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EDMONSTON, WASH., D. C.

Memorial Services

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

Ole J. Kvale

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MINNESOTA



Seventy-first Congress
Second Session



UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1930

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
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Biography

OLE JUUL KVALE was born near Decorah, Winneshiek County, Iowa, February 6, 1869; attended the rural schools; was graduated from Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, in 1890, from Luther Theological Seminary, Minneapolis, Minn., in 1893, and from the University of Chicago in 1914; was ordained to the ministry in 1894, and served in Orfordville, Wis., from 1894 to 1917 and in Benson, Minn., from 1917 until elected to Congress; unsuccessful candidate on the Independent ticket for election in 1920 to the Sixty-seventh Congress; elected as an Independent to the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, and Seventy-first Congresses, and served from March 4, 1923, until his death in a fire at Ottertail Lake, near Fergus Falls, Minn., September 11, 1929; interment in Benson Cemetery, Benson, Minn.

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

Sebenty-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

Ole J. Kvale



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.

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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

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Memorial Addresses



Remarks by Representative Knutson *Of Minnesota*

Mr. SPEAKER: The tragic death of our colleague, O. J. KVALE, cast a gloom over the people of the great North Star State. They felt that in his untimely passing they had lost a true friend and champion who bore the scars of many a contest waged in behalf of the principles in which they believed and for which he stood.

Our colleague was a true Norseman. He delighted in conflict and gave blow for blow, but always fairly. When he felt that he was no longer in accord with the principles of the great party with which he had been affiliated since young manhood, he boldly cut away from the old and tried ship and embarked upon a new political craft, proudly flinging his colors to the breeze that all might know where he stood. That was KVALE. He was without guile and subterfuge, and how I admire a person who stands foursquare to the world. There are too many pussyfooters and hush-hush men in public life. They keep their ears to the ground to learn what is the popular thing to do, but they give little or no heed to what is necessary to do. I admire tremendously the man or woman who will set a course and steer true

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to it. My friend KVALE was not one of these "yes-yes," "no-no" men. He was a positive character and when convinced that he was in the right, would stand his ground like granite; always a fair fighter, never asking for nor granting quarter. He was a true Viking, whom I delighted to call friend.

Never shall I forget that dark, gray day when I arrived in the beautiful little city of Benson, Minn., to pay my last tribute to one whose friendship I had long cherished. The thoroughfares were crowded with friends and admirers, many of whom had come from a considerable distance to pay the last meed of respect to their fallen leader. People of various political beliefs were there by the thousands. The spacious Lutheran church, where the last sad rites were enacted, was crowded to capacity, as was the large and shaded lawn surrounding the edifice. Through the branches of the trees, indigenous to my beloved Minnesota, was heard the twittering of birds mingled with gentle zephyrs, forming a sweet requiem to the memory of one whom we all loved and admired. Screened by a huge bank of beautiful floral offerings sat high dignitaries of the church, and the service was impressive in its simplicity. The sermon by Rev. M. O. Andrews was replete with comforting thoughts for the children who had been bereaved by the mysterious hand of death, and I desire at this time to insert as a part of my remarks a portion thereof:

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. (Isaiah.)

Dante in his wanderings came to Euno, the river of memory. Tasting the sunny waters of this stream, he

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recalled all the gladsome and glorious experiences of the past. Euno runs beside the road of life, even through the valley of to-day's shadow. We kneel beside this stream to-day, lift a handful of its water to our quivering lips, and recall all that he was—recall and find comfort.

He was a lover of children. In the book whose leaves are for the healing of hearts is one leaf he dearly treasured: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me." This verse with its human color and tender disclosure was the trysting place of his soul. Here the very genius of his faith found focus. To incarnate its spirit was for him profoundly satisfying.

He was a lover of the unfortunate. The suffering ages seemed to look out at him from the dread shapes of the soul quenched and distorted. He saw time's tragedy in the aching stoop of the dispossessed and the plundered. To build in them the music and the dream, to give them the upward look, to touch them with a passion for eternity was to him a sacred and God-given duty.

He was a lover of truth. With an attitude of buoyant hopefulness, with a willingness to take the risk and peril of human things, with a fine contempt for the base and unfair, he championed whatever truth he was given the light to see—

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah."

He was a lover of peace. Succeeding to the vision of the Hebrew prophets, he believed in the ultimate triumph of spiritual forces throughout the world. Beyond the blood and mud of war he saw "the parliament of man and the federation of the world." He believed that among men and nations—

"Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."

As a Christian pastor he preached faithfully and well the gospel of Christ. Coordinating the individual and the social he performed a blessed ministry among us. One

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thing was ever clear to him—the love of God as revealed in Jesus of Nazareth. In that light he lived and wrought.

