



## Robert S Brown

January 13, 1943 - August 7, 2022

Robert S Brown, age 79, passed away on August 7, 2022 as a result of a stroke suffered in April. He was preceded in death by his mother Shirley Smock Brown and his father Jacob William Brown. He is survived by his five children: Jason, Adam (Tess), Jane, Alexandra, and Nicholas; one granddaughter Rhonda; and by his sisters Barbara Hild (Guy), Deborah Cummins (James) and Penny Brown. He is also survived by his loving and devoted companion Doreen Beatrice.

Robert is a 1960 graduate of Walnut Hills High School, received a BA degree from UC in 1964, and a JD degree from the University of Cincinnati College of Law in 1967 where he served on the Editorial Board of the Law Review. He received an LLM degree in taxation from New York University College of Law in 1968. He was a part-time faculty member of UC Law School for many years teaching corporate taxation.

In 1972 Robert was elected to serve on the Cincinnati Board of Education during a time when race and segregation became forefront issues. In voting for an unpopular plan of integration, he was quoted in the Enquirer as stating "In terms of the future, unless we are able to live in a truly integrated society, society won't hold together at all." Robert was also a past officer of the Community Action Commission, and a past board member of Camp Livingston, and the Contemporary Arts Center, past president of HOME (Housing Opportunities Made Equal), and the year 2000 recipient of the biennial Charles P. Taft Civic Gumption Award.

In his practice of law, Robert was scholarly, compassionate and effective in guiding his clients along the legal pathways. He possessed strength of character, and respected a worthy opponent, and was himself one.

A private cremation has taken place. A celebration of Robert's life will be held for family and friends on Sunday, August 28th, 2:00-5:30 p.m., at Bar le Boeuf, 2200 Victory Parkway, with remembrances being shared 3:00 p.m. If you would like to be included, email your name and cell phone contact to [nick@brownlawohio.com](mailto:nick@brownlawohio.com).

# Tribute Wall

“ Our parents were close friends, and Bob was a year behind me at North Avondale, Walnut Hills, and UC Law School. But we only got to know each other well later in life, when I returned to the practice of law in Cincinnati in the early 1990s and Bob offered me a desk in his office so I could “warm up” for a year before going out on my own.

*A few years later we started playing casual bridge at Bob’s Indian Hill home. Soon we developed a vague desire to actually learn the game. I was able to suppress mine, but for Bob, as with everything else in his life, the challenge grew until one day he produced two copies of “Bridge for Dummies.” Whither he went, I followed.*

*With Bob in charge we had to become Life Masters as fast as possible, which meant traveling to tournaments – from Gatlinburg to Toronto, from Indianapolis as far East as Anderson Township. Bob did the driving – also as fast as possible – while I closed my eyes and prayed in the language of my forefathers. And it worked – we always arrived safely, we played hard, and we earned those certificates.*

*There was also poetry. I regularly warned our bridge opponents never to mention any well-known work, such as Eliot’s “The Waste Land,” or we would have to postpone play while Bob recited it from memory. Even the bridge clock couldn’t stop him.*

*And, finally, the food. My normal daily consumption of sea urchin roe, caviar, and foie gras has always been minimal, but Bob’s dinner parties offered them in amounts sufficient to sink a small dolphin. I remember every bite, as well as “the rattle of the bones” in his speeding car and his “chuckle spread from ear to ear” at my plea for both of us to survive just a little bit longer.*

*Of course, Bob would have recognized these references immediately.*

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**Steve Felson** - August 20, 2022 at 03:17 PM

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“ *My Friend Robert,*

*There are no words that will help ease the pain of the loss of our friend and Brown Family Patriarch. So please accept, "I am sorry." Met Bob when we were in high school. We met playing cards at his house in North Avondale. A friendship that lasted over 60 years. I have many Bob Brown stories and memories. To the entire Brown Family we are all better off to have known Bob and he being a part of our life.*

*Rest In Peace my friend. May all your hands be Four of a Kind. As you were One of a Kind.*

*Stuart Hodesh*

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**Stuart Hodesh** - August 19, 2022 at 02:28 PM