

CHAPTER I

Childhood and Boyhood

If little Anne Stuart had not by the order of her father, James II of England, been educated as a Protestant it is not probable that one Peter Young would ever have found his way to the Dutch Flats along the Mohawk River. But Anne was so educated and ever after stubbornly refused the many powerful efforts made to convert her to Catholicism. Unstable in many things she was loyal to her church and as far as ^{it lay} in her power looked after its adherents.

She found misery enough among them when she came to the throne of England in 1702. The unfortunate men and women driven from the German Palatinate by the French Catholics in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century were beginning to reach London. It had taken repeated attacks to rid the land of its sturdy and prosperous people. But it finally had been done with an unbelievable thoroughness. The Palatines had not only been driven out of their country but to prevent a return, their vineyards and orchards had been uprooted and hundreds of their villages and cities pillaged and burned.

The exiles had sought homes in Protestant lands - Holland, England. Thousands of them found their way to London early in the Eighteenth Century and London when these sad things

were happening was over-run with poor of its own.

But there was America, and they began to seek ways for coming here. Queen Anne favored them, ordered that they be given passage, lands to cultivate.

All through the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century the Palatines in small groups found their way to America, scattering into New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Virginia. It was in 1710 that the largest number came - some two thousand five hundred persons. They arrived in New York at that time a town of hardly five thousand people, after a voyage of nearly five months - five hundred had died on the way. They were without resources; men and women and children to be fed and clothed.

It was too much for the village of New York, as it had been for the city of London, and the authorities made hasty efforts to get them out into the country.

They were scattered to the north and to the northwest for the main part - Ulster County, Green County - and large numbers to the Schoharie grant, as it was called, land promised ^{them} by Queen Anne they claimed.

The English Lords of Trade in arranging for the passage of the three thousand Palatines had justified the expense they were going to by ordering that they be set at producing Naval Stores from the pine lands along the Hudson. The Governor of the Province attempted to carry out the plan but

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failed and the settlement scattered. Large numbers of them were farmed out to Robert Livingstone who was to "victual" them - pay them a wage. But the Palatines were not satisfied with the arrangement. They claimed poor food, poorer pay, harsh treatment and finally left saying that they had not come to this country to be tenants or hired men, but to cultivate lands of their own.

The difficulty of finding a satisfactory foothold in the country, east and west of the Hudson, induced the more adventurous exiles to petition for land in the "Mohock's Country" where they would be out of the reach of the exploitations to which they felt they had so far been subjected.

After twelve years of disastrous attempts to use the Palatines for their purpose the authorities at home and in the province probably felt this was as hopeful a solution as another - at least there they would serve as a buffer against hostile Indians.

The outcome of this movement was a series of settlements running East and West from Palatine Bridge, names familiar today to those who travel the Mohawk Trail - Stone Arabia - Canajoharie, Herkimer - the Dutch Flats the section was called, and to it came in increasing numbers individuals and families who were still seeking lands of their own, land to replace those from which they had been so wickedly driven. Among

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there was one Peter Young supposed to have first reached America with one of the groups of refugees sent from England in 1709 or 1710.

The Palatines rapidly penetrated the country North and South of the River. Flowing into the Mohawk at the Palatine Bridge from the South was a lively little stream - Otsquago Creek. The narrow and beautiful valley through which the Otsquago tumbled down to the river was flanked by fine rounded hilltops, inviting places to clear and cultivate for men and women who had the passion of the soil as strongly in them as had these Palatines. Cleared, these lands would lie up to the sun like the banks of the Rhine.

Peter Young was one of those who followed the Indian trail along the Otsquago Creek - one of those who helped in the early cultivation of the uplands. Here he reared his family; here his oldest son, Jacob A. carried on, the only break in his farming apparently being the term he served in the Revolution.

Peter and Jacob Young did their part in these years in building up the little central community serving the pioneers, a church - a school - blacksmith shop. Squag, it was called. Possibly they may have attempted to call it Otsquago but the contraction was too obvious. There is little of Squag left today - an ancient graveyard, the marks of the foundation stones of a few simple buildings. It was the victim of that industrial invasion which was already beginning to take from self-providing pioneer households the trades and crafts they had learned to

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cultivate side by side with the land.

