

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Dog Days

WHEN you snatch forty winks longer in the morning, then you may know that the dog days have come. For the nights lengthen a bit, and old Sol's glare does not signal you from slumber quite so early. The night falls earlier too, and there is a fresher coolness to the air. Days may be long and lazy and warm, but when the sun hides behind the western hills, then the cool breezes creep down from the mountains or in from the coast and let you know that the summer is waning.

Dog days are slow days. August seems a long, slow month. People go on vacations. Your neighbors go away and you may have to tend their dog. Little news in the papers. Business sags off for the season "between hay and grass." At night you may hear through your open window some young chap playing the accordion in the next block.

Dog days are lazy days. The drive and pressure may be relaxed a trifle, resting up for more strenuous days to follow. But you dare not rest too long. The woodman warns you to store your winter's fuel. The drummers come along with the last showing of fall merchandise. The fields must be cleaned up and made ready for winter, grain hauled, stacks dressed down, machinery stored in sheds.

These are the dog days, slow and lazy as the summer lingers through long August; but pleasant days. Haze veils the hills; and the high fog of morning warns that within a few weeks real clouds will be in business again at the old stand.

Time to Get Busy

IN June, 1930, the contract between the city and the electric company for supplying light for city illumination expired. Since that time the city has been operating at the old contract rate. This contract was drawn up in 1925 and since then there have been marked reductions in cost of electric energy. It is altogether reasonable to expect that a new contract on more favorable terms could be obtained. The mayor and city council have let the matter drift for over a year. Obviously the company will not press the matter of a contract which would probably mean a reduction in the rate at least corresponding to other reductions the company has made.

With all the agitation there has been the past year about electric light rates one would think a utility-minded mayor and a politically conscious council would get busy in negotiating a new contract, and thus save the city some money. Instead of waiting on "free power" the city authorities should start at once to negotiate a new contract.

Germany and Cotton

A DEAL is being negotiated by which Germany may buy 600,000 bales of American cotton and pay for the lot over the next three years. This is an initial deal and may be followed up with wheat and copper. The government stabilization corporation is loaded up with cotton and wheat. Disposing of large quantities to Germany would relieve the domestic surplus greatly, and would not depress the price because Germany is out of the market as a buyer on the ordinary terms of private dealing.

The country may well hope the deal goes through, and we think the credit arrangement is satisfactory. Germany is like a big factory with the machinery and the labor but without the working capital to buy the raw material to work with. Given the raw material or the necessary credit, her factories will revive. Her revival would afford new outlets for other American products.

BIGGER AND BETTER

"Incidentally this writer, who is a hopeless optimist, agrees quite fully with Mr. Penney with, perhaps, one trifling exception. "Mr. Penney tells us that the opportunities of the future will be fully as GOOD as the opportunities of the past. "The opportunities of the future will be even BETTER than the opportunities of the past."—Frank Jenkins in Roseburg Review.

There speaks the incorrigible optimist. Frank belongs on the Chautauque circuit.

The Nautilus, which Sir Hubert Wilkins planned to explore the arctic by sailing under the ice, will not make the trip. This decision of Sir Hubert's probably saves him from the fate of Andre who made a polar dash via balloon 34 years ago.

Ten per cent more buyers are swarming to New York than normally, say the reports. The summer must have been "drier" than usual.

Want-ad in Corvallis Gazette-Times: "Lieut.-Sergt. at Arms badge between Hotel Benton and Hotel Julian Wednesday night." And probably not found till after the legion convention.

Harvest must be over in Wisconsin. Sixty people have put in 16 nights on a shantytown, demanding \$15 for treats. What cut-ups those badgers must be.

Count that day gained whose low descending sun, marks from the stock no dividend undone.

In Oklahoma the unemployed could join the militia and go to the "oil war."

Preaching an eight-hour sermon proved fatal to a negro evangelist. Now was this the punishment of God?

Return To Visit Aurora Friends

AURORA, Aug. 7—Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Yergen at present are Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Crissel and daughter, Elizabeth, of Los Angeles, former residents of Aurora, later moving to Portland where Crissel was a member of the firm of Monroe and Crissel. They visited Mrs. Crissel's brother, Will Ehlert, at Eugene, on their way north. After a vacation of a month with Mrs. Crissel's sisters, Mrs. Yergen of Aurora, Mrs. Monroe of Portland, and a brother, Geo. Ehlert of Aurora, they will return to Los Angeles, their present home, where Elizabeth will enter the University of California at Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Yergen are

Flood Deaths In Mexico Total 13

MEXICO CITY, August 7—(AP)—Seven persons perished in a flood at Tampuche, in Tamaulipas, Wednesday, bringing to 13 the total of known deaths from floods and volcanic disturbances in three states since Sunday, with a probability that there have been many more victims and millions of dollars in property loss.

