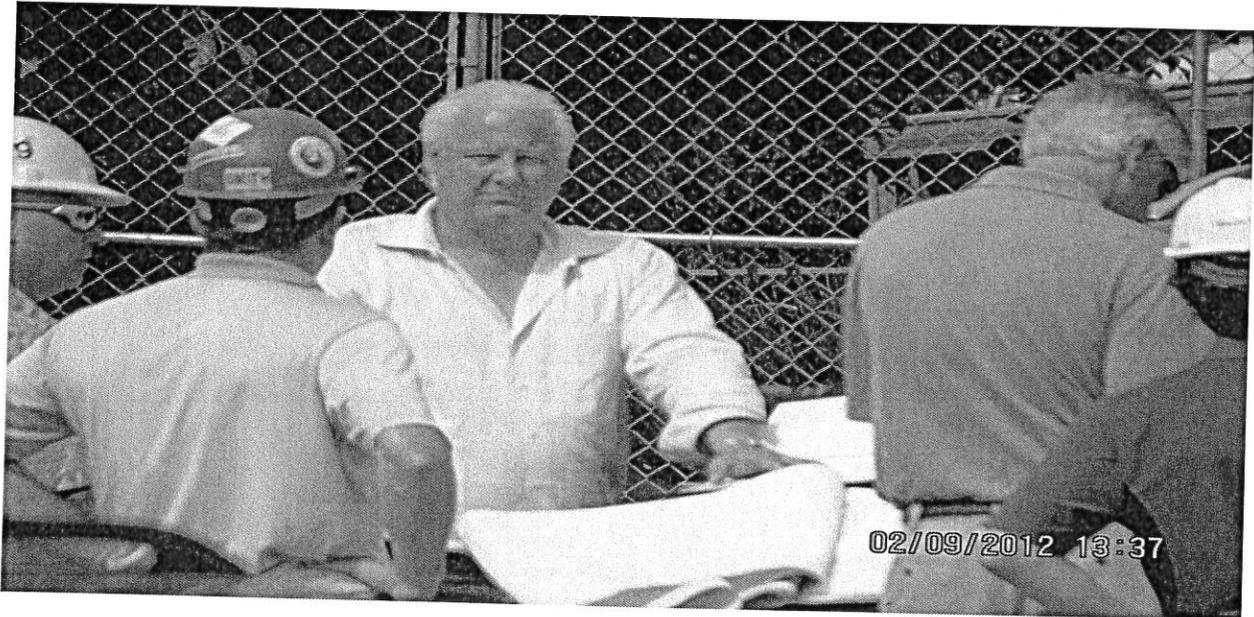
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Groundbreaking for the new 3 Bay East Side Fire Station occurred Wednesday May 8 on the new 3 Bay East Side Fire Station .



The East Allentown Rittersville Neighborhood via its President Dennis Pearson was glad to take part in the groundbreaking for the new East Side Station We really worked hard for that moment

