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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Charles W. Roark

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM KENTUCKY



Seventy-first Congress
Second Session



UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1930

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Biography

CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK was born in Greenville, Muhlenberg County, Ky., January 22, 1877; attended the public schools of his native city and the Greenville Seminary; founded the Greenville Milling Co. in 1901 and served as its president until his death; also served as president of the Kentucky Retail Lumbermen in 1908, and of the Tri-State Lumber Dealers' Association in 1909; elected mayor of Greenville and served from 1918 to 1922; during the World War was chairman of the selective service board of Greenville; active in civic development in his home city and county; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-first Congress, and served from March 4, 1929, until his death, before the convening of Congress; died in Louisville, Ky., April 5, 1929; interment in the family lot in Evergreen Cemetery, Greenville, Ky.

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term "philosophy" and then proceeds to a discussion of the various branches of the subject. The author then discusses the history of philosophy, from the ancient Greeks to the modern era. He then discusses the various methods of philosophy, such as logic, metaphysics, and ethics. Finally, he discusses the various schools of thought, such as Platonism, Aristotelism, and Stoicism.

House Resolution No. 194

MONDAY, March 31, 1930.

Mr. FRENCH. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of the Committee on Memorials I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 194, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 194) as follows:

Resolved, That on Thursday, May 15, 1930, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials under the provisions of clause 40a of Rule XI. At the conclusion of the recess the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-first Congress
Second Session

Order of Exercises

Prelude, sacred selections (11.30 to 12)—

United States Navy Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer—

The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation—The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Crossing the Bar (Wm. L. Thickstun)—

Interstate Male Chorus

Scripture reading and prayer-----The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members—

The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Christ Went Up into the Hills (Richard Hageman)—

Mrs. Nicholas J. Sinnott

Address-----Hon. Frank Crowther
(Representative from the State of New York)

Thy Will Be Done (Marston)-----Mrs. Nicholas J. Sinnott

Address-----Hon. Andrew J. Montague
(Representative from the State of Virginia)

Captain, My Captain (Jean Bohannon)—

Interstate Male Chorus

Benediction-----The Chaplain

Charles W. Roark



Memorial Services

THURSDAY, May 15, 1930.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives,
Hon. Nicholas Longworth, presided.

Scripture reading and prayer by the Chaplain,
Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up, in the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that

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I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
For what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

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What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our needs is just,) That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Amen.

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "Crossing the Bar."

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., then led the assemblage in prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

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ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

The Clerk of the House, Mr. William Tyler Page, read the roll of deceased Senators and Representatives as follows:

LAWRENCE DAVIS TYSON, Senator from the State of Tennessee.—West Point graduate; served in United States Army; colonel, volunteer service, Spanish-American War; brigadier and inspector general, Tennessee National Guard; member and speaker Tennessee House of Representatives; World War veteran, in command of Thirtieth Division; awarded distinguished-service medal; candidate for vice presidential nomination in 1920. Died August 24, 1929.

THEODORE ELIJAH BURTON, Senator from the State of Ohio.—Representative in the Fifty-first Congress; again a Representative in the Fifty-fourth and the seven succeeding Congresses; United States Senator; delegate to four Republican National Conventions; chairman International Waterways Commission and of the National Waterways Commission; member National Monetary Commission; author; candidate for Republican nomination for President, 1916; again a Representative, Sixty-seventh and three succeeding Congresses; member Parliamentary Union; member World War Debt Funding Commission; chairman United States delegation Geneva conference; again United States Senator. Died October 28, 1929.

FRANCIS EMROY WARREN, Senator from the State of Wyoming.—Civil War veteran; received congressional medal of honor; member and president Dakota Territorial Senate; member city council and mayor, Cheyenne, Wyo.; treasurer of Wyoming; again a member Territorial Senate; delegate to five Republican National Conventions; Governor of Wyoming Territory and State; United States Senator, November 18, 1890,

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to March 3, 1893; again United States Senator and served 34 years, 8 months, and 21 days continuously; member and chairman Committee on Appropriations; cumulative Senate service, 37 years and 6 days. Died November 24, 1929.