YERNE JONES HURT
GERVASE, August 7—Mr. and Mrs. Scott Jones received word

Tuberculosis

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D.
Marion County Health Dept.
Perhaps you would be interested to know of some of the public health problems we have in Marion county.
The health of the people in this part of the country is really so good, we believe, as compared to some other localities. The residents assume that there is not much more to be done to improve conditions.

There are, however, many preventable conditions which have been with us so long that we have become hardened to them.
Tuberculosis, for instance, is still a scourge. The old pioneers were accustomed to speak of scrofulous families. We now know that tuberculosis is preventable and it is becoming less and less prevalent although it still remains one of the most widespread of major infections.

Last year there occurred in Marion county 21 resident deaths due to tuberculosis. Most of these unfortunate people were at an age when they should have been of most value to the community—between 20 and 45. This number, of course, does not include the nonresident deaths at the state tuberculosis hospital. The tuberculosis patients who died, had been ill for months, some of them for years. In the meantime they had been a burden to their families and some became charges of the county.

Hundreds of Cases Known
This is not the worst part of the picture, however. In addition to these 21 deaths there are still over a hundred other known cases carried by the health department and several hundred contacts who are potential cases due to their association for some prolonged period with an open case of the disease. The purpose of health department tuberculosis clinics is to examine these contacts to assist them to resist tuberculosis.

Contrary to what most people might guess, 16 of the 21 deaths occurred in rural districts outside of Salem. This would indicate a greater prevalence of the disease in rural districts than in cities which would naturally be due to factors which are known to favor the development of tuberculosis: inadequate food, overwork, improper housing as well as a lack of the facilities for health protection which city dwellers enjoy.

Is Disease of Poverty?
Tuberculosis has always been tied up very closely with bad economic conditions. When incomes fall, tuberculosis increases so it is largely a disease of poverty. The rich may choose their food, housing, clothes and even their occupation. The poor must take what comes their way. This is another reason why poverty should be wiped out. It is an ally of tuberculosis.

"Social justice" is part of the program of preventive medicine. During times of economic stress we should therefore more than ever make individual and community health our common concern.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Names should be stated, but will not be used in the paper.

New Views

"What do you think of Meier's economy in hiring Mr. Elzing at \$7000 a year? This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters."

John Slegmund, county judge: "Elzing may be worth \$7000 but I fail to see how we are going to reduce taxes by raising salaries."

Pearl Hibler, barber: "I was all for Meier when he was elected. I am still for him but not quite so strongly as at first. It looks to me as though some of the things he is doing are just for show."

E. Gregson, mechanic: "Such a large rise in salary does not seem in keeping with other economic policies advocated by the administration."

Mr. McLaughlin, painter: "Governor Meier has a definite idea in mind or he would not have agreed to the matter."

C. W. Hatfield, Cleveland dairyman: "It looks like a backward step—increasing the salary \$3000."

J. W. Potter: "Meier isn't footing the bill. If he's (Elzing's) worth it, all right."

Daily Thought

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psalms.

Sunday that their son, Vern, was in a hospital in Bend with a severe case of blood poisoning in his left knee. Vern moved his family to that section early in the spring and was working on the Santiam highway out from Sisters.

TURNER TO COAST
DALLAS, August 7—R. R. Turner, city school superintendent, accompanied by Mrs. Turner and her sister, Miss Betty Jelinek, left Tuesday for Yachats where they expect to spend a week or more of vacation. They have just completed a six weeks' course of summer school at Oregon State college.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Sunday: "Cotton for Long Golf Drives!"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS
A man's real measure:

Wrote W. C. Brauns: "The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place or in the amen corner, nor the corn field, but by his own fireside."

"There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him; whether it crowns him boss or paints him with bad eggs. I care not a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babies dread his homecoming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn'g and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills."

"But if his children rush to the front door to meet him and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his footfall, you can take it for granted that he is pure, for his home is a heaven—and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God."

"He may be a fan atheist and a red-flag anarchist, a Mormon and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the elections; he may deal 'em from the bottom of the deck and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the kindly little humbug who is all altruism in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill nature he would inflict upon his fellow men but dares not."

"I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes a sin than fear to the face of a child."

"The American Boy," by Theodore Roosevelt, reads: "What we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man."

"The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean that he must love the positive virtues also."

"Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrongdoing, and equally incapable of being caught by tender to the weak and helpless."

"Of course the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable."

"If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel or wicked, then his physical strength and force of

mind merely make him so much the more objectionable member of society."

"He cannot do good work if he is not strong and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have a thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice and fair dealing."

"In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard, don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

J. McNeill Whistler, the great American artist, wrote: "In the beginning, men went forth each day—some to battle, some to chase; others, again, to die and delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die."

