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Local Guernseys Set Good Records

Two Guernsey breeders in the area have established high records with the American Guernsey Cattle Club, production supervised by Pennsylvania State University.
At Lake Louise, Raymond Goeringer has a six-year old, Langvalley Bee Julia, who produced 11,590 pounds of milk and 618

pounds of butterfat during a testing period of 284 days, milked twice daily.
At Sterling Farms, Senator A. J. Sordoni's Sterling Kathleen, eight years old, produced 10,500 pounds of milk, 515 of butterfat, milked twice daily for 285 days. Sterling Fan, a junior two-year old, gave 10,660 pounds of milk, 531 of fat in 299 days.

Read The Post Classified

Architects Honor S. V. Moskowitz

Named Fellow Of National Institute

Samuel Z. Moskowitz, Briar Hill, Carverton Road, has recently been elected to membership in the College of Fellows of the American Institute of Architects, a distinction which he shares with two other well known architects of the Northeastern region, General Thomas E. Atherton and Robert A. Eyerman.
The fellowship will be presented April 26 in Philadelphia, at the 104th Annual Convention.

Mr. Moskowitz, founder of Moskowitz Architectural Firm in Wilkes-Barre, has served four terms as president of Northeastern Pennsylvania Chapter, American Institute of Architects, and was elected treasurer in 1957, an office which he now holds.
Notable achievements include design of Jewish Community Center, Temple B'nai Brith, the Hub Store, Percy Brown restaurant, Miners National Bank Travel department, and many others in the Valley, as well as in Scranton and Hazleton. He is on the Kingston Township planning board.

He is a Yale man, and also a graduate of New York University School of Building Law. From 1928 to 1933 he was chief designer for Rosaria Candella architectural firm in New York, specializing in construction.

Mr. Moskowitz is co-author of Wilkes-Barre City Building Code, and served since 1955 on the State Building Code Advisory Board. His wife is the former Estel Leibson.

Murray Is New Lehigh Agent Started His Career At Lopez In 1910

James Murray, Claude street, veteran railroad man of forty-seven years who started his career as a boy in Lopez in 1910 with the Lehigh Valley, has been assigned as agent at the Dallas Depot.

Mr. Murray replaces Christopher O'Brien, Wilkes-Barre, a veteran of forty-four years service, who has been in charge of the Lehigh's Dallas office for the past three years.

In returning to the Back Mountain area, Mr. Murray almost completes a full cycle. He was agent at Noxen from 1916 through 1932 when that station was one of the busiest on the Bowman's Creek Branch. He was there when the ice harvesters were at a peak at Mountain Springs and thousands of loaded cars were shipped annually. The lumbering industry was on the wane but there were still many incoming and outgoing shipment related to the industry.

Mr. Murray also served at Noxen during the period of construction of the Armour Leather Company plant after its destruction by fire during World War I. At that time there were four passenger trains daily, numerous freights and special work trains conveying Back Mountain workmen to Coxton daily.

During his tenures at Noxen Mr. Murray served for twelve years as secretary of Noxen Township School Board.

From 1932 until this month Mr. Murray served as local ticket agent for the Lehigh at Wilkes-Barre where he became known to thousands of travellers.

Another Noxen boy who learned the railroad business under Mr. Murray is Paul Casterline who is now in charge of the Lehigh Valley office in Luzerne. Mr. Casterline served the Dallas office until Mr. O'Brien came here three years ago.

Lake Legion Presents Flag To Boy Scouts

Harveys Lake American Legion and Auxiliary presented Boy Scout Troop 331 with a fifty-star American flag and staff March 7, at the Lake-Noxen school building. Commander Kenneth Jackson led in the salute to the flag.

Scoutmaster Arthur West presented award pins, following opening of a candle-light ceremony by assistant leader Thomas Smith. Reese Finn read the Scout oath and laws.

Malcolm Nelson spoke on the program for spring. Richard Williams introduced Lions Club president George Alles, who spoke briefly. Commander Jackson and Mr. Alles gave the troop two axes. Scout executive Nicholas Yawzinski spoke on the meaning of becoming a tenderfoot.