Three years ago he lost the fellowship of years in the death of his wife. In the hush of a September evening he saw her slip slowly down the river, on to the estuary, and out to the open sea. From that time forward his days were often lonely. He seemed to look wistfully beyond the things that are and muse as the poet mused—

“O thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again.”

The dream is now a reality. At Trails End, with its light and shadows, its pageant of color, the living green of rustling woods and the glint of placid waters, with its far-away wistfulness of twilight, and the thoughts of things he had longed to know, there he fell into the Everlasting Arms.

My friend KVALE has gone on ahead to that undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

What the future hath in store no mind can know,
To-morrow may bring happiness or woe;
We can not carry charts save the hope that is in our hearts,
As along the unknown trail we blindly go.

Whilst we can not draw aside the curtain that separates here from hereafter, and while no voyager has ever returned to tell us about that other and fairer land, at times of parting we are sustained with a hope, which amounts to conviction, that beyond the river of life, amidst Elysian fields, there is to be a reunion of all whom we have loved and cherished here on earth.

Remarks by Representative Sinclair
Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: The tragic passing of the late Representative O. J. KVALE in September, 1929, was a shock to the Nation, and particularly distressing to the many friends who had learned to know and love him. From the time he first came here as a Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress I was deeply attached to him. His eager sincerity and earnestness of purpose impressed all who came in contact with him. I do not think there ever has been a new Member of this great body who entered upon his duties with greater zeal or a more intense desire to be useful to his fellow men. And few Members, I may say, performed more real, constructive, worth-while labors for the good of humanity than he.

The life of Representative KVALE was rich in service to others. After being ordained in the ministry he had in almost thirty-two years but two charges, following which he came to Congress for six years. Such an opportunity to work for the betterment of mankind is given to but few mortals.

During the past quarter of a century a gigantic struggle has been going on between the forces of corporate wealth on the one hand and the common people on the other, the former constantly

encroaching on the rights of the latter and striving with every means at its command to control the machinery of our Government. Reverend Mr. KVALE, even while ministering to the spiritual needs of his congregation, was aware of this great conflict. Ardently and intelligently he threw himself into the contest on the side of the people. Like Lincoln, he always maintained that no man is good enough nor has the right to ride on the backs of the people. He recognized no divine right of wealth to rule, but ever fought the battles of the weak, overburdened, and oppressed. He knew that material things alone do not make America the leader among nations; no one realized more keenly than he that there is a spiritual tradition in our Government which inspires the love of its citizens and fires the imagination of liberty-loving people everywhere, and that governments, like men, must have something more than material wealth to command the devotion of their citizens and the respect of the world. There must be that intangible, spiritual something called the soul. To that principle he gave himself in the fullest measure, and in all of his legislative work the betterment of the people was uppermost in his mind and heart. Mr. Speaker, it is particularly fitting that in our system of government a man like Representative KVALE should have had the opportunity to serve in this legislative body. It is well for our Government and very fortunate for our

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people to have Representatives of this type in Congress. All who believe in self-government and democracy should rejoice that he was here. He has left the imprint of his great humanitarian thoughts and convictions in the molding of legislation for the national welfare which will live after him. May that influence for good continue down through the ages!

Remarks by Representative Clague
Of Minnesota

Mr. SPEAKER: HON. OLE JUUL KVALE was born February 6, 1869, on a farm near Decorah, Iowa. After attending the rural schools he entered Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, and received his A. B. degree in 1890. He graduated from Luther Theological Seminary, Minneapolis, Minn., in 1893 (C. T.), and from the University of Chicago in 1914 (A. M.). He was ordained to the ministry in 1894, and served as a pastor in the Norwegian Lutheran Church at Orfordville, Wis., from 1894 to 1917. He moved to Benson, Minn., and served as pastor at that place from 1917 to 1923. He was a member of the Board of Education, Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, from 1917 to the time of his death.

Mr. KVALE was married to Ida Tonette Simley, of Mayville, N. Dak., in 1895. To this union were born seven children, six sons and one daughter, whose names are as follows: PAUL JOHN KVALE, now a Member of Congress; Alfred J. Kvale; Mildred Kvale; Dr. Ingolf T. Kvale; Walter Kvale; Arthur Kvale; and Robert Kvale. Mrs. Kvale died at Washington, D. C., in 1926.

Mr. KVALE was elected to the House of Representatives, Sixty-eighth Congress, in the fall of 1922, defeating Hon. Andrew J. Volstead, and

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continued to serve as a Member of Congress until his death in September, 1929.

He was a highly educated man, thoughtful student, brilliant speaker, and a fine musician. While in the ministerial work he devoted much of his time to choir and oratorio work. He was greatly interested in education and liberal in his thoughts and views. He loved home and his family. No man was ever more devoted to his family than Mr. KVALE.