ROYAL HURLBURT WELLER, Twenty-first Congressional District of New York.—Assistant district attorney of New York County; counsel for Alien Property Custodian; member of the Academy of Political Science; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventieth Congresses; reelected to the Seventy-first Congress. Died March 1, 1929.

CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK, Third Congressional District of Kentucky.—Mayor of Greenville, Ky.; chairman selective service board during World War; elected a Member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-first Congress. Died April 5, 1929.

WHITMELL PUGH MARTIN, Third Congressional District of Louisiana.—Professor of chemistry; district attorney and judge, twentieth district of Louisiana; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-fourth and each succeeding Congress. Died April 6, 1929.

JOHN JOSEPH CASEY, Twelfth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.—Member of the Pennsylvania Legislature; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses; member advisory council to Secretary of Labor; labor adviser and executive, labor adjustment division Emergency Fleet Corporation, World War; again a Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-eighth, Seventieth, and Seventy-first Congresses. Died May 5, 1929.

LESLIE JASPER STEELE, Fifth Congressional District of Georgia.—Mayor of Decatur, Ga.; member of the Georgia Legislature; Member of the House of Repre-

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sentatives, Seventieth and Seventy-first Congresses. Died July 24, 1929.

OLE JUUL KVALE, Seventh Congressional District of Minnesota.—Ordained to the ministry; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress. Died September 11, 1929.

WILLIAM WALTON GRIEST, Tenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.—School-teacher; director and incorporator, Pennsylvania Public School Memorial Association; newspaper editor; member, Pennsylvania Tax Commission; delegate to nine Republican National Conventions; Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-first and each succeeding Congress. Died December 5, 1929.

WILLIAM KIRK KAYNOR, Second Congressional District of Massachusetts.—Postmaster and member city council, Springfield, Mass.; trustee, Springfield College; World War veteran; Member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-first Congress. Died December 20, 1929.

ELMER O. LEATHERWOOD, Second Congressional District of Utah.—District attorney, third judicial district of Utah; president of four business concerns; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh and each succeeding Congress. Died December 24, 1929.

JAMES ANTHONY HUGHES, Fourth Congressional District of West Virginia.—Member of the Kentucky Legislature; member of the West Virginia Senate; delegate to nine Republican National Conventions; Member of the House of Representatives, Fifty-seventh to the Sixty-third Congresses, inclusive; again a Member of the House of Representatives, Seventieth and Seventy-first Congresses. Died March 3, 1930.

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JAMES PETER GLYNN, Fifth Congressional District of Connecticut.—Postmaster at Winsted, Conn.; Member of the House of Representatives, Sixty-fourth to the Sixty-seventh and the Sixty-ninth to the Seventy-first Congresses. Died March 6, 1930.

ROBERT QUINCY LEE, Seventeenth Congressional District of Texas.—Member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-first Congress. Died April 18, 1930.

Mrs. NORTON, a member of the Committee on Memorials, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed one minute of devotional silence.

The Chaplain, Doctor Montgomery, then offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, lift upon us at this hour the light of Thy holy countenance. Help us to lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our strength. Our help cometh from the Lord. More and more increase our faith and our hope in the immortality of the human soul. Let a blessing of rest and peace come to all of these ones upon whom the great sorrow of death has come. God, be very gracious and merciful unto them and keep them, we beseech Thee, while many years of happiness and contentment pass by. During all the future enable them to be conscious that underneath them are the everlasting arms that never, never fail. Abide with all of us in the measure of a great peace, and at the last, for, O Lord God, at the last will come, as one door closes may another door open. As our earthly eyes close upon the receding skies of time may the

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eternal skies appear and bear us up the stairway through the darkness to the Father's house, to the Father's breast, to the Father's heart, to the Father's love, and to the Father's home, and we shall go out no more, forever. Amen.

Mrs. Nicholas J. Sinnott sang "Christ Went Up into the Hills."

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK CROWTHER

Representative from New York

MR. SPEAKER, MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE, AND DEAR FRIENDS: On this solemn occasion we are assembled to pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleagues. We have not come in a spirit of mourning and sorrow, but rather to scatter a few flowers on the pathway of memory and to renew our faith in a blessed immortality.

