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JAMES STUDIO
Second Floor, First National Bank Building
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LETTER TO THE EDITOR . . . Criticizes Fish Commission On Policies Now Being Used

**Big 'Paradise' Stocking
Blasted By Flinton Man**

Union Press-Courier, Patton
My Dear Mr. Editor
In a recent issue of the "Courier" I noticed and read an article wherein the Patton Sportmen's Club consisted of some 200 members and at the same time some 1,000 licenses were sold. This, I must say, is a typical example of the cooperation received by organized sporting groups.

There are the many hundreds who will let a few fellows go out and secure the fish and game and then pitch in and help themselves as though they were most instrumental in procuring the supply. Few people realize how much effort is put forth every day by interested parties in attempts to improve our hunting, fishing and outdoor sports.

We have all seen the fellow dressed in sports regalia that will knock your eyes out, carrying the finest equipment and driving a big automobile—and who fails to belong to a club whose efforts put the fish and game there for him to enjoy.

Then again you see the fellow with a broken-down single-barrel shotgun, wearing blue jeans, muddied shoes and a worn-out hunting coat—but invariably this man's togs will bear a button or patch more important than his license. Many people have been waiting for years for a miracle to happen that will give us plenty of fish and game without personal effort on their part. This is not about to happen and the sooner they come to realize this the sooner we will be getting places.

This will happen if these men can convince certain interests to buy land along our streams and in our own forests. It is very evident that unless certain capitol interests have some investment in the terrain, that it will not receive the kind of attention it sorely needs.

It is a wonder to me that there hasn't been some such activity along Chest Creek the last few years. If the Patton Club can convince someone to build a few good-paying tourist camps along Chest Creek, I would bet money that they could get many more fish with lots less trouble.

If any one person can give a good reason for some of the things being done by our state commissions, I would be most happy to hear them. Most of us who have been interested in the art of fishing have at some time or other made a trip or two each year to Spring Creek, Bald Eagle Creek and the much-publicized Fisherman's Paradise. This is a paradise for who and for what?

Supposedly a paradise for the fly fishermen—just who are these men who are fly fishermen and why do they rate all the special consideration and interest at our expense? I may be wrong, but I think one man's license is just as much as another's, yet the sum isn't spent that way. The commission plainly states that the second stocking is for the benefit of the fly fishermen. And just you try to get a second stocking for a stream which the fish commission hasn't checked (at our expense) to ascertain the number of fly fishermen on that stream. A trip to C. Ross Bueler's office will convince you, as it did me, that there's a snake in the grass somewhere.

We made a trip to this man's office in an effort to get some warm water fish for Beaverdam Run and more trout for Slatelick Run, which received 500 last February. Mr. Bueler, chief fish culturist for the Fish Commission, showed us on his books where their check showed only seven, (yes 7) fishermen per mile. Knowing Slatelick Run as I do I'll bet money you can find that many men on that stream any month in the year. This survey (which we paid for) must have been made between 2 a. m. and 5 a. m.

Yes, it's about time that you fellows who haven't been attending your local club meetings, start attending and demanding your rightful share of fish for your own streams, and then you, too, can enjoy the business of sport-fishing. You, too, can build a 24 shack and get 20¢ for a 10¢ hamburger and 15¢ for a nickel bottle of soda.

Chest Creek will hold many hundreds more fish than it now gets and Spring Creek can do with hundreds less—and then you will not need not rise at 2 a. m. and drive 100 miles to catch the fish you bought and which was dumped into a stream 100 miles from your home.

Yes, Paradise, for who, and at who's expense? Why not a little Paradise on Chest Creek, or on Slatelick Creek, or on Blacklick Creek? Let's fill our own hotels with men, and our own boarding houses, and give them a decent break.

I know Clearfield Creek would make a Paradise and I know that businessmen along this stream would welcome a customer at 5¢ for a bottle of soda. Highway robbery without a gun and all

percentage are doomed to be placed in the Paradise for the man known as a fly fisherman. Is a fly fisherman one who flies from work to Milesburg and flies back to work again?
Northern Cambria was at one time a hunter's paradise, but the game has long since been in the real paradise, and all we have left is Northern Cambria County.
Why? Simply because the Game Commission made no provisions for the increasing number of hunters except to print an increased number of licenses. We've been in the past spending our own money to raise rabbits and birds, and then buy a license to hunt it. If the Game Commission produced as many pounds of game per dollar as the clubs do, we'd be much further advanced.

