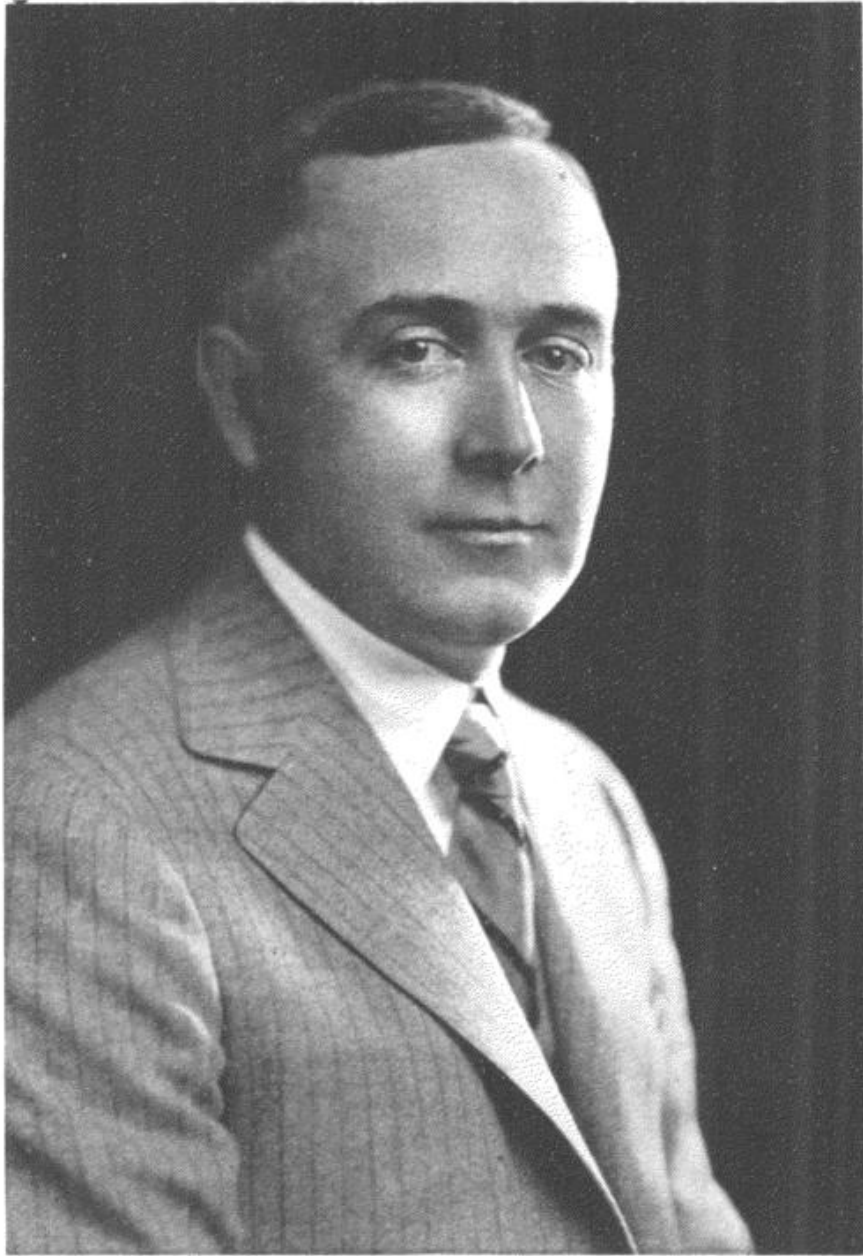


To the Memory of
THOMAS MARTIN BROWN



THOMAS MARTIN BROWN

Thomas Martin Brown

October 14, 1878

January 22, 1920

Privately Printed
Louisville, Kentucky
1920

This page in the original text is blank.

To
"Game"
and his Mother and Sister
As a Surcease to Us
And in the Hope
That it Will Help to Soothe
Their Sorrow, too,
This Little Booklet is
Affectionately
Dedicated

by

C. I. HITCHCOCK
DUNLAP WAKEFIELD
CYRIL A. SCHAEFER
JOHN WILLIAM GRAHAM
CHARLES BARNABY
NATHAN GRAHAM

This page in the original text is blank.

A Word

IT is intended that this little book shall be a tribute to our dear "old" friend Mart Brown, rather than a memorial as such, though we know he will live long in the memory of all with whom he came in contact.