"Until there was found among them one, differing from over rest, whose pursuits attracted him not, and so he staid by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon a gourd."

"This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brethren—who cared not for conquest, and retreated in the field—this designer of quaint patterns—this designer of the beautiful—who perceived in nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire and in the dreamer apart, was the first artist."

"We have then but to wait—until, with the mark of the gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen who shall continue to live in our homes."

"Satisfied that, even were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and brodered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai—at the foot of Fuji-Yama."

Wrote Helen Keller: "My share of the world of the world may be limited, but the fact that it is work makes it precious. Darwin could work only half an hour at a time; yet in many diligent half-hours he laid down the foundations of philosophy. Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moved not only by the mighty shoves of the heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker."

J. William Lloyd wrote: "There is but one virtue: to help human beings to free and beautiful life; but one sin: to do them indifferent or cruel hurt; the love of humanity is the whole of morality. This is goodness, this is humanism, this is the social conscience."

Lad Saves Pet; Much Scratched
SAN FRANCISCO, August 7—(AP)—Two big dogs didn't frighten little Fred Apdorge, 6, a bit when he saw them chasing his pet rabbit. The lad snatched the rabbit from their reach, and the dogs attacked him. Physicians took 21 stitches in his head, arms and legs. But the pet was saved.

'The Mystery of Geraldine' By Anthony ABBOT

Geraldine Foster was hacked to death in a house on Peddler's Road, leased by her employer, Dr. Humphrey Maskell, and her nude body buried in a grave filled with tannic acid. Two women were seen leaving the doctor's office carrying bottles similar to those found near the grave. Mrs. Morgan, a neighbor, substantiates the doctor's statement that he was with her daughter, Doris, the day of the disappearance. Maskell claims there was a strange woman outside his office when he returned. Other suspects are Harry Armstrong, Geraldine's former suitor, and his brother, Bruce, who will receive her inheritance. Bruce is an adopted son whose father was a murderer. Dr. Maskell reports to Police Commissioner Thatcher that Geraldine phoned him on January 5, ten days after her disappearance, requesting that he meet her, but failed to appear. The autopsy shows she was killed on December 24, and her body preserved by the acid to make it appear that death occurred within 48 hours. Maskell's doctor, Dr. George, and his brother and sister-in-law, George and Natalie Maskell, call to see him, but are turned away. One of the women whom Maskell visited on Christmas Eve informs Colt that a woman phoned that day leaving the doctor's office, requesting that he meet her, but failed to appear. The doctor: "Please come at once to Peddler's Road. Something terrible has happened." Doris Morgan reveals that Maskell left her and his chauffeur at a confectioner's while he delivered gifts.

clered that Armstrong, too, was above suspicion. But with this Thatcher Colt would not agree.
The Dead-Line
"There is a theory that may involve Armstrong," he declared. "Why don't you spill the theory to me?" demanded Dougherty.
"Because you would disbelieve in it so much you might even block me from then on," said Colt. "No—give us the rest of this day, Dougherty."
"I promised until midnight," sighed Dougherty. "And while I have all the evidence in the world to justify the arrest of Maskell, I'll live up to my word. The doctor is guilty as red-fire hell. Why don't you give up the agreement and let me go ahead?"
"I believe," replied Thatcher Colt, "that before midnight, you will agree with me that there is something much more surprising yet to be found."
Dougherty groaned with an air of conscious Christian fortitude. "All right," he growled. "Where do we go from here?"
"Thatcher Colt stood up, smiling mysteriously."
"To the private dwelling of the police commissioner of the city of New York," he divulged. "There we will get the truth out of Humphrey Maskell."
"I believe," replied Thatcher Colt, "that before midnight, you will agree with me that there is something much more surprising yet to be found."
Dougherty looked his astonishment. Thatcher Colt's proposal seemed incomprehensible to him then, and, indeed, to me, too. Why should we have to examine Doctor Maskell in the home of the commissioner? Why not at the police headquarters, where we could have information, check-ups, all the aid we needed? The district attorney shrugged his shoulders and gave his famulus, Hogan, a significant nod as we left the office and descended to the street. Soon we were uptown, in the new Bohemia of the East Side, the neighborhood between the Verdi and Dante triangles—near which was the home of the commissioner. He lived in a modest house in the West Seventies; there were flower boxes before the windows, and bright green paint on the woodwork; it was much more like a house in some dozing little southern city than in the heart of Manhattan. Thatcher Colt had lived for many years in that house. In fact, he was born in another of the houses on the same block, just across from No. 214, where Elywell, the bridge expert, was mysteriously murdered. Some day I shall describe the singular rooms contained in that quiet and pretty little dwelling—the weapons chamber, the room where Thatcher Colt conducted his own original researches into "ballistics," his poison room—but all these things played their parts in the detection of subsequent crimes. Tonight we were led to the library of Thatcher Colt, a vast, immense room running the entire stretch of one hundred and fifty feet on the third floor, and shelving a personally selected collection of more than fifteen thousand books on crime and its related topics, more than five thousand of which would not be found together in any ordinary library in the world.