Tenderfoot scouts are Robert and William Johnson, Kent and Terry Jones, Michael Groblewski and Perry West; second class, John Groblewski, Gary West, Rance and Richard Newell, John Bozek, Robert Sorber, and Peter Saramonis; first class, Reese Finn, Richard Saramonis, and Charles Jocelyn. Tenderfoot candidates, Larry Covert and Randy Galkins.

Receiving fiftieth anniversary pins and physical fitness badges were Reese Finn, Charles Jocelyn, Gary West, John Groblewski, Rance and Richard Newell, John Bozek, Peter and Richard Saramonis. Finn and Jocelyn won camping merit badges; West, art badge; William Johnson, an axe, and Terry Jones a haversack, for building bird-houses.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

If you want to get a lot for five tax exempt dollars and at the same time support a worthwhile institution, join the WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Founded in 1858, the fiftieth anniversary of the burning of Wyoming anthracite in an open grate without a forced draft, the Society has carried on for over a century. It was chartered for literary, scientific, and historical purposes, especially for a library museum and the preservation of relics and records connected with the history of Wyoming Valley and vicinity.

The library contains thousands of volumes, not only of local history and biography and geology, but of the state and nation, particularly of New England from which the early families came. Many of the early New England towns are represented by several volumes of vital records and early histories. The Society is a Pennsylvania and Federal depository and has many government documents. It has received many historical, ethnological, and genealogical books, magazines and pamphlets. It has a large collection of rare old papers, complete files of local newspapers, and hundreds of photographs of local places and people. There is a large collection of local and general manuscripts and maps.

The Museum collection includes local geological items, American Indian specimens, and local antiques, utensils, implements, and relics, which with the library are housed in a modest building on South Franklin Street, back of the Library, provided in the will of Isaac S. Osterhout.

Over the years the Society has published a large number of "Proceedings and Collections" in bound volumes, which contain in addition to the annual reports, lists of gifts, etc. some of the many interesting papers, etc. prepared for the Society. For example, the volume in 1901 contains William Penn Ryman's History of Dallas Township, Pa. A volume in 1938 contains Col. William H. Zierdt's History of the 109 Field Artillery, in reality a history of local units in all wars since 1747 including World War I.

Numerous folders and pamphlets

on local history have been published.

The Society sponsors lectures on local history and similar topics. Special exhibits are staged from time to time, the present one being on early farming and household implements. In 1958 the Society received as a gift from Mrs. Franck G. Darte, a descendant of Luke Swetland, the Swetland Household at 855 Wyoming Avenue, Wyoming. An apartment for the Director of the Society is on the second floor. The first floor has been restored by Mrs. Darte and furnished; with a few exceptions, with furniture from her family. The early part of the house dates from 1797 and contains kitchen utensils, etc. of the period. The Society maintains the furnished house as a museum open to the public.

Luke Swetland, with wife and four sons, came to Wyoming Valley from Connecticut in 1772. He cleared land and farmed in Kingston Township. He was in Washington's army until released with other local men on account of exposure of the local settlement to Indian attacks. He was one of four men chosen by lot to remain in the Forty Fort during the battle. In August of the same year he was captured by the Indians and taken to Catherine's Town, later to Appleton, a Seneca village. At first he had to run the gauntlet and undergo other discomforts, but later was treated more kindly. He eluded the Indians when they fled before his way to Sullivan's army where he just escaped being shot before he was recognized. He later wrote an account of his captivity. When he returned to Wyoming, he found that his family had given him up for dead and returned to Connecticut. He went for them and later all returned to the Valley.

His eldest son, Belding Swetland was born in Sharon, Connecticut, and came to the valley when about ten years old. As a teenager he was left during the battle, later returned to Connecticut. At Sharon he married Sarah, called Sally Gay, daughter of Col. Ebenezer Gay, ancestor of numerous Gay descendants hereabouts. They returned to Wyoming Valley and reared a family here.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

A small model of the proposed Rockefeller Center in New York appears on the front page of the issue of March 20, 1931. Radio City will occupy three blocks in downtown Manhattan, the largest building project in its history.

Bankruptcy sale of Higgins College Inn brought \$1,375 for stock and fixtures.