Indeed, what we have tried to make is a volume that his friends will keep under their night lights and review time and again.

Mart had a capacity for friendship amounting to genius and it has been an inspiration to review the beautiful tributes that have been paid to his memory by affectionate friends and business associates. It has not been possible to incorporate even the major part of the hundreds of messages that reached those near and dear who were left to mourn but the attempt has been made to translate their composite sentiment into words—a difficult though loving task.

We feel that the world is better for Mart Brown having lived in it and in publishing this tribute we earnestly hope that we have been able to communicate to others some part of the wonderful inspiration he has been to us.

This page in the original text is blank.

Captions of Text Matter

	Pages
"My" Mart Brown	11
Genius For Friendship	21
As a Business Man	29
In Madison's Valley	37
A Few Public Tributes	39

Illuminating The Text

	Pages
Thomas Martin Brown	Frontispiece
From Mother to Mother	19
One July Fourth at Black Bridge	27
By Which Rolls the Beautiful Ohio	35

This page in the original text is blank.

“My” Mart Brown

THERE were no dark places in Mart Brown's life. He craved brightness, light, cheerfulness and when, by some act of thoughtfulness, he could bring the reflection of an inward joy to the countenance of even a casual acquaintance, to say nothing of a friend, it gave him particular pleasure. For Mart Brown always gave more than he received. It is difficult to write of him without seeming to show a sentimentalism that he thoroughly disliked. We often talked of Friendship, Loyalty and Helpfulness on little rides together—just we two—and I feel that on these subjects I knew him better than others. The little book I wrote several years ago about a friend—who, praises be, is still living—was often his theme when the subject of Friendship was uppermost. Mart always felt that it sounded the clear note. “What I like most about it,” he said more than once, “is the shining friendship that makes itself felt without any mawkishness about it. I like to reread it often; it gives me new courage at times.”

For all his success and his independence Mart, too, had his gray days just as we all have them. Only during those periods—which, strangely enough, grew less and less frequent in late years—he withdrew even more deeply into a natural reserve. When the Blue Demons are dominant, most of us hunt for companionship, but Mart would say he was not “fit company for man or beast” and became less responsive. Of course he was depreciating himself; that was a

way he had of doing. If he had a big fault it was that selfsame self-depreciation—half deprecatory; half apologetic. He apologized if he called without a special invitation; or, if enjoying himself, he stayed longer than he felt he should! Just as though we, with others of his real friends, were not ready, always, to fight for moments of his time! But if there was some little service he could perform—anything—all was again rosy and Mart was back into the thick of the enjoyment. That which he did for others so constantly, was always unostentatious and done so casually that it had no flavor of favor and would only impress the truly thoughtful. They, indeed, will always hold a memory of him enshrined in some niche with mother and father, or sister and brother who, too, have joined that vast majority of the Silent Ones.

Those little automobile trips with Mart! I shall always cherish the recollection of them. We drove away "out South" one hot Saturday afternoon and discovered growing head lettuce! I told him of a black walnut rail fence made from wreckage caused by the cyclone of thirty years ago and he was not satisfied until he had seen it and his pocket knife had revealed the proof. Then, too, there was the never-to-be-forgotten Sunday ride to Madison. We started out just for an airing and finally decided to call on one of his father's old time employes in La Grange—he was punctilious about such things. Then Madison was suggested and we journeyed like pioneers, neither of us knowing the road and losing our way and finding it time and again. Mart waxed enthusiastic. Madison was the best place; Madison had the best

people; the view from Madison was the best; one could get the best candy in Madison! We visited all the "old-timers," not the successes as the world holds them, but the happy families of home folks who were his especial delight. "They are the real people," he said, "and get more genuine happiness out of life in a day than we do in a year." Mart was at his best and the incidents he told were legion: incidents of boyhood days, of youthful pranks, of Madison "characters," of the old home with the church beside it where the door was always open and he was either going in to or coming out from "sociables," his arms loaded with dishes; of Hanover College on the high Indiana hills West of Madison where he graduated. The "boys" we visited gave us sandwiches to eat on the trip home down the Indiana shore and in the dark we pulled up by the roadside to regale ourselves. Both set our teeth at the same time! Both exclaimed together! Those sandwiches were made of half chickens between slices of bread and together with those first bites and laughter we nearly broke our jaws! Unless it was last New Year's day, when for an hour or more without a pause he reeled off the drollest and wittiest sayings while a dozen of us were weak with laughter and he not cracking even the ghost of a smile, I never knew Mart in a happier mood than on that, my first trip to Madison.