Joy and sorrow are closely intermingled in this busy world of ours. The happiness incident to the birth of a precious baby is oftentimes curbed by the death of its mother, and repeatedly on the highway of life the bridal procession must tarry while the funeral train passes by. Even after great victories in battle the shouts and huzzas of the populace are hushed as vanquished foes are borne to their last resting place.

But the king and his jester must answer the call, the great and the humble, and the spear of the prince and the staff of the pauper shall lie side by side.

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Life is a privilege. The noontide fades
And shadows fall among the winding glades;
Though joy-blooms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the souls of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate;
If men forsake us as the shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming presence at the goal,
And in the knowledge that our feet have trod
Paths that lead from and must lead us back to God.

This service is one that carries us away from the busy whirl of to-day and transports us to the land of yesterday, filled with fond memories of those who have left us for a little while. Scarcely one of us but what sits and muses and grows fanciful as the floodgate of memory is opened and we live again the joys and sorrows of a lifetime.

The fond mother in fancy sees her first born who was taken away in his baby days, and there comes to her an intuitive knowledge that had he been spared he would have been her pride and joy. Son and daughter in fancy see again their dear old father and mother who finally went to their reward after weary months of illness. Even communities pause in the midst of their activities to pay tribute to the memory of those whose life work and achievements have made them characters of historic interest.

And so we are assembled to turn back the pages of the record of yesterday, and as we listened to this roll call of the departed we in fancy could see our colleagues as we knew them in the days of their health and strength, of which they gave their full measure in the performance of their duties.

No measure of sacrifice on our part would have been too great if we could have saved their lives to their families and friends. But the power to stay the hand of the grim messenger is not vested in us, and we bow in humble submission before the awful majesty of death. Life, after all, is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little while and vanisheth away, and there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than the fool forever; life is ever promising and seldom fulfilleth, ever lived in the present, and the present is no more by the time you have said it. One day calls another a day and makes joy to follow joy and tears to follow tears.

Life is a constant struggle and conflict between the victor and the vanquished, while the bitterness of the strife withers the laurels of the conqueror and rankles in the hearts of the defeated.

Success is not often measured by the degree of happiness, peace, or contentment attained, but rather by the battles won and trophies captured from the vanquished foe.

Fortunate is the man who can so live that his success in material things has not dwarfed his spiritual stature. Death to him is but the zero hour of the great adventure, and he sings with the

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psalmist, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." But man is as frail and as prone to err as he has been for centuries, and in spite of the great moral uplift and banishment of bigotry during the last century we are still possessed of the tendency to exaggerate the faults of our neighbor and belittle his efforts for good. So few of us during our life journey walk the center of the path of rectitude with never a step to the right or to the left that in order to be true to ourselves we should be less hasty and caustic in our criticism and heed well the admonition, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

The ancient Arabs had a saying that "death is a camel that kneels before every man's tent," and so in the midst of the battle of life comes death, the implacable foe of person, time, or place. Ever walking by our side, it can not be avoided and none may escape it. Its sway is universal and the hour of its coming uncertain. In joy or sorrow it finds us out and we must follow at the summons. Even as our departed friends were called, to us shall come perhaps without warning the grim messenger who shall dash the cup of life all fragrant with love and success from our lips and we shall stand as strangers at the gates of eternity. What will our earthly life, our lofty hopes, our success or failure matter to us at that time? How paltry and insignificant our own individuality, and how small will seem the part we played in the drama

of the universe! There we shall stand in the presence of the Everlasting Judge, and human imagination dare not take a step farther, dare not enter that Presence, for between us and the soul of departed friends there is a veil which we can not penetrate, and its secret will not be revealed to us until we too pass behind it from the light which is darkness to the full light of perfect knowledge.

What a flood of happy recollections come tumbling down the stream of memory as we look back upon the friendships developed by years of association with these departed friends. To us they have told their story of humble beginnings and early hardships which, in men of sterling worth and integrity, serve but to urge them on to their goal of achievement. Many of them had attained positions of high honor in their States, and yet their ambition had been to serve their country in a representative capacity. They came from all walks of life—successful bankers and business men, lawyers of outstanding ability, and occasionally from the ranks of professional men and the clergy. They all contributed to the sum total of knowledge and ability that is so necessary in a national legislative body. To the younger Members of the House they were a source of inspiration, and to us all they were united in the bonds of real friendship.