The industrial invasion first reached the Valley of the Otsquago ^{about} 1790. A Dutchman of New Jersey, Abram Van Horn, when prospecting along the Dutch Flats saw in the Otsquago Creek power which could be put to use, sturdy farmers and growing settlements on the hilltops who could be served. Why should he not use this wasted water power to do for them what they were doing for themselves, build a mill and grind their corn and wheat, build a forge larger than the blacksmith shop? It was an opportunity and in 1791 Abram Van Horn settled on the Otsquago, some twelve miles north of the town of Fort Plain. He had made no mistake. The farmers welcomed him. His settlement prospered - Van Hornesville it was called. He built the finest house in that part of the world.

The Van Horns and the Youngs must have been associated at least in a business way from the start. Certainly the young people of the families were thrown together early in the Nineteenth Century for Jacob I Young, the son of Jacob A. married Van Horn's daughter - Eve Van Horn. ^{They} ~~the new family~~ brought a big family into the world - thirteen children. The eldest of them was called Peter.

Peter Young remained on the hilltops above Van Hornesville, farming like the Youngs before him. He married a Margaret Smith and to the couple came four children, the eldest of them born in 1831 was named Jacob Smith.

If Smith Young, as he was called, had not been a born farmer he might have ^{early} been lured away from the soil in the years he was growing up by the activities of Van Hornesville, now rapidly becoming a busy and prosperous industrial town. A plank road built in the '40's ^{the Otsquago Valley from} ~~port~~ Plain south to Cooperstown, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had opened the world to Van Hornesville. A stage coach, four and six horses, was soon making a journey back and forth over that road - two, finally four times a day, carrying the mail, carrying passengers. A cotton mill came to the town; strangers came; a big boarding house was opened. Van Hornesville was booming.

Smith Young, the farmer boy, had prosperity and progress under his eye, but apparently it had little effect on him and his ways of life. As was the custom of the young farmers in those days he worked for others - now his father - now a neighbor. When he was twenty-five he found a wife, the daughter of a substantial citizen of Springfield, seven miles to the South of Van Hornesville, Ida Worden Brandow, a tall, dark-eyed, spirited girl, lively-minded, energetic, a favorite everywhere. She made an excellent partner for Smith Young - her elder by some eight years and already a steady reliable man - no vices - a kindly temperment. He always was distinguished for his unwillingness to say an unkind word of anybody. His wife once paid him a fine tribute.

"Smith," she said, "never talked unless he had something to say and then he said it very carefully."

It was in 1856 that Smith Young and Ida Brandow were married. For a year they worked a farm on shares. Working a farm on shares in those days was not what it is now. You lived with the owner and he shared, if not the hard labor, at least the responsibility. If a barn fell down he went out with you to repair it. If there was a sick animal he took equal interest with you in caring for it. If the roof leaked he helped you mend it, that is, in reality working on shares was a partnership in which the younger man and woman took care of the heavy labor under the direction of the owner.

A year after Smith Young and Ida Brandow were married his mother died and the young people went to live at what was known as the "home farm", a tract of perhaps a hundred and sixty acres, lying above the village of Van Hornesville. From the front door of the house on the home farm you looked across great billows of land, hilltops and valleys, the foothills of the Adirondacks and here it was that Smith Young and Ida Brandow settled down.

A son came to them who, if the Young tradition established as the oldest of the line he ~~for the oldest of the line~~ had been followed, would have been named Jacob. Peter and Jacob, Peter and Jacob, that was the way it had been from the days of the Palatine. Ida Brandow broke it

and her first son was called Worden.

The boy lived but twelve years. His death was a cruel blow. The way the mother bore it was the talk of the village. Never a word, never a tear. "Let me have it out by myself," she said. Not a silent woman, except in moments of deep emotion, then there came no sound from her of what she felt. It was always to be so. The great things she carried deep within her - never changing her daily routine for sorrow or death.

On October 27th, 1874 a second son came. One of the pleasant customs of the times was to let a friend name the baby. The friend to whom Mrs. Young paid the compliment having read a book in which the hero was called Owen, named the new comer, Owen; thinking there should be at least a middle initial she put in a D.

The household into which the baby came was made up of Father and Mother and old Grandfather Peter. Grandfather Peter had reached the age where he felt it his right to rest from all labor - to sit and look on - putting in tart remarks now and then about the way things were going. Sometimes his daughter-in-law driven by a multiplication of duties would say,

"Grandpa, couldn't you do this?" The answer invariably was, "I could but I won't."