I'm not writing of Mart Brown with the thought that it will give a wide audience any deep insight into his character, but rather because of a mournful satisfaction in recording my impressions of his measure as a real man and a real friend. There was no half

way house to Mart Brown's affection. You were accepted into his innermost heart and it was your home always where you were as welcome as the springtime itself—or you were only an acquaintance. He was quiet, modest and reserved and one really had to seek him. Yes, he was too quiet, too modest and too reserved to be widely popular. He had no social aspirations whatever, though business successes and personal charm would have admitted him to any circle. What he wanted was friends—every day, true friends—and “you can't seek them,” he once said. “They just come or they don't come!” So it was that Mart's friends were among those who trod the simple paths and kept step on the treadmill of the day's work.

What we all particularly admired in Mart Brown, and I can speak for a wide circle of those who shared my feelings, was his complete devotion to his brother “Game”—a devotion as completely returned—and an unusual consideration of his mother. The latter quality indeed was so ingrained as almost to pass unnoticed but the occasion was rare indeed that prevented a periodical visit to Indianapolis and a telephone chat every morning with her who was always his first consideration. Whatever else there was to do was always secondary. Frequently we, who had been admitted to the inner circle, could not but comment upon the cooperation of the “Brothers Inseparable” so complete as almost to make it uncanny. And what might be said of one could be said of the other, too. Such devotion even between brothers closely allied in business and living together as bachelors, is so rare as clearly to be marked as an exception well worth

recording. If they had differences no one knew of them.

I have mentioned how fond Mart was of Madison and Madison home folks. He was always declining some invitation or other because certain "Madison folks were in town" and he wanted to show them some attention. Just because he was successful he didn't wish them to feel he was "stuck up"—and he wasn't. He had certain intuitions that were like those attributed to women, and fine instincts for nice things. Though living a bachelor life his home was in the best of taste, and the dinners he gave showed fine discrimination and were always "just so" affairs. Though not widely read in the sense of being a student, he was unusually well informed on the causes and effects of current day affairs and we who knew how fully occupied he was, often wondered where he found the moments to do it all. Because his nature was kindly, and his loyalty was a predominant factor, his benefactions were many but he was of the type that never permitted his left hand to know what his right hand did. So those real helpful and downright charitable acts I came to know about must not be paraded now that he has moved on into another sphere. He was fond of children and to a coterie of childless modern married women friends once made a proposal. "You are not fulfilling the mission for which the Creator intended you," he said. "If it is the expense, as you say, I promise you now an education for every child you will bring into the world!" It was said in a tone of badinage of course, but he meant it—every word.

Mart Brown was full of life—one of those well rounded men who found relief from close application to business in the good healthy battles among men. He was fond of wrestling and boxing and rarely missed a worth-while contest. Baseball however was his most enjoyed diversion and he would make great sacrifices rather than miss a World's Series. He knew the record of every player of note, and never was absent from his particular corner of his particular box over first base when the home team was playing in Louisville. Once he was ambitious to own the Louisville franchise but was glad afterward that his offer had not been accepted because bigger things came to occupy his mind, such as the development at Broadway and Fourth where "The Inseparables" had acquired property. He gave liberally to every worthy civic improvement and no deserving one left the unpretentious business office of the Brown boys empty handed. There was only one stipulation ever: "No publicity!"

Of the lumber business I know nothing, it may be said with perfect frankness, except as to the atmosphere surrounding Mart Brown. It was his great occupation; his constant thought. Sometimes the problems to be met were so big and so important that he took the pains to explain them and their effect and I could but be interested in the wide range of thought that brought about certain conclusions. His position in the counsels of hardwood contemporaries was assured and they, who knew of his capabilities better far than I, have told me of their great admiration for his ability, for his keenness of perception and for the

fighting qualities that gained their respect and won their cooperation. For they tell me, too, that he almost single handed, advanced and had adopted one idea or one rule, or whatever it was, that saved the hardwood lumber people from themselves! I do not pretend to understand just what it was all about; I only know that it is so and that the business will owe Mart Brown its best and highest thought for many years to come.

