

He left Russia in 1891 when he was nine years old, riding box cars to Germany and a cargo ship filled with "all kinds of people" going to America. Now he is the last one of his family alive.

His first job was in a cotton mill at Kearney. Before he retired he worked as a laborer for the gas company, the electric company, the railroads, construction gangs and others. He has survived "a whole bundle of accidents," including 500 volts of electricity, a fall from a roof and a six-inch gouge in his scalp.

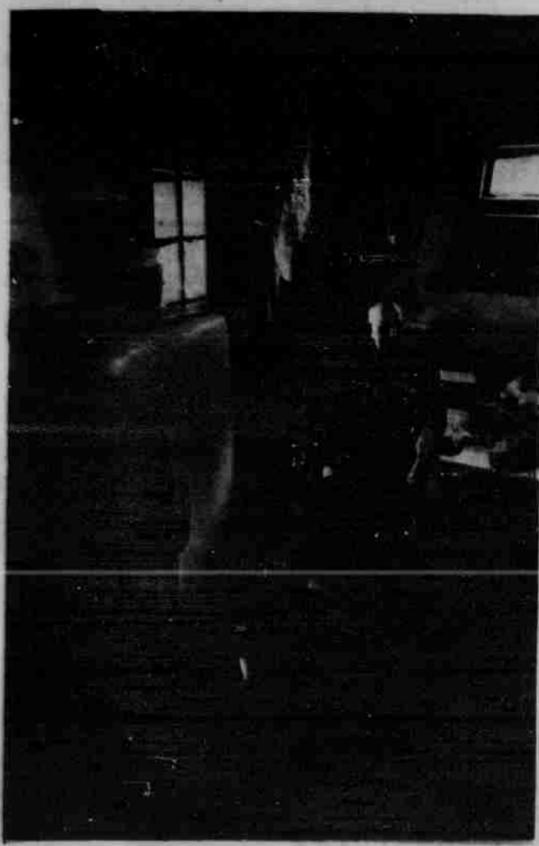
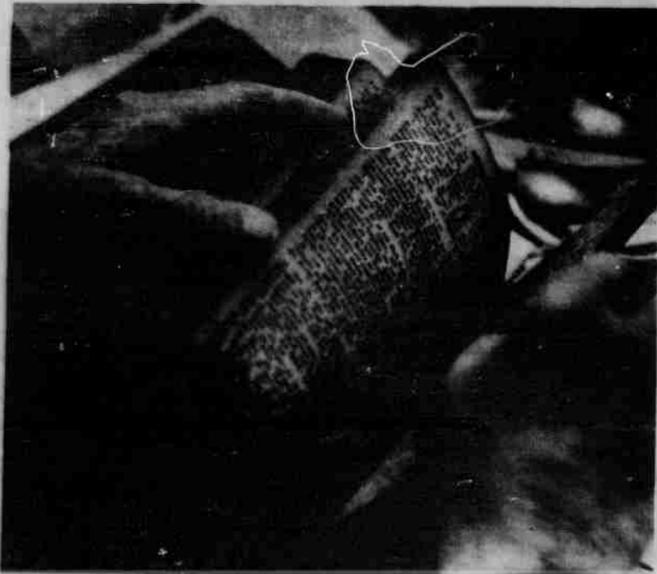
His joints ache now, but he says ginger ale is all the medicine he needs. "If I go to the doctor, I'd be out at the poorfarm in no time."

He lives alone in the three-room house he built from white pine 50 years ago. He worries about what might happen to it when he's gone.

The pages of his German Bible are yellow and tattered and scratchy religious music comes from a poorly tuned radio.

He's 90 years old.

"That's too much, too much."



Photos and copy by Bill Ganzel

*Editor's note—This is the fourth part in a series of features concerning themselves with the ways the problems of aging are dealt with in society.*