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Ambrose E. B. Stephens



Memorial Addresses DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES IN MEMORY OF AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM OHIO



Seventieth Congress

MARCH 11, 1928



UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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Biography

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE STEPHENS was born in Crosby Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, June 3, 1862; attended the public schools and Chickering's Institute of Cincinnati; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1902, and commenced practice in Cincinnati; captain in the Ohio National Guard 1901-1903 and colonel in 1910 and 1911; clerk of the Hamilton County courts 1911-1917; commander in chief of the Sons of Veterans in 1915 and 1916; elected as a Republican to the Sixty-sixth, Sixty-seventh, Sixty-eighth, and Sixty-ninth Congresses, and served from March 4, 1919, until his death; had been reelected to the Seventieth Congress; died in North Bend, Ohio, February 12, 1927; interment in Maple Grove Cemetery, Cleves, Hamilton County, Ohio.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Ambrose E. B. Stephens



Proceedings in the House of Representatives

SATURDAY, February 12, 1927.

Mr. BURTON. Mr. Speaker, it is with the deepest sorrow that I announce the death after a long and painful illness of the Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, a Member of this House from the second district of Ohio. At a later time I trust arrangements will be made to commemorate the most excellent and lovable qualities of the deceased and dwell upon his public services. At the present time I desire to offer the following resolutions:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of 17 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

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The Speaker appointed the following committee on the part of the House:

Thomas S. Butler, Pennsylvania; Charles C. Kearns, Ohio; Charles J. Thompson, Ohio; C. Ellis Moore, Ohio; Francis F. Patterson, jr., New Jersey; Roy G. Fitzgerald, Ohio; John C. Speaks, Ohio; James M. Magee, Pennsylvania; W. W. Chalmers, Ohio; W. T. Fitzgerald, Ohio; Thomas A. Jenkins, Ohio; Carl Vinson, Georgia; Herbert J. Drane, Florida; Charles A. Mooney, Ohio; Robert Crosser, Ohio; John McSweeney, Ohio.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the other resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday, February 14, 1927, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *February 14, 1927.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou in whose wisdom there is neither variable-ness nor shadow of turning, consider and hear us. Continue to teach us that duty is the upper road that leads to God and he who fails wrongs his own soul. To-day give us the rapture of high encouragement. While the years roll across the seas of time, Thou art our Father. Through every scene of life and death,

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS

Thou wilt not leave nor forsake us, so now we extend this moment at Thy holy altar. One has passed through the shadows. He was constant in his labors, just in his decisions, and manly in his bearing. It is thus that he holds the memory of our hearts. Upon the sorrowing ones let come the blessings of peace and resignation. Life's warfare is over. The stir of events can not break his calm repose. He is dust-pillowed on the soft bosom of kindly earth; sweet be his rest. May he gently, sweetly slumber in the arms of God. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER. In view of the fact that several gentlemen will be unable to attend the funeral of our late colleague, Mr. STEPHENS, the Chair will appoint Mr. Canfield a member of the committee.

TUESDAY, *February 15, 1927.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Craven, its principal clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of 11 Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

THURSDAY, *March 1, 1928.*

Mr. COOPER of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the order which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order.
The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, March 11, 1928, at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for memorial exercises in commemoration of the life, services, and character of the late Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, former Representative from the second district of Ohio.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the order?

There was no objection.

The order was agreed to.

SATURDAY, *March 10, 1928.*

The SPEAKER. The Chair designates the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Cooper] to preside to-morrow at the memorial exercises.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS

SUNDAY, *March 11, 1928.*

The House met at 2 o'clock p. m., and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore, Mr. Cooper of Ohio.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Holy Spirit, help us to rise from the mist and gloom of human sorrow to where we can almost see through the vistas to the upper world. Through the night and into the morning, while the veil hangs dark between, let not the bell be tolled; allow not the dirge of winter. Let it be rung and sound it forth from the distant hills. It strikes the tones of lengthened hope—the springtime of heaven. Arise, O Lord, on the breast of eternity and let us hear through the shadows the glad note of the day dawn: “Lo, it is I, be not afraid.” We pause. There is no response to the call! One has been withdrawn from the sum of human existence. He has carried the burden and he leaves a song. This Chamber has witnessed his life filled with devotion to duty; here is the path he so faithfully trod. He never quenched a single taper that glowed on the human altar. Ah, this mortal has put on the glory of immortality. There shall be no night there; and they need no candle; neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order for to-day.

AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Cooper of Ohio, by unanimous consent—

“*Ordered*, That Sunday, March 11, 1928, at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for memorial exercises in commemoration of the life, services, and character of the late Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, former Representative from the second district of Ohio.”

Mr. MOORE of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution:

The Clerk read (H. Res. 135) as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, late a Member of this House from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Memorial Addresses
on
Ambrose C. B. Stephens

Memorial Addresses



Address by Representative Tatgenhorst Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: May I give my tribute to those which are to be given? Let me briefly review the life of that noble man whom we here do reverence. Col. A. E. B. STEPHENS was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, June 3, 1862, the son of S. Kyle Stephens, of Civil War fame, and Minerva Smith Stephens. Educated in the Cincinnati public schools and a graduate of Chickering Institute, he became a teacher at the age of 20. After serving in educational fields for about twelve years, he became interested in politics and was appointed administrator of a stamp tax levied by the Federal Government to pay the costs of the Spanish-American War. Thereafter he held the offices of clerk of courts and deputy county treasurer in Hamilton County, meanwhile studying law at night, and eventually being admitted to the bar. But the call of public service was too strong, and he was again elected as clerk of courts, where he served three successive terms. In 1916 he retired from politics to resume his law practice, but in 1918 the Republican Party drafted him to run for Congress. He was elected by a large majority, which increased each term, until, at his last election, although he had been ill and unable to campaign, he polled 10,000 votes more than his opponent.

