

In Memoriam

Words spoken at the Funeral Services of Philip D. Armour, Jr.
by Frank W. Gunsaulus

Nothing but a profound belief in the all-fatherliness of God and a faith that His goodness is over all His works could support me in the task to which I am called today. Many of the dearest hopes of my own life lie apparently dead in yonder casket. Cover the pall as you have with a summer of flowers, it is still true that with the death of Philip D. Armour, Jr., winter seems to have come over many of the dreams of our lives. I stand here only as a mourner, and yet I must speak to the mourning ones. God grant that what comforts me may comfort you also! Honored as I have been with the friendship of the Armour family, and acquainted as I am with the far-reaching plans born at the fireside where their son was reared and where his youth blossomed into manhood, I seem to stand at this hour in the presence of a broken column. Love hangs garlands upon it and they are moistened with tears. From the fragmentary beauty come reflections of the light of two homes; and it is the kind of light that will never cease to bring out of the mist of our sorrow the frustrated hopes and broken aspirations which throng our hearts at this hour.

If this young man had not been dowered with extraordinary ability as a merchant who had just entered the realm of trade and commerce whose gates were flung open to him so gladly, his relationship to one of the most important enterprises in the world, as one of its heirs and future directors, would have given him eminence and supplied him a pedestal which only too clearly exalts his powers, now that, so far as this world is concerned, they are forever to remain unused.

But Philip Danforth Armour, Jr., proud as he was of his inheritance and clear-headed as he was with reference to the value of the name given