When the shocking news came that Mart Brown had passed on in Chicago and almost alone, it caused a momentary mental paralysis, almost impossible of understanding, to that group of friends of which I had the honor of being one. But a few days before he had left in happy spirits for a trip to New York to meet "Sis" as he affectionately termed his sister. From there he had gone on to Chicago for a conference with his brother, and had remained over for another day for a lumber meeting, intending to follow "Game" to Louisville the next night. He had been feeling badly in New York but no one thought it serious. That is almost all of the story. The physicians who were called, and who did their poor best, of course, pronounced it cerebral hemorrhage but we who knew that Mart had long suffered from a stomach disorder believe that the end came from something more deeply seated than even he realized. And we who would have shared with him our all, anytime, are now steeped in regrets that we did not insist upon his consulting specialists. What vain regrets! His own Madison is his last earthly resting place—elsewhere would have been a sacrilege—with

the mound yet covered with the flowers he loved; flowers strewn by friendly hands from North, East, South and West. I never attended services more simple or less ostentatious. They were in the "church next door" to the old home that he talked so much about. I could not but recall then my other visit there with Mart, and the joyousness it held, and how he had radiated life and happiness. There were two points in the service I shall always remember: the simple introductory words of the minister who officiated saying that ever since he had lived in Madison he had "heard of Mart Brown" and always wanted to know him and the hymn "Lead Thou Me On" repeated as a prayer by the "minister cousin" of whom Mart often spoke with so much pride. A hundred friends from Louisville had gone there to pay their last tribute to him, and even the railway people showed unusual respect by "taking down," from the high hills into the valley where Madison lies, and by which ever rolls the beautiful Ohio, the first Pullman car in fifteen years or more. From the "church next door" we wended our way to the Place where father and brothers lay—not a cold tomb but a bed of flowers.

I, a brother in affection and association, could think of only this short homely benediction as I offered a twig of acacia to the evergreen memory of my friend:

"Goodbye, Mart Brown. We will miss you."

C. I. H.

Louisville, Ky., February 4, 1920.

Mr Brown your son left a most
beautiful memory - indeed it is a
legacy to his friends.

*A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive.*

—Coleridge.

From Mother to Mother

This page in the original text is blank.

Genius for Friendship

God, who made me such as I am, who put me in this tumultuous and complicated scene, and who day by day, in fortune or calamity, leads me through a variety of deeds to the complete possession of my own soul and body, help me, O God, and spare me, that I may be neither broken in body nor soured in mind, but issue from these tribulations cheerful, serviceable and unambitious, as befits a human man among men.—*From recently discovered and hitherto unpublished letter of Robert Louis Stevenson.*

AS BEFITS a human man among men" offers in its way the keynote of the relations of Mart Brown with those who were privileged to have his acquaintance and friendship. It is not too much to say that he possessed a positive genius for friendship. The evidence to this effect is remarkable in many respects. It is a time honored rule from the ancients that "nothing but good should be said of the dead" but it is to be questioned whether there is a living man or woman who would have even the inclination to say anything but good in the case of Mart Brown.

When the news of his sudden taking-off was flashed over the wires and communicated by letter and newspapers throughout the country it caused a distinct shock and a very peculiar sense of personal bereavement to men and women widely separated and occupying widely different stations in life. Those upon whom the duty and melancholy pleasure fell of

rendering intimate service to **Mart Brown's** loved ones at the time of their bereavement were profoundly impressed with the character of the tributes to his memory which poured in by telegraph and through the mails. Even those who were most intimately associated with him in life were astonished at the extent and the character of the tributes of affection and respect paid to him. It was not at all as if he who had passed on were a modest private citizen but as if some man of high public prominence were concerned. The mere fact of fame in such instances results in a volume of expressions of condolence but in the nature of the case they are largely perfunctory. Here they were genuine and spontaneous expressions of real personal grief. This note was unmistakable even in those messages which came from purely business associates and acquaintances who in the ordinary course of events would not be expected to form personal attachments.