While a Member of Congress he was a student of public affairs and devoted his time to his work. He was very sincere, and his associates always knew his position on important questions. When his mind was made up on an issue nothing could swerve him in his views. He was always frank and open in expressing his conclusions, and he never tried to deceive. He followed the strict lines of duty as he saw it and stood fast in his ideals of right. His information was first hand, and learned in the school of experience how to solve the problems of life. His remarks and speeches in public and on the floor of the House showed thought and originality, and he was always listened to with interest when he addressed the public or his fellow Members. His sympathies and feelings were always with the common people, and his life was devoted to improving the general conditions of mankind. His people loved him and believed in him.

Personally I knew him well and intimately for many years prior to his decease, and in his death

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I lost a real and true friend. His family lost a most devoted and loving father, his State and Nation a good servant. His life and work has made our country a brighter and happier place to live.

ADDRESS BY SENATOR SHIPSTEAD

Mr. CLAGUE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include a memorial address of Hon. Henrik Shipstead on the life, character, and public service of Hon. O. J. KVALE, deceased, formerly a Member of Congress.

The address is here printed in full as follows:

In the death of Congressman KVALE the United States lost one of its noblest citizens. The seventh district lost a Congressman whose love of human liberty and justice was so intense that, like a beacon light in the fog, it gave hope and cheer to liberty-loving Americans residing beyond the limits of his district and State.

While of a very earnest and sensitive nature, the opposition and criticism of his foes at the beginning of his political career never caused him to hesitate or veer a fraction of a degree from the political path that his conscience dictated he should travel. His convictions on matters that he considered right or wrong as affecting the public interest were so deep seated that he never permitted either personal or political friends to influence his decisions.

As a Congressman, KVALE believed his district, State, and Nation had the first right to his loyalty. He believed the welfare of the country was paramount to the welfare of political parties. He did not believe in the infallibility or sanctity of political parties, but he believed in the people. He always thought the people would make the right decision if they had the right information; and when not occupying his seat in Congress he would usually spend

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his time traveling over his district discussing the economics of government with his people rather than politics.

Congressman KVALE did not have one set of opinions in Washington and another in the seventh district. He talked the same language in one place as he did in the other. He loved his fellow men. He did not know the meaning of jealousy or conceit. He was incapable of intrigue and never stooped to the level of the petty politician seeking partisan advantage. The Rules Committee never controlled his vote. He was too much of an American and believer in the Constitution to take orders from any party or organization. He found his authority solely in the Constitution which he had sworn to support, and the provisions of which outlined his activities and gave and limited his power.

Congressman KVALE believed in constitutional government rather than party government. He had the old-fashioned American idea that the office of Congressman belonged to the people of the district rather than any political party. In this respect his ideas were so old that many people thought they were new. He was so progressive that he was not afraid of the future, and so conservative that he did not forget the traditions of the past in American history. I believe he thought the future welfare of America is encompassed in the traditions of the past.

Congressman KVALE died at a comparatively early age, but during the half century that he lived he had the privilege of living a rich life, full of experiences. It is a strange paradox of history that humanity crucifies the saviors of their liberties and crowns their oppressors. But KVALE had the happy experience of living to see his detractors acclaim his courage, vision, and statesmanship.

ADDRESS BY SENATOR SCHALL

Mr. CLAGUE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include a memorial address of Hon. Thomas D. Schall on the life,

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character, and public service of Hon. O. J. KVALE, deceased, formerly a Member of Congress.

The address is here printed in full as follows:

When a fellow Member of this body passes through that great and awe-inspiring change that takes him from his daily contact with us it is the time-honored custom to pause in the routine of business and reflect on the place he held among us. Yesterday he was a man as we. Perhaps our judgments of him were obscured by our very nearness. We took him and his qualities for granted. To-day, death in its majesty has touched him. He has gone beyond, and our inmost hearts are moved to do him justice.

With the passing of Representative O. J. KVALE the State of Minnesota lost a fearless, incorruptible, God-fearing public servant. He was ever devoted to duty, with a single-minded steadfastness that ignored consequences to himself. He is sincerely mourned by the district which sent him here four consecutive terms. The ever increasing majorities witness the high esteem in which they held him. Previous to his coming to Congress he was a Lutheran minister of high standing in our State, a great student, and an eloquent speaker. He came to Congress as a Progressive Independent in 1922, defeating his Republican opponent by 14,000. He was elected to the Seventy-first Congress by a majority of better than 28,000. On the floor of the House and in committee his eloquence, studious ability, and zeal in behalf of agriculture has made him one of the ablest legislators in the fight to give agriculture a basis of equality with industry.

He had no peer in the House as a champion of the common folks. The common people of Minnesota and of the United States have lost through his premature death an able advocate of their rights, and special interests have been relieved of an unrelenting foe.

Remarks by Representative Rankin
Of Mississippi

MR. SPEAKER: We are told in the Tragedy of Ion that when that death-devoted Greek was about to offer up his life as a sacrifice to fate his beloved Clemanthe turned to him and asked:

Shall we meet again?

