

STORY NUMBER 8 - THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER "SAVED MY LIFE"

- BRECKENRIDGE, TEXAS

As told by William J. (Bill) Kuhrt, 1990

This is the eighth of the series of things that happened to me during my lifetime that seemed to be worthy of being recorded. The locale for this episode was still Breckenridge, Texas. I'd been working for the Norville Hardware Company for the past 14 months, and I had been able to save up approximately \$1,500 which I estimated would be sufficient to carry me through Cornell to graduation. I had already trained a young man from Texas A & M to take my place, and I had my ticket home and was just closing up my affairs.

It was on a Sunday night and somebody from the Christian Church up the street two or three blocks had dropped by the store and invited all of the younger employees to come to an ice cream social they were going to have on that Sunday night.

Well, I didn't have anything particularly to do so I went up to the church. There I met a very nice group of young people, men and women. I didn't have any idea there were that many nice people there in the town because it was pretty rough. We still had a half a company of Texas Rangers who were patrolling not only the streets in Breckenridge but also the surrounding area.

I went up to the church and met these folks, and it was very pleasant. In the course of the evening I got acquainted with a young lady who lived there in town where she said her father was employed. But I didn't at the moment ask her what her father's business was. I learned later he was the president of the bank.

Anyway, when it came time to leave I asked if I might see her home, which I did. We walked up the street along with other young people, and finally we went on beyond the store and up the street maybe two houses. It seemed that her folks had a house, which was somewhat unusual in Breckenridge because the greater part of the population lived in tents.

We sat on the veranda of this house and talked some more. She was going to a girl's school in Dallas, a finishing school, and she was about half-way through. And she was very much interested in what I was planning to do when I graduated from Cornell.

Well, we talked for quite a while, and then it was time for me to go home. Just as I was getting up she said to me, "I want to ask you to do something for me. Would you do it?" I said, "Why of course, what can I do?" And she said, "I want you to go to the bank the first thing in the morning, get yourself a cashier's check for all the money you have in that bank, send it to your bank at home, and don't say anything to anybody." Well, that sunk in pretty deep and I said, "Well, thank you very much."

And so I went on home to my bunk in the store. Anyway, I got my money, left there on Tuesday of that week and went on home. I made a trip down to Cornell and found out I couldn't get the courses I wanted and would have to wait until Fall.

Meantime, after about two or three weeks I got a letter from one of the boys that worked in the store along side of me, and he said, "Boy, you sure got out of this town in a hurry and you got out just at the right time. They dropped the price of oil from \$3.50 a barrel down to ninety cents. The store is busted, the bank is busted, and we don't even have money to buy our food over here at the restaurant." And he said, "I don't know what we're going to do," but he said, "I guess I'm going to have to go back home because I don't have anything to do here. The store is closed."

Well, I wanted to get in touch with this young lady to thank her again but I couldn't do it very well because I understood that after the bank went broke the family moved right away back to Dallas. I didn't know their address so I couldn't do anything about it. And furthermore, I was a little bit leery about saying anything as to what she had told me because it might get her and her father in trouble.

Anyway, I got the money and in the fall went back to Cornell and finished. Of course the service that she gave to me was probably one of the most profound influences on my life thereafter because if I had lost all of the savings and then being stuck down there without a job I would have been in pretty bad shape. But as it was, I was able to finish and then went on to other work.

So that's the story about the money. Quid erat zu erzhalen. Thank you.