The passing of these distinguished Members was a loss not only to their immediate families but a loss to the Nation. They had served for periods varying from a few months to a quarter of a century, and their achievements will be a source of

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inspiration to us and to future generations. What better record can a man leave than that of the full performance of duty? Such a record is the result of the possession not only of marked ability but of undaunted courage and a high sense of honor.

To men of this caliber the Nation is indebted for their tireless energy and devoted service. To them the Master said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you," and our faith in a blessed immortality tells us that we shall see them again in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Without this abiding faith in the hereafter, death would be indeed an appalling mystery, life would be a tragedy, and love and devotion a mere mockery.

We all dread to think of the hour of parting when those nearest and dearest to our hearts shall be taken out of our lives. But the great wealth of our love and devotion will not be lost to us, for it shall be gathered into the treasury of the kingdom and shall be returned to us an hundredfold when we, in our turn, shall follow the unnumbered generations into gladness eternal.

Oh! may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence
Urge men's search to vaster issues.

God in His infinite wisdom does not permit us to darken our lives with the thoughts of death. He bids us raise our eyes to the heavens and ever have an abiding faith in our fellow men; to cultivate self-respect in place of self-regard; to walk humbly with Him in the quietness of the dim valley and the dark stream, ever believing that an all-merciful Providence has a place and a joy for even the most humble of His creations.

Amidst our trials and tribulations, our ambitions and our temptations, let us remember the closing stanza of that literary gem by Bryant:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like a quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mrs. Nicholas J. Sinnott sang "Thy Will Be Done."

ADDRESS BY HON. ANDREW J. MONTAGUE
Representative from Virginia

MR. SPEAKER: The list of our dead just read by the Clerk is sadly impressive. Within a year and eighteen days fifteen Members of the Congress—three Senators and twelve Representatives—have answered the silent call of death. Some of them

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had long and distinguished public careers, and all of them discharged their responsible and honorable duties with fidelity and ability, some in modest and tactful and laborious ways, others in earnest and compelling debate—the public good they all did promote. Some adorned these Halls with eloquence and argument, stirred convictions, and commanded intelligent and conscientious judgments.

They had their differences of views and opinions, sometimes expressed in quiet and gentle persuasion, but at other times in earnest and bold advocacy. In this hour we recall and commend their devotion to country and fidelity to public service. They had their moments of doubt and conflicts of duty, but they had no misgivings of purpose or of patriotism.

We can not now assemble and assess their activities or their achievements, but we will affirm with Pericles that their public services were so faithful, so diligent, so courageous, and of so exalted a character that they obscure and hide all personal infirmities.

Parliamentary roll calls no longer vex their ears. The privileges and anxieties of their work in this legislative arena no longer stimulate or depress them. The contentions and contests in this forum no longer stir or quicken their spirits. Happily death vanquishes all discord, subdues all rivalry, allays all ambition, heals all dissension, and removes all rancor. These, our absent colleagues, now rest in the kingdom of the dead—brothers all

forevermore! Blessed are they that die in the Lord.

Have these departed colleagues and friends left no lesson for us? If they could speak would there be no call to a nobler duty, no entreaty for a higher patriotism, no demand for a more rigorous endeavor for an enlarged, intelligent, and courageous public service? Is the tone of our public life satisfactory or ennobling? If not, is the public servant wholly to blame? What of society, the people who elect or commission? Do not our social and political ills come less from the defects of government than from the infirmities of human nature, as asked by Burke in the olden days? Will more laws cure or curse the state? Is the fault in our stars or in ourselves that we are underlings? Is our Government a constitution or a caprice? Does bad government come so much from the energies and abilities of the vicious as from the indifference and neglect of the good? Must we not repent or be lost?

Our institutions are sound. The principles and mechanics of our political system excite the wonder of civilization. Its operations within constitutional bounds are still vigorous, but our foundations, the people, seem weary or indifferent to their political duties and their public obligations.