He replied:

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that are eternal, of the clear streams which flow forever, of the stars amid whose azure depths my raised spirits have walked in glory; yet they are dumb. But when I look into thy loving living face I see that which mantling through its rich beauty tells me it can never die. We shall meet again.

No man who ever looked into the serene, sincere face of O. J. KVALE could doubt the existence of a Supreme Being. No man who ever heard his earnest pleading for the causes he deemed just could doubt that back of it was the spirit of Christianity.

As Victor Hugo once said of one of his characters, if you could have looked into the soul of this earnest, sincere man, you would have found it dazzling in its purity.

During my term of service in the House I have never known a more conscientious public servant. He had the courage of his convictions, and his heart beat in sympathy with the great masses of the American people.

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In his tragic death the State of Minnesota lost one of her most illustrious sons, America lost one of her most loyal and devoted citizens, and this House lost one of its most useful Members.

He lived according to the golden rule. He never unnecessarily gave offense to a colleague or reflected upon the integrity of those with whom he disagreed. He resented any imputation of ulterior motives on his part, and I have seen him wring an apology from the lips of an adversary on this floor who transgressed the bound of propriety in the heat of debate.

As was once said of Robert E. Lee:

He was a public servant without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a Christian without hypocrisy; and a man without guile.

He looked to the future and endeavored to make the world a better place in which to live. He believed in the youth of America and burned his candle late into the night toiling for the solution not only of those problems that confront us now but of those that must confront the generations yet to come. When I recall his splendid services I think of—

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An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim:
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim, near,
“You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head:
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,
“There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.”

Remarks by Representative Andresen
Of Minnesota

MR. SPEAKER: The passing of Congressman KVALE from the scene of action comes as a distinct blow to his colleagues and to his many friends in Minnesota, and, although he is gone from our midst, the memory of his many kind deeds lingers on.

I had the pleasure of being his friend and neighbor for four years, and during that short space of time I learned to know him as an honorable gentleman; as a fearless statesman, always fighting for the rights of the common people.

About two years before his death he suffered the loss of his charming and lovable wife. Mrs. Kvale was a kindly woman and all of those who came in contact with her learned to love her. She was a wonderful helpmate to her husband and when she was called to her reward Brother KVALE suffered irreconcilable loss.

Representative KVALE left to mourn his death a splendid family. The Kvale family and those who honored and loved Congressman KVALE cherish his memory for the good things that he did in life.

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Remarks by Representative LaGuardia
Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: I met O. J. KVALE when he first came to Washington to take his seat in the Sixty-eighth Congress. His election had attracted a great deal of attention in the East. The prominence of his opponent, the issues he created, and the fact that single handed he defeated a great party and a powerful political machine became indeed the topic of conversation in all political circles.

It was not many days before we became friends—a friendship I shall always cherish.

KVALE was an unusual legislator—he was no politician. He despised the professional political trickster and the many devious and ingenious methods so often used by this sort of office seeker. He knew no party, but knew the needs and the wants of the great masses of people. He mistrusted political machines, but he had an abiding faith in the judgment and good sense of the American people. He was bound by no caucus and was free to accept what was good in the platforms of both parties. He loathed the insincerity of fashionable society and loved the traditions of the American home. Political expediency was hateful to him, parliamentary rules irritating, official red tape annoying; he wanted to do it all then and

there for the benefit of his constituents, for the welfare and happiness of all the workers and producers of the land.

On every occasion he protested against the existing order when the existing order was distorted for the exploitation of the great masses of workers or when used to extend legislative benefit or special privilege to a favored few. To be in a minority to him was not difficult if he believed that minority was right. He would vote with the majority if he believed the majority was on the right side of the question. And so before long this lone legislator soon attracted the love of his friends and demanded the respect of his political enemies. Bitter were his political enemies, and yet KVALE never nourished any resentment or hatred for them. He always sought to explain their attitude and to make allowance for their shortcomings. He blamed the system, not the men.

He served a most useful purpose during his time in the House of Representatives. A student of conditions, sensitive to the tribulations and sufferings of his people, he was quick to sense with a most uncanny intuition any sinister purpose, hidden motive, or legislative joker in any measure before the House. He would respond to this impulse spontaneously and instantaneously and then and there voice his protest and, in many instances, cast his feeble and ineffective vote. Many are the times when this kind of representative conduct has its beneficial effect, and when such guardians are on watch a cruel majority falters and its arrogance weakens. Many were the times that KVALE stood

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alone and registered his protest in the face of a scornful majority, and yet many were the times when he saw beneficial and wholesome legislation enacted for the benefit of the people he championed, the people he so dearly loved.