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He had been an advocate of home ownership for more than a quarter of a century and served as president of the Miami Township Building & Loan Co. for twenty-seven years, and as director of the Hamilton County League of Building Associations for several years. From 1901 to 1903 he was a captain in the Ohio National Guard and, after retirement of seven years, served as colonel for a year. In 1915 he was elected national commander in chief of the Sons of Veterans, United States of America.

He served for four consecutive terms in the House of Representatives, and was elected for a fifth time during his last illness. His friends were overwhelmed with grief when they learned that he was fatally ill. He, himself, demanded to know the truth about his condition, and when he was frankly told that he could not recover he once again revealed himself as a true soldier and statesman. He put his house in order and calmly waited until the great All Father announced adjournment.

His burial day witnessed a great outpouring of the people he had so nobly served. They came from the neighboring cities, counties, and States to pay homage to this great soldier and statesman, this kind and dutiful son, this loving and beloved husband and father. They came from far and near, from every station of life—the rich and the poor, the great and the insignificant—all to pay homage to one whom they knew and loved, one they admired and respected, one they believed and trusted—"BUZZ" STEPHENS, their neighbor, their friend; a true, loyal, patriotic American. And their

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feelings are well summed up in the following editorial by Colonel Moore, of the editorial staff of the Enquirer, who knew Colonel STEPHENS for thirty-five or forty years.

[From the Enquirer, Sunday, February 13, 1927]

A WORTHY CITIZEN

The death of Representative A. E. B. STEPHENS, which occurred Saturday morning, was not unexpected. It came, nevertheless, as a shock to a multitude of friends, who had been hoping against hope that he might somehow win his gallant fight for the life which long had been so useful to his city, State, and country.

"BUZZ" STEPHENS—for so he came familiarly to be called by intimate, admiring friends—will sadly be missed, for he was so vital, so buoyant a part of life—life filled with laughter, cheer, and all friendliness, with opportunities for service. And "BUZZ" STEPHENS possessed both inclination and capacity for that service which makes this world a better world.

Genial, courageous, capable, sympathetic, with Celtic warmth to fire his purposes and inspire his idealisms, he was a success within the true meaning of the word. He possessed that wealth which is the immemorial heritage of those who have realized that God is good and the world worth while. He knew the love of home and children—the real love—and this is much. His record as a man, citizen, and public servant is one without reproach. His requiem will be breathed by many, and it will be soft with the sighs of a haunting regret, but thrilled with a pride and tenderness born of memories more enduring than are chaplets woven for the brow of living achievement.

In the death of Mr. STEPHENS, Cincinnati, Hamilton County, the State, the Congress, and the Republic lose a citizen whose life honored and ennobled them in conspicuous wise.

Address by Representative McSweeney
Of Ohio

MR. SPEAKER AND MY COLLEAGUES: I would indeed be recreant to my better nature if I did not avail myself of this opportunity to express the appreciation I have always felt for the life and character of Mr. STEPHENS. I regret that my opportunity to view his life was through the narrow vista of a short acquaintance. The few sessions of Congress in which I had the opportunity to know him gave me just a short acquaintance, but I find that short acquaintance proved to me that the dominating characteristic of his beautiful nature was friendship.

I remember when our colleague, John Rankin, of Mississippi, delivered that beautiful eulogy on the life of Mr. Little he said that friendship was the vine that scaled the party wall and shed its fragrance on both sides.

If I may carry the metaphor further, I would like to say the tentacles of that vine of friendship go into the cracks and crevices of the wall—they go into the soft mortar and the plastic brick and finally disintegrate the wall.

And so to-day we sit here and express ourselves for the regard of Mr. STEPHENS, and so the party wall crumbles apart, and over it the trailing vines of friendship grow.

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We are proud of his achievements. To his gracious wife I know that nothing can be of any comfort to her now except the memory of the delightful years of their happy life, but I hope she will allow us gathered here to in some way abridge her anguish and grief and have that beautiful assurance that Mr. STEPHENS added greatly to the sum of human joys and that with God's grace we may exemplify his life, which was worthy of exemplification.

Address by Representative Moore
Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: How feeble are words at a time like this. We think, in the inspiration of a great occasion or when enthusiasm runs rife, we can command the proper words to express ourselves, but could we call upon a limitless vocabulary, I am sure, in time of sorrow like this, when we try to speak about our friends, words seem inadequate to express our feelings of bereavement, sympathy, and appreciation. However, as one who loved the departed, I should like to add my word of appreciation for the beauty of his life and for the opportunity that I have had of being one of his friends and being able to call him my friend. Some sit before me who came into the Sixty-sixth Congress, when Mr. STEPHENS first came here. I can recall meeting him for the first time in that spring of 1919—tall, handsome, upstanding, commanding, a man of many parts, who would attract attention, and did, wherever he went. In the House Office Building his office was near mine, and day by day as he went down the corridors he frequently stopped with a word of good cheer. I shall ever remember the kindness, the sympathy, the warmth and geniality of my friend "BUZZ" STEPHENS. But he is gone, and he needs no word of mine to

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endear him to you or for him to have the place he rightfully occupies in the community and in the country.

I had the honor, the sad honor, to be a member of the funeral party that went out to his home when we laid him to rest, amid a sea of flowers and in the presence of a host of friends who gathered at his beautiful home, at a beautiful spot along the Ohio, to do him reverence and honor. A fatal malady sorely afflicted him, but, unafraid and without complaint, he bore his suffering bravely. I was impressed with what his faithful wife and devoted children report he said when he was told about his affliction. He said in substance:

Let no one worry about this; I have enjoyed life; I have had many of its pleasures and have seen many of the beauties of life, with few of its sorrows and displeasures, and now I can but uncomplainingly bear the things that have come to me.