The commissions have failed in their duties and if we are to save our own hides we must be so strongly organized that we can demand and get results—results which will provide more for our money than the Paradise.
Paradise, according to the dictionaries: "A place of bliss; a state of happiness." Just who is more blessed and who is the hap-

piest? The fishermen or Bald Eagle Valley Enterprises?
Sincerely yours,
CHESTER L. STRAYER
Flinton, Pa.

BEAT TARZAN'S RECORDS
Not a single record made by Johnny "Tarzan" Weismuller, formerly of Windber, stands today, although he set 67 world marks during his sparkling career.

THE FLOP FAMILY

PHILANDER - I WANT THIS PICTURE OF MAMA HUNG UP THERE ON THE WALL



OH, YEAH - THAT OLD BATTLE-AXE GOES UP IN THE ATTIC - I'M HANGING UP UNCLE HUGO'S PICTURE HERE



AND THAT 'ETTLES IT



OH-OH - I MISSED THE NAIL AND HIT THE PLASTER



HOW THE SAM HILL CAN I COVER THAT UP? - OH - OH - HERE COMES HELEN BACK

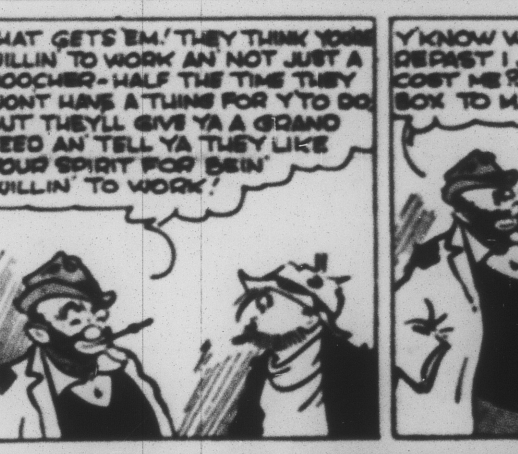


DARLING - YOU HUNG UP MOTHER'S PICTURE, AFTER ALL



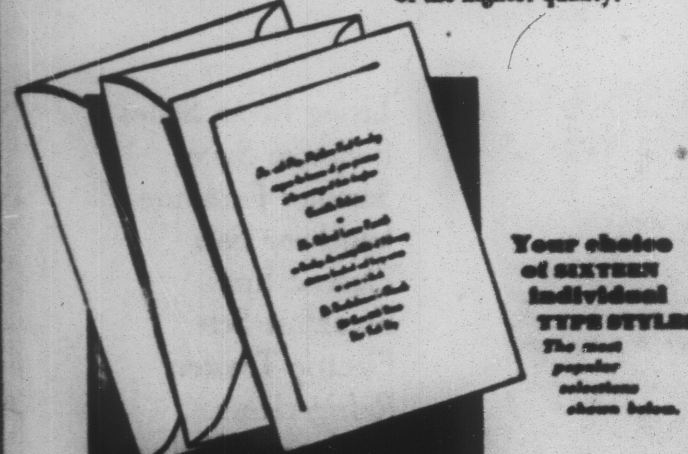
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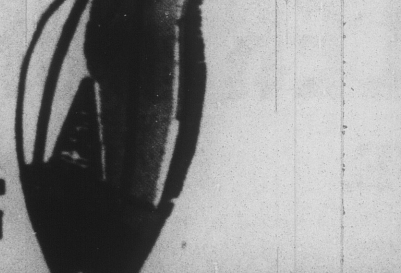
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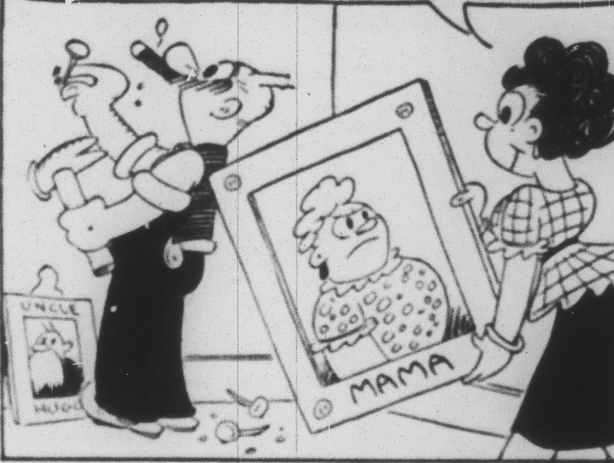
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