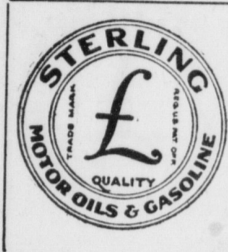


FREE!

Introductory Offer To Motorist Of Patton and Vicinity

Saturday, August, 4th., 1928
Will be the Formal Opening Date of



New Sterling
SERVICE STATION
PATTON, PA.



On this day we will give to each customer purchasing five gallons, or more, of STERLING GASOLINE, a Coupon Card entitling the purchaser to ONE GALLON OF STERLING 100% PENNA. MOTOR OIL. Each card is Free; each card has four coupons attached and each coupon represents ONE QUART OF MOTOR OIL, or in other words, ONE GALLON OF STERLING MOTOR OIL (FREE) with each purchase of five gallons or more of STERLING GASOLINE. The oil can be had all at one time or at any later time the coupons are presented.

WE HOPE TO GAIN YOUR CONFIDENCE AND TRADE BY THESE PRINCIPLES:

FIRST:—By selling the highest quality products.

SECOND:—By rendering the best service possible.

THIRD:—By employing the most modern methods of convenience and comfort of our patrons.

STERLING PRODUCTS ARE MANUFACTURED FROM THE 100% PENNSYLVANIA CRUDE OIL—The Highest Grade Oil in the World.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE — SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1928

AT THE

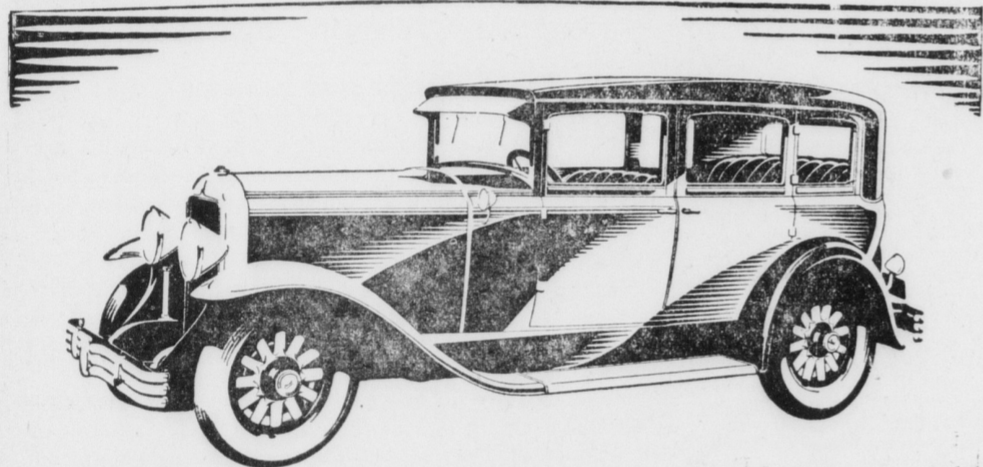
New Sterling Service Station

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WILLIAM FORSBERG, Prop.



Now on display!

The news is out! The whole thrilling story of the Silver Anniversary Buick awaits you at our Buick showroom! And it is news that is completely revising the motor car ideals of America!

New Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher more brilliant and beautiful than any heretofore known—a tremendous increase in power in what was already the most powerful automobile engine of its size—new elements of speed, pick-up and acceleration far beyond any previous standard . . . these are high-light features of a car so new, so advanced and so epochal that it is winning universal recognition as the great car of the world.

Visit our Buick showroom. See the Silver Anniversary Buick—today!

The SILVER ANNIVERSARY BUICK

WITH MASTERPIECE BODIES BY FISHER

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

PATTON AUTO CO.,

On "Old B'ar's" Land

By HELEN R. BARTON

NOBODY ever had a better champion during all the hazy, kaleidoscopic days so dearly recalled by most people than the lanky, bearded, who attended school number nine in the Halstead district.

Miss Danvers, red, or more accurately, "rusty," headed, topaz-eyed, diminutive, but dynamic for all her ninety-five pounds, possessed all the warm-hearted, hot-headed loyalty of the race that is famous for its beautiful women, loyal hearts and fighting spirit!

Miss Danvers opened school Monday morning and by noon had won every last one of her "kids," even to the slightly hard-boiled "Toot" Wilson, village bully and otherwise hard-luck guy. Miss Danvers won Toots by betting him that she could bat a ball further than he could "pitch" it.

The hard-boiled Toot, who stood almost six feet tall for all his seventeen years, was torn between a desire to "beat" the adorable Miss Danvers, and hold prestige with the gang—or let her win, and increase his standing with her. Toot was by way of being an embryo ladies' man.

The ball sang through the air, whistled against the bat so skillfully manned by the lovely rusty-haired teacher and whizzed in a great graceful arc over the school grounds and on "Old Bear" Messer's lawn.

A gasp of amazement—first day of school and the ball lost in Old Bear's yard. Anybody who lost a ball, or anything else on Old Bear's land might as well reconcile himself to the loss. It was indeed lost, and for all time, for "Old Bear" collected all the balls, bats, mitts and other trophies dear to the juvenile heart and stored them on a table in plain view of the playground of number nine school.