Brave indeed, but just like him, and so out there amid his friends in that little village close by the great city of Cincinnati, with the pastor of the church to which he belonged and where he had served, in a beautiful service he was laid to rest. I can remember the many evidences of friendship at the funeral and the esteem in which the people held him. We stood on the great, spacious lawn, with neighbors and friends, just as has been said, the rich and the poor, the young and the old. They all loved him because he loved them all. Along the way, in the magnificent dwelling or the

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humble hut, I could see his portrait in the window draped with the badge of mourning. Many were the evidences in that little village of the esteem in which his neighbors and friends held him.

None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

So I pause to-day to pay my tribute of appreciation to "BUZZ" STEPHENS. He did impress this Chamber, not in the way some men seek to impress it, by the spectacular, but rather by that quiet, careful, painstaking attention to business, the faithfulness, the constancy that become men who really do things; and on the Naval Affairs Committee, and in the business of the House, we found him faithful in attention to duty, always trying to serve his constituency as he thought represented their views. True, we differed upon some questions, but I am sure it was always an honest difference; fighter that he was, partisan as he was, he was always fair and kindly and could see another's viewpoint.

I take it these are some of the things that helped him to achieve success here as well as elsewhere, and so we leave him. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and so we shall think of our friend. His handsome figure is gone, but we can still see it. His voice is stilled, but we can still hear it, with its kindly notes of warmth and sympathy, as he looked out into the future, unafraid. As we approach the springtime, full of hope and cheer, we think of him as the poet speaks, I believe, in the Chambered Nautilus:

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Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

“BUZZ” STEPHENS, as he was familiarly called, was patriotic, sincerely so. The son of a Civil War veteran, that gallant group have lost a sincere friend in his passing. As national commander of the Sons of Veterans I had the opportunity once in the city of Philadelphia to observe how that organization loved and honored him. He manifested great interest in the National Guard and everything that was for our defense. We shall miss him here; he will be missed everywhere, and yet we shall not forget him. While we may forget some things, yet those things that made up the real Colonel STEPHENS are lasting and enduring—personality, sympathy, warmth, geniality, courage, faith. They are all attributes of character that are eternal and endure.

Address by Representative Crosser
Of Ohio

MR. SPEAKER AND FRIENDS: As I regard them, extravagant eulogies discredit the lives and virtues of those whom they are supposed to praise. Too often the desire on the part of the panegyrist to attract attention to his own ability as a mental gymnast or juggler of words diverts attention from the person whose undoubted virtues it is the ostensible purpose of the speaker to emphasize. I shall, therefore, in the few words I shall speak, endeavor to avoid committing that sin.

Unfortunately it was not my privilege to know Congressman STEPHENS intimately, but I did know him sufficiently well to recognize in him some of the essential virtues characteristic of a true man. One of his characteristics which particularly attracted me was his innate modesty. I remember a clear thinker once saying to me that he knew of no quality so attractive to him in a man as modesty. If that is true, then we can truly say that Mr. STEPHENS was a most attractive person, because he was indeed modest. Another characteristic which, during my short acquaintance with him, impressed me was his sincerity. He did not pretend agreement when he did not agree. He was, however, always genial and fair toward those with

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whom he disagreed. To be known for unwavering sincerity should be the constant aim of every man.

All who knew Mr. STEPHENS recognized the fact that he had a genuine love for his fellow men. He was not, however, one who discussed his service to others or chattered about his altruism or of what he planned to do for the welfare of humanity. In his modest way he was happy in serving without talking about his service. That is evidence of genuineness.

When we live the principles of unity and brotherhood our influence will be felt by others and no language will be needed to make known the fact. It is generally the failure to express in fact the principle of true brotherhood that leads men to boast of their brotherly qualities.

Mr. STEPHENS and myself differed on many subjects. I was opposed to some things that were dear to his heart. But he was actuated by good motives and thought he was right, and anyone who does what he thinks to be right is a true man.

I might sum up what I might call the modus of Mr. STEPHENS's life in Van Dyke's words:

Who seeks for Heaven alone to save his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

In other words, Mr. STEPHENS was not concerned in achieving a place in what are called the celestial regions. He had a better understanding of the

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Divine scheme. He instinctively felt that the infinitely good Creator must have made all that He made truly good, and so our brother STEPHENS intuitively recognized the good in every fellow man and loved him accordingly.

We mourn unnecessarily at times the seeming extinguishment of those whom we love. We should realize the truth of Longfellow's words:

There is no death: what seems so is transition.

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Address by Representative Woodruff
Of Michigan

Mr. SPEAKER: I was not so fortunate as many have been to have known "BUZZ" STEPHENS during many years of his life. Judging from what I knew of him during the last few years of his service here, I am of the opinion that those who were so fortunate as to have known him during all the years of his maturity were fortunate indeed.

I knew him first in the House of Representatives as a serious-minded, dignified Member, a man intensely interested in everything taking place herein. It was not until I became a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs that I had an opportunity to know him as he really was. In working with him there, not only with the entire committee but also as a member of several subcommittees, I learned to know his kindness of heart and the deep sympathy and understanding which prompted him to do many things. I learned to know the seriousness with which he accepted the obligations of office.

It was my privilege to take a trip of inspection with him as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. On this trip, lasting two months and a half, I was with him night and day. I learned then that nothing, no matter how unimportant, in connection with the matter he had under consideration or under investigation was too insignificant

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for his most serious consideration. I think, and the members of our committee on that tour of inspection sometimes felt, that we were devoting too much time to little, unimportant things, but upon the completion of the work Mr. STEPHENS, who was ranking member on the committee and as such was chairman of the same during this tour of investigation, prepared and submitted to the entire Committee on Naval Affairs a report of that trip which is a classic. The great chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, the beloved and honored gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Butler], upon reading that report, asked that it be printed in full and be made a permanent record of the committee, to which reference could be made at any time in the future.