Community Easter Egg Hunt at Fernbrook the Saturday before Easter is expected to bring out at least a thousand children.

Marriage of Catherine Lois Holmeister, Shrine View, to Frank Whitesell of Luzerne, March 14, has been announced.

Edward H. Coolbaugh, 23, of Norton Avenue Dallas, died after an illness of complications, following a fall while at work with the Western Electric Co. at Lewistown.

Four forest fires in this area to date this year. Woods were dry until the recent snowstorm. Drought conditions summer and fall left the woods in dangerous condition.

Selected fresh eggs were 25 cents per dozen; buckwheat coal \$5 per ton.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

WPA street improvement project in Dallas will employ 25 workers for a year. Cost, \$34,885.

Richard Jones, Kingston Township high school senior, won the Luzerne County Forensic Contest at Hazleton.

Ralph Hazeltine was featured in a Know Your Neighbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozzro M. Wilcox of Chase observed their Golden Wedding.

The Arthur Newmans, East Dallas, celebrated their Silver Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Wilson were given a house-warming at their new home in East Dallas.

Mrs. Thomas Moore was installed Worthy Matron of Dallas Eastern Star, and Mrs. John T. Nicholson was elected president of Dallas Rotary Women.

Abbie VanBuskirk, Fernbrook, became the bride of John Carr of Luzerne at a double-ring ceremony.

Mrs. Charles Cease, 87, mother of Mrs. Finney of Trucksville, broke her hip in a fall.

Mrs. Benjamin Jenkins of Shavertown took first place in soprano solo competition at the Edwardsville Eisteddfod, Sheila Ann Arched, Dallas took a first in the under-seventeen contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kline of Orange celebrated their Golden Wedding.

ping berries to Washington and Baltimore after the southern season is finished. An auction would tend to get higher prices.

Em Blackman's white coat, "Whiskers," died, caught in a spring trap.

The name of Miss Frances Dornace was unanimously voted as Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania.

Trophies went to coaches of winning teams at a dinner at Merman Kem's, Coach Robert M. Thomas of Dallas Township accepting the Dallas Post award for the winning girls team; coach Bok Becker, Kingston Township, the Dallas Bank trophy for the boys.

George LaBarr, 61, commercial artist of Orange, died suddenly of a stroke.

Charles Long planned his annual auction sale, March 31.

Mrs. Synda Jones, Wilkes-Barre, was married to David Williams of Trucksville at a quiet wedding ceremony.

Doris Finney, Carverton Road, became the bride of Frederick Rundle of Forty Fort at a double ring ceremony in Trucksville Methodist Church.

John Pall, Sweet Valley, 65, died of heart trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shiber opened an antique shop in their home on Center Hill Road.

Dallas Township has a few pieces of playground equipment ready to be installed when the playground area is graded. More equipment is needed.

Come As You-Are morning coffee hour at Prince of Peace found dismayed home-makers in all stages of metal curler and bathrobe disarray, congregating at the church. Penalties were exacted for each garment added or subtracted from the unappetizing total, and a stiff penalty levied for refusing to come when committeemen called at the door.

Brownie troops sold the most Girl Scout cookies.

Five Local Boys Leave As McCrory Managers

Five local boys left Dallas area recently for floor managing positions in McCrory stores in Pennsylvania and Long Island. They are Kenneth Butry, Harveys Lake, who went to Waynesboro, Eugene Sedler, Overbrook Road, Dallas, Long Island City, L. L. Stanley Szela, Fernbrook, Hanover, Pa., Sherman D. Robbins, Pottstown, Pa., and Robert Nichols, Main Street, Wyoming. All of the boys have been gaining experience in the Shavertown store for over three months.

Shavertown manager Tom Hobbs reports that he is well pleased with the calibre of Back Mountain boys who have worked with him as trainees and is proud of the opportunities his company is offering the community in the way of good positions.

Strawberry growers discussed a strawberry auction, on lines of the green tomato auction. Jim Hutchinson says this area has been ship-

Safety Valve

Dear Howard:

Three-score and thirteen years ago there was born on this continent a new citizen (or so he thought), conceived of Christian parents, and reared to the principle that accuracy of detail is a cardinal virtue, especially among journalists.

