

**This picture was taken on
February 9, 1979 at Karen's wedding**

Life Story of Clarence Orem Kelsch

**(Transcribed by his granddaughter,
Karen Aagaard Briggs, on 18 November 1998
From an audio tape he recorded on 13 November 1978)**

Today is November 13, 1978 and it is about 7:30 p.m. I'm sitting alone here at 1411 Laird Circle and I thought I might record a few of the incidents of my life.

My name is Clarence Orem Kelsch and I was born May 15, 1915 in Orem, Utah. Orem, Utah is about 35-40 miles south of Salt Lake City. It was a farming community when I lived there and my father was the blacksmith and I can remember as a child watching him shoe the horses and put new metal tires on the wagons and on the buggies. On the buggies they were bolted and on the wagons they were put on by heating up the metal until it was exceptionally hot, which caused it to expand and then it was dropped over the wooden wheels and pounded down quickly and then cold water poured over it so that it would shrink as it cooled off and make a tight fit upon the wagon wheels.

I remember as a child going in the shop and we used to like to try and find nails and we would grind them down and take them on the anvil and make different little things with them, like little screwdrivers, or anything we could find that we could do. The shop was a fun place to do things, and I guess my father always had tools so it was kind of the thing that got me interested in doing a little bit of building and handiwork and that around the place and throughout the years I have learned to do many different things on my own.

My mother's name was Dora Pedersen and my father's name was John Peter Kelsch. My mother was born in Scandebourg, Denmark and she came to the United States when she was about six months old. She met my father in Eureka, which is a mining community in Utah, and my father when he had immigrated here had went to work in the Kennick Standard silver mine there as a

blacksmith. It was here that they raised five of the children and then later on my father felt that the mining area wasn't the best place to raise a family, in a mining town, so we moved to Orem and set up the blacksmith shop there planning on getting the business from the farmers such as shoeing their horses and repairing their wagons and a variety of things that they did in the blacksmith shop.

I was born there, I guess sometime shortly after they had moved there. My Grandfather Pedersen also moved to Orem and they lived across the street. I can remember as a boy we used to go over and visit my grandparents. It always seemed to be nice as children to have your grandparents live across the street.

My grandmother on my father's side lived a little farther south in Orem, about 3 miles south and a couple of miles east up by the Provo River and she had remarried because by Grandfather Kelsch had died and she married a gentleman by the name of Shemansky. But we used to go there quite often and visit and my Aunt Rose lived there with my father's sister, lived there with my grandmother, and she had two boys. One of them was Leroy, which was about my age, and the other boy was the age of my brother Randall.

I come from a family of seven children. My oldest sister, the oldest of the children was named Vera, and she married a gentleman by the name of Gus Kapsis. My other sister next down was named Doretta and she married Albert Beebe of Circleville, Utah. The next was my oldest brother which was John Kelsch, Jr., we always called him Jack, and my brother Jack married Lucille Hales of Spanish Fork. Next in line was my sister Virginia and she had had a couple of

marriages. I forgot the last one that she was married to. Next in line was my brother Randall, who married Dorothy Searle, I think it was. He, as a shoemaker, repaired shoes, following the trade of my Grandfather, Louis Kelsch. Next of course was myself, and following me was my sister Lovinia. We always pronounced it “Lovina”, but I guess it should be “Lovinia.”

I lived in Orem in this fruit area where they raised a lot of fruit, a lot of strawberries and of course a lot of tree fruit—apples and peaches and pears and all kinds of fruit like this and towards the valley more they raised a lot of tomatoes. Our home was directly east of the canning factory. Raised in this area with a lot of fresh produce I’ve always grown to love fresh fruit and fresh vegetables and I guess that’s why I always, no matter where I live I seem to plant a few fruit trees so that I can still have that fresh fruit that I remember as a child.

We moved from Orem when I was just six years old. In Orem I had cousins—my Uncle Albert and Aunt Ethel Pedersen had children there and I used to play with one we called Bonnie and then my Uncle Pete Pedersen had children and we played with Max Pedersen, his son, and some of the others. So we kind of grew up around a lot of our cousins. These were on my mother’s side and then on my father’s side there was his brother, Louis Kelsch, who was a shoemaker, and he lived in Provo. So we used to go there occasionally and there I would play with my cousins Carl, which we called “Deese” and his brother who was just a little older and was just slightly younger than I was who was named Roy. We played a lot when we were young. Roy died when he was about 12 years old of an infected appendix so I kind of missed him. We always had a lot of fun together. We had periods when we would always go to Provo.

After we moved to Salt Lake, why, it used to be fun, we used to take the old electric “Urban”, we called it, which was an electric train which would go from Salt Lake on down to Provo. In fact it was called the “Orem Line” and that’s where I got my middle name. This Mr. Orem who owned the Orem Line said that the first child who was born in Orem would receive a prize and I happened to be the first child born in Orem. Previous to that it was called just Provo Bench, which was just part of Utah County. After it was named a town, I was the first one born there. My mother said she never got the prize.

We used to like to ride that. There was two electric inter-urbans or train systems out of Salt Lake. One went south, which was the Orem line, which I think went as far south as Spanish Fork, and the other one was called the Bamberger, which went north to Ogden, and I don’t recall whether it went farther north or not.

But these were some of the little incidents in my life. We moved to Salt Lake when I was six and the first school I attended was Emerson School and we lived on Yale Avenue and about 10th East. We rented that and shortly after we moved on, my father bought a home on 8th South just west of 7th East and there I went to the Hamilton School. My father worked for a business on State Street somewhere below 9th South and this fellow never paid him, so we eventually ended up losing that home. In those days the interest rate was quite high and I guess not as high as it is today, but much higher than it eventually became through the Depression years. And so we ended up moving down on the west side and there I went to the Oquirrh School, which is way down on about 4th North and about 10th West. I always was a good student and I always got mostly “A’s” in all the subjects and I remember when we were moving from the west side back

up to the east side I was getting my coat and I remember hearing the teacher saying that she was talking to the teacher that taught my brother and she told her that I was the smartest student she'd ever had and the other teacher remarked that my brother was a fine student also—that was Randall.

We moved up to Doobie Avenue and it was about just south of 2nd South between 3rd and 4th East. Here I went to the Oquirrh School and this building is still standing there, although not being used by a school. On this street was a lot of Jewish people and I had my first experience among Jewish people at this time which was later to continue throughout my life, but they used to abide my being the only Gentile on the street—according to them anyway. They used to always have me light their fires on Friday night and Saturday morning and I'd fill the coal bucket and get kindling and things for them because the old Jewish Orthodox way is that no one was allowed to do any work during the Sabbath--the Sabbath started about sunset on Friday and continued through until sunset on Saturday.