In my association with Mr. STEPHENS I learned to know all the many fine qualities of the man. I learned to love him for what he was. I learned to know of his great courage, a courage that at the last caused him to look death in the face with a smile, and I am sure that when the time came for him to enter the great realm of eternity, he trod that path, as he had all others, with his head erect and his heart unafraid.

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Address by Representative Chindblom
Of Illinois

Mr. SPEAKER: I would feel recreant to the memory of a very dear friend if I did not avail myself of the opportunity to speak a word upon this occasion about our universally beloved late colleague, the Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, of Ohio.

I was one of a considerable number who came to the House at the same time as did Colonel STEPHENS. We arrived together to attend a special session of the Sixty-sixth Congress in the month of May, 1919. Soon after my arrival I had an opportunity to make a trip to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. It was on that occasion that I began to get acquainted with Congressman STEPHENS. We came home from that trip together, we lived in the same hotel for some months, and from that time forward we found ourselves in close association and quite uniform agreement in our work in the House of Representatives.

I join in all that has been said about his kindly and genial nature, his lovable personality, the droll wit and humor which frequently characterized his speech, the common-sense view that marked his judgment—all of those characteristics of the average American which are known the world over and have given him a reputation for frankness, integrity, uprightness, and reliability.

I did not serve with him on committee, but I saw much of him in the House. He was constant in attendance and in attention. I can almost see him now coming over and sitting down beside me and saying, "Carl, what do you think about this proposition?" After I had told him, he would say, "Well, I am thinking about it," and he was constantly "thinking about it," constantly giving the best of his clear and discerning thought to the many perplexing questions that arose.

After all, the men who give such attention to the work of the Congress are the valuable men here. Flashes of debate attract the popular attention—moves of parliamentary procedure are interesting to the audience in the gallery and to the readers of the Record, but we who have served in the House for a little time know that the great work of the Congress is done in the standing committees, and that the final fruits of our labor grow upon the tree of diligence, constant attention, and intelligent application.

The friendship and affection which Colonel STEPHENS and myself established in the course of time extended to our families. We in our household have felt the keenest regret and sorrow that he should be taken away, and his surviving family have our deepest sympathy.

There may have been those who did not fathom the genuine sincerity of our beloved brother, his geniality may have hidden to some the deep seriousness of his mind and soul, but I had some opportunity for understanding the depth of his

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nature, and it was not surprising to me to learn that when the time came for the great test he was unafraid, ready, and willing to look forward to the great unknown with equanimity, hope, and satisfaction. His life had been clean and wholesome. He had been a useful citizen. He had served his country well in civil and military capacity; he was an able legislator, a wise counselor, a steadfast friend. God bless his memory.

Address by Representative Begg
Of Ohio

MR. SPEAKER AND COLLEAGUES: We have come together this afternoon to memorialize the passing of one of our colleagues, the Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, familiarly known to all his friends as "Buzz." If our only purpose was to say nice things about his memory, I question whether were he conscious of our action he would advise us to do it.

His record is completed, his achievements are all done. Nothing that one of us who are left behind will say or do can add one iota to his history.

I like to think that were he conscious of this afternoon's proceedings he would hope that by our acting together we might each of us pick something from his life as an inspiration for us for the remainder of our days.

With that thought in my mind, my friends and colleagues, "Buzz" had two or three traits of character that I think may be an asset to any man. His fidelity to purpose was one; his ability to meet difficulty head foremost with a smile on his face was another. His ability to take what I call a man's punishment without flinching was another trait of character that I think is admirable in any individual. He was honest, of course. He was courageous and conscientious. Those things are to be expected in us all, but only the real men have

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that ability to be punished in life and come up after disaster hits us.

Fidelity to purpose is one of the most needed traits of men in public life. Personally, I think there is nothing, certainly not in my small experience in life, that so tends to weaken a man in the performance of those duties that he believes conscientiously to be right as to be placed in the position of a representative of his people. Not once to my memory, regardless of what the apparent danger to the individual might be, did "BUZZ" STEPHENS ever fail to vote his convictions. In other words, he smilingly faced the issue and voted as he believed was for the best interests of all the people.

His ability to take punishment—I mean by that to strive for something and then fail—with ability to come up after being disappointed in acquiring that which he desired, came to the fore many times on the floor of Congress, and I recall very definitely one time his sitting on the front seat when he had some measure which he was vitally interested in. After meeting rebuff after rebuff, he came right back smilingly and said, "I am going to keep on until ultimately I accomplish the passage of this bill," and that he did. There is nothing in life that is a bigger asset to a man than that particular trait of character. He had it supreme. I have been told by those who were close to him in the last hours of his illness that he showed that same courage, uncomplaining through all his suffering in his last illness; and I am sure that if

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the rest of us leave this afternoon determined to emulate to the best of our ability those traits of character which were best in our colleague, the rest of our days will be more courageously filled with the fruits of life that are satisfactory to the individual, and that society will profit by our having been permitted to be a part of it, as it did for his having been permitted to live in it.

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Address by Representative Crowther
Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER AND COLLEAGUES: It was my privilege to be a Member of the Sixty-sixth Congress and enter this body with Colonel STEPHENS. To say that I enjoyed his friendship over a period of years is putting it altogether too lightly. There were many marked characteristics in this departed colleague of ours. I think if there was one outstanding characteristic of "BUZZ" STEPHENS, it was that when he told you something you could depend that it was absolutely true, and truth is a mighty necessary factor in this day and generation, when men for ulterior purposes and motives discuss subjects with you without a real regard for the truth. "BUZZ" STEPHENS knew the joys of service. He knew the happiness of doing things for other people. He could sink himself, his individuality, into almost oblivion if it was for the good of somebody else. One of the great poets said:

Hope not the cure of sin 'til self is dead.
Forget self in love's service,
And the debt thou cans't not pay
The angels shall forget.

I think he exemplified that sentiment in his attitude toward his fellow men and toward his great and tremendous constituency.

