

Hans Peter Arnold Berg

Personal Data	PHOTO HERE
Born: 19 February 1875	
Died: 20 January 1973	
Wife: Harriet Rosalia Sanders	
Father: Andreas Berg	
Mother: Hansine Engelina Petersen	
Siblings: Andrea, Carl, Johan, Charles, Anna, Olivia, Marie	

I was born in a little country town called Veggerslev, in Randers, Denmark, in the year 1875 on the 19th of February. I was the fifth child and the fourth son of Andreas (Andrew) Berg and Hansine Engelina Petersen. I was named Hans Peter Arnold Berg, the Hans Peter being after my maternal grandfather.

I can't remember how long we lived in Yeggerslev, but the next town we moved to was Silkeborg, Randers, a nice little city. Here we lived in an attic with only a skylight for a window.

It was in Silkeborg that we young boys liked to "jump a wagon" as they called it, and take a ride and see if we could get away with it without the driver catching us. If he did, he'd use his long whip on us. One day I decided to try my luck, so I jumped on, and as I put my knee on the wagon, my wooden shoe caught on a spoke of the wheel and pulled my foot up between the wheel and the standard. This stopped the wheel from turning. I was so scared I couldn't even yell, but somehow I got my foot out of my shoe and the shoe fell loose. I scampered home. My ankle swelled up and was sore for a while. After that I never jumped a wagon again.

There was a brewery not far from where we lived, and it was my job to go and get yeast so we could make bread. The yeast would settle in the bottom of the large barrels and the men would scrape some from the bottom for us. It looked like the fresh yeast cakes we have today. I can't remember if we had to pay for it or not.

Our next move was to Aarhus. This was a much larger city, and a fine one. Our house number was 14, and we lived on the 2nd floor where we had windows so we could look out. The railroad train ran by our house, only it was down in a big hollow. We could see the train and used to love to watch it as it went by.

On the third floor of the building in which we lived, there was a hall where the

Mormon missionaries held Sacrament Meeting and Sunday school. It was here I learned to read a little. I got so that I could read the lessons. My parents had joined the church in March of 1868, and my father, by this time, had taken two of my older brothers, Andy and Charles, and had immigrated to Utah, intending to send for the rest of us later. However, it was here in Aarhus that my mother became ill *in* 1882 and died, leaving Andrea, 14; Carl, 9; me (Arnold) 7; Annie 5, and Olivia 2 to shift for ourselves

Andrea and Carl went out to work to support us, and I was left, at seven years of age, to care for myself and two younger sisters. Carl had a job bringing the roasted coffee from the roaster to the stores. He had a two—wheeled cart and sometimes I went with him to help push it.

About two and one half years after my mother's death, it was decided that we children should go to Utah. We all couldn't go at once, because we didn't have the money, so it was decided that Annie, now seven, and I, now nine, should go first. Besides my father, other relatives were in Zion. One was my cousin, Mary Nelson, who had married Jorgen Hansen, a missionary now serving in Denmark. I was to go and make my home with them and help out on the farm.

In the month of August in 1884, on a beautiful moonlit night, my sister Andrea took me and Annie to the dock and put us on a ship. She told us to sit on a bench on deck, kissed us goodbye, and left us sitting there all alone. After some time we became cold, so I took Annie by the hand and we went down into the ship. There were several people there. After a short while Annie became very sick and started to vomit; she was really sick. Some of the good people came and took care of her. We sailed all night and about noon the next day we reached Copenhagen.

During the next day, we were all to have a doctor's examination and be vaccinated against smallpox. As Annie and I stood in line, we could see the blood running down the arms of the people and we were scared. It was soon our turn. Annie was in front of me and they pulled up her sleeve. There on her arm they found a scar from a previous vaccination and they told her she did not have to be vaccinated again. How surprised and glad I was when they found a scar on my arm, too.

After this we had a doctor's examination and Annie couldn't pass hers. This meant that she would have to return to Aarhus and I would have to cross the ocean alone.

It was in the afternoon on August 25, 1884, that I boarded the steamer, "The Panther" which would take us from Copenhagen to England. As the ship started to leave shore and the gap became wider and wider between me and my littler

sister, I broke down and started to cry. She was holding the hand of a missionary who would take her back home. I cried and cried, and by the time I finally calmed down, we were a long way from shore.

