

van Hornesville School

There is a remarkable ^{light} height in the hallway of the school at Van Hornesville. A parchment ^{giver} resting on a star fish, hung to a star from the ceiling; ^{besting} ~~beckoned~~ by a star of the sea, hung from the ^u star of the sky - was what sprang into my mind as I looked at it. It gave a symbol ^{of} the kind of laboratory that O.D.Y. is struggling to work out or rather work in there. - the world in small. This Van H. seems to me to be an experiment in serving the country, making it alive again, putting it in touch with the world. At the schoolhouse there is a radio, used as a tool of education. - one of his dearest ambitions. It is the thing to which J.Y. is giving herself up to.

Then there is the most complete moving picture apparatus. Weekly the four hundred people of the community, or thereabouts, gather into the little Assembly Room and see something carefully selected. I ^{saw} ~~see~~ an exhibit of O.D.Y. in action - a world figure. Out at San Francisco where he delivered ^{his} speech, which so inspires Whitney - at St. Lawrence and marching in the parade with Madame Curie and introducing her. Madame C. came to Van Hornesville and I must find out about that visit. She made one suggestion to him, which ^{Frederick} ~~Frederick~~ I think told me about. He has misgivings about this place. Told her that he wanted it to be fitted to them - he was going to fix up a laboratory. "Let them work at will in it," she told him. "Why, if you should find a great scientist ^{one} out of a million in long years from now, that would be worth it all."

Miss Josephine has all his sense of this. Her feet are buried in this soil and she sees the past of it with love and a kind of veneration. She shows me the picture of the house, ⁱⁿ which the first Van Horn ^{had} lived in Whitehouse, N. J. - ^{he} came here and built, I think in 1791, and she has re-built on the site of his house as nearly along the lines of that as she could. She calls her house, "Van Horn House." There are early ^{maps} ~~maps~~ of the country, 1776-1791, on her walls. Most interesting is her feeling about the early document, telling how a certain person had contracted to clear the land - so many morgens in a year. (Should get a copy of this.)

The most wonderful thing at Van Hornesville is the mother of the O.D.Y. I called before supper, the first evening that we were there. She lives in an old-fashioned two story house, the good type of the sixties, I should think - reminded me very much of the Titusville house. Ida Young is her name. I stood paralyzed when I met her. Owen Young ^{so} looks like her - it is the formation of the face, I think - same molding - same brow - nose - lips - eyes - wrinkled, but extraordinarily young. Her vitality is more real than that of thousands of youths that you meet, alive to the tips of her fingers, bent, but alert, quick, easy moving. Her granddaughter says, it is lovely to see her with Owen D. They have such good times together. Somebody told me, I think Mrs. Trench, of the delight she took in working for Hoover in the last campaign while O.D.Y. was working for Smith.

She said they all went down to Albany on some occasion, I don't know what, to hear Mr. Young make a speech. They none of them thought *U. Herbert* I could see that they are a critical crowd.

Mrs. Trench said it was wonderful to watch the mother's face, while he was speaking. When it was over they asked her how she liked it. She said, "Well, it was respectable, but I thought he would do better than he did." The grandsons delight in her - tease her - joke with her and she gives always as good as is sent. Father and Grandmother are of the same age - two good pals.

She is tremendously proud of his degrees - honorable mentions etc. She has twenty-eight from I don't know how many countries - Japan and China among them, framed and hung on the walls.

She gets out an old album and shows me O.D.Y. at sixteen, when he was ^{entering} college - an eager youth, ready for anything. -hair combed straight up. Shows me a picture as a college senior, looking a little as he does today - very handsome.

She tells me how ^{so bent} he was/on going to College and how when she and his Father would go out at evening to church socials, I suppose, or whatever was going on in the village, and returning they would find him sitting with a table covered with college catalogues. The Father wanted him to stay at home, be a farmer, but he ^{finally shook} would shake his head and say, "He would ^{be} no good for anything else." And so finally the money was raised, I don't know just how, but here comes in A.T.'s story.

She has an amusing tale of how he wrote home, saying that he and the three he ran with could get a room for nothing, or

little or nothing over the jail. "Would they consent?" The Father wrote back, "Go if you want to, but I'll pay your board - not the county." A funny result of this move was a postal card he sent back home saying, "Arrived at jail at 2 P.M." It was, of course, read in the postoffice and then the whole village was gossiping, shocked beyond everything. "Think of it, Owen is in jail."

Van Hornesville Commencement:

The Commencement day was as radiant as one as one could ask - the valley beautiful in its strong, rich green. You felt the celebration a half a dozen miles away, coming from Canajoharie. The first sight was the float of Starkville, then children and young people with ^{all sorts of} costumes - old fashioned things, gay streamers and bows of colored ribbon - simple gay. Of course it was Y's. part in the Commencement that I was after. Went on my own for a hour after greeting Josephine, looking over the town. Then wandered down to the school where the crowd was gathering. Y. came down from the Van Hornes house with that leisurely air of his, all the time in the world, nothing to do and sauntered towards the schoolhouse. A couple of men accosted him and he started at once to show them around; took them into the school and then around back where the floats were gathering and the people for the parade. I watched them out of the window, apparently enjoying himself explaining things to the strangers.

