

To be stalled eight miles from home on a cold night with an automobile that refuses to respond to the ardent pleadings of a woman or the vociferous exclamations of a man, is no fun, and we know all there is to know about it. Early Monday morning when The Times family was returning from a visit at the Widlund home, our Grant granted that it had gone far enough and after our very limited knowledge had been exhausted in an effort to locate the trouble—we also took it for granted that if we were going to get home that day it was up to us to either walk or appeal to the neighbors. The Kruschwitz household, being the closest were made the victims of a rude awakening by our S. O. S. Whether or not Mr. Kruschwitz has ever had a like experience, he certainly did appreciate our plight and made it as comfortable for us as possible until he got his Cadillac started to take us to town. And all this time we had visions of a nice bill of expense for a busted radiator and engine block. Again Mr. Kruschwitz came to the rescue. He pulled the car into his yard, and removed the radiator and thawed out the ice in it, and the engine, and discovered that no damage had yet been done by freezing. That evening the car was driven into town and we have resolved that it's going to stay in the shed during cold weather. The Times family owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kruschwitz, and his kindness will never be forgotten.