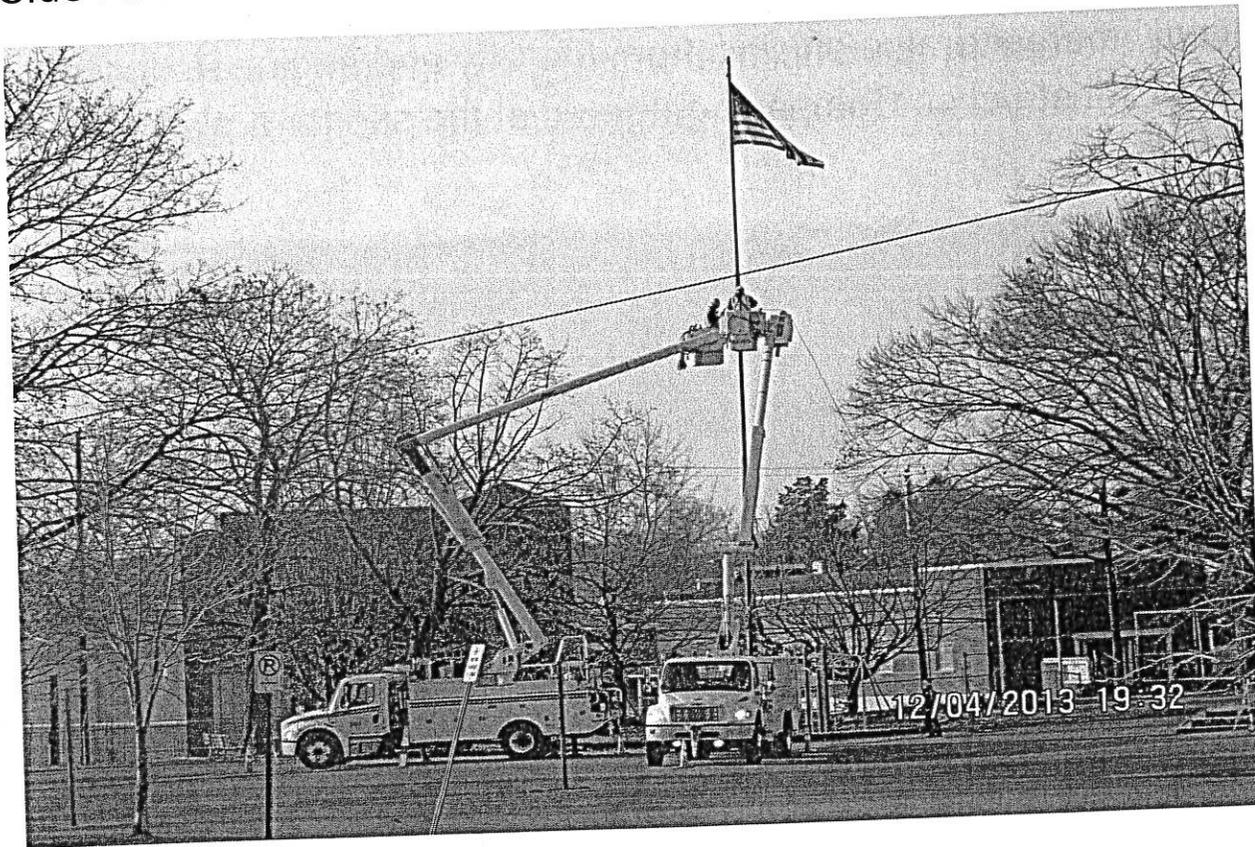
Shortly thereafter, the officials from the City and engineers for the Boyle Construction Company gathered at the site for a planning session.



And construction began



And now as the EARN neighborhood began putting together its annual Project Haas Christmas Display the work on the new East Side Fire station is near completion.



The EARN neighborhood is excited that Engine 13 will soon return from its exile at the Hibernia Fire Station at the corner of Ridge and Tilghman Streets. We give our thanks to the Boyle Construction Company, Fire Chief Bob Scheirer, Mayor Ed Pawlowski, The Allentown City Council which included Mike D'Amore at the time and the members of the East Side community which fought for it. That is why Neighborhood President Dennis Pearson was proud to take part in the groundbreaking for the fire station May 8, 2013 and would be prouder yet to be present for the coming dedication of the fire station in late December 2013 or January 2014



Santa Claus sitting in his North Pole Air blown inflated fire engine awaits the return of Engine 13 ... But until then he will provide community assistance ...

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The Allentown City Council is proud ( particularly Councilman Pete Schweyer) that they passed a budget that they claim is in the black for 2014. This feat was accomplished through leasing the operation of the Allentown Water Works and the Allentown Wastewater Plant and all the infrastructure related to both of them to LCA.

Allentown under the 50 year Lease received \$211 million upfront plus future royalty payments to pay off certain water and sewer debts in addition to fully fund Allentown's police and firemen pension obligations which just prior to the Lease Agreement were dangerously underfunded .

LCA in actuality assumed this debt or liability through their lease purchase and in reality compounded it with more debt

(\$320 million in bond issue debt not including interest for LCA as compared to \$167 million in debt and liability for Allentown).