The American Congress one day resolved to appropriate sufficient funds so that a copy of the Constitution might be placed in the hands of every school child in the great Republic. Many were the speeches made in furtherance of this appropriation. My, how the flag was waved! How many distinguished and elderly statesmen sang the praises of the Constitution. How many Representatives from all sections of the country preached the doctrine of loyalty. Yet when this print of the Constitution was ready for distribution, lo and behold, as its preface were the plain and sincere remarks uttered by the "lone" Congressman from Minnesota, the Hon. O. J. KVALE. A greater compliment was never paid to a living statesman.

Hackneyed and stereotyped phrases can not be applied in this heartfelt tribute to a friend whom I admired and loved. Quotations from the poets are not suited to this great man who hated artifice. It therefore becomes difficult to record in cold print the innermost feelings of one who understood this beautiful soul. KVALE demonstrated in his everyday official and private life the possibility of applied Christianity. He interpreted the principles laid down by the Prince of Peace in every thought, in every act, and in every word. Of him it may truly be said, he practiced what he preached.

Remarks by Representative Goodwin
Of Minnesota

MR. SPEAKER AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: In the premature death of our colleague, the late and honored, the Hon. O. J. KVALE, the Nation has lost the service of an unusually conscientious and able legislator, his immediate district an indefatigable and earnest public servant, and the Minnesota delegation in Congress a delightful associate.

The outstanding characteristic of Congressman KVALE was the genuine sincerity with which he approached all legislation and the earnestness with which he attempted the solution of the many difficult problems that confronted him. Without the blare of trumpets to herald his good intentions he worked diligently and with an intensity of purpose to accomplish what he set out to obtain. On the floor of this House his eloquence thrilled his colleagues and the logic of his reasoning carried conviction. His sympathy was always on the side of the humble, the oppressed, and the unfortunate, and his voice more frequently than not was raised in their defense and for their welfare, and on the many occasions when he addressed this House his argument and the depth of his emotion convinced us of the justness of the cause for which he made his plea. The great value of his service in Congress to his district and the appreciation of his

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constituents was such that he was returned with ever-increasing majorities, and had he lived he could have remained in Congress indefinitely. He loved the simplicities of life; ostentation and glamour of office held no charm for him, but response to every obligation and the fulfillment of work well and faithfully performed was his delight. Congressman KVALE has left upon the records of this House the indelible imprint of an able, a conscientious, and efficient public servant; upon his district an indefatigable, constant, and industrious Representative; upon his friends a genial comrade; with his family, a generous and faithful and devoted father; and with the country imperishable fame. May we strive to emulate his many virtues and forge with the same strength as he the links in the chain of true friendship.

Remarks by Representative Maas
Of Minnesota

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my privilege to serve several years in Congress with Mr. KVALE, and I came to know, admire, and greatly respect him.

Seldom does one have the good fortune to associate with a man of such intense sincerity, such deep understanding, and such a depth of genuine human feeling. Passionate in his championing of the cause of the less fortunate in life, he was always fair, reasonable, and just. No one who knew him, no matter how much disagreement of point of view there existed, ever thought of questioning Mr. KVALE's sincerity. A man of deep religious study, he was tolerant, kindly, and sympathetic. He hated hypocrisy, and was himself a model of intellectual integrity. He worked hard and conscientiously, always in the cause of those whom he felt needed help. Many disagreed with his political philosophy, but all admired his firm convictions, his determined and courageous efforts on behalf of those convictions. He never denied an appeal for assistance, never withdrew from a fight once started which he believed right. His consistency, persistence, and determination won him widespread admiration.

His forceful, unwavering, and energetic adherence to his program gained him wide recognition, and commanded the respect of all who knew him.

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His earnest pleas on behalf of the common people were so obviously from the depths of his great heart that no listener could fail to be impressed. Mr. KVALE left a deep impress on all with whom he came in contact. His own exemplary life was an inspiration to all, and his untimely departure has left a vacancy that can never quite be filled as he filled it. The memory and example of this man will long live to encourage those who are left, for in all his long and distinguished career Mr. KVALE never let the world know it if he suffered discouragement. Minnesota is proud to have numbered O. J. KVALE as one of its sons and leaders.

*Remarks by Representative Selvig
Of Minnesota*

Mr. SPEAKER: We have met to pay tribute to our beloved colleagues who have been called to that bourne whence no traveler returns. It is a sad duty. There were among those whom the House of Representatives is mourning to-day many with whom we were on terms of intimate friendship. Their passing away is a great loss to our country and the cause of irreparable sorrow to their kin.

Rev. O. J. KVALE passed away under tragic circumstances. I could hardly believe the message that came to me on the morning after his demise. On the Sunday evening preceding we had spent several hours together at a lodge near his lake cottage. He was in rugged health and in the finest spirits then. For over an hour we exchanged our views on subjects of common interest.