One is struck in reading over these letters which came to the members of his family to note the singular repetition of the phrase that "he was the best friend I ever had." When reflecting that assurances of this sort came from all sections of the country, from men and women, and from those of high and low degree, the essential democracy and fineness of **Mart Brown's** nature can be appreciated. One dear woman in writing struck a poignant note when she quoted her son as saying: "No one was held in higher esteem than **Mart Brown** and his going will take a great deal out of the lives of many people, high and low." The same note is heard in another letter which remarks

that "his splendid life meant so much to all his friends." We read a message from the chief executive of a great American city: "He was always a friend of mine—a real friend, a friend worth having" and as a companion to this we have the same tribute from a woman of modest station who wrote from the heart that he was "true friend to me and mine—so very many times had he come to my rescue and assistance in my troubles and misfortunes." A gentleman of large affairs in his grief could only say, "Dear old Mart," and this same affectionate use of "old" is found in the letter from a woman who out of heart declared that "no man was ever a truer friend or finer man than dear old Mart Brown."

Strong men but rarely have the capacity for expressing tenderness and in a measure shrink from declaring affection for a man, but so strong was the hold that Mart Brown had upon the hearts of men of this character that they lost their habit of reticence and spoke of him in unreserved terms. An example is found in the case of a high railroad official who declared that "in all my years I never knew a dearer, nor one whom I so loved as I loved and respected him."

Possibly one of the most touching examples of the deep character of the friendships Mart Brown inspired is found in a letter from far-off California. One reads this tribute: "He was such a royal pal with business associates" and then the letter abruptly stops. We turn the page and find that the man who was dictating this tribute was compelled to discontinue because, as his wife explained, "Mr. B. is too

weak to dictate longer—he wants you to know that our physician at home and others here have pronounced his condition hopeless—it is unspeakably hard to write this but he has requested me to do so.”

Mart Brown was loved by many women who regarded him as a fond and indulgent brother. One of these writes from a foreign country: “For many years Mart has been to me a wonderful friend—the friend one has but once in a lifetime and never a memory to mar the beauty of that friendship.” Still another woman writes: “I have lost the real friend of a lifetime” and the sense of desolation which the news of his death created is indicated by still another who wrote: “There is just nothing, nothing, that I know how to say to you, for I loved Mart, too, and the pain and the loss I feel are the only things that I know” and still another writes: “He was so big in thought, deed and achievement and I know that truer devotion never existed than between the two of you” [the brothers].

All men upon some occasion cast their thoughts to the beyond and at some time recognize the validity of the conception that this life is but a brief span and a preparation for a life to come. When those who are dear to us pass on the thought comes that the manner of living this life will determine one’s condition in the beyond. Measured by this conception Mart Brown’s friends give wonderful testimony as to the fineness of his living. One gentleman expressed this when he remarked that “there is much solace in thinking of the remarkably productive life he led and the interests he showed so materially in others.”

He added that "it would be hard to measure in words the good he did for others." Here we have the echo of the greatest thought in the world for many centuries: "Even as ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me." A close relative with great feeling declared that "Mart surely made the most of his life." Still another woman friend also speaks sympathetically of the "great adventure" and exclaims of her dead friend: "And who was more fitted?"

There is still a further phase of the friendships and affections which Mart Brown inspired. It was not only that he endeared himself to the companions of his lighter moments, and as well to men with whom he had business relations, but he made instant appeal to the hearts of good women whose sons were his familiars. Writing to Mart's mother one dear good woman said: "So fine, honorable and upright, so lovable, I was so glad for my son to have such a true friend with such characteristics" and she added with deep feeling: "Mrs. Brown, your son left a most beautiful memory—indeed it is a legacy to his friends."

It has been said that the tributes to Mart Brown came from those of high and low degree. It is unfortunately not given to all to be able to express in fitting terms what one feels but the brilliant chief executive of a great state most beautifully summarized Mart Brown's character in a letter of sympathy to his brother in which he said:

"My heart is with you in your great grief, and I know that every friend who loved you and who loved

Mart thinks of you, sympathizes with you and hopes that some power will help you bear your great sorrow.

“We all loved Mart because he loved every living thing and bound his friends to him by his kindness, thoughtfulness and devotion. There is so little at last that one can say in such an hour of affliction, but I know from my own experience that a word from a friend and the consciousness of their sympathy softens the blow, lessens the pain, and by bringing the sense of friendship to us, does much to lighten the blow which cannot be understood. There is one thought which always comes to me of my dead—that kindness, nobility, generosity and love never die; that somewhere they still exist, and I have always felt that the dead from the skies bless us, are round about us and are with us in our hours of joy and pain. So it is—and so it will be with you.”