We had a pleasant voyage on the North Sea and our steamer arrived in Hull, England, on Thursday, August 28th where we boarded a train and journeyed to Liverpool. Here we met other Saints bound for Zion and we all boarded the steamer "Wyoming" and set out on August 30th for the U.S.A. The whole company now numbered 496 souls, including 31 returning missionaries, 221 Scandinavian Saints, 193 British Saints, and 50 German and Swiss Saints. (History of the Scandinavian Mission by Andrew Jensen, P 277).

As I recall I was the only child on board and had no one to play with. (Emigration records show there were other children). At any rate, no one paid any attention to me at all, so I did whatever I felt like doing, and I was on deck whenever the weather permitted. I remember my first night in a bunk. I had the top bunk because I could climb better than the older people. The first morning I was up on deck early and I wondered where all the people were, as I was alone. I watched the fireman hoist ashes up from below and dump them into a chute that would put them in the ocean. Sometimes the chute got clogged and the men would use a broom to push the ashes along. I helped do that on this morning, and it became my job thereafter every day when the weather was good.

A few things of that voyage stand out in my memory. One was the first whale I saw. I saw this huge monster with just his back showing above the water, and out of a hole in his back he would squirt a big stream of water about twenty feet up in the air. I saw many whales during the rest of the voyage.

Another incident I remember very clearly is the incident of how I almost got washed overboard. On this particular day the waves were so high that it seemed as if the ship was between two huge mountains, and it looked as if we would be swallowed by them. It was then that I got the crazy idea that if I would go to the front of the ship, get on top of the railing and hang over I would be able to see how far the ship went into the water. So this I did. I got on the top of the railing and held on tightly with both hands just as the ship plunged through one of those mountainous waves. It washed me back to the steps leading to the Captain's cabin, and I grabbed a rung from the underneath side and clung there for my very life. Someone grabbed me and took me down. It must have been the captain for there was no one else around. He saved my life: I was soaked to the skin and had no clothing to change into, so I found a nice warm place between two boilers and stayed there until I was completely dry.

It seems to me that we were on the water many days. All I had seen was water. Then one evening we could see lights glittering far away. I was so excited

that I stayed on deck, thinking we would soon land. I stayed up all night watching those lights, and to my surprise we didn't land until evening the next day (Tuesday, Sept. 9th), and then small boats kept coming to the ship to take us to shore. This, they said, was New York.

We sat around like a bunch *of* refugees, huddled together. Some sat on the floor, some on their belongings, and some on benches. During the evening of September 10th, we started westward by train. When the train came, there was a scramble to get on, and I scrambled along with the rest of them. We were the fourth company of emigrating Saints from Europe that season. We arrived in Salt Lake on September 17th -- the destination which we had been looking forward to for such a long time!

There was another scramble as we got off the train. Many of the people started walking and they took me along with them. We reached Temple Square and someone took me across the street to the Tithing Yard and told me to sit on the long porch in back of the tall, rock wall and I stayed there until my father came for me.

I couldn't remember my father, but when I saw a short man wearing a derby hat and a long red beard, coming toward me, I had an idea it was my father. Sure enough! He said to me in Danish, "Are you Arnold Berg"? When I replied, "Yes," he took me by the hand and said, "You are coming home with me."

We cut through a large square where men were working cutting huge granite stones. These I learned were for building the Temple. We crossed streets, walked south on some and east on others. We walked and walked! I thought we would never get there. At last we came to a long row of rock houses and father turned in the north end. I found out later that the houses were on Sixth East between Sixth and Seventh South. No wonder I thought we would never get "home."

My father had remarried, so I met my stepmother and my two half sisters, Jean, a tiny baby in a cradle, and Millie, a very small girl. My older brother, Charlie, was rocking the cradle, and Andy, my other brother, came home later. We sat around and talked, ate supper, and then it was bedtime. There was no place for me to sleep except between my two brothers who slept on a lounge which pulled out to make a bed. The middle happened to be a hard ridge, and it was my spot. It was the worst night's sleep I can ever remember in my whole life. My bones still ache when I think about it. What a night for me after such a long trip from Denmark!

Of course my home was not to be here. I was to go to Provo to Jorgen Hansen's home and help on the farm, so the next morning my father took me to the

Union Pacific Depot, put me on the train and told the conductor to let me off at the Provo station. When I got off the train some women grabbed me and asked if I was Arnold Berg. One was my Aunt Amelia Nelson; the other was her daughter, Min. We had a short walk of about two blocks to their home, and it didn't take long.