The great mass of the people are not sufficiently interested in government. The ballot box affirms this observation. What percentage of eligible voters go to the polls of their own intelligent and patriotic volition? And what percentage, may

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we sadly ask, are lured thereto by gain? The public press and official investigations sound an alarming answer.

Parliamentary institutions are being attacked in many parts of the world. In some notable states parliaments function only in name, and apparently evidence no sense of responsibility to the people and assume no representative action in behalf of the people.

The cure can not be found in parliamentary procedure. We must dig deeper and ascertain whether or not the people themselves are interested in parliamentary government to the extent of giving it their earnest support.

Popular government is the most difficult of all governments in application and in practice. Collective, popular action is complex and difficult, and the constant pursuit of knowledge and information by the people is an inexorable necessity if democratic governments are to succeed.

Our Government is not an undefiled democracy. The revolution of the eighteenth century ordained and established the United States of America as a limited democracy, somewhat as the revolution in England of the seventeenth century reformed the institutions of that country into a limited monarchy.

We have attempted and greatly succeeded in securing freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of education, and freedom of religion, the last being America's noblest contribution to the philosophy of government. But these great wellsprings

of power and intelligence may not be sufficient. Liberty is a timid and illusive virtue, and can be wooed and won only by eternal vigilance, and when once won is sometimes unidentified or unknown, and most difficult to retain in active vigor.

Perhaps the most practical evidence of applied liberty is the possession by the minority of the people of the inalienable rights set forth in the great declaration, the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If these inalienable and incomparable birthrights are accorded to the majority and denied to the minority, liberty withers, and finally the whole body politic dies. Free access of all to the protection of the great arms of government is the elementary mandate. If this great mandate is qualified or refused, liberty expires.

These fundamentals, these inalienable rights are properly called natural rights, because they are not created by government, but only assured or guaranteed by government. Indeed, mankind holds them in defiance of government itself, as shown in the Declaration of Independence; but the minority must have access to these rights on equal terms with the majority, and from such priceless possession liberty and order form a happy union, a beneficent political and ethical equilibrium. The glittering euphemism that our Government is one of laws and not of men can be understood only by its implications, the supreme organic law with consonant and authorized subordinate laws.

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Lord Morley is fond of pointing to Sophocles's exhaustive and glorious enumeration of the many wonders of the world, declaring the most wondrous to be man. Man makes the path across the white sea, works the land, captures and tames animals and birds for his daily use; he has devised language, and from language thought, and all the moods that mold a state; he finds a help against every evil of his lot, save only death; against death and the grave he has no power.

So man's labor and progress, with some variations, have been about the same throughout the long track of the ages.

We stand in the presence and recollection this noon of no new event. Death is universal; but in this solemn environment and in the memories which this sad hour emphasizes may we not experience a higher hope and a more commanding impulse for a more real and beneficent progress in the operation of politics and in the guidance of states? Our nourishing examples, our honored and historic traditions, our inspiring and instructive experiences must not fail to perform their patriotic ministrations. May the suggestions of this solemn hour so decree.

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "Captain, My Captain."

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BENEDICTION

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

Now, unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with great joy, unto the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to House Resolution 194, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Chair declares the House adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, May 16, 1930, at 12 o'clock noon.

Memorial Addresses
on
Charles W. Roark

Memorial Addresses



Remarks by Representative Thatcher *Of Kentucky*

MR. SPEAKER AND COLLEAGUES: I desire to pay, in brief and simple manner, my tribute to the memory of a friend, a fellow Kentuckian and late colleague, now deceased.

On the 22d of January, 1877, CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK was born at Greenville, in Muhlenberg County, Ky. In Greenville he grew to manhood and there he always made his home. He was educated in Kentucky schools and early entered upon a business career, which he pursued with eminent success. He founded the Greenville Milling Co., and under his direction it became a very important and profitable industry. As his estate expanded CHARLEY ROARK—to use the name by which he was generally known—made numerous investments which, in turn, proved advantageous, and he accumulated substantial wealth, the fruit of his own industry, skill, and business judgment. He was ever active in the various movements for the development and improvement of his home city and section and gave in liberal fashion to religious, civic, educational, and fraternal projects. For one term he served as mayor of Greenville. Also, he served as chairman of the selective service board of Muhlenberg County during the World War.