The panorama of daily life made a deep impression on the child. He remembers the kitchen where beside his mother

spent his early days; the rasin can on the pantry shelf; the cat purring in the sunshine; the teakettle steaming on the stove.

As he grew older the wood box became his responsibility, to keep it full. When a little stronger there was the water pail to be looked after. He was a serious enough about it all doing his part quietly like his father.

"A good doer," his mother said of him.

He liked the order and pleasantness of the daily routine, but was disturbed by the confusion of hard days - Wash Day - Monday.

Growing to manhood and seeing an opportunity to attack the unhappy Monday of the farmer's wife, he drew from his memory a vivid picture of its miseries; the milk coming into the house from the barn; the skimming to be done; the pans and buckets to be washed; the churn waiting attention; the wash-boiler on the stove while the wash-tub and its back-breaking device, the wash-board, stood by; the kitchen full of steam; breakfast cooking; hungry men at the door anxious to get at the day's work and one pale, tired and discouraged woman in the midst of this confusion. "Blue were those Mondays indeed."

As the boy grew up he took on of his own accord more and more chores suited to his strength. "If there was anything to do," his Mother once said, "he got out and helped to it whether it was his chore or somebody elses.

children began to go to school early in those days and Owen Young could not have been more than six when he was going down the hill to the little district school. Almost from the start he was marked by his teachers. They were not accustomed to having pupils absorb what they had to give them - soaking it in and asking for more - and this child seemed to be of that sort. Soon they were saying about town that Mrs. Young's little boy wasn't quite like other children. He liked books better.

It was something of a worry in the house on the hill that the child was soon reading everything that he could get his hands on, that when the neighbors came in to visit, laugh, talk, he would take a book and go into a corner - oblivious of them.

In those years the Youngs had a hired man, George Kisselringer by name. He had read books, had seen much of the world, amazed them by his tales. The boy pleased him. "He was a manly little fellow - never a meddling boy". So this hired man in the evenings would go over the boys lessons with him, run ahead of the books, "put ideas into his head," Mother Young said. An unsettling element in a stabilized home.

Beside school there was church and Sunday School. The Youngs were Universalists. The boy grew up under liberal religious teaching - love to God - to man - the essence of it. He grasped that. It spoke to a nature as gentle as that of his father's and like his father he never spoke ill of anyone.

The preaching and the teaching in the church aroused him to imitation. He was caught in the woodshed, in the parlor, in the barn, giving sermons of his own, which he ended abruptly if the door opened "pretending to do something else."

"I'm afraid that boy will be a preacher," fretted Grandpa Peter. "I should hate that."

Life had its pleasures and excitements. When he was big enough to stride a horse, to do an errand, he was sent now and then on the oldest nag to the village - very responsible, no mistakes, bringing back what had been ordered.

"You could always trust him," said his Mother.

Occasionally the boy was allowed to go with his father on business trips. One took him to Cooperstown on a load of hops, a journey of four hours. They ate at the hotel where he was perplexed that when called for dinner they were made to put on their coats.

Oftener he went with his father to Fort Plain, the metropolis of the neighborhood. It was on one of these trips that he met his first banker, a stern old man with a black hat and frock coat, a formidable, unsmiling person. He grew up believing that bankers were like that - high hat, frock coat, stern faces. It was not until years later he was a Director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York ~~State~~ ^{that} that notion was wiped out.

when he was twelve or ^ethreabouts he made one great journey. A leading man of the village was going to Albany. He liked this boy with his grave face and big black eyes and invited him to go along, took him into the Executive Mansion, presented him to the Governor - Grover Cleveland. Unforgettable - so that was what great men were like. They wore their clothes more easily than the banker at Fort Plain. There was something more kindly about their greeting to a boy; there was something powerful, too, about their way, bigger than the banker.

Celebrations - holidays - were few in the Van Hornesville year. Nevertheless they had them and made the most of those they had. Christmas, of course, with a tree in the little church; Christmas dinner, a great dinner with turkey, chickens, mince pie, home made stuff. The taste of it has never gone out of his mouth. Fourth of July was a great day. His father would bring home firecrackers, ^{and lighting them one by one in the} ~~his mother would give him a~~ pan of live coals, ^{his mother gave him he would} ~~and one by one he~~ set them off. No fireworks on earth will ever give the thrill that the boys and girls of those times had setting off firecrackers.