As an Allentonian I am glad the City's financial situation is currently in the black. But continued fiscal responsibility is a necessity to keep it in the black. We don't need irresponsible actions that occurred in our past to repeat in the future. If that happens, the City's financial picture would be back where it was and even worse since the City would not be in the position to achieve a similar deal with other of its assets.

With the lease agreement in effect Allentown ratepayers now became customers of the Lehigh County Authority (LCA) ; and this changeover became reality with the most recent quarterly billing

Consequently as a new LCA customer, I wonder how LCA will pay back the debt that they assumed ; and what my share of the debt payback will be through my future user charges .

For you see the City of Allentown pension debt have not disappeared. They were just transferred to LCA via the Lease agreement . Time will tell if LCA will be able to handle this debt to produce a soft landing for us water and sewer users in Allentown . And of course, what we don't want is a hard landing . A hard landing would bring about more stress for consumers and would be more expensive .

And again I stress, we don't need irresponsible actions that occurred in our past to repeat in the future by politicians in Allentown and by the bureaucrats in the LCA.

We are pulling for our current mayor or future mayors, and the current council or future councils to do what is right in the future. If they do this we will be proud of them.

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## ANOTHER TYPE OF CHRISTMAS

By Kenneth W. Haas, Emeritus of *The Common Sense Herald*

Let me begin this story by explaining to you that the main character of our story, Jacob Holliday, was an important man - a self made man, if you please - as he was quick to relate to anyone if the chance came up in conversation. It was not out of pride that he said this, but rather to set the record straight so that no one could ever question that his position came from anything other than hard work.

He now owned and operated a large business that employed many people. He was, if anything, a more than fair man with his employees. He was vitally interested in their welfare, and was proud of the fact that he was able to call most employees by their first names, and also could, in most cases, inquire about their families with the complete assurance that he could name their wives and most of their children.

I bring all these things to your attention so that you will realize that, indeed, the subject of our story was a compassionate man, far above average in his dealings with people. The only luxury that our friend allowed himself other than work was the time he allotted to his service club. Not that he really gave it that much time, because he really did not have that much time to give. His efforts were more inclined to be of a financial nature. After all, he reasoned with himself that counted, too. Perhaps he was correct. (Who is to say?)

As we join Mr. Holliday in this story, he is reminded by his secretary that tonight is the meeting of his service club. Mr. Holliday was not too pleased by this news because he was very busy and could not stand the slow deliberations that went on at these meetings. Their slow plodding ways of doing things both irritated and angered him.

At first, he decided not to go. Then he changed his mind, mainly because he knew that tonight's meeting would probably be short because this was the pre-Christmas meeting when each person would pick a name of a needy child from a box and then see that this child would be furnished with some Christmas gifts.

It would probably have been a lot better for Mr. Holliday if he would have stayed away from the meeting that night, because there was going to be a surprise in store for him that he would not like at all. But he went to the meeting, never realizing that, for him, it was going to be another kind of Christmas, one that he had never experienced before.

"Good evening", said the President of the club. "As you know, it is our custom to choose names from a list of needy people. The officers have decided that we would like it to be handled in another way this year, and we are going to ask you to vote on it. We are asking that when you

draw your name, instead of just furnishing a gift, we ask that you deliver the gift yourself, to sort of give it a personal touch."

Mr. Holliday was on his feet at once, and as patiently as he could, he explained to everyone that he, for one, did not have the time for such nonsense.

A vote was taken on the question. As it turned out, Mr. Holliday was the only one that did not favor the new idea. It was with a lot of resentment that he picked his name.

The name of the child he drew was Jason Lang, 1226 Wood Street. Mr. Holliday well knew that this was one of the most depressing parts of the city, and he resolved to himself that under no circumstances would he visit this Jason Lang. He would get him a gift as he done in the years past, and have it delivered. No one would ever know. If they did find out, so what! After all, he was one of the largest donors to the club, and no one would dare question him.

He went home, prepared himself for bed, but he could not sleep. He tossed and turned, and tossed and turned some more. In the morning, he resolved that he might go to visit the boy after all because he knew he had given his word that he would go along with the majority of the club. This is what he must do.