The first thing they did when we got home was to give me a good scrubbing all over, and they had clean, fresh clothes for me to put on. Oh, how good I felt. It had been a long time since anyone had really taken care of me.

I met the family as they arrived home for the noon meal. There was my Uncle Soren, he owned a jewelry and watch repair shop; there were also Lou, a clerk in a grocery store, Dean and Joseph.

Joseph proved to be quite a tease. I had never been on a horse before and he wanted me to go horseback riding. He got Nell, a sorrel mare, and got me on behind him, and did I have a ride! I was all shook up and scared, but Joe got a big laugh out of it. In the afternoon Joe hitched up Nell to the phaeton and took me to Jorgen Hansen's home. Once again he teased me by driving through a deep canal and the water came so high up in the buggy that I had to put my feet on the dash to keep from getting wet. Again I yelled and screamed, and again he got a big kick out of frightening me.

Joe let me out at the gate that led to the house, which was a long way back from the road. As I strolled down the path I noticed the gardens on each side. There were all kinds of vegetables, raspberry, gooseberry, and strawberry plants, and all kinds of fruit trees. I noticed a patch of green plants with some very large, delicious looking red fruit on them. They looked very tempting. I had never seen this kind of fruit before so I decided to try one. I picked one, wiped it off, and took a large bite. I don't know what I expected, but I didn't like what I got. I almost threw up! I have never liked tomatoes since!

I continued my walk down the path to the little four-room adobe house. It had a long porch in front and a lean-to on the back. There was a well with a moss covered bucket to get water from. At last my long journey was over for this was to be my home.

The house belonged to Peter Hansen who lived in the west half. The east half was used by his daughter-in-law and her family while Jorgen Hansen, her husband, was in Denmark fulfilling a mission. There was plenty of activity here and I was made very welcome by my cousin, Mary Nelson Hansen. I had plenty of company here, also, for there were many children around. Peter Hansen's children were Charlie, Sarah, Ephraim, and Carrie. (These were half-sisters and half-brothers to Jorgen.) Mary's children were Millie, who was three years

younger than I, and Birdie who was just a baby. I soon became one of the family. Charlie and I, being close in age, became very good friends. We worked, slept, and played together.

It was a nice place to live. We had horses, cows, pigs, and chickens so we had plenty of milk, butter and eggs. There was always a good supply of all kinds of vegetables and fruits. And of course with all these things to be taken care of, there was always plenty of work!

Charlie and I did the chores together. We took the cows to pasture in the morning and brought them home at night. We went to the fields and helped weed the potatoes, corn and squash, and shocked the grain when it was cut. There was wood to chop and keep on hand at all times. We chopped down large willows, loaded them on the wagon and brought them home. We also had to pick such fruits as yellow and black currants, red and black raspberries, and strawberries. We helped pick and dry such fruit as peaches, apples, apricots, pears, and plums.

My schooling was rather meager. I attended a four-room school house and went to what they called the Third Reader. Before I spoke much English, the kids used to get a kick out of teaching me all the swear words and bad words they could think of, and I'd say them, not knowing what they meant. This sometimes got me into trouble.

A large creek ran through the property and formed a rather deep pool at one spot. It was here I was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on July 30, 1885, by Bengt Johnson, Jr. I was confirmed by him the same day. The stream was used for a lot of baptisms in that area.

During the years I became very fond of horses. We had a wonderful mare called Mag. I think she was smarter than most horses. It was she that I rode to take the cows to pasture, night and morning. One of our horses, a beautiful black one, was called Dexter; his team mate was Bell, a sorrel mare. Mag and Bell brought two fine male colts into the world; a sorrel one, with a nice white stripe down his face, we called Steve; the other colt, black as coal, we called Doc. Later another colt was born. He was light sorrel and very large at birth. We named him Prince. We also had a black stallion that weighed about 1800 pounds. I sometimes went along with Charlie with the stallion to service mares around the county.

Time passed quickly, and we children were beginning to grow up. The house was getting too small for two families, so it became necessary for my family to move. Jorgen bought a farm of eleven acres with lots of fruit trees on it, and we had to build a house. We made the adobies right on the

property. It was my job to ride Steve back and forth in the clay to mix it for the adobies. When they were ready, it was my job to carry them out to a large level place on the ground for drying. In between times I hauled sand for the mortar. Finally the house was completed and we moved in. We also built what we called a summer kitchen and we cooked and ate our meals there. As we grew older we needed more room, so we had to build an addition to our house. This meant more adobies, more sand, more lumber and harder work. When the house was finished we had two more bedrooms, a large dining room, and a large pantry. This took care of the family very nicely from then on.