Now (if he accepts your story—Post 3/9—pg.3A), he finds that principle caught up in a blinding blizzard, and his virtue in danger of being lost. I quote: "Seventy-four years ago, March 11 and 12, the great-granddaddy of all blizzards roared down on the area, a blinding snow that made it hazardous to even go to the barn from an isolated country house."

The props are right, the scene properly set, the drama well portrayed. But what of the timing? The saga of that "Blizzard of 1888" has become a family tradition. Seven children were "brung up" on it in that "isolated country house." Repeatedly I have used it in anecdotes of the "good old days." That the winds have heightened and the drifts deepened with the years (a privilege of age) is beside the point. At least I had, supposedly, kept the date right.

And now to find myself, via my favorite newspaper, guilty of chronological mayhem! To make matters worse, just recently I heard a prominent statesman refer to it on TV as "the big blizzard of 1887." "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive!"

This is a serious matter, Howard. Slipping a year over on a person of three-score-plus is destructive to morale. Admitted that I am not as young as I used to be, from your story I never was. And that, as the little white lie which begets bigger ones, has led to complications. For example: On the basis of your timing I have lied about my birth, cheated myself of my first year of free schooling, missed out on my first-year majority right at the polls, given false witness to my draft board, corrupted the Church register, and falsified my income-tax reports.

Fortunately, if I am to be held to account, a life sentence at my age will not be a lengthy penalty. But when they cart me to Sunnyside, as eventually they will, it may be discovered that I shall have died a year earlier, much much to long to keep a corpse above soil. I tremble at the thought: what if Risley had set that blizzard in 1889! What that would have done to the parental (mis) conception!

Well, errors are inevitable. I don't think either of us is an intentional stinker. For years I have known you to be an editor of integrity. Above that, the Post is ultra-clean both in text and print. Invariably it caters to the aesthete. For instance, when you refer to the hazards of "getting to the barn," I know you had another little out-building in mind. In decency you chose the lesser hazard.

And, although I must now revise my whole life, I still find Balm of Gilead in your blizzard story: I hope to become an octogenarian; to help elect another President to make up for the first one I missed. You have strengthened that hope by setting my date a year earlier. For 'that I may be grateful.

OLD SCRIBBLUM Bert VanDyke Tunkannock, Pa

Dear Bert: You can't make a mathematician out of a good writer. That was "young" Mrs. Hicks' arithmetic-Editor

EXPLAINS LIGHT ASSESSMENT

Dear Editor:

This is an article on street lighting in townships as a lot of people have asked me to explain.

I explained it in 1947 at a meeting of a group of property owners in the Shavertown Fire Hall. It was something new here at the time due to a State Supreme Court order forbidding the Supervisors from collecting a light tax on the assessed valuation of property, as lighting was not townshipwide as in a Borough like Dallas where everyone pays for street lighting on a millage basis.

The tax had to be in the form of assessment by the front foot of the property owners Land. Any property owner can have a light placed on his street by a petition of property owners who own fifty-one percent of the foot frontage on the street.

These lights are to be self-supporting by enough assessments to be collected to pay for each light installed. To equalize the cost for these lights the rate is from one cent per front foot to seven cents per front foot. On vacant lots it is twenty-five percent of these rates.

When buildings are constructed on the lots the assessment goes up to the full 100 percent rate. When buildings are constructed on the lots more money is brought into the light fund thus bringing a reduction from seven cents a front foot downward.

The required distance between lights is 500 feet but due to the fact that they are placed on Electric Company poles it is impossible to have them the exact distance. Any property owner within a radius of 250 feet is subject to this assessment.

It is not a tax as I have heard some people call it. Respectfully Yours Louis Ranier, 81 Rice Avenue, Trucksville.

Practicing physicians are only too well aware of the increasing frequency of adverse reactions to the modern so-called miracle drugs.

Barnyard Notes

"They're all dead now! What difference does it make whether they were wounded at Chancellorsville; died at Gettysburg or lived to a ripe old age and died at home? They're all gone!"