Early morning's light found him in front of 1226 Wood Street. The rundown house was neither any better nor any worse than its neighbors. It was some misgivings that he rang a bell.

After some moments, a woman answered the door. It was plain to see from her appearance that, at one time, she must have been a beautiful woman, but the lines of care and sorrow had etched deep lines into her face and dulled her beauty.

Mr. Holliday explained why he was there, and the thought that her son would be receiving a present pleased her.

Mr. Holliday asked if he could see the boy and the mother said of course he could, but first of all, she must explain something about her son.

"You see, Sir", she said, "My son is suffering from a malignant brain tumor. He really does not have too long to live. His Dad deserted us several years ago. You can see why there is no real Christmas spirit in this house."

"May I see the boy?" asked Mr. Holliday.

Mrs. Lang ushered him into a bright, cheerful room. In the corner of this room in order to catch all the rays of the sun lay Jason. It was evident to look at him that he was indeed sick.

His eyes were a feverish bright color. His complexion had a shallow, waxy character to it, and the boy himself was pathetically thin.

"Here is someone to see you", said Mrs. Lang. Jason's eyes lit up with joy and he greeted his visitor with a beautiful smile.

"Jason", said Mr. Holliday, "I'm here to ask you what you want or need for Christmas. You can have anything you want."

"Can I really have anything I want?" asked Jason again.

"Name it and you can have it, my boy. I'm a man of my word", said Mr. Holliday.

"All right, then", said Jason, "I want you to be my father for Christmas."

"Wait just a second," said Mr. Holliday. "I can't be your father. I wouldn't know how to be a father. Besides, that is something you cannot demand from someone. I must go. When you decide what you want, your Mother can call me."

It was easy for Mr. Holliday to stay busy for the next few days because by nature, he was a busy person. But, busy as he was, there was one thought that he could not erase from his mind. That was Jason and the foolish idea he had.

"I won't go! I won't go, do you hear!" He shouted out loud as he slammed his fist on the desk. His poor secretary was so startled that she dropped the papers she had in her hand.

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Holliday?"

"No, nothing at all," he said. "At least, nothing you can help me with."

Just then, the phone rang. "It's for you", said his secretary. It's a Mrs. Lang for you and she says it is important.

"Mr. Holliday, I know that you won't do what my son asks, and perhaps I don't blame you, but could you come over if only for a minute. He is very bad, and the doctor seems to think that he won't last out the day. Please come! I'm begging you as a mother!"

Mr. Holliday forgot about his busy day ahead. He forgot that he said he wouldn't go. The only thing he knew was that, for some reason, he had to get there.

Mrs. Lang was crying when she opened the door for him. He hurried into the boy's room. The boy saw him at once - just as though he was expecting him - just as though he knew for sure that he would come.

They sat there for a long time just making small talk and getting to know each other.

As the afternoon wore on, the boy seemed to become less aware of things going on around him.

There was a sudden terrible spasm that seemed to shake the boy's body. His eyes opened wide and they seemed filled with pain.

The boy smiled weakly, and his trembling hand motioned Mr. Holliday to come closer. As he did, the boy raised himself, put his arms around Mr. Jones' neck, and placed a kiss on Mr. Jones' cheek - just a delicate brush, much like a butterfly brushing a precious petal of a flower.

"I love you, Dad", said the boy, and then, suddenly, the words gushed out of him - the words mixed with tears that he had not shed for years - "I love you too, Son", he said.

In the twinkling of an eye, the boy was gone into a land where there was no more pain, but only peace and love.

Mr. Holliday cried for a long while that day, and for many days afterward. He was a sadder man, for he learned a Christmas secret - it is easy to give of your finances and even of your time, but the real secret is when you give of yourself out of love - for then the magic doors are opened for you.