Charlie, at one time, was city road supervisor. He had to haul gravel to repair the roads wherever they needed repairing. He drove the city team, and I helped by driving Charlie's. The city provided help in the form of prisoners who would load and unload the gravel. The prisoners were usually bums who would commit a small crime (usually they would steal something in a store) so they could get free board and room for about 90 days. They used to call me "The Smiler." Here comes the Smiler," they would say. I guess I had a happy disposition. A deputy would go with us to the job to watch the prisoners. One day when we were working on Main Street not far from the city hall, one prisoner wouldn't work, so the deputy put a ball and chain on his ankle. Rather than work, he preferred to stand around all day with this ball and chain on his foot. One day he went to the outside privy and left the ball showing on the outside. As long as the deputy could see the ball, he assumed the prisoner was still there. He stayed so long, however, that the deputy finally went to investigate. The "bum" had somehow managed to get the chain off his ankle and had pried a board off the back of the privy and escaped.

I stayed on the farm until I was 22 years old. I couldn't make wages on the farm, so I tried a job working on a section of the railroad. I worked ten hours a day for \$1.00 and I also had to walk fifteen blocks to work and fifteen blocks home again. It was hardly worth it, so I quit. I went back to farming, but Jergen and Charlie treated me so coolly that I decided I was old enough now to be on my own. I left to find employment and only went back to the farm once more for a few days to help with the hay. So another period in my life was over.

My first job was at Mercur, over the mountain west of Bingham. Here I drove a four horse team for John Smith hauling water to the homes of the workers in this mining town. Next I went to Murray, Utah, and worked on a pipe line for D. B. Brinton, and when that was finished I helped him on his farm for one fall and winter. Following this I got a job at the Murray smelter where I worked for \$1.50 a day. I boarded for a while, but when Charlie

Hansen came from Provo to work on the smelter with me, he and I batched together.

One day I needed a piece of harness repaired so I went to Arthur White's Harness Shop to have the work done. It was here that I first saw and met Harriet Rosalia (Rose) Sanders. She was chatting with Art and he made me acquainted with her. My first impression of this girl was that was a very good looking young woman. She had dark hair and pretty dark eyes. As I talked with her I thought how pleasant her smile was and what a nice personality she had. After this first meeting I had the idea that she might make me a good wife. In a short while I went to visit her at her home (she was living with her brother, Orson, and his family) and we started going together. Our courtship lasted only three months. I wanted to marry her. She had a good background, as the Sanders had a good name in the community, and were a prominent family in Murray. One evening when we were riding in my horse and buggy I proposed to her, something like this: "You have no home; I have no home. If we work together we can build a good future. All I have to offer you is a clean body, a willing heart, and two strong arms." She accepted my proposal and we were married on the 20th of April in 1899. Our wedding took place at the home of her sister and brother--in-law, Mary and David Frame, west on 59th South in Murray on the old Sander's homestead of her father. Bishop Joseph Rawlings of South Cottonwood Ward performed the ceremony. On the 27th of June, 1901, our marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

We rented a two-story house (two rooms upstairs and two rooms downstairs) on the Sanders' homestead for \$6.00 a month. Wedding gifts from the family helped us furnish it, for we received a carpet, a couch, some rocking chairs and dining room chairs. We bought a coal range, a bedroom set, and a dining-room table. The dining-room table is still in use at my home now 63 years later.

Rose had been left three acres of land by her father, and we soon built us a two room frame house of our own. Besides our nice little home we had a horse and buggy, a black and white cow that gave lots of milk, and we made our own butter.

On the 11th of October 1900, our first child, a son, was born and we named him Arnold LeRoy. He didn't stay with us long, for he died on the 3rd of December 1900. A year later on October 24, 1901, our first daughter, Myrtle Irene was born. She weighed 9 lbs. and had long, black hair, blue eyes, a round face, and was very pretty

And everyone wanted to see her long, black hair.