Most of my youth was spent kind of having a good time and playing. We used to always like to play ball and there was always a lot of empty fields around that we could set up some diamonds and we'd play. One of our favorite baseball games (I played hardball, by the way) was “rounders.” When there wasn't enough of us we could just keep playing and we'd call “rounder” and we'd take our turn and every time we were out we'd shift from right field to center field and left field and then over to third base and second and first and pitch and catch and then to bat again. This was always kind of fun to do this and if we got enough of us around why then we'd choose up sides and we'd form a team and play the traditional baseball as it's played today. But

we always had a lot of fun doing this. I used to like to play marbles. I remember I won the marble championship when I went to Oquirrh School.

During the summer months I was in the swimming team at Central Park which is a little park there on 2nd South between 2nd and 3rd East and our team won second place in the City on the relays and then that same year I won 1st place in horseshoe pitching. So we just had a lot of fun as kids. I was kind of with my brother most of the time until he was about fourteen and started going with girls. But we were kind of inseparable when we were young—we'd always be together. In fact, my mother, at night when it was time for our evening meal would just call my brother's name, Randall, and that meant both of us, so we'd both come because we were always together. I never developed any friends because my brother was always my friend and so he started going with girls and of course at this time then I started looking and one of my first friends was Jack Borg, who still lives in Salt Lake. I see him occasionally once in a while, but we kind of enjoyed our friendship up into high school and during high school I developed one other friend, Frank Murray, and we kind of were friends through our Junior year in high school.

My first year I went to West High and then Frank Murray, who I had developed a friendship with during that summer months moved to South High which was a brand new school and wanted me to go to school there with him. So I went and decided to go down, it was quite a ways, and I'd ride my bike down, we lived at that time on very near the corner on 5th East very near 1st South in a big red two story home which is still there and I used to ride my bike to school—rain, snow, sleet, no matter what, I never took the bus once. And at the time I was working at Dayton drugstore on 2nd South and State, so every other night I worked after school and so I'd have to

jump on my bike as soon as the last class was over, which was 3:20, I'd run down, throw my things in the locker, run down, jump on my bike, pedal up to 5th East and then head on 5th East to 1st South and my mother would have some dinner ready for me and so I'd gobble that down and head down and be to work at 2nd South and State by 4:00 p.m. I don't know how I did this, but I did this every other day while I was working there. I couldn't afford to eat there because if I ate there I only made \$40.00 a month. I wouldn't have any check left because as it was I'd charge my hair oil which we used in those days to keep your hair patted down and by the time I'd buy my own toothpaste and I'd buy a soft drink or a malted milk at the fountain why it seems like half my check was gone just for those things and if I ate there too I'd end up owing the drugstore. This was during the Depression that I worked there and it wasn't the most exciting job during the winter months especially it was very bad. I'd have to get on my bike, which in those days I rode what they called a non-coaster, which was a bike without any brakes. All it had was toe clips and these leather straps that go up over the pedals, so you'd push down on one pedal and pull up on this toe clip with the other foot, and after you got quite adept at it why you could put the bike into a skid just like a brake. But it had the narrow tires like the 7 speed racers are today, but I could really travel on that bike. I'd head up 5th East there along by Liberty Park heading from school to home I remember I used to pass cars I'd get that bike going so fast.

One time I was heading on a delivery down 2nd South there by Central Park and some fellow hit me from behind and I got lodged under the car and when I come to I was lying on my bike and he kept dragging me, he wouldn't stop, so I started screaming and I guess he heard some woman scream on the street so he got frightened and stopped. He'd been drinking, so when they pulled me out from under the car why both my legs were kind of cut up from the sharp ice, it was

during February. While everybody was paying attention to me to take me to the emergency hospital, why he got in his car and drove away and they never found him. I guess the police weren't very efficient in those days, they had enough evidence. They had a broken headlight that said Ford on it, so it must have been a Model A which was mostly driven in those days. So I don't think they tried very hard to find him. I was laid up for a couple of weeks in bed and then I finally got up on crutches and got around, but this one cut was quite deep in my leg so it took about three months to heal, but that wasn't so bad because I got compensation for it and at that time I was making only \$3.00 a week. This \$40.00 a month which I spoke of earlier came later on, so I got \$3.00 a week from the workman's compensation for injuries. They didn't have unemployment compensation in those days. So I got the exact same amount of money as if I worked so I wasn't too anxious to go back to work and besides the doctor wouldn't let me go, he said if I went back and I should get infection again then the insurance wouldn't cover it any more. My leg would have to be completely healed, so that took about three months. So I kind of just read and kind of enjoyed myself—walked downtown and back and see what was going on down at the drugstore.

Around this time, between the summer ending at South High, from South High I went back to West High as a post-graduate to take art and I think I took another class in salesmanship if I remember. But I got interested in art in South High taking an art class. I started getting interested in lettering, so I signed up for this art class and I went there for two years and learned to be quite proficient at lettering, although not a great artist to get by pretty well. This of course is the field which led me into advertising which has been the profession all my life.

During these periods of working at the drug store and I'd go to school twice a week just over in the Beeson building upstairs. The school was run by Fielding K. Smith and Newell Cottrell and they were both pretty good artists. Fielding K. Smith was the better artist, but he is a commercial artist and did some real fine work. So I kind of enjoyed her—I took live classes and I learned to letter and just about anything I could grasp. I was grasping at straws, anything to get out of the situation I was in working for the drug store because it didn't require any ability, any talent. I delivered there for a long time and practically would freeze to death during the winter months. I remember having to deliver a box of 15 cent aspirin clear across the Jordan River. Mr. Dayton had the nerve and the person ordering it had even more nerve to send someone out on a bicycle in nine below zero weather to deliver 15 cents worth of aspirin. It may have solved her headache, but it made me suffer much more than she was suffering from her little headache. My hands when I'd get back were so numb it would take about 15 minutes putting them in cold water to get them out because when I'd ride my bike down to the Jordan River from there on the snow plows hadn't been—even in those days the snow plows didn't go nearly as often on the streets and so the automobiles would make ruts in the road and it would be quite deep and you'd ride your bike in those ruts and then if a car would be coming you couldn't get your bike out, you'd have to jump off and lift it out and let the car go by. When you got to the Jordan River, why there was no ruts if there'd been a new snow so I'd have to push my bike for two or three blocks further west and then a block north. I was afraid if I just left it someone would steal it, so I'd have to push it all the way down there and then when I'd knock on the little door of a little dinky house this woman would come and take her aspirin and give me the money and she could see I couldn't even count the change my hands were so numb. I'd have big fur lined gloves on but that didn't do any good in nine below zero weather and she wouldn't even invite me in to get

warm and at this time I learned to hate people, especially some people, and I learned to hate my job and everything that drug store stood for and the people that have no more sense or more value than to order things like aspirin or ice cream to be delivered out in the middle of winter. In those days, during the Depression, Mr. Dayton would deliver anything, no matter how small the price was.