## AS I SEE IT FROM HERE

By Kenneth W. Haas, Emeritus of *The Common Sense Herald*

It had been a rough day for the Judge. A steady parade of defendants stood before him - all types of crimes, both small and large. The Judge was bone-tired. Not the physical tiredness we often feel, but the mind-numbing mental tiredness of fatigue that saps your very last reserve of self-control. This very last reserve of self-control, of course is necessary to prevent an individual from going off the deep end mentally. Finally, with total exasperation the Judge threw up his hands and cried out: "That's it! I have had it up to here!" The statement accompanied by the appropriate gesture to the throat area.

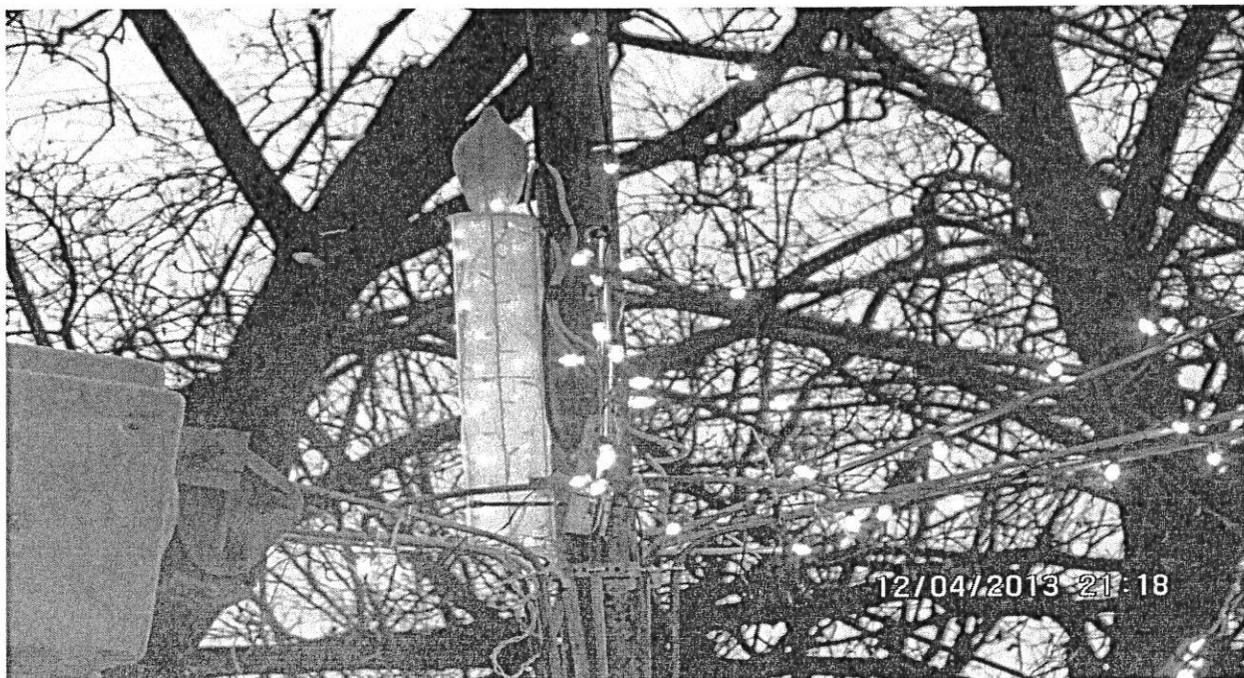
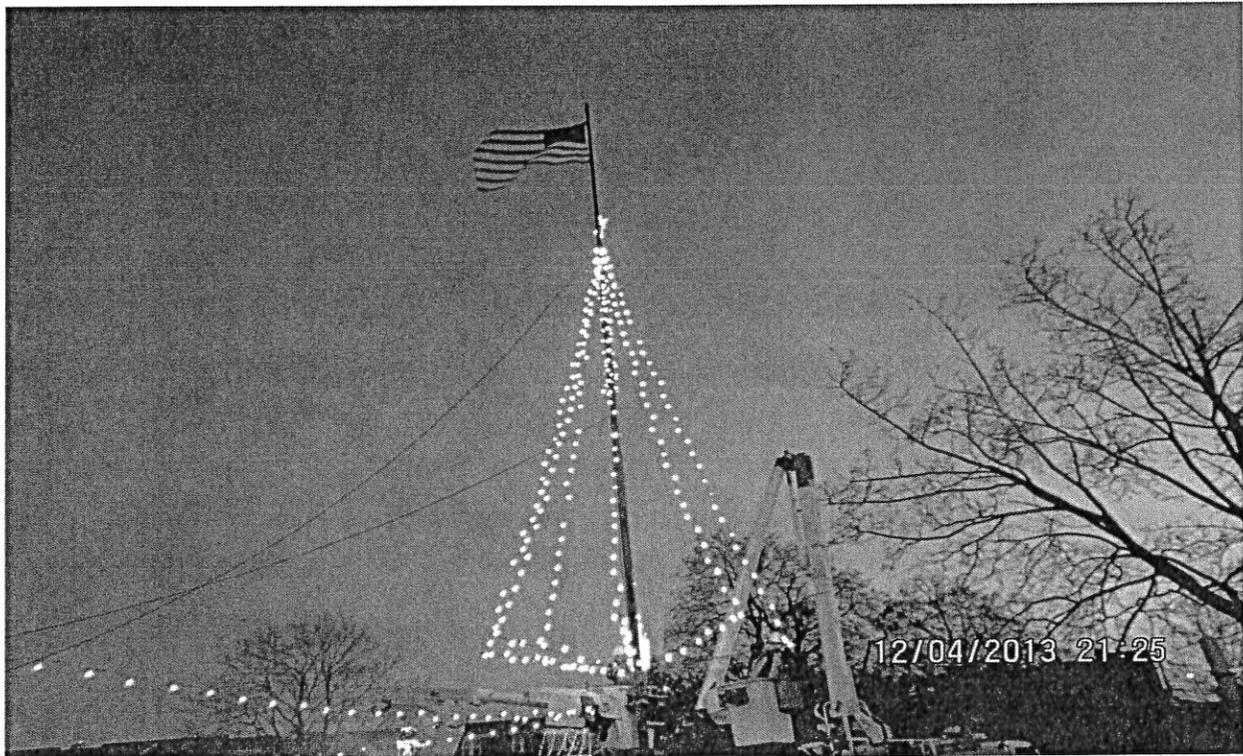
The Judge continued: "I will hear no more cases today. Court is in recess until tomorrow. I ask all the people present here that may want sanity to return to their political leaders and to their government and to their society to go home and pray tonight with all their fervor at their command. With God's help and our own basic instinct in regard to what is right and just, may we all come back tomorrow with our act cleaned up."