We were getting along very nicely when I got my left arm broken at

work and was unable to work for the next three months. Not long after this, my brother-in-law David Frame got a job clerking in a store in LeGrande, Oregon. My wife's sister Mary was continually begging her to get me away from the smelter and come to Oregon. I didn't want to go, but finally I gave in. We sold our horse and cow, rented our little home and away we went. This move marked the beginning of a lot of trouble for us. I got a job harvesting grain in the fields which meant that I had to leave my wife and fourteen month old baby alone all week. I'd just see them on weekends and I didn't like this.

When the harvest was over I got a job working at a sugar factory. I worked 12 hours on the day shift and 13 hours on the night. I had charge of a lot of water pumps and the supervisor had given me strict orders not to let the foreman have anything to do with them. One night the foreman came running down and turned the pumps on so fast that I thought they would jerk themselves to pieces. I slowed them down and we had words. In spite of doing what the superintendant told me to do I got fired.

We came back to Utah and rented three rooms of a home in Salt Lake, and I got a job as a brick mason tender. It was then that Rose came down with smallpox and we were quarantined for a month. She was so covered with the pox all over her body that you couldn't put a pin between them. I counted twenty five on her nose alone. She was so sick that she prayed to God to let her die. Since she was also pregnant, the doctor didn't think she would pull through, but she did. On the day we were to be fumigated to get out of quarantine, our small daughter came down with them. This meant being quarantined for another month. Myrtle also had a bad case, and we had to bandage her hands to keep her from scratching herself. We even carried her around on a pillow, which was quite a job. All during this time I was nurse, cook, and housekeeper. I got quite expert at making bread and hot cakes. During their illness I kept my wife and baby covered with heavy grease. When the pox came off, they lifted off just like a mask and not a scar was left on either of them.

Time passed, and we moved back to our own little home down on the farm in Murray, and I went back to work at the smelter where I should have stayed in the first place. We were blessed with three more children while we lived here. Winona was born on July 1, 1903. She was ill and had convulsions due to the smallpox. How she suffered before she died on the 20th of September, 1903, Levon was born on the 7th of October, 1904. She lived only a year and two days before she, too, left us. Luella was born on the 8th of July 1906. This daughter lived until she was 13 years of age when she was run over by a car and killed on the 2nd of September, 1919.

During the time these children had been born I was working for my brother-in-law, Heber Sanders, who owned a grocery and meat market in Midvale. He died, and we moved to Midvale and lived in his home while I worked for Orson Sanders, another brother-in-law, who took over the shop. Leonard was born here on March 26, 1908, and Clifford was born on February 26, 1910.

In the summer of 1911 we moved to Murray and lived in the house just north of our present home on Wasatch Street. While living in this house, I built our present home.

In those days I was up at daybreak and worked as hard and as long into the evening as I could see. I did all the work myself except the brickwork, electrical work, and the plastering. There were no cement mixers available, so we had to mix all the cement by hand. I hired a man to help me do this. It was three months or more before we had the house finished enough to move in. I had a lot of inside work to do, but by hard work we got the job done.

Soon after moving into our now home we had another baby daughter, Verna, who was born February 23, 1912. A few years later Mary Angeline was born on the 18th of November, 1915. Robert Sanders, whom we almost lost at birth, came along on the 5th of May, 1917, and our last child, Dorothy, was born on the 2nd of December, 1921.

I have lived in this home I built for the past fifty two years. It was in this home we reared our children through health and sickness--including the terrible flu epidemic which followed World War I, when thousands of people were dying all over the country. All of my family had the flu except Clifford and I, but I was a good nurse and they all recovered.

Our place at times seemed like a public playground, for our children always had all their friends over to play for we had a large yard. There was always plenty of activity around with all their yelling, laughing, fighting, playing, and having a good time.

It was a struggle to keep the children fed, clothed, well and healthy. We were anxious for them to complete their schooling for this was something both Rose and I had been denied. Verna graduated from the University of Utah, Leonard and Mary finished Business College, and Myrtle and Dorothy went to Beauty College and became beauticians.

For Christmas one year we had ordered a roller coaster from Sears-Roebuck and Company. It was something the children were looking forward to with a great deal of anticipation, as it would be fun for them to play on inside the house for the remainder of the winter months.

