

children, men and women and his fellow citizens of the commonwealth of Iowa.

We read in the pages of the ages that have passed the romance of the knights of brave hearts and chivalrous souls. And yet in our own day, knighthood has not passed away for there are still knights of the soul and the spirit. He was one of them. We who knew him as we sit here today look back in fondest recollection to his presence here in this chamber as a Senator and as presiding officer of this Body. We remember his potent force and influence upon this floor; we remember his fairness and justness as president of this Senate, and above all we remember the sweetness and geniality of his exceptional personality. Few men in the public life of Iowa have left their mark more indelibly upon the history of the state than has Clem Kimball. That mark is his epitaph and it is the cherished remembrance of those who knew and loved him.

Therefore, Be It Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the records of this body and a copy of the same be forwarded to his family.

J. R. FRAILEY,
B. M. STODDARD,
W. S. BAIRD,

Committee.

Senator Frailey spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SENATE: In composing a tribute to this great member who has passed, I have thought that there is nothing that we can do to add or to detract from the stark immutability of death.

This is a time of memory and of love that by the strength of its undying faith brushes away the burdens of the years and lives again amid the sweet and saddened scenes of yesterday.

So we meet today, in this moment of service, as a mark of respect to Clem Kimball. His was a valiant soul. He battled against physical infirmities that would have overwhelmed any other man, yet his courage and keenness never failed.

I have known him for many years; long before either of us were members of this Senate. It happened that we were both city solicitors in our own city and at that time, 'way back in 1905, began a friendship that today is still strong and fresh in my memory. He had a courage and character and disposition of soul that took him out into the great unknown with the same courage that characterized him in life.

And when I say life, I mean life; because life never ends. We all know that. I had occasion to say that once before upon this floor; that life never ends. He who doubts it is either a casuist or a fool.

Life never ends. If you doubt it, go out at night under the stars as they swim along their eternal courses, and one can not help but know that somewhere, somehow, some place, back of all this there is a Directing Hand, call it God, or Jehovah, or what you will, who rules all this, no matter what it is. If the planets and the sun and the stars are charted on their eternal course, why should we doubt but that beyond this little sphere of ours, beyond this "narrow veil that stretches between the peaks

of two eternities," beyond this trivial span that we call "life," there is and must be immortality.

"Death is dead,
I did not see it die,
Nor knelt beside its final bed:—
I only know from what I saw today
That death is dead.

For I saw life,
And then I knew
That it had seen death pale and pass:—
But I did see that where death dwelt
Was waving grass.

There life met death
And fought it out,
Where rivers run past lonely fields:—
The timeless hills have told us that
Death always yields.

I ask no further proof
That this is so,
For life is lifting up its lovely head;
And when I saw a single bud upon a bush
I knew that death was dead."

In this way, out from this little island called the earth, out with his ship, captain of his soul, went Clem Kimball, pilot of his course, on to the uncharted sea of immortality.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

So fared this courageous, great-hearted knight. He has crossed the bar, and on the infinite sea of eternity he has met his Pilot face to face.
Clem Kimball, Hail! And Farewell!

Senator Stoddard spoke as follows:

When I came to the Thirty-eighth General Assembly in 1919, I did not know a single member of the Senate or of the House, and it happened that Clem Kimball was one of the first men that I met. I found him to be one with whom it was very easy to become acquainted, and when you had become acquainted with him, he was a real friend. When you had once gained his confidence, it was hard to shake.

Senators, I have known few who have held the esteem, respect and affection of their friends and colleagues as did Clem Kimball. His record, both as Senator and Lieutenant Governor, was both clean and brilliant. He always displayed honesty and ability, and was entirely unselfish in his work for his state and country, and has to his credit a long record of unselfish endeavor.

He will not be forgotten.

Senator Baird spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I want to say just a few words about Clem Kimball. He and I were fast friends always. We were associated in lodge work, and on several occasions we were more intimately associated and traveled together. Just as an incident, we went to Washington on several occasions, and on one occasion we went to New York, Niagara Falls, and back to Washington. When we were in New York, we went across the street together; Clem had green glasses on and I had a stick; I had hold of him. A big policeman came along and stopped the traffic and we went across. A case of the blind leading the lame or the lame leading the blind.

Clem Kimball had a big heart and everybody loved him. All the time he lived in Council Bluffs, we were associated together and I remember the first impression I had of Clem Kimball was in the Court House at Council Bluffs. He was trying a case against the best firm of lawyers, we had in the city, and I was watching him and if I may say it, noting the peculiar character and features of his head. I said to myself, "There is a man who is bound to rise in this community." Everybody knew him and I don't believe he had an enemy in Council Bluffs.

I too, believe there is no death; that we cannot go out of existence. In fact, it is impossible to destroy anything that is in Nature. It may assume some other shape or form, but the economy of nature is that nothing has ever been lost. I have often wondered why it was that a flower, for instance, would grow up between the cracks of a sidewalk to bloom there and then be trod upon by some unseeing person. I have often wondered why nature was so extravagant; why a young man starting out in life with everything before him, everything that could be inviting, why he too should be cut down in his prime. I often wonder why Clem Kimball should have to pass on when everything was just coming right for him and he was going on to success. I cannot help but recall these things, because years ago I had a brother who died in that way, when the world was opening up for him. I wonder why? I think we don't know, and never will know. It is certainly one of those great mysteries.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.