He was called soon after where ^{hauled him} ~~some~~ in front of a microphone ^{to} read the little speech - letters that had appeared in the paper in the morning in regard to Hoover's announcement about deferring this years debt payment. Was interested in the way he stood in front of the instrument, perfectly straight, shoulders square, firm on both feet; not near enough to hear his voice but think that it carried well.

Mrs. Hammond had picked me up when I came out of the schoolhouse and we walked over to the Principle's house where we chatted with those that were gathering, principally Dr. Sykes of St. Lawrence. He had been down and made the Baccalaureate the night before. I met him as I walked about. Finally we came out and sat on the front steps to see the crowd gathering. When Young spied me from the other side of the

street he came across and when I came down to meet him he said, "No, I am going to come up and sit awhile." And then laughed, "Are you still as independent as ever?" (Reference to letter) Plain to see that he was thoroughly enjoying the nativeness of the whole thing. Little groups representing the schools that had recently come in ^{by wlt to} Van Hornesville ^{delivered} community pleased him. There was one group of perhaps a dozen youngsters with a banner - "one hundred pereent election" which meant everybody in their district had voted to go into the school.

Nice to see him put his arm around Dr. Sykes when he sat down.

There saw the U stand. Young came down and wandered around, talking with various people. Evidently sees who he should speak to and passes quietly from one group to another. People who stopped to speak to him, he was always kindly, gives no sense of putting them off or hurrying them away. Dr. Sykes and I went up to the house after the dance for lunch. It was a little time before the Governor arrived. Whole families greatly excited over his coming, that is, they all went to the window and all were gay - awfully nice.

The considerate and gentle way in which Young and Josephine saw to the Governor getting into the house and into his chair, without too much attention, and yet enough; very simple and ~~their work~~

There was a big lunch. I sat beside R. and we talked of many things. He is evidently full of his campaign. Y. was at the other end of the table from the Governor and I, for the first time realized how worn he looks. *The death of* his Mother ~~what~~ looks like the impending death of his wife have made deep marks on him. His face looked worn, hair thin. He was very quiet. The Governor is talkative but not Young. However they were interesting about the settlement of the country. Y. telling him how the hills had been cleared by his ancestors. There are some of R's. ancestors near by - tells of their experiences. R. is full of the subject of his recent conference lecture on the combination of farm and industry - the organizing of the village, of the country. Of course, Van Hornesville is a perfect example of that, though no small factory has yet been introduced. Gives me a chance to talk about Ford's little factory and so we talk of the piece of furniture that *P.* had shown me in the library

in the morning - the character of the work. It was local work; and of Mrs. Roosevelt's Hyde Park furniture shop; and the Jefferson pieces which the Governor described to Josephine in some detail - all very nice, natural, simple, even to joking about the power running out as we were warned at night. There was quiet for the Governor after lunch and then everybody went down to the platform. Hammond had asked me to sit there which I should not have done if I had not been with some of the Young relatives and we were ushered onto the platform. My interest, of course, was in watching the crowd and Y. The crowd was marvelous, probably twenty-five hundred, home grown - almost entirely, men, women and children with such interested faces; mostly farm people, I think, though there were of course visitors from away. Y's. speech was excellent. It had reference to his early experience - his first visit to Albany - his meeting with Grover Cleveland as a boy. This was before he went to College. Interesting to watch him as he speaks, had side view. He makes no gestures with his hands, plays a little with the cord of his eye glasses, reads with a ^{firm} valid, clear voice. The only movement is a slow rising on his toes, settling back on his heels, coming forward on his toes. He kept that up all the way through his speech. He has a good firm base for he wears a big, broad, flat-heeled, old shoe. I think that old shoe is well known to his friends. His deliberation from start to finish was unbroken. I saw him make only one quick movement and that was when the Governor's car got into the yard, the driveway quicker than he had expected and he gave two or three long leaps to be at the side at the proper instant and made it.

His quietness at the table and talk with the Governor was his habitual quiet. He sat at the table as he did at Chandler without

saying anything, listening, watching, no compulsion to chatter every moment.

Intensely considerate without seeming to have others on his mind but he has practically everybody on his mind. He senses the need of saying or doing ^{instinctive or intuitive.} It is phase of the extraordinary way in which he ^{how} sprang into a breech at the conferences. Fraser spoke of this. It is a warning, a superior ^{intuition} that has its drawbacks. He intuitively knows and feels criticism, feels another man's attitude towards him; in this political matter he is evidently doing his utmost to convince Roosevelt that he is not in any sense an antagonist or competitor, that he is sincere when he stays in the background. It is what Appleton said, "Owen never wants anything that anybody else wants."

I have been wondering if it might not be that he will permanently keep himself out of high office, out of this sensitiveness to other peoples suspicion or jealousy. I can see him doing this and becoming in the years to come, what we might call the sage of Van Hornesville, a man to whom everybody would turn from the President down where there was a difficult problem and he would handle it just as Crocker says that he handled his problems.

VAN HORNEVILLE SCHOOL

Young's speech of 7/4/28 contains letter of S. C. Kimm, 12/17/26
suggesting Young build school

Note how he pays tribute to all in work - same thing in D. A. R.
speech.