*. . . Children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.
—Scott.*

One Fourth of July at Black Bridge

This page in the original text is blank.

As Business Man

Seest thou a man diligent in his business?
He shall stand before Kings.

—Proverbs of Solomon, XXII, 29.

IT IS NOT the purpose in this little book to present any detailed record of the life and business achievements of Thomas Martin Brown. What he accomplished is known to all men engaged in the great business to whose advancement he gave freely of his energy and great ability. Lumber business papers, in sympathetic personal tributes and expert estimates of his character and achievements, have given signal recognition of the elements of his career and his fine, constructive influence. Here it is only intended that some glimpses shall be given of the part he played in the great arena of business—an arena in which deeds are being done today which rival in daring, resourcefulness, fortitude and knightly generosity the storied records of romance and war.

One need not be old to recall the day when the rule of *caveat emptor*—"let the buyer beware"—prevailed in business. In those days sharp practice was excused on the plea that "Business is Business," the implication, of course, being that while the rules of honor and consideration for others might be regarded as valid in purely personal and social relations, such rules had no place in the marts of trade. It was a fallacious and infinitely mischievous assumption that one might be an honorable gentleman in one sphere

of life and in another sphere be free from the obligations of courtesy and fair dealing. It was, therefore, not the least of Mart Brown's claims to the respect and affection of those who knew him that in his business relations he was in nowise different from the man he was in his private life. Indeed, his career completely refutes the rule that "Business is Business" if that phrase is interpreted to mean that it condones selfishness and unfair practices. He proved on the contrary that Business is Character. When Character is the essential basis, the qualities of courage, resourcefulness, far-sight and shrewdness have the opportunity for legitimate exercise. No results, however imposing in extent, are enduring or constitute Success in any proper sense if they are secured at the expense of Character.

It is to be doubted if Mart Brown ever formulated any code of business ethics or sought to evolve any philosophy of business practice. As if by instinct he knew, however, that in the complicated matter of life there are, so to speak, no leak-proof compartments in which the acts done in one bear no relation to the acts done in another. Thus it was he so conducted his business affairs as to number among his most devoted personal friends many men who in business were his competitors. That he should, with his brother—who at all times was as his other self—observe the rules of courtesy, consideration and fair dealing and so richly improve the business heritage from his father, constituted a genuinely notable achievement in one of the great basic industries of American business.

The merely biographical details of Mart Brown's life may be briefly outlined. Born October 14, 1878, at Madison, Indiana, to William Pool and Mary Graham Brown, he came of sturdy Scotch stock, his father being a native of Dumfries, Scotland, where he was born in 1841, and was brought to America in his infancy. The father made a widely known and honorable name for himself in the lumber business, operating extensively in Eastern Kentucky. He lived to realize the joy of seeing his sons grow to clean and vigorous manhood, ready and capable to carry on and expand the work his brain and hands had created. Thus in time the organization known as the W. P. Brown & Sons Lumber Company came into being at Louisville, Ky., in 1902. The Brown boys conducted a wholesale business for ten years and in 1912 a daring policy of expansion was inaugurated. Large timber holdings were successively acquired in the Southern field until now the company is running eight band mills at Fayette and Guin, Ala., Macon, Ga., and Brasfield, Allport and Furth, Arkansas. These operations brought the need for changes in organization. At first it was a co-partnership between the father and his two sons and then, upon the father's death in 1914, a co-partnership between the estate and the sons. Later, in July of 1919, the business was incorporated for \$500,000 with J. G. Brown as president and T. M. Brown as vice president and treasurer. This corporation now enjoys in the hardwood industry the distinction of being one of the few largest organizations of its kind in America and is everywhere known for its enterprise.

The standing of the firm and the prestige which Mart Brown enjoyed in the business is demonstrated by the part both firm and he individually played in the important associations within the trade. It is probably true that he spent as much of his time and thought in the promotion of the interests of the business as a whole as he did to the firm to which his first allegiance was due. In this he was far-sighted because he was wise enough to know that there is more real progress for an individual in advancing the interests of those similarly circumstanced than there is in a policy of selfish aloofness. This participation in the concerns of the business as a whole was illustrated not only in his immediate environment of Louisville but in the nation as well. He was a dominant spirit in the Louisville Hardwood Club and this organization enjoys more than a merely local fame by reason of the perfect frankness which has at all times marked its meetings and its activities. It has always provided a forum in which, due to Mart Brown, the members discussed with perfect freedom even those trade problems which ordinarily are considered as purely the concern of the individual. In this way trade harmony was established upon a sound basis of frankness and mutual trust and every member benefited proportionately. As illustrating Mart Brown's influence it is told that the Hardwood Club, in some periods when he was not able to give it his personal attention, was disposed to hold meetings at less than the intervals which he favored but every time his interests permitted him to return to the organization he succeeded in re-establishing the weekly basis.