The house was far back on the hilltop. You could not see the road from where it stood but on this wonderful Fourth of July the South Springfield band would come driving by - the musicians sitting in chairs on a lumber wagon playing, "Marching Through Georgia," and the boy wild with excitement would run to the point on the farm where you could see the road and watch

them until they had disappeared. It was the thrill of this Fourth of July from which came what he has called, "the first blossom of patriotism."

There was another day that stirred him to the bottom - Memorial Day - when all the countryside met at the graves of those who had given their lives in the Revolution, in the Civil War, met by the little Soldier's Monument which the town had set up "to glorify our liberty and to reconsecrate our devotion."

But in spite of it all the boy was lonely. There were no children near by - nobody to play with - and little time to play even if there had been. Sometimes at night when the work was finished he would run down the long slope, over the top of which the house stood, then up another long slope where he could see the road, run down there hoping that somebody might pass, possibly somebody might wave a hand to him and call across, "Hello, Owen."

It did not go unnoticed in the household any more than his absorption in books went unnoticed. It was not like a Young - not like a Brandew. Life and its activity had always absorbed these people. The farm, to carry it on, improve it, make it yield better, preserve its traditions, that was what the Youngs were for.

The district school had been quite enough for them - no Young in all the five generations - they had been on the Dutch

Flats - had ever had more. Their schooling came from intercourse with men. But this boy who buried himself in a book, who ran away at night and sat alone watching the road, was harboring things they did not understand. And this difference in him was aided and abetted by the hired man and particularly by one of his teachers, Menzöl McBuen, who taught school in the winter and worked in the cheese factory in the summer. McBuen was proud of Owen, said that he ought to go to college, urged that as a preparation for college he should be sent to the Academy at ^{East} Springfield.

It was no wrench to send him there for Ida Brandow Young had known the Academy from childhood, a square, uncompromising two-story box, plenty of windows and a pleasant yard with trees about it. She not only knew the school she knew the people all about. She knew that they would keep an eye on Owen. So it was arranged that he should enter the Fall of 1886. He was then twelve years old.

Monday morning the father drove him down, seven miles, a cheese box of vituals in the back of the spring wagon. He boarded himself until Friday night when the Father came to bring him back. All over the country ~~to these days~~ thousands of boys and girls travelled back and forth weekly from home to Academy carrying their box of vituals. Education had little upholstering in those days.

Owen Young was fortunate - more fortunate than many - for the principal of the East Springfield school was a young man, not long out of Hamilton College and in the full flush of his enthusiasm, Abram Mark Hollister.

Hollister, like McEuen in the district school at Van Hornesville, sensed something unusual in this boy, whose mind was not only on the books but beyond the book. His pride was stirred. "Here might be the beginning of a great man, at least the boy must have his chance, go to college."

As to what he studied in the Springfield Academy we have his own word for it. Thirty years later talking to a group of boys at Herkimer he said that he had studied the same problems in arithmetic which they had studied, struggled with the same unknown quantities in algebra with which they had struggled, learned the same axioms and theorems in geometry; and triumphantly wrote the same Q. E. D at the end of the problem which they had written. He studied the same geography. "The world's physical and political conditions have changed but little in these thirty years," he told them. "The population has increased slightly; exports and imports have grown into larger figures, ships have moved somewhat faster across the seas, but for the most part my geography was the same as yours. My history was not unlike your own. All Gaul was divided into three parts, then as now. The languages remain unchanged. German was learned with admiration and without prejudice; French was then as it is now, the polite language of

the people of the world."

It was in 1889 when he was fifteen years old that Owen Young graduated from the East Springfield Academy, the valedictorian of his class.

Nothing that ever came his way, so he has said, filled him with such pride as the diploma that he received that Spring day from the Academy. His mother corroborated his testimony - "Owen always thought a lot of that diploma - always kept it." He did indeed for when along about 1924 there began to come to him a succession of decorations and diplomas from foreign governments and our own greatest universities and his mother began to frame them for the walls of her living room at Van Hornesville he insisted the East Springfield parchment should lead the procession, now some twenty-eight or thirty ~~inches~~ ^{in length} long.