"Why don't you come to bed?" Myra called impatiently from the stairs as I turned the last page of the "Bucktailed Wildcats" by Edwin Glover.

The tattling clock struck 2 a. m. Hell hath no fury like a wife whose husband becomes engrossed in Civil War yarns—and I might add, no sergeant ever had a sharper tongue.

What is it that makes men want to study a war that is dead and gone when there is a dynamic new one at hand with guided missiles and hydrogen bombs to blow the whole shooting match to kingdom come.

Well, maybe, that's it. It is an escape from what is to what was, an unwillingness to face the present in order to return to a static world where each dramatic incident can be stopped at the peak of its action and studied like a colored slide flashed on a screen. Guided missiles and the conquest of space are for the sharper minds of physicists and little boys, but the Civil War—one of the most exciting, idealistic and tragic periods in American history—is for a peculiar ageless breed.

Whether this breed could have faced the blood and carnage, the gangrene and putrid odors of the surgeon's shed is a question; whether it would have had the stamina to trudge the long dusty roads to Richmond or Antietam is doubtful; but one thing it has in common, a fascination for the unsophisticated America of 1861 to '65 and the struggle of the ordinary American to make his homeland a better place for all mankind.

It is to honor the memory of those who spilled their blood—not for materialistic personal advantage, but for an ideal on both sides of a Great Cause, that we read this history. It is an obligation we owe to the memory of brave men whether they were clad in the Blue of the North or the Grey of the South, for they were all Americans.

And no American living today can have an appreciation of what makes America great without an understanding of the struggle that took place just one hundred years ago.

No period of American history is better chronicled than the years 1850 through 1870. More than 45,000 books have been published of the War Between the States—more than on any other subject except the Bible—and they are still coming off the presses almost daily.

The songs and the poetry of that era are a part of the wool and warp of the fabric of America. The speeches of the greatest men to grace the halls of Congress are classics and no President of a great land compares with the sublime grandeur, the simple understanding of Abraham Lincoln.

Neither World War I nor World War II produced the literature nor the articulate leadership—except perhaps in England—that our own Civil War produced. Where can you find another song to rival "Battle Hymn of the Republic"? or a speech, except perhaps Churchill's "Sweet, blood and tears," to rival the Gettysburg Address—one of the classics of the English tongue?

The Civil War was not something that could have been prevented. It was inevitable. It would have come sooner or later. It was one of those great evolutionary processes of history where men are pawns of change and must pay with their blood for progress.

Out of their sacrifice came not the penance and serfdom of Europe nor the narrow national boundaries that have resulted in two great holocausts in our lifetimes, but a united America where the individual is a free man.

From Pillar To Post . . .

by HIX The hour had struck. The mamma cat, highly expectant, and not especially anxious to settle for the basket in the basement, took the large ex-kitten firmly by the neck.

"Dear me," she scolded, out of the side of a mouth filled with angry white fur, "What ARE you doing out of your nice warm nest?" She started toward the stairway.

The ex-kitten planted its claws firmly on the rug. "What gives, anyhow. Here's Ma dragging me around by the scruff. Doesn't she know I'm practically a teenager?"

The mamma cat made it to the foot of the stairs, hauling the splitting offspring.

She looked helplessly up the stairs. How was she ever to get that kitten to the nest she was thinking of stealing in a dark corner of the cupboard across from the bathroom? And who knew whether the cupboard door would be open?

Worm out with fervor and mounting maternal instinct, she crouched at the foot of the stairs, her jaws still clamped to the ex-kitten. She wasn't going to abandon it. To be sure, it was somewhat larger than she had expected, but it was clearly her kitten, and nothing was going to interfere with her in the performance of her duty.

"Please, aren't you going to help me?" she inquired with a muffled mew.

Detaching the kitten took considerable doing. It was accomplished by frenzied yelps from the kitten, and clenched but loosening jaws on the part of Grey Lady.

The kitten shot out the door as if from a gun, and Grey Lady looked hopelessly about for her nest. "All my trouble, and now it's GONE," she wept.