In the nation he was one of the directors of the National Hardwood Lumber Manufacturers Association whose meeting he was attending in Chicago at the time of his unfortunate death. He was a member of the executive committee of this organization and was also a director of the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers Association and the Southern Hardwood Traffic Association, as well as all the minor associations affecting the business in which he was interested. He was largely instrumental in launching the influential Traffic Association which he served as vice president in charge of Louisville operations.

The same modesty which marked his personal associations also characterized his attitude toward his business associates and he consistently declined official preferment. As one of the newspapers of his business, the "Hardwood Record," says: "When matters of interest to any branch of the hardwood industry were at stake his shoulder was always at the wheel, modest, interested, willing to do anything, willing to argue it out, but always with the desire to act for the greatest number rather than with selfish motives."

Lumber men, who alone are capable of passing an intelligent opinion, unanimously pay tribute to the efficient organization of the business of the W. P. Brown & Sons Company. In this we have another measure of Mart Brown's stature as a business man because he realized the need for men of large ability in his organization and he with his brother had the capacity to find and keep the talent of this order.

He was constantly on the alert not only for the best human material but for all the mechanical and

scientific devices which are being utilized by progressive business men everywhere to promote efficiency. During the past year or so of his life he had brought to a high degree of perfection plans for uniform grading rules and was active in working out cost accounting systems. Indeed he employed one man whose entire time was practically devoted to delving into methods of this character.

Still another evidence of his progressiveness and wise forethought was found in the methods he used in dealing with employes. From the top to the bottom of the organization there has been developed a feeling of intense loyalty to the firm. One of the most touching of all the letters of sympathy which came to his bereaved brother was one signed by the employes of one of the plants in Arkansas. "The consistent kindness, thoughtfulness and courtesy that you both have shown toward me and all your employes," says this letter, "have made it a pleasure to try and serve you. We all feel that we have lost not only a kind and considerate employer but a personal friend." Thus it will be seen that Mart Brown was able, in his own organization at least, to maintain that personal touch with employes urged by students of economics and social conditions.

These brief details bring out the fact that Mart Brown's development was singularly symmetrical in that he was strong and constructive; first, in his own business; second, in the concerns of the business as a whole and, third, as an exponent of that enlightened kindness which breeds loyalty and consequent efficiency in an organization.



*Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold
But Love, strong Love, that never can decay!*
—Park Benjamin.

*In the Madison he loved so well
By which rolls the Beautiful Ohio*

This page in the original text is blank.

In Madison's Valley

O'er all alike the imperial sunset throws
Its golden lillies mingled with the rose.

—Longfellow.

THOMAS MARTIN BROWN breathed his last at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago in the evening of January 22, 1920, and his remains were laid away at Madison on the Monday that followed—January 26—in the Madison he loved so well by which rolls the beautiful Ohio.

No one who attended the services at the "church next door" to the old home, nor at the graveside, could fail to carry away an impression of thankfulness that in every single detail they would have met his wishes as to simplicity and the absence of ostentation.

Mart Brown loved flowers and kept his home filled with them. Knowing this trait loving friends sent floral offerings from far and near until the church altar from which the services were read was filled to overflowing. The words were simple and affecting and during the ceremony, the sun, which before had been hidden, streamed brightly through the stained glass windows directly upon the beautiful emblems of friendship and made a scene almost impossible to describe in words. It was as though the Spirit rested there.

From everywhere came these tender tributes and those that arrived too late for the church service were diverted to the graveside. There were no harrowing

scenes at that last resting place where "Mart" joined father and brothers who had gone before. Even the chill of a wintry day could not remove the impression that the Spirit still hovered over him.

After the simple services at the grave and the sorrowing friends had dispersed, the flowers from the church were removed to the final earthly abode and over all a tent was raised that preserved them for weeks.