The Grim Reaper stops at the door of every man's house sooner or later. The messenger on the pale

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horse comes and delivers his message, and none can gainsay him. We all must travel to the great bourne from which no traveler has ever yet returned, and after all, all that we can do is, as our good colleague STEPHENS did, try to get the most out of life, not for your individual self, but by trying to make life a little bit easier, a little bit brighter, a little bit happier for somebody else. After all, that is really all that is worth while.

I have expressed myself on previous occasions to the effect that it would be a splendid thing if once during the session of this Congress we might have a memorial Sunday, when we might have the well of this House decked with flowers, when we might have an organ, or orchestra, and have two or three of the old hymns sung, when we might have a memorial sermon and a memorial address, when we might pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleagues and have this Chamber crowded with all the Members and their friends. I think it would be well if we should hold a general memorial service once during the year to the memory of all who have departed. Some day I hope that that idea may be perfected and that we may have a service of that character. Just remember that sooner or later our names must appear on the list of the departed; our friends shall gather;

And each shall mourn in life's advance
Dear hearts, dear hopes, untimely killed,
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.

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Address by Representative Thompson
Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: Congressman AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE STEPHENS and I came to the Sixty-sixth Congress in 1919, both for our first term. We were more than mere colleagues and soon became attached. "Buzz," as he was popularly known, was a jovial, good fellow and soon became a favorite in congressional circles.

Although he was a native of southern Ohio and I a native of northern Ohio, we seemed to have much in common. We were both born in 1862—I January 24 and he June 3. We both spoke the same language; had the same ideals and the same German constituency. Why should not we be drawn together? Both had the same political beliefs and belonged to the same party and were trained under the same political leaders. We were both machine-made men and in the early days trained under McKinley, Foraker, Dick, and Hanna.

He was a lawyer, a graduate of the Cincinnati Law School, while I was a graduate of the university of hard knocks and was the proprietor of a country newspaper. He was admitted to the bar in 1894, while I had acquired my newspaper in 1889, a few years before, and was a contemporary of Harding. He was elected clerk of courts for three terms, while I was a Warwick, making

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officers in northern Ohio. I had served my term in the Ohio National Guard long before he became captain and quartermaster of the First Infantry of the Ohio National Guard. I mention these facts to show that we naturally became friends by the similarity of our lives, which lasted until death did us separate.

He loved his fellow man. Electing him a Representative in Congress did not change him or make him arrogant. He was always the same kind and considerate "BUZZ" STEPHENS, no difference what his rank in life. That was the way he seemed, and was indeed.

In the House he was accorded the high honor of serving on the national Naval Affairs Committee and at the time of his demise he had attained high rank.

And now I wish to pay his memory the sincere and modest tribute of a friend and comrade. It is a significant and pleasing thing that we should gather here in these historic halls for this purpose, where so many crises in the Nation's history have been met, and where the great moments of our beloved colleague were spent.

Mr. Speaker, man can not contemplate the flowers and trees, the hills and valleys, the sun and stars without awakening in his breast the fervid hope of the life beyond.

We are not philosophers; the mazes of theology and the processes of theosophy are to us a mystery; but we can discern beyond the twilight zone which separates the existence here from that beyond the spirit of the teachings of the Nazarene.

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We feel an intuitive sense of mighty power, of exalted ideals, of an inexplicable grandeur in nature, and we soliloquize.

Ah, we think, surely if the Power above breathes into the rosebuds the bloom which fills the winds of the valley with richest fragrance, it is more than chance that the assembled thoughts and hopes and aspirations of men should furnish the hidden motive power that drives the turbine and builds a city.

If nature's alchemy, in the first biting frosts of late summer, will change the mountain forest into a variegated screen for the curious and reflective to ponder over, surely the triumph of this same Master Hand is the marvelous blend of the babel of the human race.

And when the autumn is come and the sear and yellow leaves of the mountain wood glide through the chill November air to light upon the polished steel railroad rails at the mountain's foot to be crushed to bare and sapless skeletons, if the oak and the poplar and the pine will live to reproduce their wonder panorama for generations yet unborn, will the Divine Father leave neglected the souls of men when in their autumn time they shake off the barren hulks that formed the biding places for their short sojourn here?

And when the blasts of winter come, if the Father of Fathers in His all-wise and omnipotent power will cuddle the willow and the rosebud and the palm in nature's protecting robe, and hold forth the prospect of returning summers, will He

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withhold the promise of the life beyond to the still soul waiting in the grave?

Ah, no! Let us rather believe that the beneficent Creator, who fixes the seasons and the stars, who dispenses the rainfall and the dew, who scatters the pollen to perpetuate the green verdure of mother earth, will find some sweet haven of rest for the tired soul whose earthly span has been devoted to the guardianship of the Master's creation.

Death but marks the terminal of earth's journey and is the transition state to prepare the neophyte for initiation into the ethereal splendor of the never-ending day. The finite mind can not comprehend its metaphysical state or encompass its boundless sphere.

Earth's milestones are but weak and linkless chains with which the mortal mind is impotent to reach through the cavern of eternity's fugitive goal. Our day's fleeting sunshine and night's dazzling incandescence are but the glow and flickering of uncertain beacons on the way to the perpetual radiance of the palace in the skies. Earth's broken reeds and shrill flageolets can only form the listening ear to drink the perfect harmony of the celestial choir.

We reach for salvation; it moves away. We grope for understanding; the mind fails. We build by the rule and guide of the prophets and philosophers, and when we would crown the superstructure it crumbles and is gone.

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Men whose dominant life's note is accomplishment of salvation for their own souls are but self-serving ambassadors, who treat in a language unspoken by the Creator; but he who holds self as an infinitesimal being save as he may commingle his impulses and aspirations with the universal scheme must become an indispensable part of the general plan.