Only once again did our deceased colleague ever seek public office, and in this effort he was success-

ful. In a contest therefor in 1928 he won the nomination of his party for Representative in Congress for the third Kentucky district—long known as the “Bloody Third,” because of the many close, hard-fought political struggles there taking place. Especially would I refer to those campaigns waged during the period, more than thirty years ago, when Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter made his historic fights as the Republican candidate for Congress in the district, sometimes winning, and sometimes losing, but always—and usually against powerful odds—putting up a battle that challenged the attention and commanded the respect of all. Thus our lamented colleague became the Republican nominee for Congress, and in the great Republican landslide of November, 1928, occurring in Kentucky and the Nation, he was elected over his Democratic opponent, then and now, our esteemed fellow member, Congressman John W. Moore, by a majority of several thousand. He was the first Republican to win for Congress in this district in more than twenty-five years, and the only citizen of Greenville ever to be elected to the House of Representatives.

For some time before his election to Congress, Representative ROARK had been in failing health, suffering particularly from a nervous breakdown; and the rigors of a Congressional campaign accentuated his condition of ill health. He grew worse after his election, and his death occurred ten days before the Seventy-first Congress convened in special session on April 15, 1929.

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He was without children. He left surviving him his widow, Mrs. Eula Lam Roark, and two brothers, Orien L. Roark and Cecil Roark, both of Greenville, Ky.

A striking coincidence touching the death of himself and that of his father, James Louis Roark, is to be noted in the fact that each died in his fifty-third year, and each on April 5, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the father's death occurring in 1893, and that of his son in 1929.

In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, permit me to say that CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK was a typical American. In his energy and self-reliance, in his business and political successes, in his loyalty to friends, in his firmness of conviction, in his generous spirit, in his practical charity and fraternalism, in his optimism, in his patriotic impulses, and in his abounding faith in the destiny of the great Republic under whose flag he was proud and grateful to be a citizen—he was of the type and character essentially American. Death ended his life just as he was entering upon a career to which he had been called by his fellow citizens, a career for which he was well fitted by experience and inclination, and wherein high honor and usefulness might have been his for the effort. In the midst of life, indeed, we are in death. On the threshold of golden opportunity our colleague was overtaken by the dark messenger and called away. Meanwhile we who survive him mourn his loss, and strive to carry on a little while longer until for us, too, the sun of life shall fade and the stars of eternity glow.

CHARLES W. ROARK

Remarks by Representative Moore
Of Kentucky

Mr. SPEAKER: Congressman CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK died at a hospital in Louisville on April 5, 1929, at 4.30 a. m. He had been under the treatment of specialists since his election for the correction of nervous disorder and exhaustion brought on by his two strenuous campaigns, and was proceeding to recovery until he suffered an attack of intestinal flu. His wife had been with him, taking apartments at the Mayflower, and was at his bedside at the end.

CHARLES ROARK was born and spent his life in Greenville, Ky. He founded the Greenville Milling Co., and developed it to one of our foremost industries, and he held stocks and investments of considerable worth, fruits of his energy and ability. He was active in all projects of development and improvement in his home city and county, and gave liberally of time and funds to religious, educational, fraternal, civic, and industrial projects. He was a thirty-second degree Mason and held membership in a number of clubs. He served as mayor one term, and was chairman of the selective service board of Muhlenberg County during the World War. He sought office only once, winning the favor of his party, and in November receiving most votes ever recorded and the largest

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majority. He was the first Republican congressional Representative from the third district in a quarter of a century and the only citizen of Greenville ever so honored. Though he had received his commission and been enrolled, he was not able to go to Washington to take the oath of the office, and is the only Kentucky Congressman who has died before taking the oath.

CHARLES W. ROARK received his education in Greenville. Was a member of the Methodist Church, one of the founders of the Greenville Country Club, and member of Pendennis Club in Louisville.

The body arrived in Greenville on the afternoon train Friday, and at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon a service was held at the Methodist Church, the pastor, Rev. K. L. Rudolph, associated with our other ministers, Revs. Angus N. Gordon, E. S. Summers, W. J. Hudspeth, Reverend Burroughs being absent from the city. Interment followed in the family lot in Evergreen Cemetery.