In describing the services the "Southern Lumberman" (Nashville) said that "it is doubtful if there has ever been a funeral in the lumber industry which drew as many friends to the grave." They came from everywhere: From Chicago and Knoxville; from New York and Louisville; from Indianapolis and Memphis; from Detroit and Evansville. High and low alike, as the world measures station, were there and as one observer said: "I never before saw so many strong men weep, unashamed."

It seems as though everyone in Madison—the old home town "Mart" loved so well—contributed some token of respect to one whom the same "Southern Lumberman" called "her wonderful son."

Mart Brown was a Mason but the services were not conducted by the fraternity though many members were present. Lumbermen from all sections went also; the Madison "folks" were there; and "just friends" in great numbers, all paying sorrowing tribute to their friend called on all too soon.

A Few Public Tributes

[From Official Bulletin, National Hardwood Lumber Association.]

To say that Mr. Brown's death is a great loss to the Association, just as it is everywhere within the wide circle of the relations and activities of his life, is a cold and formal statement of a vivid fact. In its gatherings and its councils and in the ordinary course of the affairs of this organization his quiet but forceful personality, his friendly influence, his consistent liberality and his general power for good will be long remembered and much missed. He became a member back in the days when the Association was fighting its way forward and the issue was not yet fully assured, and from that time on to the day of his death was a leading figure in its record. He had been a member of the Board of Directors continuously since 1910 and of the Executive Committee since 1914. Frequently mentioned for the office of president, his characteristic modesty invariably prompted his emphatic refusal to be definitely considered in that connection.

Chicago, February, 1920.

. . . .

[Resolutions of the Twentieth Annual Meeting The National Lumber Exporters Association.]

Whereas, Almighty God has called from this life Thomas Martin Brown, of Louisville, Kentucky, we,

Page Thirty-nine

his fellow members of the National Lumber Exporters Association, assembled in New York City at the Annual Convention of the Association, do deeply deplore his loss.

Therefore, Be it Resolved, that we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss and that this resolution be entered on the minutes of the meeting and that copies be sent to the family.

New York, January 29, 1920.

. . . .

[Resolutions of the Southern Hardwood Traffic Association.]

On Thursday, January 22nd, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to remove from the activities of this life, T. M. Brown, one of our most esteemed members and friends. Mr. Brown was a member of the firm of W. P. Brown & Sons Lumber Company and vice president of the Louisville District of this Association. He has long been a prominent factor in the Lumber World and his death will leave a void in our ranks.

Therefore, Be it Resolved, By the members of the Southern Hardwood Traffic Association, that in the death of Mr. Brown, his family has sustained the loss of a loving son and kind brother; his business associates a most wise counsellor and this Association a loyal supporter.

Be it Further Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family and immediate associates our heart-

felt sympathy, and that we convey to them our feeling of great personal loss, and

Be it Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Association.

Memphis, Tennessee, January 26, 1920.

. . . .

[Resolutions of the Louisville Hardwood Club.]

Whereas, In the wisdom of Providence, T. M. Brown was, on January 22, 1920, suddenly removed from the activities of this life, and

Whereas, He was a personal friend of every member of the Louisville Hardwood Club, the relationship making it difficult for us to express our feeling at his loss to us, and

Whereas, He was one of the charter members of this club, its former president, and at all times its guiding spirit:

Therefore, Be it Resolved, By the members of the Louisville Hardwood Club, that a record be made of the fact that we have lost a warm personal friend, as well as an able advisor and zealous member.

Be it Further Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family and immediate associates our deepest sympathy in their great loss, which we are the better able to understand by reason of the personal loss which we have ourselves suffered.

Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these res-

olutions be spread on the minutes of the club, to which his loss is in every sense an irreparable one.

Louisville, Kentucky, February 5, 1920.

. . . .

[Editorial From The "Louisville Times"]

In the business circles of Louisville, T. M. Brown was well known as able. With his brother he had made an open success; but it was not generally known that he had been active in civic movements and charities. For Mr. Brown belonged to that rare breed which actually shrinks from public notice; modesty was not a pose but a fact with him; and consequently his great generosity and benefactions will never be known. But The Times can say that he shared with the needy the large prosperity that came to him in Louisville; a wide circle of friends, business associates and dependents will miss him sorely. His relations with his brother, Graham, were so ideally close that the sudden death is doubly a tragedy.

Louisville, Ky., January 23, 1920.