Letter with attachment: Donald P. Geddes to Ida M. Tarbell, January 23, 1933

Geddes, Donald P.

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Miss Ida Tarbell
120 East 18th Street
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Thank you for your kindness in loaning us pages from your recent biography of OWEN D. YOUNG which we are returning herewith enclosed. The Editor selected a portion of Page 8 and we have had the cut made to accompany the article which will probably appear in the March issue.

We do appreciate the courtesies you extended to Mrs. Stech and thank you for your interest and cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

Donald Porter Geddes
knew how Owen D. Young was always quoted as always setting him up as one of his wisest advisers. "That is just Owen's talk," he said. "I am nothing but his father's best friend. He is used to me - it's sentiment with him." But one could see that he was really boasting with pride, that this man that the public was so curious about asked to see his birthplace - to sit down and talk with him - get his early recollections. All of this is perhaps the greatest pride of his old age.

"He had been a son to me," he said, "always wanting to do something for me. Of course a lot of the things he has offered to do I couldn't accept. You know how it is in a place like Van Hornesville. Supposing I took Mrs. Young's car and chauffeur, as Owen wanted me to when she wasn't using it, why what would the neighbors say. They would say that I was using Owen and there are enough folks around here that are using him without my doing it.

"You mustn't take too serious about what Owen says about me - the stories he tells. He has a way of always turning them against himself - giving the other fellow all the credit. Now, there is that story he told over in Europe about things always coming down in conferences like they were having to trading. You remember what he said about his old neighbor up here in Van Hornesville that wanted to buy one of his cows. That was me. Owen says in telling this story: 'Uncle Abe came down and asked how much I wanted for the cow. I said, well I think it is worth about so much. Then he thought awhile and didn't say anything. Finally I got up and started off. He says Uncle Abe, how about that cow, do you think you want it? Well, I said, what
all said so. That is what I don't like about it. This public work of his is taking too much out of him. That is the way we all feel about him up here."

Here you have it then, what may be called the three great pulls to Van Hornesville. Those deep Young roots - the Youngs cleared these hills, made them fertile and useful, had in the building of the settlement - stood back of its church and schools - uprightness and square dealing, clear and honest thinking - restricted their trade, brought the dignity of it - asked nothing better than to carry on. That is what the Youngs before him had been and that in his own life was what his mother and his Uncle Abe were - his father had been. These are the things that held him and riveted him in Van Hornesville - that holds the whole family. These are the things that made it natural for him to do as the Youngs before him had done - go on with the building of the community according to the conditions of the day.

He never has been separated from Van Hornesville, although his college life he spent his vacations there, working on the old farm. Easy to get away from the law work which he began in Boston in he was hardly settled in his profession when he began to take a hand in the farming, became a farmer, he tells you. "Mrs. Young and I did not have much money in those days, he told me once, but I couldn't let the farm go. Father and Mother were getting old - they had been nearly fifty years on that farm. I felt it was time for them to go to the village and live and for me to take hold. A certain sixty acres were not enough land for dairy farming to make it pay. The old cows were good enough. Father and I used to go around to State Fairs or wherever
When New York could not hold them they began to scatter
up the Hudson — first into the valley of the Rhine
Young, my great, great, great grandfather.

The records seem to show that the first of our family
Lived in the village of New York.

They found their way to London but London could not
hold them, having troubles of her own — so they came home.

First Young or Youngs came to America in one of the groups of
refugees, driven from the Palestine in the persecution of the
Hugenots.

It must have been over two hundred years ago that the
man who knows what he has, can get what he wants.
The only man I ever knew was a man who seemed to have done
this to a young man.

He finds a wall of wisdom, and in calling all kinds of outlets for his
energy, finds in fact what fun, real
The kind of a man my "grandpa" asked me to come and "das" a little devil. I'm sweet. He really did with me every. He was a good devil, very much sweet and kind. They used to call me "Grandpa". As a young lad, he was very good. The second man for getting pain, "cut his arm", they used to call. They almost asked me to come in our instead. Never ask for help always seem that way. When you asked to stay a study the wall and "Try my luck witthis".

"Mind? She was asked.

"Das parents in the years priest of our country, never helped people in danger, after their children's fadle."
When there was anything 'to do she tipped out whether it was Clive or somebody else.