the commissioner reappeared, wearing a dressing gown of strong, rich silk, a flowered paduasoy. From a covered recess in the library wall, a small alcove above a table, he drew out a tray on which reposed glasses, and a bottle of old port. Withdrawing the cork, he called our attention to a filmy crust of scales of tartar on the top, the beesting of a rare old wine.
"In this xerophilous land," said Thatcher Colt, "there is not much more wine than this. Gentlemen, your health!"
We all felt very solemn and important as we drank that precious liquor. It warmed the inner lining of my soul. Then, leaning back in his chair, Thatcher Colt, resumed:
"I must begin by explaining to you that this is wholly an extraordinary proceeding. I must also make that perfectly clear to Maskell. He has the right to decline to have anything to do with these experiments."
"What kind of bunk have you fallen for, Thatcher Colt?" As he asked the question, Dougherty almost hummed the words, while his hands, spread out on his knees, seemed itching to get hold of Maskell and pitch him into a cell.
"Two things," replied the commissioner, "the first is this."
On a table, at his right hand, was an object covered with a cloth of green serge. Lifting this, Colt disclosed an odd affair, a drum-like electrical instrument.
"What the deuce is that?" he asked, as he leaned over at a rakish angle and surveyed the machine quizzically.
"The Lie Detector
"It is called a pneumo-cardiograph," answered Thatcher Colt.
Dougherty blinked in over-done astonishment at his friend. The district attorney was a well educated man, but for so long had he cultivated his public pose of roughness and readiness that he had almost convinced himself he was an illiterate.
"A what, Mr. Commissioner?" he purred, with suchunction that I was sure he regretted the absence of an audience to laugh at his comedy.
"It is commonly called a lie detector," explained Thatcher Colt. Dougherty clapped his hands together and laughed immoderately.
"Have you fallen for that piffle?" he cried. "My gosh, you'll be using New Thought on your prisoners next. What is the police department of the city of New York coming to, I want to know!"
Thatcher Colt remained imperturbable.
"You are in ignorance of the facts, Dougherty," he remonstrated quietly. "This machine is in almost daily use in the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet. Moreover, it is employed by the police of many other cities—it has been used in more than five thousand criminal cases in the Berkeley, California, police department alone."
(To be continued tomorrow)

COMBINES DO THRESHING

CENTRAL HOWELL, August 7—With four machines working in a small radius very little threshing is left to do except by combines. The grain in this locality is good, much of the wheat going 40 bushels to an acre.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Where were you then, when Checkles and Doris were eating their ice cream?"
"I told you."
"You told me a cock-and-bull story. Do you expect any jury to believe that?"
Instead of replying the doctor was looking mournfully around the room.
"I can't believe it!" he murmured.
"Neither will the jury," snapped Colt, accepting the non-sequitur as a reply.
"Ah, haven't we talked enough! Do as you please—only let me have some sleep now," cried Thatcher Colt with a shrug.
But Thatcher Colt only shook his head.
"The police won't sleep until we get our man," he replied.
Doctor Maskell forced a smile, and an unceremonious chuckle.
"Trying the methods of the Spanish Inquisition?" he mocked. "No sleep for a suspected man, eh? Gentlemen—I shall be awake when you are all nodding and snoring. I am a doctor—and I never sleep when a patient needs me."
Way of the Law
Upon the orders of Thatcher Colt, I was sent home to snatch a few hours' sleep before another long night of inquiry that loomed ahead. However, I did not feel like sleep, but spent the late hours of the night, sitting bathed and shaved, and then having tea with Betty Canfield. Every time we broke bread together, we liked each other better. In the course of our conversation, she assured me her engagement to Bruce was never really serious and was all ended now.
With a light heart, I returned to headquarters. It was five o'clock when I reached the commissioner's office where I found Thatcher Colt in deep conversation with Dougherty. Neither the district attorney nor my chief had been in their beds since the case "broke," as we used to phrase it in the city room. There were no signs of weariness on either of their faces, nor did it seem to me that Dougherty's bearing was in the smallest degree lessened.
From their conversation, I learned that Doctor Maskell had been permitted a few hours' sleep in his apartment, with a policeman guarding the door, and that while Bruce Foster had returned to headquarters and Thatcher Colt had drawn from him a complete statement of his movements—the details of which were easily and simply checked and seemed to furnish him with a clear operation from all suspicion. At this time, Colt and Dougherty both regarded Bruce as eliminated from the case. The district attorney went further and de-

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