Mother had sent Myrtle and Luella to the station for it, and on the way back they lost the change which consisted of a \$10.00 gold piece, a \$1.00 bill, and 30 cents. It was a terrible winter afternoon with heavy snow and wind. They searched for the money but were unable to find it and they came home crying. When I arrived home and asked where their mother was, they told me the story and said she had taken a flashlight to see if she could find it, so I went to help her. It was getting rather dark by now, and in spite of the snow and wind, imagine our amazement when, almost like a miracle, we found the gold piece and the 30 cents change. The wind must have blown the bill away, for we couldn't find it. As we came up the steps of our home, we could see our children through the window. They were all gathered around the stove on their knees, praying. We waited quietly until they finished, and as we entered the house, Myrtle cried, "You found it. I know you did, because we prayed that you would." I had taught my children to pray, and we always had family prayers in the evening,

After our home was finished, I got a job working for the Rio Grande Railroad as a trucker, but when Rose's cousin, Alexander Dahl, wanted a butcher, I applied and got the job. This meant commuting to Midvale again. I rode the street car in winter and my bicycle in summer. One Saturday night on my way home I was struck by a car. The driver picked me up and took me home and gave me \$15.00 to repair my bike. I was quite sore on my hip and shoulders but I went to work.

When I first started working for Dahl's, I would go and pick out the cows, pigs, lambs and sheep that we needed and slaughter them myself. Later we bought our meat already slaughtered and I would cut the different cuts and wait on customers some of whom were very fussy. They would say, "Would you mind cutting off the fat?" Then after I had trimmed it off, they would ask for it back so they could have a little fat to cook it in. Mothers were always confident in sending their children to me for meat, for they knew I would give them as good cuts as I would have if the mothers came themselves.

After the crash in 1929, hard times began for all of us. The depression started and business became worse and worse until in the 1930's Dahl's had to quit business. This left me without a job for the first time in 25 years. The prospects of getting another job were not very bright as thousands were out of work. President F. D. Roosevelt had started his "New Deal" program which provided jobs for the unemployed, so I did get work with the WPA helping build roads in the county, mostly in the mountains. It was hard work, but I enjoyed being outdoors and the exercise was good for me.

I worked next at the Temple Square Hotel as night custodian; I didn't like working nights and wished that I was back on WPA. I worked for a short time at the Coca Cola Bottling Company. During World War II, I worked at the arms plant. It was during this time that I started buying bonds each month out of my pay check. These started the process of saving a little all the time and eventually lead to a nice bank account for me. I am very grateful I have it today. I worked at the J. C. Penny Co. as an elevator operator until the younger people, who were no longer needed for the war effort, were given the job.

My last job was an elevator operator at the Continental Bank Building and I worked here until I retired at the age of 84 years. I would say that I had my share of hard work during my life.

I have always enjoyed good health and have always tried to take good care of my body by exercising and eating the right kinds of food. I have had only one experience with hospital life, and this was for a hernia operation in November of 1962 when I was 87 years of age. I "enjoyed" three days in the L.D.S. Hospital. I think it was harder on Rose than it was on me, for although I had seen her in the hospital many times, this was the first time she had ever seen me there.

Rose passed away on May 22, 1963, and although she had been ill for years, the end came rather suddenly. I thought I would miss her less as the months went by, but I only miss her more.

People marvel at my looks and well-being at the *age* of 89. Although I must admit that I can't do what I used to do, I still get around very well and am able to enjoy many things, including my 7 living children, 34 grandchildren, and 29 great grandchildren.

The world has changed a great deal since I arrived upon it in 1875. Railroads, the ultimate in transportation, were rather new at that time. Automobiles and airplanes had not been dreamed of. Today millions of autos dog the highways, jet planes zoom 600 miles per hour across the sky, and astronauts speed through space at 18,000 miles per hour.

Smallpox, which was so dreadful in our little family, is now a thing of the past; even polio has been conquered; wonder drugs work their miracles; and today I read of the miracles doctors are performing by transplanting eyes, kidneys, and even hearts.

An artillery shell of the 1870's could be hurled a mile or two and perhaps wound or kill a half-dozen soldiers; today, a modern nuclear missile can span

oceans and continents in a few minutes and wipe out a city of a million people.

Housework for women has become almost enjoyable with their washing machines, ironers, dryers, sewing machines, refrigerators, mixes, toasters, blenders, and push-button, automatic cooking. Canned foods, frozen foods, mixes and prepared meals simplify a woman's work.

The telegraph was the wonder of the age in 1870. Today the telephone, radio, and television (even in color) are common place. And all these inventions make it so convenient and enjoyable for me to live today.

Yes, it's quite a change since I was a boy, and it's a great age, we're living in.

For Family Review