But those days weren't to last too long. I worked there four years. In the meantime I was going to art school so I soon developed enough ability to look for a job. My brother Randall and my brother Jack were working for Grand Central market which was owned by Maurice Warshaw. It was kind of a growing supermarket here in Salt Lake and I could see their signs were so bad that at that time they were using Mrs. Stewart's bluing and painting them and every time it would rain why it would all wash off and so they looked pretty bad. So I went down and applied for a job and at that time the General Manager was Bill Granger. He asked me if I could letter as good as my brothers and I told him better and he says well, here's a roll of paper, let's see what you can do and I says, well, where do I paint it and he says on the floor like everyone else. I says well where's the paint and brushes and he says, there they are. So I looked over and here's some paint bottles open and the brushes sitting down on the paint so the brushes were all bent out of shape. But luckily I had brought my good lettering brushes with me so I went out into my car and got them, come back in, rolled out the paper and painted a sign. I can't remember what I put on it, but when I finished I went over and got him and he said you've got that done already? I says it's been done for a while and so he looked at it and said "Well, you're hired." So to begin with I got forty cents an hour and I was working about 20 hours a week or so and then I would

make up for work Saturday in the produce department waiting on customers which they did in those days, they waited on all of them, it wasn't self service.

This progressed along a little later and then I got a job working full-time and got \$25.00 a week. So I thought I was in my glory then because the most I ever made at the drug store was \$60.00 a month which is only \$14.00 a week, so all of a sudden I made \$25.00 a week and I thought I was about the richest man in the world. The drug store was very poor paying—I started at \$3.00 a week, got up to \$40.00 a month and finally \$60.00 a month. Then Roosevelt was President of the United States and they had what they call The New Deal and they had the NRA, which was the National Recovery Act, which required that everybody pays the minimum of \$60.00 a month. So Mr. Dayton had to raise us from the \$40.00 to \$60.00. Later on about a year or so the NRA was proved unconstitutional by the Supreme Court so Mr. Dayton lowered our wages back to \$40.00 a month and three or four months later he raised them back up to \$60.00. I guess he wanted to show that he could do it, but he was a miserly old man, but I guess maybe he didn't make very much. I always hated him because he seemed to live in a rich home and he was one of the Directors of Continental Bank and I guess it wouldn't have been so bad to work for low wages if he'd been real considerate and helpful and offered to teach you a few things or encourage you in your education or whatever. I remember when I was going to art school, why the art school was always the same two nights every week because I worked every other night after school I would miss the two on the opposite weeks so I would trade with the other boy. We were drug clerks at that time, I wasn't delivering, we were waiting on the soda fountain and also in the drug store and he came to me one time and told me I couldn't do that any more, I couldn't do any more switching. So I thought it was real mean of him because all I was doing was trying

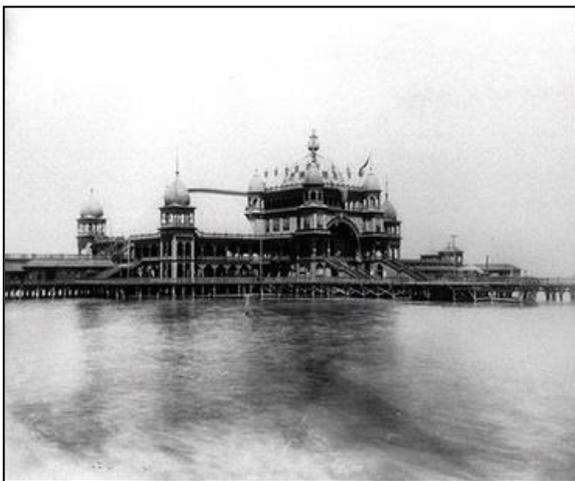
to educate myself. He thought I should have showed interest in the drug store, but how could I get any interest in that when he never tried to teach us anything or help us in any way so there was no reason to try to learn that business. You had to be a pharmacist anyway to do that and that required to go to college, so that part was out, so I always had a kind of resentment towards him for the way he treated us. So I was kind of glad when I gave up that place and got my job at \$25.00 a week. So I thought now I was in my glory and now with making this much money I thought we can get married and now we'll have to take this back a little bit and tell about my courting life.

Before going into the next stage of my life, which was the married state, I think I should tell a little bit about my forebears. I mentioned before about my mother's name and her father and mother, which was Jens Pedersen and Marie Rasmussen. His father, my Grandfather Pedersen's father, was Peder Nielsen and his father was Niels Laavsen. This is the way it is in Denmark, they just take the first name of the father and add the word "son" and so Jens Pedersen was Peder Nielsen's son. That's about as far back as I know on my mother's side.

On my father's side, he was born in Germany in the city called Saargemund and that's in the province of ___Lorraine between France and Germany. My father's father's name was John Kelsch, same as my father and his father was named Louis Kelsch. My grandfather, John Kelsch, was married to Mary Huth and my grandfather's father being Louis Kelsch and then his father was Belvesar Kelsch and finally goes back to this one called Sigismund Von Kelsch. My grandfather was born in Bavaria in the town of Permesence, Bavaria, the southern part of Germany. I don't know too much about him other than that according to one record I had that

many of them had received special citations for their meritorious work in the establishing of peace in Nuremberg in 1812 I think it was. There was one castle there built by a Kelsch von Brook which was near Herlongen in Germany, but I haven't done too much research. At one time I was quite interested in doing some research but they just couldn't seem to do anything in those days. Since then the Church has done a lot of microfilming but I have failed to go down and see just what they have been able to uncover in relation to my forebears. But on a further tape I'll try and gather some of the information together which I have given to Jana Kay, my daughter, and see if I can put some of that information on tape.

I'd like to tell a little bit about now, I ended up where I was working for Grand Central markets getting \$25.00 a week, so in the meantime I had been going with a girl for about two years. We were engaged for about two years and her name was Rhoda Draper. She lived across the street from me when I lived on 5th East just south of 1st South and she lived right across the street next to the Ambassador Athletic Club. She lived with her mother there, who was Ida May Lowry. Her father was Charles Draper, but they were separated so she just lived with her mother there.



