

1 Glencairn St
North East Valley
Dunedin
New Zealand

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Sumner Blossom
Editor: ^{The} "American" Magazine
250 Park Ave. N.Y.

2nd Oct 1931

Dear Mr. Blossom,

I had the pleasure of reading my October "American" on the 28th of September. Considering the distance of about 12000 miles or more across the water, this surely represents "Speed" even in these days of air-travel, radio, and television. But it's fine to have the good old magazine right on time, and quite an honour to join the select & limited company of "first" readers...

The story this month of the farm boy who became the Statesman world-famed as Owen D. Young, is magnificent reading.

The art picture by "Chase" is truly fine, and it does one good just to look at a face like that. One gets the

Sense of Strength - Tireless Strength, with not one harsh line to mar the fine effect.

It is a face one does not see every day, - the face of a born leader, the face of a General like our own "Kitchener", or your very own "Pushing". But here, besides the sterner qualities is revealed humanness, kindliness, friendliness, - traits more common to the plain everyday man who happens to be built that way.

And as I look closely at those set, serious eyes, with the marks of great responsibility deep graven upon them I am sure I also catch the merry twinkle of a school boy, - and if I may say so, - loveableness.

Oh yes, that's the word for it, and as I turn again to the picture where Owen D. Young grips dear old Abe Tilyou by the arm and says "Come on, Uncle Abe, I want you in this picture" I feel my heart warms towards a man whom I do not know, and never have the least chance of knowing. But he stands for something I like, Something

I reverence when found in the ranks of
the truly great. It is strange, is it not,
but those lines of Edwin Markham come
to my mind — those lines he wrote about
Another of America's Great Sons: —

"The Color of the ground was in him, the red of earth,
"The Smack and tang of elemental things:
"The rectitude & patience of the Cliff,
"The goodwill of the rain that loves all leaves,
"The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
"The Courage of the bird that dares the Sea,
"The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn. —

Those lines are sacred to the immortal memory
of Abraham Lincoln. But I say it is
strange, is it not, that they should come to
mind as I speak of the picture of the
"farm boy of Van Hornesville"? —

No, it is not strange, for as I
look again at the portrait, bearing in mind
the story of Owen D. Young, — those lines
fairly leap ^{wise} into from the print.

all the good & great people of earth have
not lived in the past, — thank God!

— With best wishes & regards.

Sincerely yours. John J. Gow.