His active, useful life has ended prematurely and is a loss shared by many. A coincidence very striking is that his father, James Louis Roark, died April 5, 1893, at 5 o'clock in the morning, and both being in their fifty-third year. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Eula Lam Roark, and two brothers, Orien L. Roark and Cecil E. Roark, of Greenville.

*Remarks by Representative Langley
Of Kentucky*

Mr. SPEAKER: Lying just beyond the Blue Grass in the Commonwealth of Kentucky is a district rich in natural wealth and famed for the exalted type and high character of its men and women.

CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK had the honor of being elected from this the third congressional district, and although the angel of death touched him before he was permitted to take the oath of office, I would be recreant in my duty as one of his colleagues if I failed to record the high esteem and affectionate regard entertained for him by the people of his district and State, irrespective of party, as attested by the splendid majority received by him from a hitherto rock-ribbed Democratic district. He passed on in the hour of triumph, when the future was full of promise. And no higher tribute can be paid than this: "In whatever position he was placed he always endeavored to honestly do his duty."

It was not my good fortune to have known Mr. ROARK intimately, but those who knew him best bear testimony to the many virtues which he possessed and the high respect and esteem accorded him by all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Speaker, a tribute to the life and character of Mr. ROARK would be incomplete if reference were not made to the beauty of his home life.

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His bereaved widow is a woman of rare charm and sweetness, and it can be said of them theirs was a perfect union. She entered into the spirit of his ambitions and assisted in his duties, as only a devoted helpmate can do. The brave fortitude with which she met her loss won the admiration and respect of all.

CHARLES ROARK was a noble man, a loving husband, a true patriot, a faithful friend, and a sincere Christian. Noted for his gifts to charity—a truly rich heritage to leave behind.

The passing of our colleague, taken upon the very threshold of public service, reminds us of the vainness of all human aspirations and brings us face to face with the remembrance of how fragile are the links that bind us to the mystery that we call life, drifting all too soon to that greater mystery called death.

In death there ever remains an unfathomed mystery, but we all know and believe that death only leads us into that fair country where—

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain.

We sleep, but the loom of eternal life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow in the beyond.

As we pay our last tribute to him there is sweet solace in the thought Kentucky loved and honored him. Those left behind can truthfully say, "He kept the faith."

CHARLES W. ROARK

Remarks by Representative Blackburn
Of Kentucky

MR. SPEAKER: Chief among the most treasured recollections and memories of any man must be the knowledge that he has earned and won the confidence and respect of his fellow men. To do this we strive hard and die willingly.

CHARLES W. ROARK, to whose memory we are to-day attempting to show our respect and admiration, merited and won the respect of the people of his State and district. No higher honor can come to any man than to be intrusted with great public office. He died before he had the opportunity to carry out the obligations which he took upon himself as the representative of his friends and constituents, and thereby they were deprived of a wonderful helpmate and friend.

He had all those splendid qualities that make for statesmanship, and, above all, he possessed to a remarkable degree wonderful traits of character such as endeared him to the hearts of all who had the good fortune to be his friends.

My own acquaintance with him was short lived, but at its beginning I recognized in him the qualities which had inspired the faith and liking of his neighbors and friends, the people who had crowned his lifetime of friendly service with the reward of office.

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He would have graced these Halls with his kindly nature and would have lent to legislation with which he might have been concerned the value of his deep knowledge of the needs of his people, tempered with the humanity that was so strong a part of his personality. In his death I feel a personal loss. I had looked forward to adding to my life the pleasure of his friendship and to my small store of knowledge from the depths of his own great wisdom and experience.

Such personalities as CHARLES W. ROARK do not disappear with death. It must have been of such men that Bulwer-Lytton was thinking when he said:

There is no death; the stars go down
To shine upon another shore,
But bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore!

CHARLES W. ROARK

Remarks by Representative Kendall
Of Kentucky

Mr. SPEAKER: I count it a privilege to add this brief word of appreciation of the life and work of my colleague, the late CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK.