When Owen Young received this precious diploma he had already decided what he should do in life. He was to be a lawyer. He has his own humorous version of what led to the decision:-

"In 1887 having spent one winter at East Springfield Academy, coming back to work on the farm in the Spring, the weather was very hot, and it was very dusty behind the drag; planting corn was back breaking. An uncle of mine had a law suit down at Cooperstown and he wanted me to go down and testify about some horse trade. Well, I would testify to anything to get a day off. When we arrived the court house was crowded and the court in session. It seemed very cool and shady in the courtroom, and

I thought to myself, 'Do men get a living this way?' Of course lawyers always seem to get a living. The cool of the courtroom, and the appeal of the books and the witty exchange of ideas made me determined that if law meant a neat, cool courtroom; books which I loved, certainly then, I thought, this is the life for me. From that time on I never swerved from my desire to study law."

That settled college. He must go and the year after his graduation he studied with Mark Hollister in East Springfield preparing to take the regent's examination - go to Cornell.

The two worked hard, the boy still shy and humble, but when they had reached the point where they felt that he was sure of passing they discovered to their sorrow that you must be seventeen to take the examination - Owen was but fifteen!

But a way opened. The pulpit of the Universalist Church of Van Hornesville was frequently filled by students from the Theological Seminary of St. Lawrence University at Canton some eighty miles to the North. One who came frequently at this time was a certain Caleb Fisher, a hearty, eloquent young man, interested in everyone. He heard Owen Young conducting a Sunday School class.

"I went back to tell the President of the University that there was a boy at Van Hornesville whom he ought to get to college and he better try to persuade him to come to St. Lawrence."

Dr. Alpheus Baker Hervey to whom Caleb Fisher brought this message was at this time busy with the none too easy task of building up the student body of the institution so he lost no time in carrying out the suggestion. Naturally enough he always loved to tell the story.

"I got an appointment right away to preach at Van Hornesville. I found a long, lean lad of about sixteen who was acting as superintendent of the Sunday School. I liked him, and I wanted to get him. After church I talked with him and discussed college. He wanted to come. I kept at it but it got to be close to the time of the opening of college and he apparently didn't expect to come. I suspected finances were at the basis of the difficulty, so finally I wrote him to come with what money he had and use that as long as he could. When those funds were exhausted, I would loan him enough to finish his course. It was nothing for me to do. I often did it for the boys, for I had no responsibilities at that time, and didn't use all my salary, so I could afford to help the boys out. Long afterwards he told me that it was this letter which broke down the opposition of his parents. They reasoned that if I was willing to stake my money on him I must see something in him that was worth educating."

Here are paragraphs from the letter Dr. Hervey wrote which tipped the family scales. Allowing for the inevitable tinge of salesman's fervor in the letter - a tinge which we can be sure

would not be lost on the Youngs - it was an appraisalment of their son they could not deny - knew they must not resist:-

"You have talents my dear boy," wrote Dr. Hervey, "that should not be neglected. I do not mean to flatter you and I think you are too manly a fellow to be moved by such words, but I tell you that I have seen a good many young men in my day, and I have seen none who had a better promise of a distinguished career than you have if you will only train and cultivate the gifts, mental and moral which God has given you.

"It would be the mistake of your life not to go on and get a college education. It is within your reach and no matter what may be your natural powers you would be hampered and crippled all your life if you do not take it, and the time to take it is now.

"You are young in years and it may seem as though you need not be in haste, that you might safely wait. You cannot safely wait if you can possibly come now, because you do not know what influences may arise or what circumstances may surround you in one year or two to divert you or hold you back from a college course - influences and circumstances which could not take you from it, if you were once started in it."

And so the decision so revolutionary for Smith and Ida Young was made.

"There was no other way," Mrs. Young once explained.

"We used to come home nights after we had been down to church or out visiting and there would be Owen with the table full of college catalogues. Finally his father said, 'We have got to let him go. He'll never be any good on the farm now.'

"We didn't know how we were going to do it. It didn't seem possible to raise the money. It wasn't any too easy. We had saved a little and earned the rest as we went along. I didn't have a new dress all the time that Owen was in College. We gave up keeping a hired man and when he graduated we didn't have money enough to go to Canton."