Saltair

I don't recall the first time that I went with her. I think it was to Salt Air, we went with a group. They were all her friends, Beth Roberts was one of them and who have been our friends for many years, and we went out there and I was kind of self-conscious, I didn't know how to dance, but as I recall I did the best I could. We did the usual

things like they did at Salt Air in those days. By the way, we took the little open train, it had no sides on it. You'd go downtown and you'd get this train there, it only cost 10 cents and it would take you out to the Great Salt Lake to Salt Air. That was kind of fun in those days to take that train out.

But I don't remember the other occasions of dating Rhoda, but I think my mother liked her, and when I used to come home from work at the drug store, why Rhoda would be on the porch talking to my mother so we kind of got to be quite friendly and her being across the street why it was easy for her to come over and for me to go over there. She was always interested in what I was doing and I had turned my room into kind of a studio where I did all the practicing of my art and lettering and things and she was quite interested in that. So she'd come over quite often so we built up kind of a close friendship and we got where we did a lot of things together. We were just together almost all the time—all my free time when I wasn't working. She'd walk down at night to the drug store and meet me when I'd get off at 10:00 at night and we'd walk on home. The nights I was off we'd go to a show and many times we would go to the store and pick up some things and go home and fix up a meal. In those days we didn't have a lot of money to do things with, but we kind of did the best we could.

I'd bought a car, I bought a 1931 Ford Cabriolet they called it in them days which was a convertible. It had a rumble seat and it was two-tone yellow and black. It was one of the first cars that Ford made other than black. He used to say you can make them any color as long as it's black and he finally relented and they come out with this one here. It was kind of a flashy little car. I bought it used and I paid \$270 some dollars for it and even working at the drug store I'd

saved \$95.00 on those meager wages and I'd put that down as the down payment and I had this car. So Rhoda and I used to drive around a lot and we'd take friends in the rumble seat. We had a lot of fun together when we were young. Rhoda was a very pretty girl and very attractive and so she had a good personality and likeable and of course an exceptionally good disposition. I didn't have the greatest disposition, I get angry too easily, but she had a good disposition so it made it work out real fine.

So we went together for at least two years and of course we would have liked to have gotten married earlier but you couldn't very well get married on \$60.00 a month. It would cost you around \$35-\$40 a month for an apartment. You wouldn't even have enough left for the food. So we kept postponing marriage until I could finish my art school where I hoped to make more money, which I did. So as soon as I got my raise why I think we were married within two weeks after that. We were married by the Bishop who lived next door to her and in those days you didn't take honeymoons, you were afraid to ask the boss if you could have time off and I had a lot of signs to get out at Grand Central and I was the only one there, I was the only one in that department for years. No one else there to get them out, so I had to go down after the marriage and work until about 10:00 at night to finish up the signs and then come home and I think that weekend we did something but I don't recall what it was. It wasn't nice as the young people have today, their ceremony and honeymoon and so forth which adds a lot of nice things to remember, I think, but we got by anyway.

So we moved into our first apartment was in the Lost Gables and I had brought a few things, furniture from my studio, I had a studio couch and a drafting table and an arm chair and so forth.

So we bought a bed that I'd been sleeping in at home from my folks and we just kind of makeshift of a few things. We lived in the Lost Gables for about a year and then we moved to another apartment farther south on 3rd East and then about the time we, a little bit later, I was starting to get a lot of extra work. Besides working at Grand Central I had salesman that came in and wanted me to fix a sign for them or do this piece of art for them. I couldn't, of course, do it at work, I had to do it at home and in a little apartment there just was no place to keep my drafting table or materials and supplies and everything, so I was kind of anxious to get into a house.

So we looked for a house and we found a little home down west on between about 3rd and 4th West on 15th South. A fellow by the name of Vern Stranda owned it—he had built it and then he was going to lose it because he couldn't afford to live in it so he rented it to make the payments. We lived in that for a while and there was a full basement there where I could do a lot of signs. I always supplemented my income by doing a few signs at night. It was in this home that our first child was born, which was Myrna, and she was born there.

Later on we moved into another home just east of 3rd West on Paramount Ave. and a fellow by the name of Fred Bry owned that and he was having difficulties so he moved into a kind of a little house in the rear and rented that to us so we lived there for a while. But we were anxious to get into our home and at this time FHA had been developed and they were looking for people to build. A lot of builders were going into business and you could do it on a small down payment, but we didn't even have that. So anyway, I heard about a fellow named Clarence Maurer who was doing building up in the Parley's Canyon area there. So I approached him and he said I'd

have to have about \$200 to \$350 down. I told him I didn't have it, so he says, well, I tell you what I'll do, I'll raise the value of the property. The property then was \$350 for the lot—it was 50 feet by 155 deep. So he raised the value of it to \$750 so that when FHA approved it, why then I would be paying the payments on the full amount which was \$4,200.00 for the home. Seems cheap now to even think of getting a home for \$4200.00, but it was quite a struggle in those days. We paid some \$35.00 or \$37.00 a month payments. By the time you brought your groceries and so forth, you didn't have a lot of money left. At the time we bought our home I was making about \$40.00 a week. I'd received raises.

But it was nice to get into our new home. I did a lot of the finish work—finished the floors and painted all of the interior and exterior, and of course all of the yard work. First thing I did is planed some peach trees in the back and we had raspberries and boysenberries and that and it was real fun to have all that fresh fruit during the summer months.

Here my second child was born, which was Ronald Louis. He was born on Preston Street as well as some of the other children. Jana Kay, which was the next one, was born there, and then the one following her was JoAnn, who we called Jody. Of course we had a tragedy with her, she just lived until she was three years old and then died of leukemia. This was kind of a hard experience for Rhoda and I to go through. When you're young it's hard to understand death and all it entails, especially when you see a young, beautiful little girl that's only three pass away, why it's kind of a hard experience. Through the years you kind of get over it, but I guess you really never get over those things. It's kind of hard to lose your parents, but I guess the hardest thing is to lose a child and I guess probably even worse than that would be to lose your mate. But we got

through it all right, and after Jody was born Franz was born there. In fact he was just a baby at the time that Jody died. So about that time our family was growing and I built into the basement and built two bedrooms down there and a bath down there, but it still wasn't adequate. I remodeled our kitchen. I tore out the little closets and put in wardrobe closets, but the home was still small and it was on a 50 foot frontage lot so it was very difficult to build on. The only way you could build was in the rear and that wouldn't improve the value of your home very much.