"Now don't get your hair in a knot. It's downstairs. Don't you remember?" I soothed her as I picked her up and patted her head. Grey Lady took a personally escorted trip to the basement. She settled gratefully into the basket with its prepared padding and its comforting saucer of milk alongside.

She curled herself and purred. That interloper kitten, she reflected. Probably it was somebody else's kitten after all. And far too large for this basket. What a lovely place for a nap. She'd take just a little spot of shut-eye before looking for those kittens again. Looking for kittens was wearing.

Two hours later she had found her kittens, all four of them, probably the homeliest in the world, but beautiful to the eye of love. Grey Lady uncurred and invited inspection.

The ex-kitten strolled by and poked a nose over the edge of the basket. "Get out of here, you animal," Grey Lady squalled, suiting the action to the word.

Frizzles skyrocketed up the steps and hid under the living room couch. She peered out with a hunted expression, whiskers bristling. "Things happen too fast around these parts," she concluded. "First, Ma treats me like a baby, and then she spits at me. There's no justice."

Uneasy in mugwumpian position That waits a barometric disposition!

Liz Jacob (See "Emmy Lou," by George Madden Martin, for definition of mugwump.)

And I Quote . . . "No wonder women live longer than men. Look how long they're girls."

"Too many people make cemeteries of their lives by burying their talents." "A feed store is the only place left where you can get a chicken dinner for a dime."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST

100 Years Ago This Week...in THE CIVIL WAR

(Events exactly 100 years ago this week that led to the Civil War—told in the language and style of today.)

"NOT EXPEDIENT"

Lincoln Blocks Senate Move To Get Ft. Sumter Letters

WASHINGTON, D.C.—March 25—President Abraham Lincoln today refused "respectfully," but flatly—to release to the Senate recent dispatches from Maj. Robert Anderson, commander at shaky Fort Sumter, Charleston, S.C.

The chief executive notified the Senate he had "come to the conclusion that at the present moment the publication . . . would be inexpedient."

Request by the Senate for the data came as concern over the pivotal fortress in Charleston Harbor rose to fever pitch. Reports received this week are that the garrison's food supply will run out April 15 and that local provisioning has become virtually impossible.

Anderson's force of 65 soldiers and a seven-man brass band watch from their stony seat in the bay as a Rebel force numbering in the thousands is building up at Charleston under Confederate Army General Pierre G. T. Beauregard.

AS THE NATION'S eyes have turned to Sumter, Anderson has attained the status of a national hero—a role heightened by an account being told here this week.

It is the story of how Anderson, a Regular Army officer from Kentucky, outfitted the entire Confederate force last Christmas to move his tiny unit to Fort Sumter.

When he took command at Charleston last Nov. 21, Anderson found his two companies stationed at Fort Moultrie, another part of the harbor defenses.

Aged, crumbling Moultrie is on Sullivan's Island, not too far from a plush summer hotel and—Anderson saw with dismay—within easy rifle range of nearby rooftops.

Sand had piled up against its low walls to the height that cows could mount the sandy hills and moo contentedly over the fort's ramparts.

Anderson had a sentimental attachment for Moultrie—his father had commanded it during the Revolutionary War—but he saw at once it was virtually indefensible.

SUMTER, three miles out in the harbor, was an incomplete structure but more suitable as a defense position, Anderson saw; but Confederate picket boats prevented any open troop movements.

So the wily Kentucky officer chartered three schooners, loaded the garrison's women, children and supplies on board, and dispatched them to Fort Johnson, on the opposite shore.

Crews were instructed to tell Southern picket troops that the families were being sent to the North.

With bulk of the supplies out of the way, Anderson's men, on Dec. 26, eased their way out of Moultrie and went by longboat to Sumter, quieting pro-South construction workers there with the threat of bayonets.

As they arrived a signal gun was fired and the three schooners with the families and six months' provisions sailed from Fort Johnson to Sumter. Rear guard Bozek, Anderson said at Moultrie spiked that fort's guns and burned the gun-carriages.

THUS, an astounded and angry City of Charleston awoke to find the Federal forces in a far stronger position out on Sumter.

It is the supplies carried to Sumter during Anderson's operation that has kept the units alive since. The only attempt