Speaking for my colleagues in Congress assembled here on this occasion, we wish to extend our sympathy to the wife, daughters, and other relatives of our beloved colleague and comrade, and to say to you that amidst your heavy burden of sorrow you must recognize the right to feel a just pride in future years that no man in Ohio history will occupy a higher place on the roster of honor and that few men have ever contributed a more substantial and definite service to his fellow men than did AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE STEPHENS.

Address by Representative Drane
Of Florida

Mr. SPEAKER: It is considered a privilege that I should be permitted to come here to-day to pay tribute in loving memory of one who was for years one of my close personal friends.

I met him the day he came to be a Member of the Sixty-sixth Congress and in a few days found that he had been assigned to duty with the Committee on Naval Affairs, to which I was also attached, and thus began a friendship between two men of opposite political faith which lasted through all the years which followed and ended only when I followed him to his last resting place on a hillside in the county of his nativity.

That he was a man of the people was demonstrated in an unmistakable manner when I saw the "mourners go about the streets" in Cincinnati, in North Bend, where he had lived his life, and in a number of villages through which the long cortege slowly wended its way to the "narrow house," where he now sleeps the sleep of the just. The people along the way in unnumbered thousands were from the farm, the factory, the small shop. They wore the apparel of workingmen; their doors were closed; their windows were darkened; their sorrow was depicted on their faces. The streets, the lawns, the open spaces were full to overflowing of these people among whom he had "lived and walked and had his being."

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The outstanding characteristic of the man in his social relations with his fellow man was kindness—his was a genial soul; it radiated sunshine and was best portrayed in song and story. I have seen it demonstrated as we journeyed together from Hampton Roads to Panama, to far-away Hawaii, in California with his Masonic brethren with whom he particularly loved to mingle, and here at the Capitol where he oftentimes provoked a smile just by the force of his genial nature.

In his official life he was thoughtful, thorough in his work, with an analytic mind, always stern and unbending in anything having the least suspicion of waste, extravagance, or wrongdoing. Among his fellows he was regarded as a "good Congressman"; going about his daily work in the same earnest way as though this work might be for his own personal business. He was respected and loved by the members of his committee, from the venerable chairman thereof to the youngest member, and it was a sad day to them when he left them a vacant chair.

I best love to remember him as a close personal friend, who was loving and kind and true; who ministered unto me on my bed of pain and sickness; who smiled at my joys and dropped a tear when he knew of my sorrow. Thus, I love best to remember him and this memory will always abide with me.

We were not of the same political faith, but in all things essential, when love of country was involved, we found that we were as one.

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On the 12th day of February, 1927, in his home, where the Ohio makes its big "north bend," he fell upon sleep and the cycle of his life was complete. The old year was dead, the new year had just begun, and winter held its icy sway. The fields were bleak and cold and o'er the landscape was but little to remind one of the busy toil of the husbandman, because the crops had been garnered, and all that remained of the harvest was the corn in the shock, and so he came to his end—

in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. (Job. v, 26.)

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. (Psalms xxxvii, 37.)

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Address by Representative Underwood
Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with hesitancy that I contribute a word to the life and character of our departed colleague. It is always difficult to speak of a dead friend. These splendid eulogies to this splendid man make us all feel as if we were in the presence of a hallowed spirt, and we are. Ohio has mourned the loss of many illustrious sons, but, Mr. Speaker, I dare say no finer tributes have been paid to a deceased colleague of our delegation and none have been more deserved.

When I first entered the House five years ago, "BUZZ" STEPHENS was one of the Members to whom I was attracted. He became my friend; I was his. I had an ardent admiration for his fine qualities. With our offices located on the same floor and but a few doors apart, I soon learned from contact with this estimable gentleman that he was big of heart and big of mind, with a poise that definitely decided his actions and a judgment to chart his own course. His feet were always on the ground, his head never above the clouds. His life was full of activity and service. He has left a splendid heritage to his family, his friends, his State, and his country.

We all know by experience that the path to public favor is not a royal road. No man enters

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it and survives who bends to every breeze that blows. We always respected the views of our deceased friend as the views of an honest public servant. It was not necessary for us to agree with them to respect them.

“Buzz” STEPHENS served his constituency well. He endeavored to serve his people, but it can be truthfully said he never surrendered his conscientious views. His conclusions were the result of investigation and reflection. They were not based upon fleeting sentiment but the courage of his convictions. This trait we all admired and respected.

Our State and Nation has lost a man whose views were not sectional but nation-wide. His was a useful life, full of friends and love for his fellow men that made for him a constantly increasing circle of friends. We are in the presence of the life record of a true and noble man. I knew and respected him as a candid, courteous, and courageous gentleman and friend, not on particular occasions and in certain things, but at all times and in all things.

Others are better qualified to speak more in detail than I. I shall not attempt to do so. I hesitantly add my own humble tribute of admiration and respect to those which will be so much more fittingly expressed by others on this floor. We mourn his death as a distinct loss to this body, to our beloved State, and to the Nation. The death

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angel beckoned; our colleague, Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, was called from the tide of this world's aspirations, its hopes and its victories, into the Great Beyond. As we pause in the pathway of life and ponder, there is no death, as has been aptly said:

Death is but the door through which we pass
To meet those gone before;
'Tis but the stopping of the mortal breath,
The spirit passes on.
There is no death.

*Address by Representative Stwing
Of California*

Mr. SPEAKER: I desire to add my voice to the voices of my colleagues in paying tribute to the life, work, and character of our late colleague, A. E. B. STEPHENS. It was my privilege to serve for four years with him on the Committee on Naval Affairs, during which time we traveled together on several trips of inspection which brought me into closer acquaintance with him than would otherwise have been my privilege. I found, as all of us found, that Mr. STEPHENS was not a man to force his friendship upon you; but if you sought it and won it, you found a friendship which was lasting and worth while.