So Rhoda and I started looking for another place to live and this is when we found our home on Laird Circle, which was 1210 South and 1411 East. It was a two story home and we thought it would be a great place to raise children. It had a large back yard in it, and being in the circle we was off the regular traffic that was on the roads. It was selling for \$20,000, somewhere around there, and so we put our home up for sale. We'd paid only \$4,200 for it but now because of inflation it was worth \$13,000. We ended up selling it for the \$13,000. After we cleared off what we owed on it, because we had remodeled it and reborrowed on it a couple of times, we had the \$5,000 to put down on Laird Circle which it required to do that. So we moved in at Laird Circle and the first thing I did was I took the basement and I built an apartment down there so we could rent it so in case of any emergency or if we needed to we'd always have that additional income. We rented it to young couples, a lot of different young couples throughout the years as our family was growing. This home, the first child that was born here was Kathy and following her was Susan and then Kristine and then finally, our last was Michael. All of these children are married now, of course, except Michael who is on a mission and they all have families of their own. Myrna has three children, Karen, which is the oldest, she is older than our youngest son Michael. She'll be marrying in February, so it won't be too long and maybe I'll be a great

grandfather. The next of Myrna's children is Karla, and then Kevin, who is about 13 years of age.

Jana Kay has four children: Jason, the oldest, followed by Becky, and then Jennifer, and the youngest is Ben Aaron.

Franz has three children: John, who is named after my father, and Jeff, and the new baby called Sarah.

Susan has two children: the oldest one is Mike and the younger one is Mark.

Kristine is just pregnant and she's expecting some time in February.

And of course Mike, as I mentioned, is still on a mission.

Myrna married Kenneth Aagaard and Jana Kay married Bill Conover. Franz married Ann and Kathy married Thomas Schoenfeld. Susan married Michael Berry but is divorced. Kristine is married to Noel Simpson.

And of course during this whole thing I forgot Ron, who is the next to the oldest. He married Durian Densley and they have five children: Kenneth, which is the oldest, who is now 15 years old, followed by Keith, Kristina, Karoline and Karl. We have a lot of "K's" in the family.

Myrna names all her children with “K’s” and Ronnie named all of his children with “K’s”, so that’s quite interesting.

We always had a big family and it’s been a lot of fun raising them. We’ve had a lot of good times and a few hard times, but it hasn’t been too bad. I’ve always had work. I worked at Grand Central, counting the time I first started, I haven’t been an employee there for the last number of years. I’ve had my own advertising agency and handled their account. But counting all of the time I was associated with them as advertising agent and employee it has been about 43 years. So I worked for the one place and never being unemployed in all those years why, we’ve been able to get by and the Lord’s blessed us and we’ve been able to do well.

Before Mike was born we entered into a new venture. We had bought some property out in Sandy on 8600 South and 1700 East and we were thinking of trying to get a way where we had a little bit of land. But the fellow that owned some property there along adjoining me talked me into subdividing this property, which was a bad mistake because we did it at the time the recession hit us and a lot of the bills came due on all the subdividing and I had to start selling the lots in order to pay for the subdividing. While the recession was on the property values were kind of holding down low and so I couldn’t get the price out of them that I should have. I remember selling one real large lot for \$1,900 and I guess that lot today would sell for about \$15,000. But then I guess we don’t know all these things. If I’d been smart I would have held on to this property.

But anyway, because I had this property and I thought I was going to make a lot of money on this subdividing, we became interested in some property in Sanpete County owned by Rhoda's cousin, Arte Ottison Corbitt, so we went down there one time and looked it over and we purchased this from her about 20 years ago. We've been developing it ever since and today we call it Cedar Crest Lodge and it has lodging units, it has a restaurant, and it has been a lot of years of experience, but a lot of years of fun and things. We always had some horses there. As the kids grew up all of them had horses to ride and I remember when Mike was little, about three years old, I had a Shetland pony and he and I used to go riding on our horses and it was a lot of fun with the kids there. I guess it's had its bad points. It always took us away on weekends from this area and maybe it wasn't too good for the kids. I just hope that the other experiences they had at Cedar Crest made up for any loss they may have had in this area staying here, because the only time we could go was on weekends, and working in the retail industry it was very tough to even get away Saturdays. They expected you to be there day and night and working all the time, you know, they didn't give you days off except Sunday.

So I would take my vacations as Saturdays so that we could go down there. I started planting fruit trees, I started developing it, and after we owned it a number of years, why we started building. First we built the upstairs in the old pioneer home which was built of adobe, and we built an apron in an upstairs and later on we built a wing on, and then we built the new building which we call "Linderhof." The old one we call "Lindenhaus" after the Linden tree that is in the yard that came from Germany as a little seedling. I guess the home is nearing a hundred years old and also the huge Linden tree, so it has a lot of charm and a lot of atmosphere. It has a lot of meaning; it has been in and out of Rhoda's family for years. The original builders was Charles

and Emerett Mussage and Emerett was Rhoda's grand aunt. It would be her grandmother's sister. So a lot of years have gone by very rapidly, I've been so busy down there trying to develop and do different things. I did a lot of the building myself, so we've all put a lot into it. I hope the kids appreciate what sacrifice we made for it to build this and we I guess we could have taken the money and done a lot of other things, maybe some things more wise, I don't know, but I sure we'd done a lot of things less wise, like buying more cars or just spending it foolishly. So least ways we got the land and we got the buildings there and it's all paid for so there's no mortgage over it. And so we feel this is kind of an attainment and we owe it all to the kids willing to help along and see us through it and to Rhoda for being willing to go down and build it. Of course she got a lot of enjoyment out of building it, she likes to build and she likes beautiful things. When we built the reception center, why that was the heighth of a fine building and it's almost like the interior of the Temple, it's so beautiful. I think she got a lot of enjoyment out of that, at least I hope so.

We've had a good life together and she's been a really good wife and a wonderful mother. I guess we all make a few mistakes and I guess I make more than anyone else, but we hope that all the things that we've done has contributed to somewhat to the community, to the area, and to our children. All the children are real fine people and a credit to the community. They all do very well, they're all financially able to care for themselves. I guess Susan probably has it the hardest being divorced she supports her own two children. But she's quite energetic and hard-working and a very good mother. All the girls are very good mothers and all the boys are very good fathers to their children. So I think that this in itself brings a lot of satisfaction to one's life.