The neighbors shook their heads. "Owen was needed on the farm. The only boy. Smith Young nearly sixty. 'Twan't right." There was one exception - Abraham Tilyou - "Uncle Abe" one of the prosperous men of the community, one who "took an interest" - knew what was going on" - and had his opinions. Abraham Tilyou was the Young's nearest neighbor, indeed the only house Owen Young could see from his own front door was Uncle Abe's, and only the roof of that. Smith Young and Uncle Abe were "like brothers." They talked crops, politics, church affairs, family problems, played pinochle together. If the Youngs needed help from without after reading Dr. Hervey's letter Uncle Abe gave it. He was for Owen's going. He had talked it over with Dr. Hervey. It was the thing to do.

~~and so it was decided that it should be known~~
 which the boy entered in the Fall of 1890
~~enter St. Lawrence University~~ The institution was not un-
 known to the Youngs, for its nucleus was a theological seminary
 of their own church established in Canton, eighty miles North
 of Van Hornesville, in 1856.

The Seminary had gone to Canton for the good reason
 that the town made it a better offer - twenty acres of ground - an
 Eleven Thousand Five Hundred Dollar building - than any other
 in the State. To be sure there had been opposition to its
 coming.

The Presbyterian minister had preached an all-day
 sermon prophesying the dire evils which would follow in its
 wake:- People listening to its false doctrines - no hell -
 an institution the world needed for its salvation; boys for
 the sake of learning following its teaching; girls marrying its
 students. All of which did come true and more. In 1930 a
 graduate of the University's Academic Department filled the pulpit
 from which the prophecy had been made seventy five years
 before. For the Theological School was hardly opened before
 its founders realized that the candidates for the ministry who
 were presenting themselves had so little education that they
 must have in connection with the Seminary an academic department -
 a college. The charter was obtained from the State of New York
 and with it went Twenty Five Thousand Dollars in money. In 1859

this college of Letters and Sciences was opened with a preparatory school - the students offering themselves being unprepared for college work.

From the start both Seminary and College had to battle for money to live even in the most meagre fashion. Agents of the Seminary yearly visited the Universalists Churches of the State taking up collections. Of course they went to Van Hornesville. When its students went out to fill pulpits as when Caleb Fisher came to Van Hornesville, they, too, talked of the Seminary's wants. The President of the college presented its needs far and wide, even Horace Greeley became interested. Poor as the new institutions were in money they were rich in faith - in their undertakings.

The first principal of the new institution, Dr. John F. Lee, a graduate of Amherst came to Canton from a Vermont Institute which as its circulars announced was conducted "on the principles of social and religious equality," governed with "moderation and decision." Dr. Lee brought these ideas to the college he was founding and throughout his long years of service struggled to realize them.

It was not easy to come into this distant country with a family accustomed to the cultivation of New England. The country was still in clearing.

"Oh, Mother, I haven't any road to walk on," cried his little son.

But never was there a braver man than John Lee nor a braver lady than Mrs. Lee.

The young men who came to the Seminary and College were generally of the same fiber as Dr. Lee. They were willing to give all for knowledge. Dr. Hervey, himself, ~~As~~ a type of those who in these opening years came to Canton - a youth to whom education was more than bread. It had been so with him from childhood.

When he was sixteen he had gone out to make his living and earn money for more schooling. While he studied he worked in a lumber camp, rafted the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh, taught school and finally after a youth of hard work, excitement, hope, was ready for college. But he had no money. It was then that he learned that if he would prepare for the Universalist ministry he could get his tuition at the new Theological School in Canton, New York. So he decided to be a Universalist minister.

Up to that time, as he has said quite firmly, "I had never given a thought as to what I should most like to do in the world. I had but one ambition and that was to get what was called an education."

It was in October 1858 that young Hervey arrived in Canton, nineteen years old, \$7.00 in his pocket. Four years later he graduated a minister. In this period he had earned and paid the college Three Hundred Dollars and was Three Hundred Dollars in debt. He went out to preach and to pursue with eagerness the study of the natural sciences. But his love of the

institution never dulled and in 1886 when the college was almost at the end of its resources he was asked to come in and save the day. It was just thirty years to a day from the time he came to St. Lawrence as a student, that he became its president and undertook with enthusiasm and energy to find for it the students and the money it must have for its rehabilitation.

By the time Dr. Hervey found Owen Young he had built the student body up to about a hundred students, most of them from St. Lawrence or nearby counties where the traditions and the experiences were still similar to those of Van Hornesville.

The faculty was small but they were men of the Lee type who gave unstintedly of their best mixing their teaching with a large amount of common sense and considerable humor.

It was a happy college, too, so happy that it had become known through the State as the "Singing College."