I recall, as though it happened yesterday, the fire in his eyes and the conviction expressed by his voice in referring to present-day tendencies which he deplored. He was a born fighter. The Viking blood which flowed in his veins ran hot and fast against the inequalities of our modern economic life. His sympathy was full and deep for the distressed and unfortunate, whose rights and welfare he always championed.

On the following morning we met again. The problems confronting our farmers was the theme

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of the conference. He understood the situation in which the tillers of the soil now find themselves. His was a sympathetic attitude toward them. He was ever anxious to reach out a helping hand to the great class of sturdy husbandmen and to help build a constructive national policy for their welfare.

Representative KVALE's district adjoins on the south the one which I have the honor to represent. We became acquainted early during my first term in Congress. While we did not always agree on routine procedure and the minor exigencies in legislative work, we early learned that our hearts beat in unison in behalf of the common people. This early acquaintance naturally and gradually ripened into a deep friendship.

He had a secure place in the affections of his people. All who attended the last sad rites held in his home city of Benson, Minn., bore witness to the love and devotion of the thousands who were present. As pastor of his flock and as their chosen Representative in the Halls of Congress, they counted him as their trusted adviser and friend. He loved his fellow men. He wished for them greater happiness. He voiced their innermost yearnings. He fought for justice. He exalted righteousness among them. And they, in turn, loved him. No one can say he did not accomplish a great life work.

His voice on the floor of the House was ever raised against the shams and hypocrisy of our modern-day tendencies. He exposed the mania

for money grabbing and pleasure seeking. He never failed to proclaim the ideals of peace. With frequent references to Scripture, he unswervingly pointed out that only by following the paths of righteousness and walking in the footsteps of justice could this country or any other nation hope to endure.

Mr. KVALE was an idealist, yet he was a practical-minded man. He followed the progressive teachings of modern economists but realized all the time that the ideal was unattainable except through long years of severe discipline and patient forbearance on the part of all our national groups. Whenever entrenched selfishness showed its head, he struck at it with conviction. Against corruption in government he was an implacable foe. He neither curried favor with those in power nor bowed to them. His spirit of independence was too full and strong to allow him to act otherwise.

He has gone from our midst and his voice is still in death; but the principles he fought for will continue to gain in strength, because they are built on the rock of justice and fair dealing among men.

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Remarks by Representative Christgau
Of Minnesota

Mr. SPEAKER: In the death of Representative O. J. KVALE, Minnesota lost a fearless, able, and sincere champion of the rights of the common people. It was my privilege to serve with him only during the few months of the special farm relief session of Congress. He won my admiration as an aggressive fighter for good government long before I had the honor of being one of his colleagues.

Representative KVALE's political career began at about the time the disastrous depression came upon the Northwest. From the beginning of his work in Washington until the time of his death he labored earnestly to relieve the people of the Northwest from the burden of economic difficulties. He lived to see the day when the attention of the entire Nation was centered upon the problem of economic justice to the farmers. He played an important rôle in bringing to the attention of the Nation the necessity for governmental action looking toward the solution of the difficult problem.

As a laborer on a farm in his district, I established acquaintanceships with those who often told me of the high esteem in which the people in his district regarded their sincere and able Representative. Later on I heard him deliver a Fourth of

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July address at a meeting in his district. I was deeply impressed with his determination to lend his power and influence in behalf of those he felt were not receiving a proportionate share of the benefits of our Government. His fine character and his faithful service have been an inspiration for good citizenship. His unwavering loyalty to a cause made him an outstanding public servant.

Remarks by Representative Nolan
Of Minnesota

MR. SPEAKER: I desire to join with my colleagues from Minnesota in paying a tribute to the fine character and useful and exemplary life of the Hon. O. J. KYALE, whose tragic death came as a shock to those who knew him and admired him as a man and a statesman.

I did not enjoy that intimate knowledge of the man that comes only from close association. He passed away before I had taken my seat as a Member of Congress. Our acquaintanceship was a casual one. I had met him on a few occasions. The impression he left with me was very favorable, and I admired him for his sincerity, his honesty, and his courage. He was an uncompromising fighter and stood firm in his stand for what he believed to be right. He won the respect of those who differed with him. He represented the highest type of public servant.

His passing is a loss to his district, to his State, and to the Nation. I was with him the day before his tragic end, and he was in fine spirits, cheerful, and companionable.

His human side was in evidence, and it was a delightful human side. When I heard of his death

I felt I had lost a friend, for he had those qualities of heart and mind that could develop real friendship through association.

Words are inadequate as a medium of expression on this occasion. He has left behind a wonderful family that gives promise of adding luster to his name—the finest heritage that any man can leave to posterity.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Remarks by Representative Pittenger
Of Minnesota

Mr. SPEAKER: I did not have a long acquaintance with Congressman O. J. KVALE, of the seventh district of Minnesota. I did not become acquainted with him until I attended the special session of Congress in April, 1929.

