

Young - Lang

I was particularly anxious to see how Y. fitted in to the organization, so they introduced me to Mr. Lang, in charge of organization, I think. I told him what I wanted was to see Owen Young in his picture - diagram. "Well," he said, "that is just what I have been trying to find out is where Mr. Young fits in." I said, "Have you any doubt about his belonging in here." "None in the world, but just where should he come in the diagram?"

"When I met ^{Lang} Young he began at once. You asked me yesterday what Mr. Young does. Well, now I want to tell you a little experience that I had which seems to me to show. I went down to ^{Tinley} ~~Puckerton~~, where it ^{they were building} ~~was supposed~~ to re-build the radio plant. Y. was down there to listen to the engineers, who had made the plans. I took no part in the discussion but I was allowed to sit in. They explained to him carefully all that they intended to do and Young listened just as he always does - head back - pipe in his mouth. You would think he wasn't paying any attention. One item in the building was for a power plant, cost some two hundred thousand dollars, I think. When they got through explaining everything, Young straightened up and he said, 'Fine, fine, but did you ~~ever~~ consider whether it might not have been possible for the radio corporation to make a contract for power with the local companies here.' Nobody had thought of that. 'Now maybe we could,' said the Chief Engineer. 'I will go right around and see about it - see Mr. So and So.' 'That is fine, fine,' Young said. 'But now I am going up town, suppose I drop in and see them first. What do you think of that?' Of course the Engineer thought well of it.

"I have often observed when things were going on where Young was that he let us talk ourselves out. You know I never heard of him telling anybody to do anything. He just suggests, discusses it and he is always sympathetic and receptive. - urbane. Still I have heard him ^{being} mad as the dickens under certain circumstances. It really makes you mad as the dickens sometimes the way he treats what you bring him. Very irritating to a young man, not to pay attention to his details - not to plunge in and tell him to do something right away. Young doesn't do that. You go to him bursting with the importance of what you have - can't wait a minute. He smiles, listens lazily says, 'Fine, fine. Now supposing we should do this?' Somehow he always adds something.

"The fact is, he is a transcendent negotiator." Lang grows eloquent as he talks about the way he penetrates, without ever getting in anybody's way. "Never touches Mr. Swope's work. Swope runs this place, but somehow Young put something into the whole thing that makes everybody want to work with Swope for bigger results than we ever dreamed before. The fact is, he makes it an inspirational job. And all you can do is to say, 'Isn't he wonderful?'"

I notice how often these young men, talking about him saying he put a big ideal into the thing. He furnishes inspiration which in their minds, I take it, is steam?