In recognition of services rendered by him as mayor of Greenville and as chairman of the selective service board during the World War, his rugged honesty and sterling character, the people of the third congressional district selected him to be their Representative in the Seventy-first National Congress and, alas, just when he stood upon the threshold of the realization of his cherished dream, above the applause of a proud and expectant constituency he heard the voice of the All-father calling and with humble resignation bowed his head to the divine decree; with unfaltering front he faced death and with infinite tenderness took leave of life.

He was a true son of Kentucky, loved her traditions, reveled in her glorious achievements, rejoiced in her victories, suffered in her defeats, and with a finger of pride pointed all men to her matchless gifts to the Nation; and that loyalty, pride, and love found expression in the life of CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK as he passed in and out among his

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people scattering seeds of kindness by the wayside to become the fruitage of a grander day.

In the passing of this man Kentucky lost one of her noblest sons, his district a faithful servant, and the National Congress a matchless presence.

In the fullness of life he found the serenity of death and passed on to receive that imperishable crown which He who giveth to the victor shall bind about our brow.

Remarks by Representative Newhall
Of Kentucky

MR. SPEAKER: During the sessions of the Seventy-first Congress, thus far, sixteen of our colleagues have passed to the Great Beyond. This strikingly arouses our consciousness to the fact that "in the midst of life we are in death."

The Inexorable Messenger has summoned them, as He will sooner or later summon each of us. We know not the day or the hour when the Messenger will call, but we do know that

When the angel of the darker drink
Invites our souls to quaff,
We shall not shrink.

As we meditate upon the passing of the sixteen from our presence, we become signally re-impressed with the fact of the uncertainty of the tenure of life, and each successive passing admonishes us anew that we should

Make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we, too, into the dust descend.

Of the sixteen who have passed, one was a fellow Kentuckian, CHARLES WICKLIFFE ROARK, whom none here have had the pleasure of greeting as a fellow Congressman. He passed just a few days before the first session was called. He was not privileged to serve for a period in the House of

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Representatives and become identified with its membership and its work, nor was he privileged to leave the impress of his personality upon national affairs. Hence we can not expatiate upon his distinguished service here, for alas, his opportunity was blasted at the very threshold of his wider sphere of activity. We can not presume to question Divine Providence as to why it should be thus; we only know that He orders with infinite wisdom the destinies of men.

Personally I had never known Mr. ROARK intimately. I met him but once. This was at a time when we both were candidates for Congress from different districts. On that occasion I was greeted with a cordial and friendly handclasp, and my impression of his personality was such as to justify unreserved approval.

He unquestionably was a man of honor and integrity, and must have been so esteemed by his constituency, for he was selected by them, in a district of 10 counties comprising a population of 193,000, to represent them in the greatest legislative body of the Nation.

But fate ruled against him. His health became seriously impaired very soon after his election; he was rushed to a hospital at Louisville, Ky., where he steadily declined and finally succumbed to the malady with which he was afflicted.

And so he passed from this life at a time when life promised most to him; at a time when the possibilities of service were greatest; at a time when the approval of friends was most unmistakable.

CHARLES W. ROARK

He missed his chance for fame, but the measure of human greatness does not rest upon fame alone. It is measured rather by strict integrity, honesty of purpose, fidelity to truth, devotion to duty, and a determined and unwavering purpose to make the most of one's self in accordance with the noblest standards of virtue. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, April 15, 1929.

Mr. KINCHELOE. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution and ask for its immediate consideration.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Kentucky offers a resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 10) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHARLES W. ROARK, a Representative elect from the State of Kentucky.

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

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. TILSON. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 59 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 16, 1929, at 12 o'clock noon.

CHARLES W. ROARK

WEDNESDAY, *April 17, 1929.*

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

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHARLES W. ROARK, late a Representative elect from the State of Kentucky.

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.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, April 16, 1929.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CHARLES W. ROARK, a Representative elect from the State of Kentucky, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions (H. Res. 10) were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. CHARLES W. ROARK, a Representative elect from the State of Kentucky.

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.

Mr. SACKETT. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk and ask for their adoption.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

CHARLES W. ROARK

The resolutions (S. Res. 7) 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. CHARLES W. ROARK, late a Representative elect from the State of Kentucky.

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

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

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 32 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being, under the order previously entered, until Thursday, April 18, 1929, at 12 o'clock meridian.