I kind of get a little bit hoarse doing so much talking, so I'll kind of stop for tonight.

I'd like to tell a little bit about my work in the advertising field. As I mentioned before, I started as a sign painter for Grand Central. At that time we had three food stores which we called supermarkets in those days. They weren't too large or as large as the big markets are today, but they were much larger than the corner grocery store. I worked for them doing all different kinds of signs, inside signs for the displays and big banners for outside, whatever types of signs was needed. I was one of the first ones in the Salt Lake area to start doing silk screen work and I found out how to do this and did a lot of silk screen signs throughout all the food stores. Grand Central later on, of course, was owned and originally the founder was Maurice Warshaw, who was a Jewish immigrant who'd come from Russia around 1905 and started in the Salt Lake valley just with a push cart peddling produce. And he developed these stores into these. Both of my brothers had worked for him, so I went to work for him as a sign painter.

After a few years this had developed and I noticed that their newspaper ads were done quite poorly and at that time the newspaper was doing them. They didn't have really an advertising manager, an advertising department or anything. So I approached them on the idea of doing these newspaper ads. So I started doing first the toy ads. This was an area that they had expanded into, which was to develop a toy department, which eventually became big non-food operations and of course today, Grand Central stores, which is a drug type junior department store outlet, are in about five states.

So I started doing these little toy ads and this kept growing until, as the company grew, I then became Advertising Manager and developed the whole advertising department until we had about 13 people working for us. We had everything from the printing shop to the darkroom, everything we needed to turn out all the signs the company needed as well as the newspaper ads.

During this period of developing the ads I had won a few awards. The main one was I won first place in the United States in Call's 9th annual advertising awards, which was kind of interesting. Rhoda and I went back, this was before Mike was born, and we went back to New York City and then down to Atlantic City where we received the award. I received some other awards for newspaper work. I received several awards from the March of Dimes and the American Cancer Society in helping them in their advertising programs to try and bring their message to the people of Salt Lake.

So I've been in the same business practically all of my life and it's had its good points and bad points. I guess advertising is like politics and religion—everybody knows the answer so you don't have the prestige that you do if you're a doctor or a dentist. People usually listen to what the doctor tells them, if he writes out a prescription why they fill it and they take the medication. But in advertising, even though a person is well trained, which I have tried to become through the years, it is very difficult to get people to accept your knowledge. Everybody feels they know everything there is about it, so it's become kind of a problem in that respect. My son, Ron, who also entered into this business, worked for me at Grand Central for a long time, then went out on his own business, has found similar problems of communicating with people and getting them to

be willing to let you utilize your creative ideas in developing a program for them that will pay off.

But in spite of all the problems my earnings have always been good throughout the years, so there's always been sufficient money to raise a family and do some of the things we like to do. Some of those things have been our travels. We've been fortunate because buying time with some of the television stations they have sponsored tours throughout the world so we've been able to go on several of those. Our first trip, of course, was on our own, it had nothing to do with the T.V. stations. We went to Japan in 1970 during the Expo there. We took Mike with us and he was about 12 years old then. We enjoyed that very much and then we went to Europe. Also Mike went with us there and we went from England and then into Amsterdam, down through Germany, Switzerland, into Rome and then back to Paris. That was quite an interesting thing.

Then the television station developed these tours so we've been able to go on all those. We went to Puerto Rico, we went to both sides of Mexico over on the Yucatan peninsula and over in Puerto Villarta. We've been to Mexico City and the city of Marides, so we've seen quite a bit of Mexico. We just returned recently from Japan again on a KUTV tour and our way back, this was last September, we stopped at Hawaii and met Mr. And Mrs. Warshaw and we spent four days there with them and toured around the island, spent a day over at the Polynesian Cultural Center and had a good time.

We have previously been to Spain and were able to visit the El Hambre and around through the Grenada area and Malliga and we'd been back to Rome again on a KSL tour. Last May we went

to London and we toured up into Scotland, so it was really a lot of fun. Mike went with us on the first trip to Japan and the trip to Europe and two of the trips to Mexico, but was unable to go on the others with us. We'd have liked to have been able to take some of the other kids, but it was just a little bit more money than we could afford and most of them are with their families now so they weren't able to do this.

We've had kind of a full life and enjoyed a lot of things. I don't know anyone that has been any more blessed than we have, we've only had one tragedy in the death of one of our daughters, but all in all life has been very good to us. We're happy for the kids and we all get along with each other fine and there's no bad feelings so I think that life is, over and all, has been very good.

I guess it's like the book that Rhoda wrote on the life of Maurice Warshaw and the title of it was "Life...More Sweet Than Bitter." I guess that's the way it is—life is more sweet than bitter. Rhoda now is in Russia, she should be back next Tuesday. She's writing a new novel called "Ben Aaron." She of course did a lot of research writing the first book about Russia and about the United States in the early 1900's during the period of the immigrants. But she felt she needed to get to Russia and get more of a feeling of the area, so she's over there now trying to learn what she can about it so that she can complete the book, which is just about ready to go to the printer, we're just waiting for her to come back. So I'm kind of sitting here along, which isn't much fun if you've had your mate around you all your life. I went one time without her on a fishing trip for about 3 or 4 days, took the Starkist tuna boat out in Los Angeles. But otherwise we've always been together on all our trips, so this is the first time that she's been away without me but she went with Beth Roberts. I didn't particularly care to go, I didn't feel at this time I

could spend the money and I'm kind of allergic to cold anyway from my early experiences delivering on a bicycle in the winter so I don't care too much about going where it's cold and you can't really enjoy the country and see the things that you'd like to. If I toured Russia I would have liked to have gone into the southern part, down around the Black Sea and into Rumania and some of those countries. So maybe that will come later. This coming February we're scheduled to go to Acapulco in Mexico. This will be our third trip to Mexico. This is in conjunction with a Boise television station, so that will be kind of nice. We leave on January 30th so we'll be right in the probably worst part of winter down basking in the sunshine. So we're kind of looking forward to that.