During the special session it was my privilege to meet Mr. KVALE on several occasions, to witness his work in the House of Representatives, and to form certain definite impressions of this distinguished leader from the seventh Minnesota district.

The tragedy of his death, which came so soon after the close of the special session in 1929, deeply affected the great circle of his acquaintances throughout the State, and in his death the State of Minnesota lost one of its fearless and outspoken Members of Congress.

He was a man of courage. I did not need to know him long to learn that fact. He demonstrated it on the floor of the House of Representatives on May 1, 1929, in one of the most remarkable talks that has been delivered before that body.

With him principle never yielded to the arts of expediency. When he took a position on any question he had no hesitation in making it known and in vigorously championing the cause under consideration. He was a "strong man," unmoved by influences which would easily affect many people where controversial issues are involved.

OLE J. KVALE

He was a man of sympathy and a friend of the unfortunate. Neither his professional life nor his political views warped his judgment or his sense of right and wrong. I think no higher tribute can be paid to the memory of Congressman O. J. KVALE than to say that he was always willing to lend a helping hand to those in misfortune and was always ready to answer the call of distress.

These characteristics that I have set forth above—the courage and sympathy of the late Congressman from the seventh district—find ample expression in an incident which occurred while the special session of Congress was being held. A young man had been killed on April 27, 1929, by officers in attempting to enforce certain laws. Feeling was intense on the proposition, and the policy of the Government in permitting officers to shoot at law violators was brought into question. A defense of the shooting, made on the floor of the House, brought applause from certain Members. Considerable newspaper publicity was given to the matter. The late Congressman KVALE, himself an ardent prohibitionist, cast aside all prejudice, if any there was, in connection with the unfortunate episode, disregarded all consideration of advantage or favor, yielded to the promptings of charity and kindness, and used the following remarkable language on the floor of the House of Representatives on May 1, 1929:

I hope no Member of this House will designate what I say to-day as maudlin sentiment or as in any way condoning crime, for you know I stand for law enforcement.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

I stand for law enforcement and I stand for law observance, law observance on the part of those who buy liquor as well as on the part of those who sell it. But I am interested in this poor family. Last night upon learning that the matter was to be discussed again to-day I immediately got in touch with the police department and also called a member of the family on the telephone. To-day, just before coming over to the session, a sister of the slain boy, upon my invitation, came to my office and answered a number of questions by me. I desire to express to the grief-stricken family, many of whom reside in Washington, my deepest and most sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

I recall what my angel wife often used to say when gossips would come into the house and gloat over the misfortune of some young man. She would say, "Let us remember the young man's mother." And often when we heard of or read about a young man gone astray whom we did not even know she would say to our boys, "Let us not forget the poor young man may have a mother." Now, in this case there is no mother, and let us be glad for that. She died when the young man was 5 years old. But there is an aged father and there are four brothers and four sisters, many of them living out in Chevy Chase. The aged father lived for generations and belongs to one of the fine families of Virginia, down in Maurertown. And it is a respectable family. Never has a single member of that family been arrested for any crime or misdemeanor, and this young man, Ottmer Fleming, up to this time had enjoyed the very best of reputations. He came away from home as a young man and had gone out into the world to work. Then he entered the Army, when he was less than 17 years old. He received an honorable discharge last May, after his 3-year term of service, when he was less than 20 years old. He was 20 years old in February of this year, and, as I have said, he enjoyed the reputation of having a fine character. He was honest and upright in every way and had a number of friends in the Army,

both among the officers and the soldiers. The reason he was not staying with his family out in Chevy Chase was simply this: That his occupation, that of bus driver for the Capital Traction Co., required that he be nearer the offices of the company for a short time, and until his work was changed a little and he could receive more regular hours, and then he was to move out with his brother out in Chevy Chase, where a room had been made ready for him. As far as I have been able to learn from every available source, there was not even a suspicion that this young man had ever engaged in anything like this before. Of course, the investigations of the police may disclose something different; I do not know. From what I can learn from his family, this was his first venture of the kind. When his family learned that he could not stay at home, they wanted him to go into a real home, because they felt he was safer there, so that they did everything possible to have him live in a good home. They did not know the character of that home, they had no reason to suspect that anything was wrong, and there is every reason to believe that this was the first trip the young man ever made.

Now, of course, I do not condone his crime. I know the young man was guilty under the law. I am not speaking of that point, but I am saying that we who sit here in judgment on this case might well take cognizance of some of the finer elements and attributes in human nature and refrain from making an exhibition of ourselves as I understand was the case from reports of what transpired here on Friday last, when the announcement was made to the House of the details of the killing of this unfortunate young boy. I am deeply sorry anything like that ever happened, and I want to appeal to my friend from New York [Mr. O'Connor] that if the request made by the other gentleman from New York [Mr. LaGuardia] is preferred again that he will not object to having that part of the Record expunged in the interest of the family who has suffered more than enough. For certainly they are innocent of any misdemeanor or anything wrong in this case. [Applause.]