Don't we all feel like that Judge sometimes; and yes, he has suggested a wonderful, wonderful idea! What would brother Brown say about that? I think he would say Amen.

Clearly, we must all clean up our act in our personal conduct, in our dealings with one another. People that are called on to lead must do so with honor and dignity. Telling us the unvarnished truth, they must purge areas under their command or authority of deceit, dishonesty, inefficiency, corruption, misdealing, conniving and immorality.

**(Editor's Note --- The following words appeared in the Common Sense Herald, Volume 11 # 1 – March 23, 1992--- They have as much meaning now as they had then. Ken Haas died in 1993.)**

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Allentown State Hospital Re-development remains a neighborhood concern

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Established in 1976, EARN wants your input and ideas. If you live, operate a business, or simply have a vested interest in Allentown's East Side, please come!

- ✓ Know what is happening in your neighborhood and be a part of the flow of information – have your voice heard.
- ✓ Have a direct communication link with local government officials and other influential groups.
- ✓ Help to preserve and improve East Allentown.
- ✓ Plan social activities for your neighborhood.

Let's get together, share our ideas, thoughts, and feelings and work cooperatively to make Allentown's east side a better place to live.

All neighborhood residents and guests are welcome ... This is your neighborhood ... Help it be a strong one ... Get Involved ... Be part of the adventure ... Be a Frontiersman for the neighborhood.

Have any questions? Contact: Dennis L. Pearson, President 610-434-1229  
dpearson@enter.net

Or visit EARN on the web: [www.eastlehighearn.com](http://www.eastlehighearn.com)

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