I think I should kind of record a little bit of my philosophy in life. Of course I belong to the L.D.S. Church and I am a member of the High Priest Quorum in Yale Second Ward. I've belonged to that Quorum for a number of years. Before that I was a Seventy and was in the Seventies Presidency. I'm active in the ward whenever we're here, but I guess I don't get too enthused about going to church down in Sanpete County. The little ward down there, people are a little bit different and I used to get tired of them just reading the lesson out of the book so I wasn't too active, but I believe in the Church and the principles it stands for and try to get all the kids to adhere to it. All three boys have been on missions, so they are quite steadfast in the church. All of the children go to church except a couple of them and they're still very nice children and their husband is a very fine person. That's Kris, and Susy, of course, has no husband, and she doesn't go although she should and should be able to take the little boys to go to church. But I think Kris and Noel would be happier, too, to be able to tie themselves into a group for the social reason. That isn't the reason you should go to church, but it's a big aspect in

one's life to be able to develop friends and go to the different ward functions and programs and services. It kind of fills a lot of one's life and gets one out in meeting people and helps one in their own work. I know the church helped me considerably in my work. I was quite shy and quite backward. It was very difficult for me to meet people, talk to them and communicate. The first breakthrough was taking some lessons from Royal Garff on public speaking at the University. Then I started going to church and was interested in some classes and we belonged to some firesides and this expressing yourself in some of these meetings and groups helps one considerably. I know it helped me a lot in my work so that I was able, when the opportunities arose, I was able to fill those particular positions so that I was able to advance myself in the field of advertising and be recognized in the community as one of the better informed in the field of advertising. Like I mentioned before, working with the charitable organizations, I received awards from them for the help I gave them.

My philosophy politically is Republican, leaning to the conservative viewpoint, maybe not so far as the John Birchers are, but I feel that our Government has been slowly taking our freedoms away from us and the Democratic/Liberal philosophy of just spending, spending, spending is just slowly putting this Government into bankruptcy and creating many problems which today many of the young people are realizing the inflationary problem is just the final bitter pill that they are swallowing from what has been going on from the last 30-40 years. I think that one of the greatest evils, of course, of the big Government is the bureaucracy, both on a State level as well as a Federal level. It started with the Federal and now the States seem to find out how to do it to tax and tax and tax and set up more buroughs to control the lives of people. This big brother attitude of Government has just got to go if this Government is going to survive. We can't

continually finance these leeches on society, which I feel they are, and many organizations, many boroughs, have more authority than the President of the United States or the Governor. The Governor can't come in and lock your business up or the President of the United States can't, you have to go through court, through due process of law, but there's many organizations which can come down and actually lock up your door. The Internal Revenue, for one, and OSHA, and there's others that can put a person out of business. Their rules and regulations are so complex and costly that because of all these things it continually raises the price of goods. A lot of things look good on the surface like the Ralph Nader group, they tried to see that the pajamas kids wore were flameproof so kids couldn't catch on fire, you know. Of course most of the kids who die don't die from the fire anyway, they die from the smoke. But they get over-imbued with this protective philosophy and consequently they get all the people enthused and "Oh, that's good, that's good, you know," and all the mothers think that's a great idea. Then all of a sudden all these regulations that have to go in the business community and manufacturers pretty soon puts the price of the product so high that people wonder what happened. Well when there's so many regulations to go through like you have, for instance, in the automotive industry which has just continually raised the price on cars until right now they are almost beyond a person's ability to purchase one. And all these things seem good on the surface, but the end result is bad.

We need a reawakening in this country and I think there is a tendency or trend towards conservative philosophy that with the unions being so Democratic and everybody votes for their own pocketbook. Between the unions and all those people who are getting fat on big Government contracts and all the public workers, right now they number more than the rest of

the people. And so it's very difficult to put these people out of office because people won't stand up for principle and for what's best for the country. They all vote because they'll be afraid they'll lose their job if they vote the party out and it's become a vicious situation. We're unable to bring the constitutional government to our nation because of this terrible control, this stranglehold they have on the people. By nature, a conservative isn't very outgoing or very outspoken anyway, he wants to run his own life and let other people run theirs, whereas the Liberals are constantly in the press because they're so pushy that they get all the attention. So it gives the appearance that the people want this liberal type of Government when people underneath really don't. But there isn't enough that are willing to stand up for principle and see that the right type of people are in our Government. So consequently we've got many problems facing the nation, but I guess these are all part of prophecy and I guess this is why a person should lean more and more towards the Church and try to understand the meanings and be able to prepare themselves for any eventuality and at the same time do what they can to preserve our Republic form of Government.

It seems like any time anything gets too big, whether it's Government, church, or business, bureaucracy begins to set in and begins to put a stranglehold on the people. It seems there's just not room for creativity and development and growth when anything gets too big. I've seen this in Grand Central—the larger it becomes the more cumbersome it becomes and the less it's able to reach the needs of its people and the less willing the people are to put forth any ideas because they usually don't get anywhere anyway. You never get in to see the top man anymore, there are too many people in between that it's very frustrating. I think probably the Church is endangered of the same problem. Too many Stake people are controlling things and not enough information

is getting back to the General Authorities where they can really see the problems that exist among the people. It's probably the role of the Bishop, but he is so involved with the meetings and trying to keep statistics up that he hardly has time to take care of the emotional needs of his people. So I think that the old problem of everything becoming too big—big cities, big government, big church, big business—when we have these things we begin to reap the bad things from it. On the surface it seems good. They used to always tell us when I was young that when business was big they'd be able to produce and sell cheaper, but time has proven that's not so. The small business can produce as well or sell just as reasonable as a big one because a big one has too many problems. It's too cumbersome, too unwieldy. They don't become creative anymore, everything becomes regimented. A whole person's life is regimented and controlled and you're told what to do and what to say and what to think and how to act and so if you have ideas, to try and get them to the right person is very difficult. In spite of this, a lot of people still go into their own business, so you still have throughout the country with even all the bureaucratic problems and inflation and everything else you'll find a lot of people still going for their own small business because they can't stand to work for these big companies where they have no opportunity to express themselves. I think this is one salvation of the country is the creativity and the enterprising ability of the American people that keeps this country going. If we left it up to the great planners, why we'd have been bankrupt and done with long ago. But in spite of our bureaucracy we have enough people who are still keeping things rolling.

It's hard to know what to put on a tape—you get different ideas and different thoughts, but try to say something that might be of value to those who may read it in the future or listen to it—the children or the grandchildren, great-grandchildren. So I've just kind of rambled on different

subjects and different ideas and different things, about the family and some of those aspects. When Rhoda gets back I'll get her to do a tape or two on the experiences she's had in life so you can also get her point of view which will help considerably in correcting any inconsistencies that I might have given or any lack of facts, I really should say, or any misunderstanding that I might give, why I'm sure she'll be able to correct this so that it might be of some value to those who read it in the future.

