

January 13, 1933

My dear Mrs. Bloss:

I cannot begin to tell you how much pleasure your letter and that of Mr. Bloss' have given me. Of course I remember Harry Bloss and that he was one of the boom companions of my brother, Will. They were what we called "a pair" in those days, in terms which suggested that they were beyond most of their elders.

I don't remember that "one hundred" that Mr. Bloss tells about, but it is a good story and I am going to put it into my personal annals.

It is a pleasure to know that you are willing to mark "Owen D. Young" a hundred. I don't rank it so high myself. There is a good deal I would like to have in that book, and would legitimately have put in if I had had a little more time. Also, there ^{are} some things that I could not so legitimately have included - unfinished and difficult chapters in his career, arising not from the quality of the man himself, which so far as I can make out ~~are~~ entirely sound, but the character of the world in which he operates. Mr. Young has been in a position of responsibility and authority in high places through a period of disasters - revolutionary in some respects. He has had to work with more than one man who has helped bring on the trouble. So far as I am able to judge he has been strong, reliant, intelligent, devoted, trustworthy. He certainly has not sacrificed public responsibility for political ambitions. That is through all this period Mr. Young has served an administration of the political party opposite to his own, putting the serving of the country before ~~his~~ serving of his own party. It was too early to put all of this into my book - the documents are not all in. What I am relying on is the kind of man he has always been.

early

There is a great deal in Mr. Young's personality that I did not get into the book. I should say my own criticism would be that it is not sufficiently salted, and I was dealing with what you may call a salty personality.

well

He is the kind of man that is entirely self-directing and at the same time he is most considerate of others, most considerate of their individuality, I should say. So far as I can make out he never has exercised any restraint on those most intimate with him, except the restraint that they might feel from knowing the kind of a man that he is and wanting his good opinion.

His relations with his children are the free give-and-take of companions. He respects their intelligence and argues with them in a way which would shock elders insisting on their rights. I am enclosing a copy of an argument which he had with his young son, Dick. Dick publishes a family organ called The Dumpling, and he and his father have had lively arguments - I have listened to some of them - ever the expense to which an editor should control a writer's product, the extent to which he should be allowed to cut, change. I am enclosing ~~the~~ ^{de ju} thinking that it may amuse you, but I shall have to ask you to send it back to me. I am a subscriber to The Dumpling and I am keeping my files.

You ask me for some personal story. One of the most characteristic episodes in Mr. Young's life that I came across was his care of Madam Curie when she visited this country in ~~1927~~ or 1929 and went to St. Lawrence University for a degree.

Madam Curie is, as you know, fragile and of all things she dislikes crowds. She came for her degree with the understanding that she be protected. Mr. Young constituted himself her personal guard. I think he knew where she was every moment from the time she came into the country until she went out. He was lover-like in his attentions. I heard him say once, "well, I treated her as if she were twenty-four, and she liked it." Don't you think that is nice?

He took her down to Van Hornesville from St. Lawrence and for the first time in this country she saw real family life, I think. I believe she had always been entertained in something like Long Island Chateaux, which always strike me more or less like private hotels. And she didn't know