"Gee whiz, Miss Danvers—you've gone and done it now; Old B'ar'll never let us on his land—we might as well play something else."

"Do you mean to say a detestable old man lives there and won't allow your children to cross his neglected old lawn to get your playthings?" Miss Danvers' lovely red hair scintillated with ire and her topaz eyes glinted like tiny pin-points.

With lifted chin, she marched to the road, which ran along in front of the school and also the Messer place, and unheeding of the sign on the lawn forbidding trespassing, and ignoring the irate, scowling face of an old man in the window of the Messer place, she looked about for the lost ball, retrieved it and walked haughtily back to the playground, conscious only of the pop-eyed admiration and awe of her school.

At four-thirty the school was deserted except for a slip of a red-haired girl poring over smudgy, scrawly papers.

A step grated on the porch and in a moment a tall, red-haired man of possibly thirty-five years strode into the schoolroom and stood glowering at the demurely working Miss Danvers.

"You'll have to teach those kids of yours to keep off my land, ma'am. The trespassing notice is plain enough for any dumbbell to understand!"

"Well, possibly plain enough for dumbbells, but not for me! You've no right to forbid those little kids the privilege of harmlessly retrieving their playthings, Mr. Bear, and—"

"My name isn't Bear!" snapped the red-headed man, "and you'll keep those kids off my land or I'll have to resort to legal measures!"

As irritating as red hair can sometimes be, Thornton Messer was appalled to discover how utterly distracting topaz eyes can be when they are swimming with tears. After a brief uncomfortable moment, he tried to apologize for his gruffness and she only wept the harder.

"Go away," she wailed. But he found a clean handkerchief and after he had dried her tears, they began to hate each other less, to discover that there is a vast bond of human understanding between the red heads of this world.

So the trespass signs held, but the children were amazed to see a tall, red-headed man with strangely stern eyes and face for a chap so young looking, coming across to the school each night, bearing the balls and other playthings they'd lost over the fence.

Spring, and Miss Danvers was planning on leaving number nine. She told her school wistfully that she'd been happy there, that she'd miss them.

"And your dear, nice grumpy Old B'ar, too!" she finished, blushing.

"Old B'ar? That feller ain't Old B'ar! That—there's his son. He's a writer or somethin'," snorted Toot, derisively.

"Here comes red-head now," drawled Tommy Blake, and the children departed grinning as Thornton Messer came striding across the school-yard armed with a big box of candy and a bunch of hothouse flowers.

"I heard you telling them," he said, huskily "that you'd miss me. You needn't miss me at all."

"How can I help that?" she countered, blushing.

"If you cared enough you might marry me. I love you so—darned little peppery red-head!"

"And I love you too—darned old stubborn red-head!"

EVERY WEDNESDAY IS SUBURBAN DAY IN ALTOONA BOOSTER STORES!

SUBURBAN DAY —

IS A GOOD DAY TO SHOP IN BOOSTER STORES FOR THE THINGS YOUR LOCAL MERCHANTS CAN'T SUPPLY.

BOOSTER STORES —

GATHER the best of merchandise of all kinds from all parts of the world, offering their patrons unlimited variety for choice and selling at exceedingly reasonable prices.

BOOSTER STORES —

RENDER Service that they aim to make 100 per cent satisfactory—a sale in a Booster store is never considered final until the customer is entirely satisfied.

BOOSTER MERCHANTS —

MAKE adjustments freely and obligingly, exchanging merchandise or making other desired adjustments as cheerfully as they make the original sale.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS IN YOUR HOME COMMUNITY, COME TO ALTOONA BOOSTER STORES!

GOOD ROADS LEAD TO ALTOONA FROM ALL SECTIONS.

THURSDAY HALF HOLIDAY

Booster Stores Close Thursday afternoons during August to give their employees a Weekly Summer Half Holiday.

ALTOONA BOOSTER ASSOCIATION

STRAND THEATRE,

ALTOONA, PA.

See and Hear the First

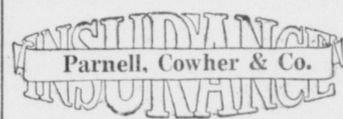
ALL TALKING PICTURE,

"Lights of New York."

ONE WEEK STARTING SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
The Electric Refrigerator made and guaranteed by the Great General Motors Corporation. Four out of every five Electric Refrigerators is a FRIGIDAIRE. More than 450,000 satisfied users. Priced from \$180 up.

L. E. KAYLOR,

Dealer, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Mrs. Jane Diethrich, deceased, late of the Township of East Carroll, County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary in the estate of the said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to the undersigned.—E. A. DIETRICK, Executor, Patton, Pa.

HAPPY



OLD AGE

One sure way to be happy and free from worry in your old age is to save during your YOUTH. We have a number of savings plans which we will be glad to explain at your convenience. You may, according to the plan you choose, have the desired amount at any age you choose.

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