He was never a man who sought the spotlight. Quiet, retiring, and unassuming in manner, yet he possessed reserve, power, and courage whenever occasion required, and he did not hesitate to take a position for what he thought was right and maintain it tenaciously and energetically to the end.

As a statesman he was thorough and painstaking, honest and conscientious in his work. As a friend he was loyal and sincere and a source of comfort and encouragement. He was older in service and older in years by a good deal than myself. He represented the district in which my family tree spread its roots and reared its principal branches.

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He knew more about my family than I knew myself. Perhaps for this reason he kindly assumed guardianship over me on my arrival in Congress and gave me much friendly advice and encouragement. The merry twinkle of his eye, which we all have seen so many times, bespoke a kindly heart which sought happiness, not for himself alone, but also for those about him, for he was one of those who were happiest when making others happy.

One can not think of our friend "Buzz" STEPHENS without also thinking of his beloved wife, because she was part and parcel of his life and contributed directly to his success. She entered into his hours of labor as well as into his hours of recreation.

The pleasure of knowing her added to the pleasure and value of the friendship of her husband. "Buzz" STEPHENS had occasion to visit my district in California a number of times, and he was known and loved there in the same way as he was known and loved in Ohio.

If I had the power to give expression to the promptings of my heart, or if I were the master of words, I would weave them into a wreath of everlasting flowers and place them beside his name and memory as my tribute to a friend; but lacking that power, I humbly but sincerely speak these few words in token of my affection for a man who loved his fellow men and who, in turn, was loved by them.

*Address by Representative Murphy
Of Ohio*

MR. SPEAKER: We have gathered here this afternoon to pay our tribute of love and esteem to the memory of our former colleague and dear friend, Hon. A. E. B. STEPHENS, who was summoned into the Great Beyond on February 12, 1927. And as we gather here a great question arises before us, and that question is, "What is life?" One writer very beautifully expresses it thus:

Life is a beautiful shell,
 Thrown up by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell
 And a moment of loveliness show.
Gone back to its element grand
 Is the billow that brought it ashore,
See! Another is washing the strand
 And the beautiful shell is no more.

Another writer who has thought much describes life as—

A little loving and a great deal of sorrowing, some bright hopes and many grievous disappointments, some gorgeous Thursdays when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence bending over us in blessing gladdens the heart almost to madness, many dismal Fridays when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind and darkens the soul.

The gorgeous Thursdays and the dismal Fridays are all alike to our beloved dead. Our hearts are beating a little faster because they are aching

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with sorrow for the relatives of our friend and colleague who has been summoned into the misty beyond, and so we see that—

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair.

And so this afternoon we look out for a little while over that boundless sea on whose bosom all sails are outward bound and trust that the bark that bears our departed may be wafted by soft perfumed breezes over calm seas into a safe haven. The future is God's, to-day is ours; and we are again reminded that only in the temple of memory can we find the picture and the records of the good deeds done by our departed friend, and so we take them down from memory's walls and hold them up as beacon lights to those who are traveling on to the end that we, too, may be remembered, realizing that the impressions made on the human heart and mind outlive and outlast anything that could be carved on cold gray stone. The desire to be remembered has ever been a ruling passion in the heart of man. Every page of history proves this great truth. The desire not to be forgotten spurs on ambition to attempt the greatest tasks with the hope that when we are gone our names may be held in grateful remembrance by our fellow men. That hope urges on the strong to greater efforts and adds its strength to the arm and brain of the weak.

Love of wealth, power, position—all have back of them the hope that when the struggle is over

and history is written our names and deeds will not be forgotten.

Even the Savior of Mankind gives evidence of this strong desire of the human heart when on that last memorable night He called His beloved disciples together and broke bread with them, saying: "Do this in remembrance of me."

Many years ago a young German musician fell madly in love with a lady of higher station in life than his own, so one day while visiting his sweetheart he bade her farewell, saying he was going to go away to a distant land where he would make a name and a fortune such as could place him on an equality with her, and then he would again return and claim her hand. So one day he returned and he and his sweetheart were happily married, and one day during their honeymoon they were strolling along the beautiful banks of the River Rhine and spying a delicate little blue flower blooming near the edge of the water and desiring to secure some of these winsome little flowers for his bride, he ventured and secured the flowers, but the bank gave way under him and he was carried out with the swift waters to certain destruction, and seeing that he could not get back again to shore he tossed the little blue flower to his loved one, saying "Forget me not," and thus was the name of the little blue flower, known in Germany as the "Mouse ear," changed to the name "Forget-me-not," and so this modest little blue flower memorializes the desire of a human heart to be remembered.

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And so as we ponder at these memories the thought comes to us: For what do we want to be remembered? What did we do yesterday—last week—last year—yes, to-day? While we now live and understand, what have we done—now, as we examine ourselves, don't you think we could live a little better—be a little more pleasant—practice a little more secret charity—be a little broader in our views—speak a few more kind words as we travel down toward the setting sun—smile as we go through life and all our troubles will vanish like the mists before God's beautiful sunlight, and all we meet will be happier because we passed this way?

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it.
It cheered a life that had been dark the while,
Which might have wrecked without it.
And so for that smile and fruitage rare
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the leaves of the trees, and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as the footprints on the sands of the seashore.

We rarely think of the great event of death until the dread angel casts the shadow of its wing across our pathway and silences the voice and robs us of the companionship of those we love. We dread to think of the journey through the dark valley, although it may lead to the place we call Paradise. And so the ripening process of human

lives goes on and, I trust, will make us sweeter and more mellow toward the faults and foibles of our fellow creatures and inspire in us a desire to help some time-worn and discouraged fellow being to a nobler and better life.