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

I want to say to you, my friends, that the attitude of the House, if I am correctly informed by those who were here, is not an example of Christian civilization. It is not civilization at all. It is barbarism; it is a reversion to the jungle stage. So I appeal to you to have that part of the Record expunged, and at any rate give that little comfort to the family.

I am not speaking of the officer. I know very little about the points of law. It may be he was doing his simple duty. Most certainly I am in favor of giving protection to the officers who are doing their best and often risking their lives in an endeavor to enforce the law. However, I am opposed to the taking of human life under any and all circumstances and for any consideration. Even for the upholding of this law I am opposed to the taking of human life. And I submit that the brilliant lawyers of this Nation might find some other way in which to enforce this law and all other laws without the taking of human life. If Christian civilization could once come to realize that human life is sacred, that alone would diminish crime as nothing else can or will.

I have said this in the interest, as I say, of the family. I have here a picture of the nine children, and I would like to have some of you look at this [indicating] and see this young man in uniform. I think you will agree with me, if you are any judge of human nature, that the picture of the young man shows him to have been a fine young man, led astray for the time being, I agree. And yet the poor family, the sorrowing, suffering family, are being done an injustice by the ignomy that is being heaped upon them in this case. [Applause.]

I believe as time passes that the full significance of these remarks by the late Congressman will become established. I have set them forth in full because, in my opinion, they indicate that in him we had a man of the highest courage and broadest human sympathy.

OLE J. KVALE

In his tragic death his family has lost a beloved relative; his great circle of acquaintances have lost a friend and brother; the State of Minnesota a valued citizen; and the Congress of the United States a Representative who measured up to the highest requirements.

His courage and his sympathy may, indeed, furnish an inspiration to others to carry on in the performance of public duty.

I said that Congressman O. J. KVALE had sympathy for his fellow man.

There is a poem, ancient, it is true, but which pays a tribute to a man who loved his fellow men. The sentiment of the poet in his tribute to Abou Ben Adhem may well be applied to Congressman O. J. KVALE. This verse, to which I have referred and which is applicable to his character and his conduct during his lifetime, reads as follows:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said—
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *October 14, 1929.*

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 deep regret of the announcement of the death of O. J. KVALE, late a Representative from the State of Minnesota.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of Mr. KVALE.

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 late O. J. KVALE the Senate do now stand in recess until Friday, September 13, at 12 o'clock noon.

Mr. NOLAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 63) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. O. J. KVALE, a Representative from the State of Minnesota.

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.

OLE J. KVALE

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

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House, under the terms of House Resolution 59, adjourned until Thursday, October 17, 1929, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *September 12, 1929.*

Mr. SCHALL. Mr. President, it is with deepest sorrow and regret that I have to announce the death of my friend and former colleague of the House, O. J. KVALE. He represented the seventh congressional district of our State for four terms. Previous to his coming to Congress he was a Lutheran minister of high standing in our State, a great student, and an eloquent speaker. He came to Congress as a Progressive Independent in 1922, defeating his Republican opponent by 14,000. His ever-increasing majorities over his opponents for the next three terms demonstrates the high esteem in which he was held by his constituency. He was elected to the Seventy-first Congress by a majority of better than 28,000. On the floor of the House and in committee his eloquence, studious ability, and zealously in behalf of agriculture has made him one of the ablest legislators in his fight to give agriculture an equality basis with industry. He had no peer in the House as champion of the common folks. The common people of Minnesota and the United States have lost through his premature death an able advocate of their rights and special interests have been relieved of an unrelenting foe.

I send to the desk the usual resolutions and move their adoption.

OLE J. KVALE

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read. The resolutions (S. Res. 116) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret of the announcement of the death of O. J. KVALE, late a Representative from the State of Minnesota.

Resolved, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President to attend the funeral of Mr. KVALE.

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 late O. J. KVALE the Senate do now stand in recess until Friday, September 13, at 12 o'clock noon.

Pursuant to the last resolution, the Senate thereupon (at 5 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) took a recess until to-morrow, Friday, September 13, 1929, at 12 o'clock meridian.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS

FRIDAY, *September 13, 1929.*

The VICE PRESIDENT. Under the resolution (S. Res. 116) adopted yesterday, providing for the appointment of a committee to attend the funeral of the late Representative KVALE, the Chair appoints the senior Senator from Minnesota [Mr. Shipstead], the junior Senator from Minnesota [Mr. Schall], the Senator from South Dakota [Mr. Norbeck], the Senator from Iowa [Mr. Brookhart], the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Blaine], the Senator from Arizona [Mr. Ashurst], and the Senator from Georgia [Mr. George].

TUESDAY, *October 15, 1929.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. O. J. KVALE, late a Representative from the State of Minnesota.