This modern technology is quite interesting. I look at this little recorder, it's just about 4 inches by 12 inches, and I think if I'd have had something this simple back when I was young and could have recorded my voice and the different things, you know, some of these things we've had for a long time but we just neglect to use them properly. I know I have moving pictures from most of the kids when they were young. I guess Myrna was about fourteen when I first started to take them, so I have a lot of moving pictures of the kids when they were little, but it would have been nice to have their voices. I thought it would have been great back on my wedding day or when I graduated from high school or different things I would have sat down and could have recorded a few things. Of course back that far you didn't have these things but we have been able to do this for the last ten years or so although the equipment is much more simplified and much smaller today. But the advances in the field of electronics is so rapid that we'll be able to, in fact there's equipment now where we could actually do our own television taping and just like I'm speaking now I could be on camera and then those tapes could be preserved so that future generations could put that on their television cassette and see what their great grandfather looked like and what he thought about.

So there's a lot of interesting things in life and I guess we're foolish when we don't take advantage of some of these things and remember that the next generation is always interested in what went on in the past. I know I am—I wished I just had some things to read about my great grandfather or grandfather, some of the things that he might have written, but there's absolutely nothing. The most we have is my grand uncle, Louis Kelsch, who went to Germany and tried to gather up some of the information and recorded a few things, but they weren't very much, just a few things I mentioned before about the Kelsch's having this castle at Neurolongden and previously the Kelsch's were Catholic, which most of southern Germany is. You have to go up north before you meet the Lutherans. So my grandfather was Catholic and his father was of course Catholic too. My great grandfather died and left young children and so he gave this money to the Catholic church which was supposed to take care of the children, but they don't always do what they promise to do and so my grandfather learned to be a shoemaker and they sent his brother, which was Louis Kelsch, to Utah because his sister had immigrated here earlier and so he was just 9 years old and being too young to care for himself and no father, why they sent him here to live with his sister and he later went back because his sister had married someone in the Mormon church, why he later became President of the Northern States Mission and filled a mission to Germany and while he was there he looked up his brother, which was my grandfather, and interested him in the church. In my father's home there in Germany they used to have some missionaries all the time. Albert Toronto was one of them and his son, Wallace Toronto, became a very good friend of mine.

Later on, of course, they immigrated to the United States. My father came first when he was 21 years old. At that time in Germany you had to go into the draft and his parents were planning to

come so if he got into the draft he would have been in there 2 or 3, maybe 4 years before he could have come and they would have been there by then, so he came and some missionaries gave him his passport so he came to the United States on a missionary passport and after he got here why then the missionary had reported he had lost it so father come in on illegal means, but later on he became a citizen and things in those days weren't nearly as bad. If you got in the country they didn't send you back, but they just had to become a citizen.

There's a lot more I wish I knew about the Kelsch family and also the Pedersen, my grandfather in Denmark. I've never been to Denmark, this is one place on my list, but my mother of course was Danish and my father being German that they got along pretty well and raised seven children. My mother died quite young, she was only 54 and died of a heart problem that started when she was young. She had rheumatic fever and this developed as she got older. My father died when he was 78. He married one time after, but it wasn't too successful of a marriage. My Grandfather Kelsch was dead when I was born. My Grandmother Kelsch, who had remarried Mr. Shemanski, she died in her early 80's. My Grandfather Pedersen was about 78 when he died and my Grandmother Pedersen was in her 80's when she died.

All the family has passed on now. I have no aunts or uncles except one, and that's my mother's sister Aunt Sylvia. She's in a rest home and we visit her every Monday or every Tuesday evening and take her to dinner. She's the only one left of all the aunts or uncles. There's some on my father's side that I had never met and I assume that they're dead too because they'd be quite old. But we do see my Aunt Sylvia every once in a while and she's the last of that family,

so it seems like the time goes and they leave and if they don't leave some record or some ideas of what they thought or what they believed, why there's nothing for the next generation.

So I thought I'd kind of get busy and say a few words on this tape and I hope some of the things that I've given will be of interest to those who listen to it. I guess maybe I wouldn't even of done it if Rhoda hadn't gone to Russia, but I was sitting here with nothing to do but read the paper or read a book or watch television and television is so bad that you can't stand to see many of the shows, they're so crummy. The acting is so bad in so many of them and so much pornography in them that they aren't interesting to listen to or to watch so I find myself reading more like I did when I was younger and I've been reading several books. I've been reading some books about the Jews. I read one from the time of Abraham right on up to the present time about the Jews and it was quite interesting. I read another book on the Jews and now I'm reading the Book of Mormon again. I thought well, I'll just, I know it pretty well but I'll just read it from cover to cover again. Sometimes you need to do that to get a flow of things. Where you just read hit and miss here you don't get the full feeling and the full magnitude of the book, so I find myself doing this, reading more and more books all the way through where for the last few years I just kind of pick here and there in different parts of the book that I might find interesting. But you lose a lot that way, it's best to read the whole book. I kind of do a lot of reading now. I guess one never loses their quest for knowledge or for understanding. We're always seeking to try to improve our mind and know a little bit more so that we can find some of the answers to life and its riddle. Life is very complex and yet I guess it's very simple in other respects. But it seems like the more we learn or the more we know the more we find out what little we do know, and especially in our scientific age today, it's so complex with the computer age that it takes a

whole vast number of people to develop some of these things and if they were all wiped out you wonder what would happen. No one could produce a new one. I wouldn't even know where to begin just to make this little instrument that I'm speaking into. This little recorder and this little tape, it's quite a remarkable thing that this little tape can pick up all this voice and the different vibrations when it comes out when it's played why it's just like it went in. There's many remarkable things, we're really living in a remarkable age, it's just too bad that we can't preserve our freedoms and our dignity and have peace throughout the world with just great scientific strides. Man can put himself on the moon and before long they'll be going around the different planets, and yet we can't seem to solve our own problems between nations or even between communities and neighbors. It is kind of heart sickening at times when you think of all the wars and killing and the problems that go in life and it could be prevented and how much there is in life that we could enjoy. You know the Lord creates an abundance of everything. You know you just plant a handful of wheat and you get more than ten times probably than what you sow into the ground, and everything brings forth abundantly the Lord has provided this for us, that we would have everything we would need. All we have to do is put forth a little bit of work and sweat to get it. But man wants to complicate things so badly and he wants to control his fellow man. I guess this is a great evil and this is what I feel is the wicked of the earth is those who want to control the lives of others. Where they just can't seem to be satisfied if they're not dominating or controlling someone or passing more laws to control them. I've often felt that the best thing that could happen to this country is if the Legislature and the Congress wouldn't meet for five years so they couldn't pass any more laws. It would be the best stabilizing influence that this country could have.