III

Mother of Owen D. Young:

Personality, power and tendency I stopped still and stared as I was presented to her. Strength of will, judgment, humor, self-reliance, a loyal and steady affection emanated from her eyes, her forehead.-- splendid and unusual head.

She was a woman of ninety-two, slightly bent, slightly wrinkled, but with a look so undaunted, a smile so genuine, a step so remarkable that the years were nothing - you had a sense of perennial youthfulness.

That was my first impression of the mother of Owen D. Young. It was an impression which every hour of my living with her, everything that I have been able to learn and know of her has impressed me with its solidity. A woman of power and steadfastness - of courage, the kind that the good earth makes - one's loyalty to it is never broken. This woman is a product of the mountains and the streams - of generations rustling with the land and conquering it - of going on with it step by step by that logical process of development, taking each step firmly - agreeing to it without revolt whatever it might cost. Never blind to the cost - never pretending, only agreeing and conquering.

I know little or nothing of her beginning beyond that her name was Ida Brandon - the family an old one from Herkimer Country, New York, lived near ~~Fort Plain~~ Springfield. And here in 1860, Ida Brandon was married to Jacob Smith Young, the fifth in the generations of the Youngs, which had labored to conquer the wilderness of this upper Mohawk Valley.

1854 ? 1

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I should judge it by all happy marriages, as marriages go. Jacob Smith Young was a man of kindliness, humor, quiet of speech, considerate, a good farmer and a good man, some say of him.

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