Since the dawn of light, man has vainly sought to peer through the mystery that we call death. In vain have we listened for some message from the misty beyond. In vain has man tried to bribe the inexorable Charon to ferry a soul back to this side of the river. Occasions such as this are the outgrowth of that human longing not only for fellowship in life but comfort in death; when we are brought face to face with the grim tyrant that "rides the pale horse" we grasp for the hand of our friend and colleague. We are all taught that death is nothing more than a rebirth upon some Elysian shore. When we turn with reverent pause and tearful eye on the memories of the past, while we realize that the places that knew our friend and colleague will know him no more, and while those living friendships that cheered and warmed the cockles of our hearts are now but recollections pure and sweet, we also realize "that never morning wears to evening but some hearts do break," for man is born to die.

With sympathy for the friends and relatives of our departed colleague, we turn again to cheering the living, to pointing out for emulation the shining marks whom death has claimed, and to stretching forth the helping hand to aid the struggling friend, hoping ever that our lives may prove a

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beacon light whose rays falling athwart life's channel may guide the bark of God's children clear and safe of the reefs and shoals of adversity and malice direct into that harbor whose placid waters shall form a haven safe from all hostile winds. And so we resume our everyday tasks, glad in the promise of that eternal springtime when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and death shall be no more.

It seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country, the beyond,
And yet not strange for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond.
It seems to grow familiar and most clear
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
 I think I can almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come close enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think but for our veiled eyes
We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out,
To that still dearer country of the dead
 And meet the friends so long dreamed about.
I love this earth yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends that wait for me, I know.

I never stand before a bier and see
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But that I think of one more to welcome me
 When I shall cross the intervening space,
Between this land and that one over there.

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And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory,
It is but crossing, with abated breath
And white set face, a little strip of sea
To meet the loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. McSweeney] will please take the chair. Mr. McSweeney assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Address by Representative Cooper
Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: We have met this afternoon to honor and pay tribute to one of our Members who has passed away from the trials and cares of earthly life.

In paying tribute to the life and memory of Congressman STEPHENS, I count it an honor to offer a few words at this time.

It was my good fortune to have had a close personal acquaintance with him during his eight years of service in this House.

He was a man of deep convictions, intensely devoted to his congressional work, and never permitted selfish or political issues to set aside his convictions on important public questions.

I believe it can truthfully be said of him that during his service in Congress he tried at all times to represent the people of his district, State, and Nation regardless of political views or station in life.

One of the pleasant recollections I shall take with me when I retire from Congress will be the great privilege I have had in the personal acquaintance with such men as "BUZZ" STEPHENS.

But there comes a time in all of our lives when we must part with loved ones who have been near and dear to us.

AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

The Divine Maker in His wisdom saw fit to sound taps and call to the colors above this soldier and statesman.

He has passed away from the busy life of turmoil and strife to rest in peace.

No word of mine can bring him back again, nor can I bring much comfort to the sorrowing loved ones left behind, only to say that we do have the promise of Him, the Supreme Ruler of all, that some day we will be united once again with those who were ever near and dear to us in earthly life.

Through the death of our colleague and friend a good and upright man has passed away. Peace be to his soul.

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*Address by Speaker Longworth
Of Ohio*

Mr. SPEAKER: While I can add nothing to the eloquent and heartfelt tributes which have been rendered by my colleagues to Colonel STEPHENS, I can not let this occasion pass without bearing my testimony to his worth as a citizen, statesman, and friend. It has been my privilege to know him intimately for many years, and I hoped against hope in the busy days which attended the closing of the last Congress that his life would be spared and that we would continue to benefit here from his wise counsel and untiring zeal in the discharge of the duties of his high office.

But in the wisdom of Providence it was not to be. We who knew him well realize the greatness of our loss and, with pride in his achievements and affection for the man, do honor to his memory.

For many years Colonel STEPHENS served his city faithfully and well. As a citizen he never shirked a call to duty, and in response to that call he came here to Congress at a time when the opportunity for service was never greater. The World War had just ended, and he at once devoted himself unsparingly to the perplexing problems and the heavy burden of responsibility which confronted Congress in that trying time.

His statesmanship was not of the showy type which gains for itself headlines in the newspapers.

AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

He never sought for such publicity, but it would be well for us if we had more men willing, as he was, to submit to the drudgery of hard work necessary to a thorough understanding of the legislative proposals upon which a Member of this body must constantly pass judgment. And I think it was in his devotion to the work of his committee—for it is in the committees of the House that the more laborious work of the Congress is accomplished; there the facts are gathered and the evidence weighed—that he achieved his greatest success, and there his work came to full fruition and has left its permanent impress upon the record of the last four Congresses. No committee of the House is charged with heavier responsibilities than the great Committee on Naval Affairs. Colonel STEPHENS'S colleagues on that committee have testified to the great value of his work there, but it has come to me also to have some knowledge of it, and I know that it entitles him to a well-earned place among the constructive statesmen of the last decade.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, it is not as a citizen or statesman that he will be best remembered, but as a friend. I doubt if any man I have ever known had more real friends. Quiet and unassuming, with a keen wit and a rare capacity for sympathy, always ready to give the best that was in him, "BUZZ" STEPHENS endeared himself to a host of friends who will ever hold him in affectionate remembrance.

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Mr. Cooper of Ohio resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, and as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House stands adjourned until 12 o'clock to-morrow.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 38 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, March 12, 1928, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the United States Senate

MONDAY, February 14, 1927.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Haltigan, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate intelligence of the death of Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions from the House now on his desk.

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of 17 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions and ask for their immediate consideration.

The resolutions (S. Res. 351) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. AMBROSE E. B. STEPHENS, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That a committee of eleven Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolution the Vice President appointed Mr. Willis, Mr. Fess, Mr. Shortridge, Mr. Trammell, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Robinson of Indiana, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Deneen, Mr. Ernst, Mr. Dill, and Mr. Neely as the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. WILLIS. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and the Senate (at 10 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, February 15, 1927, at 12 o'clock meridian.

